ADVANCED MOON CYCLE







🌙 Intro & Welcome

The meadow was quiet except for the soft hum of crickets and the distant whisper of the wind through tall grass.

Beneath the silver gaze of the moon, a single table had been set — small enough to feel personal, yet holding enough space for all that was to come.

The Hatter sat at the table, quill in hand, a sheet of cream parchment before her.
An oil lamp glowed warmly at her side, casting a golden halo over ink and paper. Fireflies drifted lazily in the cool night air, their light flickering like little wandering stars.

She paused for a moment, looking up at the moon, as if to borrow a thought from its ancient light. Then she began to write.

"Dearest Moon Sister," the letter began.
"If these words have found you, then I believe you have already heard the quiet call — the one that stirs not in the ears, but in the blood and in the bones. This is a call to remember the deeper rhythm, the one that hums beneath clocks and calendars. It is the rhythm of you."

Her words curved gently over the page, spilling from ink to invitation. She wrote of the week ahead — of the days that would lead them deeper into the seasons of the womb, the layers of their own knowing, the pathways of the Priestess.

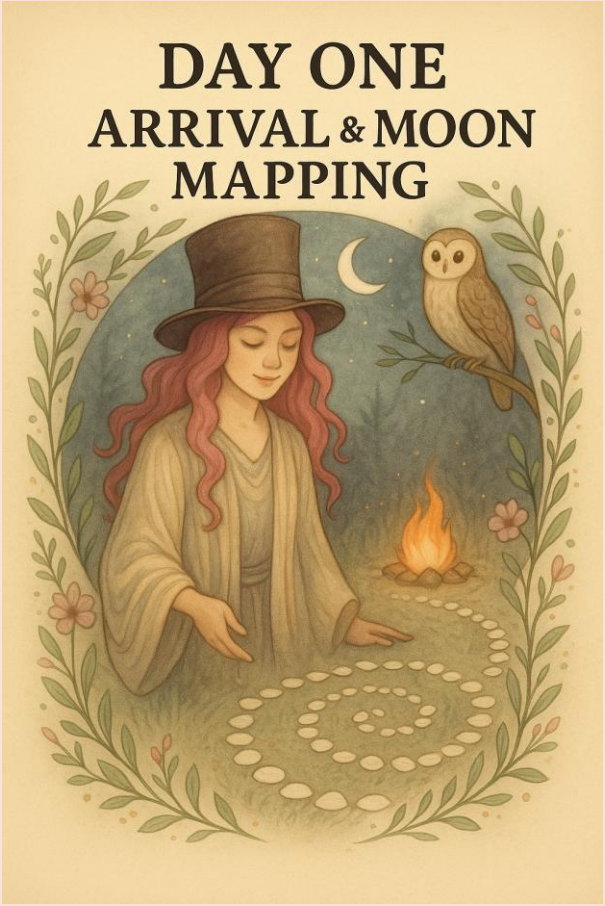
"Here in this place," she continued, *"you will be met as you are. Not as the world asks you to be, but as your truest self — unhurried, unmasked, unashamed. The moon will guide us. The earth will hold us. And together, we will remember what it is to be whole."*

When the letter was finished, she folded it carefully, sealing it with a pressed petal of wild rose. The scent rose softly in the night air.

From somewhere deep in the meadow, an owl called — and the Hatter smiled, knowing the time had come to begin.

The Moon Cycle Immersion at Velvet Vale

An Advanced Journey of Surrender, Power & Ancestral Remembering



The moon had more to offer — this much, the Hatter could feel pulsing in her blood.

It was a night of slow wind and silver light when the first guests began arriving. Velvet Vale had dressed herself for the occasion — her wildflower meadows swaying like they were whispering welcome, her cobblestone paths soft underfoot, her lanterns swinging gently in the dusk.

One by one, they came — women of all ages, carrying satchels, woven baskets, and stories in their eyes. Some had walked through miles of forest. Some had crossed seas. Some had simply followed the tug of something unseen until their steps brought them here.

At the heart of the Vale, the Moon Tower waited — its windows spilling gold and silver light into the night.

The Hatter stood at the door, her hair catching the moon's glow like threads of dawn and sunset woven together. No hat tonight — only her, her smile, and the velvet ribbon of a

welcome that wrapped around each new arrival.

“Come in,” she said softly, her voice as steady as the tide. “The Moon Tower remembers you.”

Inside, the scent of myrrh and wild rose lingered in the air. Cushions and blankets circled a low fire pit in the center of the round room. Around them, tall shelves held jars of herbs, bowls of river stones, and scrolls bound with ribbons. The windows framed the great silver moon, now rising in her fullness.

When everyone had found their place, the Hatter spoke — not from a lectern, not with notes, but as though she were sharing tea with each soul in the room.

“Your cycle moves, whether you notice it or not,” she began.
“It will rise and fall, wax and wane, without

your permission, without your approval. You can dislike it, resist it, put up with it… or you can choose to move *with* it.
This is what we mean by surrender.
Not giving up — but joining in.
Not bowing down — but stepping into the dance."

She let the words rest for a moment, the only sound the soft crackle of firewood.

A young woman at the edge of the circle spoke. "But what does that actually look like? I mean… in a real day, with real demands?"

The Hatter's eyes softened. "I'll show you," she said, and leaned forward as though about to tell a secret.

And here, within the firelight, the **first teaching** unfolded — not as a bulleted list, but as stories.

She told of the **working mother** who once dreaded her bleed because it collided with the busiest week in her work schedule. That was before she learned to work *with* her body, not against it.
In her ovulatory burst — those high-energy days when her cheeks flushed with colour and her words flowed without effort — she would batch-cook fragrant soups, golden breads, and trays of her children's favourite meals. She packed the freezer with jars of broth and berry crumbles so that, when her Inner Winter came, the kitchen would not demand her presence. Instead, she could pull a blanket around her shoulders, warm a ready-made meal, and rest without guilt. "It's like leaving little love letters for my future self," she told the circle, her voice thick with relief.

She told of the **student** who had always fought her cycle, seeing it as an inconvenience — until she began to notice its secret timing. In her most open-hearted days, when her laughter spilled easily and her mind

sparkled with ideas, she shifted her study groups and presentations to land in that social phase. She found herself thriving — speaking with confidence, connecting with classmates, even enjoying collaboration instead of dreading it. “I didn’t change *me*,” she said, her fingers tracing the rim of her teacup. “I just matched the world I could control to the rhythm I already lived in.”

She told of the **artist** who once feared the pre-menstrual nights, believing the story that “low energy” meant laziness. But she had discovered the quiet of those evenings held a different kind of richness. The city outside might still be rushing, but she sat in her attic studio beneath a single lamp, sketching images from the dream-space between waking and sleeping. Her brush strokes slowed, her thoughts deepened, and visions emerged — strange, luminous, and true. “It’s not that I can’t create in my bleeding days,” she explained, “it’s that *these* nights… they’re the doorway to what I can’t see when I’m moving too fast.”

Each story hung in the candlelit air like threads of silver, weaving through the circle. Each woman's voice was her own, yet every listener felt a tug of recognition, as if looking into a mirror that showed not just her face, but her seasons.

When the Hatter's final story drifted into silence, she let it linger a moment — the kind of quiet that is full, not empty. Then she rose, her skirts brushing the moss beneath her feet, and her eyes found each woman in turn.

"It is time," she said softly, "to feel what is ready to be felt."

She guided them to choose — to sit alone if their work would be inward and private, or to sit in pairs if they wished to be witnessed. Those who paired sat knee to knee, hands resting lightly in one another's. Those alone folded into themselves on cushions or leaned against the tree trunks.

The Hatter's voice became a steady thread, weaving them into the practice.
"Close your eyes. Feel the rise and fall of your breath. Notice where it meets your body... notice what the body has been holding. Is there tightness? A weight? A fire? Let your awareness rest there, as though your breath is wrapping its arms around it."

