



MUJ MHARA

A BOROUGH BOUND CITY



Scamhóga

SLUMBERING TITAN



Last the abyssal enclave, in a snug deep-sea cavity, Scamhóga sleeps. The sky whale is an immortal titan. Much like the stars cannot be snuffed out, Scamhóga cannot be killed. Nevertheless, she suffered a devastating blow from Fiacan, and it will be some time before she recovers on her own. The question that has plagued Muc-Mhara is *how much time?* The titans are enigmatic creatures, and the leading sages across the realm of men can only guess the true progress of Scamhóga's recovery. She may be mere weeks from returning to the skies, or she may be centuries away.

In the meantime, the space around Scamhóga has been consecrated by various mystical fae and religious zealots as quasi-holy ground. Many consider the titans to be, if not truly Gods, at least divine-adjacent. They have thus built shrines and mosaics to honor the fallen immortal, adorning her resting place with the biodiversity iconography.

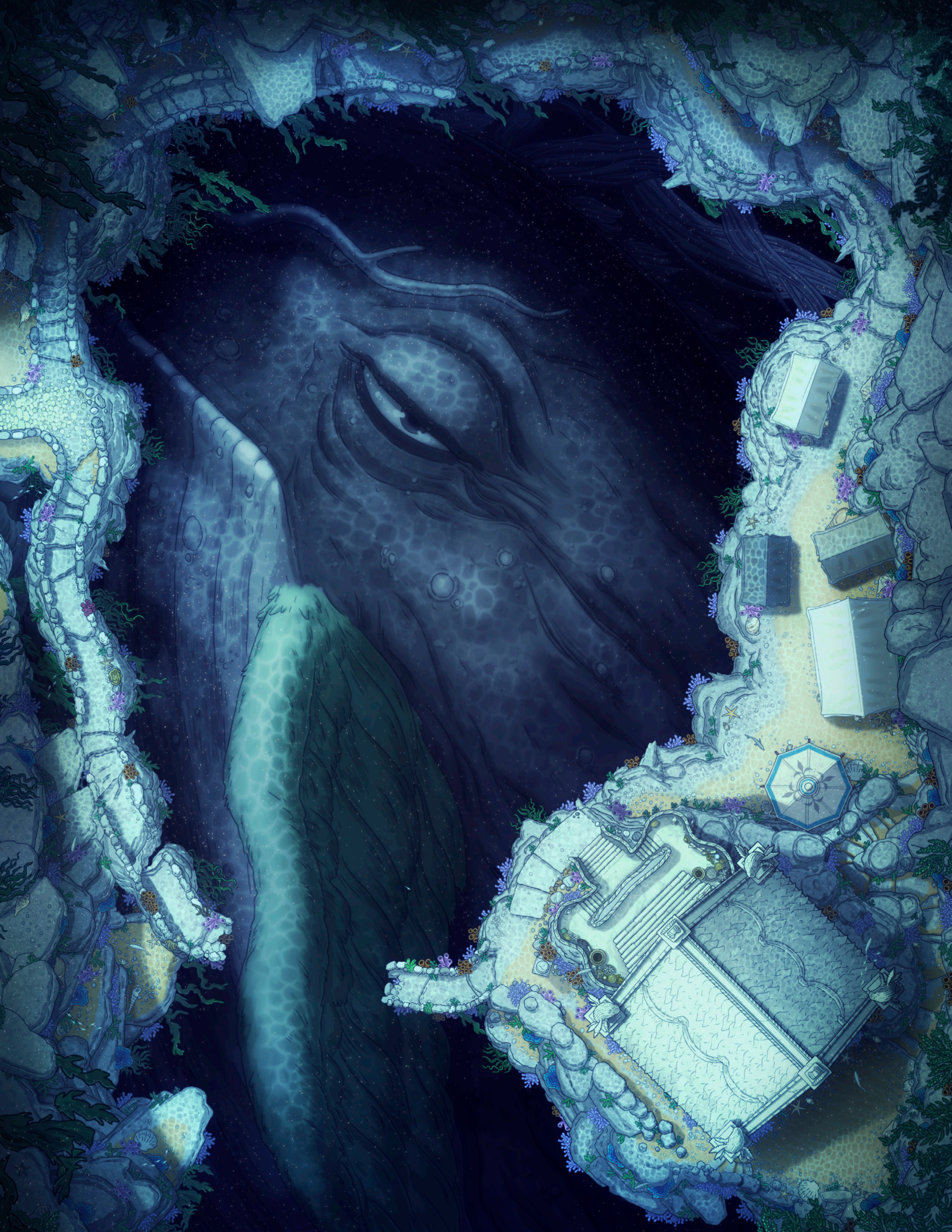
Very few creatures live in the vicinity of Scamhóga. Some fae spend much of their time swimming around the titan, either because they believe she exudes some


sort of beneficial aura, or because they are innately drawn to the source of Muc-Mhara's unique waters. Snàmh ùra, however, usually give Scamhóga a wide berth. Those who come to Muc-Mhara on a pilgrimage of sorts will of course visit the creature once or twice to gawk, pray, or investigate, but most are wise enough to limit their time in close proximity. It is common knowledge that—for whatever reason—Scamhóga is in some way the cause of the Calling. If folks want to keep their sanity, they'll have to carefully restrict their exposure to the titan's influence.

