

# 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

Why won't anyone tell me what year it is...

Captain Erik said he wanted to move closer to the light. I guess that made sense, but I was kind of tired. Of course I'd never admit that; I'm pretty sure Lauralei thinks my energy is limitless. I certainly wouldn't want to disappoint her. Anyways, I could see Mott was a little tired also. He was healing everyone up, but moving kind of slow. The Captain kept insisting that we should leave since it was only the middle of the day. When the cleric said he was almost out of spells, that settled it. We were staying. I was glad cuz that would give me a chance to change the color of my gee and maybe find out what Mott stands for. I asked yesterday what it was short for, like three times, but Mott just rolled his eyes. I said, "Hey Mott, what is your full name?" I paused for a few seconds and when he didn't answer, I said, "so is it short for something? Is it short for Motley, or maybe Mother? Or is it short for Mottinger?" I think that may be it, cuz his eyes squinted a little like I called him a bad name. I said, "I'm wondering what Mott stands for because I think I'd like to have that as my name also. Mott is kind of a cool name, but I don't want

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people calling me that if it's short for Mottled. By the way, can you tell me what year it is? Do you remember that I traveled through time? And then when we got here, I asked right away what year it was and you told me to identify myself. But no one has told me yet. How come you're looking at me like that?" That's when he rolled his eyes and sighed (again). I said, "Are you tired from casting all those healing spells? Is that why you're having trouble answering my question? Maybe we should stay the day here like you suggested. What do you think?" Mott finally answered a question and said, "Yes I think we should stay here." I'm not sure if he was answering me or just talking to himself. But I smiled and said okay anyways.

Not that I've had a little time to think it over, the rolling eyes in humans usually means that I've irritated them. In Mott's case I think it just takes him a long time to think things over. So I tried asking him a question or two while we were resting, but really slow. "Ssssoooooo Mooooooott, whaaaaaat iiiiiiiiss yoooooooooour fuuuuuuuull naaaaaaaame?" And instead of walking around and around him really fast, I walked in slow motion like I was caught in a slow spell. That's when he started talking to himself or to Pelor, I couldn't quite tell because he started to walk out of the cave. Maybe he just needed to relieve himself. I hope I didn't make him feel like he had to pee watching me go in slow motion. That would be embarrassing.

So since Mott wasn't going to answer any of my questions, I just started talking to everyone while I was practicing my katas. Everyone was kind of out of breath and sitting around, so I figured I'd entertain them with a story. I started out with "You know... when I was in the jungle of... what was the name of that place?... anyways, I was in the middle of this huge jungle... Oh yeah, now I remember!" I looked right into Lauralei's eyes and she looked like she was actually listening, so I went on with my important story. Who cares that I already told them about it, it was relevant to a Most Excellent Idea (as Bill and Ted would say...) that I just thought of. "During an adventure Deep in the Black Jungles I was bitten by a fearsome creature called the Hyperium Dragon." I paused here for special effect (and to see if anyone remembered that it was a snake and not a dragon) and waved my arms around like a big dragon. "That bite nearly killed me." I pulled my pants down to show them the huge fang marks in my thigh. It was then that I got everyone's attention and I think everyone started to listen. Must have been a horrible scar, cuz everyone's eyes got real big. The bite is on the back of my leg, so I can't actually see it, but I can feel the scar. So now that I had everyone's undivided attention (finally) I put some theatrics into it, making my voice sound really big. "Praise be to Pelor, the Motley Crew that I was traveling with included a very ancient and powerful tribal medicine man. He was able to save my life, but only just." I paused for affect and then thrust out my fist and acted like I was holding a small coin between my fingers. "I continue to suffer to this very day from a horrible side-effect of that traumatic incident. My body's metabolic rate is TEN times that of a normal Gnome. My life span has been cut in half. While a regular Gnome can get to 200 or more years, I won't get to see 100. And that's not the worst of it; not only am I aging rapidly, I have to eat and drink twice as much as you or I'll die." I left the story there thinking that maybe Lauralei would feel bad for me and come hold my hand. I didn't tell them that Pelor granted me the ability to live without food or drink. Good thing too, or I would have eaten all those alligators myself. Anyways, I normally say that I'm digressing, but this was the climax that I was building up to. I started out saying that I wanted to take the name of Mott. But since he didn't answer me I'd decided to take a name that has defined me almost half my career. "This curse that I bear has defined me for more than half of my career. I've decided to name myself. This is the single most important event in a young Chaos

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Gnome's life. I've been searching for the perfect name for 342 years (that's counting time travel of course). I've decided to include you in this special occasion, so that you can bear witness to my monumental coming of age ceremony. I'm going to call myself Captain Hyperium." I looked at Captain Erik with a very serious stare and pointed at him. "That dwarf inspired me and made me realize how important it is to have a title. And since I own three ships and have been forced to give up half of my life, I shall forever be known as Captain Hyperium." I bowed and stayed that way for a really long time. At least I think it was a long time. It was the longest that I can remember staying still without talking. I looked up triumphantly and smiled. "This is usually where you shower me with gifts of priceless gems or bestow upon me an artifact of great power, or if my neighbors were poor they would offer me their daughters. But alas, I cannot accept any precious items (well, maybe the daughters) for I have taken a vow of poverty. I only ask that you share this momentous occasion with me and call me by my new name."

