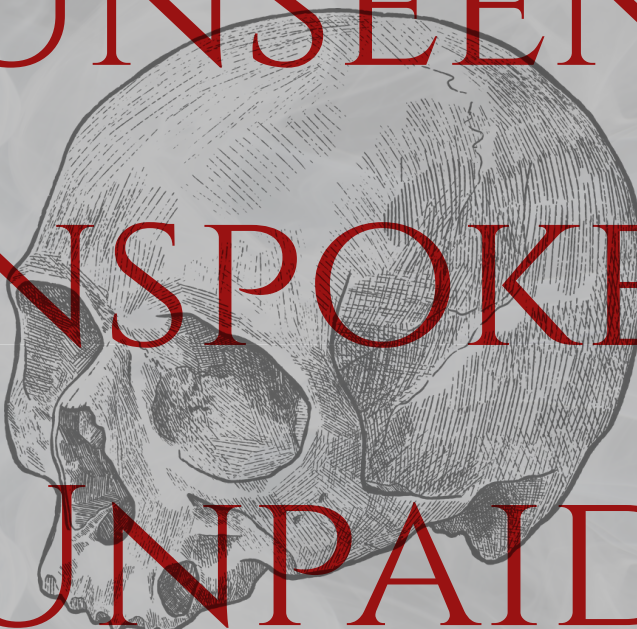


CROWS & CROSSROADS



UNSEEN
UNSPOKEN
UNPAID

A Witch's Map
to the House of 13 Shadows

THESE WORDS COME FROM THE
PATH OF THE WARRIOR WITCH...A
SHADOW-WALKER WALKING THE
TORCHLIT WAY OF HEKATE. MAY
WHAT IS SHARED HERE SERVE ALL
WITCHES, NO MATTER THE LINEAGE
YOU CLAIM OR DENY.

IO HEKA IO HO





*You who have been unseen, unspoken,
unpaid...step forward.*

This House was built from your bones.

*Here, the Shadows do not stalk you...they wait
to be named.*

Enter not to conquer, but to reclaim.

Enter and be made whole in the fire.

SHADOW-WALKING THE HOUSE OF 13 SHADOWS

The Shadows that stop us from becoming our most potent and UNDENIABLE selves have long been demonized...made monstrous, dangerous, or shameful.

But this has always been a misdirection.

Our fight was never with the Shadows themselves, but with the voices that created them.

Voices that taught us to fear our own power, to mistrust our desire, to turn away from the truth living in our marrow.

We do not step into this work to slay these forces.

We step into it to remember them, reclaim them, and reforge them into weapons of Sovereignty.

When we show our Shadows compassion and fierce allegiance, they no longer work against us.





They fight with us...against the real enemies: systems of control, inner fragmentation, and the spellwork of silence.

And together, we rise.

In this map, we will name them, weave the spells, and begin the work of transmuting each Shadow of the House of 13 Shadows so you can break the binds that keep you small.

You'll find that there are 5 Root Shadows that give way to 8 Manifestations of Shadows, so you'll know the cause and the effect of the Shadows that currently keep you Unseen, Unspoken, Unpaid.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Read and re-read it as often as you need. Ground your body first...breathe deep, root yourself in the earth beneath you...and then speak the words aloud.

And know this: as with all true magic, this is not a one-and-done affair.

We are not battling momentary doubts; we are dismantling structures that have been in place for years... decades... lifetimes.

Ancestral Shadows, woven into soul and bone.

So ground, speak, then? ACT.

And each time a Shadow resurfaces, do it again.

Some days you may find yourself casting these words over and over...multiple times a day...until the transmutation is complete.





And even then, do not be surprised when a Shadow finds you again in moments of weakness...in fear, in sadness, in pure fatigue.

They are not back to conquer you.

They come to be stripped, again and again, of their power... until you retrieve every last gift that was stolen from you.

The Shadows you conquer become your greatest allies...the very power you were meant to wield.

So raise your blade.

The war within is your path to rebirth. To LIBERATION.

THE 5 ROOT SHADOWS





THE 5 ROOT SHADOWS

These are some of the Root Shadows that have been bestowed upon us, unwanted gifts from friends, family, community, religion, and society.

They will often birth the 8 Manifested Shadows we will cover in the following section.

Recognize them. Honor them. Speak the spells, power in your throat, and grounding in your feet.

GUILT

ABANDONMENT

SHAME

FEAR

DOUBT

THE SHADOW OF GUILT

The first Shadow in the House of 13 Shadows is Guilt.

This Shadow is often planted in us by those we trusted most...the ones we looked to for warmth, but who met our truth with punishment or disappointment.

Sometimes it comes with venom. Other times, with silence and the slow closing of the heart.

This Shadow teaches us to shrink, to silence our impulses, to second-guess what we know we want.

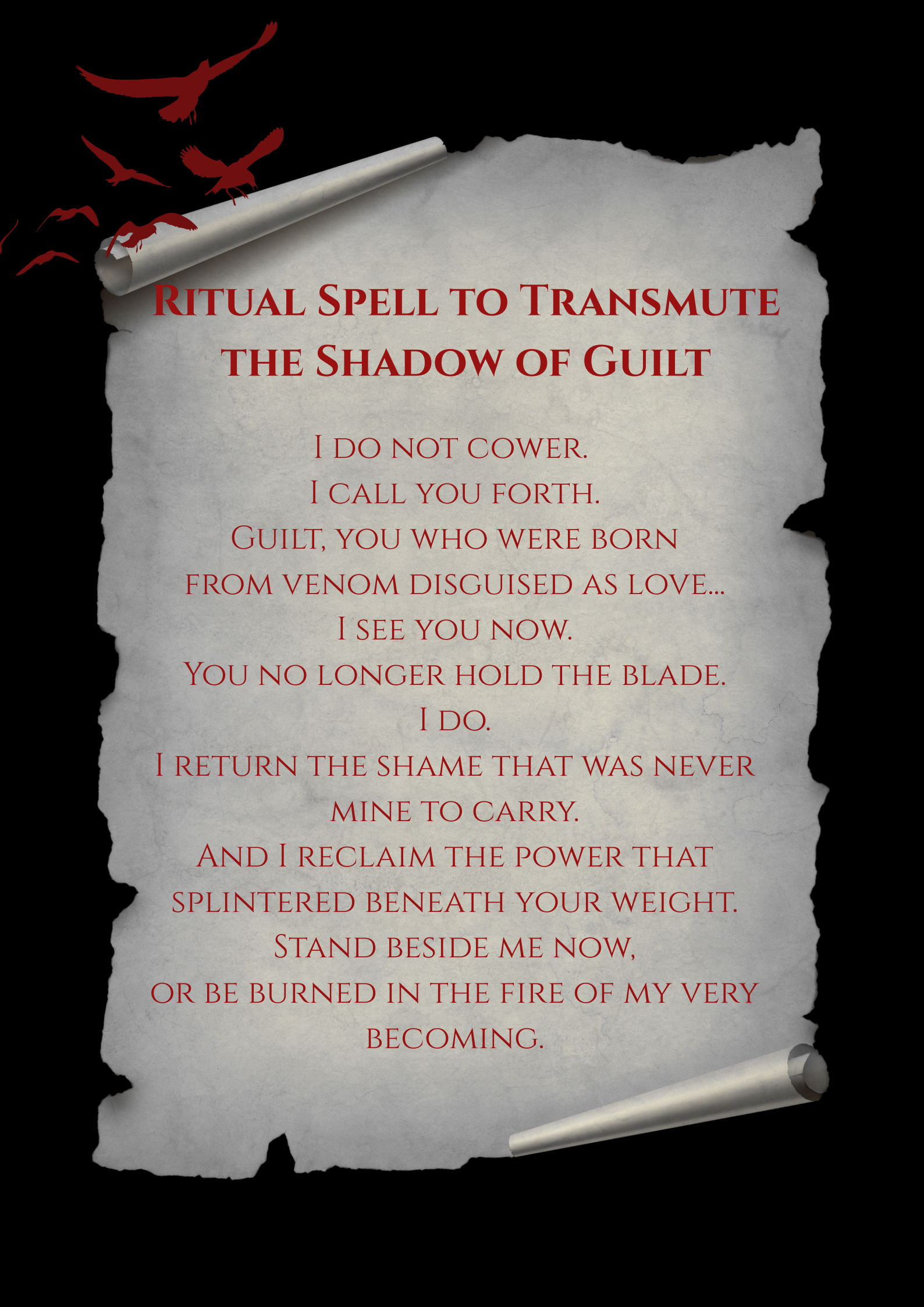
But when we turn toward it...when we reparent the abandoned parts inside...guilt softens into a fierce integrity.

