

Codex

The Gauntlet's monthly RPG zine

ALL ARE PUNISHED

Hunt down a serial killer and avoid the Ultor Sacerdotes in this *Monster of the Week* mystery.

HELL IS (AN OFFICE FULL OF) OTHER PEOPLE

Get ready for an extremely hostile takeover in this re-skin of *Funnel World*.

ASH & BONE

A *Dungeon World* starter filled with plague, burning corpses, holy relics, and sausages of dubious origin.

GAUNTLET DADDIES #004

He'll put the devil in you!

THREE DOZEN DEMONS (AND HOW TO BIND THEM TO YOUR SERVICE)

A miscellany straight from the bowels of Hell.

H E L L





ALL ARE PUNISHED

Content warning: Torture; sadism; murder of vulnerable people; misogyny; religious imagery; blasphemy; implied incest; body horror; self harm; drug addiction.

Francis Tillerson was handsome; not quite matinee-idol handsome, but certainly returning-character-in-a-soap-opera handsome. He was charming. He had the most open smile, and he did charity work. He volunteered at least once a month at the soup kitchen that ran out of St. Evelyn's Church, feeding the city's homeless. And, when he finished his shift, he would track down whichever of the homeless women he had found most attractive that evening, invite them back to his apartment to sleep for the night, and torture and murder them.

He was able to operate like this for years because nobody was really looking for missing homeless women, and from 1974 to 1978 it's estimated that he murdered more than fifty women and girls. He was eventually arrested when one of his intended victims escaped and identified

him to the police, which quickly led to the discovery of human remains in the multiple chest freezers that filled most of his apartment.

Despite insurmountable evidence against him, Francis maintained his innocence throughout his trial and during his years on death row so he could mount multiple appeals. It was very important to Francis that he escape the death penalty; he worked out of the St. Evelyn's soup kitchen because that was the church he'd attended as a child, and though he didn't act like it, he still believed every word he'd heard there. He was convinced that on his death, he would be condemned to Hell.

On a cold February morning in 1984, Francis Tillerson was executed by lethal injection. And then, of course, he went to Hell.

Concept

One of America's most infamous serial killers, Francis Tillerson, has been condemned to Hell for the past thirty-three years, punished and tortured in uncountable ways by an order of angels known as the Ultor Sacerdotes. Two weeks ago, he escaped Hell with the aid of his secret daughter, Marie.

His body is ravaged by his years in Hell to the point where he is little more than animated sinew and bones, but he's now able to draw energy from murder, and use it to rebuild his ruined form. He's schooled Marie in his methods, and she's bringing him victims—each murder restores more of his body, and soon he'll be able to leave her apartment and stalk the streets himself.

The Ultor Sacerdotes have not taken his escape lightly and are hunting him down, so the murders Francis and Marie commit are becoming increasingly frequent and risky as they sense time running out.

Hook

Homeless women and girls have started disappearing around the area of St. Evelyn's a couple of weeks ago, and with increasing frequency. The older residents in the area have started to whisper how much it reminds them of Francis Tillerson—but another, stranger, rumour abounds: deathly pale figures who resemble disfigured nuns have been spotted at the site of every disappearance.

The Sanguinavem

In the last year of his life, when it became clear he couldn't escape execution, Tillerson turned to esotericism in search of an escape post mortem, and discovered the scriptures of the Ultor Sacerdotes. Most importantly, he discovered the way to escape them. There were whispers of an artifact created by a heretical order of monks in 11th century Genoa that would allow someone on Earth to open a door into Hell and rescue their one true love.

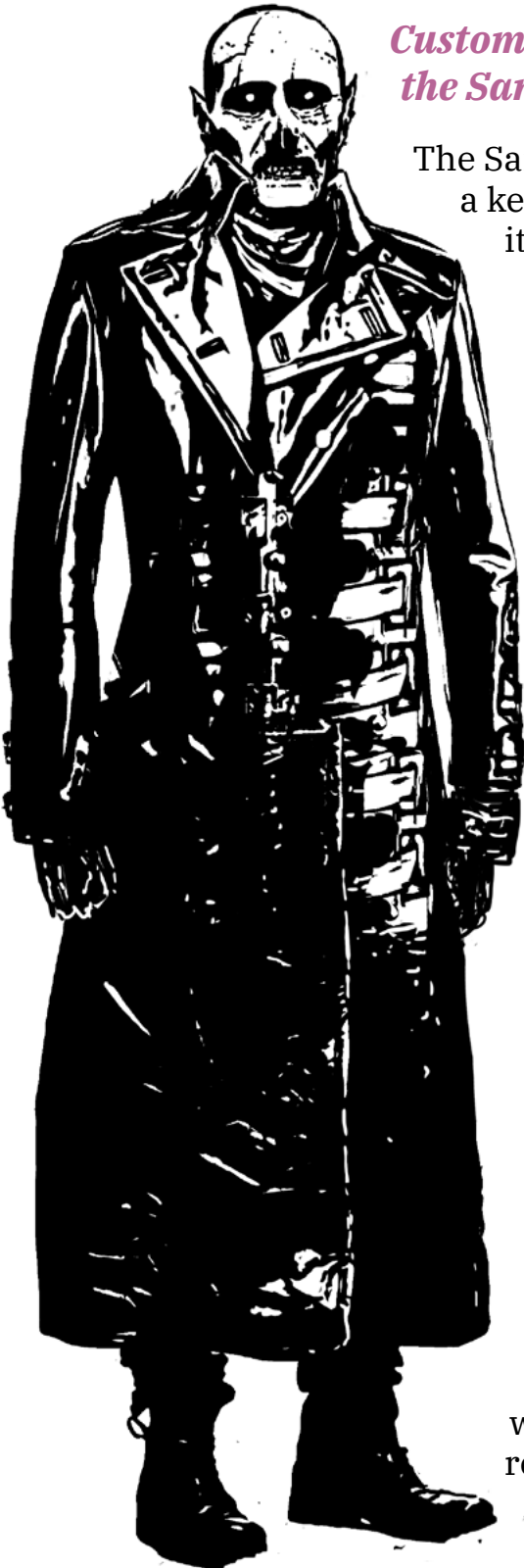
This artifact, the Sanguinavem, is a spherical puzzle of brass and burnished teak, which at the time of Tillerson's incarceration was languishing in a private art collection in Manhattan.

