

# 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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In the large circular room, they restlessly waited for the intruders who dared to cast their miserable eyes upon the Goblin Chief's brow. As the door splintered open, a war cry echoed far down into the open pit below. Black shadows emerged from thin cracks in the walls. They scurried between the vines that snaked up the ancient well, hungrily sniffing the air and salivating in the hope of feeding on fresh raw meat which occasionally dropped down from above.

Far above, Kasha paused, her body taugth with the need to move. She was far enough back from the splintered door, that she couldn't be of any use in cutting down the monsters within the circular chamber. Yet. Javelins burst through the opening, but none were aimed at her. Just then, Kasha heard a shout that the goblins were going to flank them through a nearby side door.

Instantly, Kasha sprang towards the opening to the round chamber and found herself face-to-face with a larger-than-most and obviously well-fed scurvy scourge. Well, it wouldn't be sucking on her blood! She slashed at the shrub but couldn't duck quick enough to evade another attack from within the room. Phulliegh arrived and took up the fight, allowing Kasha to duck back behind him and Spencer to catch her breath. Lifeblood poured out of Kasha's wounds, and she wondered if she would escape this hell hole in one piece.

Suddenly, the blood stopped gushing out of her, and Kasha felt a wave of healing flowing through her veins. Kasha tried to straighten up, but she still didn't have the strength to lift her new magic sword. Yet. Instead, Kasha forced herself to breathe deeply and relax, in order to get the most of the healing magic, as she felt it surge throughout her body. Her companions fought on.

After a long moment, Kasha grit her teeth against the pain in her gut and managed to charge forward. Her mind barely registered what her eyes saw next. Like dominoes, three figures fall into the pit in the middle of the room and one of them is Zaltor! His endless screaming seemed to go on and on but was finally silenced with a sickening crunch. Probably eighty feet down, as far as Kasha could tell.



Enraged, Kasha killed the goblin closest to her and stabbed at the one near the edge of the well in her haste to see if the unthinkable had *really* just happened, or if she'd only imagined the horror of it. Phulleigh finished off the goblin directly in her way, so Kasha took a long moment to peer over the edge. Zaltor wasn't moving, but one of the goblin killers was desperately trying to get down the sickly-looking vines to the bottom to escape them. Kasha vowed that he wouldn't. Even if she had to drop a goblin on his head!

But, she didn't have to, because a well thrown rock dislodged the creature, instead. He fell with a satisfying crunch and didn't move, either. The party quickly finished off the rest of the goblins and sent the owls flew down for a closer look. But, the owls didn't land. They'd seen two-legged creatures feasting on the bodies and passed along the warning as they winged back up and out of the well.

Kasha felt sick at the thought, but she wasn't going eighty feet down a hole to try and retrieve Zaltor and give him a proper burial. Instead, Kasha made the traditional hand gesture that meant, 'rest in peace.' Kasha desperately hoped Zaltor's soul could find peace in this place! Her limbs began to turn numb, so Kasha turned away. She would have to cry, later. Right now, they had others to save.



**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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