World of marin house template



HOUSE MOREGAN

HOUSE OVERVIEW:

HISTORIES: HOUSE MOREGAN

Formed over 500 years ago during the Age of Warlords the details surrounding the founding of House Moregan have been lost to time with the only surviving accounts being little more than rumors, myths, and tavern stories. Though left with nothing else we are forced to collect these stories connecting repeating ideas to form an idea of what truly happened. These stories and myths consistently make



mention of three brothers all living in the territories surrounding Ryre Keep locally known as the Bastion by local village folk who during times of attack, which are all too common in the war torn lands of Northwind, are forced to flee to the Keep for safety. It is said these three brothers were brought together by a common purpose, to restore the *Honor* of a lover, besmirched by the unnamed lord who ruled these lands before the Moregans

though their name is lost to time. Another by a *Duty* to protect the common folk from a tyrant and the third and youngest eager to prove his *Valor* in battle. While we do not know what came next we do know the results, House Moregan was born.

In modern times House Moregan is of inconsequential importance to the wider realm of Northwind located within the kingdoms highlands the lands of House Moregan are sparsely populated its residents living in relative poverty forced to subsist off of food imports from the larger cities and lingering merchants along with whatever food can be hunted for or collected from the few small flocks of sheep their lands can maintain. Due to the frequent attacks of bandits in Northwind they are forced to spend what little coin they do have to maintain the fortifications of Ryre Keep and its small garrison.

It's liege lord Malcolm Moregan has been reduced to a

HOUSE MEMBERS:



NOTABLE HOUSE MEMBERS:

Filip Moregan, 20, is the ever hotblooded son and heir to House Moregan. Having fallen out of favor with his mad father, Filip spends his days with the overstretched garrison of their fief dealing with bandits in the areas in vain attempts to keep the roads clear so as to not disway the few travelers that dare



make the journey to Ryre Keep. His success though minor in scale have made him quite popular among the small court of his father many of whom eagerly await the death of their liege so the young man may inherit.



Harris Moregan, 18, is the second true born son of Lord Malcolm Moregan. A weak willed youth Harris is easily manipulated and prefers to spend his time feasting rather than pursuing more noble pursuits. His reputation is rather lackluster with any intelligent or decisive decision he's ever made being influenced by someone else, primarily his sister. It is no wonder he is the least popular of the Moregan siblings.

Malcolm Moregan, 56, is the current head of House Moregan, though in recent years his once youthful if placating disposition has been replaced by an unfiltered and uncontrollable madness the the few moments of clarity reducing with every passing year. Liked but never loved, his madness has all but shattered any



shadow of his former self, bouts of insanity plaguing his mind any hopes to help the destitute lives of the people held hostage by his mad whims. Whispers abound within his court wishing peaceful rest upon their liege lord so that his son may inherit.



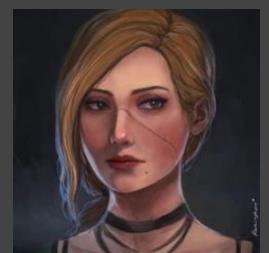
of his remaining reputation as his estates fall into greater and greater states of disrepair.

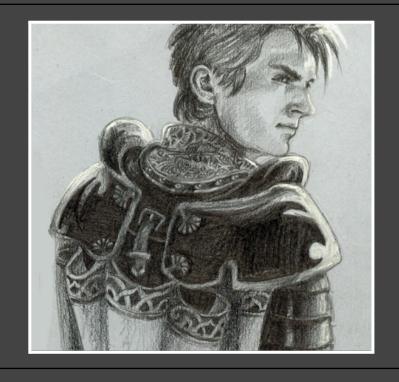
Marcus, 20, is of Bastard's blood the son of a maid he was born just after Filip, the two of them sharing a close bond with Marcus being the only sibling to truly get along with



Filip, despite his bastard nature. He possesses a calm noble character, a contrast to his more hot blooded brother with a skill in swordsmanship to match. The two of them have made a great pair and serve as the light of hope that the future of House Moregan may still be bright.

Astrid Moregan, 18, is the twin sister of Harris Moregan. Scared during her youth she is a cunning and manipulative woman using her weak willed brother to carry out her own wants in court, she does not get along with the rest of the family.





