

# 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.**

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(Woke up, went down the hall the go home gnome left, encountered the five goblins, Xaltor almost biffed it into the pit. Went back to the other south door and it turned into a big vaulted room with pillars and a cold door. But, wait. Behind door number three lurked a bunch of bloodthirsty bouncing bushes of the sciatica scourge nature....reminded her of the talking mirror in a game show... what's that?)

A plaintive echo penetrated Kasha's restless sleep. "Can I go home, yet?" Kasha declined to murmur the obvious answer to Urka, who had stationed himself in front of the locked door and was now glaring at everyone. Kasha grunted instead, yawned and rolled to her feet in a single graceful, fluid motion. The party broke camp perhaps a bit slower than normal (for the benefit of the go-home gnome) and found themselves back over the barricade in short order. Kasha padded quietly past the broken goblin bodies with their gruesome lipless smiles and fanged teeth. She followed the others up the dank corridor which was already angling sharply to the left. Shadows cast by the torchlight revealed a wayward entrance in the recesses of the rough stone wall. As soon as they got the door open, five yellow-eyed goblins screeched in warning to each other and then started dropping to the floor as Pfineas stunned them into sleep. Kasha was able to finish off one creature, but they all fell fairly quickly. Back in the hall, Xaltor nearly biffed into another floor trap, but managed to jump back in the nick of time. Instead of trying to creep around the edge of the trap and avoid inspecting the pointed stakes at the bottom, the group headed back to the door near the barricade.

It turned into a cramped storage room packed to the ceiling with crap and worse. Kasha grimaced when she passed a freshly resealed cask of 'elf' jerky, and slowed to take a closer look around. Luckily, Kasha didn't see any casks of 'human' jerky within reach of the path through the middle of the room. She hurried on.

At the other side of the storage room was another door which opened up into a huge chamber with dragon carved columns, similar to the ones where the Kobald

queen, Yanathrax, was holding court. Kasha noted there were five entrances for stray fiends to attack from... three on the north side and two on the south. Kasha had a de ja vou moment involving a talking mirror and one too many choices to pick the correct...door? Hmm. Perhaps it was something else! Kasha shook off the disquieting sensation while adjusting her grip on her sword. As the party explored the chamber further, they noticed that door number one felt promisingly cold. But wait! Behind door number three were five bloodthirsty bushes, which promptly burst into the hall, rolled around and attempted to latch onto everyone. Of course, it had to be door number three, because that was the choice that Kasha hadn't originally considered! Frustrated, Kasha focused so hard on slashing up the first crawler, that another scourge slipped under her blade before she was even aware of it. The creepy little bushes were tinderized within moments. A few party members even followed the hallway around to make sure all the scourge bushes were dead and quickly burst back into the hall through door number two. Kasha kept her eyes firmly on the south side doors the whole time.

Eventually, the party got the first door open and discovered ice, chill air and the adorable baby white dragon hiding amongst the torn up debris, pretending he was somewhere else. Kasha entered after the others and promptly slipped on the ice. She managed to avoid the worst of the dragon's breath weapon, but her arm felt numb. Phulleigh saved the day by smartly rapping the dragon on the side of the head and catching him before he fell back into the rubble. Kasha quickly tied the dragon up and helped bundle him into a fur package for Phulleigh to carry back to the cage. Everyone raced towards the cage as fast as they could before the dragon could wake up and become a nuisance.

Queen Yanathrax was so grateful to have her baby mascot back that she rewarded the party with some of the trinkets lying on the dais in front of her. (Gold, scrolls and a gem-encrusted statue) She would have dismissed them from the chamber, except Garreck inquired about the key which was hanging from a dragon's mouth on the wall behind the royal throne. Wisteria was so eloquent at explaining how much they needed the key to free the twins, that the queen actually allowed her to take it without demanding any other compensation in return. Then, Queen Yanathrax

## Xterminators Adventure Journal

dreamily told the party how the key opened a gallery back near the castle entrance. The party hastened to the door. Kasha hoped it would lead somewhere interesting as she was itching to breath fresh air, again. Wisteria put the key in the lock. There was a loud click.

**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)*

*This particular journal entry contains one correction/edit. I corrected a character name (Pfineas in place of Xaltor).*

*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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