



The Maker of Masks Gauntlet

If there was any explanation for this place, nobody lives who could give it. Several rusty towers in the middle of a seemingly bottomless abyss. A conveyor belt occasionally drags in a naked human body, suspended by a meat hook through the heart. Upon their arrival, a blacksmith receives a random mask with 1-3 markings. The mask keeps them alive, no matter what injuries they sustain, and determines their rank in this mockery of society. Everyone has their own task, passed down through word of mouth, but the how or why is anyone's guess.

3 Marks - Prisoner

The lowest of ranks. Upon receiving your mask, a guard will come to take you to the cell where you will spend the rest of your days. **+100 CP**

2 Marks - Guard

Your task is to ensure the prisoners in your block remain there, and should you find any "corpses" or those rendered unable to move, you are to drop them down the well in the middle of the complex. **+0 CP**

1 Mark - Blacksmith

The highest rank that those within the complex know of. Your job is to wait for new arrivals, and to nail the masks provided by the chute to their faces before they succumb to their injuries. **+0 CP**

0 Marks - Unknown

A rank with only one mask. Nobody here appears to know what your role is. You may seek out your purpose or continue to live in ignorance. **+0 CP**

You retain none of your powers, and should your mask be removed, you will be sent to your next jump as if this one never happened.

Consequences

I Am a Bother

Everyone here has some chip on their shoulder. Everyone will treat you with the utmost rudeness and refuse to answer your questions. **+100 CP**

I Don't Belong

Nobody knows where you fit in. Maybe there's too many guards or not enough cells. This will cause everyone, including you, distress. **+100 CP**

I Want to Die

Whether it's the hole in your chest or the nails in your face, the pain will never go away, nor will you ever grow accustomed to it. **+200 CP**

I Don't Exist

A place like this does funny things to your mind. You will find all your memories from before this jump rapidly fading away. **+200 CP**

I Still Have a Task

The task is all you have. It is your purpose and worth. It overwrites your ambitions, your personality, everything. It is all that matters. **+300 CP**

I Can Finally Rest

You're so tired. The temptation to remove your mask grows every day. It is up to your own willpower to resist that temptation. **+300 CP**

Abilities

One 100 CP perk Free.

One More Day

Even if this punishment never expires, neither will your hope. You are able to see the light in the darkness, even when none exists. Maybe it's just a delusion, but you are able to use this false hope to maintain your sanity in even the most disparaging situations. **-100 CP**

It's Your Duty

A task is more than just a distraction, it is a duty. You can endure even the most monotonous tasks day in and out for decades without pause. You're also quite adept at providing clear and succinct explanations, and don't mind repeating them hundreds of times if need be. **-100 CP**

Finality

Trapped? Who's trapped? You can leave this life behind at any time. You can always objectively tell when you're well and truly ready to die. Even if actual death is impossible, at any time, you can choose to simply stop thinking forever, even if your lungs continue to draw breath. **-100 CP**

Abilities

One 200 CP perk half-off.

Lives to Save

You'd be surprised how many survive the brutal entry into the complex. For those on the brink of death, succumbing to their injuries is $\frac{1}{3}$ less likely until they find themselves on your table. Even then, you'll find you work inhumanly fast when acting to save a life. **-200 CP**

Filthy Prisoner

There's no reason to ever open an occupied cell, and the guards' task is their only purpose. Even with all these factors, it's only a matter of time before you get out. Even with zero tools, you can figure out how to break out of almost any prison cell. Pulling it off is another matter. **-200 CP**

Opportunity

Your mere presence seems to reject stagnation. It's often something small, a locker full of keys falls over, or a stranger with a unique mask wanders toward you. No matter how stringent or isolated a location, the opportunity for change finds its way to you eventually. **-200 CP**

Abilities

One 400 CP perk half-off.

The Taker of Masks

While nobody here is particularly happy, some are certainly unluckier than others. It's a good thing fate always seems to have your side. When particular positions or opportunities are being assigned at complete random, you always seem to get a result you'll be the least unhappy with. This won't take effect in full until after this gauntlet. **-400 CP**

The Maker of Masks

For some, the idea of a destined purpose is a necessity, for others it's a curse. Should you reject your purpose, you can reject it indefinitely, becoming a free spirit without regard for the consequences. Should you seek it, you will quickly find it. The one place you need to be, and the role you need to play more than any other in the world. **-400 CP**

The Maker of Tasks

Whoever created this system might be happy to see it persist after who knows how many years. You are able to create social systems that will continue to persist indefinitely without oversight. These systems resist all change, for better or worse, and will pass down perfectly, even if nobody alive knows what the system is meant to accomplish. **-400 CP**

Possessions

No discounts.

Mask

While it won't heal your body, wearing this will prevent physical injuries from killing you, no matter how severe. This will retain its life-preserving properties post-Jump, but only as long as it remains in one piece. **-0 CP**

Seat

A small, simple chair. Despite being made of hardwood, it is somehow comfortable enough to stay seated for weeks or months on end. **-100 CP**

Conveyor

A conveyor belt has been attached to your warehouse, providing an endless supply of amnesiac humanoids on the brink of death. **-200 CP**

Well

A deep well attached to your warehouse. Any time you throw a body down the well, someone or something down there will dispose of the corpse somehow and send any valuables it finds back up to you through a chute. Best not to think about where the bodies go. **-300 CP**

Chute

A chute that randomly draws from a supply of a couple dozen masks that, if nailed onto a humanoid, will not only preserve their life similarly to the masks here, but will compel them to act in accordance with the role correlating to the number of marks on the mask. **-400 CP**

Destination

Down the Well

I think anyone would deserve a good rest after what you've been through. You will return to your home world with all you've accumulated.

Rotting Away

Why do you hate yourself so? You will spend the rest of eternity here. Even if you die, you will be reincarnated into the next body that arrives.

Remove the Mask

And not a moment too soon. You will achieve the freedom that all the souls here crave so desperately, as you embark towards a new world.

Closing

Gauntlet by Gene.

No objective. Just try your best to stay sane here for 10 years. That's a harsh enough restriction that I ultimately decided to allow these masks to retain their properties post-Jump at no cost.

It's important to how the setting works that all the masks are identical other than the number of marks. However, feel free to import your mask into one you already possess after this gauntlet.