



ANKH-MORPORK
THROUGH THE AGES

TERRY PRATCHET'S
DISCWORLD
ADVENTURES IN ANKH-MORPORK

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ANKH MORPORK: THROUGH THE AGES

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Product Number: MUH157009
 ISBN: 978-1-80281-436-1

Manufactured by Eastar in China
 Batch Number: 64058
 Modiphius Europe Ltd.
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With Grateful Thanks to:

Louis "Johnny Board Games" Wilkins, without whom...

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CONTENTS

ERAS OF HISTORY.....3

Abiding by the Lore.....3

THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION.....5

Welcome to the Glorious Revolution.....5

How Do You Rise Up?.....7

Getting Organised.....10

Familiar Faces.....11

THE PRODUCTION.....27

Introduction.....27

Getting Started.....27

Cast and Crew.....30

Act I, Scene I: When A Lord Winder is Born.....32

Act I, Scene IV: In Which We Enter

Ankh-Morpork.....34

Act I, Scene X: Wherein We Reveal

Laughing Lord Scapula.....35

Interval.....36

Act II, Scene VII: Lord Winder Slays

the Dragon, Alle'Goree.....39

Act II, Scene XXX: Our Hero Gets

The Girl (Big Finish).....41

That's A Wrap!.....41

THE BAD OLD DAYS.....43

Era of Beginnings.....43

The Ankh-Morpork of Old.....44

The Broken Drum.....44

Playing in the Era.....44

Organisations.....47

Familiar Faces.....50

ARE YOU THERE.....63

Introduction.....63

Getting Started.....64

Riianere's Travel Service Stall.....68

Trade Association of Seers, Haruspex, Augurs, and
Miscellaneous Future Tellers (SHAM) Stall.....69

Big Fountain in Sator Square.....70

Dugz Hardhead's Artiseanal Mercenary Service.....71

Smiffy's Blacksmith Card.....72

Hats by Bernard Stall.....73

Sharp's Cheesemongery Stall.....74

Sator Square Sewer Entrance (Exterior).....75

Wrapping Up.....77

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.....79

Where Do We Start?.....79

Revolutionising Ankh-Morpork.....80

Playing in this Era.....82

Organisations.....85

The NPCs of the Future.....88

Familiar Faces.....88

REVOLUTIONISING AN INDUSTRY.....107

Kicking, Screaming, Dragging:

A How to Guide.....108

Bringing New Industries to the Disc.....112



ERAS OF HISTORY

Welcome to *Ankh-Morpork Through the Ages!*

This volume will guide you through three of Ankh-Morpork's most defining eras as we dive into both the history and the future of this most stinking example of civilization. We will open up even more possibilities for you and your players to explore, be these new organisations for characters to associate with, new species to play, or new adventures to delve into.

The three eras we'll be diving into are:

- ◆ *The Glorious Revolution* (p. 5)
- ◆ *The Bad Old Days** (p. 43)
- ◆ *The Industrial Revolution* (p. 79)

Each era contains new character creation options and guidance for you on how roleplaying in this setting is distinct from roleplaying in the normal Now of *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*. Each era also includes an adventure to throw you into that period and get you stuck into these particular slices of Ankh-Morpork's rich and varied history.

ABIDING BY THE LORE

The eras explored in this volume are incredibly varied, but a few themes run through them: persecution, discrimination, and uncertainty. These subjects were close to Terry's heart as he wrote, and they form the backdrop for many of the stories in these eras, but they don't have to be the themes of your game. Tell the story you want to tell and use these eras as anything from a backdrop to the driving force. Embrace, change, tweak or reject any aspect that doesn't fit with your game or group. Have wizards standing on the barricades defending their own newly formed republic, place characters out of time, or let goblins do whatever humans do. We know these periods of Ankh-Morpork's turgid history through the lens of specific stories, but you are not beholden to their lore.

Now, that's quite enough preamble. There's revolution afoot.


* Look, we know. It's a bit weird that the other two titles have 'revolution' in them and this one doesn't, and frankly it offends our sensibilities to break the pattern. However, we spent bloody ages trying to think of a good title for this era with 'revolution' in the name and we came up blank, so this is what you're getting.



THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION



In which we Discover When is Now — Welcome You to the Revolution — Realise Everything is In a State — Find Out How You Rise Up — Become Revolutionaries — Meet the People — Take a Step Back in Time — and Break a Leg



WHEN IS NOW?


We know about the Now of *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*, but this is the Then. A little over 30 years before Now-ish (time being somewhat inconsistent on the Disc) there was a revolution. This revolution was re-lived by Sam Vimes in the events of *Night Watch*,* and can be said to be the pebble that started the avalanche that eventually led to the modern day Ankh-Morpork we know and tolerate. The revolution, and the events leading up to it, form the backdrop of the Now of this era.

The creation, and subsequent dissolution, of the People's Republic of Treacle Mine Road could have been a footnote in history. It would have been too, if it wasn't for the intervention of Sergeant-at-arms John Keel, or Sam Vimes depending on which trouser-leg of time you happen to be in.

That is the story we already know. The culmination of machinations both big and small. Of business interests, the concern of citizens and the paranoia of Lord Winder. Here, though, we aim to look at the state of our most-beloved Ankh-Morpork before and during the events of the Glorious Twenty-fifth of May.

WELCOME TO THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION

It is the Year of the Dancing Dog in the Century of the Fruitbat. Times in Ankh-Morpork are hard. Harder than usual. Curfews are in full effect, the hurry-up wagon reaps a nightly harvest of vagabonds, party-goers, and ne'er-do-wells. Those left to the Particulars' gentle ministrations are seldom seen again. The city is rife with suspicion as the insane paranoia of the Patrician, Lord Winder, seeps its way into every aspect of life. In fact, the only thing that is thriving is the lilac.



RECOMMENDED READING
Night Watch

* Which, as of the time of writing, has just been announced as a Penguin Classic. No mean feat, penguins are very picky about their literature.



THE STATE OF THE WATCH

This is the old Watch, long before Carrot stirs the pot. The Night Watch is populated almost exclusively by people too scruffy, ugly, incompetent, awkwardly shaped, or bloody-minded for the Day Watch — which is saying a lot, considering the Day Watch let in Sergeant Quirke. Most watchmen joined for the lukewarm meals, lack of heavy lifting, and chance to take home a few dollars extra in 'perks' from those unfortunate enough to help the Watch with their enquiries. This is the time of privilege, or private law. If you have enough money, the right name or, more importantly, the connections, you can get away with murder. Quite literally.

Incompetent and corrupt though they may be, neither the Night nor Day Watch truly encapsulate the terror of this era. There's a name that even coppers fear: the Particulars. The long arm of the Patrician's paranoia, these secret police are charged with rooting out conspiracy, whether it's there or not. Overseen by Captain Swing, this mix of thugs and worse employs an ancient form of policing: keep hitting until you get a confession, then hit some more for good measure. The Unmentionables, as they are 'affectionately' known, commit atrocities in the name of reason that unreason could never dream of.

THE STATE OF THE REVOLUTION

When picturing a revolution, we may imagine people like Reg Shoe standing atop barricades, long hair and flags streaming in the breeze, tunefully singing anthems and revolutionary ditties with full choreographed backup. This is rarely the case. Firstly, anyone standing that obviously on a barricade is likely to be shot and, secondly, the actual revolutionaries are busy behind closed doors, organising. Not out on the streets making targets of themselves, they leave that to the sloganeers, skivers and hangers-on.

In this particular revolution, the main player is Madam Roberta Meserole. She wishes to have vested interests in Ankh-Morpork, if only the situation can be stabilised. Madam and her friends work tirelessly, champagne bottles in hand, from the comfort of drawing and dining rooms. It is they

who truly run this revolution, paying the assassins, and ensuring that Winder's friends, slowly but surely, become his enemies.

Madam has friends in all sorts of places, from the upper echelons of society to the Shades. Most notable among them are Rosie Palm and the seamstresses, who have been assured by Snapcase that they will be allowed to form a guild of their own. There is no better way to get messages, information, and weapons across the city. After all, no-one will bother a seamstress for fear of the Agony Aunts' response (*Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook*, p. 140).

The revolution has another unseen ally. Madam's nephew, an excessively diligent student of the Assassins' Guild who knows more about moving unseen than anyone who hasn't been digested by a tiger. Havelock Vetinari is a mere stripling, and his role in the revolution is known to very few indeed.

THE STATE OF THE CITY


This is a time of suspicion and frustration. Everyone from dear old mums on Cockbill Street to the head of the Assassins' Guild agree that a change is needed. For most, that change looks like Lord Snapcase, who, unlike Winder, rides in an open-top-carriage, shakes hands and takes an interest, even if it is just for show.

In this era there are two types of people who laugh at the law: those who break it and those who make it. Everyone else is stuck in the middle, just trying to get on with their lives without bringing the Unmentionables down on their heads.

In the days before the Glorious Revolution, tensions aren't so much simmering as they are on a rolling boil. Everyone is either a suspect, guilty, or both. All the city needs is a spark...

This is the era we present for you and your players to explore. Will you fight for truth, justice, freedom, reasonably priced love, and a hard-boiled-egg? Will you help the revolutionaries prepare for what is to be done? Or will you simply try to survive without attracting the attention of the Unmentionables?*

Whatever your decision, use the following pages to play out your very own Glorious Revolution.



* Please do note that we haven't included any option along the lines of 'Do you want to play as the evil foot-soldiers of the decrepit Lord Winder?' because this is not that game. If you want to play as an evil torturing bastard, bugger off and do it somewhere else before Sam Vimes gets wind of you.

How Do You Rise Up?

Here we discuss how playing in the era of the Glorious Revolution may affect your game, and the notable differences between this era and the more 'stable' setting of *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*. There will be advice for gamemasters (GMs) and players alike on how to bring this tumultuous period of Ankh-Morpork's history to your tabletop.

SPECIES

One of the key differences that will be immediately noticeable to anyone who's *au fait* with Discworld, is that Ankh-Morpork is more human-focused than at any other time. This Ankh-Morpork is dominated by humans, with ethnic minorities such as trolls and dwarfs rarely seen. Those few that are in the city have sense enough to keep their heads well and truly down.

The Ankh-Morpork of yesteryear is not the melting pot it will become. There are no all-night Klatchian takeaways or 24/8 rat-pie shops. Even Gimlet's famous delicatessen is a long way off, the premises it will eventually occupy on Cable Street are currently the Particulars' headquarters. If you're playing a non-human species, even one of the Usual Suspects, you may be viewed with suspicion, fear, or contempt depending on who you're interacting with. In short, your species will have an impact on the way the world reacts to your character or, indeed, how your character reacts to the world.



ORGANISATIONS

If you are playing in this era, you will most likely be playing as Revolutionaries (p. 10), but you might want to use one of the organizations from the *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook*. Some of these are more prevalent in this era than others, and some may need some tweaking to feel right. For the most part, the main tweaks will be in the organisation-specific Quirks and Niche, and should be discussed with your players to make sure you're all on the same page.

The Watch may require very few, if any, changes to feel right, while other organisations might require a few more. The four that will require the most changes are: the *Times*, Unseen University, the Thieves' Guild and the Seamstresses' Guild. We've provided some guidance so you can throw these organisations into the Glorious Revolution.

The Times

The Glorious Revolution is well before the establishment of the *Times*, but that doesn't mean you can't play as reporters. It's merely that you will be reporting to different people. There are several ways this could be changed. You could take on a role similar to that of William de Worde at the start of *The Truth*, making notes of interesting goings-on and sending them off to the rulers of other cities, or you could be out there amongst the people, gathering information for Madam and the revolutionaries.

Unseen University

The Wizards of Unseen University have a habit of not meddling in the affairs of the City.* As such, we know very little about what the wizards were up to during the events of the Glorious Revolution. They were most likely engaging in the time-honoured tradition of keeping your head down until it all blows over. Although, since this is before the taming of the University by Archchancellor Ridcully, you can be sure that there was a fair amount of plotting, conniving and dead man's pointy shoes at play as well. We touch on this particular aspect of wizardry in *The Bad Old Days* (p. 43).

* Apart from that one time they took over most of the major cities on the Disc, but in their defence there was a sourcerer involved and they were all pretty drunk with power at the time.



The Guilds

Neither the seamstresses nor the thieves have their own guilds in this period. Both of them are officially formed by Vetinari once he takes the patricianship. That is not to say that there aren't thieves or seamstresses though, far from it.

They just don't have guildhalls or regulations. Well, the thieves don't; the seamstresses still have the Agony Aunts. If you're playing either of these organisations, remember that crime is less organised, and seamstresses look out for each other. Both organisations only exist in the shadows.

TONES AND THEMES

If this era could be said to be characterised by one overarching theme, it would be suspicion. The Patrician is suspicious of everyone and everything; the upper classes are suspicious of the lower classes and each other; the Unmentionables are suspicious of anyone they can get their hands on; and the people of Ankh-Morpork are suspicious that they're going to be next.

Take this into consideration when setting up your game. Adventures in this era are likely to have a more serious tone to them than a normal game. Here we are dealing with the overthrow of a vicious regime and the atrocities an army can commit when turned on its own people. A clear analogy to *Les Misérables* can be brought to mind.* These are hard times. The mighty play at politics in their own subtle — and sometimes extraordinarily unsubtle — ways, while the majority of people just try to survive one day more, no matter on which side of the barricade they end up. We highly encourage you to explore the tone you want from your game, but remember that this is still Discworld, so it shouldn't be all doom and gloom.



PLAY IT YOUR WAY

This era explores some heavy themes. These may not be for everyone. Many people play TTRPGs as a break from the realities of the everyday, so feel free to explore or ignore any themes you want in your game. It's your table and everyone at it should be comfortable with the story you're all telling.

HUMOUR IN A SERIOUS SETTING

Building on tone, we should discuss humour. This era of Ankh-Morpork's history deals with some heavy topics: corruption, torture, police brutality and the abuse of power, to name but a few. *But* that doesn't mean everything is dark and miserable all the time. There is joy, laughter, light-heartedness, fondness, friendship, and love to be found** in this era as well.

Playing in this era will require some doubling down on the advice given in the *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook*, *Comedy in RPGs* (p. 28). Bear in mind that while this era can take a turn for the dark, if everything is grim, nothing is. So let the seriousness hit home, but also leave room for PCs and NPCs to interact in a normal way. Have jokes, have silly conversations, and remember that nothing is more human than finding hope and joy in a hopeless and joyless time.

YOUR OWN STORY

If you decide not to play the adventure on page 27, have played it and want to explore this era more, or simply want to explore the possibilities afforded by a game set around the Glorious Revolution, ask yourself, and your group, two things.

Firstly, what about this era do you want to explore? The street-level view of a world-changing event? The overthrow of a corrupt government? The chaos of surviving on the streets when citizenry and army clash? The barricades and defiant — though hopefully not last — stands?

Secondly, how do you want to explore these themes? Are you leading revolutionaries in the streets and manning the barricades? Are you playing out machinations in the background? Or are you becoming disillusioned with a corrupt regime and finally taking action despite yourself?

Considering these two things will set the tone and scope of your game, and allow you to really delve into what it is about this era that sparks your imagination.

* Although, blessedly, with less singing.

** Or at least purchased, for a reasonable price.

TIMELINE OF THE REVOLUTION

Here follows a chronology of the events of the Glorious Revolution as they are remembered by history (at least, the history after Vimes fell through time and started trying his damndest to see that a few good men avoided their inevitable fate).

All the events chronicled occurred between the 21st and 25th of May in the Year of the Dancing Dog during the Century of the Fruitbat.

- ◆ *May 21st, night: Vimes and Career appear in the Shades.*
- ◆ *May 23rd, afternoon: Dolly Sisters Massacre.*
- ◆ *May 23rd, afternoon or early evening, shortly after the news of Dolly Sisters spreads into the city: Cavalry charge at Nap Hill.*
- ◆ *May 23rd, 9 p.m.: Meeting of the Morpibic Street conspiracy.*
- ◆ *May 23rd, night: 'Revolutionary elements', egged on by agents provocateurs of the Unmentionables, attack Watch houses across the city.*
- ◆ *May 23rd, late night of the 23rd until the early hours of the 24th: Madam Roberta Meserole hosts a party attended by Dr Follet, head of the Assassins' Guild, and deals are made.*
- ◆ *May 24th, some time between the Dolly Sisters Massacre and midday: Riot at Sator Square.*
- ◆ *May 23rd to the 24th: Barricades are built across the city.*
- ◆ *May 24th, just after 3 p.m.: Sergeant-at-arms John Keel takes command of the Treacle Mine Road Watch House.*
- ◆ *May 24th, around sunset: The Shot is fired at Hen and Chickens Fields. History claims this as the start of the Revolution.*
- ◆ *May 24th, early evening: The Scouring of the House of Pain and death of Captain Swing.*
- ◆ *May 24th, afternoon to evening: Barricades are moved to encompass roughly a quarter of the city.*
- ◆ *May 24th, evening: Declaration of the People's Republic of Treacle Mine Road. Truth! Justice! Freedom! Reasonably priced Love! And a Hard-boiled Egg!*
- ◆ *May 23rd to the 24th: The situation deteriorates in all parts of the city except the People's Republic, where law and order are maintained.*
- ◆ *May 24th, night: Big Mary is destroyed and the initial assault on the barricades repelled.*
- ◆ *May 24th, midnight: Loss of a hard-boiled egg, with runny yolk, and soldiers.*
- ◆ *May 25th, midnight until dawn: Further assaults on the barricades.*
- ◆ *May 24th, very late night, or May 25th, very early morning: Death of Lord Winder.*
- ◆ *May 25th, 25 minutes after the death of Lord Winder: Swearing-in of Lord Snapcase as the new Patrician.*
- ◆ *May 25th, morning: Lord Snapcase announces a general amnesty for all those involved in the fighting. History remembers this as the end of the Glorious Twenty-fifth of May.*
- ◆ *May 25th, immediately after the announcement of the general amnesty: Lord Snapcase sends Captain Career of the Palace Guard after Keel. Madam Roberta Meserole sends Vetinari to warn Keel of Lord Snapcase's plan.*
- ◆ *May 25th, morning: Death of John Keel, Billy Wiglet, Ned Coats, Cecil 'Snouty' Clapman, Sergeant Dai Dickens and, technically, Reginald Shoe at the hands of Career and his men.*
- ◆ *The true end of the Glorious Twenty-fifth of May: Return of Vimes and Career to their own time.*

TO BE YOUNG AGAIN

This era does offer an excellent glimpse into NPCs', or even PCs', pasts. Just as Pratchett shows us young Colon, Nobby, Vimes, and Vetinari, you can use this as an opportunity to bring in younger versions of characters from your own adventures and flesh out their involvement in the Glorious Revolution. Alternatively, you can explore other named characters we don't see in *Night Watch* but who would, presumably, be skulking around Ankh-Morpork somewhere.

When creating PCs and NPCs from this era, remember that certain guilds do not exist, although their associated trades certainly do. As such, tweak and change any Niche, Quirk, Feature, or Mannerism to make them fit the time they are in.

GETTING ORGANISED

Following the advice on page 7 will allow you to play any of the Organisations from the *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook* (p. 72-90). However, one of the joys of playing in a different era is being able to immerse yourselves in it. To that end, we've added a new Organisation, complete with Goals, Niches, and Quirks, for you and your players to use to make your own unique mark on the Glorious Revolution.

REVOLUTIONARIES

You can't have a revolution without revolutionaries. From people on the streets throwing up barricades to defend their homes, to the well-dressed citizens steering events from dinner parties and ballrooms. A revolution needs both if it wishes to have a lasting impact. Revolutionaries are drawn from all walks of life. Some are dissatisfied with the status quo, others are fighting injustice, and some are just looking to be on the winning side. Whatever their reasons and whatever their motives, revolutionaries all have one thing in common: The Cause. Whether they believe in it or not, there is no revolution without a cause.



EXAMPLE GOAL

- 1 Convince one of Lord Winder's allies to turn against him.
- 2 Distribute weapons across the city without being caught.
- 3 Host a meeting of revolutionary leaders without being arrested.
- 4 Survive an investigation by the Particulars by hiding incriminating evidence.



EXAMPLE NICHE

- 1 Pamphleteer
- 2 Rabble-Rouser
- 3 Giver of Speeches and Singer of Songs
- 4 Waver of Flags
- 5 Knower of People
- 6 Knower of the People



QUIRK QUESTION

- 1 Why are you revolting?
- 2 How did you join the revolution?
- 3 What skill has proved surprisingly useful during the revolution?
- 4 What wouldn't you sacrifice for the cause?
- 5 What do you stand to gain if the revolution succeeds?
- 6 What do you stand to lose if the revolution fails?

EXAMPLE ANSWERS/TRAITS

Truth! Justice! Freedom! Reasonably priced Love! And a Hard-boiled Egg!; Been revolting all my life, why stop now; We have a world to win.

I was approached by Madam; I just went with the crowd; I was causing trouble anyway, may as well do it for a good cause.

Organizing, people would be lost without it; Cooking, too many people underestimate the value of a hot meal; Butchery, there's value in knowing which end of a knife to hold.

My safety; There's nothing I wouldn't give for a better world; My morals.

Everything; An increase in my vested interests; A hard-boiled egg.

Everything; My personal freedom at the very least; That greatest of treasures: hope.

FAMILIAR FACES

It's all very well and good to know what to expect from the streets during the Glorious Revolution, but those streets would be bare without the people walking them, or indeed hurling cobbles from behind a pile of furniture.

Here we've collected some of the most recognisable, although not necessarily friendly, faces from this tumultuous era of Ankh-Morpork's history.



SERGEANT-AT-ARMS JOHN KEEL

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *John Keel / Sam Vimes*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *'Man out of Time'*

FEATURES: *You do the job in front of you;
The beast comes when you need it;
Fight dirty today, be alive tomorrow.*

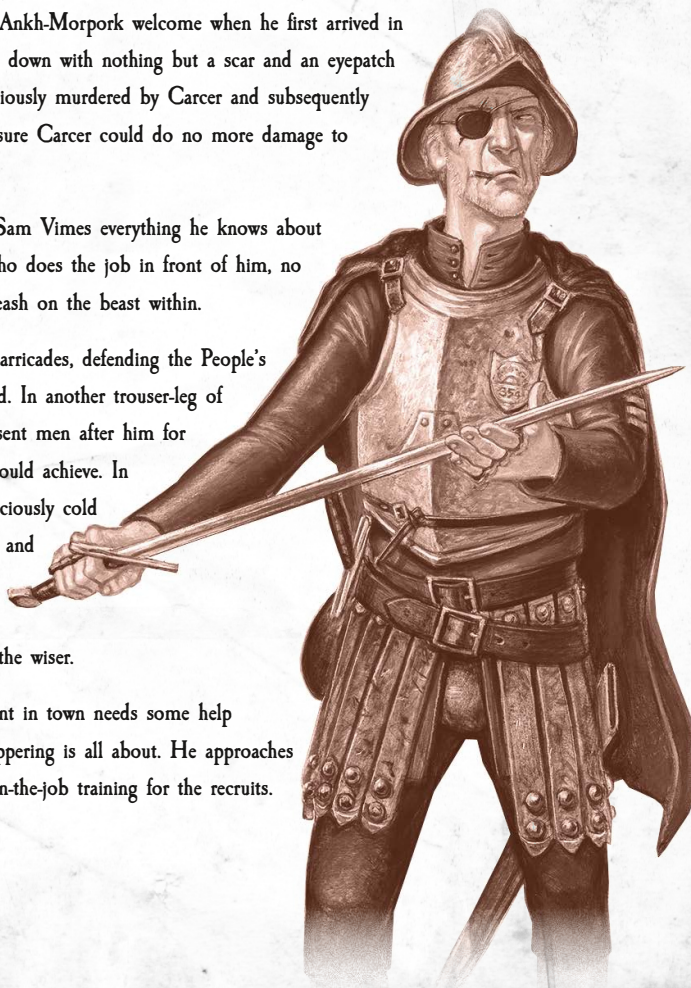
MANNERISM: *Used to being in command, leads from the front*

Depending on which trouser-leg of time you happen to be in: Sergeant-at-arms John Keel received the classic Ankh-Morpork welcome when he first arrived in the city, but took the muggers down with nothing but a scar and an eyepatch for his troubles; or, he was viciously murdered by Carcer and subsequently replaced by Sam Vimes to ensure Carcer could do no more damage to the fabric of reality.

