

Codex Love

The Gauntlet's monthly RPG zine



This month we explore the theme of 'love' with two games we simply adore: Lady Blackbird and Dungeon World.

Lady Blackbird has romantic love at its core, and **Stops Along the Journey of the Owl** by Rich Rogers not only reflects his deep experience with the game, but also includes elements you can use to flesh out your campaign.

For Dungeon World we have **Temor, God of Love & Pestilence**, by Fred Bednarski, and a deluxe starter by Ray Otus called **Bogville**, which examines a community of peace-loving frogfolk.

Finally, our miscellany this month features three dozen fantastic places to take a date!



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STOPS ALONG THE JOURNEY *of the Owl*

WRITTEN BY RICHARD ROGERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NERY MEJICANO

I've run *Lady Blackbird* nearly forty times over the years. I love this game like no other. In my experience, a game of *Lady Blackbird* starts off and ends with a bang, but sometimes the middle needs a little love from the playgroup.

What follows are two locations from the text with some questions and idea nuggets, as well as one location I've created which is an amalgam of numerous ones I've made up as a "curious stop along the way to the Remnants."

Along with the idea nuggets are what I'm calling "Key Cues." They're opportunities for a GM to seed in a moment built for a specific Player Character to engage one of their starting Keys. Of course, if the player has bought off that Key, then you might want to skip it.

Before we get started, let me share a tweak to the *Lady Blackbird* rules. This is how I run it, and it works:

TWO DIFFICULTIES

For some rolls, you can set a difficulty per the normal rules. A pass with this many 4s or higher will allow the player(s) to overcome the obstacle. In this tweak, you announce that difficulty level and an even higher difficulty level (at least 2 higher) for a grander success.

Example: *"Yes, Naomi, you can take down those two guards, the difficulty level is 3. However, if you get 5 successes, then you can clear all the marines out of this section of the ship."*

This tweak encourages higher risk-taking from players, which increases the expenditure of Pool Dice. Spending Pool Dice forces refresh scenes, which builds characters, relationships, and deepens the story. It's a wonderful thing!



HAVEN

Questions

What do people say keeps the Empire from crushing Haven altogether: distance, politics, money, magic, or something else entirely?

- * What's the real reason Haven is a Free World?
- * What is the Haven market most famous for?
- * What festival is going on when *The Owl* arrives?

Nuggets

- * Biting poxfly and the stench of rotting garbage near the docks because the Sanitation Unanimity are striking against the Trade Union for better working conditions.
- * The finely detailed and itemized menu of services offered at the Broken Shackle, a private inn that offers safety for travelers.
- * A waft of coal fire on the air when the winds carry down from the constantly burning smokestacks of Industrial Quarter which dominates the skyline of Haven.
- * Floor upon floor of patchwork, squalid tenements erected to house the wretched, impoverished and unemployed freed slaves.
- * Battles of words, picket signs and sometimes fists in the streets near the Union Hall between bickering work clans.
- * Logan Keel, former Blackbird servant cast out for expressing an opinion unfavorable to his masters.

LB's Key Cue: at the sprawling docks a sky barge carrying recently freed slaves is unable to pay docking fees and is running short on fuel. They call from the deck for succor.

NB's Key Cue: a pair of Bounty Hunters, Bell and Pickett, seem to be trailing the crew as they travel in Haven.

CV's Key Cue: a vendor selling flowers spots Natasha and Cyrus, offering to sell him a flower or two to give to "the fine lady."

KA's Key Cue: Isabel Quinn shows up, wanting an update on progress with bringing Lady Blackbird to the Remnants.

She says she's reporting to Uriah, and offers a reward for the information (and silence about the encounter).

Sn's Key Cue: while working on *The Owl* at the docks, Snargle spies a group (children / goblins / sailors) running along the rooftops performing death-defying stunts "for fun."

NIGHTPORT

Questions

- * If Nightport is a hive of scum and villainy, who buys all the purloined items here?
- * *The Vile Mystery* is docked here. (Kale / Snargle / Cyrus), why aren't you part of the crew anymore?
- * Who runs Nightport: a single warlord, a collective, an elected official, the Trade Union?
- * What's over on the other side of Nightport, the side always under the light of the star?

