

Tarot cards have been used for centuries; however, their origin remains unknown. Many clues point back to ancient Egypt, rooting the word “Tarot” to the Egyptian word *ta-rosh* meaning: the royal path or the word tarot being a rendition of the word “Thoth,” the Egyptian god of writing, wisdom and magic. Others believe that the word tarot is an anagram of the Latin word *rota*, meaning wheel, symbolizing the ever-rotating circle of life. Others root it to the Torah, the Jewish laws of God. However, their muddy route of origin make their magic even more mysterious.

Their purpose is simple, yet perplexing. These cards are able to tell notes of your past, your present, and your future. However, how they work is unknown to even the most skilled readers. Though every reader would say that it is the cards that hold the magic, not themselves.

Each deck contains 78 cards, separated into two sets: the Major Arcana and the Minor Arcana. These symbols can relate to Jung’s ideas of archetypal images within the collective unconscious, mostly involving the persona, shadow and self. The minor arcana, which deal mostly with day-to-day situations, contain number cards that range from ace (one) to ten, and 4 nobility cards: the page (sometimes the princess), the knight (sometimes the prince), the queen, and the king. The major arcana, however, deal with larger circumstances of change and growth. Each of the 22 cards follows the journey of the zero card, The Fool, who represents the human journey through birth and enlightenment. This is the story of The Fool...

*(Character card references are at the end.)*

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### **The Journey of the Fool**

Bright light flooded his brain as soon as his eyes opened to the world. But he could hardly keep them opened; the light is always too much for the waking eye.

After some adjustments were made between sleep and wakefulness, he opened his eyes. Looking down at himself, he noticed that his clothes were dirtied, tattered in part, and overall, unfamiliar. His shoes, a size too big, were curled at the end, with thin soles, hardly suitable for walking. He looked towards to the sky, only to see himself at the base of a cliff, and beneath an unbearable blue. He had no recognition of where he was, nor who he was.

He gathered himself enough to stand, and as he did so he turned around to notice a long path leading away from the cliff. Though he was afraid, he knew that he wouldn’t survive unless he moved from the cliff. So he set out down the path.

Not long after, he started to feel a breeze blow right through his flimsy pants, making him very cold. He couldn’t take his mind off of the wind, but he knew that if he was distracted he would miss something important. So he decided to not let the wind make him cold. Overgrown foliage began to cover the path, making it nearly impossible to see, and with the wind still blowing strong, he felt his aggravation grow. He was freezing, and annoyed; but couldn’t stop, otherwise he’d freeze.

Then suddenly, the wind blew the foliage out of the way just enough so that he could see a small town in the distance. He ran after it, and he began to feel warm with the blood pumping through his veins. Though this excursion made him aware of his growing dehydration.

When he approached the town he knocked on the nearest door he could find, when it opened there stood an old man.

“Can I help you?” The old man asked.

“Please sir, I’m traveling and I’ve been walking for hours, I’m so tired.”

“Well okay, come in, come in. What is your name dear boy?”

“Oh, I.. uh, I don’t know. Well I do know, I just don’t remember.”

“I see..” said the old man. “Well I am the Magician (I). I do believe we can find a solution to your problem” he began. “Tell me son, what are the problems you have encountered thus far?”

“The boy sat down to think, well for one, I have no food or water.”

“Okay, hold on a minute.” The Magician said, as he disappeared into the back of the house.

When he returned he had a glass bottle and two metal rods. “This bottle is for you to collect water to drink, and these are called dower rods and they’ll help you locate water if you aren’t near a town.”

“Thank you sir, but what about food?”

“Ahh yes, well.. I’ll feed you dinner for the night, but you’ll need to provide for yourself the rest of the journey.” said the Magician.

“I don’t have any money sir..”

“Yes, well you’ll just have to trade then,” the Magician began, “I have a craft table over here.” pointing to a desk at the far left corner of the room. “I’ll leave you here to create”

He watched as the Magician left.

