

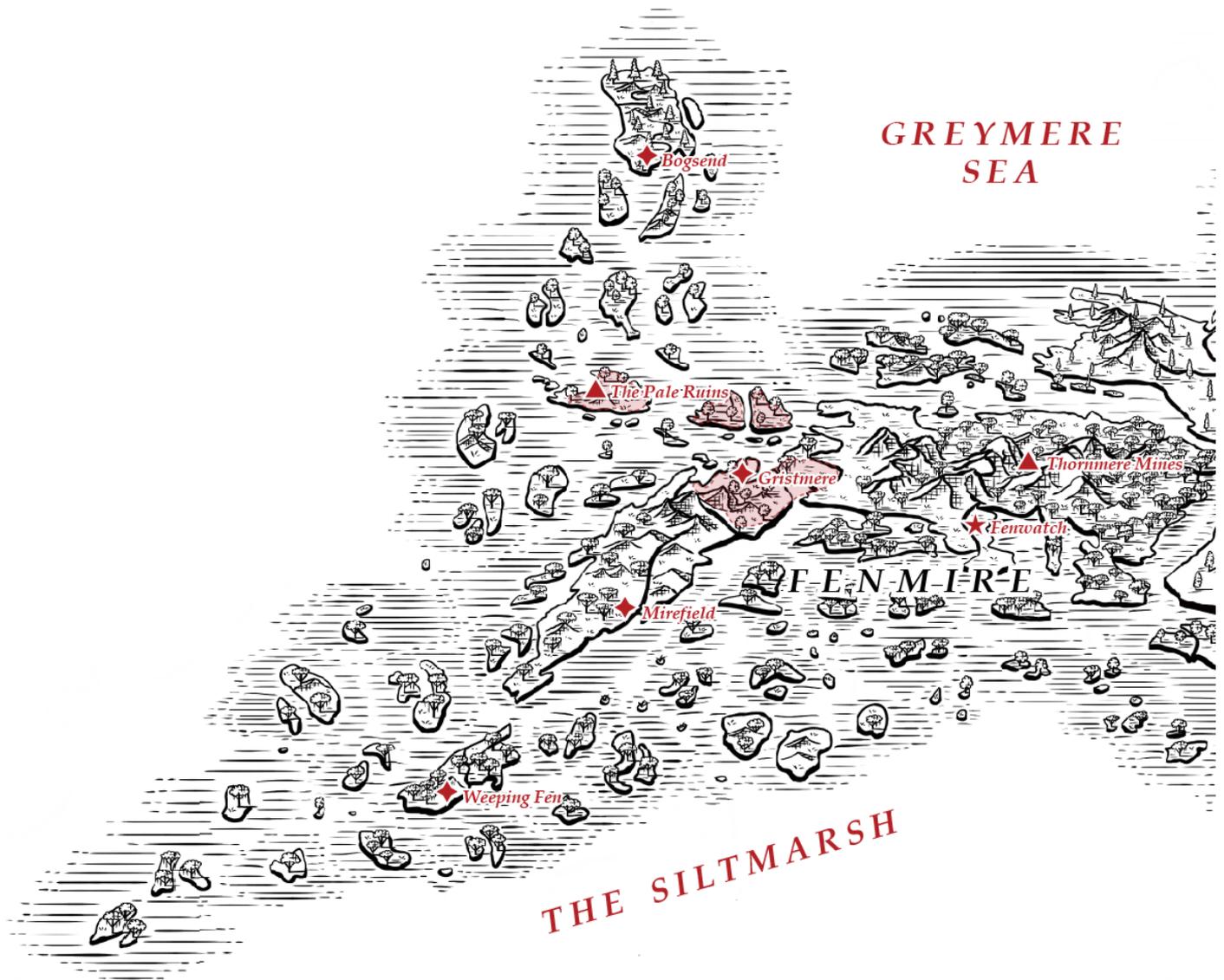
# Weeping Fen

## A Town Built on Bones

*“At first, it was just old stone—good, solid, nothing more. We built our homes with it, walked our streets over it, never thought twice. But the deeper we dug, the stranger it became. Walls too perfect, carvings too fine, steps leading down to nothing. We weren’t just building a town—we were waking something buried beneath it. And now... I don’t think it ever went back to sleep.”*

— **Edran Marshlow, fisherman and early settler of Weeping Fen**

Weeping Fen was the newest and most promising settlement in [Fenmire](#) before the Blight, quickly establishing itself as the best fishing hub in all of [Faulmoor](#). The waters surrounding the village teemed with life, offering a bounty of fish unseen in other parts of the region. With access to plentiful food and steady trade, it flourished, drawing settlers eager to carve out a future on the edges of the fens. What began as a modest fishing village rapidly grew into a bustling town, its economy built upon the steady rhythm of nets cast into the dark waters and the smoke of curing fish rising into the sky.



