

TALES FROM THE
BIG WAHOONIE

TERRY PRATCHETT'S
DISCWORLD
ADVENTURES IN ANKH-MORPORK

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MODIPHUIS®
ENTERTAINMENT

Modiphuis Entertainment Ltd.
39 Harwood Rd,
London SW6 4QP,
United Kingdom

info@modiphuis.com
www.modiphuis.net

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EU representative: Modiphuis Europe Ltd. Calle de Peñuelas 43, Local G y H, Madrid, Spain, 28005. Tel: +34614367815. safety@modiphuis.com

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INTRODUCTION

'People think that stories are shaped by people. In fact, it's the other way around. Stories exist independently of their players. If you know that, the knowledge is power.'

Stories, great flapping ribbons of shaped space-time, have been blowing and uncoiling around the universe since the beginning of time. And they have evolved. The weakest have died and the strongest have survived and they have grown fat on the retelling, twisting and blowing through the darkness.

And their very existence overlays a faint but insistent pattern on the chaos that is history. Stories etch grooves deep enough for people to follow in the same way that water follows certain paths down a mountainside. And every time fresh actors tread the path of story, the groove runs deeper.

This is called the theory of narrative causality, and it means that a story, once started, takes a shape, a form. It picks up all the vibrations of all the other workings of that story that have ever been.

This is why history keeps on repeating all the time.'

— TERRY PRATCHETT

Welcome to ***Tales from the Big Wahoonie!*** This book of seven-and-a-bit adventures will provide you with a fantastic array of different stories to explore within your own ***Adventures in Ankh-Morpork***.

Each of these adventures works well as a first adventure in the Discworld universe, but experienced players will also find plenty to love in here as well.

One thing we wanted to discuss here is that these adventures take place in a version of Ankh-Morpork that is distinctly *yours*. Each adventure you take part in, each thing you change about the city, gradually pushes the narrativium of your specific Discworld down ever-more-complex trouser-legs of time. We're not trying to claim that these adventures take place in the Discworld that exists in the books, or that all of our non-player characters coexist with characters in the novels.

No, these adventures exist alongside Sir Terry Pratchett's books. A hairsbreadth away through the multiverse, one side-step away from the normal

(insofar as such a word can ever be applied)

Discworld. You play these adventures in your version of Ankh-Morpork. You can 'reset' the world between each adventure if you so wish, or you can plunge deeper and deeper into your trousers of time to adapt, change, and grow your own Ankh-Morpork.

Either option is perfectly valid. This is your spare time! We're mostly mentioning this here to head off anyone who might get their spots in a twist about some of the adventures in this book. No, there wasn't really an emerging golems' rights movement in Ankh-Morpork just prior to the events of *Going Postal*. *But there could have been*. No, Teppic didn't show back up in the city to deal with a pyramid scheme. *But he might have done*.

This roleplaying game and your adventures live in the mights and possibilities. They all may have plausibly happened in Ankh-Morpork — this makes the fact that they didn't quite immaterial.

Happy adventuring, and remember what you're fighting for.*

* To stop fighting, usually.



Leonard of
Quirm

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MCGUFFIN

By Corey
Davies

INTRODUCTION

The Case of the Missing McGuffin is a mystery adventure about missing fine art for *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*. The information here is for the gamemaster (GM) only. Players should stop reading once they've finished this sentence.

Recommended Reading
Maskerade
The Truth
Making Money

GETTING STARTED

You should first read the whole adventure to understand what's going on. At a minimum, look through the *Adventure Overview* (p. 6), *Tips on Consequences* (p. 6), and *Investigation* (p. 6), sections. As well as the *Accusing Parlour* (p. 17) scene. This will help you understand what the aims of the player characters (PCs) should be throughout the session and what they are ultimately working towards.

The Investigation section and the *Accusing Parlour* scene will give you some insight into the unique mechanics of this adventure, and how to implement them.

Once you're ready to start, read or paraphrase the Read Aloud text at the end of the Investigation section (p.7) and begin the first scene *The Gallery ~ Scene of the Crime*. You should let players know which scenes are available (all scenes except *The Secret Passages*, p. 14). Players are free to head to them in any order they choose. They should also be informed that *The Accusing Parlour* is always the final scene of the adventure.



ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

Somehow, against all the odds, an unlicensed theft has taken place. This most heinous of acts must be investigated with all due haste, lest anyone else get wind that it's possible to just take people's things without the proper permits.

During an evening of adequate entertainment at the home of Lord and Lady Manner, an original piece of art by the renowned artist McGuffin was stolen. As it was due to be shipped to the Agatean Empire in two days, the Patrician is especially keen to see this matter resolved quickly so that good diplomatic relationships are not put at risk.

In this adventure the goal of Player Characters (PCs) is to find clues and put together a theory about who stole the McGuffin and how they managed it. The perpetrator can then face the Watch or the justice-adjacent punishment that the Thieves' Guild reserves for unapproved theft.

A liaison from the Thieves' Guild is already waiting at the crime scene for the player characters. PCs have to establish guilt by searching the *Manner Manor* for evidence and gently interrogating anyone present. If they could also find the McGuffin in the process, that would be ideal, but, as no one seems to even know what it looks like, that's a much lower priority than pointing the finger at the guilty party.

TIPS ON CONSEQUENCES

The Consequences you create, in response to bad rolls or poor decisions, should aim to disrupt the PCs' ability to gather clues, or reveal that clues they have already acquired are actually red herrings.

For example, when a non-player character (NPC) is removed from the adventure by Consequences, that character should always be about to reveal some instrumental evidence, or be the prime suspect at the time, so that removing them sets back the investigation.

CLUES

Clues can be discovered throughout the *Manner Manor*, and in interactions with NPCs. If the PCs suspect an NPC is the thief, the PCs can be informed about any Trait that an NPC has as a clue.

Clues are written with the intention that they may fit or alter whatever theory the PCs have about the identity of the thief. As such, they refer to 'the main suspect' or 'an unexpected character'. You should substitute the names of relevant characters into these clues.

As well as clues specific to the scene, some general clues you can use if you're stuck are:

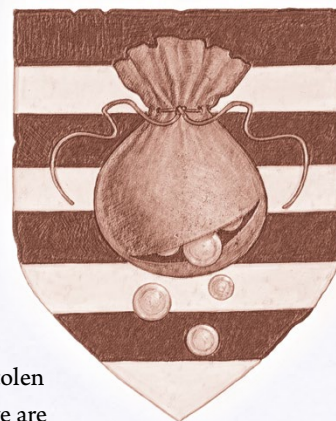
- ◆ *A knowing glance between two characters.*
- ◆ *A character is not shocked by a shocking twist.*
- ◆ *Splinters caught in a character's hair.*
- ◆ *A discarded note detailing the location of the McGuffin crate.*
- ◆ *A character displays an uncommon knowledge of McGuffin and his works.*
- ◆ *The main suspect reveals they have information that only the thief could know.*
- ◆ *The main suspect is seen hiding a small piece of art on their person.*
- ◆ *A piece of art looks out of place.*
- ◆ *A piece of art is not what you expect it to be.*

INVESTIGATION

This adventure is not written to create a labyrinthine mystery for the players to heroically unravel. It is written to suggest to them that there is a labyrinth. You can then let them get themselves lost, ideally whilst complimenting you on what a good labyrinth you've built and how clever you must be.

There is no one true answer to who has stolen the McGuffin, the culprit and their motive are discovered through play. Each scene includes a short descriptive paragraph that details what the NPCs in that scene will reveal without any in-depth investigation. After this, there are clues in each scene that PCs may uncover through actions and rolls, as well as the general list of clues. You are also encouraged to create clues in a similar way to how you create Consequences. If the players have a theory that they wish to explore, and roll well, then they should find a clue which adds weight to their theory. If they fail, the Consequence might imply that they're on the wrong path.

ACVTVS ID VERBERAT



Each scene also has a section titled ... Just One More Thing. These sections have one or more questions that you can ask the players to allow them to develop their theory further as they leave a scene. If there are multiple options, then you should choose the one most suited to the ongoing investigation. These questions should inspire PCs to follow their theories further and help them create an interesting narrative for how the theft took place. The listed questions may not be appropriate to the direction PCs are taking their investigation. If this is the case, you should do your best to pick a hole in the theory they have so far. Try to ensure that you create an interesting thing to investigate in future, rather than just completely shooting down their ideas.

Once the PCs have a theory the players are happy with, or when you need to bring the session to a close, then they should go to *The Accusing Parlour* scene. Here they will accuse their target and find out if they are correct.

They should have, at minimum, enough clues to accuse a culprit and explain a method that the culprit used. If they can describe what the McGuffin actually looks like, and if this makes sense, they'll get bonuses. This is explained further in *The Accusing Parlour* scene.

As the PCs develop their theory, you should keep a note of what their clues are and who they want to accuse. This will make it much easier to keep track of their current theory and provide a handy reference sheet for clues to involve in Consequences.

It's important that you let the PCs explore their theories. Culprits are not just limited to the attendees of the Adequate Manner's Dinner Party — the Thieves' Guild or the Manners may have set the whole thing up. There may not even have been a McGuffin to steal in the first place. All of this is for the PCs to find out.

In addition to any other Traits, all the player characters begin the adventure with the **Haven't a clue** Trait until they gather their first clue.

The adventure begins with the scene:

The Gallery ~ Scene of the Crime (p. 8).

Players can then head to any of the following scenes in any order they choose:

The Interrogation/Laundry Room, p. 10.

The Library, p. 11.

The Manner Manor Grounds, p. 12.

The Dining Room, p. 16.

As the result of a successful roll, or at an appropriately dramatic time, PCs should move to *The Secret Passages* scene (p. 14).

The adventure always concludes in *The Accusing Parlour* (p. 17).

When you're ready to begin, read the following text aloud to your players. (We recommend watching murder mysteries and whodunnits in advance, to get the tone and feel of the narration right.)



Read Aloud

You have been given news of a most heinous crime. A theft which the Thieves' Guild did not sanction.

During a run-of-the-mill upper-class dinner party, an original piece of art by the renowned artist McGuffin was stolen. Your superiors, and their superiors (your grandsuperiors), and their grandsuperiors (your great-grandsuperiors), all the way up to the esteemed office of the Patrician himself, would like the culprit to be found.

*Everyone in the home of Lord and Lady Manner is a suspect. The thief's motives and their method are unknown. The entire party has been held in place at the *Manner Manor* by a liaison from the Thieves' Guild. The scene is set for you to use your assumedly considerable investigatory skills to find out who stole the McGuffin, their motive, how they did it, and where they've stashed it.*

When you've learned all you need to ensure that your finger is pointed at the right person, you'll need to gather everyone in the parlour to make your accusation.

You begin at the scene of the crime ...





THE GALLERY — SCENE OF THE CRIME

Crates atop crates of hidden art; thick dust in the air.

The Gallery is a large room on the upper floor of the *Manner Manor*, filled with artworks of all kinds and qualities. They have been lovingly sealed away from anyone who might appreciate them without first spending enough money to purchase them.

Ms Liza has been at the scene for some time. She and the Manners explain that the guests of the Adequate Manners' Dinner Party* all participated in a game of hide-and-find after dinner. As she took her turn as the finder, Lady Manya Manner discovered the destroyed McGuffin crate, causing such a commotion that everyone came running to the Gallery from their hiding places.

When they arrived, one by one, Lady Manner was doing her best to clean up the pieces of crate and put them in a neat pile. Arthur 'Art' Thief was the last to appear and he came from somewhere in the Gallery. Ms Liza explains that he's now tied up in the *Laundry/Interrogation Room* for obvious reasons. The other guests are confined within the estate, waiting to be asked about the incident.

Ms LIZA

(SHE/HER)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Thieves' Guild Handler*

FEATURES: *Enigmatic smile;
short-statured thief 'promoted' to the Guild help desk.*

MANNERISM: *A 'moaner' always ready to 'see' the downside.*

LORD MANNING MANNER

(HE/HIM)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Owner of the Manor*

FEATURES: *Man of the Manor;
Used to things going his way.*

MANNERISM: *Splutters and coughs for emphasis.*

LADY MANNING MANNER

(SHE/HER)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Owner of the Manor*

FEATURES: *Not the Man of the Manor;
Has a place for everything and an opinion of everyone.*

MANNERISM: *Always fidgeting with something.*

* The guests aren't yet friendly enough with the Manners to receive a coveted invite to the Good Manners' Dinner Party.

The Manners cannot tell you much about what the McGuffin looks like. In fact, no one can. It arrived already sealed in the crate and was made entirely while McGuffin was wearing a blindfold, so that it might be sold 'sight unseen' to the right buyer. McGuffin has been known to make paintings, sculptures, jewellery, and decor. The artist has made at least one of every thing that people might want. In short, it could be anything.

... JUST ONE MORE THING

If Arthur 'Art' Thief was in the Gallery, why was he the last to arrive at the crime scene?

Lady Manner would have had servants to clean up after her all her life, why would her first reaction be to clean up the crate?

Clues

The McGuffin crate is much more haphazardly built than the other crates.

Sticky handprints on the crates around the room.

A lingering sickly sweet floral scent.

A mark on top of a crate, as if someone put a drink down without a coaster.

The crumpled up page from a book: The Art Fancier's Guide to Fencing Stolen Goods, Third Edition.

CONSEQUENCES

No Manners: You offend Lord and Lady Manner. They will refuse to engage with you, even to help, for the rest of the adventure.

Hands on Investigation: You get covered in the remnants of the McGuffin crate. Gain the Trait **Full of splinters**.

Gumshoe: You stick your shoe onto whatever clue you were just about to uncover, and it gets utterly ruined.





THE INTERROGATION/LAUNDRY ROOM

Smells unthought of in the history of the Disc; the threatening presence of unwashed socks; huge tubs of viscous cleaning chemicals.

This is a cramped room at the back of the [Manor](#). Piles of dirty washing overflow from buckets onto the floor. In the centre of the room, Arthur 'Art' Thief sits tied to a chair by the creative application of at least three pairs of unwashed trousers.

Mr Thief is very clear that he was only hiding in the Gallery, and it couldn't be him wot dunnit. He comes from a long line of Thiefs who never stole a thing, it's a point of family pride. The name actually comes from some foreign land where it means 'trustworthy', he thinks. He was hiding in the room when he heard Lady Manner start to yell about the McGuffin crate. He heard all sorts of things before the commotion, he reckons it was probably one of the other guests who broke into the crate.

He's never even heard of McGuffin, and would you please let him go, or at least by the gods itch his nose, no not there, a bit further left.

... JUST ONE MORE THING

Why didn't Mr Thief hear the crate being destroyed?

If Mr Thief did it, what's the motivation?



Clues

Mr Thief isn't covered in any debris from destroying a crate.

Mr Thief's hands are coated in the same sticky mess found on crates in the Gallery — half-melted penny sweets that are stuffed in his pockets.

Mr Thief heard the Eycks talking about the crates and which one they thought was the most valuable.

Mr Thief heard the click of heels pass by before someone stopped to take them off.

The washing clearly hasn't been done in a while — in fact you've seen no staff looking after the manor at all.

A rolled up painting, stripped from its frame, is propped in the corner, slowly soaking up cleaning chemicals.



CONSEQUENCES

Smellyvision: Thanks to the potent aroma of the laundry room, the clue you thought you'd found was in fact a stink-induced hallucination.

Washed up: The cleaning chemicals get to you, or on you. Gain the trait **Squeaky clean disposition**.

Art in Motion: Mr Thief breaks free of his bonds and escapes the room before you can stop him. He goes to hide elsewhere in [Manner Manor](#) and can't be questioned until you find him again.

ARTHUR 'ART' THIEF

SPECIES: Human NICHÉ: Unfortunately Named Minor Nobleman (HE/HIM)

FEATURES: Knows how this looks;
Sweet tooth and sticky fingers.

MANNERISM: Eager to blame anyone else.

THE LIBRARY

Spilled brandy makes part of the floor sticky; the smell of books, desperate for someone to read them; atmospheric light too dim to read by.

The Library, much like the Gallery, is more a monument to the wealth of the Manners than a functional room. The books are all first editions and first printings, the only order to their placement serves to maximise the aesthetic impact. Van Eyck and Judith Wooster sit in large, comfy chairs, spaced close enough to almost touch one another. They are discussing the evening's events.

Where there are no bookshelves, the walls are covered in framed paintings. Everything you might think of is rendered in oil paint; mythic tales, portraits — there's even a lovely oil painting of a collection of watercolours.

Van Eyck speaks first in a false, clipped tone that is obviously covering a much less refined accent. She says that she and her twin were hiding in the *Library*, confident that Bran Eyck will corroborate. Sure, they might have wondered about how much the art in the gallery was worth, but neither of them would be stupid enough to steal something obvious during a game of hide-and-find.

Judith Wooster answers in the calm collected manner of a professional butler. She looks straight through the PCs and says that during the party games she was in the *Dining Room*. She explains that she cleans everything after dinner except the silverware, which she leaves to the maid, due to a silver intolerance. She will mention that she hasn't seen Mary, the maid, this evening.

VAN EYCK

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Wealthy Thug* (SHE/HER)

FEATURES: *Rich as Eyck;*
Social climber.

MANNERISM: *Her accent drops when she gets angry or flustered.*

Clues

Van Eyck and Judith Wooster have been having an affair for several months.

One of the paintings is askew — a detail you'd expect Judith to hate.

Judith is wearing a silver pin to keep her cravat in place, she's lying about her intolerance.

During dinner, Judith had to guide the main suspect back to the *Dining Room* after they left for some reason.

CONSEQUENCES

Bat Got Your Tongue: Before Van Eyck can reveal a clue, Judith shoots her a glare and she refuses to say any more.

Dewy Decimate: Damp in the *Library* has ruined a book that contained an important clue.

Snitches Get...: Someone the PCs want to speak to is found mysteriously clobbered and unable to give them any clues.

The Walls Have Eyes: The eyes of the portraits seem to follow you around the room. Gain the Trait **Certain you're being watched**.

... JUST ONE MORE THING

If the Eyck twins were both in the *Library*, why did they not arrive at the Gallery together?

JUDITH WOOSTER

(SHE/HER)

SPECIES: *Vampire* NICHE: *Butler*

FEATURES: *Meticulously neat;*

Grave cold glare.