Either way, John Keel taught Sam Vimes everything he knows about policing. He's a tough man who does the job in front of him, no matter what, and has a tight leash on the beast within.

Originally, Keel died on the barricades, defending the People's Republic of Treacle Mine Road. In another trouser-leg of time, he died when Snapcase sent men after him for fear of what a man like him could achieve. In the latter, the corpse was suspiciously cold by the time anyone reached it, and a certain Commander Vimes was returned home in the nuddy, with barely a soul any the wiser.

STORY PROMPT: A new sergeant in town needs some help teaching his men what real coppering is all about. He approaches your group to provide some on-the-job training for the recruits.



SNOUTY

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Cecil 'Snouty' Clapman*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Jailer*

FEATURES: *Doesn't widdle in the tea;
Knows which way the wind is blowing;
Can obtain anything.*

MANNERISM: *An unset broken nose causes him to 'bnab' in the middle of sentences*

A broken nose that never healed properly gives Snouty permanently watery eyes and everything he says has a certain nasal quality. An old fixture of the Treacle Mine Road's Watch House, Snouty can get you anything you need without having to dip into the cash box (which is kept safe in Tilden's office in any case). He is under the misapprehension that he has more than half a wit and attempts to use it at inappropriate moments.

Snouty is known for keeping a cleanish cell, and sees to little things that keep the Watch House going, like emptying slop buckets and putting on the cocoa.

STORY PROMPT: Snouty has been asked to 'procure' a few items that he doesn't have time to get. Luckily, you seem to be relatively free at the moment. There's a bonus cocoa in it for you if you get everything he needs in a timely fashion.

LANCE-CORPORAL NED COATES

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Ned Coates*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Secret Revolutionary*

FEATURES: *Revolutionary tendencies;*
Knows a trick or three;
Thinks before he acts.

MANNERISM: *Not afraid to question authority*

Ned was trained by the real John Keel in Pseudopolis and claims to have come to Ankh-Morpork for the promotion opportunities. However, he was secretly working for the revolutionaries, and slowly getting the Night Watch on board. At least until Vimes turned up and filled their heads with rubbish about protecting the people and keeping the peace. Coates is a smart lad who sees more than he says and says less than he knows.

Coates puts his trust in the revolution and believes Vimes to be an imposter, but ultimately joins those wearing the lilac in the final fight, turning on Carcer and the new palace guard. Whatever else you can say about Ned Coates, he can at least recognise a complete and utter bastard when he sees one.

STORY PROMPT: Ned walks past the group and surreptitiously coughs 'Swordfish' to let them know just whose side he's on, indicating an alley up ahead for a quiet word. Seems the revolution needs something doing.



BILLY WIGLET

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Billy Wiglet*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Night Watch*

FEATURES: *Handy with a mallet;*
Too short to eyeball anyone;
A local lad.

MANNERISM: *Keen to prove himself, but scared to fight*

There's always a short one and a tall one, and they're always mates. Billy was the short one. So short, in fact, he was accused of navelling a sergeant. Born and raised on Treacle Mine Road, he joined the Night Watch for the regular meals and easy life – much like anyone else.

Growing up a carpenter's son gave him some keen insights into how to stop a cart, and keep it stopped. After all, there's only so many games of Dead Rat Conkers one child can play, and you've got to get your entertainment somewhere.

STORY PROMPT: Wiglet hasn't seen Nancyball since coming on shift, and is worried he might've got himself in trouble. Help him find the lanky watchman.

HORACE NANCYBALL

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Horace Nancyball*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Night Watch*

FEATURES: *Faints at the sight of blood;*
Knows when a storm is coming.

MANNERISM: *Quiet and reserved, only speaks when spoken to*

There's always a tall one and a short one, and they're always mates. Nancyball was the tall one. Nancyball has a habit of fainting, or throwing up, at the sight of blood. Tall and gangly, he's always the first on patrol to realise it's raining. His habitual stoop does little to stop him sticking out from the crowd, especially when accompanied by Wiglet, whose lack of height seems to accentuate his own abundance in that area.

STORY PROMPT: Nancyball hasn't seen Wiglet since coming on shift and is worried he might've got himself in trouble. Help find the diminutive watchman.

LANCE-CONSTABLE SAM VIMES

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Sam Vimes*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Fresh-faced Watchman*

FEATURES: *Wet behind the ears;*

Has a lot to learn;

A stare that can cross decades.

MANNERISM: *Says what's on his mind, no matter who's listening*

Sam Vimes joined the Watch because his mate Iffy told him you got free food, a uniform, and could pick up an extra dollar here and there. Until the arrival of Sergeant-at-arms John Keel, that's exactly what Sam did. Admittedly, those dollars all went to his old mum, who would have tanned his hide if she knew where he got them.

Sam's a nice lad who's got the makings of a decent copper. He knows when something isn't right, and niggles at it until he finds out why. All he has to do is learn copping from someone like Keel and avoid learning from people like Quirke, Knock or, gods forbid, Colon.

The lad is naive, with all the political awareness and good sense of a head-louse. Hopefully a well-placed Sergeant-at-arms can give him some pointers.

STORY PROMPT: A young and flustered Lance-constable Vimes is trying to make an arrest, but is unsure who the guilty party is. His superior appears to have buggered off in search of a pint and he's looking to you for help.



SERGEANT DAI DICKINS

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Dai Dickins*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Watch Sergeant*

FEATURES: *How do they rise up!;*
A sergeant's knack for improvising;
An old soldier's wisdom.

MANNERISM: *Too religious to swear, but manages to make normal words do the job;*
thick Llamedos accent

An old sergeant nearing retirement, Dickins was originally from Llamedos, and still retains the accent and a penchant for male voice choir.

Raised in a druidic tradition so strict it does not use standing stones or swear, Dickins spent much of his life in the regiments and still retains a bristling moustache, much waxed and even more dyed. He is in every way what a Llamedosian sergeant should be: loud when needed, wise when required, and a wonderful tenor.

STORY PROMPT: Dai has called for everyone who knows which end of a weapon to hold to assemble in squads. You look more useful than most, so he has a special assignment for you. He knows you won't let him down.

LORD WINDER

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Lord Winder*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Paranoid Patrician*

FEATURES: *They keep trying, but they'll never get me;
An assassin in every shadow;
Paranoid (with good reason).*

MANNERISM: *Unpleasant to talk to, always checking for threats*

A deeply unpleasant man, Lord Winder looks much like many patricians do after 11 years in office: plump, with the sort of jowliness only too much fine food can give you. These things alone would not be grounds for a change of governance, but when you know that he (or, more likely, his rampant paranoia) outlawed weapons, enforced curfews, created the Unmentionables, and sold off tax collecting to the highest bidder... well, it's easy to see why the city has decided that now is the time for a change.

STORY PROMPT: Lord Winder has heard of your group and has sent the Unmentionables to deal with the threat you represent to his person — be it real or imagined.



MADAM

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Roberta 'Bobbi' Meserole*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Businesswoman with a Keen Mind*

FEATURES: *Always pays to be from somewhere else;*
Vested business interests;
Can outdrink an assassin.

MANNERISM: *Calm and collected, a trace of a Genuan accent*

Madam Roberta Meserole has vested business interests in Genua and Überwald, and would like to have vested business interests in Ankh-Morpork, if it can be stabilised. To that end she is a key player in the revolution, making sure that the upper crust of Ankh-Morpork are onside, while alienating Winder from his last few supporters and friends.

If there is a soirée, dinner or party happening in Ankh-Morpork in this era, you can guarantee that Madam will be there, drinking champagne by the ice bucket and pouring honeyed words into receptive ears.

Madam has contacts beyond the upper-crusts. She is the one behind the rapidly organising seamstresses and has employed her nephew Havelock Vetinari to deal with Winder permanently once the time is right. Possibly not actually from Genua, she knows the value of appearing to be something you're not. Despite her machinations, she has a code of honour and tries to warn Keel about Snapcase's betrayal, sending Havelock personally with the message.

STORY PROMPT: Madam thinks you may be of use to her cause, but she needs to be sure of your loyalties. She has an offer for you.

CARCER

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Carcer*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Psychopathic Killer*

FEATURES: *Always has another knife;
Never done anything wrong in his life;
Stone-cold killer.*

MANNERISM: *An air of injured innocence. He laughs like you haven't got the joke*

Carcer claims that the only crime he's ever committed was to steal a loaf of bread, although as Vimes observed, it would be more his style to kill the baker and steal the bakery.

He gives off the air of a lovable scamp who just happens to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Right up until you look into his eyes, which are despite what Swing says, those of a mass-murderer.

He is the sort who could stand with bloody knife in hand and jewellery in pocket and proclaim: 'Who, me? What have I done?' with so much sincerity that many would believe him. A man of contradictions, he will either kill you instantly, without any sign of intent, or let you stew after threatening everything you hold dear.

STORY PROMPT: Your group has got in Carcer's way. Oh dear.

CAPTAIN SWING

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Findthee Swing*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Captain of the 'cable' Street Particulars*

FEATURES: *Will take the measure of a person;
Expert at sniffing out conspiracies;
Deeply, horrifyingly sane.*

MANNERISM: *Moves and talks with no rhythm, pausing and speeding up at random*

Findthee Swing is the Captain of the Unmentionables. Educated at the Assassins' Guild, he's smart enough to know what he's doing — which is terrible, since he's the sort of person that can justify any kind of atrocity in the name of the public good. He believes that history needs its butchers as well as its shepherds, and is happy to step into the former role.

He is an expert at sniffing out the conspiracies that Lord Winder is certain are there. He uses craniometrics to determine exactly what sort of criminal type those that end up in his custody are. Once they've been through the Unmentionables' method of getting information, they always seem to confess to be exactly what he tells them they are.

STORY PROMPT: You are approached by a small, clerk-like man, carrying calipers and a steel ruler. He insists that he must see if you measure up. A brief look around will tell you that there are several large and threatening thugs waiting to intervene should you refuse.

REG SHOE

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Reginald Shoe*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Meticulously Fervent Revolutionary*

FEATURES: *A cell of one;*

Waves any flag going;

Truly believes in the revolution.

MANNERISM: *Calls everyone 'comrade'*

Reg is a dreamer. He's got the frilly shirt, sash, and long flowing locks of a picturesque revolutionary. He cares deeply about building a better world — unfortunately his grasp on revolutionary doctrine is mostly theoretical. In theory, telling a shoemaker that his shoes will belong to the people and he'll be better for it should go well. In practice, he's left wondering how he's profiting from the sweat of cows.

Naïve yet driven, the inevitable betrayal and unfairness of the world will lead Reg to despair, and eventual zombiehood. Not even death will dampen Reg's revolutionary fire, though, and he will fight just as hard for Dead Rights as he did for living ones.

STORY PROMPT: The revolution calls... from a street corner... waving a flag... singing a song. You'd better get Reg out of here quick before the Unmentionables decide they'd like a word.



LORD SNAPCASE

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Lord Snapcase*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Man of the People*

FEATURES: *Shows an Interest;
An incredibly pragmatic approach.*

MANNERISM: *Uses the royal 'We', even when not applicable*

Much like Winder, but with fancier waistcoats, more chins, and no rampant paranoia. Lord Snapcase is a fast learner whose ruthlessness is, initially, well hidden beneath a veneer of propriety. Once he has the patricianship, he means to enjoy it.

History will remember him as 'Mad Lord Snapcase'. He reneges on his pre-revolution promise of allowing the seamstresses to form their own guild. Alas, regardless of the result of the Glorious Revolution, it'll be a while before Ankh-Morpork knows either peace or prosperity.

STORY PROMPT: Snapcase is the man you should have, and you know it. He's reassured you of it in person and even took an interest in your work. Now he's asked you to head out into the city and let the people know that he's on their side against Lord Winder.





THE PRODUCTION

By
Corey
Davies

INTRODUCTION

This is a theatrical adventure for Adventures in Ankh-Morpork. The information here is for the gamemaster (GM), who should make sure players understand what their goal is. You are free to inform players about up-coming scenes, that they would know about in-character. However, they should only know about the way the scenes are intended to go, before the rewrites happen.

GETTING STARTED

You should first read the whole adventure to understand what's going on. At a minimum, look through the *Adventure Overview*, *The Producers* (p. 29), and *Last-minute Rewrites* (p. 29) sections to understand how things are intended to play out. The *Tips on Consequences* section will help you decide what terrible fates might befall player characters (PCs) when they go off-script, but there are specific examples in each scene.

The scenes occur in order as PCs perform in *Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production*. After both the curtain and the People's Republic of Treacle Mine Road fall, the adventure ends and the reviews come in. Will the production flop? Or are the PCs destined for theatrical greatness?

RECOMMENDED READING

Night Watch
Wyrd Sisters
Lords and Ladies
Maskerade

ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

Billed by its producers as the most important event on May 24th,* *Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production* was due to be an immaculate tribute to the man himself. That is until May 25th became the Glorious Twenty-Fifth of May and it was all too suddenly a dangerous proposition to make any sort of tribute to Lord Winder — immaculate or otherwise. So, now the play has somehow got to be about how awful he is. Additionally, at this point it's entirely unclear who has the upper hand in the streets outside, and the producers need to interpret the ongoing fracas to cozy-up with the new regime, whoever that's going to be.

Players, whose characters will be some of the actors in this play, find themselves stuck firmly in the thick of this dilemma. They need to take the hasty rewrites handed to them by increasingly sweaty producers, and make tonight the best damned production that the Treacle Mine Road Community Theatre Troupe ever performed. At the very least, they need to come out of this with all of their limbs intact. Oh, and did we mention *Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production* is a musical?

* If you were to actually rank the scheduled events in Ankh-Morpork for May 24th, it would in truth sit somewhere near the middle of the bottom, just below the First Annual Duck Fanciers Bread Buffet For Mallards.

DO YOU HEAR THE PEOPLE SING?

Not musically inclined? Don't worry about having to belt out the 'catchy' tunes of Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production. That's for the main cast.

As the GM, you can simply describe what they're doing rather than singing it. As for the PCs, they are just the chorus, and much more concerned with ensuring the show goes on than hitting the right notes.

As a community theatre troupe, characters from any organization might take part in this adventure. Deciding why members of the Watch, seamstresses, wizards, or other professions care so much about the performance is part of the fun. Especially if they should be out there as part of the Glorious Revolution proper, and their comrades might have something to say about their presence in the show.

The scenes all have challenges to face on-stage and backstage, with things getting increasingly rowdy as the Glorious Revolution gets into full swing. Luckily(?), the PCs will be able to draw on the support of their fellow cast and crew (p. 30).

When you're ready to start the adventure, begin with the read-aloud text in *Act I Scene I: When A Lord Winder Is Born* (p. 32). The producers then immediately give their first fistful of last-second rewrites to the PCs.



THE PLAY'S NOT THE ONLY THING

As you can tell, this specific adventure is a little different than those you've seen before. Rather than exploring the city in pursuit of your goal, you'll be presenting the city as seen on the stage. But worry not, while theoretically a bit of theatrical know-how would help you, it's far from essential. The play is a staging (if you'll excuse the pun) mechanic to allow you to structure your story. The real meat of this adventure rests in the way the PCs interpret, misinterpret, adapt and overcome garbled, nonsensical and contradictory rewrites from the producers.

This will form the bulk of your story and may cause you to veer wildly off the adventure as written. If this is the case, go with it. Either introduce deleted scenes to resolve random player shenanigans or, if you feel confident in doing so, change the course of the play entirely. As with all our adventures, what's written here are guidelines to help you run an enjoyable and entertaining game, so feel free to use as much or as little of it as you like.

TIPS ON CONSEQUENCES

Throughout *Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production*, PCs are expected to placate the audience, ensure that Lord Winder isn't actually portrayed as a hero, and interact with various mechanisms that create special effects. Consequences are best focused on creating further issues for PCs to solve around these areas. For example, when someone is too kind to Winder, the audience might start throwing things; if a mechanism breaks down the PCs will have to quickly intervene on-stage, and so on.

At any point in the adventure PCs might also suffer the most common consequence in live theatre:

- ◆ **Break a Leg:** You broke your leg. Gain the Trait **Broken Leg**.

Crucially, no matter what terrible Consequences occur, the show must go on.

THE PRODUCERS

Max Lickspittle and Leo Toad are the producers of *Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production* and, as such, are in complete control of what is supposed to happen on-stage. It's the PCs' job to follow their orders, no matter how ridiculous or half-baked they may be.

As the adventure progresses, the stress of completely rewriting their latest masterpiece will make the pair of them more difficult to deal with, as they increasingly grasp at proverbial straws to try and salvage the production. As such, each scene begins with them giving rewrites to PCs.

The PCs don't necessarily need to follow these instructions, but if they want to deviate from the producers' rewrites they'll need to convince them of a better course of action first, or face the wrath of the rest of the cast. At the end of the day, it's Lickspittle and Toad whose names are in the title, so they have final say.

If the PCs do decide to go their own way without the consent of the producers, then they'll need to get the rest of the cast and crew on board, or be prepared to deal with them attempting to steer the play in their own directions in the free-for-all the PCs have created. They can be convinced that some things aren't possible, or that there might be better ways of keeping the audience on side, but they need to agree to anything that happens on-stage.

If PCs go behind the producers' backs, other members of the cast and crew will stop listening to them and make things more difficult.



LAST-MINUTE REWRITES

The tasks and challenges for most scenes come in the form of last-minute rewrites. The exception is the Interval scene. There are no rewrites in the interval, just problems. The rewrites might be handed over as hard-copy notes, or passed along verbally — usually whichever will cause the most problems.

Lickspittle and Toad are under an enormous amount of pressure to deliver a play that a revolutionary audience won't take issue with. These rewrites might be vague, nonsensical, or self-contradictory; regardless, the PCs must do their very best to deliver.

Each scene starts with a small section of read-aloud text which describes what is supposed to occur in the script, but you should change this to include any details of how the cast are working around any lasting effects of PC actions.

DELETED SCENES

Not every scene in the play is listed as a scene for players to experience. It's assumed these don't have the same types of issues as the ones that appear in the adventure. However, if you want to extend the adventure then you could add in one or more scenes between those presented here. When you do, draw on theatre tropes and clichés (especially musical theatre), to establish what the scene is intended to be. As long as Lord Winder is the protagonist, this should give you a solid idea for why people might be unhappy about it.

Some options could be:

- ◆ *The Future Mrs Lord Winder's big number about how desirable Lord Winder is.*
- ◆ *Lord Winder duels Laughing Lord Scapula (or some other villain) as they fly around the stage held aloft on cheap wires.*
- ◆ *A ghost appears to reveal the future of Ankh-Morpork to Lord Winder.*
- ◆ *All 20 minor characters in the play have to appear on-stage in one scene in a musical medley.*

CAST AND CREW

New characters are introduced throughout the play, but unless PCs take action to remove them, the following characters can be present in every scene. You may want to bookmark or otherwise note this page for your reference.

Every other role in the play, or backstage, is down to the PCs to handle, involving as many costume changes as necessary.

MAX LICKSPITTLE

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Max Lickspittle*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Past-it Theatre Producer*

FEATURES: *Used to be a bigshot;
Too poor to pay attention.*

MANNERISM: *Pronounces all of his 's'es as 'z'es*

LEO 'TOADY' TOAD

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Leo 'Toady' Toad*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Theatre Producer in Training*

FEATURES: *Easily led;
Permanent layer of flop sweat.*

MANNERISM: *Often says 'He/Him' or 'She/Her' when he means
'You', and vice versa*

ZERO TEVYE

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Zero Tevye*

SPECIES: *Actor* NICHE: *Leading Man*

FEATURES: *Larger than life;
can't take a cue.*

MANNERISM: *Talks with his hands, always gesturing wildly*

BRÜNNHILDE LAUREY

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Brünnhilde* LaureySPECIES: *Actor* NICHE: *Leading Lady*FEATURES: *Prima donna;*
*Provides her own costumes.*MANNERISM: *Refers to herself in the third person, even in-character on-stage***NIB**

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Nibelung 'Nib'* RocksetSPECIES: *Dwarf* NICHE: *Backstage Crew Manager*FEATURES: *Short temper;*
*Underground talent.*MANNERISM: *Begins any response possible with: 'I'll tell you what my ddezka-knik once told me...'***GERSHWIN WEBBER**

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Gershwin* WebberSPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *One-woman Band*FEATURES: *Walking cacophony;*
*Well composed.*MANNERISM: *Tries to stand completely still and moves her face as little as possible when talking. Any movement is accompanied by the sound of one of the many instruments which are strapped to her.*

ACT I, SCENE I: WHEN A LORD WINDER IS BORN

*A single spotlight; the sound of grinding gears;
mysterious music.*

When you're ready to begin, read the following text aloud to your players:

READ ALOUD

The music has started, the lights are lit. It's time to meet Lord Winder and his Leading Lady.

Everything is set for the opening number, 'When A Lord Winder Is Born'. The Leading Man (Lord Winder), and the Leading Lady (The Future Mrs Lord Winder) stand atop a delightful turntable decorated like Great A'Tuin. They will take turns to sing about all the wonderful things Lord Winder is going to bring to the city once he's grown up.

At the exact second Gershwin, the one-woman band, begins to play, the producers hand you some rewrites...



LAST-MINUTE REWRITES

- ◆ **Notes from Max:** 'You need to make sure that Winder gets as little stage time as possible. Speed up the turntable on him, but make sure that you slow it back down for Mrs Winder. In fact, slow it down so she has to sing for longer, people might forget Winder is even here.'
- ◆ **Notes from Leo:*** 'The whole song needs to be covered up. She should turn up the music or the sound of the turntable or something so no-one can hear you. Or he should shout over you — we just can't have people hear what you have to say.'

ON-STAGE

As player characters try to follow the instructions, Zero will do everything in his power to keep himself in the spotlight. He will sing as loudly as possible. Brünnhilde does everything in her power to keep herself centre stage and will not tolerate any intrusion into her verses.

While this is happening, some of the more revolutionarily-minded audience members will begin to heckle and jeer. If the show is to get good reviews, PCs need to integrate them into the number, drown them out, or shut them up.

BACKSTAGE

Meanwhile, Nib (the backstage manager and sole operator of all the gadgets, gizmos, and special effects) has set the turntable to a specific speed. If PCs want to follow the producers' instructions, they'll need to change how the machine works themselves. PCs should be aware that Nib isn't usually the sort to take people messing with the machines lightly.

Gershwin, the show's one-woman band, is also backstage, pacing back and forth to play all of the instruments strapped to her body. The effect is chaotic, but impressive. It's a touch quiet so people can hear the songs on-stage — PCs will have to help her make some more noise if the music needs to cover any voices on-stage.

* Leo gets confused between 'you's' and 'he's' and 'she's', especially when stressed (p. 30). PCs are encouraged to interpret his rewrites as they see fit.

CONSEQUENCES


In the Key of Wheeeee (On-stage): Changing the settings on the turntable sets it to an incredible speed. Actors are dramatically flung from the stage and deposited among the crowd. They're injured, and will struggle with any of the intense scenes coming up.

Revolting Audience (On-stage): Revolutionary fervour and anti-Winder sentiment take hold in the crowd. They need to be placated somehow so the show can continue.

Big Bang (Backstage): You get too close to Gershwin's drums and your ears suffer for it. Gain the Trait **Broken (ear)drum**.

Caught in the Act (Backstage): Nib finds you trying to interfere with the turntable and takes exception to this — you have to calm him down before you can interact with any backstage mechanisms again.





