



Andrews McMeel
PUBLISHING®

2023 London Book Fair Rights Guide

Suzanne Garrett
Director of International Sales
sgarrett@amuniversal.com

The Mysteries

Bill Watterson

9781524884949

On Sale: 10/10/23, \$19.99

AMP Adult

Hardcover, 210 x 210 mm

72 pages



The Mysteries

Bill Watterson and John Kascht

From Bill Watterson, bestselling creator of the beloved comic strip Calvin and Hobbes, and John Kascht, one of America's most renowned caricaturists, comes a mysterious and beautifully illustrated fable about what lies beyond human understanding.

Long ago,
the forest was dark and deep.



So the Knights set off
into the misty forest.

Year after year they searched.



The Calvin and Hobbes Portable Compendium Set 1

Bill Watterson

9781524884970

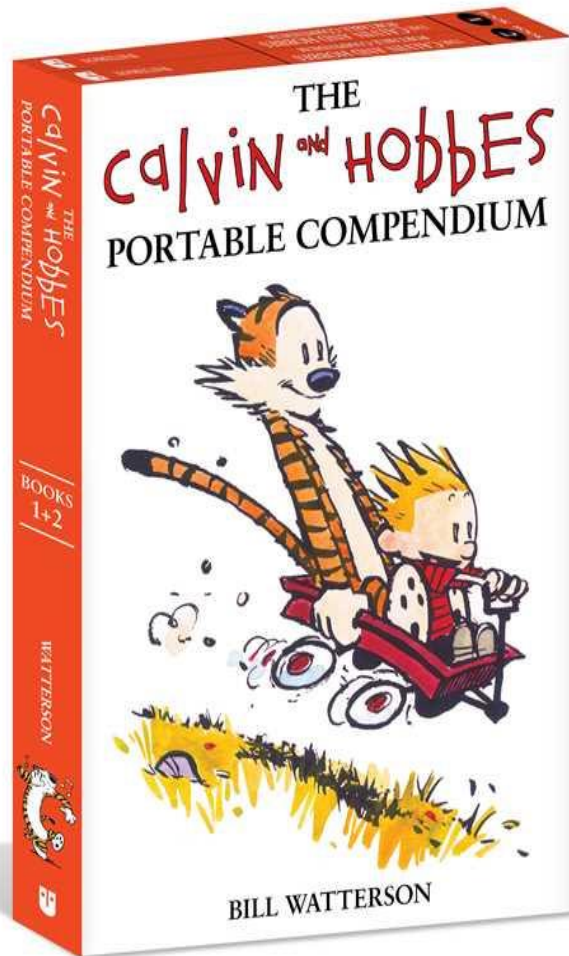
On Sale: 29/08/23, \$19.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 232 x 156 mm

288 pages

The first set of books collecting Bill Watterson's timeless Calvin and Hobbes comics in a compact, portable format designed to introduce the timeless adventures of a boy and his stuffed tiger to a new generation of readers. Featuring over 500 comics from the strip's debut in November 1985 through March 1987, this is the first set in a planned series of seven.



BOOK

1

THE CALVIN AND HOBBES
PORTABLE COMPENDIUM

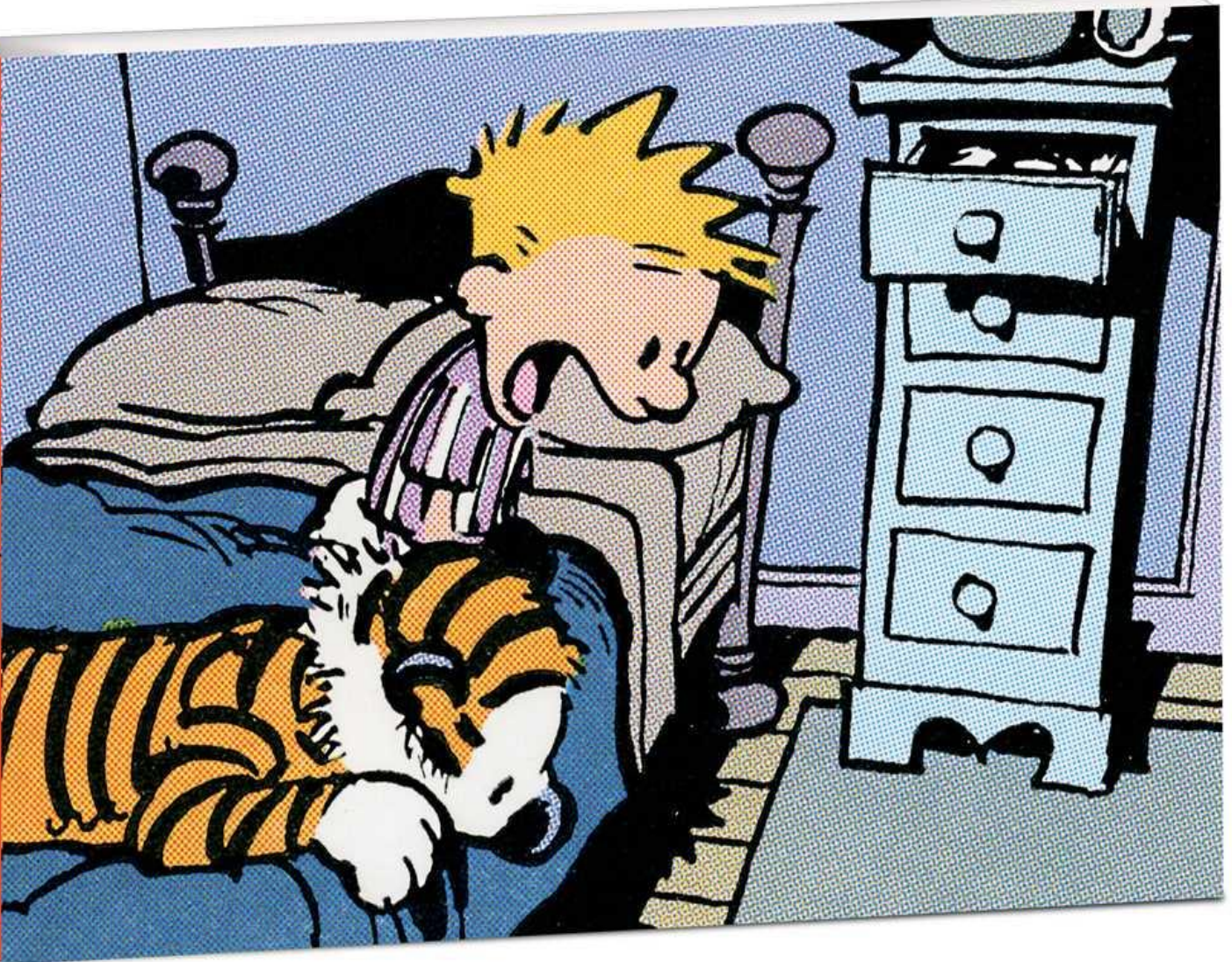
WATTERSON



BOOK
2

THE CALVIN AND HOBBS
PORTABLE COMPENDIUM

WATTERSON



Calvin and Hobbes

by WATSON

OUTRAGE! WHY SHOULD I GO TO BED? I'M NOT TIRED! IT'S ONLY 7:30! THIS IS TYRANNY! I'M!

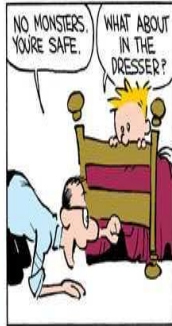


zzzzzz



GOOD NIGHT, CALVIN.

WILL YOU CHECK FOR MONSTERS UNDER THE BED?



NO MONSTERS YOUR SAFE.

WHAT ABOUT IN THE DRESSER?



CALVIN, I'M SURE THERE ARE NO MONSTERS IN YOUR DRESSER. GO TO SLEEP.



GREAT. I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE THEY ALL ARE. THEY'LL COME OUT AND KILL US AS SOON AS WE FALL ASLEEP.

SO WHO'S GOING TO FALL ASLEEP?



WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GET THE MONSTERS FIRST. YOU IRRITATE THEM WITH THIS HORN, AND I'LL NAIL 'EM WITH MY DART GUN WHEN THEY COME OUT!



GET READY! I HEAR ONE COMING!

HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK



WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE??

AAIEEE!! A MONSTER IN THE HALLWAY!!



DEAR, WILL YOU COME UP HERE A MINUTE?

I THINK I WOUNDED HIM. GIVE ME THE BAT AND I'LL FINISH HIM OFF.



ANY MONSTERS UNDER MY BED TONIGHT?!



NOPE!

NO!

UH-UH.



WELL, THERE'D BETTER NOT BE! I'D HATE TO HAVE TO TORCH ONE WITH MY FLAME THROWER!



YOU HAVE A FLAME THROWER??

THEY LIE. I LIE.



MOM, CAN I DRIVE ON THE WAY BACK?

OF COURSE NOT, CALVIN.



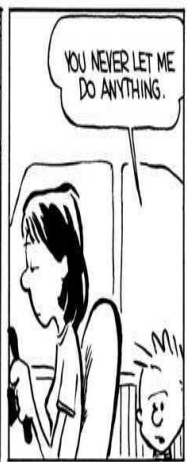
CAN I JUST STEER THEN? I PROMISE I WON'T CRASH.

NO, CALVIN.

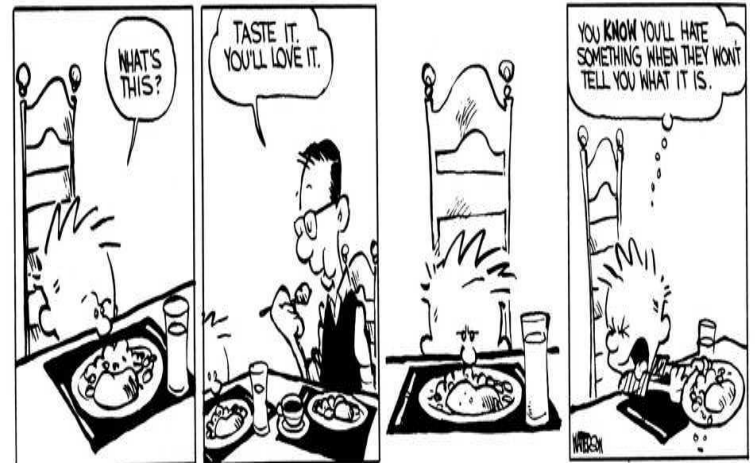
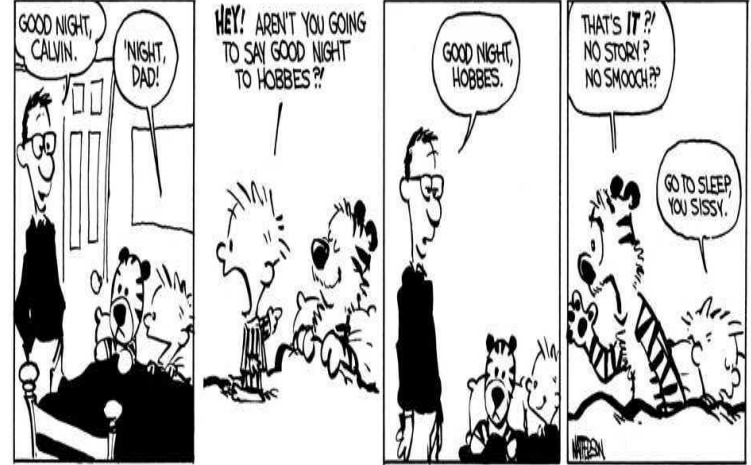
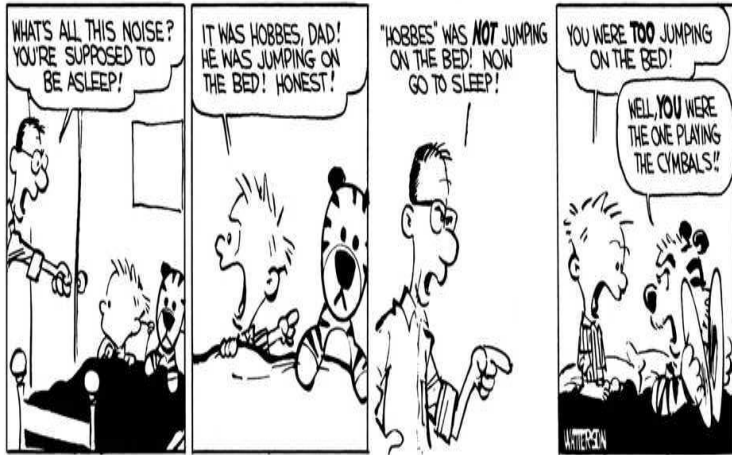


CAN I WORK THE GAS AND BRAKES WHILE YOU STEER?

NO, CALVIN.

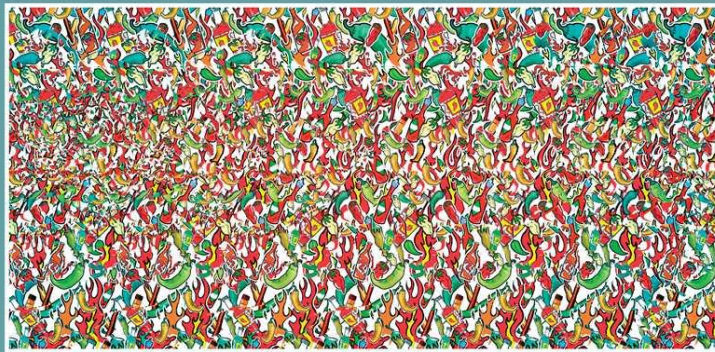


YOU NEVER LET ME DO ANYTHING.



MAGIC EYE

Have Fun in 3D



"Hot Stuff"

3D Illusions by Cheri Smith

Magic Eye: Have Fun in 3D

Cheri Smith

9781524885779

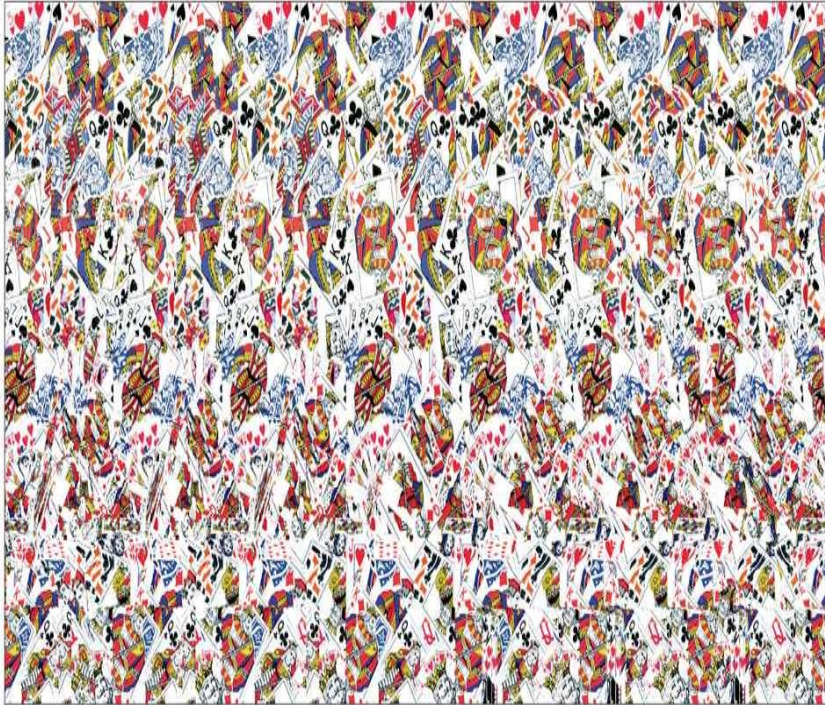
On Sale: 26/09/23, \$21.99

AMP Adult

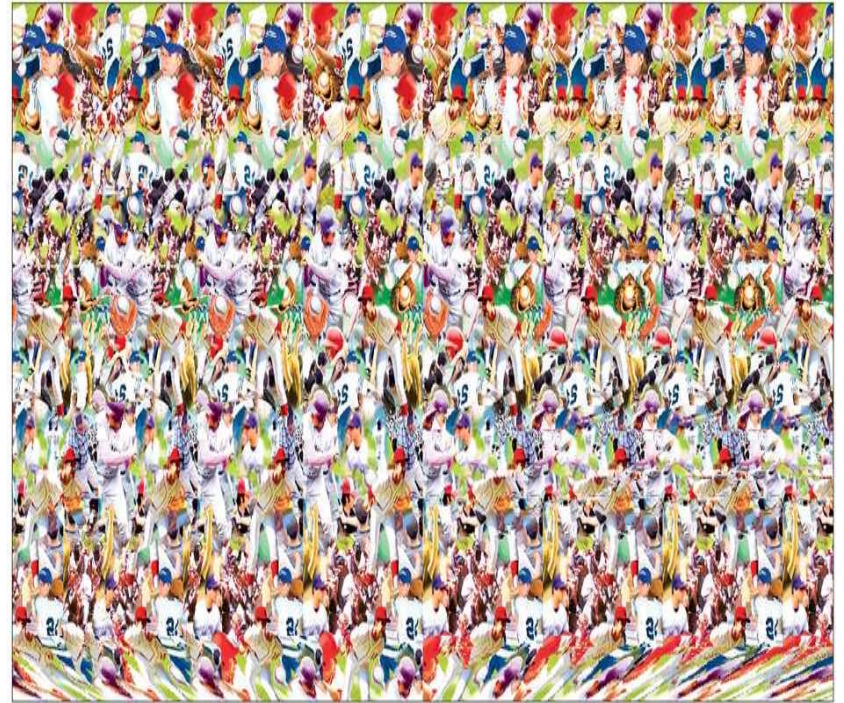
Hardcover, 286 x 222 in.

55 pages

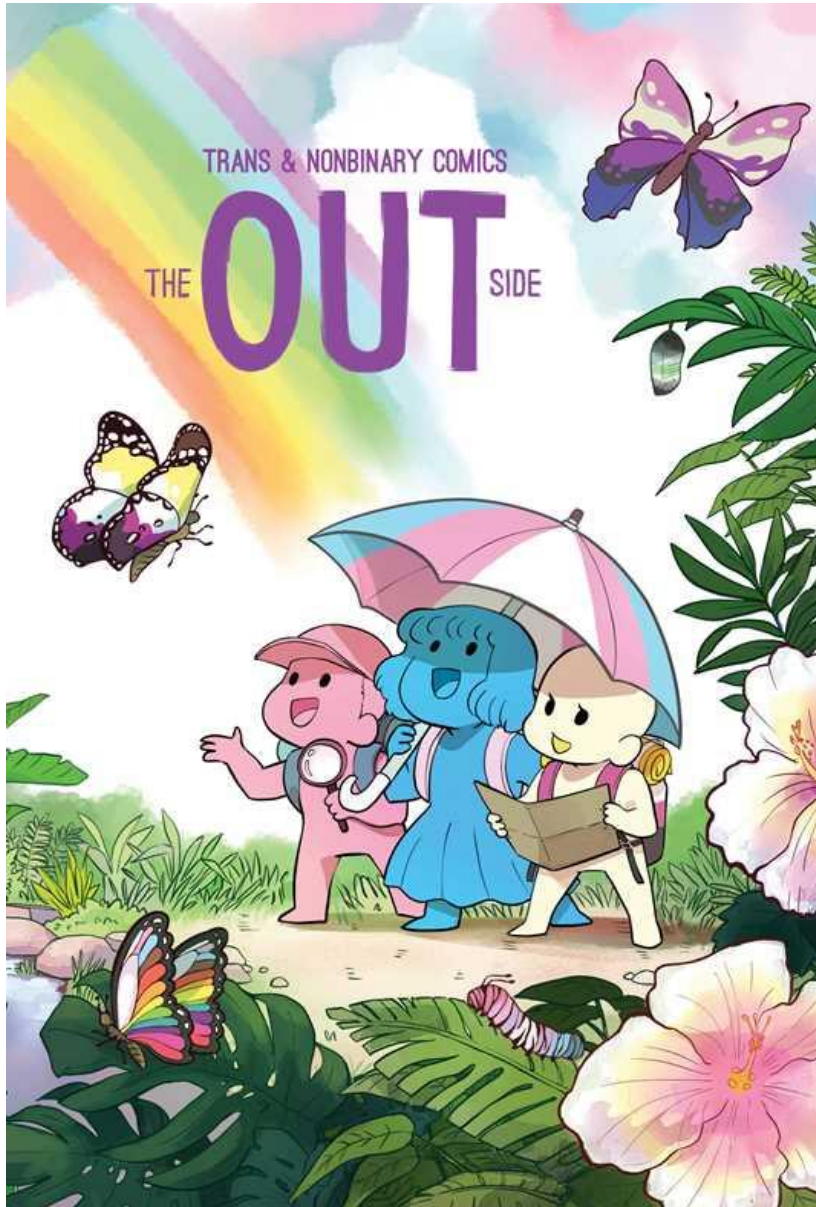
For thirty years, Magic Eye has fascinated children and adults alike worldwide with its amazing 3D images. The first new book in five years from this New York Times bestselling property!



