
Acknowledgements

Much of the text of regarding Mission building and Threats in this book (“Sixty Minutes to Mayhem”) was directly inspired by **APOCALYPSE WORLD** by Vincent Baker (as well as **MONSTER OF THE WEEK** by Michael Sands). Thank you, Vincent.

Story structure in “Missions, Threats, & Mayhem” based on interviews and materials received by Matt Vancil

Thanks to Rob Donoghue, Shane Harsch, Mark Diaz Truman, and Ryan Macklin for useful advice and feedback!

In accordance with Section 1 (e) of the Open Game License, Version 1.0a: all character and place names and images, organizations, groups, “5 Minutes to Mayhem”, the terms “faith dice” and “demon dice”, and the contents of the chapter called “Missions, Threats, & Mayhem” are considered Product Identity and trademarks of Dead Gentlemen Productions, LLC. All game rules, systems, and additional procedures are Open Game Content.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior express permission of the publisher.

But I’m guessing you’re not out on the streetcorner selling bootlegs of our book out of your trench coat, right? You just need to make a copy for personal use? In that case, have at it! Copy away!

What’s that? The employee at the copy shop won’t let you make copies because you don’t have EXPRESS PERMISSION™? Don’t worry, I’ll handle this.

**Hi, COPY SHOP WORKER! I’M FINE-PRINT LEGALESE.
GO AHEAD AND MAKE THOSE COPIES. I’M TOTALLY COOL WITH IT.**

All characters and events portrayed in this work are fictional. As far as you know. Any resemblance to real persons, monsters, god-like immortal beings, or realistic automatons, living, dead, undead, or deathless, is purely coincidental, and not part of a vast multiversal conspiracy to conceal a truth that, if revealed, would inevitably lead to the destruction of human civilization as we know it.

Written by
Cam Banks, Jimmy McMichael, Don Early, & Nathan Rockwood

Game System designed by
Cam Banks & Amanda Valentine

5 Minutes to Mayhem designed by
Don Early

Additional Design by
Nathan Rockwood

Editing by
Amanda Valentine

Layout & Graphic Design by
Thomas Deeny

Art Direction by
Renae Chambers & Jamie Chambers

Interior Art by
Ben Honeycutt, Nick Kremenek, Chris Bivins, Jason Engle, Raven Mimura, Joie Brown, Melissa Gay, Charles Price, Jim Callahan, Steve Stivaktis, & Andy Dopieralksi

Gen Con PreRelease Beta Edition Cover Art by
Jason Engle

Gen Con PreRelease Beta Edition Cover Design by
Thomas Deeny

Proofreading by
Emilie Rommel Shimkus

Project Management by
Don Early

Demon Hunters is based on characters and setting created by
Matt Vancil



A Dead Gentlemen Productions Publication
www.deadgentlemen.com
info@deadgentlemen.com
[@deadgentlemen](https://twitter.com/deadgentlemen) on Twitter
facebook.com/deadgentlemen

Demon Hunters RPG: A Comedy of Terrors
Gen Con Prelease Beta Edition

Copyright © 2015
Dead Gentlemen Productions, LLC.
All rights reserved.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD	6
THE WORLD YOU KNOW (BUT DON'T)	9
HISTORY	10
MAGIC	12
MAD SCIENCE	13
FACTIONS	14
THE BROTHERHOOD	20
THE BASICS	33
WHAT YOU NEED TO PLAY	34
PLAYERS AND DEMON MASTERS	35
YOUR PROFILE	36
TAKING ACTION	39
FAITH DICE AND DEMON DICE	41
CONDITIONS	42
RECRUITMENT	45
DEMON HUNTER RECRUITMENT BASICS	46
CREATING YOUR CHAPTER	50
RECRUITMENT: STEP BY STEP	55
READY-TO-GO CHAPTERS	58
ASPECTS AND FAITH DICE	61
WHAT KINDS OF ASPECTS ARE THERE?	62
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH ASPECTS?	65
WRITING GOOD ASPECTS	69
TROUBLESHOOTING ASPECT WRITING	72
APPROACHES, DISCIPLINES, AND STUNTS	75
APPROACHES	75
DISCIPLINES	79
STUNTS	91
OUTCOMES, ACTIONS, AND DEMON DICE	95
OUTCOMES	96
SETTING THE OPPOSITION	97
ACTIONS	98
DEMON DICE	102

