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ADVENTURE PATH \* PART 5 OF 6



*Legacy of Fire*

## THE IMPOSSIBLE EYE

Adventure by Greg A. Vaughan

New Fiction by Elaine Cunningham





Smoke and ash and cinders flew from the forests charred by the Firebleeder, fires that scorched soil into dust. Vast deserts grew from lush forest in mere days. The smoke turned noon to twilight.

Heroes rose to the challenge and set forth to conquer the fire wyrm, but their silk banners burned away and their steel swords were reduced to slag. After countless armies fell to the beast's wrath, a hundred arcanists and masters of ancient magical bloodlines swore an oath as the Legion of Wands and set forth to test their magic against the nightmare. The Firebleeder's first blast cut their numbers in half, sweeping the weakest away. This bought the others time to bring their magic to the fore; freezing storms, hails of icy spears, rains of hissing water, and thunderous lightning transfixed the wyrm as bolts of force broke upon it in a furious storm.

Magma spewed from the Firebleeder's wounds, each injury gushing like the eruption of a furious volcano, but the wizards stood strong. Infuriated and confused, the fire wyrm summoned a blast of flame to melt the mountains and boil the seas. Yet as the abomination readied to unleash its final wrath, the wizards spoke as one, shouting a single word of arcane might that silenced all for a thousand miles, ringing off the clouds. And breaking the silence, a great cracking sounded as the Firebleeder's volcanic blood cooled to stone and the beast crashed to earth.

The Firebleeder fell, impaling itself upon a mountain made pale by the bones of the thousands of heroes that died that day, its hide shattering to cinders. A hundred lights glowed over its corpse by night, and of the Legion of Wands, only a dozen survived to rejoice in their victory and mourn their comrades.

Yet what none saw was that, at dawn, the corpse twitched and stirred. An ember remained in the Firebleeder's breast.





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## LEGENDARY

Adventure Paths don't usually start out with the phrase "Once upon a time," but if any of them thus far could, it'd be *Legacy of Fire*. It's little secret that this time around we're taking a lot of inspiration from Arabic folklore and literature, but drawing upon such roots was never an agenda item, nor does this mark the beginning of a world tour of Adventure Paths steeped in the tales of real-world myth. As literate as we'd both like to think ourselves, at no point did either James or I point at the other and exclaim, "The Husband and the Parrot' from *One Thousand and One Nights!* Lets do an Adventure Path based on that!" The main reason being that neither of us have read that story, but also because neither of us were raised on the folklore of the Middle East. Thus, these legends were hardly high on the list of potential sources to inspire half a year of our lives' work, especially when we're already so familiar with the European mythology, Arthurian legend, and Western fantasy films that pervade so much of fantasy writing and roleplaying. No slight meant to those cultures or their stories, but we tend to steer *Pathfinder* toward what we know.

Fortunately, though, a not-so-unlikely touchstone brought us to the path we've now ventured so far along: *Sinbad*—or, at least, the *Sinbad* of Ray Harryhausen. From these adventures—the sword fights, the special effects, the famous stop-motion monsters—it's not hard to imagine the appeal of a land where genies do battle, ancient treasures hide the secrets of magical worlds, giant and terrible monstrosities rampage, and storytellers weave tales exotic and strange. These films alone could easily launch an entire campaign worth of adventures, but what about the actual stories off of which these interpretations were based? Surely Kerwin Mathews's adventures on the Island of Colossa are a far stretch from the folklore of Egypt, Iran, Iraq, Saudia Arabia, and the settings of countless other Arabic tales, but if just two or three films could inspire such fertile ideas, what might a measure of actual research reveal? The results were intimidating, obvious, and wonderfully fascinating.

The past months have involved a great deal of study, more than one trip to library, and the purchase of several books in the hopes of learning more about and doing



some measure of justice to the stories of ancient Arabia, Persia, and the modern Middle East. While some of our discoveries merely provided a deeper understanding of creatures and stories that have long persisted in the Western consciousness—like the origins of the word “genie” (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #21, page 50)—others were wholly new discoveries that we plan to embrace for a long time to come: the new fiendish race, the div; the shaitan earth genies; and better understandings of numerous cultures and religions. As much as possible, where we’ve had the room and where such asides feel natural, we’ve tried to pepper the results of our research through the past several volumes, like the backstory on divs in volume #19, the origins of the buraq in volume #20, and the meaning of *tophet* in volume #21. Other elements never made it into print beyond brief mentions and suggestions, like the parallels between Shazathared’s tales and the accounts of the storyteller Scheherazade from the *One Thousand and One Nights*; the West African and Middle Eastern origins of the miengu, edimmu, hadhayosh, and other creatures; and the parallels between tales of King Solomon and our genie-binding magics. Having the chance to look into these tales and discover characters and creatures with histories just as storied as any Perseus or Jörmungandr has been as much of a thrill as discovering Greek mythology for the first time, and I’d wholly suggest every fantasy lover who reads this track down a copy of *One Thousand and One Nights* for their personal collections.

While Legacy of Fire has proven incredibly educational to work on, along with all of the tales and connections our investigations revealed, an interesting notion slowly came to the fore. While the myths and stories we’d been reading could easily consume a lifetime of study and were filled with wonderful adventures and fearful beasts, their fascinating qualities weren’t exclusive to centuries past. The films that encouraged us to look deeper, the Westernized tales that had trickled into our common knowledge, and the countless games and stories set in mysterious and exotic versions of pseudo-Arabia also held their own value. These myths of myths, while not authentic in the same manner as direct translations of Middle Eastern legends, had appealed to and inspired us for years, becoming the stuff of legend by their own rights. Sinbad fighting the living skeleton, the escape from the two-headed roc, and the dragon and cyclops going at it are all golden moments in the memories of fantasy lovers, but even beyond this, games like *Prince of Persia*, Disney’s *Aladdin* series, and past RPG forays into this territory, like the fantastic Al’Qadim campaign setting, stand out as works inspired by Middle Eastern myth which have, in turn, become worthy sources of inspiration themselves. Thus, we find creatures like the two-headed rukh in volume #21, the Harryhausen-inspired hydra on the cover of #22,

and various takes on exotic marketplaces, evil viziers, and storied treasures throughout the Adventure Path.

It was Greg Vaughan who brought us back from some of our far-afield wanderings, though. Greg draws incredible maps—just look at “Spires of Xin-Shalast” in volume #6 and “Skeletons of Scarwall” in volume #11 if you need proof of that—so when he handed over the plans for Bayt al-Bazan, we were hit with the expected wave of excitement. Then, of course, he took it to the next level, explaining that several locations were inspired by the art gracing the covers of venerable first edition books, most notably the gleaming spires on the back cover of the original DMG, which he had taken for the City of Brass. This image had never stuck me as a depiction of that famed metropolis, but upon taking a closer look it’s now hard to see it as anything else. The rising minarets, glistening cupulas, and steep-sided pyramid—these destinations that have quietly lingered under the right hands of hundreds of thousands of gamers for 30 years, Greg brings to life with all the awesome presence and legendary deadliness they’ve so long deserved. So, in its way, as a work inspired by a classic fantasy roleplaying setting, which is in turn based upon the City of Brass from *A Thousand and One Nights*, the “The Impossible Eye” enjoys perhaps the most renowned pedigree of any adventure printed in these pages thus far. And that’s exactly as we like it.

We come up with adventures, we’ve helped create and detail a vast world to set them in, and we’ve populated it with hundreds of races, but really, anyone can do that. It’s the background of this world and the tradition of the adventures therein that I enjoy and strongly feel makes Golarion such an intriguing setting—and I know that feeling is shared by my co-creators and *Pathfinder’s* authors. It’s one thing to describe some character or beast and say it’s cool—and perhaps it is—but there will always be strength that comes to imaginings with roots, those ideas tested by centuries, shared by millions and remembered fondly. Whether it’s to the spawn of modern folklore, like the chupacabra in volume #19; the creations of fantasy and science fiction’s most respected authors, like A. E. Van Vogt’s coeurl in volume #22; or reinterpretations of myths from the ancient past, we’ll always keep looking back for inspiration. And with 5,000-some years of legends, history, and literature back there, we shouldn’t run out any time soon.



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Legacy of Fire: Chapter 5

## The Impossible Eye



uilt upon a foundation of fire and wishcraft, the storied City of Brass is reputed to be one of the most ancient settlements in existence. The mightiest of the genie cities of the Elemental Planes, the City of Brass has long lured explorers, spellcasters, priests, mystics, and more to its brazen domes and gleaming spires. Despite its infamy, the City of Brass is far from a safe harbor, for its caretakers and architects are the cruelest and most spiteful of genie-kind. The efreeti rule the City of Brass, and nothing passes within its walls without their influence. Yet little raises the wrath of the burning keepers of the city more than treachery from within, and when an efreeti crosses the laws of this realm, the grand sultan's justice can be terrible indeed.



## ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Al-hassan was an efreeti of no small repute, yet for most of his existence he lived in the shadow of a greater genie—his brother, Jhavlul. His brother was always there to steal his glory and build upon his ideas, so when Jhavlul abandoned the City of Brass, Al-hassan seized the chance to step up and become a prince in his own right. Yet Al-hassan quickly found that even with Jhavlul gone, the other efreet continued to think of him as “Jhavlul’s brother.” Al-hassan grew more and more frustrated, and when he heard that his brother had been enslaved on the Material Plane by a mage-priest named Ezer Hazzebaim, he cheered.

Al-hassan spared no expense tracking Ezer down, eventually finding the mage-priest licking his wounds and sulking in a fortified hideaway. After an initially rocky reception, Al-hassan managed to secure an audience with him, eager to learn if he’d found an ally. Al-hassan and Hazzebaim reached an accord wherein the efreeti would “share” wishes with the wizard-priest. For every two wishes he granted Ezer, the mystic would wish for something Al-hassan desired—ironically a similar arrangement that Jhavlul himself would soon arrange with his cult in the House of the Beast back on the Material Plane. With the aid of his own incestuous wishing, Al-hassan hoped to advance far in the Sultan’s Court, and so the two returned to the City of Brass as allies.

Yet unknown to the arrogant and ambitious efreeti, his “ally” Ezer was anything but—in allying with this man, Al-hassan had unknowingly placed his beloved City of Brass in great danger. Ezer Hazzebaim is a member of the nephilim, a race of outsiders native to the Material Plane. Unlike the majority of his kind, Ezer felt his mortal “half” was limiting him, holding him back from achieving true greatness. He had long sought a way to shed his mortal half, to become a creature more suited to serve his chosen patron—Rovagug. What better method was there to achieve this end than to absorb the residual power from the grave of one of the Rough Beast’s own spawn? Ezer had hoped to use his enslaved efreeti’s wishes to achieve this goal, but ironically, his defeat and flight from the Material Plane may have saved him. In the months after he fled that fight, he further researched his plan and came to the conclusion that, had Jhavlul not ruined everything, and had he attempted to transfuse a portion of Xotani’s essence into his own body to become a “true child of the Great Beyond” (essentially shedding his native subtype), the attempt would almost certainly have backfired. The spawn of Rovagug are tremendous creatures, difficult to kill, and once dead, difficult to keep that way. Ezer’s additional research suggested that instead of infusing him with Xotani’s essence, his plan would have used his own

life to spark a sudden resurrection in the Firebleeder’s old bones, snuffing Ezer out in the process.

Yet this discovery has only strengthened Ezer’s desire to shed his mortal chains. Abandoning Xotani, he turned his research instead to finding a place in the Great Beyond where he could simply suffuse himself with raw power and transcend his limitations. Again and again, his research led him to the same result—an ancient and powerful artifact called the *Codex of Infinite Planes*. Yet before he could seek this legendary tome, Ezer knew he had to prepare himself. The wards on the artifact were mighty, yet there existed methods to safely study the codex. One such method was said to be with the aid of a powerful magic item—the fabled *Impossible Eye*, reputedly one of many treasures kept by the grand vizier of the City of Brass.

So when Al-hassan approached Ezer, the nephilim played his cards masterfully. He secured from the efreeti a new supply of wishes, a fair amount of treasure, and perhaps best of all, a safe place to forge his plans to steal the *Impossible Eye*. Ezer had no wish to enrage a figure so prominent and powerful as the grand vizier, but in Al-hassan he had a convenient proxy. Ezer swayed Al-hassan into seeking to gain the *Impossible Eye*, thinking it to be for his own benefit. Ezer eventually led a covert team of mercenaries and rebellious efreeti into the tower while the grand vizier was otherwise occupied at court. Yet word of Jhavlul’s disappearance had spread beyond the Plane of Fire, and those who had grudges against the efreeti saw this as their chance to act.

While Al-hassan magically monitored Ezer’s assault from Bayt al-Bazan, he was surprised by a raid of marids intent on recovering a princess of their race that Jhavlul had captured ages ago—the princess Shazathared, who had languished as one of Bayt al-Bazan’s prisoners for centuries. Overwhelmed by the marids’ assault, Al-hassan was slain in a tremendous battle that claimed the lives of the raiders as well. Without Al-hassan’s magical support suppressing the grand vizier’s contingencies, the grand vizier suddenly became alerted to the assault on his tower and teleported back to his residence. Ezer, the *Impossible Eye* in his grasp, knew that his time was short. Rather than lingering to examine the protective wards overlaid upon the artifact before transporting it to a carefully prepared safehold, he snatched the *Impossible Eye* and fled back to his sanctuary at Bayt al-Bazan, abandoning his minions to be cut down by the grand vizier’s guards.

As his magical mirror slipped through his grasp, the grand vizier lashed out with his long-prepared magical contingencies, reaching out through the mirror across the length of the City of Brass. The power of his furious magic exploded from the mirror and reacted strangely with the potent magical wards that both Al-hassan and Ezer had placed throughout Bayt al-Bazan. Ezer himself



## Advancement Track

Characters should be 11th level when they begin “The Impossible Eye.” This adventure features an extensive number of encounters—a party of four that takes out the entire palace might earn enough experience to advance all the way to 14th level, but defeating every encounter in Bayt al-Bazan is certainly not required (nor expected) for success. The encounters on the third level of the palace and above are generally more difficult, so PCs should be at least 12th level before they begin fighting fire giants and the Keepers of the Haunted Palace. In any event, the PCs should be well into 13th level by the adventure’s end.

was drawn into the *Impossible Eye* and trapped, while everything and everyone else in Jhavlul’s palace suffered a different fate. The grand vizier’s rage engulfed Bayt al-Bazan in a powerful curse, using the *Impossible Eye* to create a reflection of the palace and trapping those inside, turning Bayt al-Bazan into a prison—and a trap. From the outside, the palace seemed unchanged, but any who entered the building would immediately be trapped within, unable to escape.

After his wrath was spent, the grand vizier calmed and considered. In his fury to lash out at Ezer and the inhabitants of the palace, he realized he had effectively imprisoned his own treasure. In time, of course, the grand vizier could unweave his curse and retrieve his property, but he realized that, in Bayt al-Bazan, the *Impossible Eye* was more secure than ever. The Grand Vizier chose to leave the palace as a perpetual trap—a warning to all those in the City of Brass of what they could expect to suffer for attempting to steal from his treasuries.

And so Bayt al-Bazan has stood abandoned and unclaimed for centuries, protected by the forbidding curse of the grand vizier. Inside, its unfortunately immortal denizens have descended into factions, each controlling a portion of the palace, most awaiting salvation when the True Master, Jhavlul, returns to set them free.

Yet Jhavlul is no fool. When he escaped from Kakishon, he knew that he had been missing for centuries, and knew not what surprises awaited him back in Bayt al-Bazan. Instead of risking his own safety, he instead discharged several of his efreeti agents to the City of Brass to secure his long-vacated holdings and gather reinforcements, sending with them the *Scroll of Kakishon* to be placed in storage in the palace treasury in preparation for his final transformation into a creature worthy of Ymeri’s love. Upon entering his long-abandoned citadel, however, Jhavlul’s servants became imprisoned within as well. Their arrival alerted the grand vizier to stirrings in his old snare. In response

he sent a draconic ally to investigate and ensure that none had escaped. Meanwhile, within the cursed citadel, factions long resigned to an awkward peace have begun to waken in response to the unanticipated intrusion.

## Adventure Summary

This adventure begins as the PCs escape Kakishon only to find themselves emerging from the map-portal within the treasury of Bayt al-Bazan, where it was deposited by Jhavlul’s retainers. The PCs must navigate a veritable maze of palace chambers and corridors to find a way to escape the cursed citadel, but opportunity awaits within as well. In order to lift the curse and escape the palace, the PCs must set right an ancient theft by defeating the one who stole the *Impossible Eye* so long ago, proving to the grand vizier that the age of punishment upon Bayt al-Bazan can come to a close.

## PART ONE: INTO THE FIRE

However the PCs escape from Kakishon, whether with the aid of the proteans and their entropy pools or by means of the more dangerous Earth Seed, they emerge in the same place—area 1A in the treasury of Jhavlul’s palace of Bayt al-Bazan. As detailed under *The Vizier’s Curse*, the PCs soon find it impossible to leave Bayt al-Bazan using teleportation effects—but the longer they stay and explore the palace, the more clues they can find about how to successfully defeat Jhavlul in the final adventure.

Note that the PCs may be bringing allies with them from Kakishon, be they NPCs that traveled with them into the realm, such as Rayhan, from “The Jackal’s Price,” or Dilix, the shaitan from “The End of Eternity,” who might be seeking revenge against Jhavlul. If you feel that the PCs have enough help, you can use the malfunctioning *Scroll of Kakishon* to “thin the ranks” of NPCs who have outlived their usefulness by having them appear elsewhere in Bayt al-Bazan, but if the PCs have developed emotional attachments to any of the NPCs they’ve been traveling with, you should certainly keep them together.

## Bayt al-Bazan

Bayt al-Bazan is an ancient noble house of the City of Brass. Once one of the more influential houses in the service of the grand sultan of the efreet, its ruling prince one of the grand sultan’s powerful pashas, Bayt al-Bazan has fallen on hard times in recent centuries. Its line of mighty pashas ended when the reigning pasha was first imprisoned and then slain at the hands of a mortal wizard after overreaching in an attempt to gain control of a realm in the Material Plane. After that humiliating defeat, Bayt al-Bazan lost a great deal of its influence in the court of



the grand sultan. The house's remaining inhabitants managed to retain their noble titles among the efreet, but they no longer held the distinction of being among the elite pashas of the court. Forced into ignominy, the house and its fortunes continued to decline until the reign of its last prince, Jhavhul al-Marisah al-Agriva al-Barizob al-Bazan. Jhavhul was raised on tales of al-Bazan's past glories and both longed for a return to those heady days of power and grew embittered at the perceived slights and betrayals his house had received from their fellow efreet. Thus, Prince Jhavhul elected to bring al-Bazan back to its former height of glory and beyond—but not through kowtowing to the efreeti grand sultan, or by any other regular means within the City of Brass. Rather, he became obsessed with an elemental monarch—Ymeri, Queen of the Inferno—and his obsession led him, not to power, but to enslavement and imprisonment in Kakishon.

In Jhavhul's long absence, Bayt al-Bazan has languished, first under the inadequate rule of his lesser brother, and after his death, under the grand vizier's curse. The palace is shunned and avoided by the denizens of the City of Brass in much the same way an old house reputed to be haunted becomes anathema to residents of a mortal town, and those who have succumbed to curiosity and entered the palace never emerged.

## Features of Bayt al-Bazan

Bayt al-Bazan is a massive efreeti citadel in the Noble District of the fabled City of Brass on the Elemental Plane of Fire. The palace is constructed entirely of living brass and abuts the great brass wall that encircles the city, overlooking the surrounding Sea of Fire. Its highest dome rises 250 feet above the surrounding streets, and it includes a sublevel that lies below its foundations. Each level is 50 feet high with 40-foot ceilings and 10 feet of living brass separating one floor from the next, providing an extremely open and airy atmosphere for the Large-sized efreet who called it home. The living brass walls vary in thickness from a foot to many tens of feet, as indicated on the maps. Doors are of living brass 6 inches thick, and have a handle on each side. Unless otherwise noted, all doors have locks, though most of the keys have long since been lost. Opening a locked door or locking one without benefit of the key requires a DC 30 Open Lock check (Break DC 30 to open).

Almost every room has one or more wall-mounted lamps fed by pipes nested within the walls that channel fire from the surrounding plane. The lamps provide bright illumination in every room unless otherwise noted. If extinguished, the lamp automatically relights 1 round later. A destroyed lamp leaves a hole in the wall that gouts flame into the 10-foot square surrounding it—creatures that enter this square take 6d6 points of fire damage per

## Living Brass

Living brass is a composition unique to the City of Brass and used extensively in its construction. Living brass is harvested from the souls of mortals lost to the wiles of devious efreet, who twisted the wishes commanded from them to entrap the very eternal essence of their erstwhile masters. This practice has long vexed Pharama, goddess of death, yet there is little she can do to stop the harvesting of such souls, since they have earned their fate through their own free will and poor choices. Captured souls are carried to the City of Brass, where they are forged into great brass plates that are used in construction of buildings and the vast galleys that ply the Sea of Fire. Souls that are transformed into living brass are thought to suffer one of the worst agonies throughout the planes of existence. This soul-infused metal, however, has many special properties and is highly prized by the efreet.

Living brass has hardness 15, 30 hp per inch of thickness, a Break DC of 35 + 10 per additional inch of thickness, and Climb DC 30. Living brass is impervious to fire damage or heat of any sort. Other energy attacks deal only half the damage they normally deal against objects when used against living brass. Living brass repairs itself at a rate of 1 hit point per minute until it has resumed the shape into which it was originally forged. Due to its uniquely created nature, living brass can have other distinct qualities as well. Such qualities are described separately when they occur.

round (Reflex DC 20 halves). These jets of fire persist until the living brass can seal the hole and rebuild the lamp (this takes 1 minute). Windows and arrow slits likewise allow in the outside illumination of the burning skies above the city, but these can be closed from within by locking iron shutters that are equal in strength to iron doors.

The City of Brass, as the home of the efreet, lies appropriately enough on the Plane of Fire. As such, it is a less-than-hospitable environment to creatures not native to the plane. However, the City of Brass is also a city of great interplanar trade, and the grand sultan has a vested interest in making the city habitable for the merchants and traders that visit. To this end, by his royal decree, the temperature within the bounds of the city (including within Jhavhul's citadel) remains at a fairly constant 101° F, despite what conditions may exist at the time outside the city walls. Make sure to familiarize yourself with the rules for severe and extreme heat on page 303 of the DMG before running this adventure. As a result of these prevailing conditions, most visitors invest in magics such as *endure elements*, *fire resistance*, or items with minor curative powers to alleviate the nonlethal damage taken. Creatures with



## Managing Player Frustrations

Ezer's manifestations serve two purposes—they inadvertently lead the PCs toward the means of escaping the palace, but they should also help to arouse their curiosity about the place they find themselves in. When the PCs first enter Bayt al-Bazan, they may soon grow frustrated that they've merely exchanged one prison for another. If your PCs are growing frustrated in this way, you can use visions sent by Ezer to not only spur them on toward escape, but to drop hints that they are in the lair of Jhahvul himself, and that if they are eager to face him when they finally do make it back to the Material Plane, they should take advantage of their environs to learn as much as they can about the efreeti warlord.

The next (and final) adventure in Legacy of Fire describes what Jhahvul has been up to on the Material Plane, and the previous adventure has a short sidebar describing what he was up to while the PCs were trapped in Kakishon. If the PCs use magic like *commune* or *divination* to try to learn more about what's going on back home in their absence, you should use the results of the spell to encourage the PCs to be quick about finding a way home but at the same time to take advantage of their location to research Jhahvul and perhaps find allies, information, and tools they'll need to face him in the last adventure.

immunity to fire are, of course, immune to these effects. In addition, all spells and spell-like abilities with the fire descriptor are both maximized and enlarged when cast on the Plane of Fire, and those that use or create water are impeded, and require a Spellcraft check (DC 20 + the level of the spell) to be successfully cast. Additional details on the Plane of Fire can be found on page 156 of the DMG.

## The Vizier's Curse

Any living or sentient nonliving creature that physically enters the bounds of Bayt al-Bazan falls prey to the Vizier's Curse. This magical effect is the unique result of the combination and interactions of the spell wardings of the grand vizier, the wish-bolstered magical defenses of Ezer Hazzebaim, and the mystical energies of the *Impossible Eye*. The sage Ezer Hazzebaim was affected in a singular way by the curse, and has become trapped within the *Impossible Eye*, but all other victims of the curse share similar fates—they find that they are unable to leave the boundaries of the al-Bazan estate.

The boundaries of this effect extend along the very outer edge of the citadel itself and across its main gate to a point 50 feet above the citadel's highest dome and into the ground 50 feet below its sublevel. Anyone crossing these

boundaries finds that they can act normally for 1d4 rounds after leaving, but after that time period they suddenly find themselves teleported back inside the citadel at the exact point where they left—*dimensional anchor* and similar effects notwithstanding. Leaping from a turret or minaret is no salvation—except perhaps through death—because 1d4 rounds after hitting the ground they reappear back at the origin point of their jump, and the same goes for flying. Teleportation magic and effects like *blink* or *phase door* that rely upon the ethereal function normally as long as the traveler does not leave the palace grounds—you can *teleport* into Bayt al-Bazan, but not out.

The means to break this curse and escape the palace are described in "Concluding the Adventure."

## Through a Glass Darkly

In an ironic twist of fate, Ezer Hazzebaim became entrapped within the *Impossible Eye* during the very act of trying to steal it. He has languished in a strange null-space within the mirror for centuries now, only barely retaining his sanity by focusing on the ultimate completion of his goals. In his enforced solitude, he has gained some mastery over the scrying potential of the artifact that holds him, and as a result has learned a great deal of the goings-on within Bayt al-Bazan by peering out through reflective surfaces within the palace. He swiftly becomes aware of the PCs' emergence from Kakishon into the citadel, and sees them as potential pawns in his bid to escape the mirror. Ezer can appear as an image in the *Impossible Eye* and other reflective surfaces throughout the palace for short periods of time.

These images can appear at any location with a reflective surface (usually, but not necessarily, a polished brass wall or ceiling). He keeps these manifestations as brief and archaic as possible to keep Sense Motive attempts from detecting any ulterior motive on his part, seeking to guide the PCs toward the palace heights to free him from his prison but leaving the actual deduction of how and why to do this up to them. When Ezer manifests in this way, the reflective surface wavers for a moment, and then the viewer's own reflection changes to that of a wild-eyed Garundi man with long white hair, a manifestation visible to anyone else who peers into the mirrored surface. Ezer speaks only briefly and does not reply to questions. A DC 30 Knowledge (the planes) check is enough to note subtle indications in the shape of his form and in the tone of his voice that he is more than human, likely some sort of outsider with a human appearance. After each pronouncement, the reflection wavers and then fades away.

Several sample manifestations are listed below, each designed to give the PCs a clue concerning how to handle one of the many problems they're destined to face during the adventure. Use them as you wish to aid the PCs when



## PART TWO: DUNGEONS OF FIRE

they get stumped by an area, or when you feel that they need guidance. Obviously, situations that the PCs resolve on their own do not need additional aid from Ezer.

**A general overview of the situation:** “This palace is accursed—an inescapable trap devised by the grand vizier of the sultan’s court. I have not the time to tell my tale, though a tale worth telling it is, but I too am a victim of this eternal prison and grow weary of its confines. We will speak again. If you would be free, then heed my words well, for we may each hold the key to the other’s escape.”

**Introducing the Impossible Eye:** “An eye of brass was forged of old to grace the grand sultan’s court. This eye could pierce the veils of secrecy, distance, and time with its impossible gaze to bring the grand vizier of the grand sultan tidings for his master’s ear. This *Impossible Eye* is that which binds us even now, but it was stolen and now lies within these very walls, the cause of our imprisonment and the means of our escape.”

**Operating the barge in areas A2 and A4:** “The secret of the brass ship is in the divine fire that guides its way. Light the prow or the waiting post with the flame that cannot be quenched.”

**How to defeat Bagoas in area D18:** “The chief eunuch of old sits upon a throne that is not his own, but his old master’s covetousness has taken hold of his soul. If his claim upon his master’s holdings can be disproved, he is without his immortal anchor and can be slain.”

**What is needed to locate the Impossible Eye:** “The Eye is sequestered behind souls of brass. The orb of fire can repeal their eternal sentence and free their ward.”

**Recovering the crystal orb in area E7b:** “A fiery orb from days of old lies suspended betwixt brass and sky, yet hidden from mortal eye. It is the key to your quest. In ancient adoration did this fiery heart lie, and only by heart’s blood of the true believer can the way be opened.”

**The location of the Impossible Eye in area F2:** “Seek the *Impossible Eye* between city and sea, where portals of brass guard respite prized. Look above the gilded cataracts.”

**Where to find holy water in area C7:** “As the *Impossible Eye* holds the secret of my escape, so do I hold the secret to yours. However, waters blessed of the gods themselves are necessary for success. Such a substance is illegal in the city but has been known to be kept as contraband in the troves of certain unscrupulous groups.”

**How to release Ezer from the Impossible Eye in area F2:** “At last the prize is found. Give the glass ablutions in a dozen and one sacred draughts. While it is still wet, one must place his palms against the pane and wish for the imprisoned to be released. Then shall I be freed to remove us from this accursed place. But hurry, the window of opportunity closes quickly; the eyes of the grand vizier search you out even now.”

This level on which the PCs enter the citadel is located beneath the structure’s very foundations, and consists primarily of the palace’s extensive treasury. When Jhavhul’s servants came to the palace, they used the basin at area C15 to deposit the *Scroll of Kakishon* in the treasury, only thereafter discovering the unfortunate fact that they could not escape. When the PCs emerge from the *Scroll of Kakishon*, they do so into area A1a. Their transport out of Kakishon is similar to their arrival—a long flight upward this time through a raging vortex of wind and fire. When they emerge, though, they find themselves in a very different place than the one from which they entered.

The *Scroll of Kakishon*, unfortunately, does not survive this final journey. As the last PC emerges from that realm, the damage caused to the scroll by so many forced entries and exits, beginning with Jhavhul’s imprisonment so long ago, finally finishes the job. The scroll writhes and smokes after the PCs arrive, crackling and burning as it consumes itself from within. In moments, nothing is left but ash. If the PCs managed to secure Kakishon’s salvation at the end of the previous adventure, the demiplane merges with the multiverse, becoming a true demiplane adrift in the deep Ethereal. Denizens of Kakishon can now come and go as they please with magic like *plane shift*, but the *Scroll of Kakishon* is forever ruined as a route into the mystic paradise.

### A1. Hazneh (EL varies)

The walls of this high-ceilinged room are made of of shining brass. Arched passageways obscured by curtains of orange fire lead out in the center of each wall—above each arch, a large rune is inscribed, each different from the others. An oppressive heat covers the room like a blanket, something more than what could be provided by the four curtains of flame. A jumble of open chests, overturned amphorae, and scattered mounds of coins and gems lie scattered on the floor against the walls. A single phrase in florid script is inscribed along the domed ceiling above in runes similar to those that mark the arches, under which is a stylized rune that resembles an animal.

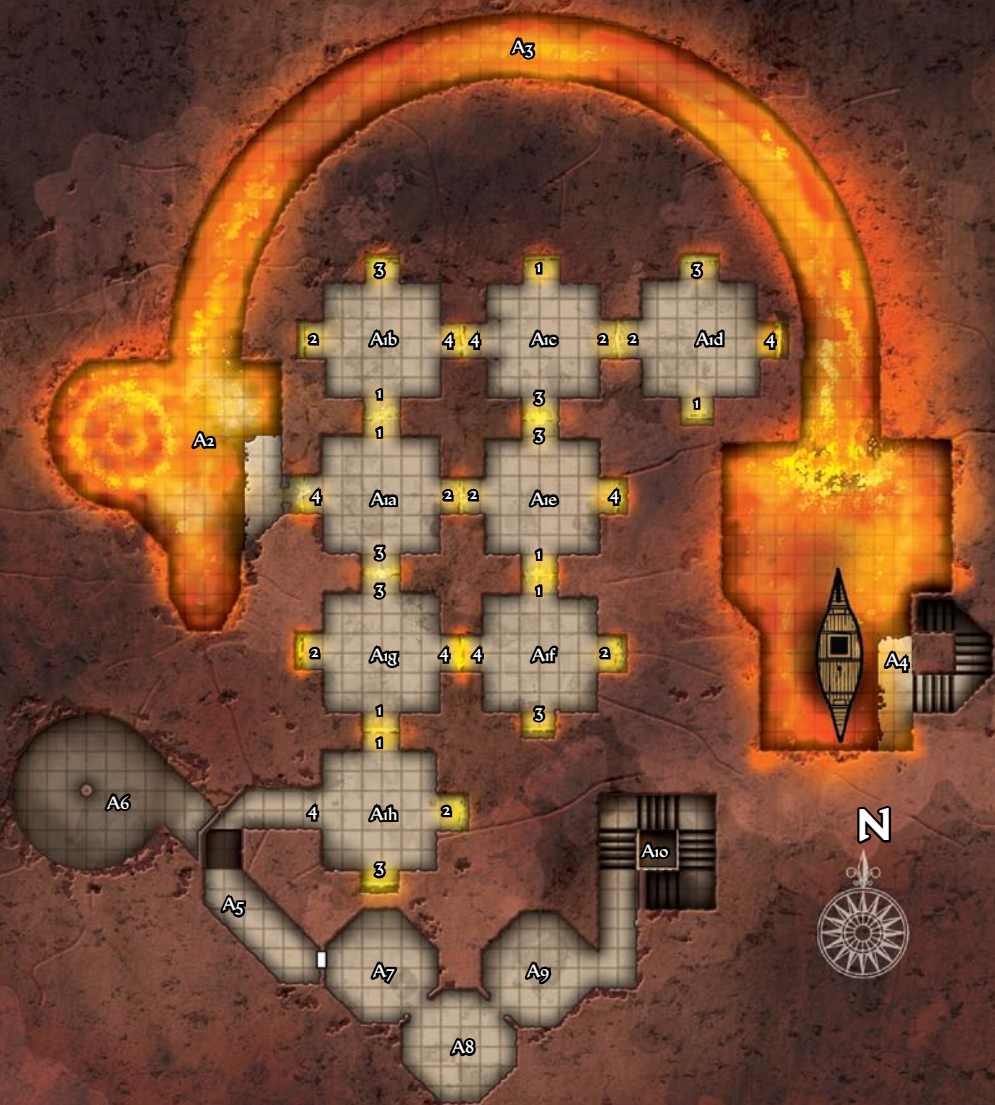
The PCs have appeared in the hazneh, or treasury, of Bayt al-Bazan. As can be quickly ascertained, most of the house’s treasury has been emptied—squandered by Jhavhul during his quest for Ymeri’s favor and by his younger brother in the days following Jhavhul’s vanishing—though some small remnant remains in each of the eight chambers.

The runes on the ceiling and above the archways are numbers in Ignan. Those above the doors are the numerals 1 through 4. The ceiling inscription simply states, “Half or



# Bayt al-Bazan

Lower level



one square = 10 feet



Triple plus One.” The map denotes the positions of which number is above which archway from room to room, but the ceiling inscription in each room remains the same. The numbers and riddle in each room are all parts of the key to successfully navigating the treasury of al-Bazan. Each room has a different animal rune carved into its ceiling, as detailed at the end of this encounter area.

The walls of fire in the archways are very real, but if the archways are passed through in the correct order, the fire deals no damage to the explorer. If an inappropriate archway is passed through, the character takes 10d6 points of damage (half of which is fire and half of which is untyped raw magical energy damage that cannot be reduced by fire resistance or fire immunity)—a DC 22 Reflex save halves the damage done.

The solution to the puzzle is to choose any positive whole number—if it’s even, divide it by 2. For odd numbers, multiply by 3 and then add 1. Repeat the process with the resulting number, and no matter what number is originally chosen, the result eventually becomes a repeating sequence of the numbers 4, 2, and 1, these numbers indicating not only which archways to take and in what order, but that archways bearing the numeral 3 should always be avoided. To avoid taking damage, a creature must ensure that the first portal it passes through bears the number 4. The next portal must be marked with a 2, the next a 1, and then the next a 4 again, repeating that procedure infinitely. Additionally, a creature that steps through an appropriate archway need not emerge into the room that is physically on the other side of the archway—he can step out of the curtain of fire into any room in the hazneh, emerging from the curtain with the same number as the one he passed through. In order to do this, though, the character must picture in his mind the creature carved into the destination room’s ceiling, otherwise he merely steps through into the room that is physically on the other side of the fire wall.

Archways marked with a 3 are always poor choices. In addition to causing damage upon passing through them, anyone who steps through one of these archways must make a DC 22 Will save to resist being teleported into area A2 directly above the magma vortex (see that area for details on what happens to such victims).

The origins of this particular puzzle are steeped in arcane history—the science of mathematics being an integral part of many arcane practices. With a DC 20 Knowledge (arcana) check, someone who studies the short phrase on the ceiling of one of these rooms and the numbering on the wall realizes that there’s a mathematical clue hidden in the numbers, and that one of the key parts of discovering that clue must be that only even numbers can be halved into whole numbers, indicating that odd numbers must be multiplied by 3 and then increased by 1.

## Moldspeaker Visions

If one of the PCs is the Moldspeaker or carries the weapon *Tempest* (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #19), his unique association with the genie races allows him to immediately realize that he and his allies are in a structure somewhere in the City of Brass, and at some point soon thereafter (likely as soon as the brass men are defeated) realizes that structure is Bayt al-Bazan—Jhavhul’s Palace. The PC then feels a strong urge to explore the palace, knowing instinctively that clues on how to defeat Jhavhul lie within this building, once the efreeti’s home and palace. More importantly, his link to geniekind allows him to sense that a powerful marid is trapped somewhere within the palace as well—if the character has read *The Songs of Shazathared*, perhaps from a copy purchased in Katapesh, he realizes that this presence is the long-lost marid princess herself, after flashing back to a memory of a legend that stated she was taken prisoner by an efreeti warlord. By concentrating whenever he comes to a junction or choice in path while exploring the palace, the Moldspeaker can feel which of the two routes more directly leads to wherever Shazathared might be imprisoned (although he doesn’t receive any special insight into the traps and perils that lie in wait along that route), and knows that if she can be contacted, she might become a powerful ally.

A DC 30 Knowledge check is enough to offer the solution, indicating the repeating order of 4–2–1 and the exclusion of the number 3.

**Creatures:** Any time a creature enters one of these chambers by means other than one of the fire curtain portals (such as via the map-portal from the *Scroll of Kakishon*), four brass men—humanoid constructs composed entirely of brass and adorned with intricate runes and symbols—immediately step out of each curtain of fire to attack all occupants of the room. They pursue such intruders throughout the lower level and take no damage from passing through any of the flame curtains. Four more brass men appear each time another vault room is entered in any way other than passing through a fire curtain, and there is no limit to the number that can appear.

### BRASS MAN (4)

CR 7

*Tome of Horrors II* 20

N Large construct (extraplanar, fire)

**Init** +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Listen +0, Spot +0

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 23, touch 9, flat-footed 23

(+14 natural, –1 size)



**hp** 85 (10d10+30)

**Fort** +3, **Ref** +3, **Will** +3

**DR** 10/adamantine; **Immune** construct immunities, fire, immunity to magic

**Weakness** vulnerability to cold

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## OFFENSE

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**Spd** 30 ft.

**Melee** mwk greatsword +13/+8 (3d6+9/19–20) or  
2 slams +12 (2d8+6)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

**Special Attack** spit molten brass

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## TACTICS

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**During Combat** A brass man spits molten brass on the first round of combat, then moves to attack the closest foe, spitting brass again as often as he is able.

**Morale** A brass man fights until destroyed.

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## STATISTICS

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**Str** 23, **Dex** 10, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 11, **Cha** 1

**Base Atk** +7; **Grp** +17

**Gear** masterwork greatsword

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## SPECIAL ABILITIES

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**Immunity to Magic (Ex)** A brass man is immune to any spell or spell-like ability that allows spell resistance. In addition, certain spells and effects function differently against the creature. A magical attack that deals electricity damage slows a brass man (as the *slow* spell) for 3 rounds, with no saving throw. A magical attack that deals fire damage breaks any slow effect on the brass man and heals 1 point of damage for each 3 points of damage the attack would otherwise deal. If the amount of healing would cause the brass man to exceed its full normal hit points, it gains any excess as temporary hit points. A brass man gets no saving throw against fire effects.

**Spit Molten Brass (Su)** 30-foot line, once every 1d4 rounds (no more than 5 times per day), damage 6d6 fire, Reflex DC 15 half. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Vulnerability to Cold (Ex)** A brass man takes 150% damage from cold.

**Treasure:** As mentioned, Jhavhul spent most of his treasures long ago in his quest to gain Ymeri's favor, and his brother Al-hassan squandered the majority of what he left behind. Some valuables still remain, however, scattered against the corners of each room. Each of the eight rooms contains 20d6 sp, 8d10 gp, and 2d6 gems worth 1d4×100 gp apiece. In addition, some of the vaults hold additional treasure—these items, as well as the animal inscribed in the room's ceiling, are listed below.

**A1a (Lizard):** This is where the PCs appear. The ashes of the *Scroll of Kakishon* lie on the floor in the center of the room.

**A1b (Vulture):** No additional treasure.

**A1c (Scorpion):** A small niche in the wall holds a

perpetually burning flame with no visible fuel source. This perpetual flame deals 2d6 points of fire damage per round of contact and ignites flammable objects as normal, but it can also be physically carried as if it were a solid object. It cannot be extinguished and serves as the key to the brass barge (see areas **A2** and **A4**). The flame itself can be wielded as a melee weapon or a thrown weapon (range increment 20 feet), and while damage caused by it is not increased by Strength, attacks made with the flame are touch attacks. The perpetual flame is worth 8,000 gp.

**A1d (Salamander):** A large harp constructed of ivory and copper sits in the northwest corner, its post in the shape of a veiled maiden. This *harp of charming* weighs 20 pounds.