The Vale itself seemed to lean in. Some women began to sway gently; others breathed in short, trembling bursts. The Hatter encouraged them to let their bodies speak without language — to cry if tears came, to whisper if words pressed forward, to release a sound if their throats wanted to sing or shout.

One by one, women stepped into the centre of the group, held in the eyes and energy of the others. The sisterhood surrounded each woman like a living embrace, holding her without needing to fix or change her. When she had emptied what needed to move, she stepped back into the circle, and another entered.

When the last release had been honoured, they joined hands. A single hum began — low and warm — and others joined, weaving tones together until the air quivered. The vibration rolled down into the earth, and the moss beneath their feet pulsed faintly in answer, as if the Vale itself was breathing with them.

Gradually, the sound faded, leaving only the crackle of the fire. They sat in the afterglow, quiet and still, before the Hatter reached for a stack of blank parchment.

Moving around the circle, she placed a page into each waiting hand.
“In the firelight,” she said, “write this: *I release the need to carry…* and let your truth complete the sentence.”

Some pens scratched out a single word: *grief*.
Others wrote *anger*.
Some wrote long lines that spilled across the page — the weight of old expectations, the names of stories they no longer wished to live inside.

When all the parchment had been filled, the Hatter gathered them into a woven basket. She carried the basket to the fire and, without hurry, invited each woman forward.

One at a time, they came — some with steady hands, some trembling, some clutching their parchment as if it had grown heavy in the writing. Each woman knelt, offered her words to the flames, and watched as they curled into smoke and vanished into the night air.

The Hatter spoke as the fire worked its alchemy.
“These words are not destroyed — they are transformed. The Vale knows what to do with what you release. The earth will compost it into something new, and the moon will carry the rest away.”

When the last slip of parchment had burned to ash, they sat again in their circle. The night air was cool now, smelling faintly of woodsmoke and lavender. Somewhere in the distance, a nightbird called.

The Hatter lifted a small drum — its skin pale in the firelight — and began to play a slow, steady beat.
“This,” she said, “is the Drum of Release. Each beat is a step away from what you’ve carried. Each beat is a reminder: you are lighter now.”

The women closed their eyes and let the rhythm travel through their bones. Some swayed with it; others sat utterly still, letting the sound do its work in silence.

When the last beat faded, the Hatter spoke again, her voice threaded with warmth.
“This is how we begin. Not with adding, but with emptying. Tomorrow, we will speak of what to invite in — the dreams, visions, and strengths that wish to grow in the fertile ground you’ve just cleared.”

The fire was banked low, embers glowing like the heart of the Vale itself. They rose slowly, each woman gathering her shawl or cloak, and made their way to the little cottages and tents scattered among the trees.

Above them, the moon was just past her fullness, a silver witness to their work. And somewhere deep in the roots of the Vale, the magic they had made tonight was already beginning to stir.

The fire burned low, and the last embers glowed like tiny red moons in the grate. Dinner was a slow, lingering affair—bowls of root vegetable stew, crusty bread, and honeyed tea passed hand to hand.
Laughter rose and fell in waves, softening into quiet conversations by candlelight.
When the Hatter stood, the room hushed. She told them one last story—of a grandmother who kept moonlight in a jar, and how she opened it on nights when courage felt far away.
By the time the story's final words faded into the fire's crackle, yawns were contagious.
They carried lanterns to their sleeping quarters, the glow bobbing along the moonlit path.
Some drifted into dreams instantly, others lay awake listening to the night creatures sing.

But all felt the same thing in their bones:
They belonged here.
They were exactly where they needed to be.

And that was only the first night.

The Moon Tower slept while the women dreamed, their blankets smelling faintly of wild lavender and woodsmoke.
Tomorrow, they would walk to the Herb Garden for the next teaching — *Emotions, Patterns, Stories, and Habits* — but tonight, the only task was to rest, and let the moon do her work.



Day 2 – Inviting In the Moon’s Gifts

The morning came softly.
Mist clung to the Vale like a dream reluctant to be woken, and the first light slid through the trees in threads of gold.
The scent of baking bread drifted from the stone kitchen house, mingling with the earthy smell of damp moss and woodsmoke from last night's embers.

The women emerged from their cottages and tents wrapped in shawls, their breaths clouding in the cool air. Some walked in pairs, speaking in hushed voices; others wandered alone, pausing to run their fingers along dew-jewelled leaves.

In the centre of the clearing, the Hatter was already there, crouched beside a steaming teapot that sat directly on the moss, no table in sight. She looked up with a grin that crinkled the corners of her eyes.
"Good morning, moon sisters," she said.
"Today, we fill the space you made last night."

They began with breakfast under the old oak — bowls of warm porridge topped with spiced

pears, honey dripping from the spoon, herbal tea steaming between cupped hands. The Hatter told them to eat slowly, tasting each bite as though it were the first pear, the first sip, the first morning.

When the bowls were empty and the last crumbs brushed away, she led them to the river's edge where the Vale's water sang over smooth stones. A circle of cushions had been set out, each one holding a small carved bowl and a sprig of rosemary.

"Yesterday you released what no longer serves," she said, sitting on a stone worn smooth by centuries. "Today you plant what you wish to grow."

She told the story of the **Weaver of Tides**, a woman who once lived where sea and river met.
"When she wanted something to come into her life," the Hatter said, "she would weave it into a net of dreams. But first, she had to name it. The sea does not deliver the fish you will not name."

She invited them to take their bowls and fill them with water from the river.
“Hold the bowl in your hands. Let the rosemary rest across it. Close your eyes. And name the gift you are ready to invite in.”

The women sat in stillness, the soft rush of the river weaving through their breath.
One whispered, *clarity*.
Another murmured, *a child*.
Others spoke words like *courage*, *love*, *rest*, *health*.

The Hatter moved among them, laying a gentle hand on a shoulder here, brushing a tear away there.
“When you are ready,” she said, “speak your word aloud to the river. The Vale will hear it. The moon will remember it. And the waters will carry it to every place that can help it grow.”

One by one, voices rippled across the water, each word sinking into the current and being carried away.

After the last word had been spoken, they returned to the circle and the Hatter began the **Moon Mapping** session.
She unrolled a great parchment, painted with the phases of the moon in shimmering ink.
“This,” she explained, “is the cycle’s compass. It will tell you when to act, when to rest, when to speak, and when to listen.”

She knelt beside them, drawing little sketches as she spoke:

- In **New Moon**, the soil of your life is fresh — plant the seeds of your visions here.
- In **Waxing Moon**, you water them — take the steps that nourish your dreams.
- At **Full Moon**, the blossoms open — share, celebrate, speak your truth.
- In **Waning Moon**, the petals fall — let go of what no longer belongs.

But she didn't just teach — she wove in the stories of women who had lived these rhythms.

She told of Mira, who had always dreamed of opening her own dance school. For years, she'd taught classes in borrowed halls with flickering lights and sticky floors, always telling herself she'd "do it properly one day."

Then one spring, Mira began to notice her own cycle's rhythm matching the moon. She felt the swell of her waxing moon energy — that subtle, steady build where every day gave her more courage and clarity.

During that phase, she began scouting locations. She sketched her studio on napkins in cafés, imagined the colour of the walls, the sweep of the mirrors. By the time the moon was full, she had signed the lease and sent invitations for her opening night. And when that night came, it was magic — the Full Moon hung above the studio windows like a spotlight, the room glowed with laughter, music, and feet moving in time. Mira said she could *feel* the moon dancing with them.

Then there was Anya, who had once believed every waking moment had to be “productive” — especially in her business. She filled her diary with networking events, coffees, and meetings, until she began to burn out. When she learned about the waning moon, she decided to experiment.
She stopped pushing herself to be “on” during those days. She stayed home, lit candles, wrote long letters to friends instead of attending events. She cooked slow meals, took evening walks with her dog, and allowed her thoughts to soften.
The surprising thing? Her friendships grew deeper. Her friends began dropping by for tea, real conversations replaced small talk, and she realised connection didn’t have to be loud to be powerful. “The waning moon,” Anya said, “gave me my people back.”

