

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.

Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 27-30, Janus 1008

(Real world date: May 16, 2020)

Day 13 of the Xterminators

30th of Janus

are there enough nets for all of us to arm ourselves, and with a not so big bit of hope, trap these millions of flapping rodents? Stay tuned for the final confrontation between the intrepid Xterminators and their contract killers, the epic super mutant bat swarm.

Dang it. Let's go back to the hearth.

27th of Janus

The hearth in the main room must not have been lit yet because Spencer woke me up trying to cuddle (Was that to keep Me warm?). I pulled the blanket up over us and tried to go back to sleep but my heart was still pounding; that same nightmare of evil trainers stealing our six thousand gloves kept flashing in my brain. Luckily, Phyl-iss had breakfast going, so I snuck out and got Spence and me some warm biscuits until everyone else woke up. In not so small of a time, they woke, ate, got packed and we finally headed over to the Sweet Lady (yes. It's okay; the gloves were still there). Tupalo met us at the boat and told us more of the story of the evil Trog faction group. Apparently, several months ago, some of the fishermen had been trolling for seaweed, as their normal catch of fish was not so big. Seaweed is the Troglodytes main course and it being stolen spurred a disagreement between the leader, Feyestig and the upstart Nobzick. The rogue faction boss wanted to kill all the humans; when Feyestig ruled against war, Nobzick took a group of angry

rebels and declared his own revolution. We asked Tupalo if he could please tell the Mayor to get the fishermen to stop taking the seaweed (so the fish heads wouldn't try to eat the townsfolk any more). Before we left, he agreed to pass on the message. I shook Tupalo's not so small hand (Spence licked his shoe) and thanked him for all of his help. Xalted clapped him on the back (and jolted him forward; he doesn't really know his strength) and in his deep voice said, "Fare thee well good Tupalo." As the corner of NecroElf's mouth turned upward, he nodded when Tupalo looked at him. The rest waived and smiled, glad to soon be away from the Shaes.

Around Nine, we at long last departed for Whillip. The freezing wind was blowing something awful and the snow was pelting my face; Spence and I tried to take our usual place hanging over the nose of the ship. When a gust unbalanced Spence, he danced back a few feet and turned his back to the cold. The ship seemed like it wasn't even moving; an hour later, the captain finally yelled that we were turning around (what? We froze half to death for nothing?!). We got back to the dock around one and some of us helped the crew moor the boat. It took all of us to wrestle the flapping sails and tie 'em up (another elemental!). But when we did, we made a bee line to the inn and planted ourselves firmly in front of the fire (Hmmm, Tosha was already there; did she even get on the boat?). Apparently, not firmly enough because Money and Grey both said at the same time, "leee ba needin soom ooda woeskay." Not sure what that meant but we all followed them over to the Hoppin Hot Toad, except Tosha. She showed up a little later, right after we got done eating the last of the bread and cheese.

Looked like the entire population of town was in here (all thirty of them). Our cleric of Waukeen and Lathander (can you be a priest for two gods?) bought a round of beer for us all. I still felt like I had a headache from the last time we drank here so I put my mug on the floor so Spence could lap at it (he said he likes the bubbles). Even the Toadies were here. No, the Toad Squakers, or squatters, something like that. Anyways, they challenged us to a dart fight like last time. I didn't want any part

of them cheaters, so Spence and I grabbed a basket of salty round things (peanuts maybe?) off the bar counter and sat against the back wall to watch (Mielikki, Tosha is so bad at this). Six of us against five of them (for some reason the wierd looking human never got up to play). There was Beela the Obstinate, Zary the Whimsicle, Borris the Drunkard, Becky the Bodacious, and Leon the Lucky. As usual they cheated; Zary took several steps past the line every time, Beela made a farting noise every time Tosha and WizRWe started to throw and Becky blew a very loud kiss at Xalted when he lined up the dart board (not to mention her chest bouncing up and down like that; very distracting). Anyways, they won a hundred and twenty something to our ninety-four. But for all their blustering, they paid for our earlier round of drinks (obviously admitting they were cheating again). Becky gave Xalted a big kiss as we were leaving. WizRWe pursed her lips and scrunched up her nose at that, but didn't say anything (not to worry, we'll all hear about that soon enough).

We got to the Screaching Weasel around five and we could smell the pork adobo simmering. Phyl-iss had a whole spread of tortilla chips with salsa, and virgin margaritas (were Spence and I the only ones drinking them?). We were all bushed from fighting with the air elemental earlier (except Tosha) and drinking with the entire town. We went to sleep somewhat early, though I kept waking up with that image in my head of a trainer cutting Money's throat and spilling out his golden blood.