Card Sharks



Frequent Flyer



The Out Side: Trans & Nonbinary Comics

The Kao

9781524880125

On Sale: 19/09/23, \$16.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 152 x 229 mm

176 pages

In this vibrant and affirming comics anthology, 29 trans & nonbinary comic artists share their personal journeys of self-discovery and acceptance.

FOREWORD BY JULIA KAYE



Back when I was growing up, positive trans representation in media simply didn't exist—there was a complete void in the culture. Anytime media featured gender nonconformity it existed as something to either be laughed at, demonized, or often both. The messaging was clear: The discomfort I felt with the gender I was assigned at birth was something to be ashamed of, never vocalized or acted on. As a result, I grew up feeling entirely, impossibly alone. It wasn't until I was in my mid-20s that I learned about the existence of *actual* trans people, but even then, the lack of societal normalization of gender diversity held me back from finding self-acceptance for a few more years.

Even as recent as 2016, the year I came out as a trans woman, representation still felt scarce enough that I had to take to trawling internet forums in order to feel seen. I spent all my free time desperately sifting through years-old messages online for any glint of validation I could find. Everyone seemingly reaching out into the dark with the same burning questions: *Are my experiences valid? Valid enough to take those terrifying first steps toward embracing what I quietly know deep down to be true?* I found solace in those posts.

It was that sense of extreme isolation that drove me to create the comics that became my first memoir, *Super Late Bloomer*. It had felt imperative at the time to make them, not

only to help me process my own experiences, but to create the type of accessible representation I had grown up without.

It's incredible how much progress there's already been since then.

This anthology is exactly the sort of book that I wish had existed when I was younger. Reading it feels like a warm embrace by a group of kindhearted friends who just want to let you know you're not alone. That it's okay to defy others' expectations of who you are and express yourself however you need or want to. And you know that they mean it because they live that truth every day.

It's incredible to see so many nuanced aspects of my own experiences in the stories to come—even when our relationships with gender differ greatly. I see myself in Min Christensen's reflection of feeling gender euphoria when being "misgendered" earlier in life. In managing to somehow hold onto the belief that you're cis despite struggling with dysphoria in Maddie Jacobus's comic. When Ashi touches on the horrors of not relating to your own reflection in the mirror. And on and on.

Each story is touchingly personal and unique—Jam Aden's narrative of finding comfort and happiness in embracing being a nonbinary trans man. Sage Coffey's exploration of the gender spectrum. TheNiftyFox's experiences with top surgery. They all have so much honesty and heart.

I'm so glad this book exists. It's a loud proclamation of our existence in the face of a culture that has for too long ignored our experiences. With each piece of media we create, we help to slowly shape and change society for the better. I hope you get as much out of it as I did.

—Julia Kaye (She/Her)
Author of *"Super Late Bloomer"* (2018)
and *"My Life in Transition"* (2021).

INTRODUCTION BY THE KAO



I've always been a huge fan of comic anthologies. They're truly a great way to discover multiple, talented artists all in the same place. As a member of the LGBT community, I am excited to see new trans-themed anthologies being made, but I couldn't help but feel that we needed more.

Personally, I'm a big fan of autobiographical stories of the authors' experiences, much like the memoirs of Julia Kaye that went on to receive critical acclaim. The reason is simple: Representation matters. It's one thing to relate to fictional characters, but something more powerful to see someone real going through struggles similar to your own. It gives you hope and comfort to know that change is possible and not just fantasy.

Therefore, in the pursuit of greater representation, I decided to organize this comics anthology. My goal was to feature a diverse group of proud trans and nonbinary artists and share their true stories of self-discovery and acceptance. My hope is that this collection will inspire anyone who may be struggling with their own identity and educate those who seek greater understanding.

Finally, I wish to give special thanks to my teammates David Daneman and Min Christensen for all of their hard work, to Julia Kaye for lending us her phenomenal voice, to the wonderful artists for sharing their lives with us, and of course, to you who personally made this book a reality. We couldn't have done it without you. Thank you so much!

Without further ado, please enjoy this journey to *The Out Side!*

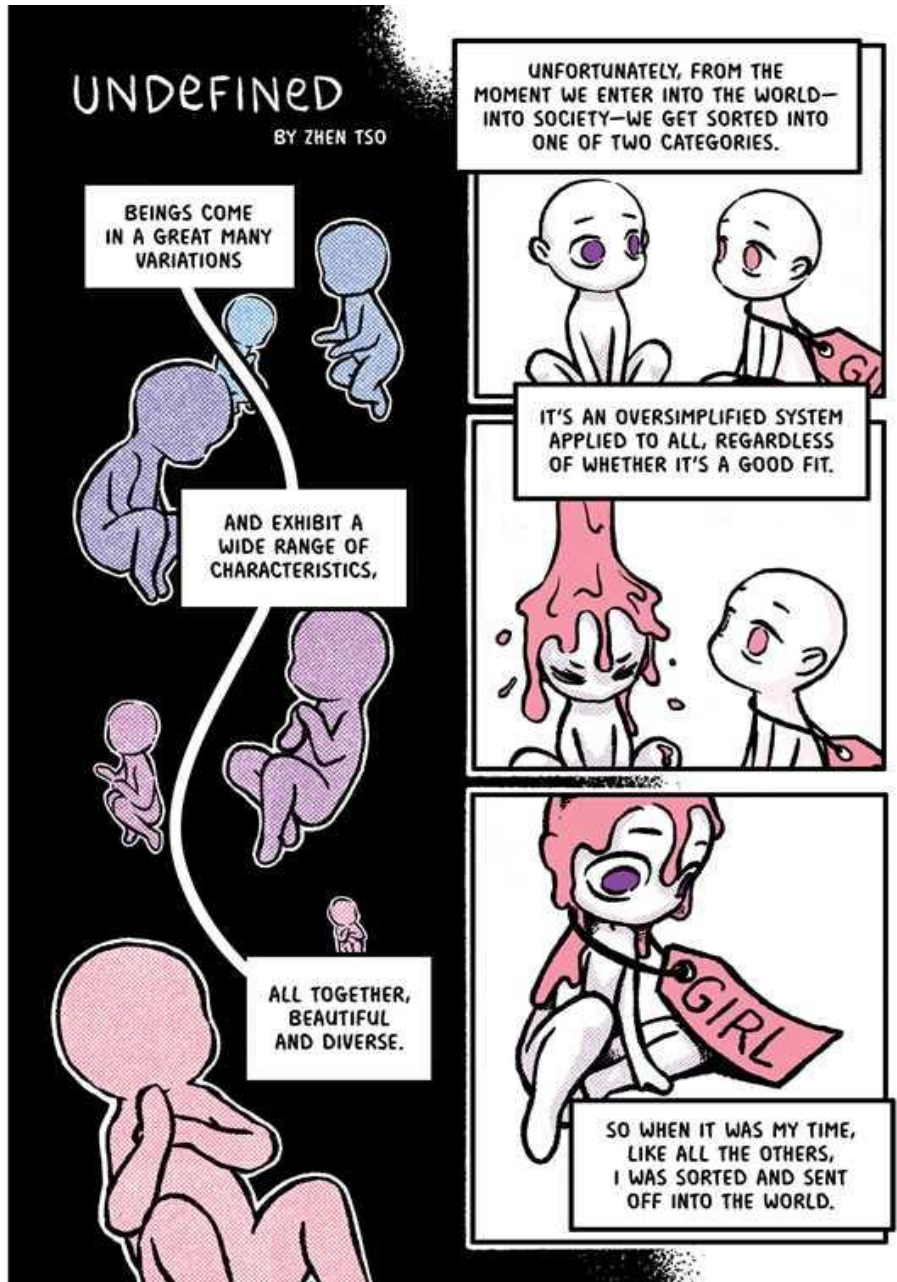
THE KAO 
—The Kao (He/Him)

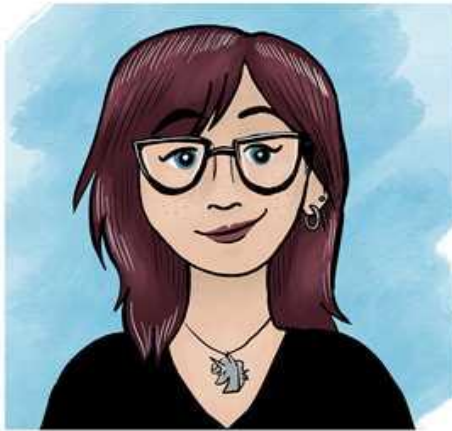


ZHEN
(THEY/THEM)

Zhen is a queer, trans, autistic Chinese artist raised in Atlanta, Georgia. With a background in graphic design, they now work full time as an independent artist and creator. When they're not busy creating something, they're usually deep in thought about life and other deep existential matters . . . or silly nonsense and curiosities that have no answer.

You can find them on Instagram:
[@worldofzhen](https://www.instagram.com/worldofzhen)





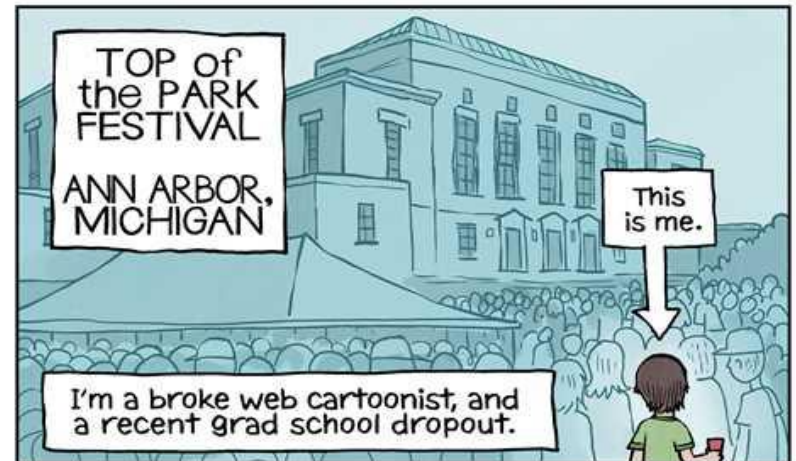
DANA SIMPSON
(SHE/HER)

Dana Claire Simpson has been making comics a long time. When her comic strip, *Phoebe and Her Unicorn*, launched in papers in 2015, it made her the first out transgender person in syndicated comics. (She's now one of several.)

You can find her strip on GoComics.com, and really anywhere they sell books. She lives in Santa Barbara, California, with her nonbinary spouse and her very fluffy cat.

You can find her online at:
danasimpson.com

JUNE 20, 2005 *by dana*





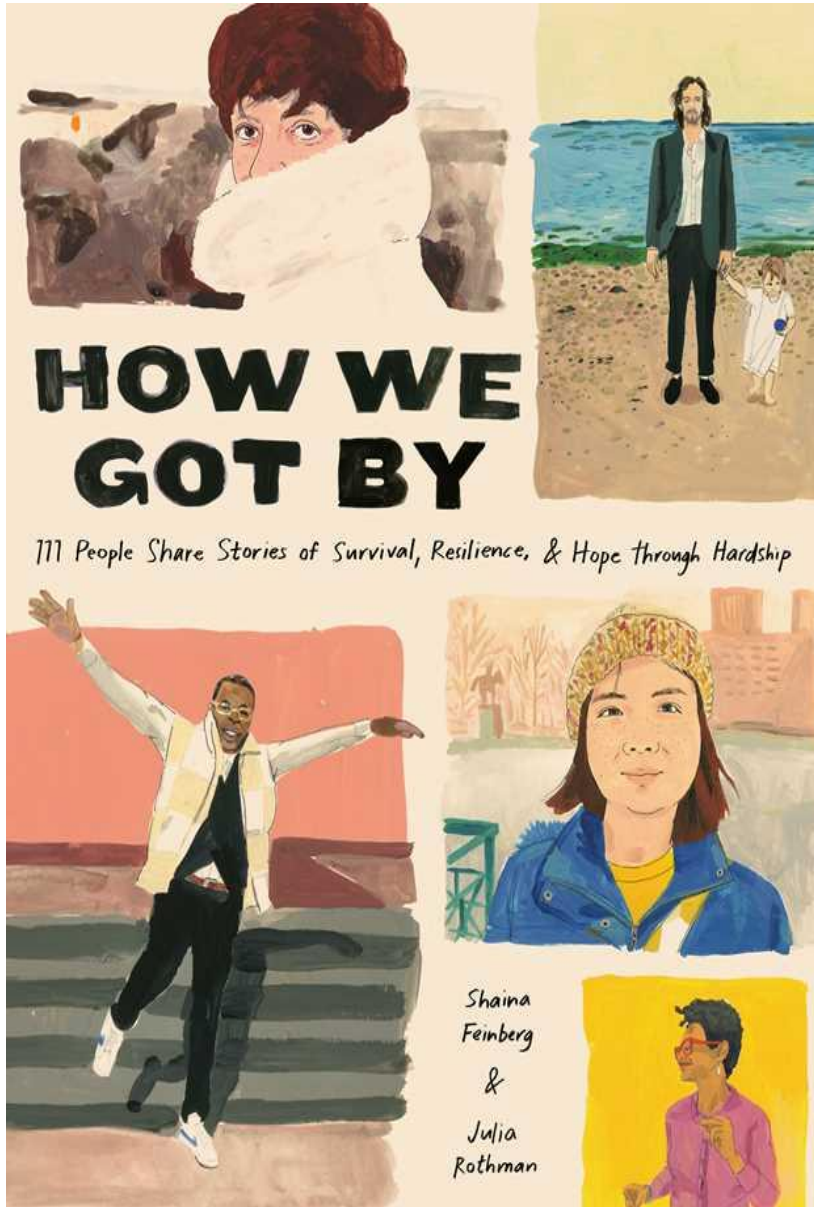
KYLA AIKO
(SHE/THEY)

Kyla is an Asian-American writer and artist who lives in a town with an ocean view. Their debut middle grade graphic novel, *Foxes, Fire, and Other Magic*, releases in Spring 2024 from Feiwel and Friends/Macmillan. In addition, they're also an assistant on the Webtoon Original, *Everything is Fine*. In their spare time, you can find them making handmade noodles or listening to Mitski and Mao Buyi.

Visit their website:
aikosmith.com

HAPPY





How We Got By

Shaina Feinberg

9781524872311

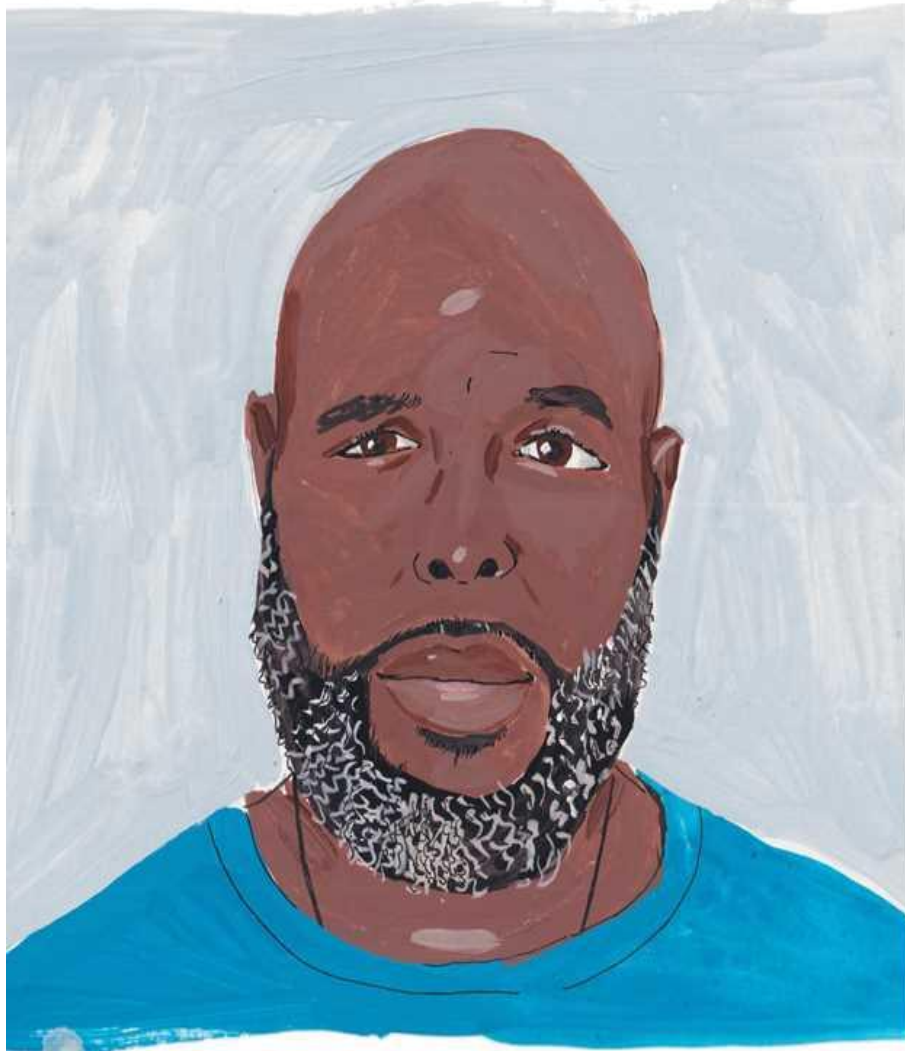
On Sale: 26/09/23, \$24.99

AMP Adult

Hardcover, 178 x 229

224 pages

When your world is upended, how do you react? Who do you become? New York Times columnists, illustrator Julia Rothman and writer Shaina Feinberg, seek answers to these questions and more in this gorgeously illustrated collection of sometimes heartbreaking, always illuminating first-person stories.



T.L.

When I walk into a room with new people, I still try not to use my regular speaking voice.

MY VOICE — PEOPLE LOVE IT. BUT I AM HESITANT to talk to people because everybody always has a reaction. Everybody says I sound like Barry White or like Barry White on steroids. My voice is super deep.

I've been getting these reactions since kindergarten. I went to Catholic school and in kindergarten, when we used to say our prayers and pledge of allegiance in the morning, kids from the eighth grade class would come across the hallway to see the kid with the deep voice. Teachers would call my house and I would pick up the phone and they'd think I was my dad. I sounded like a regular grown man before I hit puberty. Once I hit puberty, it got even deeper. Little girls were so mean to me — they said I sounded like a monster. From the time I was five to 13, kids were mean sometimes. Then when I was 13, girls were like, *that voice is amazing, here's my number, call me*. Which was a stark departure from being told repeatedly that I sounded like a monster.

It made me self-conscious that everybody was always commenting. It got to a point where I didn't want to talk to anybody because I didn't know what the reactions were going to be.

When I walk into a room with new people, I still try not to use my regular speaking voice. I find myself slipping into a higher register. Maybe it's a self-defense mechanism.

I've adjusted some now. It's been a thing I've had to get over multiple times. It's like I'm in recovery. It's an everyday kind of thing. I have to tell myself: *yo, just speak, it's not that big a deal. This is your voice. This is how you sound, bro.*

I have a speech prepared already for my son because he has a deep voice. I will say: *you cannot allow yourself to get hung up on what other people think. The person upstairs gave you this voice for a reason. Everybody is the way they are for a reason.* I wish someone would have told me that when I was younger. How you sound, how you look, you gotta embrace that!

ETHAN

I'M AN ARTIST. ONE OF THE THINGS I LEARNED early on is you can't be precious with what you're working on. You have to just let it go and see what happens and if you mess up, try to remember that if you can do it once, you can do it again.



OSCAR

I WAS FEELING SO DEPRESSED. I COME FROM El Salvador and I'm here by myself and it was Christmas time and I got to a point where it was like *this is not working*. I decided to believe in god, which for me just means being positive. I used to be so negative, waiting for the worst thing to happen. But I learned in school to change my mind and be more positive — to go out and enjoy my day and to read good books. I decided to create a good environment for myself.





SHIRIN

WHEN I GOT MARRIED TO A YOUNG BOY, I WAS young myself. I was 20, he was 21. We fell in love and all I knew was that I was following this person to his country, having no clue whatsoever about Germany. But I knew the temperature and language would be different.

In India, where I'm from, there were people everywhere. You were never alone. I had no clue what I was headed for. But I presumed I knew him and we were in love, so what could go wrong?

We married in India. I was from a very open-minded family, so they didn't restrict me. The only thing my mom said to me was, *the problem with you going so far away is that if you are in trouble you can't just come over and talk about it.* That was the only thing she said and I was like, *mom what are you talking about? I'm not going to have trouble!*

I came to Germany without a word of German. It was like being thrown into deep, cold water. But I was like, well, there's no way out. So I studied at home with a dictionary and cassette tapes. We lived in a little town of 6,000 people. I went from a 20-million person city in India to a town of 6,000. I had no friends. I had my mother-in-law and her daughter, my sister-in-law who was 13. That was it.

