

# 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: 30-31, Janus 1008

(Real world date: May 30, 2020)

Day 14 of the Xterminators

31st of Janus

Catching our breath, sitting on the deck slick with salty red water, we counted how many yo-yo fish we could make sushi with. Too bad the others fell into the sea.

Oops. Let's go back to the cabin.

30th of Janus

On the right side of the cabin, the arctic bats (possibly cousins of the epic super mutant bats) were swarming all over the four crew members, Harrold, Benny, Keppy and Goshwin. Xalted, with his net, was still paused in mid throw. Lucky Bill and MacCalahan who were behind Xalted ran up and squeezed together and both threw their nets; while at the same time, Zigbee at the front of the captain's helm also tossed his. Looked like it was going to be a very bad day for the hairy winged rats, as all three nets scooped them up out of the air; three fourths of the bats were trapped (we need to ask the captain if we can "borrow" some of these nets. Who needs magic swords?). Instead of tucking their tail between their legs and flying away, they flapped harder into the wind and continued attacking us, but an air elemental blew them away from the ship. This was the moment we were waiting for; as soon as they got pushed away from the crew, WizRWe, Grey, Xalted and myself threw our netting. But the air elemental blew the mesh back in our face. The bats got a second wind (ha ha, get it? Second wind?) and dive bombed WizRWe and Benny and started sucking their blood. Bill lit torches and handed one to Keppy and



he ran like a crazy person right into the cloud of remaining bats swinging wildly and lighting some of them on fire. His face looked like he had something to prove, with a mixture of fear and anger (kind of like when I charged the Mouter). Not sure if the air elemental smacked them away or Keppy's wild show scared them, but they moved away from the ship again. When they tried to swoop in, Xalted angled his net just right and bundled them up. He dropped the webbed bag at the feet of the Dragon King who didn't blink an eye; he jumped up in the air and belly flopped right on top of the bats, squashing them like pancakes (but with broken bones and lots of blood and guts coming out).

Money had just finished (collecting alms for the poor, that's us, and in turn) healing all the wounded crew members when we could just make out the port of Kessler. It took us a not so little amount of time to get there because we were heading straight into the wind. When we finally set our feet on the docks, we were so tired, we didn't even continue our fight with the air elemental to roll up the sails. We went straight to the Inn of The Welcome Wench. The manager who was a human and named Selma Bravic welcomed us with a pleasant smile, asking us what she could do us for (Ahh... so she's the Wench that welcomes). The party paid five silver per person for lodging and breakfast (I wonder if that includes other services?). All the rooms were on the first floor (which was good in case Spence needed to pee during the night). Captain Pecorney paid for the first round of "good" beer (what ever that means, it all tastes like fuzzy acorns to me). I handed mine to Tosha cuz she's always thirsty. Everyone asked me why, and I told them that I'm never drinking again cuz it made me throw up on the way here. They all tried to give me peering pressure telling me that the more I drink the more I'd get used to it; I picked up my mug and toasted with them and acted like I was gonna drink it. But when I brought it up to my mouth and smelled it, my stomach turned. I didn't even bother to let Spence taste it; I set it back on the table and pushed it against Tosha's arm. If Mielikki meant for her



druids to drink alcohol, she would have made a beer tree for us. I patted lush kitty on the hip and said good night and went to my assigned room.

### 31st of Janus

In the morning, breakfast was simple; biscuits and a watery gravy with some round bits of meat (pig maybe?). I poured the meat liquid into a bowl and gave it to Spencer and ate the crusted bread, after dipping it into my milk. The day turned out to be another cold one, but no snow this time and not as many air elementals.

Today we would see our familiar Whillipino Port, but not for another several hours. In the mean time, Spence and I tried hanging over (but no hang overs this time) the nose of the ship. The Dragon King was next to us just in case we fell over. Every now and then he'd reach over and scratch Spencer. Spence must like him cuz he doesn't let anyone else except me scratch him under the neck like that. Just as as I was gonna say that very same thing, Spencer barked at something ahead and to the left of the ship. At first, I couldn't see anything cuz the sun was flickering off the waves into my eye balls, but then all of a sudden ten yo-yo's with fish tied to the end, pulled them out of the water and then spun them a little and then dropped them back in the water only to pull them out again and spin them towards us some more.

When they were about sixty feet from the ship, I pointed and yelled, "These are Flying Piranha that are strong against blunted weapons and if they bite you, you'll continue to bleed" (how did I even know that? Wow, I guess this druid thing is kicking in). Right then WizRWe started singing the Spencer song (not really; I was hoping she would sing it again, but Grey was busy so he couldn't play the drums for her. It was almost as catchy though). Money and NecroElf got so inspired they both cast a spell at the same time; our cleric's muscles and shield started to sparkle with holy energy and our necromancer shot a bolt of dark magic from his finger that sizzled right into the closest yo-yo fish. The Piranhas weren't very big, but even from this distance I could see the razor sharp teeth protruding out from under their lips.



While WizRWe was still singing, she shot one of them with her not so long bow as I pelted one with a sling bullet. That same one got mad and tried to fly at me but the yo-yo fish jumped on The Dragon King instead and tried to bite him; his belly was too spongy though and it couldn't sink its teeth in. Best boy Keppy, MacCalahan and Zigbee pulled out some kind of fish hooks out but they were too big to lure the little yo-yo fish to bite at it (why don't they just use their nets?). Instead, the yo-yo fish started biting and biting them and they all fell asleep and laid down on the deck bleeding.

Tosha whipped out her other not so long sword and ran to the back of the ship (yay! She's gonna fight today) and completely obliterated the Piranha that just attacked Keppy. Money must have heard me say that thing about blunt weapons cuz he dropped his shield and stuck his gilded spear into a yo-yo. Xalted moved in front of Grey and leaned over the front side of the ship and swung his not so skinny sword and sliced a yo-yo in two (and it fell into the sea). Grey moved towards the back of the ship and threw a hammer and killed another. While the first mate Benson hid in the cabin, Money skewered a fish that was about to have its way with the first boy. A different yo-yo fish tried to bite Tosha, but WizRWe's arrow pierced it just before it chomped her but Tosha instead chopped its face off (and it fell into the water). With her other not so long sword, she took one dainty step and killed the last yo-yo which fell into the ocean (wonder why she doesn't fight like that all the time; they do say that cats are finicky). Money tried to collect his alms again by healing the crew members, Zigbee in particular; our cleric of Waukeen had to cast five times on him (probably didn't have enough coins on him).

Catching our breath, sitting on the deck slick with salty red water, we counted how many yo-yo fish we could make sushi with. Too bad the others fell into the sea.



**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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