



MUJ MHARA

a borough bound city



Shallow Fae and Council of Contracts

BEGRUDGING NEIGHBORS

In the open waters, shallow fae rarely spend great lengths of time together. The seas are vast, and the whims of a sea fae ever-changing. While schools of shrixies may enjoy their time in tropical reefs, they are just as likely to spontaneously disband and go their own ways. “Marriage” or any other lifelong bond is virtually unheard of among the sea fae; who’s to say whether the burning passion of an evening will persist for the days and years to come? As such, the majority of shallow fae have always been nomadic loners, keen to beguile sailors and coastal residents, but averse to forming lasting bonds.

All of this makes the fledgling community in the shallow enclave such a precarious proposition. Hundreds of mischievous loners have suddenly been drawn into close quarters, and maintaining a delicate peace has been no easy task. Without exception, each shallow fae has tempestuous mood swings, fickle desires, and a predisposition toward misbehavior. No matter how much

you may be charmed by a debonair azure elf, you’d never want to live next to one.

And yet, the shallow fae have been able to establish a functioning community, a central home within Scamhóga’s aura. Here in the shallow enclave, they wait and they seek. If their fae intuitions are correct, this is where they *need* to be to recover the part of themselves they’ve lost. A core element of their magic has been stripped from them, and if the shallow fae ever want to return to their true homes in the Principality, they will have to rediscover that magic here in Muc-Mhara.

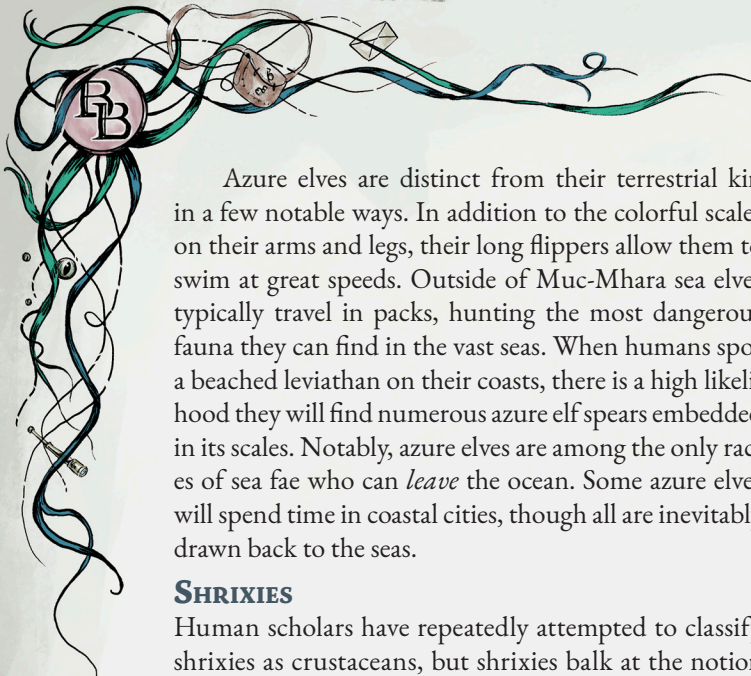
COMMON VARIETIES OF SHALLOW FAE

The races of sea fae are as numerous as the kingdoms of animals in the realm of men. To this day, sailors have yet to catalog but one-tenth of their various species and subtypes. While a small number of species have out-sized populations within Muc-Mhara, two members of a given race may still express wildly different physiology and magic, and the sea fae themselves are far less interested in taxonomic distinctions. It is mostly the races of men who are so intent on categorizing each of the various fae creatures.

What follows is a list of the most common races of shallow fae one might encounter in the shallow enclave. Nearly every distinguishing characteristic has exceptions: azure elves with beards, mer-satyrs with crab legs instead of fins, or shrixies who hate dancing. Nonetheless, any snàmh ùr would do well to acquaint themselves with the general varieties of fae they are likely to encounter as they travel from the snàmh ùra enclave to the Trench of the Lost and back.

AZURE ELVES

While not the most populous race of all sea fae, the azure elves are nevertheless the most prominent, or at least, that’s what they are likely to tell you. They occupy almost all of the leadership positions within the Council of Contracts, they assert themselves as the proper ambassadors to the snàmh ùra, and they boss around the “lesser” sea fae (to mixed effect). As a rule, azure elves are among the least playful sea fae. They still engage in trickery, but in a distinctly methodical and demure fashion. An azure elf will calmly make a bargain with you, shake your hand, and you’ll walk away with no indication of whether you’ve been catastrophically duped or merely playfully pranked.



Azure elves are distinct from their terrestrial kin in a few notable ways. In addition to the colorful scales on their arms and legs, their long flippers allow them to swim at great speeds. Outside of Muc-Mhara sea elves typically travel in packs, hunting the most dangerous fauna they can find in the vast seas. When humans spot a beached leviathan on their coasts, there is a high likelihood they will find numerous azure elf spears embedded in its scales. Notably, azure elves are among the only races of sea fae who can *leave* the ocean. Some azure elves will spend time in coastal cities, though all are inevitably drawn back to the seas.

