



**Oracle of the
Sibylants**



**by Caledonia Curry
aka Swoon**

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ISBN: 979-8-218-91493-6

Welcome to the Oracle of the Sibylants

Hello! I'm so excited to invite you into the narrative world of the Sibylant Sisters. Creating these cards has been a life-changing adventure that has allowed me to explore the power of archetypes, as well as the truly potent magic contained within storytelling and traditions of divination.

This story has been a source of deep healing and transformation, and it's my dearest wish that some of that very magic will open up for you when you use the cards.



Once Upon a Time...

Once upon a swampy ol' dirt road, two sisters, Caelum and Terra, were growing up under the care of a spindly little witch by the name of Katarina. But here was the rub: just as baby sister Caelum's magic started to wake up through her wild dreams and unruly creative inclinations, that Wee Witch Katarina, well she began to unravel....

Question was, could Caelum accept the magical gifts that tugged her along a path of discovery and adventure without falling prey to the fragmenting forces that had the Wee Witch in their grips? Or, to put a finer point on it still, could she and Terra even survive what was coming without the assistance of those very gifts?

How to Use the Deck:

A whole symbolic world inside a single fairytale, these 88 cards help you see what you see and know what you know.

They help you unearth the wisdom that's already there inside your unconscious.

Pull a single card to start your day, or lay out a reading of your choice. Use them as a prompt for a conversation circle, or ask the cards a question and let them give your imagination a little nudge.

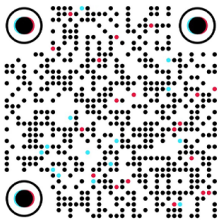
The Sibylant Sisters Oracle is a southern-tall-tale storytelling deck. A mirror of sorts that asks you to use its symbols to better hear your own intuition. 'Cause sometimes your intuition is in there just looking for a mythical, colorful language with which to speak.

As I've been developing this deck, I've found that storytelling and systems of divination are home to their own potent magic. For that reason, I only pull cards for people who give me a resounding *yes*. Transparency, enthusiastic consent and good will are at the root of a Sibylant Sister's magic.



Interpreting the Cards

Each card contains symbolism which you can interpret using your own imagination, or, you can dig in to the written interpretations here in the booklet. You can also listen to the meaning of each card read aloud by me here on TikTok:



@caledoniadanc
ecurry

Swoon

Themes

Sibylant Sisters is a tale that revolves around family — instability, intergenerational trauma, forgiveness, healing, and most of all, magic. This story is drawn from my own childhood, growing up at the end of a dirt road with a mother who was in the midst of a psychotic breakdown, and a lifetime spent teasing out the relationship between creativity, intuition, magic and madness.

The Sibylant Sisters tale is a spell sent backwards in time from an adult who made it through, to the little kid who wasn't sure she could.

Suffused with joy and tenderness amidst the hardship, these cards speak the language of fairytale, because there are some truths that can only be told by witches and unicorns, ogres and toads...



The Cards

Adult Caelum

•*Future Self Wisdom*•



This card invites you to time travel within your own life. For just about all of us there have been moments in the past when we've felt stranded and alone, frightened and unable to get what we needed.

Somehow though, there's a part of you right here and now that can still communicate with that lost kid. 'Cause like it or not, that kid didn't really go anywhere. They're still right here inside you.

And so it was, in our tale, that by some *typa* miracle, adult Caelum was able to go back for little Caelum right at the moment when she was stranded at the edge of survival, and to give her a special gift that

would restore her to life. Some even say the entire Sibylant Sisters fairytale is one long message from an adult who made it through to the kid inside them who didn't know if they would.

So what might your all-grown-up self have to share with that scared lonely little one? Is there some knowledge of things to come, some wisdom or comfort that could give lil' you just what they need, just when they need it?

Unless of course you're feeling like you're the wild messy lost little thing right now, and then I'd wager it goes both ways, and you can call on the older wiser version of you out there somewhere in the future and let em' know you could use a drop of wisdom.

Either way, it's a lifeline from you to you, cause ain't nobody gonna champion you like you can.

Althea

•*Overwhelm*•



The Althea card is a signal that something is too much. A task that exceeds your ability to tackle it unsupported. A life situation in which you are left isolated, asked to take on more than you alone can handle.

Althea's particular overwhelm had a lotta layers to it. She was facing challenges which her society did not equip her for. She lived in a time and place where she wasn't able to reach outside of her family and her immediate surroundings to call on the knowledge and resources that might have helped her. She was pulled under by depression, unable to protect her children, and as such, she contributed to the cycles

that Caelum and Terra had to work to overcome.

The lesson of the Althea card is that our overwhelm is often systemic. We might easily sink into shaming ourselves for the ways we can't show up for ourselves and others, but in these moments, one of our lifelines will be looking for the broader perspective.

Sometimes going under is not a personal failing, but a dropped stitch in the fabric of our world. One that can be healed not in isolation, but by stitching ourselves back into the world in a new way.

Ambulance

•*Outside Help*•



A lot of us were raised to handle problems ourselves.

For Caelum and Terra, one of the primary dictates of the family dysfunction was to never call for help, never let the outside world in, never let anyone know what kind of trouble might be brewing behind the Grey House doors.

Out in their own world at the end of the dirt road, there was a lawless freedom that the Sibylant Sisters learned to love. And yet, there are times when an already tenuous safety comes crashing down and there's nothing left to do but call on outside help.

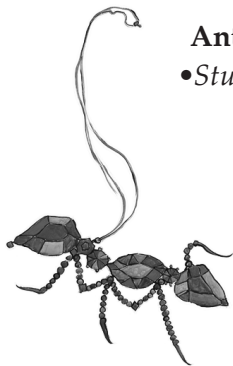
The ambulance card represents the last resort. A Hail Mary. Extreme measures taken in times of necessity.

Less severely, it's a nod to that difficult moment when we throw up our hands and admit that the problem before us is well beyond what we can cope with alone. It points us toward the systems we've collectively created to help each other in case of emergency, and the practices of physical and mental health we might draw upon when we're carrying a burden which outweighs our capacity to hold it.

Are there measures of last resort you wish you didn't have to take, but still you're grateful they exist? What kinda support might you draw upon now if you were to realize some of your challenges are too big to tackle all alone? How would it feel to call on a little help sometimes?

Ant Pendant

•*Stubbornness*•



Sometimes you gotta bet on yourself.

Sometimes you take a little pain to show the world how it's done.

Stubbornness isn't always the way, but don't ever let anybody say it ain't useful.

Bell couldn't resist showing Jimmy Bob Little and his scrappy gang of bullies that she could stand right in the middle of a fire ant hill and not run. Everyone thought she was crazy, and maybe she was, but sometimes a girl doesn't wanna be underestimated, and anyway, she used the money she won in that bet to buy this shiny red fire-ant pendant.

When it came time for the Sibylant Sisters

to make their potion, this bling with a little bite was the first thing to go in. Its kick started their very first spell with its own kinda sparkling gem-cut tenacity.

The fire-ant pendant celebrates your bravado, your stubbornness, and your will to not be underestimated. It reminds you that every once in a while you're gonna wanna challenge the disbelievers to a bet.

Show yourself what you're made of, and don't be shy if the rest of the world happens to see it too.

Arcade

• *Play Hooky* •

Sometimes the right thing to do is to play hooky. Everybody needs a day off from time to time.



The Wee Witch Katarina wanted to celebrate after she'd dispatched that nefarious Ogre Minkie by playing hooky with her girls and going to the arcade on a school day. Terra fussed a bit, but even the ever responsible big sister was persuaded to write up an excuse for the principal's office and make for the beach.

Fun, play, and giving the middle finger to authority with a little mischief was Katarina at her best. And what is it about being bad, just a bit, that sure does revive the spirit?

When everything you should be doing's got you all tied up in knots, sometimes the

only way to cut yourself loose is with a little dose of what you you wanna do, even, or especially, when it's the exact opposite of what you're s'posed to be doing.

And anyway, who knows what kind of inspiration you'll come back with after a day away.

So go ahead, make up a wild story to cover your tracks, then give yourself a little time off. Playing Hooky is also an important part of life.

Arlette

•Abundance•



Arlette just loves a yummy life. She rolls in like a cool breeze on a summer's day.

You remember that friend's house that you loved to visit because their mom would let you eat cake batter right off the spoon, or stay up way past your bedtime choreographing dances for an imaginary talent show?

Arlette's is the hearth of fun and joy and abundance.

Her secret is knowing that blessings abound, and that we let them multiply when we truly see them. Even the ones that are hidden from us by the very ordinariness of their existence, because large or small, goodness grows when we fully feel it.

Arlette's card plants a warm little kiss on that spot where allowing ourselves to accept love meets allowing ourselves to accept resources. Where the ways we permit ourselves to be cherished and cared for mirror the ways we feel worthy of other forms of abundance.

So Arlette's gonna hand you a cupcake, but the deeper message hidden under the frosting is this: Baby, you are worthy of all of it. You always have been, and you always will be, so sit your little butt down and accept this gift. Appreciate that subtle pleasure. Relax, take your shoes off, breathe, make a little space to receive and see what comes to you.

Armor

•Warrior Archetype•



The warrior is called to fight. To defend.

The true warrior knows the difference between senseless conflict and rising to the occasion of an injustice. This archetype is embodied in those moments when it is righteous and right to stand up for oneself and others.

The warrior is able to draw lines in the sand, to don a tough armor when the occasion calls for it - and to set down their sword when the battle is over.

Caelum and Terra grew up in an environment where the safest thing to do when life got overwhelming was to check out. But in

Caelum's dreams she was a brave warrior fighting her battles head on. She needed a little warrior energy to heave her outta her stuckness, so she could mobilize for her own well-being, and for the safety of her sister too.

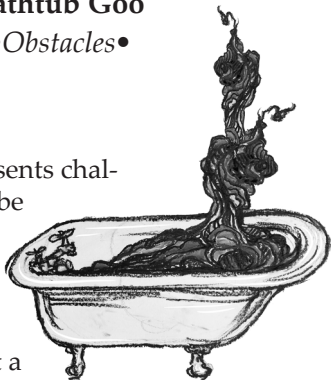
This card honors the truth that there are times when we must fight. The fight response is a natural part of every one of us for a reason. Tricky thing is, sometimes an incomplete fight response in our past can keep us stuck fighting losing battles long into the future.

This card asks how can you release those old trapped, helpless energies and incomplete fight responses, so you don't get stuck battling shadows, but instead fearlessly rise to the present moment.

Bathtub Goo

•*Obstacles*•

This card represents challenges that must be faced if they're to be overcome. Might even be a harbinger signaling that a slow-burning crisis which you've been ignoring is in danger of overflowing the pipes and bursting up through the house.



Now, a Toad Well is a nefarious thing, and the Grey House had a Toad Well right in the back yard. This was bad enough, till it got worse. It got worse starting with the day that the dang thing somehow busted right up through the plumbing, invading the tub with its toxic sludge, and threatening to take over the whole house. It would've too,

if Caelum hadn't jumped in to beat it back with a trusty plunger, attacking with gusto until that ol' menace reversed its course.

The question this card poses to you is, what forces lurking just under the surface might be dangerously close to emerging as great big obstacles? Is there something you fear but would rather not face? It might be something that's out of your control and not even a problem you had any hand in creating, but still, it might end up being a problem that you're gonna need to solve.

The silver lining to this whole rigamarole is the enduring pride you'll feel once you've roundly tackled your challenge. Maybe it didn't start with you, but sure as heck it's gonna end with you.

Bell

• *Self Love* •



Some people have the gift of knowing they're worthy of their own existence. Sounds simple and obvious and like something everyone should have - but it isn't.

Matter of fact, we humans are out here by our dozens taking no delight in ourselves and secretly believing we don't deserve the stitch of ground we stand on.

Not Bell though. Bell's got that sweet simple gift that should be everyone's birthright. She believes in herself. She likes herself. And ain't it the way - because she knows how to love herself, she knows how

to shine on you too.

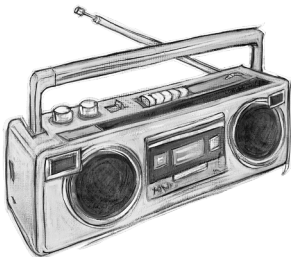
This card is an invitation to see yourself through Bell's eyes. To borrow Bell's super power of just knowing that this world didn't make no trash and that includes you.

This ain't vanity. It's not Narcissus trapped at the pool of his own reflection. This kinda self love is a praise for the whole entire world, which makes no exception of you.

This kinda self love senses the perfection thrumming under the surface of life and knows that's the stuff you're made of too.

Boom Box

•Joy•



Where are you
most free?

For Caelum it was in the beauty of nature and daydreams, for Hutch it was riding on the back of Chestnut, and for Bell it was in the music that poured out of her boombox.

Joy is like a river running through life. Each of us dips our feet in that river in different ways but when we're in it, there's no mistaking it.