Nuggets

- * Buildings in the port city are "retractable" and can be moved underground during Imperial bombing raids, moving upon a complex gear and pulley system.
- * Defense of Nightport consists of a loosely-aligned armada of pirate and smuggling vessels and crews; during Imperial conflict, all feuds are held in abeyance.
- * The skittering of rats and cats scurrying in the streets and alleys, dodging between the bodies of drunken or dead sailors.
- * Dockside taverns squatting together in a row, each door issuing forth with music in every imaginable style, from Imperial call-and-response to exotic instruments from far-flung planets across the Wild Blue.
- * Streets lit by glowworm lights, phosphorescent grubs harvested from the labyrinthine caves deep beneath the city and kept by the dozen in globes. Abundant and hearty, when eaten, they make lips and tongues glow.
- * Artemis Mooncloud, incoherent, smokes their hookah and lazes about in the taproom at the Harping Monkey Tavern, selling secrets for more intoxicants.



LB's Key Cue: “The best way to mix among the denizens of Nightport is to look like one of them, Natasha.” Brigand Natasha is the best thing!

NB's Key Cue: Naomi sees a poster, the local fighting pits are looking for challengers to Korrik Orkblood, famous pit-fighter who Naomi “has a past with” (ask her why she never defeated him, and why he’s here and not in the Empire).

CV's Key Cue: Cyrus runs into Noah Canter, a sailor who served under him in the Imperial Navy who’s fallen on hard times and taken to pirating.

KA's Key Cue: former partner-in-crime, Catlip, sees Kale and asks him for help shaking down Brogan, a decadent merchant.

Sn's Key Cue: Snargle witnesses a mugging in an alleyway!

LOSTROCK MINE

An asteroid slowly orbits the dimming star at the center of the Wild Blue, somewhere between either Haven or Nightport and the Remnants, but always in the navigational path of fiction if it’s needed. A colony of hard-nosed miners are steadily worming their way deeper into Lostrock seeking more veins of precious ore. This is an excellent place to refuel, repair, or hide out.

Questions

- * What valuable ore is mined here? What makes it worth dying to obtain?
- * What’s so dangerous about working at this mine?
- * Which one of you has an estranged family member here? What are they exiled for?
- * What happened to the goblins who used to work on Lostrock?

LB's Key Cue: the miners offer Natasha a home among them, hidden away from the worlds.

NB's Key Cue: the current shipment of ore is bound for the Imperial skyways to resupply the fleet on Olympia. The skybarge is loading up as *The Owl* arrives, soon to leave.

CV's Key Cue: the majority of the Lostrock miners have no military experience, and none have command experience. When an external threat (Imperials, Bounty Hunters, Pirates) comes, someone needs to lead them.

KA's Key Cue: it’s obvious by now that Vance has affection for Natasha. Will Kale encourage this, or try to “protect” his/her brother from the danger she poses (from the Pirate King)?

Sn's Key Cue: an engineer at the lone docking port, Sidhu, is a quick-witted and curious one, sure to ask lots of questions about *The Owl* (letting Snargle show off their knowledge). But what’s Sidhu’s motivation?

A COLLECTION OF ELEMENTS FOR DUNGEON WORLD



Cemor, God of Love & PESTILENCE

WRITTEN BY FRED BEDNARSKI

ILLUSTRATION BY PER FOLMER

Temor is an ancient deity. Before the Age of Man, he held mastery over all disease, deciding what would survive and what would perish in the eons to come. Even without the power to create life himself, his whim had a profound impact on the shape of the world.

As the world evolved, so did Temor's interests in the mortal realm. He grew tired of deadly illnesses. As the sentient races began to appear, he shifted his focus from diseases that would simply kill, to something much more sinister: a sickness that would toy with mortals' minds and make them act in erratic ways. Temor created love.

He let this new infection spread like wildfire.

Today, there are only a handful of Temor's temples still in use. Few sects have taken it upon themselves to preserve Temor's ways and act on his behalf. Those operating in the open care for the sick and the heartbroken, and provide cures for those who fall in love. Others travel across the lands to spread disease.

The most secretive of the orders, the Chasted, act as his agents, keeping the gifts Temor has bestowed upon mortals in check. They seek those who abuse those gifts: the poisoners, the sickmongers and especially the seducers, and either punish them physically or kidnap them and turn them into one of their kind.

Shrine of Temor

Before you stands a large stone basin. In it sits a lifesize sculpture depicting a beautiful, yet somewhat alien, androgynous human: Temor, the god of love and pestilence. The basin is covered in ancient script and filled with murky water, bones, and dead plants. Despite the basin's contents, the area around the shrine smells pleasantly sweet.

