

# 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'. Not far from the Adventurer's base of operations in the town of Whillip.



## Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 14-16, Janus 1008

(Real world date: November 16, 2019)

### Day 3 of the Xterminators

As Spence and I were about to go to our room for the night, an amored cheetah walked up to Vern and said "Hi I'm Koraska." I pressed my legs around Spencer's waist as hard as I could to stop him from leaping at this guy. I could feel him coiling up like a spring; he was shaking and ready to pounce. When I asked what his name was again, Spence relaxed a little and stopped growling. Pretty sure he said Kaska, but the second time he said "my name is Tahshuh Kunderpoof. What a wierd name. I'll never remember that. I should just ask if I can call him "poof." Not a very masculine name though. He had two curvy short swords on each side and a shiny dagger in his boot. His armor was a little nicer than Spencer's but pretty much the same color. He had a scar on the right side of his face, just like mine but on the opposite side. I instantly liked him and couldn't wait to hear how he got his scar. I wondered if his eye was bad too but I would wait to ask. I whispered to Spence that it was okay and I scratched his neck; I told him that the kitty was okay and he finally settled down. Tahshuh said that X had told him to meet up with us here at the Inn. Spence and I don't usually get along with cats, but I guess if X sent him, he must be okay. And the others seemed to like him well enough. We'd figure it out on the morrow. Hopefully, I wouldn't have a hang over.

In the morning, we ate quickly and headed out as soon as George said so. It was a very cold and windy day. But it didn't bother me much as Spence is basically an all year round brazier. The cat man didn't seem too happy about the snow and mumbled something about coming from the desert. When we got on the boat, Spencer immediately started dry heaving and drooling, so I steered him to the bow of the ship and we hung there for a really long time. Not sure how much time went by, but off in the distance I saw some familiar shapes. Somebody must have spotted them also, because I think I heard Grey (Garreck) yell something and Wiz Are We Ray made a complaining sound. Sure enough, more Stirges were coming. That beautiful voice started again and was accompanied by the strumming of Wiz Are We's banjo when two of the misquitos landed on me. Spencer must have felt better because he started to dance, but I pulled his head around to look at the bugs on me. He tried to snap at one but he was a little off balance and



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missed. I looked up quickly to see Vern skewer one with his spear and I followed suit and pulled out my staff. Not quickly enough, because both of those bugs stuck their things in me. Right through my armor! Ow! I heard Grey swoosh at one and miss but he caught it on the back swing. Exalted pulled out his broadsword in one smooth flowing motion and sliced his misquito right in half. Phineas threw a bolt of dark magic at the one that landed on him but nothing happened, so he grabbed his dagger and jabbed it into the misquito. Still nothing happened. Hmmm, must have been a mama stirge. Spencer turned around and moved closer to the rest of the group and then chomped on and ate one Stirge. I hit the other one twice and before it hit the deck, Spencer ate it too. Wiz Are We must have seen me, because she pulled out her staff and hit one too, and the whole time she was singing. Wow... she is amazing. I tried to look closer at her staff but Vern came running into view screaming "hit me, hit me!" Garreck missed him completely but smacked a Stirge off just before Vern ended his crazed stampede with the end of his spear at Phineas' chest. When all the misquitos were dead, Tahshuh was standing still holding one sword out in front of himself, the other hanging limply on his left hip. Hmmm, that was... anticlimactic. Maybe that's what they call catstrategy? Catastrophy?

We weren't attacked by anything else after that and docked at Winslow's Cliffs. We went directly to the Inn of the Screeching Weasel and Phile's Ass is actually Phil's Iss, a lady half-elf. She charged us 9 copper for the night and food for both of us. She even gave us some left over bones which Spencer made a fuss over. I definitely like her. The Inn was just a common room though, and we had to share it with three other people. I didn't mind; it wasn't like any of them could hurt us with Spence in the room. One guy was sleeping while he was smoking... Spencer thought that was very dangerous. I agreed. Another guy was laying down polishing a light mace by holding it between his legs. And one guy was reading a book. Grey went over to that one and turned his head sideways to read the binding. They started talking about the book and some boring history stuff. Spence and I went to help the guy with his mace, but he must have gotten tired because he was all sweaty and turned away from us. After several big yawns from spencer, Grey said that troglodytes were allergic to lilacs. Where in the nine hells did he get that from? A history book? Hmmm... guess I should have been listening closer. Phil's Iss said she would set up a meeting with the Mayor in the morning and to have a good night. My wish came true... Wiz Are We Ray started singing. It didn't make me wanna dance, but was very relaxing. Not sure if it was the music or not that got me excited, but Tahshuh got up and started dancing. He started gyrating his hips and raising his arms back and forth above his head. It was very... arousing...



