

# XTERMINATORS

## GOLD • GLORY • NO SPIDERS

### *Why bother with an Adventurer's Journal?*

*A character based, in-game journal for our campaign has always been one of the most valuable tools players have ever penned. Unfortunately, it also seems to be one of the chores that's always seen as more work than fun. While that may be true, it also provides great rewards. A history of the character's exploits; their triumphs, their folly, their victory and their defeat. Aside from a documented history it has also/also serves as a repository of vast knowledge.*

*The journal contains important details about the people, places, and monsters the party has encountered, traveled to, and fought. Without this written record, many details would escape our memory (The DM, the Player's and thus the character's).*

*I encourage You, the readers to enjoy these journals - You, the writer, to continue your contributions - and you the players to be glad that you have this resource at your disposal.*

*Robert Vaessen (DM/occasional player in the Rob's World! campaign)*

**Campaign Note from the DM:** This journal represents a portion of our Adventurer's latest journey. In this journal the players/characters have endeavored to capture the events that comprise a 1st level adventure in the "Rob's World!" campaign.

This adventure takes place in the Forgotten Realms. In a tiny corner of the 'Kelvarig Peninsula' called Shaes. The cold coastal hamlet of Shaes isn't all that far from the Adventurer's base of operations in the town of Whillip, but Winslow's Cliffs are far from the friendly, cozy, fireplace at X's Manor.

Player submitted character content (not including page headers and footers) below this line.

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Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 24-25, Janus 1008

(Real world date: March 21, 2020)

Day 11 of the Xterminators

25th of Janus

After that no one got their heads (Or behinds) bashed in. There wasn't much in the way of stairs left tho. Next was our gear and last up was me and my new favorite party member, Mr. Treasure Chest.

Mmmm... dang it. Okay, back to the crabby beginning.

24th of Janus

On the left side of the beach, The Dragon King spied the large spider crab as she approached closer to the shore and our party. He yelled, "Doona let ta beeg krap gripe pel ya, twil coonstrick ye, haz sint it doos, an eez immeeyoun ta myne diffeectin speals." In the middle of the shore, Money's TseTse crabs switched directions in order to swarm Spence and me and bite us all over (Yeah, even there... Ow!), but before they crawled up, I threw one flask of lighter fluid at the biggest clump and it burst open in a five foot spray. We frantically shook and brushed ourselves to get most of them off then ran about thirty feet to the right side of the beach, just behind WizRWe, to a rock; Spence hopped up a few feet onto it. I threw the second vial (The one in my other hand, I ambidextrous; that's why I can do that) at the oncoming crabby mob and it splashed all over them again. WizRWe climbed up on a rock too, but she stopped singing for some reason. Tosha took out her tender box (tender?) and scampered up on a different mound (Hmmm... seven of us,

seven stones?). Money of Shadowdale did the same on the boulder closest to him. The Dwarven King moved closer to the swarm and arced his torch at them and they burst into flame (Except it didn't hurt them). But then, the mama spider could be seen through the four foot high, camouflaged opening leading to her secret lair. Instead of squeezing out to greet us, it reached under the rock lip with a tentacle and kicked WizRWe in the stomach. She flew off her slab and landed next to her future ex husband. Xalted peered down at her unconscious form and instead of jumping up on his own perch, reached down to his right, picked her up in his arms and layed her gently onto the stone to his left. He pressed the side of his face against her lips (Was he trying to get her to kiss him? Uh, wrong time for puppy making). He leaped up with his really angry face on (still a partial grin though mind you), raised his fat sword in the air and roared a challenge as he charged the mama crab.

When they collided with each other, flesh and shell flew every where. Xalted's shoulder was crushed; the crab's leg was hanging by tendons. Tosha undulated next to our Knight and sliced the mama's limb clean off (Did it just screech?). Behind her (Behind?) and off to the left, our priest's Tse tse crabs started to dig up the sand to put out their fire, but The Dragon King and Money both threw their own molotov cocktails and the bonfire started again. This time you could hear them sizzling; most stopped moving (Thank Mielikki). The big mama crab stepped back from the crevice of the hidden hollow and beyond my view, but not before Tasha and Xalted both slashed her, splintering one of her swimming legs. I thought for a second she was trying to escape, but another barbed grapnel lashed out from no where and slammed into Xalted's side; it knocked him in the sand, with his shield and sword left floating for a split second. Then the impossible happened. A huge orange pincer siezed Xalted's broken body and drug him away into the dark outlet.