**A1e (Dragon):** A brass lamp standing 3 feet high sits in the middle of this room. A large ruby has been cemented in place over its lid and traces of lead can be seen around its spout. This vessel is worth 1,000 gp, but holds much more value to Jhavhul, as it once served as the prison of his glorious ancestor, the last pasha of Bayt al-Bazan.

**A1f (Snake):** A quiver of 20 +1 *frost arrows*.

**A1g (Jackal):** No additional treasure.

## A2. Terminal Landing

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A low brass landing with a short plinth standing at its northern edge extends along one wall of this large chamber that is otherwise filled with a bubbling pool of bright red molten lava. A wide tunnel extends to the north, from which the lava issues in a languid flow. A single lancet archway extends from the landing to the east but is backed by a curtain of crackling flame. Most menacing of all the chamber's features, however, is the wide swirling vortex of lava that occupies its western wing, pulling the liquid rock in an inexorable whirlpool of infernal heat and death.

This landing stands at the terminus of the burning canal and marks the end of the brass barge's journey from area **A4**. The brass barge is not currently here, but can be called—arriving in 10 minutes—if the perpetual flame at area **A1c** is placed upon the brass plinth. See area **A4** for details on the brass barge.

Magma fills this chamber to a depth of 30 feet. Touching the magma deals 2d6 points of fire damage per round (20d6 for full immersion) and continues to deal half that damage for 1d3 rounds after exposure ceases (DMG 304). Attempts to swim or float on the magma by means other than the brass barge are drawn toward the whirlpool at the rate of 10 feet per round. Once caught in the whirlpool, an object is pulled into a vast drainage system of magma-filled pipes beneath the City of Brass that serves as its sewers.



## A3. Burning Canal

A curving tunnel of scorched brass rises to a height of twenty feet over a sluggishly flowing river of magma.

The magma of the canal is 30 feet deep and flows to the southwest at a speed of 10 feet per round (see area A2 for details). Due to the enclosed nature of the canal, even creatures not in contact with the magma take 1d6 points of fire damage per round while in the tunnel. This damage is negated for any creature riding aboard the brass barge (see area A4). The eastern end of the canal is completely blocked by a massive flow of molten magma cascading like a waterfall from area A4.

## A4. Catch Basin

Most of this huge chamber is filled with a lake of molten rock, save for a landing with an ascending stair in the southeast corner. The ceiling soars high overhead, to a height of a hundred feet—from this height plummets a massive cascade of magma. The roar caused by this flume of molten rock is deafening and vibrates the very walls of the chamber, throwing off thousands of globs of lava that careen about the room like burning hailstones.

The magma cataract falls from area B7 above. The effects of the lava pool itself are described in area A2. Anyone in the room is subject to an “attack” by a flying glob of lava (+8 ranged touch, 2d6 fire followed by 1d6 fire each round for 1d3 rounds). Anyone actually attempting to pass through the magma fall is subjected not only to immersion damage but also the weight of metric tons of molten rock crashing down upon them (20d6 points of damage, no save) which forces them to the bottom of the 30-foot-deep pool and pins them there until they are carried by the current into area A3 1d10 rounds later or can burrow (automatic success) or swim (with a DC 30 Swim check) to safety.

If it hasn't already been called to area A2, a large barge woven from thousands of cords of coiled brass filaments floats serenely next to the landing to the south of the infernal cascade. The brass barge has a high prow at each end and an open-sided shelter in the center. Rowing benches line its deck, but there are no oars and no tiller. Atop each prow is a small concavity. Anyone on board the brass barge is immune to the effects of the magma bombardment. If a perpetual flame is placed in the northern prow basin, the barge begins floating of its own volition toward area A2 at a speed of 20 feet per round, ignoring all currents, until coming to a smooth stop at the landing there. Its route causes the magma cascade to momentarily part (allowing its safe passage)

and protects its occupants from the heat damage of area A3. If the perpetual flame is placed in the opposite prow basin, the brass barge returns to its position here.

## A5. Trapped Corridor (EL 1)

This nondescript brass corridor bears a hidden pit trap that drops into area A6. Climbing the slippery chute back up to area A5 takes a DC 35 Climb check.

### PIT TRAP

CR 1

Type mechanical; Search DC 25; Disable Device DC 20

### EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset automatic

Effect trap drops anyone on it into a chute that deposits falling creatures into area A6; Reflex DC 20 avoids

## A6. Magnetic Cylinder (EL 10)

A brass chute empties gently into a cylindrical room with walls of highly polished silvery metal. At the center of the chamber is a tall spindle formed from the same material.

**Trap:** This entire chamber is composed of a highly polished alloy of ferrous metals and forms a giant Halbach cylinder with its magnetic force pulling toward the outer wall. Anyone entering the chamber finds that items of ferrous metal are immediately drawn toward the nearest wall. Any such item weighing 5 lbs. or more is capable of pulling its possessor across the smooth-polished floor unless they are able to anchor themselves in some way or make the appropriate Strength check each round (DC 15 + 2 for every additional 5 lbs. [or fraction thereof] the metal object weighs). All metal gear carried by a PC is considered a cumulative total for this Strength check. A character that slides into the room from the brass slide does not have the opportunity to make this Strength check to avoid becoming pulled to the wall, as his momentum carries him directly into the wall.

One round after the first PC enters the room, a curving section of wall rises into place across the entry slide (on initiative rank 0), closing off the chamber in a complete cylinder. An instant later, the entire room spins counterclockwise around the spindle. Even those not magnetically attracted to the wall must make a DC 20 Reflex save each round to avoid being pushed to them by centrifugal force unless flying or anchored in place in some way. The DC of the Strength check to pull metal items loose for those adjacent to the outer wall while it is spinning is increased by 5. In addition, all attempts at spellcasting require a DC 20 + spell level Concentration check to successfully cast and all attack rolls suffer a -20 circumstance penalty.

The room continues spinning until the trap is disabled, the way to the slide is somehow opened (treat



as an iron wall), or there are no more living creatures in the chamber. In theory it can spin for ages, ceasing only once its victims have died of thirst. Once one of these conditions is met, the room ceases spinning and the wall to the slide opens again. The trap can only be disabled from the central spindle (which does not spin with the rest of the room), so a PC must make his way to it in order to attempt to do so. A successful Search check must be made on the spindle before an attempt can be made to disable it.

## SPINNING CYLINDER TRAP

CR 10

Type mechanical; Search DC 25; Disable Device DC 25

### EFFECTS

Trigger location; Reset automatic

Effect magnetic walls, spinning chamber (see above)

## A7. Dome of Life

The walls and domed ceiling of this room have been coated with plaster and inlaid with frescos, now badly damaged with time. The subject matter of the frescoes is still apparent as scenes from ordinary mortal life in some arid land. They depict shepherding, husbandry, agriculture along the banks of a muddy river, and other mundane tasks, all beneath a cloudless cerulean sky. Broken chunks of a vaguely man-shaped ceramic litter the floor; both the shards and the floor bear the brownish stains of dried blood. Two cord-wrapped bundles of coarse cloth lie near the north wall.

Areas A7–A9 existed before the construction of the citadel and were incorporated into its overall construction as part of the dungeon. Who or what constructed these chambers is unknown, but they have long served as a reliquary for the storage of ancient holy relics and artifacts.

## A8. Dome of Death (EL 9)

The frescoed walls of this chamber show a desolate landscape with a large pyramid in the distance. A long procession of torch-bearing priests makes its way toward this pyramid holding aloft a bier bearing an ornate sarcophagus. The flat apex of the pyramid bears a roaring fire to which the procession climbs. The dome above is painted to depict a starry night sky with a gibbous moon. The chamber itself appears to have been used recently as some sort of a camp, with a number of bedrolls and stacks of provisions and equipment.

This room has been taken over and used as a camp by a band of mercenaries that has come to plunder the treasures of Bayt al-Bazan.

**Creatures:** Currently camped in here are five azer mamluks. They are all alert and awake, diligently

watching the eastern archway. They take a defensive stance ringing the western entrance if they hear intruders in area A7. They do not fight unless threatened, warning the PCs to go away (in Ignan) unless the PCs succeed in changing their attitude from hostile to friendly with a Diplomacy or Intimidate check (Intimidate checks gain a +5 bonus due to their conditioning). If battle is joined, they call an alarm to their captain in area A9, who arrives in 2 rounds.

If friendly contact is established, the azers are defeated, or their captain, Grovth, is slain, the following information can be gained from any azer survivors. These azers are soldier-slaves belonging to an efreeti named Sammadar, who purchased them months ago from a fire mephit theocracy in the City of Brass. Originally there were two dozen azers. Sammadar and his henchman Grovth found a way into this efreeti palace, entering via the long network of lava-filled sewage tunnels and emerging into the vortex in area A2 using an ingenious combination of *freedom of movement* and other magic that they've since used up. Several azers were lost in the treasury in battles against brass men, and many more in a fight against the clay golems in area A7. Now, only seven azers remain.

The battle against the golems was a week ago—since then, Sammadar climbed the stairs to the east but Grovth and the azers were separated from their master when a horrific beast attacked them. Now they wait for their master to return, and with each hour that passes, grow more convinced that he has abandoned them—only Grovth's unending loyalty and the threat of his terrifying death gaze keep the azers from trying to escape. They know only that their master wanted to secure a great treasure in the chambers above—a treasure so great that he ignored the contents of the treasury on their way here. The azers have heard their master call this treasure “The Jewel of the Padishah,” but have no idea that what Sammadar sought was the marid Shazathared.

## AZER MAMLUKS (4)

CR 5

Male azer warrior 4 (MM 21)

LN Medium outsider (fire)

Init +1; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +6, Spot +6

### DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 11, flat-footed 22

(+4 armor, +1 Dex, +6 natural, +2 shield)

hp 36 (6d8+6)

Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +5

Immune fire; SR 17

Weakness vulnerability to cold

### OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee mwk warhammer +10/+5 (1d8+2/x3 plus 1 fire)



Ranged shortspear +7 (1d6+2 plus 1 fire)

Special Attacks heat

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#### TACTICS

**During Combat** The mamluks throw shortspears and then close to attack with warhammers.

**Morale** The azers fight as long as their captain lives. If he is slain, they surrender if given the opportunity.

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#### STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 9

Base Atk +6; Grp +8

Feats Cleave, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (warhammer)

Skills Appraise +6, Climb +6, Craft (blacksmith) +6, Craft (weaponsmithing) +6, Hide +1, Intimidate +3, Jump +0, Listen +6, Search +6, Spot +6

Languages Common, Ignan

Gear scale mail, masterwork heavy steel shield, masterwork warhammer, 3 shortspears

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## A9. Dome of Passage (EL 10)

The walls of this chamber bear frescoes of a dismal river running through a cavern. A boat made of reeds and loaded with treasures floats down this subterranean channel bearing the same sarcophagus as pictured in the previous chamber. All manner of spirits, only faintly seen, look upon the funeral barge from behind stalagmites and from the frothing current itself. In the distance, the river flows through an opening that glows with light.

This chamber's frescoes depict the passage to the afterlife from some unknown culture lost to antiquity.

**Creatures:** Currently occupying this chamber are the remaining three of Sammadar's azer mamluks and their strange captain, a bodak called Grovth. Grovth and the azers watch the eastern archway waiting for the return of the master and trying to figure out some way past the beast in area A10. They have already lost four of their number to its pincers and do not relish the thought of facing it again. More intelligent than others of his kind (Int 12), Grovth is Sammadar's unusual henchman and the captain of his mamluk slaves. He is careful to not use his death gaze against his allies, but will tear back the veil as a free action to use it if alone or hard pressed. Grovth bears immunity to fire as a result of several *wishes* granted by Sammadar. The bodak is completely loyal to Sammadar, and as long as he exists, his azer inferiors won't think of surrendering.

#### GROVTH

Bodak (MM 28)

hp 58

Immune fire

CR 8

#### AZER MAMLUKS (3)

hp 36 each (see page 16)

CR 5

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## A10. Pit of the Guardian (EL 13)

Brass steps rise in a forlorn spiral into darkness overhead. The center of the spiral is an open pit whose depths are lost in shadow. Suspicious brown stains and bits of battered armor and equipment warn of danger ahead. Strangely, a cool breeze carries the smell of death from the central pit's depths.

The stairs lead up 100 feet to the first level of the palace, to area B1.

**Creature:** The central pit is 100 feet deep and cloaked in a permanent *deeper darkness* spell (CL 20th). Inhabiting the depths of the pit is the get of Iblis, an eldritch monstrosity acquired by a pasha of Bayt al-Bazan in the distant past and kept in this pit to serve as a guardian to the chambers above.



grovth



## GET OF IBLIS

hp 187 (see page 86)

CR 13

### TACTICS

**During Combat** The get of Iblis attacks creatures with an elemental subtype before any others, preferring genies.

**Morale** The get of Iblis fights until destroyed if a genie or creature with an elemental subtype is present—otherwise, it retreats to its lair if reduced below 40 hp.

**Treasure:** Over the centuries, the get of Iblis has managed to accumulate a small hoard of treasure at the bottom of its pit. This stash consists of 1,038 gp, a pocket flask containing a *potion of tongues*, a *ring of minor fire resistance*, and a *rope of climbing* among the shattered bones and equipment of its past victims.

## PART THREE: THE JEWEL OF THE PADISHAH

The first level is sparsely populated and made up of several unconnected areas accessible from the levels below and above. Its primary feature is the citadel's main gate but also houses the dungeons, crypts, reliquaries, and access to the city's drainage canals. For the most part, this level serves as little more than an accessway between the dungeon and the upper floors, yet should the players manage to reach area B6, they find perhaps their greatest ally in the entire palace as a reward.

### B1. Reliquary

A passage with a vaulted ceiling leads westward. Three domed alcoves extend from either side, each holding pedestals that display open and empty treasure coffers. A large, red-skinned, obviously dead humanoid with obsidian horns and jutting tusks hangs upside down from the ceiling between the westernmost alcoves, suspended from its heels by iron chains.

These chambers once held relics sacred to the Bayt al-Bazan, along with items of power stolen from other owners that the efreeti pashas felt required better protection than simply the vaults. Nothing proved so sacred as to prevent Jhavlul from using the treasures here in furtherance of his quest to gain the favor of Ymeri, and all of the alcoves are now empty as a result—she took his gifts yet spurned him all the same. Today, this wing serves as the abode of the Shahdokt Brethren fire elementals in their own personal exile.

The dead, hanging efreeti is Sammadar, who in his search for the fabled treasure of Bayt al-Bazan found only his death. Two of the alcoves hide secret doors—each can be discovered with a DC 30 Search check. The door leading into area B3 has a cleverly hidden one-way window that

allows those in area B3 to observe area B1 but not the other way around—from area B1, the window is covered by a small *illusory wall* (CL 20th).

### B2. Sealed Guardroom

This chamber is bare, save for a few sitting rugs on the floor and the slumped, mummified form of a long-dead humanoid wearing shreds of decayed leather armor and silk scarves. It clutches a thin silver wand in one hand.

Once a guardroom for these ancient chambers, this area has been abandoned and forgotten for untold years. The mummified creature is a long-dead azer guard who foolishly tried to stand in Jhavlul's way when the efreeti came to the reliquary to rob it. Despite the suspicious setup of the room, there are no traps or guardians here.

**Treasure:** The wand the azer bears is a *wand of magic missile* (CL 7th, 17 charges).

### B3. Guardroom (EL 10)

The walls of this chamber are bare. A strangely shaped alcove opens to the south.

This chamber served as a guardroom for the reliquary.

**Creatures:** A group of six Large fire elementals stands guard in here, alert and watchful through the one-way window that looks into area B1. Once they move to attack, they roar in alarm—their leader and his minions in area B4 surge to join the battle 1d3 rounds later.

#### LARGE FIRE ELEMENTALS (6)

CR 5

hp 60 each (MM 99)

### B4. Reredos of Khofu (EL 12)

The floors of this dimly lit chamber are marred by scorch marks and smears of smoke and ash. Light is provided by an ornate brazier that burns in a small side room, standing before a tall tripartite reredos of cast bronze. The wings of the reredos exhibit images of burning warriors engaged in battle with beings composed of whirlwinds or water. The large central portion, however, bears an engraving of an ornate fountain in exquisite detail.

This chamber served as a small shrine and central watch room for the ancient guardians of the reliquary. The fire elementals of the Shahdokt Brethren use this room as their communal chamber. The ornate bronze partition that stands behind the brazier is called the reredos of Khofu after an obscure figure of ancient Plane of Fire lore. This panel can be activated with a password in Ignan (or a DC 20 Use Magic Device check) to provide an image as a





# Bayt al-Bazan

First level

one square = 10 feet



*clairvoyance* spell to show the contents of any chamber in the reliquary (areas **B1–B6**) in the form of engraved bronze images. The reredos's magic is keyed to this wing of the palace—it ceases to function if taken out of the reliquary.

**Creatures:** Most of the Shahdoks Brethren dwell here—two Huge, four Medium, and seven Small fire elementals led by a towering elder fire elemental who looks like a dragon made of flames. This is Zithic the Elder, an elemental driven mad by the Vizier's Curse and who now idolizes the imprisoned marid in area **B6**. Any perceived threat to the marid (including the intrusion of anyone into the reliquary) is met with swift and decisive attacks.

**ZITHIC** **CR 11**  
Elder Fire Elemental (MM 99)  
hp 204

**HUGE FIRE ELEMENTALS (2)** **CR 7**  
hp 136 each (MM 99)

**MEDIUM FIRE ELEMENTALS (4)** **CR 3**  
hp 26 each (MM 99)

**SMALL FIRE ELEMENTALS (7)** **CR 1**  
hp 9 each (MM 99)

## B5. Chamber of Supplication

This chamber is dark, save for a single flickering lamp on the north wall. All of the room's other lamps have gone out. A scattering of debris covers the floor—it looks like pieces of equipment, weapons, and assorted odds and ends including a large, rolled-up carpet. The brass walls are decorated with imprints of humanoids wreathed in flame, sitting upon prayer mats and bowing toward the exit to the west.

This antechamber was originally used by those seeking to view the holiest of artifacts once stored in area **B6**, and after Jhavlul imprisoned her within, to speak with the marid princess Shazathared. The Shahdoks Brethren now use it as a trap, scattering several items of treasure about to lure intruders inside so that they may strike them with surprise from behind, thereby cutting off their escape route to the east. Most of the items scattered about the room are mundane pieces of equipment and furniture left behind when Jhavlul stripped the relics from these chambers, but several of them are of value.

**Treasure:** A few valuables here were left behind by Jhavlul, but the bulk of the treasure once belonged to Sammadar. These items include a gold urn encrusted with sapphires worth 2,500 gp that holds the ashes of an ancient efreeti pasha, a half-melted crown of adamantite worth 500 gp, a *cloak of resistance +2*, a *minor ring of cold*

*resistance*, a Large *+1 cold iron dagger*, a 5-foot-by-10-foot *carpet of flying*, a *bag of holding (type II)* that holds a spell component pouch, 240 platinum pieces, and an extra set of equipment for azer mamluks—a suit of scale mail, a masterwork heavy steel shield, a masterwork warhammer, and 3 shortspears.

## B6. Shazathared's Prison

The tinkling sound of falling water and a cool spray of refreshing mist are surprising features of this chamber. At its center stands a large fountain, its basin composed of fire-glazed porcelain inset with lapis lazuli and its central font constructed of marble of the purest white. A jet of cool water gushes into the air and falls back into the basin where it slowly drains away, causing the gas lamps to flicker in the moisture-laden air.

The fountain in this room is an extreme oddity in the City of Brass, where water is scarcer than jewels. Originally infused with magic to continually pour fine lamp oil for use in efreeti religious services, the fountain was stripped of its contents by Jhavlul before having powerful magic woven into it for use in a more sinister purpose. For Jhavlul had captured a rare thing—a marid princess named Shazathared, known throughout the Inner Sphere as one of the greatest storytellers of genie-kind. Jhavlul spent long hours here, listening to Shazathared's tales, having promised her freedom once she told him 10,000 tales he'd never heard before. Unfortunately for Shazathared, Jhavlul left the Plane of Fire long before she finished her obligation, and ever since, she has languished here with only insane fire elementals to keep her company.

When the escaped elemental slaves found this room, they were amazed at the fountain within. Entering the chamber, with its moisture-laden atmosphere, was painful to them, but when the fountain began to telepathically communicate with them they were truly awestruck and began to worship it as a strange and powerful goddess. Only Zithic the Elder ever enters here to commune with the divine fountain, and Shazathared has been unable to explain to the relatively stupid elementals the means for releasing her from her imprisonment.

The fountain itself is technically an artifact, although its only true power is to keep the water within and the air in this room cool and moist. The fountain traps Shazathared with a *binding* spell (CL 20th) using the hedged prison variant, preventing Shazathared from leaving the confines of the fountain until the terms of her service are up (she still has 2,012 tales to tell Jhavlul, unfortunately) or she is otherwise released from the effect. The water of the pool is pure and refreshing, and



# the impossible eye

aside from replenishing itself as water is taken from within, is not otherwise magical.

**Creature:** Shazathared is a descendant of a line of long-deposed marid padishahs. She was abducted by Jhavhul and imprisoned here to entertain him, and perhaps someday to be ransomed to the marids, but when Jhavhul grew infatuated with Ymeri, he began to lose interest in Shazathared.

When the PCs enter this chamber, Shazathared immediately rises from the waters of the pool to greet them. Since she does not know who the PCs are, she does not immediately say who or what she is, but she does speak to them, asking the PCs who they are and why they are here. Shazathared is desperate to find allies, but her wary nature results in an initial attitude of unfriendly. If the PCs possess a copy of the *Songs of Shazathared*, the marid can sense her words in near proximity, and her initial reaction to the PCs is automatically friendly. If the PCs can make her friendly, she relates the following to them.

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“I am glad you have come, children of the Mortal Realms. Long have I languished in this place. I am a daughter of a line of rulers long gone from the Realm of Water. I am Shazathared. Many of your lifetimes ago was I tricked and abducted by the efreeti prince who would now be consort to Ymeri, Queen of the Inferno. Jhavhul was his name, and he called upon mighty magic of the ancients to imprison me within this fountain. He wanted me first to entertain him, but as his lust for Ymeri grew, his interest in me waned until, finally, he ceased his visits to me altogether. I know not what occurred, but Jhavhul has not returned in these many centuries, and I long for the companionship of my kin.

“While I know little of this palace of brass, I do know that somewhere within it lies a source of immeasurable power—a potent artifact hidden somewhere in the palace above our heads whose theft has brought down the curse that traps us all here. What it is I cannot say, other than that its presence feels like a malignant, choking algae on the surface of a spring pool. Find this source and either destroy it or have it taken from this place, and I feel that the curse upon this realm will be lifted. And with it, my prison shall be weakened. Free me, and you shall be richly rewarded and gain the eternal friendship of the Marid Court.”

---

Shazathared has little further information to give but does suggest that the PCs use this chamber to retreat to if they need to rest and recover. You can use Shazathared to fill the PCs in on more of the Legacy of Fire backstory, particularly the tale of Jhavhul’s obsession with Ymeri. Shazathared agrees to cast any of her spells or spell-like abilities on the PCs as they wish in order to aid them in their quest. After Ezer Hazzebaim has been slain, the *Impossible Eye* returned to the grand vizier, and the curse lifted from Bayt al-Bazan, the fetters on Shazathared’s





prison will weaken significantly, so that she may be freed and can then aid the PCs with *plane shift* in returning to the Material Plane.

If the PCs can make Shazathared helpful rather than merely friendly, she gives them the information above and, in addition, grants the PC with the highest Charisma her yearly *wish*. If a PC wishes to free Shazathared from her prison, she smiles sweetly but informs them that her magic is not powerful enough to undo the fountain's *binding*—as an artifact, the fountain's magic is even impervious to antimagic—at least, until the Vizier's Curse is lifted.

## SHAZATHARED

CR 16

Female noble marid bard 10 (*Tome of Horrors III* 81)

CG Large outsider (extraplanar, water)

**Init** +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +21,

Spot +21

### DEFENSE

**AC** 21, touch 15, flat-footed 15

(+6 Dex, +6 natural, -1 size)

**hp** 152 (25 HD; 15d8+10d6+50)

**Fort** +14, **Ref** +22, **Will** +19

### OFFENSE

**Spd** 20 ft., swim 60 ft.

**Melee** 2 slams +21 (1d8+5)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

**Special Attacks** bardic music

(countersong, *fascinate*, inspire competence, inspire courage +2, inspire greatness, *suggestion*), change shape, water's fury, water mastery, vortex

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 20th)

At will—*create water*, *detect evil*, *detect good*, *detect magic*, *invisibility*, *plane shift* (marid and up to eight creatures, to Elemental, Astral, or Material Planes only), *purify food and drink* (liquids only), *quench* (DC 20), *water walk*

5/day—*control water*, *gaseous form*, *obscuring mist*, *water breathing* (other creatures only)

3/day—quicken *cone of cold* (DC 22), *ice storm*, quickened *quench* (DC 20), *see invisibility*

1/day—*elemental swarm* (water elementals only), *permanent image* (DC 23), *persistent image*

(DC 22)

1/year—*wish* (to non-genies only)

**Spells Known** (CL 10th)

4th (1/day)—*dimension door*, *modify memory* (DC 21)

3rd (4/day)—*confusion* (DC 20), *displacement*, *glibness*, *haste*

2nd (5/day)—*cure moderate wounds*, *detect thoughts* (DC 19), *mirror image*, *suggestion* (DC 19)

1st (5/day)—*cure light wounds*, *grease* (DC 18), *identify*, *obscure object*

0 (3/day)—*dancing lights*, *ghost sound* (DC 17), *mage hand*, *mending*, *message*, *prestidigitation*

### TACTICS

**During Combat** Shazathared uses *cone of cold*, *confusion*, and her water's fury against foes at range, and can use her vortex against foes that actually enter the fountain to do battle with her in melee.

**Morale** Shazathared has no option to flee or surrender—if a battle begins, she fights to the death. Of course, her death while imprisoned in this artifact consigns her to a tragic fate—she returns in 24 hours as a ghost bound to the fountain.

### STATISTICS

**Str** 20, **Dex** 22, **Con** 14, **Int** 17, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 24

**Base Atk** +17; **Grp** +26

**Feats** Ability Focus (water's fury), Combat

Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Dodge,

Improved Initiative, Mobility, Quicken

Spell-Like Ability (*cone of cold*, *quench*),

Spring Attack, Whirlwind Attack

**Skills** Concentration +30, Diplomacy

+27, Escape Artist +24, Knowledge

(history) +26, Knowledge (religion)

+17, Knowledge (the planes) +26,

Listen +21, Move Silently +24, Perform

(dance) +35, Perform (oratory) +35,

Sense Motive +21, Spellcraft +21, Spot

+21, Swim +31

**Languages** Aquan, Auran,

Common, Ignan; telepathy 100 ft.

**SQ** bardic knowledge +15

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Change Shape (Su)** A marid can use this ability to assume the shape of any Small, Medium, or Large humanoid or giant.

**Water's Fury (Su)** As a standard action, a marid can release a jet of water to unerringly strike any target within 60 feet. This blast of water deals 1d6 points of damage and blinds the target for 1d6 rounds (Reflex

DC 21 halves damage and negates blindness).

The save DC is

Constitution-based.

**Water Mastery (Ex)** A



shazathared



marid gains a +1 competence bonus on attack and damage rolls if both it and its opponent are touching water. If either is touching the ground, the marid takes a -4 penalty on attack and damage rolls.

**Vortex (Su)** A marid can transform itself into a whirlpool once every 10 minutes. This ability functions in the same way as a Large water elemental's (MM 101). A DC 21 Reflex save avoids or resists the vortex—this save DC is Constitution-based.

## B7. Magmafall (EL 7)

A roar fills this chamber. To the northwest, a ledge looks out over a sheer drop into a pit, which plunges a hundred feet to a lake of bubbling magma. To the north, a river of magma flows into the room, cascading over the edge and down into the pit.

The drainage canal (area B8) empties into the catch basin (area A4) below by way of this chamber. The ledge has no rail and drops 50 feet into the lava pool in that chamber. Anyone peering down can make out the form of the brass barge to the south with a DC 24 Spot check.

**Creatures:** A 20-foot-square alcove to the east holds a cruel guardian—a mighty juggernaut of living brass intended to prevent intruders from accessing the treasury below. The juggernaut looks something like a huge lion from the shoulders down, but its head is a short cone of brass, widening to a 20-foot-diameter head. When the juggernaut is backed into the alcove, it can wedge its bronze disc into the wall, creating a nearly seamless fit. A DC 25 Spot or Search check notices the strange circle of bronze on the wall before the juggernaut thunders out of its alcove to try to bull rush intruders off the ledge and into the lava in area A8 100 feet below.

### BRASS JUGGERNAUT

CR 7

Gargantuan animated object (MM 14)

hp 148

**Defensive Abilities** hardness 15

**Spd** 30 ft.

**Special Attacks** trample 2d8+10 (Ref DC 25 half)

## B8. Drainage Canal

A river of magma flows into this domed chamber from the northeast before exiting to the southwest. The roar of a cataract can be heard from that direction. A ledge runs along the eastern edge of the magma pool a couple of feet above the level of the molten rock. A grill of thick, scorched brass bars extends from the north side of the pool all the way to the ceiling, blocking passage into the tunnel beyond. Swirling through the air from the surface of the magma to the ceiling above are dozens of burning motes.

One of the city's magma drainage canals has been diverted and enters the foundations of Bayt al-Bazan here. Access to the tunnel is blocked by a grill of close-set living brass bars (hardness 15, hp 180, Break DC 45) that have been enspelled to be completely resistant to heat. Anyone managing to penetrate beyond these bars finds himself in a network of similar lava-filled tunnels extending for miles in seemingly random directions throughout the city.

A secret door (DC 30 Search check to discover) is set near the ceiling on the west side of the pool. The tunnel beyond leads to area C10.

## B9. Mare Gate

A wide gateway opens in the wall, its arch forty feet wide by fifty feet high. Beyond, a staircase of brass ascends into the citadel's interior. Darkened defensive loops look out like forbidding eyes and line the walls of the entry stair as well. Cast into the very brass surrounding the gate are images of warhorses with manes of flame and hooves of burning embers. Some rear in combat and some pull war chariots manned by efreeti soldiers.

The main gate of Bayt al-Bazan opens onto one of the boulevards of the Noble District of the City of Brass. The street outside is largely deserted, as none dare to approach and risk the curse that befalls those who enter the palace confines.

## B10. Western Barbican

This position is unmanned and holds little more than a layer of sooty dust. The stairs lead up to area C22.

## B11. Eastern Barbican

The brass ceiling of these casement chambers seems to bow under the great weight of the fortress above. Stairs punctuated by landings, complete with firing ports, look out over the citadel's entry.

Largely abandoned by the Guardians of the Forbidden Gate, these chambers now hold only dust and a few crates of bronze crossbow bolts sized for Large crossbows. The eastern door bears a large brass lock (Open Lock DC 30), but the key has long been lost.

## B12. Dungeon of Flame

This octagonal room rises to a domed apex high overhead. Roaring flames burn in sconces throughout the chamber. Doors of different sizes—some composed of close-fitting brass bars, others formed from riveted brass plates, but all bearing



heavy locks—stand closed on each wall of the chamber. All of the doors and bars glow red with heat.

These chambers served as the prison for Bayt al-Bazan. All of the doors are composed of living brass and are locked (Open Lock DC 40). They open either onto large holding chambers with numerous sets of shackles mounted on the walls or onto narrow corridors lined by individual cells. The doors and walls of all these cells are kept constantly heated so that they deal 1d6 points of fire damage per round of contact.

**B12a:** This chamber is locked like the others, but the walls do not glow with heat. Within are supplies formerly used by the citadel's turnkey. These include extra manacles of iron sized for creatures size Small to Huge, various torture implements, some scorched basic provisions (no longer palatable), and a cot of red-tinged leather for especially long torture sessions. A DC 14 Search check turns up the keys to all the cells.

**Treasure:** Among the torture devices stored here is a wand made of unmelting ice—this is a *wand of quench* (21 charges).

## B13. Hama Shrine

The landing at the bottom of the stair opens into an alcove as the passage turns west. The back of the alcove is incised with the image of a burning phoenix bursting into flight.

This shrine is dedicated to the hama, or spirits, of the deceased efreet interred in area B14, as it is symbolically released back into the Plane of Fire. The stairs lead up to the secret door at area C16.

## B14. Noble Tombs (EL 11)

This long hallway has a lancet-arched ceiling—the hall itself extends into darkness and gives off an air of abandonment and disuse. Even the brass walls seem dull and dead. Heavy doors spaced every twenty feet stand closed on either side.

Herein were interred the rulers of Bayt al-Bazan since the house first settled in the City of Brass an age ago. Each door is composed of living brass and sealed with molten copper. The exception is the northernmost door on the east wall, which is not sealed and opens easily. In the center of each door is a brass plaque written in Ignan that gives a name and honorific (such as Zuleimar the Magnificent and Abussad the Profound) as well as a set of dates procured from an obscure Elemental calendar that shows the reign of the interred individual. The last room is empty, and its plaque is blank; it was intended for Jhavhul.

**Creatures:** If any of the sepulchers are disturbed, the remnants of the fallen prince entombed within manifest as a dread wraith that immediately attacks until all intruders have left the chamber.

### DREAD WRAITH

CR 11

hp 104 (MM 258)

## B15. Hall of Debauchery

The walls of this hall have been covered in frescoes showing fire genies in various scenes of debauchery. At the end of the hallway stands the shiny brass statue of a rotund four-armed efreeti with a sated smile upon its face.

This portion of the citadel once served as lounges for the guest wing above, and is used in much the same way today by the members of the Flickering Candle. The stairs lead up to area C1.

## B16. Lady Fate's Favor (EL 11)

The walls of this chamber have been frescoed with scenes of treasure hoards and jeweled palaces, while the domed ceiling bears the image of a female efreeti with four arms keeping watch over all. Numerous tables have been set up around the room and bear all manner of cards, placards, and instruments of chance.

**Creatures:** This chamber is a gambling den equipped with numerous games of chance. It hosts an around-the-clock raucous gathering of the off-duty members of the Flickering Candle, who spend their time bragging and drinking wine. They make so much noise that they do not hear any alarms unless they come from the hallway directly outside their door. Currently occupying the chamber are three efreet and three terrified kobold croupiers (who are currently fatigued from heat exposure and cower to avoid combat). If captured, the kobolds willingly talk, but beyond the layout of the lower three levels of the guest wing, they know little of use.

### EFREET (3)

CR 8

hp 65 each (MM 115)

### KOBOLDS (3)

CR 1/4

hp 4 each (2 points nonlethal damage) (MM 161)

## B17. Maqha (EL 11)

The walls of this chamber are highly polished and show infinite reflections of the chamber. A low, round table sits in the middle of the room, atop which stands a large, ornate brass pipe with a glass, water-filled bowl at its base, from which several hoses with mouthpieces emanate. Next to it sits a silver coffee service.



Numerous cushions have been placed around this table. The air is heavy with fumes that make eyes water and burn.

This chamber is the citadel's maqha (or coffeehouse) and still serves that purpose for the Flickering Candle. The hookah on the table is currently burning a mix of charcoal, spice, and tobacco that the efreet call *khanishar*, redolent of exotic spices native to the Plane of Fire. As a result, any creature entering the chamber that does not have the fire subtype must make a DC 15 Fortitude save or become sickened for as long as it remains in the chamber. Resistance or immunity to fire does not prevent this, though immunity to poison does.

**Creatures:** Currently enjoying the hookah are six fire mephits and five azer slaves, all minions of the Flickering Candle. When intruders enter, the mephits use this cover to spread out and attack with breath weapons followed by *scorching rays* and *heat metal*. If the PCs seem resistant to fire, the mephits and azers resort to melee attacks.

**FIRE MEPHITS (6)** **CR 3**  
hp 13 each (MM 182)

**AZER MAMLUKS (5)** **CR 5**  
hp 36 each (see page 16)

**Treasure:** The hookah is worth 350 gp, while the silver coffee service is worth 150 gp.

## B18. Bursar's Cellar

The door to this room is locked. The key is carried by the Bursar in area C5.

This room has been stacked with brass-sealed amphorae, chained together in groups, and large, fragrant sacks. Many shattered amphora shards have been pushed into the corners.

**Treasure:** The well-stocked wine cellar of Bayt al-Bazan has found new appreciation from the current inhabitants, and its reserves are swiftly becoming exhausted. There are a total of 165 amphorae remaining that each hold 40 gallons of wine. There are 83 20-pound sacks, of which 13 hold charcoal, 29 hold roasted coffee beans, and 41 hold *khanishar* tobacco. Though bulky to transport, if sold these contents could command as much as 8,000 gp in a planar marketplace.

## PART FOUR: FAITH IN THE FLAME

The second level serves as the primary living quarters, stores, and religious center for the citadel's garrison.

The soldiers' shrine is now the lair of a tribe of xenophobic lizardfolk. The level also contains the lower floors of the guest wing, now inhabited by the members of a guild of thieves and assassins called the Flickering Candle.

## C1. Lower Terrace

An open-air balcony protrudes from the side of the palace, overlooking a great city plaza some thirty feet below. The view from the balcony is of an impossibly immense city of towering spires and lava-filled canals.

This terrace is covered by the base of the minaret above, supported by thick brass columns. Stairs descend to area B15 below.

## C2. Salon (EL 2)

Short couches and divans line the walls of this chamber, while multiple rough pallets cover the floors.

**Creatures:** Currently occupying this chamber are three kobold slaves that are too injured to perform their duties. They lie listlessly on the rough pallets, with only meager bowls of meal and half-evaporated cups of water provided by the other kobold slaves.

If confronted, they tell what they know of the Flickering Candle, including details of areas B15–B18 below and D12–D15 above. They will not accompany the PCs under any circumstances, so afraid are they of their masters' ire. If Kabaness (see area C3) hears the kobolds talking or fighting and comes in the room, he immediately attempts to kill all of the craven creatures before turning his attention on the PCs.

**KOBOLDS (3)** **CR 1/4**  
hp 4 each (currently at 0) (MM 161)

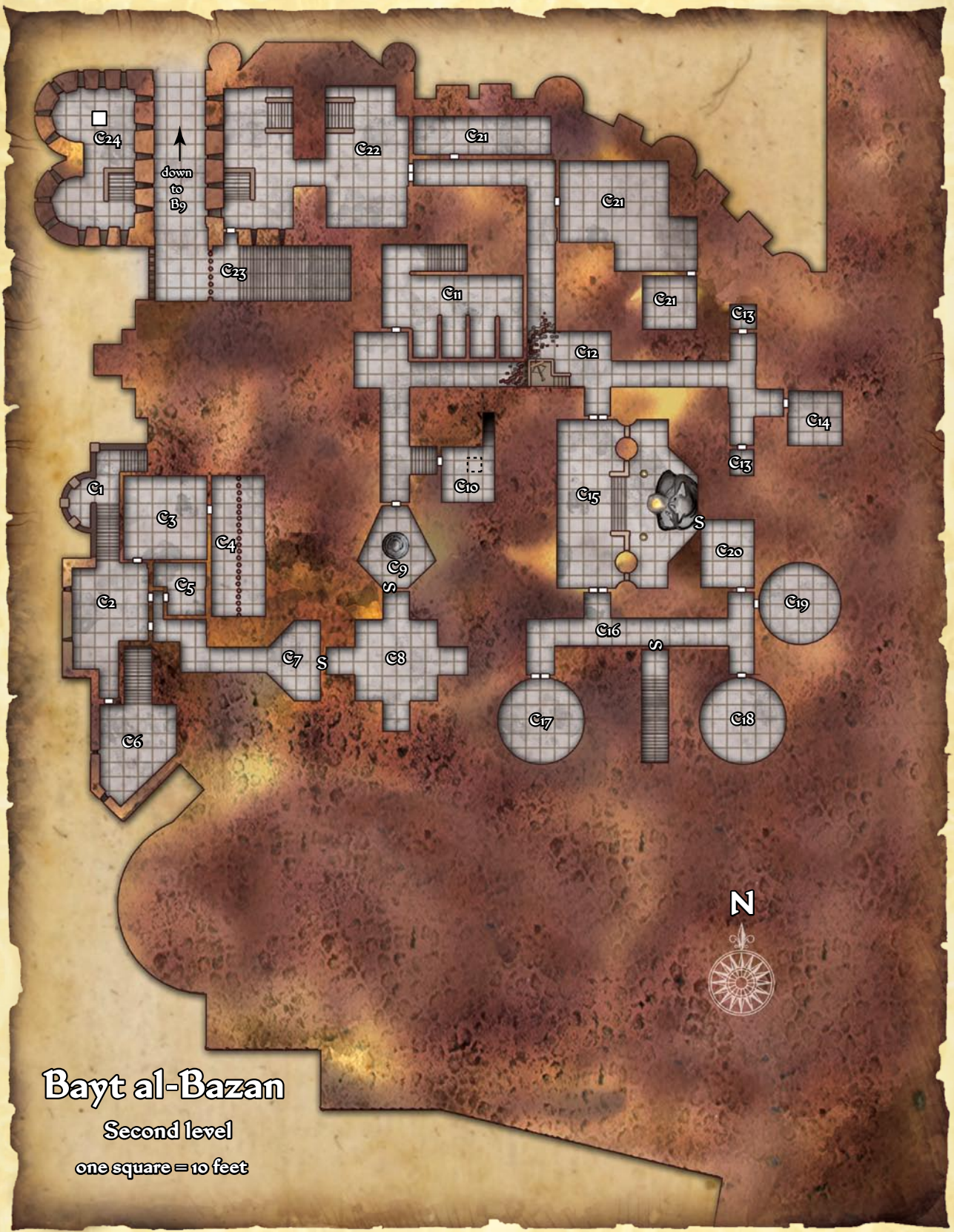
## C3. Slavemaster's Quarters (EL 11)

This chamber is simply furnished with an assortment of whips, tongs, and various torture implements hung from the walls.

