

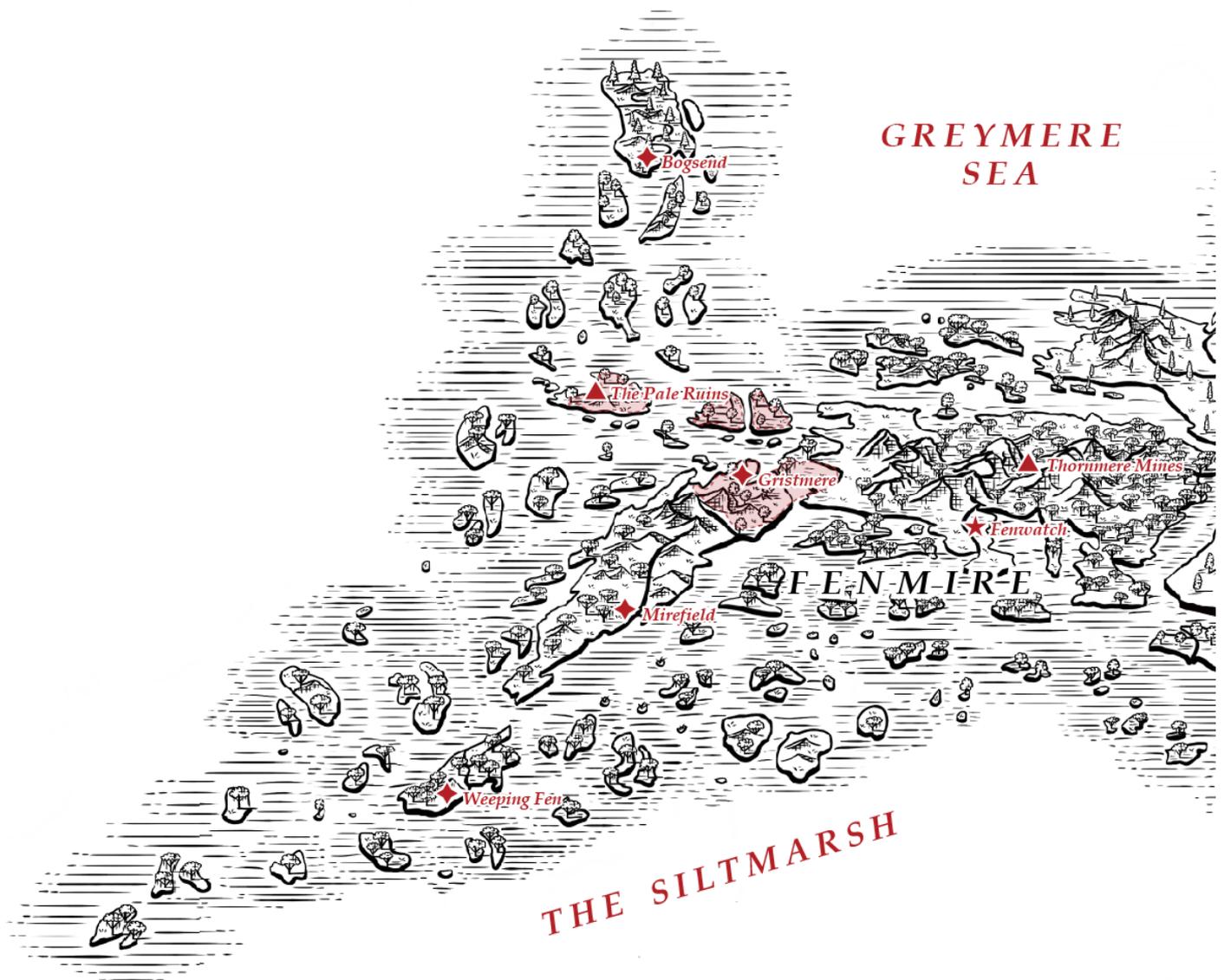
Bogsend

The Last Haven of the Lost

“The world out there is dying, but not here. Not in Bogsend. We are not the lost—we are the ones who endure, the ones who build while others crumble. Let the Blight take its cities, let the lords war over their ruins. We have carved a life from this land, and when the rest of the world falls, we will remain. Strong, free, and unbroken.