And Sora — quiet, observant Sora — had always been an overthinker, her head cluttered with too many ideas to act on. She decided to try something simple: each New Moon morning, she lit a single candle and

asked herself one question, written in her journal in her neat, slanted script: *What matters most right now?*
She didn't force answers. She simply let the candle burn while she breathed and listened. Sometimes the answer came in minutes; sometimes in days.
But over months, she noticed something: the ideas that stayed after the candle went out were the ones worth following. They began to bloom into her art, her projects, her collaborations.
Sora said it felt like "less strain, more flow" — as though the moon itself was whispering the path forward.

Each story was a mirror, and each woman in the circle saw her own reflection somewhere in the telling.

As the sun climbed, they worked on their **Moon Cycle Maps** — each woman marking her own cycle dates alongside the moon phases, sketching symbols, writing intentions. The Hatter moved between them, crouching

down to ask, “And how will you honour this?” or “What could make this easier for you?”

When the maps were finished, they laid them out in a great spiral on the moss. The sight was a swirl of colour, ink, and hope.
The Hatter smiled.
“This is the garden of the Vale,” she said. “And you are the gardeners.”

Lunch was eaten by the water — fresh bread, soft cheese, figs, and mint leaves — before the afternoon practice: **Embodied Moon Flow**.
Here, the Hatter led them in slow, fluid movements that mirrored the moon’s journey, from the stillness of New Moon crouches to the wide, open shapes of Full Moon stretches. Laughter bubbled as they moved together, some graceful, some playful, all radiant.

The day closed with another fire, but this time they did not burn — they called in.
One by one, they spoke their visions aloud, and the others echoed them back like blessings.

When the last blessing had been spoken, the Hatter looked at them with a smile that was part mischief, part moonlight.

"Tonight," she said softly, *"I'll share with you one of my mooncycle meditation tales… a story that comes to visit you in dreams, again and again, if you let it."*

And so she began:

Once upon a month,
….. I wonder if you remember the first time she came to you in your dreams , the beautiful red fox Mira with a glistening shimmer of star dust to her coat ✨ , that night you lay in your bed all but a few hours away from your bleed arriving as a monthly guest to and from your womb , your body tired sore and aching your emotions and feelings were tender or maybe red hot with rage and you felt like you were going crazy 🤪 , yes that same night,
when your eyes finally became heavy enough to close and you drifted into dream space

there in front of you in a puff of sparkling red star dust she arrived mira, a beautiful red fox , her coat the colour of blood and berries and the final flickers of autumn.
She moves quietly, this fox — her paws light as petals, She she didnt speak in words and yet you could hear her asking , beckoning you to follow her and so you did,
she didnt rush you .....you moved at just the right pace ,
you passed glistening trees with magical fruits , magnificent flowers sprinkled in the grass as you walked and the bushes rustling and glowing with fireflies nestled in between the leaves and branches , there were ethereal sounds , song birds from other worlds and dimensions singing song in language your soul heard and recognized , creating safety and remembering , an ease and sweet sigh running through your body

You stop .....Then... You see it.

A round red yurt... shimmering in the moonlight, breathing like a living thing. It is not

made of fabric alone — no, this tent is sewn from silks spun of moon-thread, bark-fibres from the moon tree, and threads of auburn starlight. It glows. It hums. It knows your name.

You step inside. Warmth. Stillness. Time stops.

The air smells like earth after rain, rose petals, and woodsmoke. The floor is soft with moss and grass — a nest made just for you. You kneel, then settle into it. A blanket awaits, stitched from velvety moss, silvered bark, and threads the colour of rust and wine and stories never told.

You wrap yourself in it and exhale.

Then you press your palms to the ground. Then your fingers. Then your toes. The earth beneath is rich, black, soft — womb-soil.

And it receives you.

You feel it — the pulse. Not yours alone, but the pulse. The heartbeat of the Earth. The

thrum of blood and sap and tide and time. It welcomes you back.

This is the time of release Of return Of remembering

And as you lie there, your breath slows. Your body, that ancient river of rhythms, begins to unwind. Your womb speaks not in words, but in sensation. In dreams. In knowing.

The red fox curls beside you now, her tail a flickering ember across your feet. Around the tent, soft red lights glow — not candles, but tiny stars. They float in the air like sparks. They are the lights of women before you. Ancestors. Sisters. Souls who have bled before, and left their wisdom behind.

And they speak to you in the only way they can — through warmth, through dreams, through the quiet hush that descends when you finally let go.

Here, you do not need to do. Here, you do not need to hold it all together. Here, you simply are.

And being is enough. Being is sacred. Bleeding is holy. And you... are home.

Stay as long as you wish. Sink deeper into the moss. Breathe in the soil and silk. Let your bleed be your teacher, your guide, your release.

And when you are ready... The red fox will return. To curl beside you again. Night after night, Until your moon-tide wanes... and the next season of your cycle begins.

And you will remember the red tent. You will carry its moss in your bones. Its threads in your blood. Its rhythm in your breath.

Because the tent is not a dream after all. It is a memory. Of who you are beneath it all. A bleeding being made of moonlight, soil, and soul.

Mira whispers a message
Every moon cycle i will come to be by your side I will visit in your dreams and bring you to the rent tent for healing Nourishment regeneration and remembering from the day

you begin your bleed until she leaves i will be with you .....until next cycle dear one farewell, she fades into the fabric of the sky

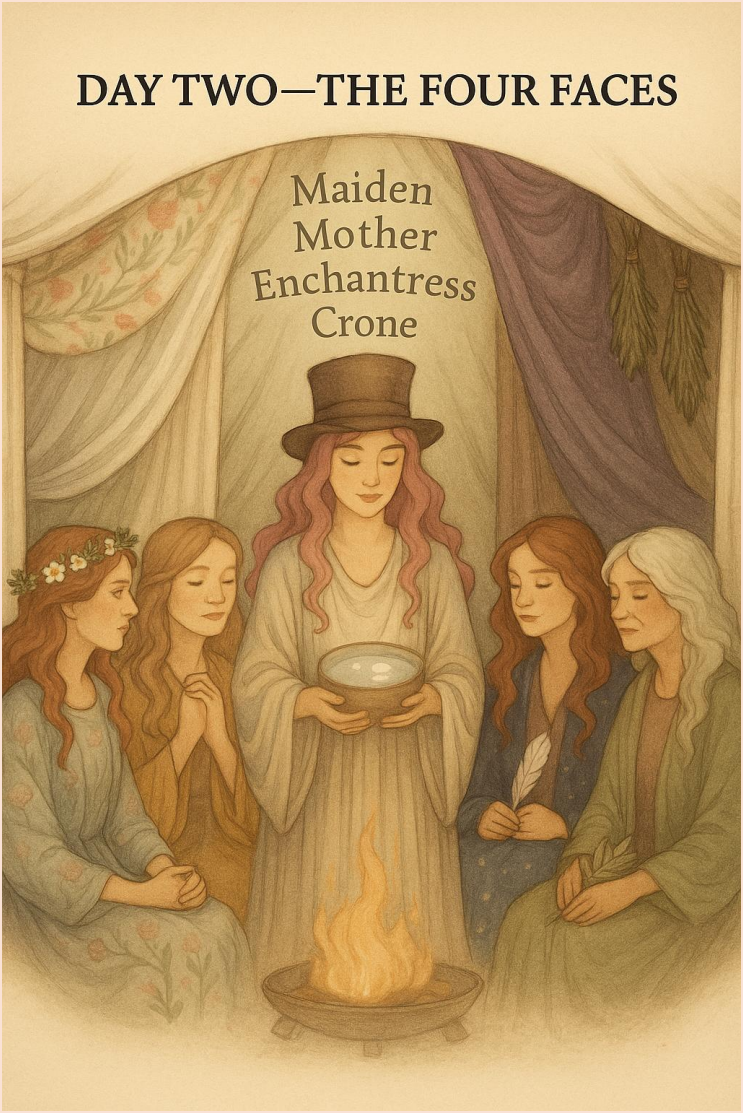
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When her voice finally quieted, the women sat in stillness, as if Mira herself might step from the shadows any moment. The air was warm with the scent of woodsmoke, and the Vale's night chorus seemed to have slowed to listen.