**Creature:** The Flickering Candle employs a barbed devil named Kabaness as its slavemaster. The devil enjoys his job, and sees to the kobold slaves and any other captives taken by the guild. He swiftly investigates any strange or suspicious noises he hears in area C2.

**KABANESS** **CR 11**  
Barbed devil (MM 51)  
hp 126





## Bayt al-Bazan

Second level

one square = 10 feet



**Treasure:** A chest under the bed holds 225 sp, 32 gp, and a key to the lock in area C4.

## C4. Prison Cell (EL 4)

The east side of this room is separated by a wall of closely set bars of brass. A stoutly locked door stands at the southern end.

Newly acquired slaves were once locked in here until the house slavemaster could break them to their new duties. The Flickering Candle now uses the cell to house victims of its kidnappings and extortion scams. Members of the guild still at large in the City of Brass periodically bring new victims here for safekeeping until a ransom is paid. The guild is aware that these prisoners are unable to leave due to the citadel's curse, but don't bother to inform their marks of such until after the ransom is paid, knowing that there's little these marks can do to retaliate unless they want to enter the palace and become trapped as well. Without the key (kept in area C3), the lock to this cage can be opened with a DC 30 Open Lock check.

**Creatures:** Only one prisoner languishes within the cell currently—Iavesk, a despondent djinni who had been captured by the Flickering Candle not long before they entered Bayt al-Bazan, robbed of his wits by a *feblemind* spell. The Flickering Candle had been considering ransoming Iavesk back to his kin on the Plane of Air—now that they're trapped, his captors have left the genie to languish here, where his wailing and sobbing take up all of his hours, even though he lacks the wits to understand the source of his sadness.

If the PCs can cure Iavesk of his feeble-minded condition, the djinni immediately recovers his composure and wits, bows deeply to the PCs, and promises to serve the one who cured him for a year and a day in return for the kindness. While the djinni knows nothing about Bayt al-Bazan, he can certainly be a great boon for PCs who need a source of food or other materials, as the genie can create whatever tools they need once he's regained his mind, and once the Vizier's Curse is lifted, his *plane shift* ability can give the PCs a route back to the Material Plane.

### IAVESK

Djinni (MM 114)  
hp 45

CR 5

**Ad Hoc XP Award:** Award the PCs experience for a CR 8 creature if they manage to heal Iavesk and retain him as an ally.

## C5. Surgery (EL 10)

A large brass table occupies the center of this room next to an equally large chair. Racks on the walls hold a number of shears, knives, pliers, and assorted other brass instruments of a sinister nature. Tables against the north wall hold a complete alchemy lab where numerous alembics simmer over brass burners.

**Creature:** This chamber originally served as the operating theater for Bayt al-Bazan's resident barber and surgeon, but now it serves as the laboratory of a noble salamander known only as the Bursar, who serves as accountant and alchemist to Grandfather Musalla. He immediately attacks intruders in eerie silence; even if badly injured he utters no sound and actually smiles quite genuinely if slain. He carries the key to area B18.

### THE BURSAR

Noble salamander (MM 219)  
hp 112

CR 10

## C6. Guardroom (EL 7)

Based on the composite bows and quivers hanging next to its arrowslits, this chamber must be a guardroom. Against the east wall are four brass cages, no more than three feet high, covered by dark linen shrouds.

Beneath the shrouds are simple brass cages, two of which are empty.

**Creatures:** The remaining two cages each hold a pair of pyrolisks—hideous creatures who combine the shapes of a lizard and a rooster, similar to a cockatrice. Smoke and tiny tendrils of flame rise from the creatures' feathers, for unlike a typical cockatrice, a pyrolisk's gaze causes any who meet it to spontaneously burst into searing flames. The pyrolisks cannot leave their cages without help, but their gaze attack functions fine through the bars of the cages. The efreets are fond of fighting these dangerous birds against each other for sport.





## PYROLISKS (4)

*Tome of Horrors Revised 299*

NE Small magical beast

**Init** +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Listen** +6, **Spot** +7

### DEFENSE

**AC** 14, touch 14, flat-footed 11

(+3 Dex, +1 size)

**hp** 22 (4d10)

**Fort** +4, **Ref** +7, **Will** +4

**Immune** fire

### OFFENSE

**Spd** 20 ft., fly 60 ft. (poor)

**Melee** bite +8 (1d4–2)

**Special Attacks** conflagration gaze, pyrotechnics

### TACTICS

**During Combat** Pyrolisks open with their pyrotechnics and then use their gaze attack on any who are not blinded.

**Morale** The pyrolisks fight to the death.

### STATISTICS

**Str** 6, **Dex** 17, **Con** 11, **Int** 4, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 9

**Base Atk** +4; **Grp** –2

**Feats** Alertness, Iron Will, Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Listen +6, Spot +7

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

## CR 4

**Conflagration Gaze (Su)** A creature within 30 feet that meets a pyrolisk's gaze bursts into flames, taking 4d8 points of damage (Fort DC 12 half). The flames immediately burn out, so there is no continuing damage or effect. A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected again by that pyrolisk's gaze for 24 hours. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Pyrotechnics (Su)** Once per round, a pyrolisk can use *pyrotechnics* as the spell (CL 4th) but only the fireworks version of the spell (Will DC 12 negates). The save DC is Constitution-based.

## C7. Smugglers' Trove

Stacked at the end of this corridor where the walls widen out into a room is a collection of crates, boxes, and barrels. They appear to have been recently placed here.

**Treasure:** The items stored here include all sorts of valuable goods such as art objects and jewels (worth a combined total of 4,500 gp), as well as items illegal in the City of Brass, including 15 flasks of holy water and a *decanter of endless water*. The Flickering Candle, which had hoped to use the abandoned palace as a place to hide its contraband, stashed these objects here soon after they arrived in Bayt al-Bazan.

## C8. Trapped Chamber (EL 10)

Four alcoves branch off the walls of this otherwise empty chamber.

The secret doors that allow entrance into this room can be located with DC 35 Search checks.

**Traps:** As soon as anyone moves beyond one of the alcoves to enter the central portion of the room, a trap is triggered. The only safe way to travel across the room is by using teleportation to travel directly to another alcove. One round after anyone enters the main chamber, the living brass ceiling sags and melts, and molten brass rains throughout the room. This is a special function of the living brass here and cannot be dispelled. The rain continues as long as anyone remains in the room. These drops of molten brass deal both fire damage as well as negative energy damage from the portions of mortal souls imprisoned within them. They disappear an instant after they land, and the ceiling produces an endless supply of them. The trap resets as soon as every creature leaves the room.

### MOLTEN BRASS TRAP

## CR 10

**Type** mechanical; **Search** DC 25; **Disable Device** DC 29

### EFFECTS

**Trigger** proximity; **Reset** automatic

**Effect** molten brass infused with negative energy rains from the ceiling (8d6 fire damage and 1 negative level per round, DC 15)



pyrolisk



Fort to remove); Reflex DC 20 halves fire damage and negates negative level; multiple targets (all targets in the room); onset delay 1 round

## C9. Oracle's Chamber

This oddly shaped chamber is dominated at its center by a large stone statue of a crouching lion with dragon-like wings and a jackal's head. A bloodstained stone cup nestles between its front paws. The face has been partially broken off, leaving a network of jagged cracks throughout the head and neck.

This sphinx statue was once a powerful magical entity with oracular powers, and was originally housed in area **B6**. One of the prior efreeti pashas smashed the statue in a fit of pique after a particularly unfavorable prediction, and it lost all mystical abilities thereafter.

## C10. Sewer Drain

A dim red glow emanates from a grate in the ceiling high overhead, while the floor slopes toward a ten-foot-wide chute built into the northeast corner and surrounded by odd bits of debris.

The grate in the ceiling can be opened with a DC 25 Strength check and opens into the outer court (area **D2**). Garbage and debris are routinely dumped into this room, which serves as a collection point where servants can then empty the refuse into the chute for disposal. The chute is extremely smooth brass and requires a DC 40 Climb check to safely descend—failure indicates a climber slides down the chute into area **B8** in a single round, crashing through the secret door at the base of the slide (which swings shut immediately thereafter).

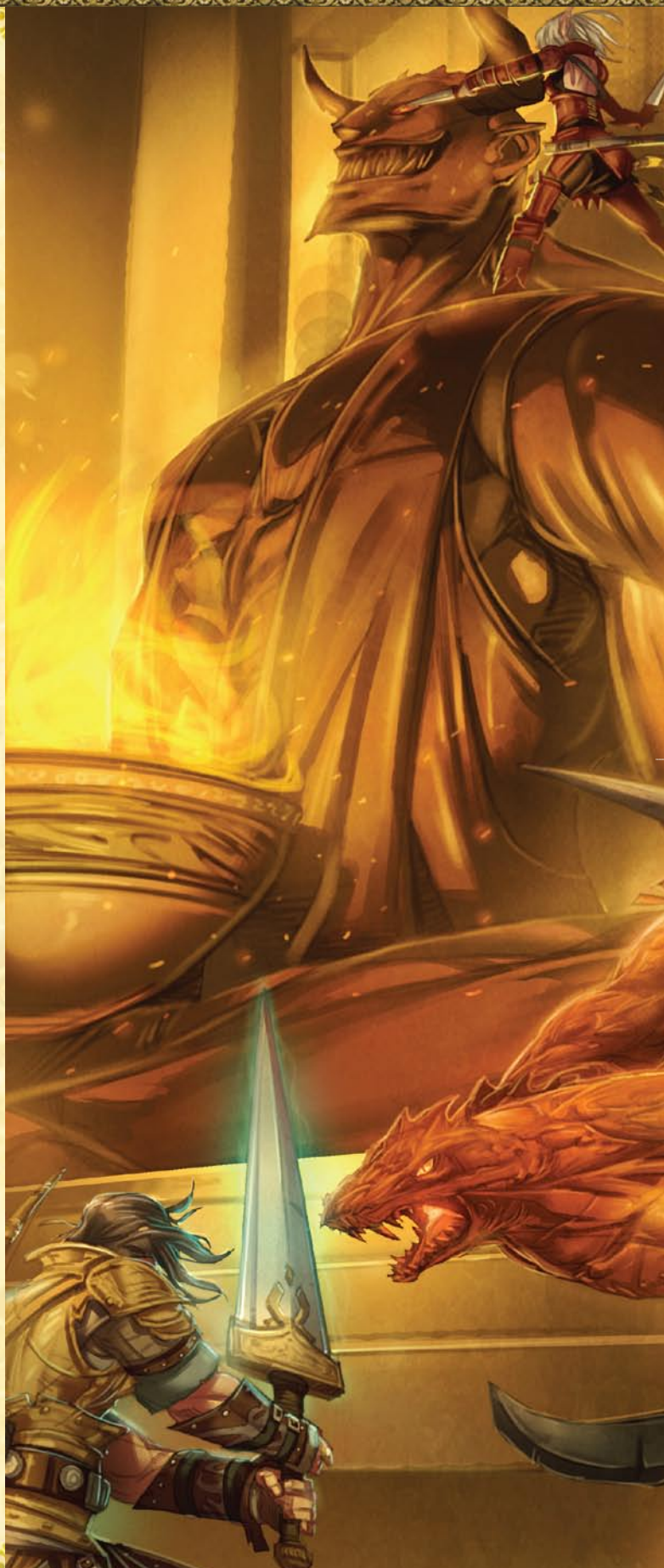
## C11. Slave Quarters

This large, dark chamber possesses multiple deep alcoves, each nondescript with the bits of only a few rough furnishings and rude bedding strewn about.

This chamber once housed the slaves that served Bayt al-Bazan. When the house fell, those that were unable to escape were ultimately slain and devoured by the citadel's denizens. The stairs lead up to area **D5**.

## C12. Guarded Passage (EL 8)

A wall composed of crudely shaped lumps of rough, black stone blocks the corridor ahead to the height of twenty feet. Beyond the wall looms an immense siege engine that looks like a ballista made of brass.





This intersection marks the edge of the territory claimed by the Cult of the Incarnate Flame. A wall composed of cooled magma raised from area B8 partially blocks the corridors from the west and north—the wall can be scaled with a DC 10 Climb check. The lizardfolk of the fire cult have constructed a 15-foot-high platform behind it that is accessed by a brass ladder. Mounted on the platform is a masterwork brass ballista that the lizardfolk discovered in the lower armory. While this cunning ballista requires two Medium creatures to aim the device and operate the windlass, the process of reloading is mostly automatic, similar to the technology of a repeating crossbow. It can fire at a rate of once per round, up to 12 times before its magazine is exhausted and must be reloaded by hand (this process takes a full minute).

**Creatures:** Manning this guard post are four fire cult lizardfolk—deep red creatures with smoking breath and glowing eyes native to the Plane of Fire. They attack anyone they see. If someone manages to reach the top of the wall, the lizardfolk bray a warning that brings reinforcements from both areas marked C13 in 3 rounds.

The iron longbows they wield are composite bows (+2 Str) that serve to transfer their heat damage to arrows shot from the bows.

## FIRE CULT LIZARDFOLK (4) CR 4

Fire-infused lizardfolk ranger 2 (MM 169, *Advanced Bestiary* 111)

N Medium humanoid (fire, reptilian)

Init +1; Senses Listen +0, Spot –2

### DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 14, flat-footed 23

(+4 armor, +3 deflection, +1 Dex, +5 natural)

hp 26 each (4d8+8); fire healing

Fort +5, Ref +9, Will –2

**Defensive Abilities** elemental body; **Immune** fire

**Weakness** vulnerability to cold

### OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft., firewalk

**Melee** mwk heavy mace +6 (1d8 plus 1d6 fire) and

claws +3 (1d4 plus 1d6 fire) and

bite +3 (1d4 plus 1d6 fire)

**Ranged** mwk iron longbow +8 (1d8+2/×3 plus 1d6 fire)

**Special Attacks** breath weapon, heat, favored enemy (fire outsider +2)

### TACTICS

**Before Combat** The lizardfolk drink their *potions of shield of faith* as soon as they notice anyone approaching from the north or east. Two operate the ballista, while the other two use longbows against attackers. They use their breath weapon on the first round of melee combat.

**Morale** These lizardfolk fight to the death.

### STATISTICS

Str 14, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 6, Cha 12

Base Atk +3; Grp +4

**Feats** Multiattack, Quick Draw, Rapid Shot, Track, Weapon Focus (longbow)

**Skills** Balance +11, Jump +10, Listen +4, Spot +4, Survival +4, Swim +12

**Languages** Draconic, Ignan

**SQ** elemental body, hold breath, wild empathy +3

**Combat Gear** *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of shield of faith* +3; **Other Gear** masterwork chain shirt, masterwork heavy mace, masterwork iron longbow (+2 Str)

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Breath Weapon (Su)** 30-ft. cone once every 1d4 rounds, damage 2d6 fire, Reflex DC 13 half.

**Elemental Body (Ex)** A fire cult lizardfolk has a 25% chance to ignore the effects of poison, paralysis, sleep, stunning, or additional damage caused by sneak attacks and critical hits.

**Fire Healing (Ex)** A fire cult lizardfolk heals 1 hit point for each full round it is in contact with fire. When struck by a magical fire effect, it heals a point of damage per 10 points of damage the fire effect would have otherwise dealt.

**Firewalk (Su)** A fire cult lizardfolk can climb an object on fire as though it had a 40-foot climb speed. It can fly at a speed of 40



fire cult lizardfolk



feet with perfect maneuverability so long as it's in contact with fire. It can walk on top of fire as if walking on air with an *air walk* spell.

**Heat (Su)** A fire-infused lizardfolk's natural attacks and metallic weapon melee attacks (as well as attacks made with iron bows) deal an extra 1d6 points of fire damage.

## C13. Meditation Cells (EL 7 each)

This simple room is crudely decorated with fetishistic designs of a huge burning demon. Rough prayer mats made of tattooed leather line the floor.

**Creatures:** Each of these chambers contains three meditating fire cult lizardfolk. While offering prayers to Flauros, the Burning Maw (identifiable as the demon lord of fire with a DC 25 Knowledge [the planes] check). They listen for any alarms from area C12 and call an alarm themselves if they encounter the PCs.

### FIRE CULT LIZARDFOLK (3)

CR 4

hp 26 each (see page 30)

## C14. Larder

A number of crude wire cages have been set in this room, within which flutter several small, burning creatures. A portion of the floor has been cleared to create an open space, now stained with old blood, around which are scattered a number of butchering tools. Stacked near these are the dismembered remains of some large, recently butchered red-skinned creature.

The fire cult uses this as their larder, storing the elemental fire bats, rats, and other vermin that wander into the palace via the sewage tunnel in area B8 only to be caught by lizardfolk hunters. The recently butchered remains on the floor are easily identifiable as an efreeti—one of Jhavlul's servants that returned to Bayt al-Bazan after he was freed from Kakishon.

## C15. Soldiers' Shrine (EL 11)

This massive chamber is dominated by a huge statue of an efreeti seated in the lotus position upon a dais. The statue holds a six-foot-high basin filled with roaring flames in its lap. This pyre gives the statue's snarling visage an eerie red glow and causes the flickering light to glint malignly off the jewels mounted in its eye sockets. Tall brass braziers flank the statue, and several crates and chests have been stacked in the western half of the room.

At one time, the servants of Bayt al-Bazan were devout followers of the cult that worshiped the grand sultan of the

efreet as a deity, one of the major religions of the City of Brass. The house's main mosque was built into the palace, but this temple was provided for the use of the citadel's garrison. The idol is a stylized image of the efreeti grand sultan, and both its basin and the braziers continually burn with magical flames that cannot be extinguished. Though these flames are hot and damage creatures normally, any object thrown into the basin is unharmed and instantly teleports to area A1a while giving the appearance of having been consumed in the flames. In this way, the prince of the house could discreetly collect in his own treasury the sacrifices made by the garrison to the grand sultan.

Behind the huge idol is a secret door that can be located with a DC 30 Search check.

**Creatures:** Since the efreet managed to make their way into this room recently, the fire cult lizardfolk make sure this chamber is guarded at all times by five of their number, along with a pet pyrohydra that sees the lizardfolk as part of its family. They do not respond to alarms elsewhere, but sounds of battle quickly draw their leader Bassadoum from area C2o in 1d4 rounds.

### FIRE CULT LIZARDFOLK (5)

CR 4

hp 26 each (see page 30)

### EIGHT-HEADED PYROHYDRA

CR 9

hp 87 (MM 157)

**Treasure:** The crates and boxes hold general supplies and equipment scavenged by the lizardfolk from the surrounding rooms. Some are spare parts for the ballista, and several hold more bronze bolts for that weapon, which the lizardfolk use as javelins. There are also a dozen more masterwork chain shirts (some still bearing bloodstains), seven masterwork heavy maces, and four masterwork iron longbows.

The idol's eyes are massive rubies, each worth 10,000 gp. Once, a potent magical trap protected them from looting, but with the reconsecration of this altar to Flauros, the trap has faded.

Lodged in the hydra's gut is a single *greater bracer of archery*; its mate is hidden in the creature's nest in area C17.

## C16. Hidden Entrance (EL 8)

This nondescript hallway hides a secret door that can be found with a DC 30 Search check—the fire cult lizardfolk have not yet discovered it. Beyond, a flight of stairs leads down to area B13.

## C17. Hydra Pen

This filthy chamber is cluttered with bones, mounds of rubble, broken furniture, and other garbage, most of which has been



heaped up in a circular nest in the room's center. A cloying reptilian stink lingers in the air.

**Treasure:** A DC 25 Search check of the nest uncovers a skeletal arm that still wears a blue crystalline *greater bracer of archery*—its lost mate now lingering in the hydra's belly.

## C18. Common Room (EL 10)

Mattresses composed of hides and rough fibers are scattered about the floor, and bits of furniture cobbled together from whatever odds and ends were available add to the décor. Steel spikes driven into seams in the brass walls support fetishes and crude emblems, which are further enhanced by charcoal drawings and handprints rendered in rough dyes.

**Creatures:** Occupying this chamber are eight fire cult lizardfolk. They fight to the death to protect the temple, responding to an alarm in area C15 in 1d4+3 rounds.

### FIRE CULT LIZARDFOLK (8)

CR 4

hp 26 each (see page 30)

## C19. Hatchery (EL 6)

The air in here is hotter than elsewhere, and humid. The cloying stench of compost and unwashed bodies makes it even less pleasant. The floor is mostly covered in a layer of black, granular soil containing odd shards of metal and debris. Several brown ovoids emerge from the soil in the center of the chamber. Across the room, one such ovoid is partially buried beneath a wire stand, which holds a metal flask upended above it. A thin filament of brass extends from the flask's stopper to the top of the ovoid.

The lizardfolk have converted this room into a hatchery by creating a compost floor from garbage and wastes gathered from elsewhere in the palace. Eleven leathery eggs are currently incubating in the center of the room. One large egg that has been selected by Bassadoum to become the next chief of the tribe is being drip-irrigated with a *potion of heroism* in hopes of mutating the embryo within into a second babbler.

**Creatures:** Two fire cult lizardfolk fanatically guard this chamber and fight to the death to prevent any of the eggs from being damaged.

### FIRE CULT LIZARDFOLK (2)

CR 4

hp 26 each (see page 30)

**Treasure:** Were one so inclined, the eggs could be sold in the City of Brass for 25 gp each. The *potion of heroism* is still mostly full, and a DC 15 Search check reveals two more stored behind the irrigation stand. Two other

empty flasks held potions already used that have not yet yielded results.

## C20. Vestry (EL 11)

Hooks mounted on the wall hold giant red robes decorated with flame motifs. Some also hold bronze masks that resemble ferocious efreets. Many of robes have been removed from their hooks and piled onto the floor to make a large sleeping pallet.

This vestry has been taken over by the chief and prophet of the lizardfolk's Cult of the Incarnate Flame. A secret door on the west wall is easily located from this side with a DC 15 Search check.

**Creature:** Dwelling in here is the fire cult's prophet and chieftain, a delusional mutant lizardfolk (known as a babbler) named Bassadoum. Bassadoum resembles a cross between a lizardfolk and a predatory dinosaur, with scales of flaming orange. He prefers to move about on all fours but rises bipedally to attack. He wears one of the cult's ceremonial robes, though it fits oddly on his unusually proportioned frame, and has draped himself in all manner of bronze pendants and jewelry. Bassadoum gained control of the fire cult by being the most powerful of the slaves to escape, and has maintained his rule with a religious fervor and devotion to Flauros, whose image haunts his dreams. His latest pronouncement is that he should create a new babbler from one of the lizardfolk eggs, since he has been unable to sire an heir himself. He is insane but remains lucid most of the time.

### BASSADOUM

CR 12

Male fire-infused advanced babbler cleric of Flauros 9 (*Tome of Horrors Revised* 26, *Advanced Bestiary* 111)

CE Large magical beast (fire, reptilian)

**Init** +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; **Listen** +20, **Spot** +20

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 21, touch 14, flat-footed 18

(+2 armor, +2 deflection, +3 Dex, +5 natural, -1 size)

**hp** 142 (19d8+57); fire healing

**Fort** +16, **Ref** +13, **Will** +16

**Defensive Abilities** elemental body; **Immune** fire; **SR** 21

**Weakness** vulnerability to cold

#### OFFENSE

**Spd** 40 ft., bipedal 20 ft., firewalk

**Melee** 2 claws +22 (1d8+8 plus 1d6 fire) and bite +20 (1d8+4 plus 1d6 fire)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft.

**Special Attacks** breath weapon, heat, rebuke undead 4/day (+1, 2d6+10), sneak attack +2d6

**Spells Prepared** (CL 5th)

5th—quicken *divine favor*, *fire shield*, *spell resistance*



4th—*chaos hammer* (DC 21), *cure critical wounds*, *poison* (DC 21), *tongues*

3rd—*blindness/deafness* (DC 20), *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *magic circle against law*, *magic vestment*, *searing light*

2nd—*bear's endurance*, *bull's strength*, *cure moderate wounds* (2), *hold person* (DC 19), *produce flame*<sup>D</sup>, *resist energy*

1st—*bless*, *burning hands*<sup>D</sup> (DC 18), *command* (DC 18), *cure light wounds* (2), *protection from good*, *sanctuary* (DC 18)

0—*create water*, *cure minor wounds* (3), *guidance*, *mending*

D domain spell; **Domains** chaos, fire

## TACTICS

**Before Combat** Bassadoum casts *magic vestment* on his cloak and clothes at the start of each day, and before combat casts *bear's endurance*, *bull's strength*, *fire shield*, *spell resistance*, and *tongues*.

**During Combat** Bassadoum casts quickened *divine favor* and *chaos hammer* on the first round of combat. If in area **C15**, he prefers to fight from the idol's basin and support the battle with spells.

**Morale** Bassadoum fights to the death.

**Base Stats** AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 16; **hp** 104; **Fort** +14; **Melee** 2 claws +20 (1d8+6 plus 1d6 fire) and bite +18 (1d8+3 plus 1d6 fire); **Str** 22, **Con** 12; **Skills** Concentration +19, Jump +12, Swim +8

## STATISTICS

**Str** 26, **Dex** 16, **Con** 16, **Int** 10, **Wis** 24, **Cha** 12

**Base Atk** +16; **Grp** +26

**Feats** Brew Potion, Improved Initiative, Improved Critical (claw), Improved Natural Attack (claw), Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Quickened Spell

**Skills** Balance +7, Concentration +21, Hide +3 (+7 when slithering on belly), Jump +14, Listen +20, Spot +20, Swim +10

**Languages** Draconic, Ignan; *tongues*

**SQ** spontaneous casting (inflict spells)

**Gear** *periapt of Wisdom* +4, *ring of protection* +2, bronze jewelry worth 285 gp

## SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Breath Weapon** (Su) 30-ft. cone, damage 9d6 fire, Reflex DC 16 half.

**Fire Infused** For rules on Bassadoum's abilities gained from the fire-infused template (Elemental Body, Fire Healing, Firewalk, and Heat), see the Fire Cult Lizardfolk stats on page 29.

## C21. Abandoned Barracks

Both of these rooms once served as the lower barracks for the citadel's garrison, and more recently as additional territory for the fire cult. After many of their number were lost to battles against the fire giants of the Guardians of the Forbidden Gate, the fire cult abandoned both of these rooms. Both have been stripped of anything of value.

## C22. East Gatehouse (EL 10)

Once a large bifurcated guardroom with arrow slits to the west and south, these chambers are now largely devoid of

furnishings. A broad stair descends to the west, looking out onto the citadel's entry, and arrow slits and a door open onto the entry where it turns to the east. Dual stairs climb to the floor above from the center of the room.

Anyone looking out the southern arrow slits can see the pyrohydra chained in area **C23**. The south door is locked (the key is carried by the fire giant guard on duty).

**Creatures:** A fire giant and two hell hounds guard this chamber. The giant tends to doze in the eastern portion while one hound keeps an eye on the eastern door and the other watches through the arrow slits to the south. If alerted to intruders, the giant takes 2 rounds to awake and ready himself for combat.

### FIRE GIANT

**hp** 142 each (MM 121)

**CR** 10

### HELL HOUNDS (2)

**hp** 22 each (MM 152)

**CR** 3

## C23. First Gate (EL 10)

A tall gate composed of brass bars blocks the entry stairway here. The great steps continue to rise beyond it. A gatehouse stands to the north with a reinforced door and arrow slits opening out onto the stairs. A herculean iron spike has been driven into the steps east of the gate, and a massive chain attached to it runs to a shackle on the leg of a nine-headed reptile of horrific proportions.

The locked gate can be opened or battered as any other living brass door in the citadel, or the key in the possession of the guard at area **C22** can be used. The stairway leads up to area **D1**.

**Creature:** Shackled in place and guarding this stairway is a nine-headed pyrohydra—once the mate of the pyrohydra in area **C15**. It is trained to attack to defend itself or when anything not accompanied by a fire giant comes through the gate or descends from area **D1** above. PCs entering from area **C22** cause it 1 round of hesitation before it decides to attack. The pyrohydra cannot move beyond the stairs at this area unless released from its shackles.

### NINE-HEADED PYROHYDRA

**hp** 97 (MM 157)

**CR** 10

## C24. West Gatehouse (EL 8)

The trapdoor in the ceiling of this chamber is blocked from above, requiring a DC 30 Strength check to open it from below.





The sconces in this chamber are out, so that the many arrow slits provide the only light. A single giant-sized pallet has been arranged near the south wall.

The gate guard no longer uses this room as a watch post.

**Creature:** The chamber is currently serving as the cell for a fire giant named Gilbans who has fallen into disfavor with the Guardians of the Forbidden Gate after he attempted to secure an alliance with the Cult of the Incarnate Flame. Both of his legs have been broken, and he is slowly starving to death. Wounded and exhausted due to his deprivation, he can no longer walk but does defend himself to the best of his ability. His weapons and armor have been taken, but he has gathered several old pieces of furniture to throw as improvised rocks. His CR is reduced due to his current state and lack of equipment. If befriended and given aid, he not only gladly describes areas **D2–D10** and **E9–E11**, but will even accompany the PCs if they promise him a chance to avenge his humiliation by cracking a few giants' skulls.

## GILBANS

CR 10

Exhausted fire giant

hp 142 (currently 88; MM 121)

## PART FIVE: INTO THE HAUNTED PALACE

This is the main level of the citadel and holds its primary courtyard as well as the entrance to the palace. The bulk of the Guardians of the Forbidden Gate are quartered here and the main rooms of the Flickering Candle are on this level of the guest wing. The lower halls of the haunted palace occupy the southern half.

### D1. Upper Stair

A flight of stairs leads up to an open courtyard. The ceiling fifty feet above is riddled with five-foot-wide holes that open into another chamber.

These stairs lead down to area **C23**.

**Development:** If the guard in area **E8** is alerted to the PCs, he throws the crate of flamebrother salamanders through the murder holes at the PCs as if it were a boulder. The crate breaks open and spills out the salamanders (who take 5d6 damage in the fall), and they attack in a hateful frenzy while the guard above throws down rocks.

### D2. Outer Court (EL 12)

The frightful screams and bellows of what sounds like an enraged bull echo through this vast courtyard. In the center of



the court stands a fifty-foot-tall ziggurat, atop which looms a statue of a bull. Smoke issues from the statue's open mouth, as does the eerie bellowing. Beyond the ziggurat stands the huge domed palace that surmounts the citadel, its double domes glinting beneath a roiling molten sky.

This outer court sits at the heart of the citadel. A drainage grate set in the floor of the courtyard leads down to area **C10**—it can be lifted with a DC 25 Strength check.

The brazen statue is a magical device honoring the sacred apis (bull) from ancient genie mythology. The statue is hollow and was created as a torture and execution device for a particularly cruel pasha. A hatch on the bull's side allows access to the interior of the hollow statue—this hatch can only be opened from the outside. Once a creature is placed within its interior, magical flames spring to life to burn with a slow, torturous cruelty. The creature inside takes 3d6 fire damage and 3d6 divine damage each round (similar to a *flame strike* spell), no save. The magical fire cannot reduce a creature to lower than 1 hit point, although the pain caused by the burning continues to mount. Special sound tubes in the bull's head amplify the screams of the afflicted like the bellows of an enraged and living bull. A creature inside the bull can attempt to break out through the locked door by making a DC 30 Strength check, or by doing enough damage to break out (hardness 15; hp 90; immune to fire damage). The bull is affixed to the platform and cannot be removed without destroying it.

**Creatures:** Two fire giants have placed an efreeti named Vezzaresh within the bull and are enjoying the sounds of his encroaching madness. Vezzaresh was one of the two retainers sent by Jhavhul and was captured shortly after escaping the lizardfolk in area **C15**. When the PCs first enter this area, Vezzaresh is down to 1 hit point and a Wisdom score of 2—if freed, he attacks his rescuers in a blind fury of pain and fear, using only his slam attacks and ignoring his spell-like abilities. Even if cured of his damage, Vezzaresh remains hostile, driven by a need to murder anyone who knows about the shame he suffered in the sacred apis.

**FIRE GIANTS (2)**  
hp 142 each (MM 121)

**CR 10**

**EFREETI**  
hp 65 each (MM 115)

**CR 8**

## D3. Hammam

The air in this bathhouse is acrid with stinging fumes. In the center of the chamber roils a pool of yellowish liquid. A fine network of cracks covers the walls, floor, and ceiling. Large windows provide a spectacular view of the city, but these do

little to freshen the air. Curtains partially block dressing alcoves to the east.

This hammam served as the bathhouse for the guests and residents of the citadel. The pool is 5 feet deep and filled with a somewhat toxic pool of liquid living brass. Immersion in the liquid living brass is as deadly as lava (20d6 fire damage per round, plus half damage for 1d3 rounds thereafter), but worse, the stuff gives off foul gasses scented of ammonia. Any breathing creature without the fire subtype who bathes in the pool or remains in the chamber for more than 3 rounds must make a DC 15 Fort save (+1 to the DC for each previous check) or take 1 point of Con damage from the chemical-laden air, with a new save required once every minute to follow. The dressing rooms hold only linen towels and hooks for clothing.

## D4. Makhzen Barracks (EL 12)

This huge chamber is relatively empty, save for a few enormous bunks pushed against the walls in the eastern portion of the room. Several banks of murder holes decorate the floor to the west and south.

This room once served as the barracks for Bayt al-Bazan's makhzen (cavalry). It is now largely abandoned, with very few bunks remaining. The murder holes look down onto areas **B9** and **C23**. A stack of heavy boxes and crates hides a trapdoor leading to area **C24** (DC 25 Search check to find the trapdoor without first moving aside these boxes and crates).

**Creatures:** Only two fire giants stand guard in here, though they camp with their compatriots in area **D5** when off duty. If one is killed, the other flees there to gather reinforcements.

**FIRE GIANTS (2)**  
hp 142 each (MM 121)

**CR 10**

## D5. Makhzen Stables (EL 13)

This dark chamber is of cavernous proportions, its vaulted ceiling held aloft by huge supporting columns. The stench of beasts remains strong, though whatever was once stabled here is long gone. The gutted remains of a few battered war chariots are pushed against the walls. Campfires of burning coals can be seen toward the rear of the chamber.

This once served as the stables for the infamous palace cavalry. The fire giants made it their primary camp in order to gain some distance from their crazed commander in area **E10**. Beyond the fires and sleeping pallets are rows of crates holding foodstuffs and other mundane supplies.



## Bayt al-Bazan

Third level  
one square = 10 feet





**Creatures:** The number of guardians is reduced from years of attrition so that only 3 fire giants remain in this camp. With them are three hell hounds and six much-abused magmins that serve as camp followers and servants, and who flee unless cornered.

**FIRE GIANTS (3)**  
hp 142 each (MM 121)

**CR 10**

**HELL HOUNDS (3)**  
hp 22 each (MM 152)

**CR 3**

**MAGMINS (6)**  
hp 11 each (MM 179)

**CR 3**

## D6. Master of the Hounds (EL 10)

This chamber reeks of uncured hides and features rough, rust-red furs on the floor, bed, and walls.

This chamber once served as the quarters of the citadel's hound trainer.

**Creatures:** The current hound trainer is a one-armed fire giant named Tarthar who fights with a whip rather than a greatsword. The furs come from hell hounds that didn't take to his training. During battle, Tarthar makes trip attacks with his whip and lets loose a piercing whistle as a free action that summons the hell hounds in area D8 in 2 rounds.

### TARTHAR

**CR 10**

One-armed fire giant (MM 121)

hp 142

**Melee** whip +20 (1d4+10/nonlethal)

**Feats** Cleave, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (whip), Great Cleave, Improved Overrun, Iron Will, Power Attack

## D7. Converted Storage (11)

This storeroom has been emptied of its provender. Now the smell of brimstone mixes with the stench of charred flesh. Fresh bloodstains mar the floor.

Within the chamber are the remains of three fire giants, killed in a recent surprise raid by the Flickering Candle.

## D8. Kennels (EL 11)

These kennels continue to serve the same function as they did during the heyday of the citadel. The door is ajar.

**Creatures:** There are currently eight hell hounds and a Nessian warhound residing here, all loyal to the hound master in area D6 and quick to come to the sound of his

whistle. Likewise if they are attacked, their howling brings him running in 3 rounds.

**HELL HOUNDS (8)**  
hp 22 each (MM 152)

**CR 3**

**NESSIAN WARHOUND**  
hp 114 (MM 152)

**CR 9**

## D9. Isolation Cell

Once used to isolate diseased or recalcitrant hounds, these doors can be barred from the outside. If any PCs are captured, they are locked in here, but otherwise both cells are empty.

## D10. Smithy (EL 10)

A blast of heat greets the opening of the door. Within is a pair of furnaces outfitted with forges and anvils. Tables hold tools for the working of metal, and bins hold raw materials and charcoal. A single bed composed of clapped-together scraps of metal stands near the door.

This is a smithy, much as it appears. Included among the many tools and raw materials are a suit of plate armor and three greatswords, all sized for Large creatures.

**Creatures:** Always on duty here and working at odd hours of the day is the fire giant smith, a foul-tempered creature named Borzen who uses a red-hot hammer in combat. He immediately attacks any non-fire-giant that enters. If his hammering stops, 1d3 fire giants from area D5 come to investigate in 2d4 rounds, even if Borzen doesn't raise the alarm.

### BORZEN

**CR 10**

Fire giant (MM 121)

hp 142

**Melee** red-hot warhammer +20 (2d6+15/x3 plus 2d6 fire)

## D11. Minaret

This minaret has a balcony that looks out over the streets of the Noble District below, although the minaret itself is empty.

From here, the imam of the palace would in times past recite the adhan to call the citizens to salah (prayer). It has not been used since Jhahvul dwelt here.

## D12. Dining Hall (EL 12)

A battered, fifteen-foot-diameter circular stone table stands in this room, surrounded by several chairs, many of which lie on their sides. The edges of the table are heaped with half-eaten, well-burnt



foods, goblets, and hookahs. The central ten feet of the table is clear, surrounded by a three-foot-high railing of brass latticework.

Once the common room of the guest wing, this chamber is used by the Flickering Candle as their dining hall. The efreet have crafted a makeshift fighting pit in the table's center, and are fond of fighting pyrolisks against each other for sport.

Area **D12a** is an unused, empty cookroom. The stairs at **D12b** lead up to area **E12**.

## D13. Guest Entry

The wall above the west door in this chamber bears a colorful fresco with writing incorporated into the design.

This served as the entry to the guest house. The fresco is in Ignan and states, "Welcome to the House of al-Bazan. May the grace of flame bring you good fortune."

## D14. Guest Kitchens (EL 10)

This simple kitchen is a clatter of pots and pans, with a large, crackling wall of fire along the southern wall.

The flames along the south wall are a permanent *wall of fire* (CL 20th) used as a convenient place to cook food or dispose of trash; this chamber is currently used by the slaves of the Flickering Candle to prepare meals—efreet need not eat to live, but they do enjoy eating for pleasure.

**Creatures:** Eight kobold slaves work frenetically in this kitchen, overseen by four salamanders. The kobolds cower if attacked, but the salamanders attempt a fighting retreat to go obtain help.

**SALAMANDERS (4)** **CR 6**  
hp 26 each (MM 219)

**KOBOLDS (8)** **CR 1/4**  
hp 4 each (3 points of nonlethal damage; MM 161)

## D15. Restful Chamber

This was clearly at one time the living quarters of someone important. However, that use seems to have ended long ago, and the contents have been thoroughly looted and destroyed, leaving little more than splintered fragments of furniture and ornaments.

The majordomo of the guest wing once dwelt here, but the room now serves the Flickering Candle as a place for the efreet to rest and relax when they need somewhere quiet.

## D16. Abandoned Parlor

This simple parlor seems to have been searched, but sometime long ago, for a thick layer of dust covers everything. A trail of fresh, huge humanoid footprints crosses over the floor from the northern door to the western one.

This room once housed the master of the citadel's guest wing. The footprints were left by the sepid div Memrach, who entered Bayt al-Bazan several days ago via **D2** and now hides in area **D17**.

## D17. Memrach's Chamber (EL 14)

Both doors to this chamber are barricaded from within by furniture—a DC 25 Strength check is required to force open either door leading into the room.

The furniture of this once decadent parlor has been pushed unceremoniously against the two doors, leaving only a single oversized divan and a large stack of books in the otherwise empty northern half of the room.

Area **D17a** is a balcony overlooking the Noble District; the ground is 100 feet below.

**Creature:** The denizen of this chamber is Memrach, a dangerous outsider known as a sepid div. Until recently the leader of a mercenary band that served one of the more powerful efreeti families in the City of Brass, his entire band was wiped out when they tried to murder their employer and rob him of a set of seven huge, flawless rubies. Memrach escaped the ill-advised treachery by teleporting onto the roof of Bayt al-Bazan and then clambering down into area **D2** and eventually to here, knowing it was one of the few places in the City of Brass his ex-employer would never follow. The sepid now realizes that he's been trapped here, and has been scouring the chambers of Bayt al-Bazan, avoiding confrontations with its other denizens as he collects books and documents in the hopes of finding a way to escape.

**MEMRACH** **CR 14**  
Sepid div (see page 84)  
hp 200

### TACTICS

**During Combat** Memrach opens combat with a rain of debris (if faced with a group) or *disintegrate* (against a lone target). He then focuses his wrath on divine spellcasters first in order to weaken a group and render it devoid of healing. In melee, he fights with a two-point Power Attack.

**Morale** If reduced to below 30 hit points, Memrach teleports to area **D3** to recover. He hates losing and eventually tracks down the PCs to seek revenge.



**Treasure:** With a DC30 Search check, a secret niche in the south wall can be revealed—inside is a small brass chest. Within it are three diamonds worth 500 gp each, a flask of dark reaver powder in solution and labeled as “haste,” and a scroll of beaten brass upon which is inscribed the deed to the Bayt al-Bazan citadel and holdings within the City of Brass (see area D18).

