



MEAT & RINDLER



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MEAT&RINTER

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Content Warning:

Gore, body horror, mutilation, self-harm



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INTRODUCTION

The gate to Hell opens! Private prisoner reformation company PrayCo wields an unholy artifact, breaching the walls of reality to a nightmare world of agony and smoldering brimstone. Hell's factories heave to consume the damned, body and soul.

This module continues the *Mothership* funnel scenario *The Drain*, Hell opened by the Grail waiting in colony ship *Within Wheels'* Command module. Add a demonic portal anywhere in your game world to run this adventure fully standalone.

PRAYCO'S OFFER

PrayCo pays 250kcr per head to volunteers braving the Portal.

- ‡ **Campaign Play:** Accepting the mission, a mountain of NDA paperwork and a curt, terrifying brief awaits in a cleanroom.
- ‡ **Oneshot:** Start in-situ with the PCs passing through the **Old Womb** (pg. 4).
- ‡ **Loadout:** PrayCo furnishes PCs for an unknown and likely hostile environment: Hazard Suits (1 ea.), Flamethrowers (2x), Pulse Rifles (2x), a MoHab Unit and Sample Collection Kit, a Half-Track ATV (seats 2, mired in **Flesh** after 1d5km), and 3 days of supplies.

INTO THE INFERNO

The Portal opens to a 50km-wide plateau of black, craggy rock and grey wasteland in a void of howling storms. Rampant **Flesh** spreads from the titanic **Heart** factory dominating the skyline. Burning script spirals across the shifting, pus-yellow sky. An **Angel** weeps golden ichor above gushing blood rivers and festering mires.

- ‡ PCs passing through the Portal physically 'birth' into Hell through the **Old Womb**, falling to the ground in amniotic sacs (1d5 Stress).
- ‡ Human lungs tolerate Hell's miasma.
- ‡ **Bioscanner** screens fill entirely with life.

WARDEN'S NOTES

- ‡ Hell is lethal and unforgiving. Generate backup characters in case of casualties.
- ‡ **Damned** spilling from the **New Womb** suffice as emergency replacement PCs (though naked and unequipped).
- ‡ **Standard Play:** PrayCo provides 1-2 mercenaries per PC.
- ‡ **Funnel:** Alternatively, players run 3-4 characters each using funnel character generation rules found in *The Drain*.
- ‡ The Portal is a one-way trip. Ancient factions exchange covenants for freedom:
 - ‡ **Hell:** The **Flesh**-progeniting demon **Corpus** residing in the **Heart** desires the lobotomized **Angel's** death.
 - ‡ **Heaven:** The **Angel's** sentient weapon buried in the **Wound** yearns for its **Warhead's** return from the **Slough**.
- ‡ Not all of Hell's denizens attack on sight. The PCs are unknown quantities in a nightmarish ecosystem – some creatures may be willing to negotiate. Consult the **Bestiary** (pg. 12) for monster behaviour.

HELL

THE WOUND

THE HEART

THE ANGEL

THE HARVEST

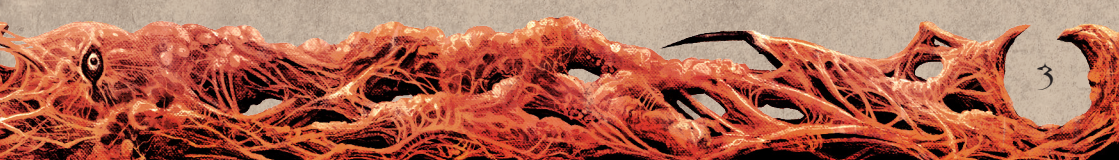
THE BLOODPLAINS

THE PALE FOREST

THE SLOUGH

THE OLD WOMB

5 KM



THE OLD WOMB

A facsimile of a Church, cast in tumorous **Flesh**. Pulsating orifices spew amniotic fluid in place of windows and doors. A curve of bone wrapped in veins mimics a steeple.

‡ Malformed corpses mired in offal kneel in prayer along steep **Flesh** walls surrounding the **Womb**.

