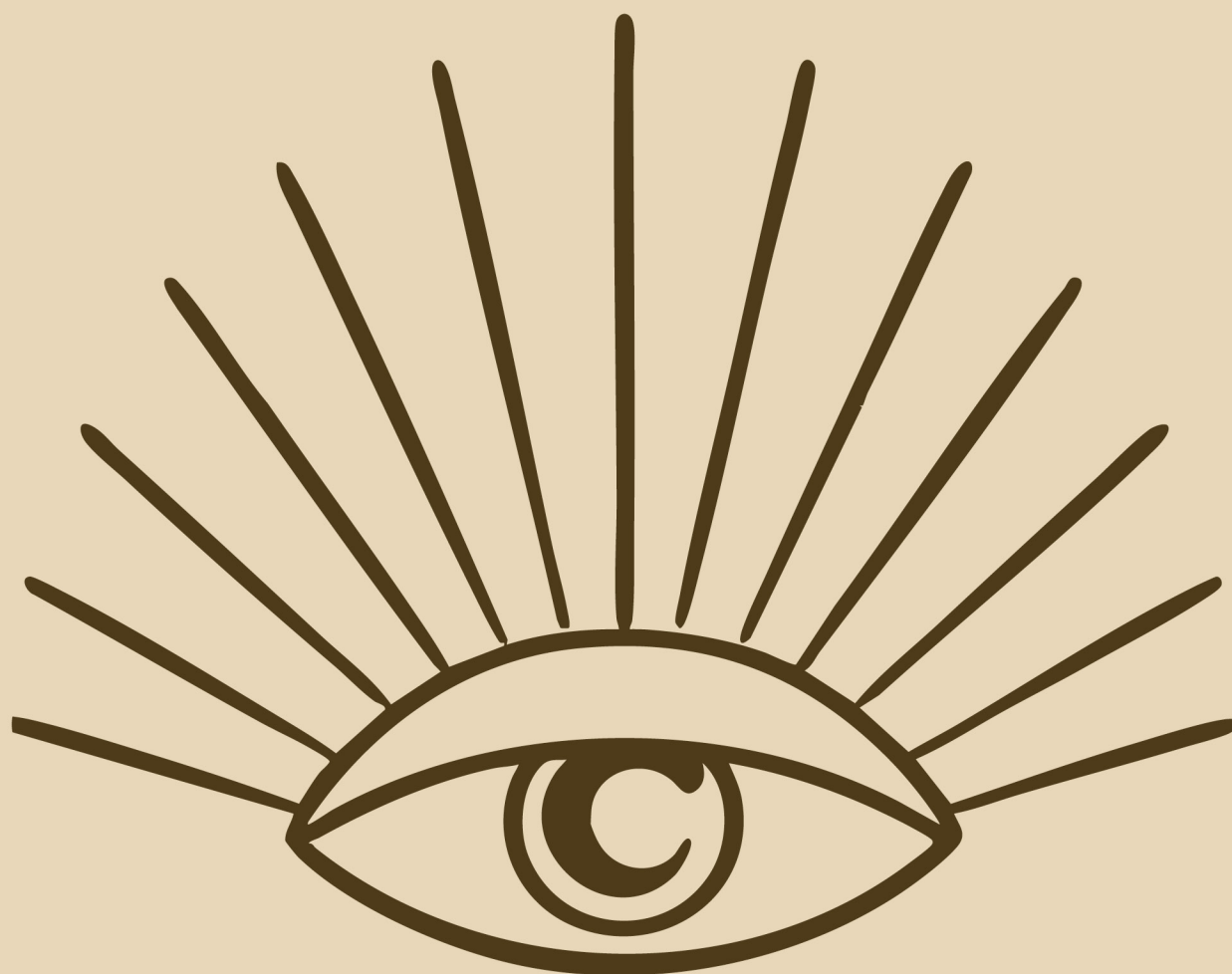


REFRAME THE PAST, REINHABIT THE PRESENT  
AND COME HOME TO YOUR SENSUAL SELF



# I AWAKE

A MULTI-SENSORY WORKBOOK

BOOK ONE  
THE INVISIBLE FRAMEWORK  
CAMILLA WELLTON

# I Awake

*For the parts of you who disappeared...  
and the parts that are finally ready to return.*

