# THE EMERALD CANOPY

*An adventure in the wilds of the Faerealm*

## WELCOME TO THE FAEREALM

***READ ALOUD***

*Above you, the ancient, twisted branches of colossal oak trees weave into an impenetrable, emerald-green ceiling that blocks the sun, replacing it with a perpetual twilight. Giant glowing mushrooms illuminate the twisting path ahead in violent hues of pink and blue, though the excessively sweet scent in the air carries a razor-sharp edge of primal danger. Everything here feels just a little too colorful, a little too alive, and extremely watching you.*

Navigating the Faerealm requires an iron will, a silver tongue, and an absolutely flawless understanding of etiquette. Time moves strangely here—a day in the material plane could translate to a century in the deep woods, or vice versa. The land itself is semi-sentient and will actively attempt to beguile travelers into staying forever, offering visions of lost loved ones or impossible desires.

### Sylvan Trickery

**SKILL CHECK**

**DC 16 Survival** to navigate the twisting paths without getting hopelessly lost in a recursive spatial loop. Failing the check costs the party 1d4 hours of aimless wandering, and triggers a roll on the random encounter table while they attempt to re-orient themselves. Even a map provides no help here, as the rivers change direction daily.

### The Ever-Shifting Path

The forest paths refuse to remain static. When the party rests, the immense trees subtly uproot their deep roots and march slowly over the soil, changing the geography entirely to confuse outsiders. Mapping the Faerealm is virtually impossible without extremely powerful druidic magic, a local guide bound by a specific oath, or innate fey ancestry. Every clearing looks identical, yet fundamentally different.

**GM NOTES**

If a player unknowingly attempts to eat any food found naturally in the Faerealm (luminous berries, giant mushrooms, golden nectar), they must make a DC 14 Wisdom saving throw. On a failure, they are Charmed by the plane itself, refusing to leave willingly and fiercely defending the forest from their former allies.

# DENIZENS OF THE DEEP WOOD

The inhabitants of the Sylvan woods range from delightfully playful to outright, horrifically sociopathic, and the distinction between the two is often completely invisible to outsiders until it is far too late. A pixie might offer you a flower, or it might offer you a cursed bramble that slowly turns your blood to sap.

## Forest Encounters

| D8 | ENCOUNTER | THREAT LEVEL |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2d4 Pixies demanding a completely nonsensical tribute, like "the color of a sneeze." | Social |
| 2 | A highly aggressive Shadowstalker hunting the party from the canopy above. | Hard |
| 3 | A Satyr merchant aggressively selling bottled, stolen dreams and memories. | Social |
| 4 | A furious Dryad violently protecting her sacred grove from loggers. | Medium |
| 5 | A sprawling patch of carnivorous, giant flora emitting paralytic gas. | Hazard |
| 6 | A confused, displaced Goblin scout who accidentally wandered through a portal. | Easy |
| 7 | An Archfey's massive, chaotic royal procession passing through, ignoring the party completely. | Exploration |
| 8 | Three massive walking oaks marching to war against a fungal corruption. | Deadly |

# THE GOBLIN MARKETS

If the party successfully befriends the right guides and avoids insulting any talking animals, they may be led to the hidden underground Goblin Markets. Here, amidst the tangled roots of the World Tree, absolutely anything can be bought for the right (and usually entirely non-monetary) price. Memories, the color green from a rainbow, the ability to sigh, or ten years of your eventual lifespan are all perfectly valid currency.

***READ ALOUD***

*The titanic roots of the giant trees give way to a bustling, infinitely deep underground hollow. Dozens of goblins, hags, and minor fey haggle intensely over makeshift stalls piled absurdly high with glowing trinkets, bottled emotions, cursed rings, and impossible geometric shapes.*

Silver and gold hold absolutely zero value here. If you offer a coin, a merchant will likely eat it. The party must trade something genuinely personal—a beloved memory, a cherished song they can never sing again, or a secret they have never spoken aloud. The merchants can smell insincerity, and attempting to trade a fabricated memory will result in the offending party being polymorphed into a toadstool for 1d4 hours while the entire market laughs uproariously.

