

Stay on the Path!

The forest grows thicker save for a narrow furrow that looks to have been carved by centuries of footfalls. Around a bend, an eight foot post seems to appear out of nowhere. It is covered with signs in a dozen languages. The red paint is faded and worn in spots, but the words are still clear: "Stay on the path!"

Characters who pass the sign feel a deep compulsion to leave the path. For the next ten rounds, they must make a Wisdom saving throw, starting at DC 11 with the DC increasing by 1 each round. On failure, a character becomes *charmed* and, if possible, spends the next round using the dash action to move further into the forest.

If any character moves 150 ft away from the path (or, three rounds using dash action, for most characters), they trigger an encounter with hostile creatures from the table below.

d8	Creatures
1	1d10 darklings and 1 darkling elder
2	1d6 meenlocks
3	1d6 bugbears and 1 bugbear chief
4	1d4 displacer beasts
5	1d4 yeth hounds
6	1 troll
7	1 wood woad
8	1 bheur hag

Unique Reuse

This encounter can be reused by altering the details of the setup. For instance, instead of seeing a sign, characters could feel suddenly afflicted by an overwhelming sense of dread and need to make a Wisdom save to avoid fleeing away from the path. Or, the area could be suddenly overcome by mystical fog, and the characters need to make increasingly difficult Perception checks to stay together and on the path.

Story Tree

The Feywild is always in a state of twilight, but the sky has darkened along your journey from a soft lavender to a deep indigo. Birdsong gives way to chirping crickets. Then, abruptly, you notice two things at the same time: a soft droning voice fills the air and the hundreds of individual flickering fireflies that you barely noticed begin to light and darken themselves in unison. They begin to congregate around one tree, and illuminate an ancient weathered face in its bark.

This treant is singing a *Song of Rest* as the bard ability: if a character takes a short rest in the vicinity of the treant and uses hit dice to regain hit points, they regain an extra 1d8 hit points.

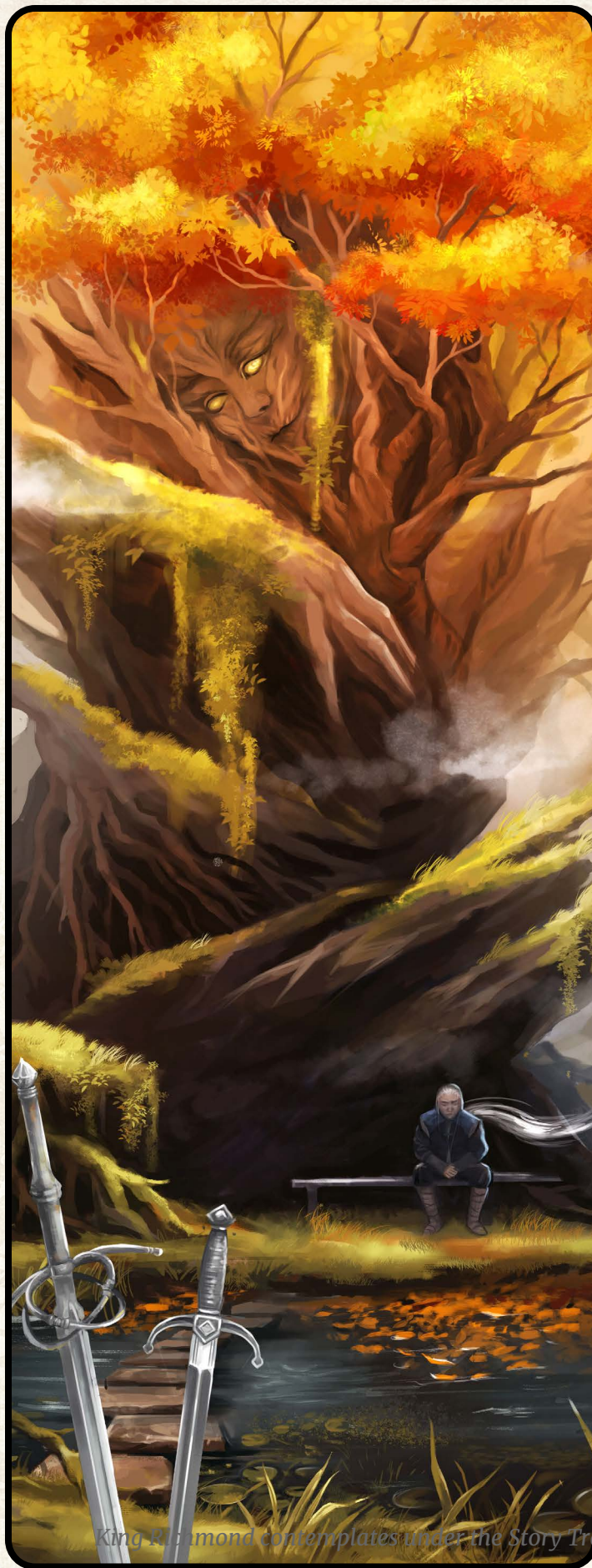
If the characters have collected at least one piece of the Bard's Tale, then they notice on a DC 7 Wisdom (Perception) check that the same symbols from the parchment are all along the tree as well. They are not carved, the furrows of the bark seem to have naturally grown into these odd shapes.

If asked about its connection to the Bard's Tale, the tree tells them:

"The song is part of me because I was there at the beginning. The one you know as Richmond sat at my trunk when he wrote it. He sang it, and it shaped me, and now I sing my own song, but I still remember his tune. Why he wrote the song, I do not know, I am not him. I think, perhaps, he wanted to take a piece of the Feywild with him. The Feywild is the stuff of stories, or maybe it's better to say that stories are the stuff that makes up the Feywild. My roots feel it in the earth, my boughs feel it in the wind, the infinity of experiences echo throughout the plane."



If asked about finding other pieces of the Bard's Tale, the tree responds:



You ask of fragments? I do not sense fragments, I sense the whole of the song, though it twists and turns with different voices in the chorus. Perhaps you mean to say that the ballad speaks of many feelings. What is a story but a feeling encapsulated? You can feel anger, or you can feel my-life-was-stolen-from-me-and-I-was-banished-to-a-catacomb. You can feel jubilation, or you can feel overcoming-a-troubled-childhood-and-founding-a-juster-kingdom. You can feel tranquility, or you can feel secure-all-your-actions-are-for-the-greater-good-because-heroes-must-be-beautiful. You can feel sorrow, or you can feel walked-to-hell-and-back-to-save-a-love-but-failed. I feel all of these things, but I can not tell you where to find them, you must experience each story at its own pace.

If asked to sing the Bard's Tale in its entirety, the tree tells them:

The beginning of the song shaped me, and I can feel it all around, but I do not know its end. I am sorry but that is beyond my power.

They're Off to See a Wizard

"I don't think we're in Khorvaire anymore!"

While traveling along any road or pathway, the characters meet a motley group who seem to be lost: Theodora Squall, a **kalashtar**; the **changeling** Mawkin; the Iron Forrester, a **warforged soldier**; a longtooth **shifter**, Lionel; and Theodora's pet **cat**, Otto.

Theodora and company greet the characters cordially and are interested to learn anything they can tell about the surrounding area, and will specifically inquire how they came to be in the Feywild. Theodora gladly volunteers her recent history: she and her friends are from a region called Khorvaire whose towering cities and lightning trains make Nevernever seem like a quaint piece of history. Flying on a diplomatic mission, their airship was caught in a magical windstorm and they crashed in the woods

King Richmond contemplates under the Story Tree.