



Ithivellia

A BOROUGH BOUND CITY

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The Mycelial Gate

AN APPEARANCE, A DISAPPEARANCE

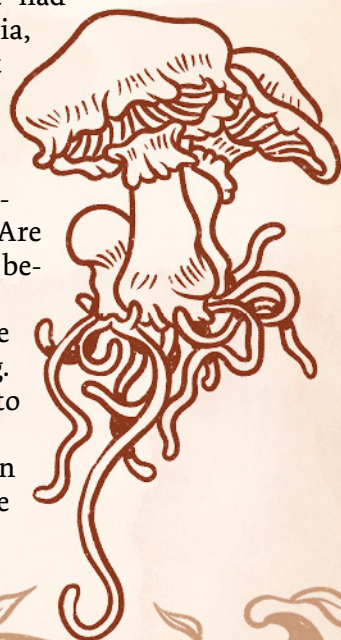
There is only ever supposed to be one way to gain access to Ithivellia. Lesser fae beings throughout the Principality know that their only hope of gaining the ears of the godlike archfae is to petition them via the proper channel. Yes, the Principality is the realm of tricks, illusions, and beguilement, but the archfae really do prefer to maintain a bit of privacy in their enchanted glade.

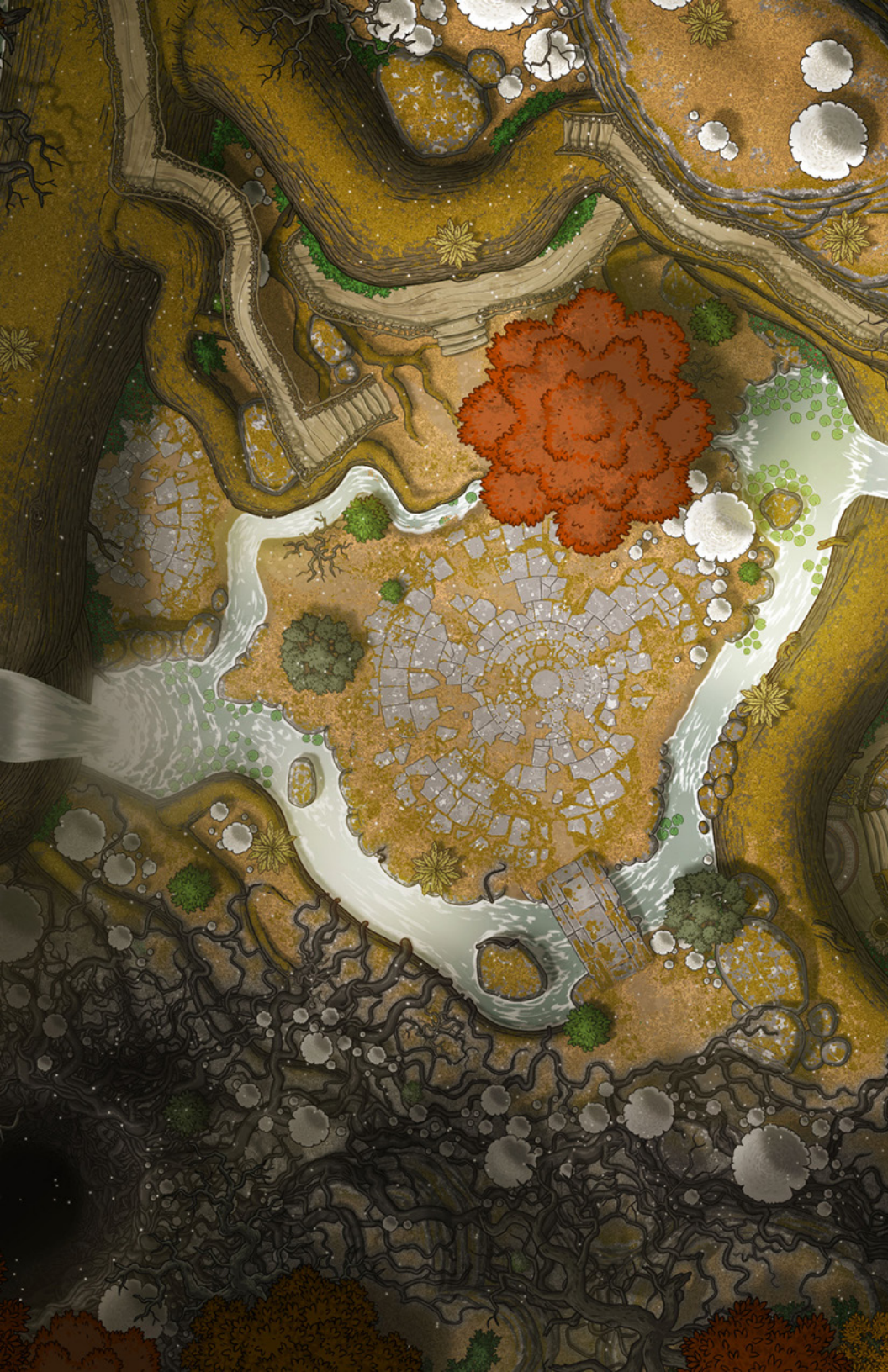
Thus, the emergence of the Mycelial Gate has put quite a strain on the patience of the archfae. This fungal portal is an *abomination*. Ithivellia is home to the lords and ladies of the Seelie Court, great and wondrous beings capable of miraculous arcane feats. But now, this wretched gate allows access not just to the “gross and unsettling” psigarics—or “mushroom men” as some archfae insist—but also *mere mortals* from the realm of men. Even worse, the portal is utterly immune to the spells and otherworldly powers the archfae wield. It’s just... a creepy little circle that seems to expand each day, and without fail, spits out more and more unsavory new arrivals.

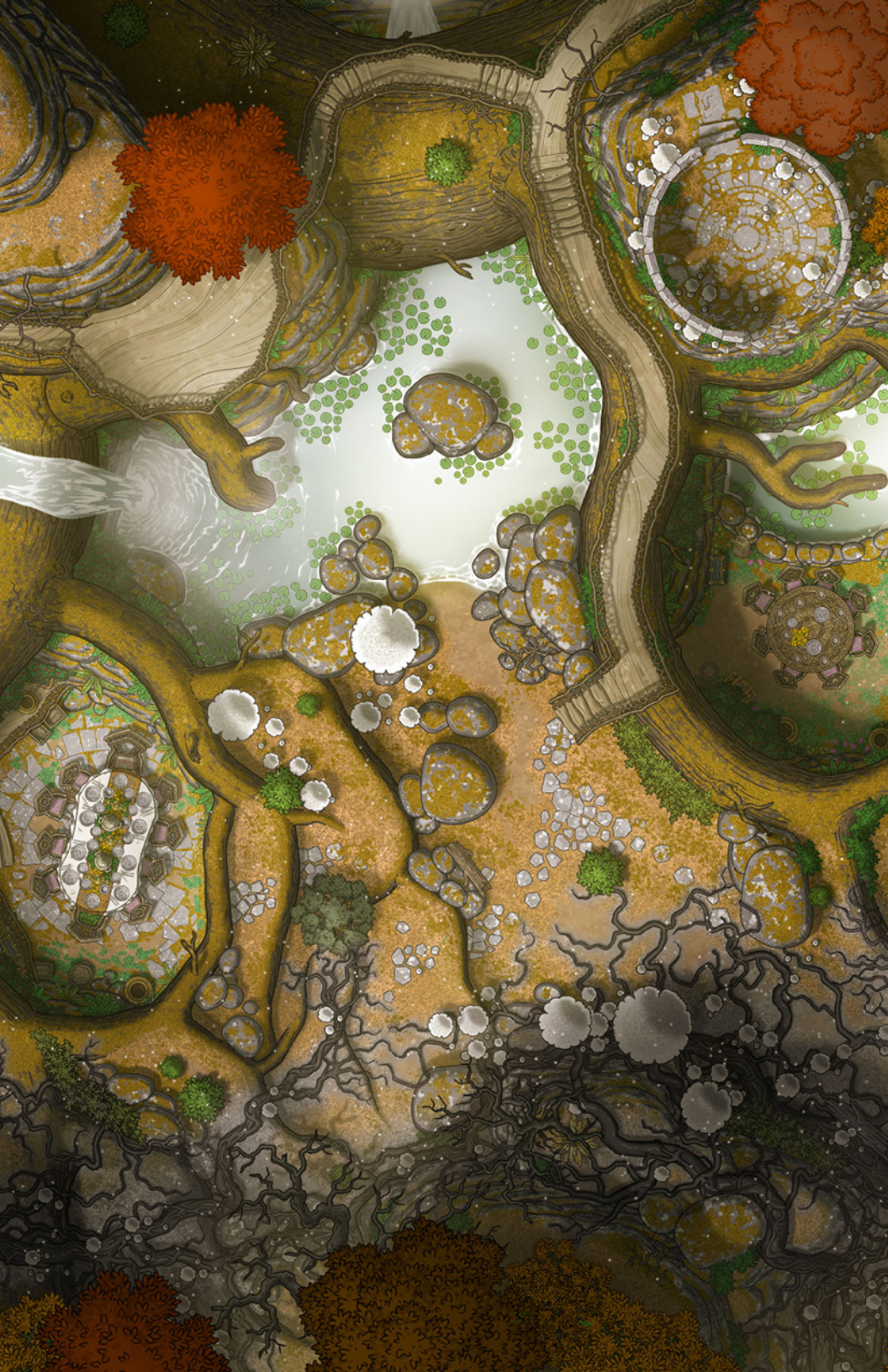
The Mycelial Gate appeared the very same day Uvis Twice-born—one of their own!—disappeared. It had been eons since the last archfae left Ithivellia, and while few of the lords and ladies lament Uvis’s absence, his departure has created something of a sour mood throughout the glade. For one thing, many doubt whether Uvis *intended* to disappear. As such, an epidemic of self-doubt is beginning to creep in. Are the archfae really as omnipotent as they once believed?

In either case, Uvis or no Uvis, the archfae have decided that it is time to do something. They simply will not allow this Mycelial Gate to forever taint their treasured domain.

Ithivellia belongs to the Seelie Court. On this point, they will not waver. As such, the five







archfae who remain in the glade have accepted that they must rely on outside help. Fae magics are impotent as far as fungal portals go, so *apparently*, they must rely on powers unknown to the Principality.

For the first time, the archfae must request help from mortal creatures, the sublunary nobodies that have never before gained access to the copse beyond the veil. The Seelie Court shall summon a party of adventurers painstakingly selected by ethereal fae emissaries. The archfae shall grant these earthly heroes a gift of unbelievable value: entry into their glade. In return, these heroes will be responsible for settling this whole fiasco once and for all.

HOW TO GM ITHIVELLIA

Ithivellia is an unusual setting for a number of reasons. First and foremost, it is unlikely your players will engage in much combat while in the enchanted glade. Only a few plot hooks will involve duking it out with fae monsters. For the most part, Ithivellian adventures will emphasize exploration, sleuthing, and social maneuvering.

Typical rules regarding the fae (the significance of gifts, aversion to “cold iron,” etc.) will be as significant to the plot as you desire. If you have already established principles that determine how fae function in your setting, those are absolutely valid here. There’s no need to retcon any established lore. We present a few new quirky laws that govern fae behavior in these borough guides, but you can ignore them just fine and still have a sensical Ithivellian adventure.

Crucially, it is important that you use the archfae to their fullest throughout the adventure. These are complex characters that *want* to interact with the party. They should use their powers liberally and frequently support or hinder the party to suit their own needs. Don’t be afraid to let the archfae interrupt the story in wild ways; this is a zany fae adventure, so lean into the antics!

Finally: the archfae are immortal, but no one else is. If the party wants to use violence to pursue their goals, that is an option. However, the archfae will not stand by and let the adventurers sully their glade without a good reason.



ITHIVELLIA: THE BASICS

Ithivellia is a grand outdoor villa, a home for the most powerful Seelie Fae in the Principality. In the shade of the Dwynlei Oak, the archfae and their favored subjects relax in otherworldly luxury. They compose flowery poetry, traipse through recursive thickets, and conduct bizarre arcane research. They enjoy lives of magical excess that exceed what lesser fae can even comprehend. Five archfae rule Ithivellia and some 300 or so sycophants come and go as they please.

Though the archfae would never say so, Ithivellia is also the de facto capital of the Principality. The lords and ladies who while away their time in the glade's enchanted excess control smaller territories across the fae realm: twilight forests, temples of fairies, and depths teeming with sea fae. Ithivellia is where they meet and scheme, coaxing drops of arcane power from the archfae. The Principality is largely a static world, constant in its magical strangeness. Nevertheless, when significant changes come to the fae realm, these seismic shifts trace their origins to Ithivellia.

Lesser fae—common pixies, centaurs, and the like—can seek a temporary home in Ithivellia. To do so, they must first find their way to the glade, a task more difficult than it may seem. Once present, they wait their turn before presenting their case to the Seelie Court. At the Sensory Theater, the lesser fae present new experiences they may provide to the archfae. If they can quickly demonstrate or otherwise convince the archfae of the uniqueness their experience might provide, they will be allowed to stay in Ithivellia for a time. As such, at any given moment, a smattering of comparatively banal magical beings roam the fae glade.

For the archfae themselves, Ithivellia is part paradise, part purgatory. It is the best possible home for each of them, an idyllic setting within which to pursue their many delights while doted upon by adoring vassals. And yet, Ithivellia's perfection means the archfae rarely feel the motivation to strive for true self-fulfillment.

WHERE IS ITHIVELLIA?

Many say that Ithivellia is the heart of the dense fae city of Ullha Tempia. This is perhaps metaphorically true, but it is geometrically misleading. Ithivellia's exact location is imprecise at best. At times, it is but a short walk from the flower district of Ullha Tempia. For some voyagers, it can be a trek of thousands of miles. The intentions of the traveler are what determine proximity at any given moment. Conceptually, Ithivellia is nowhere at all. In practice, Ithivellia is a glade only found by those the archfae wish to allow. That is: until now.

THE ARCHFAE

Immortality changes one's perspective. Archfae typically pursue lives of endless hedonism, hosting nonstop bacchanals and suppressing their anxieties and existential dread with hallucinogens, sex, and revelry. Some archfae inevitably succumb to madness. And yet, a select few pursue grand goals, driven to perfect their art, discover new magics, or reshape the very world itself.

There are at least eleven archfae, though some suspect a few more exist.¹ Of these eleven, only six still live in Ithivellia—five, if one disregards Uvis. The other five have chosen to depart the halcyon glade in search of meaning that cannot be found at home.

ARCHFAE POWERS. Each archfae possesses unique gifts,

powers granted to them at the dawn of time, or so they say. Nevertheless, some abilities are commonly wielded by each.

First and foremost, archfae can weave complex charms and hexes effortlessly; at all times of day, the archfae are juggling a dozen or more basic spells without even thinking about it. These spells can bolster their persuasiveness, manipulate light and shadow, or draw out the latent energy of nearby plant life. None can be certain whether the archfae are *actually* beautiful or whether their ambient magical auras deceive any who behold them.

1 Spells that transform memories are common among higher fae. It is altogether possible that some archfae hope to remain secluded from their kin and have thus cast potent spells to erase any evidence that they ever existed.

Each archfae holds a deep connection to the natural world within the Principality and beyond. They can never become lost, they never go hungry, and they are friends to both plant and beast.

Finally, the archfae share traits typically associated with demigods of other realms. They are exceptionally intelligent and strong. They stand far taller than the mortal races. They innately excel at the arts, athletics, rhetoric, and strategy.



THE PARADOX OF GODHOOD. The archfae see themselves as gods. They are the ultimate masters of their realm; not even the supposed omnipotent beings who control other worlds would dare interfere with the Principality. Nevertheless, the archfae know themselves to be fallible. They are not upfront about this, of course. Their confidence and arrogance are unmatched. Still, there is a seed of doubt and insecurity in the heart of every archfae.

UNSEELIE FAE

A mirror court of Unseelie fae thrives in the shadows of the Principality. Much as Ithivellia is inaccessible to those the archfae would keep out, Gàradh Nimhe only exists in whispers. Ithivellia's lords and ladies know the names of a select few leaders of the Unseelie Court, but these wicked villains keep the extent of their capabilities a closely guarded secret. There are conflicts between Seelie and Unseelie fae, proxy wars carried out by vassals across the enchanted plains of the Principality. Yet, there has never been an all-encompassing conflict that brought woe to Ithivellia itself. As such, the archfae largely ignore the existence of the Unseelie Court. Such trivial matters as "defense" and "war" are better left to responsible servants.

This intrinsic defeatism is fueled by the central contradiction of their essences. The archfae are *immortal*, yet they are certain that their lives are each a work of art of unbelievable depth and beauty. This necessitates joy, tragedy, triumph, and loss. And thus, these gods of the Principality must be intermittently defeated, not because they lack power, but because the aesthetic laws of the universe require it.

This creates an unavoidable conflict. With infinite lifespans, how can an archfae know when they must commence their redemption arc? Is it ever possible to become the villain of one's own story when there's an eternity to right every wrong? Is there any reason not to continue napping and drinking for *just one more day*?

ON IMMORTALITY. As far as anyone knows, the archfae are truly immortal. They will never die naturally, and thus far into forever, none has ever been permanently vanquished. This does not mean that there is no way to conclusively end the existence of an archfae, but it does mean no one has ever been able to find one.

The Archfae of Ithivellia

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It is impossible to comprehend the bizarre complexities of life in Ithivellia without a thorough understanding of the godlike beings who rule it. Each will be expounded upon in further chapters, but a quick summary follows:



Swee Bellora'la Twilade (she/her)

The self-proclaimed "Matriarch" of all fae. Judicious and judgmental, obsessed with notions of fairness and tradition above all else. Patron of the arts. Hyper-protective of the glade. Often associated with foxglove.

Maestro Slidon (he/him)

The ultimate bard, an unrivaled storyteller, composer, and improviser. Lover of tricks and japes, but also napping and drinking. Spiritually bonded to raccoons, those native to the Principality and other realms.

Atheri the Empath (she/her)

An extremely mystical archfae that most believe to be mad. Spends most of her time wandering the Everlasting Garden. Innately understands the emotions and motivations of others but does not use this deep connection toward any clear aim. Weaver of enchanted fabrics.

Jaynoth the Mirror (they/them)

The most robust and physically imposing archfae. Genuinely liked by most, largely because their behavior and appearance always reflect the preferences of those with whom they speak. A master of games and the hunt, beloved by nymphs and satyrs.

Diadna Bluemoon (she/her)

The most capricious of the archfae and the biggest proponent for more excitement and intrigue in the glade. A fan of mortals for their unpredictability. Romantic and listless, determined but inscrutable. The most powerful archfae, but only in sporadic bursts.

Uvis Twiceborn (he/him)

Presently missing. The alchemical mastermind of the archfae, prone to sudden bursts of insight or inspiration. Aloof and standoffish but focused and curious. Spent the last few centuries obsessing over mushrooms, much to the chagrin of his peers.




THE PSIGARICS

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Not all lesser fae are created equal. Each Seelie noble maintains their own tacit hierarchy of beings within their domain, with elves, nymphs, and unicorns typically taking the top spots. Unseelie creatures such as hags, ogres, and goblins sit at the bottom, as they are “fallen” fae sworn to the enemy.

Beneath *even these* vile creatures are the psigarics, fungal creatures so entirely alien that most barely recognize them as fae. They live in pockets of moist overgrowth throughout the Principality, existing more as a mysterious psychic network than as a recognizable community. While each lattice of mycelia may seem like a mere tangle of fungal roots, they are, in fact, homes for countless psigaric individuals.

Each psigaric can manifest physically as an octopus-like bloom, emerging from its mycelial network in a flourish of tentacles topped with a bulbous cap. Despite what some may say, each psigaric is an individual with unique behaviors, personality, and desires. Nevertheless, each troop of psigarics maintains a close psychological bond, which likely leads to the inaccurate characterization of psigaric “hive minds” or “collective consciousnesses.”



Unlike other fae, psigarics are not drawn to trickery, magical mayhem, or romantic aesthetic philosophy. They are neither capricious nor mischievous. They have no mouths but can speak telepathically with any creature that possesses a capacity for language. They have a strong communal spirit and refuse to fall prey to selfish desires. Most importantly, they live in a careful symbiosis with the magical flora and fauna of the Principality. The other fae may think of psigarics as lesser beings, but they know the truth: a universal magical cycle connects the entire realm, and the psigarics play a critical but unseen role.


Perhaps most importantly, psigarics cannot roam freely. They can only travel as far as their mycelial networks will allow. As such, the archfae of Ithivellia have never been forced to confront a single psigaric. Even if a fungal fae hoped to petition the lords and ladies in the Sensory Theater, they would be incapable of entering the glade. The Mycelial Gate changes that. A troop of psigarics now lives in Ithiv-

ellia, the domain of the Principality's highest rulers, and there is seemingly nothing anyone can do about it.

The Mycelial Gate

A fungal bloom exploded from the lab of the archfae Uvis Twiceborn. A network of mycelium slowly began to take over much of Ithivellia. At the epicenter of its growth, a great iterative folding of fungal biology warped space in ways hitherto unseen in the Principality. The tendril-like hyphae wrapped around themselves, pulled at the fabrics of the universe, and inverted the magical tethers that bind worlds to themselves. In other words: the mushrooms made a portal.

Arcane gates such as these are of little use to fae. When a fae wants to travel back and forth to the realm of men, they need not summon complex extradimensional openings. They just find a natural precipice—some archway of stone or wood—close their eyes, and pass through it. So long as one *desires* to pierce the threshold between realms, it shall happen.



This Mycelial Gate is a mockery of fae magic. Or at least, that's what the archfae believe. Its inner workings are a mystery to the superlative minds of Ithivellia's rulers. Here's what they *do* know:

- ❖ The gate is fixed in Ithivellia. The fungal network that stretches out from Uvis's old lab continues to expand, but the Mycelial Gate neither moves nor changes shape.
- ❖ The point in space that the Mycelial Gate connects to changes intermittently.² It briefly opened up in a field in Kanderis, then a goblin village in the Silliar Ghats, and at one point, the library of the Grand University of Material Sciences. How or why the portal's opposite terminus moves is anyone's guess.
- ❖ Crossing the portal requires only that one touches the mycelium. There is no intentionality required. This means it is trivially easy for oblivious sublunaries³ to stumble through the gateway with no knowledge of how they arrived.
- ❖ Once inside the Mycelial Gate, one is pulled through a network of interdimensional fungus. The process is unusual, though typically painless.
- ❖ It is believed that no archfae has crossed through the Mycelial Gate.

Typically, when a traveler arrives in Ithivellia via the Mycelial Gate, one of the archfae simply charms the being and convinces them to return from whence they came. However, there is always the possibility that the gate will eventually bring forth someone or something immune to such charms. There are minds that even the archfae cannot unfailingly reshape.

2 GMs: this is your cue to place the other end of the portal wherever it's convenient. Want to scoop the party as they exit a tavern? That's fine. Want to make them trek up a mountain first? Totally okay. Place the portal in a location that aids your narrative.

3 Seelie fae typically refer to non-fae mortals from the realm of men as "sublunaries," a reference to the notion that Principality lies "beyond the moon." In truth, the Principality's geometric relation to astral bodies is unfixed.





What Do the Psigarics Want?

The psigarics of Ithivellia are still wrestling with how they ought to think about their new position as residents of the archfae glade. They are not proud, exactly, but they are pleased to be in the presence of great and powerful beings.

They are distraught, however, by the Seelie Court's desire to destroy, dismantle, or otherwise deactivate the Mycelial Gate. The psigarics are still trying to understand precisely what this fungal portal is and how it works, and they have bluntly urged the archfae to leave the network alone.

The psigarics want more; that much is clear. They are not entirely forthright regarding their true intentions nor the extent of their ongoing research. Nevertheless, their one demand remains: do not interfere with the Mycelial Gate until the psigarics can understand it more completely.



A SUMMONS

The archfae of Ithivellia have decided to rely on mortals for help. Ithivellia will not last long if the Mycelial Gate continues to dump interlopers into the glade. As such, they have deployed vassals across the realm of men in search of a suitable crew of problem solvers. These agents are in constant communication with the archfae, receiving telepathic updates on the Mycelial Gate's movements across the realm. As such, once they find suitable deputies, the whole group can hurry toward the portal and arrive in Ithivellia as quickly as possible.

