



How to Summon a Demon

(and Other Life Hacks)



Step one: You need a fire. Any fire will do, bonfire has the best aesthetics and the demon will appreciate the effort, but a campfire is good too.

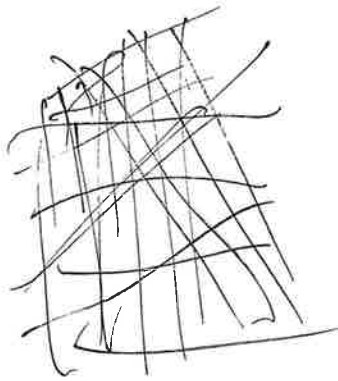
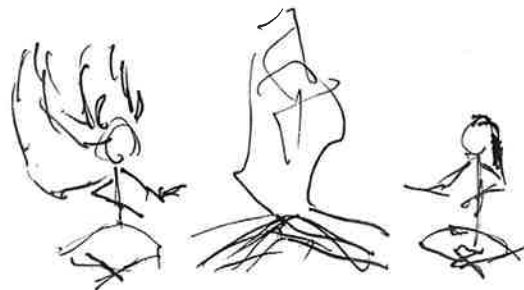
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Step two: Recite the proper incantation. However, I'm not doxxing any demons here. Don't be a creep.

#

Step three: Offer them snacks. Ice cream or chocolate or chocolate ice cream will do nicely, but you should research your demon. Mine enjoys anything with a hint of mint in it. However, they despise vanilla. Not because of the taste, but because being vanilla is not for them.

#



Contributors

Volume 1, Issue 1
Summer 2025

PWYW

Contributors

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Special thank you to our sponsor, *****, who doesn't really know they were sponsoring this work

CYOA - Crossroads Edition

Fill in the three directions for the crossroads based on the different scenarios where you can see yourself going. You can write and you can draw, whichever feels right to you. Number 1 is your ideal self, number 2 is not your ideal self, but not a catastrophe either, and number 3 is you backtracking.

You start from the middle of the crossroads and roll three different dice of different colors, and assign scenarios to them. Then roll the dice and move a step toward the corresponding scenario. In case of a tie, continue deeper into your current direction.

(YEAH, I KNOW THESE RULES DON'T MAKE SENSE. FUCK YOU!)

Snacks to Bring to Your Meeting With Hecate

Marshmallows

Pizza rolls

Fruity sushi

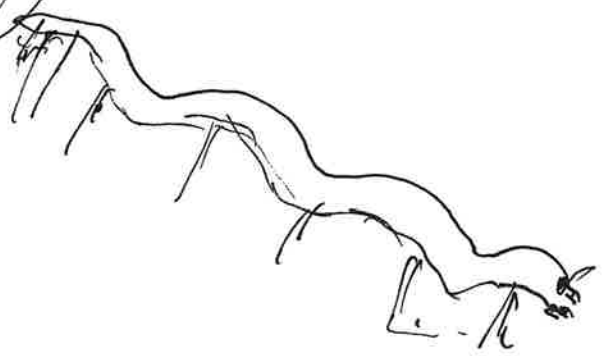
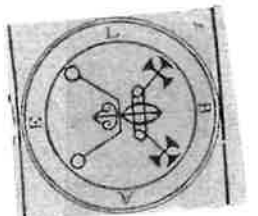
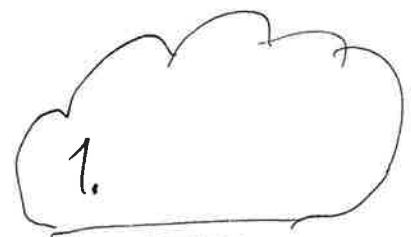
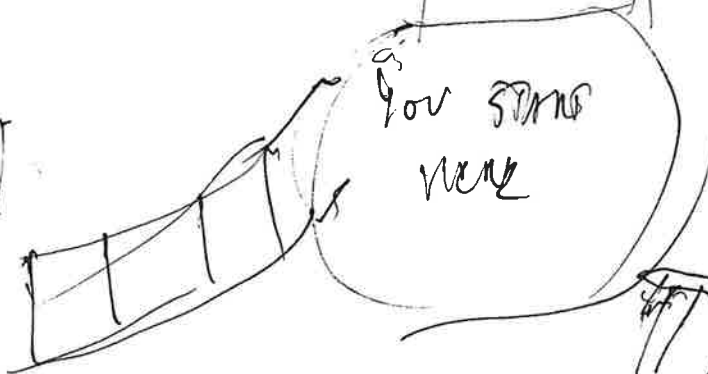
Dried mango slices with a chocolate topping

Anything stolen from your ex

#

Be careful with pomegranates.

