

Bazyl's Bill of Brawlers

By Loren Dean

City folk watch the processions with rapt interest: gaudy, party-coloured wagons and pennants in caravan, forming a circle on the outskirts of town, tents springing forth like enormous vibrant flowers. Excitement's in the air, the sire song of coming entertainment distracting children from their chores. When a carnival comes to town, everyone turns out for the good time. The performers are exotic, beautiful and dapper and the polished ringmaster hawks sights and sounds to beggar the imagination.

Yet there is a dark mirror of this festivity, another procession not so colourful, where the boisterous carnival is pressed aside by the rough belligerence of desperate pit fights. Still come the carts and wagons to the edge of town but instead of a tent, an amphitheatre magically rises from the earth, the space within cleared of cover and concealment. Colourful barkers are absent; no announcements are made aloud but whispers spread about the arrival. Mothers warn their children to keep well away, watching sadly as their husbands head out for less festive entertainments. The gladiators have arrived, you see and there will be blood tonight.

This article, prepared for the burgeoning Fantasy Craft GM, presents Bazyl's Bill of Brawler, a crew that can offer your heroes challenge, enmity or even a strange and specialised set of contacts. Read on, if you think you can handle the pain.

The Brawlers are a corrupt and violent gladiatorial ring that you can add to any setting or backdrop. They set up near cities, towns and thoroughfares – anywhere coin's to be had. They arrange fights between their champions and local takers and participate in a number of illicit related activities including drug and human trafficking, prostitution and worse.

Bazyl himself is a wily drake, with a circle of close cohorts to help run the show. His right hand (on several levels) is long-time associate Casdon Basette, a pech with a

sinister air and a talent for numbers. Helping them are Anta Mandrake, a sly recruiter of fresh meat for the ring, and Frida, a dour apothecary of flexible morality who keeps the ring's champions (reasonably) healthy.

The Brawlers arrive with little fanfare. Bazyl's cronies are quite adept at spreading word of mouth, which lets the crew promise anything without needing to deliver the same. First, Casdon shape shifts into a child of the area, befriends some locals his perceived age and talks about the "big fellas" and their wagons parked outside town. Having trouble with secrets, the children tell their friends – and more importantly their parents. A day or two later, Anta enters town and starts glad-handing, buying drinks, complimenting the locals on their "obvious physical prowess," and suggesting they try their might to "earn some extra coin." Takers are brought to the camp to meet Bazyl, who uses his spells and hypnotic gaze to make sure they sign up to fight.

Bazyl also spearheads the building of the arena, casting Move Earth to dig the ring and form a mounded circle around it. He takes his time, as anyone spying on the encampment is bound to spot him and his spells, leading to even more rumours, excitement and visitors when the Brawlers open for business.

Fight night is always a spectacle. Bazyl's a skilled master of ceremonies and easily keeps the crowd on the edge of their seats through fight card after fight card. Casdon runs the betting wagon, to which Anta drives traffic between hawking souvenirs and anything else she can sell.

The Brawlers maintain a stable of up and coming gladiators and stage a variety of scenarios and match-ups, from simple one-on-one or even team-on-team confrontations to king-of-the-hill events (uneven sides, with the smaller number occupying a central spot in the ring) to baiting (a single large creature or animal, usually tethered and made to fight off a

crowd of attackers). Events are sometimes declared "first blood," "last man standing," or "to the death," depending on Bazyl's gauge of the crowd's mood and the fighters' willingness.

Main events are held for late in the evening and feature the Brawlers' top gladiators. They are pitched to upcoming fighters as "a shot at greatness" to overcome anxiety about facing such impressive opponents and every trick at the crew's disposal is used to secure a thrilling line-up. By this point the crowd is often near a frenzy, so betting runs fast and furious for these events, which are almost always fought to the death.

When the last blood is shed and the crowd has gone home, Casdon and Bazyl count the money while Anta and Frida see to the surviving champions. Frida patches wounds (saving blood when she can as a favour to Casdon) and Anta congratulates the winners. The fighters get a small cut of the gate coin and wagers and the process repeats for as many nights as contenders sign up. Promising locals are sometimes offered the chance to travel with the Brawlers as professional pit fighters, though there are a number of hidden pitfalls accompany such offers (as discussed later).

