



Angelica Esoterica

A COLLECTION OF ANGELIC RITES
BY JAMILA R. NEDJADI
OF SWORD QUEEN GAMES



*To play this game, you do not need to
believe in angels.*

I assure you, they believe in you.

*To play this game, you do not need to
believe in yourself.*

I assure you, your future self does.

*To play this game, you do not need to
dream more for yourself.*

*I assure you, there's a dream that's
dreaming you into existence.*

That will have to be enough for now.



The First Rite





When you awake in the morning, you may remember that you are playing this game.

This is an old game. An ancient game. A game that was played before words were spoken and songs were sung. Before the light pierced the dark. Before the dawn shattered the sky.

This was a game we played in the dark. Alone, and afraid. This was a game we played in the second darkness, the darkness that never leaves us. The darkness that waits behind closed eyes.

When you awake in the morning, you may remember that you are playing this game.

Whisper to yourself, "Shadow of my shadow, I split you in twain. Stay here in the dark."

The game has begun.

When you awake in the morning, you may remember that you are playing this game.

But you must only play if you mean it.

Your shadow will know if you do not.



It is not too late to stop playing.

The Angel of Promise





Leave the shadow behind. As you wake and move, you may hear the sound of something snapping. A thread, cut.

Do not look back. Do not look back.

You'll feel eyes on the back of your head. As you go about your day, these eyes will bore through your skull. A set of invisible lips against the ear, a breath pulled in but never released.

Do not look at it. Do not look at it.

Something against the cheek, maybe. A breath finally released, but it's cold, so cold. A sigh against the back of your neck, a sob pulled in but never released.

Do not look. Do not look.

You may only speak to the shadow from the corner of your lips. No sound must escape, but the words will find their way.

Never look back. Never look back.

When you return to where you sleep, it will be waiting for you.

Sullen, ignored. Angry, petulant. Quiet, reflective. Empty, fading. Dying. Yes, dying.

Look at it now. Look at it now.

Your shadow will have a gift for you. I cannot tell you if you must accept it. I can only say that once received, it can never be given away. Once refused, it will never return.

Look deeply into the eyes, do not look away.

Your shadow will have something to tell you. I cannot tell you if you must listen to it. I can only say that once you hear it, you'll be changed, changed forever. And if do not let it speak, your shadow will find someone else, someone else who is willing to listen.

*Kiss them, now. The rite is complete. **The Angel of Promise awakens within you.***



The First Game Has Ended.

Prepare for the Angel's Return.



The First Angel



The first angel you've summoned is made of your inner most light.

It is the promise, the promise you made, the promise you whispered to *Life* before being given *Life*.

It is made of a dark unyielding, a dark that has held you back and comforted you in the shadows of *not now* of *not good enough* of *but I'm scared, so scared what if what if*

It is made of a light most blinding, a light that has placed a hand against your back and pushed and pushed and pushed you forward towards a dawn ready to break towards a life yet un-lived towards a love yet unloved.

I promise you. The world would be dark, so dark without your light. I promise you, there's an angel holding you up, every step of the way. I promise, I promise you. A promise that can never be broken.

As you read these words, you may feel the presence of the angel. It could be someone you know, an angel of this world. It could be someone you love, and they look at you through the eyes of an angel. It could be someone you hate, and they cry through the tears of an angel.

It could be someone who you haven't met yet.

If you close your eyes, you'll know.

But don't close your eyes, not until you're ready.





*To play this game, you do not need to have
your memories intact.*

I assure you, your memories remember you.