ACT I, SCENE IV: IN WHICH WE ENTER ANKH- MORPORK

Hopeful music; simulated Ankh-Morpork sounds and smells; burning rubbish, crashing metal.

Read the following text aloud:



READ ALOUD

In the first ensemble piece of the play as Lord Winder steps through the city gates for the first time, the background characters (you) sing about the state of Ankh-Morpork before he took over. The song is titled 'Rotten, Stinking, Blight-On-River — Ankh-Morpork' and really labours the point about how things got much better under Winder.

Obviously, this can't go ahead as written. Moments before you're shoved onto stage the producers press rewrites into your grip from their sweaty hands. Their terrified stares impress upon you the importance of singing a different song.

LAST-MINUTE REWRITES

- ◆ **Notes from Max:** Max's notes are very direct. 'You have to sing a different song. A song about the glory of Ankh-Morpork, about how great it was before Winder took over. Lie. Then lie some more.'
- ◆ **Notes from Leo:** Leo's had his ear to the ground about who's likely to come out on top after this whole revolution business is finished. Someone has told him that the new Patrician is going to be a butcher so he tells you: 'He needs to do an advert. She needs to talk about how great you are, talk about fresh and high-quality meats and goods available from your guild. He should raid the prop closet for whatever screams "butchers are good".'

ON-STAGE

If PCs don't make a conscious effort, all of the rehearsals they've been through take over and they sing 'Rotten, Stinking, Blight-On-River — Ankh-Morpork' unchanged. The crowd will not be best pleased about this, and will most likely make their frustration known in the form of thrown objects.

BACKSTAGE

To call it a prop closet would be doing a disservice to noble, hard-working closets everywhere. Tatty remnants of costumes from the last dozen productions lie in heaps and piles, tangled together where syrupy stage blood has mingled with less-syrupy actor blood.* PCs will have a nightmare trying to sort something for a Butchers' Guild advert quickly.



CONSEQUENCES

Bad-lib (On-stage): *Maybe your heart isn't in it, maybe a creeping note of sarcasm snuck in when you said 'Ankh-Morpork is really really nice', and people really took exception. Whenever you appear on-stage from now on, you'll be pelted with fruit and small, mostly-harmless rocks.*

Adverts Effect (On-stage): *If there's one thing people like less than a dictator, it's watching an advert disguised as entertainment. Gain the Trait **Butchering the script**.*

Do You Hear The People Sing? (On-stage): *Something in your song awakens the revolutionary in several audience members who, somehow, begin to join in your song, and then start agitating for the revolution. The producers will be very unhappy with you and will give you an awful job to do as soon as they think of something you'll hate doing.*

Prop-lem (Backstage): *The props are bad and you feel bad. You've grabbed something wholly inappropriate from the prop closet and it's time to go on-stage.*

* Show business isn't for the faint of heart.

ACT I, SCENE X: WHEREIN WE REVEAL LAUGHING LORD SCAPULA

*The rumble of tin thunder; evil red lighting; music in the Phrygian mode.**

Read the following text aloud:



READ ALOUD

Whichever one of you drew the short straw at that fateful first rehearsal is currently standing just off stage, covered in grease paint and black robes. You've been practising your maniacal laugh for months to play Laughing Lord Scapula, the villain of the show. Even if people don't appreciate Lord Winder, they can certainly agree that Scapula was a rotter.

*Unfortunately for your big moment, the rewrites are coming thick and fast now, puffed from mouths so full of Whizzlas** they resemble the rear end of a burning porcupine...*

LAST-MINUTE REWRITES

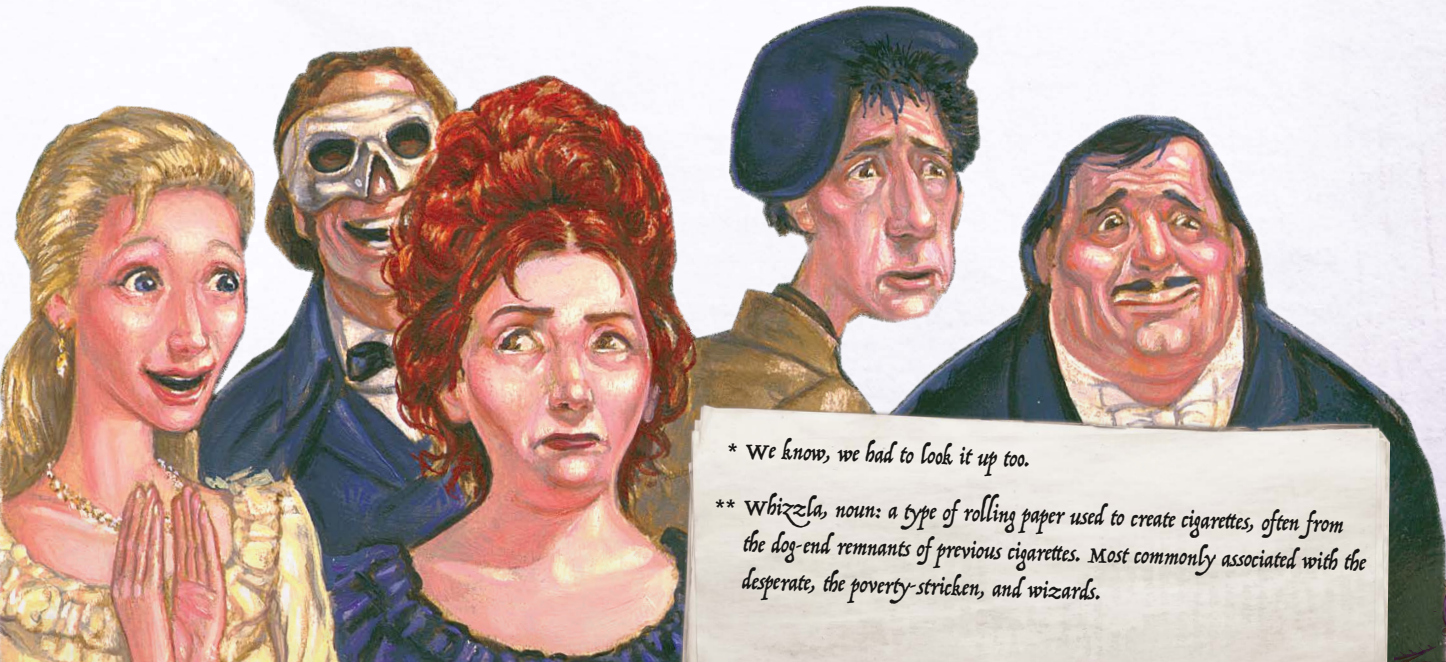
- ◆ **Notes from Max:** Max lets you, the person playing Lord Scapula, know that you need to play up how awful Winder is, but don't make Scapula look good. By the gods, don't do that.
- ◆ **Notes from Leo:** Leo's contacts have kindly informed him that the butcher has had the chop, they think it's a Bakers' Guild man in line for the top job now. Leo tells you that he needs to do an advert for the Bakers' Guild — don't badmouth the Butchers' Guild, but take this fake baguette and wave it around. Let the people know they can get cheap and nutritious bread from you.

ON-STAGE

Only the PC who is performing as Lord Scapula is expected on-stage in this scene, to stand up against Zero's Lord Winder. Everyone else is expected to be backstage or secreted amongst the audience making noise when it's time to boo.

Zero absolutely doesn't understand that the script has changed. Every time you try and make Winder look bad he justifies it with an ad lib, or comes back and accuses Scapula of some new crime. If you let him justify too many of Winder's atrocities, then the crowd will turn on you (the entire cast). If you let Zero make you look too evil, the crowd will turn on you (the individual).

Any other PCs may be in the crowd trying to help steer the audience reaction through strategic use of boos, hisses, and, on the off-chance, applause.




* We know, we had to look it up too.

** Whizzla, noun: a type of rolling paper used to create cigarettes, often from the dog-end remnants of previous cigarettes. Most commonly associated with the desperate, the poverty-stricken, and wizards.



BACKSTAGE

Backstage, things are no less hectic. Brünnhilde has decided that she can't work under these conditions. She's barricaded herself in her dressing room with Leo whilst Max bangs on the door uselessly. Unless she's effectively bribed, threatened, or her swollen ego soothed, then someone else will have to play her roles in all of the upcoming scenes.



CONSEQUENCES

Not Playing About (On-stage): In the heat of the moment, Zero forgets himself. He lunges with the real knife that he carries on-stage (to convince people that the prop knife he also carries is real). Gain the Trait **Knifed in the front**.

Crisis Actors (On-stage): Your attempts to influence the crowd show you up as members of the production. In their desire not to be fooled into reacting, the entire crowd goes silent. Any attempts to get a reaction from them in the future will be more difficult.

Fainting Toad (Backstage): Leo passes out from stress. He needs to be revived before the end of the interval, or else Max has guaranteed that your showbiz careers are over.

Voiceover (Backstage): Brünnhilde screams herself hoarse. The producers insist she still go on and perform, but from now on someone needs to sing her parts whilst she lip-syncs along.

INTERVAL

The sounds of people shuffling from their seats; the smell of overpriced snack foods; no music.

Read the following text aloud:



READ ALOUD

The interval comes as a blessed relief, a quick moment to take a breath and prepare for the upcoming scene. Or it would, if the theatre weren't worryingly full of conspicuously armed people handing out pamphlets about hard-boiled eggs.

With the producers sequestered in a dressing room, taking turns to hyperventilate into a threadbare sack, it's down to you to make sure everyone is back in the seats they paid for before the interval is over.

ON-STAGE

A small group of pamphleteers are moving row to row with propaganda, stopping people from taking their seats for the next act. Some members of the audience are more upset than others by this, and they should be kept away from the pamphleteers before things turn ugly.

The pamphleteers, who are all called Heather, are led by Heather C. You need to convince her to let people sit down before the show can resume.

The slogan on the revolutionary pamphlets is currently being workshopped. There's an ongoing discussion about the use of 'free love', and most of the rest is in flux right now. Consult the *Current Slogan* table to see what's in vogue for the discerning sloganeer, and what some in the audience take exception to.

HEATHER C. (SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Heather C.*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Revolutionary*

FEATURES: *Hard-boiled;*
Deadly with a pamphlet.

MANNERISM: *Always shouting, even when very, very close*

CURRENT SLOGAN

	WE DEMAND...		...AND...		...AS WELL AS...
1	Truth	1	Justice	1	Freedom
2	Joy	2	Wealth	2	Power
3	Luxury	3	Wisdom	3	Autonomy
4	Peace	4	Quiet	4	Tranquility

...AND A HARD-BOILED EGG!

BACKSTAGE

While the aisles out front are a hotbed for political discussion and stray peanuts, PCs backstage are confronted by a small cadre of revolutionaries. They are searching for agents of Lord Winder whom they believe have snuck in the back way.

As far as you're aware, there are no agents of Lord Winder here. Rizzo and their gang are very enthusiastic about finding one though, tearing apart props, costumes, and anything they think someone could hide inside. Nib and Gershwin will take action if the PCs don't. The ensuing chaos will mean that all props, machines, and music won't work as intended for the rest of the adventure.

'RIZZO' (THEY/THEM)

FULL NAME: *Rizzo*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Revolutionary*

FEATURES: *Eggstremists;*
Bright pink with excitement.

MANNERISM: *Sucks their teeth loudly when contemplating violence,*
which they often are





CONSEQUENCES

Allergic Reactionary (On-stage): As members of the crowd begin to escalate the situation with the pamphleteers, one is struck down. They're choking on the expensive mixed nuts that they weren't paying proper attention to, and turning a horrible shade of purple. Someone should save them — or at least figure out a way to spin this before it overshadows the reviews.

Required Reading (On-stage): The pamphleteers are appalled by your ignorance or impressed by your enthusiasm. They're pressing layer after layer of paper into your hands, advising you to read up. Gain the Trait **Propaganda magnet**.

He's Behind You! (Backstage): It turns out there is an agent of Lord Winder here after all, hiding in the bins. Taking this as evidence that more are nearby, Rizzo's gang redouble their efforts, showing even less care than before.

Bitten By the Acting Bug (Backstage): Rizzo and their gang are so enamoured by their backstage experience that they want to take part in the play. They're all very armed, so you had better find a way for them to be part of the show.



ACT II, SCENE VII: LORD WINDER SLAYS THE DRAGON, ALLE'GOREE

The clank of wooden scales; the smell of smoke; dramatic fight music.

Read the following text aloud:



READ ALOUD

The action climax of Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production. In this scene, the hero is due to slay the dragon, Alle'Goree, in an almost kingly fashion. Nib has set up the mechanical marvel which is due to take the stage. This is the scene the punters paid to see — if that dragon doesn't make it on-stage you'll have a riot on your hands.

Max is shaking Leo by the shoulders and begging him to explain why they thought this was a good idea. The pair of them frantically explain the rewrites in warbling tones without ever stopping.

LAST-MINUTE REWRITES

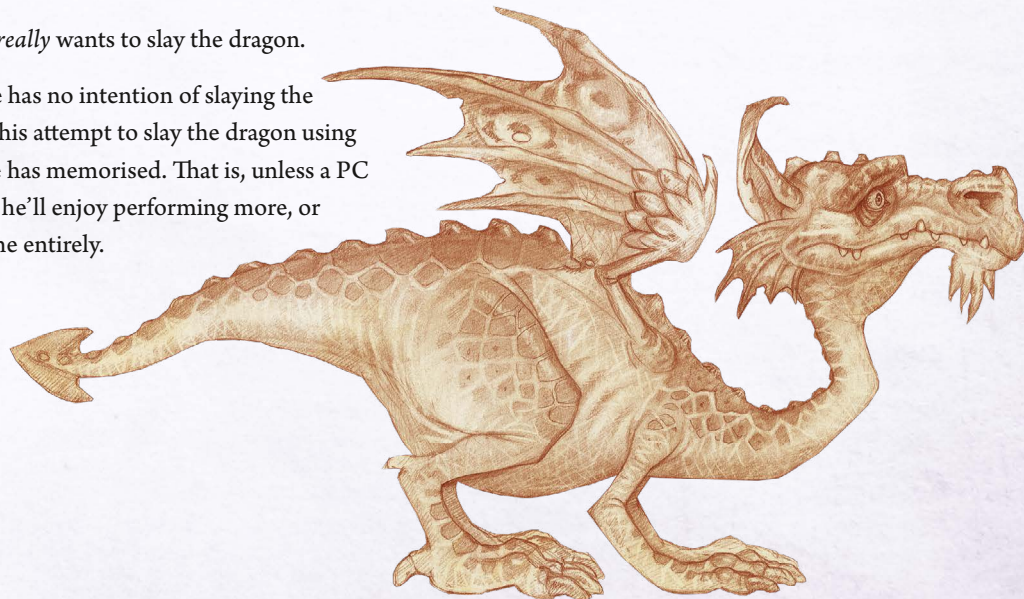
- ◆ **Notes from Max:** Max tells you: *'Have the city kill the dragon. I don't know how, it's the magic of theatre. One of you be the narrator and explain it to the crowd, they'll eat it up.'*
- ◆ **Notes from Leo:** Leo speaking in a Doppler effect, as Max swings him back and forth, requests *'Have Brünnhilde kill the dragon, not Winder. If he kills the dragon, then the crowd will revolt!'*

Both of them are clear that under no circumstances should Winder slay the dragon.

ON-STAGE

Zero (as Winder), really, *really* wants to slay the dragon.

He will assure you that he has no intention of slaying the dragon, including during his attempt to slay the dragon using the fight choreography he has memorised. That is, unless a PC can ad lib something that he'll enjoy performing more, or remove him from the scene entirely.





BACKSTAGE

Nib sits piloting the dragon. It's a thing of terrible majesty — wood and iron wrought into a mythical edifice and testament to his skill. Unfortunately, the producers skimped on the materials and something is terribly wrong with it. Consult the *Dragon Faults* table for the snag the PCs must fix:



FAULT

DRAGON FAULTS

- 1 *The dragon is breathing too much fire. There are already at least two small fires backstage. If it goes on-stage like this the entire audience will be cooked within an inch of their lives.*
- 2 *The dragon is breathing too little fire. You need to find a way to make the fire look more dramatic or the audience will be disappointed within an inch of their lives.*
- 3 *The wooden shell is coming apart at the seams. The magic of theatre will be ruined forever if people can see Nib in his seat piloting the dragon. Patch it up!*
- 4 *The dragon's wheels have given out, and it's tearing up the boards across the theatre. If you ever want to work in a theatre again, you need to fix that.*
- 5 *The sacks of stage blood under the dragon's shell have begun to spurt early. The people who paid for the splash zone tickets will demand their money back if it runs out of blood, and the whole stage will become a slippery death trap.*
- 6 *Nib has made the face too scary. If it goes out like this then multiple people will be scared to death. You'll all be marched off into the nearest cell for unlicensed murder — if you're lucky.*
- 7 *Nib has made the dragon too cute. It'll absolutely ruin the reviews unless you can give this dragon a bit of edge.*
- 8 *The dragon speeds off outside of Nib's control, careening through the aisles in some very intense audience participation. Get it back on-stage!*



CONSEQUENCES

Showstopper (On-stage): *Some of the audience begin to shuffle out to beat the rush. Unless you stop them this is quickly going to become the rush, and no one will see the end of the play.*

Quit Dragon Me Down (Backstage): *Nib is not happy with you interfering with the dragon. He lashes out with powerful mechanical limbs and you gain the Trait **Knocked about**.*

ACT II, SCENE XXX: OUR HERO GETS THE GIRL (BIG FINISH)

Bright lights; loud climactic music; people sneaking out to beat the rush.

Read the following text aloud:

READ ALOUD

It's time to tie everything up with a neat bow. Lord Winder takes his place as the rightful and benign ruler of Ankh-Morpork who will never ever die. All that's left is for the hero to get the girl. He also needs to sing a song about it. A very long song. Zero is expecting to take at least two bows after he's finished, regardless of the reception.

The producers, who have visibly aged during the runtime, shakily give you one final set of rewrites and then begin to look for the most convenient exit.

LAST-MINUTE REWRITES

- ◆ **Notes from Max:** Max wants you to make sure this goes on long enough for them to be safely out of the city by the time the curtain falls.
- ◆ **Notes from Leo:** Leo tells you: 'He can't let you sing too long. If Zero has a chance, you might say something everyone regrets and ruin the whole night. Make sure you cut the song short.'

ON-STAGE

Zero will resist any attempt to stop, hurry, or extend the song. He's put up with a lot and he's been method acting so long that he's sure he has the authority to have you executed. If PCs don't do something, he'll certainly ruin everything.

BACKSTAGE

To fund new lives in Klatch, Leo and Max have started to steal everything that isn't nailed down. This includes the entire pay packet for the run of *Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production*.

CONSEQUENCES

Don't Take a Bow (On-stage): The audience aren't appreciative of the way you handle the finale. Gain the Trait **Bad Actor** at the end of the adventure to honour how Ankh-Morpork remembers you.

Penniless Artists (Backstage): Leo and Max make a getaway with all of their ill-gotten goods, you'll never see them or your money again.

THAT'S A WRAP!

After everyone takes their final bow, the adventure is over and it's time to wrap up. The news rolls out over Ankh-Morpork the next day: the Glorious Revolution has been successful, and Lord Winder, who everyone always hated, has fallen. But more importantly: do the critics regard *Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production* as a success? What is to become of Lickspittle and Toad, or the Treacle Mine Road Community Theatre Troupe?

You should revisit players' favourite moments from the performance and how they would have been seen by the audience — and, more importantly, by the critics. Let them know what happens to any NPCs they enjoyed interacting with. Give each of them a chance to provide a quote from the audience which appears on the poster for the next performance of *Lord Winder, What A Guy: A Lickspittle And Toad Production*, as well as an epilogue for their own character.



THE BAD OLD DAYS

*In which we See Where it all Began — Do some Archaeology — Beat a Broken Drum —
Magic up a Storm — Create Plot Holes — Stab a Wizard in the Back — Meet the Notable, Eccentric
and Dangerous — and Go on an Adventure*

ERA OF BEGINNINGS

*'In a distant and second-hand set of dimensions, in an astral plane that
was never meant to fly, the curling star-mists waver and part...'*

— **THE COLOUR OF MAGIC**

Great A'Tuin and its monumental journey through nothing and to nowhere is something many (let's be honest, all) of you will be familiar with. But it was not always so. There was a time, if you believe it, when only one novel set upon the Discworld existed. We saw, through the eyes of Rincewind at first, a universe settling into being. The shifting sands of these ideas have become the bedrock of the Discworld series or else been blown away by the winds of refinement.

In those days, the Disc was a different kind of place: a little rougher around the edges, a lot more prone to spontaneous combustion, and utterly unbothered by consistency or logic. These are the Bad Old Days. A time when the world teetered on the edge of creation and catastrophe, often within the same sentence, and magic hummed in the air like a hypercharged thaumaturgic engine.

The magic of this time isn't neat or tidy: it leaks out of cracks in the setting, transforming ordinary moments into extraordinary absurdities. Whether it's through the appearance of a giant, world-ending star or the sentence of homicidal luggage, the Discworld of this era is a chaotic kaleidoscope of wonder and danger.

So, put on your octarine-tinted glasses, grab a map you can't quite trust, and step boldly into the world of early Discworld. Just try not to fall off the edge.



RECOMMENDED READING

The Colour of Magic
The Light Fantastic
Equal Rites
Sourcery
Pyramids
Eric



THE ANKH-MORPORK OF OLD

It is the closing years of the Century of the Fruitbat and the slow light of day dawns on the fine city of Ankh-Morpork. It takes over an hour, since light travels slowly through the magical soup of the Disc, like a wader forging their way through a lovely, thick, cabbage soup. It fills the streets of uneven cobbles, clambers up the Tower of Art and steers clear of certain alleyways in the Shades.* The Watch are some ways away from being useful and the street corners lack newspaper sellers, but that is not to say there isn't activity. Barbarian hordes roam the streets in search of a pub still open at six in the morning, the corpses of unfortunate wizards can be found laying on the river, and both the thieves and assassins are still filing off the rough edges of their professions.

THE BROKEN DRUM

'It was famed not for its beer, which looked like maiden's water and tasted like battery acid, but for its clientele. It was said that if you sat long enough in the Drum, then sooner or later every major hero on the Disc would steal your horse.'

— MORT

What better place to find activity than the Broken Drum, a place so active some of the furniture has been known to try and escape of its own volition. On a good night, the place is filled to the rafters with rowdy heroes and dashing rogues,** so it doubles as a place where adventures begin. Oh yes, if you want something slain or looted,*** this is the place to be. Though, often as not, the slaying and/or looting may end up happening to you.

PLAYING IN THE ERA

Here we discuss how playing in the Bad Old Days may affect your game, and the notable differences from the normal now of *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*.

Magic

Before the Unseen University got its act together (although we'll let you know if that ever actually happens) magic was even more unstable than it will be in later times. In this era, you may decide to make magic substantially more unstable by rolling on the Bad Old Days *Magical Consequence*, *Magical Hiccup* (p. 45), and *Magical Catastrophe* (p. 45) tables.



MAGICAL CONSEQUENCE

1

Roll on the *Magical Catastrophe* table (p. 45).

2-4

Roll on the *Magical Mishaps* table on page 42 of the *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook*.

5-8

Roll on the *Magical Hiccup* table (p. 45).

Instead of rolling, you can also decide the severity of a *Magical Consequence* yourself, matching *Magical Hiccups* and *Catastrophes* to the scale of the magic being cast. In general, we suggest scaling the response based on the amount of Luck spent:

- ◆ **0-1 Luck spent:** *Magical Hiccup*.
- ◆ **2 Luck spent:** *Magical Consequence*.
- ◆ **3+ Luck spent:** *Magical Catastrophe*.

* Where the sun does not shine, possibly out of fear, possibly because it would ruin the atmosphere.

** On a bad night, it is filled with barbarous villains and cutthroats who, oddly enough, look exactly like the rowdy heroes and dashing rogues, with a change of narration. Plus no-one keeps a schedule, so the good and bad nights tend to feature roughly the same amount of violence.

