

Fool for Tarot

Spike's Character Arc-ana



by Rumer Haven

Table of Contents

MAJOR ARCANA

(sonnets)

MINOR ARCANA

Pips (haiku)
Courts (limericks)

SPREADS

Spike Spread (general)
Spuffy Spread (relationship)
Slayer Spread (goal-setting)

MAJOR ARCANA
{SONNETS}

O

The Fool

FOOL FOR LOVE

Sweet Cecily was my heart's devotion,
Yet spurn me, she did, made a proper fool
 Of me, my love as vast as an ocean,
And the others were no diff'rent, plain cruel.

Their laughter resounds in my eardrums still,
My words on their tongues such darts to the heart.
I fled them forthwith, into the night's chill.
 Colder yet, though, that mock'ry of my art.

Crumpled and torn, my poem fell to the street
 As I strode and I stomped to cry in peace.
Just then, a voice, so dulcet and discreet,
 A dark angel who'd heard my silent pleas.

Neck pierced, heart stopped, a new thirst indulgent.
 A new me, gleaming, glowing - effulgent.

I

The Magician

ONE GOOD DAY

A new me, fresh blood, lives for the taking.
No frilly collars, just those I've stained red.
Slayers are the thirst that now needs slaking,
And I won't quit 'til this hunger is fed.

One down, cent'ry ago, now this one's turn.
A formidable foe, I tell ya, mate.
Fights for two, yet it's for the fight she yearns,
Not the boy she'll leave once she meets her fate.

A block, a blow - oh, this one's got good.
Thinks she's bested me, but I'm more than fine.
Twirling the pole's just playing with my food;
She needs her weapon, whereas I've got mine.

Pinned to the floor with all I can muster,
She's lost, but I've won...a leather duster.

II

The High Priestess

A DOLLY FOR DRU

With eyeballs, she sees stars on the ceiling,
With entrails, she feels the moments to come.
From prayers, confessions, as she was kneeling,
To my prayers answered – e'en better than Mum!

Dark goddess, black beauty, an angel sent,
Seeing the unseen, saying the unsound.
Raven rose whose thorn through my heart did rent,
She flies with the faeries, feet on the ground.

Choc'late hair, velvet tongue, eyes of crystal,
A sauntering panther in blood-red lace.
The scourge of Europe, from Prague to Bristol,
A living doll who will tear off your face.

Speak not out of turn, then, nor tell a myth,
Lest you get no cake – just like Miss Edith.

III

The Empress

MUMMY'S BOY

The song she sang to me, the tales she told,
The threads she embroidered on heart and mind.
How I loved her, wished she'd never grow old,
The lady of my life, whose heart was kind.

She encouraged my writing, my dreams hers,
I was her world and she my ev'rything.
Though increasingly clear her health was worse,
We carried on, us two, she queen, I king.

Then the day came when another birthed me.
New life, with Dru and Mother at my side.
Death's kiss I gave, but to set my mum free,
Unleashing the beast, with nowhere to hide.

The filth she spat at me, the lies she said,
But my mum loved me, and, for that, she's dead.

IV

The Emperor

FALLEN ANGEL

The sire of my sire, like father and friend,
He mentored me, challenged me, bite for bite.
And fight for fight, we knew how this would end,
Me the brawler and he the artist, by rights.

No, he wasn't my friend nor my father;
He cramped my style, and I endangered his.
Yet for a time he did seem to bother
With schooling me on this vampire biz.

Hands in the sunlight, he watched as I burned.
Dared me, he did, to be a tougher man.
So he bedded my bird, too, 'til I learned
How this sire of mine bites deep if he can.

For all his finesse, his touch wasn't soft.
No angel or mate, so he can sod off!

V

The Hierophant

THE ANNOYING ONE

Who anointed this git, this lad of eight?
I'm not bowing to this tiny tosser.
I'll get him his slayer, but my way, mate,
Her neck my chalice, my cup and saucer.

Can I? Done it twice. I've mastered this dance.
There's no set date, just the right time, you twat.
So sit tight, watch a grownup take his chance.
Forget the Master; I'll show you what's what.

But, bullocks, defeated. She's not alone.
A slayer with a mum, mates, her own rules.
Seems the old way of things we've both outgrown.
Tradition flies coops when slayers attend schools.

So, I failed, owe my head as habitual,
But it's time for more fun and far less ritual.