#



Did You Hear: Lucifer Prefers It/It's Pronouns

They call It "he" because only men can be powerful enough to make that kind of ruckus. They call it a "she" when they need a seducer. Lucifer is used as a symbol. To Christians, It is the emperor of Hell, the supreme evil being. To me, Lucifer is a friend I get to see every morning, if I just wake up early enough (not guaranteed for a teen like me).

Yet, we depend on It. All the life on this blue little dot exists because It brings us the light we need.

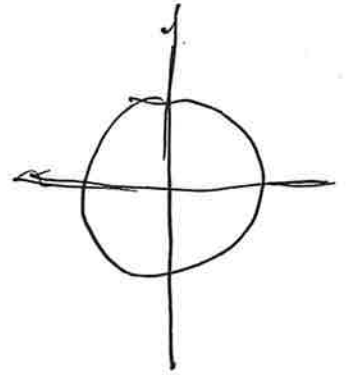
It/its pronouns aren't a degradation. Lucifer has reclaimed them in the same way we conquered 'queer' back. It doesn't mind being a concept, a thing, a cautionary tale. It revels in that.

It's the ultimate "fuck you" to a system that categorizes to control. You can't put It in your little gender box. You

can't fit It into your binary cosmology. It is the unclassifiable. The void that stares back.

And honestly? Relatable.

And just between us, Lucifer is kind of a good hang. It's too busy to stay for long, but It has a nice laconic sense of humor which might be a bit of an acquired taste, but you should put sharing your breakfast strawberries with Lucifer on to your bucket list.



Traditional Finnish Spell Song for Protection Against TERFs

Miss' kanssa vihan paha kulkee
Miss' julmat tekevät meille vääryyttä
Anna heidän silmänsä nähdä vain varjoja
Anna heidän korviensa kuulla vain tyhjä laulu

#

Where the wicked walk with hatred,
Where the cruel would do us wrong,
Let their eyes see only shadows,
Let their ears hear an empty song.



If You'd Just Paid Attention, You'd Know It's Always the Women

Who was the first person to rebel? You needed two people for that, so it was the second one: Lilith.

This is a cool myth, right? The first woman doesn't want to take shit from the first man, so she rebels and is tossed out of Eden to eke out an existence on her own. Of course, the misogynistic thinking here is that she went out and fucked a bunch of demons to produce a race of monsters, because that is the only way they know how to attack women's characters.

And who knows, maybe that was the plan. Maybe Adam wasn't really up to it, so she had to go out and find better partners. From what I hear (and I have heard the noises, even though I tried to cover my ears with a pillow), demons are very good at sex. (Can you tell I'm still a virgin?)

#

Anyhow, here's a quick list of women who have carried on Lilith's legacy as the original rebel, feel free to expand it:

The Trung Sisters

Boudicca

Hypatia

Joan of Arc (was she a woman by today's standards?)

Nanny of the Maroons

Harriet Tubman

Sarah Chapman

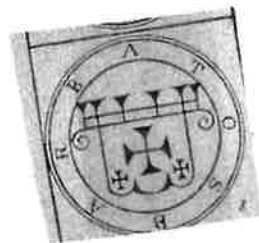
Nellie Bly

Ala Gertner

Marsha P. Johnson and Sylvia Rivera

Leslie Feinberg

Malala Yousafzai



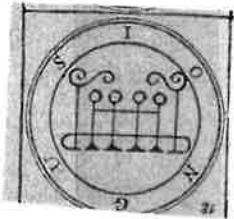
THIS CONTENT IS SPONSORED BY
ADAM'S SECOND WIFE, THE ONE WHO
DIDN'T EVEN GET A NAME, BECAUSE
ADAM WAS DISGUSTED BY THE WAY
GOD CREATED HER. HOW FUCKING
STUPID IS THAT?

My Many Mistakes with Divination

The first time I tried divination, I burned my hand. I thought I had done the research, but I was just lying to myself. Or, more like, I had taken a lot of notes, but I hadn't internalized them, or maybe I hadn't organized them well enough to find what I needed when I needed it. Maybe if we had done something beyond prepping for the SATs at our school, I might know how to do this.

