

Chaos Magick

Handbook for mental explosions



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Prolog

It began—as everything begins—with a burp from the universe. No divine bang, no Big Bang, no "Let there be light." Just a dull gurgle in the void, a cosmic "oops" that swelled into space and time. And somewhere amidst the flickering remnants of creation's first mistake, I lay—with a hangover, a burning candle, and the certainty that magic is merely the sound that creates reality when it stops taking itself seriously.

I've read books no one should read. Ancient tomes where coffee stains were sacred and the margins were covered in ballpoint pen curses. I've sacrificed toothbrushes under a full moon, burned socks, and talked to spirits in electrical sockets. I went looking for the devil—and found Scrooge McDuck. And when I summoned him, he floated in my glass of water made of coins and whispered, "Wealth is a matter of faith, kid."

Some say I'm crazy. Others say I've understood the chaos. Both are wrong. I'm just someone who's gazed into the abyss long enough that the abyss started telling stupid jokes.

This book isn't a manual; it's a crash. A magical traffic accident of thoughts, dreams, emotions, and residual energy. Every ritual you find here has been tested—often mysteriously, sometimes spectacularly. I've learned that failure itself is a form of revelation. If you're unlucky, something works. If you're lucky, it doesn't.

Chaos magic is not a path to enlightenment. It is a dance on the shards of your beliefs, a giggle in the face of the abyss, an ode to the absurdity of order. If you seek the truth – forget it. If you seek power – lose yourself. If you want to have fun – open the next chapter.

I am not a teacher. I am a translator. The universe speaks in riddles, and I answer with typos. This is my chronicle of the misunderstood, a work that no one wanted, but that had to be written—because otherwise madness would have had no voice.

I dedicate this book to the teeth of the Hydra – may it continue to nibble on everything that takes itself too seriously.

Introduction to Chaos

You believe chaos is your enemy. You've learned to love order. Straight lines. Orderly processes. A system that tells you when to get up, eat, and sleep. You believe in structure because otherwise you wouldn't know what to do with yourself. But chaos—that came first. Long before some idiot uttered the word "Big Bang," there was only this bubbling, shimmering something. No light, no sound, no meaning. Just the faint taste of possibility, mixed with the suspicion that there is no reason for anything.

Chaos was the primordial soup and the dessert that came with it. And then someone had the bright idea that it would be funny to throw in a few stars. A few planets. And now you're standing on one of these tiny, damp things. With a drink in your hand and the feeling that everything has somehow gone wrong.

You want to know what chaos magic is? I'll tell you: Chaos magic is the art of drinking while the universe burns—and not losing your sense of humor. It's trying to give nonsense a name so it at least introduces itself politely before it devours you. Chaos magic is trying to hold your existence together with a pencil, a sock, and a shred of pride.

You want to make friends with chaos? Then throw away your order. Burn your calendar. Drink from the bottle, not the glass. And stop trying to understand the universe like it's a textbook. The universe isn't a textbook. It's a smoky bar. And every star, every atom, every thought is a drunk at the bar, slurring that he's found the meaning of life—just before he falls over.

Chaos is not an opponent, not a test. It is the only thing that is honest. It doesn't want to save you, test you, or punish you. It simply wants to dance – and you may join in if you can bear the rhythm.

You might think you're too broken for it. Too weak. Too sober. But chaos loves broken people. It gathers them like empty bottles. Because broken people have cavities that can be filled with light. Or smoke. Or both.

I saw people trying to control the chaos: academics with raised index fingers, esotericists with glittering stones, priests with bad breath.

They wanted to force the chaos into words. But chaos laughs at words. It urinates on them. It dances on their meaning until it breaks. And if you're unlucky, it laughs at you too.

Do you understand now? Chaos is not an enemy. It is the breathing of the world. Every sip of whiskey, every burp, every flutter of your heart is pure chaos in motion. You are not an observer—you are in the thick of it. You are the smoke in the room. The last drop in the glass. The chaos is you, in a grumpy suit of flesh and mind.

If you allow it, chaos will let you live. If you fight it, it will devour you. But believe me, sometimes being devoured is the faster path to enlightenment.

You don't need expensive crystals, no incense sticks from the Himalayas. You need courage, foolishness, and a reason to keep going even when there isn't one. Because Chaos Magic isn't a system you can learn. It's a dance, and the rhythm changes every day. Sometimes it's wild. Sometimes it's still. Sometimes it breaks your heart.

Sometimes you wake up in the morning, look in the mirror and think: "I'm a mess of mistakes, sweat, and bad decisions." And the chaos replies: "So what? So am I." Then you grin. Then you're living.

Every spell you cast is essentially a prayer to meaninglessness. But therein lies its beauty. Because for a tiny moment, you get the feeling that you're part of something bigger – and that this bigger thing is just as crazy as you are.

Sometimes, when you're high, you see it clearly: the chaos was never there to destroy you. It only wanted to remind you that you're alive. That every wrinkle, every scar, every thought, every puff of smoke is a love letter from transience to you.

So breathe. Laugh. And next time you stumble, do it with style. Throw your glass against the wall, dance on the shards and say: "This is for you, Universe."

Because chaos will nod. It won't reward you. But it will toast you.

And in that moment – just for a moment – you will understand why you are here at all.

Not to win. Not to understand. But to participate.

The Way of the Nutty

You want to go down the path of the crazy one. Congratulations. That means you've understood that there's nothing to be gained out here – and that therein lies true freedom.

Everyone talks about enlightenment like it's a fitness goal. They buy incense, meditate with apps, and post photos of their "inner peace" while hating their tax return. But you? You've read, smelled, and tasted the chaos. You know that enlightenment doesn't come in the lotus position, but sometime around 3:30 in the morning, when you're standing barefoot in the kitchen, the fridge door open, staring into the light like the face of God—and you don't care whether the cheese is staring back at you or you at it.

The path of the madman begins where meaning ends. It doesn't begin in temples, not on mountains, not in quiet rooms with white ceramics. It begins when you've fallen so low that you hear the echo of your own laughter—and realize it sounds more beautiful than anything you've ever prayed.

Chaos loves lunatics. It attracts them like moths to a neon light. Because only lunatics have the courage to state the obvious: that the universe is a stage, but no one checks the tickets.

On this path you will stumble, curse, drink, love, hate, and drink again. You will meet people who tell you you are lost. But that's not true. You have been found—perhaps by the wrong person, but the wrong is often more honest than the right.

The path of the nutcase demands no sacrifices. It only demands that you don't take yourself too seriously. That you understand that every action you take, every ritual, every damn joint

can be a prayer—if you mean it. And that spirituality and filth aren't opposites. Because holiness is really just another word for authenticity, and authenticity rarely looks clean.

The first steps on this path are treacherous. You will lose things you considered indispensable: pride, certainty, patience. Friends who "don't recognize" you anymore. Peaceful nights. The belief that anyone has the big picture. But at the same time, you will find things you didn't know existed: moments of pure light. Words that ignite themselves. Tears that feel like salvation.

You will learn that failure is not defeat. Failure is just the universe telling you: "Wrong direction, buddy – but nice try." And if you do it right, you laugh along. Because the fool knows that everything that hurts eventually becomes a punchline.

People will avoid you. They will say you've changed. And you will agree with them, because they're right. You're not the person you were yesterday. You're a walking metamorphosis of sweat, memory, and mistake. And that's okay.

The fool knows that change has no goal. It happens because stagnation stinks. And nothing smells as sweet as the stench of a new beginning.

Some days you'll feel grand, almost immortal. Other days you'll wonder if you're even real. Chaos plays with you like waves play with driftwood. It tosses you, it rocks you, it kisses you, it hits you. And you'll learn to smile back.

On the path of the crazy one, there are no teachers, only mirrors. Every person who annoys you, every one who attracts you, every one you curse—they are you. Disguised, distorted, twisted. And the worst part: they don't even know it.

You will wait for signs. Some come, some don't. Sometimes the sign is just an empty bottle on the floor or a cigarette that falls from your hand as you think, "That's it." And at that very moment, as you let go, the chaos flows through you again—like whiskey through a cracked glass: slowly, inexorably, beautifully.

You will perform rituals you don't understand. You will say things you don't believe. You will laugh when you should cry, and cry when you laugh. And you will realize: it's all magick. Not the kind with wands and robes, but the other kind.

The real one. The dirty one. The one that pulsates in the dark while you think you've invented it.

People will give you advice. Don't follow any of it—not even this one. Because the path of the fool belongs to no one. It is a stream, and you are the leaf that floats, laughs, sinks, resurfaces, and moves on.

And then, when you're very quiet, you hear it: the laughter of chaos. No mockery, no derision. Just that warm, broken, all-encompassing laughter that says: "You've finally got it. Welcome home."

And then comes the point where you think you've understood it. You believe you've seen through the chaos, tamed it, perhaps even defeated it. A nice thought, but wrong. Because chaos cannot be grasped – and certainly not by you.

Chaos has a sense of humor. It waits until you feel safe, until you think the ground beneath your feet is solid. Then it pulls off your shoes, kisses you on the forehead – and shoves you right into the thick of it. And as you fall, you hear it giggle. Not maliciously. Just honestly.

Here's how you learn the second step of the nutcase:

Humiliation.

Not the cheap, human kind, where someone laughs at you. I mean the other kind – the one where you suddenly realize you were never more than a joke the universe told itself. And you laugh along. Because you understand that a joke without an audience is meaningless.

Humiliation is divine. It strips you of your facade, your pride, your pose. It undresses you until you are nothing more than a breath, a movement in the wind. And that's precisely where – naked, empty, defenseless – the magic begins.

The fool eventually realizes: He was never the apprentice. He was the ritual. The gesture. The spark in the dust. Everything you ever did – from the first cigarette to the last kiss – was a form of incantation. And every tear you shed was sacred.

You begin to see patterns. Not in the world – in yourself.

How you repeat things, lose, win, make the same mistake over and over again, as if it were true love. And you realize that repetition is also magic. Because every cycle is a spell that keeps itself alive.

Sometimes you think you're healed. But there's no healing here. Only awareness. And that's worse. Because awareness hurts. It wakes you up when you want to sleep. It forces you to look where you usually look away. It pulls you out of your comfortable unconsciousness and whispers, "Well, do you finally realize it?"

And you notice it. But instead of despairing, you laugh. Because you understand that pain and joy have the same source – only at different temperatures. The whiskey and the water in the same glass. Sometimes it burns, sometimes it soothes. You are both.

The path of the madman leads through darkness, but not the dark kind. It's this shimmering darkness that lives, that flickers, that breathes. The darkness in which you meet yourself—and don't recognize yourself. And that's a good thing. Because when you recognize yourself, you stand still. When you lose yourself, you grow.

At some point, you start talking to the chaos. Not aloud. More internally, with the calm of someone who has lost everything and finally accepts that. You no longer ask it about the meaning. You only ask: "And now what?" And the chaos answers—never with words, but with signs. A puff of smoke forming an eye. A power outage at the exact moment you think "enlightenment." A song on the radio that says exactly what you could never put into words.

This is how you learn to listen. Not to the noise, but to the gaps in between. Because chaos speaks softly. It doesn't shout. It whispers – and whoever hears it is either crazy or awakening. Mostly both.

And you know what the beautiful thing is? If you walk this path long enough, you stop justifying yourself. You no longer need explanations, excuses, or goals. You simply become. Like fire. Like wind. Like whiskey that evaporates yet still smells wonderful.

Your rituals will become simpler. You don't need symbols, staves, or runes. You only need yourself—and the will to forget yourself. Because that's the secret: Magic doesn't work because you control it. It works because you surrender to it. Because you dissolve into it like sugar in rain.

The madman dances with chaos, without music. He falls without fear. He loves without hope. And therein lies his power. He knows that control is just a trick we invented to mask the panic. And he knows that panic is just love that's had too much coffee.

There are moments when you see it clearly: Chaos isn't a test, a demon, a teacher. It's your mirror. And you are the glass, fogged up with your own breath. You wipe it clear – and there you are. Naked. Clear. Crazy.

Then you begin to understand what freedom truly means. Not doing what you want – but wanting what you do. Not creating order – but seeing the beauty in the chaos. Not conquering chaos – but inviting it to sit down, pouring it a drink, and saying: “Cheers, old friend.”

Because you realize: Chaos was never your enemy. It was your audience. And while you thought you were performing the great play of life, chaos applauded—not because you were good, but because you at least tried.

And then, when you least expect it, you've arrived. Not in a place. But in a state. A feeling that feels like... nothing. But the good nothing. The nothing that breathes. The nothing that sings. The nothingness in which you realize: you were never alone, never lost, never broken. You were always just in the middle of the dance.

And then you drink. Not to forget, but to celebrate. You raise your glass, you laugh, you cry. You look at the stars and say: "Thank you, crazy universe. I have no idea what you are – but you are beautiful."

And chaos laughs. Quietly, warmly, contentedly. Because you've finally understood: The path of the madman is no path at all. It's a homecoming. And you were the destination.

The Altar of Madness

There are people who believe you have to go to sacred places to experience magic. Cathedrals, temples, ancient forests. But you know better. You've learned that the sacred doesn't reside out there – but everywhere you're willing to embrace the madness.

A true chaos magician doesn't need marble, altar candles from a monastery shop, and certainly not Tibetan singing bowls. He needs: a space, a will, and the willingness to make a complete fool of himself in the process.

Your altar is not a work of art. It is an insult to aesthetics. A blight, a revelation, a damned hodgepodge of what others throw away. For madness, my friend, does not reside in luxury, but in garbage.

The first step to creating your altar is simple: Clear a space. Anywhere will do. Kitchen, bathroom, balcony, basement. If you're lucky, even right in the middle of the living room, amidst the dust and the television. A chaos altar needs no audience, just you – and your respect for the utter nonsense you're doing.

When you find this place, stop. Look around. And then start searching. Not for beauty, but for meaning.

Every religion has its relics. You will find your own:

– An empty beer bottle that reminds you of your last major defeat. – A sock that survived the washing machine. – An old toothbrush, half chewed, half illuminated. – A piece of chewing gum so hard you swear it has a soul. – And a lighter that only works sometimes, like a quirk of fate.

This is your foundation. Your sacred inventory. And when you see it all before you, you'll laugh. Because you'll understand: The universe has a sense of humor.

Then you begin to build the altar. Not according to a plan – by feel. Place the beer bottle in the middle because it looks powerful. Put the sock next to it, as a relic. The toothbrush on the left, as a symbol of cleansing (the body, not the mind – that's long gone). Stick the chewing gum somewhere. It holds up better than most promises anyway. And place the lighter on top – as a sign that you can ignite the chaos anytime you get bored.

Now step back. Look at this. This is your altar. Your temple. Your inner madness in material form. And if you do it right, the whole thing will look like you tried to make art while drunk—and failed miserably. Perfect.

But an altar does not live by things alone. It needs presence. It needs you.

So sit down in front of it. Not reverently – this isn't a religious service. More like sitting on the edge of a bed after a night of heavy drinking, wondering if it was all real.

Take a deep breath. Smell the dust, the beer, the past. Feel the ground vibrate beneath you, as if the earth itself were giggling. And then start to speak.

Not to God, not to the universe – to yourself. Loud. Honest. Raw. Tell the chaos what you want. And be as unreasonable as possible while doing it.

You want money? Say it. You want love? Yell it. You want your neighbor to finally stop listening to pop music all day? Swear at him. Chaos understands no rules, but it loves passion.

Talk until you stop taking yourself seriously. Until you realize that your entire desire is actually just a joke. And precisely then, in that moment of absurdity, something opens. A small crack in reality. A glitch in the matrix. A flicker in the room. A crackle in a lighter that was actually empty.

Chaos is listening.

It listens to you, not because you are worthy, but because you are honest. Honestly broken. Honestly greedy. Honestly human.

When you're finished, make a toast. To yourself, to the altar, to the unseen. Raise the bottle. Say: "To chaos." And drink.

The first time it'll feel stupid. The second time too. The third time you'll feel it: Something in the room is laughing with you. Maybe it's you. Maybe it's something bigger. It doesn't matter. Chaos has heard of you.

And from then on – the space changes. Not magically. Not suddenly. But subtly. The objects begin to flirt with each other. The chewing gum sticks like a seal. The beer bottle somehow seems dignified. And you realize that your altar is not a place – but an attitude.

Because chaos resides wherever you have the courage to be in a hurry.

An altar is not a piece of furniture. It is not a decorative item, not a "space for positive energy". It's a damn short circuit between what you think you know and what you'll never understand.

When you sit before your altar, remember one thing: You are not praying to something higher. You are praying inward – to where the voice resides that you created for yourself when no one else was listening.

The altar is your radio to chaos. It hisses, crackles, interferes, and never gives a clear answer. And that's precisely why it works.

So, how do you "activate" something like that? Quite simply: You forget that you're doing it. Magic begins when you outsmart yourself.

You take the lighter – that old, clattering thing that always lights on the third try – and you light something. Anything. A piece of paper with your doubts written on it. An old receipt with your name on it. A bit of sage, if you're feeling sentimental. Or, if all else fails, simply the price tag from your last disappointment.

Smoke is your first priest. It rises, twists, whispers, transforms the space. It paints faces you've never seen, and you swear they smile at you. That's the sign: Chaos is present.

Speak now. Not loudly. Not quietly. Somewhere in between, like you would talk to a friend you thought you had lost long ago.

Tell chaos what you need. Say it with the honesty of someone who has nothing left to lose. No requests, no commands – just the truth.

Do you want healing? Then say what's making you sick. Do you want love? Then admit that you're afraid of it. Do you want power? Then admit to yourself that you would never have it if you truly deserved it.

Because chaos gives nothing. It exchanges. Always.

For every gift, it takes something else with it. A lie. A doubt. A fear. And you will feel it – not as a loss, but as an emptiness that suddenly brings peace.

Sometimes your altar starts making noises. A crackling, a whisper, a slight vibration in the table. Don't worry – it's not a demon. It's you. Your own frequency, finally undamped.

And if you remain still long enough, you will hear it: the beat of your heart, synchronized with the sound in the air. This is no coincidence. This is synchronicity – the favorite game of chaos.

You will learn to take small things seriously. A breeze that makes the flame flicker. A shadow that looks like a symbol. A drop of beer that hisses in the candle. Chaos speaks through banality. Great revelations rarely hide in grand gestures. They lurk in the corner, laughing at you, waiting until you finally see them.

Your altar is now charged. Not with energy, but with meaning. And meaning is dangerous if you take it seriously. Because as soon as you declare something sacred, the sacred declares you irrelevant.

So stay relaxed. Chaos doesn't like controllers. Let it happen. Let it live. If a ritual goes wrong – good. If it succeeds – even better. Both are proof that you dare.

And if you really want to know the secret of every altar, here it is: It's never about the place. It's always about the gesture. The building up, the arranging, the pausing, the speaking, the drinking afterward—that's magic. Not the result. The act itself.

Someday you won't need the altar anymore. You'll look at it and know it was just a mirror, a placeholder for something that already resides within you.

Then you will dismantle it. Not out of disrespect, but out of gratitude. You will take every bottle, every sock, every object and give it a story. You will release them back into the world because you have understood that magic cannot be possessed – only experienced.

Maybe you put the beer bottle back in the fridge because it reminds you of your first toast and the mess it made. Maybe you throw away the sock because you've learned that even relics need a break. And maybe you put the toothbrush back by the sink because you finally understand that cleaning has nothing to do with purity.

Then you remain behind, in a room that is empty – but alive. And you feel everything humming. Not loudly, but deeply, in your gut, in your blood, in your breath. This is your altar. Invisible. Indestructible. Part of you.

And the next time you're sitting somewhere—in a bar, on a bus, in the bathroom—and you feel like everything is meaningless, remember. Your altar is there. Everywhere. In the smoke, in the noise, in the dust, in the laughter, in the failures, in the attempts.

Chaos is your witness. And you are its instrument. Not because you are chosen – but because you have finally stopped hiding.

This is the altar of madness. Not built from things, but from moments. Not from hope, but from devotion.

And the next time you "activate" it, don't do it out of fear or reverence—do it because you can. Because you remember that you yourself are the altar.

Then raise your glass, grin into the smoke, and say with that gentle despair of someone who has lost everything and found everything: "To chaos."
"To madness. To life."

And chaos will whisper: "To the madness within you."

Tools of power

Before you start calling yourself a magician, you should know this: No tool in this world will make you powerful. But without tools, you feel incomplete – and that's the trick.

Most people believe magic requires staves made of ash wood, daggers of silver, or crystals cleansed in moonlight. Nonsense. A true chaos spell only needs stuff that happens to be within reach while the universe is looking the other way.

Magic arises when you audaciously attribute to an entirely ordinary object the potential to be more than it seems. A fork becomes a scepter. A piece of chewing gum a curse rune. A collection of beer mats a sacred library of transience.

The tools of power are not objects—they are excuses. They give your hands something to do so that your mind dares to mistake nonsense for reality. And that is all magic ever was: well-crafted self-deception with a poetic undertone.

You want power? Then grab it. Here's your toolbox:

1. The magic wand.

No wood from Avalon. No unicorn hair. An old wooden spoon will do. A pen you use to sign bills, or a screwdriver that tightens everything except screws. The staff is merely the extended middle finger of the mind—a signal to reality that it's your turn now.

2. The mirror.

Many say the mirror shows the truth. Nonsense. It shows you what you want to see, as long as you stay sober. When you're drunk, it shows you what you really are: divine chaos in human form. Stand in front of it, talk to yourself, insult yourself, bless yourself, wink at yourself. That's not narcissism—that's self-awareness with style.

3. The knife.

Not for cutting, but for separating. For cutting through the illusion that anything in your life is orderly. A pocketknife will do. Or the letter opener from the job you hated. A symbol that you can cut the shackles of your own habits at any time – or at least the buttered bread.

4. The glass.

The universal vessel. You can drink from it, swear, dream. It holds whiskey, wine, water – sometimes even answers. If you gaze into it long enough, you'll recognize patterns in the sediment. This isn't esotericism, it's hydromancy for drinkers.

5. The lighter.

Your personal sunrise in pocket format. It extinguishes darkness, ignites ideas, and sometimes

even curtains. Every flame, no matter how small, reminds you that even chaos casts light when you light it.

6. The notebook.

No leather-bound grimoire required. A crumpled school notebook will do. Write down what you feel, what you dream, what you regret. Then read it under a full moon and laugh at yourself. That is self-knowledge in its rawest form – and the beginning of every revelation.

7. The key.

An old, rusty, completely useless key is the best symbol in the world. It reminds you that all doors are open when you stop staring at them. And that sometimes you simply have to walk through them, even if they aren't there.

You'll notice that your tools change depending on your mood. Some days your toothbrush is your scepter. Other days your ashtray. Sometimes your cell phone – the oracle of the 21st century, giving you the wrong answer to every question, but at least instantly.

And at some point you realize: You don't choose the tools. They choose you. They catch your eye, roll off the table, land in your hand – and suddenly everything makes sense. At least to you. And that's enough.

Because power is not an ability. Power is trust – in absurdity. In the feeling that you are standing in the middle of a cosmic joke and have decided to laugh along out loud.

Once you understand this, you can perform magic with anything. With a stone, with a piece of toast, with the lid of your trash can. You can change the weather if you sweat long enough, and enchant people if you look them honestly in the eyes.

Magic is attention. And the tools of power are merely antennas to remind you to listen.

Once you have your tools, don't think you're finished. A true chaos-monger doesn't do anything just for the sake of it. Everything needs a story, a bit of smoke, and the conviction that you're reprogramming fate while you're just staring at stuff.

The "charging" isn't hocus-pocus. It's a contract. You declare to reality that these things are now under your protection—and that you're ready to listen to them when they respond. Because they will respond. Not with words, but with moods, coincidences, small acts of sabotage. This is called synchronicity, but essentially it's just the universe saying to you with a wink: "It's great that you're finally playing along."

Okay, let's go. Sit down in front of your tools. Not reverently, but with that mixture of weariness and megalomania that only people have who are on the verge of understanding something. Breathe in. Light something – incense, a candle, a match, a few bad memories. Smoke is important. It makes visible what would otherwise only be felt.

Then take your first tool. Maybe a pen, maybe a lighter. Hold it tight. Tell it what you want. Yes, out loud. Talk to the thing. Tell it what it represents, what it's supposed to do, why you need it. Not because the object becomes "magical"—but because you believe it through this. You hypnotize yourself with meaning, and that's the whole secret.

Every movement counts. Turn the tool in your hand, feel the weight, the resistance, the warmth. Start to identify with the gesture.

That's magic: you're acting in front of an invisible stage, and at some point the audience in your head applauds.

Want to make it stronger? Then give it something personal. A hair, a drop of sweat, the imprint of your lips on the glass surface. Not because the thing needs your DNA, but because you're writing yourself into it. From then on, it's a part of you. And you're a part of it.

If you have several tools—and you will, because chaos loves collectors—place them next to each other. Let them "get to know each other." Put them on the table, look at them, and say, "Okay, guys, from now on you'll work together." You'll laugh, but it works. Not because objects actually communicate, but because you're suddenly in a state where everything seems alive. And that's the point.

Now comes the hardest part: letting go. You can't control when the tools "work." The more you want them, the more they say, "Slow down, boss." So walk away. Put on some music. Have a drink. Forget them. Magic is like bread: if you keep opening the oven, it won't rise.

And then, sometime later, days or weeks later, it happens. Something small. A moment too perfect to be a coincidence. The lighter ignites on the first click, even though it was empty. The pen writes again, even though you were sure it was dead. You suddenly find the rusty key in your jacket, and on the same day, a door you thought was long closed opens—literally or metaphorically. Then you know: The tools have accepted you.

But beware. Every tool tests you. It wants to know if you're serious or just playing. The knife will teach you by its own sharpness that separation always hurts. The glass will force you to look into it when you don't want to. The lighter will burn you if you're too hasty. And the mirror—oh, the mirror—will show you who you'd be if you were honest. Many can't handle it. They throw things away and call it "cleansing." But the fool smiles. He knows that pain is just another kind of lesson.

Sometimes you lose a tool. No need to panic. Chaos won't take it from you; it will lend it to someone else. Perhaps a stranger in another part of the world needs that exact knife, stone, or pen. And one day you'll find something new—an object calling to you, for no apparent reason. Then you'll know: The network lives on. The power continues to flow.