VI

The Lovers

ROCK BAND

Hello, cutie. I'm here, making my choice.
You and me versus them, saving the world.
Make yours - invite me in. I'll sit with Joyce.
She's ace, got me good with that axe she hurled.

Oh, come on, just proved myself, di-in't I?
Sparing that cop after saving you first?
I like this world, don't want my food to die.
And seein' her round him has been the worst.

So, go on, punch me. I'll take my own shot.
But we haven't got time as nat'r'al foes.
In or out, Slayer; I'm all you got.
Set aside differences - got bigger woes.

The enemy of my enemy, right?
Play the drums, I'll sing, and we'll win this fight.

VII

The Chariot

HELL ON WHEELS

Do you like the Ramones? Good, then get in.
Or wait, I'll help with that since you're passed out.
Like Sid and Nancy, we'll go for a spin.
When you wake, I'll explain what it's about.

Then bash 'em out...his stupid brains, I mean,
Slimy as his antlers - 'chaos', my arse.
You'd leave me for him? 'Cause you had some dream?
Fancied me with the Slayer? What a farce!

Then sod it, I'm out, back to Sunny D.
Returnin' like I first came, with a bang.
Oh please, they'll get another sign, trust me,
While I get pissed and show a witch a fang.

And then I'll show you, with a love potion.
Follow my will, set these wheels in motion.

VIII

Strength

MONSTER & MAN

The monster in me, not the man I was.
A lust, a primal urge, desire unleashed.
Can't lock it in a cage - I won't - because
It's who I am now, what I am: the beast.

Just you wait, Slayer. You're tempting the Fates.
I'm a lion; you're a kitten, my snack.
Beat me by day, but come night with your mates,
I'll swallow you all, 'cause Big Bad is back.

And then - zap! Bloody hell! Where am I now?
Caged and neutered with a chip in me head.
Tamed the monster, muzzled my bite, but how?
Shocks to the brain, nothing but pain instead.

Learning restraint like before I had died,
I've lost my fight, but I've still got my pride.

IX

The Hermit

CRYPT KEEPER

Vuln'rable now, from predator to prey,
Hunkering down in one spot 'til I rot.
Got a good thing goin', though, so I'll stay.
Who knew the Scoobies would be all I've got?

A source of cash, a means of honest food,
They keep me alive, even when I con.
They know I'm of use, can help fight for good.
And I will, but right now, Passions is on.

Alone in my crypt, I can just be me.
Read books, watch telly, drink blood and bourbon.
Can hear myself think and feel bloody free
To reflect, introspect, out of the sun.

I see what others don't and know mysel',
But in isolation is also hell.

X

Wheel of Fortune

PANGS & FANGS

You're up, then you're down; that's just life, innit?
Bloody chip got me down, left me to starve,
A beggar in a blanket - so spins it,
The wheel of our fate - no turkey to carve.

But took me in, they did, a moment's grace.
Tied me to a chair, though, then made a bear.
I ate and I thrived yet couldn't save face.
Lost my will to live, with nothing to wear.

Spared from the stake I'd sought to fall upon,
In borrowed clothes, for whom the bell tolled, too,
I lost not all hope, my fight not yet gone.
Could still give those demons my ol' one-two.

Risen from the ashes of my stubbed smokes,
I'm back, so let's fight for puppies, you blokes!

XI

Justice

WHERE THERE'S A WILLOW

What goes round, comes round, karma an' all that,
And I've done some bad things, owe a big price.
But marriage? With the Slayer? What begat
Such a debt as that?! Something blue, not nice.

And not my fault - this is all on Buffy.
Had she been a better friend, seen the pain,
The witch would've felt more heard, less huffy.
Vengeance isn't just a demon's domain.

So here we are, snogging in Giles's chair,
Making our plans...saving the date, not day.
Is it just deserts? Any of it fair?
And we're not the only ones in the fray.

Actions have consequences; reap what's sown.
I'll want that ring back, though - it's just on loan.

XII

The Hanged Man

PURE

Hands bound overhead, glass smashed on my face,
I won't sing for you, Goddess; sod your key.
You're stuck in this world, you home-permed disgrace,
But cheers for thinkin' I'm dear to Buffy!

Or your minions did, anyway, those gits.
You treat them like she once was by Parker -
And torture me, though you can't match my wits,
So release me and go catch Bob Barker.

