

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 had 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

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

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 members 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 duty - Journal writing! 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 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.

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.

Here, Imago (aka Admiral Hyperium) is having a conversation with his familiar, High Light (a Lantern Archon).

Imago's Journal

"That was not funny! I looked like a total idiot talking to my arm that whole time! And now Laurelie is mad at me cuz she thinks I'm ignoring her. That was just NOT funny! I don't understand your humor AT ALL!" Admiral Hyperium shouted.

A low, deep rumble was the response, followed by "Haaa Haaa Haaa."

In game date(s): 26 Mavis 1007

Real world date(s): 22 April 2017

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

The admiral unfolded his arms and turned around to see High Light shaking, almost vibrating up and down. Apparently, where he comes from, that's how archons laugh. It was slightly contagious, as the admiral's lip started to turn up at the corner.

Admiral Hyperium said, "alright, MAYBE, it was a little funny. But jokes usually have a time limit. You have to tell the punch line right after you tell the joke. You can't wait a day or two. Otherwise, your audience will have forgotten what the joke was. And in my case, it became natural to talk to my arm without being aware of anything around me. That was dangerous. Also, the rest of our group were looking at me like I was crazy. And I've been working so hard to look normal!"

High Light's bouncing slowed to a periodic spasm. That meant that he was not laughing hysterically, just trying hard to suppress the giggles. And not very successfully, as a couple of slow rumbling "Hee he hee" escaped.

A magic creature had attached itself to the Admiral's forearm. It was a fashionable bracer with powers in and unto itself. Of those powers, none allowed for telepathic communication. Its name is Pi, and it lives off a small amount of blood from its host (in this case, the Admiral). In return, it gives The Admiral heightened senses as well as increased fortitude. Once back at the Inn, the party decided that the creature was to be included as butt treasure. Its worth, according to the druid in the park, was 5,000 gold. Admiral Hyperium was thinking the price was a bit inflated considering it didn't even talk, but what did he know?

The Admiral jumped up on his bed and launched himself at the yellow ball in order to tackle him midair. High Light stopped moving and didn't dodge out of the way. He (if it's even a he) absorbed/"caught" The Admiral. The Admiral's arms wrapped themselves around High Light and began to squeeze tightly. The yellow ball began to resemble a pear, until they both floated down towards the bed. The Admiral gave him one last hard squeeze, as he pressed his face against the soft rubbery substance that was his best friend and then let go. He floated down until his head pushed into the pillow while High Light resumed his normal place in the upper corner of the room. If someone walked in they might think he was just dimly lit lamp (until they realized there was no lamp stand).

"So next time, just wait a few minutes, then you can start laughing," the Admiral repeated. "Not two whole days. I fully expect you to apologize to Lauralie, and explain that it was your fault that I wasn't answering all her questions."

A low "hmmmm" was all that was heard. Hopefully, that meant yes.

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 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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