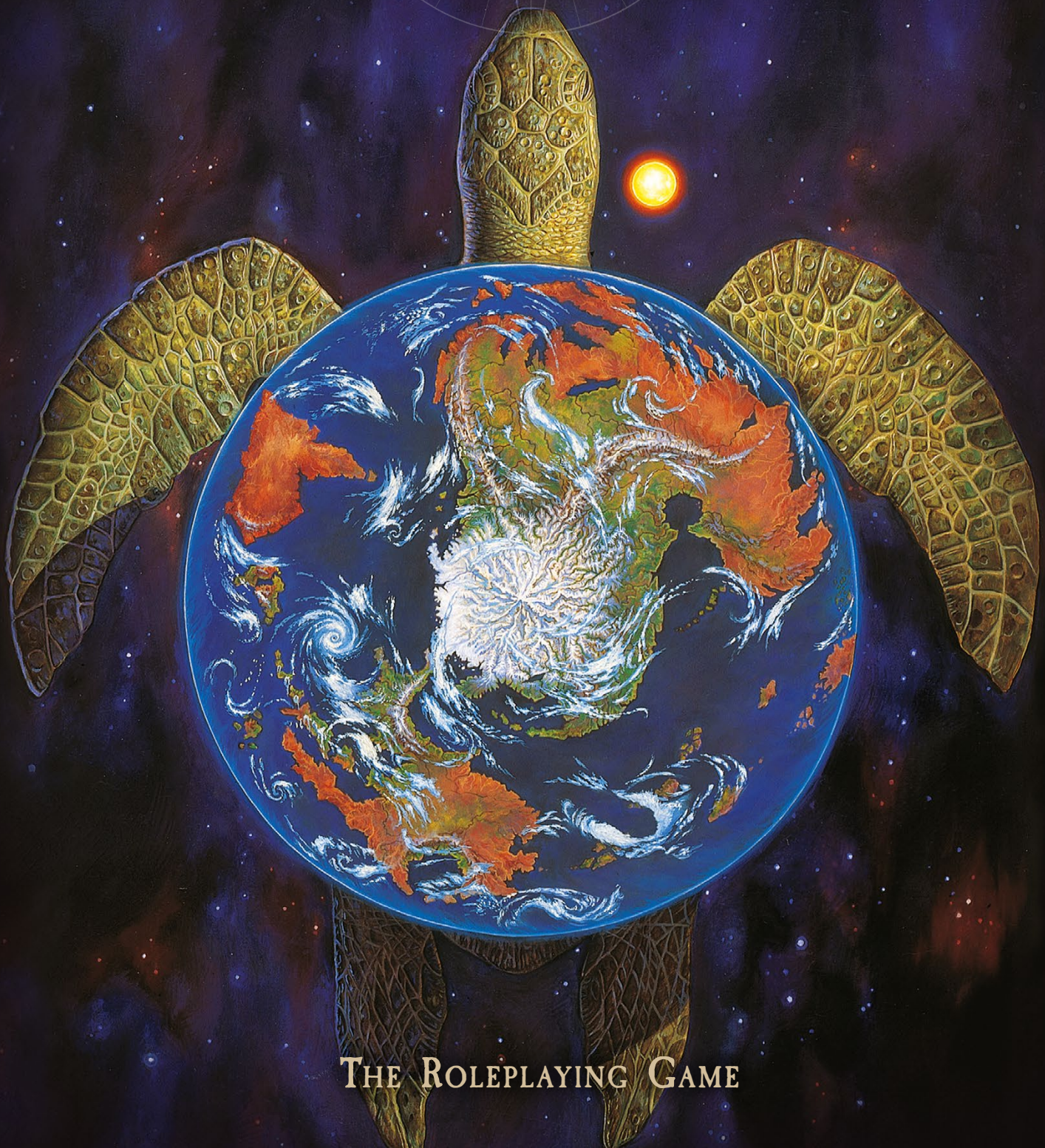
TERRY PRATCHETT'S

DISCWORLD

ADVENTURES IN ANKH-MORPORK



THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

TERRY PRATCHETT'S DISCWORLD
ADVENTURES IN ANKH-MORPORK

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Introduction

What is the Discworld?

'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…

See…

Great A'Tuin the turtle comes, swimming slowly through the interstellar gulf, hydrogen frost on his ponderous limbs, his huge and ancient shell pockmarked with meteor craters. Through sea-sized eyes that are crusted with rheum and asteroid dust he stares fixedly at the destination.

In a brain bigger than a city, with geological slowness, He thinks only of the weight.

Most of the weight is of course accounted for by Berilia, Tubul, Great T'Phon and Jerakeen, the four giant elephants upon whose broad and star-tanned shoulders the disc of the World rests, garlanded by the long waterfall at its vast circumference and domed by the baby-blue vault of Heaven.'

– The Colour of Magic

Discworld is the setting for the novels penned, or at least typed, by Sir Terry Pratchett. These books are present on nearly every fantasy reader's shelf, and many a charity shop one as well. It is a world built on stories, with fuzzy geography and unreliable chronology. It's a place where characters try to live their day-to-day lives, but are forever interrupted by the needs of a narrative. A place where dwarfs look askance at trolls, vampires look askance at werewolves, and the citizens of Ankh-Morpork mostly just want to get through one single day without being looked askance at.

Discworld is a setting 'where the gods play games with the lives of men, on a board which is at one and the same time a simple playing area and the whole world', to quote Interesting Times.

While you may not be gods, ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*** gives you the tools to play games with the lives of humans, dwarfs, trolls, gargoyles, Igors, zombies, and a whole plethora of other weird and wonderful creatures that call that city home.

Discworld is a setting that has a special place in many hearts and imaginations all over our own Roundworld. It is our unbelievable privilege to bring that world to life on tabletops, both physical and virtual, for fans old and new. We hope you enjoy the adventure as much as we have.

Ankh-Morpork

'Ankh-Morpork! Brawling city of a hundred thousand souls! And, as the Patrician privately observed, ten times that number of actual people.'

– Guards! Guards!

Squatting on the dark loam of the Sto Plains, surrounded by cabbage fields as far as the eye can see and bisected by the River Ankh, which can only be called a river because it moves slightly faster than the surrounding land, this ancient city has stood for thousands of years. Built and rebuilt upon itself, it has weathered invasions (by letting the invaders in, making them their own, and robbing them blind in the process), several civil wars, and too many fires to count, owing to the time-honoured Morporkian tradition of building out of tinder dry wood and thatch waterproofed with pitch.

The city thrives under the careful ministrations of the Patrician, Lord Vetinari. One of his most enlightened moves was encouraging the Thieves' Guild to come out of the shadows and into the public eye, taking their place at civic banquets and in the smooth running of the city, with the reasoning that if you were going to have crime it might as well be organised crime.

And the city does run. It shouldn't, but it does. Vetinari has managed to convince the guilds that he is slightly preferable to any other option. Since his inauguration as Patrician the city has seen many changes, including the resurgence of the Watch.

The Watch keeps the peace, although very few know where, and now the guilds spend slightly more time plotting against each other than they do against the Patrician. Now everything works. Mostly.

But when is 'now'? Ankh-Morpork has a long and sordid history in which there have been infinite nows, but we're not concerned with those old nows, we care about this present Now. Now is the turn of the Century of the Anchovy. The just-then Century of the Fruit Bat saw many societal and technological leaps forward, or at least sideways, for the people of Ankh-Morpork. The city has grown from a place near permanently on fire to a thriving metropolis* inhabited by species of all different and wonderful shapes and sizes.

For those familiar with the Discworld novels, this particular Now sits just before the events of Going Postal and Thud!. Koom Valley looms ahead like an iceberg, the Grand Trunk Semaphore Company grinds the clacks into the ground in the name of profit, and a certain conman named by doting, if unwise, parents plies his trade with no thought of angels.

This is the Now of ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***.

Tone

In the Discworld novels, Sir Terry Pratchett always used a satirical tone, sometimes less serious, sometimes more. He always had something to say, and said it in the most interesting way possible. Our aim with this game is to bring that core, indefinable Discworldiness to your tabletop. The focus here isn't on delving into dungeons or fighting dragons.** Nor will you be moving 30 feet and dealing 12 damage to a monster. There are no rules for combat. While violence and conflict are commonplace in Ankh-Morpork, combat is never the point of the story. The focus is on the characters, the world, and the words. People are defined by Traits, not numbers. The world and the players vie to control the story as narrativium sluices finely through everything, gently pushing things towards a satisfying conclusion.

Finally, we encourage players to bend the English language far beyond what is usually considered reasonable. Terry Pratchett used words in ways that were unexpected, in combinations and meanings that were playful, joyful and often unreasonable. We heartily encourage you to do the same. The more awful the puns, the better.

* Which is now only sometimes on fire.

** Swamp dragons are rather too small to offer much of a fight, for a start. Combine this with their inclination to explode if startled and you've got a recipe for some very disappointed, and slightly singed, adventurers milling around sheepishly picking bits of dragon out of their hair.

Recommended Reading

If you are completely new to the Disc, we are honoured to be your ambassadors into this strange and wonderful world. You don't really need a knowledge of the world in order to enjoy this game, but we'd be lying if we said that it wouldn't make things easier. The Discworld novels are wonderful reads, and we can promise you that you won't regret it. If you are looking to understand Ankh-Morpork as quickly as possible, we suggest the following books to get you started:

Guards! Guards!
Feet of Clay
The Truth
Soul Music

If you have already read the Discworld novels front to back, we would suggest taking a look at these books to give lots of inspiration for your own stories:

The Ultimate Discworld Companion
The Compleat Ankh-Morpork City Guide



What is a Roleplaying Game?

You are holding in your hands a book that is also a game. Many of you reading this will be intimately familiar with tabletop roleplaying games (TTRPGs or RPGs, for short or shorter), but for some of you this will be a novel idea. For some, the idea of a roleplaying game conjures the image of an overly enthusiastic young man shouting 'lightning bolt!' as he throws a handful of esoteric dice across a gridded mat covered in half-painted miniatures. This image is correct.*

Tabletop roleplaying games are a medium, like cinema, music, or a book. They can be simple or complex, serious or silly, avant-garde or comforting in their familiarity. More than anything else, a roleplaying game is what you make of it.

Without getting too philosophical, a TTRPG is two things: This book in your hands** and the game you play at the table.

This book works as an instruction manual in order to give you advice and rules to run the game at your table. It takes the inspiring works of Sir Terry Pratchett and translates them into building blocks you can use to tell your own stories. It advises you on how to create characters and locations, and use chance to influence the outcome of your story.

But this is just a book. The important game is the one at your table. You and your friends will take Pterry's world and our game to build something that's unique, something that's yours. We can't say for sure what you will make, but we are excited to find out together.

That's Nice, but What Actually Is a Roleplaying Game?

A roleplaying game is a game where you play a role in order to tell a collaborative story. Each player creates a character to play as, and via those characters improvises a narrative with their friends.

Most roleplaying games, including this one, have two types of people at the table. One is the gamemaster, and the rest are players. Players take on the role of player characters (or PCs). The gamemaster (GM) takes on the role of the world. They play the part of every other character in the game, all the non-player characters (NPCs) that the PCs talk to, walk past, interact with, and ignore, as well as the world itself. They are the narrator of the PCs' actions and the world's reactions, the one who decides what happens next. The dangler of plot hooks, the doer of silly voices, the twister of the narrative, and the conduit through which the story unfolds.

It's important to note that while the GM may have a better idea of what is happening than the players, RPGs are collaborative storytelling experiences. Everyone influences and directs the story through their characters' actions. The GM listens to their players, hones in on which aspects of the world and story they are enjoying, and gives them more of that — but it's not their story alone.

The core of an RPG is telling a story around a table, be it physical or digital, with your friends. So gather a group of like-minded people and enjoy the ridiculous, and often emotional, ride that is a great game.

* Oh, we know it isn't, especially in the exciting days of the Century of the Anchovy. These days the young man will have showered, usually, and there's a possibility he isn't even a man any more, which makes some very small people very big angry. That view of RPG players is an older one, and not really very accurate these days, but as lifelong RPG players, we reserve the right to make fun of ourselves. At one point we were the people shouting 'lightning bolt!'. Some days we still are.

** Or on your screen. Anchovy again.

What Do You Need?

There are a few things that you'll need in order to play a game of ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***. You should have most of them lying around, although the more specialised items (such as polyhedral dice, friends, and time) may require a little more work to acquire.

Pen and Paper

Somewhere to take notes and something to take them with. A pen and paper are traditional, but this is the Century of the Anchovy so go digital if you like.

Whatever your preferred medium, taking notes will be useful for everyone to keep track of what's going on, who said what, and that one NPC with the silly name that the party adopted so now the GM has to keep doing That Voice for the rest of the adventure.

Party sheet: On page 218 you will find a party sheet that is used to keep track of your whole party. You can also download and print one from our website www.modiphius.net, or copy it out by hand.

Character sheets: Similarly, on page 218 you will find a character sheet. You will need one of these each, and they too can be downloaded from our website.

Dice

A full set of polyhedral dice (a d4, d6, d8, d10, d12, d20 and d100) for failing… erm… attempting tests. Each shorthand given refers to the number of sides the die has. So d4 means a four-sided die, d20 means a twenty-sided die, and we're fairly sure you can figure out the rest from there, although the d100 has to be contrary and break this mould. It is in fact two d10's rolled together, one to give you the tens (10–100) and the other the ones (0–9), with a roll of all zeroes equalling 100. The d20 and d100 will only be needed for rolling on tables, however, and are not used in general play.

Dice inject an element of randomness into your story. Things will not always go your characters' way. The Narrativium in the bones of the Disc may decide that you are simply not meant to do whatever it is you're attempting, and you'll have to figure out how to achieve your goal regardless.

Imagination

RPGs require a certain amount of imagination from both players and GMs. The story will be affected by everyone at the table, and may require a little bit of imagination to get off the ground.

Punes, or Plays on Words

No session of ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***, or Discworld book for that matter, would be complete without at least a few punes, or plays on words. Be prepared to twist, wrangle and torment the English language to serve your needs, or just to make people chuckle.

Friends

We can't help you with this one.* You'll want to bring together three to six like-minded individuals willing to put up with puns, and who are up for an adventure based in the historic byways and filth-covered highways of Ankh-Morpork. Obviously you can play with as many people as you like, but once you get beyond about five players, making decisions and ensuring everyone gets their time to shine becomes exponentially more difficult. Likewise, having only two people at the table limits your ability to bounce off one another and have things go in unexpected (and fun) directions.

Time

Adventures in Ankh-Morpork is intended to be played as a short-form storytelling game, as opposed to long-form campaign play. As such, you should be able to get through a full adventure in two or three sessions of approximately three to four hours each. If you want to play longer adventures, consider an overarching theme or plot that you can tackle in smaller segments and utilise the Returning Characters rules on p.93.



* This was a footnote in the Quickstart, and it was quite funny. We felt bad just repeating it here, so we have removed it. This footnote intentionally left blank. Apart from this. And this. And th-.



Playing the Game

In which we meet The Dice — Test Ourselves — Help Others — Have a Magical Mishap — Discuss The Lady Engage in Behaviour Likely to Cause a Breach of the Peace — Magic, Limits, Costs and Inadvisability thereof ...and Meet Death

The Narrative

One overarching rule that runs through ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*** is that the story comes first. So before we get into the system itself, let's take a moment to discuss the stories you're about to tell. No game is complete without a story, a narrative, something that takes everything you do at the table and turns those actions into a cohesive whole.

What this boils down to is: everything you are about to read is optional. Doubly so if you're the gamemaster (GM). If a rule doesn't fit the story your group wants to tell, change it, twist it, bend it or break it. The story should always come first. That's where the Narrativium system comes in. It allows you to resolve your actions quickly and easily so the story can take centre-stage. This story will be made up of scenes set by the GM and fiddled with by the players, who will be attempting tests, talking to NPCs, and otherwise messing around.

The Narrativium System

The core system of Discworld: ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*** is based on the idea that characters are attempting to influence the story of the world. To do this, they'll have to wrangle the background Narrativium* into the shape they want it. A story is a hard beast to control, however, and the Disc has its own tales that it wants to tell, so there's always a chance that it'll beat back.

To do this you'll be taking tests, suggesting Consequences and steering the story where you want it to go — or at least attempting to.

So What Is a Test?

A test is how everyone at the table determines the effectiveness, or otherwise, of a player character's (or PC's) actions. In some cases, this will be how well your characters do what they're attempting, but for the most part, what you're trying to measure is how much what they are doing influences the narrative.

For instance, let's say you use the Trait **Hits like a troll** to break through a door. You're going to hit that door really bloody hard, regardless of the result of the test. But the test is there to determine how hitting it hard affects the story. If you succeed, then that door splinters and the obstacle it poses is no more. If you fail, then the door may be tougher than you thought or you might hurt yourself more than the door. There are other ways in which this scenario can develop, however. You might still destroy the door, but now the people on the other side are terrified of you and

* You may be unfamiliar with Narrativium. It's the most common element found on the Disc. Top research wizards believe that without it, the world would be a place filled with things that happened, rather than stories.

won't help you further your goal or story. They may be injured and incapable of giving you the information you need. They might hear you coming and get out of there before you can find them, or they might think you're a bloody idiot for not simply opening an unlocked door.

When saying what you want to do in a scene, it's less about asking permission, and more about saying what you're doing. It's not 'can I?'. Yes, you can. It's up to you to convince the GM that your character should be good at it, rather than asking if you're allowed to do it in the first place.

Characterising Character Traits

Character Traits represent your character and everything they are and have. These are your character's Organisation, Background, Species, Niche, Quirks, Core and Luck, and are chosen during character creation.

Traits are fundamentally how your characters will interact with the world around them. They are specific aspects of your character that you call upon in play to convince the GM, and everyone else at the table, that your character should be good at what they are attempting to do.

Everything on your character sheet, from your character's name to the niche they fill within their group, are Traits. They encompass your character's experiences and what they have on them at any given time. For example, a character who is a member of the City Watch has all the accoutrements associated with that role: a shiny breastplate; official badge; the sword, club, or axe of their choice; AM$38 a month plus allowances; and the keen knowledge of which end of a truncheon to hold.

During tests, you use these Traits to convince the GM that your character should be good at something. Don't feel limited by the actual wording of the Trait, or the intent behind it when you originally wrote it. Quite the opposite — in fact, we encourage you to twist and subvert those Traits to apply them in ways they were never originally intended.

For example, the Trait **Everything must go** could be used to attempt to get everyone out of a burning building before the roof collapses, or to ensure that you're nowhere near the crime scene when the Watch shows up. Neither of those are even close to the original purpose of selling a suspicious sausage-inna-bun.

Using a Trait in a specific way doesn't lock you into using it that way for every test from now on. It's all about making those Traits serve your needs at the time. They're nebulous aspects of your character that can be neatly slotted, precariously pushed, suitably shoved, and completely contorted into the most unlikely of shapes — provided you play fast and loose with concepts like 'definition' or 'intention'.

Who Gets What?

During a test, the player and the gamemaster (GM) will each roll their own die; these are the Outcome die for the player, and the Narrativium die for the GM.

The Outcome die is the province of the players, and will be either a d4, d6, d10 or d12.* This die represents the effectiveness and impact of that player's character in the scene.

Please note, the 'd' stands for die, and the number refers to the number of sides it has. So, a d4 is a four-sided die (they look like little pyramids and are incredibly painful to step on), a d6 is a six-sided die (the dice-looking one) and so on.

The Narrativium die is always a d8 and is the sole province of the GM. It represents the Narrativium of the Disc, the element that allows life on the Disc to, more or less, work. This element is also the reason that everything seems to work more like a story than on other 'well-designed' worlds, which boringly follow rules and laws.

The Narrativium die determines the twists and turns a story can take, the pushback from the world in general, and the consequences of the PCs' actions. It is rolled by the GM during a test.

Once rolled, these two dice are compared to determine the final result of the test.

* Note the lack of d8 in that list. Unless you're the GM, that's not for you, so go outside and throw it as hard as you can in a random direction or bury it in a secretive rite to appease the Lady. If you are the GM, go and unbury it since you didn't read the start of this footnote clearly enough.

Tests

Tests are the way that your characters can affect and influence the world around them, and therefore the story they are in. Characters can do this in any way they wish — all you as players have to do is convince the GM and your fellow players that your character should be good at something to get a better chance of success.

Now that we understand a bit about what tests are, let's look at how we do them. Here is an easy to follow eigh- … seven-and-a-bit step plan to lead you through a test:

1. The GM sets the scene.
2. The player states what they want to do to influence the scene. This is called their action. They call upon one of their Traits to justify, argue, beg, coerce, bribe, cajole, or otherwise convince the GM that their character should be good at that action.
3. The GM considers the action, the Trait being used, and how much experience the character has with the situation. Based on this, they tell the player which Outcome die to roll (a d4, d6, d10 or d12).
4. The player rolls the Outcome die, and the GM rolls the Narrativium die (d8), then compares the results. The GM can choose to roll their Narrativium die behind a GM screen if they want, to raise the tension or for other nefarious ends.
5. The GM narrates the outcome and opens the test up to the table to see if any other player wants to help.
    a. Anyone helping then spends one Luck and follows the same steps as before: name an action, convince the GM of the applicability of a Trait, and takes the appropriate die
    b. If a PC chooses to help, they will open themselves up to the Consequences should the test fail.
6. The helping player then rolls their Outcome die and replaces the previous player's outcome result with theirs, regardless of whether it is better or worse.
7. The GM and players pitch potential Consequences and the GM narrates the final outcome.
8. The PC may spend a point of Luck to avoid the Consequence of their actions.
    a. Only 1 Luck may be spent per test, with the exception of magical tests. This means that if a PC has helped on a test, no one involved in that test may spend Luck to avoid Consequences.



Using Traits in Tests

When attempting a test, you can use a single Trait to justify your character's action. The easiest way to think about using a Trait as a justification is 'I have a Trait therefore I should be good at an action'. These Traits encompass what your character has as well as what they are. PCs are always assumed to have everyday necessities about their person, and can rummage around in their bags or pockets for most normal items that it would make sense for them to have. Obviously, this is within reason: a beggar is unlikely to have a full set of Watch armour in their pocket* and a student assassin won't have an official Thieves' Guild licence, but could have a forged one in the right circumstances.

Example

*Malachite the Troll is trying to get the group into the Sonky warehouse once the staff leave for the evening. At first, they try the direct approach and smash down the doors using the Trait **I'm a troll**. This does not get them the best die, and they fail to beat the Narrativium die. These doors are far sturdier than the party expected. After a moment's thought, Malachite decides to try to boost up another party member to one of the skylights that looks like it might have been left ajar. To do this, they state that their Trait **Built like the proverbial shithouse** must mean that they're both tall and strong enough to provide a decent climbing platform. The GM agrees, and with a successful roll the epic Sonky heist continues apace.*

Not all Traits will be positive, especially those gained from Consequences (p. 37). Sometimes you'll step into something you're not prepared for, or one of those pesky Traits will force your hand. In these cases, the GM may compel you to use a Trait you'd rather not for the test. You still might be able to wrangle a decent Outcome die out of it, but your options will be far more limited.

What You Roll

When it comes to deciding which Outcome die you'll be rolling, the GM will take the process one step further. As well as the Trait in question, they'll also take into account how convincing the player's argument is, and how much experience the character has of the situation they've found themselves in.

If your character has a Trait that fits the situation perfectly, experience of what they're doing, and is attempting a well-justified action, then you'll be rolling a d12. If, as happens more often than you'd think, your character is attempting something they are wholly unprepared for, or that is completely out of their wheelhouse, you'll be rolling a d4. Everything else falls somewhere between those two points.



d4

For when you are completely out of your depth and have no Trait to back up your action.



d6

When you've got some idea of what you're doing, or a sort of appropriate Trait.



d8

Not for you! This is the Narrativium die and is only rolled by the GM.



d10

When you've got a decent idea of what you're doing and an appropriate Trait.



d12

When you know exactly what you're doing and have a perfect Trait to back it up.



d20

Only for tables.



d100

Also only for tables.

* Unless they're a really astonishingly good beggar.

Difficult Tests

For tests in particularly difficult situations, the GM may decide to ask the player to roll a worse Outcome die (but not worse than a d4). For example, a thief used to second-storey work might usually roll a d12 to scale a roof, but if the roof is covered in goose fat and the thief is having saucepans thrown at her while she carries a heavy bag of gold, they might be rolling a d10 or even a d6. The GM should always justify this extra difficulty to the player making the test.

A Helping Hand

One of the major advantages of sticking together as a group is that you can help each other out when the need arises. If another character fluffs a test, you can rush to their assistance — or make things worse, depending on your roll.

If it's narratively appropriate, anyone can interject after the initial roll to try and help on a test. It's up to the PC attempting the test as to whether or not they accept that help, and the GM as to whether anyone can help in the situation.

To help in a test you spend 1 Luck then follow the same formula as making a test: state how you will help, justify your actions with a Trait and roll. The only difference is that when someone helps, the Narrativium die is not re-rolled. Your new Outcome die then replaces the previous character's Outcome die, even if it's worse.

Be wary, though. Helping on a test will open your character up to any Consequences, as they have cheerfully thrown themselves into a situation that is already sauntering towards failure.

Sometimes it will be narratively appropriate for a character to face a test alone, so no one will be able to help. As with everything else, the story comes first. Sometimes you'll only be able to pick up the pieces rather than stop the pot from smashing.

The Results Are In

Once the dice are cast, you'll want to know how badly you've done. Compare the Outcome die and the GM's Narrativium die. Whichever has rolled higher determines the result of the test. If the player's Outcome die rolls higher than the GM's Narrativium die, then the character is successful. If, however, the Narrativium die is higher than the Outcome die, then the character has failed and will face Consequences (p. 37). These are the unpredictable (or sometimes painfully predictable) results of the PCs' actions that manifest as unexpected twists in the narrative. They are the weird and wonderful things that make the Disc such a charming, and often hazardous, place to live.

If both dice roll the same number, then your character is successful in what they set out to do and you suffer Consequences as the world pushes back.

Consequences and Traits

You are free to attempt to do anything you wish, and we encourage you to do so. We would, however, provide a gentle reminder from Lord Vetinari:

> *"No practical definition of freedom would be complete without the freedom to take the consequences."*
>
> ***– Going Postal***

This freedom also extends to suggesting Consequences whenever a test is failed.

Whenever a character fails a test by rolling lower than the GM's Narrativium die, they will face Consequences. These Consequences should always be narratively appropriate to the situation the PC is in and the action they have failed to do. More often than not, they may be the cause of the failed test.

Consequences take the form of weird and interesting shifts in the narrative, or are sometimes the logical result of your character's actions. Sometimes Consequences can lead to characters gaining new Traits. They may be immediately obvious, such as slipping on the cobbles and gaining the new Trait **Hopping mad**, or something that comes to light later in the story. If, for instance, you annoy a random clerk, then you'll be particularly dispirited upon reaching the Patrician's Palace and finding out they work for Lord Vetinari.

Traits gained from Consequences, or any source other than Character Creation and Core moments, are temporary and will only affect your character until they take the time to deal with them, or they stop being relevant.



While the GM will decide how Consequences play out, everyone at the table can have an input. Consider the scene, action and Trait that was used when the PC failed and suggest a narratively appropriate Consequence and, if applicable, Trait. The weirder the better. Just don't get bogged down in coming up with odd stuff; if there's an obvious Consequence, go with it and let the story flow. Nothing holds up the fun of a session like everyone arguing about who has the funniest idea.*

Example

Huw Glodsonsonson has just failed to quaff his beer correctly in a drinking competition (he got too much in his mouth).

The Consequence is that he's out of the competition, so whatever goal he wanted to pursue by entering is now not achievable.

There are several ways that the situation can go. The GM could state that Huw has been disqualified from the competition and leave it at that (this would be a Consequence without a Trait). Huw could, however, also gain a new Trait such as ***Can't hold their drink*** *or* ***Not a quaffer*** *(a Consequence leading to a Trait). But this isn't just the GM's choice to make, everyone can throw in an idea if they have one.*

Another player chimes in with 'What if they quaff so badly that the whole competition grinds to a halt while well-meaning drunk dwarfs try to teach them how to quaff?' The GM likes this idea and decides to run with it. The Consequence remains the same: they have failed to win the drinking contest; however, now the scene has taken a completely new and unexpected direction. Who knows? Maybe Huw will learn something about the ancient art of quaffing by the end of it.

Near-Death Experiences and Magical Mishaps

In some cases, your character may face Exceptional Consequences. These are times when you have failed so astronomically badly that the Consequences will see your character removed from the scene, and potentially the story. The two main types of Exceptional Consequences are a Near-Death Experience and a Magical Mishap. Just like with any other Consequence, these should only be encountered when narratively appropriate.

For instance, if failing a test could lead to your character suffering a fatal injury, the Consequence will be a Near-Death Experience.** Thanks to the uncertainty principle, even Death doesn't know if the PC will live or die — that is something only you can decide. To understand how these work in play see *Character Death* (p. 21), and *Death Again* (p. 46).

I See Death, People!

While most characters won't be able to interact with Death unless dying, wizards and cats can see and interact with Death whenever he's stalking the streets. PCs should always be allowed to have their moment with Death, but remember that a well-timed 'Erm, excuse me, are you Death?' from a nearby wizard is always an option to lighten the mood.

Magical Mishaps

If you get involved with magic, you may suffer a Magical Mishap. The most common instance of this is if your character really pushes their luck and throws spells around like there's no tomorrow. The GM may inflict Magical Mishaps along the way for other reasons too; for example, if a character is hit by a spell, suffers backlash from magic gone wrong, or are simply in the wrong place at a magical time.

* We're aware that some people will absolutely love arguing about whose idea is funnier, and those people should go back to their debate club and leave civilised society alone. Or possibly play a group of Fools, where that sort of thing is, if not encouraged, at least accepted.

** Unfortunately for Death, that means he will have a near-PC experience.

If this happens, there's the possibility that they may end up being hurled through the Dungeon Dimensions, or becoming an orangutan, talking dog, or pile of something particularly unpleasant. Just like a Near-Death Experience, the player should decide how, or if, they wish to continue in the story and come up with an appropriate new or changed Trait with which to return to the table.

Traits Gained in Play

Sometimes when your character will gain new Traits as you play. They will, most commonly, be linked to a Consequence and cause a hindrance for the PCs, but occasionally it will be narratively appropriate for characters to gain a more positive Trait, either as a reward for a successful test or just because it feels right. There's no limit on how many temporary Traits a character can have, but any more than about five will start getting hard to keep track of.

Although these Consequence Traits are usually negative, don't let that stop you trying to wrangle them to your advantage if the situation presents itself. You have our permission to try and twist these new Traits no matter how ridiculous your justification ends up being. After all, you never know how far you can bend the English language until you try.*

For instance, if you fail a test and end up getting thrown up on you'll gain the Consequence Trait **Stinks like Foul Ole Ron**. This will be temporary as, with a little effort and a lot of soap, you can remove both the Trait and the smell. However, while you have it, this Trait would certainly help you clear a room in a hurry.

Everything is situational. It's just about finding, or forcing, the right Trait to fit.

Group Tests

There are two situations in which a group test is more appropriate than individual tests. Firstly, when everyone wants the same outcome, but only one person needs to succeed in order for the group to achieve it, and secondly, when one failure will stop the group from achieving their goal.

For instance, when characters are trying to gain information about the same thing from different sources, or when the group is trying to move around without being spotted.

In group tests, as with other tests, players state their actions and Traits and the GM decides which die they will be rolling (it's perfectly normal for different players to be rolling different sizes of dice in a group test). You then all roll against the Narrativium die and the GM narrates the outcome.

In tests where only one player has to succeed in order for the group to achieve their goal, then the Outcome die that rolls the highest is compared to the Narrativium die to decide whether the PCs have succeeded or failed. All other dice rolled in the test add their own flavour. Additional successes help the result become better, additional failures make the result worse. So if one of you succeeds on a group test, but three people fail, you will get what you are aiming for, but the three failures will mean it may only be a partial victory, or there are some truly spectacular missteps as part of the success.

In tests where one failure stops the whole party in their tracks, then the Outcome die that rolls the lowest is compared to the Narrativium die to decide whether the PCs have succeeded or failed. The other Outcome dice can ameliorate this result, or make it even worse, just like with single success tests, above.

Any PC who is involved in a group test may not help another PC on that test but if any PC is not involved in the initial group test they may help as normal.



* We do, however, ask that you do not actually break the English language. A great many people rely on it in their everyday lives, and we don't want to have to explain why their grammar and subjective clauses are in pieces on the floor.



Luck

Luck is a measure of what characters can get away with before everything catches up to them. It's their favour with The Lady, the God of Luck on Discworld. Luck can be used to avoid the Consequences of actions, for a time, but the Lady's favour is proverbially fickle and eventually she will get bored and direct her attention elsewhere.

Spending Luck

All PCs start a story with 4 Luck, this is also the total Luck that any PC can have at one time. Luck can be spent in three ways.

- A Helping Hand. As described on p. 13, a PC can spend 1 Luck to help another player.
- Magic. Some PCs may be able to warp reality just a little bit. This costs Luck and is described in detail on p. 18.
- Avoid Consequences. A PC can avoid a Consequence from a failed test by spending 1 Luck. Just like the Consequences themselves, you have an input into how your Luck affects the narrative. While the GM has final say, everyone can suggest ways in which a character gets lucky and manages to avoid the looming Consequences of their actions. Throwing open these moments to everyone at the table will lead to some truly ridiculous moments as your characters manage to avoid Consequences in the most unlikely and outlandish way imaginable.

Example

Helen "the Cat" Sogsson failed to pull off a basic robbery. The GM tells her that the Consequence for her failure is that she was seen by a senior member of the guild and has gained the Trait ***A laughing stock amongst thieves****. Helen decides she'd rather spend Luck to avoid the Consequence, but is unsure how she gets lucky. While she's thinking, another player sneezes and inspiration hits. It turns out the guild member who was watching her sneezed at just the right time and missed the fumble.*

Regaining Luck

The Lady's fickle nature can be turned to your advantage as well. If you manage to pull off something unlikely, unusual, or unique, you might just pique her interest and regain some of her attention.

As The Lady's representative at the table, the GM can decide what may pique her interest. They can, for example, award extra Luck points for excellent roleplay or a particularly ridiculous plan, and anything else that they feel warrants such a reward.

Core Traits

There will be times in the story when your character shows who they are. These are Core moments, when your character's personality and essence come to the fore. They could reaffirm what they already know or believed about themselves, or be a surprise realisation about their true nature. Either way, these provide an excellent opportunity for character growth and change.

Each PC can only have one Core Trait at a time, and no one starts with a Core Trait. Once gained, they are permanent until the end of the story..

When you think it's a good time for a Core moment for your character, state the narrative trigger for their Core either being formed or coming to the fore, and create a Core Trait to reflect it. As with all Traits gained in play, the rest of the table can offer suggestions, but it is ultimately up to you and the GM as to what your character's Core Trait is.

If you decide the narrative trigger for your character's Core moment is the start of a test, the resultant Core Trait will give you a d12 for that test, because everyone enjoys a good character moment. The automatic d12 is only for that one test, not all tests using that Trait going forward.

Not every character will claim their Core Trait over the course of an adventure, and that's fine. It should feel like a natural and defining moment within that character's story and not something that you try to force.

Time In The Spotlight

As tempting as it is to get in on a really intense scene, sometimes it's best to let a player and their character have their moment. If someone is creating their character's Core Trait in a scene, don't butt in. Butts are for goats, after all. Let them have their moment as their character realises just who they are and what they stand for. Then, after a sufficient pause, crack that witty one-liner you've been holding back.



Behaviour Likely to Cause a Breach of the Peace

Very rarely in the Discworld novels are disputes solved with violence, at least not of the 'let's go fight those goblins and take their stuff' variety. As such, there are no special tests or rules for fighting. Fights are always a means to an end rather than the end in and of itself. While Ankh-Morpork may be akin to a rubbish-filled muck pit, it is a rubbish-filled muck pit with laws and those who enforce them. So if you go around starting fights and committing crimes (without a licence) then you will swiftly find yourself on the wrong side of the Law, with a capital Ell.

If you do end up in a conflict, be it a physical fight or a battle of wits, it is treated the same as any other test. State your action, support it with a Trait, and roll against the Narrativium die to see who comes out the other side with their dignity intact.

Inadvisably Applied Magic

The Disc is infused with a magical field that causes all kinds of unusual phenomena, chief among them is the way that Disc light oozes slowly across the landscape rather than getting on with the whole 'lighting up the world' business. This magic can be 'tapped' into, for want of a better word, by certain members of the occult. Generally speaking, that means witches and wizards, although other magical practitioners have been mentioned, like warlocks and enchantresses.

Wizards have enough magical potential locked away in the library and stones of the Unseen University to destroy the Disc — and probably the universe — several times over. In the past, wizards have conducted vast magical duels that left much of the Disc uninhabitable, but these days they much prefer four solid meals a day and a nice comfy office where they can smoke in peace, preferably as far away from students as possible.

Witches, on the other hand, don't go in for the whole magical books, fireballs, and waltzing around waving a staff with a knob on the end. They employ a much more down-to-earth and practical form of magic. Witches tend to inhabit the edges and soft places. They are the ones who make unpleasant decisions that need to be made, so no one else has to.

Adventures in Ankh-Morpork focuses on the type of magic you are most likely to find in and around Ankh-Morpork, to wit, the kind of flashy, show-off nonsense practised by wizards. Otherwise known as jommetry, fiddling with the interleaved wossnames of causality, poking holes in the fabric of reality, and never doing a day's work in your life.

Gender Trouble

Magic in Discworld is generally, but not always, locked to specific genders. Wizards are almost always men, and witches are almost always women. 'Almost always' is the key phrase here. In Equal Rites *Esk becomes a female wizard, and Geoffrey Swivel flies off to become a witch in* The Shepherd's Crown.

As a result, you should feel able to explore life as a female wizard or a male witch in **Adventures in Ankh-Morpork**. *That said, witches are not covered in detail in this book, so that's a consideration too. If you do decide to buck the norm, you may want to consider how your character would be viewed by other characters in the setting, and the kind of reactions and responses they may receive. Or you may not. Many people face enough oppression and hassle in real life for their gender, and you may wish to use this game as a place to get away from all that. That's fine! This is a made-up game in a made-up world. If you think something is interesting and you want to explore it, do so. If you don't want to have to worry about it, then don't.*

You should speak to your GM during character creation and figure out how your group will approach these topics.

Magical Tests

Magic is treated much like any other test. State what you want to do by magic, support this with a Trait and justify why you should be getting the largest Outcome die. There are two important differences, however:

1. *Any magic that requires a test will always cost Luck.*
2. *For magic, Consequences are reversed (you suffer them if you succeed, rather than if you fail).*

What this means is that whenever you attempt a spell that requires a test, you must pay the Luck cost appropriate to that spell (see *The Cost of Magic*, p. 20). This cost is paid regardless of whether the spell is successful or not.

Consequences for a magical test only come into play if the test is a success. If you fail, the Consequence is that your spell fizzled out. If the GM feels it's appropriate, a really spectacular failure can accumulate a different Consequence, but in general, Consequences come into play if you succeed at casting a spell.



Magic in Discworld is costly. A price must be paid. Once a spell goes off, the GM is free to decide what the Consequence is. It can be something immediate, like a side effect of the spell causing all trees in the area to sprout, well, sprouts, or it could be something longer term. Perhaps the Consequence is nothing major… for now. But if you push your luck and keep throwing spells around, then, well, the bill will come due. In a Dungeony way.

Another thing to consider when attempting magic is the Trait you are using to justify your spell. As with all other tests, the GM has a say on whether what you're attempting is even possible. Some things aren't possible even with magic, but to even try you'll need a solid Trait. This should be more than **I'm a wizard** as you'll be much more likely to succeed at a spell you have studied or memorised. Lean into your Niche and Quirks (p. 67) if you want the best chance of success.

Finally, if your spell goes off and you've faced your Consequences, remember to name that spell something apt. Some examples from the books include Herpetty's Seismic Reorganiser, Quondum's Attractive Point, Sumpjumper's Incendiary Surprise, and Weezencake's Unreliable Algorithm.

The Limits of Magic

The main limit to doing magic on the Disc is summed up by Archchancellor Ridcully:

> *'If you flash spells around like there's no tomorrow, there's a good chance there won't be.'*
>
> *– Unseen Academicals*

He has a very good point. You can, for example, fish with magic, but why bother when a rod or a net can get the job done with much less likelihood of folding the universe inside out in the process?

The other basic limits are both clear and somewhat fuzzy. For one, you definitely can't permanently change someone's shape* and for two you can't magic a wizard without knowing his name. Beyond this, magic is used in whichever way makes for the best story. An undefeatable sorcerer gets taken down by a half-brick in a sock, and an entire mall is imploded by the Dean, amid dozens of other examples of magic being used to create the most satisfying narrative possible.

In essence, magic, and the rules it works by, are true for the story they're in, but the same spells seldom get used across multiple stories. How this applies to the tabletop is discussed further in the section *On Magic and Mechanics*, p. 41.

The Cost of Magic

Sooner or later, magic always presents its bill. This section is where we discuss what sort of cost to expect when attempting magic.

Any spell that will impact the scene or story will cost Luck. This cost must be paid before even rolling the test, so you will lose the Luck whether or not the spell is successfully cast. How much Luck a spell costs depends on how much the spell will impact the current scene and overall story.

For instance, moving a chair or lighting a pipe would not require a test, so would not cost Luck. However, if you were moving a chair to trip someone running away, then suddenly that would require a test and therefore cost Luck. This is obviously very much up for negotiation, but some rough guidelines are shown below.

No-Cost Spells: Anything that doesn't impact the story. Levitating a book, lighting a pipe, moving a chair, or floating around your study on your evening off.

1–2 Luck Spells: Anything that requires a test and will have a minor impact on the story. Dropping a book on someone's head, toppling a bookshelf to trap another character, or using magic to become invisible and avoid an angry bookseller.

3–4 Luck Spells: Anything that will require a test and will have a major impact on the story. Tracking down an errant spell book, floating your entire party over a scorpion pit, or attempting to cast a Very Big Fireball.

Sometimes a spell is so impactful that it will require more than 4 Luck, and will therefore require multiple wizards to pull it off successfully. Here, any character that is helping can spend any amount of Luck, rather than just 1, to aid in the spell's completion. A good example of this is changing the entire Disc to stop some stupid wizard with a very valuable spell squatting in his head from falling over the edge of the world.

* *Apart from when you can.*

That would definitely cost at least 10 Luck. If you can't pay the Luck cost as determined by the GM, then you can't even attempt the spell.

Magical Consequences

Magical Consequences differ from their everyday counterparts in that they occur when you are successful rather than when you fail. And they are, of course, magical. Which means they take the, admittedly not very, grounded Consequences you'd expect from a normal failed test and go completely Bursar with them.

Something worth noting is that, as spells already cost Luck, a Magical Consequence cannot be avoided. This applies to anyone who helps on a magical test as well. That's the price of fiddling with the interleaved mystic wossnames of causality. For a full list of potential Magical Consequences see the table on p. 42.

Character Death

Sometimes a player character will find themselves out of Luck and failing a roll they really wished they hadn't. They are, as they say in Ankh-Morpork, buggered. This can lead to Death, not just the state, but the person. He's very good at his job and comes in many guises. The Death that most PCs will meet will be the Death of Tabletop Characters.*

There are many more ways to die other than simply dying. Anything that can take a character out of the story is considered a death and will lead to a Near-Death Experience (p. 14). A social death may lead to a character being completely ostracised or being detained at the Patrician's pleasure. A Magical Mishap may lead to the Dungeon Dimensions or a Magical Misshape, and of course, if in doubt, there's always walking alone in the Shades at night.**

The aspect of Death may change but the mechanics behind the grinning skull remain the same. Everything fades to grey, and all other characters freeze as Death stalks the scene and both player and character are faced with a choice. Take Death's hand and let him guide them to where they need to go, or return to the story to finish what they started. This decision is entirely up to the player whose character has ended up in this situation. Luckily for them, and probably because of quantum, even Death doesn't know what happens next.

If you choose not to take Death's hand, then your character will return to the game with a new, or changed, Trait to represent their Near-Death Experience. As with other Consequences, anyone at the table can suggest what the most appropriate Trait might be.

If you decide that your character's time has come, then a few more decisions need to be made by both you and the GM. If there is enough session, or indeed story, left and you wish to keep playing, you can create a new character with links to the story to be introduced at a narratively appropriate juncture. Or you can work with the GM at the start of each scene to choose an NPC to play as in that scene. More advice on how this can work in play can be found in the *Death Again* section on p. 46.

* Some have theorised that the Death of Tabletop Characters takes the form of a die with a scythe on the 1. No one has ever seen any of the other numbers.

** This is one of the many ways to commit suicide in Ankh-Morpork.

Example of Death in Play

Gertie Glammer, reporter extraordinaire, has finally run out of luck. She's up the proverbial creek without the proverbial paddle. Out of Luck and with no help at hand, Gertie has just failed to convince Chrysoprase's henchman that she's just here for a story and has no idea how the Slab ended up in her pockets. Unfortunately for her, the Breccia are not the understanding sort, and after some quick-drying cement and a gloop she finds herself 'sinking' to the bottom of the River Ankh. The world fades to grey as Gertie tries desperately to find a way out

GM: AH, I SEE YOU'VE FOUND YOURSELF IN QUITE THE PREDICAMENT. I WOULD ADVISE AGAINST SCREAMING, YOU'D ONLY BE WASTING YOUR BREATH.

Now, Gertie's player must decide her character's fate. Everyone takes a break while she and the GM discuss the possibilities. After some deliberation she decides that Gertie is far too determined a reporter to be stopped this close to the story of the century. She wants to keep her in the game, but is unsure how to do so. Another player at the table suggests 'isn't that how zombies work in Discworld? They're just too stubborn to die?' Gertie's player has a direction to take, and play resumes.

Gertie: 'I scream in anger and frustration.'

GM: WELL, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU

GM: 'Everything fades to black. Then there's a pinprick of light that grows larger and larger. Gertie, you know this has to be it, before you hear a voice that most definitely isn't an angel.'
'Ptui, Whoops, Buggrit! Keep pullin' boys, we got a big one!'

GM: 'You blink in the light of a new day and put Coffin Henry to shame with the amount of Ankh sludge you cough up.'

GM: 'Please cross out "human" and change your species to "zombie"."

Character: Death

Well yes, I suppose in a way characters do live. They are created — born, one could say. Their creator nurtures them, loves them. They live as long as their creator remembers them. And they can die, within their own realities. Many have, broken and bleeding.

Heroic last stands seem to feature particularly often, for some reason. Sometimes I attend their deaths. Just because they are made up, that does not mean they are not real. All things strive.

There must also, then, be millions of characters stuck. Anchored to their character sheets, neither living nor truly dead. Sitting in their folders and drawers, lingering, fluttering at the edges of existence, waiting for their chance to truly live or truly die.

Most will simply be forgotten, I suppose, in endless purgatory. Such is the danger of creators. Can't trust them as far as you can throw them.

What an interesting thought. I appear to have rolled a 1, by the way. Is that good?'





Running the Game

In which we Discuss Mastering the Game — Conversations — Cabbage Carts — Running Safely Telling Tales – Tools of the Trade — Million-to-One Chances — Magical Mechanics ...and Death, Again

What is a Gamemaster?

An important thing to do before we get to the ins and outs, ups and downs, and sides to sides of running a game of ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*** is to understand what we mean by a gamemaster. So what is a gamemaster?

A gamemaster (or GM for short, because if you repeatedly call someone the gamemaster it might go to their heads) is the person at the table who takes on the role of the storyteller. They are the only person at the table who doesn't control one specific character, instead portraying many. They embody the world and all the varied and wonderful characters that the player characters will meet during their story. They are the one who does the silly voices, and pulls random characters out of thin air when the players veer wildly off in an unexpected direction. The representative of The Lady at the table, and the one who takes the players' actions and suggested Consequences and spins them into a narrative. The GM is the world that surrounds the PCs and the one attempting to pull all their antics into something resembling a story.

The Conversation

An RPG is, fundamentally, a conversation. It is a back and forth between players and the GM, occasionally interrupted by dice.

The GM sets the scenes and asks the players what their characters are doing. The players state how their characters interact with the scene, the GM narrates those interactions, and both players and GMs resolve tests where needed. Everyone does everything they want in a scene, then the GM ends the scene and sets a new one.

For the majority of your game, this will be the general structure you follow. Set scene, fiddle, conclude, and continue until everything reaches a satisfying conclusion. All the other rules about tests, running games, and so on are there for when you need to go deeper.

Gamemasters in Adventures in Ankh-Morpork

In ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***, we encourage an emergent narrative.* The story should always come first and foremost. The rules are there to facilitate the story. With this in mind, let's look into the role of the gamemaster.

As the GM, you will know where the story starts and ends from the party your players have created or the adventure you are running. But how the players get from A to B via the Bolivian navy on manoeuvres in the South Pacific is up to them. As such, you should give the story its initial push, let go of the reins, and let it hurtle through the streets like an overloaded cabbage cart. You might know the shape of those streets and be the one throwing down speed bumps and convenient gutters, but everyone at the table will be doing the steering.

This may seem counterintuitive, but bear with us and we'll explain why it's important. Creative responsibility in many other RPGs falls almost entirely on the GM. While that's fine for most settings, creating adventures befitting Discworld may require more than one brain.

Pratchett was a master of his art, and creating in his world is an incredibly exciting prospect for all us Discworld fans out there. However, there's likely more than just one Pratchett fan at your table, so don't hoard all that fun for yourself. RPGs have one major benefit over novels in this regard: there's more heads at the table. That means more ideas, more weird and wonderful suggestions, and more punes, or plays on words. So GMs, use this support to allow the story to take shape from your collective crackpottery — trust us, the stories you create will be all the more memorable for it.

Preparing for a Game

Adventures in Ankh-Morpork requires little preparation** but there are a few things that you and/or your group will need to consider before you set foot on those hallowed cobbles. These are Session Zeroes, the use of safety tools, and the role comedy plays in RPGs.

Session Zero

Most RPGs utilise a 'Session Zero'. This is a gaming session set up before the adventure actually starts in order to get everyone together, get characters created, give players an introduction to the world, and make sure everyone knows what to expect from the game they're about to play. In this game, we've provided a super quick character creation system to allow you to hit the ground running without a Session Zero. However, many groups will still prefer to get the basics done before actually playing the game, and that's fine. Each group operates differently. Some people will be happy to jump straight in with no Session Zero, but others may prefer a more measured approach. Do whatever best fits your game and your group — after all, you know them much better than we do.

That said, Session Zeroes can be a great place to lay down some safety tools and expectations, which is something we highly encourage everyone to do. Even if you don't want to do a Session Zero, we'd suggest setting apart at least a portion of your first session for this. Have a discussion and make sure everyone knows what to expect. After that, enjoy the game however you want, be it diving straight into character creation or mulling over what sort of group you'd like to play to give everyone time to prepare their thoughts.

Playing Safe

Safety tools in tabletop roleplaying games are a way in which we can ensure that everyone at the table is comfortable with both the subjects being discussed and the manner in which we discuss them.

* Which is a posh way of saying 'make it up as you go along'.