SHRIXIES

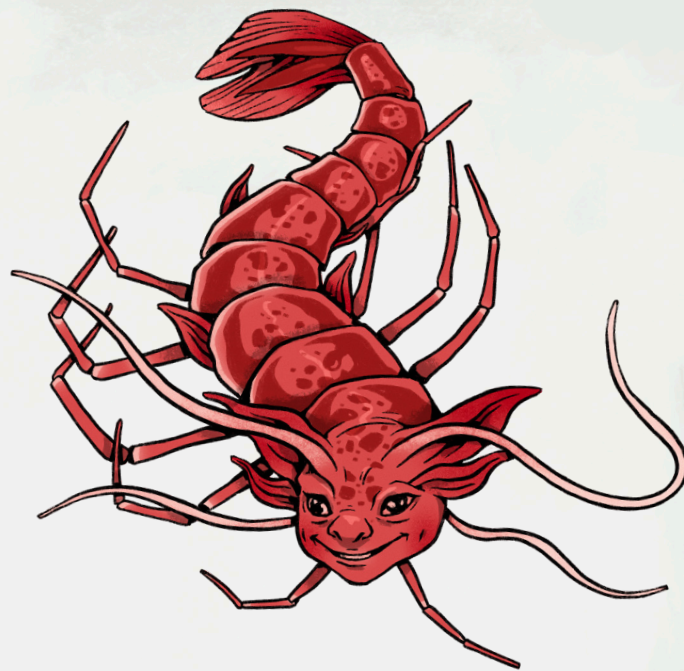
Human scholars have repeatedly attempted to classify shrixies as crustaceans, but shrixies balk at the notion that they are at all similar to crabs or krill. In response, scholars point to the fact that a shrixie has a nearly identical anatomy to a prawn, aside from their more human-like heads. After such an accusation, a shrixie will invariably stick out their tongue, blow a raspberry, and then start making what scholars can only assume to be vulgar gestures with their spindly legs.

In many ways, shrixies are incredibly childlike. They dance, they play, and they have almost no ability to accept responsibility for their actions. Shrixies rarely make intricate bargains. Instead, they favor the crudest of pranks: kicking up sand to annoy scavengers, loudly disrupting the concerts of the primadonna sirens, or knocking on doors and then quickly darting away. Each prank is harmless, but given the vast number of shrixies in Muc-Mhara, the toll of constantly falling victim to their antics can be tiresome.

NEREIDS AND MER-SATYRS

Though morphologically distinct, nereids and mer-satyrs bear much more in common than their appearances would imply. Both are obsessed with beauty and passion. Both races share a deep fascination with the snàmh ùra, and they are far less prone to play pranks and dupe visitors—that is, unless they feel they have been slighted by a former lover. While stereotypes hold that mer-satyrs are more sexually deviant than their female counterparts, nereids are every bit as fixated on the pleasures of the flesh.

Even more so than the azure elves resemble the terrestrial elves, nereids resemble humans. They lack fins, gills, and all of the aquatic adaptation of their sea fin kin. Unless one notices a certain aquatic “looseness” to their



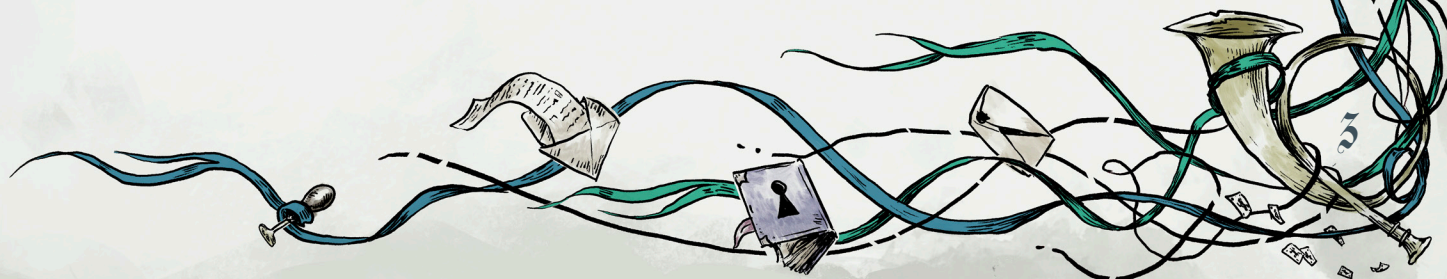
form, most have trouble distinguishing a nereid from a naked human woman. This does not keep them from swimming with ease, breathing saltwater, or subsisting off of a standard sea fae diet of kelp and shellfish; they are, after all, still creatures native to the oceans of the Principality. Nereids are characteristically beautiful, and some are even able to subtly alter their appearance to more closely match the desires of their lovers.


Mer-satyrs, on the other hand, are unmistakably fae. With the horns of a goat, the torso of a man, and the tail of a fish, mer-satyrs are among the handful of chimeric oddities found in Muc-Mhara. They are prone to jokes, but nothing similar to the unbearable riddles and jests of leprechauns. Instead they're just *traditionally* funny. Most snàmh ùra enjoy talking with mer-satyrs, until one inevitably makes an unwanted pass.

BLINK TURTLES

There is a certain irony that the speedy blink dog's aquatic equivalent is the lugubrious blink turtle. These bulky sea fae are known for their characteristic ability to teleport short distances, an ability they put to use *constantly* in lieu of slowly swimming to their destination. Despite resembling sea turtles, blink turtles are surprisingly intelligent, and while they are quite capable of communicating with snàmh ùra, they almost always choose to keep their mouths shut.

Blink turtles tend to be more curious than playful. They are endlessly captivated by the strange ways of the snàmh ùra, and they aren't shy about observing (that is: spying on) their terrestrial neighbors. When a visitor first checks in to the Lost and Found Lodge, they must





agree to hold the hotel blameless should a blink turtle teleport into their room in the middle of the night. These shelled gawkers have no shame and will simply blink away if confronted.

