

The Curse of Sinkhole

In the heart of Stormy Point, where wind and hostile storms are a constant, lies Sinkhole, a vast crater with eternal flames licking the void. And its history is a tale of greed and punishment.

It all began with the discovery of a small mine by prospectors hungry for fortune. They spoke of a vein of metal so bright it blinded the eyes. They dug furiously, their tools biting into the rock as their souls sank into shadow. Then, on the thirteenth day, the earth answered them.

A roar split the air, and the ground gave way like a hungry mouth, swallowing men and their machinery. The ground shook, and from the newly created abyss burst red flames and a heat that tore the skin from the bones. The survivors fled, but they brought with them whispers of a curse: that the miners had pierced the heart of an ancient god, and now its fire would burn forever.

Locals tend to avoid Sinkhole. They swear that on the darkest nights, groans echo from the abyss, as if the spirits of the damned still roam the flames. No one dares approach. They say the fire is not just heat, but the very rancor of the earth. And in Sinkhole, the earth never forgets.