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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.

The Spice of Life

The Third (and hopefully final) Revision of Eddie Takosori's Epic Masterpiece: Divining the Broken Heart

Preface

This is my third attempt at writing a comprehensive book on magic, the occult, and witchcraft. The first version I entitled Divining the Broken Heart, which was a clever manuscript that plunged deep into the heart of the most powerful spell -- or recipe if you prefer -- that I know. But that particular tome lacked a certain something, a certain cohesiveness, if you will.

To amend that minor little shortcoming (and before Divining the Broken Heart was ever published), I started working on a second edition even more ambitious than the first. But this second attempt suffered from an even greater weakness than the first, for I had not gotten very far with it, before I realized that I was being insincere and advocating courses of action that I, myself, would never consider taking. In short, I was lying -- lying even more than the craft of writing usually entails.

It was upon this realization that I put the project on the back burner and thought about if for a year -- maybe two -- until I finally hit upon an idea which I considered to be the ideal solution, a solution which I shall share with you now.

In this book -- this Grimoire if you will -- I shall revisit the Craft, endeavoring to start at the beginning and once again take

each small step on that long journey towards a Working Understanding and Mastery of the Occult, all the while bringing to bear all the esoteric and practical knowledge that I have learned about the Craft throughout the years. It is my expectation that chronicling this personal journey will give a certain cohesiveness to the tale. And by taking numerous photographs along the way to document my progress, I shall force myself to be honest and make it impossible for me to casually advocate action, which I myself would never take.

But before we get too far along, let us not forget the first and second editions of this -- heretofore -- unpublished masterpiece, the previously entitled Divining the Broken Heart. For, it is to this source material that I shall retreat whenever I wish to lighten the moment, augment the text with a flight of fancy, or prove a point that is patently un-provable yet all the same obviously true.

To wit:

All Witches Lie

{As excepted from Divining the Broken Heart}

It is a sad commentary on the state of the Craft when we observe that as practiced today, witchcraft has somehow devolved into the art of deception... primarily of the self.

White Witches lie to themselves, while
Black Witches lie to each other.

Do not fear Black Witches, for that is not their true color. If you trace it back to their roots, you will find that long ago, the first person every Black Witch lied to was themselves.

Admitting that one is highly skeptical of the power and utility of magic is the first step one must take if they are to be truly honest with themselves. Personally, I welcome such skepticism in an acolyte, for it underscores a willingness to learn... and more

importantly, a willingness to unlearn all that has come before.

Based on the mainstream approach to teaching magic and witchcraft, it is not logical to believe in the power of the Craft. While I readily admit this (and indeed, have just pointed it out), I feel compelled to further elucidate that this is more the fault of the teachers, than a failing of the Craft, itself.

Faith plays no part in the Craft. Whilst baking a cake, you would not endlessly repeat a recipe that did not work. Nor should you endlessly repeat a spell that leaves a sour taste in your mouth. If a spell does not work, it does not work. It does not take a thousand false starts to determine this, only one... or at most, two.

Of course by the same token, if a recipe instructs one to 'mix thoroughly' and one does not, one should not be surprised to discover that the results are a lumpy inconsistent mess.

Dedication

I would like to dedicate this book to myself... as I was when I first undertook to walk the path. Oh, the idiotic tomes I read. Oh, the false promises I believed. If only someone had told me the truth. If only someone had shown me the way.

Thus, my vow to you young man, young sir, young lady, young ma'am is to tell you this truth as best I can, to show you the way.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

And if it should come to pass that you find this work to be of some use and that I may have been of some small service in helping you to achieve your goal, well then, at such a time, I would be delighted to add your name to the dedication.

But in the meantime, let us not be too hasty in our praise.

For, there is a long road to walk between now and then.

An Introduction... of sorts

Kindly Observe, Nothing Up My Sleeve

I don't actually know when I first became interested in magic and witchcraft. In the 4th or 5th grade I discovered Science Fiction and Fantasy literature -- you know, that there was like a whole section of books in the library dedicated to that particular style of writing -- and it may be that this is where my interest began.

Or perhaps, my keen interest in stage magic had something to do with it. As I remember, the county library kept their -- rather extensive -- collection of occult books right next to the tomes on Houdini, disappearing boxes, and slight of hand card tricks.

Coincidence?

Who knows?

Maybe there's actually some sort of connection between the two?

I suppose we'll get to all of that in a moment. In the meantime, I'd like share with you one of my all time favorite card tricks.

Talking to the Queen of Hearts

To begin with, you (the Magician in this particular case) will need to obtain a regular deck of playing cards.

Hold said deck in your hand.

Get a cooperative assistant, which is to say, someone to show the trick to.

Ask your assistance and/or your soon to be amazed playmate, "What's your favorite card?"

If they answer the question, use the card they name. If they are slow to respond, simply keep the trick moving along by saying, "Mine's the Queen of Hearts."

And then proceed to go through the deck to find either the

card they mentioned or the Queen of Hearts. While you do this, be sure to memorize the identity of the cards on both the bottom and the top of the deck.

Having retrieved the Queen of Hearts (or other named card) from wherever it was in the deck, place it face up on the table.

Then, shuffle the remaining cards in the deck without really shuffling them. This will take a little practice on your part, but the key thing to remember is that the first card to hit the table when you are shuffling will become the bottom card of the deck and the last card to hit the stack will become the top card. So, all you really have to do is start the shuffle with half of the deck that contains the bottom card and end the shuffle with the half that contains the top card and everything else will sort of fall into place from there. Oh, and this step is key, so keep practicing until you can consistently get it right. Otherwise, the trick won't work.

Also, as you shuffle the cards, don't forget the names of the cards that you have previously memorized. Don't forget which one is the top card and which one is the bottom card. Don't think about the other 49 cards in the deck, why I just mentioned that there were 49 other cards in the deck instead of 50 or 52, or how badly you botched this here trick the last time you tried it on your kid sister. No. All you have to do right now is appear to be shuffling the cards, while in actuality very carefully keeping both the top and bottom cards in place... and remembering what those two particular cards are. And, no. If you've already forgotten what they are, you can't peek. It's much too late for that.

After you're done shuffled the cards without really shuffling them, place the cards on the table in front of your soon to be awed assistant.

Instruct said assistant to, "Cut the deck into two separate piles."

If your so called "assistant," tries to pick up the cards, shuffle them, or do something else equally fancy, just hold your hand over the deck, and repeat your instructions, "Just separate the cards into two separate piles."

Not wishing to spoil the trick, your assistant will comply. If they don't, they clearly don't want to see the trick, so don't force the issue: simply gather your cards together and walk away. But don't worry too much about that. In all my years of performing this here trick, no one has ever intentionally mucked it up. Besides, it's way too early in the trick for anyone to have any idea what you're doing as of yet.