Confused, he turned and walked towards the desk. The sun was behind the house, making the corner far darker than the front. But a candle lantern illuminated the area. As he sat down he noticed a box full of paints and a brush to its side. There were 3 small pieces of paper, just a bit larger than playing cards.

He felt an overwhelming feeling of joy as he felt the familiarity of the brush between his fingers, and he began painting, diving into colour.

By the time the Magician returned he had flooded all the papers with intricate paintings. One, a beautiful blonde maiden with a child in arm, another, a beautiful courtyard with fountains and flowers, and the third, a portrait of a strapping young man who looked well kept and dressed nicely. He would later sell these paintings in the town for more than he expected. He could feed himself for the remainder of the journey, and then some.

The Magician returned with 6 feet of cloth, and said “You said that it has been cold, so you will make yourself a coat and warmer pants. Here is some cloth and string. I’ll be making dinner.”

Once more he sat down at the desk, he didn’t know what he was doing but he had a large sense of gratitude and a vague recollection of how to sew. He made a pair of pants that looked like two squares sewn together with holes cut out for legs, and he would later hold these up with a piece of string tied around his waist. However, no sewing was required for his jacket, as it was just another square with a hole cut out for his head. They were not as attractive as his paintings, but he had created them, they worked, and he was proud.

As they ate, the Magician looked up towards him and said, "I have helped you with all I can, but just like you, I don't know who you are, though I do know that you will find yourself."

He slept at the Magician's house that night, he dreamt of merry music and art. He saw himself as a great man, gifted in communication with a large array of friends and family, he was very happy. Though he awoke with the first hint of sunlight, and was to set out once more, but before he continued, he repaid the magician for his kindness by leaving two gold coins on the desk.

He left before the town awoke, and his creative escape made him feel nearly magical. He continued down the path, noting that today was much hotter than the day before, and questions began to flood his mind.

"Where am I going?" He asked himself.

He sat down beneath a tree to drink some water and rest. Then suddenly he heard a shuffling sound of footsteps behind him. He quickly turned around to see a beautiful woman in a blue robe. She wore a white cross around her neck that fell just below her collarbones, and carried an essence of holiness.

"You're going to find yourself," she spoke, her voice calming yet powerful.

"Wha-wh.. who are you?" He replied.

"I am the High Priestess" (II), said the woman, "I have found you in these woods to answer any questions you may have about your journey."

He was perplexed by the characters he'd encountered in his journey. How did this woman he'd never met know as much about him as he knew about himself, if not more? His displacement was growing increasingly uncomfortable, but among that feeling there was an element of determination... this gave him a question.

"Why am I making this journey? Why can't I remember who I am?" he asked.

To this, the High Priestess replied, "think of this as a gift, a new life, you are learning and growing with each footstep. By the end of this journey you will be much grander than you once were."

"But what's the good in that if I don't know who I am, or was?" he protested.

"You are you, shifting and changing, right now you are a traveler, explore that and be whole."

This silenced him, and he put his head down. The High Priestess had said exactly what he had needed to hear and he was entirely grateful, however when he lifted his head, she was gone as swiftly as she had come. Though nailed to the tree he sat beneath was an elegant envelope. He ripped it from the nail and opened it.

Inside was an invitation:

*You are cordially invited to the annual gala of the Emperor and Empress.*

*Present this invitation at the door to gain entrance.*

He put the invitation in the bag where he kept his coins, and continued on his walk, thinking nothing of it. No way could an invitation to a noble event purposefully make its way into his hands. Though, he kept turning the thought that the High Priestess had realized unto him, he was exactly where he needed to be.

He continued walking until he came into the outskirts of a town, and as he continued on the houses became more elaborate and grand with ornament. He began to notice beautiful women in long gowns, accompanied by handsome men in tailored suits walking about the town. He soon gathered that the couples were all walking in the same direction.

As he followed them, he came to the base of a grand staircase, carved out of swirling marble. It was then that he began to feel the wind again, and as the women held on to their skirts, and men buttoned up their tall coats, he felt a gust so strong that it in fact blew him onto the first step.