# I Awake



I Awake

# The invisible framework

Camilla Wellton

# Table of content

What does Home really mean?	page 15
What is the Hero's journey?	page 24
How to begin?	page 33
Imagine! It's your super power	page 43
The imaginal field	page 49
Exercise: The circle	page 57
Exercise: Your House	page 65
Exercise: Your Garden	page 73
Exercise: Your Sky	page 81
Doors and anchors	page 89
On top of the map of your world	page 99

# I Awake

The invisible framework	page 109
Exercise: Let's uncover your script	page 117
What Your Mom told you	page 143
Exercise: Seeing the unseen	page 153
Religion and culture	page 173
Exercise: The attic	page 183
Living someone else's story	page 207
Exercise: Truth and inherited stories	page 215
Questions and Answers	page 235
Key concepts	page 249
So here you are	page 261
Eco system and QR codes	page 271

I Awake

"The ache for  
home lives in  
all of us,  
the safe place  
where we can  
go as we are and  
not  
be questioned."

Maya Angelou



## I Awake

*Before we get started, I just want to say a few things.*

*This isn't the kind of book you read once and shelve.*

*It's not a philosophy or a plan.*

*It's more like a place.*

*A place you come to with your breath, your questions, your pen.*

*Part workbook. Part mirror.*

*Something to write in, feel through, return to.*

*It's a map, yes, but not the kind that tells you where to go. More like the kind that helps you remember where you already are.*

*And what's been living there, quietly, beneath the noise.*

*You'll write your answers in these pages.*

*You'll trace sensations. Explore images.*

*Feel into old stories. Let new ones surface.*

*There's a symbolic system woven through all of it.*

*Simple, but deep.*

*You don't need to study it.*

*You'll get to know it just by being here.*

*The House is your identity, your inner structure, shaped by history and habit. The Garden is your emotional world, tender, tangled, blooming.*

# I Awake

*The Sky is your awareness, your thoughts,  
your imagination, shifting like weather.  
And the Circle... the Circle is how you enter.  
It's the moment you choose to begin.*

*The work you do here will be slow, subtle, and alive.  
Sometimes it will bring clarity. Sometimes it will stir up fog.  
Both are part of the path.*

*The lineage behind this work is braided from three threads:  
Jungian psychology, somatic and polyvagal wisdom, and ritual  
tradition. But you don't need to know any of that to begin.*

*All you need is a willingness to be with yourself.  
To follow the pull of your own curiosity.  
To trust that your inner life is worth exploring,  
not because it's broken, but because it's yours.*

*Let this book be messy.  
Let it hold your real thoughts, not the polished ones.  
Let it become a space where something in you can finally land.*

*Read. Reread. Pause. Cry. Doodle in the margins.  
Write things you didn't know you were carrying.*

*Let this be yours.*

I Awake

What  
does  
Home  
really  
mean?

# I Awake



## I Awake

Wanting to come home has been a theme in my life for as long as I can remember. Not the kind of home with walls and door-bells and casseroles, but something deeper.

Something quieter. A sense of belonging, not just somewhere, but to myself.

My parents divorced when I was very young, and the parting wasn't peaceful. Custody battles stretched on for over a decade, which meant my early life was spent in a constant low hum of uncertainty. I am the middle child and somehow got to grow up taking care of myself.

Not as special and coveted as the first born son and not as treasured as the youngest son of the family.

I was the strong one, the girl who could take care of herself, the cool independent one who didn't ask for much, the one who never asked for help because to me it was obvious that, help like i wanted it, would never come.

I quickly figured out that, socially, being left alone would be best be accomplished by being friends with most.

## I Awake

No one suspects aching loneliness and pain in the one who is too cool for school, yet kind, seems confident and strong.

I didn't ask for anything, offered what i could while keeping myself hidden in plain view and took care of my own needs privately (at least the ones i didn't ignore because i didn't trust them to be real). Why? My trust issues were existential.

I even hid my distrust because allowing it to be seen would be an opening to trusting, a cry for help, a hope somehow that someone would see me.

I didn't.

I gave my full trust to distrust. (Ironic i know...)

Until the end of my teenage years, the Only game in town was about surviving emotionally without letting anyone suspect that i was less than thriving.

Most needs, i treated them like weak options, bad strategy. And i wanted only the best strategies because nothing less was logical.

