

Name: John Healy.		AGL 7	EGO 13
Date of Birth: 8th September 1982		COM 16	EDU 9
Place of Birth: Cork, Ireland		PER 10	CON 11
Standard of Living: 6		STR 9	CHA 4
Height: 5'6"	Wgt: 134 lbs	Initiative Bonus: -1	
Age: 14	Hair: Black	Damage Bonus: 0	
Eye Colour: Dark Brown		Mod. to EGO Throw: +3	
		4 Scr = 1 LW	
		3 LW = 1 SW	
		3 SW = 1 FW	
		Load Capacity: 9 kg.	
		Movement: 3 m/round	
		No. of Actions: 2	
		Endurance: 85	
		Disadvantages:	
		Bad Reputation (10pt)	
		Phobia[Snakes] (5pt)	
		Domineering (5pt)	
		Low Pain Threshold (15pt)	
		Advantages:	
		Luck (20pt)	
		Mental Balance = -15	

Skills:			
Play Piano	4	Irish	5
German	2	Read/Write	
Sneak	6	(English)	9
Swim	9	Play Magic	4
French	2		

Equipment:	
Deck of Magic Cards (Blue/Red),	
Bottle of Jack Daniels,	
Cigarettes, Matches.	

Appearance: Medium build, short black hair doused in entire economies of gel.

Personality: You must *always* be the coolest, most import and centre of attention. Living way out in Bandon and parents who are such fucking church cloned rule sticklers are just hindrances (albeit majorly big ones). But you'll get past them. Somehow.

Unfortunately you're a dismal failure. Trying to be individual, you only manage to follow the ideas of others, friends whose only ambition is for you to stop bugging them. Of course *you* won't, can't and never will realise this...

Repentance

Warpcon VII
Character #1 (Johnny)

The Present: So it's your Birthday (well it was, last week), and believe it or not your parents have gone to visit your sister in Cardiff (some great aunt of yours who you've never even met, went off and died), so the house is free. Impossible party opportunity. The only problem was that your brattish little brother was left with you.

You've invited a whole bunch of friends, and the few that could make it invited more, bringing the grand total to a measly ten (God forbid that people didn't like you). At the present time, most of you are pretty smashed, but fortunately no-one is violently so. Mostly the house has survived in one piece with only a little help from yourself. Your brother is just refusing to go to bed and has been nicking the cider. But if he even breathes a word of this you'll make him pay. Anyway you've told him that you'll tell your parents that he's been drinking, and then the cops will come and put him in jail.

And so. So what? Well, it started about two hours ago, when this friend of Pete's (you'd never met him before this - you think his name was Liam or something) was found to be carrying a book on the Occult. Somehow it got to the point where people were cajoling him into summoning a "Daemon". Finally he gave in.

Well it's about midnight and there are four of you gathered in the front room (you, Lisa, Kieran & Liam), with candles, incense (to mask the cigarette smoke) and pentagrams marked on the floor (your parents will kill you about this when they get home). This isn't feeling like such a good idea, but all the same you all repeat Liam's incantations...

He's going to look such a fool when this doesn't work.

The Others:

- Brian:** Your Brother.
Liam: Magic Munchie.
Lisa: She wants you.
Sarah: Extremely disturbed cousin of Lisa's
Kieran: Arrogant reedy Britpopper git.
Brian OD: Another friend of Pete's. Is twenty something, possesses a beard, and has been smoking gange all evening - but otherwise he's all right
Pete: OK sort of guy, but should have stayed away from the chocolate (Evil chocolate that you smoke).
Neil: Don't really know the guy.
Maeve: Passable, but also smashed.

Repentance

Warpcon VII

Name: Brian Healy.
Date of Birth: 25th February 1989
Place of Birth: Cork, Ireland
Standard of Living: 6
Height: 4' 2" **Wgt:** 134 lbs
Age: 7 **Hair:** Blonde
Eye Colour: Blue

Skills:

Dodge	7	Irish	1
Hide	12	Read/Write	
Sneak	9	(English)	2
Swim	6	Play Piano	1
Trivia[Disney]	7		

Equipment:

Plastic Sword, Torch, Pyjamas.