The archfae have only called upon a handful of vassals to seek out a competent party. They may underestimate the difficulty of finding capable heroes, or they may overestimate the capabilities of their servants. In either case, it seems overwhelmingly likely that the individuals selected by the fae agents will be far from the most capable adventurers in the realm. So be it. They'll have to do.



Rellotyn Sunstruck

Rellotyn (she/her) is a “watcher,” a shapeshifting gatherer of experiences. Most watchers wander the planes observing uncommon events or participating in unusual rites. Rellotyn, however, works directly for archfae Swee Bellora’la Twilade. Swee believes that, as the merciful queen of all fae, she ought to be familiar with all of the oddities and idiosyncrasies of the vast universe. Thus, she instructs Rellotyn to regularly report back to Ithivellia to explain what she has seen. Rellotyn has visited every corner of the realm of men as well as many other stranger planes of existence. Despite her unfathomable age and breadth of experience, she still approaches each new experience with a sense of childlike wonder and excitement. She may not be the perfect judge of character, but it is unlikely she will be fazed by any quirks the party exhibits.



Dros 'Three Beer' Tubir

Most fae are considered dangerous or unwanted guests in urban settings outside the Principality. Dros (he/him), a charismatic satyr, is a treasured patron at dozens and dozens of taverns and alehalls across the realm of men. Dros is typically just a drunken wanderer, but he owes Taynoth the Mirror more than a few favors—the archfae has used their influence to get Dros out of deserved punishments on many occasions. Dros regularly meets alleged “heroes” when sharing tales by the hearth, and he figures he can gauge their might with incredible accuracy so long as he gets a chance to wrestle ‘em.

GM NOTE

If your party has already befriended a fae—maybe one of the shallow fae of Muc-Mhara?—you can always assign them the role of pitching this new adventure. So long as the particular fae NPC is not openly antagonistic with the Seelie Court, just about anyone can offer this mission to the party. In general, it’s preferable to use a known NPC as the emissary so that the party is more likely to trust them.



Veevey

All fae are born in the Principality, but that birth is *occasionally* metaphorical. Some are native to other realms but gain the favor of powerful lords and ladies. Veevey (she/her), a sloth-like fel'dær, grew up in an undisturbed grove in the northern reaches of Onotanic. When loggers came to destroy her home woods, Veevey tricked the lot into angering a nearby dragon who summarily ate them. Maestro Ilidon found this encounter so funny that he immortalized it in a comic opera, invited Veevey to the premiere, and then claimed her as his mortal champion. Veevey spends her days traipsing through woods, valleys, and swamps. Her keen senses help her to find other curious wanderers in the world's most secluded locales.

Fae Gifts

The vassals each bear a gift to bestow upon the party of their choosing. These gifts are crafted by the high artisans of the Seelie Court, the archfae's most talented smiths responsible for creating puissant and unusual magical tools.

The strength of each gift is initially artificially diminished. The items are useful and impressive now, but the promise of an even more powerful artifact is intended to entice the party to follow through on the summons. With luck, the allure of magical boons will convince the party not to abscond from their responsibilities to the gods of the Principality.



THE CRÈADHA CROWN

This legendary artifact is said to be one of the greatest treasures of the archfae, one of seven mythic crowns constructed for the various vassals of the Seelie Court. The hypogean fae—unusual underground creatures—received the Crèadha Crown. In the eons since, the hypogean fae have defected to the Unseelie Court. They first returned their crown to Ithivellia in an unexpectedly honorable act.

Initial Effect

Allows its bearer to speak with burrowing creatures, grants exceptional vision in total darkness, and the ability to remain totally oriented when exploring caves or other subterranean spaces.

Enhanced Effect

Grants its bearer the power to walk through stone or mud and the ability to travel back and forth to the Principality via any natural archway.



UVIS'S CENSER

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It's an unusual gift, but in the right hands, Uvis's Censer can be an exceedingly useful tool. Most fae potions, incense, and perfumes are designed to lose their enchantments when they leave the Principality. Uvis's Censer helps to preserve, enhance, and disperse the effects of a wide range of alchemical substances. Of course, Uvis would never want his censer to end up in the hands of some sublunary sellswords, but he's not presently around to forbid the archfae from using it as a bargaining chip.

Initial Effect

Allows for the use of fae powders and liquids in other realms, creates magical mists from any input, and allows its bearer to direct this mist toward any desired foes or allies.

Enhanced Effect

Bestows the bearer with a small supply of enchanted potions, incense, perfume, tea, or poison each day, levitates and follows its bearer without needing to be held.

THE HONEST MIRROR

This ornate hand mirror is “truthful,” but rarely in the way one expects. It was created by one of the high artisans of the Seelie Court as a means to see through the lies and manipulations of the archfae. This artisan was, of course, permanently exiled from all Seelie lands. The archfae are happy to part with this item, not because it lacks value, but because they, themselves, are so afraid of what it can do.

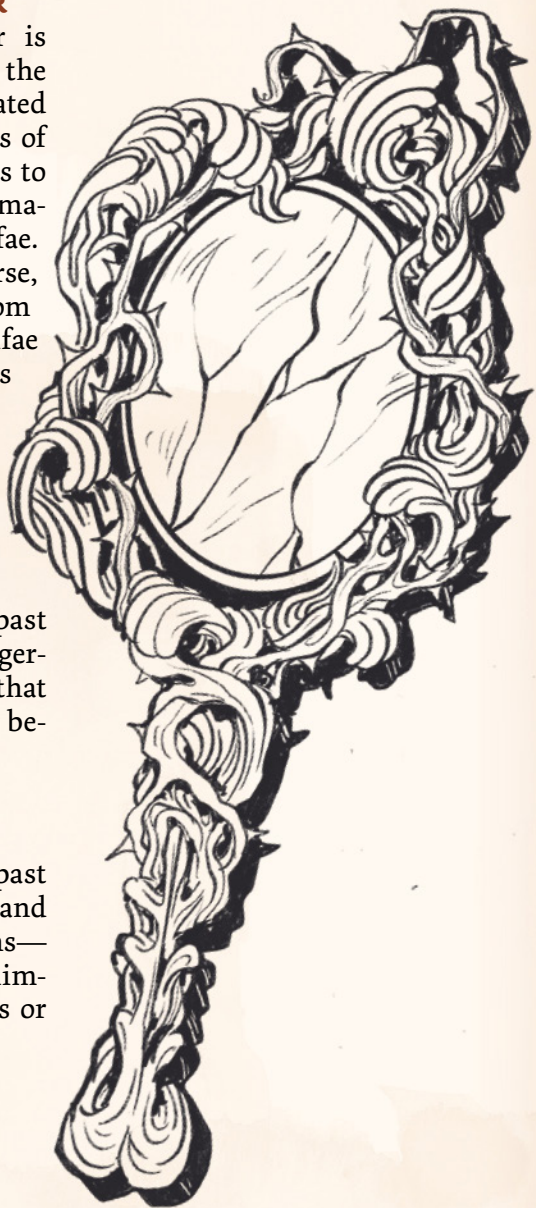
Initial Effect

24

Allows its bearer to see past most illusions, identify forgeries, and gaze upon sights that are otherwise harmful to behold.

Enhanced Effect

Allows the bearer to see past illusions cast by archfae and reveals fundamental truths—often unsettling—about a limited number of individuals or objects.





PLOT HOOK:
**ACCEPT THE
SUMMONS**

Eventually, one of the agents of the Seelie Court will approach the party of adventurers. There will be an unusual conversation, potentially a challenge or two, and then the agent will present a gift. In all likelihood, the party will have a largely passive role in all of this. They may be as confused by the fae agent as the archfae are by the gate itself. As such, the best thing the party can do is demonstrate their value, remain confident, and then choose for themselves whether to accept the summons.

Meet with the Archfae Agent

The fae agents are traveling beyond the Principality in an effort to meet likely candidates for this mission. As such, there is a strong likelihood that Rellotyn, Dros, or Veevey will cross paths with the party as a natural result of their simultaneous journeys.

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While any agent might eventually find the party, they are each combing distinct locales.

RELLOTYN is most likely to find the party in dangerous or highly unusual locales: volcanoes, secret castles, the astral plane, magic islands, pocket dimensions, arcane prisons, and so forth.

DROS frequents cities, namely places of ill repute: taverns, dueling pits, gambling halls, and brothels. He has also befriended a number of aristocrats and monarchs, so he may attend balls, operas, and gallery openings (though he'll be drunk when he does so).

VEEVEY is a quintessential naturalist. She wanders forests and meadows, fens and deserts, sierras and grottos. In other words, Veevey patrols the connective tissue that links cities and villages to dungeons, or at least that's how adventurers might see it.

In either case, once the party meets a Seelie agent, they will have a brief window to prove their worth. The agents have been instructed to avoid making it evident that they are judging potential candidates, but those working on behalf of the Seelie Court tend to



have a discerning air. So long as the party demonstrates even moderate competence, the agent will whisk them away to the Mycelial Gate.⁴

Travel Through the Mycelial Gate

Wherever the Mycelial Gate's non-fae terminus appears, there is likely to be some hubbub. Sublunaries tend to fear that which they do not understand, so the sudden appearance of a writhing portal will undoubtedly cause a commotion. What's more, if someone *does* decide to touch the fungal ring, they'll get sucked in, only to return either seconds or days later, likely stumbling around in an enchanted daze.

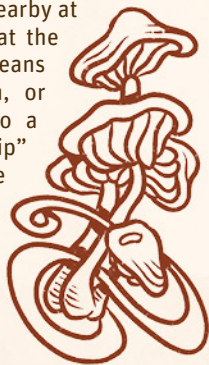
- ⁴ Feel free to expedite this process however you see fit. You can decide the gate just happens to be nearby at the moment, that the fae has some means of teleportation, or you can just do a sort of "time skip" in-game while the party travels to the Mycelial Gate.

Scholars, guards, and religious zealots will flock to the gate, and in all likelihood, kingdoms will attempt to regulate access to the gate for as long as it lingers in one place.

All in all, adventurers should be prepared to push through a crowd of bewildered and opinionated strangers as soon as they make their way to the gate. This will draw attention, especially if their fae escort elects to approach with characteristic fae pageantry.

Luckily, all the adventurers need to do is touch any part of the gate, and the tendrils of the mycelia will tenderly haul them inward.

Travel through the Mycelial Gate is far from instantaneous. This fungus warps the space between realms, but it does not do so "efficiently." The journey takes somewhere between one minute and one hour, though the reason for this wide range is not presently understood. While traveling through the gateway, adventurers may undergo strange experiences.



d6

MYCELIAL GATE
ENCOUNTERS

DESCRIPTIONS

1	Psigarc interrogation	A number of psigarics approach the travelers, emerging from the mycelia in the portal. They fail to introduce themselves but demand the party answer a number of questions about their experience with the portal.
2	Vivid hallucinations	Psychoactive compounds in the gateway trigger unique hallucinations for each of the adventurers. Are these visions of the future? A glimpse into another realm? Or just the ramblings of their overactive minds?
3	Dazed returner	The adventurers briefly cross paths with a mortal on their way back to the realm of men. This creature has been enchanted by one of the archfae and is murmuring cryptic sweet nothings directed at no one in particular.
4	Agitated beast	The gate has swallowed some curious local beast—a bear, wyvern, or troll. This creature thrashes about violently; it is confused and will not stop fighting until subdued.
5	Fungal rejection	The Mycelial Gate is displeased with the party's presence. It fights back at their intrusion, constricting them, emitting toxins, and employing psigarc "antibodies." The gate cannot return the party home, but it will try to slay them before they arrive in Ithivellia.
6	Fungal acceptance	The Mycelial Gate is inexplicably fond of the party. It bestows them with gifts, whether the adventurers want these gifts or not. The party gains abilities akin to the psigarics—the ability to travel via mycelia, communicate telepathically, or secrete noxious spores.



Get the Lay of the Land

Life in Ithivellia is strange. The lengths of days and seasons are unfixed. The party may arrive in Ithivellia on a cool moonlit summer night, only to find that the sun is at its zenith an hour later and that the leaves have begun to fall. Psigaric interlopers will pepper them with questions about the gateway, and Seelie sycophants will scoff and gossip in hushed tones. There are few buildings but endless pathways, gazebos, and a *chaise longue* around every corner.

The archfae will want to speak with the party. They will do so among the thrones on the Dwynlei Terrace. They will explain their desires or at least those desires they wish to share. In truth, each archfae wants something slightly different; these motivations will become increasingly salient as the adventurers work toward finding an appropriate resolution. The one thing most can agree on is that they must find a reasonable solution regarding the Mycelial Gate. Ithivellia cannot persist peacefully if the portal remains open. Swee will then take the party aside to discuss a few particular details.⁵

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Following these conversations, the adventurers will be on their own. They will have no chaperone, and there will be few limits as to where they can venture. They can leave via the gate whenever they wish, but they will be hunted for the crime of dereliction of duty. They can attempt to access the rest of the Principality, but they will likely become lost in the endless winding thickets beyond the glade.

Eventually, the adventurers will come to terms with their situation. They must either help the archfae or go home. They will have to interview fae and psigaric alike, investigate the particularities of Ithivellian life, and explore stranger locales within the glade. They're free to proceed as they like, though they should be aware that the archfae are always watching.

5 This additional conversation relates to her suspicions regarding Diadne Bluemoon, as described in *Ithivellia 02: Six Thrones*.



GM NOTE

While the party should feel free to pursue any leads they want in their quest to close the Mycelial Gate, Diadne Bluemoon will be most interested in their activities from the outset. She has her own reasons to glom onto the party, but for pure gameplay purposes, she can act as a helpful tour guide throughout Ithivellia. She can offer the wisdom of an archfae, with the added roleplaying bonus of coming across as confoundingly untrustworthy. With Uvis missing for the duration of this quest, Diadne is ultimately the main character of any adventures in Ithivellia.



Gilded Thrones



DWYNLEI TERRACE

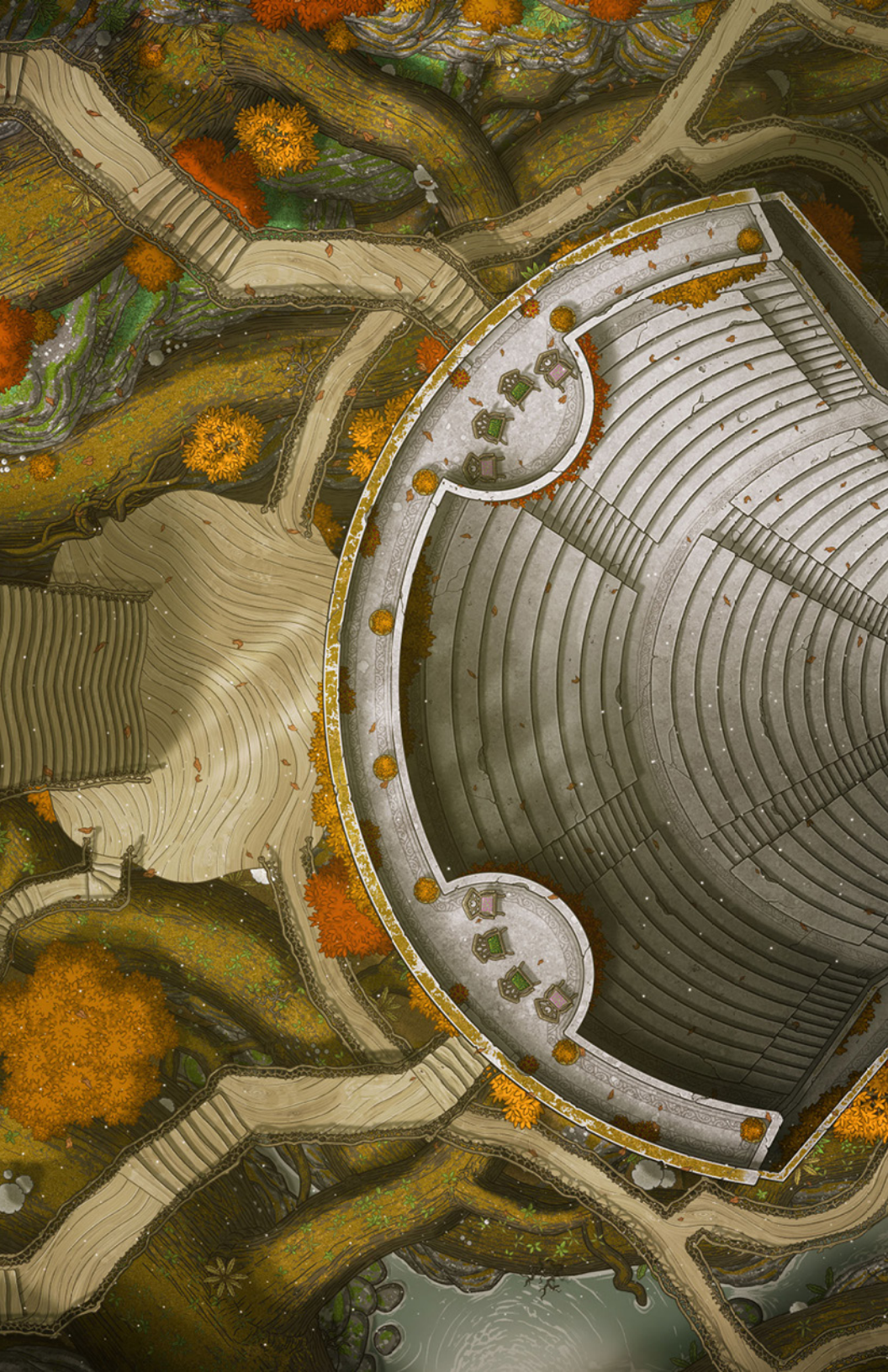
A balcony emerges from the Dwynlei Oak. It offers the archfae views over their entire domain. From this platform, one can spy the Enchanterie, Immeria's Tear, the Everlasting Garden, Uvis's overgrown lab, Ilidon's ballroom, and—most importantly—the Sensory Theater. Of course, the archfae place their thrones atop this magnificent balcony.

If Ithivellia is the soul of the Principality, then the Dwynlei Terrace is its beating heart. While each archfae is free to pursue their own goals as they see fit, they each inevitably spend hours every day chatting and lounging in their thrones. Each archfae has eccentricities and idiosyncratic needs, but they also only have each other as peers. The most regal and resplendent place to convene is the terrace.

Ilidon's raccoon pupils provide a persistent improvised score, and scents from the Enchanterie give the air a magical aroma. Endlessly disparate scenes from the Sensory Theater amuse, intrigue, and bewilder. Regardless of the season, the view is sublime: flower petals dance in the spring, auburn leaves descend in the fall, and divinely unique snowflakes gently blanket the glade in the winter. The Dwynlei Terrace is distinct amongst archfae luxuries specifically because of its simplicity. Ultimately, it is just a wooden balcony with a pleasant view. Nevertheless, the Dwynlei Terrace is the quintessence of Ithivellia to many, a representation of archfae splendor, the magics they wield, and their dominion over the Seelie Court.







THE SENSORY THEATER

Lesser fae may seek an audience with the archfae whenever they please. All they must do is find their way to Ithivellia and then present a proposal on the stage of the Sensory Theater. If they convincingly suggest a compelling new experience to the archfae, they are granted access to the glade. In most instances, the petitioner is asked to leave as soon as the experience is provided, but very occasionally, a subject is invited into an archfae's inner circle for a time.

Aesthetic Offerings

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Typically, lesser fae head to the Sensory Theater to present their art: music, dance, sculpture, theater, etc. The “new experience” presented is an aesthetic encounter, a foray into the realm of beauty, emotion, and narrative. Given the breadth of fae art, Ithivellia likely hosts the strangest variety show in all of the multiverse.

Though this system isn't codified, the expectation is that a successful performance or unveiling will prove to the archfae that the artist is worthy of a temporary residency in Ithivellia. If a singer can bring Diadne to tears once, it would follow that they may be able to touch her again with future performances. At any given time, Ithivellia is teeming with dozens of virtuosos and master artisans, honing their craft at the behest of the archfae.







AESTHETIC PREFERENCES OF THE ARCHFAE

Throughout Ithivellia's unfathomable history, no single performance has ever wowed all of the glade's archfae. The best a petitioner can hope for is to earn the favor of one. As such, they'd be wise to get the attention of whoever is most likely to appreciate their art. The following is a list of the archfae's typical aesthetic preferences.

SWEE BELLORA'LA TWILADE	Still-life paintings, morality plays, elaborate fugues
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MAESTRO ILIDON	Musical theater, epic poetry, folk dance
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ATHERI THE EMPATH	Embroidery, floral arrangements, short form poetry
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TAYNOTH THE MIRROR	Stand-up comedy, exaggerated portraiture, acrobatic routines
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DIADNE BLUEMOON	Immersive theater, ice sculpture, improvisatory music
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UVIS TWICEBORN¹	Molecular gastronomy, blown glass, puppetry
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Experiential Proposals

More uncommonly, a petitioner will present a novel experience that must occur elsewhere: a hunt for legendary game, a unique hallucinogenic voyage, or a glimpse at a once-in-a-millennium celestial phenomenon.

-
- 1 Though Uvis has gone missing as part of the central plot of Ithivellia, you may choose for him to disappear partway into the party's time in Ithivellia. Alternatively, the party may bring him back to the glade as a part of the quest. In either case, these guides will present narrative and mechanical options for Uvis along with the other archfae.
-



In general, these proposals are less likely to succeed. After all, the archfae have already lived for many thousands of years; *ipso facto*, there's a bit less novelty in "once-a-millennium" experiences. Additionally, many activities suggested may be new to the archfae, but they may not be terribly compelling. Just because Atheri the Empath has never baled hay in a tornado does not mean she wants to. Finally, unless there's some immediate time pressure involved, there's little risk in saying no for now. An archfae can always gaze upon a celestial alignment in another ten-thousand years. What's the hurry?

EXPERIENTIAL PREFERENCES OF THE ARCHFAE

As with the creative arts, some experiences appeal more to some archfae than others. Petitioners should tailor their proposals to ensure that they impress *only* the archfae they hope to convince. A mythic journey with Taynoth is quite a different experience from one with Atheri, and most petitioners would strongly prefer one over the other. Nevertheless, most fae would be happy to impress *any* of the archfae. The following is a list of the archfae's typical experiential preferences.

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SWEE BELLORA'LA TWILADE	Encounters with divinity, fae rituals, prophetic insight
MAESTRO ILIDON	Elaborate pranks, awe-inspiring journeys, legendary parties
ATHERI THE EMPATH	Mystical awakenings, astral wonders, botanical novelties
TAYNOTH THE MIRROR	Epic hunts, climactic tournaments, pleasures of the flesh
DIADNE BLUEMOON	Beautiful cataclysms, body swapping, intense romance
UVIS TWICEBORN	Scientific revelations, psychoactive trips, self-actualization

Meneus

Mysterious beasts roam the Principality, and centaur Meneus (he/him) hopes to subdue at least one of each. Meneus is a mercurial hunter, a charming wanderer known across the plane. He has spent the past few months tracking the beast known as Thiviss'ell of the Resonant Veldt, an ursine colossus with a magic horn. This creature was thought to be mere legend, but Meneus ascertained that it is in fact only perceivable in certain temperatures from certain angles during a certain phase of the moon. As such, he predicts he'll have an impossibly narrow window during which to fell it.

Meneus hopes to enlist Taynoth's help in the hunt. For one, he believes Taynoth's assistance will greatly improve his odds of success. Moreso, Meneus wants to use this opportunity to get close to Taynoth. He has heard tales of the archfae's unprecedented sexual prowess. Meneus has yet to rebound from the death of his former lover, and he hopes a fling with Taynoth will heal his aching heart. Nevertheless, if Meneus cannot tempt Taynoth away from Ithivellia, he may feel enticed by particularly charming adventures from the realm of men.

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Jee-bi

Corralling the Sensory Theater's petitioners is a full time job. Every day, more and more audacious weirdos arrive hoping to wow the archfae. It's up to forceful pixie Jee-bi (she/her) to make sure everyone makes their way to the stage only at acceptable times and in a fair order. Excellent time management and the ability to supervise a crowd are two exceedingly rare skills among fae. As such, Jee-bi is certain she'll remain in the good graces of the archfae so long as she is able to tame the ambitious masses.

