But that’s the thing isn’t it? You never have enough. It’s always one more dice, one more mini, one more palm... hey!, that reminds me! I had a mate Lin, Liz, Lin-dy, Lindy! Yes, that’s it!… Lindy… Anyway, this mate that I had-have, back in Greenline, was way into palms! One Sunday, a palm dealer came to the Sunday market. I was looking for some new shirt studs as the old ones had a bad habit of not coming unstuck - funny story that actually, I’d spent a long night at my cousin’s aunt’s second wedding, I’ll let you know that that side of the family always threw the wildest parties, they even convinced a wizard to come down and do some shows a couple times and this was as such tonight. I challenged him to a drinking game of riddles, I, can't hold my drink for the life of me but I’m bloody good at riddles and thought I’d have a good shot of winning. Had I been wiser I’d have known better than to challenge a wizard to riddles, alas I was a young man, 30 odd at the time. Come to think of it, that’d probably be why I had it rough that morning, thankfully he was one of the kinder wizards and as such was able to get me to my door. I thanked him and he cleaned me up with a wave of one of those polished walking sticks they always carry, then I collapsed on the mat in the antechamber, but it was mid summer so I needn’t worry about the cold. The next morning I couldn’t get my shirt studs to unfasten and had to skulk round town in my best clothes - thankfully old Fosco - my mam’s older brother, a retired tailor and my apprentice master - didn’t see me, otherwise I’d’ve ‘ad an earful about not savouring your best for special occasions - although I though that was quite a backwards idea, “always dress your best” I say, you never know when you might have to stop by at a fancy wizard’s party and they won’t let you in because you don’t fit the dress code and you be left saying “damned it, if only I’d had the mind to listen to old Lint about always wearing your best, I wouldn’t be left wondering what I was missing in that wizard party!” And I’d go “I told you so, should’ve just listen to me I the first place, then you’d be in that wizard’s party having the time of your life, playing riddles, drinking magic fizz, smoking pipes and witnessing actual real life wizards do actual real life magiks!”

Anyway, eventually I made my way down to Ruby - the jeweller,’s place and she had to cut the studs straight off of my shirt, good ones too, rhinestones, but I guess it was better than the alternative, ruining my lovely velvet shirt - a gift from my late grandpa for my 20th, which was in turn a gift from his late grandpa for his 30th, in fact, I’ve still got it at home, have to bring it next time one of yous have a wedding, or your 40th, or 30th maybe, someday at least. Although, I probably could’ve repaired them with a few stitches, but it’s never the same, you know?

Anyway what were we talking about? Right, right, Lint-Lindy and his palms! So I was at the Sunday market looking for new shirt studs, as you know and I happened across a coin on the ground! Not one to refuse a gift from the universe, I picked it up and carried on until I came across a palm dealer! So I think to myself “That’d be a good gift for my mam’s brother’s 20th, you know, a palm to liven up his house!” So I buy the palm and his 50th rolls round and I go and give him the palm. He asks “Where’d you get this palm?

In truth, there was no Lindy. It was me, Lint, the whole time. I bought the first palm in preparation for an event I was hosting on my property - the passing of dear old uncle Bennet. Although I say dear old uncle in a respectful way ‘course. He was neither dear nor my uncle. Not dear as he was always going on and on about these boring stories that never got finished because he’d start talking about something else or fall asleep before getting to the crux of the argument. Same with the punch of jokes too. Also, he was really my dad’s older half-sister’s first husband. When my dad’s sister died, he felt bad for Bennet, you know, losing a spouse and all, even if they’d been divorced a decade ago, two years and three kids into their marriage. They’d always kept in touch, bit unorthodox I’d say, but you can’t really fault them, they both wanted to be ‘round their kids. Good man not to leave them after a divorce. Not that he didn’t want to leave, but da told him when he got married “Bennet if you run away from any more children you have, I’m going to hunt you down and cut off your ears.” By then he’d already gone through three wives and left nine kids. He promised he wouldn’t leave them, and, to his regard he did, even if he only visited them on weekends. But that was no concern, da knew he alway had an attachment to his ears did old Bennet. Even if da didn’t approve of his sister’s choice in husbands until her third one - by then she was old and wanted to settle down. One of her ex-boyfriends was in town for his cousin’s wedding and they got back together. Nice man he was, always telling us (once) youngins about daring adventures stealing treasure from a dragon before lying low as it burned down a nearby town and three surrounding villages. Or raiding the crypt of a dead lich, unintentionally bringing them back from the dead and almost triggering a second necro-age before burying them under a mountain. Always Afterwards no less than

Did I find the shirt studs?

No, I didn’t. In the end I opted to commission some from Ruby, not without making sure they could be fastened and unfastened easily of course. Eventually I even got them enchanted by a young wizard that was so poor at riddles I was able to get him to give me a go at his wand too in return for teaching him some of my better riddles, never my best though, no, those are saved for special occasions. Still good friends with that one. We go out whenever I’m in the area, their and old creature nowadays, little ones and everything. Haven’t actually seen them in a while now come to think of it, guess I’ve just been busy. I often think you humans grow up too fast, but then again, maybe we live too long… I’ve got them on now actually, self securing sterling silver shirt studs, silver imported from the best silver mines in the west! Also effective against were-houses and were-house related thefts. - That’s a joke by the way. Although, ‘avin’ said that, I ‘eard of some cases of abode-anthropic south of ‘ere couple ‘ears ago.

I saw a business opportunity in palms and I went for it. I contacted the palm dealer from the market and started with 10 palms and they sold with the week. I went to 30, sold in two. I thought “damn, there must be something in palms!” So I went all out, bought a small warehouse, organised a supplier of exotic palms and business was good. Sure I’d sold my home, but that was the cost of innovation, plus, I’d have enough to buy it back 10 fold next session. First month we got the word out, sold over 200 palms. Second month 250. This was good, if we kept it up I’d be able to retire before I’d gone grey and be able to fulfil my owning a small, bespoke tailoring business. I’dn't even need to turn a profit! It was all smooth sailing until halfway through the first quarter of our second year. I was looking through