The Cindere Herald

Strange Impacts Across Cindere

One month ago, witnesses across the central Ironcrest ranges reported streaks of fire tearing through the night sky before striking the peaks of the Ironcrest Mountains. The largest of these impacts is believed to have struck deep within the range, sending up a vast plume of dust and black ash now visible for miles.

Travelers approaching the foothills describe the air as thick and bitter, carrying a fine soot that clings to skin, steel, and cloth alike. What began as a rising column has since spread into a lingering haze that refuses to settle, dimming the sun and casting the region in a perpetual dusk.

The Ironcrest Mountains, long home to dwarven strongholds and rich mineral veins, now stand shrouded in this unnatural veil. Reports from caravans suggest that breathing has become difficult at higher elevations, and that the ash itself carries a faint warmth, as if not entirely cooled from its fall.

The primary impact was not alone. Smaller celestial fragments were sighted breaking apart as they descended, with at least two confirmed secondary impacts.

One struck near Chillhound Peak in the frozen north, where hunters report tremors beneath the ice and strange echoes carried on the wind.

Another fell into the Mire Fields, where thick fog already chokes the land. Locals claim the waters now ripple without cause, and that the ash settles differently there—sinking into the marsh as though drawn downward.

The Grubb Shack
Fine Food and Crafts

Stonebridge Town Square

Grey-Sails and White Sun! Fleet Anchors at Worland

The same enigmatic fleet has now made anchor just off the coast of Worland, its grey sails and striking white sun emblem visible from the shoreline. Members of its crew have begun to come ashore, though their purpose remains unclear.

Many residence of Worland have voiced anxiety of hosting a fleet of warships while others are excited for the boost in commerce it promises. Council leaders state that thus far all interactions have been respectful and polite, but they fear that the city cannot handle an influx of so many sailors.

Prince Rel'freth's Campaign Stalls at The Drop

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Nightfall Terror in Forsa River Valley

Villages and trade caravans throughout the Forsa River Valley have issued urgent pleas for aid following a string of coordinated kobold assaults under cover of darkness. Survivors describe silent approaches, sudden ambushes, and entire supply trains vanishing before dawn.

Merchants now travel in larger groups or avoid the valley entirely, fearing further losses. Local militias remain stretched thin, and without outside intervention, many settlements warn that trade through the region may soon grind to a halt, leaving the valley isolated and vulnerable.