

# Faulmoor Overview

## FAULMOOR

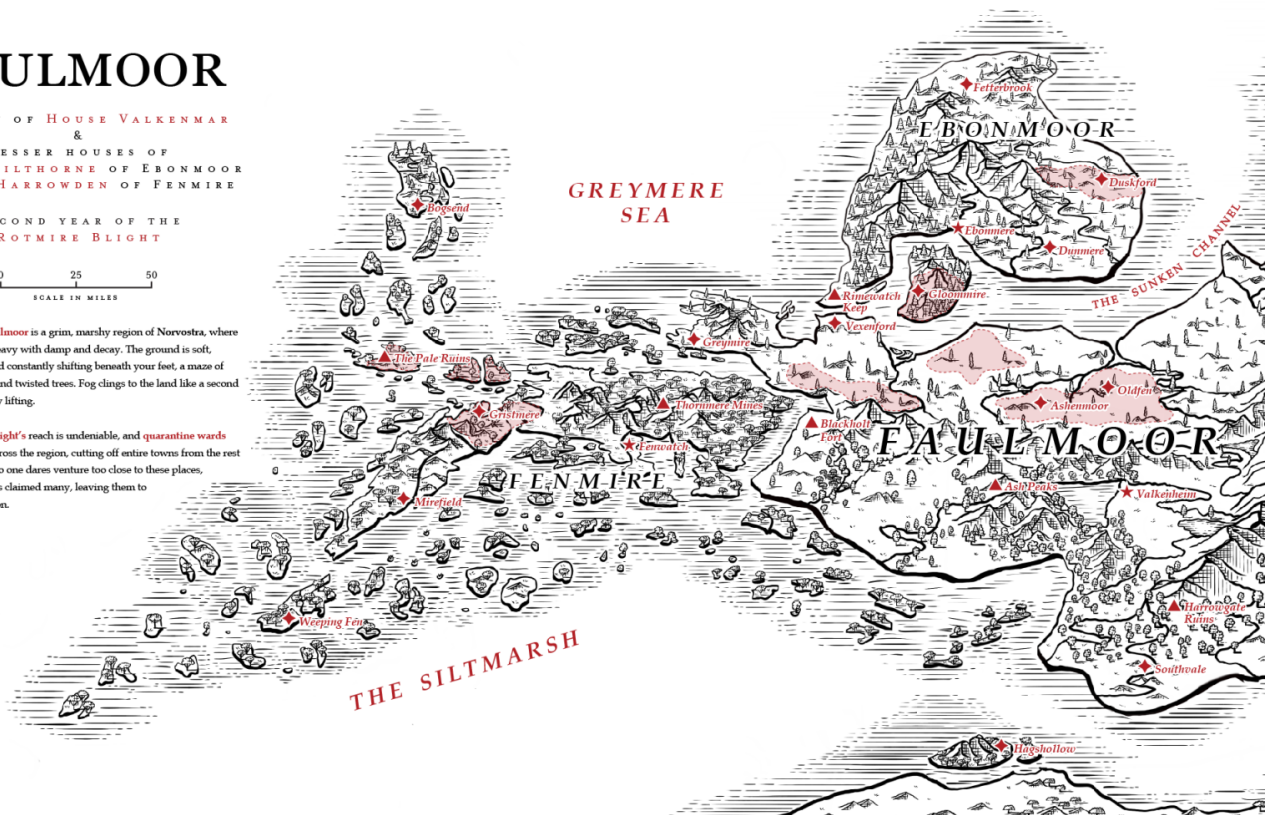
BARONY OF HOUSE VALKENMAR  
&  
LESSER HOUSES OF  
HOUSE WILTHORNE OF EBONMOOR  
HOUSE HARROWDEN OF FENMIRE

SECOND YEAR OF THE  
ROTMIRE BLIGHT

0 25 50  
SCALE IN MILES

The land of **Faulmoor** is a grim, marshy region of Norvostra, where the air hangs heavy with damp and decay. The ground is soft, treacherous, and constantly shifting beneath your feet, a maze of murky waters and twisted trees. Fog clings to the land like a second skin, never fully lifting.

The **Rotmire Blight**'s reach is undeniable, and **quarantine wards** are scattered across the region, cutting off entire towns from the rest of the world. No one dares venture too close to these places, as the blight has claimed many, leaving them to fester in isolation.



Faulmoor is a land steeped in sorrow, where the weight of the **Rotmire Blight** presses against the hearts of its people as surely as the thick fog that clings to its marshes. The air is heavy with decay, carrying the scent of damp earth, stagnant water, and something far fouler—the distant, cloying rot of the dead. In the second year of the Blight, the land is neither fully consumed nor truly untouched, existing in a purgatory of slow decline. The deeper reaches of the swamps pulse with the foul sickness, and abandoned hamlets sag beneath the weight of creeping mold and deathless hunger. But Faulmoor is not yet lost—its roads are still traveled, its villages still cling to life, and its [people still fight](#) for whatever scraps remain.