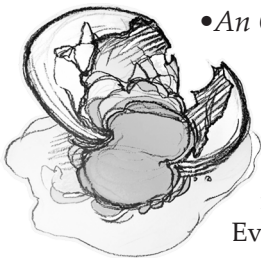
Our joy is contagious. It frees us, and through our freedom we make space for others around us to find their own way to the river.

Joy is a permission slip to just be ourselves. And there's no faking it. Joy is an event. A force that rushes through us and releases us from the cage of expectations, the traps of overthinking, and the misery of alienation. Even if just for a moment.

So this card has a message for you and it is this: Don't ever let anyone make you believe that your joy is frivolous. Your joy feeds the river of happiness that sustains this world. You're the only one who knows your own way to that river. Your path to happiness is what makes you you. So go. Go now. Go often. And celebrate when you get there, because your joy feeds us too.

Broken Egg

• *An Offering* •



This card is a reminder that every moment is an offering.

Every word and action, even the thoughts that we dwell upon fertilize the ground for what grows next.

A broken egg was the kinda thing that the grown-ups in the Grey House might scoop up outta the dirt and bring to the Well of Toads to brew their potions of forgetting. But anything brought to the Well of Toads is wasted, because theirs is a place only intended to let you bypass the lessons you really oughtta be getting. Things used in the service of dark oblivion are not things used wisely. Theirs was an offering wasted.

But a broken egg is rich and juicy and full

of life-sustaining nutrients. Even a dropped egg can be composted to feed the soil for tomorrow's garden. There's a big difference between what is wasted, and what is given as an offering.

Letting go of the small stuff so that we might achieve a bigger dream, investing time in the future even when it's hard, giving to something you believe in with no expectation of a reward, taking care of our thoughts, actions, and deeds, all of these are forms of offering.

So what do you hope to see grow? What would you give to help it happen? Starting simple and right where we are, how's your present state of mind? Would you say that what you're dwelling upon right now is an offering to that growth?

Caelum

•*Cycle Breaker*•



Caelum's card represents a cosmic awakening. The breaking of harmful cycles through the restoration of our innate connection with that bigger thing that we all spring up from. The one that is us while it makes us - that always holds us and never does let us go because the truth is, there really ain't nowhere to go.

Caelum had a desperate need to understand and believe the Wee Witch Katarina, even as Katarina spiraled into dangerous delusions. What Caelum found in the process was a mortal imperative to awaken her own magic in order that she might survive her ordeal.

The odds stacked against Caelum were greater than she could overcome without some sort of infusion of the impossible into the narrow crevice of the possible.

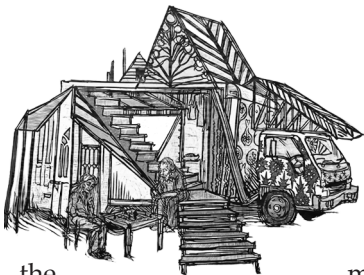
Caelum found her way back to that bigger thing via the doorway of forgiveness. Through it, she was reunited with her innate mystical power, which gave her the supercharge she needed to break the cycle she was caught in.

The power she found lay in forgiving others while not tolerating their harm, and, accepting the gifts that imperfect people gave her, while laying aside what she could no longer live with.

Caelum's card is an invitation to find those doorways that lead you to your own cycle breaking super powers by putting you in touch with that bigger thing, in any way you understand it. These forces are inside all of us, and yours are calling you

Caravan

•*New Possibility*•



the middle of the forest where there ain't even a trail for it to have gotten there, and then disappearing again without a trace, like a seed on the wind.

Rasp and Elly's Caravan can show up in the unlikelyst of places, appearing in

And what does it bring? Exactly what you need. Hope. A new understanding. A nudge in the direction of your own finest true path. The idea that there is life outside the world as you know it - that things can be different and you can be the one to help em' change.

Their's is a witch-way-finder, and Rasp

and Elly are new friends bearing ancient wisdom cut to fit just for you. They're the mentors with a secret you need showing up in a rickety clacking dream machine that makes you want to run away with the circus.

When Rasp and Elly's Caravan appears, something big is afoot. Perhaps it's a visit from friends that will alter the direction of things or a revelation that will set you on the next phase of your adventure.

What's yours to do is this: Listen with big ears. Feel into right this very instant with your whole heart. Put a little trust in glimmers you might not yet understand. Because the knowledge this new moment brings is highly likely be a beautiful journey all it's own. Or all your own, if you make it so.

Cauldron

•*Transmutation*•



This is the card of transmutation. The cauldron is the belly that holds within its depths a capacity for great change. What was locked tight loosens its grip within the cauldron's boiling foment, while previously static elements activate one another in new ways.

The Sibylant Sisters took an old dye bath from the Klank shed and stirred up a magic potion using all kinda things that gave them strength. And sure enough, their potion had the potency to take on the toxic Toad Well and dissipate the dark forces that were suffocating the Grey House.

The cauldron is a container to gather your power. A space of darkness within which potency germinates. Womb-like and full of potential, the cauldron suggests that something new is brewing in your life.

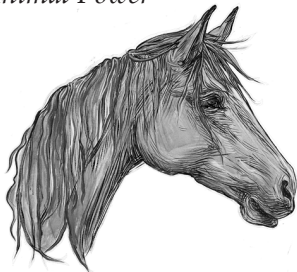
In the cauldron's heat, grief becomes growth. An invasive weed may be alchemized into a life-saving medicine. Nothing goes into the cauldron that does not come out changed.

What will you release into its dark belly to be transmuted? Bring your burdens and what ails you, but bring your dreams and your allies too. Let the pressure and the heat undo what was. Let it crack open the seed of what is to become.

Chest Nut

• *Animal Power* •

This card calls you into your physical and emotional power. The places where you are at one with the body you live in. Where you feel the wind on your face and the sunlight on your skin and within those simple joys you come into a moment of ecstatic communion with the world.



Chestnut seems at times to be the earthly incarnation of one of Caelum and Terra's heavenly guardians. He's the loyal friend in the nearby pasture. The trusty steed that helps Hutch overcome feelings of powerlessness during a difficult moment in life. And, in the end, it's Chestnut to the rescue.

Pause and touch the tops of your thighs with your hands. What is your body calling you to do? Does it want rest? Play? What kind of exercise brings you joy and makes you feel powerful? What kinds of work bring you feelings of efficacy and strength?

Like the instinctual nature of the psyche, and indeed, like our very own hardworking bodies, Chestnut is always there. An ally, a partner, a friend when there's a job that needs doing.

Let your feet touch the earth. Let your senses guide you. There is powerful creaturely wisdom to be found right inside your own body.

Cigarette Ash

•*Pessimism*•



Maybe there's a part of each of our hearts that believes all good things will turn to ash.

And not in an enlightened, this-too-shall-pass kinda way, but in a fine silt of charred earth dulling everything the eye can see kinda way. In a...this is gonna facilitate a nasty death but let's do it anyway because whatthefuckever and such is life... kinda way.

Katarina knew all about the crumbling world at the end of a cigarette. And every batch of Toad Brew needs at least a little bit of burnt-up dreams.

And sure, discernment helps us have a realistic view of the world. It protects us from danger and folly. But what happens when

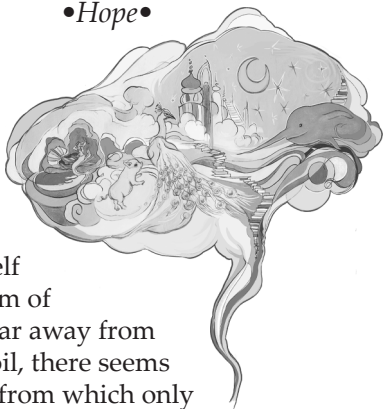
discernment teams up with a deep downward tug and whispers death-quiet in our ears that nothing good can come at all? Well therein too lies a kind of folly. One that strangles possibility and stops us from living our dreams.

So if there's one question this card asks you, it's this: Is there a part of your heart that needs to set down the comfortable cynicism of the crushed-out cigarette, and pick up the juicier, perhaps a bit scarier, but much much sweeter apples of hope?

Cloud Realm

•*Hope*•

Have you ever stared up into the clouds at sunset and found yourself lost in a dream of perfection? Far away from the earthly toil, there seems to be a place from which only luminous luck arises. This must be the home of creatures like the Pegasus. A place where dreams are born, and survive too, because they're nurtured in the belly of the sky.



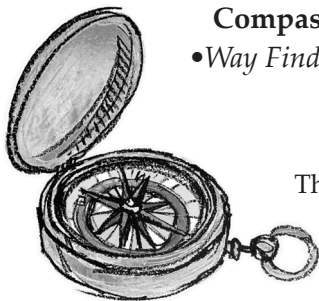
For Caelum, the song of the music box and the sweet scent of her lucky gardenia had a way of instantly transporting her to just such a place.

The Grey House was hot and fetid and more than a little scary at times, but the cloud realms....they were always perfect. Their existence let Caelum breathe when the thick air of the Grey House stifled all. Floating up in to the Cloud Realms she could receive visions the likes of which the circumstances in the Grey House never could have let her imagine.

So what form does it take, that delicate untouchable place in your heart where hope survives eternal? If it's been a while since you gave yourself over to its wonders, maybe it's time you close your eyes and take a visit. It never does go anywhere, and all it asks you to do is to remember and remember, and remember again that it is there.

Compass

•Way Finder•



The compass card reminds you to accept assistance in finding your way. This trusty tool gives you a little nudge in the right direction and continuously reminds you of your own true north.

Terra had a great natural sense of direction, but Rasp gifted her this compass to remind her that it's ok to look for guidance. Just because at the age of ten she already felt like the only grownup in the house, didn't mean she always had to know what to do on her own.

If you've drawn the compass card, check in and make sure you're steering in the right direction. Consult your sources, read your

tools, step back and take in a fresh perspective.

This little magnetic wonder, pulled on by forces deep within the earth, allows you to be shrewd and discerning. Its needle, suspended loosely so that it can freely follow its own inner mandate, reminds you that a path made of finely tuned pivots and wavers, might, all told, be the truest path you can take.

Corroded Battery

•*Toxic Fuel*•



Sometimes we keep going way past when we should rest. We draw on energy sources that spoil our landscape, tax our innate resources, and exhaust us to the bone.

This is the corroded battery. The shock to the system. Running on adrenaline and fear. In an emergency we may need this fuel, but a life lived in this mode comes at too high a cost. The Wee Witch Katarina's life was formed by painful experiences that left her stuck in this mode, running on reserves until she found her whole world depleted.

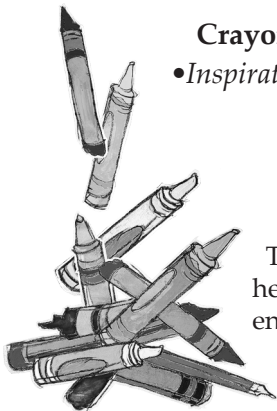
Now might be a good moment to ask yourself if there are sources of energy in your life which take more than they give, leaving you twice as exhausted as when

you started. If so, is there some nagging sense of deficit that tricks you into thinking something so bad is doing you some kinda good?

This card is calling you to take restorative measures. It's reminding you to fill your creative well. To rest long enough that you might reset your nervous system, long enough to re-attune to the healthy sources that feed you in a sustainable way. This is an invitation to comb out and untangle some of the tensions that're draining you down so low you end up reaching for toxic jolts of dirty fuel.

Crayons

•*Inspiration*•



Zap!

These crayons
hereby convey the
energy of inspiration.

That quickening
of life force which
races through us like a gust of wind from
the heavens.

Inspiration is a kind of knowing.
A sudden certainty about one small and
luminous thing which arises from the chaos
and beckons us onward. Inspiration gives
form to the jagged and disparate elements.
It allows meaning to emerge where others
hear only babble.

Grandma Eva was one of those people who could bake to perfection without ever consulting a cookbook. She just let the sparks fly and more often than not her inspiration guided her deliciously.

For Caelum it was her crayons. Her world was awash in stories and visions and the best way she knew how to channel them into form was through those little wax sticks that she was always trying to remember not to leave melting in her pockets in the sun.

Inspiration is one of those flirtatious forces that loves to be adored, to be seen and heard, recorded and acted upon, praised and shared. So when you draw the inspiration card, it means a little breath of the spheres wants to infuse your life and guide your hand. Let it know it's welcome by trusting it to light the way.

Dreams

•*Inner Vision*•



This card asks you to tune into your visionary nature.

How do you receive inspiration? What unorthodox sources do you catch insights from? Is it ever a struggle to trust the signals arising from within?

The thing about our lil' inner visionary is that we're the only ones who can see it and hear it. So it takes a double helping of bravery and self-trust to become fluent in a language only we can decipher.

Caelum was on a journey to uncover and to trust her visions and intuitions, but she feared that following this side of her nature

might invite the instability she saw within her family.

Are there places in your life where you long to unfold more fully into your own nature, but first you gotta reckon with the fearful associations built up around your gifts?

Is there a bridge that needs building between the poetic, symbolic language of your dreaming mind, and the rational rules of the outside world? Between the whispered mysteries of your creative self, and the logical side that knows how to fill out forms and remember where the keys are?

