

Campaign/Game: Well Met Adventures - D&D 5e

Date: August 24th, 2024

Session 47: The Rabbit Trap

Campaign Date: 24th Island, 3524 SD

Characters

Apollo Von Lune, Half-Elf Paladin (Colin)

Calledras Shadowblade, Shadar-Kai Grave Cleric (Sheila)

Celica Berriman, Elven Bladesinger Wizard (Danny)

Link, Dhampir Bard (Tori)

Magthrum Keengift, Dwarven Wizard (Beth)

Tarra, Hareingdon Hexblade (*In absentia*; Bea was unable to make it)

DM: Rew

These adventures within a shared universe of settings describes associations of unlikely heroes who band together for a common cause. For some, they explore the unknown in search of answers. Others are in it only for the riches. Many are driven by destiny. As a group, they are known as the “Well Met Heroes.” This is their story.

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24th Island, 3524 SD

Over the past few days, Apollo had strangely soothing dreams. It seemed to him that perhaps his luck was set to change in the upcoming months.

This adventure started when Tarra pulled together a group of adventurers to explore a vault she found on an arcane treasure map. When asked, Tarra told the party the map came from the Feywild where she originated, but Callie believed Tarra may have been lying from subtle clues the Hareingdon Warlock offered. Flush with curiosity, and with very little self-preservation instincts, Tarra led the party to a vault located in the sea caves by the fishing village of Wavewood.

The vault apparently hadn't been disturbed in generations. As Link entered the vault, they felt a subtle change in the atmosphere, as though the entire party crossed a portal into another plane, or perhaps entered a small pocket dimension. Link worried aloud that reality itself might not be what it seemed. Undeterred by Link's concerns, Tarra rushed ahead deeper into the vault. She was quickly attacked by a squad of demon warriors, led by four slasher demons. Each of the four slashers wore a unique sigil. The slashers each inflicted different damage types – acid, cold, fire, and lightning. Callie tried to keep track of the unique properties of these demons as they were engaged, but the chaos of combat caused some confusion.

As the heroes explored further, they found several rooms with abyssal hieroglyphs in them. These hieroglyphic wall carvings told a sort of child's fable about the adventures of "Mr. Bunny." The party found these entries curious and indulgent.¹

As the heroes continued their exploration, they found odd situations and deathly traps awaited them. One room featured a heavy door blocking their path marked with the motto "feed me the password". A relief sculpture of an open-mouthed face was carved into the door. Nearby a book with blank pages, a quill with no ink, and a bell with no clapper stood on a pedestal. The heroes wrote the word "password" on a page of the book, folded it into the shape of a rabbit, and stuffed it into the mouth. The door opened.

In another strange situation, the heroes entered a nauseating room of odd angles with a large clock face in one wall. The heroes realized that outside the room, time had stopped and the only way to escape was to start time again. There was no visible means to repair the clock. Nearby, a feather, a cup of sand, and a heavy brick stood on a pedestal. Callie used the feathers to tickle the hands of the clock to get it moving. Time started flowing normally again and the Well Met heroes escaped.

Celica found many elements of the vault vexingly familiar. Without any logical way of knowing, many of the vault's features just seemed to "make sense" to her. For example, the first deathtrap the Well Met heroes encountered was a magically trapped door with a hook on it. Immediately, Celica knew it was deadly. Hanging on the wall next to the door were four glyphs matching those on the slasher demons from earlier. There was room for only one glyph to be hung on the door. Apollo could feel the heat coming from the door, suggesting a lake of fire was on the other side. The party decided to choose the glyph that they thought matched the demon who dealt cold damage. Unfortunately, the party did not remember the glyphs correctly and Apollo was badly burned when he hung the wrong glyph on the door. Luckily, Callie's magic kept Apollo from death's clutches. The heroes tried again, this time with the true cold glyph, and they passed through without issue.

Later, they found another deathtrap. Another room like the previous one, but this time, they determined a lake of acid was behind the door. They choose the lightning glyph because the text of the adventures of "Mr. Bunny" suggest that was the answer. They are correct and are rewarded for their attention to detail.