If you say a prayer to Temor and wash your naked body with the water from the shrine's basin, roll plus the number of times you have truly been in love. **On a hit**, Temor appreciates your piety; someone you had a recent encounter with falls in love with you. **On a 10+**, this person will be good and kind to you.

On a miss, or if you drink from the basin, Temor finds your actions offensive and sends one of his other diseases down upon you. Mark the Sick debility. From this point onward, the GM can visibly progress your disease and give you a debility as a hard move. You can remove those debilities by normal means, but the disease and the marks it leaves on your body can only be removed by gaining Temor's favor.

Scarmaker

This charred tablet with a long handle is essentially a branding iron used by the cult of Temor to initiate the Chasted. The tablet is embossed with ancient symbols representing Temor's mark of purity. **If you are branded with a red hot Scarmaker on a smooth piece of flesh**, you become one of Temor's protectees. You are immune to all diseases the deity holds dominion over. This includes all mundane disease, as well as all kinds of love. While you are under Temor's protection, no person will be able to fall in love with you, as any person who is capable of loving you finds you repugnant. After a year and a day, the scar will fade and your protection will cease.

Plaguesight Mask

This mask is a somewhat crude representation of Temor's face made out of rough stone and wood. Legends say it was chiseled off a statue that Temor himself posed for. **When you put the mask on your face**, you will see the world as Temor would. All material creatures and objects will become blurry, and diseases of all kinds will become visible as streams of glowing smoke. If you Discern Realities while wearing the mask, you get to ask an extra question, but all the answers will focus on love and other sicknesses infecting people in the area.

Offertory Vessel of Temor

This surprisingly heavy, inconspicuous brass box is one of the main components used in Temor's rituals. Vessels like this are used as part of cleansing sacraments to store diseases after removing them from the faithful. After transferring the disease, the box gets heavier and begins producing a sweet smell of decay. There are rumors of offertory vessels containing hundreds, even thousands, of diseases sitting in forgotten temples. The vessels are only truly useful to clerics of Temor, but if you break, or otherwise open an Offertory Vessel of Temor, the diseases stored inside will escape and start infecting living things nearby.

Skull of the First Lover

A surprisingly clean and well-preserved skull covered in trinkets, carvings, and other ornaments from throughout the ages. Even though the skull seems not quite human, there is a certain allure to it. No, not just allure. Beauty. The skull smells of exotic spices and is pleasantly warm to the touch. You know that behind its ruby eyes the wisdom of the ages lays hidden. You can almost feel it softly speaking to you.

When you act against your better judgment and try to appease the soul inhabiting the Skull of the First Lover, roll +CHA. **On a 10+**, hold 3. **On 7-9**, hold 1. If you offend, neglect or take the First Lover for granted, lose all hold. So long as you have hold to spend and are embracing the Skull of the First Lover, the following are available to you:

Spend 1 hold to ask the GM a single question about the ancient world. They will answer it truthfully.

Spend 3 to gain the benefit of a full day's Recover in minutes, or three days worth in a day.

Spend 5 to gain useful information leading to a great treasure or boon from the ancient world.

Clerics of Temor

Nothing pleases Temor more than seeing his gifts thrive in the mortal realm. Those who worship the Lord of Love and Pestilence swear to keep the diseases he gifted to the world alive. Different sects achieve this by following their own unique dogmas, some more sinister than the others, but none will actively destroy a disease or aid those who do so. However, many of the sects agree to treat the sick and the injured as a means of preserving those hosts for future dispensation of Temor's blessings. Clerics of Temor may add the following to their spell lists:

Sanctify

You can remove any single disease from a living being. Any and all sanctified diseases are not destroyed, but rather transferred to another host, who will immediately display signs of infection. You can transfer a disease to yourself, another living being through touch, or to a nearby Offertorial Vessel. You can sanctify yourself.

Rote

Dominate Diseased Mind

Level 1

You order the disease inside a living creature to temporarily become more love-like and attack the host's reasoning. The target will follow one simple and short command to the best of their ability.

BOGVILLE

A DUNGEON
WORLD STARTER
BY RAY OTUS

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY SEAN POPPE



Deep in the tangled bayou that checks the Great Northern River's headlong rush to the sea lies Bogville. Shrouded by purple mists and moving about according to some sluggish dance of the tides, the village is nearly impossible to pinpoint. Locals claim you will hear the airy piping and thrumming of the frogfolk who live there long before you catch sight of the town's squat, round huts.