During his time at the soup kitchen, Tillerson had attracted the attention of Rhona Pierce with his good looks and easy charm, despite his complete disinterest in her. He used this to his advantage during his trial, where she was one of the very few people willing to act as a character witness for him.

After discovering the fables of the Sanguinavem, he further manipulated Pierce, convincing her that he loved her, and bribing guards to allow illegal conjugal visits, during which time Pierce became pregnant. In her last visit before his execution, Tillerson confided in her about the Sanguinavem, and said that only she, his true love, could rescue him from Hell.

She was horrified. She'd always assumed he was innocent as he claimed—and innocent men do not go to Hell. When she refused to help, his mask slipped, and he attacked her in an animalistic rage before being dragged off and beaten by the guards.

When a distraught Pierce arrived home, she found a parcel waiting for her. It contained all of Tillerson's collected research on the Sanguinavem, and letters from him pleading with her to help him after he died. Not knowing why, she kept it. Her daughter, Mary Pierce, was born in the winter of 1984. Rhona Pierce never told Mary who her father was.



Custom Move: Solving the Sanguinavem

The Sanguinavem is a key to Hell, but it appears to be a puzzle or toy, albeit it a baroque one. By pressing at certain pressure points in the sphere, you can release catches and move sliding sections of the puzzle, transforming it into a pyramid. Doing this is equivalent to a complex ritual; the monastic order that created the artifact used it to record the actions of the ritual in the same way a music box records a song.

When you attempt to solve the Sanguinavem (whether or not you know what that will achieve), roll +Sharp. *On a 10+, you open a door into Hell, or summon the Ultor Sacerdotes, your choice. *On a 7-9, you open a door into Hell and attract the attention of the Ultor Sacerdotes whether you want it or not.

Threats

Monsters

Francis Tillerson

Devourer moving to Torturer. Harm capacity variable, starting at 4.

Motivation: To regain his human form and escape the Ultor Sacerdotes so that he can continue his rampage.

When he was alive, Francis Tillerson was a narcissistic, sadistic, misogynistic piece of shit who killed for fun, for a fleeting sense of power and control, and sometimes out of boredom. After returning from Hell, he's still all that, but immortal.

He's currently hiding in the basement of Marie Wheatley's apartment block. When he escaped from Hell two weeks previously he was essentially a skeleton with a few bits of ragged flesh hanging off it. Since then, he and Marie have kidnapped and murdered four homeless women. The negative energy from their deaths has returned some of the flesh to Francis's body, but he still looks like a shambling medical school cadaver, stripped of flesh and attempting to hide his hideous form under a dirty raincoat that's only getting dirtier as blood and pus from his flayed body seep through it.

Francis is reluctant to expose himself until he's fully healed, but the attentions of the Ultor Sacerdotes are forcing him to act more rashly than he would like; he's already had to abandon both his old, still-abandoned apartment and St. Evelyn's church, where he was hiding previously.

Francis doesn't get any thrill out of killing men, but won't hesitate to attack male Hunters if they get in his way. If he encounters a female Hunter, however, particularly if she's young, pretty, or both, he'll stalk and attempt to kill her; Hunters may be able to turn this to their advantage, as he's otherwise unlikely to leave his hiding place.

Power: Sacrifice the Innocent

When Tillerson commits murder, he absorbs the negative energy it creates to heal himself. If he has been wounded, he'll heal one Harm. He starts quite weak for a *Monster of the Week* monster as he's still coalescing his form. If he is at his current max Harm (starting at 4) and commits a murder, his Harm capacity goes up by one, and his body appears more human. Once he gets to 7 Harm capacity, he'll appear fully human, though inside he will never be.

Once he's regained his full human form, he moves from the Devourer monster type to the Torturer type, stalking the streets and killing without motive beyond his own pleasure. He can still heal and gain more Harm levels with each murder he commits, though it will have no further effect on his appearance.

Though he most enjoys killing young women and girls, Tillerson doesn't particularly care who he sacrifices in order to heal himself; he's doing his best to avoid the attention of the Sacerdotes,

and he's keeping Marie around for as long as it's convenient, but he plans to kill her once he's fully healed so nobody knows he's back, and will do so earlier if he deems it necessary.

Power: Frame Up

The Ultor Sacerdotes have difficulty recognizing humans by their appearance since they spend so much time changing their wards' flesh with knives, hooks, and any number of other sharp things at their disposal. Instead, they recognise people's souls.

Tillerson has continued his studies into the Sanguinavem after returning from Hell, and has discovered that by performing a different ritual on the artifact, he can convince the Sacerdotes that someone else is him, with the intent of that person returning to Hell in his stead. Aside from the Sanguinavem, he needs a lock of the victim's hair; he may get this himself or use Marie to get it for him.

Weaknesses

Tillerson's only true weakness is the Ultor Sacerdotes. While he's vulnerable to attacks from normal weapons, once reduced to Harm 0 he's returned to his skeletal form and will retreat, but can reform again by committing more murders. However, if the Hunters can lead the Ultor Sacerdotes to him, probably by using the Sanguinavem, the Ultor Sacerdotes will drag Tillerson back to Hell and take Marie with them if she's still alive.

The Ultor Sacerdotes

Executioners. Invulnerable.

Motivation: To return Francis Tillerson to Hell.

Tillerson is being pursued by four of the Ultor Sacerdotes, Hell's torturers. Strangely dispassionate creatures, they don't care why they are torturing the people left in their care, they simply know that it is what they are there to do.

This is not to suggest that the Sacerdotes don't take pride in their work; eternity is a long time to flay the same piece of flesh over and over, and they're constantly coming up with new and innovative ways to inflict trauma on jaded souls.

