

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 comprised a 1st level adventure in the "Rob's World!" campaign.

This adventure took place during the dead of winter 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.

The adventure has concluded, and the group is back in Whillip. As they wrap-up the division of treasure and seek leads for their next adventure, we will follow their in-town activities (Merchants and Bankers) until they complete their 2nd level training. That's when a new chapter of the Xterminators will begin.

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

Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 2-3 Febulus 1008

(Real world date: August 22, 2020)

Day 18 of the Xterminators

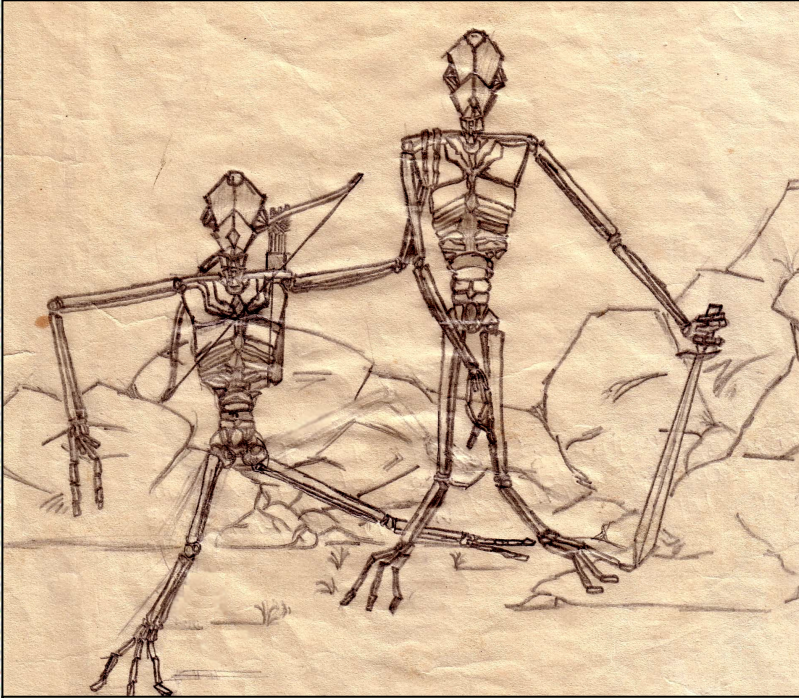
3rd of Febulus

Thank Mielikki, I'm not the only one that doesn't have a guild! Take that stupid Ranger's guild! Leaf and Sal is my new Druid's guild!

Ooops, Let's go back to The Gateway.

2nd of Febulus

After getting some new directions, we went to Gateway Mapmakers (Guild), building number three thirty-nine. A not so little scarred human with long dirty blond hair named Kark greeted us. "Hello. Who are you?" For some reason he thought I said something else besides Xterminators because he said that we could try to get rid of his cats. He opened the door to the back and two cats ran out the front door. Spencer took off after them; down the street and around the corner we went. One cat ran into a drainage pipe and the other ran up a tree. It took me a not so little amount of time to coax Spence back to the map store. Unfortunately, the cat fell out of the tree and into Spence's jaws. He gingerly opened his mouth and lowered his head to the ground to let the cat down. Only the cat had other ideas. All his claws were stuck into Spencer's face and wouldn't let go. When we got back, the party was waiting for us in the cab. Spencer started to shake the pussy off. It arced up in the air and landed on my shoulder, where it leapt away scratching my arm. Spencer started to whine a little as he watched it run off. Phiny-ass told me later that



T'Chick Image Copyright held by Robert L. Vaessen

WizRWe got a man named Ooular Scribesman to give us double what he originally offered (ten gold) for the almond map case and the paper showing the hatchery.

Next we went to number four forty-seven, Jewler, Gemcutter, and Money Changer to get a second opinion about the neck pin. We went inside and saw the wierdest and neatest insects. Guzz'ch said, "Hello, what can..." and Buzz'ot finished for him, "we do for you?"

They looked like not so little ants. They couldn't speak common, but they kind of understood Halfling. At least they said they could. I couldn't understand a single word that klacked out of them, so Exalted took over for me (Thank Mielikki). Buzz'ot put on a jewler's loop and then said something to Exalted. It (He?) spun the brooch around and around and took little bites of it with his mouth feelers. It said, "Mmmm... something something, good." Exalted replied, "Thank you for your time." The T'chicks started and finished each others sentences (no wonder I couldn't understand them). Then Exalted would reply. "No, but we were given a higher appraisal." "Klack klack "Yes." "Klack Klackety Klack" "The Emerald Dome." "Klack Klack" "No." "T'Klack Cha" "Thank you." "Klack Klack" "We hope your day is a good one." I'm guessing they didn't want to give us a very good price.

