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ADVENTURE PATH * PART 6 OF 6



Legacy of Fire

THE FINAL WISH

Adventure by Rob McCreary

New Fiction by Elaine Cunningham



The Firebleeder's corpse twitched and fell to ash even as the last mage withdrew from the battlefield. Its outer scales and flesh cracked and shattered by the magic of the Legion of Wands, the Spawn of Rovagug lay buried beneath a mountain of ice and bones, its own adamantine-like skeleton exposed and burning heart little more than an ember. Yet the Rough Beast's blood is stubborn, and the Firebleeder's remains refused to be destroyed, refused to die, and refused to admit defeat. Their fire still burned. Stone melted around them, and the corpse of the living holocaust sank into a pool of liquid stone.

Though the Firebleeder lay dead, its rage and unholy hunger knew no end. In the depths of the caverns that it created around its own corpse, the heart of the Firebleeder drew to it veins of dark fire from the surrounding land, tapping into the blood of the world and, from its depths, drawing up rivers of molten hate. Deep below dwells the god of destruction, buried in earth and in flame. And so the heart of the Firebleeder beats strong, pumping fire forth from the pits below. Unthinking, yet created for one purpose, this undying organ beats still, endlessly seeking to draw its father forth however it can. Alive only with hatred and flame, its heart pounds, a profane and endless thrum of praise to the horror imprisoned within.

Someday, a mote of Rovagug's soul will rise above, breaching the surface of the world at the beckoning of the Firebleeder's fanatical carcass. And on that day, the Firebleeder will wake again, to take its rightful place at its father's side, proudest and strongest of the Worldbreaker's children.



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ADVENTURE PATH PART 6 of 6



Legacy of Fire

THE FINAL WISH

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UP IN SMOKE

I'll skip the B.S.—I want to see your PCs lose this one. I know they've been through a lot: gnoll cults, harsh deserts, crowded cities, magical worlds—even the City of Brass. But tell them to take it easy this time. Sure, Kelmarane has been conquered by evil genies and there's a mad efreeti trying to reduce most of Katapesh to ashes, but I'm sure other heroes will handle the heavy lifting. Rob McCreary also doesn't make things easy this time through, as on top of pulling out all the stops as far as traps and monsters go, he's loaded some of the fiercest beasts in the game up with wish-granted super powers, making them about a hundred times more lethal. So why risk it? Have your PCs kick back and relax. I'm sure everything will be fine.

Okay, to tell the truth, I want Jhavlul to win because of that gigantic menace you see above. It tramples, it burns, it breathes fire, and the more you hurt it, the more it hurts you: it's Xotani the Firebleeder, sibling to the Tarrasque and the meanest non-deity menace we've statted up in 24 issues of *Pathfinder Adventure Path*. And it's what happens if the PCs don't manage to take out Jhavlul before he makes his one-thousandth wish.

So give your PC's a break, because this time catastrophe is a god-spawn dragon-worm with 728 hit points, and you know you want to run it.

The Pathfinder RPG Cometh

Next month promises to be an exciting month for *Pathfinder* for two huge reasons: first, volume #25 launches the new Council of Thieves Adventure Path, and second, it marks *Pathfinder's* switch from employing the 3.5 rules system to using the new Pathfinder RPG rules.

Second topic first. You heard me right: New month. New rules.

I'll give you a moment to embrace your panic, trepidation, or excitement—I know that phrase can mean a lot of different things to a lot of different people.

Okay. So, now, what does the switch to Pathfinder RPG rules mean for you and your campaign? Pretty much nothing. Or everything. It's kind of up to you.

For folks who have already downloaded the Beta version of the Pathfinder RPG, here's everything you already know and maybe a bit you don't. As you've checked out the

Beta, you're familiar with most of the differences between it and the 3.5 rules system we've been using here in *Pathfinder* for the past 24 volumes. There have been some big changes since then, though, not to mention a ton of additional stuff that's seeing the light of day for the first time. The final incarnation of the rules has had nearly a year of additional consideration, revision, and refinement based on the feedback of a truly vast number of 3.5 players and *Pathfinder* readers. Polished classes and abilities, reconsidered feats and skill uses, streamlined (but not dumbed-down) combat techniques, and more details than these two pages could even begin to summarize come together in the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*, a massive tome clocking in at nearly 600 pages and including absolutely everything you need to run a *Pathfinder* RPG game—though we've also got the *Pathfinder RPG Bestiary* coming out a month afterward, just in case you're one of those GMs who likes monsters. It's the end result of nearly two years of design and development, shared by some of the most experienced designers in the RPG industry and a community of gamers who know what they love about RPGs and aren't afraid to make their voices heard. It's gigantic, it's beautiful, it's the next big thing—it's the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook*, and it hits game stores in August. Check it out.

For those who aren't interested in changing their rules system—and who somehow aren't swayed by my charming sales pitch here—I've also got some interesting news. What do you need to do to keep using *Pathfinder*? Not much. That's kind of the awesome part. If you've been playing 3.5, you already know how to play the *Pathfinder* RPG. The races are the same, the classes are the same, all your old favorite spells are in there—in fact, everything you knew and loved about 3.5 is in there, and is going to stay in there. Yes, there will be changes, but many are behind-the-scenes things that we'll be tinkering with on the rules and statblock ends and that will mesh just fine with the characters you've already been running. So pretty much, whenever you see the skill name "Perception," think "Listen and Spot," and your conversion work is halfway done. A lot of effort has gone into assuring that the *Pathfinder* RPG is backward compatible, both because we think there are some really great 3.5 adventures and accessories you'll want to keep using, and because we're kind of old-school ourselves and can understand resistance to changing your game.

So I hope you're all as excited about the *Pathfinder RPG Core Rulebook* as we are, but either way you want your game, *Pathfinder* RPG or 3.5, *Pathfinder* is going to keep on coming and will continue to be your source for awesome campaigns, monsters, fiction, game rules, and everything else. No worries.

It's the dawning of an exciting new world... if you want it to be.

Council of Thieves

James and I went into outlining *Council of Thieves* with three thoughts in mind: a setting totally outside of Varisia, a city campaign set completely in one city, and brigands.

The first choice was easy: Cheliax. It's a country that has appealed to us and our readership since the earliest days of Golarion. It's got a cool name, it's sinister and has ties to diabolism and Asmodeus, and its culture and government are full of fascinating shades-of-gray moral ambiguity.

The second thought was addressed by setting choice and a resolution toward self-control. Thus we betrothed ourselves to shadow-haunted Westcrown for our fifth Adventure Path, promising we'd not stray like we did on Korvosa in *Curse of the Crimson Throne*—we learned our lesson and have done our best to curb our cheating ways.

Our last idea, brigands, exploded. What started with me wanting to just have a scene somewhere where the PCs actually fight highwaymen not only turned into a strong portion of the plot of the first adventure, but also spread itself into a complex criminal underground. It also didn't hurt that James was on a Dario Argento movie kick and I was working on *Princes of Darkness: Book of the Damned Volume 1*, giving us plenty of ideas for all manner of infernal manipulations. What we ended up with was an Adventure Path we summarized as *The Godfather* meets *The Omen* in the former capital of Cheliax.

After a few months of development and pulling together what we think is one of the best groups of adventure writers yet, *Council of Thieves* is ready to launch next month. And as always there are plenty of additional details for GMs and players eager to immerse themselves in the new Adventure Path, with a free *Council of Thieves Player's Guide* available at paizo.com/pathfinder in the coming weeks and the *Pathfinder Companion Cheliax, Empire of Devils* releasing next month. There's also the aforementioned *Princes of Darkness*, which exposes the inhabitants and plots of Hell in detail, and a new set of *Council of Thieves* Item Cards that gives you tangible versions of many of the Adventure Path's most prominent treasures.

All of that's next month, not to mention a few new schemes we have plotted for the series, like a mysterious new cycle of the *Pathfinder's Journal* by former *Dragon* editor Dave Gross, treasures of the *Pathfinder's Society*, revelations on the infamous Hellknights, a new devil in every issue, and plenty more. We can't wait to hear what you think!



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Legacy of Fire: Chapter 6

The Final Wish



A pall of smoke hangs over the village of Kelmarane, so recently freed from the clutches of the Kulldis gnolls yet now once more occupied by hostile forces. The citizens of the rebuilt town huddle in their homes under the shadow of a strange brass tower that bursts like a malignant plant from the village's battle market, and now gnolls once again walk the streets. Yet this time they are led by an army of evil genies, and whispers of a towering monster made of fire who commands these oppressors hark back to ancient legends. These stories refer to Jhavhul, recently escaped from imprisonment and now free to finish his ritual of wishcraft. Soon, his latest slave shall utter the final wish, and Jhavhul shall become something that has lingered dead and forgotten for ages—Xorani the Firebleeder, Spawn of Rovagug.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

While the PCs have been distracted by Kakishon and the palace of Bayt al-Bazan in the City of Brass, Jhavlul has not been idle. Bribed by the Pactmasters of Katapesh to leave their city without causing more destruction, Jhavlul and his liberated army of jann and efreet relocated to the Brazen Peaks to recover and take stock of the situation. He sent the Scroll of Kakishon (still containing the PCs) away with two of his efreeti lieutenants, ordering them to return it to his treasury in the City of Brass. In fact, he was using the two efreet to test what reception he would receive upon a theoretical return, and when those two were captured in Bayt al-Bazan, Jhavlul received confirmation that his palace was still denied to him.

So the powerful efreeti turned his attention back to his original plan—to use his own *wishes*, siphoned through mortal lips, to absorb and infuse himself with the essence of a great monster of yore, Xotani the Firebleeder, one of the numerous and devastating Spawn of Rovagug. Jhavlul returned to the site of Xotani's grave, only to find a human village thriving nearby—the village of Kelmarane. After he augmented his forces by conscripting the shattered tribes of the Carrion King under his banner, Jhavlul mounted an assault on Kelmarane. Without the PCs' protection, the village swiftly fell to the invading army and its populace was enslaved. It was then that Jhavlul met an unexpected ally: Davashuum, a janni and traitor to the Templars of the Five Winds.

Once a loyal servant of the powerful djinni Nefeshti, amoral Davashuum had long since grown dissatisfied with his role under her as enforcer and occasional executioner. Only he was willing to undertake the necessary, sometimes dirty tasks that the other templars found morally questionable. Always obsessed with the templars' (and his own) reputation, Davashuum had grown impatient and displeased with Nefeshti's strategy in recent years, and after he learned that Jhavlul had escaped Kakishon and fled into the Brazen Peaks, he and his mistress engaged in a heated argument. Davashuum pressed her to attack the efreeti at once, but she replied that such an attack would have been suicidal—with only himself and his brother Pazhvann remaining alive and loyal to the templars' cause, the templars had effectively become a dead society, with no ability to stand against the efreeti. Pazhvann argued that they should instead recruit new templars, to build up an army and let Jhavlul continue his actions in order to learn more about how he might have grown in power during his exile, and Nefeshti found wisdom in Pazhvann's words. Those same words drove Davashuum into a frenzy of frustration and he broke away from the templars, calling Nefeshti a coward and

Pazhvann a worm. He told them that they had murdered the templars through this cowardice, and vowed that the templars would rise again under a new master. A fight ensued, and Nefeshti eventually forced Davashuum to flee, but not before Pazhvann was slain by the traitor.

Davashuum did not remain idle—his promise was true. Yet after abandoning Nefeshti, he felt his wishcraft-granted powers fading quickly. Knowing that before long he would be reduced to a shadow of his former power, just as his other brothers Kardswann, Vardishal, and Zayifid had lessened before him when they had broken off service to Nefeshti, he made a fateful choice. He traveled to Kelmarane and presented himself to Jhavlul as a servant, asking only to be restored to his former power by the efreeti's own wishcraft.

Jhavlul agreed, pleased to have made an ally out of his erstwhile enemy, and with the aid of loyal gnoll minions, he used his own wishcraft to restore power to Davashuum, instating him as the acting ruler of Kelmarane and retreating to the depths of the House of the Beast and below, to Xotani's grave, where he began to rebuild the defenses of those deep caves and renew his ritual of *wishes*—now funneled through the mouths of giants and other terrible beings. Many of Kelmarane's notables, including the PCs' old patron, Almah Roveshki, now suffer as slaves or worse in the caves known as Xotani's Grave.

Now, only a handful of *wishes* remain before Jhavlul can overcome the ancient restrictions on genies granting themselves *wishes*—and when he utters this final *wish*, he hopes to complete his transformation into the Firebleeder.

Adventure Summary

Having made their escape from the City of Brass, the PCs discover that Kelmarane is now occupied by Jhavlul's genie army under the command of Davashuum, the former Templar of the Five Winds. With the aid of the djinni Nefeshti, the PCs defeat the occupying force of genies and gnolls led by the traitorous templar, only to discover that Jhavlul is nearing the completion of his ritual to awaken Xotani. If the efreeti prince's ritual is successful, Pale Mountain will erupt in a magical volcanic explosion, destroying Kelmarane and much of the surrounding area.

The PCs must brave the guardians Jhavlul left behind in the House of the Beast, including their old foe, the Carrion King, now a dangerous undead guardian. The PCs enter Jhavlul's secret lair, a place called Xotani's Grave, and soon confront Jhavlul himself amid the Firebleeder's bones. If the PCs fail, Jhavlul becomes the new incarnation of Xotani, and Rovagug's fury is unleashed upon the world as Pale Mountain explodes in a violent deluge volcanic ash and lava.

The Templars of the Five Winds

The Templars of the Five Winds is an ancient cabal dedicated to the opposition of reckless manipulation of

Advancement Track

“The Final Wish” presents the PCs with many deadly encounters. They should be well into 13th level when this adventure begins, and by the time they are confronting Davashuum in the *Brazen Tower* they should have reached 14th level. They may reach 15th level or higher by the time they arrive at the final confrontation with Jhavlul himself.

reality and mortal enslavement of geniekind. At its height several centuries ago, the templars numbered thousands strong, and were led by a powerful noble djinni named Nefeshti. She founded the Templars of the Five Winds to oppose meddling on the Material Plane by all geniekind and to combat the practice of mortal spellcasters capturing and enslaving her kin. As proof that genies could work with men as equals and not merely as slaves, Nefeshti granted several potent *wishes* to her five favored soldiers, transforming them from men into immortal janni generals—each representing the strengths of the five winds. This brazen act scandalized many of Nefeshti’s superiors, and even though she and her templars had achieved great success against the efreets, the templars and Nefeshti were exiled to the Material Plane for daring to give mortals such potent gifts.

Since then, Nefeshti has held a tight reign on her wishcrafting powers, and keeps a close ear to the symphony of reality, constantly listening for others that abuse this gift. Over the years, she and her templars have been a potent force against disruptive genies and genie binders alike throughout Osirion, Katapesh, and Qadira. Nefeshti’s alliance (and eventual romance) with the wizard Andrathi (a “reformed” genie binder) further strengthened the templars in that it gave them access to many of the genie binders’ tricks and secrets.

The Templars of the Five Winds saw their greatest victory in the defeat of Jhavlul and his armies on the slope of Pale Mountain, but this great triumph would also presage their doom. Andrathi sacrificed himself to see the brotherhood succeed, and Nefeshti was never the same after his death. In the centuries that followed, she slowly lost interest in maintaining the templars, and her five champions fell increasingly to bickering.

Her general Vardishal was first to abandon the templars—he felt strongly that the templars should settle permanently in the Pale Mountain region to stand sentinel against the possible return of Jhavlul, and when Nefeshti refused (in part because the region still grieved her so), he left the templars to become the patron guardian of the region. As he left the templars, so did he give up much of his power, for Nefeshti’s

gift of immortality lasted only as long as the templars remained hers. Vardishal was eventually slain, and his spirit suffused the site of his charge and likely now resides within the PC referred to as the moldspeaker (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #19).

Next to leave the templars was Zayifid, Nefeshti’s spy and diplomat. Having seen the power Jhavlul wielded in battle, he felt he had allied with the wrong side. He abandoned the templars after a bloody battle that resulted in the near death of one of the other templars. Zayifid went into hiding for many years, and only recently emerged, much weakened after having lost even more of the power granted him by Nefeshti. He sought out the House of the Beast, infiltrated it, and was near recovering the *Scroll of Kakishon* when the PCs stopped him (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #20).

Third to abandon the cause was Kardswann, Nefeshti’s scout and messenger. When Vardishal perished, Kardswann realized that the templars were truly done and set out to find a new destiny. He spent some time traveling the wilds of Katapesh as his *wish*-granted power ebbed and faded, only recently returning to the Pale Mountain region, as if drawn back by ancient tides. There he succumbed to the daemon Xulthos and became the leader of the Kulldis gnolls of Kelmarane—he was likely slain by the PCs in the first adventure in this campaign (see *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #19).

The most recent to abandon the cause was Davashuum, Nefeshti’s assassin and executioner, now a loyal minion of Jhavlul. When her last remaining templar, Pazhvann, succumbed to Davashuum’s treachery as the executioner and the templars had their final, violent parting of ways, Nefeshti became the last surviving member of the Templars of the Five Winds.

PART ONE: HOME AGAIN

After lifting the Vizier’s curse over Bayt al-Bazan, the PCs are free to leave the City of Brass and return to the Material Plane. In all likelihood, they will be eager to find out what’s been happening back home since their long period of imprisonment and exile amid the planes—certainly, if they’ve learned that Jhavlul has escaped and is likely to have moved against the village of Kelmarane, the PCs should be fueled by a need to come to the rescue of their old stomping grounds.

The method of their return to the Material Plane is left to the PCs themselves to supply, but the most likely route is via the use of a *plane shift* spell—either one they cast themselves or one cast by a genie ally they secured in the previous adventure. This adventure assumes that the PCs rescue the marid princess Shazathared from

imprisonment and that she is the one who plane shifts the PCs back to Katapesh. Since *plane shift* is inaccurate, even if the PCs are attempting to return directly to Kelmarane, you should control the final result so that they do not actually appear in the city. Shazathared has little interest in confronting Jhavlul (he imprisoned her once before, after all, and she's not ready to give him another chance so soon), but she certainly will use any of her spells or magical abilities to aid the PCs as they wish before she plane shifts herself back to the Plane of Water. Before she leaves, she invites the PCs to come visit her there once they have defeated Jhavlul, for once she has reclaimed her proper place on the Plane of Water, she hopes to reward the PCs more for their kindness.

Regardless of how and where they arrive upon returning to the Material Plane, the PCs will most likely want to return to their previous base of operations in Kelmarane, if for no other reason than to find out what Jhavlul has been up to in their absence. If they decide to head somewhere else instead, such as the city of Katapesh, they should soon hear reports of the fall of Kelmarane and its occupation by genies. Organized retaliations against the genies have yet to manifest, and should the PCs dig a bit deeper, they hear rumors that the Pactmasters have decided to wash their hands of the distant village. After having expended a fair amount of effort in reclaiming the distant village already (in the form of Almah Roveshki and the PCs), to have it fall again so soon is disquieting, and the Pactmasters supposedly now consider the remote location not to be worth the expense and the trouble. If the PCs confront the Pactmasters or their agents, they only have the problem turned back on themselves—after all, they were key in rescuing Kelmarane before. They should have remained in the village to ensure its safety if it's that important to them. Furthermore, if the PCs press too hard, the Pactmasters and their agents are swift to point out that it was due to the PCs' actions that Jhavlul escaped from Kakishon in the first place, and that in a way, dealing with him is their responsibility. The Pactmasters aren't entirely without grace, though, and imply that if Kelmarane can be freed once again and the genie menace put to an end, there might be further rewards for the PCs.

This adventure assumes that the PCs motivate themselves to rescue Kelmarane, though, and thus such heavy-handed and frustrating interactions with the Pactmasters may not come into play. Certainly, if the PCs take care of the problem without first contacting the Pactmasters, their rewards for being so self-motivated will be greater. In any event, should the PCs resist seeking out Kelmarane themselves, you can always have Nefeshti contact them via a *sending* spell, and have her ask the PCs to meet with her at the old monastery, where she secretly set up a base of operations to prepare an assault on their old enemy.

The PCs might still be traveling with allies from previous adventures, like Rayhan, Dilix, or Iavesk—in these cases, the status of their alliances will certainly vary from group to group. When the PCs contact the Templars of the Five Winds, Nefeshti offers the PCs allies to aid them in the coming battle. If the PCs already have a significant number of wizards, genies, and other allies traveling with them from previous adventures, you should certainly reduce the aid that Nefeshti offers in order to keep the PCs at a level of aid with which you're comfortable.

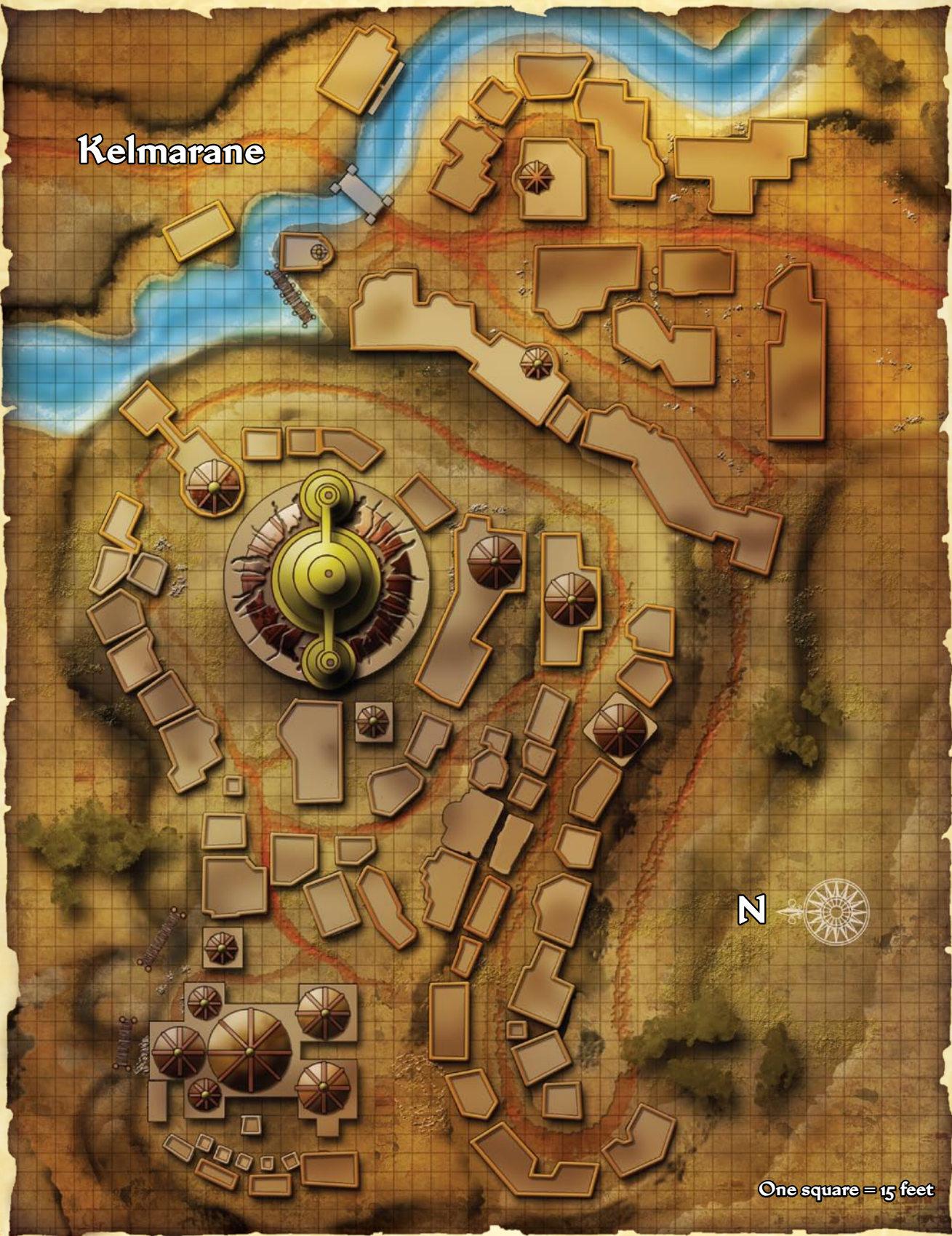
Kelmarane Today

The last time the PCs were in the town of Kelmarane, it had been restored and repaired after many years of ruin and control under gnoll command. Today, much of Kelmarane remains the same, yet emotionally it is in more ruins than ever before. Physically, the only significant change is the towering brass structure that stands amid the ruins of the village battle market. The huge edifice rises from the center of the market, as if its explosive growth from within had shattered the surrounding structure into rubble. While the other buildings remain intact, the citizens cower inside, forbidden from emerging and rationed on meager allocations of food and water while gnoll and jann soldiers patrol the streets. Garbage and sewage litter the streets, and the stench of filth, rot, and death is everywhere. A pall of smoke from burnt buildings and innumerable charcoal cooking fires hangs over the Lower Town. Every week, efreets from the House of the Beast come to town to cavort and enjoy themselves in the *Brazen Tower*, and each time they leave, they take with them more citizens—prisoners who are never seen again.

All authority now rests in the hands of the former Templar of the Five Winds, Davashuum. Known now as the Amir of Kelmarane and general of Jhavlul's army, Davashuum rarely leaves his magical brazen fortress. Almah Roveshki, the former mayor of Kelmarane, was among the first taken in chains to Pale Mountain, and most of the town's other important personages have either been captured or executed. Those who have not are wisely keeping a low profile, praying that their heroes might return to save them once again. If the PCs left behind lovers, mentors, students, friends, or other allies in Kelmarane, you should take the time to decide what their fates might be. In the case of close friends, Jhavlul has doubtless learned of these relationships and keeps such valuable prisoners close, likely imprisoned alongside Almah in area **D15**. These NPCs can be used as reasons to spur the PCs into the adventure, and if there are many, you can sprinkle them liberally throughout the adventure for the PCs to rescue.

What few people may be seen on the streets during the day disappear when night falls. A strict curfew after dark

Kelmarane



One square = 15 feet

keeps the streets empty of all but the bravest of souls. The only sign of life after dusk is the light spilling from taverns and brothels catering to the janni soldiers who revel noisily well into the night.

Legacy of Kelmarane

At the end of “Howl of the Carrion King,” the PCs had a chance to take a year off and concentrate their efforts on a task set in or around Kelmarane. If a PC took advantage of this downtime, he’ll gain a specific advantage or subquest to attempt during Parts 2 and 3 of this adventure, as detailed below.

Administration: The PC’s work with Kelmarane’s administration has gained him the personal notice of the Pactmasters of Katapesh, and they have been watching and waiting for the PC’s return. Shortly after the PC arrives on the Material Plane, he is contacted via *sending* by one of the Pactmasters, who informs him that Kelmarane needs to be rescued once again, and offers that PC support in the amount of 6,000 gp worth of items. If the PC travels to the city of Katapesh, he can cash in on this offer by selecting magic items up to this total to aid him in his quest.

Business: If the PC checks up on his entrepreneurial concerns in places other than Kelmarane, he quickly discovers that his business is in dire trouble—all contact with Kelmarane has been lost, and any agents or employees the PCs had in the village are missing. One of these languishes in area **D15** of Xotani’s Grave, and the others are still holed up in the place of business in the village. These employees have managed to hide 10 *potions of cure serious wounds* and two doses of *stone salve*, and if the PC returns to the building in Kelmarane where his business is based, the frightened employees quickly give over the cache of magic to aid their boss.

Church of Sarenrae: This edifice is now despoiled and ruled by a gnoll priest of Rovagug named Narrgok. The most powerful NPC ally of the PC who remained in the church has been taken to area **D15** of Xotani’s Grave, and all others are now imprisoned in area **A8** of the church itself. If Narrgok is defeated and the church is cleansed, a PC who received the rank of Abbot-Protector back during their year in Kelmarane receives a boon from Sarenrae in the form of a +2 sacred bonus on all saving throws or to AC (player’s choice) for the remainder of this adventure.

Crime: Whomever the PC befriended, be it smugglers, the harpy Undrella, or another agent, survived and now hides in the region. This ally could contact the PC soon after he returns to Kelmarane, possibly at a key moment when the PCs need aid in a fight, or require a safe place to hide out in the village. This ally is assumed to be Undrella unless the PC made another ally—in any event, the PC automatically secures her aid as detailed later on page 31.

Explore Personal Mystery: Since the exact nature of this will vary from PC to PC, you should customize a reward along the lines of the others listed here that ties in with the PC’s personal mystery. If that mystery hasn’t yet been solved, this event should give the PC final resolution in some way.

Moldspeaker: If the moldspeaker remains with the party, he can sense that Jhavlul has returned and placed Kelmarane in peril. This PC is beset with powerful urges to travel to Kelmarane to save the village and defeat Jhavlul, and if he follows his desires, they lead him first to the abandoned monastery to contact the templars. For the duration of this adventure, Vardishal’s presence in the moldspeaker PC remains strong and helps hone his reflexes in reacting to danger—the PC gains a +4 bonus on initiative checks for the duration of the adventure. But if the PC still carries the weapon *Tempest*, Vardishal’s presence instead becomes focused in the already powerful weapon—instead of granting a +4 bonus on initiative checks, the spirit instead transforms *Tempest* into an intelligent weapon for the duration of the adventure. See the sidebar on the next page for details.

Patrol Kelmarane Hinterlands/Rebuild: The PC’s familiarity with the Kelmarane hinterlands or the village itself allows him to use his knowledge of the region to the party’s advantage. This grants the PC in question a +2 circumstance bonus on all Wisdom-based skill checks made during the adventure, and also grants 1 Liberation Point to the party as a whole (see page 17).

Personal Romance: If a PC’s romantic interest remained behind on the Material Plane, he or she has been captured by Jhavlul, who holds the NPC captive with Almah in area **D15** of Xotani’s Grave. The PC should learn of this development soon, perhaps even from the templars when the PCs arrive and speak to them. At this point, the PC’s anger and fear combine to grant him a +2 morale bonus on all attack rolls and weapon damage rolls for the duration of the adventure.

Research: The PC has learned a lot about Jhavlul, his genie armies, and his personality over the course of the campaign. When this adventure begins, he gains a +2 circumstance bonus on all Intelligence-based skill checks made during the adventure, and also grants 1 Liberation Point to the party as a whole (see page 17).

Travel: The PC’s worldly travels have left him a popular figure among Kelmarane’s citizens, and his return to the region bolsters morale and hope. When this adventure begins, he gains a +2 circumstance bonus on all Charisma-based skill checks made during the adventure, and also grants 1 Liberation Point to the party as a whole (see page 17).

Contacting the Templars

Once the PCs realize that Kelmarane is under occupation, they are likely to try to contact some of their allies in the

Tempest Awakened

If Vardishal's spirit infuses the weapon *Tempest* (found by the PCs back in "Howl of the Carrion King"), the weapon becomes intelligent. By the time its wielder begins this adventure, he should be 13th level, and all of *Tempest's* additional qualities should have activated, making it into a +2 *fire outsider bane icy burst weapon*. Once *Tempest* is fully awakened, it has the following additional abilities:

- **Intelligent Weapon:** *Tempest* has an Intelligence of 13, a Wisdom of 10, a Charisma of 13, and an Ego score of 15.
- **Senses and Communication:** *Tempest* communicates via empathy, and can see and hear the world around it at a distance of 60 feet.
- **Lesser Powers:** *Tempest* can *bless* its allies three times a day, and can use *cure moderate wounds* on its wielder three times a day.
- **Greater Power:** *Tempest's* wielder gains fire resistance 30.
- **Special Purpose:** *Tempest's* special purpose is to defeat Jhavhul and his minions. Whenever *Tempest* critically strikes a foe, it generates a powerful blast of hurricane-force wind. A Large or smaller foe struck must make a DC 20 Fortitude save or be knocked down. A Medium or smaller foe who fails this save is also blown backward 1d4 × 10 feet at the wielder's option. A flying creature is treated as one size category smaller than its actual size for the purposes of resolving this effect. Jhavhul himself is always treated as a Medium creature against this effect. In addition, *Tempest* can cast *control winds* three times a day, and *control weather* once a day if doing so will hamper or hinder its enemies.
- **Caster Level:** *Tempest's* caster level for all of its abilities is CL 15th.

region. Unfortunately, most of these allies have been captured by Jhavhul and are being held in Xotani's Grave, are cowering in Kelmarane, or have been executed—you should take a moment to determine the fate of any NPC who was important to the PCs that isn't spelled out in this adventure. If the PCs don't think to travel to the old monastery or to contact the Templars of the Five Winds (advice that Shazathared, in her great wisdom, might give to the PCs, or a tactic that the moldspeaker might intuitively know is the best place to start), Nefeshti contacts them soon enough. She knows of their skill and association with Kelmarane, and has been watching and waiting for the PCs to return so that she can contact them and ask for their aid. She has managed to recruit a small force of jann, and now these two-dozen remnants of the templars hide out in the old monastery of Sarenrae outside of Kelmarane, where they can keep abreast of the situation in the town and at Pale Mountain.

If she contacts the PCs, her *sending* reads as follows:

"Come quickly to the Dawnflower's old monastery. We have much to talk about. The Five Winds stand ready to free Kelmarane with your aid. Nefeshti."

When the PCs arrive at the monastery, four veiled and impassive jann greet them. They eye the PCs distrustfully before escorting them through the monastery grounds. Along the way, the PCs can see a large number of jann encamped in and around the monastery, in obvious preparation for war. The jann refuse to answer any questions the PCs might have, silently conducting them to the monastery's secret garden where Nefeshti awaits them. She asks them to first relate to her what they know about Jhavhul's plans, and asks for the tale of their adventures in both Kakishon and the City of Brass.

When the PCs are through with the tales, Nefeshti speaks to them. Read or paraphrase the following.

"As you are no doubt aware, Kelmarane is no longer a free city. Jhavhul has captured it, and his armies now occupy the town. My spies report that Jhavhul himself has returned to his hidden chambers below the House of the Beast under Pale Mountain, but he left someone behind to rule Kelmarane in his place. One of my own templars turned against me—Davashuum. In recent years, Davashuum felt that the templars should be a more active force in the region. I disagreed, and as they were mine to command, he was forced to comply. Yet recently, when Jhavhul escaped back into this world, Davashuum turned against me for the false promises of power offered by Jhavhul. He murdered my one remaining templar, poor Pazhvann, and fled into the mountains while I raged in frustration and despair. I have since recovered my wits, only to find that treacherous Davashuum has named himself Amir of Kelmarane and is now general of Jhavhul's powerful janni army.

"The time of the Templars of the Five Winds has passed. This is clear to me now. Yet I will not let its legacy live on in mockery and corruption. If my time is to pass, so must Davashuum. He must fall, and his master must be defeated before I can let my legacy go. I have gathered a few dozen jann to my side, and they are loyal to me, but Davashuum's troops still greatly outnumber us. I need an advantage, something to turn the tide of battle in our favor and make up for our lack of numbers. Your arrival is a fortuitous answer to my prayers, for you have as much reason, if not more, to avenge yourselves against Jhavhul. If you would free Kelmarane and defeat Jhavhul, I would help. Do you accept my aid?"

Assuming the PCs agree, Nefeshti thanks the PCs graciously, then with a wave of her hand uses *persistent image* to create a detailed model of the village of Kelmarane and the environs on the table between herself and the PCs.

“This is Kelmarane as it stands today, as accurate as our spies in the town can make it. While it’s not walled, the town’s position on the bluffs makes it a difficult target. I want to keep civilian casualties at a minimum, so I cannot simply strike with my full force against the occupiers without fear they will retaliate against their hostages. Instead, the Lower Town must be secured and its inhabitants protected before we turn to the stronghold in the Upper Town. It is vital to seize and secure certain strategic locations to anchor our forces. We also need to strike swiftly, so that Jhavhul won’t have a chance to send reinforcements from the House of the Beast. What we need is a small but powerful band to infiltrate the town and carry out these missions, so our army can confront Jhavhul’s on equal terms and without a lengthy siege. I shall lead my jann into battle, but not until you have hit the enemy hard and distracted and wounded them. By striking such decisive blows against key points in the village, we should be all but assured of success.”

Nefeshti would like to attack at once, but listens to the PCs if they have other notions or plans. Allow the PCs to ask any additional questions they might have. Nefeshti can give them any of the information in the Adventure Background, but knows few details about Davashuum’s army, only that it is made up primarily of jann, gnolls, and some extraplanar allies, and that they outnumber her own forces. In any event, you should let the PCs plan the attack on Kelmarane; the templars defer to them out of respect for their power and their knowledge of the region.

Although it is in Nefeshti’s power to grant *wishes* to mortals, she prefers not to use this ability at all if it can be avoided. If the PCs ask her for a *wish*, she reminds them that *wish*-granting is what started all of this trouble in the first place. Genies who have the power to grant *wishes* are attuned to the reworkings of reality that the powerful magic generates, and for now, she’s confident that Jhavhul isn’t aware that the templars are mounting an attack. Were she to use her wishcraft, he would likely be alerted. Once the PCs have finished this part of the adventure, her worry about wishcraft abates somewhat. She promises to reward the PCs with *wishes* at that point, as detailed in Part Three.

Nefeshti is a beautiful djinni and a creature of deep and abiding faith. A worshiper of Gozreh, she has little patience or interest in the organized aspects of her religion and church. She views Gozreh as a feminine power of the wind and storms, and sees her power in the wind’s mastery over the other elements, in its driving of water to form waves and snuff out fires, and its power to erode even the mightiest of mountains over the course of time.

NEFESHTI

Female noble djinni ranger 3/cleric of Gozreh 7 (MM 115)
LN Large outsider (air, extraplanar)
Init +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +17, Spot +17

CR 14

A Message From Andrathi

If the PCs inform Nefeshti that they spoke with Andrathi’s spirit in Kakishon, she initially doubts their words and accuses the PCs of needless cruelty for bringing up such old wounds. With a DC 30 Diplomacy check, a PC can convince Nefeshti of their honesty—alternatively, if Spooky, Andrathi’s familiar, is still with the PCs, the strange cat is all the proof Nefeshti needs. Spooky leaves his PC guardian to stay with Nefeshti, and the +1 luck bonus his presence granted spreads to all of the PCs, becoming a permanent bonus.

If the PCs return Spooky to Nefeshti or comfort her about Andrathi’s fate, she agrees to grant them *wishes* immediately if they so desire, rather than waiting for Part Three.

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 14, flat-footed 18
(+6 armor, +5 Dex, +3 natural, –1 size)
hp 170 (20d8+80)
Fort +19, **Ref** +17, **Will** +16
Immune acid

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect)
Melee +1 *fire outsider bane scimitar* +24/+19/+14/+9 (1d8+8/15–20) and
+1 *fire outsider bane kukri* +24/+19 (1d6+4/18–20)
Ranged +1 *fire outsider bane composite longbow* +23/+18/+13/+8
(2d6+9/×3)
Space 10 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.
Special Attacks favored enemy (fire outsider +2), turn earth/
rebuke air 7/day(+4; 2d6+11); turn undead 7/day(+6; 2d6+11),
whirlwind
Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th)
At will—*invisibility* (self only), *plane shift* (CL 13th)
3/day—*wish* (nongenies only)
1/day—*create food and water*, *create wine*, *gaseous form* (up to 1
hour), *major creation*, *persistent image* (DC 19), *wind walk*
Spells Prepared (CL 7th)
4th (2+1)—*divine power*, *sending*, *sleet storm*^D
3rd (3+1)—*call lightning*^D (DC 17), *dispel magic*, *remove blindness/*
deafness, *remove curse*
2nd—*Gozreh’s trident**, *lesser restoration* (2), *resist energy*,
wind wall^D
1st—*command* (DC 15), *divine favor*, *entropic shield*, *obscuring*
mist^D, *sanctuary*, *shield of faith*
0—*detect magic*, *guidance* (2), *mending* (2), *resistance*
D domain spell; **Domains** Air, Weather
*See *Gods and Magic* 19; if you don’t have this book, replace
this spell with *spiritual weapon*.

TACTICS

During Combat Nefeshti relies on her spells to recover from

Wish Abuse

In order to secure the *wishes* he needs to prepare for his final transformation, Jhavlul grants the nongenies who make these *wishes* for him an additional *wish* of their own each day, leaving his other two *wishes* for his own uses. As a result, most of Jhavlul's minions have strange powers, unusual access to magic items, or higher ability scores than normal. This abuse of wishcraft has resulted in a warping of magic in the Kelmarane and Pale Mountain regions. This warping is not permanent, but it does persist for the duration of this adventure. These regions, known as wishwarps, are detailed on page 59 of this volume. Wishwarps are static features of some areas in this adventure, but they can also spontaneously manifest whenever powerful magic occurs in an area. Each time a creature casts a spell of 7th level or higher in an area plagued by wishwarps, there's a flat 5% chance (a roll of 1 on 1d20) that the spell triggers a small wishwarp centered on the source of the triggering spell. This temporary wishwarp has a 60-foot radius and persists for 1d10 rounds.

combat or strike at foes that are particularly resistant to her weapons—she much prefers to fight in melee combat, using *divine favor* and *divine power* before entering combat if she has the chance.

Morale Nefeshti has little to spur her onward but a need for revenge and to finish a job she started so long ago—to defeat Jhavlul. She fights to the death in pursuit of this goal.