## D18. Diwan (EL 12)

A covered pavilion composed of twisting brass columns inset with ivory and precious stones encloses a cushioned throne at the center of this huge circular audience chamber. Less ornate chairs sit on smaller extensions of the central pavilion to each side, while giant curtains composed of fine brass links cover passageways on either flank, with a third, smaller one to the east. Fire pits shimmer with barely contained heat, and a deep pit is visible beyond the throne.

Here, the reigning prince of Bayt al-Bazan held court with his chamberlain seated to the left and his favored wife to the right. All creatures within the pavilion are granted immunity to cold and SR 25. The fire pits are each 5 feet deep and are lined with coals taken from the heart of the Plane of Fire so that they stay eternally hot (a creature inside a pit takes 6d6 points of fire damage per round, no save). The larger pit to the rear is 20 feet deep with frictionless walls (cannot be climbed without magic)—an opening in the southeast wall of the pit leads to a ramp to area D24.

**Creatures:** Seated upon the central throne is a translucent, clean-shaven dwarf clad in expensive robes, eyes aglow with a hellish light. This is a vengeful spirit known as a darnoc. In life, he was Bagoas, the Qilzar Agha—Chief Eunuch—of Bayt al-Bazan. Serving in the capacity as chamberlain to Jhavlul, Bagoas plotted to depose his prince and assume control of the house but was slain by Imam Shabendeh as the house fell to invaders. Now forever denied peace, the spiteful spirit is relegated to doorkeeper of the haunted palace while the imam holds the true keys to power in the palace above. He enjoys lording over others as much as possible, though, and allows the crazed indigents of the city to enter freely. When the PCs enter, Bagoas commands them to bow before the “Master of the Haunted Palace.” If the PCs wish to appease the darnoc in this manner, all of them must succeed on Bluff checks (or make DC 40 Diplomacy checks if they’re serious about bowing) in order to pass through the room without being harmed. Though Bagoas can be destroyed, he always rejuvenates in this chamber 2d6 minutes later at full hit points and pursues intruders as long as they remain in the palace portion of the citadel. The only way to permanently lay

him to rest is to show him the deed to the citadel (see area D17) before slaying him, which reveals the futility of his chances to truly rule, and forces his soul to finally rest when slain. Unlike a normal darnoc, Bagoas is permanently incorporeal and does not create spawn.

### QILZAR AGHA BAGOAS

CR 12

Eunuch dwarf advanced elite darnoc (*Tome of Horrors Revised* 90)

CE Medium undead (incorporeal)

Init +8; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +23, Spot +23

Aura frightful presence (30-ft. radius, DC 23)

#### DEFENSE

AC 18, touch 18, flat-footed 14

(+4 deflection, +4 Dex)

hp 117 (18d12)

Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +13

**Defensive Abilities** +2 turn resistance; **Immune** cold, undead traits; **SR** 25

qilzar  
agha  
bagoas





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## OFFENSE

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**Spd** fly 30 ft. (perfect)

**Melee** incorporeal touch +13 (1d8 plus curse of the grave)

**Special Attacks** *discord*

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## TACTICS

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**During Combat** Bagoas begins combat with his *discord* ability, which also activates his frightful presence, and then springs forward to use his touch attacks and retreats back to the pavilion.

**Morale** Bagoas never flees from combat.

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## STATISTICS

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**Str** —, **Dex** 19, **Con** —, **Int** 15, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18

**Base Atk** +9; **Grp** —

**Feats** Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (incorporeal touch), Mobility, Spring Attack

**Skills** Hide +25, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +23, Listen +23, Search +23, Spot +23

**Languages** Common, Dwarven, Ignan

**SQ** rejuvenate

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## SPECIAL ABILITIES

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**Curse of the Grave (Su)** Any damage dealt by the darnoc's incorporeal touch does not heal naturally and resists all magical healing. Before the damage can be healed, the curse must first be broken with a *break enchantment* or *remove curse* spell (requiring a DC 20 caster level check for either spell).

**Discord (Sp)** Once per day, a darnoc can scribe a symbol in the air. All creatures with an Intelligence of 3 or higher within 60 feet who can see the symbol must make a DC 23 Will save or immediately fall into loud bickering and arguing. Meaningful communication is impossible, as is spellcasting with verbal components, but other actions can still be undertaken. Each round, there is a 50% chance that a bickering creature attacks another target of an alignment different than its own different alignment—if there are multiple possible targets in sight, determine the target attacked randomly. Once a darnoc creates this effect, the symbol remains in the air for up to 2 hours before fading. It also fades if the darnoc is destroyed, and can be dispelled (CL 18th). This is a mind-affecting effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

**Frightful Presence (Ex)** This ability takes effect automatically whenever the darnoc attacks or charges. Creatures within a 30-foot radius with fewer HD than the darnoc become shaken for 4d6 rounds (DC 23 Will negates). If the save is successful, the creature is immune to that darnoc's frightful presence for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

**Rejuvenate (Su)** Bagoas rejuvenates at full hit points in area D18 2d6 rounds after being reduced to 0 hp until presented with the deed to the citadel (see above).

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## D19. Mosque (EL 11)

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This carpeted mosque lies beneath a gilt dome. Brass fonts on either side of the entry spit forth streams of burning oil into

small basins. Prayer niches open on the wall to the left, and an alcove to the right holds shelves for footwear. A three-step obsidian dais holds a shining brass minbar where the imam would stand to exhort the faithful.

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This mosque served as the religious center of the palace. It is still maintained by Imam Shabendeh, more out of habit than anything. The two fonts spit continuous streams of oil for ritual ablutions that do 1d6 points of fire damage to any who touch them. The side prayer mihrabs are empty of occupants, as is the shoe alcove.

**Creatures:** For unknown reasons, the cursed citadel of Bayt al-Bazan has long held a strange allure for those beggars and street dwellers of the city that are considered “touched in the head.” These individuals find their way here and are allowed safe passage by the undead of the haunted palace, who seem to feel a strange affinity with them. Kneeling in silent prayer here are three such efreet who lack the power to grant wishes (perhaps the cause of their madness). All are clad in rags and completely insane, suffering a group delusion of service in the heyday of the palace. The genies bow in a seeming trance, completely ignoring the PCs for 1d4+1 rounds after the PCs enter the mosque, at which point the efreet simultaneously rise from their prayer and attack all intruders in a maniacal fervor.

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## MAD EFREET (3)

CR 8

hp 65 each (MM 115)

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## D20. Harem

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This oddly shaped chamber is a study in opulence, from floors of polished mother-of-pearl inlays to diaphanous wall hangings and curtains of the most delicate threadwork. A low balcony lined with cushioned divans and a luxurious bathing pool replete with fountain and crystalline waters complete the chamber's decor, yet the decadence is tainted by the heavy smell of sulfur.

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Once the palace harem, this chamber is now a charnel house. The room remains opulent but even a cursory inspection of the 5-foot-deep boiling pool reveals an array of bones piled on its bottom. When the citadel fell and became cursed and Jhavlul's brother Al-hassan was slain, Bayt al-Bazam's Imam Shabendeh underwent a horrific transformation from efreeti into one of the cursed black jinn. Overwhelmed with madness, his first act was to execute Al-hassan's entire harem and gorge himself on the bodies.

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## D21. Guardroom

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Simple giant-sized furniture once occupied this room but now lies scattered about in shattered heaps.

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This was the guard chamber for the eunuchs who guarded the harem. These creatures were castrated ogres specially bred and trained for personal loyalty to the prince of the house. When the citadel fell, Imam Shabendeh had them tortured, disfigured, and garroted as threats to his authority. Nothing of interest remains here today.

## D22. Eunuchs' Quarters (EL 10)

Simple but comfortable beds with woolen mattresses stuffed with bright orange feathers occupy this chamber.

**Creatures:** Four great ghuls now dwell in this chamber, once genie guests of the palace, but now undead victims of Shabendeh's deadly touch. As great ghuls, these undead genies have decayed skin drawn taut over their skeletal frames and donkey hooves for feet, but at Shabendeh's insistence, they use their change shape abilities to assume the form of beautiful women and handsome men as his pleasures of the moment demand. They wait here listlessly to attend to Shabendeh's needs as necessary, and may try to seduce PCs who enter this room, only to revert to their true forms and attack them when their guard is down.

### GREAT GHULS (4)

CR 6

CE Medium undead (shapechanger) (*Dark Markets, A Guide to Katapesh* 62)

**Init** +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Listen** +12, **Spot** +11

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 22, **touch** 12, **flat-footed** 20

(+2 Dex, +10 natural)

**hp** 55 (8d12+3)

**Fort** +4, **Ref** +4, **Will** +8

**DR** 10/cold iron and good; **Immune** undead traits; **Resist** fire 10

#### OFFENSE

**Spd** 50 ft., **climb** 20 ft.

**Melee** bite +10 (2d6+6 plus 1d6 fire) and  
2 claws +8 (1d6+3 plus 1d6 fire and bleed)

**Special Attacks** cursed claws, heat, rend 2d6+6 (whenever it hits with both claws)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 11th)

3/day—*greater invisibility* (self only)

#### TACTICS

**During Combat** The ghuls work together in combat, using *greater invisibility* on the first round of combat and then taking advantage of flanking opportunities as best they can.

**Morale** The ghuls pursue foes throughout the palace, but will not chase anyone out to areas **D2** or **D24**.

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 22, **Dex** 15, **Con** —, **Int** 14, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 18

**Base Atk** +4; **Grp** +10

**Feats** Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Multiattack,

Toughness, Track

**Skills** Bluff +15, Climb +14, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +4 (+6 acting, +16 when shapechanged), Hide +13, Intimidate +6, Listen +12, Move Silently +13, Search +12, Sense Motive +7, Spot +11, Survival +13 (+23 following tracks)

**Languages** Common, Ignan, Infernal

**SQ** change shape, create spawn, genie-kin

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Bleed (Ex)** Wounds caused by a great ghul's claws bleed, causing 1 point of damage per round until the bleeding is stopped by magical healing or a DC 10 Heal check. This bleed is not cumulative with multiple claw wounds.

**Change Shape (Su)** A great ghul can assume the form of a hyena or any humanoid as a standard action and does not detect as undead while in hyena or humanoid form.

**Create Spawn (Su)** A humanoid slain by a great ghul becomes a ghoul on the next moonrise; a janni slain becomes a ghul, and a more powerful genie a great ghul. Destroying the body or blessing it prevents this reanimation.

**Cursed Claws (Ex)** A great ghul's claws are considered magic cold iron for the purposes of overcoming damage reduction.

**Genie-Kin (Ex)** A great ghul is considered a genie for all effects related to race.

**Heat (Ex)** A great ghul deals 1d6 points of additional fire damage on a hit, or each round that it maintains a hold while grappling.

## D23. Sleeping Quarters

These chambers hold dozens of luxurious beds and are adorned with all manner of fine wall hangings, chandeliers, small art objects, and other décor.

These three rooms served as the sleeping quarters for the occupants of the harem. Searching through these seemingly heavenly surroundings reveal the dismembered remains of a dozen female humanoid slaves of various mortal races. These were the odalisques—harem slaves—that served the harem girls. Shabendeh had them brutally garroted when he assumed control of the palace. The two areas marked **D23a** are unremarkable privies, while **D23b** is a sauna filled with thick mist, as if by an *obscuring mist* spell.

## D24. Menagerie Garden (EL 12)

This is truly an unexpected sight in this plane of fire and smoke. A bronze deck looks out over a lush garden ten feet below. Rich black soil covers the ground, and from it springs growths of tall grasses, shrubs, and trees, with one massive conifer rising above the others at the garden's center. A stream meanders lazily between the trunks and the buzz of insects drifts sleepily on the air, creating the illusion of a placid woodland scene—except for the fact that sky is filled with burning clouds.





Seventy-foot walls enclose this private paradise. Rare plants imported from dozens of Material Plane worlds thrive in this garden, which keeps them healthy and fed. The stream is only 5 feet deep, draining through a catch basin at the northwest end and magically replenished at a rate that keeps it from ever draining. Three animal pens open into the northeast wall, where exotic creatures captured for the prince were once kept on display. The barred doors of these pens have been broken through, and each holds a small font that magically generates 2 gallons of pure water and food every hour (it quickly evaporates over that time if not used).

The stairs at area **D24a** lead up to area **E1**.

**Creatures:** Plants are not the only denizens of this garden—once, many different creatures dwelt here as well, but over the years, most of them have been killed and eaten by the old dire tiger that now rules the garden, the last of its line. A dozen giant dragonflies that dwell in nests at the top of the huge conifer tree are the only other residents of the garden swift enough to have eluded the tiger—both insects and tiger are kept alive by the powerful magic of this room, and barring death by violence, they will live forever.

The dire tiger is swift to respond to any intrusion in here, attacking foes at once—the dragonflies annoy it, but it's long since learned to leave them alone. The dragonflies wait until the tiger is distracted with a target before they buzz down to join the fray, attacking those the tiger ignores. The dire tiger has an ad hoc +1 bonus to its CR to reflect the fact that it has maximum hit points.

## **TOUGH OLD DIRE TIGER**

**CR 9**

hp 176 (MM 65)

## **GIANT DRAGONFLIES (12)**

**CR 4**

*Tome of Horrors Revised 169*

N Medium vermin

**Init** +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +1, Spot +1

### **DEFENSE**

**AC** 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15

(+2 Dex, +5 natural)

**hp** 45 (7d8+14)

**Fort** +7, **Ref** +4, **Will** +3

**Immune** mind-affecting effects

### **OFFENSE**

**Spd** 20 ft., fly 80 ft. (good)

**Melee** bite +8 (1d8+3)

### **TACTICS**

**Morale** A giant dragonfly attacks fearlessly until either it or its prey is dead.

### **STATISTICS**

**Str** 17, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** —, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 9

**Base Atk** +5; **Grp** +8



**Treasure:** A necklace of rare lava pearls (naturally formed obsidian globes) sits in the northwest pool, where it can be discovered with a DC 24 Search check. It is worth 2,500 gp. Woven into the dragonfly nest in the large conifer tree is a skeletal hand still clutching a +2 *shocking burst short sword*.

## PART SIX: THE PALACE HEIGHTS

The fourth floor of Bayt al-Bazan is comprised of the roofs of the citadel and gatehouse, and is controlled by the Flickering Candle and the Guardians of the Forbidden Gate. It also includes the upper floor of the palace and the remaining forces of the Keepers of the Haunted Palace—in particular, its leader, Imam Shabendeh, a cursed genie who spends the majority of his time in an unending feast in the great banquet hall.

### E1. Palace Guardroom

Stairs climb from below into this guardroom. Loopholes look out over a garden and surrounding roof walk, while the room opens into the main palace dome to the north. The walls are adorned with crossed scimitars hung below antique bucklers. Several of the scimitars have been removed, leaving only the wall hooks where they once hung.

This guardroom controlled access to the upper levels of the palace. The bucklers and scimitars hanging on the walls are normal, though antique of make. The stairs lead down to area D24a.

### E2. Southern Roof Walk (EL 10)

A portion of the palace roof has been surrounded by a crenellated battlement to create a roof walk here that looks out over the City of Brass.

The roof walk is 150 feet above the surrounding streets.

**Creatures:** Two of the mad efreet that inhabit the haunted palace have found their way here. They have been tasked by Shabendeh to patrol this roof walk, to prevent intruders from entering the palace. They walk upon this platform and scream raggedly at random intervals, creating eerie echoes in the streets below. In their madness they attack anyone who enters. If they hear combat in the garden (area D24), they watch from the parapets at the edge, hurling down insults and mockery to the PCs but not attacking unless they are attacked first.

**MAD EFREET (2)**  
hp 65 each (MM 115)

**CR 8**

### E3. Quarters of the Qilzar Agha

This opulent chamber was clearly the quarters of someone of importance of approximately human size. Furniture constructed of brass and fire-blackened wrought iron provides a table with two chairs, a comfortable canopied bed, a wardrobe, and a footlocker.

This room once served Bagoas, the chief eunuch and chamberlain of the palace (see area D18), as home—none have dwelt here since his death.

**Treasure:** The wardrobe contains fine dwarf-sized clothing, and includes elaborate court costumes, jewelry and adornments with a total value of 1,850 gp. Stored within the footlocker is a brass walking cane with a grip shaped like the head of a phoenix. This was the Qilzar Agha's symbol of office and is a *rod of alertness*.

### E4. Banquet Hall (EL 13)

This wide banquet hall contains ornate brass tables, chairs, and chandeliers—and a tremendous feast of rotting food and drink. Massive windows provide a breathtaking view of the Sea of Fire that surrounds the City of Brass.

It was in this chamber so long ago that the marid raid clashed with the efreet and the current ruler of Bayt al-Bazan, Al-hassan, and here that both forces died when Al-hassan's guard dropped and the Vizier's Curse took hold of the palace. The marids slew Al-hassan, but when the curse transformed the palace's high priest, Imam Shabendeh, into a deadly creature known as a black jinni and animated the slaughtered efreet as great ghuls, the surviving marids were swiftly cut down.

**Creatures:** Shabendeh, the former imam of the citadel and now a cursed black jinni, spends the majority of his time in this room in a constant debauch of wine and food—all of which has been allowed to age to a point where it is sufficiently rotten for his debased tastes. Although he is constantly eating, his cursed state leaves him always hungry and gaunt. The black jinni is attended by four great ghuls who serve him food, massage him, and otherwise see to his needs. He abandons his feast if he realizes that the palace has been invaded, taking his great ghul servants with him to track down and confront the intruders, but since his minions are hesitant to face his wrath with bad news, it's unlikely that he'll rise to defend the area unless the PCs do something noticeable (particularly flashy or noisy combats in area D18, for example, might attract Shabendeh's attention). He sees himself as the sacred guardian of the palace until Jhavlul's return and fights to the death to expel intruders from the central palace, but has little interest in what goes on in the rest of the citadel.



## Bayt al-Bazan

Forth level

one square = 10 feet





## GREAT GHULS (4)

hp 55 each (see page 40)

## IMAM SHABENDEH

Black Jinni (see page 82)

hp 168

### TACTICS

**During Combat** Shabendeh begins combat by summoning a dust vortex and attempting to draw his opponents into it to be electrocuted and buried. If they seem too formidable for this to suffice, he flies through the storm and attempts to attack with surprise with his searing touch and diseased taint.

**Morale** If Shabendeh is subjected to a *dictum* or *holy word* spell and is able to flee, he immediately does so. If he is forced into an opposed Knowledge (religion) check and does not win the check by more than 4, he likewise immediately flees.

## E5. Palace Kitchen

This immense kitchen is dominated by a massive brass grill set in the center of the floor.

Both areas labeled **a** are huge, well-stocked larders filled with all manner of foodstuffs, wine, and cooking supplies. Each larder bears a magical enhancement that periodically replenishes the supplies of grain, wine, vegetables, spices, and bread, but the efreeti are forced to look to other places to supply the meat their master craves—the majority of such meat comes from hapless mad efreet who wander into the palace, or from other wandering monsters these efreet encounter and catch during a palace patrol.

## E6. Abandoned Guardroom

The secret door into this room can be found with a DC 30 Search. The stairs at area **E6a** lead up to area **F1a**.

## E7. Ymeri's Pyramid (EL 13)

This huge roof walk extends from the gatehouse to the palace, its eastern face a crenellated battlement overlooking the Sea of Fire far below. To the west, the rooftop looks out over the palace courtyard, while a number of guard shacks, turrets, and garderobes top the walk.

Yet the most impressive sight here is the one-hundred-foot-tall pyramid of ancient tarnished bronze that stands in the northern half of the rooftop. A wide stair rises to the pyramid's apex, where

CR 6

a small temple with a double-peaked roof stands. Statues of draconic, four-armed female centaurs stand at each corner of this top platform, keeping an eternal watch over the surrounding area.

CR 12

Area **E7a** is a small outbuilding constructed of thick clay bricks—inside, the stuffy building stores hundreds of shattered amphorae, and the floor is a stinking, sticky morass of dried fire wine. Once the palace's wine stores, the building's contents have long since been ruined.

In the early days of Bayt al-Bazan, the princes of the house were dedicated to the service of the Elemental Queen Ymeri rather than the grand sultan of the efreet. This pyramid was once a shrine to her power, and even though the efreet of Bayt al-Bazan moved on, they kept this temple here out of respect for the powerful demigod.

It was from this ancient tradition that Jhavlul learned of the Queen of the Inferno and began his own obsessive quest to court her. The inside of the temple (area **E7b**) is decorated with pictographs and writings in ancient Ignan that relate numerous prayers to Ymeri. A DC 25 Search check reveals a large secret door in the floor, but it can

only be opened with an offering of blood spilled upon its surface (or via magic like *knock*). Anyone who reads the prayers on the walls and makes a DC 25 Knowledge (religion) check realizes this. When opened, the secret door sinks into the floor, creating a spiral stair that descends 50 feet into a small chamber at the pyramid's heart. A pedestal here holds a head-sized crystal orb of nearly indestructible glass within which appears to burn a raging inferno. This sphere of fire is slightly warm to the touch and contains a sample of Ymeri's breath, a valuable relic that has lain here forgotten ever since the efreet of Bayt al-Bazan turned away from the Queen of the Inferno's service. Ymeri's orb is the key to the hiding place of the *Impossible Eye* (see area **F2**).

**Creatures:** Two Forbidden Gate patrols, each consisting of a fire giant and a Nessian warhound, walk this area. They seek to contain incursions from the palace, the assassins of the Flickering Candle, and other intruders from the City of Brass itself. Each giant carries a war horn, which he uses if attacked to call for aid from the other patrol, which arrives 1d3+1 rounds later.

## FIRE GIANTS (2)

hp 142 each (MM 121)

CR 10





## NESSIAN WARHOUNDS (2)

hp 114 each (MM 152)

### E8. Upper Gatehouse (EL 12)

The floor of the western half of this guard chamber is lined with well over a dozen murder holes. Piled near the murder holes are a number of rocks.

**Creatures:** A fire giant is always on duty here, though he's not particularly attentive. An iron crate near the murder holes is packed with 10 flamebrother salamanders trapped within. If he hears intruders in area D1 below, the giant dumps the crate through the murder holes and then attacks with rocks. Likewise, if this room is invaded, he hurls the crate of salamanders only as a last resort, since once they're free, they're just as likely to attack him as intruders.

#### FIRE GIANT

hp 142 (MM 121)

CR 10

#### FLAMEBROTHER SALAMANDERS (10)

hp 26 each (MM 219)

CR 3

### E9. Ruined Barracks (EL 12)

Judging by the rows of oversized bunks and ruined furniture here, this abandoned guardroom has not been used in some time—although some of the damage to the furnishings seems to be relatively recent.

The fire giants of the Forbidden Gate used to bunk here, but have relocated to area D5 since their leader went mad. Stacked in the center of the main chamber are a number of dead, half-eaten magmin (victims of the argbadh's rage and the warhound's appetite). The side rooms (marked area E9a) were once armories, but their contents have long since been scavenged.

**Creature:** The only creature allowed in here is the argbadh's favored pet—the only creature the insane giant remains loyal to. This pet is an immense pyrohydra named Embertongues. It sleeps lightly near the door to area E10 and growls viciously at any non-fire giant that enters. If the intruder doesn't immediately leave Embertongues's sight, the pyrohydra roars and attacks, alerting Karambagya in the next room, who thunders into this chamber in 1d3 rounds to join the battle.

#### EMBERTONGUES

Eleven-headed pyrohydra (MM 157)

hp 118

CR 12

### E10. Argbadh's Quarters (EL 12)

This guardroom has been converted into the quarters of a very large creature. Bales of wiry wool and flax cover stacks of crates and boxes, creating a huge bed, a tattered tapestry draping over the heap like a blanket. An open-topped crate serves as a footlocker at the foot of the bed. Stacked nearby is a pile of bronze spheres, each the size of a human head.

The 14 stacked bronze spheres serve as throwing boulders. The crate holds scrolls written in Ignan containing orders and missives from the commanders of the Grand Vizier's personal guard, ordering one Argbadh Karambagya and his forces to continue to hold the citadel against all comers, though it promises a release from the citadel's curse at some undetermined date in the future. Several of these messages have been torn apart, as if in anger.

**Creature:** The argbadh (captain) of the Guardians of the Forbidden Gate has taken this chamber as his quarters. Argbadh Karambagya is a bronze giant, a spectacular physical specimen who stands 25 feet tall, with hardened skin bearing a sheen of bronze like some pagan god. He eschews the use of armor, trusting in his metallic skin to defend him. His hair is long, dark, and wiry, and his face a wrinkled mass of barely recognizable features, marred by a recent acid attack from Flickering Candle assassins. These scars and acid burns are a pale green, almost as if the bronze giant's flesh were caked with verdigris.

Karambagya is demoralized at his perceived abandonment and recent injuries at the hands of the assassins. He believes his position to be untenable and is contemplating mutiny against the grand vizier—thoughts that have all but driven him mad. If the PCs can change his attitude from hostile to friendly, and if they promise to aid him in destroying both the Keepers of the Haunted Palace and the Flickering Candle, Karambagya allows them safe passage through the portions of the citadel that his faction controls. If made helpful, he assigns a fire giant to assist them as well.

#### ARGBADH KARAMBAGYA

CR 12

Male elite bronze giant (*Tome of Horrors III* 84)

N Huge giant

**Init** +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; **Listen** +24 **Spot** +24

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 24, touch 10, flat-footed 22

(+2 Dex, +14 natural, -2 size)

**hp** 216 (16d8+144)

**Fort** +19, **Ref** +9, **Will** +10

**Defensive Abilities** rock catching; **DR** 10/—; **Resist** fire 20

#### OFFENSE

**Spd** 50 ft.



**Melee** +1 keen longsword +19/+14/+9 (3d6+30/17–20) or  
2 slams +18 (1d8+23)

**Ranged** bronze throwing sphere +14 (2d8+13)

**Space** 15 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

**Special Attacks** rock throwing, sardonic laugh

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#### TACTICS

**During Combat** Karambagya uses his sardonic laugh and hurls bronze shot before charging in for melee with his longsword, attacking with a 5-point power attack.

**Morale** Karambagya is disconsolate at his current circumstances and gladly fights to the death.

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#### STATISTICS

**Str** 37, **Dex** 15, **Con** 29, **Int** 10, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +12; **Grp** +33

**Feats** Awesome Blow, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack

**Skills** Jump +21, Listen +24, Spot +24

**Languages** Giant, Ignan

**Gear** +1 keen longsword, bronze throwing spehres (14), boots of striding and springing

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#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Rock Catching (Ex)** A bronze giant can catch projectiles once per round by making a Reflex save (DC 15 for Small projectiles, DC 20 for Medium ones, and DC 25 for Large ones).

**Rock Throwing (Ex)** The range increment for a bronze giant's thrown rocks is 120 feet. It gains a +1 racial bonus on attack rolls with thrown rocks.

**Sardonic Laugh (Ex)** As a standard action, a bronze giant can unleash a bellowing laugh that strikes fear into the hearts of any creature within 100 feet that hears it (DC 18 Will save negates). On a failed save, a creature is shaken as long as it remains within 100 feet of the giant and for 2d4 rounds thereafter. Creatures that save are immune to that bronze giant's laugh for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

**Treasure:** Within the open chest is all that remains of Karambagya's wealth—3 diamonds worth 500 gp each and 589 pp.

## E11. Gaterower Roof

This battlement looks out over the city. Two statues depicting efreeti warriors with scimitars rendered in red-veined marble flank the doors into the gatehouse.

The doors to area E10 are barred from the inside. The plaza of the City of Brass is 150 feet below this rooftop.

## E12. Upper Terrace (EL 9)

The stairs lead down from this terrace to area D12b below. The nearby buildings of the upper Guest Wing serve as the chambers of the current leaders of the Flickering Candle.

## E13. Guard Chamber (EL 12)

**Creatures:** This empty room is a guard post for Master Matajinn's personal guard of efreet. The four efreet are alert and watchful—if they hear intruders or engage in a fight, they telepathically alert their master as the battle begins, giving him constant updates on the PCs, their tactics, and any weaknesses, so that if the PCs make it to confront him, he'll be informed about them.

**EFREET (4) CR 8**

hp 65 each (MM 115)

## E14. Master's Chamber (EL 14)

This chamber is elaborately decorated with a circular bed covered in cushions and red crushed velvet, a large granite table with six matching chairs, a finely crafted hookah filled with water, and windows curtained with fine links of interwoven copper chain.

This chamber has been taken over by the master of the Flickering Candle. The furnishings are all sized for a Large creature, though one of the chairs has a stout wooden chest on its seat to accommodate a Medium creature.

**Creature:** Occupying this chamber is the elf assassin the Flickering Candle serve. Known to them as Master Matajinn (literally “genie-killer”), the elf bound his life and destiny to one of the City of Brass's most powerful nobles, an efreeti named Musalla. In return for much-enhanced abilities and genie-granted powers, Matajinn must continue to serve as Musalla's personal killer, and still owes him 380 years of servitude. Matajinn hates Musalla, but is bound by wish magic to serve the noble efreeti as the secret master of the Flickering Candle, a group of efreeti assassins Musalla uses to keep his power. Matajinn actually finds his group's current “exile” in Bayt al-Bazan much to his liking—while his followers grumble and grow impatient to escape, he has come to realize that here is a place where his own master dare not come to punish him. Matajinn's current plan is to wait out as many of the 380 years he owes Musalla as he can, only then seeking an escape.





## MASTER MATAJINN

CR 14

Male efreeti-bound elf rogue 5/assassin 7 (*Advanced Bestiary* 133)  
NE Medium humanoid

**Init** +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Listen +10, Spot +10

### DEFENSE

**AC** 25, touch 18, flat-footed 19  
(+7 armor, +2 deflection, +6 Dex)

**hp** 80 (12d6+36)

**Fort** +6, **Ref** +16, **Will** +4; +2 against enchantment, +3 against poison

**Defensive Abilities** evasion, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +1; **Immune** sleep; **Resist** fire 20

### OFFENSE

**Spd** 30 ft.

**Melee** *Zin'Kali* +16/+11 (1d6+5/15–20)

**Ranged** +1 *composite shortbow*  
+15/+10 (1d6+4/×3)

**Special Attacks** death attack (DC 18), poison use, sneak attack +7d6

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 12th, ranged touch +14)

At will—*detect magic*, *produce flame*, *pyrotechnics* (DC 11), *scorching ray* (1 ray)

3/day—*invisibility*, *wall of fire* (DC 13)

1/day—*enlarge person*, *gaseous form*, *permanent image* (DC 15), *reduce person* (DC 10)

**Spells Known** (CL 7th)

3rd (2/day)—*deep slumber* (DC 14), *false life*, *nondetection*

2nd (4/day)—*darkness*, *invisibility*, *pass without trace*, *spider climb*

1st (4/day)—*feather fall*, *jump*, *ghost sound* (DC 12), *true strike*

### TACTICS

**Before Combat** At the beginning of each day, Matajinn casts *false life* on himself. When he detects intruders, he casts *invisibility* and *spider climb* and walks to the ceiling above to wait for them.

**During Combat** Matajinn prefers to observe a spellcaster long enough to make a death attack. He then makes sniping attacks from the ceiling for as long as possible.

**Morale** Matajinn wants to survive long enough to enjoy his freedom again, and flees into Bayt al-Bazan to try to hide if reduced to less than 20 hit points, abandoning his comrades in the Flickering Candle to the PCs. If cornered, though, he fights to the death.

### STATISTICS

**Str** 16, **Dex** 22, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +8; **Grp** +11

**Feats** Acrobatic, Combat Reflexes, Improved Critical (rapier),

Quick Draw, Weapon Finesse

**Skills** Balance +16, Disguise +7, Hide +21, Jump +15, Listen +17, Move Silently +21, Open Lock +16, Spot +17, Tumble +25

**Languages** Common, Elven, Ignan

**SQ** genie-bound, genie empowered, genie magic, trapfinding

**Combat Gear** 2 tanglefoot bags, 6 doses of giant wasp poison (Fort DC 14, 1d6 Dex/1d6 Dex); **Other Gear** +2 *mithral shirt*, *Zin'Kali* (+1 *genie-bane rapier*), +1 *composite shortbow* (+3 Str bonus) with 20 arrows, *gloves of Dexterity* +2, *cloak of resistance* +1, *ring of protection* +2, masterwork thieves' tools

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Genie-Bound (Su)** This ability allows Musalla to keep telepathic track of Matajinn as though via a *status* spell. As a standard action, Musalla can heal 1d6 points of damage or 1d4 points of ability damage through this bond at will.

**Genie Empowered (Su)** Once every 3 rounds, Matajinn may choose to gain a +10 bonus on any one skill check, double his speed for the round, or gain a +5 bonus on any one saving throw (even on another creature's turn).

**Genie Magic (Sp)** Musalla can choose to strip Matajinn's spell-like abilities from him as a free action—he can also choose to end or spoil the effects of his spell-like abilities as a free action.



master  
matajinn

## E15. Guard Chamber (EL 9)

A bronze brazier full of hot coals stands on an iron tripod in the center of this chamber. Windows look out over the inner courtyard to the east.

**Creatures:** Three salamanders loyal to the Flickering Candle stand guard in here. They respond to commotions in areas **E12**, **E14**, and **E16** in 3 rounds and can easily be lured away from their posts by such diversions.

## SALAMANDERS (3)

CR 6

hp 58 each (MM 219)

## E16. Cutthroat's Chamber (EL 10)

Multiple doors exit this room in addition to a curtain of brass beads hung over a doorway that leads to a balcony overlooking the courtyard. The room is unadorned save for a dozen severed fire giant heads stacked in its center, and the repugnant stench of scorched flesh fills the chamber.

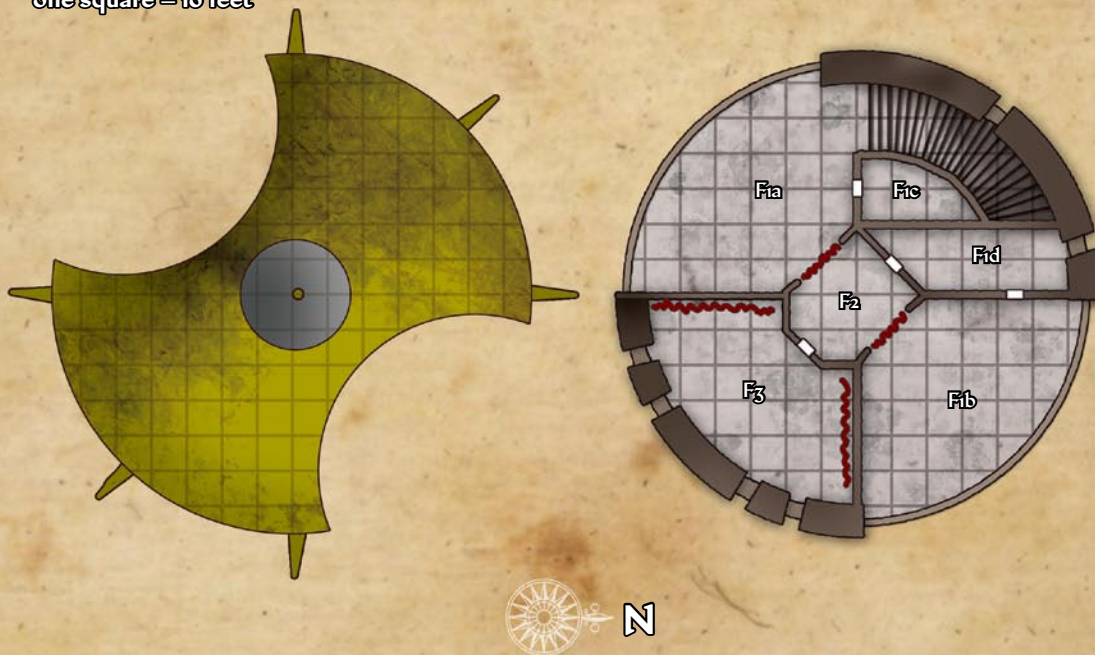
Area **E16a** is a balcony that overlooks the plaza to the west at a height of 150 feet.



## Bayt al-Bazan

Rooftop

one square = 10 feet



**Creature:** This room has been taken over by the Heyyab Cutthroat, the commander of the salamanders who serve the Flickering Candle, and second in command after Master Matajinn. The heads are trophies from several recent raids made by the Flickering Candle against the Guardians of the Forbidden Gate.

The Heyyab Cutthroat is a noble salamander who has passed beyond the boundaries of madness. For years he stalked the Heyyab, one of the city's poor districts, committing brutal murders upon its hapless residents. His activities were covered up by his twin brother, an enigmatic salamander called the Bursar (see area C5). When his crazed twin slew a consort to one of the sultan's favored nephews, the Bursar was able to spirit him away from the sultan's wrath only by seeking sanctuary in Musalla's band of assassins. The Heyyab Cutthroat is not particularly loyal to Grandfather Musalla or Matajinn, but is unable to escape the citadel and is able to sate his bloody appetites for now. He hides behind the stack of heads and summons a fire elemental when the PCs enter, then uses a *wall of fire* to try and isolate a single PC on whom he can practice his vile trade.

**THE HEYYAB CUTTHROAT**  
Noble salamander (MM 219)

**CR 10**

**hp** 112

**Melee** +3 *scythe* +23/+18/+13 (2d6+12/x4 plus 1d8 fire and poison)

**Combat Gear** 4 doses of deathblade (Fort DC 20, 1d6 Con/2d6 Con); **Other Gear** +3 *scythe*

## PART SEVEN: THE PRINCE'S CUPOLA

The fifth level of the citadel is a domed cupola that sits squarely atop the palace's central dome. It is comprised entirely of the personal quarters of the reigning prince of Bayt al-Bazan—it was here that Jhahul once lived, and it is here that the *Impossible Eye* is hidden.

### F1. Vista of Fire

Part of the cupola's brass dome is cut away to form grand balconies. The southwest balcony (area F1a) provides a breathtaking vista of the City of Brass spreading out below, almost like a detailed map in miniature. The northeast balcony (area F1b) looks out over the Sea of Fire, an endless burning ocean that leads out into the wilds of the Plane of Fire.

Area F1c is an abandoned guard chamber, once the home of Jhahul's favored bodyguard but now empty. Area F1d is a smoking lounge. The floor of this chamber



is covered in coals kept magically hot (3d6 fire per round of contact). Jhavhul would retire here to relax and meditate in luxuriously comfortable surroundings.

## F2. Sitting Room (EL 15)

This chamber is centered between a set of elegantly etched brass doors and shimmering curtains of gold, platinum, and copper thread woven with patterns that ripple like waterfalls of liquid metal. The walls, floor, and ceiling are of brilliantly polished brass. A single ornate chair sits in each corner of the room, while at the room's center a patch of air shimmers and wavers as if radiating intense heat.

Here, personal visitors could await the prince's attention. The doors both bear *arcane locks* (CL 20th), but the curtains are not warded.

The wavering patch of air in the center of the room is the manifestation of a warp in reality, a stretching of planar boundaries that hides an extradimensional space that functions much like that created by a *rope trick*. This once served as a safe room into which Jhavhul could retreat, or hide his valuables—and more recently as the bolt hole for Ezer Hazzebaim. Ezer was hiding here when the Vizier's Curse came down, and his proximity to the extradimensional space with the *Impossible Eye* imprisoned him within.

The key to opening this extradimensional space is the proximity of a sample of “pure flame” harvested from the heart of the Plane of Fire. Only two such pure flames exist in Bayt al-Bazan now, and one of them is inside with Ezer. The other is Ymeri's Orb, found in a secret chamber below her pyramid in area E7b. A third option exists as well—if the PCs purchased the curious fire globe called “High Noon Fire Monsoon” from the Katapesh marketplace in “The Jackal's Price,” the fire within this object is also pure flame, and its proximity can also trigger the opening of the extradimensional space.

When either orb is brought into this chamber, it immediately grows quite hot (though not hot enough to burn flesh or any object it resides in). The PC carrying the orb can automatically feel the heat radiating from the orb (unless, of course, the orb is being carried in its own extradimensional space, like a *bag of holding*). By passing the orb through the shimmering patch in the air, the extradimensional bolt hole suddenly ripples and opens,

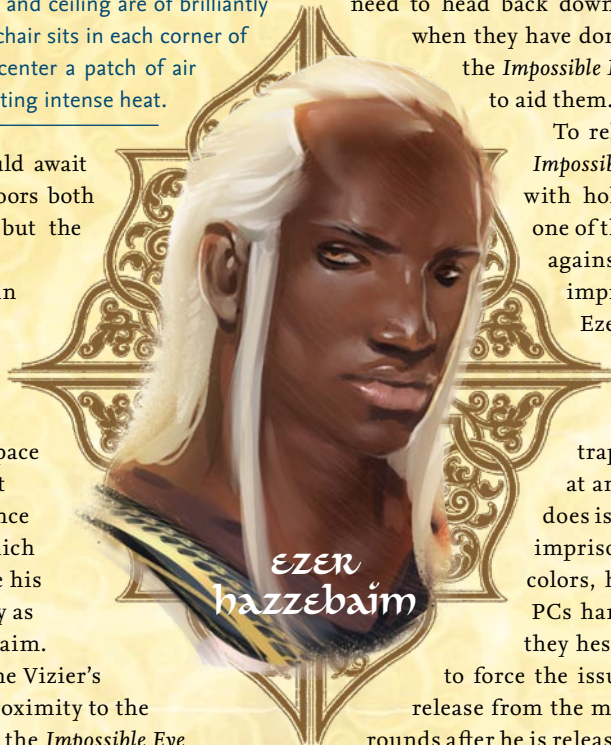
creating a 10-foot-diameter vertical hole in reality and revealing a spherical chamber with walls of polished brass; this chamber is 30 feet in diameter, and its only occupant is the *Impossible Eye*.

**Creature:** As soon as anyone picks up the *Impossible Eye* or looks into it, Ezer Hazzebaim appears in the reflection and gives his final clue as explained in the “Through a Glass Darkly” section on page 10. If the PCs have not completed all the necessary tasks to free him, they may need to head back down into the citadel and return when they have done so—only now, they can use the *Impossible Eye*'s potent divination powers to aid them.

