

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: 13-18 Apros, 1008

(Real world date: October 17, 2020)

Day 21 of the Xterminators

18th of Apros

As the heroes save all the drowning people (except one; no one is perfect), we sail towards our next adventure in the far away Twilight Forge. Hopefully, evil has something to keep it busy until we can get there to kick it's butt.

Oh... suppose we should go back to Benny and Goshwin.

13th of Apros

Benny surfaced and grabbed the floaty ring and I pulled the rope And him to starboard (right side of the ship, so says Captain Pecorney). Xalted lifted him aboard. Goshwin, from the other side of the ship yelled, "Hey! There are some more people over here on the Port side (That means the ship's left side, so said the first mate And Captain Pecorney)!" Just then Grey grabbed Lucky Bill. Tosha ran to Port side and pulling the rope with her and attempted to drag Spencer and I along but we only moved a few feet. She yelled at us, "There's children in the water! Hurry up! Get moving!" Spencer dashed to port side while I pulled in the rope and swung the reserver towards the little girl. But it fell short. The man and ugly woman that we just saved both yelled at the same time, "Help my grandchildren!" and "Save my children please!" WizRWe leaned over and tried to pull Grey up but slipped and fell. Xalted reached out his arms towards the children (Port side) and said, "Swim to us!" I moved next to Xalted while gathering the ring thing back up and with enough momentum hit the little boy right in the head. On the other side (Starboard),

WizRWe said to Grey, "Let's try this again fat man!" Instead, Benny ate some spinach and with the power of twenty men pulled both Grey and Lucky Bill aboard with one hand. The ugly lady yelled, "Novius and Septus, swim to this (Port) side of the ship!" Xalted took the rope and pulled Novius next to him while Tosha grabbed him and pulled him up. I tried one more time to throw the ring thing and it landed right in Septus' hands. Money and Grey, who had just run from the other (Starboard) side, pulled Novius and Septum aboard at the same time. All the drowning people were saved (so we thought).

After we asked what these humans were doing out here, the older man (Marco) said he, his wife (Glenda), daughter (Venus) and grandchildren (Novius and Septum) were out in a fishing boat that sprung a leak and sank. Marco paused after hearing himself say his wife's name and looked around crying, "Where is my wife?" Everyone looked out over the rough waves but we didn't see anyone else. I did see a white shawl attached to some floating debris however. After I pointed it out, some of the deck hands fished it out with a hook and Marco grabbed it saying, "This is hers. My wife! Glenda!" He fell to his knees blubbering and pressed the wet cloth to his face and coughed tears into it for what seemed like ages. We turned the ship around and headed back home. An hour later we dropped off the not so lucky family at the dock. So here we go for a second try at starting our adventure... by the time we passed the spot where Glenda drowned, all of the flotsam had blown away or was at the bottom of the sea.

14th of Apros

Zigby yelled from below deck, "We're taking on water! We've got a leak!" The well trained crew flew into action and started a line for bailing. They grabbed each of us and placed us where ever there was space to help. The Dragon King made a suggestion to the captain that I couldn't really understand cuz of his accent, but Pecorney must have liked it because he told some of the deck hands to get what ever materials Grey asked for. Not sure how he did it, but he made a patch out of

timber that (he said) used the pressure of the water to hold itself in place. The captain said that Grey saved us four or five hours of grueling rebuild (And probably The Sweet Lady herself) and that the remaining repairs could take place once we were docked.

We made it into Selgaunt harbor by noon and docked around one. The gold was picked up by the military around four and we stayed to help protect it, before we found some place to stay. Pecorney suggested a place called Storm Haven Inn and Tavern. Grey nodded and smiled as if he liked the sound of that. It was five silver per person for the inn. Grey bought some of the harder stuff, something called Black Brick Break (Spencer and I demonstrated our social distancing due to it's potent smell). We paid one silver for a nice hot meal that included roasted chicken and toasted rosemary bread with artichoke dip. We also got a bunch of butter and cheese (Which Spencer really liked, except cheese gives him gas. But we didn't tell the party that; they asked for it, not us... the cheese that is, not the gas).