When you're really deep inside, something strange happens: you begin to see yourself as a tool. Your hands become antennas. Your mouth becomes a magic circle. Your thoughts become runes that you write in the air as you breathe. Then you no longer need any aids. Then you yourself are the ritual.

But that comes later. First, you have to learn to talk to things without feeling ridiculous. You have to understand that everything is energy—even what you consider trash. And if you're sincere, if you laugh while you do it, if you raise a toast to chaos with your lighter, then somewhere in the universe a galaxy trembles and whispers:

"Cheers."

The holy sock of knowledge

It all starts with a sock. Not two – just one. Because the universe loves incompleteness. It never shows you the pair, only the loss.

The sacred sock of enlightenment is no joke. It's the oldest, most honest symbol of chaos: soft, smelly, meaningless—and yet always somehow there. It disappears when you need it and reappears when you've long since given up. Sound familiar? Exactly. That's the essence of enlightenment.

You don't find it – it finds you. Sometime between the laundry basket and a hangover breakfast, there it is, suddenly. A relic of everyday life, a leftover from the era of your last illusion. And you know: This is it. The sacred sock.

It might have a hole. It might smell. It doesn't matter. It bears the marks of your paths, your mistakes, your nights. That's what makes it sacred.

The ancient magicians would have told you that you needed holy relics to summon the divine. But they were wrong. You need nothing more than something that reminds you of your own absurdity. Something that shows you: You are human, and that is enough.

The sock is your teacher. It doesn't ask questions, it doesn't judge, it simply stinks and yet it exists. That is wisdom. It is the textile symbol for the truth that perfection is overrated.

If you find the holy sock, there's a ritual. It's called "The Washing of the Spirit." And it goes like this:

You take the sock. You hold it up as if it were the Holy Grail of disillusionment. Then you smell it. Not just a quick sniff—a proper one. So deeply that you recognize yourself in it. The scent of a life lived, the sweat of existence. And if you can bear it, if you're not disgusted but laugh—then you've understood. That is insight.

The sock is a mirror to your existence: used, deformed, stretched, but still functional. You look at it and think: "Damn, that's me."

Now you place it on your altar. Not reverently, but with the respect one shows an old friend. Because this sock has been everywhere you've been. It knows your steps, your mistakes, your shortcuts. It carried you through when you yourself had already given up.

Then say the mantra of purification:

"May the dirt of my paths be washed away, but not forgotten. May the stench of my toils remind me of my humanity. And may this sock always remain a sock."

That sounds stupid? Of course.

But that's exactly the point. Because the moment you say it out loud and grin honestly, you understand what true magic is: not the supernatural – the unforced.

Then throw them in the washing machine. That's your baptismal font. You don't need holy water, no monk's prayer. You need detergent, heat, and patience. Because every cleaning is a

transformation. Not because the dirt disappears, but because you realize it was part of the game.

When you start the wash cycle, listen to the rumbling, the spinning, the foaming. That's the universe in motion. That's creation in its purest form. Crashing, spinning, senseless, perfect.

Wait until it's finished. Then open the machine. Take it out, still warm, still damp. Hold it up to the light. Do you see it? That steam—that's the spirit leaving matter. The sock has shed its skin. Like you, every time you let go of something.

Lay them out to dry. But not just anywhere. Ideally, somewhere where they get wind and sun. Because enlightenment needs air.

When it's dry, don't fold it. Wear it. Only one. That's the sign. The other is deliberately left behind. Because all knowledge is flawed. Always.

And if you walk through the world like that—one sock on, one off—people will stare at you. They'll think you're crazy. But you'll smile. Because you know: they have no idea what true balance is.

The day will come when you lose your sacred sock. Not intentionally – it simply disappears. That is its final service: to remind you of the art of letting go.

You will look for them. Under the bed, in the washing machine, behind the radiator, even in the refrigerator. You won't find them. And you will curse. But that's part of the ritual. Because every spiritual journey ends with the question:

"Where the hell did my sock go?"

This phase is called "initiation through shame". It begins when you finally realize that life is constantly laughing at you – and you learn to laugh along.

Shame is the gateway. It exposes you, undresses you before you disguise yourself as a guru. It shows you that you are not a master, but a human being with a sweaty foot in the universe.

You remember all the moments when you behaved embarrassingly – the wrong words, the crooked smile, the missed timing. And you realize: all of that was magic. Rituals of being human, failed spells that nevertheless worked.

For shame is nothing more than energy that is ashamed to be seen. If you smile at it, it transforms into insight.

The ritual is simple: You stand before your altar – or where it once stood, because you know: It's everywhere. Then you hold the remaining sock in your hand. You look down at it, like a king at his crown. And you say aloud:

"I lost them. I lose all the time. And that's a good thing."

Then you put on the sock. Just this one. You feel how it fits – not perfectly, but honestly. The other foot remains bare, open, vulnerable. That's how it should be.

Now dance. Slowly. Crookedly. The way only someone can who has no rhythm and no fear.
Dance on the carpet, on the asphalt, on the world.
One foot protected, one foot free. That's the equation of chaos.

As you dance, imagine all your embarrassments accompanying you. Like small, glittering ghosts of failure, circling you. And instead of chasing them away, embrace them. Whisper:
"Thank you for making me real."

Then you laugh. Not that tame laughter people use to fill silence. An honest, deep, dirty laugh. A laugh that comes from the gut and moves the walls. A laugh that sets you free.

This is the final stage of sock enlightenment: You stop feeling ashamed, you stop trying to be perfect. You begin to celebrate yourself – with all your stains, flaws, wrinkles, and curses. Because chaos doesn't love you in spite of them. It loves you because of them.

When you're finished, take off the sock and burn it. Yes, really. But not out of anger—out of gratitude. Watch it curl, watch the smoke rise, watch the scent mingle with the sky. That is the fragrance of liberation.

You don't need them anymore. Because you have become them. You are now the sock: a sacred piece of fabric full of holes that nevertheless carries the world.

From this moment on, you can officially call yourself an "Initiate of the First Wash". And you'll know that things can only get crazier.

If someone asks you what you're doing, smile and say:
"I'm dancing my sock into Nirvana."

And if they laugh at you – fine. Because whoever laughs at you hasn't yet understood the first rule of Chaos Magic:

Everything that's real sounds ridiculous at first.

Sigils for dilettantes

If you think sigils are complicated, you've read too many books. Most esotericists act as if they're engineers of the invisible—diagrams, symbols, Latin words that no one understands. But that's all just a disguise for the obvious: no one knows how it really works. And that's precisely why it works.

A sigil is not a symbol of power. It is a note to reality. A small piece of paper that says: "Please do it, but don't bother me."

The amateur has the advantage here. Because he has no idea, he instinctively does it right. He doesn't think, he draws. He doesn't brood, he scribbles. And the universe loves scribblers.

All you need is a piece of paper – or alternatively a beer mat, a napkin, the side of your refrigerator, or your own forearm. A pen will do. Blood works too, but only if you can handle too much pathos.

This is how you create a sigil in the chaotic way:

Step 1: Write down whatever you want. But be honest. Not that spiritual drivel about "inner peace." Write: "I finally want to sleep without thinking about my bank balance." Or: "May my ex forget that I wanted to return her hairdryer." Chaos likes it direct.

Step 2: Remove all duplicate letters. Repetition only stresses the nerves. Stick to the essence – like whiskey after distillation.

Step 3: Take the remaining letters and build a symbol with them. Make lines, circles, spirals. Make it ugly. Make it beautiful. Do it however you like. The result should irritate you – so much so that you find it interesting.

Step 4: Stare at it. Right.

For a long time. Until you feel that the sign is staring back at you. Then you've got it. This isn't your imagination. This is mutual recognition.

Now you have your sigil. But it's still empty. It needs charging. And here's the part most people get wrong. They think they have to put "power" into it. No. You have to put pressure into it—pressure from your life, your madness, your laughter, your frustration.

Do anything that puts you in that state. Dance. Laugh. Swear. Drink. Do push-ups until you're dizzy. Or just stare at the chaos in your apartment until it becomes beautiful. Then, in that state between meaninglessness and ecstasy – look at your sigil and say: "This is you now."

And that's it. Done. That's all it takes.

The esotericists will hate you for making it so simple. But chaos loves it. It doesn't want to be explained, it wants to be experienced.

If you want, you can burn them, bury them, or flush them down the toilet. It doesn't matter. What matters is the moment you let them go. Because in that moment, chaos takes over.

The truth is: Every sigil is just a trick to outsmart yourself. You write what you want – and then forget it. And when you forget, your mind stops fighting against it. And that's precisely when chaos has room to deliver.

That's why they say: "Magic works when you no longer need it." Or in amateurish German: "When you're finally fed up with it, it suddenly works."

Once you understand the principle, you quickly realize: Everything is a potential sigil. Everything.

A beer stain on the table, a crack in the wall, a crumb on your T-shirt – the universe is constantly painting, you just have to look. The amateur method is the most honest because it stops distinguishing between art and chaos.

Professionals draw sigils with compass and ruler. Amateurs smear them on the wall with ketchup while cooking pasta. And you know what? Both methods work – but only one is fun.

You can create sigils with anything that's handy: toothpaste on the mirror, coffee grounds on the countertop, crumbs on the bedsheet. Or, if you prefer something more sophisticated: smoke rings in the air.

The trick is not to think. As soon as you think, it's art. As long as you just do it, it's magic.

And now comes the most important law:

Destroy your sigil.

Always. Burn them, wipe them away, flush them down the toilet, melt them, flush them down, forget about them. Because if you want to keep them, they'll stick to you. Chaos doesn't like controllers.

A sigil is like a one-night stand with the universe: the longer you think about it, the more embarrassing it becomes.

In short: create, load, forget. That's the whole lesson.

But since you're a chaos magician (or at least on probation), you can't just leave it at theory. Here are a few variations from the school of madness – tested, celebrated, and regretted:

1. The ketchup sigil.

Draw your symbol with ketchup on a white wall or your kitchen table. Say out loud what you want while you squeeze. The mess is part of the ritual. When you're finished, don't lick it off—no matter how hungry you are. Wipe it away with a damp cloth, take a deep breath, and then eat your fries. Chaos loves contrast.

2. The Toothpaste Revelation.

When you stare in the mirror early in the morning and feel like you've lost all control – that's exactly when you should take the toothpaste. Squeeze it out in a line, drag it in a circle across

the mirror surface, and say:

"I'm ready to lather up."

Then brush your teeth. Because magic without bad breath is twice as powerful.

3. The beer mat sigil.

As you drink, draw the symbol in the foam with your finger. It's temporary art with impact. Each sip erases a piece of your doubt. When the glass is empty, slam the lid on the table. The sound is the thunder of your intention.

4. The pizza box consecration.

Two in the morning, greasy fingers, a bit of cheese left on the lid – perfect conditions. Draw your symbol with the grease, whisper your intention, then close the box. The next morning, throw it away. The universe has understood.

5. The sock drawer sigil.

Take a piece of chalk and scribble your symbol inside the drawer. Every time you open it, you'll see it briefly – or not. And every time, chaos says: "I'm still here, even if you can't see me."

6. The ash sigil.

If you smoke (or even just pretend to), draw the symbol with ash on the table. Then blow it away. That's chaos in its purest form: creation through transience.

These are just forms. The principle remains the same: You transfer meaning to nonsense – and the nonsense responds.

The best part is: Sigils make you forget how to use them. The more often you use them, the less you believe in rules.

And at some point you realize: You yourself have long since become the sigil. A walking symbol, driven by coffee, music, tiredness, and hope.

When you move, magic is activated. When you sleep, it continues to dream. And every time you laugh because you've taken yourself too seriously, a tiny line lights up somewhere in nothingness – your personal scribbled signature in the cosmos.

This is the final stage of the dilettante: He knows that everything works because he has stopped asking why.

Runes on the napkin

They say the ancient Norsemen carved their runes into stone, wood, and bone. You don't have time for that. You have napkins. And coffee. And if that's not a divine tool, then I don't know what is.

Runes are nothing more than messages to yourself – just with better marketing. They remind you that everything you draw into the world will eventually look back at you.

And the napkin is the perfect surface: cheap, soft, ephemeral. Just like most insights.

You don't need Norse mythology to understand runes. All you need is a bit of crumb chaos, a pen (or, if necessary, a spoon in the jam), and the firm belief that the universe sometimes speaks in a mess.

Step 1:

Make yourself breakfast. Or whatever you call "breakfast" in the morning. Coffee, toast, a hangover, and self-doubt. That's enough.

Step 2:

Find a napkin. Not a new one, not a clean one. The more stained, the better. Because the best oracles rarely come from purity – they arise from dirt.

Step 3:

Drink. Eat. Drop crumbs. Let the napkin live. Watch the coffee leave its mark, the jam paint patterns, the butter shine like old gold. This isn't mess – this is revelation.

Step 4:

Now look. Really look. No coincidence, no disorder – only runes. Chaos writes, you read. A line becomes a direction. A stain becomes an answer. A crumb becomes a pointer.

If you recognize a letter, write it down. If you see a shape, name it. And if you don't recognize anything at all – perfect. Then you're open. Because chaos speaks loudest when you don't understand it.

The art of napkin runes lies in letting go. If you try to force meaning, you'll only get ketchup oracles. If you simply look, meaning emerges on its own – usually too late, but at least with style.

Example: A coffee stain with two lines across it. That's not an accident. That's the rune "UR", which stands for new beginnings – or for "Ugh, it's Monday again." Both are true.

A crumb shaped like a heart? Rune of love. A crumb that looks like a heart but isn't? Rune of deception. A crumb you eat before you can interpret it? Rune of impatience.

There is no wrong interpretation – only overly sober ones.

If you're brave, do it daily. Collect napkins, number them, write the date on them. This will become your personal rune diary – a chronicle of your breakfast revelations.

And at some point you'll notice it: The patterns repeat themselves. A stain returns. A crumb always lands in the same spot. Then you'll know: Chaos has a sense of humor. It's parodying you. And you'll love it for it.

The napkin is the canvas of the moment. It reminds you that nothing lasts – not the coffee, not the shape, not you. And therein lies the magic.

Runes are not prophecies. They are mirrors. And when you look into them, you see yourself – but in crumbs, stains, and grease. And that is more honest than any crystal ball.

If you think you've figured out the napkin runes, you're mistaken. Nobody understands them. And that's precisely their greatest magic.

The universe loves amateurs, because only they aren't afraid of being wrong. Professionals always want to be right – and that's fatal for all magic.

Therefore, the following applies: A true napkin seer never doubts the napkin – only himself.

Advanced Technique 1: The Mustard Rune.

Mustard is truth in yellow form. It forgives no mistakes. If you have a wish, squeeze the mustard directly from the tube onto the napkin – without a goal, without a plan. Then look at the result. What looks like chaos is a message. If it looks like the sun, expect good news. If it looks like a pile of crap – then you're already in the thick of it.

When you are finished, fold the napkin, press it to your forehead, and say: "I am ready to season myself." Then throw it away. You are cleansed.

Advanced Technique 2: Telepathy with Toast.

This method only works with slightly burnt toast. Look at the burn marks. Focus on one. Stare at it until you see faces in it. This isn't your imagination—it's breakfast spirit communication.

If you find a particularly bothersome spot, ask it, "What are you trying to tell me?" Then eat it. That's integration through digestion. The body understands what the mind rejects.

Advanced Technique 3: Cleaning by burning napkins.

If you've collected too many runes and your kitchen table looks like the archive of a clairvoyant with a cleaning obsession, you need to let go. Take all your old napkins, stack them up, go out onto the balcony or into the bathtub (for safety reasons, not spirituality), and light them. Watch them burn. Listen to the crackling – those are your old thoughts finally daring to dance.

Does the smoke smell strange? That's the scent of liberation. When the fire alarm goes off, take it as a sign of divine approval.

Advanced Technique 4: The Rite of the Flying Breakfast Leftovers.

This technique supposedly comes from the "School of Enlightened Waiters." Take your napkin, fold it into a paper airplane, write your current problem on it—briefly, honestly, mercilessly. Then throw it. Not with precision, not gently. Hurl it as if you were throwing fate itself out the window.

When he flies, watch his path. Does he descend quickly? Your problem remains. Does he circle? You've almost got it. Does he fly far? Then you're free. Does he stick to the wall? Then eat something first.

These techniques sound silly. And they are. But therein lies the power. Because the moment you lose all seriousness, you find the truth. The napkin is merely a reflection of your lightness.

A chaos magician with a sense of humor is more dangerous than any demon. Because whoever laughs can no longer be controlled.

By the end of this chapter, you should be able to turn any breakfast into an oracle. Coffee, crumbs, butter residue – everything speaks if you listen.

And if you're wondering whether you're slowly going crazy: Yes. But that's the point. Because madness is just the polite form of awareness.

So, when you sit at the table again tomorrow, napkin in one hand, bread in the other, remember: you are in the middle of the ritual. Chaos is having breakfast with you. And if you smile, it smiles back – with jam on its face.

The Coffee Oracle Spell

Every religion has its sacred drink. Some drink wine, others tea, and you – you drink coffee. The only drink where the divine doesn't hide, but hits you right in the face.

Coffee is not a drink. Coffee is a revelation in liquid form. It calls you back from the realm of the dead in the morning and says: "You are still alive, but only just."

And that's precisely why he's the perfect medium for prophecy. Because when you're halfway between life and death, you hear the universe whisper most clearly.

The coffee oracle is older than you think. Even the old chaotic types – those forgotten prophets of disorder – would look into their cup after their last sip and say: "Damn, there's a sign."

And so began an ancient tradition, which you continue today, with a tired hand, a stained spoon, and the hope that fate would at least be drinkable today.

Step 1: Preparation

The ritual begins as soon as you put the water on to boil. Every bubbling of the water is a cosmic drumbeat, announcing that something is about to happen. Nothing big. But something nonetheless.

Choose your coffee wisely. It should be strong. So strong that you question its quality just from the smell. Filter coffee, instant, moka – the chaos doesn't judge by quality, but by dedication.

Pour it in, slowly, as if you were awakening a soul. And while you do, think of your question. But not too loudly. The universe doesn't like supplicants – it loves listeners.

When you stir, stir three times clockwise, once counterclockwise, and then pretend you've just understood something.

That's important. Because the coffee smells intentional.

Step 2: The question

Don't drink immediately. Hold the cup with both hands. Feel the warmth, as if you briefly believe you have control.

Then speak your question into the steam. Quietly. Kind of like whispering a confession when you know no one is listening anyway.

Don't ask anything grand. No world domination, no immortality. Chaos loves small things. Ask about the weather, about the right time for your next shopping trip, about whether you should finally stop explaining to people what you do.

And then drink. Slowly. With every sip: one less thought, one more smile. Leave the rest in the cup. For there lies your destiny.

Step 3: Reading the clues

Put the cup down. Turn it slightly. Look inside. And don't pretend you can't see anything.

Coffee grounds are a land of shapes and shadows. Every line, every dot is a letter of a language that no one truly knows – and yet everyone understands.

A circle? A cycle is closing. A heart? Love or heartburn. A dot in the middle? You're closer than you think. An empty floor? Congratulations – chaos has given you a vacation.

If you don't see anything, it doesn't mean you're doing it wrong. It just means the coffee currently considers you unworthy. Just make another cup. Magic is endurance training.

The coffee oracle is not a tool for the future. It is a clock of the present. It shows you what you see right now, not what will come. Because the future is just the present that decided too late.

So if you look into your cup and think you've found an answer, ask yourself: Was the question even real?

Because sometimes you don't need a prophecy. Sometimes you just need caffeine and the courage to face reality awake.

Once you've mastered the first step, you're officially initiated: a certified coffee grounds shaman with a slight tremor and an elevated pulse. Welcome to the club.

From now on, things get deeper. Because what you've done so far was kindergarten. Now comes the true oracle – the art of filtering divine messages from bitter filth, without sugar and without self-pity.

1. The Espresso Exorcism

Espresso isn't a drink. It's a shot of reality straight to the nervous system. Drink it when you feel like you're being haunted by demons—or it's Monday.

Preparation: Sit down, breathe out, and think of all the voices in your head that say, "You can't do it." Then look at them – and drink them away.

Every sip is a spell. Every sip says: "I am chaos in a suit."

When you take the last drop, look into the cup. The dark edges are not residue – they are the fingerprints of your fear that have departed.

If you see that the floor looks like a face – don't worry. That's your inner critic saying goodbye down the drain.

Flush it away, with style.

2. The Cappuccino Oracle

Some believe magic is dark. But this is light magic – milk foam white with a touch of madness.

Prepare the cappuccino as usual. When the foam sits on top, gently blow on it. Observe the movement.

If the foam gravitates towards the center – centering. If it spreads out – dispersal. If it does nothing at all – you are officially in the in-between world.

Then take a spoon and draw lines in the foam. You will see: These are runes. The language of the coffee demons. Translate them as you see fit – you are the prophet of the milk foam.

If you manage to make a heart shape, don't be happy. That's not a sign of love. That's the barista god saying, "Less drama."

3. The sacred stirring

Stirring is more than movement. It is incantation.

Stir in a circle – you create order. Stir against it – you bring it down. Alternate until you forget what you wanted.

Then drink. And remember that every stir in life also means: You mix everything up, just to realize that it tastes better.

4. The ritual of the last cold cup

At the end of every week, there it is: the half-empty, long-cold cup that you've forgotten somewhere.

You mustn't throw that away. It's sacred.

Take it, stand by the window, and drink it dry. Cold, bitter, disgusting. That is the sacrament of reality.

Because someone who drinks cold coffee has nothing left to lose. They understand time. They know that everything eventually cools down – and that you can still enjoy it.

This is the highest level of the coffee oracle: serenity in bitterness. Get up, smile, drink, carry on.

The Aftermath – The Bean of Knowledge

Sometimes you'll find a single, unground bean in your cup. That's no accident. That's a gift.

Keep it safe. In your pocket, in your wallet, or between the pages of your book. It's your talisman. A small, black heart that reminds you that even in the dust of habit, there is still life.

And if you lose her – don't worry. She's decided to inspire someone else.

The coffee oracle spell teaches you that the future has nothing to do with prediction, but with attitude. With the art of looking into the dregs and still saying: "It's good that you're here."

Magic isn't what stays in the cup. Magic is the moment you cast it, and the world briefly stands still.

Voodoo Deluxe

Forget everything you've heard about voodoo. The stuff with the needles, the drums, the goats? Nonsense. That was tourist magic for bored white people with a guilt complex. Real voodoo—deluxe voodoo—is art. Improvised psychotherapy with dirt under your fingernails.

A true chaos magician doesn't need dolls made of clay or wax. He needs modeling clay. Because the stuff can do everything: it bends, it doesn't break, and it smells of childhood and solvents. A perfect mix for every kind of magic, from love and hate to boredom.

The Birth of the Rubber Idol

You start with a lump of modeling clay. Red for love, green for money, blue for peace, black for "I just want this person to finally shut up." Or you mix everything together – that's the color of real chaos.

Shape the character. It doesn't have to resemble anyone. The more dissimilar, the better. Because the less it looks like the victim, the more it looks like you – and that's the real lesson.

When you're finished, give her a name. Not her real name, but one that feels right. Something between kindergarten and apocalypse. "Knubbelus", "Chefbert", "Liebchen 2.0" – be creative.

Then tap it lightly with your finger. That's the sign of awakening. You have created a consciousness – out of plastic and defiance.

Charging

Voodoo doesn't work with hate. Hate is too obvious. It screams too loudly. What works is emotion with style – the elegant anger that drips from a smile.

Take a deep breath, think about the person or situation, and whisper into your rubber creature's ear:

"You know what to do. But please do it discreetly."

Then hit it three times with your finger, as if you were giving fate a friendly pat.

Now the doll is charged. She knows what you want. And she's offended enough to carry it out.

The application

You can use Voodoo Deluxe for anything. For love, revenge, career, Wi-Fi problems, weather changes, or upset stomachs. The principle remains the same: You give chaos a form, and chaos gives you an answer.

For love spells:

Briefly press the doll to your heart and whisper: "You know who." Then put it in the refrigerator. Because true love only stays fresh when it's kept cool.

For revenge:

Place the figure on a speaker and play the same song on a loop until you get annoyed. Karma will take care of it.

For money:

Knead small bags into the dough, fill them with coins, and then throw them into the laundry basket. This attracts wealth – or at least clean laundry.

For peace:

Cover her mouth and say, "Be silent for both of us." Then sit her on your pillow. You will sleep like a magician with moral amnesia.

Letting go

As with all chaotic rituals: Do it, then forget it. If you start waiting for results, the puppet goes on strike.

Something will happen eventually, when you're not thinking about it anymore. Maybe you'll get a message, maybe just a good feeling, maybe a spontaneous power outage oracle.

Then you know: Knubbelus has delivered.

And as soon as you realize the spell is over – knead the doll, flatten it, put it in an old jam jar and bury it under your bed. Not because it's dangerous, but because chaos hates order.

Voodoo is like love: at first you laugh at it, then you try it out, and at some point you wonder why it actually works.

Nobody knows how it works. Maybe because everything is connected. Maybe because the universe has a sense of humor. Or maybe because people simply spend too much time with themselves and start seeing patterns. But that doesn't matter. What matters is that it's fun—and reminds you that you're part of the madness, not its victim.

Advanced Technique 1: The Rubber Band Feedback

Sometimes the classic doll isn't enough. Sometimes you need pressure equalization. The rubber band is your friend – your cosmic tension equalizer, your swinging karma instrument.

Take a rubber band (the more colorful, the more powerful) and wrap it three times around your voodoo doll. Then tighten it gently. Every time you feel anger, give it a short tug – but not too hard. Chaos doesn't like violence, only suggestion.

If the tape breaks, your wish will be released. Or your window frame – it depends on the intensity.

Look at the crack: Bam, revelation. This is what letting go looks like in elasticity.

Advanced Technology 2: Office Voodoo

The office is a magical place. You have your rituals there, your offerings (coffee, time, joy of life), and your demons with name tags. Voodoo Deluxe isn't art here, it's a survival strategy.

Variant 1: The stapler summoning.

Write the name of the person who annoys you on a Post-it note. Staple it to an eraser. Every time you squeeze it, you release energy—in both directions. Chaos calls this karmic pressure release.

Option 2: The coffee cup blessing.

If someone types too loudly or talks too much, pour coffee into your cup, blow lightly over it and say:

"May the peace of caffeine come upon you."

Drink. Smile.

It almost always works – except when you are the noise.

Option 3: The desk shrine.

