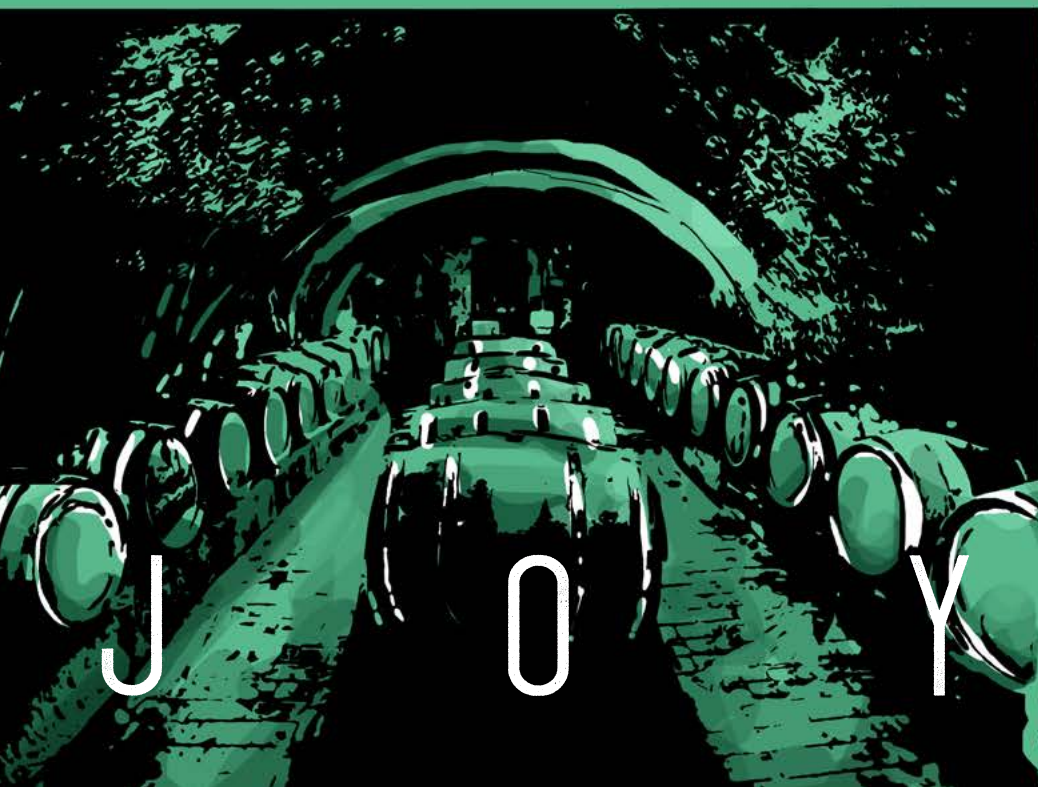


Codex

The Gauntlet's monthly RPG zine



J O Y

BUNK BEDS

Truth or terror in this original LARP

SO YOU'RE BECOMING A DRAGON

Dragons and puberty, together at last

THE KAWAII!!!

Bring a little metal to Apocalypse World, baby

SEVEN CELEBRATIONS

Festivals, fetes, and fancy for Dungeon World

GAUNTLET DADDIES #1

He's into the *other* type of roleplaying

THREE DOZEN ATTRACTIONS AT THE CARNIVAL OF DREAMS

A miscellany of the beautiful and the bizarre! Must be seen to be believed!



BUNK BEDS

by Adam McConnaughey
Illustration by Evan
Rowland

A LARP for 4-6 players.

Rating: PG-13 for some rude language, uncomfortable situations, and mild terror.

Playing time: 2-4 hours.

Bunk Beds is a quiet mood and character piece. It's designed to capture the cozy thrill of a sleepover with friends. There is hardly any plot to it. It's okay if you fall asleep during play.

SETUP

At minimum, Bunk Beds requires one plausible sleeping location (bed, recliner, sleeping bag, couch, floor with pillow) for each player, all in the same room. Ideally, they should be situated so that each player can lie on their back and not be able to see any of the other players. I recommend a stuffed animal be available to each player as well.

The game should be played after dark, with the lights out.

At least one player should read this entire document before play, and should be confident in their ability to explain the rules of Truth in the dark.

PRE GAME

While the lights are on, each player should tell the others a memory from when they were twelve or thirteen years old. Pay attention to each others' stories; you're going to be playing kids that age, so see if any details catch your fancy.

After everyone has had a turn, it's time to create characters. Take a short time to think about it (2 minutes is good), and after that's up, take turns introducing your adolescent characters by name, preferred pronouns, and why you're particularly excited for the seasonally appropriate extended school holiday that's just begun. It's okay if you've just got the barest sliver of a character at this point; it'll get filled out during play. Just make sure you each know the others' names.

Remember: your characters are all close friends. Decide which one of you is hosting the sleepover. Also, think about the gender makeup of the group; a group of all boys is very different from one with one girl and three boys, for example.

Then get in your beds (if you're not already), turn out the lights, and start the game.



Tip: If you can conveniently manage it, have a soft piece of instrumental music play during the time you're thinking of characters. Playing this piece of music can then also serve as a cue for the end of play.

