

WELCOME TO VERTICAL ELF PROBLEMS

Good news! There might be a cure for the Dair Tree. Bad news! It requires ingredients scattered across the swamp.

- One grows inside a grove filled with **obliviax**, psychic moss capable of stealing memories.
- Another is controlled by **bugbear harvesters** whose preferred negotiation technique involves placing a basket over someone's head and giving them a wooden spoon.
- The last is currently being eaten by a **megatherium**, an enormous ground sloth whose primary interests include, well, leaves.

This is technically the easy part. The heroes gather everything, perform the ritual. It works! For approximately five minutes. Then the Dair Tree begins dying even faster.

YOU COME TO ME ON THE DAY OF MY HONEY HARVEST

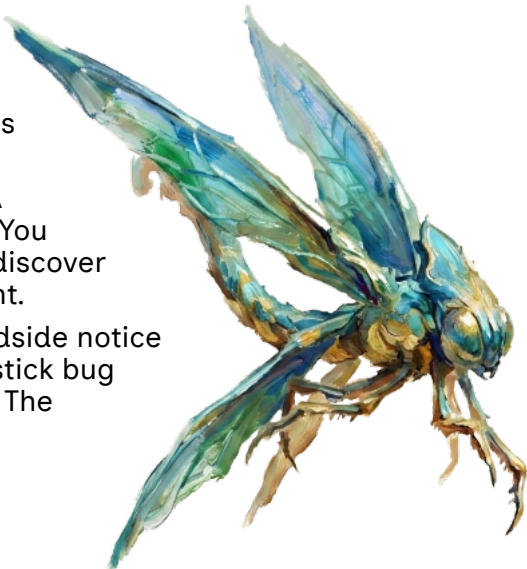
Hundreds of homeless elves suddenly find themselves standing on land claimed by the native **Thri-kreen**, who are understandably upset that an entire settlement has just been delivered onto their property. Casriaan attempts diplomacy. The Thri-kreen attempt stabbing.

There is exactly one person influential enough to make everyone stop killing each other: **Don Melione**. If you reach him successfully, he raises one fuzzy hand and declares: Nobody kills anybody until tomorrow. And somehow the entire war stops. You now have two possible routes.

- Option one is **Saoirse**, a brilliant magical engineer who once offered Casriaan designs for improving the settlement. He called her "a kid playing wizard." The final boss is therefore: **Apologizing**.
- Option two is considerably more reasonable. Find an ancient **Forest Spirit**. Convince it that Casriaan deserves its help, return the Dair Tree to its forgotten grove, and transform the Dragonfly Canopy into a settlement carried by **walking trees**. Normal urban planning stuff.

WHY YOU'RE IN THIS MESS

- **Turned Away at the Gates** – Egaelrion is under lockdown, so you follow a suspiciously confident stranger. He runs away as soon as he sees the prince.
- **The Great Dragonfly Robbery** – A giant dragonfly steals your bag. You chase it through the forest and discover an entire hidden elven settlement.
- **Wanted: One Missing Elf** – A roadside notice advertising introduces you to a stick bug searching for his missing friend. The prince is paying, though.



STARRING:



- **Prince Casriaan** – Murdered elven prince. Got better. Now runs a secret airborne community. His greatest enemies include the Bright Court, structural failure, and admitting Saoirse had a good idea.
- **Don Melione** – Bumblebee crime boss, honey merchant, regional mediator, and living proof that intimidation is unrelated to height. Can stop a war with one sentence. Will expect a favor later.
- **Saoirse** – Magical engineering prodigy with the knowledge necessary to save hundreds of homeless elves and the emotional satisfaction of watching the prince apologize.
- **Sticky** – Local stick bug. Helpful guide. Professional survivor. Knows everyone worth knowing and has extremely justified concerns regarding birds.
- **Kuka** – Helpful pigeon messenger with official credentials and absolutely no suspicious motives. Please perform the civilization-saving ritual exactly as written.



WHEN DRAGONFLIES FALL

Instant Adventure for DnD.

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INTRODUCTION

Hidden high above the wetlands lies the **Dragonfly Canopy**, a secret elven settlement where giant **dragonflies** serve as public transport, houses are suspended between colossal trees, and Prince Casriaan is doing remarkably well for a man who is officially dead. Everything depends on the enormous **Dair Tree** holding the settlement together. The tree is dying. Somebody just arrived with a cure. *This will go badly.*

Prince Casriaan survived his assassination, disappeared into the swamp, and built a new home with his loyal Dragonfly Riders. For years, the arrangement worked beautifully. Then the trees started collapsing. When the "saving ritual" catastrophically destroys the Dair Tree, the entire settlement falls out of the sky, directly onto Thri-kreen territory. Congratulations. The housing crisis is now a war.

