

The Thousand Year Sandglass!



Written & Illustrated by: B.J. Johnson

The Thousand Year Sandglass

Book 1 - Campaign Guide

This book is intended for use with the
Labyrinth Lord
RPG System.

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Dedicated to Gary L.



The Thousand Year Sandglass - Book 1

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Preface:

A Thousand and One Arabian Nights is a treasure trove of tales that the whole world has been discovering, opening up, and enjoying for centuries. Like a genie out of a bottle, the magic contained within has been released to work its wonders and inspire our imaginations.

This venerable collection of folktales from the Middle East are beloved by audiences around the globe, and are as familiar and beloved to an American like myself as stories that originated from western traditions. "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp", "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves", and "The Seven Voyages of Sinbad" are as well known to us as "Sleeping Beauty", "Cinderella", and "Jack and the Beanstalk". We grow up reading them in our childrens' books and seeing them told, re-told, and re-imagined in a wide range of media.

Naturally, these tales of magic, mystery, and adventure have made their mark on tabletop role playing games as well. Without the Arabian Nights, our imaginary heroes would never get to fly on a magic carpet, or encounter wish granting genies, or do battle with ghouls or giant rocs or any number of other creatures inspired by the Ray Harryhausen animated cinematic fantasias we grew up watching as Saturday afternoon movies.

If Scheherazade were a real person living in our modern era, she would probably be hands down the *greatest* game master to ever roll dice behind a screen. (Of course the threat of execution every morning if she didn't come up with a good story to string her husband the Caliph along probably gave her a bit of an edge. If any modern GMs work under those conditions I'd urge them to find other people to play with, preferably in a different state without leaving a forwarding address...)

My own turn as a teller of tales inspired by the Arabian Nights began in 1992, when TSR released their "Al Qadim" supplement for Dungeons & Dragons. It was the same year Disney's "Aladdin" came out. One might say it was kismet.

I was in art school, playing and running D&D games with my friends there, and then coming back for summer break and running games for my brother and his friends, who were all enthusiastic players. Intrigued by the change in scenery from standard, Tolkein inspired fantasy that forms the backbone of the game, I had them roll up a cast of characters and we embarked on one of my all time favorite campaigns.

Taking a page from the voyages of Sinbad, the party was part of the crew of a lost dhow, blown off course by a storm and drifting from island to island having adventures and getting into trouble. It was glorious, and fondly remembered by one and all even a quarter of a century later.

Years later, I'm living in Boston and playing regularly with some of the finest tabletop rpg players the East coast has to offer. Remembering the fun I'd had with my Arabian Nights themed games from the summers of 1992 and 1993, I began working up a campaign world with a similar setting. While I wasn't able to get a steady weekly campaign going in the world of the Thousand Year Sandglass, it became a regular feature at a private mini-convention my gaming group put on every year, and one very much enjoyed by the attendees.

Thus, O noble reader, you now hold the results of a magic carpet ride over twenty years in the making. While it is built with the intention of being used with Labyrinth Lord (which has become my game of choice when running RPGs) I am certain the ideas and story seeds could be transplanted as readily into any system one might desire to use.

This is the first of four planned books, outlining the campaign world and setting the tone. There are eight entire scenarios included to get things rolling, and many more to come. They are an assortment of adventures I've run for my brother and his friends, and for my Boston gaming group at our convention, cleaned up and expanded upon and packaged for your delectation.

Hopefully, this volume will give you enough inspiration and the tools you need to imagine a thousand and one tales of your own. Thanks for purchasing it. Enjoy!

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The World of the Sandglass

Salaam and well met, O wayfarer.

Behold our world, and marvel, for its workings are a great mystery indeed to even our most learned sages.

What hand wrought the great domes, made from some impossible form of glass that not even diamonds can cut nor the mightiest wizardry can puncture? Who set the suns and moons to spinning on their vast hoops of adamant silver, bestowing day and night upon us?

From whence were there brought forth the plants and animals that live within this immense construction? When was it peopled with mortals and jinni alike? Were we meant to be here, or was it just some trick of inscrutable fate?

What is its purpose? Why make a world out of a sandglass or a sandglass out of a world? Whose time is it marking? What happens when all of the sand has poured down from the upper dome to the lower? Are we doomed? Is the golden age approaching?

We do not know, and not even the gods nor the jinni venture to tell us. It is possible that they, in all their immortal wisdom and timeless span of years, do not know either.

Such questions are beyond mortal reckoning, the answers of the distant past long forgotten and the questions of the distant future to be answered long after we have all become as the cascading dust that drifts down from above to slowly increase the height of the great Mount of Ages.

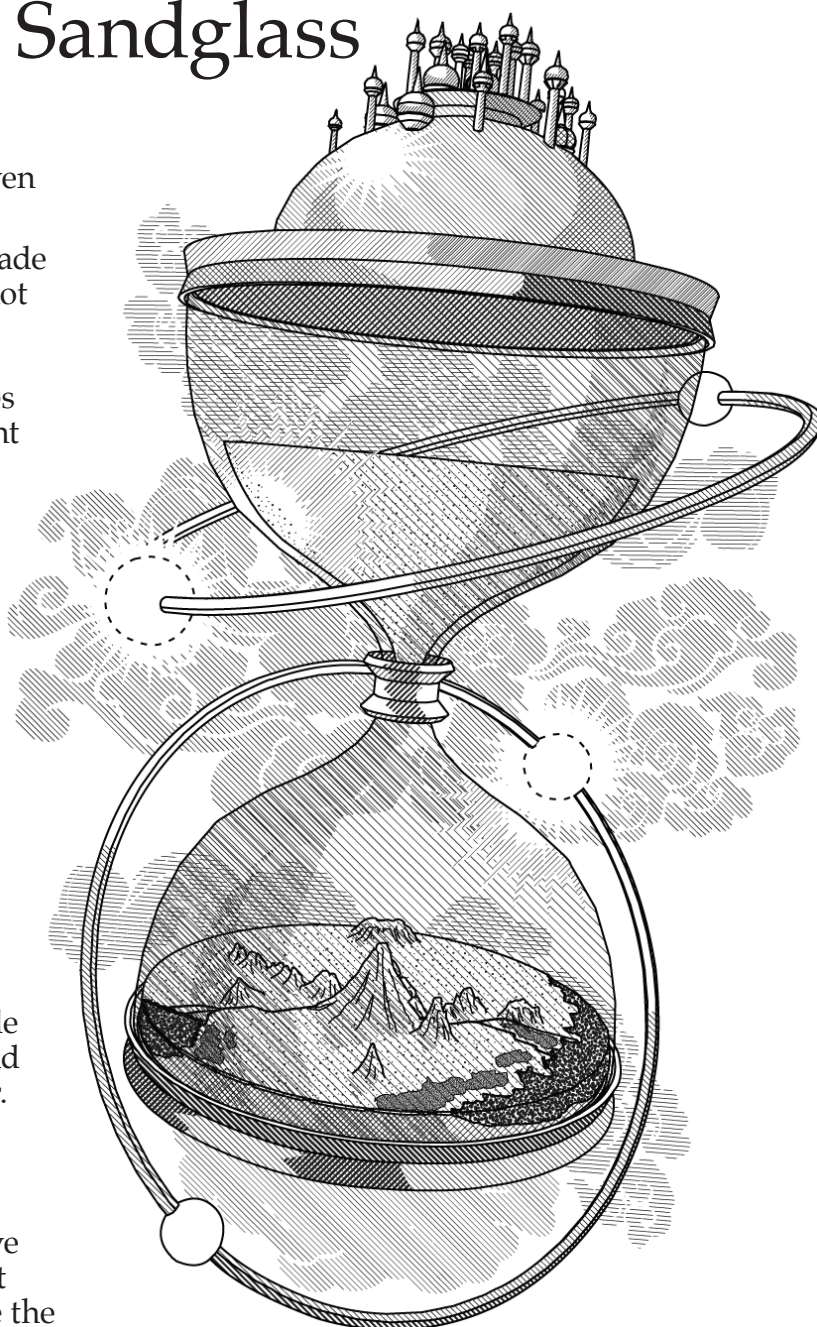
Those of us who are not given to deep philosophy are content to live out our lives in our own brief time in this wide and vibrant realm; striving, failing, fighting, loving, hating, losing, and gaining just to watch as it all slips once more thru our fingers like the silent sand.

There are many stories to be told, with each of us playing the part that fate has written for us.

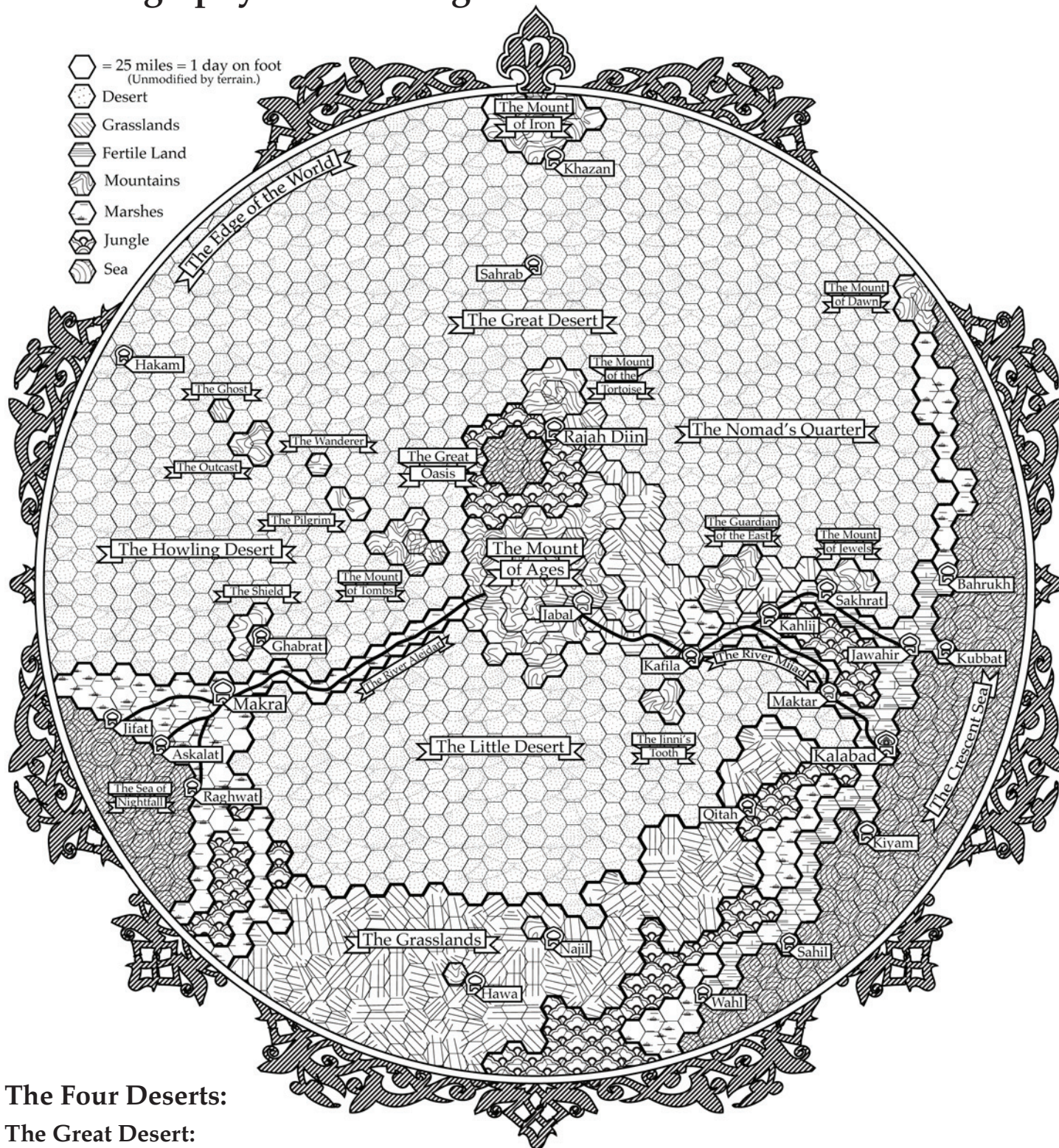
What is in the upper realm?

An excellent question, but alas that is yet another answer that is unknown to those who dwell in the lower realm. It could be where the gods live. It could be the cradle of an incredibly ancient, advanced civilization, slowly collapsing from the center outward. It could be a primeval land populated by gigantic, fantastical beasts. Or it could be nothing but a vast ocean of shifting sand.

There are many tales of dubious veracity regarding objects, creatures, and even entire buildings dropping out of the sky to roll down the slopes of the Mount of Ages and enter our world. Whether these stories are true, and where these things came from and why, are entirely up to the teller of the tale to determine.



The Geography of the Sandglass - A Gazetteer



The Four Deserts:

The Great Desert:

A vast expanse of sand with its northern edge piling against the eternal glass wall of the Sandglass. Aside from the lonely caravanserai of Sahrab and the isolated mining city of Khazan it is largely vacant, save for the hardest desert wildlife and the wide wandering djinn who ride the winds and stir the tenuous clouds high above.

The Howling Desert:

A bleak wasteland haunted by monsters and the unquiet dead. Whirling winds rushing through scattered rock formations strike up a mournful howl that is ever present, to the point of driving weaker souls mad from the constant dirge. Prone to the most vicious sandstorms in the world.

The Little Desert:

Little in name only, compared to the Great Desert, a traveller on foot would still take well over a month to cross from its furthest reaches to the east and west. The bones of conquering armies and the ruins of ancient fortifications lie beneath its drifting sands, awaiting their time to be uncovered by the hot desert winds and bleach in the relentless sun once more.

The Nomad's Quarter:

The most populated of the four deserts, a homeland to diverse and numerous tribes of herdsmen that follow their livestock on their annual migrations from the grasslands of the southwest to the coastal marshes along its eastern edge. The border between the Nomad's Quarter and the Great Desert is generally recognized as a line drawn between the Mount of the Tortoise and the Mount of Dawn, although such niceties of cartography matter little to the desert's wandering denizens.

Mountains:

The Mount of Ages:

Also known as the Peak of the World or the Mount of Cascading Sand, this is the tallest mountain in the world. A treacherous climb, with avalanches of loose sand falling from the sky above. Unknown creatures, strange artifacts, and even entire structures appear upon its steep slopes from time to time.

The Mount of Dawn:

The sun rises above this mountain each day. It is the site of several temples, shrines, and holy sites dedicated to both the Sanam and the Alwan pantheons. An almost supernatural aura of serenity and peace hangs over its blessed slopes, that ring with the gentle sound of wind chimes and chanting.

The Guardian of the East:

A mountain range that hunkers at the western edge of the fertile lands between the Upper and Lower Mijad, protecting them from the harsh desert winds blowing from the northwest.

The Mount of Iron:

Compasses and other way finding instruments across the world all point toward the huge deposit of magnetic lodestone at the heart of this mountain. Deep delving mines riddle its depths, wresting useful and precious metals from rich veins to be sold in the traders' city of Khazan.

The Mount of Jewels:

The world's greatest source of gemstones. Vast wealth is hidden in the caves that riddle the foothills of this mountain. The merciless dao are known to haunt these caverns seeking either to claim the glittering troves of jewels for themselves or foil other treasure seekers with insidious traps.

The Jinni's Tooth:

A jutting spire of rock used as a landmark by wayfarers crossing the Little Desert. Fearsome monsters and rapacious tribes of desert raiders infest the dunes around its base.

The Mountains of the Lost:

A foreboding chain of sandstorm scoured mountains that forms the border between the Great Desert and the Howling Desert. The largest of these is the fearsome Mount of Tombs, known for the ancient, ghul and tomb rat haunted burial complexes that honeycomb its stony heart. From its peak, the lesser mountains vanish into the distance, increasingly obscured by billowing clouds of sand.

The Shield:

A towering crescent of jagged rock that shelters the dusty city of Ghabrat from the relentless winds of the Howling Desert. A breeding ground for the great rocs and other terrifying creatures of the air.

The Mount of the Tortoise:

A dome of rock shaped like the rounded shell of an immense tortoise. The inhabitants of the largomani seitches that huddle against its northern face attest that they can hear a pervasive, slow heartbeat in the depths of their tunnel networks when all else is still and silent.

The Grasslands:

A wide expanse of savannah descending from the southern edge of the Little Desert, dotted by watering holes and kopjes. Vast herds of antelope, zebra, and wildebeest make their home here, hunted by a wide variety of predators, including prides of lions, packs of hyenas and wild dogs, as well as mutually belligerent tribes of humans and gnolls.

Rivers and Seas:

The Crescent Sea:

The largest body of freestanding water in the world, home to the tempestuous jinni known as the marids. Rich with sea life of all kinds, with vast reefs of coral extending for miles beneath the surface.

The Great Oasis:

A vast freshwater lake nearly a hundred miles across that feeds the lush jungles that surround it in a pocket of lowlands between the Mount of Ages and the Mount of the Tortoise.

The River Mijad:

Flowing from the eastern face of the Mount of Ages, this river brings life giving water to the grasslands of the southern Nomad's Quarter. It splits into Upper and Lower branches halfway to the coast of the Crescent Sea.

The River Aleidar:

A sluggish, snake and crocodile infested river that splits into three branches that feed into the dismal salt marshes around the Sea of Nightfall.

The Sea of Nightfall:

A roiling sea driven by the fierce eastern wind, plagued by pirates and terrible sea monsters. There are numerous magical passages to the Crescent Sea hidden among the deadly whirlpools that form against the great glass wall of the Sandglass. The sun sets over the horizon of this sea every night.

The Nations of the Sandglass

The Dominion of the Cabal:

A brutal tyranny ruled with an iron fist by a shadowy council of powerful wizards. From their dark tower in the fortress capital of Makra they dominate the port cities of Jifat, Askalat, and Raghwat, and the desert stronghold of Ghabrat. At times the Cabal's mad ambitions cause them to launch armies of conquest across the deserts or invading fleets across the seas with mercifully limited success.

The Emirate of Rajah Diin:

A highly magical principality that claims dominion over The Great Oasis and its lush surrounding forests, as well as the Mount of the Tortoise that looms over its majestic flying palaces.

The Empire of the East:

A thriving maritime empire ruled by the Sultan of Kalabad that extends along the coast of the Crescent Sea from Bahrukh in the north to Sahil in the south. It is the largest and most powerful nation in the world, controlling seven cities and the largest tracts of arable farmland.

The Nomad Cities:

A loose alliance of free cities along the course of the Upper Mijad river, that includes Jabal, Kafila, Kahlij, and Sakhrat. They are on amiable terms with the Empire of the East, and host an ever shifting population of nomads and desert tribes.

The Sons of Samra:

A mutual defense pact between the city states of the Grasslands, Hawa and Najil, often invoked when the Cabal is on the march. The alliance takes its name from the two small mountains at whose base the cities have grown, both dedicated to the goddess Samra, mistress of the Savannah.

The Cities of the Sandglass

Askalat - The City of Docks:

The chief port city and principle shipyard of the Dominion of the Cabal. The location of the largest slave markets in the world, and the rest of the city's populace is not to far in status from those who are bought and sold there. It is a miserable place.

Bahrugh - The Tower of the Sea:

The northernmost city of the Empire of the East. A major stronghold for the Imperial Navy, whose patrols range up and down the coast and to the farthest northern tip of the Crescent Sea, to the cliffs of the Mount of Dawn. Known and named for a mighty sea fortress with the tallest lighthouse in the world at its pinnacle.

Ghabrat - The City of Dust:

A desert outpost sheltering from the sandstorms of the Howling Desert behind a jagged chain of mountains known as The Shield. Much of the Cabal's magical research is conducted here, and its schools of magic are where the Cabal recruits new members. A more poisonous nest of vipers could not be found outside of a temple of Hayyat.

Hakam - The City of the Doomed:

A vast necropolis, rising from the blasted desert sands a hundred miles past the Ghost, the final mountain in the chain known as the Mountains of the Lost. A place for exiles and the accursed, and for wild eyed seekers of lost riches or forbidden knowledge. Rumors of such things are piled thicker about this place than the shifting sands around its half ruined foundations.

Hawa - The City of the Winds:

Built at the foot of the mountain that bears its name, this city hosts caravans crossing The Grasslands and is a trade center for tribal hunters and herdsman. Wealthy nobles and merchants stage hunting expeditions into the wild savannas from here.

Jabal - The City of the Mountain:

A fortress city built at the headwaters of the River Mijad. A member of the loose alliance of city states known as the Nomad Cities. The people of this city are known for their fierce independence.

Jawahir - The City of Jewels:

Much of the richest trade in gemstones and precious metals passes through here, streaming in from Jabal and Sakhrat, and the jewelers and smiths who make their home here are unrivaled in all the world. Part of the Empire of the East and a source of much of its vast wealth.

Jifat - The Charnel City:

The northernmost of the three ports on the Sea of Nightfall, it is here that Cabal whaling ships and the fishing fleet bring their catch to be butchered. It is the main provisioner for the Dominion's holdings. Were it not for the brisk sea winds blowing in from the coast, the stench would be unbearable.

Kafila - The Caravan City:

Rivaling Kalabad in size, this city is the hub of all the caravan routes stretching north across the Nomad's Quarter and south across the Little Desert. An ever changing, ever moving marketplace where anything might be bought and sold. One of the free cities that compose the Nomad Cities.

Kahluj - The City of Canals:

A center for river trade at the fork where the River Mijad becomes the Upper and Lower Mijad. Much of the city is built directly on the water, with canals replacing the streets. It is one of the independent Nomad Cities.

Kalabad - The City of the Crown:

The greatest city in the world, and the maritime capital of the Empire of the East. The Sultan of Kalabad rules from his Resplendent Palace here. We shall discuss this teeming city of a thousand and one tales further in Chapter 5.

Khazan - The City of Treasures:

A remote mining city at the foot of the Mount of Iron. Miners from the mountains come here to sell the ore they mine to merchants who then ship it via caravan to the south. There are many metal forges and refining operations here as well.

Kiyam - The City of Pavilions:

A splendid city of beautiful mansions, palaces, orchards, and gardens, built on a peninsula renowned for its considerable natural beauty. The Sultan and his family spend the high season here in a sumptuous palace, and the Bay of Kiyam teems with the yachts of the wealthy during this time.

Kubbat - The City of the Dome:

A coastal city best known for the architectural marvel known as the Dome of the Pearl, a vast, gleaming dome of white alabaster which is said to have been built by an army of jinni to commemorate a pact between the Sultan of Kalabad and the Padishah of the Marid. It is the site of a bustling market and several lesser palaces shelter beneath this half mile wide structure.

Makra - The Scourge of the West:

The grim throne city of the Cabal, crouched beneath the looming spire of the Tower of Rule from which the council of ruthless wizards dominates their empire. It sits at the threefold fork of the River Aleidar, commanding the surrounding expanse of dismal marshland, which teems with the foul minions of the city's sorcerer kings and other monsters of all kinds.

Maktar - The City of the Learned:

An erudite city of scholars and sages, and home to many of the finest universities in the world. A vassal of the Empire of the East, where the sultan and all the great noble houses send their heirs to grow rich in knowledge and wisdom. Many schools of magic flourish here as well.

Najil - The City of Grass:

A gathering hub for herdsmen and nomad tribes wandering the borderlands between the Grasslands and the Little Desert, this city's population is ever changing and diverse. In the dry season it seems barely populated, and then is suddenly teeming when the rains come. It is the defensive partner of Hawa, in the alliance known as the Sons of Samra.

Qitah - The City of the Kedai:

Home to the highest population of the feline kedai, from which their illustrious Pasha rules his people from the greatest of their temple complexes. The surrounding lands are a rich hunting ground with dense jungles to the east and rolling grasslands to the southwest. Technically a client city to Kalabad, even though it is not an official part of the Empire of the East.

Raghwat - The City of Pirates:

A truly wretched city of cutthroats and scoundrels, most of the outside trade with the Dominion of the Cabal flows through here, as well as much of the plunder seized by the fleets of raiders who terrorize the Sea of Nightfall under sanction of the sorcerers' council in Makra.

Rajah Diin - City of the Great Tortoise:

A breathtaking city, its temples and palaces built on flying boulders that float majestically over the jungles surrounding the Great Oasis in the shadow of the Mount of the Tortoise. They would export their flying stones to other principalities, except the stones lose their magic and drift to the earth if taken over a day's march from the domed mountain that is the city's namesake. It is an independent city state, ruled by an Emir who is a distant relation to the Sultan of Kalabad. There are many Largomani sietches clustered around the northern face of the mountain who are loyal to the Emir and they and their neighbors to the south will come to one another's aid in times of trouble.

Sahil - The City of the Coast:

The southernmost extent of the Empire of the East, and the closest city on the Crescent Sea to the impenetrable glass of the Sandglass. The reefs off of Sahil are glorious, and teeming with fish and other sea life. It is a city much favored by the marid as a place to go in disguise and mingle with mortals, so tread carefully.

Sakhrat - The City on the Cliff:

While the battlements and hanging palaces built into the face of the Mount of Jewels are impressive, the extensive network of tunnels and vaulted caverns that contain the greater part of the city are one of the wonders of the world. It is the furthest west of the independent Nomad Cities, although of all of them it is the one with closest ties to the Empire.

Sahrab - The Mirage:

A lonely caravan station in the vastness of the Great Desert, supported by scattered oases and Largomani seitches and sustained by the trade that flows between Jabal and Rajah Diin or Kafila. A place for adventurers, nomads, explorers, and other strays, it is perhaps the wildest, most lawless place in the world that can still be called a city. Only steel or gold do the talking here.

Wahl - The City of the Marshes:

An unassuming city of fisher folk who ply the seas and the marshes for their bounty. An ally to the Empire of the East but still a free city, with diplomatic ties to the Sons of Samra, and a hub of trade with the jungle tribesmen and marsh nomads to the west. The city is known for its temples dedicated to the goddess Zarka, and is rumored to have one of the greatest shrines to Timsah the crocodile god in the world, although the city's rulers fervently deny this.

The Gods of the Sandglass:

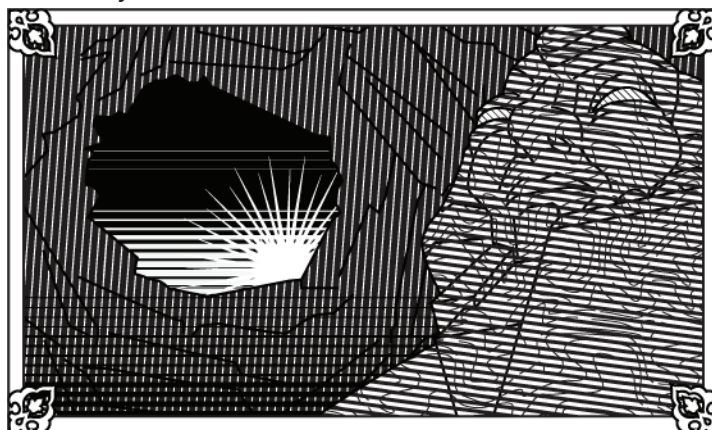
There are three pantheons of gods moving in mysterious ways above and around the Sandglass, guiding the destinies of mortals and intervening on their behalf. They are higher than even the immortal jinni, and it is rumored that even they must bow before them, although they would not do so before mortal eyes. Each pantheon has its lawful, neutral, and chaotic branches.

The newest and most prominent of pantheon is a court of deities known as The Alwan. They are distant and aloof, acting as patrons and channeling spiritual power to their priests, but rarely if ever directly interfering in world events. They are most commonly worshipped in the cities, and enjoy the status of official state religion in the Empire of the East.

Older, and increasingly supplanted by The Alwan as unfashionable and primitive, are a collection of animistic deities known collectively as The Sanam, who are associated closely with animal aspects. They are still popular among wandering nomadic tribes and isolated villages at the frontiers of civilization.

Worshippers of the Alwan will tolerate those who venerate the Lawful and Neutral branches of the Sanam, but will draw swords against those who follow the Chaotic Sanam. Travellers who venerate the Alwan may not be welcome in areas still under the sway of the Sanam.

Finally, there is a large and variegated number of long forgotten gods worshipped by the lost civilizations of the Ancients, their crumbling idols sleeping beneath the sands and hidden within ruined temples. How quietly these deities rest in obscurity is a matter for the teller of the tale to determine. They can range from ravenous destroyers awaiting their chance to upend the Sandglass to simple patron spirits of field and fen to the very architects of the world, watching silently through the eons as their creation unfolds.



The Alwan:

Temples dedicated to the Alwan can be found in most cities. They are easily recognized by the white pillar or obelisk out front of the main structure, which is often enchanted with a Continual Light spell so that it is illuminated at night. Within a typical temple's grounds, the priesthood maintains sanctuaries for contemplation, meeting spaces for religious discussion and philosophical debate, libraries, hospitals, and charitable operations on behalf of the needy.

It is rare to find independent holy sites dedicated to any individual members of this pantheon, aside from small private shrines in places that fall under a particular god's patronage, such as an altar to Azrak aboard a ship or a stele dedicated to Akhdar at the edge of a farmer's field.

Throughout the year, there are several feasts, fasts, and festivals that mark the passing of seasons and honor each of the members of the Alwan individually. Worshipers are expected to follow the customs and rituals, observe the holy days, and tithe. Clerics work for their particular temple, serving in the name of a patron and in turn being supported in their vocation. There is little call to proselytize.

Abyad:

He of the White Pillar, Lawful Lord of the Day. Abyad's only manifestation is as a pillar of white light. He is the embodiment of order, and a patron of civilization. The white pillar found in front of shrines to the Alwan is a symbol of his rule over the pantheon.

Akhdar:

He of the Green Sheaf, Lawful Lord of Farms and Forests. Symbolized by a green sheaf of grain, he is the patron of agriculture and blesses the fields and gardens with plenty.

Taza:

Lady of the Thousand Oases, Sister to Zarka, Lawful Consort of Akhdar. A goddess of fertility, and a provider of aid from hidden places.

Azrak:

He of the Blue Sail, Neutral Lord of Seafarers. Symbolized by the color blue, especially on ships' sails, he is a protector of sailors and a patron of fishermen.

Zarka:

Lady of the Rivers and Marshes, Sister to Taza, Neutral Consort of Azrak. Protector of travellers and wanderers, a source of guidance and wisdom.

Asmar:

He of the Brown Banner, Neutral Lord of the Desert. Symbolized by banners of dark brown. Patron of nomads and wayfarers. Maker of paths through the dunes and summoner of sandstorms.

Samra:

Lady of the Savanna, Neutral Consort of Asmar. Goddess of the hunt and protector of herd animals. Whisperer of prophecies through the rustling sheaves of grass.

Ashkar:

He of the Red Gauntlet, Chaotic Lord of Fire. Symbolized by a red fist, clenched upon flame and lightning. Destroyer of cities, igniter of passions, patron of magicians, inventors, and smiths.

Hamra:

Lady of War, Chaotic Consort of Ashkar. Mother of warriors, culler of the weak, avenger of wrongs, she who razes the stalks so that new seeds may be planted.

Aswat:

He of the Black Pillar, Chaotic Lord of the Night. Unseeable and unknowable, manifesting only as a pillar of impenetrable darkness. He is nowhere and everywhere, and to hear him speak is to know terror. He is more appeased than worshipped by followers of the Alwan.

The Sanam:

The idols of the Sanam are found everywhere, especially in the wilderness and around small villages. The members of this pantheon can be depicted either as the animal they represent, or as a humanoid figure with the head of the creature in question. Worshipers will often carry a small figurine or painted effigy as a totem.

While the followers of the Sanam will mark holy days and make small sacrifices to their chosen patron, they are hardly organized at all compared to the Alwan's devotees. It is a much more personal, informal spiritual practice.

The following is a sampling of different spirits from this pantheon. There are many others, as many as the teller of tales and their protagonists might dream up. It is a simple matter to think of a creature, and apply an alignment and an area of influence to them. (Naming them in Arabic is a nice touch.)

The Lawful Sanam:

Asad the Lion: Spirit of courage and strength. Patron of kings and tribal chieftains.

Nisir the Eagle: Spirit of wisdom and justice. Patron of prophets and sha'ir

Hisan the Horse: Spirit of endurance and freedom. Patron of nomads and merchants.

Bashik the Sparrow Hawk: Spirit of swiftness and fortune. Patron of wanderers and poets.

The Neutral Sanam:

Fahd the Leopard: Spirit of fierceness. Patron of warriors and soldiers. Many kedai honor him as well.

Jardun the Rat: Spirit of cleverness. Patron of thieves and scoundrels.

Girab the Raven: Spirit of knowledge. Patron of wizards and sages.

Abu Barayh the Lizard: Spirit of tenacity. Patron of desert dwellers. Revered by largomani.

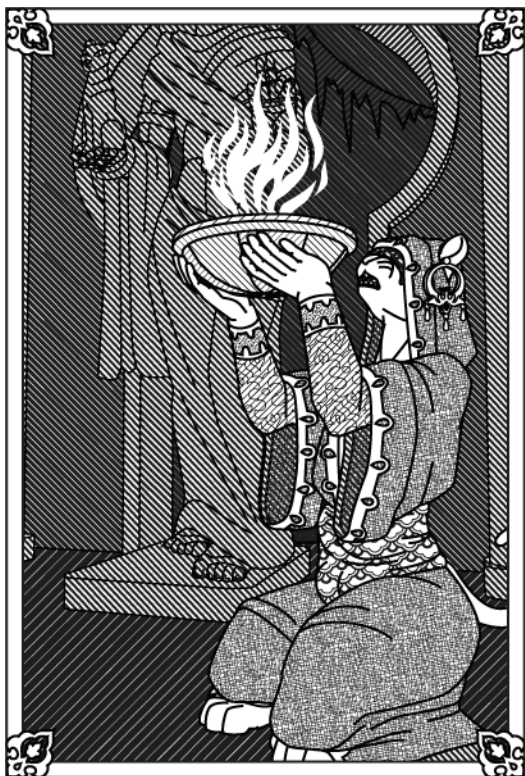
Chaotic Sanam:

Hayyat the Serpent: Spirit of deviousness and betrayal. Patron of assassins and usurpers.

Akrab the Scorpion: Spirit of ambition and destructiveness. Patron of tomb raiders and necromancers.

Timsah the Crocodile: Spirit of calamity and gluttony. Patron of river pirates and bringer of floods.

Dabbak the Hyena: Spirit of greed and opportunism. Patron of bandits and outlaws. God of the gnolls.



The Ohai:

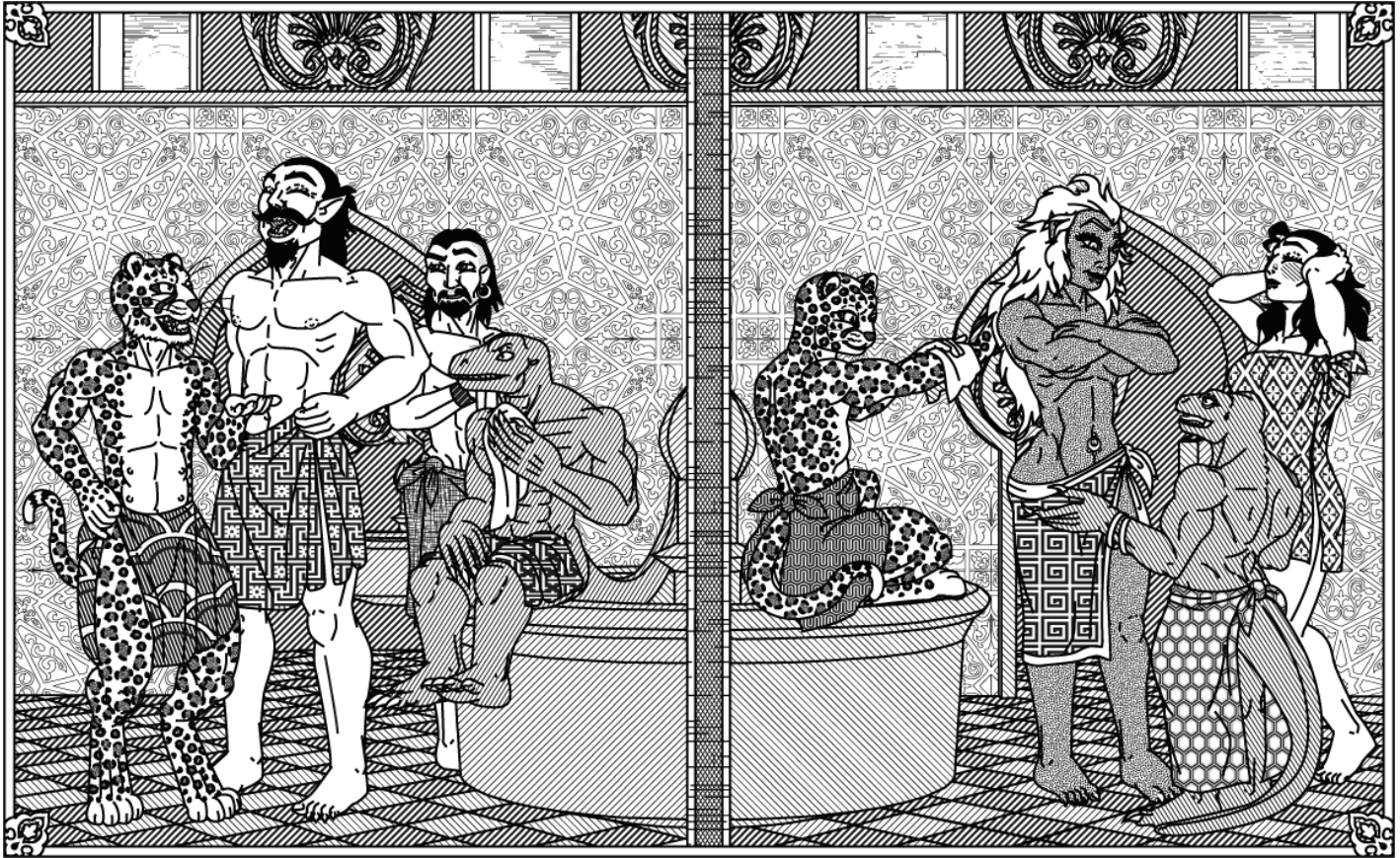
This vanished goddess is a notable example of one of the lost gods, although her fading from the world and the ken of mortals was recent enough that it was recorded by history, and the peoples of the Sandglass are well aware of her from the other mementoes she left behind.

Her final act, right before she went quiet, was the uplifting of the sacred jungle cats that dwelt in her sprawling temple complexes into the intelligent felines known as the kedai, with a last injunction to her priesthood to guide these newly sapient creatures in the ways of civilization.

In the centuries that have passed since this last miracle, her faithful among the tribes of humanity have moved on, finding other deities to venerate. There is, however, a small holdout of priestesses among the kedai, who keep up the old rituals and fervently await their goddess' return. They are rare, but there are reports that they are capable of casting spells as well as other clerics might. So who is to say if the Ohai is truly gone?

That is up to the teller of the tale to decide...

The Peoples of The Sandglass



HUMANITY

The most numerous of the civilized races, from the wandering nomads of the grasslands and deserts to the mighty empires forged from interdependent city states, the world is dominated in all but the remotest quarters by humankind. Only the gods and jinni wield more temporal power, and often find themselves rivaled by these seemingly fragile mortal creatures.