STATISTICS

Str 24, **Dex** 20, **Con** 18, **Int** 14, **Wis** 18, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +18; **Grp** +29

Feats Dodge, Endurance, Improved Critical (scimitar), Improved Initiative, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Mobility, Spring Attack, Track, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (kukri, scimitar)

Skills Appraise +15, Concentration +17, Craft (weaponsmith) +15, Diplomacy +18, Escape Artist +18, Knowledge (history) +15, Knowledge (religion) +16, Listen +17, Move Silently +18, Ride +17, Sense Motive +17, Spellcraft +15, Spot +17, Survival +16

Languages Auran, Celestial, Common, Ignan; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ air mastery, spontaneous casting (cure spells), wild empathy +7

Gear +1 mithral shirt, +1 fire outsider bane kukri, +1 fire outsider bane scimitar, +1 fire outsider bane composite longbow (+7 Str) with 20 arrows and 2 fire outsider slaying arrows, *peript* of Wisdom +4

PART TWO: THE LIBERATION OF KELMARANE

When it comes time to mount the attack on Kelmarane, Nefeshti explains that she would prefer to attack

Davashuum's forces with her jann from one angle while the PCs strike as skirmishers elsewhere, hopefully confusing the enemy and forcing them to split their forces. The PCs should strike first, moving quickly to try to cripple and distract the army, allowing Nefeshti's jann to move in and seize control of Lower Kelmarane. The final goal, Nefeshti explains, is to lay siege to the *Brazen Tower*—once they've locked Davashuum down and defeated his army, the PCs should be able to invade the *Brazen Tower*, slay the traitor, and quickly seize any intelligence about Jhavlul and his lair under Pale Mountain.

As fighting rages through the town, the chance for random encounters is higher than usual. Anytime the PCs are traveling between locations, or if they enter a building not detailed in the adventure, there is a 30% chance for a random encounter. A table for random encounters in regions controlled by Jhavlul's forces appears on page 75 in this volume's Bestiary.

Jann Statistics

A large number of jann occupy Kelmarane as part of Jhavlul's army. The majority are rank-and-file troops whose statistics are the same as those detailed on page 116 of the MM. They are led by janni captains, each of whom has the following statistics.

JANNI CAPTAIN

CR 7

Janni ranger 2/rogue 3 (MM 116)

LE Medium outsider (native)

Init +9; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +16, Spot +16

DEFENSE

AC 21, touch 16, flat-footed 16

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

hp 68 (11 HD; 8d8+3d6+22)

Fort +11, **Ref** +16, **Will** +8

Defensive Abilities evasion, trap sense +1; **Resist** fire 10

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft., fly 20 ft. (perfect)

Melee +1 scimitar +15/+10 (1d6+7/18–20)

Ranged +1 composite longbow +16/+11 (1d8+5/×3)

Special Attacks favored enemy (human +2), *plane shift*, sneak attack +2d6

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th)

3/day—quicken *invisibility* (self only), *speak with animals*

2/day—*change size* (DC 12)

1/day—*create food and water* (CL 7th), *ethereal jaunt* (for 1 hour)

TACTICS

During Combat Janni captains avoid melee for as long as possible, attacking with bows from cover. Once in melee combat, they use quickened *invisibility* to flank and sneak attack, and Spring Attack to stay out of reach of enemies.

Morale Janni captains fight to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 20, **Con** 14, **Int** 18, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 10

Base Atk +10; **Grp** +14

Feats Dodge, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*invisibility*), Spring Attack, Track, Two-Weapon Fighting

Skills Appraise +13, Balance +21, Concentration +11, Craft (locksmith) +13, Craft (weaponsmith) +13, Escape Artist +19, Handle Animal +5, Hide +19, Listen +16, Move Silently +19, Ride +18, Sense Motive +11, Spot +16, Survival +9, Tumble +17

Languages Abyssal, Common, Ignan, Infernal, Terran; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ elemental endurance, trapfinding, wild empathy +4

Other Gear +1 composite longbow (+4 Str) with 5 +1 fire arrows and 35 arrows, +1 dagger (2), ring of protection +1, +1 studded leather, gems and art objects (looted from Kelmarane) worth 500 gp

Entering Kelmarane

Entrance to Kelmarane is restricted, but the town is not as closed as Davashuum would like it to be. In particular, the Lower Town has no walls or ridges to restrict entrance. Here, Davashuum relies on janni patrols to police the area and nightly curfews to control the populace. However, gnoll slavers, humanoid mercenaries seeking positions in Jhavhul's army, or even an occasional brave human merchant or trader might be found wandering the Lower Town. A typical Lower Town janni patrol is made up of six jann led by a single janni captain. On the other hand, entrance to the Upper Town is strictly proscribed; its gates are closed and are manned by loyal janni troops or other servitors.

It should thus be relatively easy for the PCs to enter the Lower Town, but there might be some difficulty in avoiding attention. Wearing disguises or staying out of sight will keep the PCs unnoticed in the Lower Town, but once they start making their strikes against the town, the alarm goes up swiftly. Feel free to have janni patrols confront them as often as you'd like—the total number of jann occupying Kelmarane is close to a hundred, but since Nefeshti mounts her attack to seize the Lower Town as soon as the PCs strike their first target, at least two-thirds of these jann will be locked in battle against her forces, leaving enough jann to form about five different patrols to strike at the PCs during the course of this part of the adventure.

Mission One: Liberating the North Bridge (EL 12)

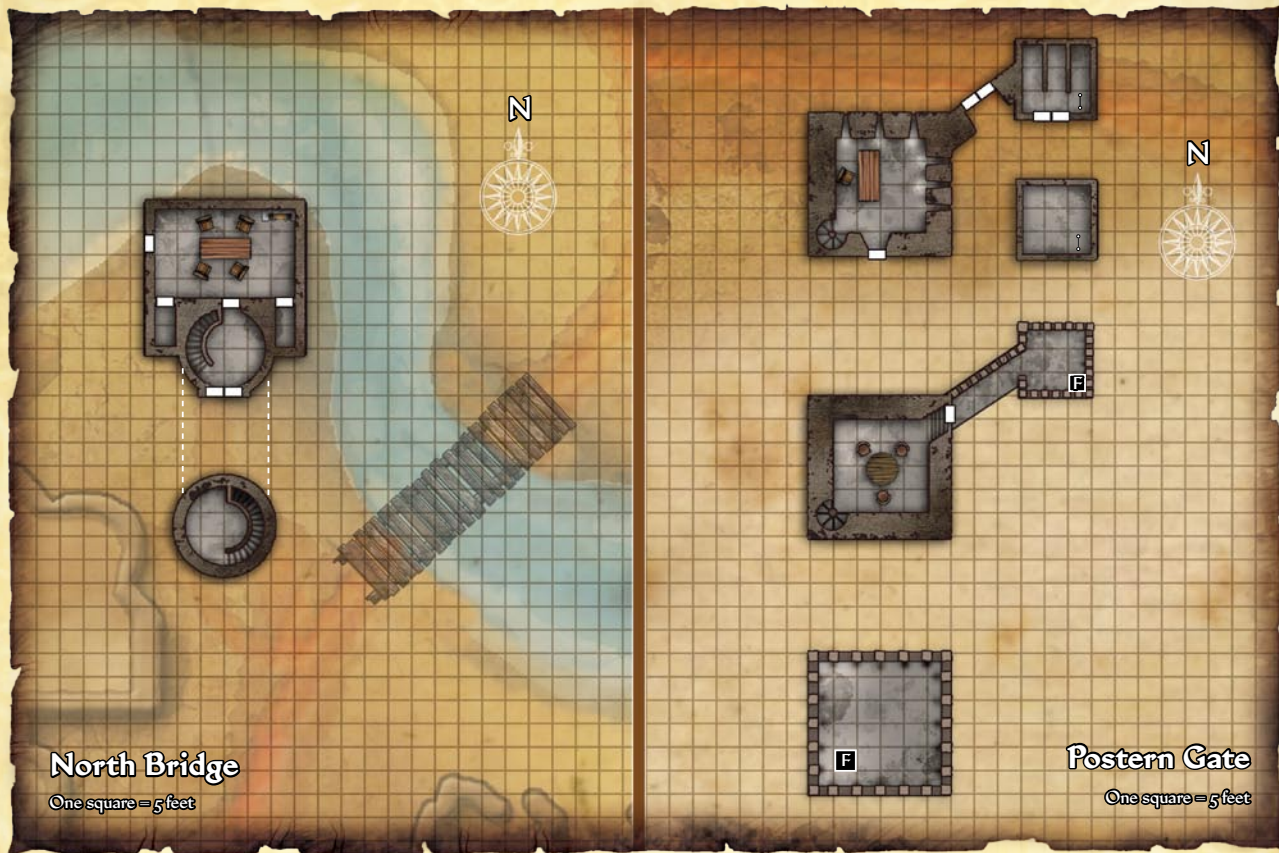
The north bridge of Kelmarane guards the approach to the House of the Beast. Nefeshti points out that securing the bridge might not prevent Davashuum's agents from alerting Jhavhul of the attack (she's sure at least some of them can teleport or use magic to raise the alarm), but it certainly would send a message to the occupiers of Kelmarane by symbolically cutting off the route to the House of the Beast. Likewise, it would send a message



janni

of hope to the citizens of Kelmarane still hiding in the village. Even more importantly, her observation has revealed this to be the most likely central point of command among the Lower Town guards—taking it out will hopefully disrupt communication among the town's patrols, at least for a few hours.

The river at this point is 30 feet across and about 15 feet deep, but the water is calm (DC 15 Swim check to navigate). The building across the river was once the Lower Town's watchhouse, where a single constable lived with his family and kept an eye out on the river for smugglers and other troublemakers. A small door in the western wall next to the river dock leads into the main guardroom. A set of unlocked double doors to the south leads into the bottom of the 20-foot-diameter minaret, where a single door to the north also connects to the main guardroom. This room contains a large table,



some chairs, and a small kitchen area in the northeast corner. Six bedrolls lie on the floor in the eastern half of the room. Wooden stairs spiral up from the entryway to a gallery 40 feet above. A large bronze bell and clapper hang from the ceiling beams.

Creatures: Five janni captains man the watchhouse, guarding the bridge and the northern approach into the Lower Town and serving as a central point in the Lower Town to coordinate patrols and other actions. One janni is on watch in the minaret, 40 feet above the ground. Give this janni a chance to spot PCs crossing the river or approaching the building, although if Nefeshti's attack is already underway (this is the case only if this isn't the first mission the PCs attempt), she takes a -5 penalty to Listen and Spot checks for her distraction. If she sees the PCs, she rings the bell in the minaret, alerting the janni soldiers below, then fires upon the PCs. Once the building comes under attack, the scout flies down to join her companions in combat.

The other four janni lounge in the main guardroom of the watchhouse below. If unaware of the PCs, they are sitting around the table drinking coffee, unprepared for battle. If alerted to the PCs' presence, they are invisible and waiting in the corners of the room to catch the PCs by surprise.

JANNI CAPTAINS (5)
hp 68 each (see page 14)

CR 7

Liberation Points: Defeating the jann stationed here earns 2 LP. Allowing the alarm to be raised costs 1 LP.

Mission Two: Lower Gate (EL 13)

Lower Gate controls the route from the Lower Town up to the Kelmarane Heights, and represents the division between the occupying force and the captured citizens. Seizing control of it creates a significant barrier to the janni and gnoll forces in the Upper Town, striking another blow to the occupiers' morale and strengthening that of the captured citizens.

Creatures: Jhavhul has placed a pair of immense retrievers here, creatures called from the Abyss and bound into service by Rajali, as war machines in his army. Although mindless, the retrievers possess instinctual knowledge of their own abilities and attack anyone attempting to pass through the gate. They periodically wander the region around the gate; if the PCs watch and wait, they can isolate one of the monsters on its own and gain a few precious rounds of advantage before its companion can join the battle. The retrievers can be tricked by a disguise that makes a character appear to be a janni captain, or by

anyone who seems to be accompanied by an efreeti or Davashuum himself, but they immediately attack anyone else who comes within 30 feet of the lower gate.

RETRIEVERS (2)
hp 95 each (MM 46)

CR 11

Treasure: The ruined warehouse to the northeast contains goods confiscated from townsfolk and traders by the janni soldiers. There are several wagons and carts here, holding a variety of mundane trade goods worth a total of 2,000 gp. A DC 20 Search check (or *detect magic*) turns up a small wooden box containing a book of Qadiran fairy tales. The box is actually a *folding boat* that is also magically impervious to fire. The boat's command words are written on the inside cover of the book.

Liberation Points: Defeating the retrievers earns 1 LP.

Mission Three: Postern Gate (EL 12)

To the north of the Upper Town is a small postern gate that connects to the bluffs above the city, where Davashuum has a small reserve of troops waiting. This gate has been newly rebuilt to protect the rear approach to the Upper Town. The gate itself is set into a 20-foot-high and 5-foot-thick crenelated wall. The tower to the southwest is 30 feet high with 5-foot-thick stone walls, with 15-foot ceilings and loopholes facing north and east on both floors. The smaller building to the northeast is 20 feet high. Both buildings are capped with battlements.

Gates: The gates are 10-foot-wide double iron doors, iron-barred on the inside (Hardness 10, hp 60, Break DC 30). A walkway runs along the top of the gates between the stable roof to the northeast and a barred, strong wooden door (Hardness 5, hp 20, Break DC 25) on the southwestern tower's second floor.

Stable: The wooden doors to this building are unlocked. Three light warhorses are stabled here, used by the jann to patrol the bluffs north of the city. Saddles and tack are hung on the wall, while fodder and hay are kept in a loft 10 feet above. A wooden ladder in the corner leads to the loft and the roof.

Tower: The southwestern tower's first floor has a strong wooden door in the southern wall, iron-bound and locked (Hardness 5, hp 20, Break DC 25, Open Lock DC 30). There is also a wooden trap door on the roof, which the jann have neglected to lock, providing a direct means of entry into the tower. Ladders connect the tower's two floors to the roof.

Creatures: Six janni captains led by an efreeti named Oktar are stationed here to guard the "back door" into the Upper Town. These guards are holed up on the second floor inside the southwestern tower, their attention divided between watching the northern approach and the battle to the south. Give the genies a chance to spot approaching

Liberation Points

As the battle to recapture Kelmarane progresses, the PCs earn Liberation Points (LP) for achieving mission goals, defeating major NPCs and allied enemies, and otherwise contributing to the effort. Keep a running total of the points the PCs accumulate during the adventure. At the end of Part Three, this number represents how successful the liberation of Kelmarane truly was, and determines the level of the PCs' reward.

PCs, but there is a 50% chance that one of them is looking out the eastern loopholes instead, trying to catch a glimpse of the main battle. If the PCs are spotted, all three jann open fire on the PCs from the cover of their arrow slits (+8 bonus to AC, +4 bonus to Reflex saves).

JANNI CAPTAINS (5)
hp 68 each (see page 14)

CR 7

OKTAR
Efreeti (MM 115)
hp 65

CR 7

Liberation Points: Defeating the genies stationed here earns the PCs 2 LP.

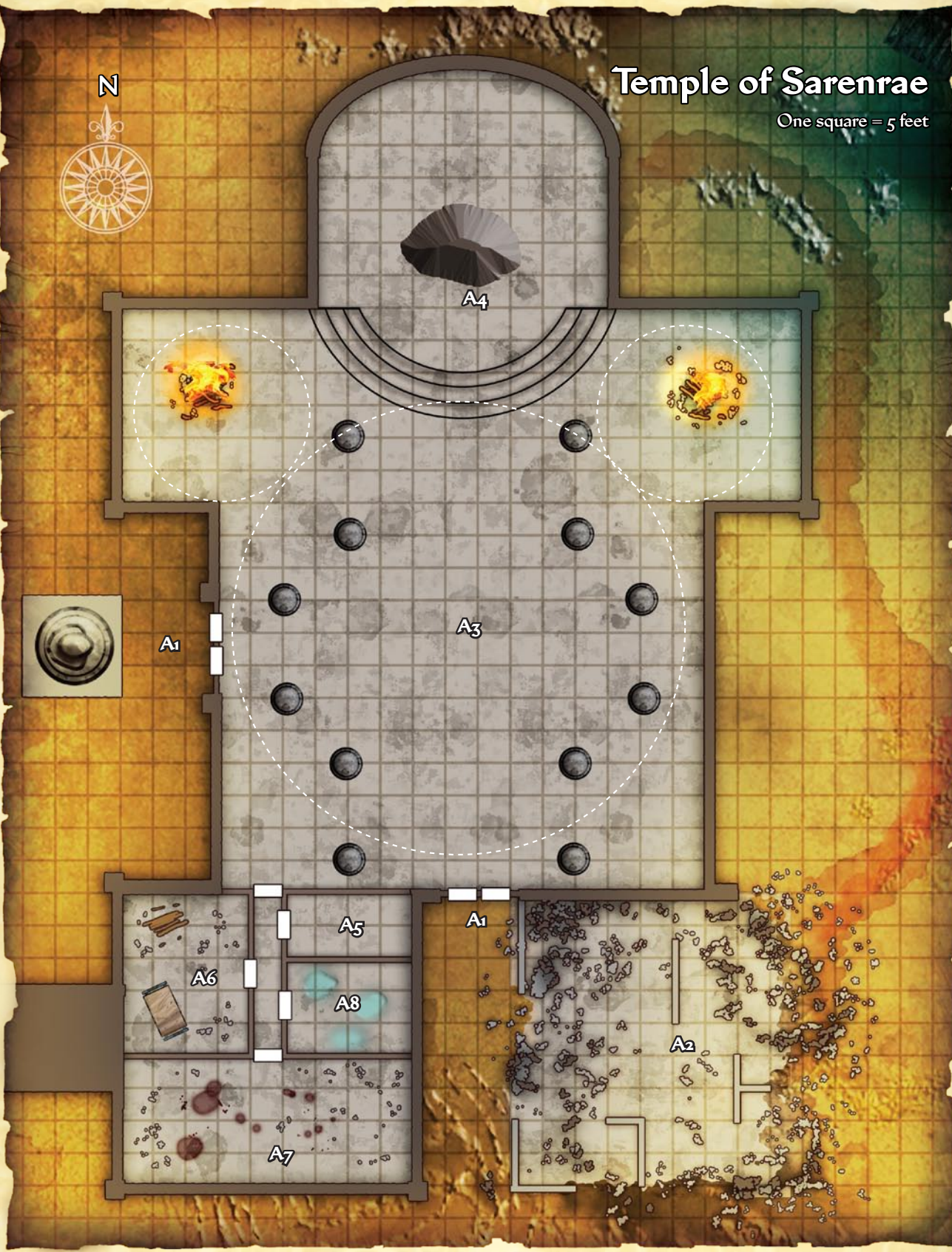
Mission Four: The Temple of Sarenrae (EL 14)

The Temple of Sarenrae almost looks worse than when it was in ruins. Windows are broken, doors have been bashed open and hang loosely from hinges, and blasphemous graffiti is scrawled upon the walls in blood and excrement. Gaping holes mar the twin domes above the transepts, and oily black smoke issues from the cracks. The southeastern annex has been completely gutted by fire, its walls blackened, its dome collapsed.

Davashuum's gnoll allies rule the western portion of the Upper Town, with the Temple of Sarenrae serving as their fortress. Nefeshti believes (correctly) that the gnolls have consecrated the temple to the worship of Rovagug, and that they hold many prisoners inside as future sacrifices. If the PCs can liberate the temple of Sarenrae, they'll break the morale of the gnoll forces and strike what could be a decisive victory. Since this location is so far inside enemy territory, Nefeshti recommends this as the final mission the PCs attempt; if they don't save this one until last and they're forced to retreat, they'll likely face genies, retrievers, and elementals on their flight out of the area unless they teleport to safety.

Temple of Sarenrae

One square = 5 feet



There are a lot of gnolls in this area—when the battle begins, some move into the Temple of Sarenrae for safety, but the majority cluster in tight patrols surrounding the building. In all, there are nearly 100 gnolls surrounding the temple, and the PCs need to contend with them before they can call out and confront their leader. Don't bother to run combat between the PCs and each of the gnolls they face, though—instead, you should handle the invasion of the Temple of Sarenrae in a more cinematic style. Ask the PCs what their plan of attack is and what spells and tactics they'd like to use, focusing on each player character in turn to determine each one's role in the attack on the temple. A PC who wades in to battle the gnolls with his weapons (ranged or melee, using stealth or brute force) is a "skirmisher." A PC who relies primarily on offensive spells to strike at the gnolls or support spells to bolster his allies is a "spellcaster." A PC who plays a support role by healing allies is a "defender."

When the battle begins, don't bother rolling dozens of dice for the defending gnolls; although they vastly outnumber the PCs, they're unlikely to pose much of a threat apart from whittling away at resources. The battle to rout the gnolls takes 4 minutes—even if the PCs do things like teleport into the temple or use potent magic like *fire storm* or *cone of cold* to slay gnolls by the dozens, the battle still takes 4 minutes to resolve.

Each minute, have each PC make a special level check by rolling 1d20 and adding his character level. He modifies this roll by adding his single highest ability score modifier. A character with favored enemy (gnoll) adds that bonus to this roll. The DC for this check is 20. This roll determines how many resources the PCs must use each round against the gnolls, depending upon their role as determined by you and the results below.

- **Skirmishers:** *Success:* The skirmisher takes 1d10–5 points of damage (minimum zero points). *Failure:* The skirmisher takes 4d6 points of damage.
- **Spellcasters:** *Success:* The spellcaster must cast five levels of spells—the spells cast don't matter, but he must choose five levels of spells and cross them off his prepared list as if they had been cast. These spells can come from magic item activations (for example, a *wand of fireballs* charge can be used to account for three levels of spells). If the spellcaster can't unleash five levels of spells, he automatically fails at his task. *Failure:* The spellcaster marks off his five levels of spells (or as many as he can if he has less than five levels available) and takes 4d6 points of damage.
- **Healers:** *Success:* The spellcaster must cast five levels of healing spells—the spells cast don't matter, but he must choose five levels of spells and cross them off his prepared list as if they had been cast. These spells can come from magic item activations (for example, a *potion of cure serious wounds* can be used to account for three

Cinematic Combat

The rules for the cinematic combat against the gnoll hordes surrounding the temple are meant to be fast and loose, to provide a swift method to resolve a combat that might otherwise take hours to complete while still posing a small amount of risk to the PCs and serving as a resource drain. Yet they might be too simple for some groups.

If your group doesn't mind playing out a battle against 100 gnolls (about 20% of which are some mix of 3rd-level adept, fighter, ranger, and rogue), and you're eager for the challenge, by all means play the battle out as you see fit; you can use gnoll stat blocks from previous installments of the Legacy of Fire Adventure Path to mix things up in this case.

Alternatively, if you'd rather just avoid the whole thing, you can rule that the bulk of the gnolls here have joined the fight against the templars to the south of the town, leaving behind only Narrgok and his bodyguards; this might be a less satisfying scene, but it's certainly one that doesn't strain the boundaries of the game rules.

levels of spells). If the spellcaster can't unleash five levels of spells, he automatically fails at his task. All PCs (healers included) are healed of 2d6 points of damage. *Failure:* The spellcaster marks off his five levels of spells (or as many as he can if he has less than five levels available) and takes 4d6 points of damage.

A character that's reduced to 0 hit points during this battle can no longer make checks to continue the battle, but automatically stabilizes at –1 hit point unless he took enough damage to reduce him to –10 hit points, in which case he is slain. The loss of a PC in this cinematic battle incurs a cumulative –4 penalty on all surviving PC checks in the remaining rounds.

At the end of the 4 minutes, provided the PCs didn't all perish or flee, the gnolls panic and rout, leaving behind their leader and a few of his more deadly guardians. At this point, the battle returns to a more classic format. Allow the PCs to explore the church as they desire—if you'd like to, you can describe how now and then as they move through the building they kill or drive off a few more pockets of gnolls, but the final enemy waits for them in the central prayer hall (area A3).

Creatures: The temple has been appropriated by a gnoll warpriest of Rovagug named Narrgok, one of Jhavhul's more faithful followers. Narrgok has been granted three wishes from Jhavhul; he used two to aid Jhavhul's ritual, and was allowed to use the third to gain a pair of hideous but absolutely loyal pets—a pair of enormous tarantulas that Narrgok likes to think of as children of Rovagug, despite the fact that Jhavhul granted Narrgok's wish by polymorphing

two of the gnoll's wives into the spiders. The spiders generally cling to the walls above the fire pits in area E3, and are quick to scamper down to defend Narrgok—although mindless, they view the gnoll cleric as an ally.

Narrgok remains in hiding while the PCs fight, but once the 4 minutes pass, he emerges onto the scene wherever the PCs are currently located—due to the nature of the cinematic battle, you can simply narrate how the battle goes and have the PCs end up in area E4 when the battle ends and the confrontation with Narrgok and his two pet spiders begins.



narrgok

NARRGOK, WARPRIEST OF ROVAGUG

CR 12

Male gnoll cleric 11 of Rovagug

CE Medium humanoid (gnoll)

Init +0; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +8, Spot +8

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 10, flat-footed 23

(+10 armor, +3 natural)

hp 97 (13d8+39)

Fort +13, Ref +5, Will +12

Resist fire 10

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee +2 greataxe +18/+13 (1d12+11/x3)

Special Attacks rebuke undead 1/day (+0; 2d6+9), smite 1/day (+4 attack, +11 damage)

Spells Prepared (CL 11th)

6th—*blade barrier*^D (DC 19), *heal*

5th—*quickened divine favor*, *flame strike*^D (DC 18), *quickened shield of faith*

4th—*air walk*, *baleful polymorph** (DC 17), *divine power*^D, *greater magic weapon*

3rd—*bestow curse* (DC 16), *blindness/deafness* (DC 16), *contagion*^D (DC 16), *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *magic vestment*

2nd—*bear's endurance*, *cure moderate wounds*, *resist energy*, *shatter*^D (DC 15), *sound burst* (DC 15), *summon monster II*

1st—*cure light wounds* (3), *doom* (DC 14), *inflict light wounds*^D (DC 14), *protection from good*, *sanctuary* (DC 14)

0—*detect magic* (2), *guidance* (2), *resistance* (2)

D domain spell; Domains Destruction, War

*As a cleric of Rovagug, Narrgok can prepare this as a 4th-level divine spell

TACTICS

Before Combat Narrgok casts *magic vestment* and *greater magic weapon* every morning. When the PCs attack his temple, he casts *bear's endurance*, *shield of faith*, and *resist energy (fire)* if he has the chance.

During Combat Narrgok lets his spiders engage foes in melee so he can use spells like *flame strike*, *baleful polymorph*, *blade barrier*, and *blindness/deafness* against foes. He casts his *quickened shield of faith* on the first round of combat, and *quickened divine favor* on the first round he enters melee.

Morale Enamored with even his own destruction, Narrgok fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 22, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 17, Cha 6

Base Atk +9; Grp +15

Feats Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Martial Weapon Proficiency (greataxe), Power Attack, Quicken Spell, Weapon Focus (greataxe)

Skills Concentration +14, Knowledge (religion) +14, Listen +8, Spot +8

Languages Common, Gnoll

SQ spontaneous casting (inflict spells)

Combat Gear *wand of cure moderate wounds* (27 charges); **Other**

gear amulet of natural armor +2, masterwork full plate, +1 *greataxe*, *belt of giant strength* +4, key to area A8

CRAG TARANTULAS (2)

CR 8

Gargantuan monstrous hunting spider

hp 104 each (MM 289)

Ad Hoc Experience: If the PCs survive the cinematic battle and aren't forced to flee, award them experience as if they had defeated a CR 10 monster.

Liberation Points: Defeating the horde of gnoll goons earns 1 LP, while defeating Narrgok earns 2 LP. Freeing the prisoners in area A8 earns an additional 1 LP. Dispelling the *unhallow* effect and casting *consecrate* on the main altar earns a further 1 LP.

The Battle Joined

The PCs' first mission is the signal to Nefeshti to launch her attack. Her two-dozen jann take up a defensive position in hiding to the southeast of Kelmarane, and when the battle begins, Nefeshti uses *persistent image* to create an illusion of a much larger host of janni soldiers, appearing as if each soldier's *invisibility* spell-like ability was dismissed in unison. The sight and sound of this illusion, combined with Nefeshti's actual army, is enough to seize the attention of Davashuum's forces, and they swiftly mobilize an army of nearly 100 jann and more than 300 gnolls and surge south to attack, leaving the PCs relatively free to continue their more precise missions in Kelmarane.

As the PCs complete missions in town, the larger battle to the south progresses as follows.

One Mission Complete: Davashuum's army mobilizes and moves south to confront Nefeshti.

Two Missions Complete: The truth of Nefeshti's deception is discovered, but the battle is already joined and Davashuum's forces are too spread out; Nefeshti's smaller, more agile, and more organized group strikes with enough force to cause panic, forcing many gnolls to flee and the remaining army to fall back into the Lower City.

Three Missions Complete: The battle has moved to the Lower City, consisting of guerrilla warfare in the streets as countless small groups of combatants move amid the buildings in a chaotic frenzy.

Four Missions Complete: The battle moves up the slopes of Kelmarane, with Nefeshti's jann using *ethereal jaunt* to bypass the road and manifest north of the *Brazen Tower* to continue the battle.

All Missions Complete: The battle for Kelmarane turns into a siege. The gnolls flee (or entrench in the church if the PCs fail to complete that mission's goal), and those jann who

Temple of Sarenrae Locations

The battle at the temple of Sarenrae can spread throughout the locations detailed on the map—the gnolls don't stay in any one particular area, with the exception of Narrgok and his pet spiders. Brief descriptions of the areas within the Temple of Sarenrae are listed below.

- A1. Entrances:** These doors are flimsy and ruined, and offer no barrier against entry.
- A2. Southeastern Annex:** This area was accidentally set afire and destroyed by the gnolls. The entrance to the Kelmarane Crypt is buried under rubble here, 20 feet west of the southern door leading to area A3.
- A3. Prayer Hall:** The central dome of the temple rises 50 feet above this large chamber. The air is close and smoky, and filled with the stench of gnolls, urine, and rotting food. Various pallets and heaps of garbage are scattered throughout the room, making the floor here difficult terrain.
- A4. Apse:** Three wide semicircular steps lead up to the raised dais that holds the main altar beneath a smaller dome. The sunburst altar of Sarenrae has been desecrated and replaced with the fanged, multi-legged maw of Rovagug. The altar to Rovagug serves as the focal point for an *unhallow* spell (granting both Narrgok and the gnoll goons a +2 deflection bonus to AC and a +2 resistance bonus on saves versus good creatures) and an associated *invisibility purge* effect to a radius of 40 feet.
- A5. Sacristy:** This small room held the priests' vestments and religious paraphernalia, now ruined and despoiled or looted.
- A6. High Priest's Quarters:** This room was formerly the living quarters of the high priest of Sarenrae. Narrgok has commandeered it for himself, and the once luxurious furnishings have been irreparably soiled and smashed. A small coffer under the bed (Search DC 15) contains blocks of foul-smelling incense, three vials of unholy water, and a pouch of powdered diamond (worth 600 gp).
- A7. Chapel:** This private chapel for the priests of Sarenrae now reeks of blood and urine, its mosaic floor ruptured with gaping cracks. A DC 30 Search of the southwest corner reveals a hidden cache behind a loose stone the gnolls overlooked—within are 7 *potions of cure moderate wounds*.
- A8. Prisoners:** The iron-bound door to this chamber is locked (Hardness 5, hp 20, Break DC 25, Open Lock DC 25). Within the room, in a pitiful state of deprivation and torture, are three acolytes of Sarenrae, all that remain of the priests of this temple.

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survive either flee or retreat into the *Brazen Tower* to hide. The wards on the *Brazen Tower* foil ethereal travel, which both prevents Nefeshti's jann from invading easily and keeps Davashuum's jann trapped inside. Begin Part Three.

PART THREE: SIEGE OF THE BRAZEN TOWER

Centuries ago, when Jhavlul first came to the Material Plane to raise an army, he brought an exquisite treasure with him: an artifact called the *Brazen Tower*. As Jhavlul served the wizard-priest Ezer Hazzebaim as a general for his army, and later in command of his own horde of marauders, the efreeti prince campaigned in style, making his headquarters in the portable brass fortress. When he later found Xotani's Grave deep beneath Pale Mountain, Jhavlul put the *Brazen Tower* aside in the treasury (area **D16**), and there it lay for all the long years Jhavlul remained trapped in Kakishon. Upon his triumphant return to Golarion, Jhavlul brought the tower out of storage and used it as an undeniable symbol of his domination over Kelmarane by expanding the huge tower to full size while standing within the village battle market. Although lately Jhavlul spends his time in Xotani's Grave, he plans on returning to reclaim the *Brazen Tower* once his plans are complete. Until then, Jhavlul leaves the *Brazen Tower* under the control of his newest ally, Davashuum, the fallen Templar of the Five Winds, along with a magical bone key that opens the portal to Xotani's Grave beneath the House of the Beast.

As the battle for Kelmarane moves forward, Davashuum remains ensconced within his tower, regularly communicating with his commanders via telepathy. While not a coward, Davashuum realizes that Nefeshti and the PCs would like nothing better than to capture and kill him for what he's done to Kelmarane and his treason against the templars. Worse, he knows that his new master Jhavlul is in a delicate situation, unable to leave Xotani's Grave now that the final *wish* is so near—Davashuum won't let himself call upon Jhavlul for aid because he knows such aid would not be given, and worse, doing so would only ensure his own horrific punishment for failing to handle the situation. Davashuum is in a difficult position, unable to call upon aid from his new master and unwilling to ask for forgiveness from Nefeshti. He sees his only choice is to hole up in the *Brazen Tower*, defend the bone key to Xotani's Grave, and hold out long enough for Jhavlul to finish his ritual.

Although the rout of the primary mass of Davashuum's army is a victory, it is not the end of the war. Before Kelmarane can be truly free, the *Brazen Tower* and its defenders must be destroyed. The PCs can take as long as they desire to accomplish this goal—Nefeshti and her surviving jann occupy the village and lay siege to the

tower, keeping the tower's inhabitants in a state of constant oppression and fear, giving the PCs the time they need to mount as many sorties as they can against its interior. Unless you think the PCs could use the additional aid, Nefeshti does not accompany them into the tower.

Each day that passes without Davashuum's defeat, the PCs lose 1d4 Liberation Points. If they ever reach 0 Liberation Points, time has run out and Jhavlul makes his final *wish* (see Concluding the Adventure for details). If at any point the PCs' Liberation Point total drops to four or less (indicating that one more day could make the difference), you should warn them by having Pale Mountain give an ominous rumble, with a sudden venting of steam as a minor eruption sends a cloud of ash into the sky.

Making Wishes

Jhavlul certainly knows time is limited at this point, and as a result, Nefeshti is no longer worried about him realizing she's involved and offers her three daily *wishes* to the PCs as a resource—with a few limitations. She prefers to use these *wishes* to duplicate existing spells, and suggests that keeping her *wishes* in reserve for healing and recovering from afflictions, petrification, death, and other conditions is a wise move. She'll also agree to use *wishes* to create permanent spell effects for the PCs as they desire, using one *wish* to duplicate the spell effect and another to duplicate a *permanency* spell, although this leaves her with only one *wish* for the remainder of the day. She can also grant inherent bonuses to PC ability scores, to a magnitude of +3 by using all three of her daily *wishes* in a row. She does not use *wishes* to grant magic items except as rewards to the PCs for their success with the liberation of Kelmarane (see page 31).

Remember that each time Nefeshti grants a *wish*, there's a 5% chance the act causes a wishwarp (see page 59). Canny PCs might hit upon the idea of teleporting beyond the Pale Mountain region with Nefeshti to *wish* in more stable environs—this method works, as long as the PCs have enough teleport magic to come and go as they please.

Finally, it's possible that a PC might simply try to defeat Davashuum or even Jhavlul with one well-worded *wish*. Nefeshti will not grant any such *wish*—and if asked for a reason, she points out that Jhavlul is even more skilled at wishcraft than she is, and even he hasn't dared to try such a blatant abuse of wishing. Such potent *wishes* never work out the way one intends, and this close to victory, Nefeshti does not want to risk it all by meddling with a *wish* that's beyond the scope of what is outlined above.

Brazen Tower Features

The *Brazen Tower*'s only entrance is at the ground floor, currently within the ruined shell of the Kelmarane battle market (area **B1**). As long as the siege continues,

the *Brazen Tower* remains impassive and silent, its occupants hidden within.

The *Brazen Tower* is protected by a constant *mage's private sanctum* effect, blocking any scrying attempts as well as normal vision from the outside. In addition, the interior of the *Brazen Tower* is protected by a constant *dimensional lock* effect—this hampers teleportation effects and ethereal travel within the tower as per the spell, but the blocking effect is not complete. A spellcaster who makes a successful DC 25 Caster Level check can cast such a spell normally within the *Brazen Tower*.

Unless otherwise noted, the following features are found throughout the *Brazen Tower*. Ceilings are 20 feet high in the main tower, and 10 feet high in the flanking towers. Most rooms are lit with braziers. All floors, ceilings, and walls (interior and exterior) are composed of magically treated brass (Hardness 20, hp 180 per 5-foot square). Interior doors are also of magically treated brass (Hardness 20, hp 120, Break DC 48). They are usually unlocked, with exceptions noted in the text.

The *Brazen Tower* may only be commanded to shrink or grow (similar to an *instant fortress*) by Jhavlul as long as the genie lives. If Jhavlul is slain, the *Brazen Tower* reverts to its small size and teleports back into the treasury in Bayt al-Bazan, leaving behind all creatures and objects not native to the Plane of Fire. If the PCs can then recover the *Brazen Tower* from the palace treasury, it functions as an *instant fortress* does, but the tower it grows into matches the dimensions and shape detailed in this adventure. The *Brazen Tower* is a major artifact.

B1. Main Hall (EL 13)

These doors are the only physical entrance into the *Brazen Tower*—they are locked with an *arcane lock* (CL 20th), one of the artifact's many powers. If the PCs cannot force entry, Nefeshti is willing to use a *wish* (spoken by a PC) to force the doors to open for them.

The double doors open onto a circular brass chamber whose walls rise to form a dome twenty-five feet above. A sloping ramp leads down from the doors to the bronze floor five feet below. The room's floor and walls are bare, but the walls are engraved with stylized flames and scenes of a cityscape that wrap around the entire room. Above, the dome is carved with cavorting genies and other fiery creatures. The floor, walls, and dome are all polished to a mirror-like sheen, scattering the light of a large burning brazier that stands in the center of the room directly beneath a hole in the apex of the dome. Against the far wall, a gleaming ramp of bronze curves clockwise out of sight below the floor, while a second ramp curves upward in a counterclockwise direction.

The hole in the center of the dome above leads to the tower's central shaft (area B3), and can only be reached

Wishes and Game Balance

The PCs' access to genie *wishes* for the remainder of this adventure is a big part of building the climax to the Legacy of Fire Adventure Path, but note that *wishes* can cause trouble with game balance. Fortunately, these *wishes* must be funneled through a genie—as much of an ally to the PCs as Nefeshti might be, she's still a genie. She knows more than the PCs how *wish* abuse can cause more problems than it solves. She'll certainly try to ration the PCs' *wishes*, and if the PCs begin to annoy her, she cuts off their access to her *wishes* until they make amends.

Of course, if you don't intend to continue the campaign with these characters beyond the end of "The Final Wish," the long-term implications of so many *wishes* are less of a concern!

by flight, levitation, or similar types of movement. The ramps are provided for non-flying visitors. The northwestern ramp leads down to the cellar (area B2), and the northeastern ramp leads up to the second floor (area B4). A DC 15 Knowledge (the planes) check identifies the wall engravings as depictions of the Plane of Fire and the City of Brass.

The *Brazen Tower* wards the ramp leading down from the main doors with a mental *alarm* effect (CL 20th) that alerts Davashuum if anyone enters this area from the main entrance.

Creatures: Jhavlul traveled to the Plane of Fire to woo and hire the guardians of this chamber, a pair of elder fire elementals. Eager to see the volcanic eruption they've been promised, they pursue opponents anywhere within the tower, but they are bound to the tower itself and are unable to leave its environs. Each of these elementals resembles an immense serpentine dragon made out of flames.

ELDER FIRE ELEMENTALS (2)

CR 11

hp 204 each (MM 99)

B2. Cellar (EL 12)

The walls here are smoothly shaped stone, and the low stone ceiling is peppered with a number of small stalactites. A brass door stands in the middle of the western wall next to a fearsome demonic statue carved from a single block of obsidian. A table and two large chairs sit under the ramp in the northern part of the room next to a large keg.

This level is unlit, and serves as a prison. The ceiling here is only 15 feet high, and the brass door leads to the prison cells to the west. The door is locked—one of the

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The Brazen Tower

Gopriat's father's tower of fire



Second Floor



Exterior Side View



One Square = 5 feet

guards here carries the key. The keg contains strong wine and is half full.

The prison cells to the west are bare stone cells with locked bronze doors. The northern cell (**B2a**) holds a gnoll slaver imprisoned for breaking curfew who pleads for his life in broken Common. A total of four human townsfolk are confined in the two western cells (**B2b** and **B2c**), including the merchant **Ahmad Ali Bhura** (LG male human expert 3), the father of the servant girl Madra in room **B8b**. The southern cell (**B2d**) is empty—feel free to place an NPC important to the PCs in this cell. All prisoners are in bad shape (o hp) and eager to be freed, although none have anything with which they can reward the PCs for their freedom.

Creatures: The obsidian statue is a stone golem carved to resemble a demon, but it is not the only guardian posted here. The golem follows the commands of the two efreet stationed here, a vain pair who feel that Davashuum has not done enough to stroke their massive egos. As a result, they spend more time drinking, sulking, and complaining than guarding prisoners, and take a –5 penalty on Listen and Spot checks. The stone golem normally stands inert beside the western door, activating only when trespassers enter the room, be they intruders or prisoners trying to escape.

EFREET (2) **CR 8**
hp 65 each (MM 115)

STONE GOLEM **CR 11**
hp 96 (MM 136)

Liberation Points: Freeing the human prisoners earns 1 LP.

B3. Central Shaft

This circular, polished brass shaft disappears upwards into darkness, although archways can be seen piercing the walls along its length.

Built for flying genies, this shaft vertically connects the tower's aboveground floors. The shaft is circular, 10 feet in diameter, and unlit. Its smooth, polished walls provide no handholds, so it can only be climbed if a rope has been affixed somewhere above. Otherwise, travel through the shaft can only be accomplished with flight, levitation, or similar means of movement.