** The years we've all spent reading Discworld don't count.



Pratchett's Approach

While there are many different safety tools out there, one of the best places to start is with the Discworld novels themselves and how Pratchett handled sensitive subjects.

Some subjects, such as racism, sexism, prejudice and bigotry, are front and centre and dealt with in a very Prachettian way: by showing them up to be bloody stupid. Good examples are Vimes at the dinner party in *Feet of Clay*, William de Worde and his father in *The Truth*, the portrayal of dwarfs throughout the series, or anything remotely political espoused by Fred Colon, who acts as a great voice for the Bloody Stupid Opinion throughout the novels. Pratchett actively makes these things part of his narratives as a way of demonstrating how idiotic these types of opinions are when held up to any kind of logical scrutiny.*

Then there are the more graphic elements. Sex, the count-the-legs-and-divide-by-two kind, is handled through the use of many an innuendo, hem-hem, knowing glance, and significant exchange. But the act itself is always 'off-screen'.

As we've stated before, violence is rarely the focus of Discworld novels. This doesn't mean there is no violence in Discworld. There are a million and one varied ways to be injured or killed on the streets and alleys of Ankh-Morpork, but the detail is always left deliberately obscured.

In *The Fifth Elephant*, Captain Tantony is mauled so badly that Vimes doesn't think he'll survive. But that's all we know, there are no vivid or in-depth descriptions of the wounds themselves. Later, this life-threatening injury is described with a joke when Vimes talks about Wolfgang having played noughts and crosses on Tantony's chest. Another good example is the cells of the Cable Street Particulars in *Night Watch*. People have been brutally and horrifically tortured, and some of the victims are so far gone that all Vimes can do is give what aid he can. That's all we are told. No description of the how, or the specifics of the tortured victims. It's all left to the imagination and that makes it all the more powerful as a moment.

Body horror is also something worth discussion. Any franchise that deals with werewolf transformation, vampires, and the Frankensteinesque Igors could be ripe for in-depth and visceral descriptions of transformations and the Igor's art. But not in Discworld. Angua is self-conscious about her transformation and the only times the transformation is described it's said that people wish they hadn't seen it. That's it. Again, Pratchett leaves much to the reader's imagination. As for Igors, they just do what Igors do, and you'll never find a better person with a needle.

Safety Tools

But what has all this got to do with safety tools? Well, safety tools are tools groups can use to handle these sensitive subjects. The nature of an RPG as a medium for telling a collaborative story means that no one knows precisely where the story will go. Players will go off in directions their GM never even thought of. And that's in a more traditional game dynamic, with GM as arbiter and storyteller. When you get into the emergent narrative that we encourage you to engage with in ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***, well, everything gets even more muddled.

* Even when it's Nobby doing the scrutinising.

Safety tools are there as a way to ensure that nothing uncomfortable or distressing happens at the table. Not every tool works for every group, and we encourage you to find ones that work for you and your group, but we've included a few examples here. You'll notice one of these bears a striking resemblance to the way Pratchett handled these topics himself.

Lines and veils are a tool created by Ron Edwards to be used before a game. A list of sensitive topics is drawn up, usually by the GM, and added to by players so that everyone at the table can agree on how to deal with these subjects. The two ways this is done is through, unsurprisingly, line and veils. Lines are a hard 'no'. This is where the line is drawn. Any topic that is decided to be a line is off-limits for the table, no reference, hints or allusions. Veils are a softer approach in which topics can be alluded to or implied but should not be described or shown. They are dealt with 'off screen' with fades to black or knowing glances and significant looks, hem-hem. The list of lines and veils should be accessible to all players and should be open to additions during play. Sometimes you don't know something will bother you until it comes up.

The X card, created by John Stavropoulos, provides a means to flag discomfort with a topic or line of play during a session. A card is placed on the table, or given to each player, with a large X on it, hence the name. If at any point anyone at the table is uncomfortable with what is happening, they can touch or hold up the X card to indicate they'd like to move on. The way in which you as a group choose to do this is up to you and will be situational. Sometimes it's better to reset the scene and play it out in a different direction, other times you can skip straight to the next scene, similar to a veil. Other times it's best to take a quick break and come back once everyone has decided how best to proceed. It is entirely up to you and your group as to what is best at the moment. The key thing to remember here is that there should be no need for an explanation from whoever raised the X card. You are all people and should respect each other's boundaries, just move on and continue the story in a different direction. Another benefit of the X card is that it can be easily used when playing online by typing X into the chat.

What all this boils down to is having conversations. Talk to each other and make sure that you, as a group, know where the boundaries are and what to do if anyone becomes uncomfortable. These tools are a safety net more than anything, and the best thing for everyone is that they never need to be used. Having them in place creates a safe space for everyone to play and provides a net that players and GMs can fall back on if they need to.

These tools are here to ensure that everyone has a ridiculous and fun adventure and no one is left feeling uncomfortable or upset. There are many more tools available online and we encourage players and GMs to have a look around and find the ones that fit their group best.

Comedy in RPGs

While this may seem like an odd thing to give guidance on, it comes as part of the general conversation about comfort at the table. Again, we look to the Discworld novels for inspiration on how to approach comedy while playing.

The novels are, of course, hilarious, but very few of the funny moments come from characters being silly or forcing a joke. They come from characters being themselves, attempting to muddle through whatever situation they've landed in this time and trying to make the best of it. The same is true of RPGs. Trying to force the funny will inevitably fall flat, and most likely become annoying after a while.* Let your characters react naturally to the situations they find themselves in and the comedy will follow. Not every scene needs to end in fits of roaring laughter around the table, comedy comes in peaks and troughs.

Another way to think about it is: if everything's funny, nothing is funny. So let the sombre moments happen, let the serious moments happen, let the silly moments happen, and it will ultimately lead to a more enjoyable, entertaining, and memorable story.

* *'A while' in this case often means 'three to five nanoseconds'.*

Telling Tales in Ankh-Morpork

While we encourage everyone to take a hand in telling the story, the GM is still the narrator and the arbiter, at least in terms of the system and the rules. So, here's a bit more of an in-depth look at your role at the table.

Firstly, we want to reiterate something we stated earlier. Pratchett was an amazing storyteller, and the world he created is a beloved one, but don't let that intimidate you. This is your group's table, your group's game, and your group's chance to tell your very own tale in his world. While this might feel like a lot of pressure, remember, you are not alone. Rely on your players and let them help shape the narrative as much, or as little, as you want or need. Of course, if you feel it is appropriate to hoard the narrative direction for yourself, go for it, just know that the party is there to take the load off when you need it. Don't hold on too tightly to what you think should happen, and let the story take you where it wants to go. The best thing you can do as a GM is listen to your players and ask for their input when you need it.

Scenes and Stories

All Pratchett's novels, and indeed pretty much every story written or spoken, can be broken down into a series of scenes linked together to form a story. RPGs are no different, but they are, by their very nature, more susceptible to the whims and imagination of those around the table than normal. This means they become a story that forms in the telling rather than being formed beforehand. So, here we'll go a little into how you can help that forming along, influencing it where you have to and letting it flourish where you don't.

Scenes

Scenes are the building blocks of your story. They are what you will use to get the PCs from the start to the finish of their adventure — although, admittedly, you'll rarely go in a straight line. There are several things you do in a scene: Set the Scene, Develop the Scene, and Conclude the Scene. This is the conversation we discussed earlier in action.

Set the Scene

So first things first, setting the scene. The start of a scene is one of the places you can most easily influence a story. It is here that you will set the tone. If you set the scene as being a 'dark and windswept night with the party trudging through the streets', that sets a very different tone than saying 'the stink of the Ankh wafts across the sun-baked cobbles as you try not to breathe in the dust of a hot summer day'.

Remember that your party doesn't exist in a void.* Without knowing what's around them, there's no way they can influence the story. As such, be sure to describe their surroundings in as much detail as the scene requires. Hint and foreshadow at things to come where appropriate, and let the PCs calmly walk and talk from time to time. Not every scene needs to be the most exciting and dramatic set piece; in fact the fewer of those you have, the more impact each will make.



* *Unless something has gone dreadfully wrong.*

Develop the Scene

When it comes to developing scenes, play off your players. In the immortal words of Captain Vimes:

> *'If you can't beat it or corrupt it, you pretend it was your idea in the first place.'*
>
> *– **Guards! Guards!***

These words are excellent advice for GMs. Listen to what your players are saying, ask for their input, add to it, take their ridiculous ideas and run with them. Make notes of what aspects of the world they are interested in and what they are interacting with. Chances are they want more of that. Are the PCs engaging more with the seamstresses than the thieves? Lead the adventure to the Shades. Players want more to do with the Watch? Throw in some known characters and clues.

Allow players to impact the scene beyond their characters. If they meet an old acquaintance, ask them who it is and how the PC knows them. Letting them answer rather than doing it yourself will give them more ownership of their own story. You are narrating their actions, but let them fill in the gaps and add their own splashes of colour to that narrative. Asking for their input will make them feel much more connected to the world and the story you're creating.

This will lead to the creation of interesting, ridiculous, and downright silly stories, but may also lead to some excellent, insightful, and emotional character moments that wouldn't have happened otherwise.



Conclude the Scene

Concluding a scene will most likely be the easiest part. Most often, players will have gained what they want from a scene and decide to move on. Sometimes you might have to give them a nudge, usually by relaying information they may have forgotten, asking them where they want to go, or what they want to do next. For the most part, the players will have a pretty good idea themselves. If they're completely lost, remind them of their goal and what they are trying to do — they've written it on their party sheet for this very reason.

Stories

There will likely be one overarching plot thread that your players are pulling on as they move through scenes. This will be your story, and for the most part players will follow it from A to B. Rarely, however, are stories that simple. There will likely be red herrings, blue pilchards, and even the unidentifiable marine life that somehow calls the Ankh home.

Unusual Happenings and Strange Occurrences

No matter how experienced you are as a GM, there will be times when you try to get a story going and all your brain can come up with is the mental equivalent of a small note saying 'Out to lunch, be back soon'. For those creative dry spells, or simply because you want to, we've provided a table of unusual happenings and strange occurrences to be combined into weird and wonderful tales to provide some inspiration. Roll a d12 on each side of this table to see what's going on.

d12	*What could be happening?*
1	*Someone is trying to overthrow the Patrician.*
2	*People are being drawn away from the city.*
3	*Mysterious packages are appearing all over the city.*
4	*Pubs are being destroyed and rebuilt backwards.*
5	*Absolutely everything is coming to life.*
6	*The Watch is undergoing another affirmative hiring movement.*
7	*The city is on fire.*
8	*Animals are rampaging through the streets.*
9	*None can move because of everyone else in the way.*
10	*Someone is trying to overthrow the Patrician, again.*
11	*Errant bursts of magic are emanating from Unseen University.*
12	*The gods' game is not going to plan.*

d12	*Strange occurrence*
1	*One of Leonard of Quirm's inventions has fallen into the wrong hands.*
2	*An ancient magic has awoken.*
3	*One of Bloody Stupid Johnson's inventions is involved.*
4	*Feegles are on the lash.*
5	*Death has taken a holiday.*
6	*Some people aren't happy about the inclusion of certain species.*
7	*Someone did it for the in-sewer-ants money.*
8	*A golem has taken matters into its own hands.*
9	*Wizards are doing something weird.*
10	*The method is quite ingenious.*
11	*Time is getting a bit uncertain.*
12	*Someone is providing minor deities with a lot more followers and power.*

Obstruction and Obstacles

The players think they know where they are going, they've got their goal and are heading for it. You will be placing obstructions and obstacles in their path to make sure their journey is a memorable one. After all, no story is satisfying if the protagonists complete their goal without any setbacks or difficulties.

These challenges are here to add flavour and spice to your adventure. They will mostly take the form of tests, but could also be smaller tasks the PCs must undertake in order to further the plot. Maybe the Fools won't let them into the guild unless they can prove their foolish credentials? Or perhaps they need to solve a smaller crime before they can solve the big one? These show your players that their characters are connected to the world and can influence the story. They should be used to highlight and spotlight players, but also to inconvenience and block them from achieving their goal. Just make sure never to let an obstacle grind your session to a halt. Sidetracking is fine, and players will likely do that without your input, but stopping completely isn't fun for anyone.

Remember that your party has their own goal which they are attempting to achieve, so link at least some of the obstacles you throw at them to that goal. Maybe the random old lady who really needed her cat out of the tree actually had the dwarf bread recipe they were looking for; or those nobles they just stole from were supporting the antagonist and now he is weaker for losing their support. These connections don't always have to be obvious or even shared up front with the PCs, but they should be there nevertheless. In short, at least some of the weird and wonderful shenanigans your players get up to should link back to their goal. Even if they forget their actual goal, you should keep it in mind.

Highlights and Spotlights

You're not only trying to challenge your players, but lift them up as well. Set up these obstacles to highlight the PC's Traits and let them shine. Give them their moment in the spotlight and make them feel awesome! Got a PC who's focused entirely on how strong and reliable they are? Give them an obstacle they can overcome solely through strength and reliability. Got a smartarse wizard? Looks like a sharp mind and sharper tongue are exactly what the party needs right now! Bounce this spotlight around and make sure everyone gets their time in the sun.

But it's not all brandy and cigars. The PCs will have plenty of negative Traits gained from Consequences. You can just as easily highlight a character's weakness as their strength. These can make for incredible character moments when that strong PC realises that strength can't solve everything, or the smartarse wizard realises they can't talk their way out of this one.

Just make sure that you're spreading these moments out amongst the party. The last thing you want is for one or more players to feel like they're being left out of the spotlight in favour of others.

Let Them Wander

If there's one thing you can rely on your players to do it's get sidetracked. Whether or not you deliberately lead them astray, they will inevitably wander off in search of a colourful herring or interesting NPC. A good story rarely takes the straightest path.

Lean into these tangents. Let the players, and their characters, explore the winding alleys and filth-covered highways of Ankh-Morpork. Let your party get lost in the streets, following their noses to the next scene or random encounters (p. 45) that have nothing, or everything, to do with the party's goal and the overall story arc of your adventure.



It's All Coming Together

Just because your party got sidetracked doesn't mean that they aren't getting closer to their goal. The joy of TTRPGs is that nothing is set in stone until the players see it, and even then it's still changeable. Use this to your advantage: turn their random tangent into a key part of the character's story, or leave it as a fun silly little aside. Link scenes that happened last session to things happening now. Turns out that the gargoyle they befriended has been keeping an eye out for them and can help the party; or maybe those Thieves' Guild enforcers they scared away are back in greater numbers. The players will leave you no end of loose ends to tie into the narrative when and where they fit the story best.

Remember that Consequences can have a huge impact on the story. They aren't just an immediate effect, but can also indirectly affect the story in multiple ways. Like ripples on the Ankh, the initial Consequences will be felt immediately, but they spread out into the world and change things in one way or another. Also like ripples on the Ankh, some of those changes will be permanent.

Linking scenes together and bringing in Consequences will make players feel like they are affecting the world and make them feel much more connected to and invested in the story you're all telling.

To Test or Not to Test

We've already gone through the step by step of tests in the *Playing the Game* chapter (p. 9), but let's look at them specifically from the gamemaster's side.

Firstly, always assume that characters are good at what they do. There's no need to test for every action. Most will simply be narrated and used to move the story forward. For instance, there's very little point asking a PC to make a test for eating a sausage-inna-bun (unless it was sold by C.M.O.T. Dibbler). As a general rule, only test when something interesting could happen if the test fails. That could be something funny, interesting, an unusual Consequence, or a twist in the narrative. Aim for dramatic uncertainty and allow the tension to build at the table.

A key thing to consider when deciding if an action requires a test is the way in which a character is attempting to do something. The situation and Trait are often a much better indicator of whether they should be doing a test rather than the action itself.

Asking for Tests

There will be times where the situation outpaces the player characters. They'll be in over their heads somewhere they never expected or anticipated. On these occasions they will have to react, and sometimes they'll have to react with a test. For these situations, you follow the same steps as making a test, but you are asking the question as the GM. If you ask 'What do you do to avoid this?', sometimes PCs will look blankly at their character sheet and come up with nothing. And that's ok. No PC should be good at everything. That would make for a very dull story. In these situations, they'll most likely be rolling a d4 (if they have nothing) or a d6 (if they can finagle a Trait into place in time). They still have a chance of success, but it's minimal because they were caught off guard.

Negative Traits

For the most part, players are free to argue the applicability of any of their Traits to justify an action, but there will be times when a negative Trait is the most apt for the test at hand. In these instances, you can insist that they use that Trait. For example, trying to convince an innkeeper to let the party stay for the night. If they have the Consequence Trait **Covered in something very identifiable**, it doesn't matter that they also have the Trait **Has a silver tongue and a golden smile** because they're covered in… stuff, which means that the negative Trait overrules the positive. As a result, the negative Trait is the one that the PC has to use on the test, rather than the positive one they would much rather use. The PC will get a worse die to roll than usual.

Forcing a PC to use a negative Trait like this shouldn't be common, since it can lead to bad feelings among players. That said, if they keep getting turned away from inns due to smelling like the backside of a cowshed, it might be worth gently suggesting that they should have a wash to at least get the visible bits off. Sometimes players are their own worst enemy.

Don't worry about keeping a close track of every character's Traits. When in doubt, simply ask them if they have something that might hold them back.

Determining Dice

Once you have decided an action requires a test, you then have to decide what dice the player will be rolling.

Ask yourself some questions. If a PC is in a situation, then ask:

- *How much experience of this type of situation do they have?*
- *What specific action do they want to do?*
- *What Trait(s) do they have?*

Sometimes the experience question here will be obvious: a wizard will have very little experience of picking locks and a thief will have no experience of summoning Death, at least not in the wizardly way. However, you also have to take into consideration how the situation or scene will affect the test. If a character is trying to pick a lock with no time pressure, then the Outcome die being rolled will depend entirely on their skill and the intricacy of the lock. On the other hand,

if they're trying to pick a lock while a troll barrels towards them with intent, even the most experienced characters might struggle to focus.

All of this leads to an Outcome dice of a certain size: d4, d6, d10, or d12. As a general rule, if the action, Trait, and situation all align, offer the player a d12. If only two of the three line up, offer them a d10. If only one of the three is relevant, offer them a d6. If the character is in a situation that they would never normally encounter (for instance a beggar trying to interfere with the mystic interleaved wossnames of causality) with no Traits to call on, and no idea what they're doing, then they will roll a d4.

Example

Carmen and her friends are Fools, and they need to get into a very fancy soirée. She decides to try convincing the guards on the servant entrance that they're hired help using the Trait ***A Fool is welcome everywhere until they're not****. The Trait and situation line up, so they'll have a pretty decent Outcome die — a d10 would be appropriate, or maybe even a d12 if the GM is in a particularly good mood.*

d4s and d12s

As the two ends of the spectrum, the d4 and d12 are the least likely to be rolled. A d12 should be rolled in a perfect situation; it should feel like a reward for careful planning, good decision-making, and when those narrative moments line up just perfectly, and should not be something given out on every other test. Remember players can guarantee themselves a d12 if they have a Core moment at the start of a test (p. 17).

On the other end of the spectrum, a d4 should only be rolled when a character is completely out of their depth. Like a d12, this should happen rarely, but leave it open as a possibility. A PC clinching success when they have absolutely no right to is an excellent story moment and a lot of fun for everyone at the table.

All this being said, if you're unsure of what size die they should be rolling, ask your players what size they feel is appropriate for the test.*



* You'll be surprised how often they don't go for the d12.

Example

Back to our foolish friends. What if we change the situation? Now they're trying to get into a fancy soirée run by an incredibly paranoid noble with a fear of clowns. The guards are on alert to any kind of foolishness, and suddenly the odds are definitely not in the group's favour. They have less experience of this type of situation and the Outcome die size will reflect this by being a d6, or possibly even a d4 if they don't try to hide the fact that they are Fools.

Narrating the Outcomes

During each test there will come a point where you, as the GM, will have to narrate an outcome. This narration will influence whether or not another player attempts to help the test taker. As such, it should be explicit enough for players to be able to tell if the PC passed or failed a test and give them a rough estimation of how close they were. Remember that, if it was a failure, there should be a looming Consequence so other players know what they're getting themselves into before choosing to help.

Example

Evie's student wizard is attempting to sneak back into Unseen University through the Wizard's Passage after a night out. They've already had warnings about being drunk and disorderly so they are trying to do this without being noticed by anyone. The GM calls for a test. They are using the Trait ***I'm an excellent truant*** *and have done this exact thing before, so the GM gives them a d10 (this would normally be a d12, but they are drunk so it's bumped down). Evie rolls a 4 on their Outcome die and the GM rolls a 5 on the Narrativium die. The GM narrates the scene:*

'You shimmy the bricks free as you've done hundreds of times before, and with a conspiratorial wink you start to climb, missing a few handholds and scrabbling for purchase. You reach the top as you hear someone coming the other way over the wall. Knowing that this route is used by staff as well as students, you panic, but manage to catch yourself just before tumbling off the wall.

Would anyone like to help?'

Here it's clear that the drunk student wizard has failed their test, otherwise they'd be over and in the grounds of UU, but they haven't failed completely otherwise they would have fallen or been discovered in some way. Opening it up to the table lets everyone know that there is still a chance of success.

How You Roll

Rolling the Narrativium die behind a screen allows for the narrative to speak for the dice. If players know that the Outcome die rolled a 2 and the Narrativium die rolled a 3, they are making their decision to help based purely on the maths and mechanics. In the same situation, if players are told, 'You reach for the cell keys, but your fingers just barely brush them' they know that they're close without knowing exactly what you rolled. This pushes them to make their decisions based on the story and scene.

On the other hand, some GMs prefer to roll openly, to prove that it's the dice's fault the PCs are doing so badly. Find what works for your group.

Degrees of Success

With narrating outcomes fresh in our heads, let's consider how we judge how well or badly a test was passed or failed. When it comes to narrating outcomes, the best tool for getting a feel of how well the players succeeded or how badly they failed are the dice themselves. The difference between the Outcome die and the Narrativium die will help inform and shape your narration.

A 6 on the Outcome die and 5 on the Narrativium die? They've just barely scraped by. A 12 vs a 1? Things have gone exceptionally well for them. However this works both ways: characters can just as easily fail a test by a hair's breadth or a massive margin.

While this is not a hard and fast rule, it can be used to help flavour a result of a test, and used to hint to players whether they are close to success or have failed wildly. This is useful when narrating to allow other players to decide whether they wish to help or leave a friend to deal with the Consequences of their actions alone.

Consequences

Sometimes, no matter what sized die they roll or how much help they get, PCs will fail tests. Good! It'd be a very boring story if everything went the protagonist's way all the time. When this happens the PCs involved will have to deal with Consequences. These should always be narratively appropriate to the scene they are in and the test that was just failed, but don't always have to be immediate. Sometimes a Consequence may not rear its ugly head for quite some time until the GM decides it's time for the universe to kick back.

Consequences will sometimes lead to a new Trait for the PCs involved. For example, an actor flubbing their lines in a rendition of the Lancre Play may get a bad review as a Consequence. However, they could also gain the Trait **Rumoured to be a bit rubbish**, or I **doubt my own skill**.

Traits gained as the result of a Consequence should be directly linked to the Consequence that caused them and only last as long as they are relevant. If a character fails a test to get information from a beggar, the Consequence is that they don't know the information they've got is wrong. A Trait they gain could be **Trusts beggars implicitly**. This Trait will only last as long as it's relevant, so when they eventually realise the beggar was playing silly buggers it should be changed or removed.

d6 — *Example Social Consequence*

1	*The folk you are talking to take a dislike to you. If the person is likely to come up again, gain the **Disliked by X** Trait, where X could be an individual or a whole group of people.*
2	*You find yourself beholden to somebody, whether literally in debt or simply too grateful. If you cannot give the person something to assuage your debt, gain the **Indebted** Trait.*
3	*You are thrown out of the establishment, or have to leave to avoid further embarrassment.*
4	*That went pretty well, you think. Gain the **Unearned confidence** Trait.*
5	*That was awful. Gain the **Self-conscious** Trait.*
6	*Your words inspire someone to do something foolish or brave, whether it's charging into danger or quitting their job to become a writer.*

d6 — *Example Physical Consequence*

1	*You injured yourself quite badly. Gain the **Limping and bloodied** Trait.*
2	*Whatever you were doing, it got messy. Gain the **Covered in X** Trait, where X could be anything from the River Ankh to the insides of a dragon.*
3	*You fall and smash your head. Luckily, you are only unconscious for a short amount of time before gaining the **Temporary amnesia** Trait.*
4	*You break something valuable, such as a precious vase, a friend's arm, or a shelf of collectible figurines.*
5	*You actually succeed at what you were trying to do, but it very shortly becomes obvious that what you were trying to do was a terrible idea.*
6	*Something went wrong. Damn wrong. You undergo a Near-Death Experience (p. 14).*

d6 — *Example Mental Consequence*

1	*The situation sends a shiver down your spine. If you don't leave immediately, gain the **On edge** Trait.*
2	*You get a splitting headache, making you irritable for the rest of the scene. Gain the **Banging headache** Trait.*
3	*You learn that you absolutely cannot do something most people take for granted. Gain the **Terrible at X** Trait, where X could be anything from gardening to remembering names.*
4	*You become certain of something false, be it an errant clue or a misplaced belief. If the errant certainty is something personal to you, gain the **Contradictory philosophy** Trait.*
5	*Your body has made an executive decision, you immediately fall unconscious. Gain the **Temporarily absent** Trait.*
6	*You're far too sober for any of this and you're incredibly aware of it. Gain the **Knurd** Trait.*

Taking Turns

There is no turn order or initiative to speak of in ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***. You are all, players and GM, working together to tell an interesting and entertaining story. Unlike novels, RPGs benefit from having multiple authors. Everyone at the table can influence and change the story and this leads to stories that are equal parts convoluted, confusing and incredible. Above all, this leads to everyone having fun. Being a bystander to a story is all well and good, but being able to jump into the story and change its direction completely is where RPGs really shine.

To ensure that everyone is getting to have their say, you should allow every player the chance to interact with a scene in some way before allowing anyone to act twice. Bounce those spotlights around. Remember that once a character attempts an action they are busy with that action until it would logically be completed.

Set up the players in both senses of the term. Set them up to do awesome things, and set them up to fail. Let one PC have the limelight and drive the narrative for a while before switching the focus to another PC and allow that PC their time to shine.

Failing Forwards

A failed test and subsequent Consequence shouldn't bring the story (or the session) to a grinding halt. If PCs fail a test, that should block off that particular avenue of bypassing the obstacle in front of them, but shouldn't stop them solving it in any other way. Consequences might change the obstacle. For example, a Consequence for failing to break into somewhere might be that the people inside know someone's trying to get in. While this will make further attempts to get in harder, and will affect the Consequences for a future failure, it shouldn't stop the PCs from trying different avenues. When you close a door, open a window — and, most importantly, signpost it.

As the GM, you should very rarely give a hard 'No' to a proposal from the players, unless it's absolutely beyond the realms of possibility, which is a pretty impressive feat on Discworld. Most importantly, find the fun in failure. Make players' failures as memorable and enjoyable as their successes.

Failure due to incompetence is funny every now and then, but PCs should feel like competent people trying their best, not incompetent people floundering and in over their heads.* For the most part, failure should be linked to circumstances and the scene rather than just 'you buggered that up'. Make failures about bad luck, bad timing, or events turning bad outside the PCs' control. If you're struggling for inspiration, ask your players how they think this could go wrong. They'll surprise you with how bad they will cheerfully make a situation for their characters.



* *Unless of course that's the character they've created.*

Tricks of the Trade

As the gamemaster, you are responsible for a lot of the background running of the game, but not everything you do is hidden behind the screen or part of the emerging narrative. You can also interact with the players and the narrative by employing any of the following: awarding Luck, re-rolling the Narrativium die, Million-to-One Chances, creating Traits, or picking the right tool for the job.

Awarding Luck

You can reward players with Luck for particularly good roleplay, ridiculous plans, or for any other reason you feel is appropriate. The key here is to be consistent. Don't favour one player or type of action over another as this will lead players to only pursue those types of actions, or may cause players to feel like they're missing out. Be as generous (or as stingy) as you like, as long as you're consistent. Bear in mind that if your players are using magic there will be more Luck being spent all round. You can encourage this with more Luck or hammer home the risks of magic with less. Remember that the more Luck players have, the more likely they are to take risks; and the less Luck they have, the more likely it is they'll have a Near-Death Experience. It's a fine line to walk, but when it's done right you can build tension while keeping things moving and enjoyable for everyone at the table.

Re-rolling the Narrativium Die

Just like players, NPCs can help each other. Unlike players, they can also help themselves. Once per test, the GM can use an NPC's Trait to re-roll the Narrativium die, with the new result replacing the old. The Trait should be applicable to the situation and scene.

Example

The PCs have stolen a book from the Library at UU and the Librarian is in hot pursuit. They try to shake him off by heading into the Shades. The result of the test has the Narrativium die rolling a 5 and the Outcome die rolling a 7. At this point the GM states that the Librarian's Trait ***Custodian of the greatest collection of magical knowledge on the Disc*** *is going to come into play as he will do everything in his considerable power to ensure that no book ends up in the wrong hands. The Narrativium die is re-rolled with a new result of an 8. The Librarian catches up to the group and an unpleasant time is had by all.*

Million-to-One Chance

If a player has a truly audacious, ridiculous, or bloody brilliant plan that makes you sit back and say 'it's a million-to-one chance, but it might just work', you can award them that million-to-one chance in the form of an automatic success. Keep these scarce, and remember that if PCs try to force a million-to-one chance it's doomed to fail.* Try to limit these to really clutch moments or brilliantly ridiculous plans (or ridiculously brilliant ones).

Nine Times Out Of Ten

Top research wizards have proven that true million-to-one chances crop up nine times out of ten. If you want to add even more Discworld flavour to your million-to-one chances, have the players roll a d10. 1–9 gives them that million-to-one, and their little faces will light up with joy. 0 means the stars don't align and they'll either have to make a test as normal, or if you like, they automatically fail. If you take the second option, you'll go far, but you won't be liked.

While this can be a lot of fun for some groups, others may find having certain success dangled in front of them only to be taken away on the whims of fate to be frustrating. Of course, that might be exactly what you're going for.

Either way, use this particular rule with caution.

* Just ask Colon about the time he stood on one leg on top of Bearbugger's whisky distillery with soot on his face, and his tongue sticking out, singing the hedgehog song.



Creating Traits

Traits don't just come from character creation and as negative Consequences. Traits can be gained during play for other reasons. They can be awarded for succeeding on a test, as part of a roleplay moment, or for any other reason you feel is narratively appropriate. As with all things the story comes first, so if it feels right as part of a scene for a character to gain a new Trait, go for it. Just as with Traits gained as a part of a Consequence, these Traits will be temporary and last only as long as they are relevant.

Creative Uses of Luck

While we have covered the main uses for Luck, there are a plethora of other ways to spend it that might come up in play. Follow your gut when players ask if they can do something; just because what they've asked for isn't specifically covered in the rules doesn't mean it shouldn't be done. Break the rules! Just remember to signpost what you're doing, and be consistent.

If you need a cost for a character's actions and you're not certain what it should be, use Luck. If it feels right for another character to spend Luck to affect a scene, let them. Luck is a tool like any other in your toolkit and should be used whenever and wherever you feel it will create a more interesting narrative.

The Right Tool for the Job

All the rules and guidance discussed in this chapter can be thought of as a toolset. Like a toolset, each piece of guidance or rule is there for a specific purpose. The overall aim is to help you run a fun and engaging adventure in Ankh-Morpork. As such, if a rule doesn't work for your group, the story you're telling, or the style of game you want to run, then feel free to completely ignore it. For the GM, everything is optional. That said, we did work hard on these, so at least give them a try first before ditching them.

…Please?

On Magic and Mechanics

'Not doing any magic at all was the chief task of wizards — not "not doing magic" because they couldn't do magic, but not doing magic when they could do and didn't. Any ignorant fool can fail to turn someone else into a frog. You have to be clever to refrain from doing it when you knew how easy it is.'

– Going Postal

Let's take a look at magic and how it works.* Magic, just like the rest of the game, is a conversation between you and the players. Sometimes players may get carried away with the idea of doing magic without any real end goal in mind, so you will need to make sure they clearly state what they are trying to do. Something like 'I want to find those books' isn't particularly helpful, so ask for specifics. Always ask what they are trying to do and how they are trying to do it, as this will inform the Luck the spell will cost.

Just like with other tests, the player will still need to justify why they should be good at the spell if they want a larger Outcome die. And just like with other tests, you have final say on whether or not they can actually do what they are attempting. This is a larger part of the magical test than others, however. Whatever you decide players can (or can't) do with magic will have a direct effect on the adventure.

The two main differences between magical tests and any other test are:

1. *Magic always costs Luck;*
2. *Magical Consequences are the reverse of normal tests.*

Remember that almost all spells will cause an instance of thlabber. That is the moment of everything being stretched then suddenly not being stretched. This is nothing to worry about and will certainly not affect the world in any way.

Impact and Luck

The amount of Luck a spell costs depends on how much the spell will affect the current scene and the overall story. This can range from 0 to as much as you want, although anything beyond 10 will likely be more than most players are willing to pay.

Magic that will have no effect on the scene or story costs no Luck to perform. This could be as simple as flicking through a book without touching it or as complex as performing the Rite of AshkEnte to summon Death for a chat. If it has no effect on the scene or story, it costs no Luck.

Any magic that will have an effect on the story or that allows a character to avoid a test will cost Luck. The easiest way to determine if a spell will affect the story is to think 'Would this action require a test?' If the answer is yes, then that spell should cost Luck equivalent to how impactful the spell will be.

Allowing characters to avoid some minor obstacle or obstruction would cost very little Luck, maybe 1 or 2. Locating the one-of-a-kind dwarfen Device buried at the bottom of a well on Empirical Crescent, if your goal was indeed to find it, would cost significantly more. Probably in the region of 4, maybe even up to 6 Luck, depending on how vital that Device is to your story.

Any spell that can be completed by a single character can cost no more than 4 Luck. Anything beyond this requires multiple characters to pull it off. These are the really big ones, the ones that fiddle with the very fabric of reality and change the essence of the world, and therefore your story. These sort of spells should not be undertaken lightly, and are likely exceptionally risky and extremely powerful. They are the type of spells where, if they go wrong, you won't get the blame because there'll be none of you left to take the blame — or possibly no one to do the blaming.

If you can't spend the required amount of Luck to try to cast the spell, then it can't even be attempted.

* At least in terms of game mechanics. Ponder Stibbons has spent decades of his life getting paler and more malnourished trying to figure out how magic works, and the net result is that he's pretty sure it does.

What Can Magic Do?

Magic in Discworld has many uses, but these primarily exist to serve the story being told. We know the Dean can destroy an entire mall, we see him do it in *Reaper Man*, but we never see him use any of the spells again. When deciding whether or not your players should be able to do something by magic, consider if it will make for a more interesting story. Remember to utilise Consequences and Luck to ensure that, if they are trying something truly game changing, players know they'll have to pay the price. Magic can do anything, but should it this time? That's the main question to ask yourself when making a decision on whatever spell your players have concocted.

MAGICAL MISHAPS

d8	
1	*The Auditors of Reality look upon your mockery of the laws of physics and decide you are worth watching. Any further attempts at magic will result in you being unceremoniously winked out of existence. Gain the* **On probation** *Trait.*
2	*Your magical focus has been transferred to a nearby object, such as your hat, which now talks. Decide its personality based on the spell being cast.*
3	*The laws of physics in your immediate area loosen considerably. For the next hour, objects will float, doors will open into different rooms, and gravity might occasionally reverse itself.*
4	*The spell works, but far too well. For example, the minor light spell you cast now illuminates the entire district and night will not fall for the next 24 hours.*
5	*You give yourself a Magical Misshape. Roll a d100 and open the nearest non-roleplay related book to the rolled page. You have been turned into the first noun you see on that page. Change your character sheet accordingly.*
6	*You've accidentally poked a hole into the Dungeon Dimensions. A creature with an ungodly* number of tentacles begins writhing its way into existence. This is probably the most important thing to deal with for a while.*
7	*The spell causes random weather patterns in a 10-metre radius. It could be raining frogs, snowing in midsummer, or you might find yourself surrounded by a permanent gust of wind.*
8	*You begin to float upward. Assuming someone manages to grab you, you may want to invest in some heavy boots. Gain the* **Lighter than air** *Trait.*

Magical Consequences

> *'Oh, you could do it all by magic, you certainly could. You could wave a wand and get twinkly stars and a fresh-baked loaf. You could make fish jump out of the sea ready cooked. And then, somewhere, somehow, magic would present its bill, which was always more than you could afford.'*
>
> **– *Going Postal***

Magical Consequences are the inverse of those on a normal test. Normally, Consequences only happen on a failed test. Magical Consequences, however, only happen when a magical test is a success. A spell going fizzle is probably the safest outcome for everyone, but when characters start to successfully poke holes in the fabric of reality, things are going to get weird.

Start small and work your way up. You don't want people ripping into the Dungeon Dimensions the first time they cast a spell, but with every successful spell make the Consequences more severe until it feels narratively appropriate for things to go completely wahoonie-shaped.

As with all Consequences, these can be immediately obvious and even lead to new Traits. However, they do not have to have an immediate effect. It can be much more satisfying to let them slowly build in the background while the characters think they've pulled off their spell with no repercussions.

Remember that, as spells require Luck to perform, Magical Consequences cannot be avoided in the same way as normal Consequences. Any Traits they cause should lean more towards the unusual end of the Consequence spectrum.

In extreme cases, the Consequence will be a Magical Mishap, or even a Magical Misshape. Like a Near-Death Experience, this could lead to the PC, or PCs, being removed from the story. As with all Consequences and Traits, feel free to open this up to the table and see what suggestions your players have for how the magic could affect the narrative going forwards.

* certainly not one of the better class of gods, at least.

Example of Magic In Play

Eleri and her group are wizards faced with a tricky situation. Someone let a load of books out of the library and now they've hidden themselves all over UU. The Librarian is doing all he can but only has two pairs of hands (okay, four if you count his feet), so he has enlisted these wizards to help hunt down the remaining books.

Eleri: 'We're wizards, let's start acting like them. We must be able to solve this problem with magic. If we know what books we're looking for, we could try a spell to find them.'

GM: 'Okay, you've got a list of the missing books from the Librarian, what are you trying to find first?'

Eleri: 'Are there any books about demons missing?'

GM: 'Yeah, a few. And some about esoteric gardening and one about the inevitable heat death of the universe, although that last one is noted as being a casual read.'

Eleri: 'Right okay, what if we tried to summon an imp to help us find the demon books, like a little geiger counter type thing? Imps must be able to react to demonic magic, right? Because they're demons.'

GM: 'Yeah, there are imps for pretty much everything, so I don't see why there wouldn't be a tracker imp. What Trait do you have to help here?'

Eleri: 'I've got **Works part time as an Idiot at the Dis-organiser store** so I think I know a thing or two about imps.'

GM: 'Yeah absolutely. Sounds like a d10 and 2 Luck, what are you gonna call the spell?'

Eleri: 'Uh… Imp-Possible Book-Looker?'

Eleri spends 2 Luck and rolls her Outcome die against the Narrativium die, resulting in a 6 on the Outcome die vs a 5 on the Narrativium die.

GM: 'Okay, you get the spell lined up. It's relatively easy for you. As a part-time Idiot, you've summoned plenty of imps. Getting their purpose right can be tricky, but you're pretty sure you've got this one sorted as a detector imp. After the incantation, prerequisite arm waving, and mystic symbols, there's a loud pop and a puff of smoke. What colour is the imp you've summoned?'

Eleri: 'Sort of a purple.'

GM: 'Cool, there's a purple imp in the middle of the circle. It looks at you for a second then sprints off down the hall.'

Eleri: 'Oh gods, after the little bugger!'

The party chases the imp, hoping it is leading them to the books they seek. After a few moments, there's another pop, then another, as more and more imps pop into existence in the unattended summoning circle.



Getting Around

Ankh-Morpork is a huge city full of bustling highways and historic byways (although discerning which is which can be difficult under the grime). As the GM, you are responsible for describing how your players get from one place to another. This can be as easy as you want it to be.

For some parties, the joy will be in exploring the city, hearing your descriptions of the filth-covered streets and rickety buildings as they pass them by.

For others, the action is key and they will want to skip all that description malarkey and get right to where they want to be. Neither of these playstyles is better than the other, and you'll probably find yourself landing somewhere in the middle. Expound where you want, and expedite where you don't.

Whenever you want to liven up travel between two locations, you can roll on the table opposite to generate an event to use as inspiration.



Travel Events

d20	
1	***C.M.O.T. Dibbler:*** *Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler (p. 144) tries to sell you a genuine, completely non-lethal sausage-inna-bun.*
2	***Cheesejousting:*** *A small crowd cheers on a cheesejousting competition. Cheeses are lined up at either end of the street and rolled at great speed toward each other. The winner is the last cheese standing.*
3	***Smashed Potatoes:*** *A cartload of potatoes careens down the street, pursued by a panicked greengrocer shouting, 'Stop those taters!'*
4	***Gridlock:*** *Around a dozen carts are managing to block the road, their horses frustrated enough to hoof anyone who gets too close. If any one of them were to move backward just a few inches, the jam could be solved.*
5	***Official Mugging:*** *A couple of thieves will violently dispossess the party of their valuables…unless they have an insurance policy with the guild, of course.*
6	***Lads on the Town:*** *A barrel of whisky wobbles down the street, carried by a swarm of tiny, blue, kilt-clad men shouting 'Wha'hey, 'sa fair big'yin!'*
7	***Campaign for Equal Heights:*** *A group of people with placards reading, 'Don't tread on me', 'Lower workers, not lower standards', and 'Desks are too tall' block the way ahead. Almost the entire group are humans.*
8	***Sinkhole:*** *The cobbles here break away dangerously, revealing a little of the undercity below. This secret entrance could be used to walk under and around nearby businesses.*
9	***Street Theatre:*** *Choose a random Discworld novel. The play is a dramatisation of its events.*
10	***Find the Lady:*** *A charming man shuffles three cards together and invites a PC to find the Lady. If they interact, a woman picks their pocket from behind.*
11	***Not Their Finest Hour:*** *A small group of Watchmen are frantically trying to catch a runaway goose. The goose seems to have the upper hand.*
12	***Foul-mouthed:*** *A Klatchian merchant is selling 'Authentic Klatchian Scimitars' but the parrot on his shoulder will tell PCs their true quality.*
13	***Omnian Preachers:*** *A simply dressed man stands on the street corner shouting at the top of his lungs about how thou should submit to Om or thou will surely regret it.*
14	***Mime:*** *A furtive mime practises their art. This is highly dangerous and illegal, but they refuse to be silenced by the government. Metaphorically silenced, obviously.*
15	***Dwarf Baker:*** *Fresh dwarf bread is being sold from a stall, still hot from the forge and as hard as steel.*
16	***The Flock:*** *A group of thuggish pigeons begin to encircle the party. If fed they will leave, otherwise they will grow in number throughout the next scene until the party is surrounded by hundreds of faintly threatening birds.*
17	***Fell Off a Cart:*** *A one-eyed man in a long coat is selling iconographs, personal Dis-organisers, and expensive watches. The imps inside these devices will protest that they are stolen.*
18	***Times Salesman:*** *A beggar shuffles closer, proffering a stack of the* Times*, Ankh-Morpork's premier newspaper.*
19	***Bridge for Sale:*** *A grubby-looking man claims to have the deeds to the Brass Bridge, complete with hippos, going for a bargain price.*
20	***Double Feature:*** *Roll twice on this table and resolve both encounters.*

Death Again

Death comes in many guises. His most common is that of a seven-foot-tall robed skeleton bearing a scythe, but all his aspects are berobed, bescythed and defleshed. A few notable aspects, since the events of *Reaper Man*, have taken on an existence separate from Death himself, namely the Death of Rats and the Death of Fleas.* All of Death's aspects have one thing in common, they TALK LIKE THIS. That is to say, like the slamming of a leaden coffin lid, or two slabs of granite crashing together. The Grim Squeaker also has a voice that could make the largest of rodents quail.

Despite his sobriquet, there is very little grim about Discworld's Death. He is a curious being, fascinated by the millions of ways in which mortals choose to complicate what little time they have. While he may be physically heartless, he is not cruel, only well aware of his duty — The Duty. What can the harvest hope for, if not for the care of the Reaper Man?

Types of Death

There are three broad types of Death a PC may experience, the most common of these being physical death. But there is also the possibility of a social death or even a magical death.

Physical Death

This is your, for want of a better word, usual death. A PC has attempted something and failed. Now they are standing looking down at their own body, slowly realising that things are far worse than they thought. Realisation is joined by the sound of bony feet clicking.

Social Death

Here, a PC has ostracised themselves so thoroughly from those that they thought they could rely on, be this their guild, organisation or even the other PCs. Their actions have caught up with them. This could be enforcers collecting a huge debt or the Patrician's men coming in the night to detain the PC. Whatever they've done, Death will appear to guide them out of the story.

Magical Death

Magical deaths happen when a PC gets screwed up by magic, either by being the target of a nasty spell, or by suffering Magical Consequences. Magical Consequences are described on p. 42.

Playing a Game with Death

From a GM's perspective, Death in ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*** is more than a sword (or scythe) hanging over the player character's heads. He's the anthropomorphic personification of the end of all things, the inevitable. He's also a great excuse for fun character interaction. For Death from the player's perspective see *Character Death*, p. 21.

If a player fails a test where death is a real possibility, and is either out of Luck or chooses not to spend any** they will have a Near-Death Experience. The aspect of Death that they experience is based on the situation they find themselves in. Anything that can take a character out of the story is considered a death.

Let the rest of the PCs fade to hazy grey shapes as you freeze the narrative. Take the player whose time has come aside and decide with them what happens next.

There are two choices.

- *The PC accepts their fate, they take Death by the hand and head into that place where the sands are silver, the skies dark and desert stretches in all directions.*

—or—

- *The PC returns to the narrative changed by their Near-Death Experience. Both lead to a conversation with Death, but if the player chooses the latter they will gain a new Trait, or change an existing one, to reflect their Near-Death Experience.*

If the player decides their PC's time has come, there are several options. The simplest is to have the player create a new character. They can either do this in the background while the rest of the party continues play, or they can do it between sessions and come back next time with a brand-new character. Some players may also wish to prep a character or two during character creation so that if their main character dies, they have another ready to go.

The other option is to have the player create and introduce a new NPC into each scene from here forward, or at least until the end of the session. For guidance on creating NPCs see p. 100.

Which option the player chooses will depend largely on them and how much session, or story, you have left. As long as it's the player's choice, and they are happy with the outcome, everyone wins. Well, except the now-dead PC.

* How you can have a robed, scythed and, above all, skeletal flea is anyone's guess. Best not to think about it too hard.

** This happens more often than you think. Some people just want to sit down and spend some time with the anthropomorphic personification of the end of all things. He enjoys chess, although he struggles to remember how the horses move.

Death

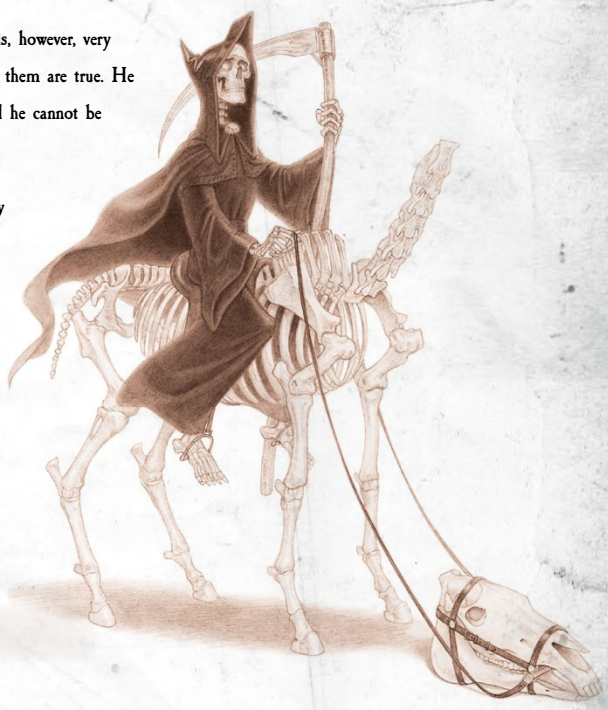
(He/Him)

Full Name: The Defeater of Empires the Swallower of Oceans the Thief of Years the Grave of All Hope the Ultimate Reality the Harvester of Mankind the Assassin Against Whom No Lock Will Hold the only friend to the poor and the best doctor for the mortally wounded. Also very briefly Bill Door and even more briefly the Hogfather.

Species: Anthropomorphic Personification Niche: Death

Features: Tries to understand the human condition;
There is no justice there's just me;
An expert with pre-industrial agricultural equipment.

Mannerism: Looms rather than Stands. Stalks rather than walks. SPEAKS LIKE THIS



Death is not cruel, he does not murder and he never poses. He is, however, very good at his job. There are many phrases about Death, and all of them are true. He is always someone's constant companion, he stalks the streets and he cannot be cheated.

Over the millennia, he has developed what the Auditors of Reality scathingly refer to as a personality. He has a fondness for cats, who are some of the only creatures that can see him, and a fascination with games, although he has to work very hard indeed to lose. Above all he is fascinated by people.

Story Prompt: Death is a very busy anthropomorphic personification. Here are a few reasons why he can't stop and chat:

d6	EXCUSE
1	*A plague of idiocy sweeping Pseudopolis.*
2	*A shipwreck off the coast of Klatch.*
3	*He has an appointment with the Abbot — again.*
4	*He's being summoned by the Rite of AshkEnte*
5	*He thinks he might have left the kettle on.*
6	*He's off to murder a curry.**

* Gods willing not Tim.



Setting up the Game

In which we are introduced to Party People — Get Organised — Embrace the Melting Pot — Meet the Suspects Find our Niche — Get Quirky — Look for our Stuff — and Take a Longer View

So you're ready to dive into a game of Discworld. Maybe you've got an idea of the kind of story that you want to tell. Maybe you've only got as far as 'something in Ankh-Morpork'. Either way, take a deep breath and remember: running a game of ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*** is easier than you think!

Follow the steps below and you'll be playing in no time.

Step 1: Read the Rules

On p. 9, we discuss the general rules for playing the game. While you don't need an encyclopaedic knowledge of how the game works, it can be a good idea to know the basics of the conversation (p. 10), how a test works (p. 11), and Traits (p. 12).

Step 2: Decide What Kind of Adventure You Want to Play

There are two ways of playing ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***. The first is playing an adventure (such as ***Fundamentals of Unseen Academia*** on p. 197). The second is by creating your own story. Published adventures provide a framework for everyone at the table, and are excellent for newer players and gamemasters alike. Creating your own stories at the table requires a little more thinking on your feet, but is a phenomenal way of diving into the game and using your group's creativity to make an unforgettable narrative.

If you are running a published adventure, now is a good time for the GM to read it through. They don't need to know everything, but they should know the themes and, most importantly, any changes that adventure has for party or character creation. Some adventures provide pre-generated characters, some suggest certain parties, and some can be played with any group!