Hung here, suspended, a martyr for love,
I gain perspective on how much this means.
How much she does, the real glory above
All else to me, on whom everyone leans.

For the Slayer, I surrender my life
To greater good on this end of the knife.

XIII

Death

REST IN PIECES

She was everything I wanted – almost.
Made to order, fit the specs...loved me back.
The moment she said my name, I was toast,
And, bloody 'ell, was she brill in the sack.

I had it all – thought I did – in me crypt,
A proper love nest, fantasy made flesh.
With right words and choice moves, she came equipped.
The complete package, so lovely and fresh.

Except, oh bugger it, she wasn't you,
Her program repeating, skin plasticine.
Still, the closest I got to something true –
'Til she went tits up, y'know what I mean.

The Bot destroyed, I must let go and feel
The end of what's fake and start of what's real.

XIV

Temperance

WETS MY WEETABIX

Cold turkey's not my style; never was it.
Cert'nly not the one at that yam-sham feast.
But I'm talkin' blood - can't go off it, git,
If I want to live, survive in the least.

Yet the shocks to my brain, can't take no more,
So pig's blood it is, served up in a mug.
No thrill to it, though, no struggle or gore.
Less likely to spill all over the rug.

But blood is blood, don't give a sod its source.
Not now, any rate, now I've adjusted.
It still keeps me going, is still life force.
Tempered my thirst or else I'd get busted.

Everything in moderation takes pains,
But I add texture by mixing with grains!

XV

The Devil

VIOLENT DELIGHTS

How's that for a li-il' slap and tickle?
More'n that, a bloody revelation!
Oh, don't give me that look, luv, so fickle,
As if before wasn't pure elation.

I'm in your veins now, Slayer. Try to quit.
The darkness in you, only I can see.
I know because I've also been through it.
Drink in the desire, be only with me.

Yet you don't trust me, and why should I you?
You use me and abuse me by choice, pet.
You don't even like me, just what I do.
The forbidden fruit is what gets you wet.

I'm the dirt you roll in, your easy fix,
And I let my love and the poison mix.

XVI

The Tower

VIOLENT ENDS

You've admitted it: you want me as well
But were using me, killing you instead.
 Gave me no say, left me alone in hell.
Just like that, ne'er again to warm my bed.

 So I complied, wouldn't put that on ya,
Yet I needed help, a spell to make it stop.
 It wasn't my wish to sleep with Anya,
But when nothing changes, something has to pop.

 And were that all that did, left it there...
But my world has crumbled, downed my defence.
 I saw that it hurt you, so let's play fair -
You still want me; we'll face the consequence.

It's out of control, though, nothing that lasts.
 Proved I'm still a monster - the die is cast.

XVII

The Star

SPARK

You wanted me but could never love me.
Don't even want me anymore, not now.
I'm not the man I was, who I could be.
I've lost who I am, must find him, but how?

How to become the man who'd deserve her?
Who'd never do what I've already done.
Can't be a man or a vampire either.
I can't find my way back into the sun.

Unless it's true what I've heard in whispers:
The demon 'cross the world who'll see my heart.
His trials'll burn me a tad bit crisper,
But hope is worth me getting torn apart.

A salve to restore me; that is the goal.
The balm for my wounds...my very own soul.

XVIII

The Moon

FROM BENEATH

Costume didn't work, can't hide or delude
From what I see, remember, feel...regret.
Dwelling in shadow, stripped bare, in the nude,
My sins swim 'neath me in torment and threat.

Swarm above me as well, fogging my mind.
Obscuring what's real with what shouldn't be.
Suff'ring like Angel, now two of a kind.
Found the dark in the light, ne'er to be free.

Moonbeams illume the dim of this chapel.
You listen to my prattle, learn its code -
My secret, with which we both now grapple.
My fool's quest for love, to give what you're owed.

It only burns, but I'm doing my best
To fight fear, be clear...so now, can we rest?

XIX

The Sun

SUMMERS SOLSTICE

She believes in me, my giver of life.

Your illusions only take it away.

Keep puttin' on those faces, cause more strife.

She'll come for me soon, turn night into day.

She believes in me, told me so before
Your muppets stormed in and brought me to you.
Uber-chav does your bidding, beats me sore,
As you try to recruit, looking like Dru.

But I'm not daft - I know you, First Wanker.
Can't do sod all yourself, need your minions;

Incorporeal can't be a spanker.