CHALLENGES, CONTESTS, AND CONFLICTS 107

CHALLENGES 107

CONTESTS 109

CONFLICTS 110

MISSIONS, THREATS, AND MAYHEM 119

SESSIONS, MISSIONS, AND CAMPAIGNS 120

FIVE MINUTES TO MAYHEM 121

SIXTY MINUTES TO MAYHEM 137

MISSION FRAMEWORK 150

THE ALL-STAR MAYHEM THREAT CATALOG 161

HOW TO HAUNT YOUR TOWN: DEMON MASTERING AT ITS FINEST 171

MANAGING THE MAYHEM 178

MOVING ON UP: DEMON HUNTER ADVANCEMENT 190

FOREWORD

WHY WE'RE DOING THIS THING

ONE THING THAT UNITES EVERY DEAD GENTLEMAN (AND Lady) is gaming. I didn't start gaming until I met these yahoos in college. After a bit, someone suggested that I consider running a roleplaying game myself. I was far too intimidated by D&D. So many books, years of setting context I wasn't familiar with. I didn't want to run something everyone else knew more about than I did. I think it was Nathan Rice who just said, "Run what you know." Kind of like, "write what you know," right?

So, I knew James Bond REALLY well. I was an avid reader of all the books, as well as, of course, a die-hard fan of the movies. I discovered the **007 JAMES BOND RPG**, written by Gerry Klug and published by Victory Games. Some of my favorite gaming memories come out of that SIX YEAR campaign. And one of the tools I relied on the most was a supplement for the RPG called **FOR YOUR INFORMATION** (also written by Gerry Klug). This thing was awesome. It had an adventure generation system, some additional rules, some tips on how to GM the system better...

Years later, I was asked to run a **DEMON HUNTERS ROLEPLAYING GAME** (our collaboration with Margaret Weis Productions) at the first ever ZOEOCon in 2012. Apart from the starting adventure we published with it, I personally had not run the game with any amount of success. I simply couldn't figure out how the hell to run a goddamn *Demon Hunters* adventure. And I helped create the world! So, I turned to our resident *Demon Hunters* authority, Jimmy McMichael, and asked him to write a *Demon Hunters* short story. Then, taking his story, I broke it down into encounters and such, and suddenly a universal structure came to light. One that I was very familiar with, in fact. It was like a James Bond adventure!!!

After constructing a few rudimentary tables, essentially copying Klug's work with different table values...it worked. It freaking worked!

The rest, at this point, is kind of history. It was only natural to reach out to some of the original team that created the Demon Hunters **ROLEPLAYING GAME** in 2008, and after what Cam Banks had been working on, I knew I wanted him to lead the design of our new game. The moron accepted. Some people never learn.

This book was born out of inspiration, with a desire to propagate even MORE inspiration. I want to thank everyone who made this book possible. Most of all, I thank Gerard Christopher Klug. Those were good games, and **FOR YOUR INFORMATION** is a huge inspiration for the 5 MINUTES TO MAYHEM chapter of this book.

May you also create memorable gaming experiences that make you laugh so hard your sides hurt, your eyes water, and gameplay stops for 10 minutes while you laugh it out.

We ride!



Don Early

President & Co-Founder
Dead Gentlemen Productions, LLC

JOIN

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE CELESTIAL TORCH



THE LAST JOB YOU'LL EVER HAVE

THE WORLD YOU KNOW (BUT DON'T)

IN THE BEGINNING...

GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH, AND SAW that it was good. And the great snake Damballah split his belly, releasing all the waters of the world, and the creator beings came out of the Dreamtime to walk the lands and sing the world into existence, and Prometheus climbed the mountain and stole fire from the gods.

Sure, if you wanna get technical, we're actually whizzing around the universe on a 4.3 billion-year-old ball of rock, and humanity climbed down from the trees about ten geological minutes ago, but those creation stories are true too. All of the stories are. The myths, the folklore, the urban legends, and the campfire tales. Every god and goddess ever worshiped. Vampires and werewolves and zombies—oh my! Even the thing with the furry tentacles under your childhood bed that your mommy told you was just your imagination. All real. The world is a lot weirder than we give it credit for.

It's also a lot more dangerous than most people think. Those stories don't usually have happy endings. The creepy crawlies are out there, lurking in the dark, and they're hungry. Or angry. Or just plain evil and looking to make somebody hurt. That's where we come in. The Brotherhood of the Celestial Torch. In the name of all that is Good, we fight the forces of Evil. And we're damn good at what we do. If we weren't, you'd probably have heard of us by now.