Martyrs to their work, the angels test their new methods on themselves and each other to ensure the sinners in their care experience the utmost agony. Their once heavenly appearance is twisted and scarred by an eternity of experimentation in the further reaches of suffering, made only worse by the glimpses of remaining angelic beauty.

Their bodies—ostensibly female where a gender can be perceived—have lost much of their consistency due to an eternity of self-harm. They're held together by tight black leather habits bound by numerous belts, all made from the tanned hides of their wards, with some cutaway sections to display scars or wounds of which they are especially proud. They look, overall, like H. R. Giger paintings of nuns in a fetish club.

The Sacerdotes are completely devoid of empathy, and while they are not especially interested in harming the Hunters, they will kill them without a thought if they deem that they are being inconvenienced in their pursuit of Tillerson.

Power: Always Right Behind You

Running is undignified, and the Ultor Sacerdotes never move above a casual walk. However, if they're chasing someone, they always seem to be just behind them, and the Keeper can have them appear in any scene they deem appropriate regardless of whether logic says they should have enough time to travel there.



Power: Eternal Suffering

Anyone being tortured by the Ultor Sacerdotes will remain alive and conscious when all reason says they should be dead. What point is pain if there's nobody around to appreciate it?

Attacks

All The Right Tools: The Sacerdotes always have whatever sharp and cruel tool they need at hand; though they could simply have them appear in their hands if they wanted, that's not quite as impressive as having them fly through the air. Hooked chains are a favourite. 1 to 4 Harm, as the Sacerdotes desire.

Weaknesses

The Ultor Sacerdotes cannot be harmed; they are invulnerable to all weapons. The only chance the Hunters have to get rid of them is to lead them to Tillerson, at which point they will peacefully return with their prisoner.

Minion

Marie Wheatley (Renfield)

Harm capacity: 5. She's just a normal human, but she's fanatically devoted to her father and very manipulative.

Motivation: To do anything it takes to win her father's love.

Marie Wheatley, born Mary Pierce, was bullied at school for being from a single parent family, and always hated her mother for flat out refusing to discuss her father. Because she hated her mother, she convinced herself that her father must have been some great man; she eulogized an invented version of her absent father in her head.

Then she found the books and letters from Tillerson to Rhona about the Sanguinavem. Now was her chance to get the father she'd always dreamed of. Now was her chance to rescue her father from Hell. Think how grateful he'd be!

Changing her name to discourage people from making the connection between her and Tillerson, she got a job at the gallery where the Sanguinavem was about to be sold, and stole it. Opening the door to Hell, she reached in and rescued her father. The invented version of him had muddled in her head with the older men she'd dated throughout college, and her reaction to him was a mixture of familial and romantic love, even in his reduced form. Her incestuous feelings for Tillerson will only grow as he brings her further into depravity. However, as she is a woman, he feels nothing for her but hate.

Bystanders

Eunice Baptiste, a parishioner at St. Evelyn's (gossip)

Motivation: To show off how much she knows.

Eunice, now in her 90s, has been at St. Evelyn's since it was built. She remembers all about when Francis Tillerson was here, both back when he was a kid coming here with a mother trying to put the fear of God into him, and when he worked out of the soup kitchen. Eunice will tell you she knew—just knew—that there was something wrong with that kid. Which is bullshit, of course. She just says these things to feel important. But she knows a lot about Tillerson, all the better to back her stories up.

Rhona Pierce, Tillerson's ex-lover (witness)

Motivation: To be left alone.

Rhona Pierce still lives in the city. She hasn't seen Marie (Marie) in months and is worried about her; they parted on bad terms after arguing about her father. She doesn't want to talk about Tillerson but will do so if pushed.

Shelley Ford, heartbroken street kid (helper)

Motivation: To find out what happened to her girlfriend.

Shelley's girlfriend Becca has been missing for just over a week; she was the second girl murdered by Francis and Marie. Shelley has been trying to convince people that something awful is happening, but nobody is paying much attention to her because she's a teenage meth addict. She and Becca attended the soup kitchen on occasion; the last time Shelley saw Becca, she was at a dive bar with another woman that Shelley didn't recognise (Marie). Assuming she was cheating, Shelley didn't enter the bar. She hasn't seen Becca since.

Allan Greenleaf, an aggrieved gallery owner (witness)

Motivation: To retrieve and sell the Sanguinavem.

Two weeks ago, the Sanguinavem was stolen from the Outlier Gallery where it was on sale for tens of thousands of dollars. Greenleaf assumed correctly that the thief was a new employee named Mia Lightridge (Marie under another assumed name).

Marie used a false address and bank account when applying for the job, and police haven't been able to track her down. Allan can, however, provide a description that matches Marie's, and knows some of the history and stories of the Sanguinavem.

Father Lehane, a reticent priest (skeptical)

Motivation: To convince the Hunters that nothing weird is going on, for the sake of the church.

After news of the murders spread in the late seventies, attendance at St. Evelyn's dropped dramatically, and it's taken decades to get it back up to a respectable amount. Father Lehane is very firm that nothing odd is going on in or around the church, and will actively try to prevent the Hunters from investigating.

Locations

Marie Tillerson's Apartment Block (Den)

Motivation: To harbor monsters.

Tillerson is hiding in the basement of the otherwise unremarkable apartment building where Marie lives. The stolen Sanguinavem is hidden in a hollow beneath a loose tile in her kitchen.

Hell (Prison)

Motivation: To constrain and prevent exit.

If things go very wrong for the Hunters, one or more of them may end up in Hell. Nothing I can describe here would do justice to what your players can come up with at the table; Hell is personal, after all.

Countdown

Day: Marie picks a girl from the soup kitchen she thinks her father will like and abducts her. They murder the girl that night.

Shadows: Marie tricks Shelley into thinking she's leading her to Becca, but instead leads her to Tillerson, who murders her.

Dusk: Tillerson and Marie murder Rhona, and Tillerson regains his full human form.

Sunset: Tillerson murders Marie to cover his tracks and escapes, but is still pursued by the Sacerdotes.

