

XTERMINATORS

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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: 21-23, Janus 1008

(Real world date: February 22, 2020)

Day 9 of the Xterminators

23rd of Janus

We sa-aved Jaaa-Nice, We are the Heee-Roes,

Spence is Aliiii-Ive, la-la la-la laaa-La!...

Oh sorry, I can't get that tune out of my head. WizRWe played a really catchy lull-a-bye the other night, so... Wait, why do I always start at the end? Let's go back to the bridge.

21rst of Janus

I was frozen with fear on the bridge, watching Spencer try to doggie paddle in the boiling black oil. He opened his mouth, so I threw the end of the rope to him. He caught it! I pulled with all my might and he popped out of the muck right next to me; he landed on top of Money and NecroElf and the cleric of Wealth and Commerce got pushed further down the hallway. Just then I heard a familiar sound of a warhammer smash into something fleshy as Tosha yelled that her sword did no dam... She got cut off by as something hitting her and she hissed. WizRWe started singing what she called "Healing Him" and a shiny priest's hand glowing with positive energy healed Spence like new. I just wanted to hug Spence cuz he wasn't dead, so I jumped up on his back, tar and all (I didn't care) but got stuck in the black syrup facing backwards. Good thing too, because as soon as he went past the prisoners, they both got up and tried to escape. I smashed the closest one in the neck and it crumpled. The other got away, but not far; I heard a splash in the lake of tar and what sounded like a high pitched gurgle. When I got turned back around I saw

Exalted reach around the corner and poke something. Tosha moved out of view drawing her other not so long sword. It sounded like she was trying to juggle, but then she cursed. Behind me, NecroElf extended his arm out to WizRWe and the undead hand took the rope and started across the scaffold of death. A few seconds later Janice was in the hallway on WizRWe's back and she motioned for the little girl to get down. Money went into the room and held up his sparkling shield; he stood there for a few seconds and grunted. Was his stomach hurting? I started to ask him what he was trying to do but just then Xalted, grinning, moved closer to the thing around the corner and swipes his sword up high for a death blow, but I didn't see any blood. Instead, a big hairy, rotting hand punches a huge hole into his leather armor. This time there's blood, and lots of it (unfortunately it was Exalted's). I take a quick look back at Janice who's rummaging through our backpacks as WizRWe ties up the unconscious Trog before entering the room (all the while singing! Wow, if we get her a good weapon, she could sing And fight). Money finally stops whatever he was doing and lays a glowing hand on Exalted (this time not on his crotch thank Mielikki) and heals him. But the decaying Bugbear (is that what it is? I can't see it) reopens the wound and blood starts gushing out again. The Dragon King (Grey actually, but more on that later) drops his ten foot long underdark hammer into the Zombie's brain and it falls to the floor (the zombie, not the hammer). The Dragon King leans over with a scary face and spits into the undead's eye socket (Whoa, so maybe the hammer isn't magic; maybe it's just deific magic Holding the hammer).

Blood was still spurting out of Xalted, so I asked Money if he was going to do more healing (pointing at our Knight). Instead of answering, he walked into the hall and healed the Trog (Isn't Xalted worth more than a Trog? Maybe the Trog was wearing a golden codpiece). Spencer was getting upset that Xalted was leaking blood onto him, so I quickly cast rejuvenation (lesser vigor). The Dragon King shrunk to a not so god-like size and started to inspect the dead humanoid on the throne, in back of

the room. He poked it and it fell over, but not before he grabbed the longsword it was holding.

We also found a quarterstaff (Not in halfling size. Good things come to those who wait? Apparently, Mielikki is waiting for me to get more powerful before she gets me a good weapon), an earthen jeweled necklace, two rings, some potions and 551 gold (at least that's what Money said he counted; I'm starting to trust him, at least when it comes to actual money). I picked up the jewelry and held them out to Money, but he shook his head (He already had the magic ring which was worth more than all the jewelry put together, of course he didn't want them). I asked WizRWe if she wanted them because they would look pretty on her. She pointed at herself and said, "You can't improve on this." So I put them on instead. I picked up the staff as soon as someone said it detected as magic and started swinging it around. I almost smashed WizRWe in the shin cuz it was a little awkward and heavy. With her left hand on her hip, pursing her lips, she held out her hand; I surrendered the +1 magical quarterstaff (I don't know if it's actually a plus one, not sure if that's even a thing); I suggested to WizRWe that we could figure it out if she hit me nine or ten times and I took more damage than I did the other night when we sparred. An evil smile spread across her previously beautiful features (Apparently she really liked that idea).