We're Demon Hunters.

Welcome to the team.

Sucker.

HISTORY

Good and Evil have always been at war. They're opposites, it's just what they do. Every culture has their own stories, their own version of the Ultimate Good and the Supreme Evil and their eternal struggles to determine the fate of the world, but most of the pantheons had the common courtesy to keep their business in their own neighborhood. Most. Not all.

Enter Heaven and Hell. These opposing realms fought, and fought hard. Their battles raged across realities, threatening the realms of other gods, and the Earth itself. Alliances were formed with the deities of these other realms, leading to bigger fights and greater damages. Angels and demons came to Earth and bred with humans, and others in turn bred with their abominable progeny. The wars raged for centuries on Earth and timeless eons in the realms beyond, but both sides remained strong. There seemed to be no end in sight.

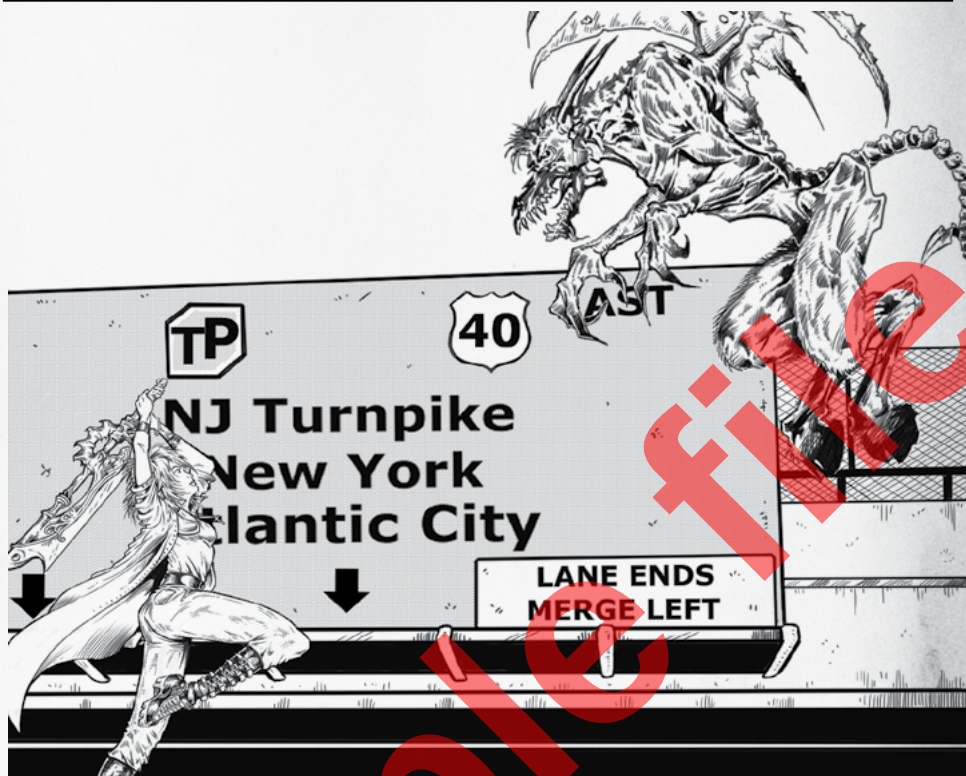
Until someone shattered the Firmament.

Each side blamed the other, but blame was irrelevant at this point. The dome of the heavens was broken, and the waters poured down upon the land. All life on Earth was destroyed in the Deluge.

Working together, the forces of Good and Evil managed to undo most of the damage (and upgrade to a more stable cosmological model while they were at it), though traces of the flood lingered in the collective unconscious of humanity. All involved agreed: this couldn't happen again. Something had to be done to save the humans from their gods.

At a summit held in Hades, representatives from both sides met to sign what is now known as the Treaty of Acheron. In short, it forbids direct Celestial or Infernal aggressive action on Earth. Demons and angels and the gods from both sides were recalled to their respective realms, where their battles would no longer harm the Earth.

For a while, the Treaty worked. Earth was as peaceful as it was bound to get with all those asshole humans living on it. But leave it to the bad guys to find a loophole. Around the tenth century BCE, somebody in Evil's legal department realized that by recruiting intermediaries to do their dark deeds, the forces of Evil could



take the fight back to Earth, while still adhering to the letter of the Treaty. Soon, half-demons and possessed humans and dark wizards wreaked havoc across the Earth once more.