MANNERISM: *Begins philosophising if left unchecked.*



THE MANNER MANOR GROUNDS

The lights of Ankh-Morpork spread out ahead of you; the sound of people desperately trying to extinguish those lights; the smell of distant smoke.

The Manner Manor Grounds are immaculate. The position of the house gives a fine view of the city, if that's your sort of thing. Impressively, the manor has a mostly unobstructed view of the lake in the middle of Hide Park. Rich Nouveau stares obsessively at a strange, greenish light at the far end of the lake, whilst Groundskeeper Imwillee drinks a green liquid from a flask.

The grounds are filled with topiaries and expensive sculptures that the Manners have made sure sit at the perfect spots for the neighbours to see.

Groundskeeper Imwillee wasn't part of the game of hide-and-find, and instead stood outside drinking whiskey. He will cheerfully say it is from the Lord's own private stash as a reward for making the lawn look so neat.

He did see figures moving upstairs by the windows, more than one, and they looked to be hurrying about. Most curiously, just before the commotion he heard a carriage speed away from the manor.

Mr Nouveau will mention hiding in the *Library*. He was so startled by the commotion he spilled his brandy. His jacket stinks like an upper-class tavern floor. He thinks he saw Lady Grey hide something in her huge skirts.

... JUST ONE MORE THING

If Groundskeeper Imwillee heard the horse and carriage leave in a rush, how do we know the culprit is still in the *Manor*?

If Mr Nouveau was hiding in the *Library*, did anyone else see him there?

RICH NOUVEAU

SPECIES: *Human* NICHÉ: *Ankh-Morpork Socialite* (He/Him)

FEATURES: *Drink always in hand;*
Shady business connections.

MANNERISM: *Refuses to stop calling people 'old sport'.*

GROUNDSCKEEPER IMWILLEE

SPECIES: *Human* NICHÉ: *Groundskeeper* (He/Him)

FEATURES: *Underappreciated;*
Went to school to study fine art.

MANNERISM: *Grouchy and prone to mumbling threats.*



Clues

Mr Nouveau is in terrible debt, his extravagant lifestyle is a lie.

Mr Nouveau was in business with the Thief family, and would have had access to Mr Thief's belongings before arriving at the [Manner Manor](#).

Groundskeeper Imwillee hates the Manners and would do anything to spite them.

Groundskeeper Imwillee saw the main suspect sneaking around the estate a couple of days ago.

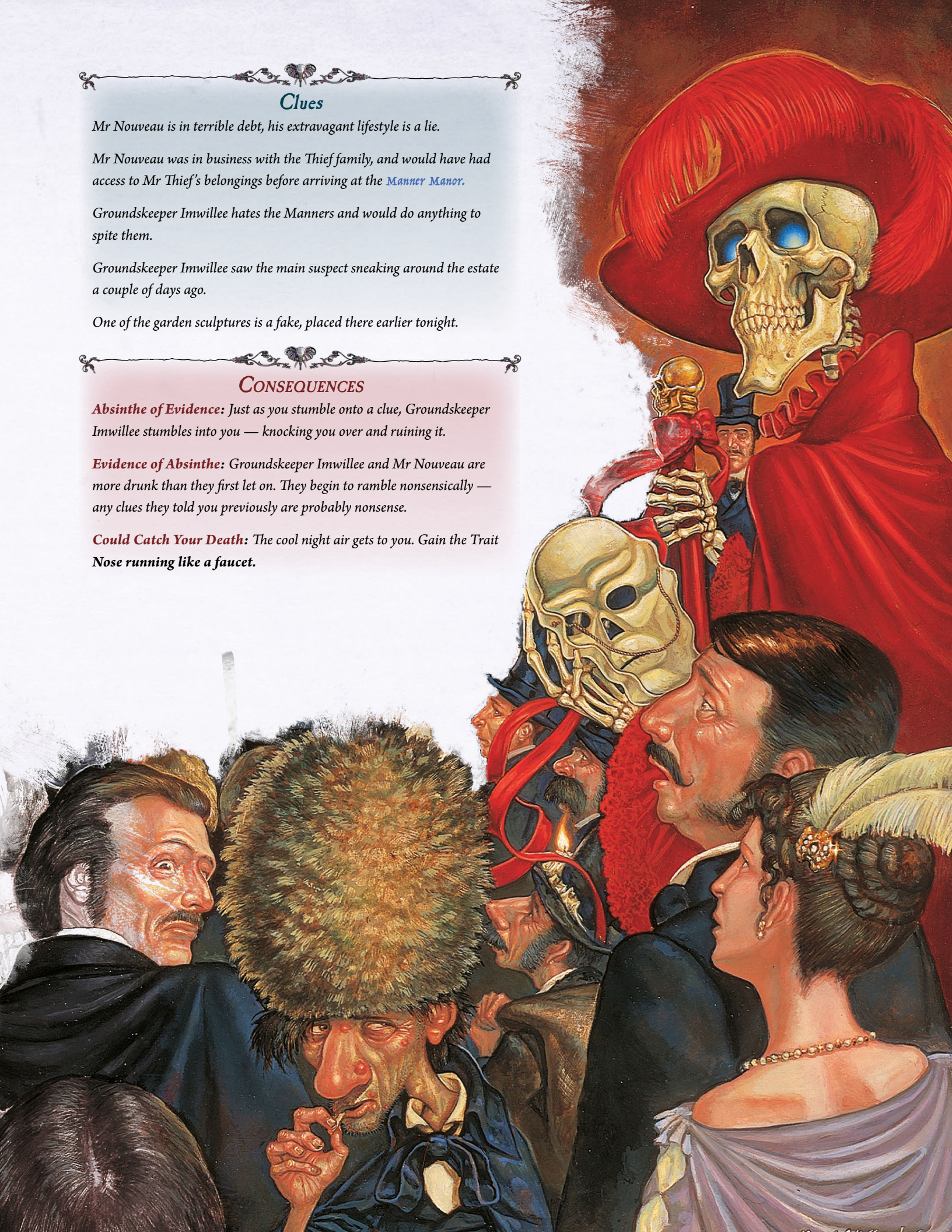
One of the garden sculptures is a fake, placed there earlier tonight.

CONSEQUENCES

Absinthe of Evidence: Just as you stumble onto a clue, Groundskeeper Imwillee stumbles into you — knocking you over and ruining it.

Evidence of Absinthe: Groundskeeper Imwillee and Mr Nouveau are more drunk than they first let on. They begin to ramble nonsensically — any clues they told you previously are probably nonsense.

Could Catch Your Death: The cool night air gets to you. Gain the Trait *Nose running like a faucet*.





THE SECRET PASSAGES

Dark and winding passages; peepholes to every room; dust bunnies multiplying like dust rabbits.

The Secret Passages connect any place where the PCs have just finished a scene, to the Gallery. You should reveal them at a time of your choosing, or as the result of a successful attempt to find a clue.

The Secret Passages are long, winding corridors between the walls of *Manner Manor*. They are too cramped for more than one person to move through at once, but anyone in the passages can see into every important room through peepholes.

The Manners also use the passages to store the things they're not particularly invested in. Letters from dead relatives, bad taxidermy, and bargain-bin masterpieces from still-living artists set to be venerated after they die.



REVEALING THE SECRET PASSAGES

As the PCs leave one of the rooms, there is a loud creak and sudden crash. Mary Van Trapp tumbles out of a formerly hidden entrance to the *Secret Passages*. She is able to describe, via a wax tablet she keeps on her person at all times, being shoved into the passage and getting lost in the dark for at least a day. She finds it very hard to tell exactly how long it was, given the general lack of windows in secret passages running through manor houses, let alone those in *Manner Manor*.

Despite her time in the walls looking through peepholes, Miss Van Trapp didn't see who stole the McGuffin. She was more focused on keeping a list of the chores she'd need to do when she got out. There used to be more staff, but now it's only really her and Ms Wooster keeping the place together.

... JUST ONE MORE THING

If Miss Van Trapp remembers being shoved into the *Secret Passages* over a day ago, how does that connect to the theft? And given that there are peepholes looking into every room, why didn't she have any idea how long she's been in there or what time it was?

Clues

If there are any clues from other scenes that might be revealed by watching through a peephole, then player characters might discover them here.

One piece of artwork stored here is missing the uniform coat of dust that covers everything else.

Through a peephole, you spot the main suspect tampering with evidence.

Through a peephole, you see an unexpected person behave in a way which answers a hole in your theory.

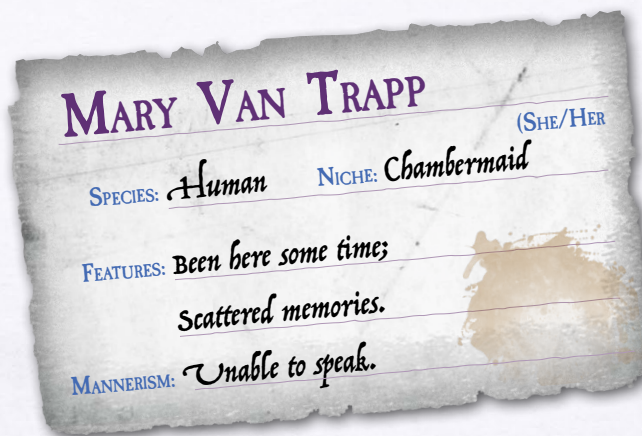
CONSEQUENCES

Eye Spy: You get poked in the eye by someone who notices you peeping. Gain the Trait **Sight for sore eyes**.

Peekaboo: These corridors are haunted by a ghost who doesn't appreciate the intrusion. They can't communicate this, but they can make you feel vaguely uncomfortable. Gain the Trait **Feeling you should move on**.

Tunnel Vision: You spend so long in the *Secret Passages* that the main suspect has time to hide information from you.

Allergic Reaction: Something in here makes you sneeze, so loudly and violently that everyone in the house knows you're spying on them. You won't get any more information by looking through the peepholes.





THE DINING ROOM

Dirty silverware and dishes in a pile; the smell of cigar smoke.

The Dining Room is dominated by an incredibly long table. Bran Eyck and Lady Grey sit in the seats they were assigned for dinner, making idle chatter. Lady Grey is waiting patiently for someone to pour the tea sat in front of her, which has long since cooled.

Art covers the walls, arranged with price tags at eye level which detail the current value of each piece. Sculptures and antiquities sit on small pedestals at the edges of the rooms, with similar price tags attached on small strings.

Bran Eyck is terse, and very obviously does not enjoy talking to you. As the conversation develops, their cigar gets more chewed and their expression ever more sour. Thoughtful questions such as; 'Where were you?', 'Was anyone with you?', 'Did you see anyone else?', and 'Do you have any history in the traffic of appropriated aesthetic embellishments?' receive single word responses, such as; *Library*, 'sister', 'dunno', and 'wossat?'

Lady Grey's story is much clearer. She hid on the ground floor. At her age, without a servant to give her a boost, she finds stairs utterly intolerable. She originally connected the Manners with their buyer in the Agatean Empire. She says that she's very sad that the sale may not be possible, and wonders aloud whether it will come to selling the family heirlooms if they're so keen to sell off their art.



Clues

Lady Grey's perfume is familiar, you've smelled it somewhere important before.

One of the pieces of art is missing a price tag.

*Bran Eyck refers to the main suspect by a different name — one you recognise as a notorious art thief.**

You glimpse a small hammer held carefully up Bran's sleeve.

You recall the main suspect throwing away a price tag like those in this room.



CONSEQUENCES

Mind the Manners: Lord or Lady Manner interrupts you, stopping your interrogation of Lady Grey, the only guest they actually seem to like.

Catch You Later: You say the wrong thing to Bran, and they subtly threaten to have you whacked, clipped, or otherwise horribly metaphored. Gain the Trait **Kiss of death**.

One Word for You: Somehow, without ever saying more than three syllables in one go, Bran completely shoots down a key piece of evidence you've gathered. You lose a clue.

... JUST ONE MORE THING

If Lady Grey can't get up the stairs, how did she arrive at the Gallery?

Bran Eyck doesn't seem the type to be here, how would they get an invite?

LADY GREY

SPECIES: *Human* NICHÉ: *Old Friend of the Manners* (SHE/HER)

FEATURES: *Doused in floral and citrus perfume; Ridiculously huge skirts.*

MANNERISM: *Refers to herself in the third person.*

BRAN EYCK

(THEY/THEM)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHÉ: *Wealthy Thief*

FEATURES: *Rich as Eyck; Ruthless merchant of last resort.*

MANNERISM: *Talks with their hands, loudly.*

* i.e. Someone who steals art, as possibly opposed to the ignominious Arthur 'Art' Thief who is tied up in the Laundry Room.

THE ACCUSING PARLOUR

Large leather chairs; a crackling fire; bells toll the hour.

All of the characters gather here for the grand finale. If Mr Thief is still tied to the laundry room chair, he is carried up and plonked in the corner. PCs should use this opportunity to dramatically explain their theory.

They might do this by (verbally) eliminating characters as suspects, or by simply summarising their findings. If they are unsure of their theory, this is a final chance to disorient and provoke their suspects into giving them a clue.

During their summary you should take the opportunity to test the theory. Have the NPCs pipe up with questions. This might include any outstanding questions from the ...Just One More Thing sections, or any other points that you want PCs to elaborate on.

J'ACCUSE!

Once the characters have described their theory as to how the theft happened, and answered any final questions, they make a roll against the Narrativium die. The die players use is based only on their investigation, do not take into account any of their Traits.

- ◆ If they only have a suspect, this die is a d4.
- ◆ If they have a suspect, and can describe the way the culprit stole the McGuffin, this die is a d6.
- ◆ If they can explain the location of the McGuffin, or their explanation for everything makes sense, you should increase the die size by 1 (i.e. from a d6 to a d10). If they have both the McGuffin's location and the explanation they provide makes sense, increase the die size by 2.

SUCCESS!

If the dice roll is a success then their theory is correct. They caught the thief. Their target should admit freely to the crime, and their motivations. They should curse the meddlers who muddled up their machiavellian malfeasance. Most importantly, however they spoke before, they should now speak in Evil Voice.*

FAILURE

If the die roll is a failure, the accused should loudly protest their innocence, even as they're taken away. Before you wrap up the session, you should narrate a series of flashbacks showing what crucial evidence the PCs missed, or how they were misled by the true thief. Take this opportunity to highlight a different theory the players had earlier, and present that as what really happened. They should all realise, too late to do anything about it, what has happened and who stole the McGuffin.

WRAPPING UP

Whether the suspect is handed over to the tender ministrations of the Watch, or the less tender ministrations of the Thieves' Guild, the adventure has come to a close. Everyone can bask in the warm glow of a job done. Now is the time to review everything that happened. Are there any mysteries outstanding? What will become of the attendees of the Adequate Manners Dinner Party? Does the McGuffin find its way to the Agatean Empire, to a trader in stolen goods, or does it remain lost and gather dust? You should involve the players to provide an epilogue for their own characters and describe the aftermath of the adventure's events together.

* You may simulate this however you please but the most convincing Evil Voice is, in the author's opinion, an impression of an haughty English aristocrat, as seen in any number of Roundworld mystery dramas from the mid-to-late 20th century.



MORTAL

By Andrew
Peregrine

TECHNICALITY

ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

One player character (PC) wakes to find Death standing over them, scythe in hand. Unfortunately, this is not a social call: Death has come to claim the PC. But there appears to be a bit of a mix-up as, according to their life-timer, they died at the ripe old age of 95. Someone seems to be playing silly buggers, and that someone is [Insert Name Here], a necromancer who has dedicated his life to cheating Death.

Death is not an unreasonable anthropomorphic personification and gives the PC until the next dawn to sort this out, or else. It's up to the PCs to figure out how someone managed to send Death after the wrong soul.

Following clues in key locations will eventually lead PCs to [Insert Name Here] and their final ritual on the [Tump](#). Will the PCs have what it takes to stop their friend being taken by Death or has their time run out?

Recommended Reading

Mort
Reaper Man
Hogfather

What's In a Name?

When it comes to choosing which PC's identity [Insert Name Here] will steal, we suggest going for the one with the most ridiculous, or inappropriate, name for an old human necromancer to have. This will allow you to really have fun with non-player characters (NPCs) reacting to the name throughout the adventure. Oh and make sure they're not a 95-year-old wizard, that would make for a very quick adventure.



WHAT'S GOING ON?

Death doesn't generally make mistakes, so someone is interfering where they shouldn't. If you suspect this might be a wizard, you'd be correct. Many years ago, this wizard began performing the L.I.C.H.* spell. The first step of which was to change his name to that of a child born on a specific day, under a specific star. Which just so happens to coincidentally be that of the PC who had a brush with Death. This wizard will be referred to throughout this text as [Insert Name Here] but, when you play the game, his name will be the same as the chosen PC.

It has taken [Insert Name Here] most of his life to learn the great L.I.C.H. spell and decades to perform all the preparations to cast it. It swaps the life-timer of the wizard and their linked target at the moment of the wizard's death, sending Death after the wrong soul and allowing the wizard to live on stolen time. The problem is, it takes so long to research and prepare, that by the time you've started to cast this spell you're looking at most of your life in the rear-view mirror. This, plus the fact that there's no way to tell if you've done it right until you die, means only the truly desperate, or those terrified of death, turn to it as an alternative to actually living.

Death is aware of the spell, since this is not his first rodeo,** but he's found that humans are incredibly efficient at sorting this sort of thing out — especially when it's their life on the line. He tells the player character that if they don't fix it themselves, he'll reap them instead. Whether or not he actually will is a different story; Death is not above gently massaging the truth to push people in the right direction.

MOTIVE

[Insert Name Here], the wizard responsible for all this, has feared Death since he first learned of its inevitability. Gaining immortality has been a life-long obsession for him and is the main reason he became a wizard (well, that and the lack of manual labour). He has dedicated his life to 'cheating Death'. Having finally finished the layers of preparations and requirements the L.I.C.H. spell demands, he finally died*** of old age at the ripe old age of 95, having done nothing with his life *except* plan the spell. It won't be easy to put him off the idea and make him surrender to grim inevitability.

KEY LOCATIONS

This adventure takes place mainly around [Unseen University \(UU\)](#) and a few bars in Ankh-Morpork. The PCs are probably going to need a few stiff drinks after meeting Death.

Biers, the Shades

This bar caters to the undead and might be a good place to seek out a necromancer or learn more about death.