NOTE ON SEA FAE SEXUALITY

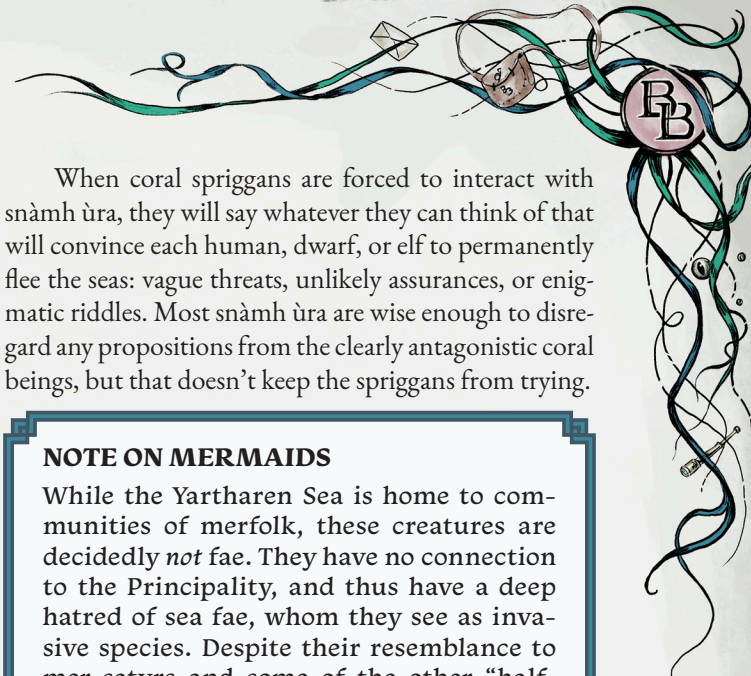
Many sailors and pleasure seekers come to Muc-Mhara with the express intention of having a bit of fun with a nereid or some other beautiful sea fae maiden they can woo with their terrestrial charms. While some get lucky, many are disappointed to find that the “famously promiscuous” sea fae have no intention at all of sleeping with them. Often this is a question of emotional compatibility, but just as often it is a question of sexual preference.

Heteronormativity is a foreign concept to the sea fae. You’ll find bisexual sirens, demisexual hags, and heteroflexible spriggans. There are as many asexual sea fae as there are pansexual ones. Gender expression is equally fluid among sea fae. As a rule, one should never make assumptions about a sea fae’s gender or sexuality without first asking. In fact, one should never make any assumptions about a sea fae whatsoever.

CORAL SPRIGGANS

Almost the exact antithesis to blink turtles, coral spriggans are incredibly wary of the snàmh ùra. More than anything, they wish they could keep the seas free from the “outsiders” (people who are actually *from this world*, but who don’t normally inhabit the ocean). They hold the races of men responsible for Scamhóga’s slumber, and they are incredibly vindictive. In the time since the oceans began to roil, many coral spriggans have found their colors begin to fade. If they cannot recover their full magic soon, they fear that the fall of Scamhóga could endanger their very lives.

Although vaguely humanoid in form, each coral spriggan is actually a massive colony of tiny sea fae polyps. Through consensus, these polyps are able to control their humanoid form, which normally moves and interacts with others as though it were a single life form. These polyps are also able to disperse into a loose cloud and reform elsewhere, in a process similar to—though notably slower than—their blink turtle neighbors.



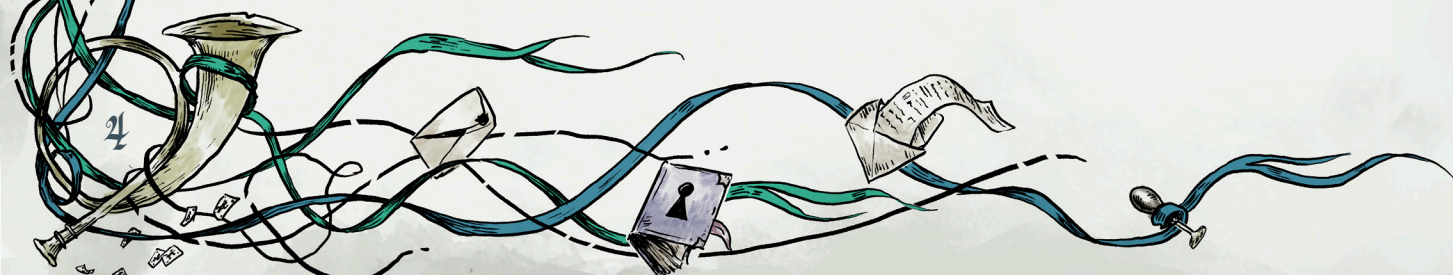
When coral spriggans are forced to interact with snàmh ùra, they will say whatever they can think of that will convince each human, dwarf, or elf to permanently flee the seas: vague threats, unlikely assurances, or enigmatic riddles. Most snàmh ùra are wise enough to disregard any propositions from the clearly antagonistic coral beings, but that doesn’t keep the spriggans from trying.

