

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 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 contributing - 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 2nd level adventure in the "Rob's World!" campaign.

This adventure takes place in the Forgotten Realms. On the western edge of Sembia lays a town called Kulta. Not far from that town is a deep ravine, at the bottom of that ravine rests the sunken remains of a once-proud fortress; it's echoing, broken halls now house nefarious tribes and malign creatures. Evil has take root at the fortresses's core. Lost to this palace of malign repose are two young adventurers and their companions; the Dungeon Delvers have lost their way, and the Xterminators have been hired to follow their trail. Can our heroes find and recover the souls of the two lost twins? Or is all they'll find their remains and a pair of signet rings?

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

Kasha updates Real-time 9-4-2021 In-game Mavis 2, 1008

Kasha's soft leather boots were no longer echoing in the corridor. 'Small wonder,' Kasha thought to herself as she examined the neat rows of luminous fungus that now lined the cavern walls around her in the new room. Bits of bright color and flashing dragon eyes poked out from underneath the fungus, in what used to be another magnificent mural that seemed to go the length of the entire space. Kasha was grateful that it was mostly hidden from view! She had that eerie sense that she was standing on the edge of an ancient battle that had just started. Kasha felt as if she were about to enter the fray and hear the shrieks of terror coming out of the humans that were summarily being decapitated, dropped, or burned to a crisp by the malevolent dragons in their midst. The frozen fear of the helpless victims oozed out of the spaces between the curling fungus leaves and pale grass that moved as she passed by them. Kasha shivered as she walked further into the heat of the battle, grateful to be an unseen shadow travelling through the carnage that seemed to be growing with every step. It even smelled of rot and gore! No. Wait. That was something else, which turned out to be a large barrel of fermented goblin spit at the far end of the room. Eww!

Suddenly, an evil bush rolled up to Kasha and slashed her in the arm. Kasha felt some type of poison coursing through her veins and then her vision became cloudy. With a screech in defiance, Kasha blindly lashed out at the blob in front of her with a fast, overhand, circular motion. However, at the last second, the blob shouted something familiar, and Kasha realized she was striking at Phulliegh instead of her intended prey! She couldn't stop the motion, so Kasha twisted the sword slightly. She heard the flat side ring as it hit the top of Phulliegh's helmet and a dreaded crack as the magic sword broke in half and lay as if dead in her hand. "\$#!%, Sorry!" Kasha mumbled as she dropped the sword, switched the other sword to her right hand and tried to get her bearings. She shook her head, still dazed. "I can't see!" Kasha moaned. Which of the two shapes should she attack in front of her?! Hmm. Of course! The one who wasn't cussing! Kasha could hear everyone else shouting as well, which gave voice to the frozen calls of the doomed warriors who were plastered on the wall. In a few more moments, the misty shapes surrounding Kasha

turned back into real people who were fighting off blood-sucking bushes by torch light. With an oath, Kasha rejoined the fray. Even though her depth perception was off, and she kept slashing at the creatures who seemed to dance at the edge of her sword tip. Finally, the party killed the last of them. At this point, Kasha picked up her broken sword and replaced it with the old plain one that she had stuffed into one of the sacks on Sammie. It still felt like death in her hand.

As the party moved forward, Kasha realized they were almost to the end of the room and of the ancient battle too, by the way the dragons were now smugly lounging on top of steaming piles of humanish corpses. A particularly horrible bronze dragon with a mouthful of teeth and ten-inch claws balefully stared at Kasha as though daring her to intervene and join the dead.

The excited whining caught Kasha's attention and she turned just in time to see Phulliegh picking up a piece of torn clothing off the floor in front of Sammie the dog. He was certain it belonged to one of the twins they were looking for. Hmm. At least it wasn't bloodstained!

Everyone squared their shoulders and soldered into the next room, hoping to find the missing twins. Instead, four nasty goblins screeched and started running towards the party with their swords drawn. Their mistake! The goblins didn't last long. However, the next room contained something far more interesting. Thrush rounded a stone corner and reported over his shoulder, that in addition to more murals and a dragon statue, the chamber contained two misty, death-like creatures who were now bearing down on them! Then, Thrush came pelting back to get under cover. Kasha tried to get closer to see, but others were in the way. Abruptly, Garreck stepped forward and shouted for some space-probably so he could cast some type of spell. Kasha held up her swords up just in case the creatures came through the walls. Her senses were on high alert as she waited for the creatures to attack.

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 players 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(s) in question may 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. Fellow players should never assume that another character has actually read a journal entry. If necessary, please consult with the appropriate player(s) regarding how your character might have come upon any specific journal related information.

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Journal Entry: *Written by Leah S. as Kasha for the "Rob's World!" D&D Campaign.*

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