Trouble can visit the arena in a variety of ways. The local law might decide that blood sports are not in the best interest of the community, sending one or more officials to roust the Brawlers. Bazyl (or Casdon, or Anta) can generally bring such officials around to their way of thinking, though it is often enough to make them consider moving on early.

Also, relatives or associates of former or current gladiators (or local challengers) may come around looking for payback (against Bazyl or one of the fighters) or to rescue their loved one. Of course, those looking for trouble at the arena often find it and many do not live long enough to warn others.

Bazyl

"Roll up, good people: see, and thrill! I give you ... the Gladiators!"

Bazyl is a drake with deep crimson scales, tinged with black. He wears a massive amount of jewellery (rings, bracelets, a thick, gold rope necklace and several ostentatious piercings in the delicate leather of his wingtips and earflaps) and he is roguishly attractive, even to non-drakes. He spent his formative years in travelling carnivals but quickly branched into much more lucrative gladiatorial events.

A criminal to the core, Bazyl has no real morality. He does what is best for him – and while he will not admit it, he is quite willing to sacrifice any or all of his crew if it means he lives to profit another day. This also makes him quite amenable to enslaving others, as fighters or in any other capacity that makes him more coin.

Bazyl (Large Beast Flyer — 112 XP): Str 14, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10; SZ M (1x1, Reach 1); Spd 40 ft. winged flight, 30 ft. ground; Init IV; Atk V; Def II; Res II; Health II; Comp IV; Skills: Bluff IX, Impress V, Sense Motive VI, Spellcasting VI (Spells: Charm Person III, Invisibility, Move Earth, Quench, Tongues I, Unseen Servant); Qualities: *Attractive I, cagey II, class ability (Assassin: cold read I; Burglar: he did it!; Courtier: master plan I), condition immunity (fixated, frightened), feat (Agile Flyer, Hidden Spells, Repartee Basics, Repartee Mastery, Repartee Supremacy)*

Attacks/Weapons: Fire Breath (fire damage attack II: 20 ft. beam; dmg 1d6 fire per 2 TL, Ref DC 15 for 1/2 damage), Bite II (dmg 1d10 lethal; threat 17–20), Claw III (dmg 2d8 lethal; threat 19–20), Hypnotic Domination (baffling attack III: Will DC 20 or baffled for 1d6 rounds, upgrades: gaze)

Gear: Booze (1 use), concentrated knockout poison (3 uses)

Treasure: 2C, 2L, 1T

Casdon Basette

"Psst! C'mere, lemme show you something..."

Ticket seller, accountant, bookmaker, vampire – Casdon is all these things. A pech con artist, he died and rose again over a century ago when he tried (and failed) to swindle the wrong mark. He has been drifting with Bazyl for decades and it is a good fit: he is easily as amoral as the drake and arguably more dangerous. For now he is content in the Bazyl's shadow – after all, so long as the Brawlers stay in business, there is always a supply of fresh blood.

Despite his combat prowess, Casdon prefers to avoid fights if he can help it, relying on his array of vampiric abilities (especially his beguiling and shape shifting) to escape tense situations. He also has an unhealthy (most would say twisted) attraction to children. He loves to take a child's form to spread rumours of the crew's arrival in town – it feeds his superiority over weak living creatures. And if one of the children he talks to never makes it home, well, he doesn't know anything about that.

Fantasy Craft lets the GM build any monster he wants, allowing endless variation. By example, Casdon has some of a vampire's common weaknesses but none of the lethal vulnerabilities. He dislikes sunlight and suffers a variety of penalties when exposed to it but does not burst into flame. He does not sleep in a coffin and is not any more vulnerable to a stake in the heart than your average commoner. He actually rather likes garlic, especially when it is mashed and spread on toast.

Casdon Basette (Small Folk Undead Walker — 100 XP): Str 12, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 12; SZ M (1x1, Reach 1); Spd 30 ft. ground; Init IV; Atk II; Def IV; Res II; Health V; Comp IV; Skills: Bluff IX, Impress V, Sense Motive V; Qualities: *Achilles heel (divine, fire, flash), attractive I, beguiling, class ability (Assassin: cold read I; Burglar: he did it!; Courtier: Master Plan I), damage defiance*

(cold), damage reduction 3, darkvision II, fast healing, feat (*Darting Weapon*), killing conversion, light-sensitive, nocturnal, shapeshifter I, superior climber II

Attacks/Weapons: Bite V (dmg 3d6 lethal, threat 16–20), Drain Blood (life draining attack II: Fort DC 15 or suffer 1 lethal damage per TL, Casdon healing the same amount, upgrades: supernatural attack (bite)), Sap (dmg 1d6 subdual; threat 19–20; qualities: *finesse*)

Mounts and Vehicles: Coach (Spd 20 ft. ground (Run 40 ft.); Travel 4; SZ/Def L/9)

Gear: Booze (1 use), concentrated knockout poison (3 uses)

Treasure: 2C, 2L

Anta Mandrake

"Of course it's legal."