THE CALLED

Nearly all of the creatures who do live near Scamhóga are thus those that have already fallen prey to the Calling. These half-zombified sea thralls gather in Scamhóga's midst. Once they arrive, there is a wide range of possibilities for what may happen next.

1. Some of the Called make their way to Muc-Mhara's nadir and then just kind of... **wander**. They pace, stare off into the ocean, and gradually accumulate barnacles. They do not sleep, and they do not eat. It is unclear whether these minimally affected Called are in the process of staving off the most severe effects of the Calling or whether this is a unique final stage of the psychosis.
2. For many of the Called, Scamhóga is not the final destination. They slowly work their way to the titan before **taking the plunge** deeper into the hadal rifts. Snàmh ùra who attempt to dive down below Muc-Mhara without taking precautions die almost instantly, but the Called seem impervious to the extreme pressure and lack of oxygen. It would seem the Calling does much more than just impact one's psyche.
3. The strangest fate that might befall a Called is a sort of symbiosis. They latch onto Scamhóga, and **slowly get absorbed** into the flesh of the recovering titan over the course of a scant few hours. It is unclear what happens next. Do they die? Do they *join* Scamhóga somehow? What of their consciousness? While most consider this strange melding of flesh a form of distressing body horror, some fanatics aspire to join their deity in this manner. They come to Muc-Mhara explicitly hoping that they will be Called to merge with the titan.



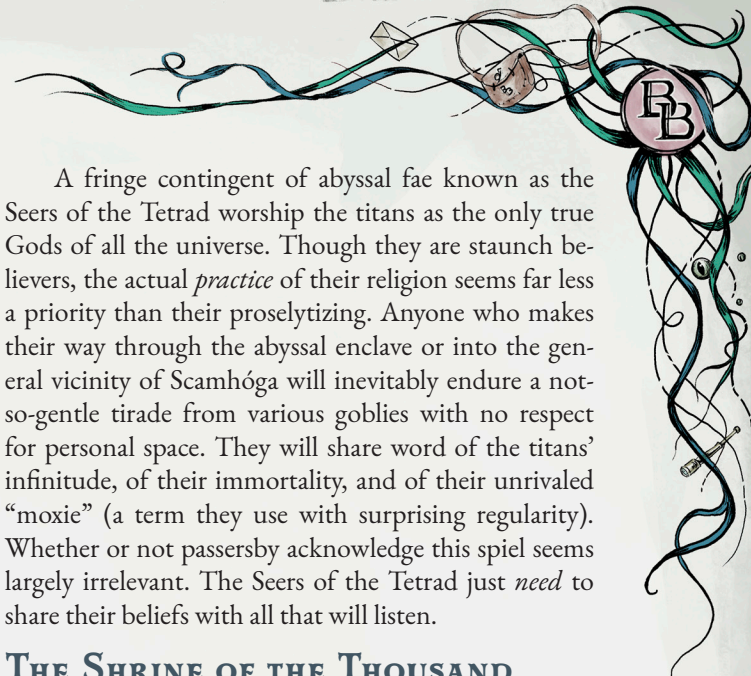
- 
4. Of course, a few Called are **intercepted** by the Ambergris Coven before ever reaching Scamhóga. They join the sea hags in servitude, assisting the witches in their scheming. It is unclear how the Ambergris Coven is able to “override” the Calling. Are they able to countermand the madness? Or is their own magic somehow connected to the arcane draw of the sky whale?

Most Called do not have families or close connections in town. Anyone who stays in Muc-Mhara long enough to fully succumb to the Calling is likely a loner, a zealot, or someone who has lost control of their life. As such, it is rare for anyone to approach a Called. By the time one is mindlessly wandering in circles around Scamhóga, it is already too late. If anyone *does* try to disturb their meandering, their symbiosis, or their further descent, they will become exceedingly violent and erratic. A few visiting scholars have made limp attempts to study this behavior, but the unknowable nature of the madness coupled with the dangerous behaviors of its victims render such research nearly impossible.

PALLID PETE: One of the first snámh ùra to fall prey to the Calling was Peter Naismith (he/him), a sailor who was among the vanguard to explore Muc-Mhara. Before anyone really understood the nature of Calling, poor Pete had already started suffering hallucinations. Soon after, his skin started to lose all of its color, and he lost all understanding of his surroundings. He marched down to Scamhóga and just started waiting. He stood in place, with arms outstretched, staring straight forward. There he remains to this day, statuesque, a warning to those who scoff at the Calling. Nicknamed “Pallid Pete,” the strange man is now covered in shellfish and coral, his colorless face unreadable. Does he long for the void?

THE SEERS OF THE TETRAD

Sailors have superstitions about the fae, but the fae themselves have plenty of their own superstitions. Some are religious in the traditional sense, praying to various gods of a pantheon unique to the Principality, but most have more nuanced views on creation, life, purpose, and the cosmos. As a rule, shallow fae tend to be casual and noncommittal with regard to their beliefs, whereas devout abyssal fae are *fervent*. An azure elf might casually revere Lal Ullsala as a deity while still respecting other faiths and acknowledging a good deal of uncertainty. A pious kelp dryad, on the other hand, will spurn heretics.