(Right, another dunk for my opinions...)

She believes in me. By her light I see
What's right and radiant, here to rescue me.

XX

Judgement

GRAVE TO CRADLE

Early one morning, I had a lie-in.
Do most days, to be fair, being a vamp.
But some nights more than others, filled with sin,
Knackered me, digging six feet in dirt damp.

Back to old tricks, I was, thanks to the First,
Taking lives and burying Gacy-style.
Me mum's old ditty would trigger this thirst;
No pain from the chip, just killed with a smile.

I know what I did, then and long before -
Murdered countless, his mum and mine but two.
But I can't let that take hold anymore.
I'm sorry, Mum - and Robin - but it's true.

That's not who I am now, what's past set free.
Owned and atoned, and I believe in me.

XXI

The World

SCHOOL'S OUT

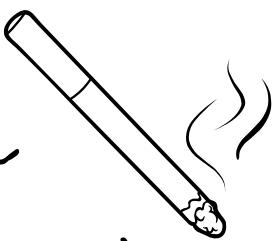
Fancy me wearing this blingy bauble
Delivered straight from Tall, Dark, and Forehead.
If my heart could beat, it would be aud'ble -
'Meant to be worn by a champion,' you said.

Been called many things and done even worse:
The bloodshed and horrors wrought ever since
The night I thought Dru was after my purse,
And the pain I've caused you still makes me wince.

But I'm a champion now, a proper one.
No longer my own jury and jailer.
From beneath you, I shall rise with the sun
'Til it's done (and I'll look like Liz Taylor).

Hell's mouth can swallow me into Earth's crust.
I'm in this to win it, from dawn to dust.

MINORS: PIPS
{ HAIKU }



3 Fags (Wands / Fire)

1

Vampires don't breathe air,
But I like inhaling smoke.
Walk through the fire.

6

From temple to train,
Drank one neck, broke the other.
A Watcher's thesis.

2

Studying blueprints,
We're indoor kitties until
I see light of day.

7

"She has died for you,
And this is how you thank her?"
I defend to end.

3

I walked in sunlight,
Now face the south horizon.
Angel in LA.

8

Oh, come on – get up!
Kick a little demon arse!
Let's fight that evil!

4

Home sweet Sunnydale,
Where Dru throws us a party.
Flowers are all wrong.

9

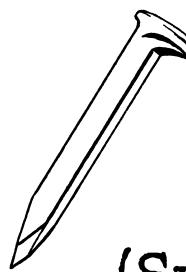
Glory thrashed my arse,
And the First did even worse.
Knocked down, but not out.

5

Battling demons,
I'm a bloody animal!
We know martial arts.

10

The weight of my soul,
What I must do for penance...
I bear the burden.



Spikes

(Swords / Air)

1

Railroad spike torture,
Bloody awful poetry -
(N)either my namesake.

6

Angel cocked it up -
Ending himself, not the world.
I drive Dru to peace.

2

Crushing on Buffy,
I reunite with Dru, too.
I chain, then I choose.

7

Adam and Scoobies -
I help one, betray other.
The Yoko Factor.

3

Cecily struck first;
Dru and Buffy pierced me next.
With each hurt, I grow.

8

The pain, it's blinding...
But all in my head, Dru says.
Electric shocks lie.

4

Relaxed in my crypt,
Lying on sarcophagus.
Rest for the wicked.

9

Playing on my fears,
The First plants doubt in myself
And mistrust in her.

5

Earned cash but paid price.
Got cocky then pushed to ground.
I'm beneath Slayer.

10

Make it bloody stop.
My conscience is killing me.
Darkest before dawn.

Cacao (Cups / Water)



1

I pour my heart out,
And Joyce fills it with cocoa.
Little marshmallows.

6

I liked the lady.
Made a cuppa just like Mum.
Sweeter days than these.

2

A superhero
And a vampire wearing tweed.
Randy's ready, Joan.

7

Mannequin torso...
Dreams of Slayer tempting me...
Bashed box of choc'lates.

3

The Scourge of Europe:
Angelus, Drusilla, me.
Comrades and cuckold.

8

Blood feeds, doesn't fuel
What I need now: higher ground.
My soul's nourishment.

4

My body laid down,
My love buried six feet deep.
Let me rest in peace.