At this point, the cards should be split into two separate piles: one in which you know the identity of the top card and one in which you know the identity of the bottom card.

The next step is to instruct your assistant to, "Pick a pile," while pointing back and forth between the two stacks of cards.

If your assistant tries to pick up the entire pile of cards, stop his progress with your hand. After all, that's why your hand is right there, hovering over the cards, pointing back and forth. (And this is a sort of good point to remember. These are your cards. This is your trick. And this is your show. So, stay in control.) Anyway, if your assistant tries to pick up the cards, simply stop them with your hand, while saying, "Just leave the cards on the table."

After your assistant has selected a pile, there are three distinct possibilities.

The first is that you know the identity of the top card on the pile your assistant has selected. If so, slide the top card face down off the pile and onto the Queen of Hearts.

The second is that you know the identity of the bottom card of the pile your assistant has selected. If so, slide the Queen of Hearts under the entire pile.

The third is that you can't remember the identity of the appropriate card. And well, if this is the case, you're screwed. Sure, a master a magician could still salvage the trick. But then, you're no master magician. So, best to suck it up, face facts, and recognize that the jigs up. The only thing left to do is exit the trick gracefully. Um, good luck with that.

(Note: if you keep on forgetting the identity of the two cards,

stack the deck in advance before you bring it out so that the Ace of Spades begins on the top and the Jack of Diamonds is on the bottom. It's not as elegant, but it'll work.)

Anyway, assuming the trick is going as planned, you might as well explain what the Queen is doing. "I'm letting the Queen see the card."

After the Queen's had a chance to see the hidden card, hold the Queen up to your assistant's ear, and scratch the back of the card with your fingernail, producing a sound in your assistant's ear.

As you do this, explain that, "The Queen should be telling you what the card she just looked at is."

And this is the part of the trick I just love. A full half of the people I show this trick to believe that there is some sort of pattern to the scratching and that they should be able to decipher what the Queen is saying. Respond to their incredulous look by saying, "You can hear the Queen talking, right?"

When your assistant gazes at you with a sort of dumbfounded expression, hold the Queen of Hearts up to your own ear and give the card a scratch or two. While you do, smile knowingly and nod your head as if to say (but not out loud), Yeah, I know what you're saying. Thanks for telling me the identity of the hidden card. Or, if you're still desperately looking for a way to exit the trick with any semblance of grace because you haven't got the slightest idea as to the identity of the hidden card, now might be a good time to pretend that you can't understand what the Queen of Hearts is saying. Explain to your soon to be disappointed assistant, "Sorry, this is a lot harder than I thought it would be without a phrase book in front of me. I can't seem to translate what the Queen is saying. I'm going to have to read up a bit more and get back to you in a day or two." And then, pick up your cards and leave.

But assuming you've got the card memorized and the trick is in the bag, now's the time to hold card up to your assistant's ear again, and scratch away.

"She's telling you the card, right? No? She should be. Are you sure?" Appropriate facial expressions are key here. I like to

call this little part of the trick Playing with My Prey. Mu-ha-ha! Cackle. Cackle. Cackle.

Anyway, when you tire of this and your assistant still can't seem to figure out what the hidden card is, tell them it's the "Ace of Spades" or better yet, name the identity of the actual card involved.

Then flip the card over (or the entire stack if it's the bottom card), reveal that you're correct, and grimace from ear to ear.

Walla! You are a card flipping genius.

When asked how it's done, say, "I've got a way with women," and leave it at that.

Before we move on, I would like for you to consider that the seemingly unrelated activities of Reading the Tarot and the trick entitled Talking to the Queen of Hearts have numerous things in common, of which I shall mention only a few at this time:

First, for effective results you must demand respect. You don't need to do this trick. When confronted with a belligerent audience, simply walk away.

Second, it is imperative that you stay in control. And the easiest way to do this is by talking constantly. What do you talk about? You explain the trick, it's history, and everything you know about it over and over and over again in a thousand different ways. When reading the Tarot, the only difference will be the substance of the conversation.

Third, audience participation is at your discretion and has very little impact on the outcome. Is your assistant's favorite card the Queen of Hearts or Two of Spades? Do they pick the pile in which you know the top card or the pile in which you know the bottom card? Ultimately, it makes no difference. By the same token, it doesn't matter whether you allow others to shuffle your Tarot deck or not. Trust me on this, the actual cards being drawn are the least of it. So, let them shuffle the Tarot all they want. But never -- ever -- let them hold the cards, lay them on the table, or decide when to draw. (As to why this is so very important, I shall refer you back to the imperative that you stay in control.)

And last but not least, practice makes perfect. To dazzle your audience you must know your trick inside and out. A magician becomes a master only after they can dazzle other magicians. Likewise, a Reader of the Tarot is hardly worthy of the name until they can beguile their likeminded brethren. Sooner or later you will encounter others who follow the path. When you do, it is inevitable that -- together -- you will throw the cards. And very quickly it will become obvious to all who the master among you is.

If I have succeeded in my teaching (and you in your training) that master will be you.

Before you can read the cards, you must know the cards.

Therefore, choose your cards wisely or don't choose them at all.

And above all, remember:

White Witches lie to themselves.

Black Witches lie to each other.

And if you can't tell the truth from a lie,

You'll never know when you're dealing with one or the other.

How to Use This Book

By the time I'm done, I will have spent hundreds upon hundreds of hours writing this book. If you don't spend as much time reading and rereading each passage, practicing and perfecting each ritual, and pausing to ponder every little point that I make, well, you quite simply will not be getting as much out of this little tome as you could.

Now I'll grant you that reading this book through from beginning to end as quickly as possible is a good start. And if it comes to pass that when you are done with your initial perusal that you don't like what you've read; well then, feel free to burn this

here Grimoire, dig a deep hole in the backyard, and bury its ashes under the light of a pale moon while chanting a protective charm. Might I suggest something along the lines of "Good riddance to bad rubbish."

Of course, if you are willing to go to all that trouble if you don't like this volume, then it only makes sense to go to even more trouble if you actually do. And if that's the case and you really want to become a witch, after you've done reading the book once, read it again,

Pause as you go to mull over the little things,
Practice the rituals and spells outlined,
While being sure to modify them as you like so as to make
your practice and understanding of the Craft your own.

And while you're at it, you might as well jot a few notes in the margins, correct my mistakes, and write a Magical Grimoire of your own on the way.

Which is to say, reading a book like this is only the first step.

The second step? Well, that's completely up to you. But trust me on this, you will never make any progress on the path until you do.