Unseen University

The University is hard to get inside, although the bledlows (its porters/private police) can be useful if the PCs don't annoy them. If they get inside, the PCs can try and find out more in the [Library](#) or ask around about wizards who know about this sort of thing.

Augustus' Cottage

Augustus is a very nice necromancer who lives in a charming [cottage](#) near the Cemetery of Small Gods. He might help the PCs if they are polite.

The Tump

A small but steep hill on which the first clacks tower of the Grand Trunk line to Genua is situated. One of the few green spaces left in Ankh-Morpork, it is also where [Insert Name Here] is planning on casting his final ritual.

* Life Interchange Cascade However-you-bloody-well-can. Makes you wonder what came first, the spell or the acronym.

** A lot of people die at rodeos.

*** Well, he should have, at least.

[INSERT NAME HERE]

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: [Insert Name Here]

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Meddlesome Necromancer*

FEATURES: *I will not die;*

Life begins after death;

Very well read, but only on one subject.

MANNERISM: *Takes any opportunity to check for signs of aging; grey hairs wrinkles etc.*

[Insert Name Here] has worked hard to become immortal. Now that he's this close, he has no intention of giving up. He is one of the older career wizards at the *Unseen University*, having stayed in academia as it's safer than going outside. He has little or no life outside his studies and few friends (he is convinced he will outlive them and doesn't want to get upset when they die).

He is an old human and the only thing he will likely have in common with the PC is their name. If the PC is not human, male, or has an unusual name, have fun with NPCs' reactions to this being the name of a powerful necromancer.



DO FEAR THE REAPER

Once your players are ready to begin, read the following text aloud. Choose one of the player characters to address this to, the PC you have chosen to share a name with your necromancer, substituting their name for [Insert Name Here] below.



READ ALOUD

You wake up after a wonderful night's sleep. The drunks are singing almost tunelessly outside your window as the rattle of carts and the squelch of boots in ... let's say mud, signify the great city of Ankh-Morpork is awakening. There is just one wrinkle in the day as you gently open your eyes: a cloaked, skeletal figure, holding a scythe, stares at you from the end of the bed.

YOU ARE THE ONE CALLED [INSERT NAME HERE], YES? the figure asks in a voice as empty as a vault. It can't be your time surely? You're still young. You have so much to live for (well, a couple of things anyway). There must be some mistake!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: THERE HAS TO BE SOME SORT OF MISTAKE. THERE ISN'T THOUGH. I GET THAT A LOT.

He reaches into his robes and produces a life-timer with your name on it.

THEN AGAIN. YOU DON'T LOOK NINETY FIVE TO ME.

Death isn't certain, which is an unusual state of being for the ultimate certainty, so the PC has time to take stock of their surroundings and ask any pertinent questions, such as 'Are you sure you've got the right person?' and similar.

Depending on their relationships, the other PCs might be present. If not, the gamemaster (GM) should take a moment to ask them where they are, and what they are doing, this fine Ankh-Morpork morning. It is perfectly reasonable that upon seeing Death* sitting on their friend's bed, they might just back out of the room and run away.

Death is surprisingly chatty, his job is not generally an especially social one. The PCs should do their best to find out what is going on and establish that Death must have the wrong person.

* That is if they can see him ~ usually only wizards and cats can. The GM should carefully consider the story possibilities, characterisation, and background of each of the characters to decide who might be able to see Death, then go with whatever will be funniest.



Clues

Cause of Mortality: The player character is listed as having died of old age. This is clearly incorrect and will help to convince Death something is wrong.

Identity: The life-timer Death has clearly shows [Insert Name Here]'s name, and Death assures them that they are a 95-year-old human man who has lived a long, if not happy, life. That's where the uncertainty comes in.

Stay of Execution: Once the PCs can cast some sort of doubt on the case, Death will grant them until next morning to sort it out. But if they can't find whoever's really supposed to have died, Death will take them instead. He's not entirely convinced that it's not the PC playing silly buggers and he's not a huge fan of people trying to cheat him, no matter how often it happens.

Where to Start: Death doesn't know how all this has happened, and while he takes this seriously, he knows that humans are also remarkably good at dealing with this sort of thing.* He suspects magic may be to blame as it generally always is. He may also recommend **Biers**, a bar where the undead hang out, if he thinks the PCs need a little nudge in the right direction.

CONSEQUENCES

I've Got a List: While Death is too professional to actually do this, if other PCs annoy him, he'll write their name down and tell them that he'll come for them tomorrow morning too. He's joking. Probably.

You Owe Me: Death may take more than just convincing to do any of the PCs a favour. He will consider them in his debt. Sometime soon he will return with a job for them to balance the scales. This can lead into a new adventure for the PCs.

* Often after getting it wrong a bunch of times, going off in completely the wrong direction, and a lot of screaming and running about, but they almost alwa... usually get there in the end.



BIERS



What's Happening Here?

If you are looking for immortals, the undead are the people to talk to, but they tend not to like talking to the living. The living aren't specifically barred from **Biers**, but the moment they step in the door the piano stops playing and everyone turns to look at them.

Dank and gloomy; haunt of the undead; surprisingly good cocktail menu.

Nestled in one of Ankh-Morpork's darker side-streets is **Biers**, a bar that caters almost solely to the undead. The landlord (Igor) is happy to serve pretty much anyone, but the customers take exception to the living. It's bad enough being mostly dead, without the living interrupting one of your few opportunities for a quiet drink. They're just too ... lively.

For the PCs to get anything out of the patrons they will have to try to fit in. If they are aware that the living are not generally accepted, they might think to disguise themselves beforehand. A rather down-at-heel costume shop nearby can help them. But if they get caught (and we can fairly safely assume they'll get caught) the real undead may think they are being insulting. In this case, the claws might come out. Quite literally.



Clues

State of Undeath: Being undead is not the same as living forever. Undead are technically dead, just still moving around. Staying alive when you should die is much harder and requires powerful magic of some form. Many undead know there's something called L.I.C.H., but they don't know what it stands for (if anything).

Magical Lore: None of the undead here knows how to become immortal and still be alive, for that the player characters will need a wizard. Those sorts of spells can be found in [Unseen University](#), but they are highly restricted.

Necromancer: Some of the undead know about Augustus the necromancer, and where he can be found. They will take some convincing to lead the PCs to him, as none of them like being anywhere near him. He can snuff out their existence pretty easily (or at least they think he can).

CONSEQUENCES

Alastair Dark: This vampire is rather hungry. If the player characters are annoying, he'll target them for a meal once night falls.

Marlon: This zombie is rather starved of company and wants to off-load on the PCs about all his aches and pains ('Then there's this pain all down my left side, I've not even got any nerves, how is that fair I ask you?'). He will suck up the PCs' time like a black hole. Trying to leave is hard; Marlon is well-liked and walking out on him will be taken as disrespect for all the zombies in the bar.

Forced Exit: The patrons really don't like the living, and however well the PCs interact, they are on a knife-edge. At the slightest insult (real or imaginary) the patrons will throw the player characters out — via the door or window.

Flaky Costume: If the PCs are in disguise, the makeup starts to flake or sweat off, or they fail to smell as much of death as they should. The mood of [Biers](#) will get ugly if the clientele think the PCs are making fun of them.

COCKTAIL MENU

HAVIN YOU TEEF SMASHED IN BY A BIG STINKY FIST
 HEAD NAILED TO THE DOOR
 KICK INNA FORK
 LIKE BIG LUMP OF STEEL HAMMER FRU YOU EARS
 NECK BOLT



THE COTTAGE BY THE GRAVEYARD



What's Happening Here?

If the PCs have learned that Augustus Madrigal is an authority on necromancy, they can pay him a visit. He is a bit creepy but quite nice really.

Quiet and orderly; unsettlingly nice.

Augustus Madrigal is a reasonably well respected wizard, but he doesn't visit *Unseen University* much. He doesn't get much of a welcome; his experiments are unpleasant and he's a bit creepy, but he's not been taken off anyone's Hogswatch card list yet since he can be quite charming when he's not up to his ears in corpses. He lives in a nice *cottage* in one of the more pleasant areas of the city. From the outside the *cottage* is idyllic. It has a neat thatched roof and is surrounded by a beautiful flower garden. It's exactly the sort of place you'd expect to visit to have tea with your favourite grandmother.

Inside the *cottage* is another matter. Augustus loves flowers, but only when they fit his vibe. The whole place is decorated in chintz and lace, but also littered with vases of dead flowers and the sweet smell of decay. His living room functions as a library, with a variety of necromantic volumes on the heaving shelves. As well as a kitchen and bedroom, the house also has a laboratory. This too is layered in nice floral prints and curtains, in addition to shelves of body parts and a partly dismembered (but animate) corpse on a table.

AUGUSTUS MADRIGAL

FULL NAME: *Augustus Madrigal*

(HE/HIM)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Elderly Necromancer*

FEATURES: *It's nice to have visitors;*

Death, decay, and dismemberment are always appropriate topics of conversation;
Charming and grandfatherly until he does something creepy.

MANNERISM: *If in doubt offer people a boiled Sweet.*

Augustus is generally a lovely and helpful grandfatherly figure, he just has some very unhealthy interests. He genuinely doesn't understand why anyone would think corpses are creepy or unpleasant. They're so interesting! Just look at all these wobbly and squidgy bits! Fascinating!



Clues

Necromancy: Augustus can tell the PCs anything they want to know about necromancy and raising the dead.

The L.I.C.H. Spell: Augustus knows the L.I.C.H. spell and can tell the PCs a little about it. He's never wanted to cast it since it's such a faff:

- ◆ It takes a lifetime to cast properly.
- ◆ It requires the caster to exchange deaths with someone else. That person must be born on an equinox, under unkind stars (or some other such mystical but ultimately unhelpful stipulation) during which the L.I.C.H.er, as it were, performed the correct rituals.

[Insert Name Here]: Augustus will recognise the PC's ([Insert Name Here]) name as they are aware of the necromancer [Insert Name Here], necromancy being a very small world, after all. Augustus and [Insert Name Here] don't get on very well, but Augustus knows that he has rooms at **UU**.

Hallowed Sign: Augustus can give the PCs a stone medallion with a carved symbol that he claims will protect them from undead creatures. He instructs any PC that gets into a confrontation with the differently alive to hand them this symbol and it'll all be sorted out. Closer inspection reveals an inscription on the back of the medallion in what appears to be Überwaldian. Translating this reveals the message: 'Honestly they're probably not worth the effort. Hoping this finds you well, A.M.' With this medallion they can visit **Biers** with a higher likelihood of remaining unmolested by the clientele.

CONSEQUENCES

Withered: Upsetting Augustus or playing with some of his stuff might subject a PC to a necromantic attack. An arm (or leg) will become withered and useless for the rest of the day. Gain the Trait **Withered limb**.

Ill: The smell of decay from the flowers and the corpses can be overpowering. A PC may faint or become ill if they stay in the **cottage**. Gain the Trait **Delicate constitution**.

Offend the Neighbours: As he keeps his **cottage** very well maintained, the local Residents' Committee absolutely loves Augustus. Upsetting him will upset them, and they will find a way to plague the PCs with rules about where they live. Gain the Trait **Neighbourhood watching**.



UNSEEN UNIVERSITY

What's Happening Here?

If the player characters want to ask about magic, they are going to have to get past the bledlows.

Loose wizardry everywhere; hungover students; fearsome bouncers.

The most obvious place to ask about magical immortality is **Unseen University** (a.k.a. **UU**). Any attempt to access the grounds, however, will see the PCs led (or teleported) back to the gates unless they are students or staff. Near the gates (or if the PCs cause trouble) they will run into the bledlows, the campus porters. They have very little patience for shenanigans.

BLEDLWS

(THEY/THEM)

FULL NAME: Bledlows

SPECIES: Multiple Humans

NICHE: University Porters

FEATURES: Your name's not down, you're not coming in;
I don't care who you think you are.

MANNERISM: Whatever it is I'm not impressed.

Bledlows are the guards and porters of **UU**, and while they are as varied as any other group, you could be forgiven for not being able to tell any of them apart. They all wear long coats, bowler hats and the same surly attitude. Their name is actually a nickname based on a local crustacean. Bledlows, like lobsters, are: '... thick-shelled, liable to turn red when hot, and have the smallest brain for their size of any known creature.' — Thud!

Clues

Access: One of the PCs turns incredibly red, they say something horrible about students, or something else they do impresses the bledlows enough to let them in. They will be issued a visitor pass that will be good for the rest of the day.

The Traditional Entrance: A student wizard can be seen surreptitiously swaying down an alley that follows the wall of Unseen Estate while softly singing a drinking song. If discreetly followed, or suitably persuaded, they will lead the party to Scholars' Entry. This is an area of the wall where bricks can be removed to form a makeshift ladder, traditionally used by all wizards on their way to, or from, a night on the town.

Information: The bledlows know all about the various wizards on the campus and what they specialise in. They can tell the PCs that there are two renowned experts on necromancy on the staff. One is Augustus Madrigal, who does not reside at **UU**, and the other is [Insert Name Here].

Alias: If the PC whose name has been taken by — the necromancer — [Insert Name Here] has some form of ID, they might be able to convince the bledlows they are [Insert Name Here], the unfortunate victim of some sort of shapeshift/disguise spell.

CONSEQUENCES

Thrown Out: The bledlows will bodily throw out anyone who wastes their time or proves annoying. They might throw in a few extra punches for good measure. Gain the Trait **Roughed-up**.

Wizard Help: A passing wizard might help the bledlows deal with any troublesome PCs or at least stop to watch the show.

Under Arrested: Wizards and Watch seldom see eye-to-eye, but one thing they can agree on is that trespassing is, well, trespassing. If the player characters are especially annoying, the bledlows might pass them onto the City Watch, if they're lucky, or throw them into Modo the gardener's shed, if they're not.



THE LIBRARY — A STUDY IN ORANGE

What's Happening Here?

If the PCs can get into [UU](#), the [Library](#) is clearly the best place to find out more about the spell. This means dealing with the Librarian, however, so they had best bring some bananas.

Books peacefully resting, unbothered by any damn readers; no open flames in the [Library](#) please; the faint smell of bananas.

Once inside [Unseen University](#), few people will question the PCs' presence unless they do something especially annoying. Most wizards have no desire to get involved in anything that doesn't concern them. [The Library](#) is usually fairly busy, but the Librarian is the undisputed master of the place and no-one will cross him.

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.*

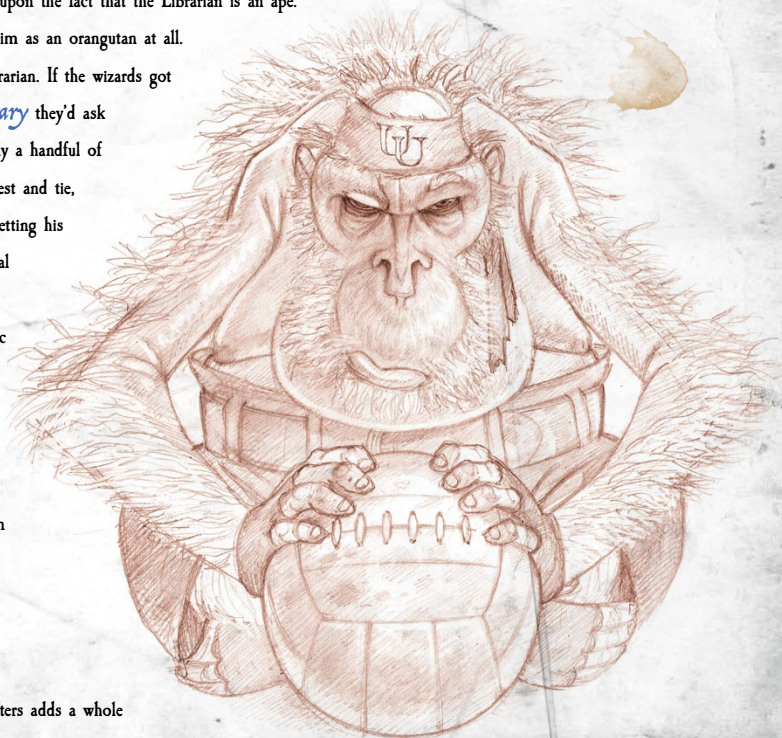
MANNERISM: *Oook!*

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.



Clues

The L.I.C.H. Spell: There is only one copy of the L.I.C.H. spell in the **Library**, and it has been taken out by [Insert Name Here]. Luckily the Librarian knows some information about it.

The following facts are the most useful to know (PCs might have learned some of these from Augustus):

- ◆ It takes a lifetime to cast properly.
- ◆ Upon the death of the caster, Death will visit the target instead of them (if all goes well). The caster must then repeat the spell over their next lifetime or die when their stolen time runs out.
- ◆ There was something to do with goats too, but the Librarian is a little fuzzy on the details.

Friend of the Librarian: If the Librarian likes the PCs they are safe from any wizardly repercussions while here. None of the other staff dare cross the Librarian.

Secret Escape: The Librarian is a master of L-space and can lead the player characters out of the **Library** into any place in **Ankh-Morpork** with sufficient books.

CONSEQUENCES

Defenestrated: Upsetting the Librarian will see the PC thrown out of a window, with no regard to the height thereof.

You There!: A wizard visiting the **Library** assumes the PCs must be some sort of library assistants (as they are certainly not wizards) and insists they offer assistance finding a very obscure book.

L-Space: Without the help of the Librarian navigating the shelves, PCs might become lost in L-space. Luckily, plenty of other people get lost here too, so they may be able to find someone who knows how to get out ... eventually ...

Loosely Bound Magic: Many books here are very dangerous. Opening any of them at random might cause any number of magical effects. Some suggestions are:

- ◆ The hair or skin of the character changes colour to something odd (green, blue, etc.).
- ◆ Fire erupts all over the character.
- ◆ It starts raining inside.
- ◆ A dangerous monster is summoned into the **Library**.
- ◆ The PC accidentally sells their soul to a demonic entity.
- ◆ One of the PCs is teleported into the personal rooms of the Patrician where he is having a bath.
- ◆ The PC is turned into a monkey (decidedly not an ape).



[INSERT NAME HERE]'s ROOMS

Books piled everywhere; as musty as it is a fire hazard; faint smell of goats.