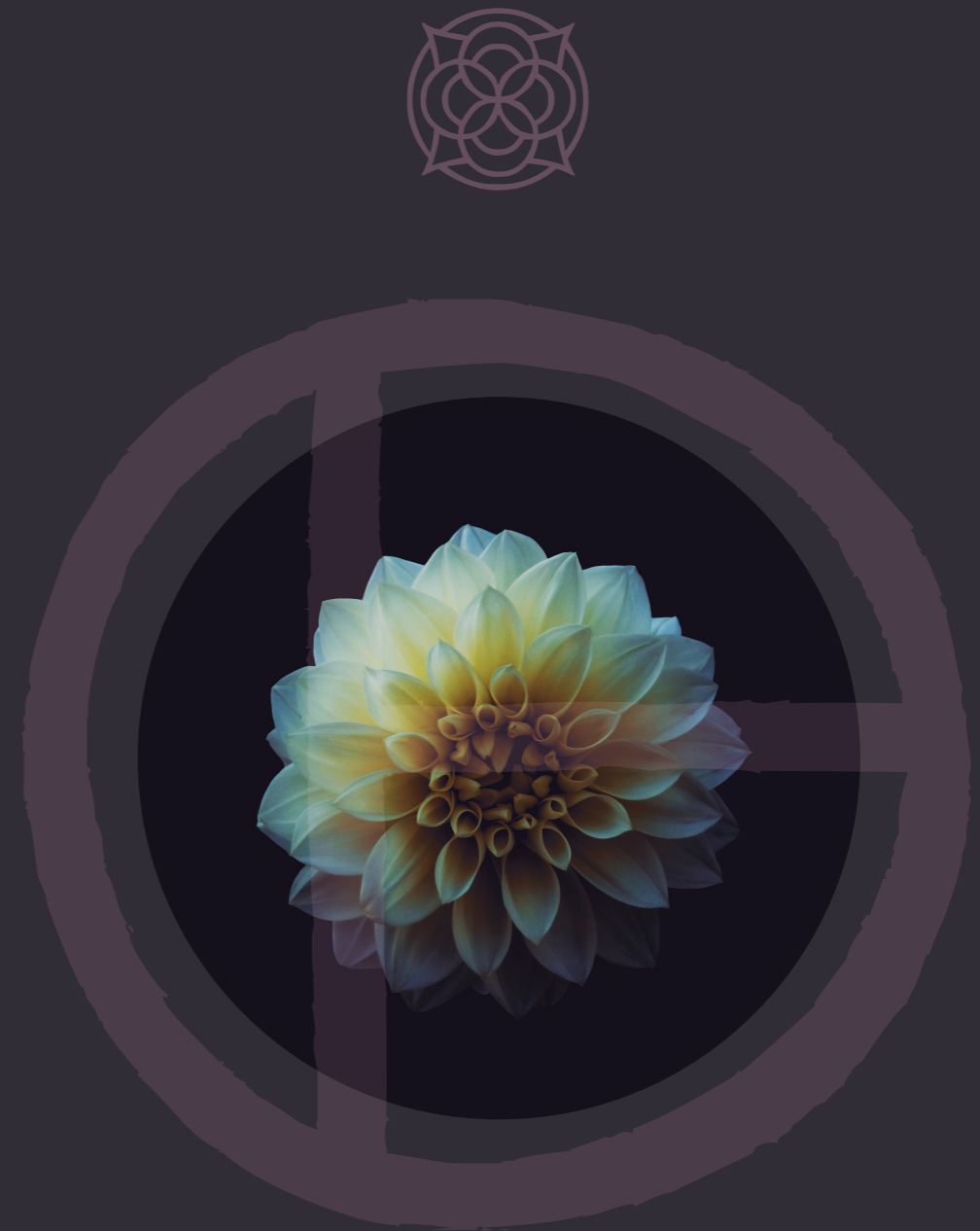
*To play this game, you do not need to know
the truth about yourself.*

I assure you, the truth knows you.

*To play this game, you do not need to speak
of this to anyone else.*

I assure you, somehow they already know.

That will have to be enough for now.



The Second Rite





When your heart begins to fall in love, you may remember that you are playing this game.

This is an old game. An ancient game. A game that was played before kisses were taken and bodies were touched. Before the rain touched the earth. Before the the water seeped into the soil.

This was a game we played by the fire. With one other, and afraid. This was a game we played in the second fire, the fire that never leaves us. The fire that waits between two lips.

When your heart begins to fall in love, you may remember that you are playing this game.

Whisper to the other, “Heart of my heart, I welcome you in. Stay here inside me.”

The game has begun.

When your heart begins to fall in love, you may remember that you are playing this game.

