

The Rain-Sworn Cobbler's Awl



A cobbler's awl worn smooth by patient hands and rainy nights. It once mended boots, harness straps, and broken promises in a riverside workshop. Hidden inside its handle, beneath old wax, sleeps a scrap of sailcloth bearing six names. Some seek justice; others seek silence. The tool holds no power, only the kind of truth that leaves marks in leather, blood, and the hush before stormlight returns.