He was nervous, and not dressed like the dapper couples who walked with glamour in their toes, but he, on a whim, pulled the crumpled invitation from his pouch to presented to the guards at the door, and walked up the rest of the flight.

He walked in behind two young women, laughing as their skirts kissed the marble. As they turned away he saw a jubilant array of smiles and laughter, and as expected the occasional drunken buffoon being kindly escorted home by one of the assortments of guards.

He stood against a wall, drinking glasses filled with the vibrant liquid that was in the large bowl atop the even larger table. Considering himself as more of an observer than as one to join the madness. He suddenly came into a wave of semi-drunken joy, and with an uncontainable laugh, threw himself into the array of beautiful men and women, with complete disregard to appearance. He remembered this feeling.

As he entered the chaos he unintentionally bumped into a woman with the longest hair he'd ever seen. As she turned around he was thrown back by the contrast of the silver-blonde of her hair against her dark eyebrows, and icy eyes. He also noticed that she was with child.

"Pardon me, ma'am," he spoke.

"Pardon you? Why I should have the guards escort you out." She said with a forgiving smile. "Who are you anyway, and why are you so rugged-looking at my party?"

Instantly he was aware that he was in the presence of royalty.

"I'm sorry madam, I found an invitation nailed to the tree I sat beneath." The Empress took a step back (III).

"Had you met the High Priestess before finding our invitation?" She asked quizzically.

"Why yes, I had as a matter of fact." He stated, beginning to wonder if he was intruding.

"Ah, perfect!" She exclaimed. "Follow me!"

She led him by his shirt through crowds of people all prowling for her attention. They arrived at two large gold thrones. One empty, a bit smaller than the other, and the other with a man, who seemed to radiate this sort of organic order.

The Empress leaned to him to whisper something, and he watched as the Emperors (IV) eyebrows raised and lowered, and as the Emperor's eyes fixed upon his own.

"You are the traveler we've been waiting for!" He beamed. "Ah yes, we have been waiting indeed. We must talk, though out of this madness, he said." As they walked through halls "I am an orderly man, these parties that the misses throws make me somewhat uncomfortable. But if it makes her happy... Anyways I have someone I'd like you to meet."

The two walked up and down winding stairs, and hidden passageways, through halls lined with intricate tapestries, and finally into a room with a long table. At the end of the room sat an old man in front of a crackling fire. Without the crowd of life this part of the palace was colder than the room he'd spent a majority of the night in.

He and the Emperor walked towards the man and the fireplace; he didn't expect the old man to turn to them, but he quickly turned to meet his eyes. He had a warm smile that nearly competed with the fire behind it.

"Hello," the man spoke softly, "I am the Hierophant" (V).

"Hello," he replied. "I am a traveler."

"Yes yes, I have a message for you dear boy," said the Hierophant.

The boy remained quiet.

“Your journey is a gift from the stars. You among all others were chosen to undergo a sort of transformation. You are different from those around you. Though you will learn to find connections with everyone you meet. This is part of the journey.” The Hierophant stopped, yawned. “You are learning. Just as I have learned that old men must go to sleep earlier than they used to, excuse me.” He said with a smile. Then the Hierophant stood up and walked out of the room.

He looked to the Emperor without a word to say.

“We prepared a bed for you to sleep tonight. We knew you’d be coming, and I’m sure you’re tired after walking all day. Follow me.” Said the Emperor.

It became apparent that the Traveler was after all exhausted, both physically and mentally. Though he had some strange sense, of illuminated spirit.

That night he slept on the biggest bed he’d ever seen, wrapped in soft, warm blankets and beneath a beautiful, drooping canopy. Though as he slept, he had a strange dream. He was walking down a path that seemed to grow longer with every step, then suddenly he came to a fork in the road marked “Lovers’ Path” (VI) with no assertion as to which of the two paths was indeed the “Lovers’ Path.” The path to his right looked undeniably more safe and clear of brush, but he had a nearly overwhelming draw to the path to his left. Eventually his whole self multiplied into two bodies, and the two incarnations of himself walked down the paths. At the end of the path, the body on the left showed up first, and waited for the other body to meet him. Though it never came.

