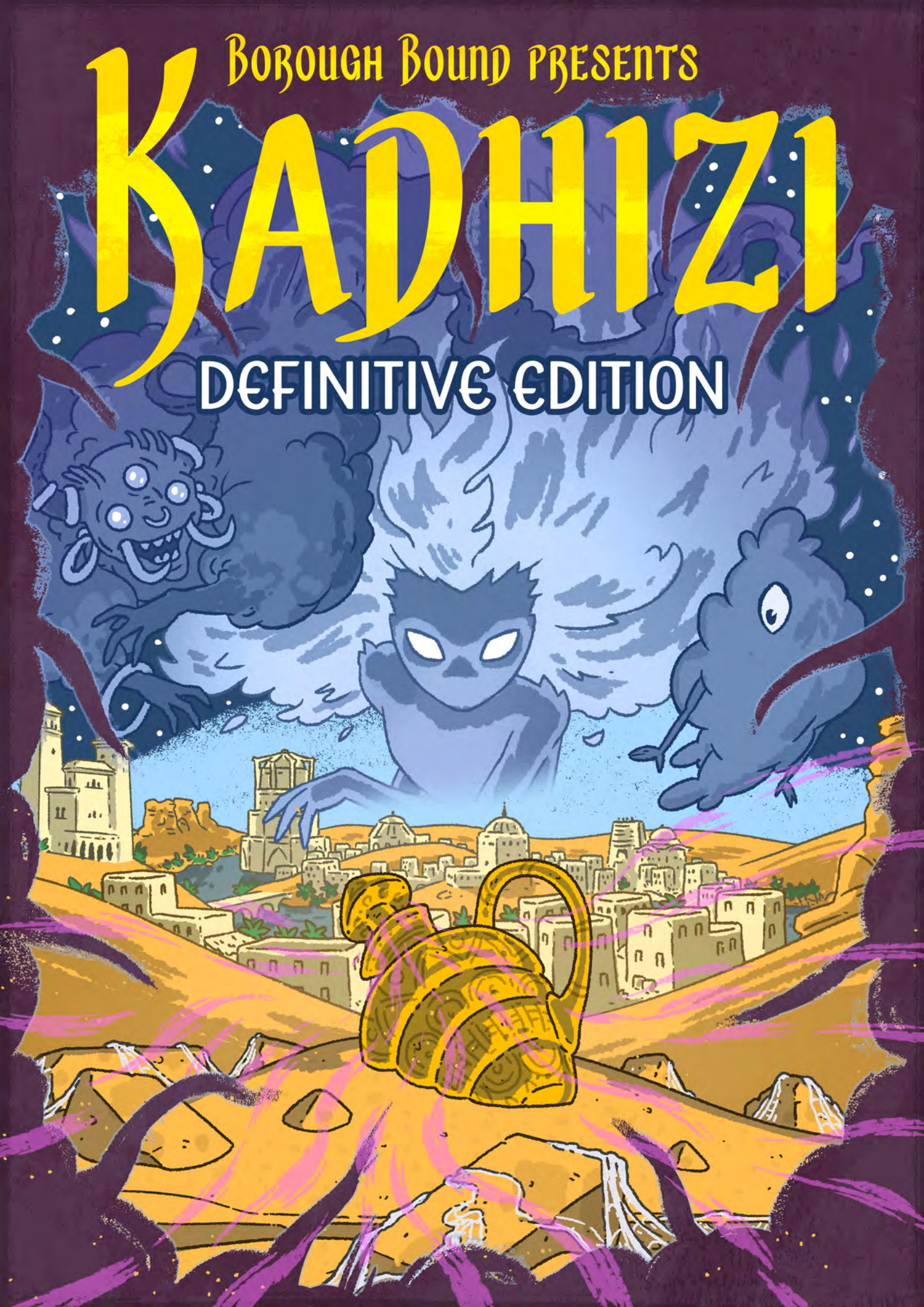


BOROUGH BOUND PRESENTS

# KADHIZI

DEFINITIVE EDITION







## WELCOME TO KADHIZI

There is a romantic image that comes to mind for many adventurers of a genie bottled in some arbitrary vessel, only summoned to provide wishes and then be freed. Copious tales are shared around the multiverse of temporarily bound genies guiding lowly mortals down paths of self-discovery, wonder, and ultimately redemption. The common wisdom, it would seem, is that given the gift of immense magical power, most thoughtful individuals would come to terms with the futility of seeking glory and riches with the snap of a finger. This common wisdom is, of course, a farce. The multiverse is filled with many strange occurrences, but never once has a greedy adventurer been given great power and willingly surrendered it in the name of personal growth.

Like any other adventurer willing to and capable of binding powerful elementals, famed “archaeologist” (that is: uncredentialed tomb robber) Calvin “Cal” Kensington was no altruist. Fatefully, he was also no dummy. He knew the arcane capabilities of any one genie was finite, and true power was found in numbers. After coming into possession of a magical ewer capable of shackling and containing genies, he traveled the world of Ephamel, capturing as many genies as he could.

### Rexi's Research Log | Kadhizi | Entry 1.c

Despite the limited resources in the ewer, the genies and various other sentient creatures (referred to as “walkers”) have been able to establish a surprisingly stable community. Notable landmarks include:

**The Reservoir:** A shockingly deep, self-replenishing source of fresh water and ill-mannered merfolk

**The Elixirium:** An elaborate alchemical laboratory, source of life-giving potions, recreational narcotics, and vibrant paints and dyes

**Two Art Museums:** Seemingly the source of quite a bit of conflict, but stunning galleries nonetheless

**The Casino:** One of few sources of entertainment for the stranded inhabitants

**The Observatory:** A towering cosmological research facility, working toward (as far as I can tell) some means of escape



He hoped to amass enough “earned” favors to guarantee he could truly have whatever he wanted and clean up any messes he created along the way.

Generally speaking, his plan was successful. He gathered dozens of genies in his mystical ewer and continued exploring the realms of Ephamel gathering up additional artifacts from cultures worldwide. Though famed in his homeland for the treasures he stole abroad, he was widely reviled by any indigenous peoples with whom he came into contact, known invariably as a thief, a brigand, and a cultural imperialist.

While ransacking the Tomb of Amunta II, Cal was discovered by a group of furious locals who held him at swordpoint. Cal had knowingly trespassed on an ancient tomb that foreigners were forbidden from entering, let alone plundering. The locals, knowing of Cal’s great misdeeds but not his decorative pitcher full of genies, asked him for any final words. With no other option, Cal called on his first and final wish:

**“I wish for all evildoers in this temple to be forever trapped in my ewer.”**

Calvin, lacking an incredible amount of self-awareness, thought this wish would rid him of his assailants. Of course, the locals were innocent of any wrongdoing, simply trying to protect the venerated tomb, and were spared by the wish. It was Cal himself who was

sucked into the ewer, now permanently trapped in a prison of his own making. The locals ran away as fast as they could and sealed the tomb, hoping to rid the world of Cal and his accursed ewer forever.

Inside the ewer, immediately upon seeing Cal become trapped, all of the bound genies began to attack in an impassioned act of revenge against the man who had taken their freedom. Yet, as they lashed out at him, the ewer started to collapse; massive chunks of engraved gold plummeted to the desert floor, nearly crushing the enraged genies. After some careful experimentation, the genies realized that the structural integrity of the demiplane contained within the ewer was tied to Cal’s life. Despite hating him with every fiber of their being, the genies knew that exacting their revenge would mean dooming themselves. They decided that they had to do everything they could to keep Cal alive, including extending his life far beyond that of a normal human. Through powerful life-giving elixirs, constant supervision, and a strict house arrest, the genies have been able to monitor, care for, and by extension imprison the loathsome archaeologist. And yet, despite combining all their powers, his death now seems imminent, and no one is quite sure what to do.

In the rest of the Ephamel, hundreds of years pass. A handful of explorers, marauders, spirits, and small critters find their way to this arcane antique water jug



that is supposedly locked away from all. Unfortunately, without the necessary word of power to disarm and unseal the ewer, many instead accidentally trigger the trapping mechanism, prompting the pitcher to draw them inside. Forever stuck with the genies and Cal, they live their whole lives in the ewer, raise children, and die. Descendents of these explorers live their lives in the ewer as well. These mortal non-genies are known collectively as walkers, and today their numbers are roughly equal to those of the genies.

The city that these genies and unlucky travelers have built is known as Kadhizi. Equal parts prison and desert paradise, Kadhizi is twice sealed: locked away in a magic jug which is, itself, inside a secured and forgotten tomb. It seems unlikely that anyone will ever be able to release its various denizens from their bizarre demiplanar prison.

That is: until a group of unique adventurers come across the ewer and change everything.

**GM NOTE:** Examples of each of these types of characters will be provided below, but if you need to insert any additional NPCs to flesh out the city, these means of ingress would be the easiest ways to introduce them to Kadhizi.

## How Did You Get Here

The population of Kadhizi has very slowly grown over the roughly three to five centuries since Cal became trapped. This is the result of numerous factors:

1. The Tomb of Amunta II itself already housed plenty of critters (primarily snakes, bats, rats, and other rodents), as well as a few supernatural beings which will be described in later documents.
2. Though the locals sealed this tomb, Cal was not the last adventurer to attempt to explore and plunder it. These archaeologists, raiders, and explorers are overwhelmingly likely to try to snatch the ewer, leading to their imprisonment.
3. Some locals, after witnessing explorers entering the tomb but not returning, have tried inspecting the tomb for themselves. Over the centuries, tales of the accursed ewer have been forgotten, and without the warnings of their ancestors, these locals have also triggered the trapping mechanism.
4. The final category of creatures who found their way into Kadhizi has entered without provoking the jug itself. This is typically the result of a failed teleportation, a ritual spell gone awry, or some other arcane mishap. These off-target magi are exceedingly uncommon.

A group of adventurers is most likely to stumble on Kadhizi when exploring the tomb (or perhaps one just like it) themselves. However, it is also possible that

a more prudent and knowledgeable archaeologist was able to extract the ewer and take it somewhere else. Perhaps a party of adventurers stumbled on this historical artifact in a museum, at a fancy party, or merely tossed aside in the desert sands. Regardless of how they encounter the ewer, without knowing the specific word of power to disarm it, they will probably be unable to resist the banishing magic that has already sealed away so many. After being pulled into the ewer (a thoroughly unpleasant experience that takes roughly six seconds), new inhabitants of Kadhizi generally appear very suddenly somewhere in the sands outside the city proper, usually no more than 1,000 feet from the edge of town.

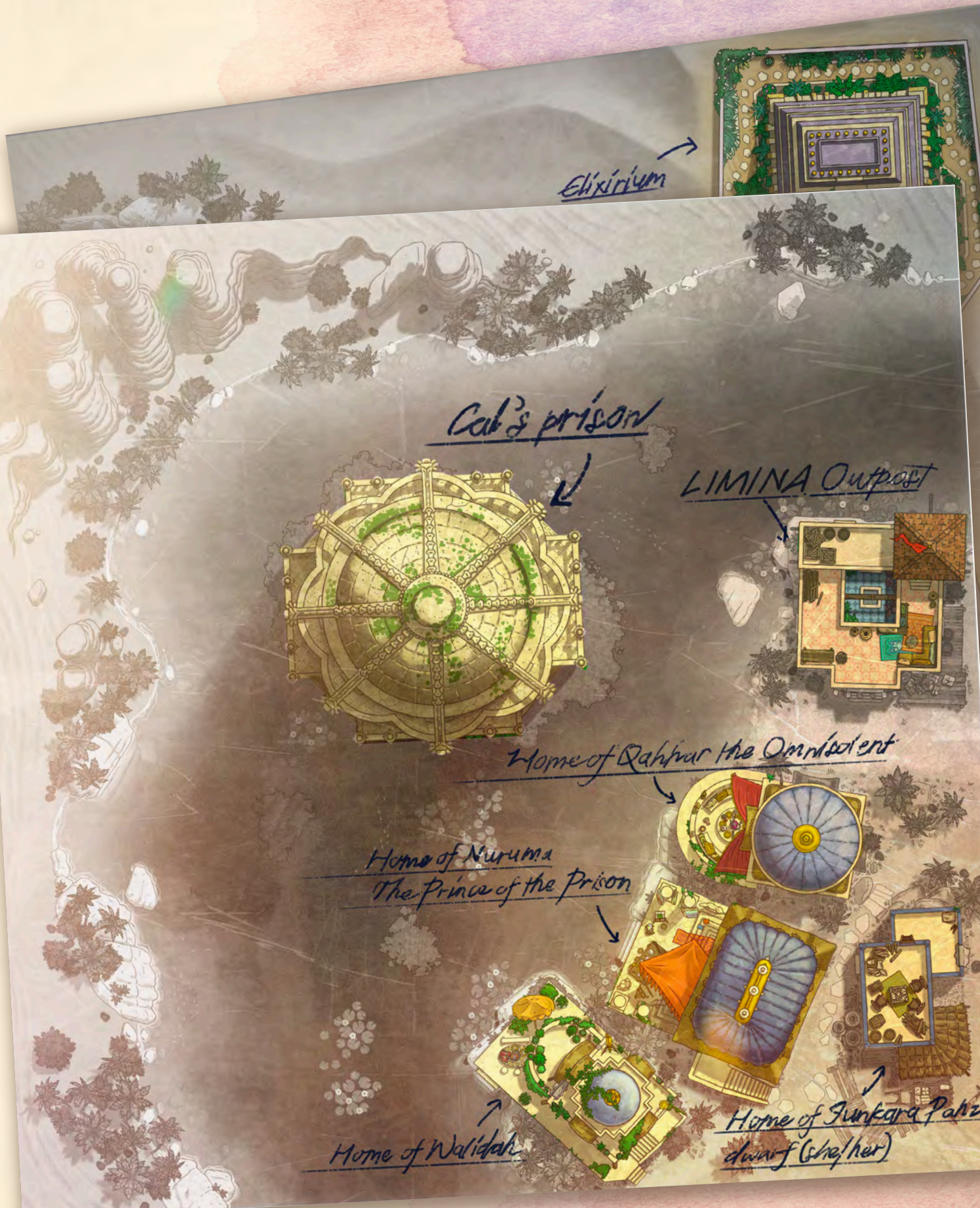
## GEOMETRY AND GEOGRAPHY

The majority of interest within Kadhizi revolves around the central Oasis. The genies and residents have designed their small town around the magically replenishing water source known as the Reservoir (which is described in much greater detail further on). Walking in any direction will lead only to seemingly endless featureless desert dunes. However, the actual dimensions of this desert are far smaller than they would at first seem. Those who try to explore beyond the Oasis will find that they loop back to town after a roughly three-day walk (or in the case of a genie: a two-and-a-half-day flight). For example: if one were to walk east out of town for roughly fifty miles, they would eventually come across the *west* side of town, as though the demiplane were a sphere. Most believe this to indicate that the entire surface contained within the ewer is a roughly 2,500-square-mile desert with nothing but a single town and Oasis to break up the otherwise recursively sandy landscape.