The Celestial realms responded in kind, recruiting their own armies of the devout and the semi-divine. But armies require organization and leadership. And so the Brotherhood of the Celestial Torch was founded to unite these forces of Good and shine a divine light into the darkest corners of the Earth.

So far, we're doing a pretty bang-up job of it.

MAGIC

This is a universe built on scientific principles. I mean, look around you. Anything hovering in mid-air? Materializing into existence from nothingness? Transmuting? Of course not! You know why? Physics, chemistry, biology—all of the classes you half-snoozed through in high school. From microscopic to macroscopic, from the Big Bang to the Heat Death of the Universe, it's science through and through.

And that's why it's so friggin' hard to make magic happen in this place! We're talking real magic here—none of that smoke and mirrors and black eyeliner, "Is this your card?" Criss Angel bulls#!t. Magic isn't just something you do. You don't just wave a wand and shout some nonsense and *POOF* skeleton army! It takes a lot of power to make something impossible happen and no human being has that sort of power. But there *are* powerful entities out there. Gods and demons and shapeless beings of chaos, able to tear through the laws of nature like tissue paper and bend reality to your every whim. They're out there, they're listening, and they're just itching to make a deal.

In return, they're just asking for a little bit of sacrifice. Or maybe a lot. Really, it depends on what you're trying to make happen. Something small, like glamoring away a forehead pimple, might cost you a few strands of hair or a couple seconds of devotion. Raising an army of the undead to do your bidding? That one's gonna be spendy. We're talking blood, human lives, your immortal soul, that kind of thing. Anything you can imagine can happen, as long as you're willing to pay the price.



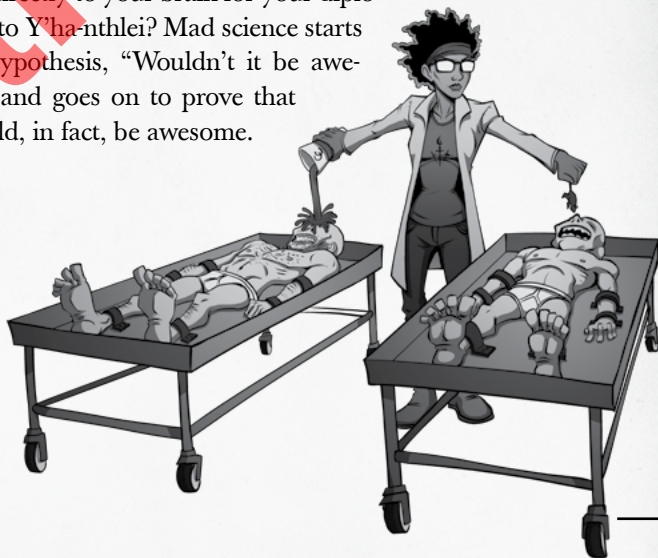
MAD SCIENCE

But like we said, this is a universe built on science. Good ol' predictable, repeatable, reproducible science. Science will never ask you to dance around naked under the light of a harvest moon, or hurl a screaming virgin into the open crater of a volcano. I mean, unless those are test variables. Of course, modern science does have its limits, limits that scientists are pushing forward every day as new discoveries and advancements are made. The march of scientific progress is slow and steady.

And SO BORING! Normal science has all of these rules and steps and you have to do the same things over and over and over. There's got to be another way. A faster way. A significantly less safe way.

Mad science is the answer to all your problems! It turns out that when you introduce a carefully controlled degree of insanity into the mix, innovation goes through the roof (and sometimes through the adjoining wall with the cafeteria). Mad scientists ignore safety standards and ethical practices and whether what they're doing is possible, and instead they just go for it. They make the science happen, and the results can be glorious. Or catastrophic. The fun is in finding out which one it'll be!

So there's plenty of risk, but what about the reward? Ah, that's the fun part. How about teleportation. Brain transplants. Genetically engineered supersoldiers. How do you feel about riding a psychically tamed woolly mammoth clone into battle? Or growing a set of functional gills and having the language of the Deep Ones uploaded directly to your brain for your diplomatic visit to Y'ha-nthlei? Mad science starts with the hypothesis, "Wouldn't it be awesome if..." and goes on to prove that yes, it would, in fact, be awesome.