Step 3: Gather Materials

You will need the following:

- A party sheet (p. 218)
- A character sheet per player (p. 218)
- Dice (p.7)
- Spare paper
- Pencils and erasers
- A creative mind

Step 4: Create Your Party

A party is defined mostly by the group that your characters are aligned with, such as the City Watch or the Unseen University. With your players, follow the instructions below to create your party.

Note that this is the first step that requires the other players to be present at the table. So stop sitting there quietly with a nice cup of tea and start gathering that group of like-minded individuals you've been sending increasingly unsubtle hints to for the last few months.

Step 5: Create Your Characters

The next step is for each player to create a player character (or PC, for short). Rules for this can be found on p. 59, and will end with each player having a filled-out character sheet.

What Is A Character?

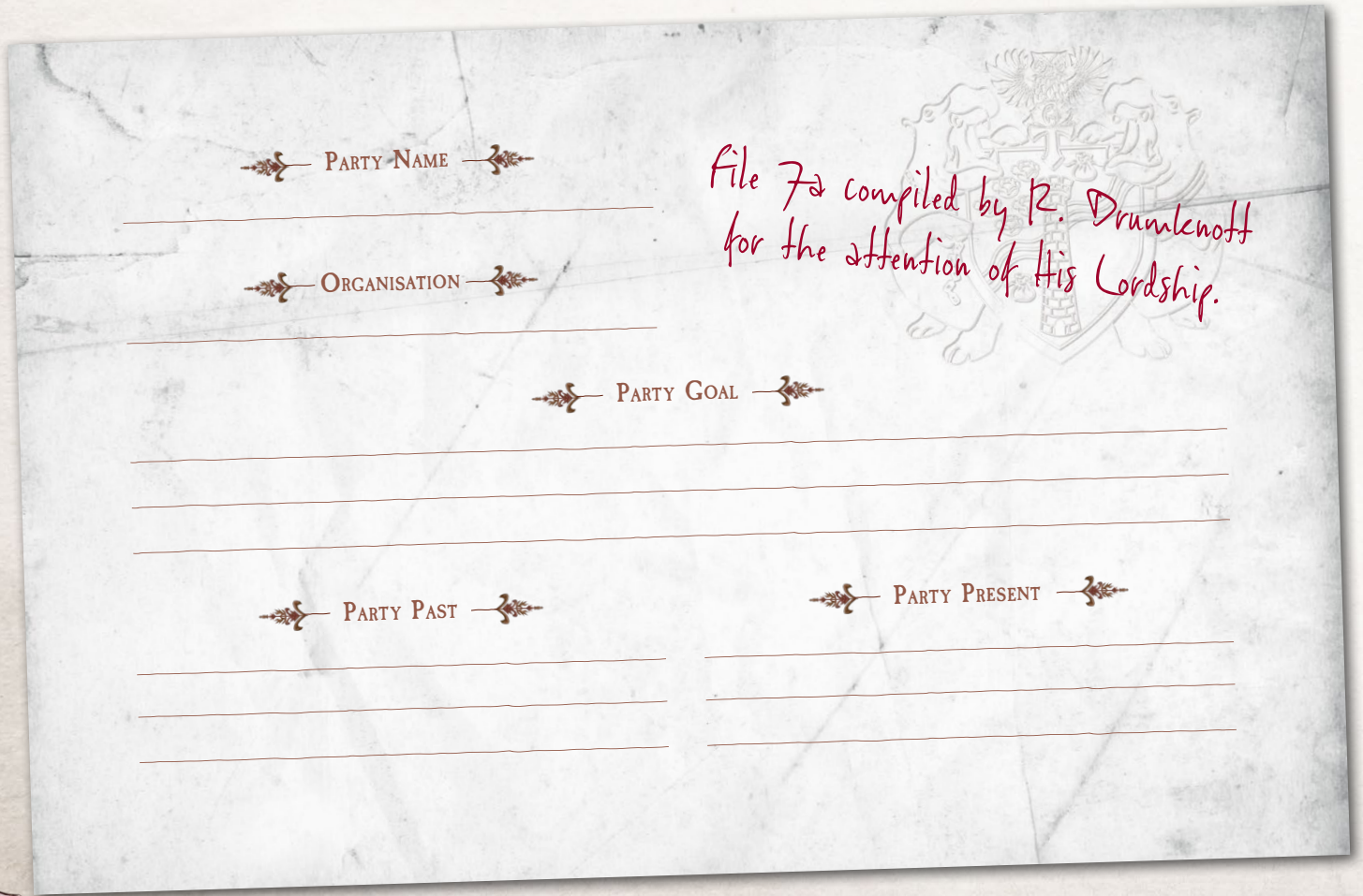
At their heart, a character is a person-shaped pile of Traits. Some of these are shared between all characters in the party, and can be found on the party sheet. Most, however, pertain to individual characters and are, as such, recorded on each PC's character sheet. Traits are explained in more detail on p. 10, but for now it is enough to know that they are short, descriptive statements about your character.

Step 6: Start the Game

Generate a prompt for your first scene by turning to p.92, or simply run with an idea that came up during character creation. From this point forward, you are playing the game. Have fun, try not to be detained, and don't eat anything C.M.O.T. Dibbler sells you.

Creating a Party

To create your party, fill out the following information on your party sheet:



Organisation

There are many different peoples in Ankh-Morpork, and they have a habit of clustering together like startled river birds waiting for something bigger to come along and eat them. As such, the parties you can play will have one factor in common: their organisation. After all, wizards concern themselves with wizarding and guards with guarding.

Many published adventures will be designed for a particular organisation. If this is the case, fill in the organisation noted in the adventure. Alternatively, head to p. 94, pick a pre-generated party, skip this whole character creation business, and get straight into your adventure.

Otherwise, present the following organisations to your players. Together, decide which you are all a part of and write its name on the party sheet. Organisations are explained in greater detail on the following pages, but you can use the table below to give a sense of what type of plot hooks are likely to pop up with each organisation. It is a good idea to say these out loud and get a sense of what your players are excited about so you can weave those elements into your game.

Mixed Parties

Party creation sets a boundary for the group. This is designed to help players create characters within a shared theme, and thus end with a cohesive group. Some stories, however, benefit from a more eclectic gathering, a mishmash of different people thrust together to get the job done and find friends along the way.*

To make a mixed party, each player should roll or choose their organisation separately on the table below, rather than as a group (although if two players want the same organisation, that's perfectly fine).

The focus for the rest of party creation should be on linking these disparate characters together. Very rarely in Discworld would you find student assassins and the Thieves' Guild working together, so you'll need to justify how this odd situation has come to pass. When going down this path, have everyone's Niche (p.67) be related to who they are rather than the group as a whole, but remember that their Niche is what they bring to this group specifically.

d12	*Organisation*	*Choose this if you want your adventure to include...*	*Page*
1	*The City Watch*	*Solving mysteries, moral decisions, and protecting others.*	*p. 72*
2	*Unseen University*	*Magical madness and exploring the metaphysics of the Discworld.*	*p. 74*
3	*Assassins' Guild, Student of*	*Literal backstabbing, high society, and political entanglements.*	*p. 76*
4	*Concerned Citizenry*	*Petty mysteries, squabbling amongst yourselves, and meandering nonsense.*	*p. 78*
5	*Thieves' Guild*	*Planning heists and outwitting NPCs.*	*p. 80*
6	*Beggars' Guild*	*Self-deprecating humour and being antagonistic to NPCs.*	*p. 82*
7	*The Times*	*Ferreting out the truth and uncovering mysteries.*	*p. 84*
8	*Seamstresses' Guild*	*Double entendres and wielding soft power.*	*p. 86*
9	*Fools' Guild*	*Comedy and building on each other's riffs.*	*p. 88*
10	*Visitors to Ankh-Morpork*	*Exploring the city and meeting characters from the Discworld novels.*	*p. 90*

*These types of adventures always start in a tavern, for some reason.



Organisation As A Trait

Your group itself is a Trait that you can use, and as with all Traits you can consider it to mean you have the items associated with it. Wizards have robes and a staff with a knob on the ends, reporters have notebooks and iconographs, and thieves their guild licence and the appropriate tools of their light-fingered trade.

Example

Morgan and her friends Raphael, Paulina, Shannon, and Corey are setting out on an adventure in Ankh-Morpork. Having already played a published adventure, they decide that this time they'll make their own story.

Morgan gets the party sheet ready for their collective scribblings.

Morgan: 'Right. First things first, what organisation are people feeling — or should we roll for it?'

Raphael: 'Let's roll for it, let The Lady decide.'

The group roll, they roll a 7

Morgan: 'Alright, the Times it is!'

Goal

Your party has come together with an aim in mind, be that a loose direction or a specific objective. During play, your goal will act as a way of bringing the party together and minimises the chances of them working at cross-purpose, though it will never prevent them working at cross-methods.

To create a goal, either roll on the goal table on your organisation's set-up page (73–90) or decide on a goal together. If you are creating a goal from scratch, consider the following:

- *Is it theoretically achievable?*
- *Is it specific to an area, a person, or a particular group?*
- *Does it relate to your organisation?*
- *Will you know when you have achieved it?*
- *Is there at least one clear obstacle in your way?*
- *Is it above and beyond your normal everyday lives?*
- *Does solving it sound like it would lead to an interesting story?*

The more of these questions you can answer 'yes' to, the better a goal your party will have. Once you have decided on a goal, write it down on your party sheet.

Example

Morgan: 'Okay, we know who we are. What are we doing?'

Paulina: 'Looking at the example goals, I like the idea of a missing person, so what about number three? William de Worde is missing and we need to find him.'

Everyone around the table agrees this sounds like a fun goal, and party creation continues.

Specific Goals

When writing a goal, specific and urgent is better than general and passive. For example, 'Uphold the Laws and Ordinances of the Cities of Ankh and Morpork' would be a little too general and requires the GM to introduce problems for the PCs to overcome. On the other hand, 'Investigate mysterious disappearances in the Shades' is a goal that prompts action and will generate a story by the simple act of trying to expand on the answers through play.

Party Past

Only surprise parties appear out of nowhere. Your group most likely knows each other, either from a recent meeting or long-standing relationships, be they professional or personal. Most of this past can be explored during play, but for now roll on the table below and think of an answer as a group. Write the answer down on your party sheet under Party Past. Remember, this also counts as a shared Trait for members of the party.

d10	Party Past	Example Answers/Traits
1	*How long have you been working together?*	*Since the dragon came; A week last Tuesday; Long enough to be sick of each other.*
2	*What was something unusual about your initial meeting?*	*We were all suffering the Hangunder of our celebratory drinks; It was snowing in summer; We were all in the wrong place at the wrong time.*
3	*What 'incident' does the party not speak of?*	*The thing with the Alchemists' Guild; The job we royally cocked up; That time we lost a party member at cards and had to win them back through increasingly specific and ridiculous challenges.*
4	*What originally brought the party together?*	*We inherited the party from our parents; We were all headhunted for a job; We were drinking and thought it would be a good idea.*
5	*What 'incident' does the party not stop mentioning?*	*That time when we ended up in the cesspit; When we showed up our rivals; When we pulled off a job with seconds to spare.*
6	*Are you the original members of your party?*	*No, we inherited from our parents; Some of us weren't the first choice; Yes but there were originally more of us.*
7	*What was the incident that almost caused the party to split apart?*	*The jockstrap incident; Eric — they know what they did; When we were falsely accused.*
8	*When did the party work seamlessly together?*	*We never have; Whenever we're showing up someone else; When we forget what we're supposed to be doing and get sidetracked.*
9	*How long did it take to get comfortable with each other?*	*Oh, we're friends from way back; We're not, we tolerate one another; It took a while but we know each other well enough by now.*
10	*Who is, or was, your patron and how did you gain, or lose, their patronage?*	*The Patrician, he summoned us and didn't give us much of a choice; Queen Molly, but she found out we were in paid employment and cut us loose; A mysterious benefactor, and we don't know.*

Party Present

Your party is held together with the glue of circumstance, which may one day lead to friendship. To generate a uniting factor about your party, roll on the table below and think of an answer to the question as a group. Write the answer down on your party sheet under Party Present. Once again, remember that your Party Present also counts as a shared Trait for all characters in the party.

d10	Party Present	Example Answers/Traits
1	*Who are we in debt to and what do we owe?*	*We owe Chrysoprase the troll an arm and a leg; We have an overdue library book and have no idea where it is; We are not exactly 'paid up' with our guild.*
2	*Who do you know? Name three NPCs or groups: a friend, a rival, and an acquaintance. Describe them in a short sentence.*	*Horace the troll, who makes beautiful sculptures; Beatrice, a beggar who knows something we wish she didn't; Jane von Naseweis, a vampire who owes us something.*
3	*What are you proud to be known for?*	*Our speed and efficiency; Our signature way of solving problems; With us, discretion is assured.*
4	*What do you wish you weren't known for?*	*Making a mess of things; Being the 'cheap' of 'quick, good, or cheap'; Being the last resort.*
5	*How would someone describe your group?*	*An incompetent collection of troublemakers; The only reason you can't call them criminals is they can't even get caught properly; A fine collection of anthropoids.*
6	*Who do you refuse to work with and why?*	*Wizards, they're pompous and don't understand what hard work is; Dibbler, we once had him as a caterer and lost several party members; The Watch, who watches them eh?*
7	*What is your group's slogan?*	*We do it because you can't be bothered; As fine a collection of people as your money can buy; We put the 'good' in 'good enough'.*
8	*Describe where you usually hang out, what is it like and why did you choose it?*	*The back alley behind the Bunch o' Grapes, it's filthy so works well for drawing up plans; Behind a dread portal on Bitwash Street every other Tuesday because the morris dancers have it the other week; The fourth sleaziest pub in Ankh-Morpork, because we're not quite ready for a higher level of sleaze.*
9	*Who can you always rely on, and what can you rely on them for?*	*A local barman, a free drink promotes loyalty; Dave, they will always disagree with everything we say; The gods, they're never there when you need them.*
10	*Why do you stick together?*	*We trust each other and get on; It's easier than going our separate ways; We know too much about each other to let anyone leave.*

Party Name

Finally, your party will need a name. What are they called, known as, or call themselves (but no one else really does)?

Groups get their names in a huge variety of ways. Think about the group you've created. Are they suave would-be assassins, a bunch of student wizards, a loose clique or tight knit? All of these things will influence what your group is known as.

If you need inspiration there are a few to be found in the Discworld novels, almost all of which are punes (or plays on words):

- The Smoking Gnu
- The Agony Aunts
- The Bloody Fools
- The Jolly Good Pals
- The Unmentionables
- The New Firm
- The Thin Brown Smear
- The Ins and Outs
- The Cheesemongers
- The Elucidated Brethren of the Ebon Night
- The Ninja Morris Men of New Ankh
- The Fine Art Appreciation Society, hem-hem
- Young-Men's-Reformed-Cultists-of-the-Ichor-God-Bel-Shamharoth Association (YMPA)

By now, you have completed your party sheet and you know who you are as a group, what your goal is, and a bit about your past and present. At this point, it's worth taking a short break to let the GM sketch out a start to the adventure you're about to inadvertently go on. Some advice for this can be found on p. 92.

Example

Morgan: 'Right, time for a bit of background on you guys. So past and present, want to choose or roll?'

Shannon: 'Let's roll it and see what we get.'

The party rolls a 1.

Morgan: 'So, that's, "How long have you been working together?" Anyone have any ideas?'

Corey: 'If we're going after de Worde, it makes sense that we're trusted members of staff. I'd say "Since before the fire" would be a good one — you know, the fire at the end of The Truth?'

Morgan: 'Is everyone happy with that? Next up, Party Present. Corey, wanna roll us that one?'

Corey rolls a 7.

Morgan: 'What is your group's slogan? I've got one if you've been around since The Truth. What about Names sell papers?'

Party: 'Yeah, that works.'

Morgan: 'One last thing, what are you all called?'

Corey: '"Paper Girls"?'

Raphael: 'What about "Pencil Pushers"?'

Paulina: 'Why not combine the two, "Paper Pushers"?'

The party goes back and forth for longer than you really think would be necessary for a single name, but eventually decides on the 'Paper Pushers'.

Morgan: 'Right! With that, we have our party. Now, let's find out who these Paper Pushers are!'





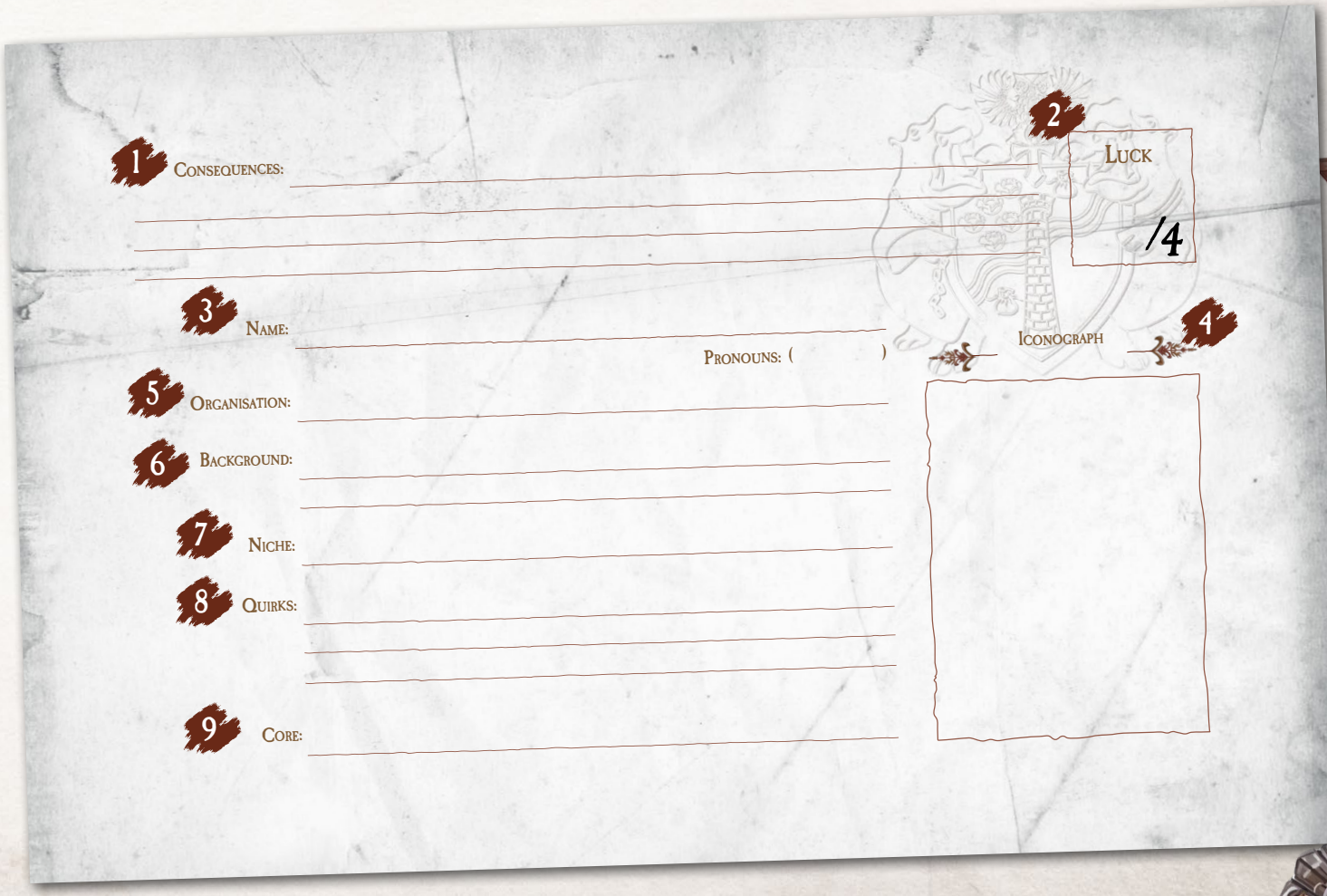
Creating Characters

Now that you've decided on who you are as a party, it's time to decide who you are as individuals. You may have some ideas for what kind of character you'd like to play based on the party you've formed, or from your own experiences of the Discworld universe.

Like party creation, some adventures provide pre-generated characters. If you are playing one of these adventures, or using those found on p. 94, you can simply pick a character and you're ready to go!

Each player fills out their own character sheet by following these steps:

1. *Consequences*
2. *Luck*
3. *Name*
4. *Iconograph (Picture of your Character)*
5. *Organisation*
6. *Background*
7. *Niche*
8. *Quirks*
9. *Core*



Embrace And Subvert Tropes

During character creation, you have a secret weapon for inspiration: Tropes! Tropes are easy to rely on; everyone sees a trope and knows exactly how it works. The barbarian hero, the damsel in distress, the wise old wizard. These are all well and good and have their place, but particularly in Discworld, we recommend you subvert these common tropes. That barbarian hero might just want to be a hairdresser and the damsel will likely be able to handle herself, thank you very much.

Accepting and subverting these tropes will help ground players in the narrative while also providing interesting and funny roleplay moments when the penny drops and they realise they've been had.

Organisation

Copy your party's organisation onto your character sheet. This Trait reminds you of the group, gang, or guild that your party is a part of.

Background

Everyone is from somewhere, even if some people don't particularly like to own up to the fact. The species and upbringings provided here are by no means exhaustive but do cover the most common (and downright bizarre) species seen walking, shambling, or otherwise perambulating about the streets of Ankh-Morpork.

To find out what and where you're from, roll on, or choose from, the species and background tables. Depending on your result, combine the two aspects to create a background, such as troll from the Shades or golem made under an auspicious star.

Background As A Trait

As with all Traits, characters have access to everything associated with their species and upbringing. Trolls are incredibly strong, have diamond teeth, and a much higher IQ at lower temperatures. Anyone from the Shades knows how to survive the urban jungle. Therefore, 'I'm a troll therefore I should be good at chucking heavy things' or 'I'm from the Shades so I should be able to to talk my way out of this' are decent ways to justify attempting a certain action. How applicable they will be depends on the action, the GM, and your justification.

Species

d20	Species	Page
1–15	The Usual Suspects	p. 61
16–19	The Unusual Suspects	p. 63
20	The Downright Bizarre Suspects	p. 65

Playing Other Species

There are a plethora of species that call Ankh-Morpork home. A PC's species is a Trait that can be called upon during play to justify why they should be good at their actions. If a player wants to play one of the other species found on the Disc, such as Nac Mac Feegle, vampire, werewolf, gnoll, gnome, goblin, or orc, to name but a few, then discuss this with your GM. If you can both agree that you know enough about that species to play them, then enjoy your madcap adventure shouting 'crivens!!!' at the top of your lungs.

Upbringing

d10	Background
1	From the Shades
2	From a distinguished heritage
3	From a family who runs a modest business in Ankh-Morpork
4	Born under an auspicious star
5	Raised by doting, if unwise, parents
6	Raised by a different species
7	Been around the block
8	Doesn't get out much
9	Ain't from 'round 'ere
10	Trying something new

Embrace The Melting Pot

Ankh-Morpork is as cosmopolitan as a city can be without being pink and served in a fancy glass. We encourage you to embrace the odd. Lean into the fact that there's a gargoyle hanging around with seamstresses. Consider why they are there: are they a seamstress themselves? Are they friends with the group? Are they tagging along in hopes of something different?

There are many ways you can swing the inclusion of an odd character in your group. Having these unusual and bizarre species will lead to weird and wonderful moments that just wouldn't happen otherwise. Embracing the weird, hugging the odd, and cuddling up with the ridiculous will leave you open to some truly unique stories and moments that will make you glad you asked them to come along.

The Usual Suspects

The streets of Ankh-Morpork throng with life. Choose from the most common of these to be your species: human, dwarf or troll.

All of these have thriving communities within the city, and make up the majority of people any party will interact with.

Human

The most common and populous of the species that inhabit the Disc. If there's land, then humans have probably made a mess on it. From the High Ramtops to the faraway continent of EcksEcksEcksEcks, humans call a lot of places home. They also have a habit of bringing home with them when they inevitably find their way to Ankh-Morpork.

The remarkable adaptability of humanity has led to the humans of the Disc coming in all shapes, sizes and temperaments. One can find everything from the calm and collected History Monks to the 'will stab ya in the gut for a copper' variety of human in the Shades, and everything in between.

Nobbs (Some Relation)

Somewhere tangential to the traditional concept of evolution, you will find Nobby Nobs. Famously disqualified from the human race for shoving, and not a part of the animal kingdom on account of it having gotten up and shuffled away, Nobby is a… man? apart. We know he's attended at least seven granny's funerals, he was once a child, and has a brother called Errol, so it's a safe — but terrifying — bet that there are other Nobbs skulking around the streets of Ankh-Morpork. You may feel free to play a Nobbs in your games if you wish. Modiphius Entertainment is not responsible for any harm caused to yourself or others by this decision.

Common Human Names

Human names vary wildly depending on where someone is from and what their parents were (or weren't) thinking when it came to filling in the paperwork.

Überwald names: These generally follow a Germanic or Eastern European theme and have at least one 'von' in there somewhere, providing the namee is some kind of nobility. Such examples might include: Moist von Lipwig, Sally von Humperding, or Angua von Überwald

Morporkian Names: These names tend to fall into one of three categories. First are more 'generic' names, such as: Sam, Fred, William, Rob, Gerhart, Trevor, Juliette, Betty, Victor or Rosy.

Then, there are more uncommon names, usually reserved for the societal upper crust, such as: Havelock, Mustrum, Horace, Sybil, Sacharissa, Adora or Ysabel.

Finally, are the odd, but evocative names, such as: Cut-Me-Own-Throat, Foul Ole, Coughin', or Altogether.

Surnames are usually passed down the generations and usually don't do much except differentiate you from the hundreds of other Sams, Freds and Rosies of the world. The exception is if you're from one of the old families like the Selachiis, Rusts or d'Eaths.



Dwarf

'All dwarfs are by nature dutiful, serious, literate, obedient and thoughtful people whose only minor failing is a tendency, after one drink, to rush at enemies screaming "Arrrrrrgh!" and axing their legs off at the knee.'

– Guards! Guards!

The second largest ethnic group in Ankh-Morpork are the dwarfs. Dwarfs are short, bearded, and take things incredibly literally (metaphors and similes go right over their heads). Even the most modern and forward-thinking dwarf wouldn't be caught dead without several layers of leather, chainmail, a woolly dwarf vest, and the obligatory axe on their person at all times.

Traditionally all dwarfs used 'he/him' pronouns, and were viewed as male. For them, gender was viewed as a lot less important than, say, metallurgy or good mineshaft maintenance. Modern dwarfs are starting to embrace the Century of the Anchovy and have begun to present their gender how they wish. This is going down about as well as one might expect among the more conservative and unpleasant parts of dwarf society, but it should be noted that in Ankh-Morpork they follow Morporkian laws. They have extra pronouns there. Someone calling a female dwarf a 'ha'ak' had better hope Detritus left the Piecemaker at home that day.



The literal-mindedness of dwarfs is well known and has affected many parts of their culture, this has extended to the baking of dwarf bread. Dwarf bread is a weapon of first (and food of last) resort. Drop scones and throwing toast can be deadly at range, and a well-placed loaf can end an argument in moments. Dwarf bread, however, is remarkable, as no one has ever gone hungry with a loaf of dwarf bread to avoid. Anyone who looks at it for a moment can instantly think of dozens of things they'd rather eat. A mountain, for example.

While most dwarfs speak Morporkian, some of the deep-downers (that is, incredibly traditional dwarfs), still refuse to speak anything but good-old-fashioned dwarfish.

Common Dwarf Names

There are several naming conventions amongst dwarfs. Most dwarf names stem from the area from which they originate, be this Copperhead, the Ramtops, Überwald, or Llamedos.

Common surnames include: Gimlet, Rocksmacker, Ironfoundersson, Stronginthearm, Littlebottom, Goodmountain, Cuddy, Ironcrust, Glodsonsonson, Albrechson, Snoricousin, Rhyson, Hamcrusher, Brakenshield, Ironbender, Ringfounder, Helmclever, Legstrong, Mousehammer, Thundergust, Bashfulson and Footstamper.

First names vary, some follow the traditional convention: Jolly, Cheery, Bashful and so on.

Others are linked to their area of origin, like surnames, and include:Gimlet, Cheery, Hwel, Glod, Carrot, Rhys, Beaky, Snori, Albrecht, Modo, Bjorn, Ardent, Lars, Nils, Pors, Grabpot, Setha, Bashful, Gunder or Toin.

Troll

Silicon-based lifeforms, the trolls of the Disc are made of metamorphorical rock. As such, they take on the appearance of the rocks wherever they were born. Trolls grow from pebbles to the size of small hills. The older a troll gets, the slower it thinks, until one day it sits and thinks and never gets up again.

Their brains are impure silicon and have problems with heat dissipation. In hot weather and high temperatures, a troll's thought processes are sluggish, leading them to have a reputation for being large and dimwitted perambulatory rocks. In extreme heat, a troll's brain shuts down altogether (which is where the idea of trolls turning to stone in the daylight springs from). At extremely low temperatures, however, such as in the High Ramtops or, to pick an example completely and totally at random, the Pork Futures Warehouse down by the docks, a troll's thought processes accelerate rapidly. Their brains reach peak efficiency just above the temperature that would see them freeze to death.* Many trolls in the High Ramtops have come up with the smart idea to make something of themselves in the big city. They head down with hopes and dreams that get lost on the way as they reach the more temperate climes of the Sto Plains — and the more typical level of trollish intelligence.

Common Troll Names

Trolls are usually named for the type of rock they are or appear to be, although others have been known to take on new names, such as Ruby, who is not in fact made of ruby but was a singer at a troll bar. These include: Rock, Brick, Flint, Ruby, Detritus, Chrysoprase, Bauxite, Coalface, Bluejohn, Clinker, Chert, Mica, Schist, Phyllite, Chalky, or Diamond.

The Unusual Suspects

Alongside the more mundane, there are a host of different, varied, and altogether more uncommon species that call Ankh-Morpork home. Most of these have been here for generations, living quietly and just getting on with the day-to-day task of surviving. A few examples of those species are given here, along with a brief description; choose from golem, gargoyle, Igor, or zombie.

Golem

Golems were sculpted from clay by priests that hadn't got much in the way of artistic skill, and were then brought to life by the words those priests put in their heads, called their 'chem'. Traditionally holy scripture or a series of instructions, these words give the golems meaning and life. No new golems have been created for hundreds of years, and those that are still around are usually very patched and mended. Traditionally golems were not given mouths when they were created, so they communicate using slates and chalk.

Perceived by many as things instead of people, golems do all the really dirty jobs that even trolls won't. Having no need for sleep, food, or shelter, they will continue at their tasks until given new instructions, obeying what they were told to do to the letter. This has led to dishes washed so thin you can see through them, trenches dug so deep they've hit ground water and kept going, or pumping a handle once every eight seconds for 240 years.

The golems of Ankh-Morpork are tired of being treated like tools and, with the help of the Golem Trust, are saving up to buy themselves. As such, more and more golems in the city are becoming free, then in turn are lending their support to the Golem Trust, who buy more golems and lease them out as an ad-hoc work force for those that need them. Eventually, these golems buy themselves from the Trust at cost, and thus the most socially responsible revolution in history is quietly gathering speed.

Common Golem Names

Older golems have names given to them, such as Anghammarad and Dorlf. New golems are named for their function, such as Pump 19, or are given names based on their previous designation by a kindly owner (which invariably confuses them rather than making them feel like part of the family).



* On one notable occasion this led to a troll who couldn't count above 'many' grasping the very mathematics behind creation.

Gargoyle

Gargoyles are an urban species of troll common to Ankh-Morpork. They have developed a symbiotic relationship with gutters, funnelling runoff water into their ears and out through fine sieves in their mouths, which are permanently stuck open. This fact makes communicating with gargoyles a matter of listening carefully then filling in the sounds they can't make themselves.

While fun for a random NPC that may only show up in one scene, this affectation might get on the group's nerves after a while, and quite possibly cause fairly severe jaw pain.* It's probably a good idea to come up with some contrivance that allows your gargoyle PC to talk normally, unless you really absolutely want to spend the entire session with your mouth permanently open. In this case, good for you, and we apologise to anyone playing with you for the amount of consonants they are going to have to insert into your conversations. Gargoyles perambulate in short, jerky movements, like bad stop-motion. They make for an excellent source of information due to their habit of sitting in one spot for an inordinate amount of time (provided there's a plentiful supply of pigeons).

Common Gargoyle Names

Gargoyles are usually named for the streets where they habitually take roost, such as Cornice-overlooking-Broadway. However, others are named for their function, such as Constable Downspout.

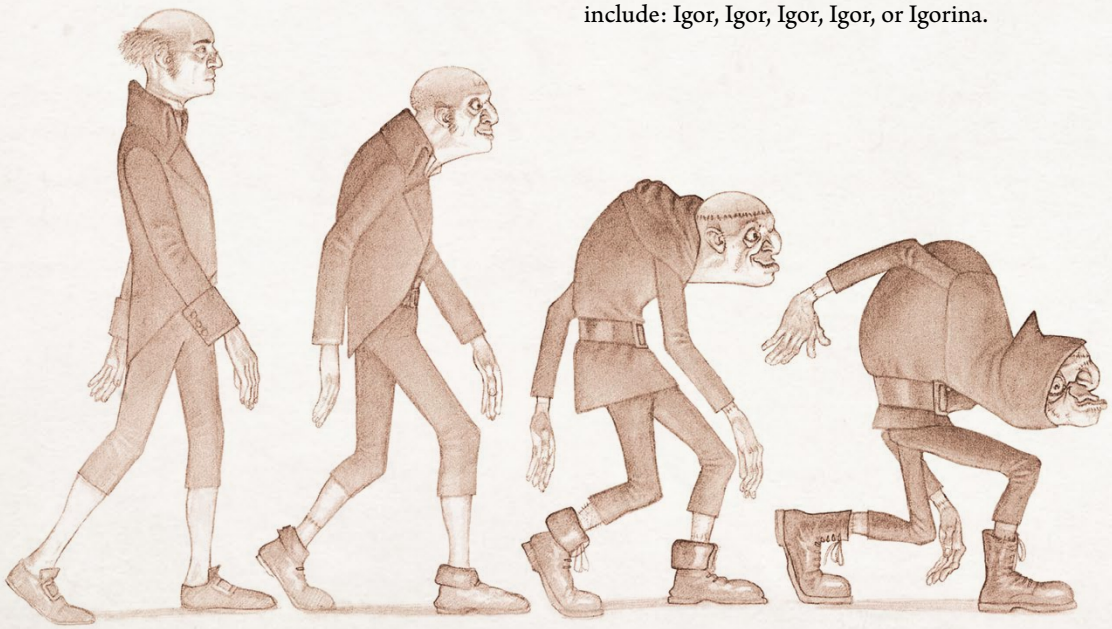
Igor

Anyone who is anyone in Überwald wouldn't dream of employing a servant that wasn't called Igor. They serve vampires, werewolves, and anyone in between. They are hunchbacked lispers who live by the motto 'a helping hand where needed'. Excellent stitchers with an unrivalled knowledge of anatomy, Igors are big on self-improvement. When an Igor is described as having his mother's eyes, this is not a metaphor.

Younger Igors are finding their way to Ankh-Morpork, where they serve a new kind of master. For some, this is the rich and powerful; for others, it's their art, finding employment at the various hospitals around the city. While many still hold to the old ways, some have begun to only lisp occasionally, which is enough to get them labelled as modern by Igor standards.

Common Igor Names

Igors follow a very simple naming convention that seems to confuse non-Igors. Common Igor names include: Igor, Igor, Igor, Igor, or Igorina.



*Shout out to those of you who read 'get on the group's nerves' and went 'jackpot!'. We see you.

Zombie

The zombies of Discworld are not your run-of-the-mill shambling corpses moaning 'braaaainssss'. They are shambling corpses that retain their personalities from life and moan things like, 'I'll get the rent to you next Tuesday' or 'Why is everyone looking at me funny?' There have been no recorded troll, dwarf, or animal zombies — only humans.* They appear to be created by disruption of the life force of the Disc. Certain spells, or a sheer unwillingness to accept they are dead, can cause a human to rise after their death as a zombie.

Mr Slant, the head of the Guild of Lawyers, is a prime example of the latter. He refused to die after his execution until he was paid for his services in representing himself. Zombies are more in control of their own bodies in death than they were in life. Unfortunately for them that means that they have to do everything manually. Every muscle movement must be thoroughly controlled, or they end up smashing doors from hinges while trying to knock politely.

Common Zombie Names

Zombies tend to keep the names they had in life. Turns out you can take some things with you.

The Downright Bizarre Suspects

Some things can only be encountered on a world on the back of four elephants swimming through the cosmos on the back of a giant turtle. Choose something that shouldn't be able to think. This is your species, and you can, in fact, think.** Essentially, you are anything that is imbued with enough magic to make it think: 'Hang on a second, I'm thinking. Blimey, would you look at that!'

It's worth adding here that, when playing as one of these characters, you'll probably have to do a bit more work and think a bit harder than if you're playing something a bit more ordinary. If you roll this option and you're unsure if you can do it justice, or if you don't have anything particularly interesting in mind, there's no shame in deciding to go for something a bit easier, particularly if you're new to roleplaying games.

d6	*Downright Bizarre Suspects*
1	*Cow*
2	*Candlestick*
3	*Sword's always a classic*
4	*The left arm of another PC*
5	*Book of fairytales*
6	*Swarm of bees*

Common Sapient Creature and Object Names

These unusual beings tend to either have the names they had before becoming magically sentient, such as Gaspode, or be described by their job or profession, such as the Luggage or the Librarian.

Palina, Shannon, and Corey all dive into character creation, but Raphael is a little less sure so Morgan offers to help them through it.

Raphael: 'So, first is background, right?'

Morgan: 'Yeah, go ahead and roll on the Species Table and let's see who you are.'

Raphael: 'Erm, a 20 is good in this game, right?'

Morgan: 'I mean, yeah! That means you're a sentient magical thing! Like the Luggage or Maurice.'

Raphael: 'Oh, cool. Can I be a talking cat, then?'

Morgan: Absolutely!'

Raphael: 'And I also rolled a 6 on the Upbringing Table, so that's raised by a different species. Makes sense, given that I'm a cat.'

Morgan: 'Any ideas what species raised you, or would you like to roll for that too?'

Raphael: 'No, I think a little old human couple raised me. Not sure if they know I can speak or not, though.'

Morgan: 'That's fine, we can play with that throughout the game and see where we end up.'

* Probably because of quantum.

** Or your character can, at least.



Example Bizarre Suspects

The Luggage: *A travel accessory made of sapient pearwood that runs around after its master on hundreds of little legs. It has an incredibly bad temper and treats walls as more or less optional.*

Gaspode: *A mangy mutt with more doggy diseases than you can shake a stick at. He gained sapience through Holy Wood magic, then regained it by sleeping too close to the High Energy Magic Building at the Unseen University.*

The Octavo: *The Creator's own grimoire that contains all 8 spells of creation. They have an agenda of their own and don't mind hitching a ride in a wizard's mind if it means fulfilling it. The Octavo currently resides somewhere in the depths of the Luggage.*

Maurice: *An ordinary cat that ate an ordinary mouse, that had in turn eaten an extraordinary amount of magical rubbish out the back of the Unseen University.*

The Librarian: *Once a wizard, now an orangutan after a Magical Mishap involving the Octavo, Rincewind, and the edge of the world.*

Sentient Objects: *Sometimes a wizard's staff may also gain a form of sentience, usually the sentience of their previous owner. This was the case for both Eske and Coin, whose staffs guided them towards their own goals. Another example of an object gaining sentience is the Archchancellor's hat, which has gained a great deal of magical knowledge via osmosis.*

Niche

Each member of the party has something they bring to the table, or at the very least something everyone else thinks they should have brought. Decide on a Niche for your character by turning to your party's organisation page (p. 73–90) and rolling on the corresponding Niche table. As always, if you have an idea for what you want your Niche to be, write that down on your character sheet instead! A good Niche is unique, so feel free to re-roll any results that have already been rolled by other people.

Raphael and Morgan head to p. 84 for the Times Organisation Tables and continue to build up Raphael's talking cat.

Raphael: 'So, first off it's my Niche? I'm not sure any of the examples fit but if I'm a cat, surely I'd be the informant — like the undercover reporter, right? No one suspects a cat.'

Morgan: 'Yeah, that sounds great. Go ahead and write that down. Next is your Quirks, first one is from this page, then we're back to the Quirk Table for the other two.'

Raphael: 'A 3, that's "How long have you been reporting?" Well, if we've been together since the events of The Truth, I'd imagine quite a while — especially for a cat.'

Morgan: 'Makes sense to me, let's jot that down.'

Quirks

Next, generate 3 Quirks for each character, one based on their organisation and two using the table on the next page. These are the things that make your character uniquely them, so we encourage you to make them as ridiculously outlandish as possible, after all the Disc contains some Characters with a capital Cee. It can also be fun to take turns creating Quirks, and bouncing off of everyone else's suggestions to end up with unique and connected characters.

To create your first Quirk, roll on the question table corresponding to your organisation (see pages 73–90). Think of an answer to the question rolled and write it on your character sheet under Quirk.

To create your second and third Quirks, repeat the process but using the table on the next page. If you roll the same question twice, re-roll unless you have an interesting and varied way of answering in two different ways.

As with Niches and groups, if you have your own Quirks based on your character idea, discuss these with your GM and decide if they feel right for the game together.

Morgan: 'Right, now roll for your other Quirks.'

Raphael: 'A 13 and a 2 so "What's your greatest failure?" and "What have you always had?" The second one is easy enough: I'm a cat, so I think I've always had a way with people.'

Morgan: 'Yeah, that makes sense. What about your greatest failure?'

Raphael: 'I think it's that I don't know why I'm sentient. I tried to find out but have never managed to get the answers.'

Morgan: 'Amazing, absolutely get that written down!'

d20	QUIRK QUESTION	EXAMPLE ANSWERS/TRAITS
1	What is the first thing people notice about you?	Built like the proverbial brickhouse; I listen more than I talk; I exude confidence.
2	What is something you've always had?	An excellent sense of humour; More money than sense; A good judge of character.
3	What is your secret?	I'm not who I say I am; I know more than I let on; Someone is keeping a close eye on me.
4	What is your defining feature?	I'm always well turned out, especially when things are going wrong; I've got a mind like a trap; I can find my way through Ankh-Morpork blindfolded on a moonless night.
5	What do you wish you weren't?	Such a coward, but it's kept me alive so far; Part of my family, we have nothing in common; Late, in every sense of the word.
6	What is something you need?	A steady supply of paints and brushes; Whatever illegal and illicit substances you happen to have lying around; Some bloody peace and quiet.
7	What is something you no longer are?	Someone who solves ALL their problems with violence; Someone who speaks before they think; A member of a guild.
8	How do people see you?	They don't, their eyes always slide off me; As an upstanding example of my craft; From a long way away, often through some kind of instrument.
9	What is your favourite hobby?	Folk dancing; I'm a great patroniser of the opera; Cripple Mr Onion.
10	What is something you've always struggled with?	Other people, they just can't grasp my ideas; The truth, no matter what I just can't seem to tell it; Finding somewhere I can just be myself.
11	What do you do for fun?	I love museums and galleries, there's hundreds if you know where to look; Drinking down the Drum, you either get drunk, get in a fight or both; I enjoy a quiet game of Thud.
12	What is your greatest achievement?	I won the most prestigious award offered by my guild; I have eaten multiple sausages from Mr. Dibbler without being ill; I was detained at the Patrician's pleasure, turns out he was actually quite pleased.
13	What is your greatest failure?	I can't hold down a job for more than a few weeks without something going wrong; I invested in Dibbler's latest scheme; I got caught.
14	What is something that you have always relied upon, and what do you rely upon it for?	My lucky coin, it's never led me wrong so far; My winning smile, it's gotten me out of many a scrape; The gods, they can be relied upon to bugger off when you need them.
15	What is something you are good at?	I've got an ear for languages; I can outstare a cat; Knowing when to cut my losses.
16	What is something you're bad at?	Knowing when to cut my losses; Holding my beer; Reading, books are a closed book to me.
17	What thing did you acquire recently and how?	Nothin', I've owned these watches for years, 'onest guv; The interest of some influential people, they think I can help them somehow; The error of my ways, an angel told me to do better.
18	What thing did you lose recently and how?	My last dollar to some con-man in Sator Square; My pride, those bloodsucking guilds take everything they can; My patience, but he was asking for it.
19	What is your greatest weakness?	My stubbornness, I just don't know when to back down; I can't help but see the best in people; My need for that rush you get when the game's afoot, it's intoxicating.
20	What is your greatest strength?	My instincts, I've survived for years on them; My great strength, and knowing when to use it; My mind's so sharp I sometimes cut myself.

Turning Answers into Traits

Review your answers, as some of these can become Traits without any alteration. Others, however, may need some tweaking to make sure that they can be used in play. Try to keep Traits to a few words or a short sentence. These are more evocative than one-word answers and can be easier to wrangle than longer sentences.

Sometimes an answer doesn't quite fit as a Trait when it is written out of context. If you're unsure, discuss possible applications with the GM. Ask yourself if there is a situation where the Trait can be applied to help you — and to hinder you. If you can do both of these, then the Trait passes muster and may scribble its way onto your character sheet.

Remember that an answer can become a very different Trait depending on the interpretation of the player, and the character they want to build, of course.

Here are a few examples of how answers can be interpreted into different Traits.

Question: What thing did you acquire recently and how?

Answer: Nothin', I've owned these watches for years, 'onest guv,

Trait: Always knows the time / It fell off the back of a wagon / Can get what you need

Question: What is your greatest failure?

Answer: I can't hold down a job for more than a few weeks without something going wrong,

Trait: Impressively bad luck / Magnet for misfortune / It's never my fault

Question: What is your greatest achievement?

Answer: I was detained as the Patrician's pleasure, turns out he was actually quite pleased

Trait: Lucky bugger / Friends in high places / Known to His Lordship

Question: Why were you called in to see Dr Whiteface?

Answer: I suggested that we might be allowed a holiday without whitewash and custard pies.

Trait: Not a traditional thinker / Braver than I look / Longing for something different

Question: What do you know about the Agony Aunts?

Answer: They're lovely old dears, I always make sure to offer them a cup of tea if I see them out and about

Trait: Better to butter up than be beat up / Always safe in the Shades / Knows where to get a good cuppa

Question: What is your best story that's gone to print?

Answer: I penned the timeless ELVES STOLE MY HUSBAND…. Wait no, WOMAN GIVES BIRTH TO COBRA

Trait: Interesting is more important than true / Sensationalist to the core / It's not lying if people believe it

Question: What would be your perfect score?

Answer: Dripping sandwich from Harga's House of Ribs, crusty bits and all,

Trait: Always thinking with my stomach / Traditional tastes / Culinary connoisseur

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Question: What is a lesson you'll never forget?

Answer: There's no point striking first if you do not know where you're striking

Trait: Quick reflexes / A steady hand when needed / Know your enemy

---

Question: Why Ankh-Morpork?

Answer: If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere!

Trait: Head in the clouds / Believe what I've been told / Out to make my fortune

---

Question: How did you pass your finals?

Answer: Finals? Back in my day it was dead man's pointy shoes!

Trait: Been around the block / A survivor / Not afraid to get their hands dirty

---

Question: Any history of policing in your family?

Answer: Yeah loads, my uncle's in the cells right now,

Trait: Criminal connections / Turning over a new leaf / Here for bail

---

Question: Why have you had complaints filed against you in the past?

Answer: When someone shouts for help, you help! How was I supposed to know it was a play?

Trait: Act first, question later / Literally-minded / Distrusts actors

Luck

Each PC starts with 4 Luck. Write 4 under Luck on your character sheet. Luck is explained in more detail on p. 16.

Core

Your character does not start with a Core, but may gain one throughout the course of the game. Leave this blank for now. For more information about Cores, see p. 17.

Consequences

Your character does not start with any Consequences, but will accrue them as a result of failing tests or casting spells. For more information about Consequences, see p. 37.



Name

Finally, name your character and add that name to your character sheet. Describe your new character proudly to the other players, taking into account all you know of your character from their Traits. You now have a character ready to play! If you are playing an adventure, the GM may have an opening scene in mind, otherwise you can generate one on p. 92.

Morgan and Raphael put the finishing touches on Raphael's talking cat.

Morgan: 'Okay, so we have your Niche and Quirks all sorted. Luck starts at 4 so get that written down. You can leave your Core for now, as we'll find that out in play, and no need for any Consequences yet. Just gotta describe your character and name them.'

Raphael: 'What's this about turning answers into Traits?'

Morgan: 'So, let's have a quick run through your Niche and Quirks and see if there's anything we need to tweak.'

Raphael: 'Okay, my Niche is **Undercover reporter**, right?'

Morgan: 'Absolutely, let's leave that one. Quirks?'

Raphael: 'I've got **A long time for a cat**, **Has a way with people** and **Don't know why I can talk**.'

Morgan: 'Okay. I think we can tweak some of those. How about for the first one we go with **Wise beyond your years**? Or **Been around the block**?'

Raphael: 'Yeah, I like the second one — more of an alley cat vibe.'

Morgan: 'Cool, any ideas for the next one? What is it that people like about you? Are you just irresistibly fluffy?'

Raphael: 'I think I'd prefer it to be a bit more open. Can I just have a way with people?'

Morgan: 'Potentially, but I'm not sure there's a way in which that could be a bad thing.'

Raphael: 'What about **Has a way with cat people**?'

Morgan: 'Yeah, that works. Right, last one. I think we can make this one a little more mysterious: how about **Unknown origins**?'

Raphael: 'Yeah, I like that.'

Morgan: 'Amazing! So just a name and description and you're all set.'

Raphael: 'I think they're a big black tom called Scarface, because they, well, have scar.'

The party reconvenes and introduces their characters to one another. They are now ready to set up their opening scene.

Starting Gear

Eagle-eyed readers, and/or those who have played tabletop RPGs before, will notice something missing from character creation. Equipment, stuff, and things. So, you might be wondering where those things are. They're in your Traits.

Your character has everything you'd expect them to have based on their Traits. Any Trait can be used to justify your character having access to a certain item or thing. It's up to the GM as to whether that justification stretches credulity. 'I'm a wizard, of course I have that one-of-a-kind magical tome that we need for our goal!' is an argument likely to get short shrift from a GM, but 'I'm a seamstress, so I'll just pop into one of the local houses of excellent repute and borrow the leatherware we need' is a fairly compelling argument.

Organisations

In a game of ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***, you will play as part of an organisation, as described on p. 51. These organisations are described on the following pages, and more information can be found in the People and Places section of the book. Note that 'organisation' is a loose term here: several of the organisations listed would bristle at the word.

The City Watch

After the legalisation of the Thieves Guild, the Watch dwindled away to a handful of unemployables that no one in their right mind could take seriously. That was then. This is now.

Now the Watch is an essential arm of the city, enforcing the laws and ordinances of the cities of Ankh and Morpork and proving that no one is above the law, apart from the guilds on guild property, of course. And the wizards. And diplomats. But no one else.

The City Watch are instantly recognisable on the street by their uniforms, consisting of helmet, (one size fits none), breastplate (moulded muscles optional), weapon (befitting species), and general air of suspicion that someone is breaking the law.

