

# 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 comprised a 1st level adventure in the "Rob's World!" campaign.

This adventure took 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.

The adventure has concluded, and the group is back in Whillip. As they wrap-up the division of treasure and seek leads for their next adventure, we will follow their in-town activities (Merchants and Bankers) until they complete their 2nd level training. That's when a new chapter of the Xterminators will begin.

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

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Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 2 Febulus 1008

(Real world date: August 8, 2020)

Day 17 of the Xterminators

2nd of Febulus

I hope that old Wrinkled Cock wasn't lying. If he isn't then we may actually be able to afford our training. No slave trading for us. Thank you Mielikki for changing those onyx gems into diamonds. Look out Evil, here comes The new and improved X-terminators!

Darn it... suppose I should start back at The Manor.

2nd of Febulus

We woke up in the morning to a simple but big breakfast, while the party discussed where to go next to sell the remaining loot. The Dragon King said he wanted to check and see if the warhammer might be some kind of ant sex troll relic. Phiny-ass (NecroElf) said we could do that at the Mage's guild. So after Spence had his third bowl of bacon porridge, we left the Manor and... lo and behold there was that handsome speck of a halfling named Xilba waiting outside for us. He said, "Good morning adventurers! I figured you'd need a ride back to the city, so I took the liberty of coming over to pick you up. If you need to go into the..." Before he could finish Money flicked him a gold piece and at the same time Spencer leapt into the cab. Everyone else did the same and off we went to the Mage's Guild.

NecroElf got out of the cab and Spencer automatically followed him all the way to the door. A minute or two after knocking, that pimply forehead said, "Welcome to

the Mage's Guild. What can I do for you?" Our skinny Necromancer replied, "We have several items we would like sell as well as a warhammer that..." Eric's bumpy forehead interrupted, "Could you come closer please, I can't hear you." NecroElf stuck his face right into the slide thingy and repeated himself. The door opened up and Spence leapt through the door and starting racing down the hall to the right. Pretty sure he was running as fast as he could but the hallway just kept getting longer and longer. After about a hundred feet or so, Eric (the pimply kid) hollered, "You're going the wrong way!" Spencer skidded to a partial stop. His butt kept going, but (different butt) his front legs were pumping towards Eric. We stayed close to NecroElf after that. Especially when Eric said we could get lost in here forever.

We started down the opposite way that Spence and I had run and ten minutes and three doors later, we got to a room and sat down. A lizardman with a brief case slithered in and whispered something in draconic. NecroElf apparently understood him cuz he started to hand him one item at a time. I started to get sleepy trying to listen to this snake language, so we walked around the room looking for buried treasure. When NecroElf handed him the warhammer, Spencer stopped and stood still like he was listening intently. Spencer translated for me a little later what snake boy said. Apparently, Malegar was from somewhere in the Underdark and that it was con shus. I asked loudly, "What does that mean?!" The lizard guy said that it could become intelligent. Now I was really listening hard. After identifying it twice the lizard dude asked if we wanted to have it identified further; that it could have some hidden powers. NecroElf said no thank you. I yelled, "We want one more! One more!" Phiny-ass grabbed the hammer and held it up over his head. So I jumped up and tried to take it, but skinny was stronger than he looked. So I just swung back and forth a few times trying to get some momentum to kick him in the chin. But he let go and the lizard guy left the room before I could get him to lick it one more time (why didn't dainty elf want to know the hammer's super powers? Maybe... because he knew it would jack up the price and X would take more money

from us). I thought about this until we got back in the cab and while the others discussed where to go next.

When our girlish Necromancer got back out of the cab, he told Grey to sit on me. The Dragon King pushed my head onto the seat and flopped his ample butt on my chest. I squeaked out a few words, "Get, identified, has, hidden, powers." But (different butt) no one heard me (or they ignored me) and NecroElf went back inside the Mage's Guild. When he finally came back out, he had a bank note for fifty-five hundred gold (Did he get it identified again? Stupid Elves).

Next we went to the bank to open up a couple of accounts. NecroElf was the first to speak to the teller, right after The Dragon King flipped a plated coin at him and said, "twenty percent." I was still mad at girly man, but I put my personal feeling aside and remained neutral (almost like a real druid) and pulled on the sleeve of his robe a couple of times. He looked down his nose at me (I stopped Spencer from bumping him in the crotch). I asked, "Do we have to be a party before we get a party account?" He said something to the teller but I couldn't hear (I was telling Spencer to not be mad at our dainty Necromancer cuz all elves probably acted like that). I did hear something about the Town Hall and a turd though.