Spencer padded over to NecroGirl and I sent a short jolt of positive energy into the motionless frame; her eyes fluttered open, then she tumbled off the rock and got

out her bow (Where did she get a bow?). Tosha yelled out, "Should I attack the crab or get WizRWe's healing potion?!" Seeing that she was alone, standing in front of the big mama crab, our provocative panther didn't wait for a response; she did a titillating back handspring, putting away one of her not so long swords, and landed next to NecroGirl with her newly freed palm extended (Oh My Mielikki, why is everything she does so arousing?!). While she was waiting for the potion, half of the fire went out and The Chosen one picked up his now extinguished torch swinging it back and forth to get the sand off. He yelled for Phinyass to grab another bottle from Money, who's standing right next to him with his ruck sack still open. Money then moved to the den's mouth and impaled big mama's carapace, like a javelin, with one of his gilded spears. Both NecroElf and I tossed our beakers at the same time Grey relit his torch; The Dragon King held it up menacingly. Money ran up and stuck his not so short spear in the crab's butt to distract it while Tosha tumbled into a spot next to Xalted; she sensually palpated the elixir down his throat.

Now that we're all inside the spider's lair, she raised a big spiny talon above our heads and started counting us one by one. When she was done, apparently she'd picked Spencer because when the arm came back our way, it stopped above our heads for a second, then plunged. But I yanked Spencer's reins and he reared out of the way in the nick of time as a spray of pebbles hit us under the chin. Exalted, who by now had his eyes open, pulled out one of his wobbly flying sticks from underneath himself and tried to jab it into the crab's abdimum, addamin, belly, but The Dragon King had already launched his flaming club at big mama's feet. An inferno violently erupted and our soon to be salty cuisine was flame broiled. The high pitched scream was nearly deafening, as the spider crab boiled in it's own juices, until it's shell split, and poured out; It's remaining legs gave way and shook the ground as it thudded into the dusty gravel (Poof).

We healed up and spent the rest of the day stuffing ourselves with suprisingly delicious she-crab (No butter though). NecroGirl was acting like she was still hurt

tho, so I offered to heal her. But she said, "No, that's okay. I'll heal up just fine tonight with long ger care on myself." She smiled at Xalted, who was sitting at her feet "tending to her wounds." It took me a while to get what was happening. So I asked her again, "Are you hurt?" She put on her best sad booboo face; with her bottom lip sticking out she nodded, glancing at our Knight. I asked again, "Do you want me to cast a small healing spell? She replied, "No, that's okay. I'll heal up naturally tonight." Her eyes moved in her chevalier's direction. I'm not sure how long this went on. But I finally gave up and just cast a single cure spell on her and went back to the firepit to eat more crab. It didn't sink in until I watched them playing doctor (Oh my Mielikki. Human mating rituals! Druids Are socially inept, but no wonder we prefer to hang out with animals. Well... not my fault they're not halflings; five pups by now, I'm telling you).

25th of Janus

There was still a (literal) ton, but we ate as much shellfish as we could before we broke camp. Tosha raced Grey towards the metal barred gate at the back, left of the cave; (the late) big mama had constructed some kind of nest there. While Tosha ran her graceful hands around the opening to see if was trapped, The Dragon King unlocked the gate. For some reason Tosha started dancing provocatively and then all of a sudden bent over and heaved on the portcullis a few times (That's not distracting). Money, Xalted and myself drunkenly tried a few times to lift the gate too but it still wouldn't budge. Our cleric got upset and started hitting it with his spikey mace. When no more rust fell off, we all pulled together until it "clicked" into place. While The Dwarven King looked for some type of mechanism to make sure it didn't close, Tosha slinked into the natural lava tube by herself.

When we turned the corner into the room, Tosha was staring at a skeleton on the floor. Dusty bones were sprawled in front of a chest at the foot of a bed. The head board was against a wall that connected to circular stairs leading up. The Chosen

One examined the thirty pound chest and it wasn't locked; for several minutes we all just gazed at the tiny, shimmering metal discs inside; my mouth hung open for a while (I couldn't believe it; think I said that out loud, not sure tho). Money quickly pushed his own jaw closed and counted 7,400 (?!) gold, 2,000 silver (!), 2 adamanite, 3 mithril and 14 electrum (?!). I detected some no so strong enchantedness emanating from the coffer and Grey said the chest was probably worth about 150 gold (Looks like we won't have to slave trade after all. Take THAT elemental Currency! We got our OWN pirate treasure!).