If you've drawn this card, chances are, the time is now. You're grown enough and wise enough. You're strong and full of enough good sense that it's safe to let the mysteries inside you have a little more time in the sun.

Elly

•Reconnector•

Elly will always direct you toward your real mission. Not your side quest, nor the slightly lazy version you're secretly hoping to get away with.

This is about the one that matters. You know the one.



Elly communicates across time and space through images and symbols that you already understand because they're dear to your heart. She appears in your dreams with a message, passes through your mind like a lucid inspiration, or shows up in your time of need as a vision with the power to create real change. She is both the medium and the message, the artist and the art. Elly is the great reconnector.

Elly first contacted Caelum in a waking

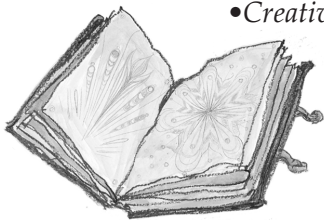
vision and told her where to look. What Caelum found was not what she expected, and yet it was what she needed.

Arriving in a rickety caravan in the woods, Elly became the bridge between the strangeness of Rasp the teacher, and the skepticism of Terra the big sister. In the end, Elly helped Caelum reconnect the long broken circuit of her Wee Witch ancestral lineage.

When the Elly card appears, it's time for you to reconnect to something which is already yours. A source has been interrupted somewhere along the line. Perhaps it's trust in your creative inspiration, or the unearthing of some ancestral wisdom? Your sense of play, or safety, or a belief in the efficacy of your own voice? Identify, if only by scent, a wellspring of power that is tugging at your heart to awaken. Now keep an eye out for who or what shows up to help you build a bridge to it. Keep an ear to the ground for things which seem to be repairing a circuit, kickstarting a vitality which is yet still hidden, but which draws you ever nearer.

Elly's Notebook

•Creativity•



This card is all about the relationship between you and your creativity. And don't say you don't got none, that's just plain silly, you created the life you're living after all, and that ain't nothin.

Elly loves to draw in her notebook. It all goes in there, finely rendered observations, spectacular brainstorms, half-baked ideas. It's is a safe place to return to when her mind is chaotic. A way to tame those energies through the meditative gesture of putting brush to paper. It's like a trusted friend.

This card asks you to honor a relationship in your life which is not between yourself and another person, but between you and a

process, or a source of inspiration.

Elly found the more she trusts and listens to her creative source, the more clearly it speaks to her. She gives it time and attention, and it surprises her with a constant flow of creative vision. There's a reciprocity, a give and take exploration just as mutual as any relationship with another human - and about twice as steady.

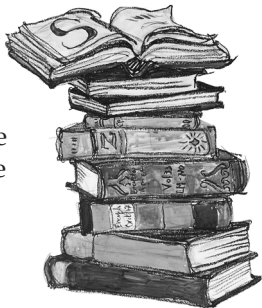
Elly's connection with her creativity is the most unshakable thing in her life. In good times and bad, in calm and in quaky, it's always there. And so is yours.

Elly's Notebook is here to tell you that your creativity wants a tiny little big thing from you. It wants your curiosity and your care. And, listen up, cause this part's important: your creativity asks that you graciously, uncritically, and wholeheartedly accept its treasures.

Encyclopedia

•*Historical Knowledge*•

The card calls you into your intellect and curiosity. The place where the fertile ground of your innate intelligence meets the cornucopia of knowledge laid out for you by generations of scientists, scholars, writers and artists.



Is there a question in your life that could use some deep study? Are there any institutions of higher learning that are calling out to you?

Sometimes we doubt our own intelligence because it doesn't fit the mold measured by schools, or by a society which hasn't always understood neurodivergence, tactile intelli-

gence, and intuitive creativity. But each of us has our own deep and abiding curiosity, and our own unique ways that we satiate our needs for knowledge and information.

For Hutch and Caelum this need expressed itself through research in Hutch's trusty set of encyclopedias.

Academic and scientific work created according to rigorous standards can be an incredibly grounding counterpoint along the journey of learning to deepen our intuition.

So where in the vast expanse of human knowledge might you see further by standing on the shoulders of giants?

Feather

•*Stay the Course*•

This feather brings you a message as sibilant a whisper. Soft as an opening between the worlds. A gossamer strand leading you back out of the maze, a bread crumb on the trail toward your true self.

When the paths ahead have become obscured, when the checks won't clear and the wolves are at the door - how do we know the difference between time to keep the faith, and time to seek safer ground?

With what language does the part of you that knows the subtle answer speak to the part of you



that's out pounding the pavement hustling to make it all work?

A Sibylant Sister will often find that important messages come through the soft feathery whisper at the edges of things. A lyric in a song. A book title facing out on a dusty shelf. An opportunity mentioned in passing. A sudden knowing that pads in on silent feet.

This is not the white-knuckled kind of staying the course. Neither stamina nor force create this path. This is a wisdom born of openness. Allowing. An all-encompassing kind of looking and listening that spots the unlikely answer.

If you've drawn this card, it's a reminder that you do know the way. Listen for the Sibylance inside you. Follow the clues left on the trail. You are speaking to you. Don't forget to listen.

Forest

• *A Journey* •



The forest is the terrain that you must cross. It's what lies between you and what you seek. The forest contains multitudes and dangers, doubts and perils, and vast expanses of lush potential. It is the wilderness of your heart. The seemingly impenetrable landscape of forgotten history, and the unfathomable uncertainty of an unknowable future.

When Caelum tried to walk into the forest and find the clearing on her own, she got lost. Within the forest's expansive silence she came face to face with an ever-present loneliness that had dogged her life since teething and baby shoes - since ever. Under

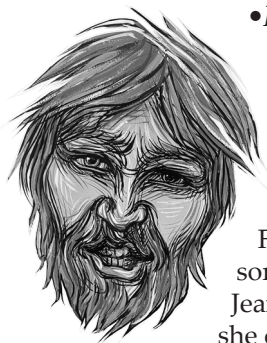
that canopy of trees that spread out in all directions, Caelum sensed the enormity of a lifetime of unmet need, and she reeled in panic. Caelum feared the experience would swallow her whole.

Luckily, she had her trusty dog Number Ten at her side, and the call of the Pegasus to lead her onward. The edgeless and terrifying terrain of her inner and outer world became focused by friendship and purpose. By leaning into allies and trusting in forces larger than herself, Caelum found her way.

To draw the forest card means that there is some dense and unknown turf that needs to be set off into. And though the journey might feel scary, and though you might not trust you'll make it through, this right of passage cannot be avoided if you're going to get to the next stage.

Franklin

•Rage•



Franklin is buried away under the surface of Jeannie's mind, because Franklin contains something that Paper Jeannie needs, but which she can't accept.

Franklin is enraged.

Franklin remembers exactly what Jeannie went through, and his righteous anger could melt a volcano to the ground. Franklin knows what's right and what isn't. He makes no excuses for anyone. He is angry and he wants that anger to be seen and heard. And felt.

But. Franklin has been tasked with the impossible burden of carrying all of Jeanie's

rage all alone, way down in the shadows of her psyche. No one ever sat with him and listened. No one ever held him in his volcanic pain. So Franklin has only the most feral concept of how to express such a burden. He lashes out, blames the wrong people, and overflows with pent-up cruelty the second he sees the light of day.

If we get down to the heart of it, there's nothing really wrong with Franklin. All of Jeannie's emotions, indeed all of her selves deserve a seat at the table.

If you've drawn this card, it's possible that there is some anger somewhere inside that needs you. It may be asking to be fully felt, listened to, and even respected, so that rather than becoming split off and dangerous, it can join you, as an honored guest. A right-sized and mighty part of your whole and healthy self.

Garden Hose

• *Trickster* •



Nothing sends a lightning bolt through the world like a visit from the trickster.

Now a good prank is never truly mean-spirited. A good prank is funny, witty, unexpected, and you'll know a really good prank by its uncanny ability to critique the existing order and turn the everyday world on its head, letting in all manner of whimsy, mischief, and disorientation.

Grandma Eva was a kind soul with a trickster's capacity for top notch mischief. It was through mischief that she taught Katarina and Jeannie to keep hold of their joy in spite of all else that might come.

One of Katarina's most precious memories with her grandma was the day a

cookie batter fight broke out in the kitchen. Katarina thought she was smart, sneaking out the bathroom window to reach the garden hose and turn it on grandma, but the joke was on her, 'cause as she scootched backward out that window she felt a cold blast of water, and there was Eva, hose in hand, cackling in delight — the undisputed master of mischief.

Eva taught her granddaughters that there's a kinda joy that don't care one lick about propriety. It's outta-this-world inventive and squirrely, and it laughs at itself just as soon as laughing at others.

It's a joy that holds a seed of resistance in its heart, and when the pressures of the world are too much, sometimes it's this very mischief which safeguards the last ember that can bring the flame of spirit back to life.

Gardenia Flower

•*Earth Magic*•

The gardenia is small but mighty. Its petals are delicate, but its blossoms give off a powerful perfume that radiates through even the muggiest of air, lending it an aura of enchantment.



The old timers have been known to say that if you talk to the plants right, they'll talk right back. That each plant has a spirit all it's own, and if you allow it to, it'll share some of its wisdom.

Caelum's gardenia allowed her to tune out the world around her by disappearing into the beauty and perfection of that little flower's scent. In the reprieve from the suffocating rankness of the Grey House, she became able to imagine new kinds of possi-

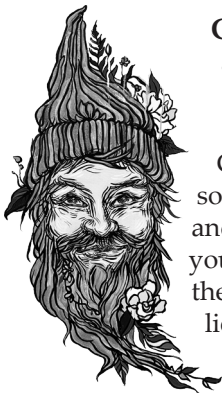
bilities for what could be.

Here's about how Caelum did it, in case you might like to try it yourself. Get ahold of your favorite herb or flower or oil, and take a moment to deeply inhale that beloved fragrance. Let it fill up your senses so entirely that the scent alone becomes an all-encompassing place. One where everything else in the world drops away and you get lost in the tale the flower tells. Where you can waltz right in to the space of joy it creates, and dress yourself up in its spell of sweet protection.

Your world may be hectic, or foul, or even entirely intolerable at times, but within the respite created by tuning into the earth and her aromas, there exists a kind of freedom. A becoming one with the place that made you, which refreshes all inspiration.

Garrdenia

•Loyalty•



Garrdenia has a bottomless sort of loyalty. He's Caleum and Terra's stepdad, and yet you'd never know he wasn't their birth father. And herein lies the secret to this big hearted Garden Gnome's magic. His is a chosen love, and yet one that's every bit as loyal as blood.

When Garrdenia loves you, he loves you for life. You always have a place with him. You can roam, but you'll never be truly lost, because somewhere out there you'll always have a home.

This card celebrates the loyalty of the true heart. The people in your life who are there for you through thick and thin, regardless of how you may have ended up on each

other's doorstep.

It points toward one of the best things in human nature - the ability to make the world right for one another through love and steadfast dedication.

In this part of the Sibylant Sisters tale however, there's another layer to examine. Garrdenia also shows us that loyalty must be balanced with boundaries. When the Ogre Minkie was a menacing presence, or when the Wee Witch Katarina was losing it in dangerous ways, Garrdenia was not able to access anything beyond a blind loyalty toward them, and so he wasn't able to assert the kind of boundaries that could keep the Grey House safe.

So let this card be your call to celebrate loyalty, especially when it's tempered by wisdom so that it might become the truest force that it can be.

Girls in School

•Jealousy•

Caelum felt like an alien at school. Surrounded by prim, well-cared-for little children who all seemed



to have such an easy time sitting still and paying attention to their lessons, when all Caelum could do was drift off into daydreams and long to be back in the wilds of the woods out back of the Grey House.

She felt a disdain for these kids, but buried underneath that disdain was a sense that they all had something she didn't. A mother who could take care of them. Brush their hair and tuck them in at night. Someone to help them remember their homework, to make them breakfast and send them off to school in the morning. She didn't yet know

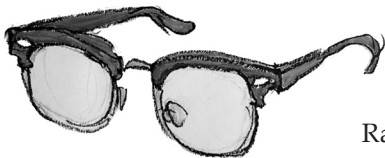
how to identify that part of hating them was actually a form of wishing for the ease of life they all seemed to have.

This card signals you to take a look at the gap between where some aspect of your life is, and where you long for it to be. The complicated tangled-up mess of feelings that arises when we believe we don't have what others have, and we suspect that it's stopping us from being who we want to be.

Try to be gentle with those feelings, and maybe even get curious about what it is they want. Caelum appreciated her feral magical life, but in her heart she also longed for a little more care and safety. What might your heart be longing for which is not yet yours?

Glasses

•*Clear Vision*•



Rasp's glasses are a tool of clarity. Fearless lucidity when making sense of the world.

When you draw this card, you're being asked to look again, great big wide, because liberation begins with looking and listening.

It takes a certain fearlessness to witness injustice or oppression when the status quo asks only that we not see. Sometimes the first step in helping another become free is simply saying I see you. Sometimes the first step in helping an unjust system to crumble is the same. See what you see, know what you know.

