

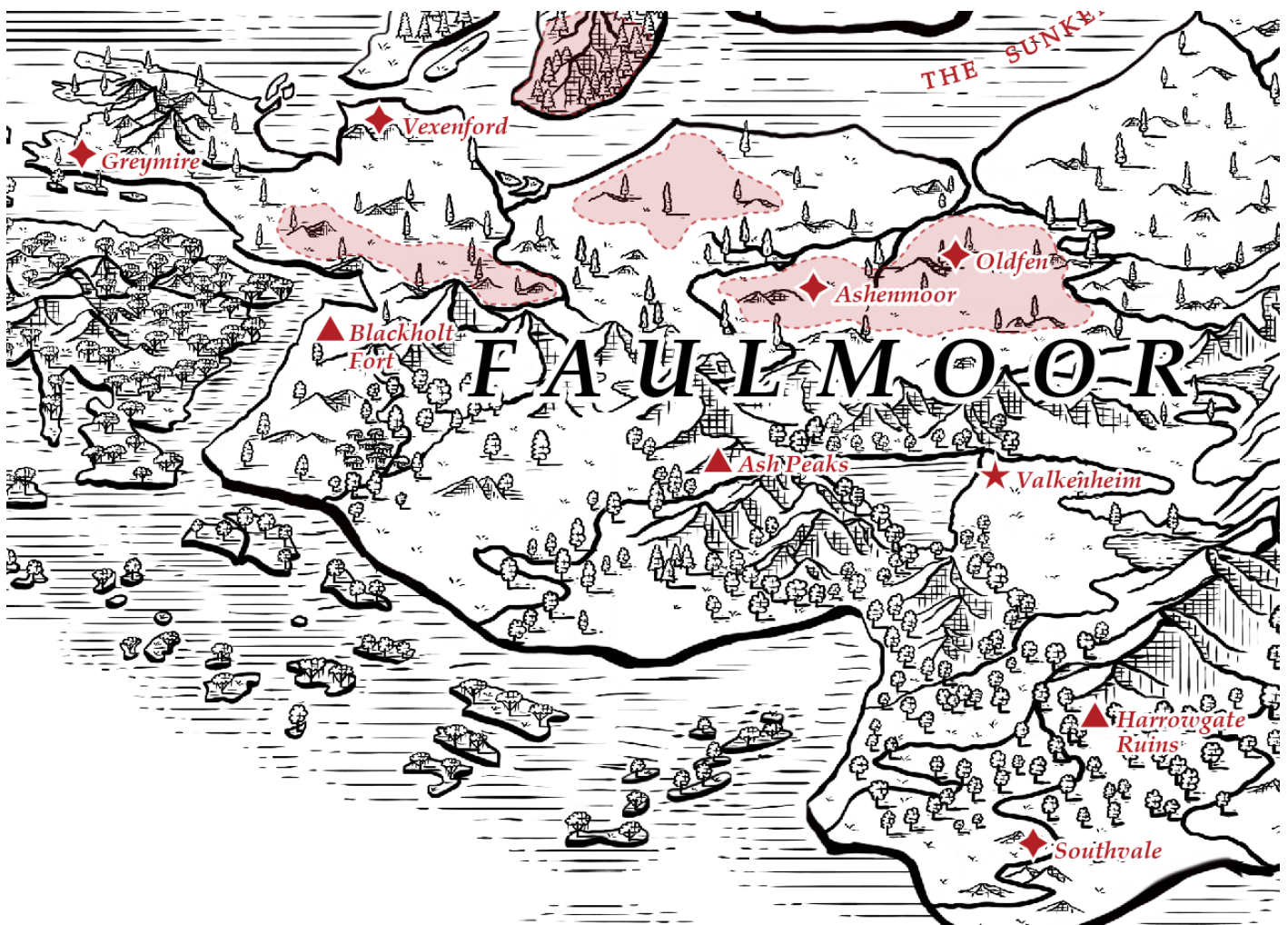
Ashenmoor

The Half-Built Bastion

“Ashenmoor is already lost—they simply refuse to see it. They are not survivors; they are the dying, clinging to the illusion of life. To send men to them is not a rescue, it is an invitation to join them in their slow death. The Blight takes all in time, and I will not squander good steel and strong bodies for those too stubborn to accept their fate.

- [Baron Malric Valkenmar](#)

Unlike [Oldfen](#), which was completely sealed off in its final days, Ashenmoor's wooden wall was never finished. At the height of the Blight, construction was abandoned as the town was overrun, leaving gaps and breaches where the dead poured in. Many fled, but those who remained fought, endured, and survived—even as the world outside marked them for death.



Over time, the surviving townsfolk reclaimed portions of the wall, reinforcing what they could with scavenged materials—wagon parts, sharpened stakes, and scavenged metal plating. What was once meant to keep them inside is now their best defense against the horrors beyond. The gates of Ashenmoor, now called the **Gate of Bones**, have been reinforced with the remains of fallen undead, twisted branches, and rusted weapons.

It stands as both a barricade and a grim warning to anything that approaches. The side of town where the wall was never completed, known as the **Shattered Quarter**, has been turned into a desperate, uneven bulwark, where buildings themselves have become barriers, their doors and windows nailed shut in a last effort to keep the dead out. Along the perimeter, pyres burn constantly, not only for light but to destroy any undead that wander too close. The survivors have become adept at using oil and fire to hold back attacks.

Life in Ashenmoor is harsh, paranoid, and unrelenting. Every day, scavengers venture beyond the walls for food, supplies, and medicine—knowing they might not return. Every night, the town prepares for the next attack, as the restless dead from [Oldfen](#) still roam the land, drawn by sound, fire, and the scent of the living. Those who can fight do so, forming small hunter teams that track and thin out the undead to prevent the town from being overrun. Some have developed techniques for luring the dead into traps or leading them away, though such tactics are as dangerous as they are necessary.



Among the town’s people, there are those who have lost too much to grief or fear, wandering the streets like ghosts, neither fully alive nor willing to give in to death. These individuals, known as the **Hollowed Men**, are whispered about in fear, for their hopelessness is contagious, and some claim they are simply waiting for the inevitable end.

Even more disturbing are the rumors of a voice that calls from beyond the walls, one that mimics the voices of lost loved ones. Some claim it is a trick played by the wind, others believe it to be something far worse. Regardless of the truth, those who follow the voice never return. Ashenmoor is more than a struggling settlement; it is a place where the living are trapped between death and survival, where each dawn is a victory and each dusk a renewed battle. Its people fight on, not because they believe they will win, but because there is nothing else left.

Detailed Overview

Attribute	Details
Region	Faulmoor
Ruling House	House Valkenmar
Population (Before Blight)	5,500 (Estimated)
Population (After Blight)	500 (Estimated) (Survivors struggling)
Major Industries	Survival, Hunting, Small Trade

Attribute	Details
Primary Exports	Minimal (Survival-based economy)
Current Ruler	Self-governed by survivors
Government Type	Self-Governed
Defenses	Improvised wooden walls, traps
Notable Features	Incomplete quarantine wall, undead presence
Status	Barely holding on, survivors struggling

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