What I did know, with aching clarity, was that I needed to feel safe. Needed it like air.

## I Awake

The idea of “home” quickly became a kind of mythical quest. Inside of me there was a voice whispering of a Home, a real home. Home was among the stars. Somewhere far, far away from humans. In the stars... I imagined as a child that being in a human form was a punishment, for what i didn’t know. But clearly i must have done something terribly wrong to end up here among them. And if I just did the right things while I was here, if i was strong enough, one day I’d get to return there.

Yes, i was beyond lonely. I felt Alone. Trapped. Survival, by strength, stealth and imagination, was my only drive. Over the years, though, my definition of home has landed, softened. Expanded. The older I get, the more I realize that “home” isn’t a destination. It’s not even just a feeling. It’s a relationship. One I build with my mind. With my body. With my heart. With the people and places and moments that meet me with truth. And writing this book? It’s part of that relationship. A way for me to explore and



## I Awake

share what I've come to understand and maybe even reshape my understanding as we go.

I'm a mother now, too. And as some of you know, becoming a parent is a seismic shift. Whole continents inside you move. And when that happens, not everything gets to come with you in the same way. For me, what quietly slipped into the background was the sensual and sexual discovery journey I had finally, joyfully begun a few years before getting pregnant. I had found my tribe, at last. I trusted. My heart was soft. I was in love with myself, with life, with pleasure, with embodiment.

And then I fell in love in a new way. With my child. He became my center of gravity. And in that devotion, I turned away from parts of myself that had once felt so alive, so electric. Not out of shame. But because love has a way of reshaping our attention.

Still, I made a quiet promise to him as a newborn. That I would become the best version of myself, not some

## I Awake

perfect ideal, but someone who was Awake. So that when he looked at me, he wouldn't see a parent who had dimmed. He'd see someone worth becoming. That he would not grow up with the fearful certainty that I had had: adults are just boring zombies.

Yes, one of my greatest fears growing up was that I'd "die" when I became an adult because they all seemed so horribly boring and lacking inner life.

That promise to him became a return to deeper parts of myself. To reclaim the parts of me i had hid in the shadows and offer them space to live beside me. That even though i was now a mother, i would not end up like mine.

I would remain on the journey.

A journey not just of sexuality or sensuality, but of aliveness. Of understanding. Of intimacy. Of permission. Of mindset. Of desire. Of deep, sensually charged interactions that have nothing to do with sex, unless I choose for them to.

It's a journey of weaving pleasure into the ordinary.

## I Awake

Of feeling connected in the way I stir my tea, the way I walk  
barefoot across the floor, the way I laugh or rest or cry.

It's a journey of returning home. To myself. So I can raise a child  
who knows home isn't somewhere you search for. It's something  
you become.

And now, I offer this journey to you.

Not as an expert with answers written in stone, but as a com-  
panion on the path. Like you, i've known deep pain and fear.  
I've also known deep love. And Love has taught me what fear  
and pain couldn't.

Now as I write this book, I get not only to structure what I've  
learned so far, but I also get to share it with you, and I deeply  
desire that it will help you as all those who have loved me and  
guided me have helped me.

This book is an offering. A mirror. A map.