The skies, on the other hand, follow a distinctly different logic. Genies can fly after all, and the residents of Kadhizi have *thoroughly* explored the boundaries of their demiplane. Though a bright desert sun appears to shine in the sky and stars seemingly come out at night, the cosmos beyond is some sort of trick of the ewer. Flying just a mile or so straight up will result in the inside edge of *the jug itself* coming into focus. The intricately hammered gold interior edge becomes immediately completely visible, and the facade of the illusory stars and sky fades away. Despite their best efforts (and Gods know they tried), the genies and the various other residents of Kadhizi have found this boundary to be altogether impenetrable.

These are the bounds within which the genies have spent the past few hundred years, and in which many walkers have spent the entirety of their lives. There is plenty of space to explore, but nothing to be found. There are sights to be seen, but no reason to see them. Without hope of escape, all that remains is what life you are able to make for yourself in the strict confines of the ewer.





Elixirium →

Cat's prison ↙

LIMINA Outpost ↙

Home of Qahvir the Omnipotent ↙

Home of Nuruma  
The Prince of the Prison ↙

Home of Walidah ↗

Home of Junkara Pahze  
dwarf (she/her) ↗



## TAXONOMY OF GENIES

All genies in Kadhizi have a few traits in common:

1. They have no legs but can hover in the air.
2. They do not need to eat, drink, breathe, or sleep.
3. Though they have innate sizes and forms, they are able to magically grow, shrink, or otherwise contort their pliable elemental bodies.
4. Though not *truly* immortal, their lifespans are so long that they might as well be.
5. So long as they are bound by the ewer, they cannot willingly inflict harm upon any genie, including themselves.
6. Genies *can* reproduce, but only with mortals. This is already a rare occurrence outside the demiplane, and most within Kadhizi consider it too cruel to bring a new half-genie into the world knowing they'll be stuck in the ewer.
7. All genies have *some* form of magical ability, but for most, it is highly specific.<sup>1</sup> Common to all, however, is limited telekinesis, a power that has proven invaluable for actually *constructing* their homes and other buildings.

Kadhizi is home to 4 distinct subtypes of genies: Wild, Spark, Dream, and Memory. These categories determine the general magical abilities available to any given genie, their size and color, and some aspects of their personality.

### WILD GENIES

**Color:** Natural greens

**Size:** Roughly the height of a human, though they typically float a foot or so off the ground, so as to appear larger than the humans of Kadhizi

**Magic:** All Wild Genies are able to produce flora seemingly out of thin air. Any vegetation in Kadhizi is the result of Wild Genie magic. It is only because of this magic that mortals have survived more than a few days in the ewer; the farms that the Wild Genies create generate the vast majority of the nourishment consumed by the walkers. Individual Wild Genies may have other nature-based magic: the ability to speak with animals and plants, treat minor illnesses, and transmute small amounts of organic material.

**Personality:** Wild Genies tend to be gregarious and are on average the most accepting and friendly towards non-genies. Though they party much less now than during the early days of the ewer, they're still known to be the most social, and will frequently host soirées or plan city-wide fêtes. Wild Genies are considered to be free thinkers, unbounded by the conventions of their peers or the world they left behind.

<sup>1</sup> By chance, there was only one genie in Kadhizi capable of granting wishes, and she was the one whose magic sealed Cal in the ewer. After granting this single wish, she was no longer bound to the demiplane, and immediately teleported to parts unknown.

**Societal Responsibilities:** Wild Genies have taken on most of the burden of simply keeping the walkers (including Cal) alive. Though far from a full-time job, thanks to the expediency of magic, it is one of the more taxing responsibilities for a group of beings who exist more or less beyond the confines of scarcity.

### SPARK GENIES

**Color:** Vibrant yellows and oranges

**Size:** The smallest of the genies, roughly the size of a warbler or sparrow

**Magic:** Spark Genies are able to generate and conduct small amounts of electricity, heat, plasma, or other energy. Though the residents of Kadhizi have very limited technology, some arcanomechanical applications in the city (namely the Observatory and the Elixirium) require a fair bit of controlled power. Other minor powers that Spark Genies have manifested include the ability to generate light, magnetic charges, and on rare occasions, open flame.

**Personality:** Spark Genies are unpredictable. One moment they will be calm and collected, and the next they will be throwing a temper tantrum, followed quickly by a burst of inspiration. The chaotic nature of Spark Genies certainly makes them entertaining, but also causes them to have trouble maintaining long-term relationships. As such, many end up heavily invested in their jobs and hobbies as a healthier outlet for their capricious natures.

**Societal Responsibilities:** Due to their magical gifts, Spark Genies are invaluable to the operation of the Elixirium and in assisting researcher Neena Fillaz in her towering observatory. They are also the most prolific artists in Kadhizi, creating music, pottery, and elaborate rugs and other fiber arts.

### DREAM GENIES

**Color:** Pale purple with splotches of white

**Size:** Shorter and wider than Wild Genies, perhaps closer to a chimpanzee

**Magic:** When Cal was originally hunting genies, he focused primarily on tracking down Dream Genies, mistakenly believing that their powers to divine the world as it is and may soon be would also translate to the ability to change it. Instead, Dream Genies tend to have moderate aptitudes relating to foresight, truth detection, and (as their name suggests) dream manipulation. In total, there are very few bonafide soothsayers amongst their ranks, but minor divinations have their own degree of power.

**Personality:** Dream Genies are imaginative, mystical, and often a bit loopy. To someone unfamiliar, many of their behaviors might come across as, at best, random and, at worst, deranged. Even those who know Dream Genies well would attest that their



behavior is not always predictable or comprehensible, but that they always seem to be fully aware and unashamed of their idiosyncrasies.

**Societal Responsibilities:** Generally speaking, foresight is not a terribly necessary skill in a pocket dimension within which very little tends to change. Instead, Dream Genies take their profound insights and turn it back on the other residents, offering counseling, spiritual guidance, and, for lack of a better term, “life coaching.”

## MEMORY GENIES

**Color:** Various shades of grey

**Size:** Much larger than a human, up to 12 feet tall, and more amorphous than the smaller genies

**Magic:** Memory Genies are able to probe deep into mortals’ thoughts (either with or without consent) and also to empathize deeply with them. While “reading minds” is very clearly a supernatural ability, it might not be quite so obvious that “fully comprehending and sympathizing with another’s state of mind” is. Any walker in Kadhizi though would attest that having a genie listen, believe their confessions, and validate their emotions is among the most impressive magics found in the ewer. Memory Genies also have infallible memories and a limited ability to control others’ perception: drawing focus toward or away from certain events or individuals. Occasionally, they may even receive glimpses of memories that are neither theirs nor those of individuals nearby.

**Personality:** Often dismissively described as merely “wise,” Memory Genies also tend to be deeply troubled. Understanding the pain of others does not always allow one to accept these same emotions in oneself. This can lead to self-destructive behavior, social isolation, and feelings of bitterness or resentment. Most in Kadhizi recognize that this trait is not the fault of the Memory Genies, but some still have little patience for their moodiness nonetheless.

**Societal Responsibilities:** Memory Genies tend to be the planners in Kadhizi. Whereas other genies may be a bit more fickle or irrational, Memory Genies usually have a logical and well-considered approach to city management. When necessary, Memory Genies are also the historians of the ewer, and any one of them can be called on to recollect with pinpoint accuracy various events from Kadhizi’s past.

## GENIE NAMES

There are three general naming conventions for genies that tend to be dictated by their subtype. Spark and Dream Genies take on the familiar **first name + title** form, with their title being both fluid over time and bestowed on them by others. Most (though not all) genies identify as either male or female and choose a first name for themselves accordingly. A ge-

nie’s innate appearance does not suggest any gender, but many genies magically reshape their form aid in gender expression.

Memory Genies, however, do not identify with genders and also do not use titles. They rarely feel the need to morph their physical form for any reason, and thus present as genderless. When selecting a singular name for a Memory Genie, feel free to pull from either list.

1d8	Male Names	Female Names	Titles
1	Aretas	Adra	Emir on High
2	Babefemi	Bast	of Marvels
3	Giabba	Faizah	the Oracular
4	Jabari	Leenai	Prophet of the Profane
5	Maimun	Nashwa	Sultan of Salt
6	Oubastet	Rehema	Shadebringer
7	Said	Shula	the Unkind
8	Tarik	Zaliki	The Worthy

Wild Genies use a completely different naming convention, perhaps inspired by the druids and Syl-vans with whom they would normally be spending their days. Wild Genie names take the form of **flower / plant + weather / time of day**. As genies are born from pure elemental chaos, their surnames are unrelated to any families, but as all the most popular flowers started getting chosen as given names, Wild Genies felt obligated to add secondary names to avoid confusion. While Wild Genies do often identify and present as male or female, their names are nonetheless unisex.

1d8	Male Names	Female Names
1	Allium	Breeze
2	Fiddleneck	Downpour
3	Lotus	Dusk
4	Marjoram	Flurry
5	Ocotillo	Gust
6	Puschkinia	Hail
7	Sycamore	Morn
8	Yarrow	Noon



## CALVIN KENSINGTON (HE/HIM)

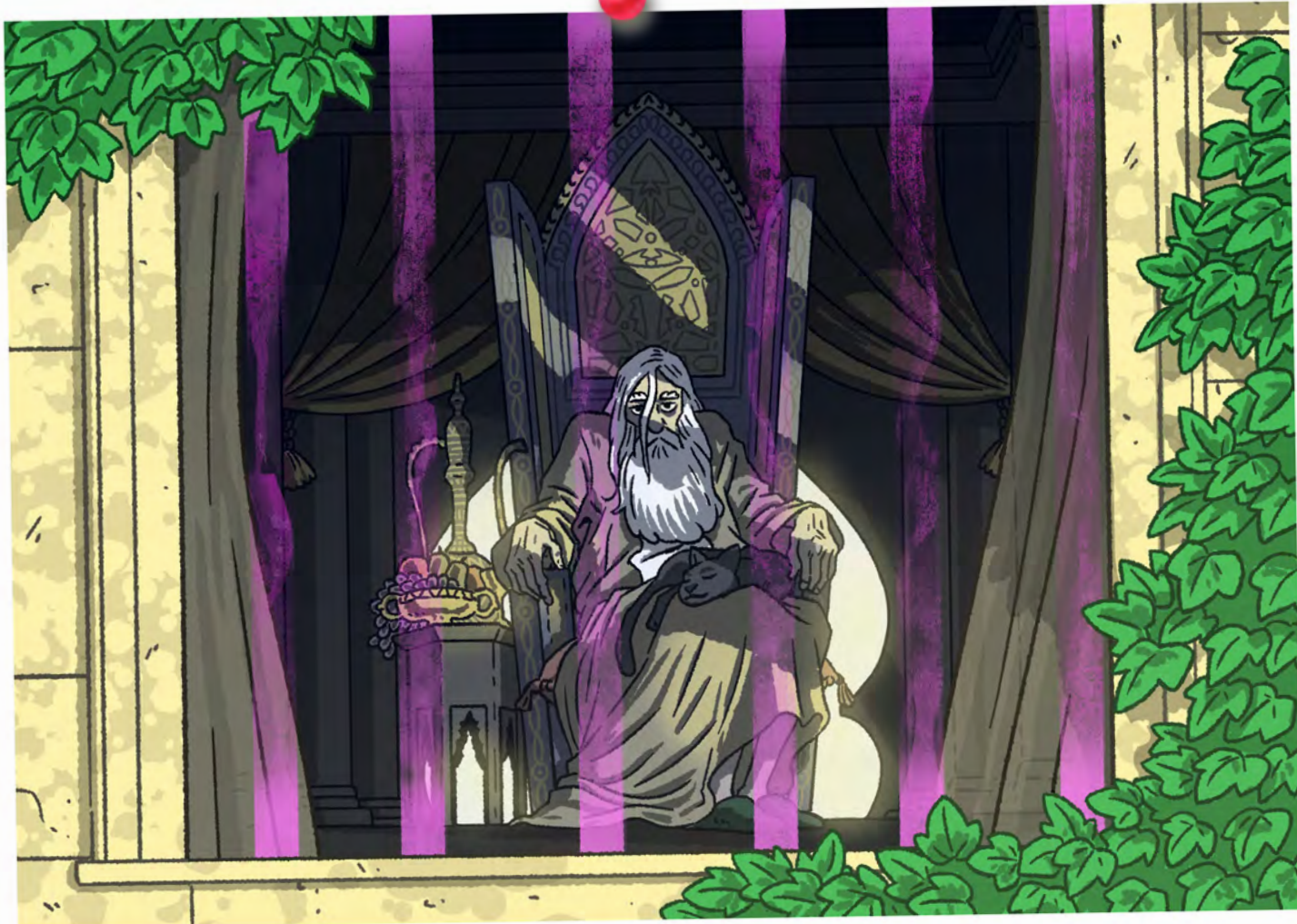
It's impossible to understand life in Kadhizi without first understanding Calvin Kensington. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Cal was afforded every possible luxury as a child. Whereas most children in his hometown were rapidly ushered into exhausting industrial apprenticeships that would become their lifelong livelihoods, Cal was instead instructed by his wealthy and eccentric uncle in various skills and talents completely irrelevant to the lives of most of his peers: slingshot marksmanship, trapeze artistry, strategic thermoregulation, art history, mincart operation, hieroglyphic reading comprehension, and celestial navigation. These various aptitudes left him wholly unprepared to interact with his contemporaries, but uniquely equipped to travel the material plane for the sake of "research."

Despite Calvin's exorbitant inherited wealth, he still relied primarily on governmental and commercial grants to fund his archaeology expeditions. Typically, this funding was easily secured so long as a bribe was made: the institutions would fund his travels provided Calvin would bring back various artifacts to be hoarded and displayed at their various palaces and museums. With the blessings and backing of powerful organizations, Cal was able to explore, study, and plunder any civilizations he desired, with official endorsements from the same nation that was simultaneously robbing these societies of their natural resources.

In his pre-Kadhizi days, Calvin was shrewd and manipulative. Most importantly, he was always able to spin his life's work into something noble. His sales pitch was simply that the artifacts, trinkets, and manuscripts he lifted from foreign locales were better appreciated, more thoroughly studied, and far safer from the threat of societal upheaval in the hands of his home nation. His compatriots overwhelmingly agreed with this sentiment.

After getting trapped in the ewer, Calvin didn't put up a fight. He didn't plead for mercy or try to establish himself as a ruler. Instead, finally and swiftly beaten, Cal immediately became stoic and forlorn. As the genies quickly pieced together that they would have to keep Calvin 1) safe, 2) healthy, and 3) supervised in perpetuity, Cal said nary a word. To this day, with his lifespan artificially extended for hundreds of years, Cal is still mostly silent and expressionless, fully retreated into himself. At first many of the genies presumed that this was a ruse, an easy ploy to distract them while he planned some grand escape or revenge. Time has, however, proven those suspicions wrong.