I think Captain Erik called me Captain once, but no one has called me by my new name yet. Maybe they're just worried about facing the green light. Anyways, we found a pile of huge scion eggs. Everyone started to argue all at once saying that we should destroy them. Someone suggested that the Paladin see if they were evil. So she did and they were. So that meant that they were alive even though they hadn't hatched yet. Some more arguing took place and Captain Erik said that he wasn't going to leave evil creatures alive. Lauralei spoke really loud "The only way you'll destroy them is through me." The Captain said "So be it." and Lauralei pulled out her Broadsword of Legend and began to advance toward the Captain with St. Daviek's sword rising above her head. I reached into my bag and pulled out my 3 fireballs and got ready to spring at the Captain if he pulled his sword. Luckily he held up both of his hands and said, "Whoa whoa whoa! What I meant was that's fine; If you don't want them destroyed I'm okay with that." Lauralei, in one smooth motion, took a step back and sheathed the sword. I think that frightened me more than her raising her sword at the Captain. I definitely do not ever want to make her mad at me. Talk about deadly. My past future wife can be scary. Anyways, I decided to take Lauralei to the other cave, telling her I needed to speak with her. I pretended to pick up that shiny again to let her get a few strides ahead of me. When I stood up, my face was inches from the Captain's ear. I whispered, "If you're going to do something to the eggs, you'll need to do it now and quickly." I caught back up with Lauralei and started a new conversation about our fight with the demon Elf witch very loudly. I'm not sure what happened but when Lauralei checked the eggs in the morning before we left, she looked satisfied as she gave a nod and walked out of the cave.

We decided to take the boat down the river. Oh and I changed my gee to a beautiful sky blue. When we got to a waterfall we pulled the boat out and took a few minutes to survey the land. In the middle of a lake was a huge crater with walls around it. We finally reached the green flame. This was the final encounter. The bad guys were here. We decided to go all out and cast our defensive spells and everyone would fly into the mouth of the dragon, so to speak. I cast six spells and we all started towards the crater. Mott said, "Well, maybe I'll wait until we get into a fight before I cast that other spell." I knew he was a little slow, and I thought it was cuz I was asking too many questions. Gee, I'll wait and cast that spell that lasts an hour and a half until we need it. WTF? (I'm not sure what that actually means, but it sounded cool when the guards said it to me. I think it means "incredulous").

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Three huge Blackflame undead flying vultures attacked us 30 seconds after we took off. "Sure could use that resist spell right about now Mott! You know, the one that you decided to hold back until we needed it!" Mott's face turned all kinds of colors, but he didn't say anything or for that matter do anything; he just floated there for a really long time. The Captain charged the first beast as it called out a horrifying scream and ran too far to get any of the resist fire. I'm glad I chose to be close to Lauralei or I might have soiled my bright red pants. It didn't seem to bother her though. By the time Mott cast the spell, Azura dropped his hammer, the Captain had been hit 5 or 6 times, and Lauralei yelled out that she would cast resist on Erik, cuz he was all kinds of on fire and bleeding. The cleric made up for his indecision by exploding 2 of the birds. Azura flew back after retrieving his hammer in time to see the last one die.

We flew towards what looked like a castle gate built right into the mountain. Before we could form any kind of plan, the dwarf charged the gate. Doesn't this guy know the three T's? No Tactics or Teamwork is Terminal? All that noise and no zombies... wierd. I didn't feel like wasting my fly spell, so I flew up the mountain toward the clouds. I followed the mountain up and over until I could see the inner fortress. When I spotted 2 groups of black flame zombies, Azura, Enola, and Lauralei came up behind me. As usual without any word, Enola started up her machine gun and attacked the zombies. We all followed suit until there were none left. Now all we had to do is wait for the dwarf to batter down the other side of the gate. By that time the fly spell will be gone. Guess there's nothing else to do but write in this stupid journal until they get here. I could sit next to Lauralei and rest my head in her lap while I write. That would definitely make the time pass a little faster. There is definitely no relation between a Gnome and a Dwarf. No there isn'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)*

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