

# 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.

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

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Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 31 Janus-1 Febulus 1008

(Real world date: July 11, 2020)

Day 16 of the Xterminators

1st of Febulus

All day long selling and we only have half of the gold we need. Do we give up and become farmers? Is slave trading really our only option in this crooked city we've chosen to make our home in?

Oops... guess I should start back at The Cutting Edge.

31st of Janus

Aguani looked at the mace and started to smell it. He did that with all the rest of the weapons we had remaining. I stopped listening when he said it smelled like a woman and little children (is everyone in this city is trying to exploit us?). I limped out of the store dejectedly and sat down in the middle of the street. Spencer slapped his tounge against my cheek a couple of times but I didn't care at this point; Money already told us we wouldn't have enough to train.

On our way over to see Bidvar for the directions to another weapons shop, I thought about what I might tell my family. I imagined piglet's smug face saying, "I knew ya'd fay'l" when all of a sudden Bidvar said loudly from behind his news paper, "Hello my favorite adventurers! Back for more directions?"

Next we went to building one hundred and fifteen, Blades by Tor. When we pulled up in our hired cab to the weapons shop, it was around four o'clock. Plenty of time to sell the rest of our stuff... But I think the rest of the party knew it was futile;

WizRWe and Money stopped bartering and just took whatever the shop keeper offered. Even the Dragon King looked like he was giving up (Would he have to go back to the Underdark? He could come live with me and my family in Luiren. The border patrol would be lucky to have him). Tor must have thought so too, because his overly long and bushy side burns wiggled as he hollered, "Garreck! I know you! Welcome to my shop! We only buy and sell weapons with a blade!" He was only kidding, but I couldn't watch the mercantile bargaining anymore; It was making me sick to my stomach. NecroElf (Phiny-ass) cast a spell on the sling we were trying to sell saying it was a legendary sling of great power. Tor responded like he was excited about it and offered a few coppers for it (was he trying to insult us? I asked Mielikki a few times, "please don't let me throw up on this corrupt human's shoes).

Next was the Mage's Guild, building one hundred and ninety-five. We didn't have to see Bidvar because NecroElf had been to the Mage's Guild lots. He knocked on the door and the few minutes it took someone to open the little slide window, I was picturing Bidvar's welcoming Hin face (was he being held captive by the city officials too? Was that why he spent all day selling directions? Maybe we could ask him who was responsible for the profiteering and greed? Or maybe he was in on it too?!) My deliberations were interrupted by the slide thingy opening and a pimply forehead bobbing up and down. "Welcome to the Mage's Guild! What can I do for you?" the voice said. NecroElf spoke quietly to the voice behind the slide thingy. The voice said, "Please wait here. I'll check and see if master Vekalee is available." In the ten minutes it took him to get back, The Dragon King and Money handed NecroElf six magic items to be identified. I looked up at the huge building and detected some very powerful magic emanating from it (could this be the cult responsible for the horrible piggishness in this city?). Before I could hurl any more mental accusations at the building, the door opened and a human male around forty winters said, "Phiny-ass, what are you doing? You've come to study have you? Well, come in my

boy, come in." NecroElf nodded knowingly at The Dragon King and when he turned around, the opening swallowed them up followed by the click of the door.

Spencer and I made good on our time by circling the building and sniffing out buried treasure. As you know, libraries are known for that sort of thing. I lost count at thirty-six circles (where we stopped, turned around and went counter clockwise this time). Two pees, a poop and an hour and twenty-five minutes later, NecroElf finally came out and told us how much it all cost. Blah blah blah, I was getting literally sick of hearing about gold. Money was paying rapt attention though, so I wasn't too worried (can you say Treasurer?). I did hear WizRWe start arguing about guild fees, but Spencer thought they said treasure hunting and took off on another circle around the building. When we got back I pulled hard on the leather straps and Spence stopped short of hitting Xalted in his butt. Apparently, we had voted on something and Spence and I "had-stained," whatever that is. But (different butt) the party was going to pay for our guild dues. Okie dokey, but I don't think Druids have guilds.

It was getting late and Spencer's stomach was grumbling, so we decided to call it a night and get some grubbs (pretty sure that's the saying). Money said we could go over to The Meat Tea or Inn again, but Grey said we needed to watch our gold (yeah, watch it be stolen). We headed back to the Manor instead.

A five foot eight inch human who was at least two hundred some odd pounds, with a name tag reading Nickel Pilewhite, guarded the entrance to the manor. When we got to the front door, Nathis greeted us with a smug smile as he pulled on the edges of his ladies' gloves a few times (is that what Elf pride looks like?). When we started towards the dining room, one of the cooks said, "We are having Salmon meat loaf" and "Doesn't it smell delicious?" After almost getting gold sickness in the weapons shop and spitting in the face of the Troglodytes last week (stinky fish heads), fish wasn't exactly my favorite right now. There Was a nectarine salad with walnuts, green beans and lemon pie though. Spencer loves oranges, so I put the salad bowl

(several times) under the table and forced down the Salmon. I tried to take a whole lemon pie to my room, but Nathis stood in front of me with his arms crossed when I turned the corner. He just looked down his nose at me, pursing his lips and tapping his ladie's shoe. I started to smile guiltily when Spence whined, turned and went back under the table (I did eat three pieces before it was all gone though). When Nathis came in and looked at us under the table, X saved us by asking us to join him in the conference room. Nathis went to get coffee and something called aperitif. Or mabe it was called Ir ak mac. Either way it smelled like orange peels on ice. Spence and I didn't like it, so we both licked at the coffee that had a nice cinnamon flavor. It was then that X suggested we "retire to a more comfortable room" while we waited for Tasha. He offered us some of his pipe tobacco to pass the time, of which The Dwarven King smoked the most. It had a nice smell to me, but Spence hates smoke. So we just jumped up and down on the fluffy sofa for a while (Nathis gave us the evil eye a couple of times, but Spence and I just ignored him). When Tasha finally got there, she walked in with Grey (when did he leave?). The Dragon King whispered something to NecroElf and Money, and nodded, then came over and sat with Spence and me (was that about the doll we stole from Spot?).