In his extreme old age, Cal is now barely able to leave bed. Shriveled, decrepit, and nearing an unavoidable death, Cal withers day-by-day, slowly approaching the theorized collapse of Kadhizi that will destroy all within. All that he requests of his wardens is that he be allowed to gaze out the window of his prison, watching the bats fly comparatively free in the sandy mass grave he created for all the creatures in his sight.





## CAL'S PRISON

As soon as the genies of Kadhizi came to understand that the stability of their demiplane was tied to the health and wellness of Cal himself, they came to the agonizing conclusion that they would have to both cater to his health and protect him *forever*, or at least until they were able to devise a means of escape. In the meantime, it seemed as though *his death* would inevitably lead to *their deaths*. Step one was to construct a suitable “home” (that is: jail cell / hospital) to house Calvin indefinitely. Though Cal didn't resist, the genies feared he might one day plan an escape. Suspecting that this would lead to either an accidental death, a solo escape plan, or some sort of attempted coup, the genies dedicated quite a bit of time to constructing a prison that would all at once be easily observed, difficult to escape, and (of course) aesthetically pleasing for the discerning residents of Kadhizi.

The design they settled on was a pseudo-palace in the center of the Reservoir, visible from almost anywhere in Kadhizi. The structure itself—which would seem as though it were a shrine, one-man alcázar, or floating mansion—is actually an elaborate puzzle box: layered traps, arcane wards, and interlocking apparatus would have to be dexterously manipulated if anyone were to attempt to extract Cal's degenerating body from within. The genies have no issues entering and exiting, but only because they are able to squeeze their pliable, nebulous forms into extremely narrow spaces, such as the roughly two-inch hole that they use as a “door” into the prison.

Despite the genies' resentment of Cal, the prison is surprisingly well-appointed. Perhaps inspired by their own experiences in Kadhizi, they felt that no one—not even an imperialist monster—deserved to live an eternity in an entirely featureless void. The prison contains a charming and well-stocked study, full exercise room, opulent bedchambers, and a surprisingly luxurious washroom. For centuries, Cal would putz about, read and reread the various texts the Memory Genies transcribed (from memory, of course), and maintain tiptop physical shape. As his mind and body deteriorated from the inevitable march of time, however, he became increasingly bedridden.

**GM NOTE:** For any number of reasons, a party of adventurers is likely to want to meet, interrogate, free, or kill Cal. The prison is designed primarily to keep interlopers like these pesky adventurers out, and also to provide a challenging puzzle-oriented dungeon in the middle of the city. Feel free to adorn the prison with traps and puzzles, or populate it with guards (either genies, summoned creatures, or tomb-creatures who may have become trapped in the ewer). For added difficulty, some form of magical dampening would be useful to prevent higher-level spellcasters from simply teleporting into the prison.

**Nuruma, the Prince of the Prison (he/him):** *The noble prison nurse (Spark Genie).* Despite his title, Nuruma is quite far from being in charge of the goings-on at Cal's prison. He is, however, deeply motivated by aspirations of nobility and honor. In truth, his tasks include much of the rote maintenance work in the prison: cleaning and sterilizing the equipment, keeping track of elixir schedules, and bringing meals to Cal. His position is much closer to a hybrid janitor / nurse, honorable professions to be sure, but jobs that Nuruma may have otherwise thought were beneath him... were it not for the title that was reluctantly bestowed upon him by his peers.

**Walidah (they/them):** *The memory searcher (Memory Genie).* Perhaps the bitterest of all genies, Walidah may also be the likeliest one to someday help the residents of Kadhizi escape. Walidah has been tasked with being spiritually bonded to Cal, plumbing the sum of his memories, and trying to find any errant detail from his terrestrial life that may help the residents better understand the ewer. In exploring the thoughts of a deeply self-centered, xenophobic, and greedy man, Walidah has become increasingly mentally unwell, prone to lashing out, and uncomfortable around others. They still maintain their daily duties but have largely abandoned the company of their fellow genies.

## REXI RAERQEN (SHE/HER)

The world of Ephamel in which the ewer sits is just one of many worlds in the vast multiverse. Traversing all of these various planes of existence are the couriers of LIMINA (*For more information about LIMINA, see “Intro to Limina.”*), the interdimensional postal service. One such messenger is Rexi Raerqen, a scatterbrained gnome who is a bright-eyed new courier with LIMINA. While attempting to travel to Ephamel proper to deliver a classified communiqué, Rexi's teleportation either malfunctioned or was disrupted by the arcane pull of the magic pitcher. Rexi appeared in Kadhizi much like everyone else banished over the past few centuries and has spent the past few weeks scrambling to figure out what to do.

Rexi's appearance in Kadhizi led to substantially more questions than were directed to other newcomers over the years. Typically, when a LIMINA courier arrives in a new location, they do their best to keep a low profile, deliver their assigned packages, and pick up any additional deliveries that need to be made to other realms. Rexi though, unable to travel to Ephamel, has been forced to explain her situation to the locals. Needless to say, many Kadhizi residents consider Rexi their best chance of escaping the ewer and have placed quite a bit of faith in the belief that her magical proclivities will help them somehow subvert the planar binding that keeps them captive. They have written *hundreds* of letters that they hope Rexi will deliver to various forces outside the ewer in the hopes that one might intercede and release them from their prison.



Unfortunately, Rexi's particular means of postal teleportation allows her to traverse back and forth between her target dimension and LIMINA's demi-planar headquarters, but until she delivers her package, she is unable to travel *anywhere else*. She is unable to exit the ewer into Ephamel, unable to take anyone with her to LIMINA HQ, and though not technically trapped in Kadhizi, she *is* stuck jumping back and forth between these two demiplanes, neither of which are where she needs to go.

Rexi's mental state is deteriorating, and she is rapidly succumbing to frenzy. She wants to help the residents of Kadhizi, she wants to deliver her package, and she desperately wants to not get fired. She has thus far withheld information from her employers who continue to berate her whenever she returns to homebase. Her magical expertise is extremely limited, and quite frankly, she's buckling under the pressure.

## HELPING REXI

Once the party of adventurers becomes trapped in Kadhizi themselves, their first concern should be "how do we get out?" Assuming their adventures don't end in Kadhizi, they will *eventually* have to find a means of egress from the ewer; this overarching goal will invariably dictate many of the decisions the party makes while trapped.

Aiding Rexi in her travels will likely be the first opportunity with which they are presented to free themselves and the rest of the residents. How best to aid Rexi in her quest is ultimately up to the GM, and a complex or roundabout solution may motivate an intriguing string of objectives for the adventurers. Rexi has already attempted a number of escape plans, so the party will most likely have to explore the rest of Kadhizi in search of answers. The three steps to help Rexi are **1)** identify what is causing her teleportation to malfunction, **2)** eliminate the source of this interference, and **3)** ensure that Rexi is able to help the travelers once she completes her delivery.

**GM NOTE:** If an interdimensional courier doesn't fit neatly into your campaign, feel free to swap out portions of Rexi's biography to better suit your larger narrative. You can decide that instead of being a teleporting postal carrier, she's a devi trying to deliver a message from a powerful deity. Alternatively, you can simply rewrite her into a powerful but absentminded wizard trying to perfect her teleportation magic. Maybe she's a fey traveler who had hoped to play a trick on the mortals of Ephamel, but was duped herself into casting a faulty spell. If the character of Rexi simply doesn't fit the themes or lore of your world, it's also possible to remove her from the story altogether. There will be additional means of escaping Kadhizi presented in future documents.



LIMINA couriers are well-equipped to travel the planes and rarely, if ever, find it difficult to simply arrive at their intended destination. As such, whatever is confounding Rexi's ability to travel is clearly beyond her control. Some potential issues that might be impacting her teleportation are provided on the next page, along with a smattering of potential solutions to each problem.

Of course, solving the issue of Rexi's teleportation is only the first part of escaping Kadhizi. Even once she can leave Kadhizi and travel to Ephamel proper, the party will still be depending on her to help them escape. Any number of issues may arise once she arrives in the outside world. If you'd like to add an additional layer of challenge or randomness, feel free to roll on the second table.



1d4	Problem	Potential Solution
1	The ewer's powerful magical draw is keeping anyone from teleporting into Ephamel from other extraplanar spaces, and Rexi is simply the first person to run into this issue.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>a. Use various artifacts found throughout Kadhizi to temporarily disable the jug's trapping mechanism.</li> <li>b. Coordinate the timing of Rexi's teleportation to coincide with the exact moment someone else is getting trapped in the ewer.</li> </ul>
2	The intended recipient of Rexi's delivery is not who she thinks it is.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>a. The addressee is actually someone in Kadhizi. Figure out who it is (maybe they're using a pseudonym) and deliver the package.</li> <li>b. The intended recipient is dead. Conduct a seance and discover where the recipient's soul truly resides.</li> </ul>
3	Rexi has been sabotaged by one of her bosses, and her magical teleportation has been tampered with.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>a. Coach Rexi and/or telepathically direct her so as to confidently confront her boss.</li> <li>b. Enter Rexi's subconscious dreamscape in order to remove the psychological tampering that is causing her spellcasting to misfire.</li> </ul>
4	The package itself is interfering with Rexi's teleportation.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>a. LIMINA packages are protected by layered arcane wards, but someone (or something) in Kadhizi may be able to help destroy it.</li> <li>b. Summon LIMINA's Postal Inspection Service to Kadhizi, and conduct a formal legal proceeding to establish the package as unfit for delivery.</li> </ul>

1d4	Problem	Outcome
1	The ewer's powerful magical draw is keeping anyone from teleporting into Ephamel from other extraplanar spaces, and Rexi is simply the first person to run into this issue.	Unless the party personally directs Rexi to deliver a help request to an NPC that is confirmed to be able to help, it is acceptable to simply determine that Rexi fails to reach anyone with the means to free everyone from the ewer, and that the party will have to find another means of escape.
2	The intended recipient of Rexi's delivery is not who she thinks it is.	If the party did not see this coming and did not concoct a viable failsafe, this is likely a fail state.
3	Rexi has been sabotaged by one of her bosses, and her magical teleportation has been tampered with.	The party will likely still escape, but anywhere between 1 and 30 days may pass between now and then. The party must both survive and keep Cal safe in the meantime.
4	The package itself is interfering with Rexi's teleportation.	Any number of potential complications might arise based on whose aid the party sought. A secret villain might use their freedom as a bargaining chip, or might release them directly into another prison.

## LIMINA OUTPOST

The genies and walkers of Kadhizi have quickly come to Rexi's aid, building her a small makeshift post office to serve as her homebase. This ramshackle but cozy hut has been bombarded by a tornado of letters to be delivered alongside the stacks of research notes Rexi has cobbled together.

In lieu of another option, Rexi will likely allow the party of adventurers to call this outpost their homebase from which they can plan an escape. It's not big, it's not particularly comfortable, but (unsurprisingly) Kadhizi doesn't exactly have the typical array of tav-

erns and inns that adventurers would normally rely on when traveling through unfamiliar locales.

**Qahhar the Omniscient (he/him):** The pitcher prophet (Dream Genie). Unlike many seers, Qahhar's great fault is not the fallibility of his omens nor his hubris. In fact, Qahhar's predictions are stunningly accurate and his humility is unmatched among genies. Unfortunately, Qahhar's foresight is limited to one hyper-specific purpose: he can tell exactly how long it will be until the next creature gets sucked into the ewer. He can't say who or what it will be, but he has not been wrong once.



By chance, Kadhizi once spent over two years without so much as a rat getting banished within. When Qahhar made the proclamation that it would be two full years before the next resident would be trapped, everyone said his predictions must be off. When finally his prediction came to pass, he was honored with his title of “the Omniscient.” Despite his perfect track record, Qahhar laments the specificity of his powers, and is generally apologetic and self-deprecating.

## PLOT HOOK: DESTRUCTION OF THE EWER

Cal’s death is imminent. Genie magic has kept him alive for hundreds of years, but no amount of restorative elixirs will allow a human to truly live forever. As his body and his mind continue to fade, the ewer itself is starting to crumble in on itself. While it is not clear what will happen if the gold pitcher were to fully collapse—will everyone just get blinked out of existence?—it’s clear that no good will come from it.

Even more troubling, the ewer is rapidly eroding even before Cal’s soul fully departs. And with this deterioration, a dangerous new variety of genies has begun to roam the dunes, a breed of genie never before found in the outside world. The residents of Kadhizi have dubbed these spirits Delirium Genies, and it seems altogether possible that they will destroy Kadhizi society well before the ewer actually collapses.

## DELIRIUM GENIES

**Color:** Bold scarlets and crimsons

**Size:** Massive. Larger even than Memory Genies. Up to 30 feet tall, and far more volatile in shape and form.

**Magic:** Delirium Genies display a wide range of magical abilities, all of which seem to have great destructive capabilities. Some have been seen creating vortexes of fire, many have kicked up sand into violent storms, and others have caused those nearby to rapidly lose control of their minds. Their magic is unpredictable, dangerous, and wholly incompatible with the way of life the other genies have established. This magic seems only intent on destroying Kadhizi and eliminating all creatures within it.

**Personality:** It is difficult to ascribe “personalities” to these barely sentient clouds of malice. Delirium Genies wander the dunes, creating storms, warping the terrain, and unleashing treacherous magical disturbances. When they have gotten near to town, they’ve shown themselves capable of harming other genies, despite the fact that bound spirits are typically unable to inflict physical pain on one another.

**Societal Responsibilities:** N/A

With each passing day, Cal’s body and mind decline, and with this deterioration comes more Delirium Genies and more shards of gold crashing down onto the floor of the demiplane. Even if Cal is *technically* able to survive due to some medically induced coma or magical loop-hole, the current state of Kadhizi is quite unsustainable.

**GM NOTE:** If you’d prefer for a less immediately hostile arc in your campaigns, you need not make the threat of Delirium Genies quite so dire and pressing. It should suffice to simply *imply* the threat they pose, and suggest that—perhaps years down the road—Delirium Genies and a collapsing demiplane will make survival untenable in the ewer. Alternatively, for campaigns with a greater emphasis on combat, you can present the town of Kadhizi in the midst of ongoing onslaught as soon as the players arrive.

While exploring Kadhizi (either out in the dunes, or even on the edge of town), a party of adventurers may end up confronting one or more Delirium Genies. They can be vanquished by traditional means, but it’s not clear whether the new spirits that are spawning out in the dunes are newly re-formed genies whose essences have not been properly destroyed, or whether the true source of Delirium is endlessly generating new behemoths.





## THE NATURE OF THE EWER

Though the adventurers might not ever discover the true nature of the ewer, the truth *does* exist, and unraveling this mystery might allow the adventurers to find a more permanent solution. Feel free to choose one of the options below, roll for it, or combine various options to suit your campaign.

