



HOW-GOD
IMBOULA

LEAFY
AND BULL
SOLOMON
KANE

Shadows in Zamboula

Short Story by Robert E. Howard

Adaptation for D&D by Wesley Connally

Please send suggestions and comments to: wes@cw.edu

This series of adventures that I created are based on Robert E. Howard's Conan short stories (or with some exceptions, Carter/de Camp). I've changed a few things here and there, and fleshed out places like abandoned palaces etc. for a true dungeon crawling experience. There should be a few surprises for those who have read the short stories. Almost all of the text boxes for you, the DM, to read are taken directly from Howard's own writing. This provides a great atmosphere for your players. You may warn them that some are lengthy, but just sit back, relax, and allow the text to paint the world for them. This will enrich their experience.

I have modified Howard's text to represent plural adventurers and rewrote all text for the present tense. I had to add a few dialogue boxes of my own writing to fill in important roleplaying gaps in the original story lines.

All adventures are written for D&D 2nd edition, but could easily be adapted to more modern versions. I highly recommend my other handouts and rules to create a more full Conan-World experience. I also recommend familiarizing yourself with the original Howard/Carter/de Camp story.

Levels: 6-7

Reputation: 10 Turan (Country Reputation is based on a 1-5 scale from barely known (1) to heroic status (5). For every 5 points of Adventure Reputation the characters earn, based on a successful adventure, their score for the Country Reputation in the country where the adventure takes place, goes up by 1. Reputation will affect NPC reaction rolls, prices, jealousies, women etc.)

Adventure Summary

This adventure is meant to be played immediately after "Black Tears." If it isn't, simply omit Conan references in the text. The party hopefully avoids becoming a group of cannibal's next meal. They are approached by a beautiful maid who begs their help in saving her brother from the evil druid tyrant in Zamboula.

World Map

At any appropriate time, you can show players "Figure 0: World Map—Zamboula, Turan" and let them know this is where they will be adventuring.

To capture the spirit of the Conan world, I offer a “Babe-In-Distress bonus (BID).” As there is almost always a BID in the stories and thus these adventures, I have the characters “compete” for her favor. If you wish to do this, when the characters first meet the BID, have characters average their Comeliness and Charisma scores. Then have them roll a d20. The one who comes closest *without going over* their averaged score has struck the fancy of the BID for whatever reason (“he’s not the best looking, but he has kind eyes”). He then becomes responsible to oversee her safety. If the adventure is completed and she is still alive with only a few nicks, that character is awarded a 10% experience point bonus, not to mention her undying gratitude in the bedroom. Of course, this process applies to female player characters as well. The BID perhaps is intimidated by men and seeks the safety of female protection, or perhaps the BID “just swings that way...”

Part 1: Aram Bakshs House

“Peril hides in the house of Aram Baksh!”

The speaker's voice quivers with earnestness and his lean, black-nailed fingers claw at your arm as he croaks his warning. He is a wiry, sun-burnt man with a straggling black beard, and his ragged garments proclaim him a nomad. He looks smaller and meaner than ever in contrast to the muscled bodies of your adventuring comrades. You stand in a corner of the Sword Makers' Bazaar, and on either side of you flow past the many-tongued, many-colored stream of the Zamboulan streets, which are exotic, hybrid, flamboyant, and clamorous.

“Desert men and travelers have slept in the house of Aram Baksh and never been seen or heard of again. What became of them? He swore they rose and went their way---and it is true that no citizen of the city has ever disappeared from his house. But no one saw the travelers again, and men say that goods and equipment recognized as theirs have been seen in the bazaars. If Aram did not sell them, after doing away with their owners, how came they there?”

You followed Conan across the Turanian desert and landed yourselves in the multi-cultural city of Zamboula. For two weeks, you have explored the delicacies, perhaps both culinary and of the sexual variety, that Zamboula has to offer. Occasionally, you caught a glimpse of the huge Cimmerian, downing a pint to the dregs with a scantily clad wench laughing on his knee. He would nod, and hoist his mug to you and yours in a gesture of respect and familiarity. He mentioned on the street that he was leaving town soon, and you haven't seen him for a day. Your band too grows restless, but you decided to pay for a good night's sleep at the outskirts of town instead of continuing to keep the less expensive company of the nomads like the one before you warning you of unseen danger. You paid for your rooms already and were all gathering to make one last jubilant foray into downtown Zamboula, when your newly-made friend accosted you with stories of death and danger.

