

# Tactical Metallurgy

The monster hunter leaped clear just before the lava demon smashed into the ledge. Ironically, the same spells that allowed the demon to move around also kept the hunter from dying anyway. But one hit from those glowing arms...

The hunter drew his telescoping cross-guard pike, snapped it to full length. The demon sneered, naturally. “*Silver?* I burn too hot for silver to keep its edge.” The demon arrogantly leaped onto the pike... and the hunter savored the look on the monster’s face as the tip bit fatally deep.

“That’s why it’s silver-*coated*. ‘Tungsten in the core, demon no more...’”

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