



# MUJ MHARA

A BOROUGH BOUND CITY



# Toward the Depths

## A STRANGER SURFEIT



In theory, Muc-Mhara's lost treasures are scattered uniformly across the Trench of the Lost. Forgotten knickknacks travel from all corners of the Yartharen Sea and sink where they may. However, it is widely accepted that the most valuable goods are found in the deeper portions of the trench. Most cautious travelers remain in the shallower half of the valley. As snàmh ùra inch closer to the abyssal enclave, they become far more likely to come into contact with malevolent creatures who eschew the largely innocuous japes of the shallow fae in favor of malicious tricks and brazen violence.

Only the bravest scavengers make their way down toward the deeper, darker stretches of the trench. As they descend, the light begins to twist, and the waters take on a purplish hue. Some say this is a limitation of the unfloating; Scamhóga's divine breath can only brighten the seafloor so much. Others claim this is an ambient effect of the abyssal fae and their dark magics.

The hags of the Ambergris Coven employ deep-sea enchantments to morph Muc-Mhara to their liking, and this effect may be interfering with Scamhóga's waters. In any case, as snàmh ùra make their way down the trench, they may start to feel the actual effects of the deep sea: increased pressure, limited visibility, and a constant fear of the unknown.

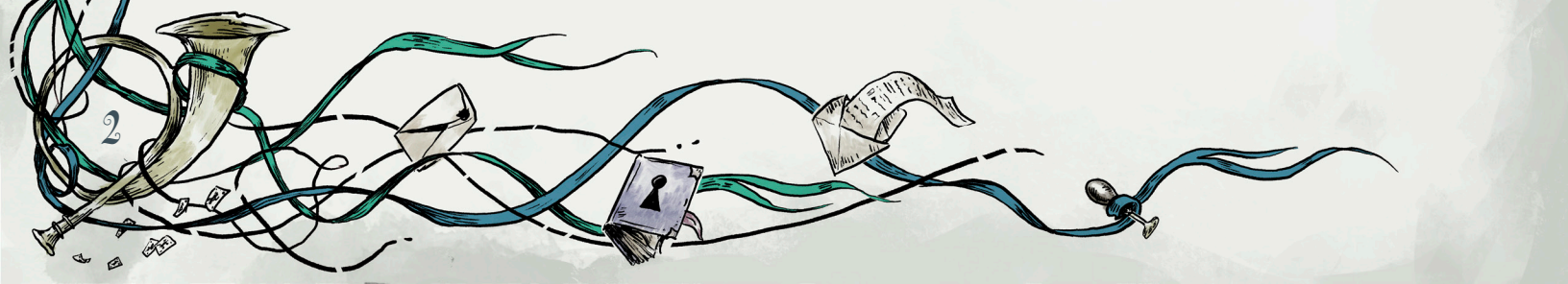
Of course, the depths are still safe. Snàmh ùra can breathe, the pressure is entirely manageable, and there are only so many bloodthirsty sea fae lingering in the shadows. Plus, if one is willing to brave the depths, they may get a chance to finally see Scamhóga herself. If they're particularly courageous, they may just run into a second titan as well.

## GREATER TREASURES

No matter what anyone says, there are still incredible finds lingering in the Trench of the Lost. Everything of value that remains, though, has remained hidden for a reason. Some items are just so thoroughly buried beneath other rubbish that they have persisted undetected throughout Muc-Mhara's history. Others are hidden in plain sight, artifacts whose true value is not at all immediately apparent. Finally, there are those treasures that are magically obscured. Some arcane trinkets are protected with illusions that make them invisible to all but a select few, while others interact unpredictably with the latent magical trickery of Muc-Mhara's waters.

Ultimately, finding any of the more mythic loot hidden beneath the waves will require some combination of magic, finesse, and research. Treasure hunters from across the realm of men have spent centuries attempting to track down scores of legendary artifacts from long-forgotten ancient civilizations. Now there's a nontrivial chance that a single adventurer could nab a handful of these vanished treasures on a single trip through the trench. All one needs to do is know where to look and avoid any abyssal threats in the process.

The Special Treasures table offers a variety of unique artifacts that are hidden among the Trench of the Lost. Some of these treasures are noteworthy relics that adventurers have sought for generations. Others are more mysterious, unknown to mortals, and of unclear value. Regardless, each is unique and powerful in the right hands. If the scavengers discover that the party has uncovered one of these relics, they may endeavor to rob or kill the adventurers in an attempt to snag these items for themselves.



