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Are you a Witch?

Second Edition

By Inelia Benz

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The 13th Mage



Interview with an Alien



*Interview with a
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Preface to the Second Edition.

When I first wrote this book over a decade ago, there was not as much information about our awakening capacities out there than there is today. The book was a response to the inevitable misunderstandings that started to be reflected on popular TV shows and books with regard to the link between witches (something that was seen either as extremely negative, or “cool”), and our natural extrasensory perceptions and skills.

Now there is a lot more information regarding these abilities, but there is still a lot of misinformation about their nature and “who” has them or uses them. The word “witch” is still fully charged with programs, fears, and negative connotations. And anyone with special skills is portrayed in movies as being perceived as dangerous, persecuted and often killed.

In this second edition, I have reviewed some of the information, have added more accounts and experiences which have come up since the first edition was first published.

This book developed from a short article I published on the Internet in the late 1990s by the name of “Are you a Witch?” The original article was in Spanish and people copied it into various web pages as a free resource under the name “¿Eres Bruja?”

Thousands of emails were sent asking for more information, this book is in answer to those emails.

The information contained within is true for me from what I have experienced and observed and in no way claims to anything but that.

I invite you to share that exploration and use it as you will.

Inelia Benz

Introduction

Walking the Path, a personal story.

The worst thing that can happen to a person with extrasensory perceptions, powers of observation higher than those of “normal” humans, or a seeking mind way too active for the comfort of those around them, is to live in ignorance of his or her condition. When this happens he or she can end up within the walls of a psychiatric hospital at worst, and feeling confused, misunderstood, depressed, becoming easy prey to cults and manipulators at best.

Some years back I had to visit a person who had been committed in a psychiatric hospital due to what the doctors called a depressive disorder. While I was chatting to him in the common room I felt a presence behind me, I turned to see a young and beautiful woman, she must have been around nineteen years old at the time. She entered the room accompanied by several other patients, chatting and smoking they walked passed and sat a little way from us.

As I observed the girl my friend said, “poor kid, she thinks she’s a witch.”

I said, “if that is what she calls herself, then she probably is a Witch.”

My friend looked at me confused at first, then laughed, “you are wrong Inelia, the kid’s just round the bend, a slice short of a loaf, a penny short of a shilling, if you know what I mean.”

I knew exactly what he meant.

This happened as we were entering the new millennium.

The girl had grown up, like all of us, in a family and society that completely ignored the nature of her gifts. At another time, at another place, she would have become the Healer, the Shaman, the Medicine Woman, a Psychic, a Hero, or she may even have been burned at the stake. When I returned the following weekend the girl was sitting on the stairwell, “I’ve been waiting for you,” she said, “I knew you were coming today, I

saw you last week, talking to that friend of yours. I just wanted to tell you that you are the most beautiful person I have ever seen in my life.”

“I know what you are,” she added, “you are an angel come from heaven to help me.”

“No,” I said, “I am just someone like you, we are the same.” At that moment she moved to one side, we could feel my friend wondering where I was.

“You better go to him, he’s a good guy, a bit messed up but means no harm.”

“Yeah, I know,” I said and carried on up the stairs.

We didn’t say goodbye, we didn’t need to.

There was nothing I could do for that girl, she was too far gone for me to help her. Besides, coming out of that state was something she had to do on her own, something only she could do. Unfortunately it would be hard for her, as a gifted human full of drugs, or medications as the doctors would prefer to call it, was as good as dead.

I often think about her, I send her a prayer and energy whenever I do, a prayer that she may find her path once again, that she can become strong and find the tools to be herself, to use her gifts and be able to survive in our society. But was she really a witch?

An Old Witch once told me, “any woman who has fear or fascination for fire was burned at the stake in another life. Once a witch, always a witch.”

This might very well be true, many people think that our abilities and interests are the results of previous lifetimes.

A witch is someone who follows a pagan religion, adores mother earth and makes spells. But this girl used the label from a place of lack of information. From a place of having been persecuted and punished for her abilities. She knew, and probably had memory, of being a witch in a previous lifetime. She was also probably labeled a “witch”

by her family, who went from trying to “cure her” with their priest to curing her with their doctor.

How can we find out what we are? Do we have a special responsibility over those who don't have these skills?

