

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' on a previous adventure, 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 'responsibility' - 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, remaining players ran Imago until a mega-battle known as 'The Arena of Doom' - During that battle, many members of the party (character who were previously played by former party members) were slain by Glan Sarin. 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'.

The party hasn'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

What year is it?

Then she shot a tiny clear ball at Lauralei and she disappeared. OMG! She killed my friend! That was supposed to be my past future wife someday. I reached into my bag and pulled out three of my fireballs and threw them at her with all my might. Blam blam blam! They all hit with a whoosh as the fire dissipated harmlessly around her, like she had a fire shield up or something. The scary elf witch made a scary elf witch face as the sonic damage went off. I think it hurt her, cuz she looked even more scary after that. I think she was mad. Yes she was precious. I read that in a book once where a gnome went crazy cuz of a powerful evil ring he was wearing... ooops, I digress. I do that sometimes... digress. A guy told me that once, that I digress. He even told me what it meant after I asked him 3 or ten times. He said that when I talk... ooops, I may have

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digressed again. It's okay precious, this is our journal and no one else is gonna read it. And if they do we'll know cuz of the "You'll go blind if you keep that up" curse we put on it. Anyways,...

She said something really nasty in demon language; I won't repeat it here, cuz it was NOT lady like. I almost wish I hadn't learned that language. Ewww, it still gives me the shivers. That's when she threw a glass bead at ME. I started to laugh, cuz I knew she'd never be able to hit me. Everyone knows that an old old old elf can't hit a little fast gnome monk like me with a stupid old piece of glass, even if she is part demon, isn't that right precious. Yes it is precious. But she must have wizarded it up, cuz next thing I know is a bunch of people that look familiar but I can't remember who they are are standing around me and the scary elf cleric tells me to identify myself. One of those little glass balls, now I know it's glass cuz the dwarf stepped on it and it crunched just like glass, crunched under his big fat foot, and up came the shimmering beautiful wavering image of my bestest friend from the past, Lauralei. OMG! She's alive! That nasty mouthed scary demon elf witch DIDN'T kill her! I still may be gettin married yet! Oh Yes precious.

That guy with the big hammer looks just like Azura, except he's really really big and he's got sparkles floating around him. And he's getting ready to smooch Lauralei. I yell at him, "Oh no you better not!"

All is right in the heavens, aaaahhhhhh (queue the heavenly host or the choir, whoever's available). She takes full form and she yells my name and glides over to me and I launch myself into her arms, and pray she's gonna catch me and I hold onto her neck in the mean time. I tell her that I thought she was dead, but she's not and that I'm so glad that she's not dead cuz she's supposed to marry me. I don't tell her that last part. But I was thinking it.

I tell the cleric that my name is Imago and Lauralei shoots him a "Are you evil" stare and makes him mad. But I'm not worried cuz he has pelor's holy symbol on him just like Lauralei's and I know he's not gonna hurt us cuz when I spoke to Pelor he said that his followers aren't evil and that we don't hurt innocents. When I asked him what that was he said that it meant people that don't mean to hurt other people, so I knew the cleric wasn't going to hurt us. And for the last week I've been worshipping Pelor, mostly because Lauralei does, and she made him sound really neat so I started talking to him and he told me a bunch of things about being one of his followers so I decided to follow him too. Hopefully Mr. Glittergold won't be too upset. But I'm sure he won't because he's a gnome too. That made it easier for me to charge up her armor every night, that's one of the things he said I could do, and so I get to put my hands on Lauralei every night. Even if it's just her armor, that's okay, cuz I imagine it's her night gown, cuz she

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sleeps in her armor anyways, it makes it more fun that way. And besides, it'll make it easier for when we get married. Pelor said that I'd have to wait for her to fulfill her duties before she falls for me. I wasn't sure what that meant, but I think it means that he's okay with us getting married, just not right away. Oops, I digress.

So the cleric, his name is Mott, starts healing everyone cuz they were just in a big fight with some dragon dogs, at least that's what the chopped off head looked like. I'm guessing they won, cuz they were still alive, but one of them died. I didn't remember him from the other dimension, but I told them that I could cast those kind of spells if they wanted. I wonder if Mott is short for mother or mottster or mottley or something. I'll have to ask. If it is then maybe I'll go by Mott too. It's kind of a cool name. Anyways, the guy that was all bloody, he's short like me, a halfling I think, said he was going to bust off some of his own healing spells. I can't tell what he does, but it's obviously something that casts spells, but not like mine, one's that are granted by your god. I cast ones that come from the Arcane side of things. Oh I forgot to tell them that I'm a mage like the other human guy. Oh well, they'll probably figure it out when they see me change the color of my gee.

So we stay the night cuz Mott said he was gonna memorize a spell to speak to the dead guy. And guess what? Out of the darkness comes the greatest Ranger in the World! It was my old girlfriend Enola. We were gonna get married for a while there, but I think she was in love with another guy and he must have died, because she said she wasn't interested in guys. I'm not sure if that meant just me or if she only likes girls now. But either way, we're not getting married anymore. But she's still my very good friend and she is after all the greatest Ranger in the World. That reminds me, I need to tell everyone the story of how she became the greatest Ranger in the World with her patented move. That's where she throws her bow into the forest about 30 feet so it looks like she's helpless and the monsters get a big head. Then when a monster comes up to her she pretends to pull a big sword or club or something out and hit them with it. With them having a big head and all, they believe that she has a real weapon, cuz when she swings it at them they fall down and die. So that must be a special Ranger power cuz she's done it twice that I know of and that's what made her the greatest Ranger in the World. That wasn't in her book for some reason, so it must be a secret or something. Oops, I digress.

So when I see Enola I get all happy, but I don't go and give her a hug cuz I don't want to make Lauralei jealous. That'd be a good fight though. Anyways, the other mage creates a rope house... that's a tree house that's invisible that you have to climb up a rope to get to. It's a really cool trick, maybe he'll teach it to me someday, if we get to travel with them. I still haven't been able to figure out what year it is. I've asked several times, but it's really hard to get this group to stay focused for some reason. Anyways, Mott asked

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the dead guy if he wants to be alive again and he says yes. So we can't have any of his stuff. That didn't make the other mage happy, cuz his mouth made a funny sound and his face made a frown. I'm guessing that the group has accepted Lauralei and I since they recognized me from the other dimension where I read that book about the gnome and his precious. Or it could have been ordained by Pelor because he knew that this group needed us. Why else would he have put the glass beads in front of the dwarf to step on? I'll have to remember to ask him. Oh and when Lauralei and I are getting married. I've heard that weddings can be very expensive. That could be a problem cuz I'm forever poor. Maybe that's why Pelor wants me to hook up with Lauralei, cuz apparently she's rich. I should ask her if I can borrow some gold to go get my companion. Now that I worship Pelor I bet he'll get me a cool familiar. I wonder what kind the other mage has? Maybe I should go by Arco too. That's kind of a cool name too. I hope it's not short for Arcopod or Arcopedes. That would not be a cool name. No it wouldn't precious.

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 in 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 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 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)