

The Personal Imp

Imps, or *Intangible Magickal Personalities*, are small astral creatures from a number of different Aethyrs which most often resemble something like a cross between a monkey and a dragon. They have two leathery wings and a spiny tail, although these wings are mostly for show, as they do not require them to fly. They are all hermaphrodites and procreate by shooting eggs from their proboscis-like crotches. They have no nipples or mammary glands due to the Implings and adults alike feeding solely on magickal energies.

They are notorious sex fiends and have been known to furiously fuck the ear holes of sleeping wizards who have failed to bind them properly. As they all have 'penises' which uncurl like a penetrating syringe, it is imperative that they are housebroken as soon as possible. Every so often, an Imp that has escaped its bindings will shoot its eggs into the skull-fucked ears of a slumbering wizard. The wizard will not notice anything out of the ordinary for up to a year or more, but the astral Imp eggs will eventually hatch and drain him of his magickal essence (if he fails to detect and banish them), leaving him an impotent husk. Being robbed of any means to support himself with magick, he will be forced to find a job in retail or the service industry. It is a fate worse than death.

Imps come in a variety of forms, though they are usually categorized by how many prongs (horns) they have. Imps with a higher number of prongs are generally more intelligent and belong to more powerful wizards, while imps with six or less prongs tend to be free-roaming idiots. The most desired Imps have so many prongs that they resemble a flying ball of nothing but long pointed spikes. This phenomenon can be seen in 100 pronged Imps and higher.

Imps are generally used as scouts, messengers, magickal defense and offense both on the Material and Astral Planes. They may serve as the eyes, ears, mouth and dick of a wizard, and can carry out most any task they are charged with. Other uses of Imps include using them to enchant ordinary objects, thereby imbuing them with magickal intent. This could be any object the magician desires – a ring, an amulet, a pipe, a car, a t-shirt, a spoon, etc. Once an Imp has been properly bound and made subject to the Will of the magician, it may be commanded to bring forth many different magickal energies from the 72 Gibbering Aethyrs so as to imbue the object with strange and unnatural properties. This is done by merely asking the Imp to do so, and by placing the object near the Stone of Binding, or by placing the Stone of Binding near the object. These items will be covered later.

Imps tend to be fairly numerous across the 72 Gibbering Aethyrs. This is again due to how they procreate, which is by injecting their eggs into anything magickal. Seeing as how the very environments of the Aethyrs are inherently magickal, most Imps are content to shag the astral fabric. They may also be sexually attracted to fiery pits, jagged rocks, and all sorts of astral weather. This results in many forms of Imp that have taken upon themselves some of the attributes of the “mother.” Fire Imps, Stone Imps, Air Imps, Lightning Imps, astral Sofa Imps, Imp Imps and every kind of Imp you can imagine probably exists somewhere. Some of these Imp types have very short life spans if the “mother” was something stupid, like an astral Sofa, but the rest tend to live for thousands of years if they are not eaten by predators, or if they are properly bound, fed, and kept by a wizard.

In ancient times, when Imps were even more plentiful than they are today, they proved to be quite a nuisance for the Demon Kings and humanity alike. Huge swarms of them would plant their eggs in one specific astral location for generation after generation. These eggs would

hatch and the Implings would feed upon the magickal energy of said location until the Veil itself between the Aethyrs and the Material Plane would begin to erode, eventually creating a worsening tear like a split down the ass of a fat man's favorite pair of tight jeans. We call this "The Time of Disquiet."

These Imp-induced portals allowed any number of astral entities to spill forth into the Material Plane and wreak havoc on earth for a time. Dragons, giants, unicorns, naiads, vampires, trolls, jrolls, gnomes, faeries, the Buddha, nymphs, nagas, moth men, homosexuals, kitsune, esquilax, reptilians, Loch Ness monsters, Jimlad, non-covetous Jews, Elmo the Child-Eater, seagulls, wyverns, jackalopes, slender man, self-transforming machine elves, and all manner of magickal beings once ran amok in the forests, oceans and kingdoms of early man. Indeed, some still linger on to this very day.

It was a disaster – anarchy in the blazing eyes of the Demon Kings. With so many of their subjects jumping ship, they feared a weakening in the magickal fortitude of their dimensions. And so the solution was clear: they had to eradicate half or more of the Imps and go about stitching up the multiple holes within the fabric of their Aethyrs.