1. The ewer is an ancient vessel that has been passed down through Cal Kensington's family, and its magic is thus **tied to his bloodline**. With no heir, the ewer is self-destructing.
2. The genies' conclusions from their experiments were faulty: the ewer isn't synchronized with Cal's *health* but his **attitude**. If Cal can die peacefully and guilt free, Kadhizi will stabilize. The current maelstrom of violence is caused by Cal's depressive introspection and self-loathing.
3. Centuries ago, the ewer was bestowed with a powerful ward that would **protect its owner** from all harm. Cal wasn't trapped because of his wish, but because the ewer wanted to protect him. Now the ewer senses that the genies have become a danger to Cal and is thus fighting back against them.
4. Unsurprisingly, the ewer was **never intended to hold this many creatures**, and is now buckling under the weight of the souls it has harvested. If the population were to suddenly drop, Kadhizi might be spared.
5. The ewer is **sentient**, containing the soul of either 1) a powerful archdemon, 2) the first genie, 3) an ancient pharaoh's sickly child, or 4) Cal's distant ancestor. Perhaps the ewer could be reasoned with, if only the party could figure out how to speak with it...
6. Cal has been **psychically controlling** the ewer all along, and he has decided that with his final few days remaining, he wants to take everybody down with him.
7. Inevitably, the ewer *will* collapse when Cal dies, but that's not what's happening right now. Cal's health is actually better than it appears. The present mayhem is the result of the ewer trying to fight back against an **interplanar threat**: presumably one Rexi Raerqen.
8. The ewer and Cal's health are intrinsically linked, but both are strongly influenced by **belief**. Cal's health is deteriorating because the residents of Kadhizi are giving up hope, leading to a reinforcing cycle of deterioration. If the genies and walkers could reshape their thinking, Cal and his gold pitcher would be saved.

## TOTAL COLLAPSE

It is quite possible that even with great effort the adventurers and the residents of Kadhizi will be unable to stop the ewer from collapsing. Maybe someone kills Cal in a fit of rage, maybe the party is unable to stave off the threat of Delirium, or maybe everybody just dilly dallies too long and the ewer implodes. Though the most obvious result is that *everybody simply dies*, this need not be the end result of a magical catastrophe. Feel free to consult the table below for alternate ways to resolve a Kadhizi cataclysm.

1. The destruction of the ewer shunts the party and all of the residents of Kadhizi into a deeper **nested demiplane**, with altogether different rules and mechanics. Perhaps if they can escape from *this* planar prison, they'll be able to finally return to Ephamel.
2. Now buried in sand and debris, the adventurers discover a **bizarre twist**, either 1) a vast underground society, 2) a high-tech laboratory where a team of gnomes have been conducting experiments on Kadhizi, 3) an inverted pyramid with a terrible secret at its nadir, or 4) the violent and hateful manifestation of Cal's soul.
3. The ewer reverts to a prior condition, and everyone is transported **hundreds of years back in time**. Cal is young and chipper, but everyone else retains their age and memories. Though they now have a second chance to escape, the world they seek to escape to might not be the one that they left behind.
4. As Kadhizi collapses, the ewer **ejects everyone back out into Ephamel**. Killing Cal and destroying the pitcher from the inside was always the key to their freedom. *Note*: though this outcome presents some entertaining dramatic irony, it may be narratively unfulfilling.



# MERFOLK, DRUGS, SPORTS, AND TREASURE

## THE SWIMMERS IN THE RESERVOIR

Despite how void and lifeless the rest of Kadhizi was when the first genies were trapped, the Reservoir was anything but. The merfolk of the Oasis predate even Cal's acquisition of the ewer. They've lived in the waters for untold centuries, and their origin is as mysterious as that of the golden pitcher itself. Perhaps they were trapped by a previous vengeful jug wielder, or maybe the same magic that created the demiplane brought the merfolk into existence as well. Regardless of what transpired, their history has been totally forgotten—or so they say. They claim to have no records of their early days in the ewer, but it seems likely that these talkative water-dwellers have kept a secret oral history.

Kadhizi merfolk are the lords of the Reservoir, a freshwater pool that is far deeper than it is wide. In this solitary tank, they've lived their entire lives, subsisting off of freshwater shellfish (whose origins are also unknown) and nutrient-filled algal blooms which the merfolk strategically stockpile. While they typically keep to themselves, they've become increasingly agitated by the amount of real-estate that Cal's prison occupies in their waters.

Generally, Kadhizi merfolk (of which there are no more than 2 or 3 dozen at any given time) are highly territorial, and are much more fond of the non-genie residents with whom they happily share their water. They are deeply distrustful of the genies however, and have threatened to topple the prison, invariably drowning Cal in the process, if any genie were to take a dip in the Reservoir. While walkers regularly bathe and relax in the Reservoir, the deepest depths of the waters have never been explored by anyone but the merfolk themselves.

**GM NOTE:** The merfolk in Kadhizi provide two distinct but useful opportunities for roleplaying. The first is simply as comic relief. Whenever the party saunters too close to the Reservoir, you should be prepared to dish out some well-researched and absolutely devastating burns from any of the resident merfolk. This need not be a greater plot point; the verbal flogging can just function as a way to inject some humor into an otherwise forlorn setting.

Alternatively, it is quite possible to devise a much more intricate narrative arc surrounding the Reservoir. Perhaps the merfolk have a more complex society under the waves than they let on. If there are any aquatic adventurers or magic users with the ability to grant water breathing, it might be worth exploring the merfolk side of Kadhizi in greater detail.

With the hopelessness of their situation magnified tenfold by learning of the outside world, the merfolk have succumbed to nihilism. Without the means to participate in the craftsmanship that the genies have adopted as a form of leisure and creative outlet, they have instead perfected the art of comedic roasting. When any non-merfolk strolls past the Oasis, it is highly likely that they will be endlessly berated with cutting insults from merfolk who swim up to the shores. The specificity of the insults implies that the merfolk are indeed paying very close attention to whatever is happening with the terrestrial denizens of Kadhizi, though when questioned, they imply that these affairs are beneath them.

**Acacia Dawn (she/her):** *The papyrus mage (Wild Genie).* Acacia magically guides papyrus from seed to paper, thereby providing the necessary materials for every book in Kadhizi. Because she works so close to the Reservoir, she's constantly getting berated by the merfolk, but she has thick skin. This toughness manifests as kindness, but her inability to let anything get to her has also kept Acacia from forming strong bonds with her kin. On top of that, though she's known to be broadly friendly and generous, she has a barely concealed disdain for the walkers and would prefer if the paper made from her papyrus was only used by other genies.







1. Home of Tamarix Storm
2. Home of Jissan of Wonder, Dream Genie (they/them)
3. Home of Acacia Dawn
4. Elixirium
5. Home of Abdulaziz the Unctuous
6. Home Kafuuri, Memory Genie (they/them)
7. Home of Mistell the Lord of Laughter, Dream Genie (she/her)
8. Home of Crocus Spring
9. Home of Tikau (he/him) and Tess Prasant (she/her), humans
10. Home of Miq Thial, human (she/her)
11. Communal Kitchen
12. Sand Owls HQ
13. Communal Farm House
14. Home of Dibari the Virtuoso of Color, Spark Genie (she/her)

Home of Junkara Palze Dwarf (she/her)





**Abdulaziz the Unctuous (he/him):** *The smarmy soprano oud virtuoso (Spark Genie).* Abdulaziz is an incredible musician, perhaps the most technically proficient in all of Kadhizi. Nevertheless, his cockiness and the profane lyrics he awkwardly belts out over his gorgeous instrumental performances have made him one of Kadhizi's most reviled residents. The disconnect between his impassioned and nuanced oud improvisations and his trite and vulgar vocals is truly staggering. You can hear him performing his strange and lurid music on the banks of the Reservoir, where even the merfolk avoid getting near to him.

## THE ELIXIRIUM

It is straightforward enough for Wild Genies to cultivate various medicinal roots and herbs, and quite another task altogether to transmute those raw ingredients into something usable by both walkers and genies alike. Regardless of their outward attitude or stated beliefs, the genies need the walkers. Their lives would be infinitely more boring and repetitive without the intrigue introduced by the mortals in Kadhizi. Plus, without Cal, they'd all be doomed. As such, the genies take great pains to keep everyone happy and healthy, a feat that takes an incredible amount of magical knowhow and effort.

This is the purpose of the Elixirium, an alchemical laboratory within which the genies transform the mundane flora of the Oasis farm plots into curatives both run-of-the-mill and extraordinary. Despite the various powers of Kadhizi's diverse genies, no one spirit would be able to craft these elixirs on their own, and since it wasn't practical to constantly and meticulously combine their magicks in elaborate rituals, they

decided to automate the process. The Elixirium is a sort of crystallized amalgam of the various elemental energies found within the residents of Kadhizi. By imbuing the ewers, pipes, hearth, and cauldron with portions of their magic, they were able to create a mostly self-contained system that could spike an inert concoction with powerful waves of magic.

By combining painstakingly portioned ratios of unprocessed leaves, seeds, roots, bark, and petals, the genies can create wondrous potions, ointments, and pills in bulk. Aside from apportioning the ingredients, the only additional active role required to operate the Elixirium is to periodically charge it. This task is performed with trivial ease by any Spark Genie who happens to be passing by.

While the array of concoctions developed by the genies is vast (everything needed to care for dozens of mortals from different races over hundreds of years), a smattering of options is provided below. While in Kadhizi, any adventurer can simply request a given elixir free of charge. It's a small consolation given the dire condition the adventurers find themselves in.

- 1. Dream of the Mane:** This rough ointment is made from muddled begonia petals, cattail, and ground capsicum shoots. When applied directly to the head, it can reverse any balding. This process is extraordinarily painful for the first 3d4 hours. The hair grows at a rate of 2 inch per month in perpetuity. Dream of the Mane can cause any living flesh to sprout hair, including in places where hair never previously grew. Creatures with flesh are encouraged to be very careful with the application of this product. Dream of the Mane is by far the least necessary elixir from a survival standpoint, but it was so heavily requested by certain Kadhizi men that the genies figured it was easier just to give them what they wanted.
- 2. Serenity Tonic:** A surprisingly pleasant drink meant to be consumed over the course of fifteen minutes to one hour, prepared with dried poppy, hops, and hemp. Serenity tonics are typically administered to mortals suffering from existential crises, and it tends to treat most of the symptoms, though it of course does nothing to prevent the underlying causes. Genies are encouraged not to dispense too many tonics or else risk nurturing dependency.

**GM NOTE:** Though most of these elixirs will have limited mechanical impact on play, it is quite alright to nix certain options that may negatively impact the balance of the game you are running. Alternatively, you may want to simply say "the elixirs cease to function after you escape from the ewer." Fair warning: balding adventurers may resent you for denying them their wish-fulfillment.



3. **Bloodwall Balm:** Mortals are prone to accidents, and the most grievous typically involve the loss of their life essence. Despite its many exciting alchemical uses, blood belongs inside the mortals. Luckily, Bloodwall Balm can be applied directly to anything from a paper cut to an accidental amputation to drastically speed up the rate of recovery. Small injuries are typically fully healed in seconds, whereas larger gashes and open wounds might require up to an hour. The balm is created by combining fermented beets, potato skins, and flax stalks.
4. **Pestbane:** This curious elixir addresses a wide array of related ailments: snake bites, allergic rashes, what modern explorers would know better as rabies, Lyme disease, and bubonic plague. After consuming a small vial of Pestbane, a mortal needs to speak the name of the creature that afflicted them, and the cure-all simply removes any influence that creature currently has on the walker's health. Pestbane is made primarily from horseradish and mustard seed, but contains trace amounts of many herbs.
5. **Hardstar:** Unlike most outputs of the Elixirium, Hardstar is made from animal products: snake eggs, hyrax teeth, and bat tendons. Hardstar takes the form of a white paste which must be very slowly ingested. If consumed once per year, Hardstar will guarantee the long term health of teeth. If ingested immediately following an accident, it can also mend bones and ligaments, though this process is rather painful and occurs unsettlingly quickly.
6. **Dreamsense:** They say that when you lose one sense, your other senses will often compensate. Whether this is true or not, many would rather not lose any of their senses in the first place. If they do, though, they can ingest Dreamsense, an elixir made of sage, bitter-grass, and carrot greens. This potion causes one who has lost one sense to "imagine" their surroundings as if they hadn't. Depending on the sense, this may take many forms, and though it is fallible, it is reliable enough that most continue to live life largely as they had been before. If consumed without having lost access to one of the five traditional senses, Dreamsense induces horrific cosmic visions that greatly interfere with one's ability to perceive the world in any meaningful way. The effects of Dreamsense—one way or the other—are permanent.
7. **Gum of Fallen Stars:** Even with their limited knowledge of modern medicine, the genies of Kadhizi have pieced together that the ewer provides very few typical disease vectors. As such, many illnesses that might be more common in Ephamel at large are basically unheard of in Kadhizi. That said, there is often a wave of new infections after a new walker is trapped in the ewer, and when that occurs, the genies preemptively prepare Gum of the Fallen Stars, a chewable resin that incorporates spit of the new residents into a mixture of fruit rinds to rapidly inoculate the other walkers against potential new diseases.





1. **Cal's Wish:** The ultimate panacea, a disgusting concoction that is rejected by most mortals. It prolongs life greatly beyond what most believe possible (in the case of Cal: at least 400 years longer than could have ever been expected). The drawbacks, however, are numerous. The taste is rancid and lingering—a walker afraid to die once cut off his own tongue to avoid experiencing the putrid bite of Cal's Wish, but wrote in his suicide note that the taste somehow persisted nonetheless. The elixir also causes the drinker to remain fully conscious while sleeping, but to require twelve hours of sleep or more per day, during which the mind can only wander while looking at the backs of one's eyelids. Most painfully, however, is that Cal's Wish does nothing to prevent the natural aging of the body. Let Cal's shriveled and decrepit body serve as the shining example of the futility of everlasting life. Cal's Wish took decades to perfect, and contains over one hundred separate ingredients, most conventional, but some utterly bizarre.

**Crocus Spring (he/him):** The “crucial ingredients” farmer (*Wild Genie*). Crocus dutifully cultivates the herbs, roots, and various oils that are needed to concoct crucial medicines and salves in the Elixirium. Unlike most Wild genies, he is altogether unplayful and prefers to work in relative solitude. Despite the fact that various forms of “cultivation magic” are quite common among the Wild Genies, Crocus believes that he alone has the arcane capabilities required to care for his specialty farm plot. Secretly, he would love to spend more time cultivating his love of carpet-weaving, but he also enjoys feeling like a martyr by devoting all his time to medicinal farming.