**D10 SPECIAL TREASURE****DESCRIPTION****HOW IS IT HIDDEN**

<b>1</b>	Queen Selenniaste of the Marivaul's Crown	This glorious crown is inscribed with runes from a dead script, and there's a slot for a missing gemstone. "The Marivaul" seems to be a kingdom from a distant land known as "Ephamel."	The crown's luster has been severely diminished through magical dampening and eons of decay. If the star emerald were returned to its socket, its sheen would instantly return.
<b>2</b>	Nirsug the Sand Golem	Nirsug's reclusive master created him to defend the secrets of the merfolk wizards. After the Ambergris Coven ransacked the merfolk archives, Nirsug lost his way.	Nirsug is made from sand and is thus perfectly camouflaged to blend in with the sediment in which he lies. Though presently inanimate, one can return him to service by issuing commands.
<b>3</b>	Primordial Seed	An embryonic world tree. If consecrated by the four titans and then planted, the primordial seed can give rise to a new land above, an Ark on which the races of men can find refuge from a dying realm.	It is but a seed. Though otherworldly in its power, it appears as inauspicious as any other. As it contains within a sliver of the magic of this realm's titans, any who wears the gainmheach crown may be able to suss out its location.
<b>4</b>	Buuzo's Shadow	Gnomish dissident Buuzo Tubuk attempted to start a revolution. He was promptly arrested and tortured. A court mage severed his shadow from his body, and now that shadow has found its way to Muc-Mhara.	The lower portions of the Trench of the Lost are bathed in mysterious enchanted shadows. Identifying Buuzo's may require adventurers to first dispel some of the lingering abyssal magic.
<b>5</b>	The Synchronic Pen	This oversized pen emits quickly blooming spores that emerge colorfully across all coterminous realms simultaneously. One can effectively write fungal graffiti to be read in parallel universes.	The Synchronic Pen leaked some of its spores and is thus coated in a thick cluster of vibrant mushrooms... a fairly common sight throughout Muc-Mhara.
<b>6</b>	Valor Stone	Unlike many Muc-Mhara treasures, the Valor Stone is well known in the mythologies of the world. Some say the stone gives heroes the might and the will to confront great evil. Past wielders of the Valor Stone have become legendary champions.	In truth, the stone bestows nothing, but it can only be seen by those with the courage and honor to fight for what's right. It lies in plain sight, and yet none have yet claimed the artifact, for it remains invisible to all but a select few.
<b>7</b>	Ensnaring Ewer	Scavengers know better than to approach this gold ewer. Many have tried to claim it, but as soon as they do, this strange pitcher swallows them whole. None who have entered the ewer have ever returned.	The ewer is not hidden. Adventurers who rush into the trench without conducting some cursory research first may just end up triggering the ewer's trap. A few kindhearted scavengers may warn the party first, but just as many would rather be rid of some competition.
<b>8</b>	Lutec's Nose	Known as the "Conjurer of Devils," Lutec was a heterodox pagan figure. After his death, religious leaders outlawed texts and artifacts of the prophet. His nose, shriveled but otherwise preserved, is considered an unholy relic by some.	Though it has not withered to dust, Lutec's nose has shrunk considerably. It looks more like a strange date than a nose. Most will likely assume it's part of a dead cephalopod, and not the remains of a controversial heretic.
<b>9</b>	Secrets of Ashoggarath	This tome provides instructions for practicing ancient magical arts, including wards against the fae and incantations related to the titans. Anxious sea hag Róisín Bumbletick desperately wants to study these secrets but worries she is not yet ready.	Róisín has cast a spell on the tome to mask its true nature. It appears to be a genealogy of dwarves. Only Róisín knows the true nature of the book's contents. When she's ready to delve into its secrets, she will dispel her illusion.
<b>10</b>	Delivery for the Sage of the South Wind	This unopened parcel is wrapped in thick parchment and twine. It bears a stamp depicting a geometric eyeball, and its address is written in eleven different scripts.	The sea fae take postal fraud extremely seriously. Stealing a yet undelivered package is a severe violation of sea fae principles. Unless an adventurer is committed to delivering this package to the Sage of the South Wind, the sea fae will do everything in their power to stop a potential package thief.