Jee-bi has been in Ithivellia for ages now, and while she is still happy to manage the Sensory Theater, she laments that she has had so little time to actually enjoy the unrivaled pleasures of the glade. She rarely has a moment to drink fine wines or cavort with the other ladies of the Seelie Court. If only the *entire* body of archfae could go on a little vacation elsewhere, she might have a bit of time to herself...

Hamida the Granular

It is rare that the archfae experience entire art forms they have yet to witness. Hamida the Granular (she/her), a dream genie, hopes to wow the archfae with her kinetic sand sculptures. With sedimentary magic combined with subtle divination, Hamida can summon forth a swirling, abstract mass of sand that influences the dreams of those who behold it. While the sand is mildly compelling at first for its novelty, its true aesthetic impact only takes hold after the fact; viewers fall into intensely emotional reverie when next they sleep.

Hamida seeks a residency in the glade. She hopes that her kinetic sculptures will improve in depth and complexity with access to archfae dreams and more powerful fonts of Seelie magic. She fears her art will be limited until she can work in the presence of more potent dream energy. Ithivellia is the only place that will allow her to further hone her arcane media. Luckily, Hamida is confident that her mystical sculptures will appeal to Atheri the Empath.



GM Note

You never really need an excuse to GM a hallucination or dream sequence when the party is traveling among fae, but Hamida's sand sculptures should offer the perfect opportunity to do some mystical storytelling. Once an adventurer beholds the kinetic sand, you can narrate a quick and strange prophecy, resurfaced memory, or inexplicable vision the next time they go to sleep.



Joining the Seelie Court

Sublunary wanderers often misunderstand the terms “lord” and “lady of the Seelie Court.” There is no codified system of peerage in the Principality. Rather, one becomes an honored subject of the Seelie Court once one is offered permanent access to Ithivellia. Any fae can receive this honor, but permanent access is only granted to those most beloved by the archfae.

While most aspiring lords and ladies suck up to the archfae, some are decidedly less obsequious. This can occasionally work in their favor. Maestro Ilidon primarily invites ram-bunctious delinquents into his inner circle, as they make for better party guests. Diadne, meanwhile, is only drawn to those with free spirits, unusual vagabonds that add a bit of chaos to the otherwise humdrum glade. The rest of the archfae, as expected, mostly opt for sycophants.



The most common sequence of events proceeds as such:

1

A lesser fae petitions the archfae at the Sensory Theater

2

Their petition is granted

3

The petitioner provides either stunning art or a memorable experience for one of the archfae

4

The petitioner further impresses the archfae with an affable demeanor or by pledging services that would be uncouth for the archfae to request²

5

The archfae invites the petitioner to stay in Ithivellia as long as they please

2 Each of the archfae pursues their own mysterious goals, many of which conflict with those of their peers. As such, each calls upon a select few loyal agents to assist in their projects.




MATRIARCH SWEË BELLORA'LA TWILADE

In the context of the archfae, the term “Matriach” does not mean anything. Each of the archfae wields powerful magic, each has equal say in matters of Ithivellian concerns, and each—at least in theory—guides all Seelie fae across the Principality. And yet, Swee Bellora’la Twilade (she/her) has adopted “Matriarch” as her proper title. She believes herself to be the mother of all fae, and no one is quite sure whether or not she means that metaphorically. She cares for her subjects, cherishes the arcane splendor of her domain, and believes the Principality ought to be a place of rules and tradition.

There are many who think of Swee’s strict adherence to rules as decidedly “un-fae.” After all, shouldn’t the leaders of the Principality value trickery, enchantment,





and unencumbered beauty above all else? Swee understands this line of reasoning but maintains a slightly different perspective. She believes the beings of the Principality receive magical blessings because of their commitments to fae contracts, etiquette, and an unusual sort of morality. It is only those who *fail* to uphold these tenets who fall prey to the lure of the Unseelie Court. One must honor the very ideals that define the Seelie Court, for the alternative is indefensible malice and wickedness. It is not enough to be beautiful and magical; one must also have principles.

One rule that Swee takes very seriously is the restriction against creating art of archfae. One must never directly depict or reference specific archfae in songs, paintings, poetry, or any other art form. No one can recall the origin or purpose of this rule, but Swee views it as sacrosanct.


ACTIVITIES. Swee spends more time sitting on her throne on the Dwynlei Terrace than any of the other archfae. She enjoys merely beholding her domain and rarely pays much attention to the performances and petitions from the Sensory Theater. Swee has more subjects in Ithivellia than anyone else, and she spends countless hours with them discussing news from the greater Principality.

POWERS. No one denies that Swee is the ultimate enchantress, though few have a choice in the matter. Swee sways public opinion to suit her aims as necessary, masterfully pushing and pulling on emotions to tactfully control her subjects. Some suspect she wields greater abilities than she lets on, but they would not dare say so publicly.



GM NOTE

Most players will immediately recognize that Swee's inflexibility comes across as rather villainous. That's fine! Players are never going to like a character who is dogmatic solely for the sake of tradition. You may choose to highlight this fact with further fae villainy (with some suggestions below), or you can just present her as a stubborn thorn for the party to bond over hating.



DIADNE

BLUEMOON

Diadne is in many ways the antithesis of Matriarch Swee. She does not feel beholden to expectations of how a fae must act or treat others. She enjoys the pleasures that Ithivellia provides, but she sees it as more of a prison than a paradise. She values morality only inasmuch as it informs the narrative arc of her immortality.

In truth, Diadne has already grown tired of her unacceptably pleasant life. She craves something that will shake up the status quo: some adventure, some seismic shift in the nature of the Principality. As such, she's secretly delighted by the emergence of the Mycelial Gate. It's an eyesore, but it is the first significant change to life in the glade in eons.

Unsurprisingly, Diadne butts heads with her kin. They believe she wastes her incredible abilities chasing fulfillment she will never attain. She, in turn, sees her peers as cowardly. They are too weak, stupid, or craven to find meaning, and so they waste away their eternities chasing frivolities. The only one who was different was poor Uvis, but now he's gone.

Diadne is a dilettante, an adventurous amateur in a staggering array of fields. She was a fledgling huntress, a so-so dancer, and a decent brewer. She has dabbled in painting and sculpture, calligraphy and printmaking, tree climbing and deep diving. To be fair, she excels at each of these skills beyond what most mortals could possibly dream of achieving. As far as immortal expertise goes, she has yet to cultivate any one skill to even middling proficiency.

She has largely given up on her search for true, long-term satisfaction. Instead, she seeks comfort and fulfillment in the ephemeral: transient romantic dalliances, bursts of artistic appreciation, and brief but delightful exchanges with mortal friends.



ACTIVITIES. Though she lacks the fame of Maestro Ildon, Diadne is a prolific artist, always experimenting with new media. She rarely spends more than an hour in one place, haphazardly strolling from breakfast nook to art workshop and then party after party. She ventures beyond the glade more than any other archfae, frequently at the suggestion of petitioners.

POWERS. Diadne is no more powerful than any other archfae in any capacity. She is charming, but not exceedingly so. She can weave illusions, but nothing on the scale of Atheri's master spells. She is strong but easily bested by Taynoth. On a given day, she is unquestionably the least impressive of all archfae. However, once every millennium or so, she suffuses with unimaginable arcane energy, granting her unrivaled mastery over all fae magics. During this ascendant period, Diadne is undeniably godlike in her control over space, time, and emotion. The most recent burst of magic power *just so happened* to coincide with the emergence of the Mycelial Gate and disappearance of Uvis, and thus many suspect she may be to blame.

DIADNE'S FUTURE

Throughout the adventure in Ithivellia, Diadne will periodically pepper the party with questions regarding her future. In particular, she is curious whether mortals prioritize transient delights or lasting fulfillment. She is trying to decide whether she ought to stay in Ithivellia and continue pursuing comparatively frivolous pleasures, or whether she ought to seek out some higher purpose. The questions may be direct (e.g., "Is there anything left for me in Ithivellia?") or indirect (e.g., "What is better? To love painlessly for an evening, or to love for a lifetime but endure heartbreak?").

Keep a tally that indicates whether the party pushes Diadne more toward hedonistic thrill-seeking or long-term self-actualization. These choices will determine what solutions are available to the party at the end of the quest. Feel free to add points to either column whenever the party nudges Diadne one way or the other, even if she does not prompt the guidance.



PLOT HOOK:
**DEFEND OR
DENOUNCE DIADNE**

There is no court system in Ithivellia. Some lords and ladies have their own procedures for administering justice in their minor domains, but the archfae see themselves as above that. If one among them feels that a subject is responsible for a noteworthy wrongdoing, that very archfae doles out punishment—cruel, comical, or otherwise—without deliberation.

For the first time in recent memory, however, the archfae have reason to suspect one of their own is responsible for a great and terrible crime: the perversion of their home and the banishment of their kin.

Matriarch Swee Bellora'la Twilade has accused Diadne Blue-moon of using her sporadic and explosive abilities to both summon the Mycelial Gate and inexplicably dispose of Uvis Twiceborn. Swee has yet to determine how exactly Diadne may have pulled this off, nor what her motives may be, but she is confident that the amoral archfae is guilty.

For now, there is nothing to be done. Swee cannot simply declare Diadne to be an unrepentant villain and have her exiled. The other archfae are yet unconvinced, and each of them is loath to jump to conclusions. As such, Swee has hatched a plan to leverage Diadne's precious mortal accomplices against her.

Meet with Swee

Soon after the party of adventurers arrives in Ithivellia, they will meet with the archfae. Each will provide a characteristic introduction, and then Swee will outline the court's basic demands: get rid of the Mycelial Gate and figure out what happened to Uvis Twiceborn. If successful, the party will earn the favor of the archfae as well as an arcane gift. Presumably, the party will accept this proposition. Next, Swee will take them aside, ostensibly to explain some finer details of the conundrum.

In fact, Swee has little to add concerning the primary investigation. Instead, she offers the party an additional proposition. They are to spy on Diadne Bluemoon. Swee is certain that the fickle woman will obsess over the curious mortals, and thus these intrepid adventurers are poised to probe Diadne as no fae could.

Ultimately, Swee does not care what methods the party uses. So long as they can gather ample evidence that Diadne is responsible for the blooming of the fungal portal or the disappearance of Uvis, the other archfae will have to hold her accountable. If Swee credibly threatens Diadne with banishment from Ithivellia, Diadne might just reveal how to close the gate and free Uvis from wherever he's been banished.

SWEE'S PROMISE. Should the party succeed in proving Diadne's guilt, they will be rewarded handsomely. She will provide the party with all three of the magical gifts the archfae prepared as potential bargaining chips. She will also grant the party unlimited access to Ithivellia now and forever, essentially granting them the titles of lords and ladies in all but name.

Investigate Diadne


The party won't need to seek out Diadne. She is fascinated with mortals, and she will inevitably pester them sporadically throughout their efforts.

While the party should feel free to employ their own deductive strategies, three critical lines of questioning will inevitably emerge.

- ◆ The effects and nature of Diadne's magic
- ◆ A full account of Diadne's whereabouts and activities the day of the incident
- ◆ Diadne's relationship with Uvis Twiceborn

GM NOTE

Feel free to swap out Swee's promises as you see fit. You can offer mechanical boons, additional magical items, or purely monetary gifts if that's what motivates your party. The key is to try to give the party a legitimate reason to pursue a case against an archfae they would otherwise probably find endearing.



Diadne will willingly share many of these details, but other aspects may require proper sleuthing: rooting around in the remains of Uvis's lab, questioning witnesses, and employing divination tools.

DIADNE'S MAGIC

If there's a pattern to when Diadne achieves supreme power, she has yet to discover it despite the many eons she has lived. It may be related to the alignment of the stars, some mystic numerological sequence, or the random walk of divine chance. In either case, the emergence of Diadne's *true* magic is singularly rare and always unexpected.


The moment Diadne achieves her ultimate form—what scholars of fae magic refer to as “amorphic titanism”—a shockwave spreads across the glade, blindingly bright light flashes and lingers for a full minute, and a chaotic mishmash of fae magics swirl uncontrollably and dance in her vicinity.³ These effects last anywhere from one hour to one week. Those nearby are unnaturally drawn to Diadne despite

the danger. Lesser fae occasionally become permanently comatose after exposure to the magic.

The full extent of Diadne's abilities are unknown even to her. It's clear that she can create unrivaled illusions, and that she can morph people's desires, memories, and imagination. She can slow or speed up time, teleport erratically across the Principality and beyond, and shift the weather based on her mood. All of this is innate and largely uncontrolled. If she were able to truly focus and harness this power, there is no telling what she could accomplish. Of course, there is no reliable way for Diadne to practice.

WHAT DIADNE ISN'T SAYING. Diadne is truthful when she says she can't harness her true powers, but she knows that the magic is an outpouring of energy that binds the planes themselves. These are not just *fae* powers, but arcane energy that gives life to each of the realms. During her amorphic titanism, she becomes a vessel for this cosmic well-spring.

3 In some retellings of Ithivellia's origins, Diadne's amorphic titanism was the reason the archfae sequestered themselves from the rest of the Principality in the first place.



DIADNE ON THE DAY OF THE CALAMITY

The day that the Mycelial Gate emerged was the second day of Diadne's recent outburst. The other archfae had retreated into the surrounding forests, and so she decided to poke and prod at all of their stuff, leafing through closets and cabinets. She then tried to get drunk to pass the time, but found that no amount of liquor could dull her senses.

When the gate emerged, she could feel its presence, but she was near Immeria's Tear, far from the portal. In an effort to distract herself from the uncomfortable efflux of energy, she waded into the water and focused on her reflection. Her thoughts could not have been farther from the fungal network that had just ruptured the fabric of space.

WHAT DIADNE ISN'T SAYING.

Uvis never fled Ithivellia that day. In fact, one of Maestro Ilidon's pupils had warned Diadne that Uvis would be conducting some experiments during her transformation. This raccoon informed Diadne that Uvis would appreciate it if she would spend some time in the vicinity of the archfae's lab—Diadne could not determine how the raccoon knew any of this. Nevertheless, Diadne stood near the lab for some time, bathing it in her powerful arcane wash. This was right before she left to dip her feet into the calming waters.





DIADNE'S RELATIONSHIP WITH UVIS

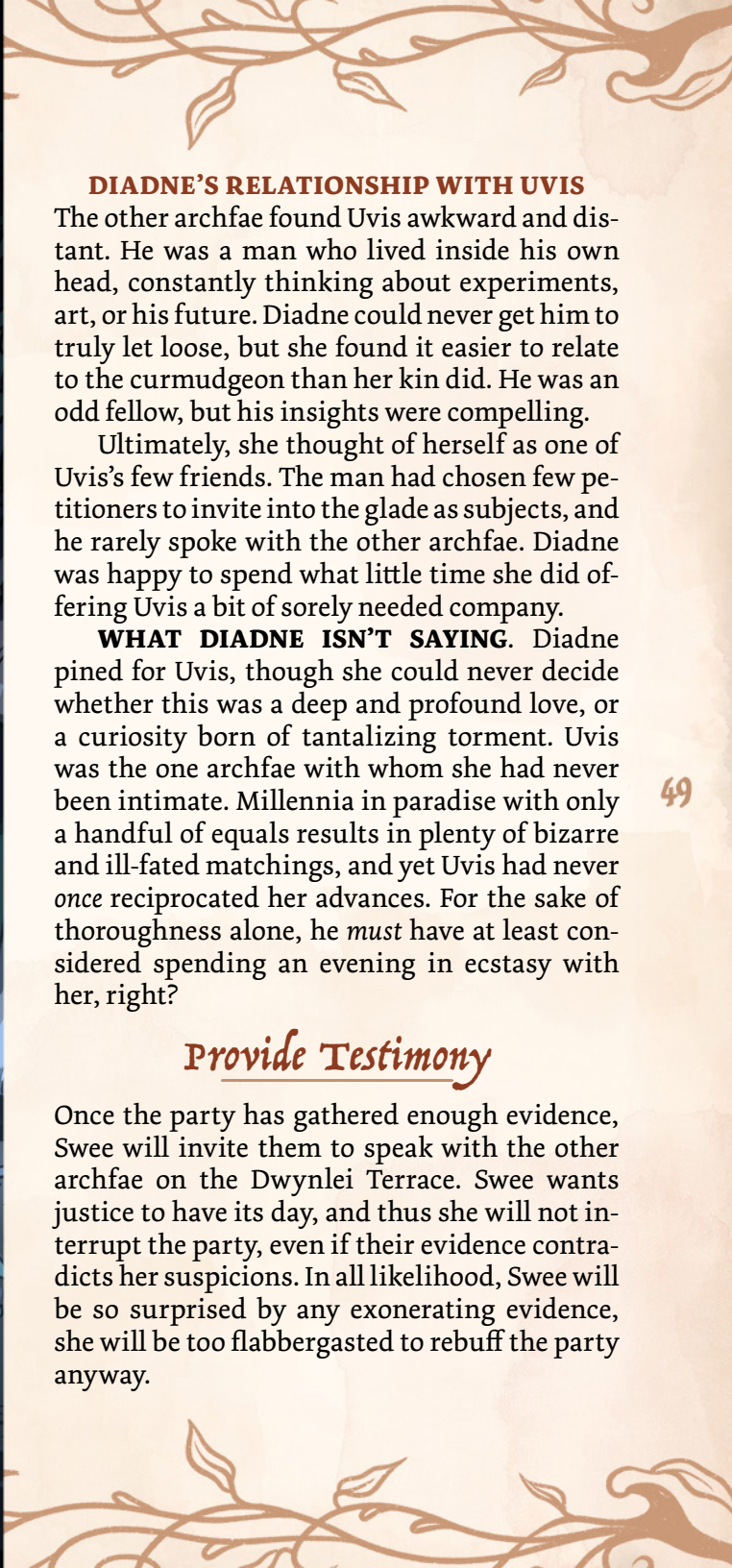
The other archfae found Uvis awkward and distant. He was a man who lived inside his own head, constantly thinking about experiments, art, or his future. Diadne could never get him to truly let loose, but she found it easier to relate to the curmudgeon than her kin did. He was an odd fellow, but his insights were compelling.


Ultimately, she thought of herself as one of Uvis's few friends. The man had chosen few petitioners to invite into the glade as subjects, and he rarely spoke with the other archfae. Diadne was happy to spend what little time she did offering Uvis a bit of sorely needed company.

WHAT DIADNE ISN'T SAYING. Diadne pined for Uvis, though she could never decide whether this was a deep and profound love, or a curiosity born of tantalizing torment. Uvis was the one archfae with whom she had never been intimate. Millennia in paradise with only a handful of equals results in plenty of bizarre and ill-fated matchings, and yet Uvis had never *once* reciprocated her advances. For the sake of thoroughness alone, he *must* have at least considered spending an evening in ecstasy with her, right?

Provide Testimony

Once the party has gathered enough evidence, Swee will invite them to speak with the other archfae on the Dwynlei Terrace. Swee wants justice to have its day, and thus she will not interrupt the party, even if their evidence contradicts her suspicions. In all likelihood, Swee will be so surprised by any exonerating evidence, she will be too flabbergasted to rebuff the party anyway.





If the adventurers make a compelling case that indicates Diadne had a hand in the sudden fungal breach or Uvis's disappearance, the archfae will elect to permanently exile Diadne. Unless the party inexplicably encourages Diadne to fight this sentence, she will humbly accept her fate. Diadne's disappointment in her peers will pale in comparison to her excitement at reaching a new chapter in her immortality. Swee will then discreetly provide the party with the promised gifts.

If the party defends Diadne, Ithivellia will return to the status quo. The archfae will thank the party for their thorough investigation and apologize to Diadne for the inconvenience. Swee will be disappointed, but she will not directly interfere with the party moving forward. However, she will undoubtedly obstruct their activities indirectly.



Regardless of the outcome, Diadne will not be able to close the Mycelial Gate, and she does not know where Uvis is.

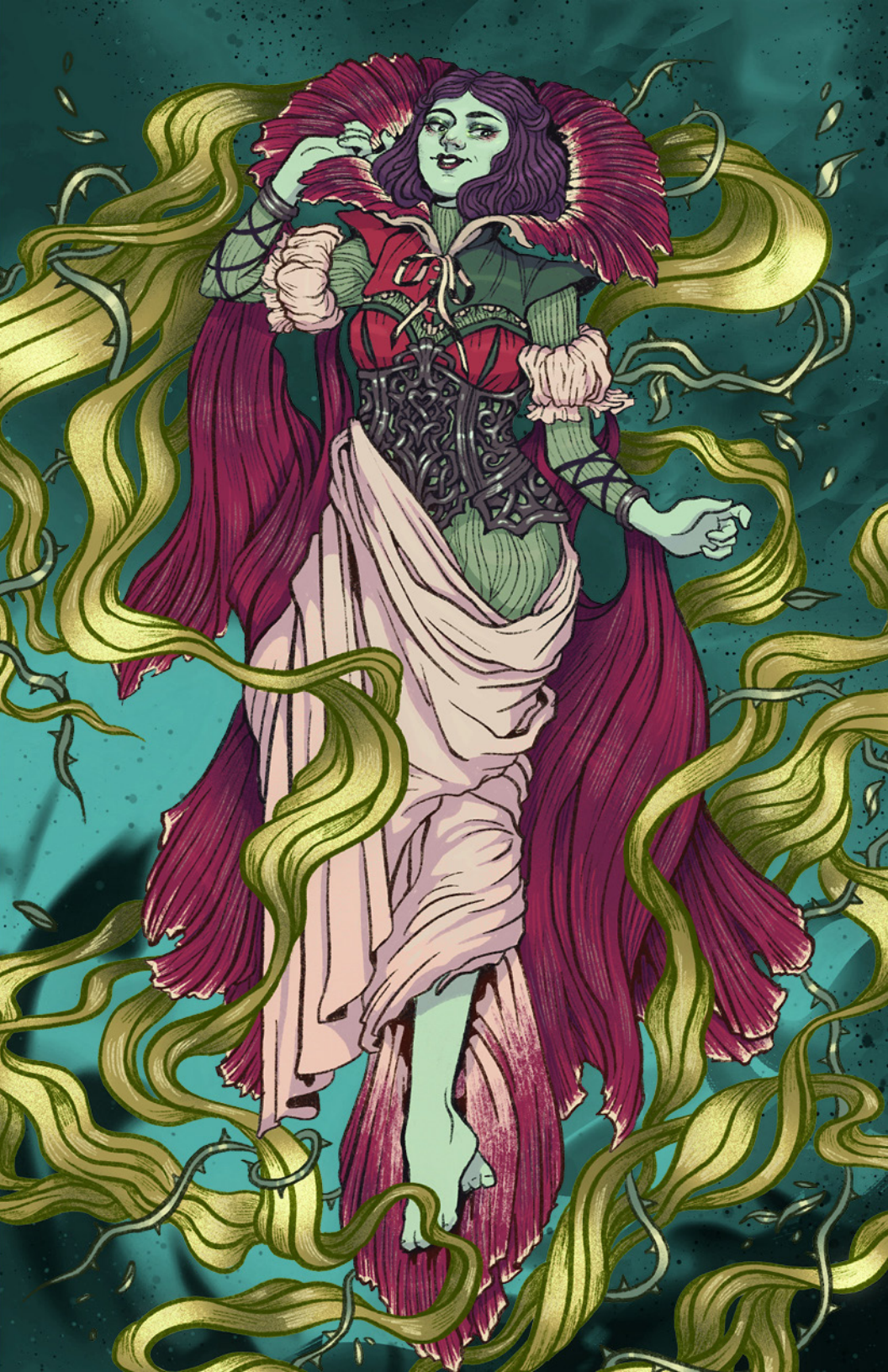
SWEE'S DARKER SCHEME

50 Even if the party exonerates her from wrongdoing, Diadne will still need to worry about Swee. Unless the party can swiftly discover a truly satisfying answer for how the bizarre events transpired, Swee will commit to a more dangerous plot. She will transform the minds of everyone in Ithivellia, erasing any memories of Diadne. It will be as if there had always been one fewer archfae. Swee will then lure Diadne away from Ithivellia before eroding her memory of how to return.