My husband was in the police force and he was working. It was desolate where we lived. Lonely is not the word. I was terribly homesick. I did a lot of crying and making sure I dried up my tears before my husband walked in.

Five months into it, I secretly packed my bag and I wanted to leave. But a week later I got sick; typical signs of pregnancy, morning sickness. My mother-in-law snatched me and said, *I'm taking you straight to the gyno and we will check.*

My mother-in-law was not happy. The gynecologist said, *congratulations!* And my mother-in-law took me aside and said, *are you sure you want this kid?* And I said, yes. She said to me, *in Germany you are allowed to abort if you feel you are not capable.*

I felt absolutely alone. Here I was thrilled to be pregnant but also alone.

I rang up my mother and told her I was pregnant and she was thrilled and hearing her response gave me such courage and a new state of mind.

My husband was happy, but his mother still wanted us not to have the baby. And, in front of me but in German, she was trying to convince him that we should get rid of the baby. She kept repeating: *kids having kids is not good.*



JUDI

I thought people got married and stayed married forever.

I GOT MARRIED WHEN I WAS 21. I ONLY KNEW my husband for a very short time before we got married. And I had two boys with him. Then another woman came into his life.

I was very trusting at the time and we were sleeping over at our friends' house. Winds up, my husband was having an affair with the woman in the couple – a friend of ours.

I felt betrayed. I felt disappointed. I was miserable. That was one of the biggest traumas in my life.

We decided to get divorced. So my then-husband and I told our kids. We said, *Daddy is going to be living someplace else, but you'll go to the same school and have the same grandparents.* They were devastated because daddy had come home every night but now they'd only see him once a week.

I thought people got married and stayed married forever. But the more I peeked into corners, the more I saw more and more women who were getting divorced.

I think I had a perspective that enabled me to go on. There's this Lewis Carroll quote, something like: *I can't go back to yesterday because I was a different person then.* That's very good advice. I was who I was then. I operated in a world that existed then. Now things had changed. And I'd adjust.

Raising my children — sharing the world with them — that saved my life. I knew I had a purpose. I had to keep them happy and grounded.

And soon after our divorce, I met my current husband, Saul. And together, with my boys and his two boys, we found new interests, new things in common, a new life.



Office Gods

Catharina Octorina

9781524886042

On Sale: 07/11/23, \$18.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 152 x 229 mm

240 pages

Available rights: Dutch, French, German, Italian, Polish, and Romanian

Gods, demigods, and true romance? Office Gods, based on the hit webcomic, is an addictive rom-com set in the corporate HQ of the Olympians themselves!

Iris, a young human woman, is swept into the world of divine bureaucracy when she's recruited to work in the office of the gods, in the department of Hermes. The gods and goddesses may be beautiful beyond human comprehension, but she quickly learns that they're every bit as petty and quarrelsome as they were thousands of years ago. Can she survive Eros' antics, Aphrodite's temper, and getting caught between a love triangle with the demigod sons of Athena and Hades?



THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

I SHOULD JUST FOCUS ON GETTING MY WORK DONE.



SHIRA, HERMES...

I'M VERY SORRY FOR THE SETBACK THIS MORNING, BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME NOW BECAUSE I'M READY TO WORK.



SO THIS HUMAN IS QUITE DETERMINED, HUH.



ALRIGHT, GO TAKE HER TO THE OFFICE, SHIRA.

I NEED TO MEET MY COLLEAGUES FOR A VERY IMPORTANT MEETING.

YOU MEAN, YOU WANT TO GOSSIP??

IT'S GATHERING INTEL FOR THE SAKE OF OUR ESTEEMED MAGAZINE, SHIRA. TSK. GET YOUR FACTS RIGHT.



CIAO, THEN REPORT BACK TO ME ON HOW THE NEWBIE FITS IN.



I NEED TO GO, TOO. NICE TO MEET YOU, IRIS.

YOUR PULSE IS FINE, MAYBE A LITTLE FAST. TRY TO RELAX AND DRINK MORE TEA.

SURE... UH... THANKS, ORION.



WOW NOW THAT I LOOK AT HIM WHEN I'M SOBER, HE REALLY IS COMPOSED.

IT FEELS WEIRD, SAYING HIS NAME!!!



SEE YOU LATER, YOU TOO, SHIRA.



YOU THINK HE'S COOL AND HANDSOME, DON'T YOU?!

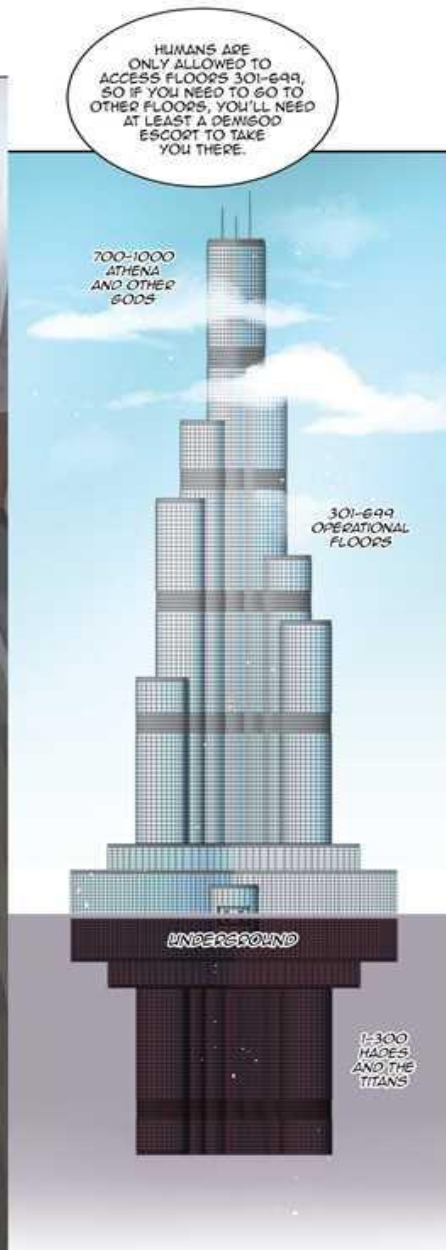
W-WHAT? I MEAN, OBJECTIVELY ANYONE WOULD CALL HIM GOOD-LOOKING, BUT I DIDN'T...



DON'T EVEN GOTHER, NEW KID.



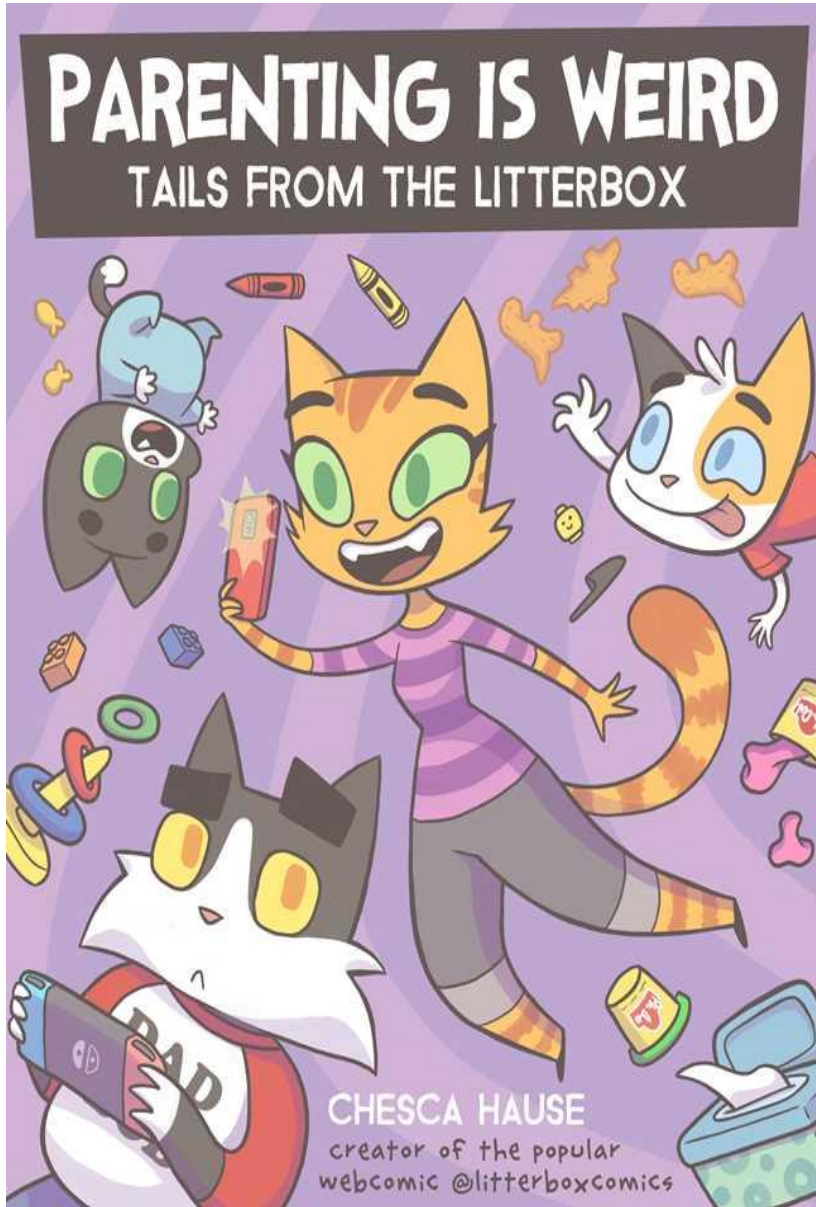
ORION DOESN'T DATE. MOREOVER, HE WILL GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO AVOID DATING A HUMAN.











Parenting is Weird

Chesca Hause

9781524879358

On Sale: 19/09/23, \$16.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 167 x 203

192 pages

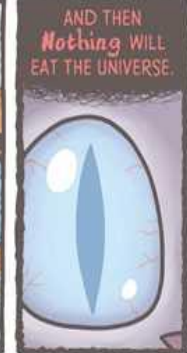
Combining the calamities of parenting with the chaotic cuteness of kittens, Litterbox Comics: Tails from the Litterbox presents the family foibles we can all relate to. A hilariously honest comic collection that explores all things parenting, from stepping out of the hospital for the first time to losing a kid in the grocery store, except everyone is cats.











the Awkward Yeti presents

**Heart
and
Brain**

ONWARD TO
GOOD THINGS



Heart and Brain: Onward to Good Things

Nick Seluk/the Awkward Yeti

9781524882228

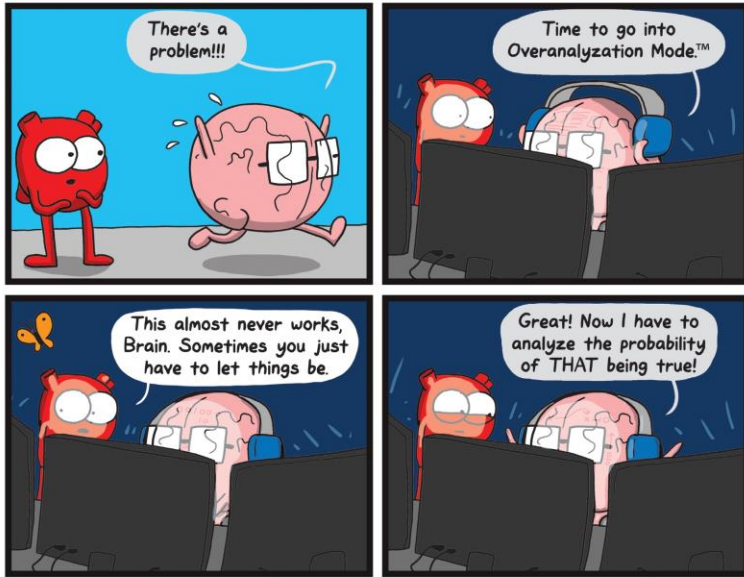
On Sale: 19/09/23, \$16.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 167 x 203

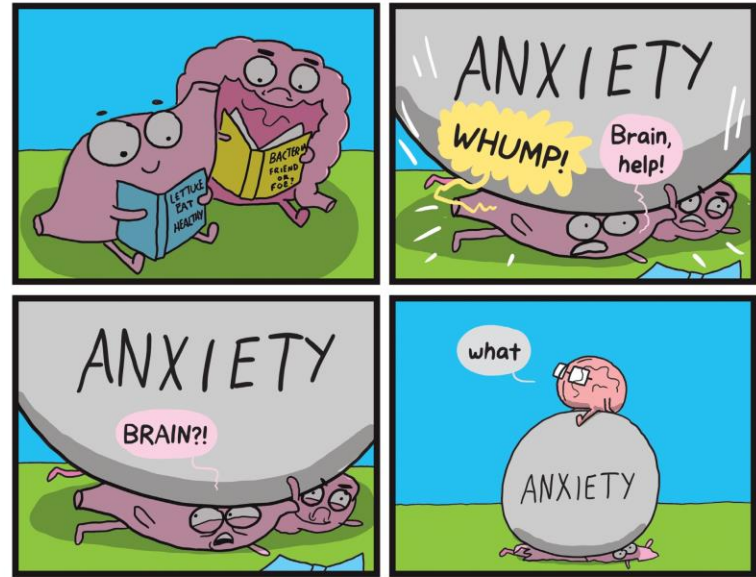
192 pages

New York Times bestselling author Nick Seluk returns with a charming, hilarious, and inspirational book of comics in which his popular Heart and Brain characters fight through the world's gloom and uncertainty and march toward a brighter, more hopeful future.



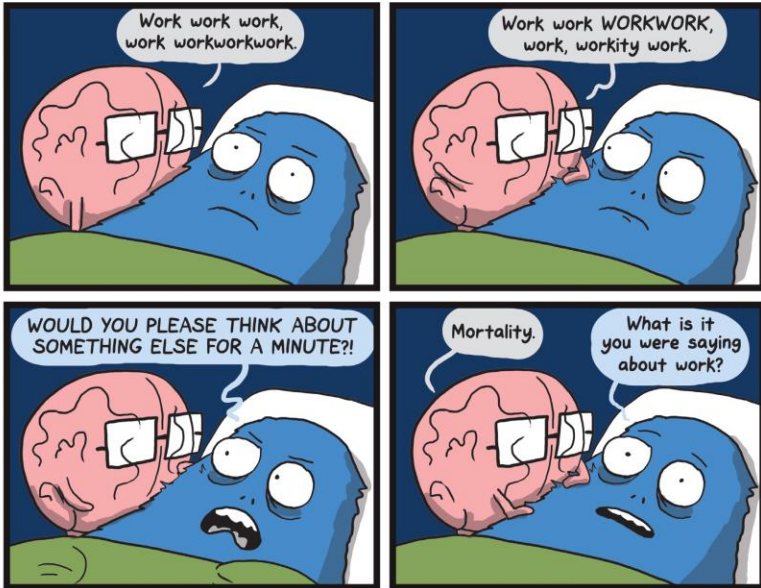
@theAwkwardYeti

4



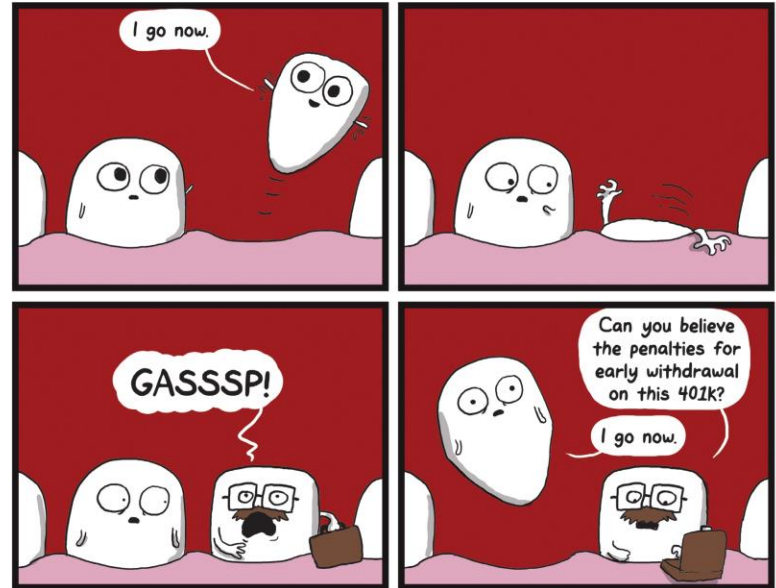
@theAwkwardYeti

5



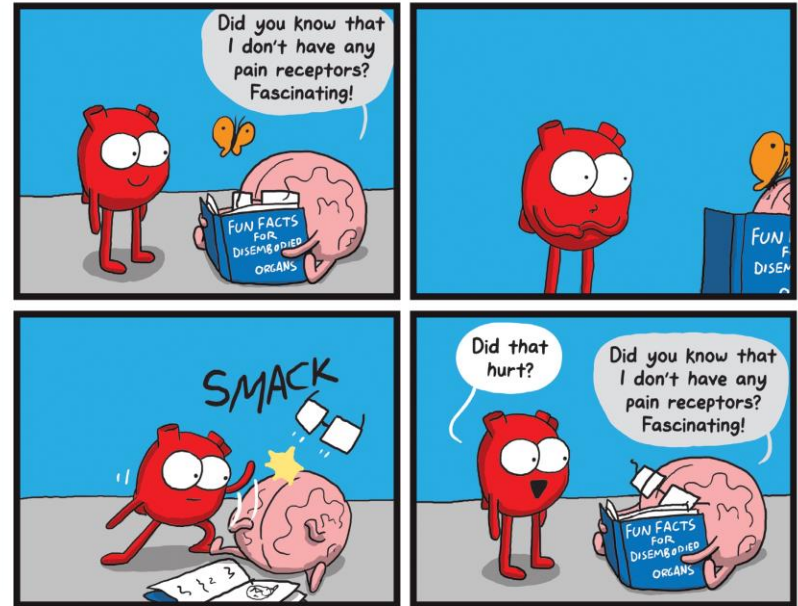
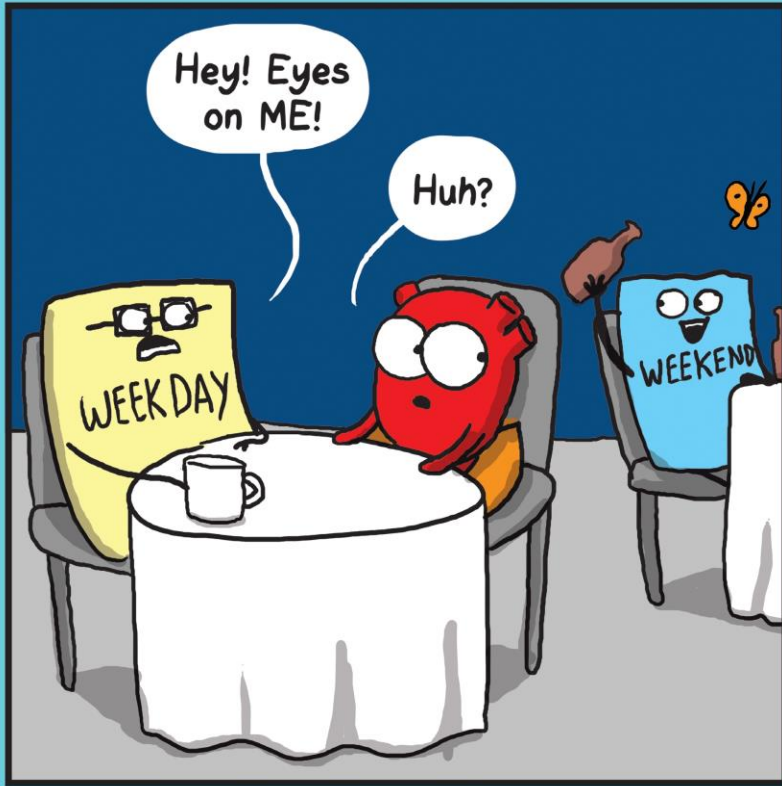
@theAwkwardYeti