“Aram Baksh is a demon! Nay, in this accursed city which Stygians built and which Hyrkanians rule—where white, brown, and black folk mingle together to produce hybrids of all unholy hues and breeds—who can tell who is a man, and who a demon in disguise? At night he assumes his true guise and carries his guests off into the desert, where his fellow demons from the waste meet in conclave.”

Allow characters to finish their conversation.

With a purposeful stride you move through the ever-shifting colors of the streets, where the ragged tunics of whining beggars brush against the ermine-trimmed khalats of lordly merchants, and the pearl-sewn satin of rich courtesans. Giant black slaves slouch along, jostling blue-bearded wanderers from the Shemitish cities, ragged nomads from the surrounding deserts, traders and adventurers from all the lands of the East.

The native population is no less heterogeneous. Here, centuries ago, the armies of Stygia had come, carving an empire out of the eastern desert. Zamboula was but a small trading town then, lying amidst a ring of oases, and inhabited by descendants of nomads. The Stygians built it into a city and settled it with their own people, and with Shemite and Kushite slaves. The ceaseless caravans, threading the desert from east to west and back again, brought riches and more mingling of races. Then came the conquering Turanians, riding out of the East to thrust back the boundaries of Stygia, and now for a generation Zamboula has been Turan's westernmost outpost, ruled by a Turanian satrap—Jungir Khan though men whisper that Nafertari, the satrap's mistress, rules Jungir Khan.

Bronze lanterns, carved with leering dragons, had been lighted in the streets before you reached the house of Aram Baksh. The tavern is the last occupied house on the street, which runs west. A wide garden, enclosed by a wall, where date palms grow thick, separate it from the houses farther east. To the west of the inn stand another grove of palms, through which the street, winds out into the desert. Across the road from the tavern stand a row of deserted huts, shaded by straggling palm trees and occupied only by bats and jackals. You wonder why beggars, so plentiful in Zamboula, have not appropriated these empty houses for sleeping quarters. [Show “Figure 1: Aram Baksh’s Neighborhood”]

Aram's gate does not open upon the road but upon the alley which runs between the tavern and the garden of the date palms. You pull lustily on the rope; a black face appears through a wicket in the gate, and lets you in. The wall of the house is unusually high; but there are many thieves in Zamboula, and a house on the edge of the desert might have to be defended against a nocturnal nomad raid. You stride through a garden, where great pale blossoms nod in the starlight, and enter a taproom, where a Stygian with the shaven head of a student sits at a table brooding over nameless mysteries, and some nondescripts wrangle over a game of dice in a corner.

Aram Baksh comes forward, walking softly, a portly man, with a black beard that sweeps his breast, a jutting hooknose, and small black eyes which are never still. “You wish food?” he asks, “Drink?”

After characters are finished eating, drinking, and possibly interacting with other patrons, read on.

Aram shows you your well-appointed chambers, the windows of which, are small and strongly set with twisted bars of iron, tastefully gilded. There are rugs on the floor, a couch, after the Eastern fashion, and ornately carven stools. A second door leads outside. The rooms are much more elaborate than what you could have procured for the price nearer the center of the city.

If characters check outside, they find an enclosed court, the walls flanking the road are low and no lock on the gate leading to the road. Secretly roll to see who gets the “special” room, the one with a trick

opening from the outside and the one where the character will be attacked. The oil lamp has but a few minutes of oil left in it.

Somewhere beyond the palm groves a drum begins.

One hour later a large Darfarian enters the room. Make the silhouette appear demonic.

[Darfarian (AC:8 HD:3 hp:27 Mv:12 Th:16 D:d4+3 SA: SD: Sz:6 XP:140)]

If the Darfarian is slain...

It is a gigantic black man, naked but for a loin cloth. One hand still grasps a knotty-headed bludgeon. The fellow's kinky wool is built up into hornlike spindles with twigs and dried mud. The barbaric coiffure gave the head its misshapen appearance in the starlight.

A cry echoes beyond the court wall. The sound had come from the shadows of the huts across the road. You hear a frantic choking and gurgling such as might result from a desperate attempt to shriek with a hand fastened over the victim's mouth.

