The Cindere Herald

Mire Fields Stir Once More as Kuro Clan Activity Surges

Reports from across the Mire Fields indicate a troubling rise in raids attributed to the Kuro Clan, a goblin faction long known for disrupting the fragile balance of the swamplands. Travelers and outposts alike speak of coordinated strikes, increased aggression, and bold movements.

While skirmishes with goblins are nothing new, the scale and persistence of these attacks have many wondering if something, or someone, is driving the Kuro Clan toward a larger, more dangerous purpose.

Where's my COW?

Farmers across West Arden continue to report livestock disappearing without tracks, blood, or sign of struggle. What began as a nuisance has grown into a far more unsettling crisis, as hired hunters sent to investigate have themselves failed to return.

While normally trustworthy, locals worry that the hunters either made off with your money, or something very deadly is stalking their lands. Local authorities have begun advising against solitary travel, as fear grips even the most seasoned woodsmen.

Port Burka Withstands Mysterious Assault!

After several days of relentless siege, Port Burka stands unbroken. Witnesses recount waves of shadowy attackers, and half formed creatures, crashing against the city's formidable shield walls, only to be repelled time and again.

In a baffling turn, the enemy forces reportedly disintegrated into ash without warning, leaving behind no bodies, banners, or clues to their origin. The sturdy folk of Port Burka continue to sharpen their axes, fearing a second attack. Local hunters and scouts have been sent to Chillhound peak to determine the origin of the attack.

Greed and Ambition Stir in Port West Over Sighted Fleet

The harbor of Port West buzzes with speculation after a group of bold, if foolish, sailors attempted to seize one of the mysterious ships recently sighted along Cindere's western shores. What began as dockside rumor quickly turned into reckless action, as word spread that the fleet appeared worn from long travel, its formation stretched thin across the open waters.

According to witnesses, one trailing vessel, heavy with supplies and seemingly isolated, presented an irresistible target. A small crew took their chance, moving in under the assumption that fortune favored the daring. For a brief moment, it seemed they might succeed. The fleet's ships shifted in a wide, sweeping maneuver, leaving the tail exposed and vulnerable. But the illusion of opportunity was shattered in an instant. The fleet's lead ship, a dreadnought-class frigate of unprecedented size, turned with unnatural speed and precision. Those who saw it claim the massive vessel pivoted as if guided by something beyond wind or current, unleashing a devastating broadside far faster than such a behemoth should be capable of. The would-be raiders were forced into a hasty retreat, their gamble ending in terror rather than triumph. The fleet took to action and swarmed them with perfect precision, taking all but one Port Wester prisoner. The first mate was sent back ashore, likely as a word of warning to would be pirates. But some are not quick to learn.

Now, whispers of profit and glory ripple through taverns and docks alike, as captains weigh the risks against the promise of unimaginable spoils. Some see weakness in the fleet's movements, others see calculated deception—but all agree on one thing: whatever power commands those grey sails is not to be taken lightly. Despite the clear danger, ambition runs high in Port West, where the line between opportunity and doom has never seemed so thin.