## **Worms Port — Reference & Exposition (Expanded Canon)**

### **📍 Quick Reference: Worms Port**

* **Type:** Coastal Harbor Town
* **Founding:** Formerly known as The Port of Flowers; renamed after infestation of Ormaormos (Worms).
* **Headquarters:** Decentralized, authority shifts between various trade barons and self-appointed leaders.
* **Operational Range:** The bay and rocky shores of the High Circle's Eastern coast, just beyond the Parcel borders.
* **Governance:** Informal rule by local enforcers, backed by trade syndicates and smuggling rings.
* **Economy:** Vingarum production, fishing, smuggling, black-market trade, scavenging.
* **Cultural Identity:** Resilient, survivalist, distrustful of outsiders; fiercely independent.
* **Technological Status:** Low-level mechanization, with makeshift and salvaged technology.
* **Cultural Values:** Resourcefulness, secrecy, communal survival, opportunism.

### **🌊 1. Geographical Overview**

Worms Port sits at the furthest eastern edge of the Parcels, perched atop rocky, brackish beaches where the sea slaps against salt-stained stone. The town is a scattered collection of structures built from warped wood, scavenged metal, and the occasional chunk of twisted machinery dredged up from shipwrecks or pulled from the mud. Raised boardwalks crisscross sections of the Port, elevated not to escape tides—there are none—but to avoid the jagged rocks and the sea's restless grasp.

The name Worms Port is a grim acknowledgment of its greatest hazard: the Ormaormos, massive predatory worms that prowl the deeper waters beyond the docks. These beasts are capable of snatching animals or even the occasional traveler who wanders too close to the shoreline. Once known as The Port of Flowers, it has since decayed into a shadow of its former self. Much of its infrastructure along the beach rots away, collapsing into the sea like the dying limbs of some great fungus. Only the core remains bustling, and even that is strained by decay and desperation.

Its proximity to the filthy runoff from the Twisting City—its main river of waste—renders the water tainted and foul. The beach is muddy, rocky and slick with brine and oil. Around the port, ruined warehouses and forgotten docks crumble into the surf, their skeletal remains half-submerged and barnacle-clad. The entire place stinks of rotting fish, sour Vingarum, and stale seawater. Traders often mask the stench with oils purchased from the Flower Woman, but it never truly leaves you; those from Worms Port carry its odor long after they’ve left its shore.

### **⚓ 2. Social Structure and Governance**

Worms Port is ruled less by elected authority and more by influence and fear. Various trade barons hold sway over different sections of the town, each backed by bands of loyal enforcers. Smuggling rings are commonplace, with contraband and illicit goods flowing in and out of the harbors under watchful eyes. Unlike the Twisting City’s rigid Constabulary, Worms Port operates under a loose collection of unspoken agreements—those who disrupt trade or bring unwanted attention are swiftly handled, often without need for formal trial.

The **Vingarists Guild** maintains the closest semblance of true authority in Worms Port. They are ruthless trade syndicates that govern Vingarum production and export. Their presence is felt strongest along the docks, where Vingarum is fermented and bottled, but their influence stretches into back alleys and shadowed markets. While they enforce their own brutal order to protect profits, they largely care nothing for the town’s welfare, so long as trade remains uninterrupted. Defiance is met with swift, and often fatal, reprisal.

An Outguarding operates in Worms Port, though it is a crumbling shadow of its counterparts closer to the Twisting City. Understaffed and underfunded, its Constables are largely corrupt or otherwise indifferent, paid off by trade barons or smuggling rings to look the other way. Despite its decrepit state, it maintains just enough of a presence to serve as a symbolic reminder of the City’s distant hand. In truth, the Twisting City has largely abandoned the Outguarding to its fate, letting the town rot in its own decay while waiting for the opportunity to step in and seize control of Vingarum production entirely.

H'Rask are a common sight here, the only place in the Heartlands where they walk freely. Drawn by the addictive lure of Vingarum, they brave the Port when shipments to Onofurth run low. They are largely left alone, ignored by both local enforcers and the sparse Constabulary presence.

### **💰 3. Economy and Trade**

The economic heart of Worms Port is Vingarum, a fermented delicacy both reviled and revered across Halferth. Produced in rusted vats and wooden casks, the substance is shipped far and wide, fetching steep prices in the markets of the Twisting City. For the City, Vingarum is both a luxury and a staple, prized for its potent flavor and storied history. Despite Worms Port's descent into ruin, the Twisting City’s demand remains unyielding. In secret, the City's elite maintain hidden stores of Vingarum, and there are whispers that Twisting City's leadership would rather see Worms Port collapse entirely so they might seize control of its production outright. For now, they are content to let the Port fester, so long as the barrels keep coming.