A fringe contingent of abyssal fae known as the Seers of the Tetrad worship the titans as the only true Gods of all the universe. Though they are staunch believers, the actual *practice* of their religion seems far less a priority than their proselytizing. Anyone who makes their way through the abyssal enclave or into the general vicinity of Scamhóga will inevitably endure a not-so-gentle tirade from various goblins with no respect for personal space. They will share word of the titans’ infinitude, of their immortality, and of their unrivaled “moxie” (a term they use with surprising regularity). Whether or not passersby acknowledge this spiel seems largely irrelevant. The Seers of the Tetrad just *need* to share their beliefs with all that will listen.

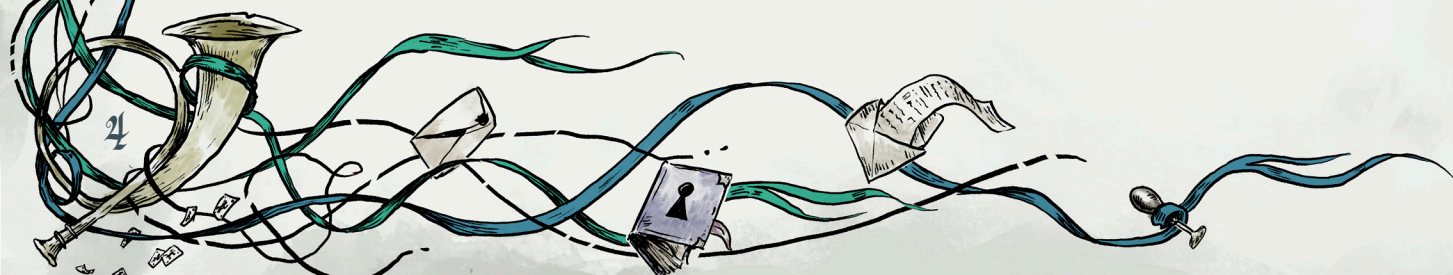
THE SHRINE OF THE THOUSAND FALSE GODS

These practitioners have constructed a shrine near Scamhóga, the largest permanent structure in close proximity to the titan. The shrine is filled with mosaics, texts, and a few precious original documents from faiths across the realm of men. Each work points to the significance of the titans within the religions of the world. The Seers believe that each of these faiths is heresy, but also that the omnipresence of the titans within each religion stands as evidence that the immortals are the true lords of the cosmos.

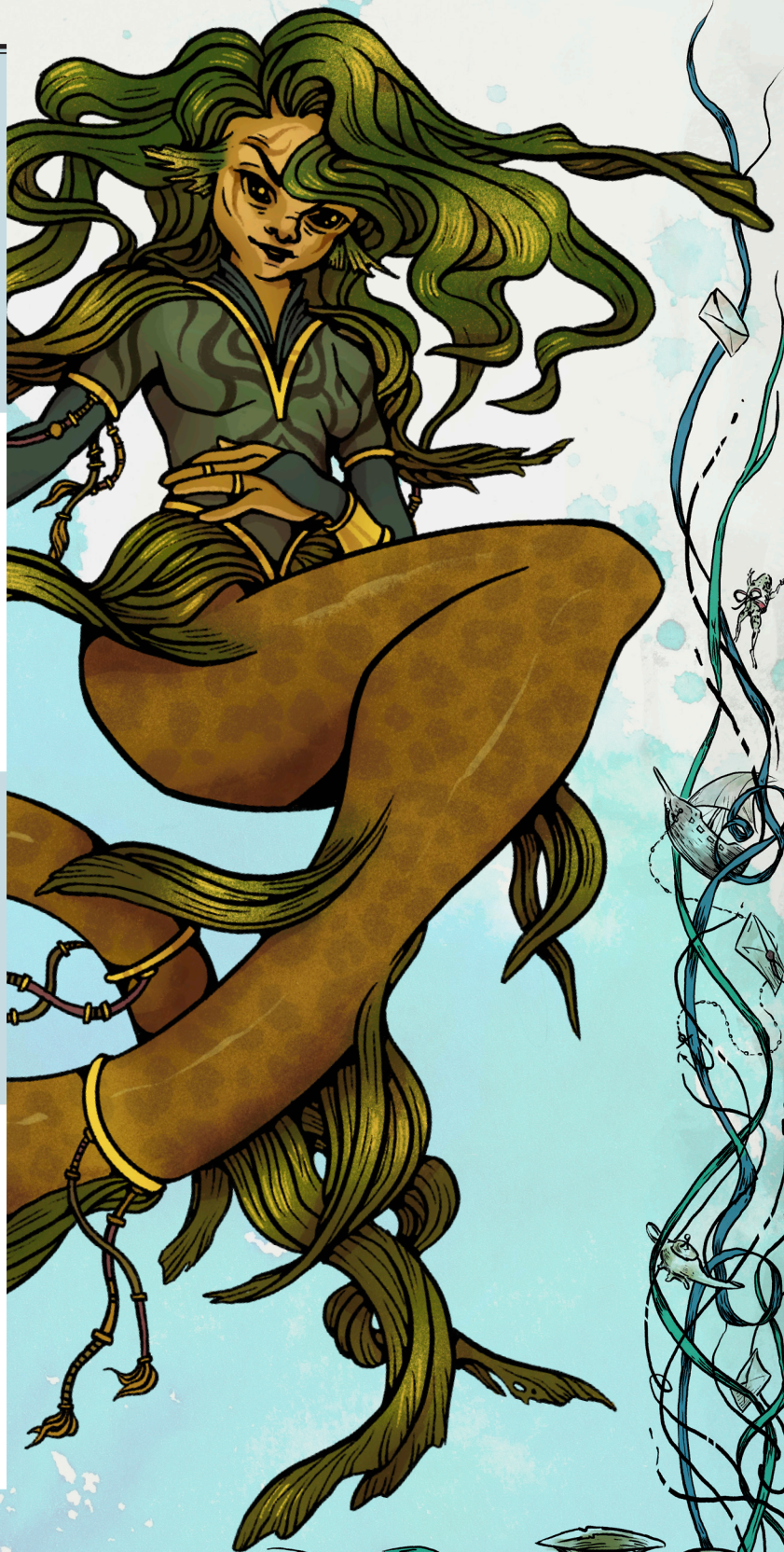
Whether or not one acknowledges the titans as Gods, there is no denying the fundamental premise that the Seers of the Tetrad espouse. The titans are all over religious iconography from every major culture around the world. They do hold some indisputable significance to cultures across the realm.

