



THE TEAR & WEAR

BY MAGNUS LAURSEN

THOSE WHO FIGHT MONSTERS... SHOULD REALLY DO SO IN STYLE! A tireless trapper and nomadic monster hunter, Garfred Manymane is known to set up shop in the woodland edges of massive forests or near the wooden outskirts of small towns. Informally known as the Tear & Wear, the shop's name perfectly reflects the survivalist attitude of its rugged owner and his penchant for turning fangs and hides into weapons and armor. Those looking to unleash the beast need look no further. Garfred's got you covered... in chitin, feathers, scales, and more!

THE SHOP

"All beasts speak the same language and it is written in blood, flesh, and bone. To mantle their power means to strip it from them and claim it for yourself."

Garfred Manymane

A MONSTROUS EXTERIOR

"I swear, that thing isn't half as dead as it ought to be! I've seen it move at night too, wading right through the forest! I guess leaving giant footprints on my potato field is one way of promoting your business, pah!"

Lasse, local farmer

Those arriving at the Tear & Wear are as likely to mistake it for the carcass of some great beast, as for an actual store. Viewed from the outside, the massive dome-like tent bears more than a passing resemblance to the skeletal remains of a colossal turtle shell, covered in leather scraps and lined with giant bones. Four arched pillars of fossilized bone gird the store like ponderous legs, each of them the length and girth of an oak tree. Like enormous poles, they anchor the leathery tent cloth to the ground and connect at the top with a string of osseous plates running across the pavilion like a spine.

Most notable, however, is the gargantuan yawning cranium that serves as the macabre portal to the shop's interior. Possibly reptilian in origin, its cavernous jaws are wide and high enough to comfortably hold a band of adventurers entering at the same time. No wares are put on display outside - at least not any that can readily be distinguished from the bones and hides that comprise the tent itself. Nor are there any signs or written markers to indicate that this is indeed a shop and not the private hut of some morbid hunter. And yet the colossal skull serves as both a deterrent and a point of intrigue for passing travelers, its gaping maw beckoning those brave enough to enter.