9

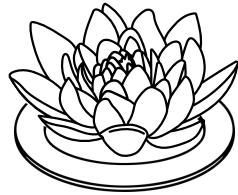
I grin like a cat
Who's caught Dru's dead canary.
Shagging with Buffy.

5

That day, I lost you.
Yet every night I save you.
Lots of diff'rent ways.

10

Our hands catch on fire,
Palm to palm, our two souls kiss.
Thanks for sayin' it.



Onions

(Pentacles / Earth)

1

O bloomin' onion,
A human creature comfort.
I'm feelin' peckish.

6

A 'new man' with cash
Pays a vampire to help him.
I speak Fyarl.

2

I tread 'tween two worlds,
The demon and the human,
Trying to balance.

7

Sitting in wheelchair,
Biding time with Angelus,
I wait to stand up.

3

They've got the virtue;
I bring 'em brilliance and brawn,
Fighting beside them.

8

The genius of it
Is soaking in ice water.
Tell and I'll bite you.

4

I just want the cash -
Bullocks to higher purpose.
There's no 'Spike' in 'team'.

9

Me-time in me crypt,
Which I worked hard on, designed.
Full bag of groceries.

5

Chip is starvin' me.
With blanket, I go begging.
Giles's light is on.

10

Vampire legacy...
The Master's, not Dracula's,
That poncy bugger.

MINORS: COURTS
{ LIMERICKS }



PAGE

There once was a vampire from Blighty,
Whose girlfriend was weakened and flighty.
She'd been thrashed by a mob,
So he made it his job
To venture where they'd become mighty.

KNIGHT

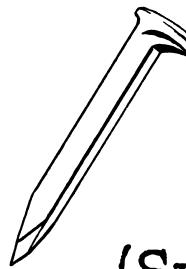
There once was a Captain Peroxide
Whose hair used to look like a fox hide.
He'd been such a dandy,
But now he's just randy
To punch demons down at the dockside!

QUEEN

A vampire with sexual attraction
Charmed Slayer and fin'ly saw action.
He knew what he wanted
And skillfully flaunted
His passion to her satisfaction.

KING

There once was a vampire with soul
Who achieved his champion role.
He would follow this through,
Showing how much he grew,
And now Sunny D's just a sinkhole.



Spikes

(Swords / Air)

PAGE

A new vamp in town, but quick study,
Filmed Buffy with help from his buddy.
Learned her moves on repeat,
Then thought Chaos was neat
When Rayne made the others all nutty.

KNIGHT

There once was a boyfriend, Blondie Bear.
Finding the Gem was his only care.
Harm had hoped that perchance
They could travel to France,
But she only got into his hair.

QUEEN

A vamp with no soul but keen insight
Knew elbow from arse and called bullshit.
Were the rest very stoned,
Or was he just alone
Knowing truth and that he's always right?

KING

There was a young vamp who'd slayed slayers.
With time, he would add deeper layers.
From student to teacher,
He fin'ly could reach her,
Advising the One on her scares.

Cacao



(Cups / Water)

PAGE

There once was a poet named Pratt,
Who fancied from right where he sat.
Spoke his heart through his pen
And loved deep even when
Naivety made him a prat.

KNIGHT

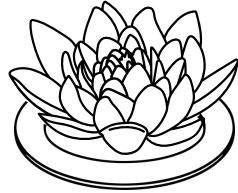
There was a bloke Love made its bitch;
Through his veins did it run thick as pitch.
Crushed so hard he stalked –
“Bitch, I’m out for a walk” –
And sought love spells by threat’ning a witch.

QUEEN

There was a Big Bad with a gun
Unworthy of the Chosen One.
In his face did she scoff,
So he’d blow her head off –
’Til for solace she needed someone.

KING

There once was a champion with heart
Whose feelings are what made him smart.
From her lover to pal,
He gave Buffy morale
Before she split Caleb apart.



Onions

(Pentacles / Earth)

PAGE

Call him Doctor or e'en Randy Giles,
He could network with demons for miles.

He'd play kitten poker
Or hide eggs, that joker,
Scoring intel or cash with his wiles!

KNIGHT

There once was a vamp without invite.
Reckless antics had cost him this right.
But he earned back her trust
Being loyal and just.
'Til the end of the world would he fight.

QUEEN

There was an undead British nanny
Who didn't just care for Buff's fanny.
Dawn had his protection
And earnest affection.
Played Warbucks to this Orphan Annie.