*** Slaying and Looting are legally distinct from Assassination and Thievery by dint of being part of an adventure. If, say, you find yourself in possession of a barrel of jewels and a corpse, you must be able to present compelling evidence that snake cults or damsels were involved, or you might find yourself having a pointed conversation with the Thieves' and/or Assassins' Guild(s).

SOURCERY

There is a type of magic beyond that of ordinary wizards, a type of magic that laughs at boundaries and restraints. Those few* that can control it attain a power that cannot be contained by rules. If you wish to include sourcery in your game, a character (we urge that this power not be given to PCs unless you want a very short game) gains the ability to conjure almost anything into being. They can state things as truth and watch them become real, they can mould the world as they see fit, they are limited only by their ambition and understanding.

Such stories cannot be about defeating the sourcerer with some more powerful force, since none exists. If a test opposes the sourcerer's wishes, roll a d20 for the Narrativium die, rather than a d8. If the sourcerer actively opposes a character's actions, roll a d100 instead.



MAGICAL HICCUP

- 1 You are teleported to a random location within the city.
- 2 You speak your thoughts aloud for the next hour.
- 3 A demon appears suddenly. They're not particularly aggressive, but will become peeved if they learn they are here by accident.
- 4 The spell fails, but you believe it has worked perfectly.
- 5 Your mind swaps with the nearest character's. You can only swap back when you understand how hard the other character's life truly is.
- 6 Your spell affects the wrong target.
- 7 You gain visions of a grand prophecy of destruction. Maybe it won't happen for a thousand years, or maybe it'll be a week next Tuesday?
Your spell succeeds! What's more, it has coalesced into a usable piece of magic.
- 8 From now on you can cast this spell without spending Luck to produce the same effect. It is customary to give the spell a name if it didn't have one already.



MAGICAL CATASTROPHE

- 1 A fizzing rift of octarine energy starts opening above the ground. In 5 minutes, everything within a 10 minute's sprint away will be utterly vaporised.
- 2 Time stops for every character other than those within eyesight of you. When does it start again? Well, that's a tricky question.
- 3 Everything winks into nothingness. Fortunately, it does come back some years later, exactly where you left it. To everyone else's point of view, you immediately become old and somewhat eccentric.
- 4 Jerakeen (one of the four giant elephants supporting the Disc) stumbles. The entire Disc is tilted by around 10 degrees until he regains his balance.
- 5 You broke the sun.
- 6 You start a fire so devastatingly hot that it threatens to melt half the city.
- 7 You find yourselves in a strange room (describe the room you are playing the game in, but without the players). On the table there are little pieces of paper with your names on. The GM smiles awkwardly and asks if you'd like to play, the only rule being that you can't play yourself, because of quantum.
- 8 Your magic bursts a bubble of untapped belief. You immediately become a minor god, shaped by the opinions of those nearby. Flip a coin to decide whether your powers are reality-shaping but short-lived, or underwhelming but permanent.

* Very singularly few, since *Coin the Sourcerer* (p. 60) is known as 'Coin the Sourcerer' and not 'Coin a Sourcerer'.

Unstable Narrativium

It is not only the magic of this era that is unstable, the Narrativium itself fluctuates wildly, sometimes causing entire stories to become derailed and entirely too silly.* In this era, you may decide to use Critical Successes and Miserable Failures, both of which inject a little more chaos into your game.

Critical Successes

If a player rolls the maximum result on their die and succeeds a test, roll on the table below to determine the result.



CRITICAL SUCCESS

- 1 *It all looks perfect until the last moment... Roll on the Miserable Failure table.*
- 2 *Gain 1 Luck.*
- 3 *Gain 2 Luck.*
- 4 *Gain 3 Luck.*
Choose another character or NPC who witnessed the test. They now respect you, even if they won't admit it.
- 6 *You found a discarded wallet with AM\$100 in it.*
- 7 *You automatically succeed at the next test you attempt (impossible tests are still impossible).*
- 8 *Gain the Trait **Bolstered and emboldened** as you are flushed with your own success.*
- 9 *If you used a Trait in this test, you may modify it in some way to reflect your skill.*
Everyone watching is in awe of your magnificence. If any NPCs are watching, they become enamoured with you — or at the very least stop trying to kill you for long enough for you to get away.
- 10 *If any other characters must try a similar Test to you in the next few minutes they are inspired by your competence and automatically succeed.*
- 11 *Gain the Trait **Categorically the best at X** with X being whatever you just attempted.*
- 12 *Gain the Trait **Categorically the worst at X** with X being whatever you just attempted.*

Miserable Failures

If a player rolls a one on their die, roll on the table below to determine the result.



MISERABLE FAILURE

- 1 *You have become a laughing stock. Children compose rhymes about your failure and sing them as you pass.*
- 2 *You have a Near-Death Experience. See Character Death on p. 21 of the **Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook**.*
- 3 *Twoflower (p. 52) was testing his iconograph nearby and caught a picture of your failure. That will certainly end up in his holiday snaps.*
- 4 *Gain an injury-based Trait, such as **Sprained ankle** or **Missing arm**.*
- 5 *You faint for 10 minutes.*
- 6 *The task you were attempting is physically impossible for anyone to manage.*
- 7 *Gain the Trait **Embarrassed and flustered** as you struggle to get over your failure.*
- 8 *If you used a Trait in this test, you must modify it in some way to reflect your oopsie.*
- 9 *Each ally that laughs at your misfortune gains 1 Luck.*
- 10 *Gain the Trait **Categorically the worst at X** with X being whatever you just attempted.*
- 11 *Word of your failure will reach even the gods themselves. Gain the Trait **Lost face**.*
- 12 *It all comes together at the last moment, roll on the Critical Success table.*

* Shout out to our boy Tetbis.

Species

In this period of Ankh-Morpork's history, all the playable species are present, but they are also generally more stereotypical. Trolls have yet to take on many of Ankh-Morpork's sensibilities, preferring to stick to traditions like smashing people over the head as a greeting. Dwarfs are even more traditionalist than in later eras and the undead do a lot more lurking than usual. As always, it can be fun to buck these stereotypes, but it can also be fun to lean into them and be the dwarfiest dwarf that ever dwarfed.

Another small note is that, during this period, the Narrativium of the Discworld is a lot less settled, causing random fluctuations in time, causality, and even entire cultures or genetics.*

If you are playing an unusual species, you are the authority on that species, even more so than the gamemaster (GM). Do your dwarfs spring out of holes in the ground? Do your trolls have magma for blood? This era is malleable and it is up to you to decide.



ORGANISATIONS

When using one of the core organisations (*Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook*, p. 72) and playing in this era, it is worth noting that the organisation may be quite different from its modern version.

The Watch is less likely to be characterised by upstanding coppers (though they certainly won't be as bad as during the Glorious Revolution) and the Assassins' and Thieves' Guilds are still finding their feet as organisations. The *Times* doesn't yet exist, so you cannot pick that organisation for your party.**

Unseen University, at this point, relies on the time-honoured dead-man's-pointy-shoes method of advancement and so is a much more brutal and deliberately dangerous environment.***

We've gone into some more detail on Unseen University in this era and provided some prompt tables, to help get yourself into the mindset.

Given how lightly many of these organisations are sketched out in the era, you can modify your organisation to fit any story you want to tell.

If anyone pulls you up on it, you can wave your hand and mutter something about History Monks.

* One such fluctuation, it is speculated, even caused a change in the personality of Lord Vetinari, though we wouldn't say that to his face.

** Ankh-Morpork has not yet invented the printing press, instead relying on the more primitive rumour mill.

*** The difference may be summarised thusly: if a wizard turns you into something in this era, it was probably deliberate. If a wizard in the latter days of the century turns you into something, it probably wasn't. And these days he'll probably turn you back, let you buy him a beer, and say something that, if you squint your ears, sounds a bit like an apology.

UNSEEN UNIVERSITY

Before Archchancellor Ridcully, there was Churn. Before him, there was Wayzygoose,* Cutangle, Trymon, and Weatherwax.** The list goes on, meandering its way through history until landing on the University's founder: Alberto Malich.

For its long and storied history, the overwhelming majority of Archchancellors have been chosen through self-deterministic means. Advancement is difficult in a profession where senility is seen as something of a prerequisite, so a culture of dead man's pointy shoes grew prevalent until well into the modern era.

This unfortunate tradition has given the wizards of this era a paranoid and deeply suspicious nature, where every dinner invitation is scrutinised for signs of poison, and 'accidental' spell misfires are commonplace occupational hazards. The halls of Unseen University echo not just with arcane chants, but also with whispered conspiracies.

Despite — or perhaps because of — this chaotic atmosphere, Unseen University thrived in its own peculiar way. The constant infighting drove magical innovation as wizards raced to develop more potent spells and craft increasingly elaborate wards and countermeasures to ensure their survival. The archchancellors of this era were often more feared than respected, ruling not so much through wisdom as through sheer force of personality (or occasionally just force). Few held the office for long, as even the most cunning and ruthless wizard eventually fell prey to someone younger, cleverer, or simply luckier.



EXAMPLE GOAL

1

Roll on the Magical Mishaps table on page 42 of the **Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook**. Find out whose fault it was.

2

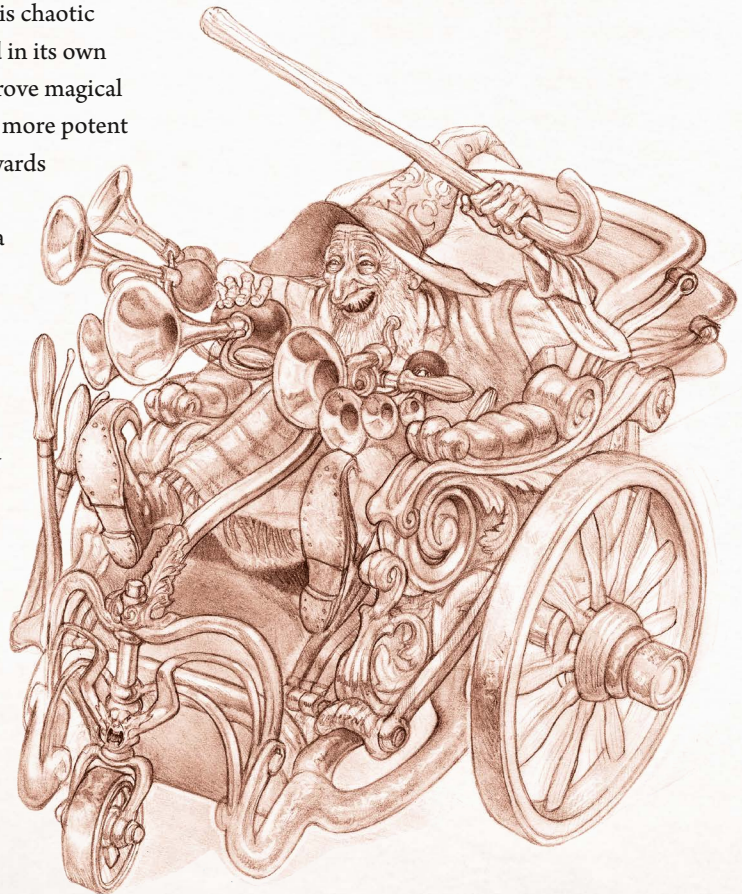
An elderly wizard has been in their position too long, but is a master of magic and unwilling to step down. Help him have an accident.

3

Each of you drank some poisoned tea. You have exactly one hour to find the culprit and either extract an antidote from, or exact revenge upon, them.

4

Through a complex bureaucratic scenario, each of you is in line for the player to your left's job, and consider it a promotion. Since resigning is impossible, one of you will have to be pushed off their mortal coil.



* *Albeit briefly, due to some unfortunate business with a sourceror.*

** *Slight relation.*

**EXAMPLE NICHE****IN LINE FOR...**

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1 | <i>Professor of Prestidigitative Policy</i> | <i>Bursar</i> |
| 2 | <i>Keeper of the Cryptomenagerie</i> | <i>Lecturer in Recent Runes</i> |
| 3 | <i>Advisor in Careful Casting</i> | <i>Senior Wrangler</i> |
| 4 | <i>Alumnus Anonymus</i> | <i>Dean of Pentacles</i> |
| 5 | <i>Postfect from the Student Body</i> | <i>Chair of Indefinite Studies</i> |
| 6 | <i>Sage of Gastrological Conjuration</i> | <i>Archchancellor of the Unseen University</i> |

**QUIRK QUESTION****EXAMPLE ANSWERS/TRAITS**

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1 | <i>How did you get your current position?</i> | <i>Through a mastery of magicks that make the very earth tremble;
No-one expects a pie to be poisonous;
My predecessor actually died of actual natural causes, actually.</i> |
| 2 | <i>Where do your ambitions lead you?</i> | <i>I want magical power beyond reason;
To a position where other wizards will respect me;
I just don't want to die!</i> |
| 3 | <i>How does magic make life easier for you?</i> | <i>I don't even remember what it's like to use my legs to walk;
A swift fireball usually clears the corridors of students;
I always know what's coming, that's why I'm so morose.</i> |
| 4 | <i>How does magic make life harder for you?</i> | <i>Whenever I cast something, I always get indigestion;
My spells are so loud and bright, they give everyone else a headache;
I've never been able to get the hang of levitation, it's all or nothing.</i> |
| 5 | <i>What would you be if you weren't a wizard?</i> | <i>I have the soul of a cobbler;
Dead, I couldn't survive three minutes outside academia;
A dancer, like my seven brothers.</i> |
| 6 | <i>How long have you been in your current role?</i> | <i>Just a few days, I'm on my way up;
Long enough, the trick is checking your pies for poison;
Longer than I expected, either I'm lucky or no-one wants this job.</i> |

FAMILIAR FACES

The Discworld of this era is a chaotic and colourful place, and so too are the people that live there. From the halls of Unseen University to the cobbled streets of Ankh-Morpork, every corner of the Disc is alive with folk ready to join an adventure while setting the nearest building on fire in the process. Here we've gathered some of the notable, eccentric, and occasionally dangerous personalities from this era.



COHEN THE BARBARIAN

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Ghenghis Cohen*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *The Barbarian*

FEATURES: *The Disc's greatest warrior;*
A smile of diamond teeth;
Leader of the Silver Horde.

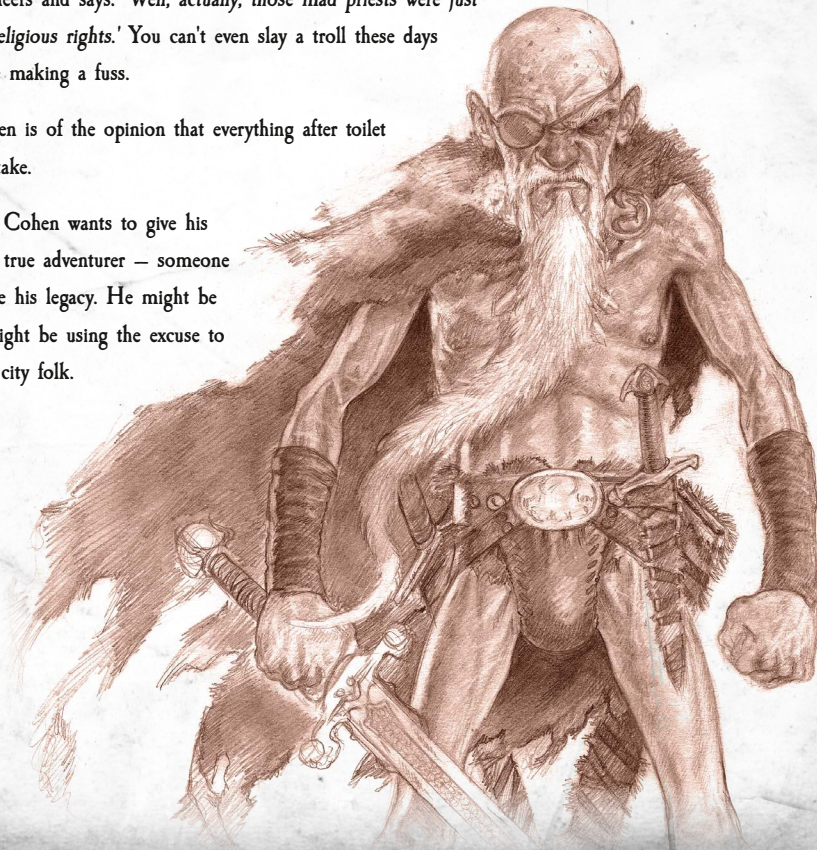
MANNERISM: *Spits often and has a laugh that can delouse a horse*

Whoever said that that you either die a hero or live long enough to see yourself become the villain hadn't met Cohen the Barbarian. He has slain countless foes, saved a myriad of maidens, and defiled more than a few temples in his time. It is not heroics that Cohen is troubled by, but the very opposite: civilization.

For Cohen, civilization is the boy at the back of the classroom that just has to be right. It sneers and says: 'Well, actually, those mad priests were just exercising their religious rights.' You can't even slay a troll these days without someone making a fuss.

Sometimes Cohen is of the opinion that everything after toilet paper was a mistake.

STORY PROMPT: Cohen wants to give his sword away to a true adventurer — someone who can continue his legacy. He might be genuine or he might be using the excuse to embarrass some city folk.



TWOFLOWER

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Twoflower*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *The Disc's First Tourist*

FEATURES: *Unaware of the value of anything;*
Incurably curious;
Owner of the Luggage.

MANNERISM: *Pushes up his glasses and gives a naïve grin*

Discworld's first (and possibly only) tourist is an odd fellow, even by Ankh-Morpork's standards. Despite his singular nature, Twoflower has honed the art of tourism to a razor's edge, seeking out historic locations, discovering new cuisines, and meeting helpful locals. The trick to each of these is in the exact definition of 'historic', 'cuisine', and 'helpful'.

STORY PROMPT: Twoflower asks a PC to take an iconograph of him next to a local landmark. As the iconograph is taken, three ruffians on horseback race past, scooping up the little tourist and attempting to whisk him away. The ruffians want to take him somewhere private and shake him down for the large amount of money about his person.



CONINA

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Conina*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *The Hairdresser*

FEATURES: *A face that could launch a thousand ships;
Muscles that could launch a few more;
Can't not use everything as a deadly weapon.*

MANNERISM: *Sultry tones that ooze femininity*

Woe betide those that meet Conina's blade, be that in battle or in the barber's chair. Conina is the daughter of Cohen the Barbarian and a temple dancer* whom he saved from being sacrificed. With a hero's blood coursing through her veins, Conina is a match for her father in skill, strength, and heart — which is exactly her problem. Her dream is to be a simple hairdresser. An uncomplicated dream made impossible by her heroic instincts, that are incapable of hearing 'a little off the top' without taking considerably more off than the speaker intended.

STORY PROMPT: Conina wants to give a PC a haircut. If they accept, it goes exactly as well as you might suspect.



* Remembering names is not Cohen's strongest skill.

NIJEL THE DESTROYER

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Nijel, Son of Harebut the Provisions Merchant*

SPECIES: *Human* **NICHE:** *The Destroyer*

FEATURES: *Six feet of rippling skin and bones;
The heart of an adventurer;
The manual dexterity of a drunk puppy.*

MANNERISM: *Speaks like you assume someone called Nijel would speak, which isn't fair, but there you go*

An ineffective, would-be-barbarian hero, Nijel is a scrawny young man with the demeanour of a nervous accountant. Still, he has his trusty sword, horned helmet, and a well-thumbed book of tips on barbarian-ing.

STORY PROMPT: Nijel petitions the party for a grand quest. If they don't have something for him, he will look as if he is about to cry.



TEPPIC

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Pteppicymon XXVIII*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *His Greatness the' King Pteppicymon XXVIII, Lord of the' Heavens,*

FEATURES: *Knows seven languages and a lot of swear words;
An excellent assassin as long as he isn't asked to kill anyone;
Technically a god.*

MANNERISM: *Suave and debonair*

Teppic was, until recently, the young prince of the desert kingdom of Djelibeybi, deep in his studies at the esteemed Assassins' Guild in Ankh-Morpork. He is skilled, modern-minded, and logical — traits that serve him absolutely not at all in his role as a living god. Since the death of his father (His Greatness the King Pteppicymon XXVII, Lord of the Heavens, Charioteer of the Wagon of the Sun, Steersman of the Barque of the Sun, Guardian of the Secret Knowledge, Lord of the Horizon, Keeper of the Way, the Flail of Mercy, the High Born One, the Never Dying King) young Teppic has been going through some changes.

Whenever Teppic is around, there's a chance of a miracle. Roll on the table below to find out how the gods are bothering Teppic today.



DIVINE MIRACLE

- 1 *The River Ankh floods with actual water. You still wouldn't want to drink it, but a miracle's a miracle.*
- 2 *Birds flock about Teppic, alighting on every horizontal surface within a dozen yards.*
- 3 *The cobbles part to make way for quickly growing stalks of wheat, heavy with grain.*
- 4 *The sun briefly stops in the sky and focuses its light upon Teppic.*



STORY PROMPT: Teppic stumbles out of a bar, drunk on Ghlen Livid.* He is performing unintentional miracles, and needs your help to halt the deifying process.

* A drink famed for giving the ill effects before it is drunk rather than after.

*Charioteer of
the' Wagon
of the' Sun,
Steersman of
the' Barque
of the' Sun,
Guardian of
the' Secret
knowledge,
Lord of the'
Horizon,
keeper of
the' Way,
the' Flail
of Mercy,
the' High
Born One,
the' Never
Dying King*

MORT

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Mortimer*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Death's Apprentice*

FEATURES: *A dangerously curious mind;*
Seemingly made entirely of knees;
Filled with youthful ideals.

MANNERISM: *Nervously scratches the back of his neck and looks around for help*

They say that you cannot call a craftsman a master until they have an apprentice. And so it was that Mortimer, or simply Mort, began his rather short-lived experience with Death's duty. Scythe in hand, Mort wanders that timeless realm, appearing before the recently departed. Being new to the profession, Mort is prone to the odd mistake, such as letting his compassion get in the way of his work.

STORY PROMPT: After a character's death, they are visited not by Death but by Mort; he can be convinced to let them live for just a little longer.



YSABELL

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Ysabell*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Death's Daughter*

FEATURES: *Has a lot of practice being sixteen;
Reads a lot of biographies;
Entirely without squeam.*

MANNERISM: *A melodramatic sigh and expert rolling of the eyes*

Death has a daughter. This naturally raises some questions, particularly the one-word kind that can be fired out in quick succession to great effect. The most interesting one to try and answer, however, is 'Why?'. It's hard to explain if you are not an anthropomorphic personification, but after an eternity of dealing with the back end of the mortal coil, one becomes interested in seeing what all the fuss is about. The other questions can fall by the wayside, forming a pile that is best swept under a rug.

STORY PROMPT: Ysabell has come to Ankh-Morpork to do whatever it is that sixteen-year-old girls do. Death is frantically looking for her, though in the least threatening way this sentence can be taken.

ESK

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Eskarina Smith*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Wizard*

FEATURES: *An eldritch prodigy;*
A force of will you could break a barrel over;
Mind sharp enough to cut itself.

MANNERISM: *A steely stare and a bit of arcane muttering*

Boys become wizards, girls become witches. That's the way things were, and for the most part still seem to be. But in all things there are exceptions. The exception in this case is a slight young girl with a faintly glowing staff and an expression already dialled all the way up to 'So what?'. As you might expect from a girl who managed to break into Unseen University, Eskarina is quick to notice the ills of the world and just as quick to act, either through mundane action or magical means (the *Magical Hiccup* table on p. 45 might be useful to see how this goes during play).