I have heard it said that everyone we come into contact with we have chosen to meet in order to learn, or remember, something in this lifetime. So, if we come in contact with witches, or Earth Religions, and we resonate with them, then that might be our path. If we love superhero stories, comics and movies, and go out of our way to develop these, then those are important clues as to why we are here.

Sometimes the journey is the opposite. Sometimes we either have these abilities, or a very strong desire to develop them, and when we research them, we come across the different labels, schools, organizations and religions that accept and/or teach them. Sometimes we “settle” for what fits best, and make excuses for those aspects of the organizations or people, that don't resonate with us.

Be aware though, that just because we come across people, religions, or organizations that promote extra sensory skills, or teach us how to develop them, their intention is not always for our own development or wellbeing. It can be about something else. Not help us learn or remember, but to simply stop us from doing what we came here to do. And if we are not strong or knowledgeable enough, we do get stopped. This book is geared to both acknowledge that these skills are real, as well as guiding us through the jungle that opens up for us when we flex our extra sensory and skills muscles or go out into society to try to develop them.

That girl in the hospital had parents who were not there to teach her a lesson or teach her to remember, but to stop her from developing her skills. We need to be savvy as to who, when and where we express our powers as well as who we get involved with while developing them.

Our energy as sovereign human beings has moved on since the year 2000 when I met the girl in the mental hospital. Maybe she eventually moved away from parents and doctors who wanted to stop her learning and remembering her skills, and she freed

herself from that trap. Maybe one day we'll hear who she was and her journey out of being influenced and surrounded by people who did not have her best interest at heart.

When we have these skills, or want to develop them, we will probably get labeled by ourselves or others. Chances are you have already decided, or have a sense, about your place of origin, a label that describes you best, and a reason why you are interested in this topic. In the pages of this book, you will be able to validate your knowing and be better equipped to enter the extrasensory skills highway.

So, apart from being a Witch, what else could describe your interest or skills?

No matter what your interests are, if you are reading this book, one thing we know for sure is that you are different to the great majority of people out there.

We were different as infants, different in school, in college (if we lasted that long in the educational system), different everywhere we go, different in every group we were part of... if we were part of any group at all.

Some of us try to be "normal", try very hard to have the same values and interests as the rest of those other "normal" people out there and invalidate all the skills that we had at some point. This comes from a general feeling of rejection from society to anything and anyone who is different. Sometimes this rejection is quite dangerous to our mental and physical health, or social standing.

Less than a decade ago this was the common view with regard everyone who had special skills, they were witches, they were evil, they were ugly, they worshipped the devil. These were the things people would normally think. Nowadays, although there are still people and countries who regard these skills with fear and distaste, the tide is changing, the new generations are more open to all things super and special.

The huge interest and integration of special skills, comes with a social warning. This can be seen in the conclusions of most of the TV shows and books that depict these skills or Magick abilities. In the majority of modern TV shows or movies, the people who display those skills and abilities have to hide and not show themselves because the

“normal” folk become afraid of them and try to kill them or lock them up. Same old story, new context.

Also, even in our new Millennium, there are still some states and countries that prohibit anything with Magick or Extrasensory Perceptions in them, including fictional books, movies and television programs.

Of course these are generalised views, and not everyone is so black and white about it.

We need to tread with full awareness on our path to validate, acknowledge and develop our skills. Part of that, also involves identifying why we have them, and where, what group, person, or organization, we identify with most. This not only helps in finding others with whom we can share our journey with, but also shows us the path of least resistance when actually working on our abilities.

There are clues!

For example, some of us will feel homesick, longing and desire to reconnect when looking at the stars, we will feel identified not with witchcraft, psychics, or sorcerers, although it might have appealed to us at some point, but with science fiction and space exploration. We might be called to investigate ET contact, channelings and belief systems.

So maybe you are a child who came from the cosmos. Those who are, are often innocent to the ways of evil, easy prey to energy and life “vampires” and believe the best of all people.

Did you ever lay in bed and try to communicate telepathically with those “up there” to come and pick you up in their spaceship? Did you ever hold a torch at night and point it to the sky, sending signals so they could see where you were?

Or maybe you do identify with witches and all things magical.

Some of us would wear black, and get emotional at wands and magic objects. Did you ever search for a “special book” of power or spells? Did you wonder about the power held in odd looking stones and power phrases? Do you own whole collections of books about Sorcerers and other magical creatures?

Maybe your path is that of Earth, but not so much about spells.