"Ain't no use looking for Bogville," they say. "You don't find the frogfolk; they finds you."

Those who stumble upon Bogville are welcomed profusely, but few can bear the stifling heat, droning insects, or overripe smell of the ubiquitous slime for long. Moving on after a night or two, they drift down to Port Pitch where locals are eager to swap tales.

"They has skins of fascinatin' colors and limbs of unsettlin' grace. Their eyes is a bit too far apart, that's truth, and they has a bit of a sharp smell that takes some gettin' used to, but you can't say two words agin' their joyful, peace-loving way of life." And many add with a wry wink, "Jest you be careful of that froggywine!"

The occasional traveler, having once seen Bogville, has been known to quietly slip back into the bayou, longing for the accepting ways of the frogfolk and a life that's simpler than the noisy, cutthroat ways of Port Pitch. The fate of such individuals is not known. Some say they find happiness. Others think them enchanted by the frogfolk and whisper about the latter's alleged cannibal ways.

QUESTIONS

- What person or venture is relying on you to reach Port Pitch and what is the rather serious cost of delay?
- What strange thing does the bayou muck belch forth with a puff of fetid gas as you pass through the purple mists?
- When you hear the first strains of frogfolk music you find it to be strange but not unpleasant. How does it make you feel or what visions does it conjure in your imagination?
- You alone among your party hoped to find this strange village. Why? What secret errand or wish will you fulfill here?
- You find something about the frogfolk both disturbing and oddly attractive. What is it?
- As you depart Bogville, huge tadpoles pace your vessel. What is it about them that looks unsettlingly familiar?

IMPRESSIONS

- Shredded curtains of yellow, dimly glowing moss, hanging from the bayou's sad-looking trees, leave a viscous, sweet-smelling goop on you if you brush against them.
- Bubbles slowly burst on the surface of a scummy backwater, implying some activity below.
- A cloud of insects hypnotically buzzes and morphs from shape to shape.
- A bird hidden within the reeds seems to repeat your name in a tuneless call.

- A purple fog slowly builds in layers around your craft, filtering out the fierce sun and usual swamp noises.
- Sleek, naked children pop out of the green water, race across driftwood platforms, and dive back in, playing some endless game.
- Frogfolk laze about in overlapping clusters of limbs, despite the overbearing midday heat. Couples touch each other constantly with obvious affection. The desire for personal space seems nonexistent.

NOTABLE FOLK

The frogfolk are long-limbed and petite, standing around 5' tall with bright eyes of amber, acid green, purple, or orange, and lightly spotted or striped skin of opalescent hues. They emit a heady scent in close-quarters, especially when excited. As a rule, frogfolk are eager to welcome and entertain outsiders. They avoid fighting at all costs and will dive into the water and hide if threatened until visitors leave or settle down. Their huts are round, woven together from sticks and reeds with smoke holes in the ceiling. Inside are vessels of baked clay and mats for sleeping, no real furniture.

Frogfolk: horde, intelligent, amphibious. Instinct: to enjoy life. Moves: avoid effort. Whittling knife (w[2d4], close). 3 HP, 0 Armor.

PIPA BUNGWO

Pipa Bungwo's dull and saggy skin, dried out and blotchy from too much sun, gives him an air of great age. He is usually found sitting alone (a rare thing among the frogfolk), smoking a ridiculously long churchwarden in front of his brewhut, shaded by his massive, ridiculous hat. Pipa crafts the endless vats of "froggywine" that the villagers drink (they call it Glosirp), guarding its secrets from outsiders with jokes and half-truths. Glosirp is a potent euphoric and aphrodisiac. It would probably be very popular, and also illegal to sell or trade, if many people even knew about it or it were easier to get. There are certainly willing buyers in Port Pitch.

If Pipa, or anyone, talks the group into drinking Glosirp, it touches off a huge party that quickly gets out of hand.

Pipa's brew hut is a place of bubbling and fumes.

The chimney disgorges a thick, yellow smoke that makes the eyes sting and water. Inside, the floor is crowded with big clay pots covered in stretched membranes. Some have small fires under them and will occasionally burp out an intoxicating scent through the constricted edges of their coverings. The ceiling is hung with wooden paddles, mashers, cordage, a few knives, and all kinds of shriveled, mostly unidentifiable, ingredients.

