

# Demon, Summoning

You awaken on a cold stone floor, unsure of where you are. Around you shimmers a barely visible barrier of shimmering purple energy, quite solid to the touch.

"Mwahahah!" You whirl around at the sound of the booming voice behind you. A towering, horned figure rubs his hands in glee, tiny sparks shooting outward from the friction. "After millennia of being summoned to serve puny human whims, I shall have my day! Now I have summoned you!"

You stare at the demon with confusion. "But... I've never summoned a demon! I was just minding my business in my office, getting ready for a puzzle party—"

The demon waves dismissively. "Silence your lying tongue! We both know humans can't be trusted. And as long as you're trapped within my summoning circle, you must do my bidding. Now, I want untold riches! I have bills to pay, you know." He waits expectantly, tapping one cloven hoof.

You pat your pockets helplessly, finding only the pad of paper and pencil you had tucked away earlier that morning. "Uh... do you have Venmo?"

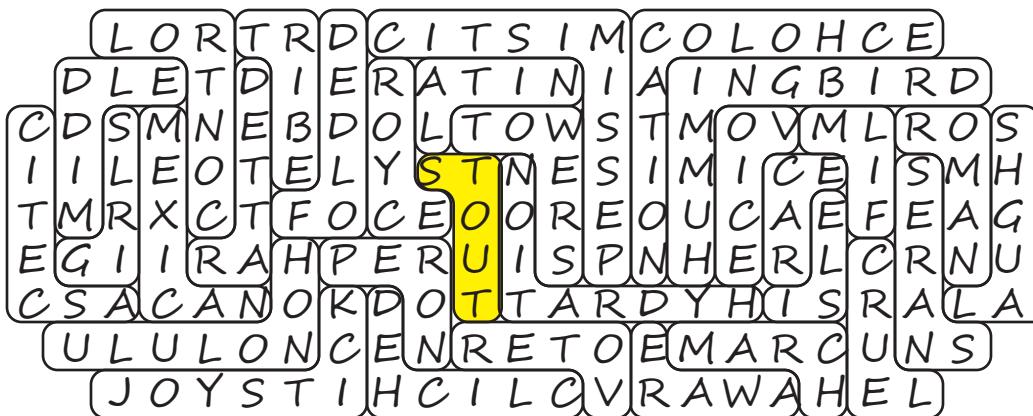
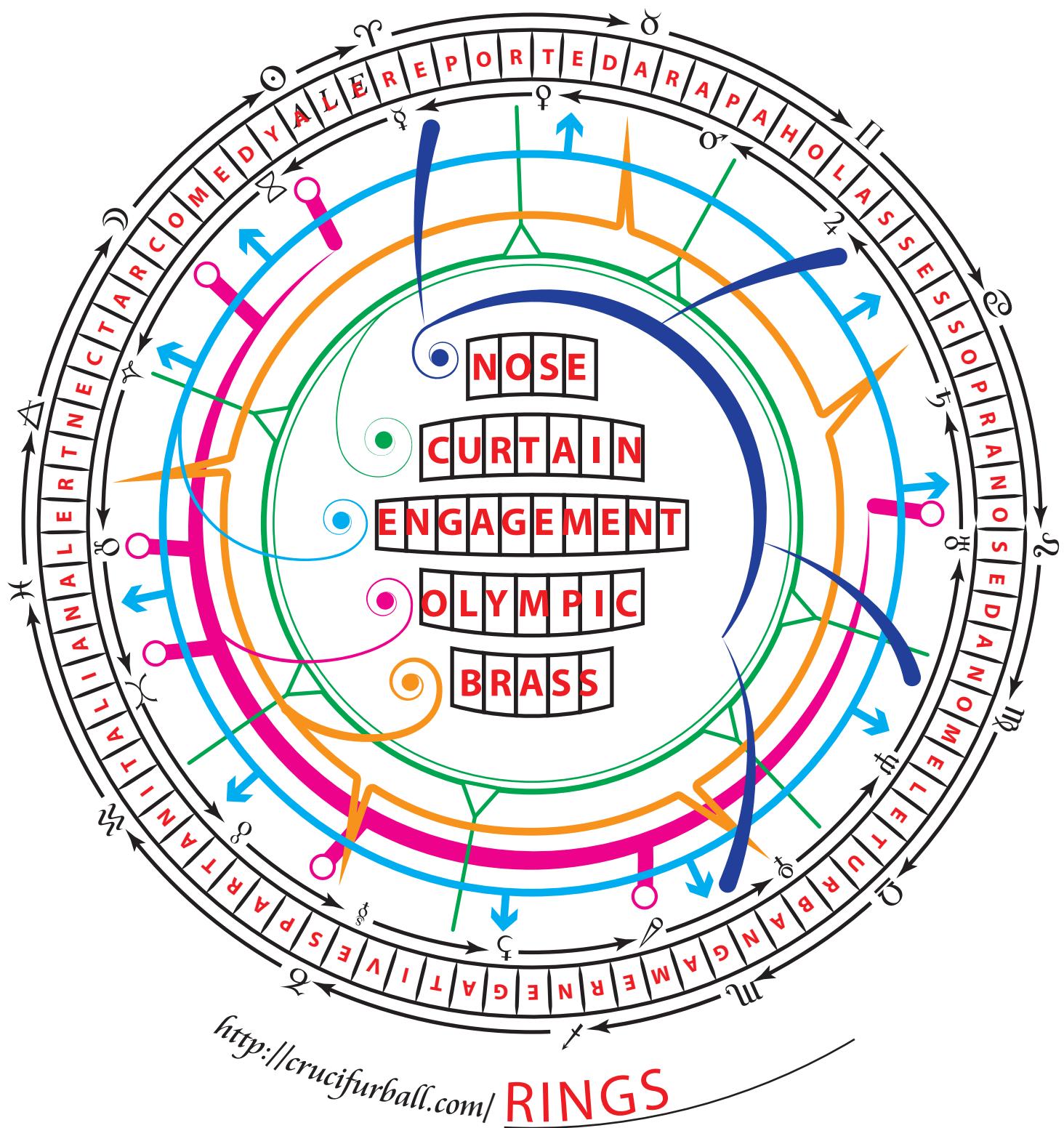
"Miserable human! You will obey my commands, or you will rot here for all eternity! And don't even think about trying to escape. Only I know the secret incantation that dispels the containment circle!" He gestures smugly at a parchment on the wall, covered in arcane scribbles.

