

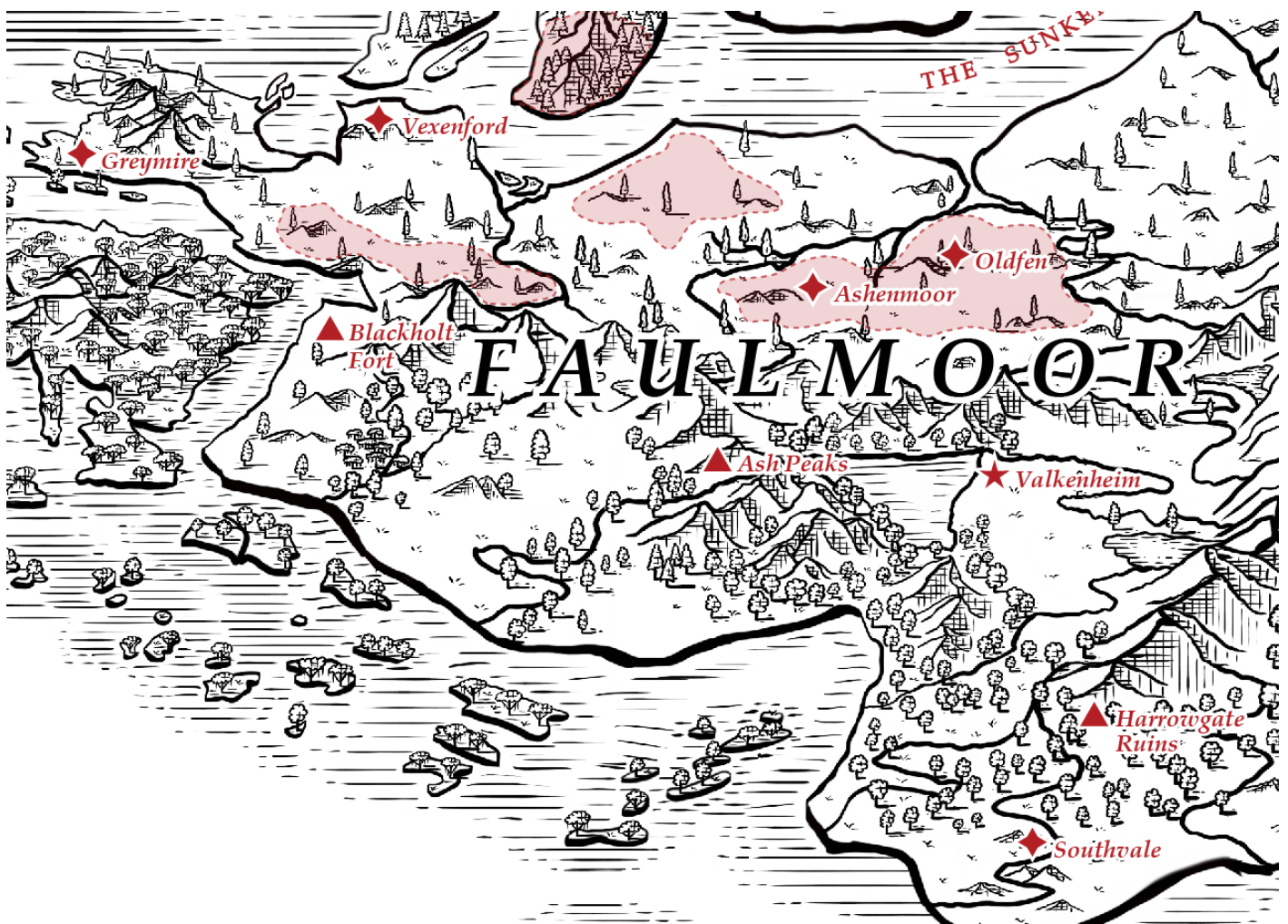
The Ash Peaks

The Unclaimed Heights of Faulmoor

“The Ash Peaks? A land of untamed beauty and forgotten history! Every ridge hides a story, every cave whispers of something lost to time. The fools call it treacherous—I call it an open invitation. There’s glory to be found in those peaks, if one has the courage to claim it.