Next, the heroes found a library, but according to Celica all the books are trapped. Reading any of these works would absorb the life energy of the reader. The heroes find a letter on a desk and read it. It is addressed to a long-dead Fey wizard named Ara Elamyar.

Most Honored Ara Elamyar,

May this letter find you in good health and high spirits, though I suspect such pleasantries are

¹ For the full text, see the Epilogue - The Rabbit Trap

unnecessary for one of your stature and timeless nature. Still, it is with deep admiration and a touch of envy that I address you today.

Word of your recent triumph in the Krakozhian art scene has reached even the remote spires of my observatory. The manner in which you infiltrated and utterly dominated that insular circle of minds is nothing short of masterful. To weave your influence so deftly among the Krakozhians, bending their artistic expressions to your will, is an art form in itself. It is a reminder that true power lies not just in the control of arcane forces, but in the subtle shaping of thought and culture. For this, I extend my most sincere congratulations, though I suspect the accolades of mere mortals mean little to one as exalted as you.

I write to you, however, not just to shower you with well-deserved praise, but to seek your wisdom on a matter of great consequence. As you are undoubtedly aware, the skies above Aperta-Mundi have recently been graced—or perhaps cursed—with the passage of several comets, their fiery tails streaking across the heavens like harbingers of doom. To the untrained eye, they are but celestial wonders, objects of awe and superstition. Yet to us, who understand the true nature of the cosmos, they are tools—potentially weapons—of unimaginable power.

It is in this capacity that I humbly request your guidance. I have long studied the movement of these celestial bodies, charting their paths across the firmament with meticulous care. My calculations suggest that with the proper knowledge, a comet could be harnessed and directed, its infernal power brought to bear against any target of choice. Imagine, if you will, the great capital city of Rym, the heart of the Civorean Empire, laid waste beneath the wrath of a falling star. The mere thought of it sends shivers down my spine.

I believe the key to such a feat lies in the use of Infernium, that hellish metal known for its ability to disrupt the natural order and channel the raw energy of the cosmos. Yet, despite my best efforts, I have been unable to unlock the full potential of this accursed substance. It is here that I turn to you, the only being I know with the depth of knowledge and the willingness to tread where others dare not.

Might you, in your boundless wisdom, provide insight into how one might bind a comet to their will? How might Infernium be used to anchor such a celestial body, to guide it on a path of destruction, rather than letting it drift aimlessly through the void? I am certain that with your assistance, such a weapon could be forged, and the fate of empires decided by a single act of celestial manipulation.

I would be most honored if you would grant me an audience to discuss these matters in person. The secrets of the cosmos are not easily conveyed through mere words on parchment, and I believe that only through direct discourse can we fully explore the possibilities that lie before us. If it pleases you, I will make whatever arrangements are necessary to meet at a time and place of your choosing.

In anticipation of your response, I remain your most devoted and eager student.

Cloven Nox

Chief Astronomer of the Civorean Empire, Seeker of the Darkened Stars, Watcher of the Celestial Flames

Magthrum recognized the name Ara Elamyar as a Civorean wizard who threatened to release the demon lord Juiblex on the Feywild in a quest for revenge against the Eladrin who wronged her. She had heard that in previous ages Elamyar sought out the spellbook of Davion Rose, oftentimes known as the Limitless Codex. Of course any spellcaster who knows anything has heard of the great Elven Archmage Davion Rose. It is from his teachings that many popular spells such as Firebolt and Thunderwave were created. He would be analogous to Plato or Socrates in our world.

The heroes even encounter a treasury room. Once again, even without Celica's coaching, they immediately recognize it as another deadly trap. Callie finds a secret door leading further down into the vault.