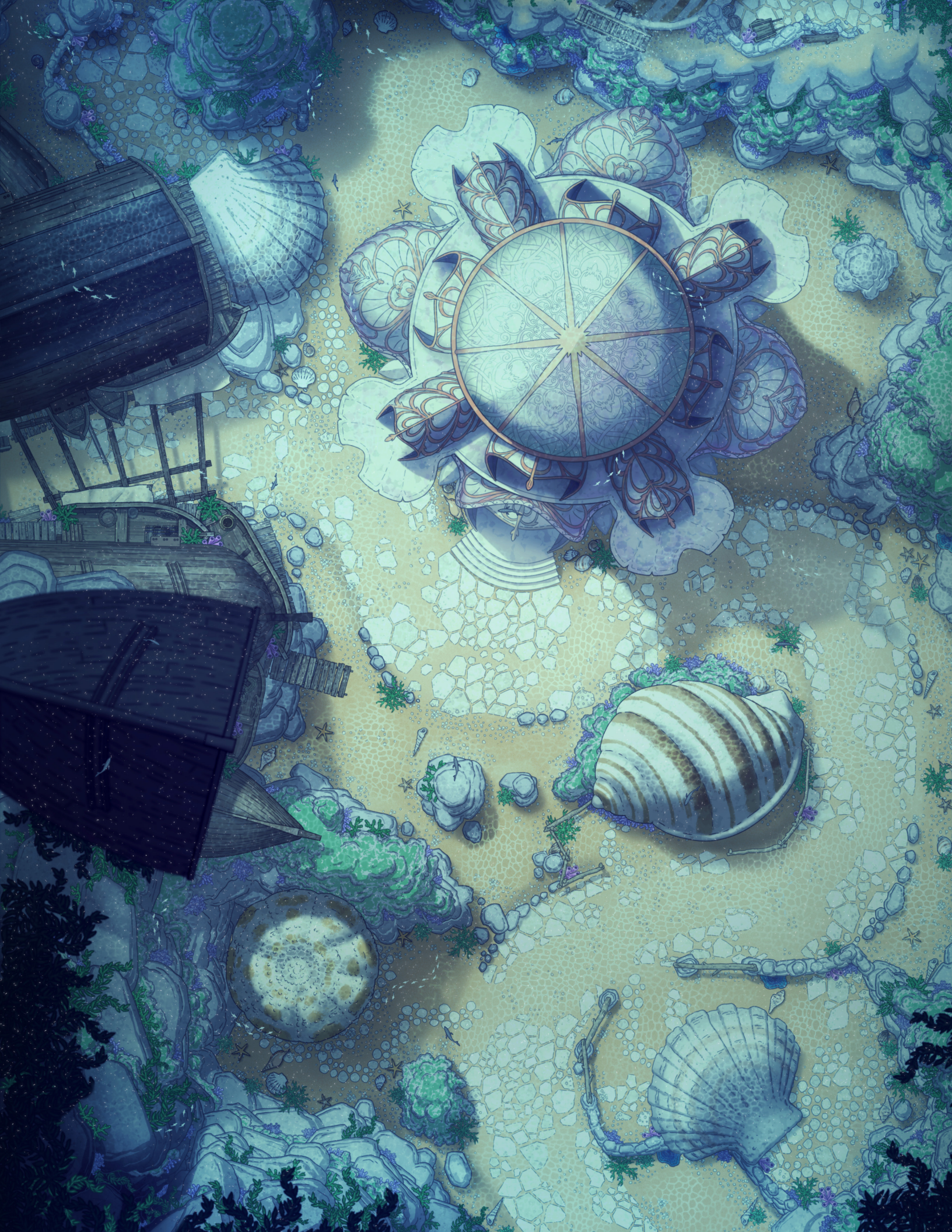
NOTE ON MERMAIDS

While the Yartharen Sea is home to communities of merfolk, these creatures are decidedly *not* fae. They have no connection to the Principality, and thus have a deep hatred of sea fae, whom they see as invasive species. Despite their resemblance to mer-satyrs and some of the other “half-and-half” sea fae, no merfolk would ever be caught dead in Muc-Mhara.

DAEVALUR EANON: While sea fae are content to acknowledge that there will always be mysterious and unknown creatures among their ranks, the snàmh ùra cannot help but yearn to formally document each variety. Daevalur (he/him) is a fastidious wood elf who has dedicated his life to completing an exhaustive encyclopedia of fae creatures. Thanks in no small part to his incredible lifespan, he has made admirable progress. He spent the first couple hundred years of his adult life exploring misty glades, dank swamps, and peaceful hill-ocks in search of fae. He had always planned to document the sea fae at some future moment when the time felt right. The discovery of Muc-Mhara was exactly what he needed.

Of course, Daevalur has been stymied at every step. First of all, the sea fae resist neat categorization thanks to their internal variance. Is a mer-satyr with *crab legs and one all-seeing eye* really the same creature as the standard variant? What’s more, many sea fae have taken to purposefully complicating Daevalur’s studies. Shapeshifters will present themselves as seemingly impossible creatures, and azure elves will tell tales of fictional kin in far off seas. Daevalur takes this in stride. He is certain that he has years ahead of him to separate truth from fiction.





ON SALT AND IRON

It is common knowledge across the realm of men that the best defense against tricky fae—malevolent or otherwise—is a combination of salt and cold iron. There is some truth to this, though the two substances operate via different mechanisms. Ferrosensitivity is a universal trait to fae akin to an extreme allergy. Salt, on the other hand, is a component of ancient magics crafted to ward off fae. In short: weakness to cold iron is a *physical* phenomenon, whereas salt aversion is *magical*.

Most sea fae are as sensitive to cold iron as their surface-dwelling kin. In a strange twist, however, the unfloating provides a partial boost in immunity to the sea fae. So long as the sea fae remain in close proximity to Scamhóga and her waters, they can rest assured that the threat of snámh ùr iron will be of little consequence. Once a sea fae ventures beyond Muc-Mhara, they are fully susceptible to the dangers of a well-wrought dagger or even a simple horseshoe. As such, vindictive snámh ùra will occasionally challenge dastardly sea fae to duels in the open ocean. These invitations are rarely accepted.

Salt, on the other hand, has never had any impact on the sea fae. The early races of men knew that salt wards could have no effect on creatures who live their entire lives in saltwater. They also knew that creatures bound to the seas were of far less concern than the dangerous boggles and banshees of the nearby forest and moors. And so, the early sages crafted a different arcane defense to stave off sea fae: quicksilver. It is far rarer and difficult to contain than salt, but in a pinch, a vial of quicksilver is an excellent deterrent against shallow and abyssal fae alike.

TIERS OF THE SHALLOWS

The geography of Muc-Mhara is more complicated than that of terrestrial cities, if only because most of its residents can move about the space in three dimensions. Due to the unfloating, the snámh ùra are bound to the ocean floor, but this arcane water has fewer obvious effects on sea fae. As such, the territory claimed by the shallow fae extends all the way up above their enclave and encompasses most of the territory in Muc-Mhara between the surface and roughly 100 feet below sea level. Maps, therefore, tend to mislead visitors. Yes, the ocean floor quickly drops off toward the abyssal enclave, but there is still a layer of shallow fae swimming directly *above* the depths.