When you fail to react with terrified awe, he scowls ferociously, then disappears in a burst of vaguely petulant smoke.

You fan away the stink of brimstone and peer through the impenetrable barrier. If you squint, you can just make out the incantations and diagrams inscribed on the parchment, the key escaping your prison. You tap your pencil against the little notepad and set to work. You don't know how much time you have before the demon returns, but it couldn't be more than forty minutes...

- For example, **STOUT**
- ♀ **RATTED** out
- ♂ Wyoming **TRIBE**
- Scottish **GIRLS** described
- ⌚ High-ranging **VOICE**
- Ϙ Kind of Rolls **ROYCE**
- Ϟ **FOLDED** egg meal
- Ω Having **TOWERS** of steel
- Ϟ Wields a **JOYSTICK**
- ✗ Is **PESSIMISTIC**
- Ϙ A soldier, **ASCETIC**
- Ϙ **ROMAN** aesthetic
- ♓ Awake and **AWARE**
- ߡ **HUMMINGBIRD** fare
- ߜ **LAUGHS** (through punchlines or gaffes)

- ♀ Sequential **RACE** with three teammates
- ☒ Probable **VOTER** in blue-colored states
- ♂ **MIDDLE** in Carlisle
- ♂ The "Pineapple **ISLE**"
- ☒ **MEXICAN** miss
- ♂ Some **SNARES** or pits
- ♀ **PERON**'s sung story
- ⌚ A **FILM** category
- ⌚ **LATIN** for "great"
- ♀ **CRUEL** heavyweight
- Ϣ Fruit-based **HYDRATION**
- Ϙ **ECHOLOCATION**
- ߕ **CONTROL**, like Pazuzu
- ߟ Hello in **HONOLULU**
- ߏ **MARCH** in the street
- ߐ **CLICHE** movie conceit



The words of the mystic chants point in all directions.

Each letter shall be used only once; each word is bent exactly once around its kin.