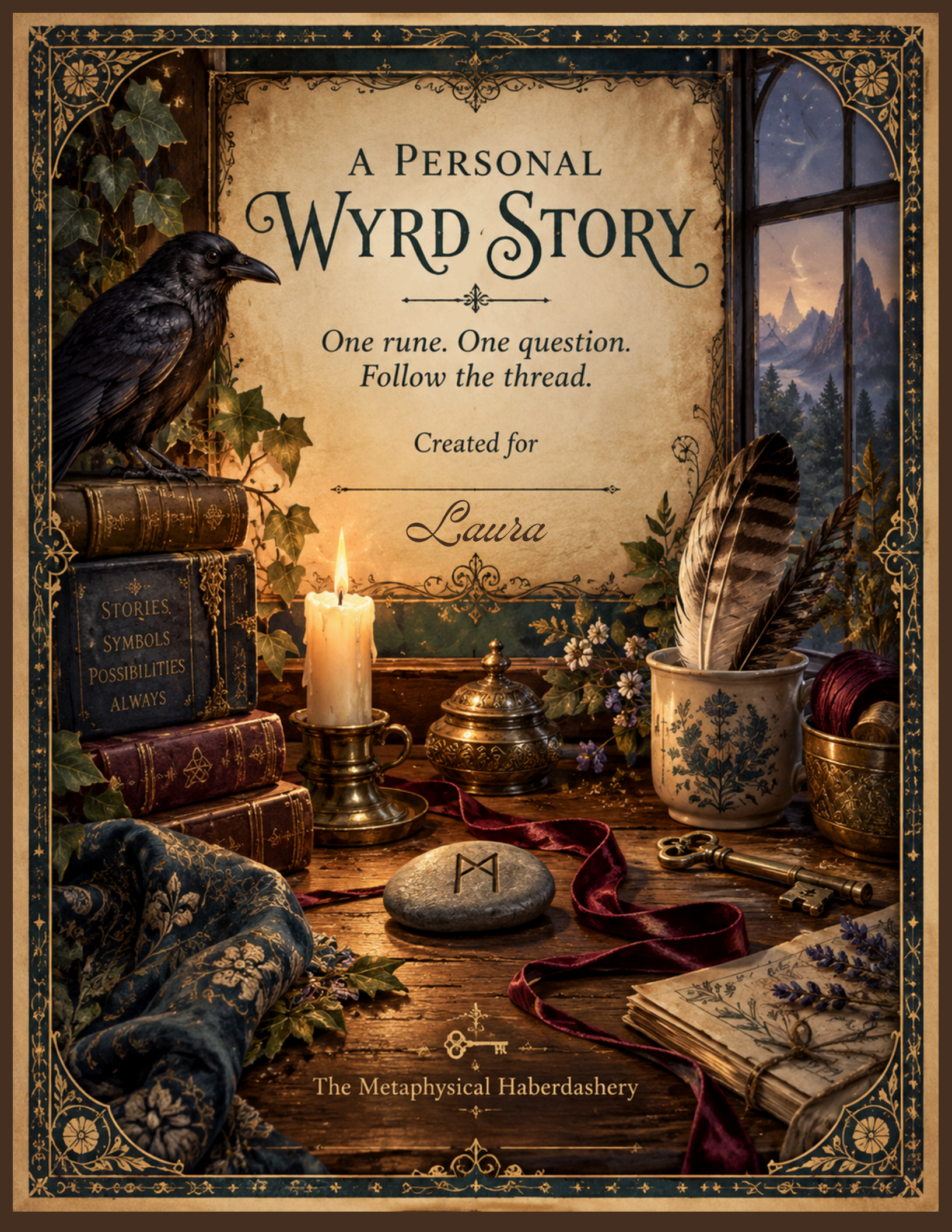




A PERSONAL WYRD STORY

*One rune. One question.
Follow the thread.*

Created for

Laura

The Metaphysical Haberdashery

*"Follow the thread,
and see what
the world is trying
to show you."*



LAURA LABRIE

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CURIOUS THINGS HAPPEN
WHEN YOU PULL THE RIGHT THREAD.

A PERSONAL WYRD STORY

LITTLE SILVER RAVEN

The question that began the journey:

*What will unfold if I continue
creating and sharing the stories
of the Metaphysical Haberdashery?*



PERTHRO

Mystery ♦ Chance ♦ Possibility ♦ The Unknown

Perthro invites us into what cannot be known beforehand.
It is the rune of possibility, of what may be revealed only
by entering the game and seeing what unfolds.