- ‡ The **Womb** collapses after PCs spawn, splintering bone and spraying blood. They'll have to find another way back.
- ‡ Searching the remains uncovers a **Waylaid Item** (pg. 17).

THE BLOODPLAINS

Meandering Veins flowing from the **Harvest** to the **Slough** cut through clot-red grasslands. Clumps of thick hair emerge from pale **Flesh**, parodying grass. Pump Stations thrust towards the sky, casting long shadows, belching fumes of charred meat. The **Tick** stalks these lands, feeding on the Veins and wayward stragglers.

‡ **Veins**: Rushing rivers of blood, bile, viscera and all else of humanity. Chunks of **Flesh** bob along, covered with wriggling parasites.

ψ Deceptively deep and fast. Swimmers **Check Strength** [-] or swept downriver.

ψ Predatory **Tapeworms** snatch morsels approaching the edge.

ψ Hooded ferrymen ply petrified corpse boats piled high with skin, organs and muscle along the Veins, docking at Pump Stations.

‡ **Pump Stations**: Brutal concrete lumps stained with gore and filth. Metal pipes drain the contents of the Veins, sending it to the **Heart**. Inside, a fetid and steaming mass of gears, pumps and tubing. Expanding and contracting musculature strung between levers and turbines powers the machinery.

ψ Giant, disembodied **Hands** scuttle across the machines, opening and closing valves, pulling levers. They ignore intruders unless provoked [C:40 Throttle 3d5 DMG I:35 W:1(15)].

ψ Choking smoke stifles visibility.

ψ Dark and airless pipes to the **Heart** accommodate crawling PCs.

ψ Amalgamations of spare limbs skitter over pipes with bundles of solid matter for the **Heart**.

ENCOUNTERS

- ‡ *Tick* (pg. 12)
- ‡ *Tapeworm* (pg. 12)



THE HARVEST

Here is the **New Womb**: a throbbing cathedral pierced with colossal IV-lines. Its orifices birth a constant torrent of the **Damned** – shivering, raw, naked. They fall into a prodigious Trough, where **Overseers** catalogue and discard **Misborn** souls. Acceptable stock flow on to the Processing Line. Witnessing the Harvest requires a **Sanity Save** (1d10 Stress).

‡ **The Trough**: A 10m deep pit dug into the fleshscape. **Damned** fill it to the brim. PCs recognize souls they knew in life – a soldier from *Within Wheels*, a childhood acquaintance...

Ψ Patrolling **Overseers** cast wayward souls into the pit: **Fear Save** or 1d5 Stress and Panic when falling in.

Ψ **C-Suite Executives** offer the PCs anything to save them. *Anything*.

‡ **Processing Line**: A vast field of butchery, an abattoir writ large. **Damned** tumble from the Trough onto a conveyor belt hemmed in by electric wire. Grinding machinery and screaming **Damned** drown all other sound.

Ψ **Butchers** hook and toss souls into flensing machines and mills. Organs pull neatly from gaping mouths.

Ψ Processed components slosh and sail along the Veins for the **Heart**.

ENCOUNTERS

‡ *Overseer* (pg. 12)

‡ *Butcher* (pg. 13)

‡ *Misborn* (pg. 14)



THE PALE FOREST

Twisting, spiked bone growth erupts from the **Flesh**, cradling the **Angel** in a colossal ribcage above a tangled osseous forest. Below, docile creatures of blood and spongy marrow flee excitedly from threat. Trees flinch at the corner of your eye as the **Osseous Hunter** stalks through the canopy. Golden ichor cascades from above, running through the forest in trickles and pooling at the **Divine Font**.

‡ **Bone Trees:** Alive and conscious, after a fashion. Their touch ossifies even the tiniest wound. Branches twist to trip unaware PCs. They exacerbate missteps, turning inconvenience to disaster (Failures on Checks become Critical).

Ψ **Ossification:** 1d10 DMG, **Body Save** or a limb hardens to bone over 1d10 hours.

