

## The Dominions Gazetteer – The Lost Fiefdoms

Greetings, fellow seekers of knowledge! The Librarianium has commissioned me, the redoubtable sage and explorer Adolphus Quint, to provide here for you a brief primer into the events which do affect us all so strongly in these times, and to hopefully answer some questions for you!

I warn you, though – while learned though I am, I am but a mortal man! I do not have all the answers, and indeed many answers merely open up yet further questions! I will not bore you with weighty tomes or treatises, nor bury you ‘neath dusty words and dry discussion.

In this volume, I shall take us on a tragic voyage, as I introduce you in turn to those Fiefdoms cruelly swallowed beneath the onslaught of the Shifting. I shall lament to you of the loss of those cultures and citizens beneath that malefic mist, and hearken to you a warning of the beasts that now inhabit those lands where men once strode so proud.

It should also go without the need to be said, that what is written here is from the most archaic of records before the Eruption, folk tales and the remnants of histories – since these lands were swallowed all meaningful contact has ceased save the assaults by monsters and twisted beasts, and none can truly say what has changed since the Shifting rolled in.

### Darkeil:

Darkeil was a large Fiefdom, bordering Scarrow on the East, and sharing the southern part of the Cairnwrack Mountains with both Scarrow and Chasco. Along the Southern and South-Western borders lies the mighty Forever Sea, and along the North are Parona and Holerund.

Darkeil is one of the largest Fiefdoms, rivalling Fallowmere in size, with a vast expanse of coastline, characterised by soft sand beaches and rolling hills. Alas, this coastline proved more of a hindrance than benefit, for it made Darkeil easy prey for the Scarrowite Reavers – dreaded pirates and raiders who would land longboats at night and push hard into the coastal villages and towns; burning, pillaging and raping.

This understandably escalated hostilities between Darkeil and Scarrow, and indeed the land border between them was also subject to fairly constant low-level conflicts and disputes as the Darkeilan army would hit back for the indignities suffered.

It is something of an irony, then, that the gravest threat to Scarrow still comes from Darkeil, for while the coast of both lands are off limit, buried beneath the Shifting, that has not stopped the seemingly-endless hordes of misshapen monsters and beasts pouring over the Darkeil-Scarrow border to unleash upon Scarrow a twisted reflection of the fear and bloodshed Scarrow so delighted in inflicting upon Darkeil.

### Parona:

Parona was a somewhat isolated Fiefdom, jutting out from the North-West of Corvantin for its entire length, and sharing a truncated border with Darkeil and Holerund. On the Westernmost-point of Parona, the landmass broke into a smaller archipelago of islands. Barring this archipelago and the land leading to it, Parona's border with the Forever Sea was marked by vast and inhospitable cliffs, leading to the paradoxical situation that - for a predominantly sea-locked Fiefdom - the fishing and naval strength of Parona was disproportionately small.

The Paronan archipelago was also notable for being home to a distinct off-shoot branch of Humanity - or so records tell us. This indigenous population were noted for their sharply-pointed ears (akin to those of Sylphs and Ramanga, one must assume) and webbed fingers and toes, making them exceptional divers and swimmers. They managed to retain their independence due to the lucrative trade in pearls, which only these "Yemental" (or so they called themselves) could dive to reach. With the Eruption of the Shifting and loss of Parona, it is assumed that all of these Yemental have also succumbed.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of Parona is that the border which joins it to the rest of Corvantin is spanned in its entirety by an immense wall of unknown origin, marked by four beautiful yet uninhabitable fortified keeps. What records remain describe these keeps as being of the same unfathomable construction as Tolmerand in Chasco, built from an unidentified stone-like substance. Records also suggest that, in the centre of the wall, there is an immense breach and the ruins of a fifth keep. However, what caused this breach, and who built the wall, are matters lost to antiquity.

Given both the extremely isolationist nature of Parona, the fact it is almost entirely surrounded by water, and the difficulty in leaving the Fiefdom by non-magical means, it is likely unsurprising that Parona was the first Fiefdom to fall entirely beneath the onslaught of the Shifting during the Eruption - indeed, Parona fell in its entirety before the Shifting had managed to make much inroads on the rest of the continent. It is believed that Parona did not even manage to get word out before being subsumed.

### Holerund:

Holerund was much akin to its neighbouring Fiefdom Chasco in terms of geographic variance. In the North, the land split into the inhospitable delta of the Rundarto Swamps before reaching the Forever Sea. In the East, the mighty Jarengar Forest gives way to the imposing Cairnwrack Mountains. To the West, there is the great wall of Parona, and to the South the rolling hills and fields of Northern Darkeil.

As may be expected by such varied terrain, records tell that the populace of Holerund were also fairly diverse in appearance and nature. It seems that Holerund was split into a number of Gravenai - distinct administrative areas, split both by geographical features and the roaming tribes which inhabited them - with the Graves holding social and secular authority within those borders. Each Grave also had a voice in the Holerundian Gravesmoot, which occurred each year and set the overall policies for the Fiefdom.