AGL	7	EGO	14
COM	10	EDU	2
PER	9	CON	4
STR	3	CHA	12

Initiative Bonus: -1

Damage Bonus: -2

Mod. to EGO Throw: 0

3 Scr = 1 LW

2 LW = 1 SW

2 SW = 1 FW

Load Capacity: 3 kg.

Movement: 3 m/round

No. of Actions: 2

Endurance: 50

Disadvantages:

Phobias[Just about anything] (5pt)

Advantages:

Honesty (5pt)

Mental Balance = 0

Personality: You're seven years old and have grown up on a steady diet of Disney movies. Although you don't really get the bit about the princesses (girls - yuck), you're big and strong, and are going to kill all the dragons and evil wizards. That is except when it's night, dark and there are slimy things in the attic and black things in the shadows...

Repentance

Warpcon VII
Character #2 (Brian)

The Present: Mommy and Daddy have gone away to Wales to see your sister (you know all about Wales, 'cause you've watched Pinocchio). And your biggest worstest brother in the whole world said that he was going to have a party, and he said that if you told Mommy and Daddy that He'd chop off all your fingers and your head and feed them to the monster in the attic, and he said that you weren't invited, and that you had to go to bed. But that wasn't fair 'cause he was up, and anyway there was something in your cupboard. You couldn't have got to sleep anyway because they were all shouting and there was music.

It wasn't much of a party. They weren't playing games, and didn't even have a cake, and everyone was laughing or acting weird. But they did have drink, which was a bit like Cidona, except stronger, but you drank it anyway 'cos you were thirsty. Then Johnny (your brother) says that you were drinking alcohol and that if you tell Mommy and Daddy on him he'd tell them that you were drinking. And then the police would take you to prison and lock you up until you were eighty-million-and-one.

Then you met this bad man with a beard who was smoking and he said he was called Brian as well. Then he asked if you'd like to smoke too. You tried it but it was hot and made you cough and then you felt all dizzy and funny and sleepy, and you walked into the lounge and hid behind the sofa.

You're woken by your brother arguing with someone. After a while you hear them saying something scary in Irish or something. Looking up you see four of them standing around candles and lines on the floor. They all seem to be praying, but it doesn't feel good at all...

Repentance

Warpcor VII

Name: Sarah Roche.
Date of Birth: 17th December 1981
Place of Birth: Dublin, Ireland
Standard of Living: 6
Height: 5'2" **Wgt:** 88 lbs
Age: 14 **Hair:** Light Brown
Eye Colour: Green

Skills:

Bible		Cooking	4
Studies	8	Irish	6
French	4	Read/Write	
Sneak	5	(English)	9
Swim	9		

Equipment:
 Silver Crucifix

AGL 12 **EGO** 15
COM 14 **EDU** 9
PER 10 **CON** 7
STR 6 **CHA** 11
Initiative Bonus: 0
Damage Bonus: 0
Mod. to EGO Throw: +5
 4 **Scr** = 1 **LW**
 3 **LW** = 1 **SW**
 2 **SW** = 1 **FW**
Load Capacity: 6 kg.
Movement: 6 m/round
No. of Actions: 2
Endurance: 65
Disadvantages:
 Nightmares (10pt)
 Skotophobia (Dark) (5pt)
 Mental Constriction (10pt)
 Anorexia (10pt)
 Schizophrenia (20pt)
 Curse (20pt)
Advantages:
 Animal Friendship (15pt)
 Magical Intuition (20pt)
Mental Balance = -40

The Past:

Sometimes the mirror watches me and sometimes when I'm feeling brave, I stare back. I'm not certain of anything anymore. I *wish* I was. I just *wish* that things could be normal again, just like when I was young. Back when my father was alive and my mother hadn't been consumed by Religion. God, it wasn't even that long ago. Then I could believe in sanity, but now?