To release Ezer from his trap, the *Impossible Eye* must first be anointed with holy water. Once this is done, one of the PCs must place both palms against the glass and command the imprisoned being to come forth.

Ezer assumes that doing so will draw the PCs into the mirror to replace him, but the days of the PCs being trapped in another's prison are at an end—instead, all this ritual does is release Ezer Hazzebaim from imprisonment. Showing his true colors, he immediately demands the PCs hand him the *Impossible Eye*—if they hesitate, he attacks them at once

to force the issue. Yet unknown to Ezer, his release from the mirror is noticed, and only 1d4 rounds after he is released (or as soon as the PCs seem certain of victory in combat against him), a powerful agent of the grand vizier makes his move, as detailed in “Wrath of Aberzjerax” on page 51.



### EZER HAZZEBAIM

Male nephilim  
hp 217 (see page 88)

CR 15

## F3. Hujurat

A bed composed of hundreds of overstuffed cushions and richly woven comforters occupies the far wall of this opulent chamber, positioned beneath great bay windows that overlook the city below. A golden censer hangs from the ceiling, giving off a heady scent. An elaborate tea service and hookah rest on a short parquet table at the foot of the bed. Wardrobes hold exotic noble outfits sized for an elemental giant. Two magnificent tapestries of prodigious size adorn the walls. One depicts an elegant sky citadel in an endless cerulean expanse, falling in flames to a horde of efreet and their fiery minions.



The other depicts a powerful efreeti noble leading an army of undead horrors across a barren desert landscape.

This was the hujurat (personal apartment) of Jhavlul. The tapestries depict the first prince of the House of al-Bazan to be named a pasha by the grand sultan after he led a successful raid into the Plane of Air and destroyed a prominent djinni citadel, putting all of its inhabitants to the sword. The other tapestry depicts the last pasha of the house as he made a bid to conquer a portion of a Material Plane world before falling at the hands of a mortal wizard and having his title as pasha stripped from his house by an irate grand sultan. Behind it is a secret door to area **F1b** that can be discovered with a DC 35 Search check.

There is very little of interest here apart from the remaining items of value that Jhavlul abandoned in the chamber so long ago.

## Wrath of Aberzjerax (EL 15)

Although the Vizier's Curse prevents the PCs from escaping Bayt al-Bazan until the curse is lifted (as detailed in "Concluding the Adventure"), the PCs can climb around on the palace's roofs and outer walls, and can travel short distances from the structure before being pulled back to where they first attempted to escape. Yet still, the grand vizier has posted a dangerous guard here—an adult red dragon named Aberzjerax.

The sight of the huge dragon flying in lazy circles above the palace or perching atop one of its rooftops is something the denizens of the City of Brass are used to, but to the PCs, their first sight of the dragon should be a shock. Aberzjerax is protected by the Vizier's Curse—he alone can come and go from Bayt al-Bazan as he wills, so long as he does not enter any of the interior locations—and can move about on the rooftops and open courtyards with ease (such as in areas **D2**, **E2**, **E7**, and **F1**). His purpose is to keep an eye on the place, and once he notices that either Jhavlul has returned or Ezer Hazzebaim is back, he moves swiftly to investigate.

You can have the PCs catch sight of Aberzjerax perched on a rooftop or flying by at any time they move out of an enclosed area in the palace or look out a window—the dragon may even look back at them, but he certainly won't attack them unless the PCs attack first. Neither will he deign to speak to the PCs. Use the dragon to present the PCs with an ominous threat from afar whenever they're outside or attempt to physically leave the palace—only when the PCs release Ezer Hazzebaim does the dragon take action.

Only 1d4 rounds after Ezer is released from the *Impossible Eye* (likely during a battle between him and the PCs), Aberzjerax swoops down to land as close to

## THE IMPOSSIBLE EYE (MAJOR ARTIFACT)

**Aura** overwhelming divination; **CL** 21st

**Slot** —; **Price** —; **Weight** 3 lbs.

### DESCRIPTION

The *Impossible Eye* grants a number of potent powers of divination. In order to activate any of these powers, the user must look into the mirror and make a DC 20 Will save; failure indicates that the user becomes fascinated by his reflection until an outside force breaks his gaze. Left alone, a fascinated viewer doesn't eat, drink, move, or sleep, and eventually dies of thirst. If the Will save is successful, the viewer can activate any of the mirror's powers as a standard action.

5/day: *vision*

3/day: *greater prying eyes, greater scrying*

1/day: *contact other plane, discern location, foresight*

The *Impossible Eye* can also be used to read any nonmagical language—any written message reflected in the mirror appears in unmirrored text written in the holder's native tongue. The mirror can be used to safely peruse the text of the *Codex of Infinite Planes* in this manner.

### DESTRUCTION

The *Impossible Eye* was crafted in a secret foundry somewhere in the Plane of Fire—it may only be destroyed by returning it to this foundry and smashing it against the oven in which its glass was created.

the battle site as possible—if the battle's taking place in area **F2**, he lands on **F1a**. With a roar, the dragon calls out Ezer by name, demanding the nephilim surrender to the grand vizier's justice and return what was stolen. Ezer, of course, does no such thing, and the dragon attacks him at once, not bothering to worry if the PCs are caught in his breath weapon area, nor focusing any of his attacks on them. If the PCs aid Aberzjerax in capturing or killing Ezer, the dragon regards them curiously. As long as the PCs don't attack the dragon and (if they still have possession of the artifact) hand over the *Impossible Eye* when he asks for it, they can avoid a fight with this dangerous foe.

## ABERZJERAX

CR 15

Male adult red dragon (MM 75)

CE Huge dragon (fire)

**Init** +4; **Senses** blindsense 60 ft., darkvision 120 ft., keen senses;

Listen +29, Spot +29

**Aura** frightful presence (180 ft., DC 24)

### DEFENSE

**AC** 33, touch 8, flat-footed 33

(+4 armor, +21 natural, -2 size)



**hp** 253 (2d12+110)

**Fort** +18, **Ref** +13, **Will** +17

**DR** 10/magic; **Immune** fire, sleep, paralysis; **Resist** cold 20; **SR** 21

**Weakness** vulnerability to cold

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## OFFENSE

**Spd** 40 ft., fly 150 ft. (poor)

**Melee** bite +31 (2d8+11) and

2 claws +29 (2d6+5) and

2 wings +29 (1d8+5) and

tail slap +29 (2d6+16)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 5 ft. (10 ft. with bite)

**Special Attacks** breath weapon (50-ft. cone; 12d10 fire; Reflex DC 26), crush (DC 26; 2d8+16)

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 4th)

6/day—*locate object*

1/day—*divination* (CL 20th)

**Spells Known** (CL 7th; +16 ranged touch)

3rd (5/day)—*clairaudience/clairvoyance, tongues*

2nd (7/day)—*detect thoughts* (DC 15), *see invisibility, whispering wind*

1st (7/day)—*comprehend languages, mage armor, magic missile, identify, ray of enfeeblement*

o (6/day)—*arcane mark, detect poison, detect magic, mage hand, message, prestidigitation, read magic*

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## TACTICS

**Before Combat** Aberzjerax always casts *mage armor* before entering combat.

**During Combat** If the PCs attack, Aberzjerax swoops down to either breathe fire at the PCs through open windows or to engage them in melee if they are outside—the dragon won't pursue foes into the palace interior, but will use his breath weapons and spells against foes who try to take shelter inside and still press the attack.

**Morale** Aberzjerax flees to recover from his wounds if brought below 40 hit points, returning once he is healed (this usually takes 3d6 minutes, as he can demand healing from a number of places in the City of Brass) to seek out the PCs to rejoin the attack.

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## STATISTICS

**Str** 33, **Dex** 10, **Con** 21, **Int** 16, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +18; **Grp** +31

**Feats** Cleave, Combat Expertise, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Power Attack, Wingover

**Skills** Concentration +30, Diplomacy +28, Knowledge (local) +28, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +28, Knowledge (the planes) +28, Listen +29, Search +28, Sense Motive +29, Spot +29

**Languages** Draconic, Ignan, Infernal

**Gear** ring of major cold resistance, ring of invisibility, periapt of wound closure, bejeweled platinum necklace worth 5,000 gp, 3 ruby rings worth 500 gp each

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## SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Spells** As one of the grand vizier's advisors and spies, Aberzjerax has the ability to use *divination* as a spell-like ability once per day.

## CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

The Vizier's Curse is a potent effect, one created by a creature of near-godlike power, and thus the PCs have little chance of lifting it. Yet in their actions, they can convince the grand vizier (through his agent, Aberzjerax), to end the curse. By handing over the *Impossible Eye*, the PCs can purchase not only their own freedom, but freedom for all of those trapped in Bayt al-Bazan.

After Ezer is defeated, the dragon Aberzjerax demands the *Impossible Eye* from the PCs, informing them that the artifact is not their property and that it was stolen, long ago, by Jhahvul. If the PCs request (or demand) freedom from the palace in return for handing over the artifact, the dragon nods and informs them that he will present such a request to the grand vizier—but only after the artifact is returned. If the PCs comply, it's only 2d6 minutes before a strange rippling in the air around Bayt al-Bazan appears and then fades, and suddenly the sounds of the surrounding City of Brass magnify and an oppressive spiritual weight that the PCs didn't even notice is suddenly lifted. The exodus of the rest of the palace's trapped inhabitants into the streets below is swift, and in less than 10 minutes, all those who wish to leave the palace have done so. For playing their part in lifting the curse, award the PCs an ad hoc experience award of CR 15, as if they had defeated the dragon in combat.

If the PCs wish to keep the *Impossible Eye* for themselves, they'll need to slay Aberzjerax to do so. With the dragon's death, the grand vizier is shocked and outraged, but does not immediately take a direct hand in punishing the PCs. The grand vizier is wise, and knows that the PCs are likely to oppose Jhahvul if they escape—once both Ezer and Aberzjerax are slain, the grand vizier appears to the PCs in a vision through the surface of the *Impossible Eye*, informing them that they have overstayed their welcome in the city and have personally insulted the grand vizier by murdering his servant, but that he is magnanimous. He tells the PCs that Jhahvul is destroying their home in Katapesh, and invites them to use the *Impossible Eye* to confirm that if they wish, and then tells them that, if they abandon the artifact and promise to defeat Jhahvul, he will lift the curse for them, and them only—he'll even transport them back to the Material Plane. This conclusion does not see the freedom of the other denizens of the palace, and therefore should not award the PCs an ad hoc experience award at all (although they do earn XP for defeating the dragon as normal).

In any event, once the curse is lifted, the PCs themselves are free to return to Katapesh. *Plane shift* is likely the easiest route for the PCs—even if they aren't capable of casting this spell themselves, they should





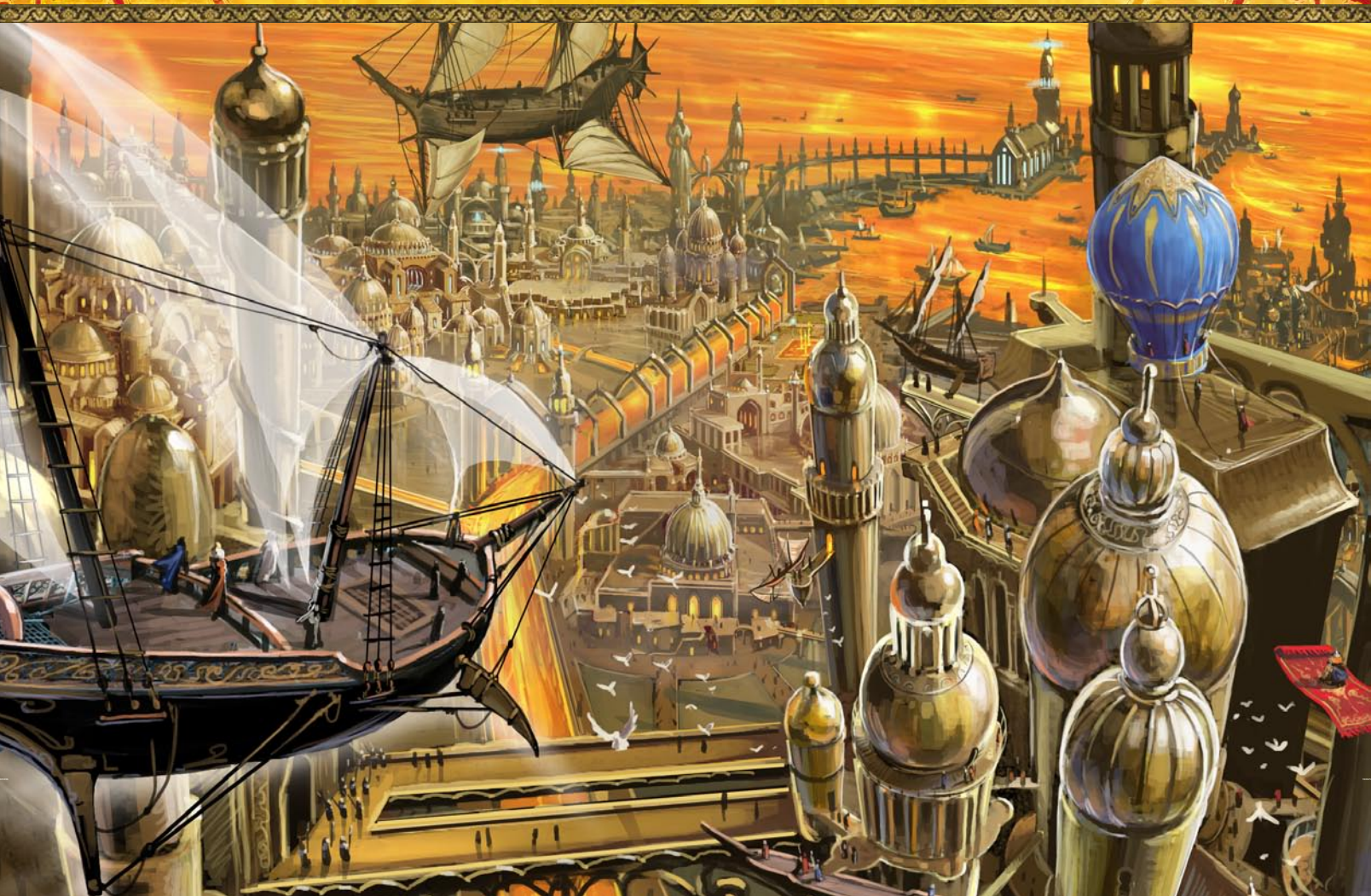
have had a chance to ally with a genie that can. Both Shazathared and Iavesk can use this power to return the PCs to Katapesh, but in the case of Shazathared, the PCs will need to return first to area B6. If the curse over Bayt al-Bazan is lifted, the sudden stripping of powerful magic interacts with the ancient *binding* that imprisons Shazathared in exactly the way she had hoped it would—it weakens the effect tremendously. Once the curse is lifted, the *binding* effect can be destroyed with a successful *dispel magic* against CL 15th. Alternatively, if she hasn't granted the PCs a *wish* yet, generous PCs can use that *wish* to end the effect automatically. Finally, the binding can be ended by simply destroying the fountain itself—the weakening caused by the lifted curse makes the clay fountain subject to magical and physical damage. Shazathared remains unable to hurt the fountain while she's bound within it, but it should be only a matter of a few minutes of work for a dedicated group of PCs to blast, hack, and smash the fountain apart.

If you wish to expand the adventure out into the surrounding City of Brass, you are free to do so at this point. The City of Brass is an immense location, and you can use the notes provided later in this volume as inspiration for generating new adventures for your PCs in this legendary location.

In any event, the final adventure in this campaign, “The Final Wish,” begins whenever the PCs elect to return to Katapesh. Once you begin that adventure, events move swiftly toward the Adventure Path’s climax and the final confrontation with Jhahvul.

Finally, if the PCs possess the deed to the citadel, with a bribe of 20,000 gp the PCs can even get the sultan’s court to acknowledge their right of ownership to the estate. Of course, owning a palace in the City of Brass brings with it a whole host of other problems—not the least of which might be Jhahvul’s eventual return, if the PCs don’t prevent him from absorbing the strength and power of Xotani the Firebleeder!





## THE CITY OF BRASS

At the heart of one of the least hospitable realms in all the multiverse, a sphere endlessly consumed in flames beyond the strength of any dim mortal sun, rises an impossible monument of harsh splendor and endless possibilities, a place of cruel tyrants and unspeakable beauties, a trading hub, a war zone, and a trove of wonders beyond dreaming: the mythical City of Brass. The home of the efreet, proud and warlike genies of living fire, this sprawling metropolis defies the flames of reality's crucible, creating an island that is both paradise and prison for some of the most powerful and incredible beings in the planes. Here they come to revel in decadences beyond mortal imaginings, consort with the greatest of their kind, and barter for the finest riches and magical treasures in all creation. The City of Brass serves as setting for a thousand thousand stories, here is but one...

### A CITY OF LEGENDS

The City of Brass is known by many names: the efreet call it Fommok Madinah, the "Devouring City," while the djinn and marid call it the "Black Pit," and the fiends of Hell call it Almahzan, "the Shining City." By any name, the City of Brass is the home and capital city of the efreet, the rulers of the Elemental Plane of Fire as far as their swords and magic allow. It exists as an enormous, shallow basin constructed entirely of glittering brass and suspended in an endless sea of flame. Souls that have been bartered away or captured by the genies infuse the city's living brass wall, which protects its inhabitants from the plane's severe fire and heat—at least enough so that mortals merely swelter uncomfortably instead of burst into flames.

The city is kept habitable for non-natives so that the genies might keep servants and slaves and conduct trade with all the far-flung empires of the planes. This has been successful



# the city of brass

*The City of Brass is a shining thing, bright as a new platinum ring, gilded and magnificent, a testimony of grand opulence and terrific majesty. The metropolis exists within a sea of flickering fire, a vast expanse of unforgiving and unquenchable hunger that only the efreet lords find congenial. The realm beyond the great walls may burn hot and bright as a terrible forge, but within them one must beware the immense variety of fiery creatures that call the city home, from the powerful efreet to the savage mephits, down to the poor wretches and beasts of fire who slave for their genie masters. The City of Brass sparkles like a gem upon the planes, but those unwary who attempt to make it their own find that it is no mere ruby, but a searing ember.*

—Faidal al-Bashiri, the Barber of Al-Bashir



for them, as visitors come from throughout the multiverse to barter with and seek to outwit the efreet, though few can compete with the fire lords' shrewd acumen.

Non-efreet are second-class citizens in the City of Brass, with non-fire creatures ranking even lower. Without a special dispensation, planar travelers and other visitors are limited to the Galley Quarter and Grand Bazaar, for though their kind are looked down upon, the riches they bring are highly coveted. Any who are caught beyond these limits without the proper dispensation or the mark of an efreet noble are stripped bare and sold into slavery. Fortunately, many nobles make a healthy side business of selling notes and marks of passage to interesting, amusing, or properly fawning travelers, usually in return for great sums of wealth or upon the completion of some daring favor.

The languages of commerce in the City of Brass are Ighan and Infernal, and only a minority deigns to use Common.

## THE CITY OF BRASS

**Size** metropolis (conventional); AL LE

**GP Limit** 100,000 gp; **Assets** 30,000,000,000 gp

### DEMOGRAPHICS

**Population** 6,000,000

**Type** mixed (38% efreet, 14% salamanders, 9% azers, 9% fire giants, 8% fire elementals, 6% djinn, 6% fire mephits, 10% other)

### AUTHORITY FIGURES

**Grand Sultan Hakim Khalid Suleiman XXIII**, LE male efreeti fighter 18, noble 4; **Grand Vizier Abdul-Qawi**, LE male efreeti wizard 17; **Yndri Ysalaa, The White Mage**, NE female efreeti sorcerer 16, noble 3

## The Lords of Brass

The Grand Sultan Hakim Khalid Suleiman XXIII, the Lord of Flame and Khan of Magma, and the Grand Vizier Abdul-Qawi co-rule the City of Brass in a balance struck centuries ago. While the ancient laws of the city

technically place the vizier in an inferior position to the grand sultan, both are noble efreet, nearly equally matched in political sway and popularity. Yet while the grand sultan is a direct-acting tyrant with blatant control over the city's genie armies, Vizier Abdul-Qawi is a patient and subtle manipulator, master of a spy network spanning the planes, and a powerful wizard who, some say, possesses great knowledge of genie-binding arcana. While the grand sultan and the vizier each once sought to control the City of Brass alone, centuries upon centuries of fruitless scheming and backbiting have resulted in the current stalemate, and each has even learned a measure of respect, even reliance, on his ancient enemy. Neither would admit to this tentative partnership, nor would either overtly seek to disrupt the current balance within the city. The rulers and their emissaries engage in a complex political game of petty victories and public slights, a game each eternally views himself as winning. Outsiders who seek to intrude upon the rulers' devices are frequently crushed, and the combined strength of the City of Brass's lords dissuades most other noble efreet from attempting to seize power for themselves. Rumors endlessly attest to greater plots by both rulers, planes-sweeping machinations meant to oust their rival for all time. Little evidence of such convoluted schemes ever arises, though, and most seem to merely spawn from popular imaginings, as such tales make for good, even plausible, stories.

While the vizier tends to take a cloak and dagger approach to his method of governing, the grand sultan proves a more hands-on ruler. Those who displease him are frequently dismembered in front of an assembled court. The grand sultan claims that "traitors should die publicly to keep others from error." This results in a largely terrified class of efreet nobles who spend as much time as possible outside the city hunting, wenching, and interfering with mortals rather than inside the city plotting, which is surely what the grand sultan intended.



## A History of Brass

The City of Brass traces its roots back to ancient tales of the Middle and Far East collected in the work called *One Thousand and One Nights*, which later became known under the title of *Arabian Nights*. The interpretation presented in this article is but the latest in a long tradition of musings on this incredible and deadly planar city. While this overview presents a Pathfinder-specific lens through which to view the city, it should not be viewed as incompatible with other products. The Limited edition *The City of Brass* boxed set from Necromancer Games, for example, presents easily the most expansive view of this planar metropolis and was referenced heavily in the creation of this volume. While such products might prove useful to GMs seeking to expand their campaigns in the City of Brass, they should not be considered required reading either for using “The Impossible Eye” or understanding this article. A map is also purposefully absent from this version, allowing GMs to make use of their favorite interpretations, refine the city to their tastes, or keep it beyond their player’s ken as they see fit. If information presented here conflicts with a favored interpretation of the City of Brass, feel free to make changes as you see fit, assured in the fact that this sprawling planar metropolis has boundless space for varied interpretations, thousands of locations and characters, and countless adventures.

## THE CITY OF BRASS AT A GLANCE

Sprawling to expanses beyond any mortal city, hundreds upon hundreds of neighborhoods, urban fiefdoms, and the holdings of fiery nobles divide the City of Brass. The greatest of these, however, are the Great Bazaar and the eight quarters. Among these vast districts, the city boasts some of the grandest architecture in the multiverse, with soaring palaces and grandiose citadels assembled from gold, iron, copper, brass, ivory, marble, and polished sandstone. Many of the city’s occupants perch magnificent jewels atop their structures as a testimony to their wealth and might, causing the cityscape to glitter like a vast treasure trove amid the harsh brilliance of the Elemental Plane of Fire. While the City of Brass changes rulers frequently and entire sections of it are consumed in flames, swept away, and rebuilt with every change of dynasty, its districts remain roughly the same no matter who governs.

Beyond its many districts, the City of Brass is divided into two major regions: the Inner Ward and Outer Ward. The Inner Ward is separated into a series of concentric circles by wide canals filled with swift-flowing lava and molten metals. Each circle is a unique district, including the Great Bazaar, the Temple Quarter, and the Noble Quarter. The Outer Ward is partitioned into five sections

by thick, imposing obsidian walls and is comprised of the Burning Quarter, the Mages’ Quarter, the Commoners’ Quarter, the Slaves’ Quarter, and the Galley Quarter.

## The Burning Quarter

This section of the city is an enormous pillar of fire, visible even through the smoky atmosphere of the Plane of Fire for many miles in all directions. The fire elementals of the city call this district home, and any beings not comprised of living flames who enter are quickly immolated. Coruscating walls of various colors, kinds, and opacity contain the terrible firestorm. Although still under the purview of the grand sultan, entering the Burning Quarter without the elementals’ permission is considered a breach of law, as the fire elementals have been promised their autonomy. Rumors and half-remembered histories claim that whenever a slave revolt or coup attempt breaks out in a particular district, the Burning Quarter shifts there, turning all within—guilty or not—into white, powdery ash, incinerating all traces of civilization. The former Burning Quarter then becomes new land on which to build.

## The Common Quarter

The Common Quarter is home to the City of Brass’s non-efreet inhabitants. Although dominated by azers and salamanders, any creature of elemental fire or those able to both weather the intense heat of the Plane of Fire and win the efreet’s respect might reside here. Although less grand than the Noble Quarter with its centuries-old palaces and proud spires, the architecture in the Common Quarter is only slightly less opulent, as any who can afford to live there is, by mortal standards, wealthy beyond compare. Non-efreet residents of the city live, consort, and do business here, taking comfort in having their own district to be masters of and share in their communal resentment of the city’s true lords. Among the dozens of grand locales in the quarter is the decadent Falling Waters steam house, the home of a strange azer cult known as the Eye of the Red Worm (see page 73), the dirigible-shackled tower-library of the dreamer Harun, and the silver-crowned lair of the red dragon Solus—known more commonly as the Red Typhoon.

## The Galley Quarter

Also known by many residents as simply “The Docks,” the Galley Quarter serves the City of Brass as port and travel hub to the rest of the Elemental Plane of Fire. The various magical vessels, exotic airships, genie-made merchant galleys, and other stranger modes of transport sail in from and out onto the seas of fire, their decks crewed by myriad fiery natives of the plane and exotic visitors from realms beyond. Here they bring all the treasures of the planes, and leave with hulls weighed down with slaves,



ore, freshly imagined weapons, cloths of woven gold and gemstones, exotic beasts, the drugs and spices of the shaitans and djinn, and even more wondrous riches. In addition to traders, here the grand sultan harbors a vast and incredible fleet of war galleys with brass-beaked prows and enchanted sails, ready to sail out upon the flames and into realms beyond at their master's command.

Wary or disreputable merchants, chandlers, shipwrights, thieves, and galley slaves are all among those found in the district's many streets, and six dozen coffeehouses cater to those who conclude their deals just a few paces from the docks. The few efreet who hunt the odd devilfish of the burning seas also bring their catches ashore here, putting them up for sale alongside strange white dolphins, armored sharks, and iron-finned sea serpents.

## *The Great Bazaar*

One of the largest and wealthiest trade districts in all the planes, the Great Bazaar—also called the Suq al-Azzmir Marketplace by efreet—specializes in treasures of rich metal, woven magical goods, exotic spices and incenses from throughout the spheres, and elemental magic, though nearly any item one might imagine could be found here. It is also a thriving slave market and a place where anyone can hire a wizard, mercenary company, or even small armies of elemental servitors. The Great Bazaar is the heart of the City of Brass, the single location that drives the trade, wealth, and splendor of the fabulous city.

The Great Bazaar is also the one place where non-efreet gather in great numbers, from creatures of elemental fire selling wonders of sculpted metal and living brass, to azers and salamanders hawking fiery eagles and enormous black elephants for the hunts of efreet nobles, to visiting devils providing guidance to genies in the art of pact-making and contracts with mortals. These crafty merchants offer everything from minor artifacts to rusty slave shackles, for prices ranging from the souls of legendary heroes to mundane coins and gems. Of it all, barter in magic is the preferred form of payment, though debts of servitude are also quite common. Gold, with its relatively low melting point, is rarely a favored medium of exchange.

Although the variety of goods in the bazaar is largely eclectic, water is a rare commodity, largely forbidden except for slaves to consume and those with special writs of allowance. Also illegal are any materials that might be used in magic or sorcery against genies (especially material components for freezing magics, all of which are forbidden on pain of immolation or petrification). Wizards and sorcerers are almost always kept under the eyes of the vizier's watchful spies and informants; efreet are understandably concerned about what masters of the arcane might do with summoning and genie-binding magic.

## *The Lower Quarter*

Unmarked on any map and not discussed in front of strangers is the Lower Quarter, that warren of lava tubes and tunnels that crosses beneath the city. Many of these areas are private retreats for the noble efreet, where they spit and roast runaway slaves and torture captured sorcerers who have bound efreet to unwilling service. These hellish halls echo with screams and give the entire Lower Quarter a frightful reputation among the slave castes, who might otherwise be prone to use such dark and empty passages for their own ends.

grand  
vizier  
abdul-qawi







Many other sections of the Lower Quarter are simply smugglers' warehouses, packed with all manners of treasure, including gems, mithral, and magic, stored there to evade the grand sultan's onerous tariffs and the even more onerous bribes demanded by the harbor master and gate guards. These warehouses are heavily trapped, warded with frost magic, and guarded by constructs or other creatures whose loyalty is at least somewhat dependable.

Magma chambers and grottos also dot the subterranean quarter, lairs where elder elementals, noble salamanders, and ancient fire worms disport themselves in the heat and burn up most fleshy visitors. These areas typically bubble with lava, with magma flowing in fountains or streams out to or in from the burning sea.

### *The Mages' Quarter*

By far the smallest and yet among the most exclusive quarters of the City of Brass is the Mages' Quarter, where the most powerful efreet sorcerers practice their arts in binding and enslaving mortals, elementals, and other genies. The quarter itself rests on a small hill, surrounded by powerful magical wards and guardians, making the district difficult to enter.

The most famous spellcaster of the Mages' Quarter is the Grand Vizier Abdul-Qawi, who lives here when not at the palace. Most powerful of all, though, is the White Mage Yndri Ysala, a female noble said to live entirely on the blood of slaves and who has a ravenous appetite for mortal lovers. The stories are almost surely overblown, but she is a powerful wizard and evoker, and some believe the White Mage is the one responsible for the magics that shield the quarter from intruders.

### *The Noble Quarter*

The wealthiest of the city's districts, the Noble Quarter is the innermost section of the Inner Ward. The very heart of the district contains the Grand Sultan's fabulous palace, which climbs higher than any other building in the city, even higher than the city's outer wall. Even though the Noble Quarter rests at the bottom of the basin-like City of Brass, the efreet lords construct their sanctums to outmatch the height and splendor of the buildings in the Outer Ward. Beneath these towers flow spectacular pools and fountains of raining sulfur and quicksilver as deadly as they are beautiful, while bejeweled palanquins born by small armies of slaves crowd the searing avenues.



The Noble Quarter serves as the battleground for the political machinations of noble efreet. Scheming genies flock to the district as courtiers, supplicants, and bravos, all eager to impress the grand sultan or various pashas with their feats of arms, to bribe them with their crass gifts, or to arrange a marriage of one of their daughters to some palace noble or functionary. At the center of these machinations—and at the very heart of the city—rises the grand sultan's palace. In addition to serving as home to the City of Brass's ruler and housing his treasures and several legions of his invincible army, the palace serves as the seat of the city's government, with thousands of advisors, ambassadors, clerks, and messengers coming and going on a daily basis. Emissaries of the grand sultan and the grand vizier create the bulk of the palace's traffic on any given day, as the nearly equally matched rulers keep in regular communication while at the same time both openly and surreptitiously spying on the other's affairs.

Elsewhere in the Noble Quarter dwell the efreet pashas, the greatest and most powerful of the efreet, whose families rise and fall over innumerable generations. At the moment, the grand sultan and grand vizier recognize a dozen families, including the Bayt al-Bazaan, the Bayt al-Shamir, the Bayt al-Yonan, and the Exalted Line of Engolas.

## *The Temple Quarter*

Although largely irreverent and beholden only unto themselves, the efreet construct majestic and imposing spires, temples, cathedrals, and mosques to deities holding power over flame, burning lords of the upper and lower planes alike, and even blatant pseudo-religious appeals to the vanity of the grand sultan himself. In their efforts to curry the favor of lords both local and divine, the various pashas build and expand upon ever more elaborate temples, filling them with offerings of ancient treasures and powerful artifacts, making each greater than the last with a new one appearing seemingly every week. Amid the houses of worship here hulks the vast temple palace of Ymeri, the Elemental Queen of the Inferno, widely held to be the most powerful being on the Elemental Plane of Fire. Although the grand sultan makes yearly offerings to the great elemental queen and overtures of friendship, consortship, and comfort within his city, Ymeri has little interest in the decadences of such petty creatures as the efreet and has visited the City of Brass no more than thrice in its eons of existence—twice to destroy large portions under the rule of offending former sultans.

## *The Slaves' Quarter*

The Slaves' Quarter, also known as the Fools' District, is a series of long, low buildings where slaves owned by the efreeti elite are fed, housed, and shackled overnight. Merchant houses and nobles who use their labor in their industries

## *Entertainment in the City of Brass*

The idle efreet nobles and the sycophants who surround the grand sultan and grand vizier demand diversions beyond their wealth and their harems. Thus, the city holds chariot races—often deadly and with heavy wagering—in the Archeyan Hippodrome, the center of the City of Brass's often bloody entertainments. Famed throughout the planes, this oval stadium provides seating for 10,000 efreet, and flying space for five times that number. The races include arbitrary obstacles such as spiked hurdles, deadly pools of icy water, and walls of smoke and ash that may cause a chariot to veer off course and crash. In rare instances, bolts of fire or racecourses flooded with burning sulfur increase the events' danger even further. In one famous and fondly remembered race, the charioteers were informed at the last minute that they would be pursued by ravenous fireworms, which cut across the central field and devoured most of the participants.

Gladiatorial combat also serves as a popular pastime, whether in traditional combats in the city's varied coliseums or in amoral, high-stakes matches in private arenas. Creatures are imported and abducted from throughout the planes to feed the city's endless thirst for competition and bloodshed. Those gladiators who excel in battle might win the favor of powerful efreet and eventually their freedom, while those who fight poorly become nothing more than ignominious stains upon battle pit floors.

own most of the slaves, though some are rented out to the highest bidder. Azer whipmasters patrol the streets of the district, both keeping watch for errant slaves and guiding visitors seeking to buy or rent the services of owned slaves. Although azers comprise one of the largest groups of slaves in the City of Brass, few of the brazen-skinned workers balk at their situation or question the sense in having members of the same race serve as both slaves and slave keepers. Most azers take great pride in the accomplishments of their kind, pointing toward the greatest structures in the city as being azer-built. While slaves not born of the Elemental Plane of Fire face great hardship and usually swift deaths in the ash-choked district, those like the azers who survive longer find their efreet lords quick to reward skill and impressive efforts, with many slaves being quite wealthy by mortal standards. Although slaves are rarely granted their freedom in the City of Brass, the azers and other elemental slaves seem to care little, confident that while the efreet grow fat off petty decadences, their efforts are obvious in the palaces, monuments, war machines, and vessels of the city built by their hands and made peerless throughout the planes by their endless efforts.





## ROVAGUG

**R**ovagug (ROH-vah-gug) is hated and feared by all rational beings, whether god or mortal, for it is his will and destiny to usher about the end of the world. Although he slumbers fitfully in the depths, eternally bound in a prison crafted by the gods, should the Rough Beast break free he will tirelessly scour Golarion of life until no god or mortal remains, and when that task is completed he will rend the world asunder. He is absolute destruction manifest; he is the Unmaker.

Long ago, when Golarion was still young, Rovagug arrived from somewhere beyond the depths of space and time, seeking only to devour. This predicated a great battle, as the young gods sought to defend all they had created, but were endlessly thrown back by the intruding horror. Finally a temporary alliance was forged among the gods and a plot was devised. While wily Calistria and many of the other deities distracted the terror, in the heart of Golarion Torag and Gorum forged an unbreakable prison. Asmodeus, Nethys, and Pharasma laid great spells over the creation, fitting it with locks and

wards, drawing upon the power of the planes to assure its potency. With each moment, forgotten gods battled and fell forever, until the work was done. When the sign was given, the great angel Sarenrae challenged Rovagug directly, taunting him with holy fire and making him howl with such rage and anguish that his profane din could be heard across the void. The Dawnflower lured him close to the world, and with her blazing sword, sliced a great rift deep into the land's heart. Magic of incredible power, born of the efforts of dozens of gods and paid for with the lives of dozens more, lashed out and ensnared the destroyer, drawing him into the god-forged prison. As the potent cell quaked and threatened to buckle under the rage of its furious captive, Asmodeus used his Hell-forged key to lock the Rough Beast away for all time. With the prison sealed, Golarion healed its wound as best it could, containing its foul charge within, and the deities knew calm once more.

Bound for millennia, the Rough Beast has not forgotten his defeat and has nursed his rage in the knowledge that



*Since humans first learned to walk upright upon two legs and drove forth beasts with spears of sharpened wood, they have feared the darkness of a yawning cave mouth. Around campfires, men of ancient times whispered of a world beneath the world, haunted by chittering creatures of nightmarish form, man-eaters that crawl and slither through the twisting tunnels of the underworld. But this was no mere superstition. The darkness at the center of the world is real, and its name is Ro-va-gug, Worm from Beyond the Void and Harbinger of Apocalypse. He is the reason men fear the darkness as they descend into the earth. This primordial creature has calved countless horrors from his dripping flesh, and his foul presence seeps upward through the Darklands like a poison wind. Though he remains bound by the will of the gods, how long his prison—our world—can withstand his tireless thrashing, none can tell.*

—from *The Chronicles of the Darklands*



one day he will break free and feast upon Sarenrae, the fragments of the world, and the cooling flesh of all the other gods. He conserves his strength, sleeping fitfully for centuries at a time, comforted by his horrid dreams of annihilation. While learned folk speak of evil monsters and strange realms far beneath the surface of the world, Rovagug is the cancer at Golarion's heart, waiting for the inevitable time when he will fully awaken and consume all life.

The Rough Beast requires no specific ritual to reach him, no heartfelt adoration to unlock a channel to his divine energy. He is indifferent to mortal concerns, goals, or the petty things they do in his name. Rovagug cares not if mortals speak his name in loathing or heap adoration upon him—he wishes only to be set free, and to know that he is not forgotten. Though some of the faithful may believe otherwise, he promises no honored place at his side or immunity from his destruction. The lucky ones will ride in his wake for a time, reveling in the orgy of obliteration; the unlucky will be the first to die, consumed by their god's terrible hunger.

There is nothing beneficent about the Rough Beast. There is no peace to balance his wrath, no prosperity to counter his disaster, no creation to offset his destruction. Even in his deepest sleep, when his body is still, his mind races with horrible visions of armageddon that to any sane mortal would be nightmares but to him are like a sensual dream. If Rovagug were free, he would break all within reach, eat everything edible, befoul the inedible, and then move on to repeat the cycle. He has no friends or allies, and finds even his spawn and the monstrous things growing on and in him inconsequential; once he has devoured the world, he will surely turn on these extensions of his own flesh and devour them in a cannibalistic orgy. There is no poetry in his actions, just the driving of his heart, each beat counting down with relentless savor to the world's inevitable end.



Few civilized cultures attempt to depict the Rough Beast accurately in art; some merely portray him as a worm-like creature with a great toothy maw. The primitive tribes and mad cultists who worship him make no attempts at high art, satisfied with abstract renderings or simple depictions painted in blood on a wall, banner, or shield. Like a huge, miles-long worm, grasping with countless limbs that stretch along his body and reach from within his mouth, Rovagug's form is maddening. Various parasitic creatures cling to his skin, some of them slug-like or

insectile, and others of maddening, unidentifiable shapes. Similar creatures live in his blood, spilling forth from his wounds, usually no larger than a dog and typically manifesting as a swarm of thousand-legged vermin. These parasites die within minutes of leaving the god's body, being dependent upon the supernatural quality of his flesh for their own life, but not before voraciously consuming those foolish enough to be caught in the wake of Rovagug's spilled blood. Because of his imprisonment, Rovagug can almost never manifest an avatar, and must act indirectly in the world through his priests and titanic spawn, which serve as his heralds.

Rovagug's followers believe earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are the manifestations of their god's fitful sleep, and after such events occur cultists usually pray and make sacrifices to wake him, lest he continue to sleep longer than the paltry durations of their mortal lives. His followers assume that storms and toxic gas vents are evidence of his breath coursing up from the dark places in the world. If these things afflict the enemies of the cult, the faithful take it as a sign of his favor, whereas he is clearly displeased if such natural disasters harm his worshipers.

Priests usually dress in shaggy coats dyed in strange colors—the more unusual the source of the hide, the better. The wearing of hideous animal masks is common,



## Not Just Orcs

Though some dismiss Rovagug as a god of orcs, he has a significant following among other strange creatures and several human races.

**Gnolls:** While most gnolls worship Lamashtu, several tribes take up arms in the name of the Rough Beast, finding his faith better suits their desires for bloodshed and conquest. Most of the heretical tribes exist in regions close to more civilized races, as the jealous gnolls seek to bring ruin to their weak and arrogant neighbors.

**Kellid:** Though only a minor element among the tribes in the Realm of the Mammoth Lords, the Kellid people living in Numeria and near the Worldwound see firsthand the power of chaos as it scars their flesh and mutates their own children. A few berserkers willingly embrace this taint, seeking to use the power to become even more formidable combatants, and Rovagug's thoughts resonate easily in their clouded minds.

**Ropers:** These cruel philosophers of the Darklands see Rovagug as their creator or at least a significant factor the rise of their race—perhaps they were once barnacle-like parasites on his flesh, picking at scabs or rival leech-creatures, and evolved to their current form after being scraped away as the god fell through the world into his prison. Usually solitary, they welcome the opportunity to instruct a visitor in their personal philosophy of agony or explain some aspect of Rovagug's religion, usually as they slowly chew away their audience's limbs.