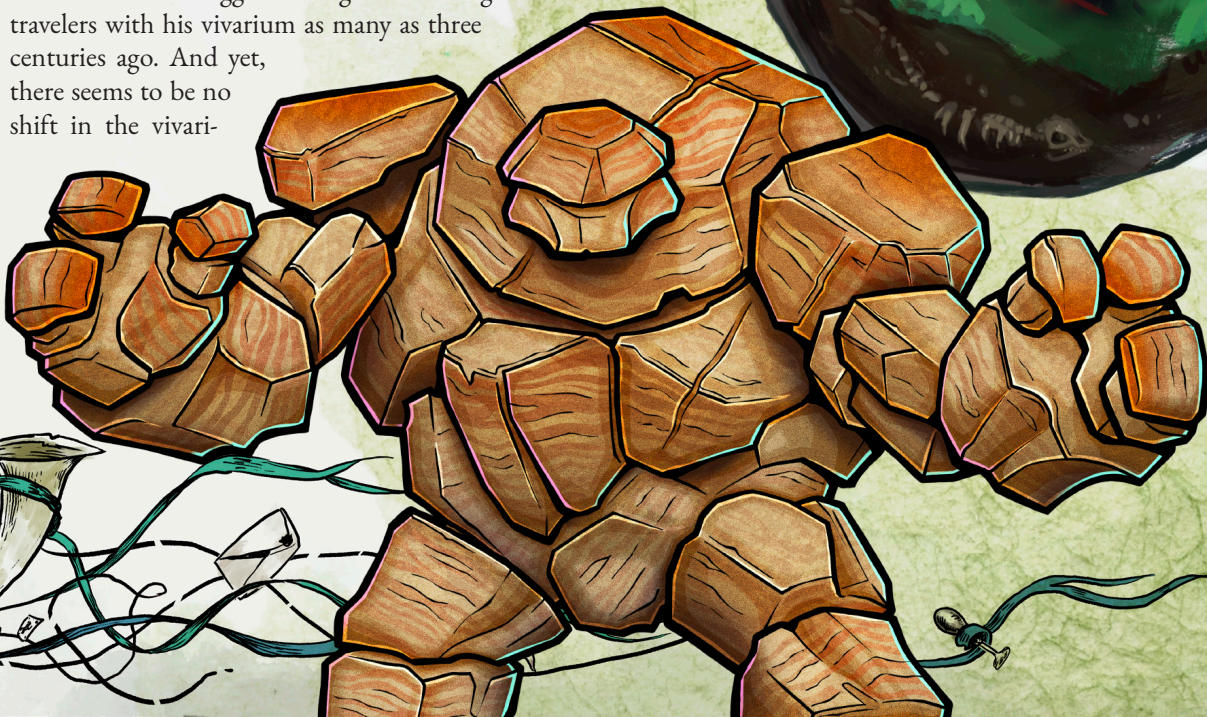
## VITROG'S VENERATED VOLATILE VIVARIUM

Muc-Mhara's arcane ecosystem is unlike any other environment across the realm of men. And yet, there exists an even stranger ecological microcosm within its bounds. Vitrog's Venerate Volatile Vivarium lies somewhere in the heaps of trash and treasures in the Trench of the Lost. This small glass globe holds within it a vast array of shrunken animals and plants, inhabiting a miniaturized world of exotic soils and fragrant grasses. These specimens were collected across dozens of arcane expeditions throughout all four corners of this strange world. Thus, the vivarium is a sort of minuscule zoo exhibiting many of the strangest creatures found in the realm of men, all perfectly transportable in an impenetrable glass sphere.

The globe weighs but a few pounds despite containing a complex and miniaturized ecosystem. Ravenous carnivores, magical fungi, and insects with gemstone carapaces coexist in a strange equilibrium. Indeed, one mystery is how this peculiar Vitrog was able to shrink the animals and plants to fit inside his vivarium, but the greater mystery is how he was able to carefully curate the globe's inhabitants to maintain a constant balance within. Carnival records suggest Vitrog was wowing travelers with his vivarium as many as three centuries ago. And yet, there seems to be no shift in the vivari-

um's inhabitants. The peculiar phenomena documented in these records are still present to this day: carnivorous plants, life-giving spores, and great winged beasts. One would suspect that such an ecosystem would quickly collapse without Vitrog's influence, and yet the vivarium maintains its equilibrium to this day.

This globe—if found—would make for an incredible source of research for biologists hoping to understand complex ecological interactions. Of course, the more *practical* use is in harnessing the powers of the creatures within. If the vivarium's stopper is temporarily removed, the flora and fauna would be able to briefly unleash their influence on the outside world, spitting venom, lashing out with re-enlarged claws, or spreading seeds across the immediate vicinity. In the wrong hands, Vitrog's Venerate Volatile Vivarium could become a chaotic but powerful weapon.





## HADAL RIFTS

Along the Trench of the Lost, deep gashes in the ocean floor lead down seemingly endlessly into the ocean far below Muc-Mhara. The unfloating waters extend some distance down into these depths, leading to the dangerous possibility that a clumsy snàmh ùr may slip into one of these crevices, sink to the boundary of the unenchanted waters, and then struggle to swim in the boundary zone.

Few snàmh ùra have made the journey deeper into the ocean floor fissures. The rifts descend *deep*, and the moment one pierces the perimeter of the unfloating, one loses access to the benefits of Scamhóga's breath. Unless a deep-sea voyager has some means to breathe underwater, see in total darkness, and withstand the pressure of the extreme depths, travel below Muc-Mhara is simply impossible.

Abyssal fae, on the other hand, are quite comfortable diving down into these rifts, and they do so often. When asked about why or what it is that they do down there, they tend to be exceedingly cagey. Rumors abound of ancient sea gods and sources of unending power, but neither the snàmh ùra nor the shallow fae can say much with certainty. Regardless of any potential secrets hidden in the ocean trenches, it seems that the abyssal fae just prefer the comfort of the deep sea's embrace. Muc-Mhara is the temporary home for all sea fae, but the abyssal fae feel truly at ease when resting beneath miles and miles of ocean.

