

## H.A.L.L.O.W.ed Knights Adventure Journal

*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 has also/also serves as a repository of vast knowledge. Here is proof that the party has encountered the dreaded 'Black Flame Zombies', that they do know the secret of 'Glan Sarin', that the 'Lair of COEPAS' was infested with an alien creature - Called the Taxini - and it's grub-like offspring.*

*The journal contains important details about the places, people, and monsters the party has traveled to, encountered and fought. Without this written record, many details would escape our memory (The DM, the Player's and thus the character's). Without this history, we might find no way to prove that the party recovered a giant cache of soul gems from the ancient Mind Flayer pilgrimage site, deep beneath the ruined city of Lingice Enz'*

*I encourage You, the readers to enjoy these journals - You, the writer, to continue your contributions - and you the player to be glad that you have this resource at your disposal. If not for the journal, you might have to fight that horde of Hopping Pink Oinkers without the knowledge imparted by a well written journal.*

*Robert Vaessen (DM/occasional player in the Rob's World! campaign)*

**Campaign Note from the DM:** This journal represents the return of Imago. Imago was a character played by Sean O'. in our "Rob's World!" D&D campaign. For various reasons, Sean had to leave our campaign in Feb? of 2013. After Sean left our campaign the remaining players ran Imago until a mega-battle known as 'The Arena of Doom' - During that battle, many members of the party (characters who were previously played by former party members) were slain by Glan Sarin and his Shadow Mastifs. Imago (Sean's character) was one of the few characters to escape from the Arena before things turned 'Ugly'.

With a magical teleport ability, Imago was able to reach the moving exit of the Arena and escape to the relative safety of Glan Sarin's inner complex. 'Relative' safety is the keyword here. Unbeknownst to the rest of the party, Imago wandered the dungeon on his own until he encountered a dangerous portal.

Viewing what he took to be a way out of the dungeon, Imago jumped into the portal. He was gated away to a distant land called 'New Ork' in the year 1984? There he encountered a multitude of strange and powerful wizards who harnessed metal dragons for conveyance, and spoke to other people through strange rectangular voice projectors. Imago's adventure was halted by the 'Enforcers' men in uniforms who accused Imago of breaking some 'Law' - Imago was briefly incarcerated in the prisons of the ruling class...

After the H.A.L.L.O.W.ed Knights completed their adventure beneath the ruined city of Lingice Enz, they returned to Whillip and sought out magical divination to locate their lost comrade. They were able to locate him - Imprisoned in a metal cage with barbarians and rapists! They paid the Mage's Guild of Whillip to retrieve him from this distant dimension and return him to the present.

When Imago returned to the HKs, he was extremely grateful; but he was also quite shaken by his experiences in the land of 'New Ork'. He gave away most of his money, all rights to any treasure, and severed his ties with the HKs in order to embark on a 'Spiritual Journey'.

Prior to his recent re-introduction, the party hadn't seen Imago, and they have no idea where he was while they were advancing to 10th level and preparing for their next adventure.

Sean has returned to our group (More than two years later), and Imago is back in the game. Sean was lucky enough that Imago didn't die in the 'Arena of Doom', but his luck extended further when Imago survived incarceration in the prisons of the fascists of 'New Ork'. In a master stroke of good luck, the HKs

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were actually gracious enough to retrieve Imago from this alternate dimension/distant land even though they didn't know what would happen when and if Imago could be retrieved.

Long live Imago! Long live the valiant and just H.A.L.L.O.W.ed Knights. Welcome back Sean.

This journal was prepared by Sean O', playing Imago, a male Gnomish adventurer back from the past. Imago is accompanied by Lauralei the Paladin, the last surviving member of a group sent to slay an Evil Sorcerer in the past. Odd things these spell casters do... Here one wizard sends Imago into the past in order to team up with another group of adventurers - in order to defeat an evil Witch!

Sean has agreed to take up an old responsibility that Chris was performing. Sean used to keep excellent notes and journals when he played with our group back in 2013 (going back to 2004), and now he's agreed to resume that responsibility with our current group of players.

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 10th level adventure in the "Rob's World!" campaign. This adventure takes place in the Forgotten Realms. In a tiny corner of the 'Kelvarig Peninsula'. Not far from the Adventurer's base of operations is a swamp. A mysterious place known as Fletchin's Swamp. Fletchin's Swamp is a relatively benign place to all outward appearances. A refuge of nature, a font of untamed wilderness which once covered the continent. Unknown to most, the physical confines of Fletchin's Swamp are much larger than they appear to the casual observer. The swamp is inwardly extra-dimensional. The swamp is actually ten times larger on the inside than it is on the outside.

Our adventurer's have entered the swamp in search of something called the 'Black Flame' a source of power and evil which powers an evil cult. The cult uses the flame to perpetuate their black magic, their army of undead, their seemingly unstoppable plans. Our party of adventurer's seeks the black flame in an effort to counter that foil which thrusts at the heart of Sembia and beyond. They seek the black flame in order to roast some seeds. The seeds will then be used in potions which will counter the army of 'Black Flame Zombies' which seem poised to break out of the swamp and threaten the greater region with an ever growing threat of evil and corruption.

