

# Thornmere Mines

## A Grave of Silver

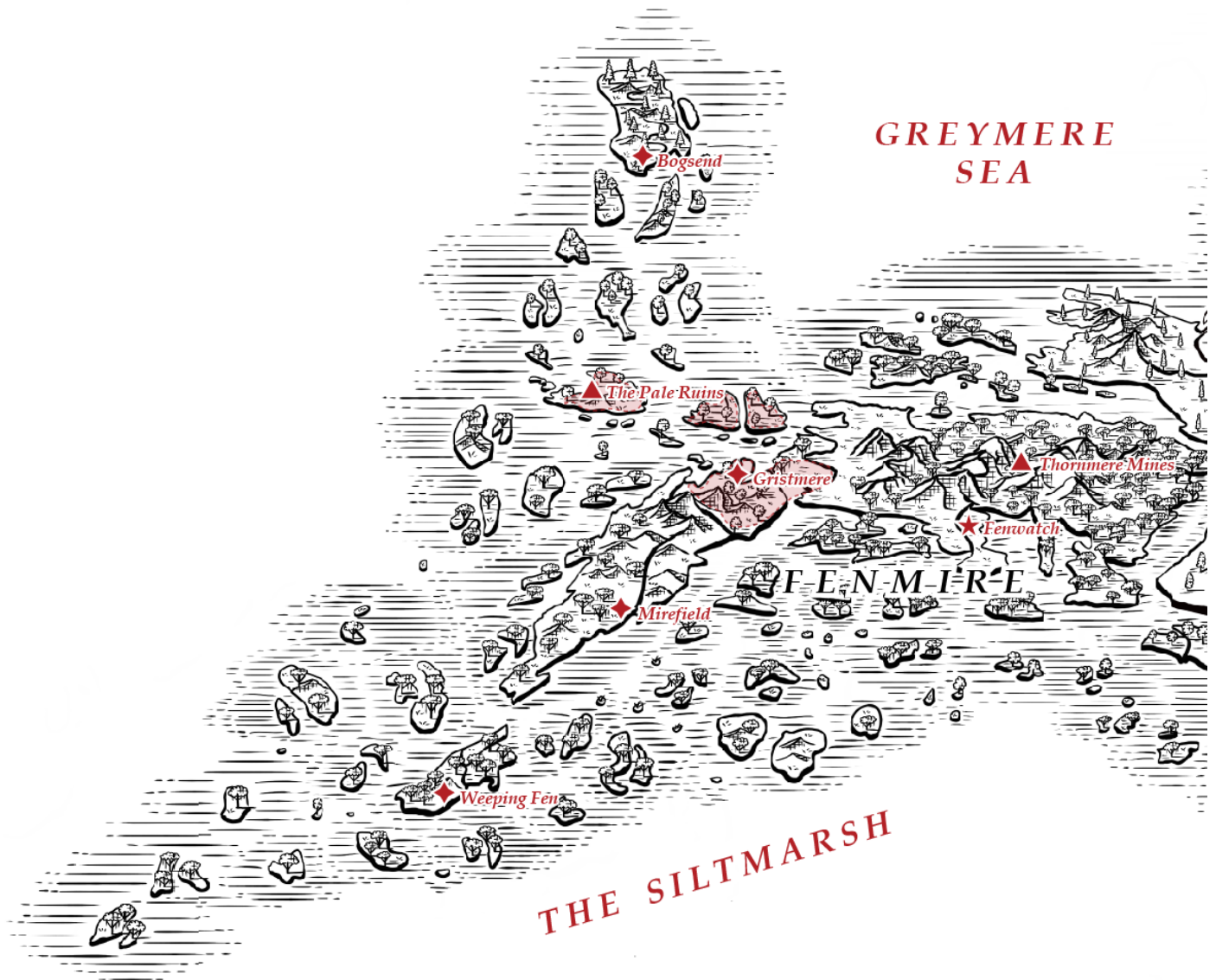
“You dig long enough in Thornmere, and the silver starts feeling less like fortune and more like a curse. The deeper we go, the stranger the earth becomes—veins that twist in ways they shouldn’t, tunnels that weren’t carved by our hands. Some men hear things in the dark. Some don’t come back at all. But so long as silver spills from these walls, the digging won’t stop.

— **Foreman Vren**

The Thornmere Mines are the lifeblood of [Fenmire](#), a vast network of tunnels and shafts dug deep into the earth where veins of silver weave through the bedrock like trapped lightning. Discovered decades ago, these mines transformed [Fenwatch](#) from a lawless swamp-town into a seat of power, giving [House Harrowden](#) the wealth and leverage it needed to solidify its claim over the region.

