

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.

Hey Rob,
I couldn't resist doing a 'write up'!

All Kasha wants to do is get this adventure over with as quickly as possible, so she can return to help her sick kitten, and it's already taken much too long with all this silly hiking and climbing about! It's also starting to sink in that attacking in a pack gets faster results and a dead companion will make her ordeal last even longer.

Plus, Kasha desperately misses her kittens. As the long days pass, Kasha finds herself needing a substitute 'kitten fix', which is easily provided by her companions, especially the short ones! She even heaves a sigh of relief when Zaltor manages to enter the fortress without attracting any trouble.

When Kasha hears the squeaking of the dire rat in the next room, an ancient racial thirst for blood explodes in her veins. How dare he attack her clan-mates! When it's over, a satisfied and elated Kasha debates on whether she should gut and stash her 'kill' in the chilly front room for later consumption. But, remembering her teacher's advice, Kasha concludes it would be more civilized to keep ignoring this particular clan delicacy in mixed company, even though the liver from the cave meat is probably hers by right. Unless, the party somehow ended up in dire straights and someone else suggested it! Instead, Kasha spends the evening sharpening her blades and almost anticipating the next obstacle in her way. When the party beds down for the night, Kasha sleeps lightly, reaching out at one point to stroke a phantom kitten.

The next morning, when she looks down the hall and sees the (creepy little bushes), Kasha suddenly feels touch of reckless courage invade her senses, as some outlandish music reaches her ears. As such, Kasha dances into the next conquest, which, all things considered, is nothing larger than those shire-balls she used to kick around as a kitten.

Kasha feels the music ebb and flow into her muscles, strengthening her resolve to smite the murderous little thorns in front of her. For a brief moment, Kasha regrets not being able to throw the dead rat on top of the lead shrub as a distraction, but

settles for handling this the old-fashioned way. With the help of her clan-mates, Kasha fells her enemy with a viscous “Ha!” in defiance to everything that has annoyed her over the past few months. It takes

Kasha a moment to shake off the curious blood-thirst as they decide where to go next.

The next room with the oversized brew-barrel looks harmless enough, but Kasha feels a sense of unease growing in her gut. Still humming and feeling somewhat invincible, Kasha takes note of the enticingly shiny, silver bung located near the top of the barrel. The party discusses checking out the top of the barrel and acquiring some free brew by the simple means of standing on the dog, Sammy. At this point, Kasha realizes that her height and weight make her the best suited to scout out the area and not overburden the poor creature, who is still looking a bit resentful under the addition of three backpacks.

Kasha gracefully leaps onto the dog’s back and spies nothing amiss, but the sense of unease increases exponentially inside her. Unfortunately, Kasha knows that she still has the best chance of tumbling out of this mess if something explodes and her mount skitters away out from under her. With her tail lashing and her ears laying flat against her head, Kasha sighs, grabs a mug, and lines up the best spot to dive back towards on the floor behind her. Her eyes contract into slits, as Kasha deliberately reaches up to twist out the bung and satisfy her now-burning curiosity....

Cheers,
Leah

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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