[Allow characters to investigate]

A close-knit clump of figures emerge from the shadows beyond the huts and start down the road. The huge blacks carry a slender, struggling figure between them. You catch a glimmer of pale limbs writhing in the starlight, even as, with a convulsive wrench, the captive slips from the grasp of the brutal fingers and comes flying up the road and into the shadows between the huts. The blacks are at her heels. [Show "Figure 2: A Maiden in Distress!"]

[Darfarian (AC:8 HD:3 hp:27 Mv:12 Th:16 D:d4+3 SA: SD: Sz:6 XP:140)]

Part 2: Zabibi, the Dancing Girl, and her Beau

After the assumed battle and victory...

The girl is white, tall, with a slender, supple form and platinum hair. Admiration burns in your eyes as you look down at her hugely splendid bosom and her lithe limbs, which still quiver from fright and exertion.

"They caught me in the streets," she mutters, shuddering. "Lying in wait, beneath a dark arch—black men. Set have mercy on me! I shall dream of it!"

Question and Answer session, so pause between paragraphs

[Why are you out here at night?]

"My lover," she said. "My lover drove me into the streets. He went mad and tried to kill me. As I fled from him I was seized by those beasts."

.....

[What drove him mad?]

"It was the spite of a druid---of Totrasmek, the high druid of Hanuman, who desires me for

himself—the dog!”

.....

[Who is your lover?]

“My lover is a—a Turanian soldier. To spite me, Totrasmek gave him a drug that drove him mad. Tonight he snatched up a sword and came at me to slay me in his madness, but I fled from him into the streets. The Negroes seized me and brought me to this—what was that?” Her face whips up toward the street leading back into the city.

Zabibi is the BID. Everyone should make a competitive roll for her favor.

[Zabibi AC: 10 HD: 1 hp: 3 Th: 20 Mv: 12 D: d2 Sz: 6'0" 140lbs]

S: 10 C: 14 D: 15 I: 14 W: 9 Ch: 15 COM: 19 PER: 13

Vitals: Age: 21 Measurements: 35DDD 24 33 Hair: Platinum Eyes: Light Green Skin: Milky White

Zabibi has the Allure trait as well as Dancing, Etiquette, Cooking and Sex.

They hear sounds of many scuffling feet and chatter. Characters have a chance to respond hiding among the abandoned huts. If they allow the convoy of blacks to pass by, they hear the following.

Twenty or so large black men stroll by speaking in Darfarian. If someone speaks Darfarian read the following. Otherwise, a player might choose to spend one of his Fate Points to “back learn” Darfarian.

“Our brothers are already assembled at the pit,” said one. “We have had no luck. I hope they have enough for us.”

“Aram promised us a man,” muttered another.

“Aram keeps his word,” grunted yet another. “Many a man we have taken from his tavern. But we pay him well. I myself have given him ten bales of silk I stole from my master. It was good silk, by Set!”

After they pass, Zabibi uses her feminine wiles to get the group to search for her lover, “Alafdhal.” She addresses most of her flirting to the winner of the BID contest.

As the characters walk, escorting her back into the city, she speaks, “I am Zabibi, a dancing-girl. I have danced often before the satrap, Jungir Khan, and his mistress Nafertari, and before all the lords and royal ladies of Zamboula. Totrasmek desired me and, because I repulsed him, he made me the innocent tool of his vengeance against Alafdhal. I asked for a love potion of Totrasmek, not suspecting the depth of his guile and hate. He gave me a drug to mix with my lover's wine, and he swore that when Alafdhal drank it, he would love me even more madly than ever and grant my every wish. I mixed the drug secretly with my lover's wine. But having drunk, my lover went raving mad and things came about as I have told you. Curse Totrasmek, the hybrid snake---ahhh!”

She stops short. As you are passing an alley, a man is standing motionless and silent. His head is lowered, but you catch the weird gleam of eery eyes regarding you unblinkingly. His posture suggest madness. He draws his sword and advances.

“Don't kill him!” Zabibi begs.

[Alafdhal (AC:4 HD:8 hp:86 Mv:12 Th:11 D:d8+4/d8+4 SA: SD: Sz:6 XP:450)]

After he has been subdued...

“Follow me!” She hurries along the street, while you stride after her. The girl turns down a narrow side street and presently knocks cautiously at an arched door. Almost instantly a wicket opens in the upper panel, and a black face glances out. She bends close to the opening, whispering swiftly. Bolts creak in their sockets, and the door opens. A giant black man stands framed against the soft glow of a copper lamp.