Humans, be they man or woman, may choose to take up the adventuring life as mighty warriors, ingenious wizards, pious clerics, deft thieves, or cunning sha'ir, and may rise to heights of skill and ability undreamt of by the other sentients with whom they share their professions.

Humans and language:

Humankind is widely acknowledged to be the inventors of the Common tongue, the lingua franca of the civilized world, and should that fail them they are adept at making themselves understood in the tongues of other creatures as well. If they are Intelligent enough, humans are capable of speaking the language of the jinni fluently, and can mimic the phonemes of largomani, gnollish, draconic, and other even more obscure forms of speech well enough to be readily understood.

They are also reputed to be the originators of the Ancient tongue studied by scholars and sages in the ruins, relics, and writings of bygone civilizations that rise on occasion from the shifting sands of the deserts. Speakers of the Ancient tongue can adapt quite readily to speaking the languages of the kedai or the tomb rats, both of which are derived and adapted from this antique form of speech.

Humans also speak a multitude of regional and tribal dialects, as well as languages developed by secret societies and other subcultures to transact their business obscured from the prying ears of outsiders. Sha'irs, thieves, wizards, and assassins each have their own professional cant.

Largomani, kedai, and even the tomb rats all have a variant of the following saying: *"A human can talk your tail off and still keep you hanging on theirs."*

JANN

REQUIREMENTS: CHA 9

Hit Dice: 1d8

PRIME REQUISITES: STR & CHA

Maximum Level: 10

Among the tribes and nations of mankind, there are those in whose veins flow the magical blood of the jinni. These individuals are known among men as the jann. They are gifted with both skill at arms, as well as the power to cast spells as wizards do. Many jann are indistinguishable from humanity, albeit with a greater tendency towards comeliness, but just as many bear outward signs of their lineage, such as pointed ears, enlarged canine teeth, unusually colored eyes or hair, or greatly increased height. Regardless of their physical appearance, they are invariably strong, commanding personalities capable of great passions. Many find them arrogant, high handed, and boastful, but often their boasts have considerable power backing them up. The mortal life of a jann is one fraught with destiny and adventure.

Jann may wield any weapon and use any armor, and may cast spells from a list they share with the Sha'ir, using the Magic User's spell progression chart for the number of spells they may cast per day. They do not need to choose spells in advance, instead picking spells from among the spells they know for an appropriate slot on the fly.

They must have at least a 13 on both prime requisites to get a +5% bonus to their XP, and must have a 16 in CHA and a 13 in STR to get the +10% bonus. Due to their magical nature, they can spot illusions on a 1-2 on a d6 when actively searching. Also due to their lineage, they are immune to the paralyzing touch of ghuls. Jann can speak common, their alignment language, gnoll, kedai, and the language of the jinni.

Reaching 9th. Level:

When a jann reaches this level, they may choose to either build a fixed stronghold in the traditional fashion, generally at an isolated oasis or mountain top, or found a nomadic camp that they rule over as a shaykh, claiming a number of hexes equal to the shaykh's level in the desert. The camp moves from hex to hex every 1d3 months, with a 1d6 to randomize the direction it heads within its ruler's territory.

While the hexes in a sheikh's domain remain wild in terms of clearing out monsters and other perils, the hex the camp is currently residing in must be free of threats, and a force must be sent to clear out a hex to be occupied in the future. Warriors of all kinds may be hired, but a personal honor guard of jann stock must be retained.

Jann use the Elf Level Progression and Saving Throws from the Labyrinth Lord Rulebook.

ADVANCED EDITION COMPANION RULES:

REQUIREMENTS: CHA 9

ABILITY MODIFIERS: +1 STR. +1 CHA

ABILITY MIN/MAX: STR 7/19, DEX: 5/18, CON 6/18, INT 3/18, WIS 3/18, CHA 7/19

SAVING THROW BONUSES: +2 vs. Breath Atk., +4 vs. Spells, +4 vs. Petrify & Paralyze, +2 Wands

AVAILABLE JANN CLASSES: THIEF SKILL ADJUSTMENTS:

Class:	Max. Level		
Fighter	10	Pick Locks	+5%
Magic User	12	Pick Pockets	+7%
Illusionist	16	Find&Remove Traps	+5%
Sha'ir	14	Hide In Shadows	-5%
Thief	12	Move Silently	-5%
		Climb Walls	+5%

KEDAI

REQUIREMENTS: Dex 9, Wis 9

Hit Dice: 1d6

PRIME REQUISITES: STR, DEX

Maximum Level: 10

The kedai are an exalted race of felines originating in the ancient temples of a vanished deity that can be found laying in ruin across the world, reclaimed by the roots and vines of the deepest jungles or crumbling on the banks of isolated oases. Before going silent, the goddess Ohai bestowed a final blessing on the sacred cats dwelling in these sprawling ruins, giving them the gifts of speech, sense, and skillful hands.

Were a leopard to rise up upon its hind legs and begin dressing and acting as a human, that is the general appearance of the kedai. Their short fur coats come in shades of gold or orange with black rosettes, with melanistic and albino specimens infrequently appearing as well.

They are very proud of their appearance, and prefer to dress in loose, colorful clothing that accentuates their pelts to greatest effect. Kedai at their best are bright, vivacious, and intensely curious. At their worst they are lazy, flighty, and vain. They are fierce when wronged, but quick to forget grudges. Kedai speak their own language, as well as common and gnoll. Those with Intelligence over 13 may speak the Ancient tongue, while those with Wisdom over 13 may speak the language of the jinni.

A kedai gains a +5% bonus to experience if they have a 13 in either prime requisite, and gain a +10% if they have a 13 in both. They gain a +1 bonus to initiative rolls when alone or in a party composed completely of their own kind. They possess infravision out to 60 feet, but their eyes glow in the dark, possibly revealing their location to enemies. They are capable of making great leaps of 20 feet in any direction, as long as they are unencumbered. A kedai may make a saving throw vs. Petrify while falling distances of 30 feet or less to land safely on their feet without harm.

Reaching 9th. Level:

A kedai of high enough level may seek out an unoccupied temple ruin and establish a community there, where they may rule as a Bey answering to the kedai Pasha in Qitah, once they have cleared it of any unwarranted occupants and restored the complex to a livable state. Such communities often become caravan way points and centers of trade and culture, and it often will behoove the ruler to attract learned sages, wizards, and clerics, as well as merchants, tradesmen, and entertainers. The complex may be defended by mercenaries of any kind, but the Pasha prefers his vassals to make as much use of kedai soldiery as possible.

Kedai use the Elf saving throws and the Fighter level progression from the Labyrinth Lord rulebook, with a d6 for Hit Dice.

ADVANCED EDITION COMPANION RULES:

REQUIREMENTS: DEX 9, WIS 9

ABILITY MODIFIERS: +2 DEX. -1 INT

ABILITY MIN/MAX: STR 3/18, DEX: 7/20, CON 3/18, INT 3/16, WIS 3/18, CHA 3/18

SAVING THROW BONUSES: +2 vs. Breath Atk., +2 vs. Petrify & Paralyze, +4 Wands

AVAILABLE KEDAI CLASSES: THIEF SKILL ADJUSTMENTS:

Class:	Max. Level		
Assassin	8	Pick Locks	-5%
Fighter	10	Pick Pockets	+5%
Cleric	7	Find&Remove Traps	-5%
Monk	8	Hide In Shadows	+10%
Thief	12	Move Silently	+10%
		Climb Walls	+15%

LARGOMAN

REQUIREMENTS: Con 9

PRIME REQUISITES: STR

Hit Dice: 1d8

Maximum Level: 12

The stocky, reptilian largomani (singular: largoman) are creatures of the deep desert, able to survive and prosper in the merciless dune wastes that stretch for trackless miles across the lower realm of the Sandglass. While the harshness of their environs make survival their main concern, they are also a kindly folk, willing to extend hospitality to those in need.

A typical largoman is about four feet tall, weighing about 170 pounds (all of which is muscle) and covered in a smooth, slightly waxy olive green hide. Their lizard like faces are rigid and inscrutable, so much of their personality comes through in vocal inflection and body language. (In fact, they are well known for their grace and skill at dancing, which comes as quite a surprise to many.) Their hands, while dextrous as any man's, are rough and thorny with thick nails that allow them to burrow through sand with amazing speed. Large, taloned feet and a four foot tail grant them very solid footing on shifting sands, should they choose to move above ground. In day to day life largomani dress very pragmatically, in simple kilts and cloaks, favoring as heavy armor as they can get.

Largomani possess the ability to see heat, granting them infravision out to 60 feet. They are also able to burrow through loose earth or sand at a movement rate of 30'. Their intimate knowledge of the wastelands allows them a 1-2 on a d6 roll to detect pitfalls, hidden tunnels, quicksand, or buried water in earthen or sandy environments. Their inherent toughness grants them good saving throws against magic. An unencumbered largoman has a movement rate of 60', but only suffer encumbrance if they are carrying over 80 lbs. Due to their short stature, they can't use pole arms or large 2 handed weapons. Largomani speak their own language, the common tongue, and their alignment language. They harbour a fierce hatred of the tomb rats, and gain a +1 to damage against them in battle. All largomani understand something of the tomb rats' debased language.

Reaching 9th. Level:

When a largoman reaches a this level, they will find a likely spot and construct a sietch: an underground warren of tunnels that features large meeting halls, deeply buried cisterns, colonies of docile giant insects that the occupants raise for food, and creche chambers for largomani eggs and hatchlings. The sietch is defended by largomani soldiers, but may harbor experts and spellcasters of other races. Largomani seitches operate under a strict code of hospitality. If a wayfarer comes to one in peace, they will be housed, fed, and protected for up to three days.

Largomani use the Dwarf saving throws and the Dwarf level progression from the Labyrinth Lord rulebook, with a d8 for hit dice.

ADVANCED EDITION COMPANION RULES:

REQUIREMENTS: CON 9

ABILITY MODIFIERS: +2 STR. +2 CON

ABILITY MIN/MAX: STR 7/20, DEX: 3/14, CON 6/20, INT 3/18, WIS 3/18, CHA 3/14

SAVING THROW BONUSES: +1 vs. Breath Atk., +2 vs. Petrify & Paralyze, +4 vs. Poison

AVAILABLE LARGOMAN CLASSES: THIEF SKILL ADJUSTMENTS:

Class:	Max. Level		
Fighter	12	Pick Locks	-5%
Ranger	8	Pick Pockets	-10%
Cleric	8	Find&Remove Traps	+10%
Druid	10	Hide In Shadows	+5%
Thief	12	Move Silently	+5%
		Climb Walls	-15%

ADVENTURING CLASSES:

As stated above, humans may choose to play as Fighters, Clerics, Magic Users, or Thieves using the class rules outlined in Section 2 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook. They may also choose to play as an additional class of spellcaster outlined below.

If the teller of tales chooses to use the Advanced Edition Companion, Illusionists and Assassins are particularly appropriate to the world of the Sandglass. Druids, Rangers, Monks, and Paladins may require some alteration to fit into the idiom, but should work as well. Advanced Edition racial bonuses and penalties for the races outlined in this book are included with their descriptions.



SHA'IR

REQUIREMENTS: None

Hit Dice: 1d6

PRIME REQUISITE: CHA

Maximum Level: None.

The jinni are a powerful force in the magical realm of the Sandglass, and among the tribes of mankind there are men and women who have learned how to contact, bargain with, and eventually, command these primal, elemental creatures. Naturally they speak the language of the jinni fluently.

Sha'ir may carry and use one handed weapons and bows, but may not use large two handed weapons or polearms. They cannot wear armor or use shields, for to wear armor is a sign of fear that causes them to lose the jinnis' respect. They fight as Clerics, and save as Magic Users.

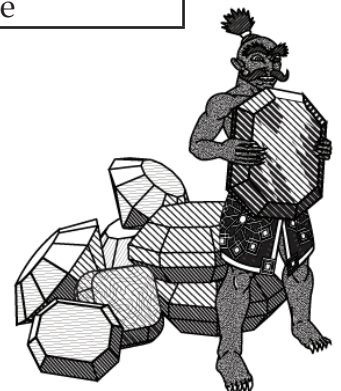
Sha'ir cast spells known as Boons from their own spell list, using the Magic User's spell progression chart. This progression indicates the number and quality of favors they may ask from the jinni on a given day. They may choose any spell from the list as appropriate to the level available to them, rather than memorizing their spells beforehand. Unused Boons do not carry forward, but reset each sunrise.

SHA'IR & JANN SPELL LISTS

	1st Level		2nd Level		3rd Level
1	Light	1	Find Traps	1	Locate Object
2	Floating Disc	2	Fly	2	Fire Ball
3	Hold Portal	3	Knock	3	Create Food & Water
4	Shield	4	Levitate	4	Hold Person
5	Water Breathing	5	Phantasmal Force	5	Lower Water
6	Resist Fire	6	Clairvoyance	6	Detect Lie



	4th Level		5th Level
1	Move Earth	1	Flame Strike
2	Hold Monster	2	Blade Barrier
3	Arcane Eye	3	Conjure Elemental
4	Wall of Fire	4	Control Weather
5	Part Water	5	Telekinesis
6	Conjure Animals	6	Wall of Stone



Summoning a gen:

At Level 4, a Sha'ir may summon a gen, a diminutive, lesser form of jinni that acts as a familiar to them. The gen shares the sha'ir's hit points and saving throws, and if they are damaged so is their master (although not vice versa). A gen and their master may be healed separately by any means available to them. If their master is slain they will return to their elemental plane of origin. If their gen is killed and the sha'ir somehow survives or is brought back via Raise Dead or Resurrection, they may not summon another gen for 101 days. If they are Reincarnated, they can never summon another gen. A gen may be freed at their master's pleasure after a full year of service, and replaced within thirty days.

There are four types of gen, aligned to each of the four elements, and what type the Sha'ir may bond with is dependent on their alignment. Each type has a unique power that they may use on themselves at will, and on others once a day. A gen is only a foot tall, hits like a Lvl 1 Fighter, striking with their tiny fists or biting. They speak the language of the jinni and can be readily taught the common tongue.

The four gen types are:

Djinnlings, who can cast Fly once a day, has an AC of 3, and hits for 1d4-2 damage. They may be chosen by Lawful sha'irs. They are generally flighty and high strung.

Daolani, who can cast Passwall once a day, has an AC of 2, and hits for 1d4 damage. They may be chosen by Lawful or Neutral sha'irs. They are usually stolid and a bit obtuse.

Efreetikin, who can cast Resist Flame once a day, has an AC of 3, and hits for 1d6 damage. They may be chosen only by Chaotic sha'irs. They are often malicious and sarcastic.

Maridan, who can cast Breathe Water once a day, has an AC of 3, and hits for 1d3 damage. They may be chosen by Neutral or Chaotic sha'irs. They are frequently impertinent and careless.

Reaching 9th. Level:

Upon reaching this level, a sha'ir gains the power to summon and bind jinni into their service. They may do this with any type of jinni whose hit dice are 2 lower than their level (ignoring plus's), thus a 9th. level sha'ir may bind a djinn, while a 12th. level sha'ir may bind an efreeti, for example. The service may be for a maximum duration of 101 days. Sha'ir may only bind one jinni at a time (although this doesn't preclude them using magic items to summon and control other jinni).

Upon initiating the binding, the sha'ir must roll a 2d6 and consult the following table

Roll Result	Jinni Reaction
2	Jinni is bound and serves enthusiastically. +1 to Morale
3-5	Jinni is bound to service.
6-8	Jinni is bound, but rebellious. -1 to Morale. 10% chance/day of escape
9-11	Jinni refuses service and vanishes
12	Jinni enraged at attempt to bind. Attacks instantly

The following modifiers apply to this roll. The sha'ir must apply their reaction adjustment as well if their charisma is high or low enough.

+4 if a jinni of the same type has been slain in the sha'ir's service

-2 if a prior bound jinni was released from service earlier than agreed upon

+2 if a jinni is of a different alignment than the sha'ir

-1 if a jinni is the same alignment as the sha'ir

-1 for every 100000 gp worth of treasure offered to the jinni, up to 400000 gp.

Sha'ir do not build strongholds, preferring to wander, but they are a welcome presence in the halls or tents of the powerful and well connected.

Sha'ir use the Magic User level progression chart and save as Clerics.



EQUIPMENT:

The following is a list of equipment appropriate to the setting, which may be purchased in addition to the weapons and equipment listed in Section 2 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook.

Item	Cost	Weight	Item	Cost	Weight
Backpack	2 gp.	2 lb.	Pole, 10 foot	2 sp.	8 lb.
Bedroll	5 sp.	5 lb.	Rations, dried.	2 sp.	1 lb.
Blanket	1 sp.	3 lb.	Rations, preserved	5 sp.	1 lb.
Block and Tackle	5 gp.	5 lb.	Rope, Hemp (50 ft.)	1 gp.	10 lb.
Candles (10)	10 cp.	-	Rope, Silk (50 ft.)	10 gp.	5 lb.
Carpet (7X9')	16 gp.	32 lb.	Rug (3X5')	3 gp.	4 lb.
Dewwok	25 gp.	3 lb.	Sack, Large	2 sp.	1/2 lb.
Flask (empty)	3 cp.	1-1/2 lb.	Sack, Small	1 sp.	1/4 lb.
Flint & Steel	2 gp.	-	Saddle	25 gp.	10 lb.
Grappling Hook	1 gp.	4 lb.	Saddle Bag	1 sp.	1/2 lb.
Hammer	5 sp.	2 lb.	Spell Book	15 gp.	3 lb.
Hashish (4 oz.)	1 gp.	-	Spade	2 gp.	8 lb.
Hookah	25 gp.	5 lb.	Spikes, Iron (16)	1 gp.	8 lb.
Ink	8 gp.	-	Spyglass	70 gp.	1 lb.
Khoumiss (2 pints)	2 sp.	2 lb.	Tent, Small (1 man)	5 gp.	7 lb.
Quill Pen	1 sp.	-	Tent, Large (8 man)	25 gp.	20 lb.
Lamp, Brass	5 gp.	1 lb.	Thieves Tools	30 gp.	1 lb.
Lantern	10 gp.	3 lb.	Torches (8)	4 sp.	8 lb.
Manacles	15 gp.	2 lb.	Vial	1 gp.	1/10 lb.
Mirror, Small	10 gp.	1/2 lb.	Water (1 Gallon)	1 sp.	10 lb.
Oil (1 pint Flask)	1 sp.	1 lb.	Waterskin/Wineskin	1 gp.	4 lb.
Oil (Gallon jar)	1 gp.	9 lb.	Wine (2 pints)	1 gp.	2 lb.
Paper (sheet)	4 sp.	-	Yogurt (1 pt.)	2 sp.	1 lb.

ARMOR:

The sun is merciless in the burning deserts of the Sandglass, and even in the cities or other types of terrain it can still become very hot. Therefore, plate mail is an oddity. To adjust for the lack of this level of protection, characters gain more benefit from Dexterity.

Barding for mounts of all kinds is also unknown in these lands.

DEXTERITY BONUS:

Score	AC Mod.	Score	AC Mod.
3	+2	13-15	-2
4-5	+1	16-17	-3
6-8	+0	18	-4
9-12	-1		

AVAILABLE ARMOR LIST

Armor	Cost	AC	Weight
Chain Mail	150 gp.	5	30 lb.
Leather	20 gp.	7	15 lb.
Padded	5 gp.	8	10 lb.
Scale Mail	65 gp.	6	40 lb.
Shield	10 gp.	-1	10 lb.

ANIMALS:	Cost:	Notes:
Camel	50 gp	As described in Section 6 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook.
Goat	2 gp	A 1 HD Herd Animal, as described in Section 6.
Mongoose (trained)	5 gp	<i>1d4 HP, AC: 7, Bite: 1d4, Sv: F3, Mv: 90(30), Ml: 10, Can detect hidden serpents on 1-2 on a d6. Can instantly kill a normal sized snake on an 18-20. Immune to snake venom.</i>
Monkey (trained)	40 gp	<i>1d6 HP, AC: 8, Bite: 1d3, Sv: F1, Mv: 90(30), Ml: 7, Can be trained to filch small items. Picks Pockets as 3rd. Lvl Thief.</i>
Cat (hunting)	250 gp	As Cat, Large: Panther in Section 6 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook. Morale: 7.

EQUIPMENT DESCRIPTIONS:

Carpets & Rugs:

A common and easily portable way to ensure a clean, comfortable spot to sit or lie down upon in one's travels, be it on the streets of a city or on a patch of sand in the wilderness. A rug or carpet below and a tent above is often all that a wanderer needs to feel at home. The type listed here is made of cotton or wool, with traditional patterns woven into it using inexpensive dyes. Richer fabrics and more exotic patterns can be had for much higher prices. One's nation of origin or tribal affiliation may be discerned from the patterns of one's rug.

Dewwok:

On the day they come of age, every largoman is given a special device known as a dewwok, which resembles a small shield with strange hollows on one side and a polished metal surface on the other, that when set out at night allows them to gather enough water to sustain themselves for a whole day. Largomani are adapted to thrive in the deep desert, and can operate on very low amounts of water. For other races the amount of water a dewwok collects is insufficient.

A largoman dewwok is usually carried strapped to their back when they are mobile during the day, and adds a +1 to their armor class in addition to whatever other armor and shield they may be using. It is generally their most prized possession, and they will go to great lengths to protect it.

Hashish:

A concentrated resin made from certain plants that when smoked produces a euphoric effect on the user. While under its effects, the user suffers -2 penalties to all rolls. For wizards and clerics, this effect can halve the time required to memorize spells if a save vs. Poison is made. If failed, the time to memorize is doubled. A critical failure can mean that 1d4 spells are prematurely forgotten.

Hookah:

Used for vaporizing and smoking flavored tobacco or other herbal concoctions. The type listed here is an ornate brass model found in cafes and salons in civilized areas. Simpler types of pottery or glass can be obtained for a much lower price.

Khoumiss:

An alcoholic beverage made from fermented mare's milk. Popular among nomads, herdsman, and the kedai.

Water:

This life sustaining commodity can be quite precious indeed in the arid lands of the Sandglass, and in areas where it is scarce it must be bought. 1 silver piece reflects a base price, which can rise precipitously in times of drought or in areas where water must be imported to begin with.

A full grown human needs at least two gallons a day under normal conditions to remain healthy. This amount increases with greater heat and higher levels of activity.

Desert survival will be covered more thoroughly in Book 2 of the Thousand Year Sandglass series.

A Sandglass Bestiary

There are many wondrous and terrible creatures to be encountered while adventuring in the Sandglass. What follows is a brief guide to certain notable examples of the best and worst of them

The Jinni

These magical beings of immense power, intelligent immortals composed of earth, air, fire, or water, are so ubiquitous in every corner of the Sandglass that they are almost part of the landscape. Perhaps literally so, considering their elemental natures. Indeed, many of the wisest sha'irs and sages posit that these creatures are somehow intrinsic to the very workings of the world.

While it would be most unwise to put it thus to one of these proud creatures' faces, they seem to have been created to serve. Their vast magical and physical abilities are meant to be put to use for the sake of others, be it for some vast, unknowable cosmic purpose, or for the continuity and processes of the natural world, the will of nations and their rulers, the subtle purposes of ambitious sha'ir, or even the humble aims of some lowly mortal into whose trembling hands a control device such as a ring or magic lamp is dropped by improbable fate.

On the Granting of Wishes:

One bit of evidence that points toward the truth of this theory is the ability of the nobles of jinni kind to grant Wishes to mortals. Based on the observations of the sha'ir, the power to alter reality itself on behalf of a mortal's whim is a sign of status among them. A jinni capable of granting a single Wish is exalted above others of their kind. Those who can grant three Wishes are among the highest elites. It is unknown how many Wishes their rulers can grant. Perhaps it is they who dole this power out to those who serve them. Or perhaps the greatest of the jinni collect Wishes like a wealthy mortal collects fine works of art, and granting them is a form of conspicuous ostentation. After all, what is the point of omnipotent power if one never puts it to use?

On Boons and the Magic of Sha'irs and Jann:

The wonders called into being by the sha'ir and the jann seems to be a further example of jinni kind's compulsion to service, albeit one shared by one and all equally and at random. When a boon is called for, any jinni within the vicinity, be they invisible or transformed or hidden in the earth, sea, or sky, shall answer without even appearing, diverting a bit of their magic into manifesting the desired effect or whispering the desired information in the asker's ear and then going about their business. If multiple jinni are in the area (and more often than not there are) they share the load and none suffer noticeable reduction in their intrinsic store of magic. If an area were somehow shielded from the jinni's influence, it would render the jann or sha'ir within that area powerless.

On the Gen:

The diminutive familiars of experienced sha'ir, it is uncertain whether these tiny creatures are a separate species of jinni or merely some lesser form of their respective sub-types. They are definitely *not* jinni children. Reliable authorities and they themselves all attest that they are fully grown adults. More powerful jinni treat them as inferiors if they don't ignore them completely.

On Rings, Lamps, and other Control Devices:

Crafting devices to contain or control the wild and willful jinni is an art known to but a select few of the cleverest sha'ir. Use the rules for crafting magic items in Section 8 of the Labyrinth Lord Rulebook. The item itself may be mundane, or of the finest craftsmanship. The most important part of the process is that the sha'ir must be at least 5 levels higher than the Hit Dice of the jinni they wish to contain with the device, and they must be absolutely clear on the terms and conditions of the binding. It is wise to consider in this case that loopholes can cost lives.

For their part, even the most devious or contrary jinni must forthrightly state these terms to any who activate the device, although as immortal beings with a lot of time on their hands as they wait to be summoned they can often find ingenious ways to work against or around their restrictions.

Shape Shifting and True Forms:

All jinni can change their shape up to three times a day, as with the 4th. Level Magic User spell Polymorph Self. They can assume the form of a mortal, or of any animal. It is not uncommon at all to encounter jinni in disguise as one makes one's way in the world. How would one know otherwise?

If slain while in an assumed form, they will revert to their natural form and then dissipate into their component element. (Which is why it can be quite dangerous to slay one of the fiery efreet.)

A jinni's natural form is generally humanoid, although towering in height and tinged by the element that makes up their body. Their skin and hair can take on any color imaginable, and sharp teeth and pointed ears are common features. To make the jinni in their stories more strange and inhuman, the teller of tales may choose to roll d4, d6, d8, d10, or d12 on the following chart 1d4-1 times for additional details, depending on how bizarre they wish their jinni to be.

d12	Unusual physical features of a jinni's natural form.
1	Horns, 1d4 sets. Roll 1d4 per set: 1: Curled like a ram 2: Curved like a bull 3: Straight like an antelope 4: Spiraled like a kudu. May butt or gore with horns for 2d8 damage but prefer not to.
2	Multiple Arms, 1d3 extra sets. Gain an extra punch attack per round with each set.
3	Lion's claws in place of one set of hands. Add +3 to punch damage.
4	Tusks. Roll 1d4. 1-3: Like a boar. 4: Like an elephant. Can attack with them for 1d8 damage.
5	Taloned feet of a bird of prey. Can kick for 2d8 damage, grasp foes with successful attack.
6	Scaly Skin. Add -2 to AC. Scales are stony, gem-like, or metallic depending on jinni type.
7	Elephant trunk. Fully prehensile. Can pick pockets as HD lvl Thief.
8	Feathered Wings, 1d4 sets. Each set of wings bestows extra Fly speed of 30'(10')
9	Huge fanged mouth in abdomen. Bites for 3d8. Roll dice. Odd: Only mouth. Even: Extra mouth.
10	Eyes set in chest. Roll dice. Odd: Blank sockets on head. Even: Extra set.
11	Large gemstone set in body. Worth HDx1000 gp, gain enmity of that jinni type if owned or sold.
12	Body is a swirling column of their element from the waist down. Move 120'(40')

Giants, Ogres, and the Curse of Flesh:

The worst punishment among the jinni is known as the Curse of Flesh. For crimes unknowable to mortals, a jinni will be stripped of their immortality and elemental nature, transformed into a creature of flesh and blood, and cast into the world to fend for themselves.

These unfortunates often revert to a desperate, brutal existence, essentially becoming ogres, or possibly hill giants if they were particularly powerful before their exile to mortal life. Some might hold on to a small scrap of their former magical nature, becoming ogre mages.

They mostly retain their appearance, so a roll of d10 on the table above can be added to the basic ogre or hill giant description as found in the Labyrinth Lord Rulebook, or the ogre mage from the Advanced Edition Companion. Any damage from horns or claws will be reduced from d8's to d6's.

If the teller of the tale wishes to smite an existing jinni with the Curse of Flesh, their Hit Dice, Armor Class, Attacks, and other abilities will change to the new monster they've become, but if their Hit Points fall within the range of their new Hit Dice their total will remain the same. If it doesn't, roll the difference x d8 and subtract that number from their Hit Points to determine the new total.

Normal jinni want absolutely nothing to do with these creatures, and are unwilling to speak of what led to their condemnation, considering it a private matter among their own kind. They will also generally be loath to engage them in combat, although a bound jinni will do what they can to protect their master from an outcast ogre or giant. They will refuse to kill them, stating flatly that the wretched creatures are being punished, and that it is not their place to commute their sentence. They are otherwise ambivalent about them earning their deaths at the hands of mortals or misadventure.

Jinni - Djinn

Number Encountered: 1

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 90' (30') Fly: 240' (80')

Armor Class: 5

Hit dice: 7+1

Attacks: 1 (Fist), See below

Damage: 2d8/2d6

Save: F14

Morale: 12

Hoard: None

Majestic jinni of the air, made of and moved by the winds, they travel far and wide across the vast expanse of the skies, shepherds of the clouds and workers of the weather. They may only be affected by magic and magical weapons

Djinn have several spell-like abilities, and they can use each of them 3 times per day. They have four creation abilities, including create food and water (cast as a cleric of 7th. level), create permanent goods (items made of wood, rope, and other sorts of softer goods, 100 lbs. maximum), create temporary objects of metal (softer metals last longer, gold lasts 24 hours and iron lasts 1 hour, 100 lbs. maximum), create illusions (as Phantasmal Force, except the effect is permanent until touched or dispelled). They can also become Invisible or take on a Gaseous Form.

They can assume the form of a mighty Whirlwind after spinning in place and gaining more and more speed for 5 rounds. The whirlwind is 10' diameter and the base, 70' high, and 20' diameter up top. It moves 120'(40'), and deals 2d6 points of damage to any being it comes in contact with. Beings of 2 or fewer HD must make a save vs. Death or be thrown 10' and take 1d6 additional damage.

Djinn may also choose to attack with powerful blows from their fists, doing 2d8 damage.

They are very strong, and can transport 600 lbs. without effort. They can carry a maximum of 1,200 lbs. for up to 3 turns, before needing to rest for a full turn.

Having seen the whole of creation and well aware of their place within it, djinn make exemplary servants when bound by a sha'ir. Witty, worldly, and wise, they often approach their tasks with a certain panache that makes them a pleasure to work with. They do not lightly suffer cruelty or humiliation, preferring to teach abusive masters a lesson in proper manners through overly literal interpretation of instructions and other object lessons in hubris. They can be inveterate practical jokers even with benevolent masters.

The exalted Caliph of the Djinn dwells with his court in the Citadel of Silver Clouds, which appears and disappears at random in the vastness of the skies above, a great vortex of gleaming vapors and a thousand whirling winds. Other times, it appears outside the Sandglass, or in the Elemental Plane of Air. Only the djinn may find it without fail, all others wishing to reach this remote fastness must depend upon luck and the swiftness to get there before it vanishes again.

Djinn are respectful but impatient with the dao, exasperated by marid, and hate and fear the efreet.



Jinni - Dao

Number Encountered: 1

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 0

Hit dice: 8

Attacks: 1 (Fist)

Damage: 2d10/2d6

Save: F12

Morale: 12

Hoard: X

Mighty jinni of the earth, made of stone and packed sand, these creatures are found in deep tunnels and caves, seeking greedily for the precious gemstones that are hidden in the depths. They may only be affected by magic and magical weapons.

Dao have several spell-like abilities, and they can use each of them 3 times per day. They have four creation abilities, including create food and water (cast as a cleric of 7th. level), create permanent goods (items made of wood, rope, and other sorts of softer goods, 100 lbs. maximum), create permanent objects of metal (non-precious metals only, and 100 lbs. maximum), create temporary gemstones (gems last 24 hours minus 3 hours for each step up from the lowest value gems on the treasure table). They can also cast Passwall, Move Earth, and Transmute Rock to Mud 3 times a day. They may pass through sand, packed earth, and stone at will.

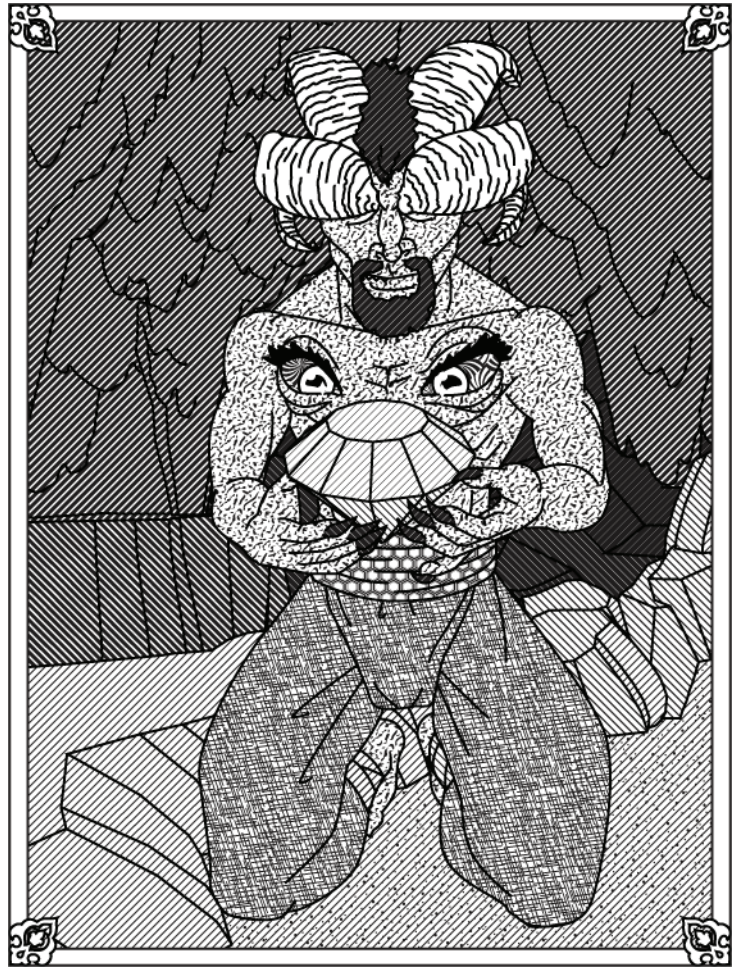
They have a punch like a battering ram, and can use their fists to shatter boulders or masonry, striking all in a 20' radius for 2d6 damage with flying shrapnel. Victims of this attack may make a save vs. Petrify for 1/2 damage.

Dao are immensely strong, and can carry a ton of weight (2,240 lbs.) without effort. They can carry up to 3 tons (6,720 lbs.) for 3 turns before having to spend a turn resting.

Mercenary to the core, a dao won't lift a finger for anyone else's benefit without attaching a hefty price to it. Sha'ir wishing to bind one should be prepared to pay lavishly for their services. Jewels of all kinds are particularly prized. They are surly and grumbling on even the best of days. As a rule they do not lash out in anger, bearing any slights and indignities patiently, stowing them away, and then serving their revenge chilled to crystalline cold in the fullness of time.

The Great Khan of the Dao and his opulent court sulk and scheme in the deepest heart of a mile wide gemstone carved into a sparkling palatial peridot known as the Faceted Fortress, which is buried somewhere deep in the earth, precisely where only the Khan and his subjects know. Some rumors place it within the vast reservoir of sand in the upper realm of the Sandglass, although no dao will ever confirm nor deny this. The price for spilling the Khan's secrets is much higher than any reward they might be offered to talk.

Dao grudgingly tolerate the other types of jinni, and consider them all mercurial nitwits. It doesn't take long before interacting with their more ephemeral brethren makes them grind their stony teeth and answer in grunts and monosyllables, or with sarcasm so cutting that it would slice the hardest of diamonds like quivering cubes of rahat lokum.



Jinni - Efreet

Number Encountered: 1

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 90' (30') Fly: 240' (80')

Armor Class: 3

Hit dice: 10

Attacks: 1 (Fist)

Damage: 2d8/3d8

Save: F15

Morale: 12

Hoard: None

Malevolent jinni of fire, made of black smoke and flames, they can be found far and wide across the land on missions of destruction and mayhem. They may only be affected by magic and magical weapons.

Efreet have several spell-like abilities, and they can use each of them 3 times per day. They have four creation abilities, including create food and water (cast as a cleric of 7th. level), create permanent goods (items made of wood, rope, and other sorts of softer goods, 100 lbs. maximum), create temporary objects of metal (softer metals last longer, gold lasts 24 hours and iron lasts 1 hour, 100 lbs. maximum), create illusions (as Phantasmal Force, except the effect is permanent until touched or dispelled). They can also become Invisible and create a Wall of Fire.

A punch from their fiery fists does 2d8 damage. Three times a day they can assume the form of a roaring pillar of flames for 3 rounds, which does 1d8 damage per round and sets combustible materials aflame within a 5' radius.

These creatures are very strong, and can carry 750 lbs. without effort. They can carry 1500 lbs. for up to 3 turns before needing to set down their burden and take a rest for one full turn.

Efreet hate being summoned and bound into service by weak, flammable mortals, and will seek to twist their sha'ir master's intent at every opportunity to cause terror and misery. They have a penchant for cruelty and collateral damage even when kept on task. The slightest of setbacks or mildest reproofs can set them into a towering inferno of rage. They are only truly happy when something, or someone, is aflame.

The fearsome Sultan of the Efreeti tyrannizes his courtiers and subjects in the terrible City of Brass, which perches atop the Sandglass like a glowering crown of molten metal. It is unknown if it was built there or brought from the Elemental Plane of Fire and placed there. In the grand scheme of things it matters little, for no sane being would wish to go there willingly, despite the boundless wealth and supreme power held there in the Sultan's red hot iron grasp.

Efreet harbor a burning enmity for the djinn, and seek to destroy them whenever they can. They are ambivalent toward the dao, who tend to be stolidly fireproof, but can work with them when necessary. They are incandescent in their hatred of the marid, although this is fueled more by frustration, and some small measure of fear, rather than the predatory malice they hold for the jinni of the air.



Jinni - Marid

Number Encountered: 1

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 90' (30') **Swim:** 180' (60')

Armor Class: 3

Hit dice: 11

Attacks: 1 (Fist)

Damage: 2d8

Save: F16

Morale: 12

Hoard: None

Capricious jinni of the oceans, made of salt water and sea foam, they rule the waves above and the deep, lightless depths below. They may only be affected by magic and magical weapons.