Different shallow fae tend to inhabit specific depths.

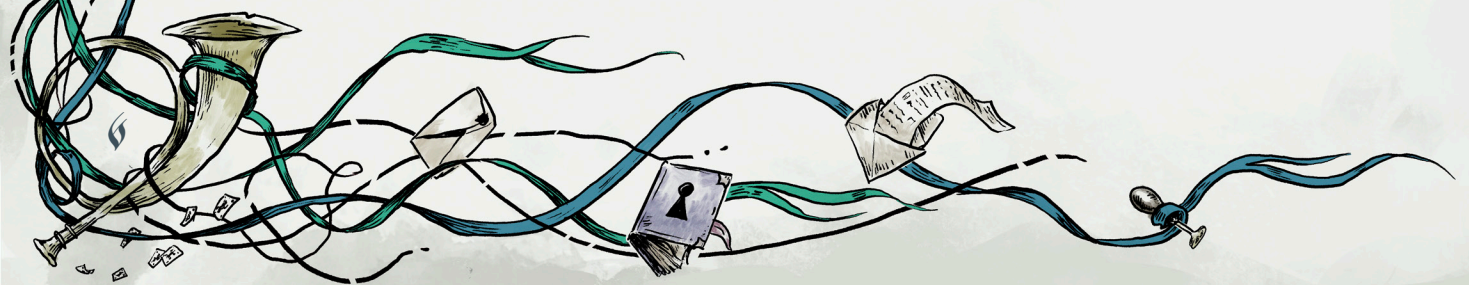
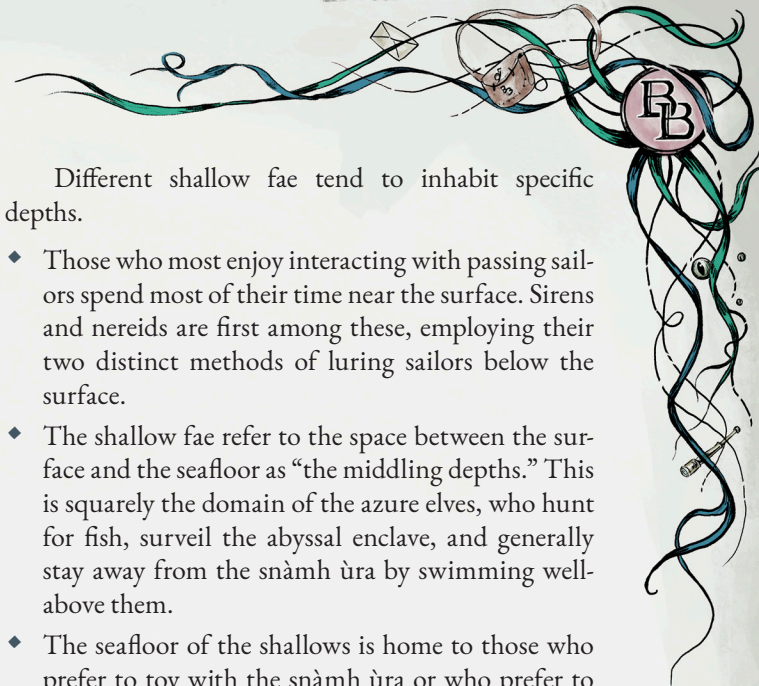
- ◆ Those who most enjoy interacting with passing sailors spend most of their time near the surface. Sirens and nereids are first among these, employing their two distinct methods of luring sailors below the surface.
- ◆ The shallow fae refer to the space between the surface and the seafloor as “the middling depths.” This is squarely the domain of the azure elves, who hunt for fish, surveil the abyssal enclave, and generally stay away from the snámh ùra by swimming well-above them.
- ◆ The seafloor of the shallows is home to those who prefer to toy with the snámh ùra or who prefer to walk instead of swim. Of course, the seafloor is also where all of the buildings are, so most sea fae will return the sandy shallows to sleep or to visit the Council of Contracts.

THE COUNCIL OF CONTRACTS

Sea fae do not like bureaucracy, but they do love pomp and circumstance. Back in the Principality, the Seelie Court hosts grand masquerades balls, tournaments, and festivals. A convoluted monarchy is rife with secret affairs, backstabbing, and extravagant displays of magic, wealth, and mystery. In many ways, the Seelie Court is as complex and corrupt as the ruling hierarchies of men, but there is a nonchalant drama that makes the court’s machinations seem *fun and enchanting*, as opposed to brutal and wasteful. Broadly speaking, the fae in the Principality enjoy the Seelie Court for its grandiosity, even if its supposed political purpose is mostly an afterthought.

When the sea fae converged on Muc-Mhara, it immediately became clear that both the shallow and abyssal fae would have to create courts of their own. They needed an excuse for illusory soirées and elaborate but meaningless power structures. Thus, the shallow fae established the Council of Contracts. The term refers both to the glorious palace, and the members who serve on the Council. Each member has a joint purpose: to adjudicate disagreements between grumpy snámh ùra locked into “unfair” bargains and promises and to plan and host magnificent parties.

Unfortunately, as Muc-Mhara has grown in population, the list of unresolved grievances has grown faster





than the Council can hear their cases. This is aggravated by the fact that virtually no one on the Council has any interest in taking time out of their day to listen to bitter snàmh ùra explain their bizarre circumstances. In almost all instances, the ruling is some version of “you should have paid more attention before making a promise with a fae,” but the cases end up dragging on and on nonetheless.

Thankfully, the members of the Council are far happier to spend their time fulfilling their second charge. Parties within the great palace are common and elaborate. Some of these affairs are for sea fae only, but most are open to any who dare attend. Non-fae are encouraged to be extra careful, though. Beguiling fae may lure awed and intoxicated snàmh ùra into bizarre and dangerous schemes. Promises made in the midst of rapturous ecstasy and psychedelic hallucinations are still binding among the sea fae.