To control the ever expanding population of Imps, they merged the most vicious of astral predators together to create a species of ravenous death-machines known as the *Broo*. If one ever desires to watch an Imp shit itself in a panicked whirlwind of fear and explosive diarrhea, he need only mention this four letter word. Indeed, legend has it that this is the proper etymological root of our common "BOO!" – A simple incantation of fear that had survived the ages.

With Imps everywhere filling the insatiable bellies of the Broo, or simply fleeing for their lives, the next task was to stitch up the many gaping holes which their spawning grounds had created. And so the Demon Kings created a

legion of *spider entities* which would secrete their webs and seal up the Veils, preventing any further contamination between the Worlds. The leading architect and Matron of the Spider-Spawn was the *Red Queen*, also known as *Ellis the Betrayer*.

Although it is unclear as to whether the Demon Kings created Ellis or merely hired her for her services, she fulfilled her task in making sure the spider-spawn repaired the shattered veils, thus disconnecting the worlds from each other. Her obedience to the Demon Kings was short-lived, however, as she would later revolt against them and set about on a foolhardy mission to rend the veils once more and in even greater magnitude. So she gathered a handful of her most trustworthy rebel spirits and hid within the darkest corners of the Aethyrs, patiently waiting for the day where she might contact a collective of *Mad Magicians* to assist her in once more uniting the Worlds.

It is good to be wary of the Spider Bitch, for her goal that the realms of magick should be available to all persons instead of only a select few is blasphemous. If such were the case, then how would I make such a good living selling my secret knowledge to all of you idiots? The student must disregard this Ellis and all those who work with her, for she is a traitor to the proper order of the Multiverse.

Although the spider-spawn did a well enough job repairing the trans-dimensional holes, they were still weaker and thinner than the surrounding areas. So, the Demon Kings assigned some of the largest Broo to guard each one. The remaining Broo were set loose to serve as the primary astral predators of all Imp-kind. Sensitive humans to this very day can detect where one of these repaired portals resides, which they refer to as intersecting Ley Lines or other such nonsense. They are in fact the long abandoned ancestral spawning grounds of incalculable swarms of horny Imps, *obviously*.

As you can see, the Imps have a long and involved magickal history that nobody ever really needed to know about. If the student desires to snare and bind a Personal Imp, the often disastrous rite is as follows:

This must be performed in the dead of night, for *reasons and things*. The sorcerer must first construct the Summoning Square and then empower it with some pungent magicks. This will lure an Imp into the triangle within the center and temporarily trap it there, thus affording the magician enough time to bind it to his Will before it can chew through the snare. Depending on the ineptitude of the magician, he may attract a wild 1-9 pronged Imp. If his magick is mighty then he may get lucky and attract a rogue 10+ pronged Imp that had outlived its previous master. This is certainly the best case scenario, as it will share what it had learned from the old master with its new master, and there is no telling which powerful wizard had owned it in the past.

Once the Summoning Square is completed, which can be drawn on any material (though animal skin or a mirror is best), the next step is empowering it. There are a few ways to go about this. Sorcerers of old used the blood of sacrifices to empower the Square. This usually consisted of the blood of black roosters or a black goat. Today, however, any such animal essence such as the leftover bones of Buffalo wings or pork ribs may suffice, as the Imps do not seem to care very much one way or the other. All they want is the magickal *intent* behind it, which they find most delicious. These bones or other materials are placed upon the spiral in the center of the square, and like a rabbit trap, are imbued with a good amount of tasty nourishment for the little bastard.

The symbols found upon the outer rim of the square are alchemical. This sequence is what opens a vortex for an Imp to fly through. The specific details as to how this sequence works is an O.V.O. trade secret *not for neophytes*.