Perhaps more importantly to the adventurers, the Shrine of the Thousand False Gods is a treasure trove of relics, artifacts, and sought-after texts. Many of these were, of course, recovered from the Trench of the Lost, but the Seers seem to have come upon others by more unusual means: some they have hoarded for generations, while others may have been procured via fae trickery.

Regardless, adventurers hoping to snag these artifacts for themselves or righteously return them to more proper stewards should think twice before planning a daring heist. The shrine is guarded at all times by the Seers and their guards. Unless the party is willing to battle a squad of calypsomorians, the texts will likely remain in the hands of the Seers.



- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1 | Testament of the Waxen Knight | The Waxen Knight was a comparatively recent prophet of the Forgotten Dynast, an ancient god king. In the knight's memoir, he recounts meetings with each of the titans, and the values he learned from each. Though the Waxen Knight was not a god himself, many among the Order revere him as such. |
| 2 | Mosaic from the Temple of Früggrund | Throughout the realm of men, many still pray to the triple trinity of "Old Gods." Least popular among these deities is Früggrund, the Lord of the Void. His followers have long associated the titans with the endless abyss over which Früggrund rules. This mosaic depicts the titans returning to the void at the end of time. |
| 3 | Original Sheet Music for Nschin's Double Crab Canon | Composer Szogold Nschin was monklike in his religious fervor. His intricate "double crab canon" is a piece of geometric perfection, a puzzle box of counterpoint that embeds the names of each of the four titans in a coded web of interlocking melodies and counter melodies. |
| 4 | Ancient Ibari Necklace | The triple trinity is far from the oldest faith in the realm of men. The Ibari people were known to be religious, though little of their faith is actually known. This amber necklace is likely 10,000 years old or more, and yet it features intricate carvings that perfectly match the present-day appearances of each of the titans. |



SAGART DAIREANN

The Seers of the Tetrad claim to have many followers through the Yartharen Sea; this claim is dubious, as anyone who truly worships the titans would invariably make the pilgrimage to Scamhóga. Regardless, their supposed leader is the elusive Èisdeachd (he/him), a prophet who has received blessings from each of the four titans. This mysterious oracle has never graced Muc-Mhara with his presence, and so Sagart Daireann (she/her) is the highest ranking Seer in the city.

Daireann is an aged kelp dryad. She is a scholar, a poet, and a gifted orator. Though most irreligious travelers scoff at the musings of the Seers, Daireann has successfully converted scores of listless wanderers to her heterodox faith. She has studied the teachings of all major doctrines across the realm of men, and her expertise allows her to wield careful rhetoric when evangelizing.

Curiously, Daireann spent most of her years prior to Scamhóga's fall resting, studying, and communing in the exact part of the sea that is now home to Muc-Mhara. When the sea fae converged on Scamhóga, Daireann was already waiting. Some have ascribed divine significance to this seeming coincidence. It *is* curious that a Seer of the Tetrad would live in the very spot Scamhóga would descend after her felling bow. Those distrustful of the Seers ascribe malicious intent to this freak occurrence. They claim Daireann was somehow responsible for Scamhóga's fall, that she somehow beckoned the titan to join the seas so that the Seers could bask in her grace.

There is perhaps some truth to this claim. It is well known that Daireann frequently communes with Fiaclan in the hadal rifts. Adventurers who have deduced that Fiaclan is responsible for Scamhóga's downfall may piece together that Daireann may have influenced the water titan.

Presently, Daireann spends most of her days within the Shrine of the Thousand False Gods, reviewing ancient texts and sermonizing to any willing to listen. It is clear that Daireann wields both fae magics and blessings from Fiaclan, but the extent of her powers remain a mystery. Wise travelers rightly surmise that it serves the priestess far more to keep her full abilities secret.