Nightfall: Tillerson tricks the Ultor Sacerdotes into taking someone else to Hell in his place.

Midnight: A now invulnerable Francis Tillerson goes on a rampage across America that will last till the end of the world. He'll murder thousands, becoming the great American bogeyman.

“OH THE SISTERS OF MERCY,
THEY ARE NOT DEPARTED OR GONE.
THEY WERE WAITING FOR ME WHEN I
THOUGHT THAT I JUST CAN'T GO ON.”
SISTERS OF MERCY, LEONARD COHEN

hell is (an office full of) other people.

by matt stuart.

illustration by evlyn moreau.

This is a re-skin of Jason Lutes's excellent *Funnel World*. Instead of playing hapless crofters, blacksmiths, and innkeepers, you play hapless modern-day office-workers. A copy of both *Funnel World* and *Dungeon World* are required to get the most out of this.

mustering office workers

Set-up follows standard *Funnel World* procedure until **Step 6: Occupation and Starting Gear**, where the villager occupation table is replaced as per below.

1d20 Occupation

- 1 **Maintenance** Wrench (hand, 1 wt), flashlight
- 2 **Bicycle Courier** Satchel (+2 load)
- 3-4 **IT** Multitool (counts as 1 use of adventuring gear), cool T-shirt
- 5 **Janitor** Broom (reach, fragile, 1 wt), bucket
- 6 **Middle Management** (+1d2 Bonds)
- 7 **Intern** Boxed lunch (counts as 1 ration)
- 8 **A Temp** Nothing. Also: do not roll on the name table. Can only be referred to as "Hey you" or "The temp" until you survive the adventure, at which point you may roll for a name
- 9-10 **Legal** 50% chance of really sharp businessware. Otherwise: rumples, off the rack suit
- 11-12 **Sales** Nothing
- 13 **Receptionist** Nothing
- 14 **Personal Assistant** 1d4 cups of hot coffee
- 15 **Admin** Stapler (hand, 0 wt)
- 16 **Accounting** Laser pointer (far), calculator
- 17 **Security** Pepper spray (reach, blinding, expendable); 1d2 donuts (each counts as 1 ration)
- 18 **Catering** Birthday cake (1 wt, bulky, fragile, counts as 3 rations), knife (hand, messy, 0 wt)
- 19 **Mail Room** Boxcutter (hand, 0 wt), mysterious package for one of the other characters (Whose is it? What sound does it make when you shake it? Roll 1d3: 1 - rattles, 2 - ticks, 3 - meows)
- 20 **Disgruntled ex-employee** High-powered firearm (near, +2 damage, 2 ammo), list of grievances



Steps 7-8 of standard *Funnel World* becomes a roll on the name generator below. Roll for a name and assign gender however you please.

1d20 Name

- | | |
|----------|-----------|
| 1 Morgan | 11 Ashley |
| 2 Dave | 12 John |
| 3 Asha | 13 Raj |
| 4 Linda | 14 Carla |
| 5 Mike | 15 Sam |
| 6 Priya | 16 Pam |
| 7 Pat | 17 Malik |
| 8 Kiara | 18 Jim |
| 9 Vijay | 19 Barb |
| 10 Bob | 20 Alex |

Step 9-10 as per standard *Funnel World*.

Step 11 - Determine bonds as usual but look at them through a contemporary lens. “I am bound to Pam from Accounting because I am their property” might just mean Pam’s got some blackmail material on you, or maybe there’s some *Fifty Shades of Grey* action going on. If you can’t work something out, no stress, just re-roll.

Step 12 - Voila, you’re good to go!

building an office (GMs)

Step 1 Company Name

Determine the name of your company. Choose or randomly generate a suitably bland name from the table below with 3d4:

<i>d4</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
1	Trans	Global	Media
2	Multi	Task	Comm
3	Inter	Continental	Solutions
4	Omni	Octo	Corp

Step 2 Tag the Office (optional)

Rather than treat the office as a steading, it’s treated like a dungeon. Tags are applied to give the GM some grist for moves.

Roll or choose two tags:

- The fire marshall has really been asleep on the job. Add the *firetrap* tag.
- Corporate jungle. This office has a higher than usual degree of backstabbing and gossip. Non-enemy NPCs automatically have the *distrustful* tag.
- Due to a clerical error or just plain old success, the office is well-supplied. Add the *abundant office supplies* tag.
- Due to that scare last year, an over-complex multi-colour key-card security system was installed. Add the *card access required* tag.
- The building has *razor sharp feng shui*. It counts as a place of power for the purposes of magical rituals. This probably doesn’t help the PCs at all...
- The last CEO was big on core strength. There are currently no chairs in the office. They’ve all been replaced with yoga balls. Add the *balls* tag.
- Constant scrutiny is the cornerstone of productivity. The office building is filled with security cameras and microphones, all centred in a surveillance nexus. Add the *panopticon* tag.
- The conversion to a “smart office” was completed just last week. Automated to be the office of the future. Reactive climate control, realtime emergency system control, voice-operated elevators, predictive music based on the mood of the office! Add the *malfunctioning A.I.* tag.

funnel starter: extremely hostile takeover

player intro

First you all got told to gather in the crappy number three conference room, even the temps and visitors to the office. And then you heard the guttural voice over the conference room's PA growl:

“Hello? Hello. Hello employees of [insert company name here]. You've all been gathered into conference rooms across your building to let you know that [insert company name here] has now been acquired by Multiversal Acquisitions, Dis Branch. Congratulations, you're all now eternal employees of the biggest corporation in the infernosphere. Your contract is non-negotiable. Please stay in your designated conference rooms and wait for the scourges to flay your souls before chaining you into eternal servitude. Have a great first day and welcome to the company! AHAHAHAHAHAHAH—What? Oh is this still on? Why didn't you tell—”

And now you can hear the screams from other conference rooms on this floor and you can feel the aircon fail as a strange sulfurous heat rises. The hands have fallen off all the clocks and all their numbers have turned into eternity signs, but that's fine: you're all pretty sure it's time to get the hell out of here.

