

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.

Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 18-20, Janus 1008 (Real world date: January 11, 2020)

Day 6-8 of the Xterminators (soon to be TTT)

20th of Janus

I think Tosha is really getting the hang of this hero thing. Not only did she save the day by single handedly killing all of the bats 3 days ago, but today she was brilliant! Tosha masterfully manipulated Phineas the Necromancer, like a transcendent tactician on the battle field, fending off the ambushing fish men; she sliced and diced one of the them and then went to protect innocent little Julia, er Janice. Wow, she is AMAZING. I admit, she started out kind of slow, but she's more than made up for that since. Wait... maybe I shouldn't start at the end. Let's try that again...

18th of Janus

While we are waiting for the boat to return, Spence woofs at me that something is wrong with the water. I look out and see several pairs of glistening eyes and then they disappear beneath the dark liquid. I yell out that we should close the doors cuz there are fish heads bobbing in the water. Tosha closes the door and saves the day again. The day goes by uneventfully. Why aren't they attacking us? Maybe they're afraid to hurt their ancestor's house of dead. Or maybe they witnessed the awesomeness that is Tosha killing like a million super bats and are just plain scared. That's probably it. I stop writing for a moment, lean over and hug Tosha's arm. Then start writing again. We keep a watch, but nothing disturbs us during the night.

19th of Janus

In the morning, Grey, Just Vern and our Necromancer Phineas take the flat boat to the mouth of the bay entrance by breaking the ice with an axe. Several hours later Grey comes back by himself and sits down with the rest of us. He didn't say anything, but he was sweating a little bit. Maybe he was just tired. I put the

finishing touches on my journal entry and a while later we hear Necroman and Just Vern yelling. I can't make out what they're saying but Grey gets up and heads out to see what they're doing. A few hours later they all come back with some very bad news. Apparently the boat didn't make it, or more accurately, only some pieces of the boat made it back. Glenn, the nice fisherman, made it back, but he had holes in him like from a pitch fork and was frozen in the water. A rock was tied to his arm and another rope was tied to his floaty jacket. Nothing was said about Cappernick, but I'm assuming he was equally holey and probably at the bottom of the ocean. At this point, I don't think we're going to get the chance to give the fish guys any food. As a matter of fact, I decide to redistribute the thirty pounds of dry rations that are in Spence's saddle bags to our party as soon as I'm done writing this. The only gift we will be serving to these vile wretches will be at the end of my lance. Wars have begun for much less. I open up and look into the bags while saying a silent prayer to Mielikki thanking her for letting the little girl live. We might as well bust out our pole purrey flower power while we're at it now that I see it. We try our best to not appear too upset, for the tiny one's sake, but do our best to discuss logical ways to get back to town. We can't swim; the fish men will certainly have their way with us under the water. We can't climb the cliff face; we've already demonstrated we're not the best at mountain climbing. Maybe our outlook will look better in the morning. I nonchalantly wipe at a run away tear that somehow escaped as we silently mourn the loss of our favorite fishermen and attempt to get some sleep. I start to get down from Spence so Janice, I mean Julia, can cuddle with him. I pause before jumping off, worried as usual that others will see my grotesque limp. But I don't have the energy to care right now. I sit down close to Tosha and hug myself, closing my eyes.

20th of Janus

In the morning, we decide to take our newest (and youngest) member of our party into the catacombs with us. Just Vern agrees to stay at the back with Julia (Janice