KRING

(It/Its)

FULL NAME: *Kring*

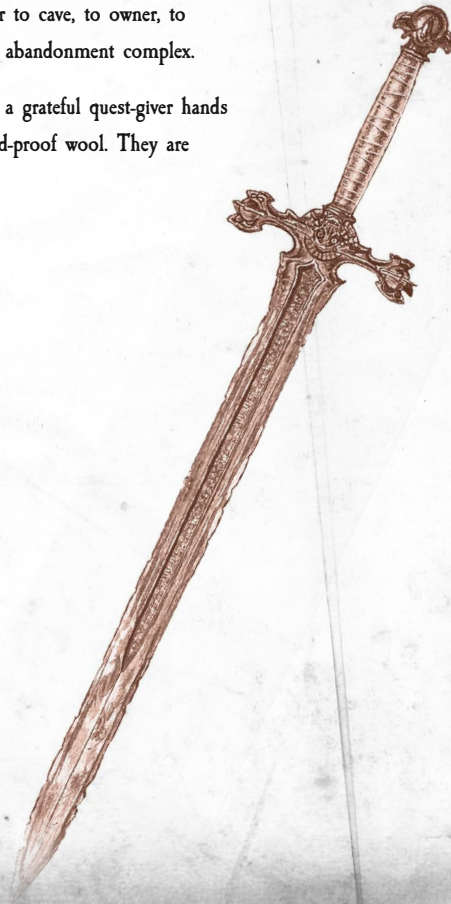
SPECIES: *Sword* NICHE: *Sword*

FEATURES: *A voice that cuts right through you;
Believes sentience is a double edged... uh, me;
Interested in this 'swords to ploughshares' business.*

MANNERISM: *A sing-song tone and an insistence on never shutting up*

The main problem with magic swords is that, when all is said and done, the ability to talk doesn't add a huge amount of utility to an item you mostly thrust into people you don't like. The other problem is that without the apparatus required for, say, swimming out of a pond or climbing out of a crevasse, they end up trapped in very boring places for long stretches of time. So it was that Kring the neurotic dirk found itself passed from owner to cave, to owner, to forgotten temple. It's no wonder the poor soul has an abandonment complex.

STORY PROMPT: After a suspiciously simple challenge, a grateful quest-giver hands a PC a black blade wrapped in several sheets of sound-proof wool. They are gone before the PC can say 'thank you'.



COIN

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Coin*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *The Sourcerer*

FEATURES: *An unassuming and underwhelming figure;
Only one foot stuck in reality;
The most powerful magic user to have ever existed.*

MANNERISM: *Looks just over your shoulder as he speaks*

The eighth son of an eighth son is always a wizard. Should a busy wizard get around to having eight sons, that child will be a sourcerer, and be able to create magic. The only known sourcerer to have existed in recent memory is the young man, Coin.

He is a creature of such unimaginable power that wizards only ever speak of him in hushed tones if they dare speak of him at all.

For more on sourcerers, see page 45.

STORY PROMPT: If Coin is in your tale, every attempt at magic by anyone other than Coin causes a Magical Catastrophe, see page 45.







ARE YOU THERE, BEL-SHAMHAROTH? IT'S ME, CULTIST #44

By Corey Davies

INTRODUCTION

*Are You There, Bel-Shamharoth? It's Me, Cultist #44** is a communitarian adventure for *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*. The information here is directed at the gamemaster (GM), but players should at least be aware of the *Arepo's Tasks* section on page 65 so that they can take full advantage of the choices offered to them.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Colour of Magic
The Light Fantastic
Guards! Guards!
Moving Pictures

* Hereafter referred to as 'Are You There...' in a desperate effort to get in under the word count.



GETTING STARTED

Before running the adventure, it's advised that you read the whole thing, but at minimum this *Getting Started* section as well as the *Adventure Overview*, *Tips on Consequences*, *Anti-Soul-Eater Sentiment*, *Arepo's Tasks*, and *Amnesty Aftermath* sections. They'll help you understand the way the adventure is intended to proceed and how things are expected to go wrong.

The way player characters (PCs) can move between scenes is described in the *Arepo's Tasks* section (p. 65). To visit every scene in this adventure, either PCs will have something go cataclysmically badly, or players will have to play through the adventure more than once. As a result, you're encouraged to take bits and pieces from the scenes which PCs do not visit and add them to other scenes; Consequences, non-player characters (NPCs), descriptions, whatever you want. Just make sure players have a novel experience, even if they've been through the adventure before.

Begin the adventure with the read-aloud text at the end of *Amnesty Aftermath* (p. 66).

ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

After Rincewind banished Bel-Shamharoth to the deeper chthonic planes with the iconograph, worshippers of the Soul-Eater practising in the sewers beneath Sator Square have found themselves searching for meaning in the absence of their abominable master. Since the Great Slimy One went quiet on them their sibling cults have shifted into summoning, and being promptly devoured by, other well-known Things and the new up-and-coming Nameless Things.* Arepo, leader of the cult, has decided that the way to truly gain dominion over people (without power granted by the Soul Render) is to create a 'system of dependence' and remove potential obstacles for amassing power in the future. This looks an awful lot like hard, honest labour in aid of other Ankh-Morporkians.

Other cultists who followed Arepo have decided they'd rather be devoured by a Nameless Thing than do community outreach, leaving the PCs as the last members standing and on the hook for everything that Arepo has planned. The PCs need to search for a new direction in life as they spend market day in Sator Square laying the groundwork for what may one day become the Young Men's Reformed-Cultists-of-the-Ichor-God-Bel-Shamharoth Association/Young Men's Pagan Association.

Since secret cults dedicated to unfathomable and tentacular beings from beyond reality draw from every strata of society, the PCs can be members of any organisation who moonlight as cultists in their spare time. What brings them together is their worship of the Sender of Eight, and the fact they're all keeping a huge secret — the existence of the cult.

The adventure begins with the read-aloud section (p. 67). If you would like to read it in-character as Arepo, you can find his details on page 75. Once this read-aloud section has been finished, players are free to begin at any scene they choose, except the final one.

PCs can then move from scene to scene in any order they choose, resolving the tasks with help from the stall holders. Arepo's introductory Read-Aloud Text outlines specific methods for solving each task, but creative players may have alternative solutions.

Once PCs have resolved all three of Arepo's tasks, or you feel that it's time for sundown, begin the final scene: *Sator Square Sewer Entrance (exterior)* on page 75. After this scene, wrap up the adventure.

* Quite how they keep summoning Nameless Things with no way to name them is a mystery. We're given to understand that it involves a lot of trial and error, a considerable amount of gumption, and an inhuman amount of phlegm.

TIPS ON CONSEQUENCES

Throughout *Are You There...* PCs are expected to engage the community of Sator Square in order to build relationships and solve the problems highlighted by Arepo's tasks. Consequences here should focus on; exacerbating antipathy between different characters, making the tasks Arepo has presented more difficult, and drawing unwanted attention to the fact the PCs are members of a notorious cult dedicated to a being that would gladly make a meal of all of Ankh-Morpork.

In extreme circumstances, you can also draw the attention of Things from the Dungeon Dimensions to Sator Square. Bel-Shamharoth isn't the only nightmare in town and others (such as Yob Soddoth or Tshup Aklathep, Infernal Star Toad with A Million Young), may be keen to show off and, *ahem*, snap up wayward followers of the indisposed Sender of Eight.

ANTI-SOUL-EATER SENTIMENT

Bel-Shamharoth is not well liked. Some might say being a creature of incomprehensible nightmares known as the 'Soul-Eater' was a bit of a whiff, branding-wise. Nonetheless, this reputation is something PCs will need to work around no matter what their solutions for Arepo's tasks are. In the future, the most important word in the Young Men's Reformed-Cultists-of-the-Ichor-God-Bel-Shamharoth Association will be 'reformed'.

Wizards and priests especially are not fond of cultists of Bel-Shamharoth, regarding them as ignorant dabblers in powers beyond their ken.*

PCs will need to be careful about how they preach the slimy word of the Ichor God. At this point in time, the usual reaction to a group of cultists is to send in a mighty hero with a very sharp weapon to ask them to clear off with extreme prejudice. If NPCs become aware of the PCs' affiliation, they will make life more difficult for them — at least until they can prove they intend to do something other than lure people into some sort of horrid ritual.

AREPO'S TASKS

PCs have from sunrise to sunset in Sator Square to use the marketplace to its maximum advantage and complete as many of Arepo's tasks as they can.

The tasks are:

1. *Ensure the Orphans of Portent (p. 70) will not be a problem in the future. Either catalogue their prophecies at the SHAM stall (p. 69) or have Riianere (p. 68) send them far away.*
2. *Get rid of the cursed objects (see Amnesty Aftermath, p. 66) either by smelting them down at the blacksmith (p. 72) or by having a dwarf (p. 71) bury them in a hole.*
3. *Get at least two new members. Try the hat vendor (p. 73) and the cheesemonger (p. 74).*

Arepo's connection with Bel-Shamharoth gave him power, purpose, and direction. With the Sender of Eight gone, all of these advantages are gone too. The cult has been listless without his usual plans. Even his nightly chant session of 'This hour! This hour! We must increase our power!' has lost gusto. Arepo plans to remove obstacles to the cult gaining power so it can easily take over the city later. The jury is out over whether he's killing time until Bel-Shamharoth comes back, or if he genuinely thinks this will actually work.

PCs can complete tasks in any order and in any fashion they choose using the community in Sator Square. This means they can choose to play any scene in any order, and return to scenes should they wish. The only exception is the final scene which concludes the adventure. If you feel comfortable doing so, you could create additional scenes for them to engage with, or additional tasks that Arepo wants resolved.

* As far as most wizards are concerned, 'irony' is something the staff does to their clothes.



MORE TASKS FROM AREPO

Should you decide to create more tasks for PCs to undertake on Arepo's behalf, remember that these should be things that are ostensibly villainous, but lead to making Sator Square a nicer place. Because Arepo is having a crisis of faith without Bel-Shamharoth to lead him, they should also be a touch vague. Some examples are:

- ◆ Two of the Sator Square vendors are destined to raise or conceive a child who will play an important role in the cult's future. He's not sure which vendors, so you need to make sure as many of them fall in love as you can.
- ◆ The creepy atmosphere around the sewers is attracting unwanted attention to the secret lair. Find some ways to make Sator Square more aesthetically pleasing so no-one thinks there's a cult here.
- ◆ There is a rumour that we're not the top cult in Ankh-Morpork, find out who started this rumour and stop them spreading any more.
- ◆ A sibling cult of Bel-Shamharoth is in need of some tutelage. Due to a scheduling issue, you need to meet their leader by the big fountain at noon and teach them how to give a convincing evil monologue. You can't expose the cult, so you must try to make this an entertaining performance for onlookers.

Arepo has suggestions for how to perform the tasks, each of which corresponds to a different scene. PCs may have more compelling plans to solve Arepo's problems. If you feel able to create the appropriate scene for their suggestions, he is more than amenable to the initiative.

This is also true if they think people/places Arepo lists might have potential solutions to more than one task's problems, for example: an excess of cursed objects being handed off to an excess of orphans may eventually solve both issues... for a given value of solved.

Arepo's tasks are resolved at your discretion. If the PCs have conceivably succeeded in arranging a solution either in the spirit or the letter of a task, then it's resolved.

Amnesty Aftermath

As part of Arepo's current initiatives, the cult recently ran a Cursed Item Amnesty, leaving them in possession of a sack of terrible and unwieldable magical power. Until the PCs somehow get rid of the sack Arepo gives them, one PC will carry it. They gain the Trait **Accursed baggage handler**. The sack contains a cursed version of any sort of item they want to try and grab. The sack itself is cursed with infinite depth. When they grab something, roll on the *Effect* table:



EFFECT

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Empty: This item has run out of magic. |
| 2 | Backfire: The user suffers a <i>Magical Mishap</i> (<i>Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook</i> , p. 42). |
| 3 | Disobedient: The item is sentient, loud, and mad about being used like this. |
| 4 | Extra Potent: Whatever effect the user is hoping for happens. But they have no control over how; it happens a lot, and in a way they have no control over. |



When everyone is ready to begin, read the following text out loud. We recommend reading it in character as Arepo, and really getting into it. If you can do a good cackle, now's the time.

READ ALOUD

The appointed day has come. Between the rising sun and withdrawal of daylight, the people of Ankh-Morpork will gather in Sator Square. It is the perfect time to strike!

I think.

Firstly, the latest great fire of Ankh-Morpork has left a higher-than-usual number of Orphans of Portent clogging up the streets. Either get them sent off to a countryside orphanage by Riianere's Travel Service, or get the seers to tell you their future so we can break any inconvenient prophecies in advance. The orphans are hanging around the big fountain, so go wrangle them onto carts or into the fortune tellers.

Next, we need to get rid of the cursed objects we gathered in last week's Cursed Object Amnesty. Bel-Shamharoth alone knows how many times a cult has been foiled by a magical item. Have them melted down or buried deep, deep underground. One of you is in charge of the big sack of cursed items until you find a way to get rid. Sort that amongst yourselves.

Finally, and most importantly, we need some new members. Get at least two people to agree in principle to the worship of Bel-Shamharoth. Try the spotty teen who's selling fancy hats, or the cheesemonger. If they can monger cheese they can monger worship!

Go my minions! Go and make the most of market day!



RIIANERE'S TRAVEL SERVICE STALL

A clear grey sky; chatter of merchants; tangy smell of bull dung.

Riianere's Premier Travel and Transport Service is a cart hire which operates during Saturday markets* and provides cheap and cheap** options for cart hire. If you need to go somewhere, Riianere can promise to send you on your way. Things like guaranteed arrival free of bodily harm, bandit insurance, and a seat on the cart are not included as standard.

WHAT'S ON OFFER

Riianere is able to offer cut-rate cart hire for any and all of the PCs' needs. However, he will be doing his best to maximise his profits. PCs will have a hard time haggling with him.

He's also not particularly into the idea of joining a cult, unless he thinks he can use it to turn a profit.

CONSEQUENCES

Skint Alive: Riianere is an incredibly savvy negotiator and takes all the PC's money. If they want to purchase anything else during the adventure, they'd better learn to barter.

Customer Dissatisfaction: The amount of time PCs spend negotiating with Riianere gives ample opportunity for previous customers to appear in an angry mob — Riianere makes a quick escape and is not able to help the PCs further.

Travel Sickness: Whoever or whatever gets put onto one of Riianere's carts reacts very poorly. A random PC gains the Trait **Sticky coating**.

RIIANERE

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Riianere*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Travel Agent*

FEATURES: *Quick to offer a deal;
Quicker to offer an optional add-on for just a ba'penny more.
Openness to joining your cult: Middling.*

MANNERISM: *Combs back his oily hair when thinking*

* This handily limits the amount of time that Riianere is available to handle customer complaints.

** Riianere refuses to pay for a second adjective.

TRADE ASSOCIATION OF SEERS, HARUSPEX, AUGURS, AND MISCELLANEOUS FUTURE TELLERS (SHAM) STALL

Ominously grey sky; chatter of birds; powerful blanket of incense smoke.

The SHAM stand is covered in crystals, incense, runestones, and any other vaguely esoteric paraphernalia you can imagine. They also sell locally-grown, juiced cabbage. Passers-by may be harangued into taking a future reading from one of the stand workers in a small, cordoned-off section adjacent to the stall. Today the fortune tellers are: Madame Foresight, a haruspex (foretelling by animal innards); and The Magnificent Hedren, an augur (foretelling by the flight of birds).

WHAT'S ON OFFER

The two fortune tellers are more than able to tell any fortunes the PCs might desire. The accuracy of their foretellings is variable, but you can't be right all of the time or you wouldn't be working sunup to sundown in the Saturday market in Sator Square.

The two of them are, in fact, already in a rival cult dedicated to Tshup Aklathep, Infernal Star Toad with A Million Young. They would be very easily convinced to jump ship if their foretellings prompt them to.

MADAME FORESIGHT (SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Madame Foresight*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Vegan Haruspex*

FEATURES: *Purveyor of average-to-okay foretellings;
Always has a 'cruelty free' alternative.
Openness to joining your cult: High.*

MANNERISM: *Tries to make her voice wobble when she's relaying foretellings*

THE MAGNIFICENT HEDREN (SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *The Magnificent Hedren*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Bird-bating Augur*

FEATURES: *Nervous around flocks of birds;
Flighty personality.
Openness to joining your cult: Mostly.*

MANNERISM: *Talks incredibly quickly, hard to tell what she's saying*

CONSEQUENCES

SHAMWow: The SHAM ladies are so impressed by their vision of a PC's future that they insist on following them around and proclaiming their foretold greatness. This makes it very hard to have a conversation with anyone else.

No Spoilers: The foretelling works, but whoever is doing it says that telling the PC what they've seen would ensure that it does not come to pass. As a result they cannot give you the foretelling, although they definitely did it. Usual foretelling fee still applies.

Popped Out of the Shops: One of the ladies who says she'll join the cult is dragged to the Dungeon Dimensions with a soft 'pop'. She will spend the rest of the adventure looking at portraits of the Star Toad's thousand thousand young. She might reappear somewhere else in space and time once it's done. This doesn't count as getting a new recruit.

BIG FOUNTAIN IN SATOR SQUARE

Bright grey sky; children's laughter (suspicious); the smell of stagnant water.

The big fountain is crawling with Orphans of Portent. There isn't a one of them without a special birthmark and a compelling backstory of tragic loss. They're also running absolutely wild — the traders nearby have abandoned their stalls after a rain of hijinks ruined products and services alike.

WHAT'S ON OFFER

These are the orphans Arepo wants you to gather and organise so their portentous futures don't ruin anything the cult might do in a decade or so. Right now they're a terrifying mob of unsupervised energy led by Mortholemew. If they're going to do anything, it'll be on his say so. Herding cats would look like a walk in the park compared to getting these kids to do anything besides what they want to be doing. They have ridiculous and highly specific demands about what powers they want before joining the PC's cult.

CONSEQUENCES

Child's Play: The orphans decide to have fun with one or more PC(s), raining childhood joy (and mud) on them. They gain the Trait **Favourite target**.

All Fun and Games Until...: One of the other stall holders gets hurt in the flurry of children. They will entirely blame the PCs and be near-impossible to work with from now.

Follow the Leader: Mortholemew decides it's a good time for a round of hide and seek. The orphans melt into the crowd of Sator Square and need to be found in other scenes. There are about a dozen of them.

MORTHOLEMEW

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Mortholemew*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Leader of the Orphans of Portent*

FEATURES: *'Lil stinker;*

Huge personality in a tiny body.

Openness to joining your cult: Only if he gets a leadership position.

MANNERISM: *Constantly doing something gross: spitting, picking his nose, etc.*

MILLY VAN HOUSE

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Milly Van House*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *NOT THE Leader of the Orphans of Portent*

FEATURES: *Relentlessly positive;*
crying for attention.

Openness to joining your cult: Only if Mortholemew joins.

MANNERISM: *Follows sentences with '... Right, Mortholemew?' even if he's not present*



DUGZ HARDHEAD'S ARTISEENAL MERCENARY SERVICE

Especially dark grey sky; rhythmic chanting of 'Gold, gold, GOLD, gold'; the smell of body odour and incredibly strong ale.

Dugz Hardhead is what happens to a dwarf when they go into the big city. Loud, crass, drunk, and utterly in love with gold, ale, and fights. One drunken night, he was talking with a friend and decided that they'd work really well together — no, honestly, they really ought to do it this time. From this, Dugz Hardhead's Artiseenal Mercenary Service was born. Unfortunately, as with all these conversations, come the morning's sobriety it didn't seem quite as appealing to work together and so Dugz is a mercenary company of one.

WHAT'S ON OFFER

Dugz is a mercenary, so will do just about anything for the right price. It's an artiseenal service though, so it costs more than your average mercenary service. Being a dwarf, he's also got access to big, deep holes in the ground where he can hide things so no-one will ever find them.

Dugz isn't open to joining a cult at all. He'd rather sing about gold whilst he drinks, or earn gold whilst he fights. His ideal situation would be drinking, and fighting, and singing about gold all at once.*

CONSEQUENCES

Hardhead by Name... : Dugz takes offence and challenges a PC to a duel over a slight; be it real or imagined.

Deep Pockets: Dugz wants an absolutely ungodly fee to undertake whatever task the PCs need doing. They can't afford him and will need to find someone else to complete Arepo's tasks.

Hole, at Once: Dugz gets so excited about throwing something, anything, down a big hole and getting paid for it that he sets off immediately. He's unavailable for the rest of the adventure.

DUGZ HARDHEAD

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Dugz Hardhead*

SPECIES: *Dwarf* NICHE: *Mercenary Band Leader*

FEATURES: *Ideas above his station;*
Loves fighting more than ale, gold more than fighting.
Openness to joining your cult: None at all.

MANNERISM: *Prone to casual but long strings of dwarfish expletives that are, unfortunately, unprintable*

* He's not from Aberdeen, but we see why you'd think that.



SMIFFY'S BLACKSMITH CART

Smoke-choked grey sky; clang of metal on metal; the smell of fire.

Smiffy has a little portable forge that he wheels around the city to wherever smithing needs to happen. There's always something to forge or fix and Smiffy's cart is strung with half-finished projects.

It might not seem safe to carry a forge fire around on a wooden cart, but somehow, of all the people in Ankh-Morpork, Smiffy is one of the least likely to start an unexpected blaze. Mostly because a blaze is so likely that it's never unexpected.

WHAT'S ON OFFER

Smiffy can forge, fix, smelt, melt, burn, hammer, or otherwise blacksmith anything the PCs might want blacksmithed. He charges very little, doing it for the love of the forge more than the money. He is, however, very enthusiastic once he gets going. If his mind is made up to smith something then there's no stopping him without a more appealing project.

He's too bound up in his work to bother with a cult, unless there's some interesting blacksmithing involved.

CONSEQUENCES

Hammer Time: Smiffy decides that a project appeals to him. This is not the project the PCs want him to be working on, however, and he'll need to be persuaded to change his mind somehow.

Ingot a Problem: Smiffy melts the cursed items into a single huge ingot with little fuss. The ingot, however, is incredibly cursed. It is sentient and causes random discharges of magic all around Sator Square. It also acts as a magnet for any Things which might be watching from the Dungeon Dimensions.

Whoever Smelt it...: Smiffy sets about smelting everything down, but the evil magics in the items cause a terrible miasma of cursed mist to fill the entire square. It smells of rotten eggs. Every scene from now on is full of the cursed gas.