— **Eldrin Varrow, Explorer of the Unknown**

Rising in jagged defiance at the heart of [Faulmoor](#), the **Ash Peaks** are a rugged and inhospitable mountain range bordering the capital. While not the tallest peaks in the land, they are treacherous enough to make passage through them perilous, forcing most travelers to take longer routes around. The mountains are composed of **dark, craggy rock**, their slopes veined with deep fissures and shadowed gullies, carved over centuries by relentless winds and cold, biting rains.



Mist clings stubbornly to the upper ridges, often rolling down into the valleys below like a slow-moving tide, swallowing entire sections of the landscape in a suffocating fog. The peaks are crowned in jagged, uneven formations, some resembling the **broken teeth of a long-dead giant**, others standing tall and thin like the remains of a forgotten fortress. Cracked ravines, hidden sinkholes, and treacherous shale deposits make even the most well-planned routes unpredictable, and many who attempt to map the region find their paths shifting as if the mountains themselves are unwilling to be known.

Geography & Isolation

The Ash Peaks are riddled with **caves and forgotten tunnels**, some natural, others carved by hands long dead. Among these is the **Sveerla Mines**, once a thriving excavation site for valuable minerals and metals. Now, it lies abandoned, its depths flooded or collapsed, its wealth nothing but a memory. Those who venture into its ruined passages do so at great risk, for the mountain does not give up its secrets easily.



At the heart of the range lies the **Valley of Ash**, a desolate stretch of land where the winds carry fine gray dust, coating everything in a dull, lifeless sheen. The valley is said to be the result of an ancient calamity, though no records remain of what could have caused such devastation. The soil is barren, incapable of sustaining life, and travelers who pass through speak of an unnatural silence, as if the very air holds its breath.

High above the valley, jagged peaks give way to **The Shattered Spires**, a series of towering rock formations that rise like broken fingers grasping at the sky. Some believe they were once the foundations of an ancient stronghold, now eroded beyond recognition. The wind howls eerily through the gaps in the stone, producing a sound that some claim is the whisper of long-dead voices carried on the air.

With the rise of the [Rotmire Blight](#), desperate refugees fled into the mountains, seeking shelter from the horrors below. But the Ash Peaks are no sanctuary—the land is harsh, food is scarce, and those who call the peaks home must contend with predators, both mortal and otherwise. The Blight's presence, if it has reached the mountains, remains unconfirmed, but **if the infection festers within the peaks, no one will be there to warn the lands below**. The military presence of [House Valkenmar](#) does not extend here; the mountains are lawless, claimed only by those strong enough to endure them.

Rumors & Legends of the Ash Peaks

The Ash Peaks are steeped in mystery, their depths harboring **tales of vanished explorers, ancient tombs, and spectral horrors**. Few who enter return unchanged, and those who do whisper of **things best left undisturbed**.

The Hollow King Sleeps

Among the most enduring myths of the Ash Peaks is the legend of the **Hollow King**, a forgotten warrior whose throne still lies hidden somewhere within the mountains. Long ago, miners in the **Sveerla Mines** stumbled upon an unnatural chamber—a **black throne of strange metal**, carved with runes no scholar could decipher. The throne was empty, but those who laid eyes upon it claimed they felt an overwhelming **presence, as if something was waiting to return**. Shortly after, those miners vanished, and the tunnels leading to the chamber were sealed, ensuring that none would disturb what slumbered beneath the stone.

The Crown of the Hollow King (*Rumored Relic*)

Among the myths tied to the Hollow King is the legend of his **crown**, said to be hidden somewhere in the Ash Peaks. Some say it was placed upon his throne to **seal something inside**, while others believe it is an artifact of immense power, waiting for one worthy to claim it. No one knows its true purpose, only that it was once worn by a **great warrior**, one whose deeds were so grand—or so terrible—that their very name was erased from history.

Those who have sought the relic have either vanished or returned empty-handed, speaking only of **wrong turns, dead ends, and an unnatural sense of being watched**. Some say the Hollow King's power came from the crown itself, while others claim it was merely a symbol, a mark of his legend. Whether it grants strength, wisdom, or something far darker remains **unknown**.

Many who hear the legend dismiss it as folly, yet the whispers persist. Perhaps the crown is still buried somewhere deep beneath the mountain, untouched for centuries. Or perhaps it was never real at all, merely a tale meant to lure the desperate into the mountain's grasp.

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