

Witches and Wizardry - Introduction

After a long journey you arrive at the witches house amidst a terrible storm. A crack of lightning reveals a dilapidated, dingy home carved out of the trunk of a dead Willow tree. A small sign with a faded carving of a cauldron hangs from a thick chain around the tree, clanking ominously in the wind.

Stepping out of the storm your eyes take a moment to adjust to the hazy gloom of the dwelling, the pungent aromas of herbs and poultices filling the air as steam pours from a bubbling cauldron. A creak draws your attention, and a haggard figure claws herself out of an old armchair, the wood creaking piercingly through the small room.

The witch adjusts a pair of spectacles that rest haphazardly on her brow, and gazes intently at you, before cackling to herself as she shuffles across the room to the simmering cauldron, picking up a worn looking tome on the way.

Witch

Not long now, my dears, not long at all. It's almost ready.....
(turns to camera)

You've come along way to talk to Old Gerty haven't you? I can tell... not many do these days. And those that do, tend to regret it.

(she cackles)

Come, come, step closer to the cauldron, don't be shy. I won't bite...

(she gnashes her teeth, and cackles again before snapping to a more serious composure)

Be warned, once your fate has been divined, the path is chosen, there is no turning back!

(pause)

... so be it then.

The witch stands over the cauldron and with a slow deliberate motion opens the spell book. A gust of wind catches the pages sending them

spiralling, and the lanterns in the room begin to flicker. Gerty closes her eyes and begins to chant quietly to herself, her fingers drawing invisible symbols into the air as the pages continue to spiral, before slamming her hand down, ceasing the movement.

Her eyes open, blank white slates, and her voice takes on an otherworldly quality.

Witch

Your path is marred by smoke and ash,
the flames of passion twist and thrash.
The burning one returns once more,
A darkened hand opens the door.

With a gasp the witch's eyes roll back as she awakes from the trance, and she scuttles to a shelf where she picks up another book. She returns to the centre of the room and flicks through the tome to a specific page. After a few seconds of careful reading, she draws the book to her chest and stares into the cauldron.

Witch

(fearful/thoughtful)

Hmm... most peculiar.

She turns to face you.

Witch

You can't say I didn't warn you. You chose this. You brought this upon yourselves. Now behold the consequences of your actions.

She slams the book onto a table in front of you, and an image of the town burning, a flaming elemental at its midst, glows on the page.

Witch

Midday Monday past, a creature forged of flame appeared briefly in the marketplace, harming some of the residents and scorching the area. I had thought this a cosmic accident, but it appears even Old Gerty doesn't know everything. A dark hand guides it's path with unspeakable magic's, and they have unfinished business.

Three days from now, at the suns zenith, the elemental will manifest fully, and the entire realm shall be razed by its flames.

The camera zooms in on the witch's face.

We don't have long. You must find the Master of Dark Magic, someone with the means and motive to carry out such an act. Five potential instruments of destruction were found at the summoning site, a Wand, A Wizards Hat, A Cauldron, A Cloak and an Amulet, use these to track down the culprit. When you have a name, submit it to the Head of The Sorcerer's Society.

(optional start)

The world is a dangerous and magical place, you'll need tools to help you on your journey.

She picks up a worn satchel and thrusts it into your hand.

*A spell to change the shape of things,
A Hammer to talk to stone.
A potion that makes liars sing,
All gifts from this old crone.*

She cackles wildly.

(optional end)

Now go! Go there's no time to waste!

If you don't, fire and terror will engulf us all!

The witch points at the camera.

Witch

Go now! Talk to everyone but be cautious who trust. Someone must know something. I wish you good luck ...

(sinister smile)

You're going to need it.