By the time they carried their lanterns back to their rooms, the air itself felt full — not with the heaviness of Day 1's release, but with the soft hum of possibility.

They went to sleep with the moonlight spilling through their windows and Mira's promise — and their own voices — still ringing in their ears, like a vow made to themselves and witnessed by the Vale.

DAY TWO—THE FOUR FACES



Morning in the Vale broke like the slow opening of a silken fan — pale gold spilling over the hills, dew clinging to each blade of grass as though the moon herself had lingered to kiss the land. The women emerged from their rooms still wrapped in shawls, the air scented with chamomile steam from the teapots waiting in the meadow.

The Hatter stood by the fire circle, her pink curls catching the dawn light, holding a bowl of water where moon and sun both shimmered on the surface.
“Today,” she said softly, “we walk with the Four Faces — the four voices that live inside your cycle. Maiden, Mother, Enchantress, Crone. Each one is you. Each one is necessary. Each one leaves her fingerprints on your days, whether you notice or not.”

She paused, letting the water catch the light so the reflections of moon and sun danced over their faces.
“Come. Let me show you.”

They followed her into the long yurt, which had been transformed into a living map of these four selves.

One corner bloomed with wildflowers, ribbons, and white silk that lifted in the breeze. A clay jug overflowed with water so clear it looked like melted glass.
“She is your beginning,” the Hatter said, “the spark of curiosity, the thrill of possibility. She is springtime in your blood.” They could almost see her — a barefoot girl with eyes like fresh rain, running through fields without looking back.
“But she lives in you still,” the Hatter went on, “whether you are nineteen or ninety. She is there each time you begin something new — a job, a love, a project. She is the voice that says, ‘Why not? Let’s try.’ In modern life, she is the energy that lets you learn, adapt, and dare. When you honour her, you keep your curiosity alive.”

The next space glowed warm with beeswax candles and the scent of fresh bread. A low

table was laden with fruit, bowls of honey, and steaming mugs of tea.
“She is your nurturer,” the Hatter said, “not only of children, but of ideas, communities, and your own body.” They could picture her — a woman with soil under her nails from planting something that will feed others, her lap a safe place for those who need rest.
“In the modern world, she is the part of you that builds, sustains, and protects. She shows up when you care for a friend in crisis, when you pour your heart into your work, when you make a space safe and welcoming. She reminds you that creating something worth keeping takes patience and tending.”

The third corner shimmered in twilight colours, with fabrics like shifting shadows and a mirror rimmed in amethyst. The air was scented with night-blooming jasmine.
“She is your wild one,” the Hatter whispered, “your truth-teller, your edge-walker. She sees what is hidden, speaks what is unsaid.”
A vision flickered — a woman dancing alone in the dark, laughter spilling from her like wine,

eyes unafraid to meet your gaze.
“In modern life, she is the part of you that says yes to your instincts, no to what drains you, and refuses to shrink to fit. She is your creative surge, your boundary keeper, your magic-maker. When you trust her, life begins to shape itself around your truth instead of your fears.”

The final corner was shadowed and still, a single brazier burning low and fragrant with sage and cedar. Bundles of dried herbs hung overhead, and a low hum seemed to come from the very walls.
“She is your wisdom,” the Hatter said, her voice low. “She knows endings are not losses, but openings. She holds the stories of every face you have worn.”
They saw her — silver hair loose, eyes like deep wells, hands stained with ink from writing in the Book of What Matters.
“In the modern day,” the Hatter explained, “she is the voice that says, ‘You don’t have to rush. You don’t have to prove. You already know.’ She is in the pause before you answer,

in the courage to say no without explaining, in the clarity to see what truly matters when the noise falls away."

The women moved slowly through each space, guided by a low drumbeat, collecting a small treasure from every face — a petal from the Maiden, a candle flame in a lantern from the Mother, a feather from the Enchantress, a sprig of sage from the Crone.

In the centre of the yurt, they gathered once more. From a great basket, the Hatter drew out strands of scarlet yarn, silver thread, and cloth worn soft by time.
"These are the threads of those who bled before you," she said. "Some carry blessings. Some carry burdens. Today, we remember… and choose."

They spoke their lineages aloud, or imagined them if no stories had been told. Knots were tied for blessings claimed, knots undone for burdens released. Slowly, the threads were braided together, forming a shared cord that

was placed in the heart of the fire circle. It seemed to breathe with its own quiet life.

Night fell with a waxing moon, and the women gathered outside beneath her light. A great silver mirror lay on the grass, tilted so it caught the moon's face. One by one, they stood before it, holding the treasures they had carried from the four corners. The Hatter's voice curled like smoke through the air: "Look. See all your faces there — Maiden, Mother, Enchantress, Crone. You are not one. You are all. And that… is your power."

Vows were spoken in low, sure voices, the sound weaving itself into something that felt like a spell.

Later, they ate together beneath strings of golden fairy lights in the meadow, laughter soft and warm as cider. And when they finally drifted to bed, the braided cord hung in the central yurt, swaying as though breathing — and some swore they saw it pulse with light, as if the ancestors had come to sleep among them.

DAY THREE
SAFFIRE'S DAWN GARDEN BREAKFAST



The morning light in the Vale was honey-soft, sliding through the leaves and catching on the dew still clinging to the meadow. The women drifted into the breakfast yurt, shawls around their shoulders, some barefoot, hair still tousled from dreams.

The long wooden table was already laid — woven baskets spilling over with figs so dark they looked like drops of night, pomegranates split open to reveal glistening rubies, bowls of blueberries like tiny moons, and fresh slices of mango still warm from the morning sun. Sprigs of mint, lemon balm, and basil lay tucked between the plates, their scent rising as the women took their seats.

Saffire appeared in the doorway, cheeks flushed from her dawn walk back from Reverie Rouge. She had risen before the others to wander through the Conscious Café's garden, choosing each food with care — figs for hormone balance, pomegranates to nourish the blood, blueberries to soothe the nervous system, mint and lemon balm to ease

the tides within. In her arms, she carried shallow baskets lined with muslin, heavy with the morning's harvest. She placed them gently along the table, as if setting down blessings.

"These came straight from the garden," the Hatter said, pouring tea the colour of rose quartz into clay mugs. "Saffire picked them herself — foods chosen for the moon's needs. Each one has its own magic. Together... they remind your body it is loved."

Saffire smiled, tucking a loose strand of blue hair behind her ear as she set down a final tray — little bowls of chia pudding topped with golden pollen and a drizzle of honey, the sunlight catching in the honey's amber pools.

They ate slowly, as though the flavours deserved time to reveal themselves. Between mouthfuls of mango and spoonfuls of chia pudding, the conversation turned — not to weather or daily tasks, but to what had stirred in them the night before.

“I keep thinking about the Enchantress,” said a woman with copper hair, her fingers curling around a mug of mint tea. “I didn’t realise how much I’ve been ignoring her. I’ve been… quieting myself down to keep things peaceful.”

“That’s what I’ve done with my Crone,” another admitted. “I’ve been taught that slowing down means I’m falling behind. But maybe… maybe she’s the one who’s been trying to save me.”

The Hatter listened, her eyes bright over the rim of her cup. “They speak to you,” she said softly. “Even when you think you can’t hear them, they tug at your sleeve. You might feel the Maiden when you pick up a paintbrush for the first time in years. Or the Mother when you find yourself making tea for a friend who hasn’t even told you she’s hurting yet.”