B4. Western Guardroom (EL 12)

Arrow slits line the curving northwestern wall of this room on either side of a set of double doors. Two smaller doors stand in the eastern and southern walls, and a bronze ramp along the outer wall curves down to the first floor. A brass column

protrudes into the southeastern corner of the chamber, with an archway providing access to its interior. A brazier in the southwestern corner illuminates the room.

This is a combination guardroom and waiting room for visitors to the tower. The double doors open onto a small exterior bridge leading to the western side tower (**B10a**).

Creatures: A group of six janni captains, survivors of the battle outside, are stationed in this guardroom. Each janni is wounded and worried, but if they hear sounds of combat in area **B1** below, they cast *invisibility* and wait to ambush intruders.

JANNI CAPTAINS (6) **CR 7**
hp 68 each (each has taken 3d6 points of damage already; see page 14)

B5. Gallery of Lightning (EL 9)

Arrow slits line the curving northeastern wall of this room on either side of a set of double doors. Two smaller doors stand in the western and southern walls, and a brass column protrudes into the southwestern corner of the room, an archway providing access to its interior. A thick carpet lies in the center of the floor, while a brazier in the northern portion of the room gives off dim light.

Trap: The carpet is 20 feet square and covers the central portion of the floor, which has been trapped. If the carpet is trod upon or moved in any way, the entire chamber is filled with coruscating bolts of electricity that leap between the walls, floors, and ceiling.

GALLERY OF LIGHTNING **CR 9**
Type magic; Search DC 31; Disable Device DC 31

EFFECTS

Trigger touch; **Reset** automatic (1d6 rounds)

Effect spell effect (empowered *chain lightning*, CL 18th, 18d6 × 1.5 electricity damage to primary target, half damage to up to 18 secondary targets in area **B5**, DC 22 Reflex save for half)

Treasure: The carpet is an exquisite import from Jalmeray worth 4,000 gp to a collector, but weighs over 300 lbs. The trap itself doesn't hurt the carpet if it is triggered.

B6. Guest Quarters

The bronze-bound door to this chamber is locked (Open Lock DC 30).

This wedge-shaped chamber has a strange, musty smell. A thin layer of dust covers a bed, a wardrobe, a small desk and chair, a small brazier, and a washbasin on a stand. Tapestries



embroidered with an abstract flame pattern hang on the walls between a pair of arrow slits.

This room serves as living quarters for visiting allies or dignitaries, and is currently given to the Clockwork General. He spends most of his time in the war room (area B12) as he has no need of sleep—his assignment to this room is more of a formality than anything else.

Treasure: A battered wooden shield with an unrecognizable heraldic blazon hangs on the wall above the desk. It is a *caster's shield* with *eagle's splendor* scribed on it. A locked iron coffer (Open Lock DC 40) in the wardrobe holds some of the general's treasure, consisting of three golden pearls worth 150 gp each, a violet garnet and a black pearl worth 700 gp each, and a black opal worth 1,100 gp.

B7. Empty Guest Room

This unlit, spartan room contains a narrow bed, along with a desk and wardrobe.

This room was used by Davashuum before Jhavhul left him in charge of the entire tower; there is nothing of interest in here.

B8. Kitchens

A ten-foot-diameter hole yawns in the ceiling of this kitchen. A brass oven sits against the northern wall next to a brass sink. Wooden shelves and tables stacked with various foodstuffs and eating utensils line the room's vacant walls. A large fire pit smolders merrily in the middle of the floor, directly under the hole in the ceiling above.

The bottom level of each side tower serves as a kitchen for the *Brazen Tower's* residents. Food is prepared here (the smoke from cooking conveniently exits through the hole in the ceiling) before being carried to rooms throughout the fortress by the tower's flame servants, who also bring soiled dishes back to clean.

Creatures: Currently, Davashuum keeps two enslaved village girls here to cook for him and his guards—as he is fond of saying, “Food tastes better when it’s prepared with fear and hopelessness.” As the girls cannot fly, these basement rooms also serve as effective prisons for them. **Madra bint Ahmad** (NG female human expert 2), the daughter of a once wealthy merchant, is held in the eastern kitchen (area B8a). Young and naïve, she does not enjoy her imprisonment here but honestly believes that in exchange for serving him, the

janni general will reward her by increasing her father's influence, and that she will eventually be released once her term of service is over. Madra does not know her father is actually being held prisoner in the cellar (area **B2c**). She is unfriendly to any would-be rescuers, and must be made friendly with a successful Diplomacy check to willingly leave the kitchen without permission—if her father is brought to her, she realizes what's really going on and breaks down in a fit of shameful tears.

The girl in the western kitchen, **Qura** (LN female human rogue 2; Bluff +7), is older than Madra. With a fiery temper to match her bright red hair, her sharp tongue and unwillingness to work have earned her several beatings from Davashuum. Apprenticed as an apothecary before her capture, she has secretly been collecting various herbs from the stores in the hopes of creating a poison that she can slip into the janni's food. Her plan is close to fruition, and she's ready to prepare a meal poisoned with oil of taggit. Unfortunately for her, she's unaware of Davashuum's immunity to poison, and even with the PCs' help, her plan is doomed to failure. Should she go through with it, her life is essentially forfeit unless the PCs protect her. In any case, Qura greets rescuers eagerly, and happily tells them about the layout and inhabitants of the tower's cellar and first two levels (although she does not know of the trap in **B5**). Her initial attitude is friendly—she reveals her plan to poison Davashuum only if made helpful.

Ad Hoc Experience Award: Award the PCs a CR 9 experience award for each of the prisoners they manage to rescue.

B9. Stores

Shelves line the walls of this circular room and hold a variety of foodstuffs, spices, and fresh vegetables, as well as mundane supplies such as cleaning agents and linens. Ten-foot-diameter holes pierce both the ceiling and the floor.

Treasure: Ten minutes of searching and a DC 20 Search check turns up a variety of rare herbs and spices worth a total of 1,000 gp, and nine bottles of exquisite Mendevian icewine worth 250 gp each.

B10. Barracks (EL 11)

Ten-foot-diameter holes yawn in the center of the floor and ceiling of this room. Simple bunks line the walls, with arrow slits between each of the beds. A small wooden table and four chairs fill the remainder of the space.

The holes in the floor and ceiling form open shafts that connect the four levels of each flanking tower. Both

chambers are barracks and mess halls for janni captains stationed in the tower. The western barracks (**B10a**) is currently empty, home to the jann posted in the western guardroom (**B4**).

Creatures: The eastern barracks (**B10b**) houses four janni soldiers, currently recovering from the battle against Nefeshti's troops. They immediately snatch up their arms and attack anyone entering the tower.

JANNI CAPTAINS (4)

CR 7

hp 68 each (each has taken 3d6 points of damage already; see page 14)

Treasure: A footlocker beneath one of the beds in **B10a** holds a chess set with pieces carved from moonstone and carnelian to resemble djinn and efreet. The set is worth 1,050 gp.

B11. Side Tower Galleries

Through the arches that surround this open-air gallery sprawls the striking panorama of Kelmarane. Wooden beams supporting a brass-clad onion dome crisscross the open ceiling. A ten-foot-diameter hole fills the center of the floor.

The galleries atop the two side towers are used for additional defense, but currently stand empty. Two quivers holding 20 masterwork arrows each hang from columns in each gallery. The hole in the floor forms an open shaft that connects the four levels of each flanking tower, but *walls of force* (CL 20th; one of the many features possessed by the *Brazen Tower*) currently seal both entrances, keeping enemies from flying into the open gallery and working their way downward. If the PCs can punch through one of these *walls of force*, either side tower presents an unguarded point of entry into the main tower, although as soon as one of the walls is brought down, Davashuum immediately receives a mental *alarm* as a warning.

B12. War Room (EL 12)

An archway pierces the northern wall of this immense chamber. A heavy black curtain hangs to the east. Arrow slits pierce the outer wall in all directions, scenes of warring efreet, azers, and salamanders engraving the brass walls between engraved maps and charts hanging amid them. A large sand table sits in the southern half of the room, depicting the town of Kelmarane and its surroundings in great detail, burning braziers flanking it on either side.

This is Davashuum's war room. The northeastern portion of the room contains a small brazier and several

chairs and is used for semi-private meetings. A desk before the northeastern wall contains detailed ledgers of troop transfers, duty rosters, supply schedules, and other minutiae of the day-to-day management of an army, all written in Ignan. An iron strongbox sits beside the desk, and a folding wooden screen stands next to the eastern wall.

A study of the sand table reveals the outline of a vast area of destruction emanating from Pale Mountain. Coupled with information contained on the desk, it seems that the genies expect Pale Mountain to erupt into a volcano soon. A DC 15 Knowledge (nature) check is enough to know that the Brazen Peaks are not volcanic, so whatever disaster is coming must be unnatural in origin.

Creature: One of Jhahvul's more exotic advisors, a Kolyarut inevitable known as the Clockwork General, spends most of its time in this chamber. Until recently an aging mercenary who'd grown tired of his lot in life, the general offered his services to Jhahvul when the efreeti slaughtered his men in the Brazen Peaks not long after the genie escaped from Kakishon. He begged for his life, and Jhahvul used him to get two more *wishes* closer

to his goal—the general used his own *wish* to ask for a new, immortal body. Jhahvul granted his *wish*, transforming him into a gleaming brass inevitable, stripping him of his emotions and memories and turning him into his own loyal general.

The Clockwork General was ordered by Jhahvul to assist Davashuum in commanding the efreeti's janni armies. He spends most of his time obsessing over strategies and maneuvers at the sand table. He is under no orders to defend the tower, so he will not go to the aid of any of the tower's other residents, but he attacks any intruders who enter this room.

THE CLOCKWORK GENERAL

CR 12

Kolyarut inevitable (MM 159)

hp 91

Treasure: The strongbox next to the desk is locked (Open Locks DC 30, Davashuum has the key) and contains the army's payroll: 6,480 sp and 433 gp.

Liberation Points: Defeating the Clockwork General earns 2 LP.

B13. Davashuum's Quarters (EL 14)

The door from the central shaft (B3) into this chamber is *arcane locked* (CL 20th).

Tall, wide windows along the curving walls of this large chamber provide a panoramic view of the town and the dome of the battle market below. Luxurious carpets line the floor, and several desks sit in the northern portion of the room buried under maps and papers. A small sitting area with luxurious chairs and divans fills the western half of the room, while silken curtains screen the southern quadrant.

This room is the personal living quarters of the fallen templar, Davashuum. The tower's walls are transparent on this level, appearing as windows that provide one-way viewing outside. They otherwise have the same statistics as the tower's normal brass walls. The curtained area to the south is a sleeping area containing a large bed. A sparring dummy and weapons rack stand in the eastern side of the room.

Careful perusal of the documents on the desks (a process that takes about 30 minutes) reveals that regular shipments of slaves have been sent from Kelmarane to the House of the Beast atop Pale Mountain since the town was captured. The officer in charge of each shipment was given a "bone key" to open Jhahvul's Doorstep near the Chamber of the Stone Speakers. This is a reference to Xotani's bone key, which the PCs will need to enter Xotani's Grave to confront Jhahvul—Davashuum carries one such key. Each entry in the ledgers has been signed twice by the officer in charge, once upon



the
clockwork
general

his departure when he was given responsibility for the bone key, and again on his return to the *Brazen Tower* when he relinquished the key to Davashuum.

In addition, among the lists of transferred slaves is the name of Kelmarane's mayor, Almah Roveshki. You should add the names of any other NPCs that the PCs might want to rescue to this list as well.

Creatures: Davashuum rules Kelmarane from this chamber, and currently commands his army from here as well. The windows afford him an unparalleled view of the course of the battle. Rather than face Nefeshti and her allies personally, Davashuum waits here for them to come to him, pacing the room and brooding over the dark turn events have taken. He hopes to hold off the PCs and Nefeshti long enough for Jhahvul to finish his ritual, for once he is reborn as Xotani, the PCs are as good as dead.

Davashuum is a tall and imposing janni with darkly tanned, weather-beaten skin, a shaved head, and piercing, pale blue eyes. He wears loose blue robes and carries a silver-shod quarterstaff whose simple appearance belies its potent magical properties. Davashuum is accompanied at all times by a quartet of flesh golems stitched together from the bodies of a dozen or so gnolls that follow his commands—gifts from Jhahvul sent to Davashuum from Xotani's Grave.

Once the tower is alerted, Davashuum waits here to face any invaders. Davashuum makes no attempt to parley, having firmly set his mind on the course he has chosen. If the PCs try to reason with him, or offer him mercy on Nefeshti's behalf, a dark look passes across his face. "It is too late to turn back now. Soon the fire will consume us all," he growls, and presses his attack. If one of the PCs bears *Tempest*, Davashuum attempts to disarm the character of that ancient weapon. Although he will not use *Tempest* in combat himself, Davashuum believes the PCs are unworthy to carry a templar's weapon.

DAVASHUUM

CR 13

Male janni monk 12 (MM 116)

LE Large outsider (native)

Init +9 (+8 after *change size*); **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +12, Spot +12

DEFENSE

AC 23, touch 19, flat-footed 19

(+3 armor, +1 deflection, +4 Dex, +2 monk, +1 natural, -1 size, +3 Wis)

hp 156 (18d8+75)

Fort +17, **Ref** +17, **Will** +16; +2 against enchantment

Defensive Abilities improved evasion, slow fall 60 ft.; **Immune** nonmagical disease, poison; **Resist** fire 10

OFFENSE

Spd 70 ft., fly 20 ft. (perfect)

Melee *Maelstrom* +21/+21/+21/+16/+11 (1d8+8/19-20 plus 1d6 electricity)

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

Special Attacks abundant step 1/day, flurry of blows, *ki* strike (lawful and magic), *plane shift*, stunning fist (12/day, DC 19), unarmed strike

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th)

3/day—*invisibility* (self only), *speak with animals*

2/day—quicken *change size* (DC 13)

1/day—*create food and water* (CL 7th), *ethereal jaunt* (for 1 hour)

TACTICS

During Combat On the first round of combat, Davashuum uses his quickened *change size* to become Large; he uses a second quickened *change size* to shrink his strongest-looking enemy the next round. He generally attempts a disarm attack with one of his best attacks each round, following with a stunning fist delivered through *Maelstrom*. If surrounded, he attacks a single character with his flurry of blows to try to make an opening as quickly as possible. If one of the PCs is armed with *Tempest*, Davashuum attempts an unarmed disarm (attack bonus +21) to snatch *Tempest* away from that character. If seriously wounded, Davashuum uses abundant step to relocate to another floor of the *Brazen Tower*, heals himself with wholeness of body or his potions, then turns invisible and returns to ambush the party.

Morale Davashuum lives to serve Jhahvul and fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 21, **Dex** 18, **Con** 18, **Int** 12, **Wis** 16, **Cha** 12

Base Atk +15; **Grp** +24

Feats Combat Reflexes, Deflect Arrows, Dodge, Improved Critical (quarterstaff), Improved Disarm, Improved Initiative, Improved Unarmed Strike, Mobility, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*change size*), Stunning Fist, Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (quarterstaff)

Skills Balance +18, Concentration +14, Craft (bookbinding) +10, Craft (calligraphy) +10, Escape Artist +13, Hide +19, Jump +35, Listen +12, Move Silently +13, Ride +13, Sense Motive +12, Spot +12, Tumble +27

Languages Common, Ignan, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ elemental endurance, wholeness of body (24 hp/day)

Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds* (3); **Other Gear** *bracers of armor* +3, *Maelstrom* (+1 *ki focus shock thundering quarterstaff*), *ring of protection* +1, key to strongbox in **B12**



Timing the Final Wish

This adventure is on a soft timer—there’s no hard-and-fast deadline by which the PCs need to finish the adventure before Jhavlul makes his final *wish*, but if they get distracted for too long, neither will the adventure’s climax wait patiently for them. If your group is remaining focused and not retreating too often to recover, you can simply keep the tension high by mentioning slight earth tremors or ventings of steam and ash from Pale Mountain’s slopes now and then, but assume that the final confrontation with Jhavlul happens in time to stop him.

One alternate to this is to use the PCs’ Liberation Points as a timer. Each day that passes after the liberation of Kelmarane, reduce their total Liberation Points by one. When they reach 0 LP, Jhavlul completes his ritual as detailed in Concluding the Adventure. Go ahead and let the PCs know when you reduce their LP total, but don’t tell them why you’re doing it. This should help to create a feeling of impending doom and menace and prevent them from wasting time.

FLESH GOLEMS (4)

CR 7

hp 79 each (M 135)

Treasure: The bone holy symbol of Rovagug that Davashuum carries is in fact a bone key of Xotani, carved from one of the monster’s fossilized claws. The bone key radiates abjuration magic, and if successfully identified, is revealed to be nothing more than a key designed to open a magic portal. It has no ability other than to open the portal in Jhavlul’s Doorstep (area C3) and provide easy entrance into Xotani’s Grave.

Liberation Points: Defeating Davashuum earns 3 LP, and immediately ends the battle for Kelmarane; proceed with “The Liberation of Kelmarane” to determine how successful the PCs were at saving the village.

B14. Tower Gallery (EL 13)

Columned arches spaced around the walls of this circular, domed chamber provide access to a ten-foot-wide walkway that encircles the tower. The cracked and shattered dome of the battle market drops away twenty feet below, and the entirety of the town can be seen beyond. In the middle of the floor is a ten-foot-diameter hole.

The hole in the floor leads to the central shaft (B3), and can only be navigated with flight, levitation, or similar types of movement; the shaft entrance is blocked by a *wall of force* in the same manner as those at area B11.

Creatures: A group of eight janni captains, held in reserve from the battle, are stationed atop the tower to watch for invaders approaching the battle market. They fire arrows at anyone not obviously a member of Davashuum’s forces, and telepathically alert the rest of the tower’s inhabitants of intruders.

JANNI CAPTAINS (8)

CR 7

hp 68 each (see page 14)

The Liberation of Kelmarane

Once the PCs have defeated Davashuum, the battle for Kelmarane is essentially over. A few scattered pockets of Davashuum’s jann still remain, but they lack leadership and pose no significant barrier to the PCs. Nefeshti thanks the PCs, either quietly and grimly or warmly and with great pleasure, depending on the level of success they achieved.

During the battle for Kelmarane, the PCs acquired Liberation Points for successfully completing missions and achieving goals in the *Brazen Tower*. Add up all the points they’ve accumulated—this total represents what level of victory the PCs have had against the janni army. The table below shows how successful the battle was, the level of reward Nefeshti gives each PC (these rewards are either magic items or treasure granted by *wishes*, and as such it may take more than a day for Nefeshti to hand out all due rewards), and the CR equivalent for an ad hoc experience award for the PCs

Regardless of the outcome of the battle, as long as the PCs survived there is still much to do. Based on the information found in the *Brazen Tower* and rumors and information gathered from the town’s surviving citizens, the PCs should know that their next step is a journey back to Pale Mountain, both to rescue townsfolk taken from Kelmarane as slaves and to find Xotani’s Grave and confront Jhavlul. If they need guidance, you can provide it to them via divination spells like *commune*, *contact other plane*, or the like (perhaps by having Nefeshti grant such spell effects via a *wish*).

The PCs don’t have to leave immediately, however. They can spend a night resting and recovering, if necessary, and Nefeshti can provide them with what healing she can spare. That night, she invites the PCs to dinner with her commanders and the town’s surviving leaders, although Almah Roveshki’s absence (along with any other key NPCs that are missing) remains a reminder of heroics not yet attempted. The meal is a subdued affair, and while the townsfolk are grateful to the PCs, a pall hangs over the gathering. During dinner, small skirmishes can be heard all over town, continuing throughout the night as Nefeshti’s jann root out the last remaining enemies.

After the meal, Nefeshti dismisses the other guests in order to speak to the PCs privately. Although they have done

Liberation Rewards

LP	Reward	CR Award	Level of Success
0 or less	—	—	Astounding failure, 90% civilian casualties, all allied jann slain
1–5	5,000 gp	8	Pyrrhic victory, 50% civilian casualties, 90% janni casualties
6–9	12,000 gp	10	Narrow victory, 20% civilian casualties, 50% janni casualties
10–13	20,000 gp	12	Overwhelming victory, no civilian casualties, 20% jann casualties
14 or more	25,000 gp	14	Complete triumph, no casualties

the templars and the citizens of Kelmarane a great service today, this is no time for the PCs to rest on their laurels. The battle for Kelmarane may have been won, but the war is far from over, for if they don't stop Jhavlul, Golarion will be visited by devastation unseen in centuries.

PART FOUR: RETURN TO PALE MOUNTAIN

The PCs know where the House of the Beast is located, and how they travel to it depends on their resources. Overland travel is certainly an option, but to high-level PCs, other methods of travel like flight, teleportation, *shadow walk*, and *wind walk* are swifter options. You can use the wandering monster chart on page 57 of *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #20 to liven up overland journeys to Pale Mountain, or you can use some of the following suggested encounters to liven things up.

Since the route your PCs take to Xotani's Grave depends on their choices, this part of the adventure will require a little bit of ad-libbing on your part. Make sure to have a copy of "House of the Beast" on hand, should the PCs decide to explore that dungeon again. If you don't have a copy of *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #20 and you're running "The Final Wish" as a stand-alone adventure, it is simple to assume that the chamber of the Stone Speakers is a self-contained dungeon that exists independent of a larger complex.

House of the Beast: Upper Works

High in the crags of Pale Mountain, the crumbling domes and minarets of the House of the Beast still stand stark against the mountain sky. The ancient temple is just as desolate as before, but an ominous tension seems to cloak the fallen stones and cracked towers, as if the world itself was holding its breath, forlornly waiting for the end to come.

Since the PCs' last visit to the ruined temple, Jhavlul has done nothing to change the structure's appearance apart from closing off many of the entrances. His agents lie hidden inside the structure—he doesn't want masses of his minions revealing that he's reclaimed the House of the Beast until after his ritual is complete, and as a result has forbidden them to occupy any of the temple's outbuildings and surface levels (with the exception of a few

vrock demons—see "House of the Beast: Lower Works" for more details). The same is not the case in the building's lower levels.

Creatures: Although none of Jhavlul's minions dwell in the aboveground portion of the House of the Beast, this region is not uninhabited. Since the Carrion King's defeat, monstrous vermin like Huge spiders and scorpions, along with a number of rock pythons (giant constrictor snakes) have moved into several of the ruined buildings. The more organized denizens of the aboveground level, however, are the harpies. In all, there are a dozen bickering harpies dwelling in the various rooftops and upper ruins of the House of the Beast. Most of these harpies are sadistic and petty annoyances, but one among them is something more.

This is the harpy archer Undrella—a character the PCs may have befriended or fought against in "Howl of the Carrion King." If they remained on friendly (or at least non-hostile) terms with her, she can be a handy resource for the PCs. Since Jhavlul captured Kelmarane, Undrella relocated into the wilds. If the PCs allowed her to live and remain in Kelmarane's region, she has grown fond of the town and its citizens, and when Jhavlul conquered it, she fled into the wilds to observe and plot her revenge against Jhavlul for ruining her comfortable life. If the PCs instead chased her off, she made several attempts to ally with Jhavlul but was rebuffed and attacked—she escaped with her life, and has since been planning her vengeance against the efreeti for the shame he caused her. In either case, if she notices the PCs, she approaches them with an offer to aid them. Her initial attitude is indifferent to the PCs unless they've taken pains to befriend her (such as might be the case for a PC who took to a life of crime in Kelmarane, in which case she's automatically helpful). She's been watching the comings and goings in the House of the Beast for some time, and can tell the PCs that all of the entrances have been sealed save for a few hidden vents—she can show these to the PCs if they pay her at least 6,000 gp or adjust her attitude to friendly. If she's made helpful, she'll even offer to join the PCs and help them get revenge against Jhavlul—she has no capability to shield them from her captivating song, and as such is unlikely to use this ability much, but her skill with the bow has increased dramatically in the time the PCs have been away.

Undrella is a narcissistic creature who enjoys the company of others as long as they are flattering to her ego. Every other phrase from her mouth is a sexual innuendo, it seems, save for when it comes to the topic of Jhavlul, when she sputters and shrieks with profanity and anger. She's long since used up the charges for her *ring of the ram*, but has replaced that treasure with several other magic items—a *+1 frost composite longbow*, a suit of *+3 studded leather armor*, and a *ring of protection +1*. Of course, if the PCs slew Undrella, you should omit this encounter entirely.

UNDRELLA

CN harpy archer (MM 151)
hp 103

CR 11

House of the Beast: Lower Works

There are several entrances into the subterranean level of the House of the Beast, but most have been sealed off—now that he is a full-time resident here, Jhavlul does not like unsecured back doors. *Wall of stone* and *stone shape* spells have sealed all entrances into the Middle Temple from above—a few cleverly hidden vents keep the air fresh (a DC 35 Search check reveals these vents—they can lead to any area in the underground complex you wish), and the genies who dwell within come and go from the building by using gaseous form, etherealness, or teleportation, as their abilities allow.

How the PCs choose to enter the ruins is up to them, but their goal should be the Stone Speakers, accessed via the Maggot Throne in the Lower Temple. This adventure assumes that the PCs use powerful magic to travel directly to the Stone Speakers (such as *teleport*), but if the PCs take a more circuitous route, the following notes should help you to place additional traps and guardians to vex them along the way.

Elementals: Jhavlul's ability to plane shift to and from the elemental planes combined with his wealth and status make it relatively easy for him to recruit dim-witted creatures like elementals to his cause. Jhavlul overwhelmingly favors fire and earth elementals, although it's not uncommon to find air elementals as well. Only water elementals are shunned. The elementals that guard the House of the Beast wander its halls and are all greater elementals—they can be encountered in groups of three anywhere in the Middle or Lower Temple of the House of the Beast, usually as wandering monsters.

GREATER AIR ELEMENTALS (3)

hp 178 each (MM 96)

CR 9

GREATER EARTH ELEMENTALS (6)

hp 199 each (MM 97)

CR 9

GREATER FIRE ELEMENTALS (6)

hp 178 each (MM 99)

CR 9



Fire Giants: The fire giant mercenaries Jhavlul hired primarily dwell in Xotani's Grave, but a few of them have been stationed in the House of the Beast. In all, three groups of three fire giants patrol the House of the Beast: one group guards area H1 of the Middle Temple, one patrols the complex west of H1 (areas H3–H8), and one is stationed in areas I1–I2 of the Lower Temple. Periodically, one giant from a group breaks off to patrol nearby rooms, but if they encounter intruders, they're quick to raise the alarm.

FIRE GIANTS (9)

hp 142 each (MM 121)

CR 9

Genies: The bulk of Jhavlul's janni forces were stationed in Kelmarane—the genies who serve him in the House of the Beast are primarily efreet. In all, there are 12 efreet in the House of the Beast. Each of the three groups of fire giants have one group of four efreet assigned to them as captains, but the fire giants chafe under their command and the efreet have little patience for such duties, preferring to relax in rooms near their assigned areas. One group of efreet has claimed area H9 of the Middle Temple as its own, another group resides in area H5, and the third is down in the Lower Temple (area I4). These efreet spend much of their time boasting, eating, and otherwise relaxing, but if the alarm is raised they mobilize quickly to join their assigned giant minions.

EFREET (12)

hp 65 each (MM 115)

CR 8

Vrocks: The final guardians that Jhavlul has arranged for are a quartet of vrocks that his favored consort Rajali conjured and bound to service with several *planar binding* spells. These four demons dwell in area I3, but at any one time, two of them patrol the skies above the House of the Beast. If either spots intruders, one keeps an eye

on them while the other teleports back here, gathers the other two vrock, then teleports back outside so that all four can attack. If the PCs defeat at least two vrock, the remaining demons teleport back to I3 (as their orders dictate) to inform the efreet and giants there and to aid them in defending the Maggot Throne and the entrance to the Stone Speakers.

VROCKS (4)

hp 115 each (MM 48)

CR 9

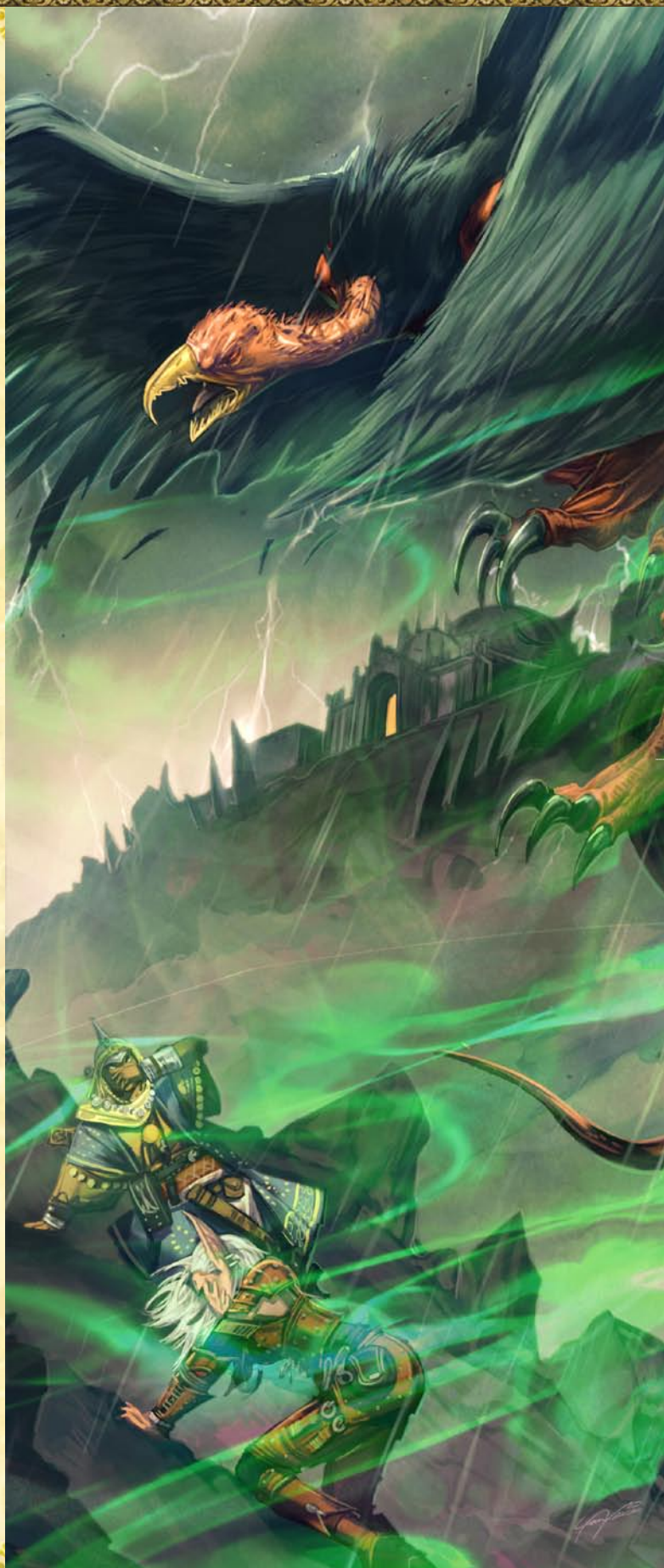
The Stone Speakers (EL 15)

This elaborate underground garden, lit by softly glowing crystals, is a welcome contrast to the horrors of the carrion pit above. Gravel walkways wind among verdant trees and shrubs that rustle softly in a gentle breeze. At the garden's center, cracked granite benches surround a cobblestone fountain filled with crystal-clear water. To the south, a gently flowing creek runs across a pebbly streambed that passes through a rock garden and into an iron grill drain along a passageway to the south. To the north, an almond tree stands in an alcove, while to the west, a double arch leads to a small circular room. Four monolithic heads with angry faces stand about the room.

Still sustained by powerful magic, the contents of this garden are quite real. The water is pure and drinkable, the almonds from the trees are delicious and always ripe, and the stone benches are unusually comfortable. Anyone who rests in this chamber finds that the period of relaxation is quite invigorating—a rest of one hour provides the same rejuvenation as a full night's sleep, and the almonds from the tree function as *goodberries* when picked (the tree produces 30 almonds a day—an almond lasts for 24 hours after being picked before rotting away). A creature may benefit from these qualities no more than once per day.

Jhahvul has not taken steps to protect the Stone Speakers against teleportation, arrogantly assuming that the guards he's placed above in the House of the Beast and below in Xotani's Grave will shield him from his enemies. As a result, teleportation into this chamber is the simplest route, and it bypasses the guardians of the Upper Works entirely. If the PCs don't have access to such magic, they can use a *wish* from Nefeshti to duplicate *greater teleport* or *transport via plants* to travel to the Stone Speakers, although Nefeshti won't offer this solution on her own (unless you feel generous and want to help the PCs out a bit).

Of course, Jhahvul's also placed guards here in the garden—one of which the PCs will doubtless recognize. Further, the powerful *wish* magic that was used here by Jhahvul has resulted in a long-lasting wishwarp that infuses the entire Stone Speaker complex.



Creatures: This adventure assumes that the PCs' old foe, Ghartok the Carrion King, was slain in the second adventure, "House of the Beast." If the PCs let him live, or if he escaped, he didn't live much longer—the shame of losing control of the House of the Beast likely saw his death at the hands of a usurper soon after the PCs left the ruins for the city of Katapesh. Yet he did not remain dead.

Now, Ghartok has truly become a "King of Carrion," an undead mohrg created by one of Jhavhul's *wishes* mouthed by a gnoll Carrion Guard who survived the PCs' attack on the House of the Beast and recently pledged allegiance to Jhavhul, and who asked to have his old master restored to him as the Carrion King. It pleased Jhavhul's sense of irony to bring back Ghartok as a true king of carrion, and even more to watch Ghartok take out his wrath on the

unfortunate Carrion Guard responsible for his unholy resurrection. Since then, Ghartok has begrudgingly ceded control of the House of the Beast to Jhavhul, and agreed to serve as a guard in the Stone Speakers under threat of further humiliation and pain.

The Carrion King is an emaciated shadow of his former self. He has lost Rovagug's favor and all of his previous class skills as a result of his death and reanimation, but as an advanced mohrg, he still possesses unholy strength and is still filled with wrath and hate. His skin is stretched tight over his twisted bones, and his intestines loll horribly from his mouth like a freakish, engorged tongue. He has acquired patchwork hide armor, a tattered black cloak, and a deadly +1 *wounding greataxe* he wields one-handed. Jhavhul granted a *wish*, giving him a mob of additional mohrgs—undead created from the remains of his Carrion Guard. The mohrgs stand against the walls of the central chamber, while the Carrion King himself stands guard at the entrance to Jhavhul's Doorstep—all are ready to attack the instant any intruders appear.

the carrion king

THE CARRION KING

CR 12

Male advanced elite mohrg (MM 189)

CE Large undead

Init +8; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +26, Spot +26

DEFENSE

AC 27, touch 13, flat-footed 23

(+3 armor, +4 Dex, +11 natural, -1 size)

hp 143 (22d12)

Fort +6, **Ref** +10, **Will** +14

Immune undead traits

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft.

Melee Medium +1 *wounding greataxe* +22/+17/+12 (1d12+13/×3 plus 1 Con) and

slam +17 (1d8+6) and

tongue +17 touch (paralysis for 1d4 minutes; Fort DC 24 negates)

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

Special Attacks create spawn, improved grab (slam)

TACTICS

During Combat The Carrion King spends the first few rounds of combat making Spring Attacks with its tongue to try to paralyze foes without exposing itself to melee combat. It resorts to full attacks once it has paralyzed at least half the party.

Morale The Carrion King fights until destroyed.

STATISTICS

Str 34, **Dex** 18, **Con** —, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +11; **Grp** +27

Feats Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Critical (battleaxe), Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (battleaxe)

Skills Hide +22, Listen +26, Move Silently +26, Spot +26



The Stone Speakers



One square = 5 feet

Languages Common, Gnoll

Gear hide armor, Medium +1 wounding greataxe

MOHRGS (6)

hp 91 each (MM 189)

CR 8

Trap: The four stone heads in the main chamber once summoned monsters to defend the room—Jhavhul has rebuilt the traps in this chamber to better guard his doorstep. Each stone head can suddenly animate and twist in position to face a single creature that approaches within 5 feet of it, as if the heads possessed *darkvision* and *see invisibility* to a range of 5 feet. Once per round, a stone head can exhale a 15-foot-long line of black mist, striking the creature it faces and any other creature in the line and inflicting negative energy damage to all creatures struck—the undead know about this feature and can trigger the stone heads for healing.

DEAD MAN'S BREATH

CR 10

Type magic (necromancy); **Search** DC 34; **Disable Device** DC 34

EFFECTS

Trigger proximity (*darkvision* and *see invisibility*); **Reset** automatic

Effect negative energy mist (15-foot line; 10d6 negative energy damage; Reflex DC 20 half)

Development: Area C3 contains the portal to Xotani's Grave, the last resting place of the great Spawn of Rovagug and, more recently, Jhavhul's lair. The portal is normally dormant and can't be utilized, but anyone who brings one of Xotani's bone keys into this room causes the walls and floor of the room to shimmer with fiery energy. A few moments later, a 10-foot-wide section in the western stone wall shudders and opens, unleashing a blast of hot air into the room and revealing a cave tunnel leading off to the west. The portal remains open as long as one of Xotani's bone keys remains in area C3, and for six rounds after the key is taken from area C3, at which point the portal closes. Those who step through the portal are transported into the easternmost passageway in Xotani's Grave, leading shortly to area D1.

PART FIVE: LEGACY OF FIRE

The time has come for the PCs to finally confront Jhavhul and stop the evil genie from completing his terrifying transformation into Xotani the Firebleeder. The final few of a thousand wishes are all that stand in the way of Jhavhul's triumph.

The ritual to awaken Xotani and absorb the Spawn's power is frighteningly simple. The stages of the ritual itself

Areas in the Stone Speakers

Below is a brief rundown of the areas of interest in the Stone Speakers.

C1) Secret Stairs: This flight of curving stairs leads up to the secret entrance below the Maggot Throne in the Lower Works of the House of the Beast—if you're running "The Final Wish" as a stand-alone adventure, these stairs instead lead up to the entrance to the Stone Speakers, wherever you'd like to place said entrance.

C2) The Stone Speakers: This magical garden is where the primary encounter in this complex takes place; it is described in the text.

C3) Jhavlul's Doorstep: The chamber in which the portal to Xotani's Grave can be opened.

C4) Pit Entrance: This room contains a large machine that can be used to open a passageway leading down into the Pit of Screaming Ghosts—the crypt level of the House of the Beast. This level played a key role earlier in the Legacy of Fire Adventure Path, but there is no longer anything below of any real interest to the PCs—Xotani's Grave lies much deeper still than this level.

merely require the utterance of a thousand *wishes* made over the course of any length of time—*wishes* made to transfer Xotani's power to a target that stands amid the fossilized bones of the long-dead monster. When Jhavlul first began his ritual, he offered one *wish* to each of his followers after they used two of his three daily *wishes* to fuel this ritual—a trade most mortals found more than fair.

Jhavlul had just under a hundred *wishes* to go when the Templars of the Five Winds imprisoned him in Kakishon so long ago, and since his return to Xotani's Grave, he's picked up where he left off. Yet there have been complications.

Every day of the ritual requires a new nongenie mouth to utter the *wishes*. To further complicate the situation, the individual making the *wish* must do so of his or her own free will—charmed targets or creatures compelled to comply by spells like *planar binding* or *suggestion* ruin the delicate nature of the *wishes* (including several of the previously uttered *wishes*), causing the ritual to backslide. Jhavlul has been relying upon his closest allies and a number of fire giant mercenaries so far to fuel his *wishes*, but in his cruelty, he has come upon a tragic new method of extracting *wishes*: torture and false promises used to trick mortals taken away from Kelmarane. Since Jhavlul is not bound and thus not compelled to grant *wishes*, he has little fear of a prisoner *wishing* for something of which he wouldn't approve. If the prisoner does, he simply doesn't grant the *wish*. If he's in a good mood, he gives the prisoner a chance to try again, but if he's not, he slays the prisoner and moves on to the next.

He's been careful to keep the murder of these desperate prisoners hidden from the rest of his captives, allowing them to continue to cling to the hope that if they comply with the mad efreeti and ask his *wishes*, they'll be let go as well. Even better, by killing those whom he tricks into wishing, he limits the spread of power among his allies—the fact that he was paying allies in *wishes* for *wishes* had always bothered Jhavlul, since these allies invariably used their *wishes* to increase their own power.

And so, for the past several days, he has been using mortals plucked from Kelmarane to fuel the last remaining *wishes*. He has chosen Almah Roveshki to utter his final *wish*, promising her that if she complies, the citizens he's taken away from her will be released. What he doesn't tell her is that rather than keeping these prisoners in a "secret prison," he's simply been murdering them after their usefulness has ended—and that he plans the same fate for her in the end.

Features of Xotani's Grave

Ages ago, when Xotani the Firebleeder was entombed deep beneath Pale Mountain, its remains were interred in a single cavern, sealed off from the world above. Yet as with most of the Spawn of Rovagug, death is not the end, and when the Firebleeder was cast down into this cave network, its spirit lingered. As the centuries passed, a small spark of life left within the fossilized bones gradually awoke, searching for a way to escape from the rocky tomb. Eventually, the spark was able to worm its way into the cracks between the planes, and it succeeded in opening a tiny portal to the Plane of Fire within the Firebleeder's corpse. Living fire seeped like blood from Xotani's mummified heart, and over many more centuries, this molten rock carved out a complex of tunnels and caverns inside the mountain.

The Darklands beneath the Brazen Peaks are not volcanic, but the presence of Xotani's bones under Pale Mountain have the potential to erupt, in time, into a new volcano. Jhavlul's ritual has quickened this destructive procedure, and if he's allowed to complete his ritual and reincarnate himself as Xotani, Pale Mountain will erupt in a devastating volcanic explosion as the reborn Spawn of Rovagug frees himself from his subterranean prison.