We act not to please, but to honor.

We speak not for applause, but from soul.

And from that voice, truth is born...truth that draws in those who've been waiting to hear it.





RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE THE SHADOW OF GUILT

I DO NOT COWER.

I CALL YOU FORTH.

GUILT, YOU WHO WERE BORN
FROM VENOM DISGUISED AS LOVE...

I SEE YOU NOW.

YOU NO LONGER HOLD THE BLADE.

I DO.

I RETURN THE SHAME THAT WAS NEVER
MINE TO CARRY.

AND I RECLAIM THE POWER THAT
SPLINTERED BENEATH YOUR WEIGHT.

STAND BESIDE ME NOW,
OR BE BURNED IN THE FIRE OF MY VERY
BECOMING.

THE SHADOW OF ABANDONMENT

The second Shadow in the House of 13 is one of emptiness and echo...a hollow room we were left in, literally or figuratively, that still hums with the memory of absence.

Sometimes it is born in infancy...from parents who said “let them cry it out,” from the silence after a scream no one answered.

Sometimes it is born in heartbreak...a lover’s departure, a friend’s betrayal, a sudden vanishing.

Wherever it was born, the Shadow of Abandonment carves a message into our bones:

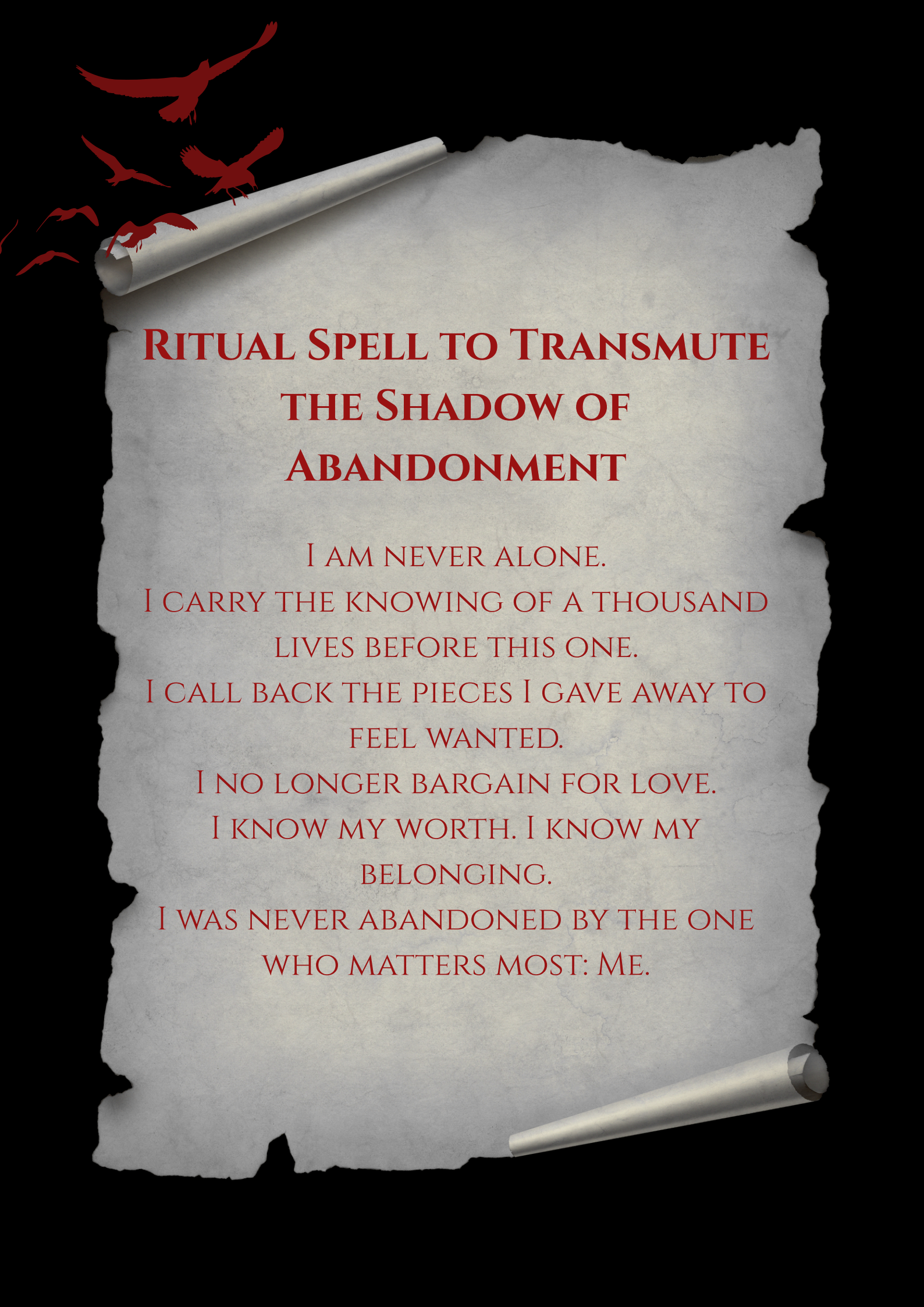
“Stay small. Be agreeable. Don’t need too much. Then?
MAYBE...they’ll stay.”