questions

- As you look out the window to what was once the city, what terrible sights have replaced the view?
- What's the fastest way off this floor?
- Whose birthday is it today?
- Who else in the office are you worried about?
- Who else in the office do you hope gets their comeuppance?

stakes

- How will the Workers escape the Great Flaying?
- In Hell, going down is always bad. What perverted horrors wait on the descent to the lobby?
- What deals might they have to make? What trials must they endure? Who might they have to leave behind?
- How might the similarity between Hell's bureaucracy and their own experience in the modern office environment give them some advantage?
- If they escape Hell, what fantastical world do the survivors find themselves in?
- Alternately, is there a way to bring the office back home?

impressions

- Distant wails of the damned.
- Clutch of suited demons hanging out at the blood-cooler.
- Wretch shackled facedown onto a photocopier.
- Office architecture giving way to blackened stone and magma and spikes.
- Office walls festooned with human skins. That tattoo looks familiar...
- Sprawling mazes of cubicles stretching into the distant, impossible horizon.
- Captured co-workers telling you it's not really that bad, if you just try it.
- Drones chained to desks beg for someone to take their place for just five minutes...
- Chaotic paper-cut gauntlet of the Mailroom.
- The Corridor of Twisted Truths.
- The Floor of Easily-Resolved IT Issues.
- The Cube-Maze of Murderous Prank-Wars.
- Blood-drenched terrors of the cafeteria.
- Gnashing doormaws of hell-evators.
- Badly lost party of beleaguered paladins from another plane.

enemies

scourge

Horde

Whips (1d4 damage, reach)

HP3 Armour 0

Sadistic, small horns, clip-on ties

Instinct: to be entertained (generally by flaying the souls of the living)

- Entangle with whip
- Caper with delight
- Get distracted

middle-fiend

Solitary, Intelligent, Devious

Hellfire Wand (1d6 damage, near, far)

HP 7 Armour 0

Ambitious, medium-sized horns, nice suit

Instinct: to get ahead

- Offer a deal
- Break a promise
- Underestimate someone

reckoner

Group, Intelligent

Swords (1d6+1 damage, near)

HP 2 Armour 0

Faceless, well-dressed, constant tutting

Instinct: to destroy anomalies

- Calculate chances of success
- Bicker
- Track relentlessly

the manager

Intelligent

Sword of Downsizing (see below, otherwise 1d8 claws)

HP 10 Armour 2

Black hooded cloak, massive horns, burning red eyes, bluetooth headset

Instinct: to reduce relentlessly; to ferret out weakness

- Sense profit loss
- Crush hope
- Remove a limb

sword of downsizing

Near, Magical 2 wt

A longsword whose black blade is adorned with flaming letters that read NUMQUAM SATIS. Anyone struck by the sword loses exactly half their current hit points (minimum of 1 damage). Someone can be reduced to fractional HP. Anyone on fractional HP gains the accounting anomaly tag. While this tag is in effect, there is always the chance that 1d3 Reckoners will teleport into the area and attempt to correct the anomaly (e.g reduce your HP to 0). Fractional HP are removed when you restore all your HP to normal level, get reduced to 0 HP, or reach the end of the financial year, whichever comes first.

Ask and Bone

*A Dungeon World starter by Martin Schwartz
Illustration by Jesse Ross*

Introduction

Late Spring, 1631: It has been two weeks since the sacking of Magdeburg, when the city was “given over to flames, and thousands of innocent men, women, and children, in the midst of a horrible din of heartrending shrieks and cries, were tortured and put to death in so cruel and shameful a manner that no words would suffice to describe, no tears to bewail it...”

Character Constraints

All human characters are Catholic (Polish, Austrian, etc.) or Protestant (Dutch, English, etc.).

All non-human characters are pagans from the North.

Everyone has a two in six chance of being infected by the plague.

Everyone is hungry.

Stakes

What will happen when the PCs get the lance?

Will they keep and use it (how/ to what end?) or give it to one of the factions?

Grim Portents

The river Elbe refuses to take anymore corpses. The corpses stand and point towards the city.

All children start to speak Aramaic.

Some animals walk on two feet and speak a mishmash of different languages and nonsense.

It's raining ash, blood, frogs, or leeches.

An earthquake rocks the city. A trumpet sounds. And then: silence.

Questions

What have you done during the sacking that you are deeply ashamed of?

Who have you spared or saved during the carnage? Name and describe them.



Why have you stayed behind when the army moved west?

Why haven't the Martyrs of Agaunum defended the city as prophesied?

What have you heard about St. Mauritius's Holy Lance? How is it supposed to heal the World's Pain?

Which saint's example do you follow (if any): Norbert (simplicity), Mauritius (courage), or Katharina (knowledge)? Why?

Rumors

The tomb of Otto the Great in the cathedral is full of treasures.

A famous doctor in Magdeburg found the cure for the plague.

There is a basilisk under the cathedral.

God will forgive us if the heretics in Magdeburg and their filthy city have been purged from the land.

There is a butcher in the city who sells the best sausages in the world.

The army which holds the Spear of Destiny is invincible.

Places around Magdeburg (starting point)

Pick the place that best fits party composition (catholic, protestant, or pagan) or roll a d4. Everyone wants St. Mauritius's Lance.

Letzlinger Forest (northeast) ruled by the Salt Princess of Fae: she is cruel, has spare horses and [+1 iron key among her gems], loves songs and stories.

The village Gommern (south). Not yet burned down. Occupied by troops of the Emperor under Count zu Pappenheim: He is interested

in literature and mechanics, has many facial scars and [+1 iron key on his belt], wants books about gears.

Castletown Wolmirstedt (north). Occupied by troops of Gustav Adolf of Sweden: He is always melancholic, has pipe weed and [+1 iron key among his fishing gear], loves to go fishing alone.

Fortified town Wanzleben (southwest). Eerie silence. Church of St. Jacob (ladder and well) with brewery. Brother Winnifred: Superstitious, has made a vow of silence, owns a map of the cathedral, wants to get drunk.