Pipa Bungwo: solitary, intelligent, amphibious. Instinct: to invent. Moves: ruminate until a solution materializes, dissemble with a ridiculous tale, talk anyone into a nip of Glosirp. Cooking knife (1d4, close). 3 HP, 0 Armor.

Pipa's Hat: a shapeless hat of stained leather, with a massive frayed brim. It was probably green at one time. The hat is a magical repository of alchemical lore, in which Pipa has encoded recipes, herbal lore, and minor enchantments over decades. The hat, "Gedwyr," has gained a form of sentience from this process and Pipa has mumbled or nonverbal conversations with it when brewing.

When you don Pipa's hat while brewing a potion, roll+INT.

On a 10+ the hat guides you unerringly, choose 2.

On a 7-9, the hat constantly nags you as you work, choose 1.

- The potion takes half the time to brew.
- The potion uses up only half the usual resources.
- The potion grants +1 forward when used.

When you wake up after drinking Glosirp, roll+WIS.

On a 10+ you feel unusually energetic, take +1 forward to anything physical.

On a 7-9, choose 2.

- You aren't Shaky (-1 DEX forward) from overindulging.
- You don't suffer an outbreak of disfiguring warts (-1 CHA ongoing).
- You don't wake up with a vivid memory of inseminating a cluster of coconut-sized frog eggs in a frothy slime and all the unsettling, groovy things that came before!

THE GLOOPS

Papa Gloops, his three wives, and their 27 children occupy a flotilla of small huts near the northern edge of Bogville. The place is a riot of running children, thick with the smells of home cooking, and perilously cobwebbed with lines sporting tiny breechcloths. "Papa Gee" as the screaming children call him is a comical figure, filled with curious bits of news. He collects the stories of travelers and has more contact with them than most villagers. He often encounters strangers when hunting millisaurs, many-legged crocodilian creatures that bask on the banks, in his slender dugout.

When you trade a story with Papa Gee, roll+CHA.

On a 10+, he tells you a useful or interesting tale. Choose 1.

On a 7-9, his story is useful or interesting. Choose 1, but only if you first surrender some important bit of gear that one of his clinging children has fixated on.

- He tells you where to find a fabulous treasure, buried and then forgotten in the swamp ages ago. He has no need of money and is afraid to disturb the evil spirits that he is sure guard it.
- He tells you something critical about an individual who came to the village ahead of you; possibly someone who was searching for you.
- He tells you a story that sheds some light on a curious possession of yours, detailing some bit of its origin and/or powers.

GULLA VOLUPALOSH

This curvy member of the frogfolk is obviously at the height of her charms, and she is surrounded by alluring members of the tribe of both sexes. Her retinue seems even more eager than most of the frogfolk to hear visitors' tales, bring them food, massage tired feet, etc. In fact, they seem to focus the most attention on those members who are the most withdrawn or surly.

Gulla manages the Loving Hut, a place filled with comfortable, clean mats, bowls of magically-chilled delicacies and soothing unguents, and (of course) ample jars of Glosbirp. Whenever a tribe member exhibits even the mildest symptoms of antisocial behavior, they are sent here for "treatment."

There is no formal law in Bogville, only a culture of positive peer pressure. Loners are essentially cajoled into (and in severe cases, shamed into) taking the treatment.

Gulla is also in charge of the folk's fertility rites. The Bogvillians are desperate to rejuvenate the frogfolk's failing bloodlines and have designs on visitors. Those who imbibe too much Glosbirp may find they have unwittingly left more behind in the town than they intended.

Gulla Volupalosh (and retinue): group, intelligent, amphibious. Instinct: to make others know and show love. Moves: pamper someone out of a foul mood, stage a fantastic party, arouse sexual desire in any humanoid of any gender. 3 HP, 0 Armor.

MARKED BY BOGVILLE

Bogville can be dropped into any campaign as a travel scene and is designed to create adventure hooks and/or develop characters a little. It is a completely non-violent encounter, at least in the traditional sense. The Bogvillians certainly want something from the characters and will manipulate them to get it, but only through means that are not wholly unpleasant (if perhaps a bit embarrassing). When in doubt as to how to play a frogfolk, think of 1960's era hippies and/or simple but genuine backwoods folk.



THREE DOZEN FANTASTIC PLACES TO TAKE A DATE!



An evening stroll along the banks of the flowing waters of the Lunest River, where lovers who gaze into the moon's reflection in the churning waters may hear the whispers of their partner's secret desires.



