

CONSEQUENCES:

LUCK

/4

DESCRIPTION: SLAB takes their name from their distinctive appearance. They look so convincingly slab-like that if they were to lie down in a pothole, people would think someone had decided to fix the road. Saying that SLAB is not the sharpest spoon in the drawer is an insult to not only spoons and drawers, but sharpness in general. Still, if you are persuading someone to pay their dues, there's no better troll to have at your back — provided you get them to glower in the right direction.

NAME: SLAB

(THEY/THEM)

ORGANISATION: *Beggars' Guild*

BACKGROUND: *Troll raised by doting, if unwise, parents*

NICHE: *Rem-ooo-ni-rat-ions*

CORE:

QUIRKS: *Hit first, what's a question?*

Resting troll face

Too stupid to outsmart

CONSEQUENCES:

LUCK

/4

DESCRIPTION: A diminutive figure in a far-too-large jacket and hat so battered it's impossible to tell its original style, Maggie is a ray of sunshine to all who meet her. Until, at least, her constant companion SLAB blocks out her proverbial sun. Her cheeky smile and reassurances that there's no need for things to get violent get the dues out of all but the most hardened of heart. And for those ... SLAB.

NAME:

Maggie

(SHE/HER)

ORGANISATION:

Beggars' Guild

BACKGROUND:

Human who's been around the block

NICHE:

Lovable' street sparrow

CORE:

QUIRKS:

Know the alleys better than the streets

Not a violent soul

Looks to the future'

CONSEQUENCES:

LUCK

/4

DESCRIPTION: Sleepy is far too tired to be dealing with this right now. He was thrown out of his family's bed business after being caught napping on the merchandise once too often. Now his innate ability to nap anywhere, anywhen and anyhow serves him well as a beggar, since any doorway can be a bed. He knows all the best hideaways for a spot of shuteye around the city, information which has helped the No Land Revenue catch more than one beggar napping.

NAME: *Sleepy Snorisson*

(HE/HIM)

ORGANISATION: *Beggars' Guild*

BACKGROUND: *Dwarf whose family runs a modest business in Ankko-Morppork*

NICHE: *Liaison with the Underground*

CORE:

QUIRKS: *Knows people' in low places*
Loud yawning sounds
Always ready to lie low

CONSEQUENCES:

LUCK

/4

DESCRIPTION: The first thing anyone notices about Drastic & Ars is its ears. They are, not to put too fine a point on it, huge, bat-like, and badly in need of repair (much like the rest of Arse in the last regard). It is a gargoyle who spent much of its early years at Unseen University, and the proximity to so much raw magic has given it an innate gift for understanding languages. Unfortunately, the proximity to so many drunken students has given it a mouth Foul Ole Ron would consider filthy. Still, if you can interpret what's being said between the swearing and cursing, there's no finer source for the word on the street. Just don't expect any of its information to be first-hand, or, for that matter, correct.

NAME: *Drastic & Ars ('Arse')*

(It/Its)

ORGANISATION: *Beggars' Guild*

BACKGROUND: *Gargoyle from a distinguished heritargein*

NICHE: *Hearer of the word on the street*

CORE:

QUIRKS:

*Everything I know is third-hand
Understands almost any language
Speaks bad Morporkian*

CONSEQUENCES:

LUCK

/4

DESCRIPTION: Jacques Vagabon claims to be from

an ancient and noble family in Quirm. In reality, he

was born Jane Vanson and raised in Lobbin Clout.

Jacques is always impeccably dressed in the latest beggar fashions, these being at least a decade behind the times.

He nonetheless keeps an eye on the current trends with fascination, because he knows the fashion world is after him.

When you need a vaguely foreign, well-spoken gentleman to dazzle a crowd, Jacques is your man.

NAME:

Jacques Vagabon

(HE/HIM)

ORGANISATION:

Beggars' Guild

BACKGROUND:

Human who ain't from round he're

NICHE:

Gentleman Beggar

CORE:

QUIRKS:

Claims a noble heritage

Has his finger on the pulse

On the run