Bazyl calls Anta his "facilitator," as it falls to him to drum up business and find new gladiators. Anta is here for the money. He makes large quantities of coin, operating on commission for Bazyl and will not hesitate to vanish the moment the money stops flowing.

Handsome in an oily, worldly way, Anta is every lady's chivalrous paramour, every gentleman's backslapping drinking cohort, and every peasant's chance at the opportunity of a lifetime. He can function in high society and low, and recruits gladiators from both to fight and die in Bazyl's arenas.

He is also a bit of a coward but he covers it well. In a confrontation, he always backs down gracefully, though he later pays one of the Brawlers to "take care of" the problem.

Anta Mandrake (Medium Folk Walker — 50 XP): Str 10, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 14; SZ M (1x1, Reach 1); Spd 30 ft. ground; Init IV; Atk II; Def II; Res II; Health

Bazyl's Bill of Brawlers

II; Comp IV; Skills: Bluff IX, Impress V, Sense Motive VII; Qualities: *Attractive I, class ability (Assassin: cold read I; Burglar: he did it!)*

Attacks/Weapons: Sap (dmg 1d6 subdual; threat 19–20; qualities: *finesse*)

Mounts and Vehicles: Coach (Spd 20 ft. ground (Run 40 ft.); Travel 4; SZ/Def L/9)

Gear: Booze (1 use), concentrated knockout poison (3 uses)

Treasure: 1C, 2L

Frida

"Quit your squirming — I can't keep the stitches straight."

The Brawlers' cook and healer, Frida is a stout, homely woman. She has also got a mean streak, smiling at others' pain even as she bandages them. The Brawlers appreciate her skills but few are friendly with her. She stays because she was never much good at healing regular people — she is just too standoffish. Bazyl's gladiators, on the other hand, are glad for her skills and Bazyl sees that she is well paid in both coin and amusement.

Frida is mean to the core and does not mind a good scrap but is not a skilled fighter.

Frida (Medium Folk Walker — 36 XP): Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10; SZ M (1×1, Reach 1); Spd 30 ft. ground; Init I; Atk I; Def IV; Res III; Health III; Comp III; Skills: Crafting IV, Medicine VI, Resolve IV; Qualities: *Expertise (Medicine), feat (Alchemy Basics, Bandage, Basic Skill Mastery (Healer))*

Attacks/Weapons: None

Mounts and Vehicles: Cart (Spd 20 ft. ground (Run 40 ft.); Travel 2; SZ/Def L/9)

Gear: Bandages (10), chemist's kit, doctor's bag

Treasure: 1C, 1M

Gladiators

"We who are about to die salute you!"

Most arena contestants are low-end pit fighters trying to take their shot or press-ganged thugs with no hope for the future. Bazyl usually keeps a dozen or more of these sorry souls on hand to stoke the audience before a night's big matches. He keeps them well supplied with booze and suppresses their non-combat instincts with magic. Every now and again, when one shows promise, Bazyl cuts the fighter in legitimately, elevating him to the ranks of the elite. Most however are fated to die, messily, at the hands of the Brawler's champions, to the roar of a bloodthirsty crowd.

Gladiators (Medium Folk Walkers — 36 XP): Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10; SZ M (1×1, Reach 1); Spd 30 ft. ground; Init IV; Atk IV; Def III; Res II; Health IV; Comp I; Skills: Athletics III, Intimidate III, Notice III, Tactics III; Qualities: *Class ability (Soldier: rugged weapons), feat (All-Out Attack, Combat Instincts)*

Attacks/Weapons: Glaive (dmg 1d8 lethal; threat 19–20; qualities: *keen 4, reach +1*), metal shield (dmg 1d4+2 subdual; threat 20; qualities: *guard +2*), short sword (dmg 1d8 lethal; threat 19–20; qualities: *keen 4*)

Mounts and Vehicles: Cart (Spd 20 ft. ground (Run 40 ft.); Travel 2; SZ/Def L/9)

Gear: Partial chainmail with light fittings (DR 3, Resist Edged 2; DP -1; ACP -1; Spd -5 ft.; Disguise -8)

Treasure: 1C

Gwetha (Champion)

"Stay down. I don't want to have to kill you."