Jhavlul and his allies use *planar travel* too often to make *forbiddance* and *dimensional lock* attractive options for the caves, but he has granted *wishes* to create several powerful wards in the caverns of Xotani's Grave. All of these effects, as they were granted by Jhavlul's *wishes*, function at caster level 12th.

- The entire subterranean complex of Xotani's Grave is shielded by powerful magic to hide its location and what lurks within its cavern walls—the place is effectively warded by a *mage's private sanctum* effect at CL 20th. This



effect can be dispelled, but only temporarily—it reactivates automatically 1d4 rounds after it is dispelled.

- A *resist energy* spell grants all evil creatures in the complex cold resistance 30.
- Whenever a good creature enters Xotani's Grave, a *greater dispel magic* (CL 12th) attempts to dispel any *protection from elements*, *fire shield*, or *resist elements* spell, or any other spell effects that actively protect against fire damage. *Endure elements*, which does not technically grant any special resistance to fire damage, is not affected by this ward. Whenever a spell that grants resistance or immunity to fire damage is cast in Xotani's Grave, the caster must make a DC 25 caster level check or the spell is negated as it is cast. Fire resistance granted by race or constantly active magic items (such as that afforded by a *ring of fire resistance*) are unaffected by this ward.
- As long as he remains within area **D14**, Jhavhul gains the effects of *true seeing*. Further, he can use *clairaudience/clairvoyance* to observe any location within Xotani's Grave by clambering up into Xotani's skull and peering out of one of the fossil's eye sockets.

The tunnels and caverns of Xotani's Grave average 15 feet in height, while caverns generally have 30-foot-high ceilings, unless otherwise noted. Doors are of red stone and decorated with swirling patterns, as if the stone were at one point magma but solidified while still rippling. These doors are in fact specialized *phase doors* that can be activated by the touch of any creature with the fire subtype. Once activated, a *phase door* stays active for two rounds before turning solid again. A DC 25 Use Magic Device check to emulate a race allows a creature who does not possess the fire subtype to open the door. Otherwise, the doors must be physically destroyed to allow passage through them—these doors have the same statistics as a 1-foot-thick *wall of stone* (Hardness 8, hp 180, Break DC 44).

Throughout Xotani's Grave, lava flows in rivers and gathers in pools. The average depth of the lava rivers is only 5 feet, while larger pools are at least 30 feet deep. In many places, small elemental creatures such as magmin, thoquas, and mephits live and frolic in the lava. These beings are usually engrossed in their own affairs, and provide no threat to the PCs, being at worst a nuisance.

Flight, spider climb, water walk, or even the folding boat from Kelmarane may be used to aid in navigating the lava to various extents, although the PCs might come up with their own ideas as well. All of the areas within Xotani's Grave are at severe heat level, averaging 120° F.

The effects of lava or magma are detailed on page 304 of the DMG, and the rules for severe heat can be found on page 303 of the same book—it's wise to take the time to familiarize yourself with these rules before the PCs enter Xotani's Grave.

D1. Greetings from Jhavhul

The smooth volcanic tunnel splits into three here, continuing on to the west, northwest, and southwest.

A *permanent image* (CL 12th) placed at this junction by Jhavhul greets newcomers to Xotani's Grave. This illusion is of Jhavhul himself, standing in the middle of the junction. He is a towering figure with crimson skin, smoldering eyes, and black horns, and wields a burning scimitar. The smell of brimstone fills the air, and the powerful genie's mouth splits into a feral grin as soon as he sees visitors.

"Welcome, visitors, to Xotani's Grave, where all your wishes are granted!" the figure says, spreading his arms in welcome and unleashing a wave of heat. "You are honored to have been chosen to witness my ascension. Enjoy yourselves, and when you are but ants beneath my feet, I may even let you live!" He throws back his head and laughs, a deep, booming sound that brings to mind the roaring of flames. The figure turns to smoke and slowly fades away as his thunderous laughter echoes down the tunnels.

The *permanent image* resets and plays again whenever someone comes down the tunnel from the east. All of the magical effects warding the dungeon (see above) begin at this point.

D2. Mamluk Quarters (EL 13)

A river of lava runs through this cavern from the southwest to the northeast. Two tunnels lead from the room, one to the northwest and another to the southwest, the latter the source of the flowing magma.

Creatures: Jhavhul recruited Bey Rezaz, a noble salamander, on his latest trip to the Plane of Fire. He promised the salamander a position of honor as the general of an elite force of salamander soldiers once he finishes his transformation—Bey Rezaz agreed mostly because of his own obsession with Ymeri. If Jhavhul gains favor with the Queen of the Inferno, chances are good that his allies will be looked upon favorably as well.

BEY REZAZ

CR 10

Noble Salamander

hp 112 (MM 219)

Resist cold 30

TACTICS

During Combat Bey Rezaz summons a Huge fire elemental on the first round of combat. He stays out of melee combat as long as possible, casting spells to assist his minions. If forced into combat, he fights with his spear and tail, trying to constrict opponents.

Morale Bey Rezaz is a coward at heart. If reduced to 60 hit points or fewer, he abandons his servants and flees to D5, begging the giants for sanctuary.

SALAMANDERS (8)

CR 6

hp 58 each (MM 219)

Resist cold 30

HUGE FIRE ELEMENTAL

CR —

hp 136 (MM 99)

Treasure: In addition to his +3 *longspear*, Bey Rezaz keeps a bronze chest in an alcove in the wall containing his treasure: 1,497 gp, a cloth of gold cape worth 100 gp, a single rose quartz worth 50 gp, and a crystal-tipped brass *wand of false life* (15 charges).

D3. Central Guard Post (EL 13)

A river of lava flows through this cavern along its western side. Above the river in the middle of the west wall, a tunnel opens at a height of ten feet above the river, while another tunnel exits the room to the east.

Creatures: Eight janni captains, rotated in from the ranks at Kelmarane for a week of guard duty, are posted here to watch the main entrance and guard Jhavhul's stables (area D4). The foul temper of the creatures in area D4 make for unpleasant company, so the jann have taken to standing guard here instead. Their personal possessions lie along the southern wall. They attack any unauthorized intruders.

JANNI CAPTAINS (8)

CR 7

hp 68 each (see page 14)

Resist cold 30

D4. Stable (EL 13)

This oblong cavern reeks of sulfurous smoke mixed with the sharp bite of singed hair.



Creatures: Jhavlul uses this cavern as a stable for his mounts, two eerily silent cauchemars. Both are foul-tempered and violent toward any intruders save Jhavlul himself—they adore their master with a disturbingly slavish devotion. Anyone else that dares to enter the stables is attacked.

CAUCHEMAR NIGHTMARES (2)

CR 11

hp 172 each (MM 194)

Resist cold 30

D5. Royal Janissaries (EL 14)

Various trophies of war line the walls of this cavern: armor, weapons, and battle standards. Three small stone huts stand in the southern portion of the room, and three huge iron braziers provide dim illumination.

Creatures: Over the years, Jhavlul's elite efreeti followers, his royal janissaries, have been atrophying—many fell in combat both before and during their imprisonment in Kakishon, and recently two more were lost when Jhavlul sent a pair to the City of Brass with orders to sequester the *Scroll of Kakishon* and scout out his old palace to see if it was

safe to return. The final three of this elite guard lounge in this room, their loyalty to Jhavlul more fierce than ever as they see themselves as the true servants of their lord—the others having proven too weak to survive this long.

All three janissaries wear elaborately engraved mithral breastplates and plumed helms, and carry ornate ransurs. They are encountered here only if the PCs make it this far without broadcasting their arrival—otherwise, all three immediately become gaseous and invisible, leaving a *permanent image* of the three of them boasting and laughing in this cave while they leave to seek out the PCs and ambush them. You should time their attack on the PCs to be somewhere in Xotani's Grave when their guard is down, but if no good opportunity presents itself before they near area D14, the janissaries attack then. Listen checks don't reveal the presence of a gaseous invisible efreeti, but remember that if your PCs can see invisible creatures, they are likely to notice the lurking genies well before the janissaries are ready to spring their ambush.

EFREETI JANISSARIES (3)

CR 11

Male advanced elite efreeti

LE Large outsider (extraplanar, fire)

Init +9; Senses darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +20, Spot +20

DEFENSE

AC 26, touch 14, flat-footed 21

(+6 armor, +5 Dex, +6 natural, -1 size)

hp 119 (14d8+56)

Fort +13, Ref +14, Will +12

Immune fire; Resist cold 30

Weakness vulnerable to cold

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft., fly 40 ft. (perfect)

Melee +1 flaming ranseur +22/+17/+12 (2d6+13/19-20/x3 plus 1d6 fire) or

2 slams +21 (1d8+8 plus 1d6 fire)

Space 10 ft.; Reach 10 ft. (20 ft. with ranseur)

Special Attacks heat, plane shift

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th, ranged touch +18)

At will—*detect magic*, *produce flame*, *pyrotechnics* (DC 14), *scorching ray* (1 ray only)

3/day—*quicken invisibility*, *wall of fire* (DC 16)

2/day—*change size* (DC 14)

1/day—grant up to 3 wishes (to nongenies only), *gaseous form*, *permanent image* (DC 18)

TACTICS

During Combat One janissary tries to hang back to support the others with spell-like abilities while the others engage the foe in melee. They switch out roles as the melee fighters take damage.

Morale A janissary reduced to 40 hp or less becomes invisible and then flees to area D14 to report to Jhahvul and fight at his side, at which point the janissary fights to the death.

STATISTICS

Str 26, Dex 20, Con 19, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 14

Base Atk +14; Grp +26

Feats Combat Casting, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Critical (ranseur), Improved Initiative, Quicken Spell-Like Ability (*invisibility*)

Skills Bluff +19, Craft (weaponsmith) +18, Concentration +21, Intimidate +21, Listen +20, Move Silently +21, Sense Motive +20, Spellcraft +18, Spot +20

Languages Auran, Common, Ignan, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ change shape

Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds* (3); Other Gear +1 mithral breastplate, +1 flaming ranseur

D6. Hall of Giants (EL 14)

A fiery river of lava lights this oblong cavern as it crawls sluggishly from west to east. The sounds of hammers ringing against metal fills the air, mingling with a thick, choking smoke. The corner of a stone building protrudes from the northern wall next to a large forge, the source of the hammering sound.

Jhahvul granted the guardians of this cavern incredibly powerful weapons with wishes, and as a result, this cavern is under the effects of a long-lasting wishwarp.

Creatures: A gang of four fire giants lives in this cavern, employed by Jhahvul to forge weapons and mine ore for his growing army. In payment for their services, Jhahvul granted each giant a wish, and in the throes of their limited creativity and imagination, all four giants wished for the same thing: *flaming greatswords*. Jhahvul went one better, and infused each sword with fragments of his own will, granting each sword rudimentary intelligence and a powerful ego in order to make its wielder serve Jhahvul and ensure his loyalty. While not technically intelligent, each of these lawful evil +1 *flaming burst greatswords* has an effective ego of 23. Each sword always attempts to dominate its wielder, and when successful, forces the wielder to defend Jhahvul and his interests.

The swords have dominated the fire giants for weeks as a result, and they mindlessly churn out new weapons or wade down the lava to area D8 to mine more ore that they smelt using the crude equipment found there. When the PCs first arrive here, there's a 60% chance all four giants are in this area (with two in the small building sleeping while the other two work at the forge).

Pawns to their weapons, the giants drop what they're doing and immediately attack the PCs if they see them. If the PCs don't defeat them before confronting Jhahvul, the giants come to his aid in that battle, as detailed in area D14.

FIRE GIANTS (4)

CR 10

hp 142 each (MM 121 with the following changes)

Resist cold 30

Melee +1 flaming burst greatsword +21/+16/+11 (3d6+16)

TACTICS

During Combat The fire giants, dominated by their weapons, charge foes and fight them in melee.

Morale Whenever a giant is reduced to 80 hit points or fewer, he attempts to flee. To do so, he must make a DC 23 Will save to escape his weapon's domination; if he fails, he fights to the death.

D7. Kennels (EL 13)

A river of lava flows through the center of this room, providing the only entrance and exit to the cyst-like chamber.

Creatures: The fire giants keep four Nessian warhounds here as pets and guards. The giants have neglected the warhounds in their sword-dominated haze, and have left them chained to the cave walls for weeks. The chains are long enough to give the hounds free run of the room, but not beyond.

NESSIAN WARHOUNDS (4)

CR 9

hp 114 each (MM 151)

Resist cold 30

D8. The Mines

A river of lava cuts down the center of this small chamber, casting off a hellish glow, the banks on either side packed with makeshift bunks and scattered tools.

Both of these chambers have been created over the past several weeks by the act of the fire giants mining out iron and other metal ores from the walls here. Area **D8a** also contains several crude smelting tools—the giants generally use lava and their flaming weapons to separate metal from the ore. Area **D8b** is empty save for several giant-sized mining tools. There's a 40% chance that two of the giants from area **D6** are here, mining ore and smelting.

D9. Xotani's Tears (EL 14)

A heavy stone door opens onto a small natural chamber with a low ceiling. Across the room, a second door stands in the southwestern wall.

The potent wishcraft magic used to create this room's trap also infuses the room with a lingering wishwarp. The ceiling in this room is only 10 feet high.

Trap: Jhavhul used a *wish* to create a potent trap in this room both to keep intruders away from his harem and to dispose of prisoners—the efreeti is fond of trapping prisoners who have supplied him *wishes* in here, leaving them to meet their dooms. Four rounds after a person enters the room, the *phase doors* to the north and south deactivate entirely and a portion of the northwest ceiling melts, allowing the lava beyond to surge into the chamber at a horrific speed. The lava covers the northern half of the room to a depth of one foot in the first round, then the entire floor of the room on the second round. Each round thereafter, the lava depth increases by one foot until the room is completely flooded with lava 11 rounds after the trap is triggered. Creatures can, theoretically, escape through the passage to the north if they can move against the powerful current of the lava (with a DC 30 Swim check or at half burrow speed), but all creatures in the lava take 20d6 points of fire damage per round of immersion. After an hour, the lava reverses its flow, draining back into the outer rivers over the course of one minute and then resealing to reset the trap.

XOTANI'S TEARS

CR 14

Type magic; Search DC 30; Disable Device DC 35

EFFECTS

Trigger visual (*true seeing*); **Reset** automatic (1 hour)

Effect lava floods the room; never miss; onset delay (4 rounds); multiple targets (everyone in area **D9**); 20d6 fire damage per round plus suffocation (see above).

D10. Guardian of Brass (EL 14)

Rich silks hang from the walls of this chamber. A lush violet carpet runs between a double row of engraved brass columns that lead across the room to another stone door to the northwest.

This is the anteroom to Jhavhul's harem. Jhavhul has made a *wish* here to conjure a powerful guardian from a secret vault on the Plane of Earth, and the chamber suffers a lingering wishwarp as a result.

Creature: A powerful brass golem is stationed here to guard the entrance to the harem and deny access to anyone except Jhavhul. It attacks anyone approaching the northwest door, pursuing them into the harem (**D11**) but not if they flee to the east.

BRASS GOLEM

CR 14

hp 188 (see page 84)

D11. Harem (EL 13)

Jeweled tiles cover the floor of this extravagantly decorated chamber, while soft silks and tapestries hang from the walls and ceilings, rippling in a warm breeze that blows gently through the room. Blazing torches, candelabras, shaded lanterns, and softly-glowing braziers spread throughout the room join the soft glow from a river of lava that bisects the chamber from west to east, creating ever-changing patterns of flickering light and shadow on the hanging silks. A pavilion stands in the northern half of the room, formed by silken hangings strung between four engraved columns and filled with pillows and cushions. The smell of incense and heady perfume fills the air, accompanied by the soft sounds of music and laughter from the pavilion.

The furnishings and decorations in this room are real—only the jeweled floor tiles are *permanent images*. The ceiling is 40 feet tall, and the river of lava 10 feet deep. This chamber contains Jhavhul's harem, and is one of the most tightly guarded places in Xotani's Grave. The room's inhabitants are more than able to take care of themselves, however.

Creatures: Jhavhul has a special fate for comely female prisoners who beg him for mercy once they realize he has no intention of releasing them after they comply with his demands for a *wish*. As an alternative to death, the cruel efreeti allows them to *wish* for eternal beauty as a member of his harem—those who unwisely comply are transformed into erinyes and completely lose their previous personalities. Jhavhul finds erinyes to be quite pleasing, as he considers efreeti females too surly and succubi too soft and easily burned for his tastes.

ERINYES (6)

hp 85 each (MM 54)

Resist cold 30

Treasure: The various silk hangings and other accoutrements are worth a total of 8,500 gp if they can be safely transported out of the caverns. In addition, buried beneath the pillows in the pavilion is a *wand of summon monster IV* with 17 charges.

Development: A DC 30 Search check of the western wall directly over the river of lava reveals a well-hidden secret door. This is Jhavhul's private entrance to the room—the door opens onto a tunnel half-filled with lava that leads to Xotani's Grave (D14).

D12. Demonic Embassy (EL 13)

Filth and the rotted remains of a variety of humanoid bodies cover the floor of this cavern, filling the room with the noxious smell of decay. Fire gutters from vents in the ground, above which shrieking men and women have been lashed spread-eagle between stalagmites with red-hot chains. A silken pavilion sits incongruously in the center of the chamber, filled with deep cushions, plush divans, and small tables covered with a veritable feast of fine foods and wines.

With the exception of treasure, all of this room's features, from the furniture to the damned souls and flames, are nothing more than *permanent images* placed here by Jhavhul to entertain his guest. Beneath the illusion, the chamber is bare stone. The chamber is lit with *continual flames* along the walls.

Creature: A powerful glabrezu demon named Nahrimaf lives in this room, one of Jhavhul's ancient allies from his time before his obsession with Ymeri. The chaotic demon makes for an unusual friend to the efreeti, but the two have long enjoyed their often heated arguments on how best to corrupt mortal *wishes* and tempt them with offers of power. Nahrimaf came to Xotani's Grave recently after learning of Jhavhul's escape, and the efreeti has invited the demon to stay here for a time to witness the results of his final *wish*.

When the PCs first enter the room, Nahrimaf relaxes on a couch in the pavilion. He bids the PCs welcome and offers them food and drink. He is disarmingly charming, if one can look past his demonic nature, and asks about the PCs' business in Xotani's Grave. Nahrimaf has in fact become a bit bored with Jhavhul of late, and wouldn't mind seeing the vain and pompous genie ruined as a result of his own lust for power. While he won't actively oppose the efreeti, Nahrimaf might aid the PCs in other ways, such as telling them of other inhabitants, warning them of the trap in D9, or otherwise providing advice. He might even

CR 8

grant them a *wish*, but will do nothing that might interfere with Jhavhul's plans at this stage. Of course, Nahrimaf expects payment for any information or aid he provides. It is left to the GM to decide the nature of these payments, but they should certainly make lawful or good-aligned PCs uncomfortable at best. The glabrezu is swift to take offense at any perceived insult, and every time a character speaks to him (but no more than once per minute), the speaker must make a DC 15 Diplomacy check to avoid triggering the demon's anger, at which point he casts aside his veneer of civility and attacks.

NAHRIMAF

CR 13

Glabrezu (MM 43)

hp 174

Resist cold 30

TACTICS

During Combat If forced into combat, Nahrimaf attacks with *chaos hammer* and *unholy blight*, followed by *confusion* if any opponents are unaffected by his previous attacks. He gladly joins into melee, taking time only to cast *mirror image* for protection first. He saves his *power word stun* to use after he's softened up a powerful foe a bit.

Morale Nahrimaf is not interested in sacrificing his life for Jhavhul, and teleports away if reduced to 50 hp or less. He does not return.

D13. Cave of Crystal (EL 14)

Glittering crystals of all sizes adorn this cavern, littering the floor, protruding from the walls, and stretching across the room like bridges in every direction. The crystals range in size from a few inches to dozens of feet long, from the thickness of a finger to the width of a tree trunk. In the southern portion of the cave, a small cottage made of crystal stands among the sparkling crystal forest.

This cavern used to be filled with mineral-rich water until the heat of the magma from Xotani's heart provided the perfect environment for the formation of these crystals over the years. When the water eventually drained from the cavern, it left behind a magnificent latticework of giant crystals.

The crystal cottage to the south is a *secure shelter* cast daily by the cavern's inhabitant. It is lavishly furnished inside, containing a huge canopied bed draped with silks and piled with cushions, a small dressing table, wardrobe, and a tall mirror against the wall.

The crystals create an interesting obstacle for combats in this cavern, providing cover for all combatants (+4 bonus to AC, +4 bonus to Reflex saves) save for adjacent targets. In addition, the dense concentration of crystals creates difficult terrain for all types of movement, flight included. Finally, the crystals are relatively fragile (Hardness 1, hp 10, Break DC 15) and take double damage

from sonic attacks. Breaking crystals explode in a spray of razor-sharp fragments, dealing 6d6 points of slashing damage to everything in a 5-foot-diameter burst (DC 15 Reflex save halves).

Creatures: Jhavhul's favorite consort and ally resides in this chamber, an eldritch knight named Rajali. A statuesque human woman with long black hair and dark eyes, Rajali's most striking feature is her skin, which has the appearance of sparkling diamond, the result of a *wish* to be made "as hard as a diamond, so nothing can hurt me." Jhavhul took her quite literally, turning her skin to diamond, but also hardening her heart. Rajali normally wears her glamered armor as diaphanous silks that show off her strange skin, with only the barest concessions to modesty. She favors silver bracelets and anklets, carries a glaive, and normally goes barefoot.

On the surface, Rajali seems to be deeply loyal to Jhavhul, returning his affections devotedly. In reality, she holds no more love for Jhavhul than he does for her. Her cold heart sees any emotion as a sign of pathetic weakness, and she views her relationship with Jhavhul only as a means to increase her own power. She saves what few shreds of feeling she has left for admiring her flawless skin, spending hours gazing at her own reflection in the mirror.

Rajali is accompanied by her handmaidens, four invisible stalkers bound into her service. She sends the invisible stalkers into her chambers to attack any intruders, aiding them from a distance with her spells.

RAJALI

CR 13

Female human fighter 1/abjurer 6/eldritch knight 6

N Medium humanoid

Init +9; Senses Listen +6,

Spot +8

DEFENSE

AC 29, touch 15, flat-footed 24

(+6 armor, +5 Dex, +4 natural, +4 shield)

hp 126 (13 HD; 1d10+6d4+6d6+80)



rajali

Fort +14, Ref +13, Will +10

DR 10/adamantine; Resist cold 30, fire 30, sonic 30

Weakness vulnerability to sonic

OFFENSE

Spd 30 ft.; fly 60 ft. (good)

Melee +2 spell-storing glaive +17/+12 (1d10+8) or slam +14 (1d6+4)

Spells Prepared (CL 11th, +14 touch, +15 ranged touch, 10% spell failure)

6th—*greater dispel magic*, *chain lightning*

5th—*baleful polymorph* (DC 19), *break enchantment*, *dismissal*, *teleport*

4th—*bestow curse* (DC 18), *enervation*, *ice storm*, *lesser globe of invulnerability*, *secure shelter*

3rd—*dispel magic* (2), *fly*, *haste*, *slow* (DC 17), *vampiric touch*

2nd—*acid arrow*, *cat's grace*, *false life*, *glitterdust* (DC 17), *resist energy*, *scorching ray*

1st—*alarm*, *magic missile* (2), *ray of enfeeblement* (2), *shield*, *true strike*

0—*detect magic*, *ray of frost*, *read magic*, *resistance*

Prohibited Schools enchantment and illusion

TACTICS

Before Combat Every morning, Rajali casts *false life* on herself, and every evening she casts *secure shelter* and *alarm*. When alerted to approaching invaders by her *alarm* spell, she casts *cat's grace*, *fly*, *resist energy* (sonic), and *shield*.

During Combat Rajali casts *haste* on the first round of combat, followed by *lesser globe of invulnerability* and then *ice storm* against massed foes. She targets opponents at range with her spells and *lightning bolts* from her wand, saving *slow* for use against *hasted* opponents. Rajali uses *flight* and her glaive's reach to threaten and keep opponents from engaging her in melee combat for as long as possible. If she is wounded and a suitable target is nearby, Rajali casts *vampiric touch* to boost her hit points.

Morale Rajali is far too narcissistic to sacrifice herself for Jhavhul. If all of her invisible stalkers are killed, or if she is reduced to less than 25 hit points, she teleports to a hidden lair in the city of Katapesh and spends the next several months hiding

from the PCs and Jhavlul.

STATISTICS

Str 19, **Dex** 20, **Con** 20, **Int** 20, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 6

Base Atk +10; **Grp** +14

Feats Alertness (while Farad is within arm's reach), Combat Casting, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wand, Improved Critical (glaive), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Scribe Scroll, Weapon Focus (glaive)

Skills Concentration +21, Intimidate +2, Jump +8, Knowledge (arcana) +21, Knowledge (the planes) +21, Listen +3, Spellcraft +23, Spot +3

Languages Common, Ignan, Infernal, Terran

SQ diamond skin, summon familiar (weasel named Farad)

Combat Gear *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *wand of lightning bolt* (CL 8th; 24 charges); **Other Gear** *amulet of health* +2, *gauntlets of ogre power*, +2 *glamered mithral shirt*, *headband of intellect* +2, +2 *spell-storing glaive* (currently stores *vampiric touch*), silver bracelets and anklets worth 500 gp, spell component pouch, spellbook (all prepared spells, all 0-level spells except enchantment and illusion, plus 1d6 more spells of each level, including *lesser planar ally* and *planar ally*)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Diamond Skin (Ex) Rajali's diamond skin grants her a +4 natural armor bonus, DR 10/adamantine, fire and cold resistance 30, and vulnerability to sonic damage (she takes 150% normal damage from sonic attacks). She also gains a slam attack with her fist, although she generally only uses this to take attacks of opportunity.

Inherent Bonuses As Jhavlul's favored consort, Rajali has been allowed to use *wishes* to gain a +3 inherent bonus to all six of her ability scores, with the exception of Charisma (which remains low due to her emotionless personality).

INVISIBLE STALKERS (4)

hp 52 each (MM 160)

CR 7

D14. Xotani's Grave (EL 16)

The hellish light of a huge lake of lava lights this immense cavern. To the west, a wide ledge of stone rises out of the lava, creating a ten-foot-high cliff above the molten rock. Sprawling atop this ledge, half embedded in the rock wall and looming over the molten lake below, is a colossal skeleton, fossilized by time, of a vast snake-like monster. A deep thrumming noise, like a colossal heartbeat, reverberates through the rock, the skeleton's ribs forming a cathedral-like dome while its skull hangs over the surface of the lake below.

This cavern is Xotani's Grave itself, the last resting place of the great Spawn of Rovagug. The Firebleeder's bones are embedded in the walls, and its beating, crystallized heart lies under the lake of lava. The ceiling soars to 60 feet high in the center, while the lava lake is 40 feet deep at its deepest point. A DC 30 Search check

of the eastern wall above the lava lake reveals a secret door, Jhavlul's private entrance to his harem (area D11). The tunnel beyond is 10 feet in diameter and half-filled with lava.

This close to Xotani's mortal remains, the molten lava pumping from the Firebleeder's heart is actually infused with a tiny spark of malevolent consciousness. Creatures approaching within 20 feet of the lake or flying over it are attacked by ropy "tentacles" of molten lava. The entire lake of lava in this chamber functions as a *black tentacles* spell in this area (CL 20th) with 20-foot reach and +28 grapple attacks, inflicting 1d6+4 points of bludgeoning damage plus 2d6 points of fire damage per round.

The aura of *wish* magic that infuses both Jhavlul and Xotani's bones has two additional effects. First, it creates a persistent wishwarp in the entire cavern. Second, it grants Jhavlul an *unholy aura* effect at CL 20th; if this effect is dispelled, it automatically reactivates as a free action on his next turn.

Creature: The chamber serves Jhavlul as a lair and a temple to his grand ritual—he rarely leaves this cavern, so close is he to his final *wish*, and basks in the fiery glow of Xotani's heart, eager to make his final transformation and pledge his love to Ymeri. The efreeti depends on his minions to slow or stop the PCs from reaching him before he finishes his final *wish*, but if they confront him here, he roars in frustration and spares no mercy in his attacks.

Jhavlul is a 22-foot-tall muscular efreeti with crimson skin, smoldering eyes, huge black horns, and a fierce and arrogant expression. He wears an elaborate bronze breastplate that is scorched by flame and still seems to be on fire in places. He favors elaborate gold and brass jewelry and wields a huge, burning scimitar. Jhavlul has been keeping tabs on the PCs during their exploration of Xotani's Grave with *clairaudience/clairvoyance*, and waits for them to arrive from his vantage point under Xotani's ribs.

JHAVHUL

CR 17

Male advanced efreeti fighter 4 (MM 115)

LE Huge outsider (extraplanar, fire)

Init +6; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., *clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *true seeing*; Listen +23, Spot +23

Aura *unholy aura* (CL 20th; DC 22)

DEFENSE

AC 34, touch 14, flat-footed 30

(+9 armor, +4 deflection, +2 Dex, +9 natural, +2 shield, -2 size)

hp 301 (22 HD; 18d8+4d10+198)

Fort +28, **Ref** +18, **Will** +18

Defensive Abilities *freedom of movement*; **Immune** fire, mental influence, possession; **Resist** cold 30; **SR** 20 (25 against good spells and good spellcasters)

Weaknesses vulnerability to cold

the final wish

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft., fly 40 ft. (perfect)

Melee *Firebleeder* +30/+25/+20/+15 (2d6+31/15–20 plus 1d6 fire) and slam +26 (2d6+18 plus 1d6 fire)

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

Special Attacks heat, *plane shift*

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 12th, ranged touch +22)

At will—*detect magic*, *produce flame*, *pyrotechnics* (DC 16), *scorching ray* (1 ray only)

3/day—quicken *invisibility*, quicken *scorching ray* (1 ray only), *wall of fire* (DC 18)

2/day—quicken *change size* (DC 16)

1/day—grant up to 3 *wishes* (to nongenies only), *gaseous form*, *permanent image* (DC 20)

TACTICS

During Combat On the first round of combat, Jhavhul activates his *boots of speed* and creates a *wall of fire* in front of the PCs. He tries to avoid melee combat for as long as possible, staying out of melee range by flying above the lava lake and using *change size* to shrink armored foes, *scorching rays*, and *pyrotechnics* to harry the PCs. He's also fond of using a quickened *invisibility* just before he uses a move action to fly to a different location to make it difficult to target him with attacks. Once engaged in melee, Jhavhul uses *Awesome Blow* or *bull rush* to knock opponents into the lava. When he attacks with *Firebleeder* or his slam attack, he does so with a 10-point Power Attack.

Morale While arrogant to the point of megalomania, Jhavhul is no fanatic. If reduced to 30 hit points or less, he abandons his plans (for now) and retreats by using *plane shift* to escape to the Plane of Fire. He returns as soon as he can to seek revenge on the PCs and to continue his *wish* ritual—if the PCs have used a *wish* to undo his ritual (see *Concluding the Adventure*), his wrath is great indeed.

STATISTICS

Str 42, **Dex** 14, **Con** 28, **Int** 12, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 18

Base Atk +22; **Grp** +46

Feats *Awesome Blow*, *Blind-Fight*, *Combat Reflexes*, *Improved Bull Rush*, *Improved Critical* (scimitar), *Improved Initiative*, *Power Attack*, *Quicken Spell-Like Ability* (*invisibility*), *Quicken Spell-Like Ability* (*scorching ray*), *Weapon Focus* (scimitar), *Weapon Specialization* (scimitar)

Skills *Bluff* +29, *Concentration* +30, *Craft* (weaponsmithing) +22, *Intimidate* +31, *Listen* +23, *Move Silently* +19, *Sense Motive* +23, *Spellcraft* +22, *Spot* +23

Languages Auran, Common, Ignan, Infernal; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ change shape, exceptional NPC

Combat Gear *bead of force* (3); **Other Gear** +5 *breastplate*, *Firebleeder* (+3 *adamantine unholy flaming burst scimitar*), *amulet of health* +4, *belt of giant strength* +4, *boots of speed*, *ring of freedom of movement*, *ring of force shield*, *scarab of protection* (10 charges), heavy gold necklace with four jacinths worth 9,000 gp, four gold bracelets worth 1,000 gp each, three gold rings worth 600 gp each

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Exceptional NPC Jhavhul was destined from birth to achieve greatness. His ability scores were generated using 32 points, rather than the standard 25 point array. Additionally, his gear was determined as if he were a 16th-level PC rather than an NPC to account for his great resources as a member of the nobility of the City of Brass. These advantages increase his total CR by 1.

D15. Jhavhul's Prison

A river of lava divides this cavern in two. A cascade of lava plunges from the ceiling in the southeast of the cavern to the river below. A faint shimmering in the air hovers before a niche in the northeastern wall.

Although this chamber seems relatively empty, the faint shimmering in the air to the northeast marks the entrance to a permanent *mage's magnificent mansion* (CL 12th). While he lives, only Jhavhul can open or close this entrance, but if the efreeti is slain, this portal relaxes and hangs open, allowing anyone to come and go as they please. Inside the *mage's magnificent mansion* are all of the surviving prisoners of Kelmarane, including Almah Roveshki and any other NPCs that the PCs haven't yet rescued. The prisoners are comfortable and well fed, but as long as Jhavhul lives they can not exit the extradimensional space—and even after his death, they can't last long outside the mansion due to the severe heat of Xotani's Grave.

The cascading lava to the southeast is actually a *permanent image* created by Jhavhul to conceal the entrance to his treasury (D16). A successful DC 15 *Spot* or *Knowledge* (dungeoneering) check reveals something is strange, as the lava river's sluggish flow goes toward the lavafall, not away from it.

Ad Hoc Experience Award: Rescuing the prisoners nets the PCs an experience award as if they had defeated a CR 13 foe in combat.



D16. Treasury

A pool of bubbling lava fills this small chamber from wall to wall.

Always paranoid, Jhavhul created another *permanent image* here to hide his treasure. An actual pool of lava covers the southern half of the chamber to a depth of 10 feet.

Treasure: Jhavhul's treasury sits upon the north bank of the lava pool. Filling a number of chests, coffers, and urns, or just scattered across the floor, it consists of 10,361 sp, 10,850 gp, 833 pp, a variety of gems and jewels worth a total of 13,500 gp, and an impressive collection of art objects worth a total of 10,700 gp. In addition, there is a 10-foot-by-10-foot *carpet of flying*, a complete set of four *elemental gems* (Air, Earth, Fire, and Water), an *obsidian steed figurine of wondrous power*, an *iron golem manual*, and a *necklace of strangulation*. Finally, there is a set of 3 identical brass flasks with lead stoppers. One is an *eversmoking bottle*, another is an *efreeti bottle* (containing one of Jhavhul's trapped rivals, a bitter efreeti named Vezemariak), and the third is an empty *iron flask*. The value of this treasure is significant, and if you intend on continuing the campaign, you might want to adjust or remove some of the items found here to keep party wealth at a level you're comfortable with. That said, defeating Jhavhul is indeed a task worthy of great rewards, so try to err on the side of generosity!



Almah Nevshki

them land near Kelmarane in the hopes they will settle there and further pacify the region, opening up new trade opportunities.

Yet even if the PCs defeat Jhavhul, the adventure might not be over. If the efreeti fled but was not killed, he is certainly not going to abandon the plans he spent so long pursuing. Jhavhul will bide his time and plan his revenge, perhaps allowing the PCs a few levels' worth of peace and security, all the while gathering a new army on the Elemental Plane of Fire before returning to Golarion to try once again to reincarnate himself as Xotani. The PCs might once more hear tales of a genie army in Katapesh, or be contacted again by Nefeshti, to return to Kelmarane and face their old foe.

What if Jhavhul Wins?

If the PCs fail to stop Jhavhul before he completes his ritual of reincarnation as Xotani the Firebleeder, a horrifying transformation takes place. The lake of lava surges upward, engulfing the efreeti, while the bones in the wall tear themselves free, forming a skeletal cage around Jhavhul's burning form. Xotani's heart rises from the depths of the lava lake, its pounding pulse increasing in frequency and filling the chamber with thunderous noise. The lava starts to form a skin around the gigantic skeleton, while molten rock floods through the caverns of Xotani's Grave.

PCs in the cavern must make a DC 25 Fortitude save each round or be stunned for 1 round from the deafening beating of Xotani's heart, taking 10d6 points of fire damage per round from exploding gouts of lava (DC 25 Reflex save for half). The transformation takes 10 rounds to complete, at which time all of the chambers in Xotani's Grave are flooded with lava and Pale Mountain erupts in a violent volcanic explosion that lays waste to the surrounding area for miles, incidentally killing everything in Xotani's Grave. The town of Kelmarane is utterly destroyed and all of its inhabitants killed by a devastating pyroclastic flow from the eruption.

At this point, Jhavhul's consciousness merges with that of Xotani the Firebleeder. He soon leaves for the Plane of Fire to seek out Ymeri, but not before Katapesh suffers greatly from the devastation of the reborn Spawn of Rovagug. Fortunately for the PCs, they are unlikely to live through a battle against Xotani, and thus won't have to endure the anger and wrath of the Pactmasters for allowing such a disaster to strike their nation.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

With Jhavhul defeated, Kelmarane and Katapesh are safe from the rampages of Xotani the Firebleeder and Pale Mountain swiftly calms back to a normal, non-volcanic peak. If the PCs rescue Almah and return her safely to Kelmarane, they are met by cheering crowds and hailed as heroes of the town once again. Nefeshti greets the PCs and offers them her thanks, along with a *ring of djinni calling* they can use to summon her whenever needed. Perhaps she even asks their help in forming a new organization of templars to watch over the area—and they could in fact become new champions to replace her previous templars. The mysterious Pactmasters of Katapesh, while not publicly recognizing the PCs' efforts, might even grant



Continuing the Campaign

While the Legacy of Fire ends with Jhahvul's defeat and the return of the final prisoners to safety back in Kelmarane, that doesn't mean your campaign needs to end. The PCs should certainly be given some time to rest and recover from their ordeals, but eventually the urge to adventure might strike them again. Or it might strike at them. Listed below are two adventure seeds you can use to expand and extend your Legacy of Fire campaign into exciting new adventures.

Rebuilding the Templars: Although Nefeshti is likely to survive this adventure, the Templars of the Five Winds do not. And while Jhahvul is defeated, the abuse of genies and their wishcraft magic is certain to continue. If the PCs are willing, Nefeshti offers them a role in her organization to replace her templars and to serve as her agents. You can even allow the PCs to rebuild their characters as immortal jann if you'd like, giving them a brand new suite of powers and skills. Alternatively, Nefeshti could keep the PCs as their birth races and simply serve as their new patron, sending them on one adventure after another of your own devising.

Xotani's Rebirth: Once Jhahvul is slain, the immediate danger is past. Xotani's Grave has most likely been cleared of its guardians, yet Jhahvul's rituals have roused Xotani's remains, which need a few final wishes to finish the awakening. A single wish is all that is needed to reverse the effects of Jhahvul's nearly 1,000 wishes and return Xotani's bones to quiescence. Yet even a wish is not powerful enough to slay Xotani fully, leaving the Firebleeder's bones in place to possibly be awakened again. The only way to completely destroy Xotani's remains and prevent it from ever returning to life is to take its heart, now buried beneath the lake of lava in **D14**, and deliver it to a specific site deep in the Plane of Water—what this site is remains up to you, but the research to locate the site, the journey to it, and the trials and guardians that await the PCs should be adventures in and of themselves. All the while, crazed minions of the Church of Rovagug are likely to hound the PCs, each eager to claim the fantastic relic for their own ends. If the PCs manage to extinguish the heart, the giant bones in Xotani's Grave crumble to ash and the lava cools and hardens into solid rock as all vestiges of life are finally purged from Xotani's remains.



THE SPAWN OF ROVAGUG

It is the most foolish and useless of errands to attempt categorization of the Spawn of Rovagug: their vast forms follow neither rhyme nor reason; their savage minds are warped and screaming things raging hot and wild, incensed by hunger and fatalistic abandon; their terrible limbs and maws the cruel, spasming product of a destructive hate that has burned since the first light of creation dawned across the empty void that predated the world. Yet it is in the immutable nature of humanity to find or forge some explanation and order where none exists. Since the first of the Spawn was vomited forth from the Pit of Gormuz some 40 centuries before the founding of Absalom, countless scholars have bent in hushed and ink-stained study to the task of cataloging and codifying these incredible and legendary manifestations of godlike devastation and horror.

To the eternal frustration of those whose research delves into the acts and deeds of the Spawn of Rovagug,

only little can be learned of them beyond whispers collected from fragmented texts, which often describe their varied anatomies and cataclysms as simply huge beyond comprehension, ferocious beyond reckoning, or nightmarish beyond all measure. Still fewer records remain of the opening of the Pit of Gormuz and the fate of the nameless city that vanished into its maw, legendarily ruled by a debased noble caste entirely loyal to Rovagug. Many accounts attest that a pre-human city called Gormuz was destroyed during Sarenrae's final struggle with the Rough Beast himself; other accounts place the fabled, unnamed capital's devastation in the second half of the Age of Anguish, with the Pit opening within the city's very walls, and still others describe a sprawling slum, called Gormuz-of-the-Pit, laid to waste along with its entire empire by the Great Spawn Tarrasque in the closing years of the Age of Destiny, less than 700 years before the rise of Aroden.

the spawn of rovagug

They are the greatest malignancies of the Rough Beast's inexhaustible humors, each spat forth of dread imbalance in the mighty engine of His churning wounds: Volnagur, born of ragged breaths; Ulunar, from blackest bile; Xotani, shaped of hot-sprayed blood; Chemnosit, burn of deepest hunger's gnaw; Kothogaz, pus of raw and bursted wounds; and great Tarrasque, born of swear and tears and rage itself. A dozen and more horrors bear forth the soul of Holy Rovagug, each more awful than man's feeble imagining... yet these are the True Kings of all those living nightmares.