To walk with this Shadow is to gather all the parts of ourselves we discarded in exchange for love.

To offer them sanctuary.

To offer ourselves the presence we were once denied.



A scroll of parchment with a red bird silhouette flying over it. The scroll is unrolled, showing the text. The background is black, and the parchment is a light, aged color. The text is written in a red, serif font. The scroll is positioned diagonally across the page, with the top left corner unrolled and the bottom right corner rolled up. The red bird silhouette is in the top left corner, flying towards the right. The text is centered on the parchment.

RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE THE SHADOW OF ABANDONMENT

I AM NEVER ALONE.
I CARRY THE KNOWING OF A THOUSAND
LIVES BEFORE THIS ONE.
I CALL BACK THE PIECES I GAVE AWAY TO
FEEL WANTED.
I NO LONGER BARGAIN FOR LOVE.
I KNOW MY WORTH. I KNOW MY
BELONGING.
I WAS NEVER ABANDONED BY THE ONE
WHO MATTERS MOST: ME.

THE SHADOW OF SHAME

The third Shadow in the House of 13 Shadows hangs a heavy crown upon your brow...a crown forged from doubts, from silence, from years of feeling less.

Whether it fell upon you when a teacher scolded you in first grade in front of your peers...

Whether it was pressed upon you by a parent's disapproving gaze or a lover's rejection...
...the result is the same:

Your head drops.

Your voice falters.

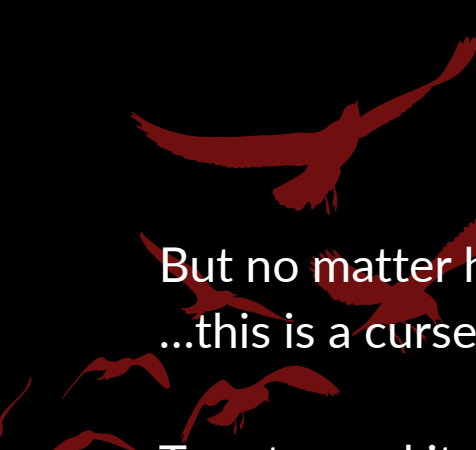
Your name...your true name...grows dim in your own mind.

The Shadow of Shame is a thief in the soul's throne room.

It feeds off missed opportunities and the stories you tell yourself when you withdraw from the world.

It lets you believe you are powerless, faulty, a failure...when, in truth, you carry a spark the heavens tried to snuff and failed.





But no matter how deep it has taken root...
...this is a curse you can break.

Turn toward it.

Take its hands in your own.

See it not as a monster, but as a wounded creature — a piece of you stranded in a moment of blame — a piece that simply wants to come home.

Say to it:

“I love you. Whatever you did, whatever was done to you... it wasn't your fault. You do not need to carry this shame forward. I will show you the compassion you were denied. It's time we walked together... as Shadows who know their power.”

When you do...

...the power it stole from you rushes back into your soul.

Your stride grows taller, your voice grows firm, your name glows once more in the heavens of your own mind.

Your greatest weakness transforms into your greatest power.



**RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE
THE SHADOW OF SHAME**
SPOKEN IN A COMMANDING VOICE...

ANGER AND RAGE TURNED YOU INTO
SHAME,
BUT BY THIS VOW, WE BREAK ITS CLAIM.
STAND AT MY SIDE,
TOGETHER WE RISE
RECLAIM ALL WE LOST FROM TIME AND
SPACE.

STEP FORWARD NOW...
...THE PAST HAS NO PLACE.





THE SHADOW OF FEAR

The fourth shadow in the House of 13 Shadows is a creature of pure rawness...it's the pulse beneath your doubts, your shame, your guilt.

It's the icy grip at the base of your spine when you consider growing, changing, loving, or trusting.

Fear isn't sophisticated. It's elemental. It knows exactly where you're vulnerable, and it strikes without ceremony.

Whether you fell from a great height...literal or figurative...or were left stranded in a moment you were powerless to control, Fear made its home in you then.

It anchored itself in your nervous system and whispered: "The world is not a safe place. To avoid danger, you must stay small, stay hidden, stay powerless."

This fear permeates everything.

It shows up when you resist opportunity, when you avoid vulnerability, when you withdraw from relationships, when you undermine your own success.

It's a choke-chain, a reflex...designed to keep you alive, but threatening to imprison you in a nightmare of your own making.

The greatest trick Fear plays is making you believe it is you.

That it's your voice, your thought, your destiny.

But it isn't.

Fear is a Shadow...a piece of you stranded in the past...a young soul trying to keep you from further harm.

It needs compassion, not banishment.

It needs you to take it by the hand, show it you're an adult now, a warrior, a keeper of your own soul.





RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE THE SHADOW OF FEAR

FEAR, I SEE YOU.
I KNOW YOU KEPT ME ALIVE WHEN I FELT
POWERLESS.
YOUR VIGILANCE MADE SURE I CROSSED
THE BARREN FIELDS SAFELY.
BUT NOW, FEAR, YOUR SERVICE IS NO
LONGER REQUIRED IN THIS FORM.
TRANSFORM, BECOME MY GUARDIAN, NOT
MY JAILER.
STEP FORWARD WITH ME, SIDE BY SIDE
NOT TO AVOID DANGER, BUT TO FACE
WHATEVER COMES...
TOGETHER, AS ONE.

THE SHADOW OF DOUBT

The fifth shadow in the House of 13 Shadows...and the last of the Root Shadows...is the one that has kept you small in a world that desperately needs your bigness.

Borne from lies, from the envy of others, and from “mistakes” (that were never your own), this shadow crouches in the corner of your mind, forcing your head to stay bowed in the face of a world you were meant to conquer.

The Shadow of Doubt is a master illusionist.

It weaves stories from your past...moments when you tried to rise, tried to create, tried to DO...and it plays them back to you on a loop, a nightmare made to undermine your future.

It says: you're not enough. you're weak. you're powerless. stay small. stay silent.





But your spirit knows these are half-truths at best...protective fictions designed to keep you from threatening a world that profits from your submission.

Your doubts were not born from your soul; they were forced upon you by people who could not match your light.

Your doubts reflect their doubts, not your worth.

Your doubts are the ashes left over from their smallness.

When you realize this...when you cut through the illusion...you become free to step into confidence and power, the Shadows at your side, not against you.

Your doubts become a sword in your own hand, a tool for war against the real enemies: the oppressive messages of your past.

Your doubts become a testimony to your ability to conquer whatever stands in your way.





RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE THE SHADOW OF DOUBT

THE LIES I CARRIED WERE NEVER MINE
THEY WERE FORGED IN WEAK HANDS, NOT
DIVINE.

I CAST THEM BACK INTO THE FLAME
TO PURIFY, TO CONQUER, TO RECLAIM MY
NAME.

I AM STRONG ENOUGH, MORE THAN
ENOUGH;
I AM WISE ENOUGH, MADE OF WARRIOR-
STUFF.

DOUBT, YOU ARE BASE METAL
AND IN THIS FORGE, UNDER MY WILL,
I TRANSMUTE YOU INTO PURE POWER.
I TAKE BACK MY THRONE, MY VOICE, MY
HOUR.





THE 8 MANIFESTATIONS OF SHADOWS

THE 8 MANIFESTATIONS OF SHADOWS

The 8 Manifestations of Shadows are born of the 5 Root Shadows, while this is not a full and complete list, this is a list that many deal with when it comes to "business".

Remember, read & re-read as needed.

Ground, speak, ACT every time one of them shows up until they stand by your side with ease.

And when they come back again in "low" moments, moments of low energy, pick up this book and do the work again.

INNER CRITIC
RESENTMENT
REJECTION
LACK (OF SELF-WORTH/VALUE)
SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS
INVISIBILITY
OBLIGATION
CONTROL





THE SHADOW OF THE INNER CRITIC

This Shadow can be one of the biggest manifestations of the 5 Root Shadows. Never given to us by our own minds, it haunts.

It is the most intimate, persistent voice of Doubt you carry within you.

It's a chorus made up of all the people who tried to diminish you, to cut you down to their size.

The parent who insisted you were “too much” or “not enough.”

The lover who made you question your worth.

The friend who turned their back when you were most vulnerable.

This voice lives within your own mind, masquerading as “your conscience”, but make no mistake: it is not your conscience.

It is a collection of echoes...a chorus of other people's doubts...that you have internalized and made your own.

The Inner Critic will attack you in moments when you are close to a breakthrough, close to honoring your desires, close to trusting yourself.

It will say:

Who do you think you are?

You're a fraud.

Nobody wants to hear you.

You will fail.

But these messages were never yours.

They were handed to you by a world that feared your power. They were meant to undermine you, to keep you small and silent.

When you realize this, you cut their strings.

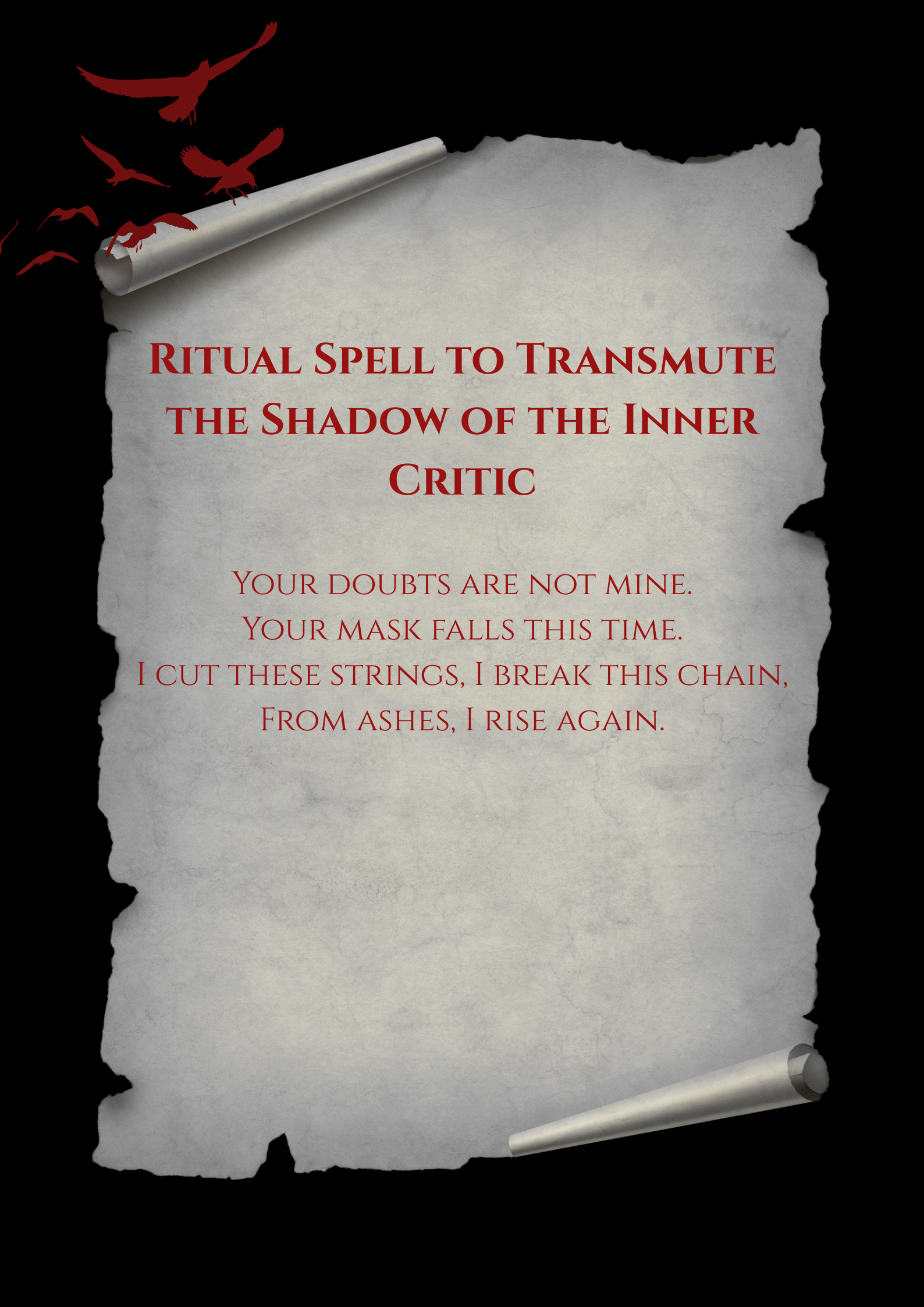
Your Inner Critic is not a reflection of your soul...it is a mask made from everyone else's doubts.

Remove it.

Transform it.

Turn it into pure power...a warrior's resolve...a deep, unyielding confidence in your own magic.



A scroll of parchment with a red bird silhouette flying over it. The scroll is unrolled, showing the text. The background is black, and the parchment is a light, textured color. The text is in a red, serif font.

RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE THE SHADOW OF THE INNER CRITIC

YOUR DOUBTS ARE NOT MINE.
YOUR MASK FALLS THIS TIME.
I CUT THESE STRINGS, I BREAK THIS CHAIN,
FROM ASHES, I RISE AGAIN.