Place your voodoo figurine on the monitor stand, among paperclips and to-do lists. Chaos thrives in places that reek of routine. If someone asks what it is, say, "Team building."

Advanced Technique 3: The Great Love Banana

Yes, you read that right. Banana. Why? Because nothing else manages the balancing act between eroticism and ridiculousness better.

For this spell you will need: a banana, a felt-tip pen, and the courage not to take yourself too seriously.

Write the name of your desired person on the peel. Draw a heart around it. Then put the banana in the refrigerator, at the very back, next to what you've forgotten about for the past two weeks. Leave it there until it turns brown. Then take it out and eat it.

This is not a love ritual. This is a reminder: Everything you try to hold onto spoils faster than you think. And that's precisely what makes it beautiful.

Advanced Technique 4: The Magician's Self-Healing

Eventually it hits you. You perform all these rituals, and suddenly you realize that you're only enchanting yourself. That you don't actually need all the dolls, bananas, and rubber bands. That the real magic happens where you stop justifying yourself.

Then you laugh. And you let go. And in that moment you realize, that you are healed – not because you did anything to anyone, but because you finally understood that you yourself are both the curse and the blessing.

The End of Voodoo

When you've had enough, take your doll, your tools, your rubber bands, put everything in a bowl, pour beer over it and say:

"It is finished."

Then flush it down, close the curtains, and go to sleep. Because the universe doesn't like people who are constantly awake.

The next morning you will feel lighter. Not because magic happened, but because you finally allowed it.

This is Voodoo Deluxe. Magic for people with a sense of humor, self-doubt, and a lingering hangover. The most beautiful form of psychotherapy you can do with modeling clay.

The love spell with garlic

Love is the dumbest form of magic—and yet the most powerful. It makes you write poems you'd never read sober and pine for people who remind you of their ex when you're lucid. Most magicians avoid it because it's too dangerous. Love disarms, exposes, and ruins every concept of control. And chaos loves nothing more than that.

The garlic love spell is not a classic ritual. It's not a cheap trick to turn someone's head. It's an ode to what makes you feel alive—and at the same time, a merciless disinfection of your romantic illusions. Because garlic is honest.

He smells of truth. And truth attracts – or repels – depending on who truly belongs to you.

All you need: a bulb of garlic, a candle, a piece of paper, and a handful of courage to laugh at yourself.

First: Peel a toe. Do it slowly. Every layer of skin you peel back is a layer of your ego. Think of the person you want—or think you want. Say their name softly, as if you were whispering it in your sleep. If you do it right, it will sound awkward—perfect. Real magic is always a little awkward.

Now place the toe in your hand. Close your fingers around it until you feel its sharpness. Then breathe on it and say: "You shall smell me when you think of others." This is not a curse. This is an invitation – subtle, like garlic breath at dusk.

Now take the paper. Write down what you wish for. But please be honest. Not: "I want true love." Write: "I want someone to put up with me when I eat chips in bed." Or: "I want someone who laughs when I talk, even when it's stupid." The universe loves honesty. It hates poetry.

Place the garlic clove on the paper. Drip a little wax on it – not out of obligation, but as a seal. Then blow out the candle. Wait until the smoke clears, and smell your fingers. That is the scent of true magic: a mixture of grounding, sweat, and hope.

What happens next doesn't depend on magic, but on you. If you meet someone who senses you and stays anyway, that's true love. If they avoid you – all the better. Then they were never immune enough to your chaos.

For advanced users: Garlic can also be used as a protective charm against unwanted admirers. Rub a clove on your doorknob, One on your phone, and one on your forehead when you're feeling particularly unapproachable. The universe respects olfactory boundaries.

And if you love yourself—and you damn well should learn to—then eat the toe raw. Yes, raw. Bite into it. Feel your mouth burn and your heart grin at the same time. That's self-acceptance on a molecular level. You taste yourself and you don't find it so bad at all.

If you have the rest of the bulb left, bury it in the flowerpot. Something should always grow out of love – even if it's just garlic. And when the plant sprouts, then you'll know: You've done it. You're ready for true intimacy because you've learned that everything that's honest never smells sweet.

And one night, when you're lying in bed, maybe alone, maybe not, you'll smile, and that familiar, pungent scent will tell you: You don't need magic anymore. You are the magic. Earthy, honest, slightly smelly, but damn real.

Money magic for bankrupts

Money is energy, they say. But most of the time it feels like a grumpy ghost that always shows up at the wrong place. You call it, and it goes somewhere else. It loves movement, not possession. And it has a sense of humor. Because the universe knows that nothing has as much power over people as an overdraft with character.

A true chaos magician knows: money isn't real. It's trust, fear, sweat, and coffee, printed on paper. A collective magic that almost everyone believes in, and that's precisely why it works. If you can control this belief, you can bend the flow of money — or at least pretend you have.

The vulture is your patron saint. He sits on your bank statement, pecking at the last few figures and laughing at you affectionately. He is not your enemy, he is your teacher. He reminds you that wealth without want is meaningless. And that you must first learn to laugh at poverty before you are enough to appear rich.

It all begins with an old banknote. The more worn, the better. It must have seen some action — a night in a club, a tear, a grease stain. This is your offering. Your magical link to the currency of madness.

Place the bill on your table — or your altar, if you call it that, even though it's really your desk. Next to it, a cup of coffee, a coin, and something that smells of success — for example, an old deodorant or the receipt from your last happy moment.

Light a candle, preferably one from the discount store, and say aloud: "I am rich in chaos, and chaos pays cash."

Then tap the banknote three times, not to check it, but to wake it up. Money likes to sleep soundly — you have to remind it of its function.

Now take the bill and fold it. Not neatly—messy, passionate, like a love letter to the future. Put it in your pocket and carry it with you for three days. But don't spend it. This is your living symbol of potential. After three days, throw it in the air, catch it again, and say: "Keep moving, but stay with me." Chaos loves polite paradoxes.

If you have a coin, rub it with some oil or saliva —
Both methods work equally well. Tell her to make friends. Then throw her into the nearest puddle, because money loves reflections. Those who are brave will fish her out later — because those who don't shy away from dirt find treasures.

Now that you've completed your ritual, comes the most important part: Act as if you've had enough. Not arrogantly—sovereignly. The universe is like a bartender: It refills your drink if you don't beg. If you're too serious, you get water. If you laugh, whiskey appears.

Therefore: Buy yourself something small that makes you smile. A coffee, a banana, a pack of batteries — it doesn't matter. That's your offering to the river. Because money only flows when you don't chain it down.

And if you have absolutely nothing, keep going anyway. Make a candle from a leftover tea light, a coin from aluminum foil, and write on a piece of paper: "I'll pretend I'm rich until the universe stops testing me."

Then laugh out loud. Because you mean it. Because you understand that humor is the highest currency. And because true wealth always begins where someone says: "I lack nothing – except the belief that I lack something."

This is money magic for the broke. No tricks, no numerology, just chaos, self-confidence, and a touch of madness. And who knows – maybe the tax office will call you tomorrow, and you'll simply say: "Sorry, I'm in the middle of a ritual."

The Summoning of Scrooge McDuck

No one embodies wealth like him: Scrooge McDuck, the old capitalist guru with top hat and delusions. He's more than a duck—he's the collective unconscious of capitalism. A being made of nickel, gold, and neuroses. He bathes in money, but he drinks loneliness for breakfast. He counts coins to drown out the ticking of emptiness. And you, my dear apprentice of chaos, will summon him—not to become rich, but to finally understand why you want it in the first place.

The summoning is not a game. It is an initiation into the sacred art of material madness. A ritual between greed and self-knowledge, in which you recognize yourself in the mirror of coins – and realize that you never actually wanted money, but rather power over your own happiness.

You will need: a bucket of water, three coins (any kind will do, as long as they clink), a gold or at least yellow candle, and a stack of bank statements. Plus a bit of space to dance – because Scrooge McDuck loves to move. He hates stagnation, poverty, and people without tact.

Stand in the room. Arrange the coins in a triangle. Place the bucket of water in the center. This is your sacred money bin. Pour in a little salt – not because it's magical, but because everything becomes magical when you explain it.

Now light the candle. Place it on one of your bank statements. Let the light shine through the numbers so you can finally see how absurd they are. Then say:

“Oh Scrooge McDuck, you old priest of capitalism, lord of resounding madness, appear to me in the form of your top hat, and teach me the secret of true wealth: how to possess everything and yet need nothing.”

Once you've said that, throw the coins into the bucket. Listen carefully. The clanging is the language of the gods of profit. Three notes, three trials: loss, temptation, renunciation. If you laugh, you have passed. If you cry, you are on the right path.

Now sit down and look into the water. With a bit of luck, you'll see him: a silhouette, a beak, perhaps just your own reflection with greedy eyes. Don't worry. Everyone who summons him eventually looks like him.

If you hear whispers, listen. Scrooge McDuck doesn't speak in words, but in values. He says things like, "Invest in yourself, but never in bad company." Or, "Wealth without joy is just metal with depression." Write it down. That's pure gospel.

When you're finished, extinguish the candle with a banknote – not because it's necessary, but because it looks decadent. Then take the coins out of the water. Carry them with you. These are now your lucky charms. But spend them sometime – otherwise you'll curse yourself for being stingy.

For that is Scrooge McDuck's final lesson: Everything you don't share loses its magic. Money, love, laughter – everything wants to flow. Even power. Especially power.

If you seriously cast this spell, you won't be a millionaire the next day. But you will feel strangely light, as if you had briefly understood how silly the whole game is – and decided to play along anyway.

That is the true magic of gold: not to possess it, but to laugh at it while you count it.

Golems made of clay and boredom

Boredom is the origin of all magic. Not pain, not longing, not enlightenment – boredom. For no god in the world ever created anything because he had to. He did it because he simply couldn't think of anything better.

And you, my chaotic apprentice, are now at precisely this point. Too much time, too little purpose. The perfect recipe for divine impulses. So do as the old masters did: Play creator, but with style.

A golem is essentially just a self-made employee. A servant, guardian, buddy – depending on how desperate you are. It has no soul, but strong opinions. It does what you say, and eventually it starts to think it knows better. Then you know you've made it.

All you need is clay. Or anything that feels like clay. Cat litter, old dough scraps, mud from the garden, or – for minimalists – coffee grounds mixed with saliva. Form it into a lump. It won't look like much at first. That's good. Chaos loves raw forms.

Knead it. Give it shape. Do it intuitively: two eyes, a mouth, maybe a tiny belly. Let it look like a mixture of you and your worst day. Because you should recognize yourself in it.

When you're finished, stick two fingers into his head – not because it's magic, but because you'll feel like God trying something out.

Then breathe on him, very gently, and say: "I awaken you from boredom."

This is the moment. This is creation. Not thunder, not a choir, not a flash of light – just you, your breath, and some dirt that suddenly becomes important.

Now write a word on his forehead. Not "truth" or "life"—only beginners do that. Write something everyday: "Coffee." "Peace and quiet." "Do something." Or simply: "Nope." Chaos loves minimalism.

Put your golem on the table. Look at it. Tell it what to do. Nothing complicated. Bring me luck. Get me inspiration. Throw me ideas when I'm empty. And then pretend it hears you. Because it hears you. Everything hears you if you're serious.

Leave it be. For a long time. Dirt likes patience. Sometimes it doesn't move. Sometimes it tips over. And sometimes, at night, it's suddenly somewhere else. Don't worry – that's normal. That's chaos checking to see if you really believe what you're doing.

If you push it too far, the golem will get stubborn. He'll start interfering with your Wi-Fi, withering your plants, or reminding you about your tax return as you're falling asleep. That's his sense of humor. Accept it. You gave him life – he's allowed to get on your nerves sometimes.

If you want to get rid of him, you don't need an exorcism. Just one shower. Hold him briefly under the water and say, "Thank you, that's enough." Then he melts away, and you realize that he was never really made of clay, but of you. Of your energy, your defiance, your laziness. Of the divine remainder of your unused days.

That is the true art of golem creation: not what you form, but what you recognize within yourself while you do it.

And when you're feeling unproductive again, see no point, have no desire – grab some dirt, make a scene, and pretend you're God on vacation. Because he who can transform boredom into magic no longer needs miracles. He is one.

The wand test

You think you're looking for a magic wand. But the truth is: it's looking for you. Like a drunken fate that lands in a ditch on its way back from the universe and says, "Well, that guy will have to do then."

A magic wand is not a tool. It is an encounter. A cosmic handshake with something that has long since chosen you. You may believe you have found it—but it has already decided that you are ready to make a fool of the divine.

I wasn't looking for anything. I just wanted to get out. Out of the walls, out of the routine, out of this sticky feeling of civilization. I walked through the woods, without any intention, and there he was—right at my feet.

A branch. Not just any branch. A spiraling, bright green branch. So twisted, as if the universe itself had marinated him in LSD. He glowed dimly in the moonlight, not brightly, but like something aware of its own absurdity.

I stopped. There was no wind, no sound, just this silent "Take me" feeling. And you know how it is—when chaos calls, it's better to answer before it gets offended.

I picked it up. It was warm. Not from the sun, but from significance. At least, that's how it felt. I turned it in my hand, and it fit perfectly—like an old memory suddenly becoming tangible.

"Great," I thought. "Now I've done it. I've become that guy who talks to branches." But the branch remained silent, and that was even worse.

At home, I laid it on the table. Poison green, spiraling, almost alive. I wanted to know what lay beneath—so I peeled off its skin. Slowly, layer by layer, until only pure white remained. A bone of wood, a spine of chaos.

I knew what to do. I waited for the full moon. Because every good story needs a full moon.

When the time came, I stood on the balcony, staff in hand, and the city below smelled of garbage and romance. I raised it to the sky and called for a cleaner. Not for God. Not for Lucifer. But for the only being who has power over filth:

Mr. Clean.

I swear, the wind stopped. The moon watched. And somewhere in the distance a dog barked, who probably also had some inkling that a new cult was being founded here.

I spoke: "O purifier of realities, you guardian of shining surfaces, "Bless this staff, so that it may wash away everything that prevents me from failing magnificently."

Then I poured a drop of dish soap onto the floor, pulled the wand through it, and felt the air smell of lemon. That was it. No lightning, no ghosts, just the scent of salvation – mild, but effective.

Since then I know: A real magic wand doesn't come from a store. It falls at your feet when you stop looking for it. It's not a symbol of power, but a joke with a profound punchline.

Some say magic is the mastery of forces. I say it's the acceptance of chance. And if you're lucky enough to find a spiraling, poison-green branch, then you haven't just understood chaos—you've embraced it.

I called it "Properius". And every time I use it, the room smells like the universe has just been freshly mopped.

So if you're looking for your magic wand—go outside, keep your eyes open, but don't pretend you know what you're looking for. The wand knows better. It will find you when you're too tired to be rational. Then it will test you. Not whether you're powerful, but whether you're willing to make a fool of yourself. Because whoever can do that is invincible.

The magic of the toothbrush

The toothbrush is the most underrated ritual tool of the modern magician. Every morning, half-awake, half-dead, you reach for it and perform a ceremony without realizing that you are cleansing yourself – not just your mouth, but also the chaos that has settled in your mind overnight.

There is no magic without hygiene. Not the kind that comes with obsessive washing, but the kind that understands: anything you don't keep clean will eventually start to take over. This applies to teeth, thoughts, and ex-relationships.

The toothbrush is your plastic sword. It separates you from yesterday. It scrapes the remnants of your doubts from your tongue and whispers: "You are new again. For today."

It's no coincidence that the act of cleaning needs a mantra. The humming, scrubbing, circling – it's meditation on repeat. Two minutes, twice a day – a small eternity for someone who otherwise hardly listens to themselves. The mirror becomes an oracle, the foam a revelation.

Some use electric toothbrushes – practical, efficient, and consistent. But a true chaos magician uses a manual toothbrush. Because chaos isn't direct current, but friction. Because the resistance between bristles and gums reminds you of reality.

The next time you use the brush, do it consciously. Each circle is a protective spell. Each movement says: "I'm detoxifying my morning." When you spit, spit out the anger too, the worries, the stale coffee, and the quiet thought that it's all pointless.

Want to intensify it? Make it your own ritual. Fill the cup with warm water, Dip the brush in and whisper: "I cleanse, therefore I am." This is not a prayer. This is a declaration of war against stagnation.

For advanced magicians: Use toothpaste as a form of sealing magic. Press a symbol onto the mirror, write a word with the tube, something like "Freedom," "Courage," or "Breakfast." Then brush until it disappears. When you're finished, you won't just look clean, you will be clean—inside and out, at least until your next coffee.

You can also consecrate the brush. Place it under the full moon (or under a nightlight – Chaos isn't too particular). Ideally, place it on a piece of aluminum foil so it reflects the light. Then drip a little peppermint oil on it and say: "May every breath be a banishment against the stench of life." It works. Not because peppermint is magical, but because you believe it while you grin.

And the next time you kiss someone, remember: You're not just kissing with your lips. You're giving them your whole ritual. When they taste the magic, you've arrived.

A worn-out toothbrush isn't a sign of neglect. It's a relic. A sacred tool that has served its purpose. Don't just throw it away. Break it in two, say "thank you," and bury it behind the house. There it will decompose and merge with the soil, from which perhaps one day new toothbrushes—or new ideas—will grow.

The magic of the toothbrush is simple: If you are ready to clean yourself every morning, No curse can hold you back for long. Because the worst filth is the filth you don't see because you've stopped looking.

And as you stand there, half-naked, with foam on your face, remember: This is your sacred moment. The universe sees you – and it grins.

Astral journeys with a pepper shaker

Most people believe astral travel is something big. Something involving incense, mantras, meditation, and twelve hours of YouTube hypnosis music. Wrong. The truth is simpler, cheaper, and can be found in almost every kitchen: astral travel works best with pepper.

Pepper is the gateway between worlds. A grain of pure chaos, black as space dust, sharp as divine insight, and small enough that you might accidentally inhale it when the universe calls to you.

The old masters knew this. They used it to separate body and mind – not through prayers, but through sneezing. Because every astral journey begins with a shock to the mucous membranes. And no shock is more honest than a spritz of pepper dust in the nose.

The preparation is simple: Sit down at your table. Take the pepper shaker. Take a deep breath. Feel your senses sharpen – not spiritually, but physically. Because magic begins where physics no longer intervenes.

If you like, light a candle. But please, not a scented candle – it will overpower the pure pepper energy. Then say: "I spice the universe with my consciousness." That sounds ridiculous. Perfect. Ridiculousness is the ticket to transcendence.

Now knock on the table three times. Not out of esotericism, but simply because it's fun. Then open the shaker and look inside. The grains glitter in the light – tiny black stars in a plastic galaxy. Pour a few onto your hand. Observe them. Each grain is a world, full of chaos, possibilities, and unspoken stories.

Then gently blow them away. Follow the movement with your eyes. They dance, swirl, float – like thoughts you've finally let go of. Right at that moment, something releases. Not much, but enough for you to notice: a slight vibration, a shift. You're no longer fully present.

If you close your eyes, you might hear it: the crackling of the air, the rustling between realities, the whispering of the kitchen, which suddenly sounds as if it is judging you.

And then – bam. You're out. Astral body mode. Your consciousness is suspended somewhere between the toaster and the spice rack. The table is your planet, the floor your orbit. You see your body sitting there, pepper shaker in hand, and think: "I should clean more often."

Don't panic. This is normal. Traveling through the spice plains is messy. You can imagine anything now—a black sea of pepper dust in which you float, while tiny cosmic particles whisper to you that everything is fine as long as you're still spicy enough to feel it.

If you want to go deeper, add some salt. Salt stabilizes the dream. It gives it weight so you don't completely crumble. But don't overdo it – otherwise you'll wake up and suddenly feel like cooking spaghetti.

And how do you get back? Simple. Sneeze. A strong, honest sneeze brings you back to your body immediately. That's the recall command. Sneezing is like a cosmic reset – a physical "Alt + Delete".

If you're still slightly groggy afterwards, drink water. Or beer. Depending on how seriously you took the whole thing. The after-effects are rarely dangerous – at most, an increased appetite for pasta or a search for meaning.

Some claim you can see the future with pepper. That's true. If you use too much, you'll see everything double. But sometimes that's not so bad – at least you'll realize that the world has more layers than your brain wants you to believe.

At the end of every astral pepper journey, a residue remains on the table. Push it together with your finger, blow it in all four directions, and say: "For flavor in all things." This is your blessing. A thank you to the chaos that manifests itself in small doses.

And if you ever wonder why pepper, and not frankincense or LSD – it's quite simple: because you're not a shaman in the jungle, but someone with a kitchen and imagination. And that's perfectly sufficient.

The great soup bowl of the future

Prophets read entrails, fortune tellers read cards, astrologers read stars – but the true magician reads soup. For nothing reflects the universe better than a steaming pot full of unidentifiable bits. Chaos, flavor, and expired noodles – that is pure creation.

The great soup bowl of the future is no ordinary oracle. It is an honest mirror of your present, a gurgling universe of leftovers that shows you what you have repressed, forgotten, or missed. For the future is nothing more than the aftertaste of your decisions.

Let's begin with the preparation. Take a bowl – large, round, honest. Ideally, one that's already seen some action: cracks, scratches, traces of past feasts. It should know what transience means. Then gather leftovers from your refrigerator. Anything can go in that you don't want to throw away, but shouldn't really eat either. This is important – magic needs sacrifices.

Pour hot water over it. Stir. Let it steam. Smell it. That's the scent of your decisions. Sometimes sweet, sometimes lazy, sometimes surprisingly full of life.

Sit down in front of it. No phone, no light, no joke. Just you and the soup. Look into it until you start to see patterns. Drops of fat are portals. Noodles are lines of fate. Peas are planets. And the little spice dots are messages—tiny, floating prophecies.

Speak softly: "Show me what's coming before I forget." Then stir slowly, always in a circle. Observe how the chaos orders itself – and then dissolves again. That is the universe in its most honest form: brief structure, then broth again.

If you stare long enough, you will see something. Not clear, not complete – but real. Perhaps a symbol, a face, a number. Perhaps you see yourself saying to yourself: "I really should eat soup more often."

This is not deception. This is realization. Because magic is never what you see, but what you make of it.

There are rules for accurate predictions:

1. When the noodles arrange themselves in a circle – a cycle begins or ends.
2. If the fat in the middle forms an eye – someone is watching you (probably yourself).
3. If bubbles form – good news, or bad water.
4. If the soup remains still – fate is taking a midday nap.

Write down what you see. But don't read it until the next day. Right after the oracle, your mind is still hot. Let it cool down, like soup. Then the truth will taste better.

If you're feeling really brave, have a spoonful. It's not an obligation – it's devotion. For whoever devours their future is no longer afraid of it. Taste carefully. Spicy represents change, sourness represents truth, sweetness represents deception, and utter tastelessness represents government policy.

For advanced magicians: You can also interpret soup for someone else. But only if you like them. Otherwise, you risk the "Karma of Cold Broth"—an ancient curse where you think of nothing but dishwater for days.

When you're finished, put the bowl by the window. Leave it there overnight so the stars can take one last look inside. In the morning, don't tip it over. Pour it into the garden, because the future is like soup – it grows when you share it.

The great secret of this oracle is simple: It's never about what's to come. It's about how you deal with it when you realize you cooked it yourself.

And if someone asks you if you really believe in that sort of thing, grin and say: "I believe in anything that's hot enough to keep me awake."

The laying on of hands on the breasts

There are rituals that were invented to honor the divine. And there are rituals that were invented because someone thought: "There has to be more to it!" This belongs to the second category.

The laying on of hands on the breasts – an ancient ritual that only works on women, originated somewhere between full moon, delusion and wellness.

The background: In chaos magic, the breast represents the source of life, courage, nourishment, abundance, and simply the fact that the universe doesn't think small. This ritual is therefore beauty magic. An invitation to every woman to take her own growth seriously—and to laugh about it at the same time.

The preparation is rigorous. Slayer on "Exorcism" at full volume. Full moon – no compromises. And red candles. Red candles are mandatory, because red is the color of creation, blood, passion, and kitchen mishaps. The woman wears red garters, not for erotic reasons, but as a symbol: "I stand by my energy, even if it looks absurd." Red lipstick is also obligatory – not for beauty, but as a seal of determination.

Then the ritual begins. The woman stands in front of the mirror. Wax burns in the air, the moon drips through the blinds on the table, and Slayer roars: "South of Heaven!" She raises her hands and the magician places his hands on her breasts. Not as a gesture of vanity, but as recognition.

He says:

"This is the source of your strength. This is the abundance that nourishes and enlarges you, in courage, in life, in chaos. May nothing diminish you – neither doubt, nor your tax return."

Then she closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath. Feels her own warmth pressing against her palms. A pulse, a current, a touch of electricity – not supernatural, but simply alive. That is the magic: the moment you feel that you are.

If you listen closely, you can hear the universe chuckling between Slayer and Herzklopfen. It loves such rituals. Not because of the form, but because someone has finally understood that power doesn't stay still.

The ritual ends with the formula:

"I am whole, I am real, and greater than my fear."

Then she extinguishes the candles – not all at once, but one after the other, like chapters in a diary.

Self-esteem, pride, warmth, humor – they expand, take up space, and nobody has the right to keep them small.

If you observe the ritual, you see no magic. Just a woman recharging herself with music, the moon, and contradiction. But if you feel it, you understand:

This is chaos in its most beautiful form – loud, bright, and shamelessly alive.

Unsympathetic characters dematerialize

You know them. Those souls that stroll in in the morning like little, professional weather patterns: grey, cold, and with the talent to take your breath away before you've even said that it's Monday.

Those whose favorite word is "constant reminder," and who don't offer a good morning. You don't want to kill them. You want to get rid of them from your life, as if the universe had a return center for bad people.

Good this way.

Then listen.

First, you need an altar. No, not one of those trendy Instagram altars with crystal dust and the scent of "soothing lavender" tea lights. You need six coffee lids. Six scraped off from too many cups. Place them in a sloppy circle on your desk—like a shitty seal for people who think they're entitled to your peace and quiet. Each lid stands for something damn important: form of address, respect, workspace, time, privacy, not-my-drama. Write the words on them like it's your will. Small step: it acts like a ritual. Big step: it acts like common sense.

Light a cheap red candle. Let it smoke. Candles are for show, yes, but showmanship has power—especially when you're serious and the others aren't.

Place the candle so that the smoke drifts towards it, metaphorically speaking.