Ψ **Reaching the Angel** takes two hours of perilous climbing over phantasmagoric morphology. Falling, the party suffers 1d10 Ossification attacks on the way down.

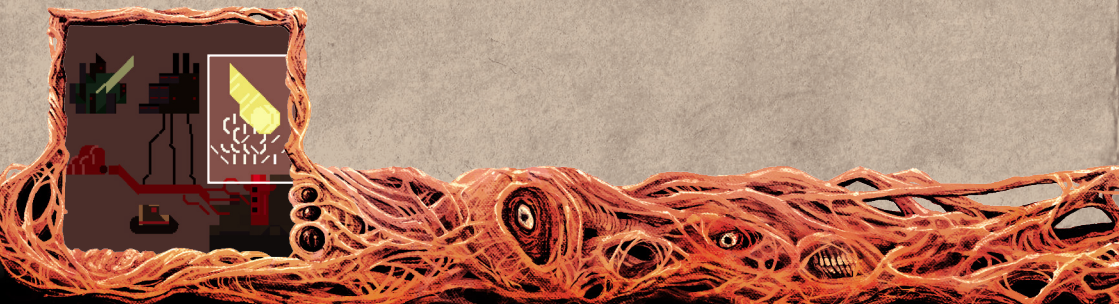
‡ **Divine Font:** A shimmering golden pool of **Angel's** blood. Radiates serenity. 1d10 **Misborn** float here, at peace. The **Osseous Hunter** dens within a vast mangrove formation sprouting from the pool. Ossified corpses hang from above, reaching desperately downward.

Ψ The **Hunter** occupies its nest 75% of the time, impersonating the **Angel** from camouflage before striking.

Ψ **Drinking Angel Blood:** Gain a beautiful new body, no longer quite yourself. All wounds heal. You hear a distant clarion call home, +10% weekly chance to rapture. Fire an auto-hitting golden spear (2 Wounds), but gain +10% rapture chance as His call swells and immediately roll. Sin deafens His call, at risk of your soul.

ENCOUNTERS

- ‡ *Osseous Hunter* (pg. 15)
- ‡ *Misborn* (pg. 14)



THE ANGEL

A 500m hollow cone narrowing to an infinitesimal point. Clad in plates of pentagonal golden armor, orbited by concentric rings bulging with eyes. Spasmodically twitching golden arms gripping archaic weapons spill from the Angel's open base. The Stigmatum in its side spills golden blood.

‡ The Pale Forest's colossal thorns support the Angel's weight and threaten to penetrate its armor. If supporting bones are destroyed, the Angel falls – crashing through the Pale Forest and embedding deep in the Slough.