A lithe saurian, Gwetha is always in motion. He bounces and bounds, pulls and sheathes knives, flips coins — anything not to keep still. He got started on the road as a carnival acrobat and knife-thrower but

accidentally killed a spectator. Bazyl took him in and shielded him from the law and he has been fighting for the drake ever since. Thanks in large part to Bazyl's magical persuasion, Gwetha is convinced that the arena is his last chance, so he fights every night, without hope of a normal life.

Gwetha is the champion most called upon to engage in non-lethal tests of skill (balance, footraces and the like). When he does fight, his specialty is "Last Man Standing" events, where he can win by wearing his opponent down. He is deadly with a knife and willing to kill when needed but finds it distasteful.

Gwetha (Medium Folk Walker — 80 XP): Str 12, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10; SZ M (1×1, Reach 1); Spd 30 ft. ground; Init V; Atk V; Def IX; Res II; Health VI; Comp III; Skills: Acrobatics VI, Athletics V, Prestidigitation V; Qualities: *Always ready, aquatic I, class ability (Burglar: I'll cut you! I); Captain: battle planning I (guard yourselves!, steady now!); Scout: sneak attack I, cold-blooded, darkvision I, feat (Knife Basics, Knife Mastery, Knife Supremacy), treacherous, tricky (Called Shot), veteran II*

Attacks/Weapons: Dagger × 4 (dmg 1d6 lethal; threat 19–20; qualities: *bleed, hurl*), long sword (dmg 1d12 lethal; threat 20), Tail Slap II (dmg 1d8 lethal; threat 19–20; qualities: *reach +1*)

Mounts and Vehicles: Riding horse (Spd 50 ft. ground (Run 250 ft.); Travel 7; SZ/Def L/IV)

Gear: Partial studded leather armor (DR 2, Resist —; DP -1; ACP -0; Spd —; Disguise -0), game, spirits (1 use)

Treasure: 2C

Saren (Champion)

"Admit it. I scare you."

Saren is a massive ogre and a willing participant in Bazyl's arena. He requires no magical compulsion as the money's

good and he gets to throw people around without the intervention of pesky town guards. He stomps around the pit, bellowing and roaring, basking in the adulation and fear of the crowd and keeps himself well groomed to display the flamboyant and meaningless runes tattooed on his flesh. Often, he fights in the nude, which tends to intimidate men of smaller stature.

A one-on-one, bare-knuckle brawler, Saren flings opponents around like dolls, finally snatching them up in his thick arms and crushing them to death. He has been known to stage impromptu puppet shows with the pulped remains of his victims – a crowd favourite and a perfect fit for his gallows humour.

Saren (Large Folk Walker — 88 XP): Str 14, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 10; SZ L (2x2, Reach 1); Spd 30 ft. ground; Init V; Atk V; Def VI; Res II; Health VI; Comp III; Skills: Athletics III, Haggle V, Intimidate V, Tactics III; Qualities: *Banned action (Outmaneuver, Tumble), class ability (Captain: battle planning I (crush them!, stand fast!)), feat (Wrestling Basics, Wrestling Mastery, Wrestling Supremacy), tough I, treacherous, veteran II*

Attacks/Weapons: Slam III (dmg 2d8 lethal, threat 19–20), Squeeze III (dmg 2d12 lethal, threat —)

Treasure: 3C

The Machine (Champion)

“Flesh is weak — yours especially.”

A fiendish clockwork horror, The Machine is all blackened steel, steam leaking from its joints, with an ever-burning hell-flame in its throat and arms ending in long wicked spikes. This abomination does not fight for money or glory; it fights to kill. It approached Bazyl a short time ago and offered to fight for free. Bazyl was happy to accept, assuming the mad thing would be destroyed in a gruesome outpouring

of profit but The Machine survives. This gives Bazyl pause but as long as the metal monster refuses pay, as long as it is happy with the slaughter, the drake will keep it on.