So, skip the exercises you don't like. Like for instance, that card trick thing we just went over. Me? Personally, I didn't break out a deck of cards the entire time I was writing the trick down. And believe it or not, I have absolutely no intention of doing so now that I'm done. But then, I'm also not planning on performing that particular trick anytime soon. If I was, I would be practicing, because among other things, practice makes perfect.

Or if you want a saying that's a little more esoteric, a little more occultish, a little more witchy-poo-ish, consider:

It far easier for the mind to go where it has gone before, than to a place it has never been.

And,

The difference between a forest and a trail that goes through it is nothing more than the frequency of travel.

Chapter 1 ### The Goods

In this chapter, I'll be introducing you to my current horde of magical paraphernalia. This will be useful in that you'll see what I value and what I have bothered to keep over the years. Also, since I'll be sort of explaining the utility of each item as I go along, it'll give you a brief overview of my philosophy vis-a-vie the Craft. Anyway, I don't actually own a whole lot of witch-like accrements (all of it fits in a small wooden card case), so the entire process shouldn't take that long and as such, I sort of feel at liberty to digress for a moment first.

I've never had a spirit guide. I've never had a shaman experience. I've never had an Other talk to me in my dreams... not really. The closest I've gotten to any of this has been a long standing relationship with a few imaginary friends.

It might sound silly at first, but these friends are important to me. And so, I decided to honor them one year.

Ritual to Honor Imaginary Friends

Wear a piece of green clothing each and every day for a year.

Green being their favorite color, my friends were quite pleased with this homage and both of us enjoyed the exercise immensely.

When the year was over, I decided to pay a similar sort of homage to one of my favorite numbers: the ostentatious sounding 1,018.

Ritual to Honor the Number 1,018

Limit possessions to 1,018 items.

To accomplish this, I spent a few months sorting through my stuff, throwing out the excess and selling it at garage sales. When I thought I was close to my goal, I proceeded to count each and every single item that I owned: every paperclip, every thumbtack, and every last sewing needle and spool of thread.

I came in well under my mark: closer to 500 than 1,018. And I had gotten rid of so much useless crap that the following list compromises the grand total of all the witching paraphernalia that I currently possess.

Box of Magic (contents)

Moon Stone

Deck of Looney Tunes Playing Cards

Trading Cards (five)

Smile Rock

River Rock

Eye of Orion

Silver Elephant Charm

Mood Ring

Spool of White Thread

Dice (four)

Safety Pin

Rusty Needle

Also of importance are a few things that I've lost over the years (not as a result of the Great Cleansing) that I feel compelled to mention as they still hold a place in my heart... hmmn, I always did wonder where the original title (Divining the Broken Heart) came from. Maybe that's it.

Lost Wards

My First Tarot Deck

O-Pal

Oh, Pal

Having listed the items off, the only thing left to do is to review them one by one. Hopefully, this won't be too boring. And I'll try to keep focused on the relevant details.

Peacock Box

A few years back (and for a whopping \$2.50), I bought a wooden box at a flea market. Intended to hold cards, it opens into two halves. In one half I do indeed store a pack of cards (Looney Tunes) along with my Moon Rock. In the other half, I store the rest of my magical things. The box was made in Poland (the old country) and carved with many designs to please the eye, the most notable of which are the two peacocks which guard the lid.

I say peacocks (a showy, arrogant bird), but the truth of the matter is, I don't know. Maybe they are supposed to be partridges (food for thought, that), or possibly even pigeons (the rat of the winged world). Which is all to say, if one looks for it, there is plenty of symbolism to choose from in almost anything.

For instance, if we wanted to, I'm sure we could find a few symbolic associations between the container in which I have chosen to store my magical accoutrements and my relationship with witchcraft as a whole. To wit:

I believe there is value in it (to which I refer to the purchase price of \$2.50), but not too much. I believe its worth resides mostly in its use.

There is room for more in that the vessel is not full. Which is another way of saying, both my collection and knowledge of witchcraft are incomplete.

Further, I feel that the lot could be improved with a good ole dusting spice (perhaps ginger or cinnamon). But for some reason, I still remain hesitant to do so.

But I suppose the most relevant aspect to consider when contemplating my box vis-a-vie magic is that I do not store my

magical equipment on a shelf, table, or altar. I store it in a box, easily hidden and forgotten should the need arise. Handy thing that.

Having introduced you to my box, now might be a good time to spend a few moments considering your own storage system.

How do you keep your own magical equipment?

How does this differ (if indeed it does) from your conception of the ideal?

And what improvements could you make in regards to its storage and presentation?

All the while, looking for whatever symbolic associations you can find.

I once heard Witchcraft described as a 'symbolic interpretation of reality.' This is a very useful definition to me, one which sheds immense light on the Craft. However, it seems so often that upon declaring the value of symbolism the next step for many -- so called -- experts is to immediately reveal a rigid and unvarying methodology for interpreting and interacting with this self-defined reality, as if the whole of the universe was some sort of crystalline clockwork mechanism that was forever unchanging and the same for all people, in all times, and all places.

To which I can only say, Hogwash!

I must -- ever so humbly -- disagree.

Your reality is not my reality. You and I are not one and the same. Therefore, your relationship with the greater world cannot possibly be identical to mine. In other words, the world is a subjective place and it is impossible for me to know what meaning it has for you or anyone else.

For example, even though I have briefly touched upon the importance of the color green and the number 1,018 in my life, do you have any belief that you fully understand their significance to me? And even if you think you know something about either of those ideas (which hopefully you do, since I sort of went over

them), is it reasonable to believe that you know how much I value the number 13 (almost beyond all others)? And not because I am a contrarian and I see its unluckiness as a challenge, nor because it is one over the number of witches in a coven and thus acts as a stand in for my (ever so hoped for) manly presence at a Midnight Mass; but rather, my fondness for the number originates in a rather pedestrian event. In second grade, my last name was the 13th name called during roll. Being systematically minded, when it was time to hand out books, the teacher gave me the ones marked 13... a number which originally filled me with dread as I took it for a curse; but through great mental effort over the course of the year, I was able to flip the associations I held for the number 13 around and redefine it as a lucky boon and personal protectorate.

Now tell me, would you ever -- in a million-trillion years -- been able to guess this association? No. Unless you shared the experience (almost step for step), there is absolutely no way.

Thus, by the same token, how can I (or anyone else for that matter) speak of the symbols, ideas, and associations which may be important to you? I cannot. The best I can do is urge you to open your eyes, look for the links, and begin to play the game on your own.

In short, symbolism is a game in which the object is to discover as many links, connections, and metaphors strung together in the ether as possible.

Don't worry about being wrong.

There are no wrong answers.