FACTIONS

The Brotherhood isn't the only game in town. Sure, there's plenty of unaffiliated monsters and madmen running around spreading chaos, but there's also a number of organizations that rival the Brotherhood, both in size and on the battlefield. Below are just a handful of the foes (and friendlies) you may find yourself up against.

THE ORDER OF THE INFERNAL SCEPTER

For thousands of years, the greatest threat to the Brotherhood, and to the Earth itself, was the Order of the Infernal Scepter.

Led by the cambion offspring of Lucifer, they were a dark mirror of the Brotherhood, an army of Evil working to sow murder, mayhem, and malice throughout the world. The Brotherhood and the Order were perfectly matched, and our battles were fought to a standstill time and time again. It seemed as if this war could stretch on forever.

But it didn't. The Order is no more. They fell apart, due to a combination of traitorous infighting between their leaders and the overwhelming power of the Brotherhood's elite attack forces. The defeat of the Order of the Infernal Scepter remains a high point in the annals of the Brotherhood's war against Evil.

MILITARIZED OFFENSIVE NETWORK FOR SECURITY, THREAT RESPONSE, AND ERADICATION (M.O.N.S.T.R.E.)

The Order was an all-consuming foe, and every resource the Brotherhood had was tasked with taking them down. In the wake of their defeat, we found ourselves with a lot of free time on our hands. This was pretty bad news for the supernatural community.

While the Brotherhood was busy fighting the Order, your ordinary creepy-crawlies—the independent ones, not looking to pick a side in the whole Good/Evil deathmatch—could usually slip under our radar. We just didn't have time to police every last neckbiter and spellchucker in the world. As long as they weren't out there actively spreading panic and chaos, the little guys kind of had a free pass. But once we defeated the Order, that \$#&@ had to stop!

M.O.N.S.T.R.E. emerged as a response to this new focus on the minor threats to humanity. They are an alliance of monsters, mys-



tics, and mad scientists united in their opposition to the Brotherhood and led by a mysterious quintet known as "The Claw." As individuals, they posed no real threat against our overwhelming numbers. But together, they've become a real thorn in the Brotherhood's side.

Through their global network of spies, M.O.N.S.T.R.E. keeps a close eye on Brotherhood activity, searching for chinks in our organizational armor. Poorly guarded HQs. Disgruntled Hunters willing to go double-agent. Not-so-safehouses. Once M.O.N.S.T.R.E. has identified a target, their strike teams swoop in to do what they do best: \$#&@ up the Brotherhood's stuff.

M.O.N.S.T.R.E. doesn't just traffic in Brotherhood resistance. Their members receive support in a variety of ways. Procurement of rare, illegal, and impossible materials for their members' magical rituals and scientific crimes against nature. Private "hunting" reserves stocked with the most dangerous game of all. Brokers who specialize in finding members the ideal secret laboratory, castle keep, or volcano lair for their particular lifestyle. And of course, backup from M.O.N.S.T.R.E. security forces when the \$#&@ hits the fan.

Mind you, this is no charity. Members contribute to the cause either monetarily or through combat service, and the organization's leaders are well compensated for the perks they provide. In addition, M.O.N.S.T.R.E. runs a thriving arms trade in black market MagiTech weaponry and their exclusive security services are in high demand by the upper crust of supernat society, who pay handsomely for the protection.

M.O.N.S.T.R.E. has proved to be a worthy adversary in the Order's absence. They keep us on our toes. Keep us from getting complacent. In a way, we should be thanking them for their organized villainy. But in a more realistic way, we should be beating them up and thwarting their plans and just generally stopping them from doing the bad things they do. I mean, we're the good guys. It's what we do!

THE POUND

Take Greenpeace, PETA, and the Earth Liberation Front, cram 'em all together, and crank the crazy up to eleven and you'd have a pretty fair approximation of the Pound. Oh, and they're all were-

wolves! That's actually pretty important. Born out of the counter-culture movements of the 1960s, the Pound are an anarcho-primitivist collective, specializing in ecoterrorism with an anti-industrial flair. Their stated goal: the complete and utter destruction of human civilization, allowing the earth to return to its natural, primal state. A world with werewolves at the top of the food chain. Say what you will about them, but these crazy bastards don't dream small!

The Pound operates as a distributed network of "packs," each led by an Alpha Wolf. The only requirements for membership are a shared vision of a wolf-ruled world, and an untreated, canine-based, lycanthropic infection (It's not just werewolves; we're talking werecoyotes, werefoxes, werecorgis, etc.). There's no centralized chain of command, and each pack operates autonomously, which makes taking down the organization a virtual impossibility. For every pack the Brotherhood captures and swats on the nose with a rolled up newspaper, two more spring up to take its place like a slobbery, flea-ridden, butt-sniffing hydra.