Swee has done this many times before. Over the millennia, she has slowly banished over a dozen archfae and forced her kin to forget they ever existed. These exiled and forgotten archfae wander the Principality until they eventually find darker corners of the fae realm. Inevitably, they join the Unseelie Court. This is why Swee forbids the creation of art that references the archfae: she wants there to be no evidence of their prior existence once she banishes them from the glade.

Is it possible that *all* of the Unseelie archfae were once residents of Ithivellia? Did Swee cast out Uvis as well? What does Swee really want? Does she hope to eventually eliminate *all* of her peers? Is there anything the party can do to prevent this?







What
grows

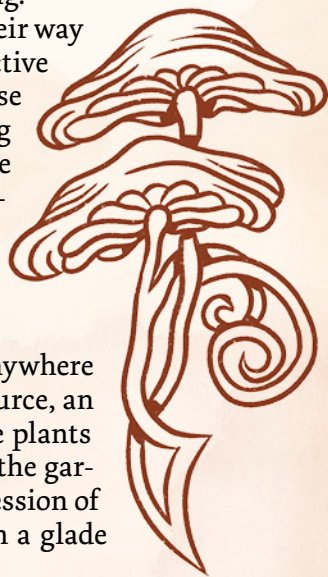
THE EVERLASTING GARDEN

The archfae are conduits for power. There is a great wellspring of energy—perhaps metaphorical, perhaps quite literal—that feeds the Principality, bestowing the realm with its mysterious fae magic. At all times, a huge portion of that energy flows into the archfae. This, in turn, keeps the godlike rulers of Ithivellia immortal. So long as there is magic, the archfae shall prosper.

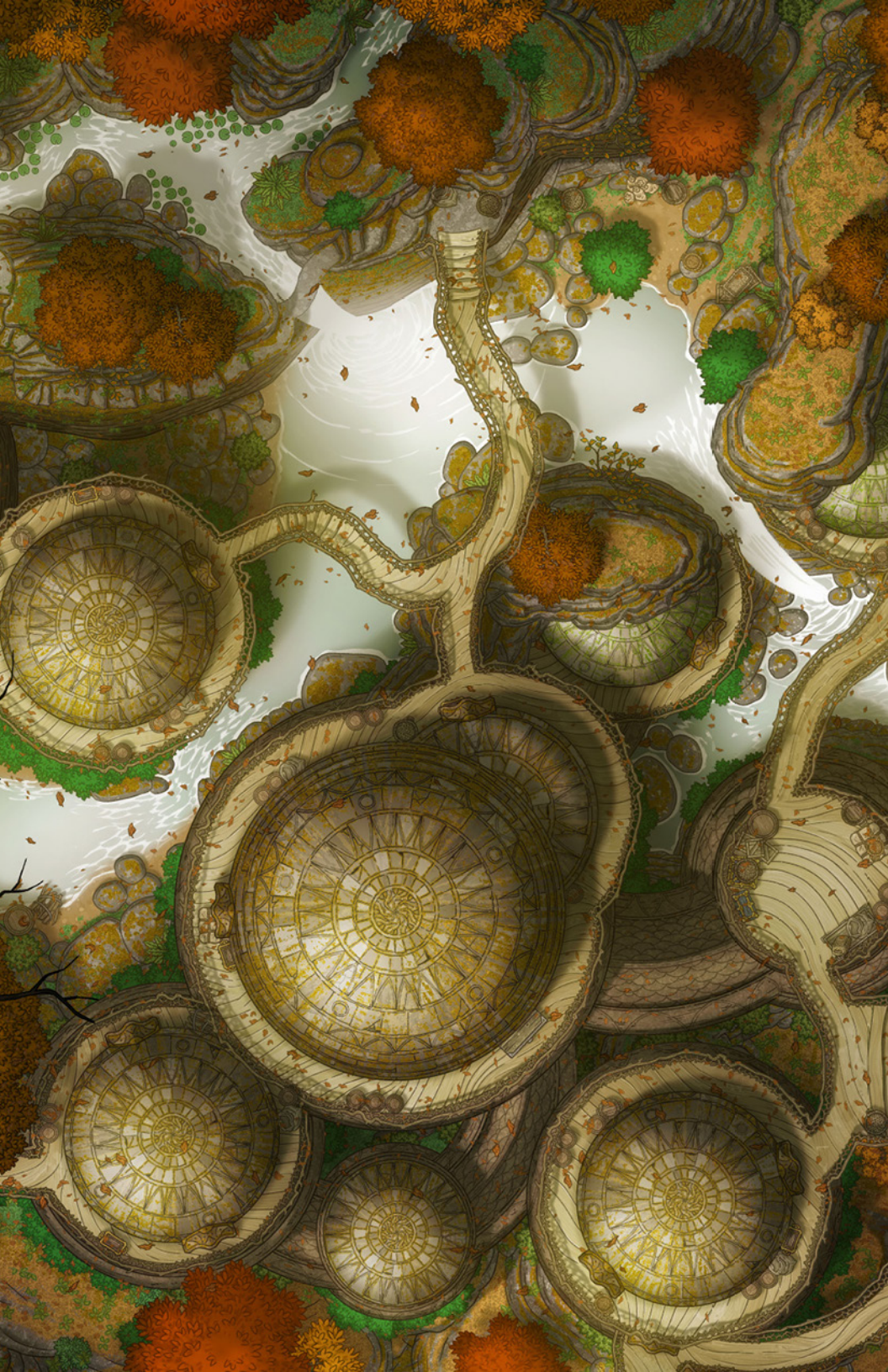
However, the archfae need not *keep* the magic that is given to them. Much as a mother bird feeds her chicks, an archfae can nourish those around them. Atheri the Empath has chosen to permanently partition her magic, bestowing a piece of her immortality to a collection of herbs, flowers, cacti, and unique botanical curiosities in scaffolded grounds that she calls the Everlasting Garden. These treasured plants will never wilt and never decay. They are—as the name would suggest—*truly* everlasting.

The garden is available to all who find their way to Ithivellia, but Atheri is exceedingly protective of the individual plants. She will quickly lose her temper with any who dare take a cutting or those who interfere with her obsessive manicuring. Atheri has dedicated a significant proportion of her eternal life to this garden, and she has no patience for uncultured monsters who cannot see the perfection in her art.

Were the Everlasting Garden located anywhere else, it would be a celebrated botanical resource, an impossible museum of the most distinctive plants from all of the known realms. As it stands, the garden is mostly an impressive oddity, the obsession of an eccentric immortal, sequestered away in a glade noncontiguous with the rest of reality.







d8 NOTABLE PLANTS DESCRIPTION

1 Karmabell

The exceedingly dainty petals of the karmabell flower are used to create a potion that grants enhanced luck to those who have previously suffered egregious misfortune.

2 Estina'lal bonsai

One demigod lives inside each estina'lal tree. The bigger the tree grows, the larger and more powerful the demigod becomes. Atheri keeps her estina'lal tree tiny, much to the chagrin of its miniscule inhabitant Igrum.

3 Crabrot

A tangle of vines native to a hellish dimension. Mortal crabrot taints all nearby soil and plantlife as it decays. In the Everlasting Garden, it is rendered harmless.

4 Dredgeberry bush

Seelie lords and ladies eagerly wait their turn to try newly ripe dredgeberries each summer. The flesh of a dredgeberry is excessively bitter, but those who eat it are said to more easily find that which they've lost. Lately, those who consume dredgeberries find themselves drawn to the underwater city of Muc-Mhara.

5	Ablumith	A type of cactus that is central to the faith of the Silliar goblins, despite going extinct in the realm of men centuries ago. This last remaining member of its species would be cherished as a holy relic if the goblins learned of its existence.
6	Blue yew	The only conifer in the Everlasting Garden. Sticks from the blue yew make for potent magic wands, and its needles are used in the fletching of arcane arrows. Atheri loves to give the tree's softly humming pinecones as gifts to those she wishes to confound.
7	Bleeding reeds	This swamp grass produces a fluid that is almost identical to blood. Technically a sap, this viscous plant product can be used as a substitute for blood when performing black magic. As such, it is prized by so-called "ethical necromancers."
8	Crucibelia	The thick stalks of crucibelia can be woven and then forged into an exceptionally durable form. Crucibelia may just be the toughest plant material in all of the planes, preferable to any metal when constructing lightweight armor.

Fruits, Seeds, Sap, and Pollen

The biology of the plants in the Everlasting Garden is nonsensical. Though the plants do not age, they still produce fruits, seeds, and all of the other plant products one might expect. An adventurer could theoretically stock up on seeds from a plant that is otherwise completely extinct, return to the realm of men, and repopulate the species.

Atheri is strict with those in the garden. There are *rules* that dictate how one may interact with the various plants... unfortunately, Atheri has never enumerated these rules in full. Nevertheless, some of the lords and ladies have reverse-engineered what Atheri allows and what she deems sacrilege.

FRUITS. Visitors may pluck any fruit they find, though they must eat it before leaving the garden. Atheri will curse those who flee the garden with uneaten fruit.

SEEDS. Seeds are wholly off-limits to any but Atheri. One caught stealing seeds will be banished from Ithivellia, unless one of the other archfae claims responsibility for the

GM NOTE

It is important to this story that Atheri does not collect any fungus in the Everlasting Garden. Convincing her to begin cultivating a variety of magical fungi will be a potential step toward pursuing the plot hook presented at the end of this chapter.

theft.

SAP. Travelers are free to extract as much sap or resin as they please. Within the Everlasting Garden, fermentation is not possible—a side effect of the immortality—but many fae create delicious beers and liqueurs from the saps of Atheri's trees once the fluid is taken elsewhere.

POLLEN. Atheri has long since abandoned all hope of protecting the pollen of her plants. It inevitably leaves the garden on clothing or stuck in hair.

LEAVES AND PETALS. Atheri has killed many times. Most of her victims are those who abscond from Ithivellia with one of her flowers. This is strictly forbidden.




THE ENCHANTERIE

While Atheri carefully nurtures the plants in her garden with deliberately egregious outflows of magic, all of the other archfae also leak arcane power. This fae energy fills Ithivellia with a magical potentiality that makes it the ideal locale to craft a wide array of arcane items. Alchemists, arcane smiths, and those who weave spells into seemingly mundane crafts are capable of incredible feats of artistry within the confines of Ithivellia.

As such, the lords and ladies of the Seelie Court constructed the Enchanterie with the blessings of the archfae. It is one of the few closed buildings in Ithivellia; in general, the archfae prefer to lounge about under the Principality's colorful sky, but the artisans who built the Enchanterie understood that it was worth putting walls around rooms dedicated to alchemical shenanigans and volatile forging.

Artists in residence—that is: those who have successfully petitioned the archfae at the Sensory Theater—frequently make use of the Enchanterie to prepare their paints and dyes, practice their solos in soundproofed rooms, or experiment with mixed media. However, the most compelling work in the Enchanterie is that of the high artisans. These are lords and ladies of the Seelie Court that the archfae task with creating exciting new arcane crafts. They conduct the majority of their work in the Enchanterie, both because of the exceptional tools available, but also because their creations are imbued with extra potency thanks to Ithivellia's ambient magic.

In most instances, the archfae quickly claim any items created by the artisans. The high artisans are welcome to keep or trade those pieces that fail to wow the archfae. Adventurers hoping to leave Ithivellia with a few potent souvenirs would be wise to barter with the high artisans. The party should note, however, that the Seelie fae care little for wealth. Furthermore, contracts with the high artisans are magically binding. There is no swindling a fae, and trades must be worded carefully to avoid unintended consequences.



Anyone with access to the glade is free to use the Enchanterie's workshops. If adventurers need to sharpen their blades, brew a few potions, or patch up their gambesons, no one will stop them. There are plenty of freely available mundane materials—ores, wood, thread, fiber, acid, and alcohol—but adventurers will need to provide the necessary arcane ingredients for any moderately advanced creations.

Westerlyn Southwind

60

Aromas are highly valued in Ithivellia, and wood elf Westerlyn (he/him) is a virtuoso of scents. As one of the few high artisans of Ithivellia, he holds high esteem among the archfae. Westerlyn's perfumes and incense are used in abundance throughout the glade, and their effects are more than just olfactory. Most of the archfae weave these scents into their spellcasting, using the aromas to enhance or twist the effects of enchantments and illusions. Atheri allows Westerlyn to use her plants as ingredients, and Sweet often requests highly complex aromas to aid in her charms. As a respected inhabitant of

Ithivellia, none suspect that he had a hand in the accident that brought forth the Mycelial Gate. He had actually just finished producing a suite of incenses for Uvis right before the incident, and he's doing his best to keep that fact a secret.

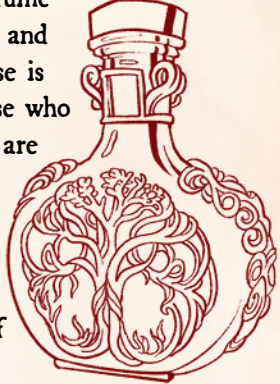
Priyellani

Known as “the brass oread,” Priyellani (she/her) is a mountain spirit who has a way with metal and an ear for otherworldly harmonics. She is one of the most talented instrument makers in the Principality, and Maestro Ilidon has recently commissioned her to craft him an enchanted horn. Ilidon usually prefers pipes, lutes, and lyres, but he figures it's time he perfected a brass instrument as well. Priyellani is having trouble producing a horn that resonates with a uniquely *fae* timbre, and she is looking for insights from travelers hailing from other realms. She hopes to gauge their reactions as she performs endless improvisations on a series of enchanted horns. If they help her improve the instrument's design, she'll happily offer one of her lesser creations as a gift.

D8

ENCHANTERIE
PRODUCTS

DESCRIPTION

1	Dwynlei perfume	<p>The scent of Dwynlei perfume is pleasant enough—oaky and fresh—but its true purpose is to act as a signifier. Those who smell of the Dwynlei Oak are undoubtedly allies of the Seelie Court. This should provide a measure of protection for travelers who venture out into the rest of the Principality.</p>	
2	Tenebrous cowl	<p>Woven by Atheri's attendants, the tenebrous cowl perfectly shields one's face from outside light, concealing the identity of its bearer. Any who wear it are also protected from harsh light, either from spells or the oppressive desert sun.</p>	
3	Siltward arrows	<p>These arrows are enchanted such that they disintegrate into a fine particulate cloud immediately after piercing flesh or armor. Useful for assassins who don't want to leave behind material evidence of their crimes.</p>	
4	Mashrila paste	<p>A flavorful spice blend and extreme thickening agent. One serving turns up to 1 liter of liquid into a solid jelly. Some fae prefer to add this paste to their drinks so that they can eat their booze. Nasty stuff, really.</p>	

D8

ENCHANTERIE
PRODUCTS

DESCRIPTION

5

Seasonal
potpourri

Much of the Principality is “seasonally flexible,” meaning that seasons can shift dramatically, rapidly, and unexpectedly. Seasonal potpourri is a mixture of Ithivellian flowers and spices that can be shaken to influence a sudden change in season in various pockets of the realm.

6

Sundrop silk

Allegedly woven from rays of pure sunlight, this silk is delicate and nearly weightless. Those who don undergarments made from sundrop silk find they rarely tire and can trek for weeks on end without chafing or stinking. Ideal for travelers who infrequently get a chance to properly bathe.

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7

Subharmonic
pipes

A pan flute that incorporates one or more subharmonic pipes can produce unnatural tones that sublunaries unfamiliar with fae music find upsetting. Adept musicians can perform tunes with these pipes that are uniquely haunting, a powerful tool for sonic spellcasters.

8

Honeybee
shears

Scissors made from the plucked wings of thousands of bees, and haunted by the ghost of an ancient mythic queen. The shears were crafted by a high artisan as a gift for the archfae, but none wanted this bizarre and grotesque artifact. If any of the adventurers want a cursed pair of scissors made from dead bees, these are up for grabs.

ATHERI THE EMPATH

Consensus is rare with regard to perceptions of the archfae. Some in the Principality see Matriarch Swee as a benevolent guide, while others see her as a manipulative tyrant. Some believe that all they need in life is the affection of Taynoth, while others consider them a boastful jackass. There is consensus, however, that Atheri the Empath (she/her) is the most enigmatic of all archfae.

Atheri speaks in riddles and mystical aphorisms. She rarely makes eye contact. She glides around Ithivellia without touching the ground. She strolls through the Everlasting Garden in elliptical spirals, tending to plants with care but no obvious purpose. She disappears for weeks at a time and returns with small animals or long forgotten flowers in a basket. If she has a fuller plan for how to make the most of her eternal lifespan, none can decipher what it may be

For centuries, Atheri and Taynoth have been intermittent lovers. No one in the Seelie Court can determine what the two see in each other. By all accounts, the pairing seems maximally incongruous. Nevertheless, they share a bed more often than they don't. From what anyone can tell, Atheri is strictly monogamous while Taynoth is decidedly not.



WHAT'S ATHERI'S DEAL?

Atheri is truly the wildcard archfae. All of the others have a specific role to play in the central puzzle of Ithivellia, but Atheri is a mystery. Enigmatic soothsayer NPCs like Atheri can be used for many different purposes in a campaign. When planning your Ithivellia adventure, you should decide upfront how Atheri might help or hinder the party. None of these options are canonical, and each is compatible with the rest of the borough guides.

THE SECRET PUPPET MASTER. Atheri played an instrumental role in the inciting incident. She drove Uvis to madness, presented him with frightening visions, or convinced Diadne to interfere with his experiments. Revealing that a seemingly mad NPC is *actually* a mastermind can be satisfying if executed carefully. Ideally, you'd gradually sow the seeds for such a revelation over the course of the quest by dropping subtle hints that Atheri is not as loopy as she seems.

THE IRRELEVANT COMIC RELIEF. Not every NPC needs to be majorly impactful for the overarching story. You can present Atheri as just an oddball who shows up mysteriously to present bewildering one-liners. She's a weirdo, and if the party decides to investigate further, all they'll find is an amusing red herring.

THE CRYPTIC GUIDE. Atheri is not responsible for what has transpired, but she *does* know more than she lets on. She sporadically presents the party with riddles that offer legitimately useful insights if the party can parse her meaning. She may also offer minor treasures if the party indulges her quirks.

THE TRAGIC VICTIM. For eons, Atheri has slipped deeper and deeper into madness. This may be the result of a curse—one of Swee's hexes?—or the natural result of a mind unraveling into eternity. The party can attempt to cure her by some means, or they can simply act as empathetic caregivers.

ACTIVITIES. Atheri spends most of her hours in the garden. She typically works alone, though she has a handful of attendants who assist in her pruning and manicuring, following only the murkiest of guidelines. Atheri also weaves mesmerizing fabrics, cherished by the few lords and ladies lucky enough to possess even a scrap of her lace or silk.

POWERS. Whenever Atheri speaks, she commands powerful illusions that surround her and amplify the cryptic substance of her poetic ramblings. These conjured illusions are more elaborate and convincing than anything the other archfae can muster. Obviously, Atheri could use her complex illusions to devastating effect, but in practice, she usually just crafts perplexing dreamscapes. Atheri also possesses an unusual ability to divine the sentiments and desires of those with whom she speaks. Again, this ought to make her a master manipulator, but she rarely wields this insight tactically.



PLOT HOOK:

STUDY THE MYCELIUM

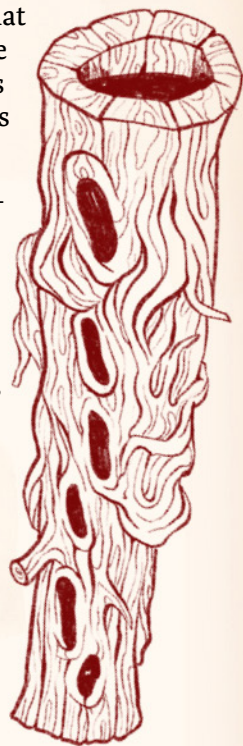
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As the party tries to understand Ithivellia's present crisis, the most promising lead is undoubtedly the psigarcic mycelium itself. This fungal network stretches out across much of Ithivellia, and fibrous roots are ripe for study. Thus far, the archfae have avoided going anywhere near the unusual substance, as they fear it may be directly responsible for Uvis's disappearance. As such, it's up to the party to figure out what they can discern.

Arcane Properties of the Mycelium

The following is a list of significant traits the mycelium exhibits. If the party conducts a thorough investigation, they should be able to uncover at least three of these traits.

- ◊ The mycelium is fundamentally magic, and that **magic is born of two worlds**. While there is fae energy that flows through the fungus, there is also something *divine*, a resonance that thrums with the celestial rhythm of the cosmos.
- ◊ Much as the archfae are conduits for a perpetual font of magic, the mycelium collects **energy from the gaps between worlds**.
- ◊ The psigamic mycelium in Ithivellia is **not structurally distinct from similar fungus** elsewhere in the Principality. It does, however, overflow with magical energy. This energy is uniformly distributed across the network.
- ◊ If the mycelium is a reservoir for a magic, then that reservoir is as of yet **only half full**. It is unclear what would happen if the mycelium could tap into an additional energy source.
- 66 ◊ One can find **traces of Uvis** at a nearly imperceptible scale among the mycelium. His alchemical smell and unique arcane signature linger within the hyphae.
- ◊ The individual **psigamics cannot tap into the arcane stores** of the mycelium. Each psigamic is no more powerful than they would be elsewhere in the Principality.



GM NOTE

Consider limiting which of these details the party learns, and if they *are* able to conduct some clever research, don't present them with everything at once. Ideally, the party would slowly piece together the details of the mycelium while simultaneously pursuing related quests. Once they have a clear enough picture of what the mycelium is and how it functions, they can make a more educated decision of how to proceed.



Perform an Investigation

A party of sleuths, naturalists, and mages will undoubtedly seek to study the mycelium up close. They might grab some samples and investigate in the Enchanterie, or they might just poke and prod at the fungus where it is. In either case, what they're capable of deducing will depend heavily on their skill sets.

Mundane investigators might engage with some inductive reasoning. Psigarc networks exist elsewhere, but they only appeared in Ithivellia when Uvis disappeared. *Ipsa facto*, the two events are probably related. The opposite terminus keeps shifting locations, but the one in Ithivellia remains in place. Perhaps the gateway is "pleased" with Ithivellia but is seeking something else in the realm of men.

Botanists and other environmental experts will examine the fungus more closely. They'll notice the active throbbing and squirming of the hyphae, notably different from other mycelial networks. They'll examine the soil and find that the network does not seem to be drawing in traditional nutrients in any obvious way. They may even notice unusual scents emanating from the hyphae, scents eerily similar to those that linger in Uvis's lab.

Wizards and sorcerers will undoubtedly do what they do best: attempt to use every spell in their arsenal. Those with the ability to perceive and measure magical signatures will be shocked to see that the mycelium contains unbelievable levels of arcane energy, and yet could still hold much more. If they try to siphon off some of this power, they will be unable. They might try to burn, freeze, or electrify the mycelium, only to find that it is wholly resistant to such aggression.

Some unconventional adventurers may find they do not fit so neatly into the archetypes of Ithivellian heroes. Those able to communicate with individuals in other planes might reach out to experts abroad. Loremasters will cross-reference the countless legends they've committed to memory. Even boneheaded soldiers might just grab some fungal threads and see if they make for an adequate whip. Many of these efforts will yield compelling results, while other will contribute nothing to the investigation.

Interrogate the Psigarics

The psigarics are obtuse,¹ but they are willing to speak with the party, especially if the party shows deference. The psigarics will debate among themselves about whether or not they feel they should trust the adventurers; whether they do or not will largely depend on their judgment of the party's actions thus far.

If the adventurers have done nothing but sneak around, lie to the fae, and engage in drunken debauchery, the psigarics will feel little reason to trust them. If, on the other hand, the party seems to be taking this matter seriously and have demonstrated a desire to find a peaceful resolution, the psigarics will speak openly about their experiences. Finally, if the party has only just arrived, the psigarics will reserve judgment and ask for them to return later.

Assuming the psigarics have placed their trust in the party, they will reveal the following with a bit of prompting.