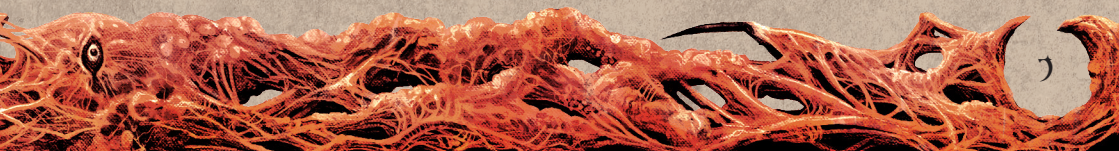
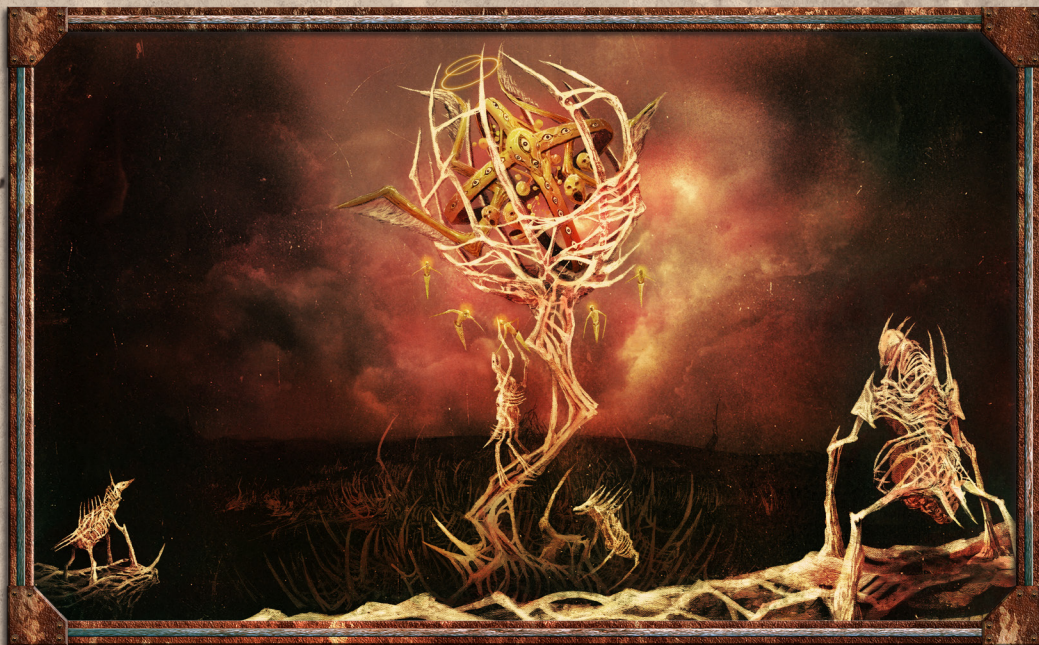
‡ The Walls: Ontological defences turn away mortal weapons. A fragment of Angelic Armor would be worth millions to PrayCo.

‡ The Host: Flocks of Cherubim Drones patrol the Angel's airspace, swarming anything that comes close. They act as a hive-mind, knowing only their directive to protect the Angel.

ψ Cherubim Drone: Animal head cast in silver and bronze. Trailing a dove winged, gilded spinal cord [C:45 Divine Micromissile Pod 3d10 DMG I:30 W:1(10)].

‡ Stigmatum: Old Hell mustered a single wound in the Angel's perfect tissue. A cancerous lump of weaponised Flesh lobotomizes the immobile Angel [C:40 Abyssal Pus 2d10 DMG + Body Save or Cancer I:10 W:1(100)].

ψ Removed or destroyed, the Angel engages its Jump Drive and returns home – along with any on board.



THE WOUND

A 2km blast crater, perfectly neat and spherical. Walls of carbonized **Flesh** and rock melted to dark, smoky glass branded with holy script. Impact site of the **Angel's** weapon, surrounded by the ruins of Old Hell. **Nephilim** patrol the area, annihilating all who come close. Scientists, theologians and esoteric collectors pay 50kcr for a chunk of crater glass.

‡ **The Weapon:** A 20m cylinder of blessed metal fired at relativistic speeds, once carrying a payload of apocalyptic potential. The rod found its target, the Warhead failed to detonate. Half-buried in cauterized **Flesh**, burning blue eyes spill from cracks in its form. *It knows it failed and lives in torment.*

ψ **Wants:** To explode. The **Beelzebub Fly** stole its payload and absconded to the **Slough**. The Weapon engages the PCs to retrieve it – appealing first to alien morality, then offering material reward (a lie, it possesses nothing) and escape from Hell via the **Angel**.

ψ If united with the Warhead, the Weapon provides the PCs a Holy Writ to disable the **Angel's** defenses. It explodes in 48 hours. The detonation annihilates all Hell. Raw Hyperspace rushes to fill the void, carrying tides of horrors beyond imagining. The **Angel** appears somewhere in the PC's galaxy.

‡ **Old Hell:** A baroque ruin, the remains of the city that ruled before **Flesh**. Cathedrals, palaces, statues cast in iron and red marble. Fallen glory hangs in the air like ash.

ψ **Witch Slate:** Among the marble rubble and parchment scraps of an ancient courthouse, an unmarred monolith glows faintly. Names and postmortem destinations of all living souls etch into the 20-ton iron slate. Handwritten Witch names burn with abyssal fire. The ledger gladly accepts new contracts.