He jolted awake, breathing more heavily than usual, though he had an immediate understanding that this journey was not to be taken with fear, for if he traveled with fear he would not make it through.

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The next morning he ate with the Emperor and Empress; they talked of an event happening today at the arena, and with great joy the Empress said

“Why, you should come! They’re having chariot races today.”

“No no dear, we shouldn’t keep him from his journey.”

“No honey it will be fun! He deserves a break from walking all day.”

And with no regard for what the traveler wanted or thought the Emperor said, “Alright fine.”

They walked to the local arena and were escorted to an obviously reserved seat; they then sat down to watch. Soon after the men on chariots filled the arena, lined up perfectly, awaiting the sounding of the gun. Then, BANG! the horses began to run dragging the men in carts behind them. Though there was one who caught his attention, the man behind all the others (VII). Who, despite the actions of his peers, was relying only on speed, not violence. Suddenly he had the idea, that he was perhaps where he needed to be. His journey was over. He was now well acquainted with the Emperor and Empress, and was living a life of luxury. He sat back, content with this idea. Then he saw the man in the back gain speed ahead of the two chariots in front of him, and as he was towards the middle, the two chariots in front of him crashed into each other, creating a clear path. He made it to the front just in time to cross the finish line first.

In response to the chariot racer, he sat back and thought again. He wasn’t at the end of his journey, he hadn’t even pushed through to the front yet, but he felt so comfortable. So when the races were over he turned to the Emperor and Empress and said

“I am conflicted,” he took a breath. “I’ve had such a good time here with you two, but I can’t rid the feeling that I am missing something. That there is something further down the path for me. Though I feel like I could very well be passing up an opportunity for greatness here.”

“Yes that is a conflict indeed,” said the Emperor, who then looked at his wife, nodded, and said, “We have one more person for you to meet.”

The Empress went back to the palace, and the Emperor escorted him to a part of the town where the buildings began to touch, creating long, complicated alleyways that filled the two with an unnerving silence. They walked through turns and offshoots until they reached a door, far larger than any door he had seen in a long time. The Emperor knocked using the large brass door knocker, which was in the shape of a scale. The wood seemed to absorb the vibration of the knocks very elegantly, as it barely made a noise from the outside. But soon, the large door opened slowly, and to his surprise, behind the door was a woman, wearing a heavy robe

“Come in,” she said.

She led him and the Emperor into a room with a large table, which they all sat around.

“Hello,” she said to him “I am Justice (VIII). Why have you come to see me today?”

“Well ma’am, I have a conflict..”

He explained just as he had to the Emperor and Empress, and Justice sat back in her seat.

“It seems like you are afraid.” She said, and he remembered his dream from the night before. “You do not want to leave what you are familiar with, but your heart is telling you to go on.” She looked towards the door. “Listen to your heart, but think of where you are within your journey.”

The Traveler had made his decision. He said goodbye to the Emperor, and left towards the path once more. As he walked he reached a dark point in the forest, the branches of the tall trees curled and stretched over the path, allowing little room for light. The density of the forest created a habitat for animals he’d never seen or heard about. He began to hear noises amplifying around him, and he felt a complete isolation. The lack of sun made the area much colder than before, but -remembering his dream- he did not give into fear. He continued to walk, his chest held high against the cold, and his eyes darted straight ahead, not giving attention to the alien sounds surrounding him. He began to feel as though this stoic concentration was breaking when he saw a large cave in the distance. From inside the cave, a yellow light was burning.

He walked further towards the cave, and saw that the light was flickering, it was a fire.

“Hello” he yelled, and heard his echo return. But there was no other response. So he entered the cave. It was longer than he had thought, and the light seemed to travel so far. Though finally he came across an old man sitting in front of a fire, watching the light bounce around the cave (IX).