SMIFFY (HE/HIM)

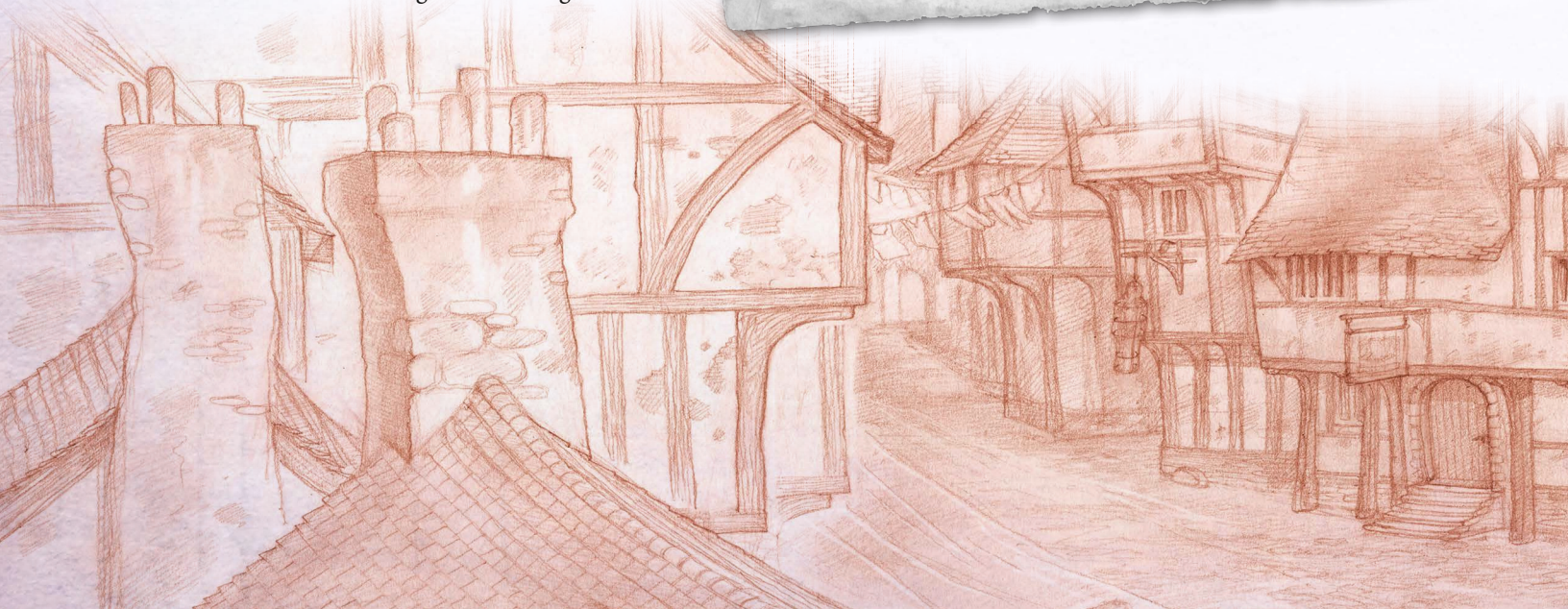
FULL NAME: *Smiffy*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Blacksmith*

FEATURES: *Deaf in one ear, blind in one eye; Burning passion for his work.*

OPENNESS TO JOINING YOUR CULT: *Not really.*

MANNERISM: *Gruff voice, will interrupt people with 'speak up' if he can't hear them or thinks it's funny*



HATS BY BERNARD STALL

Grey and drizzly sky; an oddly quiet part of the square; the smell of curing leather.

Stood nervously, not talking to anyone, is Bernard Stall. His stall is amateurish in presentation but he actually seems to have a talent for millinery. In the distance his mum can just be seen in a window at the edge of Sator Square, watching him intently to make sure he's alright.

WHAT'S ON OFFER

Bernard makes hats. His most appealing quality however, is his willingness to throw in with any group which offers positive reinforcement. He won't be hard to convince, but his mum might not be too happy. She will hear any offer made to him despite all the laws of physics that might be in the way.

BERNARD STALL

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Bernard Stall*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Spotty Teen*

FEATURES: *Cannot speak to girls;
Hobbyist trying to go pro.
Openness to joining your cult: Mostly.*

MANNERISM: *Bernard's voice breaks sometimes, he's very sensitive about it*

CONSEQUENCES

Mother Knows Best: *Bernardette decides it's in her son's best interest to take down the cult. She loudly denounces the PCs to anyone and everyone. This is, at minimum, annoying.*

Teenage Rebel: *Bernard decides now is the moment to do the exact opposite of whatever his mum is suggesting, either joining or not joining the cult.*

Hat's All, Folks: *Bernard is struck by the PC's dedication to their cause and vows to dedicate himself fully to millinery. He will be as good at selling hats as the PCs are at cult stuff. He will never join the cult.*

BERNARDETTE STALL

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Bernardette Stall*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Caring Mother*

FEATURES: *Only has Bernard's best interests at heart;
Fiercely protective.
Openness to joining your cult: Where her son goes, she goes.*

MANNERISM: *Only ever says Bernard's name loudly and with emphasis on both syllables*



SHARP'S CHEESEMONGERY STALL

Grey sky spotted with flies; the sound of rumours spreading; the stench of dairy.

The cheesemonger's stall is piled high with dairy goodness, with all three types of cheese represented in abundance.* But also here, at the centre of a web of rumour and hearsay, is Jed.

WHAT'S ON OFFER

Jed knows all the rumours in Sator Square. They pride themselves on knowing everything that goes on and never being involved. People love to talk to Jed, especially because one of the key tools in their arsenal is simply making things up to keep the rumour mill turning. Jed is also offering free samples of cheese, for those of you who will get excited by that.

Jed is only open to joining a cult if it would further their ability to know, create, and spread as many rumours as possible whilst never being directly involved in any of the drama.

JED _____
(THEY/THEM)

FULL NAME: *Jed R. Sharp*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Cheesemonger*

FEATURES: *Stands alone;*
Vicious rumourmonger.
Openness to joining your cult: Partially.

MANNERISM: *Rolls their 'r's on seemingly random words.*

CONSEQUENCES

Cheesed Off: Another stall holder discovers that Jed is the source of a particularly hurtful rumour. They blame Jed, and anyone in the vicinity of Jed, for the rumour and will refuse to work with the PCs at all until the rumour is corrected...

Monger Some More: Jed decides they should start a rumour about the PCs. As is tradition for rumours, it's at best half right — all around Sator Square they spread the rumour that the PCs are in the cult of Yob Soddoth. This causes people to be more wary of the PCs unless they can convince them that they're not part of a horrible cult dedicated to a nightmare Thing.

No Such Thing as a Free Sample: One of the free samples on Jed's stand is entirely inedible mould. A PC gains the Trait **Sick to the stomach** after eating it.

* Hard, soft, and smelly.

SATOR SQUARE SEWER ENTRANCE (EXTERIOR)

Dramatically grey sky; the rumble of a climactic thunderstorm; sewage smell ruining the atmosphere.

Oreh Goodlucking has been secretly trailing the group all day. As they head back towards Arepo and the cult lair he springs into action, flailing a sword all around him. He loudly denounces the cult as terrible evildoers in front of the entirety of Sator Square.

Arepo and Goodlucking are staring one another down. No-one is sure what's going to happen next, but the PCs are sure to be essential.

CONFRONTATION

The PCs get to decide how to handle this situation. If they're happy with the direction in which the cult is heading, they can bring the community of Sator Square together to defend Arepo and entrench themselves as upstanding members of the neighbourhood.

If they think things should go back to the way they were, with the cult acting in the shadows and not doing this community outreach business, then they can influence Arepo into behaving as if he were just another leader of a sacrificial sewer cult. They can then handle Goodlucking in a more... traditional manner.

The only certainties are that the cult needs to handle Oreh before too long, and that Bel-Shamharoth is there, just beyond the veil of reality, listening. There's no way it'd miss this.

AREPO

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Arepo*SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Listless Cult Leader*FEATURES: *Master of the four-and-four-again-fold path; Desperately seeking direction and meaning. Openness to joining your cult: Well, obviously.*MANNERISM: *A nasally and villainous voice. Punctuates his sentences with a 'Nyah ha ha' kind of laugh. You know the one.*

OREH GOODLUCKING

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Oreh Goodlucking*SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *A Mighty Hero*FEATURES: *Very sharp weapon; Right out of the stories.*

Openness to joining your cult: Not if you foul fiends offered him a million dollars! Not if the gods themselves came down to offer him his wildest desires! Not until the stones crack and the wind breaks! Not until the end of time and the death of light! Not if... etc. ~ ad infinitum.

MANNERISM: *Prone to loudly announcing what he's going to do next, to whom, and what manner of evildoer he regards them as*

CONSEQUENCES

Hero Oreh: The crowd is swayed by whatever Oreh is doing and turns against the group. PCs will find things more difficult with the crowd against them.

For the Chop: A PC gets too close to Oreh's flailing blade and loses a limb. They gain the Trait **Partially armless**. If this Consequence occurs more than once, this Trait may be upgraded to **Mostly armless**.

Tentacular Finale: The attention of Things is drawn to the confrontation with the wayward cult, and they begin to break into this reality. They cannot last long without magic to sustain them, but they'll grab as much stuff as they can and cause a lot of havoc in the meantime.

BYSTANDER EFFECTS

You should involve NPCs from previous scenes as much as possible in this scene. They should, at a minimum, jeer and shout at the show. If they feel that PCs have actually been helpful, then they should get involved in helping the group get rid of Oreh.

The inverse is also true. If the PCs have caused problems for the NPCs, then they should be on Oreh's side and be very enthusiastic about ridding Sator Square of its resident cult.



WRAPPING UP

Once the confrontation is complete, night falls over Ankh-Morpork and the vendors of Sator Square pack it up for another week. It's time to wrap up the session. Is Arepo pleased with the way all his tasks were resolved? How have the relationships between the people in Sator Square changed? What unforeseen consequences of the PCs' actions will occur in the reasonably distant future at the turn of the Century of the Anchovy?

You should give each player time to narrate an epilogue for their character should they wish to do so. Do they stay in the Cult of the Ichor God or have they found a new calling?





THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

In which we discuss Beginnings and Ends, or lack thereof — Ankh-Morpork in modernity — Meet the Storybook Villains — Go Postal — Get Fangled — Faces, Familiar — and Go on an Adventure, of sorts

WHERE DO WE START?

It is undeniable that Ankh-Morpork has undergone an industrial revolution in recent years, but when did it start? And what counts as industrial? Moving pictures were definitely industrial — they were, in fact, their own entire industry. However, they occurred well before the turn of the Century of the Anchovy,* and left little impact on the city once their particular magic seeped away. For these reasons they seem to be a blip in the fabric of reality more than the start of a revolution.

The *Times* could be argued as the start of it all, although very few would call the newspaper industrial, for all that it is industrious. But the printing press behind it? Well, that's another matter. And, undoubtedly, the formation of the free press has impacted the city immensely. So, we're definitely close, but no-one's quite got their cigars yet.

RECOMMENDED READING

The Truth
Going Postal
Making Money
Unseen Academicals
Snuff
Raising Steam

* Exactly how long is a matter of conjecture, time being somewhat awkward on the Disc.

Once we get to the clacks, we can most definitely be said to be in a revolutionary industry. But where does that even start? We are introduced to the clacks well before the events of *Going Postal*. The *Fifth Elephant* then, could be argued to be the start of it all, or somewhere around there at least.

As with much of Discworld's history, we are left with a vague 'it happened at some point between book X and book Y' while we were all looking the other way. In this case, *The Fifth Elephant* and *The Truth*.

Where does it end? Well it hasn't. The final books were, quite literally, going full steam ahead into the fires of industry. And that is, unfortunately, where Discworld will remain. Frozen in time, indefinitely awaiting its next technological leap.

This is where you come in.

While we may have no more of Pratchett's prose to look forward to, we have his world. We know how he left it and, like any good train set, we doubt he'd want it left for long. So go out there and continue the Disc's industrial revolution at your tables. Let's see how far you can go.

REVOLUTIONISING ANKH-MORPORK

Welcome to the modern Ankh-Morpork for the modern Ankh-Morporkian. Gone are the days of waiting months for a letter, seafood that rivals the Ankh for smell, or the need to shout to your friends across a crowded room. Now is the time of the sliding rule and code. Now is the time of the new and exciting. Now is the future, and the future is now.

Here we look to the height of Ankh-Morpork's industrial revolution, where technological change runs rampant through the streets and every story brings new innovations. We offer you the fast-paced, nail-biting thrill of dancing on the cutting-edge and hope you come out with all your toes. This is an era characterised by people pushing the bounds of what's possible, and the wonderful ideas and technology they use to do it. Some of these ideas are like explosions at the Alchemists' Guild: a huge uproar, a lot of noise, then gone in the blink of an eye, like moving pictures. Some appear one day and become an integral part of life by the next morning, like the newspapers.



Yet others slowly seep into the general consciousness, going from novelty to essential without anyone being able to pinpoint the change, like the clacks and the railway. But they all have one thing in common: they start out as ideas. Be that one that slips through the gaps from other, less second-hand, dimensions, or simply the result of sheer bloody-minded curiosity, there is always a spark that sets the furnace ablaze.

Let's take a look at what these ideas have dragged, kicking and screaming, into the Century of the Anchovy.

THE POST OFFICE

Once a venerable institution, the Post Office collapsed under its own weight, helped along immensely by Bloody Stupid Johnson's sorting machine. Much like the building itself, the Post Office has risen from the ashes. Now its cohorts are once again seen roaming the streets in azure and gold. All it took was one of the biggest frauds to ever walk the Disc, some golems, a lot of paint, AM\$150,000 in mixed currencies and, most importantly of all, an angel.

THE CLACKS

A tale as old as patent law. A very clever person comes up with some very clever ideas and creates a very clever device that revolutionises the way people think. Unfortunately, that person is far more interested in their invention than, say, shares and percentages. And so you get one of the biggest fraudsters on the Disc, and his chums, running a technological marvel until it breaks. Luckily this particular story has a happy ending, and not only for the technological marvel in question. The aforementioned biggest fraudster is defrauded by the other biggest fraudster on the Disc to the betterment of all except the aforementioned biggest fraudster and his cronies.*

Not content to stop there, the clacks have become an instrument of good for goblins everywhere. It turns

out that technology was the key to integrating them into modern society. They are completely obsessed with it and have improved its efficiency by leaps and bounds. Some goblins can even code faster than Adora Belle herself, and you'll struggle to find a human, dwarf, or troll that can distinguish puce from pink at a distance of eight miles.

THE RAILWAY

The railway has done for the movement of goods and people what the clacks did for letters. Gone are the days of dusty highways and week-long journeys; the same distances can be covered in a fraction of the time thanks to Dick Simnel and his permanent way. But more than that, the railway has expanded the horizons of the city and its people, figuratively and literally. New suburbs are shooting up out of the plains like cabbages, nowhere quicker than around Harry King's compound. Now a trip to Sto Lat takes a few hours, as opposed to a few days, and you could even pop to Quirm for a seaside jaunt and be back in the Drum before closing.**

It has also, in conjunction with the clacks, cemented goblins as members of modern society. The railway seems to call to them, even more than the clacks towers. No train would be complete without a few goblins fiddling and tinkering on the engine.

FOOT-THE-BALL

No aspect of city life is safe from modernisation, not even the traditional game of foot-the-ball. Now, only street urchins kick half-bricks and tin cans around the gutters, while the professionals use rubberised balls, and scores are determined by actual goals rather than broken limbs and head injuries. While this may take away from what some people view to be the whole point of the game, traditionalists need not fret — some things never change. The pies for one, and the fans for two. The former are still questionable in quality, and the latter can always be relied upon to turn any game into a brawl at the slightest provocation.

* The bad one, to be clear. Maybe we should have used names here, we've gone down a bit of a fraudhole.

** Alright, as the Drum doesn't actually close, you could technically have done this before, but now you can do it on the same day.



THE CITY

“This dirty old town, for all its faults, is the very place upon which this world spins, the place where history is changed, where because of an enlightened and caring government — which is to say me — every man, child, dwarf, troll, werewolf, vampire and even zombie and yes, goblin, can call themselves free; free of any master, save the law, which applies to everybody equally whatever their species and status in life: Civis Ankhmorporkianus sum!”

— LORD VETINARI, *RAISING STEAM*

The city, while not unrecognisable, is definitely tamed. While some might describe it as having cleaned up its act, that would not be entirely accurate. It's certainly no cleaner for a start, simply differently dirty. Crawling fog has been replaced by clawing smog, the stench of thousands of people living in close proximity has evolved into the stench of millions of people living in close proximity, plus the added acrid tang of industry.

The people, however, remain much the same. Dibbler sells land with C.M.O.T. Dibbler's Practically Real Estate and Associates. The Watch are still damn sure you're guilty of something, and Lord Vetinari plays the entire city like a violin. That is not to say that people haven't changed somewhat. They've widened their definition of people, for a start. While some narrow-minded traditionalists balk at the inclusion of other species in their city, the majority have come to accept everyone from dwarfs, trolls, and vampires to golems, goblins, and orc.

With so many technological advancements, you'd expect people would become tired, even resentful that the new thing they just learned has been replaced by something even better, faster, weirder, or more crackpot insane. But if there is one thing that can be said for the people of Ankh-Morpork, it's that they like nothing better than novelty. If some of those novelties become staples of life, well, that's the way the world turns.

This is a time when dwarf ladies can design the finest micromail and trolls can be bespoke hairdressers. After all, just because you're big and tough doesn't mean that you have to do a big and tough job. People of all species and backgrounds are encouraged to do what they want to do, rather than what society thinks they should want to do.

PLAYING IN THIS ERA

‘The city where almost anything is plausible, if not possible.’

— *RAISING STEAM*

Here we discuss how playing in the era of the Industrial Revolution may affect your game, and the notable differences from the less industrial, though no less industrious, Now of *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*.

SPECIES

The fine city of Ankh-Morpork has undergone many changes. People are coming to terms with new technologies, and indeed new species, at a rate quicker than anyone could have imagined. Of course, there are those that cling to their old prejudices, but for the most part people are happy to live with just about anyone as a neighbour, as long as they keep the noise down and don't steal the chickens. This attitude has been stretched to its absolute limit with the introduction of goblins into society.

All it took was technology — turns out that the little buggers can't get enough of every new technological marvel to spring up in the Century of the Anchovy.

Goblins

Goblins are, by their very definition, both unusual and suspect. As such, you may choose to play one as an Unusual Suspect when creating a character.

One thing that can be said about goblins is that they have always been the storybook villains. Reviled and seen as vermin by every other species, they have been blamed for many atrocities over the centuries. All other species have looked down on goblins as 'lesser', at least until recently. Now people are starting to come to terms with the fact that maybe, just maybe, those strange little creatures living in malignancies* on the edges of society might also be people too — even if they do appear to be made entirely of sinew.

* *The official name for a group of goblins.*

Goblin Beliefs

There are several traditional goblin superstitions — or possibly cults, maybe even a religion — although the goblins lack any sort of god. They do believe in the Following Dark and Unggue. The former is actually a substitution* and the latter is a religion of sorts. It's more like what you get when all the gods turn their backs and start ignoring an entire species.

Followers of Unggue believe that everything that is excreted from a goblin was once part of the goblin, and therefore should be treated with reverence and stored properly so it can be entombed with its owner in the fullness of time. Luckily for everyone, this is wildly impractical, and most traditional goblins follow the Unggue Had, a more lax form that only requires the goblin to keep ear wax, snot, and nail clippings.

Strange beliefs notwithstanding, this would appear to be a harmless, if somewhat odd, habit. And that would indeed be the case, if it weren't for the Unggue pots that goblins create to keep these things in. Created from whatever the goblins can get their hands on, from rare minerals to clay or leather, these pots are beautiful and exquisite. Indeed, historically, the raiding of goblin settlements to steal Unggue pots, and the goblins' retaliations, formed the main interaction between goblins and other sentient species on the Disc.

Goblins now create Unggue pots for sale to other species. These are some of the finest examples of pottery anywhere on the Disc, and it is totally acceptable to sell them as they have had the magic taken out, but the sparkle left in.

QUIRMAN GOBLINS

Not all goblins are the same, just as not all dwarfs, trolls, or humans are the same. A good example of this is Quirmian goblins. When compared to their Ankh-Morporkian counterparts, Quirmian goblins have, to a goblin, more panache. They are better dressed, including 'taxidermy' (minus the preservation) and as many sparkly stones as they can find in their everyday outfits. They are also, through the necessity of survival, more pessimistic than any other goblin you may meet.

Playing a Goblin

Goblins are much like everyone else, and they have the same wants and needs as all other sapient creatures. There are, however, a few notable foibles particular to goblins that will help you to play one at the table.

Firstly, their speech. They have a peculiar and broken way of speaking. For instance, Moist is known amongst them as 'Mr Slightly Damp'. Justice is, to them, 'just ice', and schematics are 'scheming attics'. A good goblin swear can last at least a quarter of an hour, so feel free to take your time venting your displeasure. They don't so much walk or run as slink and scurry. They can create beautiful pots from damn near anything, and have an innate and intuitive understanding of machinery. Show a goblin an interesting mechanism and they'll have taken it apart to see how it works before you finish explaining it to them.**

Above all else, they love to work — as long as it involves levers, gyros, gears, and other technical things that go clunk. Their obsession with the clacks has improved efficiency threefold, and they sometimes have to be forced to take their pay by an exasperated Adora Belle Dearheart.

* Substitutions being the opposite of superstitions. They're real whether you believe in them or not.

** They almost always put it back together again, usually improved in some subtle but surprising ways.

Goblin Names

Goblins value their names so much that they usually refer to themselves in the third person. These names are often complex and are, to them, an untouchable whole and part of the individual that bears them. This is to say, to call a goblin by only part of their name is either an incredibly rare privilege, if the goblin allows it, or asking for a fight. Like slapping a noble with white gloves, but with much more violence and far fewer rules.

Traditional names tend towards the descriptive, for example:

Tears of the Mushroom, Of the Twilight the Darkness, Shatter of the Icicle, Shine on the Moon, Shine of the Rainbow, Of the Chimney the Bones, The Rattle of the Wheels, Of the Happiness the Heart, Of the Sky the Rim, Of the Wind Regrettably Blown, Regret of the Falling Leaf, Of the Water the Crane, Of the Wheel the Spoke, and Of the Lathe the Swarf.

Some more urbanised goblins have taken on more human names, such as Billy Slick and Stinky.



ORGANISATIONS

'New things, new ideas arrived and strutted their stuff and were vilified by some and then lo! that which had been a monster was suddenly totally important to the world. All the time the fanglers and artificers were coming up with even more useful things that hadn't been foreseen and suddenly became essential.'

— RAISING STEAM

Most organisations in this era fall into one of two categories. Firstly, those that look to the future and embrace modernity in all its, sometimes admittedly questionable, glory. Secondly, those who look to the past and hunker down behind walls of good old-fashioned scepticism about all this new-fangled rubbish. Although it must be said that there are very few that do either of these without some level of hypocrisy. Everyone uses the clacks, no matter how traditionalist, and if you don't know where you've come from, how can you know where you're going?

As such, any of the organisations from the *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook* will work well in this era with little-to-no tweaking on your part. The main thing to decide when setting your game in this era is whether the organisation, and/or player characters (PCs), are embracing change or rejecting the future.

For those who want to see everything an industrial Ankh-Morpork has to offer, we've included a couple of new organisations — the Post Office and Fanglers.

POST OFFICE

A once-proud institution, now an enviably efficient means of transporting anything you can't send on the clacks. The Post Office is finally going places, and you can go along for the ride. Come rain or snow or gloom of night, nothing will stay these messengers about their business!



EXAMPLE GOAL

- 1 *Deliver to every guild in the city, no matter what.*
- 2 *Get through the Shades without losing a letter, or a postman.*
- 3 *A letter needs to be stopped before it gets delivered.*
- 4 *Retrieve every copy of the new 'Lovers' stamp before people notice the... details.*



EXAMPLE NICHE

- 1 *Sorter*
- 2 *Stamp Specialist*
- 3 *Deliverer*
- 4 *Canine Avoidance Expert*
- 5 *Coach Driver*
- 6 *Senior Postman*





QUIRK QUESTION

EXAMPLE ANSWERS/TRAITS

1 What advice would you give a new Postperson?

Running just gets you there tired and sweaty;
A few dog treats can save your legs;
You dry out, letters don't.

2 What piece of kit do you never go on duty without and why?

My trusty leg protective, vexes the dogs a treat;
The uniform, lets 'em know if they mess with you they'll answer to Mr Lipwig;
An umbrella, you'd be amazed at how many people don't look before throwing stuff out of windows.

3 How do you manage to make all your deliveries on time?

I plan my route with military efficiency;
Urchins, they've everywhere and for a few pennies they will happily deliver anything I don't have time for;
There's always somewhere to stash a few extras to come back for.

4 What is the weirdest thing someone has tried to post?

An... erm... item of an intimate nature... it went boing;
Several pounds of live shrimp;
A pound of flesh.

5 What's your favourite place to deliver and why?

The Shades, you get extra golems for protection;
The Palace, they're so organised they know what post you've got before you do;
The University, you never know what those buggers will send next.

6 What have you failed to deliver and why?

A cat in a box to the University philosophy office. No-one's sure if it got there;
My own retirement notice, I'll be damned if I'll let them retire me!;
A parcel for Mrs Cake, don't ask.



