

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: 20-21, Janus 1008 (Real world date: February 8, 2020)

Day 8 of the Xterminators

21st of Janus

I think I just lost my best friend in the whole world. I heard Grey yell there was an undead Bugbear. We had to help him; he was in the room all by himself. Exalted frantically ripped the rope out of my hands and ran across the bridge; he made it look easy. An invisible necromantic hand floated the rope back to me, so I grabbed it, jabbed Spence in the ribs and shot across the wooden scaffold. Unfortunately, all four of Spencer's legs popped out from under him and he began a nose dive off the gangplank into the lake of tar. I tried to scissor him with my legs but the silk in my hands jerked me back onto the bridge. Spence snapped at the rope as the end passed by his mouth. I looked down from the middle of the bridge, frozen in fear, and saw his face flash with pain and felt him scream... Wait, maybe I shouldn't start at the end. Let's try that again.

20 Janus, 1008

So after Money finally got done counting all the gold coins, Grey hung his new warhammer at his waist. He said the words were locations in the underdark. Isn't that where he came from? I told him to read the words out loud and hold the weapon aloft to see if it would light up... but nothing happened. He looked at me like I told him to eat his shorts. He's a necromancer, doesn't he know how magic works? Sheesh. Anyways, I walked over to our consecrated cat and held up the ring to her. She said she already had a ring. I sighed, "humph." Right, she didn't see the vision; I'd have to explain it to her slowly. I said, "You could wear it and swim back to town and save us all." She replied, "No, you wear it." Who am I to say no to our cherished cheetah? So I put it on and laid down on my stomach. Maybe she knew what she was talking about. I started to swim in the dirt but I didn't go anywhere.

So I got up and said we should try it in the water. Money said he would do it since he had the "keep you warm" spell still going. He put the ring on and we started to go out to the water when we heard our fateful feline yell, "Three fish heads!" Money better not keep that ring, cuz Tosha needs to try it out.

I didn't have time to tell him that cuz Spencer took off down the hall and around the corner; I barely had time to couch my lance. Spence stopped short and the angle was all wrong; I completely missed the Trog. But here comes Grey with his new dark elf hammer shouting something in freaky fish head. Money came around the corner strapping on his shield and stood in front of us brandishing his shiny morning star. I can't see her, but I hear our Terrible Tigress busting and moving around the corner and then scampering away. After that I hear Exalted stomp up and grunt; he must have swung his thick sword. He didn't say anything, but I could tell he was smiling. I hear WizAreWe start to play her banjo, but it's like a mouse jumping up and down on an out-of-tune harp. Then Janice starts imitating Necrogirl's last song and I realize that WizAreWe is instructing the little girl how to be a singing necromancer too. Well, isn't that nice? Couldn't she do that on our off time though? Like when we're NOT in combat with freaky fish heads? And where was NecroElf? Isn't he usually yanking his not so heavy bow up and down by now?

Before any answers present themselves, a horrible stench wafts up the corridor and Exalted, Money and Spence start to gag. Money bends down and hits the Trog on the foot as I use his shoulder to thread my lance into it's eye socket. Grey stands on the fallen Trog and presents it's kin with the spikey end of his new drow drubber. It must have been scarey because it made a face and fell down. Ah ha! It is magical! Money let go of his morning star and pulled out his gilded spear. No fish heads were left standing, so he stabbed the dead one so he could get experience too. Spence moves around the corner to the third and last Trog, where Exalted was already distracting him. Grey heedlessly hammers it into submission.

Grey asks in freaky fish head, "Is there an exit down that tunnel? How many are there of you?" Apparently it says there's an exit, and we've killed everyone already. Grey also asked it how long before the eggs hatch, but the Trog crossed it's arms, refusing to answer. We find 10 silver and 3 more spears. Down the tunnel where the Trog said an exit was, we find five, 5' by 10' rooms in a row with the fish faces we killed before laid to rest. We also discover a tiny row boat and a "secret" door at the end of the hall that leads to the beach.

We decided to sleep in the treasure room and tie the Trogs up together. Thank Mielikki Tosha bought us the lilac poled puree, cuz the room was really stinky! While the rest of the party was making dinner, Money and I dragged Exalted with us back to the beach. He held the rope that was tied to Money while I held the door open. The priest of wealth and commerce was swimming like a fish, but not quite like a dolphin. Hmmph, I think we got the discount version here. He cast light on himself and went underwater. It was then that the door started to close. Spencer pressed his head against it, but it was too heavy. He moved back into the room before the door shut. We opened it back up and there was Exalted getting ready to knock. Right then Money screamed, "Trogs! More Trogs!" and ran past us. Not sure if I've ever seen a cleric run that fast. Must have been spooky. I shut the door and we went back to the party. Oh well, there was still a chance that if Tosha the Terrific put the ring on, the vision would come true.

Before we rest, I ask WizAreWe if she'd like to spar because I want to see if she can sing while she fights. I don't remember having seen her do it before. Apparently she can; who knew? While we were scrapping, Grey was teaching Janice about Underdark politics. I turned around to ask Grey a question, but WizAreWe smacked me right in the back of the head with her staff.

Just as we were all just about to fall asleep, I remembered something I wanted to try. I jumped up and turned on Money's lamp and everyone started to grumble; Exalted said, "Go to sleep five." But I didn't reply and went over to Grey and whispered in

his ear, "I want to see if I turn into a miniature while I'm sitting on Spence. If you say, "Come to me Guenhwyvar" it will transform him. I swing myself up onto Spence and say, "Okay, try it. Spence, listen to Grey." Spence turns into a figurine, but not me.

21 Janus, 1008

I woke up to Grey banging spears together. He was making a lean-to for Spence to carry our new found treasure. While Grey did that, Money emptied out his bag of lighter fluid so we could use it to carry the eggs. I recounted the sling bullets that Spence so graciously placed into his saddle bags for me. When Grey finished the newly constructed draggin waggin and filled it with loot, we started off into the secret tunnel. We found an old rope bridge, spanning twenty feet across an acrid, boiling tar pit. It looked really slippery, so I asked WizAreWe if she could use her necromantic powers to clean it. She waved her arms around and prayed to her undead god and the first five feet was nice 'n clean. But what about the rest of it?

Exalted tied a rope around Grey and lowered him down ten feet under the bridge. He cut two wires and then yelled to pull him back up. He said that the trestle was rigged to collapse under 250 pounds of weight; he "thinks" he disabled it. Terrific Tasha took the twine and perfectly padded across the platform and bound it to an eyelet on the right side. Then Exalted and Money held the rope while Grey and NecroElf crossed. There was a tunnel that wended to the right and we used our new pulley to transfer all of our gear across the dangerous catwalk. I heard something yell, "Turn back! Turn back! Come no further for death awaits you within! The curse of Nognor be upon you if you take another step!" It repeated that a couple of times before I saw NecroElf come back to the opening. He then motioned for the Troggs to come over. We untied them and told them to go across. One of them slipped and fell, but Exalted pulled it back up. When all of our stuff was traversed, the voice started again but then cut off abruptly and Spence heard a door creak open. Grey mumbled something in Necromantic then yelled, "Zombie Bugbear!?!". And you know the rest.

Xterminators Adventure Journal

Why in the nine hells couldn't Grey wait for us to cross the bridge too? If Spencer dies, so help me, I'm gonna beat that stupid Dwarf severely about the head and shoulders! Which part of party does he not understand! Selfish, unthinking, reckless... Oh Mielikki, I promise I will never again place Spence in any kind of danger if you let him live. Please, I beg your aid in rescuing the most loyal and faithful servant any halfling has ever known.

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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