- ◊ The Ithivellian psigarics **emerged fully formed** immediately in the wake of the Mycelial Gate's blooming.
- ◊ They cannot yet understand how or why the Mycelial Gate functions, but it is at least partially **related to Uvis Twiceborn and Ithivellia's magic**.
- ◊ They suspect both **Maestro Ilidon and Diadne Bluemoon** played roles in the fungal bloom.
- ◊ For some reason, the psigarics are **obsessed with the stars**. It is unclear whether that has anything to do with the mycelium itself. This trait is notably unique to Ithivellian psigarics.
- ◊ The party can find additional evidence by **exploring Uvis's lab**, but they must do so carefully lest they anger bizarre monstrosities that linger within.
- ◊ Each psigagic can **enter and exit the gate** as they please. There is usually nothing terribly interesting to do in there, but they feel more powerful when exploring the portal between worlds.

¹ Our next borough guide will provide a wealth of additional information about the psigarics, their attitudes, and their desire, plus individual psigagic NPC descriptions.



Enlist Atheri's Aid

If the party wants to consult with an expert on all things botanical, then their best bet is Atheri the Empath. She understands the natural world better than anyone else in Ithivellia, even if she cannot share her wealth of knowledge in simple terms. Though she does not cultivate any mushrooms within the Everlasting Garden, she has closely examined and lived amongst many funguses throughout the Principality during her immeasurable lifespan.

Atheri will prove most helpful if the party can convince her to nurture a portion of the mycelium within her garden. The party will have to be extraordinarily persuasive in order to convince her to do so. This fungal bloom is frightening to the archfae. They don't want to even touch it, let alone bring samples into their private domains. Nevertheless, Atheri is an excellent judge of character, and if the party truly believes that this is the best course of action, Atheri may be convinced.

Once Atheri begins to examine the mycelium in close detail, she will quickly arrive at many critical conclusions. She will, unfortunately, only disclose her findings cryptically. A collection of possible revelations follows. Feel free to roll on the table between one to three times depending on how successfully Atheri investigated the mycelium.

1 “Doubly begotten, now enshrined in a temple of hairs. I can feel his wriggling. Writhing not in agony but scattered just the same.”

2 “Be ye optimist or pessimist, the glass remains as it must for proverbs to function. And lo, what shall be if a second excess is bequeathed.”

3 “To be as Tantalus, cursed to never attain that which one craves. ‘Tis a torture I would not have expected within or adjacent to our blessed glade.”

4 “When men share bread, the clever rodent knows to rest ‘neath their hands. The crumbs of Gods are most often found in loci betwixt.”

5 “Myriad mysteries proliferate across our domain, but most surprising is when things are exactly as they seem. Variety is the spice of life, but spice we already had in plenty.”

6 “As was my brother, they are born twice. Once of this world, and once of the heavens. Of their nature, I shall never know, for I am bound by this present otherworld.”

7 “One sowed the seeds, one watered the soil, and one told the seedlings they could be Gods.”

8 “Only ever half-departed, a destiny fulfilled, a denouement earned. To satisfy the unbending audience, one must untell the tale.”

9 “A would-be future for us all, though requiring a step into the unknown. Do we dare share this euphoric burden?”

10 “If the dam stands too tall, the mill doth not spin. Nature’s bounty must flow from high to low, and we must be present to harness the passing.”





G.
Sweetborn

THE TWISTED GLADE

Ithivellia is the domain of the archfae and the Seelie Court. These fae are reverent of nature but claim the glade as their own, shaping each of its verdant corners to fulfill their every desire. They nestle under the roots of the Dwynlei Oak, construct idyllic courtyards beside streams and creeks, and coax local fauna into performing for their grand balls.

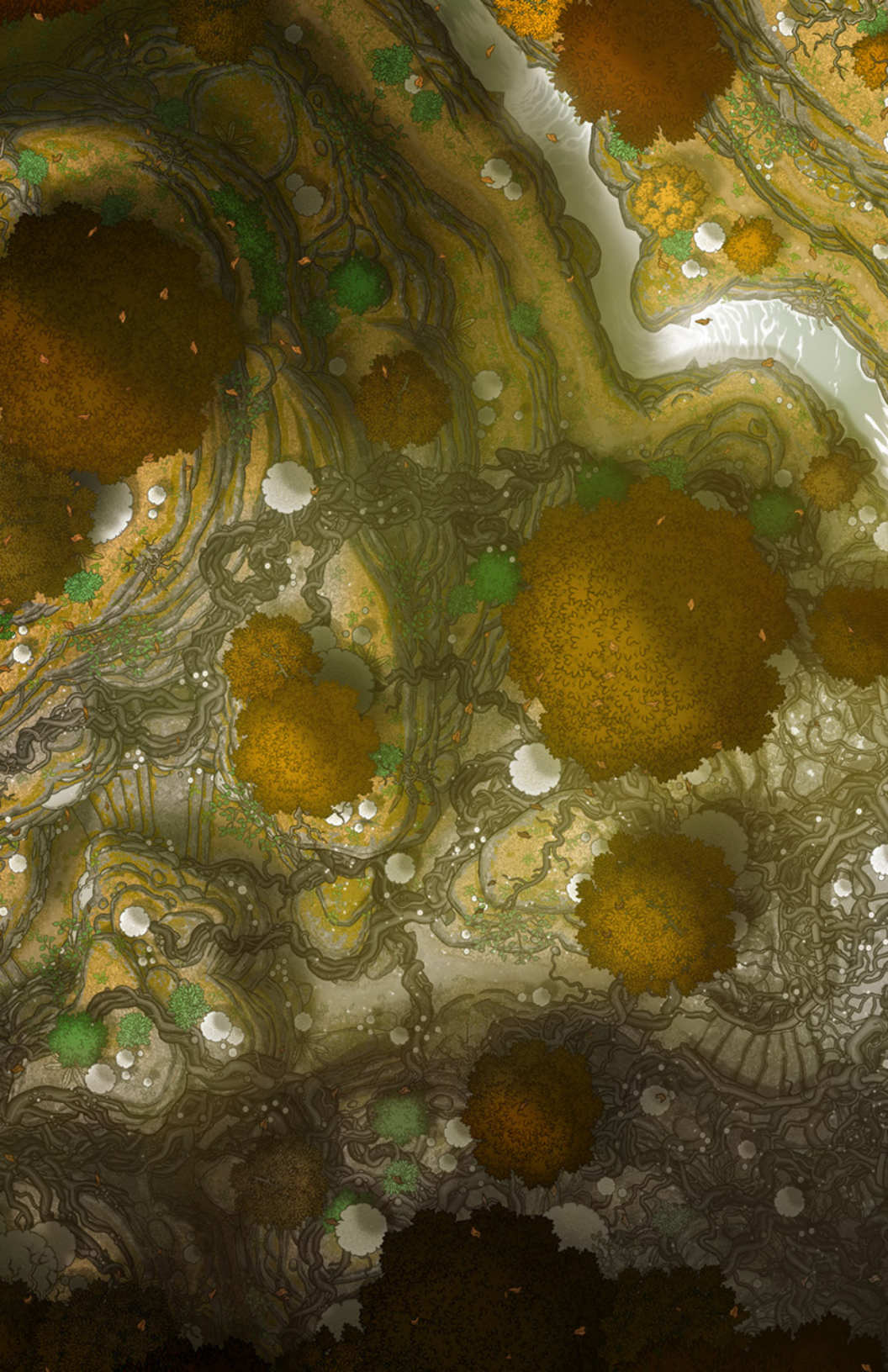
Now, for the very first time, their ability to manipulate the nature around them is limited. The newly emerged mycelium seems completely impervious to traditional fae influence; thus, any portion of Ithivellia that has fallen to the fungal network is lost to the lords and ladies of Ithivellia. The land around Uvis's lab is abandoned. The archfae and their vassals have given up any attempt to repel the ever-expanding tangle of hyphae on their own. They tacitly agreed it would be far easier to leave that corner of Ithivellia well alone until the chosen adventurers could sort out whatever was happening there.

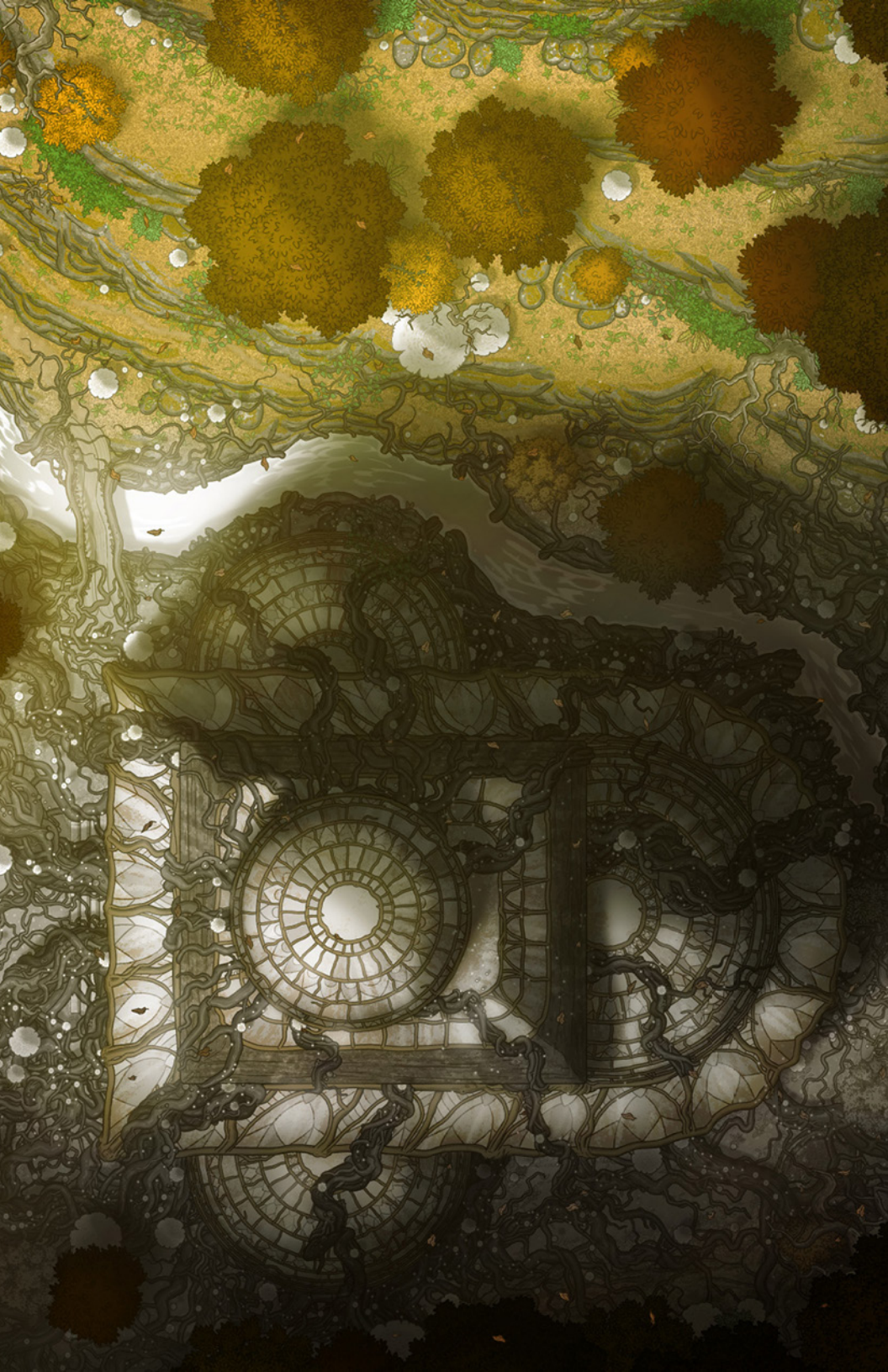
This is a convenient twist for the psigarics. It would be wrong to say they were anxious to interact with the archfae—"anxiety" is not an emotion that psigarics experience—but they were concerned that communication with Ithivellia's leaders would be counterproductive. Now that the Seelie fae have chosen to ignore the mycelial home, the psigarics can study and plan in peace.

Of course, a garden untended inevitably spawns weeds. Uvis's lab has become a haven for unsavory beings, some of whom were never supposed to enter Ithivellia. There are secrets to be gleaned in this mysterious pocket of the glade, but only by those willing to put themselves at risk.

The supposedly watchful archfae are ignorant of many of these new developments in their home. Will the adventurers stamp out these arcane oddities, or will they turn a blind eye?







PSIGARICS

There is a wide gulf between the psigarics of the wider Principality and those that live in Ithivellia. To understand the creatures of the royal glade, one must first understand how they differ from their counterparts elsewhere.

Psigarics of the Principality



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The fungal fae of the Principality are noteworthy beings wherever they appear, dissimilar from any other native populations. Psigarics live in the undergrowth of towering forests, along the curves of sun-dappled valleys, or within the dank depths of long-forgotten temples. Their networks are ancient, giving rise to untold generations of psigarics. Knowledge is imparted psychically, and siloed cultures develop organically; each psigamic network is thus advanced and distinct.

Crucially, in almost all instances, psigarics live in isolation. They occupy far-flung locales, and other varieties of fae consider them unsettling. As such, few psigarics grasp the complexities of fae customs, and only a handful of fae across the entire Principality comprehend psigamic physiology or magic in any capacity. This lack of understanding only reinforces mistrust and encourages further isolation.

While most fae are extroverted, epicurean, and mercurial, psigarics are altogether more cerebral. They spend most of their time *within* their mycelium, existing as ethereal magical psyches, detached from physical form, intermingling with one another in a mental web. They live their lives in dreams and imagination, tapping into the overwhelming psychic energy that floods the mycelium. Their existence is one of thought and memory, communication without semantic meaning, and whispered truths that could never be summarized in words. Each psigamic spends most of their

GM NOTE

If your players ask questions about what the psigarics actually *do* all day or how they conceive of the world, it is acceptable to just say, “you are incapable of understanding.” Their actions and perspectives will seem alien because their entire mode of existence is alien. The adventurers don’t need to fully understand that, but they do need to accept it. Sometimes, different people have different lived experiences, and you just have to be okay with that!

time floating in an enlightening psychic mist, traversing emotional states and ideas much as a sublunary might traverse a city.

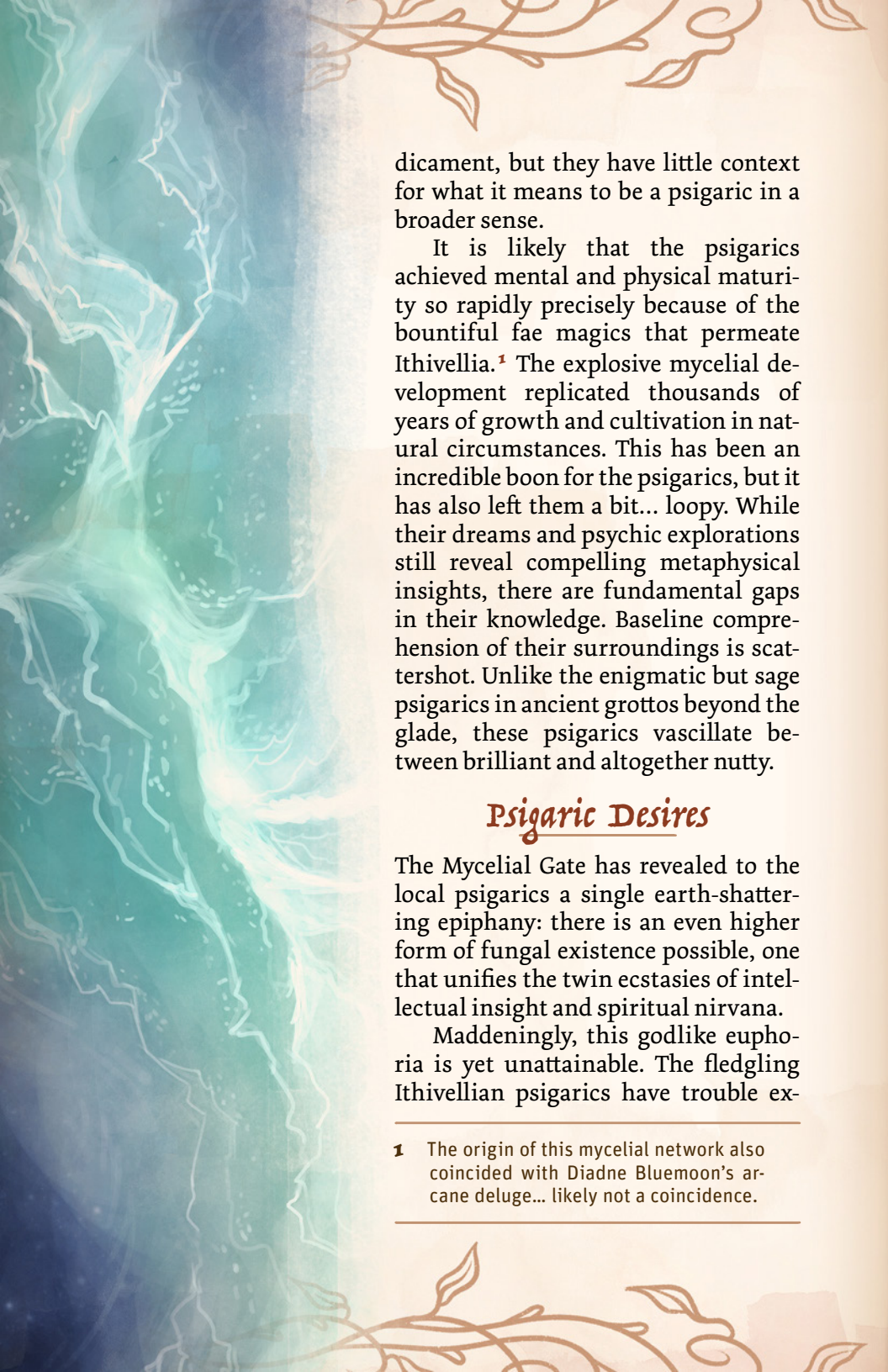
When confronted by curious interlopers, the psigarics attempt to explain this, but the very nature of their lived reality cannot be explained. An inquisitive centaur simply cannot comprehend what it means to enter a state of mycelial reverie.

As much as the adventurers may want to understand this phenomenon, they must eventually accept that they cannot. The experience of a psigaric is wholly foreign. For a human to ask, “what is it like to be a psigaric?” is akin to a volcano asking, “what is it like to be a blade of grass?” No answer could possibly suffice.

MAGIC. Psigarics feed off of the magic of the Principality. As plants absorb sunlight, psigarics absorb the ambient energy of the realm itself through their mycelial network. This magic fuels their psychic bonds, ethereal ruminations, and, ultimately, the ways in which they manifest physically.

Psigarics of Ithivellia

The psigarics that live in and around Uvis’s lab are distinct from those that live outside the glade. For one, the psigarics that emerged in the aftermath of Uvis’s disappearance are *young*. They are “adults,” for lack of a better term, but they do not have centuries of communal knowledge to draw upon. They know enough to understand their strange pre-



dicament, but they have little context for what it means to be a psigaric in a broader sense.

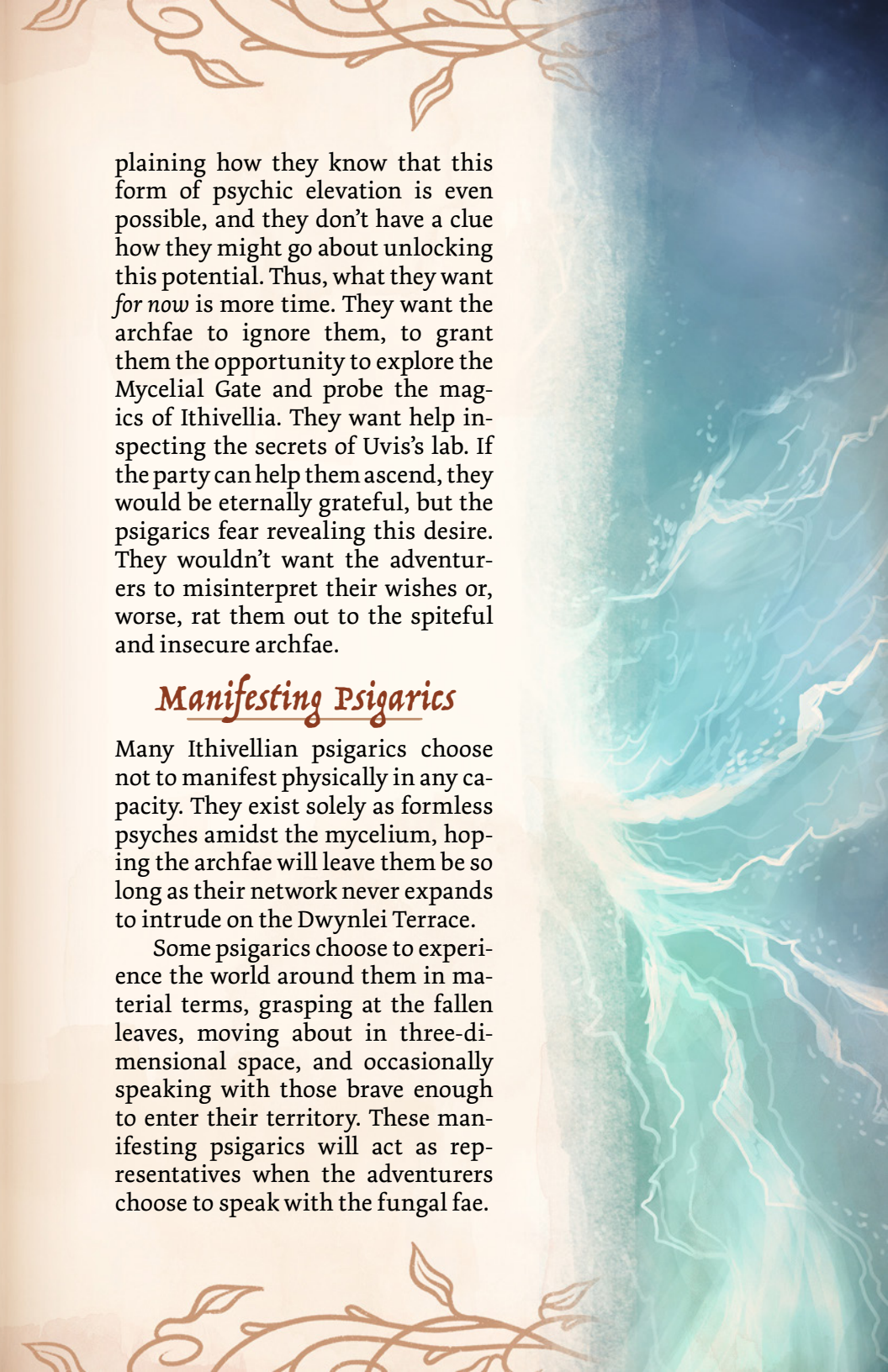
It is likely that the psigarics achieved mental and physical maturity so rapidly precisely because of the bountiful fae magics that permeate Ithivellia.¹ The explosive mycelial development replicated thousands of years of growth and cultivation in natural circumstances. This has been an incredible boon for the psigarics, but it has also left them a bit... loopy. While their dreams and psychic explorations still reveal compelling metaphysical insights, there are fundamental gaps in their knowledge. Baseline comprehension of their surroundings is scattershot. Unlike the enigmatic but sage psigarics in ancient grottos beyond the glade, these psigarics vascillate between brilliant and altogether nutty.

Psigaric Desires

The Mycelial Gate has revealed to the local psigarics a single earth-shattering epiphany: there is an even higher form of fungal existence possible, one that unifies the twin ecstasies of intellectual insight and spiritual nirvana.

Maddeningly, this godlike euphoria is yet unattainable. The fledgling Ithivellian psigarics have trouble ex-

1 The origin of this mycelial network also coincided with Diadne Bluemoon's arcane deluge... likely not a coincidence.



plaining how they know that this form of psychic elevation is even possible, and they don't have a clue how they might go about unlocking this potential. Thus, what they want *for now* is more time. They want the archfae to ignore them, to grant them the opportunity to explore the Mycelial Gate and probe the magics of Ithivellia. They want help inspecting the secrets of Uvis's lab. If the party can help them ascend, they would be eternally grateful, but the psigarics fear revealing this desire. They wouldn't want the adventurers to misinterpret their wishes or, worse, rat them out to the spiteful and insecure archfae.

Manifesting Psigarics

Many Ithivellian psigarics choose not to manifest physically in any capacity. They exist solely as formless psyches amidst the mycelium, hoping the archfae will leave them be so long as their network never expands to intrude on the Dwynlei Terrace.