Every member on the Council of Contracts considers themselves the leader of the burgeoning court. They each say that there is some sort of obvious yet uncoded structure that determines who has seniority over whom and in what context, but the truth is that no such hierarchy was ever devised. The power structures are imagined and chaotic, and the sea fae wouldn't have it any other way.

ÉOLLIN OLUNNA

Despite the nebulous hierarchies within the Council of Contracts, most sea fae consider Éollin Olunna (they/them) to be its most powerful member. This enigmatic azure elf spent many moons on the surface studying terrestrial fae who had left the Principality. After Scamhóga's fall, they were one of the first to feel drawn to Muc-Mhara. With so much experience in fae communities across the realm, Éollin knew that the best way to protect the fledgling sea fae community from falling into squalor and infighting—or at least, *unacceptable levels* of infighting—would be to found a proper court. Covens of hags, unions of tomtes, and thickets of dryads were common among the land fae. Why shouldn't the same be possible for those beneath the waves?

Éollin happily manages many of the more mundane tasks for the Council. They attend the parties and occasionally assist in minor pranks, but they're much more comfortable handling logistics and overseeing disputes. For this reason, almost everyone in Muc-Mhara thinks Éollin has a great many secrets or some profound

but hidden powers. After all, the quieter the sea fae, the more they're likely hiding. In fact, Éollin is just *anxious*. They would love to revel with the other sea fae, make delicious bargains, and celebrate in the pleasures of the flesh, but it turns out that even fae can suffer from debilitating social anxiety.

For years now, Éollin has made an effort to become a more extroverted creature, but in truth, they were far happier roaming the surface, patiently studying the fae communities without ever truly joining in. They're now wondering if maybe it's okay to just be a loner, a quiet worker behind the scenes making sure society functions without ever offering too much of themselves to the rest of the world. Maybe Éollin *isn't* lonely and instead just needs to accept that they're unlike the other sea fae.



LEANNA MORATHRU

When negotiating fae contracts, it's crucial to have an open mind toward nonlinearity. Sea fae promise many things and often seem to ask for *so little* in return. It's easy to see why many snàmh ùra decide to accept such offers. These contracts are deceptive by design, though, and regrets emerge quickly once folks realize the way in which they've been tricked. When they do, they call on Leanna Morathru (she/her) to take their case.

Leanna is a mediator, a deeply empathic woman who is better at getting in the heads of sea fae than any other snàmh ùra in their enclave. Mediation with the Council of Contracts is a nebulous affair. Even just convincing the Council to hear a case can be an exercise in futility. Luckily, Leanna has something that the Council desperately craves: a flair for the dramatic. Leanna will show up to try your case wearing the most garish fashion, and then she will begin the show. In a given trial, Leanna is likely to scream at the Council, plead for mercy, reenact scenes from the promise, openly weep, threaten the lives of every Council member, faint, and invoke curses and deities that may or may not be real. Leanna puts everything into her negotiations, and the Council simply adores watching her perform.

Ultimately, whether the Council of Contracts decides to terminate one's fae contract or not depends partially on logic, partially on luck, and partially on theatrics. Of the three, most snàmh ùra assume concocting a foolproof reinterpretation of the promise will be most effective, but in practice, the Council *loves* an exciting display of showmanship. After all, most fae bargains don't actually benefit the sea fae in any meaningful way beyond the enjoyment of the trickery. As such, the Council wants to encourage the snàmh ùra to entertain them further by going all out in the courtroom.

Unsurprisingly, Leanna has become quite close with many members of the Council of Contracts, and she's an honored guest at every grand event they throw. In many ways, Leanna is the ideal citizen of Muc-Mhara: someone who can help the snàmh ùra through their tribulations while simultaneously befriend and amusing the sea fae. The only problem, of course, is that she cannot stay in Muc-Mhara forever. She can already feel the Calling pulling her toward the abyss. Now, she must decide for herself whether it's worth staying in Muc-Mhara and letting the Calling take hold, or whether her glorious time in the sea fae paradise ought to come to an end. If she waits much longer, she won't have a choice in the matter.



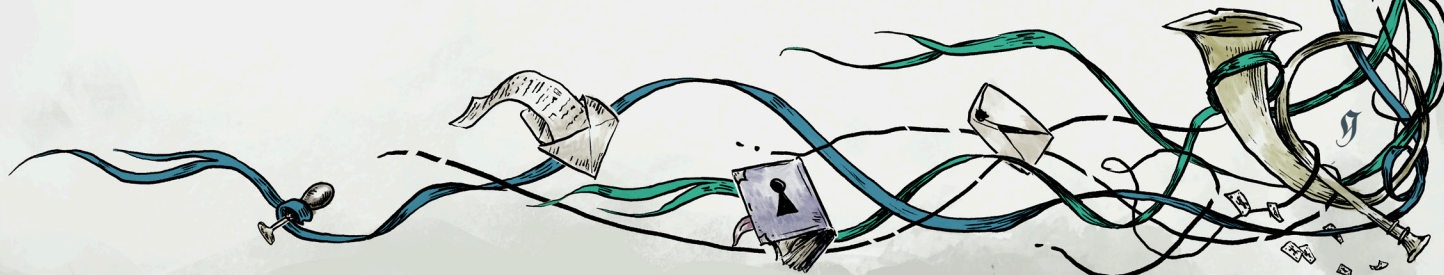
PLOT HOOK: CLAIM THE GAINMHEACH CROWN

Every seven moons, the shallow fae of the Council of Contracts host their grandest party of all, the Fest of Waves and Waning. For one evening, the waters of the shallow enclave suffuse with brilliant prismatic lights, sudden bursts of seagrass bloom, and enchanting resonances linger in the unfloating waters. This festival is an excuse for all shallow fae and snàmh ùra alike to revel until the morning sun's first rays once again pierce the waves.

