

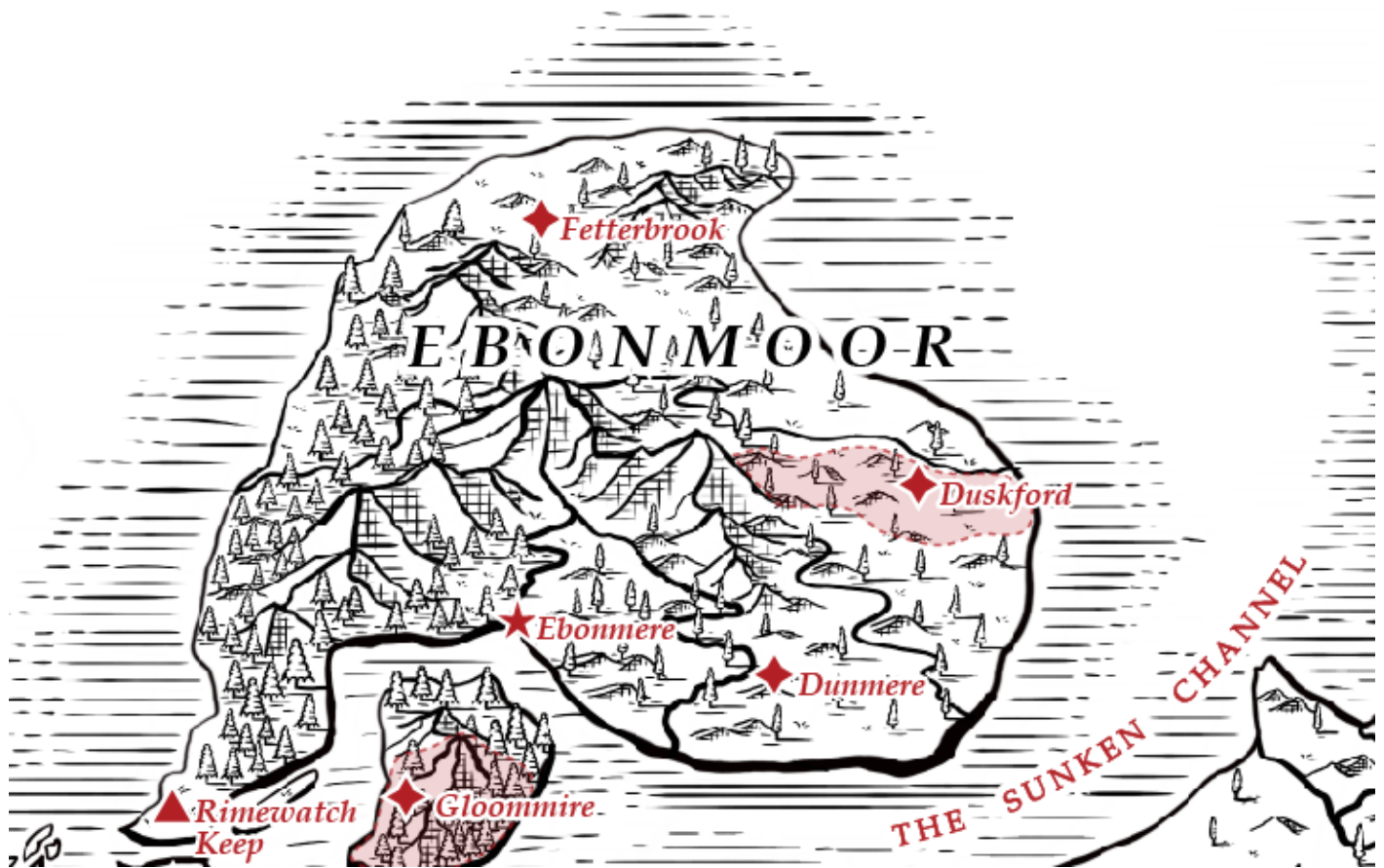
# Duskford

## The Stolen Harvest

“Ships come and go, always have. But that one... that one just sat there. No sails, no lanterns, no crew I could see. Days passed, and it didn't move, didn't drift, just sat watchin'. Then folk started gettin' sick. Fast. Too fast. And when the dead got up, that ship was gone, slipped into the mist like it was never there. But I saw it. I know what I saw.

