

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: 31, Janus 1008

(Real world date: June 27, 2020)

Day 15 of the Xterminators

31st of Janus

All day long selling our super pooper gloves and we still don't have enough to pay for training. Mielikki, how are we ever going to punish the evil in the land if we can't learn to do our job? Do we really have to get a slave traders license?

Oops... guess I should start with our arrival at the dock.

Noon, 31st of Janus

We arrived at long last; the city of The Xterminators' base of operations. As we helped moor the boat, a single ray of sunlight shot it's way through the snow and clouds to land in my eyeball. I didn't care though, cuz we were back with our fellow Whillipinos. I couldn't wait to tell my family about our adventure, even piglet. I was hoping I'd find a magic lance, so I could rub his nose on it (I think that's how the saying goes; these humans confuse their meanings); but no luck this time. Oh well, on the bright side of things, we've got a lot of booty (especially Grey) and a few magic items (too bad they're not small sized).

Captain George Pecorney made us wait all afternoon to get off the Sweet Lady (not really; it just felt like that). Spencer had the dragon butt telling me he had to poop (It would serve the Captain right, making us wait). Finally, he turned the hundreth page and signed it. The tax guy turned and waived us through. All that to verify our booties were from Sembia. Spencer made a B-line for the shore to do his business

(why do humans call it a B line? Why not I line? It's straighter than a B). I jumped off (more like fell) before he hit the sand. It's not very dignified to be hanging there staring at the sky while your ride squats. The Xterminators decided to try and off load all of our gloves first.

WizRWe said she wanted to try Carlson's Clothing first. Xalted wasted no time and blew into his fingers and made a loud, shrill bird call. A few seconds later a ruggedly good looking fellow named Xilba pulled up his cab. He looked right at Xalted and said, "Hey, I know you! You're Xaltor! And both our names begin with an X!" I didn't catch his last name, but he was Hin so he couldn't be all that bad. Tosha started to whine again saying she didn't want to sell gloves all day. So NecroElf (Phiny-ass) suggested she take a different cab back to X's Manor with all the rest of the booty. Before he could even finish his sentence, Tosha ran into the street while she "finished" NecroElf's sentence, "And then I'll take the cab back to my home." She then blew into her fingers too (how do they do that? Does everyone have little whistles? Why didn't I get one?) and another cabby (human this time) named Bandor pulled in front of her. We loaded the gloves on top of our cab and the treasure into Tosha's.

We arrived at Carlson's clothing close to one o'clock. Stephan Carlson was outside smoking a pipe. That in itself wasn't that amazing except, one of his hands was holding his pipe, another tamping down the tobacco, another rubbing the side of his face, and another resting on his hip! All FOUR of his arms had pictures of birds all over them! "Howdy..." He paused and squinted his eyes at us. "Adventurers" (was that a question?). Spencer started to jump up on him every time he gestured. Money was the first to get out of the cab; he introduced himself and went into a long and drawn out story about how we fought furry bats, flying pirhanna, stirges and a host of other things trying to kill us, to bring the finest gloves in the land. He called us on-tro pro-newers. Not sure what that is, but Stephan nodded his head like he knew what Money was saying and invited us into his shop. WizRWe started to

distract Stephan when Money started to tell his story for the third time. She batted her baby blues and had the Hakerian eating out of her hand; he bought three hundred and five pairs of the fine ladies gloves. Not sure how much we sold them for as I was getting a little sleepy listening to the bartering, but when we left, Money had a big smile on his face, so we must have made a bunch.

Next we went to a place called The Full Pack, building ninety-eight. A cute looking human female named Keply Pavik greeted us. Money popped up from under WizRWe's arm and started in on his story, "...finest gloves in the land, blah blah blah." When WizRWe nudged our cleric of Waukeen out of the way and asked for more money, Keply made a funny face and said she didn't even think we were proper adventurers and that the gloves didn't seem very fine at all. The Dragon King accidentally stepped on WizRWe's foot (which Keply seemed to like) and apologized for any confusion (that's why we call him the Dragon King! Pretty good for a smelly dwarf eh? Can you say Party Leader?). He pointed at Xalted and said if she bought the gloves "he" would go on a date with her. Xalted turned red and started to mumble something, but before he could finish (or create an intelligible word) the shop owner said quickly (and loudly, looking straight at WizRWe), "I'll take three hundred and seventy-five gold worth!" With a grin, she walked over to Xalted and put a piece of paper in his pants pocket (what is with that cod piece and everybody trying to touch it?). WizRWe must not have liked that much at all because she said, "Fine! Let's get something to eat. I'm hungry!"

So we took a break from selling and went to a place called The Meat Tea or Inn, building two hundred and twelve. They had a really nice lay out for only two silver. Roast Pig with terra root and butter dill, and grilled pineapple dipped in some of kind of hardened black syrup. I didn't get a chance to taste it because Spencer turned his nose up at the pig (forgot he doesn't like dill). But he ate all of the pineapple (and I mean ALL of it. Hopefully that pretty blonde lady behind the bar didn't see). I raced Spencer up to the second floor to hide if she did. Up there, we found the most

amazing thing. The hotel had a huge portrait of the most handsome, not so tall being, I've ever seen. Under the picture in gold filigree it said, "Imago." Why a gnome would call himself "gnome" is beyond me.