Marid have several spell-like abilities, and can use each of them 3 times per day. They have four creation abilities, including create food and water (cast as a cleric of 7th. level), create permanent goods (items made of wood, rope, and other soft materials, 100 lbs. maximum), create temporary objects of metal (softer metals last longer, gold lasts 24 hours and iron lasts 1 hour, 100 lbs. maximum), create illusions (as phantasmal force, except the effect is permanent until touched or dispelled). They can also become Invisible or Part Water.

In addition to striking with a mighty fist, they can make an overwhelming Wave attack, conjuring a mass of salt water out of thin air if they don't have a sufficient amount at hand. The wave is 10' high and 20' wide, and travels up to 120' if it doesn't crash into anything solid. Those caught in it take 2d6 damage and must make a save vs. Breath Weapon or be stunned for 1d3 rounds. Beings of 2 HD or less must make a save vs. Death or be swept off their feet and carried along with it. This wave can swamp and capsize small boats. Marid can use this ability 3 times per day.

Marid are very strong, and are able to transport 800 lbs. easily. They may transport 1,600 lbs for up to 3 turns before needing to rest for a turn.

Possessing egos as deep and wide as the boundless oceans, marid make difficult, headstrong servants. A sha'ir wishing to bind one into service will find that copious flattery will get them farther than threats or bribery, even though it will eventually feel like somehow they have become the servant and their marid is the true master.

The Padishah of the Marid and her travelling coterie of servitors and sycophants consider the entirety of the Crescent Sea as one of her smaller palaces in a domain that encompasses the endless azure expanses of the Elemental Plane of Water. A master sha'ir guiding the finest ship ever built, crewed by the mightiest mariners in all the world might grow grey and haggard seeking them out, while the humblest fisherman might find himself taking tea upon the deck of his dhow with the Padishah and her glistening courtiers, totally out of the blue.

Marid are dismissive of the djinn, condescending to the dao, and take immense pleasure in bullying and humiliating efreeti at every opportunity. A marid on their game can make an efreet gnash their teeth and weep tears of molten lead, at which point any fragile mortals nearby would be well advised to seek cover.



Jinni - Storm Djinn

Number Encountered: 1d4

Alignment: Lawful

Movement: 90' (30') Fly: 240'(80')

Armor Class: 3

Hit dice: 10

Attacks: 1 (claw), see below

Damage: 2d10

Save: F15

Morale: 12

Hoard: None

A fierce sub-race of the djinn, these violent creatures were magically bred to be able to stand up to the efreeti in battle as literal shock troops in the eternal conflict between the two races of jinni. They can only be affected by magic and magical weapons.

They appear as muscular giants with lion heads and electric blue skin, with glowing white eyes and voices like the roar of a cyclone.

Storm djinn have several spell-like abilities, and can use each of them 3 times a day. They lack the creation abilities of other jinni, but can Control Weather (as the Magic User version of the spell) and create illusions (as Phantasmal Force but permanent until touched or dispelled). They can also make themselves Invisible.

Their mightiest attack is a crackling Lightning Bolt, 120' long and 5' wide that does 10d6 damage. Those in its path can make a save vs. Spells for 1/2 damage. They can do this 3 times per day.

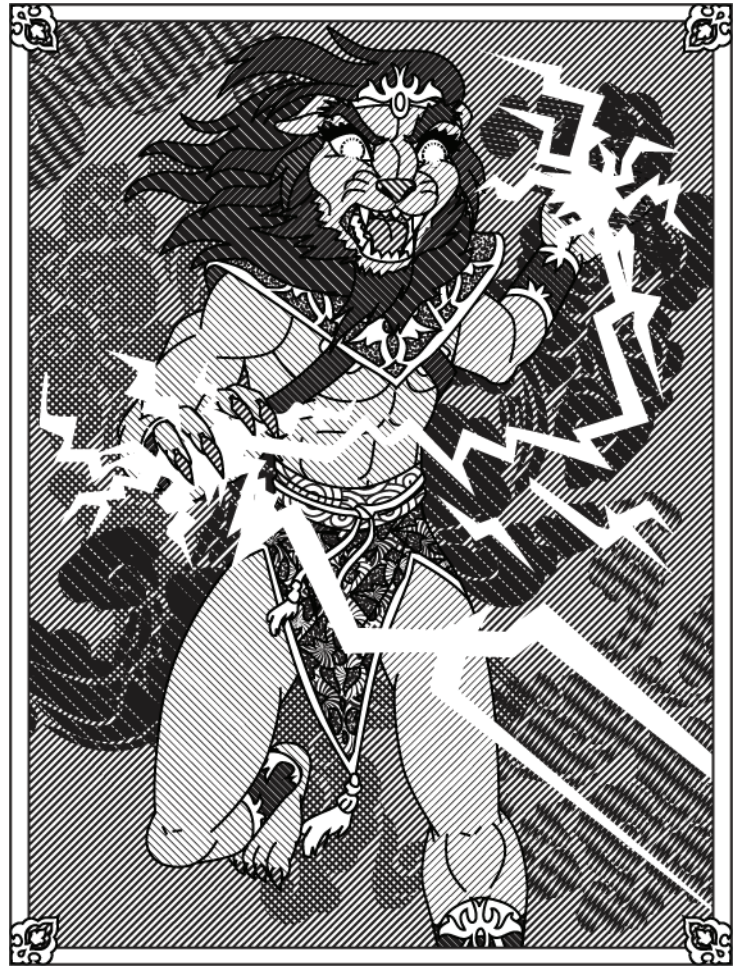
They can also create a Whirlwind like a regular Djinn, but faster and larger, needing only 2 rounds to spin it up to its full fury. The whirlwind is 15' diameter at the base, 90' high, and 30' in diameter up top. When in this form the storm djinn can move 150'(50'). It deals 2d6 damage on contact, and beings with 2 or less HD must make a save vs. Death or be thrown 20'.

A storm djinn can strike with their clawed hands for 2d10 damage. They are very strong, and can transport 800 lbs. easily. They may transport a maximum of 1600 lbs for a period of 3 turns before requiring a rest for 1 turn.

A sha'ir desiring to bind a storm djinn to service must first obtain permission from the grand Caliph of the Djinn. The storm djinn will only agree if there is the prospect of slaying efreeti or other powerful foes. They live to fight, and do not suffer the indignity of menial tasks gladly.

These mighty warriors dwell in force in the Citadel of Silver Clouds, a peerless palace guard fanatically loyal to the Caliph and willing to hurl themselves at the very walls of the City of Brass at his behest. The great ruler of the djinn is quite fond of them, and treats them as if they were his beloved, headstrong sons.

Storm djinn are protective of normal djinn, and polite but stand-offish with dao and marid. They hate efreeti with a passion and will tear into them with abandon. An efreet will claim they fear no pathetic creature born of the djinn, but will lose a bit of their edge and become sober and cautious if they hear the booming roars and answering thunder on the wind.



The Doom of Thieves

Number Encountered: 1

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 2

Hit dice: 8

Attacks: 4 Scimitars

Damage: 1d8/1d8/1d8/1d8

Save: F8

Morale: 12

Hoard: None

An ingenious type of bronze automaton, built by clever mage-artificers to safeguard treasure troves and the tombs of the wealthy. The method of their manufacture has been passed down from the time of the Ancients, possibly via the long memories of the dao, and is a closely guarded secret among the few who know it.

Always built with four arms and equipped with an equal number of razor sharp scimitars, their brazen bodies can otherwise be cast in any man sized, humanoid shape from a gaunt skeleton to a slender maiden to a stately courtier.

When inactive, they can fold up tightly and conceal themselves inside any small, unobtrusive alcove. Often they hide in large vases, chests, or sarcophagi.

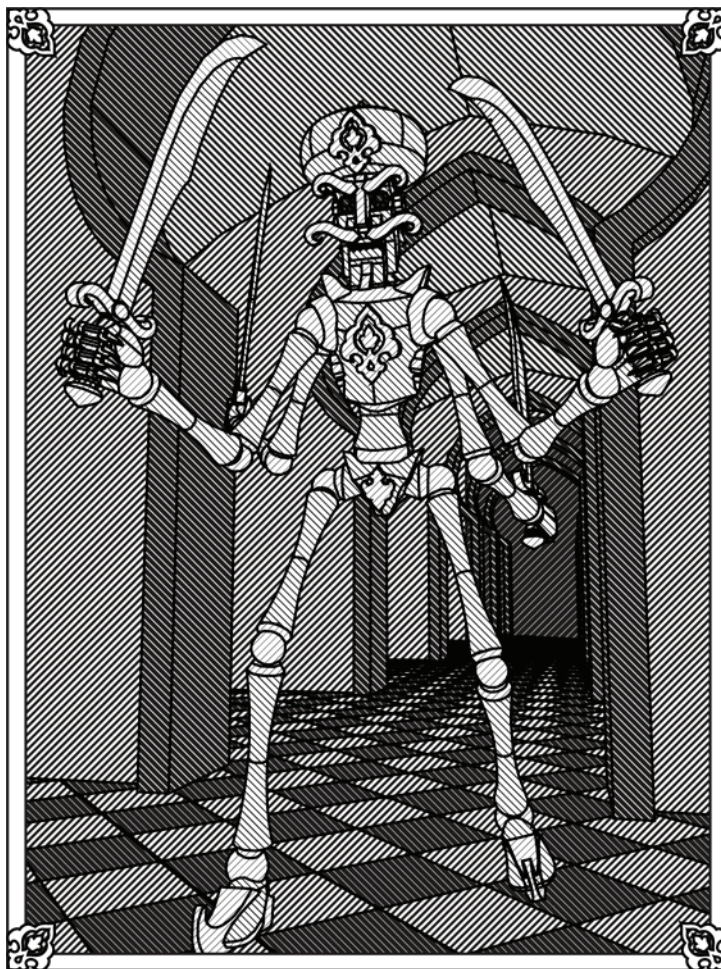
They are keyed to recognize their owner and up to four others, against whom they will automatically turn aside their slashing blades. All others will be mercilessly cut down and disposed of in a manner of their master's choosing. They can be ordered to stop, but only if their owner can give the command in time, for they are very quick on the attack.

The Doom of Thieves is not well suited for any other task besides guard duty, for their simple minds require a well defined territory to monitor, and it is most unwise indeed to bring them anywhere near a crowd of people. Misguided attempts to use them as soldiers or bodyguards have always resulted in appalling, unwarranted bloodshed. They have occasionally been used as crude, indiscriminate assassins, although usually it's much cheaper to just cast a Fireball in through a window and have done with it. They are very hard to bring to heel once they have gotten out of control.

They are capable of fighting four different foes at once, and their double jointed arms allow them to slash and parry with equal precision backwards and forwards. Their head can swivel in a full circle, thus it is impossible for a thief to get into position for a backstab. They are also capable of walking at their full movement rate up and down walls and across ceilings. If an expert swordsman is fortunate enough to wrest the blade from one of their hands, their fingertips are sharpened bronze claws that still do 1d6 points of damage with every strike.

As clockwork machines powered by magic, they are immune to Sleep, Charm, and Hold spells, and they only take 1/2 damage from Flames, Cold, and Electricity.

Thieves, their natural quarry, often find the best and most survivable course of action is to flee as fast as they can from this killing machine's territory when it sets its cold, implacable sights upon them. It will not pursue them past the boundaries of the place it is guarding.



Karakghul

Number Encountered: 1d4

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 3, (4 without shield)

Hit dice: 5

Attacks: By weapon, Sound Attack

Damage: 1d4 or by weapon, See below

Save: F5

Morale: 12

Horde: None

A horrible type of undead created by vile sorcerers using a forbidden ritual, a karakghul is a blackened, skeletal figure with a bleached animal skull, usually that of a leopard, jackal, or hyena, lashed by sinews to their neck in place of their body's old head.

The creatures' creator can either set them to guard a designated area or send them forth on a mission of death and terror. They operate equally well day or night, and are no less horrifying in the harsh glare of the sun than they are under the cold light of the moon.

They are usually armed with a sword and buckler, but can also be encountered with spears, or even with shortbows. Those lacking weapons can still slash with their bony fingers.

Karakghuls are relentless as any undead, and possess the usual immunities to poison, Sleep, Charm, and Hold spells. But the most horrifying aspect of these creatures are the sounds they produce. Karakghuls come in three varieties, based on what sort of skull is used in their creation. If randomly encountered, roll 1d3 to determine their type. Different types can be found operating together. Other sounds, and other skulls, are very rare but quite possible, depending on how grisly the teller of the tale wishes their story to be.

1: Laughing - Hyena skull.

A low, rattling chuckle that saps the Strength of those who hear it. Victims must save vs. Death each round they or lose 1 point, continuing until their Strength is reduced to 0. At this point they collapse and cannot move. Lost Strength returns at a rate of 1 point per round if the hideous laughter is stilled.

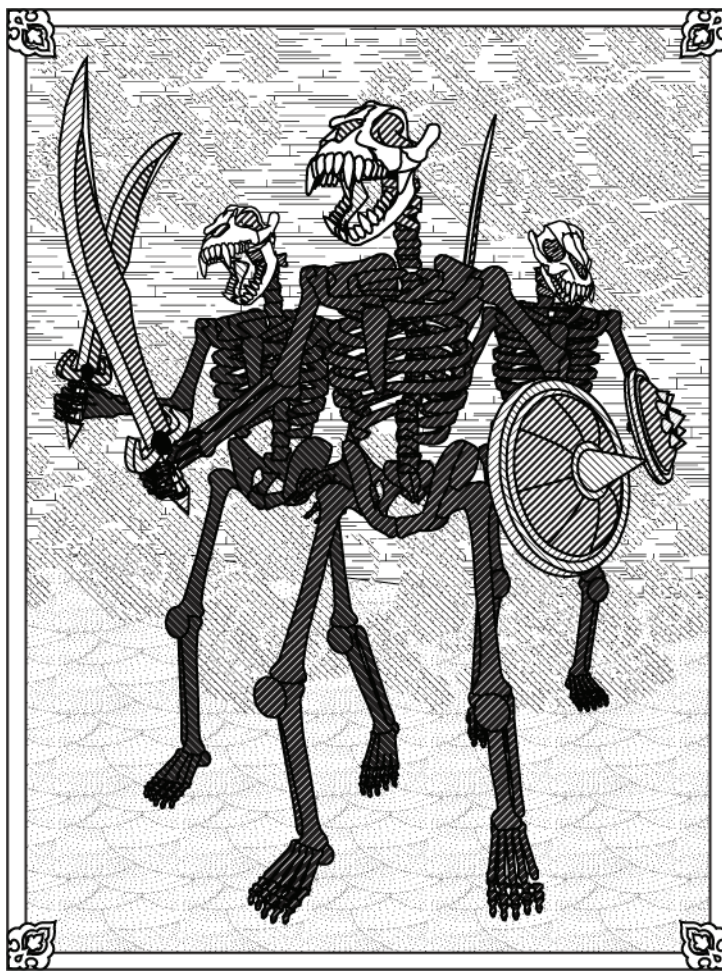
2: Moaning - Jackal skull

A dolorous, grating moan that fills the mind with despair and reduces Intelligence by 1 point per round if a save vs. Death is failed. At 0 Intelligence the victim is reduced to a drooling idiot who wanders about randomly running into walls. Lost Intelligence returns at a rate of 1 point per round if the dreadful moaning is stopped.

3: Screaming - Leopard skull

Once every three rounds the karakghul will open its jaws and let loose a piercing, earsplitting shriek. Those who hear it must roll a save vs. Death or be Paralyzed for 1d4 rounds.

When turned by a cleric, the sound and its effect will still continue as long as they are in earshot. Even if the creature is beheaded, the sound will remain, until the skull is crushed by 1d8 points of damage. The body will become inert if the skull is separated from it.



Kedai

Number Encountered: 2d6 (5d10)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 120' (40')

Armor Class: 7

Hit dice: 1

Attacks: 1

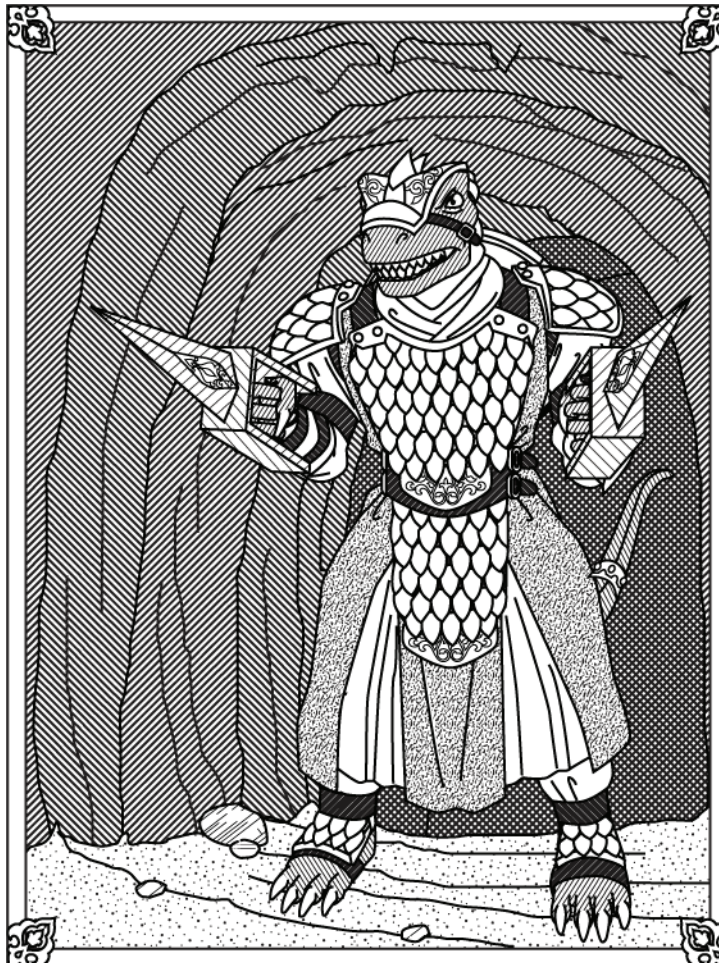
Damage: By weapon.

Save: E1

Morale: 7

Horde: XV

This is the listing for NPC kedai. They possess 60' darkvision, can make 20' leaps from a standing start, and can fall 30' without harm if they succeed a save vs. Petrify. When encountered in a group of 20 or more, they will be accompanied by a leader whose level will be determined by a roll of 1d6+1. A kedai temple complex will have a population of 2d10x10, with a force of 4d10 elite 2nd. Level guards armed with scimitars and shields. There will be a 9th. Level leader and 2 5th. Level lieutenants. On a 3 in d20 chance there will be a 7th. Level high priestess of the Ohai who can cast spells as a 3rd Level Cleric.



Largomani

Number Encountered: 1d6 (5d8)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 60' (20')

Armor Class: 4

Hit dice: 1

Attacks: 1

Damage: By weapon.

Save: D1

Morale: 8

Horde: XIX

This is the listing for NPC largomani. When encountered in a group of 20 or more, they will be accompanied by a leader whose level will be determined by a roll of 1d6+1. A largomani seitch will contain 1d10x10 individuals with an equal number of noncombatant hatchlings and young. A force of 5d4 2nd. Level guards will be present. Largomani girded for war wear scale mail and arm themselves with spears, shortswords, or katar, which are useful in tunnel defense. They will defend their creche chambers and cisterns with trained giant cave locusts.

Sand Dragons

Number Encountered: 1d4 (1d4)

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 90' (30') **Burrow:** 60'(20')

Armor Class: 1

Hit dice: 7

Attacks: Claw/Claw/Bite/Stinger

Damage: 1d6/1d6/3d8/1d8 save vs. Poison

Save: F7

Morale: 9

Horde: XV

Breath Weapon:

50' Long, 40' Wide, Cloud, Blinding Dust

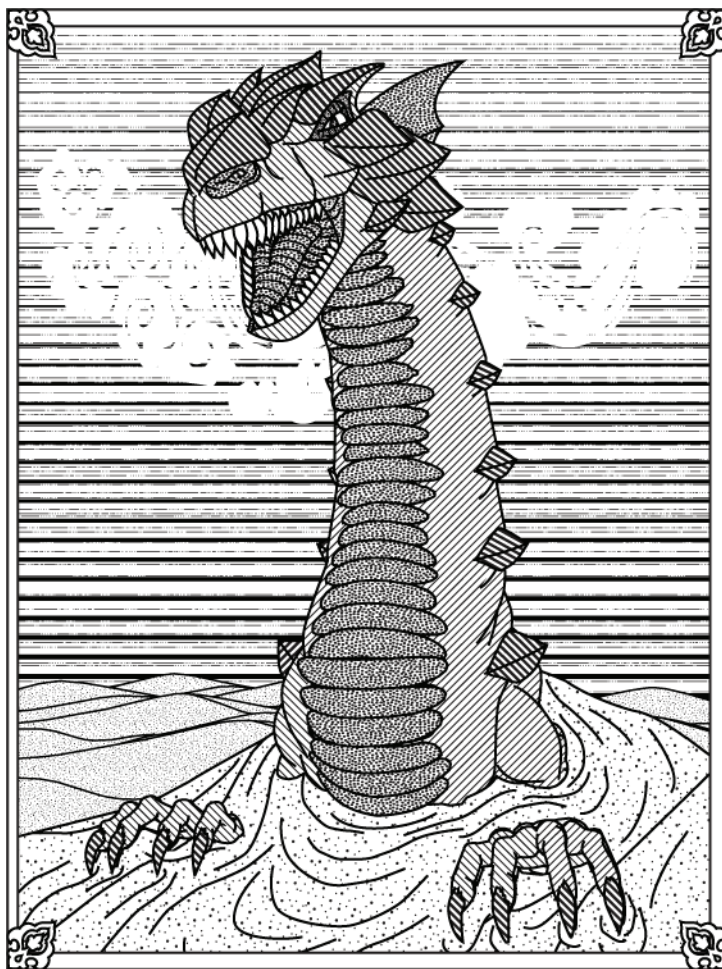
40' Long, 2' Wide, Line, Sandblast

Chance Asleep: 4 in d10

Chance of Speech: 4 in d10

Spells: Lvl 1: 4, Lvl 2: 3

A wingless variety of dragon that swims beneath the rolling dunes of the deep deserts like a vast crocodile lurking beneath the surface of the waters. They are devious and patient, waiting for weeks on end for hapless travellers to pass overhead, and then bursting from the sand with vicious attacks from its razor sharp claws and teeth and strikes from the scorpion-like stinger on the tip of its tail. Any victim struck by the stinger must roll a save vs. Poison or die instantly, their body shriveling into a desiccated husk.



They are also capable of breathing a hot blast of sand three times a day, and are able to vary the power and dispersion of the stream between a narrow, scouring line of jagged grit that can flense skin from bone, and a cloud of choking dust that can Blind those caught in its area for 2d8 rounds. If overmatched, a sand dragon will use their dust cloud like a smokescreen to cover their escape.

While some ancient specimens are intelligent and cunning, having learned speech and some basic spells in the deep sunken tombs of Ancient sorcerer kings, many sand dragons are merely animalistic alpha predators, content to hunt and fend off interlopers from their vast wasteland territories. They hoard treasure like all of dragon kind, but also hoard precious water in deep underground cisterns. They actively seek out and destroy oases on the surface as they periodically expand their domains.

Sand dragons' gnarled, leathery scales range from a pale tan color to a deep russet. They make their lairs in subterranean pockets of hardened sand buried deep underground, connected by easily collapsible networks of tunnels. They are adept at digging pits and other traps, and can produce a form of natural concrete with their saliva, making their lairs difficult and dangerous to invade.

They share a preference in territories with the soaring blue dragons, and the two species hate one another with equal intensity. While they are physically weaker in combat, a sand dragon's ability to dive beneath a sheltering barrier of sand protects them from the blues' lightning strikes, resulting in a long, frustrating stalemate for both species. Usually it is the blue dragons that fly away seething, as the sand dragon's ability to wait them out prevails in the long run.

Of all the types of jinni, sand dragons most frequently run afoul of the dao, who enslave them to defend their dismal delves and tunnel complexes.

Largomani and tomb rats greatly fear sand dragons as invaders and despoilers of their underground warrens. Many a seitch has been besieged from beneath by these burrowing reptilian terrors.

SERPENT OGRES:

Number Encountered: 1d4

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 90 (30)

Armor Class: 5

Hit dice: 5

Attacks: Bite or by weapon, Constriction

Damage: 1d8 or weapon +4, 2d4

Save: F5

Morale: 8

Horde: VI

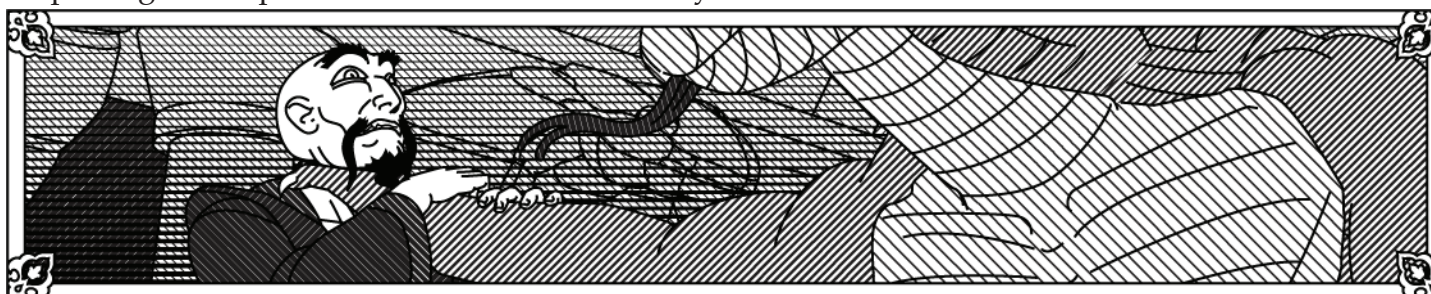
Lurking beneath the streets of the low quarters of many cities of the Sandglass, the dark Cult of Al Hayyat, the great serpent, flourishes in hidden places. Great is their wealth and subtle are their ways, and when the priests of the winding way seek to safeguard their troves of forbidden knowledge and ill gained treasures, they often turn to the fearsome serpent ogres.

These tireless monsters require little sleep or food, laying torpid but ever watchful, until unwary intruders enter their premises, where they then stir to relentless, deliberate life, slaying and devouring without compunction or malice.

It is whispered among sages that the terrible ritual for creating these creatures begins by allowing an enslaved ogre to be half devoured by a great python, before both are struck by a spell of transformation, becoming a chimerical beast with the head and coils of a great serpent and the arms and hands of a mighty thewed ogre, which towers well over the heads of even the tallest of men when reared up to their full height. Others claim that they are jinni stricken with an ophidian form of the Curse of Flesh.

Serpent ogres may bite with their fanged maws, or strike with weapons given them by their masters. If a hapless foe is caught in their coils, they may constrict them from round to round, releasing them only when all life has been squeezed out of them. The gear and garments of those they slay are usually scattered about the monsters' lair, while the bodies are swallowed whole, to be slowly digested over several months. A victim of a serpent ogre may be recovered more or less intact within 1d4 months.

Due to their unnatural nature, a serpent ogre may be turned as if they were an undead of their level, but otherwise they are living creatures, albeit terrible ones, and may fall victim to sleep, charm, and paralysis as normal. They will instantly obey a cleric of the Cult of Hayyat without question, although their minds are very dull and literal, and often the justice of other gods finds these evil priests when a serpent ogre interprets an order much too literally.



TOMB RATS:

Number Encountered: 1d8+1 (3d6)

Alignment: Chaotic

Movement: 120 (40)

Armor Class: 7 (9)

Hit dice: 1-4, depending on Labyrinth Level

Attacks: Bite or by weapon

Damage: 1d3 or by weapon type

Save: C3

Morale: 4 + 1 per 3 encountered

Horde: XVIII

Adventurers and wayfarers are advised to tread lightly in the scattered tombs of the ancients, lest they fall afoul of the terrible tomb rats, who jealously guard their moldering larders.

Resembling a pale, stunted hybrid of man and mole rat, these creatures dwell in deep tombs and burial complexes, always digging, always gnawing, scavenging for morsels of dead flesh to feed upon.

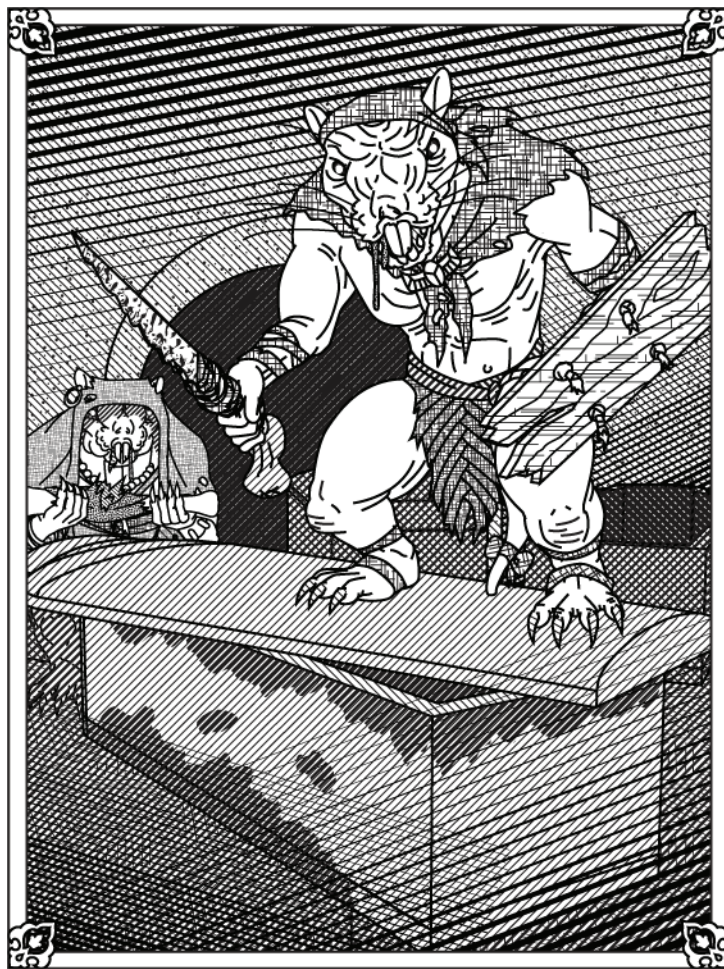
Those that live in deeper catacombs have often feasted well on the mummies interred there (referred to as "spicy food" in their language, which is a debased, simpleton's patois of the Ancient tongue), causing them to grow large and strong. There are whispers of truly monstrous specimens in the deepest tombs, grown to grotesque size on the meat of dead kings and sorcerer priests, so large they cannot leave their feasting halls and ruling over their smaller kin as corrupt sultans of decay. They possess infravision out to 90', and their eyes glitter like greedy rubies in the dark depths.

The lust these creatures bear for the flesh of the dead is almost palpable, such that if any corporeal undead is outnumbered by at least 2 to 1, then the tomb rats can perform the equivalent of a Turn Undead as a cleric whose level is equal to their hit dice. Tomb rats are immune to mummy rot, level drain, and the paralyzing touch of ghuls. Their word for the undead is the equivalent of "running food" in their chittering language. While they prize the contents of the tombs for their feeding, they are perfectly happy to slay interlopers and "put them up" for later, as it were, for to a tomb rat the ancient art of embalming is equivalent to the preparations of a gourmet chef. They consider the contents of canopic jars a delicacy, and will greedily bargain buried fortunes for them.

Tomb rats clothe themselves with mummy wrappings and burial shrouds. They fashion shields from casket wood, and sharpen any strong metal they find on tomb stones to create wickedly sharp blades equivalent to short swords and daggers. They are ambivalent about treasure, sometimes ignoring it and sometimes gathering and stashing it for their inscrutable purposes.

A lone tomb rat is a cowardly creature, prone to flee through secret burrows and tunnels back to their brethren for strength in numbers. If captured, they may bargain knowledge of where riches are buried or what traps lay in a party's path, for tomb rats learn all of the grave's secrets in their diggings. They hate and fear the sun, and suffer a -4 to all actions as their weak red eyes are blinded and their sallow flesh burns in the harsh light of day. Even the brighter light of an oil lamp will irritate them, rendering a -1 to the creatures. A flickering candle or torch will not bother them... much.

Tomb rats greatly fear the kedai, suffering a -4 to morale when facing them, but share an abiding mutual hatred with the largomani, gaining a +2 in morale versus the doughty reptiles.



Treasures of the Sandglass

While many a bold adventurer sets out in search of both fortune *and* fame, the former tends to contribute much more tangibly to one's well being than the latter, even though like the latter it can be quite fleeting indeed. Luckily, should they have the wit to get it, there are vast amounts of wealth out there just waiting to be won, lost, and won again.

Coins:

Minting precious metals into coins has been a common practice among the peoples of the Sandglass since the time of the Ancients. Even the jinni covet large quantities of these glittering, jingling tokens of wealth. There are creatures out in the wider world that collect huge piles of coins without even knowing what they are for, valuing them merely for their luster, and perhaps for the attraction they have for certain sorts of delectable prey.

Prior to the invention of the familiar flat, disc shaped coins used in markets the around the world, in ancient times all sorts of small sculptural forms were used, such as plant, animal, or humanoid figurines representing the things that could be bought, sold, or traded. Some Ancient trade tokens, like the tiny silver birds or copper fish that turn up fairly frequently in the sandy streets of the world, have become good luck charms in their own right.

The standard currency of the Empire of the East is the gold dinar, which can be subdivided into 10 silver shekels, or 100 copper azzari (known singularly as an azzar). All of these coins are valued by weight, each weighing an ounce of the metal they're struck from. They are referred to colloquially as gold pieces, silver pieces, and copper pieces.

Money changers:

Throughout the empire there are coin merchants, licensed by the sultanate, who will trade official currency for its equivalent weight in precious metal, only charging a nominal fee for this service. Customarily the fee is 1 coin per 100 traded, but the price is open to haggling as laid out in the rules found in Chapter 5.

The only currency they won't take in Kalabad and its sister cities is the electrum Raquib of the Cabal, which is said to be either cursed to bring bad luck to those outside of their country or enchanted to spy on behalf of the evil wizards ruling that benighted kingdom. The flaming eye stamped into one side and the saying "Obey and prosper!" on the other certainly have unsettling connotations regardless of whether the rumors are true or not.

That is not to say that if one finds oneself with a stock of Raquib, or any other amount of precious metal of somewhat dubious provenance, that you're stuck holding the bag, as it were. There are more than a few unlicensed money changers who might be found if the right inquiries are made in the right places in a discreet fashion, although their fees are much higher and their scales aren't as accurate as their official counterparts.

Rare and Antique Coins:

Coins and assorted Ancient barter weights of all kinds can be found in treasure troves buried in the deep hidden places of the world. Some have not seen the light of day for centuries. When an adventurer discovers a hoard of old or unusual coins, they might be able to sell some of them for much more than just their value in precious metal.

They must be circumspect about it, however. While the right merchant, usually a dealer in antiques or curiosities, might be persuaded to pay 1d4X10 for a rare coin retrieved from an Ancient tomb, dumping a sackful of them on their counter top will at best get the seller mere value for weight. If an adventurer wants to sell coins, barter weights, or votive tokens made of precious metal, they will be able to sell at most 1d12 of them in a given city, and the price per coin is *very* subject to haggling.

Expect to wait for 1d3 days when conducting such transactions, as any coin merchant worth their abacus and scales is going to want to take a sample coin around to trusted sages, mages, and sha'ir to confirm that they are the real thing and not some sort of counterfeit either forged by a dishonest seller or created out of thin air by a duplicitous jinni.

Gemstones:

There is a magical quality to precious jewels beyond the monetary wealth they represent.

They are immortal objects of beauty, tokens given in pledge of love eternal, symbols of authority, and manifestations of fortune. Not always *good* fortune, for some gems pass from owner to owner with murders and betrayals trailing behind them hung upon a red string like beads on a necklace.

If the teller of the tale would like to make the gemstones that appear in the treasure troves of their story more varied and interesting, they may choose to use the following tables.

The Precious Stone Modifiers table is meant for adding character to gems of less than 100 gp value rolled on the Gems table in Section 7 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook. The Gemstone Modifiers table is for gems worth 100 gp and up.

The following page contains tables for each of the gold piece values listed on the Gems table, in case more detail is desired when describing caches of gemstones.


d10	Precious Stone Modifiers
01:	Chipped: subtract 1d8 gp value
02:	Small: subtract 1d4 gp value
03-05:	Normal
06:	Large: add 1d4X10 gp to value
07:	Carved: Roll 1d4 01: Good Luck Symbol, add 1d4 gp value 02: Bad Luck Symbol, subtract 1d4 gp value 03: Coat of Arms or Crest, add 1d6 gp value 04: Plant, person, or animal, add 1d8 gp value
08:	Shot with silver: add 1d4X10 gp value
09:	Shot with gold: add 1d8X10 gp value
10:	Roll Twice/Again

d20	Gemstone Modifiers
01:	Cursed: -2 to all saving throws while owned. Subtract 1d10X100 gp value if curse becomes known.
02:	Coveted: Whoever claims it will be unable to part with it unless save vs. spell is made. Roll up a sentient monster of appropriate level who wants the gem and will seek it out.
03:	Bad History: Thought to be cursed. Isn't. Subtract 1d6X10 gp from value
04:	Chipped: subtract 1d8X10 gp value
05:	Flawed: subtract 1d6x10 gp value
06:	Small: subtract 1d4X10 gp value
07-11:	Normal
12:	Large: add 1d4X100 gp value
13:	Tinged: Add 1d6X100 gp value Roll d6: 1: Red, 2: Gold, 3: Green, 4: Blue, 5: Violet, 6: Magenta
14:	Flawless: add 1d6X100 value
15:	Exceptionally Clear & Bright Color: add 1d8x100 gp value
16:	Roll Twice/Again
17:	Star in heart of gem add 1d10x100 value
18:	Discernible shape, plant or animal at heart of gem, add 1d12X100 gp value
19:	Fist Sized: X2 value
20:	Sentient: Roll intelligence and language table, languages known, Alignment, Psyche, and Detection Powers, as per Sentient Swords. X10 value to those of same alignment. X5 to different align.

