

Landerfell

**FABLE** The Kingdom Of Landerfell**MODS** None**AUTHOR** Asdarin the Traveler

"Where shall I even begin? The Kingdom of Landerfell was once a magnificent sight... my elders would always tell me it'd been the Foulkes who founded it. Cadwalader was the First king, an ancient Lagos knight whose task it was to free this new frontier of all Orcs. A hero he was, a true warrior in battle, yet gripped by humility upon his opponents' defeats. Upon capture of Zyra's Bay, Cadwalader Foulke climbed a steep rock and declared himself the king of Landerfell, a moment which lives in all history books to this very day. He would rule for an unprecedented ninety-two years, at last losing his battle with death at the age of a hundred n' twelve. By the end of his glorious reign, the population had climbed over three-hundred thousand, and both Lagos and the Orc hordes had admitted defeat in their attempts to retake the territory.

"For generation upon generation, Landerfell would enjoy nothing but benevolence from Cadwalader's descendants. However, very slowly, the systems in place began to fail, and the pillars eroded. With an ever-growing bureaucracy, it became harder and harder for the Foulke monarchs to rule efficiently. The cracks in the system finally showed when, a century before the Landerfell Calamity, a powerful orc named Mogran Ironfist united the disparate remnants of the old Orc Hordes. One day, he gathered all his warriors at the front gates of Landerfell, initiating the bloodiest battle in the Kingdom's history. Young king Aneirin V was slain, alongside his most trusted men, leaving court



politics to infect the soul of his only legitimate son, Gruffudd. Gruffudd himself died at the age of twenty-six, leaving four fatherless children and continuing the cycle, one that quickly worked to destroy the culture of the Foulke Dynasty.

"The oldest, five-year-old Gruffudd II, was crowned before his mysterious death at the age of twenty. The noble class, sensing rising internal instability, chose a rising star in his sister Gwen. She quickly worked to recover the Foulke name and repair the system, but eventually was seen as too radical and was removed in a brutal, yet short, coup. Her brother Edward was then crowned on a promise to revert her policies, but in practice could not in good faith act against his people. He was replaced by the final child of Gruffudd I, Vaughan. Crowned at the age of forty-three, he ruled nearly forty years, fulfilling the nobles' wishes and reinforcing their demands in turn for stability. During his reign, the system began actively crumbling before him as crime skyrocketed and raids became commonplace. The Foulkes became no longer known for their benevolence, but their decadence. Upon his death, his son Aneirin VI was crowned, but only ruled for eleven years. He embraced the collapse, purging his rebellious military in favor of mercenaries, firing the police to hire criminal gangs as a regulatory body, and privately endorsing bribes at every level of government. Upon hearing the news of the rise of king Saran, he sent a delegation inviting him to visit Landerfell. The delegation never did return, but in three weeks, Saran's army was at the gates.

"This coward who wore an honorable crown and draped himself in the banners of a proud lineage could never live up to his ancestors. Upon seeing the massive army, he quickly took to fleeing, however was captured by the gangs he himself hired to patrol the streets. He was delivered to King Saran himself, who promptly harvested the soul of the final king to ever call himself a Foulke. The mercenaries would never arrive to protect the city, and the government imploded as ministers fled and pretenders rose. Saran had decisively obliterated the first target of his conquests.

"Upon the army's entrance into the city, one of Saran's trusted generals stood upon that same rock Cadwalader had generations before, and proclaimed himself the new duke of Landerfell. He'd earned it, as he was the one to contact the criminal underground and arrange the capture of Aneirin, predicting he would run. For fifty years, Landerfell suffered under a police state, the citizens in fear of their own lives as the brigades knocked down doors and took thousands of souls. The new dynasty would rule with an iron fist, prosecuting all that would stand in their way, including the execution of the entire criminal underground and government officials of the Foulke era.

“During Lagos’ great civil war, Landerfell would remain entirely loyal and supportive to Saran’s cause until its capture by separatist forces a mere few years ago. On that day, the rebel forces stood upon that rock to publicly destroy the Crown of Aneirin, the final Foulke artifact known to survive to that point, and declared a republic. However, you can surely observe just how this new government has gone. Look about you. Do you see “recovery?” A “new spirit?” Or a “care for the people?” No... All I see is a repeat of our past mistakes.”

Above is a tale from a kind old clothier I encountered adjacent to my stall in the Landerfell City Square. He was all-too-prepared to tell me of the history of the place he loves, showing wisdom even beyond his years through our interactions that day. He freely provided my group his entire store of cloaks upon hearing my comment that we would be due North tomorrow morning, but would not provide his identity to be quoted within this text. In spite of this, I cannot, in good conscience, believe he is lying. When he spoke of the final decades of the Foulkes, it felt as though he experienced it himself...

(From “Chapter Eight: Our Stay in Landerfell,” within *The Chronicles of Asdarin the Traveler*, dated nine years prior to current day)