Impressions on the streets of Magdeburg

A group of flagellants calling "*Dies irae*" pulling a kart.

Plague doctors in bird masks burning bodies.

A beautiful voice: "Sausages, sweet and fatty."

Among the smell of death and pestilence the sweet odor of porridge.

The squealing and babbling of well-fed rats congregating between abandoned furniture on the market square in front of the cathedral.

Smoldering fires deep within the roots of the city.

Corpses hanging from gallows, poles, and windows, or bound on wheels, bones broken.

People and places in and around Magdeburg (is / has / wants)

(M: only in Magdeburg)

The blackened house of Hedwig: a wronged witch / curses and potions to sell [+1 iron key, around her neck] / to take revenge. (M)

The house of the magic porridge pot: a cursed place / a bloated figure, who might take just one small spoonful still / to lure in. (M)

Jakob: a creative butcher / dubious sausages and a sweet voice / to spread diseases. (M)

Father Helmholtz: an ambitious false priest / scrolls of protection against curses [+1 iron key, wears it as a ring] / to become the bishop or at least the new head priest.

A group of monks: whipping themselves / bones of St. Moritz [+1 iron key, among the bones] / to bring the relics to the crypt.

Watzlaf: a recently deceased noble from Bohemia / reliable pistols / to gamble.

Freydis: an elven seer / wooden toys / to steal children.

Dr. Heinrich Faust: a bearded devil / bag of medical instruments, potions, and [+1 iron key in his bag] / to fix you.

Svenja the Beautiful: a Swedish mercenary / a white talking spear with numerous mouths / to find a new employer.

A swineherd / d6 pigs, among them a rather pretty one / to find an open-minded priest to marry him to the pretty one.

Reinhard Bake: head priest of the cathedral, alcoholic / keys to the crypt [+1 iron key on the keyring] / forgiveness. (M)

Josef Kreutzerling, the soldier-priest: witch-finder / 30 pieces of silver / information.

Wandering Monsters Table (roll or pick one)

- - Goatmen.
- - Troll from Letzing Forest.
- - Landsknechts (Soldiers with guns) still drunk with violence or Austrian Mercenaries (Guardsmen with guns) shouting "Santa Maria!"
- - A large group of Magdeburg citizens with torches and pitchforks who have had enough (horde, 3HP, 0 Armor, damage d4).
- - Organized rats.
- - Burned corpses (zombies) who can't find their way to hell.

Impressions in the Cathedral of Saints Katharina and Mauritius

Icons with cut-out eyes.

Crude sexual graffiti on beautiful paintings.

Five atonement altars, dedicated to the virgins of sorrow, the virgins of joy, St. Mauritius (lance and flag), St. Katharina (book and wheel), and St. Norbert of Xanten (goblet and spider).

Smell of piss and incense.

The ominous sound of the organ. A child's voice singing in Aramaic.

The statues of the virgins of sorrow quietly sobbing if you are not near.

A heavy iron door to the crypt adorned with the crest of St. Mauritius.

Gargoyles moving in the corner of your eye and standing still if you look at them.

Walls of bones. Pillars made of skulls.

The petrified bodies of adventurers and the stench of a reptile house.

Relics of a martyr among piles of bones.

A door with seven iron seals and a guardian angel before it—almost too beautiful to look at!

The Iron Seals

A small but massive door with a goblet and lance carved into the stone. The ivory door-frame has a golden relief showing scenes from the Infancy Gospels of Thomas: childling Jesus carrying water in his lap, making the son of Annas wither, breathing life into clay sparrows, blinding two children out of spite, and resurrecting a dead man on a barrow.

If you open the seven seals and step through the door, roll + [(-1) + number of keys]. *On a 10+, choose three. *On a 7-9, choose two. *On a miss, choose one, and the GM gets to make a move.

- * You are not blinded.
- * None of your limbs wither.
- * No angel appears.
- * A grim portent doesn't manifest.
- * The bones around you don't come alive and shuffle towards you.

Things

New Weapon: Muskets and Pistols

deadly: double class damage

dangerous

loud: roll on wandering monster table immediately after fight.

unreliable: a 1 on any damage die eliminates the die until the gun is cleaned.

The magic porridge pot (1 weight)

An unassuming iron pot with a spiral symbol. If you pray to the Prince of Darkness, it produces the sweetest porridge.

The Lance of St. Mauritius (Spear of Destiny)

A silver lance inscribed with biblical verse. The tip sweats drops of blood. Worth a fortune to the right buyer.

When you carry the Lance in public for all to see, roll +CHA.

*On a 10+, wolves will dwell with the lambs and a child will lead them. *On a 7-9, everyone who sees the lance will be overcome by love and lust. Especially lust.

The relics of Norbert of Xanten

A skeleton wearing the tunic of a simple monk. Before him lies a creature in iron chains: the devil Iblis (treat as Lich) appears as a beautiful young man. When confronted with a holy symbol, he turns into his true form. He will lie, flatter, threat, beg, and promise everything to be released. Beside Norbert lies a bronze pyx holding a consecrated host and a goblet with a poisonous spider inside (spider bite effect as Goldenroot). The bones can be ground and snorted to learn any Level 3 cleric spell. The host is a powerful agent (enhances the scope of every cleric spell).

Curses and scrolls of Hedwig (10gp each)

Roll d8, pick, or read all.

Unlucky: if something bad happens, it happens to them.

Curse of always telling the truth.

Sign of the devil: they grow horns, a hoof, or a black tail.

Spread the plague: everyone they touch gets it but they never fall ill.

Raise Dead (as cleric spell).

Summon lesser demon.

Command rats.

Command devils.

Potions (Hedwig and Dr. Faust)

Potion of Mind Reading (swirling fog-like substance that has to be inhaled): you can read minds as long as you hold your breath.

Potion of Gaseous Form (mercury-like color and behavior): whoever drinks it turns into a cloud of gas.