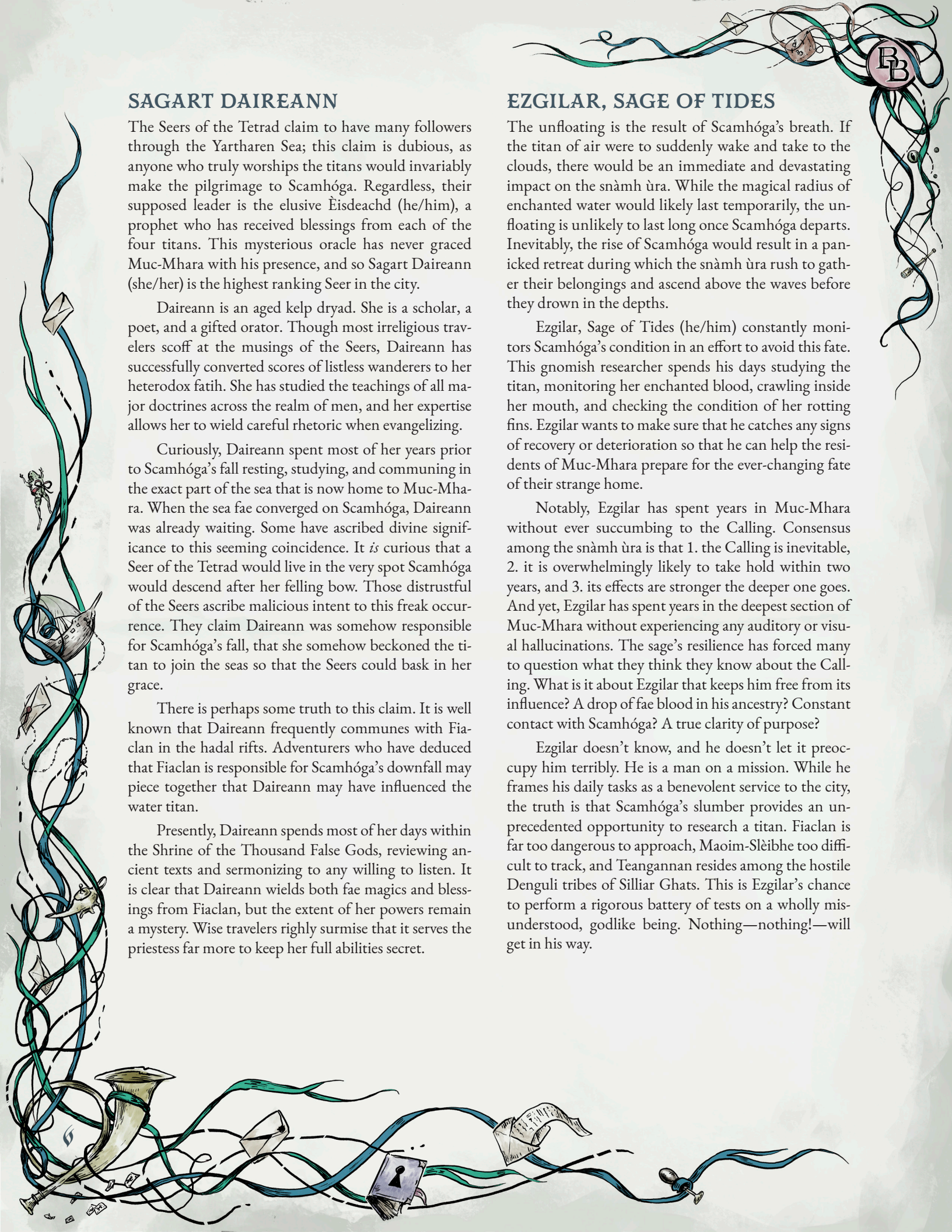
EZGILAR, SAGE OF TIDES

The unfloating is the result of Scamhóga's breath. If the titan of air were to suddenly wake and take to the clouds, there would be an immediate and devastating impact on the snàmh ùra. While the magical radius of enchanted water would likely last temporarily, the unfloating is unlikely to last long once Scamhóga departs. Inevitably, the rise of Scamhóga would result in a panicked retreat during which the snàmh ùra rush to gather their belongings and ascend above the waves before they drown in the depths.

Ezgilar, Sage of Tides (he/him) constantly monitors Scamhóga's condition in an effort to avoid this fate. This gnomish researcher spends his days studying the titan, monitoring her enchanted blood, crawling inside her mouth, and checking the condition of her rotting fins. Ezgilar wants to make sure that he catches any signs of recovery or deterioration so that he can help the residents of Muc-Mhara prepare for the ever-changing fate of their strange home.

Notably, Ezgilar has spent years in Muc-Mhara without ever succumbing to the Calling. Consensus among the snàmh ùra is that 1. the Calling is inevitable, 2. it is overwhelmingly likely to take hold within two years, and 3. its effects are stronger the deeper one goes. And yet, Ezgilar has spent years in the deepest section of Muc-Mhara without experiencing any auditory or visual hallucinations. The sage's resilience has forced many to question what they think they know about the Calling. What is it about Ezgilar that keeps him free from its influence? A drop of fae blood in his ancestry? Constant contact with Scamhóga? A true clarity of purpose?