## CONARCA

Though the Elixirium was created to help care for the walkers and Cal in particular, there is one product of the lab that is exclusively used by genies: an anti-magical salve known as Conarca. Originally introduced to Kadhizi by renowned halfling tomb raider Maeola Applepot (now deceased), Conarca was primarily used by archaeologists, burglars, and spies to bypass arcane locks while breaking into highly magical ruins, manors, and archives. A small amount of this sticky glue can be applied to any creature or object under the effect of magic to temporarily remove its arcane properties.

Conarca, when thoroughly massaged into genie skin, blocks their magic for up to twelve hours at a time, allowing them to experience the thrill of “mortal life.” Without even the ability to float around, these genies are limited to pulling themselves around the ground with their arms, taking a mount, or allowing themselves to be carried around by someone else.

While not addictive, many genies have drastically overestimated their ability to tolerate Conarca in bulk. When applied in small quantities, it allows a genie to enjoy an exciting magic-free afternoon, but if used too often or in too large of a quantity, it can cause a genie to temporarily vanish from reality altogether. Genies are, after all, magic concentrate, and negating enough of this elemental arcane energy causes their very existence to become unstable. No one is totally sure where the genies “go” when they vanish, but previous arcane dispersals have lasted up to one week, after which the genie suddenly reappears somewhere in the dunes with no memory of the intervening time period.

After Maeola brought the first doses of Conarca to Kadhizi, the genies were quickly able to reverse engineer the drug, which they are now able to produce on-demand by combining garlic, clove, and rubber fig leaves. If the adventurers are able to procure a jar or more of Conarca, they may find it invaluable in their quests beyond Kadhizi.

## DESERT RACES

Strictly speaking, the genies of Kadhizi do not *suffer*. They are not in pain, they are not tormented, and they want for nothing. When they became trapped in the ewer, they left behind no prior responsibilities, and their presence in the ewer has had no negative consequences on their health or wellbeing. The very specific way in which they feel tormented is through sheer boredom.

Genies in Ephamel (or the various adjacent planes they would call their homes) hoarded wealth and luxuries. Though *practically speaking*, Genies have no need for fine liquors, elaborate palaces, or teams of butlers, many would seek these out nonetheless. Admittedly, no human has a need for these extravagances either,



and yet wealthy men across all planes and timelines have sought out such riches.

With very little worth hoarding in Ephamel, the genies' primary task—beyond Cal's survival—has been creating meaning for their lives and finding new ways to enjoy the featureless landscape. Their primary solution (to the second task, at the very least) has been Desert Racing. The premise is simple enough: Spark Genies will apply a healthy dose of Conarca, mount one of the many small beasts that call Kadhizi their home, and then race each other across the desert sands. Races range from short sprints to full marathons that traverse the diameter of the demiplane.

Though typically only Spark Genies will compete due to their convenient size, Desert Racing is a boon for all in Kadhizi. Genies and walkers alike excitedly watch every race, stake huge values on risky bets, and intently follow the insider drama that is unavoidable with the explosive personalities of the various racers.

Seasons last a full year and touch on almost all aspects of Kadhizi life: mounts are bred and cared for by Wild Genies, the Conarca needed to ensure fairness is produced in the Elixirium, and the race routes are determined by the high flying Memory Genies. Disputes between racers are adjudicated by Dream Genies, and a weekly periodical sharing all of the gossip and updates from around the league is distributed by the sport's most avid fans: a group of walkers that call themselves the Sand Owls.

Each season, the Spark Genie who is awarded the most total points receives the Kensington Cup, a tea mug made of pure platinum that Cal had apparently been storing in his arcane jug long before he began imprisoning genies. Though the mug has no unique properties of its own, it carries significant sentimental value to Calvin, who is fully unaware that the mug still resides in Kadhizi.

There are no delusions here. The residents of Kadhizi know that caring so deeply about a bunch of drugged out rat-sized genies riding tiny dungeon critters around the desert sands is not the most important thing in the world. In the ewer, though, you have to take what you can get, and this sport provides an opportunity for all to experience some of the innocuous thrills that are only possible in a functioning organized society.

This year, the league is going through the first big shake-up in quite some time. Feel free to roll on the table below or simply choose one option to act as a minor plot hook for adventurers who take an interest in the ewer's Desert Racing.

1. Wild Genies have finally been able to selectively breed small rodents up to sizes that render them **fit to carry Memory Genies** (the second smallest subtype) around the sands. Now a whole new weight class of athletes is set to disrupt the entire sport.
2. With the escalating **onslaught of Delirium Genies** in the distant dunes, racers need to avoid quite a bit more than shifting sands. The fastest routes will often involve racers darting around these dangers instead of giving them a safe wide berth.
3. **Hiza the Swift**, the sport's reigning champion, has had a breakthrough in her "day job" as a researcher at the Observatory. She claims that she'll be taking this season of racing off, but the Sand Owls suspect she'll be back in the dunes by mid-season in an attempt to win the Kensington Cup by the skin of her teeth.
4. Frustrated with some of the bad calls made by officials last season, many walkers plan to start a **competing league** in which they simply run through the desert with no magical aids. This so-called "track and field" tournament seems unlikely to attract many viewers.
5. While the use of magic during races had previously been *strictly* forbidden in all circumstances, the league has decided to **loosen the rules concerning magical shapechanging**. This will allow for a select few Wild Genies capable of transforming into smaller beasts to enter the races as mounts.
6. The **Kensington Cup has been stolen** by (d4):  
1) a bitter second place racer from last season, 2) a cranky merfolk that finds the use of animal mounts deeply offensive, 3) a Sand Owl who let their fandom get to their head, or 4.) Rexi Raerqen, who believes the Cup might have some useful magical properties.

**Tamarix Storm (she/her):** *The small beast wrangler (Wild Genie).* Tamarix breeds and cares for the various rats, snakes, hyraxes, and other critters that are used as pets and for sport and food. Tamarix is gregarious and extravagant, maintaining an unnecessarily elaborate home for her various critters. Though she is very protective of her miniature zoo / farm, she will also incessantly encourage the other residents to take a tour. She has an elaborate system in place for deciding which critters become racing mounts, which become pets, and which get eaten, but the details are not entirely clear to anyone but her.



## PLOT HOOK: THE DESERT BEYOND AND TREASURE #24

No matter how much the residents of Kadhizi wish it weren't true, the deserts are empty. One of the first tasks the genies undertook when exploring the wastes was to thoroughly sweep every square inch of sand within the ewer. Though the desert is recursive, looping back on itself every fifty miles, the genies diligently spent the first couple years of imprisonment systematically inspecting the dunes for secrets, tools, or anything else out of the ordinary. At the time, they actually did make quite a few discoveries; Cal had been using the jug as means of storage and safekeeping for quite a bit more than just the genies. Whenever he came across an artifact, hidden treasure, or other valuable cultural keepsake out in the world, he would tuck it away in his portable demiplane. These became scattered all over the interior of the ewer, most getting slowly buried by the sand in the desert winds.

Over time, the genies were able to recover almost all of these artifacts which now remain on display in the Museum of the Old World (described in greater detail in the subsequent guide). That is: all of the artifacts but one. Calvin kept careful records of the artifacts he collected, each of which were documented in the notebook which was on his person when he became trapped centuries ago. One entry, however, was aggressively ripped out of his notebook, leaving

a gap between "Treasure #23 and Treasure #25." What's worse: when Walidah the Memories Genie has attempted to seek evidence of Treasure #24 in Cal's thoughts and memories, he invariably comes up short. It seems there is a total gap in Cal's recollection of exactly one week in his early thirties. That memory and any evidence of this unknown artifact have been somehow erased.

Needless to say, this is a spot of contention for everyone in Kadhizi. Dream Genies have attempted hypnosis and other nontraditional therapies to try to coax the memory of this treasure out of Cal to no avail. Wild Genies have commanded various burrowing rodents to scour the desert sands, looking deep under the dunes for this potentially buried artifact. The Museum docents in particular are disheartened by the incompleteness of their collection. Nearly everyone in Kadhizi has theorized that this final artifact may somehow be their key to freedom, if only someone were to find it.

Adventurers in the ewer may hone in on this loose thread when attempting to escape, or alternatively they may just be tempted by the promise of precious treasure. If the adventurers do decide to seek out Treasure #24, consult the table below to determine what the treasure is, why it has yet to be found, and the secrets behind its true purpose in Kadhizi. Make sure to roll separately for each column.

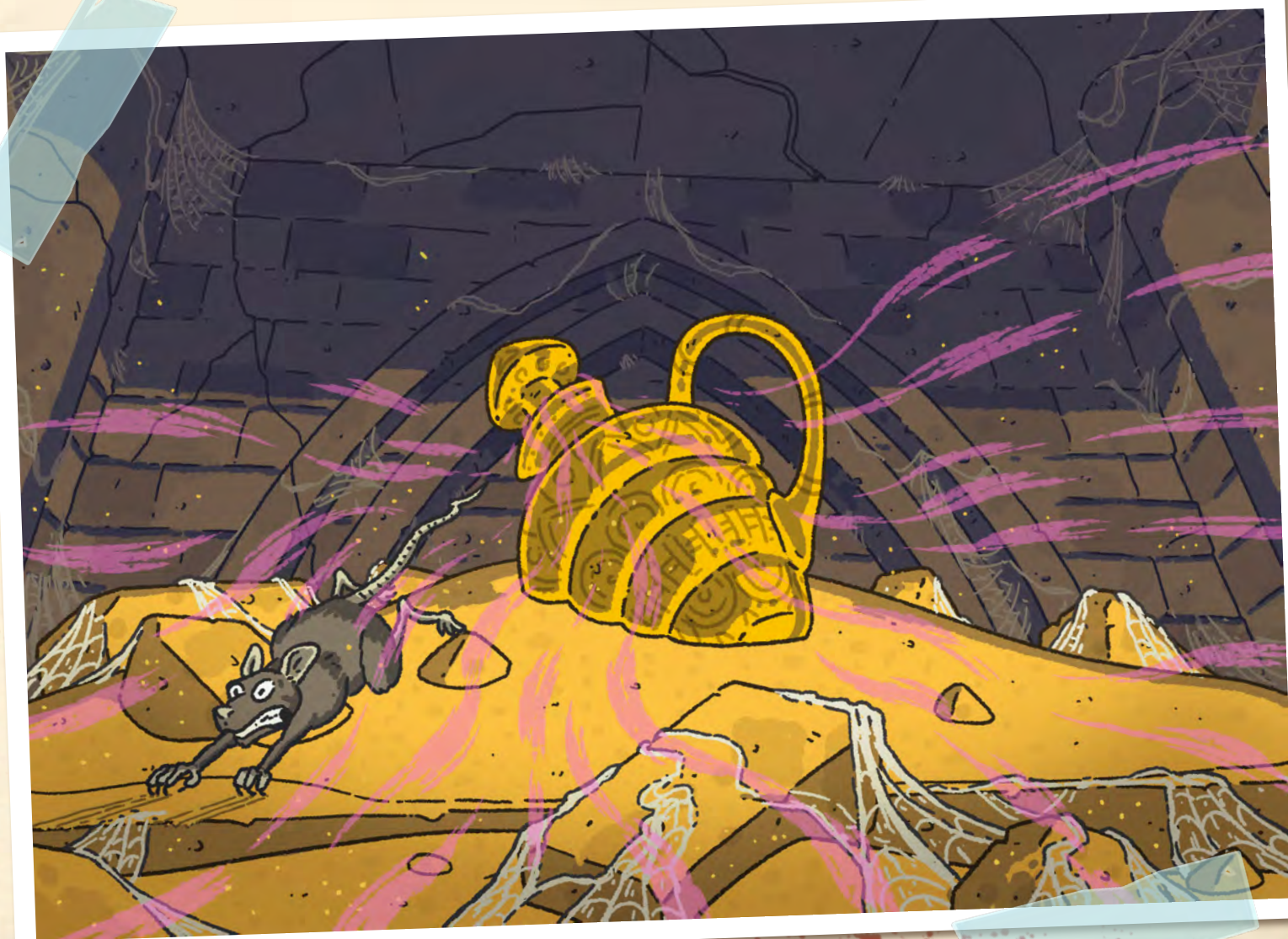
1d6	What is the Treasure?	How has it remained hidden?	What secrets does it hold?
1	Granulite sculptures of twin bulls that emanate a menacing aura	It was magically shrunk to the size of an ant.	The treasure can magically unseal the ewer from within.
2	A massive monocle, fit for a cyclops	When Cal was trapped in the ewer, the treasure was simultaneously ejected. It lies just beyond the ewer on the tomb's floor.	This treasure will allow only one creature to safely exit the ewer.
3	A silver locket filled with the teeth of a fallen deity	The treasure is hidden by a powerful illusion and can only be seen by a fabled hero (it is unclear how Cal initially found it).	Whoever beholds the treasure is immediately cursed to lose any memory of having witnessed it.
4	A LIMINA parcel that was never successfully delivered	The merfolk have been hiding the treasure at the bottom of the Reservoir.	This treasure will immediately kill Cal if it is ever within 5 feet of him.
5	The crystallized egg of a leviathan	The true geometry of the desert is more complicated than it seems. The treasure is hidden in a currently inaccessible corner of the demiplane.	The illusory sun, moon, and stars in the ewer are controlled by this treasure.
6	A lockbox containing Cal's everlasting soul	One of the genies found it centuries ago and has been keeping it to himself.	This treasure is sentient and has always sought to elaborately ruin Cal's life. By all accounts it has been successful.



**GM NOTE:** This plot hook is a potential means for the adventurers to escape the ewer and can be made more or less complicated depending on how you would like to pace your adventure. If Kadhizi is meant to be a short stop on a much grander quest, consider simply making the treasure a key that unseals the ewer when held by Cal. Perhaps prior to being trapped, Cal had his memory wiped by a sorceress and removed the entry in his notebook so that none of the genies could somehow figure out the nature of the key and escape of their own volition. The key also causes memory loss when seen by a genie, so the genie who has already found it doesn't realize that they still have it. From here, it is simply up to the players to use some magic, some careful deduction, and perhaps some sneaky sleuthing. Then they must discover the whereabouts of the key, divine its magical mechanism, and then give the key to Cal.

Alternatively, you can make this quest quite a bit more action oriented: maybe the treasure is a great dragon who is hiding out in the desert! It is this dragon's banishing magic that keeps everyone trapped. The adventurers must battle Delirium Genies, endure the harsh climate of the desert, and then finally best the dragon in combat to escape.

For a much more involved quest, you can tie Treasure #24 to Rexi's plight, to the advancing Delirium Genies, or the origin of the lamp itself. While Kadhizi was mostly designed as a locale adventurers might spend two to five sessions exploring before ultimately escaping, it's quite possible to make the city home to a number of interlocking plots. There is a lot of flexibility in how Treasure #24 might play into the overarching story of Kadhizi. The most satisfying use of this MacGuffin will be whatever suits the playstyle of your party and your desired pacing of their time in Kadhizi.