THE METAPHYSICAL HABERDASHERY

THE LITTLE SILVER RAVEN

There are some things one ought to know before following a waterfall. The first is that waterfalls are considerably taller when viewed from the bottom. The second is that rocks which appear perfectly respectable from a distance become rather less so when one is required to climb over them.

And the third is that ravens should never be ignored.

I discovered all three of these things on the same afternoon.

I had been standing on a collection of enormous boulders beside a river, looking up at a waterfall that seemed to have begun somewhere in the clouds. It wasn't particularly wide. That wasn't what made it impressive. It was long. Impossibly long.

The water came pouring down the face of a high rocky mountain, disappearing occasionally behind outcroppings before appearing again farther below, until eventually it crashed into the river not far from where I stood. I was on the right bank, looking up at it from an angle. That was when I noticed the raven. He was flying back and forth in front of the waterfall.

At first I assumed he was simply doing whatever ravens do when nobody has bothered to give them a role in a story. Then he flew across the river.

About halfway up the mountainside stood a tall pine tree. Its upper branches were thick with needles, but the lower half was rather bare. The raven landed on one of those exposed branches. And looked directly at me. I looked back. He cawed. Then he launched himself from the branch. As



he flew toward the river, something flashed beneath him.

Silver. He was carrying a little chain.

There was something hanging from the end of it, although I couldn't see what it was until he flew closer. Then I could. It was a raven. A tiny silver raven.

The raven carrying the raven flew out over the river.

And dropped it.

"Wait!" This was not useful. The silver chain fell into the rushing water. Except it didn't sink.

I am aware that silver does not float. The river was apparently unaware of this. The little chain was caught immediately by the current and carried downstream. Then another current caught it and swept it sideways across the river. Toward me.

I watched the tiny silver raven bob along through the water until, with astonishing precision, it came to rest among the pebbles at my feet.

There are moments when one should ask questions. This was not one of them.

I climbed down.

The boulders were considerably more difficult to navigate than they had looked from above, and I made my way rather inelegantly toward the river



until I could squat beside the water. I reached in. The water was shockingly cold. My fingers moved through little stones and coarse sand until they found the chain. I pulled it from the river. The silver raven dangled beneath my hand.

It wasn't a necklace. It wasn't a bracelet. The thought arrived whole. Pendulum.

I looked up toward the pine tree. The raven was still watching me. So, I did what seemed appropriate when meeting a magical object delivered by a bird beside an impossibly long waterfall. I introduced myself. "Thank you for coming to me," I said.

The little silver raven hung motionless from its chain.

Then I asked, "Would you like to work with me?"

I held the very end of the chain between my fingers so that the raven could move freely.

For a moment, nothing happened.

Then it began to swing. Back and forth. Then in a circle. Counterclockwise. Then diagonally. Then clockwise. Then another diagonal. It swung one way and another, changing direction with such enthusiasm that I started laughing. The pendulum wasn't answering my question.

It was playing. So, I sat down among the rocks and played with it. Before long, we had invented a language.



Or perhaps the pendulum already knew the language and was patiently teaching it to me. There was *yes*. There was *no*. But there was also *yes, but*. And *no, but*. This seemed considerably more useful, since very few interesting questions have answers consisting entirely of yes or no. Sometimes I would ask something and the pendulum would become completely still.

"You're not going to answer that one?"

Nothing.

"Do you not have enough information?"

Sometimes it moved. Sometimes it didn't. Other answers were annoyingly cryptic. I would ask a question. The pendulum would answer. I would frown. "That's not very helpful." The little raven would continue swinging as though the inadequacy were entirely mine. So I would ask another question. And another.

Slowly I discovered that the problem was often not the answer. It was the question. I had to go deeper. I had to discover what I was actually trying to ask. Once I did, the little silver raven seemed perfectly happy to answer. We stayed beside the river for a long time. Eventually I became tired. The air had grown colder, and my clothes were damp from the spray coming off the river. Clouds had gathered above the mountains while I wasn't paying attention.

Then it began to rain.

Apparently even conversations with magical pendulums must occasionally

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring green ivy leaves, white flowers, and gold star-like motifs in the corners and center.

be interrupted by weather.