FILIP MOREGAN

TITLES	Heir to House Moregan
ALIAS/MONIKER	N/A
AGE	21
BIRTHPLACE	Ryre Keep, Northwind
GENDER	Male
CULTURE	Northwindian/Nort
RELIGION	hman/Athmorean
	Athmore
AFFILIATION	House Moregan
HOLDINGS	
	Ryre Keep and its surrounding VIllage
EYE COLOR	
HAIR COLOR	Green
BUILD	Dirty blonde
	MESOMORPH
HEIGHT	5'10
FATHER	Malcolm Moregan
MOTHER	Mollie Moregan
	Marcus,
SIBLINGS	harris,Astrid
SPOUSE[S]	None
LOVER[S]	None
CHILDREN	None
Liege	I o i u o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o
Heir	John de Burgh
	Harris Moregan
Discourant in the second	
DISCORD USER	HIGHIANDED

APPEARANCE

Plain faced, and marked by faint scars, Filip was never the most attractive of youths nor did he want to be. If a Knight didn't have a few scars, or a broken nose at least once they were not really training, let the young girls swoon for the pretty knights, they would be the first to go in a fight.

Filip was born left-handed though as a youth he would train with both hands so that he could use both depending on the situation making him ambidextrous though his preference for his left remained.

Like most noblemen within Northwind, Filip dresses quite plainly not having the coin to spare on frivolous purchases and appearances.



PERSONALITY

FILIP IS A BRAVE IF PROUD YOUTH EAGER TO EXPAND THE INFLUENCE OF HIS FAMILY NO MATTER THE RISK THAT IF MAY INVOLVE HE IS QUICK TO HOLD GRUDGES AND SLOW TO FORGIVE.

HE HATED HIS FATHERS INACTION AND PROMISED TO REMAIN RESOLUTE IN HIS DECISIONS, ALWAYS LOOKING TO IMPROVE AND DILIGENTLY WORKING TOWARDS ACCOMPLISHING ANY TASKS HE SETS HIS MIND TO.

HE HOLDS AMBITIONS TO BETTER HIS HOUSEHOLD AND THE LIVES OF THE PEOPLE HE WILL EVENTUALLY RULE.