# ART, CHANCE, AND ECHOES OF THE PAST

## AESTHETIC CONFLICT AND THE RIVAL MUSEUMS

Many cities in the outside world are defined by constant struggles between political factions, religions, or tribes. While there are certainly the occasional disputes between the residents of Kadhizi over how best everyone ought to live their lives, many of the larger disagreements that pervade everyday life evaporate in the face of a total absence of resource scarcity. People are fed, medicine is free and available on demand, and there is no shortage of land to call home. Life in Kadhizi has its drawbacks, but at a bare minimum no one has to endure the hardships of poverty, disease, war, famine, or oppression.

Even in a strange utopia like Kadhizi, however, the sentient mind's innate desire for conflict and moral superiority occasionally takes hold. Without a need for truly meaningful debates, the defining conflict for most in Kadhizi is one purely of aesthetics.

Despite the troubling origin of many of the artifacts that Cal stole and stored away in the ewer, there are quite a few old-fashioned residents who still think that these items represent the pinnacle of art, or at least the highest form of beauty that could possibly be attained in the limited confines of the arcane pitcher. They loved Ephamel, and they continue to cherish their memories of the world they left behind. These astounding artifacts from cultures across the realm were treasured by their peoples for a reason. Cal himself may be a despicable man, but that does not taint the incredible artistry of these paintings, sculptures, tomes, relics, and jewelry.

On the other side of the aesthetic divide are those who revile the art of the old world. Their reasons for this distaste are quite varied:

1. Some think Cal's theft of these objects renders each piece tainted
2. Many value innovation over heritage, and would rather see new works made than to overvalue outdated pieces
3. A few bigoted genies think that any art made by mortals (even those outside the ewer) is beneath them; the only true art is the work of genies
4. A handful simply believe that Cal had bad taste, and that the pieces he collected are hardly the most impressive works to be found in Ephamel

Residents who look less favorably on the art of the old world are often the creators of original Kadhizi-made art. The newest wave of artists in the ewer consists of both genies and walkers alike, most of whom work with either fiber arts or ceramics. These are, uncoincidentally, media that are easily explored using only the materials found and created in Kadhizi: rugs and tapestries are woven from plant fibers or animal hairs, and pottery is typically made from fired clay and sand.

Most ewer-dwellers have taken a strong stance on this debate and have organized themselves into either Traditionalists or Modernists. While violence has never erupted, this seemingly trivial spat has spilled over into everyday life in both trivial and profound ways. Aesthetic judgments often dictate with whom one might socialize, limit where one tends to spend their time, and will inform how one conceptualizes their role in the ewer, their hopes for the future, and their relationships to Cal and each other.

## THE MUSEUM OF THE OLD WORLD

Invariably the grandest of all structures in Kadhizi, the Museum of the Old World houses thirty-eight of the thirty-nine treasures that Cal had stored in the jug prior to being trapped. These treasures are always on display and are revered by the Traditionalists as the sole body of proper art worth beholding in Kadhizi. There are occasional exceptions; poems and songs that were already memorized by walkers trapped in the ewer have been recorded and semi-canonized in the body of work, but typically Traditionalists will point toward these original pillaged pieces as the sum of all art worthy of praise in Kadhizi.

The architecture of the Museum of the Old World (often referred to simply as "the MOW"), while imposing and resplendent in size and ornamentation, is often dismissed by its own architects, docents, and patrons as "unworthy" of the art contained within. Traditionalists tend toward an arguably unhealthy reverence for artifacts of the Ephamel outside the ewer, a trait that also engenders pernicious malaise fueled by an unscratchable homesickness. Even second- or third-generation walkers who espouse Traditionalist beliefs find themselves mourning the world they lost... despite having never lived outside the ewer themselves.





Presently, the pieces of greatest interest to the Traditionalists are the works described below:

1. The largest precious gem housed in the MOW is the **Star Emerald** of Queen Seleniaste of the Marivaal's Crown. While the entire magnificent crown is on display, it is the oversized emerald that is the source of much present interest. Previously thought to be a normal (though bizarrely huge) emerald, Traditionalists now believe that this stone may be enchanted with hidden magical properties. The Star Emerald seems to spontaneously vibrate at a very low frequency, but only when *not* observed. This has made studying the Emerald exceedingly difficult.
2. **Chance, Consequence, and Cavalry by Stedlmun Alapur** is a borderline incomprehensible eight-volume "magnum opus" that explores the "unexpected revelations that connect divination, astrology, probability, animal husbandry, and warfare." Dismissed in its time as the ravings of a madman, intervening centuries have proven right many of Alapur's bizarre suppositions about achieving combat superiority with the aid of obscure ritual magic and unorthodox breeding practices.
3. There is something immediately striking about **the bust of Tattenkumpo**, a truly ancient basalt sculpture that depicts the intense gaze of a former pharaoh about whom very little is known. It is not unusual for museum-goers to spend an hour or more staring back into Tattenkumpo's enigmatic stare.
4. When certain genies disparage Cal's taste in art, they often point to **The Love of the Dance by J.E. Hildewell**, a painting adored by Ephamel's elven population despite being lambasted by Hildewell's human kin. This pedestrian landscape painting features two awkwardly proportioned lovers dancing on a beach in front of a sunset.

The subject matter and execution is anything but provocative, and yet the elves of Ephamel are strangely mystified by this painting, enamored with its utter disregard for color theory, perspective, and deliberate use of light and shadow.

5. Many of the pieces in the MOW are items stolen from various tombs in far-off lands. While Cal never stooped to actually exhuming bodies (everybody has to have *some* standards), he happily lifted whatever valuables were nearby. While exploring the tomb of the Luminary Din Tok Mein, Cal stole an entire **jade tea set** that the Luminary had taken with him to his grave. Intricate carvings depict the history of the Mein Dynasty, which Kadhizi's Memory Genies have taken to trying to properly document.
6. Among the stranger pieces in the MOW is a single-page document known as **the Witch Doctor's Sovereign Will**. This testament outlines how one Dr. Eglantine Mercier wishes to divide up her kingdom-spanning holdings between her various children. The will is dated centuries from now, and seems to suggest that Dr. Mercier 1. will have at least seventeen children, 2. will someday rule roughly two-thirds of Ephamel, and 3. either sent her own will back in time, predicted the future, or concocted this confounding document for some other purpose.

**GM NOTE:** Though nothing in the museum needs to be magical, it's always possible to fill its exhibits with randomly generated magical items to act as a temptation for your players. Of course, the right thing to do after escaping would be to deliver these various artifacts back to the cultures that created them, but if the items are particularly appealing to the players, they may also stoop to Cal's level of thievery.

Always of note to the docents and visitors of the Museum of the Old World is the Fool's Lamp, a "gift" from a genie who was wise enough to evade capture by Cal so many years ago. This spiteful genie had promised Cal that the lamp could be used to summon her if ever he sought the aid of a wish-granting genie. In fact, the lamp does no such thing. When a creature holding the lamp requests magical aid by any means, any number of horrible magical mishaps will instead occur. Greedy adventurers who visit the Museum of the Old World in search of loot to plunder are likely to accidentally trigger such a mishap.



**GM NOTE:** If the players attempt to invoke the magic of the Fool's Lamp, roll on a table of magical mishaps, or just invent some goofy but terrible consequence for the party. For a full list of potential disastrous arcane follies that might befall those who use the Fool's Lamp, consult the accompanying magical item description at [patreon.com/boroughbound](https://patreon.com/boroughbound) or [thegriffonsaddlebag.com](https://thegriffonsaddlebag.com).

**Donkor (they/them):** *The docent of the Museum of the Old World (Memory Genie).* Donkor is first and foremost a historian. Though they spend most of their time physically inside the halls of the great Museum, Donkor is rarely mentally present. Instead, they're imagining the outside world as it once was and may still be. Most frustrating to Donkor is the incompleteness of the current collection. Based on all of their records and Cal's memory, there should be *one* piece still lying somewhere in the sands (the fabled Treasure #24), but no matter how many times the desert is swept, this elusive artifact evades detection. If Donkor seems to have a glazed-over look in their eyes, they're almost certainly pondering how to find that last piece for the collection.

## THE GALLERY OF CONTEMPORARY KADHIZI ART

In stark contrast to the MOW, the Gallery of Contemporary Kadhizi Art (or GCKA) displays only pieces that were made in the ewer. In these halls you will find magnificent carpets, ornate vases, and strange colorful yarn sculptures. The GCKA has a much more laissez-faire attitude toward art curation. When a piece ceases to be relevant, it will often be discarded, repurposed, or simply stored in a backroom. Traditionalists—who despise almost all of the work in the GCKA's halls anyway—still view the act of discarding or dismantling any piece of art as sacrilege and decry the GCKA's dedication to constant change.



Modernists apply this evolutionary mindset to aspects of life beyond art as well. They tend to be the most willing to entertain new opportunities to escape the ewer, which often results in them getting their hopes up and then suffering crippling disappointments. Almost all Spark Genies are Modernists, drawn to the spirit of innovation and excitement.

While the exhibits in the GCKA are constantly rotating and getting replaced with newer works, these are some pieces currently on display:

1. The front hall of the GCKA is currently adorned with a **room-sized bouquet of flowers** designed by Wild Genie botanist Hilaria Twilight. This arrangement supposedly is supposed to evoke themes of loss, abuse, and tyranny... whether anyone is able to pick up on that without reading the plaque seems unlikely.
2. One of legendary artist Karimah the Outlandish's most audacious works to date, **God is Here** is a stunning pottery collage. From most angles, it seems to be a normal collection of vases, dishware, and other ceramic containers that one might find in a typical Kadhizi home. From straight-on, however, the vision of an exalted face emerges. With this trick of perspective, Karimah presents a thought-provoking examination of the divinity in everyday life.
3. **Time and Memory** is an extremely small "rug." Measuring roughly an inch to the side, this piece could never *actually* be used to cover the floor of a room, but that is of course missing the point. This hyper-detailed woven rug sits in the middle of the GCKA's largest gallery room, a space that visitors are encouraged to explore thoroughly before coming across the single solitary piece that sits at its center.
4. Many of the more recent works in the GCKA explore the fears of the impending collapse of the ewer. In a terrifying and imposing gallery space, human fiber artist Ellia Tahmuzahn (she/her) has decorated the entirety of the ceiling with a draping rope sculpture, meant to depict the destruction of Kadhizi and advances of the Delirium Genies. Known simply as **Deliria**, this colossal work presents a single frightening message: now everyone fears the end.

## KARIMAH THE OUTLANDISH (SHE/HER)

Kadhizi's boldest artist, Karimah the Outlandish is a Spark genie ceramicist designing striking and unusual pottery. While most pottery in both museums still strives toward ideals of beauty through symmetry, repeated patterns, and recognizable symbolism, Karimah's work is revolutionary in its use of asymmetric forms, garish colors, and an unabashed use of politically charged imagery.



Karimah is—perhaps unsurprisingly—also a firebrand in Kadhizi society. She believes that Cal is using some latent magic to keep the residents of Kadhizi trapped, and that the only solution is to use dark magic to possess Cal and unmake his arcane prison. While Karimah is certainly a force to be reckoned with in the art world, this bizarre notion is a fringe theory at best. Karimah has offered no evidence to suggest that Cal is manipulating the metaphysics of the ewer. It is also unclear whether Karimah actually *has a means* of possessing Cal with dark magic, but if she does, it is undoubtedly cause for concern.

Despite their best efforts, the rest of Kadhizi is having trouble wiping away the graffiti Karimah has been producing in the vicinity of the Museum of the Old World. Much of her beautifully designed street art has expected messages: “down with the old world,” “Cal’s sins can’t be washed away,” “this is the end,” etc..., but some are far stranger and more difficult to decipher. Her recent graffiti campaign regularly employs the enigmatic phrase “darkness within breeds madness without.” The question for many is whether this phrase is in reference to Cal or to Karimah herself.

## TA-HEN NEKAU (HE/HIM)

Ta-Hen spent his life as a slave. He toiled at the end of Pharaoh’s Amunta II’s whip, working to construct the very tomb that would later be his permanent resting place. Life for Ta-Hen was brutal and short. He never took a bride, he never owned property, and ultimately he died while still in the shackles of servitude.

But death was not the end for Ta-Hen. Years after expiring, he was raised as a mummy to protect the tomb within which the gold jug currently resides. Diligently exploring the endless halls at the behest of the same masters he served in life, Ta-Hen’s fate was tragic even beyond the grave.

Not long after Cal was trapped, however, Ta-Hen also discovered the ewer, which he not-so-carefully inspected. Though Ta-Hen had (at the time) nary a spark of life left, he was trapped in the ewer all the same. Luckily though, much like Cal’s poorly worded initial wish, the exact conditions of Ta-Hen’s magically compelled servitude require him to patrol the halls of the tomb *so long as he remained in Ephamel*. Now that he’s escaped the terrestrial realm, he’s free to enjoy his undeath as he sees fit.

As such, Ta-Hen has taken his new imprisonment in stride; while life isn’t perfect in Kadhizi, it sure beats eternally guarding an otherwise uninhabited tomb. And unsurprisingly, as he resents the conditions under which the art of the old world was created, Ta-Hen is now a tour guide at the GCKA. He is grateful for his new semi-freedom and has spent centuries enjoying the company of peers who have no intentions of giving him orders.



## THE CASINO

Day-to-day in Kadhizi very little changes. The weather is always some variation of sunny and dry, and though Cal is gradually aging, the effects of his slow degradation have only been felt in recent months. In order to introduce a spark of excitement and the unexpected, many in Kadhizi are drawn to the Casino, the most luxurious structure in town. While grand parties with bountiful Serenity Tonics are thrown in the atrium, the real intrigue happens on the upper floors. Even in a world without any traditional material wealth, the residents of the ewer find much to gamble. Whether playing with cards, dice, or betting on the Desert Races, those more tolerant of risk head to the Casino on moonlit evenings to see what luck has in store for them.

The tricky aspect of The Casino is that Kadhizi uses no fungible currency that can be easily exchanged; there are no gold pieces and no thousand-dollar antes. Instead, whenever a player sits at (or hovers near) a table, they must state what they’re willing to put on the line. Some example wagers are provided below.



1. The loser will be a **servant** for the winner for one hour, one day, or one week.
2. Players will often offer up **art objects** they've created or otherwise acquired. The works of Karimah the Outlandish are valued highest of all.
3. Walkers may pledge themselves as **vassals** to genies while gambling against each other. If the walker loses, they will be expected to sing the praises of and otherwise exalt the winning genie on command.
4. **Pets and mounts** are frequently put on the table the same way one might gamble the keys to a car.
5. Often, all that is needed to incentivize a bet is something as simple as an **embarrassing dare**... maybe a walker needs to skinny dip in the Reservoir or apply some Dream of the Mane between their eyebrows.
6. The most valuable thing to a genie is their pride. As such, the highest stakes they might engage with is the relinquishing the use of **their title**, or perhaps allowing the winner of a bet to grant the genie a new title of their choice.

