

**PRODIGIOUS
ATLÂNĀAT
AND THE
LORD
OF THE WORLD**



Adventure 11 prodigious Atlânaat and the Lord of the World

The party goes back in time, finds the Master of the World and makes him undream the Golems of Meaning.

The Eesa Khan lives in an Arabian style kingdom; dry with fertile areas. Tough nomad folk in feuding tribes. Never conquered etc. One True God and lots of praying. There's a harbour and Dhows and many bazaars Domes and minarets.

Prodigious Atlânaat is a fabled lost city far to the north east in an Indian style setting; humid, jungle, great lost palaces and wild animals. Warring princes and vast riches.

The Master of the World is a legend but there are many holy men and hermits in prodigious Atlânaat, it's renowned for them. The Yellow Raja is another name by which he's known. The sounding of the brass gong of eternity said to sit in readiness to awaken the Master of the World which will end reality. Obviously this can't be true. Anyone who believes such a thing is a heretic and blasphemer.

Yhtill, scholar from prodigious Atlânaat. Being tortured by the Eesa Khan (who's a little 'detached' from reality) because he's raving about the Master of the World. This is blasphemy against the True God of course. Yhtill is on public display for his crimes. The characters will recognise him but he will not know them of course.

Yhtil has never seen the Master of the World, nor does he know how to find him but he believes he exists.

Yhtill is chained naked in the sun in the main square. Hungry beggars are feasting on him but their hands are tied behind them and all but two of their teeth (front ones) have been pulled out so the process is slow. Each evening Yhtil is healed but he will die of thirst, hunger or sunstroke soon.

Yhtill's ravings from before.

"The Lord of the World, sleeps, and sleeping, dreams; and all things that seem to be are but the figments of his dream; and those things whereof he ceases to dream at that moment cease to be."

"The girl is mysterious, no doubt, but she commands the lost magic of far-off Tsang, whereby men become gods, and gods become beasts."

"I saw thirteen seated statues but there is always space for more."

"There is a sculptured hand on the keystone of the arch. That way is safe."

"A person who could influence the dreams of the Master of the World could change reality. Many have tried and we have no way of knowing if they succeed."

What the players do:

Rescue Yhtil as a means of finding prodigious Atlânaat.
Escape the wrath of the Eesa Khan and travel south.

The Eesa Khan will have a magical guard. A chained demon that does his bidding but has made him mad as it tries to gain its freedom. Ifrit.

The legend.

There was a prince who came to the court of the Khan from fabled Knuum several years ago. The prince slept with the princess Fetet and both were attacked by a jealous Ifrit who had long lusted after the princess. The Ifrit changed the prince and all his people into apes. Later the princess fought a pitched magical battle with the Ifrit and chained it, binding it to the will of the Eesa Khan her father. True to her word she stayed with her new husband and went to live with him in far off Knuum amongst his ape people. She dwells there still.

The truth.

The prince from Knuum was always an ape. He swapped the Ifrit with the Eesa Khan for the princess. The Eesa Khan knew he could have many daughters but an Ifrit was special.

The Ifrit, bound servant of the Eesa Khan.

HD17 HP170 although reaching 0 just returns him to his chains for a day and a night.

Damage: a flaming torch and a spear.

The torch sets anything on fire, even water. DEX roll with disadvantage to avoid. 3D6 damage each round until extinguished. Can only be extinguished by being dispelled by a priest. WIS check vs lvl 20 powerful opponent.

The spear can be thrust or thrown. It returns. 4D6 damage.

Horn. The Ifrit has a horn that summons imps if he's in trouble.

Imps. Numerous servants of the Ifrit.

HD12 HP120

Damage: weapons for 3D6.

Finding and entering prodigious Atlânaat.

Travelling north can be achieved by Owl.

Yhtil knows the way, without him there are many Owls in the region and choosing the correct one would be time consuming. There's still a walk from the Owl.

Eventually the party will reach the wall.

"Before them loomed the incredible bulk of the outer walls of Atlânaat, walls that had for ages mocked the age-old trees that sought to reach their parapet."

"There is a sculptured hand on the keystone of the arch..." Said future Yhtil. He doesn't know this yet.

There are numerous entrances through the walls. One of the small ones has a sculptured hand on its keystone.

Prodigious Atlânaat is enchanted so that people don't easily find the Master of the World.

Passing through any of the big gates leads to an Indian city. Yhtil will immediately do this, it's

normal for him. Atlânaat is sparsely populated compared to some but there are still hordes of beggars and most of the bigger houses are guarded to keep the untouchables away. Caravans call here and local artisans make jewellery and musical instruments from the raw materials they bring. Leaving by any large gate takes you to the surrounding arable land.

Yhtill will take the party to a place known as the 'seat of the Yellow Raja' where a large brass gong stands by a cushion on a pedestal. The legend goes:

"The sounding of the brass gong of eternity said to sit in readiness to awaken the Master of the World which will end reality." This gong is indeed magic and will be needed later.

There is no sign of the Master of the World but the place is revered and offerings have been left. Amongst them is the Pallid Mask if the characters no longer have it. They'll need this later too.

Leaving by a small gate leads you to the jungle reality. The small gates are shunned, many are walled up or blocked by houses. Finding a working one isn't easy.

