

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.

Kasha updates

Real time: 12-5-2021 through 1-8-2022 In game: 4 Mavis, 1008 (Around Noon)

Kasha attacked the filth in front of her, shrieking her defiance. The creature tried to stab at her, but her sword ripped through it, and it fell at her feet, lifeless. She fell upon the next creature, dimly aware of her companions raining death all around her. The battle seemed endless as the party fought their way through the corridor. Monsters stepped out from around boulders to confront them and be cut down out of the way. Inevitably they made their way to a slit in the rock where another roughly made ladder descended into the abyss. Or, at least it seemed that way to Kasha as she descended. There were more dead trees and bloodthirsty looking vines everywhere. Kasha's ears registered something, and she was drawn to a memory of fishing beside her dad's favorite stream. Fresh air and running water assailed her senses, and she paused. Other foul creatures might be taking advantage of the nearby life-source. Kasha shifted as she took in her companions. They were a motley group, still covered in the blackish blood of their foes. But the area didn't seem to be occupied by anything. In fact, it looked like a dead end. A waterfall blasted away into the darkness on their right, and the area to their left just went up. The party burned some trees and watched in satisfaction as the vines writhed angrily and then shot up away towards the ceiling. But, no one could see a way out, besides making a suicide jump over the falls.

Well, until Sammie the dog started whining and wagging his tail. His nose had found a steep trail that was cut into the cliff face. Phinneus took one look up the trail and started casting around for an easier way to get to the druid and quickly found a secret door. At this point the party was attacked by more cyan bush critters and four humanish looking figures, one which turned out to be the evil druid, Bakoot. At least two others were the missing twins and the last was a rather disturbed-looking paladin, who stormed off by himself at the first opportunity. At least, that's who they turned out to be after the party hacked, stomped and burned up the large, evil black tree that was controlling their minds from the middle of the chamber. It was kind of hard to tell, as their skin had turned into bark.

Kasha gasped when they located two shrunken apples within the root system of the tree. One was Albany white, the other was so deep a blood-red that it almost iridescent and blackish. Kasha breathed back a snuffle and wiped a stray tear away before anyone could notice. Here was a cure, if she could convince the others to give it to her and get it back to her cub in time. There would be more time to talk about it later. Now they just needed to get out of this hell trap.

That proved immensely more difficult than Kasha imagined. The party decided to explore another underground level until they met up with some large, grim-looking fire lizards who wanted nothing more than to snack on them. Thankfully, the party decided to head back to the surface after that. Kasha determinedly got herself back up the ladders and attacked the various goblins, stray Thaquas and skeletons she encountered, until other people could explode them. There was a nasty bit of showdown when the group went into a room, fluff-dusted some more skeletons and disturbed a statue that turned into a sarcophagus for Vox the Defiler. Kasha hadn't ever seen a skeleton create more skeletons by spitting out teeth everywhere! But, they didn't last long. Kasha wished she had a mace, though, because her swords were pretty useless against them.

Realtime: 1/22/2022 In-game time: 4 Mavis, 1008 (later that afternoon...)

By the time the group got back to the shaft where Xaltor had perished, someone had cut all the vines they used to get down the shaft. And, worse, was that one of the twins, Charlene, said that the ground underneath the shaft had become unholy ground. As the party stood around, discussing their options, some fungus skeletons started writhing out of the dirt. Kasha didn't want the party to be surrounded by them, so she went to the passage where other skeletons were bringing in dirt in order to ambush the next one. She listened for the shuffle of feet. Abruptly, Kasha saw a flash of light and turned around to see the fungus skeletons grow more menacing and squirm faster to get out of the dirt than they had been before. Then, a noise in the catacombs drew back her attention. The skeleton had returned and

started swinging its clawed hands towards her face. Kasha hit it three times before she managed to break off a few fingers. After what felt like forever, a searing flash of light covered everything in the room and the hideous grinning creature in front of her vanished in a cloud of bone dust. Apparently, there was an evil stone in the dirt, that was sucking up all the good energy and transferring it to the fungus skeletons. Once that was destroyed, they turned to small greenish white piles of dust and the ground became safe to walk on. But, the noise and light attracted the attention of some goblins, who gibbered loudly to each other for a moment before quickly grabbing a large cauldron of oil to pour down on them, from some 80 feet above, by the smell of it.

Since everyone was tired anyway, the party decided to go to sleep. However, Kasha kept having nightmares that Xaltor re-animated into a skeleton and attacked her for not taking his body away from this hell hole. But, Kasha wasn't sure she could get herself out alive, much less dragging a smelly corpse behind her to boot. She sighed, wondering how much longer it would take to get to the surface. She was aching to see the sun, again!

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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