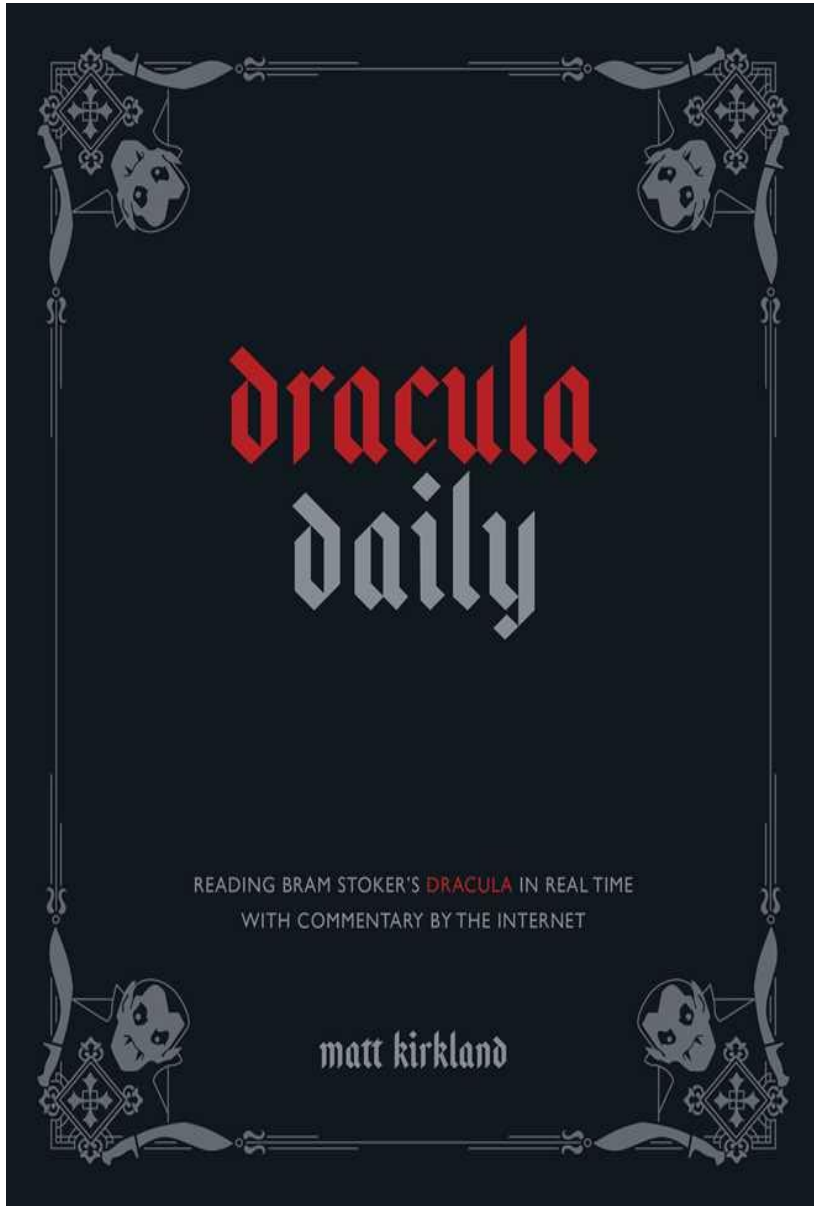
6



@theAwkwardYeti

7





Dracula Daily

Matt Kirkland

9781524884703

On Sale: 19/09/23, \$27.99

AMP Adult

Hardcover, 222 x 260 mm

304 pages

"An internet Sensation" — *The New York Times*

"An old story about the undead is getting a new life...Bram Stoker's blood-thirsty vampire has found fresh victims with Dracula Daily" — *NPR*

"The coolest book club on the internet" — *Fast Company*

The viral email newsletter and ingenious reanimation of Bram Stoker's classic now has a physical product. This deluxe hardcover volume includes the remixed text of the classic novel along with humorous chapter headers and a curated selection of the funniest memes, wittiest commentary and best fan art selected from among *Dracula Daily's* 240,000 subscribers.

Catching up on the beginning of dracula daily and I love how he's like 'damn this food is so good it has paprika in it' like yes white boy discover those spices
@aofeef

I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had all sorts of queer dreams. There was a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had something to do with it; or it may have been the paprika, for I had to drink up all the water in my carafe, and was still thirsty. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the continuous knocking at my door, so I guess I must have been sleeping soundly then. I had for breakfast more paprika, and a sort of porridge of maize flour which they said was "mamaliga," and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very excellent dish, which they call "impletata." (*Mem.* get recipe for this also.) I had to hurry breakfast, for the train started a little before eight, or rather it ought to have done so, for after rushing to the station at 7:30 I had to sit in the carriage for more than an hour before we began to move. It seems to me that the further east you go the more unpunctual are the trains. What ought they to be in China?

All day long we seemed to dawdle through a country which was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the top of steep hills such as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed from the wide stony margin on each side of them to be subject to great floods. It takes a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of a river clear. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in all sorts of attire. Some of them were just like the peasants at home or those I saw coming through France and Germany, with short jackets and round hats and home-made trousers; but others were very picturesque. The women looked pretty, except when you got near them, but they were very clumsy about the waist. They had all full white sleeves of some kind or other, and most of them had big belts with a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the dresses in a ballet, but of course there were petticoats under them. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who were more barbarian than the rest, with their big cow-boy hats, great baggy dirty-white trousers, white linen shirts, and enormous heavy leather belts, nearly a foot wide, all studded over with brass nails. They wore high boots, with their trousers tucked into them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. They are very picturesque, but do not look prepossessing. On the stage they would be set down at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. They are, however, I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural self-assertion.

It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a very interesting old place. Being practically on the frontier--for the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina--it has had a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. Fifty years ago a series of great fires took place, which made terrible havoc on five separate occasions. At the very beginning of the seventeenth century it underwent a siege of three weeks and lost 13,000 people, the casualties of war proper being assisted by famine and disease.

Count Dracula had directed me to go to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I found, to my great delight, to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I could of the ways of the country. I was evidently expected, for when I got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the usual peasant dress--white undergarment with long

double apron, front, and back, of coloured stuff fitting almost too tight for modesty. When I came close she bowed and said, "The Herr Englishman?" "Yes," I said, "Jonathan Harker." She smiled, and gave some message to an elderly man in white shirt-sleeves, who had followed her to the door. He went, but immediately returned with a letter:

My Friend.--Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well to-night. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it is kept for you. At the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land.

Your friend,
DRACULA.

I've never actually read Dracula before, and seeing the note at the end being signed as from "Your friend, Dracula" was legitimately so funny to me. Your friend Dracula. Your favorite guy who scurries normally and not like a lizard Dracula.
@gavinopricey

May 4

Jonathan feels ridiculous but also uncomfortable

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

(Kept in shorthand.)

4 May.--I found that my landlord had got a letter from the Count, directing him to secure the best place on the coach for me; but on making inquiries as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he could not understand my German. This could not be true, because up to then he had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if he did. He and his wife, the old lady who had received me, looked at each other in a frightened sort of way. He mumbled out that the money had been sent in a letter, and that was all he knew. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, and could tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. It was so near the time of starting that I had no time to ask any one else, for it was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting.

Just before I was leaving, the old lady came up to my room and said in a very hysterical way:

"Must you go? Oh! young Herr, must you go?" She was in such an excited state that she seemed to have lost her grip of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with some other language which I did not know at all. I was just able to follow her by asking many questions. When I told her that I must go at once, and that I was engaged on important business, she asked again:

"Do you know what day it is?" I answered that it was the fourth of May. She shook her head as she said again:





@cjbee

through the opening door. I knew then that to struggle at the moment against the Count was useless. With such allies as these at his command, I could do nothing. But still the door continued slowly to open, and only the Count's body stood in the gap. Suddenly it struck me that this might be the moment and means of my doom; I was to be given to the wolves, and at my own instigation. There was a diabolical wickedness in the idea great enough for the Count, and as a last chance I cried out:—

"Shut the door; I shall wait till morning!" and covered my face with my hands to hide my tears of bitter disappointment. With one sweep of his powerful arm, the Count threw the door shut, and the great bolts clanged and echoed through the hall as they shot back into their places.

In silence we returned to the library, and after a minute or two I went to my own room. The last I saw of Count Dracula was his kissing his hand to me; with a red light of triumph in his eyes, and with a smile that Judas in hell might be proud of.

When I was in my room and about to lie down, I thought I heard a whispering at my door. I went to it softly and listened. Unless my ears deceived me, I heard the voice of the Count:—

"Back, back, to your own place! Your time is not yet come. Wait! Have patience! To-night is mine. To-morrow night is yours!" There was a low, sweet ripple of laughter, and in a rage I threw open the door, and saw without the three terrible women licking their lips. As I appeared they all joined in a horrible laugh, and ran away.

I came back to my room and threw myself on my knees. Is it then so near the end? To-morrow! to-morrow! Lord, help me, and those to whom I am dear!

June 30

Somebody's got an incredible skincare regimen

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

(Kept in shorthand.)

30 June, morning.—These may be the last words I ever write in this diary. I slept till just before the dawn, and when I woke threw myself on my knees, for I determined that if Death came he should find me ready.

At last I felt that subtle change in the air, and knew that the morning had come. Then came the welcome cock-crow, and I felt that I was safe. With a glad heart, I opened my door and ran down to the hall. I had seen that the door was unlocked, and now escape was before me. With hands that trembled with eagerness, I unhooked the chains and drew back the massive bolts.

But the door would not move. Despair seized me. I pulled, and pulled, at the door, and shook it till, massive as it was, it rattled in its casement. I could see the bolt shot. It had been locked after I left the Count.

Then a wild desire took me to obtain that key at any risk, and I determined then and there to scale the wall again and gain the Count's room. He might kill me, but death now seemed the happier choice of evils. Without a pause I rushed up to the east window, and scrambled down the wall, as before, into the Count's room. It was empty, but that was as I expected. I could not see a key anywhere, but the heap of gold remained. I went through the door in the corner and down the winding stair and along the dark passage to the old chapel. I knew now well enough where to find the monster I sought.

The great box was in the same place, close against the wall, but the lid was laid on it, not fastened down, but with the nails ready in their places to be hammered home. I knew I must reach the body for the key, so I raised the lid, and laid it back against the wall; and then I saw something which filled my very soul with horror. There lay the Count, but looking as if his youth had been half renewed, for the white hair and moustache were changed to dark iron-grey; the cheeks were fuller, and the white skin seemed ruby-red underneath; the mouth was redder than ever, for on the lips were gouts of fresh blood, which trickled from the corners of the mouth and ran over the chin and neck. Even the deep, burning eyes seemed set amongst swollen flesh, for the lids and pouches underneath were bloated. It seemed as if the whole awful creature were simply gorged with blood. He lay like a filthy leech, exhausted with his repletion. I shuddered as I bent over to touch him, and every sense in me revolted at the contact; but I had to search, or I was lost. The coming night might see my own body a banquet in a similar way to those horrid three. I felt all over the body, but no sign could I find of the key. Then I stopped and looked at the Count. There was a mocking smile on the bloated face which seemed to drive me mad. This was the being I was helping to transfer to London, where, perhaps, for centuries to come he might, amongst its teeming millions, satiate his lust for blood, and create a new and ever-widening circle of semi-demons to batten on the helpless. The very thought drove me mad. A terrible desire came upon me to rid the world of such a monster. There was no lethal weapon at hand, but I seized a shovel which the workmen had been using to fill the cases, and lifting it high, struck, with the edge downward, at the hateful face. But as I did so the head turned, and the eyes fell full upon me, with all their blaze of basilisk horror. The sight seemed to paralyse me, and the shovel turned in my hand and glanced from the face, merely making a deep gash above the forehead. The shovel fell from my hand across the box, and as I pulled it away the flange of the blade caught the edge of the lid which fell over again, and hid the horrid thing from my sight. The last glimpse I had was of the bloated face, blood-stained and fixed with a grin of malice which would have held its own in the nethermost hell.

I thought and thought what should be my next move, but my brain seemed on fire, and I waited with a despairing feeling growing over me. As I waited I heard in the distance a gipsy song sung by merry voices coming closer, and through their song the rolling of



@cjbee

Sometimes self-care is hitting Count Dracula with a shovel
@spookyscribe

So to recap, our Jonathan:

- Scurried down a wall lizard fashion
- Slammed a shovel into the face of the captor who gaslit and abused him for months
- Stolen Dracula's keys
- Stolen some of Dracula's money
- Signed off saying that he intends to climb down a cliff to death or freedom since anything is better than being a vampire

And intending on how you interpret it, he may have done all this with maybe a half-pint of blood in his body.

@femmetategoth

Awwww Seward let Renfield get a cat!
@gracepearson

DO NOT GIVE THIS MAN A CAT
@gracepearson

of danger in it, for there was a sudden fierce, sidelong look which meant killing. The man is an undeveloped homicidal maniac. I shall test him with his present craving and see how it will work out; then I shall know more.

10 p. m.—I have visited him again and found him sitting in a corner brooding. When I came in he threw himself on his knees before me and implored me to let him have a cat; that his salvation depended upon it. I was firm, however, and told him that he could not have it, whereupon he went without a word, and sat down, gnawing his fingers, in the corner where I had found him. I shall see him in the morning early.

July 20

Dr. Seward completes his thought

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY.

20 July.—Visited Renfield very early, before the attendant went his rounds. Found him up and humming a tune. He was spreading out his sugar, which he had saved, in the window, and was manifestly beginning his fly-catching again; and beginning it cheerfully and with a good grace. I looked around for his birds, and not seeing them, asked him where they were. He replied, without turning round, that they had all flown away. There were a few feathers about the room and on his pillow a drop of blood. I said nothing, but went and told the keeper to report to me if there were anything odd about him during the day.

11 a. m.—The attendant has just been to me to say that Renfield has been very sick and has disgorged a whole lot of feathers. "My belief is, doctor," he said, "that he has eaten his birds, and that he just took and ate them raw!"

11 p. m.—I gave Renfield a strong opiate to-night, enough to make even him sleep, and took away his pocket-book to look at it. The thought that has been buzzing about my brain lately is complete, and the theory proved. My homicidal maniac is of a peculiar kind. I shall have to invent a new classification for him, and call him a zoöphagous (life-eating) maniac; what he desires is to absorb as many lives as he can, and he has laid himself out to achieve it in a cumulative way. He gave many flies to one spider and many spiders to one bird, and then wanted a cat to eat the many birds. What would have been his later steps? It would almost be worth while to complete the experiment. It might be done if there were only a sufficient cause. Men sneered at vivisection, and yet look at its results to-day! Why not advance science in its most difficult and vital aspect—the knowledge of the brain? Had I even the secret of one such mind—did I hold the key to the fancy of even one lunatic—I might advance my own branch of science to a pitch compared with which Burdon-Sanderson's physiology or Ferrier's brain-knowledge would be as nothing. If only there were a sufficient cause! I must not think too much of this, or I may be tempted; a

good cause might turn the scale with me, for may not I too be of an exceptional brain, congenitally?

How well the man reasoned; lunatics always do within their own scope. I wonder at how many lives he values a man, or if at only one. He has closed the account most accurately, and to-day begun a new record. How many of us begin a new record with each day of our lives?

To me it seems only yesterday that my whole life ended with my new hope, and that truly I began a new record. So it will be until the Great Recorder sums me up and closes my ledger account with a balance to profit or loss. Oh, Lucy, Lucy, I cannot be angry with you, nor can I be angry with my friend whose happiness is yours; but I must only wait on hopeless and work. Work! work!

If I only could have as strong a cause as my poor mad friend there—a good, unselfish cause to make me work—that would be indeed happiness.

July 22

Smash cut to the ship "Demeter"

LOG OF THE "DEMETER."

22 July.—Rough weather last three days, and all hands busy with sails—no time to be frightened. Men seem to have forgotten their dread. Mate cheerful again, and all on good terms. Praised men for work in bad weather. Passed Gibraltar and out through Straits. All well.

July 24

The Demeter meets with an accident, and Mina meets an accent

LOG OF THE "DEMETER."

24 July.—There seems some doom over this ship. Already a hand short, and entering on the Bay of Biscay with wild weather ahead, and yet last night another man lost—disappeared. Like the first, he came off his watch and was not seen again. Men all in a panic of fear; sent a round robin, asking to have double watch, as they fear to be alone. Mate angry. Fear there will be some trouble, as either he or the men will do some violence.

MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

24 July. *Whitby*.—Lucy met me at the station, looking sweeter and lovelier than ever, and we drove up to the house at the Crescent in which they have rooms. This is a lovely place.

One thing I love about this part of the book is how the characters are each in completely different genres:

- Jonathan is in a psychological thriller.
- The crew of the Demeter is going through the plot of Alien.
- Lucy is having her Mamma Mia summer with Arthur.
- And Seward is doing his best Dr. Jekyll impression.

@kaiserin-erzsebet

I don't think Renfield read the recipe for paprika
hendi correctly
@Onelittlebirdtoldme

'All well.' Sured.
@gracepearson



@cjbee



Felicia Chan (moonsun2010/yuemoon-art)

Mina: Dear diary, Lucy is so beautiful when she sleeps. No wonder that guy fell in love with her tbh. God, I wish I could propose marriage. I'd do a great job. I'm sure these thoughts are not related in any way
@beescream

seemed to me as though something dark stood behind the seat where the white figure shone, and bent over it. What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell; I did not wait to catch another glance, but flew down the steep steps to the pier and along by the fish-market to the bridge, which was the only way to reach the East Cliff. The town seemed as dead, for not a soul did I see; I rejoiced that it was so, for I wanted no witness of poor Lucy's condition. The time and distance seemed endless, and my knees trembled and my breath came laboured as I toiled up the endless steps to the abbey. I must have gone fast, and yet it seemed to me as if my feet were weighted with lead, and as though every joint in my body were rusty. When I got almost to the top I could see the seat and the white figure, for I was now close enough to distinguish it even through the spells of shadow. There was undoubtedly something, long and black, bending over the half-reclining white figure. I called in fright, "Lucy! Lucy!" and something raised a head, and from where I was I could see a white face and red, gleaming eyes. Lucy did not answer, and I ran on to the entrance of the churchyard. As I entered, the church was between me and the seat, and for a minute or so I lost sight of her. When I came in view again the cloud had passed, and the moonlight struck so brilliantly that I could see Lucy half-reclining with her head lying over the back of the seat. She was quite alone, and there was not a sign of any living thing about.

When I bent over her I could see that she was still asleep. Her lips were parted, and she was breathing—not softly as usual with her, but in long, heavy gasps, as though striving to get her lungs full at every breath. As I came close, she put up her hand in her sleep and pulled the collar of her night-dress close around her throat. Whilst she did so there came a little shudder through her, as though she felt the cold. I flung the warm shawl over her, and drew the edges tight round her neck, for I dreaded lest she should get some deadly chill from the night air, unclad as she was. I feared to wake her all at once, so, in order to have my hands free that I might help her, I fastened the shawl at her throat with a big safety-pin; but I must have been clumsy in my anxiety and pinched or pricked her with it, for by-and-by, when her breathing became quieter, she put her hand to her throat again and moaned. When I had her carefully wrapped up I put my shoes on her feet and then began very gently to wake her. At first she did not respond; but gradually she became more and more uneasy in her sleep, moaning and sighing occasionally. At last, as time was passing fast, and, for many other reasons, I wished to get her home at once, I shook her more forcibly, till finally she opened her eyes and awoke. She did not seem surprised to see me, as, of course, she did not realise all at once where she was. Lucy always wakes prettily, and even at such a time, when her body must have been chilled with cold, and her mind somewhat appalled at waking unclad in a churchyard at night, she did not lose her grace. She trembled a little, and clung to me; when I told her to come at once with me home she rose without a word, with the obedience of a child. As we passed along, the gravel hurt my feet, and Lucy noticed me wince. She stopped and wanted to insist upon my taking my shoes; but I would not. However, when we got to the pathway outside the churchyard, where there was a puddle of water, remaining from the storm, I daubed my feet with mud, using each foot in turn on the other, so that as we went home, no one, in case we should meet any one, should notice my bare feet.

