

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.

Kasha Thunderhoof's Journal

Game Date: 16-17 Janus, 1008 (Real world date: December 14, 2019)

This wind is absolutely awful, plus side knights make good wind blocks. We made it to the child's house and the parents, Jason and Silia, pointed us towards the cliff where she was last seen. Spencer got the girl's scent from some dirty clothing and set off in the direction of the cliffs. We decided to not check on the farmer at this time as finding the child is more pressing. We made it to the cliff and the trail split. Some white cloth was spotted hanging from the tree so Phulleigh was tied to a rope and sent over the edge to get it. We wanted to make sure it was the Janice's. Thankfully it wasn't. Spencer lead us down the one of the trails. It was super slick so we tied ourselves together in case someone slipped. Hopefully all of us don't fall

And all of us fell.

Most of us were just fine. Wistari and I managed to land on our feet. Phineas on the other hand, I'm pretty sure he hit his poor head on every rock he could find on the way down.

So for some strange reason the trail ends in stairs that descend into the water..... So we decided in our infinite wisdom and high intelligence to wait in this wonderfully cold and windy weather for low tide to see if the trail would be revealed. I grabbed my tarp and cuddled up with Zaltor. Pretty sure Wistari was jealous as she kept making barbs at us. Something about a knight with a married woman, not like we were doing anything just keeping warm.

So as it turns out low tide didn't reveal the trail. I have no idea who built this trail but someone should tell them trails are useless if they are under water. Thankfully a passing fishing boat heard us and offered to help. Kapernick and Glen, nice fellas, gave us a lift into the dark water filled cave thingy. The entrance is fairly nice, stone pillars with engravings in them.

Naturally once we all got inside and all safe on the little beech, we managed to disturb the local wildlife who saw fit to try and eat us. Luckily the bats were quick and easily

scared off. To be fair I was a bit scared when Garrick suddenly got enormous!!! How did he do that???? That the wizard or bard cast something on him?? Gonna have to try and remember to ask at some point. But for now we need to find Janice before the local wildlife eats her. Garrick lifted us up onto a weird ledge thing to see whats on the other side.

WE FOUND HER! She was tied up cold and damp on the other side. Sitting beside what was left of a fire and some old furniture. Wistari used some magic to clean her up and warm her up, and spencer being the good pupper he is let her sit on him for warmth and comfort.

Garrick and I deiced to see if we could investigate the front of the building. It has huge water logged doors. So we climbed to the roof. Well I climbed; Garrick fell a few times. I had to stifle laughter as this poor dwarf got angry and refused to be beat by a bloody building. Once on the roof Garrick tied a rope to himself and I held it while he climbed down to the doors. He says there's a small boat! And a small room inside. He carefully pushed the door open, and had me had him parchment and pencil? Not sure what for. He managed to push the doors open a bit more and with rope and a boot fished out the boat.

We loaded up in the boat to go into the building and the bats came back again. This time they where not going to be scarred easily. Seems the first fight was just a test or they went and woke up some meaner bats. Phulleigh lite the furniture pile on fire, then took the girl and hid behind Zaltor. I hid in the boat and Wistari hid on the beech under her cloak. Garrick used the furniture fire to light a torch to swing at the bats while Phineas hit them with some weird brightly colored spell that seemed to distract them, then he too went a got a torch from the fire. The bats smelled awful as the got hit with the burning torch. The bat recollected themselves and took poor Garrick out. Phineas threw a torch at them hoping to scare them off and hit poor Garrick with them. It just dose not seem to be a good day for the dwarf. Zaltor saved Garrick from getting killed and all the fire seems to have sacred the bats off..... for now at least. Plus side we did find some wine, prolyl not enough for all of us but maybe for Garrick, he could defiantly use it after the day he has had. We also found the remains of someone. Possibly the

farmer we where supposed to go check on. He had some unique buttons so we took those and hope someone can identify him.

We noticed a path on the far wall with docks on it and choose to sleep over there. On the cold hard stone. "sigh" I miss my bed and its only been a couple days.

Jan 17

We loaded up the small boat and went into the big building to explore. There a small building in the middle attached to the back wall, iron bound door. The walls are completely covered in the same strange script as the entrance. Xaltor says is people's names. How creepy. The water is kindy icky here, the parts on the back wall are covered in fungus and large mushroom things. Garrick Phineas and I went in, its just a small room with a locked door on the back. Garrick opens it. My poor noise got assaulted by the horrible stench of death. Door leads to step stair case with 3 doors at the boom. They have the same names as whats on the outside room. We are pretty sure this is some type of tomb. We locked the door at the top of the stairs and decided this was the safest place to await the boats return. Garrick went outside to do god knows what. A horrible screeching started. Xaltor, Phieneas and Phulleigh ran outside to see what it was. I readied my weapons and waited. The screeching stopped and they all came back in. apparently the fungus growth will try to eat you if you get to close to it.

Hears to hoping for a long boring day, or that at least the bats don't try to eat us again.

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 Tim C. as Kasha Thunderhoof for the "Rob's World!" D&D Campaign.*

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