## The Endless Blossom

The canopy itself is a constantly shifting maze of bioluminescent flora. The enormous, glowing lotuses that bloom here release pollen that acts as a potent hallucinogen. Travelers who inhale it often perceive their deepest, most heart-wrenching desires manifesting physically before them; lost loved ones, abandoned dreams, or unattainable power.

Resisting these visions requires constant vigilance. For every hour spent navigating the deep canopy, adventurers must pass a DC 16 Wisdom saving throw or suffer a level of specialized Fey exhaustion, which does not hinder physical movement but gradually strips away their memories of the Material Plane. If a creature reaches six levels of this exhaustion, they willingly root themselves to the nearest branch, transforming over the course of a week into a beautiful, eternal, but completely mindless blossom.

# THE ARCHFEY'S COURT

Eventually, traversing the deep wood will inevitably catch the attention of the local Archfey. Depending on the party's prior actions, the amount of flora they damaged, and whether they were polite to the talking squirrels, they may be summoned politely for tea, or mercilessly hunted for sport by the Wild Hunt throughout the night.

***READ ALOUD***

*The canopy violently parts, revealing a massive circular clearing bathed in an impossible, frozen twilight. At the center, upon a throne of woven moonlight and thorn, sits an impossibly beautiful, and deeply terrifying, fey lord draped in gossamer threads of starlight. Their eyes hold the ancient, merciless depth of the primeval forest itself, devoid of any human empathy.*

## Archfey Lord

*Medium fey, chaotic neutral*

**Armor Class:** 20 (fey glamour and natural agility) **Hit Points:** 175 (27d8 + 54) **Speed:** 40 ft., fly 40 ft. (hover)

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12 (+1) | 22 (+6) | 14 (+2) | 18 (+4) | 16 (+3) | 24 (+7) |

**Saving Throws:** Dex +11, Wis +8, Cha +12 **Skills:** Deception +17, Persuasion +17, Insight +8, Nature +9 **Damage Resistances:** bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical attacks that aren't cold iron **Damage Immunities:** poison **Condition Immunities:** charmed, frightened, poisoned **Senses:** truesight 60 ft., passive Perception 13 **Languages:** Common, Elvish, Sylvan, telepathy 120 ft.

***Older Than Consent.*** The archfey cannot be charmed by anything younger than the forest, which is everything, and no magic will put it to sleep.

***Courtly Magic.*** The archfey's spellcasting ability is Charisma (save DC 20, +12 to hit), and it needs neither words nor components — only the inclination. It may cast:

At will: *read the guest, borrowed face, cutting courtesy, small deception* 3/day each: *bind by favour, unsay, unpick the working, step through green, wear another shape* 1/day each: *bind by name, quiet the mind entirely, decree, silver tongue*

Winning the favor of an Archfey is infinitely dangerous, but incredibly lucrative. Their gifts are unparalleled, but their curses are eternal and often intensely ironic. If the party manages to stay focused, negotiate or bypass the guardians, and uncover the hidden glades where the faerie courts stash their tithes, they may claim items of bizarre, unpredictable power.

## The Price of Beauty

Returning from the Emerald Canopy is never as simple as retracing one's steps. The Faerealm actively resists relinquishing its guests, and the passage of time becomes wildly inconsistent near the canopy's border. A party might emerge believing they spent a mere afternoon gathering artifacts, only to discover that centuries have passed in the Material Plane, their homelands reduced to dust and myth. The fey artifacts themselves also carry hidden costs; a bow that requires no arrows might demand the memories of the archer's childhood, or a captured hurricane might constantly whisper the exact dates and methods of the wielder's companions' deaths.

### Treasure

**Sylvan Rewards**

- *Cloak of Shifting Shadows* (Woven from the shadow of a shadowstalker).
- A delicate glass bottle containing a captured, fully miniature hurricane.
- A literal, physical favor owed directly by the Summer Queen, redeemable instantly anywhere.
- A bow carved from the heartwood of a walking oak that never requires arrows.

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