Next we raced back to the Emerald Dome, building two zero five. When we opened the door, Gray Dick was sitting in his wheel chair near the front filing cabinet. "Welcome back," he said. "Are you wanting to sell that fine brooch after all?" WizRWe replied, "Yes. Is the price you gave us still good?" Gray Dick rolled himself

to the end of the cabinet and pulled out a drawer. As he pulled out a piece of paper that looked like the one we had, he said, "Ah, here it is. We appraised the brooch at sixteen and five hundred thousand. Good for thirty days." WizRWe, instead of batting her eyes to get a better price, she swiped the brooch off of The Dragon King and handed it to Gray Dick. He wrote a bank note and gave it to Grey (Our Grey, not the Gray in the wheel chair). We may have finally gotten enough for our training, thank Mielikki.

Next we went to number three forty-four, Mortar and Pestle. The bell above the door rang and a not so tall or skinny female dwarf with a beard said, "Welcome to my shop. My name is Kaventa Hammersmite." She looked down at her grimy apron and found a spot that was not so grimy and wiped her hands. She said, "I've heard you play your banjo at the Meat, Tea or Inn. Wonderful music. You're WizRWe!" Our NecroBard (that's what the guy at the Bard's Guild called her... minus the necro part) said, "Thank you. We'd like to identify the residue in these flasks." Kaventa took the glass bottle and scraped some stuff out, then boiled it in a bottle with cup at the top. She then took out some little strips of paper and dipped them in what was in the little cup. Then she held the strips up to an open book and compared them. She said, "Good thing ya didna drink any o this. This'd be Stricken Nine. It's a poison that can take down two dogs (Spencer legs started to coil in anticipation to leap at her) or a person or lay low a cow..." She listed off a few more things it might hurt, but I didn't hear as I was pressing my legs as hard as I could around Spencer to keep him down. Kaventa offered two gold a piece and we took it.

With everything sold, we headed back to the manor for dinner. Good thing, cuz Spencer's tummy was growling really loud. Thought he broke wind at first it was so loud, but thank Mielikki not. When we got to the front door, Nathis was there to open the door and greet us, "Welcome back masters." He led us into the dining room and was saying something else, but Spencer was trying to talk to me; we just followed them. Pavani Torrens, the cook, said, "Tonight we're having Greek Tacos.

They're from Greece. It's ground lamb on a bed of hum ass, diced olives, tomatoes, feta cheese and cucumbers in a tortilla. There's also fried potatoe slices, but first... (he waved his right hand and pointed at the table) some fresh baked bread."

Spencer and I darted straight for the tray and took as much as we could carry back to the table. Spencer didn't even wait for me to put butter on it and ate all five slices. Not sure how good it was in reality, but in Spence and my's stomach it was the best meal we ever ate and then some (we both went back three times for more).

3rd of Febulus

In the morning, we ate left overs that Pavani saved for us and some pooridge. Gavin Printo was already in the study with X (when did he get up? Does X have a kitchen in his room?). The town hall guy said, "Here are the documents I've prepared for you." Spence and I were groggy cuz we didn't sleep our usual ten hours; Spence had to go three times last night and of course the fraidy cat had to wake me up and go with him. I nodded off as soon as I heard Gavin say, "Cornicopium" and "Charred Turd." We woke up when Grey said, "Eyell beh halfina badreck fast eel." Then Gavin gave him a one hundred gold bank note (town hall thief). Next we went to the bank to open up a party account now that the Town Hall made us a charred turd.

When we came out of the manor, there was that ruggedly handsome halfling named Xilba something (almost forgot his name!). Exalted gave him a gold and we all jumped in, and onto the bank we went. We got there around ten. The teller waived to us and Grey waddled up to the window, "We'd like to open up an account for our Cornicopium." We deposited twenty-three thousand, five hundred and thirty-six gold. Hopefully no one will steal it before we can buy some shiny armor for Spence.

We decided to spend the day joining guilds. My trainer already said there wasn't a druid's guild, but I had in mind to go to the nearest thing- the ranger's guild. Mielikki knows that Rangers and Druids are pretty much the same job except Rangers are better at hitting things and us Druids are better at throwing spells.

When we got to The Order of The Rose and Lance, number two seventy-nine, a man in fake armor came out of the building and said, "Welcome to the Order blah blah blah." I only meant to lean my elbows on Spence's back, but when I woke up Exalted closed the door and said he was now a member. Before we got back into the cab, I pulled on NecroElf's robe sleeve and asked if a Druid is a Ranger could I join a Ranger's Guild. We decided to get directions from Bidvar.