Gems with modifiers 16-20 will be known by a specific name (The Star of Rajah Diin, The Sultan's Lament, The Nightingale's Heart, The First Blue, etc. etc.)



d10	10 gp Decorative Stones	d10	25 gp Ornamental Stones		
01:	Azurite Banded blue opaque or green flecked blue stone	01:	Lapis Lazuli Deep blue stone with speckles or gold flecks		
02:	Hematite Metallic grey magnetic stone	02:	Malachite Banded green stone		
03:	Obsidian Opaque black or grey stone	03:	Bloodstone Mossy Green stone with red flecks		
04:	Smoky Quartz Grey tinged quartz	04:	Jasper Red orange stone with speckles or brown stripes		
05:	Rock Crystal Clear crystal	05:	Blue Quartz Swirls of deep blue and white translucent stone		
06:	Morion Dark grey or black smoky quartz	06:	Sard Deep brown red translucent stone		
07:	Banded Agate Red, brown, yellow, & white striped translucent stone	07:	Sardonyx Layered combination of sard & onyx blood red & white		
08:	Eye Agate Blue, grey, brown, and white striped translucent stone	08:	Rose Quartz Translucent pink quartz		
09:	Moss Agate Moss green, white, & dark green striped translucent stone	09:	Chalcedony Bluish white or violet and white striped translucent stone		
10:	Onyx Black stone with occasional white stripes.	10:	Turquoise Pale blue stone		
d6:	50 gp Semi-Precious Stones	d6	75 gp Precious Stones		
01:	Carnelian Reddish orange translucent stone.	01:	Zircon Greenish blue gemstone		
02:	Cairngorn Gold tinged smoky quartz	02:	Hyacinth Yellow zircon gemstone		
03:	Tiger Eye Brown and gold striped translucent stone	03:	Amber Orange yellow transparent fossilized sap. (1 on d6 = Trapped insect (100 gp value))		
04:	Hawk Eye Blue and white striped translucent stone	04:	Jade Milky green semi-translucent stone		
05:	Moonstone Milky white with bluish tinging translucent stone	05:	Coral Pink to deep red		
06:	Rhodochrosite Translucent magenta stone	06:	Jet Matte black fossilized wood		
d4	100 gp Gemstones	d4	250 gp Gemstones	d4	500 gp Gemstones
01:	Chrysoberyl Whitish yellow green gemstone	01:	Amethyst Pale purple gemstone	01:	Aquamarine Pale blue or blue green gemstone
02:	Pearl Round, iridescent sphere, ranges from white to green to pink	02:	Alexandrite Purple or green gemstone, changes color in different light	02:	Peridot Grass green gemstone
03:	Garnet Deep red gemstone	03:	Black Pearl Lustrous black iridescent sphere	03:	Blue Spinel Rich cobalt blue gemstone
04:	Spinel Purple to red gemstone	04:	Violet Garnet Pinkish purple gemstone	04:	Topaz Brown, pink, or green gemstone

d8	750 gp Gemstones	d6	1000 gp Gemstones
01:	Mystic Topaz Rainbow colored topaz, magically treated.	01:	Sovereign Amethyst Rich purple gemstone
02:	Opal White opalescent stone	02:	Sovereign Topaz Rich gold colored gemstone
03:	Fire Opal Fiery orange red gemstones	03:	Sapphire Blue to pale blue gemstone
04:	Black Opal Dark opalescent stone	04:	Diamond White Gemstone
05:	Emerald Pale, Bluish green gemstone	05:	Ruby Pinkish Red Gemstone
06:	Black Sapphire Inky black gemstone	06:	Sovereign Emerald Rich green gemstone
07:	Jacinth Deep red gemstone		
08:	Dragon Pearl Gold iridescent sphere		

Magic Items:

There are some wonders in the world even greater than gold and jewels. With a bit of magic, even the most mundane items can become a coveted treasure. Here is a brief list of magical objects that can be found in the world of the Sandglass, adding to all of the manifold magical treasures in Section 7 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook and the Magic Items section of the Advanced Edition Companion.

Amulets of the Marid:

These devices come in the form of a gold tablet, often in the shape of a sand dollar or starfish, with a magic word inscribed across it. This has been split in half and hung on two gold chains. When the two halves are combined and the magic word spoken, a mighty marid can be summoned who will serve the bearer or bearers of the amulets once a day for 1d4 hours. They will be much more willing to serve if there are actually two bearers, as the marid like to lord it over other jinni that they can have more masters than anyone else. They are powerful magical beings, but logic isn't their strong suit.

Boots of the Desert:

In addition to allowing silent movement, these soft, camel hide boots also allow the wearer to move unhindered over the dunes without any penalty, and leaves no tracks behind. (Replaces Elven Boots. What are these *elves* that you speak of? We have never heard of such a thing in Kalabad.)

Cloak of the Desert:

A dun colored cloak with attached hood that allows the wearer to blend in almost invisibly with the desert sands. If the wearer is immobile, they may only be spotted on a 1 in d6, similar to a Secret Door. (Replaces Elven Cloak. There are no *elves* in the Sandglass. Spare us your foolish fairy tales.)

Geode of the Dao:

An unremarkable, grapefruit sized stone on the outside. If broken open, it reveals a heart of 1d10X100 gp worth of ornamental quartz in a rainbow of colors. Within this glittering prison is a bound dao, who will emerge and serve the one who broke open the stone for 101 days. The servant jinni greatly covets the stones it was trapped with and will be constantly conniving to get them from their master.

Scimitar +1, +3 vs. Jinni

A terrible, swift blade enchanted to slay the jinni. The +3 also applies to outcast jinni suffering from the Curse of Flesh. Sha'ir know of these blades but will not use them, lest they sever their ties with jinni-kind and lose their powers. The wisest and most powerful sha'ir know how to make them if the need arises, however, but will only do so at the behest of the rulers of the jinni for a specific purpose.

Starting Magic Items for High Level Characters:

Experienced adventurers tend to accumulate magic items as they travel the world, which is one of many things that distinguish them from the brash young upstarts just at the beginning of their stories.

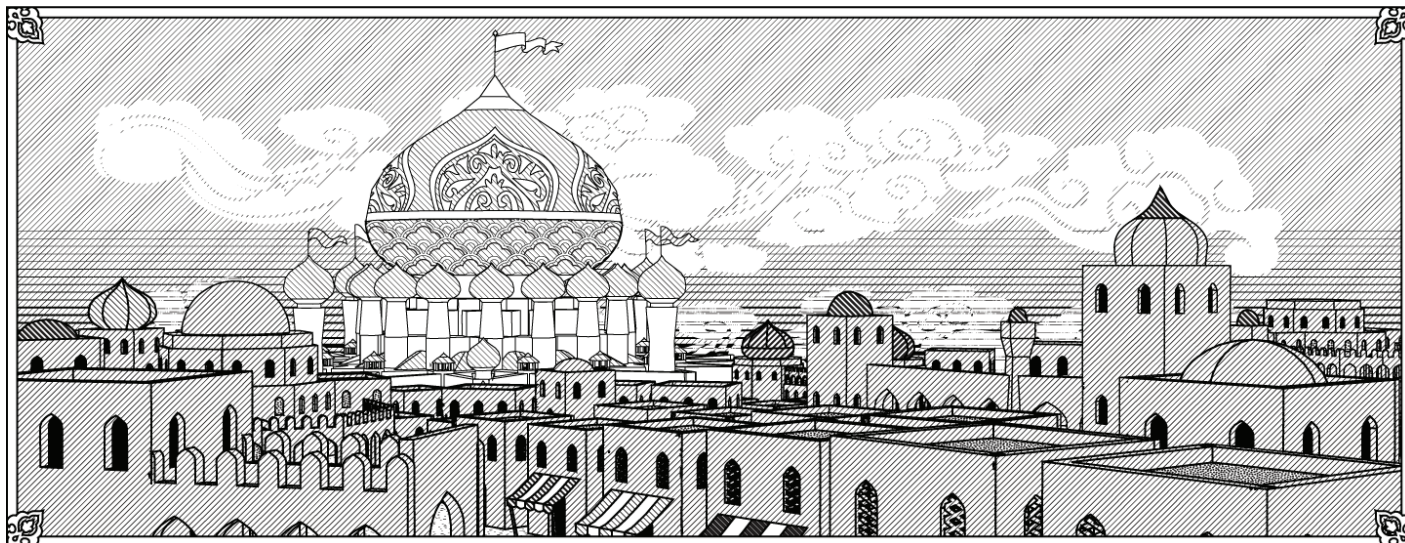
If the teller of the tale would like to start their protagonists at a higher level than 1st., these tables are an optional convenience for giving them a suitable selection of magic items appropriate to their status. You may allow your players to roll as many times as you feel is right for your campaign. The recommended method would be one roll per level plus a one time bonus roll for each Ability score that meets or exceeds the Prime Requisites for the character's class. Duplicate items may be traded.

d10	Fighters	d10	Thieves	d10	Clerics
01:	+1 to Primary Weapon	01:	+1 to Primary Weapon	01:	+1 to Primary Weapon
02:	+1 to Secondary Weapon	02:	+1 to 1d4 Projectiles	02:	+1 to Shield
03:	+1 to 1d4 Projectiles	03:	+1 to Shield	03:	+1 to Armor
04:	+1 to Shield	04:	Bag of Holding	04:	Cloak of Protection
05:	+1 to Armor	05:	Boots of Speed	05:	Potion of Healing
06:	Potion of Fire Resistance	06:	Bracers of Armor	06:	Potion of Extra Healing
07:	Boots of Speed	07:	Potion of Healing	07:	Potion of Sweet Water
08:	Potion of Healing	08:	Cloak of the Desert	08:	Scroll of Remove Curse
09:	Cloak of the Desert	09:	Rope of Climbing	09:	Scroll Ward Vs. Undead
10:	Gain 1 Extra Roll	10:	Gain 1 Extra Roll	10:	Gain 1 Extra Roll
d10	Magic Users	d10	Sha'ir	d10	Jann
01:	Bracers of Armor	01:	+1 to Primary Weapon	01:	+1 to Primary Weapon
02:	Cloak of Protection	02:	Bracers of Armor	02:	+1 to 1d4 Projectiles
03:	Wand of Magic Missiles	03:	Cloak of Protection	03:	+1 to Shield
04:	Potion of Healing	04:	Cloak of the Desert	04:	Boots of Speed
05:	Potion of Gaseous Form	05:	Eyes of the Eagle	05:	Eyes of the Eagle
06:	Scroll Ward Vs. Magic	06:	Potion of Fire Resistance	06:	Potion of Healing
07:	Scroll Ward Vs. Undead	07:	Potion of Healing	07:	Potion of Fire Resistance
08:	Scroll Ward Vs. Elementals	08:	Scroll of Remove Curse	08:	Potion of Gaseous Form
09:	Ring of Spell Storing	09:	Scroll Ward Vs. Elementals	09:	Potion of Polymorph Self
10:	Gain 1 Extra Roll	10:	Gain 1 Extra Roll	10:	Gain 1 Extra Roll

d10	Kedai	d10	Largoman
01:	+1 to Primary Weapon	01:	+1 to Primary Weapon
02:	+1 to 1d4 Projectiles	02:	+1 to Shield
03:	+1 to Shield	03:	+1 to Armor
04:	Bag of Holding	04:	Bag of Holding
05:	Boots of Speed	05:	Cloak of the Desert
06:	Bracers of Armor	06:	Potion of Healing
07:	Potion of Healing	07:	Potion of Fire Resistance
08:	Potion of Invisibility	08:	Potion of Sweet Water
09:	Potion of Treasure Finding	09:	Potion of Speed
10:	Gain 1 Extra Roll	10:	Gain 1 Extra Roll

Kalabad - The Crown of the East

O Glorious Kalabad! The Glittering Jewel of the Crescent Sea! The capital city of the mighty Empire of the East! There are a thousand and one tales to be told here, and the one tale that stands above them all might just be your own. Many a bold adventurer has begun their journey here, starting from humble circumstances on a path where they might attain wealth and renown, or a horrible, ignominious death. The difference between a hero and a fool is often discerned only by history.



Citizens of Kalabad

Everyone you meet, be they lowly beggar or exalted grandee, hard working merchant or indolent cutpurse, next door neighbor or traveler from afar, bears the makings of a tale yet to be. It is quite easy indeed to become embroiled in danger and intrigue from the merest chance meeting on the streets or a whispered conversation overheard in the shade of the souk. The following charts are meant to provide quick details from which a storyteller can flesh out a scenario.

Many of these charts are multifaceted, allowing differing dice rolls depending on how mundane or unusual the teller of the tale would like their narrative to be. It falls to them to decide whether their heroes are up to the challenge laid before them. A lowly squabble between servants or a magical vendetta between powerful sorcerers can each be spun into a memorable adventure.

d4	d8	d12	Entertainers: (1d6)
1: Beggar	1: Merchant *	1: Beggar +	1: Musician
2: Servant	2: Warrior	2: Servant +	2: Poet
3: Thief	3: Sha'ir	3: Thief +	3: Dancer
4: Merchant *	4: Entertainer+	4: Merchant*	4: Acrobat
	5: Wizard*	5: Warrior	5: Fakir
	6: Scholar*	6: Sha'ir	6: Low Level Mage (1d3)
	7: Noble	7: Entertainer	
	8: Cleric	8: Wizard	Jinni Type:
		9: Scholar	1: Efreet
		10: Noble	2: Dao
		11: Cleric	3: Djinn
		12: Disguised Jinni#	4: Marid

* Roll on Race Chart, + Roll 1d8, on a 1 roll on the Unusual Persons Chart

To determine the disguise, roll again on the third chart with a d10.

Roll 1d8 on this chart during the day, and 1d10 at night.

RACES:	Roll 1d8 or 1d10
1-4:	Human
5:	Jann
6-7:	Kedai
8:	Largoman
9:	Gnoll
10:	Tomb Rat

CLASSES:	Roll d6, d8, or d12
1-3:	Thief
4-6:	Fighter
7:	Cleric
8:	Wizard
9:	Sha'ir
10:	Kedai
11:	Largoman
12:	Jann

Roll 1d6	ALIGNMENT:
1-2:	Neutral / Good
3-4:	Lawful / Neutral
5-6:	Chaotic / Evil

Roll any dice.	GENDER:
Odd:	Female
Even:	Male

d12	d4	UNUSUAL PERSONS
1:	1:	Clever Lad
2:	2:	Beautiful Maiden
3:	3:	Venerable Greybeard
4:	4:	Aged Crone
5:	1:	Immensely Fat
6:	2:	Giant (1d4' taller than normal)
7:	3:	Dwarf (1/2 normal height)
8:	4:	Hunchback
9:	1:	Blind
10:	2:	Mute
11:	3:	Deaf
12:	4:	Lame

d12	d8	d4	Motivations
1:	1:	1:	Greed
2:	2:	2:	Hatred
3:	3:	3:	Fear
4:	4:	4:	Love
5:	5:	1:	Business
6:	6:	2:	Obligation
7:	7:	3:	Revenge
8:	8:	4:	Rivalry
9:		1:	Behest of Secret Society
10:		2:	Magically Compelled
11:		3:	Madness
12:		4:	Servant Obeying Master

d10	Desires:
1:	Covets an object. Roll 1d4. On 1 the object is owned by another. On a 4 it is theirs and has been taken from them. Roll on Treasure tables for what. Roll on charts to determine by whom.
2:	Wants someone slain. Roll on charts to determine whom. Roll Motivations for why.
3:	Wants protected from someone who wishes them ill. Roll on charts to determine whom. Roll Motivations for why.
4:	Wants to get rid of incriminating evidence/stolen goods. Roll on Treasure tables for what.
5:	Is in love with someone. Roll on charts to determine whom. Roll again on this table for potential complications. On a 1-2 on a d6 their beloved is promised to another or married.
6:	Seeks evidence of wrongdoing by an enemy. Roll on charts to determine whom. Roll 1d4 on this chart for what.
7:	Seeks release from contract/agreement. Roll on charts to determine with whom. Roll on this chart for what is expected of them.
8:	Seeks to open business arrangement with someone. Roll on charts to determine whom.
9:	Knows of secret and wants to benefit from it Roll 1d6, 1-2: About person, 3-4 about place, 5-6 about thing
10:	Plagued by monsters. Roll on Encounter Table of your choice for what.

Religion in Kalabad

Worship of the Alwan is the accepted official religion of the Empire of the East, but in practice this cosmopolitan capital city and port is fairly tolerant of a wide variety of faiths. So long as taxes are paid and commerce is unhindered, the officials of the Sultan's court and the City Guard care little about in what shrine you burn incense, or even if you profess no particular allegiance to any deity at all.

The sole exceptions are those cults, generally of the chaotically aligned Sanam, which practice sedition, enslavement, and the ritual sacrifice of sentient beings. Those are mercilessly rooted out.

Those who have discovered some long forgotten god of the Ancients and have chosen to pay them obeisance range from dangerous, obsessed cultists to philosophical dilettantes and antiquarians who have taken their interest in historical curiosities a bit farther than normal. It is up to the teller of tales

to decide, and to make up these dust covered deities as they see fit, although the crazed cultists are of considerably greater interest to both adventurers and to the authorities.

The following charts allow for the quick determination of a background character's beliefs, should it become pertinent to the tale being told.

d8	Pantheon Worshipped
1-3:	The Alwan
4-5:	Undetermined/Irreligious
6-7:	The Sanam
8:	A Lost Diety of the Ancients

d8	The Lawful Alwan	d8	The Neutral Alwan	d8	The Chaotic Alwan
1-5:	Akhdar: Lord of Farms	1-2:	Azrak: Lord of Seafarers	1:	Ashkar: Lord of Fire
6-7	Taza: Lady of Oasis'	3-4:	Zarka: Lady of Rivers and Marshes	2-3:	Hamra: Lady of War
8	Abyad: Lord of Day	5-6:	Asmar: Lord of Deserts	4-8:	Aswat: Lord of Night
		7-8:	Samra: Lady of the Savanna		

d8	The Lawful Sanam	d8	The Neutral Sanam	d8	The Chaotic Sanam*
1-2:	Asad the Lion	1-2:	Fahd the Leopard	1-2:	Hayyat the Serpent
3-4:	Nisir the Eagle	3-4:	Jardun the Rat	3-4:	Akrab the Scorpion
5-6:	Hisan the Horse	5-6:	Girab the Raven	5-6:	Timsah the Crocodile
7-8:	Bashik the Sparrow Hawk	7-8:	Abu Burayh the Lizard	7-8:	Dabbak the Hyena

* Worship of these deities is highly illegal in civilized areas, and members of these dangerous cults will always conceal their true loyalties beneath the false veneer of a more respectable religion. Roll again on the above charts to determine the cultist's cover story.

Keepers of the Law in Kalabad

Peace is kept in the city's teeming precincts by a force of soldiers known as the City Guard, whose officers report to the Grand Magistrate, who in turn answers directly to the Sultan. City Guardsmen, recognizable by their olive green livery and peaked turbans, typically patrol in groups of 2d4, armed with short swords and wearing padded armor.

City Guard: HD: 1, AC: 7, Dmg: 1d6, Sv: Hu0, Mv: 120(40), MI: 8

Larger groupings of up to 4d10, assembled to suppress riots or dangerous wild animals, may be further equipped with spears, helm, and shield. For every 10 guardsmen, 1d4 officers (Level 2-4 Fighters) armed with scimitars and wearing chainmail will be present. On 1-2 on a d6 they will be mounted on horseback.

Civil cases are tried before a sanctioned hierarchy of magistrates or brought before trusted clerics or tribal shaykhs to be worked out. Petty crimes against persons or property are generally punished with fines and monetary compensation to the injured parties, while greater crimes may result in loss of life, limbs, or freedom. The City Guard are not above collecting preliminary fines, so to speak, to avoid overburdening the magistrates' already busy schedules. In most cases treat this as a typical business transaction, with unsuccessful results leading to arrest. The Guard's authority extends to the shoreline, at which point their jurisdiction is superseded by the Imperial Marines.

Locations in Kalabad

Once the teller of the tale has determined their dramatis personae, it is time to determine where the story takes place. The following tables present a selection of locations that can be rolled on the fly to flesh out the “wheres” to go with the “whos, whats, and whys”. The layout of the city is intentionally vague. No two people experience such a large, complex, ever changing place exactly the same way, and aside from memorable landmarks like the Resplendent Palace of the Sultan and the Great Pillar of Abyad, or familiar locales like the heroes’ home (be it private house, inn, caravanserai, or wretched back alley depending on their circumstances) locations should arise as the story demands. The teller of the tales may draw the map as they see fit.

d10	Places of Interest
1-3:	In Town: Private
4:	In Town: Business
5-6:	In Town: Public
7:	In Town: Special (Roll d6) 1-3: Hidden 4-5: Hallowed 6: Unusual
8-9:	Outside Town, Local (Roll 1d6+1 on chart)
10:	Outside Town, 1d4 Days journey (Roll as Special)

A typical street in Kalabad will contain:

Residential:	Marketplace:	Docks:
1d4+2 Private 1d4-2 Business 1d4 Public 1d4-2 Hallowed 1d4-3 Unusual 1d4-3 Hidden	1d8 Business (Roll 1d20 for shops) 1d4 Public 1d4-3 Hallowed 1d4-2 Unusual 1d4-2 Hidden	1d4-3 Private 1d8 Business (Roll 3d10 for shops) 1d4 Public 1d4-2 Hallowed 1d4-2 Unusual 1d4-2 Hidden

d4	PRIVATE PLACES:	d4	BUSINESS PLACES:	d4	HALLOWED PLACES:
1:	Private House	1:	Shop	1:	Temple
2:	Mansion	2:	Inn	2:	Graveyard
3:	Library	3:	Bath House	3:	Shrine
4:	School	4:	Coffee House	4:	Minaret

d6	PUBLIC PLACES:	d6	UNUSUAL PLACES:	d6	HIDDEN PLACES:
1:	Street	1:	Menagerie	1:	Underground Vault
2:	Marketplace	2:	Museum	2:	Cistern
3:	Garden	3:	Monster Lair	3:	Dungeon
4:	City Gates	4:	Arena/Pit Fight	4:	Cave
5:	Pier/Riverbank	5:	Thieves’ Den	5:	Tunnel Warren
6:	Caravan Station	6:	Wizards’ Laboratory	6:	Cellar

Shops & Merchant Stalls

The following tables are for generating the contents of a given mercantile establishment. While some streets and bazaars in the great city feature a wide variety of different offerings, some districts also feature markets devoted to a single trade or commodity. The teller of the tale may either roll 1d10 on their preferred table, or 3d10 to encompass all three in a single roll.

WHAT'S FOR SALE: Roll on individual tables or 3d10

d8	COMMON ITEMS:	d10	UNCOMMON ITEMS:	d10	SPECIALTY ITEMS:
1/03:	Spices	1/11:	Brasswork	1/21:	Tack & Harness
2/04:	Oil	2/12:	Ironwork	2/22:	Weapons &/or Tools
3/05:	Wines & Spirits	3/13:	Leatherwork	3/23:	Armor & Shields
4/06:	Beans & Grains	4/14:	Woodwork	4/24:	Livestock &/or Mounts
5/07:	Fruits & Vegetables	5/15:	Glassware	5/25:	Exotic Small Animals
6/08:	Meat & Poultry	6/16:	Shoes	6/26:	Jewelry & Gemstones
7/09:	Fish	7/17:	Hats & Turbans	7/27:	Apothecary
8/10:	Sweets	8/18:	Clothing	8/28:	Books & Scrolls
		9/19:	Rugs	9/29:	Antiquities
		10/20:	Lamps	10/30:	Curiosities

Commerce in Kalabad

As a city of bustling markets and the hub of all trade on the Crescent Sea, countless business transactions occur here every day. Persuasion and prestige are useful tools when seeking to grow one's prosperity. In any transaction, be it buying from or selling to merchants or hiring servants, tradesmen, or bodyguards, use the following table to determine how well your negotiations go.

Roll d12	DOING BUSINESS TABLE:
12:	Agrees to offer, +1 Morale if they are being taken on as a hireling.
9-11:	Agrees to offer
6-8:	Haggles
3-5:	Declines offer
1-2:	Insulted by offer. Roll reaction table. 2-8 spreads bad rumors, -1 to future rolls, 9-12 attacks.

You may add your charisma bonus to this roll, and if a character is above Lvl 5 they may add a +1 bonus as well, with an additional +1 every five levels beyond thanks to their increasingly elevated status.

Haggling:

When two parties haggle, each side rolls a d12, and adds their bonus. Player characters may choose between adding either their Charisma, Wisdom, or Intelligence bonus. Non-Player characters roll on the following chart and add the resulting bonus, rolling the d12 for average citizens and d8 for merchants. (No merchant would survive long in the markets of Kalabad if they were anything less than shrewd.) The participant with the lower number must pay the difference between the two, whether that's the buyer paying more or the seller giving a discount. The number will be in whatever denomination the original price is in. (Thus silver shekels for items costing silver and gold dinars for items costing gold.) If a certain merchant becomes a persistent character, their bonus should be written down by the teller of tales and won't change.

d12	d8	NPC Bonus
1	-	Naive, -2
2	-	Gullible, -1
3-6	-	Average, +0
7-9	1-4	Shrewd, +1
10-11	5-7	Cunning, +2
12	8	Masterful, +3

Security Measures

While honest traders and workers make up the bulk of the city's populace, sadly thieves and other criminals abound in the shadowy places, the low quarters and slums that all cities are cursed with. It behooves those who own property to secure it by a variety of means. The following table provides a sampling of the methods commonly employed to defend one's dwelling and goods.

The first three sub tables are available to any property owner with the money to afford them, while sub tables 4 thru 6 are the province of wizards, sha'ir, and other practitioners of the magical arts, or those who are wealthy enough to retain their services in the construction of their palaces.

Depending on the size of the premises, there will be between 1d4 and 1d12 of these security measures present at any location.

Security Measures: Roll 1d3 or 1d6

1: Watchful Servants	2: Guard Animals	3: Mechanical Trap
1: House Servants (1d8)	1: Dogs	1: Nightingale Floor
2: Armed Guards (1d4)	2: Leopard	2: Arrow Trap
3: Thief Lvl 1d4	3: Ape	3: Pit Trap
4: Kedai Lvl 1d3	4: Cobra	4: Falling Block Trap
5: Wizard Lvl 1d3	5: Giant Scorpion	5: Portcullis Trap
6: Gnoll Mameluks (1d6)	6: Amphisbaena	6: Opening Animal Cage
7: Tomb Rat Sellswords (1d8)	7: Crocodiles	
8: Serpent Ogres (1-2)	8: Tiger	
4: Magical Trap	5: Magical Guardian	6: Curse
1: Eye of the Gorgon	1: Animate Statue	1: Lycanthropy
2: Symbol	2: Mummies	2: Wasting Disease
3: Hallucinatory Terrain	3: Karakghuls	3: Ill Luck
4: Ring of Fire	4: Invisible Stalker	4: Covetousness
5: Mist of Madness	5: Bound Jinn	5: Madness
6: Continual Darkness	1-4: Dao 5-7: Efreet 8: Marid	6: Unavoidable Object
7: Web	6: Doom of Thieves	
8: Mirror of Opposition		

Notes:

1: Watchful Servants:

Typical households and businesses roll 1d4 on this sub-table, while those with greater wealth or magical power may roll 1d8. The presence of Serpent Ogres indicates ties to the Cult of Hayyat.

House Servants are 0 lvl humans unless indicated otherwise. Armed guards are generally armed and armored as well as the master of the house or business can afford. A typical armed guard, for a merchant's warehouse, for example, would be armed with a shortsword and armored with leather and a shield. Roll on the tables above to flesh out any servants or guards as you see fit. All others are typical of their class as outlined in this book or in Section 2 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook.

2: Guard Animals:

Typical households and businesses roll 1d4 on this sub-table, while the wealthy may roll 1d8. All are typical of their type as outlined in Section 6 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook.

Amphisbaena: A bizarre magical snake with a head at both ends. Only one head sleeps at a time and it cannot be surprised. As Snake: Pit Viper but with two bite attacks.

3: Mechanical Traps:

Most of these are outlined in Section 8 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook.

Nightingale Floor: A wooden floor built to creak and groan loudly when stepped on. Will alert any occupants or guards of intruders.

Pit Traps: Roll 1d4 for what might be found at the bottom of the pit. 1: Sand 2: Water 3: Spikes 4: Roll on the Guard Animals sub chart.

Opening Animal Cage: A hidden catch or tripwire opens a cage that releases an animal rolled on the Guard Animals sub chart into the area under protection.

4: Magical Traps:

Eye of the Gorgon: A magical talisman, usually hung on a wall or secreted inside a box or chest, that will turn an interloper to stone if they fail a save vs. petrification. Can be avoided using a mirror, and is often keyed so as not to affect the owner of the property and anyone else they designate.

Symbol: As from the 8th. Level Magic User's spell. Roll 1d4, 1d6, or 1d8 for type. 1: Stunning 2: Sleep 3: Fear 4: Despair 5: Conflict 6: Pain 7: Insanity 8: Death. Usually inscribed in a warded room or inside a coffer or box. The first four, relatively non-lethal types are most commonly used. Insanity and Death are usually found scribed in areas vital importance, or in the lairs of evil cults or secret societies.

Hallucinatory Terrain: As from the 4th. Level Magic User's spell. but permanently cast on a room to frighten and disorient interlopers. Roll 1d6 to determine the type of illusion presented:

1: Fragrant Garden 2: Flaming Inferno 3: Bottom Of The Sea 4: Sandstorm 5: Endless Void 6: Hall of a Thousand Mirrors

Ring of Fire: Sheets of flame rise up in a perimeter around the warded object, doing 2d6 + 1d6 per round for 1d3 rounds to all who pass thru it.

Continual Darkness: As from the reverse of the 3rd. Level Cleric's spell.

Web: As from the 2nd. Level Magic User's Spell. Usually keyed to trigger if a space is entered or an object is taken without authorization from the owner.

Mirror of Opposition: Magic item as outlined in Section 7 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook.

5: Magical Guardians:

All are typical of their type as outlined in this book or in Section 6 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook.

6: Curses:

These effects are laid on a warded area or an item, and then invoked when the area's boundaries are crossed or the item is removed from its proper place. These effects can be countered by a Remove Curse spell, or if some other condition is met or restitution made to the owner of the property as outlined by the caster of the curse.

Lycanthropy: Intruder becomes a were-rat, as outlined in the Lycanthrope entry in Section 6 of the Labyrinth Lord rulebook within 2d6 days. Non-humans will be afflicted with the Wasting Disease instead.

Wasting Disease: Suffer loss of 1d3 points of Constitution per day until dead.

Ill Luck: Cumulative -1 penalty to all saving throws each subsequent week. All wandering monster and surprise checks automatically failed.

Covetousness: Object cursed thusly will be subject of intense, murderous desire for all who lay eyes on it. Friends and Allies of the thief must make a save vs. Spell or turn on them, doing anything in their power to possess the item in question.

Madness: Suffer effects of the 4th. Level Magic User's Spell Confusion permanently within 1d4 days of the intrusion. Roll a save vs. Spell each day to stave off the effect, succumbing on the final day.

Unavoidable Object: An item thusly cursed cannot be gotten rid of. No matter if it is sold, given, or thrown away, it will turn up among the thief's possessions within hours. The object gives off subtle vibrations that can be tracked by agents of its rightful owner.

Kalabad Encounter Tables

While the capital city is indeed the height and center of civilization, one never knows what one might run into on deserted side streets and isolated back alleys, especially when night falls and the denizens of the day withdraw behind bolted doors and shuttered windows. Roll on these tables for any chance encounters you may wish to insert into the narrative. Or roll on tables of your own design.

d20	KALABAD DAYTIME ENCOUNTERS:	d20	KALABAD NIGHTTIME ENCOUNTERS:
01:	Rats (2d10)	01:	Giant Rats (2d10)
02:	Snake: Spitting Cobra	02:	Snake: Spitting Cobra
03:	Large Scorpion	03:	Large Scorpions (1d4)
04:	Hawk (1 on d8 it carries a message)	04:	Skeletons 2d4+
05:	Stray Dogs (As 1 HD wolf) 2d6	05:	Stray Dogs (As 1 HD wolf) 3d6
06:	Baboons 1d6	06:	Baboons 2d6
07:	Angry Goat (2HD herd animal)	07:	NPC Party (Roll d4. Odd: Foes Even: Friends)
08:	Cattle (3HD, 1d6 horns) 3d6 (1 on d4 loose, otherwise, with 1d8 nomad herders)	08:	Karakghuls 1d3+
09:	Horses 2d4, with 1d4 grooms	09:	Gnolls (1d6)
10:	Camels 1d4, with 1d3 handlers.	10:	Hyenas (As 2+2 HD Wolf) 1d6
11:	City Guard Patrol 2d4	11:	Tomb Rats (1d8)
12:	Roll a person from the tables	12:	Roll a person from the tables
13:	NPC Party (Roll d4. Odd: Foes Even: Friends)	13:	Great Cats, Lions (1d4)
14:	Men: Nomads	14:	Men: Thieves (As Bandits)
15:	Great Cat, Panther, with keeper	15:	Shadows
16:	Sha'ir's Gen (Roll d4. 1: Djinnling 2: Daolani 3: Maridan 4: Efreetikin) +	16:	Lycanthrope (Roll d4. 1-2: Wererat 3: Werehyena (as Werewolf) 4: Werelion (as Weretiger))
17:	Insect Swarm	17:	City Guards 1d12*
18:	Blink Dogs	18:	Mummies (1d4)+
19:	Invisible Stalker+	19:	Invisible Stalker+
20:	Jinni (Roll d10. 1-5: Djinn 6-7: Efreet 8-9: Dao 10: Marid) +	20:	Jinni (Roll d10. 1-2: Djinn 3-6: Efreet 7-9: Dao 10: Marid) +

+ Roll d6. On 1-3, creature is sent/controlled by a sha'ir or sorcerer with specific purpose. On 6 they escaped from their master and are being pursued.

+ Roll d6. On 1-2, creature is sent/controlled by a sha'ir or sorcerer for a specific purpose.

* Roll d6. 1-2: Patrolling 3-4 Pursuing fugitive 5: Drunk 6: Survivors of monster attack.



Kalabad Story Hooks:

Here are some examples of the preceding tables put to use. There are countless other scenarios at your fingertips with but the roll of a handful of dice and some applied imagination.

1: A merchant who deals in curiosities is in love with a powerful sorceress (Lvl. 7) for whom he has been obtaining mummies stolen from tombs in the hills outside the city of Sakhrat. She is under investigation by the City Guard, and needs to dispose of nine mummies from her hidden laboratory, no questions asked. The sorceress has spies in the merchant's household, fearing a betrayal, and her own lair is guarded by a daunting array of insidious traps and magical guardians, including a bound dao.

2: A prominent sha'ir (Lvl. 7) seeks evidence of wrongdoing against his wicked great aunt, a fellow sha'ir of even greater influence (Lvl. 13) who plots to obtain a magical scroll containing three spells (Locate Object, Find Traps, Disintegrate) which she plans to use to find and open an earthenware jar buried in a hidden crypt somewhere in the trackless wastes of the Howling Desert, wherein a terrible efreeti is imprisoned. She is acting under orders from a patron in the City of Brass. The scroll is hidden in a burial mound outside the city, and watched over by implacable mummies.

3: A harried, wounded kedai (Lvl. 2) is being pursued across the rooftops by a troupe of five vicious, ensorcelled baboons. The beasts are controlled by a ruthless efreeti travelling in the guise of a bandit chieftain. He wishes to eliminate her before she can return to her mistress, a well known and regarded sha'ir (Lvl. 8), and reveal the secrets she has learned on her solitary scouting mission into the desert.

4: A male marid disguised as a sea captain seeks protection from a djinn princess disguised as a noblewoman who desires his hand in marriage. She cannot touch him while he is at sea, but she sent a giant roc to destroy his boat while he put in to port, stranding him in Kalabad, where he dares not to reveal his true nature nor does she. She sends a succession of increasingly violent emissaries as her frustration mounts and diplomacy gives way to coercion: a servant laden with riches, a party of mercenary adventurers, a force of fighting men, a trio of giant hawks, an invisible stalker, and finally her mighty roc.

5: A noble widow's overgrown olive grove is plagued by a pack of twelve vicious wild dogs that have taken up residence there and begun preying on the local livestock. There is a hidden entrance to an old cellar to be found in the rubble of an collapsed storage building near to the grove, that in turn leads to a tunnel warren where many old secrets may lie buried.

6: A naive largoman pilgrim on his first trip into the capital from his home seitch in the Nomad's Quarter has been waylaid in an alleyway and robbed of his precious, bejeweled, family heirloom dewwok. The culprits are a band of robbers who operate out of a dilapidated house near the docks.

The House of the Robbers:

Let us expand on this last premise a bit. The teller of tales grasped the first thread of this story upon rolling up a largoman who covets an object held by thieves. Hence the purloined dewwok.

Thanks to the vital clue of the bag that they forced over the hapless largoman's head when they relieved him of his belongings, the robbers were tracked to their hideout. The burlap sack stank of fish, and upon further examination bore the mark of a purveyor of such pungent piscine delicacies situated in one of the rougher seaside districts. These details were determined by rolling up the locations of a private home near a shop that sold fish.

When questioned, the proprietor of that establishment was all too happy to point out a nearby house that had once been owned by his cousin's brother in law, an oil merchant who had abandoned it under dubious circumstances and let it lie empty until it was taken over by a band of ruffians who were reputed to be former pirates.

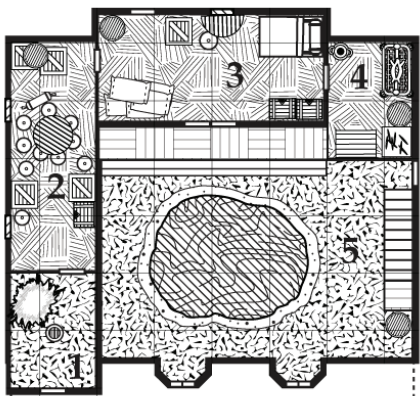
Here, the tale teller decides that this particular gang of rascals is just beginning to establish themselves as a criminal enterprise, and therefore is not particularly powerful or well entrenched, in keeping with the relative inexperience of the adventurers set against them. He rolls a single d10 for their numbers, and gets 7, to which he adds a slightly more powerful leader of 3rd. level.

In determining the defenses of their dilapidated headquarters, he rolls only 1d4, and gets a 3, meaning there are three hazards our heroes must watch out for in addition to the blades of the pirates turned street thugs.

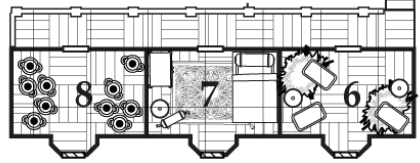
Rolling d3 on the Security Measures tables, he rolls 2 Guard Animals and a Mechanical Trap. From there he determines the robbers' den is guarded by an ape, a crocodile, and a nightingale floor. The animals make sense as exotic beasts collected on the former sea dogs' voyages, while the groaning floorboards are in keeping with the poor repair of their hideout.

With this knowledge in hand, our teller of tales makes a map of a typical urban dwelling and keys it thusly:

Level 1



Level 2



APPROACH:

This townhouse had clearly seen better days, its dingy stucco exterior streaked with grime and crumbling away in leprous looking patches. If it weren't for the white smoke rising from a chimney in the back and oozing through the broken lattice of two of the three mashrabiya (bay windows) on the overhanging upper story, one would think it was utterly deserted.

There are two more bay windows at street level, behind the rickety looking wooden support beams that hold up the second floor rooms. These windows are blocked from behind by thick shutters.

A stout wooden door with a brass shuttered viewing port appears to be the single entrance from the street. There are narrow alleys on either side of the building. On the west side there are two shuttered windows, on the east there is a door. Around back there is another door and another shuttered window. All of the doors are locked and barred from the inside.