actually, but I'll explain that in a moment) while we traverse the tomb and search for a way out. While we are still discussing what to do, Grey gets up and asks if Janice is right or left handed. She says right handed, and Grey unlocks and opens the door (of three) on the right. He yells back that there's a stone sarcophagus in the middle of a 15' by 15' room with a hole at the back. He then opens the left door and says it's the same as the other room. I yell and ask him "What's in the coffin?!" We hear a scream that is not his and some scuffling. Grey runs back into the room pressing his back against the corner looking annoyed. Exalted secures his shield and takes up the space on the stairs to block any enemies. Grey waves his hand around and vanishes into thin air. Whoa! Did anyone else see that? Dang, is everyone a necromancer? We hear all the doors close and lock. We wait a few seconds to see if someone is going to attack but nothing happens. I yell out, "We're not here to hurt you! Come on out and let's talk!" No response. Then all of a sudden we hear the door open and two fish guys yell. The other two doors open and all six fish guys and one lizard come into the view and attack the air. Spence sees blood drip up the stairs towards us but where's Grey? I yell out again that we've come in peace and have brought food as a gift, but still no response (No. I am most definitely NOT giving the food to these fiends, but they don't know that). WizAreWe says these guys are called Trogledytes, are evil and speak Draconic. Isn't that what dragons speak? Exalted wiggles his butt back and forth back up the stairs, still blocking the entrance by holding his shield defensively and keeping the beat while WizAreWe starts to jam out with her banjo. The monitor lizard waddles quickly up the stairs and tries to bite him. Phineas hollers, "Clear the stairs!" Just Vern replies, "Julia, get back behind me!" Doesn't he mean Janice? The group pauses momentarily and looks at Just Vern quizzically. He shrugs his shoulders and says, "Or what ever her name is." Maybe she's been renamed as part of an initiation to our group. Oh I know! He's decided to rename her because it's too hard to remember because it's the month of Janus. That makes total sense. A horrible stench wafts up the stairs towards us and Janice (or I guess I need to start calling her Julia now so we don't confuse Just Vern) and I

start to dry heave. Wow, those fish guys need to take a bath. Pew! But it doesn't bother our fantastic feline Tasha one bit and she spins around and swipes both her swords across the lizards nose like a ninja ballerina complete with squirting blood. I try to sling a bullet at the Trog behind the lizard but I can barely see him through all the legs; so I drop my staff and get out my lance and prepare to jab at the lizard. The master mind Tosha moves over and whispers something into Phineas' ear and he nods. He steps right in front of the lizard and I say "no" out loud but quietly. My god, he's only got a dress on and that lizard was gonna eat him up like Freeday supper. But to my surprise he waives his hands around and says some strange words and colors spray down over the lizard and the Trogs behind it. They believe the illusion that they are undead and just freeze in place. I open my mouth to say something but nothing comes out except, "woow." How did Tosha know to aim him at the lizard? Is she a necromancer? I think I'm wanna be one too. After that, the smelly scaly creatures blocked off their buddies from getting to us for like 30 seconds and let us just whale on 'em. Two of them fell to the ground though first. Grey almost made me soil my leathers as he appeared right next to me throwing a hammer and killing the lizard. Was he standing there the whole time? Why didn't he say something? Maybe he thought because he smelled pretty we'd know where he was (he did actually smell nice for a change). I tried to jab my lance into some funky fish flesh, but Exalted stepped in my way and I missed. Phineas stepped back and fired his not too heavy crossbow. The two prone guys woke up but they looked like they had something in their eyes and the one on the right tried to crawl away. Just Vern stabbed the Trog that took the lizard's place and Exalted pushed him gurgling back down the stairs by punching the tip of his broadsword through it's wind pipe. WizAreWe's voice was making me feel better but I couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with my stomach trying to convulse, so I put away my lance, picked up my staff and waited for the incredible Tosha to clear away the rest of the rabble. As soon as the middle Trog falls, I see our hairy heroine move over to Julia to protect her. Spence and I move into the room to the right and I raise my staff up to smash

his prone stinky fish melon. I notice bones in the sarcophagus and it reminds me that maybe there's already too much death. The Trog immediately drops his spear and holds his hands up. He says something, but I don't speak freaky fish head. I push down the anguish from Glenn's murder and stop myself from bashing it's head in. I yell out instead, "I'm gonna keep this guy alive so we can ask him questions!" I get out my rope and brutally hog tie him while Exalted tries to find out where the last of the evil smell went. From the middle room Grey asks something in freaky fish head, but the Trog doesn't say anything. So I rough him up a bit by rifling through it's pockets for some clue as to what it is. I whisper in it's ear in halfling, "You're going to die a horrible death." Spence whines and looks at me funny but I ignore him and spit in the Trog's face. I find 10 gold and a magic potion.

So as you can see, our fascinating and fabulous feline has saved us yet again. I'm thinking we should forget about "The Xterminators" and start calling ourselves "Tosha's Terrific Troupe." Yeah, the tripple T's. Then our mission statement can be "Dedicating our livelihood to and the protection of whatever Tosha says." I put down my ink holder and look up at her with starry eyes and grin. She slowly leans away from me as her brows wrinkle together and she says, "What?!" all gruff like. I just smile bigger and shake my head. Humph, like she doesn't know.... Amazing and humble. Cat oh cat are we lucky.

Xterminators Adventure Journal

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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