

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.

Hi Robert,

Some messed up dates in my translations but here it is:

I don't know what day it is but earlier, from below decks, I heard a warning that we've been harpooned and boarded by some Krakatoa (Kuo-Toa). I just woke up from an awesome dream-reminiscing my time back in Willie. I'm still not sure what Keplee was trying to accomplish by toting me around on her arm. But, it made her feel good and increased the quality of her life even if only for a day. . . Back to today: I arise and consider donning my armor but my honor precludes it. I grabbed my sword and shield and proceeded to the deck. Sounds like a few of the creatures jumped off and swam away. The three left were giving up or disabled. We tied them up discussed it a bit. . . Untied and retied them and sent them overboard with a warning of death on returning to our ship.

Forgive my loss of time. Have you ever been on a ship? Day after day bobbing along on the waves along the shore—a blur in the distance. On this day we saw some dolphins, it was so peaceful to watch them slice through the waves. Their honor and dignity inspire me to follow my disciplines. We also passed a water mephling. It seemed he was calling us over then he began launching fish at us. I'll have to remember those things lack the wisdom to have integrity.

23 Apros 1008

Finally we landed in Urmlaspyr and I was able to reorient my mental calendar. Today is the 23 Apros, 1008 the return trip is departing for Whillip in 20 days. We disembarked the boat at 13:30 and made our lodgings at the Restful Inn—recommended by our sea captain—after grabbing some “sling stones” at the Cranky something or other. I thought I could always find a nice set of stones at the river.

At the stagecoach office we were able to procure tickets for the 16:00 stage tomorrow. I spent some extra time at the fire by the stables across from the inn before turning in now for the night. Sounds like a 10 hour stage to Daerlun so I guess I don't need much rest here.

25 Apros 1008

Not much of consequence today. Milling around the port town with my colleagues. It's interesting to consider "X" what is his story? His aim? How did we come in to become the Xterminators. He seems an honorable type and all. You know sending us to help out these missing twins. They don't seem much more experienced than us. I pray that my training, honor, and compatriots are up for the challenge. Forgive my writing being such slop. It's hard to write or sleep in the stage.

26 Apros 1008

Today or rather late late late last night when the stage stopped to rest and water the horses in the dark of the night I met my first treant. I wasn't too impressed. This example of it's race seems to be quite impressionable. It tromped out to our fire ring asking for some tribute. Why? Because someone told him he should as for tribute. . . Some shiny stuff. I find it hard to hold my tongue and my honor when engaging in such simple folk. But I guess that I what honor is for. If only my homeland could gasp it as such. Gertrued the coach driver's wife and partner was able to offer something shiny and the treant chose to leave before I had to strike him to protect our transport.

We arrived in Daerlun at 2:30 and promptly grabbed stage tickets for 8:00 to Kulta.

Barran, the stage master, pointed us to Candice's campsite adjacent to the station. I had the first watch and struggled for sleep in any case. I guess travel at sea beats this. I miss my horse and my homeland. I went out to the stable fire and chatted with Banko, Manchester, Vince. They had heard of the missing Hokerra twins. Seems they were heading to the Twilight fortress with their adventuring party (the Dungeon Delvers) when they were last heard from

The guys also warned to Watch out for those damn scion scurges - vampiric tumble weed attack the cattle, sounds like wind blowing through dry leaves. The sound pretty deathly ripping the flesh off of a cow in not time. We could never remember

what they were called so we often call them the scurvy scourge—too much time at sea I guess

Vincent also mentioned his friend Bart Quelingfest. He is a competitor to the Hokkeras, short with red hair and long beard.

I hit it for a couple hours rest before the next stage.

27 Apros 1008

5:13 sunrise

The rest of the party went to look for an armorer and I hung about the corral to meet the common folk and lend a hand. I met Torrence, Jack, and Cavinaugh (humans) who gives me a bag of seppafra seeds . . . Can be used as a trail marker... chew them (mild minty flavor) spit out the residue makes it easy for the dog to follow your trail. Enough seeds to set 10 trails up to one mile long (+1 to tracking when using the seeds) "Plus they taste great"

Somehow we got delayed and ended up overnighiting on the stage again even though we left at 8:00. At 1:30 the right rear wheel of the stage broke after or as we crossed over a creek bed. The stop and the dark made us game for a few revenging wolves. We dispatched them as the stagemaster finished his work. It was good sport. I'm just glad it wasn't the survey scourge, those sound like they can annihilate a man in moments.

When we arrived in Kulta we met curious Ken at the town square. He pointed us in the right direction to the Hokerra's ranch. Shortly before arriving there we met a couple of guys who escorted us to the ranch. They set us down in the gazebo where I met a beautiful old lady, Betty. The kind of beauty that only a long story on the range can create. A hard and solid woman. Found out later she was the mother of Surge Gabrick, the Forman of the ranch and the grandmother of two of the serving girls here: Zelda and Theresa.