Rather, concentrate on opening the flow and turning the valve that will allow the associations to come freely, naturally, and ever faster at a moment's notice.

To any two dots, facts, images, or ideas, there is a line of thought which connects the two. Your job is to find that line and discover the power of creativity which it holds.

Magic is everywhere and in everything.
Sadly, most people choose not to see it.

Moon Stone

It's been a long time, but as I recall I found this particular rock while walking along the beach... under a full moon in the dead of night on a cold winter's eve. But then, it's been a long time. Maybe I just picked up and decided to keep it, while skipping stones on a sunny summer afternoon down by the river. In truth, I really don't know.

Throughout the years, I have used this rock as a charm to store energy. And although, I have a vague sort of superstitious belief that I could break this rock, release its energy, and obtain some positive benefit; it seems unlikely that I would ever willingly destroy such a treasured companion. So, my faith goes untested, and I retain the luxury of holding onto such a patently silly belief.

Of course the truth of the matter is, such a silly belief resides primarily in the past at this point.

For at present, I think of the Moon Stone as more as a rune, as an object of divination. And to understand it in this way, it may help to revisit it from the start. The rock is smooth and flat, about the size of a half dollar. The prominent side shows a dim, poorly defined crescent moon, while the other side is blank. Of course, once I saw the image of the moon in the rock, it was not difficult for me to associate the rock (and especially the one side of it) with its namesake (talk about easy symbolism). But it took me much longer to attribute any meaning to the other, blank side. It simply held no associations for me. But then, after so many years of meaning nothing, I finally realized that this was the blank's side's meaning. It was the Void. It was emptiness.

Having latched onto a symbolic meaning (however dubious) for both sides of the rune, the next thing to be done was to develop as many other associations that I could that were consistent with

the first two. The following are among the most useful and/or obvious cross-linked observations that I have been able to make, starting with the stone's namesake: Moon vs. Void, light vs. dark, variance vs. stability, known vs. unknown, conscious vs. unconscious, dream vs. slumber, old vs. new, and so on. If it happens that any of these associations make absolutely no sense to you, the best thing to do is ignore them. By the same token, if you see any association that I did not list, you just might want to add them in the margin for your future reference. Or not. I mean, what are the odds you'll ever find a Moon/Void Stone of your own?

Anyhow, having attributed both sides of the rune with meaning, one could flip the rock into the air, and perform a bit of divination. But the truth of the matter is, I have absolutely no desire to flip such a beloved relic into the air. And more importantly, tossing the rune at this juncture would be premature as I have only scratched the surface of the rune's true symbolic potential, for I have only defined it in two dimensions.

For insight into the third dimension, consider that the image of the moon is facing in a certain direction -- which is to say, that it is looking in a certain way. If this is difficult to understand, it may help to overlay the image on the rock with a cartoon image of a crescent moon in your head and then follow the gaze of said image's eyes. Whatever the moon is looking at, is where the moon is facing. The Moon Stone points with its eyes. Determining the 'facing' of the other side -- the Void -- may be a bit more difficult because it doesn't have a face, but don't let this worry you. Instead, consider that the back of the rock has a slightly arrowhead -- diamond like -- square shape to it, and that if one looks at the rock long enough, one of these corners will begin to take on a certain prominence. And very simply, whichever corner achieves this prominence is the Void's pointer. But why stop there? Since symbolism is such a fun sort of game and you can never have too much of it, I suggest that we further name the pointer on this stone North (as in the North Star), and let the other corners of the stone fall into place as South, East, and West.

And trust me, there's absolutely no need to worry if you didn't follow all of this. And no, don't bother to memorize it, either. (Sorry, if you already have.) The point of it all is simply that if one were to use the Moon stone as a rune, it wouldn't have just a front and a back; it wouldn't have just be a moon symbol and a void; and it wouldn't be a just digital counter that could be interpreted by reading a few lines in a book.

"Oh, let see. It landed face up. That indicates the Moon. So, let me open a book and see what that means."

Rather, since very few witches cast one rune at a time, in each casting, the Moon Stone would always point towards some runes and point away from others; land near some runes and land far away from others; land on top of or in turn be covered by other runes; and so on. The combinations are near endless. And as such, the combinations and intertwining relationships are far more numerous than could ever be hoped to be set down on paper. I ask you this: How many different ways can a set of Pick Up Stick land?

Truthfully, I don't even know if I should mention this last bit here and now, but I suppose I shall, because it is so important... and so often overlooked.

Beyond all that I have said about interlacing relationships between individual runes, whether they are up or down, where they point, and all that; in any good casting the entire lot of runes conspires to form some sort of graphical image -- a vision if you will -- such as a ghost, an angel, a clown, or a cowboy. Whatever this Vision is, it must be given primary precedence in any interpretation, for it defines the reading as a whole. So even before one grabs the book (waste of money, that) and tries to determine what a Moon reading means, one must first take into account the Moon's position relative to the grand scheme of things. After all, a Moon sparkling in a cowboy's eye is far different thing than a Moon snared by the very same cowboy's lasso... or crushed under his boot heel. Which I hope you can see would be a very different

thing, indeed.

With that as a primer, it should be clear that my intent is to probe deeper into the heart of divination than anyone has taken you before.

But not to worry if it all seems a bit overwhelming at the moment; all of the individual steps are simple enough. However, taken the steps -- as apposed to merely reading about them -- may prove to be more difficult for some than others.

Speaking of which, might I suggest pulling out one of your favorite runes and considering what each of its sides means to you at this juncture, keeping in mind that it might have more than two sides.

And then when you are done with that, spend a moment exploring the concept of facing.

How might this rune indicate its interest, focus, desire, and attention?

And how might this rune indicate rejection, ignorance, a turning away, and departure?.

In the end, a coin's vocabulary is not limited to heads or tails.

A rune is not an on/off digital counter limited to yes or no answers. But rather it is an analog dial, capable of communicating and infinite array of maybe.

What goes up, must come down.

Just because a rune lands in your pile, doesn't mean it's important. Look to where it is pointing... and why.

An isolated rune off to the side, may be the most important or least. It matters where it is looking... and the rest.

Looney Tunes Playing Cards

I had a real Tarot deck, once. We'll go into that experience shortly. And before this book is done, we'll create a real live working Tarot deck of our own from scratch. But for now (as one is being introduced into the art of reading cards), nothing could be handier than having a deck of cards that actually has some sort of personal meaning to you, the reader. You know, a deck of cards in which the pictures are sort of self-explanatory, so you don't have to look up their definitions and associations in a guide book.

Say for instance, if I were to draw the King of Diamonds for this here Looney Tunes card deck, which happens to have a picture of Bugs Bunny on it; well, if I were to look in a guide book, it might say something like:

Bugs Bunny: famous, star, can't loose, popular. Often seen in opposition to Elmer Fudd, Daffy Duck, etc.

