

PREFACE

A Path to Remembering Your Wholeness

We are taught to chase control.

To fix, to prove, to please, to perform.

To make ourselves small enough to be liked and strong enough to be needed.

We learn to measure our worth in productivity, approval, and perfection.

We call this life. We call this success.

But for many of us... it never quite fits.

This is a book about what happens when we stop performing and start listening.

To the quiet ache.

To the lost map.

To the compass inside us that still remembers what matters.

It's the story of Avery, a woman who begins to ask better questions.

Not because she's broken.

But because she's ready to stop disappearing inside a life that doesn't feel like her own.

As you follow her path, you may find pieces of yourself.

In the fog. In the masks. In the mirrors. In the maps.

You may begin to remember:

That wholeness was never something to earn.

It was always something to return to.

You may notice how often you've been living from Effect: reacting, complying, silencing your truth to keep the peace.

And you may begin, like Avery, to return to Cause.

To choose with awareness.

To live from what matters.

To trust yourself again.

Because wholeness isn't perfection.

It isn't performance.

It isn't being liked by everyone.

It's being lived-in by you.

This is the journey of remembering.

Of realigning.

Of becoming a Wizard of Cause.

And it begins right here.

CHAPTER 1

THE FOG OF SHOULD

A very hadn't cried in over a year. Not because life had been kind, it hadn't, but because there simply hadn't been time.

Each day unfolded like a checklist: wake before the alarm, get Milo ready for school, unload the dishwasher, pack the lunch, reply to emails, reheat the coffee, stir dinner, scroll headlines, set the alarm, sleep, and repeat.

She wasn't overwhelmed exactly. She was full. Full of decision fatigue. Full of noise. Full of the invisible weight of keeping everything running without letting anything fall apart. Her mind buzzed constantly, even in rest. Even in silence.

In the quiet moments, the ones between tasks when the hum of movement faded, there was a sound she didn't like. A low ache. Not a pain exactly, but a question that never formed into words. It was like a song she used to know but hadn't heard in so long, she wasn't sure it had ever existed. And yet it tugged at her, familiar and faint.

Outside, the world applauded her. "You're amazing. I don't know how you do it all." "You're so strong, Avery." "You're handling everything

so well.” She nodded, smiled, and said thank you. Then she logged into Zoom, smiled at her reflection, and answered emails about optimising workflows while her soul whispered, *What are we even doing here?* Her face on screen looked capable, composed. Her eyes didn’t agree.

The work was fine. The people were fine. The pay was fine. She wasn’t.

Milo was eight, sweet and observant. He’d started asking questions lately that made her stomach flip. “Why don’t you laugh much anymore?” “Why are you tired?” “Do you enjoy your job?” His words were never accusatory, simply curious. Honest. She always found an answer. But she wasn’t sure she ever found the truth.

The separation had been clean. That’s what the lawyers called it. No courtroom, no fighting. Two lonely signatures and some labelled boxes. But clean wasn’t the same as clear. What lingered was quieter. Less visible. The kind of heaviness you carry in your bones, not your hands.

Now there were two houses. Two toothbrushes. Two lives. Every week brought multiple transfers during the weekdays and every other weekend. The handovers were civil, respectful, yet exhausting. Each time she felt like she was dropping off half of her heart at someone else’s door. Two days here, two days there, then three days back again – flipping each week like a never-ending dance. As soon as they’d settled, it was time to move again.

She didn’t miss her ex, not in the way people expected. But she missed the distraction. She missed the second adult. She missed the illusion of a shared load. Most of all, she missed someone to blame, someone else to carry part of the weight. Now it was all on her, every decision, every deadline, every forgotten lunchbox and tearful bedtime.

And on nights like this, alone with her laptop open and an inbox full of unread requests she didn’t care about, the fog crept in again.

It always started the same way. Avery would glance at the clock: 11:42 p.m. She’d wonder how it got so late. She’d think, *Just one more thing*. But

instead of clicking, she'd sit still. Her hand would hover over the mouse. Then drop.

In the silence, the question would rise. *Is this it?* Not in a dramatic way. Not with violins or shouting, or even sadness, only a quiet, unshakable curiosity. *Is this the life I chose, or the one that happened to me?*

She pushed the thought away with dishes or deadlines or double-choc ice-cream, but it always came back. It rolled in like fog through the cracks in the windows, quiet, cold, and impossible to hold. Some nights, she barely noticed it. Other nights, like this one, it sat with her.

That night, something unusual happened. As Avery shut her laptop and stood to turn off the light, she noticed a small, folded paper on the floor near the couch. It wasn't hers. At least, she didn't remember dropping it. The light caught on the soft grey edge. She bent to pick it up.

It was blank on the outside, merely soft grey paper folded in half. Inside, in narrow handwriting, it said:

You are not lost. You are living by someone else's map.

There was no name. No explanation. Only those words.

Avery read it again. And again. The paper warmed slightly in her palm.

Then, for the first time in what felt like forever, she didn't go back to the to-do list. She sat down, held the note in both hands, and let the silence stretch. Not the urgent kind. The spacious kind. The kind that lets things rise.

Outside, the city slept. Inside, something stirred. The fog hadn't lifted. But something had shifted.

And somewhere deep inside her chest, something small and quiet asked, *What if there's another way?*