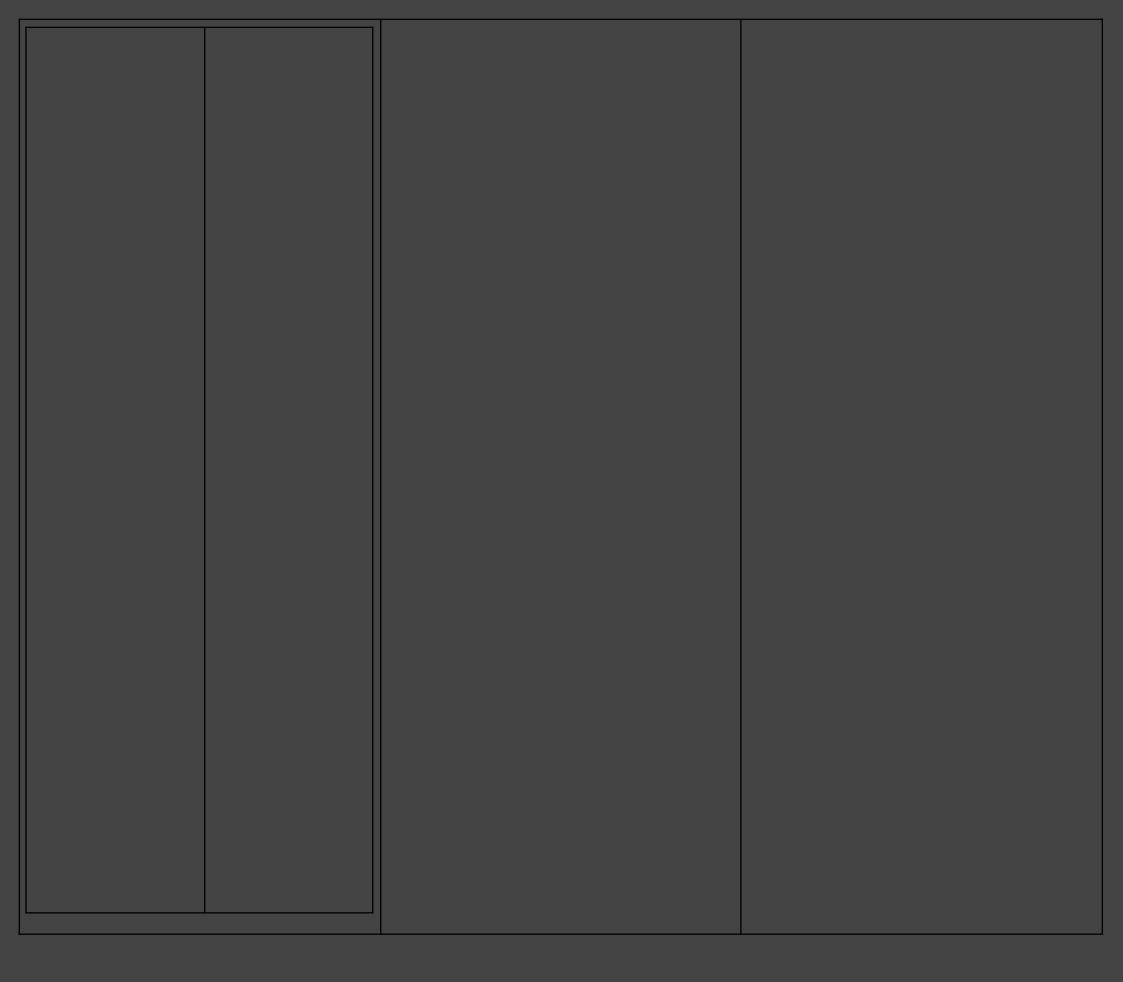
STRENGTHS/SKILLS

- **❖** AMBIDEXTROUS
 - BORN LEFT-HANDED, FILIP WAS FORCED TO LEARN HOW TO USE BOTH HANDS, MAKING HIM PROFICIENT WITH EITHER HAND.
- **❖** BRAVE
 - FILLED WITH A YOUTHFUL SPIRIT OF BRAVERY, FILIP IS THE FIRST INTO ANY FIGHT AND THE LAST TO LEAVE, NEVER BACKING DOWN FROM AN ENGAGEMENT.
- ❖ DILIGENT
 - CALLOUSED AGAINST THE INACTION OF HIS FATHER, FILIP HAS SWORN TO HIMSELF NEVER TO REPEAT THE MISTAKE, ALWAYS LOOKING TO IMPROVE AND ACCOMPLISH HIS GOALS.
- ❖ SWORDSMAN
 - LIKE MOST NOBLES FILIP HAS BEEN TRAINED IN SWORDSMANSHIP SINCE HIS YOUTH, HIS LEFT HANDED NATURE GIVING HIM AN EDGE AGAINST UNPREPARED OPPONENTS, ALONG WITH PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE AGAINST BANDITS.



WEAKNESSES/FEARS

- **♦** PROUD/WROTHFULL
 - HIS HOTBLOODED NATURE COMBINED WITH A LOVE FOR HIS FAMILY'S HISTORY HAS MADE HIM A PRIDEFUL MAN QUICK TO RETURN AN INSULT WITH ANGER, HIS OWN BRAVE DISPOSITION MAKING HIM EVEN LESS LIKELY TO BACK DOWN.
- * RECKLESS
 - EAGER TO EARN RESPECT AT TO ACCUMULATE FAME ALONG WITH HIS BRAVE ATTITUDE HE WILL BE THE FIRST TO SIGN UP FOR RECKLESS BORDERLINE SUICIDAL PLANS OR TO RISK HIS LITTLE WEALTH OF A GAMBLE TO RAISE THE INFLUENCE OF HIS FAMILY.
- ❖ POOR DIPLOMAT
 - ➤ ALWAYS SAYING WHAT'S ON HIS MIND AND LONG TO FORGET AN INSULT HE LACKS THE SUBTLY REQUIRED FOR MOST DIPLOMATS.





"Honor, Duty, Valor. Those words used to mean something."

Born on the first day of the Kingsmonth of the Southern Pantheon Calendar, Filips birth was marked with little celebration despite being the first born child and future heir of House Moregan, the harsh conditions of Northwind providing little room for such festivities. Skipping much of his early years we approach Filip at the age of 7 like all noble sons he began training in combat along with beginning his studies to become the future heir, the lands of House Moregan have never been wealthy providing just enough to maintain their small lands it is thus that Filip's training was left to veteran men at arms bloodied by the constant threat of bandits rather than any seasoned knight all of whom either found themselves caught up in the ongoing civil war or better prospects of fortune serving in the courts of the Road Lords, despite the lacking skills of his trainers Filip maintained one advantage over other more well trained swordsmen, he was left handed, while he was forced to use his right hand for most things in an attempt to force his to acclimate to its use, which proved successful, he always favored his left hand in a fight which when facing swordsmen who have only fought against right handed opponents if provided a key element for a fight, surprise.