But this doesn't tell me everything I need to know about Bugs Bunny and it doesn't even begin to explain how Bugs relates to rest of the other characters in the deck. To understand all of those relations -- to understand a Tarot reading as a composite whole -- one has to understand the universe in which the symbols on the cards exist. One has to understand the mythos inside and out. Of course, one could learn a mythology from scratch if they were so inclined, but for my time (and money) it's a lot easier to simply acquire a deck that already works -- that one can already see and understand clearly.

More important than all this (and yeah, this might be even more than anything I've said thus far), reading the Tarot is about telling stories. And if you're going to tell stories that others can understand, you've got to tell them about stuff to which they can relate.

Hence, a Looney Tunes card deck.
Get yours today.

Want to know why that medieval Tarot deck needs an

instruction manual? Because you didn't grow up in a medieval world.

The exact deck of cards you choose to use doesn't matter. Looney Tunes, Sponge Bog Square Pants, Gothic Vampire, Medieval Standard, whatever: It doesn't matter.

If you can do the following, you have a deck that works for you. And if you can't, you don't.

Simplistic Tarot Reading

Draw a card. Lay it down face up on a table.

Using this card as your inspiration, introduce the principal character of your short story you are about to tell.

Draw a second card. Lay it down on the table face up next to the first.

Using this second card as your inspiration, describe the situation in which the principal actor of your story finds themselves.

Draw a third card. Lay it on the table face up at the end of the line, next to the first two.

Based on this last card, describe the resolution or turning point of the story.

Throughout all of this, it is permissible to be as specific or as vague as you like. And if you so choose, you can describe multiple and/or contradictory storylines, as well.

Reading the Tarot is as simple as that.

With any deck that you own, control, and are master of, you should be able to reel off a story lickety-split, as fast as you can throw down the cards.

As follows is a totally unrehearsed example of a typical three card throw, explaining what I mean.

The first card is Speedy Gonzales (the Queen of Clubs for

those folks who've bought a Looney Tunes deck and wish to play along at home). Speedy is saying, "Walla, I am here." He is a happy, kind-hearted egocentric.

The second card is Elmer Fudd (the Three of Spades). Elmer is a sneaky hunter on the prowl. What does this mean? It means, watch out Speedy. Something that you're not paying attention to is going to sneak up on you.

The third card is Taz (the Ten of Clubs). Taz looks worried and confused. What this means is that something is going to unsettle Speedy's life, something from out of left field. And there's no way for Speedy to prepare for it. The best he can do is simply be aware of its coming.

Please note dear reader, I am not making a prediction nor am I throwing you or anyone else into the role of Speedy. This is Speedy's story. Though I am sure this story has some meaning and utility for someone, somewhere; whether I, you, or anyone either one of us knows is represented by Speedy, I haven't got the slightest idea. Nor for the moment, do I care.

It's all pretty simple, so I'm sure you get the idea. All the same, let's do the exercise one more time just for the fun of it.

This time the first card is Elmer Fudd (the Three of Diamonds). Elmer is devious and crafty. Currently, he's quite pleased with himself for having just gotten away with... something?

The second card is Pepe Le Peu (the Two of Diamonds). Pepe is that Skunk Dude. He's self-satisfied and pleased with himself, as well. Clearly, whatever Elmer just did, he's going to get away with it for the time being.

But the last card is Daffy Duck (the Jack of Clubs). "Aha!" Daffy says. "You thought you'd get away with it." But Daffy has discovered Elmer's secret.

What Daffy will do with this information is anybody's guess. And we could probe down this line of thought by drawing another card (or two or three); but for now, that is enough.

Of principle importance throughout all this is the speed with which the tale is told. Tell the story as fast as the cards are turned over and you can't go wrong. Don't think twice about it. Don't worry about the second card until it is flipped over. Don't try to think about how you're going to weave the third card into the first two until you get there. Spend ten, fifteen seconds at most on each card, taking maybe a minute for an entire three card throw. While you do this, be sure to say the story out loud. When you do readings for another, you'll have to say the story out loud, so say it out loud now. This is about the best practice for reading Tarot cards that there is. In fact, this is reading Tarot cards, and anyone whose says otherwise simply doesn't know what they are talking about.

Reading a story that comes alive, inspired by the cards falling before your eyes: that is the secret of the Tarot.

And lastly, if you still have absolutely any desire to read that that little guide book that came pre-packaged with your Tarot deck, you've got the wrong deck. Best to try again and get yourself a new pack of cards. Might I suggest a TV show themed deck. I have to assume that for the right price a Gilligan's Island, Green Acres, and/or Beverly Hillbillies deck can be had. But don't let my suggestions guide you. Fairies, Vampires, Lord of the Rings, or a touristy gift-shop special showing all the sights of Paris: Whatever your particular passion, that's the deck you need

Trust me, once you get a deck that speaks to you, it'll be "child's play" to tell others the stories you see in it.

Trading Cards (five)

Next up are five CCG trading cards (cards from Collectable

Card Games) that I've kept over the years in the hopes of putting together a custom Tarot deck. The exact cards in question are hardly important, but I shall list them all the same.

(1x) Nicol Bolas from Magic the Gathering

(2x) Babes from Guardians

(2x) Super Model from Guardians

I won't go into symbolism of these cards, but suffice to say they represent my hopes and dreams... simplistic and childish as they may be. I have on occasion thought of myself as a "Two Legged Dragon," and to say dreams of Babes and Super Models fill my waking (and sleeping) moments is an understatement, to say the least.

But beyond the content of the cards, there are two other aspects I wish to consider at this time. First, the backs of the cards do not all match. In fact, were I to describe the perfect homemade Tarot deck, I would recommend one which has different backs for each suit (but the same back for the thirteen cards in each suit) and then as many different backs for the Major Arcana, as possible. Thus, differing backs is not an impediment to assembling a custom Tarot deck, but to me, rather a bit of an asset. Second, both the front and the back of the cards have an up and a down. Therefore, both the front and back of the cards have a pointer, just like any good rune. So if one should ever forget their runes at home, there is no need to worry. All one has to do is throw their Tarot cards into the air and they will serve as a handy replacement.

Smile Rock & River Rock

A girl gave me the Smile Rock long ago when I was but a wee lad in high school. She said the smile on the rock reminded her of me, you know, because I was always smiling. Perhaps for this reason, the back side of this rock reminds me of a girl's bum. And so you could say, this rock truly has a head and tails.