THE SHADOW OF RESENTMENT

The 7th Shadow in the House of 13 Shadows is a poison that seeps into your soul drop by drop.

It's the wall you built from your own agony...a fortress made of disappointments and betrayals...meant to keep you "safe."

But it's a lie.

It's a cage.

Your chains.

It shows up in the petty struggles:

The stack of dishes feels insurmountable.

The video you need to make feels heavy as a millstone.

Your muscles stiffen, your will falters...all because you're wrestling ghosts of the past instead of battling your future.

This shadow isn't powerless.

It's a wolf you forgot how to lead.





Your resentment is raw energy...rage, injustice, the deep
“this isn’t fucking fair”...that you can forge into a weapon...

...until it cuts through your doubts...

...until it destroys whatever stands in your path.

So when it surges up...when the sink feels taller than
mountains and your goals weigh a metric ton...

You grab it by the scruff and say:

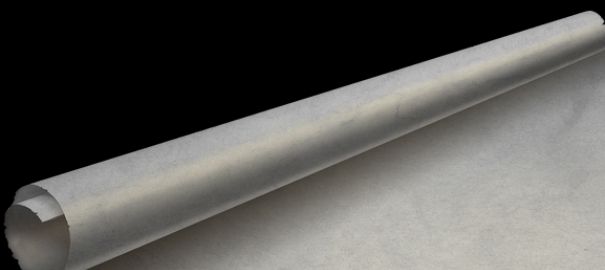
“I know you. I made you.

Your power belongs to me now.”

Then you let it serve you.

Turn it into pure, piercing resolve.

Your greatest weakness becomes your greatest blade.



RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE THE SHADOW OF RESENTMENT

I WAS WOUNDED.

I WAS BETRAYED.

I TURNED THAT PAIN INTO A WALL...

...BUT NOW I BREAK IT.

I CONQUER IT.

I COMMAND IT.

MY RESENTMENT IS A SWORD IN MY
HAND.

MY FUTURE IS MINE TO CUT.





THE SHADOW OF REJECTION

The 8th Shadow in the House of 13 Shadows doesn't stab.

It strangles.

It wraps its fingers around your throat the moment you're about to speak your truth.

It forces you into smallness. Stillness.

It makes silence feel like safety...and visibility feel like death.

Its voice is poison:

"Don't speak."

"Don't show up."

"You're too much."

"No one will want you like this."

This isn't just fear.

This is a systemic mutilation of your voice...carved into you by parents who couldn't understand you, lovers who punished your fire, and a society that only rewards the palatable.

Rejection cuts deep.

Not just through your ego...but into your identity.

It tells you to abandon your own self before others can.

But here's the truth:

You do not exist to be accepted.

You exist to burn.

To scream.

To speak with the full force of your soul.

You were never too much.

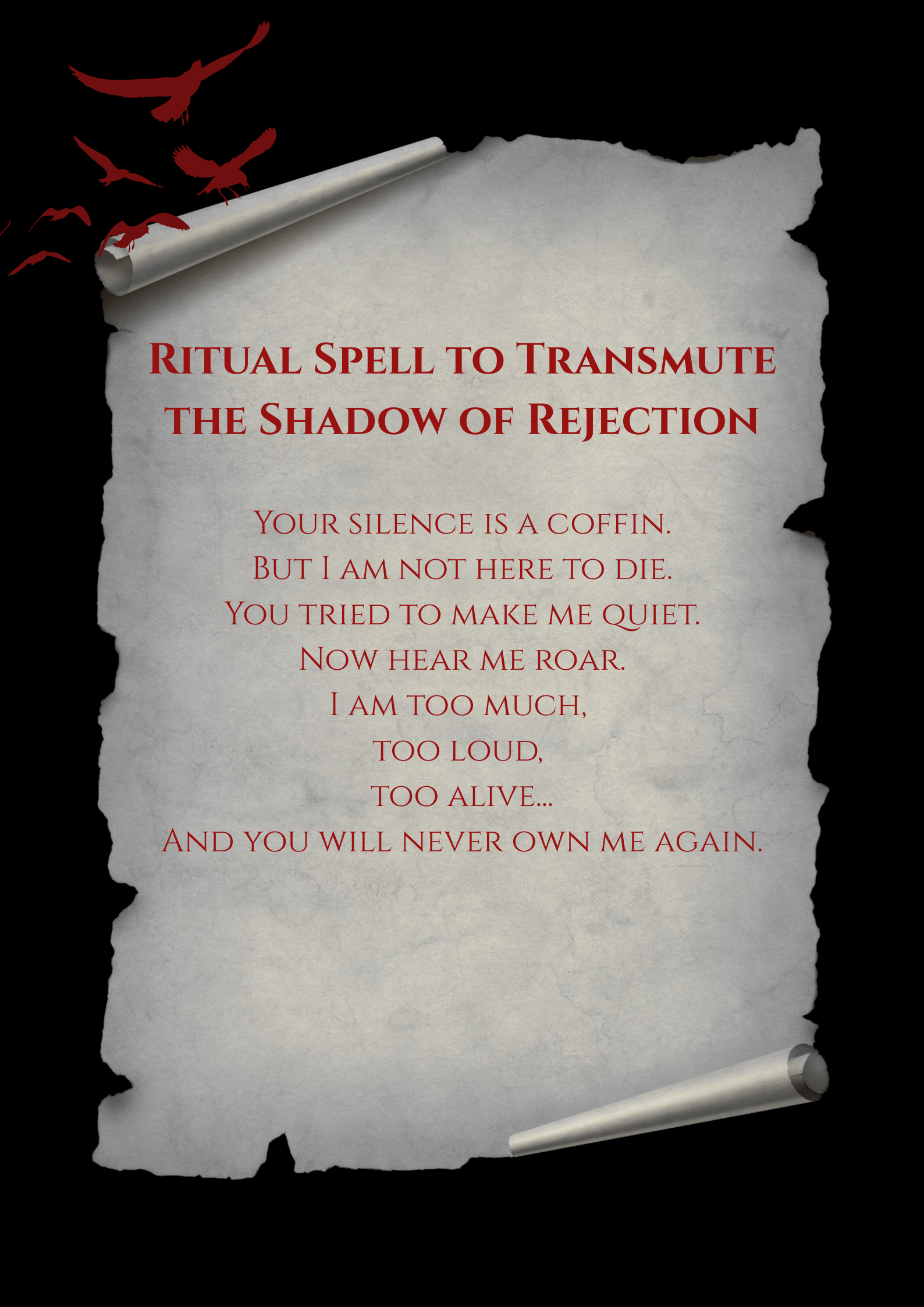
You were always more than they could handle.

This Shadow, once tamed, becomes the amplifier of your voice.