[Insert Name Here] has a set of rooms in [Unseen University](#), even if he doesn't have tenure* The whole room is strewn with notes, scraps of paper and ancient texts. The eye is drawn inexorably to a large mahogany desk, suitably decorated with skulls and dribbly candles, completely covered in notes and annotated maps. Luckily [Insert Name Here] himself is busy elsewhere, setting up his final ritual, and has left most of his research behind.



Clues

The L.I.C.H. Spell: There are a lot of open books and notes that make it easy to put together more details about the L.I.C.H. spell, although the spellbook itself is not present:

- ◆ It takes decades to cast, most of a lifetime in fact.
- ◆ It requires the caster to exchange deaths with someone else. That person must be born at a certain time and place and a ritual performed.
- ◆ On the day of their death, the caster must perform another ritual. This ends with a chant and the sacrifice of a goat as the sun rises on the following morning.

J'accuse!: [Insert Name Here] has left a few notes on his desk that make it clear he cast the L.I.C.H. spell and targeted the PC.

Ritual Notes: [Insert Name Here] must perform a final ritual to pass his death on to the PC as the sun rises tomorrow. Multiple maps of the city are strewn amongst the notes, covered in occult symbols and calculations. Many known locations are annotated with reasons for why they are not appropriate for the ritual. The only two candidates left are: the [Opera House](#) (the most central point of the city) and the [Tump](#) (the highest green(ish) space in the city). Closer inspection will show a small annotation next to the [Opera House](#) simply reading 'Can't stand the bloody theatre.'



CONSEQUENCES

Found: The bledlows catch up with the PCs and throw them out of the University. They'll put the boot in a bit, not out of any malice, just as a professional courtesy. Gain the Trait **Black and blue**.

Animation: The PCs disturb something necromantic and it animates. It might be half a corpse, a hand, or something else freaky and repellant. The animated dead thing will try to either eat, make friends with, or otherwise bother the PCs.

Wizardly Help: A passing wizard decides to stick their oar in and ask what the PCs are getting up to. It might be the one they've met before, a member of the faculty, or some other busybody with a robe and pointy hat. They may be helpful, although historically the chances of a wizard actually being of use are pretty slim.



* It's all political, you know. I mean, if you're a wizard who makes cakes for everyone with magic you get on, but necromancy? Oh no, no tenure for you. I mean, what's wrong with necromancy? It's a fine and ancient tradition of magic, but apparently they don't like this particular tradition. It has to be the right sort of tradition ~ they do nothing but look down on the humble, hard-digging necromancer. It's the hypocrisy of it all that really gets to me, honestly.



GOING ON A L.I.C.H. HUNT

Once the PCs figure out that [Insert Name Here] has cast a spell to side-step his own death and pin it on the PC whose name he stole, they'll likely want to stop him. They should also be aware that the final part of the spell needs to be cast in the light of the morning sunrise, and requires at least one goat. Now they have to find him. [Insert Name Here] is planning to cast the final part of the spell on the *Tump*. It is open enough to see the morning sunlight and people tend not to disturb you there — plus there's plenty of grass for your goat to munch while it awaits the inevitable. There are a few ways the PCs can find out where [Insert Name Here] actually is:





COMPLICATIONS

- ◆ **Busy Day:** There is a festival going on and everyone is out drinking till sunrise. The PCs will have to dodge a stupendous number of very drunk Morporkians while they hunt for the wayward wizard.
- ◆ **Magical Shield:** [Insert Name Here] may be taking no chances, he can use magic to hide both the power of the spell and his ritual site, if he realises he's being hunted.



Clues

Search [Insert Name Here]'s Rooms: If the Party hasn't already been here, there are notes to be found with intricate maps of the city covered in occult symbols and calculations. Close inspection may reveal two appropriate locations for the ritual: the *Opera House* and the *Tump*. Even closer inspection will rule out the *Opera House*.

Ask Around the University: While he doesn't really have any friends, there are a few people who know a little about [Insert Name Here]'s comings and goings. Some of the other wizards have heard him talking about going to the *Tump*, and the bledlows keep an eye on what everyone is up to.

Talk to Goat Sellers: [Insert Name Here] needs to sacrifice a goat, so he recently bought one. After tracking down the goat emporium he used,* the seller may be able to point them in the right direction. For a price.

Magic Search: While there is a lot of magic being practised in the city, the L.I.C.H. spell is both distinctive and powerful. A wizard may be able to use their skills to locate where [Insert Name Here] is building up his power.

Run Around the City Like a Headless Chicken: Who knows, the player characters might just randomly come across [Insert Name Here] if they check enough places. A wizard setting up a goat sacrifice isn't something you tend to miss, even in *Ankh-Morpork*.

Once the PCs know where to find [Insert Name Here], it's a race against time to get there and interrupt his ritual.

CONSEQUENCES

Prepared: [Insert Name Here] has discovered you are on the way to try and disrupt his final ritual and will be prepared for your arrival.

Lost Time: Maybe the PCs got turned around in an unfamiliar part of the city, or maybe they got pulled into a conversation they could have done without. Either way, the clock is ticking and dawn is fast approaching.

* This is simpler than it sounds. There are only so many goat sellers in Ankh-Morpork, and a wizard buying one would stand out from the otherwise constant stream of priests. What is it with men in robes and animal sacrifice?

RITUAL AT THE TUMP

Scary sigils and scarier fashion choices; largely what you'd expect from a necromantic ritual.

A series of intersecting occult circles are burnt into the, for want of a better word, grass. Too many goats* are tethered in one circle, [Insert Name Here] stands in another, ancient tome held in parchment-like hands. Around the circles, hovering like uncertain crows, are several student wizards in dark, hooded cowl.

The sky brightens with the coming dawn. You have very little time to stop this ritual before [Insert Name Here]'s death is transferred to one of your party.

Stopping this ritual is not going to be easy. [Insert Name Here] is unlikely to be swayed by all but the most persuasive arguments. To even get a chance to argue your case, players would first have to get past his students, who have been told that this is their final exam. They aren't about to let anyone ruin their chances of wearing dark clothes and skull rings professionally.

COMPLICATIONS

- ♦ **Goat Stampede:** Just to be on the safe side, [Insert Name Here] bought a lot of goats. If they get loose they could go anywhere (or eat anything).
- ♦ **Apprentices:** [Insert Name Here] has some help from trainee wizards who think they are being graded. They will do their best to protect [Insert Name Here] and stop the PCs interrupting his ritual.

WRAPPING UP

The sun rises over the bustling city, life goes on unchanged for millions. But not for those present on the **Tump**. Take this opportunity to tie off any loose ends. Did the PCs stop the ritual or are they now mourning one of the friends? Did [Insert Name Here] acquiesce at the last minute and accept the death he has been working his whole life to avoid? What will the party do next? Whether it is to celebrate or commiserate, hand over the reins to the players and allow them a small epilogue to cap off their adventure.

CONSEQUENCES

Out of Time: *If the ritual is complete or the sun rises before [Insert Name Here] can be stopped, Death will arrive to claim someone. Luckily both the PC and [Insert Name Here] are present. This is the PCs' last chance to convince Death he has the wrong soul. If the situation is especially complex, Death might have to resort to eeny-meeney-miney-mo.*

* [Insert Name Here] appears to have hedged his bets and brought more than one in case he needs the extra goat power



CLAY DAY PARADE

By Chris Bissette

ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

The *Guild of Merchants* hires the player characters (PCs) to investigate strange behaviour among Ankh-Morpork's golems. They have begun acting independently, ignoring their tasks and insisting on things like 'workers' rights' and 'breaks'. Some have even begun to use the F-word* in polite company. The Guild is concerned that this behaviour may disrupt labour across the city, and requests that the PCs resolve the issue before it spirals out of control.

As the PCs investigate, they will begin to uncover the secret behind the golems' unrest and their burgeoning workers' rights movement. Having learned the truth, the PCs will then be faced with a choice — smash the uprising and make sure the golems remember their place, or join them on the Great Golem March and help fight for a better tomorrow. Or a slightly less rubbish tomorrow, at any rate.



Recommended Reading

Feet of Clay
Going Postal
Making Money

* Freedom.



WHAT'S BEHIND THE UPRISING?

A little over two weeks ago, Mordecai Finch, the eccentric owner of *The Secondhand Sage book shop* (p. 48), left some free books outside his shop in order to clear dead stock. Among them was a copy of *The Rights of the Working Man* by Charrick Tist, a forgotten revolutionary whose ideas about workers' rights were far too radical for the *Ankh-Morpork* of the day.*

A delivery golem named Liftwell was passing the shop on his normal route when it tripped, sending books and loose pages flying. Some of the pages got lodged inside and mixed up with its chem flap. The ideas from the book began to override its normal instructions, filling its head — quite literally — with ideas about 'freedom', 'rights', and 'coffee breaks'. Liftwell shared these ideas with other golems, and began to hold meetings in secret to discuss ideas of self-determination and dignity. Now the golems are planning a march to demand the *Guild of Merchants* meet their new requirements.

TIMELINE

As the PCs move through *Ankh-Morpork* to investigate the situation, the uprising slowly simmers in the background. The following timeline provides context for the events that occurred before the party became involved and acts as a guide for how things might develop if left unchecked (i.e. if the PCs don't interfere ... which they will ... hopefully).

- ◆ **Some Weeks Ago:** Mordecai Finch places a crate of free books, including *The Rights of the Working Man*, outside *The Secondhand Sage*.
- ◆ **Two Weeks Ago:** Liftwell trips and gets pages stuck in its head. It begins to develop ideas about 'rights' and 'health and safety legislation'.
- ◆ **Ten Days Ago:** Liftwell shares the book's teachings with other golems, who gather secretly in *Grimble & Gudge's Secure Storage* to discuss these new ideas.
- ◆ **A Week Ago:** Inspired, golems begin using phrases like 'Is it time for my break?' and 'I don't think that's fully legal' in public.
- ◆ **Four Days Ago:** Small gatherings of golems appear in public spaces, sparking curiosity and minor concern from passersby and merchants. The phrase, 'If you've got time to stand, you've got time to sand' is coined by a disgruntled carpenter as he tries to coerce his golem back to the *workshop*.
- ◆ **Two Days Ago:** Golems begin refusing to work, demanding breaks and better (or any) pay.
- ◆ **Yesterday:** The *Guild of Merchants* decides that the burgeoning uprising is a threat to profits, and starts to look into shutting it down. The word 'productivity' is used a lot, possibly for the first time in Ankh-Morpork's history.

* And, as it turns out, too radical for the *Ankh-Morpork* of last week.

- ◆ **Day 1 (Today):** The PCs arrive on the scene. The Guild hires them to investigate the growing unrest. Unbeknown to both groups, the *Golem Trust* also hires their own investigators (p. 40).
- ◆ **Day 2 (Tomorrow):** Golems distribute pamphlets calling for a march of solidarity, drawing increased attention from officials.
- ◆ **Day 3:** Tensions escalate as golems openly discuss their rights. Golems are attacked in the streets by concerned citizens.
- ◆ **Day 4:** Posters appear advertising a peaceful march through the city, which is now being called the *Clay Day Parade*.
- ◆ **Day 5:** The march takes place. Golems walk from the *docks* to the *Patrician's Palace* to demand improved working conditions.
- ◆ **Day 6:** Inspired by the march, golems begin picketing shops and waving signs written with slogans like 'Clay needs a say!' all over *Ankh-Morpork*. A small splinter group who take this slogan seriously briefly begin to demand that all golems are re-cast to give them mouths, but fail to gain much support.
- ◆ **Day 7:** Frustrated merchants counter-picket, resulting in stand-offs with the silent, determined golems. Shopkeepers replace golems with apprentices.*
- ◆ **Day 8:** The golems attempt to organise a sit-in in the lobby of the *Guild of Merchants' headquarters*. Their size and lack of spatial awareness results in several golems getting stuck in doorways and stairwells, requiring the *City Watch* to unstick them one by one.
- ◆ **Day 10:** *The Thieves' Guild* steps in as 'champions of traditional labour', collecting protection fees from non-golem businesses. Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler begins selling Solidarity Sandwiches to the golems. For once his advertising is accurate — they're completely solid.
- ◆ **Day 12:** A 'Humans for Golems' Rights' rally fizzles out when student organisers dissolve into debates over the appropriate number of footnotes in pamphlets.
- ◆ **Day 14:** An irritated, and by now quite bored, Lord Vetinari decrees that golems caught 'loitering with philosophical intent' will be decommissioned. Several golems are found staring into mirrors, trying to work out whether their fixed expressions look like they might be guilty of thinking.
- ◆ **Day 16:** The *Guild of Merchants* quietly negotiates with older golems, allowing them to start taking short rest breaks if they discourage activism and promise to keep working while on break. Golems return to work with vague promises of 'future consideration', though nobody knows what that entails.
- ◆ **Day 20:** The last remnants of the movement collapse as younger golems return to their duties, overwhelmed by conflicting instructions and existential questions. Only Liftwell continues discussing 'rights' and 'better conditions' in public, though it usually only has an audience of curious pigeons.
- ◆ **Long-Term:** The golem uprising becomes an obscure memory in Ankh-Morpork lore, a warning to anyone thinking of teaching philosophy to clay.

* These apprentices, feeling inspired, promptly begin to demand things like 'pay' and 'food' for themselves, which nobody is pleased about.



RUNNING THIS ADVENTURE

The adventure begins at the *Guild of Merchants* (p. 42), located near the *docks on the Ankh*, where the PCs receive their initial briefing. Once they leave they may investigate some, or all, of the locations listed overleaf. Each location provides clues and information that should drive them towards uncovering the truth of the matter. In the event of the PCs going completely off the rails, make use of the timeline of events (p. 39) to help inform the current state of the city.

The investigation could go in any number of directions, and once the PCs learn the truth, they may decide to side with the golems rather than shut down the uprising. Maybe the PCs convince Liftwell to let them inspect its head and remove the pages, killing the uprising in its tracks. Maybe they seek out more revolutionary literature and fill its head with increasingly radical ideas, creating a new folk hero and turning the political structure of *Ankh-Morpork* on its head. Anything is possible, and you should be prepared to let things develop as they need to. This is your version of *Ankh-Morpork* — don't be afraid to let it descend into complete chaos if need be.

THE OTHER INVESTIGATORS

On the same day that the *Guild of Merchants* hires the party, the *Golem Trust* also employs their own group of investigators to look into things. Use these NPCs to complicate the investigation whenever possible. If you ever require a Consequence for a failed Test, feel free to have this other group burst onto the scene.

They are strictly less competent than the party. Each of the members of the group has given themselves a rank, and they insist on being addressed as such. None of them is part of any official organisation.

As a group they have the Trait, **Always arrive at the most inconvenient time possible.**

INSPECTOR STICKY THOMP

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Inspector Sticky Thomp*

SPECIES: *Human*

NICHE: *Private Investigator*

FEATURES: *Known to the Watch;
Confidently incorrect.*

MANNERISM: *Overly dramatic. Loves to proclaim that he's cracked the case.*

Inspector Thomp is broad-shouldered, his bushy moustache and beard have been allowed to grow as wild as possible in an attempt to hide a very weak chin. He believes he has a sharp, piercing stare that unsettles people into confessions, but really he just squints a lot.

SERGEANT BLANTLY

(THEY/THEM)

FULL NAME: *Sergeant Blantly*

SPECIES: *Dwarf*

NICHE: *Private Investigator*

FEATURES: *Always one step to the side;
Everything is evidence.*

MANNERISM: *Punctuates their sentences with 'Aha!' at every possible opportunity.*

Sergeant Blantly is notably short and stocky, even for a dwarf. They are a direct refutation to the adage that not all rectangles are squares, but all squares are rectangles, because this square is a dwarf.

SPECIALIST MORLEY CREEK

FULL NAME: *Specialist Morley Creek*

(SHE/THEY)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Private Investigator*

FEATURES: *Over-equipped for every eventuality;
can make a clue out of anything.*

MANNERISM: *Jumpy and anxious. Hates closed doors because she always
expects 'someone' to burst through them.*

Specialist Creek is slim and wiry, but it's impossible to tell this by looking at her due to the sheer amount of stuff she carries at any given time. They seem to have an entire arsenal of tools strapped to their arms and legs, and their pockets are practically bursting with 'clues' that they have gathered.

KEY LOCATIONS

The rest of this adventure details the following locations:

Headquarters of the Guild of Merchants (p. 42)

Pseudopolis Yard (p. 44)

Grimble & Gudge's Secure Storage (p. 46)

The Secondhand Sage (p. 48)

Docks (p. 50)

Fleet of Feet Couriers (p. 52)

Liftwell's Delivery Route (p. 53)

Each location contains NPCs, information that the PCs can uncover, anything significant that happened there, and other events that might take place once the PCs are involved. Invent other locations and NPCs as required by the needs of the investigation.





HEADQUARTERS OF THE GUILD OF MERCHANTS

When your players are ready to begin, read the following text aloud to them:



READ ALOUD

You have answered a call from the *Guild of Merchants* to aid with ongoing labour issues, and have been summoned to their *headquarters* on the corner of *Filigree Street* and *Short Street*. It's a squat stone building with barred windows and the words '*VILIS AD BIS PRETII*'* carved above the doors. You are to meet with the current Chair of the Guild, Tibble 'Three-Coins' Jumble, a money-changer known for wringing every possible coin out of deals, and baffling people with his famous Three Coin System, which nobody understands.

The doors stand before you, very obviously locked and shut. A large knocker shaped like a pair of overlapping coins hangs in the middle of the door. A lockbox holds it in place against the surface of the door, a coin slot obvious on the top. A small plaque beneath it reads 'A Dollare Forr Our Thoughts'.

INTERIOR

Polished wood; scent of old money; distant sound of quills scratching.

TIBBLE 'THREE-COINS' JUMBLE

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Tibble 'Three'-Coins' Jumble*

SPECIES: *Human*

NICHE: *Chair of the Guild of Merchants*

FEATURES: *Speaks fluent Small Print;*

Connoisseur of loopholes;

His word is someone else's bond.

MANNERISM: *Habitually rolls a coin across the back of his knuckles while talking.*

Always trying to sell you something.

Tibble is a wiry man with sharp, darting eyes and a receding hairline that he compensates for with an oversized hat. His pockets bulge with coins and ledgers, and his fingers are permanently ink-stained.