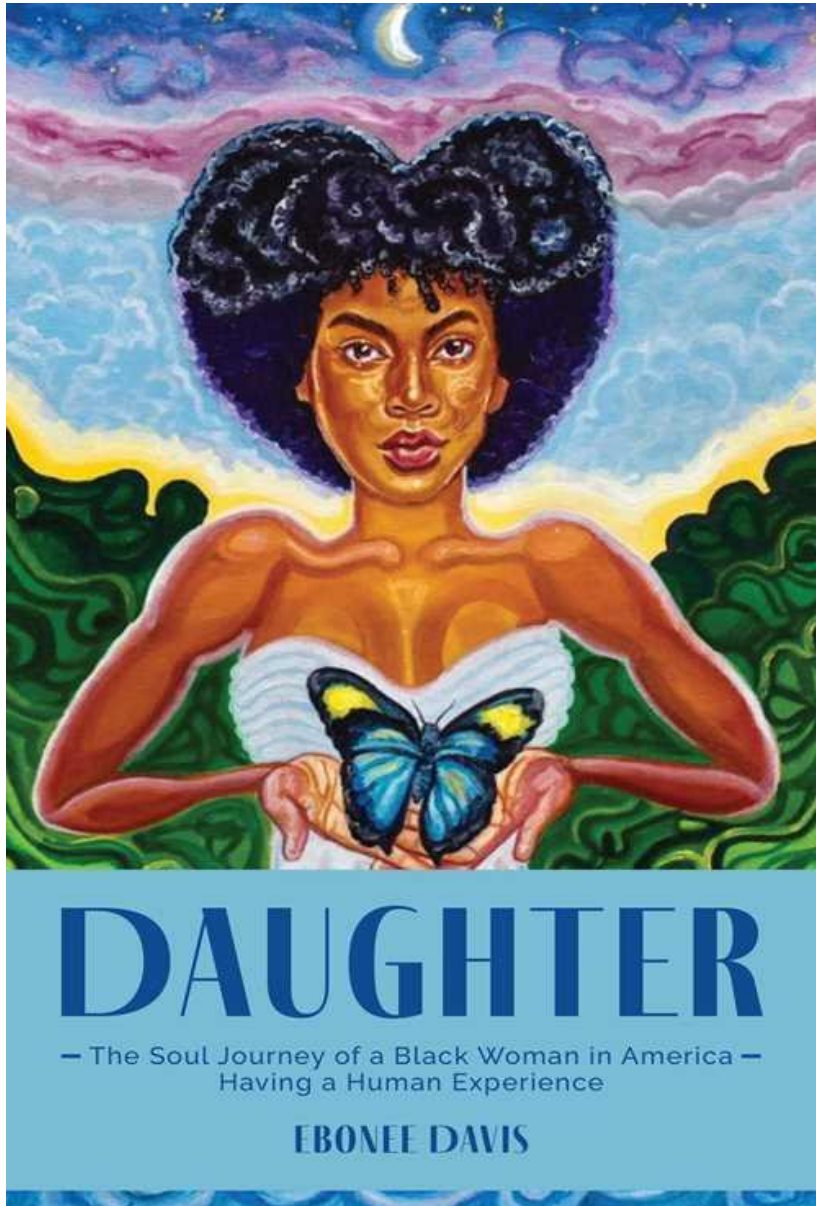
Fortune favoured us, and we got home without meeting a soul. Once we saw a man, who seemed not quite sober, passing along a street in front of us; but we hid in a door till he had disappeared up an opening such as there are here, steep little closes, or "wynds," as they call them in Scotland. My heart beat so loud all the time that sometimes I thought I should faint. I was filled with anxiety about Lucy, not only for her health, lest she should suffer from the exposure, but for her reputation in case the story should get wind. When we got in, and had washed our feet, and had said a prayer of thankfulness together, I tucked her into bed. Before falling asleep she asked—even implored—me not to say a word to any one, even her mother, about her sleep-walking adventure. I hesitated at first to promise; but on thinking of the state of her mother's health, and how the knowledge of such a thing would fret her, and thinking, too, of how such a story might become distorted—nay, infallibly would—in case it should leak out, I thought it wiser to do so. I hope I did right. I have locked the door, and the key is tied to my wrist, so perhaps I shall not be again disturbed. Lucy is sleeping soundly; the reflex of the dawn is high and far over the sea...

Same day, noon.—All goes well. Lucy slept till I woke her and seemed not to have even changed her side. The adventure of the night does not seem to have harmed her; on the contrary, it has benefited her, for she looks better this morning than she has done for weeks. I was sorry to notice that my clumsiness with the safety-pin hurt her. Indeed, it might have been serious, for the skin of her throat was pierced. I must have pinched up a piece of loose skin and have transfixed it, for there are two little red points like pin-pricks, and on the band of her night-dress was a drop of blood. When I apologised and was concerned about it, she laughed and petted me, and said she did not even feel it. Fortunately it cannot leave a scar, as it is so tiny.

Same day, night.—We passed a happy day. The air was clear, and the sun bright, and there was a cool breeze. We took our lunch to Mulgrave Woods, Mrs. Westenra driving by the road and Lucy and I walking by the cliff-path and joining her at the gate. I felt a little sad myself, for I could not but feel how absolutely happy it would have been had Jonathan been with me. But there! I must only be patient. In the evening we strolled in the Casino Terrace, and heard some good music by Spohr and Mackenzie, and went to bed early. Lucy seems more restful than she has been for some time, and fell asleep at once. I shall lock the door and secure the key the same as before, though I do not expect any trouble to-night.



@lilithcookie



Daughter

Ebonee Davis

9781524881351

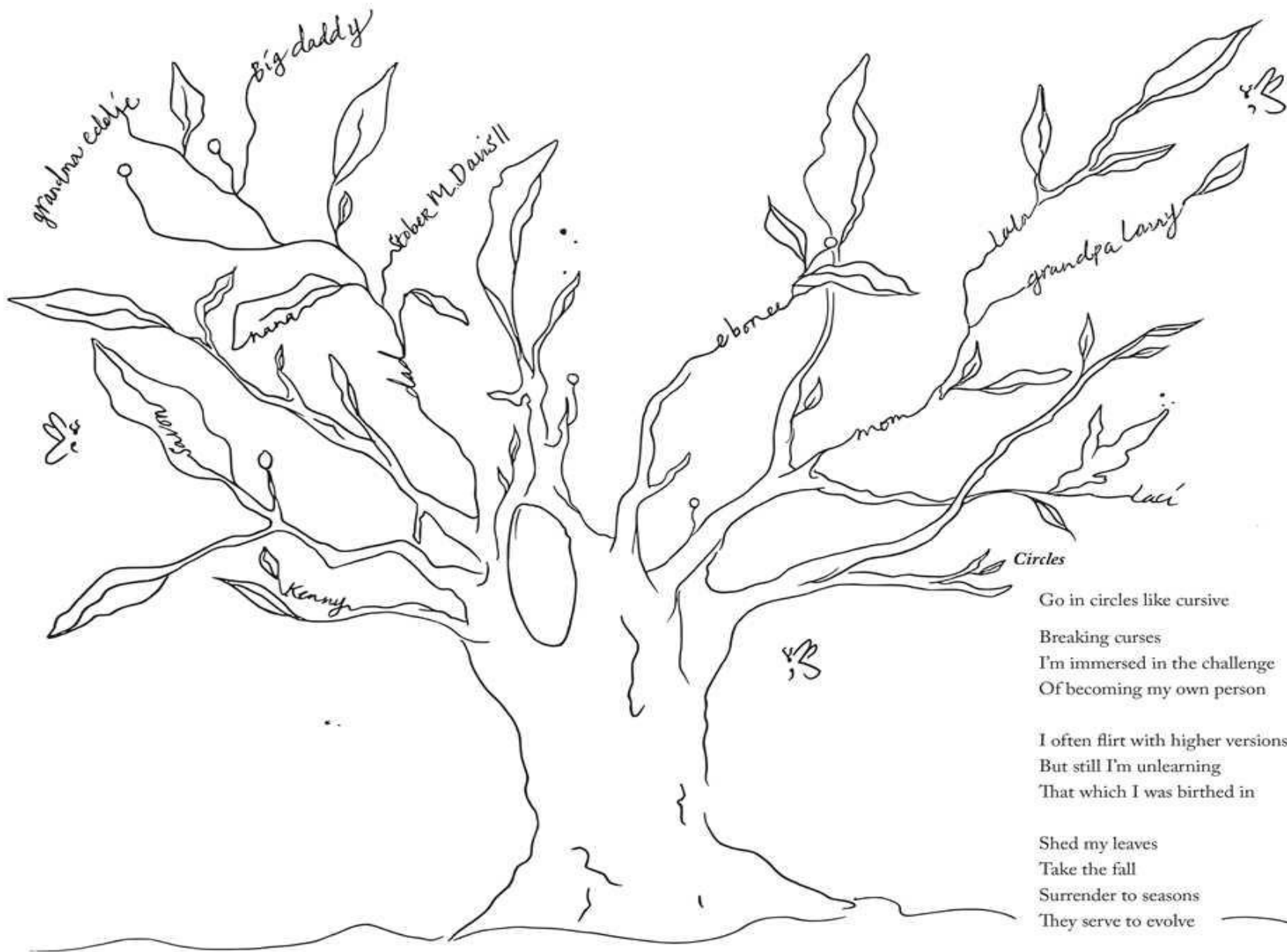
On Sale: 10/10/23, \$16.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 127 x 203 mm

224 pages

Daughter is a collection of poems and essays by model and poet Ebonee Davis that form the narrative of what it looked like for a young black woman in America to break generational cycles, begin to heal the trauma that lives in all of our bodies, and embark upon the spiritual awakening that changed her life.



Circles

Go in circles like cursive
Breaking curses
I'm immersed in the challenge
Of becoming my own person

I often flirt with higher versions
But still I'm unlearning
That which I was birthed in

Shed my leaves
Take the fall
Surrender to seasons
They serve to evolve

You Are

You are your ancestors' good karma.

You are the twinkle in every eye left puffy and red from crying.

You are 70 percent water, and 100 percent of that is composed of the sweat and tears shed by your kinfolk.

You are a soft touch from hands made callous by hard work.

You are every lash on their backs, every lash on their lids, and every hair on your head was prayed over a thousand times before you were born.

You are the terrified women in your lineage who said yes to life despite their fears and hesitations.

You are the answer to those who questioned their capacity to raise a child under less than ideal circumstances.

You are the personification of a commitment to surviving and making it look beautiful.

You are Grandma's pearls.

You are the family heirloom held sacred and handed down from generation to generation.

You are every tongue rejoicing and every hallelujah sang from lips.

You are the ritual, the river, the Bible, and the baptism.

You are Mama's baby.

You are what was manifested when a body became a portal to usher in new life.

You are the result of a heart summoned by the Most High and an act of surrender.

You are chains broken.

You are the end of one cycle and the beginning of another.

You are the steps taken away from what in your past has not honored you.

You are the bridges burned that put distance between you and what did not set your soul on fire.

You are the ashes remaining from expired versions of yourself.

You are fertile ground.

You are rain on cracked land after seasons of drought.

Ebonee Davis

You are the feast to a malnourished vessel after centuries of being
fed only crumbs.

You are pound cake made from scratch using a handwritten recipe
after decades of sugar-coated lies.

You are a cool beverage on a hot day finally washing down a
reality that has been hard to swallow.

You are generational wealth.

You are the divine inheritance your descendants are waiting on.

You are all that has been and all that will be summed up into one
lifetime of opportunity.

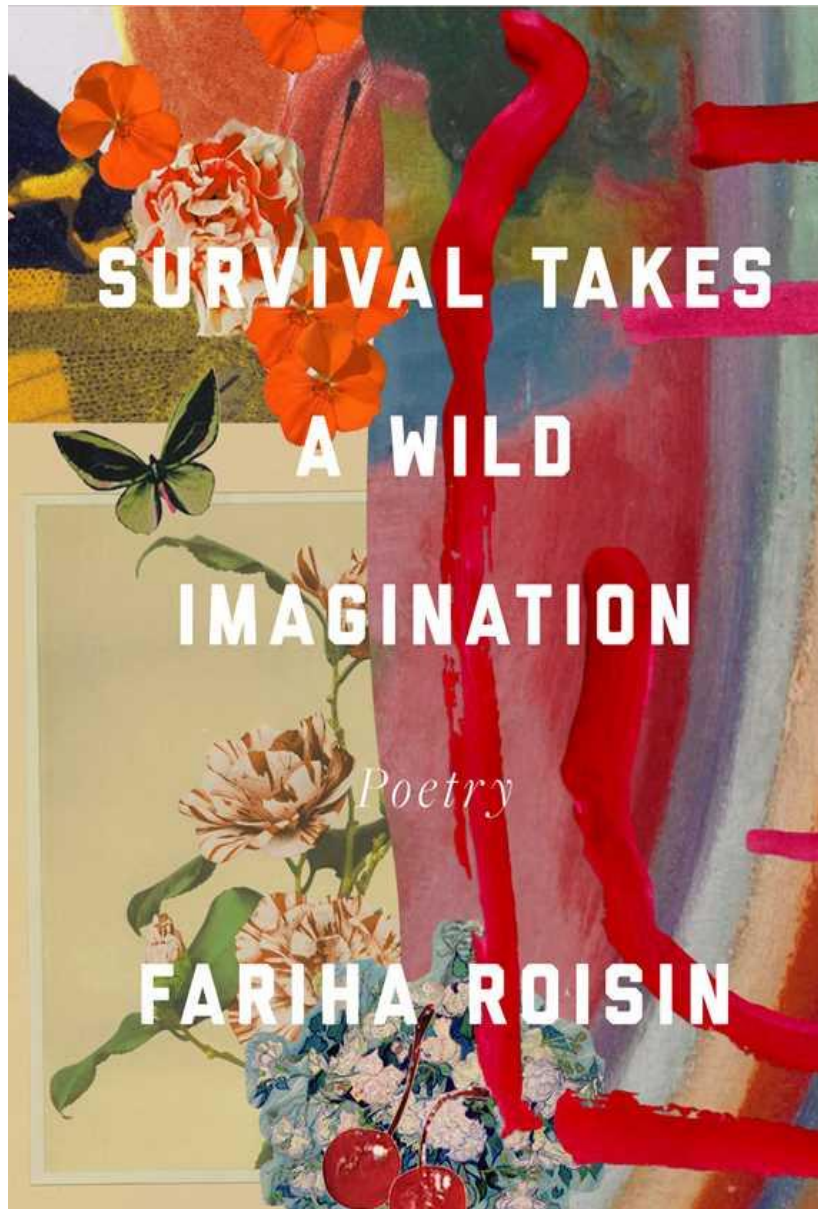
You are the past, present, and future.

You are the seed and the harvest.

You are the soil and the garden.

You are your ancestors' good karma.

Lala



Survival Takes a Wild Imagination

Fariha Róisín

9781524878221

On Sale: 17/10/23, \$16.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 127 x 178 mm

Pages: TBD

In the powerful follow up to her critically acclaimed debut collection, poet and activist Fariha Róisín is writing, praying, clawing, and scratching her way out of the grips of generational trauma on the search for the freedom her mother never received and the kindness she couldn't give.

*Love Poem**After Audré*

I'm rolling my tongue
 into a U-shape, pretending to
 move up on you. Suck you
 like a mango. Rooted
 in you like a slimy
 dream come true.

You're so fine I have
 to slap myself
 silly to just take
 a good look at you.
 Eat you like a cherry I pop,
 guzzle you like a Valentina.

Open-Hearted Lover

The seduction of
 impulse has
 launched me into
 a wild untameable
 dance. I'm lit
 like a pinball machine,
 ready to sway.

I try to laugh it away.
 Oh yes,
 love, in the time
 of toxic globalization,
 & quarantine.
 But how my heart
 beats for you.

Can you see how it
 sinks? Imprinting
 my soul with your
 name? It pounds
 like a Richter scale
 ten for you, pouring
 through
 me, like sand.
 This feeling, *this*
feeling

Time Moves Slow

Signs of times
 changing. Clocks
 like toys—
 what is time,
 a spiral of
 life, a spiral
 of wisdom.
 Time is a flat circle,
 McConaughey smirk;
 no beginning, no end.
 A sea endless, to be
 here. Now. To
 be here. Like
 time, endless. Misery,
 unknown. I'm
 walking toward
 you, arms open.
 No hours, jumping.
 Sweet talk has no
 guarantee. On you.
 I'm smiling.
 Time between this
 portal
 feels forever. You're near.
 No, you're not. Now
 where did you go?
 Baby. Did you know?
 I miss you. Can we dance?

Fog in the mirror, sublime.
 Baby, did you know? I can
 see your outline, a mirage. I
 can feel your lick
 on my thigh.
 Baby, did you know?
 I'm here.

Vesuvius

*"You gotta leave yesterday where it is, behind you.
Look forward, even if it's blurry."*

—Narcy in a text, 9/23/2020

Overflowing,
ain't it quaint
to know what's coming
& to do it anyway?
To look a thief in its gloom
& let that motherfucker steal
from your sweet cherished home
anyway?

Don't be surprised by
the current of human
dishonesty,
a stream of lurking
dissatisfaction. Were we built
to be better?
What compulsion
against truth?

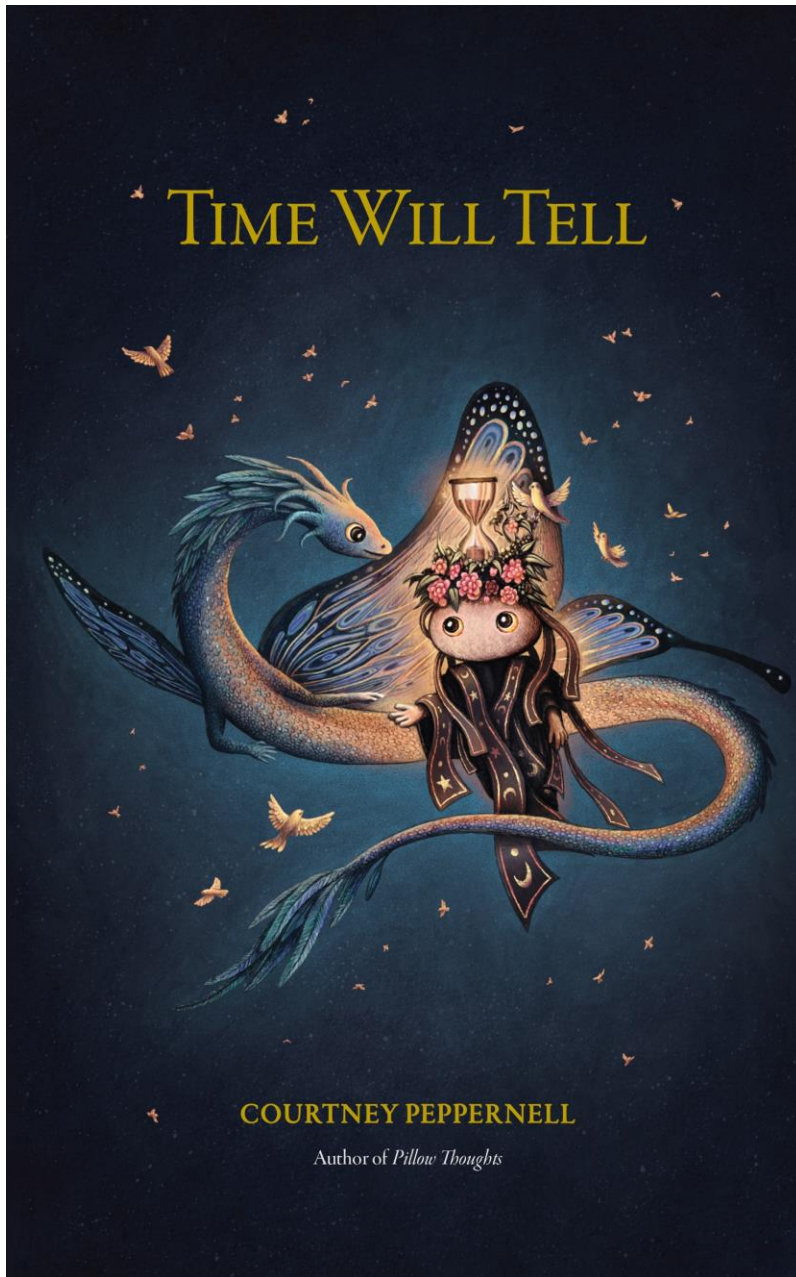
Most of human civilization
admits it likes drama. Reality TV
fills a hole,
a heart-sized lacuna.
Impoverishment of the mind
affects the soul $2 + 2 = 4$.

Do I still have to say it?
Come on now, climate change.
I've only been telling you since
preschool. Too bad you
didn't Greta Thunberg yourself
out earlier.

We're trying over here,
those of us who can see the charts,
the blinding spectacle of historical &
planetary reckoning.
She's done with us, the sons of
Cain & Abel. *Who saveth us now?*
No one's going to Mars!

You fuckers wanted this land so much
for *this*? For a moment, a split
singular moment of bad sex,
gout, unsatisfying debauchery,
aging like a giant Cheeto,
no soul, & an everlasting death
in the pits of Dante's hell?
Ya gon get it, like Thatcher did.

Damn it must be dark
being that shortsighted.
A millenia who?
I'm just fucking around.
But *Die. Die. Die. You lonely heathens.*
There's work to repair



Time Will Tell

Courtney Peppernell

9781524872120

On Sale: 01/08/23, \$16.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 133 x 210 mm

224 pages

From the bestselling author of *Pillow Thoughts* and *Watering the Soul* comes another deeply honest and moving collection of poetry and prose, about the strength and resilience we embody in the face of hardship and change. *Time Will Tell* offers what Courtney Peppernell does best: hope, encouragement, and the beauty of looking inward.

Courtney Peppernell is a bestselling author, and her previous titles-- including her *Pillow Thoughts* series-- have collectively sold over 1.7M copies (Dec '22).

The Reflecting



My life collapsed
the moment my heart
stopped beating.