## AMUNTA II (SHE/HER)

After ruthlessly leading her people into a new age of “prosperity” (that is: abundant trade and nearly unfathomable wealth inequality), Pharaoh Amunta II died unexpectedly of acute liver failure. She was interred in the tomb whose construction she oversaw. After supposedly enjoying centuries of a peaceful afterlife—or so she claims—she rose as a ghost to haunt her tomb after it was ransacked and desecrated by Cal. Despite her desire to immediately torment whoever it was that had violated her resting place, it took only a few hours for her to glide over to the lamp, which trapped her incorporeal form.

Amunta II never outgrew the need to be adored. To this day, she wanders Kadhizi, expecting to be admired, praised, and doted on. She is one of a select few universally disliked by Kadhizi residents. This is completely unrelated to the fact that she is undead; after all, Ta-Hen, an undead mummy himself, is one of the more popular Kadhizi citizens. Amunta II is simply unkind, and in the vacuum that is the Kadhizi sands, a bad attitude goes a long way.

Notably, perhaps due to her ghastly levitation, she considers herself closer to a genie than to the other walkers, despite the fact that she was a human in her day. Unlike actual genies, Amunta II has no apparent magical abilities other than flight and the ability to float through walls. Genies despise this pompous specter as much as anyone else, and they certainly wouldn't count Amunta II among their ranks.

After a lifetime of being given everything, she now mostly hangs around the Casino. Though she is strictly forbidden from gambling, the casino staff can't actually do anything to keep her out. To get her kicks, she encourages various casino-goers to make outrageous bets. When a walker makes a stupid gamble, they will often blame Amunta II claiming that she momentarily possessed them... This is decidedly not a power that Amunta II boasts, but it does make for a convenient excuse.

Most in Kadhizi suspect that Amunta II will continue to be a nuisance until someone can rehalow her tomb. So long as a hyperactive pitcher trap continues to disrupt the flow of magic, it seems that that won't happen anytime soon. Nearly a quarter of the letters that the genies have asked LIMINA courier Rexi to deliver simply request that someone makes an effort to bless the tomb so as to allow Amunta II to return to the afterlife she deserves (presumably some agonizing underworld).





## PLOT HOOK: GET RID OF THE GHOST

Amunta II is a pest, and Kadhizi would be a better place without her. She was an oppressive ruler in life who deserves no forgiveness in death, and the best that can be said about her presence in Kadhizi is that she sometimes provides a dubious excuse for people to gamble. She is a self-obsessed bigot and will often use her incorporeality to enter into homes without anyone's consent.

Once the adventurers establish their reputation throughout Kadhizi (as problem solvers, magical maven, or just powerful renegades), the residents will likely task the party with doing something about Amunta II. She is both an obnoxious pest as well as a potential threat to the safety of the residents. She has repeatedly threatened to necrotically drain the life out of Cal, and now that the ewer is in more peril than ever, it seems she just might go through with this plan. Even if it means taking everyone down with her, it's not outside the realm of possibility that Amunta II would stoop to total destruction just to get some attention.

Whether or not the residents of Kadhizi ever escape, it's universally agreed upon that life in the ewer would be improved if someone were able to somehow rid the sands of Amunta II altogether. Most suspect that the otherworldly mechanism for banishing her spirit would be to sanctify her tomb... but that is not necessarily true. Amunta II's soul may be disturbed for any number of reasons. A few options and potential solutions are provided below:

Regardless of what option is chosen, the adventurers may wish for Amunta II to confront her crimes. If they do, they may benefit from the aid of one of the genies. A full reckoning may not be possible without Amunta II searching her deepest darkest memories, an experience that any Memory Genie may help to facilitate. If the adventurers believe Amunta II needs to reform herself and become a better person before returning to the afterlife, they may also seek the therapeutic wisdom of one of the Dream Genies.

**Imani the Gentle (she/her):** *The unorthodox therapist (Dream Genie).* The Genies live a long time, and perhaps because of this, most decide fairly early on for themselves whether they plan on maintaining their grudges indefinitely, or whether they will instead choose to always let bygones be bygones. Walkers (particularly humans) do not have this luxury, as their short lifespans can often lead to profound regrets later in life. Imani has thus taken it upon herself to help the walkers with conflict resolution. Instead of letting bitter spats ruin the relationship of what few walkers live in Kadhizi, Imani will guide embittered parties in a rigorous routine of team-building exercises, group meditation, and shared hallucinogenic experiences. Despite her unusual methods, she has saved countless marriages, friendships, and sibling relationships. Though she is not equipped to resolve traumatic conflicts that have lasted centuries, she may at least be able to guide the wicked through a process of self-reflection.

### d4 What raised Amunta II from the dead?

- 1 Amunta II has been damned to rise as a ghost because her actions directly led to Ta-Hen Nekau being shackled on three separate occasions: as a slave in life, as a tomb guardian in death, and as a prisoner of the ewer after that. This profound threefold atrocity taints her everlasting soul.
- 2 While ransacking her tomb, Cal disturbed Amunta II's canopic jars. Without the viscera of Amunta II's mortal body occupying the same space as her tomb, she is stranded from the afterlife, doomed to explore the world until she finds and restores her preserved organs.
- 3 Amunta II spends so much time in the Casino for a reason: The devil who shepherded her soul to hell said that she could return to the mortal world, but only if she sows chaos. Devils love gambling, and it may serve her master's goals if she can engender destructive risky behavior in those around her.
- 4 After being raised as a ghost, Amunta II almost immediately got trapped in Kadhizi. Perhaps the Gods decided this ought to be her true final resting place. There is no hell fit for her wickedness other than a vast desert she cannot escape.

### How can she be returned to the afterlife?

- Amunta II must meaningfully confront her crimes. Ta-Hen does not speak with her and should not be made to, but Amunta II must seek absolution for herself. If Amunta II is able to **1**) document her wrongdoings, **2**) reflect on her past, **3**) at least make an effort to apologize to Ta-Hen, **1** and **4**) perform acts of retribution, her soul may return to the hell in which it belongs.
- Though there is no hope of recovering Amunta II's stomach, liver, lungs, and intestines, there are some stellar ceramicists in Kadhizi who would be at least able to produce replica jars. Perhaps with fine enough pottery and some illusory magic, Amunta II's tickets to the afterlife can be forged.
- In this instance, Amunta II is literally an agent of the underworld. Perhaps it is possible to keep Amunta II from ruining people's lives, but it seems more likely that a proper exorcism or merely destroying her spirit through violence is the easier option.
- If Amunta II's soul is already where it ought to be, the obvious solution is to simply get everyone else out of the ewer. If the party wants to rid the demiplane of Amunta II first though, they may need to seek an audience with the Gods themselves in order to encourage them to change their minds.

**1** Ta-Hen was enslaved under the Pharaoh's rule, and she has no right to expect his forgiveness, nor does Ta-Hen have an obligation to speak with her. It is not the responsibility of the oppressed to absolve those who subjugated them. Amunta's II undeath is between her Gods and her; there is no need to further torment a mummy who has—through great effort—risen above the trauma he endured in life and in undeath.



# THE LAMPISTS AND THE OBSERVATORY

## THE LAMPISTS

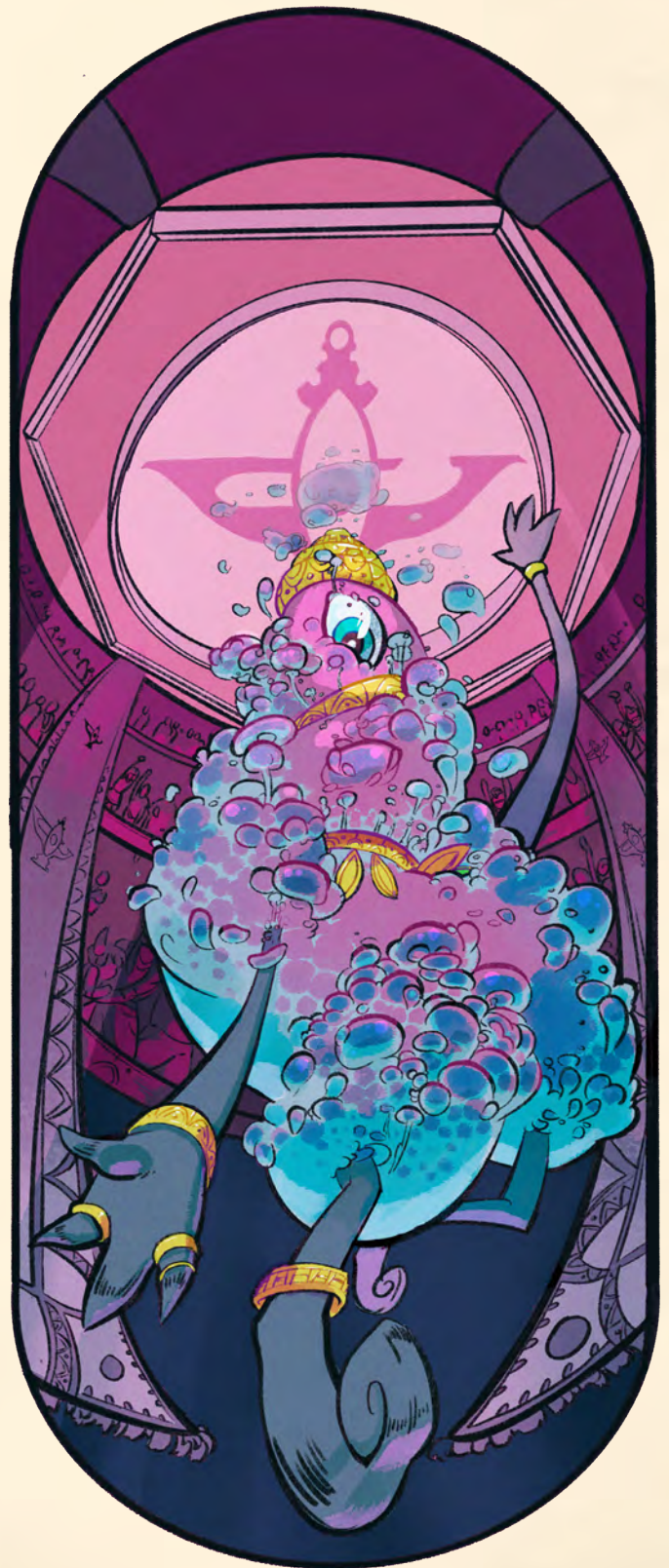
In every society throughout the multiverse, it seems inevitable that a large group of people will somehow decide to hold the worst possible opinions en masse, if only to disagree with a more informed and rational majority. The Lampists—named for the popular notion of a genie stuck in an oil lamp—occupy this role in Kadhizi. They believe that the ewer is a utopia free from the sins of Ephamel, and that it is a moral imperative that no one try to leave. Most in Kadhizi consider this a form of grand delusion on a massive scale, whereby roughly twenty percent of residents believe their imprisoned fate is preferable to freedom. Perhaps unsurprisingly, many Lampists are humans, almost all second- or third-generation Kadhizi residents who have never known the outside world.

Lampism is predicated on fear. The Kadhizi-born walkers are so terrified of the notion that the outside world *could actually be better*, and they are even more afraid of how crushing it would feel to seek an escape only to die a failure. Instead of attempting to break out and experience life outside the ewer, they convince themselves that *this is paradise*. It is easier that way.

One would think that—in the face of the total destruction of the ewer—the Lampists would backpedal and decide that *now* might be a good time to figure out a way to escape. Instead, they have doubled down on their beliefs. Their core tenet has only become crystalized and magnified as the ewer nears a catastrophic cataclysm. Leaving the ewer is *wrong*, staying in paradise is *good*, and anyone trying to *leave* is an *enemy of the people*.

In recent months, the inevitable has come to pass: Lampists have begun to commit acts of violence, arson, and sabotage against anyone trying to exit the ewer. Rexi, Walidah, and even Neena and her assistants (described below) have become targets of sectarian violence. The last thing the residents of Kadhizi need as the threat of destruction grows is hostility from within, but the Lampists are growing bolder with so little time left and nothing to lose.

Importantly, Lampism has never felt like a cult to those who follow its tenets. Lampists look identical to anyone else in Kadhizi. They have no uniform, and they do not wear their symbol in public. Anyone you come across in Kadhizi *might* be a Lampist, and there's no way of knowing until you speak with one.







1. Church of the Lampists
2. Home of Agave Rain, Wild Genie (he/him)
3. Home of Theseaz Attine, half-genie (they/them)
4. Serenity Lounge
5. Home of Zell Bu'ulienne, half-elf (she/her)
6. Home of Yasir the Stationary
7. Home of Menno (he/him) and Larsen (he/him) Noofe, humans
8. Communal Boathouse
9. Home of Yunne Bu'ulienne, elf (he/him) [recently deceased]
10. The Observatory
11. Home of Dr. Coleen Ninea, human (she/her)
12. Home of the Van Zan'q polycule (mostly gnomes)
13. Home of Hiza the Swift
14. The Archives
15. Home of Mantuuk the Lavender



## HIS HOLINESS YASIR THE STATIONARY (HE/HIM)

Yasir, a Dream Genie, is the founder and leader of the Lampists. Though similar notions had cropped up before he started endorsing the belief publicly, Yasir was the one who formalized the rationale. It is unclear whether Yasir truly believes what he preaches, but most assume Yasir spreads this gospel simply because it results in many walkers deifying him. Like many genies, what Yasir craves more than anything else is apotheosis. It is not enough for Yasir to be one of the lucky few immortal magical beings in the ewer. He must also be treated as a God.

No matter how you spin it, Yasir has been largely successful. His followers view him as a spiritual leader, and while they are not exactly groveling at his feet, they do revere and exalt him as the savior of their eternal souls. To leave the ewer and return to the world of sin and sacrifice would be to damn oneself, and if Yasir helps you to see that, then Yasir has in effect saved you from an eternity in hellfire.

Yasir has all of the charisma and self-importance of a quintessential cult leader. He floats around Kadhizi with confidence and swagger, tipping his head knowingly to those he acknowledges as true believers. He enjoys the amenities of Kadhizi to their fullest, betting on Desert Races, bathing in Conarca, and attentively languishing in the lurid music of Abdulaziz the Unctuous. Despite his views, Yasir is a staunch Traditionalist, favoring the art of the old world, and casting aspersions on the unapproachable modern art practiced by certain Kadhizi residents. The hypocrisy in his contradictory love of Ephamel art and distaste for that of his peers is clear to all except his followers.

Importantly, Yasir will encourage the Lampists to oppose the adventurers at every turn if the party openly tries to escape. Though they won't initially stoop to violence, they will happily draw arms if it "becomes necessary." Though Yasir himself is a coward, he will do everything possible to empower his followers around one unified message: *the party* is the villain of this story. As such, the party may find it easier to work toward freedom in relative secrecy.