Lovers in possession of a stolen heart often flee into the Rose-Colored Maze to hide. You might go there to retrieve it, or just to take home one of the minotaurs.



Lover's Leap. The hot air currents and lower gravity of Mars allow lovers to float leisurely from the top of Olympus Mons, some 22km high, while enjoying the view of the valley below.



If you spend three nights in the arms of a paramore on the Perfumed Seas of Cybele, the goddess will send you three visions of how your love will end. Two of them will always be lies.



Candlelight Bridge, which only appears at night and spans the gentle Sonsorros river; add your own ever-burning candle to the thousands that are already here.



linjar Bridge over the River Carst, at sunset, to see the swarms of phosphorescent crabs scuttling upstream to their nighttime warrens.



The Lovers' Carnival. Calliope music fills the air, along with the smell of caramel and other treats. Though many couples enter, they seem to never bump into one another, enjoying only each other's company. Any who quarrel quickly find themselves at the exit.



The Glistening Hole, a cave with soft crystal sand refracting bioluminescent, aphrodisiacal truffles beneath the surface. Find beautiful gems only in the throes of passion.



The Marzipan Rhinoceros, a sweet little sweet shop where the sweets give sweet dreams to those who eat them (and bad indigestion to the petty, uncaring, and cantankerous).



Lovers who enter the reflecting pool of Galaurung may receive the blessing of the beautiful serpent queen. But the grounds are littered with the petrified remains of those whose gaze wandered from their partner.



Dusk at the city of high towers, when the mage spires flare and paint the sky in neon colours.



The Tenebrous Bridge, a crossing of impenetrable darkness, negotiable only via touch, smell, hearing and taste.



The Spriggan Cave. There's something to be said for the euphoric properties of those luminescent mushroom spores.



The whispering cherry blossoms of Valance. The sweet earnest words lovers have told one another in hushed tones across time can be heard in this place, when so ever the cherry blossoms begin to fall.



Witness the mechanical marvel of the Clockwork Burlesque! Watch the automatons as they click and whirr between tables, bringing food, wine and innocent titillation!



The Fungeon, a non-lethal outing for the adventurous couple. Designed by a retired halfling explorer, this twisty, cavernous maze is complete with traps, tricky guardians, puzzles, and trinkets. It sure is pricey!



Picnic. Sitting on the ice rings of Neptune as we dangle and entwine our feet. Gazing at Uranus.



The Unencumbered Beach, bare it all for the world to see; the warm mists are divine (and, thankfully, obscuring).



Bishop's Carnival, where you can try your hand at magical games of skill (they're all rigged), but show your character by losing with dignity (or by stealing a prize and running).



The Promenade of Possibilities, where couples may glimpse ghosts of futures as yet unrealized in the mimetic waters of the River Yrn.



A street market lit by firefly lamps. Masked vendors sell trinkets you long for in dreams but forget when awake. You can only buy for another at Firefly Market.



Oak of Binding Love. Time spent by a couple under the oak renders unto them an oak nut carved in the likeness of their unending love.



The Twin Melody Rapids, where the separated rushing waters create music that crashes in and out of one another, attempting to tell the tale of lovers long since passed.



Perenelle's Eats. A fifties-style chrome, linoleum and vinyl hangout ideal for teen romantic conspiracies, run by a semi-retired alchemist who occasionally helps things along with her "special recipes."



The restaurant at the edge of the world. Dine with your lover on the transparent floating force platforms which hang over the endless void of Eternity. Enjoy the cuisine of the chef Night and his staff of twelve shades of the greatest chefs to have lived in the past one thousand years.



The Blue Masquerade appears to those wearing paper masks made by local children. Upon entering, the masks become ornate with gold embellishment and soft feathers. If you truly love each other, all others will be but copies of yourselves.



A druid's hidden grove, where the rare Goldveil Roses only bloom for a single day and night on the summer solstice. They produce a soft golden glow until dawn.



The Silverheart Theatre, where the world's greatest bards and illusionists reenact history's most epic tales of love or loss.



Be sure to have your clothes tailored specially when you are invited by your lover to the Ball-Room. No gravity holds you to the floor, allowing the most spectacular dancing, but potentially risqué angles of viewing.



The Grove of Throes, a forest of trees twisted into explicit shapes of beings making love. Red leaves catch golden sunlight, and soft sweet fruits give visions of love and heartbreak.