I found the River Rock while taking a rafting trip. Looking for a memento, I found this pebble prior to crawling into my

sleeping bag for the night. Lucky for me, before I turned in, two guys came along in a speedboat and told me that the powers that be were planning on opening up the dam that night and do a controlled flood. Being the friendly sort, the boaters waited for me to break camp and carried me a few miles upriver past the flood zone. Good thing they did. When I floated past my abandoned campsite the next day, it was ten feet underwater. Lucky break that. Anyhow, if you look at the River Rock real close, you can see a sort of bluish "river" going down the middle. On one face of the rock, the river is flat. Whereas on the other, there is a pronounced drop off, like a waterfalls or water going over a dam.

I've grouped these two runes together, because both of them have a line of sorts going down their centers (the smile and crack in the bum on one, and the two rivers on the other). In a reading, these lines don't so much point to something as they split the throw into two halves: you know, as in *A River Runs Through It*. Never seen the movie myself, but that's hardly important. And just in case you're wondering, one side of the reading doesn't always relate to one specific static concept and the other to its opposite. Often, the split isn't important. And when it is, the meaning of the break is more often determined by what runes lie on either side of the break than anything else. Which is to say, the meaning of the split varies and depends upon interpreting the countless variables in the rest of the throw.

For now, simply consider that a rune can be more than just a simple pointer or a dial, it can serve to re-order a reading in about as many ways as your mind can imagine: lines can divide entire readings; chains can encircle small groups of runes; cones can point to ever widening areas (of influence); while triangles and squares can split a reading into thirds and quadrants.

I'm sure I've just touched upon the surface. I will leave it for the reader to delve ever deeper.

Eye of Orion

I bought this rock at a flea market for fifty cents. OK. I picked the rock up, dropped it, made a small chip in it, and then turned to the guy and asked, "I guess I got to buy it, now. How much do I owe you?" And he said, "Fifty cents." So, I'm not sure that's what he originally wanted for the rock or if he was just being nice and letting me off the hook. Anyway, before I dropped this fine specimen, the vendor was going on about how he'd found the rock just as it was, naturally polished in a river.

The Eye of Orion (or as I sometimes call it, the Eye of Osiris) spins like a dream. It's where I came up with the idea of a spinner, pointer, and all the rest. Wonderful little rock. And with its cracks and inclusions and nearly transparent surface, I use it as my crystal ball. Oh, sure. I long after one of those \$500 hand-polished quartz crystals from South America the size of a softball, complete with gold inclusions. But until I become a nationally recognized author, give up my day job, and go on the Dark Arts Book Signing Lecture Tour, I'll have to content myself with something a little more inauspicious, which is to say, a little more me.

I'll do an entire chapter on the art of reading crystal balls later; but for now, let's just say there are two main schools of thought on the subject. The first holds that reading crystal balls has something to do with entering a trance and seeing a vision. While the second treats the cracks, defects, and crystalline lattice to be found within the ball as a sort of rune, which is read like any other. If you like, the first is holistic, while the second is more pointillistic. And although I won't say the one is better than the other, it is undeniable that the first is far more magical and trippy to experience. But in the end, even it is little more than having a waking dream, so don't get too excited. After all, getting too excited is one of the quickest ways to scare away the visions in the first place, and that's one thing we definitely don't want to do.

Silver Elephant Charm, Mood Ring, & Spool of White Thread

The Silver Elephant Charm is a keepsake that I received from my Maternal Grandmother upon her passing. She seemed like a happy sort of woman to me; and as she delighted in saying, her life had been filled with "elegant sufficiency." So, a silver elephant charm makes a good symbol for her, while the chain makes for nice pointer, too. And with the loop on the end, it's easy to see it "lassoing" another rune or group of runes to exert its good luck upon.

The Mood Ring is a keepsake that I received from my Maternal Grandfather upon his passing. He was an adroit businessman; but if he had a spiritual life, I was never made aware of it. I mention this bit of inside information only because the "mood" portion of the ring has long since ceased to function. But that isn't such a bad thing, because I utilize this fact to interpret the Mood Ring's meaning in a throw. The defective mood-stone serves to dismiss whatever it points at, while the ring itself highlights whatever runes happen to lie around its base with an air of pragmatic competency.

Of course, I don't actually throw either of these runes very often. Rather, I use them as pendulum weights -- hence the Spool of White Thread. Simply tie a length of thread to a weight and you've got yourself a pendulum. To operate a pendulum, all one needs to do is grab hold of the string and wait until the weight starts to swing of its own accord; and then, ask it a question. If the pendulum moves in a straight line in response to the question, the answer is yes. While if the pendulum revolves in a circle, the answer is no. Granted, this is a simplistic description of pendulums; but then, reading pendulums is a sort of simplistic activity and hardly worthy of a real witch's effort. All the same, that won't stop me from writing an entire chapter about them when the time comes, so you just might want to think of this as a sort of sketchy primer for now and spend some time in the interim thinking about what sort of pendulum bob you wish to use... and

then again, you just might have better things to do with your time.

Dice (four)

I spent years of my life playing Dungeons & Dragons. The two black dice come from that era in my life, while the mismatched ivories I acquired later on. I truly adore the nearly transparent white die. While in the weeks it has taken me to go through my box and write these introductory descriptions of its contents, I've thought about throwing the other (translucent) white die one away on numerous occasions. But I guess I'm not going to. In the end, all that means is that these dice hold a complex mix of inter-relationships for me.

Take the completely random, and highly un-remarkable throw of:

3B - Black

4B - Black

6T - Transparent

4W - White

. 3B + 4B = 7, a win in craps, or a totally ordinary throw according to the law of averages. I take it to be the second. Further, I take the throw as a whole to represent a person. Don't ask me why, probably my gaming heritage and all that time rolling dice to determine a character's abilities and attributes.

6T defines a remarkable throw and therefore a remarkable attribute. Adding the six to the seven, gives thirteen which would be an above average attribute in the world of D&D (but certainly not stellar).

More importantly, 6T is significantly higher than 4W, which I am taking to be the oppositional force in this reading.

Pulling it all together as a reading, I would say that there is nothing remarkable about the person in question. For whatever reason, they will have the resources and skills required to handily overcome the current dilemma... whatever that problem or issue

might have been. I mean, aren't you supposed to ask a question or something before you toss the runes? But then, why bother? The upshot is that in this particular case the problem just isn't that important. Perhaps the question un-asked was something along the lines of whether I could convince you that I can read dice by doing a reading on the fly. Not exactly a life or death quandary. Perhaps more telling if we take this to be what the reading about is how glibly I assigned a value of 7 for my Witching Quotient: highly ordinary, unremarkable, and nothing you could not do yourself.