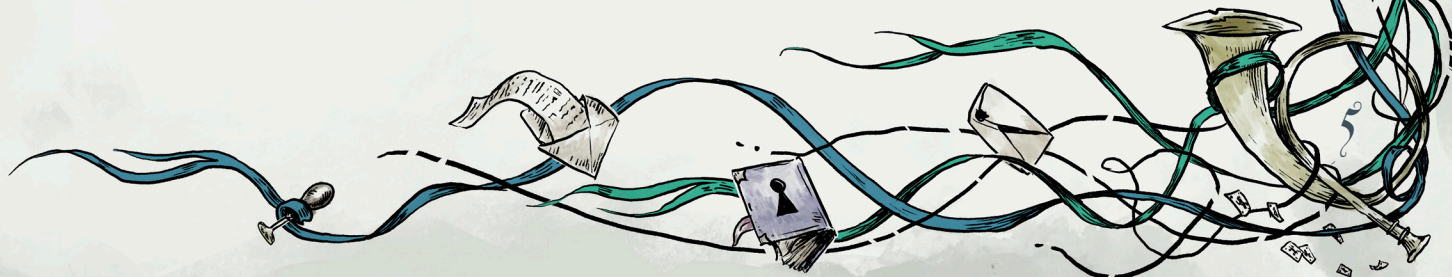
## RESIDENTS OF THE DEPTHS

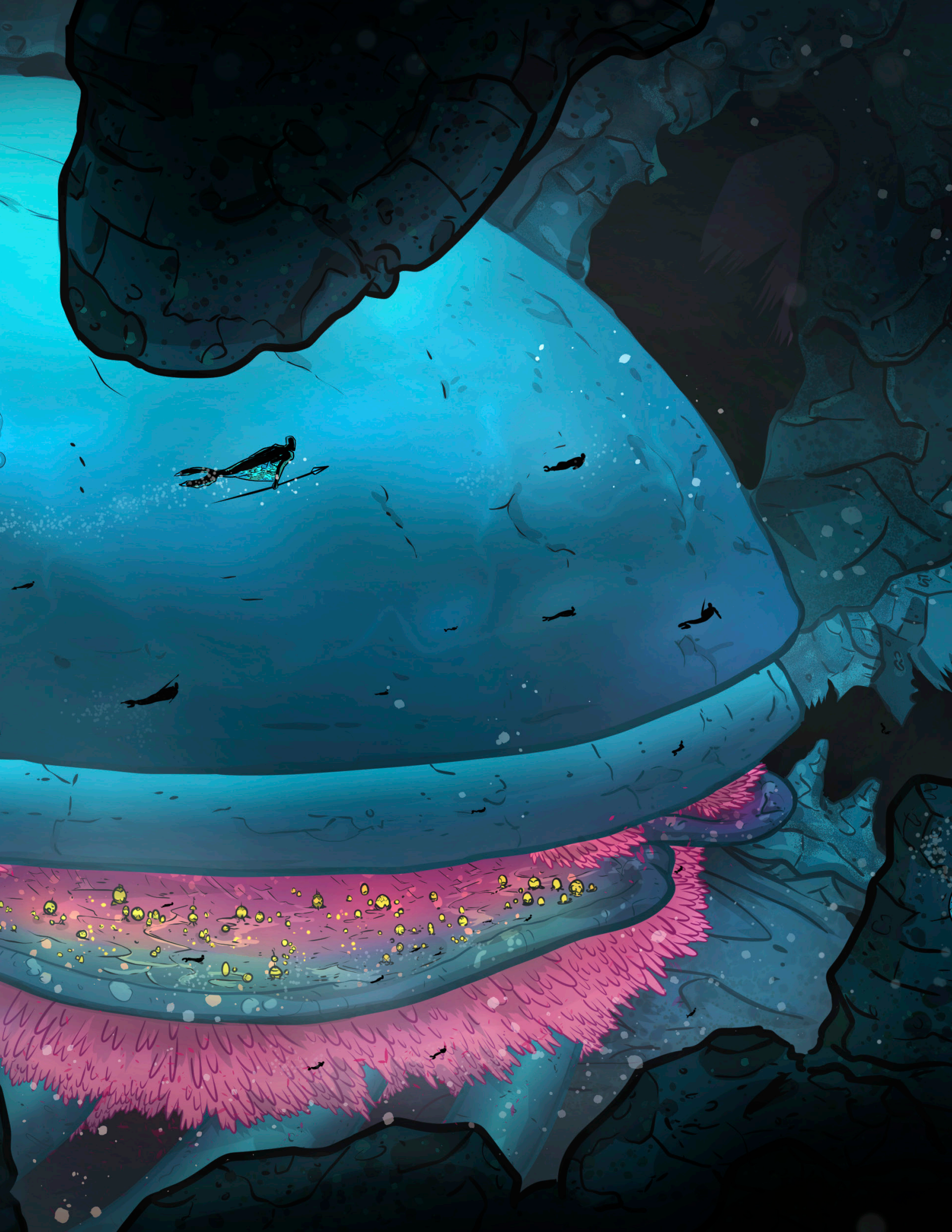
Despite the cold gloom of the oceanic trench, the hadal rifts beneath Muc-Mhara are home to a number of mysterious denizens. Bizarre creatures roam in search of prey, and scavengers form localized ecosystems near whale falls. Hydrothermal vents create strange pockets of chemically rich water where symbiotic lifeforms thrive.

