

HOLLOW CREEK

A thick fog blankets the landscape, obscuring your view until a village's outlines gradually emerge. The air is damp and carries a chill that seems to seep into your bones. Through the mist, you discern the silhouettes of buildings, old and worn, their architecture a mix of practicality and an age-long forgotten. The streets are nearly empty, the quiet only broken by the occasional sound of a distant bell or the soft murmur of conversation.

You notice figures moving through the fog, their forms hazy and indistinct. The village has a somber atmosphere, and the people you glimpse seem to move with purpose, yet with an air of caution. As you pass by, you catch sight of a small market square, where a handful of locals trade goods, their voices low and eyes frequently darting to the fog. The sense of a community living in the shadow of something unseen is palpable in the air.

Hollow Creek, enshrouded in an unrelenting, thick fog, harbors an unsettling stillness. Its streets, often empty, are lined with buildings that wear the patina of age and neglect. The fog seems almost sentient, twisting and coiling around the town's eerie landmarks—a dilapidated asylum standing sentinel on its outskirts, its history shrouded in whispered rumors of malpractice and despair. Nearby, an old hotel looms, its once grand halls now silent, save for the occasional creak of decaying floorboards, as if echoing footsteps of long-gone guests.

On the town's periphery lies an ancient keep, its stone walls steeped in legends of forbidden rituals and midnight gatherings. The nearby deep mine, now abandoned, extends into the earth like a gaping maw, its tunnels rumored to be endless and labyrinthine, hiding within them stories of workers who ventured too deep and never returned. The town's residents, a tight-lipped and wary group, seem to carry the weight of Hollow Creek's hidden horrors, their eyes often darting to the ever-present fog, as if expecting it to reveal something unspeakable. Whispers of unexplained phenomena—the fleeting glimpse of figures in the fog, strange lights near the keep, and an unsettling melody heard emanating from the depths of the mine—permeate the air, adding to the town's haunted visage.

Basic Information

Outsiders familiar with Hollow Creek know the following information about the village.

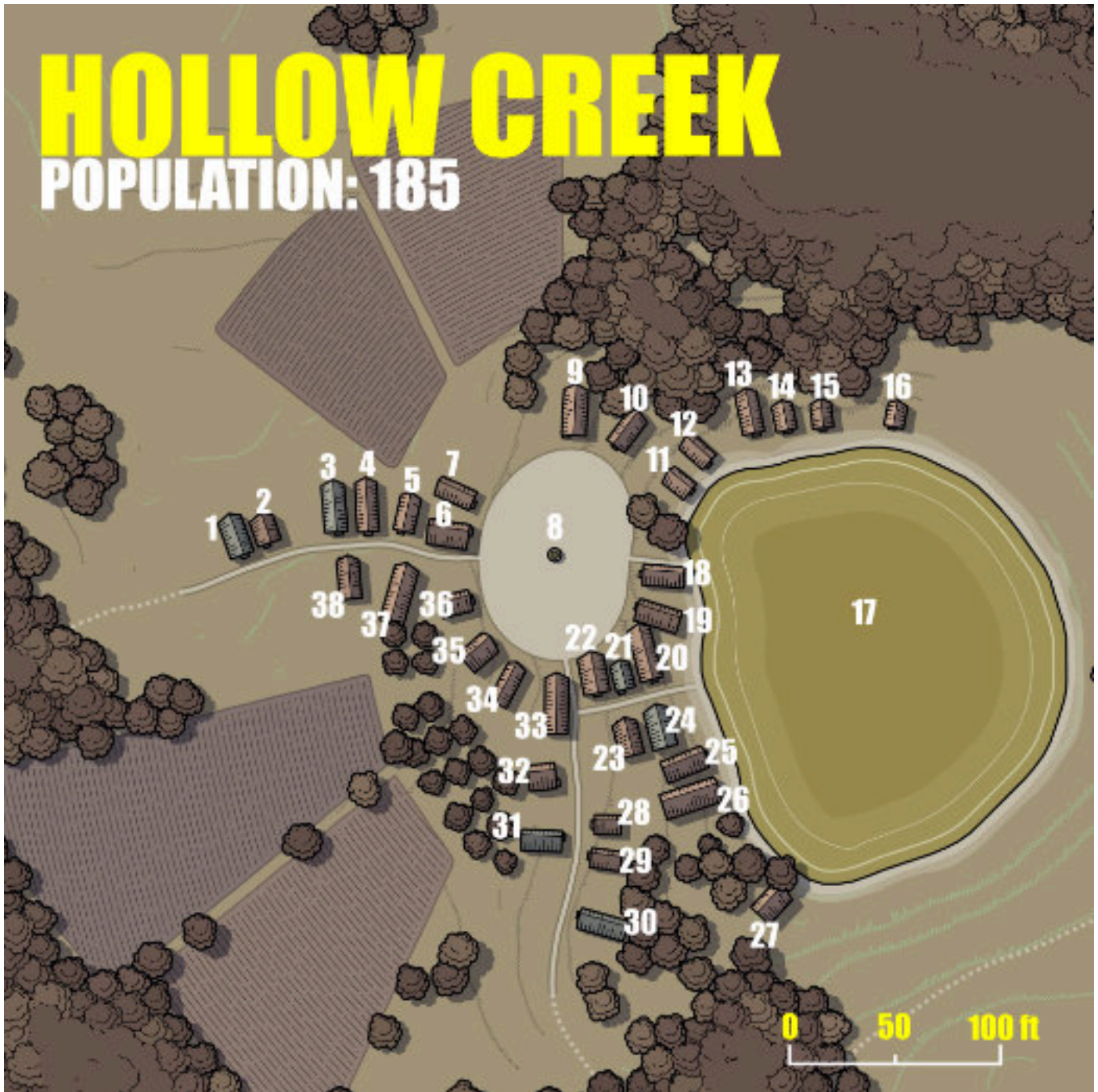
Population: 185

Leadership: Whispers circulate about Elder Marrow, the enigmatic and revered member of Hollow Creek's council. Rumors suggest his wisdom extends beyond the natural, delving into the arcane mysteries that shroud the town, and that his counsel is often sought to interpret the strange occurrences enveloping this fog-veiled community.

Defense: Hollow Creek, shrouded in its perpetual fog, supposedly relies on a combination of its natural isolation and a small, dedicated group of town guards for defense. These guards, known as the "Mist Wardens," are not only skilled in combat but are also well-versed in the peculiarities of the town, using the fog to their advantage. They patrol the town's borders and key locations, particularly guarding against threats that emerge from the eerie surroundings like the deep mine and the old keep.

Commerce: Commerce in Hollow Creek is modest and mostly self-sustained, driven by the necessities of its residents. The town's isolation means that trade is limited, but essential goods are produced locally, such as food from small-scale farming and items crafted by skilled artisans. Occasionally, traders brave the fog to bring in goods not available in Hollow Creek, often exchanging these for the town's unique, locally made products.





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