Its rhythm connected
to all the things
I loved and all the joy
I found in every day.

Suddenly, I had no joy,
no will, no purpose.
And so, my heart, it stopped.

It stopped seeing the beauty
in all the things around me,
it stopped listening to reason,
it stopped feeling the sun
as it shone so beautifully
in the morning.

And it was during this time
I retreated—

I decided that in order to
come to terms with losing
my heart, my mind, my soul,
I needed somewhere warm,
somewhere the thoughts could
just be thoughts.

So, I wrapped myself
tightly in a silk cocoon.

And I told myself that
the only way I was going
to survive was if I slowed
down my healing and I *gently*
reasoned with all my being.

Because to reason with yourself
is to reflect, and to reflect must
always start with rest.

It felt like the world stood still,
the day we said our goodbyes.
And the earth split open, like a
heart cracking right down the middle.
And what poured from this open
void were all the feelings left
unresolved and words unsaid.

We should have spoken these things
out into the open, rather than allow
them to stay in the shadows, where
they only grew darker and angrier.
We should have released the way we
felt, instead of letting the silence fill
every space that ever surrounded us.

All those seconds, minutes, and hours
I wanted to say *I love you, I'm sorry,*
let's talk, let's just try again.
Instead, I allowed too much pride inside,
and it forced me to look the other way.

And I can't undo any of it—not now.
If I could do it all again, I would have
been braver, wiser, more willing to
run in the same direction you were running.
But our paths no longer run together.

I should have told you
I should have told you
I should have told you

It took time to live with the loss of you.

One minute you were a living, breathing, beautiful thing,
and the next you were gone. The world lost light, and I lost
the love of my life.

And the loss kept repeating.

Every time I heard your favorite song or found a missing
item of clothing. Every movie I watched alone and walk I
took with only my own feet hitting the pavement. We were
in sync once upon a time, and now the rhythm is different.
So too the way people look at me, as though I won't make it
through the night.

But I will.

I will rise, because in those deepest moments of loss, it is
your hand I feel, pulling me back above the water.

PILLOW THOUGHTS

Deluxe Edition



COURTNEY PEPPERNEILL

Pillow Thoughts

Courtney Peppernell

9781524885533

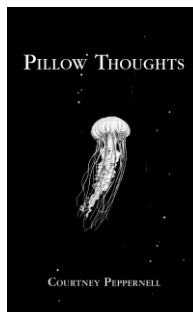
On Sale: 31/10/23, \$21.99

AMP Adult

Hardcover, 133 x 210

288 pages

A special hardcover gift edition of Courtney Peppernell's bestselling Pillow Thoughts series!



Author's Note

"As song writers, poetry has always played a special role in our lives. We discovered *Pillow Thoughts*, and it has been one of the most enjoyable books we have read in a long time!"

—The Chainsmokers

If you are reading this, perhaps you have been on the *Pillow Thoughts* journey since the beginning, or you have joined sometime through, or perhaps you are someone new—but to each of you, I say thank you for embracing this series, as we've been lucky enough to produce a very special gift edition. In this edition, you will find all of the characters from the series: the jellyfish, the heart, the owl, and the fox. When I first wrote *Pillow Thoughts*, I had no intention of turning it into a series; however, it has been a blessing that I was able to write an entire series (four books) so that you could journey with each character. The series is designed for your heart, mind, and soul and how they are connected. I hope that you heal your heart, you mend your mind, and you stitch your soul—but perhaps more than anything, I hope you always find a friend in the jellyfish.

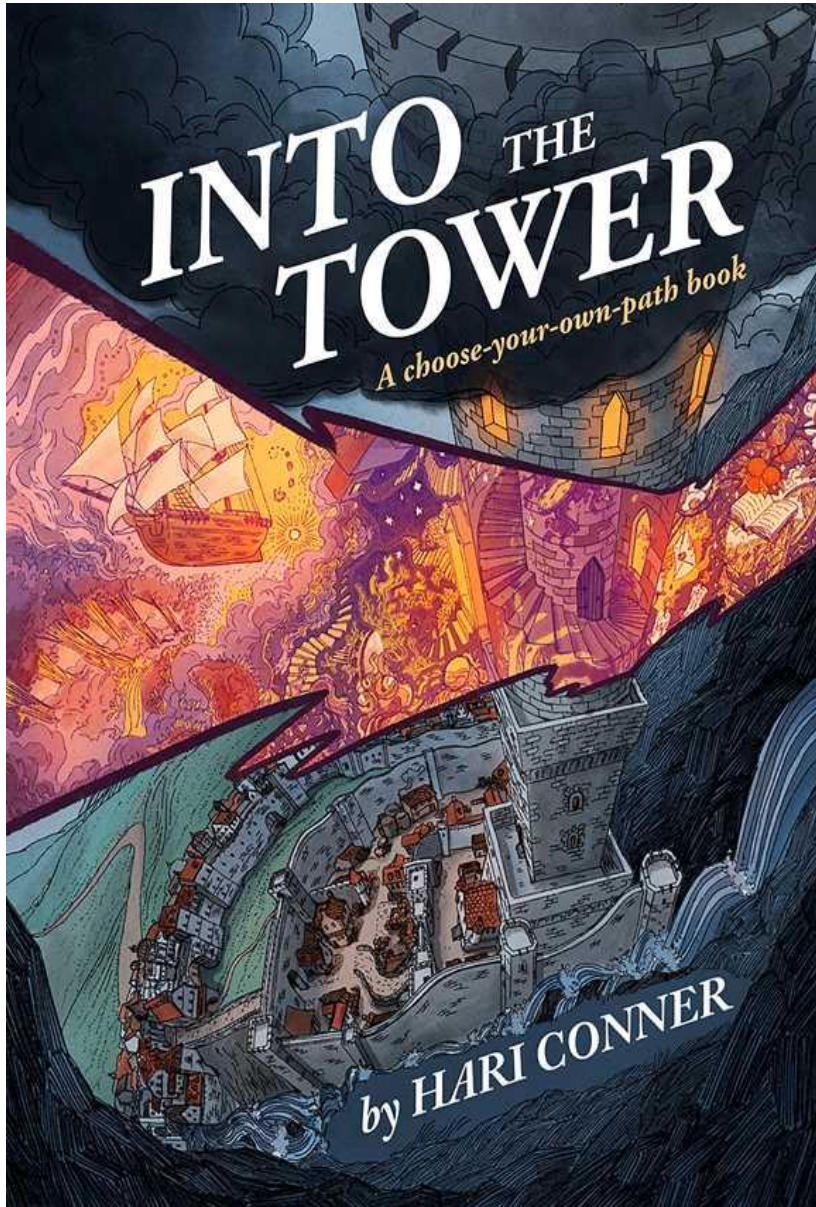
All my love,

Courtney

You'll end up surprising yourself, you know. Like how strong you are and how much your heart can grow. One minute you're in pieces and broken on the floor and the next you're putting on your shoes and heading out the door. Remember all those that smiled at you and who told you to have a good day. They are the little gifts sent to you reminding you to stay.

If your body needs care





Into the Tower

Hari Conner

9781524883867

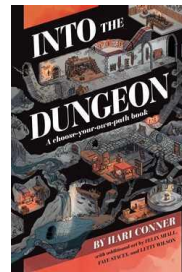
On Sale: 19/09/23, \$16.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 152 x 216

320 pages

Full of winding tunnels and fearsome magical traps for intruders, the tower of the reclusive spellbinder princess is usually impossible to breach – apart from tonight. Once every ten years the gates of the Locked Keep open for the masquerade ball, and it's your one chance to get inside. Choose to sneak, charm or fight your way up to the room of confiscated magical objects at the top of her tower, where there is something you desperately want...



9781524861704

Into the Dungeon

On Sale: 09/29/20

Paperback, \$12.99

IT BEGINS

The gates of the Locked Keep open only once every ten years. Tonight, on the night of the masquerade ball, it's your one and only chance to get inside and get what you need.

High above the city in the shadow of the mountains is a castle, with thick and seemingly impenetrable walls enclosing its outer and inner courtyards.

The doors through which the castle staff are allowed entry are heavily defended by armed guards and surveilled by masked royal inquisitors - ruthless agents of the crown rumored to have been given strange powers.

In the innermost courtyard, rising high into the sky out of the Locked Keep, is the tower of the spellbinder princess. It's said that even those who somehow make it inside find the tower guarded by generations of royal spellbinders' magical traps, dangers and barriers. There are many tales of those who tried to make their way in - and none of any who made it out.

There, at the top of the tower, is the famed 'requisition room': a huge store of supposedly-dangerous objects confiscated by the royal inquisitors.

The people in the town below whisper of the inquisitors' growing boldness. Once, they took only the most powerful magical artifacts to prevent dangerous uses. But since the mysterious princess stopped appearing in public over a decade ago, they've become more and more stringent. Almost nothing is known for sure about the princess, but many say the enchanted objects are taken to give her an endless supply to probe, analyze, and take apart to use in her own enchantments.

All you know is that the room holds magical trinkets and scholars' experiments gone awry, dangerous documents, secrets and ancient treasures - and among all of them, something you desperately want. You'll do anything to get it, and tonight is your one opportunity.

Only the exclusive guests of the ball and the hired servants helping prepare will be allowed entry by the guards at all - and only for tonight. But for once, the main gates of the castle will be open wide, its courtyards full of strangers and noise, bustle and confusion. The journey may be arduous, strange and full of perils - but if there's any chance at all to get into the tower, this is it, and you mean to seize it.

Turn to page 6.



AN UNINVITED GUEST

"Do you have business with Lady Tamar?" asks a wary servant near the door - but they ask politely. You nod to the servant: barely an acknowledgment, as if you're so important this is only a formality. Now you have a name.

Leaning through the window, you drum up your best embarrassed, scatterbrained smile. You address her respectfully by name, and - using a family whose insignia you saw on a carriage at the back of the train - tell her that the Pauncefoots sent you to speak with her. "Apparently you made their acquaintance last time you were in town, and made a wonderful impression."

Lady Tamar is dressed in the cutaway coat of a crisp military dress uniform - a sign of past service, you think, noting the medals and scars - but sprawls confidently across two seats in carefully matched accessories. A crisp collar frames her jaw, and her legs are wrapped in a softly iridescent silk. You're not sure whether she really believes you or perhaps recognizes you from somewhere - is she a little familiar? - but she looks restless and bored from the long wait, and seems to seize upon you as a distraction.

She asks a few shrewd questions, and listens with a sharp smile as you launch into the start of a story, explaining how the Pauncefoots *assured* you they had your invitation, but have let you down terribly at the last moment. You speak just quietly enough that she has trouble making out your words in the busy street - and as you hoped, she becomes impatient, calling imperiously to a footman to let you into the carriage. You thank her as you step inside, and the guards in the street move away, seeing nothing amiss.



Now you know you have a chance.

You tell the rest of your story, deciding you're a minor child of a family in general trade - to avoid unwelcome questions about specifics - who's mistakenly ended up without an invitation. You bend the story this way and that to keep it to her interest. You hone your character from scatterbrained towards impulsive. She seems to like any hint of danger or melodrama, so you add a scene where your carriage was overturned by highwaymen on the way here. She seems uninterested in the family hierarchies here, so you tell her you don't care about appearances either and are relieved to finally find a kindred spirit. She lets out a bark of laughter.

As you speak, the carriage you're sitting in inches forwards. You will yourself to stay casual, but are extremely aware of the time ticking down. By the time you're almost to the gate, she seems as won over as possible, so you ask confidently what you think you ought to do.

Of course, she tells you knowingly, she has no spare invitation - nobody does. Each is carefully addressed by name.

Ah. Your heart sinks.

But she gives you a wink, draws the curtains so the inside of the carriage is concealed, and announces to the straight-backed servant outside that her guest will be leaving and she will rest now, not to be disturbed. She opens and closes the door on the other side that's now out of view, facing the wall running up to the gate - for about the length of time it would take for a guest to get out and move away. With the door shut, she then kneels down to fiddle with the seat she was previously sitting on until it opens with a click, revealing a hollow inside the bench. She gestures down at it with a smile.

> You're impressed she would risk so much for a stranger just to liven up her day. To **hide inside the bench, turn to page 36.**

> Your dignity is above this. Insist that you remain sitting as normal in the carriage, and **hope the guards will be just as charmed by your story. Turn to page 38.**

SILVER HAIR

The bright metallic silver of her hair is certainly magic, and difficult magic - a curious and unusual sight here in the kingdoms, where spellbinding is largely restricted. You also wonder why she was invited if she doesn't know anyone.

You mention that her hair is a fascinating piece of spellbinding, and must be very difficult to maintain. Her eyes light up at the acknowledgment, and she begins to tell you the method she's been developing to keep the spell active for as long as possible.

As you discuss the magic, she seems satisfied by your reactions, perhaps assured you will not report her, and her guard relaxes. From the way she talks, you begin to suspect she's from a group practicing magic outside the official registered college of spellbinders - not explicitly outlawed, but often eliminated by inquisitors on invented or spurious charges. You wonder how she got her hands on an invitation.

When she expresses earnestly how many people want to get hold of some of the magical artifacts in the requisition room, you think it's safe to hint that you may be one of them. She nods fervently, steering you away from people nearby to murmur more quietly. "Some say there's a reason the tower - and then the whole *city* - was built here: a *fracture* up in the air above, a split in reality that leads to the space Between worlds. Reality bends more easily the closer you get to one. That's why you get miles of magical dead zones in some places, whereas in others-" she leaves the sentence unfinished, gesturing around at the lanterns floating overhead and the sheen of her hair.

'Some people have gathered measurements consistent with the gate being inside the tower itself.' She says this meaningfully, glancing down at the threads making their slow winding way across her shirt - you realize with awe they must be coded readings of some kind, recording data in thread faster and slower as the magic waxes and wanes when she moves around the keep.

She tells you anyone trying to get to the top of the tower might have to go *through* the space Between worlds. She herself has been inside a fracture, but only once. "Even for the few who know most about it, the Between is a strange and difficult place to navigate. Anyone who *did* find themselves there ought to stay away from any hint of falling snow, and caves. And above all, keep a hold of yourself."

Glancing down at her shirt again, she looks up with a smile, grasping your shoulder warmly. "I have to move. Good luck." She shakes your hand in farewell, smoothly letting a little golden plum drop from one of her sleeves into your hand with a wink.

+ Add a **small golden plum** to your inventory.

You watch her move effortlessly through the crowd to another corner of the room to strike up another conversation, and make your way through the now-thinning crowd out of the room. **Turn to page 129.**

THE DIGNITARIES' TABLE

A man with pale skin and a bushy red beard welcomes you into the group as you approach and hands you a glass of the blue wine that's just been opened, with a gesture that slops a little onto the very fine brocade on his chest. He cries out something that sounds like "the more the merrier," if it was said a little slurred and in an accent that sounds like you have a mouthful of marbles.

Looking around, you see most of the group has some kind of military insignia and seems as if they may have already had a lot to drink - another broad white man in a similar vest has a face flushed entirely red, two thin figures in matching uniforms giggle against a wall in *extremely* relaxed poses, and one woman is leaning so far over the table you suspect she might be propping herself up to keep herself standing. "A toast!" she yells, as everyone in the circle raises their blue glasses high, and you quickly try to mirror their movement.

You glance to your left to watch when the person next to you will raise their glass to their lips, so you can copy them, and notice a tall woman with light brown skin and a broad smile who stands a little more upright than the others.

> **If you have the status *Tamar's Ally***, you realize it's Lady Tamar. **Turn to page 122.**
> **Otherwise**, turn to **page 123.**



CHARACTER SHEETS

THE THIEF

Skills

Strength: 3

Agility: 6

Charisma: 4

Logic: 3

(If your stamina reaches 0, your journey ends.)

Stamina: 5



When you see 'add to your inventory,' write it here.

Inventory

When you see 'gain the status,' write it down here.

Status

Notes

CHARACTER SHEETS

THE SAILOR

Skills

Strength: 6

Agility: 4

Charisma: 1

Logic: 2

(If your stamina reaches 0, your journey ends.)

Stamina: 6



When you see 'add to your inventory,' write it here.

Inventory

When you see 'gain the status,' write it down here.

Status

Notes

ACHIEVEMENTS *checklist:*

<p>Ending connoisseur Find five different pages with 'your journey ends.'</p> <p>BRAVADO Find five different pages with 'your journey ends.'</p> <p>BURN IT DOWN Destroy the tower and escape alive</p> <p>UH OH! Destroy the world</p> <p>SHAKESPEARIAN Die dramatically in front of a large audience</p> <p>CALLBACK Die in the dungeons</p> <p>KEY PLAYER Die destroying the Key</p> <p>MEMENTO Escape the tower but lose all your memories</p> <p>DREAMER Get lost forever in the Between</p> <p>THAT'S ON ME Die at your clone's hand</p> <p>TEAMWORK Escape the tower to spread the gift</p>	<p>It's more about the friends you make along the way</p> <p>MAGIC PALS Speak to a junior, minor and senior spellbinder.</p> <p>HERO AMONG ISOPODS Gain the status: <i>friend to the king of woodlice</i></p> <p>FASHION ICON Get new clothes</p> <p>JUST GOOD SENSE Run from a monster</p> <p>WHO NEEDS IT Survive the tower without ever having any money, jewels or gemstones</p> <p>MATRICIDE Become the new Mother</p> <p>BEYOND THE VEIL Talk to a ghost</p> <p>MOST WANTED Kill or help kill an inquisitor</p> <p>THAT'S MESSED UP Eat your clone</p> <p>MONSTER GF Kiss the princess</p>	<p>Main character energy</p> <p>YOU DID IT Escape the tower</p> <p>LOBSTER DINNER Sail over the crevasse</p> <p>REPATRIATOR II Travel to the lazurite court</p> <p>SECRET AGENT Join the nightjars</p> <p>INDEFATIGABLE Escape the tower with a higher stamina than you started with</p> <p>LOADED Find 2 different jewels and a huge gemstone</p> <p>REUNION Reach 'THE END' with the status <i>toymaker's aide</i>.</p> <p>PROTAGONIST Survive and reach 'THE END' playing the acolyte.</p> <p>DESTINY MAKER Destroy the Key and leave the tower alive with the cure recipe.</p>
---	---	--

OPTIONAL EXTRA: CREATE YOUR OWN CHARACTER

PLEASE NOTE: Before making your own character, it's **highly recommended you try playing most of the book characters first**. Each has special endings that will give you more of an idea of the world of *Into the Tower* and can't be reached other ways. **You'll be making up your character's own beginning and ending**. Knowing the plot and world will help form your own story!

To make your character, look at the character sheets provided - you can rip them out, print them out, or make your own versions. As long as you have a note of your skills, inventory, and status, you can use any method that suits you to draw, type or record as much or little of your thoughts and story as you want.

There are **prompt tables** on the next pages that can help you build your character.

1. Create your character.

Find a 'create your own character' sheet example at page 314, and a blank to use at page 316 - or online at www.hari-illustration.com/itt

• **Roll a 6-sided dice** to get a value for each skill. Write these down on your character sheet, along with:

- Who's the character you're playing? What's your background?
 - What's the object you want from the tower?
- (Prompts for both on the next page.)

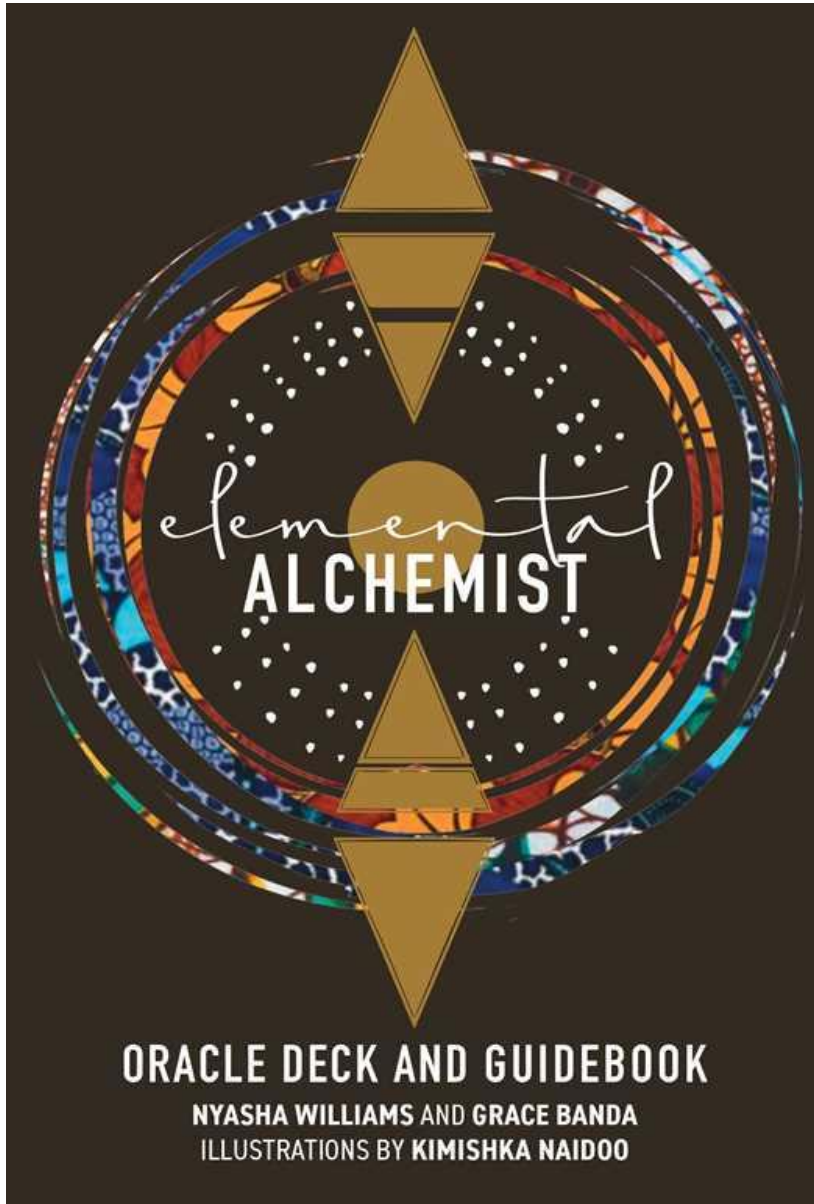
• **One weapon and one piece of clothing** from the table below that your character will start with, and write them down in your 'inventory'.