Entering by a small gate leads to an overgrown jungle infested version of the city, deserted. The small gate with the hand leads to the version of prodigious Atlânaat where the Master of the World is.

"Standing at the edge of the jungle in whose depths brooded the foundations of prodigious Atlânaat. They halted for a moment to gaze at the uncounted domes and minarets that towered high above the jungle and muttered secret words to the stars as they crept out one by one."

The challenges to reach the Master of the World.

The small archway leads onto an avenue.

The avenue ends in a small court bounded by columns whose capitals are on friendly terms with a single sultry-glowing star that glares evilly above. It is always night here.

At the base of each pillar was an ornately chiseled pedestal. On thirteen of these pedestals, forming a crescent, are life-sized images of bearded men, sitting cross-legged. The head of each is bowed as in sleep; and each holds in his left hand a curiously carved scepter. The statues are strangely life-like. There are several pedestals without statues

"I saw thirteen seated statues but there is always space for more." -Yhtill

In the center of the court is a circular balustrade that guards the brink of a pit along whose walls spirals a gently sloping runway down which a man on horse or foot might easily make his way to the abysmal depths that mock the single star overhead.

There is no way to cross the balustrade and descend into the pit unless a male character sits on a pedestal where they will assume the form of a seated, bearded statue holding one of the carved scepters. The character will retain its own face.

If the rest of the party are successful the transformation will be reversed when they return to the surface. Only failed attempts stay as statues.

A copy of the scepter will appear on the ground in front of the new statue. This scepter will

remove the barrier and form a gap in the balustrade if tapped upon it. The remainder of the party can descend.

“Darkness did not engulf him as quickly as he had expected. The blackness receded as he descended, and the broad, white tiles gleamed dully ahead of him, so that it was simple enough to keep to the middle of the spiral runway.”

Down... down... turn after turn... until finally the characters are as far beneath the court as the capitals of its encircling pillars are above it. Then comes the scarcely perceptible thump-thump of a drum, and the thin wailing notes of a pipe. An overwhelming sweetness breathes from the blackness and enfolds them.

CON tests at disadvantage to avoid being overcome by the perfume.

Those that succeed may continue, those that fail are OofA and cannot be roused until they have been returned to the surface. If everyone is overcome recovery rolls will find them back at the court with the statues.

As with any total fail here the balustrade will be intact again and a new sceptre will need to be generated by sacrificing another character to become a statue.

The spiraling path now begins curving in ever narrowing circles, vortex-like. The perfume is now overwhelming. At the bottom of the pit they find themselves facing a low archway that opens into a vault pervaded by glowing vapors whose luminescence throbs to the cadence of those muttering drums and wailing pipes. Then a gong sounds once: thinly, as the rustle of silk rather than the resonance of bronze; and the rose-hued mists part, revealing a girl whose Babylonian eyes gaze through and past them as though they are nebulous as the smoke-wisps of gauze that thinly veil her loveliness.

The girl speaks. *“Welcome. You have done well. But unaided you can go no farther.”*

The girl extends her slender arms and with serpentine passes and gestures strokes each character's forehead; and then, stepping to their left side, with her knuckles she raps sharply here and there along their spines, making the lost magic of far-off Tsang, whereby men become gods, and gods become beasts.

Characters must make a CHA test with disadvantage.

Those who fail warp and twist and become beasts according to their natures. Fighters become lions or wolves, thief's become weasles or magpies, wizards become owls or apes, priests become cats or dogs.

Regardless of the form they take no beast can remain here and all flee to the surface where, after a while the transformations are reversed.

As with any total fail here the balustrade will be intact again and a new sceptre will need to be generated by sacrificing another character to become a statue.

Those who pass change into glowing avatars of themselves and may continue.

The sighing music ceases piping; and as the rose and saffron-shot mists thin and draw back and vanish, the characters find themselves in a circular vault on whose domed ceiling glitter

stars arranged in strange constellations; and the floor of the vault is not tiled, but strewn with powdered cinnabar. In the center of the vault is a low couch of grotesquely chiseled green basalt on which sits an old man whose head is bowed in sleep.

“you are before the Lord of the World, he who built this prodigious citadel the day he completed the creation of this and all other worlds. He sleeps, and sleeping, dreams; and all things that seem to be are but the figments of his dream; and those things whereof he ceases to dream at that moment cease to be. For nothing is real, save it be the illusion of him who sits here dreaming.”

“If you can disturb his slumber without fully waking him then I may whisper words to change the course of his dreaming and reality may be changed to your wishes.”

The girl can only whisper a short phrase as the window of opportunity is short.
She will allow a single word per character present modified by a CHA roll from each.
CRITICAL FAIL may not contribute a word at all.
FAIL may not contribute extra words (1 total)
SUCCEED may contribute two extra words (3 total)
CRITICAL SUCCESS may contribute three extra words (4total)

Should there not be enough characters they may return to the surface to regroup and start again.

Striking the brass gong causes the Master of the World to stir just a little bit. Reality shudders around the characters (and everywhere else).

At this moment the girl will whisper into the Master of the World's ear and he will dream according to her command, changing reality accordingly. Only characters in this location will be aware that anything has changed and only they will remember their previous reality.

If all goes as planned the party can be returned to their starting time by Clank.
The Golems of Meaning have gone.
Home to bed.
Job done.