At the heart of this festering land stands **Valkenheim**, a fortress-city of iron discipline and cold sacrifice, the seat of **House Valkenmar**. Its walls rise like blackened teeth against the sky, unyielding against both the Blight and the desperation of those who would seek shelter within. The nobility here rule with unflinching cruelty, sacrificing thousands to keep the sickness at bay. Eastward, **Vexenford**, once a thriving stronghold, now serves as little more than a checkpoint of suffering, where enforced quarantine and ruthless order have turned the streets into a cage of slow, inevitable death.

Beyond these bastions of power, the land becomes wild and lawless. The smuggler's haven of **Greymire** thrives in the chaos, where silver changes hands as swiftly as knives in the dark. Here,

anything can be bought—false identities, stolen relics, desperate passage through forbidden lands—but nothing is ever free. Further inland, [Oldfen](#), known as the **Walled Grave**, stands as a grotesque monument to House Valkenmar's unyielding containment policies. Its crumbling barricades now serve only to trap the shambling remnants of its former inhabitants, their hollowed moans carried by the wind as a warning to those who would seek escape.

The tragedy of [Ashenmoor](#) plays out in slow motion, its people trapped between denial and doom. Here, the half-built barricades were meant to keep the dead out, but instead, they now serve only to remind its survivors that the walls were never finished. Every night, the undead scratch at the wood, dragging themselves forward with relentless, mindless hunger. [Blackholt Fort](#), once a proud military stronghold, has become a **sanctuary of last resort**, its halls crammed with desperate souls. The once-disciplined soldiers stationed there have become little more than glorified wardens, struggling to keep both the refugees and their own dwindling morale in check.

To the east, the [Ash Peaks](#) loom like silent sentinels, their jagged heights untouched by the sickness that festers below. The mountains remain wild and unclaimed, their deep caves whispering of secrets that have lain buried for centuries. The few who dare the heights speak of ancient ruins, forgotten paths, and relics of power waiting to be unearthed.

Further south, [Southvale](#) stands as a bitter testament to human greed. What was once an idyllic village, a place of **rolling green pastures and slow-moving rivers**, has been [devoured by the wealth it once welcomed](#). The elite fled to Southvale in the early days of the Blight, believing it to be a temporary refuge, but when the sickness did not fade, they made their stay permanent. Now, their **lavish manors rise like monuments to excess**, while the original residents are crushed beneath their bootheels. **Food is hoarded, prices are gouged, and the people starve as the rich revel in their illusion of safety.** But vengeance moves in the shadows—the **Copper Judge**, a faceless executioner, leaves a trail of corrupt aristocrats choking on their own wealth, copper coins stuffed into their lifeless mouths.

And beyond it all, half-swallowed by the marshlands, **the [Harrowgate Ruins](#)** stand as a testament to a forgotten age. Buried beneath thick brambles and drowned in stagnant waters, the ruins hum with an eerie presence. Some claim to hear **whispers on the wind**, voices from an age long past, calling out to those who dare disturb their slumber. Others seek the lost relics hidden beneath the stone—artifacts of a world before the sickness, before the fall.

But Faulmoor's ruin is not solely the work of the Blight. **Its noble houses have done as much damage as the sickness itself**, turning on one another in a desperate bid for power. [House Valkenmar](#), ever the iron fist of Faulmoor, rules through brutality, enforcing its rule from [Valkenheim](#) and crushing any who defy its containment measures. Their forces are stretched thin, yet the Baron refuses to relinquish control, clinging to his authority even as his people perish.

In the west, [House Wilthorne](#) operates from [Ebonmoor](#), publicly loyal to the Baron but **covertly diverting resources and smuggling goods** to ensure its own survival. Lord [Eadric Wilthorne](#) sees himself as Faulmoor's future ruler, playing both sides, waiting for the moment when Valkenmar's grip falters. He controls the only **land bridge to [Ebonmoor](#)**, making him a gatekeeper to the last stable refuge in Faulmoor, though for how long remains uncertain.

To the south, [House Harrowden](#) of [Fenmire](#), once a forgotten name, now **holds the most valuable resource in Faulmoor—[silver](#)**. Their mines in [Thornmere](#) are among the last remaining sources of the precious metal, and Lord [Garric Harrowden](#) **has made certain that every noble pays for their past neglect**. Isolated and embittered, [House Harrowden](#) has destroyed the **bridges leading into [Fenmire](#)**, ensuring that no one takes from them again.

Together, these three houses form a fragile, crumbling balance—a **triangle of necessity, ambition, and hatred**. Valkenmar's **military**, Wilthorne's **trade**, and Harrowden's **silver** are all that stand between Faulmoor and complete collapse. Yet none of them trust one another, and should one falter, the others will **seize their chance**.

Faulmoor is neither fully dead nor truly alive. It is a land in **twilight**, teetering on the edge of oblivion. The Blight spreads, but not with the mindless hunger of a wildfire—it is slow, insidious, creeping like roots beneath the soil, ready to strangle the last remnants of civilization when they least expect it. The nobles fight to maintain their fractured dominion, the common folk struggle to survive, and in the dark corners of the land, the dead whisper and wait.

**When Faulmoor finally falls, it will not be to war or conquest. It will be to rot, ruin, and the simple, inevitable weight of time.**