

gozobo creaked and slumped; his  
beat their soft wide wings. The  
loop-de-looped into the sky, foll  
fairy Plumie, the forgetting dan  
who is mourned. The goblin and  
gripped hand in hand, struggling  
vice.

the rabbit crosses over of  
wilderness. she approach

The psychosanth plant drank up  
fluids and its root tendrils curled  
shifting dirt.

When you decide to habitually think in certain  
ways, on certain topics, you change your brain.  
Literally, materially — neural pathways or  
whatever. Returning to gratitude, encouraging it  
in yourself, carves grooves of goodness in your  
cognition. The shape of your consciousness is  
tuned to the frequency of blessings. Reflecting on  
gratitude, actively seeking joy — it's like  
strumming a harp over and over until the echo  
of the chord never quiets in your heart.

In the darkest deep-down, the deep darkest  
down, Elkatron wept. Her disturbance groaned  
through the ground. It shuddered up and up, it  
bubbled and blistered. Her tears flowed into the  
channels of the earth, her spit and her blood  
and her grinding lamentation mixed with  
mineral dust, diluted amongst the cool flowing  
water, spiraling toward the root-tips of old  
trees. In the deep-down these alchemies are  
commonplace.

Until the labyrinth was dug in fresh  
He followed an inscrutable command  
Within his heart: that's how you start a quest

Magic means changing how you move through  
the world such that it changes how the world  
flows around you.

your  
head and  
throughout  
your whole  
body. Your  
whole being,

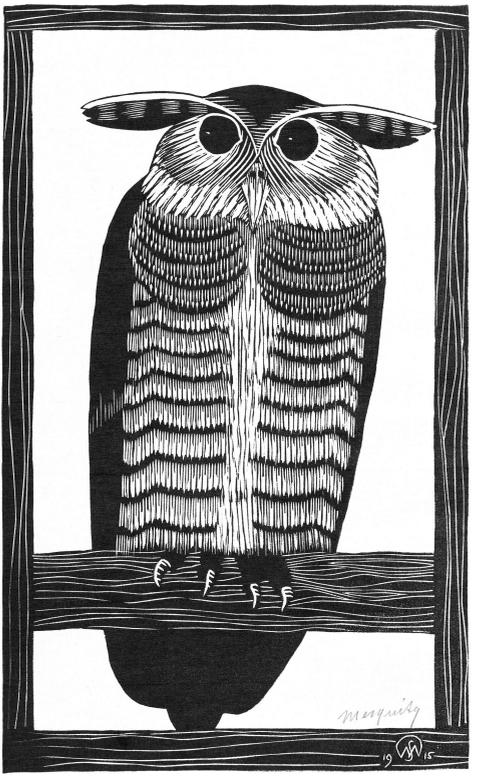
magical. magic:  
after reality, d  
through the  
which

Woods are alone the spir  
e. The soul emerges

Wanderverse is the realm of fairy stories, of  
types, where imagination meets myth.  
Wanderverse is not a place where dreams come  
it's a place where dreams come from. A  
trading post in the noosphere...



wanderverse  
enchanted realm,  
meandered below, at the lines  
half-remembered history  
mutated from voice to voice  
a song-scratch, a stolen mouthful  
dancing the labyrinth  
again  
dancing the labyrinth as the earth shakes  
leaving ground, heavy walking  
alchemies commonplace to the deep-down  
where time bursts in all directions  
The omnigiver  
an unshining mouth, she opens her mouth  
and opens it  
le in  
based up with earth  
an lad, grimy in the tumult



forest heart  
the deepest part  
first venture forth  
go boldly north  
lose yourself amongst the trees  
find yourself again  
tucked beneath one of them

it's so dissatisfying  
that all your journey ever unearths is yourself,  
again  
now you are yourself again

well, dig deeper  
past the mast, the amassed mass of old decaying  
plant matter  
dig around the roots of  
the oldest tree  
dig into the dark crumbling clay  
gritty mud wedged under your fingernails  
but it's okay. it's fine  
you've reached water

change your brain.  
Literally — neural pathways or  
whatever. Returning to gratitude, encouraging it  
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cognition. The shape of your consciousness is  
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strumming a harp over and over until the echo  
of the chord never quiets in your heart.