### Imago's Journal

Forgot to ask what year it is...

Lauralei poked her head out of the treehouse just as I was finishing my prayers to Pelor. She said there was a strange creature eating a dog. Fwoop, there she went right down the rope. I grabbed up my staff and slung my backpack over my shoulder and jumped down the hole after her, repeating over and over, "strange creature eating dead dog, strange creature, eating dead dog, strange creature..."

Eewwww! The Black Flame Undead guy was back and was munching on the halfling's companion. That must have made Lauralei mad, cuz she went straight for him, broadsword and shield coming out in one swift snap, snap, snap... beauty in motion. The rest of treehouse denizens fell out one by one, and the next thing I knew there were 10 more Black Flamers all around us. So I ran up next to Lauralei to protect her and threw my 3 fireballs at the dog

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muncher; it hurt him, but didn't kill him. Behind us Mott busted off some Pelorian healing energy and poof, a bunch of the flammers turned to dust. It was coooooool. Poof! I have to learn to do that someday. Those special effects would be great in a movie. Oh, I need to tell them about moving pictures. Oops, I digressed.

It turned out there were only 6 of them; at least that's how many I counted and Mott poofed most of them. Just as the last of them were poofing, the other treehouse blinked out of existence and dumped out the rest of our party. It was kind of funny actually, but I didn't laugh. At least I don't remember laughing. Maybe I just smiled. But I was still mad at being disturbed after morning prayer. I didn't even get a chance to change the color of my gee. Oops, digressed again.

So we took off in the direction of the green light and no sooner did we get to a trail and we had to fight again. What's the deal with this swamp? You live in a swamp and you have to fight all the time? How about, "hey would you like to share our camp fire and eat some alligator? That's an awfully nice gee you have there. Why thank you, that's an awfully nice long tail you're balancing on..." but no, let me kill you just cuz you're in a swamp. I'm not digressing. Well, maybe a little.

Anyways, we were single file on a trail that was against a cliff face looking over a 50 foot drop. Half way through, Azura's armor roared and we heard a bunch of rumbling. At the top of the cliff above us, rocks started to fall. Everybody split up and I didn't feel like moving out of the way for a bunch of rocks so I just cast a fly spell and hoped that I could fly up out of the way nice and slow. But nope, me and Captain Erik got hit with the landslide and we went down into the water. I didn't get hurt much cuz of my diamond skin, but a big rock did hit me in the side of the head just as I spotted a lizardman at the top of the cliff. Arco was already flying on his carpet and it looked like he blasted some of those guys, cuz two figures crumpled. I thought the lizardmen were supposed to be friendly? Isn't that who we're supposed to be saving? That's not very appreciative to kill the good guys that are trying to save your swamp, stupid lizardmen.

So lizardmen must make a lot of babies, cuz one after the other they kept coming out of secret tunnels and hitting us. It felt like 2 days before the fighting was over, but suffice it to say we all did our job, except Lauralei who took a special liking to the dog. She spent like an hour petting the dog for some reason, but I didn't say anything. If she likes dogs, I guess that's her thing. She probably saw me killing all the lizardmen and figured I had it handled and she could take some time off. Next time I saw her she ran up to Azura and asked if he needed healing. I just looked at her and her beautiful shiny armor and wondered how come it didn't have any dust or blood on it and how it was nice and form fitting... anyways, the whole time Azura was laying down in the tunnel and I was asking how come he was lying down and if he wanted me to help pick him up or heal him or just kill the lizards next to him, but he wouldn't answer. So finally after three times I gave up and went into the tunnel cuz there wasn't anybody else to kill. But I saw this

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huge lizard thing, and he was really really ugly and mean looking and he smelled bad too, so I ran back behind Azura in case he decided to answer me about healing. That's when the big ugly guy came up and shot us. That made Azura so mad that he smashed his hammer right in the middle of that guys chest and it burst open and guts and blood and lizards inards flew everywhere. I didn't get any on me cuz I was behind Azura and even though he was still laying on his butt, he took all the blood spray thank goodness. I didn't want to waste a spell to clean my gee again. I was saving that to make it green so I could match the color of Lauralei's eyes. And that's when the goddess of Pelor showed up. Did I mention how her armor is form fitting?

We healed up and stacked up the bodies, there must have been like 50 cuz I lost count when I saw a shiny fall out of the pocket of one of them. It was just a magic potion, so I just put it back in his pocket cuz I can't carry those things and I didn't want to break it by accident and get it on my nice clean gee. Anyways, I healed myself up full so Mott didn't have to spend any energy; he was looking kind of tired and everyone else was asking for healing too. So I just watched Lauralei's armor for a little while longer while I practiced my katas. Come to think of it I'm a little tired myself. This might be a good time to take a power nap. Wonder if Lauralei would notice if I fell asleep on her leg. Couldn't hurt to try... well not too much anyways. No precious, not too much at all.

*Disclaimer on accuracy: This journal is written by one or more of the player's in our campaign. It has not been edited by the DM for accuracy. 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 is question may in fact 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 their 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 this. 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)*

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