

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 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 fortress of a once-proud fortress; it's echoing, broken halls now house nefarious races and malign creatures. Evil has take root at the fortresses 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.

Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 12-13 Apros, 1008

(Real world date: October 3, 2020)

Day 20 of the Xterminators

13th of Apros

Would the deck hands survive? If they don't, will we have to go back to Whillip and have their funerals and then have to wait and hire new ones?

Oh wait, we should probably go back to yesterday.

12th of Apros

Yesterday (not this yesterday, yesterday's yesterday) concluded everyone's training and we agreed last night to start our adventure. X said the ship was stocked and ready to go. WizRWe asked, "So, what do we know about where we are going?" Grey immediately replied with something I think was sarcasm (I still have trouble understanding that underdark accent). Before I could ask what he said, Phiny-aas turned to X and asked what he knew about the Twilight Fortress. X repeated what he said the first time (almost word for word. For details see Journal 19, 31st of Janus, last paragraph). But he added this time that the fortress was deep within a sub tarantula garden in the town of Kulta. When everyone agreed to leave right away, X spoke up and said, "I have something for you." X waived his hand and nodded to Nathis (is he really blind?), who left the room. When Nathis came back he dropped what looked like pebbles into The Dragon King's open hand. "Each pill of teleportation will transport that person and their gear to a receiving area in the basement of the manor," X said. So there was one for each of us, Labraen the owl and the twins (assuming they were alive enough to swallow the pills). Just then

Money stood up and looked into his backpack and said, "We'll have to get more food. You guys ate it all." We all looked at X, and when he didn't reply, we looked in Nathis' direction. Nathis said before he left the room for a second time, "Thirty days of food." When he came back he had a sack of iron rations and handed it to Money who stuck his face into the bag and sniffed. He nodded his head, tied a loose knot in the top of the bag and shoved it into his backpack.

Outside the manor, the same ruggedly handsome halfling was waiting for us with his cab. One gold for the day and we were off to get Tosha and then to the ship. When we got to the outskirts of town, someone asked how much food Nathis got for us. Money said, "Enough for myself for thirty days." Spencer sat up and whined. So I exclaimed, "What?! We asked for thirty days of food for each of us! You know, if we get trapped in that tarantula garden for a long time." We had Xilba turn around and go back to the Manor. When we all went in (except for Tosha, who was at her home with her husband dammit). Nathis said, "Back so soon masters?" I said, "We thought you were going to give us thirty days of food for everyone, and not just Money." Nathis scrunched his eyebrows together and started to say something but instead shook his head and left the room. When he came back he was dragging seven bags behind him. After he caught his breath, he threw out his arms and hands to the side pointing at the sacks and said, "Thirty days of food for SEVEN persons." Xaltor picked up three bags and I put two in Spencer's saddle bags. WizRWe and The Dragon King picked up the remainder.

When we got back in the cab, Xilba just sat there and looked at us. Finally he stuck out his hand and said, "That will be one gold for the day." My jaw dropped (and I knew right then he was part of the conspiracy). I just shook my head and dropped my chin into my hands, longing for Luiren and the simple good hearted halflings. Phiny-ass and Grey argued back and forth with Xilba, but I tuned them out thinking about how much gold it would take for each city official to have a taint stick.

Finally we were on our way to Tosha's house, but when Xilba asked where she lived, everyone shrugged their shoulders. I said, "Just drive slowly to the docks and we'll call for her along the way." So we yelled her name over and over all the way there (at five thirty in the morning. Several people leaned out their window waving their fist and saying something in a language I didn't understand). When we got to the docks, Tosha was leaning against one of the wooden posts furthest from the water. As everyone exited the cab, they gave me the down turned lips and stink eye face; even Xilba.

When we got to the ship, Captain Pecorney asked us, "Well, what are you all doing here? The ship won't be ready to sail until tomorrow." He shook his head, "Tomorrow at six AM." He started to turn around but when we all just stood there shouldering our heavy packs and stared at him, he continued, "Let me explain..." He went on and on and on about first stop Selgaunt, second stop Saerloon, third stop Urmlaspyr and something about a pay roll and military dispatchers and they had to wait for the Money. I started to tell him that Money was all ready here, but my Druid training stopped me. I put on my neutral face and didn't say a word, just laid my face on Spencer's neck (and tried not to scream too loud). Well, at least we still had the cab for the day (yeah right). Xilba started to argue again about one gold "in town" and that X's manor was "out of town" and blah blah blah. Phiny-ass stopped Grey from pulling out his hammer and flicked a gold at Xilba (corrupted Whillipinos, all of them). We went back to the manor, again.

We got back around ten AM and Nathis greeted us, "Back again so soon? That was a quick trip." When we went into the conference room X was already there. When he asked us to take a seat, we asked about the stage coach that Captain Pecorney mentioned. X said we'd have to make arrangements ourselves for the last leg of the trip and that it would cost us two gold each, plus the stay over for room and board (why is he making us pay for the trip after he already told us transportation was taken care of?).

At dinner, X explained that we would have to purchase tickets for the next day. Also, Grey told us that he found three different ways to leave the manor through the basement. He held up a finely detailed map. He pointed to what looked like a cellar, closed his right eye at us and said, "something something En in foonda de wine cellar." Maybe Xalted and I can teach him how to speak halfling some day (sure would be easier on my journaling).

13th of Apros

Fifty degrees and forty-five mile an hour gusts (but sunny though). Spence and I took our place at the nose of the ship and we embarked on our second official adventure (finally). It wasn't long at all before we had our first encounter too. Except that Spencer and I didn't hear anything, but WizRWe yelled out, "Someone is yelling for help!" We all followed her to the side of the ship and looked over. Sure enough there were two obviously tired looking people trying to hold onto some floating pieces of wreckage. As the ship moved along side of them, the female's head went under the waves as her arms started to flail and splash until they went under too. The male yelled, "Please help us! Please save my wife!" WizRWe and I grabbed a life reserver circle and threw them at the people. Mine hit the guy right in the head and he grabbed on while Spence and I pulled. WizRWe threw the rope but not the circle part. She smiled, a little imbarased, and tried again, but it was too late; the lady was gone. The Dragon King pulled out some rope and let Phiny-ass tie one end around his waist. Grey dove into the water in the direction of the ugly lady. The man lost his grip on the circle floaty thing and went under too. Just then Benny and Lucky Bill both jumped in the water and went after the man but while they went under to look for him, his head popped up and he spit out some water. Just then, Grey surfaced with the ugly lady and pushed her towards the side of the ship, where Xalted pulled her up on the deck and stared at her for a minute (was he thinking about kissing her?). He glanced over at WizRWe who gave him a funny look and she cast a necromantic spell on the wet lady (maybe she was putting a curse on her so

Xterminators Adventure Journal

Xalted wouldn't kiss her). I started to ask that very thing, but just then Benny and Lucky Bill's heads surfaced only for a second, then back under the dark turbulent water.

Would the deck hands survive? If they don't, will we have to go back to Whillip and have their funerals and then have to wait and hire new ones? Maybe the husband and ugly wife would volunteer to take their places just until we get to Urmlaspyr (we did just rescue them after all). Oh Mielikki, just let Benny and Bill be okay so we don't have to pause our adventure for another month and a half. Will evil wait around that long for us to kick their butt?

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(s) 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(s) 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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