so ever been  
must lose  
yourself as  
the bla

soul is that  
and the ph

Wanderverse is a dark gem in a cave high up  
a mountain. Wanderverse is the FOREST. The  
forest is where fairy tales happen

learn your  
work here  
habit happened  
pened. // the thing a  
// the trouble with

it's reality,  
flow are all  
Hernyard

will be  
rough yourself  
and yourself.  
rosaic. flower

your  
now you are you

well, dig deeper  
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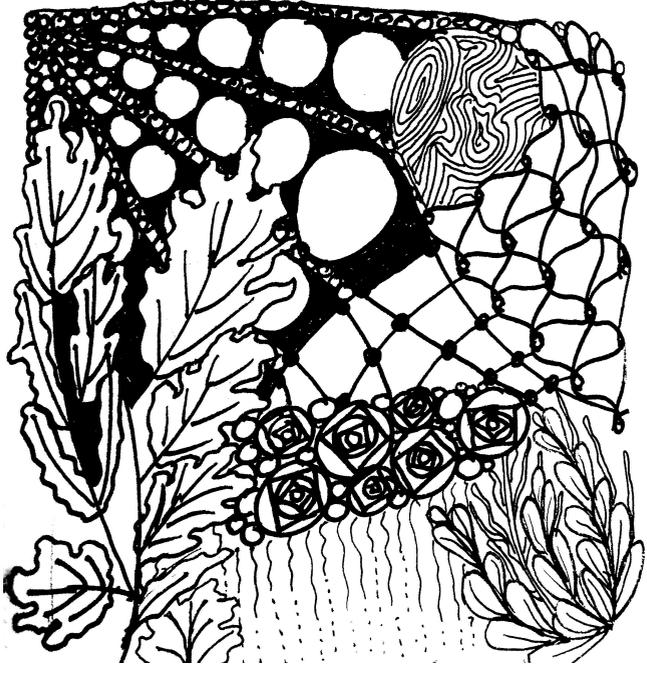
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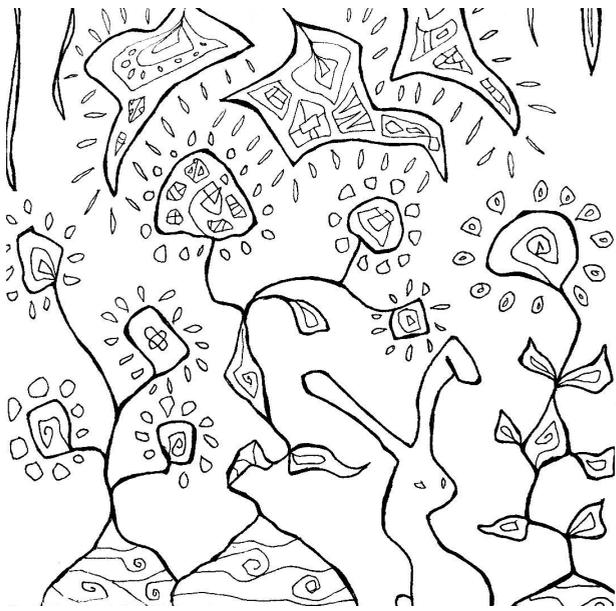
soul is that  
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the bla  
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Wanderverse is a dark gem in a cave high up  
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we are strange  
 of the engagem  
 ed and taught  
 hit to fight  
 again  
 dancing the labyrinth as the earth shakes  
 heaving ground, heavy wailing  
 alchemies commonplace to the deep-down  
 where time bursts in all directions  
 the omni-geyser  
 antediluvian mother, she opens her mouth  
 opens and opens and opens it  
 until they all tumble in  
 fairies and bugs mixed up with earth  
 goblins and a human lad, grimy in the tumult  
 owls with their  
 oft  
 wide  
 wings

star in  
 be inlee

you w

action into the me  
 to be assai

like

war.  
 encl  
 meal  
 half-  
 muta  
 a song  
 dancing  
 again  
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 atch  
 whe  
 the o  
 anted  
 opens  
 until  
 the fa  
 iries a  
 goblins a  
 ows with

Traveling alchemist tinker

Which is not to say that the owls did not seize  
 prey — every litter was thinned by their  
 appetite, and adults were also taken. Of course,  
 the owls were far outnumbered by their prey. It  
 must always be thus.