Healing Potion (black liquid that tastes like tar): heals the plague.

Love Potion (clear, tasteless liquid): whoever drinks it falls in love with you.

Potion of Truth Smelling (brown, viscous liquid): you can taste lies on someone's breath when you are within kissing distance.

Goatmen

Horde, Intelligent, Organized

Horns (d6 damage, close), 6 HP, 1 Armor

The head of a goat on the body of a man or the other way round. You can't expect consistency with goats, can you?

Instinct: to mock

- Overrun them

- Fly into a rage

The Guardian Angel

Solitary, Terrifying, Divine, Intelligent, Organized

Sword of Flames (b[2d10]+4 damage, ignores armor) 18 HP

Instinct: to pass judgment / to find them wanting

- Command the stone around them

- Blind them with light and beauty

- Deliver visions and prophecy

Monsters

Intelligent Rats

Horde, Intelligent, Organized

Teeth (d4 damage, close), 1HP, 0 Armor

Special ability: Confuse them with crazy talk

Instinct: to eat

- Call more rats

- Surround them with overwhelming numbers

GAUNTLET DADDIES #004

Illustration by Fabrissou

Name

Devilingus

Also known as

Baalzebutt, Assmodeus, Mephistophallus, the Beast (with Two Backs)

Career highlight

Single-handedly kicked-off the Satanic Panic of the 1980s when he turned a bunch of preachers' kids gay

How to bind him

Silk rope / zip ties

What his tattoo sigil means

"Aim here."

Lucky number

669

Best joke we couldn't think of in time

"Something something tiefling something something tail."



Gauntlet Daddy Contributors

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Philipp Neitzel

Maria Rivera

Three Dozen Demons (and How to Bind Them to Your Service)

Marixant the Drowned, the Keeper of Thirsts, is a thin, fishbelly-white woman who constantly drips water from her skin, eyes, nose, and mouth. To bind her, pack the body of a drowning victim in salt for a year. She will then inhabit it.

Equarimus is a demon who assumes the form of a ferocious black stallion. To summon him, spill the lifeblood of a skilled rider beneath a harvest moon and whisper the demon's name softly to the earth three times.

Tabularius the Erudite, the Page-Turner, Be Ashamed Under My Towering Brow, has read everything that has ever been written and knows much that has been lost. Return one hundred thirteen overdue books to a library and cut the eyes from their delinquent readers to summon Tabularius and request a text from his personal collection.

Foenestrare, also known as the Eyes of the World, is closely associated with glass in all forms, with a special predilection for windows. To bind the demon, you must smash a window of a room you have lived in for at least one year and eat the glass, thus bringing the spirit of Foenestrare inside you.

Madame Bogwallow appears as a sickly-yellow batrachian the size of a large dog. She is known to reside in the deepest, darkest parts of the swamp, and if you bring her a beautiful blonde child for her supper, she will cure you of any ailment.

Kronen the Shatterer only ever appears as a grinning figure glimpsed through broken windshields. It offers a wish to its summoner and is called by whispering its name just before being involved in a fatal car crash where you are the only survivor.

Snickafrix is a tiny demon—a petty, small-minded thief of wooden spoons, used handkerchiefs, and apple cores. To entreat her, build a small nest of inconsequential treasures beneath the new moon, call upon her, and promise her more of the same. Snickafrix knows many little secrets...

Stennant, a demon of inebriation and indulgence who numbs the pain of life and protects you from your own bad decisions; to bind it you must sacrifice your own liver.

Do-Batch the Pleaser, the Feeder, the Sensation, Love Me Forever and You Can Have it All, invades all minds and tempts them with mortal pleasures of flavor and satisfaction. Give up all your loves and pleasures, lose all fat, and he may appear to bring you back to the fold. Accept his first offer and nothing more, hold it dear in your memory while you continue to abstain. Ask for nothing more and he will serve you forever, waiting.

Baalmorant, a demon of vast greed. He will place you among the wealthiest in the world but first you must devastate five families by taking everything they have, and promise to ruin or kill your rivals among the rich.

Before the fall, Xapham was an archangel in charge of the creation of life. His six wings still demonstrate his once-high position; two cover his face, two his feet, and two allow him to fly through the air. Now he stalks the Earth, spoiling the creation process. He goes by many names: Entropy, Barren, and Cancer, to name a few. He may never be bound to any purpose, though he will entertain certain dark requests spoken into a burning tree.

Gasoline Cat, the demon of juvenile monstrosity: animal torture, bullying, vile and hateful language; Gasoline Cat takes the cap off children's worst impulses. It hovers around the heads of children living in squalid and desperate conditions and whispers incitements to all the worst things to them. It is bound by destroying something of value to your parents.

Kakra is an unassuming rat demon with deep, beady eyes and thick fur. She weaves havoc with her little ratty paws, striking fear and dread into the hearts of men. She is placated just by a rare yak cheese found on shores of a quiet archipelago; only the most daring wizard would risk their sanity to invoke her domain.

Neresus is the Dark Prince of Expedient Measures. To enlist his aid, betray a trusted friend for your own gain and seal a written confession of your misdeed in black wax mixed with a single tear.

The oxen Martyrion will let you take one of the dozens of assorted weapons skewered through his gray, bloodless body, if you give him blood so he may bleed. Any new blade stuck in him can only be removed for the same price. Strings of crimson light stretch faintly from his wounds, fading off but nevertheless connected to past weapons removed.

The Wolf That Feeds on the Dreams of Children is known for rapaciously feeding on multiple victims in one area over a short span of time. It may be bound by feeding its victim a combination of valerian root, mugwort, and a small, non-lethal amount of hemlock to create a nightmare loop that will bind it as long as the victim remains asleep.

Narsisisme, the demon of self-hatred leaves suggestions that worm their way into victims' psyches. It travels through mirrors, cameras, and display devices to show people looking at themselves everything wrong and imperfect. It is bound to you by adding a defect to your body.

