

# 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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An eerie glow shimmered off the walls from the fluorescent fungus that seemed to be everywhere. It was so thick that it had started to droop down into a cavern, and there was a sorry looking excuse for a staircase that Kasha had to use to get down to the cavern floor which descended about thirty feet below her. She managed to get down without breaking her neck and looked for something to kill. The cyan scourge in front of her wasn't moving at all. Maybe it was dead?! Excited to try out her new sword, Kasha turned her attention on a nearby skeleton that was menacing the group. It clawed at her, but Kasha danced out of the way. "Nah-Nah-Nah-Nah-Nah!" She taunted with a flick of her tail and whipped her sword around for an upper-hand attack. The skeleton screeched as its collarbone broke but seemed unfazed. Abruptly, the skeleton disappeared into a puff of bone smoke. Vern had finally shown up.

"Take that; Smiley," Kasha huffed under her breath, and swiftly sank Sendekras into one of the Goblin bodies that was still twitching on the floor next to her. Black, smelly blood oozed onto the sand, but the sword remained pristine. Kasha watched, fascinated, as tiny drops of blood drops remained suspended in place just above the engraved metal. A moment later, the blade flashed, and all the blood was sloughed off the tip of the sword into a small, neat pool on the floor. Interesting!

They quickly searched the bodies and continued to the other side of the cavern, following the fresh slither-marks of a murderous thorn bush that had snuck away during the fight. Their footprints made a mess out

of the neatly tilled earth those “poor” skeletons had worked so hard on. The party stopped, en masse, at the edge of a sheer cliff and peered down.

‘Ugh!’ Kasha thought. ‘Not more VINES!’ It wasn’t that the vines seemed to move menacingly around in the creepy, large, open space in front of them. Or, that they boasted a mass of sharp, hooked thorns which twisted out in all directions. And, that the creepy vines were probably poisonous to boot!

No. It was the fact that the stupid vines were covering the top of the entire cavern... except for the area around a sturdy (looking?) rope ladder over there in the corner. Which, of course, was the only way to get down to the evil creatures mucking about down some fifty feet below her. Ugh! Kasha hated climbing! She never seemed to have the strength to keep holding on! But, since everyone else was hanging about at the top of the ladder, Kasha waited for her chance to get down to the action, twitching her tail impatiently, so she could get it over with.

As soon as there was space, Kasha made her way down the ladder and paused on a narrow ledge some thirty feet above the bottom of the cavern. Looking back up, she paled and made another gesture of thanks to her God. Then, Kasha glanced down to assess the scene on the cave floor.

It seemed as if all of the creatures in the cavern below had noticed them, because every one of them was making its way towards the bottom of the ladder. But, Kasha could see a space opening up as a dying beast fell backward. In a flurry of inspiration, she rushed down the ladder to the final five feet and dropped neatly into the vacated spot. Those smug, toothy grins on her foes were about to become grimaces of terror! She swung the dragon sword at the nearest bit of filth in front of her. The reddish fire flashed brighter. Kasha sensed Sendekras was anticipating a chance to bite something else with his elegant new body. Kasha agreed.

**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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