Xalted suggested that someone light weight should try the rusty old stairs. I stared at my feet for a few seconds (Great... let's pick on the short guy again), before I sluffed off my pack and got my silk line from Spence's saddle bags. When everyone turned to ask me to "volunteer," my hand was already out above my head and I said, "We need more rope." We tied both lengths together and with all the pee tahns in my pocket I started up the rickety alloy spiral. The first ten feet were fine, but each step after that seemed to wobble more. Every twenty feet I hammered in a not so big steel rod and tied it off. I trailed the rope behind me as I carefully lifted my feet, one by one, in case the step holds gave way. Sure enough, thirty or forty feet up, a section of the stairs broke away. The climey spikes gripped the old magma walls but the rope flung me against the side of the shaft. I reached down and checked my pouch to see if anything was broken (Not That pouch... Spencer's token form on my belt) but thank Mielikki everything was intact. I started getting dizzy from the pain tho, so I hollered down to everyone, "Hey, should I keep going?!" Crickets... I yelled, "If you guys have any better ideas, you'll let me know right?!" I think NecroElf said something but he didn't look up; all I could see was his upheld wrist flicking, urging me to keep going. Tosha must have started dancing again (Dang it! I'm missing a show! This is The Dragon King's job anyhow; I'm not supposed to be the hero!).

The stairs dropped out two more times (three actually; one for me and twice for the others), but Mielikki was with me the whole way; after climbing the hundred feet,

there was a grimy circular adamant cover above. It had a straight flat handlebar attached to it's center, flush against the steely cap. The bar looked like it should turn like a cork screw, but up instead of down. I turned it to the right like a door knob (not me, the handle) but nothing happened. I tried several times to move it either clockwise or counter clockwise but I'm no engineer. By then my arms were getting jelloey and their muscles started to burn. Finally, grunting in frustration, the handle moved a little to the left. Three and a half turns and the cork popped. Mud and grass smashed into my face as bright light blinded me; the stream of earth bowled me over as I fell backwards into open air; the rope that was wrapped around my chest knocked the wind out of me when it's slack was yanked tight. Dangling, spinning slowly, I got my breath back as I looked below; nothing but stairs, but I could hear WizRWe's banjo (They were having a party without me?). I stuggled to pull myself up through the hole and onto a grassy knoll. I rolled onto my back and laid there for a few minutes looking up at the blurry sky (The vision of kitty burlesque shattered by rays of light stabbing me in the eyes).

It took me a while to get my bearings and let my eyes adjust, but I finally remembered my party was still below. I stuck my head back down the gopher hole and yelled to everyone, "Okay, come on up!" Money ran up first; he untied the rope from the pegs as he rounded his way up. Waukeen must really like him, because he's six times my weight and the stairs didn't even wiggle. They did when everyone else clomped up though. Tosha fell twice on her pleasant behind; when she made her racy way to the top she requested everyone stop resisting and let our cleric just drag us up. After that no one got their heads (Or behinds) bashed in. There wasn't much in the way of stairs left tho. Next was our gear and last up was me and my new favorite party member, Mr. Treasure Chest. Although, I made sure not to touch any of the coins in case an evil necromancer cursed them.

Leaving the lid open, we looked around the domed meadow concealing the vast cavern below. Do we head to town or try to signal the boat? How are we going to

## Xterminators Adventure Journal

finish the quest? The fish heads were supposed to be Here. How are we going to convince them to stop terrorizing the Shae's townsfolk? I look over at the Dragon King and as a smile starts to spread across my face, I shake my head. He's already starting to walk in the direction of the boat. As I start to follow him, I know Mielikki will tell her Chosen One what to do. And We must do Our jobs to protect Him. Look out evil, here we come.



**Player submitted character content (not including page headers and footers) above this line.**

*Disclaimer on accuracy: This journal is written by one or more of the player's in our campaign. It has not been edited by the DM for accuracy, grammar or spelling. While the author(s) strive to keep accuracy at the fore-front of their efforts, the reader must realize that this journal is written from a Character-centric point-of-view. The character(s) in question may not be privy to all knowledge, the character in question may in fact have assumed some information, or - yes this happens too - the character(s) may be flat-out wrong! Deceived, mis-informed or simply mistaken about some events, participants or specific details. One must always assume that there is some level of question when recalling 'facts' from a journal such as this - If I had the time, I would crawl through such journals, correct spelling mistakes, locations, build hyperlinks, curate the content, and create a fully functional wiki style archive of 'People, Places, and Things' related to our campaign. Unfortunately, I no longer have the time to do that. I did - Once upon a time, when I was a shift worker. I hope you enjoy these journals, and understand where and why they should be taken as an aid to the player's memory, and not a historical 'fact of record' for the campaign - Robert Vaessen (DM/occasional player in the Rob's World campaign)*

*PS/Character specific knowledge: While the Journals are typically 'Character' knowledge, some of that knowledge may have been shared with other characters. One should never assume that another character has actually read a journal entry. If necessary, please consult with the appropriate player regarding how your character might have come upon any specific journal related information.*

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**Journal Entry:** *Written by Sean O' as Phulleigh Dotfive for the "Rob's World!" D&D Campaign.*

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