A touch on the shoulder that says,

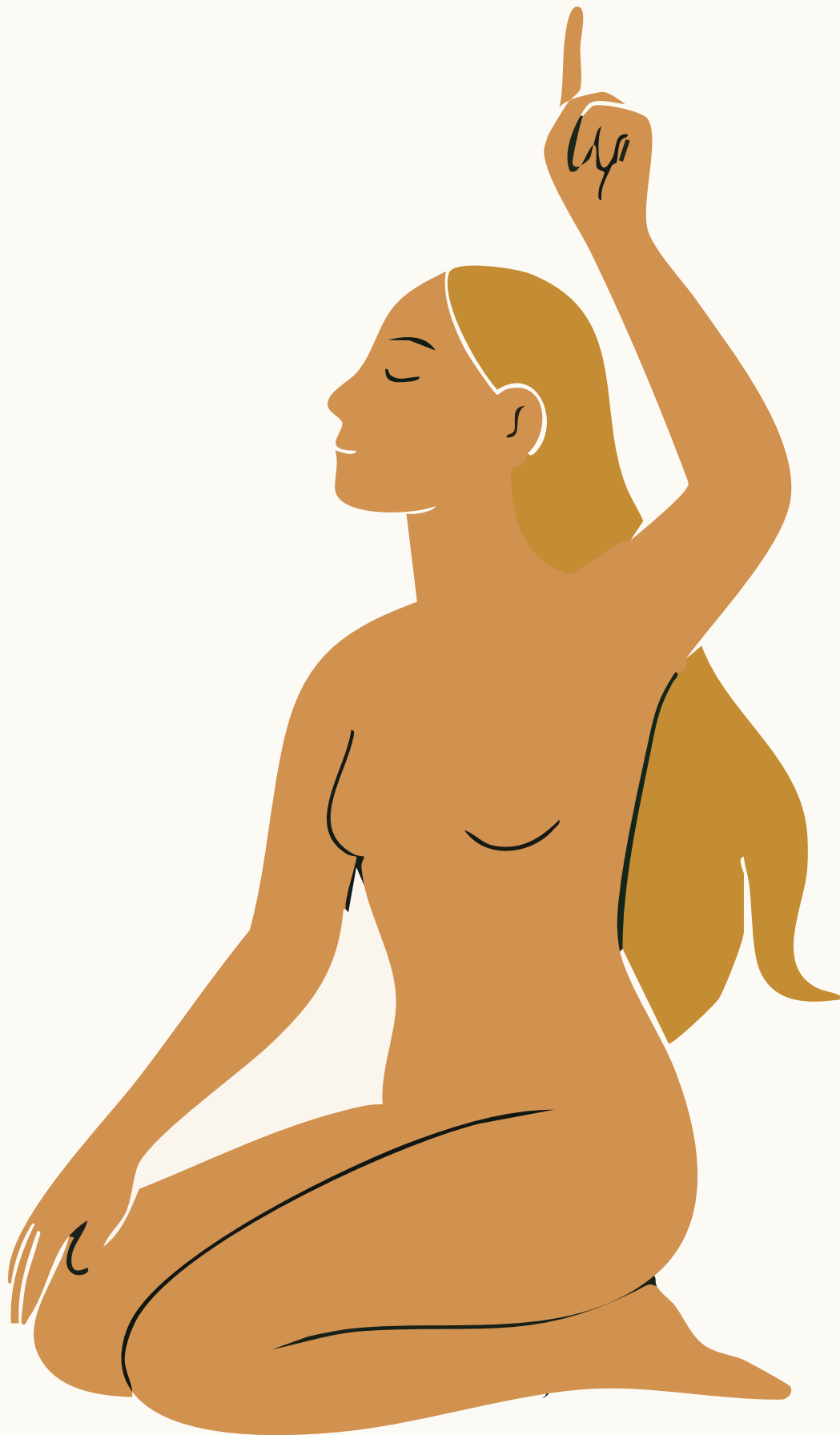
Hey. Let's go home.

Together.

# I Awake

What is  
the  
Hero's  
journey?

I Awake



## I Awake

You know that feeling when you're watching a movie, maybe a fantasy, a drama, even a rom-com, and you suddenly think, Haven't I seen this before? You recognize the plot beats before they land. The reluctant hero. The mysterious guide. The twist. The ordeal. The return. It's like you know the structure even if you've never studied storytelling a day in your life.

That's because you do. On some level, we all do.

This pattern, so universal it's become almost invisible, is called the Hero's Journey. It was named and mapped by Joseph Campbell, a mythologist who spent years poring over ancient stories, epics, religious texts, and folklore from all over the world. He wasn't trying to invent a system. He simply noticed something that was already there.

Over and over, he saw the same sequence: A call to adventure. A refusal. A crossing into the unknown. Trials. Mentors. Temptations. Death and rebirth. And finally, a return home, carrying something new.

A treasure. A truth. A transformation.

## I Awake

He realized this wasn't just the structure of good stories.  
It was the map of human transformation.  
It's not something reserved for the chosen few, or the brave warriors with swords and dragons to slay. It's the shape of growth itself. The rhythm of evolution. The way we change when life cracks us open, demands more than we think we have to give and, miraculously, shows us we had it all along.