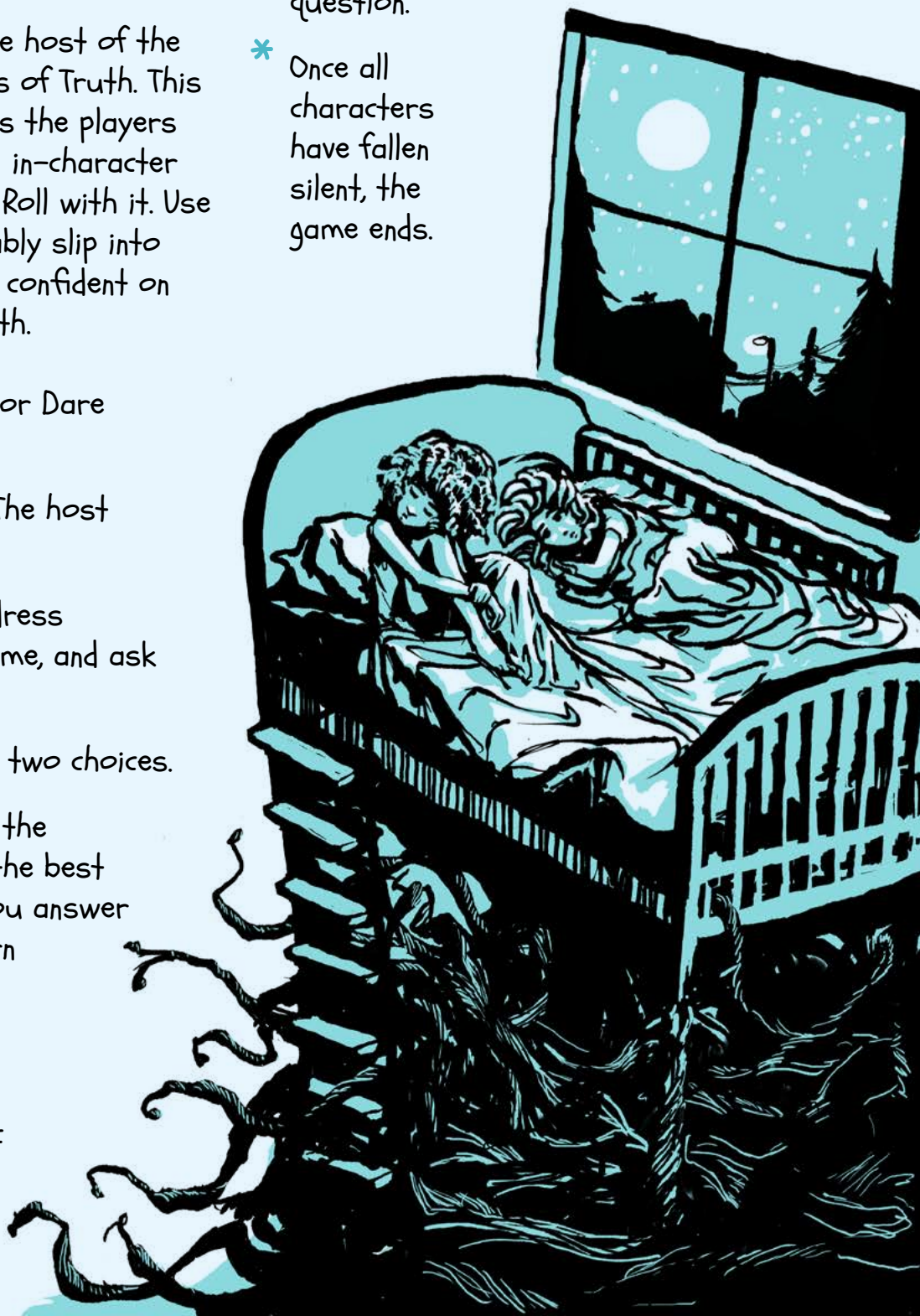
PLAY

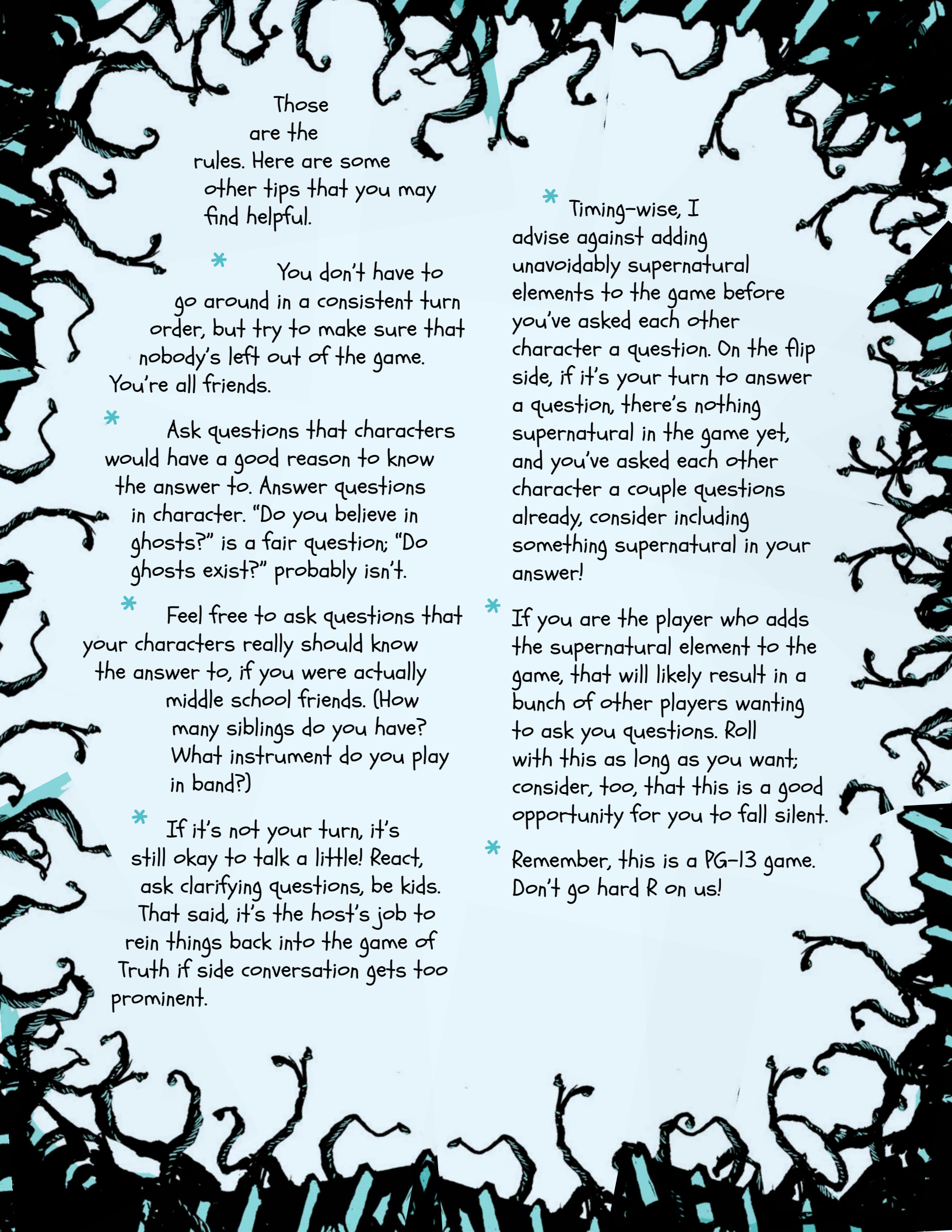
Whichever one of you is the host of the sleepover explains the rules of Truth. This is an odd liminal moment, as the players will be somewhere between in-character and out-of-character play. Roll with it. Use this as a time to comfortably slip into character. After everyone's confident on the rules, start playing Truth.

exist in the game world. This choice is to fall silent, and never speak again for the rest of the game. This may indicate that the character has fallen asleep, or it may indicate anything else that would make sense in the fiction. That's up to your imaginations. If you make this choice, the player whose turn it is gets to ask another character another question.