But you must only play if you mean it.

Your heart will know if you do not.



It is not too late to stop playing.

The Angel of Possession





The fear will whisper things, terrible things. It will ask you to hold back, to put your hands way, to not touch, to not feel. To guard. To protect. To shield away the heart.

Do not listen to it. Do not listen to it.

Your hands will move on your own, if you let them. Your hands will reach their hands, if you let them. Your heart will reach their heart, if you let it. Your lips will reach their lips, if you let them.

Possess, and be possessed in turn.

Fade away into the flesh, into the breath. Turn in and turn into yourself again, revealing desire and blood and breath and heat and shift and twist and pull the heart in and have it come through to the other side and

Possess, until there is nothing left of you.

There is a fire in you, and it will not burn out.

When the fire flickers and wanes, the heart will be waiting for you.

Afraid, trembling. Overwhelmed, hoping. Unsure, doubting. Ready, and almost willing. Dying. Yes, dying.

Listen to it now. Look to it now.

Your heart will have a memory for you. I cannot tell you if it is a good memory. I can only say that once received, it will guide you always. Once refused, it will die alone.

Listen to their heartbeat, press your ear against their chest and hold back a sigh.

Your heart will have a truth to reveal to you. I cannot tell you if you must accept this truth. I can only say that once you know it, you'll feel alone, alone forever. And if do not let it speak, your heart will die its first death.

*Hold them, now. The rite is complete. **The Angel of Possession awakens within you.***



The Second Game Has Ended.

Prepare for the Angel's Return.



The Second Angel



The second angel you've summoned is made of your inner most fire.

It is made of the first true moment you gave yourself away, in ache and in need, to be possessed by an other outside of yourself.

It is made of a fire destructive, a fire that has burned away all that you were and demanded you to become your own phoenix, rising from the ashes of desire cold and forgotten

It is made of a heat that burns away the past, leaving scorch marks and flash shadow imprints in the inside of your heart. It leaves you heaving, mouth open and ready and waiting and vulnerable.

I possess you. The world would be cold, so cold without your fire. I possess you, there's an angel holding you down, forcing you to look into a burning mirror. I possess you, I possess you. A possession that can never be undone.

As you read these words, you may feel the presence of the angel. It could be someone you know, an angel of the past. It could be someone you desire, and they touch you through the hands of an angel. It could be someone you fear, and they are struck down and turned to ash.

It could be someone who you haven't met yet.

If you close your eyes, you'll know.

But don't close your eyes, not until you're ready.





*To play this game, you do not need to have
written your future.*

I assure you, your future is rewriting you.