The silence that gripped the Grey House

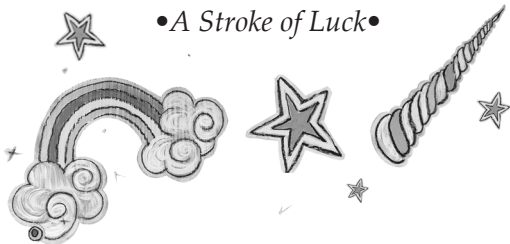
began to lose its power in the presence of a compassionate truthful gaze. Rasp's ability to lucidly parse history helped Caelum and Terra sense that there might be another path through. Another truth beyond the one they knew. Up until then they'd only understood what the Wee Witch Katarina let them understand, and they'd been stuck.

Seeing was the first step. Their path remained complex, but sure enough they were on it.

So what could you use a little help seeing clearly? You don't have to do it alone — you can call on guidance, wisdom, and teachings, but when you find that fresh perspective you'll know it. It'll be dazzling and clear as daylight. Like a thing you've always known and yet also like seeing it for the first time.

Glitter Stickers

•A Stroke of Luck•



Everybody needs a little luck sometimes.

A glittering something to peek out amidst the dusty din and racket of all else getting you down. A stepping stone popping up to fill in a hole in the path of it's-gonna-be-al-rightness, or a perfect day with your name all over it that lets you thumb your nose at the bogs of despair.

Why yes sugarplum, here it is. You got it. Luck is on your side, and Jeannie's glitter stickers are here to tell you so.

Sometimes luck is just the name we give to

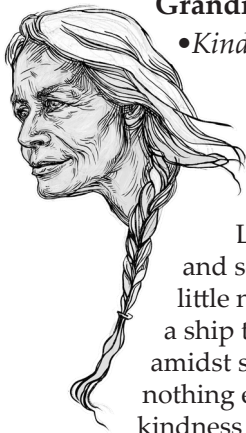
our own ability to make four ways outta no ways. A chance popping up to favor your prepared mind. The reward for hoping and trying and hoping some more, or the fruits of your long labors finally peaking their head above the soil.

But sometimes, luck is just that. Wild grace. Not everything has to be earned, worked for, “deserved.” Sometimes just being born on this fine earth on this bright day in the shining cosmos is enough — and so are you.

Most of all luck is believing you’re lucky. So listen up sunshine, cause this card is here to tell you that you are lucky, and you better believe it.

Grandma Eva

• *Kindness* •



Kindness is the balm of the world.

Life is unpredictable, and sometimes chaotic. A little nurturing care is like a ship that holds us safe amidst stormy seas. When nothing else makes sense, kindness brings its own sense into the world.

Grandma Eva was the one person that young Katarina could just be a kid around. She gave unconditional love, play, and lots of home-baked snacks to her favorite granddaughter, and it was Grandma Eva's collection of music boxes that nurtured Katarina's sense of wonder and taught her an appreciation of life's simple joys.

If you've drawn this card, you may be up for sharing a little kindness and nurturing.

Give a listen to the part of you that wants to care for others, to show up in the small ways that mean a lot.

Sometimes harder to acknowledge, but just as important, are the ways you might like to receive a little bit of that Grandma Eva care.

We're never too old to need a little nurturing kindness, and we're never too far gone from the world that we don't have something to offer.

Grey Fog

•Dissociation•

The fog enshrouds. It dampens and silences, and hides things from view.

For Caelum the fog of dissociation rolled in like an ambivalent sort of rescuing angel. It was a state she could shift into when her world got overwhelming. It ushered in an eerie sense of distance that left her floating like a helium balloon far far above her life. In this space nothing could affect her, and for a time that was a blessing.

Eventually though Caelum found that when she was enshrouded by the fog, nothing could affect her, but she couldn't affect anything either. What had started as an adaptation to protect her became a force



that isolated her. It leached the brightness and joy from her world, and paralyzed her when what she needed most was to take action.

Is there a fog that holds you still and “safe” but stops you from meeting the moment of your life? How about a defense that swoops in to the rescue, but lately that rescue has become a disaster all its own?

There comes a moment when we have to thank our brilliant defenses for all they’ve done to protect us from a world that was too much to handle, and then we gotta ask them to turn us loose so we can learn something new.

Halloween Candy

•Celebration•



Halloween is one of the best nights of the year.

A time that draws out the imagination as it stokes the fires of celebration.

For the Sibylant Sisters, Halloween contained a hidden potency. They learned that their favorite sugar-fueled holiday was based in ancient traditions like Samhain, with its thinning of the veil between the worlds, or Harvest Season, a time to communicate with the ancestors and learn from the dead.

Even their Halloween costumes became doorways to deeper truths — a way to call

in the powers of the Oracle at Delphi, to channel the ferocity of a demon slayer on horseback, or access a nurse's ability to bring care when it's most needed.

Celebrations are for bringing people together, letting loose, and being free. Try though the Puritans might to stomp that out, celebration is just as necessary to our sustenance as rest, work, and family. Traditional celebrations make sure we have a little fun and play built in our ghoulishly busy lives. It's no surprise then that ancient wisdom arrives hiding at the bottom of a jack o' lantern candy bucket.

If you've drawn this card, you might be seeking the sustenance of deep ritual and tradition, or you might just need to gobble down your favorite celebratory libations and send yourself sparkling into the night.

Hawk Man

•*Predator*•



This card represents the darkest of harms. These are the people or the forces that prey upon vulnerability and devour innocence.

They deceive to take advantage. They consume that which is not theirs to take. They cry crocodile tears to play upon our sympathies, but they cannot be trusted.

The threat the predator poses must be taken seriously.

When this card comes up, check in with your instincts. Does this refer to a destructive actor in the outside world? Or does it refer to dangerous elements within the psyche?

When the predator force is loose inside the mind the outcomes can be just as damaging --

nay-saying our finest notions, suffocating our dreams, even, at its worst, crushing out our will to live.

For young Katarina and Jeannie, their troubles arrived in the form of person who could not be trusted. Someone who caused them great harm and from whom they were not protected. As the sisters grew older, they found that the predator need not even appear in the outside world anymore, because those destructive forces now ran a rampage from inside their own minds.

Justice, boundaries, and healing the damage left in its wake are all things that become necessary with this kind of harm.

This card is a reminder that you have a right to autonomy of body and mind. You have a right to joy and play and the free expression of your truest self. You have a right to peace and to safety. May you restore these things where they have been lost, and may you take pride in the new forms of strength that you uncover.

Hawk Wings

•*Intrusive Thoughts*•



Sometimes there are parts of our minds that desperately need our attention, while the rest of it works double time to keep us “safe” from any kinda uncomfortable or disturbing awareness. A fierce battle may ensue. The mind turns in on itself, becoming plagued by rumination, cyclical thinking, and intrusive thoughts.

The Wee Witch Katarina’s psyche was at war with itself in just this way. Flickering hawk wings appeared and reappeared, crowding in at the edges of her vision in an attempt to communicate to her about a buried trauma, but Katarina interpreted these visions as a coming danger. Time

collapsed, her past became present, and she herself became dangerous.

This card asks how you might make friends with the more confusing messages that come to you from inside your own psyche. Irrational impulses, catastrophizing, anxieties that wake us up before the alarm even goes off. We instinctively wanna push them away, but they are often messengers of some split-off need attempting however awkwardly to express itself.

We don't gotta heed their commands, but neither can we run from them. We might say, come on in strange fella, sit yourself down. We might ask them to unwind, and see if they've got anything more to say.

They may even be the brave bearer of your own need for wholeness emerging out of a divided inner landscape.

Headphones

•*Deeper Listening*•

This card reminds you to listen very very closely. Reminds you of a form of listening you were born with. One perhaps shuffled aside or overwhelmed away by the demands of a linear, rational, quotidian life. One that if you attend to it tenderly, you just might find again. Caelum and Terra were given a special set of headphones which allowed them to hear the inner music of the natural world.



When Caelum used this tool in combination with her own visionary insight, she came upon some unsettling but necessary truths.

When Terra used the headphones in combination with her innate knowing, she

became able to locate and to rescue her sister.

Each in their own way, the sisters found that tuning in and deeply listening opens up your world like a super power.

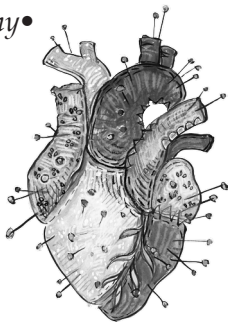
Like the ancient Bards channeling Awen, you are being invited to listen right at the heart of inspiration. To hear the gentle hum of a warm room, the keening buzz inside a tense situation, the bright tinkle of a green shoot pushing up through the mud in springtime.

This is listening as kindness, listening as a form of magic, listening as the first doorway into your own super powers.

Heart Pin Cushion

•Empathy•

Empathy is a doorway that leads us out of the small self and into our shared existence.



We all feel happiness and we all go through shame. We all have dreams and we all suffer pain. The root of the word mercy comes from the Latin *misericordia*, a heart moved by misery. One of the strange things about our human existence is that sometimes it's through our shared pain that we find our deepest humanity. Through a heart moved by misery, we find our way back to one another.

Rasp and Elly brought Caelum and Terra a gift which opened up for them fully when they became grownups, safely taking care of themselves, no longer in the clutches of

the unstable Wee Witch Katarina. Rasp told them the story of Katarina's suffering. And with the aid of this little pin cushion, Elly helped them see that Katarina hadn't chosen her incapacitating limitations.

By feeling Katarina's pain, Caelum became able to feel what drove the Wee Witch. That understanding was its own kind of love. It was a path back toward her mother at the end of Katarina's life, when the veil between the worlds demands that we allow what can be forgiven to be forgiven, so that the universal truth of love can flow free.

Empathy has a way of undoing us. It breaks down the walls we've built up against each other and allows our separate hearts to see the ways we are one and the same.

Hutch

• *Confidence* •



Hutch's card is all about trusting yourself.

Hutch represents decisive action. Do no harm but take no shit.

Hutch was oldest kid on the dirt road, and Caelum and Terra idolized them. In part because Hutch is the kind of friend that looks you square in the eye and asks you not to back down from what you need to do. The kind of friend that reminds you that you already know how, and now is simply the moment to dig in. Double down. Not waver.

Hutch is the natural leader of any wolf pack.

Their quick wit and gritty work ethic

means they're doubly unafraid of any circumstance. Hutch knows that whatever unfolds, they can draw upon their intelligence and persistence to figure a way through it. There's a fearlessness that comes with knowing you can stand on your own resources.

If you've drawn this card, this is Hutch looking you in the eye and saying yes. You do know what you need to do. You probably already know how to do it. And if you don't, so what, you can figure it out. And if it takes a long time, double so what, all you gotta do is stick with it till you get there.

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

Illuminated Web

•Wonder•



Sometimes a beam of sunlight pours in the window with such luminous perfection that even the old cobwebs on the ceiling sparkle like the whiskers on a kitten. Seeing things afresh in this way can fill the surliest of hearts with a tender joy. Perhaps even inspire an old childhood tune.

For the Wee Witch Katarina, this sight recalled her to the *Itsy Bitsy Spider*, a song her grandmother had sung to her, and which, when they were in their baby shoes, she had shared with her own children. Through that dawn-bright light and the sharing of a long forgotten tune, a little opening appeared. A family that was most times lonely in each other's company became connected by a golden spider's silk

strand of delight.

This card is wink and a whisper. It says don't forget to see the perfect tenderness in small, seemingly imperfect places.

It says go ahead and celebrate the miraculous hidden right here in the ordinary.

And sing - sing the songs that remind you of the quiet joy waiting always inside you for a spark of wonder to re-ignite it.

In the Well

•*Forgiveness*•

To be in the Well is to be in the belly of a whale. This is the kinda place where our only real choices are: transformation or death.



The Well holds the hardest moments of our lives. We're pushed to the point where we gotta call on forces greater than ourselves just to survive.

And what are these forces? Caelum found, in her furnace of transformation, that the biggest force available to her was forgiveness. Not a blind tolerance of mistreatment, no not that. Rather forgiveness as a way of tapping into a place beyond right and wrong. Of being fueled by a compassion so powerful we can fearlessly feel the fullness of our own rage — because we're in the

safety of a force even larger than rage. A power that allows us to enforce boundaries for the good of everyone involved because we become able to do so without hate in our hearts.

During her ordeal, Caelum felt — as though it was happening within her own body — all the pain experienced by generations of ancestors. She felt the suffering that pushed Katarina to try and protect her children in dangerous ways. Caelum became unable to hate her mother. All resistance to the present moment melted away and she was able to love with a heart that was as big as the whole universe, because it had accepted the whole universe inside it.

Through that same door came the power to survive. Tapping in to that place beyond right and wrong gave Caelum access to an energy far greater her ordeal — one that empowered her to break free from The Well.

Jeannie

• *Splitting* •



We all have the capacity to split off parts of ourselves that feel too difficult to handle. A little compartmentalization here, a little distancing from our shadow there.