When we pulled up to number fifty-two, my second favorite halfling looked over his paper and said, "You're on the first page of the social section." Apparently Xalted had his date with Keply last night and he forgot to tell us about it. So on the way to the Ranger's guild he explained that he'd forgotten all about his date, only Keply showed up early in a expensive black coach pulled by two horses. It took Xalted an hour to get ready. Not sure why, as he just wore his old armor anyways, except his hair was combed (maybe cuz he wasn't wearing his helmet). Bidvar held up a picture of Keply sitting on a not so big couch, wearing a very skimpy red dress that looked like living flames; Xalted was leaning on his not so skinny sword behind her. Apparently they went to the Dueling Grounds where the Winter Folk performed. Xalted didn't look very sleepy this morning (so they probably didn't get to make puppies). He did say he was a perfect gentleman (whatever that means).

When we got to number one eighty-six, the Hunters, Fishers and Rangers Guild, there were a bunch of scruffy guys outside drinking and fake fishing. One not so little guy in a bear's fur (head and all) lumbered towards us (Phiny-ass walked up with me). I asked if I could join their guild. Balding Near Eye said, "What are ya?" When I said I was a druid, they all starting laughing at me. I couched my lance and pointed Spence right at the bear guy and started to kick Spence in to a charge, but NecroElf stepped in front of us and said, "Thank you Mr. Balding, we appreciate your time." I held back any tears and we stomped back to the cab. Before we got in I said (maybe a bit too loudly), "Spence and I are going to see Yorgel in the park! See you back at the manor!"

We ran all the way to the park. Spence could tell I was upset so he was upset too. We ran and ran and ran, I wasn't even sure how long we ran for but we ran past the park several times until Spencer's tears dried up. I knew Yorgel wouldn't care as he was a proper druid who didn't care one way or another what stupid people thought or did. He'd just give me that neutral stare and tell me there isn't a Druid's Guild in Whillip, Ugh. When we got to the park Spencer was so tired he went right to the river and laid down while he drank. My leathers were soaked up to my knees but I didn't care; I jumped off of Spence and stuck my face in freezing water and drank as much as I could before my chest and face started to burn. We sat on the near bridge for a not so little time. Our clothes and fur were dry if frozen; Spencer must have cast an endurance spell on us because I stopped shaking over an hour ago. Xalted told me later that they went to the Bard's Guild to see if Grey could get into a guild also, but they turned him away. They also went to the Library and the Gaurd's barracks but no luck.

I was staring at the water cascading and splashing over a not so little rock when I heard, "Phulleigh. Phulleigh! Wa foond a gilt tha moot teek ya!" The Dragon King had succeeded in finding a guild that Money and I could join! Praise the gods. On the way back to the cab they explained that we could join the healing guild and get ten percent off our training; that they take anyone that can heal. I said, "Spence and I can heal." When we got to building number Three Zero Five, Zinger Fallstaff, a very very not so little human shook my Slingstaff and I bounced up and down barely able to hold on. Zinger yelled at us so loud that my ears were ringing. But I didn't care. Grey paid my ten gold and I jumped up on Spencer's back and grabbed Mr. Fallstaff's very not so little hand and shook it emphatically (not too emphatically, as I was trying to keep on my neutral face). He gave me a membership card. Thank Mielikki, I'm not the only one that doesn't have a guild! Take that, stupid Ranger's guild! Leaf and Sal is my new Druid's guild!

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

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.

Copyright statement: Journal entry is original content (by one of the players in my D&D campaign), but may contain some fonts and images where copyright is not asserted by author of journal entry content. When possible, copyright of other elements is attributed to authors of that content.

Journal Entry: *Written by Sean O' as Phulleigh Dotfive for the "Rob's World!" D&D Campaign.*

Xterminators Header graphic is copyright Robert L. Vaessen (Created using Logoist3 application. Original design idea by Stephen Ryle (player in "Rob's World!" D&D campaign) - Nov 2019. Font used in header graphic is 'Anglorunic' font from Pixel Sagas website (earliest attribution seems to be 2005 or 2014, depending upon source). Font is an English-readable font for D&D style fantasy games. It is based upon an 'Olde Dethek' runes font. The font is distributed on various font websites as freeware. Available for personal or commercial use with license or limitation.

Document background (papyrus image) is an image fill sample provided by Apple with legacy application ClarisWorks (later renamed AppleWorks). Application was discontinued/end of life in August of 2007.

More (recent) journals available online at:
<<http://www.robsworld.org/dndcampaign/Adventures/Journals/>>

Older journals available online at:
<<http://www.robsworld.org/ajournal.html>>

Your feedback appreciated. Send email to: <robert@robsworld.org>