1: THE FOYER:

This reeking 15'x20' chamber is streaked with offal and strewn with rotting garbage from the carnivorous ape chained within as a guardian for the robbers' hideout. The creature is trained to allow the gang members to pass without interference, but must be commanded to stay on its pile of filthy straw in the NW corner of the room to allow any strangers to pass. If uninvited visitors come calling, the robbers will ask them their business whilst eyeing them up thru the slot in the door. If they fail to account for their presence or refuse to go away, they will be invited inside as the robbers retreat behind the equally stout inner door to watch their savage pet to rend the interlopers to pieces. The beast's chain allows it free movement around the room but prevents it from going out either door. It is attached to a collar around its neck and locked with a key held by the robbers' captain.

Oogoo the Carnivorous Ape:

HD: 4, HP: 21 AC: 6, Dmg: 1d4/1d4 (Claw/Claw), Sv: F2, Mv: 120'(40'), MI: 7

2: THE ROBBERS' HEADQUARTERS:

This long, 15'x40' room is dingy and dimly lit by guttering oil lamps, even during the day, its bare walls hung only with cobwebs. It comprises the rest of the east side of the house, with two shuttered windows facing out into the narrow alley and a door leading into room 3. Boxes and barrels of illicitly obtained merchant goods are stacked in this room, along with a chest containing a cache of shortswords and hand axes. The band of robbers gather here after nightfall on dirty, threadbare cushions around a low table to hatch their schemes of theft and thuggery. Besides this daily meeting and sporadic mealtimes, the robbers tend to come and go at random, but there will usually be 1d4 of them present here at any given time.

The Band of Robbers:

HD: 1, HP: 8, 6, 5, 5, 5, 4, 2, AC: 8, Dmg: 1d6 shortsword or axe. Mv: 120' (40'), Sv: F1, MI: 6

3: THE ROBBER CAPTAIN'S ROOM:

This 40'x15' chamber runs along the back of the building, with a locked and heavily barred door and a shuttered window leading outside, a set of lattice work double doors leading into the courtyard (5), and a beaded curtain leading into the kitchen (4). There is a squalid, unmade bed in the NE corner, a pair of chests in the SE corner, a pile of grain sacks in the SW corner, and a low table against the N wall beneath the window. The back door is flanked by a barrel in the NW corner and a crate between it and the table. The burly Captain of the robbers can be found here at odd hours of the day, eating a meal or sleeping or indulging in his favorite vices of strong drink or smoking small quantities of opium, if he is not out committing crimes or planning them with his cronies in the meeting room.

The Robber Captain

HD: 3, HP: 11, AC: 7 (Leather Armor), Dmg: 1d8 (cutlass), Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F3, MI: 8 Bears a tattoo of a coiled cobra across his back, hidden under his armor. Immune to snake venom. Carries keys to all the doors, the two chests, and the opium chest in (6).

The tabletop is covered in nicks and cuts from a dagger that is currently imbedded in a pile of letters, pinning it to the scarred surface. The letters are mostly semi-literate scrawlings revolving around borrowing money or calling in debts, both accompanied by thinly veiled threats. Two are of greater interest. One involves the pickup of three "lambs" on the docks on a certain date at midnight and the price for each converted in crudely scrawled equations from Imperial currency to the coin of the Cabal. The other is written in a precise cypher, and is marked with a symbol reminiscent of the "spectacles" design that appears on the hoods of cobras. (The first refers to the three kidnapped youths in the upstairs room (7) the second could lead to entanglements with the insidious Cult of Hayyat the Serpent.)

The bed is filthy and flea ridden, but if someone isn't too squeamish to search it they will discover that one of the befouled cushions clanks and jingles when picked up. A cache of treasure is concealed inside. There are 122 silver shekels, 40 gold dinars, a large pearl worth 100 gp, a moonstone worth 50 gp, a zircon with the "cobra spectacles" symbol carved in its largest facet worth 73 gp, and the largoman's stolen dewwok, which is gold and jewel encrusted and worth 1400 gp. If party members are allowed to examine it, they notice that there is a treasure map inscribed on the inner surface of the object, perhaps leading to one of the other scenarios outlined in this book.

One of the two chests is decorated with brass fittings and a decent quality lock. The lock is trapped with a poison needle which injects a paralytic poison that will immobilize the victim for 1d4 turns. Inside is the desiccated carcass of a dead rat. The plainer of the two chests is locked as well but not trapped. It contains a battered assortment of tarnished brassware worth maybe 20 shekels if you can find a scrap dealer willing to take it off your hands.

The pile of sacks are mostly full of moldering chick peas, but there is one sack marked with a red x containing dried opium poppy pods worth 40 gp to the right buyer. The possession and sale of these pods is highly illegal in Kalabad.

The barrel by the door is full of bent nails that can act as caltrops if overturned onto the ground. (Move at 1/4 speed or take 1d4 pts of dmg per 10' square of coverage.) The crate is full of books and private journals, stolen off the back of a cart at an estate sale. The notes contained in the journals might offer the party leads to other adventures if carefully studied.

4: THE KITCHEN:

This 15'x20' room stinks of burnt fat and an over reliance on curry powder. There is a grill full of hot coals in the NE corner and a chopping block with a large cleaver in the SE corner with a barrel full of oily water between them. There are some pots boiling on the grill as well as some ill favored looking squabs. There are large, sooty marks on the wall by the grill, indicating that grease fires are a fairly common occurrence here.

This sordid kitchen is overseen by a shrill voiced, hunched crone who will assume any party members are new recruits to the gang and hand them a bowl of intensely over spiced ragout ladled over rice from the pots. (Save vs. poison or suffer -1 to rolls from tearing up with an excessively runny nose.) She is quite deaf, and will speak very loudly at all times, especially if someone is trying to keep their voices low and not attract attention.

She is responsible for feeding the crocodile in (5) and the ape in the foyer (1). It will not attack party members in her presence. If personally attacked or threatened, she will take up the cleaver to defend herself, screaming for help from the robbers. If she sees any dead robbers in any of the rooms, she will flee screaming out the side door and vanish into the twisting back alleys of the waterfront.

Crone: HD: 1, HP: 2, AC: 9, Dmg: 1d4 (Cleaver), Mv: 60(20), Sv: F1, MI: 9

5: THE COURTYARD:

The double doors in (3) lead out onto a low, 40'x5' deck of wooden planks with two steps down into a muddy 60'x35' open space with a pool of brackish water in the center. A sickly looking crocodile with pockmarked skin suns itself on the edge of the pool. It will hiss and gape at any interlopers in its territory, attacking if they don't back off. If wounded at all it will retreat into its pool.

Crocodile: HD: 2, HP: 4, AC: 5, Dmg: 1d8, Mv: 90'(30') Swim 90'(30'), Sv: F1, MI: 7

Collapsing trellises hung with black, rotted vines indicate that this space was once an enclosed urban garden area. A rickety set of steps leads up to a catwalk with three doorways leading into the rooms on the upper level. The catwalk will groan loudly if any weight is put on it, alerting anyone in the household that someone is up there. Some loose pots and utensils are hung with tarred twine under the crossbeams, enhancing the noise with their rattling.

There are two shuttered bay windows leading to the street out front on the S wall. In the SE corner under the steps is a barrel containing several bottles of fine wine, extorted from a vintner in the city of Kiyam. There are five bottles, each worth 1d20 gp if sold to the right merchant in Kalabad.

6: THE OPIUM DEN:

A dense haze of smoke hangs in this dingy room, strewn with stained cushions and threadbare rugs. 1d6 dazed reprobates lie here in the narcotic grip of their drug habit drawing smoke from a large, beaded green glass hookah in the center of the room. They are conscious but barely responsive. One might proffer a few shekels for more time on the pipe, mistaking the heroes for the villainous proprietors of the house.

The tale teller may choose to roll on the tables above to flesh out these lost souls if they feel that their identities and presence in this den of iniquity would enhance their tale. In a locked chest in the NW corner is half a brick of pressed opium worth 1d4x10 gp on the black market.

7: THE CAPTIVE YOUTHS:

A trio of young people languish in the cloying cloud of incense that streams from a tarnished censer in the mashrabiya to stave off the pervasive stench of this place. The furnishings of this room are cheap but serviceable. They are the sons and daughters of merchants, recently kidnapped from a party thrown at one of their family homes and being held for ransom. They are dressed in disheveled finery of silk and satin, and look as if they haven't slept for a few days.

They say that their wealthy families will pay handsomely for their safe return. (They are unaware that the vile robbers plan to sell them to pirate slavers from far off Raghwat, regardless of whether the ransom is paid.) They are 0 level non-combatants. If exposed to danger, roll a 1d4 to see how each one reacts: 1: freeze in place for 1d4 rounds 2: faint dead away for 1 turn 3: hyper attentive, listening and following orders carefully if a bit too literally 4: fight like a cornered leopard (or leopardess) - Attack as Lvl 1 fighter with whatever weapon comes to hand, with an adrenaline charged +2 to hit and damage.

8: THE OIL STORAGE ROOM:

This cobweb festooned room is cluttered with large clay amphoras full of rancid fish oil. There are a total of 10 jars, each containing 40 gallons and weighing 300 lbs. each. If the wax seal is broken and the wooden stoppers are opened, roll a save vs. Poison or become nauseated by the stench (-2 to all rolls while inside an enclosed space). If a person is doused with this substance, they suffer the stench effect until it can be washed off. If spilled on the ground, a 10'x10' area of extremely slippery surface will be created that no one can walk across without slipping and falling. The potential for mischief with these is immense indeed.

Who knows what further tales this daring raid and rescue might engender? Read on!

Adventures In Miniature

When one is beginning an adventuring career, it can be wise to start small. The following are short, self contained scenarios meant to be scattered along a bold band of heroes' path to glory, brief vignettes for the teller of the tale to salt into their grand narrative so as to whet the appetite for more. They can be placed in some lost corner of the vast desert, or in some secluded place just outside of the party's hometown. Use them as you see fit.

THE CAVE OF THE CROCODILE GOD:

BACKGROUND:

This lost shrine to the crocodile god Timsah is best placed near a deserted village stricken by drought. References to its location may be on a Treasure Map discovered in another adventure, or called forth in the reminiscences of some venerable nomad chief or aged largoman.

APPROACH:

Clouds of dust swirl on fitful breezes as you approach the wide, silt crusted basin of a dried out wadi, its bottom invisible to you in the shimmering heat of day/grey stillness of the desert night (depending on the hour). It is overlooked by a 40' wall of rock at the NE corner, with a sharp ledge, behind which is a yawning cave mouth set in the sandstone of the cliff wall.

1: THE DRIED UP WADI

This irregularly shaped depression is 70' X 50' with a 5' lip of gravel that leads to a sharply sloping area of silt, with a 20' pit roughly 30'X20' in the center.

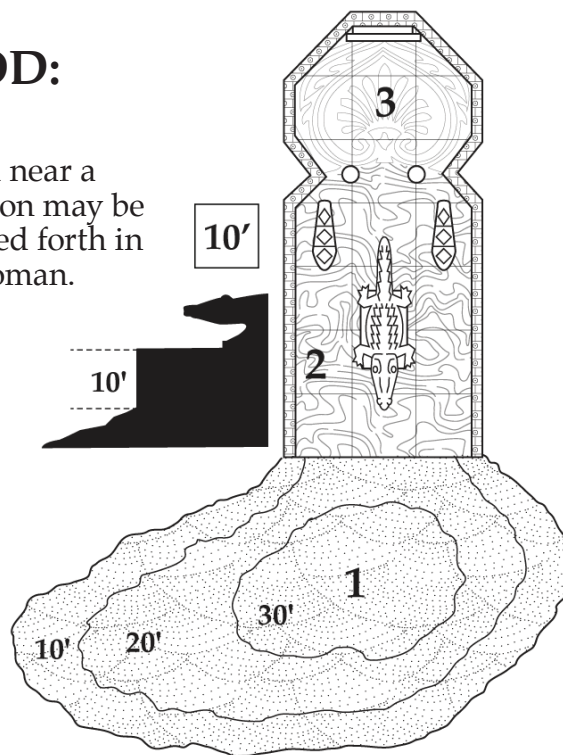
Footing is tricky in the loose, shifting dust, and all characters except Largoman must make Dex checks per 10' walking across it or slip and tumble down into the pit. The landing is soft enough, but it is difficult to climb out without outside assistance, as evidenced by the bones of men and animals that lie scattered in the depression. The very air in the pit seems to whisper with bitter voices, and the eyes burn in the clouds of dry silt kicked up with every step. (Suffer a -1 to all rolls inside this area.)

2: SHRINE OF THE CROCODILE

At the top of the cliff you see a chamber of worked stone, the walls decorated with a diamond pattern. The room is 30' high, 30' wide and 40' deep. There is an archway toward the back with two columns carved like papyrus stalks leading to a large space beyond. There are two 15' long sarcophagus with their oblong heads pointed toward the cave mouth toward the northern end of the shrine.

In the center is a huge stone statue of a crocodile, 30' long and 5' across at the belly, its tooth lined jaws opened wide toward the mouth of the cave. Looking inside, you see the dull glint of bronze at the back of the statue's throat. You also note that the upper side of the mouth is lined with sharp bronze spikes. You will also note that the upper side of the mouth is lined with sharp bronze spikes. You will also note that the upper side of the mouth is lined with sharp bronze spikes. You will also note that the upper side of the mouth is lined with sharp bronze spikes. You will also note that the upper side of the mouth is lined with sharp bronze spikes.

If a brave soul climbs inside, they will find that the bronze apparatus at the back of the throat is some kind of lever. If the lever is worked, the jaws will slam shut, doing 3d6 damage to the hapless adventurer, while the back of the statue will pop open, revealing treasure. The mouth will open if the lid is shut, but while the mouth is closed it does 1d6 pts per round on the hapless victim trapped inside.



It takes a turn to remove all of the treasure, which consists of these items: A huge stone bowl full of silver pieces in the shape of ducks. (4500 sp) Nine large crocks full of gold nuggets roughly 1 gp in weight. (900 gp) An earthenware jug with something rattling around inside (when broken open this turns out to be a ring of blue green jade, set with silver footprint designs which will be identified as a Ring of Water Walking) Finally, there is a large bronze key, about two feet long, with a lotus flower design embossed on the plate.

If any adventurer approaches the archway at the back of the cave, they will be confronted by the grisly sight of two ten foot long mummified crocodiles, lurching out of the coffins with a soundless gape of warning.

Mummy Crocodiles:

HD: 5, HP: 26, 27, AC: 3, Bite 2d8 + Mummy rot, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F4, Ml: 12, Immune to sleep, charm, and hold. Only harmed by magic weapons and spells. Note: these mummies are vulnerable to water. If drenched with water, they will become AC 7 and can be harmed by any weapon.

3: ROOM OF THE VAULT

This chamber is 30' X 30' with hexagonal walls tiled in lapis lazuli and white marble stained with streaks of black and green issuing from the chinks in the stone. A 10' wide bronze disk dominates the north wall. It bears a lotus blossom symbol in its center, ringed round with writing in the Ancient tongue and the language of the Jinni stating "The Vast Wealth of Timsah is Here" In the middle of the lotus design is a keyhole. If the key from the crocodile statue is inserted and turned, there will be a click, as the disc slides out from the wall. At this point the key will be stuck fast and cannot be removed.

With a trickling sound, water will start pouring from the opening, faster and faster and with increasing force. After two rounds, the water will be coming out with such force in a halo all around the circle that players must roll a save vs. Paralysis or be washed out of the room. They may attempt to grab onto something as they pass, a pillar, a sarcophagus, the crocodile statue, etc. with whatever saves or checks the teller of their tale might demand. Failing that, they will be carried all the way out the shrine and over the cliff into the rapidly refilling wadi far below. The fall won't harm them, but at this point swimming checks will become necessary.

Inside the shrine, The top of the statue and the pillars will stay above water, which will keep flowing indefinitely from around the hatch.

Any who end up swimming in the wadi will be greeted by the sight of a gigantic crocodile with grey scales like iron, rising up from the churning water among them. They will hear a deep, chuckling voice in their ears.

"THOU HAST PLEASSED ME, MORTALS, AND I SHALL GRANT THEE A BOON! IF THOU MEETEST ONE OF MY CHILDREN ON THE RIVERS OF THIS WORLD UNDER A FULL MOON, THOU HAVE TO BUT ASK IN THE NAME OF TIMSAH AND THOU SHALT GAIN A MIGHTY WARRIOR SERVANT FOR SEVEN DAYS AND SEVEN NIGHTS"

The giant reptile will then slip beneath the water and vanish. If the party finds themselves faced with crocodiles, they may call on Timsah's Boon. The largest of the crocodiles will transform into a scaly, bipedal ogre-like creature with a crocodile's head, festooned in the raiment of a temple guard and wielding a huge khopesh sword. It can understand Common, but cannot speak beyond the bellowing growls of a normal croc. It also has a tendency to gobble up unattended goats, so watch it carefully. It is a bit dim witted, but enthusiastic in carrying out commands.

It will serve faithfully for seven days and seven nights, and then slump back onto four feet and slip into the nearest river and swim away. This boon can only be called on once, by consensus among those to whom Timsah granted it in this final encounter (those who still survive).

Mighty Warrior of Timsah:

HD: 6, AC: 3, Dmg: 1d10+2 (Khopesh Sword+2), Bite: 2d8, Sv: F6, Mv: 90'(30'), Swim 120'(40'), Ml: 12. When struck against a rock, sword functions like a Decanter of Endless Water, causing the water to spring forth from the resulting crack. The stream lasts for 1d6 rounds. This can be done 3 times a day. If the Warrior is slain, or if its weapon is stolen, the sword will vanish within 1 Turn.

THE HIDDEN REDOUBT OF THE SLAYERS:

BACKGROUND:

The Slayers were, or are, a fanatical society of assassins, much feared in the corridors of power and the subject of many whispered rumors among those with a taste for lurid tales of intrigue and murder. Many a determined, crusading nobleman has vowed to wipe them out through force of arms, always with uncertain results. So subtle are their ways that it is impossible to be sure if they are truly gone or merely biding their time.

Still there seems to be some grain of truth among the chaff of tall tales and fabrications, as knowledge of the whereabouts of one of their secret hideouts has come to you from a reasonably reliable source. Following this lead takes you on a trek into the hills, to a forbidding cliff face well off the beaten path.

APPROACH:

A narrow track almost impossible to see from the foot of the cliff leads up to a concealed crevice in the rocks. When you have made your difficult way up to this opening, you spot a stone above it, as wide as a man's hand and carved with the symbol of a hawk, the reputed symbol of The Slayers. The opening is narrow, just barely wide enough for a man to squeeze through without a pack on his back.

1: CORRIDOR

Inside, you find a worked stone tunnel with a rounded roof, extending for fifty feet ahead of you and turning to the west at the end. The tunnel is 10' wide, with white stone in a 3' path down the center and red sandstone to either side. Sharp eyed party members searching for traps will notice a dark groove in the walls about four feet off of the floor.

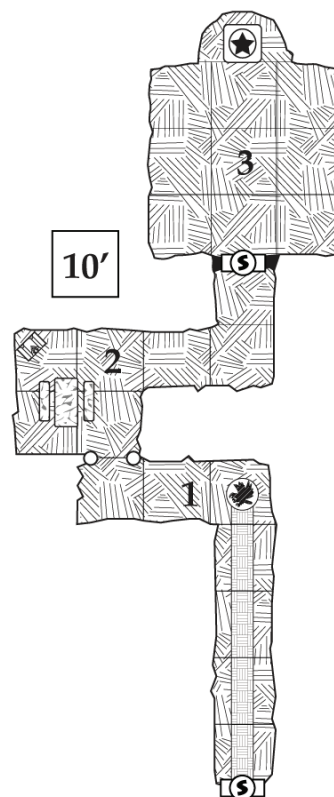
If anyone steps on the red stone, a sharp, curved blade will spring out of the wall and slash them for 1d8 dmg if they fail a save vs. Petrification. The only way to avoid this is to walk single file down the center of the hall. The corridor extends for another 30' of untrapped hall, then opens through an archway to the north.

At the end of the hall the white path ends in a disk marked with the design of a hawk, about 5' round. If stepped upon, a soft click will be heard, and the corner will begin to fill with a hazy lilac colored smoke that smells of dried flowers and spices. If this smoke is breathed, the victim must roll a save vs. Poison or fall into a deep sleep for 1d4 hours. They cannot be awakened until it wears off.

2: THE SLAYERS' DEN

This 20' by 20' chamber is lit by a skylight in its high domed roof. There are racks of spears, scimitars, daggers, bows and arrows, and archaic shields embossed with the symbol of a hawk hanging from the walls, as well as a low stone table flanked by two benches. There is an archway in the northeast corner leading to a corridor that leads east, then turns north, ending in a doorway operated by two matching levers that must be pulled simultaneously.

In a bronze bound chest in one corner you will find moldering garments, a Cloak of the Desert, three Potions of Healing in simple bronze flasks, and a vial of deadly Poison marked with the symbol of an adder coiling around a skull. (Even a drop either ingested or injected requires a save vs. Poison or the victim will die within 1d4 rounds. The poison is too thin to coat blades, it is meant to be placed in food or drink, or used as a way to permanently avoid interrogation.) There are two glass bottles stoppered in lead, which contain a dark purplish liquid. If opened, gas similar to the fumes in the hall will spill out as soon as the liquid touches air, filling a 40' X 40' area.



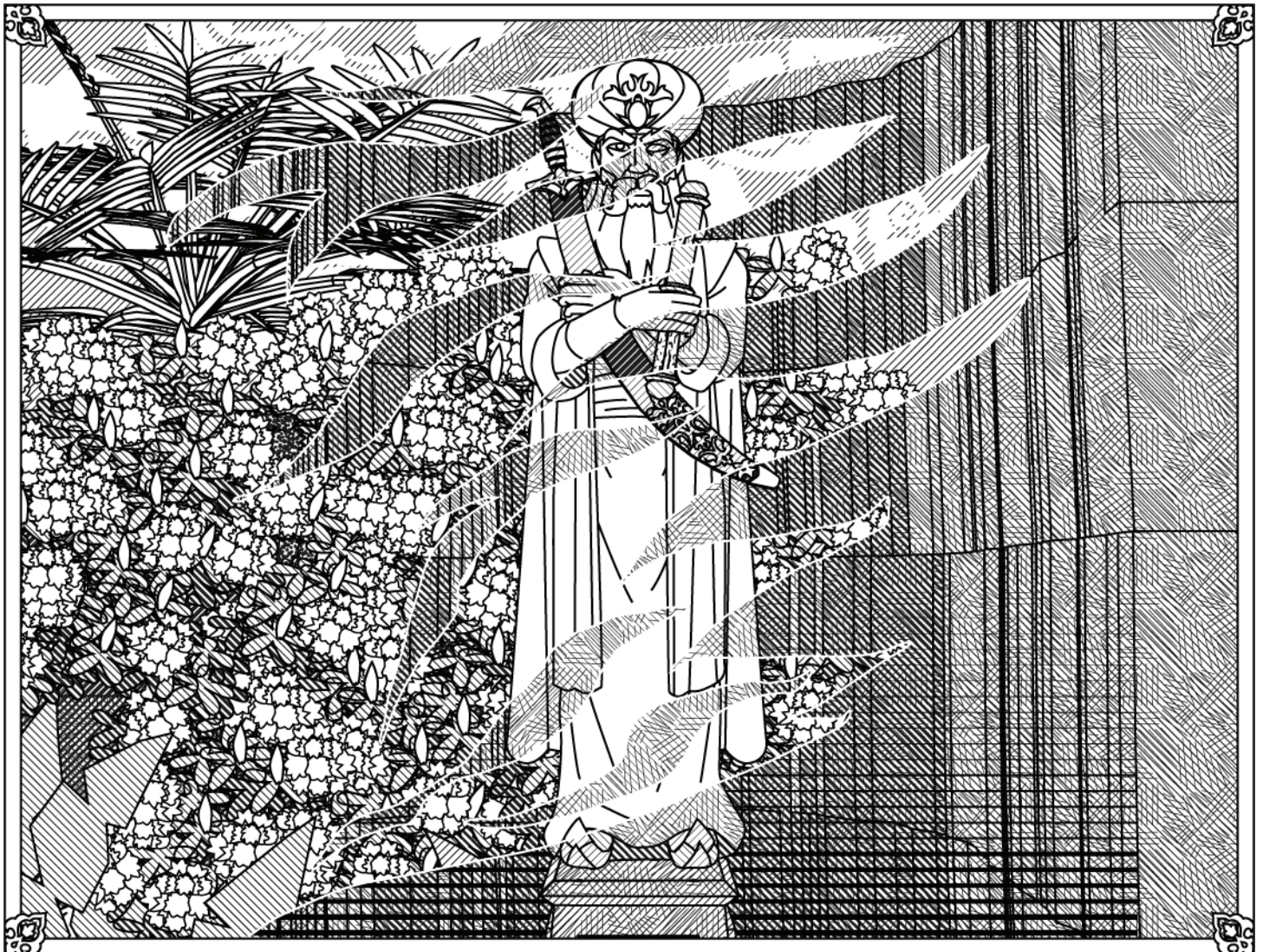
3: SHRINE OF THE FALSE GARDEN

This room opens into a lush, fragrant garden under sun dappled skies, the blossoming trees rustling softly with perfumed breezes to the sweet singing of birds. A pallet is laid out on the grass, of purple silk carpets and rich cushions. Nearby, a white marble statue of an austere cleric with a long flowing beard stands atop a 3' pillar, his arms crossed in front of him bearing a silver scroll and a golden sword.

Characters will note that their charisma scores are higher by 1d3 points in this room. If unattended, the door will close, vanishing into thin air. (It can be rediscovered by a Find Secret Doors check.) Any attempt to touch any of the trees and plants will make them move and rustle as if natural. If players suspect an Illusion, they may roll a save vs. Spell to disable it, with a -4 to their save if they succumbed to the lilac vapors that day.

If the illusion is dispelled, the room becomes a dim chamber of roughly worked stone, with a pile of moldering cushions and carpets in the middle of the cold, damp floor. The statue of the sage still stands in an alcove, only now he is carved crudely out of granite. The scroll becomes a bone scroll case, which can be slid from his grasp, the blade becomes a real blade of steel, its length inscribed with chants to Ashkar, Lord of Fire, which if read aloud will cause the blade to be wreathed in flames. (Sword+1, Flame Tongue). The teller of tales may choose between the contents of the scroll case being a Scroll of Warding Undead or a treasure map to another scenario.

In the base of the pillar is a concealed hatch warded with a poison needle trap. (Save vs. Poison or die). If the right toe of the sage is depressed, the hatch will open with a click, revealing several half rotted bags containing 100 year old gold dinars each with a notch carved in the edge above the face of the historic Sultan Abdalwan IX. There are roughly 3000 gp here.



THE LAIR OF THE MAD SORCERER:

BACKGROUND:

At times those who practice the arts of magic become a bit addled by delving too deeply into forbidden knowledge. For every skilled wizard or prominent magus, there are many wretched and dangerous dabblers who wander the hills making themselves a danger to themselves and others, terrorizing the simple farmers and herders and seeking after ever more power.

One such grasping megalomaniac is the sorcerer Su'ad Al Sahar, who wanders the hills outside a certain village with a hulking gnoll as a servant, striking fear into the shepherds and delving into old tombs that all the locals agree would be better left alone.

The sorcerer has discovered that many of the mummies in a certain hidden tomb have been stuffed with cut up pieces of Ancient spell scrolls, and has been painstakingly reconstructing them after retrieving them from the thoroughly desecrated mummies. The remaining bits of mummy he's been grinding up for potion ingredients to sell on the black market or trading to a colony of tomb rats deeper in the hills in exchange for searching for a certain cave reputed to be a hidden treasure trove of the jinni. He wanders the hills sometimes searching out leads himself, unaware that he is not as unseen as he believes.

The gnoll has been stealing stray sheep at night to feed himself and his master, and it doesn't take much to track him back to their hideout.

APPROACH:

Tucked back among the bracken in the hollow of a hillside is a doorway made of three slabs of sandstone. A male and female figure are carved on the vertical slabs on either side in low bas relief, raising their hands worshipfully to a falcon on the right and a vulture on the left. The stone doors lack any sort of latch or handle, but are perfectly balanced, and will push open from either side with minimal effort.

1: THE TUNNEL:

The tunnel beyond the opening extends for 30', then goes down a shallow flight of steps.

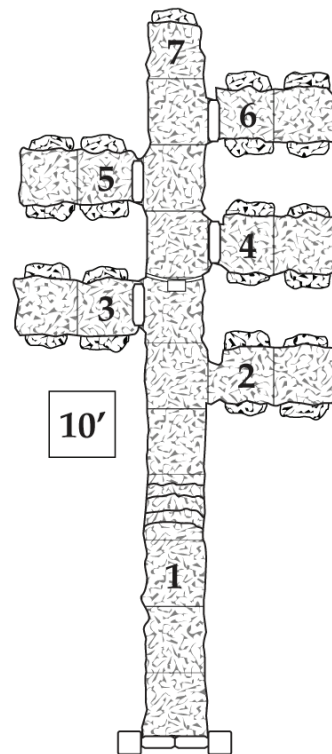
There is a length of twine attached to several small bells strung across the steps, which will echo in the stillness of the dry tomb, and summon Al Sahar's gnoll servant from (2). About 30 feet past the steps, a scroll hangs from the ceiling by more twine, fluttering in the breeze that sometimes blows down this hall. It is a scroll of Warding Undead, and is all that is keeping the mummy in room (6) at bay. If taken down, the undead horror will be free to lurch forth and slay all that it can catch with its scabrous claws.

2: THE LOOTED LAIR:

This 20' X 10' room has alcoves carved into the walls, each with a cartouche above it spelling out the name of some long dead ancient personage. The alcoves are currently empty, looted by Al Sahar and his henchbeast. There is a vile stench in the room, not of death but of filth, with gnawed sheep bones littering the floor. Sleeping in one of the alcoves is Glutton, the sorcerer's flabby, mange ridden gnoll bodyguard and charmed slave. The creature will leap down from the alcove to attack if he gets surprise. In among the refuse of his lair, hidden in the curling horn of a sheep's skull is a small emerald worth 300 gp. that his master has no knowledge of. He is stupidly loyal to the sorcerer because of a Charm spell, even though Al Sahar berates him constantly.

Glutton the Gnoll:

HD: 2, HP: 16, AC: 6, Dmg: 2d4 fist, Heavy Pick 1d8+1, Mv: 120'(40'). Sv: F2, Morale 6,



3: THE SORCERER'S STUDY:

The door to this room, a stone slab, is raised and lowered via a lever in an alcove to the right, the opposite of which bears an alcove with a lamp in it. This 20' X 10' room has been partially looted of bodies, although several moldering mummies lie undisturbed in alcoves.

In one of the alcoves, you will find some earthenware crocks full of supplies, some jars of water, a small stack of old lumber, and a rolled up Carpet of Flying. His seven scrolls, each mounted on boards about 4' long, are laid against the W wall. A Continual Light spell has been cast on a sheep's skull in one of the alcoves, its pale, eerie light seeping from under the stone slab blocking the doorway.

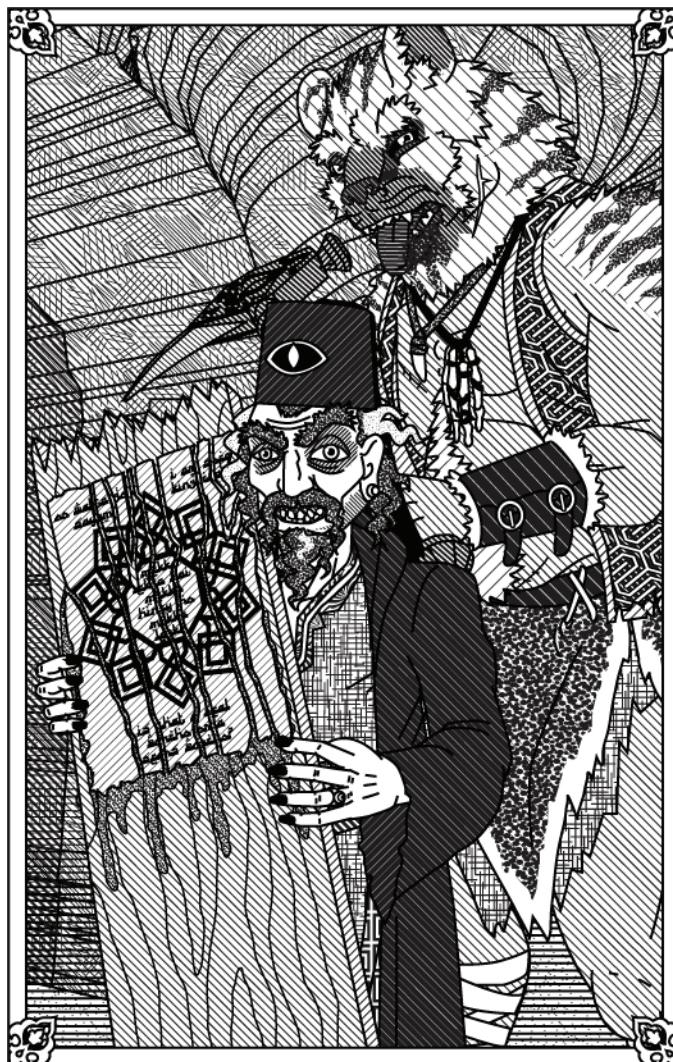
The sorcerer Al Sahar is usually found crouched in this room, sticking bits from a basket of shredded scrolls down to a board with a noisome glue made from boiled sheepskin as he works to piece them back together. He's managed to reconstruct seven scrolls in this fashion. While all of these scrolls are fully functional, they are very unwieldy to carry and use, so if anyone tries to cast from them they will act last in a round as if they had lost Initiative. Any attempt to remove the scrolls from the boards they are glued on will destroy them for good.

Al Sahar is quite mad, but he's also crafty. If confronted, he will whistle for Glutton and attempt to bluff or stall any attackers until he can either cast Confusion or Phantasmal Force. (His usual tactic is to conjure the image of an enraged efreeti to frighten foes away.)

If faced with only one or two interlopers, he will attempt a Charm Person. He is convinced his magic ring is a Ring of Invisibility and will use it to "vanish", which is an opportunity for some comedic roleplaying between the party and the teller of tales.

If overpowered, he will attempt to barter for his life with the scrolls he's recovered. Or with a handful of looted ancient jewelry and talismans (worth 154 gp total) that he keeps under his fez. He will also gladly sacrifice Glutton's life to save his own skin.

If carefully stewarded through this story by the teller of tales, he could become a recurring villain in future adventures.



Al Sahar - Lvl 8 Magic User - Male - Chaotic

HP: 19, AC: 7 (Cloak of Protection +3) Dmg: Dagger 1d4, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: MU8, Ml: 7

Spells: Ventriloquism, Charm Person, Hold Portal, Continual Light, Detect Evil, Phantasmal Force, Hold Person, Protection from Missiles, Charm Monster, Confusion

Magic Items: Ring of Delusion (Thinks is Ring of Invisibility), The Seven Scrolls of Al Sahar:

Scroll 1: Web, Ventriloquism, Contact Other Plane, Plant Growth, Wall of Fire

Scroll 2: Telekinesis, Charm Person

Scroll 3; Invisibility (10' Radius), Charm Monster, Knock, Esp, Hold Portal

Scroll 4: Hold Person, Project Image, Lightning Bolt, Detect Evil, Animate Dead

Scroll 5: Locate Object, Levitate, Polymorph Others, Magic Missile, Feeblemind

Scroll 6: Cloudkill, Polymorph Self, Prismatic Sphere

Scroll 7: Stone To Flesh, Wall of Fire, Teleport, Arcane Lock, Web

4: THE UNDISTURBED CHAMBER

This chamber is accessible via a lever in an alcove to the right, with an empty alcove to the left. If opened, a musty stench of decay wafts out, and any torches or candles gutter. Inside, the alcoves each bear a mummy, with a cartouche stating who the occupant of the grave was in life. Most mummies have a few trinkets added to their wrappings, worth 1d10X10 gp in total.

5: THE SHRINE ROOM

This chamber has the same lever/alcove arrangement out front, with a figure carved on the door of a goddess with a vulture's head. Inside, you find a 20'X10' chamber, its walls decorated with mosaics of Ancient kings in the land of the dead, with three kneeling statues of female figures, one with a jackal's head, one with an eagle's head, and one with a hyena's head. A low slab lies on the floor in front of them, large enough to accommodate a coffin, which radiates a slight touch of magic. If a prayer to the three goddesses is recited, a Remove Curse will be cast on anyone laying on the slab.

6: THE ELITE BURIAL CHAMBER

This chamber has a door that is open, and beyond the door, among the dead in alcoves, a large, imposing mummy stirs, supernatural hatred burning in his hollow eye sockets. He will attack on sight, but will not go past the hanging scroll in the hallway. He is wearing a gold circlet and bracers of an Ancient lord, worth 350 gp in total.

Mummy:

HD 5+1, HP: 25, AC: 3, Dmg: Slam: 1d12 + Mummy Rot. Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F5, MI: 12

Undead -immune to sleep, charm, and hold spells. Only harmed by magical weapons and spells. Upon first sighting roll save vs. Paralysis or become paralysed with dread until creature attacks.

7: CANOPIC JARS

Several rows of shelves line the far end of this tunnel, and contain row after row of ceramic jars full of preserved organs, each marked with a cartouche proclaiming who the original owner was.

One of the jars is trapped, containing a poison gas that will fill the 10'X10' and paralyze anyone who inhales it for 1d4 days if a save vs. Paralysis is failed. (A Find Traps check will notice it is the only jar that is not part of a set.)

One set of jars contains gold and jewels: A string of gold coins with square holes in the center worth 150 gp, a red garnet worth 400 gp, a piece of white jade shaped like a stomach inlaid with carnelian swirls worth 750 (which will detect poison if a liquid is poured into it) and two pale blue tourmalines on a linked chain of silver worth 700 gp. These jars are the only ones made of alabaster.



Isolated Ruins

These adventures are a bit further afield, offering a little more challenge to a band of heroes as much for their remoteness as for the dangers that lie within. If these places are spoken of at all in the cities, they are spoken of in hushed voices and vague rumors, until that vital clue falls into the hands of the adventurers that confirms that the legends are true and that fortune could favor the bold just as readily as it might slay the foolhardy.

THE RUINED SHRINE OF THE SERPENT CULT

The Cult of Hayyat is hated and feared among the civilized peoples of the Sandglass, yet like the serpents they venerate they often manage to insinuate themselves into hidden, out of the way places.

The tales tell of an actual, above ground temple built by a particularly brazen sub-sect of the sinister cult of snake worshipers in the depths of some remote jungle, vacant now but ripe for the plundering. Vast wealth is said to still be hidden there, although treasure seekers should be prepared to face a few snakes.

Let us be completely honest, they should expect a *lot* of snakes.

Level 1: The Surface Ruins

APPROACH:

You come through a gap in the trees and spot the ruins of a moss and vine covered structure on the side of a jungle covered hill. The road leading up to it, as well as the shrine itself, is covered in creepers, vines, and thick growth. From a distance, you see an overgrown stepped platform, and a house-like structure with a pagoda roof with an attached two story tower with a smaller pagoda at the top to the W and some vine swaddled statues on an extension from the E side of the platform.