—Hathga-Tah the Ninshaburite, Loremaster of Gormuz



So deep are the mysteries surrounding the Spawn of Rovagug that intense debate rages among some scholarly circles even as to the etymology of the word “Gormuz,” from which the legendary Pit takes its name. Although it is widely accepted that Gormuz was once a location (perhaps a city), certain Keleshite sultans loyal to the Padishah Empire maintain that the name is given in honor of an ascetic holy-man in service to the sun goddess Sarenrae who, according to myth, spent 1,111 years personally guarding over the foul Pit during the Age of Darkness, abandoning his ancient body to dust only once the sun and stars had returned and humans had relearned the magic of the written word. In contrast, the Rough Beast's faithful among the mad orc oracles who attend the fuming Brimstone Haruspex far to the north in the Hold of Belkzen attest that “Gormuz” was the first of the Spawn, and that it shall return to life with the coming of a dark comet.

More modern accounts of the Spawn and the horrors that follow their destructive reigns encounter similar problems. Often, those few who somehow survive a Spawn's direct assault perish from a poisoned air that roils behind them, or of wasting diseases borne in the blood and breath of such titanic monstrosities; the creatures famously leave little in their wake but ash, rubble, and corpses. Refugees have even starved to death, walking for days to escape the blighted path a Spawn leaves, finding only a trail of scarred earth that stretches for miles in every direction. Similarly, the degenerate adherents to the mad faith of the Rough Beast keep few records or even holy texts; their jabbering exultations to the All-Slayer more often take the form of hoarse screams, barks, shouts, and stomps around pyres of severed limbs and heads. Hand-painted icons of the Spawn themselves are often little more than grisly smears of ichor and fouler stuff. If any prophets of that deviant assemblage possess deeper insight into the nature of the Spawn themselves, their visions regard only a suicidal desire to raise up and reanimate the broken bodies of the colossi long ago brought low by sacrificed armies of wizards, miracle-workers, and heroes.

Some simple facts, however, are known regarding the Spawn of Rovagug and their origin. The trackless lands of

Casmaron's barren Windswept Wastes, controlled in name only by the Padishah Empire of Kelesh, contain a vast, howling void which spans some 20 miles from edge to edge: the Pit of Gormuz, said to lead to the eternal prison of Rovagug, God of Wrath and Disaster, born to destroy the world. This otherworldly landmark is the birthplace of the Spawn; for more than eight millennia, this chasm has expelled countless horrors of unfathomable power. Not all of the Spawn emerge directly from the Pit, however. Horrific creatures such as Xotani have ravaged countries—and even continents—far from the borders of the Windswept Wastes without ever being seen in those lands; beings of such epic power, it seems, can burrow through the solid stone floors beneath the oceans as simply as birds might wing through empty air. Each of the Spawn is unique—a singular expression of the Rough Beast's all-consuming need to break free of his god-wrought prison and consume the world.

THE GREAT SPAWN

It is unknown how many Spawn have been spewed forth into the lands of Golarion from the churning womb of Rovagug, although most estimates place the number at between six and a dozen; indeed, some churches of Sarenrae chime seven bells at noon on the Dawnflower's holy day of Burning Blades (the 10th of Sarenith) to mark the fall of Rovagug and his six Great Spawn. Argument still persists over the exact nature and origin of the enormous beasts collectively known as the “Lesser Spawn”—massive, shambling holocausts as diverse as the monstrous Slohr which trampled the Arthfell Forest beneath its cracking, asymmetrical limbs in 3537 AR or the crab-like, many-headed Gray-Stag-Devourer which terrorized the Crown of the World in the lands later claimed by the Witch Queen of Irrisen. Although no proof exists that such creatures were the direct progeny of the Rough Beast, beings of such titanic size and power tend to produce legends of their own.

The following beasts, however, are decidedly the product of Rovagug's divine power, collectively called the Great Spawn by those who study such dark matters.

FESTERING ULUNAT, THE UNHOLY FIRST

Of all the Spawn of Rovagug, the image of Ulunat is perhaps the best known throughout the world. A stylized variation on his terrible visage now serves as the official standard of modern Osirion, and his broken carapace acts as the centerpiece around which their capital city, Sothis, now curls. A slavering, hulking, three-eyed abomination possessed of a midnight-black, mirror-sheened outer shell from which once unfurled four razor-sharp falcon wings, this alien and beetle-shaped thing is said to have breathed a noxious vapor that set flesh to ruin and steel to rust. Its 10 mighty limbs ended in warped, oversized blades resembling a juxtaposition of lobster claws and bird-like talons; from the nostril-like pores of these wretched hooks extended flailing, multi-jointed things like mucus-covered human fingers.

The jaws of Ulunat, long ago wrenched from its unmoving body, dripped an acid capable of carving holes in solid obsidian, and the monstrous serrated ridges themselves are said to have laid entire buildings to dust as the Spawn's dozen barbed tongues flicked forth from its maw to snatch up soldiers, livestock, and entire caravans. The horn of the great beast, now cracked with the passage of ages, was once its most terrible aspect: tales older than the wars between Nex and Geb suggest that Ulunat devoured arcane energy and radiated back a kind of necrotic, phantasmal madness, striking down those wizards and sorcerers who opposed it with heart-stopping nightmares which stained the deserts black.

Lore

There is no solid proof that Ulunat was truly the first of the Spawn of Rovagug; surviving accounts from the lands of Ninshabur in those days (–3923 AR), acquired at great cost and difficulty from the mysterious temple-vaults of Tabsagal, mark only the passage of “a monstrosity unlike any other, truly a leviathan from the Pit, of size beyond size, rage beyond rage, and ever unmarked by spear or spell... by greatest miracle alone sent west across the sea and away from the world.”

The most readily accepted theories suggest that this was, in fact, the creature Ulunat, as the first accounts of that monstrosity's depredations upon the lands of Garund were recorded in –3729 AR, when six of the finest legions in the Jistka Imperium were obliterated to a man by “a sky-filling darkness that flies on four hellish wings, vomiting always death.”

It is believed that Ulunat was finally thrown down and slain in the first days of the Age of Destiny (circa –3470 AR), at the founding of Ancient Osirion; indeed, several Osirionologists speculate that the God-Kings of that incomprehensible empire first united in power to defeat the beast, later claiming the creature's hunting grounds

(an area said to range from modern-day Rahadom to Katapesh) as their spoils of war. So little is known of the time, however, that none can say how the black titan was finally felled—theories range from limitless armies of bound elementals to necromantic sacrifice of 10,000 slaves, to direct intervention at the hand of Nethys himself or interference by the ever-popular “outsiders” rumored to have guided Osirion in those unfathomable ages.

Resurrection

A folktale persists, told in the dusty back-streets of Sothis and out into the wildlands of the Salt Hills and Sahure Wastes, that the gargantuan Ulunat is not dead but only sleeping, the victim of some archwizard's gambit which slows its mighty heart to but a single beat each century. These tales note, of course, that Ulunat bears not a single visible wound, and no stain of blood or stench of rot has ever been observed spilling forth from the shell—the few scrapes and scratches apparent on his immense form are only notable, in fact, in that they are so much less grievous than one would expect to see upon the corpse of a crushed insect lying dead in the sun for 85 centuries. Such stories continue that the capital of Osirion is ever maintained in the shadow of the vast horror to guard against its eventual awakening: when the beast arises once more, the city's 100,000 citizens will be asked by their pharaoh (or prince) to lay down their lives in an effort to somehow slow the creature's passage, thereby allowing their leader time to mount a defense—or an escape.

Although such a grim fairytale is only half-believed by even the most superstitious of Osirion's populace, there are few who do not, from time to time, watch for signs of life beneath the great black shell, especially when the night wind roars in from the Inner Sea across the sparkling port, and the vast creature seems to somehow shift in the dark.

If such tales are to be believed, of course, the spell could wear off at any time; more pressing rumors circulate among the nobility of Sothis and Ipeq that a century ago, during the bloodless coup of Prince Khemet I against the Padishah Emperor, a cabal of Qadiran sorcerers undertook a series of mighty and blasphemous divinations with the goal of learning how to resurrect Ulunat in a final, lethal strike against their disobedient servitor-country. While none are believed to have been successful in this task, a minority theorize that Qadiran agents might still be searching for the secrets of returning Ulunat to life—if only for a single day. Terror holds the hearts of many, convinced that some scholarly servant to Xerbystes II, especially one with access to the Mouthpiece of Gurat, might be able to piece together a functional spell that could breathe animation into the god-born behemoth once more.

GREAT DOOM CHEMNSIT, THE MONARCH WORM

Like its cousin Xotani, the worm called Chemnosit is described in various garbled texts as a burrowing creature, with a whipping and flailing form some 500 feet long. The similarities of their alien and aberrant biologies, however, end there. Taken from a svirfneblin record-tome called the *Way of the End-Name*, itself recovered by Pathfinders from a treasure trove formerly belonging to a debased hive of skum deep within Sekamina, this passage purports to describe the Monarch Worm in great detail:

This is the demon worm that eats the heart of the world. It rears up like a snake about to strike, possessed of a huge, multipartite mouth filled with innumerable teeth. Within the pit of its mouth is a huge and evil eye, around which whip dozens of long, thin tendrils and other tentacular appendages ending in chomping mouths. The vast thing's body is heavily armored with elaborate spikes and protrusions strangely reminiscent of the exteriors of cathedrals.

How much of the description is accurate is unknown; it is said that those few who lay eyes upon the beast Chemnosit are forever warped and made unclean.

Lore

Alone among the Spawn, the mighty Monarch Worm is still thought to be active beneath the surface of Golarion, slowly creeping between the cracks in the world, causing unpredictable earthquakes and wild tremors, bent to the completion of unfathomable duties and unspeakable needs. It is worshiped, in a weird and terror-shrouded way, by the translucent-skinned humanoids who dwell in the most haunted Vaults of Orv, and foul blood-drinking rites invoked around sputtering flames are spoken in Chemnosit's unhallowed name throughout the Darklands by subhuman, flopping figures.

According to the gibbering prophecies of these abhorrent tribes, and confirmed by what little can be gathered from the wrecked libraries of abandoned drow and duergar cities wiped away in the wake of Chemnosit's infrequent assaults, the Monarch Worm kills primarily by use of its awful, unblinking eye. The confused tales of those unhinged and hobbled few who have borne witness to Chemnosit's gaze and survived describe enduring the depths of final famine, feeling their very minds falling away as a hunger unlike any other overtakes them completely, until their desperate need to consume surpasses the very need for survival. Some scholars of the Clockwork Cathedral in Absalom categorize the disturbing results as "autocannibalism"—the victims tear into their own extremities, devouring still-warm hunks of their own bodies until, stuffed full of their own flesh, they vomit.

And then they eat more, all under the quiet, watchful eye of Chemnosit. Those who perish, those who flee in terror, and those who fight—all become the food of the Monarch Worm.

Summoning

Folklore claims that dread Chemnosit can be called forth with certain powerful magics involving ritual sacrifice, although there exist no known means to control the bestial titan once it appears, or even to attempt influencing its rampaging, ceaseless hunger. Some dwellers in the benighted depths of the Darklands, particularly within Sekamina, seek a way to leash and guide the godlike form of the Monarch Worm; it is theorized that the majority of this Spawn's assaults on cities are the result of such tampering.



THE TARRASQUE, THE ARMAGEDDON ENGINE

Of all the abominable Spawn of Rovagug, the eternal horror called the Armageddon Engine is by far the simplest in appearance and design: formed symmetrically and efficiently in the shape of a vast, hunched vertebrate, it possesses neither tentacles nor wings nor ichorous, alien tendrils of mysterious purpose. It has but two eyes and a single maw, bearing a biped's build with a quadruped's tail; its form is arrayed with horns, claws, and teeth set for one purpose only: eliminating life. The raw, absolute lethality of the Tarrasque is beheld in its workmanship: a perfect predator combining the sleek grace of the hunting cat, the stunning ferocity of the shark, and the overwhelming force of the silverback gorilla.

Beyond its incalculable killing power and extraordinary size, the otherworldly carapace of the Tarrasque is its most notable feature, literally capable of deflecting (or even reflecting) nearly all known supernatural assaults. The teeth of the Tarrasque are its most dangerous weapons, severing through flesh, bones, steel, and stone with equal ease. The jaws of the Armageddon Engine are swift to gulp down whole villages into the crushing dark of its gut, though few survive to experience such hell, rent asunder by the onslaught of scimitar-sized fangs. Even the horns and tail of so awesome a foe are deadly weapons, capable of turning a nation's most elite warriors into sticky crimson mist.

Lore

What very few records remain of the Tarrasque's attacks on Ninshabur suggest that the creature was actually drawn to sites of human habitation, perhaps via scent, utterly annihilating populations and then savagely hunting down lone escapees in acts of indescribable brutality. By the third full month of the creature's assault on the kingdom, the thrice-sealed vaults of magically-shrouded Tabsagal had become the last refuge of Ninshabur's nobles, who ordered their men to kill any refugees seen traveling toward the impregnable complex. It is noted that the ruling caste eventually succumbed to hunger, disease, and suicide in the dust-choked halls of their haven, dying unmourned and forgotten in a solitary oasis surrounded by the waste of an empire.

Truly, the savageries of this Spawn's assaults were akin to a military campaign of total war, yet they also resemble in some ways a wild animal attack upon a campsite: the Tarrasque left no stone upon stone, and lashed out with chilling, brutal efficiency at every target that caught its dull attention. Upon scouring Ninshabur of life, it swept west and carried its reign of terror through Avistan and into Garund, again drawn to cities, fortresses, and farmsteads by some hateful need. It took more than 8

months after the Spawn's arrival on the continent before the creature was finally stopped; a hundred conflicting narratives and folktales exist concerning what titanic and awesome energies were eventually used to bring it low and hide its body away. Among the many who claim some part in ultimately vanquishing the beast are the Taldans (who claim that a single swordsman slew it) and the Osirians (calling the defeat of the Armageddon Engine an act of the Last Pharaoh); both of these nations, along with many others, celebrate the fall of the Tarrasque as part of their cultural heritage and national holidays.

More serious scholars attribute the eventual defeat of the Tarrasque to the nation of Nex, Geb, or even Shory, and some evidence suggests that the Tarrasque might have been responsible for the crash of the flying city Kho into the Barrier Wall mountain range of the Mwangi Expanse.

Resurrection

Perhaps the greatest threat of the Tarrasque is its own reputation. The incredible power of the Armageddon Engine is respected, and even admired, by organizations ranging across the known world; these include such unlikely agencies as the inscrutable Monastery of Untwisting Iron among Jalmeray's Houses of Perfection, the vampire-led Adamant Company of Nidal's Black Triune, and several of the more suicidal demon-cults. Many see the beast as an apotheosis of perfect drive and purpose, gifted of an absolute balance between desire, form, and action.

Of all the mighty Spawn of Rovagug, many regard the Great Tarrasque as the most likely candidate for a return to life in some dark future age; obsession with the fell deeds and unstoppable might of the Tarrasque is common enough among the uneducated masses of the Inner Sea region, and arrogant wizards the world over are intrigued to the point of madness by the godlike potential inherent in somehow harnessing the dread thing. A dozen attempts have been made over the last century alone to uncover the tomb of the Armageddon Engine, though most have discovered nothing or resulted in the searchers meeting unfortunate ends.

Some legends hold that the Tarrasque might be returned to life simply via the sacrifice of a hundred virgins flung into its gaping maw; others suggest that a full seven-times-seventy oxen and other beasts of burden must be drained of their blood from cuts delivered by a holy sword, blessed by a blind priest of Sarenrae, and the pooled, hot vitae then poured into the eyes and nostrils of the Armageddon Engine. Still others suggest a more esoteric ritual might reunite flesh and soul, but the truth is simply this: the mere fact that such legends are common folklore in so many parts of the world means that the return of the great Tarrasque is likely inevitable.

UNYIELDING KOTHOGAZ, THE DANCE OF DISHARMONY

From the fragmentary Ezida Scrolls, unearthed along the southern coast of the Castrovin Sea in what was once the kingdom of Ninshabur, comes the most complete description of Kothogaz to ever make its way to the Inner Sea region. While most of the document appears to have been dissolved in some sort of acid, what is left reads:

...[the] abomination wears the shell of a horned beetle, having insectile wings made of veins and shattered glass. Yet beneath the massive spiked shell onto its back, the creature's body is horrifyingly all too humanoid. It is slug-like, though long, insectile legs jutting from its torso pull it forward. It has four arms, two ending in huge pincers... The thing's head is little more than a bump upon its shoulders, with an elongated, elaborate mouth stretching from the top of its head to... dozens of gleaming eyes running parallel to that awful chasm on either side. Its body is covered in wet, chitinous armor; always, it is dripping a rain of drool and worse corruption from its leaking body.

Lore

The totality of Vudra's might stood arrayed against the blighted Kothogaz as he lurched across Casmaron—and from their eventual, anguished conquest over his blasphemous power sprang the bloodline of Khiben-Sald, the one true Maharaja of the Impossible Kingdoms. Within two centuries of the beast's fall, the hundred semi-independent kingdoms of that fabled land were ruled by a single raja, who brought tales of victory with him to the courts of Nex and used that power and influence to establish a hold upon the Isle of Jalmeray that persists to this day.

It is said that the blasphemy that is Kothogaz angered and mutilated the very soil beneath it as it came, generating polyp-covered horrors from the slick earth over which it passed, and spraying forth the reanimated, spittle-coated corpses of devoured dead from wounds in its belly. A single bite from the Dance of Disharmony is said to have poisoned and tarnished the great gold-scaled dragon Trilochan, which now makes a ravaged and forsaken home for itself in the wastes of the Narhari desert, screeching and breathing futile flames at visions it perceives through its ulcerous third eye. In all, the Vudrani hero-priests of that age spent more than a million lives to bring the beast down, pushing it into the sea and then boiling the very ocean.

Resurrection

In Vudra, it is considered a crime to speak aloud the name of Kothogaz, and talk of his return is punished with the exile of entire households. Still, there are persistent whispers that the beast's still-beating heart was cut into 101 pieces, with a single quivering sliver given to each king who swore allegiance to the first maharaja; the largest piece, it is said, was taken to far-off Jalmeray and buried beneath the pleasure-city Padiskar, the better to ensure that the Dance of Disharmony would never rise again. Should the pieces be reunited, however, it's possible that the amorphous heart might grow itself another body.



WRATH-BLAZING XOTANI, THE FIREBLEEDER

The beast Xotani, called the Firebleeder, is said to have possessed sharp claws, a massive maw, and a burrowing body shaped like that of a colossal worm, yet little else is known of its outward appearance. A number of accounts suggest that it bore empty eye-sockets, some claiming dozens or even hundreds of them, which may have once provided the creature with sight; alternatively, the orifices may simply have been nostrils or open wounds, forever belching forth waves of wet flame. What force or creature could have blinded such a beast, or as some say, caused it to claw forth its own eyes, remains uncertain.

Without fail, all tales of the Firebleeder focus upon a specific aspect of the creature's bizarre anatomy: the churning, pressurized magma that fed its unknowable organs and burned alive those who succeeded in piercing its flesh. In addition, it is known that Xotani was a land-bound creature, capable of traveling through the soil and even solid stone with frightening ease. Its depredations and hunger were never noted in faraway Casmaron, though it ranged across Garund unopposed for some time before it was slain by the hundred-strong gathering of mages called the Legion of Wands.

The attacks of Xotani are not as well documented as those of the great Tarrasque, for the creature spent much of its time sunk beneath the surface of the earth—strangely, the magma-blooded beast could not stand the light of day, and usually emerged at nightfall to wreak fatal damage across the landscape. This was not always the case, however: confirmable records attest that the Firebleeder famously annihilated a mountain fortress-city 3 days north of Solku (high into the Brazen Peaks) during the height of midday, and that the plumes of black smoke produced by the incinerated banners, tapestries and grain supplies within could be marked from a hundred miles away. Even submerged within the cold darkness far beneath the dunes of Katapesh, however, the beast's presence was deadly, turning crops to ash, huts to tinder, and sand to glass with its scorching passage.

Some tales suggest that, in addition to the terrible tremors and unnatural heat that boiled up from groaning earth in the wake of the Firebleeder, a certain phenomena of thunder from an empty sky and electrical discharges that spun in waves out of the creaking sands were viewed before the arrival of Xotani; certainly, vast lightning storms without clouds were reported across the whole of Garund during the time of this Spawn's monstrous acts.

Lore

The lands of Katapesh, Nex, and southern Osirion were once much greener than those of the modern age, their scars of dust, burning sand, and shattered mountains encompassing

centuries-old evidence of Xotani the Firebleeder's rampage. Dragging its blazing bulk from a massive abyss deep in the Barrier Wall, the Firebleeder writhed in pain upon exposure to the burning sun. Burrowing beneath the earth with its countless terrible limbs, its burning spines sheered great chasms across the land, sundered mountain ranges, and lit vast planes afire. By night, the horror emerged, titanic and blazing like a murderous sun, its all-consuming flames searing land and city alike, filling the horizon with enough black smoke to smother the rising dawn.

Many heroes sought to best the Firebleeder, tales spreading far of the terrible fire wyrm of Katapesh. Yet none were prepared to face the spawn of a god, and a generation of the world's greatest knights, most infamous dragonslayers, and highest-praised heroes were consumed as completely as straw in a forest fire. The people of Katapesh fled their lands, becoming nomads who would never again dare to settle, and the streets of the realm's greatest cities emptied in fear of the inevitable fire.

It was a band of wizards, united under the banner of the Legion of Wands, that finally confronted the beast. Geniebinders of Katapesh, sand mages of Osirion, archmages of Nex, and dozens of other arcanists from all corners of Garund met to face the horror that threatened to spread its flames across their lands. When finally they confronted the living holocaust, half their ranks burned away in a wave of the Firebleeder's fiery breath. For a day and a night the survivors rained magical ice and water upon the Spawn of Rovagug, weakening it amid a cloud of steam that could be seen for a hundred miles. Then in unison, the wizards intoned a spell of a single word to eternally douse the thing's nightmarish flames. Shuddering, the Firebleeder fell, being buried amid a mountainous avalanche of searing ice and its victims' bones. Ragged and few, the survivors of the Legion of Wands claimed victory, but deep in the heart of a pale mountain, an ember, the Firebleeder's heart, still burned.

Resurrection

As with any of the Spawn, there exist myriad legends that suggest the Firebleeder might, by vile means, be somehow restored to life; yet, in the case of Xotani, one legend surpasses all others in the frequency with which it is repeated: 1,000 *wish* spells, spoken above its broken corpse—one for each of the wounds it suffered at the hands of the Legion of Wands. Thankfully, there could scarcely exist any way to generate or acquire such monumental arcane energies; similarly, no sane mind could conceive of unleashing such incomprehensible power with the aim of returning breath and strength to nightmarish Xotani, a creature that sages speculate was birthed with the sole purpose of searing a hole out of Rovagug's prison.

VOLNAGUR THE END-SINGER

If the Great Tarrasque is the best-known of the Spawn of Rovagug, the Rough Beast's progeny Volnagur is the most widely traveled: reports matching the description of this vast, winged horror have been collected from throughout Garund, Casmaron, Arcadia, and Sarusan. It is always attended by freakish winds and incomparable storms, appearing from the churning skies to watch over scenes of panic, abandon, and mass murder.

An account collected from the western interior of Arcadia, transcribed from the signs of a deaf shaman, notes the End-Singer thusly:

- *Its gross, pale, and warty body is shaped like a many-pointed star.*
- *At the center it has a lipless mouth shaped like a cross, which is full of needle-like teeth.*
- *Three very long and very thin tongues like whips or hairs extend from the center of its mouth and lash around. A fathomless black eye rests near each angle created by each segment of its four-parted mouth.*
- *The entire thing is lifted off the ground by many mismatched wings: some look like sickly vulture wings, other like tattered bat wings, and others totally alien. Wings jut from every side of the thing's body, all flapping madly but somehow keeping the monster aloft.*

Lore

Much as with its cousin, the crawling and unclean thing called Chemnosit, the deepest horror unleashed by the profane power of sky-borne Volnagur is not purely physical, but travels with its very presence: the morbid sound that keens from the hovering End-Singer drives humans and animals alike to the brink of madness, violence, suicide, and over into bleakest abject insanity. The winged form of Volnagur appears from leaden clouds, brings to boil macabre visions in the minds of those who hear it sing, then slays all those who resist with its 50-foot-long, razor-tipped tongues, or with nausea-inducing bolts from its eyes that cause its victims to wretch blood until dead.

The End-Singer possesses great speed in the air, outpacing all but the fastest of elementals; similarly, it may hang still in space indefinitely, and perhaps even rest, without ever touching down upon the earth. Many theories suggest that Volnagur may be gifted with some natural form of invisibility, for it most often appears above habitations out of thin air, then vanishes silently once more into a thunderstorm over empty, blood-slick streets. While this eerie manifestation of Rovagug's hatred is truly an enigma, it is said to have been defeated on multiple occasions: at the ruins of Holy Xatramba in 909 AR, above the Zho Mountains in 1540 AR, and again in the valleys surrounding Mount Na Ken in 2062 AR—yet each time, the beast has returned.

The End-Singer has been unseen since 4540 AR, when it turned a mining colony of 8,000 men upon itself in Sargava (then still ruled by Cheliox), leaving none who know what has become of the horror—or when it will strike next.

Resurrection/Summoning

Because it is unknown if Volnagur is truly dead, imprisoned, or merely departed to some mysterious destination outside the universe understood by mortal scholars, few cults practice any magic that might draw the attention of the beast. A grim but nevertheless well-known ritual thought to be capable of “calling down” the End-Singer involves self-crucifixion and the destruction of 100 rods of lordly might; to what purpose a spellcaster would attempt such a thing remains unclear.





WISHCRAFT

The tales of countless lands tell of the magic of genies, the power of these creatures of wind and flame to conjure one's wildest dreams from thin air, to reduce armies of one's enemies to dust, and to work wonders limited only by imagination. Such tales exaggerate much, but at their root lies a single undeniable truth: some genies can grant *wishes*. Blessed with the might to reorder reality, yet cursed never to take advantage of their own powers, genies both take pride in their incredible ability and resent that their gift can only serve the wills of lesser creatures. Regardless of their individual views on such might, genies have for countless centuries refined the art of granting *wishes*, which many among them know as wishcraft. Whether used to maintain the delicate pattern of creation or to curse those who would presume to make themselves masters over genies, this potent art form borders on the power of the gods and can rewrite the fate of

whole worlds. As the artists of reality, wishcrafters might bring to life vivid dreams or throw whole realms into living nightmares. The power is theirs, but such opportunities spur on the ambitions of those daring and foolish enough to treat with these potent and capricious beings.

What follows reveals many of the secrets and methods of the genie-refined art of wishcrafting. While primarily utilized by the jinn, numerous powerful creatures and skilled magic-users throughout the planes might employ this potent art. Those who would dare make *wishes* might also benefit from understanding the philosophies of the creatures that bring their desires to life, and in so doing prevent calamities for themselves and untold others. Finally, notes on a variety of magical spells discovered and cultivated by geniekind make these magics available to mortal spellcasters for the first time.

It is not magic as you know it, not the stuff of dusty tomes and dry repetition. My stories hold their own magic, as indeed do all words. Tales unlock portals to strange vistas, where palaces rise upon clouds of thought, and faces climb from memories better recalled than truth. The tales take you where emotion feeds life and eternity passes with a breath. That my tales can touch your mind and transport your vision proves this magic; there is more to you, more to life, than the dull reality that so many shield themselves within. I am no artist, no scholar, but merely a messenger from a place you've yet to travel. My people are natives of that world, and through our traditions and tales, we frequently return. Let me show you the way.

—Shazathared, *On the Lore of Lore*



THE ART OF WISHCRAFT

Several types of genies possess the ability to restructure the foundation of existence, to work miracles upon worlds and planes, to grant the most potent of magical boons: *wishes*. As creatures infused with the magic of creation and living elemental might, genies possess a greater understanding of reality than most beings, seeing the tapestry of creation stretching through the planes and touching every creature living therein. Only a relatively limited number of powerful beings possess the ability to fundamentally affect this vast lattice, and hold it as a great honor and responsibility to avoid damaging the delicate knitwork that facilitates the existence of all things. Thus, geniekind has long cultivated the art of wishcraft, the magic and skill of using their powers over creation to create wonders that retain the order and elegance of reality.

Genies take great pride in their ability to grant *wishes*, as they are known throughout the planes for this godlike ability. While djinn and efreet are the best-known *wish* granters, nearly every race of genie takes pride in its brethren's abilities, and many seek out paths to grant *wishes* of their own. Although some individual genies—particularly jann—might prove resentful of the innate powers of their kindred, most seek their own routes to such power rather than brooding on the unfairness of the sphere. Regardless of how they come by their powers, though, genies possess one law that rules over their ability: no genie may grant *wishes* to another genie, especially themselves. Such is seen as the path to destruction and the purview of the few beings genies consider even greater than themselves. While they might affect the weave of reality through their *wishes* for others, to take advantage of such powers and rework creation for personal goals is seen as brash and dangerous at best, and blasphemous, even criminal, at worst. Thus, genies commonly only grant *wishes* for creatures they view as deserving, who have gained some measure of control over them, or to whom they owe a debt. Even in such cases, though, they are hardly helpless or forced to affect creation

against their will, as genie wishcrafters know many ways to influence and twist the *wishes* of other creatures, either to punish undeserving petitioners or to avoid what they perceive as harmful *wishes*. Even the mightiest of kings and heroes might not be fit in a genie's eyes to have his wishes granted. Thus, as a matter of good form, most genies demand offerings proving a *wish* seeker's worthiness. This often takes the form of some exotic or otherwise precious treasure, as likely to be magical in nature as not. The impressive nature of such a gift often goes far in persuading a genie to grant wishes for a mortal, though some might take further coercion even after being presented with the rarest of gifts.

Genies know that not all *wishes* deserve to be made. Reality is like a symphony and some *wishes* ring like discordant notes. These *wishes* make demands of the cosmos that were never intended and that are not meant to be, falling outside even the bounds of magic. While such reality-breaking *wishes* are gradually eroded by time and the innate forces of existence, they can cause great damage while their effects linger, and when cast about wildly and in great number can even degrade the fabric of the planes to terrible effect (see *Wishwarps*, below). Conscious of such strains on the foundations of creation, genies avoid granting *wishes* that undermine the common laws of existence. To this end, *wish* makers who entreat genies to perform tasks that could naturally occur are more likely to find their *wishes* granted as they desire, while those who presume to make wild demands of reality often find themselves thwarted by offended genie wishcrafters.

In any case, wishcrafters prove proud and potent. Those who make common cause with such a genie find an incredible ally, but one whose art they must show great reverence for, lest the capricious creature seek to turn their desires into a confounding lesson. Those who make enemies of such creatures had best seek to make amends, as genies are long lived and possess fantastic memories, and might grant every *wish* asked of them in a way that offends their foe.

The Perfect Wish

Wishes hold innate potential for danger. The more elaborate the *wish*, the greater the chance for it to have unanticipated effects. Those preparing to make a *wish* should consider several truths and take certain precautions.

Trust: *Wish* makers hoping to avoid accidents should implicitly trust the object or creature granting their *wishes*. A second party holding control over a *wish's* fulfillment has the greatest potential for danger, ranging from the inconvenient to the instantly lethal.

Precision: *Wishes* should be stated clearly and concisely. Should a *wish's* fulfiller seek to confound the *wish* maker, they will do so no matter how safely one thinks a *wish* is phrased. Long-winded *wishes* rife with jargon and contingences are likely to merely annoy *wish* granters or open unexpected opportunities for danger.

Modesty: Where possible, *wishes* avoid reshaping all of reality, and *wish* granters often seek to chide those who seek to remake creation to suit their whims. The best *wishes* tend to be modest *wishes*, those that recreate the effects of mortal magic or the powers of great creatures, aid creatures other than the wisher, or are immediate and avoid persistent effects. The desperate warrior who *wishes* for a magical sword, the nomad leader who wishes for an oasis to save his people, or the wizard who wishes to heal an ally in a single instance are all fine examples of such simple, difficult-to-corrupt *wishes*.

CORRUPTED WISHES

Mortals are a foolish lot. Most lack foresight and imagination, and their goals and dreams reflect their puerile concerns and limited senses of reality. They live, struggle, and die, all the while making their brief efforts all the more painful, futile, and short by their attempts to influence the world and creatures around them. And nothing holds a light to the imperfect comprehension and willful ineffectuality of mortal life than granting them the power to influence reality.

On rare occasions, through the use of fantastic magic, employment of potent magical treasures, or alliance—willing or forced—with creatures possessing innate control over the powers of creation, mortals gain the opportunity to have their wildest desires granted, often to their detriment. While magical spells and tools rarely possess intentions of their own and yield absolutely to the whims of their user, when one relies on another to grant their desires, they make themselves slaves to the *wish* granter's interpretations. In such arrangements rise the potential for *wishes* gone awry, for a wisher's words, a

wisher's intentions, and the *wish* fulfiller's execution to misalign in unexpected, comedic, ironic, or even deadly ways. Thus *wish* makers risk much when they place their *wishes* in the hands of another being, especially one that might misunderstand or feel slighted by a less potent being's desires.

When it comes to granting *wishes* to disastrous effect, few creatures prove more malicious and masterful than efreet. Cursed with the power to remake creation for any creature but themselves, these cruel genies delight in seeing creatures they perceive as their lessers come to ruin through their own desires. The efreet tell tales among themselves of great torments inflicted on foolish wishers by their might, competing for the most clever, dramatic, and ironic *wish* fulfillments. Noted here are just a few techniques widely used by efreet in corrupting the *wishes* of impertinent mortals, though the greatest distortions remain the secrets of ancient and experienced efreeti oathbenders.

The Literal Lie: The best-known and least subtle method of granting a *wish* in a way that actually curses the wisher sees the *wish* fulfiller take a literalist's role. In such cases, a wisher who asks for skin like steel might be transformed into a metal statue, while a *wish* for a personal castle might result in such a structure physically falling upon the wisher. As stories of this trick have spread throughout innumerable cultures, only foolish and trusting *wish* makers tend to fall for this blunt deceit, and even the efreet look down upon those of their own kind who corrupt *wishes* in this manner as amateurish and common.

The Fickle Fate: Some *wish* granters take the role of agents of fate, be it good fortune or darkest doom. As most *wishes* benefit only the wisher, rarely does a *wish's* effect bring some boon to a third party—quite the opposite in fact. Corrupt *wishes* that take this route might see one who wishes for great wealth find a parent or loved one mysteriously murdered, only to reveal a secret fortune now theirs to inherit—though fate might also make them a likely suspect in such a crime. Alternatively, the *wish* to live forever might make the wisher a vampire, forcing him to live off the lives of innocents to survive.

Nothing from Nothing: Although *wishes* allow one to create anything he pleases, such magic demands great responsibility be taken with its use. While few mortals see the intricate weave of reality, genies know it well, and given the opportunity avoid recreating or unraveling vast sections for shortsighted desires. Thus, whenever possible, genie *wish* granters prefer to merely move or rework existing materials when granting *wishes*. A fickle *wish* granter might then respond to a *wish* for vast wealth by teleporting away the treasury of a nearby kingdom, the hoard of a deadly dragon, or all the valuables in a surrounding city, leaving the wisher to face the consequences when others discover

the theft. Alternatively, the desire for some superior ability, like the power to breathe underwater, might see the wisher's body transformed to have organs like those of a fish rather than recreating his lungs to perform an unnatural function.

A Better Life: With innumerable beings existing upon equally innumerable worlds, any creature might believe itself better suited to life in another form. Some *wish* granters seek to better match shape with desire. In these cases, wishers who long for the power of flight might find themselves transformed into birds, while one with the desire to see behind itself might be transformed into a xorn. Even more subtle *wishes*, like the desire to never be alone or to never be hungry might see a wisher changed into an ettin or living machine.

A Cursed Blessing: Some *wish* granters take it upon themselves to teach moral lessons or twist their *wish* results to ironic ends, making a wisher regret what he wished for or even die as a result. A creature who wishes to hear the thoughts of other beings might find himself surrounded by an endless cacophony of sound and thus be driven to sleeplessness and ultimately madness. Alternatively, a wisher who desires the return of a departed loved one might be stalked by its ravenous living corpse. The desire for a particular piece of knowledge might also see the wisher teleported to a place that knowledge might be found, but not granted the ability to comprehend such information, survive in the new environment, or return home.

Artistic Interpretation: Most *wishes* leave some measure of room for the granter's interpretation and preferential meddling. Thus, a wisher who asks an efreeti to make her beautiful might be transformed into a creature lovely by efreet standards. The *wish* granter might also go beyond what is asked, granting a *wish* for a thousand rubies in a gigantic indestructible glass jar or a *wish* for musical talent with the inability to play any song but the *wish* granter's favorite melody.

WISHWARPS

The abuse of *wishes* causes a strain on reality—yet another reason why genies generally avoid granting too many *wishes* to mortals, and why they usually allow the *wish* to follow the path of least resistance and try to avoid granting *wishes* that unmake or transform reality too greatly. Most uses of *wish* do not put undue strain on the world—it's only when one tries to use a *wish* to produce effects greater than those outlined in the spell description that the stress becomes severe.

A single powerful *wish* with a greater effect (such as wishing for a legendary artifact, wishing to raise several long-dead bodies to life, or wishing an entire city into a bottle) generally doesn't cause a problem. But when many such *wishes* are uttered and granted in close proximity

The Wishmaker's Gambit

In this month's adventure, "The Final Wish," the efreeti general Jhavhul makes a daring grasp for power, seeking to fulfill his centuries-old goal of reawakening the terrifying Spawn of Rovagug, Xotani the Firebleeder. To this end, the deadly genie has abandoned all the traditions and stipulations of his kind, forcing lesser creatures to make *wishes* to benefit him and using his inferiors' powers to arm his legions with the power of wishcraft. Thus, many of the encounters in this adventure involve unique beings with strange and wild powers and possessions, granted to them by Jhavhul and his minions' recklessly granted *wishes*. Aside from making these creatures more dangerous, the lands now claimed by the efreeti's army might have spawned any number of wishwarps. While the genies recognize the danger of these areas of weakened reality, most fear Jhavhul far more than the traditions of their people.

To combat the strange powers Jhavhul has granted his minions, the djinni Nefeshti has the power to grant allied PCs their own *wishes*. She, however, retains her people's respect for the power of wishcraft and refuses to grant *wishes* that might further damage the already frayed reality around Pale Mountain. As she grants her *wishes* willingly, the PCs cannot force her to grant any *wish* she does not choose. To aid them, she might also explain what makes a good *wish* and give the PCs insights into the ways and rules of her people with regard to this great power. Should a character try her patience with consistently ridiculous, dangerous, or overly powerful *wishes*, even she might see fit to grant their desires in a reprimanding manner. Fortunately, though, as she might grant up to three *wishes* a day, any admonishment she exacts might be undone the next day—should her student demonstrate he's learned something from her chastisement.

(both in time and locale), there is an increased chance of causing distortions in reality. These distortions are known as wishwarps.

As a general rule, the GM should decide if abuse of wishcraft causes a wishwarp to manifest. If a wishwarp does appear, the size and duration of the wishwarp is also subject to GM approval, but a good guideline is that the wishwarp affects an area twice as large as the area affected by the *wish*, and lasts for a number of days equal to twice the caster level of the *wish* granter.

Within the area of a wishwarp, reality and magic have become unstable. The region seems dimmer or brighter than normal, smells are more potent or obscured, and sounds seem either strangely muted or strangely clear.

All Wisdom-based checks made in a wishwarp suffer a -4 penalty as a result.

A wishwarp's true danger reveals itself whenever a spell or spell-like ability is cast within the area. Each time someone casts a spell or uses a spell-like ability, the caster must make a DC 20 caster level check. With a successful check, the spell or spell-like ability manifests normally. In addition, the sensory effects of the spell or spell-like ability are strange and unpredictable. *Walls of stone* created in a wishwarp might be bright red and smell of spoiled fish, for example, or a *fireball* might shriek like a hungry baby and look like a vortex of black smoke. The actual spell effects do not change—a fishy red *wall of stone* is still just as hard to break, and a black, smoking, hungry baby *fireball* still does fire damage.

If the caster level check fails, the spell's sensory effects are adjusted as detailed above, and there's a 50% chance that the spell manifests at 1d20 caster levels lower than it should (an adjusted CL of 0 or lower indicates the spell fails entirely) and a 50% chance that the spell is enhanced as if by *Enlarge Spell*, *Extend Spell*, and *Empower Spell* metamagic feats. Whenever a creature's spells are warped by reality in this manner, the spellcasting creature takes nonlethal damage equal to twice the level of the spell that was cast as the magical energy courses painfully through his body.

MAGIC OF GENIE-KIND

Aside from their power to reshape reality through wishcraft, genies possess a heritage of magical lore stretching back farther than the oldest mortal empire. Noted here are five spells, each created by one of the different races of jinn, sometimes bartered to mortal magic-users.

DIAMOND SPRAY

School evocation [earth]; **Level** sorcerer/wizard 3

CASTING

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (a lump of coal)

EFFECT

Range 20 ft.

Area cone-shaped burst

Duration instantaneous

Saving Throw Reflex half; **Spell Resistance** yes

DESCRIPTION

A cone of tiny, sparkling slivers as hard and sharp as filed diamonds springs from your outstretched fingers at tremendous speed. Any creature in the area of the torrent takes 1d6 points of slashing damage per caster level (maximum 10d6). These magical slivers are treated as adamantine and cold iron for the purpose of overcoming damage reduction. In addition, this spell bypasses up to 1 point of an object's hardness per 2 caster levels (maximum 10).