After they tend to Alafdhal, she turns to her protector:

“You are all good men! Help me! Totrasmek must die! Slay him for me!”

Take the party's thief (or the one with the highest perception (PER) score) aside and tell him that he recognizes that Zabibi is actually Nafertari, mistress of Jungir Khan and Alafdhal is none other than Jungir Khan!

Additionally, he sees she has the famed **Star of Khorala**, a legendary ring of the Queen of Ophir, carelessly lying at rest on the table. He must now decide whether to play along with her game, or reveal her attempted subterfuge before all. Suggest that he may consider pocketing the ring for gain or bribery if things get bad.

If he reveals her secret, she will deny it, saying “I get that often, a resemblance that has provided me many benefits in my life.” She smiles, but those making a PER check at -4 can see a quick icy glance at the thief.

Below is the most logical series of conversations if the thief plays along with her masquerade for now.

If they protest the slaying of Totrasmek, saying they will be a hunted group and the pleading of a “dancing girl” will not stop the Zamboulan guards from feeding the vultures with their bodies.

He is a mongrel, who rules men by fear and superstition. I worship Set, and the Turanians bow to Erlik, but Totrasmek sacrifices to Hanuman the accursed! The Turanian lords fear his black arts and his power over the hybrid population, and they hate him. Even Jungir Khan and his mistress Nafertari fear and hate him. If he were slain in his temple at night, they would not seek his slayer very closely.”

If they ask for a reward:

She approaches _____, [the one who won the BID] “There will be a price!” she breathes, rising on tiptoes, to gaze into his eyes. She pauses, eyes locked with tension, her perfumed breath vaporizing willpower. Turning away she continues, “But stealth will be of utmost concern. Your armor betrays you on such nights as this.”

Zabibi insists she goes, and argues that she knows the temple layout well.

Part 2: The Temple of Hanuman

Characters have little time to prepare. If they ignore her warning about armor, make sure they later understand their folly as they attract more encounters of druids and in Baal-Pteor's chamber. Refer to the map of the temple posted at the end of the adventure.

The temple of Hanuman stands alone in the midst of a broad square, which lays silent and deserted beneath the stars. A marble wall surrounds the shrine, with a broad opening directly before the portico. This opening has no gate or any sort of barrier.

You enter a court paved with marble which gleams whitely in the starlight. A short flight of broad marble steps lead up to the pillared portico. The great bronze doors stand wide open as they have stood for centuries. But no worshipers burn incense within. In the day, men and women might come timidly into the shrine and place offerings to the ape-god on the black altar. At night the people shun the temple of Hanuman as hares shun the lair of the serpent.

Burning censers bath the interior in a soft, weird glow that creates an illusion of unreality. Near the rear of the wall, behind the black stone altar, sits the god with his gaze fixed forever on the open door, through which for centuries his victims had come, dragged by chains of roses. Bestial in the uncertain light, Hanuman leers with his carven mask. He sits, not as an ape would crouch, but cross-legged as a man would sit, but his aspect is no less simian for that reason. He is carved from black marble, but his eyes are rubies, which glow red and lustful as the coals of hell's deepest pits. His great hands lay upon his lap, palms upward, taloned fingers spread and grasping. In the gross emphasis of his attributes, in the leer of his satyr-countenance, is reflected the abominable cynicism of the degenerate cult which deify him. [\[Show "Figure 3: Hanuman the God"\]](#)

Hanuman is covered in vines, which crawl around his arms and body. They snake this way and that, many coming to rest on the worship area by his feet. Looking up, you see that this place would be lighted during the day as a large section of the roof is open to the air.

There is a space of several feet between the broad back of the idol and the marble wall with its frieze of gold leaves. It is to here that Zabibi quickly moves. On either hand, flanking the idol, an ivory door under a gold arch is set in the wall.

"Those doors open into each end of a hair pin-shaped corridor," Zabibi says hurriedly. "Once I was in the interior of the shrine---once! The corridor is bent like a horseshoe, with each horn opening into this room. Totrasmek's chambers are enclosed within the curve of the corridor and open into it. But there is a secret door in this wall which opens directly into an inner chamber---ah!" The girl found it but then: "Set!" she screams. A great misshapen hand fastens itself in her hair. She is snatched off her feet and jerked headfirst through the opening!