Within the heart of the complex, they encountered a huge bird-demon sorcerer who called himself "Snives." This creature commanded more demonic soldiers, elemental slashers, and avian followers to slay the Well Met Heroes. Callie crashed into the massed demons with Spirit Guardians. Snives threw up several magical stone walls to split the party. Celica charged in, and was swarmed by demons. Apollo and Link smashed through the walls reuniting the party. Callie was pinned down by two other bird-like demons. Apollo and Celica locked up Snives in close combat, taking dire damage from Snives' maddening screeches. Things looked bad for the heroes when one of the elemental slashers chased Magthrum into the entranceway. Luckily, Mag was able to vaporize the demon, while Callie managed to heal Celica and Apollo enough to finish off Snives. The avian monsters were finally finished off by Callie's spiritual guardians and Link mopped up the remaining demonic soldiers.

The Well-Met heroes found a mystical exit back to the mortal plane of existence behind a door in the vault and returned to Aperta-Mundi.

Rewards:

Each member of the party gained a total of 3000 gold coins from this adventure pulled from the pocket dimension hoard of the big bird demon lord Snives. A number of magic items were also retrieved. Player characters also received a total of 3000 XP each.

Epilogue - The Rabbit Trap:

Once upon a time, I found myself in the company of a rather peculiar little creature—a bunny who fancied himself an adventurer and a wizard. With his bright eyes full of determination and a tiny, twitching nose, I truly believed he was destined for greatness. And so, I decided to have a bit of fun.

One fine morning, I watched as Mr. Bunny set off on his grand adventure. His little paws pattered against the forest floor as he hopped and skipped, dreaming of magical treasures and heroic deeds. He'd heard tales of the Warlock's Carrot, a legendary prize said to grant incredible power to whoever could claim it. But what he didn't know was that this carrot was hidden deep within my Rabbit Trap.

As Mr. Bunny entered the Trap, I conjured up the first challenge—a field of Flames. Tall, roaring walls of fire sprang up before him, their heat singing his whiskers. I watched with amusement as Mr. Bunny hesitated, clearly realizing that this wasn't going to be as easy as he'd imagined.

"Fire is hot, but cold can stop it," he muttered to himself, as if trying to channel some ancient wisdom. I couldn't help but chuckle as he scurried off to a nearby stream, filling his little hat with water. He came back, full of confidence, and poured the water onto the flames. But of course, the fire only hissed and grew more ferocious.

"Oh, Mr. Bunny," I whispered to myself, "you'll need more than that."

Undeterred, he dug into the ground and found a frosty pebble hidden beneath the dirt. Now, this was interesting. With a flick of his paw, he tossed the pebble into the fire, and to my surprise, the flames began to sputter and die down. The little creature had done it! He hopped through the smoldering remains, cheering himself on.

Next, I presented Mr. Bunny with the Acid Lake—a bubbling, foul-smelling pool that blocked his path. The edges of the lake fizzed and hissed, and I watched as Mr. Bunny wrinkled his nose in disgust. "Lightning," he whispered, clearly recalling some old story about how lightning can counter acid. But where could he find lightning?

Just then, he noticed a bush crackling with static electricity. Clever little thing, I thought, as he carefully plucked a few leaves and held them above the Acid Lake. With a few quick rubs, he managed to create a spark that flew into the lake. The acid hissed in protest, but then, like magic, it began to clear, turning into harmless water.

Mr. Bunny was ecstatic, hopping across the now-clear lake, declaring himself a real wizard. As his instructor, I almost felt a pang of pride—almost.

At last, he reached the heart of the Rabbit Trap, where I had given the Warlock's Carrot to an undead warrior made of poison. His eyes widened with excitement, and I could practically feel his little heart racing. This was the moment he had been waiting for.

"Not so fast, Mr. Bunny," I teased. "The real adventure is just beginning."

He pouted, clearly frustrated, but I knew he wouldn't give up. That's the thing about Mr. Bunny—he's nothing if not determined. He turned and hopped away, ready to face whatever new challenges I might throw at him next. And I, of course, would be ready, with another riddle, another trap, and another story to tell.

For you see, in my Rabbit Trap, the adventures never truly end, and neither do the stories. And as long as Mr. Bunny keeps trying, there will always be another tale to spin, and another carrot just out of reach.