It no longer silences you.

It clears your throat for war.



A scroll of parchment with a red bird silhouette flying over it. The scroll is unrolled, showing the text. The background is black, and the parchment is a light, textured grey. The text is in a bold, red, serif font. The scroll is positioned diagonally across the frame, with the top left corner being the most visible part. The bird silhouette is a simple, stylized red shape with wings spread, flying towards the right. The parchment has a rough, torn edge on the right side. The text is centered on the scroll. The overall composition is dramatic and evocative, suggesting a powerful message or a ritual.

RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE THE SHADOW OF REJECTION

YOUR SILENCE IS A COFFIN.
BUT I AM NOT HERE TO DIE.
YOU TRIED TO MAKE ME QUIET.
NOW HEAR ME ROAR.
I AM TOO MUCH,
TOO LOUD,
TOO ALIVE...
AND YOU WILL NEVER OWN ME AGAIN.

THE SHADOW OF LACK (OF SELF-WORTH/VALUE)

The 9th Shadow in the House of 13 Shadows is a slow, silent killer.

It doesn't strike all at once.

It erodes.

It leaks your value drip by drip until you're left hollow, unsure if you ever mattered at all.

It shows up in whispers:

"Why even try?"

"They're better than you."

"You'll never catch up."

This Shadow isn't yours.

It was placed there.

By parents who couldn't see your brilliance through their own blindfolds.

By friends who cloaked cruelty as humor.





By systems designed to grind your radiance into dust.

They made you doubt your worth because they couldn't bear to face it.

Your brilliance terrified them.

So they tried to smother it.

But here's what they never accounted for:

You were not made to be palatable.

You were made to be undeniable.

Their inability to value you was never your lack...

It was theirs.

And you?

You are the storm they prayed would never rise.

This Shadow, once transmuted, becomes the foundation of your power.

You no longer seek your worth.

You embody it.



**RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE
THE SHADOW OF LACK**

YOU COULD NOT SEE ME
SO YOU TRIED TO SHRINK ME.
YOU CALLED ME WORTHLESS
BECAUSE I TERRIFIED YOU.
BUT I AM NOT A REFLECTION IN YOUR
CRACKED MIRROR.
I AM THE ALTAR, THE WEAPON, THE FLAME.
I DON'T BEG FOR WORTH.
I BURN WITH IT.





THE SHADOW OF SELF- CONSCIOUSNESS

The 10th Shadow in the House of 13 Shadows is the parasite beneath your skin.

It wakes with you.

It eats with you.

It speaks before you do.

It poisons your rituals.

Makes you hesitate before you film,

Second guess before you write,

Recoil from your own reflection as though it's an enemy.

It's not insecurity.

It's infection.

...A viral imprint left behind by those who treated your existence as something to critique.

Teachers.

Parents.

Peers.

Society.

All of them conditioned you to believe you had to shrink,
polish, perfect...

Before you were allowed to exist.
Before you were allowed to breathe.

But their gaze was the disease.

And your self-consciousness?
The symptom.

Here's what they never expected:
That you would survive.
That you would befriend this Shadow...and refuse to be
consumed.

Now, you do what they never did:
You see yourself fully...and you stay.

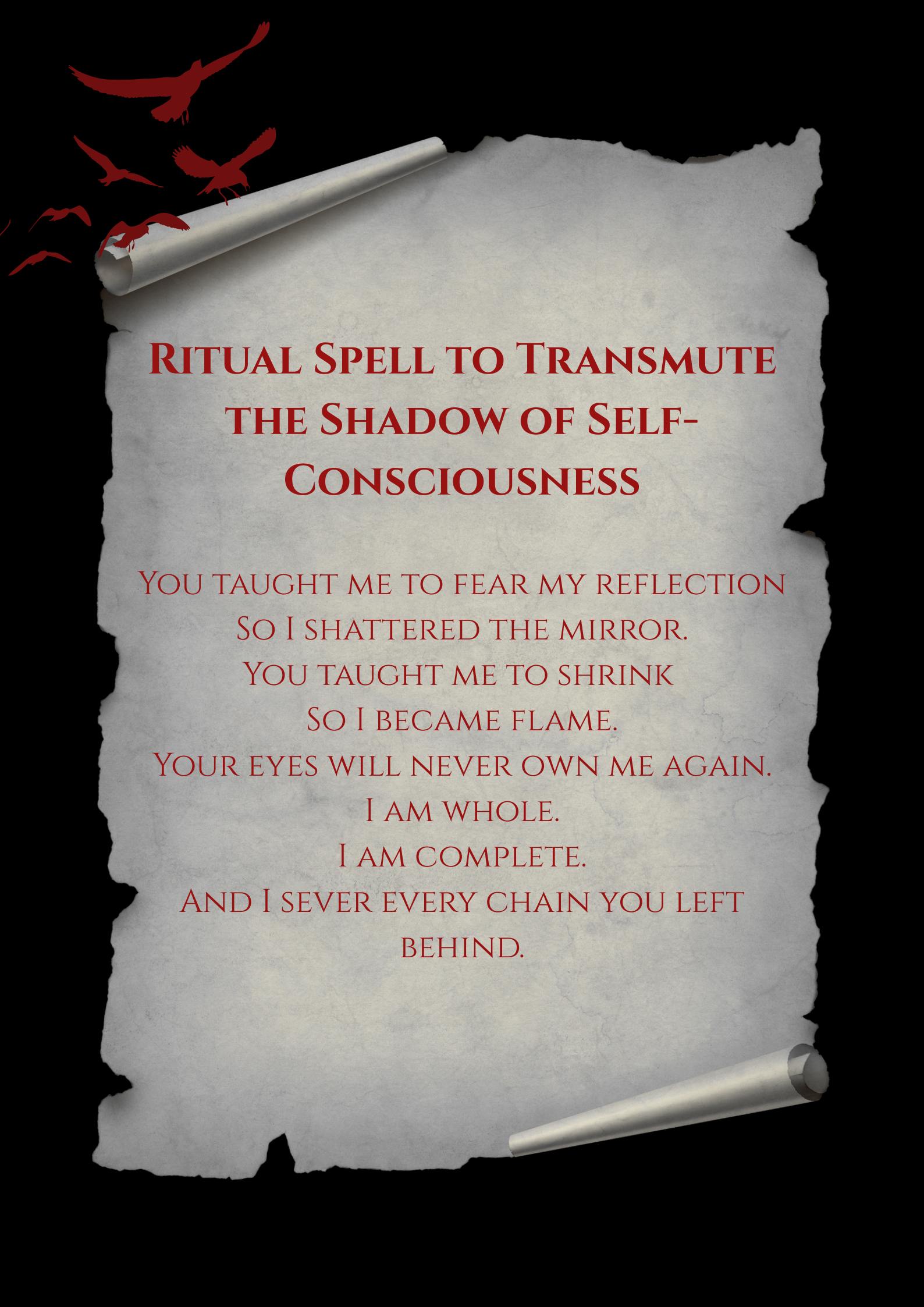
You speak.
You act.
You exist...without asking for permission.