* *Cheap At Twice The Price.*

Leads

City Watch: Tibble has already spoken to the City Watch, who seemed largely uninterested in the Guild's problems since no actual crime had been committed. Despite this, rumour has it that **Dorfl** has taken an interest in the case because it pertains to golems. Tibble suggests a visit to **Pseudopolis Yard** (p. 44) to see if Dorfl has learned anything.

Flyers and Posters: A small selection of poorly-made flyers and posters pulled from walls around the warehouse district. They bear phrases like 'Clay Deserves Dignity' and 'No Clay Without Pay'. Early this morning, the walls of **Grimble & Gudge's Secure Storage** (p. 46) were graffitied with radical slogans, and there has been increased golem activity in that area.

A Breeding Ground of Ideas: There are a number of book traders in **Ankh-Morpork**, and the Patrician demands that the Guild keep a close eye on all of them just in case any small ideas get loose and turn into big ideas. One such shop, **The Secondhand Sage** (p. 48), is located on **Squeezebelly Alley**. Its owner, Mordecai Finch, is known to be a collector of books of peculiar provenance and stranger ideas.

CONSEQUENCES

Politely Shown the Door: Tibble becomes 'suddenly very busy' and politely — but firmly — ushers the group out of the building. He assures them that he has complete trust in them, but that they really do need to be literally anywhere else but here right now.

Drowned in Small Print: Tibble produces a long and involved contract that the PCs must sign. Gain the Trait **Confused by clauses**.

In the Market: A seller of golems overhears the conversation and gets the wrong end of the stick, assuming that the party is in the market to buy a golem. He attempts the hard sell every time he sees them around the city.



PSEUDOPOLIS YARD

*Ink-stained desks; whiff of boiled cabbage;
distant shouting.*

Always bustling with the comings and goings of both Watch and watched alike, *Pseudopolis Yard* is generally hostile to visitors. Most residents of Ankh-Morpork do their best to never see the inside of the *Watch headquarters*, so logically anybody voluntarily walking in must have done something wrong.

DORFL

FULL NAME: *Dorfl*

(HE/HIM)

SPECIES: *Golem*

NICHE: *Golem in the Watch*

FEATURES: *Words in the Heart cannot be taken;*

No Master but yourself;

Someone has to speak for those who have no voices.

MANNERISM: *States his reasoning and justification for his actions before he does them.*

Patched so many times his original clay colour can only be guessed-at. Rebuilt after the disastrous attempt by the golems of Ankh-Morpork to build themselves a king, he now serves as the first golem watchman. He is an intensely moral being, and also an atheist (A wildly dangerous thing to be on the Disc, where trigger-happy gods like Io favour a thunderbolt over a reasoned argument), luckily for Dorfl he's unshockable. Perfectly willing to believe in any god that can be proved to exist by reasoned argument, which he'll get around to having once he's off duty.

As the first free golem he saves his pay to buy other golems, who then buy more golems, and thus he leads the most socially conscious revolution in Ankh-Morpork's history. For golems, freedom comes with a receipt.

Roleplaying Dorfl

Dorfl is the only NPC in this adventure who has appeared in a Discworld book.* Because he is a known character, you and your players may already be familiar with him. This can make it a little intimidating to roleplay him, and you may be worried about getting things wrong. The best advice we can offer is to not worry about it. Remember that this is your version of the Disc, so if your Dorfl isn't quite the same as Dorfl from the books, that's fine. Should you want some tips, here are some things to keep in mind:

- ◆ He Talks Like This.
- ◆ His prime directive is 'To Serve The Public Trust, Protect The Innocent, And Seriously Prod Buttock ...'
- ◆ He sees the world logically, and makes arguments grounded in reason.
- ◆ He knows a lot about golems and how they function, because he's one of them.
- ◆ If in doubt, quote RoboCop.

Dorfl, as the first free golem, and one who has experienced true autonomy, has a complex view on golems' rights. His hard-won independence has given him both a sense of purpose and a cautious approach to the concept of freedom. Unlike the new radicals, he understands the responsibilities that come with autonomy. He may be sympathetic to the movement, but wary of golems seeking liberation without fully comprehending what it entails.

He emphasises the idea that freedom means self-discipline and self-responsibility, not simply rejecting orders. He believes that true autonomy for golems requires them to think for themselves, rather than following slogans or a movement thoughtlessly. This requires a complete — and careful — rewriting of a golem's chem.

* Feet of Clay, mainly, but he also shows up in Jingo, and The Fifth Elephant.

Leads

Consult the Chem: Unless there is some powerful magic involved, the most logical explanation for a golem suddenly changing their behaviour is that their chem has been altered. Dorfl suggests that an inspection of Liftwell's chem might be the most logical next step.

The Gathering Place: There has been an uptick in political graffiti and golem activity around *Grimble & Gudge's Secure Storage* in the warehouse district (p. 46).

The Old Radicals: Liftwell's golems aren't the first group in Ankh-Morpork to gain ideas about workers' rights. Most texts describing such ideas get banned, which means they're generally very easy to purchase if you know where to go. *The Secondhand Sage* (p. 48) has been known to trade in such materials.

CONSEQUENCES

Suspected: Dorfl suspects that the party is involved in the uprising and detains them for further questioning. If they're really unlucky, the questioning will be performed by one of the stupider Watch officers. This could take days.

Criminal Involvement: The party's visit to Pseudopolis Yard coincides with an unrelated major incident, which they become entangled in.

A Warning: Though not officially suspects, the party's questioning raises some eyebrows. They're handed an official caution about interfering in a potentially active investigation, and gain the Trait **Under suspicion**.





GRIMBLE & GUDGE'S SECURE STORAGE

Stale dust; creaking beams; a memory of footsteps.

Hidden among a block of identical warehouses near the *docks*, it would normally be almost impossible to pick *Grimble & Gudge's* out from its neighbours. In recent days, though, the exterior has been plastered with crude flyers, and the walls decorated with chalk-drawn, radical slogans.

INTERIOR

Inside, dusty old crates have been pushed up against the walls to create an empty space in the middle of the high, dimly lit room. Golems mill about, often looking confused as they find themselves without purpose for the first time. A scrawny, human security guard sits in a glass booth by the entrance, ostensibly keeping intruders out, but mostly perfecting the art of 'strategic resting'. Many of the golems find this aspirational, and are taking detailed notes.

The warehouse has been largely disused for many years, and Mervyn Scroggins has been the guard for all that time. He enjoys getting paid to do basically nothing, and initially was displeased about the arrival of the golems. They're quiet, though, and mostly leave him to his own devices. He's started to view them in the same way as one might view a very cute local cat that keeps trying to sneak in and sleep on your sofa.

MERVYN SCROGGINS

SPECIES: *Human*

NICHE: *Security Guard*

(HE/HIM)

FEATURES: *Can nap anywhere;*

Not paid enough to care;

Surprisingly fond of golems.

MANNERISM: *Stumbles almost but not quite unintelligibly.*




A Note on Golem Communication

With very few exceptions, Ankh-Morpork's golems are unable to speak. This is likely to make communicating with them difficult. Embrace this, and lean into the inevitable chaos of miscommunication as you determine Consequences for failed tests.

If putting on a mime show or writing notes isn't your idea of fun, then feel free to populate the warehouse with one or two golems who are able to speak. Alternatively, the PCs may petition Dorfl to accompany them and translate.

GOLEMS

The newly politically-aware golems are using the warehouse as their meeting place, and there are always a few in residence at any given time. If you need a golem in a pinch, roll three d6s on the table to create a random golem, its original purpose, and what it's doing now.

|  | NAME | PURPOSE | WHAT IS IT DOING? |
|---|-----------|----------------|---|
| 1 | Heavyhand | Street Sweeper | Sweeping the floor. Not because it was told to, but because it wants to. |
| 2 | Lug | Courier | Pacing in small circles, waving a sign bearing a crude chalk drawing of a clenched fist. |
| 3 | Durmangar | Bricklayer | Scribbling 'NO REST FOR THE BRICKED' on a wall in chalk. |
| 4 | Schlep | Bell Ringer | Painting the words 'Basic Respect' on the side of bricks, which are stacked in a small mound beside it. |
| 5 | Blintz | Door Holder | Seizing the means of production, then putting it down again and looking confused. |
| 6 | Dustfoot | Bouncer | Swapping the labels on letters and parcels so that they get delivered to the wrong addresses. |

Leads

Liftwell: Liftwell was the first golem to arrive at the warehouse, delivering a manifesto to Mervyn along with a request to allow 'perioddic and largely peacefule gatheringes of selectte comrades and brothers in clay'. As a proponent of extended paid breaks, and an enjoyer of being left alone, Mervyn was sympathetic to the demands of the golems and agreed to let them stay. Liftwell isn't always here as it still maintains its delivery route, seeing it as a good opportunity to spread the word to new golems, but Mervyn can direct the party to *Fleet of Feet Couriers* (p. 52).

Chemic Instructions: Among a pile of rubbish waiting to be thrown out are several slips of paper containing strange arcane markings. These can be identified as chems removed from a number of golems. They provide a clue to the nature of Liftwell's new-found radicalism.

Yellowing Pages: A box of old, rain-warped books sits in the corner of the warehouse. A stamp on the side gives the address of *The Secondhand Sage bookshop* (p. 48).

A Plan Outlined in Chalk: Among the scribbings on the walls is a crude map of Ankh-Morpork with a route leading from the *Docks* (p. 50) to the Patrician's Palace. This marks the route that Liftwell plans to lead the golems along in the *Clay Day Parade*.

CONSEQUENCES

Surprise Visit: As the party are poking around the warehouse, representatives of the *Guild of Merchants* arrive to inspect the premises, which are supposed to be empty. The party is accused of aiding and abetting the golems, and gains the Trait **Suspected of sedition**.

Unseen Interference: Someone has hidden a merchant's ledger among the discarded books. Entries contain multiple complaints about their golems, using phrases like 'staring off into space', 'muttering strangely', and 'ritualistic behaviour'. The writer's conclusion is that there must be some weird magic causing it. This is a false lead.

A Collapse of Boxes: Poking around the old warehouse causes a precariously stacked mound of crates to collapse, injuring a PC. Gain the Trait **Mildly hobbled**.

A New Helper: One of the confused golems in the warehouse comes to believe that its new duty is to help the party. It follows them around for the rest of the adventure, making acts of stealth and subterfuge much more difficult.



THE SECONDHAND SAGE

Organised clutter; smell of old books; muted murmur of the street outside.

An unassuming shop along Squeezebelly Alley. Faded green paint flakes from the window frames and a weathered, wooden sign hangs above the door, etched with a slightly smudged image of an owl clutching a tattered book. Dusty stacks of mismatched books are visible through the narrow windows. A crooked, rain-swollen shelf nailed to the wall beneath the window holds unsellable books being offered for free.

A small, handwritten sign on the door reads: 'Rare, Radical, and Reasonably Priced.' Inside is a maze of teetering piles of books, the shelves and tables that hold them are completely invisible under the thousands of tomes stacked high. More than one pile of dusty books has an attached sign reading: 'Structural, Do Not Browse.'

MORDECAI FINCH

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Mordecai Finch*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Bookshop Owner*

FEATURES: *Never finishes a sentence if he can help it; Skeptical of new things.*

MANNERISM: *Always assumes customers want something illicit.*

Mordecai is an odd little man who effectively lives in his shop. He has made a living out of selling revolutionary pamphlets, while never changing a single thing about his own life. If he ever thought about it, he would probably enjoy the irony.

Some of the books in Mordecai's shop have been here for decades, so quite how he decides which titles are unsellable is a mystery known only to him. He remembers exactly which books have been left outside, but once they leave the shop itself he has no interest in what happens to them.



The Literature of Ankh-Morpork

If you need a book title from Mordecai's shop in a hurry, use one of these:

- ◆ A Gentleman's Guide to Blackmail
by R.J. Trapp
- ◆ Lost Souls of Gritpipe Lane
by Grist L. Maker
- ◆ Pickpocketing for Polite Society
by Fingers McGraw
- ◆ The Full Face Guide to Plausible Denial
by Lavinia Shadd
- ◆ The Duke's Dark Desires
by Seraphim Rakehell
- ◆ Beyond the Guilds: Towards a New Society
by Freya Trade
- ◆ Make It Look Like An Accident
by Vicarious Grime
- ◆ Guerrilla Tactics in Accounting
by Arrabella Loophol
- ◆ The Price of Progress
by Lud Mite
- ◆ The End of Obedience
by Ellis T. Urge

Leads

A Collapse of Golems: Liftwell regularly comes down Squeezebelly Alley on its rounds. It is so big that it has to turn sideways to navigate the space. A couple of weeks ago, it fell and sent books flying all over the place — Mordecai was chasing stray pages for hours afterwards. Come to think of it, that was right before Liftwell began to act strangely.

Literate Golems: In the past week, the shop has had a number of visits from golems looking for books about philosophy, history, and ethics. Mordecai doesn't know how they're finding his shop, because they can't speak and he's never bothered to ask them. He knows the title of every book he's sold to them.

Liftwell's Passage: The walls of Squeezebelly Alley bear deep, obvious scrapes created by the delivery golem forcing its way down the passage. Following these markings can help the party find *Liftwell's normal delivery route* (p. 53).

CONSEQUENCES

Mordecai Clams Up: Mordecai becomes suspicious of the party's intentions, and suspects they're working against the golems' best interests. He refuses to answer any more questions, and becomes incredibly forgetful about who he is and what books are.

Structural Collapse: A PC trips over a structural pile of books, causing an avalanche of literature in the shop.

Impulse Buy: Mordecai manages to sell a very expensive book to one of the PCs, quite by accident.



Docks

*Briny rot; thick river fog;
muffled clinking of chains.*

Ankh-Morpork's docks stretch along the sluggish banks of the River Ankh, the water so thick and murky it's rumoured you could walk across it if you dare. The docks themselves creak with age, patched and extended in places where the river's surface seems solid enough to support planks. More than one haulage company has tried to quietly extend their premises out onto the water itself, trusting that the viscous 'liquid' is as good for building on as any land, with mixed success.

Other than on the day of the *clay Day Parade*, it's generally business as usual whenever the party visits.

The dock supervisor is Grizelda "Grizz" Scumble. She's a grizzled veteran of the docks, with a face as weathered as her boots. She knows everything that happens on the docks, and oversees it all from within a perpetual cloud of pipe smoke.

HEWEN

(IT/ITS)

SPECIES: *Golem*

NICHE: *Dock Golem*

FEATURES: *Built like a brick outhouse;*

Safety is its number one concern.

MANNERISM: *Completely monotone but swears like a sailor.*

Hewen the dock golem was constructed with a mouth so that it can shout warnings when needed. As a result, communicating with it is much easier than with other golems. It's not directly involved with the rebellion, but has perceived golems communicating. It's also noticed that Liftwell's chem door keeps flapping open, and that there is much more paper packed in there than normal.



Using Hewen

Hewen is a good NPC of last resort. If the party is struggling to put together the clues and figure out where to go, it knows enough to be able to tell them explicitly that Liftwell's chem has been tampered with, that it hangs out in *Grimble & Gudge's* with the other golems, and about *Liftwell's normal route* so that the party can track it down.

GRIZELDA 'GRIZZ' SCUMBLE

(SHE/HER)

SPECIES: *Human*

NICHE: *Dock Supervisor*

FEATURES: *More tattoo than skin;*

Smokes like a chimney.

MANNERISM: *Quiet air of calm authority.*

Leads

A Good Lad: If Grizelda trusts the party she can direct them to a dock golem called Hewen (p. 50), who she says 'sees more than he lets on'. He can usually be found helping to unload barges.

A Gathering of Golems: There are always golems at the docks, but they've been gathering here recently and loitering, which is very out of character. They all look to Liftwell as their leader, and they always seem to return to *Grimble & Gudge's* at the end of the day (p. 46).

Liftwell's Employer: Liftwell is employed by a private delivery company called *Fleet of Feet Couriers* (p. 52). Their premises are conveniently located right here at the docks.

CONSEQUENCES

A Golem Bump: A golem bumps into one of the PCs or drops a package on them. They gain the Trait **Broken toes**.

Rumours: Dockworkers overhear their investigation and begin to spread rumours about their involvement in 'weird golem stuff'.

Barred: If the party creates trouble, Grizelda has them ejected from the docks and promises to call the Watch — or some enforcement golems — should they return.





FLEET OF FEET COURIERS

Motto: "Swift, Steady, and Sometimes Safe!"

Fleet of Feet Couriers is a small but ambitious courier service operating out of *Ankh-Morpork's docks*. Known for their knack for navigating the city's confusing alleyways and chaotic streets, they specialise in delivering high-priority packages, sensitive documents, and occasionally very questionable parcels.*

The cramped, cluttered office overflows with parcels, stray pigeons, and a blackboard listing ongoing 'Deliveries of Interest'.

Benny Flint is the ambitious, slick-talking owner with a keen eye for profit and 'a unique relationship' with the Thieves' Guild. He's particularly displeased with Liftwell's new-found radicalism.

Leads

Liftwell's Route: Benny can provide the details of *Liftwell's normal route* around the city.

A Stumble: Liftwell tripped and fell outside *The Secondhand Sage* (p. 48), upending a pile of books that were scattered around the street. He started behaving strangely later that day.

CONSEQUENCES

Unexpected Fees: Seeing an opportunity to turn a profit out of his problems, Benny starts to charge the party for information.

Strike: Benny is pulled away to deal with the fact that all of his golems have decided to take a break at the same time.

Irate Clients: A customer of *Fleet of Feet Couriers* interrupts the conversation, storming into the offices and waving around a crude golem rights pamphlet. She says it was delivered by 'one of your big, hulking idiots' alongside the expected package.



* 'Questionable' in the sense that they often ask questions like 'Where am I?' and 'What's happening?'

THE CLAY DAY PARADE

Liftwell and its golems gather near the *docks* in a hulking, mostly silent group. The awkward gathering seems to be caught between trying to attract as much attention as possible in order to be seen (because they can't possibly be heard), while simultaneously attempting to blend into the background like a good golem should.

At a sign from Liftwell they begin their march. Their route takes them from the *docks* across Pon's Bridge, past *Pseudopolis Yard*, up Lower Broadway, and across the Brass Bridge to end outside the Patrician's Palace.

Whether the parade goes off peacefully or not will depend on the events that have transpired in the course of the adventure.