“Hello,” the boy said again, and the old man looked up with a jolt.

“My goodness! You startled me boy. What year is it?” said the old man.

To this he laughed. “You’ve asked the wrong person sir, I don’t even know my name!”

“You’re the only person I’ve seen in years.” The old man said, also with a laugh. “I’ve lived alone in these woods for decades, and no one’s ever brave enough to come through. Why is it that you are here?”

“Oh,” said the Traveler “I am traveling to find myself. My path led me to your cave.”

“Is that so?” laughed the old man, “a Traveler and a Hermit, what a pair!”

“Why are you living here?” The boy asked.

“Well I am on a mission of growth as well, although mine is more mental than physical, I am finding myself too. And I decided that these woods were the perfect place for me to do so.” the Hermit sat back with a smile.

He remembered what the Hierophant had told him about connections between people, and he was beginning to see that.

The two talked of life and death for hours it seemed, the hermit fascinated the boy, he was a very spiritual man, and the boy wondered if the hermit knew of the people he'd met previously on his journey. Though the hermit focused entirely on the present, and never spoke of the past, as if it had never existed. He seemed to be born every moment. However the Traveler eventually left to continue his journey.

He walked alone in the woods for hours, the cold begin to subside, and the trees opened up to the blue sky, and his eyes adjusted back to the light. But he continued to grow more and more fatigued, although it hadn't fallen dark yet. This seemed strange to him, he knew had been talking to the Hermit for many hours and it should have been dark by then. A terrible feeling grew in his stomach, pulling him towards the ground, and eventually he couldn't stand any longer, so he lowered himself to the ground and tried to keep his eyes open the best he could.

He had a dream of a great wheel, being spun by a hooded figure, the wheel having only two sides, up and down (X). The figure spun the wheel round and around with a fear bestowing smile. When finally the wheel landed, the figure laughed uncontrollably.

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When he woke up he saw something that brought him great terror. The open trail he had fallen asleep on - lined with beautiful trees and sweet sunlight that today seemed not ever to fall into night - were now replaced with an undeniable darkness that filled the very rim of his soul. Though this was not the darkness of night, and the trail that he had stopped on was now surrounded by tall cave walls, the seemed never to come into light.

He looked down at himself to see if he was still there, if this was not another dream but he found himself exactly as he saw last, and although he felt pure terror, he felt no surreality in this. In response to realizing this he opened his mouth and yelled as loud as he possibly could. He closed his eyes and ducked his head into his knees like a child. But he then felt a hand gently touch his shoulder, and to go along, he heard a forceful “Shhhh!”

He opened his eyes and turned to his side and saw a young woman, about his age standing next to him. Her hair was a wild mess of blonde, and her eyes were a fierce green. If he didn't know any better he would have said she was a lion in disguise.

“You have to be quiet down here, you never know who's around the corner. You're lucky it was me this time,” she said, and stuck her hand out “Hi, I'm the Enchantress” (XI).

Avoiding the Enchantress' introduction, he fiercely began, “Down here? Where is this? Where am I?”

“This is the underworld,” she said as her smile faded. “I'm what you could call a tour guide, hopefully I can help you gain a little strength before you see the rest of what's down here. I want to tell you that this is a very frightening place, but not a place to give into fear. This is a place that you must be strong in or it will take advantage of you. Be courageous traveler,” said the Enchantress. She then turned away and strutted back behind a corner, that he couldn't see from his viewpoint, which made him wonder if it was actually there. He was alone once more.

He focused deeply within his chest for some basis of memory, for a corner, perhaps, that wasn't empty, but instead full, overflowing in fact. He meditated on this area of his body, a full heart radiated light within his chest. He felt like he was glowing, shining out through the

darkness. Though he recognized that his newfound illumination would make him more visible, which the Enchantress had warned about. But if he continued to focus on this area that wouldn't be a problem.