Next we went to Just About Everything, building three thirty-two. A young male elf (sixty some years old) by the name of Divak Hanak greeted us. When Money stumbled with his litany of "fine Gloves from the Shaes" I tried to help out with the bartering. I told Divak that Xalted would go on a date with him if he bought all of our gloves. Xalted raised his shield up slowly. Divak said something dimple lo matic and declined (How was I supposed to know he liked girls? All elves look like females anyways; I just figured they all liked boys. Although I think Necromancers might be the exception; Of course we haven't asked ours that yet). I turned to ask NecroElf that very same thing, when Divak agreed to buy five hundred (one gold per pair) of the worker's gloves and we were off to the next store.

Next we went to see our favorite halfling Bidvar Menittin to get some directions to some more places to hawk our gloves. It was building two hundred and thirty-nine, Emerdin's "All Purpose" General Store. You guessed it; They bought two hundred and fifty "all purpose" gloves. Except the owner had six daughters that were identical (can you say mirror images?). He tried to pawn one off on me, but when I asked if they came with a ladder so I could climb her, he shoed us out the door.

Next was Bidvar at number fifty-two, and then Art's Custom Clothing, building four hundred and thirty-seven. Gertrude Rockbottom, a female human, greeted us. Money's story, WizRWe's eye blinking and Gertrude bought the remaining all purpose gloves. She even turned the glove inside out to show us the maker's mark.

Next was Carlyle's Custom Fit, building one hundred and thirty-five. The owner, Ekular Nupar, had green hair and webbed hands and feet; he talked like he was gargling sea water. He still looked like a female, so must be some kind of elf. He'd already agreed to buy three hundred pair so I left out why they're called super

pooper gloves. He probably would have gone higher, but Money and WizRWe were getting tired (Spencer too). We turned to leave even before Money got all the gold.

Next was Bidvar and then the Cobbler's at building number two hundred and eighty-five. The Dragon King's older brother came out from the back, "Be right with you, uh adventurers" (why was everyone saying that like it was a question?). His name was Zebulon Pike and he paid for one hundred and ninety-five pairs at three gold each. After that we figured we needed a nap, so we headed to X's Manor.

Two big half-orc gaurds welcomed us back. One's name tag said Grunkar Kabis and the other's said Squimish Takano. Nathis let us into the Manor when we got to the front door. While we walked towards our rooms, Money asked him if he knew anyone that might buy the rest of our fine gloves. He stopped and looked up and to the left, at the ceiling for a while. While he was "thinking" I asked if we could speak to X. When he started walking again, he said he would see if the master was receiving guests and that the naval base and Soft Hides Leather Works might be good places to try. He even had his own pair of fine ladies gloves. He hinted at needing another pair. When we abruptly changed the subject, he stuck his nose in the air and went upstairs (is that what an elf looks like when they get their feelings hurt?). When he came back, he said X would be down shortly. While we were waiting, I asked Nathis if he had any more chips for us to snack on. When he said that the manor didn't have anything like that, I pointed at what Spencer was chewing on. Nathis bent down and with two fingers, gingerly picked up a dried up snake skin and walked it outside. Ten minutes later, X came down, lead by the house boy Ellis (why was he only wearing one glove?). We all went into the meeting room and we filled him in on the completion of the quest as well as the "glove fiasco." I asked if he could use his influenza to persuade the trainers to lower their costs for us. He explained that the guild would not allow changing the price, but he might be able to help us if we turned up short on gold after selling everything. We put our gear in our rooms and put the booty in the cab (more room now with less gloves).

On the way out I swiped a pair of the ladies gloves and handed them to Nathis. He threw his old ones on the floor and stomped on them (is that an elf thing? I'll have to remember to ask NecroElf).

We had the cab for the whole day (for one gold) so we went to Bidvar yet again for more directions. He sent us to three hundred and forty-seven, The Soft Leather Works. A male lizardman, Sakuwasik hissed at us (or maybe he was talking; I'm not sure). He said something about eating the gloves I think. He bought the remaining one hundred and ninety-nine gloves. Not sure if he was going to sell them or eat them, but Money said he didn't care. So it was off to sell the remaining equipment (minus the magic items, hopefully).

We head to building eighty-three, The Cutting Edge. A rude male Orc that could barely speak common said, "What you want!" I think his name was Aguani. He was covered in scars and burn marks and when he took off his mask and goggles the color of his skin was starkly contrasted by the black soot surrounding his eyes, like a reverse raccoon. I stopped listening after he asked what used the weapons to figure out what price to pay us (Orcs... can't live with them, can't shoot 'em. Well... no).

All day long selling our super pooper gloves and we still don't have enough to pay for training. Mielikki, how are we ever going to punish the evil in the land if we can't learn to do our job? Do we Really have to get a slave traders license?

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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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