The first throw being so darn informative, I've decided to throw the dice yet again, recording the results and my interpretation for your amusement and my own cheap thrills:

6B - Black

5B - Black

5W - White

4T - Transparent

Oddly, this time I don't see this throw in the terms of gaming at all. In fact, for the first few seconds I didn't see anything in the numbers at all, so I looked to the pattern, and immediately noticed that they formed a sort of hooked line: 6B leading to 5B leading to 5W with 4T at the end -- clearly a logical progression of a cause and effect linkage (whatever the heck that's supposed to mean). Undoubtedly, my interpretation of this throw will take a slightly different tack than the first.

The first die in the series (6B) represents the person in question (whoever that may be) at their norm. They are quite competent, above average, and as good as can be expected (thank you very much). However, they are currently functioning at a slightly lower level than their norm (5B). Why? I know not. Perhaps this has something to do with the current challenge facing them in their life (5W). Once again, what this challenge is, I haven't the slightest of clues. But I'm pretty sure it will all turn out for the bad, if for no other reason that the downward progression in the series (4T).

And you thought all of my readings were positive. Pshaw.
And no, I will not relate such a reading to myself.
"Downward Progression?" I think not. Unless that somehow ties in with wrapping this chapter up and bringing it to a timely close... you know, without giving away all my secrets before the book even begins in earnest.

Stories, associations, and meanings out of thin air: like your cards, if you can't read your runes on the fly, you either need to get yourself some new runes or spend more time with the ones that you have.

Safety Pin & Rusty Needle

These are just bits of randomness that made their way into my magic box. I think I must have used the thread to sew a button onto a shirt or something and just put the needle and safety pin away with the rest. The needle will become garbage. If I kept it to use as a rune or pendulum bob, I'm sure I'd just poke myself in the finger with it -- you know, eventually. And since I don't want to do that, I'll just get rid of it. No ceremony. Just a trip to the garbage can and poof! It is gone.

The rusty safety pin, on the other hand, I will keep as a rune. Given its history, it will be used to indicate something rescued from the trash heap, something almost but not quite yet beyond repair, and/or something worthy of a second look lest it be let go of too soon. And then, because it is a safety pin, it will be able to close a rift (of the type formed by the River Rock) and/or merge two or more runes as one. I could go on, but I think you get the idea. Ultimately, its meaning will depend upon the throw... and the needs of the moment.

Ah! Now there's an idea. When I become rich and famous and folks are clamoring for me to sell my own custom made Tarot deck and I have to write the entries for that little book that'll come packaged with the deck to help the uninitiated decipher the secret

meanings behind the cards, I'll write each and every entry the same:

Two of Bottle Caps: its meaning depends on the throw, its relation to the other runes, and the needs of the moment.

Three of Bottle Caps: its meaning depends on the throw, its relation to the other runes, and the needs of the moment.

Four of Bottle Caps: its meaning depends on the throw, its relation to the other runes, and the needs of the moment.

Etc.

Five of Bottle Caps: for crying out loud, man! The man in the suit is trying to pay for the ice cream cones with a handful of bottle caps. What kind of insanity is this? But worse yet, ice cream man is accepting them as payment... with a smile on his face. Will wonders never cease.

Lost Wards

I think I mentioned that I'll lived a long life and have lost and/or gotten rid of many things along the way. Some of these items have had a profound impact on my philosophy of the craft. And as such, it only makes sense to share them with you here.

My First Tarot Deck

My first Tarot deck was some sort of pop-nouveau medieval Tarot deck that I got at the local bookstore. Who knows? Maybe you own the very deck of which I speak. I've seen it for sale numerous times throughout the years. And when I first obtained the deck, I used it like everybody else; but then (on the recommendation of something I read, I know not where), I cut off the edges of the cards, so I could no longer read their names. This forced me to memorize the cards by their pictures and also made my deck look amazingly cool. Age, mildew, getting them wet,

drying them in an oven fire, and in the end purposely scorching the edges in a fire also added to their look, giving them that authentically aged appearance. But eventually, I burned them in a bonfire... under a full moon, while laughing crazily and sharing a bottle of wine whilst dancing with the creatures of the night.

Why? Well, it only seemed polite. And lets face it, all alone in that deep dark forest with nothing more than a fire and a jug of wine to fortify my courage, it just seemed like the thing to do.

Oh, you mean, why'd I burn the Tarot deck. That's easy. The cards had started to scare me and, more importantly, were interfering with my life. I'd be getting ready to go on an important date, job interview, or whatever and I'd do a reading. And guess what? I was nervous when I did those readings, and that nervousness spilled through into the reading... in spades. Talk about a negative, downward progression. Those reading were the pits, filled with predictions of total crash and burn, catastrophic failures. And then of course, there were the self-fulfilling prophecies that followed. It's not like pulling a reading filled with omens of disaster was going to do anything to alleviate my apprehension for when I finally showed up for that date, now was it? So in the end, I burned the deck.

Sometimes I regret the decision; but then, I remember the fear and it's easy to let the memory of them go.

Fear begets fear.

Nervousness begets nervousness.

And,

If you have no intention of heading the advice given to you in a reading, then you have no business making the reading in the first place.

Because you see, back then, what I had been hoping for was a Tarot card reading to magically change my life and do my dirty

work for me, rather than what a Tarot card reading is actually capable of doing, which is simply pointing the way and telling one what work (dirty or otherwise) is in need of doing.

Should a hardened cynic or non-believer still be wondering about the utility to be found within a deck of Tarot cards, the answer is right there in that last sentence: pointing the way, clearly illuminating the path... on the road less traveled.

Do a reading and you'll know what to do.

A reading is not an end nor a means, it is a plan of action solidified from the mist.

Palm Reading

There was a time when I read my own palms. I had a great system. Once again, hard to believe I won't share it with you before the book is through. But for now, I'll stick to the most relevant details. You see, a key component of my system was to look for changes in my hands and relate these changes to current affairs. What this means is that I kept track of the waxing and waning of calluses, how my fingernails were doing, and most important of all, all those little nicks and bruises that one gets on their fingers in the course of living one's life. It was the later that got me in trouble. I cut my finger once. And later, when I was reading my hands, I realized that this (not so) little cut was very important. The universe was trying to tell me something, warn me about something. And then, I suddenly realized that if the universe had tried to warn me any harder, I'd be missing a finger! So, thanks all the same world, but I think I'll keep my fingers and try to figure it out on my own without anymore help from you! And that's the last time I read my palms.

If you learn nothing else from this book, take these last two lessons to heart: the dangers of self-fulfilling and self-mutilating

prophecies are legion. Some things you just don't need to know. And in some cases, ignorance can truly be bliss.