The psychiatrists say I should start with my family, the building blocks of our psyche, understanding them I understand myself, or something like that. Well, my father was wonderful, although he died when I was nine, when an electrical fault turned our house into an inferno. Mom and I got out. He didn't. Simple as that. I never recovered, nor did she. She grabbed religion like a light in the abyss. It only served to drag her down. She became convinced that I had caused the fire, and that I was... possessed. She tried to kill me once...

When she was locked up I was taken in by my father's sister down here in Cork. For awhile it seemed that life could get better. And then I started having nightmares. Of the fire and of dad, I dunno. I couldn't sleep. And I started seeing things, horrible, evil things, but no-one else saw them. I can sometimes see into peoples feelings as lights or auras. Call it my imagination if you like, but I can see them.

Yes; I have been sent to psychiatrists, and have taken more drugs than I remember, but it has never gone away. It lessens somewhat so I can "live" with it, but it never goes away.

Repentance

Warpcon VII
Character #3 (Sarah)

The Present: Your cousin Lisa, (a stable, sane girl, you wish you could be like her) has taken you to a party held by a acquaintance of hers, a spastic called Johnny, she said it would be good for you to get out. You wish you hadn't come. You almost screamed and ran as you walked up the drive. The house was a gutted burnt out hulk, but this wasn't real. Instead you concentrated on the rain and wind. It went away.

It's about midnight and you're due to be collected in about two hours. Outside it's a solid shower driven by a screaming gale. Fabulous weather, almost good enough for a Barbecue. All the other partygoers are either natural idiots or totally plastered, you've spent the evening watching Lisa getting progressively more drunk. Somehow she seems to be enjoying herself.

Cigarette fumes and incense (meant to cover it) clog the air. Needing to get out, you walk into the front room. It's lit by candles. Lisa and three of the boys are standing and chanting. On the floor they've sketched runes and pentagrams. You grab the door frame and try not to scream.

Appearance: Unnaturally thin, white and very tense.

Personality: Disturbed, easily shaken. Extremely tense. Hates herself and feels guilty for her family.

The Others:

Sarah: Your cousin.

Johnny: The Host. Obnoxious git.

Brian: Johnny's seven year old brother.

Liam: Geek, who keeps on about some strange card game called Magic.

Blackie: Johnny's cat.

& Others you haven't cared to remember

Repentance

Warpcan VII

Name: Liam Manning	AGL 11	EGO 12
Date of Birth: 4th January 1982	COM 11	EDU 10
Place of Birth: Cork, Ireland	PER 7	CON 6
Standard of Living: 6	STR 8	CHA 6
Height: 6'1" Wgt: 140 lbs	Initiative Bonus: 0	Damage Bonus: 0
Age: 14 Hair: Brown	Mod. to EGO Throw: +3	4 Scr = 1 LW
Eye Colour: Hazel		3 LW = 1 SW
		2 SW = 1 FW
		Load Capacity: 8 kg.
		Movement: 5 m/round
		No. of Actions: 2
		Endurance: 60
		Disadvantages:
		Socially Inept (5pt)
		Phobia[Blood] (5pt)
		Bad Luck (15pt)
		Advantages:
		Gifted at Languages (10pt)
		Mental Balance = -15

Skills:

French	4	Irish	9
German	6	Read/Write	
Sneak	5	(English)	9
Swim	8	Occult	2
Play Magic	3	Latin	8

Equipment:

Deck of Magic Cards (Black),
Flagon of Cider, Bible,
Grimoire, Frankincense.