Wooden docks stretched far into the murky depths, lined with fishing boats that came and went at all hours. Large netting racks were built along the shoreline, where fish were cleaned, salted, and stored for trade. Stone smokehouses, some of which were made from the same ancient ruins the town was built upon, worked constantly to preserve the bounty of the water. The town's market square smelled of brine and smoked fish, with traders from [Fenwatch](#) and [Mirefield](#) bartering for the finest catches. Fishmongers filled the streets, their stalls packed with fresh eel, pike, and the deep-water species unique to the region. The people of Weeping Fen lived and thrived by the water, and the town's culture was shaped by it—songs of the sea, superstitions about the spirits that lurked beneath, and the quiet belief that the waters had always watched over them.

However, Weeping Fen was not just built upon fertile waters—it was built upon something far older. At first, the ruins beneath the village were little more than scattered stones buried in the earth, forgotten and nameless. As homes and communal buildings were raised, stones were borrowed from these ancient remains, repurposed into walls, pathways, and foundations. What was once overlooked soon became undeniable. The deeper the settlement dug, the more of the ruins they unearthed—stonework too smooth, too precise for ordinary hands to have shaped. What lay beneath Weeping Fen had been lost to time, but now, piece by piece, it was waking once more.



When the Blight came to [Fenmire](#), Weeping Fen was spared the worst of it, its remote location and distance from major roads keeping the infection at bay. As [Gristmere](#) fell, and as [Mirefield](#) braced itself for the Blight, Weeping Fen became an unexpected sanctuary. Refugees from the north arrived in increasing numbers, bringing stories of burning towns and rising dead, of barricades torn down and desperate last stands. The village, well-fed and largely untouched, took them in, swelling in size and growing stronger as displaced people added their skills to the settlement's prosperity.

Yet, as the Blight persisted, the people of Weeping Fen noticed a terrible change—one that began in the waters themselves. Fish, once plentiful, grew scarce. The ones that were caught showed signs of sickness—pale flesh, blackened eyes, unnatural growths along their spines. Nets hauled up horrors that should not have existed, twisted creatures that should have never been. What was once a thriving fishing town saw its livelihood dwindle, its lifeblood poisoned by the same affliction that swallowed the land. Fishermen became hunters, foragers, and scavengers, looking for other means to sustain themselves. Some adapted, but others whispered of something stirring beneath the waters—something that was changing, waiting.

For a time, Weeping Fen stood as a symbol of resilience. [Mirefield](#), ever loyal to [House Harrowden](#), established regular supply runs, sending weapons, tools, and cloth in exchange for shipments of fresh fish and preserved food. It was an arrangement that kept both settlements stable. Then, without warning, the deliveries stopped.

The last supply shipment from Mirefield was sent south, but the ferrymen never returned. Scouts dispatched to investigate have not come back. No messengers have emerged from the village. The waters surrounding Weeping Fen remain calm, but no boats arrive from its once-busy docks. The smokehouses no longer burn, and the scent of salted fish no longer carries on the wind. What was once a place of hope is now an ominous silence on the horizon. And in the whispers of those few

who still watch the southern waters, a name has begun to spread—the name of something unknown, something unseen.

## The Last God.

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### Detailed Overview

Attribute	Details
Region	Faulmoor (Fenmire)
Ruling House	None (Previously aligned with Mirefield, now unaccounted for)
Population (Before Blight)	~2,200 (Rapidly growing fishing settlement)
Population (After Blight)	Unknown (Last confirmed reports suggested a rise due to refugees, but recent silence raises concerns)
Major Industries	Fishing, fish curing, small-scale trading
Primary Exports	Salted and smoked fish, eel, preserved seafood, fish oil
Current Ruler	No confirmed leadership (Previously led by a council of prominent fishmongers and traders)
Government Type	Informal leadership through a town council (Status now unknown)
Defenses	Natural barriers of wetlands and water, limited wooden palisades, watchtowers along the shore
Notable Features	<b>The Great Smokehouse</b> (largest fish curing facility), <b>The Tide Market</b> (trading hub for fish and goods), <b>The Ruined Steps</b> (partially excavated remnants of an ancient structure beneath the town), <b>The Fisherman's Rest</b> (popular inn for merchants and travelers), <b>The Drowned Altar</b> (a recently uncovered, mysterious ruin tied to local superstitions)
Status	Isolated and silent; all trade and communication have ceased. Last known reports suggest possible new leadership under a force calling itself <b>The Last God</b> . Scouts and supply runners from Mirefield have not returned.

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