

# Bruga's Hold

## Hex 403

A logging hamlet at the edge of the pine-wooded southwestern Siljan Hills, run by self-titled Queen Bruga. The settlement is on the northern side of the Swirl River, over which a ford carries the trail south 15 miles, 24 kilometres, to Ivan's Keep (Hex 505). On the north end of the ford is the Market Place, from where properties straggle off mostly towards the northwest. The Queen's Lodge is near the Market Place, along with a couple of dealers in various rarer goods, "The Corner Daughters" (who tend to accuse any they take a dislike to of theft, a particular problem as they are the Queen's nieces) and "Merry Wares", who offer tavern trade as well as other items, including a free glass of ale with every non-tavern purchase. (Note that there are also rather different "Merry Wares" establishments at Osalin, Hex 1105, and Skara, Hex 1611.) What seems to be a small temple, the "Temple of the Shimmering Peak", close to the river crossing, is actually the local apothecary (who charges outsiders extra). Among the north and northwestern straggle of houses is "Marvolo's Tavern", which is really a drug-den, whose owner has an infamous talking parrot. Logging is tough work in all weathers, and Bruga's Hold is very isolated, so this is a popular haunt for loggers when not up-country somewhere tree-felling. (Notes from the Shadowdark RPG's random tables used to generate the settlement include that the northwestern district is Low, while the Market Place is naturally the Market district. Merry Wares can be treated as a Poor tavern for food and drink if required. The settlement is Neutral.)

The largely coniferous woodlands all around the settlement have been extensively thinned by timber extraction over many years, with trails used by loggers scattered throughout, along with sheds and huts in various states of use, disuse or occupation, including some off-map temporary logging camps into the Siljan Hills to the north and northeast especially. Markets are not common here, and can be eventful when they do happen, for all the Queen's extended family do their best to maintain a degree of rough-justice order here and nearby. The Queen is tough, if not so young as she once was. Much of the time, the Market Place is home to cut-timber piles awaiting transport south by road, or floated in rafts southwest down the Swirl. The thinnest woods south, and notably southeast, of the ford, were used to build the original settlement, so what huts remain here are mostly rather tumbledown, while the paths are commonly overgrown to barely discernible. Many folk here are involved in timber-cutting, carpentry and related activities, and most have small plots for vegetables and some fruit near their homes. Hunting and fishing supplement these options, as other foodstuffs have to be imported from further afield, frequently in dried or bottled forms. There is a definite "frontier" feeling to the place.