O-Pal

As a child on vacation, I bought one of those polished eggs you see at tourist gift shops all the time. It was probably made of marble, but I thought it must be what opal looked like, so I decided to call it O-Pal. No doubt having recently read something about the wonders of magical charms, I imbued this rock with magical power -- such as I was able -- and then, somewhere along the way, lost it. But not before using it to bless a deck of cards, playing a game of War against my brother, and completely decimating him. Which all goes to show that magic works, charms are quite powerful, and no one -- and I mean no one -- is better at playing War than I am.

"Five of Bottle Caps? What are you talking about? This is the King of Ice Cream Cones. Each of the five kids in the picture has an ice cream cone; the guy in the suit is struggling to hold three more; while the King of Cones, himself, holds the last five in one hand... accepting a measly five bottle caps with the other, I might add. Clearly the guy is silly with ice cream if he can sell it so cheap and that makes him the King of Cones. So, my King takes your Seven of... What are those, anyhow? Ants? Strange deck you've got here. Anyhow, my King takes your Seven. And that makes game. Want to play again?"

Surprisingly, he did not.

Oh, Pal

If you haven't guessed it already, the problem with charms is that they can be lost... or stolen by your brother and thrown into deep end a hotel swimming pool in the dark of night when you're a thousand miles from home. Whatever the case and however it happens, loosing a charm sucks if for no other reason than because

here you've spent all this time and energy investing a charm with power that you can't recover.

The solution? A charm which cannot be lost.

At first, this might sound like it would be difficult. But we're witches, right? And so doing the difficult -- nay, downright impossible -- is right up our alley. In fact, it's just the sort of thing we -- as witches -- do best. Or as the guy selling Trick Cards on the television used to say, "Doing magic is easy, once you know the secret."

And the secret in this particular instance is instead of infusing your magical power into an object, what you do is infuse your magical power into the magical power, itself. That is, you wrap your magical power (lines of force, delusions of grandeur, illusionary sensual impulses, and whatnot) into a sort of ball (call it a spell if it makes you feel better) and direct this "power" (i.e. command this power) to be at your beck and call should you ever need it. So, see. Simple really.

But tedious. I mean, all that gathering of power can get to be drag as anyone who has ever adopted a Micro Pet or TamaGotchi knows. So those with an enterprising spirit (or those who just happen to be as lazy as I am), sooner or later realize that the first thing they need to teach this "creation" of theirs is how to gather power on their own. The next -- logical -- step from there is to automate the process further and allow the... supernatural familiar, golem, homunculus, and/or simulacrum that you've just created to decide what to do with the power it has collected in the first place.

Do as thou will. That is the whole of the law.

Um, yeah, well, right.

That's like exactly what you don't want to say when your release one of these guys. I mean, anybody who has ever watched Gremlins or Fantasia knows what happens next if that's the type of slopping wording you're going to use in your release. No. Far safer to write a book on witchcraft and sell the Secrets of the

Universe to anyone who can cough up a few silvers... or knows how to use a library card.

Anyhow, the point being, whilst releasing your Sentient Ball of Will you will be well advised to say something along of the lines of this, instead:

"On the provision that you do Good in the world and work behind the scenes on my behalf, I temporarily set you free on the understanding that I may summon you back under my control at any time as outlined in subsection 2.1-E, notwithstanding the limitations put forth in 3.3-A.19," etc.

A key benefit of this sort of conditional release is that your Furry Ball of Sentient Will probably won't have the slightest idea what doing "good in the world" means, and by the time they get that little mystery answered, most of their energy will have dissipated, times will have changed, and they'll have to start all over from scratch. So, I'm not saying your familiar will never get around to doing anything tangible for you... well, OK. That is exactly what I'm saying. But still, you could be the first on your block to have a Psychic Dragonfly for a pet and if that isn't reward enough, maybe you're expecting too much.

Which is to say, years after I gave Oh Pal his freedom, I learned a little more about the care and feeding of imaginary friends, which is what Etheral Familiars should really be called. Oh, sure. When I get to the full chapter on this fun little topic, I'll probably be feeling a bit pretentious and choose to call them Animal Totem Spirits, Astral Guides, or some other such nonsense. But the truth of the matter is: if you learn to call these creations imaginary friends from the get go, you'll already be one step ahead of the game and have a more realistic level of expectation concerning their use and limitations.

"Hey, Mister. You's done's writing, nows?"
You'se lookees like you's done writing nows."

"Maybe time you taka da breaks and makee's us da hotty choco-latte's?"

"We'se do'ers it ourselves..."

"But somebodies screwered da top down on da hotty chocolate mix too tights again..."

"We's not pointing da fingers..."

"But we's pretty sure's it be's youse."

And in case you haven't guessed it, the utility of which I speak can best be summarized by the phrase Self Referential Social Interaction.

"He talking to heem-self agains."

"That's what it es."

"Poor, guys. So lonerlies."

"Don't worries. We's keep you'se companies, while..."

"Psst. Whilst. It sounders betters..."

"More magic-callicee."

"Oh's, rights. We's cans keepers you'se companies -- Whilst - you'se makee us da hottee chocolates. Hey, you right's et does sounders betters."

"See's. I tolders you'se."

"Now stoppers da stalling, Misters."

"And get wit da choco-lates."

"Et ain't going to's maker's itself, you knows."

And for the moment, this is where I shall leave you, the reader. For, Chocolate calls...

"We'se no choco-latte, Mister."

"We's -----."

My bestest friends in the whole wide world.

"Mister, needs to gets outers more."

"Now, stoppers wit da stalling."

"And getters with da choco-lattering!"

I believe I may have mentioned something about the importance of crafting an appropriate release, lest a construct's sole rule of guidance be to do as it wills.

"Huh? What he say?"

"You speak da en-Glish, Meester."

To do as thou whilst, that may be the whole of the law. But far more important to remember is that what one wills determines where one will go and the nature of the friends they will make on the way.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. 'Nuff talk, Meesters. You'se maka da Choco-LATTE, nows?"

"Choco-choco, choco-latt!"

"Choco-choco, choco-latt!"

"Choco-choco, choco-latt!"

You'll excuse me, it seems my cup of hot chocolate has gone empty and the natives who rely on it for sustenance are growing restless.

Chapter 2

Preparation, plan of action

Preparation

Salt

Medetation Candle

Tea

Notes:

Salt, with spices, perfumes, incense, etc.... maybe even clothes, new clothes make the witch. Clothes make the witch. Arm rub, sniff, taste (no flame) (stupid to read, should do), take a bath, bathe, play... beware of chemical burn, muck up the plumbing... like warm slush, exfoliant, bath salts

Feng Shui, and other crap

Post Card Tarot, Trading Card, Mix Deck, magazine clipping, note card, etc.

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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.