After some tea and rest (lots of rest on this journey. I'm ready to slay some evil and prepare to create my vision) we finally met with the Hokarra Mother, sweet ____ She told us the story of her lost twins and the reward of 4,000gp for even returning a ring. It seems more than she can or should afford. But who am I to put a price on love. She also gave us a baton with a circle made of clay embedded in the clay is the signet ring with the family brand: a bull head over a family "H".

We grabbed some lunch and headed back to town to prepare for our journey. I never realized that Buttered Rum and Cinnamon Vodka were a necessary part of our preparation. It wasn't all a loss because we were able to gather more information that may be helpful. We discovered that the twilight fortress is frequented by the dragon Cultists who sport a tattoo on the back of their neck of a little dragon. Though more often than not their long hair covers and masks this feature.

More fearful stories of the scion scourge. I pray that my honor and discipline can bring me to that challenge when it arises and my strength, skill, and training can bring me and my traveling companions away. I'm surprised we haven't Moe across them yet so many miles crossing the open terrain.

The Hokarra's provided for our needs in town and bedded us in the 8 room below ground bunkhouse. We all made it back in one piece including Garrick, he sure has a mind for the ale and liquor.

Appros 28 - Long Day

I was excited for this day. To get back on the path of my training. Breakfast started with teaching Zelna some of the cultures and practices of the well to do in the city. I tried to get Betsy to teach her to curtsy. She was having none of it. This is a working ranch and these are working people. It's all a matter of mindset and Betsy (I think she prefers Betty but she let it slide) is set.

Once we got to town, we found Ken the half-elf again. Turns out he is the deputy of town. Seems like more of a title than an action for him. Though he was able to fill some of our gaps in understanding the fortress and it's related creatures. Seems

there are Kobolds here with glowing red eyes, omnivorous, sensitive to bright light (esp sunlight). I didn't hear at the family about Bruce. Bruce is the older brother of the Hokerra Twins. I wonder if there's something fishy going on there. I wonder if the working class have as much entitlement and legacy challenge as the aristocracy. Maybe I was just lost in my thoughts.

It seems I let slip the missing twins. Ken hadn't yet heard of the missing twins. I hope I didn't violate the Hokarra trust in that mis-step.

Ken sent us on our way down the old road that leads to the twilight fortress informing us that 2 miles down the old road is a ravine.

Not far down the road was a road block with the common warnings of danger, go back, do not go any further. Dotfive spots an owl, except it being day, I didn't think anything of it. Nature animals and trees aren't really my thing. Am I in err?

Turns out our bird Labraen is chirping with him. Feels like the owl is smarter than Labraen. Eventually we discover that the owl is the familiar of sharelyn and named Asterix. It seems it has agreed to guide us to his master.

The birds scout ahead and after two miles the ravine doesn't show up.

Journal found from Barron Eltap about magical apple to trade with the goblin. I really wasn't listening. My attention was more on our surroundings.

Way past the two miles we expected and after lunch we finally find "the ravine" it is less wooded here. Trail turns parallel to the ravine with a good view. A more sizeable ravine than I expected. After traveling along the ravine for a while, we find some pillars along the edge in varying levels of repair and the ravine plunges deeper into the earth between them (matching pillars on the opposite side).

Its about dinner time and we find a rope down about 50' to a platform. The ravine seems to be about 40' wide and I couldn't see below the platform into the darkness

Xterminators Adventure Journal

how far it extended. It took us nearly an hour but eventually after some up down invisible rope tangling acts we all arrived at the bottom of the ravine. The rope was followed by a series of other platforms. It must've been 100' into the ground.

We were promptly greeted by wet feed and a mess of dire rats. I'm stating to question if my honor must be extended to such vermin of the evil persuasion.

After cleaning up that foul mess and moving our light we were able to discern a large tower to the far side of the ravine with a small box building on the side 15' up a set of ledges. Looks like the building slid down here And remained intact somehow. There is a 10' high water mark. Some water on the side of the ravine we entered by and moving to the south.

We all climb up the ledges and enter the room. Garreck finds a trap but we have to move the rotting goblins we find in the way to avoid falling in the pit trap. We get into the tower and find four more dead goblins. Moving on to the next room to the SW, we eventually open a locked door and find a room with a single dire rat and dispatch it quickly before we search and find another door to the W engraved with a relief of a dragon which is magically bound and won't open. Garreck is sure it should have "mechanically" opened. We decide to bed here and Garreck locks us in for a hopefully quiet night of sleep.

At least I was able to rid the world of some evil vermin and swing my sword.

Thank You,

Brian

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 _____ for the "Rob's World!" D&D Campaign.

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