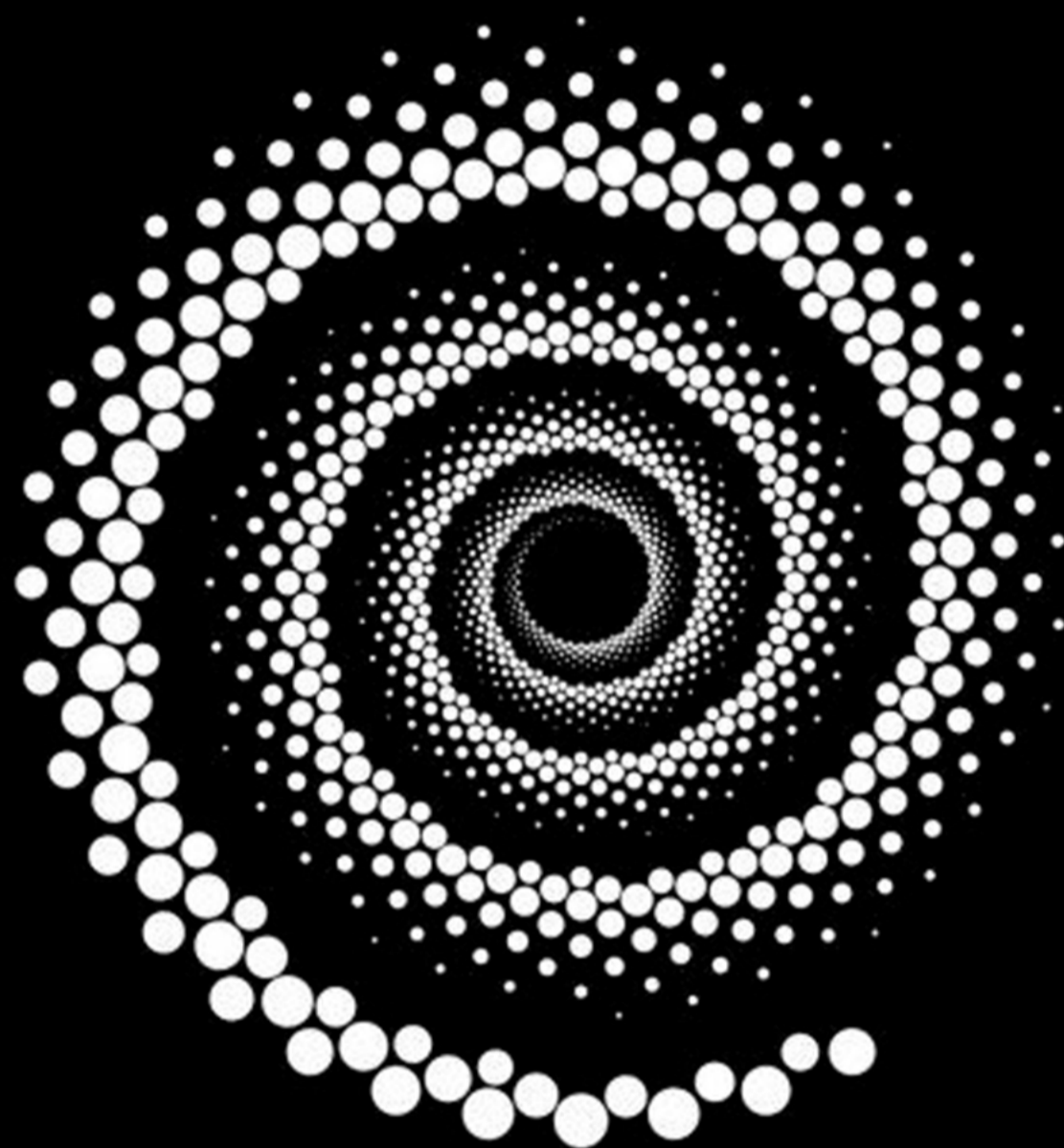


# THREE TEMPLES FOR THE ANCIENT ONES

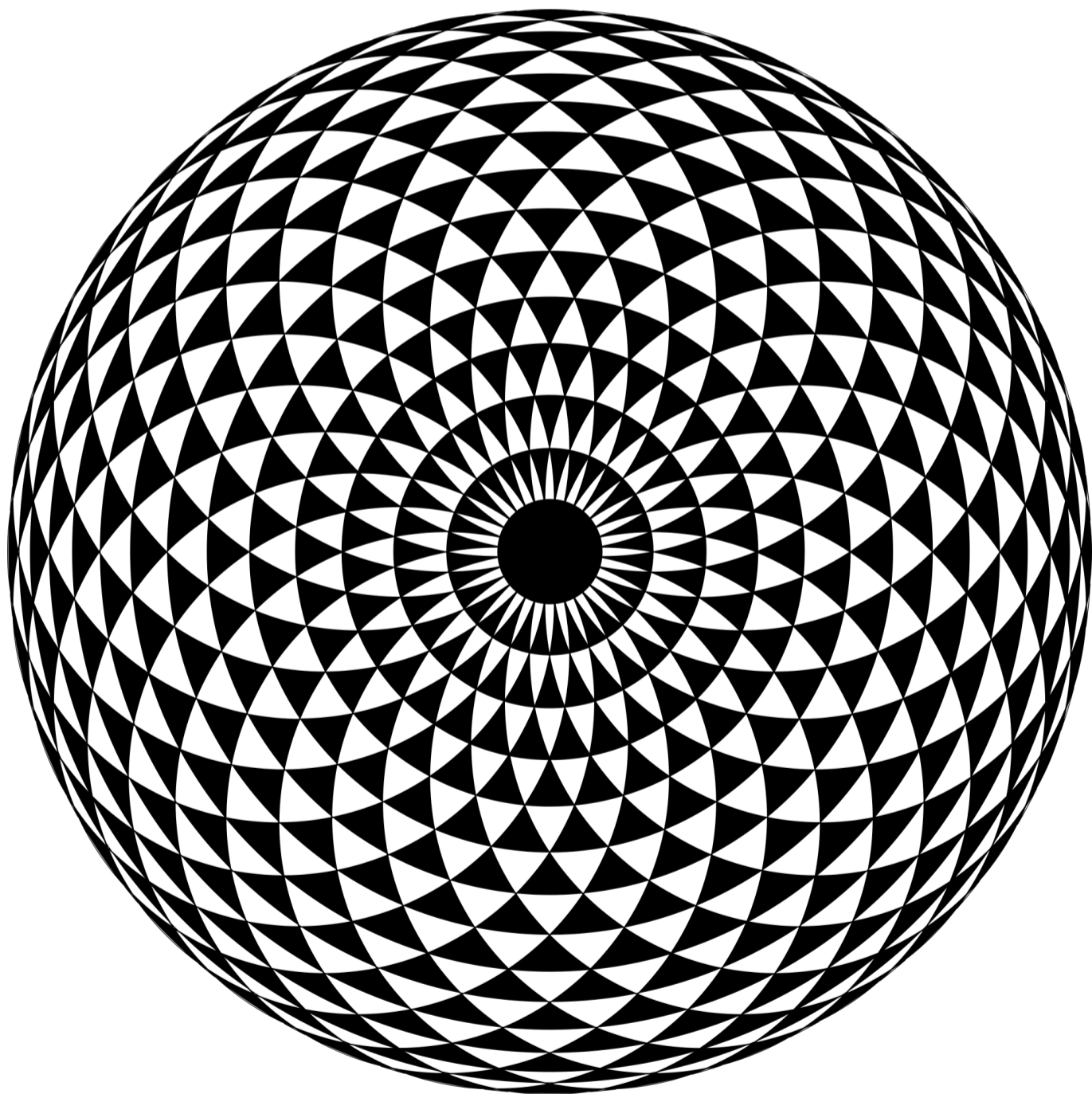
BY GUSTAVO TERTOLEONE

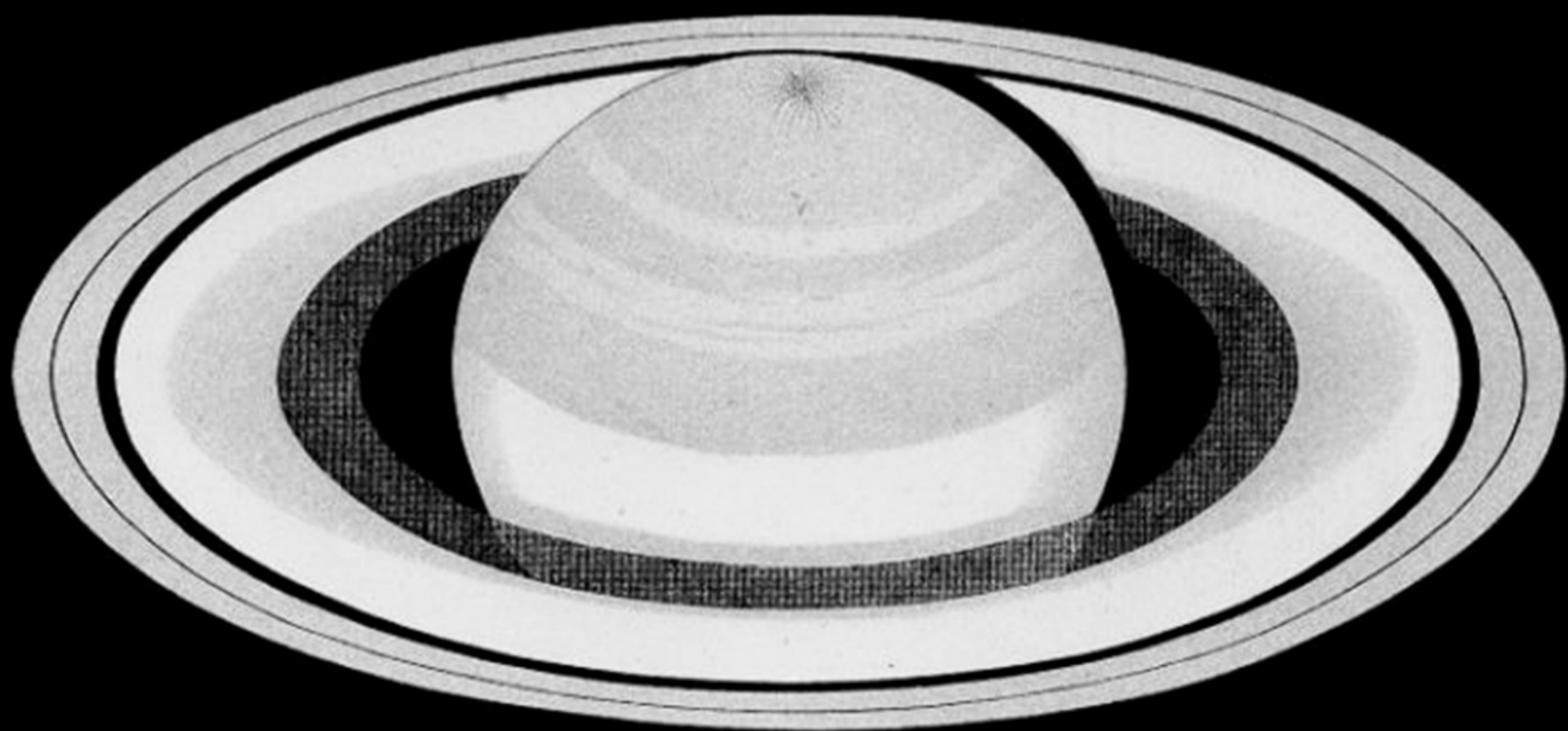


LORE BOOKLET

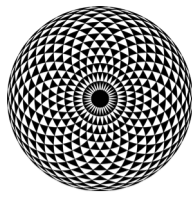
# **THREE TEMPLES FOR THE ANCIENT ONES**

**TEXT AND ART  
BY  
GUSTAVO TERTOLEONE**









## 1800 BCE

It was during the Bronze Age that they came. Falling from the skies in their metallic horses, burning their way down to our lands, ready to dominate us through the the swords. Those who did not bow, perished under their exquisite tools, reaped by the beams of light shot against their heads. The rest of us offered almost none rebellious desires, for the will of the sky people was stronger than our own.

Swift was their actions to swarm our lands, grasping for each and every resource nature has given us, dominating many of the tribes by controlling the tribesmen, offering promises of power and threats of death to those who did not agreed to their terms. We were enslaved by them, working to build their empire in our own lands, working to raise enormous buildings depicting their might. And after 10 long years serving as slaves to the sky masters, more of them arrived to this land of ours, but the new ones were not just different from our masters, but also enemies. A war then started and the coin of such conflicts were our own blood, spilled for a purpose we were unable to understand.