But what happens when we encounter experiences that are so far outside of our ability to cope that our psyche has no way to hold them at all? If you were Jeannie, you might turn to other personalities entirely, other faces and other names charged with holding the weight of your burdens in a split off kinda way.

Jeannie was the sort of young woman that many cultures might train as a medicine woman or a healer, but where she grew

up there was no such tradition, and in the absence of any structure to help guide her fragile sensitivities, Jeannie fell apart. And put herself back together in odd ways. And fell apart again, many times.

What the Jeannie card has to offer is an appeal to wholeness. When this card comes up, it often means that now is a moment to have gratitude for the ways we have been able to protect ourselves by splitting off things that once felt overwhelming. To appreciate our ability to adapt in the moment, while considering the possibility that now might be a good time for those exiles inside of us to come back home.

We may need to reckon with the burdens that our split-off selves have been carrying, but in turn we will also be able to receive their gifts.

Jimmy Bob Little

•The Bully•

This card is about one of the yuckier sides of human nature. Jimmy Bob Little and his gang were always mooching around the neighbor-



hood trying to push the other kids around, and while Bell wasn't afraid of them, Caelum always did her best to steer clear.

In a culture which demands that someone be on top, where we easily come to believe that we can hide our insecurities by burying them under someone else's humiliation, the bully is always gonna emerge.

So too within our minds. Have you ever called yourself names and berated yourself for making a mistake or not living up to an expectation? That's the bully emerging from within. The internal protector gone awry.

The philosophy of Nonviolent Communication suggests that no matter what action someone is taking, even an awful deed like beating up on a weaker person, they are always trying to meet an essential human need - they're just going about it in a very destructive way.

Often the bully in the outside world wants safety and validation, but instead of cultivating it through good will and kindness, they've come to believe that they have to take it through domination.

Within the psyche our lil' bully might be terrified of what will happen if we're not perfect, and may desire nothing more than to protect us from repeating our mistakes.

So, is there a bully in your life that you can understand compassionately, while also standing up to them? Is there a bully in your psyche that might just need your help finding a way to feel safe?

Katarina

•*Delusion*•



It's with our minds that we perceive the present, and remember the past, and yet sometimes our minds aren't rightly up to that task.

This was very true for The Wee Witch Katarina.

Katarina had suffered experiences which defied her ability to remain within reality, which overwhelmed her capacity to see and feel, and eventually to remember them. And yet, trouble was, those experiences very much wanted to be remembered.

Through some strange faculty of the mind, when memory came knocking, what appeared at her door instead was a hallu-

cination of present danger. A strange and terrifying story that laid itself down like a broken bridge over which her memory of the past tried to cross.

Delusions can take hold in the collective psyche almost as readily as the isolated mind.

Katarina's card is a reminder that understanding what's true ain't always as simple as it seems. The stories we tell ourselves may be distorted and full of errors. Even perception itself isn't infallible.

This card says: Find the things that ground you, the people that never steer you wrong, the wisdom teachings that bring you home to yourself. Move slowly, give yourself lots of patience, and take even the most insistent chatter of your own mind with a grain of salt.

Katie

•*Innocence*•

Katie's card is a bridge to the tenderest place. Every grown up on the planet was once a child. An innocent and vulnerable little being that needed love and guidance, protection and safety.



If we look around at the adults in our world, there's days when we feel nothing but frustration, anger and fear at the way we see them behaving. At the choices they make, and how those choices affect everyone else around them.

And yet these folks might also be the very people we love most. Our parents, partners, and friends. We wish we could understand them in a way that helps us put down our weapons and truly see them.

This is where Katie comes in. Katie allowed Caelum to see that even the Wee Witch Katarina was once a bright eyed little kid who never had the safety she needed.

Through Katie's smiling eyes and dimpled cheeks, Caelum saw Katarina's mischief and sweetness. By understanding Katie's suffering, Caelum could see why Katarina sought solace in the places she did.

Understanding ain't the same as an excuse, and this isn't about tolerating the intolerable.

But it is about perceiving with an open heart. When we see the eyes of the child they once were shining through the adult that stands before us, we become a little less likely to treat them as an enemy, and a little more willing to see their hidden wholeness.

Klank House

•*Resourceful*•



The Klank House has more kids than it knows what to do with, but that's ok, because the Klanks can make just about everything from just about anything. Cupboards built out of flattened cheese graters and tables built out of old hubcaps. Need a vestibule on your house? Just use this walk in freezer somebody done tossed out! Sometimes all you need is a new way to see old junk.

The Klanks were the most generous people

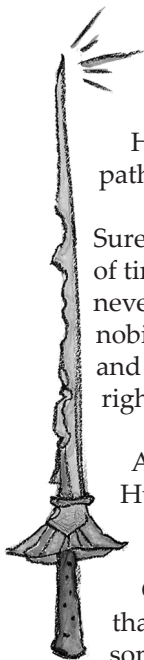
in the neighborhood, and some of that generosity came from the magic of knowing you could always find a way to make something out of what everyone else thinks is nothing.

When you draw the Klank House card, it's probably time to revisit a problem you thought you couldn't solve with the hand you were dealt. Where there's a will there's a way, and where there's a pile of garbage, there's at least a handful of treasure.

So roll up your sleeves and reinvent something. Who cares what the neighbors think, you did it your own way and that's something to be proud of.

Lance

•*Nobility*•



Hutch's Lance signals the higher path.

Sure, this lance might be made out of tinfoil and a golf club, but it nevertheless carries a fearless nobility. A call to do what is good and right, whether or not good and right is easy.

As Halloween approached, Hutch knew they wanted to be some kind of medieval warrior on horseback. When Caelum shared her secret fear that Katarina might be right about something unspeakably dangerous headed their way, Hutch didn't mock her like the other kids did. Instead, with righteous chivalry, Hutch vowed to

become a demon slayer, ready to take on any danger that might arise.

Thus, the Sibylant Sisters, a federation of Sisters of all genders who have each other's back come what may was born.

Hutch's Lance rises to the occasion. It brings the power of swift decision-making, confidence when approaching the unknown, and a willingness to take one for the team.

This armament dispatches with the trifles of fools, and allows its bearer to be the bigger person in any situation.

This card suggests that whatever's coming next, you might take a little bit of Hutch's Lance with you. You never know when you're gonna need it.

Mane

•*Defiance*•

Resistance is a form of magic. When the world is topsy-turvy, when people are unkind and things are not as they should be, defiance can be the best medicine.



Hutch found there were times when they needed to stand up to their father, to not be intimidated by his outsized anger, and they found that nothing helped face him like being on the back of Chestnut, their trusty steed.

Chestnut helped them stand tall, run fast, and feel they had an ally in their corner. Chestnut gave Hutch an unstoppable, “Go ahead Dad, try me now,” kinda energy.

So when it came time to make the potion that would clear out the toxicity lurking inside the Grey House, Hutch contributed a lock of Chestnut's mane, and a reminder that sometimes to find our own voice, we have to say no to the overwhelming voice of another.

This card is a signal that there is a time for pushing back, for heeding that flinty unwavering thing which rises up from inside and refuses to be moved. Because sometimes you know what's right, even when the world around you seems to have lost its mind, and at those moments, you gotta stand with what helps you stand tall.

Momma Addey

•*Momma Bear*•

Momma Addey is in your corner.

It takes a village to raise a child and no one embodies this more than Momma Addey. Heck, it takes a village to raise an adult. We all need someone pulling for us sometimes.



When Caelum and Terra weren't getting what they needed at home, Momma Addey was the one who made sure they had food in their lunchboxes and clean pajamas for bed. She had a big ol' family of her own, but somehow she always had room for more. And you wanna know who you better not mess with? Momma Addey. Her spirit is as generous as it is protective, and as no-nonsense as it is kind.

If you've drawn the Momma Addey card, you've got some big forces looking out for you. Now might be a good time to reflect on your chosen family. Send a note of appreciation to one of those parent figures who helped raise you, who understood you in ways your own family couldn't, or showed up for you when they didn't have to.

It might be that you need a little bit of that kinda care right now, or it might be that you have it to give. Either way — that big Mamma Addey energy is out here, all around you.

Mumblecrust

•Society•

Mrs. Mumblecrust's card is all about how the pressures of society can cramp your style.



You see now, the second grade teacher Mrs. Mumblecrust was a petty lil' dictator of good behavior. The self-appointed spokesperson for letting the ordinary world swallow your dreams. All obedience and no imagination, Mrs. Mumblecrust was one of Caelum's least favorite people, and lemme tell ya, she wasn't a big fan of Caelum neither.

If you've drawn this card, you might be in danger of caving to the kinds of pressures that are mostly made up by people who don't got nothing better to do than get obsessed with the way things are "supposed

to be.” Or in danger of getting stuck in situations that are high on pomp and ceremony but low on heart.

Sometimes we cut off parts of ourselves to please the world, when opening up and expressing those parts could help us find folks that appreciate us for who we really are.

If you’ve drawn this card, you might oughta ask yourself if you’re obediently upholding a standard that you’d prefer to toss out back and feed to the turkeys. Cause the pressures of society can walk in talking like they’re some typa irrefutable gospel, when really they’re just a bunch of made up rules.

So this card...this card is here to suggest that now might be a good time for you to annoy Mrs. Mumblecrust by making up a few rules of your own.

Music Box

• *The Past* •



The Music Box holds the power of times past. Of nostalgia and memory. Those objects, scents, and places that transport us to another era, with a twinge of sweetness and a flood of memory. Remembering the past can fill us with longing for a version of ourselves we used to be. A time when the world was juicy and crisp with delight. When our senses were newly minted and every experience was magnified and bright.

For Caelum the nostalgia of the Music Box plucked up a sense of wonder and its song bathed her in a beauty that transported her out of what was unbearable about the Grey House. For the Wee Witch Katarina it was the opposite — the Music Box stirred up memories of a time she tried to forget, and

sent her already-tilting mind flying off its axis.

Whether we long for it or we run from it, there's no denying that the past has a powerful hold on us.

So how do you relate to your past? Are there parts of it you pine for? Memories you've been avoiding that you wonder if you might finally be ready to confront? Things you're stuck on that you'd be better off if you could let go? Sometimes it's through the processing of our past that we gain access to those more innocent selves, or even to new talents and capacities.

While we sure can't stay there, and we strive to not let it haunt us, our past can be a fertile ground from which to appreciate who we've been, and reflect on who we want to become.

Number 10

•Lost But Found•



The Number Ten card is all about second chances.

Ten showed up in the yard of the Grey House one day outta nowhere, lost, skinny, and with the number 10 spray painted on either side of his body. Nobody was sure where he'd come from or if he'd stay, so they just called him ol' Ten and set out a bowl of food. By the time the spray paint washed off he was a bonafide member of the family, though folks did sometimes ask who in the heck names their dog Number Ten instead of something cute like Fluffy or Tater Tot, but Ten didn't seem to mind.

So the question here is, is there something in your life that you'd like to give another

try? Some long shot out-on-a-limb thing that's so crazy you gave up on it once, but now you wonder if it might still make it.

Or, what is it inside that stray dog heart of yours that feels so lost and forsaken it doesn't believe it will ever find another home?

Ol' Ten doesn't think hope is lost, nor that anything is ever too far gone to find its proper home. Ten says follow your nose, follow your belly, follow your heart, and stay the course.

Because sometimes we count our blessings, and sometimes we bless our second chances.

Nurse Cap

•*Friends to the Rescue*•



No matter how much we convince ourselves that we can do it alone, no matter how embarrassed we might be to ask for help, not one of us is an island unto ourselves. We need each other.

After Hutch and Bell helped Caelum and Terra escape the Well of Toads, Bell re-appeared at their side, radiant as an angel, still wearing her Halloween costume's sequined nurse cap to clean them up and revive them.

Without rightly knowing it, the Sibylant Sisters had called in ancestor Clara Barton. Clara was a school teacher during the American civil war, but she became known as the angel of the battlefield for her brave insistence that she be allowed to bring

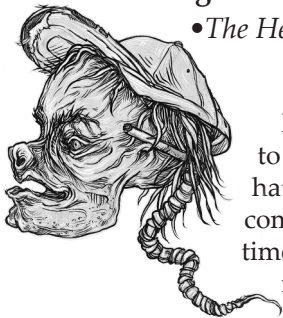
medical aid to Union soldiers right at the front lines. She was a friend indeed.

As the Sibylant Sisters learned their magic, sometimes they'd get unexpected help from larger-than-life sources, but always the basis of their power began with just being there for each other.

If you've drawn this card, it might be time to give or to receive a little help. There are moments when we get to don the sequined cap and show up as the angel for our friends — but don't forget that in the cycle of giving and receiving, it's just as important to be the one who asks for help. In doing so, we allow our friends to rise to the fullness of who they can be by showing up for a friend in need.

Ogre Minkie

•The Heel•



It might be time to batten down the hatches when the heel comes to town. Small-time criminal that he is, the Ogre Minkie can make himself seem purdy harmless.

