



A **Judges Guild** Wilderlands Adventure

RETURN TO THE LOST TEMPLE

GenCon 2005: Player's Supplement

Welcome to the *Wilderlands of High Fantasy*, the classic Judges Guild campaign setting of epic, heroic roleplaying for the v3.5 d20 system! In honor of Necromancer Games' release of this legendary setting at GenCon 2005, we have revived, expanded and updated a classic Judges Guild short adventure called "The Lost Temple," which was originally published in 1979 in the *Book of Treasure Maps I* (available for download at www.dtrpg.com). This adventure, as modified, includes high level play (12th level PCs), fierce monsters, vicious encounters and legendary treasure—including the fabled soul-drinking sword *Blackrazor*, from the original 1E classic module *White Plume Mountain*!

Pregenerated Characters

This packet gives a brief introduction to the adventure itself and a summary of the pregenerated characters that are available for your playing pleasure. After everyone has read the introduction, you will be asked to select a player character from the attached list. Of course, to determine the order of selection, everyone will roll 1d20. Highest roll picks first, and so on. Once you select your characters, you will have 15 minutes to change selected spells, look up powers and items, and make other small adjustments. All the PCs (except the female amazon warrior) could be of either gender and you are free to play them as you see fit.

But first, on to the adventure!

Introduction

You and your band of adventurers recently came into possession of a journal entry by a sea reaver entitled "The Journal of Valan the Bold." That journal entry makes reference to an ancient temple deep in the jungles of Lenap. The journal entry includes a crude hand drawn map of the temple and the catacombs beneath. It refers to a treasure trove of gems and a fantastic sword and magic shield—and to fierce madness-inspiring unnamed guardians that were the death of most of Valan's band of adventurers.

A copy of that journal entry and its crude maps are attached to this packet. You might want to refer to it now.

Subsequent magical research has led you and your band of bold heroes to believe that the sword in question hidden in this temple is none other than the legendary soul-drinking

sword, *Blackrazor*! Legends tell that the ancient temple was built by a mad wizard-priest of some forgotten god, who was in his own right extraordinarily powerful and said to be entombed beneath the temple. Add to that the suggestion of a king's ransom in gems and the chance to discover other incredibly valuable items and your party quickly made plans to set off for the southern jungles of Lenap.

A perilous sea voyage brought you and your well-provisioned party members to the ancient city of Lenap on the Ament Horn. From there you have traveled deep into the heart of the Dangerous Jungle. And now you are on the verge of locating this temple that has long been lost to the knowledge of men.

If your information is correct, the Lost Temple, and the riches it contains, is at hand!

It seems an eternity that you have been traveling through this forsaken jungle. Strange colored plants and twitching vines grow densely between the sickly green trees. The oppressive heat and thick air filled with alien sounds and smells, and monstrous insects that could exist only in nightmares. As your machete hacks at the oozing, clinging vines, you think back on your travels.

Despite their promises, the boat you hired in Lenap would not take you further than Boghra-Little, a small village on the edge of the Dangerous Jungle. The best replacement you could manage was a rickety, cramped vessel with a silent crew, dark skinned and strangely scarred. Their captain, a stout man of the same race, gave silent directions with his wide-bladed machete.

For days you traveled up the Dark River through the devilish jungle, relying on Valan's journal and map, your boat barely able to navigate the sickly purple waters. Several of your crew you lost to the monstrous piranhas that inhabit the river. At night, the hellish shrieks and sounds drove the skittish crew to huddle in fear near the smoking torches in the prow of the boat. At times the alien sounds seemed to be some ancient and primeval form of speech, though from creatures so debased and evil that no sane mind could picture them. Surely this journey was becoming a descent into madness.

It was less than an hour ago that you spotted the wide sandy beach on the western bank of the foul river. The crew brought the ship ashore and made it fast to several large trees. Leaving the captain and his crew behind to guard the boat, you and your companions set off into the dense jungle following what seems to be some ancient path, the fears of the ancient jungle being momentarily replaced with the legends of gems and wondrous items said to lie hidden in the ancient temple.