Its members range from old street monsters like Fred Colon, to up-and-coming newcomers eager to show they've got what it takes. Those who want to make it in the Watch have to put in the literal leg work on the Night Watch. Commander Vimes is adamant that everyone has to prove they're a copper before they get to see the light of day. As with many institutions some of its members have a…traditional sense of humour, so new recruits are advised to check their lockers with care.



Creating A Custom Organisation

You may have your own idea for a game you want to play that doesn't fit any of the organisations here. Perhaps you want to play as something within Discworld not covered here, or create something of your own. Either way, we encourage you to try your hand at creating your own organisation for the party to be members of.

The only requirement for this is that each player has a firm idea of the organisation in their mind, and can answer the Goal and Niche questions appropriately for their group. Since your organisation won't have any Niche questions, they will have to be thought up by other players in the group (we suggest the player to your left). You can use the Niche questions for other organisations as inspiration.

For example, a group decides they want to play witches on a shopping trip in Ankh-Morpork. They could play Visitors (p. 90), but decide to tailor the group more towards the story they want to tell.

To do this, they make their Organisation Trait on the group sheet and their character sheets 'Witches'. They decide between them that their goal is to 'Collect ridiculous and obscure ingredients' and note all this down on their party sheet. They then continue their party creation, rolling on the Party Past and Party Present Tables to work out the rest of the required information.

When creating their individual witches, they follow the normal process until they reach their Niches. Now the group decides on appropriate Niches for each other, and questions for their characters to create Niche Traits. One player asks another, 'What embarrassing disease did you help someone with and how?' The other two ask each other, 'What was one thing your mentor taught you and why will you never forget it?' They continue to the end of character creation and head into Ankh-Morpork in search of ridiculous and obscure ingredients available nowhere else.

d4	Example Goal
1	Escort a prisoner back to Pseudopolis Yard for questioning without losing them.
2	Find out who killed the Social Secretary of the Assassins' Guild.
3	Investigate the mystery of the missing mist.
4	Clean up Crime Alley in the Shades.

d6	Example Niche
1	Scene-of-crime iconographer
2	Plainclothes officer
3	Public relations
4	Designated noticer
5	Forensics
6	Loose siege catapult

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers/Traits
1	Any history of policing in your family?	My family is coppers all the way back; Yeah loads, my uncle's in the cells right now; Not as such, the Watch doesn't go where I grew up.
2	Why did you join the Watch?	I'm out on the streets anyway, may as well get paid for it; I was court ordered to join; I applied as a joke and honestly didn't expect to get hired.
3	What makes you stand out from the crowd?	I'm bloody massive; I can sell a sausage back to C.M.O.T. Dibbler; I'd much rather stand in the crowd, you get a better view that way.
4	What do you bring to the job?	My winning personality; A determination to do what I have to; A very literal mind,
5	What are you known for?	Always getting the job done, eventually; I cross the Is and dot the Ts, my paper work is impeccable, and mostly incomprehensible; You can always find me in the Watchhouse, even when I'm not supposed to be there.
6	Why have you had complaints filed against you in the past?	I mistook a dwarf in fancy dress for a garden gnome; I arrested a member of the Thieves' Guild; When someone shouts for help, you help! How was I supposed to know it was a play?

Unseen University

The Wizards of the Unseen University are the sort of men who would rather sit comfortably by the fire than do any sort of actual magic — just as long as they can have as many meals a day as possible. Usually pushing the word rotund to its extreme, they live comfortable lives of quiet contemplation. Well, the older wizards do anyway. Younger wizards, such as Ponder Stibbons and his students in the High Energy Magic Building, can't help but poke around to figure out how something works, whether they should do or not. These opposing viewpoints don't cause as much friction as one would imagine, mainly because the former spend twenty plus hours of every day eating or sleeping, and the latter are too busy for meaningless distractions like food or sleep. As a result, their paths cross only occasionally.

These students are deemed a necessary evil. Despite being a tedious interruption to the proper running of college life, they are, unfortunately, necessary to having a university in the first place. They are invariably thin, twitchy, and rarely seen doing actual magic — much like the full wizards themselves in the last regard.

Keeping with the finest traditions of wizardry, every student can be found, at one time or another, hopping over the back wall of the University and heading out on the town. This only becomes an issue for the staff if they're trying to hop over the wall to go for a pint at the same time. This attitude extends to truancy as well: it is generally held that truancy is one of the most heinous things a student wizard can do, unless of course they are doing it with purpose. Any student that can look a senior wizard in the face and state that they are indeed walking down the street half-cut and are very much deliberately not attending their currently scheduled lecture will go far.*

Students and staff are both fair game for any play group. You could even mix the two and watch those opposed viewpoints on magic clash in the way only wizards can.

d4	EXAMPLE GOAL
1	*Roll on the Magical Mishap Table on p. 42. You will need to sort that out.*
2	*A creature from the Dungeon Dimensions has escaped into downtown Ankh-Morpork. Capture it for study.*
3	*You need a specific book from the Library, but the Librarian (p. 112) is nowhere to be found.*
4	*One of you has caught a magical malady and has exactly 24 hours to live before they explode. Stop that from happening, please?*

d6	EXAMPLE NICHE
1	*Specialist in Cruel and Unusual Geography*
2	*Applied Vindictive Astronomy*
3	*High-Energy-Magic Technician*
4	*Theoretical Thaumaturgist*
5	*Post-Mortem Communicator*
6	*Pre-Doctorate in Divination*

* Seventeen feet is Archchancellor Ridcully's best effort so far, and he wasn't even wearing his biggest pair of boots.

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers/Traits
1	*What nearly caused you to fail at UU?*	*I spent more time at the Drum than in the library; I've got a mind like a sieve; A near crippling fear of books.*
2	*How did you pass your finals?*	*Sheer bloody minded determination; How else, I cheated of course; Finals? Back in my day it was dead man's pointy shoes!*
3	*What spell always goes wrong for you and why/how?*	*The one for cleaning me pipe, always end up with soot coming out me ears; Every spell goes wrong, it's safer to ask someone else to do it; The rite of AshkEnte, never gets Death, just some aspect of Death that's not too busy at the moment.*
4	*What do other wizards best know you for?*	*I have an excellent wine cellar somewhere around here; I always speak my mind, no matter who's listening; My skill at eldritch lacemaking is second to none.*
5	*What other duties do you perform at UU?*	*I make sure that no one attempts to put anything alive, pink, or bigger than one cubic foot in the Cabinet of Curiosities; I check in on the research students every week or so to see if they're still there; I ensure the Librarian has a steady supply of bananas. You'd be amazed how out of hand the books can get otherwise.*
6	*How long have you been a wizard?*	*What?! Speak up, I'm not as young as i used to be; Nearly eigh—.... 7 and a bit years; I've just graduated…What do I do now?*

Assassins' Guild, Students of

The first lesson many student assassins learn is that assassins do not kill, they conclude, annul, or inhume, and most importantly they do so with class. The second lesson is that the Guild believes in competitive education and firmly holds to the idea that testing is not just for the test.*

Despite this, many well-off families send their offspring to the Assassins' Guild, as it is famed for offering the best education money can buy. Every alumnus of the Conlegium Sicariorum is expected to be at home in high society anywhere on the Disc, speak multiple languages, and play at least one musical instrument. Those that survive finals become members of a caring, and incredibly lucrative, profession. An assassin does not annul for motives of passion, political machinations, nor even petty vengeance. They do it for money, and as they know the true value of a human life, they do it for a great deal of money. An assassin would never annul the unprotected, a bystander, or a servant. That would be to commit the most heinous crime imaginable, to wit: inhuming without payment.

Before this life of suave, well-cut black can be achieved, however, students must first survive their time at the Conlegium. As long as they don't annoy the Snout, keep on top of their prep, and avoid being a draino or a scag, some of them, at least, have a stab at getting past finals alive.

d4	*Example Goal*
1	*Race to be the first to inhume a target by any stylish means necessary. The winner graduates.*
2	*Enter the Patrician's Palace and get as close to Vetinari (p. 131) as possible. Whoever gets closest without dying graduates.*
3	*It is tradition for students to try and kill Commander Vimes (p. 121) at least once. Maybe with a group effort you could impress your teachers?*
4	*Due to a clerical error, you have taken out a contract on the high priest of Blind Io. Assassin rules clearly state that killing in a temple is strictly forbidden.*

d6	*Example Niche*
1	*Fashionable rogue*
2	*Dabbler in poisons*
3	*Zero percent recorded attendance*
4	*Second-storey work*
5	*Appraiser of human worth*
6	*Knifethrower*

* For many, the second lesson is also the last lesson.

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers/Traits
1	What class do you excel in and why?	Strategy and poison theory, I find plants and their many uses fascinating; Music and modern language, I enjoy being able to insult people in as many languages as possible; Alchemy and metalwork, there's something about creating new and ingenious inhumation devices that just clicks.
2	What class do you struggle with and why?	Political expediency, I can never remember who outranks who; Climbing, traps, and locks, I'm afraid of depths; Fencing and edged weaponry, I don't like blood and all that running around is far too energetic for me.
3	What lesson will you never forget?	Traps and deadfalls, they set both on the door on the first day; Never accept food from someone with a friendly smile, Lord Downey and C.M.O.T. Dibbler taught me well; There's no point striking first if you do not know where you're striking.
4	How many of your original class are left?	A lot less once I passed advanced camouflage; Oh, we're a robust lot, around half of us are still here; What do you mean? They're not going to set us on each other are they?
5	What do you look forward to most about being an assassin?	Briefly meeting all sorts of very interesting people; The sheer amount of money you could make; Putting all my skills to the test.
6	How did you secure your place at the guild?	I earned a scholarship when I impressed one of the masters; I'm a legacy student, my family have attended the guild for generations; My family are new money and wanted me to have every advantage they didn't.



Concerned Citizens

Broadly speaking, there are two types of concerned citizens, The first is the sort that end up in local newspapers pointing sternly at potholes. The other sort are those that meet in quiet rooms and talk quietly with the right people, who quietly see to it that people are employed to make sure that things are done. Quietly. The former come from all walks of life and the latter from a very specific walk: one that is well paved and starts with a silver spoon.

The former concerned citizens band together over the latest outrage that the government (or the guilds, or the Watch, or just generally someone who isn't them) should really be doing something about. Ideally, the aforementioned authority should focus all their attention on this issue to the exclusion of everything else, for example running a city of a million people.

The latter have discussions and meetings to see to it that the right thing is done for the city. In this case, the right thing for the city is usually also, completely coincidentally, the right thing for them in terms of either views, prejudices, or money. Preferably all three.

A Note on Concerned Citizens

So, you're a concerned citizen are you? Whether you come from the mob or a very select group, one thing remains the same: you are drawn from across the city. As such, this group is more fluid than others in terms of who you are.

When it comes to creating individual characters, players should each roll on the Organisation Table (p. 51) separately to find out who they are. For your Niche, you should roll or choose from the table in this section, but for your first Quirk you may choose whether to use the Concerned Citizens Niche Table or your own organisation's table.

d4	*Example Goal*
1	*Get the local potholes filled in. None of you will raise a finger to do it yourselves, of course.*
2	*Prevent the building of a tannery in your district.*
3	*Try to set up a new guild recognised by the Palace.*
4	*Roll another organisation's goal, and get yourselves involved in their business.*

d6	*Example Niche*
1	*Organisational mastermind*
2	*Provider of tea and biscuits*
3	*Remembers what we're angry about*
4	*Reckoner*
5	*Treasurer*
6	*Gossipmonger*

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers/Traits
1	*What are you so worked up about? (This does not have to be the same as the rest of the party.)*	*The carts go down my street something fierce, we need to slow them down; Potholes have ruined more of my wagon's wheels than you can shake a stick at; The state of the city, things were better in the good old days!*
2	*What was the tipping point that caused you to take action?*	*We were promised this issue would be sorted and it hasn't, someone pays taxes for this; Everyone else was so riled up, I didn't want to bring the mood down; I couldn't let others take the city down this path, it's for its own good.*
3	*Who have you tried to approach about your concern, and how have they reacted?*	*I went straight to the Patrician — well his palace anyway — and I was asked to leave; I went to the Watch, they told me it wasn't within their jurisdiction; Some friends in high places, we're setting up a meeting.*
4	*How have you been attempting to fix whatever is concerning you?*	*Subtly and from the shadows, otherwise someone might try to stop us; Pamphlets, fliers, we even got a piece in the Times; Violent and bloody revolution! Well, one day, maybe — right now we're just sitting around working out what is to be done.*
5	*How did you know others were also concerned?*	*I attend meetings of the concerned neighbours and acquaintances group every Tuesday; When you move in the right circles, you know that you share common goals; I canvassed the neighbourhood and made sure everyone was as concerned as I was.*
6	*How do you deal with unconcerned citizens?*	*I don't, I employ people to deal with them for me; Flyers, shaking hands with doorknobs, whatever it takes to get the message out there; Nothing gets concerns across like shouting loudly on a street corner.*



Thieves' Guild

One of the oldest professions on the Disc, but one of the newest guilds. Early in his administration, Lord Vetinari encouraged the Thieves' Guild to take their place in the smooth running of the city. His reasoning was that, 'If you're going to have crime, it at least should be organised crime' and, oddly, it works. After all, to lower crime rates the Watch have to work much harder, whereas the Thieves' Guild simply has to work less.

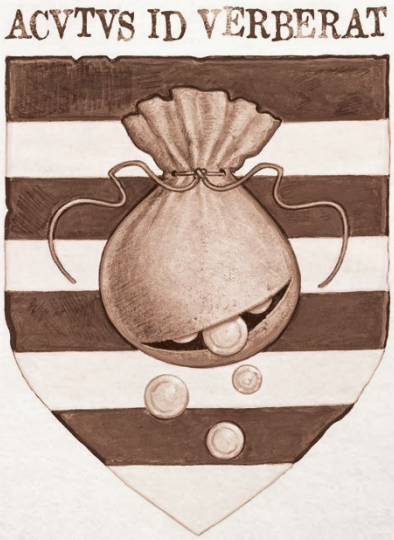
The Thieves' Guild now has proper entrance exams, a career ladder, and a professional standard that all thieves are expected to uphold. They even offer in-sewer-ants policies through which well-off citizens may pay a small stipend to either avoid the guild's attention for the year or, in some cases, get their obligatory robbery over and done with in one go in the comfort of their own home.

The Thieves' Guild fastidiously upholds these professional standards and the agreed-upon crime quota for the year for two reasons. Firstly, it's in their interest to keep things going smoothly, because secondly, if things don't go smoothly, Vetinari knows where they live. The best any unlicensed thieves attempting to ply their trade in Ankh-Morpork can hope for is to be caught by the Watch, who at least have to obey the laws. The Thieves' Guild is much less forgiving.

d4	*Example Goal*
1	*You have accidentally stolen a bag of glowing jewels from a wizard. Not only are they pulsing with eldritch energies, UU are fully paid up this year. Find a way to return the jewels without admitting fault.*
2	*Sneak back into the Thieves' Guild after a night out on the town.*
3	*Track down Five-Fingers Frank, the One-Armed Bandit. Show him why it's a bad idea to thieve without a licence.*
4	*Choose another organisation. You must plan a heist on their headquarters to ensure they stay up to date with their in-sewer-ants.*

d6	*Example Niche*
1	*Designated distraction*
2	*Accountant*
3	*Knower of those who know people*
4	*Property evaluator*
5	*Records keeper*
6	*Acquisitions specialist*

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers/Traits
1	*What job are you most proud of?*	*Mugging around Sator Square, a classic and clean job — no mess, no fuss; The cabbage patch investment, I've sold that patch at least one hundred times; Find the Lady: the mark is always so pleased to have found the Lady they don't realise they've lost their purse.*
2	*What do you regret stealing and why?*	*The statue from Anoia's temple, my drawers haven't stopped rattling since I gave it back; The keys to C.M.O.T. Dibbler's cellar, how does he sell all this junk? The staff from some wizard, it keeps moving when I'm not looking and no one will buy it off me.*
3	*Why did you become a member of the Thieves' Guild?*	*It's a career with real prospects; Well, I sure as hell wasn't going to steal without a licence; I was in the Tanty anyway, may as well get paid for it.*
4	*What do you dream of stealing and why/how?*	*The Archchancellor's hat, could you imagine how much those octarines are worth? The Assassins' Guild weathervane. I'd give it right back, I just want the bragging rights; A hippo from the Brass Bridge, I just think it would look better in my living room.*
5	*What is something that the guild taught you that you'll never forget?*	*Always get a receipt; Remember to bring the catalogue and remind people of the introductory offers; Always have your licence on you.*
6	*What is your specialism?*	*I'm a breaker and decorator, people pay a fortune to have their homes look exactly as they left them; A lack of confidence trickster, make them feel sorry for you and they'll give you anything to make themselves feel better; A gentle thief, steal from the rich give to the me (minus a guild percentage, obviously).*



Beggars' Guild

An equal opportunity non-employer, the Beggars' Guild is one of the oldest guilds on the Disc, far predating most of the others — and certainly the richest, as a beggar will never buy what they can beg. This mentality extends to their coat of arms, which is second hand, much used, and has nothing to do with begging.

The Beggars' Guild has one of the strictest hierarchies of any of the guilds, and makes sure its members work their way up from the ground — although 'work' may be the wrong word.

This hierarchy is, from lowest to highest:

- Twitchers
- Droolers
- Dribblers
- Mumblers
- Mutterers
- Walk-Along-Shouters
- Demanders of a Chip
- People Who Call Other People Jimmy
- People Who Need Tuppence For A Cup Of Tea
- People Who Need Eightpence For A Meal
- People With Placards Saying 'Why lie? I need a beer'
- Handmaiden
- Queen/King

There is also the category of Foul Ole Ron, who is in a class of his own as no one will share it with him. This category still technically exists even though he and the Canting Crew have cut ties with the guild.

Beggars' Guild members must shuffle their way from the bottom up, occasionally asking for spare change along the way. This hierarchy leads to an unusual phenomenon only seen in Ankh-Morpork: a differential in begging. Dribblers, Mumblers, and Walk-Along-Shouters can make a decent living on loose change, but once you rise in the guild, you have to beg for things more appropriate to your station. You'd be amazed how few people are willing to give away a spare ten thousand dollars, a small mansion, or a twelve-course dinner.

d4	*EXAMPLE GOAL*
1	*Convince Foul Ole Ron (p. 147) to return to the guild.*
2	*Live a night of the high life without spending a penny.*
3	*Beg the most expensive item you can from the notoriously tight-fisted (and litigious) Mr Slant (p. 135).*
4	*Get rid of this briefcase containing 10,000 dollars without Chrysoprase breaking your arms and legs.*

d6	*EXAMPLE NICHE*
1	*Dribbler*
2	*Mumbler*
3	*Mutterer*
4	*Walk-Along-Shouter*
5	*Demander of Chips*
6	*Need Tuppence For A Cup Of Tea*

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers
1	*Where's your best begging spot?*	*Misbegot Bridge, just got to avoid the Canting Crew; Sator Square, markets always make for good beggin'; Outside the Opera House, they'll pay a decent amount to make you go away before a performance.*
2	*What are some words to live by?*	*Begging is an artform, and I'm an old master; Why pay for what you can beg?; Bugrit, I tells 'em, millennium hand and shrimp.*
3	*Why did you become a beggar?*	*Following in my family's footsteps, we've not worked a day in generations; My hat fell off and someone put money in it, now here we are; I never chose to be one, beggars can't be choosers.*
4	*What makes begging 'not so bad'?*	*You never have to work a day in your life; You get plenty of fresh air; You meet all sorts of very interesting people, usually quite briefly.*
5	*What's your 'never fails' begging strategy*	*Hang around outside troll bars — it's risky, but sometimes you get a tooth; If I had one I wouldn't be a beggar anymore would I?; Not begging. For a very reasonable rate, I don't turn up and start begging outside someone's house.*
6	*What would be your perfect score?*	*Dripping sandwich from Harga's House of Ribs, crusty bits and all; A banquet and sixteen-bed mansion; Good solid boots and a warm spot for the winter.*



The *Times*

The truth shall make ye fret. Since the invention of moveable type and the foundation of the *Ankh-Morpork Times*, newspapers have been popping up all over the city to report on various niches and subjects. These papers need stories. Some, like the *Times*, only print what they believe to be true, whilst others are less scrupulous about what they put in black and white.

All newspapers need reporters out on the streets following those leads, getting those scoops, and uncovering the next hot story so it can hit the presses before anyone else gets their hands on it. Recognisable by their weapon of choice, a notebook and pencil, these reporters can be found anywhere there has been a ruckus, disturbance, or incident, asking pointed questions and taking names, addresses, and ages with alarming firmness.

d4	*Example Goal*
1	*Get an interview with the Patrician. You do not have an appointment.*
2	*Write up an article on the upcoming Koom Valley march. Tensions between trolls and dwarfs are at an all-time high, so you will want to tread carefully.*
3	*William de Worde (p. 149) is missing, last seen interviewing Chrysoprase (p. 142). Find him, or at the very least, his notes.*
4	*Choose a different organisation, it's your job to get the scoop on what's really going on with them.*

d6	*Example Niche*
1	*Newspaper sales*
2	*Weather speculator*
3	*Iconographer*
4	*Crime scene reporter*
5	*Advice columnist*
6	*Sports. Just sports*

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers/Traits
1	What is your best story that's gone to print?	I covered the Humorously Shaped Vegetable of the Year Competition; I wrote an expose on some of the richest families and how they got rich; I penned the timeless ELVES STOLE MY HUSBAND … Wait no, WOMAN GIVES BIRTH TO COBRA.
2	What story of yours was cut and why?	A piece decrying the state of things, no one wants to be reminded how bad things are; My report on the Ankh-Morpork Cock and Hen Fanciers' annual meeting — there was a bit of a misunderstanding; My interview with a vampire, he didn't really have anything to say.
3	How long have you been reporting?	Since I could wear short trousers and a newsboy's hat; I've been reporting long before anyone was bothering to write it down; Let's see… about, oh, twenty minutes at least?
4	What's your best source of information?	The beggars, they see everything; Gargoyles, they have a different view of events; I've got friends in the guilds who keep me in the loop.
5	What sells papers?	Names sell papers, everyone likes to see their name in print; Sensationalism, no one wants to read about the everyday; Paper sellers.
6	Which paper did you previously work for and what is it known for?	The Inquirer, known to care more for sensationalism than truth; Cabbage Growers Weekly, known for its hot takes on radishes; Radish Growers Weekly, known for its hot takes on cabbages.



Seamstresses' Guild

'A survey by the Ankh-Morpork Guild of Merchants of tradespeople in the dock areas of Morpork found 987 women who gave their profession as 'seamstress'. Oh… and two needles.'

– Men at Arms

Thus the Guild of Seamstresses got its name. It is home to those members of society who practise the second oldest profession in the world (beaten only by flint-knappers). Seamstresses are people of negotiable affection, hem-hem. They are an essential part of any society, and are pillars of the community as far as Ankh-Morpork is concerned. They have a notable presence in the Shades, the most disreputable part of an already disreputable city. The guild houses, and their members, all have excellent reputations — and woe betide anyone who tries to change this. They'll have to explain themselves to Dotsie's handbag and Sadie's umbrella, and the Agony Aunts are not the understanding sort.

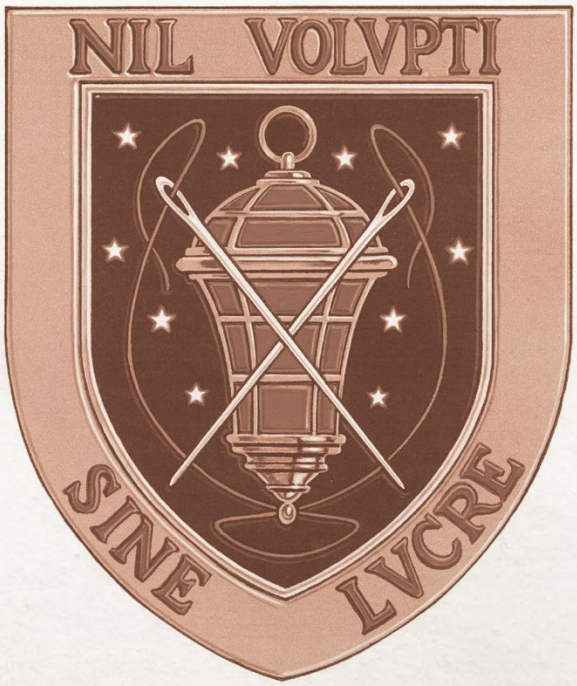
There are a few notable not-seamstresses, who generally prefer the term needlewoman. Sandra Battye is one and, to an extent, Mrs Cosmopolite is another. There comes a time when someone away from home has a specific desire that can only be fulfilled by a needlewoman, like a shirt with all its buttons or a sock without holes. In these cases, the Seamstresses' Guild passes on the work, and apologises for the misunderstanding.

d4	*Example Goal*
1	*One of the Agony Aunts (p. 140) has gone missing down near the docks. You should find her before she hurts someone.*
2	*Your clothing is in need of repair. Discreetly find someone who can actually sew.*
3	*Find out if a wizard's staff has a knob on the end.*
4	*Choose a player whose hen/stag party you are celebrating. Your goal is simply to give them the best night of their life before they become an honest* person.*

d6	*Example Niche*
1	*Discreet security supplier*
2	*Negotiator of affection*
3	*Dayshift*
4	*Leatherworker*
5	*High-end services*
6	*Other-end services*

* For a given value of honest, at least.

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers/Traits
1	How's your needlework?	No complaints; I've got excellent coordination, I can even have one in each hand; Needles cost extra.
2	What's your favourite fabric to work with?	I mainly work with leather; Something firm enough to take some punishment; Something delicate and refined — it takes a lot of gentle skill to bring out its true colours.
3	What do you know about the Agony Aunts?	Not much but Dotsie's handbag scares me; I know I can rely on them if I'm ever in trouble; They're lovely old dears, I always make sure to offer them a cup of tea if I see them out and about.
4	Why did you choose to become a seamstress?	I love a busy schedule and interesting clothes, and you see a lot with the Seamstresses' Guild; I've always been skilled with my hands; I enjoy working in fine ladies' dresses, hem-hem.
5	Why do people come to you?	I provide a specialist service you'd struggle to find elsewhere; I'm just a joy to be around; I can stitch with my tongue.
6	How can people recognise your work?	There's always some glitter where I've been working; Subtlety is guaranteed, I never leave recognisable marks where people can see them; I always leave a signature.



Fools' Guild

Humour is serious business. No one knows this better than the Guild of Fools, Joculators, Minstrels, Buffoons and Mime Artists. Here, students live a monastic lifestyle, sleeping on hard wooden beds, rising before the sun, and straining their eyes by candlelight studying the approved jokes and routines well into the early hours.

To be a Fool is to utter words like 'prithee', 'sirrah', and 'nuncle' with a straight face. To have a 'real' face you apply every morning, wear trousers several sizes too big, and honk dejectedly when inevitably ejected from the tavern for telling a joke badly and/or not being wanted there in the first place.*

To be a Fool is to be laughed at by half the people you meet, but never for the right reasons.

To be a Fool is a calling like no other. For those that are called, the lofty heights of Tomfool, Stupid Fool, Arch Fool and, in time, Complete Fool beckon.

To be a Fool is, in a word, foolish. But someone's gotta do it.

d4	*Example Goal*
1	*You have been asked to investigate the comings and goings of chickens holding up traffic near Dolly Sisters.*
2	*Mrs Cake (p. 141) has had problems with children knocking on her door and running away. She would like you to find out who's there.*
3	*Renovations to the Fools' Guild House have been finished, but the builders left their twelve-foot ladders, buckets of whitewash, and rubber hoses behind. Return the materials to the construction company.*
4	*A priest, a wizard, and a Watchman have walked into the Mended Drum (p. 151). You must ensure that the situation unfolds appropriately.*

d6	*Example Niche*
1	*Stand-up guy*
2	*Pratfalls and tumblery*
3	*The Saddest Fool*
4	*Child Terrification Specialist*
5	*Keeper of Jokes*
6	*Honker of Horns*

* Unless you're a mime in which case you are extremely wanted everywhere in Ankh-Morpork. Unfortunately for you, you're wanted by Lord Vetinari, and it's certainly not for your 'stuck in a glass box' routine, or expertise with the invisible dog.

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers/Traits
1	*Who did you offend with your Foolery and how?*	*Lord Rust, the man has no sense of humour — everyone else thought the whitewash was hilarious; Mr Stronginthearm, he's got a 'short' fuse… get it?; Anyone with coulrophobia. It's not my fault they're terrified of my mere existence.*
2	*Why did you become a Fool?*	*Following in my family's traditions, we've been foolish for generations; I thought it'd be a foolproof career choice, I was wrong; I was a foundling left on the steps of the Fools' Guild. I didn't see the rest of the city until I already had my cap and bells.*
3	*What brought you to the attention of the Bloody Fools?*	*I used unregistered jokes in my act; I avoided a banana peel, stepped around an open manhole, and allowed two dwarfs carrying a sheet of glass to pass without even a second glance; I repeatedly forgot to honk sadly (and humorously) when forcibly ejected from several drinking establishments.*
4	*Why were you called in to see Dr Whiteface?*	*I suggested that we might be allowed a holiday without whitewash and custard pies; I injured several brother Fools, a sausage-inna-bun salesman, and multiple passing pigeons when my act went horribly wrong; I attempted the bucket-of-whitewash-above-the-door trick on his office.*
5	*What is your routine?*	*I risk the Patrician's displeasure as a mime; The classics: pratfalls and tomfoolery all the way; Freestyle humour, no monster fun book for me.*
6	*What is the purpose of a Fool?*	*To make people laugh?; To ensure the proper telling of jokes and japes; Everyone needs someone to feel superior to.*



Visitors to Ankh-Morpork

'There's a saying that all roads lead to Ankh-Morpork . . . And it's wrong. All roads lead away from Ankh-Morpork, but sometimes people just walk along them the wrong way.'

– *Moving Pictures*

Ankh-Morpork has a tendency to draw people in like flies to a particularly fragrant cow pat. Some are driven by necessity, seeking those things that can only be found in a city where everything is for sale, sooner or later. These things could be rare or unusual ingredients, strange or mystic artefacts, or simply that good tea you just can't get elsewhere.

Others come seeking their fortunes with too large swords and too little leather, in the misplaced belief that cities are soft and weak places to plunder. These people generally leave with a hangover and even fewer possessions than they arrived with. Others still are simply there to gawk, take iconographs, and tell their friends they've been.

Thus Ankh-Morpork gets visitors — and sometimes even tourists — to the general amusement of locals who engage in such traditional Morporkian pastimes as selling them the Brass Bridge, helpfully guiding them into dark alleys, and uncountable other ways of relieving them of the contents of their purses.

The savvy traveller comes prepared with a plan, a place to stay, multiple purses, and an understanding of how things work. The unsavvy, however, will be lucky if they get what they came for, and unlucky if they get far, far more than they bargained for. And thus a visitor, suddenly unaccountably light on cash and short on options, becomes a Morporkian, spying the latest fresh face off the boat or through the gate, and the whole cycle starts again. Ankh-Morpork has always excelled at making those that walk its streets its own.

d4	*Example Goal*
1	*Find your hotel, you know it's somewhere in the Shades.*
2	*Eat a sausage-inna-bun…But C.M.O.T Dibbler (p. 144) is uncharacteristically difficult to find.*
3	*Spend every last penny you have in the most impressive way possible.*
4	*Get out of Ankh-Morpork…It's harder than it looks.*

d6	*Example Niche*
1	*Barely speaks the language*
2	*In charge of the itinerary*
3	*'Expert' in local customs*
4	*Dragged here against their will*
5	*Fascinated by history*
6	*Connoisseur of cuisine*

d6	Quirk Question	Example Answers/Traits
1	Why Ankh-Morpork?	*I didn't want to come but it's the only place we can get what we need; It's the city of a thousand stories, of course I had to come; If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere!*
2	What has shocked you the most about the city?	*The Watch, they're too bloody efficient for my liking; The introductory offer from the Thieves' Guild — I may have been mugged, but I got a new barbecue set out of it; The stench, how do locals live with it?*
3	What did you forget to bring that would have been useful?	*Bribes, everyone seems to want one; A sense of direction, all these streets look the same to me; A bodyguard, or failing that, a really big weapon.*
4	Have you ever been to Ankh-Morpork before?	*Unfortunately yes; Only ever been passing through, be nice to see more of the city this time; No never, and I can't believe I'm finally here!*
5	Who do you know in the city?	*Rosie Palm is a dear old friend; No one, but a kind gentleman called 'Throat' gave us excellent advice; I've got a few contacts at the Drum.*
6	Where are you staying?	*In the Shades, it's cheap; With an old school friend in uptown Ankh; We didn't plan that far ahead, but there's gotta be somewhere right?*



Opening Scene

Now that you've got an idea of your party and characters, it's time to figure out what they are currently doing. This will be the opening scene for your adventure. Each of the results in the table below is designed to be applicable to any play group. You can either roll for or choose an appropriate result for your group.

The players and the GM should discuss what the result might mean. We encourage you to embrace the dissonance between your goal, your group and what you are currently doing. These things may be at complete odds with one another, but the justification of why your party thinks this will help them achieve their goal allows for fun, interesting, and unique adventures.

For instance, wizards with a magical malady who are currently attempting a spell is fairly self-explanatory. They've got a serious illness and are trying to cure it with magic. On the other hand, a group of Fools with a goal to investigate the comings and goings of chickens, but who are now attempting a spell, is an entirely different kettle of fish. Embrace the chaos and fun of trying to justify how your characters think that what they are currently doing will further their overall goal.

d12	*WHAT ARE YOU DOING?*
1	*Bearing witness to a crime. What is the crime and are you involved in some way?*
2	*Going through your morning routine. Each player should describe their morning routine until the party meets in their usual hangout.*
3	*Attempting a spell. Drippy candles in an awkward polygon sit before each of you. Was this such a good idea, and how does this spell relate to your party's goal?*
4	*Just lost a fight. Your head hurts and you may have been de-possessed. Who attacked you and did you deserve it?*
5	*On a night out. Half-cut and ready to party! What kind of bar are you in? What's the occasion?*
6	*Trying to remember what happened last night. Waking up in the cells of the Watch is bad enough, but your hangover is making it even worse.*
7	*Having just the worst day of your life. What's been going wrong?*
8	*Standing before a great treasure. What is it, and how did you come about it?*
9	*Looking down at a fellow party member who is… yep, pretty sure they're dead. How did they die and is the danger still about?*
10	*Covering your tracks. What did you do and how are you covering your arses?*
11	*Frantically searching for something. What have you lost, how did you lose it, and why is it so important?*
12	*Roll on this table twice and link both results together.*

With their characters made, the party prepares their opening scene.

Morgan: 'Corey, wanna roll us up what we're doing?'

Corey: 'I rolled a 6, so we're trying to remember what happened last night.'

Morgan: 'Okay, so for whatever reason, you thought getting bladdered would help you find William de Worde. I guess we'll have to play to find out what you were thinking.'

The game starts with our industrious reporters in the Watch cells, wondering how the blazes they ended up there. Their hangovers may provide some clues as to that question, at least.

Returning Characters

Adventures in Ankh-Morpork is primarily designed for short-form storytelling. It works best as a palate cleanser or as a break for you and your friends to tell a funny, interesting, and satirical story. That being said, the Discworld novels contain overarching plot lines and connections that you might want to investigate with a more long-form feel for your games.

If you are playing an adventure in the same continuity as a previous game, players may decide to play a returning character. To do so, take your old character sheet and modify it in the following ways:

Develop a Quirk

Choose a Quirk on your character sheet and change it to reflect how you have changed over the intervening time.

Add a Quirk

If you gained a Core (see p. 17) during your last game, turn it into a Quirk. It is now a part of your character's personality.

Remove Core

Any Core you had is now a Quirk, so that frees up your character for more Core moments. Remove any previous Core you had.

Resolve Consequences

Any lingering Consequences that are no longer relevant or true should be removed from your sheet.

Regain Luck

Reset your Luck to 4.



Pre-generated Characters

We've included a set of pre-generated Thieves' Guild members here for those who want to feel the cobbles of Ankh-Morpork under their boots as quickly as possible. All you have to do is assign your characters, set up your opening scene (p. 92), and you're ready to start committing organised crimes.

File 7a compiled by R. Drumknott for the attention of His Lordship.

Party Name

The Cotton Runs

Organisation

Thieves Guild

Party Goal

Sneak into the Thieves' Guild after a night out on the town

Party Past

We were drinking and thought joining the Thieves' Guild would be a good idea

Party Present

We were drinking and thought joining the Thieves' Guild would be a good idea

Consequences:

Luck
/4

Name: Igor 'The Hands' Igor'
Pronouns: (He/Him)
Organisation: Thieves' Guild
Background: An Igor' whose family runs a small business in Ankh-Morpork
Niche: I can stitch up anyone'
Quirks: Has a hard-to-contain experiment
Always on the lookout for spare parts
Ready to lend a helping hand
Core:

Young for an Igor, at least if you take an average age of his parts. He can stitch anyone up given the right materials, or reattach a carelessly severed limb in a pinch. He's always ready to lend a spare hand where needed. Igor's decision to join the Thieves' Guild was confusing at first, but Igor must have a master, and guilds offer much better benefits than vampires and werewolves.

Consequences:

Luck
/4

Name: Jimmy 'Silly Bugger' Smith
Pronouns: (He/Him)
Organisation: Thieves' Guild
Background: Human from the Shades
Niche: The face'
Quirks: A fast mind and faster words
On borrowed time'
Surprisingly Surreptitious
Core:

Larger than life in every sense of the word, Jimmy recently came into the nickname 'Silly Bugger' after a job went sideways, upways, downways, frontways and backways all at once. His sheer presence is only slightly diminished by recent events, and he now focuses much of his energy on proving he's still got what it takes. Many an unsuspecting passerby has been fast-talked into one of his get-rich-quick schemes and only realised it when the whirlwind of words died down. They also incidentally realise that, for a large man, he can make himself incredibly hard to find when he needs to.

Consequences:

Luck
/4

Name: Cobble 'The Wall'

Pronouns: (She/Her)

Organisation: Thieves' Guild

Background: Troll who doesn't get out much

Niche: The Wall (like a fence but harder)

Quirks: Everything has a price
Can't resist a collectable
Smarter than she looks

Core:

Cobble's hide marks her as a city troll through and through. When she lies down people complain about speed bumps. She's smart and cunning compared to your average troll, and always knows just who will be interested in the trinkets that are sent her way. Unfortunately, her collector's eye (and hand) sometimes wanders and a few trinkets end up in her personal collection rather than on their way to new owners with deep pockets and no interest in provenance (interestingly, a word that Cobble is one of the few trolls to know the meaning of).

Consequences:

Luck
/4

Name: Nonsuch 'and' Myrtle

Pronouns: (They/Them)

Organisation: Thieves' Guild

Background: Gargoyle who's trying something new

Niche: Casing the joint

Quirks: Loves getting out and about
Insatiable curiosity
Doesn't know when to stop talking

Core:

Nonsuch and Myrtle used to be a pretty sedentary gargoyle until they realised that there's a whole city out there just waiting to be seen. Unusually for gargoyles, their mouth works perfectly fine. Their oversized ears and nostrils give them the appearance of an elderly elephant mixed with a snotty toddler (especially when it rains). They gained their nickname 'and' due to their habit of telling everyone exactly what they see, and what else they see, and what they're seeing right now, and what they think, and so on, and so on.




2010

People and Places

In which we meet the other 999,997–999,994 people — Discuss Features, Mannerisms and the Difference Between Decide What's In a Name — Set Foot on Familiar Streets and Meet Some Familiar Faces

Unfamiliar Faces

Ankh-Morpork is home to a million people, and your player characters will likely account for somewhere between three and six of them. That leaves 999,997–999,994 people unaccounted for. These are your non-player characters (NPCs). As the numbers suggest, they are absolutely everywhere: they are there wherever your player characters (PCs) turn and bump into a dwarf with a funny name; pass a straight-faced Fool on a street corner, hat held sadly in front of them; or are accosted by a sausage-inna-bun salesmen claiming that 'selling this at such a low price is cutting me own throat'.

Every single one of these NPCs is under the control of the gamemaster (GM). But they do more than make the place look untidy and provide the GM an opportunity to do silly voices and forget names. They are an essential part of Ankh-Morpork and will aid, ambush, help, hinder, rob, stab, beg, borrow, and steal the PC's time, money, patience, and anything else they can get their hands on.

What Are NPCs For?

The PCs are the main characters (if not the heroes, then certainly the protagonists) of your story. They are the focus, and rightly so. But NPCs are what keeps the story ticking over. They provide players with opportunities to interact and explore the world around them, offering everything from a silly conversation with a dwarf baker to a request for aid from a little old lady who's lost her cat. All these things will drive the story forward and expand your players' understanding of Ankh-Morpork.

Your PCs will constantly be doing things for NPCs, having conversations with NPCs, and even facing off against NPCs. All of these little interactions help the living, breathing, stinking city of Ankh-Morpork come to life.

What Are NPCs Made Of?

While we have covered the most beloved characters of Ankh-Morpork on p.106–150, there will also be times when you want to introduce some NPCs of your own to this famous (or infamous) roster. Maybe your players poked their noses somewhere you never even dreamed of peopling, or maybe you just want to add some of your own flavour to the unidentifiable gumbo of Ankh-Morpork city life. For those situations, you'll need to come up with NPCs of your own. To do so, follow the same steps we use to create PCs.

A NPC is made up of:

1. *What the character is known as;*
2. *The character's name, or names, and pronouns;*
3. *The character's species;*
4. *The niche they fulfil in Ankh-Morpork or a brief descriptor of them (i.e. member of the Watch, con-man about town, or butcher);*
5. *Two to three features that define this character and/or are immediately noticeable;*
6. *A mannerism that the GM can use to help roleplay the character;*
7. *A description of the character and their history;*
8. *Story prompts the GM can use to incorporate the character in their game.*

All of these are there to help the GM roleplay as that character at the table and provide Traits to call upon to re-roll the Narrativum die during a test.

Creating Your Own NPCs

All NPCs, just like PCs, come from somewhere. If you're not sure where that is, roll on the following tables to create your NPC. Feel free to create as in-depth or as shallow an NPC as you need for your game. A name, species and Niche are sometimes all that is needed for an NPC that will only be in the scene for a few minutes. Remember you can always come back and flesh them out later if the players latch onto them.

Species

Before you can describe the NPC, you need to know who they are. There's a good chance that the first thing anyone will notice about someone is their species. So, roll on the table to find out what your NPC is.

d20	*SPECIES*
1–8	*Human*
9–12	*Dwarf*
13–15	*Troll*
16	*Golem*
17	*Gargoyle*
18	*Igor*
19	*Zombie*
20	*Magically infused creature or object*

1 Captain Carrot

(He/Him)

2 Full Name: Carrot Ironfoundersson

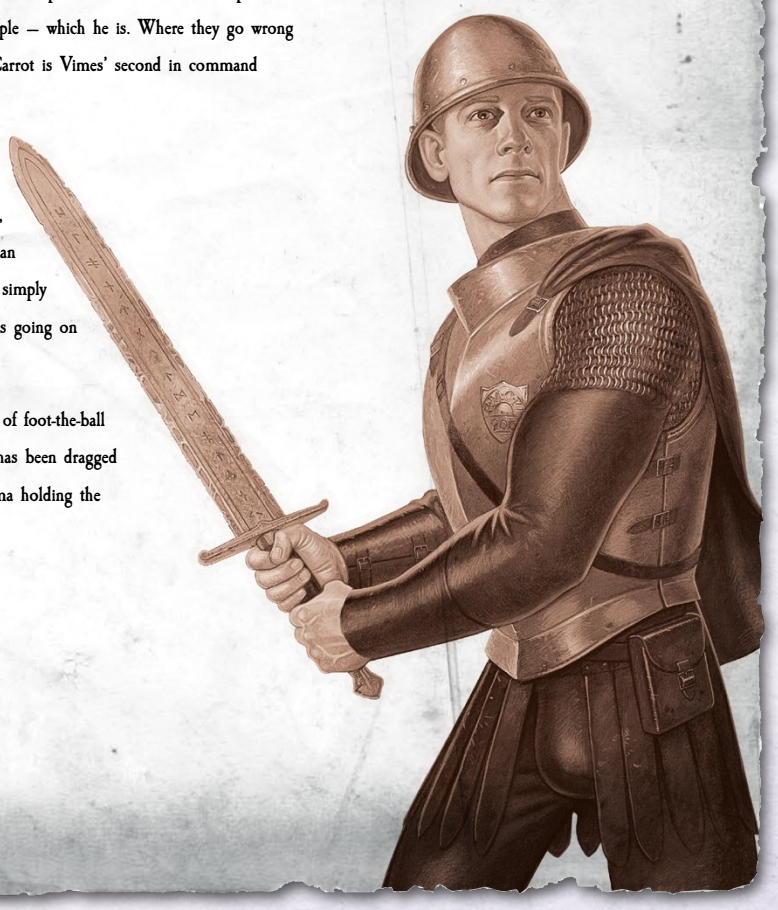
3 Species: Dwarf by adoption 4 Niche: Captain of the City Watch

5 Features: A punch even trolls respect;
Suspiciously king-like charisma;
Carrot knows everyone, and everyone knows Carrot.

6 Mannerism: Mild mannered, friendly, and uses your first name

7 Adopted and raised by mountain dwarfs who found him wandering in the woods, Carrot is a dwarf to his bones, despite being over 6 feet tall. He is known as Carrot, rather than his dwarfish name of *Kzad-bhat* (roughly translated as Head Banger), not due to his hair but due to his shape. When Carrot flexes his shoulder muscles, other muscles have to move out the way.

Despite his time in Ankh-Morpork's City Watch, he still believes that people are fundamentally good deep down, and that everyone is a person no matter their shape. This viewpoint has led many to believe that he is simple – which he is. Where they go wrong is assuming that simple is the same as stupid. Carrot is Vimes' second in command and has a near-supernatural likeableness about him. Even people he's arresting like Carrot. Pair this with his ability to remember names and, more importantly, put those names to faces, and you have a formidable force for good. He can diffuse the most tense situation or bloody brawl simply by clearing his throat and asking politely, 'What's going on here, then?'



8 Story Prompt: Carrot is organising a game of foot-the-ball among the local street thugs. Unfortunately, he has been dragged away on Watch business and, without his charisma holding the gangs together, things are getting messy.

Niche

Now you know the NPC's species, it's time to figure out where they fit in Ankh-Morpork.

d100	NICHE	d100	NICHE
1–2	Member of the City Watch	51–52	Butler
3–4	Cabbage merchant	53–54	Servant
5–6	Concerned citizen	55–56	Chef
7–8	Thief	57–58	Carter
9–10	Beggar	59–60	Sedan chair driver
11–12	Butcher	61–62	Noble
13–14	Baker	63–64	Glass maker
15–16	Candlemaker	65–66	Child
17–18	Seamstress	67–68	Lawyer
19–20	Fool	69–70	Merchant
21–22	Clerk	71–72	Plumber
23–24	Omnian	73–74	Priest
25–26	Rat catcher	75–76	Smuggler
27–28	Newspaper seller	77–78	Dealer
29–30	Drunk	79–80	Fence
31–32	Black ribboner	81–82	Tailor
33–34	History Monk	83–84	Teacher
35–36	Street corner hawker	85–86	Barman
37–38	Grocer	87–88	Brewer
39–40	Miner	89–90	Fishmonger
41–42	Cobbler	91–92	Fisherman
43–44	Street sweep	93–94	Assassin
45–46	Alchemist	95–96	Wizard
47–48	Actor	97–98	Tourist
49–50	Barber	99–100	Witch

Notable Features

We know their species and what they do, but what sets this person apart? Roll twice on the table below to find out.

If instead you want to create your own features, think about them as answering these questions:

- *What is something the NPC has?*
- *What is something the NPC is?*
- *What is the NPC's secret?*

Answer any or all of these and you'll have some pretty evocative features to help you roleplay that character.

d20	NOTABLE FEATURE
1	*Unusually luscious hair.*
2	*Has a mole that keeps changing places.*
3	*Eyes like gimlets.*
4	*A nose you could break rocks with.*
5	*The ability to not only listen to people, but actually hear what they are saying.*
6	*No concept of the value of money.*
7	*Extremely aware of the value of money.*
8	*An impressive collection of boils.*
9	*Has an unshakable belief in the divine right of kings.*
10	*Has a connoisseur's knowledge completely at odds with their appearance.*
11	*A person of other people's property.*
12	*Smarter than they look.*
13	*Has a love for words.*
14	*A punch even trolls respect.*
15	*No sense of metaphor.*
16	*Knows the city like the back of their hand.*
17	*Has friends in high/low places.*
18	*Distrusts magic.*
19	*Thinks everything can be solved by magic*
20	*Religiously obsessed with their job.*

Mannerisms

This section will give you some ideas as a GM to roleplay this character at the table. Roll on the table for a mannerism to help you get an idea of how this NPC talks or acts.

d20	EXAMPLE MANNERISMS
1	*Pauses in the mid-dle of words. Not a stutter, just misplac-ed spaces.*
2	*Speaks a near indecipherable language of their own.*
3	*So whell-bred they put H's hwhere there really shouldn't be hany.*
4	*Incapable of swearing but tries their —ing best.*
5	*Uses incomprehensibly convoluted language to obscure and befuddle the listener into believing they know what they are talking about.*
6	*Extremely enthusiastic to share their knowledge of an incredibly niche subject.*
7	*Trails off in the middle of….*
8	*Always several minutes behind everyone else in the conversation.*
9	*Never looks anyone directly in the eye.*
10	*Blunt and to the point, always speaks their mind.*
11	*Points at people when it's their turn to speak.*
12	*Constantly interrupts people.*
13	*Devoid of anything resembling a personality.*
14	*The attention span of your average duck.*
15	*Always aims for the best deal.*
16	*Incredibly pedantic.*
17	*Cocks their head when confused, which is often.*
18	*Ernest and genuine in everything they do.*
19	*Alludes to dark secrets and a mysterious past they may, or may not, have.*
20	*Has trouble speaking with an inside voice.*

Names

Next up, your NPC will need a name — maybe even a sobriquet. Not everyone needs (or will tell) the PCs their full name, so feel free to give them a name, surname, sobriquet, or any combination of the three.

Naming Names

There are far too many names for a concise table, so instead we've provided a list, a very long list. Have a look but don't feel the need to read them all. We haven't separated these out by species or gender, so the easiest way to choose one is let your finger randomly fall and see what you're pointing at. Then try to figure out why your troll splatter is called Renata Hamcrusher.