Personality: A nerd, social misfit, or just plain weirdo, call it what you like, but that's what you are. Trying to be normal only seems to get you into trouble, so most of the time you simply give up. Humans are so strange, and you simply can't seem to do anything right. So what if you wear a pen protector, it stops your shirts getting stained, and slacks are so much more comfortable than jeans (who cares if they are your school ones). It's all so confusing. Then you found Magic. Loads of people just like you, it was brilliant. You've even experimented with role-playing once or twice, and although the majority of people doing it are much older than you, it seems cool too. You'll certainly be at the next Warpcan.

Still you sometimes wonder if you should perhaps "get a life" go out and meet females. But then again...

Appearance: Tall, gangly and always completely out of place.

Repentance

Warpcon VII
Character #4 (Liam)

The Present: Jesus, you're at a party. This guy called Johnny (a Magic player) has a "free gaff" out in Bandon, and you went out there with another Magic gamer called Pete (who got you a flagon of cider for a tenner (Great value Huh?)). You're having a really good time.

And then you managed to ruin everything. Again.

How were you to know that you shouldn't really take Grimores to parties. It seemed so cool (all about Demons and stuff), and you didn't think that anyone else would have one. You were all to right. This guy called Brian finds it in your bag and starts babbling. You being a complete fool then tell everyone that you can summon demons with it (Daw).

Johnny then gets you to actually summon one, calling you a coward if you don't.

It's about midnight now and there are four of you gathered in the front room, with candles, incense (to mask the cigarette smoke - you're actually using frankincense, mixed with willow (from the back garden) just like in the book) and pentagrams marked on the floor with chalk. You're onto the binding bit. The others all seem terrified, which makes you feel really excited. However you still can't think of how to blame someone else when it doesn't work.

The Others:

- Johnny:** Seems so popular, and plays magic too. All the same, you loathe his arrogance.
- Lisa:** Certainly female. Keeping your eyes on her face has been hard so far, but much easier than actually talking to her. So far it's been much easier to "hang out" with her cousin Sarah. But now (you hope) you can impress her with this rite.
- Sarah:** Someone you can actually talk to. She seems just about as at home here as you are.
- Kieran:** Jealousy. You just wish you were him.
- Brian:** Johnny's younger brother.
- Brian:** Another one. Twenty something year old dope head. The idiot that found your book.
- Pete:** The guy who told you about this.

& a couple of others who you've forgotten

Repentance

Name: Lisa Simmons.	AGL 12	EGO 11
Date of Birth: 7th June 1981	COM 16	EDU 9
Place of Birth: Cork, Ireland	PER 6	CON 13
Standard of Living: 8	STR 12	CHA 13
Height: 5'6"	Wgt: 127 lbs	Initiative Bonus: 0
Age: 15	Hair: Light Blonde	Damage Bonus: +1
Eye Colour: Blue		Mod. to EGO Throw: +3
		4 Scr = 1 LW
		3 LW = 1 SW
		3 SW = 1 FW
		Load Capacity: 12 kg.
		Movement: 6 m/round
		No. of Actions: 2
		Endurance: 95
		Disadvantages:
		Monophobia (5pt)
		Phobia [Blood] (5pt)
		Sexually Tantalising (10pt)
		Vain (5pt)
		Advantages:
		Artistic Talent (10pt)
		Mental Balance = -15

Appearance:

Long blonde hair, blue eyes - your stereo-typical bimbo. Average height, mouse-like features. Dressed in a short black leather skirt, long boots and a tight white see through crop top.

The Past:

Sometimes it all gets a bit confusing. Ever since I was little I've always tried to live life to the max - take advantage of the present and all that. But sometimes it seems as though all that there is is the past. I guess you could say that I came from a fairly stable background, a two parent family and all that. Both Mum and Dad work and are out most of the day, leaving me, their beloved only child a free gaff for most of the time. Everyone envies my position. The truth is I hate to stay at home- alone. So I go out a lot - blow my parents money on anything I fancy.

I shop a fair bit. I don't particularly enjoy it, I just see it as a necessity. Clothes make me get noticed. I like attention, company. Ever since I can remember I used to hang around on the fringes of groups, following everyone else, always feeling left out. Now it's different, everything's changed. The lads *never* leave me alone.