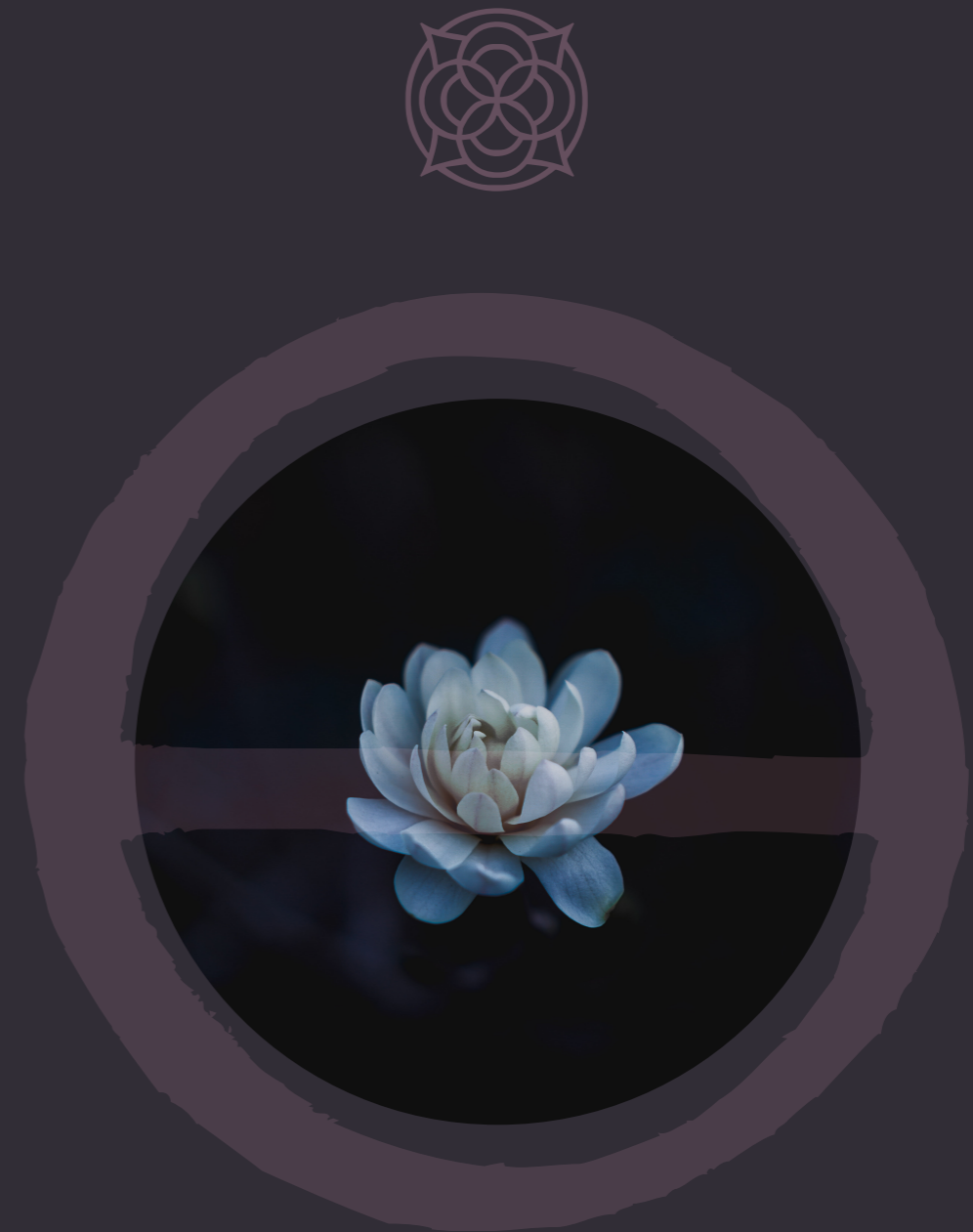
*To play this game, you do not need to kill the
past, if you haven't already.*

I assure you, the past lays dead at your feet.

*To play this game, you do not need to share
your pain with anyone else.*

*I assure you, so many of us carry your pain
within us. Gladly.*

That will have to be enough for now.



The Third Rite





When your mind begins to fear for the future, you may remember that you are playing this game.

This is an old game. An ancient game. A game that was played before promises were made and lies were spun. Before the stars split the sky. Before the moon moved the tides.

This was a game we played under the stars. With many others, and afraid. This was a game we played in the second star, the star that never leaves us. The star that waits behind the sun.

When your mind begins to fear for the future, you may remember that you are playing this game.

Whisper to the others, "Stars of my night, I beseech you. Guide me home."

The game has begun.

When your mind begins to fear for the future, you may remember that you are playing this game.

But you must only play if you mean it.

Your mind will know if you do not.



It is not too late to stop playing.

The Angel of Premonition





There's a boat that awaits you. You must go alone, though we will sing to you from the shore. Our voices will break from crying.

Do not look back. Do not look back.

The ocean will rise and demand tribute, but you will only have your heart and you cannot give it away. The ocean will rise, furious.

Do not look at it. Do not look at it.

Something will come out of the ocean. It will slither into the boat, and wrap itself around your chest. It will open your mouth, and pour itself in, drowning you.

Do not breathe. Do not breathe.

You may only close your eyes. You cannot control the ocean. You can only surrender to it. You can only drown, and drown, and drown.

Let the regret drown, let it die, let it die.

When the boat reaches the other shore, the stars will be waiting for you.

Unending, and desiring death. Uncaring, and desiring care. Uncompromising and desiring compromise. Dying. Yes, dying.

