

The Cage of Serimet

An adventure location by Michael Prescott

The Situation

Deep underground, a dying order stands guard over a restless wizard. But which is truly the prisoner?

The Order of Serimet

The near cavern is controlled by an order of paladins, sworn to defend the confinement of the wizard Yorta. 15 yet survive under the command of Father Vrithni. Veteran heroes all, they are well equipped and very skilled.

Their long service has worn them badly; they ache, sleep poorly, and yearn for tales of sunlit places. The youngest of them is 50, and there are no new recruits.

Initially they will ask adventurers to surrender their weapons (to be placed in the labyrinth for safekeeping). They will be watching keenly to see if any PCs might make suitable recruits.

Yorta, Master of Ways

Aged but yet vital, Yorta is a master of journeying and summoning. He is vain, frequently shirtless and sporting heavy gold bracers. His apartments are stuffed with luxuries from impossible places, and he dines like a prince.

He is attended by two homonculi and a 7' stone woman, whom he addresses as 'mother', which most often stands watch on the terrace. Mother wields a great bow of ivory and jet, which strikes as a small ballista.

Beings regularly emerge to treat, trade, dine or frolic with Yorta.

Today, Yorta is:

1. Planning modifications to his quarters
 2. Enjoying sybaritic pleasures
 3. Mired in deep depression
 4. Obsessing over a fine point of arcane lore
 5. Enjoying a fine meal
 6. Attempting escape
- ..with..**
1. d3 dvergar master masons
 2. gray elf sorceress
 3. vinteralf starprince
 4. d2 astrologer/journeyers
 5. a chained demon or elemental
 6. a paladin of the Order

Pool of Seven Ways

Anyone spending more than a minute or two in the pool becomes translucent for an hour; during this time any sudden movement risks send them into the ethereal plane. From there, many strange ways are opened.

Sand of Aether

Yorta's ethereal exploits have covered the floor of his vast cave in sand; each grain a lost memory. Inhaling or eating it will bring these memories to life vividly. Most are mundane fragments of distant lives, others horrifying or beautiful. Sparse grit by the wall, it is knee deep beyond the mesa.

Wandering among the sands is a Heilian gorgon: a great lion with a mane of asps, whose yellow eyes transfix with a stare.

Observation Post

A bucket and pulley once delivered food, until it began going uneaten. Now, only chess moves are exchanged. A board is set up on a small table; white is losing badly.

Armory

Father Vrithni takes his fitful rest here on a straw filled pallet. In this room is a sword of wizard slaying, a shield of protection vs. transmutation, and three potions of healing.

Rune-Hardened Wall

d3 paladins guard the wall, alert for mother's arrows or rage-hurled lightning from Yorta. The greater and lesser gates are enchanted to open only to Father Vrithni's commands.

Fane of the Protector

So long as eight devoted faithful perform the dawn ritual, each day the power of Serimet teleports Yorta to the pentagram beyond the wall.

With a heavy heart, Brother Turnum will hear the solemn vow of any who pledges their life to the order.

Ash-Filled Cavern

A heap of ashes rises against the far walls of this dry dead end. Brother Turnum deposits here the burnt remains of any aberrations that breach the walls. Careful sifting could yield a poisonous quill, a charred tusk, tufts of metallic fur, or giant isopod fragments.

Silken Lantern of the Murrigans

Spun by lune moths, no illusion can withstand its all-revealing glare.

Path of Horem-Ur

Anything that touches the glittering mica of this labyrinth mosaic is stuck fast, and can depart only by following the path. The trip to or from the center takes nearly an hour.

Hostel (2 stories)

Dour paladins eat fish soup. Upstairs, two paladins recover from grave injuries.

Brother Abigan, withered and demented, parades half-naked at every opportunity, singing loudly about the folly of the Order's task.

Guarded Way

Sister Captain Amelia and d6 paladins guard this entrance in person, and with crossbows through arrow slits from the barracks.

Any parties admitted will be taken to the Lantern for inspection.

Barracks (3 stories)

Many of the beds house only mice. Arrow slits on all floors cover the entrance to the Order's complex.

Chained Serimet

Unknown to the Order, the demigoddess Serimet has been tricked by Yorta into the form of a fiery couatl, bound to fly between the obelisks so long as they stand. She provides a dim light to the entire complex.