- * Once all characters have fallen silent, the game ends.

- * Truth is basically Truth or Dare without dares.
- * Characters take turns. The host takes the first turn.
- * When it's your turn, address another character by name, and ask them a question.
- * That character then has two choices.
- * One choice is to answer the question, truthfully, to the best of their knowledge. If you answer a question, it's your turn next.
- * The other choice may only be selected if some supernatural or horrific element has been established to





Those
are the
rules. Here are some
other tips that you may
find helpful.

* You don't have to
go around in a consistent turn
order, but try to make sure that
nobody's left out of the game.
You're all friends.

* Ask questions that characters
would have a good reason to know
the answer to. Answer questions
in character. "Do you believe in
ghosts?" is a fair question; "Do
ghosts exist?" probably isn't.

* Feel free to ask questions that
your characters really should know
the answer to, if you were actually
middle school friends. (How
many siblings do you have?
What instrument do you play
in band?)

* If it's not your turn, it's
still okay to talk a little! React,
ask clarifying questions, be kids.
That said, it's the host's job to
rein things back into the game of
Truth if side conversation gets too
prominent.

* Timing-wise, I
advise against adding
unavoidably supernatural
elements to the game before
you've asked each other
character a question. On the flip
side, if it's your turn to answer
a question, there's nothing
supernatural in the game yet,
and you've asked each other
character a couple questions
already, consider including
something supernatural in your
answer!

* If you are the player who adds
the supernatural element to the
game, that will likely result in a
bunch of other players wanting
to ask you questions. Roll
with this as long as you want;
consider, too, that this is a good
opportunity for you to fall silent.

* Remember, this is a PG-13 game.
Don't go hard R on us!

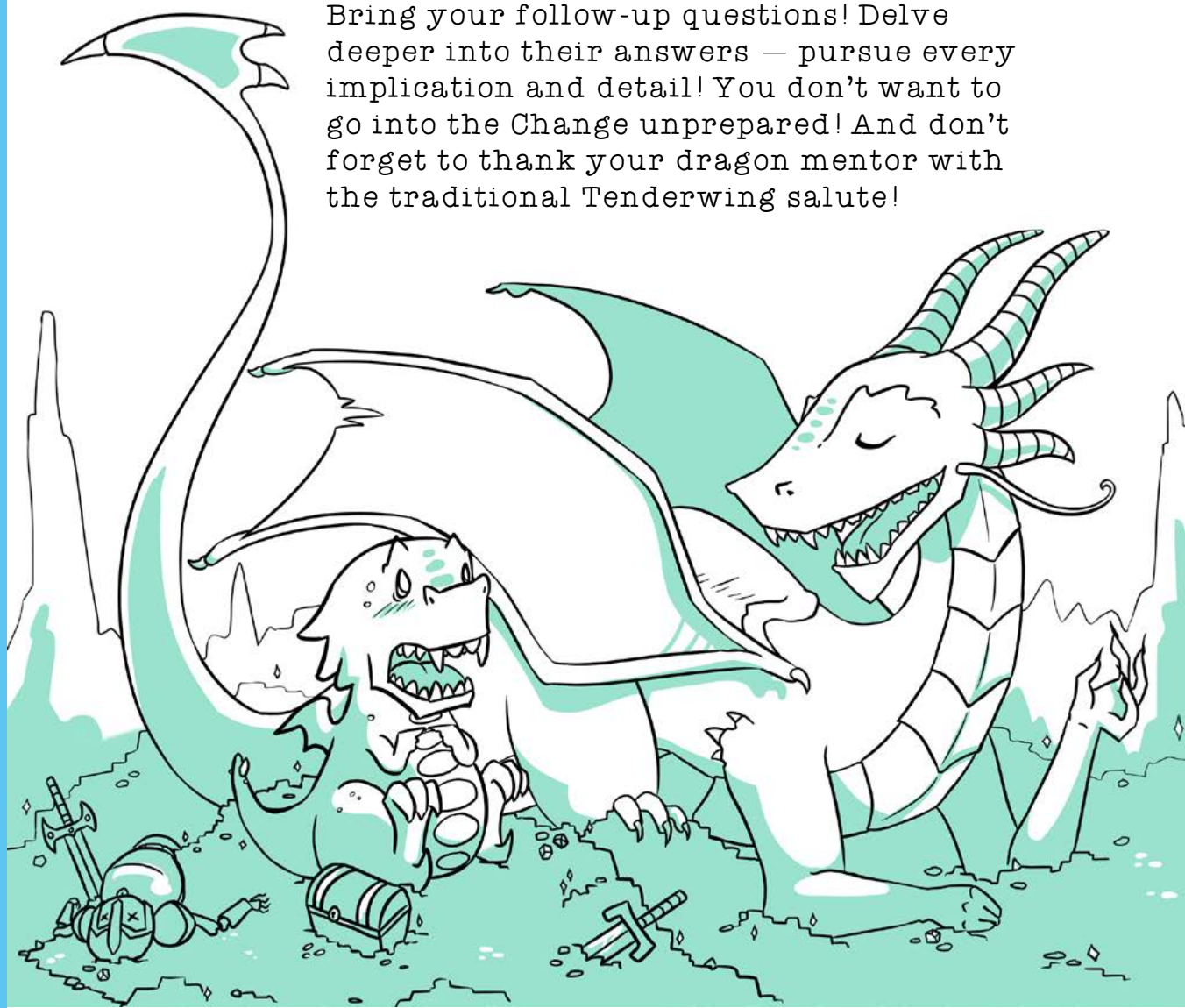
SO YOU'RE BECOMING A DRAGON

A How-To Guide for Young Tenderwings on Their Transition from Weak Flesh-Sacks into Powerful and Sexy Masters of the Sky by Wendy Gorman. Illustrated by Emily Griggs.

First off, the guide to any good transition is a mentor. Find an older dragon who's already undergone the transformation, and invite them to hang out with you. A conversation over some food is always nice, and can help alleviate some of the awkwardness you may feel as you ask the important questions about your upcoming Change. We recommend asking the following questions (which of course, any adult dragon will be happy to answer in full):

- When will my scales burst forth from my flesh and become a beautiful chitinous plating?
- When can I start my first hoard?
- How long until my cloaca develops?
- Will my wings be leathery and supple, or can I choose feathers?
- How do I influence the color of my whiskers?
- How does self-pleasure work with knife-like talons?