HURRICANE BLAST

School evocation [air]; **Level** druid 3, sorcerer/wizard 4

CASTING

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S

EFFECT

Range personal

Target you

Area 5-ft.-radius burst/2 levels (maximum 25-ft.-radius burst)

Duration 1 round

Saving Throw Reflex negates; **Spell Resistance** no

DESCRIPTION

This spell creates a severe blast of air (approximately 50 mph) that originates from you, affecting all creatures in the burst.

A Tiny or smaller creature on the ground is knocked down and rolled 1d4x10 feet, taking 1d4 points of nonlethal damage per 10 feet. If flying, a Tiny or smaller creature is blown back 2d6x10 feet and takes 2d6 points of nonlethal damage due to battering and buffeting.

Small creatures are knocked prone by the force of the wind, or if flying are blown back 1d6x10 feet.

Medium creatures are unable to move forward against the force of the wind, or if flying are blown back 1d6x5 feet.

Large or larger creatures may move normally within a hurricane blast effect.

Hurricane blast can't move a creature beyond the limit of its range. Any creature, regardless of size, takes a -4 penalty on ranged attacks and Listen checks in the area of a *hurricane blast*. The force of the gust automatically extinguishes candles, torches, and similar unprotected flames. It causes protected flames, such as those of lanterns, to dance wildly and has a 50% chance to extinguish those lights.

In addition to the effects noted, a hurricane blast can do anything that a sudden blast of wind would be expected to do. It can create a stinging spray of sand or dust, fan a large fire, overturn delicate awnings or hangings, and blow gases or vapors to the edge of its range.

TORRENT OF ELEMENTAL RAGE

School evocation [air, earth, fire, water]; **Level** sorcerer/wizard 6

CASTING

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M/DF

EFFECT

Effect persistent line of elements 30 ft. long

Duration concentration, 1 round/3 levels (see below)

Saving Throw Reflex half; **Spell Resistance** yes

DESCRIPTION

A shimmering torrent of raw elemental power springs into existence, originating from your outstretched palms. The blast resembles a horizontal whirlwind of howling winds, searing flame, and tumbling shrapnel of ice and metal. Any creature in the area of effect must make a Reflex save or take 8d6 points of

damage from a variety of effects—2d6 points of fire damage, 2d6 points of cold damage, 2d6 points of sonic damage, and 2d6 points of slashing damage that overcomes adamantine damage reduction.

The elemental line is an ongoing effect that persists for as long as you remain concentrating on it, up to 1 round for every three levels you possess (maximum 6 rounds). The line affects any creatures that pass through it on their turn, requiring them to make Reflex saves or take damage as noted.

On your turn you may shift the line's position as you please. Moving the line does not cause it to sweep through intermediary squares but only affects creatures in its new area of effect.

WATER SHIELD

School evocation [acid, water]; **Level** cleric 4, druid 3, sorcerer/wizard 4

CASTING

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M/DF (1 cup of water)

EFFECT

Range personal

Target you

Duration 1 round/level (D)

DESCRIPTION

This spell surrounds you in a spout of clear acid that aids in deflecting attacks and damages creatures that attack you in melee. The constantly upward-rushing waters grant you a measure of protecting, shielding you so you only take half damage from acid and fire-based attacks. If such an attack allows a Reflex save for half damage, you take no damage on a successful save.

Any creature striking you with its body or a handheld weapon deals normal damage, but at the same time the attacker takes 1d6 points of acid damage + 1 point per 2 caster levels (maximum +10). If the attacker has spell resistance, it applies to this effect. Creatures wielding weapons with exceptional reach are not subject to this damage if they attack you.

VEIL OF ASH

School evocation [fire]; **Level** sorcerer/wizard 2

CASTING

Casting Time 1 standard action

Components V, S, M (a pinch of ash)

EFFECT

Range close (25 ft. + 5ft./2 levels)

Target one creature

Duration 1 round/level

Saving Throw Fortitude negates; **Spell**

Resistance yes

DESCRIPTION

This spell causes a small cloud of searing, choking ash to appear around the face of the target.

The creature must succeed at a

Fortitude saving throw or take 1d6 points of fire damage and be blinded. The victim must make a new save against damage and blindness for each round the spell persists. The target must have a discernable anatomy and no more than one head in order to be blinded. Undead, constructs, and creatures without eyes or who don't rely on sight to sense their surroundings can be damaged by this spell, but not blinded.

A moderate wind (11+ mph) disperses the ash cloud in 2 rounds; a strong wind (21+ mph) disperses the cloud in 1 round.

This spell does not function underwater.





The Decanter of Black Breath

Millennia ago, there lived Alras, the potent Stone Sorcerer, a harsh wizard well practiced in the dangerous arts of elementalism and genie binding. Throughout Katapesh he was known for crafting wonders from rock, commanding creatures of living stone, and carving a labyrinthine palace beneath the desert sands. Within, it was said, stood an army of genies with skin like stone and weapons of sharpest obsidian, who meted out their master's will and sought to bring order to the wild dunes above. Many of these genies were not slaves to the wizard, but willing servants awed by the great mage who was so much like the best of them. For his most favored genie allies, Alras crafted miniature demiplanes and hid them away within fabulous gifts, gemstone statuettes, lavish chests, and precious bottles, granting his companions miniature realms customized to their whims. Tales say the Stone Sorcerer crafted 300 planes in his time, each a realm of splendor and fantastic wealth, and stored them each in safety within his underground palace so his allies might rest between their forays into the harsh land above.

Yet one day Alras vanished, and his servants stopped patrolling the desert depths. As no reason for the mage's disappearance—nor any trace of his palace, the Sanctum in Sand—ever emerged, the tale of the Stone Sorcerer became one of the most fascinating mysteries in Katapesh.

Yet nothing so wondrous as Alras and his hidden castle ever vanishes without a trace. Whispers tell of a cloaked figure with square feet who appeared in the markets of Katapesh 60 years ago. With him he carried a strange bottle of black-veined lapis lazuli, a treasure that came to be known as the *Decanter of Black Breath*. Many say that this vessel is the last remnant of the Stone Sorcerer, one of the fantastic portable planes of his favored guests, yet all who have possessed and sought to study the decanter have met with terrible misfortune or vanished as completely as the ancient wizard. Thus, the relic has been bartered and traded, lost and found dozens of times in the past decades, leaving behind it a trail of sorrow, ill fate, and rumors that something from the terrible past lingers on within its cerulean curves.

the decanter of black breath

There was a time when genies would send their emissaries to the mortal world accompanied by enchanted diamond decanters or jeweled lamps, for within, mortal rulers would find pleasures beyond belief: belled houris, miraculous baths, fountains flowing with rosewater or lemon ice, lush gardens, the freshest figs, and the sweetest wines. Here, genies would treat with mortals, shared delights smoothing the path to harmony. Yet beware, oh pasha! The sparkling vessel that arrives unbidden, unaccompanied by mortal guard, gifts, or royal greeting, might hold not wonders, but horrors. For darkness, evil, and betrayal stalk even such immortals as us.

—from *Sirr al-Asrar*, the *Book of Science and Statecraft*



“The Decanter of Black Breath” is an adventure for four 14th-level characters. In addition to working as a stand-alone, this Set Piece easily supplements this month’s Adventure Path installment, “The Final Wish,” or any other adventure that includes genies or magical treasure.

IN THE ADVENTURE PATH

Incorporating “The Decanter of Black Breath” into this month’s adventure, “The Final Wish,” should prove a simple task, as GMs might add the mysterious bottle to any treasure found in the adventure. Alternatively, a leprous lamp-seller, swathed in linen, might sell the party a lamp from his old and battered cart, or perhaps an important personage might reward PCs with the treasure, either unwitting or fully aware of his gift’s curse.

The decanter is made from basalt and lapis lazuli, stands 1-1/2 feet tall, and emanates an aura of strong conjuration magic. The bottle alone is finely made and worth 380 gp, though should one realize its magical and historical significance, it might sell for upward of 17,000 gp. A great, looping handle protrudes from its squat, bulbous body, and a stone stopper plugs its short, wide neck. Wide runes etched in Terran circle the decanter’s base with the phrase, “Remove my stopper, speak *adra hadra*, and the palace of Quasayr Mahambra shall be yours.” Reciting the words “*adra hadra*” instantly draws the speaker and any creature in contact with him into the bottle, where they appear in area 1.

While many PCs might find a powerful magical item with its activation words laid plain before them irresistible, some groups might require something more convincing to find their way into the hidden demiplane. While the evil that lurks within the bottle is subtle and might easily be shunned by groups who have ventured into enough hidden worlds in their recent adventures, knowledge should prove a tempting prod to those interested in learning more about their treasure. Should the PCs lack the interest or resources to seek out the decanter’s storied past, an ally might volunteer such details. A Knowledge (local), Knowledge (history), or Gather Information check might reveal the following. Each check notes which skill uncovers the related information.

Check

DC	Result
20	A strange bottle known as the <i>Decanter of Black Breath</i> has long been traded throughout Katapesh. It is said to hold the treasure palace of an ancient genie. (Gather Information or Knowledge [local])
24	Many who have owned the <i>Decanter of Black Breath</i> have been afflicted with bad luck or have disappeared. (Gather Information or Knowledge [local])
25	Late in the Age of Enthronement, Alras the Stone Sorcerer sought to bring peace to the deserts of southern Katapesh with the aid of many genie allies. For his jinn compatriots, he crafted many wondrous items hiding private pleasure planes. (Knowledge [history])
28	The wizard Alras never completed his goals, and disappeared mysteriously along with his army and his subterranean fortress. (Knowledge [history])
30	The <i>Decanter of Black Breath</i> is rumored to hold one of the lost planes of the wizard Alras. (Any check)
35	It is said the <i>Decanter of Black Breath</i> first appeared in the markets of Katapesh carried by a strange figure with square feet. (Knowledge [local] or Knowledge [history])

THE PALACE WITHIN

Within the *Decanter of Black Breath* lies the palace of the genie Umad al-Waliyya. Once a great shaitan warrior in the service of the Stone Sorcerer, the centuries that have passed since Alras’s disappearance have not been kind. Whatever foul magic or brazen attack that caused the wizard to vanish and locked away the Sanctum in Sand trapped all of the mage’s genie allies in their palaces, leaving the hidden fortress a tomb of magical jars, bottles, arks, and chests, each the prison of a forgotten genie hero. For long centuries, Umad languished, frustrated and bored within his prison, until one day less than a hundred years ago a figure in black entered through the magical passage that had so long been barred to the shaitan. The cloaked figure spoke to the warrior of freedom, telling him

of the terrible magic that had sealed him within his palace, a spell the traveler might be able to undo, though it would exact a terrible price. Having undergone centuries of loneliness, Umad welcomed any escape and eagerly agreed. The traveler lashed out with ferocious energies, leaving the noble shaitan a burning husk upon the floor of his empty throne room. When the genie awoke—against all reason—he found himself alone again, his noble emerald skin shattered and blackened, twisted by the transformation into a greater ghul.

Corrupted and no more able to escape his prison than in ages past, Umad al-Waliyya went completely insane. In the years since, numerous well-meaning travelers have borne the brunt of his wrath, while other, darker creatures have been attracted to the notorious legend of his palace, seeking to serve him. Now the Palace of Umad al-Waliyya within the *Decanter of Black Breath* is but a shadow of its former splendor, its halls and its masters transformed to horrors beyond speaking.

The demiplane bound within the *Decanter of Black Breath* resembles the interior of a Qadiran palace. No doors or windows peer from the palace's highly polished sandstone walls, and only the building's central dome shines with bright color, blaring defiant blue and shimmering silver. Beyond the 5-foot-thick walls lies the endless expanse of the Ethereal Plane.

Upon entering the demiplane, characters find themselves unceremoniously deposited in area 1.

1. The Grand Arcade (EL 12)

Lit by soft flickers from torches set along the sparkling sandstone walls, a shadowy, arched arcade stretches south. Past each archway, a massive iron cage squats on stubby legs. To the east, gentle, blue-tinged light gleams through three open passages spaced evenly along the wall. Drapes of sheer muslin billow lazily across these exits, obscuring the view beyond. To the north stands an archway filled with what appears to be swirling quicksilver.

This arcade once served as a lavish entry hall welcoming all visitors to Umad al-Waliyya's palace. Now, however, it holds the source of the ghul's frustrations and remnants of past visitors.

Each of the six sub-rooms in the arcade contains one unlocked, bloodstained iron cage. These 10-foot-square cages sit on 2-foot-tall legs, each enclosure bearing the remains of one or more past prisoners—broken bones, tattered rags, and other ominous debris. Each of the cages is slightly ajar, but locks if fully closed, requiring a DC 25 Open Locks check to open.

The pool of quicksilver to the north is a sealed portal, leading from the demiplane to the area just outside the *Decanter of Black Breath*. The portal functions at the whim of

Umad al-Waliyya, but only for other creatures. A centuries-old magic prevents the former genie from traveling through the planar passage, even though the decanter itself grants him control over the portal. Although he might open the passage for other creatures, in most cases, the hateful ghul keeps the passage shut. Should Umad al-Waliyya be slain, the *Decanter of Black Breath* grants control over the portal to a new master (see *Concluding the Adventure*).

Creatures: Three spirit nagas lurk to the south of this room, waiting to prey upon intruders. Upon the first PC's entry, all three turn invisible and remain stationary, waiting for their victims to draw nearer before attacking or attempting to trap them within any of the nearby cages. If the PCs leave the area, the nagas stealthily follow.

SPIRIT NAGA (3)

CR 9

hp 80 each (MM 192)

Treasure: PCs who make a DC 25 Search check in this area discover a *strand of lesser prayer beads* and a pouch holding 18 platinum pieces beneath two of the cages.

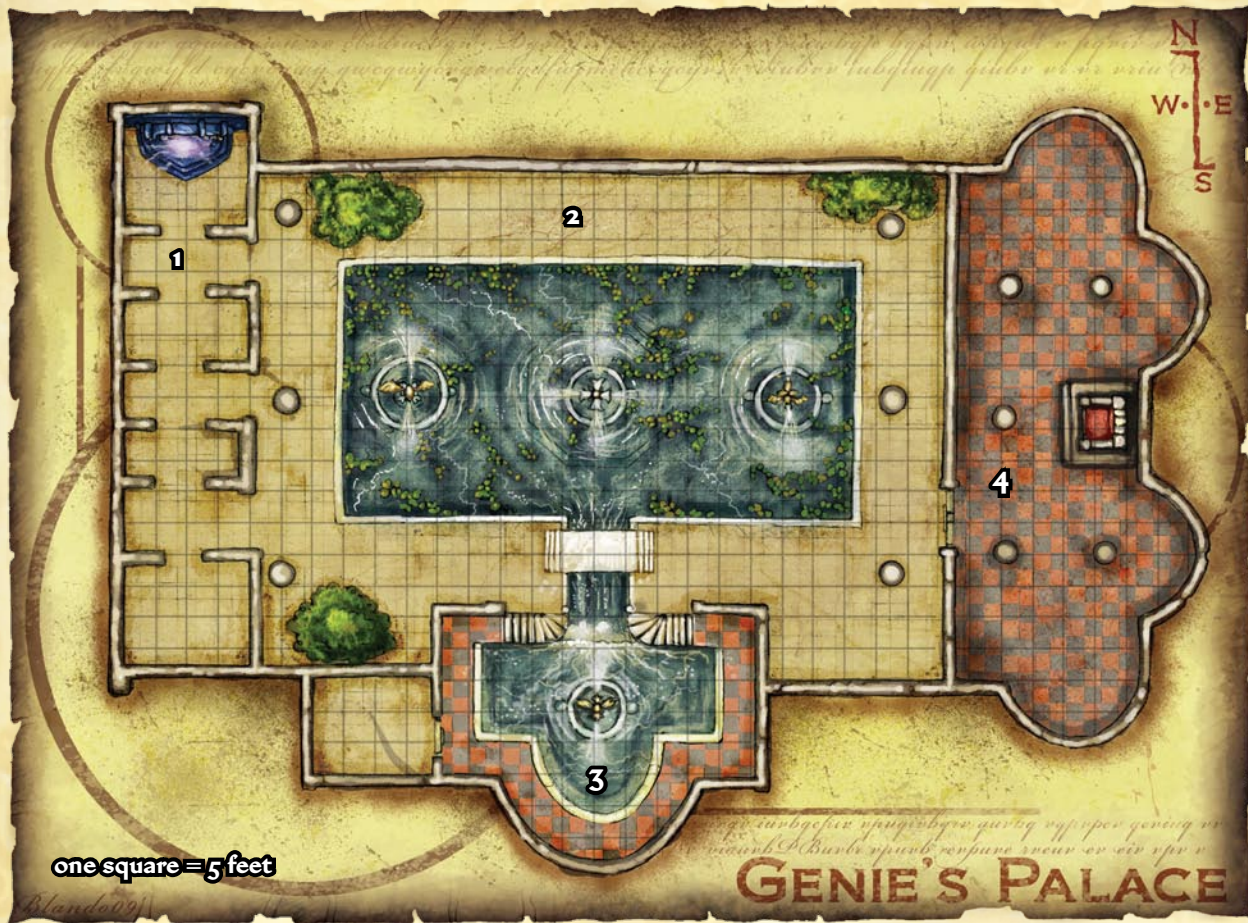
2. Figs and Fountains (EL 11)

Beyond narrow pillars, under a vaulted color-shifting dome, lies a water garden surrounded by lush fig trees. Its clear pond ripples beneath the gentle splash of three fountains that run the length of the room, two small and one large, together carved to resemble a pride of desert lions, water streaming from their yawning marble jaws. To the south, a waterfall careens from a balcony, forming a stream that flows into the sparkling pool. A pair of curving staircases extends up to this higher level, while a wooden footbridge crosses the stream. Embedded in the far eastern wall are two ornate double doors, a patterned ogee arching above.

This central fountain and bath fills the main hall of the palace, being the most lavish entertainment the palace has to offer. The waters here are 3 feet deep, with submerged benches allowing guests to recline comfortably. The trees are constantly fruiting with plump figs, and the cool waters always teem with flowering lilies. Above, the scintillating dome rises 30 feet high.

Creatures: Four beautiful Katapeshi maidens frolic in the fountain at the room's center. Congenial and chaste, these flirtatious women claim to be servants of the palace and entreat the PCs to rest and refresh themselves in preparation to meet the master of the house, a virtuous genie lord named Umad al-Waliyya. In truth, though, these beauties are actually pairaka divs in disguise. Cunning creatures, even if their fiendish forms are revealed, they keep up the facade of being servants bound to the house, claiming that they only uphold their disguises so not to distress visitors, and compliment

the decanter of black breath



the PCs on seeing through their facades. Regardless of whether or not their true forms are revealed, the pairakas try to keep the PCs from entering areas 3 or 4, claiming that they're under orders from their lord to show guests the full hospitality of the palace here. If they're able to gain a measure of the PCs trust by providing them with wine and freshly picked dates, they offer to help bathe the PCs. As prudence dictates, though, men and women should wash separately, so the divs try to separate the group, taking a small number off to area 3 before attempting to use their *charm monster* ability and ambushing the PCs along with the mohrgs there.

PAIRAKA (4)
hp 60 each (*Pathfinder* #20)

CR 7

3. The Boiling Bath (EL 11)

Smooth stone stairs curve ten feet up to a landing below a delicate mosaic of capering sea spirits. On this landing, a hot bath steams and bubbles, releasing the scent of exotic spices and lavender into the humid air. At its center rises a sculpture-fountain of an elegant flower with a water-spurting stamen.

Potted plants and flowering shrubs line the platform's northern edge, screening the bath, and an open door to the west reveals a small changing chamber.

This section of the baths once offered guests the opportunity to soak and relax in these magically heated waters. Now, though, the 4-1/2-foot-deep pool has become a disgusting stew. PCs who succeed at a DC 20 Spot check notice viscera and other body parts bobbing in the waters, barely hidden by the foam. Those whose Spot checks exceed the Hide checks of the mohrgs in the pool realize that some viscera and bones move independently.

Creatures: Three mohrgs partially float within the roiling bath along with parts of shredded victims. If the PCs enter this landing unaccompanied by the pairakas from area 2, the undead leap forth and attack.

MOHRG (3)
hp 90 each (MM 189)

CR 8

Treasure: Any PC who succeeds at a DC 25 Search check notices a shredded arm floating atop the bath's roiling waters that bears a *ring of swimming*.

4. Throne of a Fallen Hero (EL 16)

This cavernous, columned hall echoes with every step. Once obviously an impressive audience chamber, an elegant wooden throne etched with the images of a powerful mountain and stately snakes stands against the eastern wall. Blazing torches hang in regular intervals around the room, revealing an ornately patterned vaulted ceiling and four rounded alcoves. In stark contrast to the room's opulence, four crude tables—little more than stained planks bolted to sawhorses—crouch in these alcoves. On one lies a hairless mass of flesh barely recognizable as a corpse, its mottled skin mostly flensed away and its ribcage cracked open.

For many centuries this hall served as the lonely throne room of the shaitan hero Umad al-Waliyya. While the genie once enjoyed great feasts and sparring sessions here, for an untold age the hall lay mute as he sat resigned to his fate, consumed by memories of freedom and better times. It was here that the shaitan was slain by a mysterious stranger and resurrected as a ghul. Ever since, the thing that was once Umad al-Waliyya has proven more active, either letting fate or his pairaka servants coax victims into his realm, where he takes vengeance on the mortals who summoned him to the Material Plane long centuries ago.

Those who investigate the alcoves find each table has obviously aided in terrible tortures, their lengths smeared with blood, marred by chains, and scarred by hopelessly grasping fingernails. Each has a pair of manacles affixed to one end.

Creatures: Far too proud to hide in his own domain, Umad al-Waliyya sits in the throne here, gripping a lordly scepter shaped like a serpent. Robed in black rags shredded by his shattered, rocky skin, with a face like a crudely sculpted skull, he waits for the PCs to enter before demanding to know why they have intruded upon his realm. The ghul is thoroughly insane, and regardless of the PCs' answer decides they are enemies of the Stone Sorcerer that his servants have captured. He interrogates them about their plots, why they would perpetrate raids upon the good people of the desert, and where their conspirators lie, peppering his circular, half-remembered questions with the names of allies and villains that may or may not have ever existed. Once the ghul grows frustrated with the PCs' apparent lack of cooperation, he decides he'll have to torture the truth from them and demands they each shackle themselves to one of the tables in the alcoves. Should they resist, or prove hostile at any point before this, he attacks.

UMAD AL-WALIYYA

CR 16

Male greater ghul fighter 10 (*Dark Markets, A Guide to Katapesh* 62)

CE Medium undead (shapechanger)

Init +5; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +11, Spot +25

DEFENSE

AC 33, touch 15, flat-footed 30

(+8 armor, +2 deflection, +3 Dex, +10 natural)

hp 239 (8d12+10d10+132)

Fort +18, **Ref** +10, **Will** +14

DR 10/cold iron and good; **Immune** undead immunities;

Resist fire 10

OFFENSE

Spd 50 ft., climb 20 ft.

Melee +2 *shock falchion* +25 (2d8+19 plus 1d6 electricity/16–20) or bite +21 (2d6+10) and

2 claws +19 (1d6+5 plus bleed)

Special Attacks create spawn, cursed claws, metalmorph, rend 2d6+10

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 11th)

At will—*greater invisibility* (self only)

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 17, **Con** —, **Int** 18, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 24

Base Atk +11; **Grp** +21

Feats Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Great Fortitude, Greater Weapon Focus (falchion), Improved Critical, Improved Initiative^B, Improved Sunder, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Multiattack, Toughness (×2)^B, Track^B, Weapon Focus (falchion), Weapon Specialization (falchion)

Skills Bluff +25, Climb +20, Diplomacy +23, Disguise +15, Hide +17, Listen +11, Intimidate +18, Move Silently +17, Search +16, Sense Motive +22, Spot +25, Survival +11

Languages Common, Infernal, Terran

SQ change shape, genie-kin, unholy fortitude

Combat Gear *earth elemental gem*; **Gear** +3 *breastplate*, +2 *shock falchion*, *ring of protection* +2, *cloak of resistance* +3, *gauntlets of ogre power*, gold scepter (worth 350 gp)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Bleed (Ex) Any living creature damaged by Umad's claws continues to bleed, losing 1 hit point per round thereafter. Multiple wounds do not result in cumulative bleeding loss. A critical hit does not multiply this bleed damage. Creatures immune to critical hits are immune to the bleed damage. The bleeding can be stopped by a DC 10 Heal check.

Change Shape (Su) Umad's natural form is that of a donkey-hoofed undead shaitan. He can also assume the form of a hyena or any humanoid. Umad remains in one form until he chooses to assume another. A *true seeing* spell, however, always reveals his undead form. See *Dark Markets, A Guide to Katapesh* for complete details.

Create Spawn (Su) Any humanoid slain by Umad becomes a ghoul on the next moonrise. Likewise, a slain janni or genie becomes a ghul. Blessing or destroying the body (such as with acid or fire) prevents this reanimation.

Cursed Claws (Ex) Umad's wickedly curved claws are as hard as steel and count as both cold iron and magic for the purpose of bypassing damage reduction.

the decanter of black breath

Genie-Kin (Ex) For all effects related to race, Umad is considered a genie even though he is no longer an outsider.

Metalmorph (Su) As a standard action, Umad may warp and deform any one metal object within 20 feet. This functions like warp wood, but affects only metal objects that fail a DC 26 Fortitude save (attended objects use their wielder's saves). Armor or shields lose half their bonus to AC (enhancement bonuses are unaffected), and weapons are rendered useless except as improvised clubs. The transformation lasts 1 minute, after which the affected metal reverts to its normal state. The save DC is Charisma based.

Rend (Ex) If Umad hits with both claw attacks, he latches onto his opponent's body and tears the flesh. This automatically deals an extra 2d6+6 points of damage.

Unholy Fortitude (Ex) Umad gains bonus hit points equal to his Charisma modifier times his Hit Dice, and a bonus to his Fortitude saves equal to his Charisma modifier.

Skills Umad has a +4 racial bonus on Listen, Search, and Spot checks and a +8 racial bonus on Survival checks when following tracks. Umad has a +8 racial bonus on Climb checks and can always choose to take 10 while climbing, even if rushed or threatened.

Exceptional Stats Umad is a hero of a past age. His ability scores were generated using 32 points, rather than the standard 25-point elite array. Additionally, his gear was determined as if he were a PC to account for his history and ancient victories. These advantages increase his total CR by 1.

Treasure: A DC 26 Search check also reveals a secret compartment hidden behind the throne. Within lies 6,000 gp in assorted gems, ranging from 50 gp garnets to 1,000 gp diamonds. Here also is an ancient and poorly penned series of letters written in Terran to "Galistypheit, Most Splendorous of Diamonds." Anyone who spends a day reading these ancient letters learns of Umad's heroics in the service of the Stone Sorcerer and his unexplained imprisonment within his palace—and his undying adoration for the letters' would-be recipient, Galistypheit.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

Once Umad is destroyed, his control over the portal in area 1 ends, and the *Decanter of Black Breath* chooses a new master, whatever creature remaining in the demiplane has the highest Hit Dice. This is likely one of the PCs. Roll randomly to determine who gains control of the portal if several PCs have the same number of Hit Dice. Whomever the *Decanter* chooses as its new master is acknowledged by the momentary appearance of a halo of illusory gems. The character immediately knows the portal in the grand arcade is closed, but can be reopened with a thought. Upon returning to the portal, the PCs can pass through and return to wherever they left the *Decanter of Black Breath*, and keep or dispose of the relic as they see fit.

If the PCs found the correspondence in area 4 and choose to seek out Galistypheit, the addressee of Umad al-Waliyya's letters, a magic-aided investigation should reveal that she lives still in the Opaline Vault on the Elemental Plane of Earth. Should these letters be delivered to this very grateful shaitan matron, she rewards the PCs with a sword and shield that once belonged to her beloved, a +2 *thundering scimitar* and a +2 *fire-resistant heavy steel shield*. In addition, grant the PCs experience for an additional EL 15 encounter.

Now bearing one of the only artifacts of the lost Sanctum of Sand, the PCs might become interested in this hidden dungeon, or the dark robed figure who brought the *Decanter of Black Breath* back into the world. GMs are free to have the tale of Alras and his mysterious sanctuary be as real or fictitious as they please, though there have always been rumors of a hidden valley deep within the Trackless Storm of southern Katapesh...





The Drowned God

The city of Totras strolled past at a leisurely pace, framed by the silk-draped window of the litter I shared with Lapis. In my opinion, a gilded box carried on the shoulders of six tall, brawny men was a ridiculous way to travel. But according to Lapis, visitors to Vanir Shornish's mansion were expected to arrive in style. Anything less might attract notice.

"We'd get there sooner if we got down and walked," I grumbled.

The palace dancer propped her small, bare feet on the pillow beside me and smiled charmingly. "What sort of warrior keeps her weapons sheathed?"

Lapis's foot-fighting skills were impressive, so I let her dubious logic pass unremarked. I glanced out the window and caught a glimpse of Totras's most famed landmark—an enormous red granite statue of some long-dead pharaoh, staring impassively over the harbor.

"We'll be there soon. Some things must be said."

Lapis's smile faltered. She gave a cautious nod.

"Vanir Shornish is expecting me to bring him the Reliquary of the Drowned God." I passed a small, jeweled box from one hand to another, as if weighing it in some unseen scale. "This fits that description perfectly. It's shaped like a coffin, and it's certainly fine enough to hold a relic. There was even a piece of bone in it."

"Yes? So?"

"So it's a lie."

She sat up straight, genuine affront on her pretty face. "I do not lie, and neither did my grandfather!"

"Not directly, maybe, but dancing around the truth seems to be a family tradition. Take this box, for example."

I flipped open the lid and showed her the round indentation carved into the thick wooden bottom. "This was designed to hold a sphere of some sort. There are a few body parts fitting that description, but none of them make long-lasting relics. One might therefore conclude that this box is not the Reliquary Vanir is seeking."

Lapis folded her arms, tucked her feet under her skirts, and sulked for several moments.

"That's true," she admitted at last. "But if we hope to find the people who my killed my grandfather, we needed to follow the mermaid-crafted map as they expected, and we needed to find *something*."

"And what if there were nothing to find?"

"I knew there was," she admitted. "I wouldn't have risked sailing the Sandusky Shoal, otherwise."

I clenched my teeth and wrestled down the temptation to fling the box at Lapis's head. "Tell me everything."

Her shoulders rose and fell in a heavy sigh. "When my grandfather was a young man, he and his cousin, Shoffir Banni, collected artifacts and lore associated with the legendary city of Xanchara. For years theirs was a friendly rivalry, but Shoffir... changed. He became ambitious, obsessed with finding the Reliquary of the Drowned God, a powerful magical item thought to have been lost with the city. My grandfather knew it was not in Xanchara when the city disappeared into the sea. He knew it could be found, and he became concerned about what Shoffir would do if he found it."

"And what, exactly, might that be?"

Lapis shook a finger at me. "Story first, then questions. When Shoffir showed Gham the whale-skin map, Gham realized what the map was, where it led, and what the likely outcome of the voyage would be."

"Death to Shoffir and anyone unfortunate enough to sail with him."

"Yes," she said, confirming my grim assessment without a single bat of her painted lashes. "So of course, he encouraged Shoffir to go."

"Of course." I silently vowed to remind myself of this moment if ever I'm troubled by my own lack of family.

"But Shoffir, suspicious, invited him to come along. Gham agreed, believing that keeping Shoffir from finding the Reliquary was a worthwhile cause in which to die."

This was where the story joined paths with that I knew. "But the crew discovered the map. They mutinied and set Shoffir and Gham adrift in a small boat, but not soon enough." I paused for a grim smile. "The ship was scuttled by mermaids, probably the very mermaids you so considerately warned me about."

Now, I should probably note that I have no problem telling the occasional lie. Sea elves, not mermaids, brought down Shoffir Banni's ship. But in a way, my lie told more truth than Lapis's evasions. Mermaids created a map that would lure sailors to that spot, forcing the elves to defend their hidden city. Why would they do this? Most likely they were following the same impulse that prompts humans to toss roosters into a ring and watch them fight and kill. A mermaid's amusement might be more convoluted, but it's not so very different.

"There was a terrible storm," Lapis continued. "The rowboat sank. Gham washed up on the shore a few miles from Totras, more dead than alive. There was never any sign of Shoffir. Gham kept the whale-skin map in case someone knew what Shoffir sought, and went in search of the Reliquary."

"Because few things protect a secret better than a false trail with a fatal ending."

Lapis nodded somberly. "I wouldn't have undertaken that voyage without you. You knew to expect the mermaid. You know how to deal with monsters of the deep. Few people have your knowledge or skills."

I waited for a moment before asking, "And that's everything?"

She shrugged and spread her hands as if to say, "What else could there be?"

I answered her unspoken question by pulling a small knife from my boot and prying two emeralds from the ebony box. The first was attached to a tiny, slender key. I inserted it into the opening left by the second emerald and gave it a twist. The bottom of the box swung open, revealing a shallow hidden compartment. I took from it a tiny star chart bordered by runes. The chart was embossed on a thin sheet of silvery metal, shiny enough to reflect Lapis's wide-eyed surprise back to her.

"What is this? Don't bother pretending you don't know."

She gave up the effort at once. "A spell scroll," she said flatly. "Properly cast, it will summon a creature from the Dark Tapestry."

And there it was: the reason why the Night Heralds wanted this box. This was the secret Gham Banni had been willing to die to protect. The creature it summoned was probably once numbered among the many Vudrani gods Vanir Shornish venerated, which would explain his interest in the relic. It even explained why the Night Heralds involved Vanir. I did not recognize the runes on the metal spell scroll, but the Vudrani cleric, a collector of antiquities and a devotee of many small gods, was probably able to read a dozen ancient, obscure languages.

"So the box is important, after all. If it's not the Reliquary, perhaps it's meant to *hold* it?" I flipped open the lid. "What's supposed to go here? And more importantly, does Vanir Shornish have it? Do the Night Heralds?"

"They do not," Lapis said emphatically. She glanced out of the carriage window. "Good. We're here."

The litter-bearers came to a halt before a small, shoulder-high platform designed for docking such conveyances. After the men slid the litter into place, I stepped out and took stock of the situation while Lapis dickered over payment with the litter's captain.

Vanir Shornish lived in a white limestone fortress. At either end stood a tower, topped by an onion-dome roof,

and the whole was surrounded by tall, stout-looking walls. The wooden door facing the street was twice my height and banded with iron bars.

I climbed down the stairs and gave a bell rope a quick tug. Almost instantly the door swung open and Vanir bustled out, beaming with delight. The pristine white garments draping his ample form gleamed in the midday sun. I blinked, momentarily snow-blinded by his clerical splendor.

"Channa Ti, so wonderful to see you again! And so soon!" A flicker of concern twitched across his plump face. "Not too soon, I hope. Did you find—"

"Yes."

"Of course you did! Splendid, splendid."

For a moment I thought he would embrace me. Fortunately for all concerned, Lapis emerged from the cluster of burly litter carriers. Vanir fell back a step, his little black eyes widening. I was not surprised by his reaction. The little dancer's long, shining black hair and gem-blue silks caught many an appreciative eye.

"Is that... Tannabit Banni? Thousand gods, child, how you've grown! Your grandfather is well, I trust?"

"He's dead," I said. "And the sooner we get behind that wall, the less likely we are to join him."

The blood drained from Vanir's sun-browned face, leaving it a sickly ashen hue. Lapis sent me a reproachful glance and moved forward to give the cleric a daughterly embrace.

"Long years, Most Reverend Vanir," she said sweetly. "My grandfather spoke well of your scholarship. As his student and heir, I am honored to renew our acquaintance. I hope you don't mind that I accompanied Channa Ti?"

"Not at all, not at all." Bolstered by the dancer's praise, Vanir managed to collect himself. He bowed and gestured to the open door, the very picture of a welcoming host.

"Only the Night Heralds would be arrogant enough to presume they could enslave one of their own gods."

Lapis handed a large coin bag to the litter captain and followed Vanir in. I looked around as he bolted the door behind us.

The mansion was built around a courtyard, which in turn was dominated by a deep, rectangular pool of water. It was, by any measure, a place of rare luxury. White marble tiles surrounded the pool. Flowers bloomed profusely in colorful glazed pots. A silk-draped pavilion provided shade, as did a trio of date palms. But the most striking aspect of the courtyard was the wall beyond the pool. Many niches had been carved into the white limestone, and all of them appeared to hold icons or relics.

Vanir noted my scrutiny. "My humble altar," he said in a tone that was anything but humble. "The result of a lifetime of devotion. A place is prepared for the Reliquary of the Drowned God. Come see."

The cleric was off at a brisk waddle before either Lapis or I could demur. We exchanged a quick glance and followed him around the pool.

He stopped before an arched niche and started to reach for the small black idol within. Almost immediately he checked himself. His hand dropped to his side and a shudder of fear and revulsion rippled through his plump form.

I immediately understood his reaction. The thing was ugly beyond description, hideous in a way that went far beyond form. A quick glance was enough to send pain lancing through my temples, enough to burn an image in my mind of writhing tentacles studded with fanged lamprey mouths.

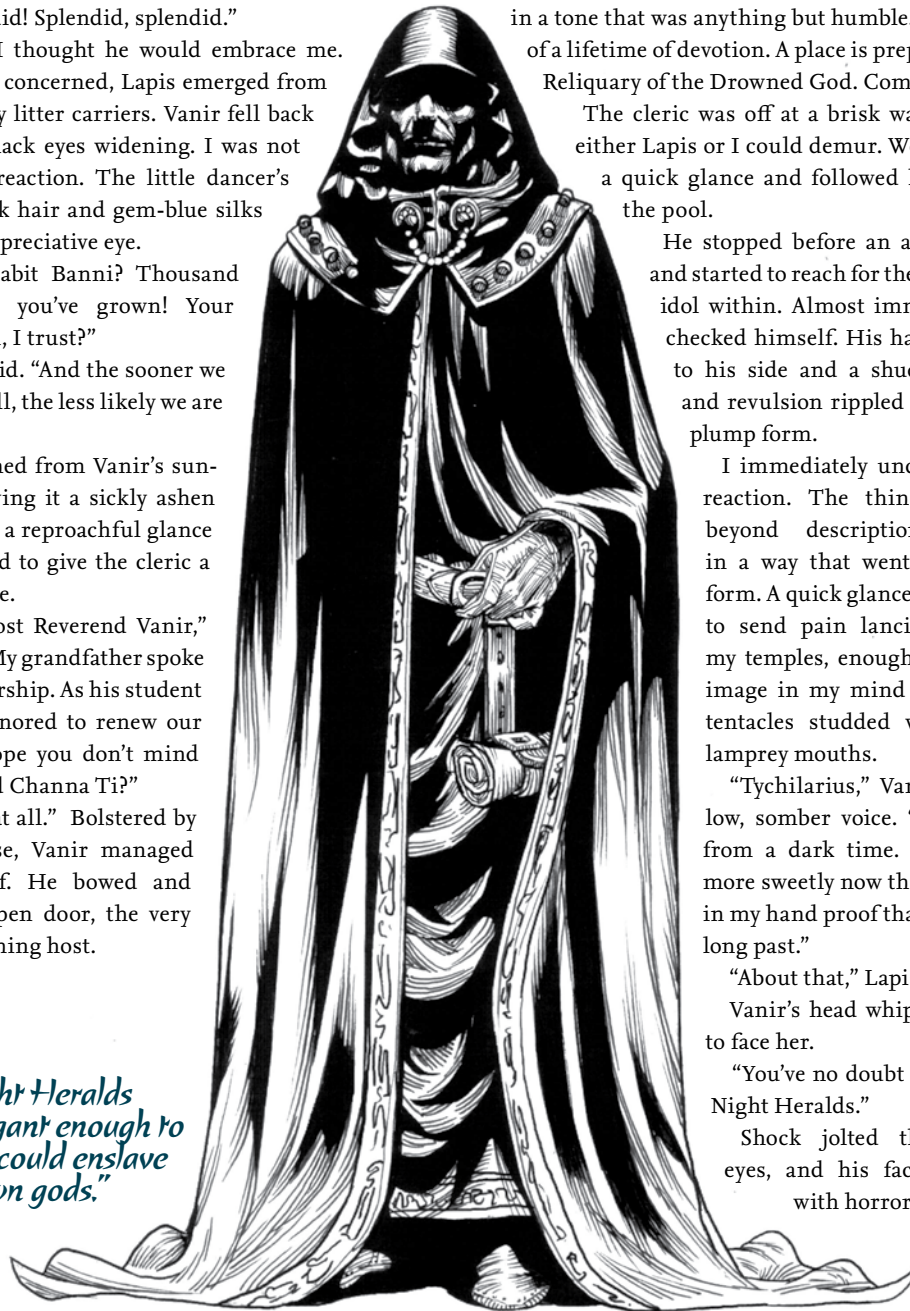
"Tychilarius," Varir said in a low, somber voice. "A dark god from a dark time. I will sleep more sweetly now that I can hold in my hand proof that his time is long past."

"About that," Lapis said.

Vanir's head whipped around to face her.

"You've no doubt heard of the Night Heralds."

Shock jolted through his eyes, and his face fell slack with horror. "No. Surely not."



She nodded. "They have been watching you. They intend for you to summon Tychilarius."

The cleric clutched at his ears and shook his head in furious denial. "But I would never do such a thing! I would do nothing at all for the Night Heralds!"

"No, of course not," she said soothingly. She took the box from me and handed it to Vanir. "But you *will* do it for me."

I didn't think it was possible for Vanir Shornish to look more frightened, but the grim purpose in Lapis's voice turned his face a lighter shade of gray.