Sure, he puts a strain on your hospitality, and, sure, there's a little unease in the pit of your stomach when he rolls in, but no real harm. Right?

Well, that's the question this card poses.

Good, nice, polite fella that you are, you don't always see the heel coming. But the heel sees you.

The Ogre Minkie card asks us how we protect what needs protecting in life. The world is complicated and full of nefarious forces. Even ones that play on our sympathies, call on our family relatedness, and tug at our sense of obligation and decency. And we want to be obliging. Sure we do. But figuring out how to be kind while also not tolerating threats to the health and safety of ourselves and our families is a pretty good trick, and one worth learning.

Many of us are raised to ignore our instincts and do what others ask of us, but The Minkie card is a reminder that the body has white blood cells for a reason. Not everything that comes around is welcome.

So if there's a heel hanging around the door somewhere in your life, do like Katarina finally did. Get out the sharp end of your favorite gardening implement, and send 'em packing.

Oracle of Delphi

•*Premonition*•



The Oracle of Delphi card represents seeing more than you see and knowing more than you know. This is the card of premonition and second sight. Messages received on the winds and felt through the waters. Truth seen in dreams.

Any knowledge that we get from unconventional means, especially ways of understanding and knowing that modern society tells us can't possibly be real.

In ancient Greece at a cave shrine in Delphi, there were a sect of Priestesses known as the Pythia, or great Oracles, who would preside over a chasm in the rock where an otherworldly python was said to have died. Breathing in the steam that arose from the cave's natural vents, the Priestesses would

recite prophecy.

When Caelum learned of the Oracle at Delphi, she had an inkling that their unusual job was not unrelated to her unusual dreams. The Oracle's very existence seemed to hint that Caelum might be remembering a way of knowing that had never been taught to her, but which was in her bones nonetheless.

This card is your call to learn more about how your inner voice talks to you. Do you get chills when something significant is about to happen? Do little symbols that pop up in everyday life have a way of guiding you toward what you need? Do you have dreams that occur soon after, but you always shake them off and tell yourself it must be a coincidence?

The Oracles of Delphi are the great ancestors of your inner knowing. Perhaps they have some wisdom which is now yours for the remembering.

Pancakes

•Gratitude•



Now Momma Addey made damn good pancakes, there's no doubt about that, but there was a secret ingredient in the eating that made them taste like the most delicious fluffy clouds of generosity and sweetness in the whole wide world, and that ingredient was gratitude.

Caelum and Terra often had dismal prospects in the cupboards of the Grey House, and there definitely wasn't anyone awake cooking breakfast, so when they got an invitation to join Momma Addey's breakfast table, their delight was twice magnified.

Now what if you could take that feeling of overwhelming delight, that singular appre-

ciation of something wonderful, and the exuberant gratitude at being given the thing you most need from someone who gave it only out of the kindness of their heart, and what if you could hold that feeling right now, on the tip of your tongue?

Would it be soft like butter? Sweet like the last drop of syrup licked straight off the plate? Would it fill you up with happy tingles like a freshly full belly?

Maybe you could even take a drop of that sweet gratitude and keep it with you. Sprinkle it on every lovely thing you see. Everything simple and everything good, and even some of the hard stuff too. I bet it would make your world taste just as divine as Momma Addey's pancakes.

Paper Doll

•*Meaning From Experience*•



The Mermaid paper doll asks you to use creativity to process something unresolved.

Have you ever heard the saying that the opposite of depression isn't happiness, but expression? And have you ever noticed how running a too-big-to-hold experience through a creative medium somehow changes it, and you, at a cellular level? What felt terrifying and incomprehensible comes back dressed in familiarity and meaning, and it may even have a lost sense of agency by its side.

So what is that thing sitting heavy on your heart that might be lightened by giving it a voice?

When Caelum and Terra escaped the watery Toad Well, Caelum created an allegory of the experience through a set of paper dolls of her and Terra as mermaids in a mysterious lagoon swimming up to safety. Retelling that terrifying moment with the assistance of her favorite archetypes was precisely the balm she needed. Some even say the entire Sibylant Sisters tale is just such an allegory.

So whatever your favorite form of expression, now is the time to let it be there for you. Make something that the world doesn't even need to see. A conversation between you and you, with the muses as a wind at your back.

Cause if you've drawn the Paper Doll card, chances are, creative expression is gonna be a big ally in the very near future.

Pegasus

•*Transcendance*•



Weeeee!

This card represents a burst of goodness straight outta the heavens. Mythical sparkly allies acting on your behalf. Your higher self calling direct.

As the chaos in Caelum and Terra's life increased, so too the potency of the forces of divine guidance and rescue. Caelum and Terra weren't alone in a senseless universe and neither are you.

Think back to a time it felt like a miracle occurred. Where you still look back in awe at how the most unlikely things came together to bring just what you needed, just when you needed it. The super duper magical unicorn Pegasus pony is your reminder

that those forces are always with you.
Always have been. Always will be.

This card represents the kind of transcendence that comes with learning to trust something larger than yourself. The subtle joy waiting for you inside of surrendering to what the cosmic tides have in store.

To go a feather further, Pegasus asks you to imagine that the whole of the universe is a sentient benign consciousness from which all matter and form arise. Yeah that's right, all of it, including you.

Sure these thoughts might seem too fluffy to be true, but on a cold dark night in the trenches of life, a little warm downy fluff from a Pegasus wing is a powerful, tenacious, transcendent ever-surviving thing.

Permission Slip

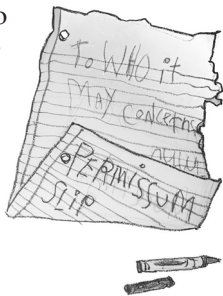
•Give Yourself Permission•

Have you ever heard the saying that it's better to ask forgiveness than to ask permission? Well, sometimes you gotta write your own permission slip instead of sitting around waiting for others to do it for you.

While there was an awful lot wrong with life on Grey House Lane, one thing the Wee Witch Katarina undeniably had going for her was an ability to move against the grain.

When you're born into a world that don't quite fit you, you get pretty good at inventing your own rules.

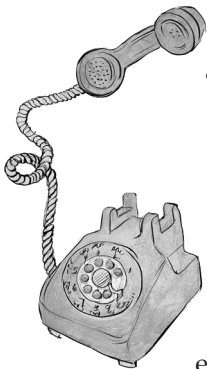
The permission slip card is your invitation to just do the dang thing. You know already



what it is. There's someplace in your life that you're stuck. Somewhere you're itching to go. Something you're longing to do. Someone you're yearning to become.

Maybe no one else understands it. Heck, maybe they're even against it. But I'm gonna bet that they don't know what you know. They can't see your vision. They don't know your innermost needs. They'll never know what's right for you better than you do.

So get out your crayons, because it's time you write yourself the permission slip that's yours alone to write. Then go head off on that adventure. Permission granted.



Phone

• *Speak Up* •

Terra's phone represents mustering all of your courage and speaking up.

Terra, so often the caretaker of the family, had been raised to never ever call for help. And yet in her heart she knew that sometimes the true act of care is one that defies those who raised you. Her decision was not an easy one. It took all the courage in her body to go against everything she'd been taught, and make her own decision.

Any time there's a mandate of silence in society, in our relationships and in our families, breaking the taboo by talking about it will require tremendous energy and courage. People who abuse power thrive in the silence of others. In order for unjust or

unwell systems to be dismantled, we gotta begin by speaking up and telling the truth about what ain't right. By fearlessly sharing our experiences, even if our voices shake when we do.

If you've drawn this card, it may be time to tell an uncomfortable truth, to speak out against an injustice, speak up to protect yourself or someone else, or simply to say what's real at a time when real is cringey and unpopular.

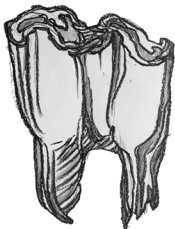
Use your voice.

It's your gift.

Don't ever let anyone silence you.

Pig Molar

•Persistence•



The pig molar card means that something's gotta be worked through, and you got the power to do it.

You just gotta give it the time. And repetition. A little trust. A lotta stamina. Some breaks to rest and renew the body and the spirit, and then get right back to chewing through it.

This card is a reminder that some processes don't got short cuts. Like the old adage asks: How do you eat an elephant? One bite at a time.

The task is immense, the feelings seem insurmountable, the situation beyond comprehension. And yet, persistence is a force like none other in the world. Like a drop of

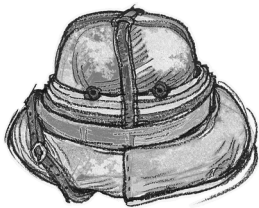
water that wears away stone, each small gesture, even when it appears to be doing precious little, adds up to great change. So take the next right action, and then the next right action after that.

Go slowly and don't wear yourself out, but return, and return, and return again. Find the joy that lives inside the doing.

Steady yourself with the knowledge that nothing is forever and this situation is no different, and then go ahead and eat that problem for breakfast.

Pith Helmet

•*Thick Skin*•



This card is an appreciation of your adaptations. Sometimes we all need a little barrier against the elements. A little

costume to get us in character to face the world. You might know these as your quick wit and ability to laugh off life's absurdities, your (basically) fine and (probably?) pretty healthy means of managing anger, and all the good enough ways you handle the ten million things coming at you in a day.

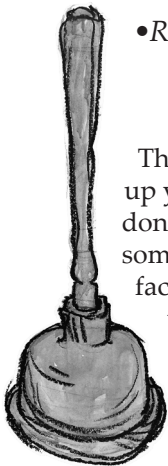
Terra found this old pith helmet in the Klank shed and made it part of her woods tracker Halloween costume. She liked the way it helped her feel secure and prepared for anything. How it made her feel capable and strong.

The Pith Helmet might indicate that now is a moment to locate some of your favorite tools and resources that aid endurance and bring an added layer of safety. To prepare for the seasons to change, or sustain yourself for a long haul endeavor up ahead.

At the line between beneficial armor and unhealthy coping mechanisms, this card errs on the side of resilience. It's the ways we protect ourselves that can be taken off when the coast is clear. The added layer of toughness which can be undone by little rituals like a nap and a shower to wash away the residue of a hard day. These are the adaptations to an unpredictable world whose real use is to keep our squishiest selves safe so that we can stay sweet and soft, and open-hearted in the middle.

Plunger

•*Rise to Challenge*•



This card represents rolling up your sleeves and getting it done. It calls on you to clear some toxicity from your life. To face a challenge head on, even when doing so brings up all sorts of yucky, undesirable emotions.

Caelum had to get into the muck and beat back a toxic Toad Well invasion to protect her sister, her mother, and indeed her home. And she did it all with just an old plunger. An unglamorous tool for an unglamorous job.

And yet, power is where we find it. Sometimes life calls on us to get right into the thick of it. The rewards of going head on into the goo can be manifold, because facing

things rather than running from them is one very potent form of magic.

What places in your life are you only going to successfully navigate by calling on your scrappiest most undefeated spirit? Where is it that you might need to face fear, disgust, shame, and resistance in order to clear a path forward for the next chapter of your life? That place is calling on you.

Go get em' tiger. Don't forget your plunger-power.

Priestess Staff

• *Archetypical Assistance* •



Sibylant Sisters believe that archetypes and stories are the bearers of powerful energies which can come to your assistance in mysterious ways.

When Caelum found the Sibyls, also known as the Oracles of Delphi, she was downright smitten. From the minute she laid eyes on them she knew these potent archetypal figures had something she needed.

See now Caelum was at odds with her own dreams and visions, and the Wee Witch Katarina fussed about them in way that made it seem like there was something wrong with Caelum. Yet, here in ancient

history were a group of women who were revered for their ability to tune in to just such visions. With no encouragement from her family, Caelum decided she could at least dress up like the Oracle of Delphi for Halloween, and maybe, just maybe call in a little bit of that spirit.

Her snazzy wooden staff sports a snake she drew on it in sharpie, a nod to the Pythoness, another name for the oracles, and one of many links between the ancient wise woman archetypes and that of the serpent. Like Caelum's staff, we can lean on the archetypes. They steady us on our journey by showing us what kind of story we're in, and by illuminating some paths through it.

Caelum's staff invites you to identify your archetypal allies. What potency can they bring in to your life, and what little rituals, like dressing up as them for Halloween, might you perform to call them in?

Quest!



The quest is the quickener of life. When the quest appears, forces in the universe may begin to come to your aid. Patterns arise in the events of an ordinary afternoon. A door opens. A path becomes visible where once there were only scrub palms and sand spurs.

Unlikely guides step forward bearing gifts of information that help you unlock the next level of your journey.

Caelum's quest pulled her onward, from the safe but deceptive fiction she'd built around herself, to a truth which was profoundly more difficult to accept, and yet, within whose understanding lay the keys to her empowerment.

The quest card asks you to square up to your own journey. To not avert your eyes when the door appears.

And - if you should chose to accept it, the quest card asks you to pull three more cards:

Card One. What sets you off on your quest?

Card Two. What lessons do you learn along the way?