After we got done cleaning up all of Xalted's blood and threw the dead undead (can you be dead twice?) into the tar pit, we decided to rest in this room before Grey (now The Dragon King, more on that tomorrow) swims to town in the morning. He tried on the half-plate, but decided not to wear it (Probably because it smelled like undead Bugbear; can't say I blame him).

We were out of spells for healing and Xalted and Tosha were still bleeding a little. So Money had Janice get his healing kit so he could give "long ger care." I saw Money pull out that old rag we found in the trees on the way down here from the cliffs. I should have said something, but a cleric is better at healing than a druid, right? Turns out priests of Waukeen are Not very good at it.

22nd of Janus

I woke up confused, as a wet tongue slapped me in the side of my face. I decided to say something about the tattered cloth in Money's healing kit. Xalted and Tosha were wounded during the night with the "extra care." Money didn't explain how it happened. He did however, ask WizRWe to sing her "healing him" song (I wonder why they call it that; it worked fine on Tosha and she's not a him). Money cast powered up healing spells and our cat and knight were back to normal, mostly. I cast two cantrips on Xalted just to make sure though.

Nobody else was upset that Grey was risking his life swimming back to town all by himself. Yeah, he's got the magical dolphin ring, but it's the discount version. It doesn't make him breathe underwater or make him go faster! He's gonna die!! I looked around the room and everyone was acting like it was just another day in the crypt. I sniff, and stop the tears from welling up. Looking over at Grey I wondered how he can smile at Janice and still keep his dour expression; wasn't he scared? I got up and stood in front of him.

"The guy I need to talk to is going away."

"Took ta efryun elz."

"They don't like me."

"Thedoo."

"How can you tell?"

"Becooz, the'd all irzhools un yoor'd anise gooey."

I'm not sure if I understood everything, with that underdark accent, but I think he said they like me because of Spencer. I wanted to tell him to be safe and to not die, but instead I sniffed to hold back a tear that was threatening to escape. So I just nodded my head, said okay, and went back to my corner and sat with my chin in my hands. Spencer nudged my shoulder but I ignored him because a glistening from the dolphin ring caught my eye. I think that's when I realized why nobody was worried. All this time I thought Tosha was the favored of the gods. The entire time I've been cat crazy with that vision of her saving us. Turns out it was Grey the whole time. Am I the only one that didn't know he's the Chosen One?

(Skip to the 23rd to resume the adventure. The rest of the day is filled with ramblings of a starry-eyed halfling)

Later, I stopped worrying (a little) and sat with everyone while we waited for Grey to get back. We had at least a whole day and I wanted to get things straight in my head. While sitting next to WizRWe, I asked NecroElf if he was going to summon an undead familiar when we got back to town. He said, "I'm going to get alive on one." I don't really understand arcane magic or how a familiar is different from my companion. I just know that it's the best relationship in all of Toril and if Finyass (that always sounds like a profanation; better stick with NecroElf, seems more

dignifying), I mean NecroElf, can have one of those, then it's important he gets one. So I reminded him of Luiren history. I told him that hundreds of years ago wizards and their summoned army of undead made war on our nation. There aren't many mages in Luiren, so my family believes that all wizards are necromancers. He nodded his head like he agreed. He seemed to understand, so I asked him about Garreck being a Necromancer. He said that he was born like that and that Grey's father was a necromancer. I didn't really understand, and NecroGirl was acting like she was listening (yeah right) so I pointed to her and said what about her? He said that she casts differently but is still a necromancer like everyone else. I pushed my finger into WizRWe's knee and asked if she agreed and she said, "Whatever. It's the price for being beautiful." So it was true; she gave up her soul to become a bewitching necromancer. I was going to finally ask her who her god was, but a shiver went down my spine and I was afraid she was gonna tell me her god was evil. So I jumped up and went to the other side of the room and started to write in my journal.

I combed through my earlier entries over and over, where I noted Tosha's awesomeness.

The super-bat swarm... I thought Tosha doused them with wine and lit them on fire. But Xalted said she hid in the boat and that Grey was the only one fighting the bats.

At the entrance of the crypt, Pointing NecroElf at the attacking Trogs coming up the stairs. I thought it was Tosha that told NecroElf to spray colors of magic at them. Turns out it was Grey doing all the directing AND guarding Janice.