The Present:

You're at a party, somewhere in the middle of nowhere. You're not quite sure who invited you but you think it was Johnny. He seems to have had his eye on you for quite some time but considers himself too good for you. He's not exactly what you'd call nice company anyway, but any company is better than no company - that's your motto. It's getting late, fast approaching midnight, and you still haven't found anyone yet.

Now some idiot - Liam something or other is drawing strange signs on the carpet and getting some of us to repeat these strange incarnations - God knows why. He obviously can't hold his drink. Your cousin Sarah seems to have dumped you for the cat - not that you mind that much, she only ever seems to be half there anyway. Man, has that girl got problems! Sometimes I get the feeling that I'm the only normal person here.

The Others:

- Johnny:** As aforesaid, but also the kind host.
Kieran: Not great looking but would do at a pinch. Britpopper.
Liam: *Urrrgh!!!! Wierdo - freak!*
Sarah: Your cousin. Seriously disturbed. Came to live with your family After her father (your Uncle) died in a house fire, and her mother (a religious freak) was taken into care. A total wet blanket, as your parents haven't let you go anywhere without her. Should get on well with Liam if she ever decides to come out of her shell.

& others who you really haven't made the effort to notice.

Repentance

Warpcor VII

Name: Kieran Matthews.	AGL 15	EGO 17
Date of Birth: 2nd March 1981	COM 8	EDU 10
Place of Birth: Cork, Ireland	PER 15	CON 7
Standard of Living: 8	STR 10	CHA 15
Height: 5'7" Wgt: 135 lbs	Initiative Bonus: +3	
Age: 15 Hair: Sandy Brown	Damage Bonus: +1	
Eye Colour: Blue	Mod. to EGO Throw: 0	
	4 Scr = 1 LW	
	3 LW = 1 SW	
	2 SW = 1 FW	
	Load Capacity: 10 kg.	
	Movement: 8 m/round	
	No. of Actions: 2	
	Endurance: 65	
	Disadvantages:	
	Intolerance (10pt)	
	Cynic(5pt)	
	Advantages:	
	Resistance to	
	Illness (15pt)	
	Mental Balance = 0	

Personality:

Cynical but arrogant. Despises those who cannot speak. Bitingly sarcastic.

Appearance:

Stick-like, lankiness emphasised by skin tight Oasis T-shirts, cords and tennis shoes.

Past:

Life's a piece of shit, but I don't suppose mine's been any worse than most others. Yeah my family are pub owners, something which I'll never follow them in. Money has always been there and I've just had to enjoy it. Depressing really.

Repentance

The Present:

You're at a "party", somewhere in the middle of nowhere (Bandon). You're not quite sure why you're here but it seemed like a good idea at the time. You couldn't have picked worse company. The weather is fucking awful, and you have no obvious way of getting home. So it looks like you'll have to crash here tonight. Time goes by with your only suitable company being a bottle, and until recently, Maeve, who is sitting plastered in the dining room attempting to play solitaire. And failing miserably.

Now some social reject - Liam something or other - comes up with this fabulous idea for summoning a Daemon. Out of pure boredom you agree. Another big mistake. An hour later and he's chalked a pentacle on the carpet, you're all repeating this Latin garble, and you yourself are bored to tears. If Liam could just hurry up a bit you could go back to wallowing in self pity or maybe even get some sleep.

The Others:

- Johnny:** The host. An arrogant, patronising wanker. He must spend enough on gel to feed entire African nations.
- Liam:** Nerd. Enough said.
- Lisa:** Gorgeous blonde, but with less brains than your average shellfish. If all else fails...
- Sarah:** Why do people like this come to parties? Seems to spend all her time sitting shivering in corners. All the same, there is *some* thought going on in there, which is more than you can say for most of the others.
- Maeve:** A formerly good friend of yours who said that coming here would be fun.