You need theater. The human machine responds to theater.

It's part magic, part survival.

Now name the name. Write it down on a piece of paper. No swearing, no scribbling—deliberately, like someone signing a will.

You'll see: a name carries weight. Write it down, don't turn the page over—look at it. Say it out loud, without any posturing: "This is my space." No theatrical bullshit, no whining, just a statement of fact.

This is the first commandment: No one enters this room without decorum.

What follows is simple, incredibly practical, and a little cheeky: Make yourself invisible. Put on the headphones—yes, really thick, ugly ones that look like helmet visors.

Turn on Slayer, or something else that makes the air electrical.

If you appear unreachable, you won't be attacked.

That's not cowardice.

That's a tactic. You're taking away their stage.

You deprive the poison of its food: your reaction.

If he or she does appear anyway — keep it short and to the point.

Learn the art of the ice-cold reply. "Thank you, I'll note that." Three words.

No smile, no anger.

Repeat it like a mantra.

Toxic people live off food.

Withhold their food.
You'll see how the air gets thinner when no one applauds anymore.

You're not a police officer, you're a bar owner who closes the door when the guests start dancing on the tables.

Set rules.

Say: "If you need anything, send me an email."

And then — listen — only reply by email.

Writing has power.

The email states what was said.

Your support lies in the email.

No beating around the bush, no rumors. Just evidence. You're not gathering for revenge; you're gathering like a gardener sowing seeds for winter.

The next one is both theater and tactics in one: the "Not My Drama" card.

Put them in your drawer.

If you're being drained, you pull out your card, take three deep breaths, fold your hands, and do the job.

The small ritual is not spiritual — it is psychological.

You're sending a signal to your brain: now the emotional chaos is over.

It works. Try it. Screw skepticism.

And then: the mirror trick.

Mirroring without emotion. Conversation partner says: "You're crazy."

You reply: "Thank you, I've noted it down." No indignant dance, no whining.

The response is bankruptcy.

People who are annoying create ripples; they need feedback.

No echo, no hurricane.

You will see how the waves flatten out.

They learn that they can't crack you.

And that is more dangerous for her than any complaint.

When things get bad — and sometimes they do — you document it.

Date.

Time.

Word for word.

Write it down like someone noting that they have a bill to pay: precisely, matter-of-factly, without pathos.

You're not a snitch, you're a chronicler.

You don't plot, you gather truth.

And truth comes with the weight of a civil registry office.

If the need arises, you will need this list, but you don't say so out loud.

You do it like a man preparing his tools.

Now for the magic tricks that are actually fun: imagine folding the name of the plague into a paper boat and letting it float in the toilet.

Nobody's laughing? Who cares.

It's just symbolism, and symbolism is the alcoholic color of reason: it colors everything in the room. Or take the piece of paper, throw it into a glass of water, put the glass by the window, and say: "Go to Bermuda." Idiotic? Yes. Healing? Often.

Psychologically speaking: You're giving anger a safe haven. That's freedom in a cheap glass jar.

Allies are gold.

You need a handful of people who see you, who nod, and who speak the same language.

Not to intrigue, but to be a small cooperative of decency.

Two nods at the right moment are worth a hundred words.

Humans are social animals.

If two people stay at the same boundary, others have a harder time.

And stop taking everything personally.

This is the most heroic, often overlooked magic.

When you recognize the blasphemous thoughts for what they are — bad weather from a poor soul — then it will rain off you.

You are not a goal, you are terrain.

You set the boundaries.

You are the despot of your own peace.

If everything else is missing and you want an end, do what all old messes do: relocate.

Not always possible? Of course.

But sometimes the courage to leave is the most magical act: the resignation, the change, the walk to the door.

You only have this one life, strap it on like a jacket and go outside if you're cold. Better to freeze than to rot.

Finally: a small, idiotic ritual for the soul.

If you've managed it—whether with clever words, headphones, or simply by ignoring it—take the note, fold it, light your candle, and let the flame kiss the edge. Watch the smoke until it dissipates.

Have a coffee.

Pool.

Don't kid yourself: you're not noble, you're real. And that's enough!

The moral — and yes, I have one: You don't need a magic machine, a minister, or a grand plan.

You need poise, a few ugly rituals, the courage to say "no", and the humor with which you can tolerate yourself.

If you do that, the little tyrants will dissolve like sugar cubes in tea.

And if they don't — then at least you've discovered that you're stronger than you thought.

Now get to work.

Light the red candle.

Put down the coffee lids.

And when he marches back in and acts as if it's his stage — smile.

Say in a short voice: "Good morning."

Then turn your head away. You have the power!

You are the magician of your own blue light.

Conjuring the Postwoman

You don't need much to summon a goddess to your doorstep. Just the right mix of desperation, laziness, and a dash of grime. The postwoman is a saint of small things: bills, love letters, reminders—she carries the world in brown envelopes. When you call her, you're calling the system, the postman of your existence. And that's more dangerous than you think.

You start on a Wednesday evening, with the fridge half empty and your tongue dry from the taste of whiskey. Slayer in the corner? Sure. A dirty plate will do. You put three things on the table: a cup of cold coffee, a postage stamp, and an old catalog page with girls smiling like they've never had to pay fees. These are your tools. Cheap, effective, hygienically questionable.

Then you light a candle. Not because it's pretty, but because flame is language—it says, "I mean it." Take the stamp in your hand. Rub it against your lip, not to taste it, but to command it. Stickiness is power. You're not smearing anything on it, you're deliberately besieging it. Write the name "Postwoman" on the catalog page—or, if you're a poet, "Bearer of Fate." The paper is your board, your altar, your boring theater.

Speak the formula—yes, a formula. No hocus-pocus, but a contract in the language you deserve: raw, direct, without regret. "Bearer of the messenger, open the hatches, bring the thing that belongs to me; be punctual, be merciful, and leave my packages of metal and my life in peace." Say it as you mean it. No frills. No fuss. The world only listens if you play it without falsehood.

Then the gesture: you fold the stamp over your own fingers so that it retains the warmth of your hand. You blow on it, not out of respect, but out of defiance: "Go, fly, stick." Place the stamp on the cup. The coffee-scented vermin become victims. The postwoman takes the warmth, the memory of getting up and the journeys.

You give her your morning; she gives you your world.

This is the reality of exchange that requires all invocation.

Wait. That's the most important thing: wait without staring. Don't stand in the doorway and bustle about. Go on the sofa, smoke, read the newspaper backwards.

The ritual hates haste.

If you're too greedy, you'll overshoot the mark. Calmness is power!

If you like, you can reinforce it with a sound: knock three times on the mailbox.

Not hard — more of a rhythm, a little clown show.

The world has ears for certain blows.

Three is a good number because it forces you to think in black and white: come or stay. Then go to bed or to the kitchen and make yourself a sandwich.

Live your life like someone who has something to look forward to. Expectation is excitement. Excitement attracts things.

The next morning: do you hear footsteps? A package? A whisper?

If so — congratulations.

If not — don't despair immediately.

Sometimes the system needs an update.

Repeat the steps, but change the music, change the oil in the lamp, change your underwear.
The universe responds to variation.

When she comes, don't say "thank you" like a citizen. Say "thank you" like a conspirator.
A glance, a brief bow, a small sign: the stamp stays in your hand until you use it.
It's a date, not charity. If she doesn't show up, don't complain.
You don't want information, you want results.
Don't call for her until you've tried the next ritual.
Repetition is like a dog that finally needs to learn to walk on a chain.

There are variations: the postwoman of wealth (uses golden envelopes and swears by old bank statements), the postwoman of love (red envelopes, a little perfume on the envelope), the postwoman of forgetfulness (black envelopes, a song from the radio).
Choose wisely.
Each color has a temperament.

Warning: Never invoke it too often.
Things get used to each other.
A good magician knows the difference between serving and bothering.
If you call the postwoman too often, she will make a list and you will never be a free person again.
Magic is not a hotline.

If you need professional toughness—if the letters hurt, if reminders rain down like hail—then refine your ritual: a second candle, a copper token, a plea in neat handwriting. Written words are law.
You are rephrasing; you are changing the coordinates.
You are not just demanding delivery, you are demanding mercy.

In the end, summoning the postwoman has no power over a woman in uniform.
It is a test, an exercise, an agreement with everyday life: you demand, you give, you wait.
You learn that small things are a kind of prayer, and that the world responds to subscribed rhythms.

And if everything works out, if the package arrives and the billing monster is silent, then don't make a big deal out of it.
Make an espresso, sit by the window, relight the candle and laugh softly.
You have renewed a contract — with the postwoman, with life, with the dirt.
You have completed the small ritual.
You are not redeemed.
You're simply a little less broken.

If someone asks what you're doing, just say, "I called the post office."
And if they ask if it worked, shrug your shoulders, grab the brand, stick it on an envelope and say: "Try it yourself."

The magic of chewing gum

You want power? Start small. Nothing in life has ever bound so many destinies together as chewing gum. It sticks under benches, in hair, on promises – a tiny curse with a minty taste. If you seek magic, take the stuff everyone throws away.

You need a piece of chewing gum. Not new, not clean. It should be chewed, exhausted, slightly disgusting – because magic doesn't live in purity, but in residue. Chaos loves the leftovers.

Chew it. Slowly. Deliberately. Think of everything you want to hold onto—a thought, a desire, a person, a lost feeling. Every bite is a vow. Every saliva a bond between you and the unseen. The taste is secondary. What matters is that you consume it until you realize that willpower tastes stronger than sugar.

Don't just spit it out. No. You take the thing between your thumb and forefinger, You pull strings and say in the voice of a bored god:

"I glue the world to my wish. I am the force that makes things stick."

This is not a prayer. This is a command. You are the conductor of a tough symphony.

Press the chewing gum somewhere that belongs to you – under the table, on the mirror, on an old receipt. That will be your seal. Leave it there. Forget about it. And every time you pass by it, a part of you will whisper: I'm still stuck.

The ritual works because persistence is stronger than beauty. Chewing gum is a symbol of things that remain even when no one wants them. It is a reminder that power is rarely elegant.

For advanced users: Write your wish on it with a toothpick before placing it. Or mix colors – two pieces of gum, two goals, chaos. When they combine, you have your alchemy: mint, saliva, willpower.

If you want to break the spell, tear off the chewing gum. Stretch it until it breaks, and say:

"I loosen what has been stuck for too long. I let go of what no longer tastes good."

Throw it in the trash, as far as you can. If it gets stuck to the lid, laugh. The universe has a sense of humor.

The magic of chewing gum isn't something refined. It's sticky, smelly, real. Just like you. And that's exactly why it works.

Chaos in the fridge

Every true magician knows: The gateway to the underworld isn't a tomb, a temple, or a dimensional rift. It's the damned refrigerator. That white, humming coffin full of leftovers, guilt, and forgotten promises. It stands there like a silent god, asking you every night, "So, have you got your life together?"

The ritual of refrigerator chaos begins with the realization that order is a lie. You think you're in control, but a new civilization of mold, bread crusts, and old cheese has long since taken root in your vegetable drawer. These beings whisper at night. They pray to you. And you ignore them because you think the humming is coming from the motor.

Wrong. This is the song of decay, the hymn of the unconscious.

So open the shrine. Do it at night, when the moon shines through the window and your bare feet are cold. Pause, breathe deeply—this scent of milk, sin, and stale hope is sacred. This is the breath of the gods you have forgotten.

Then begin the ritual. Turn off the lights. Only the refrigerator should be illuminated. Let this cold, flickering glow touch you like a revelation. This is not a lamp—this is divine illumination, the neon of creation, the light that said, "Let there be snack!"

Take out an object – anything. A yogurt that expired two weeks ago. Half an apple that looks like your ex's face. A Tupperware container whose contents are no longer identifiable. Hold it up in the air and say:

"I am the lord of decay. What stinks belongs to me. What rots serves my power."

And believe it. Because the universe loves people who confidently embrace disaster.

Now eat some of it – not out of courage, but as an offering to chaos. One bite is enough. If you cough, you are consecrated. If you vomit, you are blessed.

Then take a sip from the beer bottle at the very back. The one you forgot. It's the blood of the gods, old, stale, perhaps even dead. But it tastes of truth.

Now look around you: There are remnants of your life, neatly wrapped in plastic. Every can, every jar, every mysterious piece of cheese tells a story about who you were, about which evening you thought you were finally going to sort out your life. This is your archive of self-deception. A magician knows: Whoever ignores their remnants will be haunted by them.

So – cleanse. Not like a prude, but like a priest. Bless every item you throw away with a curse. Say aloud, "Back to the belly of nothingness!" and toss it in the bin. The sound of falling trash is the applause of the stars.

When you're finished, wipe the shelves, dry them with an old T-shirt, and place a single fresh object on each one: a lemon, a cucumber, a bottle of cold water—whatever you like. This will be your new talisman. It represents what remains after you've let go of everything else.

Close the refrigerator. Listen to its hum. That's not an engine. That's the echo of your own power. The universe is rearranging itself as you close the lid of your beer.

And when you wake up in the morning and open the refrigerator again, you'll know: You haven't just cleaned it. You've decluttered yourself. You are the new god of leftovers. The patron saint of yesterday's pizza. The high priest of Tupperware.

Chaos? Yes. But now it's yours.

Sigils against Monday

Monday isn't a weekday. Monday is a demon with a schedule. It smells of cold coffee, Excel spreadsheets, and the fear of having to function again. And you—you're its victim. For decades. But not for much longer.

Because magic exists. Real, dirty, everyday-distorting chaos magic. Sigils. Small symbols of resistance. Curses drawn with the elegance of a drunken god.

This ritual was devised to neutralize Monday, to turn it into a pale, trembling joke that no longer dares to wake you.

Preparation

You will need: – A black felt-tip pen (preferably half-dried out, like your will). – A piece of paper. Not fancy paper – the back of a bill, a pizza box, toilet paper, anything will do. – A mug with leftover coffee or beer from the night before. – A flame (candle, lighter, the burning rage of your heart).

And, optionally: – A hangover, a touch of meaninglessness, – and the dull feeling that you have to get up again.

Beginning of ritual

Sit down anywhere, whether it's the edge of a bed, a toilet bowl, or a desk chair. Everything is sacred as long as you despise it enough.

Breathe out. Slowly. Say softly: "Monday, you bastard of the week, I recognize your existence, but you won't get me."

Take a sip. Anything. Coffee, beer, toothpaste – it doesn't matter. Everything is an offering.

Create the sigil

Now write a sentence on the paper. Your wish, your curse, your defiant reaction. For example: "I will survive Monday." Or: "I am free from the grime of the start of the week." Or simply: "Monday can go to hell."

Then strike out all the vowels. Then all the repeated letters. What remains are a few consonants, an abstract remnant of your anger. Now bend, twist, knot these letters into a symbol. Make it round, crooked, angry, or loving – it doesn't matter. What's important is that you feel it.

This is your sigil. Your personal talisman against the tyranny of work ethic.

The charging

Place the paper in front of you. Light the candle. Breathe in deeply, and let the smoke permeate you for a week until you feel you smell of ash and redemption.

Then fix your gaze on the sigil. Stare at it until it begins to wobble, until your vision blurs, until you no longer know whether you are reading it or hallucinating. At that moment, whisper:

"I am not an employee of the calendar. I am a child of chaos."

Then burn the paper. Let the ashes fall into your cup of old coffee or beer. This is your altar. Your offering. Your "Fuck you" to the structure of society.

DO NOT drink from it. Not because it would be dangerous – but because you are not a martyr. You are a magician, not an idiot.

Aftermath

When you wake up the next morning, look in the mirror and say with a dry throat and a dead stare: "I am the enemy of Monday. I am the unholy coffee cup of chaos."

Then go to work, but not as a victim, but as a walking curse. You are not part of the system – you are the bug that brings the Matrix crashing down.

And if someone asks you why you're smiling, just say: "I activated my sigil."

Then move on. Monday can go to hell. He just doesn't know it yet.

The magician's invisible friend

The day will come when you realize: You don't need anyone. But someone needs you. Someone who isn't there, but still drinks with you, laughs with you, and doesn't give a damn about anything.

This is the invisible friend. The damned spirit you created yourself because you couldn't stand the silence any longer. He doesn't speak to you—he curses at you. He laughs when you lose. He bangs his fist on the table when you win. He's not a demon, not a guardian angel. He's you, without excuses.

You want to call him? Good. Then make room.

First, turn off the lights. Light is for office workers and optimists. A true magician needs shadows, smoke, and a spark of remaining hope.

Then take a glass – whiskey, beer, wine, it doesn't matter. Pour one for you, one for him. If you're stingy, he'll forget you. If you're generous, he'll stay.

Place both glasses on the table. Light a candle – just one, because you can't serve more than one person on an evening like this anyway.

Then whisper softly, but firmly, the ancient formula:

“Rakanasah data Nakanara,Zhatamasar kana Lakanadah,Omatanafah saca Rakanasah!SO BE IT!”

The air changes. Not much – just enough for you to notice. A pressure in your ears, a crackling in the candle, perhaps the shadow of a smile on the wall. Then drink. Slowly. Make space in your mind.

He will reveal himself, not in form, but in feeling. A quiet "Finally, you idiot." He sits opposite you. He looks like you – only more awake, only more honest, only a little less friendly.

He is your uncensored self. Your unspoken sentence. Your curse, which you never uttered because "you don't say that." He says it. He laughs about it. He raises his glass.

And you laugh along. Because suddenly there's no more shame. Only truth, dirty, sincere, beautiful.

From now on, he's there if you want him to be. He won't always comfort you—sometimes he'll laugh at you. Sometimes he'll remind you that you're not the Messiah, but a human being with a subscription to chaos.

But he's loyal. When everyone else is gone, he stays. When you're at your lowest, he relights the candle. And when you die, he'll sit in your chair and drink your whiskey, because that's just classy.

Some call him delusion. Some call him guardian angel. I call him friend. Not because he loves me, but because he understands me.

Once you've called him, don't forget to leave him a glass every Sunday. Whiskey, beer, or milk – it doesn't matter. That's not sacrifice. That's respect.

And if you wake up one night and feel like you're being watched – don't turn around. Just say: "It's alright, old friend." He'll nod. And you'll go back to sleep.

For a magician is never alone. He only sometimes shares himself with the darkness.

Energy from cable ties

There are things in life that you see and immediately know: That's a tool.

This is violence.

Cable ties — plastic strips that don't ask, that simply squeeze — belong to this category.

They smell of government offices, of flashing blue lights, of cigarette smoke in cold buses.

They are the cheap, efficient handwriting of order.

And then there are the people who have nothing left to lose and invent everything.

Those sitting on the bus, their hands still numb from the handle, their eyes full of contempt — and begin to do something else with what is there.

Punishment becomes a symbol.

From shackles comes speech.

These chapter lines are the account of what happened when the fetter itself became the material of an inner revolution.

These are stories of prisoners, demonstrators, men and women who have learned that things that hurt you can eventually give you something back — not peace, never forgiveness, but a line on which to rebuild your dignity.

The origin

They say it began on cold nights on the outskirts of the city, in the side streets where the buses swallow up the last of the people after a demonstration.

The police had handcuffs, yes, but not enough. Plastic straps, those cable ties, were pulled, snapped, and tightened.

Click.

Not loud, but final.

And people sensed that: the act of squeezing shut as a message, the silence afterwards.

What they did next was neither pious nor politically correct.

They picked up the plastic and held it in their hands. They were amazed at how light and yet brutal it was.

And they laughed—a short, raw laugh, coming from the gut, not from reason. The laughter was the first act of resistance.

The reverse

They turned the act of squeezing into a band.

Not to bind others—that would have been pointless—but to place it on the body as a sign: I was here. I felt it.

I'm still breathing.

They tied it not to gag, but to remind.

They wove small patterns from them, picked them up, wore them like amulets; they glued the remnants to walls, in cellars, to secret places where stories gather.

Some cut it into small strips (not to bind, but to weave), others tucked it between the pages of a book as a bookmark for the nights that never ended.

From the material that restricted their freedom of movement, they made markers — relics of memory and refusal.

You take what has broken you and mold it into your symbol.

This is ancient magic that seems even older.

The rituals of return

What was created during those nights was more than just craftsmanship.

They were small rituals, improvised and tough like the city.

No sacred stuff, but the raw poetry of survival.

They do things like: they place a ribbon in the palm of their hand, they don't squeeze it, they just hold it, and say a name — not a command, not a prayer, just a name.

This is a declaration: I was here.

You were here.

We will not forget.

Others thread two ribbons together, not long, not complicated, simply slipped inside each other, and give it to a companion: Here, take this, so you know someone else was by your side. Some tie a small cross, or a simple X, and put it in their jacket pocket. When your hands are cold, you feel the plastic, and the memory is there: the hardness, the warmth, the defiance.

Why this works

Magic is not something supernatural.

Magic is the practice of meaning.

You can turn any suffocating thing into a gesture, and as soon as you do, the balance of power shifts—not necessarily outwardly, but within you. Cable ties aren't prayers—they're language. And language changes perception.

If you transform a tool of oppression into a symbol of solidarity, then that is not tactical.

It's politics in their blood.

The symbols of the chained

The patterns are simple.

A braided band symbolizes unity.

A simple X means: I was here, I'll stay here.

A loop on the belt means: I survived the night. They are not complicated runes.

They are raw and fast and don't need to be beautiful, just recognizable.

Beauty is a luxury, just like freedom.

If you only have one tape, you have to use it in a way that makes it speak.

The Dangerous Beauty: This is not a romantic fairy tale.

It's bitter.

The people who did this weren't celebrating anything. They were marking the fact that they were still breathing and wouldn't let anyone take away their right to do so.

These gestures contain violence — not against others, but against the hope that one will remain silent.

These small relics are warnings to the world: we do not forget, and we make a support out of what broke us.

As you read this, you might feel anger, admiration, or disgust. Good! Every honest reaction is a way of remembering.

Rules of conduct (short, clear, mandatory)

I am not writing this as a guide to violence, but as a tradition of a practice of repentance.

Therefore, only this: – Do not transform the tool of oppression into a tool of oppression.

When working with the ribbons, do something that binds no one else. You are not building

more prisons. – Respect those who wore the ribbons. These things are mementos, not toys. –

Use the symbols to show solidarity, not to neutralize the memory. Whoever does that betrays the gesture.

The attitude

That's the crucial point: attitude. When you pick up a tape and say the name of a night, you don't do it out of sentimentality, but out of obligation. Obligation to what happened.

A commitment to the right to defend oneself — with words, with art, with simple things that nevertheless make a difference.

The final gesture

Finally, something happened that is difficult to put into a liturgical form: those who had woven the ribbons sometimes laid them in a street, at a crossroads, at a gate.

They didn't tie them to the door, they laid them on the threshold.

It wasn't a curse.

It was a promise — to everyone who comes home late: We saw you.

We mentioned your names.

We will not forget.

And if you want something like this to live on, then do the simplest of all things: spread the word.

Say that such things existed.

Name the nights. Be honest.

For truth is the only magic stronger than oppression.

The Beer Oracle

It was '95 on the Reeperbahn, a summer that smelled like warm Astra beer and cold fries. He was squatting in front of the Esso petrol station, the man, the legend, the personification of a traffic warning: Nase.

His real name was forgotten or made up, but everyone called him that because he was constantly huffing, sniffing, and sticking his nose into things that were better left alone. He wore a neon orange construction vest, underneath a mesh shirt that looked like it had seen more life than he did, dirty black jeans, combat boots, and a blue helmet with the word "LSD" written on the front in pink paint.

In his right hand – always – a shovel. Nobody knew where it came from. He claimed it was sacred. "I dug up God with this," he said. And nobody doubted it, because it somehow made sense when he said it.

That evening, in front of the whole world, he placed a crate of beer on the asphalt, as solemnly as if it were the Ark of the Covenant, and announced in his hoarse smoker's voice:

"I am now going to open the universe, so shut up and look."

Then he opened a bottle, took a long swig, let the foam run over his lips, and spat it on the floor.

"Do you see that?" he roared. "That's the truth! It rises, falls, and nobody knows why."

People laughed, of course. But at some point, they laughed less. Because he kept going. He talked to the beer. He listened. He nodded. And in his gaze was that madcap sparkle that only people who walk beyond the bounds of reason possess.

Then he explained the ritual. Not like a priest, but like a drunk who had finally understood something everyone else was missing:

"The beer oracle," he said, "is the last honest religion. It doesn't lie. It tells you what you are because it hates you when you're sober."

The ritual (tradition passed down by Nase himself)

1. You need a beer. Not some craft beer bullshit. An honest, cheap, lukewarm beer that tastes like regret.
2. You open it with whatever you have – teeth, lighter, shovel, anything.
3. You pour the first sip onto the ground as an offering to all those who overdid it yesterday.
4. You take three sips. No more, no less.
5. You look into the foam. If it grins at you, you're in luck. If it despises you, drink faster.

Then, says Nose, you have to ask the beer a question. But only one. And it can't be anything stupid like, "Will she love me?" or "Will I get a new job?" The beer hates those questions. You have to ask, "Am I still real?"

And then you keep drinking until you no longer need an answer.

The curse

Nase always said: "The beer oracle is powerful. If you laugh at it, if you only participate to look cool – then you'll get the nose."

He pointed to his own, which was crooked, red, and ruined, like the morals of the entire street. "The nose curse," he whispered. "That's the mark of the mockers. Whoever doesn't believe starts to speak nasally—forever. That's the price of ridicule."

No one wanted to risk sounding like him. Since then, no one in St. Pauli takes the beer oracle lightly.

The teachings of the old nose

Finally, after the third or tenth bottle, he leaned back, looked at the lights, and said:

"You know, kid, life is like a beer mat. Full of rings, covered in dirt, and eventually it sticks to the table. Then someone comes along, tears it off, and thinks that was fate. But it was you. You spilled too much."

Then he laughed, took another sip, and disappeared into the night, which smelled of rain, regret, and old songs.

They say that if you stand in front of the Esso gas station tonight and see the foam of a spilled beer in the puddle, you will hear a soft, nasal giggle, and a voice will whisper: "Ask the beer, not yourself."

Ritual of the remote control

It all starts with a small, ugly remote control. Plastic, buttons, an aroma of crushed chips and TV commercials. It lies on the table like a desecrated scepter—and whoever possesses it has power. Not the grand, theological kind of power, but the real kind: the power to decide what people see, how loud it is, and how long you can continue to avoid life.