Reach out to the stars, and open your hand.

Your stars will have a premonition for you. I cannot tell you if it is a good one. I can only say that once observed, it will come undone. Once refused, it will seek out someone else.

Let the stars burn into your palm, let it redraw the fate lines in ash and in tears.

Your stars will have a future to reveal to you. I cannot tell you if you must accept this future. I can only say that once you see it, you'll have no choice but to remake it. And if do not witness it, your stars will burn out forever.

*Crush the stars, now. The rite is complete. **The Angel of Premonition awakens within you.***



The Third Game Has Ended.

Prepare for the Angel's Return.



The Third Angel



The third angel you've summoned is made of an ocean of stars.

It is made from the first prayer someone spoke for you, the first time someone else began to shape your happiness.

It is made of a healing ocean, a constellation of stars that has led you this far. Look back, look back, see how far you have come. This twisted path shines brilliantly against the waves. Who else follows?

It is made of water that drowns the ghosts that haunt you, the ghosts of every you that you had to kill to become who you are now. These ghosts sink to the bottom of the sea, singing and singing and singing.

I am your premonition. The world would be empty, so empty without your stars. I see you, every shade of you, there's an angel tearing you apart into every possibility you could ever be, forcing you to choose, to choose. I see you, I see you. A sight that can never be unseen.

As you read these words, you may feel the presence of the angel. It could be someone you know, an angel in the distance. It could be someone you pray for, and they pray for you through the voice of an angel. It could be someone you wish to be, and they reach out to you with arms wide open.

It could be someone who you haven't met yet.

If you close your eyes, you'll know.

But don't close your eyes, not until you're ready.





To play this game, you do not need to have forgiven yourself.

I assure you, your future self has forgiven you.

To play this game, you do not need to seek forgiveness.

I assure you, the forgiveness has already found you.

*To play this game, you do not need to speak of it, but you
may need to write of it.*

I assure you, your future self will need your words.

That will have to be enough for now.



The Final Rite





When your mind begins to wonder: what if? You may remember that you are playing this game.

This is an old game. An ancient game. A game that was played before you died and you were reborn. Before the galaxies stretched like bridges. Before the first black hole came into being.

This was a game we played in between lives. With everyone else, and not afraid. This was a game we played in the second self, the second self that never leaves us. The second self that waits behind the veil of illusion.

When your mind begins to wonder: what if? You may remember that you are playing this game.

Say nothing to your other self. Listen. Just, listen. Please.

The game has begun.

When your mind begins to wonder: what if? You may remember that you are playing this game.

But you must only play if you mean it.

Your other self will know if you do not.



It is not too late to stop playing.

The Angel of Parallels



There is another you. I do not know how else to tell you this. But there is always another you. They make every choice you are too afraid to make.

Do not seek them out. Do not seek them out.

They take every action you were too afraid to take. They fall in love with whoever you are too afraid to fall in love with.

Do not look in the mirror. Do not look.

But you have left behind what they were too afraid to lose. You have broken what they were too afraid to break. You have created the happiness they were too afraid to feel.

Do not turn around. Do not turn around.

There are many of you. A multitude of you. A dizzying dance of decisions, done and undone, again and again. Every choice significant. Every choice meaningless.

You are exactly who you need to be. Always.

When the other self breaks through into this world, you have a choice to make.

Blossoming, and becoming. Unraveling, and becoming. Transmuting, and becoming. Focusing, and becoming. Coming to life. Yes, life. A life perfect in its chosen flaws.

Will you make the choice?

Your other self will have a kiss for you. I cannot tell you if it is a good one. I can only say that once felt, it will make you whole again. Once refused, it will become poison.

Or will the choice remake you?

Your other self will have a couldhavebeen to reveal to you. I cannot tell you if you must see this. I can only say that once you see it, your tears will make you clean. And if do not accept it, all your tears will dry up, forever.

*Make the choice or be remade, now. The rite is complete. **The Angel of Parallels awakens within you.***



The Final Game Has Ended.

Prepare for the Angel's Return.



The Final Angel

The final angel you've summoned is made of the very best of you.