Soon after he stood up, he tried to be as grounded as possible so not to make noise, but he continued to engage his light. On either side of him were tunnels that stretched to the length that his eyes could see, he turned to both sides to decide what tunnel to take, but as he walked towards the wall across from him he saw a new path illuminate that was previously in the shadows. He was to go down this path.

The new path was pitch black, although he lit up the space around him, making him able to see. Soon he began to wonder if he had made the right choice, as it seemed like he'd been walking for hours. But to prove him otherwise, as he walked further he saw a figure in the dark. This at first scared him, but he kept walking, not allowing for his light to go out. When the light was shed upon this figure he was shocked, there was a man, hung upside-down by his left foot (XII). When the Hanged Man saw him he started to smile.

"Sometimes you have to see things from a different perspective," said the Hanged Man.

"I'm sorry?" he said in return.

"Upside-down is right side up if you look at it right, we live in a topsy-turvy world and directions are only an invention. So's fear, wouldn't you agree, mister glow?" said the man again, and this made him laugh, as if he'd heard himself say it for the first time.

The Hanged Man was very strange, but he saw a certain truth in his babble. This was one of the times that life had to be viewed from a different perspective. Maybe he was down in the darkness to find light.

"Leave me now!" cried the Hanged Man, "I must hang like a bat to bed." And he laughed again.

Somewhat startled, he left the Hanged Man and walked down another path that appeared to his right.

Each new path he encountered seemed even longer and narrower than the last, it got to a point where he couldn't tell his own size anymore. Then finally, he saw another figure lurking in the dark. However this ominous apparition seemed to glow too, but the glow was less bright than his, this seemed to emanate power, not light. He wondered if the figure's light was once like his.

Then he saw that the figure began to walk towards him, this struck a bit of fear within him, but he kept walking, keeping in mind what the Enchantress had said. He soon saw that this figure was much taller than him, his attire was all black, and he carried a large scythe. As he got closer he saw that his long robe hung over his body as though he was as skinny as a dead man. But as the light worked under the hood of his cloak, he saw that this tall man was indeed a dead man, a walking skeleton, elegantly coated.

The skeleton stopped in front of him, and with his boney hand introduced, "Hello, I am Death" (XIII).

When he met the bony hand with his own there was an extreme coldness that was shared within the shake.

Quite calmly the traveler asked, "So Death, does this encounter mean you're going to kill me?"

To which Death replied, "No, I've already killed you. I killed the man that you were before. Now you have been reborn a fool."

The Fool nodded, he now understood why he had been traveling for so long. He was creating a new life for himself. He was experiencing in a new light, his own light. Death was life.



The fool looked back at Death and said, "Thank you, but I must go now, I have more of this journey to complete." The fool then watched as Death evaporated into the air, leaving small flakes circling him and cascading in all directions. The flakes then floated above his body and through the ceiling.

The Fool walked forward once more, illuminating the cave walls thinking back to what he'd learned in his journey, and forgetting the idea of regaining his old self from the past. As he walked down the straight line he saw another path appear to his left, and following his instinct, he decided to travel down it. As soon as he turned he was faced with a person that seemed to be of both the male and female gender. No defining characteristics led to one gender but this person had an elegant grace to them. They seemed to carry a certain balance which was new to the Fool, for he had only experienced extremes of emotions.

The Fool felt as though he had known this person for a long time, though he had never seen them before. To further this hypothesis the person opened their mouth to speak softly

"Hello, I am Temperance" (XIV), it said "It is nice to see you."

This greatly confused The Fool but he felt that it had something to do with his feeling. "Hello," he replied. "You too."

"I'm sure you have beings all over giving you advice but I have something to tell you also. It's small but a very important thing to remember."

The Fool nodded.

"You must keep balance. Your heart and mind are two very strong forces within you. As am I. Though unlike me, the two can often pull in separate directions, making decisions very hard. I want you to focus on developing a middle ground between these two poles. It will help you in life." They spoke, "Now continue with your travels, friend. It was, as always, nice to see you." They then stepped around the Fool and disappeared into the cave behind him.

