

This place was once a haven for lumberjacks, its few wooden houses nestled among the towering trees of the forest. The sawmill, supported by the mill that turned to the rhythm of the clear tributary of the Slimy River, was the heart of the village. From it came the valuable Lenga planks, a noble and resistant wood, sent to the cities of the north to build homes and fortresses.

But the tremors brought ruin, and the ash that fell afterwards suffocated the land. The once pure tributary became a river of green and sticky liquid, its surface forever shrouded in putrid mist. The poisoned water eroded the hope of life and silenced the blades of the mill. The villagers fled in haste, leaving behind their tools, their memories... and the bodies of those who had already been buried in the now cursed soil.

Now Hearthglen is a place without purpose, forgotten even by the crows.