KING

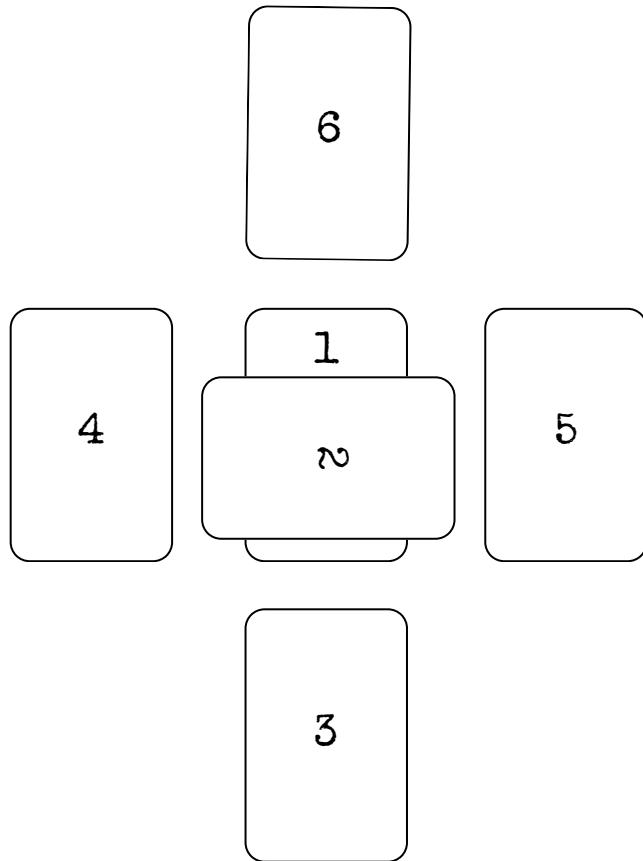
There once was a lord of his manor,
Turned crypt into home with a spanner.
It wasn't all rosy,
But she found it cosy.
With work, it showed taste and some manner.

SPREADS

{ SPIKE + SPUFFY + SLAYER }

Spike Spread

{ A General Reading }

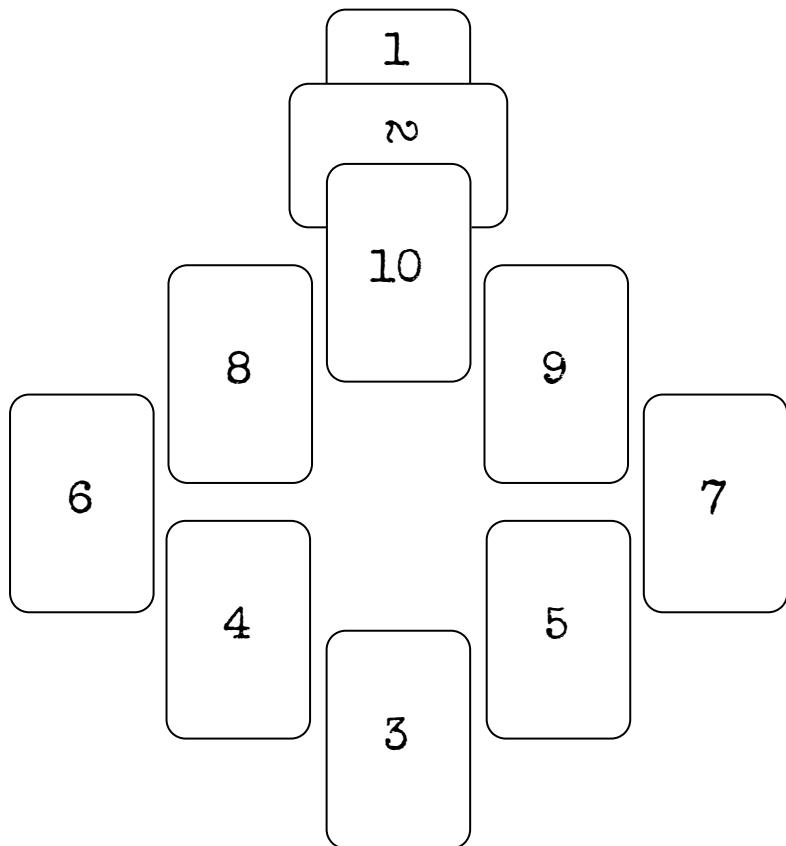


1. BLOOD – Your passion, deepest desire
2. CHIP – What holds you back from #1
3. GEM OF AMARA – Something in shadow that must be brought to light
4. CIGARETTE BUTT – Something to discard that no longer serves
5. AMULET – How to put your best self forward
6. SOUL – A message from your highest self*

*Oracle card optional.

