

# A Witch's Perfume

*Unveiling the Sacred Essence*



By Ruth N Ribeiro

## **Chapter 1: Into The Abyss—Freedom of Freedom**

### *The Mortuary Silence and the Flight into the Dark*

The "mortuary silence" did not break with a whisper; it broke with the sound of a lamp shattering against a wall and the heavy thud of a man who realized, too late, that he had finally pushed a goddess too far.

For weeks leading up to that moment, the house had been a panopticon—a prison where every move was watched, every breath measured, and every exit surveyed. Ever since I had uttered the word

"Divorce," the man I had shared a bed with for nineteen years had transformed into a shadow.

He didn't just haunt the house; he haunted my life.

He followed me to my job at the medical facility; He became a thief of his own home, a saboteur of my independence.

I would look out the window and see his car idling in the parking lot, a metallic predator waiting for me to emerge.

He would steal pieces of my vehicle—distributor caps, wires, anything to keep me tethered to his madness. He thought he could ground me by pulling parts from my engine. He didn't realize that my engine was no longer made of steel and gasoline—it was fueled by a rising, ancient fire he couldn't even see.

When that lamp flew toward my head, the fear that had been my constant companion for nearly two decades simply... evaporated. It was like a fever breaking in the middle of a long, dark night. In its place was a cold, crystalline clarity.

I didn't think; I acted. I moved with a speed that defied the weight of my exhaustion. I pushed him against the garage wall with a strength that didn't feel like mine alone.

It was as if the air in the garage thickened with the weight of every ancestor, every "Wizard" in my bloodline, finally finding their voice through my hands and saying, No. In that moment, the power wasn't a choice; it was a birthright claiming its own.

Then came Jonathan. My eldest. My protector. He stood there, a bridge between the boy he was and the man he was becoming. The look in his eyes was one of finality. He looked at the man who was supposed to be his father and gave the warning that sealed our exit: "The next time, it would be me and you.

" In that one sentence, the hierarchy of the house shifted forever.

The walls of the prison didn't just crack; they crumbled.

The next morning, the air in the house was different. It was thin and sharp, like the air at the top of a mountain where the oxygen is scarce but the view is limitless. We moved with a silent, frantic grace. We weren't packing a life; we were packing a survival kit.

We left the heavy furniture, the "throne" of his control, and the bitter memories of the silence. We left the things that defined "Ruby" so that "Amber" could breathe. When my brother's moving truck pulled into the driveway, it didn't look like a vehicle; it looked like a chariot of war, sent to carry us out of the tomb.

As I pulled my car out onto the street, following that truck, the interior of the car became our entire world.

My sons sat beside me, their faces mirrors of my own—exhausted but ignited. Joey, my youngest, was still in the innocent fog of childhood. He sat in the back, his fingers sticky as he pulled at a tuft of blue cotton candy.

He was too busy eating to notice the seismic shift of our lives, his innocence a shield I was desperate to protect. Beside him, Jonathan kept his head turned toward the window. He was a statue of grief and strength, staring at the passing trees so I would not see the tears he felt he had to hide.

The car smelled of a strange, heartbreaking contrast: the fresh, sweet scent of cut grass from the neighborhood we were leaving, mixed with the sugary, artificial perfume of the blue cotton candy. It was the smell of a childhood ending and a journey beginning—the scent of the "Abyss" and the "Sweetness" colliding.

I looked in the rearview mirror one last time. As we turned the corner, the house grew smaller and smaller until it was just a dark speck against the horizon. I didn't see a home. I saw a grave. I put the car in gear and followed my brother toward the hotel—the first port of call in a world I didn't yet know how to navigate. The "Ruby" who entered that car was trembling, her heart a broken thing held together by sheer will. But the hand that held the steering wheel already belonged to the Witch. We were heading into the Abyss, but for the first time in nineteen years, I was the one driving.

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The hotel room felt lonely—a dark, strange, and hollow space. It had only a tiny kitchenette, two beds, and a small couch. But that night, when we all sat together on that couch, the silence was a gift.

For the first time, we were free from the constant yelling, the sound of breaking glass, and the slamming of doors. We were safe from the dark; we were safe from "him."

The first week there brought Thanksgiving. I had just lost my part-time job and was searching for a new one, so money was tight. I managed to buy a small, pre-cooked smoked ham, some potatoes, and bread. With no stove, I heated everything in the microwave.

As we set the small round table in the kitchen, my younger son, Joey, looked around and asked, "Mom, where's everyone else?" He was used to the whole family gathering, but this year, we were alone.

My family didn't want to be involved with a woman they believed was "living in sin" for leaving her husband. I looked at him and said firmly, "We're here, Joey. That's what matters."

Jonathan stepped up and carved the ham for us. As we ate, I prayed silently: *"God, if you're really with us, please help me find my way. I have no idea where I'm going, I have no money, and hardly any food. I need your guidance."*

A few days later, I began setting up a tiny, three-foot Christmas tree I'd bought at a convenience store. As I struggled to unwrap the tangled lights for a tree that didn't even have a stand, I began to sob.

I couldn't stop thinking about the beautiful nine-foot tree I'd left behind—the one covered in presents with my parents laughing and all of us singing. Now, I was in a hotel room with a tree on top of a cardboard box.

Jonathan walked by and saw me. I tried to hide the tears, but the pressure in my chest was too much. "I have no options," I sobbed. Jonathan looked at me and said three words I will never forget: **"You have us."**

We placed that little tree on a box next to the window. One morning, the hotel maid stopped me in the parking lot. "I know which room is yours," she said with a smile. "It's the one with the cute Christmas tree. Every time I go in there to clean after you've left, I feel peace."

On Christmas morning, there were no presents under the tree. I felt a heavy sadness for my sons, especially Joey. I was getting ready to use the money I'd made from selling my wedding ring to buy groceries when there was a knock at the door.

It was my brother, Pete. He brought gifts for all three of us. He couldn't stay long, but seeing Joey's excitement as he played with a new dinosaur toy was the miracle I needed.

That evening, I cooked ham and mashed potatoes and opened a bottle of sparkling grape juice. As we sat together, I realized that while the rest of my family remained distant, Jonathan was right. I had them. We were the seeds of a new life. It was time to write a new chapter.



## The Alchemist's Mirror: Reflection Ritual

*Before you move deeper into the craft, you must face the silence of the Abyss.*

**The Exercise:** Sit in a darkened room with a single candle. Look into a mirror—not at your features, but into your own eyes. Ask yourself: "What am I leaving behind in the dark?"

**Journal Prompt:** Write down the one fear that has kept you from claiming your name. Once it is on paper, it no longer lives in your blood. It is now just ink.

**Notes for the Seeker** Use this space to record the shifts in your frequency, the messages from your "Butterfly," and the evolution of your own Name.

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