The Dancer in Black Shoes is the antithesis of the Muse, Terpsichore: the Dancer favours salacious and sensuous performances that arouse the lusts of an audience. The Dancer is summoned by slow rhythmic movements and bound by performing an exhausting dance that kills those who fail to complete it.

The incubus Trair watches sleeping mortals to learn their desires and fears. To bind him for a night's service, you must accept three carefully wrapped gifts from him, forgiving him for the contents of each.

Pedantic is a demon of precision and observation. It can direct your conversations to get any outcome you wish. It can tell you which butterfly to step on to change the future exactly how you would wish. The trouble is, Pedantic needs you to fill out the requisite forms, in triplicate, in red ink for the body of the form, with no errors, with signatures in blue ink, and don't use "their" when you meant "there," and don't...

Kyrak/Kerok/Kiruk, the three headed demon dog of persistent pursuit. If you can properly appeal to each head by its true name, the demon will be bound to pursue one person or unique creature you name. Upon cornering its prey, it will eviscerate their essence on the material, ethereal, and astral planes so that no trace remains to be raised.

The Beast. It is raw sexuality itself. It is lips and teeth and a hammer pulse and sweaty flesh. Give it a night it will never forget and you can erase one of your saddest memories.

Kazzgulran, a demon scholar whose studies focus on the secrets of aristocratic human families. He knows where all the bodies are buried and will share this information with you, but only if you speak his name one-hundred times in a summoning circle drawn from sage ash and make an offering of a canary in a silver cage.

Argle the Incognizable appears in the darkest of nights, traveling the roads as a leprous old man draped in rags. If you do not recognize Argle he will ask to travel with you to the next town. If you accept his request, your journey will be swift, uneventful and/or particularly fortuitous, so long as you remain on the road. If you decline his plea, venture away from the road, or recognize Argle the Incognizable, your journey just got a lot more interesting.

Saldarld is the path of least resistance. Low hanging sinners are his bread and butter: a needed meal stolen, a lie that deflects shame, and an infidelity hidden. Saldarld is riding the wave of damnation to the unholy throne... and he travels on a road paved in good intentions.

Lingus, the Everlasting Tongue, a demon of low sensuality. To bind it to your service, put your tongue into thirty-three different holes, reciting the Lord's Prayer each time you do so.



When your boot sucks into the mud, when the wrong critter crosses your path just as you're about to rest, when you wake up to the latest daily tragedy, Gesht, demon of enervation, is there. It finds travelers near their wits' end and drives them even lower. It is bound by driving yourself to exhaustion to the point where you lose control of a bodily function.

Vorruth, the demon of unwell, appears as a large flea with dripping pustules of filth. Sickness and death follow its path. To curse another with deathly illness, one must bury the carcass of something that succumbed to disease near the roots of a tree before carving twenty X-marks into the bark and then the name "Vorruth" into one's own flesh.

Tiny Terror, Pinching Imp. This small and greasy imp carries a billfold in his kangaroo-like front pouch. Pay him twenty bucks, cash, and he will deliver invisible pinches to the cheeks of your target. Or, for a Benjamin, you can have him on retainer for a week.

Karlbos the Chef provides the feasts for all the Dukes of Hell. Cakes, pies, fat roasts, suckling pigs, all manner of delicacies come from his cookbook. To bind him, just ask to learn a recipe from his cookbook. He'll be happy to teach you, in fact he has all you need right here. Oh wait, just one missing ingredient, but I'm sure you can get it from your neighbor next door...

Harold, Hell's Harper and Forestaller of Chaos. Harold will nag. And nag. And nag. Then, nag. And nag again. When you do what he wants, usually some small domestic thing that you've been procrastinating about, he binds himself to you, reducing chaos and disorder in your life (I dunno, re-roll that failure). Optionally, you can bind him to someone else by nagging him.

Neekolaus the Gifter emerges from your fireplace during the coldest nights of winter with gifts of the things you covet the most. A mere glass of blood and platter of flesh from the recent slaughter of an innocent is all Neekolaus asks in return.

The Ex is a demon of disharmony and poverty. The Ex is known to make the lives of those who summon it a flaming piece of shit. The Ex can destroy friendships, bank accounts, happiness, and drain your liquor cabinet. To bind the Ex, begin with a marriage ritual and then follow through with one to twenty years of cohabitation. Each year it will consume part of your soul. Good luck banishing it.

Iudex Marduk manifests as a paper-thin caricature of a man with grotesquely sharp, elongated features. Its domain is the ruinous self-doubt which can bring the mighty low or the low from ever daring to become mighty. Summoned by destroying a piece of famous art or posting six hundred sixty-six truly hateful Youtube comments using your real name.

Becky is a soul who has the mantle of a demon due to a clerical error. Now she devises ironic punishments for those who murder exactly five members of their immediate family. She was an avid knitter when she lived, and can be bound for the duration of knitting a sweater in the pattern she was knitting when she died. Just don't drop a stitch.

A certain fat, wheezing pigeon with no particular name and with no known origin is in fact a demon. It can move frighteningly quick when asked to do so; its beak can pierce the toughest metals. Bind this vile bird to you by placing it upon your head. The bird will occasionally require small worship and ostentatious feasts to be sated and stay bound.

Miscellany Contributors

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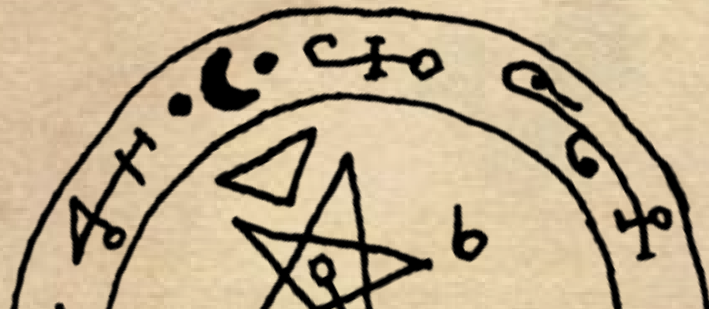
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CODEX KEEPERS

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Manu Marron, Keeper of the Automata Philosophica
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