Ezgilar doesn't know, and he doesn't let it preoccupy him terribly. He is a man on a mission. While he frames his daily tasks as a benevolent service to the city, the truth is that Scamhóga's slumber provides an unprecedented opportunity to research a titan. Fiaclan is far too dangerous to approach, Maoim-Slèibhe too difficult to track, and Teangannan resides among the hostile Denguli tribes of Silliar Ghats. This is Ezgilar's chance to perform a rigorous battery of tests on a wholly misunderstood, godlike being. Nothing—nothing!—will get in his way.





Of course, Ezgilar's unfettered access to Scamhóga seems like a miniature miracle in and of itself. Certainly there ought to be some competition for this research, right? Other scholars have certainly tried to accomplish their own studies, but strange tragedies have befallen each. Doqter Lemnius unexpectedly perished in his sleep soon after arriving in Muc-Mhara. Lady Thelly Instantia suddenly had her grant funding revoked. The Brotherhood of the Stolen Hills were driven from Muc-Mhara by "vengeful spirits." Either Ezgilar has been exceedingly lucky that all of his competition ends up dead or distracted, or the gifted scholar has had a hand in their misfortune.

Nevertheless, near constant research has yielded few results for the self-proclaimed Sage of Tides. Scamhóga's vital signs are inscrutable, and Ezgilar has failed to come up with any reliable way to study the biosamples he has collected. How does one even begin to probe the saliva of a blessed immortal? As far as Ezgilar is concerned, the only certainty is that *he* will be the one to make any discoveries before anyone else.

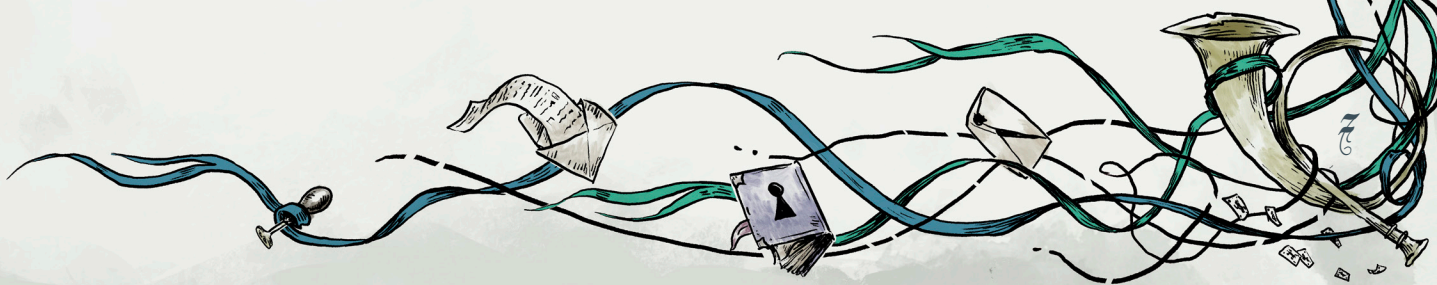
PLOT HOOK: AWAKEN SCAMHÓGA

Muc-Mhara itself is a silver lining. The world is in a sorry state without Scamhóga's influence. Though the mechanics are poorly understood, Scamhóga's slumber seems to be the cause of the now unceasing storms battering all corners of the realm of men. Life for millions is drastically worse now than it was when Scamhóga's calming influence eased the skies. Muc-Mhara is a playground, a strange refuge beneath the violent waves. And yet, most have come to terms with the fact that the world needs to be rid of Muc-Mhara. Scamhóga must be revived.

If only it were so simple. No one knows how to save Scamhóga, and there are forces that will oppose any actions that might aid the slumbering titan. Everyone has their own pet theories, and a party who sets out to save Scamhóga will undoubtedly receive unending tips from well-meaning bystanders. The truth, however, is that the titans are poorly understood. Ezgilar has been studying day and night for years with little success. The Seers of the Tetrad may know more, but they have a vested interest in keeping Scamhóga close by. It seems unlikely that Sagart Daireann would choose to save Scamhóga even if she could.


FACT-FINDING

Fortunately, Muc-Mhara is full of clever individuals, magical secrets, and clues about Scamhóga's downfall. Just because Ezgilar has failed to reach any grand conclusions does not mean that further investigations are doomed. The party should have plenty of avenues to explore in their quest to discover both what has happened to Scamhóga and how to help her.