First Name

Josia, Clarence, Harry, Fettle, Windle, Wintler, William, Rhys, Constance, Catastrophe, Albert, Fred, Nobby, James, Bauxite, Sam, Sybil, Jimkin, Herbert, Gert, Visit, Horatio, Ken, Havelock, Millie, Ben, Nick, Mungo, Albrecht, Schist, Phyllite, Edwin, Bob, Dave, Kyle, Duncan, Gimlet, Mustrum, Basalt, Mick, Glod, Rock, Flint, Joe, Roger, Willie, Steve, Steve-oh, Lars, Eric, Chalky, Berniece, Betty, Tawnee, Gud, Druto, Renata, Wally, Rufus, Gertude, Marietta, Detritus, Ruthus, Ardent, Esmerelda, Githa, Magrat, Margret, Reg, Adrian, Horace, Clinker, Tiffany, Ron, Carrot, Henry, Perspicacia, Agnes, Doughnut, Chert, Cheery, Hughnon, Reet, Molly, Shawn, Seldom, Eskarina, Lily, Rosemary, Lobsang, Susan, Roland, Jeannie, Adora, Moist, Coalface, Ahmed, Bluejohn, Otto, Hwel, Sadie, Dotsie, Hrun, John, Cecil, Snori, Dai, Ned, Roberta, Ruby, Detritus, Brick, Verity, Nijel, Ronald, Rob, Inigo, Buggy, Arnold, Edward, Reynold, Arthur, Jim, Doreen, Bethan, Wallace, Conina, Modo, Juliet, Glenda, Andre, Stanley, Desiderata, Walter, Mightly, Ella, Marvolio, Rosie, Goodie, Keli, Wen, Ysabell, Mortimer, Marco, Jonathan, Gabby, Lupine, Jeremy, Brutha, Cohen, Conina, Jenny, Toliver, Iodine, Herrenam, Thomas, Victor, Theda, Jack, Polly, Sally, Igor, Bella, Lacrimosa, Rhys, Serafine, Marietta, Guye, Achemed, Lorenzo, Leonard, Methodia, Bjorn, B'hrian, Lars, Nils, Pors, Grabpot, Setha, Bashful, Gunder, Toin, Skarmer, Chrysoprase, Mica, Trevor, Extremelia

Surname

Wintler, Dodgast, Poons, Hogland, Selachii, Rust, Weaver, Glodsonsonson, Thatcher, Carter, Watson, King, Stronginthearm, Weems, Brakenshield, Spangler, Windler, Wilkinson, Vimes, Ramkin, Willikins, Bearbugger, Wilkins, Chrick, Cripslock, Glammer, Hamcrusher, Rauber, Blott, Howler, Binks, Stone, Hong, Bellwether, Smith, Whemper, Streep, Littlebottom, Collarbone, Albrechtson, Tozer, Felmet, Goodmountain, Wilkins, Blake, Harmsworth, Coates, Plinge, Ironfoundersson, Cruces, Tapp, Withel, Cheeseborough, Ridcully, Pessimal, Rocksmacker, Dismass, Halfsides, Downey, Legstrong, Turnipseed, Blouse, Wheelbrace, Waynesbury, Groat, Ironcrust, Mousefather, Billias, Thursley, Bloodaxe, Flannelfoot, Boggis, Pole, Pounder, Carcer, Ringfounder, Flitworth, Ludd, Carding, Bleakley, Spigot, Lawn, Wheels, Sluvver, Teatime, Snoricousin, Plusher, Bucket, Goatberger, Bewdley, Earwig, Jackrum, Perks, Anybody, Rhyson, Dickins, Strappi, Nancyball, Hobson, Bent, Tulip, Pin, Bledlow, Stollop, Cosmopolite, Likely, Tick, Nobbs, Nobbs (no relation), Palm, Drumknott, Cake, Slant, Gimlet, Cuddy, Ironbender, Harridan, Skimmer, Saturday, Swing, Helmclever, Oats, Thundergust, Rascal, Sugarbean, Sonky, Bashfulson, Footstamper, Simony, Colon, Stitched, Cosmopolite, Dibbler, Shoe, Hix, Stibbons, Whitlow, Vitoller, Brevis, Nitt, Ogg, Smith, Tockley, Garlick, Hawkin, Bleedwell, Clapman, Wiglet, Wonse, Mume

Sobriquet

The Barbarian, the Snatcher, the Boltcutter, You Bastard, Oi You, One Drop, No Nose, the Rope Dancer, the Nutcracker, Madame, Bendy, the Idiot, Bloody Stupid, Baron, Duke, Oyster, Knuckles, the Bottler, Pointy, Mucky, Dragonbreath, Devious, Nosher, Skullbreaker, Leadpipe, Some Nose, Grandad, Wheezy, Princess, the Mad, 71-Hour, The Hon., the Destroyer, Evil, Snouty, Dr, Professor, the Eternally Surprised, Gaffer, Miss, the Kind, the Bloody Minded, the Henna-Haired, the Soft-Boiled, Bravekidney, Sour-faced, the Drippy, Medium, Big, Bigger, Biggest, Small, Wee, the Crunch, Broken, Tuesday, the Disagreeable

Who Do They Know?

For a final finishing touch, fit this character into the world. The easiest way to do this is to consider who they might know. This isn't a necessary step but will give a bit more depth to the NPC.

Consider which guild they might be associated with. There are, after all, over 300 guilds in Ankh-Morpork, so there's a good chance they'll be linked to one of them in some way.

We've made a table here of 50 of the most prominent guilds that an NPC could be associated with. Roll on or choose from the table opposite to find out who they call 'friend', 'foe', 'bud', 'chum', 'mate' or 'those bastards'.

d100	GUILD
1–2	Accountants' and Usurers' Guild
3–4	Actors' Guild
5–6	Alchemists' Guild
7–8	Architects' Guild
9–10	Armourers' Guild
11–12	Artificers' Guild
13–14	Assassins' Guild
15–16	Bakers' Guild
17–18	Bandits' Guild
19–20	Barber-Surgeons' Guild
21–22	Beggars' Guild
23–24	Butchers' Guild
25–26	Butlers' Guild
27–28	Carters' and Drovers' Guild
29–30	Carpenters' Guild
31–32	Chefs' Guild
33–34	Confectioners' Guild
35–36	Conjurers' Guild
37–38	Dog Guild
39–40	Engravers' and Printers' Guild
41–42	Firefighters' Guild
43–44	Gamblers' Guild
45–46	Game Designers' Guild
47–48	Glassblowers' Guild
49–50	Guild of C.M.O.T. Dibblers
51–52	Guild of Ecdysiasts, Nautchers, Cancanières and Exponents of Exotic Dance (Strippers' Guild)
53–54	Guild of Embalmers and Allied trades
55–56	Guild of Fools and Joculators and College of Clowns (Fools' Guild)
57–58	Guild of Independent Traders
59–60	Guild of Plumbers and Dunnikin Divers
61–62	Guild of Thieves, Burglars and Allied Trades (Thieves' Guild)
63–64	Haberdashers' Guild
65–66	Handlemens' Guild
67–68	Historians' Guild
69–70	Lags' Guild
71–72	Lawyers' Guild
73–74	Merchants' Guild
75–76	Guild of Priests, Sacerdotes and Occult Intermediaries
77–78	Rat-Catchers' Guild
79–80	Seamstresses' Guild
81–82	Shoemakers', Cobblers' and Leatherworkers' Guild
83–84	Smugglers' Guild
85–86	Tailors' Guild
87–88	Teachers' Guild
89–90	Thatchers' Guild
91–92	Tourists' Guild
93–94	Town Criers' Guild
95–96	Victims' Guild
97–98	Watch and Clockmakers' Guild
99–100	Watchmen's Guild



Familiar Streets and Familiar Faces

Introduction

Welcome to the infamous streets of Ankh-Morpork. Your adventure is set, your characters made, and you're ready to go. But now you need places for your characters to explore and people for them to meet. Well, worry not! Here we have pulled together a list of the most famous (or infamous) places in Ankh-Morpork, and the most famous (or infamous) people you're likely to meet there.

Who's Where When?

As the GM, remember that these NPCs have lives and jobs, hopes and dreams, fears and needs. They won't stand still waiting for PCs to wander along and ask them questions. They go about their day to day like anyone else. Some have routines, some have jobs, some wander aimlessly from place to place looking for their next meal, but all of them have lives. With this in mind, remember that the NPC locations are guidelines to where they are most likely to be found, but they are not hard and fast rules.



Unseen University

The hubwards part of Ankh-Morpork is host to one of the most famous landmarks on the Disc: the centre of magical study known as the Unseen University. The place has been the home of magic so long that it has seeped into the campus' very foundations. Ask anyone: the University is much larger on the inside than the outside, and the architectural styles indicate that the upper floors of the University were constructed hundreds of years *before* the lower storeys. Due to the shifting nature of the Disc's magic, the buildings' interiors have never been properly mapped, despite countless attempts. At last count, there were more than 5,000 known rooms and a list of several thousand unknown and theoretical ones.

While it is nearly impossible to map the inside of the buildings, some landmarks are universal and tend to stay put, such as the Great Hall or the senior offices. The outside of the buildings also remain the same, with repairs often in progress on one part or another.

The main gates, grand and plated with solid octiron, open right onto Sator Square. Visit while you can, as every sunset the gates are magically sealed and there is no knocker.* There are ways around this, of course, with a few secret handholds on the inside to help the determined wizard scale the wall. No student of magic should be kept from the pub, after all.

* Actually, the doors are locked nightly by Modo, the University's dwarfish gardener, but it adds to the mystery and romance to keep that under wraps.

The centre of the Unseen University is the Tower of Art, which is also reputed to be the oldest building in the entire city. It's certainly the tallest, at 800 feet high. Like many of UU's towers, it stands gnarled but sturdy; time, weather, and countless repairs giving it its notable appearance. And like much art itself, it's probably safest to appreciate it from a distance, as it has the distressing tendency to sway in a stiff breeze. The tower is so tall that it has evolved its own species of mammals and beetles awaiting researchers brave enough to classify them.

One mustn't forget the University Clock Tower. Old Tom, the ancient, cracked octiron bell, sits atop the tower and, while the clapper dropped out of it shortly after casting, any close to the University can still note its tremendous, sonorous silences each hour.

Within the main building of the University rests the Uncommon Room with its inviting fire, as well as a small chapel and a modest sanatorium, since wizards are generally either in rude health or, well, dead.

The Great Hall

The Great Hall is impressive, with portraits and statues of past Archchancellors lining the walls. The massive fireplace keeps the Hall at a healthy temperature, and a large clock reminds the faculty when they are late to classes. One wall is consumed by the instrument sometimes referred to by Ridcully as 'Our Mighty Organ', an instrument constructed by the revered (and feared) inventor, Bloody Stupid Johnson.

All the major magical activities of the University take place here, as do the four main meals of the day. Here too can be found easy access to the cellars. The cellars themselves are a maze of kitchens, sculleries, bakeries, and taprooms. While the rest of the University enjoys its permanent state of slow decay, the kitchens are always up to date and constantly busy.

Surprises can be found here too: the wash engines start in the cellar and stretch a full two storeys high. If you don't get lost, be sure to enjoy the curiobiological museum — it's right next to the pickle pantry. The Museum of Quite Unusual Things can also be found if one looks hard enough, but for some mysterious reason, it has been abandoned. Rumour even has it that there is a second, secret observatory in the deepest level of the cellars, lined with lead and used for viewing *other* places.

The High Energy Magic Building

The subject of much discussion, the High Energy Magic (HEM) Building is home to the most active and studious minds the Disc has to offer. The building itself is the only one on University campus that is less than 1,000 years old. The rift between more traditional magical minds and the young, progressive students is ever-widening as the plush comfort of a big meal is increasingly eschewed for the time-crunching, eye-squinting study of the matter that makes magic itself.

While being poo-pooed as merely magic-adjacent (mostly by the senior wizards who can't be having that sort of thing), one still has to acknowledge the great strides in study found in the building. Under the tutelage of Ponder Stibbons, Head of Inadvisably Applied Magic, wizards are getting ever closer to learning how to split the Thaum — the basic unit of magic.

The HEM Building houses the pride of the Department: the thinking engine called Hex. Ponder Stibbons often corrects worried students with reassurances that Hex only *thinks* he's alive, which rather raises the question as to how everyone else can be so bloody certain.

The Library

The Library is the greatest assemblage of magical texts anywhere in the multiverse. There is no end to the books one can find here: from the mundane to the dread, books that try to read you while you read them, and words that writhe on the page — that's just the start of it. The lowest levels of the Library are where the toughest books are — the maximum security shelves.

Since vast amounts of magic can distort the mundane world, the Library doesn't obey the normal rules of space and time. It goes on *forever.* It's been said the Library has a diameter of about 100 yards, but an infinite radius.

Access to the Library is made through the University itself, and then only with the permission of the Librarian. The Librarian takes his job very seriously. Once human, a magical accident within the Library turned the tenured wizard into an orangutan. Since then, he has resisted all attempts to turn him back, generally by force.

Somewhere past the copper-railed shelves and the crackling magic of the books themselves lies an entire library universe. Deliberately traversing this strange multiversal L-space requires care, knowledge, training, and an up-to-date library card with an account in good standing. Though that says nothing of the poor souls who find themselves there accidentally. Stories abound of tribes of research students and wizards lost to the magical eternity of L-space. Make sure you bring friends, a library map and some handy chalk to mark your way, else you might not return. The Librarians of Time and Space are watching.

The Trouble With Thaumaturges

Wizardly traditions are a time-honoured treat for everyone in the city. Yes, sometimes there's trouble and parts of the city get temporarily flooded or turned upside-down, but you can't stop a tradition just because of major property damage and mass injury! Besides, most wizardly events revolve around food, so they're mostly harmless to everyone but the wizards themselves.*

*Some of the most beloved** traditions include:*

- **Boy Archchancellor.** *Around Hogswatch, an often-unpopular first-year student is made Archchancellor for one day. Jokes and japes abound! The boy's life expectancy the next day is short — but nobody liked him anyway.*
- **The Bumps.** *A boat race on the River Ankh. Teams of wizards carry their skiffs, racing from the boathouses to the Brass Bridge. Winners earn the title 'Head of the River' and receive 'browns' — brown, pointy boots meant to replace the ones destroyed by touching the Ankh.*
- **Gaudy Night.** *Graduates attend a grand banquet in the Great Hall and attempt to outdo the others in the splendour of their robes. The evening's winner is paraded shoulder-high and, to much cheering and applause, tossed onto the Ankh.*
- **Rag Week.** *A week of humour and pranks with an extra sprinkling of magic! Much-beloved capers include 'borrowing' civic items like street signs, potted plants and, on one occasion, the Brass Bridge. These days, following The Incident, students are thanked for kindly keeping their tobogganing to the 8,888 steps of the Tower of Art. Never underestimate the power of impressively sudden death.*
- **The Wizards' Excuse Me.** *On the last day of the Backspindle term, the cream of Ankh-Morpork society (or whatever is found floating on top, at least) is invited to a massive dance. The University hosts multiple bands and a magnificent buffet boasting eighteen different kinds of meat, cheese cubes and pineapple lumps on a stick.*

* For the wizards, at least, and other than them, whose opinion matters?

** Or else.

Unseen University NPCs

Archchancellor Ridcully

(He/Him)

Full Name: *Mustrum Ridcully*

Species: *Human* Niche: *Archchancellor of Unseen University*

Features: *Will hunt anything;*
Mind like a freight train;
A promoter of healthy living.

Mannerism: *Speaks with a surety that only a wizard can muster*



The Archchancellor of the Unseen University is not what a lot of people expect. He has the waistline of his fellows, but a healthy obsession with the outdoors decidedly unique among his staffers. Despite this, Ridcully has been very successful in his position, currently holding the record for longest-serving archchancellor. Such an unusually long appointment has been made possible by Ridcully's strong fortitude and unique way of approaching problems. Wizards are often acute thinkers, teasing the edges of a problem around until it fits the jigsaw of their knowledge. Ridcully, on the other hand, is obtuse to such an astounding degree that he hits every problem head on with the flat of his mind, shattering it with simple (and often flawed) logic. Cleverer wizards are often infuriated by the frequency with which this actually works.

Story Prompt: Ridcully needs somebody to find out who has been stealing the hunting trophies he has hung up around UU. Investigation reveals that rogue magical energy has been bringing the disembodied heads back to life, and Ponder Stibbons has been removing them for study.

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The Librarian

(He/Him)

Full Name: The Librarian

Species: Orangutan Niche: The Librarian

Features: Custodian of the largest collection of magical knowledge in the multiverse;
Decidedly not a monkey;
In favour of reading in general but not of readers in particular.

Mannerism: Oook!

Not many people these days remark upon the fact that the Librarian is an ape. In fact, most people don't think of him as an orangutan at all. They simply think of him as The Librarian. If the wizards got a report of an orangutan in the Library they'd ask the Librarian if he'd seen it. He's only a handful of chromosomes away from wearing a vest and tie, but he never seems to have trouble getting his point across, and has developed several ways of doing so. These range from 'Oook', through remarkably economic hand gestures and 'Oook!', to attempting to unscrew someone's head with his feet. The latter is only employed when he is referred to as a monkey, or someone writes in a book.



As anyone who drinks at the Mended Drum can tell you:

1. You do not call him a monkey;
2. His ability to swing from the rafters adds a whole new level to your average bar room brawl.

Story Prompt: The Librarian needs you to return a missing book. Any means are authorised.

d6	*BOOK*
1	*Necrotelicomnicon*
2	*The Joye of Snackes*
3	*The Summoning of Dragons*
4	*Thaumic Distortion in High-Energy Magic Fields*
5	*Principia Arcana Mathematica*
6	*Bumper Fun Grimoire*

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Rincewind

(He/Him)

Full Name: Rincewind

Species: Human Niche: Bloody Useless Wizard

Features: The magical equivalent of the number zero;
An expert on Cruel and Unusual Geography;
It's not the running to that's important, it's the running from.

Mannerism: Nervously checks over his shoulder



The worst wizard to ever have attended the Unseen University, Rincewind has all the magical capabilities of a particularly mundane sponge. His talents lie in one very specific area: survival. Not the kind of survival that involves trekking out into jungles with a machete, but the immediate kind – the 'if I round that corner I'll be safe for another few seconds' kind. Indeed, when confronted with a hierarchy of needs, Rincewind's instinct is to give the foundation a glare and ask, 'How sturdy is that, do we reckon?'

Despite his lack of magical acumen, Rincewind is useful to keep around as a sort of canary in the proverbial coal mine. If something magical and dangerous happens within a few square miles, Rincewind will somehow end up involved in it, and then all you have to do is try to keep up with him.

Story Prompt: Rincewind rushes past as a red blur screaming 'Ohgodsohgodsohgods!' Immediately following him are thirteen armed people, a large dog, and something with more limbs than brain cells.

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The Luggage

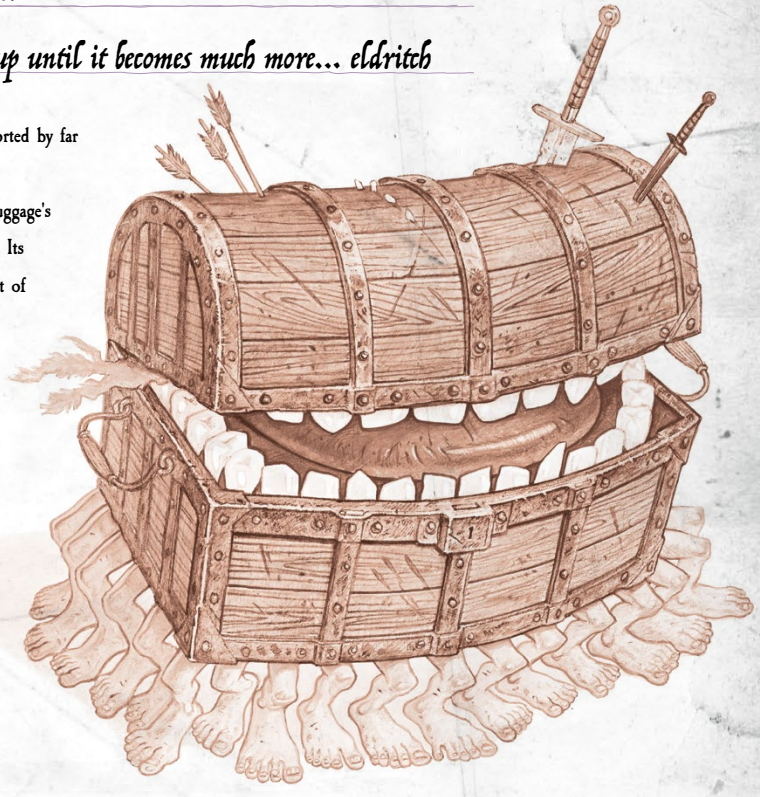
(It/Its)

Full Name: *The Luggage*

Species: *Sapient pearwood* Niche: *The Luggage*

Features: *Half suitcase, half homicidal maniac;*
More legs than most are comfortable with;
Bigger on the inside.

Mannerism: *Dog-like right up until it becomes much more... eldritch*



The Luggage is a large, sapient chest supported by far too many legs. This would have been a wondrous invention if it wasn't for the Luggage's propensity for devouring anything it wishes. Its wishes are also fairly inscrutable, at the best of times. Twoflower was mostly unaware of his Luggage's habits, and would not believe you if you told him. Rincewind on the other hand is all too aware,

If you ever need to see what's in the Luggage when it opens its cavernous mouth, roll on the table below.

d6	*WHAT'S IN THE LUGGAGE?*
1	*Clothing, what did you expect?*
2	*Filled to the brim with gold.*
3	*The tackiest souvenirs imaginable.*
4	*An elderly man pleading for escape.*
5	*Toiletries that smell faintly of lavender.*
6	*A yawning maw and, soon, you.*

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The Dean

(He/Him)

Full Name: The Dean

Species: Human Niche: Dean of Pentacles

Features: Never lets uncertainty stand in his way;
Exactly as large as life;
Throwing a fireball or two can solve most problems.

Mannerism: Taps his nose to show he understands even when he doesn't

A boisterous and overbearing fellow, the Dean of the Unseen University is a force to be reckoned with, or at the very least a momentum to be reckoned with. He is like all other wizards, only more so. He boasts mastery of many powerful and destructive magics and an unmatched love of sitting around and eating big dinners.

Story Prompt: The Dean has eaten something disagreeable, giving him a temper that is currently emoted through the language of lightning bolts. He wants to visit his wrath on whatever chef did this to him.



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The Bursar

(He/Him)

Full Name: *The Bursar*

Species: *Human* Niche: *The Bursar*

Features: *Happiest when dealing with numbers;*
Dried frog-pill-induced sanity;
Really quite amazingly useless.

Mannerism: *Speaks in non sequiturs*

The man in charge of the Unseen University's accounts is in charge of little else – for good reason. The Bursar's mental health may be linked to the chaotic magical energies at the Unseen University, or Archchancellor Ridcully's poor habit of not checking whether anyone is downrange* before starting target practice. Either way, he's quite remarkably insane.

Story Prompt: The Bursar has run out of dried frog pills and has started hallucinating that he can fly. This is all the more troublesome because he can.



* *The range being any corridor of the Unseen University at any time of day.*

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Ponder Stibbons

(He/Him)

Full Name: Ponder Stibbons

Species: Human Niche: Head of Inadvisably Applied Magic

Features: Head of Inadvisably Applied Magic;
Knows the Theory of Most Things;
Unusually high work ethic.

Mannerism: Couches many sentences with 'theoretically'

One of the few people in the Unseen University who actually knows what is going on, Ponder Stibbons is a bit of an oddity. Like most people who have spent their time researching things, he is very reticent to say anything for certain, but anyone who listens carefully will understand that a hesitant 'perhaps' from Ponder Stibbons is worth a confident 'definitely' from just about any other hundred people. Other wizards, of course, do not listen carefully and are usually too busy adding their own 'definitely' to the pile to notice.

Story Prompt: Ponder Stibbons has been investigating the properties of luck and chaos, and has discovered a way to infuse a person with luck. Unfortunately, he has not yet realised that the excess luck has to come from somewhere.



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Hex

(It/Its)

Full Name: Hex Niche: Thinking Engine

Species: Ant, bee, ram (deceased), ham (deceased), teddy bear (definitely not alive)

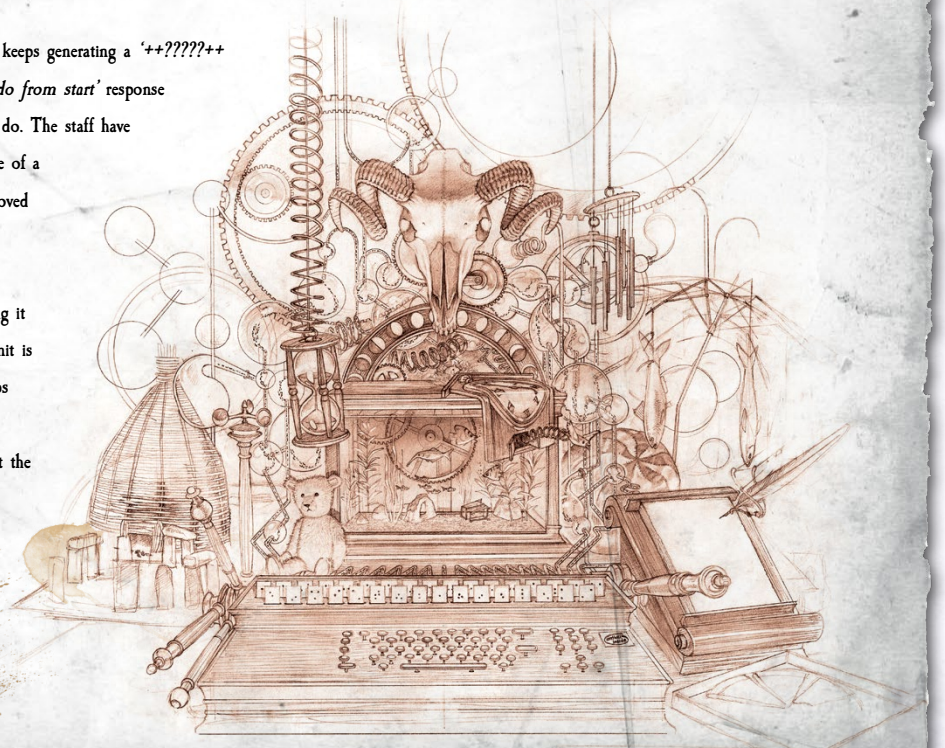
Features: Most advanced computer on the Disc (a low bar);
Capable of extremely complex analysis;
Worryingly sentient.

Mannerism: Spits out reams of paper with complex error messages

This vast machine was originally an ant farm built around a complex series of tubes that allowed basic calculations to be performed. It's gotten out of hand since then.

Hex is the most advanced computer on the Disc, but since the rest of them are mostly stone circles operated by druids, this isn't much of an accomplishment. That said, Hex has become fearsomely powerful in recent years, with Ponder Stibbons spending a huge amount of his time operating and managing it. It contains a large number of strange objects people can't remember adding to it, but which are apparently absolutely critical to its function.

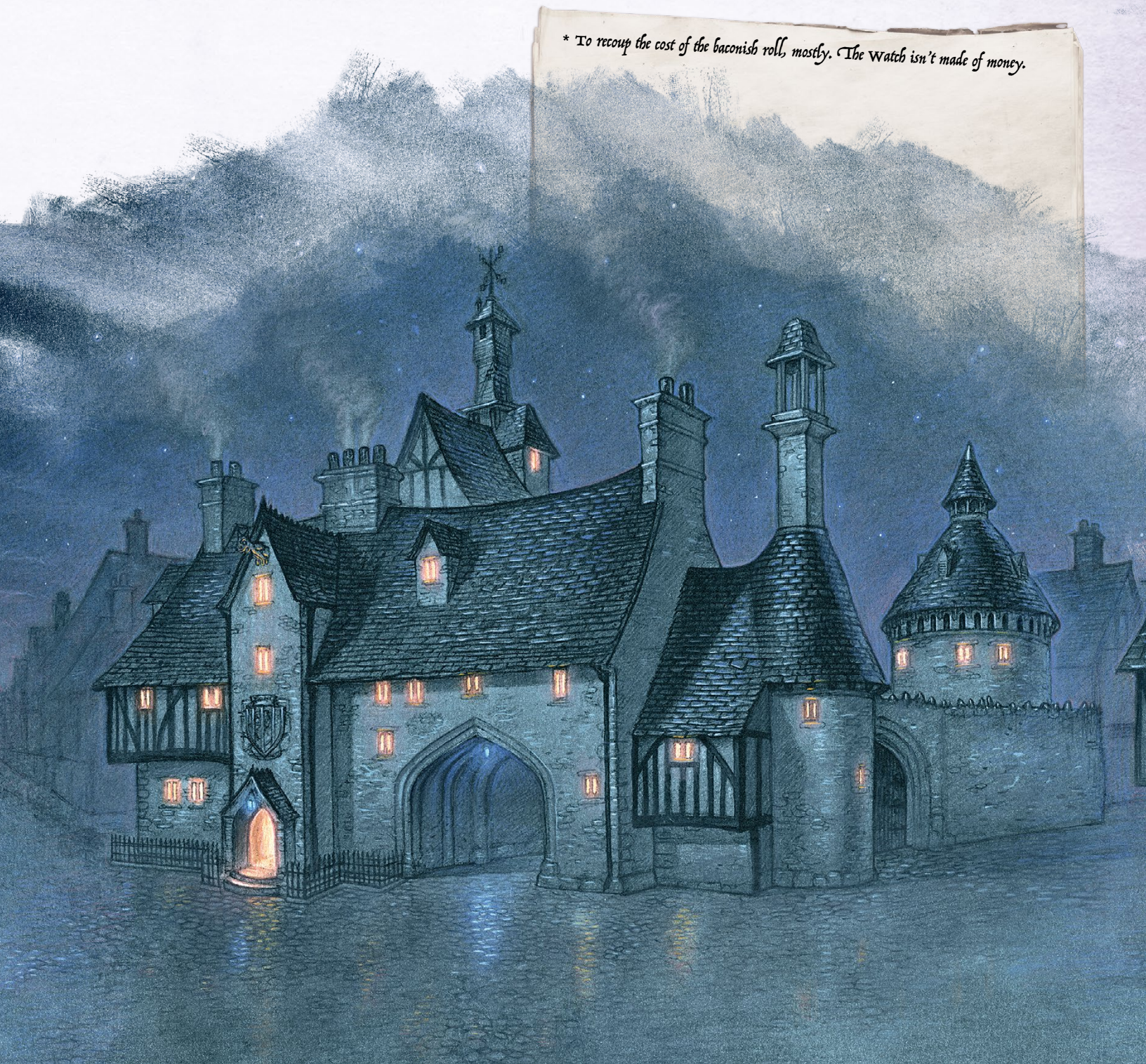
Story Prompt: Hex keeps generating a *'++?????++ Out of cheese error Redo from start'* response to anything it's asked to do. The staff have identified that it's because of a large lizard that was removed from Hex after it bit someone. Tracking the reptile down and returning it to a safer containment unit is clearly essential – perhaps some kind of glass box that everyone can look at the monitor lizard in.



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Pseudopolis Yard

The City Watch has never had it easy. When the Patrician put crime itself under guild control, it effectively removed the need for a city-wide law force. Assassins and thieves are now policed by their own members. No vice squad is needed, since the Guild of Seamstresses take care of their own (and everyone else). And of course, the laws of Ankh-Morpork never really apply to wizards —they promise to obey the laws of Ankh-Morpork provided that no one actually asks them to. The best one can do with wizards is hold them overnight until they sober up and then return them with a baconish roll and a small fine.*



* To recoup the cost of the baconish roll, mostly. The Watch isn't made of money.

With everything so independently managed, support for the Watch was minimal. The Watch themselves started wondering if the diminishing need for their service was a deliberate move by the Palace to remove them — a suspicion that lasted until the dragon turned up. Between defeating the creature and foiling a recent attempt on the Patrician's life, their recruitment numbers have skyrocketed.

The Watch headquarters is in the centre of Ankh-Morpork, on the Isle of Gods, on the other side of the street from the Opera House. The building was gifted to the Watch by Her Grace, the Duchess of Ankh, Lady Sybil Vimes (née Ramkin) after the aforementioned dragon burnt the old Watch House to cinders.

Pseudopolis Yard is the new *de facto* headquarters for the Watch, but they have since expanded operations. There are now additional Section Houses throughout the city, in Dolly Sisters, Long Wall, and Chittling Street. Each of these is permanently manned, although there are other, smaller stations throughout. Most of the main city gates also boast small Watch stations with rotating shifts.

Other, older branches of the Watch have been consolidated and incorporated into one body. No longer broken into the Day Watch, Night Watch and River Patrols, they are all now the City Watch.

New recruits of all species are welcomed and enjoy a sharp training regimen in the new school close-by to Pseudopolis Yard. The old lemonade factory off Knuckle Passage has been repurposed, and lucky cadets get training from Commander Sir Samuel Vimes and other long-serving officers. From street copper to commander, Vimes has seen it all and uses that knowledge to train and place new recruits.

The Watch Oath is centuries old but is still sworn by every new recruit: *'I comma square bracket recruit's name square bracket comma do solemnly swear by square bracket recruit's deity of choice square bracket to uphold the Laws and Ordinances of the City of Ankh-Morpork comma serve the public truft comma and defend the fubjects of His ftroke Her bracket delete whichever is inappropriate bracket Majefty bracket name of reigning monarch bracket without fear comma favour comma or thought of perfonal fafety semicolon to purfue evildoers and protect the innocent comma laying down my life if necefsary in the caufe of said duty comma so help me bracket aforefaid deity bracket full stop Gods Save the King stroke Queen bracket delete whichever is inappropriate bracket full stop'*

Of course, as Ankh-Morpork hasn't had a reigning monarch in centuries, all recruits are advised to read the oath exactly as printed. Captain Carrot still gets misty-eyed when he hears it, while Commander Vimes is quietly happy that no ruler of the city appears to have noticed the wording. The new recruit is then asked to take the King's Shilling. They keep a shilling (five pence in new money) at headquarters for the purpose. The recruit takes the shilling after swearing the oath and then instantly returns it so it can be taken by the next officer. There's even a chain on it to prevent it from wandering.

While Watch policy (and Commander Vimes in particular) frowns upon an excess of specialisation, a few exceptions have been made. There is a very small forensics and medical unit to be found at the Yard (consisting of two people). A Traffic Division is overseen by Sergeant Colon (it keeps him and Corporal Nobbs busy and, as a byproduct, out of Commander Vimes' way). Valuable snippets of information found during patrols are kept and catalogued by the recently developed Intelligence Department. Even the Cable Street Particulars have been reforged as a branch of undercover Watch officers. While Commander Vimes doesn't like non-uniformed Watchmen, he begrudgingly acknowledges that sometimes secret crimes need secret policemen.

Pseudopolis Yard NPCs

Commander Vimes

(He/Him)

Full Name: His Grace, His Excellency, The Duke of Ankh, Blackboard Monitor, Commander Sir Samuel Vimes

Species: Human **Niche:** Commander of the City Watch and Duke of Ankh

Features: Never been gruntled; The most sober man you'll ever meet; Can tell where he is in the city by the feel of the streets.

Mannerism: Blunt and to the point, smokes a cigar



Stalking through the city in a foul mood and feeling like the only pickled onion in a fruit salad is Commander Sir Samuel Vimes. Commander of the City Watch and, somewhat reluctantly, Duke of Ankh, Vimes has gone from a washed out alcoholic captain of a residual Watch to the commander of a police force so efficient their members are poached by other cities. His change of fortunes has been personal as well as professional: due to his marriage, he has been uplifted against his will. Now the Duke of Ankh, father to young Sam and husband to Sybil Vimes (née Ramkin), he is one of the wealthiest men in the city, although you wouldn't know it by looking at him.

He wears his street uniform whenever he can get away with it, and prefers those boots with cardboard soles that let him feel exactly where he is in the city. The main lesson he instils in all the members of the Watch is this: a copper is a copper. No matter what they're made from, they're copper all the way through.

Story Prompt: You've been called in by Vimes to answer some very pointed questions about the disappearance of around 20,000 dollars from your place of employment.

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Captain Carrot

(He/Him)

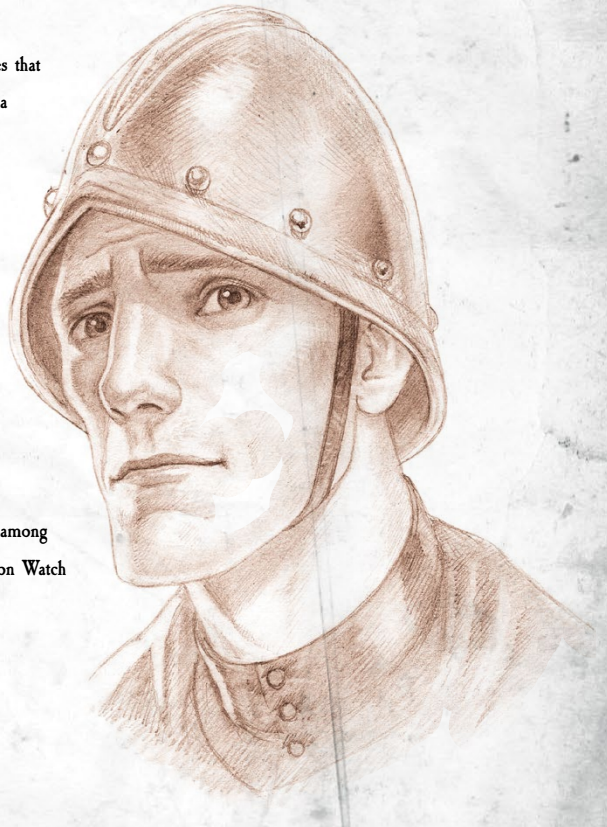
Full Name: Carrot Ironfoundersson

Species: Dwarf by adoption Niche: Captain of the City Watch

Features: A punch even trolls respect;
Suspiciously king-like charisma;
Carrot knows everyone, and everyone knows Carrot.

Mannerism: Mild mannered, friendly, and uses your first name

Adopted and raised by mountain dwarfs who found him wandering in the woods, Carrot is a dwarf to his bones, despite being over 6 feet tall. He is known as Carrot, rather than his dwarfish name of *Kzad-bhat* (roughly translated as Head Banger), not due to his hair but due to his shape. When Carrot flexes his shoulder muscles, other muscles have to move out the way.



Despite his time in Ankh-Morpork's City Watch, he still believes that people are fundamentally good deep down, and that everyone is a person no matter their shape. This viewpoint has led many to believe that he is simple – which he is. Where they go wrong is assuming that simple is the same as stupid. Carrot is Vimes' second in command and has a near-supernatural likeableness about him. Even people he's arresting like Carrot. Pair this with his ability to remember names and, more importantly, put those names to faces, and you have a formidable force for good. He can diffuse the most tense situation or bloody brawl simply by clearing his throat and asking politely, 'What's going on here, then?'

Story Prompt: Carrot is organising a game of foot-the-ball among the local street thugs. Unfortunately, he has been dragged away on Watch business and, without his charisma holding the gangs together, things are getting messy.

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Sergeant Angua

(She/Her)

Full Name: Sergeant Delphine Angua von Überwald

Species: Werewolf Niche: Captain and tracking expert of the Watch

Features: An excellent nose for trouble;
Can be a real bitch;
Big dog in the canine community.

Mannerism: Cocks her head to get a better look at you

Tall, blonde, and vegetarian for most of the month, Angua has the strange ability to stop people in their tracks with a smile. There's something about it that skips the higher brain functions of sapient creatures and digs right into the squishy part that's used to seeing a smile like that in the darkness, as part of a pack. Most coppers know she's a werewolf, but to the city at large a werewolf in the Watch is just a rumour. Nevertheless, the criminal community have noticed a distinct rise in arrests of those that don't cover their tracks with scent bombs as well as more traditional methods, although most think that if any member of the Watch is a werewolf it must be Nobby Nobbs.



Originally from Überwald, Angua moved to the city to start over. She and Carrot have had an understanding for quite some time, which has survived everything from Carrot being mauled by Angua's brother Wolfgang, to an attempt to put Nobby Nobbs on the vacant throne. Most at home in her uniform, Angua habitually wears her badge on a collar and ensures that any chickens that go missing at full moon are paid for.

Story Prompt: Angua smells the scent of a murderer on one of the PCs. Somebody they have been in contact with since they last washed is a killer.

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Sergeant Colon

(He/Him)

Full Name: Fred Colon

Species: Human Niche: Head of Traffic, custody officer, and Watch Liaison Officer

Features: One of nature's sergeants;
Old Watch and acts like it;
Postgraduate at the University of What Some Bloke in the Pub Told Me.

Mannerism: Incorporates military slang into normal speech

Fred is old, fat, and red faced. He's also got nothing against other species, they're just not like 'us'. Despite his many long-held prejudices and his tendency to fall back upon his military past and pronounce 'sir' with an 'h' when stressed, he is still an ever-present... presence in the Watch.

He may be an ancient street monster and a relic of the old Watch, but that's not to say he doesn't have his uses. Many a case has been cracked because an old mate, ex-Watchman, or ex-con (sometimes all three are the same person), has wandered in for a cuppa and a chat in his new office in the 'Twaddle Room' of the old lemonade factory (now used as the Watch's training school). There are very few who know the buzz on the street or the writing on the wall like Fred, although admittedly he has to move his lips while he reads it. Fred spends most of his time behind his desk these days, mainly due to the fact he writes the rotas.



Story Prompt: One of you looks like a person of interest, and Sergeant Colon would rather arrest you than walk until he finds someone else.

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Corporal Nobbs

(He/Him)

Full Name: Cecil Wormsborough St John Nobbs

Species: Officially human Niche: Nobby Nobbs

Features: A person of other people's property;
Disqualified from the human race for shoving;
Sharper than he looks.

Mannerism: Speaks like every word has an ulterior motive

Nobby has had pay docked for being a disgrace to the species, although which species is up for debate. After all, Nobby is only not close to the animal kingdom because it would get up and walk away, and only officially human because he carries the paperwork with him to prove it.



While probably human, he is shorter than most dwarfs and has the build of a rather sick pigeon. He's a petty thief, with more dishonourable discharges than seems reasonably possible. Nevertheless, Nobby is a valued member of the City Watch: combined with Colon, he is an excellent indicator of the opinion of the er...man on the street. You can always tell trouble is coming because Nobby will be going. During his military days, generals would keep an eye on him to see how a battle was going, since he'd always be wearing the uniform of the winning side

Despite all this, Nobby is surprisingly loyal. If you're counted amongst his friends you can trust him with your life – but you'd be daft to trust him with half a dollar.

Story Prompt: Nobby has his eyes set on a young lady, and is attempting to construct a poem to woo her. He needs a rhyme for melon, peach, and aubergine. After each suggestion he will laugh lasciviously. With a little investigation, it will become clear that the 'lucky' lady in question runs a fruit stand.

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Sergeant Littlebottom

(She/Her)

Full Name: Cheery Littlebottom

Species: Dwarf Niche: Head of the Watch Forensic Department

Features: Knows what cigars you smoke from the ashtray;
First openly female dwarf;
Does it by the book.

Mannerism: Soft-hearted and empathetic



Like most dwarfs, Cheery wears leather, chainmail, a luxuriant beard, ironshod boots, and a helmet. Unlike most dwarfs, she can't hold an axe, hates beer, and drowns the dwarf behind her when she attempts to quaff. Even more unusually, her leather is a skirt, her boots have high heels, and she openly shows her femininity (and uses the pronouns she and her).

Cheery is the best scene-of-crime officer in the Watch and, along with Igor, heads up the burgeoning Forensic Department. Between her alchemical know-how and Igor's Igor-ness, they can tell you what colour a liver should be and why it's suddenly not. She's soft-hearted and empathetic, but that doesn't stop her being a damned good copper. It's taking her some time, but she's come to the conclusion that doing something because you want to is much better than doing it because other people don't want you to.

Story Prompt: Cheery has cordoned off the area the PCs want to go into because she is conducting a forensic investigation. If their business is important enough, they may be allowed to continue — as long as they wear gloves.

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Sergeant Detritus

(He/Him)

Full Name: Detritus

Species: Troll Niche: First troll in the' Watch

Features: Dangerously intellectual at low temperatures;
At one-troll anti-drug campaign;
Very direct approach to policing.

Mannerism: Speaks slowly and carefully



Like most trolls, Detritus is large, stony, and has an IQ to rival a hedgehog. He's had many jobs over the years, usually involving punching or shouting at people. Since his marriage to Ruby, however, he's been on the straight and wide (trolls won't fit on the narrow). Now he's a sergeant in the City Watch, where shouting at people is a requirement and the occasional punch a bonus. His weapon of choice is a converted siege ballista that he calls 'The Piecemaker', which can turn any building into a courtyard with a single pull of the trigger.

Despite his size, he's an incredibly considerate officer. If he catches you selling Slab to troll kids, he'll pick a nice thin wall to throw you through, or a nice sturdy one to nail you to. Detritus can get a confession out of just about anyone — not by force, but by perseverance. He just keeps telling them, 'It was you wot dun it, own up!' until they eventually break and admit to everything, usually ending their confession with, 'Now please tell me what it was that I dun?'

Story Prompt: Detritus is currently shaking a tree to extract a lost cat. The nearby owner, a little girl called Tabitha, seems somewhat distraught at the process.

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Lady Sybil Vimes

(She/Her)

Full Name: Sybil Vimes née Ramkin

Species: Human Niche: Duchess of Ankh, Darner of Socks, Creator of bLT Sandwiches

Features: Mad for dragons;
Born to be noble;
Prepared for almost every eventuality.

Mannerism: Pronounces words properly



Lady Sybil Vimes is a large woman, with a heart big enough for the whole world (at least that portion of it that has scales and a tail). Her heart is certainly big enough for Sam Vimes and the Watch. She is a force to be reckoned with, and once she gets going she can play silly buggers with the best of them. Noble as the day is long, she is nevertheless one of the good ones, in that she believes everyone is worthy of being treated like a person no matter their shape, size, species, or income. Yes, even Nobby.

Like Ramkins through the ages, Sybil is no stranger to danger. At sixteen she drew a sword on a deranged madman who had just laid out the butler, who incidentally happened to be her future husband (the madman, not the butler. It's a long story). As the Duchess of Ankh, she has taken on a diplomatic role, most notably by engaging in international trade negotiations with the Low King of the Dwarfs. She is one of those select women across the Disc who all know each other from school, keep in touch every Hogswatch, and Organise, capital letter and all.

Story Prompt: Sybil needs some help tracking down a missing dragon. Roll on the table below for a dragon type and what it is doing when it is found. For a full adventure based around this story prompt, see ***Up In Smoke***, available for free on our website: www.modiphius.net

d6	*DRAGON*	*DOING*
1	***Pixie-faced Smut.*** *Many congenital problems; for experts only. Emits a dangerous ticking sound when excited.*	***Eating.*** *The dragon is trying to eat a leather boot that looks much thicker than its throat.*
2	***Nothingfjord Blue.*** *Good scales, tendency to homesickness. Has large eyes that convey its sadness expertly.*	***Freedom.*** *The dragon is making a bid for freedom, sneaking under a doorway and out into the world.*
3	***Golden Deceiver.*** *Good watchdragon; should not be allowed near children. One of the few dragon species that can frown.*	***Burning.*** *A puff of flame erupts from the mouth of the dragon, setting fire to anything in the room.*
4	***Jessington's Deceiver.*** *Small and better behaved than the Golden; hoards pickle jars.*	***Being adorable.*** *It widens its eyes to a dangerous size, holding up a little leash and making a mewling sound.*
5	***Curly-maned Slottie.*** *Amiable, tendency to slimp, seldom explodes. If untended, slimping can lead to a sprunch.*	***Biting.*** *This dragon latches onto the nearest or tastiest thing, and cannot be removed until a tastier target is presented.*
6	***Guttley's Leaper.*** *Flightless, but can exceed 30 mph running over open ground. Blinks one eye at a time.*	***Exploding.*** *There is nothing to be done but take cover as the dragon explodes with enough force to destroy a wall.*

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The Patrician's Palace

The current Patrician, Lord Havelock Vetinari, realises all too well that what keeps his people happy (and, more importantly, manageable) is the reassurance that tomorrow will be much the same as today. A palace seems excessive and far more than what a pragmatic ruler such as Vetinari might need. But what, though, is more pragmatic than reusing a building with such history?

The Patrician's Palace used to be the Royal Winter Palace of the old Kings of Ankh. However, the past twenty centuries have seen the great merchant houses ruling as patricians — there hasn't been a king in Ankh-Morpork for 300 years. A lot of the Palace has been repurposed and assigned to clerks and other civil servants whose job it is to maintain and update the information gathered by the Patrician's extensive spy networks.

It has not all changed, though. A few choice areas have been kept in good repair and maintained with a precise hand. The Palace hosts six workable storeys as well as several cellars and attics, though the entirety of the inside has not been officially mapped in years.

The Palace Grounds

A thing of beauty, the Palace Grounds are the jewel in Bloody Stupid Johnson's gardening crown. Here, his architectural creativity and particular brand of genius are laid bare for all to see. One can enjoy the ornamental trout lake which, while beautiful, is only a single inch wide, with just enough room for one very thin trout (it is perfectly happy so long as it doesn't try to turn around). The garden maze is a fantastic mystery to solve — many people still haven't found its location to this day and get lost looking for the tiny thing. Many also come to admire the famous fountain, which only ever operated once and on that occasion blew its stone cherub clear outside the city.

The gardens include an aviary, a racehorse stable, and even a small menagerie likely left over from previous leaders. Many of these are kept safe and partitioned through liberal use of ho-hos.*

* A ha-ha being, of course, a sunken fence that allowed an uninterrupted view of a garden while still establishing boundaries for grazing livestock or nosey neighbours. A ho-ho is a ha-ha dug fifty feet deep, ensuring privacy from all but the strongest climbers.

Rats Chamber

The Rats Chamber is named for its disturbingly substantial rodent motif. While a few public-facing, more serious, judgement-related meetings take place in the Throne Room or Oblong Office, most conferences between the Patrician and the guilds happen here.

Rats are everywhere. The wallpaper? Rat-themed. The floor? Rat carpet. Even the ceiling is covered in a very artfully rendered rodentious fresco. It is uncomfortable to be here — most people find themselves craving a wash after only a moment or two, which is of course precisely the point.

A more recent addition to the decor is the giant axe embedded in the wooden conference table. It nearly splits the table in half and is embedded so firmly that when you tap the handle, the weapon makes an almost pleasant twanging sound. It is, of course, a complete mystery who embedded the axe in the table,* but Lord Vetinari enjoys it as a conversation piece as well as an unspoken reminder.

Throne Room

The famous Golden Throne of the Kings of Ankh can be found in the Throne Room, atop a fetching set of steps, just inviting a King to return. Lord Vetinari sits in a plain, wooden chair at the foot of the stairs. A well-kept secret, known only to Lord Vetinari and a small number of others, is that beneath the lustre of the golden throne sits nothing but long-rotten wood. The gold is just a thin layer of foil, a metaphor almost too on the nose for anywhere other than Ankh-Morpork.

Important public criminal trials take place here, as well as public petitions. Lord Vetinari considers information gathering to be one of the most important activities he can do. It is in his best interests, then, to listen when people speak — and to read reports about them when they do not.

Oblong Office

The Oblong Office is the most well-known room in the Palace. This is, after all, the personal workplace and sanctum of the Patrician. Rumour has it that he also has a bedroom nearby, though the idea of the Patrician ever sleeping seems inconceivable.

This place is where more informal meetings or chats take place, but Vetinari likes to ensure that any guests waiting to see him are thrown at least a little off-kilter. The waiting room right outside has a clock with a deliberately irregular rhythm. It is easy to get distracted, angry, or otherwise thrown off balance while waiting for an audience.