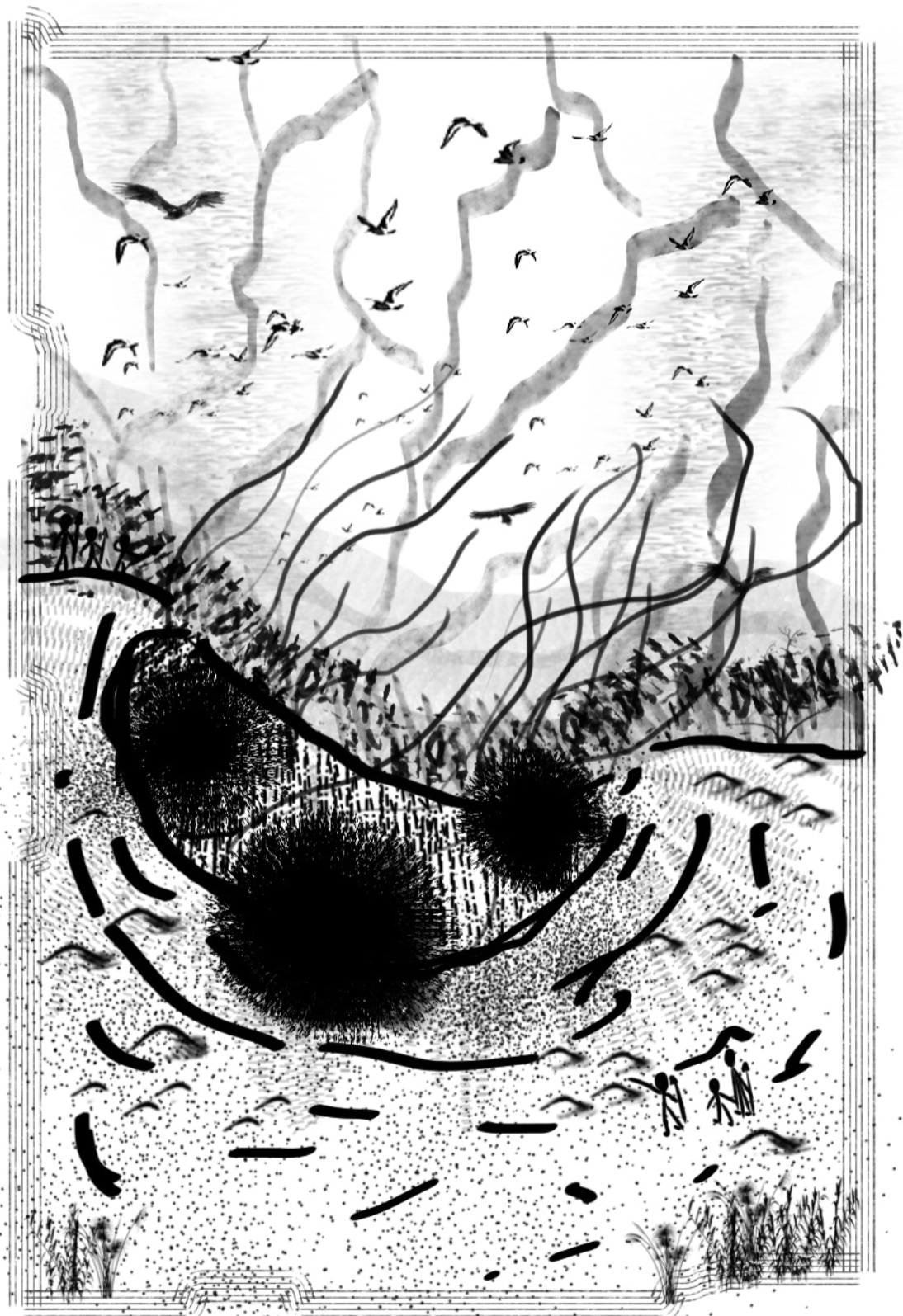
Several sky people arrived and a gigantic conflict took place in our land, but not just ours, for the run to bring news from many other realms and domains telling us about the same battles against the same people under the command of the same sky lords was swift. We thought we were lost and that our gods have abandoned us. But hope has once again emerged, in the hands of a mighty hero of our kind who has dared to confront our new lords during times of war. A pact has then been sealed with three of the sky people in order to terminate this bloodshed.

Our new lords of gray skin perished by the bright swords of the three tribes from the skies and the knives and daggers of earthlings in a gigantic and brutal revolution which end up with their short tyrannic empire. But our people are not as barbaric as they were, and a proper funeral was carried in honor to those who have mislead our people in the ways of pain and suffering. Inside their own buildings which were forcefully built by our own hands they now lie in the endless sleep with every single weapon, tool and knowledge they have once used to dominate us, sealed in dangerous tunnels and deadly chambers where no living being should ever dare step in.