There are obvious parallels between the Graves and Gravesmoot with the Scarrowite Jarls and Things. However, given that Holerund and Scarrow do not share much of a border (barring the Southernmost stretch of the Cairnwracks) and little documented trade between the Fiefdoms, the source of these similarities are a subject of much heated discourse between scholars. Alas, with the loss of Holerund beneath the Shifting, and the concomitant loss of records from the area, it seems that this question will remain presently unanswered.

### Wenneslund:

The northernmost Fiefdom, Wenneslund was one of the first to fall completely beneath the Shifting when the Eruption happened. The Northern border of Wenneslund lies along the coast of the Forever Sea, and Wenneslund had one of the mightiest fishing and naval fleets of any Fiefdom. Indeed, other Fiefdoms used to contract out to Wenneslundian Privateers to secure their own coasts from the predations of Scarrowite Reavers and other piratical forces.

The Western border of Wenneslund was fairly narrow, and ran along the outermost edges of the Rundarto Swamps (Wenneslund being perfectly happy to accede ownership of those inhospitable lands to Holerund) before merging with the mighty Jarengar Forest. The Forest continues some way along the Southern border of Wenneslund, before opening up to the shared plains and flatlands of Arador. On the far Eastern border of Wenneslund – also fairly narrow – can be found the Stormcove Mountains and the imposing Lake Amberwine.

The open and hospitable border between Wenneslund and Arador proved something of a salvation for the population, for while a large number were swallowed by the Shifting, a sufficient amount managed to flee into Arador. They have settled and interbred to the point where the Wenneslund bloodlines are firmly intermingled, and those refugee families have been completely acculturated. Despite this, some final remnants of Wenneslundian dialect and practises may still be found in Northern Arador.

### Ticano:

Ticano was an extremely small Fiefdom, nestled between the vast Lake Amberwine and the fearsome Stormcove Mountains. To the South, it shared a border with the fertile fields and gentle hills of Fallowmere, and to the West, along the rolling river known as the Amberwash, an amicable border with Arador.

Much like Breslyn and Croxin, Ticano was a Fiefdom predominantly founded upon fishing, and the majority of the main settlements and towns could be found scattered along the Lake like stars. It also had a thriving mining industry given the Stormcove Mountains, although the extremely hostile weather conditions that descended from the aptly-named range meant that the turnover of settlers there was high.

Smaller even than Aesilon, Ticano would be an unremarkable loss save for one thing. The capital of Ticano, Neglimund, was dedicated in its entirety to Terrena, Goddess of Earth and Patron of the Forge. Each and every building in Neglimund was dedicated to the architects craft, and built to the pinnacle of perfection, pushing the boundaries of civil engineering as far as they could go. Every window was a work of art, every spire a prayer.

Perhaps one of the greatest tragedies of recent times is this – when the Eruption happened, the populace of Neglimund prayed to Terrena for aid and assistance, and then sat back, secure in their faith. When the Goddess did not – or could not – assist them, and the Shifting began it's devilish work, stirring it's sticky fingers amongst their forms, the populace rose up in a great fury of perceived betrayal. They tore down the spires, burned the libraries and cathedrals, tortured and murdered the priests and visited such outraged destruction upon the city that not a single stone was left in place.

### The Protectorate of Crayle:

Perhaps the greatest loss of all to the Shifting was this Fiefdom. The Protectorate of Crayle consisted, much like Croxin, of a number of city-states. However, whilst the cities of Croxin squabbled amongst themselves like children, those of Crayle worked together to promote peace and harmony. They argued philosophy and rhetoric, alchemy and science. Each city-state had an Academy, which rivalled the Vaes of the College of Enlightenment itself as bastions of learning. As the eruption happened, a few surviving mages from the Protectorate managed to flee to the College, and it was their knowledge combined with the might of the College and Churches which enabled the Anchors to be dropped in time to save the heartland of the continent.

Crayle was always a pacific and progressive Fiefdom, sheltered from the rest of the continent by the hostile Stormcove Mountains, and home to a gentle coastline and a number of untouched forests. Indeed, the greatest of these was the Rattling Forest, which was destroyed by Thalaе in the fit of rage which caused the Enlightenment Wars. Why she chose that specific Forest – especially given the focus of her anger at the College of Enlightenment – none can know, although speculation still runs rampant among scholars today.

### In Conclusion:

It is hoped, gentle reader, that this catalogue of catastrophe and loss has not dimmed thy heart o'ermuch. While these lands may truly be swallowed beneath the malefic mists of the Shifting, twisted and tormented, their names yet live on and the core Dominions still stand firm and steadfast against the threats which may arise from the twisted and tormented former populace of these proud places.

With regards,  
Adolphus Quint, Purple Sage of Arador.