**Ulfen:** Among the fearsome raiders of the Ulfen, there is almost universal reverence for gods of the hunt and battle. A handful of warriors, however, have organized themselves into murderous bands dedicated to Rovagug, the lord of destruction. These self-scarred and painted savages, considered bloodthirsty and insane by even their warlike kin, prowl the frigid coasts of northern Avistan, razing seaside villages and leaving dismembered victims nailed to trees as grisly sacrifices to the Rough Beast.

and some of these masks are so strange and distorted it is hard to tell what creature the mask is supposed to represent (assuming it is just one animal, or a real creature at all). Priests in particularly successful tribes possess a variety of masks for different purposes, such as blessing the tribe for an upcoming battle, bringing good luck for a hunt, or sacrificing a living creature.

Rovagug is chaotic evil and his portfolio is wrath, disaster, and destruction. His symbol is a fanged mouth surrounded by spider legs, though individual cults might use slightly different symbols such as a crab with a mouth on its back, a maw surrounded by scorpion stingers,

or a crude drawing of a claw encircled by a spiral. His domains are Chaos, Destruction, Evil, War, and Weather. Most of his priests are adepts or clerics, though a small number of druids, witches, and aberrant spellcasters worship him. His best-known title is the Rough Beast, though he has many names used by various tribes and cults, including the Tide of Fangs, the Imprisoned King, and the Worldbreaker. His favored weapon is the greataxe, not through any personal attachment to it—for he doesn't use weapons—but as a common tool of the orc hordes that sing his praises.

Most of Rovagug's worshipers are orcs, who howl prayers to him as they cleave their opponents limb from limb. Few people in civilized lands honor him, as there are easier ways for sane folk to gain magical power—even Zon-Kuthon is thought to be a better choice for amoral devotees seeking easy access to divine magic. Most of his followers in cities are madmen creeping about the doorstep of civilization. Many are psychopaths without the discipline to serve Norgorber as murderers, the technique to practice the aesthetic mutilations of Zon-Kuthon, or the sorcerous power that cultists of Urgathoa often possess. Some are pyromaniacs, embracing fire and arson as tools of their terrible god, though others stand naked amid great storms or hurl themselves into volcanoes. Among such misguided cults, Rovagug is seen as a deity of cleansing and enlightenment, destroying the old world to make room for a new one in which the faithful will be made into gods and taught to kill and destroy in strange new ways for the pure pleasure of it. The most obvious of his followers are the prophets of armageddon; often mistaken for the morbid priests of Groetus, they preach and scream at passersby, proclaiming that the world will soon end—though some are wise enough to avoid invoking the Rough Beast's name in their rants, lest they rouse the ire of the soft, "civilized" people of the cities.

Sacred rites are simple—sacrificing slaves or prisoners, shouting, foot stomping, breaking valuable items, and perhaps banging the occasional gong. However, these practices are all things invented by mortals—all that is required to contact him is prayer. The acts associated with the prayers and the order in which they are performed are irrelevant, though the god enjoys the feelings of destruction that accompany them. This means that two different orc tribes may have very different ceremonies, evolved over generations and dependent upon their local circumstances and preferences. One tribe may burn offerings or sacrifice them to a volcano in a dance-like procession, another might crush them with clubs while making guttural roars, while others hurl them down upon jagged rocks and emit keening wails.



## TEMPLES, SHRINES, AND HOLY SITES

Rovagug has few temples, as his religion is banned in nearly every major city, and any building dedicated to him would be torn down (ironically, this would please his appetite for destruction). This forces his followers to worship him privately, building secret shrines to honor him, often no more than an alcove painted with a fanged mouth or clawed hand surrounded by a spiraling line. Most of his true temples are built in caves, dungeons, or fortresses held by orcs. These orc temples usually have some strange monster—such as a roper, grick, or immature purple worm—at the focus of worship, a proxy for the god, handed by the priesthood. Typically the temple contains a large pit, representing the Rough Beast’s prison and containing a bonfire, scuttling vermin, and the remnants of sacrifices.

**The Pit of Gormuz:** Located far to the east in Casmaron, this gaping, 20-mile-wide chasm cuts through all three levels of the Darklands, plunging even deeper than Orv into perpetual blackness that none have dared explore. The Spawn of Rovagug emerged from the Pit, and most believe it connects to the Rough Beast’s prison. The Pit is a holy site to the cult, and nearby tribes make annual journeys to it to throw in goods, slaves, and other sacrifices in the hopes of attracting their lord’s attention.

**The Pyramid of Kamaria:** Located near the Osirian city of An and dominating its southern skyline, this tomb was built to house the remains of Pharaoh Kamaria the Brazen, the only known pharaoh to worship the Rough Beast. Though its upper levels have long since been looted, the cult of Rovagug still thrives there, and it is the largest above-ground structure dedicated to Rovagug. Even the cultists do not know the extent of the trap-filled lower levels of the tomb, though the pyramid’s central shaft plunges into Nar-Voth in the Darklands. From time to time the deep-dwelling grimlocks climb the shaft to trade with the cultists, who exchange food and slaves for monster pets and strange artifacts.

## A PRIEST’S ROLE

Rovagug welcomes all who promise to destroy in his name, whether or not they can cast spells—fortunate, given the slow wits of a typical orc. His “priesthood” is a disorganized mix of clerics, adepts, classless monsters, a few thaumaturges, and even barbarians, fighters, and others who epitomize destruction even though they lack the talent for magic. They rarely keep treasure that bears a creative or constructive purpose; even useful items such as an *instant fortress* are left as a permanent part of a tribe’s defenses or simply destroyed. They break things they cannot use, even if their neighbors might find it valuable—high-level scrolls are used to start bonfires, and other items are sacrificed to the pit or the flame. They would rather see something destroyed than used against them by

their enemies, and outnumbered or suicidal priests have been known to break an enemy’s weapons and armor as a last act of defiance.

Priests see the creation of useful things to be contrary to their god’s will and are no more likely to learn blacksmithing, farming, or carpentry than they are to learn how to write poetry or tan a simple hide into leather. This means the spiritual leaders of a tribe are inadvertently responsible for the slow decline and degradation of their peoples’ welfare, for building and forging are only fit for slaves. This means the tribe’s items are usually in a state of disrepair, and they must rely on raiding others for usable weapons and armor. They teach that finely crafted things are an affront to the Worldbreaker, and would rather see a





fine suit of mithral chainmail broken into its component links than profane themselves by wearing it—or they ask for Rovagug’s blessing to use the thing so they may become better able to destroy the enemies of the tribe. While such elaborate rituals of asking permission are a farce—for the god doesn’t care what weapons his worshipers use—the priests normally scratch or mar the item in some way so it doesn’t stand out as exceptional.

Priests evangelize a litany of rage, ruin, and misery upon all in their care. They are not fatalists like the followers of Groetus, dispatching wounded allies at the slightest sign of weakness, knowing that one cannot wage war and rend flesh by allowing one’s own soldiers to fall. They teach that there is honor in destruction, that building things is for those too weak to destroy, and that every act of bloodletting and breaking loosens Rovagug’s chains. His priests make no useful contribution to normal society. At best they are mercenaries, though most are better suited for banditry and raiding. They have little interest in gold, though they like spending it on things that improve their ableness to rend and kill (often turning these weapons on their trade partners).

Cult leaders are usually strong-willed and physically tough individuals. Among orcs, a tribal leader might nominally be a priest of Rovagug, though in most cases a tribe has the traditional arrangement of a martial leader and a spiritual advisor. Within any cult cell or tribe there is a chain of command based solely on physical power. Challenges are common, and while the victor may spare the contender as a point of humiliation, the loser is more often sacrificed to Rovagug in order to bring favor upon the tribe. If the monstrous proxy of a cult cell or tribe is an intelligent, powerful creature, it may be the power behind the throne, a rival to the chief, or even take over leadership of the group after a successful challenge.

On a typical day, a priest hunts in the name of his crazed lord, hoping to find some living thing to kill or crafted item to ceremonially destroy. The only things the priests save are tools of destruction. Strangers within their territories are always targets for enslavement or sacrifice. A zealous priest can whip the faithful into a destructive frenzy, ignoring hunger and overwhelming odds to bring glory and freedom to their monstrous god.

## MYTHS

Most stories of Rovagug come from the orc tribes, spread by oral tradition and often embellished to include famous tribal leaders. Thus, even among the faithful there are conflicting details, especially as orcs are imprecise with dates and have spent thousands of generations underground without awareness of day, night, or seasons. Ask three different tribal priests about Rovagug’s history and one will tell you he was imprisoned 10,000 years ago,

another that it was only a thousand years ago, and the other that Rovagug freed himself long ago and is waiting for the right time to strike.

## HOLIDAYS

Fall is the time of harvesting, and although the month of Rova is named for him (most likely due to the cutting down of wide swaths of cropland, mirroring the destruction he would bring to the entire world), he is in no way a harvest or fertility deity, and common folk do not invoke his name as part of their work. Individual tribes or cults have many unique holidays, deciphered from remnants of old books or fragments of god-inspired dreams; only two are common among many tribes, and some do not acknowledge even these events.

**The Waking:** Though the orc race was still confined to the Darklands when the *Starstone* crashed into Golarion, they resonated on a spiritual level as the force of the impact jostled Rovagug in his prison, rousing him from centuries of hibernation. Overwhelmed by the equivalent of a massive telepathic grunt from the Rough Beast, orc shamans all over Golarion drove their comrades forward against tribal enemies. Though they do not know the exact day, month, or even year that Starfall occurred, the orcs celebrate it annually with the ceremony of the Waking, usually held in early spring (each tribe has a slightly different preference for the holiday, and tribes have been known to war over which is the correct one). The holiday now has superstitious undertones, as if the tribes fear Rovagug will abandon them or go back to sleep if they do not offer the right prayers and sacrifices.

**Lastday:** This holiday is based on conjunctions of certain stars, planets, and the sun; in most years it happens in early fall, but every few decades it occurs in another part of the year, with an occasional interval where the event isn’t celebrated at all. The Rough Beast’s followers believe these alignments indicate a weakening of the god’s prison, a swell in his power, or a moment where stellar divination allows them to accurately predict the end of the world.

## APHORISMS

With no centralized religion, no standard holy book, and a cult consisting mostly of rival tribes that frequently battle each other, there are no common phrases among the faithful. Most oft-repeated sayings among his cults are joyous exclamations at the injury or death of an enemy or wry curses when a necessary item breaks at just the wrong time. Still, several particularly harsh or threatening statements are repeated among Rovagug’s followers.

**The End is Now:** Perhaps a more philosophical statement than most worshipers of Rovagug realize, this routinely uttered threat and battle cry finds its roots in the philosophy that, since the Rough Beast’s imprisonment, Golarion has



been slowly sickening and dying. While every worshiper of the World Breaker points to his own doubtful evidence of the land's ongoing death, this declaration often comes to the lips of maniacal savages or mad doomsayers proselytizing the inevitable coming of the end times.

**I Am What Gods Fear:** A dramatic exaggeration often used by warriors who serve Rovagug, this boast harkens toward the divine battles once fought between the deities and the Rough Beast. Many mad priests and savages believe themselves favored by Rovagug, with some of the monstrous deity's most notorious followers having been quoted as repeating this unlikely but often intimidating shout in the midst of battle.

## RELATIONS WITH OTHER RELIGIONS

None of the gods responsible for his imprisonment trust Rovagug or wish to see him free; lacking the ability to destroy him, they were forced to accept binding him as the only available solution, and all fear what would happen should he throw off his chains. The younger gods who had no role in his fettering (such as Cayden Cailean, Milani, and even evil deities such as Zyphus) either believe what the older deities told them about Rovagug or decided he was too dangerous after visiting the edge of his prison. Asmodeus has been known to taunt him with his prison key every few centuries, infuriating the Rough Beast and causing him to batter himself against the walls until exhausted.

Although he reviles those who imprisoned him, his most hated foe is Sarenrae, for among the gods it was she who dared to strike him, and her fiery sword that drove him into his oubliette. He has promised himself that when he is free he will destroy everything between himself and her, tear her apart, feast on her still-living remains, and only then return to his task of sundering the world.

While Groetus is often described as the God of the End Times, there is no overt animosity between the god and Rovagug—at least, no more than that which Rovagug feels toward every other deity. Some sages speculate the two may not actually be at odds, and that while Rovagug's purpose is to destroy the physical world, Groetus will feast upon spirits and the energies of the dead.

## NEW DIVINE SPELLS

Adepts, clerics, and druids of Rovagug may prepare *baleful polymorph* as a 4th-level spell.

### FACE OF THE DEVOURER

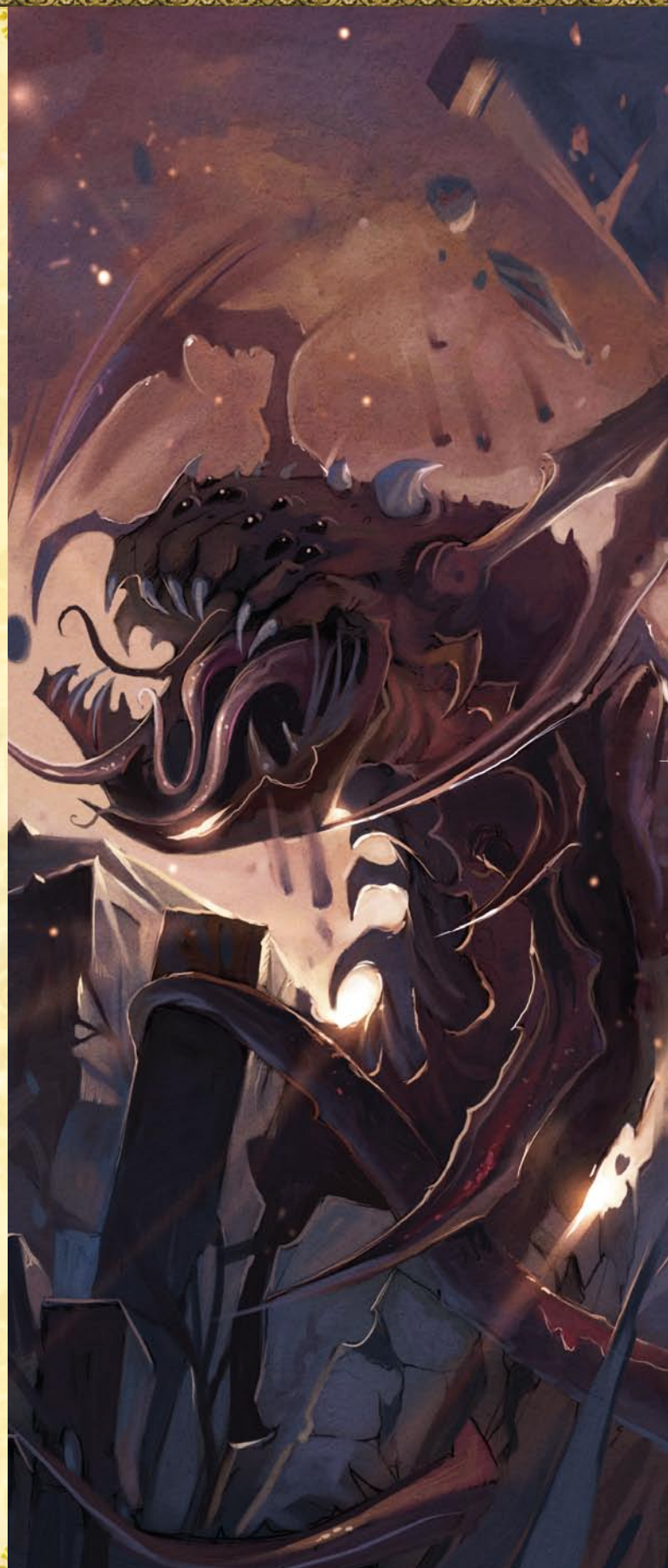
**School** transmutation (polymorph); **Level** adept 1, cleric 1, druid 1, sorcerer/wizard 1

#### CASTING

**Components** V, S

**Casting Time** 1 standard action

#### EFFECT





## Customized Summon List

Rovagug's clerics can use *summon monster* spells to summon the following creatures in addition to the normal creatures listed in the spells.

### Summon Monster III

Choker\* (CE)

### Summon Monster IV

Fiendish grick (NE)

Gibbering moulder\* (CE)

### Summon Monster VII

Emkrah (CE) (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* #21)

\* Has the extraplanar subtype.

**Range** touch

**Target** creature touched

**Duration** 1 minute/level

**Saving Throw** Fortitude negates (harmless); **Spell Resistance** yes (harmless)

#### DESCRIPTION

You transform the target's face into a hideous shape, such as a half-melted thing with insect legs instead of teeth, seeping pits instead of eyes, and suckered tongues dangling from its mouth. You do not choose what shape the target's face takes and it is different every time you cast the spell. This transformation does not interfere with the target's senses or its ability to breathe, though it might prevent it from speaking.

If the target does not normally have a bite attack, it gains a bite attack as a natural weapon for the duration of the spell; this bite attack deals 1d6 points of damage (scaled upward or downward if the spell's target is other than Medium size) and the target is proficient with this attack. It may use this bite as its primary attack or in conjunction with its normal attack routine. The target gains a +4 bonus on Intimidate checks.

#### ROVAGUG'S FURY

**School** evocation [earth]; **Level** adept 2, cleric 2, druid 2, sorcerer/wizard 2

#### CASTING

**Components** V, S

**Casting Time** 1 standard action

#### EFFECT

**Range** 30 ft.

**Area** cone

**Duration** instantaneous

**Saving Throw** none; **Spell Resistance** yes

#### DESCRIPTION

You create a minor earthquake that can trip creatures. Make a

single trip attack and use the result against every creature in the area. Those that fail are tripped and fall prone. You do not provoke an attack of opportunity for this trip attack (though you do provoke one for casting the spell as per normal), nor can you knock yourself prone with a bad roll. Unlike a regular trip attack, you may trip any creature touching the ground, regardless of size. Improved Trip does not affect this spell in any way.

Although the earthquake is small and focused on the floor, at the GM's discretion, if the area is particularly unstable, the spell might cause items to topple, stones to shake loose from the walls or ceiling, and so on.

## PRIESTS OF ROVAGUG

As his faith is outlawed in most civilized lands, priests of the Rough Beast are normally found in primitive regions ruled by savages or by those traveling incognito in search of like-minded folk to convert to the faith. The following priests are well known even in human lands.

**Gren Two-Axe** (CE male half-orc cleric of Rovagug 3/ barbarian 4) is a shaman and battle lord for Hundux Half-man (chieftain of the Murdered Child tribe and leader of the city of Wyvernsting). A veteran of many wars against humans and rival orc tribes, he lives for battle, and most in his city are afraid of him. He is a cannibal, and makes a point to eat a piece of every creature he kills, even other orcs of his own tribe foolish enough to challenge him. He treats only Hundux as an equal, and the two may be half-brothers, possibly descended from some powerful orc hero or an especially fecund slave. Gren has no interest in guarding caravans or trading peaceful words with other orc tribes; if he is not busy fighting, he is eating, sleeping, or praying to the Rough Beast for the strength to slay many enemies in the next battle.

**Ogtok Worm-Blood** (NE male troll druid of Rovagug 6) is easily recognized, for dozens of boil-like growths cover his skin, each of them squirming with parasitic worms that feed on his blood and flesh. He believes he hears the will of Rovagug in the shuddering of the earth, the patterns in magma, and the noise of the storm, so he makes pilgrimages to places with frequent earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and hurricanes or sandstorms to receive instructions from his god. A zealous fire burns in his eyes and he eagerly awaits the day when the Rough Beast is free to unmake the world; his religious fervor attracts all manner of savages to him, forming an entourage of many individuals or wresting an entire orc tribe from a weak leader. Ogtok uses these minions to carve a path to his next "holy" site, caring little how many fall along the way.

**Rovagug's Nail** (CE male human barbarian 10) began his life as Ghievhalt of the Sunder Horn, a tribe of savage raiders and iron mongers in eastern Numeria. Unbeknownst to him, even now, his ramshackle hovel abuts a ruined circle of standing stones, marking the



presence of a Rough Seed of Rovagug below. This grotesque egg-like remnant of the god of disaster inspires those nearby to acts of violence and madness. Slowly, due to his proximity to the Rough Seed, Ghievhalt honed his anger into a berserker fury and now stalks the surrounding heaths and canyons, slaughtering in the name of Rovagug, who he believes has chosen him for some great and bloody plan. Already the warriors of Chesed maintain a bounty for the death of Rovagug's Nail, accusing him of perversion and the slaughter of a group of Pharasmin sybils. (See the emkrah in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #21 for more details on Rough Seeds and their effects.)

## PLANAR ALLIES

The following creatures are well-known supernatural servitors of Rovagug, suitable for conjuring with *planar ally* or similar spells. Unlike other deities, Rovagug does not have a single herald. Rather, an entire host of extraordinarily rare but catastrophically destructive beasts known as the Spawn of Rovagug serve as his ruinous emissaries upon Golarion. While these horrors cannot be summoned like the heralds of other deities, the corpses of those slain can be brought back to life and occasionally new monstrosities emerge from the depths. See "The Spawn of Rovagug" in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #24 for more details on these apocalyptic terrors.

**Crawling Hunger:** This creature looks like a normal purple worm except for the dozens of clawed, crab-like legs sprouting from between its body segments. These claws give it a climb speed of 20 feet and allow it to walk almost silently on land rather than with its normal dragging, slithering mode of movement. Because the legs reach in all directions, it can pluck creatures off its back or anywhere along its length, passing them forward to its hungry maw. Crawling Hunger can only be appeased with food; anyone calling it for service should have half a dozen animals or other sacrifices of at least Medium size to keep it from immediately devouring its summoner. Gifts of food-creating magic items such as a *ring of sustenance* or *sustaining spoon* are reasonable payment—the creature eats them, staving off its ravenous emptiness for a few days before its body digests such items completely.

**Galulab'daa:** Even the cult of Rovagug isn't sure if this monster is just incredibly aggressive or is actually insane. Some say Galulab'daa was an angel—or perhaps a whole host of angels—who stood among Sarenrae's army and were unfortunately sacrificed when she imprisoned Rovagug, being locked within the world with the godly horror. Having all the abilities of an advanced gibbering moulder, Galulab'daa seems to be in a constant rage like a barbarian and prone to attack anything near it—even allies—as if under the effects of a *confusion* spell. Lore about Galulab'daa (passed mostly by word of mouth among priests

## Holy Text

Rovagug has no sacred text of his doctrine. Even if he were inclined to codify such things, his chaotic worshipers would have little interest in writing it down, preferring to pass his teachings to others in the form of story and song. Some cults have documentation about the Rough Beast's goals and how to placate him, but most of it is pure speculation, and his orc followers would rather burn or tear up any book than read it. Noted here are two such "unholy writings" used by sizable cults of the Worldbreaker.

**Cycle of the Beast:** Transcribed from the scrawled ravings of the insane prophet Chalmus Col, who has been held for the past 20 years as a resident of Vainbride Asylum in Tamrivena, these rambling passages hark back to myths of Rovagug and his terrible spawn, offering a dubious but impassioned claim that all creation causes destruction and that the tendency of all the multiverse trends toward annihilation. Both worshipers of Rovagug and a small number of scholars find Col's observations shockingly insightful, though the madman has not accepted visitors for many years.

**The Red Mark of Xhor:** Feared throughout the River Kingdoms as the symbol of the Razorfist orcs, at a distance, this mark looks like little more than a spiraling symbol of Rovagug. At closer inspection, though, the bloody smear bears fine orc symbols, cursing all who view it in the name of Rovagug. While the image itself holds no mystical power, superstitions throughout the region claim that even looking upon the symbol brings bad luck.

who survived the summoning) recommends dispensing with any attempts to bargain with the creature and to just conjure it into the midst of enemies or immediately compel it with magic. Despite its apparent madness, it recognizes the symbol of Sarenrae and preferentially attacks her followers before any others.

**Yigachek:** It's unclear whether this vaguely arachnid horror is a single individual or a classification of parasites that feast upon the flesh of Rovagug himself while they dwell upon his bulk. This corpse-gray bebilith inflicts *mummy rot* on anything it bites (as well as injecting the deadly poison typical of its kind). The fluids of its body consist of acid-like liquid chaos that breaks down all mortal matter into dust and harmless slime; any creature caught in its web takes 1 point of acid damage per round, and anything striking it (whether weapon, unarmed strike, or natural attack) takes 1 point of acid damage that bypasses hardness. When summoners pay for its service, Yigachek prefers jewelry, magic items, and quality armor, which it rends with its claws and dissolves in its webbing.





## Beyond the Chain of Fire

Whispers on the simmering streets of the City of Brass hint at a secret way to escape the burning avenues and blazing towers without the aid or knowledge of the metropolis's efreet masters. Within a strange structure known to many as the Eye of the Red Worm, tight-lipped azers guard a little-known planar portal that allows travelers to tread paths of flame to nearly any realm they wish—for a price.

What few know, though, is that the portal is not merely some mystical door or rune-carved archway. It's a living creature, a strange and ancient fire elemental called Janzir-al-Nar, which means "Chain of Fire" in archaic Ignan. Like a gigantic worm comprised of swirling fire, churning magma, and cinders, Janzir-al-Nar once burrowed throughout the Inner Sphere with its searing kin. Though it has since come to linger below the City of Brass, the Chain of Fire still touches many massive conflagrations upon countless planes and can arise from or transport others through those fires as it pleases.

A century ago, opportunistic azers secretly (and illegally) mining amid the foundations of the City of Brass discovered the subterranean magma pool where Janzir-al-Nar basked untroubled, dreaming of worlds of flame. Adopting the primal elemental as their spiritual icon and erecting the Eye of the Red Worm above its magma chamber, the azers have forged a strange sort of understanding with the elemental beast, offering it sacrifices of exotic materials and creatures to consume in exchange for its ability to trod what they call the Paths of Flame. For nearly 100 years now, the azers have utilized the Chain of Fire for their own needs. Recently, however, bad fortune has forced these toll keepers to put Janzir-al-Nar's power to discrete commercial use. The azers now provide confidential planar travel to paying customers who swear secrecy, both to their actions and to Janzir-al-Nar's existence. They take such oaths seriously, hunting down and sacrificing oath breakers.

"Beyond the Chain of Fire" is a location-based adventure designed for four 12th-level characters. In



*I have seen a path few know and fewer would care to tread, a trail of fire, one that links the dimmest candles and bonds star to star. In the night its flames guide our paths, lantern isles traveled by cowards on their timid paths home. But its eternal glow doesn't stop at their doorsteps nor die with the dawn as the blind suppose. It journeys on and on, into a night where darkness is but an illusion and the day is dim as embers. Yes, I have seen the Chain of Fire, and tonight I will prove my worth, and climb it to join the heroes amid the stars.*

—Gissad the Lamp Lighter, before his immolation



In addition to working as a stand-alone adventure, this Set Piece thoroughly details a location in the City of Brass, an overview of which is detailed on page 54 of this volume. It might also supplement this month's Adventure Path installment, "The Impossible Eye," or any other adventure with connections to the Elemental Plane of Fire.

## IN THE ADVENTURE PATH

GMs who wish to add "Beyond the Chain of Fire" into their adventures in the City of Brass should have little problem doing so. At the end of the "The Impossible Eye," it is left to the PCs to devise a method to get back to the Material Plane. While casting spells like *plane shift* or utilizing the powers of befriended genies prove the easiest ways, parties without these options available to them, or GMs who want to give their players time to explore the City of Brass, might make use of this location as a method to return the party to Katapesh. While in the City of Brass, those seeking direct methods back to Katapesh—or even Golarion—might have a difficult time doing so. However, Gather Information checks can direct the PCs toward an unusual planar pathway that might take them exactly where they desire.

### Check

DC	Result
22	In the Common Quarter of the City of Brass stands the Eye of the Red Worm, the home of a secretive cult of azers. Many who enter the domed temple never leave.
24	The azers worship a great fire worm that lairs in the bowels of their temple.
28	The Eye of the Red Worm hides a secret planar portal, but the azers are obsessed with keeping it a secret.
30	Although the azers try to keep their portal a secret, many in the City of Brass's underworld know that they can go to the Eye of the Red Worm should they require a discrete egress from the Elemental Plane of Fire.
32	The giant elemental worm praised at the Eye of the Red Worm is actually a strange sort of planar portal, one that can lead nearly anywhere the worm's masters wish.

- 34 The azers' chanting causes the fire worm to transport travelers. If the azers don't chant, the monster consumes travelers instead.

## EYE OF THE RED WORM

The Eye of the Red Worm looks like a strange sort of temple rising from the Common Quarter of the City of Brass. While ostentatious by mortal standards, it hardly stands out amid the splendor of the City of Brass. Those who approach the spire see the following.

Amid a warren of shorter, haphazard edifices separated by narrow alleys of smoking metal cobbles, a gleaming brass building twists up into a gigantic spire. The intricately wrought walls make the building appear to be constructed entirely of a mammoth chain, piled coil on top of twisted coil. A couple hundred feet up, narrow slots open in the spire's lustrous sides. Continuous gouts of fire roar out of these vents and spiral around the pinnacle in great arcs. A large double door of black iron hulks at the base of the structure, a small slotted window in the door closed firmly.

The construction of the Eye of the Red Worm is typical of many buildings in the City of Brass. The walls of the structure are 3-foot thick brass (hardness 10, 540 hp, Break DC 85, Climb DC 15 inside and out), and all its doors are made of 2-inch thick iron (hardness 10, 60 hp, Break DC 28) that are always locked and require a DC 35 Open Locks check to open. The vents high on the spire are little more than slots in the wall, allowing flame and smoke to escape but preventing non-magical entrance.

No guards stand at the main door to the spire, though anyone who knocks alerts the gruff azer spire guards in area 2, who open the window and demand to know what the visitor wants. If the PCs blatantly state they want to use the azers' portal, the well-trained guard says he doesn't know what they're talking about and slams the window shut refusing, to speak to the same PC again. Those who take a more subtle approach, suggesting that they'd like to discuss a business proposal or travel arrangements, are admitted to speak with the azers' leader, Anwar Alim.



## 1. Entrance Chamber (EL 11 or 12)

A tall counter crafted of gleaming bronze divides this oval chamber. The sculpted brass walls continue the spire's exterior chain motif, making it seem as if the entire chamber were the interior hollow in a mammoth coil of chain. The far wall frames a towering, black door etched with images of fearsome, fiery snakes.

This chamber serves as a strange sort of storefront for the azers of the spire. Here they do business, quietly judging who might be reliable and have coin enough to make use of their semi-secret portal, and who might be an agent of the efreet.

**Creatures:** Two azer spire guards stand sentinel here at all times. The leader of the azers, the faux-priest Anwar Alim, also splits his time between this chamber and area 2. If the PCs have been admitted into this chamber, one of the guards goes to fetch Alim, returning with him after several minutes. If the PCs have forced their way inside, there is a 50% chance that Alim is already here and participates in the battle.

Should the PCs wish to bargain with the azers to return to Golarion, they must convince Alim they are “worthy”—which ultimately means wealthy and discrete. Alim's attitude initially begins as unfriendly, and speaking from a raised floor from behind the counter, Alim demands to know why creatures with hearts empty of fire seek this sacred site. Should the PCs blurt out that they heard the azers have a portal, his attitude changes to hostile and he gives the PCs 1 minute to leave before having the guards aid him in evicting the intruders. Should the PCs take a more subtle route, along with making Charisma-based checks to change Alim's attitude to friendly, he demands that the PCs vow never to divulge this conversation or anything the spire contains, even if they walk away. He then questions them meticulously to ascertain both their wealth and how desperately they need planar travel. He sets a price of approximately 1,500 gp per traveler, though this might increase to as much as 2,000 if the PCs insult him or seem particularly desperate. Alim favors payment in gems, particularly rubies, and increases any price by 10% if the PCs can only pay in coins or other goods.

Should the PCs upset Alim and leave the Eye of the Red Worm peaceably, they may return the following day and seek to amend their slight with a bribe worth 1,000 gp or more.

### SPIRE GUARDS (2)

CR 9

Male azer fighter 6/ rogue 1

N Medium outsider (fire)

**Init** +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +7, Spot +9

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 27, touch 13, flat-footed 24

(+5 armor, +3 Dex, +6 natural, +3 shield)

**hp** 63 (2d8+4 plus 6d10+12 plus 1d6+2)

**Fort** +10, **Ref** +10, **Will** +7

**Immune** fire; **SR** 20

**Weaknesses** vulnerable to cold

#### OFFENSE

**Spd** 20 ft. (base 30 ft.)

**Melee** +1 warhammer +14/+9 (1d8+7/x3 plus 1 fire)

**Ranged** +1 short spear +12/+7 (1d6+5 plus 1 fire)

**Special Attacks** heat, sneak attack +1d6

#### TACTICS

**During Combat** Spire guards make use of their ranged weapons and alchemical items at the onset of battle. Afterward, they gang up on one foe at a time, targeting spellcasters first. They make as much noise as they can while they fight, attempting to draw the attention of their allies in other rooms.

**Morale** A lone guard flees if reduced below 20 hit points. Guards with allies keep fighting until reduced below 10 hit points. Janzir-al-Nar's presence inspires all to fight to the death.

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 18, **Dex** 16, **Con** 15, **Int** 14, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8

**Base Atk** +8; **Grp** +12

**Feats** Alertness, Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Sense Motive), Weapon Focus (warhammer), Weapon Specialization (warhammer)

**Skills** Appraise +7, Climb +10, Craft (metalworking) +7, Craft (stonemasonry) +6, Diplomacy +7, Hide +4, Intimidate +5, Jump +4, Listen +7, Search +5, Sense Motive +14, Spot +9

**Languages** Common, Ignan, Infernal, Terran

**SQ** trapfinding

**Combat Gear** tanglefoot bag, thunderstone (2); **Other Gear** +1 scale mail, +1 heavy shield, +1 warhammer, +1 short spear (2)

### ANWAR ALIM

CR 9

Same statistics as spire guard

**hp** 63

## 2. Shrine (EL 14)

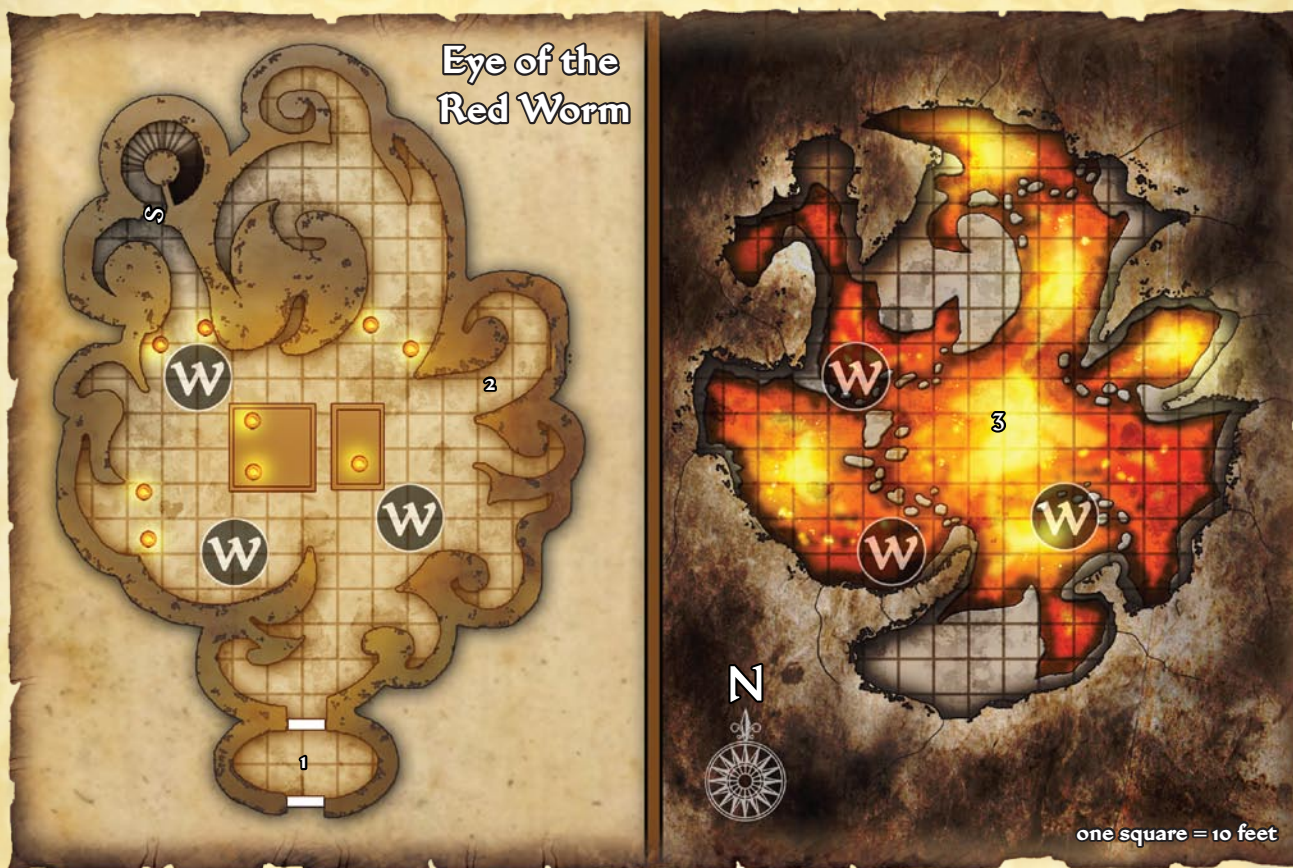
Crackling heat and the roar of fire fill this vast hall. At its center stand two low platforms; one bears a massive brass gong and a majestic iron brazier to the east, and another to the west supports a colossal, free-standing archway carved from blood-red stone and festooned with black chains. Three smaller, free-standing archways adorn entrances to alcoves sweeping away from the main chamber.

This chamber serves as the heart of the Eye of the Red Worm. Here the azers offer sacrifices to the primordial elemental Janzir-al-Nar and summon the fiery beast forth to transport those they deem worthy.

The gong here summons Janzir-al-Nar, which worms its way up from one of the three hidden trapdoors, or worm holes marked “W” on the map—it requires a DC



# beyond the chain of fire



25 Search check to reveal these worm holes, which drop 20 feet into the magma pool below in area 3. The fire elemental rises up, huge and terrifying, soon after the gong is rung, and has come to understand that anything left on the platform to the west is for it to consume. Thus it attempts to swallow anything on the platform whole—making an attack that deals no damage if the target is willing to be eaten. Once a would-be traveler is consumed, a key invocation, spoken in archaic Ignan, triggers Janzir-al-Nar’s planar-travel power. If anyone says, “*Alik nar al Janzir-al-Nar*,” which means, “Add my flame to the Chain of Fire,” just as the elemental swallows a traveler, that traveler emerges from a fire near the destination he wishes on another plane. If the PCs have made a bargain with the azers, Alim and his followers perform this chant for voyagers. If, however, no one speaks the key invocation when Janzir-al-Nar first swallows a would-be traveler, Janzir-al-Nar just eats him, destroying the traveler’s body in its searing interior. The azers claim that their chanting alone induces Janzir-al-Nar to transport travelers. In truth, anyone can speak the key invocation, even the traveler himself. The PCs could learn this secret from magmins living below the shrine, a salamander the azers imprison, or even inscriptions on the shrine’s walls.

Those who make a DC 22 Spot check notice that upon the chain link walls are brass bas reliefs, inscribed in archaic Ignan, depicting legends from the fire. The northernmost alcove’s walls display Janzir-al-Nar’s legend. A DC 25 Search check reveals inscriptions highlighting the key invocation, “*Alik nar al Janzir-al-Nar*.” Inscriptions explain that, immediately before Janzir-al-Nar swallows a traveler, anyone can speak this invocation to trigger planar travel, transporting the traveler to a sizable flame near the destination he mentally envisions. This effect works similar to the spell *plane shift*, including its likelihood to deposit travelers some distance from their desired destination.

A secret door at the rear of the northwestern alcove hides a stairwell leading down to area 3 below. PCs might discover this door with a DC 26 Search check.

**Creatures:** Six azer spire guards stand watch here, aiding Alim in his chanting, protecting the shrine from intruders, or doing whatever else their leader requires of them.

**SPIRE GUARDS (6)**  
hp 63 (see page 70)

CR 9

**Development:** Should the PCs have made a bargain with the azers in area 1, Alim leads them into the shrine,





bellowing “Behold! The Sacred Shrine of Janzir-al-Nar, the Chain of Fire!” Shouting in a voice that echoes through the hall, Alim explains Janzir-al-Nar’s ancient origins and planar travel powers. He names the azers “Servants of the Hallowed Flame.” Their chanting alone, he asserts, triggers Janzir-al-Nar’s planar-travel power and ensures its bite won’t harm travelers.

Alim bids the PCs to picture their destination while standing in the arch upon the platform to the west and gazing into the braziers’ flames. He then stands between the archway’s pillars and strikes the gong with his warhammer. A moment after the gong sounds, the lid atop a worm hole flies open with a deafening clang, and the fiery elemental worm’s immense upper body erupts up through the hole. After a moment of considering those on the western platform, it strikes anyone by the archway, swallowing one creature of Large or smaller size whole. At the same time, Alim and his men begin chanting, compelling Janzir-al-Nar to use its chain of fire ability. If no one says the invocation for three rounds, it simply consumes its sacrifices and returns to the deep pool of magma in area 3.

Regardless of whether or not the chant is performed and Janzir-al-Nar’s victim is teleported, it looks to all creatures witnessing the event that the would-be traveler was merely consumed. This could prove quite unnerving to those waiting to make use of the living planar pathway. The azers provide little reassurance, as they focus on their chanting, forcing travelers to make a significant leap of faith.

### 3. Magma Chamber (EL 13)

A seething magma pool fills this massive cavern, its semi-liquid surface slowly churning, as if stirred from beneath by titanic forces. The magma’s lurid light dances across the gleaming, glass-like surface of the basalt walls and ceiling. Narrow ledges surround much of the basin, bare inches above the molten slag. Small archipelagos of stepping stones gambol across portions of the pulsing pool.