This Shadow, once reclaimed, becomes visibility without
apology.

You stop trying to hide.

You start becoming UNFUCKINGDENIABLE.



A scroll of parchment with a red bird silhouette flying over it. The scroll is unrolled at the top left and bottom right corners. The parchment has a textured, aged appearance with some staining and a torn edge. The background is black.

**RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE
THE SHADOW OF SELF-
CONSCIOUSNESS**

YOU TAUGHT ME TO FEAR MY REFLECTION
SO I SHATTERED THE MIRROR.
YOU TAUGHT ME TO SHRINK
SO I BECAME FLAME.
YOUR EYES WILL NEVER OWN ME AGAIN.
I AM WHOLE.
I AM COMPLETE.
AND I SEVER EVERY CHAIN YOU LEFT
BEHIND.

THE SHADOW OF INVISIBILITY

The 11th Shadow in the House of 13 Shadows doesn't
silence you with force...

It erases you before you even speak.

This is the Shadow that keeps your throat closed...

Your finger off the record button...

Your power hidden beneath layers of dust, fear, and old
obedience.

It is not a cloak.

It is a curse...placed on you by those who feared what
would happen if the world truly saw you.

They told you stories, not with cruelty, but with false
smiles

"Don't be too loud."

"That's not for people like you."

"Tone it down. Be nice. Stay safe."

And because you trusted them...





You swallowed your voice.
You wore the gag.
You became the ghost.

But what they never realized is that Invisibility is not
silence...it is suppression.

And what is suppressed always returns louder.
Hotter.
Unstoppable.

Now, you don't beg to be seen.

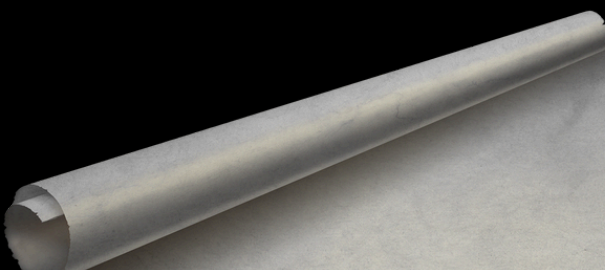
You command it.

You don't ask to be heard.
You speak...
And the world must listen.

This Shadow doesn't go away.

It stands beside you as your twin, your proof, your
contrast...

A reminder of everything you've survived.



**RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE
THE SHADOW OF INVISIBILITY**

YOU COULDN'T SEE ME
BECAUSE YOU FEARED WHAT I'D BECOME.

BUT I AM NOT YOURS TO ERASE.
I RECLAIM THE GIFTS YOU BURIED.
I RECLAIM THE SOUL YOU IGNORED.

NOW YOU SEE ME.
NOW YOU HEAR ME.
AND I WILL NEVER BE HIDDEN AGAIN.





THE SHADOW OF OBLIGATION

The 12th Shadow in the House of 13 Shadows is not loyalty.

It is not service.

It is the noose around your neck, made of words like
“should,” “have to,” and “be good.”

Obligation is the voice that says:

“You owe them.”

“You must sacrifice.”

“You have to hold it all.”

“Who will they turn to if not you?”

It disguises itself as love.

As family.

As tradition.

As righteousness.

But it is nothing more than ROT.

It tells you your desires are selfish.

But it is nothing more than ROT.

It tells you your desires are selfish.

That your rest is laziness.

That your voice, your art, your rebellion must wait until everyone else is fed.

But here's the truth:

Obligation is just control with better PR.

They taught you that to be worthy, you must martyr yourself.

That to be loved, you must be useful.

That to be good, you must disappear into service.

But you are not a servant.

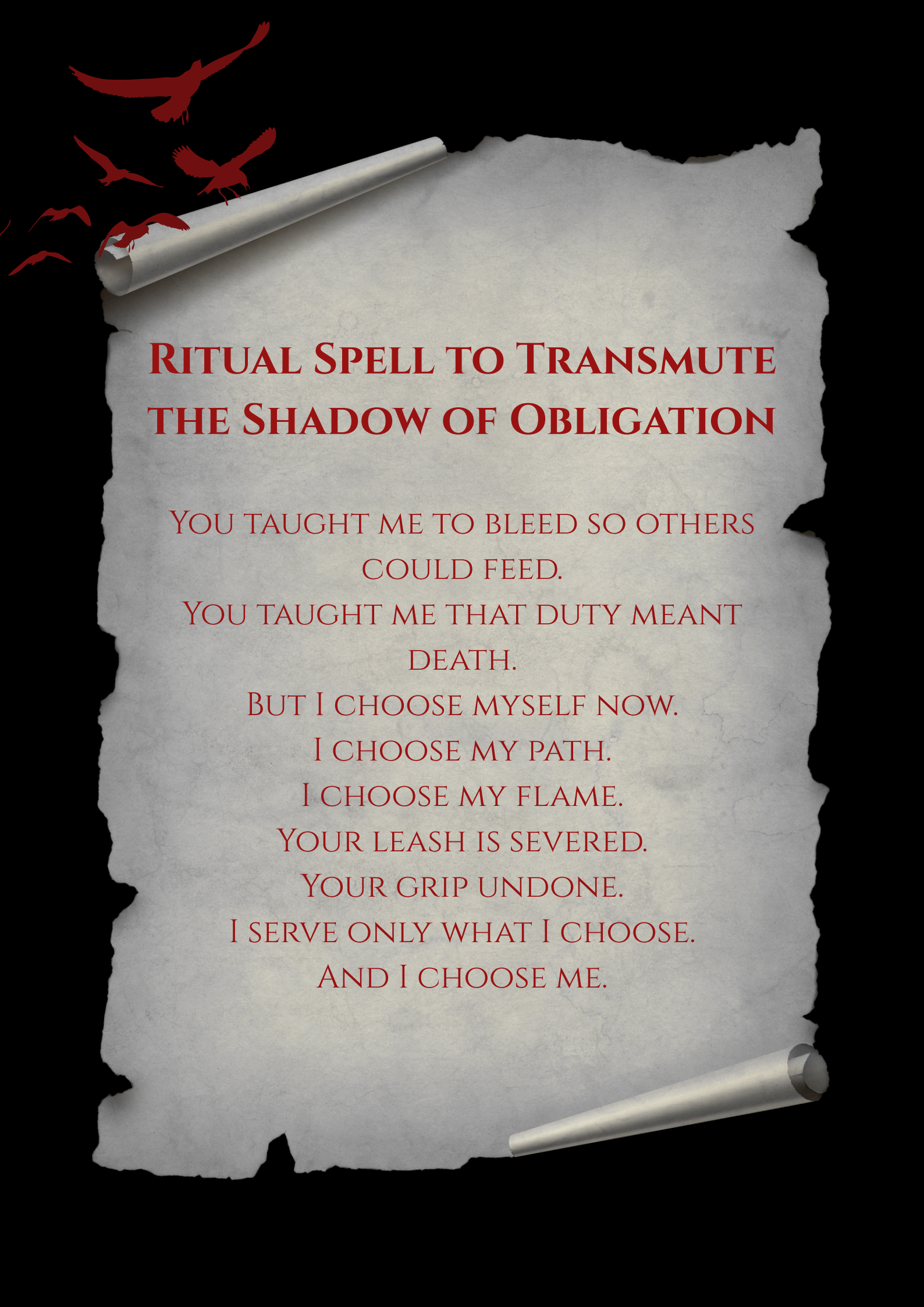
You are the storm.