Characters have no chance to snatch her back in time, but you may roll some dice to give the impression that they do. Of course after failing their attempt, they will try to break the door which is impossible without a battering ram. There are no handles or locks to pick either.

They must go around the horseshoe area described by Zabibi. Here is information regarding the druid quarters:

1. Each Room #2 has either 1-1st level or 1-2nd level druid evenly distributed.
2. The opposite side of the “horseshoe” has a mirror image of the numbers and levels of druids.
3. The entire temple has vines growing along the walls and even the floors. Druids will take advantage of this with spells such as Entangle and Trip.
4. If characters are without metal armor, and take pains to move quietly, they have an 80% to go unnoticed.
5. Metal armor makes stealth nearly impossible. Roll d6 for every 10’ of movement. On a 1 or 2, they attract the attention of a room with druids.
6. If in the first round of combat, if the druids are not dispatched or silenced, e.g., with a Silence Person spell, their cry will alert 1 or 2 more rooms of druids. Each round this will be repeated until half the “horseshoe” will be engaged in combat.
7. At this point, two druids will break off and alert the other side of the temple. Those druids will start to arrive at a rate of d3 druids per round. Keep track of druids as their numbers are finite (18 in the horseshoe).
8. There are another 15 druids downstairs (which isn’t mapped). Nothing of value is downstairs and that level simply contains the mess hall, kitchen, training rooms, etc.

[Druids (1st) (AC: 10 HD:1 hp:6 Mv:12 Th: 20 D:d6+2 (spiked mace) SA: spells SD: spells Sz:M XP:50)]

First Tier

Strength of Stone

Shillelagh

Faerie Fire

Animal Summoning 1

Entangle

[Druids (2nd) (AC: 10 HD:2 hp:12 Mv:12 Th: 20 D:d6+2 (mace) SA: spells SD: spells Sz:M XP:100)]