Spuffy Spread

{ A Relationship Reading }



1-2. CROSS – Situation/Challenge

3. FOOL FOR LOVE – A recurring pattern in your relationship(s)

4-5. LOVE'S BITCH – A weakness you/your partner brings to the relationship

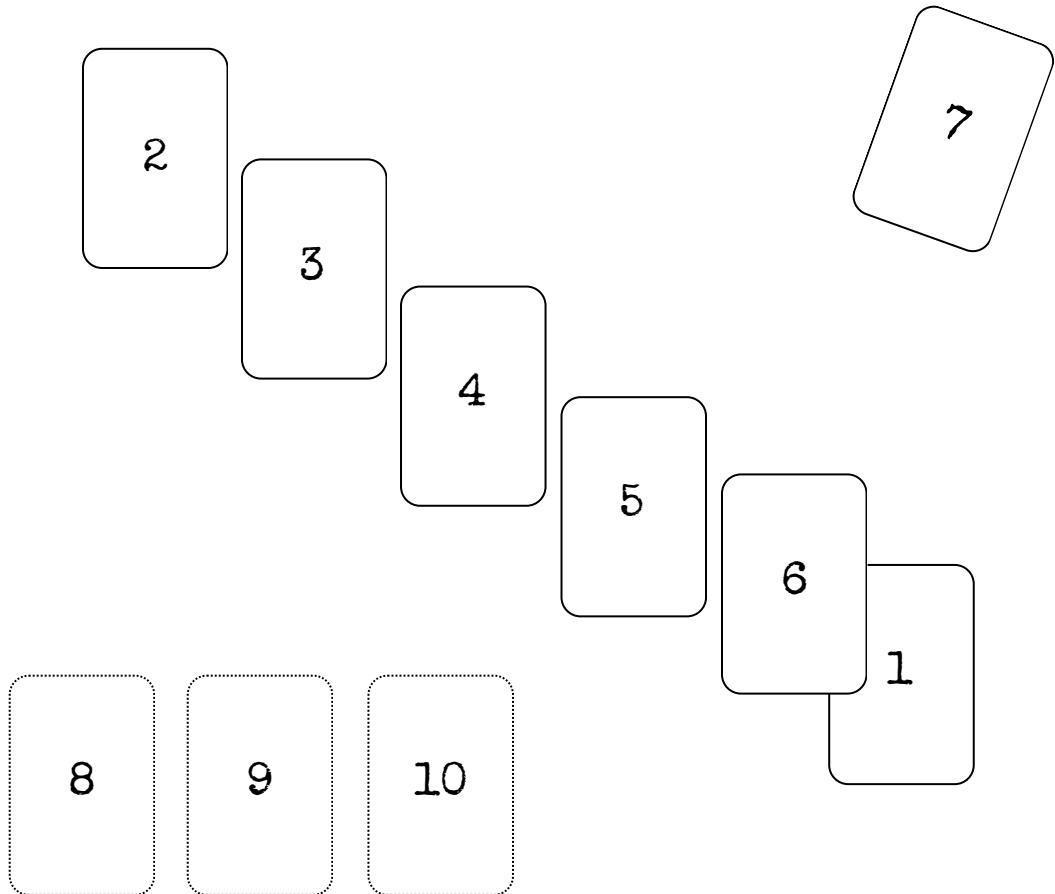
6-7. CHAMPION – A strength you/your partner brings to the relationship

8-9. READY, RANDY? – An action you/your partner can take to help the relationship

10. CAN WE REST? – How to find peace and compromise together

Slayer Spread

{ A Goal-Setting Reading }



1. VAMPIRE HEART – The heart of the matter
2. SLAYER FIST – Your source of strength
- 3-6. STAKE – How to apply your strength
 - Your first step toward your target
 - Your next move in the right direction
 - What you ultimately need to hit your target
7. VAMPIRE DUST – What to release in the process (or potential outcome)
- 8-10. HEADSTONES: Underlying/unseen factors*

*Optional for an extended tarot reading or adding oracle cards.