Couples who drink the potent concoction known as the Silver Chorus fall into a deep torpor, shedding their corporeal forms and entering a shared reality of their making. It's said that those who partake in this deeply spiritual experience return to their mortal vessels with a fragment of their partner's soul.



The sacred blue sun rises over the mists of mourning as three sweat-glistened lovers entwine, laughing through bloody teeth as they share a breakfast feast of fleshly wonder.



I don't know if anyone has bothered to give it a name, but when the rats lose their bearings in a kinetic storm and bite into the transformer hub, the arcs of amber can be quite romantic. If you stand back far enough you can't even hear them pop!



The food at the Pink Lotus is spicy, aromatic and full of aphrodisiacs. Be careful who you sit next to!



The House of Chains, where lovers are free to explore the deepest recesses of their desires, a place where thoughts can be made flesh.



If you follow the old shafts of the Ragolosch mine you will find an unassuming gap. If you step through you find yourself inside a geode of tremendous size, the light of your lanterns reflected by hundreds of crystals. #dwarfdate

Credits

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Stops Along the Journey of the Owl

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Temor, God of Love & Pestilence

Written by Fred Bednarski, Illustration by Per Folmer

Bogville, A Dungeon World Starter

Written by Ray Otus, Illustrations by Sean Poppe

Miscellany: Three dozen fantastic places to take a date!

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Patrick Brannick, Keeper of the True Name of Abbadon

Jesse Burciaga, Keeper of the Beast Masks

Neko Cam, Keeper of the Child Who Sings the Final Song

John Campbell, Keeper of the Dark Shard of Nemrath

Bay Chang, Keeper of the Heart of Lursiss

Eloy Cintron, Keeper of the Burning Pages

Jeffery Collyer, Keeper of the Oneirophrenic Chords

Robert Corr, Keeper of the Ram That Whispers Lies

Luke Cox, Keeper of the Screaming Statuary

Yoshi Creelman, Keeper of the Triton's Blessing

Samwise Crider, Keeper of the Golden Scar

Jason D'Angelo, Keeper of the Merry Abbatoir

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Jacob Densford, Keeper of the Rusted Metropolis

Mark Diaz Truman, Keeper of the Clockwork Corvid

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Kevin Flynn, Keeper of the Vermin Chaplet

Daniel Fowler, Keeper of the Unidentified Artifacts

Lowell Francis, Keeper of the Black Quill

Tomer G, Keeper of the Squamous Beast Below

Josh Gary, Keeper of the Windswept Plane of Dust

Gregory Gelder, Keeper of the Knight of Mums

Edgar Gonzalez, Keeper of the Iridescent Forest

Derek Grimm, Keeper of the Spirit Discs

Matthew Gushta, Keeper of the First Oak

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Johan Jaurin, Keeper of the Laughing Chaos

Tim Jensen, Keeper of the Pilgrim's Forge

Damion Junk, Keeper of the Joyous Pit

Maxime Lacoste, Keeper of the Silver Rods

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Dirk Leichty, Keeper of the First Lines

Daniel Lewis, Keeper of the Unspeakable Fixation

Shane Liebling, Keeper of the Unlearnable Alphabet

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Daniel Lugo, Keeper of the Winter Reverie

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Steve Mains, the Keeper Who is Beyond Our Reach

Volker Mantel, Keeper of the Children of Malgolian

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Jason Martinez, Keeper of the Woman Whose Face is Naught But Tentacles

Andrew Mayer, Keeper of the Sandstone Mysteries

Donogh McCarthy, Keeper of the Nine Dread Names

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Tom McGrenery, Keeper of the Two Tongues

Casey McKenzie, Keeper of the Pain Repast

Christo Meid, Keeper of the Tainted Feast

Michael Mendoza, Keeper of the Sleeping Pygmy

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Christopher Moore, Keeper of the Five Poisons

Joby Morey, Keeper of the Milk-White Putrescence

Jim Morrison, Keeper of the First Starlight

Wesley Naval, Keeper of the Tenebrous Chapel

Joe Nehmer, Keeper of the Pungi of the Serpent Queen

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Steven Watkins, Keeper of the Three Wicked Kings
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Phillip Wessels, Keeper of the Dun Putrescence
Stewart Wieck, Keeper of the Ink-Black Night
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River Williamson, Keeper of the Blazing Sigil
Isa Wills, Keeper of the Feathers of Regret
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