

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.

An awful whining noise echoed from somewhere above Kasha's head. Suddenly, oil was thrown over the barricade. It sprayed down mostly along the opposite wall by Xaltor, then quickly pooled onto the flagstones under his boots. Soon, Vern was treading in the slick stuff as well. Kasha was about to scale the barricade in front of her to avoid the mess, when Xaltor called out to the party to use his shield as a step. Kasha launched herself towards Xaltor, and he was able to brace himself under her weight just in time. Kasha felt grateful that her companions had already incapacitated most of the goblins on the other side with a glitter spell. It made mopping up the rest of the filthy mess that much easier.

Just as they finished slaying the goblins, it became clear that some of the other party members had finally managed to get Garrek's door open on the other side of the barrier. Kasha lent a paw to help finish rummaging around the goblin ghetto for trinkets and headed back towards the new door. As Kasha strode closer to the entrance, she could hear the high-pitched, excited chirp-buzzing noises that the scaley Kobalds made when speaking to their own kind. Kasha was just about to step inside when a rank odor of fear mingled with piss, blood, sewage and death assaulted her senses. Kasha paused, gagging until she was offered a bit of lavender perfume to curb the stench. Then, she managed to look around.

The space was little more than a wide, dark, hole hacked into the quartz mountainside. Kasha could just stand tall under most of the rough, uneven ceiling, but the others had to stoop over as they cautiously made their way inside the low grotto. The torchlight soon revealed three anxious Kobalds and a rather pathetic-looking gnome in a small cage. Even with all the commotion, the gnome lay curled up on his side, determinedly staring at the wall, as if expecting the worst. Abruptly the three Kobalds noticed Beebo peeking his head around the doorframe and switched to Common. "Beebo! What are you doing here?!" the lead Kobald asked, so confused he forgot to be scared. They visibly brightened as Beebo explained the situation. Then, Beebo turned and introduced them to the party as Ygli, Bakumba and Marky. As soon as the three Kobalds were able to stretch their stiff muscles, they headed back to safety as quickly as their short, stout legs could carry them!

That left the caged gnome who still hadn't dared to even glance in their direction. Kasha decided they must get him out at once. Caging any creature was wrong! Well. Unless, it liked to snack on you! Mr. gnome-some, Urka Timbers, seemed grateful for his freedom at first, though his voice still carried traces of the infamous gnome superiority that always seemed to get his kind into vast amounts of trouble. At least Urka had learned snippets of information during his year-long incarceration that were actually useful to know. Once they got him talking, Urka couldn't seem to stop. Urka went on and on about some evil druid named Bakoot, who was apparently lurking somewhere down in the bowels of the castle. Kasha had trouble catching Urka's accent, but it sounded like Bakoot the Druid was in the Gloming Grove enchanting Accnym (?) trees to make fruit that could to heal or steal health. Plus, Bakoot was ordering goblins to sell the fruit up on the surface. Kasha wondered what evil scheme Bakoot was trying to fund down in the dusty catacombs. And why, under the three Suns of Suni, had the twins ended up in the presence of said evil druid? What could he possibly need them for? Kasha shuddered uncomfortably as another bad premonition hit her square in the gut and then tried to re-focus on the heated conversation that was now taking place between the others and Urka.

It seemed that Urka had offered his healing services in order to help save the twins but didn't think he was being offered fair compensation for it. Kasha thought that Urka was easily offended for one who hadn't seen the light of day and been on the brink of death for months! At that point, Urka decided he would rather run off by himself and would have left the grotto a huff, but the door had already been locked tight for the night. Instead, Urka marched back to his cage, curled up with a disagreeable sneer on his face and ignored everyone else entirely.

As the party bedded down and prepared for the night watch, Kasha wondered what the next forty-eight hours would bring. Her eyes drooped and quickly turned into a worn-out slumber. Within minutes, Kasha dreamed that she was at the end of a rainbow and staring at twin apples, one good and one bad. But, before Kasha could figure which apple would bring healing to her sick kitten, both apples faded out of her grasp, and the rainbow turned into Kasha's own startled reflection. Kasha looked closer, and a shadowy druid mocked her from within the mirror, until her blood

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boiled. Kasha woke with a snarl, then settled back down, again. There would be time enough to deal with that Bakoot character later during the day. Whoever he was, his days of dealing death were numbered!

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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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