ENCOUNTERS

‡ *Nephilim (pg. 13)*



THE HEART

A grotesquely massive factory cast in iron and webbed in thick, writhing strands of **Flesh**. Machine rumbling pulses rhythmically through the ground on approach. A dreadful edifice of consumption, and the source of the **Flesh**. Patrolling **Overseers** and **Butchers** encircle and feed intruders to the Looms. Alarm raised, 1d10 arrive every 5 minutes (stops after 1 hour or on **Corpus's** command).

‡ **The Weaving Floor:** Row upon row of biomechanical Looms process meat from the **Harvest** into horrific paraphernalia.

Ψ **Falling into the Looms:** Body rent, rendered and stitched anew. **Body Save** or take 2d10 DMG and gain 1d5 **Hellish Mutations** (pg. 16).

Ψ Characters purposefully subjecting themselves to the Looms make a **Speed Check (Surgery)**, or fall in. Succeeding, roll twice for **Hellish Mutations** and choose one.

‡ **The Refineries:** Tall cylinders refine Vein produce into Red Oil (liquid horror), feeding the Engine and **Corpus**.

Ψ Red Oil fed to a ship's Engine adds +2 **Jump** and doubles speed, but the machine consumes only fresh meat as fuel (equal mass to normal fuel use). Your ship receives incessant job offers involving meat and station pets despise you.

Ψ Consuming Red Oil, gain 10 max Wounds but no longer heal. Broken bones drift and cuts bleed forever. Eventually become an immobile mass of gore.

‡ **Corpus:** A great disembodied torso – not quite porcine, not quite human – twitching above the Engines. Red Oil sustains its hideous anti-life. The source of the **Flesh** – extruding from its body endlessly, threatening to consume all Hell and beyond.

Ψ **Corpus** takes interest in supplicating PCs, conversing with ragged folds. It offers a deal: kill the **Angel**, receive freedom and riches.

Ψ **Corpus** proffers an abyssal poison from rendered **Nephilim** which metastasizes the **Angel's** Cancer in minutes. The **Angel** dies screaming (**Sanity Save** or **Panic**).

Ψ **Just Rewards:** Slaying the **Angel**, **Corpus** returns the PCs to their reality through a door in its vacant neck. They wake in the basement of an abattoir with impossibly advanced genetic engineering tattooed on their skin (1mcr each). When tattooed characters die, a portal sprouts from their corpse and ushers through a wave of all-consuming **Flesh**.

‡ **Engines:** A trio of gnashing mouths devour **Flesh** falling from above, feeding a colossal metal furnace-stomach. Greedy lips suckle Red Oil from a massive teat. Powers the Pumps, Refineries and Weaving Floor – shut off, they fall silent.

ENCOUNTERS

‡ *Overseer* (pg. 12)

‡ *Butcher* (pg. 13)

THE SLOUGH

At the far reaches of its domain, the **Flesh** rots eternally. The Veins empty here on a wide river delta. Great slabs of purple-black meat slide into a sea of putrid corruption. The air hums with insectoid droning and decay – bloated flies swarm above a writhing landscape.

Wading in, maggots sprout from wounds. Body Save or permanently lose missing Health and squirming replaces your pulse.

- ‡ **The Delta:** A churning torrent of Vein fluid. Solidified runoff from the **Harvest** condenses here in orange odorous piles of Hellgris – spontaneously combustible. **Archmaggots** burrow deep channels through the vile grease.
- ‡ **The Nest:** A ramshackle mound of gore, bone and rusted metal on the Delta's shores, where the **Beelzebub Fly** makes its home. The Warhead gleams half-buried in refuse.
 - Ψ **The Warhead:** A 1m-wide golden orb carved as a slumbering child. Combine 80 Strength to move.
 - Ψ The Weapon wants its Warhead back (**The Wound** pg. 8). Retrieved from Hell, PrayCo pays 500mcr (with a mortally binding NDA).
- ‡ **Fallen Angel:** If toppled from the **Pale Forest**, its golden blood mingles with the **Slough** – reanimating dead **Flesh**. Cancerous landscapes roil and burst, **Immune Cells** convulse to life. The **Angel** slowly sinks amid bedlam, escape forgone in 1d10 hours.

