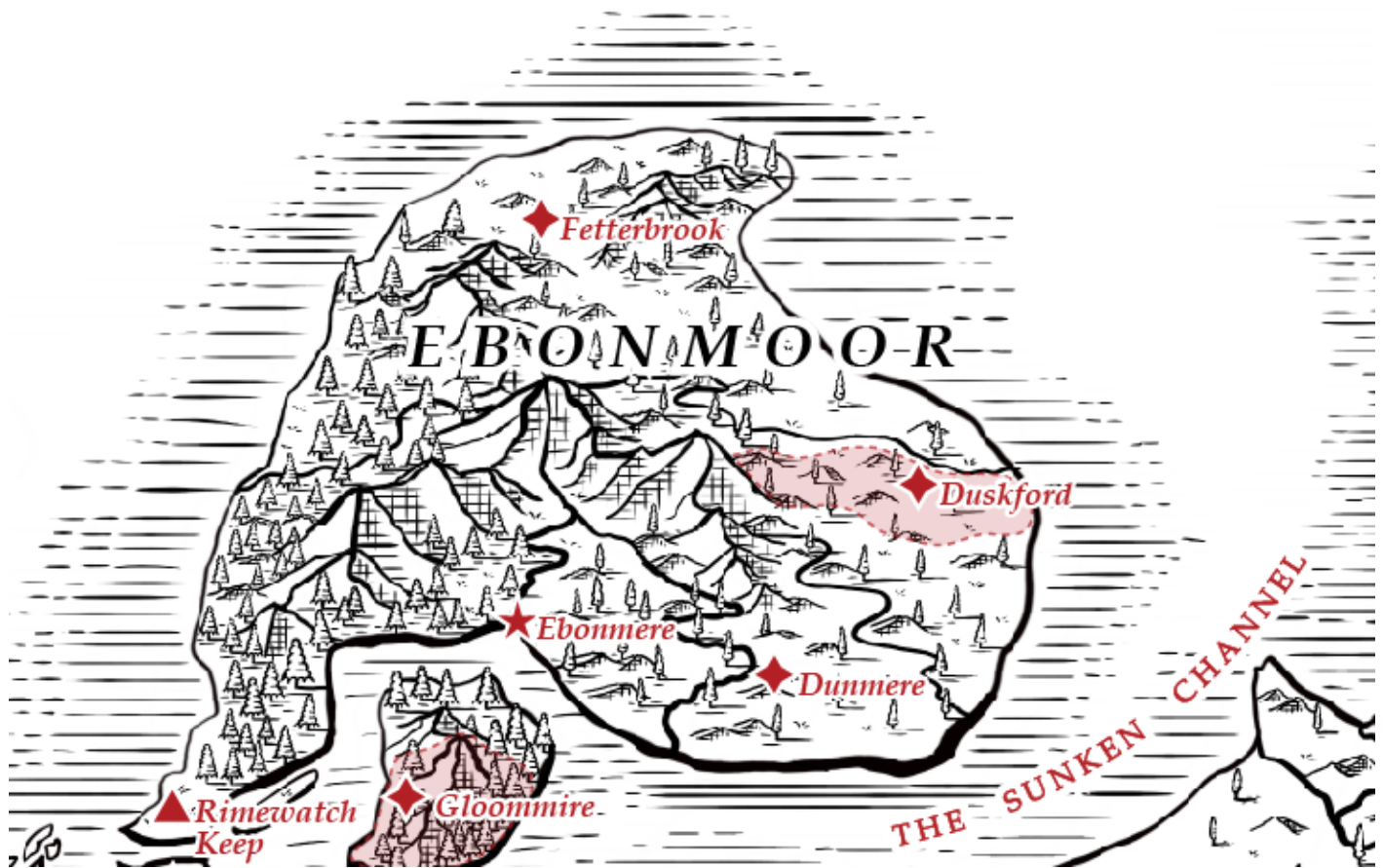


Ebonmoor Overview



Ebonmoor, once a bastion of honor and loyalty, now stands at a precipice, its fate uncertain in the wake of the [Rotmire Blight](#). Before the sickness took hold, [House Wilthorne](#) and [House Valkenmar](#) were inseparable, their alliance one of mutual benefit and unwavering trust. Together, they strengthened [Faulmoor](#), ensuring its dominion over the treacherous marshlands while securing their influence across [Norvostra](#). Ebonmoor flourished under this partnership, its wealth growing through trade and its disciplined people serving as a stabilizing force in the region. They were not only allies but kin in all but name, their bloodlines intertwined through marriage, their ambitions aligned in purpose. But the Blight has poisoned more than just the land, and what was once a bond of iron has begun to splinter beneath the weight of grief and desperation.