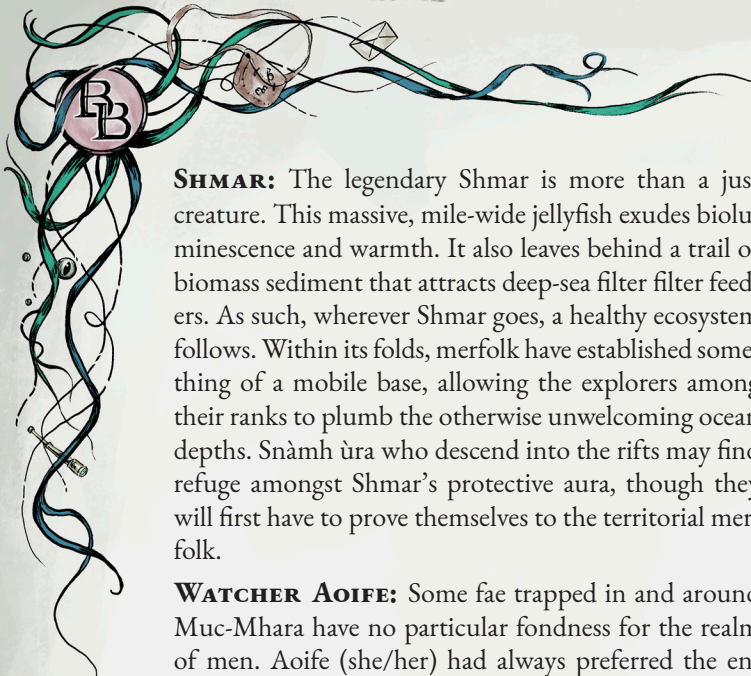
The most relevant hadal residents to a party of adventurers are likely to be those abyssal fae who have refused the call to Muc-Mhara as well as the legendary beasts that have eluded hunters for eons. If the party discovers a way to explore the hadal rifts, they may seek out these aberrations.

### DEEP BOGGLES:

Whereas terrestrial boggles spawn from the imaginations of lonely or distraught children, deep boggles are manifestations of the cumulative woes of mortals. As nations suffer droughts or plagues, deep boggles begin to bubble up from the lowest oceanic trenches, drawing on negative energy. As these abyssal fae are intrinsically tied to the negative emotions of mortals, they have no need to rekindle their connection to the Principality. Thus, they're happy to mingle on the ocean floor, basking in the swirling fears that sink to the very bottom of the realm. Some do eventually climb their way up to Muc-Mhara proper, and those who do often end up serving powerful masters among the greater abyssal fae.







**SHMAR:** The legendary Shmar is more than a just creature. This massive, mile-wide jellyfish exudes bioluminescence and warmth. It also leaves behind a trail of biomass sediment that attracts deep-sea filter filter feeders. As such, wherever Shmar goes, a healthy ecosystem follows. Within its folds, merfolk have established something of a mobile base, allowing the explorers among their ranks to plumb the otherwise unwelcoming ocean depths. Snàmh ùra who descend into the rifts may find refuge amongst Shmar's protective aura, though they will first have to prove themselves to the territorial merfolk.

**WATCHER AOIFE:** Some fae trapped in and around Muc-Mhara have no particular fondness for the realm of men. Aoife (she/her) had always preferred the enchanted waters of the Principality to the comparatively lifeless depths of the Yartharen Sea. Only rarely would she venture across the threshold to the realm of men. Of course, she just so happened to be on the wrong side of the mirror when Scamhóga fell. As such, she's stuck here along with all of the other sea fae.

Aoife is a watcher, a fae wanderer who collects observations. Watchers travel all known realms not as scholars, but as ravenous connoisseurs of experiences. They chronicle events and mysterious phenomena in songs and paintings, in memories and impressions. Unlike true sea fae, watchers have bodies that adapt to their environment, allowing for an unparalleled range of adventuring. Aoife has taken on a sort of crocodilian form while trapped in the Yartharen Sea, a form she is likely to be stuck in until she can return to the Principality.

While her kin wait in Muc-Mhara, hoping to find the lost part of themselves that would allow them to return to the Principality, Aoife is instead investigating other sources. She believes that only in rejuvenating Scamhóga can the sea fae restore themselves. Her investigations have led her to the deepest depths of the hadal rifts, where she suspects a hidden power holds the secret to Scamhóga's rebirth.

## UNNIS OF THE SPHERES

Abyssal fae delight in terrors. They transform dreams into nightmares, they bind snàmh ùra to hellish agreements, and they occasionally dabble in kidnapping, mutilation, or mind control. Some abyssal fae prefer, howev-

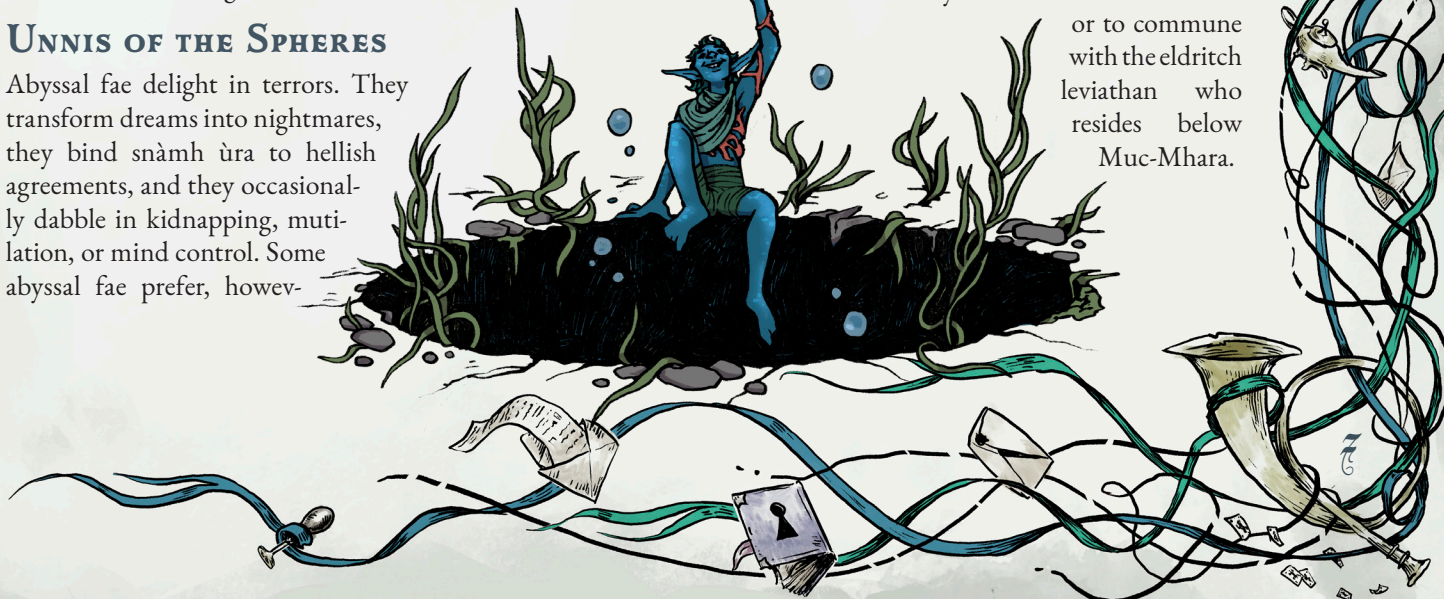
er, to create terrors without resorting to such boorish means as body horror or elaborate contracts.