There are moments in life when one is struck, usually too late, by some profoundly unpleasant insight. At that moment I realized that, despite all, I had grown to like and trust Lapis. I, Channa Ti, the druid who had no need of a companion animal, the half-elf who had no reason to trust her elven kin, the Pathfinder who expected betrayal at every turn. It also occurred to me that trusting Lapis might be the most—and last—foolish thing I ever did.

The sharp, acrid scent of impending lightning was our only warning. All three of us spun toward the threat, only to reel back from an explosion that sent waves of dark power pulsing through the courtyard.

A blue imp, a hideous, vaguely human-shaped creature resembling the unholy offspring of a mantis and a rock lizard, hovered in the shade of the date palms. A halo of dark, sparkling light surrounded it.

I pulled a dagger from my belt and glanced at the round opal hanging from a chain around Lapis's neck. "You let Janu out of that thing?"

"The opal wasn't meant to imprison such creatures," she said, her brow furrowed with concern. "They soon return to their true place."

Somehow I doubted she referred to Vanir's courtyard. If the imp had been summoned again from its homeland, it was once again acting on behalf of the Night Heralds. No doubt they were close behind.

Vanir's slack-jawed shock gave way to panic. He shrieked like a girl-child and brandished the jeweled box at the imp like the holy item he believed it to be. The creature responded with a fang-filled grin and swooped toward the cleric, bat-wings flapping and clawed hands reaching for the box.

Lapis leaped in front of Vanir and spun into a high kick. Her foot caught the imp squarely in the chest and sent it hurtling to one side. The imp slammed into the niche-carved wall. It slid down, arms flailing, and fell backward into the alcove housing an alabaster statue of a swan with a woman's head.

A *true* holy item.

Fetid steam poured from the niche, and a searing hiss mingled with the creature's shriek of pain.

Janu tumbled out and fell to the ground, still smoking. The imp turned a baleful glare upon Lapis and gathered itself for an attack.

"Go, Channa," Lapis said, her gaze fixed on the imp. "Go *now*. Trust me, you'll only make matters worse."

"Trust you? Trust you?"

For some reason, this seemed to surprise Lapis. She sent me a quick, startled glance. Her gaze skipped past me and her eyes widened in an expression too fleeting to interpret, too swift to be feigned.

I turned to see what had caught Lapis's eye. The dark halo that had surrounded Janu had grown to nearly the height of a man. From that glittering oval stepped—

Gham Banni.

After that first, heart-stopping moment of recognition, I realized my mistake. My venture-captain had been a small man, thin and wiry and as bald as an egg. Time had dug deep furrows into his face, which had the same fine features and patrician, red-brown hue as his granddaughter's. This man was alike enough to be Gham's twinborn brother. But my venture-captain's eyes had never been so cold and empty, and he would have cut his own throat before he would don the robes of a Night Herald.

Lapis dipped into a pretty curtsy, her painted eyes demurely downcast and one hand resting over her heart.

"Greetings, Honored Cousin. I am Tannabit Banni, Gham's granddaughter and heir. As you can see, I have brought you everything you need."

She rose and swept her hand in an arc that included Vanir, the jeweled box... and me.

More Night Heralds came through the black gate. Not knowing what else to do, I drew a second dagger and kicked into a running charge.

Lapis leaped into my path. One small foot lashed up, faster than thought, and caught me under the chin.

My head snapped back. A second jolt struck the back of my skull, and in some dim, pain-shrouded part of my mind I realized I had fallen straight back onto the marble tiles.

Pain swept me down, inexorable as the tide. Lapis's face swam into view for a moment, then disappeared as the dark waters engulfed us both.

I woke to the sound of chanting accompanied by an insistent chorus of booming thuds. A moment passed before I separated the pounding in my head from that coming from the courtyard door. An eternity later, I managed to pry open my eyes.

I was lying on my back, my arms raised over my head and my feet spread. When I tried to move, I realized that I was bound to an X-shaped frame. The Night Heralds had come well prepared.

Lapis crouched over me, busy with the ropes securing my left wrist. Her opal pendant brushed my face as she leaned over to tighten the other side.

Shoffir Banni stood over us, wringing his hands and darting furtive glances toward the door. "Hurry, child. The spell must be cast before they break through."

"The spell must be cast," she agreed. Her gaze brushed against mine, slid away. "The transformation must take place. The half-elf will resist it, of course, but waiting too long could be fatal for us all."

My jaw throbbled where she'd kicked me. I wouldn't be surprised to learn that it was broken. Speech was probably impossible. I tried anyway.

"Look at me."

My voice was rough, barely more than a whisper, but Lapis heard. For a moment our eyes met, and I saw what there was to see.

I tore one hand free of the ropes, ignoring the pain of torn skin and small, broken bones, and struck Lapis across the face as hard as I could. My hand tangled in the dangling pendant. The chain broke, and the opal rolled toward the pool.

"Never mind that," Shoffir snarled as Lapis lunged toward the gem. Her fingers brushed it, but only succeeded in speeding its way into the water.

He held me down while Lapis retied the ropes on my bleeding wrist. That accomplished, she rose and opened the false bottom of the ebony box. She handed the little metal scroll to Vanir Shornish.

Sweat poured in rivulets down the cleric's face, but his voice was sonorous and firm as he began the incantation.

Something gathered around me, pushed at me.

Imagine the agony of standing in the hot breath of a desert dragon, the horror of finding yourself in the

intimate embrace of a rotting corpse. Imagine the scent and taste of jackal dung and the writhing spasms of nausea as your body fights to rid itself of the foulness. Imagine feeling all those things, all at once, and you will begin to know what I felt.

Four of the Night Heralds, still chanting, picked up the frame and threw me, screaming, into the pool.

Water swept over my skin, familiar and welcoming. The sense of intrusion ebbed. I knew a moment's relief as the heavy frame sank to the bottom of the pool. Then it landed with a bone-jarring crash, and the gathering power of the incantation pushed at me with renewed force. My urge to transform, to escape, was almost more than I could bear.

I could see the creature in my mind now, as painfully hideous as the idol in Vanir's altar, and this time there was no looking away. This horror wanted me, *needed* me. If it was to take form on our world, it needed a physical body. Mine would do. A shapeshifter of any sort would serve just as well. Once the transformation was complete, there would be nothing left of the host. Not my body, nor my soul. This I knew, with a certainty that passed anything I had ever known before.

It had never occurred to me that I might meet a watery end. But I could die in this pool. If I could endure the pain, if I could let myself drown, would that cut the thread binding me to the Dark Tapestry? Would my death deny the Night Heralds their god?

The transformation must take place.

Lapis's words echoed through my mind, my last thought before the druid-change took me.

My limbs disappeared, my bones melted into something more flexible and fluid. It was easy, so easy, for my eel form to slip free of my bonds.

Dark power merged with the magic of my transformation, warped my druid-change to its own purposes. Tentacles burst from my sleek, scaled body, and my eel flesh split to reveal new fanged mouths. Eyes blinked open here and there, forcing me to watch, to see what I was becoming.

I suppose there was pain. Whatever my body endured was nothing compared to the darkness singing its way through the pathways of my mind. Every impulse shrieked at me to push the creature from me before it was too late.

Too late would be fatal for us all.

My eel form was nearly unrecognizable now. I forced myself to reclaim my half-elf body—

For one brief moment, I was Channa Ti. But the horror Vanir had called Tychilarius struck back with the force of a khamsin sandstorm. All of those tentacles and mouths and eyes tore free of my body in one sudden, agonizing burst.

All my life, I have shared mind and body with dangerous predators.

"It seems the Reliquary is full of secrets after all."



I have walked the fine line between taking command of another form and losing myself to another creature. That line was swiftly approaching, but I was not quite there.

I willed my new, unblinking eyes to search for what I needed. The eye on the palm of one hand saw it first, and my seeing hand reached toward it.

But by now, Tychilarius was also in *my* mind. The creature understood what I meant to do.

My own writhing tentacles fought me as I reached for the opal on the bottom on the pool. I fought back with everything I was, everything I'd learned from the creatures whose forms I've borrowed. Finally, finally, I seized the gemstone.

The whole world vanished.

I awoke more slowly this time, and in considerably more comfort. Instead of a hard ebony frame, I rested on downy pillows and silk sheets.

Lapis sat in a chair beside me. She smiled and held up a silvered glass for me to look in. To my intense relief, my reflection sported no more than the usual allotment of half-elven limbs and facial features.

"It's gone?"

She nodded. "Your timing was perfect. The opal only imprisons evil creatures. Had you waited much longer, had the creature gained too much of a foothold, you wouldn't have been able to pull free. Had you picked up the gem too soon, we might not have captured the creature at all."

"Where is the opal now?"

"It's back inside the box, which Vanir Shornish has proudly added to his collection." She held up a hand to forestall my protests. "The Reliquary has served its purpose, and cannot be used again."

I thought that over. My mind was still foggy, so it took me longer than it otherwise might to grasp the implications.

"The opal is the Reliquary," I said. "It was meant to capture a creature from the Dark Tapestry, but a creature that had already manifested. I suppose it never occurred to the artifact's creators that someone might use the summoning spell to bring a creature *here*."

"Elves can be amazingly shortsighted," Lapis said, sending me a demure, sidelong glance.

That, I would think about some other time.

"If the spell can only be used once, that would explain why you wanted Vanir to cast it before the Night Heralds arrived."

Silence hung between us for a long moment, heavy with the memory of my suspicions. For the lack of anything better to say, I observed, "The 'litter bearers' took care of the Night Heralds, I assume."

"Eventually." Lapis rolled her eyes. "Had they bothered to look in that coin bag I gave them, they wouldn't have wasted time trying to break through the door."

Gods of the Dark Tapestry

Though Tychilarius is referred to several times here as a god, this is something of a misnomer. Unlike true deities, demon lords, and other such divinely powerful beings, Tychilarius is unable to grant spells. Instead, he's merely one of a large collection of strange and mysterious organisms that dwell in the Dark Tapestry, the dark spaces between worlds where entropy rules and even light slows and stills. There, beings with malignant, incomprehensible intelligences rule the aether, singing their songs of madness and commanding a mysterious consortium of emissaries known as the Dominion of the Black. While misguided groups like the Night Heralds sometimes attempt to contact these beings, such exchanges rarely end well for the greedy mortals.

I burst out laughing. It hurt, but the pain was worth it. "You stole Vanir's keys when you greeted him."

She nodded, pleased. "It's a pleasure to work with a truly devious mind. You always seemed to think two steps beyond anything I told you. I don't know how we could have managed, otherwise."

It was difficult to meet her gaze, but some things needed to be spoken. "I came late to some understandings."

Lapis waved this away. "You were right to be suspicious of me. I would have preferred to be more open and direct, but the Night Heralds were watching you. I couldn't know how closely. I could say no more than I could afford them to hear."

I nodded, accepting this.

"My grandfather said your instincts were sound and assured me you would figure things out—" She paused to send me a wry little smile. "Eventually."

She regarded me expectantly.

It took a while, but I finally divined her meaning. "You're my new venture-captain?"

Lapis cocked her head. "Are you surprised and pleased, or plotting my demise? The look on your face could go either way."

That summed up my feelings admirably. I folded my arms and glared at her. "I suppose you're marginally preferable to a foul tentacle beast."

"You know, I never tire of hearing that."

My lips twitched; I couldn't help it. "Can we speak plainly now?"

"Gods above, you've been holding back?"

"Xanchara," I said, ignoring her sarcasm. "Did Gham ever find it?"

My new venture-captain's smile was slow, sweet, and full of promise.

"Not yet."



Bestiary: Creatures of Katapesh

Beings fantastic and terrible, drawn from some of the most incredible tales of a hundred nations, fill this entry into the Pathfinder Bestiary, bringing a close to this series revealing the creatures of Katapesh. From the Ancient Persian and Iranian myths come the simurgh, an incredible bird filled with benevolence and splendor, but also destruction, as those who would do it harm swiftly discover. From this same region originate tales of a new race of exotic dragons, the azi, foul and terrible wyrms bent on murder and the despoiling of all things. These voracious beasts draw much of their power from the ancient creator of their kind, the greatest of all divs, the godlike evil Ahriman. Rivaling this immortal terror also comes the resurrected Spawn of Rovagug, Xotani the Firebleeder, the ultimate bane of those heroes who fail in this month's adventure, "The Final Wish."

WANDERING MONSTERS

Freed upon Katapesh to wreak his terrible will, the efreeti lord Jhavhul has subjugated a fire-scarred domain in

northwestern Katapesh. Throughout "The Final Wish," the PCs might encounter the efreeti's servants. As Jhavhul commands the allegiance of a host of fire creatures, outsiders, elementals, and other varied legions of powerful beings, parties might encounter all manner of deadly foes. Whenever the adventure calls for it, or the GM sees fit to add an additional event, use the "Random Encounters with Jhavhul's Army" table to determine what servants of the evil jinn the PCs happen across.

As Jhavhul commands a mighty legion of elemental beings, any of the creatures from the wandering monster chart found in *Pathfinder Adventure Path* volume #23 might also might be encountered among his troops.

THE POWERFUL SERPENTS

"No one ever escapes from my claws; all of this plain is mine, like the sky above it. Eagles don't dare fly over this land, and even the stars don't look down upon it." It paused, and then said, "What is your name, because your mother must weep for you?"

—The Dragon to Rostam, *The Book of Kings*

Within the Lion's maw lies a doom for every destiny. The lair of each dark spirit, the pit of every foulness, the womb of every vice, the Lion tastes our sins and endlessly yearns for more. From the maw springs the shadow of every flame. For every tower that pierces the heavens there rise fangs to tear them down. For every heady wine patiently distilled there slaver seas of steaming spittle. For every nation rising to challenge fate there rot fields of carcasses ready to be swallowed. We live as we live, arrogant and ignorant, fearless and thoughtless, morsels who think themselves masters, prey silently hoping to cling to their obliviousness till after the maw snaps closed.

—Shazathared, *Within the Lion's Maw*

In the world full of destructive and dangerous creatures, only a handful rank among the powerful creatures known as dragons. Those named linnorms, drakes, and wyverns by scholars share a close lineage to true dragons, but are not alone in their kinship to the great wyrms. Presented on the following pages are the gandareva, the sruvara, and the zahak, members of an ancient race of nefarious dragons, known as the azi.

Ancient writings claim the Lord of the Divs, Ahriman himself, created the first azi, in league with the evil dragon deity Dahak to vex the spawn of the benevolent dragon god Apsu. (See *Pathfinder Chronicles: Gods & Magic* for more details on Dahak.) While azi obviously share draconic similarities, their wicked lust for destruction easily links them to Ahriman and the divs. Exceedingly proud creatures who believe themselves to be a race of draconic nobles, azi eagerly expound upon their strengths, claiming that their bloodlines meld those of dragons and deities. To this end, they revel in dominating weaker creatures and wasting their lives in futile gamuts, seeing all non-dragons as their playthings. These exotic and proud wyrms are native to sultry climes and rarely venture into colder realms.

True dragons of all types typically show animosity to azi, and some hunt and kill them outright—though most have learned not to underestimate these destructive creatures. Evil dragons rarely deal directly with azi and even when they do, treat them as inferiors, an attitude that infuriates the excessively proud azi. Even young chromatic dragons innately look down upon their cousins, a deadly position in some cases, as the brash dragons discover azi wield strange and potent powers. Good dragons attempt to eliminate azi whenever possible and some seek to do them harm with more vigor than they normally reserve for their chromatic counterparts. Many non-dragon races also loathe azi, and the folklore of numerous cultures tell of tyrannical wyrms slain by great heroes. Azi sneer at such tales, and even the suggestion of one of their kind being slain by an inferior race provides sufficient reason for them to rampage, proving their true strength to any impertinent enough to doubt it.

Random Encounters with Jhahvul's Army

d%	Encounter	Avg. EL	Source
1–3	2d8 azers	8	MM 21
4–7	2d6 magma mephits	8	MM 183
8–11	2d8 fire mephits	9	MM 182
12–13	2d4 fire phantoms	9	ToH2**
14–16	1d4 firefiends	9	ToHR*
17–20	2d6 gargoyles	9	MM 113
21–23	1d8 average salamanders	10	MM 218
24–26	1d6 burning dervishes	10	ToH2**
27–30	1d4 efreet	10	MM 115
31–33	2d4 ettins	10	MM 106
34–36	2d8 harpies	10	MM 150
37–38	1d6 hellcats	10	MM 54
39–42	1d4 Huge fire elementals	10	MM 98
43–44	1 juvenile red dragon	10	MM 75
45–47	1d8 lamias	10	MM 165
48–49	2d6 rasts	10	MM 213
50–53	1d4 greater fire elementals	11	MM 98
54–56	1d4 red dracolisks	11	ToHR*
57–60	1d4 vrocks	11	MM 48
61–66	1d8 efreet	12	MM 115
67–70	1d8 erinyes	12	MM 54
71–73	1d4 nine-headed pyrohydras	12	MM 156
74–77	1d4 salamander nobles	12	MM 218
78–79	1d4 tophets	12	Pathfinder #21
80–82	1d4 cauchemar nightmares	13	MM 194
83–86	1d6 fire giants	13	MM 121
87–89	1d4 retrievers	13	MM 46
90–91	1 tarry demodand	13	ToHR*
92–93	1 brass guardian	14	Pathfinder #24
94–96	2d8 efreet	14	MM 115
97–98	1 furnace golem	14	ToH2**
99	1 gandareva azhi	15	Pathfinder #24
100	1 adult red dragon	15	MM 75

* From the *Tome of Horrors Revised*

** From the *Tome of Horrors II*



AHRIMAN

Its black, depthless eyes seeming to see through existence, this towering figure melds the features of numerous bestial predators and a tortured genie in a form of tremendous dread. Feral and muscular, its man-like facade blends with the claws of a blood-soaked tiger and the taloned feet of a savaging vulture. Powerful wings spread behind it, darkness spilling from them like an eclipse, and through its black skin slither both vipers and scorched chains. Its visage is that of some terrible lion, a predatory face twisted with hatred and crowned by gnarled horns. From its dark maw echoes a cacophony of roars and screams, as well as the hint of darkness beyond mere shadow.

AHRIMAN, LORD OF THE DIVS

NE Huge outsider (div, evil, extraplanar)

Init +10; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., see in darkness; Listen +37,

CR 22

Spot +37

Aura aura of hopelessness (30 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 46, touch 14, flat-footed 40

(+6 Dex, +32 natural, -2 size)

hp 445 (27d8+324)

Fort +27, **Ref** +23, **Will** +24

Defensive Abilities venom aegis; **DR** 20/cold iron, epic, and good;

Immune fire, poison; **Resistance** acid 20, electricity 20; **SR** 33

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., fly 60 ft. (perfect)

Melee 2 claws +36 (1d8+11) and

2 talons +34 (1d8+5) and

bite +34 (2d6+5)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks bottomless maw, double rend (2d8+16 or 4d8+32), *summon div*

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 20th)

Always active—*true seeing*

At will—*greater teleport*, *unhallow*, *unholy blight* (DC 22), *speak with dead* (DC 21)

3/day—*horrid wilting* (DC 26), *implosion* (DC 27), *plane shift* (DC 26), *wish*

STATISTICS

Str 30, **Dex** 22, **Con** 35, **Int** 22, **Wis** 24, **Cha** 27

Base Atk +27; **Grp** +45

Feats Awesome Blow, Cleave, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack

Skills Bluff +38, Concentration +27, Decipher Script +21,

Diplomacy +46, Hide +28, Intimidate +42, Knowledge (arcana)

+21, Knowledge (architecture) +36, Knowledge (history) +36,

Knowledge (nature) +21, Knowledge (religion) +36, Knowledge

(the planes) +21, Listen +37, Move Silently +21, Search +21,

Sense Motive +37, Spellcraft +23, Spot +37

Languages Abyssal, Aquan, Auran, Celestial, Draconic, Ignan, Infernal, Terran; telepathy 100 ft.

SQ deathless doom

ECOLOGY

Environment Abaddon

Organization unique

Treasure standard

Advancement —

Level Adjustment —

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Hopelessness (Su) Ahriman radiates an aura of despair.

Any creature that comes within 30 feet of Ahriman must succeed on a DC 31 Will save or take a -4 penalty on attack rolls, saving throws, skill checks, and ability checks. The save DC for this effect is Charisma-based.

Bottomless Maw (Su) Ahriman can try to swallow a grabbed opponent of any size by making a successful grapple check, magically shrinking his foe and banishing him to an extraplanar

bottomless pit. Ahriman cannot swallow any creature with the good subtype or affected by the spell *holy aura*.

Once swallowed, opponents fall endlessly, taking 2d8+12 points of sonic damage as they plummet through the Lord of the Divs' cacophonous interior—a repulsive, lightless pit where heresies and praises to Ahriman are screamed in all languages at once. In addition, every round, swallowed creatures must make a DC 31 Will save or be dominated, as per the spell *dominate monster*, for 1 day. Ahriman knows when he has dominated a creature and may expel any creature in his stomach as a standard action, causing it to appear in any square adjacent to him (or the nearest square possible).

A swallowed creature cannot cut its way out. Any creature within an area of magical silence is unaffected by the sonic damage or *dominate monster* effect of Ahriman's stomach. Swallowed creatures can escape through the use of *plane shift* or similar plane-traveling magic. The spells *atonement*, *freedom*, *holy word*, *limited wish*, *miracle*, or *wish*, or a turning check made by a good-aligned cleric that affects creatures of 15 Hit Dice or greater—cast by either a creature outside or swallowed by Ahriman—stuns the Lord of the Divs for 1 round, forcing him to release every creature held within his stomach at once. If he has no creatures in his stomach, casting such spells has no effects. Summoning a creature with the good subtype or casting the spell *holy aura* within Ahriman also causes him to release every creature in his stomach.

Deathless Doom (Su) Ahriman can choose to turn any living creature he kills into an undead monster. Any humanoid slain by Ahriman becomes a wight in 1d4 rounds. It does not possess any of the abilities it had in life. Additionally, any genie killed by Ahriman rises in 1d4 hours as a ghul. Both of these types of undead are under the command of Ahriman and remain enslaved until their destruction. (See *Pathfinder Chronicles: Dark Markets, A Guide to Katapesh* for details on ghuls.)

Double Rend (Ex) If Ahriman hits with both of his claw attacks or both of his talon attacks, he latches onto his opponent's body and tears the flesh. Ahriman's rend can affect two separate creatures or a single opponent. If he hits the same creature with either both of his claws or both of his talons, the attack automatically deals an additional 2d8+16 points of damage. If he hits the same creature using both of his claws and both of his talons concurrently, the attack automatically deals an additional 4d8+32 points of damage.

See in Darkness (Su) Ahriman can see perfectly in darkness of any kind, even that created by a *deeper darkness* spell.

Summon Div (Sp) Three times per day, Ahriman can summon 2d6 divs in whatever combination of dorus, ghawwas, pairakas, shirs, or sepid divs he wishes. Alternatively, he may summon any one specific div he wishes. A div who does not wish to answer Ahriman's call must make a DC 31 Will save to resist instantly appearing before its lord. The save DC is Charisma-based. This ability is equivalent to a 9th-level spell.

Venom Aegis (Sp) Ahriman's flesh writhes with countless vipers,

the embodiments of ancient and forgotten evils. Any creature striking Ahriman with handheld weapons or natural weapons must make a DC 35 Fortitude save or take 1d6 points of Strength drain. The save DC is Charisma-based. On each such successful attack, Ahriman gains 5 temporary hit points. Note that weapons with exceptional reach, such as longspears, do not endanger their users in this way.

The evil of Ahriman is among the oldest and greatest known to geniekind. The tales of the jinn tell that with the first act of creation sprang to life the first genies, but also a shadow of inevitable destruction. From this shadow a spirit of annihilation was born, a primal embodiment of the doom that must inevitably come to all things to maintain the balance of existence. Through the countless millennia, this spirit came to be known as Ahriman, and ever has he confounded the works of genies and mortals.

Ahriman's ultimate goal and reason for existence is oblivion, for as much as he is a sentient being he is too a primal force of destruction. To aid him in his works throughout the multiverse, he corrupts the souls of destructive genies into subservient divs, along with twisting others against their kind in the creation of ghuls and other undead. In Abaddon his seed of destruction has found fertile soil in which to grow, where he rules over a bleak dominion from a mountaintop temple carved from the ruins of fallen monuments, where the sky swirls in a perpetual, apocalyptic void. From here he looks out upon the planes, painting ruin throughout them with the pigments of intricate curses, poorly worded *wishes*, and impossible quests. He delights in *achistemanah* or "worst thinking," influencing of bad decisions and enticing sentient beings to turn away from wisdom. Through his efforts he hopes to turn all the efforts of reality toward destruction and hasten creation back to a peaceful, absolute oblivion.

Ahriman's presence is felt on Golarion not only through the actions of his div minions, but also in the machinations of the Usij. These heretical sorcerers and cultists revere Ahriman and spread a dogma of nihilism and atheism against all gods of creation. Though few Usij still practice on Golarion, they find ways to spread ruin throughout the lands, typically operating in places where life only tenuously holds out against destruction, such as desert regions like Kelesh, Qadira, and Katapesh. These vile spellcasters often seek to corrupt leaders with insidious council, all the while working to corrupt the land and despoil fundamental resources in the name of their foul lord. Usij have access to the domains of Darkness, Destruction, Death, and Evil. Ahriman's symbol is a black circle with a thin sliver of light overtaken by darkness.



AZI, GANDAREVA

Four massive claws extend from the coils of this gigantic serpent, each rivaling its monstrous draconic mouth in ferocity. Its skin pebbled like the sea bed, this dragon-like terror looks as if it could easily splinter even the sturdiest vessel.

GANDAREVA AZI

CR 16

NE Gargantuan dragon (aquatic)

Init +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light; Listen +17, Spot +30

DEFENSE

AC 34, touch 7, flat-footed 33

(+1 Dex, +27 natural, -4 size)

hp 264 (23d12+115)

Fort +18, **Ref** +14, **Will** +15

DR 15/magic; **Immune** paralysis effects, poison, sleep; **Resistance** acid 10, fire 10; **SR** 24

OFFENSE

Spd 20 ft., fly 80 ft (poor); swim 80 ft.

Melee bite +27 (4d6+8) and

4 claws +25 (2d8+4) and

tail slap +25 (2d8+4)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (bite 20 ft.)

Special Attacks breath weapon, cursed to the depths, swim-by attack

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 14th)

At will—*curse water*, *fog cloud*, *detect magic*, *speak with animals*

3/day—*arcane eye*, *charm animal* (DC 13), *hallucinatory terrain* (DC 17), *obscure object* (DC 15), *quench* (DC 15), *solid fog*

1/day—*acid fog*, *control water*, *song of discord* (DC 17), *veil* (DC 18)

STATISTICS

Str 26, **Dex** 12, **Con** 21, **Int** 14, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 15

Base Atk +23; **Grp** +43

Feats Alertness, Awesome Blow, Blind-Fight, Improved Initiative, Improved Bull Rush, Multiattack, Power Attack, Snatch

Skills Appraise +15, Bluff +28, Diplomacy +19, Escape Artist +14, Hide +15, Intimidate +18, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Knowledge (nature) +17, Listen +17, Search +15, Spot +30, Survival +15, Swim +42

Languages Aquan, Common, Draconic

SQ amphibious

ECOLOGY

Environment warm aquatic

Organization solitary

Treasure double standard

Advancement 24–35 HD (Gargantuan); 36–47 HD (Colossal)

Level Adjustment —

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Amphibious (Ex) Although gandarevas are aquatic, they can survive indefinitely on land.

Breath Weapon (Su) A gandareva can spew forth a wave of thick, acidic ooze (60-foot cone, once every 1d4 rounds, damage 14d8 acid, Reflex 26 DC half). In addition, every square affected by a gandareva's breath is covered in this vicious slurry for 1 minute. If a creature in the area succeeded at its save, it is entangled within the sticky muck, but not prevented from moving, though moving is more difficult than normal. If a creature failed its save, it is entangled and can't move from its space, but can break loose by spending 1 round and making a DC 26 Strength check or a DC 26 Escape Artist check. Once loose (either by making the initial Reflex save or a later Strength check or Escape Artist check), a creature remains entangled, but may move through the muck very slowly. Each round devoted to moving allows the creature to make a new Strength check or Escape Artist check. The creature moves 5 feet for each full 5 points by which the check result exceeds 10. The muck retains its acidic quality until it dissolves. Thus, any

creature that ends its turn in a square affected by the slime takes 3d8 points of acid damage (one-fourth of the breath weapon's initial damage). This ooze is as equally effective underwater as it is on land. The save and check DCs are Constitution-based.

Cursed to the Depths (Su) Once every minute, a gandareva can hiss a deadly curse that causes any single creature currently swimming to become much heavier and potentially begin sinking. The target must make a DC 23 Will save or instantly take a –10 penalty on all Swim checks as it feels unnaturally heavy for the next 5 minutes. During this time, a victim, even one with a Swim speed, must make a Swim check every round to move. Every Swim check that fails by 4 or less means the target makes no progress swimming, while failure by 5 or more means the target sinks by 10 feet. *Remove curse* ends this effect immediately. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Swim-By Attack (Ex) Nimble in the water despite its size, a gandareva can attack while swimming and continue its movement. When using the attack action with one of its natural weapons, a gandareva can move both before and after the attack. The distance moved cannot be longer than a gandareva's swim speed. When a gandareva performs this action, it does not provoke an attack of opportunity from the creature attacked, but may draw attacks of opportunity from other creatures in the combat. A gandareva must move at least 5 feet both before and after the attack.

Skills A gandareva has a +8 racial bonus on any Swim check to perform some special action or avoid a hazard. It can always choose to take 10 on a Swim check, even if distracted or endangered. It can use the run action while swimming, provided it swims in a straight line.

A menace to the open waters, gandarevas terrorize ships that dare to sail through their domain. Frequently identified as sea serpents by superstitious sailors, gandarevas possess four mighty arms, capable of plucking travelers from the decks of their ships and flinging them into stormy seas. Their mighty wings serve them almost as well above the waves as beneath, allowing them to sail over the waves nearly as swiftly as they swim below them. An adult gandareva measures almost 30 feet long and weighs upward of 15 tons.

Ecology

While a threat to aquatic and seafaring races, gandarevas also threaten the very oceans in which they live. A gandareva left unchecked ruins local fishing by draining the sea dry of potential harvests. Seafaring nations whose economies rely on trade and fishing sometimes organize fleets of their most capable ships and sailors to hunt these vile creatures. Many such fleets never return.

Although capable of living in the open air, gandarevas much prefer salt water, their scales becoming irritated and

chafed if allowed to dehydrate. These azi willingly suffer such discomfort, though, if they believe they've been stolen from or to repay a slight visited upon them by intruders or would-be thieves. Whole coastal communities have been laid to waste by the rampages of gandarevas who believe stolen bits of their treasure might have found their way to such places.

Habitat & Society

Gandarevas covet elaborate works of art, powerful magic items, and other riches that might garner them the jealousy of kings and whose theft might spread war across whole nations. As much as they enjoy great wealth, they revel in being envied. They frequently spy on vessels crossing the seas for the presence of such treasures, endlessly seeking objects of fabulous value, such as the crown jewels of traveling royalty, the treasure ships of returning explorers, or even the storied weapons of great heroes. Once they possess such treasures, they do all they can to protect them, with one gandareva creating up to a dozen treasure vaults across its territory, using deadly aquatic guardians and magical wards to protect their stolen wealth. They never ally with sentient creatures, no matter how evil, being demonstrably paranoid about betrayal and potential theft.

Incredibly territorial, gandarevas claim vast underwater territories around their lairs, holding dominion over their lands both above and below the waves. Knowing that living creatures are far more likely to bring new wealth into their lands than dead ones, they often demand tolls of ships passing through their waters. Some merchant conglomerates have even been known to pay yearly tithes to gandarevas to assure their ships remain safe—the most nefarious ones do this, then neglect to tell rivals of their shipping lanes' native dangers.

Known Gandarevas

Feared by sailors throughout the southern Arcadian Ocean—and even more so the Obari Ocean—numerous gandarevas eye the waves above, watchful for treasures to pluck from the surface.

The Gold Spider: Stalking a wide territory off the coast of Thuvia, the mighty gandareva called the Gold Spider is a stealthy, greedy, and murderous hunter. By rising beneath small vessels, she wraps her arms around ships and suddenly yanks them down beneath the water, causing them to disappear beneath the waves with nary a trace.

Niertovannas: This azi has a standing agreement with Oros the Widower, captain of the *Maiden's Lie*. The infamous pirate Lothario pays the dragon in stolen art and beautiful maidens for exclusive rights to sail through the azi's territory and hide in the dragon's secret cove to the southwest of Jula in the Sodden Lands.



AZI, SRUVARA

Hissing poison drips from the many-fanged maw of this monstrous serpent. Its body like that of some gigantic venomous snake, this sinister wyrm-like beast undulates with frightening speed, and two pairs of lean wings rise from the base of a thick neck supporting a powerful, draconic visage.

SRUVARA AZI

CR 15

NE Huge dragon

Init +12; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Listen +13, Spot +12

DEFENSE

AC 34, touch 16, flat-footed 26

(+8 Dex, +18 natural, -2 size)

hp 243 (18d12+126)

Fort +18, **Ref** +21, **Will** +13

DR 10/magic; **Immune** disease, paralysis effects, poison, sleep;

Resistance acid 10, fire 10; **SR** 25

OFFENSE

Spd 60 ft., climb 30 ft., fly 120 ft. (good)

Melee bite +24 (2d8+8 plus poison) and

2 claws +22 (2d6+4) and

sting +22 (2d6+4 plus poison)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft. (bite 15 ft.)

Special Attacks breath weapon, noxious cloud, poison

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th)

At will—*acid arrow*, *curse water*, *detect thoughts* (DC 17), *major image* (DC 18), *ventriloquism* (DC 15)

3/day—*blindness/deafness* (DC 17), *confusion* (DC 19), *dimension door*, *displacement* (DC 18)

1/day—*acid fog*, *gaseous form*

STATISTICS

Str 27, **Dex** 26, **Con** 25, **Int** 12, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 20

Base Atk +18; **Grp** +34

Feats Blind-Fight, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Improved Trip, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack

Skills Appraise +12, Balance +19, Bluff +26, Climb +26, Hide +21, Intimidate +18, Jump +30, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Listen +13, Move Silently +29, Spot +12

Languages Common, Draconic, Infernal

ECOLOGY

Environment warm marshes

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

Advancement 19–27 HD (Huge); 28–36 HD (Gargantuan)

Level Adjustment —

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Breath Weapon (Su) A sruvara can spit forth a stream of poison so corrupt it can sear skin and dissolve metal (100-foot line, once every 1d4 rounds, damage 12d8 acid, Reflex DC 26 half). Any creature damaged by an sruvara's breath must make an additional DC 26 Fortitude save or be poisoned (initial and secondary damage 1d4 Con). This poison is so concentrated that even living creatures normally immune to poison—such as high-level druids and monks, wearers of magic items like a *periapt of proof against poison*, demons, or other creatures—must still save against this poison. Non-living creatures like constructs and undead remain immune to this poison.

Additionally, the first creature struck by a sruvara's line of poison that fails its Reflex save takes a concentrated burst of the poison, instantly causing its armor to corrode, completely destroying it. Magic armor must succeed on an additional DC 26 Reflex save to resist being dissolved.

All save DCs are Constitution-based.

Cursed to Corruption (Su) Sruvaras spread the taint of evil wherever they go, and delight in few things more than tarnishing the gleam of true innocence with their corruption. Once every minute, a sruvara can spit a blasphemous curse. The target must make a DC 24 Will save or have an angry blemish rise upon its skin in the form of some foul sigil. This mark is treated in all ways as a foul version of the spell *mark of*

justice, cursing the target to avoid performing some benevolent act the sruvara deems ironic or otherwise fitting. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Noxious Cloud (Su) The greenish tinge on the sruvara's scales is in fact a potent poison (inhaled, Fortitude DC 26, initial 1d6 Wis, secondary 2d6 Wis). As a standard action, a sruvara can violently shake its body, freeing the poison from its scales, causing a noxious, mind-numbing cloud to erupt around its body. This cloud extends 10 feet from the creature and is treated as a poisonous form of *obscuring mist* that persists for 1d4 rounds. All creatures nearby the azi when it creates the cloud or who end their turn in the cloud are subject to its poison. Creatures who do not breathe are immune. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Poison (Ex) Injury, Fortitude DC 26, initial and secondary damage 1d6 Str. The save DC is Constitution based.

Skills Due to its sleek build and sharp claws, a sruvara receives a +8 racial bonus on Climb checks and can always choose to take 10 on Climb checks, even if rushed or threatened.

Though the smallest of the azi, sruvaras rival their brethren in potency. Their sleek build and stealthy manner allows them to stalk prey like the most deft jungle hunters, while their innate cunning and sadism make them blights upon whatever land they choose to despoil. While many azi are arrogant and greedy, sruvara are maniacal and cruel, reveling in the screams of long-tortured victims and the plight of parched villagers forced to choose between watering themselves or their children. One ancient legend told among desert claims the sruvara sprang from the lips of Ahriman himself as he uttered his first curse, a thing of living venom that would poison the world for all time.

A sruvara's scales look like ridges of slate or flat gray metal. Between these scales, an organic olive-colored powder creeps like toxic verdigris. A typical adult sruvara measures 26 feet from the tip of its tapered snout to the toxic tip of its stinger, with most of this length accounted for by its long neck and tail. A sruvara stands 8 feet at the shoulder. Large yet thin, the average sruvara weighs only 2,200 pounds.

Ecology

A sruvara's body acts like a massive, organic poisoner's laboratory. Bizarre organs and glands throughout the monster's body compound fluids to create some of the most deadly toxins found in the world, venoms that serve the dragons in both predation and defense. A sruvara eats a diverse diet, preferring other poisonous creatures, finding the toxins of other creatures rare spices in a vast menu of bland offerings—the more lethal, the more desirable. Sruvaras spend much of their time hunting giant vermin and serpents, although they've also been known to stalk assassins—the more successful, the better—for both the taste of their poison and the satisfaction of bringing an end to a vain mortal's career. Wastewater, mine tailings,

and even pockets of toxic gas can sustain a hungry sruvara, and the dragons often make their lairs among such fetid or polluted regions.

Habitat & Society

Known for their stealth and incredible toxicity, sruvaras are often called upon to act as assassins by more powerful azi and other extraordinarily powerful creatures, who bribe them with exotic delicacies or rare slaves to slowly slaughter. In addition to such payment, they sometimes barter for odd services and information, with reported trades including delivery of a pair of slain simurghs, political ruin for a local pasha, and a grant of exclusive hunting grounds. Once on the hunt, these venomous azi prove their skill as deadly hunters and ruiners. Although not as cunning as true dragons, sruvaras prepare elaborate traps to lure their victims to them, relishing the opportunity to distress their prey by kidnapping loved ones or forcing them to make impossible choices. They also care nothing for precision if such is not part of their agreement, and might poison an entire city just to kill or ferret out a single target.

Sruvaras tend to choose sinister or infamous lands to make their lairs, appreciating morbid surroundings and the privacy such environs lend them. Their climbing skills make forgotten canyons and deep pits in the earth just as viable dwellings as ruins devoured by marshlands or cliffs along foggy coasts. One requirement stands, that water must be nearby. Sruvaras prove capable of consuming even the most polluted water, allowing them to survive in lands most creatures would find completely inhospitable. A fouled oasis, fetid bog, or the most plague-ridden delta all might sustain a sruvara while other creatures would die of starvation or sickness.

Known Sruvaras

Several sruvaras are known in the legends of Qadira, Katapesh, Osirion, and Thuvia, some of which still survive to modern times.

Niasvorias of the Double Death: Reported to slither through the southwestern Zho Mountains, Niasvorias is said to have two fangs, one white and one green. While the poison of his green fang can kill any living creature in an instant, his white fang holds a toxin so lethal it can slay even the risen dead. Those who seek out the azi might barter for its famed venoms, but the sruvara charges a life for every drop of poison it would give.

Vihar's Bane: Rumored to haunt the murky swamps near Padiskar on the Isle of Jalmeray, this sruvara has only been glimpsed a half-dozen times in the past century. The people of Padiskar greatly fear the creature, though, for bodies riddled with poison are discovered on the borders of the creature's supposed hunting grounds several times a year, and most hunts for the dragon end in tragedy.



Azi, Zahhak

Like the darkness of the deepest abyss come to terrifying life, this gigantic dragon-serpent moves with deadly silence. Two rock-crushing forelimbs extend from its serpentine body and shadowy wings eclipse all in its path. A many horned visage glares down with glowing golden eyes, while two smaller snake-like heads sway upon dark, serpentine necks.

ZAHHAK AZI

CR 19

NE Gargantuan dragon

Init +7; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Listen +35, Spot +35

Aura frightful presence (100 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 40, touch 9, flat-footed 37

(+3 Dex, +31 natural, -4 size)

hp 359 (26d12+182)

Fort +22, **Ref** +20, **Will** +19

DR 15/magic and good; **Immune** paralysis effects, poison, sleep; **SR** 29

OFFENSE

Spd 60 ft., fly 100 ft. (clumsy)

Melee bite +34 (4d6+12) and

2 vipers +32 (2d8+6 plus poison) and

2 claws +32 (2d6+6) and

tail slap +32 (2d8+6)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft. (20 ft. with bite, 25 ft. with vipers)

Special Attacks breath weapon, cursed to earth, poison, slain to serve

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 17th)

At will—*darkness*, *freedom of movement*, *invisibility* (DC 18), *see invisibility*

3/day—*control undead* (DC 22), *creeping doom*, *deeper darkness*, *dispel good* (DC 21), *fog cloud*, *greater shout* (DC 24), *horrid wilting* (DC 24), *transmute rock to mud* (DC 21), *veil* (DC 22)

1/day—*control weather*, *hallucinatory terrain* (DC 20)

STATISTICS

Str 34, **Dex** 17, **Con** 25, **Int** 17, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 22

Base Atk +26; **Grp** +50

Feats Alertness, Awesome Blow, Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Improved Overrun, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack, Run

Skills Appraise +18, Bluff +35, Climb +27, Hide +6, Intimidate +39, Jump +39, Knowledge (arcana) +18, Knowledge (geography) +18, Knowledge (the planes) +18, Listen +35, Move Silently +18, Sense Motive +14, Spot +35, Swim +27

Languages Abyssal, Common, Draconic, Infernal

SQ blasphemous boon

ECOLOGY

Environment warm hills

Organization solitary

Treasure double standard

Advancement 27–36 HD (Gargantuan), 37–46 HD (Colossal)

Level Adjustment —

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blasphemous Boon (Su) Once per day a zahhak can grant a single terrible wish. This ability is treated as a wish that a zahhak can cast for any willing nondragon. While the ability initially seems to grant the desired effect, it invariably brings hardship and sorrow to whoever made the wish. This hardship typically manifests within a month, and may take any form the GM desires. (See the Wishcraft article on page 56 for suggestions on corrupting wishes.)