As the Baron drowns in sorrow, his judgment clouded by the loss of his wife and daughters, [Eadric Wilthorne](#) watches with growing disillusionment. The man he once followed without question has become a ruler obsessed with control, willing to sacrifice entire villages in a desperate bid to halt the spread of the plague. Though Eadric remains outwardly loyal, his faith has waned, and in secret, he prepares for a future where Ebonmoor must fend for itself. The island's natural isolation has so far protected it from the worst of the Blight, and through careful maneuvering, Eadric has begun to divert resources, hoarding supplies and wealth in defiance of the Baron's suffocating rule.

He does not seek war, nor does he desire open rebellion, but his actions speak of a man who no longer trusts in the leadership of [Faulmoor](#).

The only thing that keeps the fragile alliance from breaking entirely is his bond with [Ivor Valkenmar](#), the Baron's younger brother and Eadric's childhood companion. The two men grew up as close as brothers, and though their houses may drift apart, their friendship endures. Ivor acts as a mediator, attempting to mend what is slowly unraveling, but even his influence may not be enough to prevent what is coming.

Behind closed doors, another force shapes Ebonmoor's fate. [Lady Espeth Wilthorne](#), Eadric's wife, is a woman of quiet power, her influence extending far beyond what is seen. She presents herself as the perfect noblewoman, graceful and dutiful, but in private, she is a woman of deep mysticism, her knowledge of old rites and forgotten traditions whispered about in hushed voices. Some claim she possesses the gift of foresight, others say she communes with forces beyond mortal comprehension. Whatever the truth, her counsel is heeded, and it is often her voice that guides her husband's hand in the shadows of courtly intrigue.

Ebonmoor itself is a land shrouded in mist, its bleak moors and dark forests stretching between craggy hills and winding rivers. The capital, [Ebonmere](#), clings to the cliffs above the Greymere Sea, its stone walls weathered by salt and storm. It is a city built on trade, a hub of maritime commerce where silver, relics, and illicit goods pass through hands both noble and criminal. Before the Blight, it was a place of rigid order, but now, it has become a den of smuggling and quiet defiance, a city where whispered deals and unseen movements dictate its survival.

[Rimewatch Keep](#), the fortress that guards the bridge to the mainland, remains the gateway to Ebonmoor, but it is also a choke point where [House Wilthorne](#) dictates who is allowed passage. Officially, it is a bastion of security; in truth, it is a means of control, a place where bribes and hidden tunnels allow certain goods and people to move in ways the Baron would not approve.

Beyond the capital, the island is dotted with settlements struggling to survive. [Fetterbrook](#), a remote town nestled within the northern forests, has been cut off from the rest of the region due to the quarantine of [Duskford](#), its once-thriving trade routes now severed. Supplies grow scarce, and its people grow wary, forced to rely on dangerous smuggler trails and treacherous mountain passes to sustain themselves. Though untouched by the Blight, there are whispers of something unnatural in the woods, strange howls that do not belong to any known beast and the unsettling disappearance of hunters who stray too far from the safety of the village.

Further south, [Dunmere](#) stands on the brink of desolation. Once a prosperous settlement, it has been abandoned by all but the desperate and the destitute. Though it has not fallen to the Blight, fear has driven most of its people away, leaving behind empty homes and roads that feel too quiet. In the surrounding marshes, the shifting earth has begun to reveal remnants of an older civilization, ruins of stone and metal unlike anything built by mortal hands. Those who dare to explore them return with stories of strange whispers and flickering lights beneath the water, while

others do not return at all.

[Duskford](#), once a vital river town, now sits in eerie silence, locked away behind a quarantine that has lasted since the first year of the Blight. The bridges have been burned, the streets abandoned, and the people trapped within left to their fate. No one knows what remains inside, though passing sailors report glimpses of figures moving in the mist, lanterns glowing blue in the darkness. Some claim the Dead Ferryman still rows his boat along the river, though none who board are ever seen again.

Further south, [Gloommire](#) festers in the shadows, a once-thriving city now sealed away from the rest of the island. When the Blight reached its shores, [House Wilthorne](#) acted swiftly, destroying the bridges and ensuring that none would escape. Now, it is a place of hushed warnings and fearful glances, a place where the dead do not rest and the waters glow with an unnatural green light. A masked figure has been seen wandering its streets, moving among the infected, whispering to them as though in conversation.

Ebonmoor remains one of the last bastions of [Faulmoor](#), but it is a land on the edge, teetering between duty and survival. The Baron believes it is still his, a vassal bound by loyalty, but [House Wilthorne](#) no longer sees Faulmoor as something to serve—only something to outlast. Secrets lurk in its shadowed forests and crumbling ruins, and in the depths of its quarantined towns, horrors wait to be uncovered.

The future of Ebonmoor is uncertain, but one truth is undeniable: the days of blind allegiance are over, and the island's fate will be decided not by old oaths, but by those bold enough to shape its future.

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