That's why the Hero's Journey shows up in myths and fairytales, yes but also in the quiet moments of your own life. That one heartbreak that changed everything. The illness that slowed you down. The decision to leave, to stay, to speak up, to begin again. These are not detours. These are the journey.

And this book? It's your invitation to step into that story consciously, creatively, courageously.

Not to perform a new version of someone else's journey, but to walk your own. To trace a map that's already etched inside your bones, waiting to be remembered.



## I Awake

And to do it, not just with your mind or your body, but with  
your whole sensual self.

Because the Sensual Hero's Journey isn't just about action.  
It's about feeling. Sensing. Listening. Loving.  
It's about coming home to yourself.

Again. And again. And again. There is a path.  
And we're all walking it, in one form or another.

It starts, always, in the Ordinary World. That's where we begin,  
right in the middle of our everyday lives. The repetition, the  
roles, the familiar aches and fleeting pleasures. It's not always  
bad. It's just... known. Contained. Predictable.

But then something stirs.  
A whisper in the dark.  
A restlessness.  
A Call to Adventure.  
It might arrive as desire. Or discomfort. Or the sense that some-

## I Awake

thing in you is quietly dying from lack of attention.

And often? We ignore it.

We turn back to our routines. We try to stay safe.

Because stepping outside what we know, even if what we know is painful, can feel like walking barefoot into the unknown.

But the journey doesn't stop calling.

And eventually, something, someone, shows up.

A mentor, a guide, a conversation, a dream, a page in a book.

Sometimes it's not a person at all, but a whisper from inside that says:

You were made for more than this.

And so, you cross the threshold.

You leave the comfort zone behind, not necessarily by choice, but by necessity.

And the real work begins.

This is where things get messy.

You'll meet challenges. Doubts. Shadows.

You'll be tested, not by fate, but by your own inner edges.

## I Awake

You'll also find allies. Unexpected support. Inner strength you didn't know was yours. And you'll come face-to-face with fears that have long been shaping your choices from behind the curtain.

And then, somewhere deep in the middle of the story, comes the ordeal.

The turning point.

The part where something has to die. An identity, a belief, a protective layer you've outgrown.

It's painful. Sacred. Necessary.

But what comes next is magic.

You survive. You rise. And when you do, you don't come back empty-handed.

You carry with you a treasure. Not gold or glory, but truth.

Something deeply earned. Something that no one can give you and no one can take away.

I Awake

# The imaginal field

# I Awake



# I Awake

This work draws on a triple lineage:

Jungian Psychology: shadow, archetype, inner parts, and the mythic depths of the self

Somatic & Polyvagal Wisdom: emotional presence, nervous system regulation, trauma repair

Ritual Tradition: symbolic re-enchantment, inner journeying, and sacred attention

Together, these lineages form a kind of symbolic technology, a way to map the terrain of your inner life, not just as an idea, but as a felt landscape you can walk through with your senses awake. A genius back in the day call this terrain the Imaginal Field.

I wish it was me who'd coined that phrase but no.) But what is it?

The Imaginal Field is not about make-believe.

It's not a fantasy world.

It's the felt-sense reality of your inner world.

## I Awake

It's the place inside you where imagination meets sensation.  
Where your body responds to a memory. Where an image moves  
you to tears. Where a dream stays with you for days, because it  
wasn't just a dream, it was a message.

This field lives in your breath. In the way your chest tightens  
when you speak the truth. In the way a single image can unlock  
years of frozen feeling.

The Imaginal Field is not something you create.  
It's something you enter. And it's always there, waiting for your  
attention. To move through this field, you'll be working with  
four symbolic landscapes. These are not metaphors. They are  
inner places, alive with meaning and memory. Here's how they  
map:

The House: The structure of your identity. This is the architec-  
ture of self, shaped by your earliest experiences, the roles you  
learned to play, the beliefs that became invisible rules.  
These aren't just thoughts. They're foundations.

## I Awake

They live in your posture.  
In how you introduce yourself.  
In what you believe is possible, or off-limits.

The House is your inner structure: what you return to, and what you may someday need to rebuild.

The Garden: Your emotional life. This is where feeling lives, not in theory, but in texture. Where joy glows warm in your chest. Where shame pulls you inward. Where longing grows wild like ivy and grief lies under the surface like still water. This is the part of you that blooms and withers, softens and protects. The part that remembers without words. Your Garden is alive. And it needs tending.