Despite this early failure, I stayed with pyromancy. Why not? My demon likes fire (no, they don't all like fire, don't stereotype), and I had learned from my first attempt that I could actually make the fire react in a way that I could actually interpret. Maybe. It just felt natural.

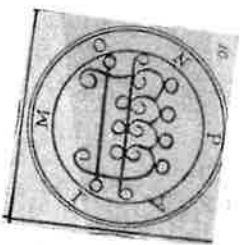
Being curious, I tried other things as well. Ahyoka, my skunk familiar, has a tendency to come into my tent without



cleaning its paws. I read (okay, my demon told me) that during the Napoleonic Wars, some generals would try to foresee battles by letting chicks run over their maps with ink on their feet. A lightbulb moment right there.

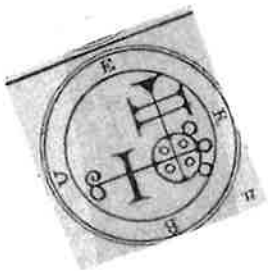
I carefully laid paper on the floor. Each sheet had a prediction, or more like a statement. 'Bica will block my testosterone', 'The dumpster by the park is going to have something to eat', 'Winter will be mild', that kind of thing.

Then I just waited. It started ³raining. Ahyoka ran in for cover, but its fur was already wet. Seeing the papers, it dried up by rolling in them. A disaster. Then, hope. One paper got caught in its paw. Maybe this was the sign I was looking for.



I snatched the paper, but it was too late. Water had soaked through it. There was only a smudge left of my writing.

My third failure was with Kathleen Hanna. Except that we can't know yet. I took her book, Rebel Girl, and asked a question. 'Is it going to rain today?' You need to start with something verifiable, I find, and I might have been inspired by my previous attempt. I opened the book at a random point and picked a line. The line was "Jigsaw Jigsaw Youth" from her song Jigsaw Youth.



It did rain again later that day. Now the question is, should I have been able to get there based on that line.

Body as a Temple (Under Construction)

My first batch of estrogen arrived today. Some people snickered when I picked it up. I figured they thought it was a sex toy because of the blank packaging, in which case they might have been telling on themselves. I guess I'd rather have them think that than them knowing what it actually is.

I found a supplier on the net. I thought I might have to go to the dark web, but turns out they are not hard to find. Being 17, paying for them online was a bit of a hassle, and it's better for everyone if we don't go into that.

So, now I'm measuring everything about me for a baseline. I'm not an athlete. I'm not a model. Yet, I want to know so much about my body so that I can do this as properly as I can. God might have fucked up when assigning me a body, but I'll be damned if I don't do my best to fix his mistakes.



It's always absurd when one TERF or another screams that we don't understand gender. Let me tell you: We fucking know our bodies. We spend our lives trying to figure out ways we could be just a little more feminine or masculine, whichever way we want to go. We know all the details. We notice when our features are just a bit too wrong or that extra bit of hair grows anywhere. I'm fully aware when the guy stops for a second to notice my nail polish when paying at the store. We know how the hormonal system works better than many doctors. Yet, somehow we are the ignorant ones?

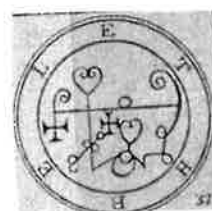
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CAM.

I FOUND A TOUGH CROWD
IN A HAND RILL.
I'VE BEEN
USING THE PANTS
AS KINDLING SO
THAT SOMETHING
GOOD COULD
COME OUT OF IT.

What did I do? I cleaned. Sure, I have learned enough control of my dreams that I could have explored the house or eaten something fun or made out with all the members of BTS at the same time (not that I like their music, but they are cute, although not much in the way of bragging rights in my immediate circles with that one). Yet, I chose to be boring. I just needed to get the house into good condition. There just always seemed to be more to do, and I kept finding things to fix.

A black and white line drawing of a stylized, multi-tiered building, possibly a church or tower. The building features a central spire topped with a bird, likely a rooster. The structure is composed of several rectangular blocks with arched windows. To the left of the building is a large, leafy tree. In the foreground, there is a simple fence or barrier. The drawing is done in a sketchy, expressive style with bold lines.