The rabbits frequented the dusk. In the dark they were  
 the owls' talons, preferred  
 their dens among  
 filtered through  
 emerge, ruff  
 moved the  
 the  
 coat

predicent  
 play. when  
 go when  
 don't know

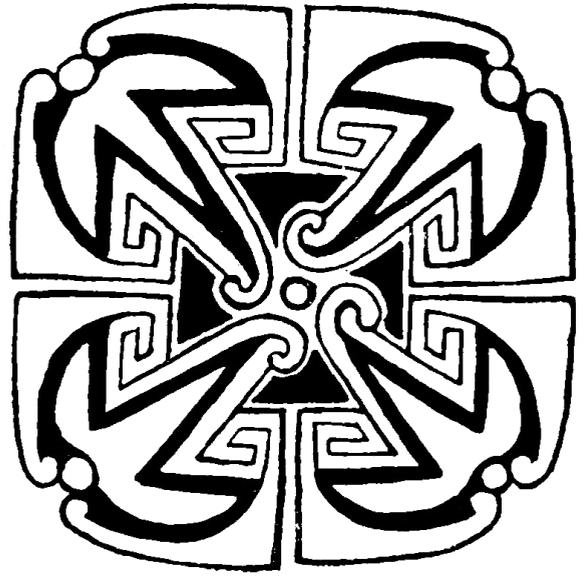
Which  
 prey — c  
 appetite,  
 the owls were far outnumbered by their prey. It

The center of Wanderverse is a meadow with a  
 labyrinth in it. The labyrinth is old, its lines  
 softened by the years. The magnetic force of the  
 place remains as potent as ever. Psychosanth, a  
 rare plant coveted for the ecstatic visionary  
 effect of ingesting its sap, draws on the same  
 energy as the owl cult and other devotees of the  
 labyrinth and travelers drawn in by its pull.  
 Psychosanth depends on Elkatron, behemoth  
 shuddering and sobbing in the earth, slaving  
 and convulsing. In the darkest deep-down.

Snow-Bound by John Greenleaf Whittier  
 above the eastern wood  
 none at its full; the hill-range stood  
 Transfigured in the silver flood,  
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
 Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
 Took shadow, or the sombre green  
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
 Against the whiteness at their back.  
 For such a world and such a night  
 Most fitting that unwarming light,  
 Which only seemed where'er it fell  
 To make the coldness visible.

The psychosanth plant drank up Elkatron's  
 fluids and its root tendrils curled through the  
 shifting dirt.

loop-de-looped into the sky, followed by seed  
 fairy Plumme, the forgetting daughter; the child  
 who is mourned. The goblin and the human  
 gripped hand in hand, struggling to keep their  
 balance.



Once upon a time there was a realm called Wanderverse. It was home to all sorts of fancies, a wellspring of whimsical nonsense and surreal but charming oddities.

In the beginning the labyrinth was not the center of Wanderverse. Believe it or not, in those days Wanderverse had no center at all. But the man who would give it been born. He was

The center of Wanderverse was a meadow with a labyrinth in it. The labyrinth was old, its lines softened by the years. Its magnetic force was as

potent as a center never occupied this land. Until the labyrinth was dug in fresh. He followed an inscrutable command within his heart; that's how you start a quest enchanted memory meandering between the lines half-recalled history mutated from voice to voice a song-snatch, a stolen mouthful dancing the labyrinth

"Rag early learnt what some rabbits never learn at all, that 'hole-up' is not such a fine ruse as it seems; it may be the certain safety of a wise rabbit, but soon or late is a sure death-trap to a fool. A young rabbit always thinks of it first, an old rabbit never tries it till all others fail. It means escape from a man or dog, a fox or a bird of prey, but it means sudden death if the foe is a ferret, mink, skunk, or weasel."