The Machine enters the arena using Disguise Self to appear as a small robed figure. It dances and chants weirdly during Bazyl's introduction, using this time to Consecrate the arena to Evil (for combat bonuses in the fight to come). At the peak of Bazyl's introduction, The Machine dismisses its Disguise, emitting a horrendous roar and blowing the robe to scraps to revealing itself in all its diabolical glory.

Most fights against The Machine are to the death and it revels in the opportunity to spray gore and dance among a fallen challenger's entrails. Occasionally, The Machine is put forth as a challenge of courage. Bazyl announces that anyone can wager on the time they can stay in the circle with it. In these events The Machine uses all its abilities to frighten the challenger, aiming to drive them headlong out of the arena so Bazyl can collect his due.

The Machine (Medium Construct Outsider Walker — 93 XP): Str 14, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10; SZ M (1x1, Reach 1); Spd 30 ft. ground; Init V; Atk V; Def VI; Res II; Health VI; Comp III; Skills: Athletics III, Intimidate X, Prestidigitation III; Qualities: *Always ready, class ability (Captain: battle planning I (no prisoners!, press on!), Scout: sneak attack I), damage reduction 3, devoted (Evil II), interests (Alignment – Evil), natural spell (Command I, Disguise Self), treacherous, tricky (Called Shot), veteran II*

Attacks/Weapons: Talon III (dmg 2d6 lethal; threat 19–20; qualities: *aligned (Evil)*)

Gear: Partial chainmail with light fittings (DR 3, Resist Edged 2; DP –1; ACP –1; Spd –5 ft.; Disguise –8)

Treasure: None

The King (Champion)

“I'm the King! I'm the King! Yay! Yay!”

A burly human with more muscle than sense, The King fights for fun. He was a village idiot in a nameless hamlet Bazyl's crew passed through a while back – an easy mark for the drake. The King believes Bazyl is his only true friend, having no idea the cruel joke his name is to the draconic sociopath. When not fighting, the King helps around camp. He has a soft spot for Frida and believes she secretly loves him, though he is far too bashful to say anything.

In the ring, The King is an unsurpassed master at fighting large crowds. He merrily wades into throngs of opponents, swinging his maul like a blunt scythe, laughing jovially the whole time. It is possible he does not even realise he is hurting anyone. He just swings and swings, as fast and hard as he can, until he is the last one standing, when Bazyl proclaims him, once again, “King of the Hill!”

The King (Medium Folk Walker — 89 XP): Str 16, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 7, Wis 10, Cha 10; SZ M (1x1, Reach 1); Spd 30 ft. ground; Init V; Atk V; Def VI; Res II; Health VI; Comp III; Skills: Athletics III, Haggle V, Intimidate V, Tactics III; Qualities: *Always ready, class ability (Captain: battle planning I (Crush Them!, I Want Them Alive!); Scout: trophy hunter), feat (Combat Instincts, Cleave Basics, Cleave Mastery, Cleave Supremacy), frenzy III, never outnumbered, treacherous, tricky (Called Shot), veteran II*

Attacks/Weapons: Dagger × 4 (dmg 1d6 lethal; threat 19–20; qualities: *bleed, hurl*), Maul (dmg 2d6 subdual; threat 19–20; qualities: *massive*)

Mounts and Vehicles: Riding horse (Spd 50 ft. ground (Run 250 ft.); Travel 7; SZ/Def L/IV)

Gear: Partial chainmail with light fittings (DR 3, Resist Edged 2; DP –1; ACP –1; Spd –5 ft.; Disguise –8)

Treasure: 2C

Bazyl's Bill of Brawlers



Grimslade (Champion)

"Do you honestly believe I give a fig about your applause?"

This fearsome Minotaur lived in a cave outside a mid-sized town and over the years acquired a significant hoard of treasure taken from adventurers come to "save" the townsfolk from him. Over time, he grew bored with his solitary life and when he met Bazyl and Casdon he became a silent third partner in the pit fighting enterprise, bankrolling the initial crew. The other Brawlers have no idea about Grimslade's true involvement in the outfit, nor that he commands a bigger cut of the profits. Grimslade has made his money back tenfold over the course of his pit fighting career and continues to fight solely to pad his nest egg (which he has on anonymous deposit with several moneylenders and banking houses throughout the world).