1: THE OVERGROWN PLATFORM:

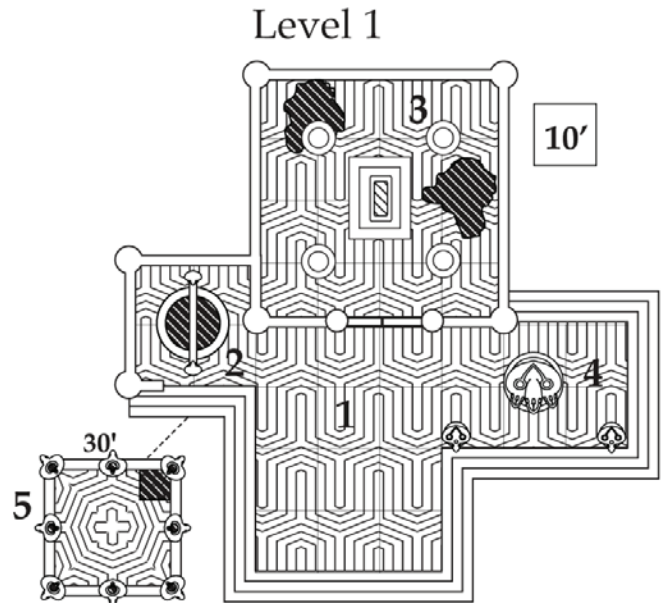
The tiles on the main part of the 30'x40' platform are an interlocking pattern of sandstone and bloodstone quartz that resembles the scales of a serpent. The surface is uneven from roots and vines and tufts of grass pushing up between the paving stones.

Standing on the platform, you can see into area (2) where the well is and over to the statues in area (4). Ahead of you the double doors are made of swollen, half rotted wood that is streaked with rust from the hinges and handles, which are cast to resemble rearing cobras with spread hoods baring their sharp fangs. These doors can be pushed down with a successful Open Doors check.

You see several poisonous snakes sunning themselves among the cracked stones and winding vines. For every 10' each member of the party wishes to walk across this space, they must roll a save vs. Wands to avoid stepping on an unseen serpent and being attacked. If the player declares their character is being very careful in choosing where they step, they may add +1 or any Wisdom bonus they might have to their roll, whichever is lower without being +0. The angry serpent will get a Surprise round to bite, and then normal combat will ensue.

Poisonous Serpents:

HD: 1, AC: 7, Dmg: Bite 1d3 + Poison, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F1, MI: 8



2: THE TOWER AND WELL:

A low sandstone well carved with an interlocking serpentine pattern is visible in the dappled sunlight filtering through the trees and some crumbled gaps in the walls. The room is 20'x20' with a 15' opening to the SE leading to the main courtyard. There are two stone posts to the N and S of the well, each 10' tall with a stone bar between them that still shows wear from countless ropes cast over it to raise or lower things from the depths. Bearing the rust stains of some mechanism that has long since been taken away, leaving the tops looking like bloody, severed stumps.

If you look upward 30' up you see a stone platform with an opening in the NE corner large enough for a man to fit through. A set of rusted rings for a long since rotted away rope ladder can be spotted in the gleam of a light shined up there. A successful Listen will note some sort of fluttering, rustling sound.

If someone listens at the well, they will hear the distant echo of running water in a large space echoing up from below. If stones are dropped you hear them crack on something brittle, and estimate the distance down is maybe about 50'.

3: THE ROOM OF SACRIFICE:

Inside the main structure is a 40'x40' chamber with a rounded pyramidal roof held up by four sandstone pillars. The room is very dimly lit during the day by shafts of sun streaming through holes in the roof, the light tinged green from the leaves of the vines that overgrow the structure. The walls are plain worked stone, but streaked and stained a blackish green with mildew and grime, as are the pillars. There are two large (10') holes in the tiled floor, one in the NW corner and one on the E side of the room.

In the center of the room is a shallow sandstone sarcophagus with intertwining serpent designs carved into it, lying atop a 10' wide dais. Inside the coffin, lying among a litter of dry leaves and bits of masonry, you will find a skull and some bones, along with some tarnished copper jewelry. There is a circlet (25 gp) on the skull's brow, a set of bracelets (50 gp) around some wrist bones and a foot long copper rod fashioned into the form of a twisting serpent with tiny garnets for eyes (100 gp) among some scattered finger bones. (None of these possess any magic.)

Underneath the debris, there is a grid of 2 inch round holes cut into the bottom of the sarcophagus. If some fool lies in the sarcophagus, it will fill up with cobras as described below and they will begin to bite him, hitting automatically and forcing a save vs. Poison each round they are in there. If the save is failed they will die in 1d4 rounds.

If the party spends more than a turn in here searching and making noise, 1d12 spitting cobras will wend their way up through the small holes in the sarcophagus, with 1d6 more per round until it is full of writhing, increasingly agitated snakes. These will crawl out of the stone coffin in waves, biting and spitting at all interlopers. If the party flees they will cease their pursuit at the threshold of the doorway and slither aimlessly in all directions as if the urge to attack had left them.

Spitting Cobras:

HD: 1, AC: 7, Dmg: Bite 1d3 + Poison or Spit (save vs. Poison or blinded), Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F1, MI: 8

The large hole in the floor in the NW corner leads to a crawl space under the main room. The foundation is composed of thick pillars set 5' apart, wrapped around by roots and choked with dead leaves and the stench of plants decaying. A giant python makes its lair down there, and will attack any interlopers, crushing them to a pulp in its fearsome coils.

Giant Python:

HD: 5, AC: 5, Dmg: Bite 1d4/Constrict 2d4-round, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F3, MI: 8

The hole in the floor to the E leads down through the foundation and a loose network of roots to open above the huge cavern in (6). It is a 50' drop down into snake infested water. Each round there's a 1 in d12 chance 1d4 serpents will come slithering up through this hole and attack.

4: THE THREE HEADED COBRA IDOL:

Sitting on a 30'x20' extension off of the front platform is a weathered sandstone statue barely recognizable as a three headed cobra sitting coiled on a pedestal. It is covered in moss, vines, and leaves. On either side of the main statue along the S edge of the extension, there are two smaller cobra figures with only one head each.

On closer examination, you see sockets in the eyes that probably once held precious stones, but show signs of being chiseled crudely out. If the statue is checked for Traps, a rusted mechanism will be found in the left eye socket of each head, rather like a switch. The switches in all three heads must be pressed in unison, this will cause all three cobra statues to begin to move.

The large statue will glide silently back on hidden rollers, revealing a vertical shaft beneath it. The shaft is 7' in diameter, and the remains of a rope ladder, long since rotted away, hangs from iron rings in the wall. The shaft goes down into the depths, with the same sounds and distance down as the well in (2). When the idol moves, a nest of giant centipedes will be disturbed and come out frantically biting anything in their path.

Giant Centipedes:

HD: 1d4 hp, HP: 1, 1, 2, 2, 4, AC: 9, Dmg: Poison, Sick & Useless for 10 days, 1/2 Move, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: Hum0, MI: 7

The two smaller cobra figures which will magically animate and sway back and forth as the main statue moves, but will do nothing else otherwise. They will crumble to dust if struck or grasped, leaving behind a small ruby the size of a thumbnail that radiates magic. (2000 gp each) These magical gems will cause any clay statue they are embedded in to animate and perform one simple non-attack related command per day.

5: THE TOWER PLATFORM:

If someone scales the inside of the tower and climbs up through the opening, or climbs or flies up from outside, they will find a stone platform under a the small pagoda roof supported by eight stone pillars carved to resemble cobras with flared hoods. Their fanged mouths are gaping open, forming a murder hole that a crossbow might be fired through.

Clustered on the underside of the roof is a bloodthirsty nest of vile stirges, that will swarm to attack any warm blooded creature that disturbs them.

Stirges:

HD: 1, HP: 8,8,7,7,6,6,5,4, AC: 7, Dmg: +2 to hit on 1st. strike, 1d3/round bloodsucking, Mv: 30'(10'), Fly: 180'(60'), Sv: F2, MI: 9

There is a small alcove near the opening onto the platform from below that contains a rotted snakeskin case holding a bundle of 4 corroded bronze crossbow bolts with heads cast in the shape of a stylized striking serpent, the fangs forming the point of the bolt. These are deadly poison, and to even touch the point with a fingertip calls for a save vs. Poison or suffer death in 1d8 rounds. If fired into a living target each bolt will discharge all of its poison, becoming a normal projectile afterward. If the target is missed, the bolt will retain its charge and can be fired again.

ENCOUNTER TABLES:

Here is a table for encounters in the jungles surrounding the shrine. Most creatures, except for serpents and those tied to the Cult of Hayyat, generally avoid this accursed place, but there are other creatures who might wander in for various reasons to complicate the situation. Roll 1d12.

1	Giant Centipedes 2d4	7	Giant Pythons 1d3
2	Serpent Ogres 1d3	8	Carnivorous Apes 1d6
3	Large Cat, Panther 1d2	9	Degenerate Snake Cultists (As Morlocks) 1d12
4	Giant Ants 2d4	10	Basilisks 1d3
5	Giant Horned Chamelions 1d4	11	Elephant 1d3
6	Shadows 1d8	12	Weretigers 1d4

Level 2: The Flooded Caves

6: THE GREAT DOMED CAVERN:

This echoing, hemispherical chamber is 115' in diameter and 50' high at its highest point. The walls are rough sandstone, painted with serpentine patterns of red, white, and black that have faded and become stained over the long years. Tree roots from the surrounding jungle have spread in through cracks in the stone, marring the pattern further.

There are three 10' wide cave mouths leading from this chamber, one to the NE, one to the NW, and one to the SW.

The floor is flooded with knee high water, and every surface is crawling with snakes. For every 10' traveled, each member of the party should roll a save vs. Wand to avoid stepping on a serpent and being attacked. There are roughly 1d8 snakes per 10' square. Because of the water and the darkness, no Wisdom bonus can be applied in this space. If someone decides to move hastily they must roll 2 saves per 10' square.

Serpents:

HD: 2, AC: 6, Dmg: 1d4, Poison. save or die, Mv: 90' (30'), Sv: F1, Ml: 7.

Dominating the room toward its north end is a massive, verdigris streaked idol of a cobra, its flaring hood spread over a bowl held in its coils. The bowl is full of large, glittering red gemstones. There are two more platforms further south.

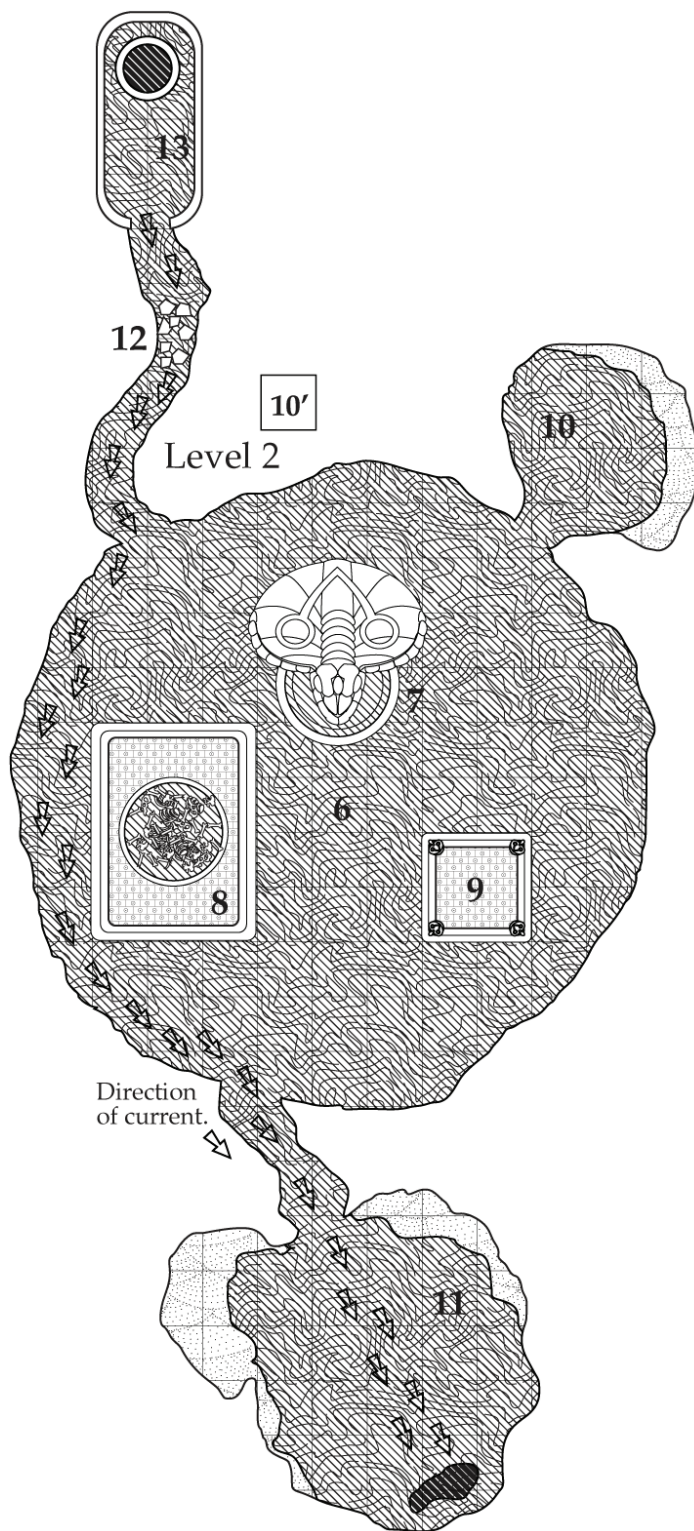
There is a current stirring the waters that runs along the west wall of the cave, from the chamber in (12) to the subterranean lake in (11). It isn't very strong, but it can be felt by anyone wading through this area. The snakes avoid this current, so it is a relatively safe place to move.

7: THE GREAT IDOL OF AL HAYYAT:

A full 40' tall at the crest of its hood, the huge brass idol supports a large, shallow bowl in its coils, its curling tongue almost beguiling a supplicant to come toward it with the faintest hint of a smile on its ophidian features. The light of a torch or lamp will reflect like the glow of coals in a fire upon the pile of fist sized rubies filling the bowl in the shadow of the serpent god.

Should anyone be so incautious as to reach out and grasp one of these gleaming gems they will find that they are coated with a sticky contact poison that causes their limbs to stiffen into immobility for 1d4 hours. It is up to the cruel or merciful whim of the teller of tales as to whether they fall forward into the bowl, exposing themselves to a fatal dose of the poison, or fall backwards into the serpent infested waters of the cavern. Tragically, the "rubies" are only red glass, cast into the shape of a gemstone.

If the tongue on the idol is pulled upon, the mouth will open with a click, revealing a cache of 10 large, real rubies, each worth 1000 gold apiece.



8: THE BONE PILE:

This 25'x45' stepped platform is made of tiled stone, with a large, dish-like depression 20' in diameter in the middle. Directly above the shaft of the well on the first level in area (2) can be seen.

The depression is piled with human bones, many cracked and broken. Among the jagged mortal remains is a small fortune in gold, silver, and copper jewelry, worth a grand total of 2000 gp. For each Turn spent searching through the bones, 1d20x10 gp worth of jewelry, mostly in the form of rings, armlets, anklets, and diadems decorated with images of birds or beasts, will be discovered. Roll a save vs. Wands to avoid disturbing any serpents who might have twined themselves in among the bones.

Because the bones are old and brittle and crack and crunch when handled, the teller of tales should roll a d12 each turn. On a 1 the scaly ghuls from (11) or the giant cobra from (10) might be attracted to the noise they're making and come to investigate.

9: THE "SAFE" PLATFORM:

This stepped platform is 20'x20', and is entirely free of any snakes. There is a 2' tall cobra idol facing outward from each corner. No serpent in the entire complex will approach or slither up onto this platform. Directly above the hatch beneath the three headed cobra idol in area (4) is visible 50' up. There is the rotted shell of a small boat lying on this platform, with a 10' pole for pushing it across the water. It will sink if placed in the water.

10: THE LAIR OF THE GREAT SERPENT:

This natural cave is 35'x40', mostly flooded with knee deep water except for a 7' wide crescent of sand along the E wall. This area is free of smaller snakes, but the bones of jungle animals are strewn here and there. A powerful, reptilian stench tinged with ammonia fills the air.

A gigantic cobra, 50' long and thick around as a tree trunk, lairs in this chamber, swimming out through the ghul's cave in (11) to the stream beyond where it hunts in the jungle for hapless prey. It is ancient and terrifying, and is the reason the cult built the temple here all those centuries ago.

Giant Cobra:

HD: 7, HP: 25, AC: 5, Dmg: 1d8 + poison (save or die in 1d4 rounds), Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F5, MI: 10

Hypnotic gaze: If eye contact is made, roll a save vs. Spell or be transfixed for 1d4 rounds. It will strike at transfixed victims first.

11: CAVERN OF THE SCALY GHULS:

This large underground lake is 70' across at its widest point and roughly 60' at its longest. The ceiling overhead is low, only 10' high. The water is about chest deep, and there are two sandy ledges to the E and W sides, the W one being 10' wide and the E one roughly 5' wide.

A pack of six wretched ghuls make their lair here, their clammy skin covered in flaky scales and their eyes wide, glazed and staring. They will attempt to waylay and devour any warm blooded creature that ventures into their territory. They fear the giant cobra and will give it a wide berth.

Scaly Ghuls:

HD: 2, HP: 14, 9, 9, 4, 4, 3, AC: 5, Dmg: claw/claw/bite 1d3/1d3/1d4 + paralysis from bite, Mv: 90'(30') Swim: 120'(40'), Sv: F2, MI: 8, Immune to Sleep, Charm, and Hold. Turn as 3HD undead.

There is a small alcove at the S end of the W shore, hidden by roots and stones, that contains a chest made of brass and iron. Inside this chest, which is locked by a long lost key, are two moonstones (50 gp each) a large topaz (600 gp). There are also 4 scroll cases. A silver scroll case (20 gp) contains a scroll with Phantasmal Force, Invisibility 10' Radius, Mirror Image, and Massmorph. A marble scroll case with a scroll containing Wall of Stone. A blue glass scroll case with a scroll containing Invisible Stalker, Glass Like Steel, and Duo Dimension. A bone scroll case containing a Scroll of Protection from Elementals.

There is an underwater cave in the S end of the lake which leads about 80' to a stream running through the jungles to the SE of the shrine. The opening is concealed among the roots of a large mangrove tree, and cannot be seen from the surface.

12: THE BLOCKED TUNNEL:

After 40' of walking against the current in the NW tunnel, the winding 10' wide cave comes to a stop at a wall of caved in stone. Water trickles down the rounded stones and flows into the knee high water filling the tunnel. There are no serpents past the entryway.

The stones can be cleared away with some effort, allowing more and more water to gush forth until it is waist height, raising the water in the main chamber to chest height. If the stone is moved all at once, such as with a Move Earth or Transmute Rock to Mud spell, the resulting wave of water will carry anyone in its path who fails a save vs. Paralysis back into the main cave, forcing them to make 1d3 saves vs. Wands to avoid any unfortunate entanglements with any serpents.

13: THE SHRINE OF THE DEEPEST WELL:

A further 10' past the cave in lies the opening to a 20'x40' chamber with smooth, blue veined marble walls. In the N end is a 10' diameter well of pale blue stone that is full to the brim with water and running over in a steady cascade that echoes musically in the space. The water is fresh, pure, and lukewarm in temperature. On the N wall behind the well there is an Ancient bas relief sculpture of a shark headed female deity sitting cross legged with a bowl in her hands pouring out water into a bowl at her feet.

The well leads to the Elemental Plane of Water. If a sha'ir in the party has a maridan they will proclaim this as soon as they lay eyes on it. If someone is brave (or mad) enough to try swimming down it, it will seem to be bottomless, going on for miles and miles until the explorer finds themselves in an endless world of blue water. Quite an adventure, but one for another time, perhaps?

THE ARENA OF THE ANCIENTS

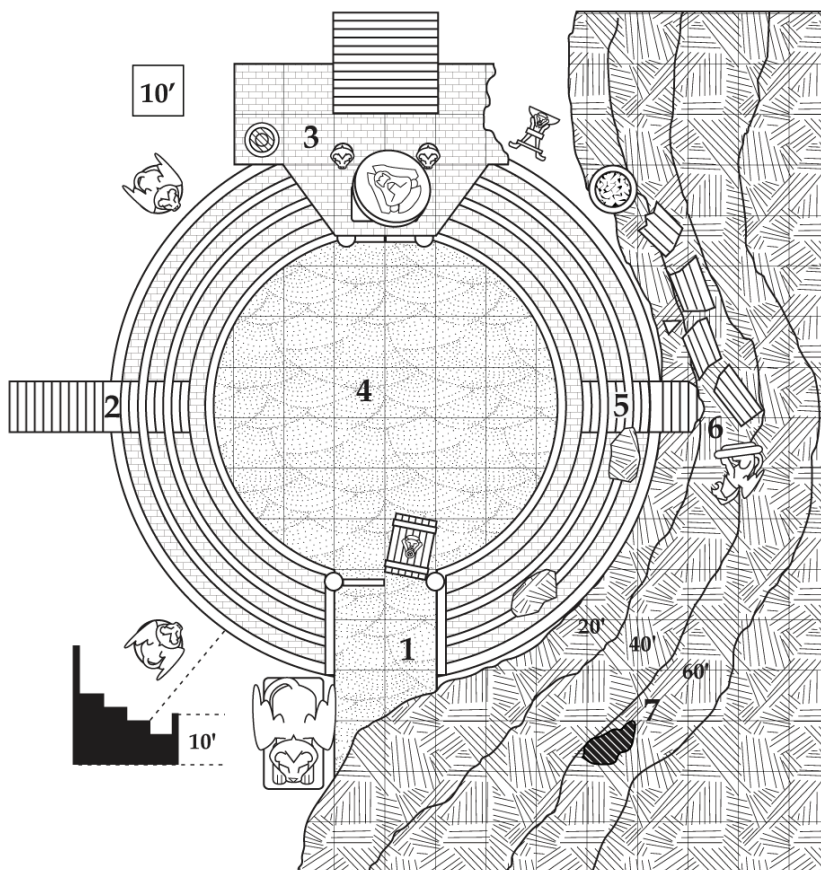
The remains left behind by the Ancients are scattered far and wide across the land. They are most visible in the trackless grasslands, baking in the sun under the wide open sky where neither jungle trees nor shifting sand can bury them.

This structure was an arena for warriors, where they proved their greatness against terrible wild beasts and worshipped gods of courage and strength. Some sort of power lies buried here, and even though the cheers of the crowds have been stilled, something awaits its chance to roar again.

Level 1: The Surface Ruins

APPROACH:

After marching for hours in the rustling fields of tall grass, you come to the crest of a low valley. Below, as the hillside drops off steeply, you see a round field of packed sand surrounded by weathered bleachers carved of sandstone. There is an entryway guarded by a huge, crumbling marble statue of a crouching winged lion. A gleaming marble platform surmounts the arena, and there are two columns topped with statues of winged lions to the W. A third column and its statue lie toppled across the hillside to the E. Tufts of grass poke up through the cracks of the long neglected structures, which are marred with ages of dirt and grime. About 20' away from where you stand, the dark mouth of a cave overlooks the ruin to the SE.



1: THE PROMENADE OF THE WARRIORS:

Partially covered by the hillside, a 20' wide pathway leading to a set of double doors that enter onto the sands of the arena. A crumbling statue of a proud winged lion crouches on a 10'x20' pedestal to the W. One of the massive doors hangs on corroded bronze hinges, while the other lies on the ground inside the arena. Bronze lion heads with large rings loose in their clenched jaws adorn the dry rotted wooden doors. They creak softly in the wind that periodically blows across the arena.

If anyone bearing a weapon of sword size or larger walks past the lion sculpture's E side headed toward the arena, it will unleash a mighty roar that can be heard for miles around, perhaps attracting wandering monsters in the area. The vibrations from this booming sound will cause the other side of the double doors to finally break off its hinges and topple over. The teller of tales should roll a dice to decide which direction it falls, with Odd being North and Even being South. Anyone standing in the adjacent space the heavy door falls upon should roll a save vs. Paralysis or take 2d6 damage and be pinned beneath it until aided by their companions.

2: THE WEST BLEACHERS:

There are three courses of seats rising behind a 10' wall around the field of battle. A set of 10' wide steps runs up the center of the semicircle to a height of 20' from the ground, and then proceeds down to ground level on the outside of the arena walls. A 10' wall rises on either side of the landing of the stairs, decorated with faded mosaics depicting mighty warriors fighting savage wild animals. Towering 50' above the outer wall there are two columns to the NW and SW, each 7' in diameter and topped by a statue of a seated winged lion. Each has a corroded bronze ring in its mouth, that at one time supported some sort of tent or pavilion to shade the audience from the brutal sun up above.

3: THE GRAND PLATFORM:

The large marble platform lording over the arena used to be 60' x 35', but the east wing has crumbled away leaving it only 50' wide. It's 20' above the packed sand below. A set of 20' wide steps lead up from the ground to the N. The platform narrows to 20' wide to the S, and is fronted by a large set of double doors opening onto the field below.

Above the doors is an altar, atop which leans a massive bronze gong. A pair of pillars topped with bronze lion heads flank the altar, which used to support the gong. A massive bronze brazier, the height of a man, sits at the SW edge of the platform. A matching brazier, bent up and half buried in the soil, lies among the crumbled debris of the E edge.

The gong is extremely heavy, requiring at least 3 strong individuals to lift it up and roll it aside. Beneath it is a shattered skeleton in the rotted threads of royal robes. It is adorned with an array of gold jewelry set with semiprecious stones, including anklets, bracers, a chest plate, and a diadem. The total value of the dead potentate's jewelry is 1000 gp.

4: THE FIELD OF GLORIOUS BATTLE:

The center of the arena is a 70'x70' field of packed sand, with tufts of grass sticking up in patches. Here and there white shards of bones gleam in the sun, or bits of broken armor or weapons can be found.

The doors through which the warriors' foes entered the arena are set in the front of the platform. They are carved from stone, with bas reliefs of rearing winged lions carved into their faces. Massive, corroded bronze chains trail from the doors across the ground, requiring up to three strong backs to slowly pull one of the doors open, scraping across the earth and peeling up the turf as it swings.

This ancient killing field is haunted by the grim spirits of the fighters who have long ago fallen here. 1d6 wraiths will appear and challenge anyone stepping onto the sand to honorable combat in harsh, whispering voices speaking the tongue of the Ancients. They will not pursue interlopers into the bleachers or downward into the Pit in area (8). The sound of a gong chiming will cause them to give a formal bow and fade away.

Gladiator Wraiths:

HD: 4, AC: 3 Immune to normal weapons, 1/2 dmg from silver weapons, Dmg: 1d6 + drain 1 Level, Mv: 120' (40') cannot fly, Sv: F4, Ml: 12 Those slain will arise as wraiths within 24 hours.

5: THE EAST BLEACHERS:

A mirror of the structure of the West Bleachers, nestled against the sweep of the hill to the E. The stairs to the outside of the arena are buried in the hillside, and some of the seats in the SE quadrant are covered in grassy mounds.

6: THE TOPPLED COLUMN:

Several large chunks of a fallen marble tower run along the hillside to the E of the arena. The broken statue of a winged lion lies half buried in the earth among the stalks of grass, its blank stare gazing at the field of the arena. The bronze ring for supporting the great shade hangs loose in its mouth.

7: THE CAVE IN THE HILLSIDE

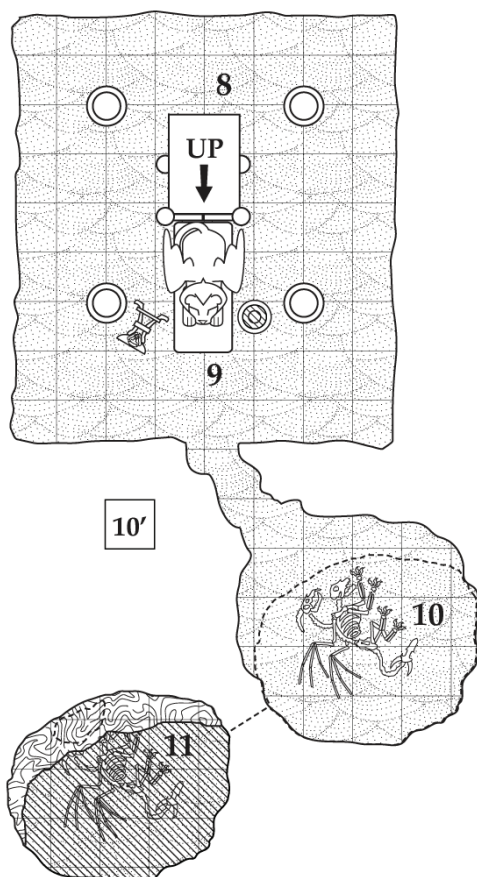
About 40' up the hillside there is a 10' cave entrance, partially obscured by tall grass. It leads downward into the cave below at (11).

ENCOUNTER TABLES:

Here is a table for encounters in the grasslands surrounding the Arena. While remote to the city dwellers of civilized lands, wildlife and nomad hunters wander through this area frequently, although the superstitious herders of cattle and goats give this ancient ruin a wide berth. Roll 1d12.

1	Vultures (as 1 HD Hawk) 1d8	7	Ogres 1d4
2	Gnolls 2d6 + 3 HD Leader	8	Higher Baboons 2d6
3	Hyenas (as 2+2 HD Wolf) 1d6	9	Nomad Hunters 1d10
4	Blink Dogs 1d6	10	Lions 1d4
5	Herd Animals 3d10	11	Rhinoceros 1d3
6	Insect Swarm	12	Griffon

Level 2: The Pit and the Cave



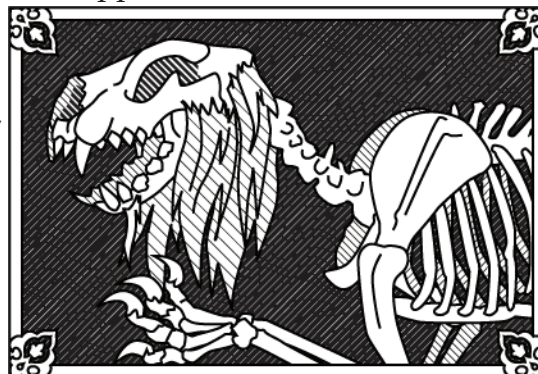
8: THE BEAST PIT:

A long, earthen ramp extends down from the stone doors, between two heavy marble pillars supporting the platform above. It leads down into a large, square subterranean chamber that is 80'x100', with a flat 15' ceiling of stone slabs supported by four massive 10' diameter pillars. There are shafts of sunlight (or moonlight at night) seeping through a ring of small grated openings in the ceiling that lie at the perimeter of the arena battle field above. The sandstone walls are streaked and stained, carved with marble bas reliefs of great cats. The floor is loose sand that still bears the tracks of large animals pacing across it. Bronze rings meant for chains to be attached are set in the wall at chest height every 20' or so.

Scattered across the floor are the bones of several lions. These will assemble themselves and attack the party if the altar with the lion sculpture described below is approached.

Skeletal Lions:

HD: 5,
HP: 33, 31, 27, 21, 21, 19, 18,
AC: 7,
Dmg: 1d4/1d4/1d8
Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F3, Ml: 12,
Undead: Immune to Sleep,
Charm, and Hold. Turns as
a 3 HD undead.



9: THE ALTAR OF ASAD:

A massive marble statue of a lion with vast bronze wings lies atop a pedestal that extends 5' before it like an altar. It is streaked with black stains from ground water dripping from above. Man height bronze braziers flank the altar, although one lies toppled in the sand between the pedestal and the SW column supporting the ceiling.

The altar is charged with the immense power of the lion god of the Sanam, the mighty Asad. Anyone who touches the altar must roll a save vs. Death or be overtaken by a battle frenzy that will make them attack anyone nearby with a -2 to hit and +2 to damage. This lasts for a full Turn or until someone strikes them and does damage.

There is a gold chalice at the idol's feet, full of a clear, reddish liquid that is three draughts of Potion of Super Heroism. This can be poured into a vial and taken from the site to be used later. The chalice itself is set with garnets and black opals and is worth 1200 gp.

If a weapon of any kind is laid on the altar and a Bless spell is cast upon it, it will be permanently enchanted with a +1 enchantment. Multiple weapons may be piled upon the altar at once and all will receive this benefit. Multiple Bless spells may be cast to increase the pluses on the weapon, but there is a danger. Each time weapons are blessed, the idol will unleash a earsplitting roar. Roll an Item Saving Throw for each weapon each time it receives additional pluses. If it fails it shatters into pieces and is reduced to useless scrap.

Everyone standing near it must roll a save vs. Paralysis or be struck Deaf for 1d4 hours. The four pillars supporting the ceiling will crack, the cracks widening and growing each time. After 1d4 roars, the chamber will cave in, bringing the stone slabs beneath the arena battle field down upon the group. If the adventurers fail to make a save vs. Breath Weapon, they will be crushed to death under tons of stone.

Area (4) above will become a 15' deep crater 70' in diameter, full of sand and broken rubble that cannot easily be traversed. There is a 3 on d6 chance that one or more of the 50' columns to the W will topple to the ground if the arena caves in.

10: THE CAVERN OF THE CONQUERED CHIMERA

In the S wall of the Beast Pit in (8) there is an archway flanked by carvings of a goat and a dragon. This leads to a 20' length of natural cavern that widens into a 50' diameter cave with a high ledge 30' up from the sandy floor.

The skeleton of a monstrosly huge feline creature lies curled at the center of the chamber. It appears to have had three heads, one of a lion, one of a goat, and one of a dragon, as well as large membranous wings that have long since rotted away leaving only the finger bones. The teeth of all three skulls are blackened with ancient soot and ash, and there are scorch marks still visible on the cave walls. There are blackened, crumbling humanoid skeletons scattered along the perimeter of the cave, as well as half melted pieces of bronze that appear to have been shields and weapons at one time.

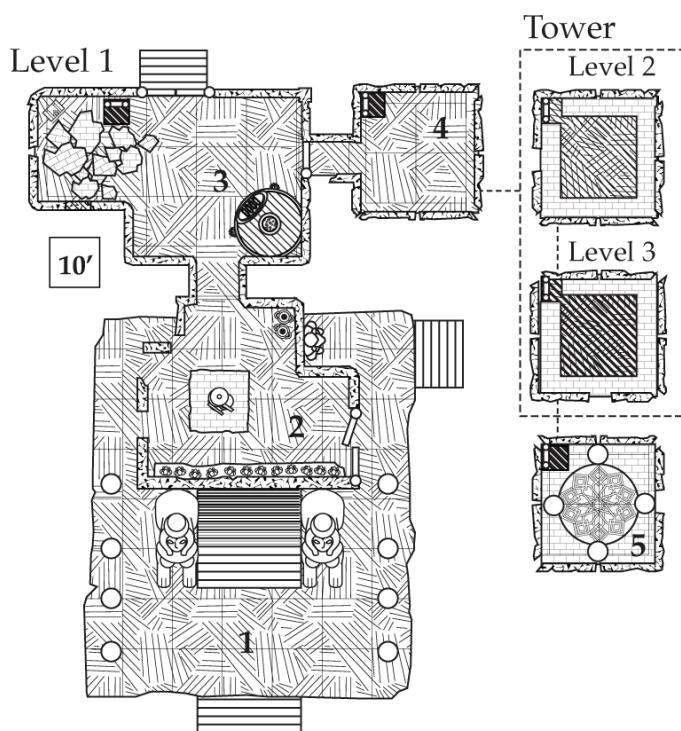
Within the skeletonized beast's ribs is a globular mass of lead. Barely recognizable inside this blob of heavy metal (roughly 20 lbs) is some kind of bladed weapon. If it could be retrieved from the lead, you would find a steel spearhead inscribed with ancient war chants in red gold, larger and wider than a man's flattened palm. If it were attached to a properly Blessed spear shaft, a Spear +1(+3 vs. Magical Beasts) would be created.

The floor around the skeleton is quicksand, which will suck anyone searching the long dead remains down beneath a smothering layer of sand if they fail a save vs. Paralysis to escape. They may be pulled free with an Open Doors check by their companions, although said companions risk being pulled in as well if they fail a save vs. Paralysis. Buried victims will suffocate within 1d6 rounds, during which they must make a save vs. Death or die. They may add their Constitution bonus to this saving throw.

11: THE LEDGE

The cave opening in (7) leads to a 5' ledge of stone runs in a crescent along the NW side of the cave. The stone is weak and crumbly, and for each Turn spent on this ledge there is a 1 in d10 chance that the edge will give way, leading to a 30' fall to the subsiding sand below.

THE TEMPLE OF MANIFOLD STATUES



Situated high in a mountain pass, this lost temple was the center of some forgotten cult who practiced idol worship to a high degree. A clue to its whereabouts might be hidden in a treasure map on the base of some knickknack bought for mere shekels in a curio shop. Or perhaps a trail of strange idols lead the adventurers up a mountainside to discover this stronghold full of even more wondrous curiosities.

APPROACH:

You wend your way along the narrow goat track, pressing back against the hard stone of the cliff face so as not to plummet to your doom in the mist shrouded depths far below.

Appearing out of the haze like a mirage in the desert you see a weathered structure of crumbling grey stone atop a flattened mountaintop. You have found your quarry.

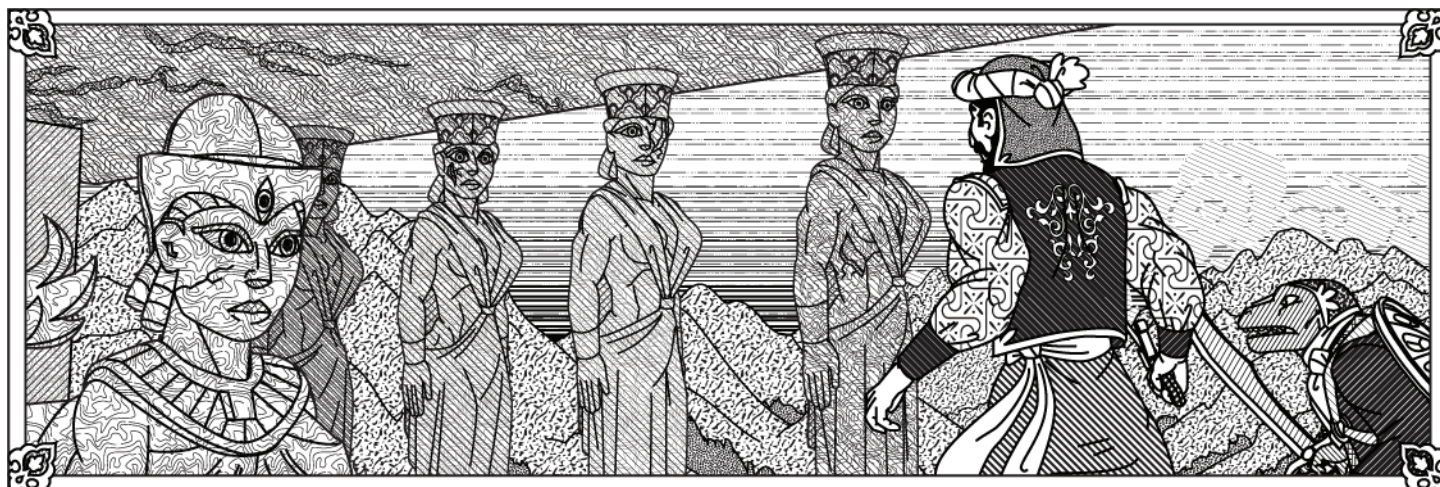
A closer view of the temple shows a colonnaded front section, with two towers, the E one intact and the W one half ruined, rising behind it.