## NEENA FILLAZ (SHE/HER)

Elven archaeologist Neena Fillaz prided herself on conducting research in a socially responsible manner. Before conducting a dig, she would always wait until she received approval from indigenous locals. She would never disturb sacred sites, she would study artifacts on-site instead of transporting them to her home kingdom, and she always tried to treat the cultures she studied with the utmost respect. When she was finally given access to the Tomb of Amunta II, she was overjoyed. Finally she would be able to explore an "untouched" historical site that had remained sealed for two hundred years! She gathered her tools, began mapping out her journey, and

just hours into her dig, she stumbled upon an unstable supernatural ewer that swallowed her whole.

Neena did everything right, and she still suffered the consequences of Cal's hubris and idiocy. She was everything Cal was not: rigorously academic, painstakingly deferential to local cultures, and completely free from greedy temptations, and yet the exact same fate that befell Cal became a part of Neena's story as well.

Upon unraveling the details of Kadhizi and its origins, she became frustrated, enraged, and insular. Relying on just a few genies for help, Neena spent ages constructing her Observatory, a colossal hilltop science facility within which Neena is attempting to study the illusory cosmos for any clues that might point toward a viable escape option.

The city of Kadhizi was only two hundred years old when Neena became trapped, but thanks to the great lifespan of elves, Neena is still around today. Unlike Cal, Neena did not surrender to hopelessness. She took stock of her situation, identified those that might prove to be most helpful in research, and began looking for answers. Neena has a long life to live, and she'll be damned if it's going to be wasted trapped in a decorative jug.

Though at first Neena politely requested privacy for her research, she has lately become increasingly aggressive in her need for solitude. What was once a private laboratory has now become a booby-trapped lair that Neena never leaves. Neena has fully withdrawn from society, and the few genies who do aid in her research have noticed a rapid deterioration in her sanity. A woman who was once a kind and gregarious world traveler dedicated above all else to upholding an impeccable standard of research is now a recluse, a raving madwoman unwilling—and frankly unable—to socialize.





## THE OBSERVATORY

Neena's experiments are conducted in a large, mechanically manoeuvrable, electrically charged watchtower made from layered articulating ceramic plates. From the outside, the Observatory gives the impression of a slow moving sandy reptilian behemoth, slowly undulating and folding in on itself to better observe various celestial bodies. From within, the layout gradually morphs, breathing in and out with the rhythms of the cosmos.

Though her logic is becoming a bit harder to follow, the crux of Neena's hypotheses revolves around the notion that the unnatural skyscape projected onto the illusory ewer interior is some sort of code. The star patterns don't match any known constellations in Ephamel, and they seem to shift and slide against each other in manners that defy all astronomical understanding. A star formation will be visible one night and completely gone the next. Some nights the stars will rotate perpendicularly to the night before. On very special nights, the brightness of the stars oscillate in hypnotic patterns, suggesting divine ratios or cryptographically significant sequences. Though the ewer's origins are unknown, *someone or something* must have created it, and for reasons that can only be guessed, it was designed to display these bizarrely intricate and nuanced astronomical formations. Neena believes that this is a crackable code, a failsafe built into the pitcher that offers a glimpse into its arcane construction.

And of course, Neena believes wholeheartedly that she is the only one who can solve this puzzle. She has reams of notes, increasingly elaborate mechanical means for focusing, cleaning, and adjusting her lenses, and a very small but dedicated crew of genies who *believe in her*, bringing her food, charging her equipment, and acting as sounding boards whenever Neena needs to think through a new problem.

Depending on who you ask, Neena's self-assuredness and fear of outside tampering has either completely fried her brain or focused her intellect to a level incomprehensible to anyone else in the ewer. Those interested in checking up on her though will have quite a difficult time doing so. In the past few years, she has spent more and more time rigging her Observatory with traps, constructing mechanical automatons to keep out intruders, and reinforcing the ceramic plates that act both as mechanical joints and defensive shielding for her home and office. Some have hypothesized that this is sheer paranoia, while others suspect she's essentially building a bunker in case she has to stave off attacks from Delirium Genies.

**Hiza the Swift (she/her):** *The part-time scientist, part-time thrill seeker (Spark Genie).* Hiza helps out Neena Fillaz, the elven researcher in the Observatory. Hiza is a wiz at conducting various experiments to aid in Neena's studies, despite the fact that she's fully re-

signed to never leaving Kadhizi. Unlike most genies, Hiza is totally okay with her fate, though she's no Lampist. She would *prefer* to escape, but she just finds that prospect unlikely. She's happy to simply study the unpredictable cosmos and spend her weekends taking drugs and riding rats around the desert sands (hence her title). Though she enjoys her work, she is not quite so loyal as Neena seems to believe. Hiza *is* an absolutely stellar lab assistant, but she is also a perfect reminder that one need not define themselves based on what they do for work.



**Mantuuk the Lavender (he/him):** *The sand sketcher (Dream Genie).* Not everyone has taken their imprisonment in Kadhizi so well. Mantuuk was the first genie to be captured by Cal, and he spent the first few months all alone in the undeveloped desert. After the next few genies were captured he started to feel a sense of camaraderie before slowly growing resentful, then desperate, and finally loopy. Mantuuk now spends his days on the outskirts of town drawing images in the sand with a long palm branch. Though these massive and elaborate sand figures may at first appear entirely abstract, a more studied eye would recognize the sketches as detailed diagrams of the unique starry sky seen within the interior of the pitcher. Perhaps Mantuuk knows more than he lets on.



## PLOT HOOK: COMPLETE THE RESEARCH

Whether she has fully lost her marbles or not, Neena is still right. The stars are a code, and cracking this code will lead to an incredible discovery. Her approach, however, hit a dead end decades ago. It's hard to imagine a celestial puzzle that can't be solved with brute force given a few centuries of effort, so it stands to reason that Neena's current lines of scientific inquiry are only leading her further astray. Simply put: she needs help. No matter how much time she has, she will not complete her research without someone to challenge her preconceived notions and fill in the gaps in her data.

If the players seek to help Neena with her research, first they need to gain access to her lab and her existing notes. This alone will be quite a difficult task given Neena's recent obsession with traps, wards, and deterrents. A potential visitor will need to navigate a number of arcane obstacles in order to gain an audience with the archaeologist-turned-astronomer. While you might easily imagine the types of roadblocks a mad scientist like Neena might throw at a party of intruders, the list below will provide some additional inspiration.

1. Neena has constructed a battalion of **tiny mechanical scarabs** that will swarm any would-be intruders, either physically blocking their progress or violently attacking.
2. A **sliding star map** in the foyer is presented underneath a banner that reads "TO SAVE OUR FUTURE, WE MUST KNOW THE PAST." The map must be carefully manipulated to reflect the correct placement of astral bodies in the starry sky from the previous night. Incorrect placements will cause an alarm to sound and all doors in the Observatory to automatically lock.
3. A series of mirrors placed ubiquitously throughout the Observatory focuses and redirects the desert sun's light, creating **dangerous beams of searing heat** that must be carefully navigated. For added difficulty, perhaps Neena has caused these mirrors to slowly rotate, requiring the party to adapt to the deadly maze on the fly.
4. At any given time, some of the charge generated by Neena's Spark Genie lab assistants is fed to seemingly random **trap tiles** in the labyrinthine halls of the Observatory, shocking anyone who stands on them. The placement of the charged tiles is actually *not* random, and Neena is secretly testing to see if any intruders have the puzzle-solving mindset necessary to aid in her research.

d4	The Ewer's Message	What Comes Next
1	The message is a map of Kadhizi. The image of an eye appears at a seemingly insignificant coordinate in the dunes.	The map's destination must hold a crucial secret. Perhaps digging there reveals Treasure #24 or a key to exit the ewer. Maybe a teleportation circle appears there during the full moon. Perhaps if Cal is returned to this very spot, the jug will become unsealed.
2	The message is an explanation of how the ewer works from the ewer's creator. It includes a detailed explanation of the arcane processes used to build the arcane pitcher, but not explicitly a means to undo the magic from the inside.	This is perhaps the least satisfying outcome, because it would require additional research in order to figure out how best to undo the prevailing magic. Depending on who the creator of the ewer turns out to be (note: consider making this some important historical sage, or a member of a narratively significant faction) and the exact type of magic used to create the ewer, the party may have a better understanding of what further avenues to follow. This outcome might be best when used in conjunction with one of the other escape quests.
3	The message is an encoded voice from the ewer itself. The pitcher is sentient—containing the soul of either its creator or some previously banished spirit—and is attempting to speak with the residents through subtle starry cyphers.	Once the party is able to decode the language of the ewer, they can freely speak back to it. Whichever soul is contained with this ewer might know more about how best to undo its magic.
4	The message is a single word, an arcane word of power.	Presumably, this word of power when spoken unseals the ewer. If this seems too straightforward, maybe there's an additional layer of complexity: the ewer is unsealed, but only to the person who says the word, the word must be said by everyone in the ewer simultaneously, or the ewer unseals but releases the inhabitants somewhere else.



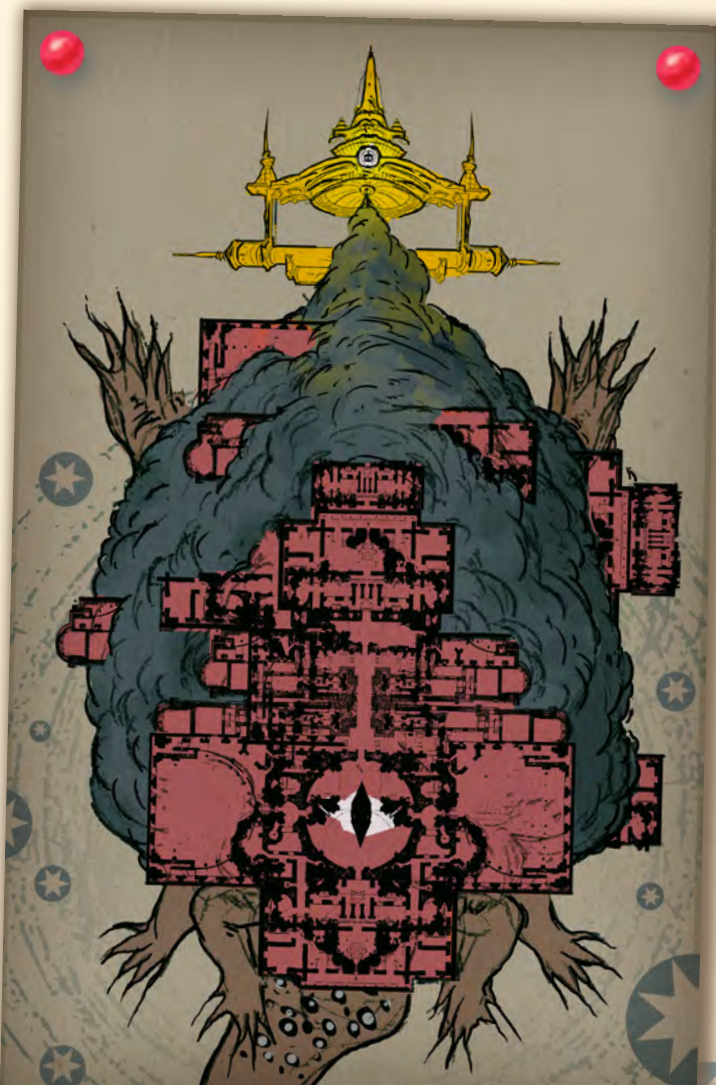
5. The genies that help Neena don't need to use the front door. They simply shrink in size and slip through the cracks in the outer tiles. As such, anyone using the front door must be an intruder and a walker. A **bucket of Dream of the Mane** has been placed in such a manner that it will fall on anyone opening the front door, causing them to painfully and rapidly grow hair anywhere the liquid splashes them.
6. Sometimes the best defenses are also the most straightforward. Neena has gradually been breeding her own collection of desert creatures. If she suspects intruders are trying to break into her lab, she'll simply unleash a **swarm of venomous snakes and blood-thirsty bats** into the lower floors of the Observatory.

Of course making it to Neena is only half the battle. Depending on the state of her mental collapse, she may be anywhere from mildly antisocial to completely unhinged. Clearly unfit to finish her research on her own, it is up to the adventurers to either guide Neena down more fruitful lines of inquiry, or simply take up the mantle of studying the cosmos themselves. This process may be surprisingly quick (a flash of insight!), or might require the adventurers to occupy the Observatory and conduct an extensive battery of experiments over the course of weeks. Along the way, complications are likely to occur, forcing the party to improvise and adapt while attempting to complete the research.

1. Fearing that an escape from Kadhizi is imminent, the **Lampists have staged an all-out assault** on the Observatory. They seem unlikely to respond to reason, and must be either held at bay with the Observatory's defenses or confronted with lethal force.
2. Cal's worsening condition is causing the ewer's illusory cosmos to flicker in and out. In order to record proper measurements, the party will have to **quickly address Cal's immediate medical needs**, potentially conducting emergency surgery to keep him alive long enough to solve the mysteries of the sky.
3. A piece of debris falling from the ewer has **cracked one of the Observatory's lenses**. The adventurers will have to climb out high onto the surface of the telescope to conduct repairs.
4. The Museum of the Old World is on fire! One of the Modernists has set the entire gallery ablaze, and the resulting **smoke is making it impossible to see through the telescope**. These fires are of course a huge problem on their own. The various artifacts inside are likely to be destroyed, and some residents caught in the blaze might be in extreme danger. If any research is to be done at the Observatory, the fire will first have to be extinguished.

After finally synthesizing all of the data, the party will hopefully be able to crack the code. Maybe the stars were presenting an elaborate cypher, maybe a hidden message was encoded on a mote of dust on the surface of the moon, or maybe the adventurers have to simply stare and squint just right to see the truth in plain sight. Regardless of the method used to decode this ancient message, the adventurers should now have a much clearer understanding of the stars, the ewer, and what to do next. Consult the table above for a list of outcomes for the research as well as potential next steps.

**Raniya (they/them):** *The cloud in the sky (Memory Genie).* While most genies choose to hover close to ground level, there's nothing in their powers that requires them to remain near to the sands. The reality is simply that most of the Kadhizi sky is empty and devoid of interest. Raniya, though, prefers to occupy the vast skyscape above the desert. Many newbies to the town think that they're a small cloud at first glance. Raniya finds this confusion flattering. They would love to be more like a cloud, free from terrestrial worries, merely following the ceaseless cycles of transformation that keep the world alive. Raniya enjoys seeing the town from a bird's-eye view. Instead of focusing on an individual's memory, Raniya is able to absorb a smattering of stray thoughts from everyone in Kadhizi all at once. Perhaps it is this smoothing of data that leads Raniya to be generally pleasant and optimistic. Everything seems nicer with a bit more perspective.





# KADHIZI

WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE EWER