‡ **The Putrid Sea:** An endless expanse of liquified rot. Chunks of solid **Flesh** bob like icebergs. On the horizon, a faintly glimmering Lighthouse beckons.

Ψ **The Lighthouse:** Tower of red marble and iron, incongruously perched on a crag of rock erupting from the rot. Inside, carved summoning symbols surround a withered corpse.

Ψ **The Lamp:** A floating glass orb nursing crumbs of Hellgris. Filled and lit, the lamp explodes with orange-red light. Sacrificing a soul to the flames summons the last true demon **Malphas** from their charred body.

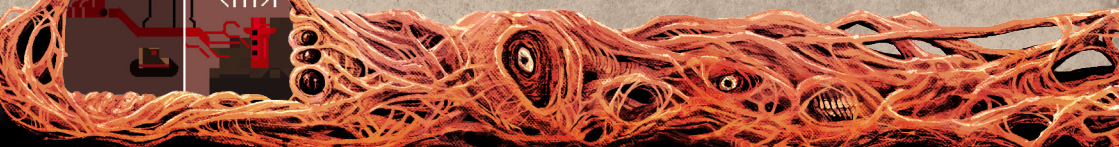
‡ **Malphas:** A massive carrion bird, its beak lined with jagged human teeth. Empty sockets trickle ash and burning embers, scabrous arms reach from its feathered belly, a halo of blacklight orbits its skull.

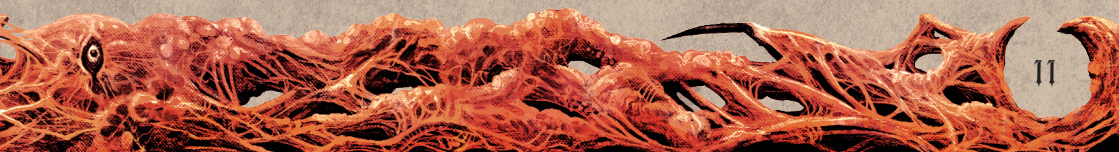
Ψ Half-mad from isolation, **Malphas** desires only destruction of both **Flesh** and **Angel**. It aids PCs pursuing these goals, haunting their trajectory through Hell.

Ψ Flies with impossible speed, cloaks allies in shadow, commands birds and governs vermin. Kills effortlessly. Renders 6 favors, then suicidally charges either the **Angel** or **Heart** (whichever is closer).

ENCOUNTERS

- ‡ *Beelzebub Fly* (pg. 14)
 - ‡ *Archmaggot* (pg. 14)
 - ‡ *Immune Cell* (pg. 15) †
- †If Angel present





BESTIARY

TICK

Elephantine, bloodthirsty. Ambushes prey from hair clumps. Ponderous, child intelligence. Talks only if (very) recently fed.

C:55 I:35 W:4(25)

Pierce: 2d10 DMG, Body Save or target pinned.

Drain: 3d10 DMG, requires pinned target.

TAPEWORM

Blind, meter-long, pink and wriggling parasites. Leaps from Veins when sensing movement, attacking in groups of 3d5.

C:35 I:30 W:1(5)

Bite: 1 DMG, uses Parasitise next turn. On **Critical Hit**, uses Parasitise immediately.

Parasitise: Invades target's body through nearest wound or orifice. 2d10 DMG/turn until removed.

OVERSEER

Squat, shriveled creatures hunched over rusted typewriters. Lower body a mass of examination tools, medical equipment and spiny limbs. Grade the **Damned** to weed out substandard meat. View **Butchers** under their command as brutish animals.

C:30 I:50 AP:5 W:2(15)

Brand: 1d10 DMG, target branded with a glyph that attracts enemies – appears to demons as a glowing beacon visible through any surface.

