



Le plan élémentaire du feu, est le dernier plan “intérieur”, avant le plan astral...

Voici donc des informations, avec le texte de l'introduction de la partie **en gras**.

THE CITY OF BRASS

The pride and capital of the belligerent efreeti civilization, and an embodiment of the Plane of Fire's harsh and deadly beauty, the City of Brass rests within a massive basin of hammered brass that floats upon a sea of fire. A sphere of magic fueled by captured souls surrounds it, ensuring that the interior remains at survivable temperatures for most extraplanar visitors.

The efreet barely conceal their disdain for other species. Non-efreet are second-class citizens in the City of Brass, and non-fire creatures are at the absolute bottom of the hierarchy. Most efreet refuse to speak anything but Ignan or Infernal, even though most understand Common.

With the recent passing of Sultan Suleiman XXIII, his daughter Grand Sultana Ayasellah Mihelar Khalidlah II quickly assumed control of the City of Brass. As usual, the succession has resulted in social turmoil as the boundaries of city districts change, power brokers fall out of favor, and ambitious social climbers ascend in rank. The grand sultana is a fierce warrior who leads the city's efreeti armies.

The city is divided into eight quarters, not including the Great Bazaar, and two major regions: the Inner Ward and the Outer Ward.

The adventure begins shortly after the PCs arrive in the Galley Quarter of the City of Brass aboard a cargo ship from the nearby trade city of Zjarra.

Galley Quarter: Also known as the Docks, the Galley Quarter houses visitors to the City of Brass in relative safety and comfort. Magical vessels, airships, ships, and even stranger modes of transport come and go from this commerce hub's port at all hours, trading in jewels, slaves, magical artifacts, drugs, spices, wondrous creatures, and even stranger valuables. The Galley Quarter's atmosphere is cool enough to allow most visitors from other planes to survive, though it is still uncomfortably warm for the average denizen of the Material Plane.

Upon disembarking, the PCs meet an approximately octopus-shaped Large fire elemental that signals to them, introduces itself as Zohz in broken Common, and offers to lead them to Qalkami Mishalq. Zohz is true to its word, and it cheerfully serves as an inarticulate tour guide along the way, regularly pointing out important sites and observing whether or not they're flammable. Qalkami has reserved a private dining area in a tavern and incense bar known as the Chromatic Dragon, a brass building with scaly, red-lacquered doors. The interior is thick with fragrant smoke that wafts among the tables, chairs, lavish couches, and booths that surround a well-furnished fire drake enclosure. Zohz lazily salutes the proprietor before ambling to a back room, where Qalkami reclines on a divan beneath a picture of a red dragon triumphantly roaring atop the bodies of its black, blue, green, and white kin. She tosses a satchel of pungent herbs to Zohz, who immediately coils around it and rolls back to the common area to enjoy his now-smoldering payment.

Ah, outlanders, over here. Sit.” Qalkami Mishalq motions to a crimson couch made of reddish leather. “Welcome to the City of Brass, or as we efreet like to call it, Fommok Madinah. You may find this a less welcoming place than Zjarra, but I prefer to think it keeps out the riffraff. Now, we have the deal, the Society and I, to exchange services, and you owe me only one more.”

The Pathfinder Society,desperately needs Qalkami's expertise in breaking open a potent artifact known as the *Untouchable Opal*.

“Centuries ago, three efreeti houses thwarted one of the largest shaitan invasions ever to attack the City of Brass. My family played an instrumental role. As time went on, however, betrayal, crime, and greed riddled our family's affairs. Instead of helping us, the other two houses threw us to the ames, seized our assets, and dug up evidence to condemn us. Now one of these houses, the Cinderfurys, is teetering at the edge of oblivion, having tied its prestige too closely to the late grand sultan.” Qalkami swirls a glass flute of golden liquid, chuckles to herself, and takes a sip. “It would be politically damaging were I seen sabotaging my old enemy. Thankfully, I have a friend in the Society,” she remarks, eying each of her guests in turn, “which can reveal the Cinderfurys for the treacherous worms they are. All that's necessary



is ensuring that the right people find the right evidence in the right places at the right time. Your job involves getting that evidence to the right places. While you're doing that, I'll gather the right people at the right time to witness your handiwork. Simple enough.

