

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.

Phulleigh Dotfive's Journal

Game date: 31 Apros- 1 Mavis 1008

(Real world date: June 26, 2021)

Day 33 of the Xterminators

the loss of our favorite Knight is weighing heavily on our hearts. I cannot bear the thought of going down into that cursed pit and seeing his bloody mangled body...

I suppose I should start back at the Dragon room after Xalted accidentally smashed Grey to the ground with his shield.

31 Apros

After Grey got up, we decided to go back to the room where we originally found the dragon to search for treasure. To our surprise the white dragon left us a nice little pile of what it thought was important. There was a small dragon-jade carved figurine, a twenty-four piece set of silverware with dragon sculpting, a bone scroll case sealed with wax and some writing, "The Glitterhame," and some other stuff.

After that we moved to the end of the fifty-five foot long room and opened the southern door. Through it was a fifteen by fifteen foot room with hammocks, trash and stinky stuff. We opened the door to the east and found a ten by twenty foot hallway that turned to the south for another ten feet. That door led into the Queen's room, so we headed back to the unopened door to the west. With our ears to the door we heard goblins and before we could get ready Xalted swung the door open wide and stepped in. He immediately swung his not so skinny sword and downed a goblin. Tosha moved into the room also and felled a goblin. When it was Spencer and I's turn we padded in after the couple and Spence ripped a goblin face off. Phiny-ass came into the room just in time to see Tosha throw her sword across the room as he sprayed colors of necromantic magic and two enemies thought they

were undead. Xalted stabbed another goblin in the heart just as Spencer moved closer to help but he must have stepped on a metal jack because he reared up and almost threw me off. But because I am so awesome I was able to hold on with my legs and instead I only banged myself in the head with my staff. All of a sudden Grey appeared out of nowhere swinging Malagar at the goblin that looked to be guarding an old goblin queen. Just then Spencer ripped the thigh out of a big hobgoblin and when it fell screaming to the ground Xalted sliced the throat of the hobgoblin in front of him. As we were dispatching the goblins that thought they were undead, the old white haired goblin lady said something. When I looked up at her and said, "What?" Phiny-ass replied, "She said we surrender. And I told her that if she surrenders all her treasure we'll let her live." Grey bobbed his head up and down in grudging assent. With Phiny-ass interpreting, Grey asked, "What did you do with the prisoners?" They pointed to a door and said what I think meant was "down." We decided to put the non-combatants in a different room and locked it while we searched for treasure.

After that we moved through the south-east door and found a hall that turned to the south. Grey found a pressure trap through the next hallway. We figured it better to not risk a fall into a pit trap with no healing spells available, so we went all the way around and back to the queen's hall. On the way we found a door that we hadn't opened. Grey forgot to inspect it for traps and when he opened it he got hit in the head with an arrow (luckily it was in the forehead). We saw three kobolds who recognized us as the savior of the dragon and they escorted us to the throne room where the queen said, "Thank you for clearing out the goblin area." As she signaled to one of her guards, she yelled, "Bring the treasure chest!" At least that's what Phiny-ass said. There was one hundred gold in it.

After that we decided to settle in the room next to the dragon and rest for the day and night before we headed into the "tower" door. Everyone else seemed bored or

maybe anxious to get moving, but Spencer, Sammy and I were going over their tricks all day and finally later I caught up on my journal.

1 Mavis

Must have been anxious, because as soon as we ate breakfast everyone was armored up and ready to go so we went back to the necromantic tower door. Grey unlocked the door and took a step back so Xalted could open it and we could see eight or nine goblins three or four Hobgoblins and a giant scion scourge. One of the hobgoblins was wearing a hat with antlers and a goblin cleric with long white hair who had an oaken staff. The cleric immediately cast a spell at us that scared Spence a bunch, but it mostly went away when WizRWe started singing. Just as our eyes started to survey the room, noticing the circular stairs with a very wide opening in the floor, eight or nine javelins flew at us, two of which stuck in Xalted. Tosha scampered through an open side door trying to split up our party yet again, so I had Spence follow her to make sure she didn't get herself killed (although to her credit, Xalted did say they were coming around the other side). We took a position in front of the door in order to stop a bunch of them from coming in at once. Grey grew big (I could hear his guttural voice in the other room) just as I cast bear claws on Spence and I and the scion scourge stopped moving after a few swipes. Phiny-ass came into the room to back us up and when Tosha got her shoulder dislocated from an enemy smash, she took a step back and Phiny-ass turned that hobgoblin undead with his spray of colors. I could see our kitty was in pain as tears started to form in her redened eyes, so I cast rejuvenate on her. Several javelins sailed past us as a goblin stepped up into the undead hobgoblin's place and bonked Spence on the head. I tried to use my awesome riding skills to move Spence out of the way, but it wasn't in time. Finally, WizRWe came into the room while still singing and jabbed a goblin twice, one for each eye, with her magical staff. Just then Grey reached around the door jam and smashed the cleric down at the same time that I crushed the head of a goblin and Spence spilled hobgoblin entrails. After that Spence moved next to the

antler guy as Xalted pushed through the door with a yell and pushed a hobgoblin ten feet and into the circular pit. We could hear a satisfying crash as it hit several seconds later. That push was so awesome that the other hobgoblin decided to be a copy cat. Xalted scrambled and pushed back, but he lost his footing on the stone and went over the side. We all froze for a second with what looked like anguish and pain on our faces as several seconds later we heard a familiar crunching sound. Grey got real mad and pushed that hobgoblin off the side and we listened for a noise at the end but didn't hear one. Just then Vern cast a command for the antler guy to sit down as he looked over the edge and said, "The other hobgoblin is climbing down." Grey still had his angry face on as Malagar crushed the ribs of a goblin just as I sliced its arm off. After that Vern and I both hit the hobgoblin with our slings and it fell unconscious atop Xalted and the other hobgoblin. As Vern healed Spence, Phiny-ass sent the owls down to see if Xalted was moving but apparently not. The owls also saw "other" two legged living creatures so they flew back quickly.

Leaning over the edge I wondered what we would do without our Xalted protector? At the bottom, I could just make out what I thought was his armor in the dim green and purple light. I held my breath and stared at it for what seemed like forever, waiting for him to get up and smile that shiny dung eating grin he always gave after besting a foe. As I noticed a couple of drops of water fall into the pit, I realized too late that they were dripping out of my eyes. I sniffed a few times quickly and wiped my eyes with my gloved hands doing my darnedest to be the neutral druid that I'm supposed to be. Mielikki, the loss of our favorite Knight is weighing heavily on our hearts. I cannot bear the thought of going down into that cursed pit and seeing his bloody mangled body...

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 Sean O' as Phulleigh Dotfive for the "Rob's World!" D&D Campaign.*

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