


A NATURAL HISTORY of MAGICK



Poppy David

Jessica Roux



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Compiled by Poppy David
Illustrated by Jessica Roux



Frances Lincoln
Children's Books

A Note From the Publisher:


The original copy of this book was found in the Museum of Witchcraft and Magick in Cornwall, England, in 1951. It was part of a large donation to the museum by an anonymous benefactor and was in a box marked 'unverified'. The publisher has tried to locate Conrad Gessner and his grandson, for whom a letter was written and slipped into the volume at a later date, but the search has been fruitless. Therefore, the publisher cannot verify the contents of the book. They advise that anyone interested in magick, its existence and its history, seek to do their own research. If so, they should move into this world carefully and safely, with full knowledge of the risks.





Contents

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MAGICK	6	SOURCES OF MAGICK	34
MAGICK IN ANCIENT EGYPT	8	THE SUN	34
MAGICK IN THE CLASSICAL AGE	10	THE MOON	36
ACROSS THE AFRICAN CONTINENT	12	EARTH, FIRE, AIR AND WATER	38
THE MAGICK OF THE MIDDLE EAST	13	CRYSTALS	40
MODERN MAGIC	14	AMULETS AND TALISMANS	42
DIFFERENT TYPES OF MAGICK	16	POWERFUL PLANTS	44
DIVINATION	16	SACRED TREES	48
CARTOMANCY AND TAROT READING	18	WAND TREES	50
ASTROLOGY	20	FAMILIARS	52
NUMEROLOGY	24	LEY LINES	54
CHARMS	26	THE MOST MAGICAL OF DAYS	56
WEATHER CONTROL	28	MAGICAL SCRIPTS	58
ALCHEMY	30	MAGICAL PARAPHERNALIA	60
POTIONS	32		



Vine Court
81 Bovender Lane
Gloucestershire
15th June 1925

Dear Alfie,

If you are reading this, it means you have discovered my precious scrapbook. I have kept this hidden since the contents will shock and, in some cases, truly terrify the reader.

As you know, my career as a naturalist has seen me travel back and forth across the globe. However, what you don't know is that during my travels I have uncovered something new, something that has surprised me. I didn't dare to dream I would find out for certain it exists... I have discovered magick.

The world of magick is as real as the stars, as strong as the force of a wave crashing against the sand and as unstoppable as the changing of the seasons. It is all around us. It is not a trick or game but a natural force, present across the world. I have seen before my eyes men and women take energy from the sun, the moon and even from the very air we breathe and turn it into

magick so powerful that I dare not dwell on what would happen if it got into the wrong hands.

I have compiled this notebook to record my findings. My next trip is to investigate a rumour of a forest of magical strangling trees in Burma. The expedition will be fraught with danger, so before I depart, I am writing you this letter.

I may never have told you this, but there is something in your character that I like to think you have inherited from me. You have curiosity, spirit and, most importantly, courage. If anything should happen to me on my journey and you wish to carry on my research, you'll need all those qualities and more. But I think it's safe to say you would do well to start by simply opening the pages of this book.

With all my love,
Your Grandfather, Conrad Gessner

Sunday, 10th February 1895

I have had the oddest week. On Monday morning my neighbour gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. What is strange is that she told me months ago that she knew it would be a boy. What's more, she informed me that she was certain he would be born early in the morning and described to me how he would look. I asked her how she knew, and she told me about a wise seer she had visited. The seer had thrown stones covered in symbols up into the air and when they landed on the ground, the seer had read them - predicting every detail of the child's birth, its gender and even its ability to cry until the house felt as though it was going to fall down.

Then, after the child was born, my neighbour was visited by a healing woman who brought her a potion to help her sleep and a necklace for the child to wear so he would not cry. How could she have possibly known to bring these things?

Everything my neighbour told me all those many months ago seems to have inexplicably come to pass. And what's more, there appears to be a history and knowledge at work here, and not one of which anyone will speak.

Am I witnessing magick in all its purist and most natural glory? I see no other explanation and must discover more.

