

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.

Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 4-5 Mavis 1008

(Real world date: January 8, 2021)

Day 40 of the Xterminators

Exhausted... looking at the bones strewn across the floor, we knew that Sherlynn's brother would not be returning with us back to their mother's ranch.

Wait, let's go back to the burning tree.

4 Mavis

Once the smoke finally cleared and we could breath more easily we heard, "Sir Brannor is my name." I didn't hear the rest of the conversation, as my heart sank with disappointment. Damn. Not Taggert. I said a silent prayer and when I finally brought my head back up, Grey was holding a piece of fruit in each hand, one white and the other black (Dark Red actually). "If we untie you, we want your word that you won't attack us," Vern said. Sir Brannor replied, "I'm a paladin, I would never harm a friend of Sherlynn." Vern and Garreck didn't seem to believe him. Rather than reply, they busied themselves searching the dead druid. He had a well crafted sickle, a cloak (brown), a sling with bullets, a cassock, three smoke sticks, two viles of brown liquid, three potions in stone flasks, a wand, a pouch with three hundred and twenty-three gold and four gems (ornamental stone, sarbosa, blood stone, uncut gold sheen, and a rodochrosite). We also found thirty-six gold, twelve silver, five copper and a spell component pouch in the frog's (the druid's animal companion's) nest. We spent several hours turning the evil tree to ash. Finally, we were able to rest.

5 Mavis

We woke around ten AM, and found a cavern about ninety feet down filled with fiery snakes. At the south end there was a flowing river of lava and a treasure chest on the other side of it. I borrowed the wand and pointed it at the snakes. It entangled everything in a forty foot radius. Trust described to Phiny-ass the things in the cavern. The battle mage said they were flame snakes and we decided to head back the way we came. One snake, maybe, but eight of them seemed too much.

We got back to the "shade room" and the door had been closed and locked. Thinking Taggert might be in there, Grey turned invisible and opened the door. We saw two more shades. Our battle mage shot a dark bolt of magic as Vern moved through the door and completely destroyed the undead. We had Grey pry out the rubies from the dragon statue as well as the tiles in the floor that we knew were magic. Unfortunately, he didn't have his stone tools and what he pried out were pieces now no longer magical. I tried to convince Grey that we could take the statue, but he asked how we would get it up the tower and I knew it would be dangerous if not impossible.

We went to a door that we had previously passed by. When we opened the door, we found four goblins. Trust immediately fired off his bow and downed two goblins, one of which fell forward into it's wheel barrow. Tosha and I moved in quickly and killed the other two.

The next room's door said, "Thoqua Lair." Grey and our battle mage downed those goblins even before I let loose a lead bullet. Garreck however, found some sapphires in the ground.

The final unopened door led to an octagonal room forty by forty foot wide. Before we could react, a rotting corpse slammed into Trust, knocking him back about fifteen feet. Twenty skeletons then flooded through the doors. Once they were out, they turned their attention on those that had an aura of good (Vern and Sir Brannor). Vern walked through the door on the side of the hall and exploded seven skeletons.

Just then Trust tumbled into the skeleton room (maybe trying to lure the undead back into the room?) as Tosha slashed the one that Sherlynn hit with a dark bolt of magic. Spence and I downed one as Sammy moved next to Tosha to guard her. As a skeleton tried to move past, I shattered it's rib cage and it fell in a heap. Then as another hit Spence, he ripped off it's leg. Our cleric then moved closer and obliterated all that was left except one which Sir Brannor gladly took out.

Inside the room was an alter. Garreck said, "Vox The Defiler," when he looked at the symbol on the door. Symbols on the alter were also in Dragonic. When Sir Brannor tried to lift the lid his hands got zapped. We tied a rope around the over hanging lip of the stone lid and five of us pulled until the stone slid/popped off. That's when an undead hand grasped the side of the sarcophagus and pulled itself up. It threw a bunch of teeth on the ground (eight) where a few seconds later skeletons rose up from the ground. Spencer and I took one out just before Vern channeled a burst of positive energy which exploded all the undead except the one in the coffin. When Trust saw that the attack did nothing to the black handed Bane Dead, he said, "Why don't we leave and shut the door?" The Bane Dead was holding a Bastard Sword in it's grotesque black hand, which it attacked Sir Brannor with. Just then Tosha and the doggies surrounded the "necromancer." When Spence, Sammy and I hit the Lich, I yelled out, "It did no damage at all." It was then that I knew we were in trouble. WizRWe used her whip to pull the necromancer's legs out from under it as Trust dragged the now unconscious paladin out of the way. Tosha hit it with her magic sword and said, "It took damage from my sword." I yelled out, "Do we have any magic weapons?!" Vern replied, "Garreck, I have a spell that'll make your weapon magic." Grey immediately swung as soon as our cleric cast a spell on Malagar and the lich took damage. Unfortunately, when I cast "Hit em again" on the Dwarven King, he missed. The Bane Dead tried to hit Tosha, but she parried with her not so long sword. WizRWe handed me her magic staff and I swung with all my might, but the piece of wood was too big and clumsy for me and I missed.

Xterminators Adventure Journal

Somebody must have healed Sir Brannor because as soon as Sammy moved out of the way, the paladin swung his mighty sword as pieces of bone sprayed and the undead fell. We found that the sword was magical (and evil). We also found a ring, a tiny steel anchor and an onyx scarab that were magical. There were also two gems, an Azarite and Alexandrite.

Exhausted... looking at the bones strewn across the floor, we knew that Sherlynn's brother would not be returning with us back to their mother's ranch. May Mielikki usher in Taggert's soul and console the soon to be grieving mother.

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 Sean 'O as Phulleigh Dotfive for the "Rob's World!" D&D Campaign.*

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