

# *Cotting Family Genealogy*

*the compiled notes  
of  
Emerald Geode Cotting  
1930*

*Cotting Family Genealogy E G Cotting*

**OOG Note:**

**This book represents a fairly  
thick in-game tome.**

**As more is learned about the  
history of the Cottings, more  
will be added to the book.**

*The Cotting House has always been the center of Cottington Woods. It is our legacy, our most valued thing, and the thing all Cotting's manage with pride. Not just midway along the Old Baron's Way, not just between the four Houselands, not just the center of the ancient Cottington Woods, the house rests at what might as well be the center of the Written World.*

*The fairy mists are strong in the woods, and connect to those ancient fairy places in every land, including, believe me, far off Lakupapoo. All manner of fair folks have come through our doors. I once served drinks to a mini, and that is no tall tale. Thin as a reed of grass, she was. She had a rock tied to her ankle so she wouldn't blow away with the wind.*

*As any cartographer will tell you, the woods resist most attempts to be mapped. The twists and turns, the hills and the denseness of the trees themselves are impossible to represent on a flat piece of paper. This means there are the Ways. Ways that, if you try to smooth them out, are far longer, or sometimes shorter than they feel. Try walking from Faraway City to Collamoor twice - the trip takes a two days once and a week the next. But this means that folks from all over find themselves at our doors. A swordsman from the Petal Kingdom once found himself here on the way to defend his lord's land against his neighbor. Getting lost along the ways occurs less than wandering in through the Fairy Mists, but it does happen.*

*We have the jacks with their secret paths and the goblins from Mount OverMarsh with their door magic.*

*I'm saying we play host to visitors from all over, and we're proud to do it.*

*Of course, there are dangers. My grandfather told me once about a fairy lady who took offense from a man who then tried to hide without our walls. She shrunk the whole building until it was no taller than a blade of grass. It stayed that way until the offender left, at which point the building returned to its normal size. Another time (he says) the place vanished and appeared deep inside the caves under the woods.*

*There's a strangeness about the house. We've learned to live with it. Things generally work themselves out.*

*Not every Cotting has his own story, but some do. We're so busy minding business for others, that we rarely mind our own. The records of our past are a mess. But I'll do my best here to make note of all the Cottings I can recall. This is an undertaking, and I may not be equal to it. I'll do my best, and with it, I will include all the notes I can find, so that my son and his daughter or son can continue where I left off.*

*The house is old. I don't know for sure how old, but it was around at least when the four existing houselands formed the House of Cards. My grandfather's grandfather believed that the house was as old as the robber barons, that the original builder, Winston Cotting, was the man who carved the word "WOLF" in that rock out there. My grandfather doubted that, and I doubt it too, but there's no doubt the house has served at least a few of the lords of old.*

*The tales say that Winston Cotting collected wood and stone from all over the world, using the paths I already talked about to do so. Most of the wood was local, of course. No need to go to great lengths to harvest wood in a forest. But there were beams from the Barumbi Basin, reeds from the rivers of the Dustlands, planks among the siding come from the Petal Kingdom, and even stone from far off Lakupaparoo.*

*(Before you doubt this, I should point out that I know Lakupaparoo wasn't discovered until recently. These are the tales I grew up on. I don't say as I doubt them, but I can't say they are exactly full of truth.)*

*The house wasn't alone back then. There were plenty of outbuildings. My grandfather says that buildings cropped up and were forgotten around the Cotting House like plants in a garden.*

*I do know that the house stayed out of politics. We've always seen to that. The robber barons came and went, but the house remained. Out of all the tales I've been told, not one of them puts a Cotting in a position of authority outside of his own kitchen or bar.*

*Really, who'd want it?*

*--EGC*

*Winston Cotting*

*Winston Cotting built the Cotting House. Whatever else you hear about him, believe that much. He may not have been the first Cotting, but he was the first to live here.*

*Beyond that, his tales are too tall to be believed. My grandfather's grandfather, of course, believed them all, or said he did. According to the tales, Winston stood ten feet tall. Himself cut the lumber he used to build the house and carried it, himself, from all those far off places I mentioned before. He had a kit of tools that had magical properties. The tools talked to him and could build anything he could imagine. He flew through the air on a witch's broom. He married a fairy princess and their children, half fairy themselves, would never die.*

*Since I haven't seen them around, I'm pretty sure that last bit, like most of it, is made up. But the thing is, there's enough talk of Winston Cotting that even if he was just a man, I don't doubt he lived and built the place.*

*He isn't mentioned in any of the records I've searched.*

*Bartholomew Cotting*

*~ 1700 or so*

*Bartholomew Cotting owned the house sometime around the year 1700. Notes seem to indicate that his brother, Harrod, worked with him, and did most of the bookkeeping. Bartholomew's passing is undocumented, at least among my records.*