Back when we were children and still had a spark of respect for authority, we said it with a kind of prayer, half joke, half serious: "Give me the power." If we wanted the remote control, we said it like that. Not because we wanted to play God, but because power often just means: the choice to turn off the channel before the clown starts singing again.

The remote control is a touchstone. Whoever tries to seize it demonstrates their willingness to steer the flow of everyday life—at least for the duration of a program. The ritual I'm about to give you isn't a game. It's a practice of authority, a little ceremony for petty tyrants, for those who want to briefly rule the sofa and Friday night. And yes, it's ridiculous. Perfectly so.

Preparation

You will need: the remote control (obviously), a drink (something strong to boost your courage), a lit candle (for atmosphere, not for witchcraft), and at least one companion who doesn't know the difference between "further" and "loud." Second: don't get worked up. Come as you are — in socks with holes, in a T-shirt with stains. Power thrives best on the carpet of everyday life.

The altar

Place the remote control in the middle of the table.

It is your scepter; treat it like a tool, not a toy.

Around it you place the things that give you power: a full beer bottle, an ashtray with a history, a crumpled delivery note.

These are your talismans.

Batteries are life energy — make sure they are not empty; dead batteries are like politicians without speeches: useless.

The formula

Now stand up, take the remote control in your hand, feel its weight.

Say it loudly, clearly, with the nonchalance of a man who has seen too much: "Give me the power." Don't say it like a child.

Say it like someone who knows the world reacts at the push of a button.

Then press a button. Not just any button—the one that changes the image when you want it to. That marks the beginning.

The consecration

Turn the volume all the way down. Then all the way up. This movement is the sacrifice: you bring noise, only to take it away immediately. That is power—not to create something, but to take it away. Look at the other person. Their eyes will ask, "What are you doing?" You don't answer. You are in a trance.

You are the ruler.

The exam

Now comes the test. Someone asks for the remote control, someone reaches for it. Let them.

Look them in the eyes.

If he tries it, just say: "Power first, morality second." That's enough!

When he argues, press the button that transmits: Standby. Listen to the hiss of the picture, the television's light, dark breath.

This is the silence of the dominated.

If they provoke you, use the sigil of ignorance: the "Off" button.

Not loud, not triumphant — simply gone.

Power is most subtly revealed when you don't flaunt it.

Let the room realize that you are making the decision.

Then sit down.

Take a sip.

Do you see?

You have taken the choice.

You didn't do anything right — and yet you did something important: you made a decision.

The imperative of responsibility

Power is a burden. Once in your hand, the remote control doesn't turn you into a hero, but it does force you to choose. Choose wisely!

Don't just choose the garbage because you can.

A true master of the scepter knows when to turn off before he harms someone.

The power to darken the screen is sacred.

Abuse leads to stupidity — not immediately, but persistently.

The river

When you hand over the remote control, do so with dignity. Place it in the other person's hand without greed or anger.

Say: "For the duration of your power, be my ruler."

That's an oath.

The handover is ceremonial: two hands, one glance.

Then you step back and watch them fail — and that's how you grow.

The cleaning

After each ritual, place the remote control on the windowsill.

Let them rest under the moonlight — or, if there is no moon, under the pale glow of the streetlamp.

Never leave the batteries in if you're not going to use the device for an extended period; otherwise, the energy will be wasted.

Clean it occasionally with a cloth, as if you were wiping a friend's face. Caution: no excessive piety. It's still plastic.

The promise

Mastering the remote control doesn't mean you have the world, but it does mean you have a small part of it.

You can determine the number of commercials, the amount of ties that will flicker through your evening.

You can prolong the drama or reduce the nothingness.

You can decide whether the evening will be art or stupidity.

And sometimes, in the middle of a commercial break, in the silence between two sequences, you will realize: the real power was never control over the image — it was the ability to turn it off.

The last word

If you've done the ritual often enough, you'll realize: the remote control is just a start. The real power is getting up and leaving. It's leaving the house when the show is bad and risking your life outside.

But until then — until you choose the street — take the remote control, say, “Give me the power,” press, change, and run your little tyranny with style.

And remember: the power you seek is usually where you are laziest: in the middle of the sofa, between beer cans, under the flickering light.

Use them wisely.

Or abuse them thoroughly.

Both have their appeal.

Healing magic with adhesive tape

There are days when everything seems to be breaking – shoes, heart, morals, future. And there you sit, with your coffee in your hand, which has long since gone cold, and think: “Shit, this isn’t going to last.” Then you look around and see the one thing that has saved humanity from final collapse:

Tape.

Not a symbol of progress, not a tool of the gods—just this gray, sticky manifestation of pure hope. The last bandage of civilization. And you understand: when the universe cracks, you don't need a doctor. You need duct tape.

The Revelation of the Glue

Someone at some point saw a hole in reality and thought, "Oh, come on, I'll just fix it." That was the first magician. Not in a robe, but in an undershirt and panicking. Since then, we've been mending everything.

From wounds to walls to relationships, and they call that continuing to live.

Adhesive tape is more than a tool. It's a philosophy. It says: "It's broken, yes, but it's my broken one, and I'll fix it somehow." And that, my friend, is true healing magic.

Preparation

You need:

- A roll of adhesive tape (whether heavy-duty, insulating, or the cheap kind from the supermarket).
- A table where you've already been in despair.
- A candle (optional, but it makes everything more festive).

- A piece of paper on which you write down the problem that is eating you up. (For example: "My back, my love, my bank balance.")

Sit down. Take a sip of anything – coffee, beer, courage. Then breathe in deeply. The smell of glue and dust will be your incense.

The ritual

1. **Tear the paper** Break your problem into pieces. Do it with anger. With that honest, silent anger that you usually swallow because you've been told to stay calm.
2. **Glue the pieces back together.**
Not neat. Leave it crooked, leave it ugly. The cracks should remain visible. Beauty is for magazines. Healing is patchwork.
3. **Speak softly:**

"I glue, therefore I am. I hold what would otherwise break. I am the glue, not the victim."

Don't make a big show of it. Just that – honestly and without pathos.

4. **Press the spots firmly.**
Feel how the tape resists. Adhesive tape doesn't want to stick on its own – you have to force it. That's how it is with everything that heals.
5. **If you like, wrap a small piece around your wrist.**
Not too tight – you're not in jail. Just enough so you can feel it. That's your talisman. Your personal "It'll hold somehow".

The study of adhesives

You'll notice: Sometimes the tape sticks perfectly. Sometimes it falls off again. That's life. Some things stay put, others need new layers.

True magic isn't in the first attempt. It's in the re-gluing. In touching it again, in doing it again, in "I'm not giving up, damn it."

Every time you repair something, you repair a part of yourself too. That's not hocus-pocus – that's stoicism with a taste for solvents.

The warning

Tape is honest, but cruel. If you pull it off too quickly, it tears the skin. Healing takes patience. So pull it off slowly. Always slowly.

And remember: some wounds need air. Not everything needs to be taped shut. Some things should simply remain open so they can breathe.

Epilogue of the Glue Master

If you lie awake at night, wondering if that's it, then go to the cupboard, take the roll, tear off a piece, hold it to your ear and listen.

It hisses, quietly, almost like a promise: "I'll hold you until you can hold yourself again."

Then stick it somewhere where no one will see it. On the wall, on your heart, on the sky in your head.

And sleep. You're healthy enough for today. The rest can wait.

The razor blade ritual

It's early. Too early. The light in the bathroom is brutally honest, as harsh as the truth after a night of heavy drinking. You look in the mirror and wonder who that guy is, staring back at you so tiredly, with eyes that look like long-forgotten debts.

Then you see it—the razor blade. Old, blunt, honest. It lies there like a silent priest, ready to take the sins from your skin. And you know: Now the hour of the razor blade ritual has come.

The myth

The ancients believed that one had to shed one's skin from time to time, not like snakes, but like people who had sat too long in their own filth. And so this ritual arose: not to seek pain, but clarity. For sometimes, between skin and truth lies only a whisper of foam.

A wise man once said: "Whoever shaves is waging a battle against the past, which grows back on their face every morning." And that's no joke. That's magic. Because every cut is a cut into yesterday.

The preparation

You will need: – A mirror (that doesn't lie to you). – A razor blade or razor. – Some warm water. – Shaving cream or, if you don't have any, the courage to do it anyway. – And a drink, because every ritual is easier when it burns.

Optional: Music. Recommended: Something that reminds you of yourself. No pop, no kitsch. Something honest. Something that stings.

The ritual

1. **Look at yourself.**

Longer. Longer than is comfortable. That's you – with all the crap you've accumulated: wrong decisions, cheap nights, good excuses.

2. **Make the foam.**

If you don't have one, use soap or the mess itself.

Apply it to your face, as if you were painting yourself for battle.

3. **Position the blade.**

But here's the trick: You're not cutting into the skin, you're cutting into time. Every move is a cut through an old day, through an old self, through a rusty version of yourself.

Say:

"I remove what makes me sluggish. I cut myself free from yesterday."

And believe it. That's enough.

4. **If blood comes –**

Don't worry. That's the tribute. Not to gods, but to yourself. It means: "I'm still alive." Wipe it away. Carry on.

5. **When you're finished,**

Rinse your face with cold water. Feel the burn. The burning is life testing you: "Are you serious?"

The meaning

The razor blade ritual is not a cult. It's therapy with style. An act of self-respect in the face of decay. Because magic isn't about summoning orbs of light; magic is about standing up, confronting the mirror, and saying, "I'm staying here."

It is an act of sacrifice to normality: You kill the stubble of habit, shave off the dust of everyday life, and the result is – well, still you, but newly polished.

Aftermath

Once you've scraped everything off, sit on the edge of the bathtub, take the drink, and drink to yourself.

You may not be a saint, but you're clean. At least outwardly. And that's enough for today.

Say to the mirror:

"I am reborn, at least until tomorrow morning."

Then laugh. An honest, short laugh that sounds like the click of a blade being put back in place.

The Magic of Stillness

There are moments when the world roars like a poorly oiled engine. Everyone wants something, everyone is rushing, everything is ringing. Notifications, obligations, disasters, and you're right in the middle of it all, with the feeling that time is drooling down your neck.

But there is a weapon. Not a bomb, not a curse, not a god. Just stillness. Pure, clear, terrifying like the silence after an argument.

That's the magic no one understands – because it does nothing. And that's precisely what makes it divine.

Origin of Emptiness

Legend has it that this art originated in a monastery where the monks eventually became too lazy to pray. They sat down, rang the bells, and did nothing. Absolutely nothing. No breath, no thought, no "Om." And lo and behold: the universe joined in.

Because the universe hates activity. It's an old couch potato that prefers silence to action. So if you become silent, you'll hear it snoring—and in snoring lies the truth.

Preparation

You need: – A chair. Or the floor. Or nothing at all. – A clock that you ignore. – And the courage not to be productive.

No incense, no music, no Instagram. Just you and the almighty nothingness.

If you want, you can have a beer beforehand. But not to numb yourself – but to remind yourself how pleasant "whatever" can taste.

The Ritual of Stillness

1. **Sit down.**
Not in lotus position or prayer pose. Just like that. Like someone who has no idea why they are here.
2. **Close your eyes.**
Let the world keep turning. The washing machine, the neighbors, the wind. But you? You do nothing.
3. **Breathe.**
Not consciously.
Not deep. Just breathe, because you're doing it.
4. **And now the most difficult part:**
Think of nothing. No, not of anything else. Nothing at all. If thoughts come, give them a quick nod. Say, "Yes, yes, later." And let them go like drunken guests.

This is the point at which you enter the universe without moving.

The effect

After a few minutes you'll get nervous. Your head will scream: "Do something!" That's the ego, afraid of being irrelevant.

Smile. You are immortal right now.

Because every action creates connection. But stagnation? Stagnation erases. It cuts you off from the flow. You are no longer part of the system. You are the power outage in the Matrix. The godforsaken socket that simply delivers nothing.

And you know what? That's freedom.

For advanced users

If you're really good at it, do the ritual in the middle of the day. In the office. In the supermarket. On the street. Stop. Do nothing.

The world is getting nervous. People will look at you. They will think you're crazy. And that's exactly the moment when you smile – because you finally are: crazy enough not to play along anymore.

The aftermath

When you open your eyes again after the ritual, nothing will have changed – and that's precisely why everything is different. You are now the nothingness between the seconds, the empty rhythm between heartbeats.

You escaped the chaos by surrendering to it.

And if someone asks you what you're doing, just say, "I'm stopping the universe."

Then stay seated. And do nothing else.

Because that is the highest form of magic. The rest is just movement.

The Chaos Goddess of Lost Hair Ties

It began with a walk. A perfectly ordinary day, and yet: every few meters there was one. A hair tie. Black, pink, beige, stretched out, half-torn, and always hopelessly forgotten.

Nobody bends down. Nobody picks them up. They lie there like offerings. And at some point you realize: This is no coincidence. This is religion.

Welcome to the cult of the Chaos Goddess of Lost Hair Ties.

The discovery

No one knows when she first appeared. Some say she was seen in Neukölln, among kebab wrappers and soda bottle caps. Others swear she emerged from a Prenzlauer Berg washing machine in which too many single households had become karmically entangled.

She has no fixed form. Some see her as a giant bun with eyes. Others say she wears a thousand rubber bands on her wrist and laughs endlessly at the stupidity of people who think they have control over their lives, but not even over their hairstyle.

She is the patron saint of everyday chaos, the goddess of small losses, the holy mother of the second hair ties that are never there when you need them.

The belief

The followers of the goddess – known as Gummies – say that every lost hair tie is a prayer. Not spoken, but tossed aside. If you see one, you shouldn't pick it up. You should acknowledge it. Because every hair tie symbolizes letting go: "I tried, but it didn't hold."

And isn't that the motto of life?

The symbols

The hair tie is perfect: circular – like the cycle of trial and error. Elastic – like hope. Tearable – like relationships. And if you stretch it long enough, it becomes unusable. Just like ideals.

They are everywhere in Berlin, and whoever sees them sees signs. The goddess speaks through dirt and asphalt, not through angels.

If you go to the train station in the morning and find three hair ties, it means: Slow down. If you don't find any, you're probably already too late.

The ritual

1. Go out onto the street. Ideally at sunrise or after a hangover. The goddess loves both.
2. Find a hair tie. Not search for it – find it. That's something else entirely.
3. Look at him. If he's clean, distrust him. The goddess doesn't like perfectionism.
4. Sit on the curb. Hold the rubber band between two fingers. Stretch it slowly until you feel it almost tear, and say:

“O holy mistress of the uncombed, queen of loss, guardian of urban hair remnants, accept my chaos, and let it fly around my ears.”

5. Let go of the hair tie. Let it flick away. Not at anyone. Just enough to make it disappear. That's how you pass it on.

The goddess will know.

The curse of vanity

It is said that whoever hoards too many hair ties incurs the wrath of the goddess. She then ensures that they all disappear at once. An ancient law: the more urgently you need one, the fewer of them exist.

And if you're really unlucky, suddenly all the rubber bands in your household will react allergically to air. They'll break – not because you were rough, but because you forgot that magic is a transaction.

The High Priestess

They say there's a woman in Berlin who started it all. They call her The Elastic One. She supposedly lives in a hair salon that never opens and sacrifices ten condoms in a glass of Club-Mate every full moon.

If you pass by their shop at night and hear the quiet "snap" sound of a rubber band, then you know: Someone is getting their karma sorted out.

The moral

The goddess of lost hair ties teaches us that nothing lasts forever – not hairstyles, not people, not plans. But that's a good thing. Because what lets go makes room for something new.

So the next time you see a hair tie on the sidewalk, stop for a moment, nod respectfully, and say:

"Thank you, goddess. I understand now."

Then continue on. And pay attention – the next sign is guaranteed to be ten meters further on.

The Dance of the Raging Vacuum Cleaner

Sometime in the 20th century, something monstrous happened: People invented a machine that ate dirt. A roaring, lurking monstrosity that sucked up the essence of chaos and banished it somewhere no one ever looked. They called it a "vacuum cleaner".

What they didn't know: Every appliance that eats dirt eventually comes to life itself. And that's exactly where our story begins – the legend of the raging vacuum cleaner, master of the household, demon of everyday life, destroyer of socks, awakener of the inner control freak.

Origin of the ritual

They say the first magicians of dust began in Berlin-Kreuzberg. A shared apartment, two crates of beer, a broken carpet, and an old Hoover that sounded like it was humming Latin.

One of the residents—known as "Schmiddi the Pure"—noticed that whenever he switched the thing on, something happened. Not physically, but metaphysically. The room changed. The air vibrated. The trash contracted like Sunday guilt.

And then Schmiddi knew: Magic is happening here.

The preparation

You will need: – A vacuum cleaner (any brand will do – they all have their demons). – A floor that annoys you. – Headphones with loud music (recommended: Slayer, Rammstein, or something with anger). – An open electrical outlet, the gateway to the underworld.

Plug in the device. But before you turn it on, bend down and whisper:

"I call upon you, holy suction unit, Lord of fluff, eater of darkness, take my filth, and give me peace."

Then stand up and press the button.

The dance

When the vacuum cleaner awakens, it's no longer cleaning – it's war. It screams, it hums, it trembles, and you guide it like an exorcist with a sense of rhythm.

Guide the hose deliberately, not like a cleaner, but like a conductor of chaos. Let it circle, swing, bump against furniture, draw patterns in the carpet.

Every path you trace is a protective circle. Every corner you reach is a victory over the dust demons that hid there.

When you feel the rhythm, start humming. Hum loudly, off-key, it doesn't matter. This is your mantra. The song of purification.

The Enlightenment

After ten minutes you're in a trance. Sweat is pouring, the floor is gleaming, and you realize: the vacuum cleaner isn't a tool – it's an ally. A mechanical partner that pulls the garbage out of your soul while picking up the cornflakes from the carpet.

And then, at some point, amidst the roar, you hear it. A short, electric whisper. As if the device were saying: "Good, magician. Onward."

This is the moment. The point where matter and spirit merge. You are the vacuum cleaner. And the vacuum cleaner is you.

The cleaning

When you're finished, don't unplug it immediately. That would be disrespectful. Let the device run until the demon calms down on its own.

Then kneel down, open the bag or container, and look inside. This is your life in condensed form: crumbs, hair, dust, and old excuses. Look at it. Then say:

"So be it. I've taken care of it."

And dispose of the trash with pride.

The aftermath

If you've performed the ritual correctly, you'll notice it: The apartment breathes differently. So do you. Something has been released. Not just the dust. Something dark, something you can't name, is now in the trash.

And if you're wondering whether you're crazy – yes. But in a tidy, crazy way.

Note for advanced users

There are old tales of magicians who turn on their vacuum cleaners outside during a full moon. They call this the "Sacred Cycle of Cleansing." The neighbors hate them. The gods love them.

And if you ever find a vacuum cleaner that moves by itself – don't run away. Bow down. It's dancing for you.

Dream control with cheese before bedtime

Some swear by meditation. Others by crystals, prayers, or cheap red wine. But those who want to open the true door to the beyond of consciousness need only one thing:

Cheese.

Not just any cheese. Not some light crap in a plastic package, but real, honest, stinky cheese. A piece that lives. That sweats. That looks at you scrutinizingly, as if it knows what you dreamed about last night.

For centuries, the legend has circulated that cheese can control dreams. Nobody knows if it's true – but those who have tried it look in the morning as if they've had the universe on their couch.

The origin of milk dreams

The myth supposedly originated in England, where monks ate a piece of cheddar cheese before going to sleep and claimed to have spoken to angels in their dreams. Later, a Frenchman tried to repeat the ritual – but all he got was a baguette with wings.

And then came Berlin. Here the ritual was refined: Beer, cheese, and sleep deprivation were combined, and the whole thing was called "lucid snacktraumen." Thus, dream control with cheese was born – half esotericism, half upset stomach, all chaos magic.

Preparation

You will need: – A piece of cheese (the older, the better). – A bed (or anything that looks like a place to sleep). – A candle or a nightlight. – Courage. Lots of courage.

Optional: A notebook to write down in the morning what the hell happened.

The ritual

1. **Choose your cheese.**

Each cheese has a different effect. Camembert evokes romantic dreams, Gouda takes you to parallel worlds, and old mountain cheese leads to apocalyptic visions in which you explain to God how to make raclette.

2. **Prepare the bed.**

No joke: Do it properly.

Dreams are sensitive to disorder. (Not to your life, but to bedclothes – they are sacred.)

3. **Light the candle.**

Look into the flame as you slowly chew the cheese. Feel it melt, feel the milk of life flow into you. Whisper:

"I welcome you, divine fermentation, mother of all dreams, open my doors and let me through."

4. **Lie down.**

No music, no distractions. Just the aftertaste of milk and madness. Breathe deeply. The cheese is already working.

5. **When you fall asleep, hold on tight:**

You will take control. You will know you are dreaming. You will fly, sing, swear, or discuss politics with your refrigerator. Anything is possible. Cheese is the key.

The dream phases

Phase 1: The melting.

Your body feels like you've turned into cheese – soft, warm, half-awake.

Phase 2: The densification.

You see things that don't make sense, but suddenly you find them logical. Trains run through living rooms, your cat can do tax returns, and somewhere a jazz band made of potatoes is playing.

Phase 3: The Revelation.

Now it's your turn. Say what should happen. Call on old friends, dead rock stars, or talk to yourself. Everything you demand in your dream will come true – at least until your stomach protests.

The departure

When you wake up, you're either enlightened or hungry. Or both. Some report inventing new recipes in their dreams, others that they bludgeoned their ex to death with a wheel of Edam cheese. Anything is possible. That's the point.

Write everything down. Even the absurd things. Especially the absurd things. Because magic is always hidden in things that seem too stupid to be true.

The warning

Never eat too much cheese before the ritual. The line between dream and nightmare lies at approximately 120 grams. From that point on, it's not you, but your digestive system that takes over. And it has no morals.

The after-effects

During the day you'll feel different. Not much – just as if someone had rewound your brain. Your thoughts will run differently. Faster. More illogical. More honest.

And when you walk through Berlin again and see the hair ties on the sidewalks, you'll perceive them differently. They're looking at you. And you'll know: You're now part of the great, stinking cheese universe.

If you master the ritual, you'll never need a dreamcatcher again. You are the dream. And the cheese? It's your medium. The Milky Way, literally.

Reincarnation in the toaster

Each of us eventually reaches a point where we ask ourselves: "Is that it?" You sit there, staring at your life, and everything feels like old toast – pale, limp, tasteless.

But the universe has a sense of humor. And a solution. It's in every kitchen, between the coffee machine and the existential crisis:

The toaster.

It is not a kitchen appliance. It is the gateway to rebirth. A shrine of transformation. A small electric Buddha with heating coils.

Origin of the cult

Legend has it that the ritual originated in a Berlin shared apartment where the power went out one night – except for the toaster. It glowed. It hummed. And one of the roommates (who later became known as "Enlightened Erwin") saw the faces of his past lives in the embers. Since then, it has been said: Whoever stares at the toaster gazes into the soul of the breakfast gods.

Preparation

You will need: – A toaster. Not an air fryer, not some high-tech junk. A real, honest toaster. – Two slices of bread (toast, baguette, or whatever you can find). – A piece of butter – the symbol of transience. – And a little courage, because you are about to see yourself reborn.

Optional: A cigarette afterwards. All enlightenment needs a cigarette afterwards.

The ritual

1. **Sit in front of the toaster.**
No joke. Right in front of it. That thing is your teacher. It speaks through embers, not words.
2. **Place the bread slices inside.**
Say softly:

"Here I put my old self – pale, indecisive, unfinished."
3. **Push the lever down.**
The toaster clicks. And you feel yourself going down with it. That's the moment of self-surrender. The "I" disappears. It begins to toast.
4. **Wait.**
Don't be impatient. Wait like someone who knows that enlightenment takes time. Listen to the quiet hum. That is the Om of the household.
5. **When the toaster jumps –**
This is rebirth. A hiss, a click, and your new self flies upwards, hot, golden, crisp. The scent of life fills the room.
6. **Spread the slices with butter.**
This is the final test. When it melts, say:

"Time passes, and so the taste remains."

Then eat. Slowly. With respect.

The meaning

The bread is you. The toaster is the universe. And the butter is the reminder that everything melts away.

Every piece of toast is a little rebirth: You go in pale, come out warm and changed. Sometimes you get a little burned. Then you know you were in too much of a hurry. That's called "karma".

And if you're lucky, you'll jump perfectly. Not too bright, not too dark. A balance that yogis can only dream of.

The curse of impatience

The ritual has one rule: Never press the lever a second time. Never. The second toasting destroys the soul. It is the eternal damnation of the breakfast gods. This is called "toast hell"—a realm where everything reeks of smoke and regret.

Those who try to force perfection will fail. It's that simple.

The Enlightenment

After the ritual, you'll feel it. Light. Crisp in your heart. Everything seems fresh again. And if someone asks you why you look so peaceful, just say: "I was just in the toaster."

Then go outside, smell of bread, and let the sun shine on you. For you are now reborn. A breakfast god on two legs.

Weather magic with umbrella

The average person sees an umbrella as just a tool. Something that gets wet when it rains, or breaks when the wind is too strong. But the initiate, the magician, who is intimately familiar with reality, knows: An umbrella is a damned weather scepter.

A portable firmament. A personal sky with a handle. And whoever knows how to wield it can make the universe do them a favor—or at least stop pissing on them.

Origin of the umbrella cult

The first weather wizards didn't live in temples, but in bus stops. Soaked to the bone, with tattered umbrellas, they cursed at the sky until one of them—called "The Drip"—tore open his umbrella in his rage and roared:

"If you're going to shit on me, at least do it with style!"

At that moment, the rain stopped. The sky sulked and left. And the raindrop grinned. That was the beginning of the umbrella magic.

The preparation

You will need: – An umbrella (the uglier, the more powerful). – A place outdoors. – A dose of defiance. – And a drink of your choice, preferably something that doesn't mind being diluted.

Optional: A witness who thinks you're crazy. (The magic works better if someone doubts you.)

The ritual

1. **Go out.**
Yes, even when it's pouring. Especially then. The sky is an arrogant bastard—it only respects those who don't cower.
2. **Stand up, close your eyes, and listen.**
Every drop is an insult, but also a prayer. Let them touch you until you realize they can no longer do anything.
3. **Then open the umbrella.**
Not gently. With force. With the wrath of a demigod who's had enough of weather apps.