Suggested interruptions include:

1. *Cut-My-Own-Throat Dibbler's Pop-Up Pasty Palace*: Dibbler appears out of nowhere, selling 'Solidarity Sausages' and 'Freedom Pies' at a premium. He blocks part of the street, causing confusion and mild outrage.
2. *Obnoxious Nobility*: A noble's carriage pushes its way through the crowds, the occupant waving a handkerchief dismissively at the golems. The golems pause, unsure whether to yield or ignore the carriage. They engage in a slow but furious written debate about the merits of peaceful protest versus civil disobedience, passing notes back and forth and holding up the entire road while this goes on.
3. *The Counter-Protest*: Members of the *Guild of Merchants* turn up to counter-picket the march, their behaviour escalating as they try to goad a violent response from the golems.
4. *Mid-March Philosophy*: Dorfl appears, sparking an impromptu debate among golems about the true meaning of freedom. The march stalls as they consider his words, leading to a discussion circle that blocks the street.

LIFTWELL'S DELIVERY ROUTE

The exact details of *Liftwell's delivery route* are left intentionally vague here, so that you can guide the party to whichever part of the city you would most like them to explore.

When they manage to track down the golem they find it going about its work as normal, but taking its time to distribute pamphlets. It is also trying to get recipients to sign a petition calling for 'An Incryease In The Rightts And Dignitties Of The Workking Golem'.

Liftwell's new-found politics can be seen literally spilling out of the chem flap on the back of its head, where pages from *The Rights of The Working Man* got lodged when it fell outside *The Secondhand Sage* a few weeks ago.

LIFTWELL

(It/Its)

FULL NAME: *Liftwell*

SPECIES: *Golem*

NICHE: *Delivery Golem*

FEATURES: *Head full of radical politics;*

Very persuasive;

Softly spoken.

MANNERISM: *Stops to think mid-sentence.*

Liftwell is a towering presence, made of brick red clay. It was created with the ability to speak, a rarity among golems, and uses this ability to advocate for the rights of its fellow clay men.

WRAPPING UP

There are multiple ways in which this adventure might develop and come to a close, and it's impossible to account for them all here. The direction events take will be informed by whether the PCs find themselves siding with the golems and encouraging the revolution, or trying to shut things down.

Whether the PCs join the golems on the march, convince Liftwell to have his head examined, or side with the *Guild of Merchants* and prevent or disrupt the march in some other way, the adventure will eventually come to a natural conclusion. Narrate the consequences of the choices the players have made, and how events transpire over the next few days and weeks. Give each player a chance to provide a short epilogue for their character. Explore any loose threads as a group until everyone is happy, and then bring the session to a close.



(UN)DEATH ON THE MRPORKIAN MUDDLER

By Ben
Maunder

INTRODUCTION

Assassins are, in many ways, simple folk. Most enjoy the satisfaction of a job well done, taking pride not only in their work, but in the massive bill they get to send upon the completion of said job. In *(Un)Death on the Morporkian Muddler*, however, you will lead your players through a job badly done, with lots of things going wrong and lots of blame to allocate, as well as a mystery so painfully bland it upsets the whole ethos of the stylishly cool assassin. So, should this sound in any way interesting, read on, and prepare to really frustrate some close friends.

Recommended Reading

Hogfather
Pyramids
Men at Arms

GETTING STARTED

To get started with *(Un)Death on the Morporkian Muddler*, you need only do two things: First, make sure you have read the entirety of the *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook*,* and then ask your players to come up with the coolest assassin concept they can. In this adventure, they will be donning the black cloak of a students of the Ankh-Morpork Assassins' Guild. Then, give this adventure a thorough read-through, before moving onto the Read-Aloud text on p. 58, putting on your edgiest voice, and diving in.

* If you've already read it, do so again just in case you didn't appreciate it enough the first time. We worked really hard on it!



MOTIVE

This adventure is pushed by a singular motive, one that drives every workplace in the world: the correct allocation of blame and complete avoidance of personal responsibility. Setting out on what should be a 'friendly' test of professional skills, this adventure rapidly devolves into upset when the right person ends up on the wrong side of the mortal coil, and the player characters have to decide exactly who is to blame. Moreover, they have to do so before someone confirms that the inhumed is actually dead, and not merely doing an exceptionally good corpse impression, all while said corpse is largely ambivalent about the whole affair.

ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

(Un)**Death on the Morporkian Muddler** takes place in a single, large location: the eponymous *Morporkian Muddler*, a pleasure* ship. Here, the player characters (PCs), as well as a bevy of other assassins, have been set the gruelling task of a bonding exercise, with each assassin tasked with the theoretical murder of the ship's captain. This task rapidly moves from theory to practicality when the captain turns up to lunch dead. Without an official writ to actually kill anyone, this team-building experience rapidly devolves into working out whose fault the killing was, and how to best ensure that only that individual is punished for it. And, as is often the case in these situations, the one eyewitness is slightly unreliable, being, as he is, dead.

KEY LOCATIONS

As situated by the name of this adventure, it almost entirely takes place within, without, and around the *Morporkian Muddler*, with the following locations being the most important:

Private Dock

Captain's Quarters

Games Room

Dining Hall

WHAT'S GOING ON?

Tired of the endless one-upmanship of many of their members,** those in power at the Assassins' Guild have arranged for a 'team-building' exercise upon the *Morporkian Muddler*. That exercise is simple: spend the day on board, eat, drink, talk — and plot the theoretical murder of the ship's captain. Upon arrival back on the docks, the assassin with the best theoretical plot wins a theoretical prize. Or, at least that is and should have been the plan. Shortly after the adventure starts, however, the captain will die of causes completely unrelated to the assassins on board his ship — namely, bad clams.

Despite the completely accidental nature of the death, panic sets in when his body is located by one of the assassins. Unlicensed inhumation is completely against Guild rules — and someone will have to be punished. The first to find the body, having heard one too many sayings about 'dead men' and 'telling tales', takes matters into their own hands, removing and hiding the captain's head, just in case. With no one actually responsible, and therefore no one willing to take the blame, the assassins on board become increasingly agitated, aggressive, and eventually confused. Said confusion will become overwhelming from the exact moment the captain's body gets back up and starts looking for his head.*** In all of this chaos, the PCs must try and keep their own heads (figuratively and potentially literally), find the captain's head, and figure out what actually happened.

* Pleasurable only in the sense that at some point, someone must have presumably enjoyed something whilst aboard.

** The legitimacy of this justification seems somewhat suspect, given how encouraged rivalry is within the Assassins' Guild. Maybe the senior staff just wanted a quiet day to themselves, or possibly even set up the whole thing as an elaborate prank.

*** Zombification is a fairly common occurrence across the Disc, and misplaced body-parts are a common issue for the recently undead. Not quite an out-of-body experience, closer, apparently, to an off-of-body experience.





PRIVATE DOCK

What's Happening Here?

Once the PCs arrive, they will have an opportunity to meet Captain Shortshore, who stands resolute at the end of the Muddler's gangplank to greet his new guests. He has no idea what the Assassins' Guild plans to have all of them do, and frankly, knows better than to bother asking. He's rather good natured about the trip, and excited about the food they're serving (fresh clams), and is sure that people will have a thrillingly good time.

Captain Shortshore is eager to get his passengers into the **Games Room** to meet with their compatriots so he can get the ship on the move, get back, and get paid. Once the Captain has had a moment to welcome the PCs aboard, and recommend the clams, he will steer them across the deck and into the

Games Room.

Early morning; as private as a free theatre show; befuddling craftsmanship.

The **Morporkian Muddler's Private Dock** is a poorly constructed jetty pinned to the back of Captain Shortshore's garden — a thin strip of land with no fencing, barriers, or means of preventing ingress beyond a small, hand-painted sign. The jetty itself is dangerously unkempt, with oddly shaped holes, rotting planks and patch-jobs that would make an union-worker wince.

When ready, read the following text aloud:

Read Aloud

The **Private Dock** of the **Morporkian Muddler** is at least one of the things it claims to be: a long strip of badly held together wooden jetty protruding out over the turgidity of the River Ankh. If it weren't for the rather obtuse river-carver* sat precariously at its end, both you and the other assassins would be sure that someone was pulling your leg.

Making your way along the rickety jetty, you take in the full majesty of the **Morporkian Muddler**: roughly 90 feet long, wide enough to swing three-to-four cats tied end-to-end, with three separate floors. If it had a solid coat of paint, intact railings, or a figurehead** that wasn't smothered in quite spectacularly foul graffiti, it would look like a proper riverboat. However, proper looking or not, the ship has a man in a captain's hat — which means, according to the balance of probability, he must be the captain.

'G'morning Honourable Sirs, Madames, and Personages who Don't Give a Care. Welcome to the **Morporkian Muddler**, my name's Captain Shortshore and I'll be your host for the next few hours. It's a pleasure to meet you all.'

* Traditionally, ships built in this way are called river trawlers, but anyone familiar with the Ankh will know it has nothing that anyone in their right mind would want to trawl, and it takes quite a bit of force to carve one's way through.

** The figurehead in question is a gargoyle named Downwind (pronounced Dw'nd'ind), who is paid rather well to simply sit at the front of the ship and 'look pretty'. The graffiti is the gargoyle equivalent of a very rude tattoo, and Shortshore does not approve, but what can you do? Teenagers, eh. At least he didn't get them permanently carved, and he went to a clean studio.***

*** They wash the brushes afterwards.

CONSEQUENCES

Early Signs: A couple of crew members from the Muddler stumble up the path, laden with barrels of fresh clams. Their disorderly footwork and heavy loads punch a collection of new holes in the jetty, making it more likely that an unlucky assassin will step through.

Social Faux Pas: Assassins are meant to be shadowy, isolated, and elegant — and yet, here come the PCs, slopping through the muck as a cliquy little group. How uncouth.

Mud, Gunk, and a Mood Now Sunk: Before boarding, an errant wave from the Ankh splurges up and sticks to the once undoubtedly darkly elegant cut of a character's clothes; a smell, stickiness, and foreboding sense of disgust will now follow that character.

Gain the Trait **Licked by the River Ankh**.

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE SHORTSHORE

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Captain Lawrence' Shortshore'*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Ship's captain*

FEATURES: *Aware of his place in the world, but not happy about it;*

As salty as the seas he wishes he could sail on;

Has never heard a superstition he didn't believe in.

MANNERISM: *Polite when paid to be so, unintelligibly rude when not.*

Captain Lawrence Shortshore has been on a boat as long as he can remember, often due to the amount he drinks when on land. He has dreams of sailing the greatest seas, seeing things no one else ever has, and going down with his ship — simple dreams, if a tad bleak.





ALL ABOARD THE MORPORKIAN MUDDLER



What's Happening Here?

With the Muddler acting as the venue of the Assassins' Guild Team Building Day and Social Mixer, it is taking to the Ankh on a day-long carve, after which it will return to its *private dock*, where Vultulus Tibbs, a Guild-sponsored mortician, will be waiting. Tibbs will judge which theoretical assassination would have been the most lethal, before deploying a well-earned pat on the back and heading off for a pint. As for the Muddler, well, it will simply stop being plot-relevant once the player characters leave.

If these walls could talk, they would cry; in perfect working order despite itself; a pleasure ship for odd people.

The *Morporkian Muddler* has been in the Shortshore family since its foundation,* and for a while acted as the premiere gaming and pleasure ship for only the most discerning clientele. It hosted extravagant parties, ludicrous displays of wealth, and functions so debauched that some experienced third-hand shock from merely glancing at the carpets. For that time, the Muddler was *the* place to be, until it became such *the* place to be, that only *those* people went there. And as everyone knows, no one wants to be around *those* people, so, the Muddler rapidly became *the* place to *not* be.

VULTULUS TIBBS

(He/Him)

SPECIES: Human

NICHE: Mortician

FEATURES: Often mistaken for the company he keeps;

A stickler for protocol;

One of the finest theoretical assassins in the Guild.

MANNERISM: Speaks like every word is on a checklist he has to work through.

* Which actually isn't very long. Shortshore legally changed his name from Cornbotherer about ten years ago when he won the Muddler in a high-stakes game of rock-paper-scissors.



GAMES ROOM

What's Happening Here?

When the PCs arrive in the **Games Room**, a black-cloaked figure will dramatically peel out from a dark corner, cross the room, and wordlessly pass out a single piece of paper to each assassin. They then slip out of the nearest window. The piece of paper is the Itinerary and informs the assassins of the plan for the rest of the day. The various NPCs break into discussion, start poking around the ship, and otherwise act on the orders given. And Then! on p. 65 shows how the rest of the day progresses.

Moth-nibbled upholstery; the type of opulence that circles garish and lands on cheap; not enough chairs.

The **Games Room** of the **Muddler** is a long, straight and woefully unfun place, with a couple of heavily chewed decks of cards in the middle of a long, heavily pitted table. A refreshments platter boasts a few plates of biscuits and a bowl filled with some raisins, currants, small flies and other unspeakable nibbles.

Beyond the depressing central table, a few folding chairs have been recently invaded by a cadre of assassins. They are all trying their best to look as darkly mysterious as possible while sitting on last century's camping chairs.

THE ASSASSINS

The Guild, beyond sparing every expense, also hasn't elected to send its premium assassins on this first team-building day. Instead, they hope that somehow their worst performers will inspire the PCs to do better, and possibly even learn something from their unique skill sets. In addition to the PCs, four assassins have been sent to the **Muddler**. All now sit awkwardly avoiding eye contact.

THE LOOPE

FULL NAME: *The' Loope*

(He/Him)

SPECIES: *Human/Werewolf?*

NICHE: *Animalistic Assassin*

FEATURES: *Read a book once about a werewolf assassin, constantly misremembers the details;*

Wears 'genuine' wolf fur under his blacks;

Speaks how he imagines a werewolf would speak.

MANNERISM: *Acts like the hammiest actor playing a werewolf.*

The Loope began his assassin's career as Billy Squibbs, a name everyone decided was fair game seconds after his birth. During his lessons he found out the power of nomenclature. He decided that something more lupine would be a touch scarier, and, when translated into Quirmian, would even sound elegant.

MELISSANT D'QUAIB LORRELAÏ CHARTRUSE

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Melissant D'quaib Lorrelai Chartruse*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Career Assassin*

FEATURES: *A literal career assassin;*

*So posh that she makes other wealthy people feel poor;
Lips an indeterminable shade of red.*

MANNERISM: *When people speak, she listens (to point out errors).*

A career assassin in the literal sense. When Melissant says 'You'll never work in this town again' she means it wholeheartedly. Having acquired a curious network of favours, she is able to force more-or-less anyone out of their workplace with little more than a few letters and whispers. She's never actually killed anyone, but they say the job market is murder these days.

PROFESSOR Q.B. NEEDLESWORTH

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Professor Q.B. Needlesworth*

SPECIES: *Vampire* NICHE: *Professor/Assassin*

FEATURES: *Academic assassin;*

Did not work so hard to be called

Mr Assassin;

Prone to rants about blood.

MANNERISM: *Aristocratic vocabulary, accent like
a modulated yawn.*

Professor Needlesworth took to the assassin trade to fund his research in the fields of haematology and acustiology*; finding the two trades symbiotic. He is obsessed by his work, and is fairly positive that he was human at some point, but can't be certain.

* The study of pointy things, natural, unnatural, and preternatural in state ~ often dismissed by other academics as being pointless.

SQUASH

(THEY/THEM)

FULL NAME: *Squash*

SPECIES: *Troll* NICHE: *Straightforward Assassin*

FEATURES: *Onomatopoeia of name and action;*

Very into their work;

*Painted black, therefore they must
be stealthy.*

MANNERISM: *Multisyllabic words are beyond them.*

Squash is a decidedly odd assassin. Their parents insisted they join the Assassin's Guild, to show that trolls can in fact join even the poshest human societies. Squash doesn't really care either way, but they do enjoy squashing things. Indeed, they like to keep things very, very simple. When they were asked to inhume a particularly irritating noble, they simply walked through the front door and clobbered him to death with a large rock. Efficient yes, but rather lacking the trademark flair the Guild is known for. They received top marks for everything except Stealth and Applied Subterfuge, for both of which they received negative marks, a first in the long and sometimes reputable history of the guild. Squash would probably be concerned about that if they knew what the word 'concerned' meant.

ITINERARY

The paper handed to the assassins reads:

TEAM-BUILDING DAY ASSASSINS' GUILD AND SOCIAL MIXER

ITINERARY

1. Arrival
2. Morning Activity: Theoretical Assassination Practice.
 - a. Each assassin is to determine the optimal method of assassinating Captain Shortshore. Discuss among yourselves, debate the merits of each.
3. Lunch
4. Afternoon Activity: Practical Assassination Practice.
 - a. Each assassin is to act upon their theoretical assassination method, attempting to theoretically inhume Captain Shortshore.
DO NOT ACTUALLY
INHUME THE CAPTAIN.
5. Dinner
6. Evening Activity: Social Mixer and Return to Dock, Award for best Theoretical Assassination to be awarded by Guild Mortician, Vultulus Tibbs.



AND THEN!

Once the itineraries have been handed out, the adventure really kicks off, and narrativium begins trickling into the *Muddler*. Once you gather enough assassins into one space, it's only a matter of time before someone ends up dead after all. The following list is a breakdown of how the day will play out, assuming the PCs don't get involved.* Use it to guide the adventure to follow some semblance of a plan, or ignore it and do as you please.

1. The *Muddler* leaves the dock, the assassins discuss the activities.
2. Shortshore retires to his cabin to check over the Guild paperwork. The assassins continue to discuss.
3. Captain Shortshore goes to the *Dining Hall*, wherein he eats a bellyful of contaminated clams and promptly dies of violent food poisoning.
4. The Loope finds the captain's corpse, and upon seeing his incredibly green complexion, leaps to the assumption that he was poisoned. In a state of panic, he removes Shortshore's head with a knife and hides it in the *Captain's Quarters* — convinced that if no one can see the captain's head, no one can determine he was poisoned.
5. A crew member rings the lunch bell, bringing everyone to the *Dining Hall*, where most are surprised to find a headless corpse at the table. A short discussion ensues, after which the NPCs will begin to point fingers at whomever they feel has the most chance of admitting fault — truthfully or otherwise.
6. Shortshore's body stands up, without any warning, upsetting those of the crew with weaker constitutions. At this point, zombification (p. 68) has set in, leading to the newly undead being confused at being in two different places. The two divorced parts begin violently searching for one another; the body by flailing around, and the head by shouting for help from inside his cabin.
7. Each assassin, at this point, becomes completely preoccupied with the idea of saving their own skin (p. 67). They begin to assume other people killed the captain, and will lie, obfuscate, blame, hoodwink, bamboozle, intimidate and otherwise ensure that *anyone* but themselves gets the blame.
8. After a few hours, the ship's crew will bring the *Muddler* back to port, regardless of whether Shortshore is found and put back together, hurled overboard, or quietly locked into a cupboard to be forgotten. Here Vultulus Tibbs is waiting, eager to speak with the captain and the assassins. This, of course, is the moment all of the chickens come home to roost, and the adventure draws to a conclusion (p. 69).