As you clear the tangle of vines, the underbrush seems to lessen. Before you, yet still encased within the vile green jungle, rests a massive stone building—nearly 100 feet on each side, a monstrous square block of ancient, vine-covered black marble. The square building appears to be one large room, with massive openings on each of the four walls. Ancient, time-worn stairs rise to each of the four openings. Darkness fills the central chamber, broken only by a few shafts of light. It appears that a large object dominates the room. And from the corner of your eye, when you are not looking directly at it, you sense the slow pulsing of an ancient and evil light.

As you view the temple, you sense something alien and wrong. It is just then that you realize what has been unconsciously troubling you. The scale of the building, though in

proportion to itself, tells you that the temple was not designed for human physiology. The massive stone steps are flat and wide, and certainly too high to be designed for the stride of a man. The arched openings on each side are far too wide and tall to be made for you or your companions. What alien race or primeval man-beasts trod these ancient steps?

Though the stone has weathered for countless millennia, you can still see that the stairs leading up to each of the four openings are flanked by what appear to be stone faces. A sickly haze hangs over the whole structure. And the noises of the jungle are suddenly deathly still.

Text of the “Journal of Valan the Bold”

For those who have difficulty reading the journal, here is a text version:

I write this missive in hopes that it reaches you, my brother. I fear that soon I shall join my comrades in death in this far land. Should you seek this great treasure which I have found, be wary for I was the only living soul to escape. Know, O brother mine, that I and 30 other reavers set out from Longshiphavens on a southward journey to harry the Altanians. Several months found us at Ludgates on the west coast of the Strait between Oricha and the Isles of the Blest. Our captain, Redgate Spearthingersson, wanted to see the City State of the World Emperor and we, the crew, agreed to sail with him. We sailed into the Sea of Five Winds. We soon put in at Flaking to purchase pitch, but a fracas ensued and we sailed out, leaving a third of our crew dead in the smoking ruins behind us. We crossed open water and put in at Greenwax where we stayed two weeks and saw two more men die of wounds sustained at Flaking.

In our eagerness to be underway (Greenwax was boring, no loose women) we put out ahead of a storm, which overtook us and drove us off course for two or three days. When at last the storm blew out, we had lost another 4 sailors (bold warriors all). We headed north again, soon striking land and coming upon the village of Lenap. There, we used the last of our pillage to repair the storm damage to the ship and procure rations. We heard local tales and the most exciting told of a lost temple in the Dangerous Jungle, accessible only by the Dark River. The tales told of a shining shield and a magic sword. Redgate decided that he must have them. The men murmured against this, but we were short on loot. Eager for easy booty, we headed up the Dark River.

It was a perilous passage and another pair of bold fighting men lost their lives. At the source, we found it, a temple almost hidden by the jungle.

Inside was a huge statue of a winged demon with gem-like eyes. We left two men to procure the gems while Captain Redgate found a secret door in the south east wall that led us deeper. Down we spiraled. Guided by luck or intuition we discovered the secret entrances that led deeper and deeper into the temple's catacombs, till at last we found the treasure vault. There were chests filled with gems and jewelry, a strangely-shaped shield and a glowing sword that none of us dared touch. Suddenly, as we stood there, something appeared in a flash of brimstone. Like both a snake and a woman it was, but then all was in darkness. I heard the death screams of my companions. Fear overtook me and I ran until I reached the chapel, only to find my comrades there were torn and rended, lying in pieces about the room. I went mad and fled into the jungle, contracting in the weeks that followed a strange fever which even now kills me. I and an elven companion are striving to reach the Holy cities. She will attempt to bring this letter to you. Below is a map of the temple. Be warned my brother of its guardians.

Valan

Pregenerated Characters—Descriptions

You may select one of the following characters. Note that PCs do not come with mounts or animal companions. Due to the danger of the quest and the long sea voyage, they were left safe and sound at home.

Fiernick the Death Bringer, LN Tharbrian Fighter 12: Fiernick is a Tharbrian nomad from the Plateau of Bendigroth. He has a large number of impressive combat feats. He wields “Piecemaker,” a +2 *shocking adamantine scythe*. Fiernick the Death Bringer is the ultimate PC if you want a feat-driven character that has a unique weapon and the ability to score a ton of critical hits and do an absolutely unbelievable amount of damage.