	Weapon	Item
1	A concealed knife	A long blue robe (Fine clothes)
2	A long, battered sword	Plain servant's clothes
3	An ornate dagger (poisoned)	A dark cloak
4	No weapon	A pouch of 50 gold pieces

(To pick at random, use a 4-sided dice or online dice roller. You can also flip a coin twice, where 1= Two heads, 2 = Heads-tails, 3= Tails-heads, 4 = Two tails.)

Have a look at the next few pages for ideas for getting the most out of your play. Then, when you're ready to start, **turn to page 24** to begin.

(Continued on next page)



Elemental Alchemist Oracle Deck and Guidebook

Nyasha Williams

9781524880132

On Sale: 19/09/23, \$24.99

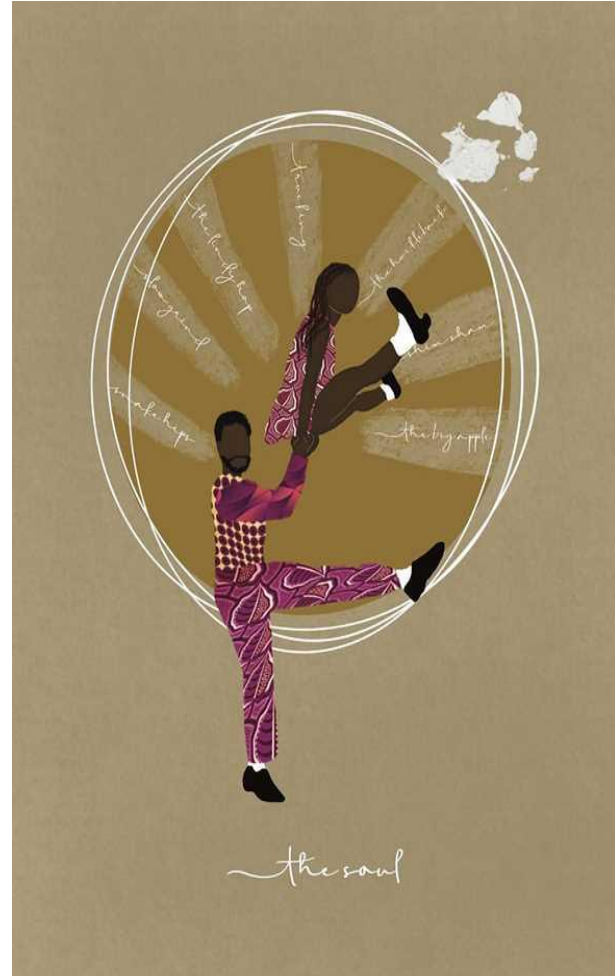
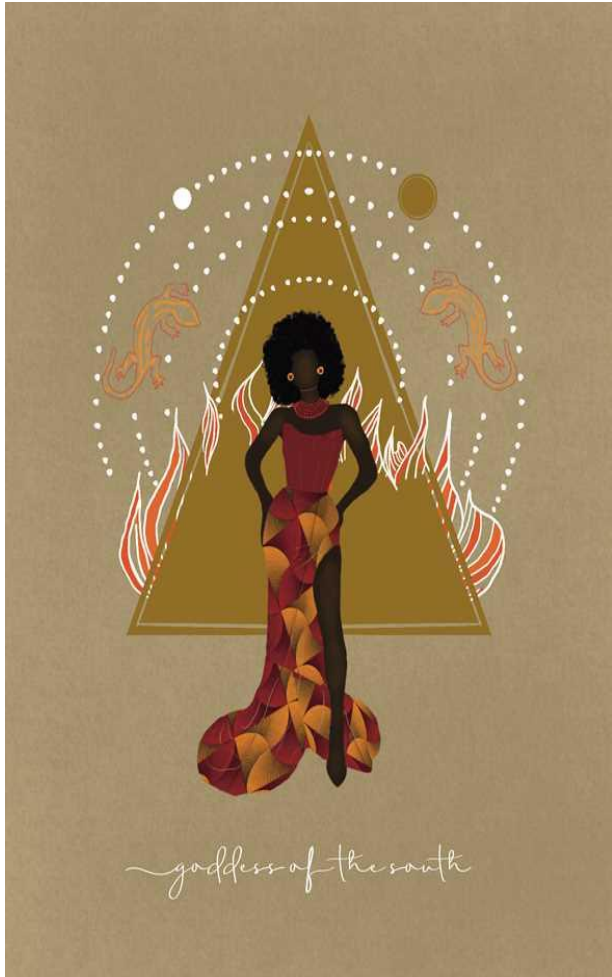
AMP Adult

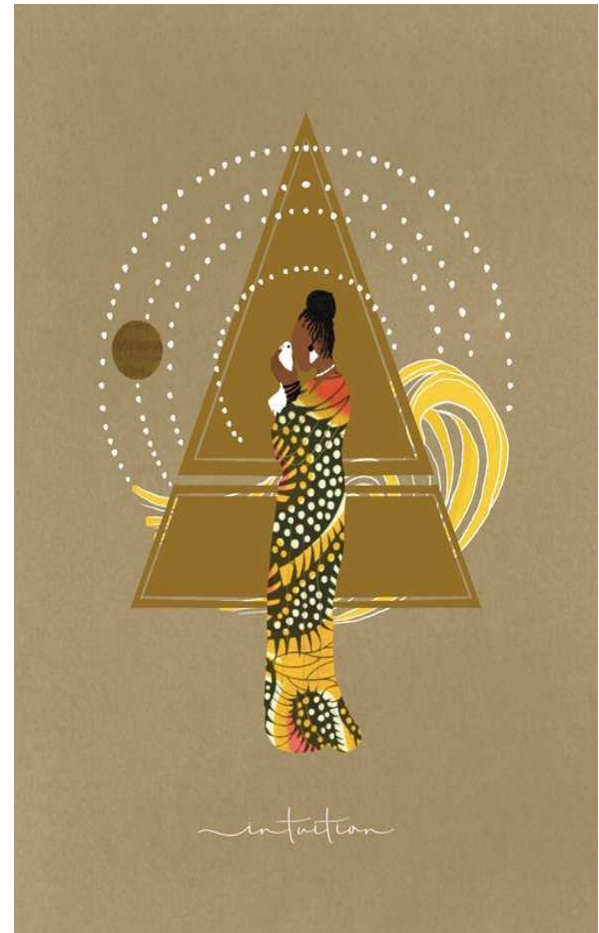
Mixed Media, 97 x 147 mm

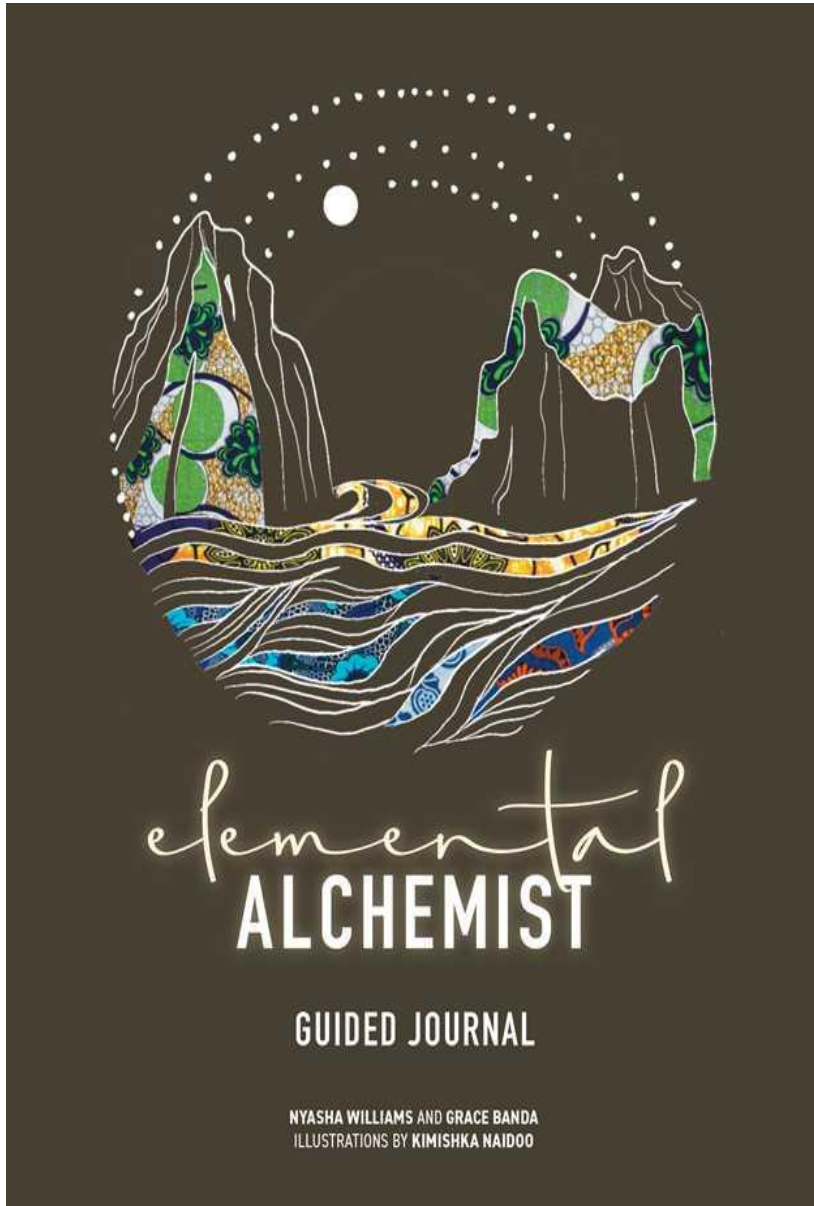
112 pages

The Universe is speaking. Are you listening? Do you know how to?

This deck will teach you how to not only hear the universe, but to connect with it, and to recognize the voices of your ancestors as they guide you to new levels of clarity, insight, and evolution. Get the most out of this experience by using this journal in tandem with the *Elemental Alchemist Guide Journal*.







Elemental Alchemist Guided Journal

Nyasha Williams

9781524880149

On Sale: 19/09/23, \$19.99

AMP Adult

Paperback, 174 x 224 mm

208 pages

The Universe is speaking. Are you listening? Do you know how to?

This guided journal will teach you how to not only hear the universe, but to connect with it, and to recognize the voices of your ancestors as they guide you to new levels of clarity, insight, and evolution. Get the most out of this experience by using this journal in tandem with the Elemental Alchemist Oracle Deck and Guidebook.

autumn

LAMMAS / LUGHNASADH / AUTUMN

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE: AUGUST 1
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: FEBRUARY 1

MABON / AUTUMN EQUINOX

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE: SEPTEMBER 20-23
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: MARCH 20-23

summer

BELTANE / SUMMER

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE: MAY 1
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: OCTOBER 31-NOVEMBER 1

LITHA / SUMMER SOLSTICE

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE: JUNE 20-23
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: DECEMBER 20-23

winter

SAMHAIN / WINTER

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE: OCTOBER 31
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: MAY 1

YULE / WINTER SOLSTICE

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE: DECEMBER 20-23
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: JUNE 20-23

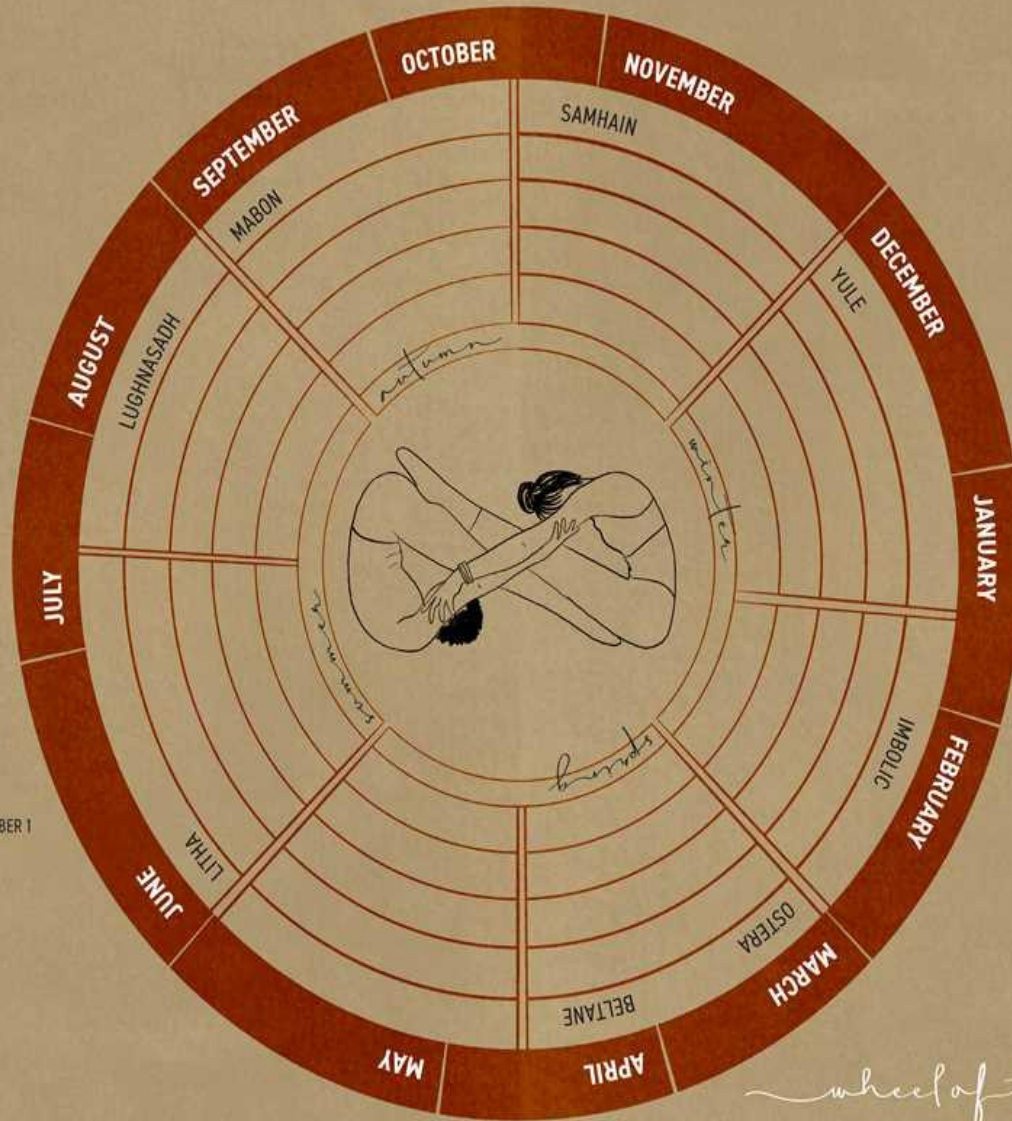
spring

IMBOLC / SPRING

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE: FEBRUARY 1
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: AUGUST 1

OSTARA / SPRING EQUINOX

NORTHERN HEMISPHERE: MARCH 20-23
SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: SEPTEMBER 20-23



wheel of the year

spring
IMBOLC

DATES / SEASON / N. HEMISPHERE: February 1 / Spring

DATES / SEASON / S. HEMISPHERE: August 1 / Spring

THEMES

- A Fresh Start
- Conception
- Creativity

- Inspiration
- Renewal, Cleansing & Purification

ENERGY WORK

- Blessing
- Cleansing
- Fertility
- Luck

- Planting
- Protection
- Wishing

COLORS

- Pink
- Red
- White
- Yellow

RITUALS

Time is potent with the rising energy of the earth, and we can use this to bring forth our inner wisdom and inspiration to plant the seeds of our future growth. This is a season to continue the hibernation and restful days of winter while exploring our own inner landscapes and making plans for the future.

PLANTS/HERBS

- Blackberry
- Chamomile
- Cinnamon
- Snowdrops
- Witch Hazel

CRYSTALS

- Amethyst
- Bloodstone
- Citrine
- Turquoise

FOOD/DRINKS

- Oats
- Poppyseed Cake
- Seeded Bread
- Sunflower & Pumpkin Seeds

spring
OSTARA

DATES / SEASON / N. HEMISPHERE: March 20-23 / Spring Equinox

DATES / SEASON / S. HEMISPHERE: September 20-23 / Spring Equinox

THEMES

- Abundance
- Balance
- Cycles

- Fertility
- New Life & Beginnings

ENERGY WORK

- Balance
- Fertility
- Growth

- Renewal
- Sexuality

COLORS

- Green
- Pink

- White
- Yellow

PLANTS/HERBS

- Cleavers
- Clover
- Lemongrass
- Meadowsweet

CRYSTALS

- Amethyst
- Aquamarine
- Rose Quartz

FOOD/DRINKS

- Eggs
- Honey
- Kale
- Lettuce
- Light Breads
- Seeds
- Spinach

RITUALS

Rituals on this fire festival are typically centered around fertility and the celebration of life birthing anew. Spend this day involved in spring crafts that honor newborn life.

Ancestor's dreams come true. Your rest, joy, and peace are revolutionary.

The gratitude tracker is a space to track all the good that you are experiencing and if you are ever feeling stumped in finding something to be grateful for, use the elements as your guide.

ACTIVITIES

Each elemental section has one activity for each week toward connecting you with that specific element. Like a muscle, the activities exercise your mind and energetically balance you out.

The three activities in the journal are an elemental observation, a meditation, and a deeper connecting activity. The observational activity is to observe and record the specific element in its most natural form. Your meditations can be recorded in the meditation tracker along with any other forms of meditation you feel called to. The connecting activity is to get you to build a more personal connection with said element.

SHADOW WORK

Shadow work is working to bring forth the unconscious parts of yourself and parts of yourself that have been abandoned and denied in an attempt to be accepted or loved. Shadow work is the walk toward healing yourself. Returning to yourself is a huge part of our spiritual journey here on earth. Understand that returning to our highest selves means returning to the truest you. The you that felt safe, loved, and engaged with the world from your

heart. The you that wasn't dulled or dimmed to meet societal expectations or standards. The you that believed and loved to dream. Our job is to heal back into that self, our whole self.

TO START SEEING YOUR SHADOW SELF:

- View your emotional triggers as lessons, showing you what and/or where you need to heal.
- Notice when you judge, blame, or criticize.
- Work through the journal prompts honestly and thoroughly.