The Sky: Your realm of thought, perception, and awareness. This is where beliefs move, sometimes clear, sometimes cloudy, often repeating. Where inner narratives loop or shift. Where words form. Where patterns rise and pass. But the Sky is not just thought. It's also imagination, the part of your mind that



## I Awake

sees beyond what is. The dreamer. The visionary.  
The shapeshifter of possibility.

And holding it all is something even wider: Awareness.  
The part of you that can notice a thought without becoming it.  
That can pause and choose.  
That can breathe beneath the storm.  
Your Sky is the vastness that lets you see clearly, when you remember to look up.

The Circle: The threshold.  
The pause that becomes a portal. The Circle is not a place you visit. It's the space you enter when you choose to turn inward.  
When you stop performing.  
When you say, "I'm ready to listen differently."  
It marks the shift between distraction and presence.  
Between automatic and alive.

## I Awake

Every time you do a practice in this book, you'll start by stepping into the Circle.

This is not abstract. This is not for show.  
It's a deliberate mental action that tells your body, something sacred is beginning.

The Circle is your container, a place to safely enter your inner world. You create it with your breath, your intention, your willingness to turn inward.

Soon, we'll step inside the circle and walk together through your House, your Garden, your Sky. Not as ideas. But as felt, living places inside you.

Landscapes of memory.  
Of meaning.  
Of medicine.

Let's begin.

I Awake

Your  
House

# I Awake



## I Awake

If you were a house... what would that house look like?  
Not the kind of house you think you should live in.  
Not the Pinterest-perfect version.  
Not the home someone else would admire.  
But a house built straight from your inner world.  
A house that carries your mood. Your essence. Your edges.  
Your longing. Your memories. Your unmet needs.  
A house that breathes you.

Take a slow breath. Close your eyes, if you can.

Ask without needing to get it “right”:  
“If I were a house... what would I look like?”

Don't fix it. Don't edit it. Don't make it more presentable.  
Just let the image appear.  
Whatever came up for you... start there.

Is it old? Sleek? Cluttered or bare? Warm or cold? Is it falling  
apart? Still under construction?

## I Awake

Loud with life? Quiet with stillness?

This is not just imagination.

This is your subconscious building a symbol.

It's using the language of space, texture, color, and structure to help you see how you feel about yourself.

Your house is not random.

It's your sense of self in symbolic form.

This is what i mean in the I AWAKE system when i say the House is the Self. It's your inner architecture.

Not metaphor. Symbolic structure.

Your mind is doing what it naturally knows how to do, organize identity into a form that your body and emotions can respond to. This is your symbolic nervous system at work. And your job right now is simple: Get curious. Not critical.

Now ask yourself:

Did I like what I saw?

Did I try to change it before anyone else could see it?

## I Awake

Did I feel ashamed? Proud? Confused? At home?  
Did it feel just right... or like it didn't belong to me?  
Whatever your response, it's real. It's valid. Don't analyze it.  
Just feel it.

Take a moment to write down what your house looked like and  
how you felt in it. You can draw it too. Please do.  
There's space on the next page to bring it into form, messy, raw,  
imperfect. Art is another way of listening.

We'll come back to this house. Again and again. And it will  
change, as you do. Rooms will open. Light will shift. New doors  
will appear. Old furniture may clear. Because this house is alive.  
It's a reflection of your relationship to self.  
And relationship is never still.

Want to go deeper?  
Close your eyes again.

Picture the house from the outside. Now slowly step in.

## I Awake

Walk through it room by room. Let your feet feel the floor.  
Notice the textures. The smells. The light.  
The places you want to hide. The places you want to stay.  
The ones you avoid.  
Let it tell you something, not in words, but in feelings.  
Where are the open doors? Where are the locked ones?  
Where do you want to sit... or cry... or dance?  
And one more thing, love: This house's walls have ears. And  
they're yours. So listen to how you speak to yourself about what  
you see here when you walk inside.  
What tone does your inner voice take here?  
Is it kind? Is it impatient? Is it afraid? Is it warm?

Be mindful. Because how you treat this house, how you walk its  
halls, how you open its doors or shut them, shapes the way you  
feel about yourself.  
About your safety. About your right to take up space.  
About home.

This is your House. And you're allowed to come home to it.



# I Awake