"These people sure have a way of disappearing," he thought. Though he was also grew concerned by the fact that he had not encountered anything truly frightening in the underworld, and something told him that that would soon change. As he walked he noticed a turn in the path, which emanated a certain glow. It seemed warmer as he walked further, and the glow turned to a dark red. This is what he was waiting for, he felt a heavy atmosphere grow around him, and it pushed on his chest harder the further he walked. As he approached the turn he took a breath, preparing for what rounded the corner.

As he turned, he saw a man sitting in a large throne. Tall black candles were on either side, and a long carpet stretched out before him. The man himself sat relaxed in his throne, his red skin pulled and pushed against the metal of his seat. His face carried a devious grin, but his eyes were closed. He wore a black cloth around his waist that, much like The Fool's, was held up with a tied rope.

Quite suddenly, this man's eyes shot open, directly at the Fool.

"Hello," said his low voice. "Do you still feel as though you haven't seen anything frightening?"

He turned his head to the side and again flashed his terrible grin, his yellow teeth glowed in the light of the candles. He then said, "I am the Devil (XV). I've been waiting for you, you sorry, sorry man."

"I'm sorry?" asked the Fool.

"Yes, me too, you're such a shameful man. I'm embarrassed that death even tried with you."

“I don’t think I understand what you’re saying sir,” the Fool willed himself to say.

“Oh, of course you don’t, you measly amnesiac...Well, let me tell you something, you are an awful man. You’ve wronged many people and continued to stay on top. Now to me, that’s admirable, I’m the goddamn Devil. But you’re only a mortal, and there’s no will behind your wrongdoings, except for your own greed. You did not deserve what you had, and so now you have nothing. Maybe you can make worth for yourself.”

The fool was flabbergasted; he didn’t know who he had been or had any idea of hurting those around him, after being treated so kindly by people he had never met. Though he recognized his past, and respected it. Not for who he was then, but for who he had become. He had grown much more within himself by knowing this.

He looked the Devil directly in the eye and nodded, face blank with acceptance. He then swiftly turned around. But he saw not the long path he had previously walked down, but instead a large tower (XVI).

Suddenly, he felt a breeze dance around his feet, tickling his clothes against his skin. It grew taller and stronger, and he remembered this guiding wind. So, as it suggested, he walked forward into the Tower.

The Fool looked upward to see a staircase that spiraled along the side of the round walls, and a beautiful light that flooded in from the top, though it seemed to be miles high. The light, however, was so entrancing that he nearly floated up the steps, delighted by the warmth he felt as he trekked. He felt as though that by this point he could walk wherever his heart desired, and soon he found himself as near to the light as ever.

The Fool pulled himself up the last step in to the light, which soon his eyes adjusted to. Around him he saw beautiful clouds and a sky that was such a true blue. Though ahead of him he saw three incarnations of himself. They each sat in a semi-circle with eyes closed and sweet smiles on their faces. The one to the left of him had a beautiful Star in his lap (XVII) that he held delicately. The one in the middle held a Moon the same way (XVIII), and the one on his right held the Sun (XIX). He sat down across from them, making a complete circle, and just as they were, closed his eyes and curled the corners of his mouth.

Focusing on the star, the Fool breathed in the energy of starlight and began to see images of himself as a great man, just as he had dreamt at the Magician’s. He was surrounded by merry people, and felt as though he had never been a bad man. He absorbed this image of himself, and when he opened his eyes, the star figure was gone.

Next, focusing on the moon, the Fool breathed in the energy of moonlight. He saw himself making a decision from the whole of his heart; he saw himself truly vulnerable as he let the universe into himself. He felt beautiful and celestial, as though his old self was an illusion. He absorbed this image of himself, and then, as he opened his eyes the moon figure was also gone.

The Fool now sat adjacent to the figure of the sun, and he felt the warmth emanate between them. He closed his eyes and focused on the energy of the sun, he saw himself as a happy man, optimistic for what was coming in the future. This light was similar to what he’d felt in the underworld. As he did the rest, he breathed in this image of himself and as he opened his eyes, he sat alone. Feeling full.