Saffire leaned forward, chin in hand. “Or the Enchantress,” she added, “when you finally walk away from something you know isn’t

right — even if no one understands why. She's fierce, but she's also your ally."

A few nodded, lips curved in small, knowing smiles.

"And the Crone," the Hatter went on, "is the one who keeps the threads from tangling. She'll tell you when to cut something loose, and when to knot it tight and keep it. She is the quiet in the storm."

The women sat with her words, the only sounds the clink of spoons and the faint hum of bees drifting in from the garden.

Outside, the meadow was beginning to stir — sunlight deepening, flowers opening — as though the land itself was listening, ready to carry their words into the day ahead.

They lingered at the table until the teapots were nearly empty and the platters bare, conversation looping between laughter and long silences that felt as nourishing as the food itself.

When the Hatter finally rose, the women followed her out into the meadow. The grass was still cool beneath their feet, silver drops of dew soaking into their hems. Saffire walked alongside them, a basket now filled not with breakfast fruits, but with small bundles of herbs — rosemary for remembrance, lavender for calm, and sprigs of moonwort, its silvery leaves catching the light.

“We walk into the day as if it’s a circle,” the Hatter said, leading them through the tall grass. “Morning to night, Maiden to Crone, one season to the next. And in the centre, always, is the part of you that is whole — even when you feel scattered.”

The meadow opened before them like a wide green ocean, edged with wild roses and buttercups nodding in the breeze. In the distance, a single white mare grazed, lifting her head to watch them pass. The air was warm enough to loosen their shoulders, but laced with the kind of freshness that made each breath feel like a beginning.

They walked in quiet for a while, the hum of bees and the rhythmic crunch of grass underfoot a soft drumbeat. Somewhere overhead, a skylark sang, the notes spiralling higher and higher as if to remind them that joy, too, could be a kind of offering.

The Hatter glanced over her shoulder, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. “Today,” she said, “we’ll meet the parts of you that don’t live in words. The parts that rise when you let your body speak first.”

And with that, she stepped into the heart of the meadow, where the grasses grew waist-high and the earth held the scent of sun and rain in equal measure

They stepped into the centre of the meadow, where the tall grasses made a soft, swaying wall around them. The air here was different — warmer, yet touched with a cool breath from somewhere unseen, carrying the scent of clover and wild thyme.

The Hatter paused, her skirts brushing the seed heads, and held out her hands as though catching something invisible.
“This,” she said, “is where words fall away. We’ll speak in the language of the body now — the oldest language there is. It’s the tongue of trees leaning toward the sun, of rivers turning in their beds, of the moon pulling at the tides inside you.”

Saffire, still carrying her bundle of herbs, knelt to place them in the grass — a quiet offering. The women spread out in a wide circle, their shadows falling over the swaying green.

“Close your eyes,” the Hatter whispered. “Find your breath. Feel your feet on the earth. Let her notice you.”

A hush fell over the meadow. The hum of bees thickened, and the wind moved in long, slow waves, touching skin like a blessing.

The Hatter’s voice was low, almost part of the wind now:
“Let your Maiden rise in you — that eager,

leaping energy. She might turn your shoulders toward the sun, or tip your chin higher, or make your fingers want to reach, reach, reach… let her move you."

Soft laughter rippled through the circle as bodies tilted and stretched, some twirling gently, others standing with eyes closed, faces turned skyward.

"Now," the Hatter said, "let the Mother arrive. She is steadier. She might have you rock side to side, or fold forward, holding an invisible child — or an idea — in your arms. Feel her grounding you, feeding you, holding you."

Movements slowed. Some women sank to their knees, hands pressed to the earth; others swayed as though cradling something precious.

"The Enchantress comes in like dusk," the Hatter murmured. "Let her twist your spine, let her hips find a rhythm, let her eyes open with knowing. She moves the way shadows dance on a candlelit wall."

Bodies curled and uncurled, hips rolling, shoulders spiralling; some women's hands painted unseen shapes in the air.

"And the Crone," the Hatter said, "she will not be hurried. She might stand you still. She might have you sit and breathe. Or she may move you in small, deliberate ways — each gesture full of meaning you don't have to name."

A deep quiet settled over the circle. The only movement now was the grass swaying and a few women tracing slow arcs with their hands as if stirring the air.

The Hatter stepped into the middle, lifting a small drum. Its heartbeat thudded low and steady, and with each beat, the women began to weave their movements together — Maiden's leaps softened by Mother's weight, Enchantress' curves anchored in Crone's stillness.

They moved until the lines between them blurred — not four faces now, but one whole

body of many voices, speaking in breath and step and heartbeat.

When the drum stopped, they stood together in the warm hush, the meadow's edge blurring into the blue of the sky. The Hatter smiled, her eyes bright.
"Your body remembers what your mind forgets. She carries your cycle in her bones, in her muscles, in the sway of your spine. Trust her. She will lead you back to yourself every time."

Saffire lifted her bundle of herbs and passed sprigs to each woman. Lavender for calm. Rosemary for remembering. Moonwort for the unseen magic still working in them.

And together, they walked back toward the Vale, the meadow's song still humming in their blood.

That night, the fire was slow and steady — a deep ember-glow instead of roaring flames. Around it, the women wrapped themselves in shawls, the scent of crushed herbs from the meadow still on their skin.

The Hatter sat cross-legged, her pink curls spilling forward as she poked the coals with a branch. Sparks drifted up like tiny, wandering stars.
“Today you danced with your four faces,” she said softly. “Now let’s weave their voices into one thread before you sleep.”

One by one, each woman stepped forward into the glow of the fire, cupping her hands as though holding an invisible offering.

From the Maiden’s voice came promises like spring buds breaking open:
“I will remember to play, even when the world feels heavy.”
“I will say yes to what makes my heart skip.”
“I will run toward wonder before asking if it’s sensible.”

The Mother's voice spoke in the slow rhythm of steady tides:
"I will feed what I love, even if it grows slowly."
"I will make my lap a safe harbour for those who need rest."
"I will tend my own roots so my branches can give shade."

The Enchantress' voice came like wind over a hidden path, wild and certain:
"I will move with mystery, and trust my instincts even when they surprise me."
"I will keep my edges sharp enough to protect the softest parts of me."
"I will speak what is true, even if my voice trembles."

The Crone's voice settled over the fire like nightfall:
"I will trust my stillness and the wisdom that comes in quiet."
"I will let go of what no longer belongs to me."
"I will stand in my knowing without the need to explain."

Each vow, whether whispered or strong, was received by the circle as the others repeated it back — not as an echo, but as a blessing, their voices weaving into the air like threads of smoke.

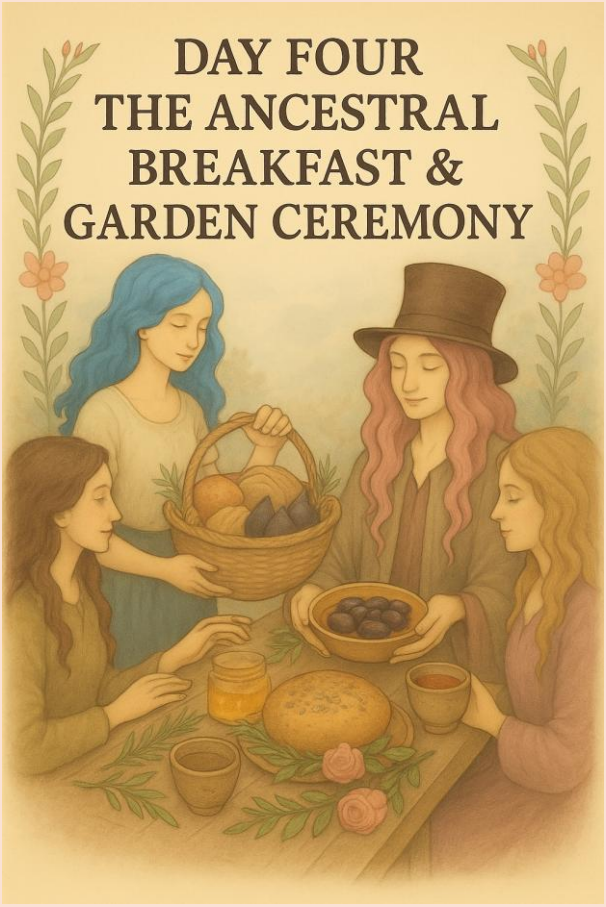
When it was done, the Hatter reached into her satchel and pulled out a small bundle wrapped in moss. She unrolled it to reveal tiny biscuits shaped like moons, each dusted with crushed lavender and honey.
“A little sweet for your dreams,” she smiled, passing them around.

