The Cindere Herald

SEPTEMBER '26

Fey of Adara Join the Ranks as Battle Rages in the Mire Fields

The war against the Star Fallen in the Mire Fields has swelled to its fiercest pitch yet. Correspondents along the front report that the Fey of Adara have taken up arms and joined the ranks, pressing into the swamplands from the west. For the first time since the star-stone fell near Riak, the corrupted host finds itself beset from every side.

The Elves, the Hunters of the Stronghold, and the Orcs hold the southern and eastern lines, while the Fey close in from the western reaches. Soldiers returning from the front say word of the Fey's arrival was the first good news the Mire has seen in many months.

And what a host it is. Centaurs thunder along the firmer ground, loosing arrows at the gallop before wheeling away into the fog. Redcaps ride to war astride their stout corgi steeds — a sight that drew laughter from the orcish lines exactly once, until they saw the carnage the redcaps wrought. Will-o'-wisps now guide Fey scouts through bogs that have swallowed lesser patrols whole, and travelers swear that kelpies stalk the black waters, dragging anything corrupted beneath the surface.

Yet the enemy has not weakened. Goblin attacks have increased sharply in recent weeks, and those who have faced them say the madness in their eyes grows worse with every assault. Where the warbands once raided and withdrew, they now hurl themselves at the lines with no regard for their own lives.

Most feared of all are the goblin Hexmongers. These shamans and casters hang back behind the warbands, and their curses are said to pierce even magical protections. Wards that have turned aside blades and spells alike fail against them, and veterans of the front now name the Hexmongers as the first target in any fight.

Fighting often rages for days at a time without pause. Nor does nightfall bring relief: when the sun sets, star-sickened void creatures from beyond emerge from the fog to harry the weary defenders until dawn. Soldiers speak of sleeping in their armor, if they sleep at all.

Whether the Fey will be enough to turn the tide remains to be seen. The defenders of the Mire hold for now — but as of this printing, no one on the front will say for how much longer.

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The Wandering Ledger Realty Company

Homes and holdings available across every settled region of Cindere! Whether you seek a craftsman's cottage in Worland, a frontier claim near Arvada, or something more distinguished in the shadow of the Ironcrest foothills — Master Realtor Berrick Thornewell will find your place in the world.

Seek Master Thornewell at any major trading post — he finds you.

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Velstradi Fleet Past Halfway Mended; Soldiers March West

Repairs to the Velstradi fleet at Worland are now more than half complete. Throughout their stay, the Velstradi have kept proper decorum and shown due respect to the people of Worland — though visitors will notice a great many Wanted posters nailed up in recent weeks, seeking Velstradi deserters and the dastardly Blighted Coven.

In happier news, Admiral Tarrent Halbrecht has planned and paid for a festival this coming October in celebration of the Worland Shipwrights. The Worland town council has approved the festivities.

The fleet's business has not been entirely festive, however. A large contingent of Velstradi soldiers recently came ashore and set off westward. When pressed for details, the officers deferred to Sir Garrick Thorne, who stated simply: "Justice has too long been sheathed."

What justice the knight intends, and for whom, he did not say. Readers may draw their own conclusions from the posters in Worland.

Star Sickness Claims Many in the Ironcrest

A strange and terrible affliction has taken hold in the Ironcrest Mountains, where many have been lost to the madness of star sickness. The afflicted stare blankly up at the sky for hours on end. They do not eat, and they show no emotion of any kind — not joy, not fear, nothing at all.

Their stillness does not always hold. After dark, some of the stricken have turned suddenly violent, and families in the holds now keep watch through the night. Curiously, witnesses report that the afflicted grow calm whenever shooting stars fall across the sky — though none can say why.

Diviners and Star Gazers have sought some truth behind the affliction, casting readings upon the sickened in hope of an answer. Every one of them reports the same thing: all they see is an empty, all-consuming darkness.

No cure has yet been found. Until one is, the Ironcrest can do little more than watch the sky alongside its lost.

Rumblings in Nehara

Nehara has recently been struck by a series of low, earth-shaking tremors. No one seems certain of their cause — whether they are the work of magic, the natural shifting of the land, or a warning of volcanic fury soon to come.

The tremors are far from the region's only trouble. Kobolds have been striking caravans passing along the nearby Forsa River, and merchants are urged to travel that route well-guarded or not at all. Stranger still, a large draconic creature of unknown kind has been sighted in the skies above.

Nehara has never been a welcoming land. As of this printing, it has become more dangerous still.

New Stonemason Opens Shop in the Southern Broken Mountains

A new stonemason has recently set up shop in the Southern Broken Mountains, bringing five generations of stoneworking experience to the region. Bedoc Greybeard, 5th Generation Stonemason, is now accepting commissions for stonework, repairs, construction, and other masonry projects.

While Bedoc is based in the mountains, he isn't afraid to travel for the right job—particularly when the project is large enough to make the journey worthwhile. Those in need of a skilled hand with stone are encouraged to reach out and discuss their needs. For inquiries, send a Message Arrow to Bedoc Greybeard - 5th Generation Stonemason.

Letter to the Herald: Where Are Our Heroes?

To the Editor,

Woe, woe, and thrice woe. I write to you a broken merchant of Stonebridge, and I ask only that your readers spare a moment's pity for a humble man whose shelves grow barer by the week.

I have been robbed. Not once, mind you, but more than once this very season. And these are no ordinary bandits! They walk straight past my bins of ore, my stacks of ink, and a perfectly good sack of apothecary herbs as though they were so much rubbish. No — they take only the rarest of my stock: every Pulsing Amalgamation of Hearts on my shelves, my entire supply of Transphysical Anchors, and a crate of Bound Elemental Sparks I had only just received.

Do you know how many units I traded away for those Sparks? I dare not say. It is simply too painful.

Now, I am told Stonebridge is home to a band of Heroes. I am told they slay monsters, turn back armies, and set the world to rights. Wonderful! Splendid! Yet not one of them has darkened my door. I can only assume my little shop is too humble for such grand folk, and that bandits with peculiar tastes are beneath their notice.

Still, should any of these Heroes find a spare moment between saving the realm, I would be glad to tell them everything I know. I will even put the kettle on. It is, after all, one of the few things the thieves have left me.

— Wendel Brackett, Proprietor (for now)
Brackett's Rare Goods & Reagents, Stonebridge

The Herald prints this letter as received and takes no position on the whereabouts of any Hero.