Level 1: The Surface Ruins

1: THE PLATFORM AND COLONNADE

The front portion of the temple rests on a 5' high platform of pockmarked granite, 70'x80', with a set of 20' wide steps leading up from the trail at the S end, and a 15' wide set of steps leading E in the NE corner. There is a colonnade of weathered caryatid columns on the S half of the platform, flanking two 10'x20' statues of sphinxes with elaborate headdresses, which in turn flank another 20' wide staircase leading down into the depths of the mountain. Carved into the wall behind the sphinxes and the stairs is a bas relief of a pantheon of animal headed gods arranged in cross legged poses around a stylized mountain.

All of the statues on this platform, the sphinxes, caryatid columns, and even the god figures carved on the wall have freely turning heads that will focus on any intruders follow their movements. While uncanny and probably unnerving, this effect is mostly harmless. The figures will all radiate faint magic. Once the party has moved past, either going down the stairs or around to the back areas, the heads will face forward until something else comes along for them to watch with their empty eyes.



2: THE SCULPTOR'S CHAMBER:

The structure occupying the N end of the platform is roughly 40'x40', with a set of double doors on the S end of the E wall. The doors are dry rotted wood with rusted iron hinges, and are hanging loose and partially open. There is a 10' inset in the NE corner where a statue of a warrior with a mandrill's head stands facing the steps down at the NE end of the platform. There are gaps in the W wall of the structure large enough for a man to slip through. There is a 10' wide corridor N leading to room (3).

There's a low 12'x12' platform in the middle of the room covered in clay dust. The wreckage of a potter's wheel lies atop it. There are broken pieces of various sculptures scattered around the room, as well as rusted carving tools among the rubble. A couple of empty clay amphoras sit in the corner of the inset part of the N wall. If investigated, they show signs of having contained water ages ago.

On several stone shelves running along the S wall are small (able to be held in one hand) statues of humanoid figures, monsters, and animals made of clay. At first blush, none of them seem particularly valuable, but they all faintly radiate magic, and they are hollow, and many will rattle if shaken. There are four shelves, each with d100 statues on them. It will take 1 Turn per 20 statues to investigate them properly and find out what's inside them.

Searching in this chamber stirs up the clay dust, which will soon fill the air after a Turn. Anyone in the room must roll a save vs. Paralysis or suffer the effects of a Slow spell. Each turn thereafter, only 10 statues can be investigated, and the adventurers must roll a save vs. Paralysis or become petrified by the magical dust.

d12	Statue:	What's inside:
01:	King	1 100 gp Precious Stone
02:	Queen	1d3 25 gp Ornamental Stones
03:	Warrior	1d4 10 gp Decorative Stones
04:	Priest	1d8 Gold Pieces
05:	Peasant	1d10 Silver Pieces
06:	Tiger	Will let out loud roar, attracting attention.
07:	Bull	Roll save vs. Wand or get knocked prone
08:	Goat	Will cause 1d4 other statues to break open
09:	Chicken	Contains an egg. If eaten, it heals 1d4 hp.
10:	Dragon	Releases a burst of flame, does 1d6 dmg
11:	Jinni	Releases gout of colored clay dust
12:	Mountain	Roll 1d6 on this table for contents.

3: THE KILN ROOM

This chamber is 30'x30', with double doors to the N and a single door to the E. The W wall opens into a 20'x20' area full of rubble from the collapsed Western tower. The walls are carved in bas relief, depicting salamanders clambering across flaming rock formations.

The room is guarded by a large stone statue of some kind of stylized lizard. It stands in the center of the room, inert until intruders enter. If the party approaches through the 10' hallway from area (2), its hollow eyes will light up with an eerie orange glow, which will intensify when it opens its gaping mouth to reveal the pocket of molten stone inside of it.

Animate Stone Statue:

HD: 5, HP: 22, AC: 4, Dmg: 2d6 Lava Breath 2xRound, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F5, MI: 11, Immune to Sleep.

In the SE corner is a large stone kiln, blackened with soot and ash inside but long gone cold. If searched, there may be 1d4 of the small statues from area (2) inside. The double doors to the N are barred from the inside, but are severely rotted and easy to break down. The door to the E is unlocked.

In the 20'x20' annex at the base of the W tower, there is a square opening in the floor next to the double doors N with a rusted iron rung ladder heading up or down, although upward is nothing but open sky from the collapse of the tower.

Beneath the rubble in the NW corner of the annex is a stone chest. It requires an Open Doors check to open. Inside is a curving, scimitar like blade carved from the horn of an oryx. It is magical, and in addition to being +2 to hit and damage, also allows its wielder to strike first in combat regardless of Initiative. There are also the empty shells of two large scorpions which may have been there to guard it once. They will crumble if touched. **Oryx blade: 1d8+2, first strike.**

4: THE EAST TOWER:

Past the door to the E in the Kiln Room (3) is a short narrow hallway with a collapsed wall to the S. Beyond is the base of the East Tower. The bottom room is empty, save for dry rotted wooden racks that once may have held weapons and armor. There is a square opening in the floor to accommodate an iron rung ladder leading up to the Top of the Tower (5) and down to the Supply Room (9).

The tower is 3 stories tall, with arrow slits facing in all directions on the 2nd. and 3rd. levels. There is a narrow catwalk on these stories to accommodate archers. About 20' up from the bottom floor, seeping rain water has rusted through the rungs of the ladder, and if any weight is placed on them a climber must roll a save vs. Wands or it will break, sending them, and anyone beneath them who fails a save vs. Paralysis, tumbling down to take 2d6 points of damage.

5: THE TOP OF THE EAST TOWER:

Atop the tower you find a panoramic view of the mist shrouded mountains and the ruins below. A quartet of ornate pillars supports a pointed roof with a broken statue (a long haired, bearded holy man missing his outstretched arms) at its peak. There is a 12' diameter platform on polished marble bearings that can be made to spin with an Open Doors check.

ENCOUNTER TABLES:

Stern nature has reclaimed this mountaintop temple and its surroundings, and thus one never knows what might wander up or down the crags to cause some complications. Roll 1d12.

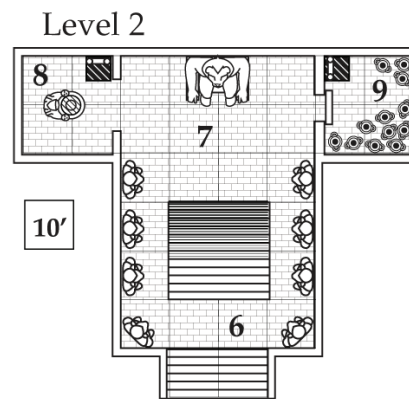
1	Hawks 1d4	7	Ogres 1d4
2	Hippogriff	8	Mountain Lions 1d4
3	Harpies 1d6	9	Tribal Hunters (as Brigands) 1d10
4	Giant Geckos 1d4	10	Griffon
5	Herd of Mountain Goats 1d10	11	Roc, Small
6	Rockslide: Save vs. Paralysis or 2d6 dmg.	12	Hill Giant

Level 2: The Upper Shrine

6: THE GALLERY OF BEJEWELED STATUES:

The stairs from above come to a 20'x10' landing in the center of a 40'x40' room with a 20' high ceiling. The walls are carved with floral patterns, and the floor and ceiling are marble flagstones. In the center of the room before the party is another staircase leading down that occupies a 20'x20' area. The air in the chamber is cool and a sense of long eons hangs in the air. Dim illumination streams from the stairs.

Against the E and W walls are rows of 4 humanoid statues with animal heads corresponding to deities of the Lawful and Neutral Sanam. Each figure decorated in bright, reflective mosaic tiles, and has a large gem set in their forehead, with each pair opposite one another having the same gem. There are 2 large blue diamonds, 2 sovereign amethysts, 2 emeralds, and 2 topaz. Each gem is large enough to fill the palm of a man's hand, and each is worth 1000 gp. It takes about a Turn per gem to pry them carefully loose from the statues.



7: THE THRONE OF THE CLAY GUARDIAN:

Dominating the N end of the chamber, in a 40'x20 area beyond the paired statues, is a large marble throne, atop which sits a crumbling clay figure carved in the form of a Storm Djinn. There are archways out of this room to the E and W. The lion headed figure has a large ruby set in its chest, that seems to pulse with an inner glow. It will rise to attack if any of the statues in this chamber are touched or damaged. If defeated, the figure's ruby will shatter into dust and 1d12 25 gp shards.

Clay Guardian:

HD:11, HP: 63, AC: 7, Only hit by blunt magic weapons, Dmg: Fist 3d10, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F11, MI:12

8: THE ROOM OF HEALTH OR WEALTH:

This room is 20'x20', and the walls, floor, and ceiling are marble tiles. In the NE corner there are opening in the ceiling and floor, allowing access to a ladder of iron rungs set in the wall that go up and down.

In the center of the room is a basin on a pedestal, surmounted by a statue of a robed, hooded figure without a face. In its hands it holds two silver masks, one tarnished one depicting an wizened, elderly human face of uncertain gender, with the Ancient glyph for "Wealth" inscribed on its forehead, and the other a gleaming, androgynous mask of youthful beauty with the Ancient glyph for "Health" on its untroubled brow. Each mask, if taken from this place and sold, would garner at least 100 gp each.

If the "Wealth" mask is taken from the statue's hand and placed on the blank face and the word spoken, the basin will fill with 1000 platinum coins, with the elderly face on one side and the glyph on the other. Anyone who touches the coins will suffer a loss of 1d3 pts of Strength as their hands become withered and arthritic. If removed from the basin they become normal platinum coins. The lost Strength may take a whole other adventure to restore. At the very least a Heal or Restoration spell will do the trick.

If the "Health" mask is placed on the face and the word spoken, the basin will fill with a gleaming, amber liquid rather like thin honey, which is 9 doses of Healing potion. The drinker will lose 1d3 points of Wisdom, until the next time they go up a Level, at which point the lost Wisdom will be restored. Or it can be brought back by a Restoration spell.

9: THE SUPPLY ROOM:

This room is identical in most ways to the room across the way in (8). It is 20'x20' with floor, walls, and ceiling of marble tiles. The iron rung ladder of the east tower extends both up and down through square openings in the floor and ceiling.

This chamber is full of clay amphoras, each about chest height with two handles and a clay stopper sealed in wax, each bearing an Ancient glyph for some staple like flour, rice, oil, wine, preserved fruits or meats. If opened, all of the material within these jars has decayed over the centuries into dust, rotted matter, and vinegar.

There is a lever by the doorway that can cause a stone slab to be dropped, blocking the door. It requires an Open Doors check to re-open once it has been lowered. Anyone standing in the doorway when the slab is dropped must roll a save vs. Paralysis or take 3d6 damage from the falling stone.

Level 3: The Lower Shrine

10: THE ANTECHAMBER:

The stairs from area (6) above lead down into a 40'x40' antechamber carved deep within the mountain. The floor and walls are decorated with mosaics of bright interlocking patterns of red, gold, and purple. Four massive marble pillars trimmed in gold filigree support the ceiling. There are archways to the E and W, and the room opens into a large 60'x60' hall past the N set of pillars. There are empty torch sconces in the E and W walls, but otherwise it is pitch black in the depths.

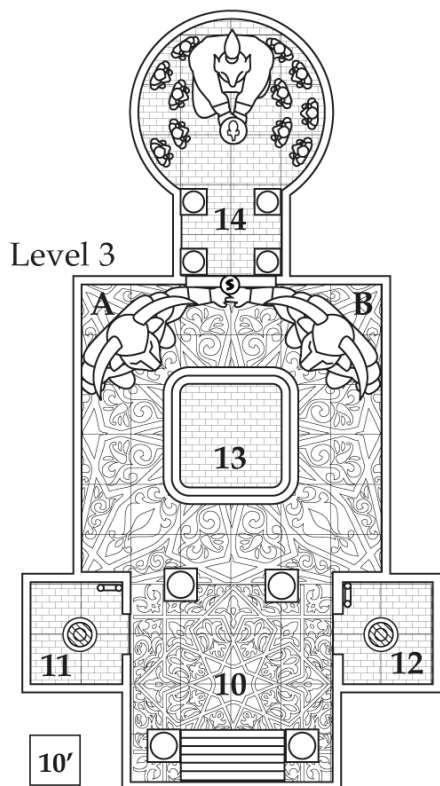
Standing guard, facing N with their backs to the pillars, are a quartet of karakghuls, each armed with a spear and sporting a bleached antelope skull with curving black horns. They fill the still, silent air with a rasping whispers of doom and despair in the language of the Ancients as they stalk the foolish mortals who have invaded their domain.

Whispering Karakghuls:

HD: 5, HP: 19, 21, 21, 31, AC: 4, Dmg: Spear 1d6, Gore: 1d6, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F5, Ml: 12

Whispering: Acts as Cause Fear, each round roll save vs. Death or run away in panic at full movement for 1 round.





11: THE WELL OF PROPHECY:

This chamber is 20'x20', with a 7' diameter well in the center of the room. The walls, floor, and ceiling are green marble with white veins. There is a ladder made of iron rungs set into the wall that extend up to a square opening in the ceiling in the NE corner.

The well is roughly waist height, with gold medallions embedded in the tiles forming the upper lip. There are roughly 300 gp worth of medallions, but they need to be pried off. Looking down into the well with a light source, you can see a metal mesh about 10' down, atop which an additional pile of gold gleams in the murky water. There are 200 gold coins marked with images of the various gods depicted elsewhere in the temple.

If a gold coin is cast into the well, a single yes or no question can be asked, and the water will vibrate and answer truthfully. This can be done once a day per individual.

If the medallions are pried off or the well or an attempt is made to retrieve the gold from the mesh down the well, the water will bubble angrily and attack like a striking serpent, forming a snarling dragon's head at the tip of a sinuous tendril of water.

Water Weird:

HD: 3+3, Atk as 6 HD, HP: 18, AC: 4 Sharp weapons do 1 pt dmg, blunt do full dmg. Dmg: Victim save vs. paralysis or be dragged into fountain. Must make Strength check to escape or

held under by creature. Save vs. Death after 3 rounds or drown. Cold based spells cause it to attack every other round, flame spells do 1/2 dmg. Disrupted if brought to 0 hp, will reform in 2 rounds. Mv: 0 (Stationary), Sv: F3, Ml: 11.

12: THE SAUCER OF SECRETS:

This room is the mirror image of room (11), except that the iron runged ladder is in the NW corner and the marble is white with green streaks. On a waist high cylindrical pedestal a solid gold basin sits. A bas relief design of an open eye is present on the interior of the basin. If a water skin's worth of water is Blessed and poured into the basin, visions of far off places and events can be called forth in the manner of a Clairvoyance spell. Alternately, Locate Object can be cast, and it will show you the object you are looking for if you name it while pouring. It will only do this once per day. If the water is drunk, the imbiber must make a save vs. Spell or they will be unable to tell a lie for the rest of the day. If lifted from its pedestal and removed from the temple, it will lose its power and become just a large vessel of gold. It is worth 2500 gp, and weighs over 200 lb.

A living statue of clear crystal carved to resemble a priestess stands watch over this room. It will attack if anyone attempts to remove the basin.

Crystal Statue:

HD: 3, HP: 23, AC: 4, Dmg: Fists 1d6/1d6, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F3, Ml: 11, Immune to Sleep.

13: THE ROOM OF THE MINOTAUR STATUES

This huge room is 60'x60', with a 20' wide raised dais in the center. Two looming statues of minotaur like creatures stand in the NW and NE corners, their hands clasped between them at the top and middle of the wall to the N. The walls are decorated with intricate geometric mosaics, as is the floor and ceiling. The surface of the platform is plain tiles white marble. The minotaurs are adorned with glass gemstones and colorful mosaic chips, with gold filigree on their bracers and mantle. Their eyes are painted on, but each is highlighted in the center by a diamond. There are three diamonds worth 500 gp. The fourth, in the right eye socket of the statue in the NE corner, is missing.

The wall between them to the N is an illusion, hiding an archway into a Secret Chamber (14). One only has to walk through the wall to get there.

13A: THE NORTHWEST SECRET ALCOVE

There is a button disguised as one of the studs on the belt of the NW minotaur figure, that if pressed will cause a 3' hatch to open in the wall between its legs. This leads to a 10'x10' space behind the hulking statue. The floors continue the mosaic design, but the walls are bare worked stone.

In the NW corner of this space, an alabaster statue of a shapely woman sits in a curled up position with her arms wrapped around her legs and her bald head resting on her knees. She wears earrings, bracelets and anklets of gold (300 gp), but is otherwise unadorned. At her feet is a clay tablet inscribed with a Stone to Flesh spell.

If the spell is cast, she will awaken and look around her with wide, staring eyes with iridescent green irises. If any of the party speaks the Ancient tongue, she will give her name as Maesa. She was a priestess of the temple. The name of the Ancient god she worships is a secret not meant for the ears of outsiders, but she refers to it colloquially as "The One Who Makes"

How and why she ended up as she was in this alcove she cannot remember. There is much that is hazy and indistinct after centuries frozen as a statue. How much she remembers about the temple and other matters of the Ancients is up to the teller of the tale to decide when the time comes.

If treated kindly, armed and equipped, she could be persuaded to join a company of adventurers as a henchman. Her fluency with the Ancient tongue will be an asset, as well as her knowledge of Ancient rites and customs, and she'll pick up enough Common make herself understood in 1d3 months.

Maesa: Lvl 5 Cleric. Alignment: Lawful. St: 10 Dx: 13 Co: 12, In: 12, Wi: 14, Ch: 15

HP: 13, AC: 9, Dmg: Unarmed 1-2 dmg, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: C5, Ml:9

Spells: Light, Cure Light Wounds, Protection From Evil, Bless, Speak With Animal, Remove Curse

13B: THE NORTHEAST SECRET ALCOVE

There is a similar secret door between the legs of the NE minotaur figure. The 10'x10' chamber beyond is empty, save for a shattered clay tablet. The vague outline of a seated human figure can be found in the NE corner with a Secret Doors check. There is a name scratched in the E wall in Ancient glyphs. "Sammuramat" If Maesa is revived and present, she will go pale and look stricken when she reads it, but will be unwilling to expound upon its meaning, begging any interlocutors to drop it. What manner of drama this all portends will be up to the tale teller to determine.

13: THE SECRET CHAMBER OF THE MARBLE ELEPHANT:

After the illusory wall is passed, the party finds themselves in a 20'x20' antechamber with a 3' diameter black marble pillar in each corner, that leads to a 40' diameter chamber beyond. The black marble walls of the domed secret room are pocked with alcoves, each containing a small statue carved of semi precious stone and depicting any animal, plant, or human character type you could name. The small statues are 1d4 lbs. each and worth 10 gp per pound.

Facing the entrance is a cluster of larger statues depicting Ancient kings, queens, and high priests and priestesses. At their center is a looming statue carved to resemble a kneeling dao, proffering a palm sized figurine of an elephant made of snowy white marble in its upturned hands. If the figurine is plucked from its place, the statue will make a grab for the thief, who must make a save vs. Wands to avoid it. If it grasps them, they will be held firmly while the statue shouts for aid in the Ancient tongue, summoning the karakghuls from (10), the crystal statue from (12), and eventually the clay guardian from (7), if they haven't been destroyed. Two companions must perform an Open Doors check to pry them loose. It will continue to shout as the adventurers flee the scene.

The tiny elephant figurine is highly magical. It is the legendary Wondrous Marble Elephant of Umar Bin Hakim. The party may well have heard of it in their researches and come to seek it out.

The Wondrous Marble Elephant of Umar Bin Hakim: Use 4 times/month for 24 hours. Becomes a full sized Elephant: HD: 9, HP: 72, AC: 5, Dmg: Tusks: 2d4/2d4 or Trample (+4 to hit human size foes) 4d8 dmg. Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F5, Ml: 12. Can lift 700 lbs. with its trunk, and can carry half a ton. Alternately, once a month it may be thrown as a projectile or used in a sling, becoming as a boulder thrown by a giant in mid-flight. Thrown range 20'/40'/60', Sling range 40'/80'/160', 3d6 damage.

Read on, gentle reader, for an even greater adventure lies ahead!

The Cave of Wonders

Some treasure troves are the stuff of legends. There are tales told of a cavern hidden deep in a cleft between two remote mountains. Awaiting discovery within are vast riches beyond a mortal's wildest imagining, guarded by the deadliest traps ever fashioned by the ingenious magics of the jinni. It is known as the Cave of Wonders.

Concrete information about this place is a rare thing indeed, to be hard won by good luck, painstaking research, and exorbitant bribery. It is often difficult to discern between the truth and the embellishments of liars and fools.

Those who wish to seek it out must be advised that there are many other fortune seekers looking for the Cave of Wonders as well, all of whom are driven or desperate enough to kill for the riches concealed within. They will dog one's steps, and some may even steal a march upon their rivals and be waiting in ambush to make sure they are the only fortunate souls who might live to profit from making the trek.

APPROACH:

The search has brought the you across miles of desert wilderness to where you now stand, gazing upon a narrow crack in a towering wall of reddish stone, just barely wide enough for a man to walk through sideways. Any mounts or beasts of burden must be tethered outside, as they are much too large to fit through.

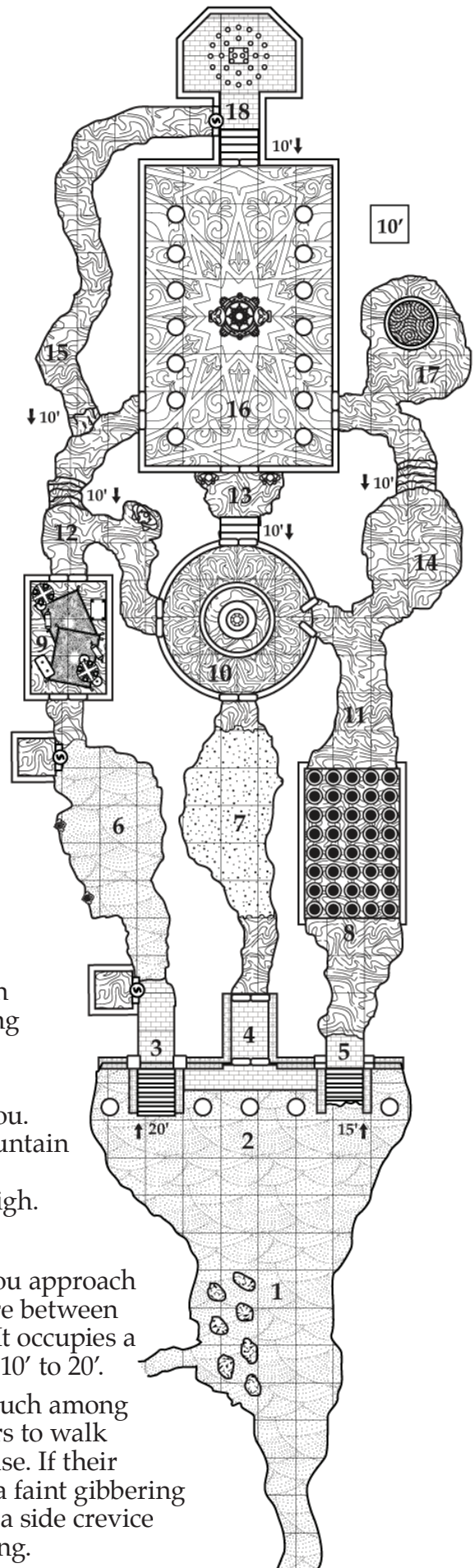
The crevasse widens as you work your way back, with the sound of the wind howling through high crags above you beneath a sky made yellow by the blowing clouds of sand. Soon the passage is 10' wide, although no less claustrophobic from the looming cliffs that seem to press in from both sides intent on crushing the tiny mortals crawling like ants between them.

After a few more bends and turns, the channel widens considerably, coming to a dead end about 120' in front of you. A crumbling edifice carved from the living rock of the mountain stands before you, overlooking an expanse of packed sand between sheer stone walls that are nearly a hundred feet high.

1: THE AMBUSH:

A stand of jagged boulders fills a hollow to your left as you approach the edifice. They are generally 5' in diameter and anywhere between 8' and 20' tall, and each is separated by a 5' wide channel. It occupies a 20'x40' area to the W of the path, which has widened from 10' to 20'.

A raiding party of gnolls and their savage pet hyenas crouch among this small maze of sharp stones, waiting for the adventurers to walk past so they can leap out and ambush them. Roll for Surprise. If their position is given away by a shadowy hint of movement or a faint gibbering quickly hushed, roll a Morale check to see if they flee back a side crevice perpendicular to the one that the heroes have been following.

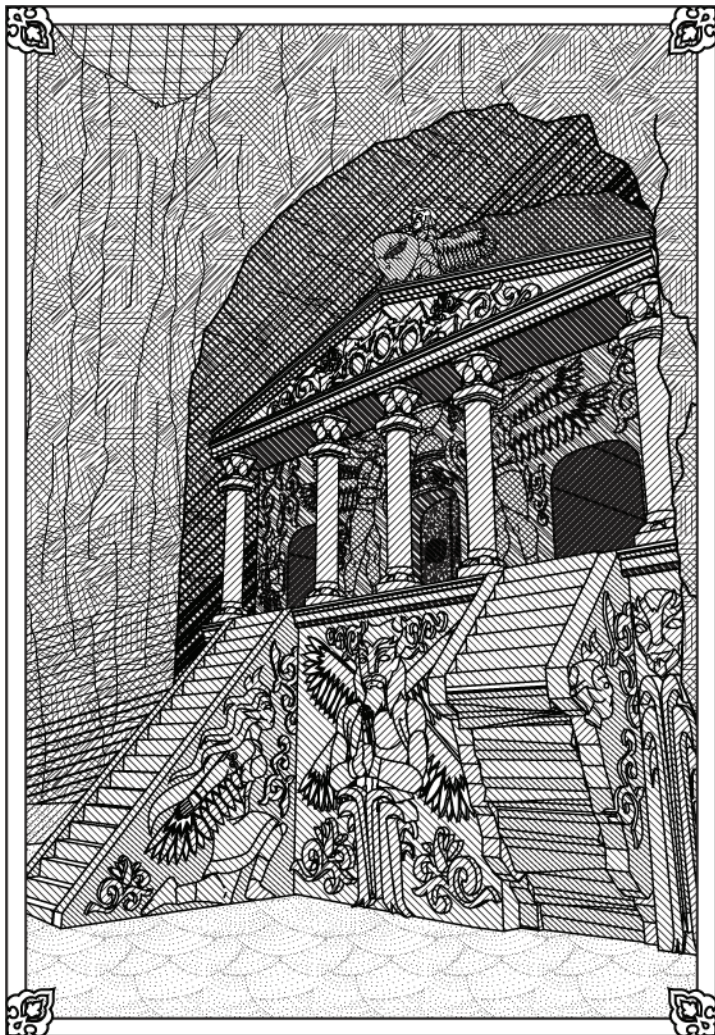


If the teller of tales wishes to reinforce the gnoll war band, they may be working in concert with the mad sorcerer Al Sahar and his gnoll bodyguard Glutton, from the Lair of the Mad Sorcerer in Chapter 6, if the party haven't dispatched him already. Or perhaps Al Sahar has a sibling who is even worse, all the more so for seeking to avenge themselves on the conquerors of their kinsman.

This crazed raider of forgotten tombs may well be one of the other interested parties seeking to win the wealth of the Cave of Wonders, having recruited the savage humanoids as muscle through a combination of bribery and Charm spells. There will be 1d12 gnolls and 1d6 hyenas present. They will gain a -2 to their Armor Class against missile attacks from the cover provided by the standing stones.

Gnolls: HD: 2, AC: 5, Atk: Great Scimitars 1d10+1 Javelins 1d6+1 Range 20'/40'/60', Mv: 90'(30'), Save: F2, MI:8

Hyenas: HD: 3, AC: 7, Atk: 2d4, Mv: 120'(40'), Save: F3, MI:9



2: THE EDIFICE

The facade of an ancient palace is carved from the very stone of the cliff face, adorned with bas relief carvings of winged djinn. There are two sets of steps at either end, leading up to archways opening into the mountainside. The stairs are 10' wide and 20' high and very steep. The E stairs have crumbled away to rubble, leaving a gap of 15' between the ground and the first usable step. The W stairs are worn, but largely intact.

Between them there is a colonnade of five 4' diameter columns, three between the two staircases and one each on the outer sides. A triangular pediment surmounts the columns about 50' off the ground. At its peak is a stone amphora, embraced from behind by a cryptically smiling statue of a sphinx with crumbling wings. If observers can rise to eye level with the amphora they will notice that there is a large crack in its rounded face that reveals by the depths of the shadows within that it is hollow.

Behind the central columns there is a 35'x5' porch leading back from a 20' high ledge that is even with the archways. There is a set of bronze double doors, streaked with corrosion and pitted from centuries of wind and sand. Large rings hang in the mouths of snarling bronze lion heads. Opening these doors requires an Open Doors check from two strong backs per side.

The sphinx's amphora is difficult to reach, requiring expert climbing skills if some method of magical flight is unavailable. It is AC: 8 and has 20 HP for the purposes of breaking it open with a blunt weapon. It contains a small treasure trove of Ancient coins that will spill loose out of a long since rotted sack (60 sp and 40 gp), as well as a magical short sword (+1) with a bronze medallion bearing the likeness of the smiling sphinx on its lacquered sheath. Once per day, the medallion can be asked a yes or no question. It will wink its right eye for "yes" and its left eye for "no". Whether this answer is truthful or not is up to the teller of tales to decide. It will be truthful at least half the time. A pit viper makes its lair in the amphora, and if the vessel is broken open it will attack the first person to reach inside with its venomous bite.

Pit Viper:

HD: 2, HP: 4, AC: 6, Dmg: 1d4 + Poison. save vs. Poison or die. Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F1, MI:7

Automatic initiative every round.

3: THE EAST ARCHWAY

A 10' wide hallway of worked stone extends 20' back from the arch, and then the walls become rough natural stone and the flagstones of the floor break up and sink into soft, shifting sand. A sharp eyed searcher will notice a sapphire, about the size of a man's thumbnail, glinting in a crack in the wall to the W where the stone floor transitions to sand. The jewel is a button, that opens a secret door that blends perfectly into the rock wall. If it is pried out, the button will be rendered inoperable. The sapphire is a deep azure and will fetch 750 gp from a jewel merchant.

Behind the secret door is a 10'x10' chamber with a large, ornate bronze wheel mounted on the N wall, roughly 5' in diameter with handles set at the cardinal points. The wheel spins freely if turned clockwise, but requires an Open Doors check to turn counterclockwise. If it is turned thusly the party will hear the growling, hissing, and grumbling of some large beast down the corridor to the N, accompanied by the rattle of chains and the sound of something large thrashing and clawing at the W wall.

The wheel controls a windlass that loosens or tightens the large chain that restrains the sand dragon in room (6). If it is turned as far as it will go counterclockwise, the beast's head will be tight against the W wall in that chamber, and it will be unable to bite or use its breath weapon effectively. If it is only turned partway, the dragon will be on the surface and more than a little angry, and will be in a good position to sand blast anyone coming up the corridor. If it is loosened by turning the wheel all the way clockwise, the dragon will have free range of its cavern.

4: THE BRONZE GATES

Beyond the heavy bronze doors is a short, 10' wide corridor that extends for 15' and then ends at an identical pair of bronze doors, although these ones are more pristine due to being protected from the outside elements. These doors swing open smoothly with the effort of but a single person. On the other side of the right side door is a cryptic message scrawled in faded black charcoal. It is written in the Common tongue. It is easy to miss if the (7) isn't searched thoroughly.

"Look back on thy way if thou art going grey, ere youth slips away and ye run out of days."

5: THE WEST ARCHWAY

Beyond the arch is a 10' wide corridor of worked stone that extends for 15' and then becomes rough, natural rock. The cavern widens over the next 30' to become 30' wide at the lip of room (8). Sharp eyed delvers will notice there are several sets of footprints crisscrossing this area, deep black against the reddish sandstone. If investigated closer, you will note that the prints are made of some kind of dried tar or pitch. If a Check for Traps is succeeded, the observer will notice there are skeletal footprints among the sandaled feet, and also some dark, very old bloodstains, and signs that bodies have been dragged to the N.

6: THE LAIR OF THE SAND DRAGON

The sand floored corridor continues a further 15', then widens into a chamber roughly 30'x40'. The sand on the floor becomes looser as you go, eventually slowing Movement by 1/2 to all but largomani, who are adapted to walking on loose sand. If a largoman uses their ability to spot changes in the sands, they will note something is amiss. Something large is moving under the surface.

Coming out of the E wall are two large, rust pitted chains, that extend from iron portholes set in the stone of the wall and lead into the sand. The portholes are too small for a human to fit through, being about a foot in diameter.

If the party is not absolutely silent as they cross this dusty expanse, the chains will rattle as the sand begins to shift and fall away over the thorny brown scales of a large and vicious looking sand dragon. The chains are attached to stout iron bands around its neck and at the base of its stinging tail. These limit it's motion to the 60' stretch between the two secret doors. While the chains are loose, the beast can turn and strike at any foe in its lair. If the wheel in (3) is tightened all the way, it won't be able to bite, breathe sand, or strike with its left claw, but its right claw and poisonous tail will still be free to attack any creatures trying to get past.

There is a second secret door at the N end of this area, with a similar setup to the one in (3). If the wheel is tightened all the way counterclockwise, it will pin the dragon's tail to the wall so that it cannot strike with it. It will growl and struggle, making enough noise to attract wandering monsters from outside or within the caves, if the teller of tales decides there are any present.

If both chains are tightened all the way, the sand dragon will be pinned inside the 30' alcove in the W wall, unable to move or attack. There is a clockwork mechanism hidden in the wall that releases the catch on the chains after an hour has passed, freeing the beast to move as it likes in its cave.

If the sand dragon is overmatched, it will release its sand cloud attack and burrow under the sand to hide. The chains are enchanted, and can only be broken when 100 pts of damage are done to them with a magic weapon.

Sand Dragon: HD: 7, HP: 39, AC: 1, Dmg; 1d6/1d6/3d8/1d8 (tail spike, save vs. Poison or die), Move 90'(30') Burrow: 60'(20') Save: F7, Ml: 9, Breath Weapon 3xDay: Cloud of sand 50' wide, 40' long, blinding.

7: THE SANDS OF TIME

Beyond the doors is a 10' wide rough stone corridor that extends for 20', and then sinks into a layer of silvery white sand. The corridor continues for another 50', expanding to almost 30' at its widest point. The sand hangs in the air, sparkling in any light sources. The footing below is solid enough.

At the end of the expanse of white, you can make out a skeleton laying sprawled on its stomach, its arm outstretched to the N. There is a rusted scimitar on a crumbling belt around its waist, and a gossamer length of snow white hair is still rooted to its skull. If a player declares they are going over to examine the body, they will suffer the effects detailed below.

As the party walks through this area, they'll begin to feel a weariness creep into their bones. Their hair will grow longer and become greyer, their skin wrinkled and leathery. Their weapons will begin to rust and their clothes will become threadbare and worn, leather will crack, wood will begin to dry rot. Before they go much farther they will realize that they are aging ten years for every 10 feet they travel. They will lose -2 to Strength, Dexterity, and Charisma and find their movement slows by 30'(10') every 10'. If they get to the end of the white sand, they must roll a save vs. Death or die of old age. Jann will receive a +3 bonus to this saving throw, as their jinni blood wards them from the ravages of time.

If an adventurer turns back and heads south, they will note they are getting younger again, and their equipment is returning to its original state.

If someone has the bright idea of walking backwards, they will find they are getting smaller and softer. Scars, tattoos, wrinkles, and beards will fade and vanish. Their weapons, gear, and clothing will unmake themselves, turning into raw materials and falling away into nothing (with the exception of magic items, which will get the benefit of an item saving throw), until the bold adventurer has become a wailing newborn babe (or unhatched eggs, in the case of largomani) sitting naked in the sand. They have lost ten years for every 10' they travel. They will lose -2 to Strength, Dexterity, and Wisdom for every 10'. If carried further they will simply vanish into nonexistence.

If the infant is brought back in the direction they came, they will grow once more into the adult they were, although equipment lost won't be regained unless the raw materials lying in the sand are gathered up as well.

The trick of this trap, for the benefit of the teller of this tale, is what direction the delver is facing. If they face north, whatever direction they are headed, then they will age. If they face south, be they walking forward or backward, then they will get younger as they go. The best method for getting past this chamber is to walk forward halfway, and then turn around and walk backward, equalizing one's age by the time the end of the white sand is reached. Or alternately, walk backward and then go forward, although there is a risk that equipment might be lost if it is relatively new.

The magical sand filling this room can be scooped up and taken out, but it will destroy any container it is in, either by making it wear through with age or regress to raw materials, within 1 day, upon which point it will scatter on the wind and be lost. It has unpredictable effects on living creatures, subject to the whim of the teller of the tale. Certain mages would certainly pay exorbitant prices for even a thimble full.

8: THE BLACK HONEYCOMB

Beyond the hallway a 25'x40' chamber lies. The floor is sunk about 5 feet below the level of the hallway, and is filled from wall to wall with large, open topped stoneware jars, in 8 rows of 5 across. You can see a glistening surface about a hand's breadth beneath the rim of each jar, indicating something like oily tar or pitch filling them. The stench of pitch is strong, almost overpowering.

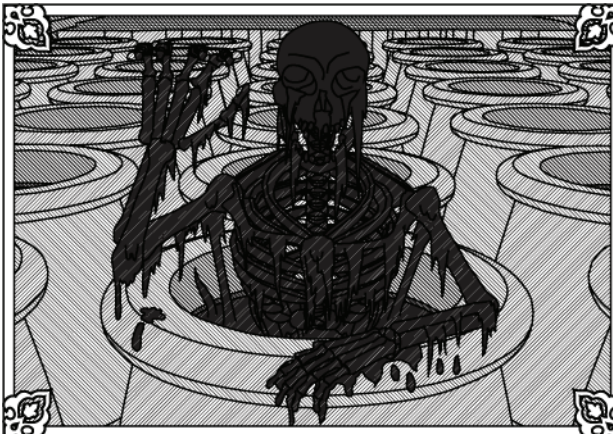
The walls are rough worked stone carved into hexagonal shapes resembling the honeycomb of a bee. At the opposite end of the chamber, the ledge of the other side can be seen. It is also rough worked, reddish stone marked with several sets of black footprints.