The fire sighed lower, the night sounds of the Vale rising to take its place. Somewhere far off, an owl called, and the air carried the faint perfume of moonflowers opening in the dark.

The women drifted back to their rooms in twos and threes, still murmuring each other’s words as they walked.

And when sleep finally took them, it carried the sway of the meadow, the weight of the

herbs in their palms, and the quiet heartbeat of the four voices now moving as one.



🌿 Day Four — The Ancestral Breakfast & Garden Ceremony

The mist still clung to the meadow when a flicker of blue hair appeared at the edge of the Vale.
Saffire emerged from the winding path out of Reverie Rouge, each arm looped with a woven basket. The scents came before she did — woodsmoke, warm bread, rosemary, and something faintly floral and ancient, like the inside of an old cedar chest.

These were not the usual morning harvests from the Conscious Café. This time, she had chosen foods with stories in them — seeds and flavours that had travelled through generations to reach their hands. A round of barley bread, baked from grains saved by a grandmother who'd sworn they carried the memory of sunlit fields; dark figs from a tree planted by an ancestor whose name was only spoken at midsummer; sprigs of rosemary and thyme, cut from plants grown from cuttings that had been passed through many hands before hers.

She set the baskets down in the centre of the circle, and the women leaned closer, breathing in the mingled scent of herbs, bread, and fruit.

“This is how I begin on days when I want to feel my roots,” Saffire said, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. “Food can hold more than nourishment — it can carry voices, places, and hands you’ll never meet. Every bite today is a thread back through time.”

She lifted a shallow bowl of rosewater-soaked dates.
“These came from a grove my great-aunt once walked through every evening. She said the sweetness was different at dusk, when the fruit held the last light of the day. When you taste them, think of the people whose light you still carry.”

From another basket, she took out a jar of wildflower honey, flecked with tiny petals.

“This honey was gathered by bees who drink from the same flowers my grandmother planted decades ago. It’s her garden, still speaking.”

They ate slowly, as though the flavours deserved space for their stories to unfurl. Between bites, Saffire poured cups of an herbal infusion — nettle for strength, rose for love, lemon balm for peace — the steam curling into the cool air like whispers from unseen lips.

When the last crumbs were brushed away, the Hatter rose. Her eyes sparkled with quiet approval.
“Today,” she said, “we walk into the garden of those who came before you — the ones whose blood, stories, and choices shaped your own. Some will bless you. Some will burden you. We will choose what we carry forward.”

Saffire moved to her side, carrying a shallow wooden bowl lined with herbs from her

garden — rosemary for remembrance, thyme for courage, and rose petals for love.
“Each of you,” she said softly, “will weave your story into the cord.”

They gathered beneath the great oak at the edge of the Vale, where the wind seemed to speak in a language older than words. A long length of hemp rope lay coiled on the grass, and beside it, baskets of thread, ribbon, and dried herbs.

One by one, the women stepped forward. Some tied on bright ribbons for blessings they wanted to keep — a grandmother’s laugh, a mother’s strength, the creative spark of a great-aunt who painted by moonlight. Others unwound old knots — releasing patterns of silence, shame, or self-denial, letting the loose threads fall into the firepit.

Saffire moved among them, tucking sprigs of rosemary into braids, tying feathers to ribbon ends, handing out small clay charms she’d made the night before.

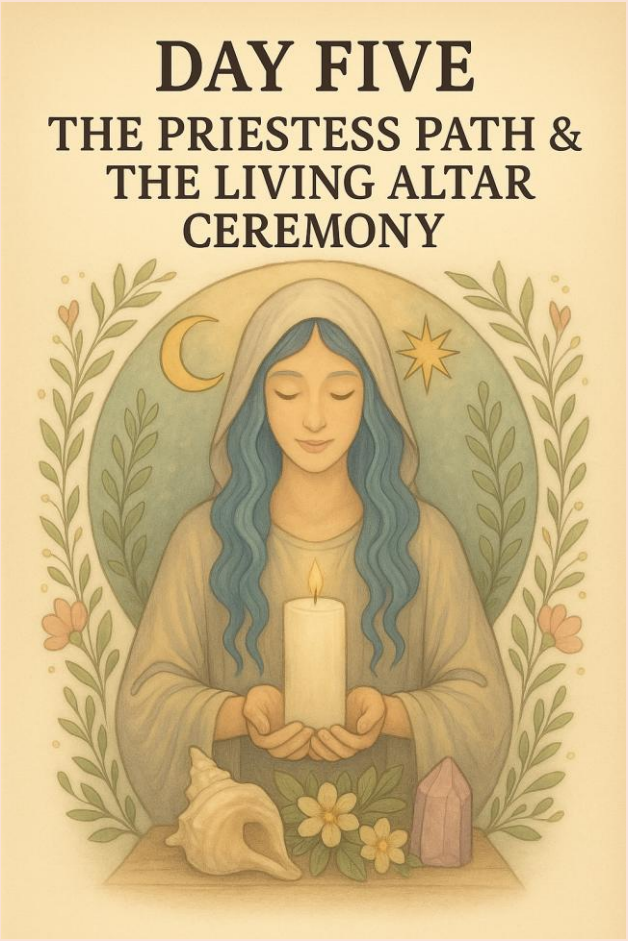
When the last ribbon was tied, the cord was lifted high between them, shimmering with colour and scent, a bridge between past and present.

They carried it back to the fire circle and laid it at the centre, where it seemed to breathe with a slow, steady pulse.

The Hatter’s voice came like the low hum of bees in summer air.
“Your lineage is not a fixed thing. You are the gardener now. You choose what grows.”

They sat together until the stars came out, the cord glowing faintly in the firelight. Some swore they saw shapes moving in the shadows — hands, faces, blessings whispered into the night.

And when they finally drifted to their beds, the scent of rosemary lingered in the air, twined with the sound of the wind through the oak — as though the ancestors had followed them home.



🌙 Day Five — The Priestess Path & The Living Altar Ceremony

The women woke to the soft toll of a silver bell.
Mist curled low over the meadow, but the fire circle had been transformed.
Deep silks in rose, cream, and gold draped between oak branches. Bowls of moonlit water reflected the first light of day.
A spiral of petals led them inward, to a space that felt not just beautiful — but consecrated.

The Hatter stood barefoot in the centre, a crown of ivy and jasmine in her pink curls.
“In the old days,” she began, her voice steady and warm, “there were women whose lives were measured not by clocks or calendars, but by the pull of the moon. They were the keepers of the cycles — of blood, of birth, of planting and harvest, of endings and beginnings. They were called priestesses, but they were also sisters, healers, and the memory-keepers of their people.”

She dipped her fingers into a moon bowl and let the water fall in shining drops back into its surface.

“That role is not lost,” she continued. “It lives in each of you. You do not need a temple of stone to walk the Priestess Path. The temple is here—” she touched her chest, “—and here.” She gestured to the space between them. “It is in how you honour your days, your body, your breath.”