Card Three. What empowerments do you gain?

Quilt

• *Ancestors* •

This card invites you to examine the ancestral quilt into which you are stitched.

There are stories handed down in every family: How your forebears overcame unbeatable odds, or didn't. Secrets they ran from. Dreams they couldn't achieve but still hold a torch for, in hopes of what you might accomplish in their place. There are illnesses and buried forms of genius. Wellsprings of compassionate sensitivity that could not be fostered under the harsh circumstances of previous generations, but which remained alive through the ages, only now to be expressed in you. All of these form the fabric of who you are.



For Caelum, Grandma Eva's quilt felt like

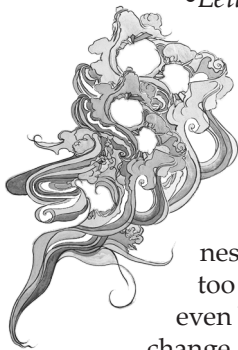
a threat. It enveloped her in the knowledge that she was from of a family of deeply disturbed women. Was this her inevitable inheritance? Forced to reckon with the impacts of the trauma her family had faced, Caelum became able to process her own pain, and theirs, in a new way, and through it, she found a kind of freedom.

Are there ways that exploring your family narrative might empower you? Ways it has been disempowering you that you're ready to let go of? Are there old accounts that still need settling? Reparations that are asking to be made? Old wisdom in danger of being lost?

This card asks how you can understand their lives in ways that make you more open to their knowledge, their wisdom, and maybe even their continued guidance.

Rainbow Steam

•*Letting Go*•



When we think of grey we wouldn't be too far off to think of rigor mortis. Stuckness. Gripping. Things too deflated of energy to even begin to know how to change. That's the kinda energy that clung to every surface in the Grey House. The kind of sickly enchantment that gripped every bit of liveliness and joy that came through the Grey House door.

When the Sibylant Sisters cast their first spell, they summoned something unexpected. It wasn't a big beast armed and ready to fight the dark forces that enshrouded the Grey House. Instead it was the ineffable, fluid, elusive magic of letting go.

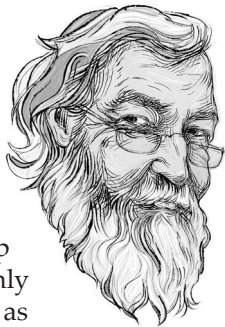
Through its softness, its billowing, floating, ever-moving nature, the rainbow steam clears away stuckness and eases us in to the flow of change as the only thing that is constant.

Its prismatic hues nourish us, each in their own way. A blue that tenderly holds the grief of loss. A yellow that giggles in the face of fear. A shock of green here to remind us that spring persists.

If you've pulled this card, an ebullient rainbow of steamy dreamy supercharge is floating your way, offering to shift and soften what binds you. Allowing you to let go, and to trust that the space left behind by what is cleared away will once again be filled with light.

Rasp

•*Compassion*•



Rasp is a true teacher. He comes bearing ancient wisdom in a way that feels fresh and surprising. When Rasp speaks, we become suddenly able to hear a simple truth as though for the first time.

Whatever Rasp is sharing, his core message is always the same: see others with compassion, see yourself with compassion.

When Rasp and Elly arrive by surprise, they teach Caelum and Terra about the ways that witches become disconnected from their powers, and, the ways that mothers become disconnected from their ability to care even for themselves, and so neither can they care for their children. He invites the girls to see beyond the Wee Wicked Witch of

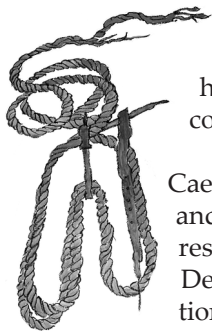
the Grey House, to the frightened child that Katarina once was. At first Caelum doesn't understand his message, and yet in her time of greatest need, she is able to live it, and this becomes a gift beyond measure.

The Rasp card calls you to understand someone in your life who is trying but not succeeding. Compassion, not as an excuse to tolerate mistreatment, but as a much larger force which enables us to act with wisdom from the expanse of love which is our most basic nature.

If you knew for certain that people in your life were trying to meet their needs in the best way they knew how at the time, how would you treat them? If you knew that your own imperfect actions sometimes stem from a suffering you don't yet know how to face, what tenderness might you offer to yourself?

Rope Harness

•*Courage*•



There's no two ways about it — the rope harness calls on great courage.

Caelum was lost in the well, and only a death-defying rescue would save her.

Despite all logic and protestation, Terra fashioned a climbing harness out of an old rope from the Klank shed and went in after her baby sister. She had no way of knowing that she'd make it out alive, and she was sure-enough terrified, but she did it anyway.

It doesn't always have to be a life-or-limb mission to require great courage. Sometimes just speaking the truth and breaking a taboo of silence can feel like we're walking ourselves to the gallows. If you've ever left the

safety of a situation that wasn't letting you grow, you know courage.

Courage is the lion in the heart that doesn't let the rest of you back down, even when mercy knows the rest of you wants to. Courage burns hot enough to power you forward. There's a compassion and a grace to its fire, because it burns from the center of you, so it's the heart that steers it.

While it might lead you in to some situations that terrify the bejeezus outta you, courage itself is a force you can trust.

Rotting Snails

•Surrender•



This card represents the bottom of the barrel, the bitter slimy end of the end of your rope. When we muster our last resources and still they aren't enough.

There's shame and strain and loss, and a whole lot of not knowing what to do. This is the plea that doesn't ever feel like it's enough. The rot that's gone too far. The lowliest place.

And yet — within the belly of the earth, how does soil become rich? How does spring renew itself if not through the cycle of death and decay? Sometimes we resist the end of the cycle. We ride the plea for far too long when the best thing to do would be to give it to the earth and let the cycle start

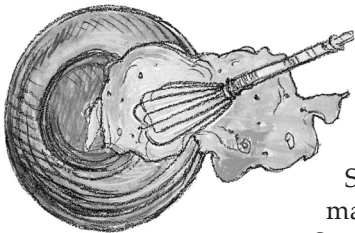
again.

These ol' snails represent the moment just before surrender, when we are still withholding. Like the Wendell Berry poem says, "He enters into death yearly, and comes back rejoicing. He has seen the light lie down in the dung heap, and rise again in the corn."

So let your plea become your gift of vulnerable surrender. Let what needs to go lie down in the dung heap, so that what is waiting may arise in the corn.

Salty Butter

•*Failure*•



Sometimes
things don't
go as planned.
Sometimes we
make a mistake.
Sometimes we fail.

For the Wee Witch Katarina, as for many of us, the Buddhist parable of the Two Arrows brings some needed wisdom.

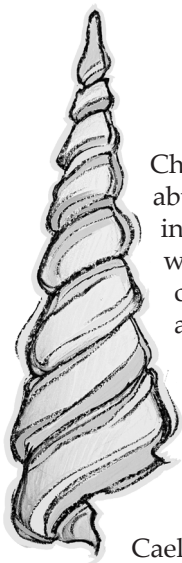
It was one of those rare days when Katarina had the energy to do something nice for her kids, but she messed it up. She'd wanted to make them cookies like her grandmother used to do, and the pain of this small failure was the first arrow. But so much worse for her was the second arrow - that of the suffering created by the meaning we make from it. The story we tell ourselves about what our mistakes and failures mean.

For Katarina, any small mishap or shortcoming instantly overwhelmed her with shame. Flooded her with the belief that she could never do anything right for her daughters, that she was a bad mother, and moreover, that she herself was fundamentally and terrifyingly flawed. The meaning she made of her own mistakes drove her further into paralysis, depression and ultimately back to the Toad Well.

This card invites you to be compassionate with yourself and your moments of perceived failure. It's human to make mistakes. There's no life where everything goes as planned. We may have to learn to endure the first arrow of hurt and disappointment over the loss of our hopes and expectations. But perhaps through a gentle disarming of the old toxic stories we picked up along the way, we can spare ourselves the pain of that second arrow.

Seashell

•*Chance*•



Chaos can be a form of abundance. Within the rollicking unpredictability of chance, we often make unlikely connections or find new answers to old problems.

When the deck gets reshuffled, one thing becomes another, and new paths unfold.

Caelum had a little seashell she liked to keep in her pocket. One day she touched it to the head of Chestnut the horse, imagining he was a unicorn, and when she did.... blam! The world went white. She saw stars, and wings, and unicorn horns, and for a split second everything changed.

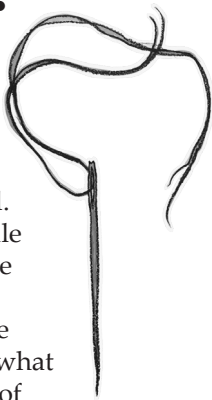
If you've drawn the Seashell card, it's time for a swap. Trade this card for another card in the deck.

Let's see what chance has in store for you this time.

Sewing Needle

•*Mending*•

Grandma Eva was from a time when quilts were sewn by hand and what became frayed was mended. The sharp point of her needle was fine enough to perforate tough fabrics. Its ability to pass between the membrane of the separate scraps was what allowed it to, with the help of the thread, bring the pieces back together.



The sewing needle reminds us that it is through this intercession between two separate states of being that we find a new state of wholeness. Kinda like how mediation works to bring two disagreeing parties together by first entering fully into the perspective of each before building a bridge that one can use to understand the other,

and through that understanding, to mend the conflict.

This card signals you to fix what needs mending. And perhaps by doing so, to bring into being what doesn't yet exist, like a quilt that goes from a pile of unusable scraps to a beloved object of warmth and beauty. The tools of mending are deceptively humble but undeniably mighty.

The spirit of mending is one of kindness and optimism. It says, these things have value, these things are not beyond repair, these things can live another day.

So what in your life is beloved, if not a bit worn, but by your lights deserves to see another season?

Shovel

•Boundary•



They say any tool can be a weapon if you hold it right.

This card represents your fierce momma bear protective instincts. That place where you gotta lay down a hard no.

On what fronts do you need preserve your energy, or fight against danger? How do you look out for yourself and the people you love?

In a moment of unusually fierce lucidity, Katarina used an old garden shovel to ward off the Ogre Minkie who'd become an onerous threat to her children. It was a powerful protective instinct no one even knew she had in her till the

time came, then there it was, faster than a rattle snake.

The Wee Witch Katarina's shovel represents wielding tools in unorthodox ways. It's the fight instinct, when it's used right. A line drawn in the sand. It speaks of waking up to realize that your world needs protecting and you're the one who's gonna have to muster the courage to make sure those villains and fortified and secure.

So what can you use to protect yourself and the people who matter most to you? Anything at hand apparently, as long as you have the wit to see it, and the tenacity to use it.

Sibyl

•*Secret Knowledge*•



Sibyl knows things. Tremulous, forgotten things.

Ancient secrets whispering like wind through the tops of the trees. She comprehends that which others might not want to see and comes bearing

knowledge that no one seems to understand how she got ahold of.

Sibyl is a sorceress, and an archetype, and rumor has it she's where the Sibylant Sisters got their name. How they came to meet her, now that's another story. You see, their dear aunt Paper Jeannie had what the old folks called The Splitting. She carried more than one self inside a fragile body, and an unsteady mind, and one of those selves went by the name of the Sibyl.

Spooky as she was fascinating, when Sibyl came calling her urgent message was this: you can accept the gifts handed down through your family without the burden of their curse. Her demand: but first, you gotta get right with the truth you've been running from.

Sibyl is the call of ancient wisdom which can only be tapped through the facing of fears and taboos, and the breaking of silences. Hers is a circuitous path which leads you to conclusions that logic alone cannot reach. Her home is the cave that you fear to enter, lest the armor of your ego be shucked and dismantled at the door. And yet, that very dismantling might be the only way to reach the truth you seek.

Sibylant Star

•*Eternal*•



The Sibylant Star is that unbeatable thing in you. No matter what life throws at us, no matter what awful contortions we might be subject to in the course of our existence, there is a subatomic molecule of joy that can neither be created nor destroyed, and it is yours.

Caelum discovered hers at the bottom of the Toad Well. Unconscious under water, perhaps she'd even drowned — Caelum went on a journey and found that her particular magic was a kind of forgiveness magic born of a take-no-shit form of unconditional love. And right on time, her mentors Rasp and Elly returned to show her how to wield

it. To make sure she knew that once she'd found her star, it would radiate inside everything she did, from that point on and forever more.

The Star of the Sibylants is the still small voice that never steers you wrong. It's the truth springing up from an eternal source, right there on the inside. It's gnosis and the muse, and a sparkling little doorway into love as the only weightless timeless place in the whole dang universe.

The Sibylant Star, never ever diminished, shining and unbroken no matter what ravages may come, can always be followed — whether you're soaring with it through the luminous cosmos or inching along behind it through the mud like a glow worm on a dark night. Unbeatable, eternal, and true.