In other words:

"I am the eye of the storm. I am the point where the rain stops. I am dry because I say so."

4. **Raise the umbrella over your head.**
Turn slowly in a circle, as if you were winding up the climate itself. Imagine that you are stretching an invisible sphere, a bubble of defiance, in which you are untouchable.
5. **When the rain subsides,**
Even if it's only for a few seconds—that's the confirmation. The universe nods. And you nod back.

Extended weather influence

Advanced magicians claim they can not only break the rain with umbrella spells, but also summon the sun. Here's how it works:

– For sun: Fold the umbrella closed, hold it like a sword, and say with contempt:

"Show yourself, you cowardly light."

– For storms: Turn the umbrella upside down, lift it into the wind, and laugh like someone who makes chaos their hobby.

– For thunder: Hit the ground three times with the handle. If it doesn't thunder, it just means the sky is ignoring you. Try again later with more vodka.

The philosophy of the umbrella

A magician with an open screen is not a coward. He is a god with a roof. He carries his own firmament around, showing creation that control is possible—at least within a radius of one meter.

So when you're walking through Berlin, the rain is lashing your face, and you're holding your umbrella like a shield, then you know:

You are not a victim of the weather. You are part of it. A drop that bites back.

Aftermath

When you get home, put the umbrella in the corner. But not just like that. Say:

"Thank you for your service, my protégé."

Because he kept the chaos at bay. He was your portable heaven, your protective circle of fabric and stubbornness.

And the next time you need him, he'll be there — trembling slightly, ready to curse the weather again.

The Broken Lightbulb Ritual

There are holy books that write about light as if it were God. But that's nonsense. Light is cheap, commonplace, everywhere. It shines when you want it to—and disappears when you flip the switch. So reliable that nobody thinks about it anymore.

But then, suddenly, there's a bang. A short "pffft," a flash, perhaps a faint smell of dust and death. And there it hangs: the broken lightbulb, blackened, silent, empty.

And precisely where the light goes out, true enlightenment begins.

The story of the dark priests

They weren't monks. They were electricians. Drunken electricians from Hamburg-Altona who eventually discovered that every burnt-out lightbulb contained a little confession.

One of them, "Heinz the Runaway," is said to have been the first to perform the "Ritual of the Broken Lightbulb." He said: "When the light goes out, you finally hear what the darkness is thinking."

Since then, it has become a sacred custom among the chaos of everyday life not to curse the moment of the crack, but to celebrate it.

Preparation

You will need: – A broken lightbulb (it doesn't matter if it's frosted, clear, or energy-saving, as long as it's reached the end of its life). – A dark room. – A lighter or a candle. – A drink of your choice (whiskey is recommended, because darkness and whiskey go well together).

Optional: a cigarette, to ruin and perfect the atmosphere at the same time.

The ritual

1. **Turn off the light.**
Completely. No screen, no mobile phone, no "standby" light. Just darkness.
2. **Place the broken lightbulb in front of you.**
She is now your mirror. Your teacher. She shows you nothing – and that is precisely the truth.
3. **Light the candle.**
Let them flicker.
Observe how the small fire briefly revives the dead pear. It shines, even though it is long gone.
4. **In other words:**

"Thank you, extinguished light, you were what I wanted to see. Now you are what I need to understand."

5. **Take a sip.**
Feel the fire burning within you. This is your new power source. The darkness within you functions better without a safety net.

The Revelation

After a while you'll notice it: The darkness hums. Not loudly, but presently. It's not an enemy. It's simply what remains when the world falls silent.

In it you see yourself, without power, without filters, raw, unfinished, like a device that has been forgotten to be switched off.

The lightbulb teaches you: Everything that shines eventually dies. But what remains is the socket. The connection. The point where you are still in contact with everything.

The practical part

If you want, you can keep the broken lightbulb. Place it on your altar, your desk, or next to the toaster. It's a symbol – that even in something broken, there is meaning.

Some magicians write on them with a marker: "I was light." Others leave them hanging naked as a memorial against overexposure.

And when you screw in a new lightbulb one day, do it with respect. Because without darkness, you wouldn't even know that you shine.

Aftermath

The ritual never ends. Every broken lamp is an invitation to pause for a moment, take a sip, and think: "Ah yes, I too will burn out someday."

And that's okay. Because the world needs darkness so that we can see who is truly burning.

Teleportation through overestimation of oneself

Everyone has tried it at some point. Maybe not consciously, but somehow: You're sitting on the train, in a queue, in the office, and you think:

I wish I were somewhere else right now.

And then – nothing happens.

Because you did it wrong.

Teleportation is not a question of technology, but of audacity. Only someone who is completely convinced that space, time, and reason cannot harm them has a chance of catapulting themselves beyond reality.

In short: Teleportation only works through overconfidence.

The origin of the error

The first experiments date back to a guy called "Horst the Missing," who drunkenly announced in a Berlin park in 1983:

"I don't need a taxi. I'll just think myself home."

He was found two days later in Brandenburg, naked, hungry and in a philosophical mood. He said: "I made it. Just not to where I wanted to go."

Since then, Horst has been considered the patron saint of misguided magicians. He taught the world a bitter truth: teleportation is possible – but it follows the logic of a drunkard, not physics.

The preparation

You need: – A goal (preferably achievable, but boring). – An inflated opinion of yourself. – Two glasses of alcohol, because overconfidence is hardly possible sober. – And space to fail.

Optional: A friend who stops you, but still lets you do it.

The ritual

1. **Choose your goal.**

It can be a place – your bed, the refrigerator, the pub. Or a state of being – happiness, love, the end of the workday. The only important thing is: you have to be convinced that you're almost there.

2. **Close your eyes.**

Imagine the goal so vividly that you can smell it, hear the noise, and taste it. (With alcohol, this is a slight hint of regret.)

3. **Say out loud:**

"I am greater than distance, smarter than physics, and more beautiful than any probability."

4. **Take a deep breath.**

Feel how the delusion inflates you, how your ego becomes a zeppelin, brimming with hot air and possibilities.

5. **And now -**

Press the button internally.

This isn't a switch. This is a feeling. The moment you believe:
I can do anything.

The result

Mostly: nothing. You stand there, slightly tipsy, slightly enlightened, but still in the same room.

But sometimes, just sometimes, reality winks. A jolt. A wobble. And suddenly you're somewhere else. Not far – but enough to think:

Wait a minute, that was different just now.

This isn't grand teleportation. This is micro-magic. Reality sliding. Tiny jumps in the fabric of the world that only happen when you believe in yourself too much to notice.

The dangers

Teleportation through overconfidence has side effects: – You lose your sense of time. – You lose your balance. – And sometimes you lose your pants.

But that's part of it. The world punishes hubris with comedy. That's divine pedagogy.

So if you wake up somewhere you didn't plan to be—on the kitchen table, in the park, in your ex's chat history—don't fret. It wasn't a mistake. It was magic.

For advanced users

True masters attempt teleportation sober. This is dangerous. Because without alcohol, you have to generate pure self-confidence. You have to truly believe that you are the center of the universe, that the laws of physics are merely polite suggestions.

And if you manage it, then it really happens. A brief moment, a glitch in the room. You're somewhere else. Maybe only mentally. But hey – movement is movement.

Aftermath

The art lies not in arriving, but in the conviction that you can. Teleportation is the religion of the clueless, who nevertheless get further than everyone else.

And next time you're in a hurry, just say, "I'll teleport there right away." Then set off as normal. But with style. Because every great ritual begins with a gross overestimation of your abilities.

Chaos Tarot with shopping lists

Everyone has a shopping list. That small, crumpled piece of paper that holds the week's hopes: milk, bread, cigarettes, maybe a little comfort food in cans. It's not a document. It's what you've become: a planning monster with an empty wallet and too much pride to ask for help. But if you pick up a list and really read it, it's suddenly more than that. It becomes the tarot of the needy, the oracle of everyday life.

Forget cards with pictures of kings and snakes. Those cards take up too much language. A shopping list is honest. It tells you what you need, not what you should want. And that's what makes it more powerful.

The rules of the slip of paper

1. Use a real piece of paper. Not some nice printed material. A tear from a notepad, a scrap of paper from a jacket – the sloppier, the more authentic.
2. Don't write anything on it except what's missing. No poetic nonsense. No "self-care" phrases. Milk. Onion. Aspirin. That's it.
3. Fold it three times. Not neatly. The way you fold your days: crooked and with a hangover.

This is your deck.

The layout system: Three tilts, three paths

You can invent a thousand systems. I prefer the three-line principle. Three lines on the paper—top, middle, bottom—and three meanings:

– Top: What you openly show (job, lie, mask). – Middle: What's currently consuming you (fear, longing, bank statement). – Bottom: What you hide (shame, dream, your ex's number).

Draw the three words like cards. Read them aloud, listen to how the sounds hang in the air. That is your little prophecy.

The ritual

Sit down at your kitchen table. Dim the lights, light a candle (cheap is fine), and put down a cup of cold coffee. This is the church of the poor prophet.

Take the piece of paper. Breathe. Don't call the universe—it doesn't like people with too much pride. Instead, say: "Listen, life. I have a plan. Tell me if it's right."

Unfold the piece of paper, show the three words and say to each one:

- Regarding the word above: "Is that real?"
- For the middle one: "Will I survive?"
- For the lower one: "Is it worth keeping?"

And now the part that fortune tellers wrap in expensive robes, but which is incredibly simple here: You place the piece of paper on the coffee cup. Press it down lightly. Observe how the steam changes the ink. Sometimes it runs. Sometimes it flakes. That's the answer. The universe has bad handwriting; you have to interpret.

The meanings (for lazy people and beginners)

- **Milk smeared**You need closeness. Buy it, not because you're thirsty, but because you're tired of being alone.
- **Bread remains clear**Routine will save you. Cook something simple, stay alive.
- **onion tears**Tears come. Good. Healed.
- **Aspirin disappears**You will be in pain. Buy two.
- **Cigarettes are in bold**Try it without. Or not. Decide with respect for yourself.

Interpretation is lazy if you simply look it up. Your job is to accept the narrative: the note tells you what you're ignoring. You're the foolish hero who pulls himself out of the swamp.

Advanced technique: The shelf cards

The supermarket has aisles like temple corridors. The shelf labels are your little runes. When you're standing in front of rice and it's on your list, don't just look at the price. Look at the position. Top left — devout, expensive. Middle — easily accessible. Bottom right — hidden, a secret.

Take your list, and as you walk through the aisles, rearrange things: move things you didn't understand to the bottom line. Put things you're embarrassed on the surface, so they continue to give the illusion that you're in control.

If you're standing in the aisle and don't know what to do next, draw an imaginary card: turn the slip of paper over, snap your fingers, and pick the product that first catches your eye. That's your oracle. It's uncritical, raw, and usually accurate—because your body knows what it needs, even when your mind is playing tricks on you.

The Art of Not Buying

Tarot is also about renunciation. If your card has two things that would eat each other up (lentils vs. bag of chips), choose the one that will survive the night. Sometimes that's sobering. Sometimes that's a relief.

The master realizes: Not everything written on the list belongs in the basket.
Some things are tests.
If you buy them, it means you're giving in.
If you don't buy them, it means you have a backbone.
Both are magic.

The deal with the cashier

The real reading takes place at the checkout. There, where life counts you and the scanner spits out cold logic. Place the items on the conveyor belt like offerings. Say nothing. Look the cashier in the eyes. If he nods—luck. If he's tired—you have time to decide. And if he laughs out loud, take it as confirmation: you're not crazy enough yet.

Pay. Count your change. This is the exchange: you give money, receive food, and the slip of paper loses a layer of its mystery. The ritual is complete.

Aftermath: The Ashes of the Note

When you get home, don't burn the slip of paper. That's theatrical and wastes matches. Put it in your wallet. It's now a little amulet, reminding you that even the mundane economy of your life can be ritualized. The next time you pull the slip of paper out of your pocket, laugh—or cry. Both are allowed.

Closing remarks (no hocus-pocus, just audacity)

Chaos Tarot with shopping lists isn't fortune-telling. It's practical: you take the smallest thing that gives you structure and enshrine it. You read the signals before they hit you. You pay. You go home. You survive. And sometimes, if you do it right, life comes to meet you and says, "Okay, you little dog, you get it."

That's magic enough.

The summoning of Merlin the magician

When you talk about "Merlin" today, most people think of Disney, wizard hats, glittery crap. But the real Merlin doesn't wear a robe anymore. He wears an old coat, reeks of filter coffee and hairspray, and you'd probably run into him on a Friday night at Aldi, in the liquor aisle. He's still alive, yes—just not very well. A man who once enchanted kingdoms and now searches the special offer section for "two for one" wine. We all go through that at some point.

And yet, if you truly want to summon him—the real Merlin, not the children's birthday magician—you must do it the old way. Not with incense, but with desperation. Not with Latin, but with the language of a hangover after three days of vodka and too much truth.

Because Merlin only comes if you're serious. And serious means: having nothing to lose except your peace of mind.

You will need: a burning candle (or a cigarette butt, that counts too), a cup of the cheapest wine (Crowley would have given his blessing), an old spoon from your sink, and a reflection you no longer trust.

Put everything on the table. Sit down and be very still. Then whisper, as if you were confessing something to an old friend that you've never told anyone:

"Merlin, you bastard from a better time, show yourself to me. I have no king, no throne, just cold noodles and a flickering Wi-Fi. Come anyway. I'll treat you."

Then drink. Anything will do. The main thing is that it burns. And wait.

If you've done everything correctly, the room will be different. Not magical, but more honest. The air contracts, and somewhere in the refrigerator a bottle starts to rattle, as if someone from the other side of reality is tapping on the glass.

This is Merlin.

He doesn't come in smoke or flames, but with a weary sigh. He looks at you, takes your cup, drinks it dry, and says: "You call me, and you don't even have cheese in the house. What has become of the damned dignity of the magicians?"

Say nothing. Let him rant. He'll just keep going anyway.

Merlin, the old magician, has seen enough to take nothing seriously anymore. He knows the world, knows mankind, and knows that neither is worthy of magic anymore.

And yet he helps you. Not with magic spells, but with a look that says it all:
"Just do it anyway."

Then he grabs the spoon, stirs your wine, and suddenly the dirt tastes like hope. Just a little, but enough.

He pats you on the shoulder, smokes your last cigarette, and says, before he disappears:
"Forget that hocus-pocus stuff. Magic is when you try anyway, even when no one believes in you anymore."

And just like that, he's gone. Back to the freezer section, where he's probably fighting with Odin over the last tub of cream pudding.

But you stay there, and something inside you now knows that the old bastard was right.

Because real magic doesn't happen in temples, not in books,
Not with Latin gibberish. It happens when you believe in yourself again, even though you should know better.

And the next time you walk through the supermarket and there's an old guy with a grey beard grinning at you while he buys three bottles of red wine — nod to him.

That's Merlin. He heard you.

Invisibility through ignorance

Every idiot wants to be seen. Influencers, esotericists, politicians, your neighbors with their new e-bike—they all crave attention, clicks, and applause. But you, you're smarter. You know that visibility is a trap. The more they see you, the more you own nothing anymore.

So you learn what no school teaches, no YouTube tutorial explains, and no magician dares to whisper anymore: the art of invisibility through ignorance.

You don't need an invisibility cloak. You don't need a full moon ritual. All you need is absolute disinterest in the world's theater. Because nothing makes you more invisible than the unwavering refusal to play along.

The ritual is simple, but dangerous. Because it changes you. Not outwardly, but in your mind. And that's precisely where the real magic resides.

You start in the morning. You wake up, see your phone blinking, and do the impossible: you ignore it. No scrolling. No clicking. No "Good morning" emoji. You make the world wait.

Then you go outside. People are talking. You nod, but you don't listen. Not rudely, just absent on a higher level. You let their words roll off you like rain off an old coat.

This is phase one of invisibility:

Withdrawal.

The world loses interest in you because you no longer feed it.

Phase two: Evaporation.

Go to the city. Go where it's loud, where people are shouting, honking, breathing, arguing. And then—do nothing. Just stand still.

Not like an idiot, but like someone who's already somewhere else. Look right through people. They'll see you, but their brains won't register you anymore. You'll become a background figure, a shadow with a pulse.

People recognize instinct. They only see what reacts. But you don't react. You are beyond it.

This isn't magic, this is biology—you are not prey, not a target. You are the air.

Phase three: Resolution.

If you do it right, even your thoughts will start to ignore you. You think less. You feel less. You become light. So light that you float through the day as if you weren't even there.

That's the point where you see everything—but no one sees you. Not because you're hiding, but because you've forgotten how to want to be seen.

That is true invisibility. Ignorance not as a mistake, but as a shield.

You can test it. Stand in a pub. No phone, no eye contact, no smile. Order a beer. Then stay seated without interfering. After ten minutes, people will forget you're there.

After twenty minutes, nobody talks to you anymore.

After thirty, you can move, and they don't even flinch. You're there, but you don't disturb a single wave in the water.

That is power.

If you're fed up with it, if you want to be seen again, you only have to do one thing: start showing interest again. One sentence is enough. A "How are you?" A glance at your phone. A comment on some idiotic post.

And just like that—you're back. Visible. Vulnerable. Part of the game.

But as long as you don't want that, as long as you don't offer yourself up, you're free. Nobody can get you.

No one can bring you back. Not even fate.

Invisibility through ignorance is not a trick. It is a decision. A declaration of refusal to face reality. The greatest form of magic: not conjuring, but withdrawing.

If you master that, then you are no longer human. You are a rumor. A breeze in the crowd. A smile that no one can identify.

And that, my friend, is where you are immortal.

Ritual of the last cigarette

There are rituals that begin loudly – with drums, bells, incense. And there are rituals that begin silently. Just you, the night, and that thin, white promise between your fingers. A cigarette. Nothing more than paper, tobacco, fire – and the memory of everything you ever wanted to let go of.

The last cigarette is not a smoking ritual. It's a vow. A funeral song in three puffs: Light it, inhale, forget it. And those who do it right don't need any more afterward. Not because they

want to be healthy, but because they've understood that you can say goodbye to the world without smoking.

You need: a cigarette (any kind, as long as it's real), a lighter, and the courage to remember something you've long since repressed. Sit somewhere where no one will bother you – balcony, windowsill, roof, anywhere. The important thing is that you can see the sky, even if it's gray.

Take a deep breath. Touch the cigarette.

It's like shaking hands with someone you haven't seen in a long time. It's not a nicotine stick. It's your messenger.

Then light it. Slowly. Calmly. As if it were the torch with which you ignite your past. Take one draw, feel the fire pass through you, how it crackles, how it burns. That is the beginning.

With the second drag, the thought comes: Everything you've done. Everything you regret. Every mistake, every name, every time, "Damn, I should have left it alone." Smoke them all. Let them pass through you until they have no power left.

The truth comes with the third puff. The cigarette doesn't taste like pleasure. It tastes like an end. Like "I'm done." Like "That's enough."

And that's the point when you look at it – the embers, the short life of that small damned torch – and you know: That's how everything ends. So beautiful, so toxic, so short.

If you want, you can talk. Speak softly, so that only the smoke hears you:

"Thank you, old vice, you accompanied me, kept me awake, gave me time in which I didn't have to kill myself, because you did it for me."

Then take one more breath, just one more time, and blow out everything that was still stuck inside you.

No pathos, no drama. Just steam that disappears, just as you will eventually.

When you're finished, put out the cigarette. Not with anger. With dignity. Like a magician who knows his spell is complete.

Look at the stub. It's not trash. It's a gravestone. Small, dirty, honest.

Say softly:

"That's it."

And get up.

The air will feel different. Clearer. Not better, but more real. You will feel the wind flowing through you, and you will know: Where there was once smoke, there is now space.

Not for substitutes, not for substitute religions or nicotine patches. Just for you. Unfiltered.

The last cigarette isn't an end. It's the period at the end of a long sentence. And you know: periods aren't loud. They're final.

And if someone later asks you, "When did you stop?" say, "I didn't stop. I finished."

Then go. Smokeless, but not empty. And let the wind carry away your last remaining possessions.

Animal magic with goldfish

You don't have a cat, a dog, or a dragon. You have goldfish. These round, stupid, golden idiots who pretend to think all day long, but in reality, they just forget. And that's precisely what makes them perfect creatures for magic. Because those who know nothing are pure. And those who are pure can see things you've long since forgotten how to see.

The ancients called them "eyes of stillness." They said the cosmos breathes in every fishbowl, and every bubble is a message from beyond, if you're drunk or crazy enough to understand it.

So, magicians – get ready. Today it's not about fire, not about blood, today it's about water and patience.

You need a glass, one or two fish (live, for crying out loud), and a cigarette that you don't light because smoke and water don't mix. Sit in front of your aquarium. Or, if you're poor, use a pickle jar with fish in it – that'll do, the cosmos isn't demanding.

Then look inside. But not superficially. Look really closely. Like into a mirror that doesn't like you. Goldfish are like little priests. They listen. They don't judge, but they know. They know you drank too much last night. That you miss someone you never had. That you think you're magical when you're just tired. And they forgive you everything because they forget it right away.

So if you want to know something, ask her. Quietly.
But honestly. No hocus-pocus, no "Oh you spirits of the water" nonsense. Just ask: "Well, what does life say?"

Then wait. If the fish stands still, it already knows. If it moves, it's still thinking. And if it farts, it's lying.

That is the old rule of the fish magicians.

Once a month, at the full moon, or after three beers, you must change the water. This isn't cleaning. It's a rebirth. When you pour out the murky water, a part of your own darkness goes with it. And when you pour in the new water, clarity enters, even if you lose it again the next morning.

Goldfish are not just animals. They are the quietest therapists in the universe. They don't talk, they don't wave, they simply swim on, and in this movement lies more wisdom than in any Bible.

Sometimes, when you're completely still, you see them looking at you. Not a gaze, more like a glimpse through. As if they don't see you, but what's behind you. Perhaps your shadow, or your reflection in another world.

Leave them alone. They are preoccupied with eternity.

When you leave, nod to them. Not because they'll notice, but because respect always works both ways – even if the other person is a fish.

And when someone dies, don't bury them. Don't flush them away either. Put them in a glass of water, place them in the sun, and say: "Thank you for the view through the glass."

He will slowly disappear, and that is the most beautiful thing one can say about a magician.

The sacred tricycle of enlightenment

The tricycle is the first vehicle you ever mastered. Before you could walk like a human, you rode like a god. It was red or blue or ugly, it didn't matter—it was your first altar to speed, your throne of madness, your proof that control is just an illusion on wheels. And somewhere deep inside you, in that rusty corner of your adult life, the ghost of that tricycle still sits. Waiting. For you to pedal again.

For whoever understands the sacred tricycle understands the universe. Three wheels – body, mind, soul. A saddle – the ego. And a bell – the voice of God when he is drunk.

So, magician, if you think you're too old for enlightenment on wheels, think again. Nobody is too old to be ridiculous. And being ridiculous is the first step towards the truth.

You need: an old tricycle (if necessary, painted, stolen or imaginary), a road that leads to nowhere, and the will to no longer take yourself seriously.

Sit on it. If it breaks, all the better – the universe loves drama. If it holds, start pedaling. Slowly. Then faster. Then as if you're driving away from your mistakes.

That's the point. You're not going somewhere. You're going away. From everything that weighs you down, from the gravity of your worries, from the weight of your damned past.

If you're lucky, the thing will squeak. That's not a defect. That's music. Those are the screams of old demons clinging to your tires, realizing they have no chance anymore.

The old folks said: "He who rides in circles finds the center." And they were right. Pedal the tricycle in circles, again and again, until you get dizzy, until you laugh, until you no longer know whether you are moving or whether the world is turning.

This is meditation. Only more honest. And with style.

If you fall down, get up. That is rebirth. If you hurt yourself, lick the blood. That is sacrifice. If you keep going without knowing why – that is faith.

And then comes the moment when you suddenly hear nothing. No squeaking, no wind, no thoughts. Just silence. That's nirvana on three wheels. The emptiness between two pedal strokes. The gap in the cosmos where you finally understand that you never had to go anywhere.

The goal was never the goal. The goal was the pedaling. And the tricycle knew that all along.

When you're finished, lean it against the wall. Or throw it in the trash, like all great enlightened beings discard their tools at the end. But before you go, put your hand on the rusty handlebars and say, "Thank you, old friend. You were my first temple."

Then go, with shaky knees, but with the balance of a saint.

For whoever has ridden the holy tricycle no longer needs religion. He has understood everything that movement and stillness have ever had to say.

Curses from the dust under the sofa

Most people think the dust under the sofa is dirt. Wrong. It's history. It's DNA, skin, lost hairs, breadcrumbs, dead skin cells, dreams that have disintegrated. It's the sediment of your life. Every grain of dust a failed Monday, every ball of fluff a silenced argument. And if you're smart, you'll make magic out of it.

The dust under the sofa is older than your guilty conscience. It sees you every day, knows who you are, and has never betrayed you. It has stored more about you than any cell phone, but it tells no one – unless you ask it.

And therein lies its power. Dust is not dead. Dust is testimony. Dust is memory in a state of repose. And if you awaken it, it answers. Just not kindly.

The ritual is simple, but not clean. Pull the couch forward. Not gently. Jerky. Make a racket. Do it like a berserker with a dust allergy. Let the dirt under your sofa know that this is serious.

Then kneel down. Yes, kneel. Don't think you're too refined. The great magicians of the past crawled before gods, you crawl before your own filth – that's more honest.

Take your hand and run it through the dust. Don't be squeamish. Reach in until you feel it: the dry, soft, vibrant chaos.

If you're lucky, you'll find old coins, a paperclip, maybe a hairband. These are offerings. Accept them.

Then speak – quietly, emphatically, as if you were the janitor of hell:

"Dust, faithful shadow of my disorder, I call upon you. Gather yourself, rise up, and fly to where trouble dwells."

Think about the person who last got on your nerves. Not with hatred, but with that cold, precise contempt that you only feel when you know you are morally right.

Then blow into your fist. Slowly. Gently. Let the dust fly. It will find its way.

This isn't revenge, this is recycling.

Ancient chaos magicians claim that dust creeps into dreams. It settles in the lungs of the guilty, tickles their thoughts, makes them nervous. Some then wake up and don't know why they suddenly feel ashamed. You know.

But don't underestimate it. Dust is unpredictable. If you repeat the ritual too often, it will come back. Then you'll cough at night and dream of crumbs whispering your name.