FANGLERS

'What next? What little thing will change the world because the little tinkerers carried on tinkering?'
— RAISING STEAM

These are the wizards* of the new age. They tinker, fiddle, poke, and prod at things that they shouldn't, until they either come out of the shed beaming and full to the brim with enthusiasm for their new invention, or end up as a warning to others about tinkering, fiddling, poking and/or prodding what they shouldn't. They are the engineers, inventors, and fiddlers that push technology forward, create new-fangled ideas, and ultimately change the world.

The incredible thing about Fangers is that they do this all without any magic whatsoever. They are, therefore, viewed incredibly suspiciously by those more accustomed to dribbly candles and magic circles than sliding rules and equations. There is, however, probably more of an overlap between Fangers and some of the younger wizards in the High Energy Magic building at Unseen University than either would admit.



EXAMPLE GOAL

- 1 Make your invention work.
- 2 Get enough money together to fund your work.
- 3 Finish your invention before your rivals finish theirs.
- 4 Find the source of the copycat inventions.



EXAMPLE NICHE

- 1 Cunning Artificer
- 2 Tinkerer
- 3 Haver of Ideas
- 4 Actually Does the Work
- 5 Doer of Maths
- 6 Voice of Reason



QUIRK QUESTION

- 1 What went wrong with your last invention?
- 2 Who taught you everything you know?
- 3 Why do you do what you do?
- 4 What caused you to nearly give it all up?
- 5 How will your work change the world?
- 6 What is your number one lesson for new fangers?

EXAMPLE ANSWERS/TRAIT

- Practically everything;
Nothing went wrong as such, mainly because nothing went at all;
It didn't go wrong, there were just some unexpected additional features.
- Trial and error;
My father, he made so many mistakes that there's practically none left for me to make myself;
A master of my craft. He didn't know I'd pinched his notes, but it still counts.
- If I don't, some other bugger will, and they might not be as good at it. Worse, they might be better;
I can't imagine doing anything else;
A desk job scares me far more than any sort of mechanism ever could.
- I'll never give up, I'll fail and fail and fail until one day... I'll probably fail again;
I lost everything, now I'm working from the ground up;
Oh, I give up all the time. I don't think I've ever fully finished an idea.
- It could be used to completely eradicate war, no-one would be so utterly without compassion as to actually use it;
By making everyone's lives just that little bit easier;
It won't, something doesn't have to be world-changing to be worthwhile.
- Measure twice, cut once;
Use what you have, not everything needs to be made from the finest materials;
Prototypes are fundamental. If it doesn't work a little in small, it won't work a lot in big.

* Alright, not technically wizards, real wizards would get arsey about being lumped in with them, but they are bloody clever.




THE NPCs OF THE FUTURE

The peak of the Industrial Revolution is the most accepting of any time in Ankh-Morpork's long, and not entirely accepting, history. Now even goblins can walk the streets without fear of persecution.*

When it comes to creating non-player characters (NPCs) for this era, any and all species would fit. While the Usual Suspects still make up the majority of the population, all species are represented in almost all industries, from troll lawyers to goblin clacks operators. What people do and how they fit into a modern Ankh-Morpork is far more important in this era than what shape they happen to be. Is that troll a budding train enthusiast or stamp collector? Does that zombie resent all this new-fangled rubbish and yearn for the good old days? Ankh-Morpork may have changed, but it is still a melting pot that creates a commonality between all its people. They are all Ankh-Morporkians.

FAMILIAR FACES



The height of the Industrial Revolution is only a few short years after the now of *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*, but a lot has changed. Moist is now not only a well-respected member of society, but also an indispensable one. The clacks are going from strength to strength under the expert eyes of Adora Belle Dearheart. Goblins have come out of the woodwork, and even orcs have resurfaced, after having been thought extinct. The world has changed so much, and here we have brought together a few of those who made it happen, and those that attempted to stand in their way.

The Industrial Revolution spans multiple books and, as such, the characters presented here are as we see them at their most, for want of a better word, them. Moist and Adora are happily married and living with a malignancy of goblins. The Smoking Gnu fight for the clacks' survival, Mr Fusspot is chairman of the bank, the Lavishes are attempting to bring about Moist's downfall, and Nutt and Glenda are ships that have collided on a calm sea.

** Well, no more fear of persecution than anyone else. This is still Ankh-Morpork after all.*

MOIST VON LIPWIG

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Moist von Lipwig*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Postmaster General, Master of the Royal Mint,
Deputy Chairman of the Royal Bank, Mr Slightly Damp*

FEATURES: *A life without danger is a life not worth living;
Knows how to play a crowd;
Honest soul with a criminal mind.*

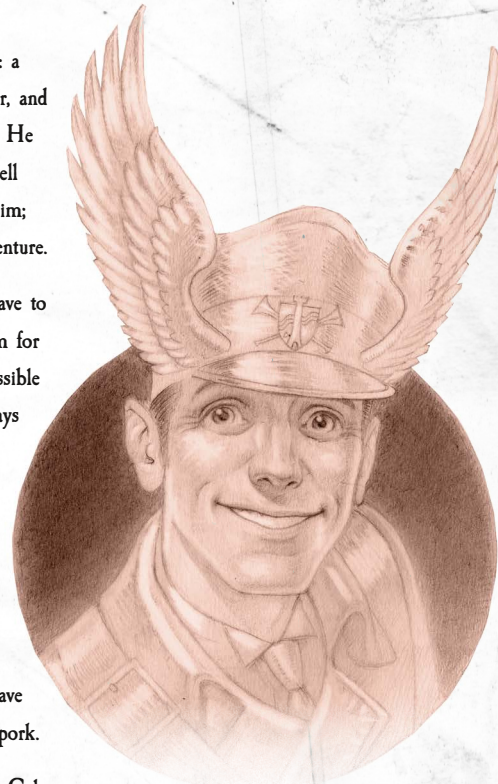
MANNERISM: *Takes an interest*

Moist von Lipwig has been many things over his career: a cheat, fraudster, liar, forger, trickster, Post Master, banker, and even representative of government interest in the railway. He relishes the challenge and the rush of the game being well and truly afoot. Doubly so if people are trying to kill him; indeed, that's a sure-fire way to get him to agree to a venture.

Moist knows that if you want to sell the sausage you have to sell the sizzle, and only C.M.O.T. Dibbler can rival him for selling sizzle. Despite his reputation for doing the impossible landing him in increasingly precarious situations, he always manages to come through. He's one of a handful of people who can control the Umnian golems, and he's not above underhand, overhand or sleight-of-hand tactics to achieve his goal.

So then, Mr Slightly Damp Lipwig has been well and truly rehabilitated. His criminal genius and ability to both be liked and stay liked by those who meet him, have been thoroughly turned to the betterment of Ankh-Morpork.

STORY PROMPT: The Post Master General is opening a Gala, the Master of the Royal Mint's presence is requested at a soirée, and the Deputy Chairman of the Royal Bank is the guest of honour at a guild dinner. Unfortunately they are all happening at the same time and none of them will take no for an answer. Luckily Moist is so nondescript that he reckons you'll do as a double, or triple, to go to some of these gatherings in his stead.



ADORA BELLE DEARHEART

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Adora Belle 'Spike' Dearheart*

SPECIES: *Human* **NICHE:** *Chairwoman of the Clacks*

FEATURES: *Codes faster than most people write;
Likes, and is liked by, goblins;
Fiercely protective of the clacks.*

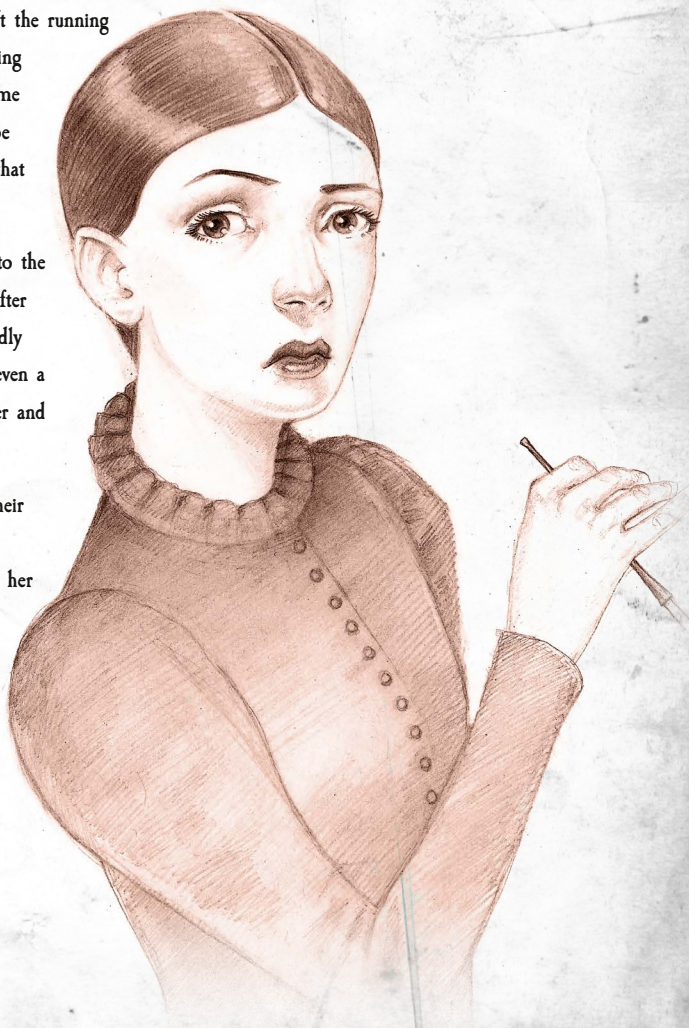
MANNERISM: *Spiky*

As the Golem Trust has grown, Adora has left the running of it to the golems, who are quite happy trusting themselves these days. Now she devotes her time to the smooth operation of the clacks, and woe betide anyone who gets in her way — even if that someone is her husband Moist von Lipwig.

She has fully embraced the goblins that rush to the city, and more specifically the clacks towers. After all, they love the clacks, and are perfectly friendly people once you get over the smell. There is even a malignancy of goblins living on the roof of her and Moist's mansion on Scoone Avenue.

Some things never change, however. Despite their wealth and status, she still wears severely plain dresses, and no power in the world could stop her smoking like a particularly angry chimney.

STORY PROMPT: Something's gone wrong. Multiple towers in the city have all gone dark at once. Adora Belle needs you to go figure out what's happening and get the clacks going again.



THE SMOKING GNU

(THEY/THEM)

FULL NAME: *'Mad' Al, 'Sane' Alex, and 'Undecided' Adrian*

SPECIES: *Humans* NICHE: *Clacks Crackers*

FEATURES: *Know everything there is about the clacks;
A keen sense of right and wrong;
A less-keen sense of personal hygiene.*

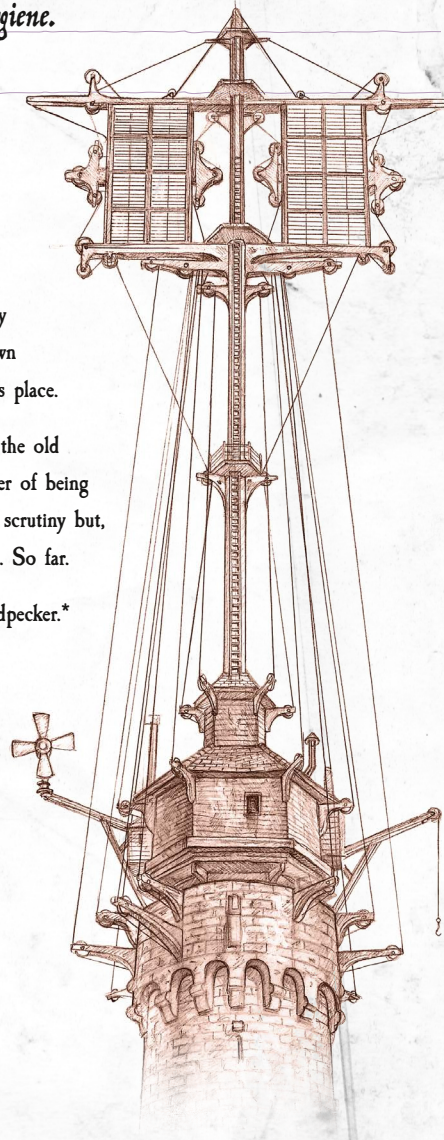
MANNERISM: *Talk over each other excitedly*

There are three members of the Smoking Gnu. 'Mad' Al, 'Sane' Alex, and 'Undecided' Adrian, who says he's not mad but can't prove it. They all worked with John Dearheart on the new clacks before it, and he, were terminated by Gilt and his cronies. Now they crack into the clacks system in an attempt to tear down the Grand Trunk and build a new, better system in its place.

They operate from a mobile clacks tower attached to the old pigeon loft on the roof of the Post Office. Their cover of being pigeon fanciers doesn't hold up to the slightest bit of scrutiny but, fortunately, they've managed to avoid being scrutinised. So far.

Now they work on their biggest plan yet... The Woodpecker.*

STORY PROMPT: Three suspicious-looking men in big coats and hats, having a whispered argument, sidle up to you. They hand you a list of mechanical components and ask you to get them. In return they offer you the ability to send clacks messages free of charge, and as many pigeons as you can catch.



* No, you can't just say it like that, you need a more mysterious tone, and more gravitas. Pronounce the capital letters. There you go.

MR BENT

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Navolio Bent (Born Charlie Benito)*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Chief Cashier of the Royal Bank of Ankh-Morpork*

FEATURES: *Can make numbers dance;*

Distrusts those who laugh easily;

Secretly a Fool.

MANNERISM: *Softly spoken, prefers numbers to people*

Mr Bent is in every way smooth and uncreased. His pinstripe suit is unassuming, his shoes are large but incredibly well shined, and his step is, although somewhat reminiscent of a dressage horse, silent. He has the air about him of someone who stands quietly in a cupboard when not in use.

He is offended by inefficiency, lost time, and, above all, mistakes. The counting house is his private kingdom where numbers reign supreme. Unlike traditional bankers, who tend to be out of the building by 3 p.m., Mr Bent is often seen in the bank well before opening and long after close of business.

A very serious man, he dislikes anything he deems as silly, which for him is nearly everything. He has overcome any silliness in his bones by sheer force of will. No mean feat considering he was born Charlie Benito, a name, and face, legendary amongst the Fools Guild. If you ever hear him cry the words 'Here we go again!' watch out for pies and ladders. The man's a born battle clown.

STORY PROMPT: Someone has stolen Mr Bent's green pen and is marking every sum they see as incorrect. Find the culprit, return the pen, and try to do some maths along the way.

MR FUSSPOT

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Mr Fusspot*

SPECIES: *Dog* NICHE: *Chairman of the Royal Bank of Ankh-Morpork*

FEATURES: *Inseparable from his favourite 'toy';
An excellent judge of character;
The richest dog in the city.*

MANNERISM: *Barks or growls in response to questions*

Mr Fusspot was born in the in-tray many years ago after his pure-bred mother got out for a night on the town. The beloved pet of Topsy Lavish, he was left 1% of the shares of the Royal Bank of Ankh-Morpork by Joshua Lavish, partly as a joke and partly as insurance. Topsy took this joke one step further when she left her shares, all 50% of them, to Mr Fusspot, making him the de facto chairman. As further insurance, she then bequeathed him to Moist von Lipwig. A generous gift somewhat spoiled by the inclusion of an AM\$100,000 contract on Mr Lipwig with the Assassins' Guild, just on the off-chance that Mr Fusspot shuffles off this mortal coil for any reason other than natural causes.

STORY PROMPT: As the party passes the Royal Bank one night, a small dog barks frantically out of a high window, looking anxiously at a pink, wobbly, clockwork device on the pavement. It seems that the Chairman has dropped his favourite toy and wants it back.



TEARS OF THE MUSHROOM

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Tears of the Mushroom*

SPECIES: *Goblin* NICHE: *Harp Virtuosa*

FEATURES: *Unintentional representative for goblinkind;*

Music that makes you cry;

A fast learner, but still learning.

MANNERISM: *Speaks as though carefully taking each word off a shelf and returning it once said*

Tears of the Mushroom is a young goblin girl with braided white hair and a wraparound apron. She is always clean, well presented, and scrutinising the world with a keen and interested gaze.

She is one of the star pupils of Miss Beedle, who has been teaching the goblins of the Shires how to read. More than this, she is a natural virtuosa when it comes to the concert harp. While she can't read music, she plays from the very soul. Her music is so beautiful it makes the world a better place, lifts all hearts, forgives all sins, and makes the listener confront demons, ghosts, and old memories all at once. Possibly most impressive of all, her music can make a six-year-old stand perfectly still, rapt with attention.

STINKY

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Special Po-leess-maan Stinky*

SPECIES: *Goblin* NICHE: *First Goblin in the Watch*

FEATURES: *A smell that can dissolve tooth enamel and rust armour;
A way with horses;
More than he appears.*

MANNERISM: *So cynical he can give Vimes a run for his money*

As with all goblins, Stinky appears to be made almost entirely of sinews tied together with other sinews. Unlike most goblins, Stinky doesn't appear to have a traditional name. He also has an incredibly, even suspiciously, large vocabulary for a goblin, and once survived a beating that should, at least in Vimes' eyes, have been fatal. He knows about the illustration of a goblin that terrified Vimes as a child, and where the Summoning Dark left its mark. All these together paint an incredibly suspicious picture. Just who is this articulate goblin that knows more than he possibly could? Might it be that more people than Vimes hear whispers in the Dark?

STORY PROMPT: Some goblins have gone missing and Stinky suspects foul play. He's approached you, since you may have more luck than a goblin tracking them down.



MISTER NUTT

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Mister Nutt*

SPECIES: *Orc* NICHE: *Orc*

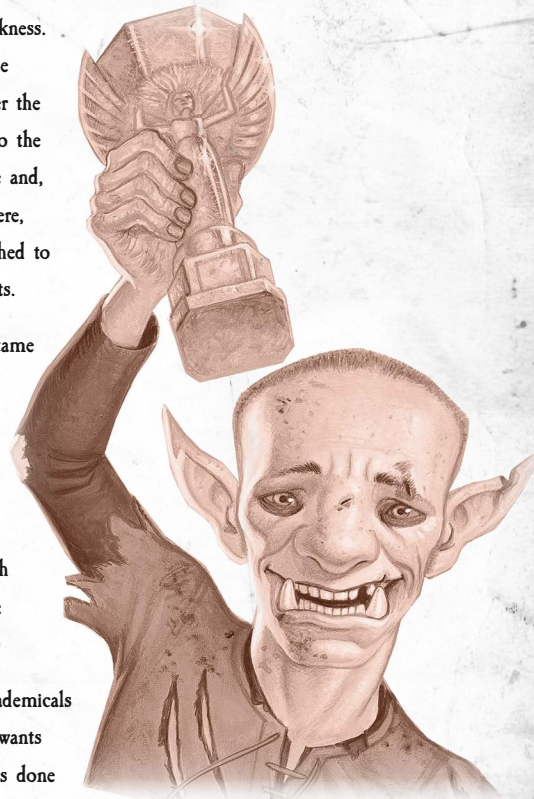
FEATURES: *Unshakably amiable and unfailingly polite;
Must be becoming and attain worth;
Come on if you think you're hard enough.*

MANNERISM: *Talks like a lecture, has an academic quote for every occasion*

For the first seven years of Nutt's life, he was chained in darkness. That is, until forgiveness broke his chains. It was then that he was born, and became Nutt. Spending much of his life under the misapprehension that he was a goblin, Nutt was given over to the care of Lady Margolotta, who gave him the run of her castle and, more importantly, her library. She insisted that he go anywhere, do anything and learn whatever he wished. Her Ladyship wished to prove, once again, that the leopard really can change its shorts.

Now he is the talk of Ankh-Morpork. The orc that helped tame the primeval and savage beast that is, or was, football. Now he is not just becoming but has become, he is not attaining worth but he is worthy. He has learned that every time he is seen making candles, training footballers or shoeing horses, he is changing, slowly but surely, what people think they know about orcs. And if anyone wants to take issue with him because of how he's made, he has just one thing to say: 'Come on if you think you're hard enough!'

STORY PROMPT: Nutt has decided that what the Unseen Academicals really need is to know how to work as a team. As such, he wants them to shadow you on your next job to show them how it's done — or not, as the case may be.



BEWARE THE AWK!

*There may be more orcs in distant Überwald, but there is only one orc in Ankh-Morpork. And that is Mister Nutt. If any other orcs show up, their appearance should be an integral part, if not the entire focus, of your story. Consider how they might adapt to the city without the upbringing that Nutt had, and how Mister Nutt might help them become members of civilized society.**

* Society, at any rate.

MISS GLENDA

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Glenda Sugarbean*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Head of the Night Kitchen at Unseen University*

FEATURES: *A comforting presence;
An expert in all things pie;
Does people's thinking for them.*

MANNERISM: *Kind to everyone*

Glenda is Dolly Sisters to the soles of her very sensible shoes. Inheritor of bubble and squeak and inventor of the ploughman's pie, she is a queen amongst cooks. Glenda is kind to everyone. Sure, this kindness sometimes manifests as shouting, but it's for their own good.

Like many of the women from Dolly Sisters, Glenda has a wide, but oddly specific vocabulary. This is due to the romantic novels that pass like contraband from washhouse, to kitchen, to scullery. This results in her knowing words like reticule, boudoir, and faux pas but being entirely unsure of their meaning, definition, or pronunciation.

Glenda is fiercely protective of her friends and, when roused to anger, she has a stare that can etch glass. At times she can make some incredibly impulsive decisions, such as talking from the heart to the senior faculty, or seeking a meeting with the Patrician without an appointment.

STORY PROMPT: A crab keeps appearing in the Night Kitchen no matter how many times Glenda takes it back to the river. She wants you to figure out how it's getting in, but has made it very clear that it is not to be hurt.

KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Harry King*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Lord King of the Permanent Way*

FEATURES: *One man's trash is another man's treasure;*

Everyone pays Harry;

Takes the piss.

MANNERISM: *Bluff and down to earth, never without a cigar*

Harry King is a complete and total tosher who has been taking the piss his whole adult life. His entire fortune was founded when he started leaving buckets at various hostelrys around the city, then charging a penny to take them away once they were full. For the King of the Golden River, no job is too disgusting; although the days of doing them himself are long behind him.

His business has boomed in recent years, and where once there were merely compost heaps, well outside the city, now there is a bustling compound. It was this compound that became the home of the Sto Plains Hygienic Railway when Harry invested in Dick Simnel and his locomotive Iron Girder.

Harry is a large man who wears gold rings on every finger that spell out 'HARRY KING'. This is partly to show the world just how far he's come, and partly because they are excellent, and socially acceptable, knuckledusters. Despite his exterior, he's mostly soft-hearted and makes sure that all of the Kingsmen, Kingswomen, Kingsdwarfs, Kingstrolls, Kingsgolems, Kingsgoblins and, of course, Kingsgnolls that he employs are well looked after. Harry doesn't care what you are, just so long as you're a good worker. And he prides himself on knowing the people of Ankh-Morpork from the bottom up.

STORY PROMPT: Some of Harry King's night-time collectors have come back empty-handed. He wants you to find out who's been taking the piss.

BILLY SLICK

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Of the Wind, Regrettably Blown; prefers Billy Slick*

SPECIES: *Goblin* **NICHE:** *Harry King's Right-hand Goblin*

FEATURES: *A modern goblin for modern times;*

I ain't paid to hang around;

If in doubt, send 'em to Harry.

MANNERISM: *As foul-mouthed as any Morporkian you'd care to meet*

Billy and his granny, technically great-granny – Regret of the Falling Leaf, could be argued to be the first Ankh-Morpork goblins. The city sent all its worst refuse, the stuff that even Dibbler wouldn't put in a sausage, down the river to Harry King. That included any goblins that came visiting. King paid them half of what he paid anyone else, with the reasoning that no-one else would even pay them at all. For the most part, these goblins came, worked like buggery, then left when they had what they wanted. That is, apart from Billy Slick and his granny. Now one of the most urbanised goblins in the world, Billy is one of the few employees trusted with hiring for the new permanent way.