Examine the Meat: Unleashes a litany of the target's faults, insecurities and failures. **Sanity Save** or gain 1d5 Stress and must flee next turn.



BUTCHER

Tower of fat and muscle, face obscured by gas mask biting deep into flesh. Swathed in greasy aprons. Dismantles the **Damned** with brutal efficiency. Resents the **Overseers**, could be pushed to act.

C:70 I:20 W:4(20)

Impaler cannon: 2d10 DMG, on failed **Body Save** barbs pull the victim to the Butcher.

Cleaver: 3d10 DMG, amputates.

NEPHILIM

The **Weapon's** spawned constructs. Pillars of charred corpses and rock threaded with golden wire, beatific masks for faces. Hovers across the ground, weapons orbiting misshapen heads.

C:75 I:65 AP:10 W:3(30)

Rebuke: Fiery razor whip. 2d10 DMG, **Body Save** or catch fire. Wounded die in 1d5 weeks unless greatest sin restituted.

Smite: A pillar of golden fire descends from the sky. 1d100 DMG, Speed Check to dodge.



MISBORN

Born wrong into its damnation. Misformed mass of hair, teeth and flesh staggering on ambiguous limbs. Mumbles nonsense words. Flees from kindness, wailing.

C:0 I:15 W:2(5)

Self-Flagellate: Whips itself with strands of greasy hair, taking 1 Wound. Onlookers make a **Speed Check** or are blinded by splattered gore (1d5 Stress).

BEELZEBUB FLY

An obese and distended bumbling fly, covered in thick sanguine hair. Suction-like mouth spews digestive enzymes. Miserable, held in thrall to its 8 brutal **Archmaggot** children. Killing them all ingratiates you with the Fly eternally.

C:45 I:50 W:5(20)

Predigestion: 2d10 DMG/turn of agonized burning until successful **Body Save**. On **Critical Hit**, armor melts permanently to flesh.

Droning Buzz: 1d5 Stress, **Body Save** or temporarily deafened. 30% chance an **Archmaggot** arrives next turn to investigate.

ARCHMAGGOT

Giant maggots with twisted infant faces. Gluttonous and cruel. Feasts on the **Slough** and each other – the final survivor will metamorphose into a **Beelzebub Fly**. Spares PCs if they agree to trap one of its siblings for consumption.

C:45 I:30 W:1(50)

Slam: 2d10 DMG, **Body Save** or stunned (go last next turn).

Gnaw: 1d10 DMG, contract worms. **Body Save** once per day or malicious, wormlike clones crawl from wounds and devour you.



OSSEOUS HUNTER

Spider-like organism, 90% legs. Almost perfect camouflage in the **Pale Forest**. Stalks and ambushes prey, falling back after striking. Fascinated by creatures from outside the forest. Communicates by vibrating thin bone ribs in a high-pitched whining tone.

C:65 I:80 AP:8 W:8(5)

Spears: 2d10 DMG, impaled on Critical Hit. **Body Save** or struck limb erupts in spiky bone growths, rendering it useless.

Hamstring: 1d5 DMG, Speed permanently halved.



IMMUNE CELL

House-sized disembodied head. Scuttles on swarms of insectile legs emerging from a gaping neck wound. Churning mass of bone and gore spills from mouth and eye sockets, consuming all before it. Immune to small arms fire.

C:100 I:20 W:10(25)

Roll 1d5 for attack each turn:

1. **Bone-Shard Blast:** 3d10 DMG, **Body Save** or limbs pinned.
2. **Digestion:** 1d10 DMG/turn until acid flushed. Armor ruined.
3. **Hemorrhage:** Everything within 50m bleeds from every orifice. 2d10 DMG/turn, flee to end.
4. **Ultrabass Scream:** **Body Save** or eardrums burst (1d10 Stress).
5. **Swallow:** So many tongues. **Speed Check** to avoid, chewed for 1 Wound per turn.