First Tier

Strength of Stone

Shillelagh

Faerie Fire

Animal Summoning 1

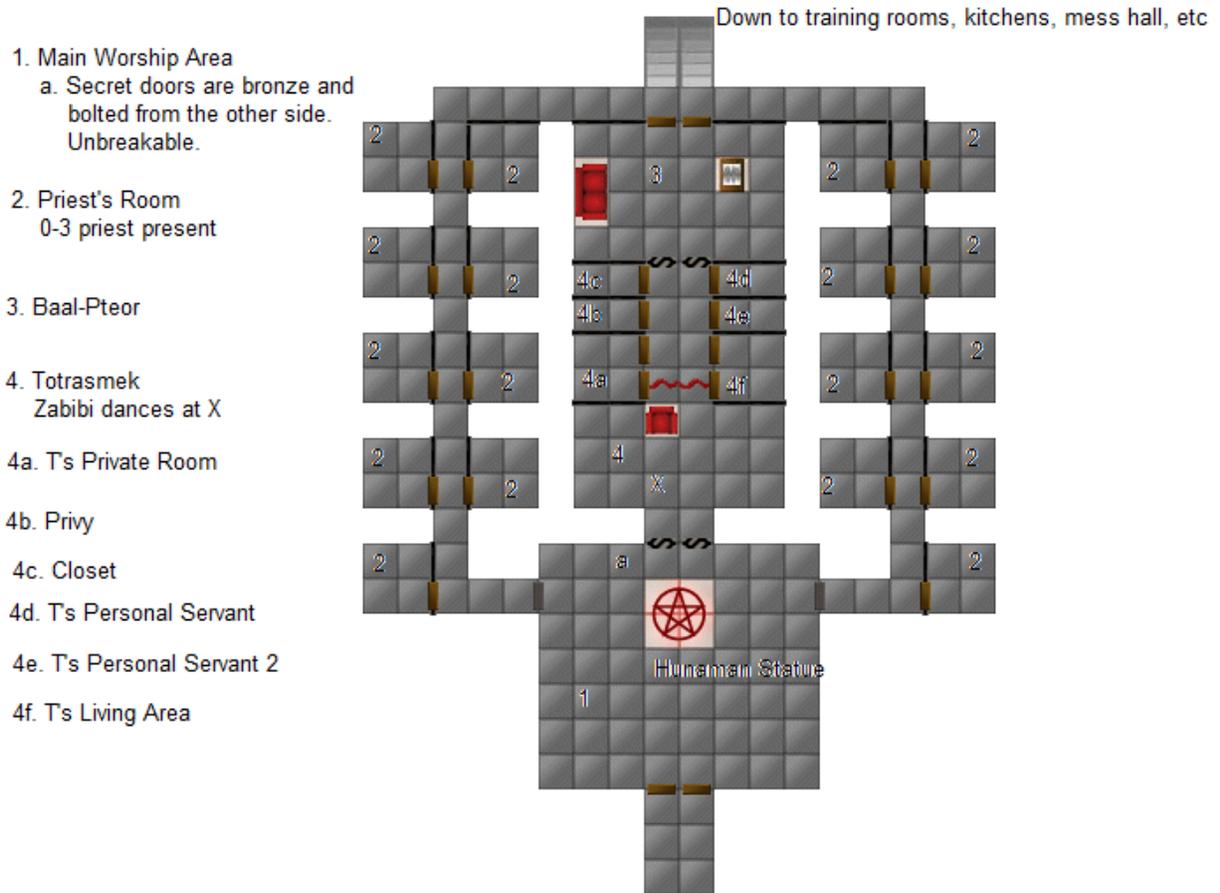
Entangle

Second Tier

Barkskin

Warp Wood

Temple of Hanuman



Baal-Pteor will not join the fight at this point. He will wait for their possible arrival into his chamber where he has the advantage.

When they make it to Room 3, Baal-Pteor's chamber, check where everyone stands and read the following:

You are looking into a broad, square chamber, somewhat more clearly lighted than the corridor. Its walls are of white marble, the floor of ivory, the ceiling of fretted silver. You see divans of rich satin, gold-worked footstools of ivory, a disk-shaped table of some massive, metal-like substance. On one of the divans a man is reclining, looking toward the door. He laughs as he meets you.

This man is naked except for a loin cloth and high-strapped sandals. He is brown-skinned, with close-cropped black hair and restless black eyes that sets off a broad, arrogant face. In girth and breadth he is enormous, with huge limbs on which the great muscles swell and ripple at each slightest movement. His hands are the largest you have ever seen. The assurance of gigantic physical strength colors his every action and inflection.

“I am Baal-Pteor,” the man states. “Once, long ago and in another land, I had another name. But this is a good name, and why Totrasmek gave it to me, any temple wench can tell you.”

[Roll for Initiative]

[On Baal-Pteor's turn read:]

With a swift motion, the brown man throws something at you—a shining crystal sphere that glistens in the weird light. The globe stops short in midair, a few feet from you. It begins to rotate with growing speed. And as it revolves, it grows, expands, becomes nebulous. It fills the chamber. It envelopes you. It blots out furniture, wall, the smiling countenance of Baal-Pteor.

You see your comrades, shimmering versions of their normal selves, and surrounding them and you are great beasts: lions, cave bears, giant coiled serpents.

This spell not only produces illusions which paralyzes those who fail, but activates the magnetic force on the marked table. Two things happen to the characters.

- 1) Save vs Spells or become transfixed. The illusions will not kill. They are there to distract while Baal-Pteor strangles each character one at a time. When a character dies, his image fades to nothing in the mind's of his comrades. This image allows surviving characters to get another Save vs Spells at -2 to break free. A successful save means the character's vision returns to normal but loses 1 round of action in any case to clear his head.
- 2) A powerful magnetic force begins to pull any metal towards it (remember Zabibi's warning). Note the location of the magnetic table with respect to the character's position. For characters to resist, they must make a ST check. Failure means they either must let go of the metal or be drug to the table and be stuck. For every 10 pounds of metal, the ST check is made at -1. Furthermore, if characters are within two squares of the table (w/in 10') they get another -2. If they are within 1 square (5') the penalty is -3. For characters with exceptional strength, subtract a bonus strength level for each -1. For example, a character with an 18/54 ST, and a -5 to save, would save at a 15 (18/01, 18, 17, 16, 15). A character saving in the range of exceptional ST, still fails on a 19 or 20.