If the party chooses to probe the contents of the jars near the ledge, roll 1d4 for the result:

1	You pull it out, covered with black, sticky pitch that takes a at least 1d4 turns to clean off. If you do not it will be sticky for a day.
2	The object gets stuck fast, requiring an Open Doors check to pull free.
3	The object is yanked out of your hands with a sudden jerk, disappearing into the black muck
4	Something grabs your probe, and as you pull back a hideous skeletal figure coated in black oil rises up from the jar with a gurgling hiss, clutching at you with its bony claws. It will attack, and 1d6 others will rise from jars a round later to join it.

Crossing the space necessitates either using some power of Flight or walking on the lips of the jars. Each jar you step on, roll a 1d8, adding any Dexterity bonus to your roll. Any who fall into the pitch and die will arise as Pitch Covered Zombies in 1d4 rounds.

8	You step on the jar edge without trouble, moving on to the next step.
7	You step on the edge and bobble a bit, but recover.
6	You step on the edge and a bit crumbles off, dropping into the oily muck. The next party member behind you suffers a -1 to their roll
5	You step on the edge and bobble a bit. Roll a save vs. paralysis or drop what you are holding into the pitch. If it is a light source then the pitch sets alight and starts burning. You and everyone subsequent roll save vs. Breath weapon or take 1d6 damage from flames. Undead occupying these jars will do addl 1d6 dmg but take same themselves as they are consumed by flames.
4	Your foot slips, plunging into the pitch and sticking fast. You require an Open Doors check to pull free. Any shoe is ruined, or lost on a 50/50 chance.
3	You slip, falling into the jar up to your waist. You will sink in 1d4 rounds. Only magic or the aid of friends will get you free. Friends need to do an Open Doors check, with a +1 penalty for every level of Encumbrance they are trying to pull against. Also, they must roll on this chart when they do so. Those who sink must roll a save vs. Poison each round they're under or die.
2	You topple head first into the jar and begin to sink. Roll a save vs. Poison each round or die. You will sink in 1d4 rounds.
1	A bony claw reaches up from the pitch and attempts to grab your ankle and pull you in. Roll Initiative to fight. The skeleton will arise to attack followed by 1d6 others the following round.



Pitch Covered Skeletons:

HD: 1, AC: 7, Dmg: Claws 1d6, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F1, Ml: 12. 1 on d6 chance foe's weapon will stick to them, requiring an Open Doors check to get it free. Undead: Immune to Sleep, Charm, and Hold.

Pitch Covered Zombies:

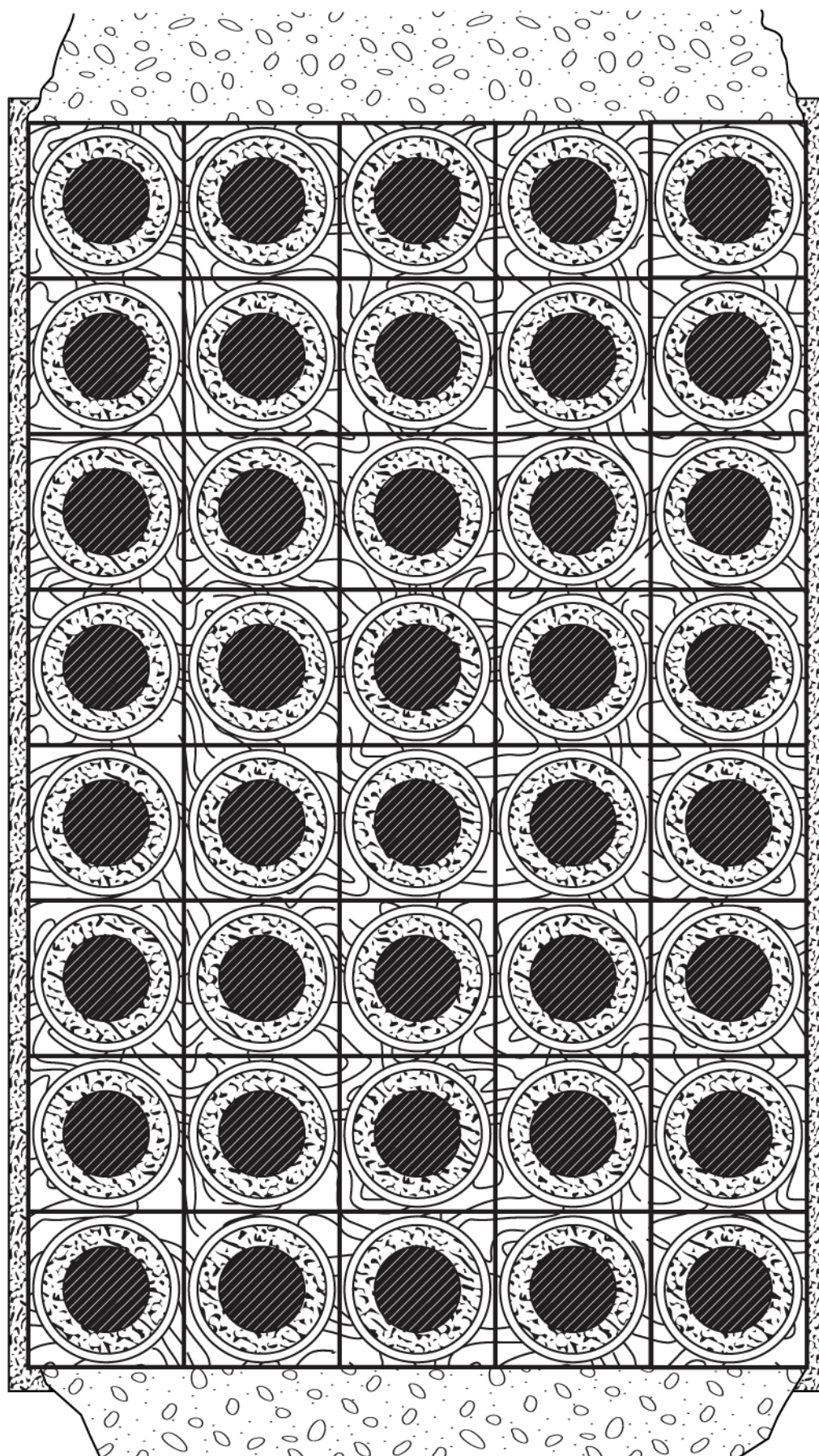
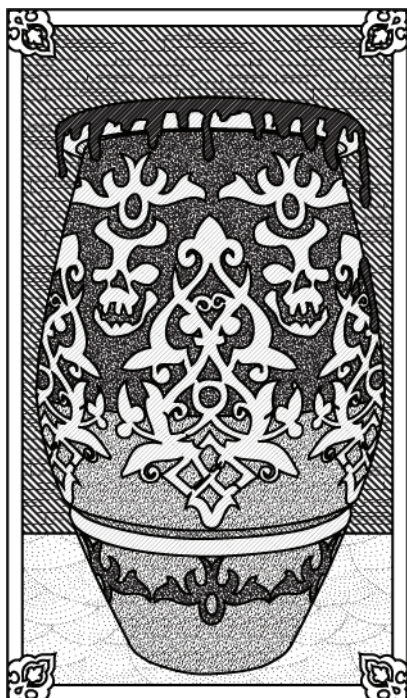
HD: 2, AC: 8, Dmg: Fist 1d8, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F1, Ml: 12. 1 on d6 chance foe's weapon will stick, requiring an Open Doors check to get it loose. Undead: Immune to Sleep, Charm, and Hold. If attack hits, will try to use second attack to grab former allies and drag them into a jar. Always strikes last in a round of combat.

The teller of the tale may wish to print a copy of this map and play out the bold adventurer's travails in this deadly room on the table top using miniature figurines. Move them about as if they were on a game board, and roll on the d8 chart for each step they take.

If they wish to probe in the jars before they step upon them, they are only allowed to do so in jars that are adjacent to where they currently stand.

If you do not have miniature figurines, then perhaps you might lay hands upon a chess set, using the white pieces for our heroes and the black pieces for the horrifying, pitch soaked undead that arise from the jars to menace them.

Any suitable tokens will do, in all honesty, so long as the heroes progress can be followed and they can be distinguished from the monstrous guardians of this hellish hive.



1" = 5'

9: THE SALON OF THE FEARLESS FLAME

Survivors of the sand dragon's lair will find themselves in a 10' wide, 10' long corridor with a rough stone floor. This ends in a set of double doors, carved of smooth greyish black stone inlaid with gold and copper filigree. Two bronze handles jut from the doors, which open easily. A blast of hot air blows in the party's face, and the corridor is flooded with a warm yellow light.

Beyond the doors, there is an elegantly appointed salon decorated with rich carpets and brocaded couches. Everything in this room is wreathed in crackling flames of blue, yellow, and orange, and the very air seems to burn as well. You feel the heat of high noon in the desert washing over your faces from the inferno.

The finery in the room seems unaffected, but you spot a charred skeleton sprawled face down on one of the carpets. Across the 20'x30' room by a set of matching ornate stone doors you see a scrawl of black charcoal on the wall in the Common tongue, stating "If you do not fear, you shall not burn."

Papers or torches thrust into the flames will light and burn merrily. The far door is locked, and requires either picking or being bashed down.

Any non-player characters who enter this room must make Morale checks, taking 1d6 dmg per round if they fail. If players express concern over being burned or show signs of thinking that will happen, they begin taking 1d6 per round unless they can make a save vs. Spell, adding their Wisdom bonus, to convince themselves they are safe.

The room itself is comfortable, and if the party wishes to tarry here they may do so as long as they can keep their cool, metaphorically speaking. They will find a bottle of chilled wine and a plate of fresh dates by one of the couches, which are quite delicious and refreshing.

Any of the finery taken from this place will begin to burn naturally as soon as it passes through the doors, being consumed and reduced to ashes in 1d8 rounds.

10: THE VAULT OF THE SINGING JEWEL

There are four exits from this 40' diameter chamber, all sets of stone double doors inlaid with silver filigree. The N, W, and S doors are closed tight, and require an Open Doors check to enter or exit. There is nought but silence in their respective hallways outside.

The E doors are ajar, and from beyond the party can see a soft, pleasant glow and hear a haunting melody, somewhere between the high, sweet voice of a maiden singing and the dulcet tone of a flute echoing from within.

Inside, the floor and walls of the chamber are decorated with a rich mosaic of semi-precious stones. (These are magically attached to the wall and cannot be pried loose.) The ceiling is high and vaulted, coming to a peak adorned with an interlocking star design.

There is a raised dais of alabaster in the center bearing a slender pedestal, atop which sits a jewel of surpassing size and beauty that lights the room with its own golden glow. The gem is nearly the size of a cantaloupe, the color of pure honey with a thousand facets. The haunting song seems to be coming from it, an auditory manifestation of its beauty. It is beyond priceless, but would surely garner great favor indeed if presented to the Sultan of Kalabad.

The shattered remains of a crystal dome that once covered the amazing jewel now lie in pieces on the dais below. You look down to see the huddled shapes of several figures lying asleep on the floor around it. These are the Blue Sha'ir and his party of servant jinni and henchmen, who shall be described in detail on the following page.

Anyone approaching the singing jewel within a 15' radius around the center will find their thoughts clouding with pleasant sensations and their eyes growing heavy, requiring a save vs. Spell or they will fall into a deep slumber that only a handful of water splashed on the face will stir them from.

The jewel will fall silent if it is placed inside an bag or container, which will also plunge the room into darkness unless the container is transparent or other light sources are present. Silencing the jewel will cause the other denizens of the room to awaken from their magically induced sleep within 1d4 rounds.

The Blue Sha'ir and His Henchmen:

At the foot of the pedestal, there is a human male in dark robes whose skin is a pale blue color. He clutches a hammer in one hand and wears an ornate silver ring set with white opals on the other.

Lying next to his head is a tiny female figure who looks like she was carved out of soapstone, wearing a simple shift of black cloth, her white hair tied up in a topknot. Her tiny, clawed hands are clenched on the blue skinned man's keffiyeh. A sha'ir or jann will recognize her as a daolani.

Sprawled next to them is a smoke grey djinn whose head would graze the ceiling of this vaulted chamber were he awake. Two sets of white feathered wings sprout from his broad back, and his feet are the scaled, curving talons of a giant bird of prey. A large carpet lies crumpled beside him.

There are also a pair of ragged looking ne'er do wells with nearly identical facial features, a hulking brute of a man with a unibrow clad in chainmail with a double bladed axe lying on the floor beside him, and a gaunt woman in dark brown robes over leather armor, with gauze wrappings covering her face and hands underneath. The wrappings hide tattoos of scorpions all over her body.

If awakened, the blue skinned man will spring to his feet as his daolani familiar clambers onto his shoulder, spitting curses in the language of the jinni. His cronies will rise and cluster defensively around him.

He will introduce himself as the Blue Sha'ir, and will demand the Singing Jewel as his rightful property. While he does this he will fidget with his magical Ring of Djinn Summoning, threatening to sic Shrike the djinn on the party if they do not comply. If the party refuses he will urge his underlings to attack.

The Blue Sha'ir's plan was to use his ring to command the djinn to carry them in past the outer defenses to the room where the gem was kept. From there they would explore deeper into the Cave, looting its treasures. Once they had taken all they could, he planned to use his diminutive familiar's Passwall ability to escape the Cave with all the treasure, leaving them to their fates. If the battle goes badly he would most likely Passwall to escape without a second thought. None of the others are particularly brave or loyal, so stern resistance could cause a surrender, although none are trustworthy.

The Blue Sha'ir - Level 7 Sha'ir - Male - Neutral

HP: 28 AC: 7, Dmg: Magic Scimitar, 1d8+1 Mv: 120'(40') Sv: Mu7 Ml: 8 Spells: 3/2/2/1

Magic Items: Ring of Djinn Summoning, Scimitar +1, Cloak of Protection +1, Potion of Healing

Petra the Daolani - The Blue Sha'ir's loyal gen familiar

HP:28 AC:2, Dmg: Fist: 1d4, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: Mu7, Ml: 8 Hit points linked to the Blue Sha'ir. If she is damaged, he will take the same damage. May cast Passwall once per day.

Shrike - Djinn of the Ring:

HD: 7+1 HP: 36 AC:5 Dmg: Punch: 2d8, Kick: 2d8+Grasp with successful attack, Whirlwind: 2d6 Mv:90'(30') Fly: 300'(100') Sv: F14 Ml: 12, Creation Abilities, Assume Gaseous Form or become Invisible - 3/day, Carry 600 lb (max 1200 lb). May only be hit by magic and magical weapons.

Erdal Bazibazouk - Lvl 4 Thief - Male - Neutral

HP:11 AC: 7, Dmg: Shortsword 1d6, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: T4, Ml: 6, Thief Skills

Erkan Bazibazouk - Lvl 4 Thief - Male - Neutral

HP:12 AC: 7, Dmg: 3xDagger 1d4, thrown range 10/20/30, Mv: 120'(40') Sv: T5, Ml: 7, Thief Skills

Murtaza Bin Sharah - Level 5 Fighter - Male - Chaotic

HP:18 AC: 4 (Enchanted Scale +2) Dmg: Magic Axe: 1d8+2 Mv: 90'(30') Sv: F5 Ml:9

Asmah Abd-Akrab - Level 6 Cleric of the Scorpion - Female - Chaotic

HP:18 AC:7 Dmg: Poison Dagger 1d4+save vs. Poison or be paralyzed for 1d4 turns, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: C6, Ml: 7, Spells: Cure Light Wounds, Cause Light Wounds, Cause Fear, Find Traps, Speak With Animal, Resist Fire, Striking, Locate Object

Between them, the Blue Sha'ir's henchmen have 64 electrum raquibs, 7 gold dinars, and 14 silver shekels in their purses. Their leader bears a weatherbeaten treasure map indicating the Cave's location. The carpet lying beside the djinn is a magical Carpet of Flying owned by the Bazibazouk brothers.

11: THE BRANCHING HALL

Beyond the Black Beehive room in (8), the rough hewn hall extends 40', narrowing from 25' wide at the edge of the room full of jars to a bit over 10' wide at the end, where it branches into two 10' corridors pointing NW and NE. To the NW there is a set of dark stone doors inlaid with silver filigree. They are slightly open, and a golden light and a clear, melodious sound faintly streams from within. The NE opens into a chamber filled with a white mist.

12: THE ALCOVE OF THE STONE DAO

From the burning chamber, a rough, natural corridor leads 20' to the N. From there, a set of rough, natural steps leading 10' down to the N, and curves back to the SE another 30' until it curves E, until it runs up to the W door of The Vault of the Singing Jewel in (10).

Midway along the curve to the SE, there is a 10' alcove. A looming statue of a dao stands with its arms crossed in front of its broad chest. Inscribed on its forearms in the Ancient script: "I will perform a task, you have but to ask."

If given a command, the statue will perform a single action. If commanded to fight, for example, it will only strike once, and then it will return to its alcove and stand still until the next day dawns. It is also very simple minded and literal.

Dao Statue:

HD: 5, HP: 13, AC: 4, Dmg: 2d6, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: F5, MI: 11

13: CHAMBER OF THE SENTRIES

A set of worn stone stairs lead down 10' from the N doors in The Vault of the Singing Jewel (10). At the foot of the steps is a natural stone chamber roughly 20'x10'. There is a worked stone wall to the N. There is a set of double doors with embossed medallions of bronze lion's faces flanked by wings and stylized lightning bolts. A heavy bronze ring hangs from each lion face's mouth.

On either side of these doors are stone statues depicting muscular humanoid figures with their arms folded across their chests. Atop each of their broad shoulders is a stack of heads, a jinni, a lion, a man, and a mouse. They are non-magical and merely decorative. If the party spends too much time trying to guess at some riddle, the teller of tales should have the boom of thunder and a flicker of lightning visible from beneath the doors.

The doors are unlocked, but extremely heavy, each requiring a strong individual to pull it open.

14: THE CAVE OF THE CLOUD BEAST

This rounded cavern is 25'x30', with a 12' curving roof of unworked stone. The room is full of a cool, white mist that is difficult to see through. There is a set of natural stairs leading 10' down at the N end of the room. If the group attempts to pass thru the fog carelessly, they must make a save vs. Paralysis or fall down the stairs taking 1d6+3 damage.

If any spells are cast in this room, the mist will coalesce into the solid form of a creature that resembles a wingless gryphon with snowy white plumage and grey blue fur. Sha'irs and other magic users who succeed in a Wisdom check will recognize this creature as a Cloud Beast, a guardian creature kept by the djinn as watchdogs and hunting companions.

Cloud Beast:

HD: 7, HP: 30, AC: 5, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d8/1d8/1d12, Mv: 150'(50'), Sv: F7, MI: 11. 3 times/day may assume gaseous form (Mv 30'/round) May only be hit by magic and silver weapons.

It will also attack if the party passes through this space carrying any treasure from room (18). It will remain in cloud form if the party neither casts spells or makes off with any treasure.

15: THE CORRIDOR OF THE CLIFF

At the bottom of the stairs from (12) is a 25' corridor of natural rock that curves to the NE and ends in a set of plain double doors that leads into (16). Midway along the curve to the N is a cliff dropping 10' down into the darkness. At the base begins a winding, 10' wide side cavern that zigzags to N before curving E and ending at the back of a secret door in the entry hall of the treasure vault (18).

16: THE GREAT HALL OF THE GOLDEN CENSER

Beyond the double doors is a vast, 50'x80' vaulted chamber supported by two rows of 5' diameter alabaster columns shod in bronze. The walls, ceiling, and floors are decorated in intricate mosaics of multicolored, semi-precious stones. At the far end of the room is another set of bronze double doors, decorated with a low, bas relief depiction of two winged djinn bowing to one another.

In the center of the great hall is a huge golden censer, 10' in diameter and 20' high, with decorative lion's feet on the legs and lion heads holding a pair of heavy rings on either side of the dish. The thick, cloying scent of incense fills the air with a bluish haze. It looks as if it weighs several tons, and is bolted to the floor.

If the censer is approached, a booming voice sounds from inside:

"Lo! I am Albarak Alazim, great general of the storm djinn and faithful servant to our mighty Caliph! Ye mortals that brave my sanctuary and disturb my time of peace, know ye that great reward comes at the cost of great risk. It is in my power to grant thee wishes up to three, but the more that thou asketh the greater shall be thy challenge. Be ye mouse, man, lion, or jinn, take they portion and face the consequences."

The group must now decide how many wishes they may ask for, between 0 and 3. They may only ask for their wishes while they're in the room. They may use the wishes while in combat, but it would be telling for the spinner of the tale to let them know this up front. They can wish the challenge away if they like, with only the penalty of using up a wish.

0 Wishes: The censer laughs. **"Humility... or cowardice. Here then is the portion of the mouse. Now begone, back to your wretched little holes."** A scattering of gold coins appears and clatters across the floor, 1 for each character present. They bear the image of a chicken on one side and a cringing dog on the other.

1 Wish: The censer gives a roar. **"The portion of man, strive now against he that rules the beasts that trouble ye."** With that, a cloud of smoke appears before it, and a savage, bright blue lion charges out and attacks. If beaten, it will dissolve into blue smoke and vanish.

Lion:

HD 5, HP: 25, AC: 6, Dmg: Claw/Claw/Bite 1d4+1/1d4+1/1d10, Mv: 150'(50'), Sv. F3, MI: 9

2 Wishes: The censer gives two roars. **"The portion of the lion, lord of the natural world, now face ye the might of the supernatural!"** A blast of blue fire issues from the censer, and a fearsome Storm Djinn, a 12' tall blue giant with a roaring lion's head, appears with a resounding bellow and attacks. If defeated it will dissolve into a crackling cloud of blue smoke and vanish with a last rumble of thunder.

Storm Djinn:

HD: 10, HP: 45, AC: 3, Dmg 2d10, Move 90'(30') Fly 240' (80') Sv: F15, MI: 10 Spells: 3/day Phantasmal Force, Invisibility, Control Weather, Lighting Bolt (60'X5' 10d6 dmg, Save for 1/2)

3 Wishes: The censer gives three roars, and billows with clouds of crackling, sparking blue smoke that rise high into the vaulted ceiling above. **"The portion of the jinn, who soar above the world, over the beasts and man, but below the great powers of the universe. Behold thy challenge, and know that I shall always be impressed by thine bravery!"** The smoke darkens, surrounding itself in a jagged corona of lightning bolts, then resolves into the towering form of the Great Storm Djinn. He is 25' tall, electric blue with a black mane surmounted by a crown of crackling electricity.

If overcome, he will vanish into a cloud crackling with lightning that will coalesce into the burly form of a leonine human with long hair and a flowing beard, clad in blue silk robes embroidered with gold and silver. With an avuncular smile he will clap his clawed hands and cause a table set with a grand feast to come into being, and invite the heroes to dine with him and discuss what Wishes they desire. He will regale them with tales of great wars against the efreet, but will tell no secrets about his home.

Great Storm Djinn:

HD: 15, HP: 85, AC: 2, Dmg 8d6, Move 150'(50') Sv: F15, MI: 10 All Spells 3/day. Summon Thunderstorm that strikes lightning every 5 rounds, doing HP worth of damage (Save for 1/2) Phantasmal Force, Invisibility, Control Weather, Summon another normal Storm Jinn 1/day.

17: THE POOL OF TRANSMUTATION

At the bottom of the rough hewn steps down from (14) a 10' wide corridor curves for 30' to the W, ending at a set of double doors that lead into the Hall of the Golden Censer (16).

Around 20' from the stairs it branches to the N, into a 25'X30' chamber that echoes with the sound of gently lapping water, coming from a 12' diameter pool edged in opalescent stone toward the N end of the room. The pool is clear, and strongly radiates magic if a Detect Magic is cast on it. It is 5' deep at its center, with a convex bottom of the same smooth white stone.

Such is the sorcery of the pool that anything that touches the water is transformed by it, but only the part it actually touches. If a human reaches a hand in to scoop some out, they will draw back a hoof or a paw or a flipper. May the gods help them if they bend down to drink directly from the pool. They will be left with the head of some random creature, and probably the throat and stomach of it as well. There might be many side effects from this, such as the loss of speech and the ability to cast spells, or being only able to stomach grass or hay.

If a steel dagger is dipped in, a brass spoon or a copper flute may be pulled forth attached to the hilt. A 10' cedar pole might become a shaft of wheat or an thorny acacia branch where it has touched the water. The corner of a woolen cape could be changed to burlap or satin or cheesecloth.

The only way a something will be changed completely is if it is immersed in the water in one go. The general kingdom (animal, vegetable, or mineral) will remain the same, but material and configuration will change drastically, and never the same way twice. It is up to the teller of the tale to be as mischievous and creative as they can.

If the magical water is somehow removed from the pool and placed in a container, it retains its magic. The container must make an Item Saving Throw or become something that might not be able to hold liquids.

These incomplete transformations can be cured, at least for living beings, by a Polymorph Other spell. A Polymorph Any Object will restore vital pieces of equipment, but it is such a high level spell that it would probably be wiser to just head to the bazaar and purchase a replacement for the item, and perhaps foist its predecessor off as some sort of improbable magic item if the seller is glib enough.

18: THE VAULT OF MANY CROWNS

At the N end of the Great Hall of the Golden Censer are a pair of bronze double doors, adorned with bas reliefs of bowing djinn. The doors are welded shut, apparently from a blast of lightning. They can be opened with a Knock spell, or if something with superhuman strength attempts an Open Doors check.

Albarak Alazim, the lordly storm djinn occupant of the Golden Censer will be evasive about the room and its contents, although he will own that he does not care about them one way or another. He will ask if the heroes can give him a good reason for why they should be allowed to break into the chamber beyond and carry off what is inside. Roll a Reaction check when the party gives their answer. If the result is Indifferent or above, he will not interfere or assist in their efforts to get into the vault, merely watch with detached amusement. If the result is negative or hostile, he will catch the mortal intruders up in a mighty whirlwind and cast them from the room, sealing the doors behind them with sparking bolts of lightning.

There is a second way in, through the secret door at the end of the winding hallway in (15). This opens a hidden panel in the wall at the foot of the stairs described below.

Past the bronze doors is a 10' staircase leading 10' down into a 10' hallway. The room is surfaced in lapis lazuli that has been ornately carved into interlocking, geometric patterns. There is a raised dais in the center containing two platinum crowns set with sovereign amethysts on two pillars in the center (1800 gp each) and four crowns of gold set with sapphires at each corner (1200 gp each). Arranged around the dais are a circle of eight slender pillars and a further circle of 16 pillars. On the eight pillars are crowns of silver set with sovereign emeralds (800 each). On the sixteen pillars are crowns of bronze set with sovereign topaz (400 each). The total value of the thirty crowns is 21, 200 gold pieces. They are the crowns of the last dynasty of the Ancient kingdom of Lamaria.

A Three Way Confrontation:

The surviving members of the party are in for a bit of an unpleasant surprise as they try to escape the Cave of Wonders with whatever spoils they have managed to acquire, because waiting outside on the sun baked expanse of packed sand in front of the Edifice are not one but two rival groups intent on plundering the plunderers.

It is a stroke of dubious luck for our heroes that these new enemies encountered each other and are currently in a tense standoff, neither willing to head into the Cave lest the other attack from behind. It is now up to the weary, battered adventurers to make the first move.

On one side, a party of adventurers who style themselves the Red Sun Fellowship, led by the infamous mercenaries Hussan Al Mashoul and his partners Abdul Bohamad Al Jann and Mourtos.

On the other, the hulking chieftain of the gnolls who had been lurking in ambush at the beginning, a pair of giant hyenas, and the rest of the bloodthirsty pack of monsters. Al Sahar the mad sorcerer may be lurking in the background as well if he hasn't met his well deserved end as of yet.

The Red Sun Fellowship:

Husband Al Mashoul - Level 4 Fighter - Male - Neutral - Group Leader

HP: 15, AC: 4 (Chainmail & Shield), Dmg: Morning Star +1, 2d4+1, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F4, Ml: 10

Magic Items: Potion of Super Heroism, Cloak of the Desert, Potion of Extra Healing

Abdul Bohamad Al Jann - Level 3 Jann - Male - Neutral

HP: 11, AC: 7 (Leather Armor), Dmg: Scimitar +1 (+3 to Magical Monsters) 1d8+1/3, Mv:120'(40')

Sv: E3, Ml: 11 Magic Items: Brooch of Shielding (on turban. Absorbs 81 hp of magic missiles)

Spells: 2-1st. Lvl, 1-2nd Lvl from Sha'ir's spell list.

Mourtos - Level 4 Kedai - Male - Neutral

HP: 15, AC: 8 (Shield), Dmg: Scimitar +2, 1d8+2, Mv: 120'(40'), Leap 20', Fall 30', Sv: E4, Ml: 9

Ayla - Level 3 Kedai - Female - Lawful (note: Mourtos' devoted mate)

HP: 13, AC: 8 (Shield), Dmg: Scimitar +3, 1d8+3, Mv: 120'(40'), Leap 20', Fall 30', Sv: E3, Ml: 10

Magic Items: Potion of Clairvoyance. Scarab of Protection (9 uses)

Addashumasur - Lvl 3 Largoman - Male - Neutral

HP: 7, AC: 3 (Chainmail + Shield + Dewwok), Dmg: Khopesh 1d8, Dagger 1d4, Mv: 60'(20'), Sv: D3

Ml: 10, Magic Items: Potion of Climbing

Juwara Al Bazzaz - Level 2 Fighter - Male - Chaotic - Hireling

HP: 4, AC: 4 (Chainmail + Shield) Dmg: Scimitar (1d8), Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F2, Ml: 7

Sureia Sidqui - Lvl 3 Thief - Female - Chaotic - Hireling

HP: 8, AC: 8 (High Dex), Dmg: Daggersx2 1d4/1d4, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: T2, Ml: 8, Thief Skills

The Gnoll Tribe:

Gnoll Chieftain:

HD: 2, HP: 16, HD: 3, AC: 4, Dmg: Axe 2d4+1, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F2, Ml: 9,

The Giant Hyenas:

HD: 5, HP: 20, 19, AC: 7, Dmg: Bite 3d4, Mv: 120'(40'), Sv: F5, Ml: 9

The Gnolls:

HD: 2, HP: 14, 12, 9, 9, 9, 8, 8, 7, 3, AC: 5 Dmg 2d4, Mv: 90'(30'), Sv: F2, Ml: 8

For extra complication, the teller of the tale may decide that The Blue Sha'ir and his henchmen may still be lurking about. Hasty alliances might form, or it may be a free for all with everyone for themselves. Or the party might get their enemies all fighting and slip away.

How the story plays out, in the end, is up to you.

Inspiration

The following are the sources that your humble author has drawn from in imagining the world of the Sandglass. A teller of tales should seek these out to get their own ideas flowing.

A Thousand and One Arabian Nights

When one wishes to spin a tale, it is often best to go the primary source. My preferred version is Sir Richard Burton's 1885 translation, although there are many others available. Burton's use of language is intensely poetic and was very enjoyable to read.

Live Action Movies:

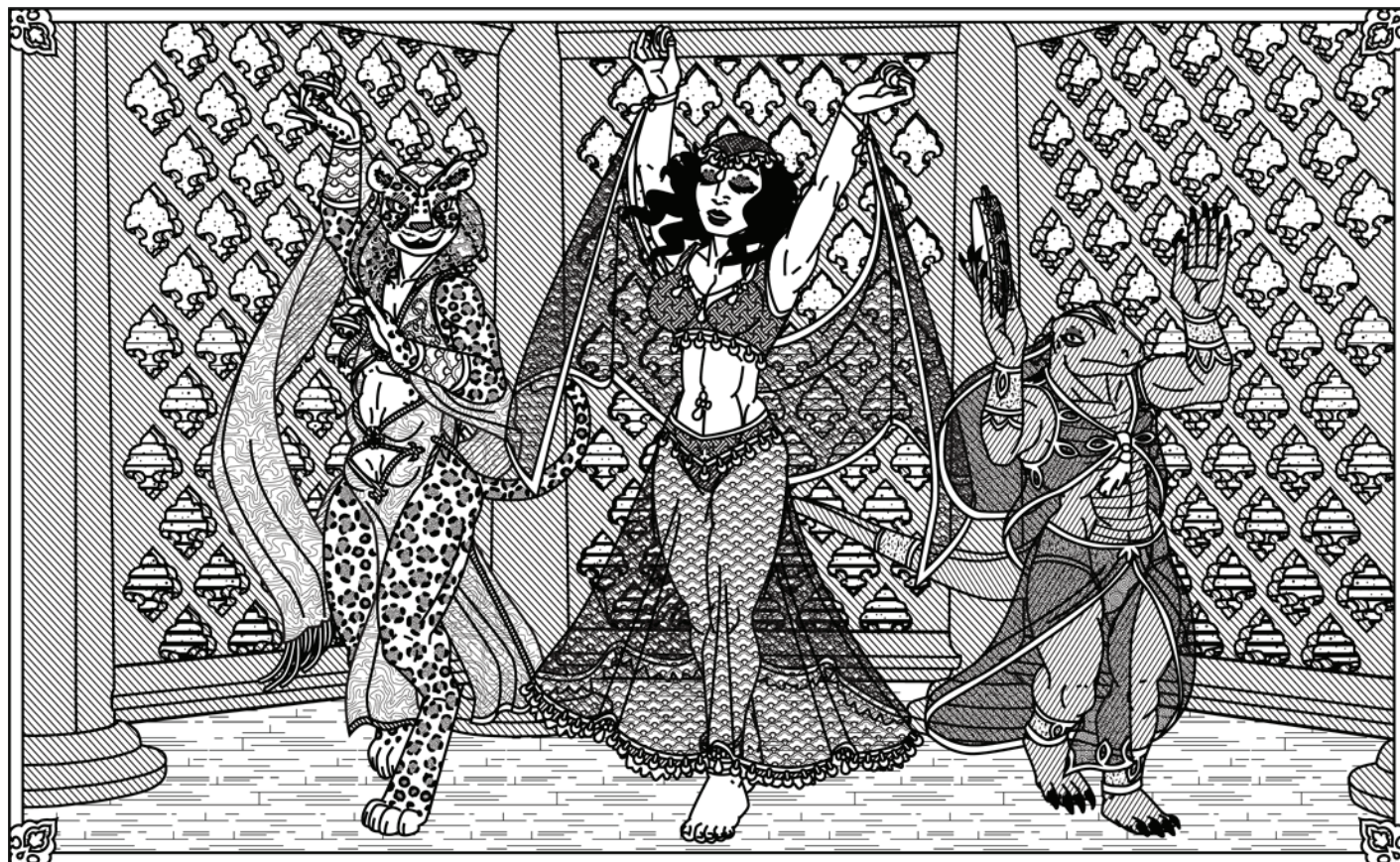
- The Thief of Bagdad - United Artists - 1940
- The 7th. Voyage of Sinbad - Columbia Pictures - 1958
- The Brass Bottle - Universal Pictures - 1964
- The Golden Voyage of Sinbad - Columbia Pictures - 1973
- Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger - Columbia Pictures - 1977
- The Thief of Bagdad - Columbia/EMI/Warner - 1978

Animated Movies:

- The Adventures of Prince Achmed - Lotte Reiniger - 1926
- Aladdin - Disney - 1992
- The Thief and The Cobbler - Richard Williams - 1993 (Seek out the "Re-Cobbled" cut if you can.)

Animated Shorts & Television Shows:

- Popeye the Sailor Meets Sindbad The Sailor - Fliescher Studios - 1936
- Popeye the Sailor Meets Ali Baba's Forty Thieves - Fliescher Studios - 1937
- Shazzan - Hanna-Barbera Productions - 1967-1969



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The Thousand Year Sandglass

CHARACTER RECORD SHEET



CHARACTER NAME

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CLASS

CLASS

LEVEL

LEVEL

DEX

Modifier

ARMOR CLASS

ARMOR CLASS

ALIGNMENT

ALIGNMENT

EXPERIENCE

EXPERIENCE

CON

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S

BREATH ATTACKS

INT

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V

POISON or DEATH

WIS

Modifier

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PETRIFY or PARALYZE

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WEIGHT CARRIED

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R

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EQUIPMENT

CLASS ABILITIES

SPELLS

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9

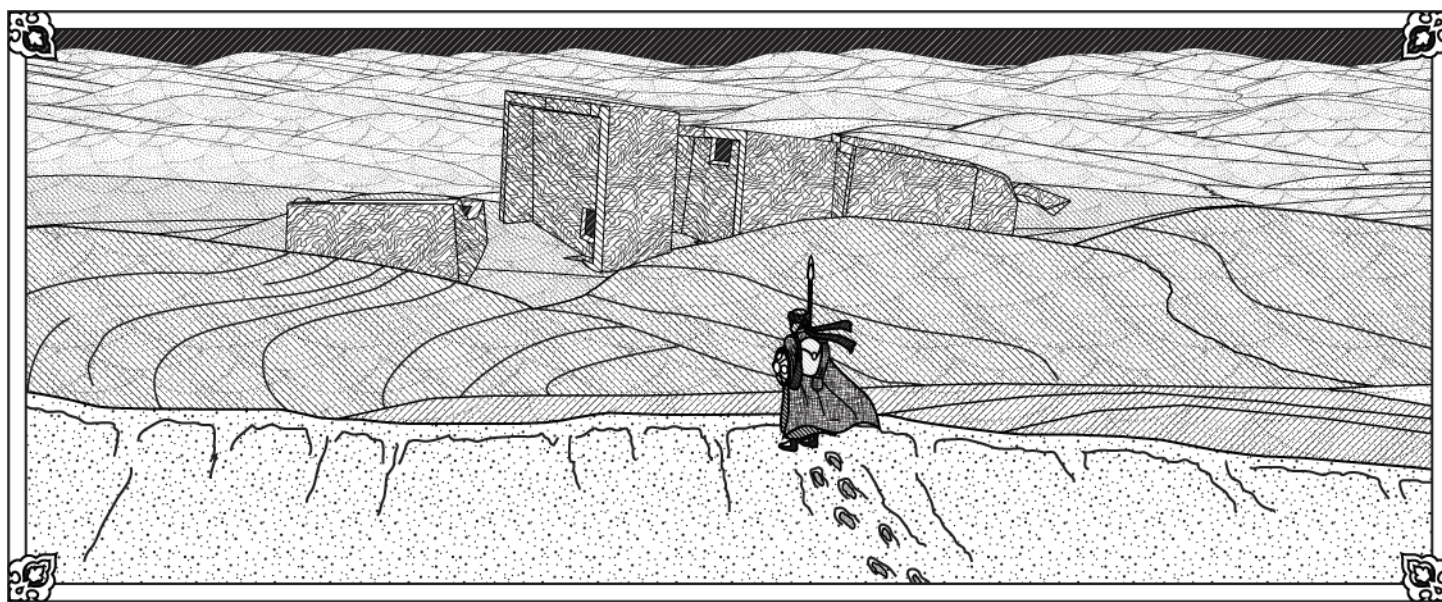
Roll d20 to hit Armor Class



The Thousand Year Sandglass will return in:

The Thousand Year Sandglass

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