

The Ferryman's Last Lantern



Old Leris carried this lantern through rain, fog, and the hush between one bank and the other. Its warm light once promised safe passage across a cruel river. Now it rests in quieter hands, smelling faintly of oil, mud, and old rope. Some say a hidden note in its base names the passengers from his final crossing.

Others say the river still remembers who never paid their fare that night.