Unnis of the Spheres (he/him) gives any snàmh ùr the chance to confront their thalassophobia. He waits in the Trench of the Lost with his feet dangling off the lip of a hadal rift and offers his services to passersby. Anyone who wishes to witness the true depths of the Yartharen Sea can do so with Unnis's help. Unnis will instruct his new victims to stand near the edge of the crevice. He will then take a deep breath and conjure a massive arcane bubble to encircle the intrepid travelers. While within this bubble, snàmh ùra are free to explore the ocean depths without fear of being crushed by water pressure or running out of air to breathe.

Unfortunately, travelers who choose to explore the rifts while encased in one of Unnis's bubbles will have to produce their own light and will have only a limited capacity to control the movement of their perilous round vessel. By slowly walking in the sphere, travelers can nudge the bubble in one direction or another, but at extremely limited speeds.

The bubbles that Unnis creates will always return to Muc-Mhara eventually, though Unnis makes no guarantees about how soon that might be. This is all part of Unnis's game. He wants the snàmh ùra to be terrified. He *could* cause the bubble to ascend whenever he chooses, but there's no fun in that. After all, he takes great pleasure in the terrified expressions of travelers after they return from their hours-long journeys in unfathomable chasmic darkness.

Of course, some opt to engage Unnis's service despite knowing what frightful encounters await. A scant few travelers need to descend beneath Muc-Mhara, seeking either to research the mysteries of oceanic trenches or to commune with the eldritch leviathan who resides below Muc-Mhara.



## FIACLAN, THE TITAN OF WATER

In the network of deep trench and caverns at the bottom of the Yartharen Sea, at depths devoid of any light, the great titan of water skulks and connives. Fiaclan (he/him) shares much in common with the abyssal fae. He is a schemer, an antisocial recluse, a lover of shadow and terror. Unlike the abyssal fae, however, he holds no connection to the Principality. Like each of the four titans, Fiaclan is tethered to the realm of men, inexplicably tied to the fundamental nature of this world.

Fiaclan is also notably distinct from the abyssal fae in that his schemes are fundamentally uncomplicated. He wanders the hadal rifts deep in thought while considering his next moves. Ultimately, these great schemes typically amount to some variation of “surface for a couple hours, destroy some ships or a coastal village, return to the depths.” Unless there is something far grander behind Fiaclan’s exhaustively contemplated plans, it is not clear why the primordial colossus spends so much time in deep thought. Perhaps he is a worrier who must first consider all potential threats and consequences, or perhaps he is dafter than his titanic kin.

Regardless, Fiaclan is almost always present miles below Muc-Mhara. These oceanic trenches have always been his home, and he will only ever leave to put one of his destructive plans into action.

It is because of this destructive nature that mortals have never regarded Fiaclan as they have Scamhóga or the titans of fire and earth. Indeed, sailors and coastal residents *fear* Fiaclan, but they do not view him as divine. He is a bad omen, to be certain, but the fear he commands was never on the same tier as the adoration mortals felt for Scamhóga. He is a monstrosity from the great unknown, something that you can neither understand nor predict. He is as a storm, something to prepare for but not to worship.

Was this why Fiaclan lured his sister Scamhóga to the ocean surface? Was this why he slew her? Did he resent that Scamhóga had earned the love of puny mortals? Or was there more nuance to animosity?





### WHAT IS FIACLAN?

Fiaclan is *not* a God. Like all the titans, he is immortal. He cannot die. He *may* be defeated—perhaps destroyed by another titan, a legendary artifact, or divinely influenced adventurers—but this defeat can only ever be impermanent. By this same logic, Fiaclan has also only felled Scamhóga temporarily, though *for how long* is anyone's guess.