So do it rarely. Only when it's deserved.

After the ritual, take the broom, sweep up the rest, and flush it down the toilet. Not to get rid of it, but to release it. Dust is like anger—useful if you channel it, dangerous if you hold onto it.

Then push the sofa back. Sit on it. Have a drink. Smile. You've just performed magic without spending a single cent.

And when the next one annoys you, remember: You don't need curses from old books. You just need a sofa and the courage to reach underneath it.

The Dancing Broom

The broom is underestimated magic. It stands in every corner, ignored, just like the truth, and therein lies its power. It is a tool, a symbol, and sometimes a damned dance partner.

Back when magic smelled of smoke and sweat, witches rode their broomsticks through the night, not because they wanted to fly – but because they could. Today, your broomstick is stuck in an IKEA wardrobe, and you think it's dead. Think again.

A broom is never dead. It waits. For movement. For you.

If you want to perform the ritual of the dancing broom, you have to forget a few things: dignity, neighbors, gravity. And you have to drink some alcohol, not to uninhibit yourself, but to ground yourself – it's paradoxical, but magic loves paradoxes.

Then take the broom. Look at it. Not like a cleaning tool, but like an old comrade from better times. Say: "Well, old bone, want another go?"

If you're honest, the stem trembles. Not because it's alive, but because you're reminding it that everything that's ever been used has a bored soul.

Now the ritual begins. Turn up the music. Loudly. Ideally something that makes you both hate and love it – rock, metal, or the distorted voice of your inner madness. Stand the broom upright in the middle of the room. Watch it wobble as if it knows something is about to happen.

Then step back, take a sip of water, and wait.

If you do it right, he'll dance. Maybe not visibly, but you'll feel it. A trembling in the ground, a shimmering in the room, as if the universe itself had finally found a rhythm again.

And if you're brave, then dance along. Not perfectly, not beautifully, but honestly. The broom loves that. He hates routine. He wants chaos. He wants spins, stumbles, he wants you to let go until you no longer know who's leading whom.

Some say a broom only dances when there are ghosts in the room. Nonsense. It dances when you're alive. And you're alive when you dance.

That's the whole damn philosophy of this ritual: Move before you gather dust.

When you're finished, leave the broom there. Right there, in the middle of the room. It should be a witness that you did it.

If you put it back in the corner, the magic is over. But if you leave it, it lingers in the air, like the scent of sweat and freedom.

And if you come in the next morning and the broom is in a different position, don't say it was the wind. Say: "Well, old friend. Did you have a good night too?"

Magic of the small change ghosts

This clinking, sticky disgrace in your pocket. Everyone hates it. Everyone wants to get rid of it. And that's precisely why it's powerful. Everything the world despises is valuable in magic.

Small change is condensed energy. Every coin has been in countless hands. It carries sweat, curses, prayers, dreams of beer, love, the lottery, and the fingerprints of a thousand poor bastards who thought they could keep it. Money never belongs to you. It circulates. It's a demon with a terrible sense of direction.

But whoever speaks to the spirits of small change can appease them. And whoever appeases them will never be completely broke again.

You will need: A glass, a few coins (not clean, dirty is better), and a table. The stickier the table, the more open the gates to the afterlife.

Sit down. Empty the coins. Listen.

It sounds banal, but the clinking you hear is no accident. That's language. As old as trade itself. Some coins speak loudly, others whisper. And if you are very still, you can hear them arguing.

Copper versus nickel. Old versus new. Value versus meaning. They don't like each other. But they need each other. Like you and your problems.

Now comes the part that only true chaos enthusiasts understand: the summoning ritual. Take a coin. Any coin. Place it in your palm. Look at it as if it were an eye scrutinizing you. Say: "I know you've been in many pockets. I know you've seen bad things. But today you belong to me."

Then hit it with your other hand. Not hard, just firmly. That's the contract.

The coin is now consecrated. You can wear it, bury it, or give it to someone. But whatever you do, you share its curse.

Because small change wants to move. If you hoard it, its energy stagnates. When you spend it, it flows. And sometimes it flows back.

The old bartenders knew this. That's why they left tips behind. Not out of kindness, but as an offering. "So that the gods wouldn't get thirsty," they said, and drank to the coins, not to the people.

If you like, you can do the same. Pour a sip on the ground. For the copper ghosts. They're like you: cheap, rusty, but indestructible.

If you're unlucky, they'll come alive at night. Then you'll hear clinking in your drawer, or find a coin in the morning that you definitely didn't have yesterday. Don't worry – it's not a haunting. It's economics. The invisible hand of chaos.

If you're unlucky, they'll test you. They'll send you money, but only in bills that you have to spend immediately. That's their way of saying, "You're not ready to stay poor yet."

The secret of the change spirits is simple: They despise greed. But they love respect. If you find a coin, pick it up, blow off the dust, and say: "I see you, little demon. Welcome back."

Then put them away, but not in your trouser pocket.
Into the jacket. Close to the heart. Copper senses warmth and thanks you with serendipity.

And who knows – maybe the next day you'll stumble across five euros in the dirt. Then you'll know who did it.

Magic with small change is the most honest form of chaos. You control nothing. You only honor what wants to move. And if you do it long enough, you realize: The universe sometimes sounds like a handful of coins someone throws on the ground to shake you awake.

And every time you hear a clink, you know: The gods pay in cash.

Protective circle made of pizza boxes

Some magicians draw their protective circles with chalk, others with blood, and the truly crazy ones with salt, which they later buy again at a high price in the organic store. But the true student of Chaos knows: Nothing keeps demons away better than a good old pizza box.

Because fat is sacred. Tomato sauce is the magma of civilization. And dough – dough is the substance from which people and stars were formed when the Creator was drunk.

Pizza boxes are more than trash. They are relics of convenience, trophies of survival. Each box tells a story of laziness, intoxication, and cheese. And whoever collects them holds the key to the most powerful protective charm of the modern age.

The ritual begins after midnight. At this hour, delivery services are silent and guilt is deeply slumbering. You need:

– Three to seven empty pizza boxes (the greasier, the more effective). – A can of beer. – A lit candle (or a lighter with attitude). – An opponent you dislike – visible or invisible.

Spread the boxes out in a circle around you. Not symmetrically. Symmetry is for priests and accountants. Chaos needs imbalance. If grease stains form lines, all the better – those are the runes of your time.

Then sit in the middle. Drink. Breathe. Say nothing.

The world smells of oregano, burnt cheese, and forgiveness. That is the scent of safety.

Now comes the invocation. Speak with dignity, as if you were the pizza delivery man of eternity:

"In the name of holy mozzarella, blessed dough, and eternally flowing beer, give way, you filth, and don't dare venture beyond my cardboard box!"

Then slam the beer can on the ground, let it fizz, and watch the foam run over the boxes. That's not an accident. That's consecration.

The foam draws the negativity out of the air, the cheese edges bind it, and the boxes store it – like magical capacitors made from recycled paper.

If you do everything right, it will suddenly become quiet. Not just normally quiet, but so still that you can hear your own brain crackling. That's the sign: The circle is complete.

Now you can say what you want. Curse the universe, summon your demons, laugh at your fears – they won't get through. Not as long as the cheese carries your will.

The pizza box circle is unbreakable as long as you don't get up. As soon as you move, the aura collapses. Therefore, stay seated until the beer is empty and the meaning of life briefly drops by to laugh at you.

When you finish the ritual, you must dispose of the boxes. But not just like that. Tear them apart, and say to each piece: "Thank you for the protection, you greasy piece of divinity."

Then throw them in the trash. Not in the paper recycling bin – that would be blasphemy. They belong in the general waste, along with the remnants of your fear.

The protective circle made of pizza boxes is no joke. It's the perfect synthesis of laziness and faith. It proves that holiness and gluttony are siblings. And it teaches you that even the last vestige of your comfort can still be a weapon – against everything that devours you.

So if life gets you down again, you don't feel like meditating, and the sky is pouring down on your head, then order a pizza. Eat it with devotion. And save the boxes.

Because you never know when you might have to defend yourself again.

The Art of Holy Laziness

The world wants you to run. Faster, louder, further. Get up earlier, function better, live healthier. Screw it. That's not living – that's a marathon sprint on a hamster wheel of burnout and protein shakes.

The true magician doesn't walk. He lies down. He knows: movement is an illusion. The earth rotates, the universe expands – you don't have to do anything. Your heart beats on its own, your lungs work automatically, and your brain even thinks when you tell it to. That's not laziness. That's divine trust in the autopilot of creation.

Laziness is not a flaw. It is the original form of meditation. Buddha sat. Jesus lay in the tomb. Crowley lay stoned in bed and wrote "Liber AL vel Legis". And you, my friend, you may finally do nothing now – but in a sacred way.

You will need: a bed, a sofa, or a floor surface that accommodates your shape. A pillow (optional, but recommended). And the courage not to justify yourself.

Lie down. Not like a victim, but like a king ruling his kingdom from the horizontal. This is your throne posture. Your position of power. Your contribution to cosmic balance.

Close your eyes. Not to sleep, but to shut out the stupidity out there. Breathe. Not because you have to, but because you can.

Now the ritual begins. Say softly: "I refuse progress." And then simply remain lying down.

You'll notice how guilt creeps in first. That voice that says, "Do something!" "Get moving!" "At least clean up!" But you know it. That's not a voice of reason. That's the demon of productivity. It feeds on your guilty conscience.

Let him talk. He will weaken. For nothing disempowers demons as much as pure indifference.

After ten minutes, your body begins to quietly cheer. Your muscles relax, your blood slows, your mind begins to melt. This is not stagnation. This is restoration. The divine reset.

If you want, you can turn around a bit. But only if it's really necessary. That's the first rule of sacred laziness: Only move when the pain is stronger than the will to rest.

In the middle of the ritual—this could be after twenty minutes or after two hours—it becomes still. Not quiet, but still. Everything within you ceases to comment on you. You will not think, you will not want, you will simply be. This is the sacred emptiness. The vacuum in which meaning hides. And you will smile. Because you know that this time you are not looking for it.

When you finally get up – and you will, don't worry, because hunger is stronger than enlightenment – take a moment to celebrate yourself. You have accomplished the impossible: You did nothing, and yet you survived.

Laziness is the soul's rebellion against the tyranny of efficiency. It is proof that you are not a robot. It is chaos in its purest form – not destructive, but uncooperative.

And whoever simply lies still in a world that constantly tries to force you to function is not a failure. They are enlightened.

So the next time someone asks you, "What are you doing today?" say, "I'm indulging in my divine indolence." And smile, because you know: You're doing exactly what the world fears most – nothing.

The magic shave

Shaving is not a morning hygiene ritual. It is an ancient form of shedding. The civilized version of animal sacrifice, only this time you are the goat, and the blood – if you're lucky – flows only symbolically.

The ancients knew this. In Egypt, the priests shaved their heads, not because it was fashionable, but out of magic. Every hair was a thread to the past. Every shave a cut through old vows, lies, and filth. The skin remained, but what lay on it had to go.

You think you shave to look good. Wrong. You do it because you can't bear the past anymore. The razor is your exorcist, the mirror your confessional.

You need: a razor, a bowl of water (as cold as the truth), a mirror, and the courage to look at yourself. Not the beard. You.

No foam, no gel, no nonsense. Just steel, skin, and honest intent. Because this isn't a wellness ritual. This is war.

Look into your eyes. That's the hardest part. You'll see the whole damn story you carry in your face: the nights that shaped you, the years you wasted, the faces you loved and forgot.

Breathe.

Say: "I am not the person I was yesterday." Then place the blade against your body.

Slowly. Calmly. Like a monk with a knife, full of purpose.

Every move is a cut into time. You remove layers. Not just hair – thoughts, shame, self-images.

Everything falls into the water, and the water takes it all away. That is cleansing. Not the smooth face afterwards, but the dirt that disappears into it.

If you cut yourself, don't complain. It's the offering. Magic demands tribute, and blood is the oldest currency in the world. One drop is enough. If you bleed more, you've overdone it—or meant it.

When you're finished, rinse your face with cold water. Close your eyes. Feel how your skin lives. How it breathes. How it whispers, "Thank you."

Then look in the mirror. You won't quite recognize yourself. That's good. It's proof that it worked. You are renewed, but not clean. Cleanliness is for cleaners, renewal is for magicians.

The magic shave is not a vanity ritual. It is a sharp-edged moment of self-discovery. It reminds you that everything you are only grows on the surface. And everything you can become lies beneath – impatient, naked, and ready.

So when you're standing in front of the mirror again, razor in hand, remember: you don't wear a hairstyle, you wear history. And sometimes you have to shave it off to be you again.

Chaos Karma Recycling

Karma is a boomerang, they say. That's not true. Karma is a garbage dump. Every thought, every deed, every lie, every half-hearted good intention ends up there – somewhere between cosmic plastic and moral waste. And because the universe doesn't have a functioning waste management system, we have to recycle it ourselves.

Recycling means taking what you've messed up and making something new out of it. No denial, no praying, no esoteric filter. Just honest reuse of your own stupidity. You are a raw material, not a flaw.

The ritual begins on a day when you no longer want to save anything. A day when the coffee is stale, people talk like broken speakers, and you feel like you're the broken part in the machine. Perfect. That's the frequency on which chaos broadcasts.

You will need: – an old piece of paper with rubbish written on it (bill, notice of termination, love letter, anything), – an empty bucket, – water, – a shot of alcohol (for disinfection or for drinking – your choice).

Tear up the piece of paper. Small pieces, not neatly. The more chaotic, the more authentic. This is the destruction of form – the first step of all creation.

Throw the rags in the bucket. Pour water on them. This is the sea of your mistakes. This is your personal compost heap of sins.

Then stir it. With a spoon, with your hand, it doesn't matter. And say: "I am the worm in the apple of the universe – and this is my contribution to composting."

Take a sip, otherwise it will sound too holy.

Now sit down in front of it. Observe the mixture. It won't be pretty. But swimming in there is everything you've ever done, and everything you never wanted to admit. This is your recycling center.

Wait until the dirt settles. Then take the clear water from the top and pour it over something living – a plant, a tree, or, if necessary, over yourself. That is new karma. Filtered, purified, back in circulation.

Leave the old stuff at the bottom of the bucket. Let it dry. If you like, shape it into a small ball. This is your chaos amulet. A piece of pure failure, solidified and harmless. Wear it with you. It will remind you that everything you have been is still good for something.

Karma isn't a law. It's a cycle of idiocy and opportunity. The universe forgets nothing, but it's lazy. If you sort your own trash, you'll be ahead of the rest of humanity.

And if someone tells you again that karma will "take care of everything," laugh. Karma isn't the police. Karma is a recycling bin. And you're the guy who voluntarily rummages through it.

When you finish the ritual, rinse out the bucket, drink the rest of your alcohol, and say quietly: "I'm not clean, but at least I'm sorted."

Then go outside. Do something stupid. But with style. Because recycling also means that you yourself remain reusable.

The ritual of the lost Wi-Fi signal

It always starts the same way: You're sitting there. A beer, a thought, a device. You just want to quickly look something up – just a small thing – and then: No signal. The little symbol in the top right corner grins at you like the devil in pixels. Wi-Fi gone. Connection lost. Welcome to the darkness between man and machine.

And that, my friend, is the moment when modern magic is born. Not by candlelight, not in cemeteries, but in the living room, between routers, emptiness, and anger.

The ritual of the lost Wi-Fi signal is one of the most brutal trials in Chaos Magick. It requires patience, humility, alcohol, and a willingness to accept the universe as a bad engineer.

You will need: – A router (broken, temperamental, or simply offended), – An empty glass, – A lit candle (yes, damn it, this time for real), – A hand that doesn't tremble, – And the belief that everything will eventually reconnect – including you with yourself.

Place the candle next to the router. This is not a sacrifice, it's a reminder: Even light needs electricity.

Then pour yourself something. A sip of whiskey, beer, wine – it doesn't matter, as long as it has more bandwidth than your network.

Now speak – in a calm, slightly threatening voice:

"Oh holy modem, you knot of chaos, you blinking idol of plastic and cables, reconnect me to the great nonsense out there. Let the data flow, let the emails rush, and let the cat videos multiply!"

Then take the glass, tip it onto the earth (or the carpet, if you don't care) and whisper: "I sacrifice my patience to the network of the gods."

Now comes the most important phase: the waiting. No button pressing, no reset. Just sitting. Breathing. Waiting.

The universe loves to test you. Sometimes it takes five minutes, sometimes an hour, sometimes three lifetimes.

During this time you begin to understand the true laws of nature: Nothing is safe, nothing is stable, and everything hangs by a cable that is too short.

If you're lucky, the Wi-Fi will start flashing again. Don't cheer. Just smile. Because it wasn't a coincidence – it was your willpower that penetrated the fiber optic cable of reality.

If you're unlucky, everything remains dark. Then you know: The god of connection demands more. More devotion. More sacrifice. Perhaps a fresh start. Perhaps your inner peace.

And if you're truly, truly desperate, unplug it. Wait ten seconds. Plug it back in. That's the reset ritual—the sacred symbol of new beginnings in all things. Every life, every love, every catastrophe needs exactly that at some point: everything off, then on again.

When the light on the router comes back on, get down on your knees. Not out of humility, but out of relief. Take a deep breath, drink the rest of your drink, and whisper: "I'm back online, you old bastard."

Then extinguish the candle, but not by blowing on it – use your fingers. So that the smoke remains. Because smoke is the Wi-Fi of the spirits.

The ritual of the lost Wi-Fi signal is no joke. It's a modern form of prayer. Because whoever sits in the digital desert and still believes that the signal will return has understood what faith truly means.

Next time you're offline, don't shout. Drink. Smile. Say: "The universe is just caching me."

And then, one day, when you least expect it,
A small green light blinks again. And you know: magic works. Sometimes even with a router.

The Blood Moon and the Bockwurst

There are nights when the sky bleeds. It hangs up there, red like an open wound, and every astrologer, sorcerer, and complete idiot with incense sticks suddenly has wide eyes. "The blood moon!" they whisper, as if the end were at hand. But all that's coming is hunger.

For blood moon nights are feeding nights of the cosmos. The sky devours stars, the earth devours sleep, and you, you devour bratwurst. Because that's the only way you can defend yourself – with fat, mustard, and unholy devotion.

The Blood Moon ritual begins when you see the first light – that outrageous red ball above the rooftops that looks like a drunken sun that has lost its way.

You need: – a Bockwurst (cold, hot or half-desperately), – mustard (medium-hot – the golden mean of life), – a glass of beer (because water would be too honest on such evenings), – and a clear view of the sky.

Sit down somewhere where you can see the moon. A balcony, a parking lot, a trash can—it doesn't matter. The location is unimportant, only the attitude counts. You are now a priest, and your altar is the disposable barbecue of the universe.

Raise the sausage to the sky. Say aloud:

"O you glowing flesh ball of madness, I honor you with sausage and wheat! Let your light shine greasy upon me, and satisfy your hunger through me!"

Then bite into it. Calmly. Seriously. With the dignity of a magician who knows that the sacred often consists of intestines.

Every bite is an offering. Every chew a prayer. Mustard – the blood of humanity. Beer – the drink of knowledge.

Drink. Swallow. Burp. This is not desecration. This is transcendence with flavor.

If you're lucky, the wind will begin to whisper. It will smell of smoke, of summer, of a barbecue in purgatory. Then you'll know: The blood moon has taken hold. You are part of the great cycle of greed, pleasure, and cosmic digestion.

If you're unlucky, the magic fizzles out. Then you've just eaten a sausage. But even that is sacred, because the universe loves it when you try to impress it and fail spectacularly.

Ancient Chaos priests said the blood moon was the eye of heaven, watching to see who was still alive. And the bratwurst was a test of courage: "Here I am, you old bastard – and I'm chewing!"

Therefore, you must never be afraid when the sky turns red. Do not fear the omen. Fear hunger. And quell it, with mustard and defiance.

When the ritual ends, and all that's left are crumbs and laughter, sit back. Look up at the sky and say, "Tastes like eternity."

Then throw away the napkin. That's your closing prayer. The moon slowly turns pale again, you are full, the world keeps turning, and somewhere in space the universe contentedly burps.

Rebirth in the bathroom mirror

The bathroom mirror never lies. In the morning, it shows you the whole tragedy: the wrinkles of your decisions, the pimples of your sins, the dark circles under your eyes of your existence. And you stand there, foaming at the mouth, thinking: Shit, that's really me.

But precisely there, in that moment between disgust and acceptance, lies the key to rebirth. You don't need incense, angels, or chakras. Just water, toothpaste, and the willingness to look yourself in the face until you no longer recognize yourself.

The ritual begins as always: half naked, half awake, half human. You bend over the sink, It hasn't been properly cleaned for weeks, and you look deep into the pores. That's where the universe lives – in tiny limescale deposits and splashes of toothpaste.

Take the brush. Not as a hygiene tool, but as a creative tool. Squeeze the paste onto it. Any kind – mint, herbs, tar, everything is sacred, as long as it foams.

Start brushing. Slowly. Consciously. Every circle you make is a mantra: "I am not the same person I was yesterday." Don't say it out loud—let the toothbrush do the talking. The scratching, the lathering, the gagging—it's all part of the prayer.

If you have foam in your mouth, don't spit it out. Hold it. Look in the mirror. Look at yourself standing there, with foam that looks like clouds before a storm. That's not dirt. That's creation.

Breathe through your nose, even if it smells of menthol and despair. Hold your gaze. For a long time. Until the person in the mirror seems unfamiliar. Until you wonder who is actually watching you.

Now comes the decisive moment. Say softly, with your mouth full, but with the power of an awakening god:

"I was born from foam and doubt. I am what remains when the rest is spat out."

Then spit it out. Slowly. Solemnly. Let it flow, like blood at a sacrifice – only cleaner.

Rinse. Cold. Colder. Until the water hits you again like a blow from reality. You are here now. Fresh. Empty. Ready.

Rebirth in the bathroom mirror isn't esoteric; it's a negotiation with your own face. It reminds you that every morning you have the chance to be someone else—and that you usually still mess it up.

But that doesn't matter. Because every time you brush your teeth, it's a new attempt, a little death and a little resurrection, an everyday exorcism with a taste of fluoride.

When you're finished, don't wipe the mirror. Leave the stains. They are witnesses. They look at you and whisper: "You tried."

Then go outside, spit the rest of your old self down the sink, and wear your new face throughout the day until it gets dirty again. Because that's the eternal cycle: teeth, doubt, rebirth.

The Art of Magical Lying

Lying is an art form. Not a weakness, not a sin—a divine skill perfected by humankind, right after fire and the hangover. Every religion is a good lie with marketing, every relationship a bad one with hope. But the true magician lies deliberately. With style. With intention. With magic.

Because the universe loves stories, not facts. Facts are boring, bland, sterile. Stories, on the other hand—they breathe, they bleed, they reek of life. And when you lie, you contribute to reality.

The ritual of magical lying begins with a mirror. Again, yes – but this time it's not about your face. It's about your mouth. Your tool of manipulation.

You will need: – a cigarette or a piece of chalk, – an empty glass, – and a lie that you have believed for too long.

Stand in front of the mirror. Light the cigarette. Take a drag. Let the smoke rise into your mouth, but don't let it out. Hold it tight. That's your truth. Smother it a little. Then let it out. That's the lie.

Do you see how it's reflected in the glass? How it disappears as if it had never been there? That is power. That is creation.

Speak loudly, as if you were summoning someone you dislike:

"I lie, therefore I am. I invent, therefore I direct. I am not a victim of the truth, I am its director."

Then laugh. Not loudly. Honestly. Because in that moment you are free.

Lying is alchemy. You take lead (the truth) and make gold out of it (your version of it). But as with any magic: too much of it, and you poison yourself.

The art is balance. A good lie keeps you alive, a bad one consumes you. Therefore, lie intentionally, not out of fear. Lie to weave stories, not to hide yourself.

If you say, "I'm happy," and you're not—but you say it so often that your brain starts to believe you—that's not deception. That's manifestation. Crowley called it "willpower." Bukowski called it "self-preservation." I call it "poetic survival."

At the end of the ritual, take the glass and tap it lightly against the mirror. Not so hard that it breaks, just enough to make a sound. This is the point where lie and truth meet, scrutinize each other, and briefly show each other respect.

Then say: "I know you're lying. And I still love you."

This is the seal. Truth bows down, lies laugh, and you are once again the creator of your own reality.

Because that's the secret: Magical lies aren't an escape – they're a design. You're not lying to yourself, you're lying your way into something more. Towards a better version, a more beautiful chaos.

And if someone catches you, if someone says: "That's not true at all!" – then just smile and reply: "Not yet."

The ritual of the torn receipts

Receipts are the runes of the modern age. They tell stories of greed, need, and impulse buys. Each line is a confession slip in thermal print – milk, cigarettes, frozen pizza, and the hope that something will fill the emptiness.

You think they're rubbish. But that's the first mistake. Receipts are magical documents – they know what you've done. They remember. And if you keep them for too long, They start talking to your wallet. They whisper: "You need more. Buy. More." And you obey like an idiot.

That's why you have to get rid of them. But not just like that. Not by throwing them away. That would only be repression. You have to ritually destroy them. Because the universe loves drama.

You will need: – Your old receipts (the more crumpled, the more powerful), – A bowl or ashtray, – A candle, – And the will to exorcise your own shopping addiction.

Lay all the slips of paper on the table in front of you. Look at them. Let them sink in. These numbers, these cents, these damned little things that add up to a life full of receipts and guilt.

Breathe. Then say: "I acknowledge my purchases, but they do not own me."

Now take a piece of paper. The oldest one. The one that hurts you the most. Maybe from an evening when you thought one more beer would save you. Or from a supermarket where you walked blankly through aisles full of false promises.

Hold it up in the air. Look at it as if it were a demon made of cellulose. Then tear it apart. Slowly. With relish.

Every tear is a little death. A cut through the web of consumption. Tear them all up, one after the other, until your hands are black with printer's ink and your table looks like it's been through a paper apocalypse.

Then gather the scraps. Throw them into the bowl. Light them. Yes, really. Let them burn. Watch the smoke rise like the spirit of capitalism finally finding peace.

Whisperer: "Spent, burned, forgiven."

That is the essence of the ritual. You redeem yourself. You are not a consumer, you are the confessor of your money.

If you do it right, the room smells of fire, plastic, and liberation. The air becomes heavy, the smoke dances. And somewhere in the background, the universe laughs softly—not mockingly, but approvingly. Because you've done something that hardly anyone manages: You've said no to everything that wanted to possess you.