SIGNS OF GROWTH AND HEALING

THROUGH SHADOW WORK:

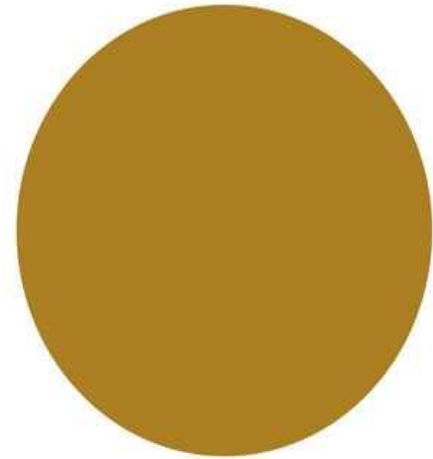
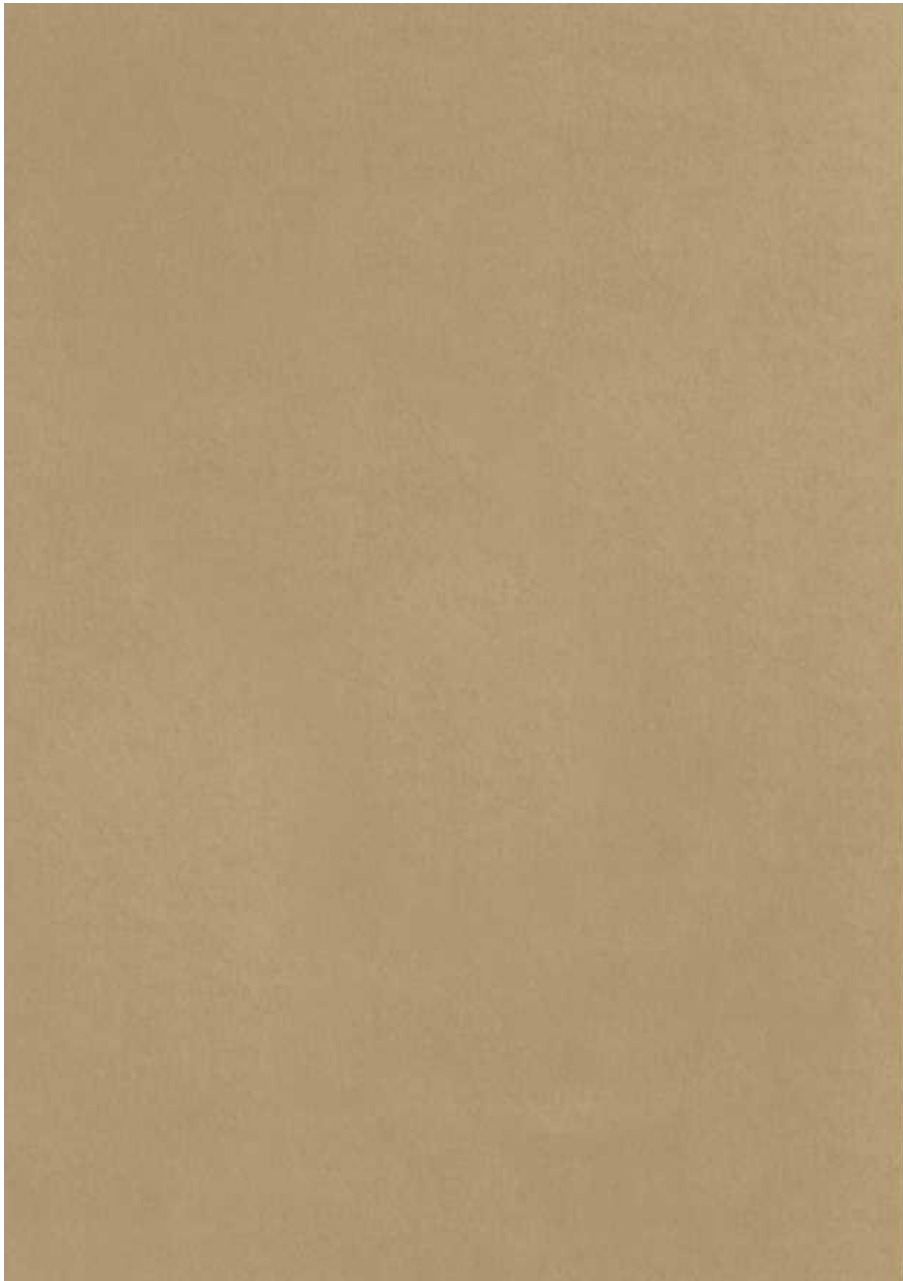
- Abundance
- Authentic Living
- Being Present
- Compassion
- Discovering Your Soul Mission
- Grounded
- Patience
- Peace
- Revolutionary Optimism
- Secure Boundaries
- Self-love
- Trust

READING

Use these spreads to record your oracle readings while focusing on each element and working through each section of the journal. Take note of your thoughts surrounding the reading. The recordings will allow you to track patterns, cycles, growth, and what comes to manifest. Allow your observations to help you gain a deeper understanding of yourself.

THE FIVE *elements*

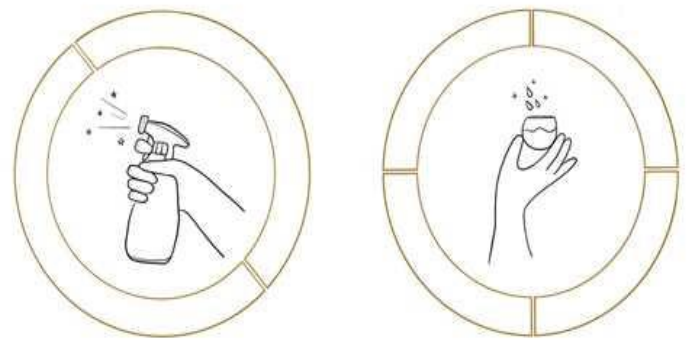
THE ESSENCE OF LIFE IS COMPOSED OF THE FIVE ELEMENTS: SPIRIT, AIR, FIRE, EARTH, AND WATER. SPIRIT, THE ONLY NONPHYSICAL ELEMENT, FLOWS WITHIN ALL THE OTHER ELEMENTS. EACH ELEMENT HELPS US BETTER UNDERSTAND THE ALIGNMENTS, ABILITIES, AND CONNECTIONS OF WHAT OUR LIVES ARE COMPOSED OF AND HOW ELEMENTS NOURISH US. BY UNDERSTANDING EACH ELEMENT'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE ASPECTS, WE CAN ALIGN OURSELVES BY USING AND HONORING EACH ELEMENT MOST EFFECTIVELY.



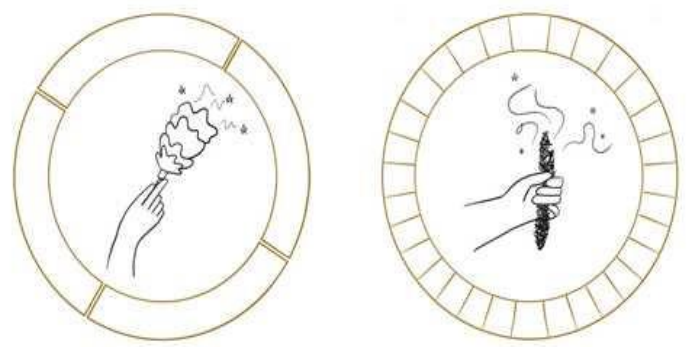
spirit
ORACLE MONTHLY TRACKER

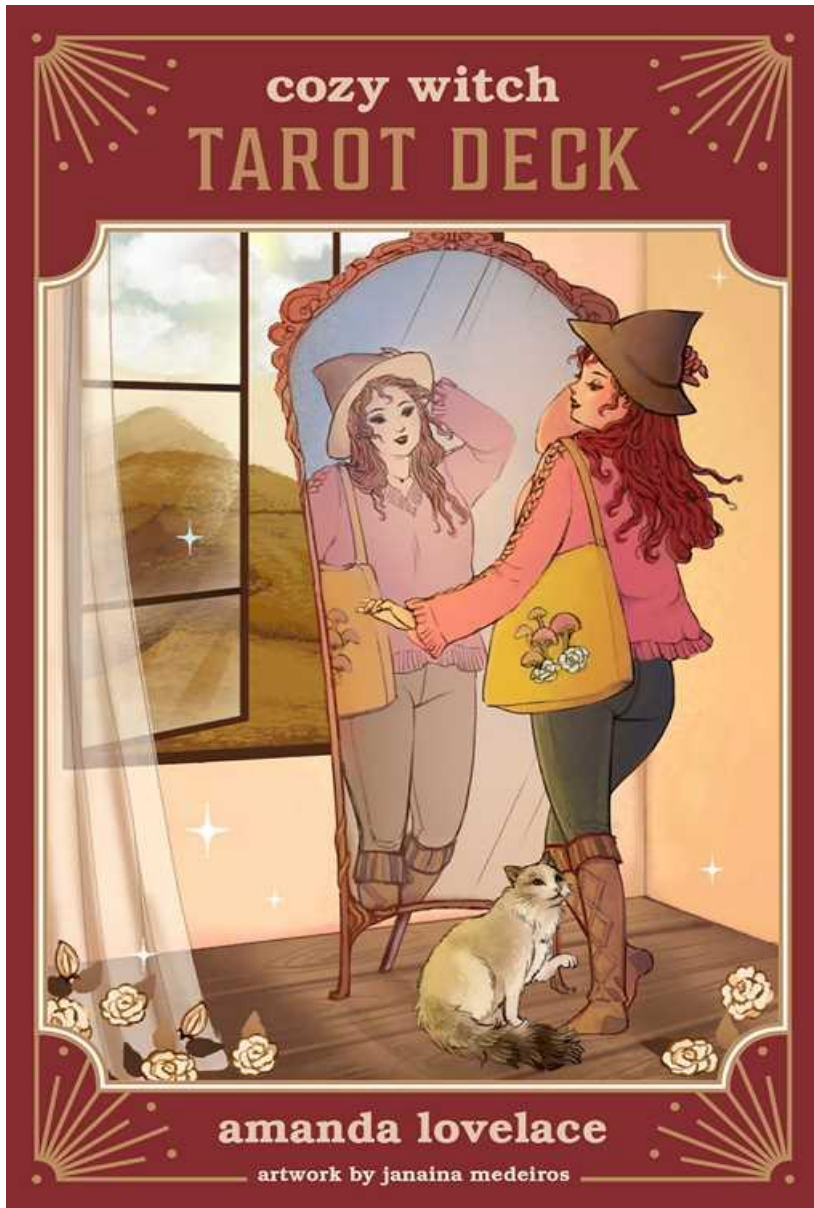
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>





spirit
MAGICAL HOUSEKEEPING





Cozy Witch Tarot Deck and Guidebook

Amanda Lovelace

9781524871291

On Sale: 03/10/23, \$24.99

AMP Adult

Mixed Media, 92 x 140 mm

128 pages

The creators behind the *believe in your own magic oracle deck*, bestselling author amanda lovelace & illustrator janaina medeiros, bring you *cozy witch tarot*, a deck that goes perfectly with your comfiest sweater, a lit candle, & a steaming mug of tea.

Inspired by the traditional rider-waite-smith deck, *cozy witch tarot* is ideal for beginners & suitable for practitioners at every skill level.

Contains:

compact box

78 full-color cards

128-page illustrated guidebook that includes card meanings, card spreads, tarot basics, & more



0 - the cozy witch

take a chance, for each morning is a new beginning.



1 - the magician

*you have everything you need
to do anything you want.*



2 - the high priestess

*when in doubt, your first gut feeling
can always be trusted.*



3 - the empress

there is beauty to be found in every experience.

6



the lovers

“will you or won’t you? the choice is yours.”

two smitten witches stare into each other’s eyes as they decide whether they’re ready to take this next step. on one hand, one kiss has the potential to change everything for the worse; on the other hand, it also has the potential to change everything for the better. in a similar way, you may be deciding whether you want to get swept away by something—or perhaps *someone*—because the intensity of it is unlike anything you’ve ever experienced. this connection may feel fated, & that’s because it very well could be. that’s not to say it will definitely work out, but that’s not to say it won’t, either. if you don’t try, you’ll never know the end result. what do you say, witch?

reversed: there may be disharmony in an intimate relationship of yours. for example, do you have trouble opening up & establishing a real connection with this person? reflect on why that is. (witch tip: pull an additional card to gain further insight.)

7



the chariot

“you’ll never get anywhere if you keep standing still!”

even though the witch in this card *so* wishes that their bike was a flying broom like in the movies, they don’t let that hold them back from pedaling as fast as possible! they have places to be, after all. “don’t wait around for great things to happen; do everything in your power to seek out great things & make them happen yourself!” they call out to the snail as they *zoom* past them. if you pull this card, then chances are you’ve been thinking about making a big move, but you don’t know how to even start going about it, so it never really goes anywhere. well, muster up some motivation, because now is the opportune time to finally pick a trail & take it!

reversed: you may feel more like the snail, always watching people pass you by, wondering if you’ll ever get there. just because they’re going faster doesn’t mean you’re doing anything wrong! you’ll get there at your own pace. eyes forward, keep going.

8



strength

“it takes great strength to be soft.”

at the end of a long day of putting up with other humans, this witch comes home to take off her bra & re-center herself. her chosen way of grounding is by spending time with her large pet cat, who spent the whole afternoon hunting imaginary bugs & needs a break, too. honestly, don't we *all* need to take a breather now & again to put on a lifetime movie & retreat deep into our feelings? unfortunately, it seems like making the time & space for vulnerability is almost never on anyone's to-do list these days, but in my opinion, it very well should be! while softness is a different, less accepted kind of strength, it's still a kind of strength nonetheless, so don't hesitate to revel in yours every single day.

reversed: don't put on a façade of strength. neglecting your true emotions doesn't get rid of them; it just hides them, building & building until one day they come flooding out at the most inconvenient time. let yourself feel how you feel. be free.

9

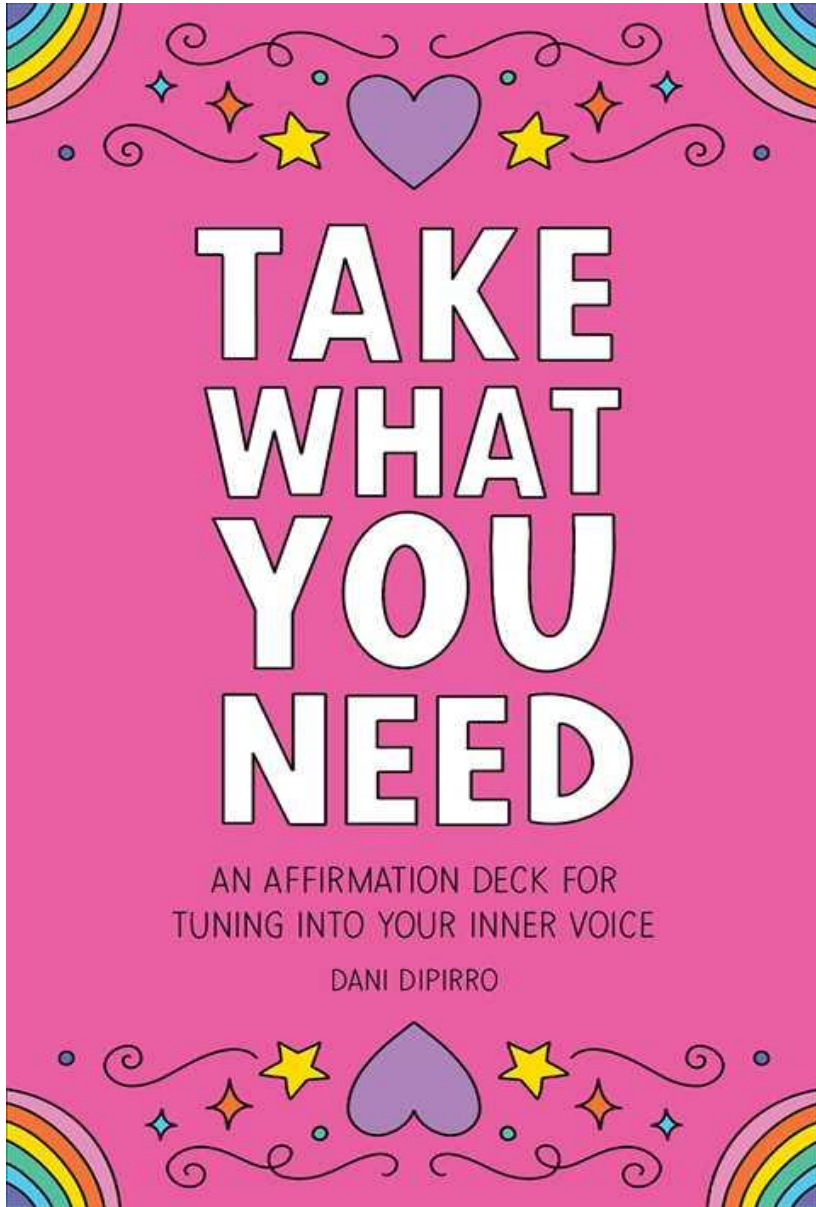


the hermit

“there are some things that must be done on your own.”

here, we have a witch who has recently discovered the power of the pendulum—a divination tool, not unlike tarot, that gives them all the answers they could ever want or need. here's what else they've discovered: all those answers actually come from within. “i don't need someone else to give me all the answers, & news flash: neither do you! you're also being guided to limit other people's unlimited access to you so you can do a little soul-searching & introspection,” they say to you. “if you're unsure how to proceed on your journey, then try reading books on interesting spiritual topics. see if they can open your mind to ideas you've never considered.”

reversed: it's possible you've been spending too much time withdrawn from the world. get out there & *experience*. if you feel comfortable, share your personal insights with others—some may scoff, but some really need to hear what you have to say!



Take What You Need

Dani DiPirro

9781524884857

On Sale: 31/10/23, \$19.99

AMP Adult

Flashcards, 3.589 x 89 mm

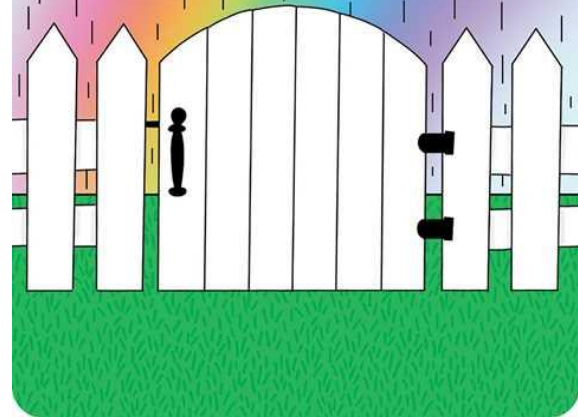
114 pages

This vibrant and uplifting deck of 55 positive affirmation cards by popular Instagram artist Dani DiPirro are sure to inspire you every day.

MAKE TIME TO CELEBRATE
HOW FAR YOU'VE COME.



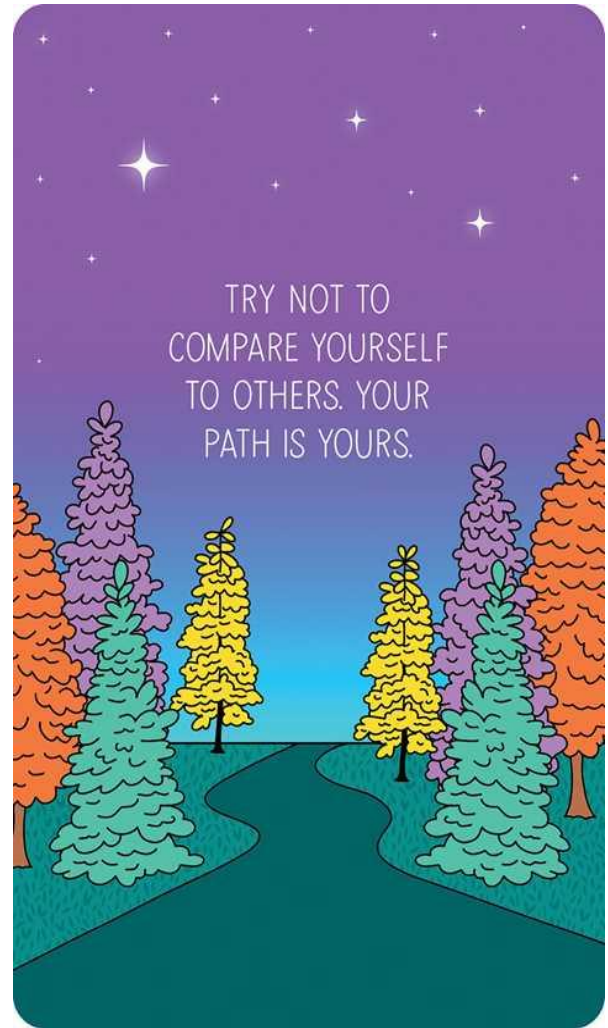
SETTING CLEAR
BOUNDARIES IS AN
ACT OF SELF-LOVE.



— YOU ARE EXACTLY WHERE
YOU'RE MEANT TO BE IN
THIS MOMENT.



TRY NOT TO
COMPARE YOURSELF
TO OTHERS. YOUR
PATH IS YOURS.



CREATIVE CONSCIOUSNESS HEALING

A 44-CARD ORACLE DECK
AND GUIDEBOOK



JOHANNA WRIGHT

Creative Consciousness Healing

Johanna Wright

9781524874797

On Sale: 06/06/23, \$24.99

AMP Adult

Mixed Media, 89 x 89 mm

104 pages

Self-care has never been more beautiful. Complete with an illustrated deck of 44 cards, each containing a power statement, a message explanation, a creative visualization, and a journal prompt, *Creative Consciousness Healing* offers solace and direction in a time when we all could use some guidance.