The women sat on woven mats, the air thick with the scent of frankincense and wild rose.

The Hatter told of moon temples where
women gathered at the New Moon to rest and dream,
of firelit circles where stories were woven into the dark,
and of a time when tending the inner world was as valued as tending the fields.

Her words wove a picture until the women could almost *see* it:
A stone courtyard under a velvet night sky.
Low tables draped in cloths the colour of midnight seas.
Lamps of carved amber casting honeyed light.

Women in flowing skirts moved like water between the tables, carrying bowls of figs and steaming infusions.
In the centre, a great basin brimmed with moonlit water, each ripple catching the silver glow as if the moon herself had bent low to look inside.
Here, they laid down their burdens.
Here, their dreams were spoken aloud, so the air might remember them.
Here, silence was a gift — and listening, a sacred act.

“They came not to do,” the Hatter said softly, “but to be.
To breathe, to remember, to dream for the village as much as for themselves.”

She let the image fade, the sound of the imagined temple dissolving back into the crackle of the present fire.
“Some believe the altar is only the place you kneel, the table you dress with beauty, the stone you light a candle upon,” she went on.
“But the truest altar is you — the temple of

your body, the chambers of your heart, the quiet halls of your mind, and the bright, unending flame of your soul. You carry the sacred with you, wherever your feet touch the earth."

"This is why the Priestess Path is not locked in the past — it lives now, in the smallest moments.
A candle lit before sleep, reminding you of your own light.
A cup of nettle tea sipped in silence, feeding your blood and your calm.
A morning walk where you greet the sun as a beloved friend, and feel its warmth enter your bones.
An altar on a windowsill, holding stones, petals, and words that whisper to you of who you are becoming."

The Hatter's gaze moved slowly around the circle.
"Let me tell you of Elara," she said.

Elara lived not in a moon temple, but in a small flat above a bakery.

Her days were ordinary — the hiss of the coffee machine, the clink of mugs, the quiet hum of early morning traffic.
She thought she had no altar, no sacred place — only a windowsill crowded with herbs in chipped pots, a tea-stained mug, and a jar of wildflowers she'd picked on her walk home.

One evening, after a day that had left her worn and hollow, she sat with a candle beside her tea.
Her hands cradled the mug without thought, her breath slowly matching the steam's rise and fall.
The street noise softened, and for a moment the whole room seemed to exhale.

It was then she realised: she had been here before.
Not in this flat, not with these flowers, but in another life — or perhaps deep in her bones — she had sat in the moon temple.
Her chipped mug was the ceremonial bowl.
Her windowsill the altar.
Her breath the prayer.

And her body — tired, strong, enduring — was the temple itself.

From then on, Elara lived differently.
She didn't need silk cloths or ancient stone walls to be the keeper of a sacred place.
She needed only to remember that wherever she was, she was the altar — and her presence was the offering.

The Hatter let the quiet settle over them like a shawl.
"This is the truth the Priestess Path carries," she said. "It is not about where you are. It is about how you are. You are the temple. You are the altar. You are the keeper of your own flame."

Saffire, still bright from her place in Reverie Rouge, stepped forward with a basket of treasures — shells, feathers, seed pods, sprigs of lavender, bowls carved from fallen wood.
"These," she said softly, "are gifts from the Vale and beyond. Choose what speaks to your season."

The women rose and wandered the temple meadow, gathering.
Some chose smooth river stones to mark the steadiness they wished to grow.
Others cradled feathers, longing for lightness.
A few tucked wildflowers into their hair — blessings for the next chapter.

Under the Hatter's guidance, each woman shaped a small altar on the grass before her.
A circle of petals.
A central object to anchor intention.
Offerings placed in directions — East for beginnings, South for passion, West for release, North for wisdom.

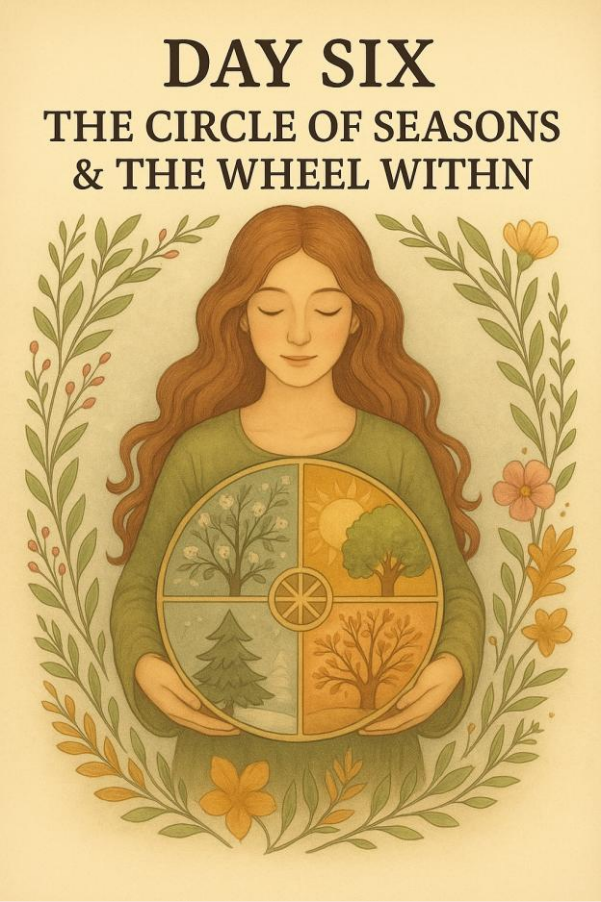
When all was set, the circle glowed with dozens of tiny sacred spaces, each one a mirror of its maker's heart.

The Hatter moved among them, murmuring blessings, adding a single candle to each altar.
"These are living altars," she said. "Tend them as you tend yourself. Change them with your seasons. Let them remind you that your life is

not separate from the sacred — it *is* the sacred."

They sat for a long while in silence, watching the flames flicker.
A breeze moved through the meadow, and the petals shivered, as if the earth itself had leaned in to listen.

That night, as they drifted to sleep, each woman carried a piece of her altar with her — a stone in the palm, a petal tucked into hair, a sprig of lavender under the pillow —
and in their dreams, the moon temples rose again, lit not by oil lamps or fire,
but by the steady, knowing light that had always been theirs



🌿 Day Six — The Circle of Seasons & The Wheel Within

The women awoke to the scent of cinnamon and cardamom drifting on the dawn air.

The meadow had changed again.
Four great arcs of silk, each a different colour, divided the circle into quarters.
To the East — pale gold cloth shimmered like early morning light, strewn with fresh green shoots and bowls of spring water.
To the South — crimson drapes glowed like midsummer fire, with baskets of fruit, honey, and fragrant herbs spilling their sweetness into the air.
To the West — deep indigo folds lay heavy as twilight, scattered with shells, smooth stones, and bowls of cooling water.
And to the North — white wool and pine branches framed the space, dusted with frost and set with candles that burned low and steady.

In the centre, a low table held a wheel made of woven willow, its spokes pointing to each quarter. The Hatter stood beside it, her pink curls loose, a soft grey shawl wrapped about her shoulders.

“Every year,” she began, “the earth turns through her seasons — from the quickening of spring to the fullness of summer, into autumn’s release, and the quiet of winter. The moon follows her own path — new to full, full to dark, cycling without end. And you,” she looked slowly around the circle, “you carry these same seasons within you. They are the wheel within.”

She walked to the East, letting her fingers brush the green shoots.
“Spring — your inner dawn. The time of new ideas, fresh energy, beginnings.”
She moved to the South, lifting a slice of sun-warm peach.
“Summer — your bright midday. A season of doing, creating, giving fully of yourself.”
She stepped into the West, the silks cool against her skin.
“Autumn — the dusk within. The time to gather what’s been grown, to reflect, to let go.”
Finally, she touched the pine-scented air of the North.
“And Winter — the deep night. Rest, stillness,

the dreaming time where new life stirs unseen."