Fiaclan's body is an amalgam of various deep-sea creatures. He has the tentacles of a squid, the *esca* (lure) of an anglerfish, and the highly sensitive W-shaped pupils of a cuttlefish. His rubbery skin is made up of hyper-active chromatophores which constantly warp, creating a kaleidoscope of colors that is nevertheless invisible in the total darkness of his home trenches. Across his entire body, a zipper-like maw with a million million teeth compulsively crunches anything that approaches. Finally, affixed to his back is an adamantite shell into which he can retreat if he is forced to confront a foe that may somehow best him.

Whether or not Fiaclan is truly knowable is yet undetermined. Sailors who have survived his onslaughts have described his actions as chaotic and writhing "like a hungry beast," whereas the abyssal fae characterize his motives as alien and beyond comprehension. So which is it? Is Fiaclan an unthinking brute? Or a mystifying terror of unimaginable intellect?

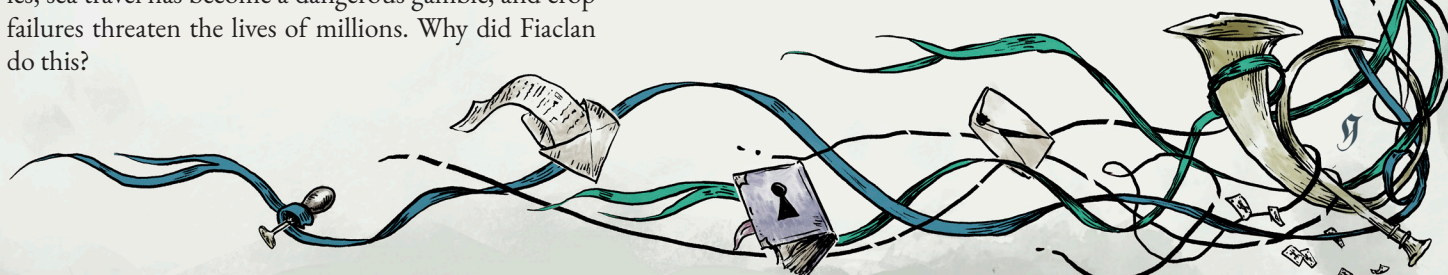
### FIACLAN'S AIMS

The abyssal fae know the truth: Scamhóga fell from the sky only after she was attacked by Fiaclan. Unlike the duplicitous shallow fae, the abyssal fae will almost never brazenly tell a lie, and while they should be *feared*, they are broadly trustworthy when recounting facts. The abyssal fae *know* Fiaclan in a way that no other creatures can claim, and they are certain that Scamhóga's ruin can be blamed on the leviathan below Muc-Mhara.


Regardless of whether the abyssal fae are right or whether they vastly overestimate him, it's clear that the creature's motives are in question. His attack on Scamhóga has left the world scarred—if only temporarily—in a way that will be felt for generations. Storms batter cities, sea travel has become a dangerous gamble, and crop failures threaten the lives of millions. Why did Fiaclan do this?

### D6 FIACLAN'S MOTIVATION DESCRIPTION

1	Jealousy	Fiaclan resents Scamhóga. The celestial sky whale has always received undue adulation from the fae and mortals alike. She's nothing more than a mindless oaf caught in the wind, a wandering emissary who couldn't help but deliver peace and good tidings. She didn't deserve the adoration, and so Fiaclan struck her down.
2	Mind control	The attack on Scamhóga was not Fiaclan's choice. He is being puppeted by (d4): 1) Maoim-Slèibhe, the titan of earth 2) the Ambergris Coven, 3) Signor Iallo, the artifact hunter, or 4.) the fae lords and ladies of the Seelie Court.
3	Power	The four titans draw from a finite pool of primeval power. With Scamhóga downed, Fiaclan has become stronger. He can now fuel his future schemes with enhanced vigor or attempt to temporarily fell his other two siblings for an unparalleled surge in strength.
4	Prophecy	Fiaclan hopes to bring about some fundamental change to the realm of men: profound woe, a great boon, or something more ambiguous. To do so, he must fulfill numerous prophecies. The attack on Scamhóga was but one step toward his true goal.
5	Bloodlust	After millennia on the seafloor, Fiaclan's mental health is beginning to fade. His goals have never been foggier. He is becoming more of a force of nature and less of an otherworldly entity. Fiaclan has been reduced to his fundamental urges, namely violence and destruction.
6	Preemption	Scamhóga is not without agency in this affair. It is possible that she had wicked aims of her own. Despite the benevolence ascribed to her by the races of men, Fiaclan knew the sky titan for what she truly was: a cunning and inscrutable planner who had anything but noble aims.







## PLOT HOOK: CONFRONT FIACLAN

Adventurers traveling to Muc-Mhara may have any number of reasons to seek an audience with Fiaclan. Perhaps they want to consecrate a primordial seed, perhaps they seek answers about Scamhóga's slumber, or maybe they hope to rid the world of titans once and for all. Regardless of the party's aims, they will first have to get to Fiaclan. Unless the adventurers are creatures accustomed to the deep themselves—creatures like turtlefolk, *fel'dær*, or even some undead may be able to withstand the extreme temperatures and pressures—they will need to find some means of protecting themselves.