Like many fae events, the Fest of Waves and Waning is in part a game. While no one is *required* to play, there is an assumption that most in attendance will engage in the trials of intrigue, deception, and clever bargaining. The objective of the game is to find the *gainmheach crown*, a legendary artifact passed down from the lords and ladies of the Seelie Court in the Principality millennia ago. Someone at the party is already wearing the crown, though it is invisible and formless. Each attendant may use any tools at their disposal to attempt to determine who is wearing the crown and then snag it,

THE GAINMHEACH CROWN

In the first days of the Principality, the fae lords and ladies of the Seelie Court crafted seven crowns for their subjects. The shallow fae received the gainmheach crown, a gaudy headpiece made from enchanted sand and adorned with shellfish, pearls, and aquamarine. The crown itself bears a number of enchantments: it can become invisible whenever its wearer wishes, it is immune to any magical effect that would sense its location, and it clings to the head of its wearer no matter the circumstances (e.g. even if its wear is swimming



D6 CROWN EFFECT**DESCRIPTION**

1	Titan Sense	The crown's bearer instinctively knows the exact location of each of the four titan in the world at all times. The titans cannot hide from this effect by any means.
2	Freedom from Contracts	Anyone wearing the crown ceases to be bound by any fae contracts. New contracts forged while wearing the crown are broken when the crown is removed.
3	Aquatic Enhancements	The crown bestows its wearer and their companions with the ability to breathe saltwater, gain nourishment from photosynthesis, resist deep sea pressure and temperatures, and swim as fast as a bluefin tuna.
4	Blink	Three times per day, the crown bearer can teleport up to 30 feet away.
5	Fae Illusions	Whenever the crown bearer waves their hands, they can magically produce illusory ribbons of light or mysterious acoustic echoes.
6	Principality Access	When walking through an appropriately mystical precipice, the crown bearer can close their eyes and enter the Principality (NOTE: this effect will not function so long as the sea fae have lost access to their home.)

through the ocean). Additionally, the crown may bear any of the additional properties in the relevant table.

The winner of the the Fest of Waves and Waning may keep the crown until the next fest. The crown is enchanted to magically reappear in a secret location in the Yartharen Sea every seven moons. Somebody in the Council of Contracts clearly knows the whereabouts of this reappearance, though the identity of the crown's keeper is a closely guarded secret. Before the fest begins, the Council bequeaths the crown to someone in Muc-Mhara to act as the quarry for the evening. The identity of the crown bearer changes for each party, and thus the dominant strategies depend greatly on what sort of creature the partygoers need seek. Crucially, the crown *cannot leave* the unfloating waters during the fest, so there's only ever so far the crown bearer can swim off.

FAE TRICKS

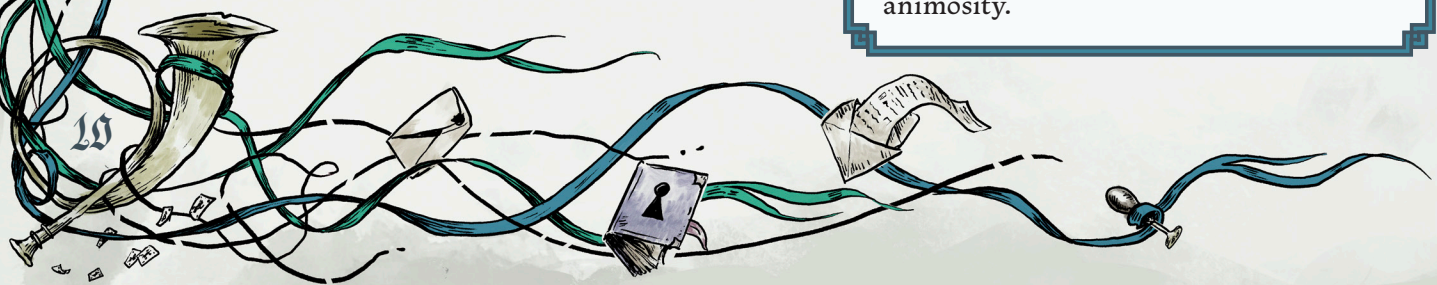
The wearer of the crown is strongly incentivized to avoid detection. The Council pays a *handsome* fee to the wearer that increases the longer they can keep the crown hidden. Usually, this payment is gold, but the crown-bearer is allowed to request a separate payment as well: perhaps termination of an ongoing payment, or the aid of the shallow fae in a future venture. Of course, if the crown bearer is able to avoid detection all night, they get to keep the crown until the next fest. This is the prize most will seek.

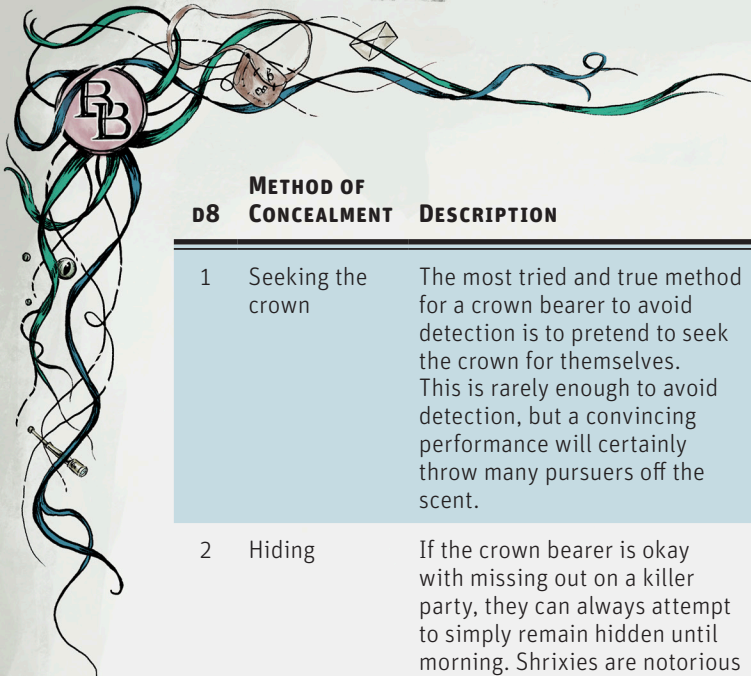
The exact methods each crown bearer will employ vary greatly from fest to fest.