I stood.

High above the river, the raven suddenly appeared again. He circled once. Cawed. And flew away. I watched until I couldn't see him anymore.

Then I tucked the silver raven into my pocket. Fortunately, I didn't have far to go. My house stood just a little way uphill from the river at the edge of the pine woods. It was a small stone house with a thatched roof. Nothing grand. Inside, however, a fire was merrily dancing in the hearth. There was hot soup. There was a little bed with a warm blanket. And now there was a silver raven in my pocket.

I stepped inside and closed the door against the rain. There would be more questions tomorrow. Probably better ones.

The raven, I suspected, would approve.



PULLING THE THREADS

Perthro is the rune of what cannot be known before it unfolds. It carries the mystery of chance, possibility, and the unknown. It does not always tell us what is going to happen. Sometimes, it asks us to enter the mystery and discover what happens by participating in it.

That is exactly what happens in *The Little Silver Raven*.

The journey begins without a known destination. One thing leads to another until the little silver raven appears. And what does it turn out to be? A pendulum, an instrument for asking questions of the unknown.

But even the pendulum refuses to make the unknown simple.

There is yes, and there is no, but there is also yes, but and no, but. Possibility cannot be reduced to two tidy answers. There are qualifications, conditions, unexpected turns, and paths that have not yet taken shape.

And perhaps this is where Perthro most directly answers the question that began the journey:

What will unfold if I continue creating and sharing the stories of the Metaphysical Haberdashery?

The story does not give us a prediction of what will happen. Instead, it gives us the little silver raven.

The future of these stories cannot be known before they are created. Their possibilities are discovered by entering the unknown, following what



appears, asking another question, noticing the answer and allowing one thing to lead to the next.

The raven does not bring a map. He brings a way of asking.

There is another important thread in the story. After the waterfall, the raven, the questions, and all that uncertainty, the journey eventually returns to warmth. There is a small stone house, a fire, soup, and a warm blanket.

The encounter with the unknown does not leave us suspended there. We come home. Something has been encountered. Something has been learned. Something has been brought back. And perhaps that is part of what these stories themselves are doing. We wander somewhere peculiar, encounter something we could not have planned, follow it for a while, and then return carrying something that did not exist before.

A story.

Perthro does not answer the original question by revealing where the road will ultimately lead. Instead, it suggests that the road itself will be revealed through the walking of it.

You will discover what unfolds by continuing to unfold it.



ODDMENTS GATHERED ALONG THE WAY

THE WATERFALL

Water in motion. A descent. Something that cannot be held still.

THE RAVEN

A messenger, an observer, and the creature who leads the encounter rather than explaining it.

THE LITTLE SILVER RAVEN

A smaller echo of the larger raven, carried away from the encounter and kept afterward.

THE PENDULUM

A way of asking rather than a source of predetermined answers.

YES • NO • YES, BUT • NO, BUT

Four possibilities where we might have expected only two.

THE STONE HOUSE

Shelter. A place to return to after wandering into the unknown.

THE FIRE

Warmth, light, and the return to something immediate and tangible.

The page is framed by a decorative border. The corners feature circular medallions with a compass rose design, surrounded by green ivy leaves and white flowers. The sides are decorated with vertical vine motifs and leaves. The background is a light beige color with a subtle texture.

THE SOUP

Nourishment. Ordinary comfort after an extraordinary encounter.

THE WARM BLANKET

Rest. Nothing more needs to be discovered tonight.

Some oddments may have familiar symbolic meanings. Others may belong entirely to you. A raven, a key, a bowl of soup or a particular shade of blue may carry an association no book of symbols could possibly know. Notice what catches your attention. Look things up if you're curious. Remember what they remind you of. And don't worry if something means nothing at all just yet. Some threads reveal themselves later.



A THREAD TO TAKE WITH YOU

Some questions bring answers. Others open doors.

You don't need to understand everything you encountered in your story today. Keep the things that caught your attention. Turn them over occasionally. Notice what stays with you, what returns, and what begins to look different with time.

Some meanings arrive immediately. Others have a peculiar habit of revealing themselves later. Your story is yours now. Keep it. Revisit it. Pull at its threads whenever curiosity calls.

And see where they lead.
There are always more threads to follow.

Come back to the Haberdashery
whenever you're curious.

www.themetaphysicalhaberdashery.com