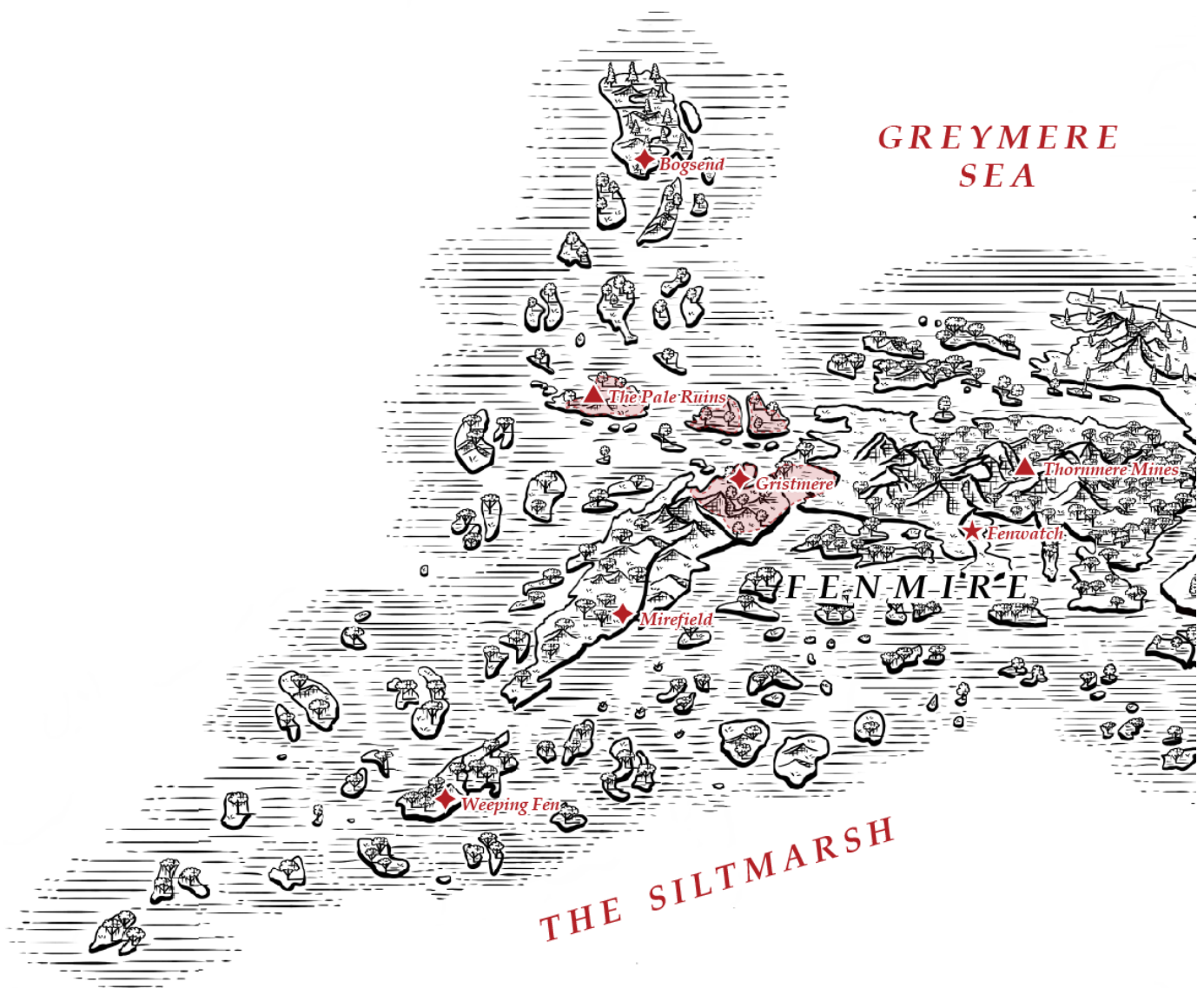


House Harrowden of Fenmire

"By Mire and Might."

For centuries, House Harrowden was regarded as an afterthought in [Faulmoor](#)'s politics, a noble house in title but little else. Their domain, [Fenmire](#), was a vast expanse of murky swamps, treacherous bogs, and isolated islands, largely deemed unfit for cultivation or expansion. Unlike the fertile lands of [House Valkenmar](#) or the shadowed power of [House Wilthorne](#), Fenmire was a land where survival outweighed ambition. The marshfolk who dwelled there were independent, scattered clans who recognized Harrowden's rule only as much as they were paid to.

House Harrowden maintained control through a fragile network of bribes and bargains, exchanging gold for the grudging loyalty of smaller marsh clans. This loose, chaotic rule kept [Fenmire](#) from complete lawlessness but never secured true dominance. Then, the Thornmere Mines were discovered, and silver changed everything.



The Silver Boom and Harrowden's Resurgence

The revelation of rich silver veins in Thornmere Mines granted House Harrowden unprecedented influence, transforming them from a forgettable backwater into a valuable economic power.