15th of Apros

The innkeeper yells, "Time to wake up! You asked to be woke at five thirty and that's what time it is!" When we got back to the Sweet Lady, the crew was ready to leave at six in the nose. It was mostly cloudy and rainy like the past few days, but Spencer and I didn't care; we just took our usual spot at the nose (bow) of the ship when Benny yelled, "Ahoy there! Off the starboard bow!" Spencer, Grey and Phiny-ass looked all over but couldn't see a thing. The rest of us caught a glimpse of something flying, different from the flying pirhanna we saw last time. The crew got out all their nets and asked if we wanted to help kill some of the fish for dinner. Spencer and I thought it was wrong to hunt them for sport (We had more than enough food, both for our party and for the ship. And besides, Spence and I don't really like fish. That Trogledyte smell in Spencer's coat didn't really wash out yet). Tosha, WizRWe and Grey volunteered by grabbing nets themselves. McCallahan was about to fall into the now shark infested waters (They were chasing after the winged

cod) when the heroic Dragon King reflexively caught his arm. As the fisherman dangled there, luckily only the net hit the water (Spencer said later that he thought some poop hit too, but I didn't remember seeing anything so I just nodded my head at him and smiled like I knew what he was talking about; probably good he can't read). They caught nineteen fish total and they basted them in a dried cranberry and apricot, rum based banana bread crumbs. It was pretty good considering it only smelled a bit like trogledyte.

16th of Apros

Sixty degrees and mostly cloudy with some rain (again). Goshwin shouted, "Ahoy, forward off the starboard side!" I spotted a ship. Money, myself and Labraen (the owl) are the only ones that saw it. It was a Great Ship (Who names these things?) on a direct path of inter course. The captain said that it would be here in just a few seconds so I got out my staff and started to cast my new spell that makes it magical. Everyone else did the same including WizRWe except she started to sing her dancing song and Phiny-ass cast a shimmering barrier around himself and LaBraen. As the pirates come into view, they raised their flags and Grey said, "They're preparing to board us!" Pecorney visibly relaxed and said, "They are part of the Sembian Navy." Just then a skiff with seven sailors pulled up and they came aboard. Pecorney said, "Bring everyone topside and prepare for an inspection!" To my surprise, the commander of the pirates was a ruggedly handsome looking halfling (Brachus) with a leather longcoat, holding a gaff hook (Maybe there was some hope for this navy after all). With him were three humans, a hobgoblin (apparently named Monster) a dwarf and a gnome. It took them about an hour to check every nook and granny. When they were done, I spied the Captain pass a bank note for fifty gold (!) as an inspection fee (Hmmm... another good hin gives into the corruption and greed of Whillip; Mielikki damn it! I forgot to get more taint sticks for just this occasion!).

17th of Apros

Xterminators Adventure Journal

Fifty degrees, half an inch of rain and cloudy (again). The crew members decide and try to kill themselves by standing on something called awake board. They invite us to take part in the suicide, but our entire party wants nothing to do with it. It did kinda look like fun, as McCallahan "won" the contest staying awake on the wood for twenty-one rounds, although Zigby did stay up for about half that. Everyone else fell off as soon as they touched the plank. Speaking of board, that night the meal was stingray and iced tea. Unfortunately, it smelled too much like Trog, so Spence and I just ate bread.

18th of Apros

Same weather as yesterday. Money spotted some animals with long necks. After he described them, Grey and I figured they were probably Elasmosaurus'. The three dinosaurs were thirty feet long, weighing five thousand pounds each, and were feeding off of a dead sperm whale. Spence and I wanted to talk to them but Captain Pecorney said he wanted to keep his ship and steered waaaay around them and another extra hour out of our way. Hopefully, evil has something to keep it busy until we can get there to kick it's 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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