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN  
by Ernest Thompson Seton



All the dreams you can fit in your pockets?  
Sounds like enough to weigh you down

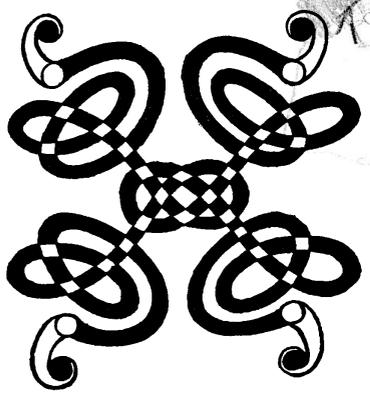
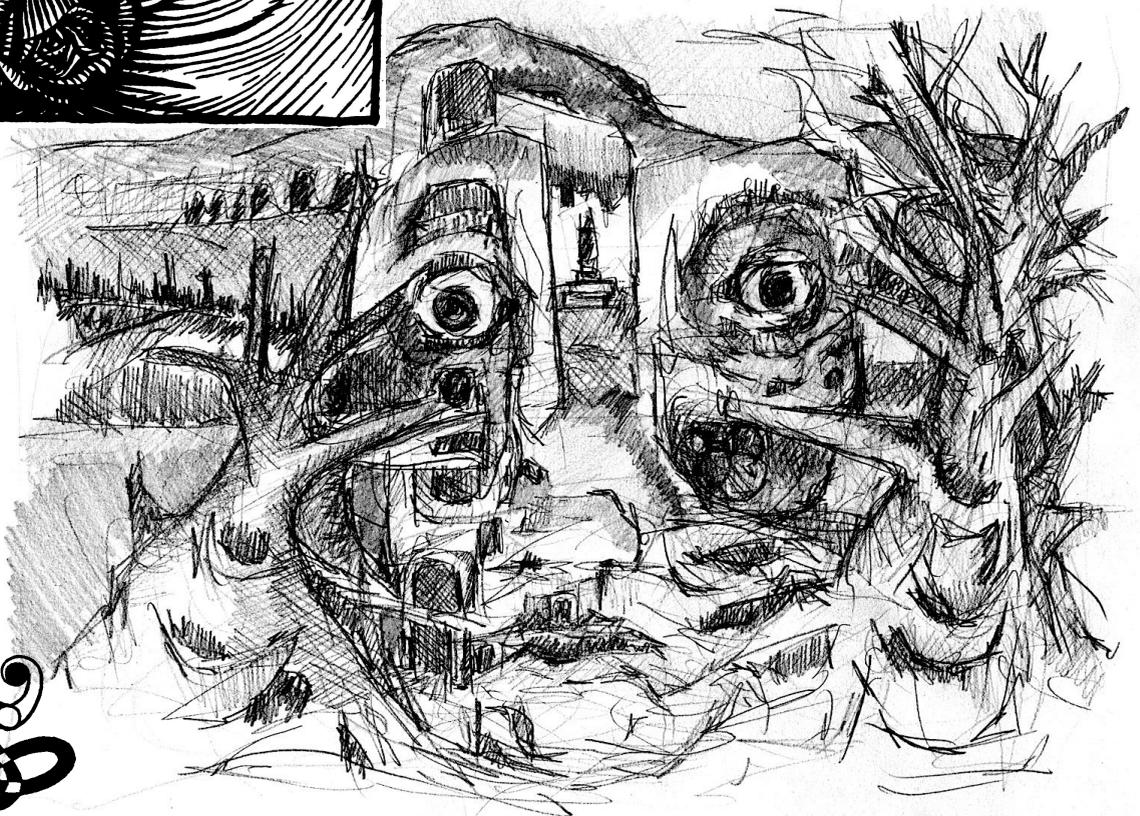
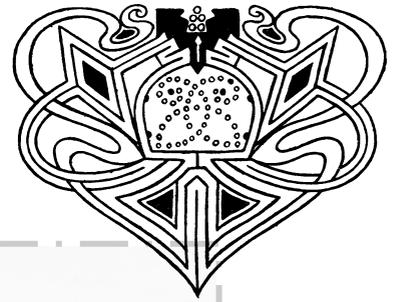


reception, manner.

intentions to alter re-  
through yourself to b  
I think the mechanism  
your intentions are ir  
surging and ebbing a  
overall pattern, and  
sufficient force, they

Once upon a time there w  
Wanderverse. It was ho  
a wellspring of whimsical  
but charming oddities.

"Rabbits have no set time for lessons, they are always learning; but what the lesson is depends on the present stress, and that must arrive before it is known."



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