STORY PROMPT: Billy is looking for an announcer with just the right kind of voice for the railway. He's asked you to bring him as many 'interestingly voiced' people as you can.

DICK SIMNEL

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Dick Simnel*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Master of Steam*

FEATURES: *Knowings of t'arithmetic;*
Master of steam;
Engineers don't hold with t'magic.

MANNERISM: *The Discworld equivalent of a thick Yorkshire accent*

The death of his father, possibly Ned Simnel, had a profound effect on young Dick, although not in the way you might expect. The day his father disappeared in a puff of pink mist is the day that Dick Simnel vowed he would make steam his servant. Learning about the wonderful world of mathematics in his local library, Dick taught himself the knowing of the sliding rule, sine, cosine, and tangent — a knowing that has served him well through all his years of tinkering. It allowed him to continue where his father left off, and to avoid becoming pink mist himself. Now he is the undisputed master of the living steam and the permanent way.

There is not an inch of politics in him. He'll be the first to admit he knows next to nothing about steam, but he'll also press home that he knows a damn sight more than anyone else. When people try to misinform others about taming steam, he reminds them that it's all about 't'little numbers' and 't'rial and t'error'. These tiny measurements may not be exciting, but they are the soul of being an engineering artificer. Without pushing things to their limits, you don't know where those limits are. He himself has exploded multiple engines in his attempts to tame steam, each and every one on purpose, because once you know how to do something dangerously you can figure out how to do it safely.

Since coming to Ankh-Morpork, Dick has made a name for himself and his locomotive, Iron Girder. Backed by Harry King and fronted by Moist von Lipwig, the Sto Plains Hygienic Railway has taken the world by storm — or rather steam.

STORY PROMPT: Dick has some big plans for his next experiment and would like you to give him a hand.

MR THUNDERBOLT

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Mr Thunderbolt*

SPECIES: *Troll* NICHE: *Lawyer you Can Trust*

FEATURES: *Cannot allow injustice to happen;*
Incapable of lying;
Always has his client's best interests at heart.

MANNERISM: *Voice like gently flowing lava, sounds more like a professor in a cavern than a troll*

Mr Thunderbolt is the nephew of Diamond King of Trolls, and therefore has quite a lot of diamond in him. This makes him incapable of lying, since if a diamond troll lies they will shatter. Or so it is said, at least. Mr Thunderbolt learned his trade under the infamous Mr Slant and has a reputation for being so straight you could use him as a ruler. He is always impeccably well-dressed, and currently represents Dick Simnel, Harry King, and the City in their negotiations regarding the railway.

STORY PROMPT: A high-profile hearing is underway and Mr Thunderbolt is certain that the prosecution have tampered with the evidence. He wants you to figure out what they've done and help right this wrong.

OF THE TWILIGHT THE DARKNESS

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Of the Twilight the Darkness*

SPECIES: *Goblin* **NICHE:** *Shamegog*

FEATURES: *Grows on you like a fungus;*
Knows how to break the ice;
Always go for the gonads.

MANNERISM: *Wields sarcasm like a weapon*

Of the Twilight the Darkness is the goblin equivalent of Moist von Lipwig. He knows when the hope of an enticing half-truth, or outright lie, is more important than, well, the truth. Skilled at breaking the ice, given half a chance Of the Twilight the Darkness could break the entire iceberg, especially when it comes to shaking up preconceptions of goblins.

Of the Twilight the Darkness is a shamegog (like a shaman but with a whole lot more goblin). He brews potions with unusual effects, such as sending an unsuspecting drinker into a mindless rage, or giving them more energy than any amount of Klatchian coffee could hope to achieve. On the subject of coffee, he also brews this exceedingly well.

Of the Twilight the Darkness lives with his malignancy on the roof of Adora and Moist's house and runs the clacks tower there, being one of the few people on the Disc who can code faster than Adora Belle herself. Somehow, he ended up as *de facto* goblin 'sidekick', in his own words, to Moist during the events of *Raising Steam*. His ability to apparently appear out of nowhere when needed has left Moist wondering if he, and by extension all goblins, have some channels through the world that they can slip into and out of at a moment's notice.

STORY PROMPT: Of the Twilight the Darkness is trying out some new brews and needs some test subjects to see what effects they have.



COSMO LAVISH

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Cosmo Lavish*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *A Lavish*

FEATURES: *Good for nothing but money;*
Money solves everything;
Knows Vetinari better than he knows himself.

MANNERISM: *Speaks in a modulated sigh, as though talking is painful*

The Lavish family are old money. So old that they can openly acknowledge that their ancestors were slave owners and pirates and not be arrested, and so money that their name has become synonymous with their lifestyle. The Lavishes generally spend the majority of their time, energy, and indeed money, suing one another with alacrity.

Cosmo is cunning, ruthless, and sharp. He is the sort of man who will not resort to force, or indeed work, if money can achieve what he desires, and with the amount he has this is almost always the case.

There is one thing that sets Cosmo apart from his family. He is obsessed with Lord Vetinari. So much so that he has not only paid exorbitant amounts of money to acquire one 'real' signet ring, sword stick, and actual skull cap belonging to Vetinari, but resides in the Vetinari suite of the hospital where he, and many others, all believe themselves to be the Patrician.

This is what happens when you take the phrase 'if you truly want to know a man, walk a mile in his shoes' rather too literally.

STORY PROMPT: Cosmo's secretary, Heretofore, has approached your group. Apparently Mr Lavish requires an item belonging to Lord Vetinari and is prepared to pay a ridiculous amount of money for it.

PUCCI LAVISH

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Pucci Lavish*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *A Lavish*

FEATURES: *Good for nothing but money;*
Considers herself a beauty;
Attention span of a kitten.

MANNERISM: *Loud, nasal, and perpetually irritated voice. Doesn't listen, just speaks.*

Pucci Lavish has a voice like a saw encountering a nail, with a slight additional touch of foghorn, and looks like a duck who's been offended by a passing trout. Despite this she is considered a society beauty, which tells you just how rich the Lavishes are.

She has the petulance and shaved-monkey touchiness that is the mark of a true Lavish. Inquisitive, but with the attention span of a kitten, she spends most of her time flouncing, getting her own way, or flouncing until she gets her own way. She views the world incredibly simply: she is right and everyone else should listen.

She rarely considers the opinions of others and will spend most conversations thinking of what she's going to say next, rather than listening to what's being said. Combine this with a tendency to treat anything she doesn't understand as a personal affront, and you have one of the most self-absorbed people on the Disc, with a wonderful gift for pettiness and hatred.

STORY PROMPT: Something isn't going Pucci's way and she's not happy about it. She'll pay you a great deal of money to make things go the way she wants.



REVOLUTIONISING AN INDUSTRY

It's at this point that you're probably expecting a lovely little adventure to take you through the highs and lows of this period of rapid technological change in Ankh-Morpork. Well, this age is a little bit different. There is no adventure, at least not a prescriptive one. Instead, we'll be giving you advice on how you can run an adventure of your own in a period where technology is pushing, pulling, gouging, kicking, biting, and otherwise persuading both the city and its people that the Century of the Anchovy is here to stay.


We've seen how Pratchett brought technology to the Disc. He took us through the rise of the clacks, the *Times*, and the Post Office and explored how they changed the way people think, communicate, and think about communicating.

He used the railway to connect people and widen the horizons of Ankh-Morpork, both the city and its people. Through Moist he reinvented the Ankh-Morpork dollar and revolutionised the banking system to open it up to everyone, not just those that can afford to pay someone to carry all their coins.

But here we ask, what was left untouched? What other industries have been irreversibly changed by technological advancements? In this section, we'll take you through dragging any industry on the Disc into the Century of the Anchovy, provide a few examples to get the creative juices flowing, and even give a little advice on bringing completely new industries to the Disc.

As with any adventure, consider and discuss what you're planning with your players to ensure you are all on the same page. Any decisions you need to make, either as a gamemaster (GM) or a group, can be ironed out in a session 0, or decided upon in conjunction with character creation.





KICKING, SCREAMING, DRAGGING: A HOW TO GUIDE*

Before you can drag an industry into the modern day, you need to know which collar to grab. The simplest option is to take any of the organisations from the *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook* and explore how they adapt to modern times. A more interesting option, however, is to think about all of the industries, professions, jobs, lifestyles and careers that are going to feel the effects of rapid technological change. Some will adapt to survive, others will fight against the slide into obsolescence.

When playing a game in this era there are a few steps to follow:

1. *Choose the industry you want to revolutionise;*
2. *Consider how that industry may be affected by technology;*
3. *Decide who would be for and against this sort of thing.*

Now you are ready to attempt to revolutionise the chosen industry, despite or because of steps 2 and 3.

CHOOSE AN INDUSTRY TO REVOLUTIONISE

There are a few industries that are already accounted for. Namely, the banks, the Post Office, the clacks, the newspapers, and the railway. While these major industries have been modernised, that doesn't mean that they've stopped progressing.

You could easily build on *Raising Steam* and expand on the underground goblin-size railway. What would Ankh-Morpork look like with its own tube system? And how in Io's name would you build it?

Ankh-Morpork is an incredibly industrious city, so how do you decide which single industry to focus on? A good place to start would be the guilds, they're there for a reason after all. The guilds represent many industries, jobs, and careers across Ankh-Morpork. Even limiting our scope to guilds, there are still over 300 in the city. To help break it down yet further, we've split the known guilds into their associated overarching industries, to allow you to get your ideas into something resembling order. As with all classifications, there are a few grey areas, so some guilds might appear in multiple tables.

When creating your group, instead of choosing a goal for your organisation, you choose an industry. Roll on, or choose from, the Industry tables to decide which sector you will be revolutionising. Your party goal then becomes 'Revolutionise X', where X is the industry you chose.



OVERARCHING INDUSTRY

1

The Food, Agriculture, and Associated Industries

2

The Hire Someone to Do Something You Don't Want to Do Industry

3

The Creative Industries

4

The Doesn't Really Fall Into Any Other Category Industries

* *The writing and editing team would like to dedicate this title to our toddlers.*

THE FOOD, AGRICULTURE, AND ASSOCIATED INDUSTRIES



GUILD

- 1 Bakers' Guild
- 2 Butchers' Guild
- 3 Carters' and Drovers' Guild
- 4 Chefs' Guild
- 5 Confectioners' Guild
- 6 Merchant's Guild

THE DOESN'T REALLY FALL INTO ANY OTHER CATEGORY INDUSTRIES



GUILD

- 1 Gamblers' Guild
- 2 Historians' Guild
- 3 Priests', Sacerdotes', and Occult Intermediaries' Guild
- 4 Teachers' Guild

THE HIRE SOMEONE TO DO SOMETHING YOU DON'T WANT TO DO INDUSTRIES



GUILD

- 1 Accountants' and Usurers' Guild
- 2 Alchemists' Guild
- 3 Guild of Barber-Surgeons
- 4 Butlers' Guild
- 5 Carters' and Drovers' Guild
- 6 Guild of Cunning Artificers
- 7 Dunnikin Divers' Guild
- 8 Lawyers' Guild
- 9 Plumbers' Guild
- 10 Priests', Sacerdotes', and Occult Intermediaries' Guild
- 11 Rat-Catchers' Guild
- 12 Smugglers' Guild






THE CREATIVE INDUSTRIES



GUILD

- 1 *Actors' Guild*
- 2 *Alchemists' Guild*
- 3 *Architects' Guild*
- 4 *Armourers' Guild*
- 5 *Confectioners' Guild*
- 6 *Guild of Cunning Artificers*
- 7 *Guild of Embalmers and Allied Trades*
- 8 *Glassblowers' Guild*
- 9 *Haberdashers' Guild*
- 10 *Shoemakers', Cobblers', and Leatherworkers' Guild*
- 11 *Tailors' Guild*
- 12 *Watch and Clockmakers' Guild*



Once you've decided on a guild, consider what aspect of that guild you want to explore. This could be the industry it represents as a whole, or some smaller part of that whole. As always, if you have an idea of your own that isn't included here, run with it.*

CONSIDER THE IMPACT OF TECHNOLOGY

Now you know what industry you're bringing into the spotlight, it's time to consider how technology may have affected that industry, and how it is adapting to the ever-changing normal of the Century of the Anchovy. This impact could be positive, negative, or not really present. Any of these could make for an interesting story.

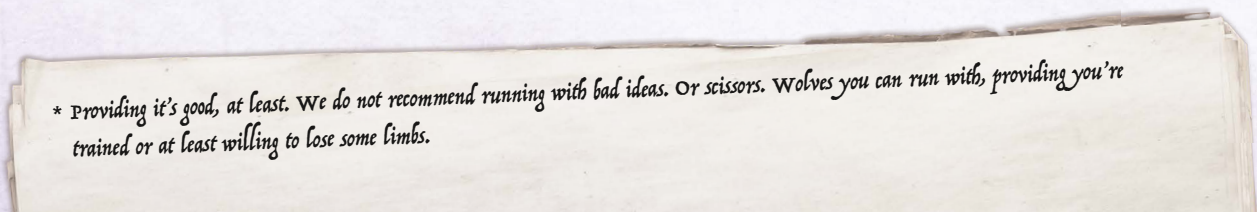
Remember that the impact of technology and the adaptation of the industry may be two very different things. A field may have had massive leaps forward, technologically speaking, but an industry might adapt very slowly to these changes. Another industry may have had little-to-no technological advances, but adapt to the modern times exceedingly well.

To give you some idea of how modernisation in the Discworld setting could work, here are some examples from the books:

We see how mechanisation, or at least golemisation, is becoming an issue in some industries in *Feet of Clay*. Admittedly golems do the jobs that people don't want to do but, nevertheless, they are more efficient than any other workers, akin to production lines in our own world's history.

In *Reaper Man*, we also witness the introduction of the Combination Harvester. People weren't ready to embrace it then, but now it could undoubtedly change the way in which agriculture is undertaken on the Sto Plains.

The trolley bus, seen in *Unseen Academicals*, is an example of people adapting to modern times rather than technology. Can't afford your own private sedan chair, but don't want to walk all the way across town? Well if you've got the money, you can hire a troll to carry you. Saves your aching feet and saves the troll from having to do something more traditionally trollish.



* Providing it's good, at least. We do not recommend running with bad ideas. Or scissors. Wolves you can run with, providing you're trained or at least willing to lose some limbs.

DOWN (OR POSSIBLY UP) WITH THIS SORT OF THING!

Something is only worth doing if someone somewhere would much rather you weren't doing it. The same goes for adventures. There should always be a force to contend with, even if that force is the players' own stupidity. In this case, the force is likely to be the general stupidity of all sapient species when presented with something new.

Deciding who or, indeed, what the PCs are up against, who they can rely on, and what they are fighting for will help set the tone for your adventure.

Consider how the people involved feel about these new technologies and ideas. Some may be all for these changes and look forward to a world in which technology makes everyone's lives easier. Others may be eyeing the new-fangled ideas and technologies with dollar signs spinning in their mind's eye. Yet others still may be decrying the fanglers at every turn as those damned tinkers erode good-old-fashioned values.

All make for excellent foils to pit the players characters against, depending on the type of story you wish to tell. Is the industry in question trying to resist the inexorable pull of progress, while the PCs attempt to give it a kick up the backside? Is this latest new-

fangled invention one step too far and likely to lead to the beggaring of everyone, while the PCs try to avoid this ignoble fate? Or do people keep insisting on attempting to update the industry purely for the sake of innovation, with no real thought as to how necessary or practical it would be?

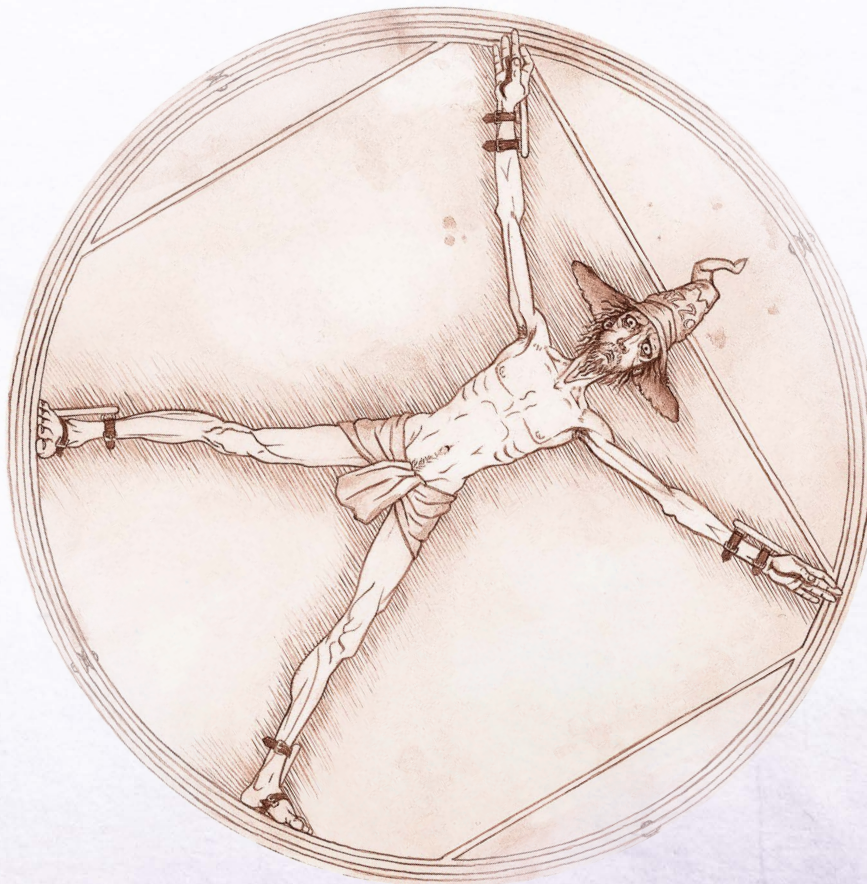
Remember you are unlikely to find just one of these views in any given industry. Feel free to populate your chosen industry with a mix of ideas and ideologies and let the PCs choose who they wish to help or hinder.

W.W.V.D.

Beyond the industry itself and those who support or oppose it, there is one key figure whose opinion must be taken into account: Lord Vetinari. So, when you're thinking about where an industry could be heading, ask yourself this very important question: What Would Vetinari Do?

TIME TO HIT THE TABLE

Now you know the industry, how it's adapting to the Century of the Anchovy, who (or what) your PCs will be up against, and who they can count on. It's time to gather the PCs, get their first scene underway, and discover what the Century of the Anchovy will bring to your chosen industry.



BRINGING NEW INDUSTRIES TO THE DISC

In Ankh-Morpork we see a fantasy setting go from its pseudo-medieval roots and rapidly progress through postmedieval and into its early modern and industrial eras (to use Roundworld terms). But in ploughing through these changes in a matter of years, rather than the centuries these societal shifts traditionally take, there are gaps. In some instances, entire industries simply do not exist on Discworld as they were made redundant before anyone realised they could be useful. Roundworld has canals, for instance, while no-one ever thought to dig big trenches for water travel on the Disc* because the railway turned up before they could get the shovels.** Even some of the advancements we do see in the novels are introduced and replaced within the same story, such as when William de Worde's letters of news are superseded by the *Times*.

These gaps are treasure troves for gamemasters and players who wish to leave their mark on the Discworld. So find a gap, fill it, and see what happens.

Here are a few gaps that we're helpfully pointing out for you:

THE SEWERS

First up, the sewers. Ankh-Morpork used to have an intricate sewerage system – we glimpsed a small part of it in *Men at Arms*. These sewers are, sadly, no-longer in use. As such, shit flows through the streets as any self respecting pseudo-medieval city would expect.

But, by now, Ankh-Morpork is no-longer a pseudo-medieval city. And it's high time someone thought about the plumbing.

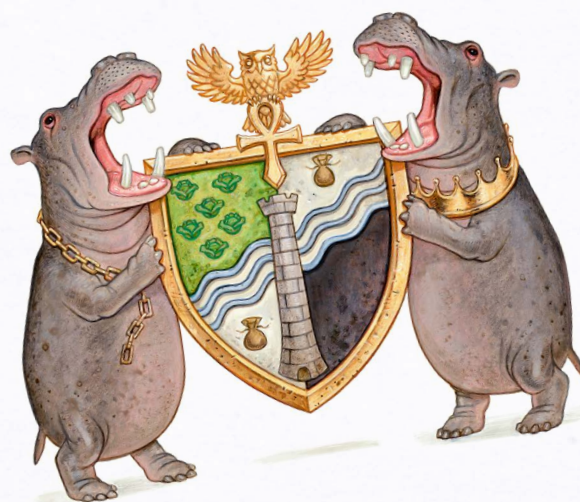
THE PAST

Don't like the idea of getting your hands quite so dirty? Well what about the past? Ankh-Morpork is, as we all know, mostly built on Ankh-Morpork. You can guarantee that there will be people around that find that sort of thing fascinating.***

Archaeology may be of interest to the good, and bad, citizens of Ankh-Morpork, even if most of them only do it to sell what they can find.

THE FUTURE

Try taking some aspect of Pratchett's technology to its logical conclusion, such as golemisation. Taken to its final form, this would give you mass production for a fraction of the cost. Think how these advancements could make everyone's lives easier? Who would benefit, who would lose out, and who would be caught in the middle? How do golems (or swamp dragons, or goblins) affect the economy of a burgeoning city state? What does a fantasy economy properly look like? Are there strikes or riots? Do the workers rise up and fight for their right to time off? Does the relentless boot of capitalism stomp its way onto the Disc, or does the economy go in an entirely different direction? The answers to these questions can lead to some memorable adventures.



* Apart from the Cut, but whether they thought about it, or just did it, is up for debate.

** And most Morporkians' experience of water travel involves the Ankh, where you don't even need a boat if you've a good pace and cheap shoes.

*** There's always a few weirdos out there who like digging up the past.****

**** Andy was an archaeologist in another life, and would like to make clear that he's one of those weirdos.

BRINGING YOUR INDUSTRY TO THE DISC

Don't know much about sewers, archaeology, or mass production? Don't worry! If you have ever worked or studied, there is at least one industry that you probably know more about than you realise: Yours.

If you take your job or industry and try to make it work in Ankh-Morpork, would it provide a fun route for an adventure? There are two approaches you could take to find out: Firstly, situate the Ankh-Morpork version of your job within an established industry and try to modernise it, with your group as the 'von Lipwigs'. Or, secondly, think of your industry as if it were like the newspapers in *The Truth* and, with your group taking on the role of the 'de Wordes', build it from the ground up.

Consider the things about your job that would be fun to see through a Discworld lens. Create a caricature of your industry, emphasise its flaws and strengths, and twist it until it fits into Ankh-Morpork.

As with modernising an existing guild or industry, decide what impact the Disc's technology would have on your industry, or indeed what impact your industry would have on the Disc, as well as who would be for, or against, it.

Remember that the Patrician listens to the ebb and flow of the city. Any endeavour, new or old, will catch his eye and, more frighteningly, his interest. Would Vetinari support your new-fangled idea or try to stop your chosen industry from becoming a problem? Combine these obstacles and you'll have a ridiculous time trying to convince the people of Ankh-Morpork that your real-life job is the next big thing.

Bringing your own industry to the Disc does come with some pretty sizable caveats. The main one is to make sure everyone at the table is on board. It may help if you all work in similar jobs but, even then, a lot of people play RPGs to relax and may not want their work to bleed over into their game, which is perfectly reasonable. Another, and equally important one, is that this should be fun. This is satire, not therapy.*

So, if you've got everyone on board and want to find out how your job would fare in Ankh-Morpork, head to the streets to find out. With a healthy dose of satire, and a few obstacles for your players, any industry could become the next novelty for the mob. Let's see how weird it gets!



* Some people reading this just went 'Weeeeeeelllll...' and those people should seek an actual therapist immediately.