Bring your follow-up questions! Delve deeper into their answers — pursue every implication and detail! You don't want to go into the Change unprepared! And don't forget to thank your dragon mentor with the traditional Tenderwing salute!



THE KAWAII!!!!

Nobody knows what the fuck is up with the Kawaii. Here you are, scrabbling in the dust for a moment's comfort, and there they are, the three of them, dressed in matching black and red corsets and tutus. Where the fuck d'you get three tutus? Where d'you get one? They talk in unison, finishing each other's sentences. Creepy, right? Some say there's a lead one, and the other two are her backup, but damned if you can tell the difference with the matching outfits. Maybe that's the point, like pack camouflage? I thought they were a joke, but I don't know. They got a following. Like, literally, a bunch of guys in white robes and corpse paint follow them around. The Kawaii's smiling, like these huge, cute smiles, you just know there's like shark's teeth in there somewhere.

The Kawaii!!!! is a weird little Apocalypse World playbook inspired by the j-pop metal band BABYMETAL. You get to play three characters, but they're basically one weird gestalt entity that acts together. Nobody's even sure if they're human. They're all about having fun, eating candy and rocking out! And also getting

crowds so riled up that they mosh you to death till you're just a bloody pulp of meat and teeth!!!! FUN!!!! They have crowd control, and because you're playing three characters, you're harder to put down. They hate bullying and oppression, so they're a tyrant hardholder's worst nightmare. CUTE!!!!

THE KAWAII MOVES!!!!

Doki Doki Morning

No matter how hard you try, you just cannot get organized. At the start of the session, roll+hot to see how ready you are to face the day.

On a hit, you're together enough to face the day, and you've chosen just the cutest lip gloss. Take +1 ongoing to any hot roll. On a 10+, you're so together that you anticipate four and five dimensional worlds - treat this as a 10+ on Opening Your Brain. On a 6-, you've had a doki doki morning. The MC will tell you what that means once they've translated it.



Gimme Chocolate!

You want things, and you want them now. Surely it's ok if you have just a little chocolate? Choose a craving from the list below. Roll 3d6 and choose the top 2 results on any move when chasing your craving. If you roll any double, your reckless pursuit of happiness has landed you in trouble, even if you succeed. The MC will tell you what sort of trouble.

- Chocolate!
- Cute clothes!
- Makeup!
- Music!
- Friendship!

Headbangeeeeeerrrrrr!!!!!!

When you start rocking out and/or performing an adorable synchronized dance routine in front of a crowd, roll+hot. On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7-9, hold 1.

Spend your hold one for one to:

- Get the crowd to violently mosh an enemy. They count as a medium gang.



- Cause such a distraction that you and your allies can get away from whatever mess you've got yourself into.
- Calm down again. Might need to blast out a ballad to get this one working.
- On a 6-, the MC will tell you exactly how things go wrong with this massive crowd you've got riled up. Prepare for things to get broken.

Single Mindedly Let's Fight On

All three of the Kawaii fight in unison and support each other, their synchronized dancing merging into synchronized death. When one of the Kawaii sings a sweet supportive song to raise their fallen sister in a battle, roll+cool.

On 10+, your sister returns your song and is immediately back in the battle. Make another move.

On a 7-9, your sister is back in the battle, but you expose yourself to danger while singing to each other.

The One

You've got a group of guys in white robes, cheap black wigs and corpse paint who follow you around. You're not quite sure where they came from.

You call them The One. They love you, and will do stuff for you as long as it doesn't get them killed. Choose two strengths for The One.

You've got a psychic connection to them, and can send them commands without speaking.

They can show up in any scene you need them in, no matter how unlikely.

They really, really like you, and will risk death for you.

They're tough and count as a small gang in a fight.

They've got a sketchy looking white van you can borrow.

Bullying, No, Absolutely

You can roll Cool instead of Hard on any applicable move when acting to protect someone from bullying or tyranny, and will never pass up an opportunity to do so.

KAWAII GIGS

- Plan a party for a wealthy NPC
- Do a makeover for a wealthy NPC
- Put on a rock show and charge wastelanders jingle to see your awesome dancing
- Others, as you negotiate them



KAWAII SPECIAL

The Kawaii don't have sex, silly! Ewww! Gross! If you and another character have a sweet but chaste romantic misunderstanding that ends with either of you blushing, getting a nosebleed or coming up with a garbled, shouted explanation of why you don't think they're cute at all uh uh no way, the other character counts as part of The One and you give them +1HX.

CREATING A KAWAII

To create your Kawaii, choose name, look, stats, moves, gear and HX.

Name

Pick a short Japanese girl's name and add the suffix metal for each of your three Kawaii. Sumetal, Yuimetal, Moametal, Aimimetal, Kyometal, Harumetal, Akimetal, Fumimetal, Junkometal, Emimetal, Noametal, Runametal, Sakimetal, Rinametal.



Stats

Choose one set

- Cool +2, Hard -2, Hot +3, Sharp +1, Weird -1
- Cool +1, Hard -1, Hot +3, Sharp +1, Weird -1
- Cool +1, Hard +2, Hot +3, Sharp -1, Weird -2
- Cool +2, Hard -1, Hot +3, Sharp -2, Weird +1

Gear

Each of the three entwined Kawaii starts with an armored corset (armour 1), a tutu, a selection of cute outfits, a microphone and speaker, and musical instruments that they do not play. Each of you has a Katana (3 harm, valuable) and a Kitsune Mask (armour 1) that you don before going into a serious battle. If you want to start with a prosthetic or a vehicle, get with the MC.

Look

All Kawaii have the same Look: Woman, Punk Lolita, Girlish Face, Slim Body.

Moves

You get all the basic moves. Choose 2 Kawaii moves.

Hx

Go around the table, and ask 1, 2 or all 3:

Who did I save from a bully? For that character mark HX+2.

Who did I have an awesome party with? For that character, mark HX+2.

Who's seen me in the morning before I've got ready for the day ahead? For that character mark HX+3.

For everyone else mark HX-1 — but a stranger's just a friend you haven't met yet!

