

Chapter 1: Lost Ruins

By Ood Bnar

“So, you’re saying he ran into the Temple?” the strange tree like being asked again as their employer’s granddaughter wept in the background.

The mercenary nodded in mute wonder, he’d never be able to relieve himself against a tree ever again out of fear of being caught peeing against a dangerous sentient. The being pulled him back to the present with a question requiring more than a nod, “Now, describe to me in great detail these abhorrent , was it? Creatures. Don’t leave out any details mind you.”

LATER

As thunder shrieked across the sky, a bolt of lightning struck the top of the temple before seemingly dissipating in the darkness that clouded the Dark Temple. It seemed as if the lightning empowered said darkness, as if the construction was alive and ate the lightning, “Hrmm, did that empower you?”

As a dark cloak shifted across his form, the next bolt of lightning struck a nearby mountain. The flash of light illuminated an old, yet well kept set of Clone Wars era Jedi armour. The next bolt illuminated a set of old faded markings, identifying the bearer as a Jedi General in charge of a larger sector. The rain began to fall as the storm had seemingly truly arrived on top of the Dark Temple.

The Neti was bored, pondering the nature of guilt as he moved through the grand entrance lobby as his senses spread out to cover a wide area of the Temple in an attempt to find either a scared mind, a possessed mind still fresh, or a still warm corpse. “Hmm, they were not at fault for his stupidity, thus guiltless. Yet they felt guilty for not following him in? He was the moron who failed to wait for my arrival. Oh, if he’s dead...I’ll have to see about either finding a ritual to bring him back or make sure he’s inside one of the fun tombs. Shouldn’t let the scary or worse, the boring spirits have a fresh carcass to play with...Oh, how boring...”

With a sigh, the Warlord walked up to the archaeologist who seemed to be hanging above an opened pit trap, “See, this is why jungle temples are annoying. After a few decades, the roots & flora tries to move in and makes the wondrous traps useless.”

Refocusing his attention, the Arconan noticed something curious. “Can you see the discolouration on those spikes? That poison is still there and ... I sense it’s still active. I may have to take a sample.” A silver beam of light broke the dark atmosphere as the Neti leaned down to slice off a sliver of spike and levitate it up towards a vial he had on his belt. “Hmm, I wonder what else is still to be found around here. I may have to force your party to leave this area so I can look into this stuff in more detail.”

“HELP ME!!! BY WHATEVER DEITY YOU BELIEVE IN, WE’LL LEAVE!!”