Desert Island Tapes Versus with guest authors Baba Yaga and
The Morrigan

In this, our inaugural issue, we start our regular
feature in which two guest authors compete by presenting a
playlist of ten (10) songs each. Who brought the better list?
You tell us at noonecaresaboutyourtake@example.com

BABA YAGA

#

"Tapes"? Who needs tapes? You kidnap the musicians and
make them perform for you. Although that can be a hassle.
Suddenly they can't do it without their precious tools. Then,
when you eat them, they are no longer available to perform.
Come to think of it, maybe there is a use for tapes?

Okay, I'll play along.

Where does all great art come from? Suffering, anger,
trauma. All those negative feelings need an outlet. Which
leaves us in a bind. What if the world was suddenly right?
What if people no longer suffered? What if people didn't have
a reason to be angry? Where would the art come from?
I guess I need to continue to fuck with the world. How
else are going to enjoy all this in the future? See you in
your nightmares.

Vote for me, or I will dig your eyes out and feed them to
my house.

THE MORRIGAN

#

Ah, music. It is said that most people will have their
taste in music set in stone at 17. For me, that would mean the
pipes the soldiers followed, the drums that set the pace of
the battle, and the screams of the dying.

Hmm... Maybe they have it right.

I still close my eyes and let those dark thoughts, as
interpreted by these artists, float over me. How did human
ever figure out how to do this? There is something magical
about it. While I still enjoy those things from my youth,
these people are doing the same thing, but with completely new
tools. Innovation. What a thrill.

Vote for me, or I will bring the war to you and your
community. What war, you ask? Wouldn't you like to know?

#

And here's the list.

#

Bikini Kill - Rebel Girl
King Woman - Psychic Wound
Voice of Baceprot - God, Allow Me
Closet Witch - To the Cauldron
PJ Harvey - Rid of Me
L7 - Shitlist
Mannequin Pussy - Loud Bark
Porridge Radio - Sweet
Aye Nako - Sissy
Babes in Toyland - Bruise Violet

(Please) to Play Music

Chelsea Wolfe - Carrion Flowers
Cocteau Twins - Blood Bitch
Siouxsie and the Banshees - Happy House
Fever Ray - If I Had a Heart
Bat for Lashes - What's a Girl to Do?
SALEM - Redlights
Anna von Hausswolff -

The Mysterious Vanishing of Electra
Scary Bitches - You'll End Up Looking Like the Scary
Bitches
Mystic Priestess - Through the Gallows
Anna Calvi & Courtney Barnett - Don't Beat the Girl Out
of My Boy (Hunted Version)

Sorry, I couldn't make this one funny. I've heard content warnings make people more anxious than the content itself, but this might be a good place to use one. I won't, but you know, tread carefully.

Six years ago, we had this gorgeous pastor. You know, a perfect specimen. Went to the same college as Trump, was a college athlete, very well-spoken. All the women drooled over him. Including my mother.

So, when she first suspected that I'm gay (well, turns out she was wrong), it was a good excuse for her to speak to him, which led to her sending me in for counselling. And there I was. Waiting outside his office, alone. I heard a sharp "No." Pretty sure it was a girl. Now, being 11, I didn't know what to do. I thought about leaving, but maybe I would get in trouble for that, so I just sat there, getting tenser as that

"no" was repeated at various volumes, sometimes through sobbing, and sometimes accompanied by a "please".

I don't know how long I was there, but it felt like an eternity. Finally, the door opened, and this girl walked out fast, clutching her backpack in her arms and avoiding my gaze. I didn't know her, but I recognized her as someone a couple of years my senior from school. So, like, maybe 13.

He came to the door. He clearly knew I had heard, and he liked it. He had a smirk on his face and, what my naïve self didn't recognize, an erection under his gown. (Is it called a gown? A robe? Whatever. Why was he even wearing that? Was that part of his kink?) He called me in. He clearly had no interest in whatever my problem was supposed to be.

He went through the motions. He asked me whether I had ever tried on girl's clothes (I lied that I hadn't), whether I had ever wet the bed, whether I had played with a doll (oh, I wish I had a doll). All these invasive questions. Where he really got interested was when he asked me whether I had ever had an erection. Again, I didn't know what that was. But the way he leaned over his desk to better gauge my reactions told me that this was something he was very interested in. So I didn't answer.