Somewhere in the vast hallways of your mind, echo the words of Baal-Pteor, "I shall take your head with my bare hands, twisting it from your shoulders as the head of a fowl is twisted! Thus the sons of Kosala offer sacrifice to Yajur. You look upon a strangler of Yota-pong. I was chosen by the druids of Yajur in my infancy, and throughout childhood, boyhood, and youth I was trained in the art of slaying with the naked hands---for thus are the sacrifices enacted. Yajur loves blood, and we waste not a drop from the victim's veins. When I was a child they gave me infants to throttle; when I was a boy I strangled young girls; as a youth, women, old men, and young boys. Not until I reached my full manhood was I given a strong man to slay on the altar of Yota-pong. For years I offered the sacrifices to Yajur. Hundreds of necks have snapped between these fingers."

[Baal-Pteor (AC:8 HD:10 hp:103 Mv:12 Th:9 D:d4+6 SA:strangle SD: Sz:6'6" XP:3900)
Can inflict d4+3 CON points per round on an unconscious foe until dead.]

Strangle vs Conscious Foe: use grapple rules, but Baal-Pteor does a called shot (-4) to hit the neck. If he wins, he can skip the next phase (equivalent to wrestling proficiency) and immediately begin to do d4+6 damage. If he hits the neck then he also does d4+2 CON points. When CON is <3, the character falls unconscious until CON is 0 or his hp expires whichever is first, at which time he dies.

After the battle, a quick search will reveal a secret door, behind which screams ensue.

Beyond the door lies a hallway, lined with ivory doors. The other end is masked by a rich velvet curtain and from beyond that curtain comes the devilish strains of music as you have never heard, not even in nightmares. Mingling with it is the panting, hysterical sobbing of a woman and the chattering of monkeys.

[Characters moving quietly can pass Totrasmek's assistants. Once combat breaks out against Totrasmek, however, they will be alerted and will move into combat in 2 rounds]

Beyond the curtain you see the back of Totrasmek's chair in which he sits. He watches Zabibi dance among wisps of smoke as he shouts "Dance, girl, Dance! [Show Figure 4: Zabibi and the Cobras]

The room is fully furnished with many comfort pillows scattered around the divans and floor.

[Druids (3rd) (AC: 10 HD:3 hp:18 Mv:12 Th: 18 D:d6+2 (mace) SA: spells SD: spells Sz:M XP:180)]

<u>First Tier</u>	<u>Second Tier</u>	<u>Third Tier</u>
Strength of Stone	Barkskin	Dispel Magic
Shillelagh	Trip	Summon Insects
Faerie Fire	Heat Metal	
Animal Summoning 1		
Animal Friendship		
Entangle		

[Totrasmek 8th level druid (AC:2 HD:8 hp:48 Mv:12 Th:14 (12 vs good) D:d6+1 SA: spells SD: spells Sz:5'6" XP:4000)]

ST: 17; C: 14; D: 12; I: 10; W: 16; CH: 17; COM: 8

He wears **Leather Armor +2** and a **Necklace of Hanuman** bestowing a +4 AC to such worshipers. He wields a **Brass Mace +1, +3 vs Good Creatures**, the top end being cast into the likeness of an ape.

<u>First Tier</u>	<u>Second Tier</u>	<u>Third Tier</u>	<u>Fourth Tier</u>
Strength of Stone	Barkskin	Dispel Magic	Giant Insect (Mantis)
Shillelagh	Trip	Summon Insects	Flying Monkeys
Faerie Fire	Heat Metal	Spike Growth	Produce Fire
Animal Summoning 1	Flame Blade	Snare	Sticks to Snakes
Animal Friendship	Warp Wood		
Entangle			
Detect Poison			

Totrasmek has previously cast Summon Flying Monkeys. Four monkeys are perched on overhangs watching the events unfold, but are commanded to attack any intruders.

[Flying Monkeys (AC:7 HD:2 hp:12 Th:16 from above D: d4+2/d4+2/d4 SA: dive, X2 damage SD: Mv:12 (fly 18 B) S: S ML: 20 EX: 180)]

Characters can opt to get a free hit from behind—thief's backstab is appropriate.

When Totrasmek's eyes glaze over with death, the smoking wisps fade. “The snakes, they vanish with his passing!” Zabibi exclaims and then catches her breath. “The phial!” She moves cat-like to the dead body and unfastens his side pouch withdrawing a crystal glass. But her searching does not stop. She checks his hands for something, then his pockets. Unsatisfied, she jumps up and begins overturning pillows and feels under the small end tables.