28th of Janus

In the morning, the captain woke us up, not so quietly, to tell us to stay in bed; it was more of the same... freezing butt cold weather and forty-five mile an hour winds. Tosha got up and left the room, not even putting on a coat. Ten minutes later she passed by the open door lugging a gallon of milk in her right hand and a bottle of Vodka in her left, and plunked down in front of the fire (suppose that's one way to keep warm). The day went by not so fast (lots of yawning)... breakfast; lunch; dinner; flashes of trainers bleeding Money.

29th of Janus

Eighteen degrees, two inches of snow and forty mile an hour winds. Same oh, same oh. Except, after lunch NOT same oh. Grey said we should head over to the Toad and get WizRWe "a zingin" the Spencer song (at least I think that's what he said). Either way, we all headed over there and Money bought himself and The Dragon King a big cup of the strong stuff. After Grey downed his second mug in one gulp, he wiped his beard on his sleeve and then started stomping his feet and banging on the table. The entire town was still there from the other day and they stopped and looked at The Dragon King; they made a circle around us to listen to Spencer's song. At first it was kind of a slow, stomp stomp clap, stomp stomp clap. But then Tosha twirled out into the middle of the room and started to stomp stomp clap too; but more for show and all sexy like, to get the crowd going. Zary did a cart wheel into the center with Tosha and several of the Toad Squashers started to stomp stomp clap too. When the whole town was stomp stomp clapping WizRWe sang yelled,

"Spencer you're a dog with a big nose,

Playing in the street, jump in the puddle on Sunday,

You got mud on your face,

Begin da race,

Wagging your tail all over the place."

Everybody must have heard this one before, cuz they all started sing yelling too.

"Spencer, We will We will Walk you!"

Stomp stomp clap, stomp stomp clap

"Come on Spencer, We will We will Walk you!"

They did that a bunch of times; and each time it got louder. Who knew they had a song about my dog? It was real catchy. Even Xalted and NecroElf were clap dancing a little when all of a sudden WizRWe slid across the floor with her right arm raised in the air, then started a banjo solo. Towards the end she strummed really loud, "Bare nano nano now, bare mow mow, bare nano nano now, bare mow MOW." Something like that. Anyways, the last "MOW" everyone in the town stomped their foot and then everything went dark and silent. Just the deep base echo lingered for a second... when all of a sudden Becky screamed and everyone jumped up and started whistling and cheering and throwing money at WizRWe and asking her to keep playing the Spencer song. They hollered, "Eye sore, eye sore!" (that meant more singing). We played and danced for I don't know how long but in the end, after buying more food and drink we had nineteen silver left (Hin, why didn't we do this two days ago?). I went to bed half praying we'd get stuck here for the rest of the week and make lots of gold so we don't have to get our slave trader's license.

30th of Janus

The weather was still cold, but nothing like that one hundred below zero we had yesterday (not sure grumpy cat would agree). Spence and I went to our place at the nose of the ship but one of the crew members was in the way so we couldn't hang over (ha ha, get it, hang over? That was fine cuz Spence was a little skittish after almost falling over the edge the other day and I was nauseous from last night's beer; never again Mielikki). We were cruising right along looking forward to joining the rest of the Whillipinos when all of a sudden NecroElf yells, "Mosquitos (or maybe he said bats; I guess I was expecting to see Stirges again) off the starboard side!" (was that pirate talk?). Spence and I looked in the direction that Phyni-ass, I mean NecroElf, pointed and it looked like the same epic super bats that the first tiny bat swarm summoned to get back at us for kicking their butt last week. I yelled that out to the others (what were the same super mutant bats from the cave doing out here in the freezing weather? Did they have a bounty on us? We let some of them live.

It wasn't our fault they lit themselves on fire. We were just trying to scare them away from Janice).

Everyone except WizRWe and Grey ran into the cockpit after NecroElf and I yelled. The captain screamed for the crew members to grab nets. Not sure why, but the first mate repeated the same thing, and just stood there (were his knees shaking?). I could see through the little cabin window, two of the crew at the side of the bridge threw their nets at the bats, but missed. While at the same time near the back of the wheelhouse, Xalted grabbed a net of his own and raised it to throw but suddenly stopped. The mutant bats swooped in and started biting four of the crew closest to him. If he threw the net, the human would be caged in with those blood suckers.

Will the bat swarm kill the four poor crew members? Will we slam the doors of the cabin shut and pray that the bats fly away? Or are there enough nets for all of us to arm ourselves and with a not so big bit of hope, trap these millions of flapping rodents? Stay tuned for the final confrontation between the intrepid Xterminators and their contract killers, the epic super mutant bat swarm (Wait, why will nets work but not magic swords?).

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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