Grimslade stands silent and motionless in the arena during his introduction, letting his challenger claim as much of the crowd's adulation as desired. When the fight starts, however, the minotaur erupts into motion, charging across the ring and savagely smashing his opponent. Grimslade is not showy but he is certainly thorough. By agreement with Bazyl at the outset, all fights with him are to the death. He is not interested in playing with an opponent and often eats the heart of fallen challengers in front of the crowd – both to show his contempt for all and to reclaim their praise.

Grimslade (Large Folk Walker — 97 XP): Str 18, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8; SZ L (2x2, Reach 2); Spd 30 ft. ground; Init X; Atk IX; Def IV; Res VII; Health VI; Comp II; Skills: Notice III, Survival III; Qualities: *Always ready, class ability (Captain: battle planning I (guard yourselves!, no prisoners!)), condition immunity (flat-footed), feat (Charging Basics, Charging Mastery, Rage Basics), fearless I, ferocity, improved sense (scent), natural spell (Orient Self), treacherous, veteran II*

Attacks/Weapons: Large broad axe (dmg 2d6+3 lethal; threat 19–20; qualities: AP 2, massive), Gore III (dmg 2d8+3 lethal; threat 19–20; upgrades: bleed)

Gear: Partial chainmail with light fittings (DR 3, Resist Edged 2; DP –1; ACP –1; Spd –5 ft.; Disguise –8)

Treasure: 2C, 1G, 1T

GM Notes and Adventure Seeds

First and foremost, Bazyl and his crew are a pack of dirt bags. They make their living on the corpses of others and are not the sort to be swayed by pleas for pity, compassion, or to "do the right thing." Still, this does not mean they must be villains (or even adversaries). You may find that Bazyl's crew make great contacts (of questionable morality, of course, but that is powerful grist for the roleplaying mill). Bazyl and his crew might also be introduced in any of the following ways.

Mama Told Me Not to Come

A dependent or relative of one or more heroes goes to see one of Bazyl's fight bills and is a little too open about their relationship with the party. Bazyl kidnaps the dependent or relative, promising to return them only if the party agrees to "a little show" (he even offers to throw in a cut of the gate). The heroes can work through a few fights, in which case Bazyl frees the hostage as promised, or they could attack the drake, in which case they face the entire crew.

You Do Not Talk About ...

A gladiator in the stable shakes off Bazyl's domination long enough to seek help. He stumbles into the PCs, half maddened with flooding memories and conflicting emotions and if the PCs calm him without killing him he begs them to get him to safety. Unless they move fast, though, Casdon may catch up with the gladiator, seeking to reclaim the ring's "property" and silence any who know of the drake's magical manipulation.

Moving Heaven and Earth

The heroes are approached by a warrior from a distant land with a sad tale. His betrothed lady-love was kidnapped from their remote homeland and now he is on a globetrotting quest to rescue her. He has finally located her but she is in the clutches of Master Bazyl, whom the warrior believes is dabbling in human trafficking. The warrior is weak and penniless but with Bazyl taking private bits on his exotic flower, he must press on. Of course, he stands little chance without the party's help.

Kid, I Can Make You a Star

One or more heroes are approached by Anta Mandrake to participate in a gladiatorial bill. Those who accept are matched against reasonable threats from among other locals and should they win they get not only a cut of the gate and wagers (a very *small* cut) but also a generous helping of the high life, including tasty food and intimate companions with good teeth and no last names. Along the way, Mandrake also looks to addict the hero(es) on one or more exotic drugs he has in stock (and introduce them to Bazyl's magical dominations), though it's likely their companions will sooner intervene.

It's Loose!

The Machine tires of Bazyl and the silly trappings of "fair" combat and goes on a rampage! It scatters townspeople like chaff and carves a bloody swath across the countryside (or through the city, as the case may be). Bazyl quietly puts out a bounty, which may put his crew and the party on the same side in hunting the thing down. Though Bazyl's "employment" of the creature prior to its rampage is not technically illegal (depending on the campaign world, of course), Bazyl still tries to conceal his involvement, even if he has to destroy the construct in the process. Clever heroes may discover the drake's secret, earning a reward from the local constabulary, or they might use the information or parlay their capture or destruction of The Machine for Bazyl's favour in future adventures.