Asgrim, Son of Dufniall, a LG Skandik Paladin 12 of Thor: Asgrim is an interesting paladin. He's a wandering paladin from Croy, the independent Skandik kingdom. Not your normal “blonde haired pretty boy,” Asgrim is grouchy and wields a +2 *holy cold iron hammer of lesser disruption*. Asgrim is the ultimate PC if you want an armor-plated evil-killing paladin bad ass that isn't the boring “good guy jock” stereotype.

Methos Hawkwind, a NE Common Orichalan Sorcerer 13: A member of the mysterious race of common orichalans, descended from the ancient dragon kings, Hawkwind hails from the mysterious island town of Malikar. He has many magic items that raise his armor class and a large selection of combat spells. He is a wicked spell machine. Magic missile, fireball, lightning bolt, chain lightning—knock yourself out! Hawkwind is the ultimate PC if you want a combat-specific spell machine.

Wendig, a CG Dunael Ranger 12: Wendig comes from the famous Dearthwood near the City State of the Invincible Overlord. He is the sworn foe of magical beasts, undead and outsiders, and his +1 ghost touched composite bow [+4 str], belt of giant strength, and strong ranged combat skills make him deadly! Wendig is the ultimate PC if you want ranged weapon skill and expertise in the wilderness.

Sherthes, a N Male Common Viridian Cleric 3 (Thoth) / Wizard 3 / Mystic Theurge 6: One of the most interesting pregenerated characters we have ever created, Sherthes is one of the “Gnosophim” followers of Thoth from Viridistan, the City State of the World Emperor. From a magic standpoint, with access to divine and arcane magic the equivalent of an 18th level PC, Sherthes can do it all!!! Plus, to tempt you to pick this PC, we gave Sherthes a *staff of abjuration*! Sherthes is the ultimate PC if you want lots of spell options and the most powerful magic item of any of the pregenerated PCs.

Mar, a N Halfling Rogue 12: At home in any city or the shadows of any ruin, Mar wields a *keen rapier*, a *flaming shortbow*, and has thief skills out the wazoo like only a halfling can have. (I know, rapier is against my normal concept, but a keen rapier has a 15-20 critical threat range and can be finessed. Not bad. I never thought I'd say a rapier was munchkined out, but this one is.) Mar is coated with roguish goodness, or badness as the case may be. Mar is the ultimate PC if you want a classic thief-style rogue with incredible thief skills and amazing sneak attacks.

Grannis, a LN Alryan Cleric 12 of the strange lesser deity Morg: Grannis is from the City State. Grannis is cool—as cool a cleric as you will ever play. Clerics of Morg get longswords, and Grannis is no exception—a +1 *axiomatic longsword* to be precise. Mix in +3 *full plate*, *gauntlets of ogre power* and Grannis can pound his foes with spells or

weapons. Plus, Morg is just a super cool god. “*Fear the Baleful Eye of Morg!*” Morg is the ultimate PC if you want a combat-optimized cleric who isn't just the normal cleric of a boring good-aligned god. That's right, he's LN so you can have some fun!

Azeez, NE Gishmesh Rogue 5/ Sorcerer 2/ Assassin5: An incredibly deadly killer from the City State of Tarantis, Azeez has +4 *shadowed leather armor* and a +2 *keen admantine sylvan rapier* (Hey, wait a minute. That's two PCs with rapiers!!! What is going on here?! I guess I just can't argue with damage...). Azeez is the ultimate PC if you want flexibility in dealing death. More than just a rogue, Azeez is an unrivalled killer.

Ramsch, a N Altanian Barbarian 12: Ramsch is big. Ramsch is red. Ramsch has a +1 *keen thundering cold iron greataxe*. Do you really need to know anything other than that? Ramsch is the ultimate PC if your idea of fun is playing Conan.

Rayna, a LN Female Amazon Warrior 12: The only PC that must be a particular gender (female in this case), Rayna is from the ancient citadel of Sea Rune. She has a 30 AC while basically totally naked. Her combat prowess is the rival of any other PC. And she is dead sexy! Rayna is the ultimate PC if you have always wanted to be Xena the Warrior Princess.

