

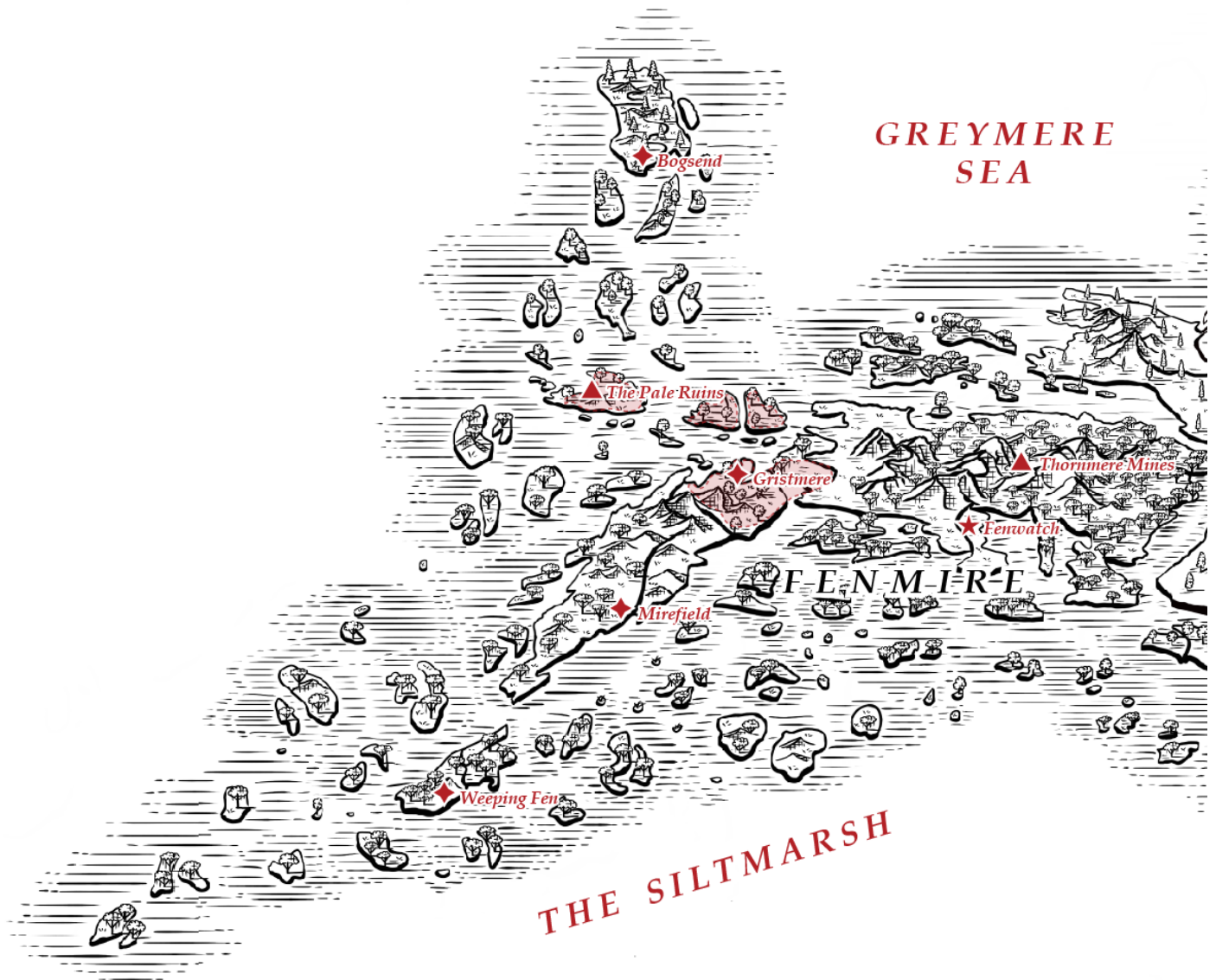
# Mirefield

## Where Loyalty Stands Unshaken

*“ We do not yield, we do not falter. Let the Blight claw at our gates, let the faithless whisper of our ruin—I will not let Mirefield fall. We hold the line, not just for ourselves, but for all of Fenmire. If the world must break, then we will be the last unbroken piece of it.*

— Governor [Marla Harrowden](#)

Mirefield stands as one of the last bastions of order in the collapsing landscape of [Fenmire](#), its loyalty to [House Harrowden](#) unwavering even as the Blight encroaches from the north. Once a thriving trade town, its connection to the greater region was severed when [Gristmere](#) fell, cutting off the main land route and forcing its people to rely on a precarious network of ferries and island-hopping to reach [Fenwatch](#). Though still functional, this method of travel is unreliable, and with each passing week, the distance between Mirefield and the rest of [Fenmire](#) grows ever wider.



Governor [Marla Harrowden](#), daughter of [Lord Harrowden](#), rules Mirefield with an iron will, determined to protect the stronghold her father entrusted to her. A leader both pragmatic and unyielding, she has taken extreme measures to ensure Mirefield remains secure. Fortifications have been strengthened, and she has overseen the construction of stone walls at the old mountain passes, sealing them off to prevent the spread of the infected. She knows it is only a matter of time before the sickness finds another way through, but she refuses to let Mirefield succumb without a fight.