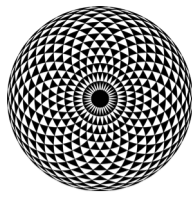
The three sky tribes promised us to never return and leave us to our own destiny, with no desire to

bring sorrow and suffering as it was once brought by the gray skins. The pact was then sealed and they returned to their own realms lost in between the stars. But were they really? With so many vast resources given to us by our gods, were them not even slightly jealous? Bards and poets are the ones who detain secret and obscure songs about their come, not like their gray skin enemies, but as foxes who dig their way in into a hen house, ready to steal eggs at first, but with time stealing and eating chickens in the middle of the night, with only feathers and blood stains left behind. No sky people is trustworthy, only in our brothers we shall rely on.

Ask the wise ones about their coming, and they will keep quiet, because the ones with a big tongue are known to vanish in the middle of the night as swift as they decided to open their mouths to talk about the ones coming from the skies.







## HANS GLOIZER

A mad man is making a fuzz over something he believes to have seen over the farmlands in the East, and not just that, but he strongly believes to have been abducted by a bright blue light, taken away by weird beings and then brought back to his lands. The mad man is also looking for bounty hunters or mercenaries willing to take him to the far East safely.

This is what you hear from every mouth in the city your group is at, people can't talk about anything else, discussing the subject in details, from what have happened to poor Hans, to what kind of thing a simple farmer is looking for in the far East, and how does he have the money to hire bodyguards.

Hans, however, is never seen in public. He keeps himself locked up inside his hut in a cabbage farm in the outskirts of the city. But many of his posters are spread all over the city, asking for people willing to travel East for a good amount of silver. The posters do not say where to find Hans, but make it clear for the ones interested to be at the Topsy Cat, a tavern in the center of the city, at midnight of the next Friday.

Glöizer is a weirdo who can't speak properly, stuttering at every sentence, and with a weird hunchback that makes him limp, using a cane stick to walk. But the people of the city will make it very clear that he was not like that, changing so abruptly only after his so called abduction. Hans will show up at the time and place scheduled on his posters, expecting to meet anyone willing to work for him. Curiously, most of the people who are there are simply curious about the job, not particularly interested in going to the far East doesn't matter how much silver a simple farmer is willing to pay.

During the meeting, 20 NPCs will be present at the place, plus the PCs if they are willing to participate, but from those 20, 1d4 will stay to hear the rest of the proposal, the others will leave, believing the whole thing is a scheme – some may even make that clear to the others – and that no one will ever be paid, or that they are going to be ambushed somewhere in the way to whenever Glöizer wants to go. Those 1d4 people staying can be considered hirelings, working with the PCs to reach Glöizer's main objective.

The farmer's plans are related to a weird artifact he possess, but which will only be shown to the people

he hires, after the arrangements to travel are done. The artifact is a small and metallic cube, which seems to be liquid at touch and sight. The cube is a map, Glöizer will explain, given to him by the ones who have kidnapped him. The map shows directions to reach three different places located in the far East, all of them are locations of ancient tombs hidden by the action of time. The farmer can also explain that those tombs hold secrets he must acquire, but are also packed with enough gold to put them all to retire in their own domains, in lives of luxury and glorious power.

However, if details on the artifacts are inquired, Glöizer will simply say that he feels like he needs them for a bigger purpose, and can't explain why because his memories are somehow entangled inside his head. The farmer set the company to be ready at dawn in front of the City gates, ready to go with the first part of their payment at hand, 10.000 silver pieces divided between the whole group.

Depending on where your campaign starts, you can change Glöizer's name for something that has a direct relation to the culture in where the game starts.

## WHAT IS REALLY HAPPENING?

Glöizer was indeed abducted, brought to an alien spaceship commanded by Greys. The murdered the poor farmer and inserted one of their own inside Glöizer's body. However, this kind of spiritual surgery is too delicate, and something went off during the whole process, creating a huge lump in the farmer's back, where the Grey is now trapped. With not enough power in their equipment to set another surgery with other peasant, they decided to send Glöizer back to Earth with the artifact known as the map.

Glöizer is not himself anymore, he is Zvrahmach-775, the Grey whose mission is to find the tombs of his ancestors and recover their mighty weapons back, so they can reunite their people and take over the planet once again. Despite the grandiosity of such plan, the group of Greys who are attempting such spectacle are fugitives of the Reptilian warlords who enslaved part of their people millennia ago after the loss of the Earth war.

Unable to get closer to the regions in our planet

where the tombs are located, the group of aliens decided to pick a peasant from the closest place they could reach, just like other spaceships have done in Asia and Africa, it is now a matter of time until one of those three groups reach the locations and recover the lost weapons.

