

# 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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“Eeeeeeeechtka.....!”

Kasha paused at the intensity of the goblin’s shriek that echoed from somewhere down the tunnel in front of them. She listened intently, but only heard a strange clunking sound that reminded her of a Kitten-day when she had watched the brick-layers dumping their loads back in town. At once, a foul blast of hot air assaulted Kasha’s nose with the scent of fear mixed in with fresh goblin blood. The little gnome they had freed from the low cage looked around and muttered, “I told you so!” Then, the tunnel floor began to vibrate.

Kasha raced after the others and discovered a big, hot, fiery looking worm-blob was blocking the passage up ahead and by the smell, she knew it had already set someone on fire. Eww! Kasha raced back to Sammie the pack-dog and grabbed her water canteen in order to throw it at the creature. But, before she could get the chance, the others had finished off the Thoqqua. Kasha sighed, disgruntled, and took a sip of water.

The party moved forward until the tunnel abruptly ended in a sheer drop down a dazzling cliff of stone mixed with veins of bright crystal that twisted down towards the bottom of the chasm. It was deep and perhaps had been mined, for the crystals seemed to pulse softly as bits of light flickered down the length of them from somewhere up above. Kasha realized the party was standing just below a nesting site of the oversized Thoqqua vermin on the other side of the chasm. Kasha could see that a small worm was frolicking in and out of the rocks sticking out of an oversized ledge. Kasha cheered up thinking they might be able to destroy a few more of the critters before they found the twins.

But, not at the moment! Right now it was time to find a comfortable (?) place to sleep. Kasha quietly settled into a fungus-lined crack in the wall of the tunnel and watched the others nibble on the edible fungus that grew abundantly around them. She wasn’t hungry enough to eat any of it, but the fungus certainly made softer bedding than the bare rock! Abruptly Kasha felt herself lapsing into blessed unconsciousness.

**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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