BUT HOW?

Each of the assassins, after reading their itinerary, and a period of generalised posturing, will start to debate the best way to theoretically assassinate the good captain. The process will be rather drawn out by the minutiae of best practices, good sport, and the like, as well as the standard competitive bickering innate to these situations.

Each of the NPC assassins will come up with the following plans:

- ◆ **The Loope:** Will recommend poisoning the Captain, a point he vehemently defends as the *best* way to do the job.
- ◆ **Melissant:** Suggests that carefully positioning the captain in a rank of high social standing, before arranging for a massive social error (such as eating soup with a dessert spoon in public) will be enough for him to simply stop being a captain, ergo, 'Captain Shortshore' is no more.
- ◆ **Professor Needlesworth:** Recommends hiding in his room and stabbing him repeatedly. Before removing the head, just in case.
- ◆ **Squash:** Will immediately head off to club the captain. After being told what the word 'theoretical' means, they still believe it's the best way.

* Which they will, so once they throw these plans out of the nearest window, feel free to rip this page out of the book, ball it up, and throw it at them.



DINING HALL



What's Happening Here?

Before the PCs even arrived on the ship, Melrose Mor'bits, the ship's cook, ordered some 'premium' clams for the evening meal. They in fact bought the cheapest clams they could and pocketed the difference, sure no one would ever notice.

The captain, unfortunately, noticed. Melrose is firmly certain that there's nothing wrong with their cookin', and with all these assassins on board, the captain's death must be the fault of one of them. And that will remain their viewpoint, unless anyone else eats the clams, or has even a passing knowledge of the culinary arts.

Hall is an overstatement; the scent of a million over-cooked meals; no head for the head of the table.

A small set of circular tables covered in stains dot the **Dining Hall**, with folding chairs shoved into place around them. At the back of the hall sits a tiny door — one that opens into a room that can just about get away with being called a kitchen, filled with some of the things any good kitchen needs, and a bunch of things that it really doesn't. Finally, in a state of temporal confusion,* the dead body of Captain Shortshore sits, his arms sprawled out onto a plate of clams.

MELROSE MOR'BITS

(THEY/THEM)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Ship's cook*

FEATURES: *Has never found a recipe they could not 'improve';
A penny saved is a penny earned, if you pocket
that penny without anybody noticing.*

MANNERISM: *Talk is cheap, and so is Melrose, so they talk a lot.*



Where's His Bloody 'Ead?

It's in the **Captain's Quarters**, in the last place you'd think to look. It was stashed there after The Loope chopped it off in a panic. The Loope is not hiding his panic well at all, and will rapidly try to deflect any and all blame to someone else, as noted in *Saving Their Own Skin*.

* Confusing as, depending on when the PCs arrive, it may or may not be there.



SAVING THEIR OWN SKIN

What happens when a room full of people come to the conclusion that someone among them made a fatal mistake? They assign blame, rapidly, without mercy or remorse. At the very least, that's what a room full of assassins do. For the purposes of this story, a little bit of misinformation — and a touch of panic — will help the PCs to come to this conclusion. So, upon discovering the corpse, it is recommended that you hand each player a small slip of paper, on which you have written "You didn't do it,"* and tell them each to keep that information secret. From the moment the body is discovered, each assassin becomes less focused on *how* the captain died, and more on *who* killed him, in order to firmly establish it wasn't them. The ship's cook, Melrose, will also make accusations — assured that on a ship full of killers, the guilty party had to be one of the assassins, and definitely not their clams.

In turn, each assassin will rapidly find any reason why another of their number must be responsible. When logic fails, they will turn to making up random and baseless accusations, then fall back on what they know best and just kill everyone else.**

The short list below gives a rough idea of how the NPC assassins could act:

- ◆ **The Loope:** Will look for weakness, pinning the blame aggressively on anyone who is unable to defend themselves against the allegations. Failing that, murder is always an option.
- ◆ **Melissant:** Having never actually killed anyone, Melissant is a little uncomfortable, but will be quick to try and find a way of pinning it on anyone but her — shifting the blame with even the most circumstantial evidence.
- ◆ **Professor Needlesworth:** Will spend quite a bit of time trying to determine the cause of death but, as it's nothing to do with blood or needles, will be a touch stumped. If threatened, the Professor will answer in kind.
- ◆ **Squash:** Couldn't possibly be the killer — after-all, clubs aren't capable of such clean dismemberment. However, Squash can easily be convinced that they must have done it.

* Which is of course true for everyone ~ but they don't need to know that.

** If lots of people are lying it's difficult to be the one believable liar, but if you're the only liar, suddenly it seems like you're not lying. In theory, at least, but we might be lying.



CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

A monument to the sea; more sailing paraphernalia than space should allow; overpowering smell of salt.

If there is a room aboard the *Muddler* that never looked opulent, fancy, or any other variation of the word, it's the *Captain's Quarters*. An eclectic mass of trinkets dredged from the sea, representing the sea, and mostly smelling vaguely of the sea cover the expanse. Anyone daring to walk inside better have a seaman's skill at navigation, or they will stand a pretty substantial chance of getting lost and turning up in some other hoarder's hoard.*



Zombification

No one is really sure what causes zombification, least of all zombies. In the future, should he remain able to speak, Captain Shortshore will posit that 'A Cap'n's meant t'go down with 'is ship. Ship's still 'ere, so guess I am too.' If anything, once his head is reunited with his body, he'll see the whole thing as a net positive, with all eternity now available for him to sail upon the waters, and more taxation loopholes available to the mortally challenged for him to exploit.

If asked exactly what killed him, Captain Shortshore will come up a little short. He only remembers going into the kitchen, a choking sensation, followed by the feeling of losing a few stone and being shoved in a bag that smelled like wet dog.

* The thing about hoarders is that all they really want is a little more space, and they generally make sure they find it. Eventually, all that found space tends to tie together a connective tissue of junk, old papers, mouldy meals and lost socks.

WRAPPING UP

One way or the other, eventually the *Muddler* will make its way back to dock, where Vultulus Tibbs (p. 60) will be patiently waiting. Once the ship arrives, Tibbs will expect the captain and assassins to step off, at which point he will quiz them on their plans, ask the captain how the practical portion of the day went, and award a written commendation and slap on the back to the best assassin.

Given that the captain is dead, the PCs are deeply unlikely to meet Tibbs' expectations. Instead, the following are possible outcomes. If your players have managed to go wildly off base, you may need to workshop something entirely different, but hopefully this list should give you an idea of where to go.

- ◆ **If the captain's head is never found, and no one works out the cause of death:** Tibbs will be as angry as his paycheck will allow him to be, and demand to know the culprit.
- ◆ **If one is presented:** Everyone bar the culprit is sent home, the culprit is kept back for a stern talking to.*
- ◆ **If one isn't presented:** Well, in that case, everyone's accountable. Everyone is sent back to the Guild's headquarters for a stern talking to.
- ◆ **If the captain's head is never found, but cause of death is determined:** As a purely accidental death, the Guild is free and clear and, therefore, everyone can leave. Off to the pub!
- ◆ **If an assassin has killed any other assassins:** Depending on the PCs' actions, any rogue assassin may already have been dealt with. However, assassins killing without payment will be given the sternest possible talking to.**
- ◆ **If the captain's head is found and no one works out the cause of death:** Shortshore isn't overly fussed about being a zombie, but is perturbed by the idea of their killer wandering around. Tibbs is more worried about the Watch getting involved, than anything else. He will ensure that everyone (or the main suspect) is kept back for a stern talking to.
- ◆ **If the captain's head is found and cause of death is determined:** As a purely accidental death, the Guild is free of responsibility and, therefore, everyone is in the clear. Off to the pub, Shortshore included!***

* *The Assassins' Guild is capable of giving someone a talking to so stern they're never seen again.*

** *Their pets will never be seen again either.*

*** *Crushingly, he hates zombies, he's a sex on the beach man. Not a big fan of cocktails either.*



A WIZARD'S STAFF HAS A KNOB ON THE END

By Corey
Davies

INTRODUCTION

A Wizard's Staff Has a Knob on the End is a social adventure for *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*. The information here is for the gamemaster (GM), who should make sure players understand what their goal is. The information in the adventure doesn't have to be secret, but players may find a surprise more interesting.

Recommended Reading

The Colour of Magic
The Light Fantastic
Sourcery

GETTING STARTED

You should read through the adventure to get a feel for the options available and the important information. At minimum you should read the *Adventure Overview* introduction, but the *Tips on Consequences*, *The Ritual*, and *Mutual Grudges* sections will give you a more complete understanding. When you're ready to begin, there is a section of read-aloud text on page 74. Read or paraphrase this, then begin with the scene of the players' choosing. Players can move through the scenes in any order they like, but the *Tip of the Tower of Art* scene is always the final one.



ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

A staff, without a hint of knob on the end, has been turned in at [Unseen University](#) Lost Property. It seems obvious that a staff with no knob on the end cannot be a wizard's staff, but the University is for conducting research into questions — not making declarations of fact.

Enter the humble research assistants, embodied by your noble players. They have been tasked with gathering a team of magical talent to answer a very important question, one which does not have a very clear solution that anyone could arrive at in under an Ankh-Morpork Minute.*

In (almost) every scene they'll gather ritual components and settle grudges between other wizards in order to be sure that their investigative spell goes off without complication. Naturally, a complication will happen anyway. Once they've dealt with it, then they'll finally have an answer to the question: can a wizard's staff be knobless?

TIPS ON CONSEQUENCES

A Wizard's Staff Has a Knob on the End is an adventure focused on getting together a group of petty people who hate each other. One of the goals of the player characters (PCs) is to smooth over tensions through flattery, charisma, nerve, and outright lies if necessary. Consequences should therefore focus on undoing the approach being taken: flattery should fail, charisma fall flat, nerves falter, and lies be revealed.

All the while, PCs are in a place full of weird and wonderful magical power. This should inspire Consequences which put the PCs in strange and difficult situations. Consequences of this kind might relate more to gathering the ritual components — handling magical items can be a rather dangerous business after all.

THE RITUAL

The goal throughout this adventure is to gather everyone and everything needed for the investigative ritual to determine if a staff without a knob on the end can truly be a wizard's staff. This investigation is due to be carried out by a collaboration between the five wizards: Professor Emerit Mallett, Dr Futhark Nors Jr, Gulder Carpent, Dr Kelli Vidad, and Professor Brunswick Billiard. Once each of these characters has confirmed their attendance at the ritual, then PCs can head to the [Tip of the Tower of Art](#) scene (p. 82) to take part in the finale.

Every wizard is needed to contribute their magical knowledge to the final ritual, and they'll request that PCs bring extra items to the scene. These items can be found in any of the wizard's scenes except for the one in which they are being requested. For example, Professor Mallett requires a lump of octiron. This can be found in any scene before the final ritual, except in [Professor Mallett's Workshop](#).

When a wizard requests something, they're also able to suggest where it might be found. For example, Professor Mallett knows that there is an octagonal, rune-covered lump of octiron in [Dr Nors' Classroom](#). If players want to explore other areas of [Unseen University](#), or the wider city, to track down these items, and you feel comfortable improvising the relevant scenes, then you should allow it.

To prevent returning to any scenes after players have experienced them once, the wizard that PCs choose to visit immediately before the final scene will *not* request a ritual item. PCs should instead only have to deal with that wizard's initial investigation and their grudge.

If the PCs fail to gather the items listed, then this adds further complications in the final scene. They always experience the Consequence linked to the item that would have been requested by the final wizard they visit, because every ending should have a little bit of drama.

MUTUAL GRUDGES

On top of everything else, these wizards do not get along. Each one has a grudge that PCs need to agree to resolve before they'll take part in the ritual. If PCs feel the best way to resolve these grudges is to lie to the wizards, then you should use that lie backfiring as the basis for relevant Consequences.

Whilst each grudge has a stated requirement to resolve, you're encouraged to reward quick-thinking, clever ideas, and other positive qualities if the players suggest an interesting alternative.

The following table has a list of options for grudges. You can roll, pick your favourite, or choose the one that will cause the most interesting issues for your PCs. You should make sure there are ample opportunities to resolve each grudge.

* A very, very, very short period of time. Supposedly the length of time an out-of-towner can expect to be in Ankh-Morpork before being stabbed, terrified, or swindled by locals who want to helpfully acclimatise newcomers to the city's long-standing traditions.





GRUDGE

- 1 'I don't remember how it began, but he buttered the soles of my shoes last week, so you need to ...'
- 2 'He thinks his Order of Wizardry is so much more exclusive than mine, we'll show him! You need to ...'
- 3 'The way he signs his name on Unseen University documents is so gauche. To take him down a peg, you'll ...'
- 4 'He said hello to me last at the all-staff meeting, so ...'
- 5 'We wore the same robe to the Hogswatch ball a decade ago. He refused to change and we looked ridiculous. I'll finally get back at him when ...'
- 6 'When we were running in the University's annual rowing competition on the River Ankh, he sneezed and it made me trip and fall face-first onto the river crust, so ...'
- 7 'He bent the tip of my pointy hat, so you'll ...'
- 8 'He was made a level three wizard before I was, so you'll ...'



RESOLUTION

- 1 '... steal his favourite quill.'
- 2 '... replace his grimoire with this replica full of entirely blank pages.'
- 3 '... steal the symbol of the Ancient and Truly Original Brothers of the Silver Star which he keeps in his left pocket.'
- 4 '... obtain a signed apology.'
- 5 '... fill his spare hat with this mayonnaise.'
- 6 '... drop this packet of Ankh-Morpork's finest lice down his robe.'
- 7 '... pin this 'Hex me' sign to his back so he wears it to the ritual.'
- 8 '... singe his beard on only one side of his face.'

When you have picked a grudge and resolution, you should assign that to a wizard the players have yet to visit. Ideally, the wizards should tell the PCs about their grudge via a story filled with nonsensical and irrelevant details about how they're the innocent party and the other wizard is both malicious and stupid.

When you're ready to begin, read or paraphrase the following text,* and then let the players choose the scene where they would like to begin.

* Please provide your choice of action-adventure theme song as background music to set the appropriate mood.



READ ALOUD

At the turn of the Century of the Anchovy, a staff with no knob on the end was turned in to the Lost Property Office at Ankh-Morpork's *Unseen University*. Since every wizard's staff must by definition have a knob on the end, further research is required to determine if it was a wizard's staff or something else. Research you're required to organise.

Without well-established practitioners, the research will never succeed. Your supervisors have determined that you need:

- ◆ Professor Emerit Mallett, a notorious time wizard.
- ◆ Dr Futhark Nors Jr, a practised runic interpreter.
- ◆ Gulder Carpent, a wood-growing wizard.
- ◆ Dr Kelli Vidad, a magical implements expert.
- ◆ Professor Brunswick Billiard, a whether wizard.

Unfortunately, all five wizards on your list have grudges against one another — grudges deeper and more confusing than a mine dug by a dwarf who can't tell turnwise from widdershins. They aren't likely to come willingly. They need to appraise the staff, and you need to smooth over their many petty interpersonal grievances.

You need this ritual to happen, and no one else can help. If you can make them get along for about five minutes, maybe you can put together a... team.

KEY LOCATIONS

This adventure takes place across Unseen University. However, wizards are nothing if not creatures of habit and comfort. As such you'll find each wizard in their most habitual place:

Professor Mallett's Workshop (p. 75)

Professor Nor's Classroom (p. 76)

Gulder Carpent's Greenhouse (p. 77)

Dr Vidad's Reading Nook (p. 78)

Professor Billiard's Office (p. 80)

Of course, no adventure would be complete without a grand finale. When the time comes for your party to attempt their ritual, head to the *Tip of the Tower of Art* (p. 82)



PROFESSOR MALLETT'S WORKSHOP

Loud ticking; quiet tocking; a thin coat of oil on everything.

Professor Mallett is concerned with time. Concerningly concerned with time. Every surface in the cramped basement workshop is covered in clocks midway through assembly or disassembly. Professor Emerit Mallett hunches over a workbench with a cog in each hand, interlocking them with a soft 'hmm' noise every few seconds.

PROFESSOR EMERIT MALLETT

(He/Him)

SPECIES: Wizard NICHÉ: Professor of The When of It All

FEATURES: One gear short of a mechanism;

Easily wound up and ticked off.

MANNERISM: Waggles his finger like a metronome as he speaks.

INITIAL INVESTIGATION

Professor Mallett inspects the staff before taking a box of knobs from beneath his desk, incredibly slowly. He tries, at an agonising pace, to place each knob at the end of the staff. If player characters don't hurry this along they will all gain the Trait **Running behind schedule**. Many of the knobs are dangerous: covered in spikes, coated in slimy oil, or so rusty you'd need a tetanus shot just for looking at them too long. Not a single one fits. Whilst he fiddles with seemingly endless knobs, he informs players about his grudge.

When he's finished he says that the ritual needs a lump of octiron so he can octiron-date the staff.

Ritual Components

In this scene, PCs can gather the following ritual components:

Ritual Mark Maker: Professor Mallett's Face Paint. Years of applying it to clock faces have imbued the paint with significance for the Professor. He has only a single batch remaining; it sits in a special chalice, next to an identical chalice of drinking water.

Cutting Implement: Golden-wire cutters. The soft metal is still wickedly sharp. Unfortunately, they're currently in several pieces on a worktop and need reassembly.

Sacred Oil: Innard oil, made of tallow from the finest cows at Mater's Discount Sacred Beef — this smells as disgusting as it is expensive. A character carrying this gains the Trait **Bovinely ordained stink**.