Daleshj of the Shining Light, a LG Dorin Cleric 12 of Seker: From the Desert Lands, Daleshj (Dah-LESH) is a devout priest of the sect of Seker, the god of light and enemy of the undead. He shaves his head clean and is normally silent unless intoning praises to his god. His +2 *heavy mace of disruption, staff of defense* and his mighty powers of light make him a protective force and an undead destroying machine. Daleshj is the ultimate PC if you want a good-aligned protective healer and undead destroyer who is a bit different than your normal, boring LG cleric.

Jarren, a N Half-elf Druid 12: Calling the vast Irminsul forest home, Jarren is armed with a *frost scimitar* and is a master at summoning natural aid. Jarren is the ultimate PC if you want to channel the summoning powers of nature and seek mastery of the wilderness—including the Jungles of Lenap.

Thurbard, a LN 8th-Level Barbarian/4th-Level Dwarven Defender: Thurbard comes from the dwarven citadel of Thunderhold, but he claims lineage from the displaced dwarves of the legendary dwarven city of Krazandol. His elaborately-crafted magic half-plate and his *mighty cleaving vicious dwarven waraxe* seem to back up his claim. Irresistible force, meet the immovable object. Thurbard is the ultimate PC if you are the guy who always has to play the dwarf.

Varolen, a CN Gray Elf Fighter 2/ Wizard 5/ Eldritch Knight 5: From the great elvish city of Onhir, Varolen wields his *ghost-touch longsword* and his arcane might against all who stand in his path. Varolen is the ultimate PC if you want a powerful melding of fighting skill and magical prowess.

Jorheim Gandhaft, a NG Common Avalonian Ice Wizard 12: Jorheim is one of the famous ice wizards of the City State of Valon. With his powerful *staff of frost*, Jorheim has one of the best magic items of all the pregenerated characters. Jorheim is the ultimate PC if you want the spell selection, flexibility and power of a wizard.

THE JOURNAL OF VALAN THE BOLD

I write this missive in hopes that it reaches you, my brother. I fear that soon I shall join my comrades in death in this far land. Should you seek this great treasure which I have found, be wary. For I was the only living soul to escape. Know, O' brother mine, that I and 30 other reavers set out from Longshipshavens on a southward journey to harry the Altarnis. Several months found us at Ludgates on the west coast of the Strait between Oncha and the Isles of the Blessed. Our captain, Redgate Spearthingersson wanted to see the City State of The World Emperor and we, the crew agreed to sail with him, although wary of unknown seas. With only crudely copied maps to guide us, we sailed into the sea of five winds. We soon put in at Flaking to purchase pitch, but a fracas ensued and we sailed out, leaving a third of our crew dead in the smoking ruins behind us. We crossed open water and put in at Greenwax where we staged two weeks and saw two more men die of wounds sustained at Flaking.

In our eagerness to be underway (Greenwax was boring, no loose women) we put out ahead of a storm, which overtook us and drove us off course for two or three days. When at last the storm blew out, we had lost another 4 sailors (bold warriors all). We headed north again, soon striking land and coming upon the village of Lenap. There, we used the last of our pillage to repair the storm damage to the ship and procure rations. We heard local tales and the most exciting told of a lost temple in the Dangerous Jungle, accessible only by the Dark River. The tales told of a shining shield and a magic sword.

Redgate decided that he must have them. The men murmured against this, but we were short on loot. Eager for easy booty, we headed up the Dark River.

It was a perilous passage and another pair of bold fighting men lost their lives. At the source, we found it, a temple almost hidden by the jungle.

Inside was a huge statue of a winged demon with gem-like eyes. We left two men to procure the gems while Captain Redgate found a secret door in the south east wall that led us deeper. Down we spiralled. Guided by luck or intuition we discovered the secret entrances that led deeper and deeper into the temple's catacombs, til at last we found the treasure vault. There were chests filled with gems and jewelry, a strangely-shaped shield and a glowing sword that none of us dared touch.

Suddenly, as we stood there, something appeared in a flash of brimstone. Like both a snake and a woman it was, but then all was in darkness. I heard the death screams of my companions. Fear overtook me and I ran until I reached the chapel, only to find my comrades there were torn and mangled, lying in pieces about the room. I went mad and fled into the jungle, contracting in the weeks that followed a strange fever which even now kills me. I and an elven companion are striving to reach the Holy cities. She will attempt to bring this letter to you. Below is a map of the temple. Bewarned my brother of its guardians.