D6 SOURCE

DESCRIPTION



1	Fiaclan	It takes a titan to know a titan. Fiaclan is the greatest source of information about Scamhóga. Though finding Fiaclan and convincing him to talk will be a challenge, he ultimately knows most about what happened. Fiaclan knows that he is responsible for the debilitating blow Scamhóga suffered, and he likely knows what it may take to return her to the skies as well.
2	The Shrine of the Thousand False Gods	Though not a library in any traditional sense, the Shrine of the Thousand False Gods contains scores of extremely rare and valuable texts, each of which may provide unique insights from cultures around the world. The party can learn of the forbidden magics of the Forgotten Dynast, the rejuvenating properties of a primordial seed, or the finite pool of power that the titans share.
3	The Ambergris Coven	The tyrannical sea hags are exceedingly knowledgeable about all of the mysteries of the realm of men. They are unlikely to share their secrets with anyone but their most trusted subordinates, so the party will have to either ally with the hags or else trick them into revealing what they know.
4	The Gainmheach Crown	The great artifact of the sea fae is intrinsically tied to the titans. Those who don the crown receive unparalleled insights into the nature of the titans. A particularly attuned individual may be able to use the crown to communicate with the titans, sense their wants and emotions, or establish a magical link.
5	Ezgilár, Sage of Tides	Some say he's a murderous bastard, and others say he's simply a failed scientist. Regardless, none can deny that Ezgilár has compiled the most rigorous body of work concerning the health and magic of Scamhóga. He will be unlikely to share his research unless the party can assure him that he'll be the one to claim the academic glory of any astounding new revelations.
6	The Calling	While it is certainly an unorthodox solution, allowing oneself to succumb—even partially—to the Calling may reveal some curious insights about the titans. The Calling is tied to Scamhóga, and the hallucinations seem to reveal truths that the snàmh ùra cannot learn otherwise. One just needs to be careful to not lose themselves entirely in the process.

SAVING THE TITAN

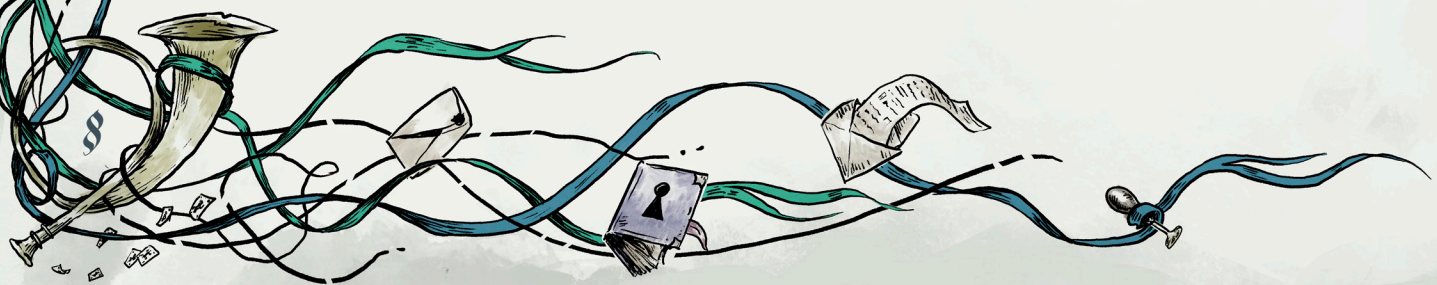
Eventually, the party will either discover a secret that will help them to save Scamhóga... or they will just start experimenting and see what works. They may determine that the means to save Scamhóga is a task they are unwilling to undertake, or that the solution was in front of their noses all along. Regardless, the entire city will be watching with tense anticipation.

A number of hypothetical solutions for awakening Scamhóga are provided in the relevant table.

GM NOTE: You don't need to decide ahead of time what the solution is. You don't need there to be one solution. You could decide that any number of different options will work, or you could decide it's truly hope-

less, and nothing the party does will affect the titan. The ideal quest resolution totally depends on the type of game you're running.

In some games, it's more fun to just see what the players try to do, and if they come up with something clever (using an item they found, a character ability, etc.), you can say "yeah, that's smart, go with that." In other games, establishing an extremely rigid criteria for a "win-state" means that failure is more likely, and therefore that success feels more earned. Again: this is your call. Some players *hate* puzzles that require obtuse and narrowly-defined solutions, but just as many like a good challenge.






D6 SOLUTION

DESCRIPTION

1	Maim Another Titan	The titans share their power. For one to become more powerful, another needs to suffer. For this reason, the titans have stayed far away from each other to avoid interfering with the balance. If the party can damage one of the now invigorated titans (perhaps nearby Fiaclan), Scamhóga will recover enough strength to awaken.
2	Sacrifice the Called	The Called give life to Scamhóga. She is the one calling them, after all. If enough poor souls merge with the slumbering Titan, she will be able to feed off their energy.
3	Break Daireann's spell	Sagart Daireann puppeted Fiaclan into downing Scamhóga and she has woven various enchantments to keep Scamhóga asleep this whole time. For Scamhóga to rise, Daireann's dark magic will have to be interrupted.
4	Find what Scamhóga lost	All things lost find their way to Muc-Mhara. That may just include Scamhóga's life force. Somewhere in the Trench of the Lost, the piece of Scamhóga that motivates and invigorates the titan <i>must</i> have shown up. One hopes that it hasn't fallen into the wrong hands.
5	Wield the old magic	Ezgilar has it all wrong. All the science and spells of the new world mean nothing to the primordial creature. Only ancient magic can save Scamhóga. Perhaps the secrets to this forgotten power can be found in a lost tome in the Trench of the Lost, or maybe the party will have to claim the old magic in a far-off land.
6	Replace Scamhóga	The titans have roamed the realm of men since the dawn of time, but it's not clear that they have always been the exact same creatures. If someone or something could ascend to near divinity, they could replace Scamhóga. The new titan of air would restore balance to the skies above.



