

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.

'GET BACK!' a stern voice commanded Kasha. Her legs started moving of their own accord before Kasha even had time to realize that the words had somehow formed themselves inside her head! Kasha knew that voice could only mean one thing. Kasha's God had been listening to all of her fervent prayers for a cure and had found her cause worthy enough to speak directly to her! Kasha made a quick gesture of thanks in the Shadow Language and disguised it with a flick of her sword, as she swiftly retreated back to the entrance.

Although Kasha had never heard the voice of her God before, she'd had plenty of occasions to reenact the famous Tribal Sagas back in town. But even in her wildest kitten-dreams, she'd never imagined herself being in the center of one! As Kasha's tail brushed against the rough wall behind her, Kasha stopped, full of inspired hope. Why, they might just get out of this hell-pit with the twins after all! Particularly if her God had turned his favor towards them. They were so close to finding the lost twins, Kasha could almost feel the presence to the evil druid in the air. They just had to make it!

Garreck interrupted Kasha's thoughts with his panicked calls to get out of the room. He brushed by Kasha on his way out the door. Kasha heard a gasp in the hallway. Then, Garreck yelled that he now saw a glyph on the door which said 'Undead Warden' on it and strongly urged everyone to get back into the hallway with him like, NOW! 'Ha,' Kasha thought. Let the others be afraid! Somehow, they would prevail over these Warden creatures. She knew it.

But, Kasha still felt sick with horror as a misty image of death materialized in the exact spot that she had been standing in and proceeded to reach a bony hand out towards Phulliegh, probably to suck his life-force out of his body. The sudden chill in the air made Kasha's nose hairs sting and she tried not to gag at the wretched stench of decay that radiated from the Spectral figures.

A small explosion engulfed Vern and then the creatures abruptly melted back into shapeless mist. The room warmed up by degrees, but the smell of exhumed bone lingered a few more moments. Death's promise to them, even now.

Kasha sighed with relief and took a few moments to compose a proper prayer of thanks as the others hurried ahead of her and into the cavern. Then, a few companions came running back out screeching something about a red dragon. She tried to grab them but since she didn't want to drop her swords or skewer anyone by accident, Kasha couldn't do much.

Instead, Kasha ran towards the cavern, but it was now empty. The others insisted there was a flying dragon illusion cast over the statue and after some grumbling about broken swords, (that she tried her best to ignore!) they decided to give Kasha the short sword that was embedded in the back of the statue.

It was beautifully wrought with a jeweled hilt and it glowed a faintly, tinged red that seemed to pulsate in Kasha's hand. Along the length of the blade there were draconic words that translated into, 'Bring me the might of Sundercrest'. Everyone agreed that Sundercrest was probably the name of a real red dragon. Kasha hoped it was a 'real *dead* Red dragon, who wasn't about to come looking for his sword anytime soon' and turn them all into burnt statues! But, the sword was still too cool to refuse. Something about the red glow compelled Kasha to grasp the hilt as quickly as she could. Kasha repeated the words in draconic to get the hang of them and commit them to memory. Then, she held the sword aloft. "Gau Sendekras Ar Fosum!" Kasha commanded. Immediately, the sword gave an excited, little leap in Kasha's hand and burst into a blood-red fire that engulfed Kasha. But, the sensation only tickled Kasha's hand and then expanded into an extension of Kasha's arm. She swung the perfectly balanced weapon around a few times and could have stared at the flickering flames all day. But with a twitch of her tail, Kasha muttered the words again. The flickering flames shimmered back to the faint glow the sword had emitted before. Now Kasha was sure she'd been blessed with success!

Everyone agreed that they should rest before exploring the next room, in order to replenish their spells and give everyone, especially Thresh, some time to recover and gain strength. Kasha fell asleep while stroking her sword in her lap. It radiated a pulsating warmth, like a living thing, and that brought Kasha a strange sense of comfort.

Kasha woke suddenly, as her internal clock noted the time-lapse. She glanced down at the sword, and it flared a bit, as if greeting her. Kasha smiled and lightly buffed more dirt off the rubies. The sword flashed again, approvingly. Time to get moving! The party explored the next room, which turned out to be a botanical nightmare of herbs and poisonous plants all jumbled together in such a way as to ensure that one would have to touch the poisonous plants before they could pick any of the herbs. Well, Kasha wasn't about to get closer to the ceiling to examine them all to find out which was which. Far more interesting were the scrolls that lined the walls which might give directions for a cure. Kasha glanced at the table in the center of the room and wished she could spend a few days looking through it all. Kasha also wondered if there were any story scrolls in the lot. She could always use new stories to entertain the guests at the Inn. Then, Kasha shook her head. What was she thinking?! These were probably all horrible spell scrolls! On second thought, beating the information out of the druid would probably be a lot simpler than wasting anymore time here!

Kasha sighed impatiently as Phulleigh snatched up a scroll, peered at it and paid the price when the scroll exploded in his face and turned blank. At this point, Kasha glanced down at the animals and saw that they were restless to get moving, too. Sammie the dog sniffed out a piece of cloth on the floor, that Phulleigh insisted belonged to one of the twins. Then, Sammie sniffed his way to the other side of the room, lay down, and peered under a door. He whined softly and even put a paw on the door.

Suddenly, one of the owls flew down next to Sammie and began bobbing up and down while hooting anxiously at everyone. The racket attracted the others who gathered up their weapons and approached the door cautiously. Kasha lit up her sword and waited.

Of course, the door was locked. It all boiled down to one ancient, dragon-headed key. Kasha watched Wisteria pull it out, finger the jeweled dragon head for a moment and insert the key into the lock with a smirk. The door clicked and Wisteria backed out of the way, glancing at Garreck. Garreck stepped forward to do the

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honors. He listened and shook his head, like there could be something on the other side, but he wasn't sure. Then, Garreck grabbed the handle. He slowly turned the knob. The door creaked open.

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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