She returned to the willow wheel and laid a hand upon its centre.
"To walk your path well, you must learn your own turning. To know when you are in summer — and when you must let yourself have winter. To create without burning out. To rest without guilt. To live in rhythm, not in constant push."

The women sat, listening to the wind shift across the meadow.

"Let me tell you of Mira," the Hatter said.
Mira had been raised to believe that stopping was weakness. She worked through her winters, planting and harvesting in the same breath, until her body began to speak in aches and weariness she could not ignore. One year, an illness forced her into bed for weeks. At first she fought it — pacing, planning, counting the days until she could "get back" to her life. But the world outside her window went on without her. Snow fell. The trees

slept. The moon waxed and waned. Slowly, she began to feel something inside her shift. She noticed how, when she let herself be still, her dreams grew richer.
How her ideas sharpened in the quiet.
When she finally returned to her work, she found she could do more in a few summer weeks than she once had in months of constant labour. She had learned the gift of winter, and the wheel turned within her from then on.

The Hatter let the story fade, then beckoned them to rise.
“Today you will walk the wheel. At each season, take something to remind you of its gift.”

They began at the East — fingers closing around tiny bundles of rosemary, feathers, and small white stones for new beginnings.
At the South they chose bright ribbons, sprigs of mint, and tiny jars of honey.
In the West they gathered smooth river stones, amber beads, and autumn leaves

pressed between silk.
In the North they picked pine cones, tiny candles, and threads of soft wool.

Returning to the centre, they tied their treasures into small charm bundles — one for each woman to keep, a talisman to remind them of their own turning.

When all was done, they sat in the heart of the wheel.
The Hatter's voice was low and steady.
"Breathe in the East — the dawn within you."
They breathed, and the scent of rosemary rose sharp and clean.
"Breathe in the South — the fire that gives."
Warmth spread through their chests.
"Breathe in the West — the waters that release."
A softening. A loosening.
"Breathe in the North — the stillness that restores."
A peace deep as roots.

The breeze moved over them like a hand of blessing.

Above, the sky was the pale blue of early spring, but within, they could feel all the seasons turning — not separate, not in conflict, but in harmony.

That night, as they slept, each dream carried them to their own inner wheel — and they saw that it had always been there, quietly turning, waiting for them to notice.

DAY SEVEN
THE FESTIVAL OF THE RETURNING LIGHT



🌸 Day Seven — The Festival of the Returning Light

The first thing they heard was music.
It drifted through the early mist — the steady heartbeat of a drum, the soft chime of bells tied to bare ankles.
When they reached the meadow, the fire circle had transformed once again. This time, bright pennants of woven grasses and petals arched between the oaks. Low tables were scattered with bowls of berries, jugs of cool mint water, platters of bread still warm from the embers.

Saffire knelt at the lakeshore, grinding beetroot and turmeric into pastes, her hands stained crimson and gold.
“Come,” she called, laughter in her voice, “today we wear our prayers.”
One by one, the women sat before her, and she painted spirals over collarbones, sunbursts on shoulders, moon phases along forearms. Each mark a wish, a memory, or a truth to be carried home.

Music swelled — drums joined by a wooden flute, and voices rising in a call-and-response that needed no words.
Some women danced barefoot in the grass, skirts catching the wind like sails; others wove ribbons into each other's hair, or twisted meadow flowers into bracelets. A long loom stretched between two trees, already threaded with strands of wool and silk. Passing hands added new colours, weaving the week into a single cloth.

As the day warmed, laughter carried to the lake.
One dove in, and the splash drew others until the water was alive with bodies, silvered by sunlight. They swam in circles, floated on their backs, let the cool water carry away whatever they no longer needed. On the bank, others dried in the sun, sipping nettle tea from carved cups, their skin patterned with drying paint.

By afternoon, the festival had taken on its own rhythm — women moving between dancing,

weaving, resting, and feasting, as if guided by an unseen tide. Somewhere near the edge of the meadow, the Hatter sat with a small group, telling stories of women she had met in far-off places: a fisherwoman who sang to call the tides home, a grandmother who could read the wind, a girl who planted moon gardens for the bees.

When the sky began to deepen into evening rose, the Hatter rang the silver bell one last time.
The women gathered by the lake, the woven cloth spread between them like a river of colour.
“Each of you,” she said, “is part of this tapestry now. It will hang in the Temple Meadow for those who come after you — so they will know you were here, and that you walked your own path.”

They clasped hands, the painted patterns now smudged and mingled from dancing and swimming, a living record of the day.
“You arrived as travellers,” the Hatter went on,

“and you leave as sisters. Carry your colours. Dance your stories. Drink from the rivers of your own soul. And when you forget — as all do — remember there will always be a place here for you.”

As night fell, lanterns floated onto the lake, each carrying a single petal from the morning’s altars. The water caught the light, and for a while it seemed the moon herself had come down to join the celebration.

The women stayed until the stars claimed the sky, reluctant to let the night end — but knowing that the bond they had woven would outlast the fire’s last ember.

As the others drifted away to their tents, the Hatter found you still by the lake’s edge, your lantern bobbing softly on the ripples.
She came to stand beside you, the scent of wild jasmine in her hair, her painted hands warm as she took yours.

“You,” she said quietly, as though speaking to the moon itself, “were never just a guest here. This meadow has known you longer than you’ve known yourself. It waited for you. And now, wherever you go, you carry it — in your skin, in your breath, in the way you will greet tomorrow.”

She pressed something into your palm — a tiny bead of amber, warm from her pocket. “For when you need to remember,” she whispered. “That you are woman. You are goddess. You are sister. You are whole.”

And then she smiled, the kind of smile that lingers in your bones long after the moment has gone, and walked away into the starlit meadow, leaving you with the water, the moon, and the steady, unshakable truth that you will never walk alone again.

🌙

A CLOSING LETTER FROM THE HATTER



Dear Keeper of Cycles,

A Closing Letter from the Hatter 🌙

Dear Keeper of Cycles,

If these words have found you at the end of this journey, know that I am smiling.
Not because it is over — but because you stayed. You walked the winding path, you listened to the old stories, you sat in the stillness and let the moon's wisdom touch you.

This course may have spoken of temples, altars, and ceremonies, but the truest treasure has always been *you*.
You are the altar that moves through the world.
You are the temple that breathes and changes with the seasons.
You are the story the moon has been telling since before you were born.

The Advanced Moon Cycle Course was never about memorising steps or perfect rituals.
It was about remembering.
Remembering that your body is not a stranger,

that your blood is not a burden,
and that your cycle is not a quiet
inconvenience to be endured,
but a living, breathing compass pointing you
back to yourself.

I hope you leave these pages carrying more
than notes in a journal.
I hope you carry a softness for your own heart.
A fierceness for your own truth.
A sisterhood that stretches far beyond time
and place.
And a knowing — deep and unshakable —
that the moon will always rise for you.

So go now, with the silver threads of this work
woven into your days.
Light candles, pour tea, walk barefoot on
damp earth, dance under full moons, and rest
when the darkness calls you home.
Carry your flame. Feed it. Share it. Guard it.
And when you need reminding, return. The
moon and I will be waiting.

With all the love between stars and soil,
The Hatter

Keeper of the Cups,
Watcher of the Moon,
Your sister on the path.

YOUR MOON CYCLE

INTERMEDIATE COURSE

Your cycle is a rhythm.
A mirror. A teacher.

This course guides you deeper into the magic you began in the beginner journey –helping you understand the emotional tides, the rising and falling of your energy, the seasons within your body, and the wisdom of the moon reflected inside you.

Through stories, reflections, rituals, and gentle practices, you'll learn to work with your cycle—not just notice it.

You'll discover how your emotions speak, how your energy shifts, and how each phase carries truth, power, and meaning.

You are not too much.
You are just in season.

And this... is where your deeper moon journey begins.