If the adventurers ask the abyssal fae, most will suggest taking advantage of Unnis's bubbles. These perfectly secure arcane wards will allow the adventurers to descend to great depths, though they will be at the whims of the menace who commands the bubbles. Alternatively, they can seek refuge amongst the protective aura of Shmar the jellyfish. The wandering leviathan frequently swims near to Muc-Mhara, so adventurers would simply need to wait for an opportunity to hitch a ride. Finally, of course, adventurers who are bold enough to confront a titan will likely have great boons or magics they can call upon. Various protective spells can grant temporary immunity to the dangers of the depths.

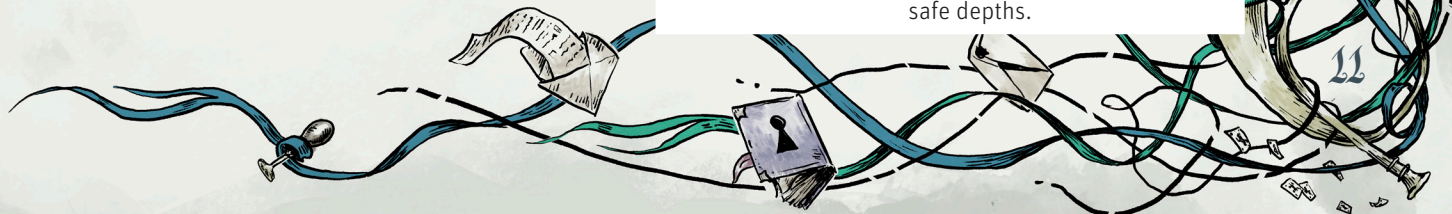
The most reliable way to traverse the hadal rifts is to gain access to the gainmheach crown. This artifact provides resistance to deep-sea pressure and temperatures and allows its wearer *and the wearer's companions* to breathe underwater. Obtaining the crown is no easy feat, but if the party wants to confront a titan, it pays to be well-equipped.

### GETTING TO FIACLAN

On the way to Fiaclan, adventurers will have to contend with any number of deep sea threats. The winding waterways can befuddle, and the lack of light will make travel cumbersome for most adventurers. As the party searches for the elusive water titan, consider rolling on the Deep Sea Complications table.

#### DEEP SEA D6 COMPLICATIONS DESCRIPTION

1	Boggle cohort	Schools of deep boggles can sense the fears of anxious voyagers traversing the rifts. Though each individual creature is easily avoided or dispatched, they can quickly overwhelm adventurers when swarming in great numbers.
2	Cave labyrinth	Connecting the various hadal rifts are pitch black caves. Fiaclan claims each of these as parts of his deep-sea lair, and locating the titan may require carefully navigating the cave networks. Total darkness aside, it's easy to get lost in the endless maze.
3	Merfolk defenders	Merfolk despise sea fae, whom they view as invasive to the Yartharen Sea, and they are equally distrustful of <i>snámh ùra</i> . Merfolk researchers and explorers never stray far from Shmar when plumbing the depths, but they will go out of their way to question and potentially attack meddlesome adventurers.
4	Volcanic fissures	Hydrothermal vents eject huge amounts of ultra-hot water that can melt through even arcane protections. Plus, they host ecosystems of extremely hardy creatures that will undoubtedly see the adventurers as threats.
5	Dà-Nathair	The twin serpent Dà-Nathair is one of Fiaclan's minions, a two-headed sea dragon that seeks out any sentient creature. The abyssal fae have learned to evade the hadal warden, but adventurers may have to clash with the dragon to gain access to the water titan.
6	The Calling	Though the rifts are decidedly distinct from Muc-Mhara, many travelers have reported that the Calling intensifies as one descends. The ramifications of this realization are yet unknown, but adventurers should be wary of any hallucinations or urges they feel as they descend far below safe depths.



## APPROACH FIACLAN

Unless he is threatened, the titan of water will not attack adventurers on sight. He is likely to be more perplexed than antagonistic, at least initially. As such, if the party wishes to question Fiaclan, they should do so quickly, before the titan decides to eliminate the puny menaces.

Fiaclan speaks telepathically and will entertain questions the adventurers present. He is not likely to give straight answers, but he is also not likely to lie. Instead, the party should expect to confront a being whose true intentions are difficult to decipher. This leviathan is as old as the realm of men itself, and unless the party is accustomed to communing with cosmic aberrations, they will have trouble comprehending the scale of his experiences.

Unlike the sea fae, Fiaclan will not engage in tricky bargains. He may negotiate, but there will be no tricks. If the party *wants* something from Fiaclan, he will ask for something commensurate in return. For example, if the party wants Fiaclan to strike one of their enemies, he may ask them to fell one of his kin. Alternatively, if the party seeks answers, Fiaclan will ask them to reciprocate. Despite his age and intellect, the water titan has an incomplete understanding of the world, likely born of his relative isolation at the bottom of the Yartharen Sea.

Finally, it is possible that the party will seek to defeat the maritime monster. Like each of the titans, Fiaclan cannot be killed, but if bested in combat by legendary voyagers, he will enter a period of dormancy, not unlike Scamhóga herself. Only the most powerful warriors will stand a chance against Fiaclan; if the party can avoid the wrath of his cavernous maw and powerful tentacles, Fiaclan may resort to his hypnotic camouflage or terrifying speed to escape. Regardless, a felled Fiaclan may have any number of effects on the world beyond. Are the adventurers prepared for the inevitable fallout?