This chamber serves as the ancient lair of the elemental Janzir-al-Nar. The blistering temperature here produces severe heat dangers, as detailed on page 303 of the DMG. Circles labeled “W” on the map represent obvious roof tunnels leading up to the worm holes in the shrine floor. When summoned, Janzir-al-Nar surfaces, rises up a tunnel, and bursts into the shrine. The PCs can navigate the foot-wide ledges surrounding the chamber and the paths of scattered rocks jutting from the magma by moving at half speed and making DC 10 Balance checks—see the description of the Balance skill for details on failure and falling.

**Creatures:** Along with Janzir-al-Nar, 12 magmins live amid the magma’s torpid currents. Their initial attitude toward interlopers is indifferent, but they’re curious and mischievous. If the PCs don’t make them

friendly, they’ll make a game of shoving PCs off ledges and stepping stones. Gems, music, trickery, and dramatic spellcasting displays delight them, granting +2 circumstance bonuses to Charisma-based checks to influence the tiny creatures.

The magmins here could prove quite helpful to PCs who seek to make use of Janzir-al-Nar but have alienated the azers above. Should the magmins be made friendly, they prove quite chatty in Ignan. If patiently coaxed, they might reveal that at night, the grumpy azer (Alim) comes here to pray and chronicle the azers’ tribulations to Janzir-al-Nar (which neither surfaces nor listens). The magmins, whom the azers ignore, overhear everything, and thus know the chant the azers bellow.

Janzir-al-Nar lairs here, typically resting 40 feet below the surface of the magma. It can be summoned to the surface by any loud noise, like a gong. It also comes to investigate should any cold spell be cast into the magma pool. It dislikes strangers in its lair, and attacks any PCs it finds when it rises, biting and attempting to swallow them whole. Unlike its more docile attempts to swallow creatures in area 2, here the elemental attacks to deal damage. Should the PCs know the chant to activate Janzir-al-Nar’s chain of fire ability, any creature swallowed whole can recite the chant to *plane shift* as detailed below.

#### JANZIR-AL-NAR

CR 13

Unique fire-infused purple worm (*Advanced Bestiary* 111, MM 211)

N Gargantuan magical beast (fire)

**Init** –1; **Senses** tremorsense 60 ft.; Listen +16, Spot –3

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 20, touch 5, flat-footed 20

(–1 Dex, +15 natural, –4 size)

**hp** 148 (16d10+96)

**Fort** +15, **Ref** +7, **Will** +2

**Immune** fire

**Weaknesses** vulnerable to cold

#### OFFENSE

**Spd** 20 ft., burrow 20 ft., swim 10 ft.

**Melee** bite +24 melee (2d8+11 plus 1d6 fire) and

sting +19 (2d6+5 plus 1d6 fire plus poison)

**Space** 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

**Special Attacks** heat, improved grab, poison, swallow whole

#### TACTICS

**During Combat** Janzir-al-Nar is a straightforward combatant, attempting to bite and swallow whole any prey upon the western platform in area 2 or any non-fire creature in its lair. If it is attacked, it rears back and makes use of its breath weapon. It targets one foe at a time, and never seeks to move beyond the shrine or its lair.

**Morale** Janzir-al-Nar cannot imagine death and fights until destroyed.

#### STATISTICS



# beyond the chain of fire

**Str** 33, **Dex** 8, **Con** 23, **Int** 7, **Wis** 4, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +16; **Grp** +40

**Feats** Awesome Blow, Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Weapon Focus (bite), Weapon Focus (sting)

**Skills** Listen +16, Swim +19

**SQ** chain of fire, fire healing, fire walk

**Languages** Ignan

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## SPECIAL ABILITIES

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**Breath Weapon (Su)** 30-foot cone, once every 1d4 rounds, damage 8d6 fire, Reflex DC 24. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Chain of Fire (Sp)** At will, Janzir-al-Nar has power to *plane shift* any creature it has swallowed whole to a general location of the victim's choice or to the location of the last creature teleported. Creatures teleported in this manner always appear within 5 to 500 miles of the location they intended if they are actively thinking of a destination, while those caught off guard by the effect and who are not thinking of a place they wish to be sent are sent to the same location as the last creature teleported. In either case, the victim always appears near a large fire. Multiple creatures headed to the same general location within the same day always appear in the same spot. Those who don't wish to be teleported can make a DC 15 Will save to resist being teleported. The save DC is Wisdom-based.

Although Janzir-al-Nar is trained to use this ability when a specific chant is spoken, it can also *plane shift* swallowed creatures as it pleases.

**Heat (Su)** Janzir-al-Nar's bite and sting attacks deal an extra 1d6 points of fire damage.

**Improved Grab (Ex)** To use this ability, Janzir-al-Nar must hit a creature with its bite. It can then attempt to start a grapple as a free action without provoking an attack of opportunity. If it wins the grapple check, it establishes a hold and can attempt to swallow the creature.

**Poison (Ex)** Injury, Fortitude DC 24, initial damage 1d6 Str, secondary damage 2d6 Str. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Swallow Whole (Ex)** Janzir-al-Nar can try to swallow a grabbed creature smaller than itself by making a successful grapple check. Once inside, the creature takes 2d8+12 points of bludgeoning damage plus 2d8 points of fire damage each round. A swallowed creature can cut its way out by dealing 25 points of damage to Janzir-al-Nar's interior (AC 17) with a light slashing or piercing weapon. Once the creature exits, Janzir-al-Nar's churning body closes the hole. Additional swallowed creatures must cut their own ways out. Janzir-al-Nar's interior can hold 2 Large, 8 Medium, 32 Small, 128 Tiny, or 512 Diminutive or smaller opponents.

## CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

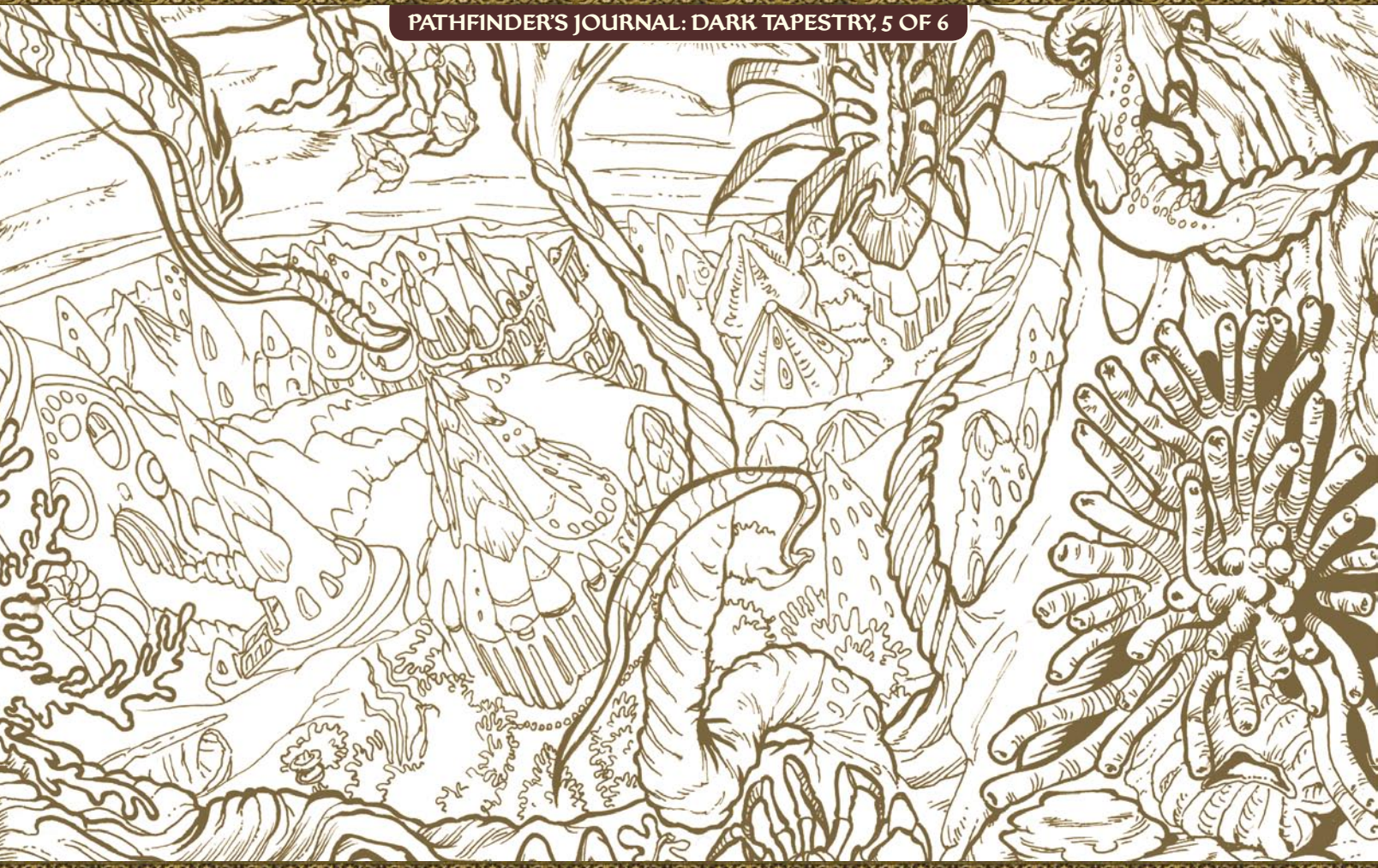
As long as they treat the proprietors of the Eye of the Red Worm fairly and the azers deem them trustworthy, the PCs can make use of the Chain of Fire. They are also welcome to do so again—for a price—should they ever return to

the City of Brass. If the azers somehow discover the PCs broke their oaths, however, they hire fiery mercenaries to hunt down them down. Also, if the party wantonly attacks the azers, they find Janzir-al-Nar more difficult to make use of, though it cares little for the actual slaughter and enthusiastically consumes the nearby bodies of its former keepers. Should the Eye of the Red Worm be abandoned and true fire worshipers fail to reclaim the spire, the timeless elemental eventually drifts away, seeking a new magma pool in which to dream its dreams of worlds aflame.

anwar  
alim







## When Mermaids Laugh

It is my opinion that anyone who follows a treasure map is a fool. Any treasure map at all, never mind a map created by a race of half-women who delight in luring seafarers to their destruction. In all my years among adventurers whose heads were filled with more dreams than wisdom, I've yet to encounter anyone foolish enough to follow such a map.

Yet here I stood, map in hand, poised on the starboard rail of the *Blue Manatee* and preparing to dive into the Inner Sea.

"Why do you hesitate?"

I glanced down at the small, blue-clad woman standing on the deck, shifting impatiently from one bare foot to the other.

"Another whale's coming up."

Lapis's shoulder rose and fell in a heavy sigh. "This is the Sandusky Shoal. There will *always* be another whale coming."

"This one's too close."

I pointed to a nearby patch of darkening sea. My new "partner's" eyes widened as the creature's huge, glossy back broke the surface. Its blowhole opened with a distinct popping sound. A long stream of spray rose into the air, so close that some of the fetid mist drifted over the deck. I hopped down from the rail as my four shipmates—Lapis and three of Gham Banni's most trusted servants—reached for mast or rail to brace for what was to come.

A whale can breathe its fill of air in less than two beats of a coward's heart. My feet had barely touched the deck before its white-fluted tail flipped into the air, tossing a swell of water toward the *Manatee*.

The wave started too close and came too quickly to pass harmlessly under the little ship. It slammed against the hull, sending spray arcing over the deck. We held on, feet sliding on the wet wood as the portside rail rolled dangerously close to the sea. The ship righted, but rocked for several stomach-churning minutes before she found her balance.



I waited until the *Manatee* calmed before speaking my piece. “You say there’s a shipwreck here and I’m willing to look, if for no other reason than to prove you wrong. The shoal is a known feeding ground for whales. Ship captains avoid it.”

“I agreed to help you find the Reliquary of the Drowned God,” Lapis reminded me. “And you agreed to follow my directions.”

I shook the whaleskin parchment at her. “This is the map of a city. There’s nothing beneath these waves but sand, gravel, eels, and the whales that eat them.”

Lapis folded her arms and glared. “The captain of the *Starseeker* thought otherwise.”

This new bit of information set me back on my heels. Lapis had not mentioned the name of the sunken ship before now, but it was a name I knew. Gham Banni, my Pathfinder venture-captain and Lapis’s grandsire, has spoken of it when reminiscing about youthful misadventures with his cousin, a man he’d described as having more ambition than conscience. The *Starseeker* had gone down north of the Swells of Gozreh, and Gham had been the only man to reach shore alive.

“Tell me.”

Lapis began to toy with her jewelry, a sure sign that she was busily collecting her thoughts. She absently fingered the large opal pendant hanging over her heart—a pretty thing, if you didn’t know it could swallow monsters. My distaste must have shown on my face, because she snatched her hand away from the opal and began to twist one of her rings, a circlet of gold inlaid with bright blue bits of her namesake stone.

“The object you seek, the Reliquary of the Drowned God? My grandfather found it years ago. He had it with him on the *Starseeker*.”

I took a moment to absorb the implications of this. “But if the Reliquary was lost with the ship, why didn’t he retrieve it? He could have sent Pathfinders here years ago. He could have sent me, for that matter.”

Lapis shrugged. “My grandfather’s goal was obscuring the Reliquary’s location, not revealing it. Perhaps he considered it well enough where it was.”

“Then why are we here?”

Her gaze met mine, challenge for challenge. “My grandfather did what he thought best under the circumstances he knew. He would expect me to do the same. The Night Heralds are looking for the Reliquary. They will not give up until they find it, or until they are destroyed.”

I could fault neither her reasoning nor her goal. Many people in Osirion looked to the stars, but the Night Heralds sought the cold, silent places between—the mysterious realm known as the Dark Tapestry. Their purpose was to summon the inhabitants of

the void, monstrous creatures that would grant them power and position. It would appear that the Reliquary played some part in this goal. If we wanted to catch the men who’d murdered Gham Banni, we needed the Reliquary to bait the hook.

Still, an important question remained unanswered. “Why does the map portray a city?”

“It’s not important.” Lapis raised a hand sharply, halting the retort ready to spring off the edge of my tongue. “It isn’t about the city. Take the map and walk to the other side of the ship. You will understand.”

At that moment, the notion of putting distance between Lapis and me held great appeal. I stalked across the ship to the portside rail—

And then I felt it: a faint, insistent tug drawing me back to the starboard side.

“The map lures seafarers to this spot,” I realized. No wonder I was willing to dive into the sea to seek a shipwreck I didn’t believe existed. No wonder I’d been so restless on my sea journey from Katapesh, so eager to speed northward on the trip up the River Sphinx. “It’s the magic in the map that matters. What’s written on it is meaningless.”

“Not entirely.” Lapis took the parchment from me and skimmed her fingers over some of the runes bordering the map. “The language is ancient—only a very few can read it properly—but most scholars would recognize this as ‘Xanchara.’ A city map that mentions a legendary lost city? Who could resist?”

Not my former venture-captain, apparently.

I reclaimed the map, rolled it, and tucked it into a bag attached to my weapon belt. Additional daggers were strapped to my thighs, but other than weapons I wore only a brief undergarment and the long blue scarf Lapis had lent me to wrap around my chest. For a palace dancer, she was surprisingly circumspect about such matters.

As I turned to the rail, Lapis reached out and touched my arm. “Wait. There’s something you should know.”

My eyebrows leaped in feigned surprise. “You’ve been keeping something from me? I’m shocked and disillusioned.”

She heaved another long-suffering sigh. “There might be a mermaid about. Be careful.”

With difficulty, I managed not to laugh in her face. She might as well have warned me that dumping chum into the sea was likely to draw seagulls. We were carrying a mermaid-crafted map. Of course there would be mermaids about.

I vaulted over the rail and dropped feet-first into the sea. The rush of water against my skin was like a homecoming. My half-elf form dissolved, revealing a creature better suited to the sea.



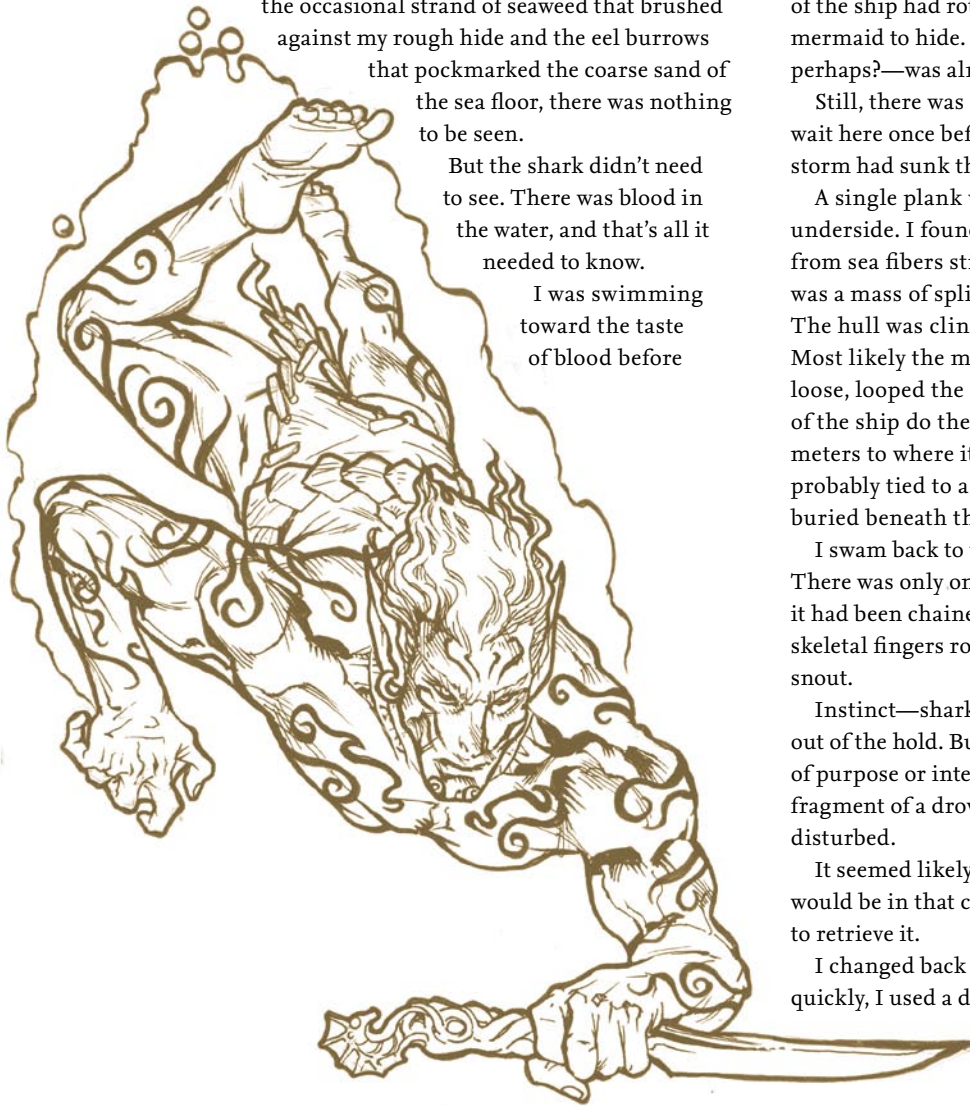
I had never taken on shark form before. The transformation proved to be far more difficult than I'd expected. For several moments I clung to the surface, swimming in circles as the thoughts and memories of Channa Ti, half-elf, struggled to forge pathways through that alien, implacable brain.

A druid's animal transformation is seldom as easy as it appears. An animal's body and brain must act according to its nature yet obey the druid's will. The druid must embrace the animal but not lose herself to it. It is a delicate balance, a line easily crossed. Once I felt confident that half-elf and shark were on speaking terms, I dived deep.

The Sandusky Shoal was an underwater plateau, so the water here was relatively shallow. Other than the occasional strand of seaweed that brushed against my rough hide and the eel burrows that pockmarked the coarse sand of the sea floor, there was nothing to be seen.

But the shark didn't need to see. There was blood in the water, and that's all it needed to know.

I was swimming toward the taste of blood before



*"The sea elves have little patience for uninvited guests."*

I realized the choice had been made. As I rounded a thicket of seaweed, the sodden corpse of the *Starseeker* came into view.

The old ship was surprisingly small. It listed heavily to one side, with the bottom turned toward me. A few strips of tattered sails clung to the mast and riggings, undulating lazily in concert with the seaweed.

My approach was slow and cautious. If a mermaid was lying in wait, she would probably hide amid the ship's wreckage, spear in hand. The smallest nick of one webbed finger would provide enough blood to bait the trap. What a map is to a treasure hunter, a blood trail is to a shark. A canny hunter knows the best bait for any prey.

Giving the ship a wide berth, I circled. The far side of the ship had rotted away; there was no place for a mermaid to hide. And the taste of blood—eel blood, perhaps?—was already fading away.

Still, there was evidence that a mermaid had lain in wait here once before. I could tell at a glance that no storm had sunk this ship.

A single plank was missing from the *Starseeker's* underside. I found it not far from the ship, a rope woven from sea fibers still attached to one end. The other end was a mass of splinters where it had torn free of the ship. The hull was clinker-built, with overlapping planks. Most likely the mermaid had pried one end of the plank loose, looped the rope around it, and let the momentum of the ship do the rest. I followed the rope for several meters to where it disappeared into the seabed—probably tied to a rock formation that time and tides had buried beneath the sand.

I swam back to the ship and peered into the wreckage. There was only one cabin below deck, and the sea chest in it had been chained to the floor. As I nosed at the chest, skeletal fingers rose from behind it and reached for my snout.

Instinct—shark and half-elven both—had me darting out of the hold. But the bony arm floated free, devoid of purpose or intent. No undead guardian this, but a fragment of a drowned crewman whose resting place I'd disturbed.

It seemed likely that the Reliquary, if it was still here, would be in that chest. In my shark form, I couldn't hope to retrieve it.

I changed back to the form I was born with. Working quickly, I used a dagger to pry the chest's hinges free of the half-rotted wood and then pushed the lid aside. Inside the chest were the usual treasures of a scholar:

books, scrolls, a few garments. Seawater had ruined all of it. The only object worth taking was a small, coffin-shaped box. I ran my fingers over the surface. It



# When Mermaids Laugh

was alternately smooth and studded, suggesting an inlay of jewels. This had to be the Reliquary.

I tugged open my bag. Before I could stow the Reliquary, the map floated out, slowly unfurling in the water. Faint, greenish light rose from it and spilled out into the dark.

As I snatched the map, I noticed that glow came from the markings tattooed on the whaleskin parchment. This made good sense, ensuring that the map could be read in dark water. But what was written there made no sense whatsoever.

The city map was gone. In its place was an eerie, angular sketch of a mermaid, her face twisted with malicious glee. The runes hinting of the legendary Xanchara had likewise changed into a script that looked vaguely elven.

There was no time to explore this mystery. Even in my natural half-elf form I could dive deeper and stay underwater longer than most land-dwellers, but my time was growing short.

I stuffed the map into my bag and pulled the ties shut. Up through the water I glided, blowing a slow, steady stream of bubbles as I went.

Strong hands seized my ankles and jerked me back toward the sea floor.

The sudden attack surprised me into releasing a burst of air. I quickly recovered and drew a dagger from my thigh sheath. Before I could twist myself down and around, a second attacker captured the wrist of my weapon hand in a crushing grip.

The dagger fell from my numbed hand, and for a moment I stared into the face of the strangest elf I had ever seen.

Tattoos swirled across the angles of his stern face and down his torso. His hair was slightly curly, and cut as short as mine. The hand gripping my wrist was large and strong, and the fingers webbed. Gills scored the sides of his neck.

I knew sea elves existed, but despite my half-elf heritage and my druidic affinity for water, I'd never expected to encounter one. I certainly never expected this overwhelming sense of... recognition? Kinship?

A low, grinding creak sounded beneath me and suddenly, impossibly, we were sinking below the sea's floor.

The light was better here, almost as bright as the near-surface. At a gesture from the elf who held my wrist, my other captor released my ankles and swam away.

A nearby crash and clatter drew my eyes to a large cage, which was suspended from the underside of the "sea floor" with several familiar-looking, sea-fiber ropes. In the cage was a mermaid, darting from side to side and testing the bars with slams from her powerful tail.

Some echo of the shark's brain stirred in the back of my mind, and I remembered the taste of blood in the water. The mermaid must have caught my scent as well, because her frenzy abruptly ceased. The creature's gaze slid off me and lingered on my elven captor. A wicked smile curved the mermaid's lips and exploded into silent, malicious laughter.

I thought of the altered map, but only in passing. My chest was starting to burn, and the desire to gulp in water was growing too strong to ignore. Desperately I twisted in the sea elf's grip—

The sight spread out below me stopped me cold. A new pain enveloped me, but I did not wish it away. Some sights are too beautiful, some longings too poignant, to be experienced with unmixed pleasure.

There was a city beneath the Sandusky Shoal, but not the ruins of ancient Xanchara. This was a living, vibrant place. Curving towers appeared to have been grown, not built, and the gardens surrounding them made the courtyards of Osirian palaces look as pale and lifeless as desert sand. Distant, graceful forms moved among these wonders, and glowing sea creatures blinked like jungle fire-bugs, bathing the scene in ever-shifting light.

I caught a glimpse, no more, before my vision began to turn narrow and gray.

My captor, sensing that I was beaten, relaxed his grip. Lapis's scarf had come unbound during my struggles. Summoning the last of my strength, I grabbed the scarf and looped it around the sea elf's neck. A frantic tug pulled it tight, holding his gills shut.

Now he needed air as badly as I did.

I'm sure we struggled. All I remembered is rising together through that door, toward the air and light of the surface world. Whatever it is that makes me Channa Ti was fading away, but some distant corner of my mind remembered the crocodile whose form I sometimes borrowed. A crocodile, once it takes hold, is not easily shaken off.

We broke the surface of the water together. I dragged in several long, ragged breaths before I realized I still had the sea elf in a stranglehold. Somehow I'd worked my way around so that I was pressed tightly against his back, the scarf knotted around his neck.

"Things are not as they seem," I said, speaking in the elven tongue. "If I release you, will you hear me out?"

For a moment I thought he did not understand. Then it occurred to me that the scarf was too tight to allow speech. I loosened my grip.

"I will listen," the sea elf said.

His voice was deep and pleasant, surprisingly musical considering his near-strangulation. I released him and back-paddled away. As he turned to face me, a net spun out over the water.



There was no time to call a warning. The net dropped over the elf. I could hear Lapis direct the men to drag the merman aboard.

*Merman?*

With a resigned sigh, I began to swim after the struggling sea elf. I wasn't sure which would be harder to overcome: my apparent betrayal, or Lapis's insult.

I caught the rope Lapis threw me and pulled myself over the rail. The three crewmen had dragged the sea elf aboard, still entangled in the net. They stood guard, whale harpoons in hand.

"Cut him loose."

Lapis whirled toward me. "Channa, have you lost your mind?"

"I can still tell a sea elf from a mermaid, if that's what you're asking."

To my surprise, the sea elf's lips twitched. Apparently he'd picked up a bit of Osirian. That made things easier.

I locked gazes with the elf. "A mermaid laid an ambush for me. This sea elf fought the creature. Such treatment is no way to repay him. I'll only say this one more time: *cut him loose.*"

Lapis seethed for a moment before conceding with a nod. One of the crewmembers cut the drawstring ropes and loosened the net. I motioned for the other two to put aside the harpoons. They ignored me. I gave up and took the map from my bag as the elf disentangled himself.

As I expected, some of the ink was faded and running. The city map was still faintly visible in the bright daylight, but only as a ghostly image imposed over the leering, mocking face of the mermaid.

"You were meant to kill me," I told the sea elf, speaking in the language of our common ancestors. "The mermaid wanted to watch you do it. And after you'd played her game, you were meant to find this."

I handed him the map. His eyes widened. I watched as understanding came, as wrath kindled in his eyes and hardened into cold, bloody vengeance. I understood the feeling well.

Finally he glanced up. "You told the human I saved your life."

"I implied it. There's a difference."

He conceded this with a quick flip of one hand.

"Mistake me not—if my people are threatened, I will kill without hesitation."

"I offer no threat to your people."

"Then what of this map? What did you think to find?"

"The people who killed my—" I broke off, trying to find a word in the elven tongue that would serve the concept of *venture-captain*. None came to mind, so I started again. "I'm seeking the people who killed my chieftain."

His face darkened. "If you accuse the sea folk—"

"No. Humans killed him to trick me into following that map. I would kill them for that alone. Like you, I don't take kindly to being used as a weapon."

The sea elf glanced at the mocking face on the map and conceded my point with a nod. "And did you find what they wanted you to find?"

He meant the city, of course. I reached into the bag and pulled out the Reliquary.

It was a surprisingly pretty thing, fashioned from ebony and set with bright chips of lapis lazuli, emerald, and garnet. The elf took the box and lifted the lid. He tipped it so I could see the contents—a bit of carved bone—and raised one eyebrow in silent inquiry.

"The men who killed my chieftain are priests. They consider this a holy relic, and they place great value on it—higher than the value they place on a good man's life."

"Then I wish you good hunting and swift vengeance."

As the sea elf handed me the box, he leaned in close and said in softer tones, "You did not tell the woman everything you saw."

The image of the sea elf city flooded my mind, and for a moment I relived both the beauty and the longing. Something of this must have shown on my face, because the elf's stern expression eased.

"Where humans are concerned," I said softly, "some things are better left unspoken."

"Then we will not meet again." His gaze flicked over to Lapis and the crew, including them in the question.

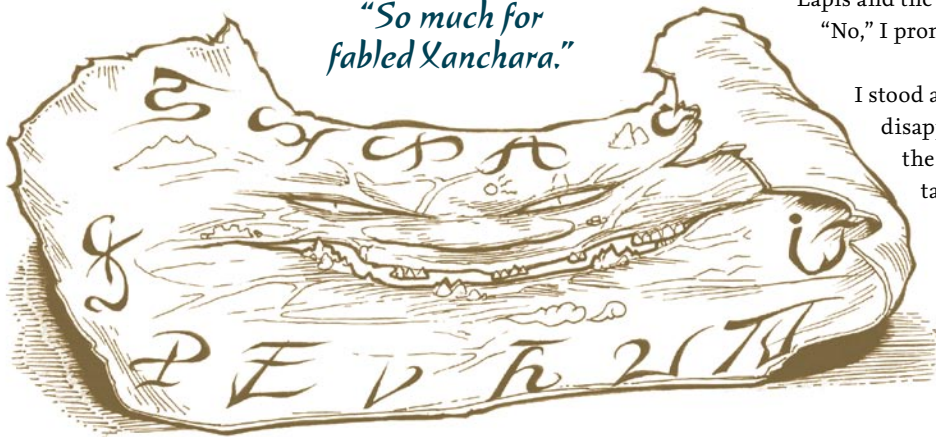
"No," I promised. "We will not."

I stood at the rail long after the sea elf had disappeared beneath the waves, sorting through the day's events and trying to make sense of the task before me.

No easy task, for a mind so clouded with anger as mine.

Gham Banni had been a great scholar. Thanks to his lifelong study into the lore of lost Xanchara, he knew more of the secrets hidden by Golarion's seas than any

*"So much for fabled Xanchara."*





land-dweller I'd ever met. If he was aware of the sea elf city hidden under the Sandusky Shoal, if he knew where the mermaid-crafted map led, then he had found not only the perfect hiding place for the Reliquary, but also the perfect unwitting guardians.

In his own way, he was no better than the mermaids.

And what of the sea elves? What if that accursed map had brought to this place a force greater than the sea elves could turn aside?

For once, Lapis held her tongue and let me think in peace. But she could contain herself for only so long, and after a while she sidled up beside me and reached for the Reliquary. I slapped her hand away and picked up the bit of bone.

"Look at this," I said, turning it this way and that to show her the details. The hollow within was stained with ink. An ebony cap closed one end, and the other had a narrow groove carved into the rim. And the carving was a tiny form of a familiar sigil—a version of the sigil Gham Banni wore on the ring his murderers had stolen.

"A pen handle," I concluded, handing the bone to Lapis. "Somehow I would have thought Gham Banni would treat a relic of a dead god with a little more respect."

She examined it and shrugged. "I don't know what to tell you."

"Why did the *Starseeker* go down here?"

If the quick shift in direction puzzled Lapis, she gave no sign. She gestured to a breaching whale. "As you pointed out, navigating among feeding whales is no easy thing."

"I doubt whales had anything to do with it. If the *Starseeker's* crew learned they were following a mermaid-crafted map, they would have mutinied."

Lapis's mouth formed a little O of surprise, and she seized the arm of a passing crewman. "Doram, is that true?"

The man hesitated only a moment. "It is, Lady Banni. Had I known you carried such a map, nothing could have persuaded me to set sail."

She absently waved him on his way. "Well, you might be right, Channa. The map belonged to Shaffir Banni, my grandfather's cousin. My grandfather told me that both he and his cousin survived the shipwreck, but Shaffir died before their lifeboat reached shore."

"Usually any man carrying such a map would be killed. Instead, the crew set him adrift, and Gham with him. I think Gham Banni saw the ship go down. I think he knew full well no whale was responsible. And so," I added, "do you."

Lapis threw up her hands. "Alright, yes, Gham saw the mermaid, and yes, he told me it brought the ship down. I knew there might still be a lair hereabouts. But I did warn you. I told you to look out for mermaids."

## A Note On Merfolk

A reclusive people, most merfolk communities avoid other races—particularly air-breathing ones—being well acquainted with the dangers posed by those not of their kind. Whether facing murder and slavery at the fins of fierce sahuagin raiders, kidnapping by curious sailors from the world above, or rampages by any number of monstrosities roused from their watery abysses, the merfolk have learned how to keep themselves hidden and, thus, safe from intruders. While this makes many prejudiced, even violent, against outsiders, some remain fascinated with other races. Such interests often prove difficult to maintain, though, as the underwater communities of merfolk tend to be so well guarded or hidden from outsiders that few encounters, either violent or friendly, ever occur. Noted here are three storied merfolk communities, told of in the tales of sailors and those few who have explored the depths of the sea.

**Chosovosei:** Small by the standards of the world above, but a true merfolk city nonetheless, this trench community lies about 350 miles northwest of Hermea. While the merfolk maintain aloof but peaceful relations with the elves of the Mordant Spire, they live in fear of the krakens of the Endless Eye, to whom they pay outlandish seasonal offerings.

**Jehyseel of Fire Tide:** The merfolk community of Jehyseel lies within a forest of stinging anemones deep within the Obari Ocean. The merfolk are quite adept at dealing with the anemones and can reliably treat their often deadly stings—through they rarely do for those not of their kind. The merfolk even possess a great shell trumpet, known as the Ohncov, that causes the plant-like hunters to retract their tendrils, revealing the town below should it be required.

**Stormshoal:** A merfolk fortress perched at the edge of the Eye of Abendego, this citadel of coral and colorful stone drifts above the sea bottom, constantly lashed by the stormy waters yet moored in place by the grasping lengths of a field of massive seaweed fronds. The merfolk within live a nearly hermetic life, for the swift-moving and murky waters endlessly churned by the storm make it just as difficult to leave the fortress as it is to enter.

"Yes. Thank you. That was very helpful."

She made an angry, sputtering sound and flounced off. I turned back to the sea to hide my smile. By now I'd figured out that Lapis, though adept at side-stepping truth and setting up small, deliberate misunderstandings, would not tell an outright lie. She truly did not know that sea elves, not mermaids, had scuttled the *Starseeker*.

I could let her live.





## Bestiary: Creatures of Karapesh

**W**ondrous beings and timeless terrors rise to menace the mythical City of Brass in this month's entry of the Bestiary. Although creatures of living flame make the planar metropolis their home, the City of Brass is first and foremost a city of legend. Thus, many of these beasts take their inspirations from the varied religions and myths of the Middle East, threats drawn from the challenges of the greatest heroes of that folklore-rich region. Adam Daigle's sepid div brings to life the dreaded warlord from the hero Rostam's seventh labor, wherein he battles the feared chieftain of the divs, the Div-e Sepid (White Demon). Greg Vaughan's offerings draw from a range of traditions, such as the maladies brought forth by the fearsome black jinn of Arabic legend; the gigantic angel-descended nephilim of Hebrew tales; and the get of Iblis, horrors inspired by the evils of the villain Iblis, the prideful and corruptive antagonist of Islam. Ancient and deadly, with roots among some of the best-known stories in the world, these legendary foes can only be vanquished by those who can claim to be true heroes.

### WANDERING MONSTERS

The fantastic and deadly palace of Bayt al-Bazan has long stood in infamy amid the spires of the City of Brass. For those locked away within by the curse of the city's nefarious grand vizier, the glistening minarets and daring architecture are but gilding upon one of the legendary metropolis's most elaborate prisons. The occupants intentionally imprisoned within have endured centuries of captivity, though so too have unfortunate passersby unjustly caged for their curiosity, and others condemned through misfortune alone. Yet, though prisoners, these denizens of the City of Brass are more than merely desperate survivors—most are ancient beings made no less potent by ages of imprisonment and years of rising fury. The eternal guardians of the deadly citadel also remain, the centuries-old commands of their departed master compelling them still.

The random encounter table here presents a variety of creatures that haunt the halls and antechambers of Bayt al-Bazan. Although the table presents a range of powerful



*The lion-marked prince fought not to gag on the tyrant-fiend's breath, its every gasp like a dead wind over a field of corpse flowers. Like a pale eclipse it came, blotting out the sun, the sky, and every hope, raking its devil sword, Akvan the Head Taker, upon the felled temple stones, carving gashes in the sand-scoured rock and unleashing waves of stinging sparks. No gap marred the div's double armor, the plates of bent metal protecting rocky skin just as thick, steel and hide fused like a turtle with two shells. On and on it came, each step like an earthquake, each fierce blow ringing like a thunderclap, each chortle like the grinding of a millstone crushing innocent bone. And from the cruel furrows of its brow sprouted its pallid crown, four horns by which it dubbed itself lord of the hills and doom to the defiant. But on that day, the fleet-footed prince swore to claim that crown as his own.*

—Shazathared, Crown of the White Fiend

and often fiery beasts, the City of Brass is among the strangest and deadliest locales in the elemental planes, and nearly any extraplanar being—good or evil, allied with Jhavlul or not—might have conceivably become trapped in the sprawling palace. With the amount of rampant magic found in the City of Brass, practically any magical creature or creation the GM can imagine could find a home in Bayt al-Bazan.

In addition to the various random encounters proposed here, GMs should remember that the palace of a noble efreeti is as opulent a location as most can imagine, even one picked over through the ages by imprisoned monsters and other despoilers. Thus, it would make a fantastic home for a variety of unusual magical encounters, such as traps involving high-level magic, vaults locking away cursed treasures or even lesser artifacts, and encounters with dangerous or quirky intelligent magical weapons. Just as with monsters, Bayt al-Bazan affords GMs the perfect opportunity to make use of their favored legendary treasures or deadly traps in a semi-controlled setting and far away from the populations of the Material Plane, where such wild magical events could prove exceptionally destructive.

The following three types of creatures might now dwell within Bayt al-Bazan, whether at the whims of the city's efreeti overlords or by their own misadventures.

**Dragon:** All manner of fire-loving wyrms can be found in the City of Brass and might come to be trapped in Bayt al-Bazan. A mature adult brass dragon, adult gold dragon, or adult red dragon might carve out a lair amid the palace's larger chambers.

**Elementals:** A variety of elementals might make their homes in Jhavlul's home. While fire elementals (MM 98) are the most common and an elder fire elemental or gang of 1d8 Huge fire elementals might make the most likely threat, earth and air elementals might also linger within. It's unlikely that water elementals—or any water creatures, aside from the rare marid or mephit—could be found within the walls of Bayt al-Bazan.

## Random Encounters in Bayt al-Bazan

d%	Encounter	Avg. EL	Source
1–4	1d6 dorus	4	Pathfinder #19
5–7	1d4 edimmus	5	Pathfinder #20
8–11	1d8 imps	5	MM 56
12–14	1 poisonous kamadan	6	ToHR 245*
15–19	2d6 azers	7	MM 21
20–23	2d4 hell hounds	7	MM 151
24–26	1d6 rasts	8	MM 213
27–28	1d4 lillends	9	MM 168
29–34	2d8 mephits	9	see text
35–37	1 night hag	9	MM 193
38–39	1 derghodaemon	10	ToHR 77*
40–41	1d6 fire nymphs	10	ToHR 195*
42–45	1d4 noble djinn	10	MM 114
46–48	1d6 pairakas	10	Pathfinder #20
49–52	1d6 shaitans	10	Pathfinder #18
53–59	Elementals	11	see text
60–61	1d6 ogre mages	11	MM 200
62–65	1d4 vrocks	11	MM 48
66–68	1d4 spirit nagas	11	MM 192
69–76	1d8 efreet	12	MM 115
77–82	1d4 noble salamanders	12	MM 218
83–86	1d4 stone golems	12	MM 136
87–91	1d6 fire giants	13	MM 121
92–95	1d6 immentesh	13	Pathfinder #22
96–97	1 sepid div	14	Pathfinder #23
98–99	1 trumpet archon	14	MM 18
100	1 dragon	—	see text

\* Tome of Horrors Revised

**Mephits:** Numerous mephits have been captured within the halls of Bayt al-Bazan. Fire, magma, and steam mephits (MM 180) form the greatest population, though any type can be trapped within. The palace makes for quite an uncomfortable prison for many mischievous outsiders.





## BLACK JINNI

This appears to be a powerful humanoid figure, but it is difficult to make out due to the cloud of obscuring dust that perpetually hangs around it. The faint howl of winds and the smell of the deep desert seems to linger in its presence. It has recognizable features such as arms and legs, but they seem somehow wrong and out of proportion.