Some psigarics choose to experience the world around them in material terms, grasping at the fallen leaves, moving about in three-dimensional space, and occasionally speaking with those brave enough to enter their territory. These manifesting psigarics will act as representatives when the adventurers choose to speak with the fungal fae.

Nusbebor

The most gregarious of the psigarics, Nusbebor regularly tries to get the attention of nearby Seelie vassals. They listen intently to quiet fae gossip whispered near ponds or patios and try to imagine the context of such mysterious musings. On the rare occasion that a wandering dryad or satyr chooses to speak with them, Nusbebor reveals their impressive ability to ape body language. Some fae have nicknamed the cheery psigaric “Nusbebor the Mirror,” a playful jab at Taynoth and their similar mimicry.

Biliddop

Deception and trickery do not come easily to psigarics. Biliddop, however, has learned a thing or two from the Ithivellians. They’ve been attempting to craft lies to keep the Seelie fae away. Unfortunately, these lies have been so bizarre and brazen (“we have become beings of pure fire and you will doubtless burn in our orbit” or “soon shall set—one final time—the sun for us all; use your time to be loved ones”) that most just see Biliddop as a hilarious weirdo.

Ee-Yelzdumpod

Hopelessly nonliteral, Ee-Yelzdumpod—or “Yelz” for short—wants nothing more than for someone to explore Uvis’s lab and uncover the research stored within. Unfortunately, Yelz has yet to master anything close to proper syntax in semantic language. Yelz is familiar only with the imprecise language of symbols, memories, and notions. As such, they typically bombard passersby with a telepathic overload of largely incomprehensible images of alchemical equipment, goopy devils, and imperiled mushrooms.





Gillihee

Occasional fungal insights point to the notion that *love itself* is necessary to achieve enlightenment. This is uncharted territory among the psigarics, for whom romantic love is entirely foreign. Nevertheless, Gillihee is trying to wrap their head around the concept. They will approach adventurers and politely request the commencement of a romantic relationship. Adventurers should tread carefully; psigarics *are* emotional beings, even if their feelings are notably hard to read.

Ispum


Mycelial reverie typically renders psigarics relaxed and agreeable, even when manifesting physically. Ispum, however, bristles at the notion that the psigarics are so close to godhood. They see the heightened magic of the archfae and crave that energy. Ispum wants to somehow *eat* the archfae to gain their powers. While the other psigarics shun this strange attitude, Ispum is quite vocal when speaking with the local fae: they want to consume—quite literally!—the magic of the archfae. Weirdly, Ispum’s notion of how the psigarics might ascend is not that far from the truth.

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UVIS TWICEBORN

The reclusive archfae Uvis has disappeared, but his impact on Ithivellia remains. He was not a convivial man; in fact, he spent most of the past few millennia actively avoiding his archfae kin. Many Seelie fae questioned whether Uvis even *deserved* the title of “archfae.” Yes, he had been around since the primordial dawn of the Principality, and he certainly demonstrated an impressive mastery of metamorphic magic. And yet, he did not seem to embody the *ideals* of the Seelie Court.

This is an uncharitable reading. Uvis epitomized the curiosity of the fae, the same way Diadne exemplifies caprice or Ilidon exemplifies inspiration. Notably, Uvis spent the first few eons of his existence in constant communication with his godly kin, incessantly prodding at their idiosyncrasies or presenting subtle social experiments. It was only when he grew tired and distrustful of his equals that he retreated into his research.





Like the other archfae, Uvis believed that the arc of his immortal life would bend toward narrative perfection. In other words, on a long enough time scale, the chronicle of Uvis's life would be the greatest story ever told. Unlike the other archfae, however, he took that matter into his own hands.² Where

Ilidon attempts to achieve greater immortality through art, Uvis predicted that only profound transformation could yield true aesthetic perfection. And so, he experimented.

He became a master of alchemy, tarot, runic inscription, ley lines, spontaneous transmutation, and golem animation. He harnessed magics both unique to the fae and commonly available to sublunary wizards. He studied ancient tomes—that is, tomes written early in his lifetime—and mystic texts from realms noncontiguous with the Principality. In short: Uvis sought salvation through scholarship. And then he disappeared.

² Other archfae have also taken this extra step, though they have taken their leave of Ithivellia to do so, never to return.

ACTIVITIES. Unsurprisingly, Uvis spent most of his time in his lab, testing new alchemical formulae or poring over arcane texts. He would occasionally visit the Dwynei Terrace to discuss matters of glade-wide importance or watch petitioners at the Sensory Theater, but this was an exception and not the rule.

POWERS. Uvis considered his greatest gift the scale and breadth of his intellect, but “being really smart” is hardly a power reserved for archfae. His unique arcane ability was the ability to reshape matter. Though Uvis was a studied alchemist, he rarely *needed* alchemy to perform his transmutations. He could turn lead into gold with a flick of his fingers. He could also breathe life into a wooden marionette, carve marble with his mind, or summon the moisture from a blade of grass. The scale of these transformations might have seemed small compared to Atheri’s grand illusions or Swee’s far-ranging enchantments, but the strength and complexity of his metamorphic magic far exceeded any attempts his kin could muster.




PLOT HOOK:

EXPLORE UVIS'S LAB

The psigarics are unified in their wish for *someone* to explore the laboratory Uvis had used for his experiments. They are certain that the lab holds additional secrets that will elucidate the nature of their genesis, Uvis’s disappearance, and any potential threats to the archfae.³

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- 3** The psigarics actually don’t believe the archfae to be at any risk of upcoming calamity, but they understand that framing the situation as such is more likely to convince the party to venture into the dangerous lab.
-



The lab is unlocked but overgrown and teeming with dangers. The psigarics are too afraid to manifest inside the lab, and thus they can only reveal vague impressions of what they perceive of the lab from within their network. They will tell adventurers the following details, assuming the adventurers have proven themselves trustworthy:

- ◊ Fungal golems guard the lab against intruders
- ◊ Recently, some wicked spirit from a far-off corner of the Principality snuck into the lab
- ◊ If Uvis recorded any notes regarding his experiments, they would likely be found in his study on the third floor

Features of Uvis's Lab

Ever since the incident, Uvis's lab has been exhibiting strange magical traits.

The most noteworthy effect is that fae magic is rendered wholly inert throughout the area. Atheri cannot instinctively divine what's happening within these walls, and Swee's enchantments will immediately cease to sway anyone within the vicinity of the lab's

mycelium. This may prove advantageous for the party if they need to temporarily escape the effects of some lingering hex.

Next, alchemical potions and poisons which one must typically imbibe now emit their effects in a short radius. Simply walking near enough to one of Uvis's sleeping potions might cause an adventurer to suddenly fall unconscious. Ambling recklessly through the laboratory will wreak havoc on unsuspecting explorers. Luckily, potions and poisons that originated outside the lab remain unaffected; healers with stocks of medicinal tinctures won't find their stores depleted after a trek through the building.

Finally, terrestrial magic—wizardry, pyromancy, or divine incantations—is amplified but also perverted by the twisted aura of the lab. A mage may bring forth a ball of fire only to find it emerges as an icy boulder instead. A priest who heals their companion may accidentally overfill their comrade with vigor such that they immediately vomit. Consult the table of magical mishaps for a list of potential effects.



D8 **MAGICAL MISHAPS**

- 1** The spell is dramatically amplified, causing magical scars to emerge across the caster's body.

- 2** The fundamental essence of the spell transmutes: fire becomes ice, mind-reading becomes foresight, etc.
The spell is effective and aids the party, but not in the way the caster planned.

- 3** The target of the spell is randomized, though spells targeting an ally will still affect an ally, and those targeting a foe will still affect a foe.

- 4** The spell is cast twice.

- 5** The spell consumes no resources, be they physical, mental, or otherwise.

- 6** The spell is amplified, but its effect is delayed by at least 5 seconds.

- 7** Immediately after casting this spell, all allies can also cast the spell, even if they would not otherwise be able to.

- 8** The spellcaster produces the optimal version of their spell, and then they immediately fall prey to a vivid hallucination that reveals details of Uvis's final moments.



Fungal Golems

Uvis spent many centuries experimenting with various mushrooms and molds, devising new alchemical compounds, fungal runes, and—most consequentially—golemic forms. These fungal golems were never intended to act as sentinels. Uvis merely wanted assistants in the lab that were more diligent than the capricious petitioners that typically sought to join in his research.

Since Uvis's disappearance, however, the golems have become increasingly territorial. They understand that their former master wanted to keep his research secret, and thus they do what they can to honor that wish. They were built for strength, of course, but they also know the lab intimately well. Therefore, they will strategically sling alchemical solutions at their targets, opting for highly acidic or explosive reagents first. These are not the unthinking clay golems of the realm of men but clever research aids who know the basics of alchemy.

These golems may be constructed from fungal materials, but they are not true

fungal fae like the psigarics. The two varieties of beings share no kinship, and the golems will immediately attack any psigarics that manifest in their vicinity.

Tulg Reemith

The incident in Uvis's lab created a unique opportunity for the Unseelie fae. The shadowy opponents of the Seelie Court are always looking for ways to undermine the Ithivellians. Most assume they never try to disrupt the glade itself because they have no ability to *enter* it. This is false. The rulers of the Unseelie Court know how to enter Ithivellia; after all, it was once their home too. The tricky bit is doing so without getting caught. The archfae sense all that occurs within their domain, but they are currently incapable of divining anything in Uvis's blighted laboratory.

One Tulg Reemith (he/him) took advantage of this fact. Tulg is an agent of the Unseelie Court, a vassal of the archfae Gregish Downwise. He waltzed right into Ithivellia, smack dab in the center of the archfae blindspot. Tulg has spent the past few days rummaging through Uvis's lab, looking for

clues that might aid the Unseelie Court in their quest to destroy Ithivellia.

Tulg has made remarkably little progress. He has uncovered reams of notes that Uvis collected, but he has no con-

text with which to understand them. He has no knowledge of alchemy or mycology and lacks a proper familiarity with the web of relationships that connect Ithivellia's archfae. He also has no means of escaping from the lab now that he has emerged here; something about the mycelial network has disrupted his ability to teleport away as planned. He is stuck and beginning to panic.

If the party stumbles across Tulg, he will fight them. He will do his best to beat the party's mage—if

WHO IS GREGISH DOWNWISE?

Gregish is a hypogean villain banished from Ithivellia long ago, an ancient subterranean being who was once one of the rulers of the royal glade. At the dawn of time, he sat upon the Dwynlei Terrace along with the other archfae. Then, after one too many slights and faux-pas, Swee wielded her trickery and magic to exile the being from Ithivellia for good. Of course, this is all long-forgotten lore now. "Gregish Downwise" is a name remembered by none but Matriarch Swee. Nevertheless, Gregish imparted onto Tulg the know-how necessary for him to enter Ithivellia, knowledge that Gregish only possessed because this was his former home.



they have one—within an inch of their life before demanding the party teleport him out of Ithivellia. If the mage refuses or finds himself incapable, Tulg will attempt to kill the party. He wields an enchanted quarterstaff, supposedly torn from the Dwynlei Oak eons ago. Tulg also has the ability to temporarily turn the fungal golems to his side; beings of mushroomy constructions are easily swayed by Unseelie magic, even in the context of the mycelium's magical interference.

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Uvis's Research

Tulg has a collection of Uvis's research notes stashed away in his messenger bag. While he cannot make heads or tails of this research, educated parties should be able to decipher enough to be worthwhile.

THE BASICS

No technical expertise required

Uvis was experimenting with psigarcic spores in an effort to summon a portal. It would seem that his research was successful.

MYCOLOGICAL DETAILS

Requires prior mycelium research or knowledge of natural sciences

Most psigarcic mycelium draws energy from the Principality, but it *should* be able to harness other magics as well. With enough arcane fuel, the mycelium would allow any linked psyche to enter a higher state of being, a form of fungal godhood.

ARCANE DETAILS

Requires a successful investigation of Diadne Bluemoon or proficiency with magical arts

A staggering amount of magical energy would be needed to jumpstart the growth of the

mycelium. With enough magic, psigaric mycelium will fold in on itself, creating a portal. These sources may exist elsewhere throughout the cosmos, but the only sufficient font within the Principality is Didadne's amorphous titanism.

ALCHEMICAL DETAILS

Requires familiarity with the Enchanterie or alchemical expertise

The structure of psigaric mycelium is eerily similar to the arcane composition of the archfae themselves. The body of an archfae could be *transmuted* such that one's psyche could exist within a mycelial network. Uvis created two potions capable of inducing such metamorphosis; one has already been used.

Uvis's Diary

The psigarics are certain that Uvis's personal diary is somewhere within his study. Alas, no matter how long the adventurers look, they will find no paper within, no journal of precious thoughts.

The true diary is hidden in plain sight. Uvis recorded his thoughts in the winding shapes of the manicured my-

GM NOTE

The psigarics haven't yet been able to read these notes because they'd have to see the pattern of the mycelium *from the outside*. As they are afraid to manifest within Uvis's lab, they have never actually witnessed the mycelial script in three-dimensional space. If the party transcribes the fungal patterns, the psigarics will easily comprehend the script.

celium in his study. The adventurers will have to recognize the unique patterns in the hyphae... There is a logic to their arrangement, a code, a script. Uvis must have used the exotic gardening equipment stashed in the room to carefully sculpt the mycelium to record his thoughts without the risk of those thoughts being discovered. The party can then try to decipher the text or carefully record the patterns and seek assistance from the psigarics, Atheri, or one of the more linguistically-minded Ithivellian vassals.

FIRST ENTRY

My research is complete for now. I have achieved mastery over the psigarcic mycelium. I cannot do anything further until Diadne enters her elevated state. I must alert Maestro Ilidon of my intentions. He is one of the few here I can trust, and I suspect Diadne will heed his advice.

SECOND ENTRY

Ilidon and I spoke, and we hugged after finalizing the details. I'm surprised to realize how much I will miss him when I unshackle my mind and soul. What a relief to know that I will not have to spend my next eternity alone.

THIRD ENTRY

I had assumed no one would be able to stop me once I entered the network, but it has just occurred to me that Taynoth would be strong enough to wrench my formless essence from the mycelium. I must ensure that I have fully ascended before Taynoth decides to interpret my disappearance as some new challenge to overcome.

FOURTH ENTRY

This will be my final entry. Why I continue to record... I cannot say. Diadne has just achieved her true form. I shall consume my potion first; I would not want her to witness the painful process of my unmaking and rebirth. If she beholds the unsightly metamorphosis, I fear she will not have the courage to join me. I will be with you soon, my beloved. This shall be an ecstatic conclusion to our lives, a finale earned, a tale made retroactively more perfect.

FIFTH ENTRY

Must record quickly... body is unraveling. A mistake in my projections. If Diadne does not join me, the gate will flounder for no fewer than 100 million years... searching for a substitute font. Does one exist? Without Diadne, I will be trapped alone and incomplete. She is not here yet... is she coming? Is she...





Song
Dance
Dance



ILIDON'S BALLROOM

The archfae have sculpted their glade over countless centuries. While Ithivellia gradually evolves, two pieces are eternal: the Dwynlei Oak, and the ballroom. The moods and desires of all fae shift, but the fundamental need to dance, drink, sing, and make merry exist deep in the heart of every being across the Principality.

Ilidon is the lord of the hill on which balls are held, hence many referring to the space as “Ilidon’s ballroom.” Compared to Atheri’s garden or Uvis’s arcane laboratory, the ballroom is a simple space. A floor for dancing, a perpetual buffet and bar, and a dais for the band is all the fae need for a perfect event space.

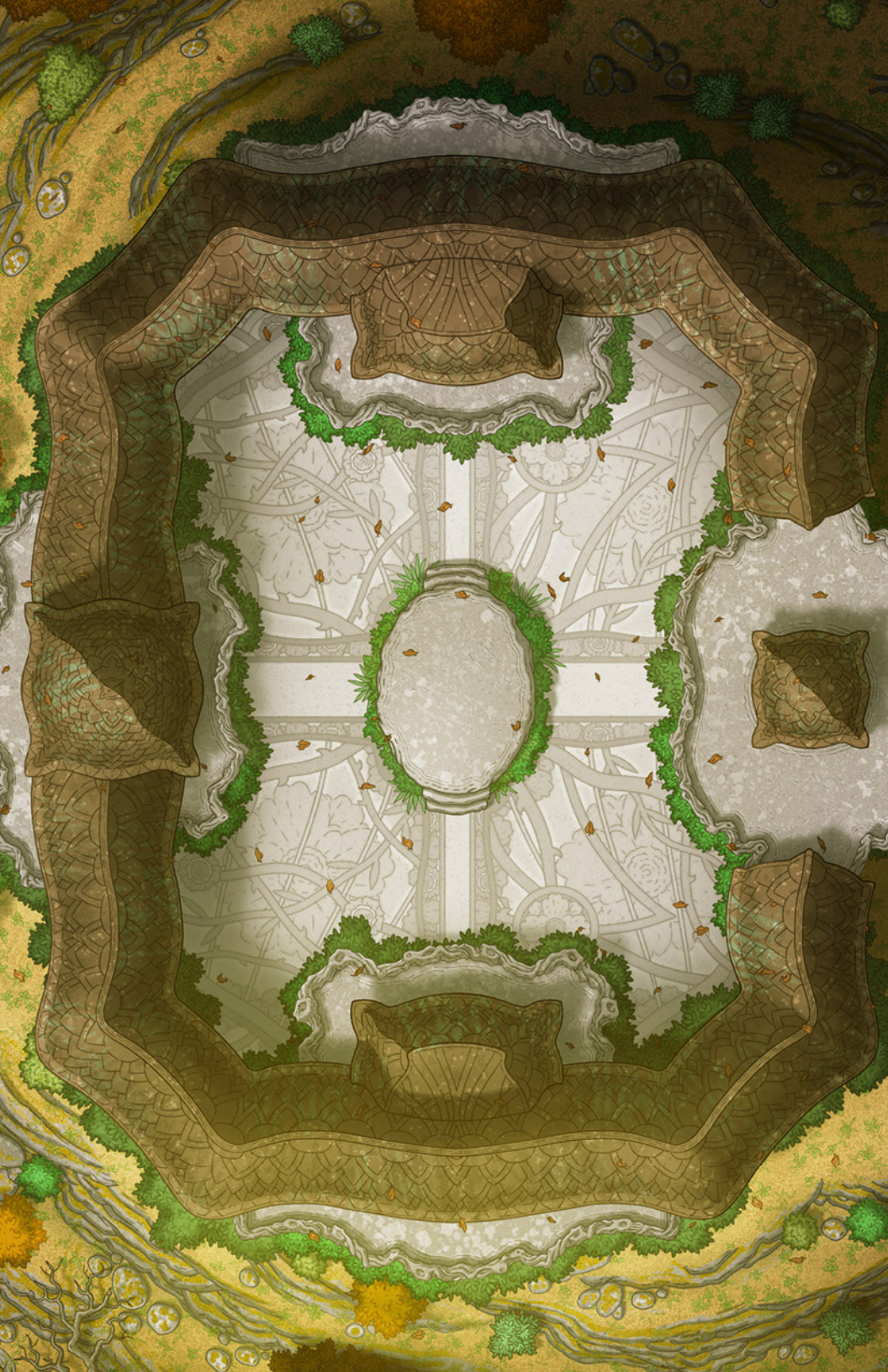
Balls come in many themes and flavors. Glade-wide masquerades are popular, but so too are “mixers” between the vassals of any two archfae. Though the seasons change erratically in Ithivellia, Ilidon is always prepared to host magical winter festivals, glorious spring soirées, or lengthy summer picnics. Usually costumes or masks are optional, but some parties strictly require their usage, vestigial though they may be in a land of endless illusions.

ILIDON'S PUPILS

From ball to ball, the details always change, though one thing remains constant: music. Ilidon will often perform, but he also takes great pleasure in *listening*. If the maestro never leaves the stage, the maestro can never grow as a musician. As such, visiting artists—typically Ilidon’s vassals—frequently perform, offering a variety of musical stylings from across the Principality and beyond.¹ These artists often need accompaniment, however, and Ilidon is more than happy to provide suitable performers to join the stage with illustrious bards and composers from across the realm.

¹ While the petitioners are all fae, many study musical forms native to other realms. Aāxin dances and lowlander waltzes are currently in vogue.







Across Ithivellia, one is likely to encounter countless scurrying raccoons, each carrying a flute, fiddle, or other instrument. These are Ilidon's pupils, music students who follow Ilidon with unnatural loyalty. After training for some time at Ilidon's Conservatory, the raccoons are granted entry to Ithivellia where they are expected to perform for many hours each day. Some form dedicated trios that play light music in the gardens near the Mycelial Gate, while others improvise meditative melodies to help the Enchanterie's high artisans focus. A select few provide an endlessly evolving score to set the mood on

the Dwynlei Terrace, and—of course—many perform in Ilidon's ballroom to keep guests and vassals alike entertained.

Ilidon's pupils are unusual. They are not just regular raccoons. These are *fae* raccoons, with antlers, opposable thumbs, and the capacity for speech. Few are familiar with any of the commonly spoken languages from the Principality let alone the realm of men, so unless adventurers feel like learning to speak raccoon, they'll probably have to communicate with vague gestures or sheet music.

Some Ithivellians have raised concerns regarding the raccoons' dogged adherence to Ilidon's wishes. These creatures are sentient and wise, and yet it is clear Ilidon has some sort of magical command over them. They wordlessly move about Ithivellia, providing music wherever it is needed, and they do not ask questions when given the sheet music for a new composition. Raccoons in the wild are playful and disobedient. Can it be that Ilidon's pupils are really just *that* dedicated to filling Ithivellia with melody and rhythm?

Kinnder

Most of Ilidon's pupils end up shuffling into various roles throughout the glade, but Kinnder (she/her) has a permanent position as the lyrist of the Dwynlei Terrace. Kinnder appears to be perfectly sedate and focused on her music, but she is secretly listening to every conversation that occurs among the archfae thrones. Kinnder informs Ilidon of secret deals or politicking via cyphers encoded in her lyre melodies. The other archfae are none the wiser.

Rustle

Though most raccoons in the glade are entirely loyal to Ilidon, at least one renegade has slipped through the cracks. Rustle (he/him) is a conservatory dropout who snuck into Ithivellia. For now, he's playing along with his kin, performing pleasant little tunes for all the fae sycophants. He hopes to find someone he might trust, someone who could help to free his friends from the conservatory. There's vile magic at play in the music school, and someone needs to put an end to it.

ILIDON'S CONSERVATORY

Outside the great fae city of Ullha Tempia, one can find the prestigious music school in which each of Ilidon's pupils are trained. Though the maestro himself rarely makes public visits, he allegedly designs the curriculum and attends auditions and recitals in disguise.

The overwhelming majority of students are fae raccoons, but it is common for aspiring bards, composers, and soloists to attend an occasional lesson or master class. After all, Ilidon hires many of the best musicians from throughout the Principality to teach, many of whom are former artists in residence from the glade.

While the students are cared for exceptionally well, there is a sinister aspect to the conservatory. Over the course of training, each raccoon is slowly indoctrinated via a steady wash of enchanting harmonic magic. The effect is extremely gradual, but over the course of one (1) music education, students have

their minds just *slightly* reprogrammed. They become bizarrely deferential to the “old masters” of fae music, and their unique creative viewpoints become dulled. As their proficiency grows, their passion wanes. When at last they arrive in Ithivellia, they feel as though they have no choice but to perform exactly as Maestro Ilidon wishes. That is what they went to school for, after all.

Master Dithimir

A spriggan from the deep woods, Master Dithimir (he/him) is the head conductor for Ilidon’s Conservatory. Stern and serious as fae go, he is more similar to the traditional and justice-oriented Matriarch Sweet than to Maestro Ilidon, whom he serves. Master Dithimir is responsible for assigning pieces for each of the pupils to study in such a deliberate pattern as to slowly bring them under Ilidon’s control. This is magic of a slow and deliberate variety. Only through this careful sequence of pieces can a raccoon be “freed” from the mischievous spirits and hexed into near total powerlessness in the face of Maestro Ilidon’s commanding presence. More than anything, Rustle wants Master Dithimir dead.