X said he had our next mission ready. A lady named Karalyn Kokkera, whom X owed a debt to, was going to pay us four thousand gold per signet ring or double that for the return of her son and daughter Taggot and Shalyn. We were to travel to some ruins in Kulta called the Twilight Fortress (about one hundred and fifty miles due west of Whillip. X said we could take the ship with Captain Pecorney again). Apparently, a merchant in Daerlun hired a company called The Dungeon Delves to go to this fortress of which none returned. There were lots more words but Spence and I fell asleep. We woke up when everyone was heading to their rooms for the night. Apparently, we were to try and rescue the siblings or at least steal their rings (We're not training first? Hmmm.. guess not... stupid gold).

1st of Febulus

In the morning a cab was waiting for us, the same ruggedly handsome Hin whose name began with an X (was he a part of this covetous conspiracy too? No, I refuse to believe a halfling could become that corrupted). We went to the Bard's Lore (guild) first, building two hundred and twenty-eight. There, a bard named Darren greeted us by whistling a fun tune. He said he was a sage and a musician AND a trainer. We started talking enthusiastically about selling a guitar and joining the guild and some other stuff that I forget because Darren started jamming out on the guitar we found. He was even better than WizRWe. He bought the not so small banjo and let WizRWe join the guild (for fifty gold).

Next we went to building three thirty-five, The Weapons Museum. The curator was Chace Pelulu, a male hakerian, who probably weighed even more than Grey. He wore a monacle, a suit and tie and a pork pie hat (whatever that is). He immediately greeted us and started shaking hands with NecroElf, Xalted, Money and Tosha saying he knew them all. When The Dragon King showed him Malagar, Chace ran in the back. When he returned, he had a book in his hands and opened it up showing us pictures and read the history of this famous warhammer. After all the fuss, the curator offered us one hundred and fifty gold (a famous hammer in a history book and that's all he offers us? He must be in on the conspiracy too. Kick him the shin Grey!). I started to yell that out when all of a sudden the Dwarven King got an angry face on and cursed in Dwarven (I think). Chace got so scared at the ugly face Grey put on that said he would double the offer to three hundred gold (What?! It probably cost that much just to put it in a book!). Grey said something in Dwarven again (I think) and nodded his head, reluctantly handing the hammer to Chace (was that a tear leaking from his eye?). Not sure why we sold it, as The Dragon King killed several monsters with it already (guess he really is giving up and moving back to the Underdark).

Next, NecroElf, Money and Spence and I went to The Grove, number sixty-six, to find my trainer. We searched for over an hour, but we couldn't find his hut. I sent the

others back to the cab and was going to do a quick circle around that copse of trees as a last ditch effort, when the forest exploded right in my eyes. When it stopped expanding, we could see a small yurt. As we started to move toward it, something poked me in the shoulder and knocked me off of Spence. But before I hit the ground a long nosed man caught me with his talons. Yorgel, my trainer explained that I could start training as soon as I had the gold (him too? Mielikki, is everyone in this god forsaken city an extortionist?). When I questioned him about the high price, he went into this long, long (did I say long?) speech about how the money was very well spent, saving animals, lands, nature... my head was spinning. I tried to latch onto each and every word without interrupting; I knew he was absolutely right, and when he was done (or when he paused, not sure if he was actually done; pretty sure he was) I said, "I agree completely and you cannot put a price tag on what youre going to teach me." He turned into a bird and flew away after I told him I'd see him tomorrow (Wow! I'm gonna get to do that some day! Oh, nevermind. Not enough stupid gold).

Next we went to building ninety-eight, The Full Pack. Keply was there and she waived at us and ran towards Xalted. She asked about their date and they decided to do it tonight at X's manor (I thought WizRWe was gonna make puppies with him?). She smiled really big and touched Xaltor's cod piece (put a piece of paper in his front pocket), then ran in the back humming. At the same time a young male version of Keply came out from the back room in an apron. He immediately started asking Xalted a slew of questions (in common I think), too fast for me to understand. Something about Xalted being his sister's boyfriend and playing with his sword. I don't know if WizRWe had us go to this building to sell something or just to give Xalted away. Either way, we only had the magic items left and we were still only halfway to our goal (gold).

When my stomach started getting gold sick again, I went back to thinking about what I was going to say to my family (and dreading it). I could tell them the truth, that

Semia had beaten us down. That our group of do-gooders could no longer continue to fight because this corrupt and greedy city was holding our training for a ransom that only a king could pay. Or maybe I could tell them that Spencer was home sick, or that the Marchwardens and druids of Luiren were demanding we return him. No, I can't do that. I'd have to explain the truth to them somehow. But why would Mielikki send me to a city where you had to become a powerful merchant or banker to survive? Maybe Money wasn't Really a cleric of Waukeen. The Gods are supposed to look after their followers, right? Maybe we should tell X that we'd really like to help that rich lady Karalyn but we'd have to run a bunch of bounties first to pay for our training. Or maybe our next mission should be to remove the perverted and gluttonous guild leaders, or the city officials, or whoever is responsible for making us pay Twenty Thousand Gold! Oh Mielikki, it's not right; I did NOT sign up for this. All day long selling and we only have half of the gold we need. Do we give up and become farmers? Is slave trading really our only option in this crooked city we've chosen to make our home in?

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

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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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