

Amalia Baum

Wandering Witch of the Wild West

Most people don't know it, but magic does exist. Your average person will think it's just superstition or nonsense, but in your travels from the Wild West to New Orleans to Salem, Massachusetts and back again, you have picked up a variety of magic charms and workings. You know how to cause crops to fail, though you don't like to. You can divine if a husband has been cheating on his wife. You can tell if a storm is coming before it gets here. You know charms to make sure women and cows don't die in childbirthing. None of those spells are likely to be very useful to you here at a poker tournament, but you know them just the same.

You do know a few spells that might be of use to you here. You know a spell for cheating at cards: you rip up a card in your pocket, then touch the hand of cards of the player you wish to aid (including your own hand, if you're playing). Then the luck contained in the card will suffuse into the hand of cards... so the better a card it is, the more luck you give them. [In game terms, you can spend your tokens to improve someone else's hand.]

You also know a spell that tells you if someone is trustworthy or not. You need something made of metal and something from their person: a lock of hair or a possession will do. You then work a little ritual and say what you think about that person. The spirits will then tell you if your suspicions are correct [thumbs up] or not [thumbs down].

Finally, if least useful here, you know how to brew a **love potion**. This is always popular with the younger folk. To brew a love potion, you need a few things: a raw onion, the ace of Hearts from a deck of cards and a possession of the suitor. Brewing it only takes a minute or two, with some chanting involved. Then, when the target drinks the potion, they fall in love with the suitor.

Now, you only use your magicksto do good deeds. Right now you are here to see that the noble **Mr. Caleb Morner** gets back on his feet. He's a good man, Mr. Morner, but he is in a lot of debt. You feel that if he were free of his financial burden then he could do great things with his life, and you want to facilitate this.

Oh dear, the poker tournament is apparently being crashed by two of **God's Watchdogs**, a vigilante group of religious extremists who violently force their views into others. Worse, one of those two Dogs seems to be your sister, **Fidelia**. You left the church years ago because so many of its practices seemed immoral: subjugating women, denying science and entertainment and worst of all the Watchdogs' reputation as murderers in God's name. Since you left, Fidelia seems to have joined these religious zealots. And if they find out you are a witch, well the Bible says "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to

live." They're likely to take that literally. Fidelia probably can't be reasoned with, but maybe her colleague, **Brother Artemis**, will be more reasonable.

Some sort of magical storm is brewing in this town: there's a secret magical war being waged, between **Delilah Allen** and **Lulu Kingsbury**. You don't know what the fight is about, or what sort of magic they each use, but you know that the two other witches are going to be at each other's mystical throats. You don't know which side, if either, you want to join.