

Dowsing: The Ancient Art of Finding Water

Finding water in the wild is a skill that has been passed down for centuries. Many cultures have relied on the mystical practice of dowsing, using a simple forked branch to locate life-sustaining water beneath the surface. While some consider it a superstition, others swear by its effectiveness. Here's how you can try it yourself.

Step-by-Step Guide to Dowsing

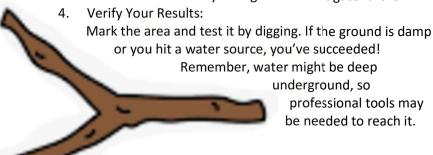
1. Find Your Tool: Scrounging TN 3

Look for a forked branch from a tree or bush. Birch, willow, or hazel branches are considered ideal. The branch should be about the length of your forearm and comfortable to hold.

2. Hold the Branch Properly:

Grasp the forked ends of the branch in both hands, palms facing up. The single point should extend outward in front of you. Keep it level.

3. Walk Slowly & Watch for Movement: Witchcraft TN 5
The branch will dip, twist, or pull downward when you pass over an area with water. This movement is your signal to investigate further.



Witch's Broom

TN: 5 Components: Broom, feathers of some kind.

Burn a fistful of feathers (any kind of feathers will do) over the broom you wishes to enchant.

Once done, a successful Witchcraft roll sets the broom to flight. To use the broom, the witch needs the Ridin': Broom skill.

	Durability	Pace	Size	Top Speed
Broom	10/2	120(240)	+1	50(100)

The spell lasts 3d6 hours, +1d6 for each raise on the Witchcraft roll. Once the spell ends, the broom can be used for another casting.

(If feathers from a supernatural bird are used in the ritual, use numbers in parentheses.)

FICTION CORNER:



Mary was an ordinary woman balancing work, rent, and the endless tedium of daily life. But Mary had a secret, a connection to the Old Ways. She didn't flaunt her Craft. It was personal, private—like the mirror she treated every month in her apartment, her failsafe.

Trouble found her at the Masquerade. It started as a little flirtation with a man dressed as a devil—horns and all. By the time she realized the darkness behind his smile was real, it was too late. He pursued her from the ballroom. She stumbled into a guest bathroom. A gilded mirror loomed before her.

She didn't hesitate. Pulling a small vial from her purse, she smeared the contents—tree sap—across the surface. She followed with her own fresh blood. The symbols come naturally, their 7 shapes flowing like muscle memory. The mirror's surface began to shimmer, revealing the familiar glow of her apartment. The door slammed open just as she stepped into the glass.

The connection faded as the bathroom mirror returned to its ordinary state. Whoever had pursued her was left with nothing but an empty room and a tale of the woman who vanished into her own reflection.