Seven Celebrations

Festivals, fetes, and fancy for Dungeon World



Illustrated by Claudia Caringini

Festival of Ma'ayahla

by David LaFreniere

In the heat of the summer, in the heart of the desert, there is a festival. It is at the Temple of Ma'ayahla, She Who Gives Life and Water. Water flows from inside the temple to pools in all four directions of the compass, attracting animals and making some small manner of irrigation possible in the immediate vicinity. In preparation for the festival, the worshipers harvest the crops that grow, and slay the animals attracted by the only source of water in this vast desert. All their lives, these worshipers stay in the desert and know little of the outside world. They crave for news and stories from the outside, and they know the secrets of the desert.

If you share a meal with the worshipers here, describe a strange dish you try and roll+CHA. *On a 10+, you share good company, you may ask them one question about the desert that they will answer, and they will ask you about the wide world. The information gained will be useful. *On a 7-9, they find you interesting, and ask more of you than they tell of the desert; you will answer two questions, they will answer one.

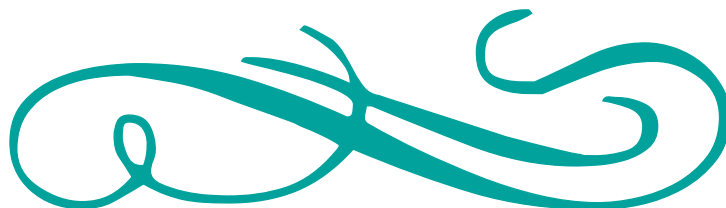
The information will be interesting, but not necessarily useful. *On a miss, you offend them somehow, and they despise your company. You will not be openly welcome in the Water Temple until you atone.

Mira

Mira is the chief priestess of the temple. Her eyes are bleached white as her robes by the sun. Her skin is dark and leathery. She seems strong despite her advanced age. She claims it is the holy water that does the trick, but her eyes dance, and her cup is full of ale. She smells faintly of baking bread or, perhaps, brewing beer.

Cask of Desert Draft (150 coin, 4 weight)

Though dwarves have perfected the flavor, beer originated here, in the desert, made from wheat grown under the unforgiving sun, and water from the temple. Though the worshipers may not share this secret, or the secret of how they make it, a party who Makes Camp and opens a Cask of Desert Draft will find all their debilities removed, or all their health restored in the morning. They will dream of warm sand and cool water while they sleep.



My Big Fat Ork Wedding

by Paul Edson

- You don't acquire an embarrassing nickname that will haunt you for the rest of your life.

Hear you all of the joining of Vrutha, the Flower of the Outlands and Leader of the Clan of Iron Bones, and the (admittedly squishy) human Rihaf of the Bow! Rihaf, all unknowing, pursued the mating hunt, unaware that he was chasing the very pinnacle of Ork-dom and not a mere raider of cattle! There, where they met in the moonlight, her tusks gleamed in the reflected glow, and his pale skin also took on the sheen of the night's lamp. Thus is the mystery of love.

The clans are gathering now, and the ten-day celebration begins at the next new moon. There will be feasts; contests of combat, cleverness, skill, and art; the Dance of Clubs; the chanting of the epic love poem, "The Battle of Kra'al and Ekoth." Such a celebration happens but once a generation!

(Out of consideration for the groom's family, it is requested that gifts and trophies not include any obviously human body parts. Or elf ones. They all look alike.)

When you try to keep up with the Boneses, roll +CON. *On a 10+, all 3.
*On a 7-9, choose 2:

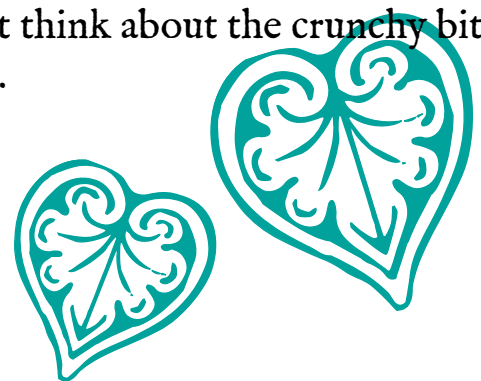
- You don't attract awkward "romantic" attention.
- You don't wake up hours later, naked, with a killer hangover and a new tattoo.

Dingrutha

Dingrutha, the dowager of the Clan of Iron Bones, is Vrutha's mother. Ancient for an Ork and scarred by many battles, she is nevertheless sharp as a spear-point and rumor has it that she is a shaman of great skill that can hear the Wind's voice and call upon the Storm Spirits. During the festivities she remains mostly in her great ironwood chair, telling crude jokes and delighting in the winces her punchlines inspire.

The Horn of Orkish Plenty

The party favors at this wedding will be valued for many a year. Each (invited) guest will receive a Horn of Orkish Plenty crafted from a tusk of one of the much-feared Dire Warthogs of the Outlands. When tipped out, the Horn will pour a large flagon's worth of ale and then produce enough food to keep an ork going for a day. Caveat comestor, however! This is strong, sour, wild-fermented orkish ale and pemmican made from whatever meat and fat were at hand. Just don't think about the crunchy bits. Seriously.



The Becoming

by Logan Howard

Snake skins flutter from the rooftops and butterfly wings decorate the doors. In the village of Moureed, it is the beginning of the three day festival, in honor of Eskyrrion, God of Renewal, known as the Becoming.

Day 1

Villagers dash to the center of town carrying unwanted items. Once all the objects are smashed and discarded, the villagers turn to each other and sever any relationships they no longer desire. Couples break up, parents disown children and the priests throw off their robes, breaking all their vows. The two rival street gangs, which are also the ball clubs, disband with great ceremony. Strong beverages are passed around and the rest of the evening is spent drinking, weeping and performing sorrowful, swaying folk dances.

Day 2

Villagers declare new loves. They marry and adopt children. New gangs jump in “recruits” and divide the village into new territories. Visitors are hard pressed to avoid the gang recruiters or romantic attentions. Children beg to be adopted. One villager proclaims they are Eskyrrion incarnate, performs miracles, and forms a new priesthood.

Drinking, public love-making and dancing are much livelier as the sun sets.

Day 3

Villagers, with bright eyes and absent smiles, march from their homes chanting.

Moureed will never simply be, always, ever, become with me

When they are all collected in the center of Moureed, they claw at their own faces, tearing away the flesh...

Eskyrrion

Eskyrrion inhabits one villager on the second day of the becoming. Any villager might become Eskyrrion but the manifestation will be apparent in several ways:

- Eskyrrion moves in a flowing, circular manner.
- Eskyrrion speaks in a voice familiar to each listener.
- The villager's eyes change color every time Eskyrrion blinks.
- Approaching Eskyrrion will cause waves of ticklishness and panic.