The temples are gigantic buildings created by humans and filled with several dangerous and deadly traps in order to stop anyone willing to enter and steal the great objects or bodies of the ancient Greys who have dominated human kind. But the way to reach such places will be difficult, and maybe even deadly, with many dangers of their own blocking the way of the PCs.

## THE LOCATION OF THE TOMBS

Glöizer is the only one who can activate and read the cube, an artifact that once opened, it spreads over a surface as quicksilver, showing several light points which can be read by the Grey dressed as farmer, knowing exactly the shortest way to the place they need to go. Despite not being able to tell the group where exactly are the tombs, if the group decides to match their knowledge of the known world through maps with Glöizer's ability to read the map, it should be pretty clear that the tombs are located in three different places: Egypt, Persia and Nepal, more specifically, Thebes, Nineveh and Kathmandu.

The tombs have been built in the ancient capitals of the three great empires from where the Grey Lords ruled. But after so long it is likely they have been long forgotten by the people living in those regions as specs of dust from an ancient past.

It is important to decide with the whole group of players where they would like to start this campaign, if an ongoing campaign is not already happening. This is important because there are a total of three different groups trying to reach to the tombs, each one coming from a different continent, and deciding where the PCs are coming from will be the key to create challenges in their way connected to the lands, countries and cultures they are visiting.

Although this campaign presents details on how to engage in the quest for the three tombs and details on each one of them, it does not explain details on

the way to the tombs. This is expected from the Referee who can simply drag the group to the location in a quick explanation on how they reach the place, – ugh, boring – or take the group on weekly game sessions passing through different adventures happening throughout their journey to reach the tombs – which would demand a lot of effort on research from the Referee, but seem to be the funniest way to carry the campaign until they finally reach one of the tombs.

## ALIENS EVERYWHERE

A Grey spaceship tracks the three Greys sent to Earth in human bodies to check how are they doing in relation to their quest. The spaceship is unable to act directly in any situation along the campaign, but they can send messages to their Grey allies on Earth every day at dusk, while the human body in which they are in lies to rest.

Greys are a race of small humanoids with gray skin and big heads and eyes who are very intelligent and indifferent to the human race, considering us inferior beings worst than animals who can be used as work force to build their empire. They have a well developed brain and know how to use magic. Greys are also well versed in the art of mind reading, always knowing what other humans are thinking, except for Magic Users, who have a natural defense against those trying to read their thoughts.

There are other three known races of aliens who have reached to the humans and who still keep in touch with us secretly for their own purposes: The Reptilians, The Andromedans, and The Pleiadians, all of them enemies of the Greys, but not necessarily allies to each other

Reptilians are far the worst of all, more terrible than the Grey, those beings started digging their way into human society since the great otherworldly war, insidiously infecting the top layers of the hierarchical structures of power in many cultures. They have reptilian traits such as scales, vertical pupils, cold blood and tails, but they also have a particular way to disguise themselves in human forms, which can only be noticed by the races of other planets, specific spells cast by magic users, or when their concentration is broken somehow, glancing their true form for a few seconds. Reptilians wish to be able



to control the whole human world, dominating us in a different way, compared to the Grey lords.

Pleiadians are very similar to humans, but always with yellowish hair, pale blue eyes and a white skin layers which is almost translucent. They live in the constellation of Taurus and have become one of the most spiritually evolved races of the galaxy, which ended up causing a terrible pandemic of ego-centrism in their whole world, causing them to pack in groups who started traveling across the galaxy looking for other civilizations judged by them as inferiors, in a crusade to help those other people evolve as much as they did. However, this whole mumble jumbo about spiritual evolution is nothing more than a collective delusion, and the Pleiadians are not better or worse than the regular human, although by believing to be they tend to be caring towards humans, visiting them once in a while.

Andromedans are the oldest otherworldly race to have been in contact with humans. They have blue

and violet skin, big eyes and are taller than any human. Those beings are responsible for the ancient myths of humanity all over the world, taken as gods by ancient people, their goal is to help humanity to live peacefully, and protect us from any harm coming from other planets. Andromedans have this name thanks to their home land, located in the constellation of Andromeda. Despite still being in contact with us, they try not to be seen publicly as they have been in the distant past, acting behind the curtains.

Along the campaign, it will be common to get in touch with any of those races at any moment. However, it is important to notice that humans are afraid of what they don't know, and despite some of those races be willing to help humans, this is not known by us, having only a major enemy from them all as a trustworthy person who knows more than us about them, Glöizer, the Grey living inside the body of a farmer.