Breath Weapon (Su) A zahhak can unleash a gout of noxious flame that both burns and poisons any creature it touches (60-foot cone, once every 1d4 rounds, damage 18d8 fire, Reflex DC 30 half). In addition, any creature damaged by the flames must make an additional DC 30 Fortitude save or be poisoned (initial and secondary damage 2d6 Dex). Creatures immune to fire or that take no damage from a zahhak's breath due to damage reduction are not affected by the fire's poison. Both save DCs are Constitution-based.

Cursed to Earth (Su) Zahhaks detest all creatures capable of flight.

Once every minute, a zahhak can rasp a terrible curse that causes any single flying creature or object it can see to plummet to the ground and be unable to fly for the next 10 minutes. The target must make a DC 29 Will save or immediately fall, regardless of its method of flight (natural, magical, by magic item, or otherwise), and takes full damage from the fall. In cases where multiple creatures might be using a single object to fly, the passenger with the highest Will save modifier makes this check to avoid having the entire conveyance fall. In situations where a creature rides another flying creature, the flying creature, not the rider, makes this save. After falling, a cursed creature cannot take to the air again by any means for 10 minutes, even through the use of an additional spell, magic item, or flying conveyance—spells fail, magic refuses to work, items malfunction. A *remove curse* spell ends this curse's effects immediately, but cannot prevent a target from falling unless the spellcaster prepares to cast the spell as a readied action. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Frightful Presence (Su) A zahhak unsettles its foes with its mere presence. Any creatures with fewer HD than the azi that comes within 100 feet must succeed on a DC 29 Will save. On a failure, creatures with 4 or less HD become panicked for 4d6 rounds and those with 5 or more HD become shaken for 4d6 rounds. Any creature that succeeds on its save is immune to that zahhak's frightful presence for 24 hours. Zahhaks ignore the frightful presence of other dragons. This is a mind-affecting fear effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Poison (Ex) The vipers flanking a zahhak's primary head drip with a vicious poison (injury, Fortitude DC 30, initial and secondary damage 1d6 Con). The save is Constitution-based.

Slain to Serve (Su) Any humanoid slain by a zahhak animates as a ghoul after 1d4 rounds. These ghouls are under the command of the zahhak that created them and remain enslaved until their destruction. They do not possess any of the abilities they had in life.

Lords among the abominations of dragonkind, zahhaks rule as the most powerful race of azi dragons. First spawned by the corruptions wreaked by Ahriman, Lord of the Divs, and the foul dragon god Dahak, these bitter wyrms are named in honor of their draconic master and seek to sow fear and spread slaughter. Their very breaths are tainted with corruption, a vile double boon, half draconic flame, and half lethal poison, and from their claws seeps such depravity as to raise the dead from their graves. Enormous beasts, zahhaks resemble primeval wyrms with two black-scaled vipers lashing from each side of their necks. These smaller, serpentine heads are unthinking appendages, which lash out at any creature that comes too near. A zahhak measures upward of 35 feet from its muzzle to the base of its tail, and weighs over 18 tons.

Ecology

Zahhaks are among the most physically powerful of all azis, a fact they know well and flaunt over all creatures. While

not the most intelligent of dragons, they are by no means dull-witted, yet many stories tell of a zahhak's greed or hunger luring it into a position of weakness or a cunning hero's trap. Although zahhaks possess wings, their powers of flight are terribly atrophied and they loathe the act, along with all creatures capable of soaring through the heavens. Their hatred is such that they have developed the might to speak a potent curse, striking from the skies and smashing to the earth any beast that hears their words.

Habitat & Society

Primarily found in the lands held by the Empire of Kelesh, east of the Inner Sea, zahhaks might also be found in many deserted lands throughout Golarion. Making their lairs among jagged hills, the ruins of ancient fortresses, and other such baleful or accursed lands, zahhaks adopt the roles of petty tyrants and dictators over the realms they claim as their own. With the power to enforce their wills upon most beings, they often command the service of divs, worshipers of Arhiman, or—begrudgingly—even other azi dragons. Whole villages might also pay homage to a zahhak, who demands ever greater and more gruesome tribute until finally it exhausts its lowliest slaves. Yet even death rarely releases victims from a zahak's clutches, as its blasphemous grip lingers on even after a creature's slaughter, resurrecting them as undead just as ravenous and greedy as their master and wholly devoted to his service.

Many legends surround the might of zahhaks. The best known claim that these foul dragons can grant wonders to those who do evil in their name, yet such boons are cursed, and will not long bring the wicked recipient happiness. While few of these tales have ever been proven true, no terrible legend or dire warning could make one too fearful or cautious when encountering a zahhak.

Known Zahhaks

Two particularly infamous zahhaks currently lair in northern Garund, though none can say how many of these supercilious wyrms lurk throughout Golarion.

Khanjar-Khanayr: The Stone Maw has long laired high in the Napsune Mountains in central Rahadom upon the peak known as the Ghataking. It is said that Ahriman himself sent the azi a vision to wait here, ready to strike down a "ruby wing" that he will recognize when it finally comes. A small cult dedicated to the Lord of the Divs attends the zahhak in his decades-long vigil.

The Serpent in Dreams: This zahhak has fitfully dreamed for over 200 hundred years on a small isle off the coast of western Osirion, its unconscious roars regularly echoing from its accursed lair. Although the dragon sleeps, its twin viper heads remain alert and prove fully sentient, offering advice and sinister counsel to those who bring victims to feed to their drowsing body.



GOLEM, BRASS

The towering golden statue looks like a fearsome demon, cast with huge, bulging muscles and long, curving horns. It stands at attention, holding a gigantic curved sword in its clenched fists. Heat emanates from the shining metal and the pungent smell of sulfur fills the air. Without warning, the statue comes to life, stepping into a fighting stance with a thunderous crash that shakes the floor. It brings its sword up to the guard position, flames engulfing the brazen blade.

BRASS GOLEM

N Huge construct

Init +0; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, *see invisibility*;

Listen +3, Spot +3

DEFENSE

AC 32, touch 8, flat-footed 32

(+24 natural, -2 size)

CR 14

hp 188 (27d10+40)

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

Defensive Abilities construct traits; **DR** 15/adamantine; **Immune** fire, magic

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft.

Melee 2 slams +30 (4d8+12 plus 1d6 fire) or

falchion +30 (3d6+18 plus 1d6 fire)

Space 15 ft.; **Reach** 10 ft.

Special Attacks breath weapon, heat

STATISTICS

Str 34, **Dex** 11, **Con** —, **Int** —, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 1

Base Atk +20; **Grp** +31

SQ eruption

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary or watch (2–4)

Treasure none

Advancement 28–34 HD (Huge), 35–48 HD (Gargantuan)

Level Adjustment —

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Breath Weapon (Su) Brass golems can vent a burning cloud from their internal furnaces (20-foot cube, cloud of smoke and burning cinders gas lasting 1d6 rounds as per *fog cloud*, free action once every 1d4+1 rounds, causes blindness and deals 4d6 points of fire damage every round, allows a DC 23 Fortitude save to negate blindness). The save DC is Constitution-based.

Eruption (Ex) Upon a brass golem's destruction, the intense flames and cinders held within it explode forth violently. All creatures within 30 feet of a brass golem reduced to 0 hit points must make a DC 23 Reflex save or take 12d8 points of fire damage (save for half).

The save DC is Constitution-based.

Heat (Ex) A brass golem radiates heat from its molten core, which deals 1d6 points of fire damage to any creature it touches. A brass golem's metallic weapons also conduct this heat. Creatures striking a brass golem with natural attacks or unarmed attacks are subject to this damage, but creatures striking with melee weapons do not take damage from the brass golem's heat.

Immunity to Magic (Ex) A brass golem 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 ice damage slows a brass golem (as per the *slow* spell) for 1d6 rounds, with no saving throw.

A magical attack that deals fire damage breaks any *slow* effect on the golem 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 golem to exceed its full normal hit points, it gains any excess as temporary hit points. For example, a brass golem hit by a *fireball* for 25 points of damage gains back 8 hit points. A brass golem gets no save against fire effects.

See Invisibility (Sp) A brass golem can see invisible and ethereal creatures at all times, as per the spell *see invisibility*.

Implacable automatons forged of elemental fire and extraplanar brass, brass golems stand sentinel over the palaces, treasuries, and harems of their creators. Unquestionably loyal, they follow orders literally and explicitly, and so make perfect guards for paranoid wizards and covetous genies.

Brass golems stand about 24 feet tall and weigh close to 15,000 pounds. They are forged from the purest copper and zinc found on the Elemental Plane of Earth to make an incredibly strong brass alloy, with an inner core of molten lava. Brass golems are normally cast to resemble huge, fearsome efreet or demons with chiseled muscles, scowling faces, and curved horns, though they may be sculpted to resemble almost any humanoid form.

Ecology

As creatures of living metal, brass golems have little role in or effect on their environments. As beings largely tied to the lore of genies and the Elemental Planes, though, they most commonly arise from the researches and workshops of spellcasters native to the harsh, desert realms these powerful outsiders often favor.

Habitat & Society

Brass golems are typically found guarding the treasuries of powerful extraplanar beings from the Planes of Elemental Earth and Fire, such as efreet, shaitans, and other powerful elemental beings. The largest number of these golems, however, is found within the City of Brass. The grand sultan of the efreet is known to have an entire cadre of brass golems protecting his palace, and it is a mark of status among lesser efreeti nobles to own one of the powerful constructs. On the Material Plane, brass golems might sometimes be found guarding ancient tombs or the towers of great archmages. In some rare cases, brass golems have even served as mighty bodyguards, accompanying their charges silently except for the heavy tread of their huge feet.

History

Brass golems have their origins in the fabled City of Brass, capital of the efreet, deep within the Elemental Plane of Fire. Legends say that long ago, a grand sultan of the efreet took a concubine so fiery, so beautiful, and so pure that any efreeti who saw her would stop at nothing to claim her for himself. Fearful that she would be stolen from under his nose, the sultan summoned his greatest advisors and magicians and charged them to find a guard who would protect his treasure tirelessly, without complaint, and who could never be bought. His loyal servants looked long and hard for such a man or genie, but returned empty handed.

Exasperated with the incompetence his courtiers, the sultan granted an audience to a visiting shaitan wizard. The shaitan explained that he had crafted the perfect sentry for the sultan's harem, and presented him with the first brass golem. The sultan was delighted, and immediately ordered the guardian to protect his harem and kill anyone trying to get in. That night, the sultan went to visit his new concubine, only to face the brass golem barring entry. In his excitement, he had neglected to exclude himself from the golem's instructions. The sultan's advisors found him the next morning, slain by his own construct's sword. Despite the sultan's unfortunate fate, there remains a high demand for brass golems among the efreet and other genies, as well as wealthy and powerful wizards.

Construction

Unlike most other golems, which are powered by elemental earth spirits, the animating force of a brass golem is an elemental fire spirit. Crafting a brass golem requires 18,000 pounds of brass from the Elemental Plane of Earth (or a like amount of copper and zinc to create the brass alloy), cast with several rare mineral solutions and ore compounds that cost at least 20,000 gp.

Assembling the body requires a DC 25 Craft (armor-smithing) check or a DC 20 Craft (blacksmithing) check.

CL 17th; Craft Construct, *geas/quest*, *incendiary cloud*, *limited wish*, *see invisibility*, caster must be at least 17th level; Price 185,000 gp; Cost 92,500 gp + 46,250 XP.

Known Brass Golems

Relatively few brass golems are known beyond the confines of the City of Brass, but a couple of well-known examples of these golems can be found on Golarion.

The Elemental Knight: Long ago, an elder fire elemental known as Kesssh willingly allowed itself to be bound within a brass golem's frame. When its service was completed, Kesssh took it upon itself to explore the planes in his brass form, and traveled widely through the multiverse. Kesssh now exists as something of a knight-errant, and can be summoned by an individual with knowledge of the proper rituals. Armed with a *Huge sword of the planes*, the Elemental Knight—as Kesssh refers to himself—only agrees to serve if given vast amounts of magical scrolls to consume, but entire armies have been routed when the brass-clad colossus steps upon the battlefield, making the steep price of his service worthwhile.

Searing Dawn and Callous Dusk: This pair of twin brass golems is said to watch over the entrance to the mythic Valley of Sweet Tears in southwestern Katapesh. The ancient orders of their forgotten master demand they bar passage to any but the “Son of Nights” or the “Daughter of Days.” Visitors are cryptically warned of this fact by a weathered stone monolith near the entrance to the canyon that snakes between the plinths serving as the deadly golems' eternal watch posts.



SIMURGH

This massive avian has the body of a splendid bird, with lustrous feathers and the head of a noble canine. The creature scans its surroundings alertly, its eyes gleaming like miniature suns and silent flames flickering from its shining talons. Its tail feathers, glimmer like light in a prism, reflecting all the colors of the dawn.

SIMURGH

NG Gargantuan magical beast

Init +3; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; Listen +17, Spot +29

Aura peace (50 ft.)

DEFENSE

AC 35, touch 9, flat-footed 32

(+3 Dex, +26 natural, -4 size)

hp 305 (22d10+176)

Fort +21, **Ref** +16, **Will** +11

CR 18

DR 15/evil and magic; **Immune** ability damage, ability drain, disease, fire, negative energy, petrification, poison, sleep; **Resistance** acid 10, cold 10, electricity 10; **SR** 28

OFFENSE

Spd 40 ft., fly 120 ft. (good)

Melee 2 claws +30 (2d6+12 plus 2d6 fire) and bite +28 (2d8+6) and tail slap +28 (1d4+6 plus *dismissal*)

Ranged glaring ray +21 (4d6 fire)

Space 20 ft.; **Reach** 15 ft.

Special Attacks banishing swipe, brilliant talons, glaring ray, radiant feathers

Spell-Like Abilities (CL 16th)

At will—*detect evil*, *detect magic*, *tongues*, *zone of truth* (DC 17)
3/day—*daylight*, *flame strike* (DC 20), *mass cure moderate wounds*, *true seeing*

STATISTICS

Str 34, **Dex** 16, **Con** 27, **Int** 16, **Wis** 19, **Cha** 23

Base Atk +22; **Grp** +46

Feats Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Flyby Attack, Hover, Improved Disarm, Multiattack, Snatch, Wingover

Skills Diplomacy +19, Heal +16, Knowledge (arcana) +26, Knowledge (architecture) +13, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +13, Knowledge (geography) +13, Knowledge (history) +25, Knowledge (local) +13, Knowledge (nature) +13, Knowledge (nobility) +13, Knowledge (religion) +13, Knowledge (the planes) +13, Listen +17, Perform (sing) +31, Spot +29, Survival +16

Languages Celestial, Common, Draconic

SQ perfect form, wholesome touch

ECOLOGY

Environment warm deserts or warm mountains

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

Advancement 23–28 HD (Gargantuan); 29–39 HD (Colossal)

Level Adjustment —

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of Peace (Su) A simurgh radiates a calming aura that benefits its allies and weakens aggressive foes nearby. Creatures within this 50-foot aura feel a sensation of peace wash over them. This effect is similar to the *calm emotions* spell except the simurgh can choose which creatures are affected. Any creature subject to this ability must succeed on a DC 27 Will save or act accordingly. The saving throw is Charisma-based.

Banishing Swipe (Su) A simurgh can use its radiant tail to return outsiders to their native planes. In addition to damage, any non-native outsider touched by a simurgh's tail must make a DC 27 Will save or be affected as if by the spell *dismissal*. A creature that makes this save cannot be affected by the same simurgh's banishing swipe for the next 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Brilliant Talons (Su) A simurgh can harness the power of the sun to aid in its physical attacks. As a free action, it can cause its

powerful claws to become sheathed with flickering flames. While burning in this manner, a simurgh's claw attacks are treated as good and magical weapons, and deal an additional 2d6 points of fire damage. This effect lasts as long as the simurgh desires and it can dismiss this effect as a free action.

Glaring Ray (Su) A simurgh can blast a fiery ray of brilliant light from its eyes. It can fire this ray once per round with a range of 100 feet.

Perfect Form (Ex) In addition to the immunities noted above, a simurgh has no need to breathe or sleep, and can survive for a month on a small amount of water and a single small meal.

Radiant Feathers (Su) Once per day as a standard action, a simurgh can fan out its glimmering tail feathers and blast its foes with a 100-foot cone of radiant light from the "eyes" of its peacock tail. Aside from its size, this attack is identical to the spell *prismatic spray*, the effects of which victims must make a DC 27 Will save to resist. The save is Charisma-based.

Wholesome Touch (Su) A simurgh can bestow healing and rejuvenation upon its allies with a single touch from its beak. With this touch, a simurgh can heal physical damage and a variety of other effects, as if casting the spells *heal*, *remove blindness/deafness*, *remove curse*, *remove disease*, *remove fear*, *remove paralysis*, and *restoration* in unison. A simurgh can use this ability 8 times a day (a number of times per day equal to its Charisma modifier) on any creature but itself. The caster level for this effect is 16th and the DCs are Charisma-based.

Skills (Ex) A simurgh draws upon a vast heritage of lore and experience. It gains a +10 racial bonus on all Knowledge checks and can make any Knowledge skill check untrained.

Regarded as living legends, simurghs are held in high regard by desert dwellers. Their innate goodness, powers over divine light, ability to cure nearly any ailment, and near immortality make these creatures particularly special to those who worship Sarenrae the Dawnflower, goddess of healing and the sun. Those who live in the desert lands where these benevolent creatures sometimes dwell consider it a lifetime's worth of luck even to spot one soaring through the sky. An adult simurgh stands 45 feet tall and weighs nearly 15 tons, with a breathtaking wingspan that stretches out nearly 100 feet from one shining copper wingtip to the other.

Ecology

Only a handful of sages regard these magnificent creatures as anything more than legends, as few have actually witnessed their beauty. Rare in the extreme, simurghs prefer to keep to themselves, well out of the way of lesser creatures in their conflicts and often dubious morals, though they might be relied upon for aid when called on by one in true need and with a pure heart. Although wholly peaceful and generous, a simurgh is not afraid to fight and can be very destructive against the forces of evil. A simurgh can live for

Endless Interpretations

Looking for more monsters? Then check out *Kobold Quarterly's* website, where—among dozens of others—Scott Gable presents his CR 12 version of the simurgh as part of the ongoing Monster Monday series, specially designed to mesh with desert adventures and the Legacy of Fire Adventure Path. Should you need still more beasties, there's also a whole host of Golarion specific monsters in *Kobold Quarterly* #7. You can subscribe to *Kobold Quarterly* right on their website at koboldquarterly.com, or pick up any PDF back issues you've missed at paizo.com.

thousands of years, and frequent mentions of these giant avians throughout a region's historical record are in fact more often than not sightings of the same creature.

Crown of the Simurgh

In rare instances a simurgh forms a strong connection to a single mortal, seeing in it the promise of greatness. As a gift, the simurgh weaves a few of its feathers into a radiant crown. This *crown of the simurgh* is a lesser artifact, which marks those who bear it as being touched by the gods. A simurgh can only grant a creature one of these crowns once every 500 years.

CROWN OF THE SIMURGH

Aura strong divination and transmutation; **CL** 18th

Slot head; **Price** lesser artifact; **Weight** 1 lb.

DESCRIPTION

The *crown of the simurgh* grants the wearer the protection of the simurgh who created it. The crown only works for a single creature for whom the crown was specifically crafted.

While wearing the *crown of the simurgh*, the wearer is constantly affected by the spell *protection from evil*. Once per day, the wearer of this crown can spend a full-round action concentrating to mentally contact the simurgh who created the crown. If the simurgh allows this connection to be made, the wearer instantly knows the distance and direction of the simurgh and can communicate with it as per the spell *sending*. Should the simurgh be on the same plane and both parties wish it, the crown's wearer can teleport to the simurgh's location. Ten minutes after teleporting to the simurgh's side, though, the crown's wearer teleports back to wherever he was before teleporting (or the nearest safe square), whether he wishes to or not.

As a final effort or in a time of great need, the wearer can take a full-round action to hold the *crown* to the sun and call out to the simurgh that created it. This summons the simurgh as per the spell *summon monster XI*. The simurgh remains for 1 minute, and follows the wearer's commands. At the end of this time, the simurgh vanishes and the crown is destroyed.



XOTANI THE FIREBLEEDER

Like a living volcanic eruption, the sheer massiveness of this titan defies all reason. Monstrously shaped in part like a gigantic, terrible centipede and in part like some primeval, wingless dragon, this living holocaust is completely armored over in plates of angry, obsidian-sharp magma. Two massive claws like insectile scythes sheer before the burning terror as it skitters forth in rapid bursts of motion, leaving only flames and barren earth smoldering in its wake.

XOTANI

CE Colossal magical beast (fire)

Init +8; **Senses** blindsight 120 ft., darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Listen +21, Spot +21

DEFENSE

AC 35, touch 6, flat-footed 31

(+4 Dex, +29 natural, –8 size)

hp 728 (47d10+470); regeneration 40

Fort +37, **Ref** +31, **Will** +20

DR 15/epic; **Immune** ability damage, energy drain, fire, disease, paralysis, poison, sleep; **Resistance** electricity 20, sonic 20; **SR** 30

Weakness vulnerable to cold, sunlight blindness

OFFENSE

Spd 60 ft., burrow 60 ft., climb 60 ft.

Melee 2 claws +53 (2d8+14 plus 4d8 fire) and bite +51 (4d8+7 plus 4d8 fire)

Space 40 ft.; **Reach** 40 ft.

Special Attacks breath weapon, improved grab, swallow whole, trample (2d8+21)

STATISTICS

Str 38, **Dex** 19, **Con** 30, **Int** 3, **Wis** 17, **Cha** 14

Base Atk +47; **Grp** +77

Feats Awesome Blow, Blind-Fight, Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Diehard, Endurance, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Improved Overrun, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Multiattack, Power Attack, Run

Skills Climb +32, Listen +21, Search +6, Spot +13, Survival +21

SQ firebleed, frightful presence, heat

ECOLOGY

Environment any

Organization solitary

Treasure standard

Advancement 48+ HD (Colossal)

Level Adjustment —

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Blindsight (Ex) Xotani can “see” by emitting high-frequency sounds, inaudible to most other creatures, that allow it to ascertain objects and creatures within 120 feet. A *silence* spell negates this ability, but its other forms of vision prevent it from being utterly blinded.

Breath Weapon (Su) 70-foot cone, once every 1d4 rounds, damage 16d10 fire, Reflex DC 43 half. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Firebleed (Ex) As a creature of living fire and wrath, Xotani ferociously strikes back against any creature that wounds it. Any attack that does more than 10 points of damage to Xotani causes the wound to erupt in a 30-foot cone of magma. This cone deals 1d6 points of fire damage plus an additional 1d6 points of fire damage for every 10 points of damage dealt by the attack. Thus, an attack dealing 22 points of damage results in a cone dealing 3d6 points of fire damage, while an attack dealing 49 points of damage results in a cone dealing 5d6 points of fire damage. Creatures affected by the cone may make a DC 43 Reflex save to take only half damage. The save DC is Constitution-based. Ranged attacks and any magical attacks that deal damage also cause this special ability to take effect. Xotani cannot firebleed at will, but might do so 10 times

per round (an amount equal to its Constitution modifier).

Frightful Presence (Su) Xotani can inspire terror by attacking.

Affected creatures must succeed on a DC 35 Will save or become shaken, remaining in that condition as long as they remain within 60 feet of Xotani. This is a mind-affecting fear effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Heat (Ex) Xotani generates so much heat that its mere touch deals additional 4d8 points of fire damage. Creatures striking Xotani with natural attacks or unarmed attacks are subject to this damage, but creatures striking with melee weapons do not take damage from its heat. This heat can melt or char weapons; any weapon that strikes Xotani is allowed a DC 43 Fortitude save to avoid destruction. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Improved Grab (Ex) To use this ability, Xotani must hit a Huge or smaller opponent with its bite attack. 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 try to swallow the foe the following round.

Regeneration (Ex) No form of attack deals lethal damage to Xotani. Xotani regenerates even if it fails a saving throw against a *disintegrate* spell or a death effect. If Xotani fails its save against a spell or effect that would kill it instantly (such as those mentioned above), the spell or effect instead deals nonlethal damage equal to the creature's full normal hit points +10 (or 738 hp). Xotani is immune to effects that produce incurable or bleeding wounds, such as mummy rot, a sword with the wounding special ability, or a clay golem's cursed wound ability.

Xotani can be slain only by raising its nonlethal damage total to its full normal hit points +10 (or 738 hit points), at least half of which must be inflicted by cold damage, and using a *wish* or *miracle* spell to keep it dead.

If Xotani loses a limb or body part, the lost portion regrows in 1d6 minutes (the detached piece dies and decays normally). Xotani can reattach the severed member instantly by holding it to the stump.

Sunlight Blindness (Ex) Abrupt exposure to sunlight (such as *sunlight*, but not a *daylight* spell) blinds Xotani for 1 round. On subsequent rounds, it is dazzled while operating in direct sunlight.

Swallow Whole (Ex) When Xotani begins its turn with a grappled opponent in its mouth, it can swallow that opponent whole with a successful grapple check. Once inside Xotani, the opponent takes 2d8+7 points of bludgeoning damage plus 20d6 points of fire damage per round from being submerged in the magma pool that is Xotani's stomach. A swallowed creature can cut its way out by using a light slashing or piercing weapon to deal 50 points of damage to the gizzard (AC 25). Once the creature exits, muscular action closes the hole; another swallowed opponent must cut its own way out. Xotani's gullet can hold 2 Huge, 8 Large, 32 Medium, 128 Small, or 512 Tiny or smaller creatures.

Trample (Ex) Reflex DC 47 half. The save DC is Strength-based.

Skills Xotani has a +8 racial bonus on Listen and Spot checks. It also has a +8 racial bonus on Climb checks and can always choose to take 10 on a Climb check, even if rushed or threatened.

A being of living flame and magma, crawled from the depths of Golarion and the prison of the caged god of destruction, Xotani the Firebleeder is one of the unfathomable monstrosities known and feared as the Spawn of Rovagug. A creature born of rage within the unfathomable depths of the world, it is a creature of pure devastation and hottest flames knowing only wrath, fire, and the harsh stone of the realms below. The surface world is pain to Xotani, especially the cursed sun, from which it retreats by day. By night, however, it bursts from the depths, preceded by sweeping firestorms and deadly claws and followed by a trail like a burnt pyre, all charred ruins and smoking corpses. It is rumored that vast tunnel systems melted into the earth by the passage of the Firebleeder spiderweb the lands of northeastern Garund—the region most devastated by Xotani's rampages—to modern times, immense subterranean corridors that still burn with the Spawn of Rovagug's passage.

Like the majority of Rovagug's ruinous children, Xotani is wrath and devastation given life. It has no desires or intentions beyond destroying all that crosses its path and consuming the ashes. All the life, growth, and creations of the surface worlds are anathema to the living holocaust, which takes some measure of primal satisfaction in crushing the charred remains of such order, yet finds itself endlessly frustrated and incensed by the openness of the surface, the tepid storms and weak rages of weather, and the endless number of wet, hollowing things that fall in its wake. It makes no distinction between the servants of its terrible parent and all the other pathetic things of the lands above, burning and devouring all, caring nothing for whether its living tinder sees its flames as blessing or damnation.

Numerous attempts were made to slay the Firebleeder before its rampage finally came to an end. Through innate cunning and unstoppable profane determination, the titanic abomination survived numerous and varied attempts to lay it low, including potent freezing magics, being magically dropped from an incredible height, and immersion in the Obari Ocean. Yet, despite its seemingly invincible form, Xotani was destroyed by an alliance of potent mages in 2104 AR, who, at the cost of untold lives, ended its rampage across northern Garund in the Brazen Peaks of western Katapesh. The remains of the Firebleeder's corpse lie in the volcanic caverns beneath the spire known as Pale Mountain—a peak said to take its color from the crushed bones of those who died battling the beast. Yet no terror as relentless as a Spawn of Rovagug ever truly dies, and there are those who would see the flames of Xotani rekindled to scour the dross of the world anew.

See the "Spawn of Rovagug" on page 48 for more details on Xotani the Firebleeder.

VALEROS



MALE HUMAN FIGHTER 14

ALIGN NG INIT +10 SPEED 30 ft.

DEITY: Cayden Cailean

HOMELAND: Andoran

ABILITIES

20	STR
22	DEX
16	CON
13	INT
8	WIS
10	CHA

DEFENSE

HP 123
AC 25
touch 15, flat-footed 22
Fort +14, **Ref** +12,
Will +5

OFFENSE

Melee +3 *cold iron frost longsword* +24/+19/+14 (1d8+12/17–20 plus 1d6 cold)
Dual Wielding +3 *cold iron frost longsword* +22/+17/+12 (1d8+12/17–20 plus 1d6 cold) and +2 *short sword* +20/+15 (1d6+6/19–20)
Ranged +1 *composite longbow* +21/+16/+11 (1d8+5/x3)
Base Atk +14; **Grp** +19

SKILLS

Climb	+20
Intimidate	+17
Ride	+23
Swim	+17

FEATS

Combat Expertise, Greater Two-Wpn. Fighting, Greater Wpn. Focus (ls), Greater Wpn. Specialization (ls), Imp. Bull Rush, Imp. Critical (ls), Imp. Initiative, Improved Two-Wpn. Fighting, Power Attack, Quick Draw, Two-Wpn. Defense, Two-Wpn. Fighting, Wpn. Focus (ls, ss), Wpn. Specialization (ls)



Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds* (2), *potion of resist energy (fire)* 30; **Other Gear** +3 *mithral breastplate*, +3 *cold iron frost longsword*, +2 *short sword*, +1 *composite longbow* (+4 Str) with 20 arrows, *amulet of health* +4, *belt of giant's strength* +6, *gloves of Dexterity* +4, *cloak of resistance* +2, *ring of force shield*, *ring of protection* +2, backpack, lucky tankard, rations (5), silk rope, 11 pp

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 14

ALIGN NG INIT -1 SPEED 20 ft.

DEITY: Sarenrae

HOMELAND: Qadira

ABILITIES

13	STR
8	DEX
14	CON
10	INT
24	WIS
12	CHA

DEFENSE

HP 94
AC 27
touch 12, flat-footed 27
Fort +13, **Ref** +5
Will +20
Special Attacks greater turning 1/day, turn undead 8/day

OFFENSE

Melee +2 *holy scimitar* +14/+9 (1d6+3/18–20)
Base Atk +10; **Grp** +11
Spells Prepared (CL 14th)
7th—*destruction* (DC 24), *quicken d. magic*, *sunbeam*^P
6th—*greater d. magic*, *heal*^P (3), *hero's feast*
5th—*f. strike* (DC 22)^P, *righteous might* (2), *s. monster V*, *true seeing*
4th—*air walk*, *divine power*, *freedom of movement* (2), *fire shield*^P (2)
3rd—*daylight*, *dispel magic* (2), *remove disease* (2), *searing light*^P (2)
2nd—*aid*, *b. strength* (2), *c. mod. wounds*^P, *resist energy* (4)
1st—*endure elements*^P (4), *s. of faith* (4)
0—*detect magic* (3), *light* (3)
D domain spell (healing, sun)

SKILLS

Concentration	+19
Heal	+24
Knowledge (religion)	+17

FEATS

Combat Casting, Extra Turning, Iron Will, Martial Weapon Proficiency (scimitar), Quicken Spell, Weapon Focus (scimitar)



Combat Gear *holy water* (3), *potion of lesser restoration* (4), *scroll of heal*, *scroll of resurrection*, *wand of cure serious wounds* (37 charges); **Other Gear** +4 *chainmail*, +4 *heavy steel shield*, +2 *holy scimitar*, *cloak of resistance* +2, *periapt of Wisdom* +6, *ring of protection* +3, backpack, rations (6), gold holy symbol (with *continual flame*) worth 300 gp, rations (4), 36 pp, 5 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 14

ALIGN CN **INIT** +8 **SPEED** 40 ft.

DEITY: Calistria

HOMELAND: Varisia

ABILITIES

12	STR
26	DEX
12	CON
8	INT
13	WIS
10	CHA

DEFENSE

HP 65
AC 29
 touch 18, flat-footed 24
Fort +5, **Ref** +17,
Will +5; +2 against
 enchantment
Special Qualities low-
 light vision, trapfinding;
Defense evasion, trap
 sense +4, imp. evasion,
 imp. uncanny dodge;
Immune sleep

OFFENSE

Melee +2 *keen rapier* +20/+15
 (1d6+2/15–20)
Ranged *mwk. dagger* +19
 (1d4+1/19–20)
Base Atk +10; **Grp** +11

Special Attacks opportunist, sneak
 attack +7d6

SKILLS

Disable Device	+21
Hide	+30
Listen	+20
Jump	+11
Move Silently	+30
Search	+17
Spot	+19
Tumble	+20

FEATS

Blind-Fight, Dodge,
 Mobility, Spring Attack,
 Weapon Finesse



Combat Gear *potion of cure mod. wounds* (2), *potion of invisibility* (2); **Other Gear** +5 *shadow silent moves*
studded leather armor, +2 *keen rapier*, *mwk. daggers* (13), *amulet of nat. armor* +2, *bag of holding* (type II),
boots of striding and springing, *decanter of endless water*, *dusty rose prism ioun stone*, *gloves of Dex.* +6, *ring*
of pro. +3, *minor ring of fire resistance*, *mwk. thieves' tools*, *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 14

ALIGN NG **INIT** +3 **SPEED** 30 ft.

DEITY: Atheist

HOMELAND: Absalom

ABILITIES

11	STR
9	DEX
12	CON
25	INT
15	WIS
9	CHA

DEFENSE

HP 50
AC 18
 touch 12, flat-footed 18
Fort +9, **Ref** +5,
Will +13

OFFENSE

Melee *staff of conjuration* +7 (1d6)
Ranged *light crossbow* +6
 (1d8/19–20)
Base Atk +7; **Grp** +7
Spells Prepared (CL 14th)
 7th—*forcecage*, *maximized ice storm*
 (DC 24), *prismatic spray* (DC 24)
 6th—*chain lightning* (DC 23; 2), *greater*
dispel magic, *mislead* (DC 23)
 5th—*cone of cold* (DC 22; 3), *teleport*
 4th—*d. door*, *ice storm* (3), *stoneskin*
 3rd—*dispel magic* (2), *displacement*,
fly, *fireball* (DC 20; 2)
 2nd—*bear's endurance*, *invisibility*,
scorching ray (2), *web* (DC 19; 2)
 1st—*charm person* (DC 18), *endure*
elements, *magic missile* (3), *shield*
 0—*detect magic* (2), *light* (2)

SKILLS

Appraise	+23
Concentration	+18
Knowledge (arcana)	+24
Knowledge (geography)	+24
Knowledge (history)	+24
Knowledge (the planes)	+22
Spellcraft	+26

FEATS

Combat Casting, Empower
 Spell, Great Fortitude, Greater
 Spell Penetration, Improved
 Initiative, Maximize Spell,
 Quicken Spell, Scribe Scroll,
 Spell Penetration

FAMILIAR

Sneak (weasel, MM 282)



Combat Gear *potion of cure serious wounds*, *scroll of banishment*, *staff of conjuration* (48 charges);
Other Gear *cane* (as club), *dagger*, *light crossbow* with 20 bolts, *amulet of natural armor* +2, *bracers*
of armor +4, *cloak of resistance* +2, *headband of intellect* +6, *ring of protection* +3, *backpack*, *rations*
 (6), *scroll case*, *spellbook*, *spell component pouch*, *diamond dust* (250 gp), 100 gp *pearls* (2), 11 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



BASTARDS OF EREBUS

by Sean K Reynolds

Only the leader of a band of Westcrown freedom fighters possesses the information and influence needed to put a stop to the crimes of a notorious band of tiefling brigands. Yet ill fortune has led this hero of the people into the clutches of the merciless law-keepers known as the Hellknights. As his allies, new and old, plot a way to free him, a hidden menace makes itself known and an infernal bargain moves to claim all of Westcrown as its price.

WESTCROWN

by Steven Schend

Walk the streets of Westcrown, the fading City of Twilight. The former capital of Cheliah, Westcrown lies partially in ruins, a remnant of past glories haunted by dashed hopes and echoes of splendors lost. Here a desperate people struggle to survive under the rule of an uncaring aristocracy, and in the shadows stalk the curse of an age past. Learn all there is to know of this discordant city, the setting of the Council of Thieves Adventure Path.

TIEFLINGS OF GOLARION

by Amber Scott

The spawn of mortals and the damned, tieflings are stained by the mark of absolute corruption. Discover the harsh lives and ways of these infamous half breeds, including details on their roles in Cheliah and dozens of new powers and physical features to make each fiendishly unique.

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Pathfinder Varian Jeggare and his tiefling bodyguard Radovan become embroiled in a deadly mystery in the Chelish capital of Egorian in a new Pathfinder Journal by Dave Gross. Plus, learn what stalks the shadowed streets of Westcrown in a new and disturbing entry into the Bestiary.

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ike many before him, the Genie of a Thousand Wishes realized that captured djinn were more than just foes to be mocked and humbled. They controlled great magic through their wishes—magic he could use.

He experimented. Three wishes from a prisoner seemed useful, but anything truly momentous was quickly undone by mages of great power, or by the gods themselves. But what of an army of wishes? Who could undo such sweeping revisions to reality? Slowly he gathered prisoners and held them close, in dungeons deep below the City of Brass. A hundred djinn, then two hundred, three hundred, and at last thirty-four more: enough for a thousand wishes!

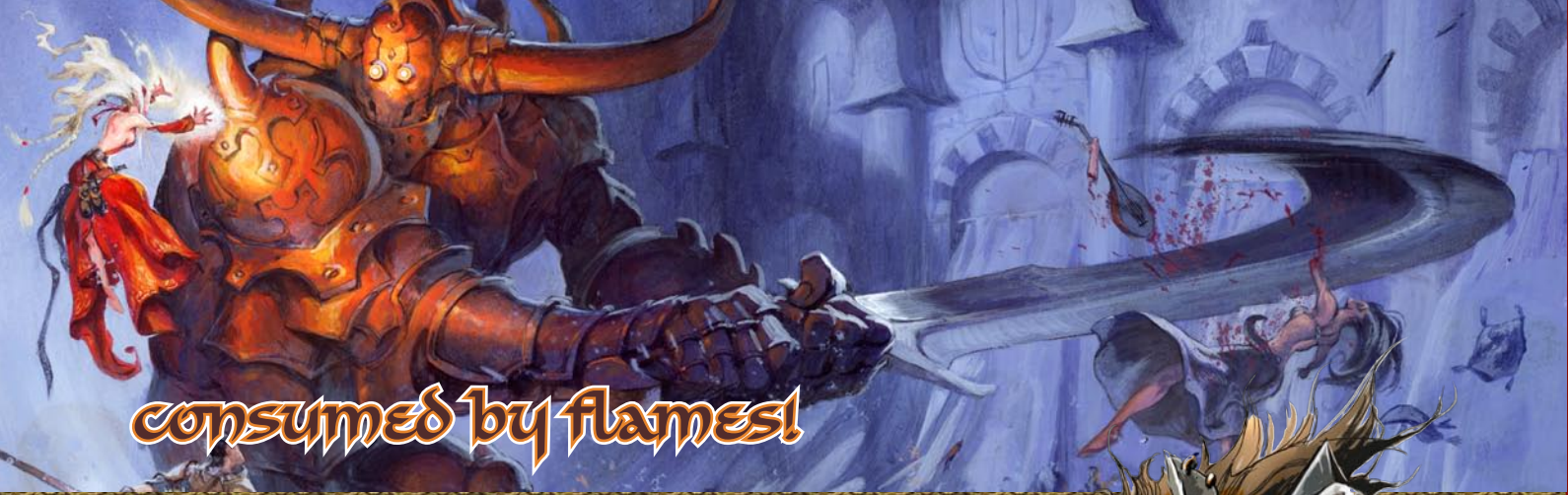
It took years to gather and bind them all, but that gave the Genie of a Thousand Wishes time to ponder what he might wish for. The death of all djinn? Himself made the Grand Sultran of the Efreet? The power of a godling? It was a thing worth pondering long and well, for he would have only one chance.

The day came. The Genie of a Thousand Wishes had consulted, communed, and decided, and thus satisfied, gave himself a night's rest to begin the work of wishcraft fresh, wringing miracles from his prisoners. He would use the wishes to grant his armies invulnerability, and thus destroy his enemies and seize the Sultran's throne for himself—but when he awoke, he was no longer in his chambers, but in a dank cell with a flooded floor and dripping walls.

"What has happened?" shouted the Genie of a Thousand Wishes. "Why am I imprisoned?"

"You have discovered the Sultran's secret," replied his jailer. "And there is only one Sultran among the efreet, for he has wished it so."





consumed by flames!

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