Suddenly, the silver-starved nobility of [Faulmoor](#) needed them. Then came the [Rotmire Blight](#), and silver became more important than ever.

Yet, House Harrowden's fortunes have become shrouded in speculation. What was once heralded as an endless bounty of wealth has now become the subject of whispered rumors. Many claim the mines are nearly exhausted, their veins running dry faster than expected, while others believe that scarcity is a calculated illusion—an effort by Harrowden to drive up the value of silver and maintain their leverage over [Faulmoor](#).

Regardless of the truth, the rarity of silvered weapons and tools only fuels these suspicions, ensuring that House Harrowden remains an indispensable power despite the uncertainty. The house, however, has maintained the illusion of abundance, keeping prices high and supply scarce

while ensuring that their political leverage remains intact.

The First Year of the Rotmire Blight: Harrowden's Isolation

When the [Rotmire Blight](#) first spread through [Faulmoor](#), House Harrowden reacted with swift and brutal pragmatism. While [House Valkenmar](#) enforced rigid quarantines with violence and [House Wilthorne](#) maneuvered in secret, Harrowden chose isolation—a method as uncompromising as the swamps themselves.

The decision to sever [Fenmire](#) from the mainland was not a matter of debate—it was a necessity for survival. As soon as reports confirmed that Gristmere and The Pale Ruins were infected, the order was given: burn the bridges, destroy the roads, and cut all land routes into [Fenmire](#). Entire villages were abandoned overnight, their people left to fend for themselves or risk venturing through the ever-darkening marshes. The largest bridges connecting [Fenmire](#) to the mainland—built by desperate rulers of old to force trade through the swamps—were the first to be demolished, their destruction visible for miles. As smaller settlements in the outer marshes fell to the Blight, their survivors begged for sanctuary. Some were granted passage into [Fenmire's](#) heartland, while others were turned away, left to the mercy of the plague.

House Harrowden cut all silver shipments to the other houses, claiming it was to prevent contamination. In truth, it was a deliberate move to increase their leverage, ensuring that their rivals would be forced to negotiate on Harrowden's terms. With land routes destroyed, the only way into [Fenmire](#) became by water, controlled by Harrowden's ferrymen. These boats now serve as the lifeline of the region, tightly regulated and heavily taxed. For those daring or desperate enough, smuggling routes through the treacherous Siltmarsh to the south have become increasingly profitable, though the journey is rife with dangers—both natural and human.

The decision to isolate [Fenmire](#) ensured that House Harrowden remained untouched by the worst of the Blight, but it also cemented their reputation as selfish opportunists in the eyes of Valkenmar and Wilthorne. The Swamp Lords, once forgotten, were now seen as hoarders of salvation, unwilling to extend aid without a price.

Swamps and Politics

[House Valkenmar's](#) Baron sees [Fenmire](#) as a resource to be controlled, but House Harrowden refuses to bend the knee. Their silver is desperately needed for weapons against the Blight, but Harrowden controls its distribution with ironclad restrictions. The Baron demands lower prices; Harrowden raises them. The Baron seeks control; Harrowden resists. There is no friendship—only necessity.

Unlike Valkenmar, [House Wilthorne](#) does not challenge House Harrowden openly. Instead, they test the waters—seeking to manipulate, negotiate, or perhaps even ally if it serves their interests. Wilthorne may want access to silver—but what are they truly willing to trade? Eadric Wilthorne understands the importance of scarcity—perhaps an arrangement can be made. For now, an uneasy truce holds, but each side watches the other carefully.

House Harrowden: Bitterness and Resentment



At the head of House Harrowden stands Lord Garric

Harrowden, a man as old and unyielding as the marshes themselves. He is currently unmarried, and his wife's whereabouts remain unknown. Some whisper that she fled the swamps long ago, while others believe she perished in the unforgiving mire. Garric has only one known child, a daughter, who has followed in his footsteps more closely than any son might have. He is older than the rulers of Valkenmar and Wilthorne, having ruled [Fenmire](#) for over four decades. His survival is a testament to his stubborn will and ruthless pragmatism.

Lord Garric is broad-shouldered and weathered, his body bearing the marks of a life spent enduring the elements. His hands are thick with calluses, and his face is lined with the deep creases of time and hardship. He wears practical furs, heavy leathers, and a cloak woven with reeds, marking him as more a chieftain than a noble lord. His voice is low and unshaken, carrying the weight of someone who has survived when others perished.

He rules with the same brutality as the land he governs—offering survival to those who prove useful and casting out those who are liabilities. He has spent decades being mocked by other houses, only to find them at his feet now that they need his silver. He does not forget who once laughed at him. While he commands the loyalty of the marshfolk, his relationship with his own family is far more complicated. He sees weakness as a disease, and this belief has shaped the upbringing of his only daughter, Marla Harrowden.

Marla Harrowden (43 years)