Fishing is second only to Vingarum production, though it is a far more dangerous pursuit. Ormaormos infest the deeper waters, making every casting of a net or launch of a boat a gamble. Few fishers return without stories of close calls, and some never return at all. Despite these risks, the catch that makes it back to shore is highly prized, often traded directly with the City for medicine, tools, and weaponry. Ormaormos are also reeled from the sea using enormous wooden spools that line the docks, their bodies stripped for meat and oil. Fish, on the other hand, is rare and coveted, almost always traded for other goods.

### **⚠️ 4. Daily Life**

Survival is the heartbeat of Worms Port. Housing is scarce; many live in ramshackle cabins pieced together from collapsed buildings, their walls patched with driftwood and rusted scrap. Some residents stake out crawl spaces, abandoned attics, or even repurposed carts and crates. Rooms in proper buildings are rare and fiercely coveted—those lucky enough to have four walls and a roof often share the space with multiple families or opportunistic squatters. Orphans are a common sight, forming tight-knit groups that navigate the alleys and docks, surviving off petty theft, telling secrets and odd jobs.

Food is scarcer still. The few fishermen who brave the Ormaormos-infested waters sell most of their catch to taverns or traders before ever taking a bite themselves. Scraps are left to rot, scooped up for Vingarum production. For the rest, worm meat is a staple—grisly, rubbery, but filling enough to ward off starvation. Few other animals survive in Worms Port; no dogs or cats roam the alleys, and even rats are a rare sight. Between the hungry residents and the predatory worms, anything edible is quickly hunted down or scavenged.

From the moment they wake to the moment they curl up in whatever shelter they can find, the people of Worms Port live with one goal: survive. Work if you have the skills and the tools. Steal if you have the nerve and can find fools. Celebrations are sparse; instead, the nights are marked by drunken revelry and street fights, as the weary seek to escape their lot—if only for a while.

For most, life in Worms Port is harsh and short, but still, few leave. The Parcels are too clean, too rigid, too stifling for those raised among the Port's anarchistic desperation. Worms Port may be grim and rotting, but to its people, it is a life of raw freedom—unshackled, self-reliant, and unyielding.

### **🗺️ 5. Notable Locations**

**The Flower Shop** — The Flower Shop is a modest, unassuming building completely enveloped in blossoms. Its walls are hidden behind vines and petals, and its windows are always streaked with condensation. Its owner, Cyrannah the Flower Woman, is a mystery—her face perpetually wreathed in flowers that bloom and wilt seemingly with her moods. Rumors abound: some say she is a series of women, mother to daughter; others believe she is an immortal witch, or even the flowers themselves, animated and watching. Her shop is a hub of information and bartering, and her flower-scented oils are one of the only ways to mask the Port’s stench. She employs dozens of orphans, using them as a vast, unseen network of spies and informants.

**The Docks** — The heart of Worms Port’s trade, a haphazard collection of piers and wharves. Boats of every make and model are moored here, from patchwork skiffs to rusted iron trawlers. Massive wooden reels line the piers, used to harvest the colossal Ormaormos that infest the deeper waters. This is also where Vingarum is produced—rotting fish parts, seaweed, and saltwater are crammed into barrels and left to ferment under the watch of the Vingarists Guild, who oversee every step of the process with brutal efficiency. The Docks are lined with dozens of stalls and rows of barrels, the open air helping to carry the smell away. Boats loading and unloading goods, Vingarists shouting, cracking casks, and bottling the rancid liquid is the daily rhythm here. While the Port rots, the Docks remain its beating, reeking heart.

**The Outguarding** — A crumbling Constabulary outpost that exists as more of a symbolic gesture than a functioning arm of the law. Bribes and corruption run rampant, with most crimes overlooked or outright ignored.

### **🔗 6. Relationship with the Twisting City**

Worms Port's existence is both bolstered and threatened by its dependency on the Twisting City. The Port's primary export, Vingarum, is a staple luxury for the Twisting City's elite and dregs alike, driving constant trade despite Worms Port's decaying state. In truth, the City views the Port not as a partner, but as a failing enterprise waiting to be subsumed. Vast stores of Vingarum are kept hidden within the City's vaults, an insurance policy against the inevitable collapse of Worms Port.

Twisting City officials turn a blind eye to the Port's corruption and smuggling so long as Vingarum production remains uninterrupted. The Outguarding exists in a purely symbolic capacity; its few stationed Constables are largely ineffective, often bribed or indifferent to local crimes. Political neglect has left Worms Port to rot, its streets ruled by trade barons and the Vingarists Guild, who act with near impunity.

Though never stated openly, whispers persist of the City's ambitions to seize control of Vingarum production outright. Many suspect that the City is simply waiting for the Port to fall under its own weight before moving in to claim the docks, the vats, and the trade routes for itself. Until that day comes, the Twisting City watches, waits, and quietly amasses its reserves, letting Worms Port fester and crumble, inch by inch, into the sea.