Eskyrrion will offer to repair that which is impossible to mend with a scepter that appears in the villager's hand. **When you ask Eskyrrion to mend the impossible,** roll+CHA. *On a 10+, Eskyrrion smiles and makes the repair. *On a 7-9, Eskyrrion makes the repair but warns you that doing so called attention from an evil force in another realm.

The Dawn Scepter

This green sapling is trained into the form of a wand. It is always covered with cool dew. Anything broken that is struck with the Dawn Scepter will be mended but not always in expected ways.

The Feast of Fools

by Kate Bullock

Once a year, the world as you know it is tossed upside down. Paupers become kings. Commoners become clergy. Anything is possible so long as it was impossible before. Roles are reversed in a month-long celebration of possibility, debauchery, and drunkenness in the depths of Winter. Let wildness and wiliness prevail!

When you participate in or venture into a celebration of the Feast of Fools, everything is unpredictable.

Pick a playbook opposite to what you are. Hold 3. You may spend your hold one-for-one to use a move on your opposite playbook. Each time you do and are successful, mark XP. Each time you miss, gain a new hold. You may not use your original playbook until you have spent all your hold.

The Crown of Fools

This stunning crown is made of scrap fabric, bells, wire, and fragments of metal long forgotten. It is colourful, noisy, and

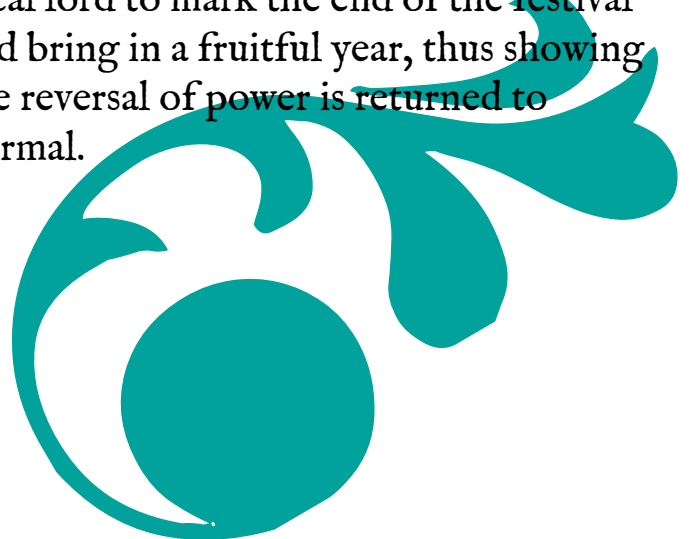
highly visible. The wearer of the crown becomes known as the Lord of Misrule and is responsible for the Feast of Fools planning, but also gains the ability to bark orders that must be followed. No true king may wear the crown. Wearers may roll to Parley without having leverage besides being the Lord of Misrule.

Lord of Misrule, Danor

Hailsee

The current Lord of Misrule is a brash, uncouth vagrant who seeks to use the festival to usurp the actual throne from the local lord or mayor. He was named the Lord of Misrule by the community and has taken his duties severely serious. He will spend a fair bit of time trying to convince the PCs to join his cause to overthrow the local authority, and will try to convince one of them to take the crown and become the new lord.

For the GM: At the end of the festival, the Lord of Misrule's throat is cut by the local lord to mark the end of the festival and bring in a fruitful year, thus showing the reversal of power is returned to normal.



The Day of Stories, The Crowning of the Teller

by Daniel Fowler

The city of Ffleuddur is better known as the City of Bards. The people of Ffleuddur are passionate artists, outspoken philosophers and worthy fighters. While all arts are cherished by its people, the spoken tale is loved best of all. These people do not tolerate tyrants but pay respect to a ruling bard deemed the first among equals. By tradition, every five years the current ruler dons simple traveling clothes and leaves the city on foot. They leave the crown in the waters of a great fountain in the city center depicting jauntily playing musicians of all types. Anyone who wishes to claim the crown must enter the waters and tell a story to all who listen. This tale must be a true story involving the teller personally and it must win the approval of the crowd and the spirits of the fountain.

When you tell a true story of your adventures to the crowd surrounding the fountain, roll+CHA. *On a 10+, beautiful music emanates from the fountain, mingling with the clapping and cheering of your fans. You may take the crown with the city's blessing. *On a 7-9, your tale touches many of the listeners but seems incomplete. The spirits of the fountain will show you a vision revealing what remains undone. Any attempt to retrieve the crown without approval is met with

jeers and outrage. The spirits of the fountain may rob cheaters of a sense — a horrible fate for an artist.

The Crown of Stories

The crown of the City of Bards is not so grand as might be expected, being a simple gold and silver circlet crafted in the shape of a laurel wreath. It has been worn by a succession of the world's greatest storytellers and has been instilled with the power of their arts. Its wearer may not knowingly lie and gains an inspiring, glorious air. If they have time to talk they may use a story or speech as leverage in Parley or payment to any hireling.

Old King Flan

A smiling traveler setting out on the road. Flan will ask passersby for directions and recent news, then wish them well. He will join any group on an adventure without expectation of payment. While he is obviously beyond his prime, he has lived an adventurous life and possesses many skills and worldly lore.

The Mountain's Dream

by Lowell Francis

The wind they call the tanzif comes off the drylands, scouring the white-stone buildings. You can still see palimpsests in nooks protected from the wind—mere echoes of murals. You'll be forgiven for doubting that this is Rusmal, town



of pigments, paints, and dyes. The townsfolk dress in whites and blacks, but excitement at arrivals belies this dour appearance. You're greeted and welcomed.

The next day, songs echo through the streets. Everywhere people unfurl bright banners, outdoor tables, and painters' scaffolding. This is Rusmal. In their clothing you see legendary colors, vivid and enduring beyond compare: Imaq Green, Jahiim Red, Nasrani Blue. These artisans craft new colors and enhance existing shades, their caravans traveling from the mountain's base across the land. They possess secret alchemies.

Rusmal becomes a whirlwind for three days. Families gather to paint new murals on their houses. They work in shifts through night and day, taking breaks to eat at communal tables. This is not so much about artistic talent as creativity and novelty. Clans vie to bring outsiders into their work, asking for their stories. They'll ask PCs, individually or in groups, for inspirational tales or sketches for the team to finish. These paintings have power...

When you contribute inspiration to a family's mural, say what tale, event, or idea you give them, then roll+CHA.

*On a 10+, the painting reveals a truth connected to you about that situation; describe it. *On a 7-9, gain insight, but give something away. Tell a companion a secret you've withheld and how the mural exposes that. *On a miss, you give power over yourself to the depicted foe or idea.