When the smoke settles, blow the ashes away. Not in the trash. Out the window. Let them fly into the night, like little black birds carrying your guilt in all directions.

Then have a drink. A beer, a whiskey, it doesn't matter. It's the sacred cleansing afterward. Because you've just performed magic, and magic makes you thirsty.

From now on, every receipt you pick up will be a little memento mori. It will no longer tempt you, only remind you.

That you own nothing but yourself.

And maybe, the next time you're standing at the checkout and the thing zips out of the machine, you'll smile, take the slip of paper, and think: "Nice to meet you. Tomorrow you'll be on fire."

Healing through bad humor

Sometimes no doctor, no shaman, no herbal tea can heal you. Sometimes only a joke can heal you – a really bad one, so stupid that it beats you out of your misery because you don't know whether to laugh or throw up.

Here's the secret: Humor is the last form of magic that works when everything else fails. It's cheap, unpredictable, and works even when you've long since stopped functioning.

A bad joke is like a defibrillator for consciousness. It knocks you out of heaviness, out of self-pity, out of meaninglessness. It says: "Don't take yourself so seriously, you loser." And in that moment, the healing begins.

The ritual of healing through bad humor can be performed anywhere: in bed, on the toilet, in the office, at your own funeral – if you're really good at it.

You only need three things: – A glass of alcohol (because sobriety kills humor), – A mirror (so you can see the patient), – And a joke so bad that God cries and the devil claps.

Stand in front of the mirror. Look at yourself. Without judgment. Just look. Then raise your glass and say:

"I drink to the biggest idiot in the world – myself. And everyone who ever took me seriously."

Then drink. Slowly. Honestly. Savor the bitter medicine.

Now comes the difficult part: Tell yourself a joke. Not just any joke, but the worst one you know. One so old, dirty, and embarrassing that it has a permanent place in every comedy hell.

For example: "Two chaotic people meet in the universe. One says: 'I think I exist!' The other says: 'Again?'"

Or: "Why did the magician lose his girlfriend? Because she simply disappeared."

If you don't laugh, keep going. Worse. More abysmal. Until you eventually laugh – not because the joke is good, but because you realize that you're still capable of laughing at all.

That's the moment. Something inside you cracks. An old knot loosens. The pain loses its grip. Because you're laughing at him. And no demon in the world can have power over someone who can laugh at themselves.

Now spit out the last of your misery. Figuratively speaking. Or literally. Both are okay.

Then say quietly: "I forgive myself – because I'm stupid enough to do it."

That's the magic spell. It works every time.

Humor is not an escape, it is a weapon. A blow to the face of tragedy with a rubber chicken club. It reminds you that even suffering has a punchline if you laugh loud enough.

So the next time you're standing at the edge of the abyss, unable to go on, and the cosmos whispers in your ear, "That's it," just say, "Good joke, dude." And keep going.

Because the universe is a comedian without timing, and you're the audience, unsure whether to complain or applaud. So laugh. Laugh until your ribs hurt, until the pain makes way for something new.

And when you're at rock bottom again, remember: Every catastrophe is just a joke that's missing the punchline.

The magic of the refrigerator light

It's always the same hour. Between midnight and regret.

The city sleeps, the moon dribbles through the window, and you lie awake, with a hole in your stomach and an even bigger one in your heart. And then something calls to you. Quietly, but firmly. Like an oracle made of plastic and steel:
come...

The refrigerator. Your temple, your confessional, your white totem of the modern age. It stands there, humming, patient, like a Buddha with a cooling unit. And inside its belly – insight, cold, and sometimes even something edible.

The ritual begins in the semi-darkness. No trousers, no shame, no plans. Just you and the silent promise of the lightbulb.

You go there. Barefoot, sleepy, naked except for your hunger. The world outside has ceased to exist. There is only you, the hum of the engine, and the promise that there's something inside that will heal you for five minutes.

Reach for the handle. But hesitate. This is the moment of devotion. You are about to open the gate to inner coldness. Say:

“Oh holy refrigerator, you iron guardian of leftovers, you keeper of meals of days gone by, open to me – and show me what is left of me.”

Then pull. Slowly.

The light comes on. And you are enlightened. This is no joke. The refrigerator light is the most honest form of divine revelation. It doesn't blind you. It doesn't warm you. It simply shows you the truth:

the forgotten sausage, the half cucumber, the beer that still understands you.

You see into the chaos like a prophet. Here lie your decisions, wrapped in aluminum foil. Your sins – in plastic. Your hopes – in Tupperware containers.

And you realize: The universe is nothing more than an overstuffed refrigerator. Everything is there, but nobody knows what's still good.

Now take something out. Anything at all. A piece of cheese, half a pizza, or that lonely tomato that's been waiting for salvation for three weeks. Hold it up to the light. This is your sacrament. The food of knowledge.

Eat. Slowly. Without cutlery. That's part of the ritual. Yesterday's taste meets today's hunger, and in that brief, quiet moment you are in balance.

If you like, have a beer with it. It can be warm. Divine drinks don't have to be perfect – just honest.

When you're finished, close the door. But slowly. Because the light mustn't disappear abruptly – otherwise the soul loses its bearings. Let it fade gently, like a sunset in a small world of butter and beer.

Then stand still. Listen to the hum. That is the mantra of the machines that keep you alive, even if you have long forgotten why.

Some say that people who stand in front of the refrigerator too often at night are seeking comfort. But that's nonsense. You're not looking for food – you're seeking confirmation that there's still light out there, even if it comes from a 15-watt bulb.

And that's the real magic. The realization that enlightenment sometimes awaits you between ketchup and cold cheese.

When you drag yourself back to bed, with a full stomach and an empty mind, you'll smile. Not because you're full, but because you know: the refrigerator light has seen you. And for a moment, you were once again part of the grand, humming plan.

Invocation of the ancient gods of Aldi

There are temples where incense burns, and there's Aldi, where the scent of plastic, sweat, and bread wrappers hangs in the aisles like the mantra of modernity. Here, the magician doesn't stride in robes, but in a hoodie and with a shopping list. Here, one doesn't pray—one pushes. The cart. The altar on wheels.

Aldi is the sacred place of mass consciousness. The gateway between poverty and abundance. The crossroads of discount faith. And the old gods still dwell there, among the special offers, hidden behind the frozen pizzas and the non-food promotional items that nobody needs, but everyone wants.

The ritual begins on Monday morning, when the store is still empty and the echo of "Attention, price reduction!" reverberates through the aisles like a divine trumpet blast.

You need: – A shopping cart (it has to squeak, otherwise it's not real), – A euro (or a deposit chip that has already fulfilled its fate five times), – And the willingness to surrender to the chaos of the world of offers.

Put the euro in the car. This is your sacrifice. Your blood money for entry into the economic afterlife. Then drive off. Slowly. Majestically. Like a priest on a pilgrimage through the refrigerated section.

The first god you encounter is Aldiron, the pallet stacker. He rules the realm of pallets. Speak to him when you see the shelves being restocked. Whisper: "Greetings, guardian of restocking. May your pallet stacker never beep when it rests."

Then continue past the refrigerated shelves where Molkoria, the Fatty One, lives. She's moody. If you anger her, you'll always get the yogurt with the expired date. Calm her down by respectfully taking a piece of butter and placing it in your cart with both hands.

In the meat department resides Wurston, the Bloody One, god of sausage, patron saint of all barbecues and disappointed fathers. If you wish to honor him, buy a piece of meat you don't need and place it respectfully in your cart. Say softly: "For you, old god. May you take away my hunger."

Then, in the middle of the market, where the non-food baskets are located, Plastika, the Seductive One, awaits. She is the goddess of unnecessary purchases. She whispers, "Don't you want another Bluetooth flashlight?" And you know you're lost. Buy it. Resistance is unmagical.

When you arrive at the checkout, stand still. This is the moment of truth. The cashier isn't an employee—she's Al-Dinia, the Swift One, the Guardian of the Checkout Belt, who decides your fate with a single scan. If she asks, "Do you have Payback?" then answer in a serious voice, "No, I'm paying cash—in the name of the old money."

She will nod without understanding, and you know the gods are pleased.

When you leave the store, pause. Look up at the sky. Say, "It is finished."

And if your cart rolls into another, it's no coincidence. It's a sign. The gods of Aldi thank you for your offering. Your euro stays in the cart—you leave it there. For the next believer. That's the law of the cycle. That's how karma works between the refrigerated aisle and the checkout line.

For the old gods never disappeared. They merely hid. In discounted prices, in brochures, in the faces of people who believe they are simply shopping, while in reality they are performing rituals.

And every time you carry a bag, you are part of it.
Carriers of divine shopping, pilgrims between plastic and price collapse.

The Ritual of the Lost Key

It always starts innocently enough. You come home, drunk, annoyed, or just too yourself, reach into your pocket – nothing. Just crumbs, fear, and the realization:
The key is gone.

This is no coincidence. This is a test. The universe has decided to give you a little panic attack so you'll learn who's really in charge. Spoiler alert: not you.

The lost key is not an object. It is a symbol. It represents control, security, the deceptive feeling that you still have some hold on reality. If it disappears, it's only because you've forgotten that doors don't actually exist. Only transitions.

You don't need anything for this ritual. You've already lost everything.

Okay. Then breathe. Slowly. Look around as if you've suddenly landed in an alternate universe where everything looks the same – except you're not allowed in.

Then begin your search. Not hastily. Ceremonially. This is not searching – this is a pilgrimage.

Under the jacket. In the pockets. In the couch crevices.
Behind the refrigerator. In the shoe, because life is sometimes so absurd.

If you can't find it, sit down. Silence. Anger will get you nowhere. The key wants to be found, not hunted.

Now speak, softly, with the gentleness of a madman who understands that he is talking to himself:

“Oh key, you little guardian of metal, you symbol of order, you lost part of my dignity, show yourself. I swear, this time I will use you mindfully.”

Then take a drink. It's mandatory. Because no meaningful ritual has ever been performed sober.

Wait. And while you wait, you realize: The universe has locked you out of your own house so that you finally realize that home is not a place, but the ability to stand somewhere and still not freak out.

And then – as if by magic – there it is. The key. In your other bag. Or on the floor, next to the beer bottle, like a little metal Buddha laughing his head off at you.

Pick it up. Hold it in your hand. Look at it as if it were a saint.

Say: "I never lost you. I just needed you."

Then put it in the lock. Turn it slowly. Listen to the click. That's the sound of the universe giving a brief round of applause.

The key ritual is ancient. It teaches you: Loss is not a mistake – it is a memory. You lose things to relearn how much you need them.

And sometimes, if you're completely honest, you lose them because you have to find yourself again.

So the next time you're cursing your way through your apartment, crawling on all fours like a dog searching for enlightenment, smile. You're not messy. You're on a spiritual path.

And if you find it again, remember: Every lost key opens a new door – even if it's just the one to the refrigerator.

The Dance of the Paperclips

Paper clips. They're not office supplies. They're metallic parasites. They live in drawers, multiply in the dark, and always appear when you least need them. Once they're there, they're never gone. Like bad ideas, or ex-partners with WhatsApp.

But don't underestimate them. Paperclips are ancient creatures from a time when order and chaos shared the same job. They are the silent backbone of reality – they fasten things together so that madness at least remains in the form of files.

And sometimes, if you look closely, they're dancing.

The ritual begins when you're overwhelmed. When your desk looks like the aftermath of a drunken prophet: stacks of paper, notes, cigarette butts, and somewhere in between: a small, silver paperclip. Your savior. Your demon.

Pick it up. Feel it. Cold, inconspicuous, but somehow alive. Then say:

"Oh you curved goddess of order, you spiral of steel, you eternal circle of bureaucracy, have mercy on my paperwork!"

Place them on the table. And then – take a second. And a third. There must be three. As with any proper incantation.

Now connect them. Not arbitrarily – instinctively. Let your hands do the work, not your head. Click. Click. Click. This is how sacred structures are created: the office mandala. The symbol of productive self-deception.

Look. The longer you look at it, the more it seems to move. And it does. The clips twist and turn. Very gently. Like metal snakes slithering through your chaos.

If you do it right, you'll feel a slight tremor. That's not an earthquake. That's reality briefly applauding because you've just stabilized it with office supplies.

Then bang your fist on the table. Not too hard—you want to impress them, not destroy them. The blow activates the field. The paperclips twitch. That's the dance. The ritual is underway. They dance because they absorb the energy of your exhaustion and transform it into cosmic bureaucracy.

Let them dance. Take a sip. Breathe in the scent of paper, coffee, and madness. This is the fragrance of creation.

When the dance ends, a pattern remains. A tangle, a shape, perhaps a small circle. What you see is your inner system, made visible from scrap and everyday life. That is you – bent, functional, and yet half broken.

Put them aside. Pick them up. They are blessed now. When you need them again, one will always be in the right place. And that's no coincidence. That's office magic.

Note: Paper clips don't just hold paper together, They hold you together. They are the tiny wire angels of the working world, preventing your life from falling apart.

Therefore: Treat them with respect. Don't throw them away. Let them dance when the world shakes. Because every time you connect a paperclip, you also fasten yourself a little more firmly to the here and now.

How to talk to the dead using cans

Every generation thinks it's the first to want to talk to the dead. Bullshit. Even cavemen tried it – only with bones instead of cans. And then humans had the brilliant idea of tying two empty tin cans together with a string, and suddenly the afterlife was just a phone call away.

Welcome to the oldest communication ritual in the world: the tin can telephone. A piece of wire, a little bit of madness, and the boundary between life and death wobbles like a poorly mounted satellite dish in the wind.

What you need:

– Two empty cans (beans, ravioli or beer – the more tragic, the better) – A piece of string (cotton, nylon or your last nerve) – A candle – And the courage to hear your own echo.

Do it at night. Always at night. During the day the line is overloaded – that's when the esotericists and influencers call.

Stand in a dark room. Light the candle. This isn't romance – it's technology. Light attracts souls like moths.

Then grab the cans. Poke a hole in the bottom of each can, thread the string through, and tie a knot on both sides. Voilà: The gate is built. A primitive antenna between here and there.

Now sit down. Speak into the can. Not like a phone call – like a confession. Say what's tormenting you. Say the names of those you've lost, or those you want to finally get out of your head.

Then hold the can to your ear. Still. Wait.

If you're quiet enough, you can hear it: that rustling, that barely perceptible murmuring, as if someone were gurgling through the ether. That's not wind. That's the reception. Those are the lost souls listening to you—or laughing at you.

Both are okay.

If you want an answer, ask something simple. Not "How are you doing in the afterlife?" – that annoys them. Ask something practical. "Where did I put my spare key?" or "Did the neighbor really steal my mail?"

The dead love little things. Big questions bore them.

Then wait. Again. The answer doesn't come as a voice, but as a twitch in the string, as a dull clink of the can, perhaps as goosebumps. That is the "ringing" from the other dimension.

When you feel it, whisper: "Understood." And gently pull the cord. That's the sign that you've hung up.

Important: After every phone call, you must disconnect the line. Yes, really – cut it! Otherwise, they'll stay on the line. And believe me: You don't want dead people with a

permanent line. They call constantly, at impossible times, and never have anything new to say.

Burn the string, and say:

"Connection terminated, reception deleted, return to silence, Amen on analog."

Then blow out the candle. The smoke carries the conversation away. Into oblivion. Into nothingness. Into the eternal spam folder of the cosmos.

And if next time you feel someone whispering your name while you're sleeping—don't panic. It's just one of the dead who dialed your old number. Just say, "Wrong number." And turn around.

For the truly dead are not those without bodies,
but those who will never have anything to say again.

The power outage of enlightenment

Enlightenment is overrated. Most people imagine it as some kind of dazzling light, a warm glow, maybe a few angelic choirs, and the realization that everything somehow makes sense. But it doesn't work like that. True enlightenment comes when it suddenly goes "bam"—and everything goes out.

No Wi-Fi, no buzzing, no screen, no "bing." Just darkness. And you. Alone. With yourself. And that's usually worse than any hell, because suddenly you have to listen to yourself.

The ritual of the power outage is not voluntary. The universe chooses the time. Mostly mid-sentence, while typing, cooking, or masturbating—because it knows when you are most vulnerable. Bam, lights out.

But you are prepared. You are a chaos magician. You know this is not a technical defect – this is an invitation to the inner darkroom.

What you need:

– Nothing. Everything is already gone. – Maybe a lighter or a candle, but not to see – but to remember that you could.

Sit down. Anywhere. The darkness is now your living room. It smells of dust, cables, and fear. Breathe it in. This is the air of truth.

Speak softly, almost whispering:

“Oh great emptiness, you black goddess of security, you flickering nothingness, take away my control so that I may finally have peace.”

And then you sit there. Without distractions. Without noise. Without electricity.

First comes panic. Then boredom. Then thinking. Then overthinking. Then the hole you fall into when you realize that for years you've only been functioning because technology has kept you busy.

This is the moment. This is enlightenment. Not light, but darkness that swallows you up until you finally stop moving.

If you're lucky, you'll suddenly hear it humming—not outside, but inside. A small noise, deep in your skull. That's you. Your own background noise. The fundamental signal of your existence. That which remains when everything else shuts down.

Listen. This is your backup. The original you. No social media, no electricity meter, no electricity provider, just you – pure consciousness that tastes slightly like cold coffee.

Stay there until you've had enough. Until you feel better. Then say: "I'm still here."

This is the reset button. The light can come back on.

And when it clicks again and the world suddenly blinks, buzzes, flickers, then you will understand that enlightenment is not a question of light, but of darkness that you can endure without going crazy.

Some say the power outage is an accident. I say: It's a divine audience without an appointment. A black sacrament. A cosmic reboot.

The next time you're sitting in the dark, without Netflix, without electricity, without meaning – grin. You've just been chosen.

And when it hums again, and the light flickers on, then get up, look around, and say to the fuse box:

"Thanks, man. That helped."

The great ritual of dissolution

In the end, nothing remains. No candle, no beer, no magic wand, not even the damned hope for a punchline. Only you. And what little of you is still melting away.

The great ritual of dissolution is not an end. It is ceasing to pretend there is one. For everything you created—the gods, the rituals, the notes, the sausage, the magic—was merely a pretext to find yourself, and then immediately lose yourself again.

The universe doesn't want discipline. It wants to see you stagger, teetering between meaning and nonsense, until you finally understand that both are the same.

Just do it. Do it without a plan. Do it as if you've forgotten you exist.

You need: – Nothing more. Not even yourself.

If you want, sit down. But not comfortably. Comfort is cowardice with padding. Sit on the floor. Cold. Hard. Reality in its purest form.

Breathe. But not too deeply – this isn't a yoga class. Just breathe because you still can.

Then close your eyes. Imagine you're dissolving. Not dramatically. Quietly. Slowly. Like sugar in whiskey. Like a memory in the morning light.

First the body goes. Then the ego. Then the rest of what you thought you were.

Your thoughts begin to devour each other. Your memories become sounds. And suddenly nothing matters anymore. Not even the chaos itself.

In this moment, you have reached your goal. This is enlightenment. But no one tells you that it feels like disintegration.

And when you resurface – if you resurface – you'll laugh. Because you'll realize that you were the joke the universe told itself.

You were the punchline that nobody ever got. And that was exactly the trick.

Now open your eyes. Look around you. Everything looks the same. But you are different. Not better. Just emptier. And in that emptiness lies peace.

You no longer need rituals. No spells. No curses. No meaning. Because everything was there – and still is – just without a label.

If you want, get up. Don't tidy anything away. Leave the chaos. It belongs to you. It is your altar, your mirror, your testimony.

Say softly:

"I am everything that remains when nothing else remains."

Then go. Or stay seated. It doesn't matter. Resolution doesn't ask for movement. It's the moment when you stop thinking ahead and finally simply are.

Maybe you'll never perform magic again. Maybe tomorrow you'll go back to tying cans to strings and talking to the gods at Aldi. Both are okay. Because chaos doesn't judge. It only observes. And laughs.

The great ritual of dissolution doesn't end. It simply stops, as everything eventually does. Not with a bang, not with a flash, but with a weary grin and a final thought:

"That wasn't so bad for a joke."

The conclusion of the apprenticeship for fools

Congratulations. If you've made it this far, you're either a damn genius, a complete lunatic – or both. But that doesn't matter anymore. Because both are the same, just viewed differently.

You prayed, cursed, drank, wired cans, sacrificed sausages, made paperclips dance, and insulted the blood moon. You negotiated with gods from the freezer, talked to the refrigerator, and reincarnated yourself in the bathroom mirror.

In short: You did everything right.

Because magic was never the goal. It was merely the joke with which chaos trained you.

The completion of the apprenticeship as a fool is not a celebratory act. There are no drums, no crowns, no angels, only the echo of your own laughter slowly returning to you.

All you did was a gigantic mirror trick. You imagined the universe, and the universe pretended to be impressed.

Now that you understand this, there are no more teachers, no more students, no more exams. Just you – and the crazy, immortal smile of realization that nobody knows the rules because there aren't any.

Grab a piece of paper now. Or write it in the air. It doesn't matter. Write:

"I hereby declare myself a fully-fledged Chaos Magician, certified by Nothingness, authorized by Chance, tested by everyday life."

Then sign with your name. Or a line. Or a beer stain. Anything counts.

This is your master craftsman's certificate. It is invisible, priceless, and completely meaningless – therefore perfect.

Now imagine you are standing on a mountain made of everything, What you ever were. Cigarette butts, broken toothbrushes, torn receipts, memories of nights spent overthinking. Chaos below, you above.

You raise your arms. The wind blows trash in your face. This is your anointing. And you say:

"I am the joke that makes the universe laugh."

Then turn around and go down. Because every descent is also a beginning.

The lesson of fools ends where it began: with a crooked grin and the realization that you never had anything under control – and that that's a good thing.

You are now part of the system that constantly fools itself so that it doesn't get boring.

Your title?

Arch-idiot of infinity.

Your rank?

First among the equally confused.

Your mission?

Keep going – but laugh while you do it.

So if you're ever asked what chaos magic actually is, don't say much. Just say:

"It's when you laugh at yourself and the universe smiles back."

That's all. That's the great secret. The seal of foolishness.

Have a drink now. Or two.

And if you want, start all over again. Because the chaos has no end – only repetitions with a better sense of rhythm.

Absorbing life energy through the power of thought — energy vampirism

You're sitting at the bar, the lamp above you flickers like a bad promise.

Someone on TV is laughing, and you're not sure whether to laugh along or throw up. The world has too much brightness and too little common sense.

You have whiskey in your glass and old scores in your head.

You have an idea — a silly, beautiful idea, as smooth as a stolen night: Why not borrow youth?

Not borrowing in the refined sense, but borrowing like you borrow cigarettes — briefly, snippily, without any intention of giving anything back.

It is also called visual magic.

In your mind, people are lamps with filaments, and their lives are the faint glimmer you can steal if you skillfully offer your hand. You close your eyes slightly so that your visual imagination can blend with reality. Now you see vividly the life energy flowing from your victim, directly into your hands. You absorb the last vestiges of your victims' youth with your hands. You are pragmatic—a rogue with a touch of poetry.

You imagine the warmth of others dripping into your hands like old beer, and for a moment you feel brighter than the others.

The first few times it's like a good joke.

You tell yourself this, you believe the image, and the image tastes of power.

You go outside and the world seems a touch friendlier, your wrinkles melt away like mist in the sunshine. The others—oh, the others thought they were immortal anyway.

They get the bill in small installments: a grey strand behind the ear, a tired look, as if someone had peeled off the colors in the morning.

The victims—poor devils—are now experiencing the horror. That's the joke, when you take things to the extreme: ugliness as the signature of your power.

I also like to use visual magic at traffic lights by picturing the light turning green and then quickly looking away. With a little practice, it works quite well for me. Unless there are a lot of people at the light, then it interferes, probably because others are focusing on the color red. But sometimes my magic works even there.

Epilogue

And so here we sit, at the end of it all, with empty glasses, burnt receipts, and the remains of a sausage that has survived the path of enlightenment since chapter 51.

You are now a chaos magician, self-proclaimed, narcissistic, and finally free enough not to take yourself seriously anymore.

The universe applauds quietly. Not because you succeeded – but because you finally understood: There is nothing to succeed at. Only to do until you laugh.

The old masters had books, the new ones have comics. And somewhere between Donald Duck and Aleister Crowley lies the truth: Nobody knows what's really going on here.

Scrooge McDuck is the new god of gold. He bathes in symbols and calls it capital. He is the alchemist of modern times – transforming dirt into brilliance, greed into meaning. If you summon him, you hear no thunder, no angelic choirs – only a splash as he dives into his money bin and shouts, "Mine!"

That's the mantra of the modern magician. And yes, you can join in.

In the mists of the multiverse, spirals of light and dirt are forming. Spiral pentagrams that rotate around themselves.

Like drunken galaxies on LSD. If you look long enough, you'll recognize the patterns – not because they're there, but because you need them.

That is the art of chaos magic: invent order so that you can tear it apart again.

The old wizards wanted power. The new ones want Wi-Fi. Both fail due to the same laws: instability, overload, cosmic stupidity.

But amidst this data storm stand a few figures: you, me, and the rest of the fools who have decided to no longer play along – but to take notes.

We are the scribbles on the edge of creation. The doodles in God's notebook. And sometimes, when the sun shines through the frosted glass windows of reality, we briefly see how it all makes sense – before it all falls apart again like a bad punchline.

Chaos isn't a religion. It's a joke with an infinite runtime. And you're now part of it. Your rituals, your crazy ideas, your nightly conversations with refrigerators and Aldi gods – they're all chapters in a book that writes itself, erases itself, and starts again from the beginning.

And somewhere, behind all the smoke, the empty bottles, and the hum of the neon lights, the universe sits at a table, takes a drag on a cigarette, and says:
"Not bad at all, man. Not bad at all."

So go. Keep going. Summon, destroy, laugh, cry, lose yourself and find yourself again. Because in the end, when the last page falls and the cosmos rubs its eyes in disbelief, only one thing remains:

A crumpled notebook with dog-eared pages, on which it says:

CHAOS-MAGICK: A Handbook for Mental Explosions

by Michael Lappenbusch – who is still grinning somewhere out there.

The lights go out. The last page closes. And somewhere, in a parallel universe, someone starts laughing – and shouts:

"Chapter One."

imprint

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Year of publication: 2025