— Renholt Grayne, former fisherman of Duskford

Once the beating heart of [Ebonmoor's](#) agriculture, Duskford stood as a pillar of stability, its rich, fertile lands yielding crops that not only fed its own people but sustained **Ebonmere and even portions of [Faulmoor](#)**. Alongside [Dunmere](#), it was the **breadbasket of the region**, a land transformed from simple farmland into an **agricultural powerhouse** after years of investment and cultivation. Its fertile soil, abundant water supply, and organized farming estates made it a critical asset, ensuring that even during difficult seasons, Ebonmoor had food to sustain itself and its trade routes.



When [Gloommire](#) fell to the Blight, **Duskford stood firm**, untouched and prepared to endure. The destruction of the bridges had severed Ebonmoor from the mainland's growing sickness, and for a time, it seemed the threat had been stopped before it could take hold. Vigilant quarantine measures, reinforced patrols, and cautious trade ensured that **not a single trace of the disease entered [Ebonmere](#) or its surrounding towns**. Ebonmoor, it seemed, had won.

But then the Blight came anyway.

**Strangely, it did not arrive from the south, as expected. It did not creep through the marshes, nor did it follow the roads from [Faulmoor](#). Instead, it struck Duskford directly, seemingly out of nowhere.** While [Ebonmere](#) and [Dunmere](#) remained untouched, **Duskford fell fast, almost unnaturally so.** Before any could react, the sickness had already taken hold, spreading through the town with terrifying speed. Overnight, it was as if **the Blight had appeared from nowhere, severing [Fetterbrook](#) in the north and cutting off another vital lifeline for [Ebonmoor](#).**



It was a disaster, but to some, **it was also too convenient.**

**Rumors spread like wildfire.** How had the Blight skipped over [Ebonmere](#) and [Dunmere](#)? Why had it struck so suddenly in a town that had been untouched for so long? Some whispered that **it had been placed there intentionally**, that the sickness had arrived not by land, but by **sea—brought by a plague ship that had deliberately anchored near Duskford's shores.** None can prove it, but among the lesser nobles of Ebonmere, **there are whispers that [Baron Valkenmar](#) had a hand in it**—that he knew Ebonmoor had survived too well, that it had remained too independent while the rest of Faulmoor suffered. **If Duskford fell, so too would Ebonmoor's food supply, forcing it to rely on the Baron's grain stores and kneel to his rule.**

Now, **Duskford is lost**, and the **once-fertile lands that surrounded it are tainted by the Blight.** Where golden fields of wheat and barley once swayed in the wind, **only rot remains.** The Blight has **warped the soil**, blackening the ground with unnatural decay, leaving the land unfit for harvest. What crops remain are **twisted, inedible things**, tainted by whatever force has taken root beneath the earth. The great **granaries and storehouses that once held Ebonmoor's surplus are now infested with the dead**, their halls silent but for the distant sound of shuffling, unseen figures lurking within.

With **Duskford gone, travel north is all but impossible.** [Fetterbrook](#), once a **minor but stable community**, is now **completely cut off**, its survival uncertain. The roads that once carried **trade, supplies, and messages between the settlements are overrun**, with only the **boldest smugglers and desperate hunters daring to travel through the infected farmlands.** The few who have returned tell of **fields where the dead wander aimlessly**, as if drawn by something unseen, and of **things hiding in the silos and abandoned farmhouses, waiting in**

**the dark for those foolish enough to approach.**

With Duskford lost, [Dunmere](#) has become Ebonmoor's last hope for food. **Extra protections have been sanctioned**, with patrols increasing and those who enter or leave **scrutinized as never before**. But it is not enough. The food demand is simply **too high**. **The once-overflowing granaries now empty faster than they can be replenished**, and **famine is a very real threat**. Without trade routes to the north, without access to the farmland that once fed an entire region, Ebonmoor now faces an **uncertain future**.

And yet, **the rumors persist**.

How did the Blight truly reach Duskford? **Was it chance? Or was it placed there by design?** As winter approaches and hunger sets in, the people of Ebonmoor begin to **look for someone to blame**.

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