Though the mines have brought fortune, they have also brought suffering, and those who toil within its depths know only hardship.

The entrance to the mines lies beyond the thickest part of the marsh, where the land rises just enough to hold firm beneath the weight of carts and stonework. The path leading to Thornmere is treacherous, winding through half-sunken trails, over rotting bridges, and past quagmires where the unwary vanish without a trace.



The mine itself is surrounded by a collection of crude barracks, storage buildings, and watchtowers—all constructed from waterlogged timber and reinforced with scavenged stone. Smoke rises from blacksmith forges, mixing with the ever-present mist that clings to the fens. A high palisade encircles the entrance, more to keep desperate thieves and vagrants out than to protect the workers within. Guard towers dot the perimeter, and a defensive garrison maintains a strict watch, ensuring that no one enters—or escapes—without permission.

Since the outbreak of the [Rotmire Blight](#), security has been further tightened, with additional patrols and fortifications to prevent any risk of infection spreading through the workforce. [Silver has become more valuable than ever](#), both as currency and as a weapon against the Blight, making the mines a critical stronghold for [House Harrowden](#).

Inside, the mines are a labyrinth of damp tunnels, echoing with the distant sound of pickaxes striking stone. The walls glisten in the dim lantern light, streaked with veins of silver that seem to pulse when caught at the right angle. Many who work here are prisoners, debtors, or those too poor to refuse the dangerous labor.



The poorest of [Fenmire](#)'s native marshfolk are often forced into the mines, condemned to toil away under brutal conditions. Overseers watch from makeshift platforms, their whips ready to lash out at the sluggish. Accidents are frequent—collapsing tunnels, gas pockets, and the ever-present risk of drowning when the swamp above seeps through weakened rock.

Rumors persist that Thornmere runs deeper than any map suggests, that some tunnels were not dug by mortal hands but discovered already existing. Strange symbols are occasionally found carved into the rock, too eroded to decipher, and miners whisper of voices echoing from chambers that should be empty.

Some who venture too deep return raving or do not return at all. Those who disappear are often written off as victims of the mine's many dangers, but the stories persist—of something waiting in the dark, buried beneath Thornmere long before [House Harrowden](#) ever struck its first pick into the earth.

More recently, hushed voices in [Fenwatch](#) speak of another threat—not one lurking in the depths, but in the shallowness of the veins. There are whispers that Thornmere has been exhausted, that the once-rich veins of silver are running dry.

Some miners claim to have been sent deeper into the treacherous tunnels in search of more, despite the growing risk of collapses and unknown horrors. If the rumors are true, [House Harrowden](#) faces a dire reckoning; their power is built on silver, and without it, their grip on [Fenmire](#) may slip.

But for now, the mines continue to produce, and [House Harrowden](#) will not relinquish its grip on Thornmere, nor will it spare the lives of those who dig its wealth from the depths. The mines remain a place of opportunity and doom, where fortunes are made and lives are lost in equal measure, and where the darkness beneath the earth may hold secrets that should have remained buried.

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## Detailed Overview

Attribute	Details
<b>Region</b>	Fenmire (Fenwatch)
<b>Ownership</b>	House Harrowden
<b>Workforce (Before Blight)</b>	~1,200 (Miners, laborers, and overseers)
<b>Workforce (After Blight)</b>	~800 (Forced laborers, prisoners, and dwindling workers due to deaths and disappearances)
<b>Major Resource</b>	Silver (veins nearly depleted)
<b>Current Use</b>	Mining, but also rumored to be used for secretive purposes beneath the tunnels
<b>Conditions</b>	Harsh and dangerous; collapsing tunnels, deadly gas pockets, and whispers of unnatural occurrences
<b>Security</b>	Stronger after the Blight; wooden palisades, reinforced barricades, and armed enforcers preventing escape or outside interference
<b>Notable Features</b>	The Deep Veins (dangerous lower tunnels), Overseer's Post (fortified control hub), The Chained Pit (a shaft that descends into unexplored darkness)
<b>Rumors &amp; Mysteries</b>	Ancient carvings deep within the tunnels, strange disappearances, and whispers of a lost chamber tied to something older than the mines
<b>Status</b>	Struggling to maintain operations; House Harrowden is desperate to keep silver flowing, despite growing dangers and unrest among the workers

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