During this time Filip and his Bastard born brother Marcus would form an inseparable kinship from training together to riding through across the Northwind Highlands along with general roughhousing a stark contrast to his feelings toward his trueborn brother Harris who had preferred to spend his time indoors with his sister a tendency which lead to the unkind mockery of his siblings Filip himself often going about spouting "I did not know I had two sisters."

Filip would not truly start coming into his own until the death of his mother just as he turned 15, it had been a cold winter that year and his mother was struck by sickness and without funds or security to travel for more skilled help she passed away. Filips father had never been a kind man, not cruel but always exuding a cold exterior, the death of his wife doing little to remedy that fact. After her passing Filip found himself with far less free time, his studies

and training doubling, at 16 he got his first task of combat following his father along with the household's riders to track down and subdue a group of bandits. While at first it may seem an undue risk to present the lord of the household to corner bandits in reality to a man in full plate the half starved bandits proved little threat often surrendering at the sight of the metal man, those who didn't soon learned why the services of said Knights were so valued. His father would continue taking him on the expeditions believing experience would make up for his lacking education in the arts of war. It was during one of these encounters that Filip would kill his first man.

When Filip was 18 the first signs of his fathers madness would begin to show, bouts of emotion unlike him, the outburst became more and more violent one moment ordering the execution of maids and the next retracting said order. It was during one of these outbursts that the first cracks in their relationship would begin to form, his father saw knives in every shadow and thought Filip was one of them. After that Filip would find himself spending as much time out of the castle as he could spending more time in the Highlands searching for bandits than in his future fief. Only time can tell if he will inherit in time to save it from destruction.

A scene in the life of Filip

Filip could feel his feet sinking into the mud with every step the weight of his armor sinking him further and further into the ground, it had been raining hard their entire ride. Looking around he saw his brother Marcus in his heavy plate, he was fairing no better in the muck. Further ahead were three men at arms, they had been having an easier time of it. Cursing to noone, Filip pushed forward their group, eventually meeting the crest of a hill overlooking a small valley. Below them was the group they had been hunting for, about eight men lightly armed who had been harassing the local populace. Making their way back down and around the rain covered the sound of their plate. Their charge was marked by the sound of cracking thunder, they were upon the band in a matter of moments two men at arms running through an equal number of bandits before they realized what was upon them, scrambling for their weapons they proved a pitiable sight, armed with naught but woodsman axes and pitchforks, these were no raiders but peasant driven into desperation by starvation, the entire lot of them looked like to run if not for the outcries of what Filip could only assume was their leader waving his rusted sword, most likely stolen from a corpse. Allowing his men to handle the rest of the band, Filip focused his fury on the sword wielding madman poaching steadily a kite shield in his right hand and arming sword in his left. To his credit, the bandit held his ground eagerly rushing forward sword in hand ready to face down his better, but no matter how brave he was it made little difference, his rusted sword chipped and broke against Filips plate. Filip responded swiftly, a quick swing of his sword split the man's stomach, a mess of gore spilling from the wound as a mess of red and brown innards spilled onto the dirt. The scene played out much the same for Filips' companions in a matter of minutes the entire group of bandits had been salin or captured.

Rain still pouring Filip looked upon the corpse of the man he had slain in silent contemplation the sound of the rest of the world appearing faint in comparison to his own thoughts, he was only taken back to reality by the hand of his brother Marcus which now rested upon his shoulder shaking him slightly his helm already removed. "Brother, Brother are you alright?" No replay escaped his lips, instead removing his own helm he found his eyes drawn to the sight of his men at arms tying the hemp binding of the few bandits who had been captured, they were fated to hang a fact they should know well and yet they had still surrendered. His gaze still focused on the prisoners, Filip called to his brother, "They will be hanged, they know that and yet still they surrender." A question and statement in one his brother was quick to throw a response "Better to die tomorrow on a full stomach than today."

Was that truly it? Filip couldn't decide which he would prefer had they done so out of fear or hunger. "Honor, Duty, Valor. Those words used to mean something, they were ideals on which we could live our lives, but now? Where is the honor in hanging men driven to their crime by our own failure to uphold our Duty to the people, where is the Valor in fighting half starved peasants armed with little more than pitchforks?" The words felt bitter on his tongue, Northwind was always a harsh land but it was being pushed even further by his father who did little to help maintain his fief.

"That is a question for the scholar's brother, we do what we can with what the gods provided, you'll find no comfort pondering that which is beyond your control."

Filip gave no response instead placing his helmet back on and begging the trek back to the horses, comfort wasn't what he sought soon enough he would be the one in control and then everything would change, at least he would pray so.