Sending help to Spence and I when we were ambushed from behind. I thought Tosha told Grey to go and help. The Dwarf came to our rescue in response to our call.

And finally Mielikki's vision of us being saved by a speed-boat swimming Tosha. I guess I didn't actually see a cat under the water, just an arm holding up Janice. I really wanted it to be Tosha; she IS kind of attractive. It was actually Grey in the vision (and he is NOT very attractive, unless you find fat, sexy); he was the only one that could have pulled off the swimming thing without being seen.

So, Grey is the Chosen One.

Because 1) he is short. I remember him saying that we short guys need to stick together.

Because 2) he is a dwarf (or maybe that's still part of one); in all the dwarven legends, the Chosen defeats his enemies, regains his honor and takes back his lost empire. And becomes The dwarven King. Also,

because 3) his father was a sorcerer and everybody knows that dragons are the most powerful sorcerers on the material plane. He must have Dragon magic in his blood or something like that. And

because 4) he speaks Dragonic. Now I know what that means. He is the Dragon King. For a few seconds there, I thought I might have to pray to him like he was a god. But no, he's only the "Chosen" of the Gods. That's a much more down-to-earth term. No bowing or kissing feet is necessary. But he's still The Dragon King... The Chosen One. Oh and I almost forgot the most important point!

Because 5) I understood why Spencer and I were sent to this far away land. The preistess told us that if we didn't come here that "many evils will go unpunished." But it's not me that's gonna punish. We're here to protect the punisher of evil, her chosen one, Grey, The Dragon King.

Oh boy, I guess I'd better apologize for calling him stupid. In my defense, I was very upset that Spencer was going to die and I blamed Him for that. But he was doing what all Chosen of the Gods do, ferreting out evil and dispatching it. Yup.

23rd of Janus

The Dragon King comes back with two fishermen and a boat. Me, Spence (in token form), NecroGirl and Janice take the small boat to the not so small boat. Then NecroElf, and Tosha go next. Each time we have to give an egg to the fish heads for safe passage. A treatise negotiated by The Dragon King himself. The third time Xalted and Money go. And finally, as the fat lady sings (or was that NecroGirl?), the procession was over as The Dragon King gave over the last two eggs to a Trog.

Three hours later we get back to town, around 1 PM. The remainder of the morning is all a haze of mixed emotions; saving Janice spliced together with Grey ascending to godhood. We go with the Constable and the Mayor into town (I think that's how it happened. I can't remember I'm so tired; I shouldn't have stayed up all night writing in my journal. I thought we'd have more time to sleep).

Before we bring back Janice to her mother and father, we seek out Melinda, Old man Navaro's grand daughter. Turns out she's not in town, but Navaro's son-in-law, Banif, said he DID wear a jacket like that (buttons with pine trees).

While waiting for the Mayor to get an extra wagon for the ride to the Mourner ranch, we try to sell our weapons at the General Store. Then at Kesler's we sell the shield and half-plate (Now I know why Grey didn't want the armor. He's gonna buy dragon mail; I hear it's very rare and expensive. Nothings too good for The Dragon King). The merchant takes our gold and gives us a bank note.

I had been a bit afraid to talk to Grey since he came back, and was sort of avoiding him. What does one say to an actual hero? "Hi! I'm your biggest fan!" Yeah, that would go over really well. Before we all get into the wagons though, I made up my mind to Not hero worship; I tug on Grey's sleeve and say, "I'm sorry I called you stupid." He scrunched up his eyes and held up his palms like he was going to ask a question, but I ignored him and kept going... "Spence and I are really glad you didn't die. Thank you for saving us." While his arms were still up, I went in for a big hug (well... kind of a partial hug; there's no way to really get my arms around that belly). He held his arms out to his sides until Spencer started licking his ear. I couldn't let go. I said, "Is it okay if I call you, my friend, Grey?" The Dragon King? But I didn't say the last part because I had to sniff a couple of times. Not in time to stop a big ugly tear from plopping loudly onto his armor. I needed to let him go before Spencer ate his ear off. I patted him on the kidney and stepped away as I wiped away all evidence of the tear trail. Grey was laughing (or what passes for laughter from a dwarf; he was smiling anyways) and scratching Spence behind the ears, so I don't think anyone saw. I quickly hoisted my body into the wagon and looked down at the

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two of them rough housing. I sighed in relief. It was good to have a companion and friend Not be dead.

Thank you Mielikki.

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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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