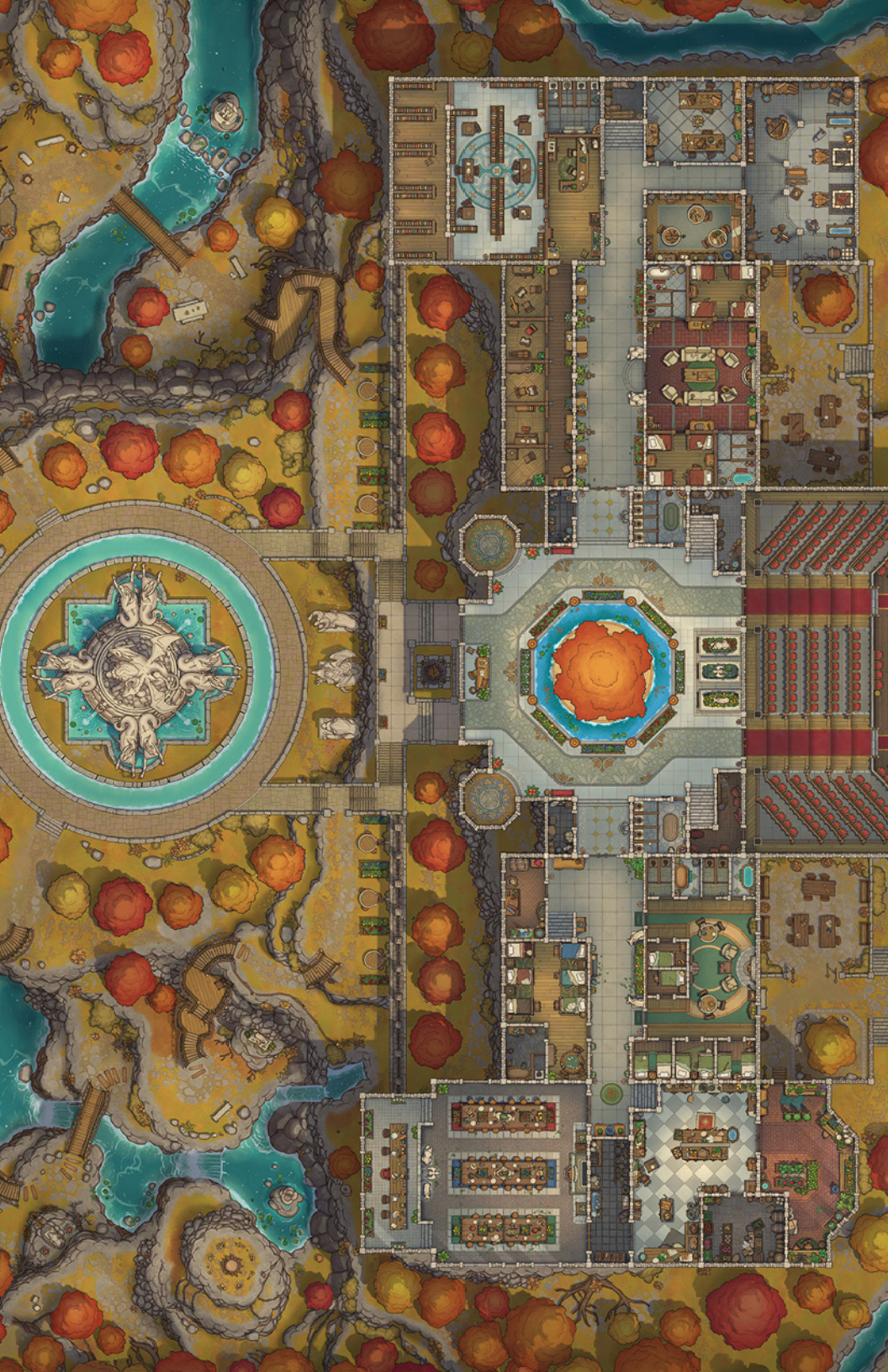
GM NOTE

The whole “Ilidon’s raccoons are under a weirdly villainous spell” plot point is meant to show the players that Ilidon is *not* the awesome and relaxed dude he seems to be. Nevertheless, if lightly mind-controlled raccoons feel like an unnecessary bummer for your campaign, just drop that thread altogether.

Mini Plot Hook: Free Ilidon’s Pupils

If Ithivellia’s raccoon population weren’t psychically manipulated, they would still love the opportunity to perform music in the enchanted glade. What’s so bizarre about Ilidon’s need for control is that he is robbing *himself* of a more fruitful musical landscape. This harmonic enchantment is passively dulling the creativity of Ilidon’s raccoon vassals.

If the party gets a whiff of the shenaniganry afoot at the conservatory, they may see fit to do something about it. They have a few options available.



CONVINCE ILIDON

Ultimately, Ilidon is not an unreasonable man. He has exacting aesthetic standards, but he does want what he thinks is best for Ithivellia and his archfae kin. If the party is persuasive, they might convince him to cancel his brainwashing efforts. They'll be more likely to succeed if they make Ilidon think it was *his* idea.

DEFEAT MASTER DITHIMIR

There is only one fae with the patience and expertise to pull off an elaborate spell like this. Master Dithimir is a boring and spiteful man, a failed composer who would rather quell the creativities of others rather than witness their joy. He is also a powerful mage. The party is well within their rights should they attempt to banish or kill the villainous spriggan.

INSPIRE A WALKOUT


Maestro Ilidon is the patron archfae of all raccoons, but perhaps he needs them more than they need him. If his pupils were to discover the truth of his misdeeds, they could be encouraged to abandon the conservatory. The party will have to prove themselves before the raccoons will listen; a thrilling musical performance should suffice.



MAESTRO ILIDON

Who could dislike Maestro Ilidon (he/him)? The satyr-like archfae is charming, talented, and altogether less unsettling than the other archfae. He is powerful and eloquent, but he speaks to vassals and outsiders alike as though he were one of them. A true man of the people.

Like Diadne, Ilidon will glom onto the party immediately. He is fascinated by people from other realms, particularly the stories they tell. He is always looking for fodder for new songs, plays, or poems, and if the party is lucky enough, he may just dedicate a brand new work to their exploits. That said, *unlike* Diadne, Ilidon has no interest



in helping the party achieve their goals. He merely wants to glean their stories and then gain their admiration.

Ilidon is a multi-instrumentalist, but he prefers to perform with his favored lute *fior dhàn*. He does not wish to sully the beauty of his music by performing incessantly. Instead he will only break into song when he has something truly meaningful to impart—a relevant poem or tale from epic lore—an occurrence that has become increasingly rare over the past few centuries. Typically, he lets his vassals and pupils perform, while he gets drunk and scribbles a few bars of an upcoming ballad in between conversations.

More than any of his peers, Ilidon is playful. He loves to prank his companions, his vassals, and outsiders alike. These are harmless japes, not the hurtful or punitive tricks of the Unseelie fae. They are, however, childish. They are the capers of a man unwilling to grow up and achieve his potential.

ACTIVITIES. When Ilidon isn't napping, joking with his pals, or watching Sensory Theater performances, he is at a

ball. Though he typically acts as the master of ceremonies, he will occasionally bring a date, perform with a band, or bring his throne to the dance-floor so that he can merely observe. Ilidon will occasionally leave Ithivellia to attend a concert, gallery opening, or play elsewhere in the Principality. Rumor has it he occasionally visits the realm of men for the same purpose.

POWERS. Ilidon is an artist. What his peers accomplish through magic, alchemy, or botany, he achieves through song and rhyme. The synthesis of the aesthetic and the arcane is his true gift. To weave illusions or summon a raincloud is one thing; to do so with a melody is quite another. Ilidon also believes he has the power to bend fate, to influence the tides of chance with his art. Of course, all beings influence destiny through their actions. Whether or not Ilidon has a supernatural control over fortune and the future is up for debate.



PLOT HOOK:

ATTEND THE TRUE MASQUERADE

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Once the party has collected some preliminary information regarding the Mycelial Gate and the whereabouts of Uvis, Diadne will suggest that they attend an upcoming ball as her dates. Ithivellians tend to be loose-lipped at grand, drunken affairs, and some of them undoubtedly have useful information that they've thus far held close to the chest.

What's more, tonight is the so-called "True Masquerade," a special occasion for the eternal glade. Before heading to the ballroom, all attendees drink a unique potion concocted by Uvis Twiceborn. This potion temporarily transforms each attendee, rearranging their face, the organization of their limbs, and generally rendering everyone unrecognizable.

Tonight's batch is the last remaining set of potions Uvis brewed, meaning this very well may be the final True Masquerade for quite some time. For obvious reasons, this is the perfect time to perform some undercover snooping.



ALTERNATE START

If the party denounced Diadne in front of the other archfae, she will not be present to invite the party to the masquerade. If you still want to run this plot hook, you can swap in Taynoth for Diadne's role, or you can have Ilidon invite the party himself.

Diadne's Suspicion

Diadne has an ulterior motive as well: she suspects Ilidon may have had some role to play in the Mycelial Gate's sudden appearance. Ilidon *told her* to hang around Uvis's lab right before the mycelium exploded into the rest of Ithivellia, and this was when her magic was at its peak. What did he know that she didn't? Did Ilidon intentionally trick Diadne into sabotaging his bizarre fungal experiments?

Depending on Diadne's relationship with the party and how far they've come in their investigation she may or may not reveal this additional motivation. It is entirely possible the party will already have their own suspicions regarding Ilidon's role in the fungal

bloom. If Diadne does not tell them anything, she may end up causing some mischief of her own.

Drink the Metamorphic Brew

Uvis's potions come in small vials, each indistinct from each other. Thanks to Uvis's alchemical prowess, he was able to craft a potion that transforms individuals into truly random shapes, with no ability to discern how beforehand. Diadne will pass out the vials immediately before the party.

After drinking the concoction, each party member plus Diadne will assume a brand new physical form. While in this form, their mind and personality remain unchanged, and they can still speak, even if the assumed form normally would not be able to. The physical actions available to them (e.g. the ability to run, climb, wield a sword, or hold drinks in both hands) will be dependent on their new anatomy.

After consuming the metamorphic brew, roll once for each party member including Diadne. The rest of the partygoers will also take one of these shapes. You can either roll for each or select ahead of time.

2D20 NEW FORM

- 2 | Corguin (a penguin with the head of corgi)
- 3 | Slow-moving spriggan
- 4 | 600-pound bipedal cat
- 5 | Tourmaline golem
- 6 | Swirling mass of color and sound
- 7 | 2-foot tall leprechaun
- 8 | Skeleton with a charming smile
- 9 | Eagle man wearing a tuxedo
- 10 | Majestic centaur
- 11 | Stereotypical vampire
- 12 | Reverse merfolk (human legs, fish torso and head)
- 13 | Baby with extremely long hair
- 14 | Knight wearing filthy armor
- 15 | Masked wizard with a peacock feather robe
- 16 | Werewolf wearing sunglasses and a bathing suit
- 17 | Goblin without teeth
- 18 | Human-sized marionette
- 19 | Two-headed pirate
- 20 | Flock of colorful parrots
- 21 | Shapechanger identical to the nearest attendee

2D20 NEW FORM

- | | |
|----|--|
| 22 | Humanoid form made of lace and tapestry |
| 23 | Gnome made of polished brass |
| 24 | Rabbit emerging from a top hat |
| 25 | Undulating pile of rainbow-colored slime |
| 26 | Stereotypical angel |
| 27 | Stereotypical baby angel |
| 28 | Stereotypical devil |
| 29 | Stereotypical baby devil |
| 30 | Human with accordion torso; plays tunes whenever walking |
| 31 | Orangutan philosophy professor |
| 32 | Cubist rendering of an attractive person |
| 33 | Pegasus |
| 34 | One of Ilidon's pupils |
| 35 | Sunflower growing from a pot with spider legs |
| 36 | Tiny clay figurine |
| 37 | King cobra in a sweater that doesn't fit |
| 38 | Snowman that will melt by the end of the night |
| 39 | Adorable fairy |
| 40 | Maestro Ilidon himself |



Enjoy the Party

While the party has a task to complete, they will undoubtedly want to have fun as well. Luckily, there's plenty to do at the True Masquerade, and they'll probably be more successful in their snooping if they mingle naturally.

DANCE

Ilidon's pupils—who have *not* imbibed metamorphic brews—are performing lively music. Attempting to dance in the ridiculous new forms is always a favorite activity for attendees. There's only one rule: no judgment. It's not like anyone knows how a corguin is supposed to dance anyway.

SAMPLE THE BUFFET AND BAR

Countless Ithivellian delights are on offer: sugarplum cordial, melon skewers (sans honeydew), ambrosia-glazed ham, sun-jelly sushi, Dwynei toddies, and soda bread crostini. Bartender Haro Teel-Nàg will make attendees any cocktail they ask for, and he'll report back to Ilidon with any gossip he overhears.

TAKE A DIP

Dancing in a fresh new body can be exhilarating, but swimming is even moreso. When the moon is at its zenith, attendees go for a swim in Immeria's Tear before returning to the dance floor.

PLAN A MARRIAGE

Though Ithivellia's archfae spurn heredity, many Seelie fae have political machinations that rely on strategic marriages. If the party knows any powerful nobles in the realm of men, they can try to arrange a romantic alliance with the court's elder fae.

IDENTIFY THE GUESTS

The contradictory twin intentions for the True Masquerade are to ensure total anonymity and to provide a fun challenge for those who hope to figure out who's who. Plenty of important players will be in attendance: Taynoth, Ilidon, Diadne, and plenty of high artisans, close confidants, and perhaps even significant party crashers. It may behoove the adventurers to map out the web of alternate forms and true identities.







Interrogate the Guests

Diadne expects the party to actually do some fact-finding at this ball. Indeed, many of the guests in attendance are either confidants of Maestro Ilidon, petty gossips, or arcane soothsayers. *Someone* must know something.

If the party is careful to avoid coming across as suspicious, they can glean the following information:

- ◊ Maestro Ilidon has been **drinking heavily** ever since Uvis's disappearance, and he has avoided going anywhere near Immeria's Tear.
- ◊ Someone snuck glimpses of Ilidon's recent manuscripts; he's working on an epic poem titled ***A Second Eternity in Solitude***.
- ◊ Supposedly, Ilidon's **newest magnum opus** is "an experiential art experiment that will only be perceived in retrospect."
- ◊ In all of his recent music, Maestro Ilidon has incorporated more **unsatisfying silences**. These pauses transform the meaning of his art.
- ◊ Before the Mycelial Gate emerged, someone saw Ilidon **give Uvis a long hug** before crying and strumming a sorrowful melody.

Save the Party

Partway through the evening, calamity strikes. If no one is able to address the calamity, the party will certainly be ruined. If, instead, a certain crew of adventurers steps up to save the day, they will be the stars of the party. Maestro Ilidon will thank them and offer a boon of their choosing.



1

THE UNSEELIE STRIKE

Members of the Unseelie Court know that now is the time to attack Ithivellia. The archfae attending the ball *must* uphold the tradition of staying incognito, and so they can't just reveal themselves and do away with the villains. Some combination of goblins, barghests, nuckelavees, banshees, and fomorians suddenly appear, intent on slaying as many Seelie sycophants as they can.

2

DIADNE GOES BERSERK

Usually, hundreds or thousands of years pass between instances of Diadne's extreme magical outbursts, but a new surge of power overtakes her in the middle of the party. This unexpected burst will cause unpredictable magical mishaps and will undoubtedly complicate her inevitable confrontation with Maestro Ilidon.

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3


ILIDON'S PUPILS COME UNHINGED

Master Dithimir, head conductor at Ilidon's Conservatory, has been gradually reprogramming the raccoon musicians such that they'll fall under his command as opposed to Ilidon's. In the middle of the ball, they become feral, attacking partygoers willy-nilly. No one wants the raccoons killed, but they must be subdued.

4

THE PORTAL EXPANDS

Perhaps attracted to all of Uvis's recently consumed potions, the psigamic mycelium rapidly encroaches on the dancing floor, and a secondary portal yanks all nearby attendees into the Mycelial Gate. The fungal passageway is now overflowing with temporarily transformed Ithivelians en route to the realm of men.





Confront Maestro Ilidon

If the adventurers save the ball from catastrophe, Maestro Ilidon will emerge from his altered form prematurely to thank them. He'll invite the crew to the Dwynlei Terrace for a nightcap and then offer them a boon. If the party caused a scene at the masquerade—for example: by obnoxiously asking every guest for secret information about Ilidon—the archfae will only offer forgiveness for their social failures.


On the other hand, if the party proved themselves exceptional guests *and* masquerade saviors, Ilidon will offer a choice between a permanent magical blessing or some information about what he knows of Uvis's disappearance. Should they select the latter, he'll drunkenly reveal the following:

My dear friend Uvis told me of his plans. To be frank, I did not understand the details. He told me he'd be leaving the glade, that he finally found a way to be something more than just an archfae. The notion seemed ridiculous, but who was I to try to dissuade him?

He asked me for one favor. He wanted me to advise the lovely Diadne Bluemoon to stand near his dreadful lab whenever she next surged with magic. I was then to tell her that, should she wish to join him on an eternal voyage of enlightenment and godhood, she should enter his lab, drink a clearly designated potion, and then “stand near the mushrooms.”

I must confess, the potential for a tragedy on a legendary scale was too promising to refuse. Thus, I instructed one of my pupils to tell Diadne the first portion, but I strategically omitted the second. Her magic helped Uvis disappear, and the two became permanently separated. This way, everyone would get what they wanted. Uvis would become a god or a divine psyche or whatever, Diadne would be free to follow her fancies unsaddled by his persistent acrimony, and I would be the architect of the greatest tragedy of all time. Imagine that. Fodder for millennia of ballads, poems, and dramatic reinterpretations.

If Diadne is present for this exchange and still disguised, she will attack Ilidon with the full extent of her powers. Unless the party can convince her to stand down, it will require the efforts of Swee, Atheri, and Taynoth to keep the two from obliterating each other.







Closure



IMMERIA'S TEAR

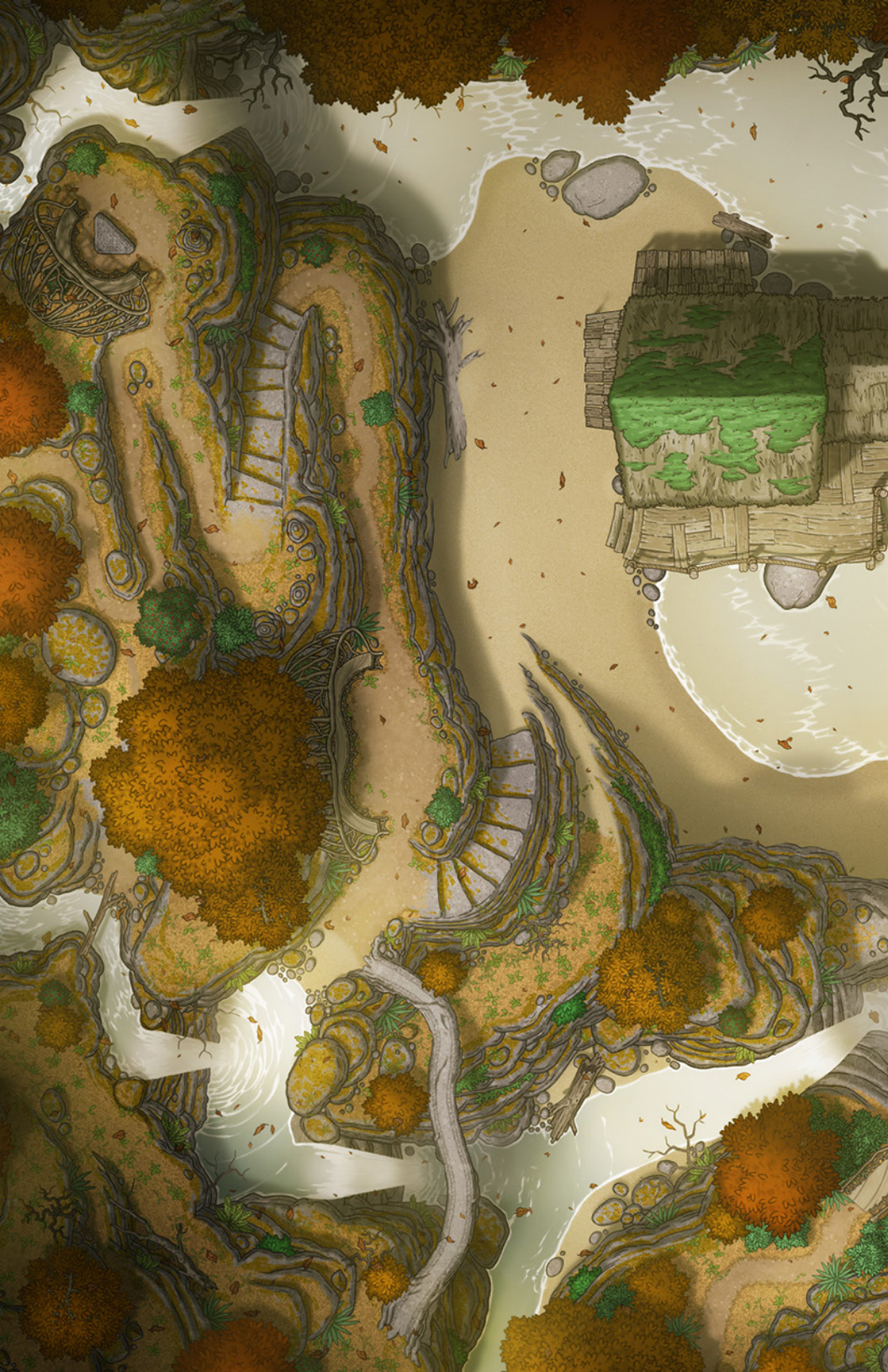
An enchanted stream flows through Ithivellia, fed by sacred dew-drops in the forests surrounding the glade. This stream breaks into winding rivulets, each of which carves out a perfect garden, nook, or swimming pool. Eventually, the stream collects in a glorious pool beyond the roots of the Dwynlei Oak.

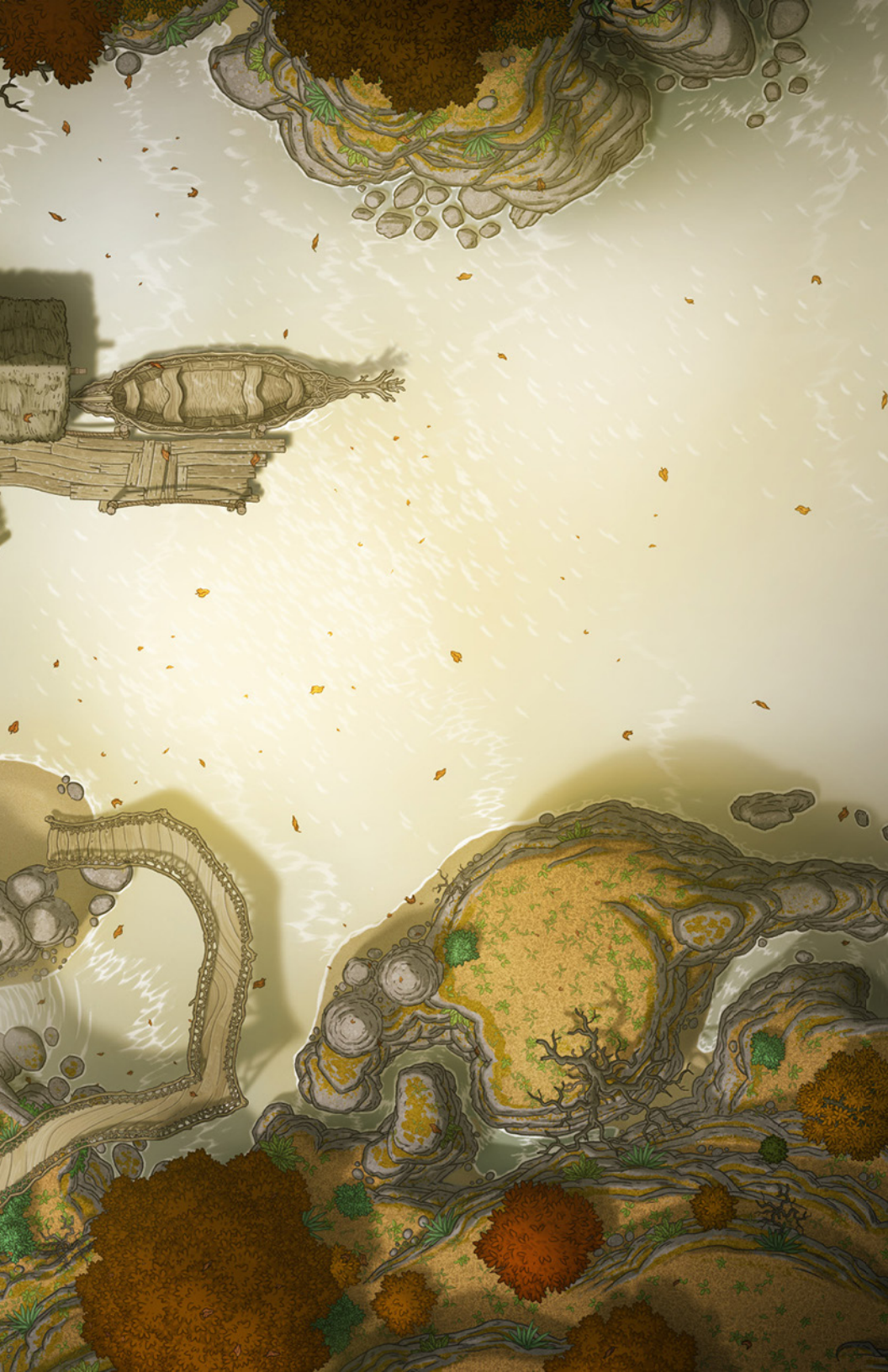
Legends say the pool first formed when beloved archfae Immeria departed the glade eons ago in search of meaning. She wept for the paradise she left behind, and her tears filled the nascent basin. Thus, the pool was dubbed Immeria's Tear. None can be certain whether Immeria was ever real. The other archfae claim not to remember such a name, but nevertheless, the legend persists.