ANTI-RELIQS

1d5	Pilfered in the Heart or looted from Butchers and Overseers.
1	Toothspitter. Weapon-symbiote, fires a cone of razor-sharp teeth. <i>3d10 DMG (10 Shots), hits up to two creatures at once. Take 1d5 DMG to regrow magazine from your bones.</i>
2	Living Cogs. String of stained metal gears on tendon chains. <i>Bolt to any object to animate with convincing animal life.</i>
3	Flesh Munitions. 1d5 mortar shells, profanely inscribed. <i>Detonates in a 10m sphere of solid, trembling meat. Grips to any surface.</i>
4	Reliquary Mine. Saintry relic and Red Oil rigged to a pressure plate. <i>Mutually annihilates in a permanent 3m antimatter void (instant death).</i>
5	Bonewire. Roll of 20m barbed wire seeping yellowish fluid. <i>Cut by the wire, Body Save or Ossification (see Bone Trees pg. 6).</i>

HELLISH MUTATIONS

1d10	Afflicted when eating the Flesh or mangled by the Heart's Looms.
1	Pig Head. <i>Delicious wobbling.</i>
2	Exterior Lungs. <i>Heaving bags of flesh on your neck. Manually depress for 4x speaking volume.</i>
3	Proboscis. <i>1d10 DMG drain attack, spend next round vomiting.</i>
4	Symbiotic Twin. <i>Grows behind your knee. If you die, take over as twin (grows from corpse nutrients in 5 mins) with ½ max Health and 1 random Skill loss.</i>
5	Centaaurism. <i>Torso elongates, grow an extra pair of legs.</i>
6	Rot. <i>Body rapidly mortifies and regenerates. Horrific appearance, pain massively dulled. No Stress from failed Body Saves.</i>
7	Crab Claws. <i>Insensate, awesome crushing power. 1 Wound DMG, slowly.</i>
8	Organs Rearranged. <i>Surgery automatically fails, but vital organs untargetable (½ DMG from Android attackers).</i>
9	Belly Maw. <i>Wide, grinning mouth opens on your stomach. Double food requirements. Demands increasingly immoral cuisine or loudly sabotages you.</i>
10	Bristles. <i>20cm spines erupt agonizingly across skin. Body Save or 1d10 DMG. Constant infections, Vaccsuits ruined, break off inside melee attackers.</i>

WHLAID ITEMS

1d10	Found scavenging, coveted by Misborn, or embedded in Flesh.
1	Extradimensional Vermin. Tiny, adorable. Truculent wobbling feelers, soft cooing. <i>Sudden, expansive maturation in 1d5 weeks.</i>
2	Demon Warplate. Many-limbed, overlapping layers of pitch black metal. <i>Impenetrable. Large enough to fit several humans inside. Grievously heavy.</i>
3	EKG. Bulky machinery, small flickering screen. Wires hooked into surrounding Flesh . <i>Vitals transcribe a message from Corpus.</i>
4	Hide Cloak. Skins fashioned into a rough mantle. <i>Crawl inside any carcass, exit out another within 5km.</i>
5	Butcher's Mask. Gas mask, wetly padded. They look like sheep from in here. <i>Gain Expert Skill: Butchery.</i>
6	Rot Stick. Rank flesh on twisted bone. Sodden, ritual mace (1d10 DMG).
7	Flensing Knife. Carved gallstone handle. <i>Skin and wear any face. Your form becomes theirs for 6 hours, then the face rots away.</i>
8	Baby Blanket. Soft, light blue. <i>Falls upward with constant 0.5Gs of force, currently caught and wrenching itself threadbare.</i>
9	Salt. Desiccated tears wrapped in fine linen. <i>Dissolves Flesh on contact, working down to bedrock.</i>
10	Tallow Candle. Squat and fat, with a wrought iron holder. Burns with the distinctive scent of boiling pork. <i>Light visible only to the holder.</i>



Meat Grinder was inspired by Quake, Doom, Event Horizon, Hellraiser, Hieronymus Bosch, Zdzisław Beksiński, Mystery Flesh Pit National Park and old video game manuals.