The Dungeon

With most of the crime in Ankh-Morpork already handled between self-policing guilds and the City Watch, one might be surprised to learn that Lord Vetinari also keeps an extensive dungeon. Here, convicted criminals may serve out their sentence or await their public hanging.

The dungeon of the Patrician's Palace boasts all the usual accoutrements, as well as snake and scorpion pits. Mimes in particular are thrown in the scorpion pit, on the wall of which is written LEARN THE WORDS. Condemned prisoners are not dissuaded from using their wits to attempt escape, and may find the guards on shift somewhat easy to hide things from. This is, of course, a ruse to offer the condemned the prospect of freedom. Just the prospect of it, of course — there is no chance whatsoever that any of the easily scraped aside mortar or small wobbly grates actually lead anywhere. Lord Vetinari holds that such escape attempts provide occupational therapy, healthy exercise, prevent moping, and offer the greatest of all treasures: hope.

That being said, somewhere there exists a secret tunnel from the dungeon. The location of it is only known to Lord Vetinari, who would never build a dungeon he could not get out of.

* 'Complete Mystery' is not one of Commander Vimes' many titles, but possibly it should be.

The Patrician's Palace NPCs

The Patrician

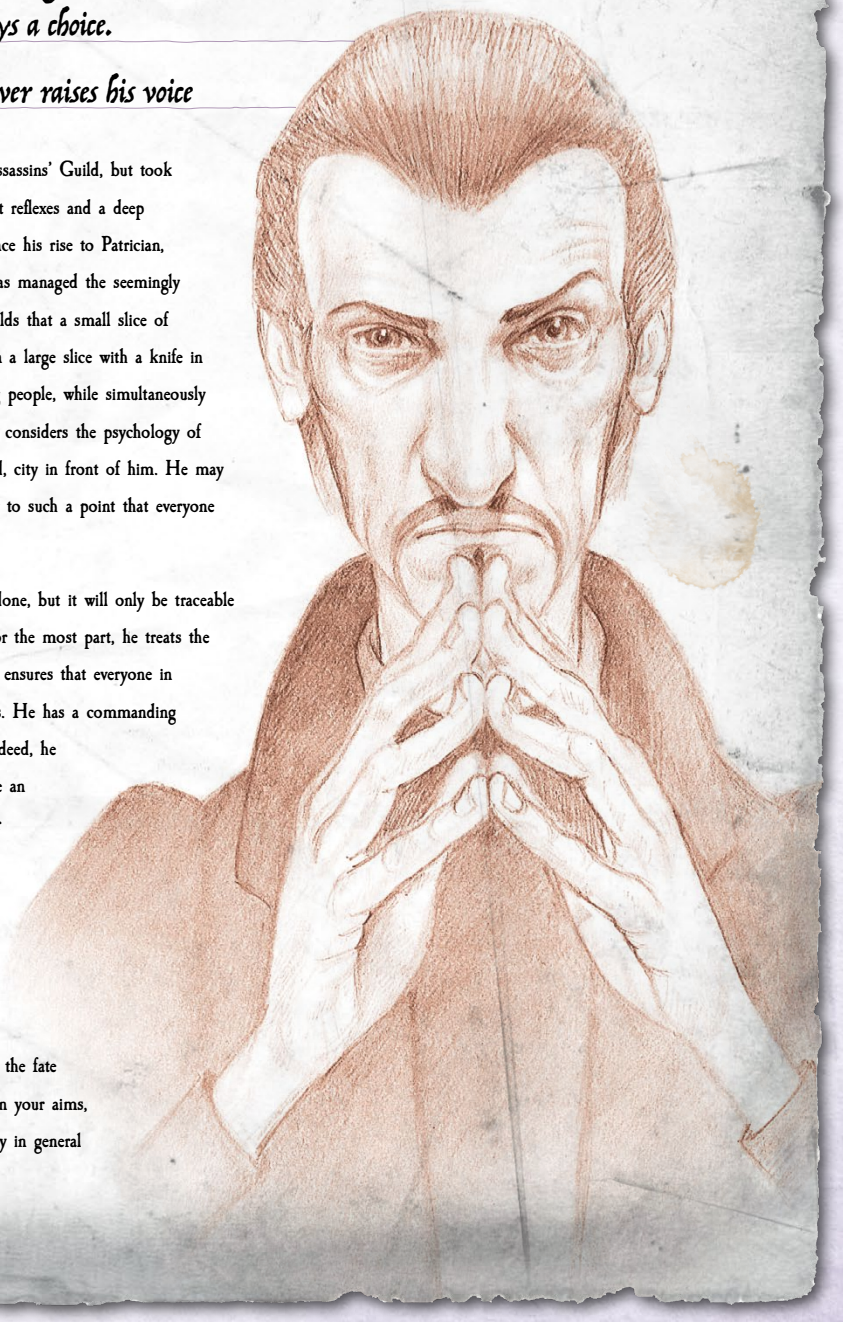
(He/Him)

Full Name: Havelock Vetinari

Species: Human Niche: The Patrician

Features: Don't let me detain you;
Always an entire game ahead;
There is always a choice.

Mannerism: Absolutely never raises his voice



Lord Vetinari was educated at the Assassins' Guild, but took far more from this than lightning-fast reflexes and a deep understanding of moving unseen. Since his rise to Patrician, he has tamed Ankh-Morpork. He has managed the seemingly impossible feat of convincing the guilds that a small slice of cake on a regular basis is better than a large slice with a knife in it. He is incredibly skilled at reading people, while simultaneously being unreadable himself, and always considers the psychology of the individual, group, mob or, indeed, city in front of him. He may be a tyrant but has perfected tyranny to such a point that everyone forgets that's what he is.

Anything Vetinari needs doing gets done, but it will only be traceable back to him if he wants it to be. For the most part, he treats the entire city like one large puppet, but ensures that everyone in it is mostly pulling *their own* strings. He has a commanding presence and a way with words — indeed, he only requires a single word to silence an entire room. In short, he is a master of his craft and plays the city like a violin.

Story Prompt: Vetinari is aware of your goal and informs you that, for reasons that may seem absurd, it is actually intertwined with the fate of Ankh-Morpork. Should you fail in your aims, things will go very poorly for the city in general and for you in specific.

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Drumknott

(He/Him)

Full Name: Rufus Drumknott

Species: Human Niche: Personal Secretary to Lord Vetinari

Features: As silent as a feather falling in a cathedral;
Circumspect in the extreme;
Dangerously neat.

Mannerism: Devoid of anything resembling a personality

If the pen were truly mightier than the sword, Drumknott would be an army of one. As the personal secretary to Lord Vetinari, he theoretically wields great power within the city, lacking only in the malign ingenuity required to make use of it. A complete lack of imagination in combination with his steadfast attention to detail* is exactly the kind of combination a ruler can make great use of. This also makes him the only man in Ankh-Morpork Vetinari can trust.

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* Drumknott has never forgotten to dot the I's or cross the T's, and is faintly disturbed at the very thought of doing so.

Leonard of Quirm

(He/Him)

Full Name: Leonard of Quirm

Species: Human Niche: Madman / Genius Inventor

Features: Obsessively interested in everything;
Naive but prolifically inventive;
So smart he can be stupid

Mannerism: Eternally curious, wants to take a closer look at what you're holding

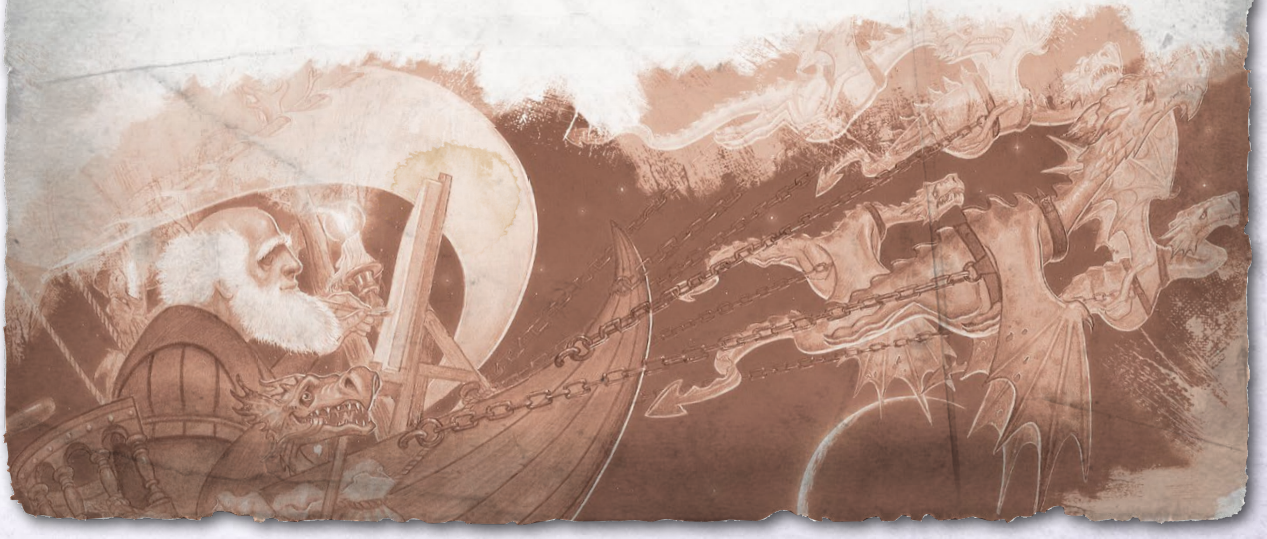
Leonard of Quirm is possibly the greatest mind to have ever existed. This doesn't come without its issues and, as such, Lord Vetinari has decided to invite the eccentric genius to be a permanent guest in the palace. Prisoner is such a dirty word, and anyway you can't really imprison a mind like Leonard's in the same way as you can't put the outside inside. No, it's better to simply provide him with wood and brass and as much paper as he can fill with backwards writing. That way, you could take a look at his magnificent inventions, and perhaps remind yourself why so few of them should be allowed into the world.

The real reason Leonard is so dangerous is his naivety. Where he sees a radical new way to deliver fertiliser across an entire field at once, anyone with an ounce of ill-nature would see a war machine of devastating power.

Story Prompt: The plans for one of Leonard de Quirm's dangerous inventions have gone missing. The ramifications if it got manufactured would be *dire*.

Dangerous Invention

d6	
1	*A Small Device for Removing Mountains and Building Lakes*
2	*Precision Fireworks (complete with scope)*
3	*Gas that Makes People Very Tired*
4	*A Drill That Keeps Going Forever.*
5	*Very Hot Fast Coffee Maker*
6	*The Make-Words-With-Letters-That-Have-All-Been-Mixed-Up Game.*



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Moist von Lipwig

(He/Him)



Full Name: Albert Spangler, Mundo Smith, Edwin Streep, Ethel Snake, Mr Robinson, Moist von Lipwig

Species: Human **Niche:** Con-man about town

Features: All about style;
You can always fool a dishonest man;
Never far from an emergency stash.

Mannerism: Oh, nothing special, and certainly nothing memorable

A natural-born criminal, habitual liar, fraudster, and totally untrustworthy genius, and all that before he became a government official. Moist lives for the thrill of the game and is excellent at seeing opportunities where others see barren ground. Moist, or Albert, or any other of his many pseudonyms, has conned, swindled and embezzled his way around the Circle Sea.

His genetically forgettable face combined with changeable names, facial hair, glasses, and mannerisms allow him to switch identity at the drop of a hat. Sometimes literally. No description of him could ever be used to identify him – well, it could be used to identify him, technically. Him and perhaps twenty other people on the same street at the same time.

Moist takes pride in never having actually hurt anyone. He has never so much as drawn a weapon, much preferring to talk his way out of sticky situations. Moist knows that the right tone, the right attitude, and the right suit can have a bank manager holding the door for him as he leaves. When all else fails, he's the world champion of leaving town in a hurry.

Story Prompt: Moist is running a street con. Who is he and what's he doing? Roll two dice on the table below to find out.

d6	NAME	CON
1	Mundo Smith	The Cabbage Patch Investment
2	Edwin Streep	Lack of confidence trickster
3	Ethel Snake	Find the Lady
4	Mr Robinson	Not running a con, simply perusing papers and inks
5	Albert Spangler	Forging
6	Choose a PC's name	The 'Diamond' Ring Con

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Mr Slant

(He/Him)

Full Name: Mr Slant

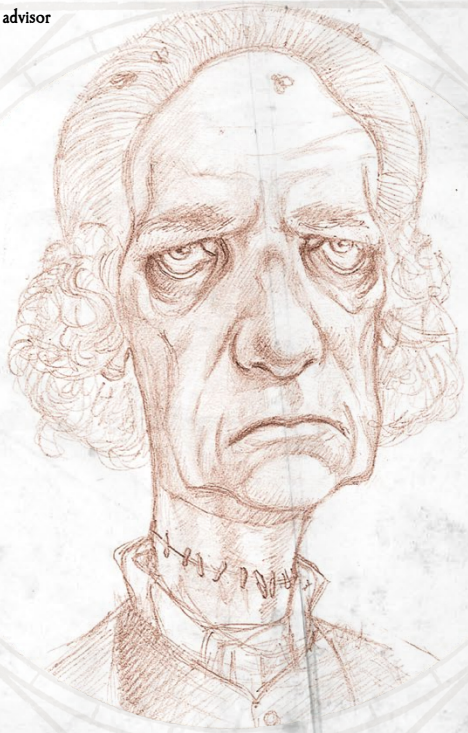
Species: Zombie Niche: President of the Guild of Lawyers

Features: Too obstinate to die;
Most respected zombie in the city;
Very well-established lawyer.

Mannerism: Uses the word 'ahem' like one might use a howitzer

357 years is a long time to be anything, let alone a lawyer, but Mr Slant has done just that. Well, there's no proof he was born with a wig and precedent, but it's a pretty safe bet that he was. Ankh-Morpork's most respected zombie, Mr Slant refused to die until he had been paid for conducting his own defence, with interest. He is a walking legal precedent in and of himself, and wrote half the big leather-bound books that lawyers keep on their shelves to intimidate normal people.

If the upper crust are plotting, you can guarantee that their legal advisor will be Mr Slant. He is not a nice person, and is not above underhand tactics or using legal language to intimidate and threaten, even when he hasn't got a figurative leg to stand on. Despite this, he is not stupid and, like all good lawyers, is never there when the midden hits the windmill.



Story Prompt: Mr Slant himself approaches one of the PCs and hands them a boring brown envelope filled with terrible news. Choose an NPC the PC has wronged (knowingly or not). They have a week to settle the business or the PC will have to defend themselves in court.

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Mr Pump

(He/Him)

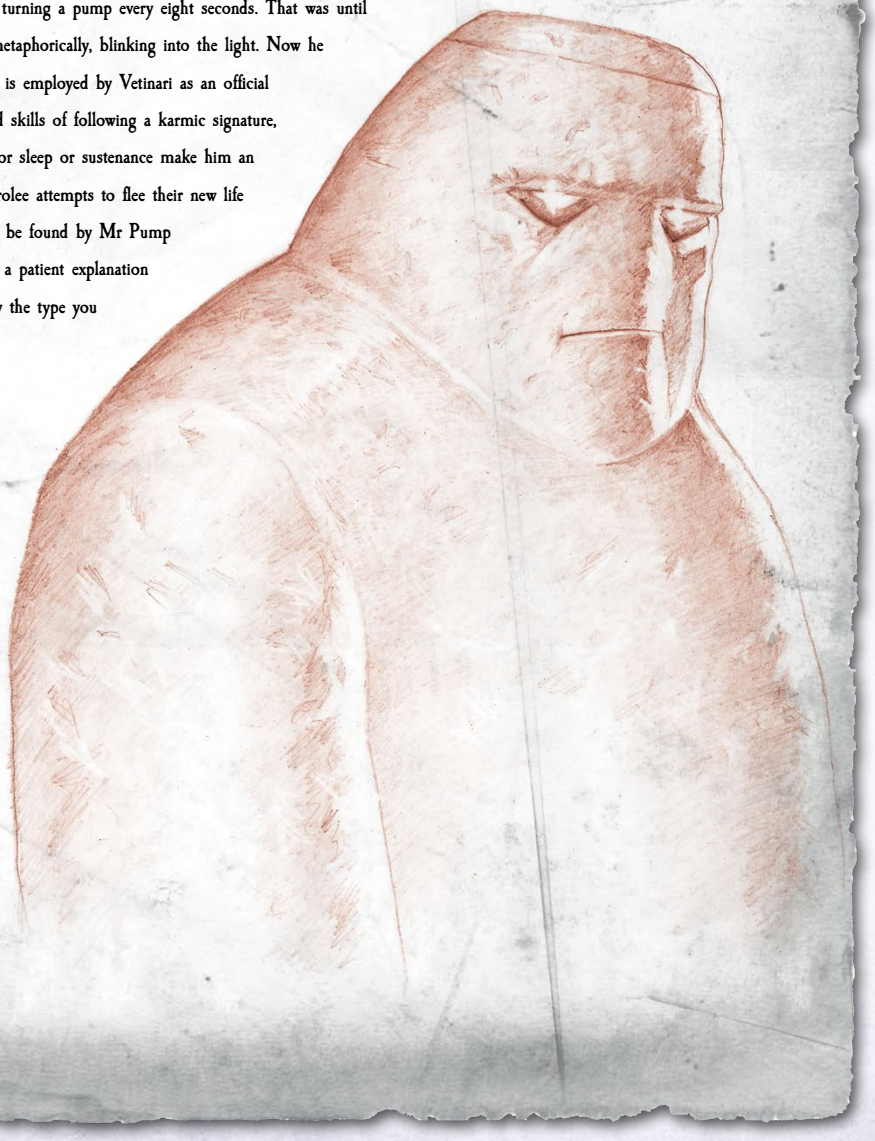
Full Name: Pump 19

Species: Golem Niche: Government golem

Features: Does Not Stop;
Instructed As To The Nature Of Social Untruths;
Can follow a Karmic Signature.

Mannerism: Follows The Orders Of Duly Constituted Authority

'Pump' is not Mr Pump's name – it is his description. Pump 19 spent 240 years at the bottom of a hole in the ground turning a pump every eight seconds. That was until he was raised up and brought, metaphorically, blinking into the light. Now he perambulates in the sunlight and is employed by Vetinari as an official government agent. His combined skills of following a karmic signature, perfect recall, and lack of need for sleep or sustenance make him an excellent parole officer. If the parolee attempts to flee their new life they will, one day and inevitably, be found by Mr Pump and returned to the Patrician for a patient explanation of choices and angels, specifically the type you only get one of.



Story Prompt: Mr Pump insists the party has an appointment with the Patrician. If they do not go immediately, he will continue to appear at inopportune moments to remind them that this appointment is at their earliest convenience.

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The Shades

The Merchant's Guild publication *Wellcome to Ankh-Morporke, Citie of One Thousand Surprises* describes the Shades as:

'*a folklorique network of old alleys and picturesque streets, wherree excitment and romans lurkes arounde everry corner and much may be heard the traditinal street cries of old time also the laughing visages of the denuizens as they goe about their business private.*' In other words, you've been warned.



This part of town used to be a service centre for the Unseen University, where from a safe place downstream, many services might be conveniently found and purchased without the pesky side-effects of rampant magic.

These days, the Shades are better known as a place of danger and darkness. If one must cross through the Shades, it is recommended to do so during the day. While it highlights the magnificent horror of the neighbourhood, at least one can leave the place with most of one's effects intact, though with a horrible ache in one's nostrils. This place could use some government help or, perhaps preferably, a flamethrower.

Almost everyone who lives here works on, shall we say, a nocturnal schedule and prefers to keep their business to themselves. There's always work to be had for the aspiring thief or the snake-oil alchemist looking to settle down. Down on their luck mummers or rejects from the Fools' Guild watch the street corners looking for the next person to maliciously entertain. Sharp-eyed salesfolk with exotic goods await their next victi—...uh, *grand patron of excellent taste*. The really unfortunate passer-through may even encounter Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler in the middle of his next big money-making idea. Luckily for all involved, Throat typically keeps to cleaner, safer places like Sator Square.

And let us not forget the, *hem-hem*, ladies of negotiable affection. The hard-working folk of the Seamstresses' Guild are always about, and are easy to find. When in doubt, just have a stroll along the freshly-renamed Street of Negotiable Affection. The good seamstresses can be found all over the Shades plying the world's second-oldest trade* with skill and utmost discretion. Not all seamstresses are of the female persuasion. For example, the Blue Cat Club is a dance and entertainment venue for those who prefer to enjoy the masculine form. Its proprietor, Mr Harris, even has a seat on the Seamstresses' Guild Council.

The widdershins edge of the Shades bumps right up against the River Ankh, and during the day dockwork is an expected sight. Much of the city's seafaring trade happens here, in fact. Perhaps also noteworthy, the meat-processing industry is also found here. It is gently encouraged that visitors not ask about any relationship between the two.

This is not to say that there is no such thing as a respectable, above-board business in the Shades. With the additional presence of the new City Watch (and some of its tougher members), safety is a little more assured these days. Still, it pays to keep moving and keep your hand on your purse.

* The oldest is actually the role of flint-knapper. A lot of embarrassing misunderstandings happen in Disc quarries due to this.

The Shades NPCs

Mrs Palm

(She/Her)

Full Name: Mrs Rosemary Palm

Species: Human Niche: Head of the Guild of Seamstresses

Features: No-nonsense chin;
Believes in Truth, Justice, Freedom and Reasonably-Priced Love;
Revolutionary when necessary.

Mannerism: Certain, confident, and looks you straight in the eye

The leader of the Guild of Seamstresses is also its founder, and is a formidable woman indeed. Rosemary Palm sits on the Patrician's Council with the other guild leaders, and has used her considerable power to ensure that all Ankh-Morpork's seamstresses have the safety and space to practise their needlework. Thanks to her tireless efforts, the city has taken an important step to becoming a place where life is just as hard for young, single women as it is for everybody else.

Story Prompt: Rosemary Palm has recently had a statue erected in the by the docks, and certain parts of it have already been burnished to a near-mirror shine. This annoys Mrs Palm, since the guild rules state: 'Feel the cloth, pay the seamstress', and she feels she's missing out on a revenue stream.



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The Agony Aunts

(She/Her)

Full Name: Dotsie' and Sadie'

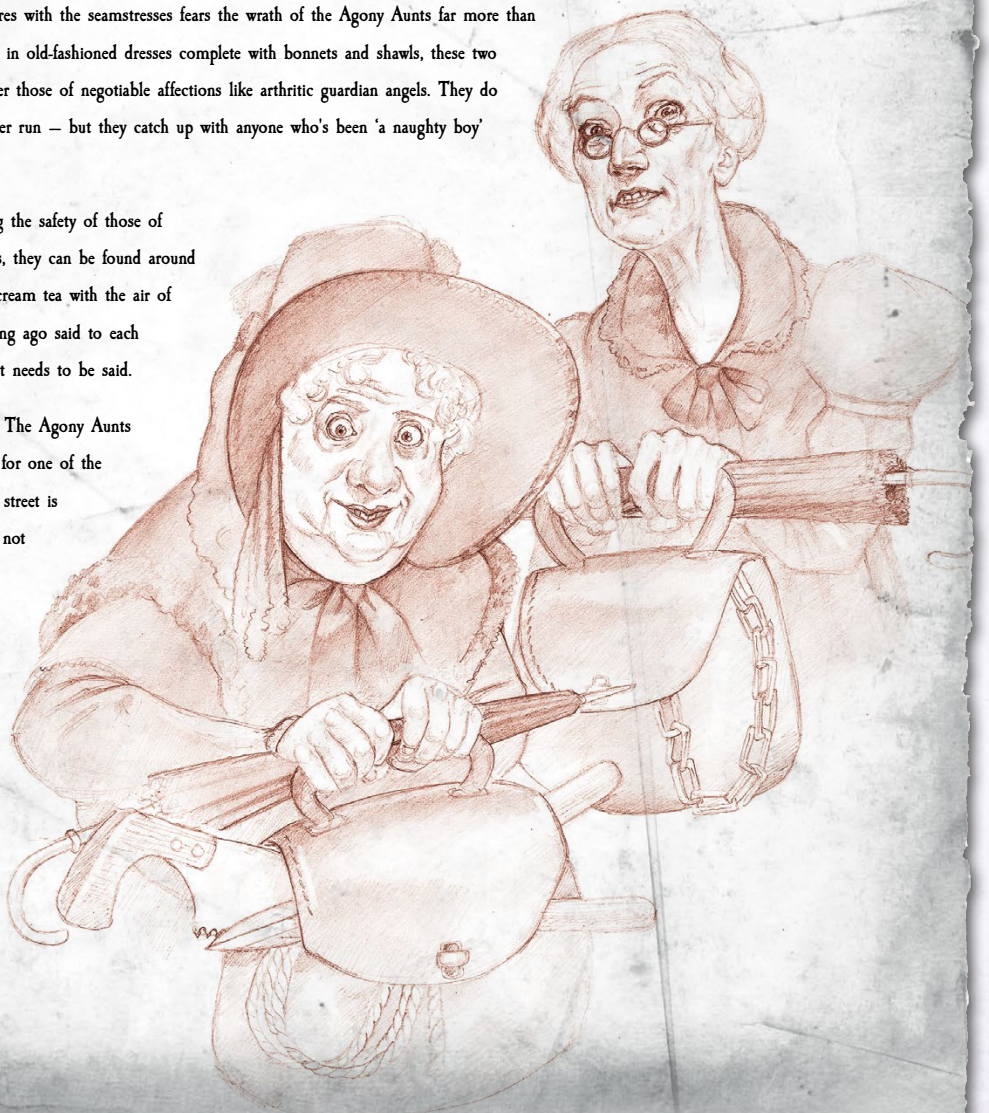
Species: Human Niche: The Agony Aunts

Features: Dotsie's handbag;
Sadie's umbrella;
A capacity for unspeakable violence.

Mannerism: Ends sentences with 'Dearie' and/or 'Kind sir/lady'

Anyone who interferes with the seamstresses fears the wrath of the Agony Aunts far more than the Watch. Dressed in old-fashioned dresses complete with bonnets and shawls, these two old ladies watch over those of negotiable affections like arthritic guardian angels. They do not run — they never run — but they catch up with anyone who's been 'a naughty boy' all the same.

When not enforcing the safety of those of negotiable affections, they can be found around the Shades taking cream tea with the air of people who have long ago said to each other everything that needs to be said.



Story Prompt: The Agony Aunts are on the lookout for one of the PCs. Word on the street is that payments were not made. Choose the PC least likely to be believed that it was a mistake, and have them accosted by the Agony Aunts.

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Mrs Cake

(She/Her)

Full Name: Mrs Evadne' Cake'

Species: Human Niche: S-mall -medium

Features: A spirit guide called One-Man-Bucket;
So religious she terrifies priests;
Sees clearer about 10 seconds in the future than she does in the present.

Mannerism: Answers questions before they've been asked

The living situation for many of Ankh-Morpork's citizens is complicated. This is more true than usual for those staying at Mrs Cake's boarding house. The house itself is an unassuming building, not too different from its neighbours on Elm Street save for the heavy curtains blocking every window. Its residents are another story. Zombies, werewolves, vampires, and all manner of bogeymen and women are among Mrs Cake's tenants.

Mrs Cake is kind and tolerant, providing discrete and polite services to her guests. She would be easier to talk to, it must be said, if she didn't so often slip into a state of minor precognition. It is disconcerting to try and hold a conversation with a woman who answers your questions before they have been asked.

Story Prompt: A group of children dared each other to sneak into Mrs Cake's 'House of Horrors' but one of them never returned. As it turns out, the missing child lost track of time listening to war stories from a vampire old enough to remember 'Vhen children vere real children'.



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Chrysoprase

(He/Him)

Full Name: Chrysoprase

Species: Troll Niche: Leader of the Breccia

Features: Charges an arm and a leg, literally;
Conscientious business troll;
A procurer of violence.

Mannerism: Speaks softly, the big stick is implied



Most cities have their fair share of people who've hit rock bottom, but Ankh-Morpork is the only one where rock bottom smiles and says 'You shouldn't have done that.' Chrysoprase is the *de facto* leader of the city's underground crime syndicate, the Breccia, and is a troll who thinks in the cruel little circles that humans shamefully think they are the masters of.

He is — and this is important — not a violent troll. A violent troll couldn't control the Breccia, because there would always be two more violent trolls out there. No, a dealmaker is what Chrysoprase is. He makes deals with people whom no-one else will deal with, and expects payment with interest.

Story Prompt: A friend of the PCs owes Chrysoprase a frankly ridiculous amount of money, and comes to a PC for help. The business troll would be more than willing to shift the debt, or waive it entirely, for *family*.

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Sator Square

Much like the Shades, Sator Square had its beginnings as a wizardly convenience. Once just a sad patch of land, the wizards encouraged traders to set up nearby so as to not have to make the ten-minute trudge to the Shades.

It seems to have worked out quite well for the traders, as they have grown the area into a busy mercantile district. Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler is often seen around here, peddling his famous sausages-inna-bun from the portable office around his neck.

Once a week, the Sator Market is built up, providing a fabulous array of purchasable presents and necessities the public never knew they needed. It always slows down foot traffic to the area, though, so Sergeant Colon or Corporal Nobbs of the Traffic Division keep careful watch over the proceedings.*

Sator Square is also famous for its dedication to free speech. Ranters, haranguers, or mumblers are all both welcome and freely encouraged to speak their minds. Vetinari employs several highly skilled Listeners just in case anyone happens to say something interesting.

The Unseen University's gates open right into the square, and once a year the entire student body gathers in the square. Following their tradition of the 'Poor Scholars', the faculty of the University then proceeds to pelt the students with stale bread to commemorate times past.

Sator Square is the easiest way to get into the Plaza of Broken Moons, the largest paved square in Ankh-Morpork. One does this by way of the Cham, a wide boulevard where ceremonial parades used to be held.



* Specifically over the food carts. Sampling 'evidence.' Just doing their job, ma'am.

Sator Square NPCs

Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler

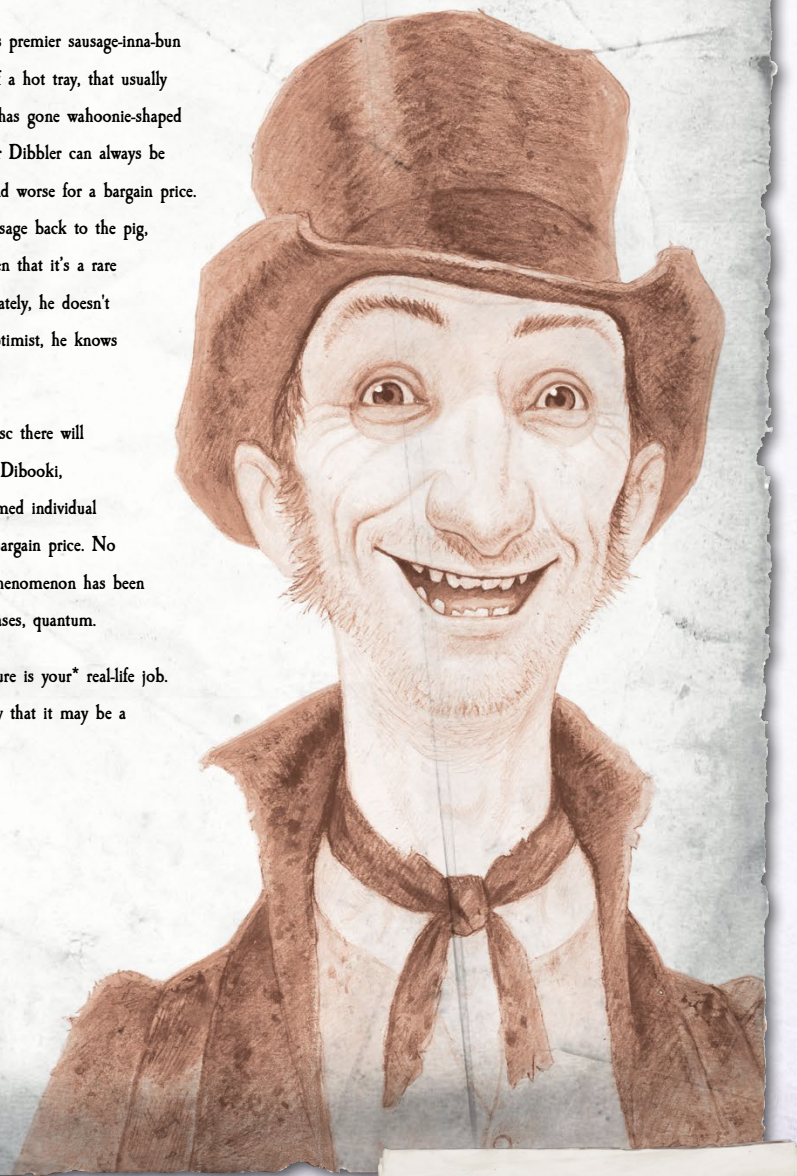
(He/Him)

Full Name: *Cut-Me-Own-Throat 'Throat' Dibbler*

Species: *Human* Niche: *C.M.O.T. Dibbler*

Features: *Ankh-Morpork's least successful businessman;*
Always where the crowds are;
Can sell the smell of sausage and the idea of bun.

Mannerism: *That's cutting me own throat!*



Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibber is Ankh-Morpork's premier sausage-inna-bun salesman. If you see him selling sausages out of a hot tray, that usually means one of his more enterprising enterprises has gone wahoonie-shaped again. A staple of Ankh-Morpork street life, Mr Dibbler can always be relied upon to provide heartburn, indigestion, and worse for a bargain price. He has the gift of the gab and could sell a sausage back to the pig, although 'back' might be the wrong choice, given that it's a rare Dibbler sausage that's ever seen pork. Unfortunately, he doesn't have the business sense to match. An eternal optimist, he knows that his next scheme will win big.

Incidentally, no matter where you are on the Disc there will always be a Dibbler, Al-Jiblah, Dblah, Dibhala, Dibooki, Dhiblang, Dlang Dlang, or some other such-named individual ready to sell you local not-quite-delicacies at a bargain price. No one is quite sure why this is, but this sort of phenomenon has been put down to narrative causality or, in extreme cases, quantum.

Story Prompt: Dibbler's new business venture is your* real-life job. It is not going well, in fact, it is going so badly that it may be a threat to reality.

* *Yes, you reading this.*

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Lu-Tze

(He/Him)



Full Name: Lu-Tze 'Sweeper'

Species: Human Niche: History Monk

Features: History finds a way;
Useful lies are as good as complicated truths;
A master of Déjà fu.

Mannerism: When in doubt, quote Mrs Cosmopolite

Originating from a monastery nestled among the snow-tipped Ramtops, Lu-Tze is a smiling, bald man with a broomstick. He is frail, short-sighted, and perhaps a little bit senile – and, therefore, one of the most dangerous opponents on the Disc. As Lu-Tze himself is fond of saying: 'Do not act incautiously when confronting little bald wrinkly smiling men.' It never ends well.

Lu-Tze is a master of the way of Mrs Cosmopolite. The woman herself considers Lu-Tze and the History Monks as a nuisance, but will sometimes impart some of her great wisdom onto them, and thus another Koan is born. If you need to quote one of the many sayings of Mrs Cosmopolite, pick or roll on the table below.

d20	*IS IT NOT WRITTEN...*	d20	*IS IT NOT WRITTEN...*
1	*It's amazing what you see if you keep your eyes open.*	11	*If you don't stop crying I'll give you something to cry about.*
2	*I'd forget my own head if it wasn't nailed on.*	12	*You could knock me down with a feather.*
3	*It never rains but it pours.*	13	*If I've told you once, I've told you a million times.*
4	*A little soap and water never killed anyone.*	14	*You've got to learn to walk before you can run.*
5	*I have only one pair of hands.*	15	*A penny saved is a penny earned.*
6	*There's a lot goes on we don't get told.*	16	*I haven't got all day, you know.*
7	*Do unto otters as you would have them do unto you.*	17	*Enough is enough.*
8	*I'll treat you like an adult when you start acting like one.*	18	*If the wind changes, your face will stay like that.*
9	*Seeing is believing.*	19	*Don't put that in your mouth, you don't know where it's been.*
10	*A washed pot never boils.*	20	*There is no time like the present.*

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Gaspode

(He/Him)

Full Name: Gaspode

Species: Dog Niche: Thinking-brain dog

Features: Has every disease a dog can get, and a few only found in sheep;
Can speak, even if people don't really hear him;
Always knows where to beg a 'good' meal.

Mannerism: Says 'woof' instead of barking



Gaspode is a small mongrel whose ancestry contains some spaniel and a whole lot of mutt. He doesn't look like he can talk, but definitely looks like he can swear. The only talking dog in the city, he's a streetwise survivor, usually found hanging around with Foul Ole Ron and the Canting Crew, where he fulfils the role of thinking brain dog.

Despite never missing an opportunity to have someone else's dinner, and having every doggy disease under the sun, he nevertheless has always considered himself to be a good dog. Well, at least not a *bad* dog. The first thought anyone who hears him speak has is 'Dogs can't talk', which is usually immediately followed by 'That nice little doggy looks like he could use a good steak'.'

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Foul Ole Ron

(He/Him)

Full Name: Foul Ole' Ron

Species: Human Niche: Bugrit!

Features: Smells like Foul Ole Ron;
Millennium hand and shrimp;
Bugrit!

Mannerism: Constantly muttering and gesticulating wildly to no one in particular



A shuffling pile of ill-mannered rags, Foul Ole Ron is Ankh-Morpork's most celebrated beggar* and a talented expectorator. Despite his position in life, he seems quite happy with his lot. You see a lot, living on the streets of the city, and Foul Ole Ron can usually be found at the sidelines of any event, mumbling and making a nuisance of himself until someone pays him to go away.

Story Prompt: Foul Ole Ron's Smell has taken to leaving him during the night in order to moonlight as a paintstripper.

* Though most of the celebrating happens once he's left.

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The Smell of Foul Ole Ron

(He/Him)

Full Name: The Smell of Foul Ole Ron

Species: Not known to man nor beast Niche: Announcer of Foul Ole Ron

Features: Not always found in the same place as Foul Ole Ron,
but always found where he's been;
Surprisingly more communicative than Foul Ole Ron;
Can outsmell the River Ankh on a hot summer's day.

Mannerism: Actually, best not to act this one out

One cannot talk about Foul Ole Ron without mentioning his Smell — usually in a strained voice. From a distance, the Smell is curious, in the way that a rapidly approaching headlamp is curious. Some smells make the eyes water, Foul Ole Ron's Smell co-opts every sense simultaneously: it makes the skin water, while the eyes have long since moved on to steam.

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William de Worde

(He/Him)

Full Name: William de' Worde'

Species: Human Niche: Co-Founder of the Times

Features: The right word in the right place;
Refuses to tell lies, mostly;
Always looking for the next story.

Mannerism: Jots everything down in his notebook

William de Worde is a born muckraker. Unfortunately for him, he was born far away from honest muck, so he has to make do with words instead. He has a love for words and reading that is only matched by his tenacity in following a story. He is the founder of journalism in Ankh-Morpork and the inventor of freedom of the press. Vetinari tolerates this as he has no issue with people annoying him, just as long as they annoy other people more, and Mr de Worde's dogged determination makes certain this is the case.

Whether usual or unusual, if there's news happening, William will be there with notebook in hand. He will jot down everything that happened, and everyone who was involved's name, age, and abode.

Story Prompt: William needs someone to tell him, in their own words, what *exactly* is going on. If the party give him a good-enough story, he'll be able to give them a new perspective on how to achieve their goal.

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Sacharissa Cripslock

(She/Her)

Full Name: Sacharissa cripslock

Species: Human Niche: Head Reporter of the Times

Features: Writes everything down;
Good looking, if considered over several centuries;
Thinks in headlines.

Mannerism: 'Can I quote you on that?'

Sacharissa's eyes, ears, and chin have all been fashionable in different centuries. Her other assets are always fashionable no matter the time period, and her tendency to wear severe old-fashioned dresses does not, as she believes, lessen her natural charms. Her charms seem to work especially well on young men, who are always happy to tell her things. This latter fact combined with her skill at reporting and ability to think in headlines has made her an exemplary reporter for the *Times*. She and William de Worde can always be found looking for the next story to feed the ever-hungry press.

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The Mended Drum

There are plenty of public houses throughout Ankh-Morpork, but none so famous as the Mended Drum. Originally called the Broken Drum (because it cannot be beat), it was a much-beloved and reputably disreputable tavern. It still is, but the name has changed. Now it's the Mended Drum, though most people still just call it 'the Drum'.

The now-legendary inn is on Filigree Street at Short Street. One can recognise it by the sign above the door with the poorly-drawn drum on it. The front is guarded at all times by a trollish splatter (like a bouncer, but with more force), while the back rests snug against the river.

One doesn't come to the Drum for its drinks. The beer here tastes only slightly better than the river itself, and is more on loan than bought. No, one comes here to *take it all in*. It's like a donkey cart accident one can't look away from.

Once they realised just how famous the tavern was, the owners went to great lengths to recreate and then maintain the original patina of dirt, soot, and other strange substances on the walls and floor. The rushes are freshly pre-rotted, too!

The main room is dimly lit and noisy with chatter and the occasional smashed glass. All the walls are stained with smoke and a haze lingers in the air as though afraid to touch anything. Beneath the rushes one catches the scurry of beetles. Best not disturb them — they might be keeping something far worse out.

The entire place is filled with cheap furniture that often needs to be replaced after the night's brawling is done. While brawl casualties are high, they are never inflicted vindictively. There's a rough-and-tumble kind of respect here, and most murders only happen in an easygoing way as between equals. In fact, a young woman might happily enjoy a safe evening in here by herself without being manhandled (unless that was her aim). A child could, theoretically, come in for a glass of juice and leave with no more than a pat on the head, a full stomach, and a noticeably expanded vocabulary.

It should be noted that these days there is often an Igor onsite to help reattach any missing body parts at the end of a fight. Don't mistake the new assistance as an indicator of lessened danger, though. This place is as rough as it ever was.*

The nightly brawls aren't the only draw. It's been said that if you stay there long enough, every mighty hero on the Disc will eventually pass through and steal your horse.

Management has also tried bringing in new contraptions in the form of water-driven pub games. The first one, a trivia game, ended up being removed after Captain Carrot of the City Watch started adding questions that led to some arrests — and thus fewer clients to spend their liquid assets. The current machine is a game called 'Barbarian Invaders', a simple shooting game that is the current favourite of the Librarian. On nights he visits, hide your peanuts and don't expect to get a single play in.

* And the fights as spectacularly choreographed. Amateur theatre eat your heart out.




DICO
DICO
DICO

The Guilds of Ankh-Morpork

Guilds, it is said, keep the Disc aloft. They provide tutelage, training and prestige. When one hires a guild member, one can rest in peace knowing that they are representative of the finest skills in their chosen field.

Guilds are everywhere in Ankh-Morpork. At last count, there were over three hundred of them inside the city walls. The number of their members range dramatically; the largest known guild is the Thieves' Guild, while the smallest is the Guild of C.M.O.T. Dibblers, with a membership of one.*

These days, the Patrician keeps a tight set of rules when it comes to guilds: all current guilds in the city have to be registered with his offices and must regulate their own members, and most take pride in such regulation and enforcement of rules. Some are so invested in their members that if you pay the appropriate tuition, they practically raise you, teach you to survive, and see you safely through your life until its inevitable end (that part happens a lot with the Assassins' Guild). It should also be noted that many schools and most of the hospices around the city are guild-run institutions.

Lord Vetinari is something of a genius, and that might not all be attributed to his upbringing in the Assassins' Guild (though they'd insist otherwise). In forcing the guilds to all register and police their own members, he has cut crime down by leaps and bounds. The Thieves' Guild now works to a schedule and has a set number of times a person may be accosted, mugged or otherwise thiefified. They are even kind enough to implement package pricing for the discerning victim.

What's more, Vetinari has played the guilds off of each other just enough so that they all distrust and dislike him, but not enough to pay the Assassins' Guild to remove him. He carefully keeps this balance, making sure the guilds and special interests hate each other more than they hate him. It gives the city stability, even if it is by tension.

Guild leaders not only police their members, but they help turn their professions into honourable ones. Working is a privilege often overseen by the guilds, with non-members often liable to be captured and punished for their noncompliance/nonmembership. This is especially true for organised crime guilds. Unlicensed thieves and assassins are likely never to be heard of again should they be caught. With the guilds self-policing, they ensure that clients enjoy a fully trained and professional experience — as well as maintaining the right to charge a hefty fee for it.

While the Patrician is the unquestioned ruler of Ankh-Morpork, he makes the point of holding regular meetings with guild leaders. These meetings are often held in the Rats Chamber where the not-so-subtle power play can be enjoyed in full over the head of the mid-table axe.



* Dibbler found a loophole in an ancient law to allow himself to become his own guild. Those laws have since been aggressively changed.

The Fools' Guild

At the corner of God Street and Widdershins Broadway sits one of the most flamboyant guild-houses in Ankh-Morpork. It is known for its famous Red Nose, striped canvas, and a door knocker shaped like a lady's, well, top. *Ahem*. The Fools' Guild never misses a chance for a pun. Mind the bucket perched atop the door; you never know when they forgot to unhook it. Or what, precisely, it's filled with.

Within its ringed offices, Fools hone their skills and learn their tricks under the careful tutelage of the Cloistered Clowns. The Cloister guides their charges throughout their schooling journey from Muggins and Gulls, to Dupes and Butts until they can be called a true Fool. The ambitious Fool may then continue their studies, advancing through the ranks of Tomfool, Stupid Fool, and even Arch Fool. Only the most skilled and dedicated guild members get to become a Complete Fool.

The heart of the guild is the Hall of Faces. To a visitor, it's just a fancy hall containing blown eggs on which are recorded the make-up of every Fools' Guild member, with notes on their dress, special routines, and so on. It is far more than this, though — it is the central registry of the entire guild. A clown's Face is his fortune, and only in very special circumstances may a Fool wear the Face of another.*

The Fools' Guild is policed by the Jolly Good Pals, known as the Bloody Fools. Captain Billy 'Clapstick Jack' Nodger and his men patrol the guild and places of entertainment. Transgressions of Fool Policy are dealt with in immediately amusing ways (at least to bystanders).

The guild has had such a grand influence on the branches of Foolery that there are very few places in the world that do not have graduates from Ankh-Morpork. Because of this, some speculate the Fools' Guild may be little more than a cover for skilled spycraft, collecting intelligence and sending it secretly back to the Guild Master, Doctor Whiteface.

Of course, everyone knows that the guild's vast wealth comes purely from *prowess with the custard pie, control of expenditure, and other Foolish activities*. Doctor Whiteface is no more than a hard-working administrator and certainly NOT the cruel and devious international manipulator that *unsubstantiated rumour* makes him out to be. Anyone suggesting otherwise can expect a visit from the Jolly Good Pals in *very short order.*

Knock 'Em Dead: The Secret Art Of Sloshi

In the average clowning routine, underneath the floppy-footed dancing and balloon-blowing foolery is carefully-moderated, insane violence.

Sloshi *is all the clowning with none of the moderation. It is a martial art. Guild battalions have famously taken up defence of Ankh-Morpork in the past. Their enemies literally died laughing.*

* Doctor Whiteface, for example, has been the head of the Fools' Guild for well over 300 years. The men behind the make-up come and go, but there will ALWAYS be a Doctor Whiteface.

The Assassins' Guild

Easily the most stylish guild in Ankh-Morpork, the Assassins' Guild also has the tremendous honour of excellence in education. A good assassin needs to be able to fit in everywhere. Such a high-quality education is offered here that many wealthy families pay to have their children taught within. Anyone inhumed by a graduate of the guild school may go to their rest assured that they've been annulled by someone of taste and discretion, and potentially also a social equal.

The guild boasts the largest library in the city outside the Unseen University. Their teaching facilities extend five storeys high, excluding basements, dormer levels, and lofts. A lot of the grounds are off-limits to students, but no one became a great assassin by always obeying the rules. Of course, no one ever became a great assassin by disobeying and getting caught, either.

Located in Filigree Street, this tall and airy building is a sharp contrast to its direct neighbour, the Fools' Guild. One of these places is pleasant, with students laughing, halls alive with the quiet activity of people working hard in a job they love, with graduates who are often welcome at any party. The other is the Fools' Guild.

The gates of the Assassins' Guild never shut, for Death is open for business all the time.*

The guild salute is the thumb pressed against the first two fingers of the right hand, rubbed gently in the universal sign of a person expecting payment. This is because assassins have a great regard for human life and therefore charge exorbitant rates for taking it away. Killing for any other reason is a horrible violation of guild rules and will earn an appropriately fatal punishment.

Finally, one cannot mention the Assassins' Guild without discussing their finery. There is a good reason they are hailed as the most stylish. The first- and second-year students are made to wear functional, if foolish-looking, uniforms so as to encourage them to succeed quickly in their studies and 'take dark' at their earliest opportunity. Once students take dark, they are expected to dress fashionably, all the while eschewing bright colours and keeping the guild's crest on their lapels.



* Also because the hinges rusted centuries ago.

The Beggars' Guild

The Beggars' Guild is the oldest guild in Ankh-Morpork — and also the richest, as its members never buy anything they can instead beg. The job predates any formalised guild system and boasts a class structure and hierarchy all its own. Duties are carefully organised, compartmentalised, and distributed, and those boundaries are strictly enforced. Patrols and shifts are arranged to ensure proper distribution of members among the city streets.

Queen Molly is the current Chair of the Beggars Council and the head of the guild itself. She oversees the many classes of beggars, including and not limited to: Twitchers, Droolers, Dribblers, Mumblers, Mutterers, Walking-Along-Shouters, Demanders of a Chip, People Who Call Other People Jimmy, People Who Need Tuppence for a Cup of Tea, People Who Need Eightpence For A Meal, People With Placards Saying 'Why Lie? I Need a Beer' and Foul Ole Ron, in a class by himself because no one will share it with him.

Much like the Thieves' Guild accepting payments to guarantee a set number of appearances throughout the year, the Beggars' Guild also accepts payments. It is 'protection' of a different sort, though: one pays the guild to ensure their beggars do not appear at special social functions.

The most important rule of beggary is this: no guild member is to provide any kind of service or reward except to the extent that the donor may feel themselves to be a better person for donating. Doing anything for the money except asking for it is grounds for punishment. All money made must be done so through begging or the aforementioned not begging (i.e. being paid to not be somewhere important).

The Seamstresses' Guild

One of the youngest guilds in the city, the Seamstresses' Guild is not, as one might think, a collection of female tailors and needleworkers. No, instead, the guild is there to support ladies of, shall we say, negotiable affection. The term 'seamstress' seems to have been the preferred term to what otherwise might be used.

The Seamstresses' Guild House is located in Sheer Street, headed by Mrs Rosemary Palm, and its sole function is as an administrative centre. As any, *hem-hem*, seamstress might share, a lot of the training is on-the-job, so there is no formalised school for this profession. Likewise, they have very few universal laws. They do, however, maintain acceptable standards of behaviour. They also concern themselves with very particular and specialised areas of preventative medicine and, as it happens, investment finance.