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which made me a little confused and uncomfortable. It made Spencer want to pee so we slinked out quietly. Out of the corner of my eye I thought I saw some boobage, but that's impossible as he's a boy cat. Unless all cats have breasticles. No, stop that... my mind is just playing tricks. When we got back, the breasticles were gone and everyone was sitting in a circle telling stories about where they came from. Spence and I sat down and when it was our turn, we brought out our journal and started reading about when the Tall Mouter almost killed me. I showed everyone the picture of it and said they were welcome to read it whenever they wanted. Most people don't know much about Luiren or the way of the Hin. Best to have your friends educated on such matters. I asked Grey if he would let me see his if I showed him mine, but he kind of bristled a little and covered his journal like we were gonna steal it. Phineas said he had an older sister and that his father was a wealthy merchant and they were all burned to death in their house. He said he made his way to Whillip and the Mage's Guild took him in and taught him the dark art of Necromancy. I missed most of what Wiz Are We was saying because we came in from our pee right at the end of her story. Damn it dog! Next time, you go by yourself or learn to use the chamber pot. Exalted said that his father was an evil wizard and they brain washed him into becoming a knight by making him get a tattoo on his head, and he parted his hair and you could see a shadow of a scary face. Tahshuh said something about the desert and horses, but i couldn't focus. All I could see was his butt wiggling in my brain. Ugh.

In the morning, Phil's Iss made us some Hard boiled eggs and biscuits with cream de beef. That's what she called it anyways. Vern blessed it and said it was okay to eat. She said our meeting was with Serven Kesleck, the half-orc mayor, at 9 AM. Vern wanted to sell our cloth, so we went to a textile shop called Irkile's Garment Factory behind the Inn. Wiz Are We blinked her eyes really fast at the shop keeper and got us a good deal. I made 2 gold and 6 silver. Tahshuh suggested we buy some lilac perfume so Stanus Luss said there was a flower shop right next to the perfume shop back towards the Inn. When we got to the Bloomin flower shop, a pretty elven girl named Apricot said she didn't have any lilac flowers but that we could buy her some roses. Grey starting telling her all about us trying to save the missing girl and Apricot said she was going to go and help the search party that was forming that afternoon. I could tell Grey was a little infatuated with her, so I invited her to go with us and even said she could ride with me on Spence, but she said no. Exalted tried to get her contact information so they could hook up later, but got a little tounge tied and just mumbled something. I bet if he smiled a little, she would have gone with us. Oh well, maybe next time. When we got to the Essence, Apricot's cousin Daphodil told us



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she had twenty bags of lilac poled purrey. No idea what that is, but it looked like crushed flowers in a net ball. It smelled nice though, so we bought all twenty for a gold. Exalted put a string through his and hung it on his neck. Tahshuh bought a tiny bottle of the perfume that Daphodil said would work ten times. Guess he liked the smell too. Spencer didn't mind the smell too much, so we put the nineteen net balls in his saddle bag.

When we got to the Mayor's office a frantic lady was running around repeating over and over that we were late. She told me that the Mayor was allergic to dogs and started waiving around a rolling pin. How was baking gonna help the Mayor? But I ignored her and hopped off of Spence and whispered in Druidic "Come to me Guenhwyvar." A Gray mist formed into a figurine, which I placed into my belt pouch. Everyone's mouth was hanging open while the crazy lady was rolling my back up and down. Grey finally said something. I told him that Spencer could still hear him but didn't need to eat or sleep in this form. Finally, the lady took us into the Mayor's office.

Serven Kesleck was an older half-orc who told us that reptile creatures had been sighted and were causing "much havoc" in and round his city. He said that three head of cattle, some sheep, the Mourner's daughter, some furniture and silver eating tools had all gone missing. Tahshuh said he thought they were just hungry. Spencer agreed (he told me later), they just wanted to sit and have some dinner. Serven said he was a good friend of X's and that he knew we were to be trusted. He told us we would get paid 500 gold for cleaning up this matter and for us to head out and investigate the Mourner's farm first. Wow, that's really not a lot. I hope we find some treasure in there. 500 gold isn't even enough to pay for my training. We probably better start looking into slave trading. I hear there's good money in that. He also said that a shrine at the base of the cliffs was where he thought the creatures were coming from and the Mourners could show us the trail. Also, old man Navarro hasn't been seen and he lives south of the Mourner's farm. Serven's assistant Billingsly rounded up some paperwork on when and where all the attacks took place. We didn't see much of a pattern, but Vern agreed with Tahshuh and Spence that they were probably just hungry and we should get some dried food to trade for the missing girl.

As soon as we got outside, I summoned Spencer back to us and I hopped up. We went to Garreck's uncle's Dry goods store. A short red headed woman greeted us and said we should try her new concoction. It was pretty good if you like slimey stuff with your bacon. Spencer



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didn't complain though. This time Tahshuh made eyes at the store keeper (instead of Wiz Are We, because she's a girl) and he got her to give us a deal. Vern bought 30 pounds of trail rations and put them in Spencer's saddle bags. That was gonna make him go a little slower, but definitely not as slow as when Grey rode with us. That is a very fat dwarf. And I told him that. Either that or he's got an anvil in his pocket. Which is possible; I've heard that dwarves do that. I'm not trying to hurt his feelings, but it's the truth. That boy needs to go on a diet. Anyways, we headed out towards the Mourner's farm and my eyes kept finding Tahshuh's swaying hips. Mielikki, what is wrong with me! It's a boy! I don't like boys! oh Mielikki... it was gonna be a very long trip to that farm.



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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. 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 is 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 this. 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)*

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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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