It is made from every choice that presented itself to you, that you created for yourself, that others forced upon you.

It is made of acceptance and celebration, of doubt and remorse, of euphoria and despair. It is made of every possible you that has fought every unseen battle to survive, to be here, to be alive, to witness.

It is made of every miracle that came uninvited, and insisted on your happiness. Despite yourself. Because of yourself.

I am your parallel. The world would be meaningless, so meaningless without your choices. I parallel you, parallel upon parallel, there's an angel holding you up like the prism you are, making you shine, in every color. I parallel you, I parallel you. A choice that can never be unmade.

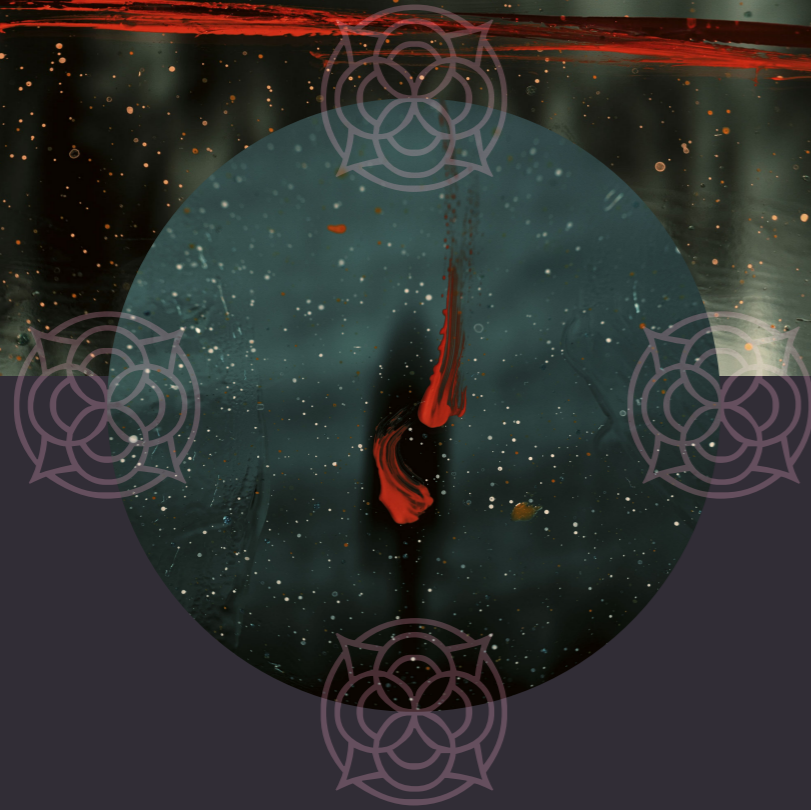
As you read these words, you may feel the presence of the angel. It could be someone you left behind, an angel of the forgotten. It could be someone you gave up on, an angel of forgiveness. It could be someone you have to choose, and they choose you in return.

It could be someone who you haven't met yet.

If you close your eyes, you'll know.

But don't close your eyes, not until you're ready.





*The Ritual Once Done
Cannot Be Undone*

*The Angels Once Seen
Cannot be Unseen*





*There are a multitude of
angels that await you.*

*I cannot tell you what they
wish for you, or how to invite
them into your heart.*

You already know.



SWORD QUEEN GAMES

I'm **Jamila R. Nedjadi**. I am a Filipino game designer, queer and non-binary. I am a professional tarot reader and psychic.

I talk to angels. It's difficult to explain what an angel really is, but I think these rituals come close.

Angelica Esoterica is a lyric game. It is a ritual. If you would like to keep track of the games I make (ranging from the proper mechanical to the ritual lyrical), please feel free to follow me on Twitter (@temporalhiccup) or itch.io (<https://temporalhiccup.itch.io/>).

You can also become a patron at <https://www.patreon.com/swordqueengames>, this game was made for my patrons as a timed exclusive. **Every patron helps me get closer to my dreams as a game designer, thank you so much!**



CREDITS

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To **Matthew**, my angel of possession.

To **Maria**, my angel of premonition.

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