GM NOTE: This party concept may sound convoluted, but actually running the Fest of Waves and Waning is not nearly so difficult. You need not flesh out complex lies, minigames, or predetermined promises. Establish who will be at the party (presumably every named NPC the party has met thus far), determine who has the crown (you can do this randomly!), and decide if anyone else has additional info (e.g. if anyone on the Council of Contracts could be bribed).

Beyond that, remember that this is a *party*. People will be dancing, drinking, consuming hallucinogens, and engaging in any other forms of debauchery that feel appropriate for your table. It's up to your players to determine how they'll go about finding the crown. They can surreptitiously pat everyone on the head, put out a bounty, or come up with a cleverly worded bargain. *You* don't ultimately need to be that creative. Yes, you can prepare a bunch of wacky fae tricks to try to elude the party, but you can also just hide the wearer in a secret closet all night, or give it to a speedy blink turtle.

Alternatively, secretly give one of your players the crown and see what they do! This is a great way to introduce a little bit of intra-party drama in a manner that is fun and unlikely to sow lasting real life animosity.

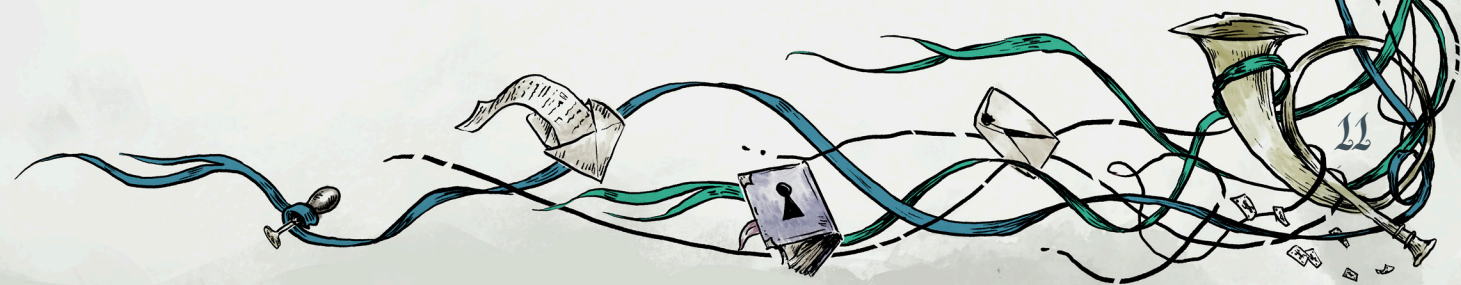




	METHOD OF CONCEALMENT	DESCRIPTION
1	Seeking the crown	The most tried and true method for a crown bearer to avoid detection is to pretend to seek the crown for themselves. This is rarely enough to avoid detection, but a convincing performance will certainly throw many pursuers off the scent.
2	Hiding	If the crown bearer is okay with missing out on a killer party, they can always attempt to simply remain hidden until morning. Shrixies are notorious for burying themselves in sand for twelve hours straight. If the crown bearer feels comfortable doffing the crown, they can also stash it somewhere secure.
3	Cooperation	Though it's seen as cheating by some, cooperation can be incredibly effective. The crown bearer's allies can help dupe the other players, but only if they don't turn on the crown bearer and take the artifact for themselves.
4	Fleeing	Frequently, Fests of Waves and Waning devolve into frantic chases. So long as the crown bearer believes they can evade detection (particularly if the crown blesses them with incredible speed), the optimal strategy may be to run out the clock.
5	Riddles	Sea fae love riddles, and—counterintuitively—giving pursuers a few leads to follow is a great way to avoid detection. Of course, if one is able to avoid detection with a riddle, they're almost <i>certainly</i> able to avoid detection <i>without</i> a riddle, but where's the fun in that?

	METHOD OF CONCEALMENT	DESCRIPTION
6	Fae magic	Not all sea fae have access to spells or other innate magic, but those that do can use these powers to great effect. Shapechangers can rapidly alter their appearance when someone is on their trail, hags will weave illusory light shows to evade detection, and blink turtles will repeatedly teleport away.
7	Careful contracts	The cleverest of fae will weaponize their contracts to great effect during a Fest of Waves and Waning. Carefully worded contracts mid-game can prevent pursuers from nabbing the crown. Partygoers are often too intoxicated to realize their mistakes before it's too late.
8	Violence	A crown bearer can always attempt to fight off anyone who would take the crown from them. Though not <i>technically</i> against the rules, this is considered a great offense to the Council. Anyone who attempts to keep the crown through force alone is permanently banished from Muc-Mhara. For some, this is an acceptable compromise.

If someone finds the gainmheach crown before sunrise, the game ends, but the party *decidedly* does not. Regardless of the outcome, the victor is heralded as a hero—provided they didn't resort to violence in the process. Many sea fae hold a grudge when the winner is a snàmh ùr, but the rules of the game are honored nonetheless. Whoever wins the game gets to keep the crown and harness its magical effects for seven moons, at which point the crown teleports off their head. If the bearer seeks to wear it again, they'll have to win another Fest of Waves and Waning.





MUC-MHARA

WHERE SCAMHÓGA SLUMBERS
AND THE SNÀMH ÙRA BREATHE LIKE FAE