

A HEALING SPELL FOR ANYONE SEEKING TO ACCESS THEIR INNER MAGIC



CARDSY B MEDIA KIT 2022

“The Saturn Diaries translates complex spiritual experiences into terrestrial language in a hilarious and heartwarming manner.”

- CAT GREENLEAF

4x Emmy Award winning host

“A binge-worthy beach read for the magically inclined.”

- ABIGAIL BRESLIN

“Witchy and funny, vulnerable and practical, with a side of sexy...”

- STEPHANIE SIMBARI

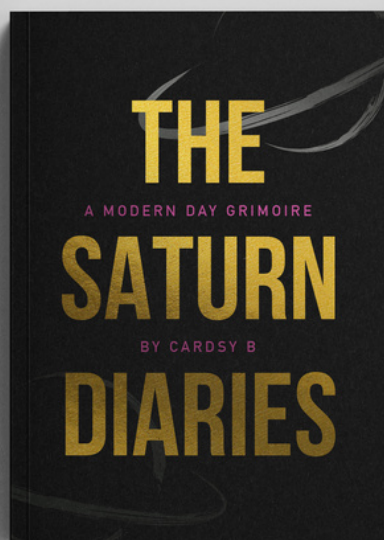
Comedian and Host of
That's So Retrograde

Fashion bitch turned tarot witch, Cardsy B, appeared to have the perfect NYC life until an astrological transit—known as Saturn’s Return — gate-crashed her life, stripping her of her self-identity, her career, marriage, and security.

Behind the enviable Instagram posts of runway shows and celebrity parties, she was secretly losing a battle with anxiety, depression, and substance abuse. Following a harrowing dark night of the soul, she began to heal by reconnecting with her intuition through her childhood love of tarot and the mystical world.

Part memoir and part spellbook, each chapter features a spell, elixir, or ritual.

The Saturn Diaries is an intensely moving and often hilarious chronicle of discovery and remembrance, serving as a call to action for anyone ready to **embrace their inner witch and create their own magic**.



THE BOOK

CHAPTER I: THE TEN OF SWORDS | A SPOONFUL OF INTUITION



TEN OF SWORDS: ENDINGS, DEEP WOUNDS, LOSS

“I failed gay marriage! Like, mere seconds after it was legalized. RuPaul should sashay in here and beat me with a rainbow-studded baton,” I groaned, as I woke up in my best friend’s hotel room in Midtown.

My head was pounding from polishing off an entire bottle of Cabernet the night before. I was sweating, partially from the wine, and partly due to the thick gauge wool scarf I fell asleep wearing.

“No one’s going to beat you,” Lindsay calmly stated from the bathroom. She flipped her raspberry-tinted brunette locks behind her shoulders before applying her signature cat eye liner.

Lindsay had an even-keeled, emo, hipster-girl vibe that was incredibly comforting in a crisis.

We’d met in our first year of college, bonding over the fact that even though we were both majoring in fashion design, we were both equally challenged by our terrible sewing skills. As an awkward outsider who’d worked tirelessly to be at the top of the class, win every competition, and gain people’s approval and affections while growing up, I was instantly attracted to Lindsay’s seemingly effortless cool girl attitude.

“Saturn Returns are no joke,” Lindsay noted in a motherly tone.

“Huh?” I asked as I attempted to focus my eyes.

“When Saturn returns to the place it was when you were born, it will basically disrupt or remove the areas of your identity and lifestyle that are out of alignment. It occurs every twenty-seven to thirty-one years. Since we’re the same age, that means your Saturn is probably also in Scorpio. Scorpio highlights your relationship and understanding of money, power, and sex. It’s no joke,” Lindsay reiterated.

“Uggggh,” I moaned. “If that’s your way of telling me the cosmos hate me, thank you. That’s already pretty apparent. Anyway, should I just go straight to Bed Bath & Beyond or go home? I mean, almost all the kitchen stuff was hers...” *And I don’t really know what my life is supposed to look like after she leaves*, I thought, but that was too scary to vocalize; it was much easier to obsess over new espresso cups.

Lindsay walked out of the bathroom and sat down on the bed beside me, handing me a sad little paper cup of hotel coffee.

“Let’s start with coffee and then, eventually, home. Probably better to assess the damage first,” she said, reaching into her purse and pulling out a small container of cinnamon, tapping a few brown lumps into the cup.

Lindsay was part rockabilly badass and part Polish grandmother, and her purse was consequently filled with more random shit than the lost and found department at Penn Station.

“What is that?” I asked with an irritable growl.

“It’s good for hangovers,” she said as she patted my leg. “From a medical standpoint, it helps stabilize blood sugar. It’s also said to heighten intuition. You could use a little of both these days,” she explained as she tapped another pile into my coffee for dramatic effect.

“You carry cinnamon in your *purse*?”

“Hey, if Beyoncé can carry hot sauce, I can carry cinnamon,” Lindsay said as she shoved the container back into her overflowing Marc Jacobs handbag.

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