How about animal guides? Did you ever wonder which one was yours? Do you go into the forest and isolated areas, and sense there are elementals there, that the trees can talk to you, and that there are animals who appear to give you greetings and messages? Do you collect crystals, rocks, sticks and other natural objects because they feel special to you?

It's possible one of the above really resonated with you. And it is likely that all of them resonated to a certain degree.

It is also very likely that you always “knew” you were different to everyone else on the planet.

There are certain characteristics that separate us from the rest of humanity. Whether we are attracted by the earth religions, the plants, elements, crystals, magick, or the stars and dreams of flying through space, it is still common for us to seek knowingness of our nature and place of origin. The reason you bought this book is probably that you know you are different and you have a seeking mind. You are probably looking for answers to figure out the best path into empowerment and self realization, and yes, developing your skills.

We come in all shapes and sizes, some of us will have “psychic powers”, some of us won't... yet. Some call ourselves witches or Star Children, or Psychic, or Healers, or Shamans, others call ourselves no labels at all. The labels to choose from are many and we will take a look at some of them in this book.

One thing many of the people I know who have these skills have in common is that they have taken a journey of self discovery and self mastery.

My journey began when I was very small, although I didn't know it at the time.

My first recollection in this lifetime, after entering the body, was as a fully conscious individual teaching my tiny little baby body how to move the arms the way I wanted them to go while around me people spoke a foreign language I had not yet learned. A few years later, when I was a toddler visiting my grandparent's house, my special skills were noticed for the first time by the adults in the family. The house had been built by my great-grandparents at the turn of the 20th century and was the place where my grandfather as well as my father had been raised,

The house was always full of people, my grandparents, my parents, my brother and sister, my aunties, two house staff members, and various other people who came and went. The strange thing about some of these people was the way they dressed. Some of the women wore long starched dresses, the men strange pants and hats.

Being the youngest of the grandchildren, I was often left to play in a corner while the adults and my older siblings got on with things. Being as I was, an observer, I would sit and watch everything that was going on. I would watch as people came and went, chatted and worked.

One day, as I sat on a sofa in the piano room, which was an open plan area leading to a main corridor, a woman walked past me. Her long dress missed me by inches and I reached over to touch it. The woman walked a little further and then stopped. She looked back at me, I looked at her. She looked away then back again. I was still looking at her.

"Oh, hello dear," she said in a motherly manner.

"Hello," I replied.

"Who are you?"

"Inelia."

"Who do you belong to?"

I thought about this question for a moment, I didn't actually know what she meant.

"Who are your mummy and daddy?"

This seemed like a very silly question, but I thought I should answer nonetheless.

"Mummy is my mummy and Daddy is my daddy," I answered, wondering why the woman had asked.

"But what are their names, dear," she said.

I sighed, "Mummy and Daddy."

How old are you?

I pulled out my hand and showed her three fingers.

"Oh," she said, "that explains it."

She walked over and sat next to me.

"I am going to sit here so you can show me who Mummy and Daddy are when they walk past."

"Ok," I said and we waited.

While we waited she explained that people had other names that they were normally known by, names that other adults would call them by. I thought about this a long time, tried to remember if Mummy and Daddy had been called other names by people but the truth was I had never noticed.

Eventually my father walked passed and I pointed him out, "that's Daddy."

"Oh my!" She said, looking at me with renewed interest, "that's Paddy, my grandson, she said, I am your great-grandmother, your grandfather's mother."

This really surprised me, I didn't know grandfathers had mothers.

We spent a lot of time together after that. She showed me the entire house, telling me stories of when my grandfather was small and also when my father was small. She told me of adventures and details as well as important events that had happened to them. And she showed me toys that had been lost or hidden several decades earlier.

At dinner time, one of the only times in the day the entire family was together in one place, I started talking to my grandfather about the things that had happened when he was small.

When he asked me how I knew I told him his mother had told me all about them. The table fell silent.

My grandmother broke the silence by telling me not to make things up and to eat my dinner.

My grandfather looked at me and asked me what his mother looked like. Feeling upset and not knowing why everyone seemed angry at me I did my best to describe her. My grandfather stood up and faced my grandmother, shouting, "I told you I saw my mother in that part of the house!"

"I don't believe any of it, someone has been putting ideas into the child's mind," answered my grandmother, giving my grandfather an accusing look.

"No, it's true," my aunty said, "I watched her earlier, she was having a long conversation with an invisible person. It was eerie."

The table burst into life as a couple of arguments broke out.