*The summoning square
drawn upon a mirror...*



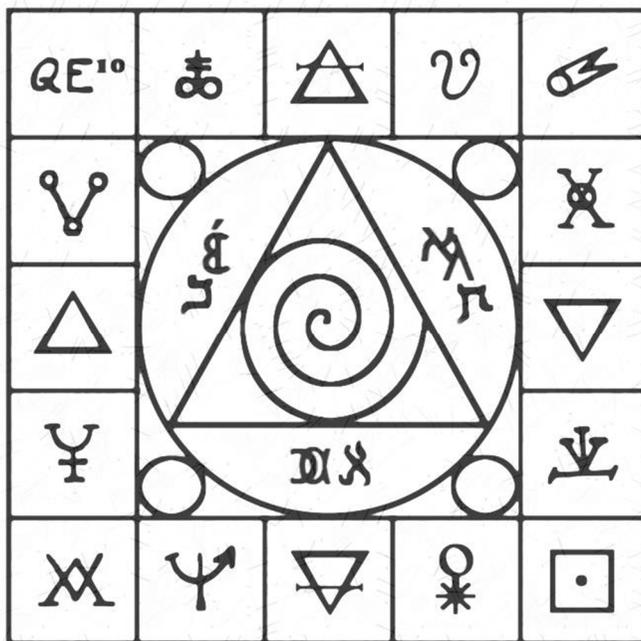


Figure 1: The Summoning Square

A piece of quartz crystal is then required which can be of any variety and color, so long as it is clean and banished, waiting to be filled by the entity. This will serve as the Stone of Binding, which the Imp Servant must fly into, thus being made subservient to the Will of the wizard. This stone should be kept ready at the right hand of the magician once the ritual begins, for he will have little time to both hold it up and incant the corresponding spell before his face is gruesomely fucked by the pissed off Imp.

Once the bones or other materials are placed, the magician must place four red candles within each of the smaller circles outside of the triangle and light them in a counter-clockwise sequence. Wizard Note: A Circle of

Protection is not required in this operation, as only a single Imp will be summoned and will already be trapped within the triangle, until it isn't.

The magician then grips his masterfully constructed Black Wand in his left hand, points it at the center triangle and incants aloud the calling which creates a momentary vortex to the Gibbering Aethyrs:

IN NOMINE MULTIMUNDI!
GIGNOMENDACIUM!
MAGISTER AMET! ZARATULHU DEK!
PRINCEPS ARIOLORILUM! SIGNET ABET!
ET EGO OSTENDAM! TIBITU VOLTA DEK!
SED VENIT SANS HORA
ET VENIAT! ECCE VENIT!
VESTIBULUM SIT AMET!

The wizard must memorize this calling to the letter and practice it while locking eyes with himself in a mirror until it becomes second nature. Merely reading it from a piece of paper will produce nothing of value, and may even backfire on the magician. It must come directly from the contents of his focused mind!

Once he performs the operation correctly from this point, he will be overcome with the feeling that a being from another realm is scratching around within the center triangle. He may even *smell it* with his *Dark Nostril*. Time is now of the essence, for if the Imp chews through its magickal bars it will no doubt come for the magician's mouth-hole, or crotch. If not, then it will merely retreat into the portal from whence it came. Either way, the operation is a failure!

Now comes the point which separates the dabblers from the True Wizards. He must hold up the Stone of Binding with his right hand and incant the formula which will release the Imp from its cage, and hopefully into the stone. If

all goes well, the Imp will fly directly into the stone and thusly be claimed by the mighty wizard. If not, the Imp may fly sideways away from the stone and out into the physical world, attack the magician, or hang around the magician, torturing him in his sleep or worse, laying its foul eggs within his essence. Though if he fails to attract the Imp into his stone, he probably doesn't have very much essence in the first place and the Imp won't waste its time on him, maybe.

As soon as he has finished with the first calling and senses the Imp rattling around within the Triangle like a caged rat, he raises the Stone of Binding in his right hand, points it towards the Square and incants aloud:

...IMPO LIBEROS!

This releases the Imp from its trappings. It will then speed towards the Magician like a bat out of hell. He then points his wand and intones with utmost authority:

INTRA IN PETRAM!

He may speak this as many times as is necessary. He will know full well when the Imp enters the stone, for it will gain in weight and take upon itself a strange electric feeling while holding it in his hand. After a few days it may even change in color. He completes the ritual by incanting:

ZAZAHEXAZAZ!

It is perfectly fine to belt out a cackling laugh once this is spoken. After the Imp has been claimed it may be given any number of commands, and comes along with its own strong essence and natural connection to the Astral Planes. It only need be fed by the magician once every month. Binding one is the hard part, and afterwards the Imp

can be fed fairly easily by a variety of methods which needn't drain the magician directly.

A complimentary technique for this is creating what we dark wizards call a BLUTENKRIPPE, or "Blood Crib". This is very high level Black Magick, however, and first requires that one create a *Karma Chameleon*. These techniques and others will be included in my next installment, "Becoming a Double-Crowley: The Doubling." They are simply too Venomous for you handle at this time.

No matter, for sustaining something as simple as a Personal Imp is easy as shaving balls. I will explain it to you, so please do keep up. Every Wizard has located within him a Magickal Generator. In truth, this generator is really a series of doorways which lead to the Gibbering Aethyrs and perhaps beyond. It is the inner *magick mirror* which includes a reflection of the entire Multiverse, and each reflection of it holds a doorway to the "real" portion of the Multiverse which it reflects. We call it the *Psychomantic Bridge*.