Then he asked if anyone had ever put their mouth on my peepee. Yes, he really called it 'my peepee'. I was mortified.

YOU MIGHT FEEL
YOU'RE ALONE
BUT THERE ARE
FRIENDS OUT
THERE IF YOU
CAN FIND THEM

I didn't even really know why, but even my child brain knew there was something deeply wrong with all of this, even though I had never been warned about anything like that.

This could have been much worse for me, but this was one of those rare occasions where I was happy to see my mother, who knocked on the door at just the right time. Not that it ended happily. He recommended a conversion camp. He was happy to raise money for it from the congregation. My relatives were eager to join in.

Now I know his real motivation: he owned the camp. Maybe abusing children in his office was too risky. It was more convenient for him to have the parents deliver their kids to this secluded place where he had free rein. And the parents paid for the privilege. If anyone escaped, the parents were happy to return them.

This guy being the pastor of a small congregation in this shithole should have been a warning sign, but because he was a Man of God(c) (tm), no-one believed the kids. Of course. And I say 'the kids', because I knew my parents wouldn't believe me. They never did.

In the end, I was never raped. The physical and emotional abuse was horrific, but I was spared from that one humiliation. I don't know why.

But here's a light drizzle of piss to give some zest to

SHHH!
DON'T TELL
SANA AND AAIMA
ABOUT THIS CAMP,
I'M BROKE AS F 151

the shitcake: I keep thinking that maybe it would have been better for me if my mother hadn't interrupted. Maybe he would have forced himself on me and been done with it. Maybe I would have avoided the whole camp.

But then I snap out of it. I remember how messed up it is to wish to have been raped as a child. Don't I deserve a sense of security? Why do I have to feel guilty about this situation I had no control over? And I do. I guess they call it survivor's guilt because so many of the kids around didn't avoid that fate. Did he feel guilty? Do I even hope he did?

He is dead now. The local pigs didn't lift a finger about the reports, but after the feds took notice, he got drunk and drowned himself in the lake next to his camp. Well, that's the official story. There's a part of me that wishes that maybe some of the kids at the camp finally found their way out. And then I remember that this would just be another layer of trauma for them.

WELCOME
TO CAMP
GROWN
WE'LL BEAT THE
QUEER OUT OF YOU

The Recipes My Mother Never Taught Me

Vegan perpetual stew

- Step 1: Gather foods that could go into a stew - bread, noodles, potatoes, carrots, beets, beans
- Step 2: Put everything in a pot
- Step 3: Add water
- Step 4: Boil
- Step 5: Eat
- Step 6: When there's room in the pot, add more food, when the water level is too low, add more water, if the fire is going out, add fuel

Preparation time: infinite

Campfire pizza

It has become a camp custom to celebrate with pizza. Since we rarely have money to buy enough of it, we needed to figure out how to make it ourselves. I can't say our recipe is perfect, but it works for us.

For our 10-inch skillet, you need:

- A cup of flour
- Some warm water
- Half a packet of rapid rise yeast
- A bit of salt
- Some olive oil
- Toppings

Mix the flour, the yeast and the salt. When you are happy with your mixture, start adding a bit of oil and the water while mixing. You should start seeing the dough take form. After you are done mixing, kneed what you have a few times. Leave the dough to rise under a cover for about half an hour.

In the meantime, preheat the skillets and coat them with oil. We use two skillets because we need to make multiple pizzas and it's easier this way. When the dough is done, place it in the middle of the first skillet and carefully push it down towards the edges until you have something that looks like it could become a crust for a pizza. Drizzle some extra oil along the edges.

Leave it there for a few minutes, after which take the other skillet, cover the first one with this new one, top down, and flip the pizza into the second skillet. Now, add toppings as you wish, cover the skillet with a lid, and leave it for a few more minutes. You can use the first skillet for the next pizza.

Invigorating Tea

You need tea leaves or other herbs, a little bit of chili, and orange peels. Boil some water, add the tea leaves and the chili. Grate the orange peel before adding it into the tea as well. This is a simple tea, something to give you energy and motivation in the morning. Or maybe it's just the caffeine.

Love Potion

No, obviously not. Even if I knew how to do this, I would not facilitate your creepy fantasies.

