

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 is written from a new Character's point of view. Laurelei Galanodel - Deb's character, is a Lawful Good, Half-Elven, Paladin of Pelor. Deb is a new player, having lived with and amongst gamers for a good part of her life, she knows much of the gamer 'lore', but she hasn't played the game in any serious way. Until now - Her refreshing insight and untrained point of view often result in interesting, novel, and sometimes remarkable new ways of solving puzzles and overcoming challenges.

Laurelei, the Half-Elven Paladin is accompanied by Lord Admiral Hyperium (aka Imago) the Gnomish Monk/Sorcerer, the last surviving members of a group sent to slay an evil Witch by way of mystic time travel. Paladins are sometimes called upon to consort with Sorcerers and various arcane types... Here a wizard sent Laurelei and Imago into the past in order to team up with another group of adventurers - in order to defeat an evil Witch!

Deb has recently picked up her pen after a recent break from the journal entries. We really appreciate the efforts of everyone who contributes to our D&D web pages (through journal entries, monster descriptions, NPC descriptions, location descriptions, clues, etc).

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 an 11th level adventure in the "Rob's World!" campaign. This adventure takes place in the Forgotten Realms. In a mighty forest of the Realms, the party has traveled northward to the dales of south western Cormanthor in order to come to the aid of the small towns and villages ravaged by the unwelcome advances of many monsters.

Strange and deadly creatures have been arriving unbidden, by way of a Troubled Tower in the heart of the forest. These monsters have wreaked havoc on the simple unassuming town folk. While farmers tend their fields, the fiends from the tower terrorize the town folk, slay their livestock and loot their larders. With hundreds of innocent villagers dead, and no end in site, the Tripartite Committee has summoned help.

With the promise of a hefty reward and an enticing multi-room mansion on the outskirts of Whillip, our adventurers weren't far behind when the call went out for brave adventurers. What followed was a short journey followed by an extradimensional romp across far away fields of Mechanus, Acheron and the elemental planes.

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With an ever increasing level of deadly foes, no clear goals, a less than communicative leader (The Prince), and a gloomy forecast, our adventurers decided that it was time to return to Whillip in order to regroup and reassess their priorities.

Back in Whillip, the party has decided to reassess the situation and try again to rid the lands of the monsters that threaten the peaceful villages to the south of Cormanthor. Once again to eliminate the threat that resides within the Troubled Tower.

Laurelei Galanodel's Journal

26 Mavis, 1007

It has been many months since I have had the wherewithal (and time) to write. My days have been very full and I have had little time to organize my thoughts well enough. We have just returned from the strangest quest I have ever been on and I am trying to make sense of all that has happened. In order for any of it to make even a tiny bit of sense, I need to go back to when all of it began...

Prior to leaving on this latest adventure, we spent many months at home in Whillip training and I am pleased to say that I am now a more powerful Paladin. The training was arduous but rewarding, and completed last Septev. By the spring of the current year (1007) we were ready for another adventure. We found an announcement on the bulletin board from the merchants of Cormanthor, Ashabenford, and Mistedale (which make up the "Tripartite Commission") looking for assistance eliminating living and undead from a ruined keep. They offered 100,000 gold, but moreover, the ownership of a mansion on the outskirts of Whillip! A mansion, just for the Hallowed Knights! How wonderful! The estate is unoccupied and would be transferred to the Hallowed Knights upon quest fulfillment (to the satisfaction of the Tripartite Commission).

We met with a man named "Uray" (a tall, skinny human with a square beard and bald head; a representative to the Tripartite Commission) at the Meat, Tea, or Inn. He was not actually from the tripartite area so he could not answer all of the questions we had but he was able to give us basic information. We learned that the keep we were to eradicate is in the forrest of Cormanthor. We decided to see this mansion for ourselves prior to accepting this new quest.

The mansion is a 3 story building. The grounds are overgrown and unkept. It looks as though it has been abandoned for at least 20 years. It has a wrap-around porch (which I LOVE!) that has 2 "wings" connecting the second floor. There are 2 signs in the yard, one of which warns "No Trespassing". Things got a bit strange after that because for some reason Arco yells that the trees are sucking up the oxygen and Azura begins attacking the walkway! Was this area enchanted in some way to affect them like this? Arco used his fireball spell on 2 of the trees (unprovoked, I must add...) and they began attacking us! What in the world was happening here?! We managed to stave off the attacking trees, but Arco's fire continued to spread. I was very worried that the mansion would burn down before we even had the chance to acquire it! How would we explain

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that?? Mot was able to finally douse the fire with a water spell. I was mortified that we attacked these creatures in the first place, and unsure of what had happened...or WHY. Arco and Azura seemed confused about this as well. We returned to the inn and located Uray. After more questioning and group deliberation we decided to accept the quest under the terms he offered.

On 23 Mavis, we set out on our new adventure across Sembia. We overnighted on the outskirts of Ordulin, the capitol of Sembia. During the night we had to defend our camp against 4 wereboars (Hill Giant Lycanthropes) but emerged from battle unscathed, having defeated them easily. In the morning we went into Ordulin proper to have some of our weapons coated with silver by a weaponsmith and then continued on our way.

On 24 Mavis, we came upon a Halfling named "Holfast" who said he owned an inn called the "White Heart Inn". He said we could stay there for free. It was a nice place and very hospitable. All of the surrounding farms appeared to be on lockdown. There didn't seem to be as many people around as there should have been, so perhaps this was the reason. Holfast takes us to the edge of town where we find, free standing, what appeared to be an empty suit of armor. Mot said that it was actually a type of construct and it had a name; "Zodar". Mot said that it (he??) was here to help us, but I remained very skeptical about that. Although I did not sense evil I was very wary. We then went to another inn which only had an image engraved on a plaque hanging above the door of a man with fire coming off his hands (and hence referred to as "The Man With Fire In His Hands Inn"). Holfast brought us there to meet with the "council" (consisting of a woman who was the proprietor of the inn and a couple of elves). They provided us with the remaining details of the keep. We then used our new "fly" spell (which we obtained following training in Whillip) to get there.