The "Grimorum Verum"

The True Grimore

with notes of Eliphas Levi.

Appearance: Bound in tattered, blackened leather, binding missing along with entire sections. Loose yellowed, pages, with the scrawls of generations, this book looks *old*.

Description: Apparently originally written in 1517, by "Ali Baiz the Egyptian" this book is little more in parts than a magicians handbook. This edition is a home translation of the 1880 Italian version. A lot of it is based on the Key of Solomon (or perhaps the other way around...). The book is written in a benign, conversational tone, and makes no assumptions as to the knowledge of the reader, i.e. it starts from scratch.

The copy the characters have in their possession is unfortunately incomplete, It's rough layout is:

1. Introduction.
2. Warning about deceitful nature of spirits.
3. Discusses the nature of pacts and spirits.
4. Discusses the appearance of spirits.
5. Gives the signs of many superior and inferior spirits, from Beelzibuth to Surgat.
6. Gives their powers and demesnes.
7. Details invocations, especially to Murmur.
8. Methods of divination through prayer
9. Specific spells (usually Minor, to procure love, etc.)

In the cover is a talisman wrapped in white silk, and made of pure silver: (Used for summonings under the auspices of the moon)

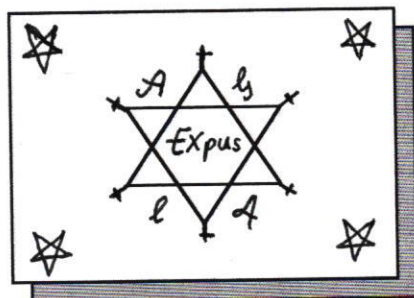


Front



Back

Sigil on cover of Grimorius Verum:



Notes on summoning of the Duke Murmur:

Operations to be conducted under Moons magickal domain. The best time for conjuration is between 11 and 12 pm (the hour of the moon).

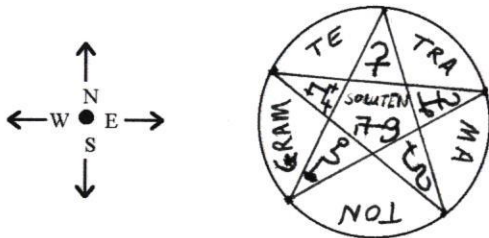
The Conjuration:

General details concerning the moon.

Incense to be burned is frankincense, mixed with the wood from a willow tree. The angels to pray to beforehand are Lucifer, Gabriel, Bilet, Missahn, and Abuzahar. If the summoner can wear silver, all the better, pearls will also help.

Construction of the Pentagram:

Can take up to 40 days. The pentagram is to be written in white grey or silver (chalk will suffice), and must look like this...



During the pentacle's construction, the mage reads aloud Psalm Ixxi

It would be unwise for the concerned to step inside the circle for the invocation.

The incense of the moon is burned with the willow. When everyone is calm and prepared, the conjuration* may begin:

“ OSURMY DELMUSAN ATALSLOYMA CHARUSIHOA MELANY LIAMINTHO COLEHON PARON MADION
MERLOY BULERATOR DONMEDO HONE PELOYM IBASIL MEON ALYMDRICTELS
PERSON CRISOLAY LEMON SESSLE NIDAR HORIEL PEUNT HALMON ASOPHIEL ILNOSTREON
BANIEL VERMIAS SLEVOR NOELMA DORSAMOT IHAVALA ORMOR FRANGAM BELDOR DRAGIN
VENITE MURMUR ”

Dismissal:

“ Ite in pace ad loca vestra et pax sit inter vos redituri ad mercuum vos invocanero, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.**

The blood sacrifice:

A virgin must be killed in order to successfully complete the dismissal. The blade used must be purified (Holy water, blood, fire) and prayed over. The prayer is to SERAPHIEL, angel of Mercury at around 4 am. Etched on the blade are to be the following sigils:

* Binding included.

** Here is where the virgin is slain.