CYLCH MYRDDIN

Centuries ago, Myrddin Emrys, the most powerful mystic who ever lived, was betrayed by the woman he loved. Using his own magic against him, the sorceress Nimue imprisoned the wizard in an enchanted crypt hidden deep in the forests of Brocéliande. There he remains, in deathless slumber, to this day. And Cylch Myrddin wants to wake him up.

Cylch Myrddin is a sect of highly skilled thaumaturgic thieves who for centuries have sought a way to release Myrddin from his prison tomb. Based out of Avalon—a mystical island



which can't be reached by conventional means—Cylch Myrddin directs expeditionary forces to all corners of the globe in search of ancient relics and magical artifacts that might hold the key to unlocking Myrddin's crypt. And then they steal them.

Now, whether releasing Myrddin is a good idea is up for debate. The lore is all over the place on this guy. One story might cast him in a benevolent savior role, while another claims he's the literal Antichrist. What's not up for debate is that Cylch Myrddin are ruthless and single-minded in their quest, and don't care who they're pissing off. That includes us. They've attempted multiple heists against the Warehouse, attempting to get their hands on the talismans, idols, and fetishes stored within. They've even come close to pulling it off a couple of times. Credit to the Warehouse security teams, we've managed to fight them back each time, though the losses have been significant. For a bunch of thieves, they pack one hell of a punch. Cylch Myrddin may have failed in their missions, but they succeeded in getting the Brotherhood's attention. We need to shut these sonsawitches down.

THE CLAN OF THE GOLDEN FANG

The Clan of the Golden Fang, a mysterious new player in the supernatural world, is an elite squad of deadly vampire ninja assassins, led by an unidentified individual known only as "Master Wu." Equally mysterious, the primary focus of known Golden Fang attacks has been a national chain of combination dessert restaurants/martial art schools based out of Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

When you're hunting vampires, rule one is to follow the bodies. All of that pointless hissing and fang-baring works up an appetite, and vamps are notorious overeaters. Usually, that'd add up to a whole bunch of exsanguinated bodies, but not so with the Clan of the Golden Fang. There's not a single instance of a Golden Fang vampire killing its victim while feeding. Victims of a Golden Fang feeding frequently don't even realize it's happened, reporting only a sudden feeling of lightheadedness and a desire for orange juice and cookies. Don't get me wrong, they've ninja'd the crap out of a whole bunch of people, but it would seem the Golden Fang is as swift and silent in feeding as it is in fighting, which makes tracking the group nearly impossible.

MAD WORKERS OF AMERICA IN HARMONIOUS ALLIANCE FOR HUMANISTIC ADVANCEMENT (MWAHAHA)

Mad scientists are a solitary lot. It's an ego problem. No surprise that a bunch of folks who play god at a professional level don't get along too well. Yet despite their differences, they do have common goals. Relaxed laboratory safety standards. Easier access to radioactive isotopes. And of course, that one day all the nations of the world will bow down before the might of their awesome intellects. It was in this spirit that the Mad Workers of America in Harmonious Alliance for Humanistic Advancement was founded.

MWAHAHA is the first and, so far, only mad science labor union in the world. A gathering of some of the greatest and simultaneously most deranged minds on the planet, it seeks to promote a wider public acceptance of the mad, super, weird, and impossible sciences.

So, what makes these lone-wolf lab jockeys unite under the MWAHAHA banner? The benefits of MWAHAHA membership include:

- **Collective Ransoming:** These days, one lone madman threatening to pour mutagenic ooze into the town's water supply is barely gonna make the local news, much less net a hefty payoff.
- **Comprehensive Health Insurance:** The only insurance plan in the country that covers self-experimentation, radical elective xenotransplantation, and full-body prosthetics.
- **Dental Plan:** Covering all MWAHAHA members whose mouths haven't been replaced with a bizarro, insectile proboscis.
- **Bizarro, Insectile Proboscis Plan:** For the rest.
- **Staffing Services:** No more scouring Craigslist for lab assistants, henchmen, toadies, lackeys, or grave-robbers. MWAHAHA does all the work for you through a partnership with the International Guild of Occupational Reinforcements.
- And much, much more!