The Fool did not know where he was, but he felt safe, freed from the heaviness of the underworld. He felt incredibly whole and warm, but he knew in his heart that there was more to come. He looked around at what was further than this platform, and all he could find was another path in front of him. Although the lack of option in this holy realm was slightly bothersome to

him, he knew that this path appeared for him to follow. He recognized that every step he took had a purpose, the same went to every being he met.

He walked down this path with an open mind, prepared for what was to come. Soon he came to the steps of a beautifully ornamented building. It stood at least five stories tall, and was made completely from marble. Beautiful plants and people were carved into the sides, and two tall pillars seemed to hold up the front of the building. He walked up the steps and walked through the doorway. Inside was a long corridor with a throne towards the end. A carved figure sat in the throne, he held a trumpet in his right hand and his hair curled elegantly within the marble. But soon the Fool heard a deep rumbling sound, and the statue began to come to life. He then heard the thundering voice.

“Glad to see you Fool. I am pleased that you have made it this far in your journey. See, I am Judgment (XX). I am the one to decide your fate. Ordinarily, if Death hadn’t saved you, you would be dead by now. But since you have proved so courageous through these trials we have decided to give you the justice you deserve. Now, once you return to earth your gift will be granted, but I needed you to come to me so I could see if you were truly worthy. Though your actions with the Devil, and my three celestial friends proved that for you. So I will now send you back to earth, and once again, I’m glad you have made it.” Judgment then blew his trumpet and the Fool fell into black.

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The Fool woke up in a warm bed, a beautiful blonde haired maiden was asleep next to him, and a small cradle was beside the bed. He recognized this woman and child from his paintings. His bed was large, and tall candles and tapestries ornamented the room. He got out of bed and walked to the window. Outside he saw a beautiful courtyard with fountains and flowers, where people walked all around while children ran, also like his painting. He looked down at himself and saw that he was dressed in fine silk pajamas. He gathered that he had spent the night in a castle, even grander than the Emperor’s. Though soon after he realized that this castle belonged to him, and so did this lovely woman and child. The Fool was now a King, and he ruled a loving nation, filled with happiness and pride. His journey had led him to kingship, where he was proud and courageous. This was his new World (XXI).

## Major Arcana Glossary

The Fool: Innocence, the human experience, beginnings.

- I The Magician: Creativity, the mind, skill, resourcefulness.
- II The High Priestess: The Fool's spiritual mother, intuition, mystery, higher powers
- III The Empress: Femininity, fertility, beauty, abundance.
- IV The Emperor: Authority, law, structure, solid foundations.
- V The Hierophant: The Fool's spiritual father, humility, compassion, religion, beliefs.
- VI The Lovers: Choices, the battle between head and heart, love, union.
- VII The Chariot: Apposing desires, conflicts, will power, determination.
- VIII Justice: Solutions, wisdom, reason, considered argument, cause and effect, fairness
- IX The Hermit: Solitary Reflection, introspection, being alone,
- X Wheel of Fortune: Luck, change in circumstance, destiny.
- XI The Enchantress: Self discipline, strength, patience, control.
- XII The Hanged Man: Dissolution, suspension, letting go, change of perspective.
- XIII Death: Change, new direction, endings and beginnings, transformation.
- XIV Temperance: Balance, moderation, patience, balancing heart and mind, meaning.
- XV The Devil: Evil, the darkness within us, overcoming.
- XVI The Tower: Momentous change, new philosophies, revelation.
- XVII The Star: New Opportunities, hope, spirituality, renewal.
- XVIII The Moon: Intuition, illusion, sensitivity, anxiety.
- XIX The Sun: Optimism, joy, success, warmth, vitality.
- XX Judgment: Judgment, rebirth, reckoning, assessment.
- XXI The World: Completion, integration, self-fulfillment, enlightenment.

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