The Mountain Giant

On the fourth day, the ghost comes at dawn. She is the Mountain Giant; from her dead veins she gifts Rusmal's greatest pigments. The hulking spirit assays images and silently dines at the many tables – a great blessing. Cooks vie to create the most colorful and spiced dishes for her. As she feasts and views murals, she transforms from wan and colorless to something new. The final color she takes becomes a new pigment for the year.

The Mountain's Fool

Each year, the Giant touches a townspeople, granting insight and making them a little crazy. These blessed create the wildest and most magical of colorings. This year, Amazzana crafted an oil paint which makes things transparent. When you speak to her, she tells slightly-wrong details of your past as if she has always known you. With work, she can be persuaded to part with a tube, enough to cover a large canvas.

The Last Vintage Before the Long Winter

by Slade Stolar

Illustration (featured on the cover) by Vandel J. Arden

The Last Vintage Before the Long Winter is a festival held in certain northern climes. During this festival, wine from the end of the previous

season, after being aged in twistwood barrels for the previous nine months, is finally opened, tasted, guzzled, and fully consumed. Knowingly or not, these barrels impart a strange taste — and stranger intoxicating effects — to the wine stored in them.

Candles are lit and placed all around. Bushels of food are dragged from storehouses, prepared, and served. Traditional dances are danced until all legs become wobbly and everyone needs to catch their breath.

When you are invited to partake of the Last Vintage and imbibe its intoxicating, hallucinogenic drink, roll+CHA. *On a 10+, lose yourself in the spinning and flickering of the lights and the dancing and laughter of the assembled masses; ask two. *On a 7-9, as above, but ask one.

-Who here desires to dance, but will not dance without prompting?

-Who here wishes to tell a story, but must be cajoled into telling it?

-Who here bears a grudge, but will laugh it off after a public airing of the grievance?

-Who here has received good news, but will only speak about it in whispered tones?

The Twistwood Lance of Unprecedented Victories (reach, forceful, 2 weight)

This large lance made of twistwood is taken out to be displayed at the climax of the festival, paraded around by the strongest warriors of the village. A single sliver from it will cause wild, pulsating visions of defeating enemies on the battlefield. To be passed the lance, you must loudly declare your prowess and tell the gathered masses of your victories.

When you use this weapon during an initial charge in combat, the GM will tell you precisely what will happen if you fail at your Hack and Slash roll; take +1 forward on the roll.

Bellnor Gamfrong

In these lands, the finest singer and player of the hurdy-gurdy is, with no close second, Bellnor Gamfrong. His wispy beard, leathery skin, and milky eyes put his age at over a hundred; however, his voice is a clear, mournful baritone. He will compose a song extemporaneously in exchange for a single sliver from the Twistwood Lance (detailed above); one person who hears the song feels like they know you better — treat this like the “you befriend a useful NPC” result of Carouse.



GAUNTLET DADDIES #001

Illustration by Fabrissou

Name

Gauntlet Daddy

Where he falls on GNS theory

Stimulationist

Likes his scene framing

Hard

Favorite tool at the table

The XXX-Card

First RPG experience

13th Age, solo play

Favorite pick-up line

"Your dungeon, my dragon?"

Favorite dice mechanic

6d9



THREE DOZEN ATTRACTIONS AT THE

CARNIVAL OF DREAMS

At the kissing booth, a pretty girl or handsome guy will kiss you for as little as a nickel; for a dollar, they'll wear the face of your true love when they do it. No refunds if they don't wear the face you were expecting...

Want rid of something? An illicit object, a person, a memory, a secret? Pay your money to the Geek and he'll eat it, no questions asked, but once it's gone, it's gone forever!

The Johnny Reb animatronic machine. Put in your nickel and Johnny will sing you a traditional song of the South and whisper something about the secret history of the Civil War in your ear.

Cabal Crane's Clockwork Castle seems whimsical at first glance. Once inside, the automatons seem frightening and a bit sinister. In fact, the man who stood in line in front of you seemed to move a little mechanically. The lady who was behind you had whirring and clanking come from under her bodice. Is anyone here real?

Kiss the Vrellgrath! Only two or three people have ever summoned enough courage to plant their lips on that thing in the carnival's history, but oh, the prizes!

Ouroburous, contortionist extraordinaire! Marvel at her fabulous feats of flexibility. Get a ticket to the nightly hoop show (no youngsters allowed).

Your tired old notions of the possible will be forever expanded after you have witnessed the once-daily performance of Manu the Melting Child. Even we don't know how he does it! Vomit bags are available free of charge.

Annika "Titannika" Illya, the strong woman. Stronger than any cocky contender. Hiding rippling muscles under beautiful golden locks whose length would make Rapunzel herself jealous. She'll circus press you and your large friend with a smile on her face.

Mindy Valencia's Tunnel of Love has everything needed to get in the mood: aromatic flowers, stringed music, and somehow the ceiling looks like the open sky at night. A trip through seems to vary from couple to couple, usually about the right amount of time to...just take your sweetheart through the Tunnel of Love.

The Flea Circus, a rinky dink toy-sized circus. Obviously, that trapeze and that bicycle are just machi...wait. Looking closer, you can see miniscule figures being whipped mercilessly to perform. Reedy, piping screams for help are just audible. The ringmaster who sold you your ticket is smiling now and draws something from her sleeve...

The Barking Genius! Come and stand within the lamplight! She'll guess your weight, height, and handedness! She can't help but guess much more personal things—very loudly—so leave soon after.

Dare you enter the ring with Pex Mighty, Master of a Thousand Hand-to-Hand Combat Forms? Best him in the ring for incredible rewards, or become his ring hand and learn all from the master!

The Origami Circus is a wonderful tiny rendition of a big top with three rings! How they get the little paper creatures and clowns to move around like they do seems unexplained by the simple clockwork beneath the display.

You have to try the Cosmic Cotton Candy! It's only sold after sundown. It starts off black and adopts the colors of the carnival lights it is exposed to. Have you ever tasted true green? Real red? Full moon? Candle glow?

Kar-Suet the Serpent King, Master of Vipers, Lord of All Snakes! Born under the baleful eye of the Egyptian god Set, cursed to crawl on his belly for a millennia, he is now arisen to take his place as the Prince of Pythons, the Emperor of Cobra-kind!

Enter the Elongatin' Room! Come out twice as tall and half as fat! Sometimes feelin's get stretched too. Enter at your own risk!