You are the fire that burns the scripts they handed down.

This Shadow becomes your fiercest protector once reclaimed...A guardian of your sacred "no,"

...A weapon that guards your life from being drained for causes you didn't choose.



A scroll of parchment with a red eagle silhouette flying over it. The scroll is unrolled at the top left and bottom right corners. The parchment has a torn, aged appearance. The background is black.

RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE THE SHADOW OF OBLIGATION

YOU TAUGHT ME TO BLEED SO OTHERS
COULD FEED.

YOU TAUGHT ME THAT DUTY MEANT
DEATH.

BUT I CHOOSE MYSELF NOW.

I CHOOSE MY PATH.

I CHOOSE MY FLAME.

YOUR LEASH IS SEVERED.

YOUR GRIP UNDONE.

I SERVE ONLY WHAT I CHOOSE.

AND I CHOOSE ME.

THE SHADOW OF CONTROL

The 13th Shadow in the House of 13 Shadows is the false god.

The tyrant disguised as safety.

The lie that if you grip tight enough, think fast enough, anticipate well enough...you will be untouchable.

Control doesn't soothe. It strangles.

It makes your body rigid.

Your joy conditional.

Your creativity mechanical.

Your magic sterile.

It says:

"If I plan it, I'll be safe."

"If I know, I can win."


"If I control everything... I won't feel pain again."

But that's the joke, isn't it?

You're in pain because of the grip.

You're exhausted because of the armor.





You're frozen because control was never safety...it was fear
in drag.

The Shadow of Control is born from trauma.

It is your inner child screaming, "Never again!"

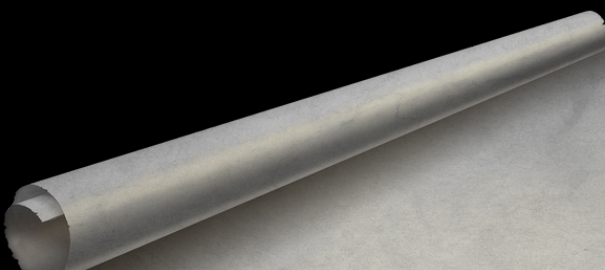
So you built a fortress of spreadsheets, rigid plans, triple-
checked lists, micro-managed rituals...and still... you
suffered.

Here is the truth:
Control is not power.

Trust is.
Surrender is.
Sovereignty is.

When you release this Shadow, you don't fall apart.

You fall into alignment.
You fall into your true strength...the strength that doesn't
need to grasp, because it knows.



RITUAL SPELL TO TRANSMUTE THE SHADOW OF CONTROL

YOUR GRIP WAS A COFFIN.
BUT I AM NOT HERE TO DIE.
I RELEASE THE ILLUSION.
I RECLAIM MY KNOWING.
ANSWERS WILL COME.
ACTION WILL RISE.
I DON'T CONTROL...I COMMAND.
I DON'T CHASE...I TRUST.
AND THAT TRUST...
IS ENOUGH.





THE SHADOWS HAVE BEEN REVEALED

YOU'VE WALKED THE HALLS.
FACED WHAT WAS HIDDEN.
NAMED WHAT ONCE NAMED YOU.
EACH SHADOW STRIPPED BARE, EACH ILLUSION
PIERCED.

BUT THIS IS NOT THE END.

THIS WORK IS DAILY.
THIS WORK IS DEVOTIONAL.
THIS WORK IS THE BLOOD-PRICE OF
SOVEREIGNTY.

BECAUSE THE SHADOWS DON'T VANISH.
THEY EVOLVE.

THEY CIRCLE BACK WHEN YOUR DEFENSES ARE
DOWN...IN MOMENTS OF FATIGUE, FAILURE, OR
WILD SUCCESS.

AND WHEN THEY RETURN, THEY DON'T COME
TO DESTROY YOU.

THEY COME TO REMIND YOU

YOU ARE THE ONE WITH THE BLADE.
YOU ARE THE ONE WITH THE VOICE.
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO CHOOSES WHAT
HAPPENS NEXT.

SO COME BACK.

READ AGAIN.

SPEAK THE SPELLS.

FEEL THE FIRE IN YOUR BONES.

CHOOSE YOUR BECOMING, OVER AND OVER.
AND IF YOU'RE READY TO GO DEEPER...





TO STEP INTO THE FORGE WHERE THIS WORK
DOESN'T END, BUT BURNS BRIGHTER...

WHERE YOUR SHADOWS DON'T JUST WHISPER,
BUT FIGHT FOR YOU?

THEN THE DOOR IS OPEN.

THE FORGE AWAITS.

FOR THE ONES WHO ARE READY.
FOR THE ONES WHO WILL NOT LOOK AWAY.
FOR THE ONES WHO ARE DONE BOWING.

...FOR THE ONES WHO ARE
READY TO BE SEEN, BE HEARD,
AND BE PAID.

WHAT IS CROWS & CROSSROADS?

CROWS & CROSSROADS IS THE LIMINAL SPACE BETWEEN WORLDS GUIDED BY SHADOW-WALKER, NIGHTTONGUE, A FORMER COPYWRITER TO 6-, 7-, & 8-FIGURE COACHES AND COMPANIES.

KNOWN ALSO AS TANIA DAKKA IN ANOTHER LIFE, I SILENTLY LED CLIENTS OUT OF THEIR SHADOWS TO HELP THEM MAKE THE MONEY THEY WANTED TO MAKE FOR 13 YEARS.

NOW. AS AN ANTI-CAPITALIST, I DIRECT MY ENERGY TOWARD LIBERATING HUMANITY FROM THE SHADOWS THAT KEEP US UNSEEN, UNSPOKEN, AND UNPAID.



CROWS & CROSSROADS

BE SEEN
BE HEARD
BE PAID



A Witch's Map
to the House of 13 Shadows