All one need do to feed the Personal Imp is create a secondary *Stone of Feeding* which is to be kept in close proximity to the Stone of Binding at all times. To charge this Stone, one assumes a meditative position for naught but an hour or more, depending on how deep and how much he wills to charge it, holds it between both of his hands and locates a powerful astral location within his mind's eye. Indeed, the Imp itself may grow wise to what the magician is doing and guide his explorations, pointing out what energies it most desires. If such is the case, then allow the Imp to guide you until you stumble upon a segment of the astral that is most alluring to it.

Once you have found it, visualize the Stone of Feeding sucking up a portion of this location into itself until you feel the stone has been filled. It is just that easy, and the

magician needn't give up any of his vital personal energy in order to feed the Imp. Quite the contrary, for the Imp will empower the Magician by its connection to him through a magickal feedback loop. With his Imp, he will perform spells better than he ever had before, his Imp will be happy, and he will be happy as well. Only *real magick* has Imps. Ain't got Imps, ya ain't got shit.

The magician who fails to feed his Imp properly may face dire consequences. Instead of simply wasting away to nothing within the Stone of Binding, it may begin to gnaw its way through the incantations placed upon the stone in an act of starving desperation. Most times, this will never happen. But sometimes, it will. If it does, the Imp will be set free with a personal vendetta against the magician. This rarely ends well. The mistreated Imp may even sometimes call upon the greater demons in an act of magickal retribution. Imps with less than 30 prongs will hardly have enough smarts to do this, but it is not impossible. *Serious Magick* is a dangerous game that you do not want to get fucked in the gritty bunghole by. So, my advice is this: Feed your Imp well, let your Imp assist you, and profit.

Working with the properly bound and fed Personal Imp is an easy arrangement with many benefits. Yes, we're still talking about Imps. You wanted the whole magickal truth, well here it is, douchebag. It's Imps all the way down.

Once the wizard gets to know his Imp a little better, he may present it with a name. This will further entangle it with the magician. Be sure to make it sound like something intimidating, like FIRKRAAG THE FOUL (the name of my first Imp) and not something gay, like *Blake*. This will encourage it to grow ever more horns as the years go by, all of which house the magickal capacity of Imps. The more horns it has, the more power it has. As you grow in strength, so will it. Indeed, the Imp will desire ever more power for the

both of you, so it will engineer opportunities in the astral and physical worlds alike.

The wizard may use a properly bound Imp to carry spells for long distances across its natural astral habitats to other persons and planes at a much faster rate. They can be used alongside ordinary spells to quicken and empower the result, carrying the wizard's intent where he might not tread undetected. Imps may also be used as the quickened Astral Body of the magician. When a good personal connection has been made between the Imp and himself, he may simply ask it to produce visions of the astral while he lies back in his chair, thus inducing an Out of Body Experience without the use of complicated techniques. The applications are endless.

In the unfortunate event that an Imp becomes unruly or out of sync with the wizard, it is important to know how to decommission it. Fortunately, this is easier than ensnaring one in the first place. One simply creates another Summoning Square but does not place any candles or bones upon it. He Incants the same callings but with some slight alterations:

IN NOMINE MULTIMUNDI!
GIGNOMENDACIUM!
DOMINUS DE MAGIA! CALIBRATTO!
EGREDERE DE PETRA! ANIMALUS!
FUGERE IN PORTA! OVOMALONO!
BROO VENIT! BOOGA-BOOGA!
GET THA' FUCK OUTTA' HERE! CAPISCE?

This will cause the Imp to fly back into the portal post-haste. The wizard then smashes the Stone of Binding which his Imp had inhabited with a hammer or other large smashing instrument, and tosses it amidst the dirt. One may also get rid of a personal Imp by simply *eating it*. And it is not unmanly to shed some tears while doing so.

Indeed, for I had become so attached to my first Imp that I was baffled when it began presenting me with off-putting dreams and ridiculous ideas such as: “Maybe you aren’t a Dark Wizard. Maybe the Black Pyramid doesn’t exist. Maybe you’re in an asylum, and this is all a figment of your psychosis. You actually might be completely insane and in need of psychiatric help. You’re talking to a bloody Imp right now, for fucks sake!” So I had to get rid of it. So long, you little shit. May the next life treat you better than I had.

IN MEMORIUM
FIRKRAAG THE FOUL
1298-2015

Becoming a Double-Crowley (W.V.W. 2015)