

# 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: 25-26, Janus 1008

(Real world date: May 2, 2020)

Day 12 of the Xterminators

26th of Janus

We went to sleep Xalting in our glory over successfully completing our first adventure, yet haunted by nightmares of evil trainers and tax men stealing our hard earned gold.

Dang it. I did it again. Why do I always start at the end? Well, can't erase it; the parchment will tear. Eh, what do I care, I'm the only one that reads this anyways.

25th of Janus

We followed The Dragon King over to the edge of the cliff and looked down at the not so large boat that brought us here yesterday. Grey started waiving his arms back and forth over his head and hopping up and down; if Tupulo and the fisherman could see us, we couldn't tell. WizRWe was to try sending a necromantic message but Phinyass, I mean NecroElf, said the distance was not so close. Our cleric of Waukeen pulled out his mirror and tried to flash sun in their eyes but we didn't see any flashes back. We sat down and brain stormed (argued more like it) for what seemed like hours. Some of the not so bad ideas were morose code (whatever that is), smoke signals, shooting arrows at the boat and just climbing (more like falling) down the sheer cliff face. Finally, Xalted stood up from one knee and waived Money back from the edge. He made an O out of his hands and yelled through it, "Hello! Can you guys hear me!" At first we only heard some faint echoes and waves crashing on the rocks below, but then we heard, "Yes, we can ee oo..." The rest was cut off by

the cliff's reverberations. Our valiant knight hollered again, "We'll meet you back in town!" A few minutes later we heard a faint, "Okay! kay... aay..."

The Dwarven King turned and started walking towards town, but NecroElf held his hand up and stared at the boat. When the main sail popped out like Grey's belly and pointed the bow of the ship at the docks, our necromancer nodded, spun around and walked briskly. We marched in single file, through the blowing sleet to the beat of Tosha's complaining. Of course I didn't tell her to stop (I like the way her butt wiggles when she's whining).

We got back to town around eleven in morning and headed straight to the Screaching Weasel for some hot food. Money said, "I need a drink." The Dragon King replied, "Aye, eel be see condee tha." Unfortunately for them, Tosha was already glowering in front of the fire eating a chicken sandwich (where did she find that?). It looked so good, we ordered our own. The Mayor's not so small voice called out, "Ah, Exterminators!" Severin lumbered over asking a slew of questions, including "Are the Troglodytes gonna continue attacking my town?" and "Why now? They never attacked the town before!" and "Have you all completed your task?" (and on and on and on). We told him about Dead Man's Cave and started to tell him more, but Xalted pulled us outside to discuss how much we should tell Severin. We deliberated for what seemed like hours in the freezing cold and decided to just state the facts. When we got back inside Xalted told the Mayor that the Troggs were not at the cave. We pulled up a seat next to our grumpy catfolk and ate our fill of rosemary chicken sandwiches and potato salad (I ate the salad; Spence doesn't like the vinegary taste) while Money went down to the dock to wait for the boat.

An hour later, Money and the dock worker Tupalo walked in and sat at the fire with us. Lo and behold he had quite the tale to tell. He waived the Mayor over (what was this half-orc still doing here? Does he live here?) as he began his story. Tupalo explained that as their boat was leaving (and we turned around heading back to town) six or seven Troggs surfaced and asked to parley. The leader of the Troggs,

Feyestig, said that a break away faction was responsible for attacking the outlying farmsteads as well as the other atrocities committed against the townsfolk. The group, led by a Trog named Nobzik, had blocked access to their normal hunting grounds. Our group had Xterminated all but two females of the rogue faction. It was these two females that confessed and turned themselves in to be punished. The faction leader that we killed was indeed this villan Nobzik, with a notch taken out of his head fin and red markings on his face.

When Tupalo finished his story, the Mayor was grinning ear to ear and pulled out a small chest from underneath his kilt (well that's handy). He thanked us profusely for finishing our mission and protecting his town; he handed our cleric the chest. Money immediately started counting. Six seconds later... "four ninety-nine, five hundred." (Dang he's good at counting money, guess that's why he's called Money; and why I'm nominating him for treasurer). Money slipped the chest into his backpack and said, "In the name of the Sun god Lathander, I bless this town, it's people and the crops and" something else, but I couldn't understand him cuz he started mumbling.

We sat around and drank hot tea (Grey grumbled about it not being whiskey) discussing how we might get the fish head statue (that one we had to leave behind because it was too heavy) from the tomb. Money suggested we blow up a big balloon and float it out. NecroElf said we should use magic. Tosha was still brooding and said she just wanted to leave it and go home. Finally Tupalo suggested we try speaking to someone called Taylor Morgan who had a ship called the Recono (sounded promising). Apparently he made his livelihood relic hunting. We all agreed to visit this treasure hunter; hopefully he could help us retrieve our desperately needed loot (Money said we still didn't have enough to pay for training; guess we will still have to get our slave trading license).

