

# The world of WitchCraft is a place of mystery, danger and dark secrets.

THE MAGICALLY AWARE ALL KNOW THAT A MAJOR CHANGE IS APPROACHING, A NEW ERA THAT WILL BE PRECEDED BY TERRIFYING, CATASTROPHIC EVENTS. BUT THE TRANSITIONS BROUGHT ON BY THIS TIME OF RECKONING ARE UNKNOWN. GREAT POWER, GREAT DESTRUCTION, GREAT ANGVISH -- ALL OR NONE MAY ARISE.

THE THREAT OF THE RECKONING IS NOT LIMITED TO HUMANS. IT HAS ALSO STIRRED BEINGS FROM THE OTHERWORLDS, AND CREATURES THAT ONCE WERE HUMAN, BUT NOW LIVE ON AS SPIRITS OR THE UNDEAD. SOME OF THEM ARE WILLING TO WORK OPENLY, SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE GIFTED AND THE MUNDANE. OTHERS PREFER TO OPERATE IN SECRECY. STILL OTHERS HAVE HIDDEN AGENDAS THAT THEY PURSUE AHEAD OF ANY COMMON PURPOSE.

Only time will tell what lays ahead.  
Time . . . and your choices.

**Mystery Codex is a supplement for the WitchCraft roleplaying game.**

### **In it, you will find:**

Two new Character Types, the Spirits and Undead, with accompanying character creation rules, powers, vulnerabilities and background for Ghosts, Phantasms, Vampyres and the Relentless Dead

New Associations: shunned Pariahs, dedicated Iscariots, elite Storm Dragons and death-obsessed Thanatoi

New Invocations and Necromancy, the gruesome Disciplines of the Flesh, and the mystical Tao-Chi

Background on Geburah, the Sephiroth of the Dead

New Character Concepts, Qualities and Drawbacks, Skills and Rules



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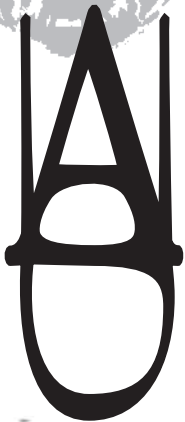


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sample file

# Mystery CodeX



SOURCEBOOK  
FOR C.J. Carella's  
WitchCraft



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Reference material for your WitchCraft campaign may be found at [www.llewellyn.com](http://www.llewellyn.com).

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Reader discretion is advised.

Comments and questions can be directed via the Internet at [www.edenstudios.net/witchcraft](http://www.edenstudios.net/witchcraft), via e-mail at [Eden Prod@aol.com](mailto:Eden Prod@aol.com) or via letter with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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## A Word to the Wise

As I did in the WitchCraft main rulebook, I would like to state expressly that the contents of this book are purely fictional and meant to entertain, not to enlighten, guide or suggest any real life behaviors. Some of the themes of WitchCraft may not be appropriate for younger readers, and parents should exercise their best judgment when reviewing this material.

As always, those who think any of the material here is anything other than fantasy intended for storytelling purposes are mistaken. Those who belittle, degrade and fear this and other roleplaying games may wish to seek psychiatric help and get a prescription for some happy pills. WitchCraft is no more a handbook for the occult than Monopoly (tm) is a manual of business

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# Chapter One: Introduction



"We are very close," the tall man in the tuxedo said. Even in the weak light of the flashlights, he looked utterly out of place. Although he was dressed like he was going to the opera, he was guiding a small group through the sewers beneath the city. He even wore a cape, for Crissakes! And a silly-ass cane, richly carved with gold inlays. The guy looked like a refugee from something on *AS-E* or public television — not that Harold would be caught dead watching either channel.

"I don't trust him," Harold muttered angrily. The hasty summons, the meeting with the stranger, and now this expedition into the cold, damp and above all stinking sewers had completely ruined his mood. Fear of what lay at the end of the tunnel made it even worse.

Sally stared strangely at him. Her thoughts touched his mind telepathically. You better shut up, Harold, she sent. You don't want him pissed off at you.

What do you mean? he telepathed back.

I did a surface scan of him when David introduced us during the meeting. Mind and body scan. Harold, he's not even alive!

What? Harold started to telepath more, but then David broke into their psychic chat. He was the oldest member in the team, and was in charge of all the operations of the Cabal of Psyche in the city and surrounding areas. His Mistake was the strongest Harold had ever encountered. Keep the noise down to a dull roar, kids, David sent. Yakov is a good friend of mine. I trust him, even if he is something of a bloodsucker.

Harold and Sally exchanged looks but said nothing. Harold had never suspected David kept company with that kind of creature. Tuxedo — Yakov — bloodsucker. The guy was a vampire! Three Seers and a vampire — or Vampire as the occultists prefer to call 'em — crawling into a sewer looking for a monster. Harold didn't know what the punch line would be to this joke, but he had the feeling he would soon find out.

They reached a corner. At their feet, the unending stream of waste had slowed to a weak trickle, but the smells had become even worse. The tuxedo-clad Undead did something to a section of wall, and it slid open with a grating, grudging noise. "These sewer tunnels are very old," Yakov explained. "I was involved in some stages of their construction, and made a few minor modifications that do not show up in any map."

"So how did that . . . thing find it?" Sally asked.

"An accident. It was prowling the sewers, and a section of wall must have collapsed during last year's floods. When I became aware of its presence, I knew something had to be done."

"And here we are," David finished for him. "So less chit-chat and more walking, all right?"

Yakov smiled. "Still impatient, old friend," he said, but led the way once again.

Old friend? How old did that make David? Harold wondered. Some psychics could slow down the aging process. David appeared to be in his thirties, but he might be a hundred, two hundred years old. I might live that long, Harold unintentionally projected. If I survive the next few minutes.

Sally chuckled nervously. She must have picked up his thoughts.