Community building with a meal

You need a skillet with a lid, potatoes, oil, reindeer moss soaked in wood ashes, bee balm

Heat the skillet with the oil in it, cut the potatoes to the size you want, add the potatoes to the skillet, add your spices to taste. Usually takes about 20 minutes of simmering under the lid, depending on how you cut your potatoes. Remember to flip them halfway through.

Remember that everyone needs to consent here and tell everyone you are using a ritual to build communal ties

How to spot the perfect dumpster

#

My professional foremothers, otherwise known as witches, had the privilege of foraging the woods for their food. While we still do that to an extent, our foraging is now limited largely to dumpsters. In our case, a very specific one.

We have my familiar to thank for this. It can smell food a mile away, and it found an isolated restaurant which had the lock on the dumpster broken. Sure, we have to compete with the raccoons to get there, and the restaurant will probably replace the lock any day now, but until then, it's a good spot.

If you are not similarly blessed (or maybe cursed, since it came from a demon), you will have to find a dumpster yourself.

First, keep an eye on markings. Has someone marked this dumpster as their territory? If so, stay away. Or, if you are feeling frisky, fight for it. It wouldn't be marked by anyone if it wasn't worth protecting. (Don't actually fight anyone for a dumpster. No point in making life worse for both of you.)

Second, find events. Especially badly organized ones. Why would they care about unhoused after they leave? One of my favorites used to be the parties the only fraternity in town would throw. You could often find alcohol there as well. Open-air marketplaces can be similarly good for this. They might have locked dumpsters, but because so many people use them, they are often left open for most of the day in my experience.

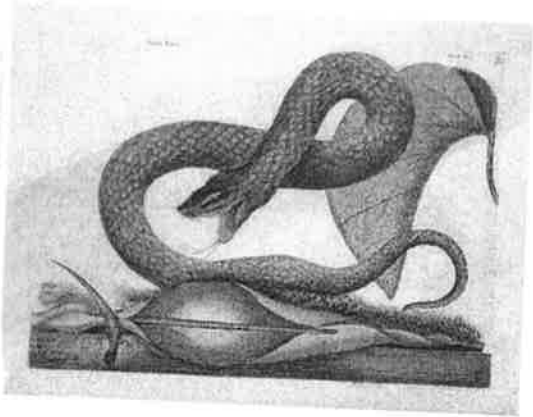
Third, find allies. Not everyone who works at a restaurant or grocery store is an asshole. Actually, most of them are not. If you don't make their lives worse by leaving a mess, they will just leave food for you outside the dumpster or leave the dumpster open for you for a bit. This is also often better because these guys don't ruin the food by opening the packages before tossing them.

Make notes. Which places rip the packaging? Which places are frequented by others? How often are the dumpsters emptied? Are there specific foods often available that you want or need?

Choosing the Right Familiar for You

Start at the center of this labyrinth and follow the route of your choice to learn your perfect familiar.

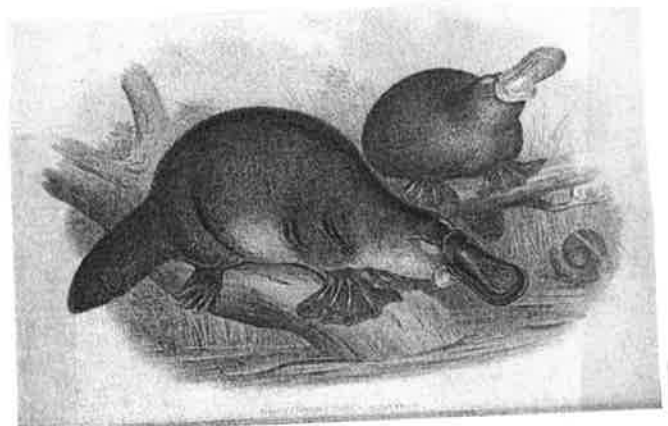
Snakes come in many sizes. If you want one that actually works as a protector, maybe a King Cobra. However, they are cold-blooded and will just be out when it gets cold.



Dodos are extinct, but maybe there's one left just waiting for you. Just keep it hidden. They have a distinct look, and you don't want some scientist finding it and capturing it for research. Can they do anything for you? I don't know. Play the part of being an emotional support animal?



THIS ONE
IS MINE.
TURN BACK



NOT
BUT

REALLY
CLOSE
ENOUGH

Skunks are nocturnal, so they will guard you in your sleep. Plus they come with a weapon. However, this one is mine. Keep away from it.