### BLACK JINNI

Always CE Large outsider (chaotic, evil, extraplanar)

**Init** +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +21, Spot +21

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 27, touch 15, flat-footed 21

(+6 Dex, +12 natural, -1 size)

**hp** 168 (16d8+96)

### CR 12

**Fort** +16, **Ref** +16, **Will** +12

**Defensive Abilities** obscuring cloud; **Immune** electricity, fire

**Weaknesses** vulnerability to recitation

#### OFFENSE

**Spd** 40 ft., fly 60 ft.

**Melee** 2 claws +23 (2d6+8/19-20 plus 1d10 electricity) and gore +18 (2d8+4)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

**Special Attacks** create spawn, dust vortex, shocking touch

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 26, **Dex** 22, **Con** 22, **Int** 12, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 17

**Base Atk** +16; **Grp** +28

**Feats** Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Critical (claw), Improved Initiative<sup>B</sup>, Mobility, Power Attack, Spring Attack

**Skills** Concentration +25, Hide +21 (+29 in storms or clouds), Intimidate +22, Knowledge (religion) +20, Listen +21, Move Silently +25, Search +20, Spot +21, Tumble +25

**Languages** Aquan, Auran, Common, Ignan, Terran

**SQ** aligned weapons, stormwalk

#### ECOLOGY

**Environment** warm deserts

**Organization** solitary, pair, or band (3-6)

**Treasure** standard

**Advancement** 17-28 HD (Large), 29-48 HD (Huge)

**Level Adjustment** —

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Aligned Weapons (Ex)** A black jinni's natural weapons and any weapon it wields are treated as chaotic-aligned and evil-aligned for the purpose of overcoming damage reduction.

**Create Spawn (Su)** A humanoid or genie slain by a black jinni's searing touch rises 1d4 rounds later as an undead spawn. Humanoids rise as zombies; jann rise as ghuls; and djinn, efreet, shaitans, and marids rise as great ghuls. Ghuls and great ghuls are detailed in *Pathfinder Chronicles: Dark Markets, A Guide To Katapesh*. Spawn created by a black jinni are under its control.

**Dust Vortex (Su)** Once per day, as a full-round action, a black jinni can cause the obscuring cloud that surrounds it to become a vortex of electrically-charged dust. This vortex is 20 feet high and radiates to a range of 30 feet, with the black jinni at the vortex's center. The winds within this area are considered a windstorm, making normal ranged attacks impossible and causing a -4 penalty to siege weapon attacks against creatures in the vortex. Creatures within the vortex are subjected to wind effects as described on page 95 of the DMG—those who are blown back are instead drawn toward the center to a square adjacent to the black jinni. A creature that ends its turn within the dust vortex takes 10d6 points of electricity damage (DC 24 Reflex save halves). Once the dust vortex is created, it remains stationary, allowing the black jinni to move around in it or even leave it. The vortex remains in place for 1d6 rounds, or until the black jinni dismisses it as a move action. The save DC is Constitution-based.



**Obscuring Cloud (Ex)** A black jinni is continually surrounded by a cloud of obscuring dust and scouring wind. This cloud gives it a +8 racial bonus to its Hide check while within a sandstorm or other area of blowing dust. In addition, a black jinni has concealment (20% miss chance) while the cloud is in effect. Any strong (or stronger) wind can suppress the obscuring cloud as long as the wind persists.

**Shocking Touch (Su)** Any creature hit by a black jinni's claw attack takes an additional 1d10 points of electricity damage—on a critical hit, this additional electricity damage increases to 2d10 points of damage and the creature must make a DC 24 Fortitude save or the electricity lingers on his body, inflicting an additional 1d10 points of electricity damage each round on the start of the victim's turn for 1d6 additional rounds. Immersion in any liquid ends this ongoing damage, as does contact with a metal object of at least Medium or larger size that is in contact with the ground. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**Stormwalk (Ex)** A black jinni is able to move about in any storm of natural or unnatural origin of hurricane velocity (75–174 mph wind speed) or less without suffering any of its effects.

**Vulnerability to Recitation (Ex)** As cursed genies of evil and chaos, black jinn are strangely susceptible to certain recitations of holy tracts belonging to good or lawful deities or philosophies. These include the spells *dictum* and *holy word*, but also forceful recitations of nonmagical holy sermonizing. If a cleric or paladin of a lawful or good deity makes a successful opposed Knowledge (religion) check against a black jinni as a standard action, the black jinni must make a DC 20 Fortitude save or be instantly destroyed, leaving behind only a small spot of charred ash. If this save is successful, the black jinni instead takes 5d6 points of damage.

Thought by many, even among the jann, to be myths and dark legends, the black jinn are an accursed and forgotten tribe of genies. Bearers of ill will and bringers of destruction upon both mortals and their own kind, these hateful creatures are possessed by madness and a drive to call down ruin upon any who intrude upon their desolate sanctums. The few black jinn encountered on the Material Plane are thought of as terrors of the deep desert, arriving in sudden sandstorms, brilliant with electrical fury, and disappearing just as quickly to leave behind no trace of lost comrades, or merely leaving corpses, charred or glazed in molten glass. Largely, black jinn are creatures of myth and legend, but a handful of mortals know the terrible truth which few live long enough to tell.

Although typically surrounded by a cloud of dust, black jinn appear more fiendish than other genies. A cursed creature, they do not constitute a true race of jann, but rather a bloodline so corrupt as to no longer be considered part of this proud race. A black jinni stands 12 feet tall and can weigh as much 1,200 pounds, its body being mostly comprised of soot, dust, and foul smoke.

## Ecology

The cursed remnant of some ancient bloodline of genies, black jinn are pariahs among even the other jinn races and have retreated over the years into the deepest, most desolate strongholds of the arid wastes of the Material Plane and the elemental planes. Also known by other names, such as black ghosts or nisnases, black jinn have no part in a natural ecology and tend to destroy any living things that exist in their vicinity. It is postulated that certain genies can become black jinn through utilizing taboo magic, trespassing upon sacred locations, or similarly provoking such misfortune, but such cases are largely undocumented and seem to be exceedingly rare.

## Habitat & Society

Legends of black jinn are often associated with fabled lost cities hidden for centuries under a sea of desert sands. These legends always speak of the great treasures harbored by such forgotten cities, as well as the certain death that their discovery entails. The legends are largely true, as black jinn seem to favor such locales, enduring ages-long hermitages or self-inflicted exiles in avoidance of other living beings, though they still enjoy the trappings of civilization—especially those in ruin. On occasion, though, a black jinni finds itself overcome by wanderlust for a time and seeks to investigate civilized lands. On these occasions, black jinn sometimes choose mortal targets to shadow and terrorize before finally closing in for the kill—often after engaging in a nocturnal battle of wits wherein the hapless mortal might have a slight chance of saving himself. Alternatively, a black jinni might settle near a community and slowly curse the inhabitants with its lingering presence until all the residents are dead or the jinni is driven off by some hired holy man.

## Black Jinn in Katapesh

Exceedingly rare, even in realms where other genies flourish, black jinn are almost never spoken of, even in legends, as few live to tell tales of these terrors. In Katapesh, one group of scholars has heard of them, through rumors of one such creature lurking amid the dunes.

**The Isle of Black Palms:** Salty surf endlessly slams a rocky island some 80 miles southeast of Katapesh city. There, amid a stand of sturdy but dead palms, rises a strange tower, the lonely minaret of a ruined mosque, at the top of which glimmers a constant but dim flame. Many have sought to investigate the ancient spire, but all ships that draw near are beset by terrible misfortunes—violent sabotages, storms of ash, grisly murders—and none who set foot upon the Isle of Black Palms ever reach the mainland again.





## DIV, SEPID

Four curling horns sprout from the giant's head and an inhuman tongue flicks among sharply filed teeth. Covered with pale, pockmarked, and spiky flesh, this monstrous warrior stands fully twice the height of an average human, its rough hide barely able to contain the monstrous muscles eagerly twitching beneath. It assumes an intimidating stance as it effortlessly hefts a sword large enough to cleave a horse in two.

### DIV, SEPID

Always NE Large outsider (evil, extraplanar)

**Init** +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Listen +23, Spot +23

### DEFENSE

**AC** 32, touch 14, flat-footed 27

(+5 Dex, +18 natural, -1 size)

**hp** 200 (16d8+128)

**Fort** +18, **Ref** +15, **Will** +16

**Defensive Abilities** evasive target; **DR** 10/cold iron and good;

**Immune** fire, poison; **Resist** acid 10, electricity 10; **SR** 22

### CR 14

### OFFENSE

**Spd** 40 ft.

**Melee** +3 scimitar +26/+21/+16/+11 (1d8+13/15-20) or 2 claws +22 (1d6+7)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

**Special Attacks** rain of debris

**Spell-Like Abilities** (CL 15th)

At will—*deeper darkness*, *greater teleport* (self plus 50 lbs. of objects), *nondetection*, *speak with dead* (DC 19)

**Spells Known** (CL 13th)

6th (5/day)—*disintegrate* (DC 22), *true seeing*

5th (7/day)—*baleful polymorph* (DC 21), *break enchantment*, *hold monster* (DC 21)

4th (7/day)—*animate dead*, *bestow curse* (DC 20), *enervation*, *ice storm*

3rd (7/day)—*fireball* (DC 19), *fly*, *haste*, *magic circle against good*

2nd (8/day)—*blindness/deafness* (DC 18), *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *scorching ray*, *touch of idiocy*

1st (8/day)—*comprehend languages*, *expeditious retreat*, *mage armor*, *ray of enfeeblement*, *true strike*

0 (6/day)—*dancing lights*, *daze*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound* (DC 16), *mage hand*, *mending*, *open/close*, *prestidigitation*, *read magic*

### STATISTICS

**Str** 25, **Dex** 20, **Con** 27, **Int** 19, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 22

**Base Atk** +16; **Grp** +27

**Feats** Blind Fight, Improved Critical (scimitar), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (scimitar)

**Skills** Bluff +25, Concentration +27, Intimidate +27, Knowledge (arcana) +23, Knowledge (religion) +23, Knowledge (the planes) +23, Listen +23, Search +23, Sense Motive +23, Spellcraft +25, Spot +23, Use Magic Device +25

**Languages** Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

**Gear** +3 scimitar

### ECOLOGY

**Environment** Abaddon

**Organization** solitary

**Treasure** standard

**Advancement** 17-22 HD (Large); 23-30 HD (Huge)

**Level Adjustment** —

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Aligned Strike (Ex)** A sepid's natural weapons, as well as any weapons it wields, are treated as evil-aligned for purposes of overcoming damage reduction.

**Evasive Target (Su)** A sepid is particularly difficult to strike with ranged weapons and spells that require a ranged touch attack. Anytime a sepid would normally be hit by a spell using a ranged touch attack, such as a ray, it can deflect the attack so it takes no damage or effects by making a successful DC 25 Reflex save. The sepid must be aware of the attack and not be flat-footed. This deflection does not consume an action.

**Rain of Debris (Su)** Three times per day as a standard action, a sepid can call forth a hail of stones, jagged bits of wood and metal, and similar debris. The debris rains down and



pelts all creatures in a 40-foot radius centered on the sepid. Unattended objects and creatures caught in this area take 16d6 points of bludgeoning damage (DC 26 Reflex for half). The debris is treated as evil-aligned for purposes of overcoming damage reduction. The save DC is Constitution-based.

**See in Darkness (Su)** A sepid can see perfectly in darkness of any kind, even that created by a *deeper darkness* spell.

**Spells** A sepid can cast spells as a 13th-level sorcerer.

**Summon (Sp)** A sepid can summon a ghawwas or a shir div once per day with a 40% chance of success. This ability is equivalent to a 4th-level spell.

Sepid divs look like fiendish, pale-skinned hulks, gigantic warriors capable of rending a man in two with barely an effort. Their skin resembles dull alabaster, typically riddled with armor-like callouses and unevenly placed spines. Atop their heads twist four curved horns, each thick and bent like monstrous meat hooks, sometimes adorned with trophies from past victims. Their large, jaundiced eyes lack irises and contain no pupils, giving them the look of unnatural predators. A mouth full of teeth ground to sharp points grins atop a thick neck of corded muscle and bulging veins. These creatures' clawed hands often grip giant-sized scimitars, falchions, or other mighty blades, rarely sheathing them or letting their blades go even when in their own lairs. Standing nearly 11 feet tall, sepid divs tower over most humanoids, their rightfully intimidating presence the only warning opponents are likely to receive.

## Ecology

Sepid divs exist to confound mortals and spread fear, embodying the strength and terror of monstrous tyrants. They seek out communities with few defenses and demand sacrifices even as they inflict ever greater hardships upon their fearful subjects. To further spread terror, their sorcerous skills can rarely be matched, and they have a penchant for devastating magic.

Sepid divs have a reputation on Golarion as kidnapers. These creatures scour the deserts, plains, and mountains they call home in search of beautiful women wandering alone or poorly guarded. At first they attempt to parlay with the object of their desires, only resorting to aggressively apprehending them if their words and tricks fail. Back in their lairs, sepid divs dote on their new prizes, offering all manner of luxuries, yet withholding their new wives' freedom.

Just as all other divs have some manner of esoteric weakness, sepid divs take a special delight in twisting truth, a tendency that leads to a reliable fault. When dealing with mortals and other lesser creatures, sepid divs always do the opposite of what they say. If a sepid div offers someone a choice between two terrible

## The Tale of Fulad-zereh

The sepid div Fulad-zereh features prominently in an ancient tale told throughout the Empire of Kelesh, Qadira, northern Garund, and even several realms beyond. While each country has its own variations, all claim the monster and the hero that confronted him once trod alongside their fathers' fathers or took part in epics even longer past.

Ages ago, a sepid div named Fulad-zereh made its home in a dark cave surrounded by leering mountains. In this land, men's hearts grew wicked under his control, and they traveled into the lands of their neighbors to plunder grain, capture cattle, and seize other wealth. One of these lands despoiled by Fulad-zereh's men sent forth an army to lay the fiend-king low and banish him from their country. Fulad-zereh ruined the army by calling down a hail of debris, captured its commanders and holy warriors, and blinded them. Soon after, a great hero traveled to the cave, fighting through waves of powerful warriors, great lions, and strange beasts until he finally came to the lair of Fulad-zereh. The div, impressed with this hero's might and persistence, immediately leapt to attack, and the two wrestled and slashed at each other with their swords until rivers of sweat and blood ran thick around them. Eventually, the hero severed the div's head, defeating him in fair combat. The hero used the heart and organs of the div in a brew to restore the captured army's sight and led them to freedom.

options—such as between death by boiling and death by falling from a great height—the div does the opposite of its victim's choice. This can sometimes be used against the divs, as a sepid tricked into acknowledging his intent to kill a character is then forced to spare the victim's life.

## Habitat & Society

On their native plane of Abaddon, sepid divs live in the crumbling palaces, ash-choked fortresses, and ooze-slick towers that sparsely dot the bleak surface of the plane. On Golarion, these fiends make their homes in deep caves beneath towering mountains, the ruins of fortresses—the more notorious or haunted, the better—and other dark places near enough where mortals dwell, but far enough removed to provide them some manner of privacy and safety. Among other divs, sepids act as bullies and warlords, physically and magically enforcing obedience and maintaining control over their normally solitary brethren. They frequently ally themselves with the more powerful denizens who rule the wastes of Abaddon, serving as generals of armies or barons for their ruinous realms.





## GET OF IBLIS

Unspeakeable pallid flesh twitches and quivers across the grotesque bulk of this vaguely insectile monstrosity. Behind a ravening maw of needle-sharp teeth twists a bulbous, eyeless head covered in a veined membrane. Beyond this amorphous mass coils a long, segmented body bearing dozens of scuttling legs covered in chitinous armor and ending in a pincer-like double stinger. The foremost legs are oversized and folded back like those of a mantis, but with jagged, metallic growths along its clawed edges.

### GET OF IBLIS

Always CE Gargantuan aberration (aquatic)

**Init** +5; **Senses** blindsight 30 ft., darkvision 60 ft., genie sense 100 ft.; **Listen** +15, **Spot** +15

#### DEFENSE

**AC** 26, touch 11, flat-footed 21

(+5 Dex, +15 natural, -4 size)

### CR 13

**hp** 187 (15d8+120); regeneration 10 (acid, sonic)

**Fort** +13, **Ref** +10, **Will** +15

**Immune** fire; **SR** 22

#### OFFENSE

**Spd** 40 ft., climb 40 ft., swim 40 ft.

**Melee** bite +20 (2d8+13 plus devour elemental) and 2 claws +18 (1d10+6) and sting +18 (1d12+6 plus poison)

**Space** 20 ft.; **Reach** 20 ft.

**Special Attacks** penetrating strike

#### STATISTICS

**Str** 36, **Dex** 20, **Con** 26, **Int** 3, **Wis** 22, **Cha** 10

**Base Atk** +11; **Grp** +36

**Feats** Awesome Blow, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Improved Bull Rush, Multiattack, Power Attack

**Skills** Climb +21, Listen +15, Spot +15, Swim +21

**Languages** Aquan, Auran, Ignan, Terran (choose one)

#### ECOLOGY

**Environment** any

**Organization** solitary

**Treasure** none

**Advancement** 16–24 HD (Gargantuan), 25–32 HD (Colossal)

**Level Adjustment** —

#### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Amphibious (Ex)** The get of Iblis can survive equally well in or out of water.

**Devour Elemental (Su)** This ability functions against any creature that has one or more of the elemental subtypes of air, earth, fire, or water. Any such creature that suffers bite damage from a get of Iblis gains one negative level. A get of Iblis can critically hit a creature with one of these subtypes with its bite attack even if the target creature is normally immune to or resistant to additional damage from critical hits—this represents the get of Iblis's ability to gnaw apart such creatures and consume portions of their body with shocking alacrity.

**Genie Sense (Ex)** The get of Iblis can pinpoint genies within 100 feet, just as if it possessed the blindsense ability to that range.

**Penetrating Strike (Ex)** The get of Iblis's natural weapons are embedded with growths of adamantine—these attacks bypass DR/adamantine.

**Poison (Su)** Injury, Fortitude DC 25, initial damage 2d6 Str, secondary damage 2d6 Str. The save DC is Constitution-based. If the initial saving throw is failed, the target is also affected by *dimensional anchor* (CL 15th) for 2d6 rounds.

The get of Iblis (known to some as “Iblis’s begotten” or the “brood of Iblis”) are massive, multi-legged worm-like creatures with vicious claws of adamantine and the ability to devour the very essence of genies and elemental creatures. Appearing much like monstrously huge parasites or insectile beings sculpted from the most



unfit of living flesh, these things know only sleep and unrestrained hunger, proving endlessly ravenous for the lives of genie-kind. These revolting creatures' armored bodies grow as long as 60 feet and weigh as much as 100,000 pounds. They have no known natural limit to their life spans unless they meet a violent end.

## *Ecology*

The get of Iblis spend most of their time in hibernation, slumbering for periods that can span thousands of years. Since their near-extinction at the hands of the genies, they seem to have lost their rampant natural instinct to compulsively hunt down and destroy the genie races, though if a genie is encountered, they seem to remember something of these impulses and relish in their destruction. However, the urge usually passes after the immediate genies are dealt with, and these spawn of Iblis are satisfied to return to their slumbers. Once every 20 years or so a get of Iblis awakes from its slumber and strikes out by night to seek prey, feasting and rampaging for a single evening before returning to sleep, seemingly lying in wait for their father's profane summons.

## *Habitat & Society*

No one knows exactly to what corners of the multiverse the get of Iblis have fled, but they are rarely heard of and even more rarely encountered. When seen, the get of Iblis are typically solitary, and usually out on brief and surreptitious hunts after long hibernation before returning to sleep. On rare occasions, get of Iblis have been found and captured for use as arena beasts in the most malevolent of planar venues, or even as hunting hounds by powerful fiends with their own reasons for wishing to see genies and their ilk destroyed. Divs particularly delight in the discovery and ensnarement of Iblis's spawn, taking special pleasure in making use of these fearsome beasts, especially as no love is lost between these fiends and their jinn ancestors. The divs' focus on the get of Iblis has led to some small interest in the creatures throughout the plane of Abaddon and among wider daemonkind. The beasts have even sparked the profane imagination of Apollyon, the Horseman of Pestilence, who regularly sends hunting parties of potent daemons to seek out these revolting menaces and drag them back to the bowels of the Plaguemere, where already at least a dozen lurk. Whether the Horseman merely delights in the terrifying and parasitic appearance of the beasts or if he has some greater plot involving the hungry, elemental horrors remains unclear.

## *Origins of the Begotten*

In the earliest of ages, there was Iblis. Iblis was either god or monster, angel or demon, or perhaps a little of

each. At one time, long before the advent of the mortal races, he commanded the fealty of much of genie-kind and ruled over them with a fist of iron. It is thought by some that it was perhaps in this time that the City of Brass was first constructed, as a monument to his might and power from whence he could rule over all the jinn. But in time the genies threw off his yoke of tyranny and became free to pursue their own natures and agendas. Vengeful Iblis did not relinquish his power quietly, and he searched far and wide for the means to bring about the destruction of all genies for what he perceived as the ultimate betrayal. To this end, he traveled to strange realms and trafficked with beings beyond imagination. Some of these he brought together in a harem of horrors, imprisoning terrifying and unnatural consorts to beget him vile children, embodiments of his barely restrained hatred, physical creatures as terrible as his wrath. Strongest of these get of Iblis were gigantic, worm-like creatures bred specifically to stalk and bring about the destruction of the genie races.

When the get of Iblis first appeared and began to hunt Iblis's erstwhile servants, the genies found themselves unprepared and ill-equipped to deal with such natural-born predators of their kind. However, at a grand convention of all the genie races, chaired by the mighty padishah of the marids and held within the planar nexus of the City of Brass, an accord was reached between the ordinarily warring genie races that, for 1 week, all differences would be set aside to hunt down and destroy the cursed spawn of their old master. This is said to have been the first and last alliance between djinn and efreet, marids and shaitans, but it performed its task marvelously, creating a fierce and swift planet-wide counter-hunt against Iblis's terrible spawn. Although the battles were costly and many genies fell, in the end the majority of the get of Iblis were wiped out across the sphere. Iblis disappeared into hiding—not to be seen in all the eons since—and his few surviving children retreated, finding hidden lairs at the darkest corners of the multiverse. Judging their work to be done, the alliance broke and the genie races went back to their own concerns, never to know accord again, secure in their knowledge that the vile get of Iblis no longer posed a threat to their existence.

The genies were largely right. The get of Iblis were devastated and the survivors scattered. However, occasionally one of these foul aberrations surfaces and invariably wreaks much havoc among the genie races before finally being put down again. The genies sleep secure in the knowledge of their victory, but some few take the time to ponder what fate may hold for them should errant and ever-hating Iblis ever rise from his mysterious refuge again.





## NEPHILIM

This tall figure is a born warrior. A giant of a man, his massive frame is muscular, with a head and beard of dark curls beneath his iron helm. He clutches a bronze-headed javelin in his mighty fist, and a large, sweeping sword hangs at his belt. The strength of the mountains seems to rest in his mighty thews, and the ages of time lie in his deep-set eyes.

### NEPHILIM

Usually N Large outsider (native)

**Init** +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Listen** +14, **Spot** +14

### DEFENSE

**AC** 23, touch 10, flat-footed 22

(+4 armor, +1 Dex, +7 natural, +2 shield, -1 size)

**hp** 102 (12d8+48)

**Fort** +14, **Ref** +9, **Will** +7

**DR** 15/magic; **Resist** cold 10, fire 10; **SR** 19

**CR** 8

### OFFENSE

**Spd** 30 ft. in scale mail (40 ft. base)

**Melee** +2 *longsword* +20/+15/+10 (2d6+9/19-20) or  
2 slams +20 (1d4+7)

**Ranged** mwk spear +13 (2d6+7/×3)

**Space** 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

**Special Attacks** crushing blow, mortal challenge

### STATISTICS

**Str** 25, **Dex** 12, **Con** 18, **Int** 14, **Wis** 9, **Cha** 16

**Base Atk** +12; **Grp** +23

**Feats** Athletic, Cleave, Endurance<sup>B</sup>, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude<sup>B</sup>, Improved Sunder, Power Attack

**Skills** Climb +19, Craft +17, Handle Animal +18, Intimidate +18, Jump +17, Knowledge (history) +17, Listen +14, Spot +14, Survival +14, Swim +14

**Languages** Celestial, Common, Giant

**Gear** masterwork scale mail, heavy steel shield, +2 *longsword*, masterwork spear

### ECOLOGY

**Environment** warm hills

**Organization** solitary, pair, or tribe (3-8)

**Treasure** standard

**Advancement** by character class; **Favored Class** fighter

**Level Adjustment** +5

### SPECIAL ABILITIES

**Crushing Blow (Ex)** When a nephilim makes a successful critical hit on a melee attack, the target must make a DC 23 Fortitude save or take an additional 3d6 points of damage and be staggered for 1 round from the unearthly power of the blow. The save DC is Strength-based.

**Mortal Challenge (Su)** At will as a standard action, a nephilim can roar out a battle challenge. Any humanoid, giant, or monstrous humanoid of fewer Hit Dice than the nephilim within 100 feet must make a DC 19 Will save or become frightened for 2d6 rounds. A creature that fails this saving throw takes a -2 penalty on all future saves against mortal challenges made by that nephilim for the next 24 hours. A creature that succeeds is immune to that nephilim's mortal challenge for 24 hours. This is a mind-affecting fear effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

The nephilim are the misbegotten offspring of unions between the earliest humans and certain primordial deities and semi-divine demigods. These unions were forbidden and the offspring cursed by both men and gods, as they span the sacred lines between the mortal and immortal realms, though the giant children proved hardy and capable of survival on their own, living even into modern times. Nephilim typically stand 11 feet tall and weigh approximately 1,100 pounds, being gigantic humanoids of great physical prowess and possessing unnaturally noble bearings. Their immortal ancestry makes them extremely long lived, reaching ages of up to 600 years.



## Ecology

Nephilim are extremely hardy and can survive on a typical human's diet (though they will consume much more when such provender is available). There have been noted cases of nephilim breeding with humans in the rare circumstances when they live among them. On these occasions, these half-nephilim offspring bear all the racial traits of their human parents but are invariably large, powerful, and long-lived if they do not meet premature ends during the contests of arms that these natural-born warriors invariably face.

## Habitat & Society

Over the countless years since those early days of their existence, most nephilim have been wiped out by various pogroms instituted by both their mortal neighbors and the gods themselves. Nevertheless, a stubborn remnant has hung on and, if not exactly multiplied, at least held steady in their numbers over the ages. The source of the early animosity is largely forgotten, though most mortal races are mildly intimidated or even outright hostile when encountering nephilim, for reasons unknown even to them. The nephilim are accustomed to this and tend to withdraw from mortal society, clinging to the wild and abandoned places of the world. On occasion, some local ruler will ally with a tribe of nephilim in order to add giants seemingly built for war to the ranks of their defenders.

## Advanced Nephilim

Many nephilim are born with incredible fates and bear prominent destinies. One such individual is presented here, with tactics applying to this month's adventure, "The Impossible Eye."

### EZER HAZZEBAIM

CR 15

Male nephilim wizard 3/cleric (Rovagug) 3/mystic theurge 7  
CE Large outsider (native)

Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +19, Spot +19

#### DEFENSE

AC 25, touch 14, flat-footed 23

(+4 armor, +3 deflection, +2 Dex, +7 natural, -1 size)

hp 217 (25 HD; 15d8+10d4+125)

Fort +21, Ref +14, Will +25

DR 15/magic; Resist cold 10, fire 10; SR 19

#### OFFENSE

Spd 70 ft., fly 90 ft. (good)

Melee +1 cold iron greataxe +30/+25/+20/+15 (3d6+11/x3) or  
2 slams +29 (1d4+7)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft.

Special Attacks crushing blow (DC 23), mortal challenge (DC 18), rebuke undead 5/day (+2, 2d6+5), smite 1/day (+4 attack, +3 damage)

#### Wizard Spells Prepared (CL 10th, +23 ranged touch)

5th—*feeblemind* (DC 19), quickened *magic missile*  
4th—*dimension door*, maximized *magic missile*, *scrying* (DC 18),  
*solid fog*  
3rd—*dispel magic*, *fly*, *major image* (DC 17), *vampiric touch*  
2nd—*fox's cunning*, *hideous laughter* (DC 16), *protection from arrows*, *scorching ray*, *spectral hand*  
1st—*burning hands* (DC 15), *ray of enfeeblement*, *shield*, *true strike* (2)  
o—*acid splash*, *daze* (DC 14), *disrupt undead*, *mending*

#### Cleric Spells Prepared (CL 10th, +23 ranged touch)

5th—quickened *divine favor*, *flame strike*<sup>D</sup> (DC 19), *slay living* (DC 19)  
4th—*cure critical wounds*, *divine power*<sup>D</sup>, *freedom of movement*, *poison* (DC 18), *spell immunity*  
3rd—*contagion*<sup>D</sup> (DC 17), *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *searing light*, *wind wall*  
2nd—*augury*, *cure moderate wounds*, *death knell* (DC 16), *hold person* (DC 16), *resist energy*, *spiritual weapon*<sup>D</sup>  
1st—*cure light wounds* (2), *deathwatch*, *doom* (DC 15), *inflict light wounds*<sup>D</sup> (DC 15), *sanctuary* (DC 15)  
o—*create water*, *cure minor wounds*, *guidance*, *resistance* (2), *virtue*  
D Domain spell; Domains Destruction, War

#### TACTICS

**Before Combat** Ezer casts *fox's cunning*, *shield*, and *fly*.

**During Combat** Ezer is unlikely to have the luxury of casting any preparatory spells before the PCs confront him, so when combat begins, he does his best to cast defensive spells as he can, with *shield* and *freedom of movement* being the first two he casts. If an enemy is overwhelming him, he casts *solid fog*, then *dimension doors* to a nearby room to take his time with spell preparation before moving back to where he left the combat to attack foes as they emerge from the fog.

**Morale** If reduced to less than 30 hit points, Ezer attempts to flee.

#### STATISTICS

Str 24, Dex 14, Con 20, Int 18, Wis 19, Cha 14

Base Atk +22; Grp +36

Feats Cleave, Combat Casting, Craft Wondrous Item, Endurance, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Maximize Spell, Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Scribe Scroll, Weapon Focus (greataxe), Weapon Focus (slam)

Skills Climb +22, Concentration +33, Craft +19, Decipher Script +15, Handle Animal +17, Intimidate +17, Jump +22, Knowledge (arcana) +29, Knowledge (history) +22, Knowledge (religion) +32, Listen +19, Spellcraft +19, Spot +19, Survival +19, Swim +22

Languages Celestial, Common, Giant, Ignan, Infernal

SQ spontaneous casting (inflict spells), summon familiar (currently none)

Combat Gear *wand of magic missile* (CL 9th, 43 charges); Other Gear *bracers of armor* +4, +1 *cold iron greataxe*, *periapt of wisdom* +4, *ring of protection* +3, *handy haversack*, silver holy symbol, spellbook (contains all prepared spells plus 3d6 additional spells of levels 1st–5th)



## VALEROS



**MALE HUMAN FIGHTER 11**

**ALIGN** NG **INIT** +7 **SPEED** 30 ft.

**DEITY:** Cayden Cailean

**HOMELAND:** Andoran

### ABILITIES

18	STR
17	DEX
12	CON
13	INT
8	WIS
10	CHA

### DEFENSE

**HP** 76  
**AC** 24  
touch 14, flat-footed 21  
**Fort** +9, **Ref** +7,  
**Will** +3

### OFFENSE

**Melee** +2 *frost longsword*  
+19/+14/+9 (1d8+8/17–20 plus  
1d6 cold)  
**Dual Wielding** +2 *frost longsword*  
+17/+12/+7 (1d8+8/17–20 plus 1d6  
cold) and  
+1 *short sword* +15/+10 (1d6+3/19–20)  
**Ranged** +1 *composite longbow* +15  
(1d8+4/x3)  
**Base Atk** +11; **Grp** +15

### SKILLS

Climb	+17
Intimidate	+14
Ride	+16
Swim	+12

### FEATS

Combat Expertise, Greater  
Weapon Focus (longsword),  
Improved Critical  
(longsword), Improved  
Initiative, Improved Two-  
Weapon Fighting, Power  
Attack, Two-Weapon  
Defense, Two-Weapon  
Fighting, Weapon Focus  
(longsword), Weapon Focus  
(short sword), Weapon  
Specialization (longsword)



**Combat Gear** *elixir of fire breath*, *potion of cure serious wounds* (3), *potion of resist energy (fire)* 20; **Other Gear** +2 *mithral breastplate*, +2 *frost longsword*, +1 *short sword*, +1 *composite longbow* (+3 Str) with 20 arrows, +1 *undead slaying arrow*, silver dagger, *amulet of natural armor* +2, *belt of giant's strength* +4, *cloak of resistance* +1, *ring of protection* +1, backpack, lucky tankard, rations (6), silk rope, 52 gp

Born a farmer's son in the quiet Andoren countryside, Valeros spent his youth dreaming of adventure and exploring the world. For the past several years, he's been a mercenary with the Band of the Mauler, a guard for the Aspis Consortium, a freelance bounty hunter, and hired muscle for a dozen different employers. Gone is his youthful naivete, replaced by scars and the resolve of a veteran warrior. While noble at heart, Valeros hides this beneath a jaded, sometimes crass demeanor, often claiming that there's no better way to end a day's adventuring than with "an evening of hard drinking and a night of soft company."

## KYRA



**FEMALE HUMAN CLERIC 11**

**ALIGN** NG **INIT** –1 **SPEED** 20 ft.

**DEITY:** Sarenrae

**HOMELAND:** Qadira

### ABILITIES

13	STR
8	DEX
14	CON
10	INT
21	WIS
12	CHA

### DEFENSE

**HP** 75  
**AC** 22  
touch 10, flat-footed 22  
**Fort** +10, **Ref** +3  
**Will** +15  
**Special Attacks** greater  
turning 1/day, turn  
undead 8/day

### OFFENSE

**Melee** +2 *holy scimitar* +12/+7  
(1d6+3/18–20)  
**Base Atk** +8; **Grp** +9  
**Spells Prepared** (CL 11th)  
6th—*blade barrier*, *heal*<sup>D</sup>  
5th—*flame strike* (DC 19)<sup>D</sup>,  
*summon monster V* (2), *true seeing*  
4th—*air walk*, *divine power*,  
*freedom of movement*, *fire shield*<sup>D</sup>  
3rd—*daylight*, *dispel magic* (2),  
*remove disease*, *searing light*<sup>D</sup>  
2nd—*aid*, *bull's strength*, *cure mod.*  
*wounds*<sup>D</sup>, *hold person* (DC 16), *resist*  
*energy* (2)  
1st—*command* (DC 15), *endure*  
*elements*<sup>D</sup> (3), *divine favor* (2),  
*sanctuary* (DC 15), *shield of faith*  
0—*detect magic* (3), *light* (3)  
D domain spell (healing, sun)

### SKILLS

Concentration	+16
Heal	+19
Knowledge (religion)	+14

### FEATS

Combat Casting, Extra  
Turning, Iron Will, Martial  
Weapon Proficiency  
(scimitar), Weapon Focus  
(scimitar)



**Combat Gear** *holy water* (3), *potion of lesser restoration* (3), *wand of cure moderate wounds* (42 charges); **Other Gear** +2 *chainmail*, +3 *heavy steel shield*, +2 *holy scimitar*, *cloak of resistance* +1, *periapt of wisdom* +4, *ring of protection* +1, backpack, rations (6), gold holy symbol (with *continual flame*) worth 300 gp, rations (4), 30 gp

Kyra was one of the few survivors of a brutal raid on her hometown, and on the smoking ruins of her village she swore her life and sword arm to Sarenrae. Possessed of a fierce will, pride in her faith, and skill with the scimitar, Kyra has traveled far since her trial by fire. She lost her family and home that fateful day, yet where another might be consumed by anger and a thirst for revenge, Kyra has found peace in the Dawnflower.



# pre-generated characters

## MERISIEL



FEMALE ELF ROGUE 11

ALIGN CN INIT +6 SPEED 30 ft.

DEITY: Calistria

HOMELAND: Varisia

### ABILITIES

12	STR
23	DEX
12	CON
8	INT
13	WIS
10	CHA

### DEFENSE

HP 52  
AC 24  
touch 17, flat-footed 18  
Fort +4, Ref +13,  
Will +4; +2 against  
enchantment  
Special Qualities low-  
light vision, trapfinding;  
Defense evasion, trap  
sense +3, improved  
uncanny dodge;  
Immune sleep

### OFFENSE

Melee +1 keen rapier +15/+10  
(1d6+2/15–20)  
Ranged dagger +14 (1d4+1/19–20)  
Base Atk +8; Grp +9

Special Attacks opportunist, sneak  
attack +6d6

### SKILLS

Disable Device	+16
Hide	+25
Listen	+17
Jump	+8
Move Silently	+25
Search	+15
Spot	+17
Tumble	+20

### FEATS

Dodge, Mobility, Spring  
Attack, Weapon Finesse



**Combat Gear** *potion of cure moderate wounds* (2), *potion of invisibility* (2); **Other Gear** +2 shadow silent moves studded leather armor, +1 keen rapier, daggers (14), amulet of natural armor +1, bag of holding (type II), dusty rose prism ioun stone, gloves of Dexterity +4, ring of jumping, ring of protection +2, masterwork thieves' tools, polished jade worth 50 gp, 25 gp

Merisiel's life experiences have taught her to enjoy things to their fullest as they occur, since it's impossible to tell when the good times might end. Never the sharpest knife in the drawer, Merisiel makes up for this by carrying at least a dozen of them on her person. She hasn't met a problem yet that can't, in one way or another, be solved with things that slice. While she's always on the move and working on her latest batch of plots for easy money, in the end it comes down to being faster than everyone else—either on her feet, or with her beloved blades. She wouldn't have it any other way.

## EZREN



MALE HUMAN WIZARD 11

ALIGN NG INIT +3 SPEED 30 ft.

DEITY: Atheist

HOMELAND: Absalom

### ABILITIES

11	STR
9	DEX
12	CON
22	INT
15	WIS
9	CHA

### DEFENSE

HP 40  
AC 15  
touch 11, flat-footed 15  
Fort +8, Ref +4,  
Will +11

### OFFENSE

Melee cane +5 (1d6)  
Ranged light crossbow +4  
(1d8/19–20)  
Base Atk +5; Grp +5

### Spells Prepared (CL 11th)

6th—*chain lightning* (DC 22), *greater dispel magic*  
5th—*cone of cold* (DC 21; 2), *teleport*  
4th—*dimension door*, *ice storm* (2),  
*stoneskin*  
3rd—*dispel magic* (2), *displacement*,  
*fly*, *fireball* (DC 19)  
2nd—*bear's endurance*, *invisibility*,  
*scorching ray* (2), *web* (DC 18; 2)  
1st—*charm person* (DC 17), *endure*  
*elements*, *magic missile* (3), *shield*  
0—*detect magic* (2), *light* (2)

### SKILLS

Appraise	+20
Concentration	+15
Knowledge (arcana)	+20
Knowledge (geography)	+20
Knowledge (history)	+20
Knowledge (the planes)	+12
Spellcraft	+22

### FEATS

Combat Casting, Empower  
Spell, Great Fortitude,  
Greater Spell Penetration,  
Improved Initiative, Quicken  
Spell, Scribe Scroll, Spell  
Penetration

### FAMILIAR

Sneak (weasel, MM 282)



**Combat Gear** *potion of cure serious wounds* (2), *scroll of dispel magic*, *wand of lightning bolt* (CL 6th, 30 charges); **Other Gear** cane (as club), dagger, light crossbow with 20 bolts, bracers of armor +4, cloak of resistance +2, headband of intellect +4, ring of protection +2, backpack, rations (6), scroll case, spellbook, spell component pouch, diamond dust (250 gp), 100 gp pearls (2), 35 gp

Born to a successful spice merchant in one of Absalom's more affluent districts, Ezren's childhood was pleasantly safe. This changed when his father was charged with heresy. Ezren spent much of his adult life attempting to prove his father's innocence, only to discover his father was guilty. The revelation shook Ezren's faith in family and church to the core and he abandoned both, setting out into the world to find a new life. Ezren fell naturally into the ways of wizardry, and swiftly became a gifted spellcaster.



## Next Month in PATHFINDER™



### THE FINAL WISH

by Rob McCreary

Much has changed in Katapesh, with the hordes of the efreeti warlord Jhavlul having claimed the region around Kelmarae. The peaceful town has become an encampment for a monstrous army as their general seeks to resurrect a living holocaust. Can the PCs hope to free the community and discover the centuries-old plot of a mad genie before his obsession consumes all of Katapesh in flame? Find out in the climax of the Legacy of Fire Adventure Path!

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ury and flame exploded from the genie. "Damn these insolent slaves!" screamed the efreeti. "Flaying them is worthless! They do not moan convincingly! They submit to the whip with the same ox-like stupidity they bring to every task!"

"What do you wish us to do?" asked the salamander. "Bring salt?"

"No, it is useless. Kill this one."

"Yes, pasha," said the salamander, sharpening a knife. The human's death was quick. The strange breed of slaves had little to recommend it to a torturer; they were oblivious to their fate under duress, always staring into the distance and accepting any humiliation meekly. It was enough to make the burning lords of the City of Brass seek out something more lively.

"Can you find me a real servant?" asked the efreeti. "There must be visitors under the sultan's hand somewhere."

"The guards are scouring the city for intruders. There is word again that travelers seek your head along with your treasures—as they always do. These pretended to be merchants, but none have seen them since they left the Suq al-Azzmir Marketplace."

"They sound to be amusingly brazen fools. Keep searching! I don't want excuses. I want them screaming for forgiveness and betraying their accomplices."

"Three lesser nobles were found dead near the Palace," offered the salamander.

"Alert the guards. And bring these trespassers to me alive." The efreeti turned his attention to reheating his iron pokers and a set of cunningly forged knives.

Behind him, the dungeon door slammed open, and four scorched but determined-looking mortals stood with sword and wand at the ready.

"Pasha," said the salamander. "I have found new slaves for you."







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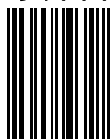
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