Upon finding the keep, we used my Mists of Balkar to get through arrow slits on the roof. We re-materialized and began exploring. Looking into a room we saw a battle going on between several monsters. There was a golem with several blue spawn godslayers (monstrous humanoids born to blue dragons and blessed by Tiamat). This is when things took a strange turn...

We ended up on another plane of existence (called Mechanus) where we battled 2 iron golems (at least they looked like iron). Zodar indicated that there was something stored in one of the golems' backs. We found a small silver bracer (and at this point can't get any information from Zodar as to what was so significant about it). It was very small, almost like it was designed to fit a child. Imago reached for it and it suddenly clamped down on his arm! He let out a little yelp and tried to take it off but it wouldn't budge. I became a bit worried when he began talking to it. Apparently it wasn't a bracer at all, but a symbiont called "Pi" and was now attached to, and living off of, Imago! I didn't like this at all...my friend host to a parasitic creature! I began questioning Zodar's motives at this point...

We disassembled the golems and stored them in the Il Varnik pouch because they contained a minute amount of adamanite (.001%) that we possibly could extract from them at a later date and sell. We began to follow Zodar as he led us through the keep. We entered a room with zombie

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flesh golems coming toward us. After defeating them (with no casualties to the party) a humanoid creature emerged from a doorway behind us. It had a transparent skull with gears (or “cogs”) in it! Zodar told us that he is called “The Prince”. The cogs in his head were small, many, and moving. It appeared to be a construct. He handed us a paper on which he had written “Acheron”. We assumed this was a place he wanted to go to.

I can't remember exactly how, but we found ourselves outside (at least I think it was outside) with fog around us, dirt below us, and clouds swirling in a vortex above. We were on the elemental plane of earth. We suddenly saw a large part of dirt rising up from the ground. It towered 32 feet into the air! What a strange place...! We avoided it and holed up in rope tricks for the night.

On 25 Mavis we awoke to a magma elemental just outside our camp. We were able to defeat it easily with no casualties and minimal damage to the party. Zodar then pointed off into the distance as if trying to tell us something. We gave him paper to write, and he wrote “ZELEKHUT”. We learned that the “Prince” was a Zelekhut Inevitable. He told us that he wanted us to accompany him to the tournament in Acheron, the battle grounds of the plains. He said that he is the champion. Zodar then told us that we were there to escort the Prince to the tournament. But this would have seemingly taken us away from our original objective, and at this point we all began wondering what was going on. Before we had time to question anything we encountered a Balor!!! I had never actually battled with a Balor before but had heard many a tale and horror story of their sheer size and strength. I have to admit that I was apprehensive about our ability to defeat it but we did so relatively easily...too easily...something seemed fishy here. This was like no Balor I had ever heard of...

At this point we all realized that something was very wrong there and were not comfortable following Zodar any longer. I was actually relieved, as there was just something about him... something I couldn't put my finger on...that I didn't like. I got the feeling that he would abandon us during a battle that HE initiated, to fend for ourselves on a foreign plane. I don't know why but I felt threatened by him, even though I knew he wasn't evil.

We decided to return to Whillip but needed to wait another day so that Mot could prepare the necessary spells to return us to the proper plane. Just then, a fissure began opening up in the earth and flames were shooting out of it! The party was separated by the fissure, with some of us on each side. Flaming nodules began shooting up out of the fissure, and they looked like something (someone?!) was inside them, like cocoon's of sorts. They began to “hatch”! The creatures coming out of them looked humanoid but also fluid and appeared glossy like polished stone or glass. We identified them as magma para-elementals. We were able to defeat them without casualties to the party. We decided to turn in for the day in the early afternoon, as we were eager to depart this place.

Very early this morning we emerged from our rope tricks at 12:10 am. We used the gem of teleportation (by Enola's brilliant suggestion!) to teleport to Lingez Enz, into the “Chamber of

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the Ages” where the other gem is located. The plan was for Mot and Arco to plane shift to the Beacon, leave the gem there, come back to us, then return the whole party back to the Beacon using the gem in the chamber. The plan worked and we found ourselves at the Beacon. It was only 1:30 am when we arrived, so we made our way to the Meat, Tea, or Inn. We went straight to the bar to enjoy a round of drinks. It was time now to re-address the possible adventures and decide where we would go next. Upon group deliberation, we decided that we would return to the keep and finish what we had started. We went to our rooms for the rest of the night.

Around 8:00 this morning we all met back in the bar. We spent the day today taking care of business such as having the items we returned with appraised, deciding what we would sell and keep, and other such business.

I end the day today in reflection of the past few days and the strange turn of events. I am still very bothered by the symbiont Imago returned with, as well as his fixation on it. We learned today how to get it to come off, but one method will harm the symbiont, the other one will harm Imago. Neither one seems acceptable to me. But ever since “Pi” attached itself to Imago he has been ignoring me and I am not used to that. Could it be that all along I have secretly liked his attention? Could I be feeling something more for him that I wasn’t aware of? Is this feeling jealousy?? I need to pray for guidance and wisdom. And, I will pray for Zodar...the strange being from another place that we would likely never see again...that he accomplishes what he set out to do without harming others...

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 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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