

# Story by Tarot

by

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*Page of wands – The Star – Six of wands.* Jack scribbled them down on paper, followed by a short note. *King of pentacles – The Lovers – Hierophant.* Jack again scribbled them down with a short note following. Over and over this happened.

Karen watched her roommate with pity as he continued his misguided venture to generate new short stories, by flipping over three random Tarot cards. All the while Jack unfortunately believed he was making progress, and that he'd also stumbled upon a viable approach to novel storytelling. All he was doing in fact, Karen observed when Jack mumbled after each card flip, was applying the same story arches he used routinely to the cards that randomly came up, no matter what the actual meaning of the cards were or suggested: *Somebody starts as nobody – rises to a be a great celebrity – ends up where they started only wiser than before.* Although she couldn't see what Jack's notes read from where she stood across the room, she doubted they even leant variance to the usual conditions of the arch. But, maybe what mattered, Karen thought, was that Jack had found the drive he needed to start writing again, after his week-long pity party when his short story was rejected by a local zine.

Before Karen lost her own drive, she went to her room and quickly noted down what she observed in Jack tonight, so she could input it into the serial flash series she had secreted fashioned after him.