I never thought my great-grandmother was dead at the time, in fact I refused to believe it was true until I was an adult and had to sort out an inheritance. While searching for documents, I saw her death certificate, for the year 1942. I was born in 1966.

As a teenager, and having moved to England by now, this was the first ability I investigated, the ability to see the dead. I stopped seeing them when I was five years old, but I knew they were there, spirits, I could sense them and "know" what they were communicating or feeling, and I had to find out more.

When I was a teenager there was no internet, and there were not many books on the subject of life after death available in my local library or bookshops. The only ones I found were the Doris Stokes autobiographical accounts of her experiences with the other side.

I read the entire collection, and for the first time I felt identified with someone who knew what I knew. I no longer felt alone. I really loved everything she had to say and became much more able and capable of understanding how these things work. She was like a breath of fresh air in my life.

In 1997, now in my 30s I returned to that family house in Chile, the house where I had met my great-grandmother's spirit. I stayed for two years. I no longer saw my great-grandmother, but I did sense the presence of people who were not there in body.

The second ability I explored during my life was the ability to predict the future.

For most of my early years this ability was a random occurrence, out of control, disturbing. I would have dreams which would come true, at other times I would simply know what someone was about to go through. I found it disturbing because even though I could see things, there was absolutely nothing I could do to stop them or do something about them.

Sometimes I couldn't even warn people even if I had a chance to, something told me not to.

To bring this to a more predictable form, to be able to use it as a tool, I began to learn the Tarot.

Divination, prediction, another sought after skill that needs understanding.

The main problem I had with it when I was young was that I was not sure if I was predicting the future or was in fact causing these things to happen. Someone I met helped me with a few simple sentences.

I was fifteen at the time, visiting one of my best friends. I stayed the night and the next morning I woke up with one of those disturbing dreams which I knew would come true.

Feeling desolate and depressed I went downstairs for breakfast. The father of the house was busy in the kitchen preparing breakfast, it was a large family so it took quite a while to cook for everyone. As the sausages fried away and the bread got toasted he turned to me and said, “you don’t cause them to happen you know. The predictor does not cause those things he or she predicts, if you start thinking that then you will end up like I did, half dead.”

I was flabbergasted, he knew what I was going through.

He smiled, switched the gas off the sausages and unplugged the toaster, sat next to me and held my hand.

“You are a little witch,” he said, “you can see things others cannot and this can destroy you if you don’t educate yourself.”

He told me how in his case he had thought he was going mad, how he wanted to destroy that ability, thinking he was the cause of the things that happened. He found the perfect tool to stop all psychic abilities, alcohol. As a young man he decided to drink himself to death, something he tried to do for several years. One day he woke up in hospital, the last thing he remembered was having lived in the streets, drinking anything that would make the world go away. He couldn’t move. The doctor came over and told him that his liver was several times its normal size, that he would have to cut at least half of it away if he wanted any chance of living.

“I can operate to try and salvage as much of your liver as I can, but you probably won’t survive the operation. What I want to know is if I should bother operating on you at all. There are many people needing medical care here and if you plan to carry on drinking after the operation I won’t bother to help you. You have to make a decision, do you want to live or die?”

It took him years to fully recuperate his body. The healthier he became, the more his abilities improved. This time he went out to find guidance.

“Things are no longer the same as when I was a child,” he told me, “now the world is changing, now you will find what you need to know, all you have to do is ask and look. But if you don’t look for those answers, if you live in ignorance then your future is bleak.”

Of course someone calling me a witch was very upsetting to me at the time. Witches in the world I lived in were horrible looking old women who were out to get the princesses. I wanted to be a princess.

We never spoke about these things again, and a couple of years later I moved and we lost touch.

Most of us can predict the future, we get a feeling about things, we have moments we have lived before, or commonly known as “déjà vu”, which in French literally means “already seen”. We just know when something is about to happen.

The question is, what do we do about it? How can this help us or those people we see things about? This is something we, all of us, each have to find out for ourselves.

Telepathy is also a skill which has been a topic of contention in my life. I have used it as naturally as I use the phone, then stopped myself for a few years only to have it come back again when the need arose.

Have you ever known who is about to call before the phone rings? Have you ever remembered a long lost friend then later that day casually met them in the street? Have you ever known what someone is about to say, or when someone is looking at you in the street?

This is telepathy.