“There are a few details and addenda, of course. First, the estate in question is Emberhearth, which keeps most of its security on-call and off-site. Unless you relish drowning in armed guards the moment you make a mistake, you'll need to neutralize them first. Second, the Cinderfurys maintain a pristine set of local records, and I would like you to secure any local security contracts you find in their library. Third, they keep an heirloom known as the Cinderfury gorget, which you should bring to me. Finally, I have plans for the estate; do keep the destruction to a minimum.

“Once we begin this operation, you'll have perhaps four hours to complete everything—perhaps less if you dally or make too much noise. It should be more than enough time to infiltrate and escape Emberhearth. If you take any longer than that, I cannot guarantee your safety.”

Qalkami passes out a set of incandescent-orange, palm-sized disks, explaining that these talismans serve as visas for non-natives entering the Inner Ward and protect the wearer against the region's ambient heat. She also stresses that the tokens are quite expensive, so losing them would be very unfortunate.

The efreeti supplies you with a metal case containing of six pieces of incriminating evidence against the Cinderfurys: two tentative contracts between the Cinderfurys and noble shaitans of the Peerless Empire; two secret communications discussing the ruling sultana, including multiple plots to have her assassinated; and two slanderous documents about other noble families in the Noble District. She further instructs you on how to reach the security complex and Emberhearth.

“Questions?”



CITY OF BRASS

LE metropolis

Corruption +7; **Crime** +2; **Economy** +7; **Law** +7;

Lore +4; **Society** +2

Qualities magically attuned, planar marketplace, prosperous, racially intolerant (shaitan), strategic location, tourist attraction

Danger +10

DEMOGRAPHICS

Government overlord

Population 6,000,000 (2,280,000 efreet, 840,000 salamanders, 720,000 mephits, 540,000 azers, 540,000 fire giants, 480,000 fire elementals, 600,000 other)

NOTABLE NPcs

Grand Sultana Ayasellah Mihelar Khalidiah II (LE female noble efreeti fighter 17)

Grand Vizier Abdul-Qawi (LE male noble efreeti conjurer 17)

Yndri Ysalaa (NE female noble efreeti sorcerer 16/noble 3)

MARKETPLACE

Base Value 29,600 gp; **Purchase Limit** 170,000 gp;

Spellcasting 9th

Minor Items all available; **Medium Items** 8d4; **Major Items** 6d4

SPECIAL QUALITIES

Planar Marketplace The City of Brass is the center of the efreet's Dominion of Flame and a major hub of interplanar trade. Many incredible items can be found in the city's vast marketplaces. (Double the medium and major items available.)

Pathfinders,

A cool breeze graces Katheer as I write this, as if acknowledging the way in which you masterfully tame the Plane of Fire itself. It is time for you to leave the comforts of Zjarra behind and embark for a far more ambitious and dangerous locale: the City of Brass!

As you may recall, the Society has retained the services of an efreeti information broker named Qalkami Mishalq, who owns a secret we dearly need. The Pathfinder Society negotiated an exchange of services, and I just received word that several of our very own agents have fulfilled many of the efreeti's demands. We owe only one task more, and that debt draws us to the fire genies' capital. Remember that efreet are wily and often cruel, and the City of Brass is their own playground of opulence and mischief. Your safety depends heavily on your patron's satisfaction; she is a citizen with many rights, and you will be a visitor with few. You need not commit atrocities in her name, but neither should you assume your own moral compass grants you the right to start fights with passersby.

This is such new territory for the Society, and already I have heard your names spoken with awe for accepting this challenge. We shall feast together and toast your success when you return to Katheer.

May shade never be far,

Venture-Captain Esmayl ibn Qaradi