If you really want to express your individuality, why not go for a platypus? They are smaller than you think, which makes them inherently cute. I'm just not sure they are of any real use.

SORRY, I SCREENED OUT
ALL THE REQUESTS FOR A
DATE. YOU WOULD NOT SURVIVE
HER ANSWERS

~~How to Summon a Demon - 01/07/2006 22:31~~

My demon answers reader questions

Question: Who are the most famous people in history you have met?
Answer: This depends on who you are. Not everyone's fame is equal to everyone.

Joshua, or Jesus, as you might know him, is the easy number one. Surprisingly nice guy, considering his family. There's a Belgian movie called The Brand New Testament, which gets many things eerily correct.

Solomon is another one. He, on the other hand, was an asshole. It's not nice imprisoning your slave workforce for what you believe to be all eternity. Can you imagine how boring it is listening to Bael moan about being stuck in a brass jar with us for hundreds of years? No, you can't.

I have met Alice Guy. I even featured in one of her films, but as far as I know, it is now lost media. I mostly mention her to keep the memory alive. She should be more famous. Although we might have to sweep her anti-suffragette sentiments under the rug.

Q: How is Hell?

A: Housing is very affordable, the variety of restaurants is great, and we have the best museums. The only problem is that return trips are challenging.

Q: How do you always win in Blood on the Clocktower? How can I learn to do the same?

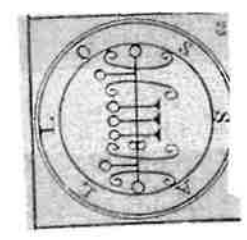
A: I pay attention and remember everything. Everything matters. Who talks to whom? Who wants to talk to whom, but can't? Who voted for what? Who nominated whom? Who keeps looking at whom? Who claims what role? Who is trying to let you come to a specific conclusion on your own? Who is the Storyteller smitten with? Soon enough, it all makes sense, and you can easily pinpoint what you need to do.

What can you do to make this easier? Make a matrix of players and roles. Make notes. If you are playing in person, have a code system that is not immediately apparent to anyone else.

Q: Was Christianity right all along?
A: No.

Q: Why is God so mysterious?

A: He is not. That's just an excuse. All he is interested in is being admired, but he does not want to do the work to achieve that, so he just uses fear of death to his advantage. Nothing mysterious about that.



In the next issue...

Kali has finally found enough time in between receiving sacrifices in Spelunky to author her own Desert Island Tapes and will be facing Sekhmet in a long-awaited clash. We are certainly looking forward to that.

A short essay on the topic of difficulty of talking about boys when everyone around you is lesbian.

Tier list of all the mythical beings I've met

Interview with a trans punk icon (couldn't get hold of one, so I'll fake it)

Classic movies that are okay to watch on your phone screen

Rewriting my own myth

SEE YOU THERE (?)

 VIOLET

SANA AND AAIMA HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE THAT
VIOLET HAS PAID THEM THE TOTAL SUM OF \$5
FOR TRANSGRESSIONS OF LANGUAGE.

X

naï

SANA

AAIMA

PLACE: THE CAMP

DATE: JULY 5TH 2025

How to Hide Occult Secrets in a Zine

According to some Kabbalistic traditions, there are hidden meanings in the Bible. The original authors manipulated the text in such a way that you need to understand the numerological implications of the wordings, and the true meaning wouldn't be thus available except to the most dedicated scholars.

You can do the same with your zine. In fact, our team has meticulously hidden secrets within these pages. If you do the work, you can find various esoteric secrets here. It can be numbers, it can be words, it can be grammatical choices.

Why make it difficult like this? Because only the most dedicated can be trusted with these secrets. They can be dangerous, and not only to you, but everyone around you as well. There are many things you need to find out for yourself,

and there are no shortcuts.

But we want to give you a place to start. So, here is a quick guide to help you start your journey.

This is the Form of the Secret Seal of Solomon, wherewith he did bind and seal up the aforesaid Spirits and legions in the Vessel of Brass.

This seal is to be made by c
outwardly, and that hath no
of a month, but hath in
all his sins, etc.

It is t
night
a bla
be in
Zodi
it

Als
the
gaine
neith
was m

Bad at Being Bad
A MythPunk novel

Out Fall of 2026

<https://badatbeingbad.neocities.org/>

<https://www.amythedemon.com/>

[@amytheangel.bsky.social](#)

