

For All Your Adventuring Needs

The ten-foot poles were actually rather nice: they had collapsible segments made out of something called ‘titanium.’ I had discreetly asked, and was assured that no actual Titans were used in making them. And the prices! A bag of gold went ridiculously far, here. Silver, too.

I turned to my dwarven companion. “You said that this world had these merchants, even before the Council opened the Portal?”

He stroked his beard. “Aye. Not as many polearms or shields, though. They sold things for what these folk call ‘camping.’”

I frowned. “You mean, like in the woods? Why?”

“For... fun?”

“Astounding.”

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