After Xalted paid his One hundred and twenty-six gold for a little book, we went to building number ninety-six, the Town Hall. A guy in a bird suit (Money said it was a tweet suit) with a bow tie and clip board lead us to room number five. But before everyone even moved, a green light flashed in my eye ball. Spence saw it too and he didn't seem in pain so we followed. He asked if we wanted refreshments and Grey said, "Aye I'll ba hafin soom eel." The bird guy poured a glass of brown liquid and handed it to the Dragon King. Grey started to take a gulp when all of a sudden he coughed into the cup and sprayed himself, liquid dripping from his beard. He roared out in dwarven, "Wah ah na heel ee dis shite." Bird guy said, "Why, iced tea of course." Spence and I moved to the other side of the room in case anyone else was going to spray. When everyone sat down at the table with another different colored

bird guy, they started talking gold and what we got with our Charred turd. After he said one hundred gold a year, my stomach started to churn. So Spence and I did slow circles around the room looking for buried treasure (not likely as they didn't have a library, but moving helped the nausea). Just as Spencer was honing in on some treasure in the corner of the room, I heard the second bird guy say that he would never ask X to come to the bank. Tosha said for him to meet us at the manor at nine in the morning and X would sign the Charred turd.

Next we went to number fifty-two and my second favorite halfling to get directions. "Welcome back adventurers!" He gave us building two-zero-five, the Emerald Dome. When we got there, there was no one around. No flashing lights, no people; just an empty room with display cases against the walls. For a split second I thought I saw someone in the side of my eyeball, but when I turned around to look at them, there was nothing there. I asked Spence if he saw anything, but he just shook his head. NecroElf said he thought he saw something too. Just then a bearded dwarf came out of the back and introduced himself. "Hello adventurers, my name is Wrinkled Cock. Do you have some gold you'd like to have turned into gems or?" He started to ask more questions, but NecroElf got flustered by his name and said, "We'd like to have this brooch appraised." Even before the dwarf put on his monocle his eyes got really big. After examining it for a minute or two he said, "You've a very very fine piece of jewelry here; it's worth a great amount. Excuse me for a moment." He handed the brooch back to DaintyElf and went to the back where a not so tall human was sitting behind a table (We didn't see him when we came in cuz the work table completely hid him). He motioned for us to come back. NecroElf and WizRWe followed him. We peered around the desk and I heard Spencer say, "Hmmm?" It was an old human in a wheel chair.

Wrinkled Cock introduced the old man as the proprietor, Gray Dick (Mielikki, did their mothers hate them?). Despite his apparent feebleness he spoke, while at the same time looked at the piece of jewelry and at the same time wrote up a quote for

us lickedy split. He said matter of factly that the black diamonds and blood ruby were inlaid in pure platinum and that he'd give us sixteen thousand and five hundred gold." He repeated that like six times. He must have been as suprised as us. My chin was not the only one to hit the floor. WizRWe had such a hard time picking her jaw up off the ground, that when she tried to flash her baby blues and get a better deal, all that came out was some blubbering. The Gray Dick handed her the note and said, "It's a fair price, good for thirty days. You're welcome to get a second appraisal and..." He went on to give the names of a couple of places. When he asked if we had any more jewelry to sell, I reached down into Spencer's saddle bag and pulled out old man Navaro's sweater. We trotted up to Dick's table and put the fabric on the bench. I asked, "Are these buttons considered jewelry?" Dick used his magnifying glass to look at the front and back and replied, "Yes, these are Jade Tupelo with a carbon something or other (he didn't say that last part; I just can't remember. I was still trying to get my heart to stop pounding). I'll give you a silver each." He put six coins in my hand and I'm pretty sure I put the silver in my pocket; I only remember heading for the door. I think I said something like thank you. I looked at Grey (Our Grey, not the penis guy) and Money and I could tell they were both day dreaming of what they could buy with their money (Real money not Our Money). I looked down at Spencer's dirty armor and imagined it sparkling clean and golden, harder than any steel, but just then WizRWe bumped into Spencer as she walked by and said, "We're going to get a second appraisal."

Next Bidvar gave us the address to number four thirty-two, Cardon's Stone Cutting. "Greet uns," said a gruff dwarf named Bartholomew Cardon from behind the counter. WizRWe said, "We have stone worker's tools we'd like to sell." The dwarf said he'd give us fifty gold. After that I stopped listening thinking of the awesome magical barding we were going to get for Spence and a nice shiny sling staff for me. I wanted to leave and get the brooch appraised so I said, "Just give it to him, he

doesn't know what he's talking about." Bartholomew replied, "You insult me. Please leave." (Whoops, did I say that out loud?).

Next we went to building ninety-eight, The Full Pack instead of the other place that Bidvar gave us. Keply came out smiling and walked right up to Xalted and gave him a hug. She said some other things, but the picture of my new staff banging against Spence's new and shiny golden armor kept getting in the way. When the shiny died down, Xalted agreed to go to see a concert in the park with Keply for a date (I thought they made puppies last night?).

Next, on the way over, Grey said he'd buy the tools himself and we went back to Bidvar for directions to another gem store. Bidvar folded his paper in half and in half again and held it up to us, "Look at this! It says, Famed adventurer to date local girl!" Wow news really travels fast! He gave us the Navigator, number seventy-four and the Gateway Mapmakers, building three thirty-nine, three-zero-two, Goldsmith and Jeweler and four hundred and forty-seven, Jeweler, Gemcutter, and Money Changer.

I hope that old Wrinkled Cock wasn't lying. If he isn't then we may actually be able to afford our training. No slave trading for us. Thank you Mielikki for changing those onyx gems into diamonds. Look out Evil, here comes The new and improved X-terminators!

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*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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