Before the Blight, Mirefield was a bustling waypoint, its market square filled with traders from across [Fenmire](#). The town flourished due to its strong natural defenses, access to stone, and well-maintained roads that connected it to [Gristmere](#) and beyond. Inns bustled with travelers, blacksmiths worked tirelessly to supply tools and weapons, and the harbor was alive with ferries transporting goods and people. Now, those same ferries are the town's lifeline, their crews navigating the treacherous waters between the scattered islands and [Fenwatch](#), desperately trying to keep Mirefield from being entirely cut off.

The fall of [Gristmere](#) sent waves of desperate refugees southward, many of whom reached Mirefield before the Blight swallowed their home. The town swelled beyond its capacity, its once-orderly streets now crowded with makeshift shelters, ration lines, and an air of quiet desperation. The refugees, though grateful for sanctuary, have become both a strain and a necessity—extra mouths to feed, but also hands to build, guard, and fight. Mirefield is no longer just a fortified town; it is a city on the edge, bracing for the inevitable siege of death and decay.



Despite its growing isolation, Mirefield remains a key stronghold for [House Harrowden](#), and its people are fiercely loyal. The town's fortifications and disciplined leadership have kept it from falling into chaos, unlike so many other settlements in [Fenmire](#). Its stone walls, originally built for defense against raiders, are now lined with watchtowers, each manned with archers and sentries who rotate shifts in constant vigilance. The town's armory has been expanded, and makeshift barracks have been constructed to house a standing militia, trained daily under Marla's strict command. Supply caches have been hidden in case of siege, and well-armed patrols sweep through the outskirts to ensure no infected strays too close to the town's perimeter.

The increased fortifications and influx of soldiers have made Mirefield feel less like a town and more like a fortress. Blacksmiths work day and night forging weapons, while merchants carefully ration their dwindling supplies, knowing that resupply runs to [Fenwatch](#) are growing increasingly dangerous. Religious shrines that once welcomed weary travelers now host fearful gatherings, as priests whisper prayers for protection, their voices tinged with uncertainty. The streets are quieter now, the once-lively markets reduced to rationed trade, and the people have learned to live in wary expectation of the inevitable.

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## Detailed Overview

Attribute	Details
Region	Fenmire
Ruling House	House Harrowden
Population (Before Blight)	~3,000 (A prosperous trade and military town)
Population (After Blight)	~4,500 (Influx of Gristmere refugees and displaced survivors)
Major Industries	Military defense, blacksmithing, ferry trade, stone masonry
Primary Exports	Weapons, armor, stone, preserved food rations
Current Ruler	<b>Governor Marla Harrowden</b> (Daughter of Lord Harrowden)
Government Type	Military governance under House Harrowden
Defenses	Thick stone walls reinforced with watchtowers and barricades, mountain passes sealed with fortifications, armed patrols along the perimeter, hidden supply caches
Notable Features	<b>The Bastion Hall</b> (military command center), <b>The Anvil &amp; Ash</b> (blacksmithing guild), <b>The Stone Drake Inn</b> (fortified refuge for travelers and soldiers), <b>The Drowned Bell Tavern</b> (a haven for ferrymen and smugglers), <b>The Hall of the Last Ember</b> (a temple turned into a place of desperate worship)
Status	On high alert; growing isolation and dwindling supplies make survival uncertain, but its people remain fiercely loyal to House Harrowden and willing to fight to the end. Concern over <b>Weeping Fen</b> and the mysterious force calling itself <b>The Last God</b> grows daily.

## Notable Establishments

### The Bastion Hall

The heart of Mirefield's governance and military coordination, this fortified stone structure serves as both Marla Harrowden's seat of power and the town's command center. It houses war rooms, supply caches, and quarters for key officials and officers overseeing the town's defenses. Refugees seeking aid or conscripts looking for orders often gather outside its reinforced doors.

### The Anvil & Ash

A once-thriving blacksmithing guild now reduced to a grim forge of necessity, producing weapons, armor, and fortifications instead of merchant goods. The forge burns day and night, run by master smith **Jorel Tallow**, whose calloused hands and relentless work have made him one of Mirefield's most respected figures.

### The Stone Drake Inn

A sturdy, fortified inn that has become a vital refuge for weary travelers, soldiers, and refugees alike. Unlike its past, when it welcomed merchants and noble visitors, the inn now serves as a hub for rationed meals, heated debates, and the occasional drunken brawl between displaced men desperate for some illusion of normalcy. Its owner, **Elsa Warren**, holds her ground, ensuring order

within its walls.

## The Drowned Bell Tavern

A rough, dimly lit watering hole near the harbor, named for the sunken ship bell that serves as its entrance marker. It caters to ferrymen, mercenaries, and those willing to trade in the gray areas of Mirefield's struggling economy. While Mirefield enforces strict control over its resources, rumors say the tavern's backrooms serve as a meeting place for smugglers and those who deal in contraband.

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