Of course, there is always an alternative solution: patience. Scamhóga is immortal, and she will recover eventually. The timing is unclear, but maybe that's okay. The races of men will learn to cope with the new climate of the world, and this dark period will ultimately be temporary. Scamhóga can recover on her own time. Perhaps more meddling from snámh ùra will only make matters worse.

THE FATE OF THE FAE

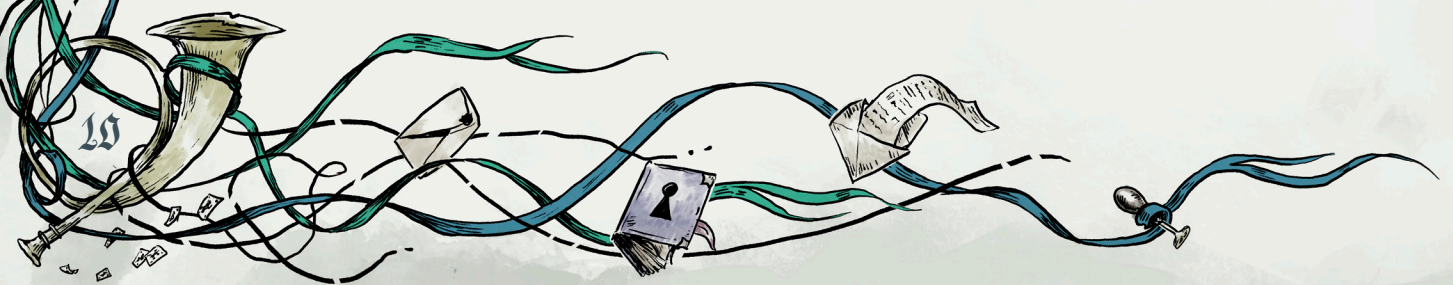
The sea fae came to Muc-Mhara because they lost something. In the years since Scamhóga fell, the truth has become increasingly obvious, but few like to admit it. The fae see themselves as powerful, otherworldly, and independent. They find belonging through the Seelie and Unseelie Courts, but they *fundamentally* consider themselves beings untethered to the realm of men. The truth that they must now admit undermines all of that. The sea fae did in fact lose something of vital importance to their fae magic. They lost Scamhóga.

Though the titans are the eternal overseers of the realm of men, they also have great power over the adjacent realms as well. The fae glean their magics from a variety of sources: the woods, the stars, ancient oaths,

and unending truths. At least a portion of their magic is drawn from that same pool on which the titans draw. As such, so long as Scamhóga slumbers, they will have no means to return to the Principality.

If Scamhóga can be rehabilitated, the sea fae will immediately regain access to their true home. Many will choose to depart as soon as they can, to rekindle their connections with loved ones, report to their respective courts, or just recharge in the refracted twilight glimmer of the Principality's waterways.

Just as many may linger in Muc-Mhara. Most sea fae claim to be solitary and nomadic, but a surprising number found that they've enjoyed the close company of their kin. The unceasing carnal reveling found within the Council of Contracts is not easy to leave behind. Likewise, the mystical intrigue of the abyssal enclave has proven itself to be incredibly alluring to many of the power-hungry fae who dabbled in magical politicking for the first time. Muc-Mhara as it currently exists will end the moment Scamhóga returns to the skies, but its enduring legacy is likely to yield an increased concentration of fae communities throughout the Yartharen Sea.



THE FATE OF THE SNÀMH ÙRA

Without Scamhóga’s dreamy exhalations, the unfloating waters will slowly dissipate. The snàmh ùra will have a brief window of safety before they begin to drown. With luck, visitors to Muc-Mhara will have ample warning before Scamhóga takes flight—perhaps Ezgilar will correctly predict the moment of her ascension, or perhaps the party will warn the snàmh ùra that their schemes are likely to end the unfloating. Regardless, even a well-planned exodus is likely to result in chaos.

The city can support the hundreds of snàmh ùra who call it home at any given time, but the Not-Unfloating Docks above can only support a few dozen traders, sailors, and exiles at any given time. Unless a handful of ships are already docked and ready to transport the suddenly displaced snàmh ùra, the docks will quickly become overrun. A few friendlier sea fae may find it in their hearts to aid the sudden expats in whatever way they can: providing meals, alerting nearby ships, or retrieving forgotten goods from the depths. Even so, a period of frantic upheaval will persist until Muc-Mhara’s final visitors are able to find their way home.

These impacts are transitory. The majority of the snàmh ùra will survive. They will make their way on ships back to the continents they call home. They will return to terrestrial life with their scavenged treasures and memories of the enchanted semi-paradise they left behind. Scamhóga will once again bless the land with pollinating winds, vitalizing rains, and warm sunshine. An era of gloom and decay will become a chapter in a history book instead of an ongoing reality for the millions suffering through the violent storms.

And yet...

None will forget Muc-Mhara. All who visited the underwater idyll will ruminate on lost treasure and passionate trysts for the rest of their days. Muc-Mhara is a city of delights and terrors that makes the terrestrial world feel mundane and irrelevant by comparison. Perhaps in the aftermath of Scamhóga’s rebirth, those who briefly called Muc-Mhara home will become the ones who are lost.