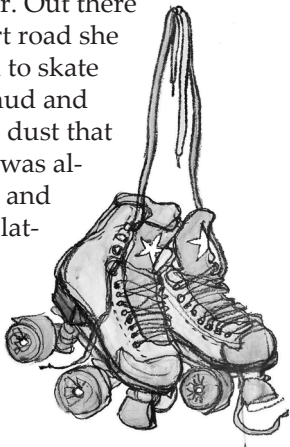
Skates

•Glide On Past It•

Bell's Roller Skates are a call to go ahead and turn it loose. To hold your chin up high and just glide on through.

Bell, ever the life of the party, had an uncanny ability to roller-skate over any terrain. Nothing hung her up and nothing stopped her. Out there at the end of the dirt road she somehow managed to skate right through the mud and the grit, and yet the dust that rose up behind her was always full of giggles and winks and see-you-later-alligators.

We all find ourselves in situations where some bad apple is



tryna convince us to heavily invest in their rotten view of the world. Where stressing out about a problem is the thing that keeps us locked into the problem.

When you've pulled the roller-skates card, it's likely you're in some kind of snare that only fun is gonna shake you out of. Bell's Skates are a testament to the fact that joy is power. That refreshing your world can be as simple as refusing to believe in the dusty old problems that hang around pretending to be the only way.

Bell's Skates remind you that making time for play isn't optional, matter of fact, it might be the secret antidote that allows your wheels to spin in a new direction.

Smashed Plate

•*Rupture*•



Things break. They fall apart. Fault lines appear. Circumstances change. Ruptures in the fabric of our lives are inevitable and terrifying — often sad, sometimes freeing, but always a fact of life.

Paper Jeannie and the Wee Witch Katarina had a big ol' disagreement that sent Katarina escaping through that time tested form of self expression known as smashing all the plates at the dinner table.

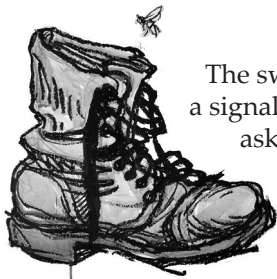
But the rupture in their tale didn't begin that day. The smashed plate was merely an emblem of a tightly coiled tension desperately seeking a path of release.

When we trace the fault lines back, they often point to a source of pain long suffering for a remedy, or to circumstances begging to be changed. If we find ourselves acting out like Katarina did, we can be sure the tantrum comes from a part of ourselves that's too young to know how to express what it needs in words and so is trying to get our attention in louder, more primal ways. Sometimes it feels like life is doing the same.

Inconvenient and messy to be sure, and yet there's almost always something to be honored here. Some listening to be done. When the center cannot hold, it might mean we're not on our true center at all. What has fallen apart is the symptom of a tectonic shift that will not be ignored. When the dust has settled, and the center is regained, we usually find ourselves much closer to who we really are and where we really need to be.

Sweaty Boot

•*Exhaustion*•



The sweaty boot may be a signal that the world is asking too much of you. Too much work for too little reward. This card signals effort that goes under appreciated.

Exertion that taxes you with little respite and no end in sight.

Now this isn't to say that exhaustion can't be a beautiful thing. Sometimes it's the only proper and good state to be in after we've given our all. A happy weariness that leads us home from great triumph. Exhaustion is after all the number one sponsor of a truly peaceful night's sleep. And the pleasure of laying around in bed doing nothing is never yummier than when our efforts at the good fight have earned us a nice lazy spell.

But this card often points to a bone deep kinda weariness. To systems that are set up in unsustainable ways which force us to work harder than we ought to. Or a knowledge that things can't go on in the way they have been without something breaking.

Exhaustion can be physical or emotional, material or spiritual. Either which way, it's always a signal that something needs to change. It can be hard to know what needs changing when you're in this state though, not to mention mustering the energy for the how.

So let's start with first things first. Sit down and take a load off honey, 'cause you need a break.

Tears

•Grief•



Don't it seem like
grief is the thing
hiding at the bottom
every pile o' hurt?
Every fit of rage, every
shut down, clam up,
wall it off and forget it.

But grief ain't meant to sit still and hide. Our tears are water 'cause grief is meant to move. Meant to flow through us, taking with it a little bit of what's too big to hold. Over and over again, it washes us clean if we let it.

But some grief hits so hard, or comes when we're too itty bitty to have to have a way to feel it much less understand it, and then it ain't really a matter of willpower to let it flow through.

That's the kinda grief that sat on top of the Grey House. It radiated up from that Toad Well like the smell of sewage suffocating you on a fowl hot night and it hung over everything like a grey haze.

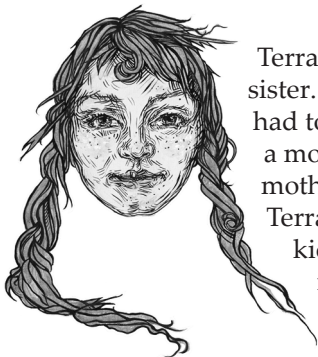
The Kool-Aid scoop of tears from a lost stranger was an ingredient Katarina liked to use for them Toad Brews, but when the Sibylant Sisters brewed up a spell that defeated the Toad Well's grievous stagnation, it too took the form of water that flows.

Grief carries a force so hard it can shut you down and make you bitter to the world. Or, a force so powerful it can crack you open, wide enough to hold more love than you ever knew you could.

May your grief be the latter. May it break you open and flow through you like water.

Terra

•Groundedness•



Terra is a rock. A big sister. She's the kid who had to grow up and be a mother to her own mother way too soon.

Terra's the one who kicks the tires to make sure everything's copacetic. She asks the hard questions, takes the

rocky path, and gets herself and her little sister to school on time while she's at it.

It's said that any good team requires a mast and a sail. The sail catches the wind which makes the ship move, and yet without a stable mast, the sail's fabric would just flap around ineffectually in the breeze. Terra is the solid thing that makes the wild dreamy things possible.

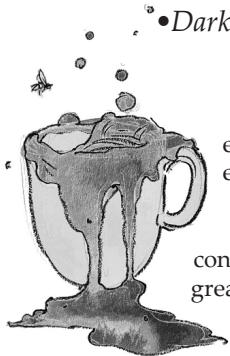
Terra's name means earth and indeed it is the grounding power of her connection to the earth that this card calls into your life.

When you need some unwavering resolve, some mast for your sail, a tap root in to the most ancient most centering being we know, planet earth herself, call on your Terra power.

May it be there for you with unfaltering solidity right under your feet. May it still you when you are shaky. May it magnetize you toward the molten core of your own earthy strength.

Toad Brew

•Dark Oblivion•



It's natural to want to escape the present moment every once in a while.

Lotsa ways of altering our consciousness can teach us great truths. Help us relax. Unwind what's wound too tight.

But there's a dark side that rides along shotgun on any avenue of escape. When pain is present and turned up high, what began as a dirt path can become a roaring eight lane highway - and then escape becomes all there is.

That's when you know the dark oblivion has set in.

The Wee Witch Katarina was no stranger to oblivion.

Katarina wasn't able to hold the immensity of her own fear, suffering and grief. No one had

ever taught her how, and being a witch didn't help either. She was cut off from her ancestral knowledge of potion making and medicine work. In it's stead she abdicated her power to the toads at the bottom of the dank and dirty Well of Toads. Those nefarious backyard dwellers that absorb your garbage and feed it back to you as a false pathway out.

But here's the thing about the dark oblivion. What threatens to destroy you is usually a gate keeper at the cave of your transformation. What the oblivion is trying to protect you from can become the source of your greatest strength.

So now might be a good time to ask what it is that's putting the dark in dark oblivion, and by what path you might go into that shadowy terrain. But mind you now, the proper way in is with clear eyes and open heart.

Toads

•*Exploiters*•



The Toads in this particular tale are not bringers of wisdom and ancient mystery.

No sir, this knot of ol' toads lives at the bottom of a toxic Well that opened up one night in the backyard of the Grey House.

With their pestilential potions cooked up using only the most desperate tatters and sorriest bribes, these toads survive solely by preying upon the destructive habits of others. They provide what appears to be a path of escape, but which is in fact, a very dead end.

They're those people in your life who bring out quite a bit less than the best in you. Those who profit off of your self

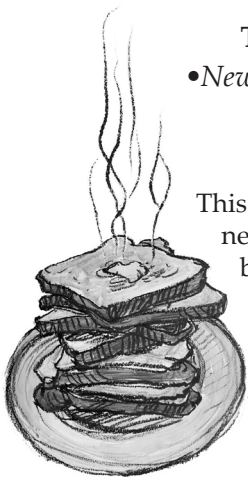
destruction, offering quick fixes and false promises. They might be that toxic romance that asks you to make a choice between yourself and the object of your affection. They are most definitely the systems and people who are all too aware of where your weak spots are, and all too willing to exploit them.

If you've drawn this card, you're being asked to give a second glance at what habits and relationships might seem like they are fulfilling you when in fact they are exploiting you skin to bone.

What can you do now, to escape the toxic draw of their dangerous fast fixes? With what power might you resist succumbing to their septic and sickly illusions?

Toast

•*New Friends*•



This card is all about sweetness and fun. Community built by breaking bread (or in this case, cinnamon toast), and offerings of new friendship.

When Caelum first found Rasp and Elly out in the woods in their wild little contraption of a moveable house, they greeted her with an enormous plate of her favorite food: buttery gooey crispy crunchy cinnamon toast. They didn't look much like the Pegasus she'd been hunting for, and yet Caelum had to admit that this kinda hospitality was a close second.

And there was something about these

two. The wind stirring at the edges of their smiles. The cosmos in their eyes. They were strange and kind, and they didn't seem to judge Caelum in the slightest, not even for being a grubby little daydreamer. Caelum had found some new friends.

If you've drawn this card, maybe it's time to host a cozy gathering or accept an invitation, because this is an occasion to meet new friends, or let old friends know how much you appreciate them.

This card is all about drawing the circle of care and community wider and stronger. We don't get to choose our families, but we can help the world make a lot more sense by choosing a good family of friends.

Tree Frog Pee

• *Activator* •



Now what on earth is more joyful than a tree frog?

All teeny and green, delightfully loud, springy, and free. If you're lucky enough to get peed on by a tree frog, you're probably in the right place.

The Tree Frog Pee card is an activating principal. It's the potentiator. A little touch of juice that helps everything around it rise to the occasion.

Residing in the lushest landscapes, these amphibious lil' jumpers are a sign of a healthy ecosystem, and their chorus of duck-quack-croaks can break through the darkest night.

And amphibious is right because theirs is a medicine that can swing all kinda ways. Tree frog pee gets an awful lotta use from The Wee Witch Katarina and that whole gang for their nefarious Toad Brews, and yet, the activating spirit ain't that simple. Because even within a toxic medicine there's usually some element which, if used properly, contains the power to help you leap to freedom.

So now let's use the The Tree Frog Pee to activate another level in your story. Draw one more card from anywhere in the deck, add it to any card in your reading, then turn it over and see what new level of meaning emerges when the two elements combine. Does this open up a deeper understanding? Or stir up trouble for what you thought you knew? If it's doing it's job right, it just might give you the nudge you need to rise to your own occasion.

Truck

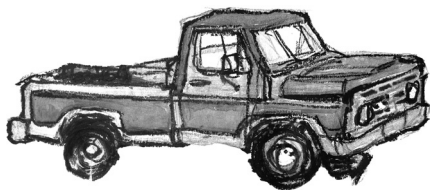
•*Movement*•

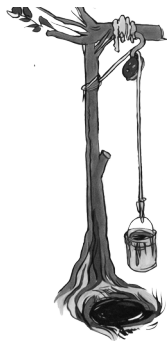
Garrdenia's pick-up truck signals a desire for movement. Agency. A little speed and velocity. A change of circumstance, or a much needed trip.

Katarina tried to escape what was going on inside her head by way of Garrdenia's pick-truck, but the truck wouldn't start. That was probably for the best because an external movement is never really an escape from inner turmoil.

When the time is right though — when we're traveling with the world not running away from it, when we're moving toward the unfolding of something beautiful, or just need a change of scenery, well then there's nothing in the world like a sailing along wherever the wheels will carry us.

Every ol' where can be an adventure in the making. The thrum of the motor, the landscape flying by, your favorite songs blasting out loud. Something momentous and free can arise out of a simple drive to work. Or who knows, you might find yourself packing up and hauling off in the direction of your destiny. Garrdenia's pick-up truck don't care which it is, all these wheels have to say is go baby go, and don't be afraid to go with the flow.





h a n k y o u !

The Sibylant Sisters Oracle Deck is a first peek into an expansive narrative world which includes paintings and sculptures, traveling exhibitions, theatrical performances, and plans for an illustrated novella and a feature film.

I've been developing the story over the course of seven years with the assistance of The Sundance Writer's and Director's labs, as well as young adult novelist Meagan Brothers and film producer Lisa Muskat. Thank you to Andrew Benincasa for helping assemble the deck, and to Serena Ryen for helping embody so many of the characters.

If you'd like to experience the full fairytale, you can find a round-the-camp-fire-style-read-aloud here:



The art-novella print version of the fairytale is still in development, so keep an eye out for the book coming soon.

Thank you for joining me on this adventure!

Caledonia Curry