*Note by Vigo Cotting, 2013*

*We have recently learned that Harrod Cotting, a ghost in the Cotting House, was killed by poison by a merchant who was trying to get in good with Bartholomew.*

*Calin Cotting*  
*~ 1850 or so*

*Calin brother Kevin owned the Cotting House in the early 1850s. What little I know of them I have gleaned from reports sent to Kevin from Asylum. Apparently Calin suffered from nightmares wherein he was trapped in the house and couldn't leave. As he spent the later part of his life in Asylum, his nightmares were apparently unfounded.*

*I don't know what his problem was. Most of us really like it here.*

*Darrick Cotting*  
*1890 - 1893*

*Darrick ran the Cotting House for only a short time. Tragically he was bitten by a werewolf and cursed. The curse turned him against his family. They managed to survive his attack, chasing him into the woods. He was not again seen alive, though his body was discovered some time later, dead with his own sword still entangled in the bones.*

*Elaina Cotting*  
1893 - ?

*Elaina was Darrick Cotting's wife. After Darrick's tragic curse and eventual death Elaina took over the operation of the Cotting House and ran it for many years. Our records are unclear as to how long, which is why no end date is included.*

*Floyd and Maisey Cotting  
1920 - 1930*

*My mother is Maisey Cotting. She has been the proprietor of the Cotting House since the passing of her mum in 1920. She married Floyd Cullin, a renowned explorer, cartographer, and collector of maps. Floyd took her last name, becoming Floyd Cullin-Cotting. Despite her behavior during the last few years after the loss of my dad, she was a regal woman, well put together and full of an inner strength. The last few years have been hard. She loves flowers, and she has a garden out behind the house that I fear I will never be able to tend as well as she.*

*My father would frequently absent himself, planning or taking part in some grand adventure of exploration. During the course of his short life, Floyd was a member of no less than three foreign expeditions, including trips to the Kingdom of Gold, the Barumbi Basin and one lengthy trip into the Canyonlands. He will be remembered most, I fear, for his last, somewhat local adventure, where he led a group of fifteen explorers into the caves beneath Cottingon Woods. His team was lost in those caves and, after a lengthy search presumed dead.*

*Note: 1930*

*My mother has passed away. She never got over the loss of my dad*

*Note by Vigo Cotting, 2013*

*Floyd's bones were discovered in the caves beneath the woods! They were returned to the surface and buried. Dead, trapped beneath the ground and restless, Floyd had become a type of ghost called a tommyknocker. His wife, Maisey, likewise was a ghost, though her spirit haunted the house itself. Reunited, the two seemed to be at rest. Their spirits have not been seen since.*

*We've seen other ghosts in the house. Harrod Cotting has been spotted, and at least one other who has not been named. I'm curious how these ghosts could be haunting us, since the house has not been here for the last sixty-four years. Have they haunted the area around the house, waiting for our return?*

*Emerald Geode Cotting  
1930 - 1950*

*That's me. I have another journal if you want a peek at my life, but I won't let anyone read it until after I'm dead. Sorry, but private is private. I'm taking over running the house, officially. The year is It is 1930.*

*I fear I will no longer have the time to work on this project.*

*Note by Vigo Cotting, 2013*

*Emerald Geode Cotting died in 1950. Her work on this project ended with her mother's passing in 1930, as she noted. Occasionally other Cottings down the line would stuff an article or note here, but for the most part we're bad at record keeping.*

*Dreyker Cotting  
1950 - 1976*

*The Cotting House passed from her to her son, Dreyker. During that first year Dreyker moved the house from where it sits again in Cottington Woods to Faraway city.*

*Roman Cotting  
1976 - 2012*

*In 1976 Dreyker passed it to Roman Cotting, my father, who held the place until 2012 when he gave it to me. It would have passed to my mother, Mitzi, but she will always be a city girl. She manages the Faraway Cotting House now.*

*My father was never a healthy man. He had a poor diet, consuming food so rich and in such quantities that any man would die early. He collected cigars from around the Written World. But he was quick with a joke or story. Folks loved him. What more could a man ask for?*

*I'd give anything for more time.*

*But that's always the way.*

*Roman's last words to me, last words to anyone, actually, were to ask me to move the house back to this place, in the middle of Cottington Woods. He never spoke much of it in life, but maybe he felt that the place wasn't home unless it was surrounded by trees. I know that when we first went to work rebuilding, it felt very much like the place was home.*

*Vigo Cotting*  
2012 -

*I suppose Velki or Vessa will fill this entry in, when it comes to it. Patron's word I hope it doesn't fall to Talsyn . He'd have me sounding like Winston Cotting before he was done.*