We loaded up into Tupalo's wagon and headed out. Two hours later we arrived at an old stone farm house surrounded by a barbed wire fence. When we rolled through

the gates, eight Bluetick hunting dogs started barking and jumped off the porch to charge the wagon. I barely had time to grab hold of Spencer's scruff cuz he leapt off the cart and started running around in circles sniffing butts. Just then a grizzly bear (actually a not so small guy in a fur coat) came out of the house and said, "Greetings! What do we have here?! What can I do for you, adventurers? Ah, Tupalo! I didn't see you there. I take it these are friends of yours?" Tupalo introduced us as the Xterminators. The rest of our party climbed down from the wagon and we explained that we were needing his expertise in retrieving a statue from a mausoleum down the coast. Taylor said, "I'm aware of the statue; we hadn't yet collected it because it was guarded by monsters." Once we told him there were no more Troglodytes, he agreed to give us a thousand gold for the information that the crypt was no longer guarded. I turned to Tosha and winked at her and said, "Maybe you can use your feminine wiles and ask him for more gold." Tosha shook her head no as she hugged her shivering form (was she afraid of the dogs?). I turned to WizRWe and even before I formed the word 'how' she said, "Not me; I'm no good at dimple lomacy." (What was wrong with our females? Normally we can't get them to shut up; must be the cold).

We got back to town around five in the evening and went straight to the inn. There, we were greeted by Phyl-iss and her not so small smile; she said, "Congratulations on completing your quest! You're welcome to stay the night for free if you'd like" (I thought we were already staying for free?). We took her up on her gracious offer.

26th of Janus

In the morning, we headed over to the town hall to see what kind of export goods we could get and hopefully make a profit by selling it to our fellow Whillipinos. Billingsly was his usual helpful self, and suggested we speak to Stanislaus at the Erkile's Garment Factory (the same guy we sold our fabric to when we first got here). When we entered the store, Stanis was behind the counter. We told him a little bit about us completing our quest and explained that as we had a little coin in our

pocket, hoping to buy some of his goods at bulk price. Stanis listed off a bunch of stuff, but said his best made items were his leather gloves. He brought out three samples and of those, the nicest were the fine ladies gloves (they were kind of smooshy and soft like a lady's skin). He told us they were so exquisitely made that a cow could eat one and poop it out, good as new. That was good enough for us and we agreed to take his entire stock of super pooper gloves.

When he went in the back to check how many he had, I turned to Tosha and suggested (for the second time today) if she could flash her baby blues and get him to come down in price. She was still sulking for some reason and said, "He won't change his price." I started argue but our knight spoke up and in his deep voice said, "It couldn't hurt to ask." Tosha replied defensively, "Oh yes it could; I could make it worse!" When Xalted pulled his lips away from his sparkling white teeth and smiled, the light reflected into Tosha's eye ball; she sighed, "Fine. I'll try."

When Stanis came back, a whole load of crazy negotiations took place. I could barely follow. Stanis said, "I can't give you more than twenty percent off! I have contracts with my customers! If I sell to you at a lower price I'll lose all my clients and my livelyhood! (that was a good one, I admit)." Tosha turned to us and said, "See, he won't budge; I told you so." I did my best to bolster Tosha's confidence. I looked up at the shopkeep and said as incredulously as I could, "Even for the saviors of this town?" Stanis stuttered, "Well, yes; I know you, saved the town and all, but... I'd lose all my customers." And he started all over again repeating his argument. That sparked something in our dancing fighter. Her fingers started moving like she was typing; she tilted her head and showed Stanis her best sad kitty cat eyes (I couldn't see from this angle, but I think she popped out a fake tear) and cried, "But our horrible and mean trainers in Whillip unfairly over charge us; how can we go on saving the world from evil if you don't give forty percent off?" That did it. Stanis finally caved to Tosha's superior influencing powers. He said, "Well I... I'll have to check with my boss." When he came back he pleaded, "I'm sorry, your beautiful

kitty catness, alas I cannot give you the rightful forty percent; my boss said we can only give thirty." I don't think Stanis saw me (he was looking at his feet) just then, but I jumped up on Spencer's back and shot my arms up over my head and silently mouthed, "Yeah!" (Dang that was harder than beating the elemental's whirly pool And the giant mama crab put together. Glad I'm stupid and ugly so I don't have to be party spokesman. Mielikki, I need a nap; that was exhausting, and I didn't even do anything!) We paid him nineteen hundred and twenty-five gold and in exchange he'd deliver three thousand pairs of leather gloves (a thousand of each kind) to the Sweet Lady at eight o'clock tomorrow morning.

We headed back to the dock to check on the previously mentioned boat. One of the crew told us that Captain Pecorny was at the inn, but they'd be ready to receive our gloves in the morning. With that, we headed over to the inn for some supper and hopefully discussion with the captain. Sure enough the big bellied captain was slopping down some pasta with four kinds of cheese (at least I counted four in his beard) and a bruschetta with anchovy paste. Between his inhaling of the fish paste he agreed we could leave for Whillip as soon as the gloves were stowed. We each paid Phyl-iss our nine copper for food and lodging. We went to sleep Xalting in our glory over successfully completing our first adventure, yet haunted by nightmares of evil trainers and tax men stealing our hard earned gold.

**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 Dofive for the "Rob's World!" D&D Campaign.*

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