Immeria's Tear is a place of reflection. Archfae, artisans, petitioners, vassals, and raccoons head to the pool when they need to consider their future. Though she is gone, some claim Immeria provides guidance to those who stare deeply into the pristine waters. They say she showed Taynoth and Atheri the divine coherence of their unlikely love, and that her wisdom showed the high artisans how they might craft the Honest Mirror. Perhaps she inspired Uvis's magical revelations as well.

When an archfae confronts the odd bout of insecurity, they come to Immeria's Tear for a bit of solace. At this point, even they cannot be sure whether the water is truly blessed, or whether proper mental hygiene is what they actually need. Gradually, the archfae are learning to accept that they are prone to fits of melancholy just like ordinary mortals from the realm of men.

One thing is certain: Immeria's Tear is the quietest corner of Ithivellia. Even with the occasional splashing and giggling of naiads, the pool always emits an unusual calm aura across all who approach. It is a place of tranquility in an otherwise loud and hedonic wonderland.





THE SHALLOW FAE

There were once caves and tunnels that crisscrossed Ithivellia's underbelly. Though many felt these spaces were quite "un-fae," they were a necessity to cater to the archfae's hypogean vassals. Stone elementals, rock gnomes, and mole goblins were once honorable servants of the Seelie Court. Ultimately, the hypogean fae defected to the Seelie Court, and most of Ithivellia's underground spaces were permanently sealed off.

One cave, however, could not be sealed. The shallow fae have never wavered on their pledge to the Seelie Court. As such, they have earned a place in Ithivellia. That place is Immeria's Tear, which is secretly connected to the rest of the Principality's great oceans via an underwater cave. Like any gateway to the royal glade, this cave is no simple passageway. Ithivellia is unfixed in space, and thus the cave is not dissimilar from the Mycelial Gate. It connects Ithivellia to other waters nonlinearly. Divers may spend 10 minutes be-

SALTWATER? FRESHWATER? WHAT?

Immeria's Tear is fed by a freshwater stream, but it is connected to the oceans of the Principality. Shallow fae can swim there, but they also live in salty seas. So what gives?

Obviously—obviously!—there is no salt in Ithivellia. The archfae forbid the foul substance. Thus, the stream that flows into Immeria's Tear cleanses and desalinates the pool. Abyssal fae (that is: sea fae loyal to the Unseelie Court) can only breathe saltwater, but shallow fae are quite content in either oceans or in pristine streams.

neath the surface only to find that they've emerged 100 miles from any shore.

In either case, this cave grants the shallow fae access to Ithivellia. Mer-satyr rhapsodes can swim to Ithivellia and petition to perform for the archfae, and azure elf alchemists can request tools from the Enchanter. Blink turtles accompany shrixies en route to balls and festivals. Pàdraig the Loss Broker, in the days before Scamhóga's fall, frequently negotiated treaties between the monarchs





of the realm of men and Ithivellia's lords and ladies.

In theory, the shallow fae are valued on par with the rest of the Seelie Court's subjects. In practice, they are afforded little. Ithivellia was not made specially for them, and thus those incapable of walking on land are relegated to a tiny corner of the glade. Nevertheless, the shallow fae remain appreciative that they are not forgotten amongst the Principality's many peoples.

Goobalie Heppa

Sometimes, fae end up as honored vassals of the Seelie Court for the stupidest reasons. Goobalie (he/him) is a vodyanoy, a sort of frog/water spirit/old man hybrid. He is one of the few fae to

ever visit Ithivellia completely by accident. He made a wrong turn en route to the Tourquoise Depths, and when he found himself surfacing within the waters of Immeria's Tear, he mysteriously announced "I am as old as the stars, and I am the true spirit of this lagoon!" Maestro Ilidon found this baseless proclamation so hilarious that he immediately granted Goobalie permanent access to the glade. Now, Goobalie mostly just pesters those who approach the pool, asking for tribute, news of the outside world, or just reminders of where the hell he is. Goobalie's secret? He's not really senile. He just likes the enchanted waters and knows that Ilidon has a soft spot for his elderly antics.

Kieri

Few selkies make their way to Ithivellia. In fact, few selkies live in the Principality in general. Most make their way to the realm of men so that they can take a human partner, if only temporarily. Kieri (she/her) has made the long trek to Ithivellia specifically because of the party of adventurers. She heard that legendary heroes had come to the glade in order to right some mythic wrong, and she was curious to see if any of these heroes could meet her standards. Of course, she plans to don her seal skin until she can gather whether they're worthy or not. If any of the adventurers proves gallant and kind enough, she will reveal her alternate form: that of a beautiful maiden.

Mini Plot Hook: Abscond

Some adventurers may find themselves regretting their decision to accept the summons to Ithivellia. Seelie Court politics are complex, the dangers aren't worth the payoffs, and the best thing the party can do for the glade might just be nothing at all. Of course, they can't just leave the way they

came. The lords and ladies closely monitor the Mycelial Gate to ensure that new arrivals don't suddenly bring chaos to the glade. If they see the party hop into the fungal portal, they'll deploy their envoys to drag the party back to Ithivellia kicking and screaming.

If the party wants to escape from their responsibilities to the archfae, they'll have to do so discreetly. Their best bet is to travel through the enchanted underwater tunnel that links Immeria's Tear to the Principality. Perhaps counter-intuitively, it's more difficult for the archfae to track escapees in the bubbling seas or winding twilight forests of their broader domain than it is to hunt a couple of marked runaways in the realm of men.

Traveling through the tunnel is no easy feat. Few sublunaries can hold their breath for 10 minutes or more, and few will be stealthy enough to avoid revealing their intentions to any passing shallow fae. The party will have to find some means of breathing underwater, swimming quickly, and evading detection. Of course, then they'll *also* have to find their way from the Principality back to the realm of men.

TAYNOTH THE MIRROR


No one in Ithivellia is a champion like Taynoth (they/them). The muscular fae is the very image of bodily perfection, as strong as any epic hero, and as lithe as any celebrated ballerina. There is no such thing as besting Taynoth in a feat of strength, acrobatics, or sport. The best any fae can hope for in the annals of athletic achievement is an admirable second place.

As if that weren't enough, Taynoth is also a shapeshifter. Though they prefer to remain in their imposing yet elegant archfae form, Taynoth can transform into other fae or animal creatures with minimal effort. When feeling adventurous on a hunt, they'll shift into a condor to catch up with their prey, then fire arrows as a centaur, and finally pounce on their mark as a lion.

Ultimately, Taynoth wields their profound ability to shapeshift into entirely new forms only rarely. In practice, they are much more likely to








subtly alter their form, enhancing either their feminine grace or masculine presence. Taynoth wants to be everything to everyone all at once, the ultimate sex symbol, buff best friend, and image of godly excellence. Somehow, Taynoth threads this needle. This would be quite the challenge if not for Taynoth's preternatural ability to gauge how others want to see them. Somehow—perhaps due to magic or just innate intuition—Taynoth knows precisely what form will most impress any conversation partner.

122 For ages, this was enough for Taynoth. They could hunt, play games, have sex, and exist in a league of their own as the strongest, most beautiful creature to grace the Principality. In recent years, however, Taynoth's satisfaction with their life has diminished. Their lover Atheri the Empath is always prophesying and reciting enigmatic tales. *She* must understand some greater meaning, right? Is there a greater meaning for Taynoth? Is there some task that, when completed, would finally plug the growing hole in Taynoth's heart?

ACTIVITIES. Taynoth spends much of their time in the forests and fields astride Ithivellia, competing with their vassals in elaborate tournaments and games. They always win, but it is fun for them to see how close their opponents come. Taynoth also frequently ventures into the Principality or foreign realms to hunt epic game. When in Ithivellia proper, Taynoth spends most of their time flirting with Seelie vassals or in the rapturous embrace of their lover Atheri.

POWERS. In addition to shapeshifting, exceptional strength, and unmatched dexterity, Taynoth has a few specific supernatural expertise: perfect aim with a bow, the ability to judge how others want to see them, fine-tuned hearing, long-range vision, and the ability to speak with flora. This last trait in particular may be why Atheri is so drawn to the otherwise unrefined stud.

The plants don't say anything interesting to Taynoth, but Atheri interprets every remark with mystic reverence all the same.





PLOT HOOK:
**COMPLETE THE
CONTRACT**

Once the party has amassed enough information about the psigarc mycelium and the fate of Uvis, they must actually do something about it. There is a limit to how long the archfae—well, mostly just Swee—will allow the party to continue investigating before they demand proper action.

What the party decides will depend upon what their investigation reveals and what they think is best for Ithivellia's inhabitants. They may see the archfae as petty tyrants and wish to punish them, or they may want to find a happy resolution for the friends they've made. They may prioritize helping the psigarics, or they may settle for *any* solution that will allow them to return home.

Assuming they don't just jump ship, there are three general options for how to proceed:

1. Give Diadne the unraveling potion so that she and Uvis can ascend to true godhood together
2. Work with Taynoth to free Uvis's wandering psyche from the mycelial network
3. Find a source of non-fae power that can fully energize the mycelium, thereby granting Uvis half of his wish

Any of these resolutions will satisfy the demands of the contract, though inevitably some archfae will be more or less pleased depending on which solution the party selects.

GM NOTE

If your Ithivellia adventure is starting to drag, add a time pressure. These can either be positive (offering an additional reward for swift resolution) or negative (threatening curses or ramifications in the realm of men). Remember: the party doesn't need to follow up on every lead. A tabletop narrative is often more compelling when the party must act with incomplete information.

Option 1: Unite Diadne and Uvis

If the adventurers interrogate Diadne, investigate the mycelium, explore Uvis's lab, and confront Maestro Ilidon, they may just piece together the entire story of how the psigamic network began to spread and why Uvis disappeared. In short: Uvis sought true fulfillment, a form of psychic divinity accessible by entering the mycelium and filling it with twin sources of magic. He had hoped Diadne would provide a continuous blast of otherworldly magic, but alas, her presence was only enough to get the mycelial network started.

Uvis wanted Diadne to ascend with him. He secretly longed for Diadne, though he never previously showed affection. Diadne was none the wiser, though she too had feelings for the strange archfae.

If the party deciphers this complex backstory, they may decide the best course of action is to help Diadne achieve godhood alongside Uvis. To do so, all they must do is retrieve for her the unraveling potion found within Uvis's lab and then convince her to drink it. While the party may be able

to trick her into consuming the potion, she will only do so willingly if the adventurers convinced her it was more important to pursue fulfillment than ephemeral delights.¹

Once she consumes the brew, her psyche will be free to join the mycelial network. Diadne's celestial magic that typically only emerges once every millennium will suffuse the mycelial network with an unfathomable surge of energy. This in turn will allow Uvis, Diadne, and all of the Ithivellian psigamics to reach a higher plane of cognitive and spiritual awareness.

AFTERMATH

Instead of losing just one archfae, Ithivellia will have lost two. Diadne and Uvis will become gods born of both fae and cosmic magic. Their very modes of cognition and perception will be unrecognizable to their archfey kin; they will experience each moment as a lifetime of ecstasy and otherworldly insight. They will be fulfilled, though their paradise will be a strange one, absent of many former friends.


¹ See the section on Diadne's Future in *Ithivellia 02: Six Thrones*.



DOES DIADNE LOVE UVIS?

There are many reasons Diadne might choose to drink the potion and join Uvis in the fully energized mycelium. She may seek greater power and/or control over her amorphous titanism. She may see it as her duty to free Uvis from his current state and to help the psigarrics reach a higher state of being. She may just see it as the one way to save Ithivellia and help the party achieve their goal.

One lingering question is whether Uvis's secret love for Diadne is reciprocated. Can an immortal ever truly love someone forever? Can *love* be immortal? Who's to say whether love can persist when both paramours transform from superhuman to true gods? None of these questions have definitive answers. What matters more is how you confront each of these debates through gameplay. Undoubtedly, inquisitive Diadne will still be wrestling with each of these conundrums even if she decides to take the unraveling potion.



Ilidon thought he was crafting the greatest tragedy ever, but perhaps it was just the penultimate act of a timeless love story; this too will make for compelling inspiration for many ballads to come. Swee will feign disappointment that Diadne has left the glade but will be secretly overjoyed to be rid of the fickle archfae. Taynoth and Atheri will lament the absence of two of their own, and they will elect to leave the glade once their only remaining kin are Swee and Ilidon.

The psigarics will, of course, get what they wanted all along: the chance to ascend beyond what any other psigarics could have dreamed possible. The Mycelial Gate and the tangles of monochromatic hyphae will disappear from Ithivellia, as the fungal gods will no longer need any physical connection to the planes.

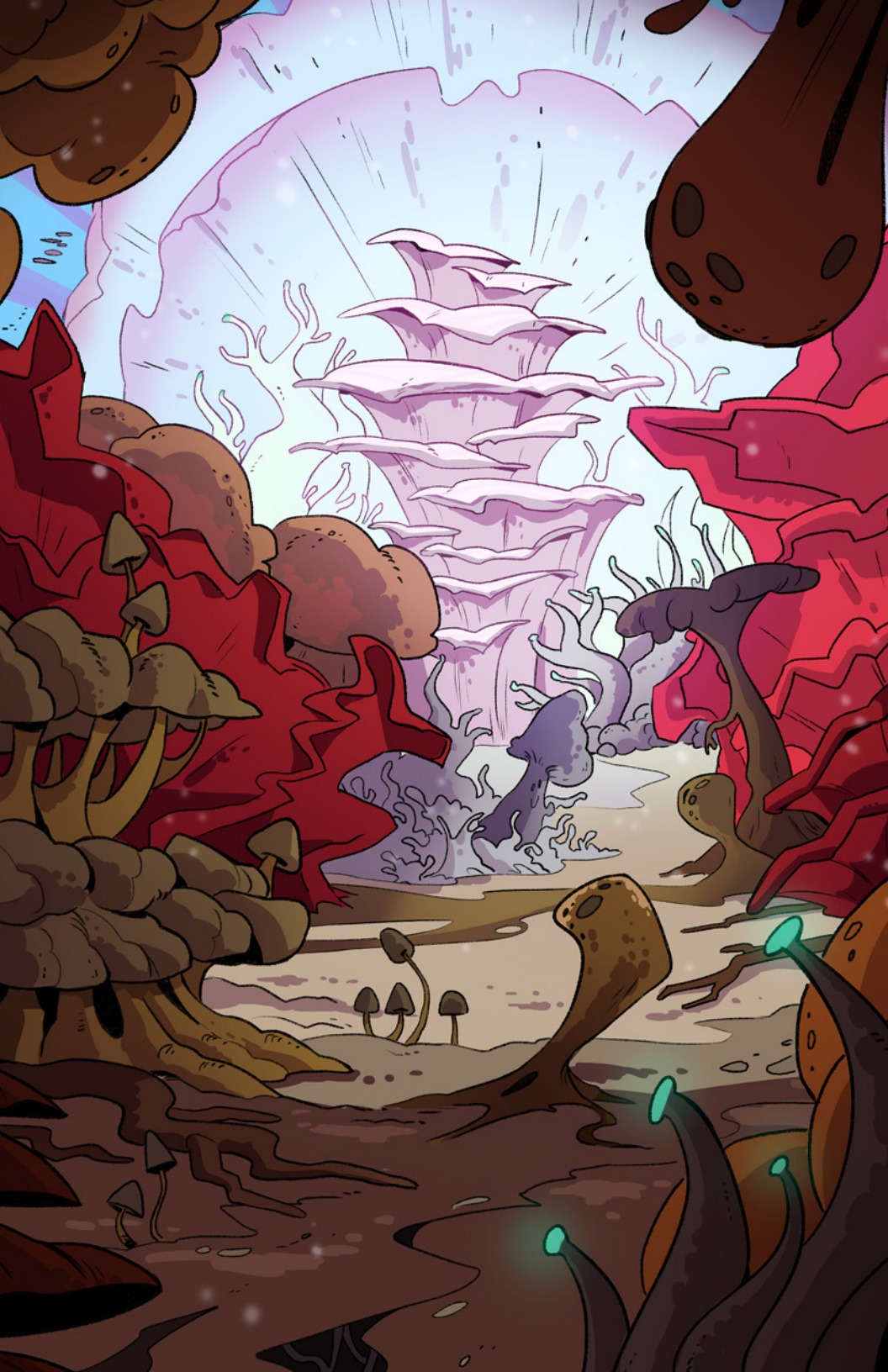
Option 2: Free Uvis from the Gate

Even if he wouldn't say so, Uvis is trapped. His psyche is bouncing around in an incomplete fungal network, neither god nor archfae any longer. The party may decide the best

course of action is to simply free him from his fungal prison.

Of course, they'll need help. To peel a metaphysical essence from a mushy portal requires otherworldly strength. Luckily, there is someone up to the task. Uvis theorized that Taynoth would be able to yank his spirit back into Ithivellia, and Taynoth is certain to accept that challenge if the party can explain it properly.

Taynoth and the party will have to enter the Mycelial Gate, track down Uvis's ethereal psyche, and then drag it out. Unless the party can convince Uvis that this is the best remaining option available, he'll command the entire mycelial network to fight back against the intruders. Taynoth won't be able to help the party retaliate against the mycelium's defense network; they'll be too busy trying to figure out how to grab hold of a disembodied spirit. If the party can defend themselves against the onslaught of mycelial foes long enough, Taynoth will eventually find a way to wrench Uvis free, and the party can accompany the two archfae as they escape from the mycelium.



D6

**MYCELIAL
THREATS**

DESCRIPTION

1	Poisonous cloud	A miasma of noxious spores surrounds the adventurers. It will persist until the party can either blow it away, or until they can find the spore-producing mushroom and destroy it.
2	Manifesting psigarics	A cadre of psigarics—including individuals the party has already met—manifests near the party, pulses rhythmically, and swats at the adventurers with their pseudopods.
3	Digestion cycle	Fissures emerge in the mycelium threatening to swallow the adventurers whole. If the party can't climb their way out, they'll have to <i>carve</i> their way out.
4	Uvis instantiations	Fungal facsimiles of Uvis's archfae form attack en masse with magical blasts, all while screaming deafening threats.
5	Metamorphic pulse	Uvis's metamorphic magic flows through the gate, temporarily transforming random objects in the party's possession. Their swords become feathers, their wands snakes, and their armor bedsheets.
6	Desperate pull	The gate's sublunary terminus yanks at whatever it can to launch at the party. Nearby trees, animals, or bricks suddenly zoom through the passageway directly toward the adventurers. The thrown objects may give some hints as to the location of the portal's other end.

AFTERMATH

Uvis will regain his archfae form once he is pulled from the network. Whether or not he finds fulfillment upon his return will largely depend on how the adventurers and other archfae treat him. Taynoth will feel newly fulfilled and may begin seeking out more impactful ventures beyond just epic hunts and feats of strength; this will bolster their relationship with Atheri. Ilidon will be displeased that his great aesthetic experiment was undone.

Diadne's fate will alter drastically depending on how the party responded to her questions. If they encouraged her to act more capriciously, she will remain in Ithivellia and finally act on her impulses, leading to a happy though temporary romance with Uvis. If the party guided her towards self-actualization, she will leave the glade, never discovering what could have been between her and Uvis.

Meanwhile, the mycelium will cease to grow. Without Uvis's magic surging within, the mycelium's expansion will end up tempered by Ithivellian wards, and the gate will close. However, the mycelium will not outright disappear. The archfae will have to learn to coexist with the psigarics. This will enrage Swee and Atheri.





Option 3: Find a New Font

Uvis was operating under the assumption that he would only achieve godhood if Diadne entered the mycelium with him. This is not strictly true. The other terminus of the Mycelial Gate is intermittently warping itself across the realm of men blindly seeking out an alternative font of power from which to draw. Without guidance, the mycelium will end up searching for an *exceedingly* long time. However, the party could try to guide the mycelium in its quest.

The only requirements for this alternative font of power is that it is non-fae. Any other form of magic could work, and the exact nature of the chosen source will influence the divine form Uvis and the psigarics take.

Piloting the Mycelial Gate will require the party to gain the trust of the psigarics. They cannot see into the realm of men, and so they need to know that the party does not plan to lead them astray. As such, the party will have to demonstrate

their willingness to disregard the wishes of the archfae and treat strange beings such as themselves with respect. If the party demonstrates xenophobic qualities or an unjustified deference to the archfae, the psigarics will disregard any guidance the party provides.

Should the psigarics accept help, the party need but explain to the psigarics where they ought to point the vacuum-like mouth of their gate. The gate will proceed to warp its sublunary terminus directly to the chosen source, assuming this font of power is not already warded against fae or fungal magics. If the source possesses sufficient energy, the mycelium will achieve a full magical charge, and Uvis and the psigarics will attain the higher forms they seek.

POTENTIAL ALTERNATE FONTS

Though adventurers should feel free to experiment with potential sources of magical energy, some general categories of applicable sources are listed below, along with examples from LIMINA's partner realms.



- ◊ Other **godlike entities** living within the realm of men (Piiralus in Gruuk Jit'Jit or Fiaclan beneath Muc-Mhara)
- ◊ Permanent **portals** linking the realm of men to other highly magical planes of existence (the hole to the Plane of Water near Ancora Bay, or the well in Crabwell's Omniphone)
- ◊ Powerful **arcane, alchemical, or kinetic engines** (the Titanic Tap Drive in Gruuk Jit'Jit or the *torrent opus* in Faltringor)
- ◊ Exceedingly powerful **artifacts** (the Neverlight Amulet in Ancora Bay or the ewer containing Kadhizi)
- ◊ Locations that exude **overwhelming magical energy** (Vasile's Tomb in Sootwyn Barrow or the Great Inkwell in Vyndurvoht)

AFTERMATH

Once the Mycelial Gate has drawn sufficient energy from the selected source, Uvis and the psigarics will achieve godhood, just as they would have had Diadne entered the mycelium. Uvis will have finally found fulfillment... but without his beloved, will he truly

be satisfied? The other archfae will mourn for the loss of their friend, even if they can accept that he has achieved what he sought.

Diadne will be particularly distraught. If the party encouraged her to take pleasure in the moment, she will enter a phase of self-destructive hedonism. If, on the other hand, they encouraged her to seek out greater fulfillment, she will leave Ithivellia for good in search of a higher purpose.

The mycelium will overflow with energy, briefly bathing Ithivellia in an arcane shower of non-fae magic. It will then suddenly vanish, released of its need for materiality.