Step right up folks, and see the 8th wonder of the world, the Man-O-War! See his flesh pierced with every sort of deadly armament known to humankind! You name it, he's got it! Pins, letter openers, swords, bayonets—even arrows!

The Fairy Ring. This ride from ages past is a kiddie ferris wheel that is barely 30 feet tall. Only 12 little ones can fit in—snuggled against a faded and threadbare fairy puppet whose bobble head nods in anticipation for the adventures about to begin! The disaffected attendant fastens the belt and hands the child a plain iron ring. "Don't drop the ring so that you find your way home" she soullessly drones.

Visit Madame Madeline's Mirror Maze of the Multitudinous Self! Meet the many yous that might have been, and, mayhaps, one of them will emerge while the mundane you remains!

Dr. D'Vango is a sad clown. His juggling and slapstick are topnotch, but he also knows your name and can tell your future in between his sobs.

Toss a ping-pong ball at the shelves lined with fishbowls, and if the ball lands in a bowl, you win the ghostly fish inside! Swallow the fish whole to experience someone else's dream, fantasy, or nightmare, but which will it be?! The cost to play is to give up a dream of your own, of course—three balls per turn!

Come see the beautiful Princess Margaleet, visiting from her distant and treacherous land of Sannikovia. I doubt any man among you could match her in strength, height or facial hair! Please be respectful of Her Royal Highness, to avoid any diplomatic incident and for your own safety!

Jimmy Stormchaser is the mystic of mystics! He can lay on nails, climb a rope attached to nothing, and best of all, set himself on fire and come through unharmed! Don't worry about the screams folks, it's all part of the act!

Madame Zhora's tent. "Sure, I will speak fate's truth to a single question. Just give me your fingernail clipping, a stand of hair, or a shred from your garment. Or...you could drink this."

Witness the Miniature Kingdom of Langre Dun! This nation was plucked from the landscape, castle and all, by a particularly ambitious sorcerer as punishment for a great offense. Peer past the soot-stained glass and you might just see the flickering fires of a village in dreadful disrepair.

The Devil's Mill. The first and last wooden rollercoaster. Replacement cars delivered weekly.

Come see Aaron the Hellbat! This boy jumps his bike through the flaming hoops of his own damnation! Be amazed by his high-flying act, but watch out! If you get the cursed ticket you'll get a meeting with his dark master...

Ursula Ondine, the Teutonic Temptress, Siren of the North Sea. Twice a night she sings songs of heartbreak and desire on a stage decorated in nautical and Germanic motifs. She is also a very good card player, and can often be found organizing a game in front of her trailer.

The Spook House sits in a dingy, boggy corner of the carnival: there are no lights on it and only a dilapidated wooden board tells you what it is. The interior is a disappointing collection of creaky floorboards and cotton spider webs, but it gets spookier the more visitors it has, as it lets their fears out and traps them like a dream-catcher.

Ride the Merry-Go, a stable of beautifully carved and painted wooden horses. Hop on one and let it carry you to your own special place.

Are you curious and brave enough to meet Tad Tonka, the Buffalo Boy, last of his kind? Is he a hybrid born of unnatural lusts or the last of a great race that spawned the tales of the minotaur? You judge, but meet not his mournful gaze lest you fall into the labyrinth of lost worlds, places, and folk that should never be...

Sweet Annie dances on the Hoochie Cootchie stage. Beside her sways the sad remnants of beauties, and the frightened shells of the lost. Men leer and toss coins, but they never break Annie's rhythm. She dances for only one person, and you have caught her eye.

Mrs. Dulcis of the Candy Shack makes her own treats, eschewing everyday flavors like strawberry & chocolate in favour of oddities like Blueberry Candyfloss, Pineapple Candy Canes and Peanut Brittle with Ginger. Patrons requesting more mundane fare are lectured on "broadening their horizons" by Mrs. Dulcis until they relent and buy what's on display.

The Hetero-normative Plaza of Restrained Delight (For Couples)! The boys are put in pillories and blindfolded; the girls tease them by whispering sweet nothings in their ears. You might not leave with who you came in with.

Tevah operates a temporary tattoo cart that offers "dream tattoos." These temporary tattoos are gone in the morning; however, some folks claim certain tattoos have been recurring for them. And for a few dollars more, Tevah will offer an interpretation of the recurring tattoos.

Mrs. Tingler's Petting Zoo. Wander in and have a seat in the sawdust. Furry spiderkittens and waggling centipuppies will waddle in to get friendly with you. Is that a stinger? Did something bite you? Don't worry. We'll let you out when you're good and ready.

CODEX KEEPERS

Aaron, Keeper of the Child Upon Whom We Dare Not Look
Rob Abrazado, Keeper of the Purple Falsehood
Acritarche, Keeper of the Diary of Sanguine is the Eye
Joaquin Aguirrezabalaga, Keeper of the Blood of Lursiss
Vendevogel Alain, Keeper of the Omegatherion of Fasar
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Dustin Andrews, Keeper of the Egg of Existential Dreaming
Simon Appleton, Keeper of the Last Tears They Shed
Vincent Arebalo, Keeper of the Dolm Sarcophagus
Daniel Backus, Keeper of the Thousand Year Cocoon
Chad Bale, Keeper of the Chimes of Misery
Noah Ban, Keeper of the Maze of Unending Pleasure
Joe Banner, Keeper of the Pedigree of Two-Faced Demons
Michael Barford, Keeper of the Eternal Chime
Lyndon Baugh, Keeper of the Trial of the Second Birth
Joe Beason, Keeper of the True Name of Ashmedai
Dan Behlings, Keeper of the Iridescent Ungulates
Mathias Belger, Keeper of the Spectral Hounds
Aaron Berger, Keeper of the Echo Plantations
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Al Billings, Keeper of the Dun Spirit of Disobedience
André Bogaz e Souza, Keeper of the Refined Rose Dust of Daar Angúl
Robert Bohl, Keeper of the Mutinous Younglings
David Bowers, Keeper of the Rootless Forest
Mick Bradley, Keeper of the Man Who is Naught but Mouths
Sophia Brandt, Keeper of the Dying Heart
Patrick Brannick, Keeper of the True Name of Abbadon
Brett, Keeper of the Seven False Smiles
Simon Burdett, Keeper of the Agony Songs
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Neko Cam, Keeper of the Child Who Sings the Final Song
John Campbell, Keeper of the Dark Shard of Nemrath
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Jeremy Christian, Keeper of the Spiral Nemesis
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