Telepathy was second nature to me, now it is something I keep to myself, mainly because most people find it strange when I answer their questions before they voice them. I cannot communicate telepathically with just anyone, it is usually people who have the skill themselves, or who broadcast their emotions and thoughts very loudly, or with whom I have a high level of affinity.

One of the times I have actively used it with people who were not familiarly related to me was in Ireland in the early nineties. I had moved there with my husband and three young children. As all our relatives were either in England or Spain we built up an enormous phone bill. The phone company allowed me to keep the phone line but only to receive calls, not to dial out.

This was a problem at first as I couldn't ring my friends to arrange meeting them or to ask them anything at all, which anyone with young children knows is a terrible thing to have happen.

So I would connect directly with them using telepathy and ask them to ring me. Those conversations were extremely funny because they would ring me even though

they didn't know why, but I always had something important to tell them. This lasted for months until one of my friends realised she always rang when I had something to say to her, she told me she would see me in her mind's eye and would see herself phoning me. As she mentioned this another friend who was with us at the time said that was exactly what would happen to her. I had to admit it was me doing it and the telepathic "phone me" message never worked with those friends again.

After these two friends didn't respond very positively to my giving them the "order" to phone me, I started leaving friends a "message" on their phone. But by then I had a phone that worked already. In other words, I would ring them, and if they didn't answer I would visualise them knowing I rang them the next time they picked up the phone. This little trick works every time. A lot of my friends didn't have an answering machine or carry cellphones.

The ability to move things with the mind, telekinesis, is one of the main abilities young people want to learn.

As a teenager I was quite a master at it, I could make pictures fall from walls, ceramic figures move on the shelves, stop glasses from smashing when they fell to the floor. In short there were various small things I could do. This ability disappeared for years, only to return in a very mild but more useful form when I reached adulthood.

Many of the letters I have received are from people who want to know how they can learn to do things such as communicate with the dead, see the future, communicate telepathically, move things with their minds etc.. They also want to know what these and other abilities mean and how they can find out if they have them.

Others want to know if they need these things to be able to become a witch, they want to know if they have what it takes. But that's mostly because of the title of the original article, and the name of this book "Are you a Witch?".

This book will look into the wider known psychic abilities, it will give you simple exercises that you can do in order to know if you possess them, develop them, as well as give suggestions on what you can use them for.

However, this book is mainly concerned on what it means to be different, what makes some of us be attracted to belief systems and philosophical or scientific bodies of knowledge which advocate or explain mind over matter and our reasons for being here on this beautiful blue planet, as well as the difference between these belief systems and what you can expect to find in them.

It will show you that even if you might not possess any psychic abilities, you too can develop them.

This book is meant to be part of your journey of discovery. Looking at the paths others have laid, you too can reach the place where you once came. This can be by either following another's steps or by tracing your own path.

There are three main sections to the book. Due to the growing interest in all things Magick, the first will look at identifying what makes a witch, what is witchcraft and what is magick. The second section will look at the way in which you can start opening a path in your life to decide whether you want to become a witch, or follow another path. I see each path out there as leading to the same place but using different languages, a different set of tools and travelling through a different landscape. It is also true that a lot of those paths trace only part of the way for you, and that others are so attractive that they themselves become the goal rather than the tool to travel the real path and reach the ultimate goal.

This book will give you several methods you can use in your search as well as some practical advice based on life experiences which aim to keep you safe and true to yourself.

At no point will there be any alliance to any particular group, religion or dogma; although this is primarily a book which explores magick and witchcraft, these are looked at without prejudice or alliance but aims at having an observational approach which will give you enough information to know for yourself whether these are what you are looking for. Other belief systems and religions will also be looked at in a more summarised fashion in order to broaden your scope and information resources.

The third section is an appendix of information which contains a personal story, a questionnaire, a glossary of terms and bibliography, as well as titles of recommended books and links for further study.

This book also aims to show you that you are not alone, that there are millions of people out there just like you, that you are extremely valuable, that simply by looking beyond material reality you are special.

I have included quotes, in the best of tradition, from three women who have inspired me in their own special way, my sister Ximena Ahumada Avila, an artist, witch and

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healer, my Aunt Yuly Avila Molina who is a psychic, mystic and healer, and my friend Ana Arrate who is an astrologer, magus and tarotist.

Most importantly this book aims to answer the question: "Are You a Witch?".

Part I

MAGICK, WITCHES AND PSYCHIC POWERS

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