— **Captain Dain Harthollow, Veteran of Faulmoor**

Bogsend, despite its name, stands as an unlikely refuge from the horrors of the [Rotmire Blight](#). Tucked away in a remote expanse of fertile marshland, the settlement thrives where others have withered. Though difficult to reach, with only treacherous footpaths and winding waterways leading to it, Bogsend enjoys an unexpected bounty—rich soil, ample fresh water, and a landscape that, while inhospitable to invaders, provides everything its people need to sustain themselves.



Unlike [Fenwatch](#), which remains tightly bound to the rule of [House Harrowden](#), Bogsend has become an independent enclave, free from the demands of the nobility and the shadow of the mines. With no proper roads leading in or out, trade is limited, but the settlement has adapted, relying on a combination of farming, foraging, and careful hunting to maintain a self-sufficient way of life. Small rice paddies and marsh-grown crops flourish where the land allows, while fishing and trapping in the endless wetlands provide a steady food supply. The people of Bogsend have little use for coin, operating on barter and mutual survival rather than outside wealth.

During the first year of the Blight, Bogsend saw an unexpected surge in population as deserting soldiers from [Faulmoor](#) fled to its isolated safety. These trained warriors, unwilling to die for doomed causes or ruthless lords, instead turned their skills to fortifying the settlement. Crude palisades were raised, watchtowers were constructed from scavenged wood, and defensive positions were established to ensure that Bogsend remained secure from both the horrors of the Blight and the reach of [Fenwatch](#). What was once a hidden village became a more structured and well-defended haven, its population growing not just in numbers but in capability.

The soldiers who settled in Bogsend consider themselves free men, unbound by the commands of lords or generals. However, they share a grim conviction—when the world succumbs to the Blight, they will be the last ones left standing. Living like doomsday sentinels, they have drilled discipline into the settlement's people, ensuring that every able-bodied resident can fight if the need arises. They stockpile weapons, ration supplies with calculated precision, and maintain strict patrols, treating every outsider as a potential threat. While the people of Bogsend are not warmongers, they are survivalists, hardened by the belief that only the prepared will endure the final collapse.



Though they take pride in their self-sufficiency, the people of Bogsend are not above illicit dealings. Smuggling routes snake through the marshes, allowing contraband—silver, weapons, and stolen supplies—to flow in and out of the settlement without interference. Some among them have even orchestrated larger thefts from other towns and cities, targeting supply caravans and outposts with precision that suggests military training. While they justify these actions as necessary for survival, others whisper that Bogsend is becoming less of a refuge and more of a hidden power in the underbelly of [Fenmire](#).

This isolation has made Bogsend one of the few places untouched by the Blight. While other villages fell, their people cut down or turned to horrors, Bogsend remained unseen, overlooked by both plague and the rule of men. It is a quiet place, its people wary of outsiders, especially those who come from the sickness-ridden lands beyond. Though not openly hostile, they are fiercely protective of their home and refuse to let the troubles of [Fenmire](#) seep into their secluded world.

Still, rumors persist of those seeking refuge in Bogsend, hoping to escape the Blight and the chaos of the outside world. Some arrive wounded, starved, or desperate—few are turned away outright, but those who bring trouble are swiftly dealt with. No ruler claims dominion over Bogsend, no noble decrees reach its people, and for now, at least, it remains an anomaly—an island of life in a world

rotting from within.

Detailed Overview

Attribute	Details
Region	Fenmire
Ruling House	None (De facto independent settlement)
Population (Before Blight)	~600 (Small agricultural village)
Population (After Blight)	~1,500 (Growth due to deserting soldiers and refugees)
Major Industries	Farming, fishing, foraging, smuggling, black market trade
Primary Exports	Smuggled silver, weapons, stolen goods, preserved fish, marsh-grown crops
Current Ruler	No formal leadership; settlement operates under a loose council of veteran soldiers and key figures
Government Type	Autonomous, survivalist enclave with a structured but unofficial hierarchy
Defenses	Wooden palisade reinforced with scavenged iron and sharpened stakes, watchtowers manned by trained sentries, heavily patrolled perimeter
Notable Features	The Freehold (center of governance and military planning), The Stockade (hidden supply cache and armory), The Sunken Crossroads (smuggling hub and meeting ground)
Status	Secure and self-sufficient, but increasingly reliant on smuggling and theft to maintain independence; highly protective of its borders and wary of outsiders

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