If the PC who noticed it earlier took it, the search will, of course, be fruitless but she will search for a d10+3 rounds. Otherwise, she finds it in a d10 rounds.

Once they defeat Totrasmek, the characters have a d10 safe rounds to exit the temple. Note, you should compare this roll with Zabibi's roll to find her ring. The difference between the rolls are the number of safe rounds or the number of unsafe rounds where any remaining druids are searching for the party.

If the number of safe rounds is less than the unsafe rounds, 1d4 druids will be in the main temple area when the characters try to leave. When the druids call for help, 0-3 druids appear each round thereafter until their numbers are spent.

When characters finally ask what she is doing...

He stole from Alafdhal a special ring, the Ring of Khorala. He must have it here somewhere. I hurry because his acolyte druids may come at any time and raise the alarm. The ring has a special power to control any member of the opposite sex if one knows how to use it. The Queen of Ophir would give a king's ransom to have it back for it was from her treasury that it was stolen, to pass through many hands before it came to us.

Halfway through her searching, she runs back to Totrasmek's personal quarters to search there (rooms 4a, 4c, and 4f). Whether she finds it or no, she wants to hurry to return to Alafdhal to use the phial. And on their successful escape...

Zabibi empties the phial down the maniac's gullet. The effect is like magic. Instantly he becomes quiet. The glare fades from his eyes; he stares up at the girl in a puzzled way, but with recognition and intelligence. Then he falls into a normal slumber.

“I must now tell you the truth,” she said. “I am not Zabibi. I am Nafertari. And he is not Alafdhal, a poor captain of the guardsmen. He is Jungir Khan, satrap of Zamboula. I lied to you because I dared not divulge the truth to anyone,” she said. “We were alone when Jungir Khan went mad. None knew of it but myself. Had it been known that the satrap of Zamboula was a madman, there would have been instant revolt and rioting, even as Totrasmek planned, who plotted our destruction. She turns to her favorite of the party. You see now how impossible is the reward for which you hoped. The satrap's mistress is not—cannot be for you. But you shall not go unrewarded. Here is a sack of silver. Go now, and when the sun is up come to the palace. I will have Jungir Khan make you leaders of his guard. Your first duty will be to march a squad to the shrine of Hanuman, ostensibly to search for clues of the druid's slayer.

[If she did not find the ring, read the following:]

In reality it will be to search for the Star of Khorala. It must be hidden there somewhere. When you find it, bring it to me. You have my leave to go now.”

The sack of silver turns out to be 900sp.

Part 4: Epilogue

Characters at this point have several options:

1. They can try to get their revenge on Aram Baksh
2. They can track down the clan of cannibals just outside the city to eliminate them (their number is 48)
3. They can do as Nafertari says and search the temple under the protection of Jungir Khan, serving those two for a time
4. or they can simply leave the city

If they escape with their lives, award PCs with XPs or if you use a simplified system like I do, this adventure should be worth 1/3 of a level for each 4 hour playing session (but no more than 1 level per adventure in any case).

I also keep track and award the following bonuses, each worth 1/10 of a level:

1. Most Damage in a single blow/spell
2. Coolest Critical Hit by a PC
3. Weirdest/Funniest Happening
4. Scribe (one player must write all notes including monsters killed and treasure gained)
5. BID if she is alive and relatively unharmed
6. Best Idea

Ring of Khorala:

When the key word inscribed on the inside of the ring is spoken, the wearer may **charm** as per spell anyone of the opposite sex. Direct eye contact must be made. This power is usable but once per day. It is also extremely valuable. The former owner of the ring, the Queen of Ophir, would gladly pay 4,000 gold pieces for its return, no questions asked. Characters may be reluctant to return it as they do not know that it will be a “no questions asked” exchange.

Summon Flying Monkeys

Level: 4 Casting Time: 4

This spell summons 1d4 flying monkeys who will do 8 hours worth of task or partake in one battle. Monkeys (AC:7 HD:2 hp:12 Th:16 from above D: d4+2/d4+2/d4 SA: dive, X2 damage SD: Mv:12 (fly 18 B) S: s ML: 20 EX: 180); monkeys appear 1 round after summoning.

Figure 1: Aram Bakshs Neighborhood



Figure 2: A Maiden in Trouble!



Figure 3: Hanuman the God



Figure 4: Zabibi and the Cobras