The City Watch does not involve themselves with guild matters except by explicit invitation or evidence of serious crime. The day-to-day handling of security in salons, houses of negotiable affection, hot baths, and so on is left to the guild's members. If someone's been horrid, though, they skip the trolls and summon the Agony Aunts. Dotsie and Sadie are the guild enforcers, and they take their job of protecting members very seriously. If lucky, an offender just wakes up naked and covered in turpentine in the middle of the street. If they are unlucky…well, killing someone is only about halfway up the Agony Aunts' list of punishments. Happily, their services are seldom required these days.

The Thieves' Guild

The largest guild in the city is, of course, the Guild of Thieves, Burglars and Allied Trades, simplified into 'the Thieves' Guild'. It is still young, but also notably respectable. With the guild policing itself, it could be argued that they are the largest law enforcement organisation in Ankh-Morpork.

The current system, set into place by the Patrician, saves money, effort and time for all involved. It even enables thieves to plan their own career structure without worrying about joblessness. Each year, the guild is given an annual quota which is considered a socially acceptable level of thefts and muggings. In return, it ensures that unofficial crime is internally punished.

Guild leaders plan entrance examinations and enact codes of conduct quite similar to other professions. They have their own annual budget, licensure, and allowances that make sure guild members can make reasonable livings and that no one citizen is targeted too many times. It even works out well for the citizenry: thieves are required, much like assassins, to leave a receipt at the time of transaction. This receipt grants the owner a reduction in their personal taxes, as they have contributed to the betterment of society.

The guild is proud of the skills taught to its members. They are trained to cause maximum unconsciousness with minimum damage. A guild-sanctioned mugger gently cushions the client's head as they fall to the ground, and the client's purse, wallet, or bag is assured prompt delivery to their address (less the agreed-upon guild fees).

The Thieves' Guild House is the formerly derelict Court House on the corner of the Street of Alchemists and Lower Broadway. The entrance is kept as it was during its operational days; the front is, accurately, a front.

The main hall of the guild house is three storeys high and is used for exams and fancier occasions like balls or banquets. The rest of it seems typical as far as guild buildings go, with offices, dorms and storerooms.

The true centre of the guild, both socially and politically, is the Thieves' Kitchen. It is a windowed and multi-chimneyed place where the Schools of Theft may be learned. Each room within the Kitchen is its own lecture hall, where the finer points of Burglary, Cutpursing, Pick Pocketing, Robbery, and Language may be discussed.

And then there are the practical science laboratories. Here, climbing walls are draped with ivy or dotted with drainpipes. Some even come without the surprise spikes! Fake windows are set up in a multitude of styles, and sample doors have locks and traps meant to keep training hands busy. They even create street scenes with dummies set up as passersby, some equipped with booby-trapped pockets to teach the young cutpurse what to watch for. Testing days are a treat — for the teachers, anyway.



Adventures in

Adventures in Ankh-Morpork

In this section, you will find three adventures to get you started with your, ah, *adventuring*. Each of these adventures focuses on a different major group within Ankh-Morpork: the Thieves' Guild, the wizards of the Unseen University, and the Watch.

These have been written with the intent of being easy-to-pick-up-and-play adventures, requiring minimal prep time from the gamemaster (GM), and encouraging good roleplay, fun, and silliness all round. If you're planning on playing these adventures and you're not the GM, we highly encourage you to stop reading now. While they will still be enjoyable with you knowing what's coming, they'll be much more fun if you have no idea what the GM is about to throw at you.

That said, do what you like if you really must. We're an introduction, not a Watchman.



Not-So-Grand Larceny

By Ben Maunder

Introduction

Not-So-Grand Larceny is an adventure revolving around the Thieves' Guild and their attempts to rightfully burgle a fistful of diamonds from someone a touch overdue on their protection payments. Normally, we would warn players to stop reading here; however, if anything, it's oddly appropriate to 'borrow' this adventure before playing and pretend it's all a surprise — that's what any proper thief would do.

Recommended Reading

Men at Arms
Feet of Clay
The Truth

Who Are We Playing As?

This adventure is themed towards being played as a Thieves' Guild party. We encourage you to build a Thieves' Guild party using the rules on p. 80, or alternatively, use the Thieves' Guild pre-generated characters on p. 94.

Getting Started

As you're holding the ***Core Rulebook***, **Not-So-Grand Larceny** assumes you have read the rules so far. As you prepare, keep in mind that this adventure doesn't just involve the Thieves Guild — though the player characters (PCs) actively work for it.

Once you are ready, head to the read-aloud text overleaf and jump into the game.

Motive

There is a simple drive to this adventure: money. Everyone wants it, even those who have loads of it are driven to collect more. This adventure is all about that fact. A merchant of 'repute', Vortin (of Vortin's Diamond Warehouse) has fallen behind on his payments to the Thieves' Guild — who aren't particularly known for their forgiving nature. As such, the players' characters are sent off to pop by Vortin's to steal back just enough to make a point.

Adventure Overview

Our characters begin in the Thieves' Guild offices, being given their orders. They'll then head off to the ever-vibrant streets of the Shades, wherein they will make their way to Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, pilfer their profits, and head on home — nice and easy like.

However, clerical errors being what they are, their main point of conflict* will be the **other** team of Thieves sent to carry out the exact same job. Both the PCs and the other team have quotas to hit, so professional courtesy should neither be expected nor extended.

Key Locations

As described above, this adventure should** take the players to the following locations:

- *The Thieves' Guilds Office of Pilfering, Purloining, and Profiteering*
- *Pearl Dock*
- *Vortin's Diamond Warehouse*
- *Cockbill Street*



The Mark

Vortin, of Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, after one too many years of paying for Thieves' Guild protection, has put work into separating himself from their grasp — hiring a large team of troll security 'experts' to do so. None too impressed with this, the Thieves' Guild is more than happy to send out a team to remind Mr Vortin that they get their cut one way or the other.

* Barring the small troll security team inside the warehouse.

** In the same way a bowling ball **should** go straight down the middle of the lane and hit all the pins.

The Set-up

Read Aloud

The Office of Pilfering, Purloining, and Profiteering is, as always, busy. A steady stream of paperwork that would make even the most seasoned bureaucrat blush is chaotically arrayed between stacks of makeshift desks, ledgers, and piles of loot wrapped in burlap sacks marked in the traditional manner.***

As part of the Thieves' Guild's further education programme, many licensed ne'er-do-wells-to-be work alongside Evasion Officers who are tasked to check in on those citizens of Ankh-Morpork who have let their Guild dues slip between the cracks. Today, you have been issued just such a task — picking up your work orders from Timmy 'the Glass' Torrund.

As you make your way through the bustling office, your ears are assailed with the sounds of fellow guilders shouting out to one another — mostly boasts, occasionally insults, never compliments. The air smells faintly of ink, and overwhelmingly of sweat mixed with cheap tobacco. Timmy sits at the far end of the hall, relegated to one of the corners where those behind on their quotas lurk to avoid notice.



* The true villains of most stories.

** Enormous $ signs with 'SWAG' written across them.

The Office of Pilfering, Purloining, and Profiteering

Busy afternoon; oddly bureaucratic for a bunch of thieves; definitely more money than sense.

What's Happening Here?

Timmy 'the Glass' Torrund is an Evasion Officer, but not a good one. A big job has come across his desk and he needs some fresh blood willing to potentially take a beating to make sure that said job gets done. And make sure he gets the credit.

This office is the beating heart of the Thieves Guild's collections agency, where every debt owed and theft to be made is tracked and catalogued. It's also where the Evasion Officers organise exactly which legs need breaking to ensure that fees get paid on time. Timmy 'the Glass' Torrund has called the characters here to pass them the Bill of Collection on Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, eagerly informing them to head out and collect the Thieves' Guild's due. The exact specifics of the job are listed on the bill, which Timmy has looked at numerous times, and added what he believes to be a very helpful note to. Beyond this, Timmy isn't too up to date on the specifics of the world beyond his desk, and can't offer any more aid than directions. He will, however, repeatedly remind the PCs how, if he were younger, he'd do the whole thing himself, and definitely wouldn't need help.

If pushed for information, Timmy will tell the PCs that all they need is on the bill. And if that's not enough, then they clearly can't read.* Additionally, he'll point out that as official Thieves' Guild work, he would expect the PCs to don the appropriate uniform, i.e. stripy black-and-white jumpers, flat caps and a SWAG bag — all of which they can pick up before leaving. Doing so is not just good process, but it just feels *lucky*.

Once the characters have read over the Bill of Collection, and asked any questions they feel may (or may not) be important, end the scene as they make their way to Pearl Dock or the Fish Market.

Timmy 'The Glass' Torrund

(He/Him)

Full Name: Timmy 'The' Glass' Torrund

Species: Human Niche: Evasion Officer

Features: Overworked, and, in his mind, underpaid;
Incredibly poor eyesight;
Memory ain't what it used to be.

Mannerism: Acts like he's the smartest person in the room,
despite being definitively not

Timmy has been given the scoop on Vortin's fee dodging, and is eager to get someone on the case to slap a win in his column. Sadly, he's not only eager, he's also overloaded on caffeine and underloaded on sleep — meaning he's completely forgotten about the team he sent to deal with the issue earlier in the day.

* Just like Timmy.

Bill of Collection

Bill of Collection

ACVTVS ID VERBERAT

The Ankh-Morpork Guild of Thieves

Department of Evasion and Collection
Your Caring Professional Wealth Re-Allocators

This writ both orders and acts as approval of the breaking in/robbing/just re-allocation of goods/forceful collection of goods

from Vortin *of* Vortin's Diamond Warehouse

The person/people/other in question is to be relieved of

at least; one Bronze Plaque of Guild Protection,
a fistful of diamonds and the kitchen sink.

in accordance with the Guild regulations, due to

A bunch of missing payments

FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY

This writ is to be completed as soon as possible, with all goods to be passed to the Department of Evasion and Collections for cataloguing, processing, and use.

He's in Pearl Docle, 'cross from the Fish Market

Signed by 'Flannelfoot' Boggis (signed, not read)



The Mistake

Timmy is many things, most of them forgetful, which hasn't helped his slow decline into the bad books at work. Most days, he'll forget what he's eaten, whilst eating it, and today his memory has failed so magnificently that he has forgotten that he dispatched 'Greasy' Gurty and her crew to carry out the Vortin job earlier that day. Gurty and co. have already made their way to the Fish Market. You'll find more information on her and her team on p. 170.

Pearl Dock

Large dock basin; a fishy odour that will never clean off; full to the brim with people.

What's Happening Here?

With the weekly Fish Market in full swing, Pearl Dock is overflowing with busy people both buying and selling oceanic produce. Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, as well as many other businesses not likely important to the PCs, close their doors during the market to avoid the smell. Most traders here visit the dock each week, and a few of them even pay attention — some having seen the changes around Vortin's. 'Greasy' Gurty and co. have already passed through, picked up a little information, and moved to break into the warehouse. The PCs may choose to try and poke around a bit, or simply blunder forward to the warehouse.

Pearl Dock sits comfortably at the end of Cockbill Street,* a large basin that extends into the River Ankh, sitting comfortably beside its crust as the water slowly crawls by. Today, the dock has opened its proverbial doors to the weekly Fish Market — which hosts fishermen who work a safe distance from the Ankh itself** and the spoils of their week. Dozens of stalls and triple that number of stacked barrels and open-decked boats fill the space, with all the goods one can drag out from silt-mudded waters on display. These 'goods' are as varied as the people who peddle them: three-eyed Morporkian trout sharing space with those things that slip off the back of trawlers, and aren't good enough to consider going back for. The Fish Market is also situated mere feet from the doors of Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, which appropriately closes said doors, windows and any other entrance that may allow the fishy stink to waft inside. Despite the care given to keep the smell off of the merchandise, the same luxury has not been extended to the troll guard standing at the front door, who clearly has mixed feelings about his placement there.

Pearl Dock, Fish Market

People as fishy as their wares; more accents than you can shake a haddock at

The Fish Market stretches across Pearl Dock like feathers on an albatross, filling every space that can be filled, and a few that can't. Here, PCs looking for the lay of the land can ask around for information. If they do, roll a d6 and consult the table opposite. However, in such a bustling place the chances of meeting the same person twice are *ludicrously unlikely*.



* A rather lovely looking place, lots of white-painted walls, a seemingly eternal hopscotch court, and the politest thugs you'll find this close to the Rim.

** Fishing in the Ankh itself isn't the best plan. You might catch something.

Chance Meetings at the Market

d6

	Chance Meeting
1	**Cpl Nobby Nobbs**: Prowling about the Fish Market on 'Oh-ficcial Watch business', Nobbs is looking for a few cheap cuts to pad out his dinner. If offered significant financial leverage, Nobbs would happily ensure that the Watch ignore any complaints from Vortin for a day or two.*
2	**Davy John**: Of Davy John's Deep Diving Services, this zombified mariner peddles numerous bits and pieces he finds during his evening strolls at the bottom of various rivers. He used to sell no small number of thrown-away wedding rings** to Vortin, but complains to anyone who cares to listen that Vortin has stopped needing his 'cast offs' recently.
3	**Cobbles**: A distressed troll making their way through the market, their clear irritation rapidly becoming everyone else's problem. Their partner has been working excessively long hours and missed their last rendezvous — with Cobbles having been told to 'bog off' when seen poking around the back entrance of Vortin's. Though they are very happy to report that, at the least, they managed to break a window before leaving — hopefully reminding their partner of their displeasure.
4	**A rather 'andsome dog**: A scruffy, but rather 'andsome dog is sniffing around a few of the more pungent stalls, begging for scraps. So far, his efforts haven't been overly successful, but should the PCs break and hand over anything to eat, the dog will happily make its way back to its den — which happens to be a small alcove to the side of Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, where the wall is so uncared for that it would take little encouragement to break.
5	**Mr Cue**: Vortin's assistant, Mr Cue, is in the market to pick up his boss's lunch, a sardine sarnie. However, the market is incredibly busy and Mr Cue is not fond of physical contact — meaning he's taking longer than usual. He's carrying the Diamond Warehouse keys on a long chain linked to his waistcoat.
6	**'Greasy' Pete**: One of 'Greasy' Gurty's lads, Pete has been placed in the market A) to keep an eye out for trouble, and B) because he annoyed his boss with his incessant chatter. If a PC spots Pete, or he spots them, he'll happily spill the beans on what he and his crew are up to — and how his boss is already in the Diamond Warehouse, and how they got in through the roof without anyone noticing. If pressed, he is all too eager to talk to like-minded fellows, and will happily discuss how there's a huge bonus on the cards for whomever turns the job in. A fact Timmy neglected to mention, should any PC care to think back that far.

Consequences

Thieves Thieving: An overconfident tough from Cockbill Street has made their way into the Fish Market, seemingly with the express aim of borrowing something from a PC's pockets.

A Smell: Nothing gets the smell of a barrel of rotten herring out. A PC learns this intimately as someone accidentally drops one on them.

Rumbled: Mr Cue, on his sandwich sojourn, spots the PCs and rapidly deduces that they're probably here to collect — he rushes back to the warehouse to let everyone know.

In addition, PCs can find an almost limitless amount of nautical gear dotted around the market — though most of it will either be rusted, beaten up, or of otherwise questionable quality.



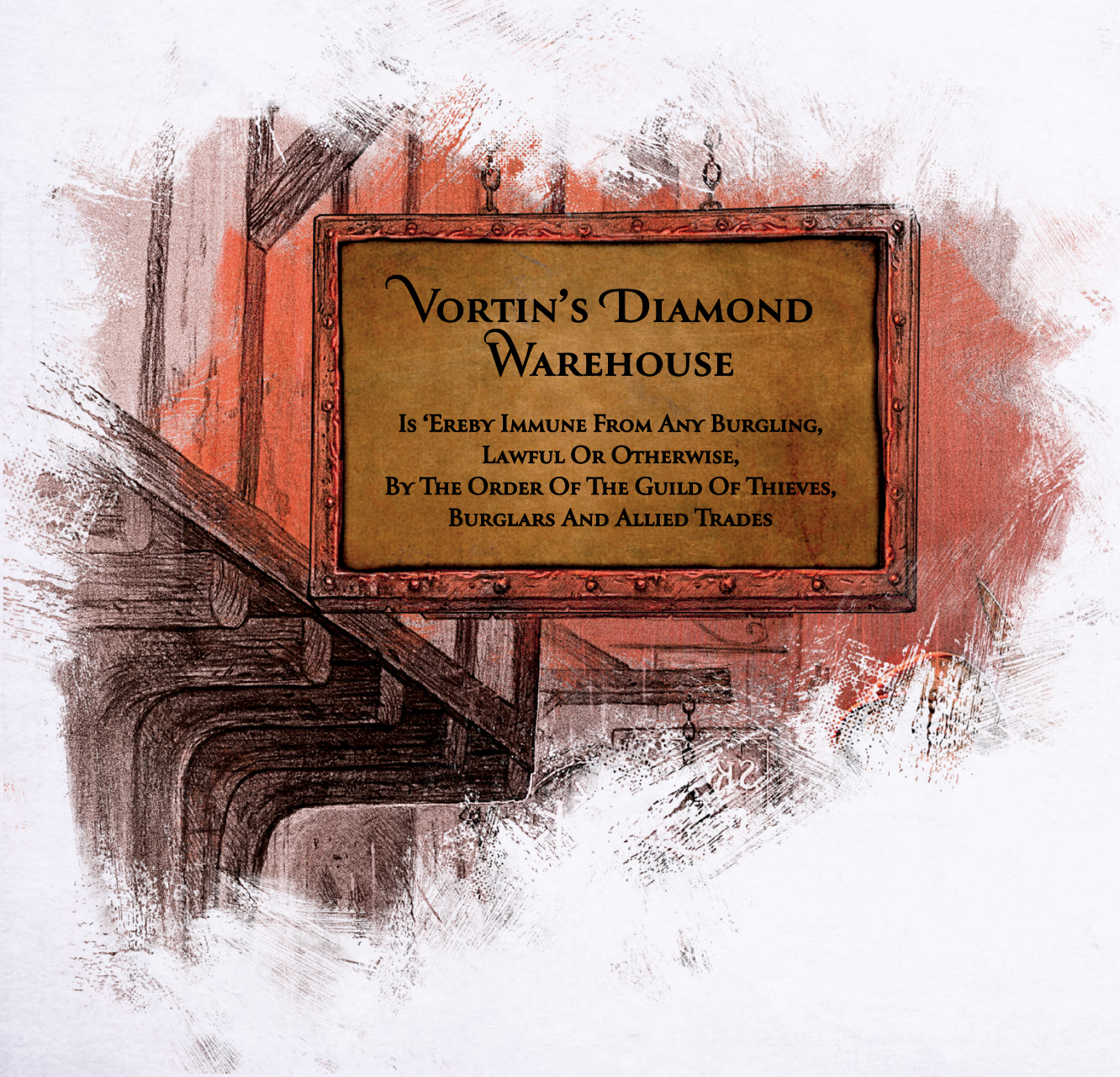
* Not that the Watch would get involved in the first place, this being official Thieves' Guild business and all, but Nobby is counting on the PCs forgetting that.

** He does observe that the bottom of rivers and lakes seems to have an almost magnetic effect on discarded wedding rings, as well as teeth, bones, and very heavy shoes.

Pearl Dock, Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, Exterior

Kinda-sorta locked up, less cared for than it should be, broken into.

Vortin's Diamond Warehouse has been in Ankh-Morpork for years, and it shows. Cracked brickwork, locked-up windows, and a rather unhappy troll slumped at the front door paint a picture of time, and lack of care. The troll at the door is known as Chip, predominantly for the permanent one on his shoulder. Above Chip, displayed for all to see above the main entranceway, is a bronze plaque that proclaims that



This plaque is, of course, now factually incorrect.



Chip

Full Name: Chip (He/Him)

Species: Troll Niche: Security guard

Features: A chip on his shoulder, literally and figuratively;
Bored, excessively so;
Exceptionally well-kept teeth.

Mannerism: As brusque and blunt as the stone of his body

Chip was recently 'promoted' to Lead Door Guard, thanks to his prodigious bulk and ability to stand in place without moving for a long period of time. Chip, whilst happy with the extra pay, is incredibly bored. One of the big downsides of looking very scary is that not a lot of people pick fights, even when you'd like them to.

Breaking and Entering

Once the PCs approach Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, they will have to determine exactly how to get inside. Chip has very specific orders not to let anyone in — and to introduce anyone wearing a Thieves' Guild uniform to the business end of his club. Below are a few examples of how the PCs may try to break in, but feel free to play with new ideas and let the PCs come up with their own hairbrained schemes.

Through the Front Door

Brave (or stupid) PCs may think to walk through the front door. Chip will, of course, form the main barrier; he is all too eager to deal with any unwanted guests with a quick swing or two of his club. If he can be moved, however, the door is still locked — with **Mr Cue** (p. 167) carrying the keys. If the PCs intend to steal the plaque above the door, as per the Bill of Collection orders, they will need to circumvent Chip somehow.

In a Window

A window around the back of the building was recently smashed by **Cobbles** (p. 167) and has yet to be repaired, mostly due to it being on the second floor. Without knowing it's there, it's unlikely anyone would notice, but clambering through will lead to the second floor of the warehouse.

Hole in the Wall

Vortin's Diamond Warehouse is an old building, and as prone to falling apart as any old thing is. A local **dog** (p. 167) has made a home out of an alcove suffused with dry rot — so much so that anyone with a bit of time, the inclination, and a big hammer could easily bring the wall down and walk into the old storage room. They would, however, have to deal with the fact they just made a homeless dog even more homeless.

Through the Sewers

While the sewers that snake under Ankh-Morpork are available, they don't fully lead into the warehouse — instead connecting to sinks and toilets, as well as the septic tank they all run into. So, it is a potential entry — just not a nice one.

Through the Roof

A weakness that has already been exploited by 'Greasy'Gurty, the roof of the warehouse has a large skylight, which has been pried open by Gurty and her crew. They've even left the ropes they used to accomplish the task in place, just in case. Clambering up onto the roof is simple enough for the athletically inclined, whilst awkward and humiliating for those more acclimated to desk work. All entrances lead to the interior.

Vortin's Diamond Warehouse

What's Happening Here?

The inside of Vortin's Diamond Warehouse has gone through a remodelling: an old storage room has been remade into a Dental Clinic for the new in-house troll security force. That same force is now making things difficult for 'Greasy' Gurty and her crew, who are currently slinking about, having already picked up a literal fistful of diamonds, they're now working out a way to grab the kitchen sink.

Vortin's Diamond Warehouse Interior

Boxes and boxes of diamonds neatly packed; a model of organisation — just not a good one; more than a couple of angry trolls.

Split between three floors, the main body of Vortin's Diamond Warehouse is a selection of open-plan levels. The lowest is a veritable maze of large crates; the second a series of gangways that run over the top, with cranes to help move the crates below; and the third hosts an office that looks down smugly at the first and second floors.

'Greasy' Gurty And Her Crew

Gurty and co. broke into the Warehouse about an hour ago (longer if the PCs get distracted) and have already managed to snatch themselves a fistful of diamonds (p. 174). When the PCs make their way inside, Gurty and co. are now looking for the best way to get hold of a kitchen sink (p. 174).

Gurty, whilst not confrontational to the PCs, will openly do all she can to ensure that her crew finish the job over any other party. Honour among thieves and all that may be true, but only one crew can turn the job over — and she'll be an Igor's donor before she lets anyone else have that honour.

Gurty

Full Name: 'Greasy' Gurty (She/Her)

Species: Human Niche: Thief

Features: New to the city and eager to make a name for herself;
Loves greasy food, is actually very clean;
In the work for the challenge.

Mannerism: Intelligent, quick witted, and foul mouthed; a penchant for long words

Gurty moved to Ankh-Morpork a few months ago and rapidly fell in love with the Thieves' Guild. The idea of travelling to new places, meeting interesting, well-off people and taking their stuff tickled her pink. She looks for the most difficult work, and challenges herself to finish the job as quickly as possible. Her positive, can-do attitude has brought her a loyal crew, all eager to follow her lead.

Francesco

(He/Him)

Full Name: 'Four'-Fingers' Francesco

Species: Human Niche: Thief (Wealth-Reorganising Artiste)

Features: Not a thief, a wealth-reorganising artiste;
Does in fact have four fingers on each hand,
which doesn't make him that special;
Very keen on appearances, mostly his.

Mannerism: Stylish and flamboyant, always leaves
with a flourish

Glinda

(She/Her)

Full Name: Glinda 'Glass-Eater'

Species: Dwarf Niche: Thief

Features: Fell through a window once, accidentally ate glass;
The most lustrous beard in the building;
Can pick a lock as easily as you can pick your nose.

Mannerism: Cheerful and congenial; easily distracted by
chatting shop

John

(They/Them)

Full Name: John

Species: Igor' Niche: Thief

Features: Is made up of many Johns, at least a dozen;
Their hands came from a cutpurse, their feet from
a banker; Is mostly happy to be there.

Mannerism: Changes bodyparts with alarming regularity

Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, Warehouse Floor

Packed to burst; alarmingly maze-like; security eager to find a problem.

The warehouse floor is a narrow series of pathways spread between towering crates full to the brim with diamonds of every cut.* These pathways form a maze-like structure from the front door to the stairway leading to the second floor, and are constantly patrolled by four troll security guards. Each has orders to ensure that anyone who shouldn't be here is quickly thrown out, minus a couple of teeth. An old storage room is attached to the back of the floor, which has since been converted into a dental clinic. The door into the clinic is unlocked and the sound of chiselling can be heard from within.

Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, Dental Clinic

Function without form; pickaxes and explosives right next to the floss and dental tools; nice and cold.

Built into the old storage room, the new dental clinic is both the secret to Vortin's success, and the new bevy of troll workers he has access to. Due to their specific needs** Trolls may not struggle to find dentists, but they do struggle to find good ones. Vortin noticed a gap in the market and hired Elissa Burton to provide free dental services to any troll willing to work as security. The clinic, such as it is, is a chilled room with a single heavy-duty chair and a collection of dental tools that wouldn't look out of place in a mine.*** With a full set of cleaning apparatus, mining pick, rock hammer, and a kitchen sink. During the theft, Elissa is working on the removal of a damaged tooth for a large troll.

Elissa Burton (She/Her)

Full Name: Clissa Burton

Species: Human Niche: Dentist

Features: Talented miner with unexpectedly transferable skills; Canary on her shoulder; Not overly fond of Vortin.

Mannerism: Professional in word and deed

Elissa is a new hire, and isn't overly impressed with Vortin. Despite that, she's just happy to be out of the mines, although the mines aren't out of her. She still keeps many of the old habits of mineworkers — including a pet canary that often sits on her shoulder.

* As supply dictates demand, Vortin has become a dab hand at controlling as much supply as physically possible. Then, he can truthfully and honestly tell everyone exactly how few diamonds there are to go around.

** Trolls' teeth are diamonds, meaning that a lot of people are really eager to pry them out. Trolls generally consider that humans are welcome to try, provided they get a return go.

*** Because that's where they're from.

Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, Gangways

Rickety gangways; well-maintained cranes; never seen a health-and-safety check.

Crisscrossing over the warehouse floor, the gangways are fitted with a set of cranes that can be rolled along the length of each walkway. Safety considerations are not the first, second, or even third thought here, so there are no handrails or other gestures towards stopping people falling to their deaths. A stairway leads from the warehouse floor to the office at the top. A set of ropes descend from the rooftop skylight to the gangways, so out in the open that they may as well be invisible.

Vortin's Diamond Warehouse, Office

Looking down at the world; as painfully drab as the owner; often full of thieves.

Precariously perched at the precipice of the gangways, a large, glass-faced office looks down over the interior of the warehouse. The stairwell connecting the floors terminates here at a door, which opens into a dull, beige waiting room, then into a small kitchenette, and finally into Vortin's office itself.

The owner is in. Vortin sits in his office mulling over his projected profits for the month. Despite his glass-fronted office, he won't notice anything happening within the warehouse unless it gets particularly noisy. The waiting room hosts a small desk for Vortin's personal assistant, **Mr Cue** (p. 167). The desk contains numerous letters from the Thieves' Guild, containing some pretty spectacular threats due to Vortin's missed payments.

Vortin

Full Name: Vortin (He/Him)

Species: Human Niche: Businessman (con-man)

Features: Definitely values profit more than people;
Prefers paperwork to people;
Exceptionally lonely.

Mannerism: Not socially gifted, relies on Mr Cue to talk to people for him

Vortin's Diamond Warehouse has been a staple of Ankh-Morpork for as long as most people can remember.* Whilst not agoraphobic, Vortin rarely leaves his warehouse for fear of other people taking what he's spent so long building up. Either due to his almost draconic hoarding of goods, or something to do with obscene levels of material wealth present,** Vortin has been around as long as his Warehouse. As time has gone on, he's become resentful of the amount he's been paying off to the Thieves' Guild and is now making moves to cut them out and increase his ever-swelling hoard.

* Though in fairness, Ankh-Morpork's average life expectancy being what it is, that isn't saying much.

** Vast amounts of wealth can warp the nature of reality in some extremely unpleasant ways. Those who hoard it tend to become simply dreadful. The Thieves' Guild are committed to helping people avoid this awful fate.

Finishing The Job

The PCs need to pick up three things to complete the job. A fistful of diamonds, the bronze plaque over the front door, and the kitchen sink

A Fistful of Diamonds

While a theoretical fistful would suffice, 'Greasy' Gurty and co. happened upon a real treasure. A few days earlier, a Troll suffered an accident that ended in their hand being severed at the wrist. The hand was lost, briefly, until Gurty found it.*

The Kitchen Sink

Although often mistaken for a metaphor, the Thieves' Guild regularly do steal their debtor's kitchen sinks to prove a point. The warehouse has two sinks, but only the one in the kitchenette upstairs is technically a kitchen sink. The sink in the dental clinic is a lot nicer though, to be fair.

The Plaque

Mounted on the wall outside, directly above the door and Chip's head, one can find the bronze plaque the Thieves' Guild is after. One of the windows on the gangway level peers out just above it, giving a more dextrous thief a chance to peel it from the wall in something vaguely resembling safety.

Consequences

***Call the Watch*:** *Vortin calls for the Watch who turn up and complicate things further.*

***Already Got It*:** *Gurty or one of her crew have already managed to grab one additional item the PCs are after.*

***And Stay Out!*:** *One of the troll security guards grabs a PC and flings them out of the warehouse.*

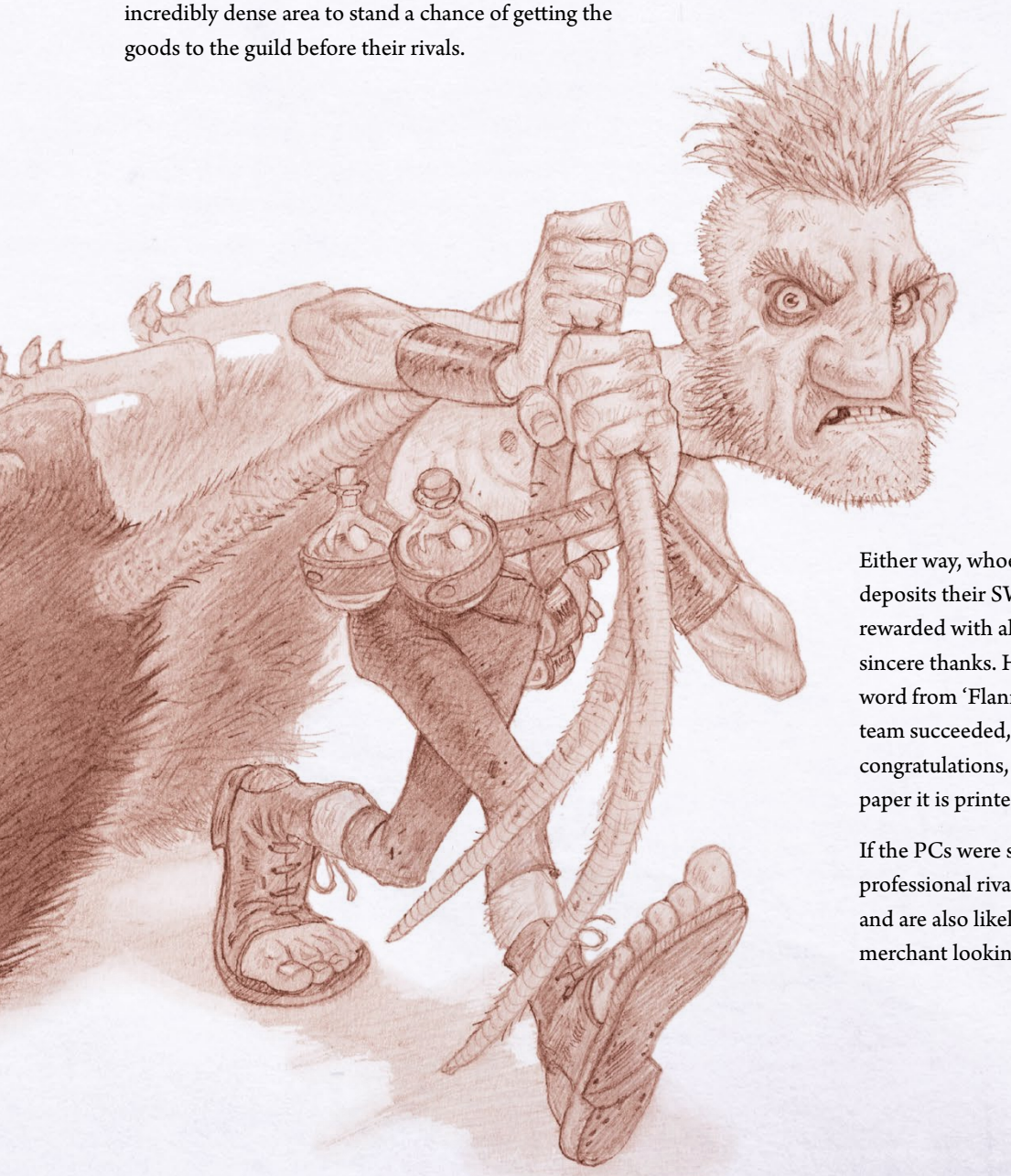
***Triple-Booked*:** *Timmy, on top form today, has sent a third group of thieves to the warehouse.*



* Not the usual type of severance Vortin inflicts on people.

Cashing Out and Wrapping Up

Once all of the job items have been grabbed — by either the player characters or by 'Greasy' Gurty and her crew — it's time to bug out and head home. Or, alternatively, chase down those filthy thieves stealing what you were meant to rob. If the PCs give chase, then Gurty and co. will escape via the Fish Market (remembering to pick up Pete on the way), meaning that the PCs will be forced to move through the incredibly dense area to stand a chance of getting the goods to the guild before their rivals.



Either way, whoever returns to the guild first and deposits their SWAG bag on Timmy's desk will be rewarded with all the desk jockey can offer — his sincere thanks. However, it won't take too long for word from 'Flannelfoot' Boggis to reach whichever team succeeded, with his own admittance of congratulations, which is worth exactly as much as the paper it is printed on.

If the PCs were successful, they have likely developed a professional rivalry with 'Greasy' Gurty and her crew, and are also likely to have a rather irritated diamond merchant looking for them.


THE BAND
WITH
ROCKS IN

Little Women

By Alison Cybe

For Chris Gibbs. The ripples of your life will never die away. — Alison.

Introduction

Little Women is a story about bigotry and hatred, topics Pratchett covered at great length in many Discworld books, most notably *Jingo*. In this adventure, players will be trying to discover who is targeting a group of dwarf women, and why. Players should stop reading now, since it will rather spoil the mystery if you continue reading from here.

Recommended Reading

Feet of Clay
The Fifth Elephant
Thud!

A note to GMs, many of the themes in this adventure are particularly pertinent to Roundworld hatreds, and it may be uncomfortable for gay or trans players. By the end, as in all Discworld adventures, the hatred should be defeated and exposed for how ridiculous it really is, but the journey to get there may be upsetting for some people who have to face enough of that sort of thing in their daily lives. Please read the adventure carefully and make sure your players are going to be okay with everything before starting.

Who Are We Playing As?

This adventure is themed towards being played as a Watch party. We encourage you to build a Watch party using the rules on p. 72, or alternatively, use the Watch pre-generated characters from the **Up in Smoke** *adventure, found at www.modiphius.net*

Getting Started

Recent years have seen considerable changes in dwarf culture in Ankh-Morpork, as more dwarfs have chosen to adopt feminine-presenting characteristics and clothing in order to express themselves. At first, this caused some confusion among the human population of the city as a large number of young 'male' dwarfs suddenly announced they were no such thing.* Across Ankh-Morpork, female dwarfs started to explain they were not men, and even to wear dresses** and get their beards done in nice new styles, often with ribbons. Many humans in Ankh-Morpork thought it was somewhat odd, but given the city is home to trolls, cantankerous wizards, swamp dragons, and Nobby Nobbs, they generally got over it fairly quickly. The reaction within dwarf culture is another story, but not one for this adventure.

Motive

Quentin 'Quite' Ordinary is a former entertainer, specifically a bard. He dedicated many years of his life to mastering the lute and the lyre, learning songs and stories of derring-do, blissfully ignorant to just how annoying most people found him. His first few attempts to perform at various taverns were phenomenally unsuccessful, a failure he blamed the audience for rather than his own inability to tell a joke or hold a tune.

Over time, his comedic routines about dwarfs grew staler than most of the ales in the Drum; there's only so many 'lawn ornament' jokes even the stupidest troll will laugh at. He started to blame dwarfs themselves for his failure, partly because they didn't appreciate being the butt of his jokes, and partly because they didn't let him into their bars any more.***

After several decades of growing progressively more embittered, Ordinary soon attracted the attention of other people who held fiercely anti-dwarf sentiments. His jokes were upheld as being 'brave' and 'what everyone else was really thinking', and soon Ordinary had climbed to the top of the ladder of a very angry pile of people.

Adventure Overview

This adventure casts the characters as members of the Watch who are contacted by a 'sisterhood' of dwarfs (in actuality, a needledwarf club**** who exchange fashion and make-up advice) who've become the victims of a protest group. Tension soon rises when the protest group, presenting themselves as being concerned about non-standard presentations of gender, begin to hold rallies around Ankh-Morpork. The characters are ordered to infiltrate the group to determine the true source of their objectives and find out who their leaders are.

Unsurprisingly, the group's true motive is little more than anti-dwarf hatred. The characters soon encounter the group's leader, who makes it clear that the protestors' goal is to cause enough civil paranoia concerning the dwarfs of Ankh-Morpork that they can petition, with strong public backing, to have every dwarf evicted from the city. The final act of this adventure is centred on providing the characters with means to prevent the protest group's goal of instigating further hatred against dwarfs by destabilising the group, sabotaging their plans and rallies, and ultimately exposing their leaders for who they are.

* For most of the Disc's history, dwarfs exclusively used the pronouns 'he/him', and dressed in a leather shirt, chainmail, helmet, beard, and traditional mining axe. Gender in dwarf society was not a subject discussed outside of the marriage bed, where it was assumed to be brought up at least occasionally.

** Leather, generally, and strong enough to take an axe stroke without so much as cracking. Fashion means different things to different species.

*** It's hard for jokes to be heard over the third chorus of 'Gold? Gold? ', which is itself competing with 'Gold, Gold, Gold' from the backroom, and of course the ever popular favourite 'Gold!'.

**** Abigailia originally called the group a 'seamstress club', which caused no end of confusion with Ankh-Morpork's resident Seamstresses' Guild. Abigailia's initial batch of advertising posters for the club were subsequently scrapped, and the club renamed, although not before a couple of optimistic humans had to be politely bit with axes.

Introducing Characters

The adventure presumes characters are members of the Watch, likely low-ranking or new recruits. Characters who are dwarfs (of any gender) may find the content of the adventure to be more personal and relatable, creating additional roleplay opportunities.

What's Going on?

Several weeks ago, a group of dwarf women put together 'The Sewing Circle', a small gathering for like-minded people where they can discuss the latest fashion, try out new blends of tea, plan the destruction of the patriarchy and, most importantly, get some sewing done. Their group numbers only five at the moment, but their leaflets are starting to appear in most dwarfen bars around Ankh-Morpork.

Two days ago, Abigailia Stoneforger arrived to set up the Circle's club house (in reality, a small two-storey house just outside the Shades, owned by fellow club-member Hilda Slagtender's old aunt Nellie) to find the building broken into, their property smashed, and graffiti painted across the wall. She has contacted the Watch.

Key Locations

This adventure is divided into several locations. The characters begin in the first, the New Watch House, and can progress from there to other locations. Clues and items located at each location will make the characters aware of other places they can go.

Locations in this adventure are (in order of availability):

- ***Pseudopolis Yard***
  The hub for Ankh-Morpork's police force.
- ***Nellie Bristle's Sewing Circle Club House***
  A small house outside the Shades used by a dwarf women's club.
- ***Market Square***
  During a very busy protest held by 'concerned citizens'.
- ***The Fish and Chipped Coin***
  A very surly tavern which is overly proud of being 'a rustic traditional Ankh tavern for proper humans'.
- ***Miss Proop's Lodging House***
  A small flat that Quentin 'Quite' Ordinary rents, where he runs his organisation.
- ***The Times Printing House***
  Located on Gleam Street, where The Times is printed before being circulated all around Ankh-Morpork.

Pseudopolis Yard

Smells of tobacco and leather; loud and busy; more coppers than space.

Pseudopolis Yard is bustling with off-duty guards, milling around and getting in the way of the on-duty guards who're trying desperately to get the day's work done. When your players are ready to begin, read the following aloud:

Read Aloud

Vimes, his brow knitted into a whole new page in a long chapter of frustration, looks over a new pile of paperwork that's descended onto his desk from on high. 'Fred!' he calls, 'Can you delegate some of these cases? Surely there's enough new recruits here.'

Fred Colon, his face the bright rosy red of a summer's morning, selects a couple of cases, and upon seeing you, advances menacingly. 'Right,' he barks, 'Mr Vimes is busy with some paperwork, so you lucky lot have volunteered to take this case off his plate. Shouldn't be too tricky; some dwarfs had one of their houses smashed up. Go down, have a look, make sure no one's hurt. If any of youse are hofficer material, the report from the lawn or-... uh, dwarfs is here.' He places the case folder on your desk.

Sam Vimes

(He/Him)

Full Name: Commander, to you.

Species: Human Niche: Overworked city Watch commander

Features: Very, very busy;
Tough as old leather.

Mannerism: The man in charge in any room he's in

Vimes is dealing with an amount of paperwork that could choke a horse, and, if he gets angry enough, will. He'll be willing to help the PCs to handle Ordinary's mob, but not until the PCs have enough proof to make it stick. Vimes could not care less if a dwarf (or a human for that matter) wants to be considered female, just as long as they don't commit any crimes.

Clues

***Report**: The file contains a report stating Nellie Bristle's Sewing Circle Club House was damaged overnight by persons unknown, with anti-dwarf slogans painted on the walls. It includes the address and lists the person who made the report as Abigailia Stoneforger.*

***Protest**: The word around the Watch House is that off-duty officers have heard rumblings of some 'concerned citizens' playing silly buggers at Market Square.*

***Filing Cabinet**: The filing cabinet in the corner of the room utilises Fred Colon's patented filing system which is not recognised by any library known to man (or ape) kind. It would give the Librarian a fairly severe headache on sight. PCs can recover from here any of the files listed below if they spend either several hours doing so or enlist the help of another Watch member.*

- *File on Abigailia: The file states that Abigailia Stoneforger is a female dwarf originally from Klatch who moved to Ankh-Morpork four years ago, and has one record of being involved in a bar fight, during which she kicked Nobby Nobbs on the shin.*
- *File on Ordinary: The sizable file on Quentin Ordinary lists his previous work as a bard, including a few warnings he received for minor offences such as singing badly without a licence. This changed several years ago when he started to be seen in the company of the Ankh Anti-Dwarf League. Includes his address at Miss Proop's Lodging House.*

Consequences

***Time Wasters**: If the PCs fail a test within the Pseudopolis Yard, they become waylaid by some of the many off-duty members of the Watch. They get sucked into an argument about foot-the-ball, asked to help out with some difficult, commas, or embroiled in the latest round of office politics. This can result in an amount of time lost as you see fit, or lead to a bollocking from Fred Colon when he finds the group still faffing about hours after he told them to get started.*



Nellie Bristle's Sewing Circle Club House

Broken furniture; disgruntled dwarfs; the writing's on the wall.

A run-down small apartment on the borders of the roughest part of town. It has a small lounge downstairs, and a kitchen and bathroom upstairs.

The building has clearly seen better days, and that's before it was damaged. Several dwarfs mill around in the lounge amidst smashed furniture and glass from broken windows. A few unpleasant slogans and epitaphs are scrawled across the outside walls.

Abigailia Stoneforger

(She/Her)

Full Name: Abigailia Stoneforger

Species: Dwarf Niche: Recently 'out' as female

Features: Extremely troubled and upset;
Knowledgeable about everything.

Mannerism: Stutters and is constantly polishing her glasses

Abigailia greets the Watch when they ('eventually!') turn up, and shows them the damage, explaining that the entire club house was trashed overnight. She explains they don't feel safe here any more. Abigailia doesn't really trust the Watch, but has been convinced to speak to them by Hilda. She has heard that people dislike dwarf women, but has not experienced any bigotry personally.

Hilda Slagtender

(She/Her)

Full Name: Hilda Slagtender

Species: Dwarf Niche: Long-term woman

Features: Makes an amazing cup of tea;
A bit of a 'mother hen' to all the younger women.

Mannerism: Always kind and polite, no matter who she's talking to

Hilda is a calm, reassuring figure amidst the chaos. She is sure the group has been targeted by someone, but has no idea who may be responsible..

Sonia Shale

(She/Her)

Full Name: Sonia Shale

Species: Dwarf Niche: Neatly combed beard

Features: Wears very traditionally human feminine clothing; Distrusts the Watch.

Mannerism: Has Opinions and isn't afraid to share them

Sonia understands the value of active resistance and is eager to find the people who trashed their place. She'll help the Watch if they don't act too 'officious' at her. Sonia has very strong opinions about, well, everything, and she isn't afraid to speak them. She dresses like a very conservative human woman, but players should remember that in dwarfish society, this is the equivalent of someone wearing safety pins through their nose, shaving their head, and listening to music by bands with names like 'Worm Annihilator'.



Clues

Window. *Smashed inwards by several bricks.*

Debris. *The inside of the house contains bricks, broken furniture, overturned tables, smashed cupboards.*

Matchbook. *Under an overturned table is a half-empty book of matches. The cover shows a picture of a fish biting a coin. Characters with an appropriate Trait, or help, recognise it as a custom matchbook from The Fish and Chipped Coin.*

Slogans. *Many slogans about dwarfs 'not being real women' are painted on the walls. One especially revealing one states 'MORPORK FER HUMANZ ONLI', heavily misspelt.*

Long Klatch Tea. *An extremely strong cup of tea.* If any character consumes it, they will become extremely intoxicated. NPCs so afflicted will readily answer any two questions posed to them, before immediately falling into a drunken sleep.*

Crumpled Leaflet. *If the PCs investigate the exterior of the building, they find a torn, crumpled leaflet in the rain-soaked gutter outside. It bears a printed message, reading 'Protect the streets from the menace of dwarfs dressed as women. Save your daughters. Market Square.' It also bears today's date.*

Consequences

Nothing to find**:** *If they fail to find any clues, then one of the NPCs points one out to them, and the PCs gain the Trait* ***Not very good crime scene detectives****, which likely earns them a talking-to from Vimes.*

Strong tea**:** *If any PC drinks the tea, it takes several hours to recover and they gain the Trait* ***Extremely hungover*** *for the next two scenes. Hilda asks if they wish to take some more tea with them.*

* Long Klatch tea is not, in fact, tea from the Klatchian region. It is, however, extremely alcoholic. The 'long' in the name derives from how long it takes for the hangover to subside. It reeks of cheap whiskey, two hours of fun, and twelve to sixteen hours of misery.

Market Square

Bustling market; building tension, something in the air.

Market Square's usual stalls are bustling, with every inch of Ankh-Morpork's usually busy market square packed even more densely than usual. The scent of fresh and not-so-fresh snacks fills the air.

A large group of 'very concerned citizens' stand around. Some bear banners, but most simply chant things best left unmentioned in polite society.

Sergeant Colon

Full Name: Fred Colon (He/Him)

Species: Human Niche: City Watch officer

Features: Bored;
Unusually observant.

Mannerism: Incorporates military slang into normal speech

Colon has been dispatched to make sure the mob of protestors don't get too loud. So far they've been relatively unobtrusive, but Colon doesn't trust them. He's noticed that most gentlewomen and dwarfs seem to know to avoid this crowd. Colon has, after years of working with Cheery, learned enough about dwarf women to avoid getting beaten up.

While still not entirely sure on how the 'nobbly bits' work, he's confident enough to recognise the protestors for what they are.



The Mob

(Almost all He/Him)

Full Name: The Mob

Species: Mostly human Niche: Very concerned citizens

Features: A little too outspoken about things they don't know anything about; Putting a lot of effort into making it look like they're legitimately concerned about women's rights.

Mannerism: An overtone of belligerent violence

A large number of people (mostly humans, but with several deep-downer dwarfs) who take turns to stand up on a wooden platform and tell anyone who's passing by that they're very concerned about the harm being done to the rights of both dwarfs and women by 'male dwarfs pretending to be women'.

Clues

***Infiltration*:** *If the PCs try to get into the crowd, several of the mob invite them to The Fish and Chipped Coin to discuss their movement further. This is more difficult if the PCs are not human, as they need to convince the mob they're 'one of the good ones, not like the rest of them'.*

***Watching from Afar*:** *A figure with a bundle of papers stands near an alleyway, making notes. When noticed, they shuffle discreetly into the shadows out of the way. PCs with an appropriate Trait recognise the characteristic furtiveness of a journalist.*

Clues

***Riot*:** *If violence breaks out or the PCs coax on a conflict, they're forced to retreat as the mob starts to wreck anything they can get their hands on. Colon calls in more officers to help quell the violence, Dibbler's stall is trashed, and the violence spreads. PCs who become the subject of the conflict escape with the **Riotee** Trait.*

Actions

If you need some events to kick off while the PCs are in Market Square, roll a d6 on the following table to see what happens..

d6	ACTION	EFFECT
1	Scuffle	*A fight breaks out between one of the protestors and a group of young dwarfs who were out shopping. Colon has to step in and intervene.*
2	Mask Slip	*One of the protestors calls female dwarfs 'ha'ak'.*
3	Dibbler's Run	*A customer (potentially one of the PCs) eats one of Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler's sausages and is violently sick.*
4	One of Us?	*One of the mob moves up next to a (human) PC and congratulates them on turning up, saying he's glad 'folks like us are sticking together'.*
5	Unusually Observant	*Colon mentions that several people have made speeches at the protest today; one of them, who arrived earlier, seemed to be met with exceptional enthusiasm. He describes the speaker, but cannot name him; this is Quentin 'Quite' Ordinary.*
6	'Get on with it!'	*During an especially long speech by the protestors, one of the mob grows bored and demands to know when they can start smashing stuff up again.*

The Journalist

PCs who follow the journalist into the alleyway eventually locate the figure, who identifies herself as Enola Lane (see *The Times Printing House*, p. 194). Enola is a crimson-haired and sharp-eyed young woman in her early twenties, who tells the Watch that she's working on her first case as a reporter. Her current article revolves around the rising tension between protestors and dwarf women in the community. PCs with an appropriate Trait involving detecting lies, recognising deception, or reading body language quickly note that there's more to her story.

If pressed, Enola admits that she's the daughter of Quentin 'Quite' Ordinary. She tells the PCs that when she was born, she was named Stuart. When she became a teenager and grew more insistent about her gender, her father became incensed and refused to accept her. Since then, she's made her own way in the world, and has taken a small job as a news reporter as her first career.

Enola understands her father is heavily involved in an anti-dwarf organisation called 'Morpork for Morporkians', although she's not sure what his role there is. She started to investigate these protests in the hopes of determining his involvement; she saw him give a speech earlier today, but he left several hours ago. She does not know his current whereabouts.

If the PCs make a good impression with Enola now, she aids them at The Times Printing House at the end of the adventure.

The Fish and Chipped Coin

Unwelcoming pub; unpleasant clientele; stink of stale sweat and staler beer..

The Fish and Chipped Coin is the type of pub which has so many flags draped around that indigenous Morporkians start to feel very uncomfortable. Very little is as upsetting to most people as someone too keen on patriotism.

Located on the far side of Morpork, across the river, this rustic tavern makes the Mended Drum look upmarket. The only beverage available is 'beer', and the bartender has a PhD in looking at you as if you're not from round these 'ere parts.

Ronnie

(He/Him)

Full Name: Ronnie

Species: Human Niche: Just 'Ronnie'

Features: Publican, bartender;
Ready with a handshake and an open palm.

Mannerism: A voice that can carry over a crowded bar, if he ever had one

Ronnie's never too discerning about who his clientele are, so when a few fiercely 'human first' folk started to use his tavern, he turned a blind eye. Now he runs a pub that caters entirely to them. As far as he's concerned, they pay the bills. Ronnie doesn't like dwarf women. Or dwarf men. Or dwarfs in general, really. He doesn't put this about too much outside the pub, ever since he was introduced to the meaning of the dwarf phrase 'all trees are felled at ground level'. Instead, he pretends to be 'very concerned' about dwarf women.

Big Don

Full Name: Big Don (He/Him)

Species: Human Niche: A mass of tattooed muscle in human form

Features: Built like a troll, and twice as mean;
Covered in misspelt tattoos.

Mannerism: Exists in a state of perpetual anger

Big Don sits in the back of the bar drinking 'beer' and complaining that things just ain't like they used to be.* He thinks he's the head of the 'Morpork for Morporkians' League, but is only dimly aware that he is, in fact, just a useful idiot for the real minds behind it all. Don doesn't like the idea of 'blokes who look like ladies', because he's terribly afraid that he'll eventually wind up romantically involved with one, and worries that the chaps at the pub will look at him funny if he does.

* A common refrain which, here, means 'I never used to understand the things that exist now have always existed.'

Morpork for Morporkians League

Full Name: 'Morpork for Morporkians League' (They/Them) Niche: A collective of ne'er do wells

Species: Almost all human with very few rare exceptions

Features: Proud to be Morporkian in the way that makes others vaguely embarrassed.

Mannerism: Very, very loud

Around thirty or so drunken human men and women who've dedicated their entire lives to making the lives of anyone who isn't a human as unpleasant as they can.

Ongoings

The bar is very active, with lots happening in and around it. Roll a d6 to determine which of the following events is going on when the PCs arrive.

d6	ACTION	EFFECT
1	Arm Wrestling	*Two of the drinkers, who've both lost their arms following years of piracy, take off their prosthetic ones and proceed to beat each other unconscious with them. People cheer.*
2	Baby Crocodiles	*Bored and a bit drunk, the god Offler has sent a swarm of small baby crocodiles to bother people. They run around under the tables, biting at anyone's toes they can reach.*
3	Curry Night	*Although the group definitely don't like Klatchians, they're quite partial to curry, and tonight they're brewing up a lot. It's proper Ankh-Morpork style, with raisins and none of that unpleasant 'flavour'.*
4	Eldritch Beast	*A terrible eldritch monster has wandered into the bar from a nearby field. It stands next to the bar and occasionally says 'Moo'. Everyone is too scared of the beast to try to move it, lest they enrage it.*
5	Pool?	*One of the drinkers made the mistake of asking if anyone wanted to play a game of snooker instead of pool, and the rest of the patrons are now dunking him into a water barrel as punishment for his exoticism.*
6	The Worst Possible Thing	*The indoor drainage system in Ankh-Morpork is more theoretical than actual. The privy in the back of the pub has gone beyond 'blocked', rushed past 'backing up' and is now in a state best described as… well, the patrons are sitting on the tables to avoid having to wade.*


The Crimson Leech
The AXE & BOTTLE

Morporkians for Morpork

Despite common beliefs, the violently hateful folks who make up groups like this aren't necessarily stupid. They're often poorly educated, and grossly misled by people responsible for pointing them at other groups and saying 'those people are responsible for why your life is so awful', but that doesn't make them stupid. Most of them are at least as smart as anyone else you'd meet on the streets of Ankh-Morpork.* They're smart enough to understand that there's gross inequality in the world, and a lot of things they should be angry about. Unfortunately, they don't know where to direct that anger, so are content to direct it at the nearest passing person who stands out.

Most of them have very common, unimpressive and occasionally just unpleasant names, like Slubb, Bliff, Big Eck, Daz, and Graham.

Actions

- **Infiltration:** Take into consideration whether or not the PCs infiltrated the mob at Market Square. if they did, they will be trusted and may be able to make a case for a better die on tests than if they didn't.
- **Dropping Eaves:** If they listen in, PCs hear one of the drunken rabble boasting about having had a lot of fun smashing up a dwarfen house the previous night. The drunk denies knowing anything about it if questioned unless he trusts the PCs.
- **Take Me to Your Leader:** If Big Don is convinced of the PCs' intent to join 'the cause', he tells them to meet a 'friend of his' — this is Quentin 'Quite' Ordinary. Big Don sincerely believes Quite to be a financier of the organisation, not the brains behind it. He will give Quite's name and address at Miss Proop's Lodging House, but insists on accompanying the PCs.

Consequences

Unpatriotic. *Something you have said is considered to be anti-Morporkian. The music stops and the crowd turns as one to face a PC.*

Spilled Drink. *Knocking into a pint-laden patron causes an even larger patron to become covered in watery beer.*

Reputation. *Someone you know sees you among the clientele and assumes you are a part of the anti-dwarf sentiment. Gain the* ***Tarnished reputation*** *Trait.*

Arresting Those Responsible

Those directly responsible for the damage to the club house are found among the crowd here: three humans called Stinky Will, Toothless Bill, and Heavy Larry. All three have fostered an intense hatred of dwarfs over the years, and been spurred on to direct that hatred towards dwarf women in particular, believing them to be '*men mask...erm… masker…pretending to be women*'.

Arresting them at this point, however, is premature. If arrested, they indicate Big Don as the person who told them where the women meet. PCs need to arrest both these three, along with Big Don and Ordinary in order to ensure the group's leaders are able to face proper justice.

Undertaking the arrests in the tavern itself is difficult, as the PCs are certainly outnumbered. In the finest traditions of the Watch, it is easier to arrest 'Quite' Ordinary on his own first, as without him the organisation lacks intelligent leadership. However, if the PCs wish to take out the entire organisation in one fell swoop, they can convince Vimes to send several officers with them. Otherwise, the best they can hope for is to emerge from the ensuing scuffle with the Traits **Brave but stupid**, and **Kicked in the bits**.

Vimes will not allocate officers to arresting an entire tavern unless the PCs can provide strong evidence for the existence of an anti-dwarf organisation in Ankh-Morpork. A clear indication of their guilt, and an idea as to who their leader may be, might work. If the PCs get him that, Vimes nominates a couple of Watch members whom he believes can handle this appropriately: Cheery Littlebottom and Carrot Ironfoundersson. Don't let the NPCs take the spotlight away from the PCs, however; allow the PCs to lead the raid on the tavern.

**This is not a compliment.*

Miss Proop's Lodging House

Prim and proper, fastidiously clean, overpowering smell of potpourris.

A short little house on the far end of Clay Lane, with the smell of the nearby smeltery not quite powerful enough to overwhelm the scent of Miss Proop's potpourris.

Miss Proop's Lodging House is renowned around Ankh-Morpork for its legitimacy; it is, in fact, an entirely above-board lodging house, without any hint of immoral or dubious inclination. Miss Proop would have it no other way.

Miss Proop

Full Name: Miss Proop (She/Her)

Species: Human Niche: Little Old Dear

Features: Tiny little old lady;
Blind as a bat, even with her glasses.

Mannerism: Constantly dusting and muttering about what needs to be dusted next

Miss Proop is entirely unaware of the type of business Quentin 'Quite' Ordinary is up to, believing he's a 'nice young man' who 'works in the thingies; you know, with the sticks'. It's unclear what she means, and her answers to any subsequent questions will only make things less clear. She'll tell anyone who asks which room Quite rents, because she's used to his guests; there have been many.

Quentin Ordinary

(He/Him)

Full Name: Quentin 'Quite' Ordinary

Species: Human Niche: Self-appointed radical

Features: Skilled at pretending to care;
Used to getting his own way.

Mannerism: No qualms about saying truly awful things

Quite sincerely doesn't believe he can be arrested for inspiring others to do harm, because he didn't take part in the violence himself. He hopes that if he can turn enough people against dwarfs, he can get them run out of the city. He even believes people will thank him for it.

Actions

- **Infiltration:** If the PCs are introduced to Quite by Big Don, he is willing to hear them out, intending to see if they'd be a good fit for his organisation. They gain the **Element of surprise** Trait while in Don's presence, until they reveal their true intentions.
- **Mrs Proop:** During the confrontation, Mrs Proop wanders into the room and asks if anyone would like some tea and biscuits. She does this regardless of how heated the confrontation is, if weapons are drawn, or even if the house happens to be burning down.
- **My Evil Scheme:** Quite continues to refer to his goal of 'protecting' people from dwarfs, and only occasionally states his full intent to turn the populace against the entire species. If the PCs can cause him to admit his true intent, he refers to having a plan in place to ensure it, but does not specify what that plan is.
- **Aid:** If the PCs have determined Quite is the ringleader and located his file, they may enlist aid from the rest of the Watch. Otherwise, they must enact the arrest themselves.

Clues

***Desk**: A dusty desk in the corner of the room; the following clues are in a locked drawer in it. Quite has the key, but won't give it up while he is a free man.*

***Correspondence**: A series of letters going back and forth between Ordinary and the editorial team at the* Ankh-Morpork Times*, where he expresses a desire to pen an article about the 'dangers' of dwarf men 'pretending to be women'. The editorial team has agreed to grant him a page in the next issue.*

***Article**: A copy of an article penned by Ordinary, due to be published in tomorrow's edition of the* Times*. The contents of the article, like the contents of the speeches the organisation makes, need not be touched on. It's sufficient to inform your players that it's awful, hateful, and entirely, demonstrably false. If your players want an example of the things 'Morpork for Morporkians' say, make up something that's so ludicrously over-the-top that they can't help but laugh at it. Hatred and bigotry despise being mocked. Some good examples may include:*

- *When you 'become' a woman, Death has to throw out your old hourglass and build a new one, which just isn't fair for everyone else.*
- *If dwarfs are allowed to become women, anything with a beard will soon follow. How will you explain to your children that iguanas, goats and axes will soon all be women?*
- *If dwarfs are allowed to become women, dwarf bars will need to build new lavatorial facilities. It would cripple small businesses and could collapse the economy.*

***Letter**: A letter from Big Don, stating he's 'asked three of the lads to take care of them dwarf ladies'.*

Consequences

***Arrest**: If arrested, Quite is overly confident, bragging that he was not personally involved in the attack. He then attempts to bribe the PCs repeatedly, offering more and more in exchange for his freedom. If the PCs don't capitulate, he offers to name the individuals who vandalised the sewing club in exchange for his freedom.*

***Chase**: At the last, if no other means of escaping arrest are present, Quite attempts to flee. As he does, you may use any, all, or some of the complications below to add tension to the scene. Each potential complication has a suggested Consequence, but you are free to come up with your own.*

COMPLICATION	CONSEQUENCE
Window Escape: *Ordinary scrambles through a nearby narrow window and up/down a drainpipe.*	***Tumble***: *The PCs lose their grip and fall to the street below.*
Swamp Dragon: *Scooping up a noble's pet swamp dragon, Ordinary hurls it at the PCs.*	***Boom!***: *The swamp dragon explodes, showering the PCs in unmentionable bits of charred, wet reptile.*
Crowd!: *Ordinary ducks through an alleyway and into an extremely busy street, packed with too many people.*	***Out of the way!***: *The PCs find their route too tight and have to waste time finding an alternative way.*
Eldritch Beast: *Ordinary runs through a small field inhabited by a territorial beast which roars 'Moo!' and refuses to budge.*	***Pursued***: *The PCs are chased by a terrifyingly angry cow, losing sight of their quarry.*
Bridge Jump: *Ordinary leaps into the River Ankh from a bridge, landing in a nearby boat.*	***Ankh Water***: *The PCs land in the Ankh, and have to dig themselves out.*
Head-Swapper Henry: *Ordinary rushes through a crime scene, disturbing a serial killer who's busy trying to claim another victim.*	***Arrest that guy too!***: *While the PCs hurry to arrest the killer (and possibly ruin another Watchman's moment in the spotlight) Ordinary hurries out of sight.*
Solicit Empathy: *Ordinary throws himself at an onlooker, begging for aid and claiming to be a victim of political censorship.*	***Gullible Audience***: *The PCs cannot convince Ordinary's assistants of his duplicity and are chased off amidst a hail of bricks.*



The Times Printing House

The whir and clack of printing, intense editing, overpowering smell of ink.

William de Worde

(He/Him)

Full Name: William de' Worde'

Species: Human Niche: Editor and chief Reporter

Features: The right word in the right place;
Refuses to tell lies, mostly;
Always looking for the next story.

Mannerism: Jots everything down in his notebook

De Worde has agreed to print an article from an 'eager reader and concerned citizen' after months of frequent letters. What he did not tell Ordinary is that the article would be heavily critiqued and dissected in a segment the Times are calling 'Reckoners Reckoning'. William is certain that if the public are informed of the many baseless lies at the heart of Ordinary's article it will be a force for illumination, rather than hatred. He has not quite realised that giving space to ideas, even to disagree with them, can give them oxygen.

Enola Lane

(She/Her)

Full Name: Enola Lane'

Species: Human Niche: Rookie' Reporter

Features: Hot-headed and fiery-tempered;
Healthy distrust of law enforcement officers.

Mannerism: Refuses to take 'no' for an answer

Enola is unaware of Ordinary's attempt to place an article in the paper, and has been undertaking her own research into the recent protests around the city. If informed of his scheme, it's entirely a surprise to her.

Actions

- **Stop the Presses!:** If the PCs have arrested Ordinary, they may demand the presses be stopped to prevent the story turning members of Ankh-Morpork against the dwarf community. De Worde is hesitant to do so, pointing out that the article will lie beside a heavily critical counter-piece that fact-checks the claims. Convincing him that the article will still be harmful will be difficult, and de Worde's desire to shine a light on the world makes it harder still.
- **Change the Presses!:** Alternatively, if the PCs have a more compelling story (such as the infiltration of Morpork society by a hate group), William will be happy to run that story instead.

Outcomes

Mystery Journalist: *Enola Lane is a pseudonym; she is, in fact, Enola Ordinary. If the PCs are already aware of this, she may aid them in helping convince de Worde of the PCs' desires.*

Fine, We'll Do It Ourselves: The Ankh-Morpork Times' *printing press is a gargantuan piece of machinery, having grown exponentially since it was first built, and its operation is a mystery to any but its most skilled editor-in-chief. Anyone else attempting to deactivate or interrupt the machine themselves must attempt a test. If unsuccessful, the hapless PC tumbles into the machine, meeting the type of fate generally reserved for yesterday's spaghetti dinner.*

Wrapping Up

If the PCs are able to arrest Ordinary and those who damaged the club house, but did not stop his hit piece from being distributed, tensions between dwarf women and the rest of Ankh-Morpork continue to rise. If both those responsible for the violence face justice and the further spread of incitement is halted, the population soon loses interest and things return to normal. The dwarf women of the Sewing Circle continue to enjoy their days without the threat of further persecution, and occasionally send the Watch a hamper of biscuits in gratitude. Whether any such treats make it to the PCs or not is entirely up to Nobby and Colon.



Fundamentals of Unseen Academia

By Corey Davies

Introduction

Fundamentals of Unseen Academia is a slapstick adventure for ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***. The information here is for the gamemaster, and whilst it won't ruin the adventure for players if they read it, they might find it more fun to encounter the unexpected as the story unfolds.

Recommended Reading

The Last Continent
Unseen Academicals
Equal Rites

Who Are We Playing As?

This adventure is themed towards being played as an Unseen University party, ideally as student wizards. We encourage you to build a wizards party using the rules on p. 74.

Getting Started

You should first read the whole adventure to understand what's going on. At a minimum, look through the *Adventure Overview*, *Schemes at Play*, and *Tips on Consequences* sections to help you get an idea for what various NPCs are doing and what kinds of Consequences to present to players when they take tests. This adventure is written for a group of wizards, and we strongly recommend you play as such.

The *Itinerary* section is also especially important to the adventure. This section is designed to guide the players between scenes, so you should probably bookmark that page for when you have to flip back to it.

Once you're ready to start, read or paraphrase the read-aloud text at the end of the *Itinerary* section (p.200) and begin the first scene by rolling on the *Itinerary Event Table* to see where the Dean has sent the students first.

Adventure Overview

The calamity began at an academic conference where the Dean of Pentacles became embroiled in an argument with his opposite number at Bugarup about how 'ard their respective students could Wiz. The spirited discussion, spirited entirely by a bottle of rum, ended with a wager that no student of Bugarup could weather the gruelling course load of the Unseen University for even one day.

Because all's fair in love and wizardry, someone needs to be sure that the Bugarup students are given an honest run at surviving the ordeal. The player characters have been provided with a gauntlet itinerary to guide the Bugarup students through. The goal is to frighten the absolute willies out of them and prove how powerful UU is. Ideally, at least one of them will live to tell the tale of the awesome power sat in UU's august Dining Hall. It is also of the utmost importance that the students are watched closely so no Bugaruper steals precious Unseen University secrets to take back to their faculty.

Schemes at Play

In this adventure, there are two ongoing schemes. The first is the Dean's plan to use the exchange day to show off the most impressive (dangerous) magics which the Unseen University has to offer, to boost his already considerable ego — and UU's more broadly, but most importantly, his. This plays out through the itinerary, where various deadly activities have been planned by the Dean to test the mettle of the exchange students.

The second is the Bugerup student's plan to steal information on the most dangerous (impressive) magics that the Unseen University has to offer, in order to improve on them so Bugerup looks more prestigious than UU. The senior staff at UU are aware of this and instruct the PCs to make sure it doesn't happen. An ongoing complication for the PCs in this plan are the exchange students, as they may be spies for Bugarup. The one exception is Foster Gold, who is *definitely* a spy for Bugarup. At each location, especially the High Energy Magic Building, there is a list of secrets the Bugarup students may attempt to steal during the scene. Foster should be the primary actor in gathering secrets, but Bugarup students are known for collaboration.

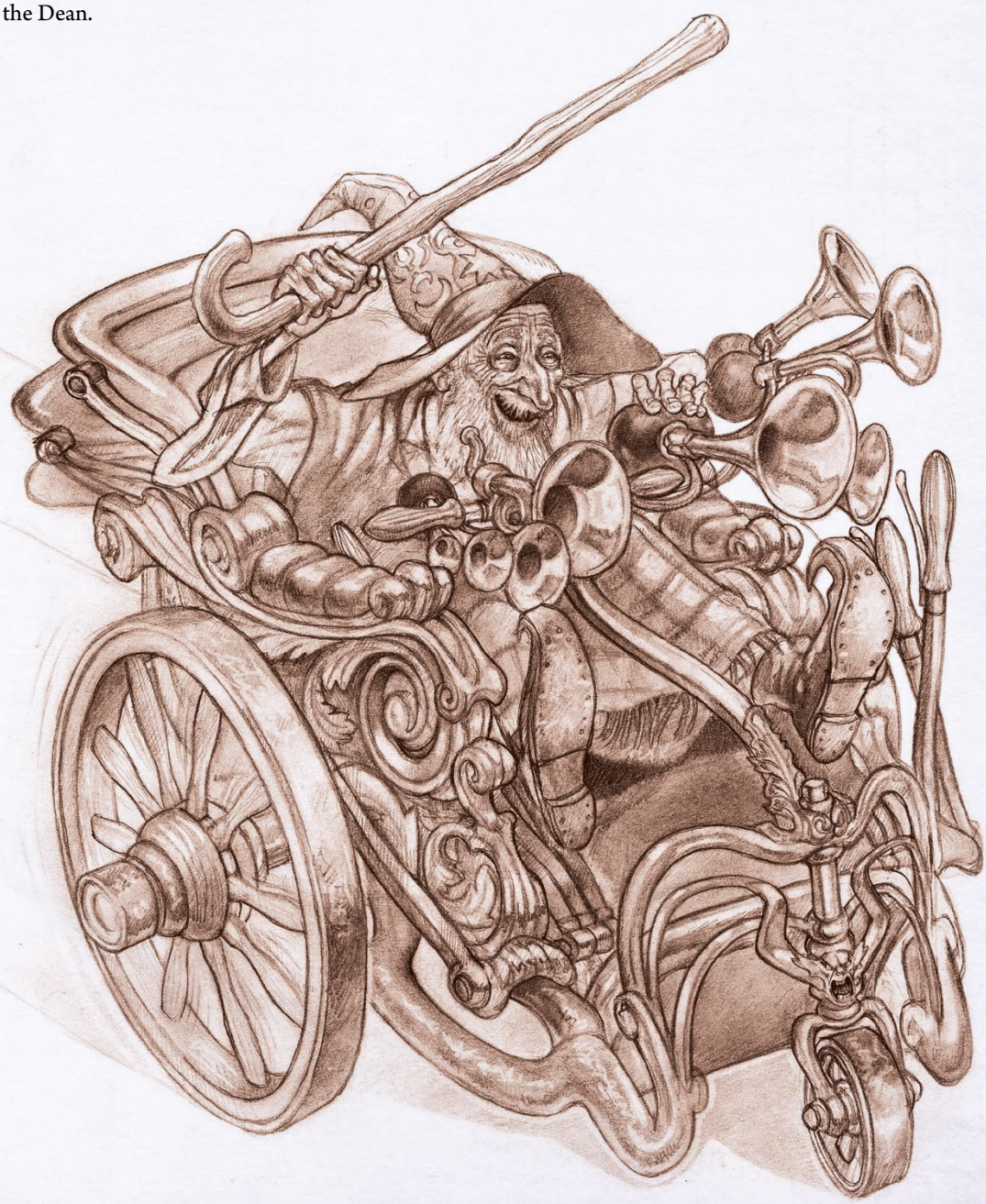
Tips on Consequences

The goal is to get the exchange students to live through the ordeal and come through *with* a healthy respect for the Unseen University and *without* any UU secrets. Consequences should, where possible, aim to put them in harm's way. There are eight of them, so don't be afraid to 'remove' one or two via Magical Mishaps early on to establish the stakes.

Other Consequences should allow Foster Gold or other exchange students to steal information about UU's magical research. Getting stolen research back, or finding a way to encourage the exchange students to forget the secrets, should be a priority for players.

Itinerary

This adventure takes place, with the exception of the final scene, within the grounds of the Unseen University — referred to by some as the heart of Ankh-Morpork,* and in the course of this adventure as UU. PCs visit the locations listed in the Itinerary section to showcase UU's talents, which has been arranged by the Dean.



* It is certainly not the brains of the city, which currently reside safely between the ears of Lord Vetinari, where he intends to keep them.

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

Read Aloud

Press-ganged by the Dean of Pentacles, you have been given custody of eight students from Bugarup University in the faraway land of Fourecks. Your job is simple and twofold:

- *Protect them from too much harm as they experience everything UU has to offer, and;*
- *Make sure they don't learn too much of value to take back to Bugarup.*

The staff at the University are aware of the exchange program and everyone who matters is expecting you. As such, you stand at the open gates of the Unseen University. Alongside you are the ship-lagged minds which will lead the next generation of Fourecks Wizardry.

When you are ready, roll or choose from the table below to see what the first item on your itinerary is.

Itinerary Event Table

d6	Event	Location
1	*Orientation*	*Observatory (p. 204)*
2	*Return the book*	*Library (p. 205)*
3	*High Energy Lecture*	*High Energy Magic Building (p. 206)*
4	*Book Club*	*Modo's Garden Shed (p. 207)*
5	*Lunch*	*Great Hall (p. 208)*
6	*Dr Collabone's Shellfish Seminar*	*Tower of Art (p. 210)*

A Brief Note On The Nature Of The Universe

It's important to keep in mind that magic has soaked into the bones of UU. This can make things like time and space seem more or less optional. Doubly so for standardised measurements thereof.

Though this adventure presents an itemised schedule of events, whether each item takes a minute or an hour is sure to vary depending on the Narrative Causality of your particular session.

Between Scenes

Once your group has finished up on a scene, and have got all they can out of it, roll on or choose from the *Itinerary Event Table* to determine which scene they go to next. If you've already played that scene, then roll on the table again, or pick the nearest available scene to the number you've rolled. The final scene in the adventure is always *Student Night At The Mended Drum* (p. 212). Go to it once you've completed the rest of the Itinerary.

UU is a place bustling with activity, and the PCs (and the definitely-not-spies) can catch a glimpse of some of it whenever they run through the corridors or across the open grass to the next appointment. Each time PCs move to their next Itinerary item, ask them whether they go by the corridors or across the green. Narrate to them what they see based on the information on the next page .

If PCs want to take any tests to influence these between-scene vignettes or protect themselves from negative Traits then let them.

Don't ask this question to the PCs when they head to *Student Night at The Mended Drum* (p. 212). To arrive at that scene, they'll be sneaking out after hours by removing the same bricks from the University wall that everyone else removes to sneak out after hours, as is tradition.

The Corridors

The first time *they travel the corridors, a group of students is gathered around something which resembles a leftover pizza. No one is claiming ownership.*

The second time *they travel the corridors, the same students have reheated the pizza using a ritually inscribed glass plate and some inventive spellcasting. They offer slices to player characters. Anyone who takes a slice gains the Trait* ***Fuelled by leftovers****.*

The third time *they travel the corridors the same students are now all in variations of the foetal position begging for divine intervention. Replace the* ***Fuelled by leftovers*** *Trait with* ***Felled by leftovers****.*

Every subsequent time *they travel the corridors, the students crawl about the place, serving as an extremely useful food safety lesson.*

The Green

The first time *they travel across the green, there's a small gathering at the edge of an area cordoned off by something that looks suspiciously like vines and a sign which reads 'Tenured Staff Only'. Attempting to cross the cordoned area results in the vegetation rising up and throwing the character across the green, unless they are a tenured member of staff. A character thrown in this manner gains the Trait* ***Beaten about by the bush****. If they go around instead, they gain the Trait* ***Noticeably late*** *for the next scene.*

The second time *they travel across the green, they can see a group of UU staff drawing straws at the edge of the cordoned area. One draws the short straw, enters the area, and the ground swallows them up, pointy shoes and all. Attempting to cross the cordoned area results in the vegetation rising up and throwing the character across the green, unless they are a tenured member of staff. A character thrown in this manner gains the Trait* ***Beaten about by the bush****. If they go around instead, they gain the Trait* ***Noticeably late*** *for the next scene.*

The third time *they travel across the green, a very cross Modo is attacking the area with garden shears. There are no staff anywhere to be seen, but Modo has a small pile of dirt-covered pointy hats set off to one side.*

Every subsequent time *they travel across the green, someone else is snooping around the area looking for dead men's pointy shoes to take, more out of habit than any expectations of a promotion.*


DRIED
FROG

The Students

All eight of the exchange students follow the player characters from scene to scene. If an exchange student wanders off to steal UU secrets, it's always to another part of the building they're currently in rather than outside or elsewhere.

As the students hail from the faraway land of Fourecks, we encourage you to represent this with an accent (outrageous or otherwise). The closest accent on Roundworld to the Foureckian accent is the Australian accent, but no worries if you can't do one. It's probably funnier if you can't. Remember that words like 'bad', or 'unintelligible', are nothing but easily discarded opinions of those too blind to appreciate your art.

To decide which of the seven students other than Foster Gold is speaking in the broad Foureckian accent — for example to answer a PC, or to decide which of them suffers Consequences — roll on the following table. If any of them are removed from the adventure by Consequences, re-roll whenever you roll that student in future, or just choose one of the others. You may want to make a copy of the table for quick reference.

d8	*STUDENT*
1	*Carlton (He/Him)*
2	*Vic (He/Him)*
3	*Cooper (He/Him)*
4	*Toohey (He/Him)*
5	*Hahn (He/Him)*
6	*Balter (He/Him)*
7	*Young Henry (He/Him)*
8	*Unclear, but the accent suggests it was one of them.*

Bugarup Students

Full Name: Bugarup Students (He/Him) Species: Human

Niche: A group of Bugarup exchange students

Features: Expendable wizards-in-training;
Out of their element;
Probably not spies.

Mannerism: Broad Foureckian accents and corks around their pointy hats

Most UU staff will gleefully put this group of students into dangerous situations in order to demonstrate a theory. The Bugarup students will demonstrate a much more cooperative attitude than UU students.

Foster Gold

Full Name: Foster Gold (He/Him) Species: Human(?)

Niche: Suspiciously competent exchange student

Features: A humble sartomancer*
Lucky and resilient
Definitely a spy.

Mannerism: Self-assured, an anecdote for any situation and a micro-iconograph

Foster is the member of the exchange student group most likely to steal UU secrets. He's also the hardest to get rid of. Life on Fourecks has engendered him with a superhuman tolerance for poisons, punctures, and excessive heat. He lies as second nature. There's a reasonable possibility he's using a fake name and wearing a superbly convincing human disguise.

* From sartorial, relating to tailoring. Where pyromancers work magic with fire, a sartomancer will make miracles happen with a needle and thread.

The Observatory

Large space filled with less large telescopes; a slightly stale herbal smell.

The Observatory is dominated by the glass roof, via which the ever-changing stars through which Great A'Tuin swims might be observed. Wizards, being selfish creatures, tend to want their own telescopes and so the place is cluttered with them, and desks where research notes are compiled.

Orientation

A large gyroscopic device, gently humming at the centre of the room.

The group is greeted by Newton Wolff, Professor of Upright Thought. He states how important it is that everyone be correctly oriented to spend time at UU. His Fabulous Orientation Machine (F.O.M.) will ensure that everyone has any issues corrected. Each character entering the F.O.M. is sat in an uncomfortable chair and spun by the gyroscopic device.

Without Intervention

If the PCs do not intervene, every exchange student is put into the machine, twirled by the runic gyroscopes, and comes out dizzied. Foster, who charms his way out of orientation, gathers secrets in the Observatory. One of the exchange students is completely reoriented and, in a flash of magic, is teleported somewhere else on, around, or below the Disc.

Secrets

Star maps: *The Observatory holds all of UU's star charts, detailing the path of A'Tuin.*

Hobble Telescope: *Blueprints for a telescope that walks unassisted so you can keep locked onto a specific star night after night.*

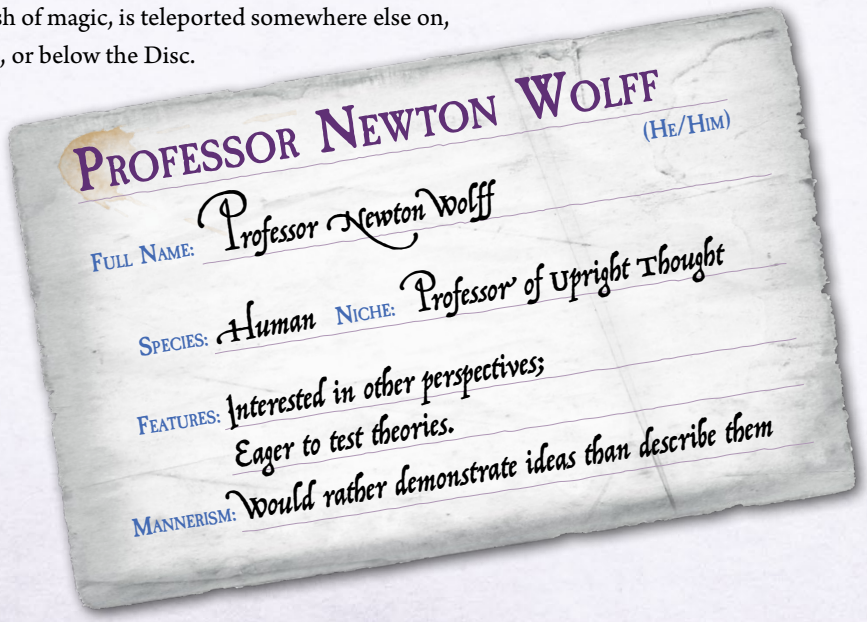
Astroprediction for Wizards: *A guide to how UU scholars interpret the stars, which stars mean what, and when you should expect complications in your romantic or professional life. Utterly irreplaceable.*

Consequences

Change in perspective: *The machine reorients the body, but not the eyes. Gain the Trait* ***Sees the world upside down****.*

Stuck: *The current occupant is stuck in the F.O.M., which continues to spin them indefinitely.*

Unstuck: *The F.O.M. breaks loose from its stand and rolls like a boulder through the Observatory, causing untold damage and a reasonable amount of sniggering from those wizards safely out of range.*



The Library (Interior)

Shelves upon shelves upon shelves; the air is thick with the smell of old books and the faint whiff of banana.

The Library of Unseen University is doubtless the greatest collection of books on the Disc, magical or otherwise. The sheer power contained in the building has rendered the place full of unexplained phenomena. The books themselves are often chained down to protect the students.

Returns

A large desk, piled high with returned books. The Librarian sits atop it, stamping and re-piling the books in a system too complex for a non-orangutan mind to follow.

The Dean has given the exchange students a small book to return: *The Condensed History of Fourecks Magic*. Said book is inspected by the Librarian, who identifies an issue. The bookplate is missing, so the section it belongs in is unclear. Before it can be properly returned, the correct section needs to be identified.

Your best clue is that it's somewhere in the intersection of 'Geography', 'History (Non-Fiction)', 'Magic', and 'Jokes'.

Characters: The Librarian (p. 112).

Without Intervention

Without the player characters, multiple exchange students will get lost in L-space, fall down the wrong trouser-leg of Time, be attacked by ravenous books, or be generally too intimidated to speak to the Librarian and go back to their temporary dorm to cower.

Secrets

Infinite Magical Knowledge: *The Library is the most complete collection of magical information that has ever existed. It's an all-you-can-eat buffet for Foster to find and take secret information not available to the outside world. Whenever there's a distracting Consequence, he should use his micro-iconograph to take a picture of some new secret.*

Consequences

Amorous Pages: *One of the magical books takes a liking to a character and begins to follow them like a puppy. The Librarian is not keen on this.*

Pulped: *A book clamps onto a character, with deadly intent. At best, they come away covered in papercuts. At worst the spells get loose and cause chaos in the Library.*

Inked: *It turns out the book is overdue. The Librarian stamps 'late return' on a character's forehead. They look very silly and gain the trait* ***Stamped on.***



The High Energy Magic (HEM) Building (Interior)

Beneath the Wizard's Balls; cutting-edge magic; housing Hex.

The HEM building is filled with doodads and thingies lovingly designed to achieve something new. Where there isn't some new invention sitting on a desk awaiting trial and error, the building is given over to the machinery and many tubes which form Hex.

The building is topped by two large brass domes, designed to syphon off excess magic from the more deadly and ill-advised experiments within. They are referred to, usually with a smirk, as the 'Wizard's Balls'.

High Energy Lecture

Apologetic Ponder; compliant Hex; exciting information.

Ponder Stibbons isn't too happy to be giving a lecture designed to scare people. So he won't. He's instead apologetic about the whole thing and wants to actually share information as best he can. The senior staff would prefer if he were steered clear of sharing anything too juicy.

Characters: Ponder Stibbons (p. 117), and Hex (p. 118).

Without Intervention

Stibbons is more than happy to ignore instructions from senior staff not to share information. Without any guidance, he will practically hand over all the secrets of Hex to Foster. He will also allow experimentation with Hex, which might have calamitous consequences.

Secrets

Hex: *Hex is completely unique and utterly priceless from an information theft point of view. Foster will focus on Hex and interfere with its workings to better understand it.*

Inadvisably Advised Magic: *The whole HEM building is full of brand-new, top-of-the-line magic being applied by the young wizards of UU into exciting uses. They also tend not to understand the senior staff's aversion to sharing knowledge.*

Consequences

FTB removed: *Foster removes the FTB (Fluffy Teddy Bear) from Hex in an attempt to better understand it. Hex doesn't work without the FTB in place.*

Memory Leak: *Hex's long-term memory storage begins to leak bees. Now there are angry bees everywhere and Hex is forgetting important information.*

Excessive Magic: *A character is struck by excess magic which the HEM building is designed to channel into the Wizard's Balls. The effect depends on where the excess is from, but it's not good. Roll on the* Magical Mishap Table *(p. 42).*

Modo's Garden Shed (Exterior)

Unassuming building filled with essential tools nestled between the Library and the HEM Building. The smell of maturing compost.

Modo's Garden Shed had been the meeting place for the UU Book Club ever since the Archchancellor told them to 'take that nonsense outside with the rest of the rubbish'. It is an area not often frequented by UU students, given their general disinterest in how the campus is maintained.

Book Club

The sound of theoretical debate, punctuated by the thwack of leather tomes against cushions and the occasional yelp.

Book Club is made up of several UU students who decided to prove the solidity of their favourite theories by thumping people with them.* They've rapidly progressed to a gladiatorial style of debate. Clad in cushioned armour and wielding replica publications (adopted after the Librarian made some very salient gestures about what happens to people who disrespect books), Platon Manaclees stands at the centre of a ring loudly announcing he will defend his thesis against all comers, one at a time, or *en masse*.

Without Intervention

If the PCs don't step in, Platon will injure multiple exchange students and Foster will gather all the secrets Platon has to offer as he brags.

Secrets

Gossip: *Book Club is a haven of gossip. Not world changing, but the sort of thing that could embarrass senior staff at UU. The club has gossip about Ridcully, the Dean of Pentacles, and the Senior Wrangler. Treat each as a separate secret that Foster is trying to obtain.*

Consequences

Bookmarked: *An exchange student walks away from the debate dazed and confused, only able to recite the paragraph with which they just became intimately familiar. Remove an exchange student from the adventure going forwards.*

Unwanted Attention: *Excessive noise draws the attention of Mrs Whitlow, who is very upset that the armour used is made of cushions misappropriated from around UU. She confiscates the armour and is Very Disappointed in all of you. You will find the UU campus more hostile as a result. Everyone gains the Trait* ***In trouble with the staff****.*

Taunted: *Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words leave you with a lifelong complex about your value as a person. Gain the Trait* ***Shaken confidence.***

Platon Manaclees

Full Name: Platon Manaclees (He/Him)

Species: Human Niche: Ephebian - UU Student Book Club President

Features: Giant intellectual; Two-fisted philosopher; Wielder of the Liber Fistula.

Mannerism: A loud voice and skilled at 'debate'

Platon is a surprisingly loyal UU student and has been instructed to show off his full power and skill to the exchange students during the book club debate. He follows Archchancellor Ridcully's example when entering debates – talk loudly and carry something dangerous. He is determined to win at all costs, although this may reveal more information about UU secrets than he intends.

*There were some concerns the club would unfairly favour more long-winded theories with big thick books, but after a couple of rounds of debate the concerned parties gracefully retired to the infirmary.

The Great Hall

Great long tables stacked high with a great feast; not a prawn in sight. Senior staff snooze gently in big chairs.

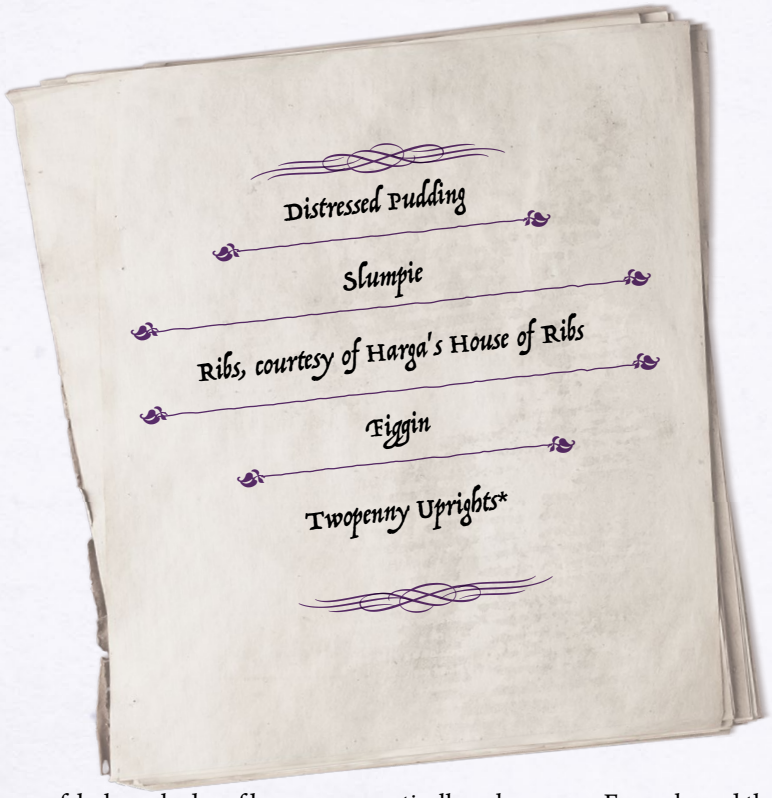
The Great Hall is the space where many senior wizards spend their time, eating at least five enormous meals a day. The rough stone walls ring with conversation and debate. It's here that the wizards relax now that the bad old days of cut-throat ambition are over and the University hierarchy is largely stable (in no small part due to the aforementioned five enormous meals a day). It's fairly hard to plot the death of senior wizards while digesting an entire duck.

The Archchancellor has also been known to fire a crossbow across the room at random intervals to keep things lively.

Lunch

A special menu designed by the Dean of Pentacles, for just this very occasion.

Presented are a range of Morporkian dishes including, but not limited to:



The many fabulous shades of brown are practically unknown on Fourecks and the exchange students are hesitant to eat. Foster takes the opportunity to get to know the people around him.

* Which every other wizard has been too flustered to take.

Without Intervention

Left to their own devices, the Bugarup students will politely pick at their meal until one has the fabulous idea to visit a nearby street vendor instead. After eating a C.M.O.T. Dibbler prawn cocktail made almost entirely of chicken bottoms, they will be violently ill and removed from the adventure.



Secrets

***Senior Boasts**: The senior staff at UU aren't always working at the cutting edge of magic, but they do know some secrets from many years of hard study (and many more of soft chairs). Foster finds the nearest senior wizard and encourages them to spill their guts (hopefully figuratively).*

***Naive Students**: Students at UU may not know secrets themselves, but talking to them will give Foster an easier time of finding secrets in the future and he gains the Trait **Well-informed**.*

Consequences

***Cold and Congealed**: Going slowly only makes it worse. Gain the **Layer of grease** Trait.*

***Choking Hazard**: A stray bone takes an exchange student unaware, they have to be taken to the infirmary immediately.*

***Exciting Atmosphere**: Archchancellor Ridcully has loosed a projectile across the room and caught a character. If they're lucky it's only a crossbow bolt.*

Tower of Art (Interior, Seminar Room)

Very cramped, no windows, stagnant airflow; perfect for an 'intimate' seminar.

The Tower of Art has more rooms than could feasibly fit there. If you were to go looking, you would find a room for any sort of specialised wizard you might care to imagine — and many you wouldn't. This room is a spare, with a small table, and rickety chairs.

Shellfish Seminar

A hands-on experience; a medley of smells.

Having snuck back in to reveal the results of his indefinite research in Genua under (and beyond the range of) the Archchancellor's nose, Dr Collabone has this one seminar to give before he's sent back to continue his research. He's brought a variety of living samples to explain.

Without Intervention

With no one to cut him off, Dr Collabone talks seemingly endlessly. Some of the exchange students are happy to discuss shellfish — prawns are a speciality of theirs. They eventually attempt to stymie Dr Collabone's famous 'dragonbreath' through ill-advised magic. One of them magics the nose right off their face and is removed from the adventure so they can deal with that.

Secrets

Mysteries of the Swamp: *Despite everything, Dr Collabone has amassed a wealth of knowledge on swamp magic and shellfish which Foster can guarantee no one else has got close enough to hear.*

Consequences

Pinched: *The hands-on experience goes wrong and one of the larger shellfish grabs a character. Gain the Trait* ***Sore fingers****.*

Lock-In: *Concerned that if people leave the seminar he'll be sent back to Genua early, Dr Collabone locks the door, trapping everyone inside.**

Dragonbreath: *Close proximity with the good doctor is exactly the reason he was sent to the Genua swamps. You get a first-nose experience. Gain the Trait* ***Smellshocked****.*

Dr Collabone

Full Name: Dr Devious H. 'Dragonbreath' Collabone (He/Him)

Niche: Professor researching shellfish Species: Human

Features: Shellfish expert; Reliant on notes; Chronic halitosis.

Mannerism: A nervous public speaker, talks in slow, breathy sentences

Knowing he's due back in the swamps of Genua after this special seminar, Devious will do everything in his power to make it last as long as possible.

* Which is a breach of the Genuaeva convention.



The Mended Drum

A dimly lit room filled with cheap furniture and a sawdust-covered floor; clientele milling around waiting for the nightly bar brawl.

The interior of the Mended Drum looks much like any tavern you might imagine. Unlike those taverns however, the Drum has become a beacon for every major hero and important so-and-so on the Disc. Everyone here is ready to spring into action as part of a compelling narrative. The atmosphere in the place is thick enough to eat with a spoon. An Igor sits patiently in the corner.

There is a chance that any or all of the characters from earlier in the adventure will be at Student Night. Pick at least one to be present in this scene. Pick the one who will cause the most immediate problems for the PCs or the one from whom Foster Gold has the most secrets to steal.

Student Night

'Entertainment' fills the tavern; louder and more dangerous than usual; very few students.

Student Night at the Drum is a lazy attempt to drain the student population of the two coins they have to rub together. It's arranged by someone who doesn't know any students, and isn't interested in getting to know students. Different 'entertainment' will be happening depending on the night in question. Roll on the *'Entertainment' Table* below to see what's on at the Drum tonight.

After the scene is established, allow for a couple of tests for PCs to save exchange students from the general perils of the bar. Then consult the *'Entertainment' Table*, based on what you rolled last time, to see what the Inciting Incident for tonight's bar brawl will be. The tavern then erupts into a semi-staged fully-dangerous fight.

d4	*'ENTERTAINMENT'*	*INCITING INCIDENT*
1	*A horrible student band learning to play their instruments together.*	*The band tries to play an encore, the crowd takes exception to this idea.*
2	*Foot-the-ball fans of a local team flood the tavern to celebrate the end of a game. The game is still happening, they're just very enthusiastic for it to be over.*	*Someone comes in wearing the wrong team's colours. The reds weren't even playing today.*
3	*Eat-all-you-can Dibbler's Pies (limit 1 per person). A 'meat' pie is forced upon each patron on entry. It's unclear what misfortune befell the Drum's proprietor to have so many.*	*Someone refuses a pie, other patrons are furious this option wasn't made clear to them.*
4	*An unsanctioned quiz night event run entirely by one 'Rod Iddle' who incessantly asks rhetorical questions which he insists are riddles.*	*The brawl breaks out early tonight, most people are trying to hit Rod very hard but will settle for anyone in a pinch.*

Ginger

Full Name: Ginger (He/him) Species: Troll

Niche: A splatter working at the Mended Drum

Features: A diamond (toothed) geezer; Adjusting to the job.

Mannerism: Makes poor and nonsensical attempts at wordplay

Ginger is new at the Drum and will allow the nightly brawl to get out of hand so he can get it back under control.

Sheila Later

Full Name: Sheila Later (She/Her) Species: Human

Niche: A Fourecks citizen tending bar

Features: Underpaid and overconfident; No worries.

Mannerism: Loud and boisterous, absolutely endless energy

Sheila is here working to pay for an extended holiday away from Fourecks. She'll ply the exchange students with cheap(er) booze if she has to, to keep them in the Drum.

Wrapping Up

As the sun grudgingly rises over the City That Sometimes Sleeps, rays of light flow like warm treacle over the hungover students and PCs alike. It's time to wrap up the adventure. You should review the consequences of everything that's happened. What secrets did Foster escape with? Do the Archchancellors of the Unseen University and Bugarup regard the programme as a success? Pay particular attention to what the players want to know about their character's actions and how the Unseen University regards them going forwards.

Secrets

Secrets in this scene are based on which character(s) you have in the Mended Drum from earlier in the adventure. They are aware of any secrets that they were aware of in their original scenes.

Consequences

***Tipsy**: One too many gulps of beer and suddenly the world is swimming around you. Gain the **Tipsy** Trait for the rest of the scene.*

***Splatted**: PCs don't keep an exchange student in check. Drunk on the confidence of youth, surviving their exchange day, and no small measure of beer, they make a bother of themselves. Remove them from the adventure as Ginger throws them out and into the River Ankh.*

***Thieving Gone Wrong**: One of the exchange students is mugged by a member of the Thieves' Guild as they leave the Drum, whilst the PCs aren't watching. Unaware of the social conventions at play they resist the mugging and are removed from the adventure.*

Eye of the Storm (Brawl)**: Through some horrifically poor choice, a character winds up at the centre of the nightly brawl just as it kicks off. Gain the Trait **Stuck in the middle.

***Armless/Legless (Brawl)**: During the brawl, someone of the GM's choice carelessly loses a limb. Nothing too essential, mind you. Gain the **Armless** or **Legless** Trait as appropriate. At an appropriate point in this scene, the Igor will attempt to give back what's rightfully the character's — or at least the closest thing to hand. Replace the previous Trait with **Mismatched Limbs** until this character is removed from the adventure.*

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Party Name

Organisation

File 7a compiled by R. Drumlenoff for the attention of His Lordship.

Party Goal

Party Past

Party Present

Consequences:

Luck /4

Name:

Pronouns: ( )

Organisation:

Background:

Niche:

Quirks:

Core:

Iconograph

Consequences:

Luck

/4

Name:

Pronouns: ( )

Iconograph

Organisation:

Background:

Niche:

Quirks:

Core:



Consequences:

Luck

/4

Name:

Pronouns: ( )

Iconograph

Organisation:

Background:

Niche:

Quirks:

Core:

"Poets have tried to describe Ankh-Morpork. They have failed. Perhaps it's the sheer zestful vitality of the place, or maybe it's just that a city with a million inhabitants and no sewers is rather robust for poets, who prefer daffodils and no wonder. So let's just say that Ankh-Morpork is as full of life as an old cheese on a hot day, as loud as a curse in a cathedral, as bright as an oil slick, as colourful as a bruise and as full of activity, industry, bustle and sheer exuberant busyness as a dead dog on a termite mound."

– *Mort*

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