Big Candle: A huge hour candle. Despite the clocks, this is how Professor Mallett tells the time. It is already somewhat depleted, and the longer player characters let the Professor fiddle with his knobs, the less candle there will be.

CONSEQUENCES

Cometh the Hour: A huge clock in the workshop sounds the hour. Bells, whistles, shrieking, you name it: it's happening an inch from your eardrum. Gain the Trait **Bells have taken their toll**.

Time Freeze: In response to overexertion, the Professor suddenly stops, as though in a freeze-frame. Initial attempts to rouse him fail. More drastic measures need to be taken if he is to take part in the ritual.

Shoddy Merchandise: The ritual component you've grabbed isn't any good. If it doesn't dramatically fall apart now, it'll certainly fail at whatever it needs to do during the ritual.



DR NORS' CLASSROOM

Chalkboards covered in runes; boxes filled with notes on runes; a large stone with runic detail.

Rows of empty seats sit attentively bolted to the floor in this classroom as Dr Futhark Nors Jr delivers a practice lecture. The room is built to amplify the voice of the lecturer at the front, so his voice rings clearly even at the back where PCs enter.

DR FUTHARK NORS JR (He/Him)

SPECIES: *Wizard* NICHÉ: *Doctor of*

Inspired Runic Interpretations

FEATURES: *Ridiculously old;*
Shaky hands.

MANNERISM: *Speaks in a 'strange' accent hard to*
understand and 'impossible' to place'.

INITIAL INVESTIGATION

Dr Nors wants copies of the marks on the staff transferred to his chalkboard so he can take a closer look. Someone needs to erase the marks that he's already made in very permanent chalk, and then the others need to follow his instructions precisely as he directs them in copying the marks. He will notice and demand correction of any slight mistakes.

Hand players a blank piece of paper (or equivalent), and describe the runic shapes to them. Make use of Dr Nors' accent to direct them in unintelligible ways, and correct their efforts until the PCs can convince Dr Nors they've done it right.

He talks loudly about his grudge while he's not instructing the PCs to draw. Once they've heard it, he informs them he would also like the PCs to bring something to the final scene that can mark the borders of the ritual.

Ritual Components

In this scene PCs can gather the following ritual components:

Lump of Octiron: An octagonal chunk of octiron with seven plus one sides, each of which bears a different rune. Believed to be of Djelibeybian origin and utterly priceless. Dr Nors prizes the shape and doesn't want it put in harm's way.

Sacred Oil: This oil is made from runes that were buried deep underground for millennia until the rocks they were carved into liquified. Dr Nors keeps it in a sealed jar that PCs will have to unseal in order to make use of the oil.

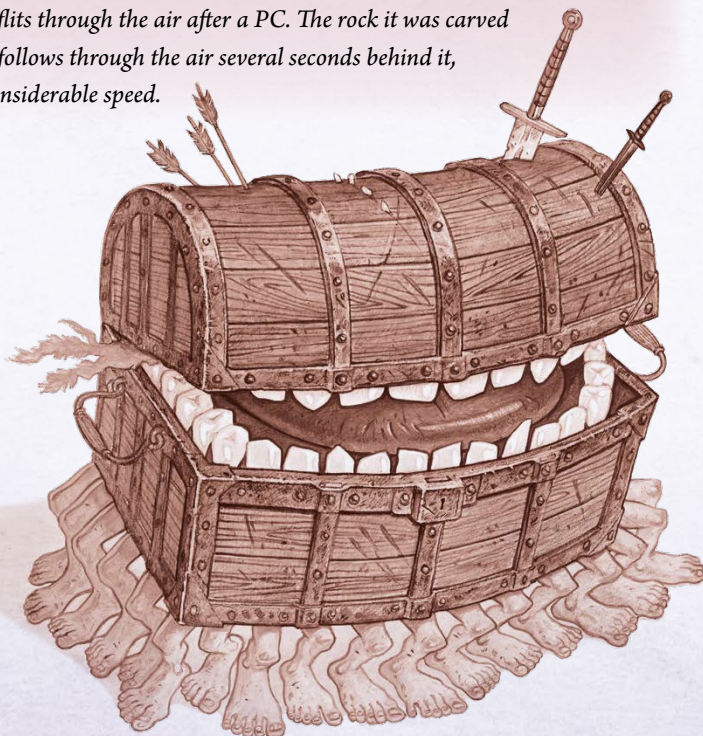
Big Candle: The soft crackle of this candle's wick speaks aloud an ancient tale as it burns. However, it's in a completely dead language, and honestly a bit annoying. Whenever it's burning, nearby characters are distracted unless they can shut out the noise.

Cutting Implement: Very sharp flint offcuts from rune stones. These are buried deep in the crates of runes scattered around the classroom. Grabbing them risks stony splinters. Whoever is unlucky enough to try gains the Trait **Hand full of flint**.

CONSEQUENCES

Chalker's Lung: The dust from the chalkboard gets deep into your chest. Gain the Trait **Coughing up a chalk dust storm**.

Runic Activation: One of the runes becomes alive with magical energy and flits through the air after a PC. The rock it was carved into follows through the air several seconds behind it, at considerable speed.



GULDER CARPENT'S GREENHOUSE

Stiflingly humid; a soft breeze rustling leaves; a whiff of compost.

The greenhouse where Gulder Carpent grows his plants is filled with every kind of plant you can imagine, many you can't, and some you don't ever want to think of again. Gulder sits, snoring softly, cross-legged on an upturned plant pot.

GULDER CARPENT

(He/Him)

SPECIES: Wizard **NICHE:** Research Fellow in Arcane Arborials

FEATURES: Concerningly green thumb;
Red-rimmed eyes.

MANNERISM: Wants to taste test everything: plants, tools, people who are too distracted to stop him.

INITIAL INVESTIGATION

Gulder is actually completely fine with testing the staff at the ritual, so long as the PCs resolve his grudge. But before he can head there he needs to feed all of his plants. He will hand the PCs:

- ◆ **A plate of raw steaks:** Please feed the swarm of carnivorous plants.
- ◆ **A plate of raw stakes:** Please feed the enormous herbivorous plant.
- ◆ **A plate of high-stakes (betting slips):** Please mulch these so he doesn't have to think about his losses.

For the ritual, he wants the PCs to find some sacred oil to anoint the staff.

Ritual Components

In this scene you can gather the following ritual components:

Lump of Octiron: An octiron watering can inscribed with the words 'Magicle Gro — adds a touch of magic to any garden!'* Gulder loves his watering can and keeps it on a special pedestal, underneath a dripping tap.

Ritual Mark Maker: A pitch marker consisting of a large tin of off-white paint, perched atop two wobbly wheels. The tin drips paint in a somewhat uniform manner. Gulder has borrowed this from Modo, the University's groundskeeper, who won't be happy with him lending it out further.

Big Candle: A citronella candle the size of a large dwarf. This keeps all the bugs at bay. Snuffing out the candle immediately causes a swarm of hungry insects to flood the scene.

Cutting Implement: Garden Shears. They're the right shape, but frightfully dull as Gulder can't bring himself to use them on any plants. They need to be sharpened before they'll be of any use.

CONSEQUENCES

Snacked On: The carnivorous plants want a bite out of more than their meal. They begin to swarm all over a PC, looking for the juiciest bits.

Staff Wanted: The herbivorous plant spies the delicious knobless staff and follows the PCs scene to scene. If spotted, it will attempt to look like a normal plant which definitely isn't following them. Failing that, it will try to eat the staff when discovered.

Mulched: The garden waste breaks free of its container in the greenhouse and spreads rapidly. It needs to be contained or Gulder won't be able to take part in the ritual until he's finished clearing up the mess.

* Closer inspection reveals very fine print warning against consumption, physical interaction, or making eye contact with any plant grown using the can.



DR VIDAD'S READING NOOK

The faint smell of bananas; piles of books; a single spotlight aimed at the solitary comfy chair.

In a lesser-used corner of the Library, Dr Kelli Vidad has set up a reading nook where he stores his private collection of books. The Librarian is content to allow this section to exist in the perpetual ownership of the Dr Vidad — he keeps it clean, he doesn't bother the Librarian, and he respects the books.

INITIAL INVESTIGATION

Dr Vidad wants to test the 'implementation' of the knobless staff by swinging it about a bit. He will first ask that someone pitch a series of wooden balls to him ('to me, *not* at me!'). After a couple of successful swings, he will turn to the nearest sapient creature to bash them with it. Presuming they survive the octogenarian's onslaught, Dr Vidad will ask that they bring a 'special big candle' to the ritual and resolve his grudge.

DR KELLI VIDAD

SPECIES: Wizard NICHÉ: Doctor of Magical Devices, Tools, and Helpful Implements (He/Him)

FEATURES: Well-known freelance expert in magical implements;
Strong sense of morals.

MANNERISM: Reads aloud the many notes he's taking.



Ritual Components

In this scene you can gather the following ritual components:

Lump of Octiron: A thick octiron chain holds a book closed. Taking the chain off the book will set loose the aggressive literature on the scene. The book is capable of inflicting anything from paper cuts to lost limbs. The chain needs to be taken off the book before it can be used in the ritual scene — but this could happen during that scene if the PCs wish.

Ritual Mark Maker: Dr Vidad has a collection of bookmarks covered in magical scribbles and sigils. These can be laid end to end to create a ritual border. Some of them are in a neat pile on a bookshelf. Most of them are poking out of the many books in Dr Vidad's Reading Nook. He will not be excited at the prospect of them being removed.

Sacred Oil: 'Blind Io's Choice: Eyelove Oil'. Dr Vidad uses this to keep his eyes sharp during extended research sessions. It was traded from the Temple of Blind Io with the express promise it would not be used for wizard magic. Using the oil will bring the wrath of Blind Io down on the ritual. If a PC uses it on themselves they gain the Trait **Wide eyed, no matter what**.

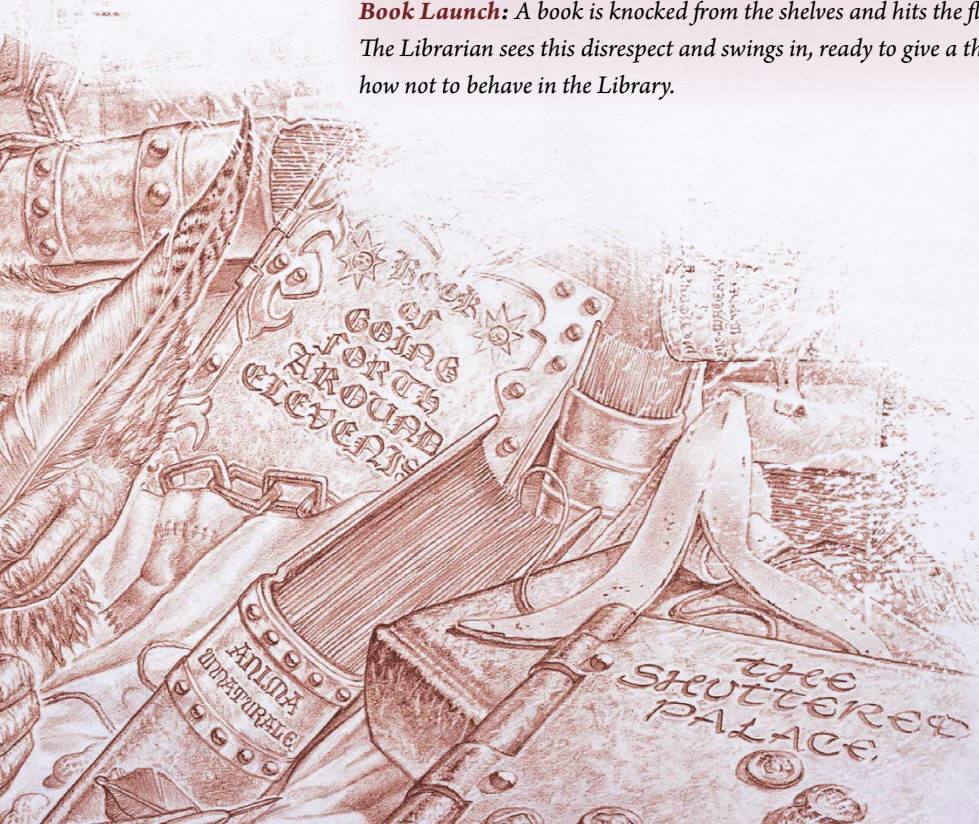
Cutting Implement: Dr Vidad's letter opener. He uses it mostly to surgically separate letters in books which have drifted too close together. Stuffed with magical energy extracted from the books, just picking up the thing requires protective gear. Without this gear, the magic surges through the holder and tattoos them with innumerable magic letters. Gain the Trait **Scrolling in my skin**.

CONSEQUENCES

Game On: Enticed by the prospect of throwing things at a member of staff, several students join the PCs in throwing things at Dr Vidad. Their awful aim is made up for in volume of objects and sheer enthusiasm. The Doctor's life may be at risk.

Smacked: The knobless staff makes a stellar impact on a PC. They gain the Trait **Got the wrong end of the stick**.

Book Launch: A book is knocked from the shelves and hits the floor in an untidy heap. The Librarian sees this disrespect and swings in, ready to give a thorough demonstration of how not to behave in the Library.





PROFESSOR BILLIARD'S OFFICE

Cigar smoke thick in the air; hundreds of shelves display balls in every shade of crystal: lovely green carpets.

The office is exceptionally tidy, as Professor Brunswick Billiard has clearly prepared for guests. Self-commissioned posters adorn the walls, boasting of his powers of prediction. He further evidences this by the fact that each PC has a chair set out facing him.* Behind the mahogany desk sits the Professor, in theatrical make-up, surrounded by a haze of cigar smoke.

PROFESSOR BRUNSWICK BILLIARD

(HE/HIM)

SPECIES: Wizard NICHE: Professor of Interpretable Answers

FEATURES: More flair for drama than the average wizard;
Lots of pockets.

MANNERISM: He has a small crystal ball which he will shake
and consult for answers.

INITIAL INVESTIGATION

Professor Billiard will only take part in the ritual if he can tell the fortune of the player character currently holding the staff. The PC in question should take a test to determine whether they have a positive future. This works just like any other test. Traits which the PC has that might lead to a positive future increase the size of their die. Other PCs can't help them on this test though.

For the ritual, Professor Billiard asks that the PCs bring a cutting implement 'with which to cleave in twain reality's very fabric so that arcane might may be free-ed 'pon the Disc'. He will also ask them to 'lay low that swine whomst vexes me so', i.e. settle his grudge.

* The memo advising him of the PCs' visit is clearly visible on his desk.

Ritual Components

In this scene you can gather the following ritual components:

Lump of Octiron: A scale replica of Old Tom, Unseen University's octiron bell. It also tolls every hour but with a much less tremendous silence than its full-sized counterpart. The small bell sways to and fro, muting the sound of anyone holding it while they are in motion. Any PC who carries the bell gains the Trait **Silenced by the bell**.

Ritual Mark Maker: Professor Billiard's chalk square. This is essential to the Professor's private rituals, imported from a blue-chalk mine far beyond the borders of Lancre. He guards it jealously. If this is used elsewhere, it will be obvious that it's the chalk belonging to Professor Billiard.

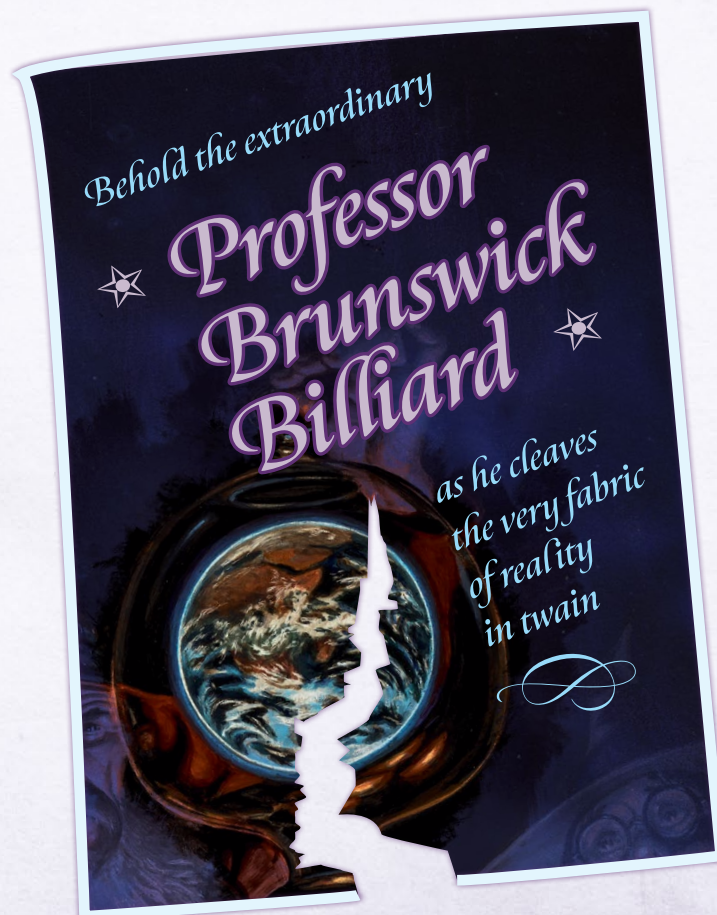
Sacred Oil: Crystal-ball polish. When the polish is used as part of the ritual it causes all PCs to gain the Trait **Next-second sight**.

Big Candle: A candle suspended in the centre of a crystal, creating a disco-ball effect when lit. The candle is actually an illegal tool of necromancy, and Professor Billiard insists that using it will draw negative attention to the ritual; ghosts at best, angry senior staff at worst.

CONSEQUENCES

Portent of Doom: The outlook isn't positive. Gain the Trait **Already heard the bad news**.

Ballroom: During the theatrics of the future reading, the crystal balls on the shelves start toppling, raining down towards the PCs' heads.





TIP OF THE TOWER OF ART

Perfectly ominous weather; cold stone floor; scattered implements.

In this scene, the PCs will conduct the research ritual. All five wizards are here. They all conspiratorially ask about the outcome of their grudge resolution, if they don't already know how it was resolved. Depending on how grudges were resolved and how player characters have gathered the ritual implements, this interaction may cause a challenge in and of itself.

The ritual, and the adventure, conclude when all the complications and subsequent Consequences are dealt with.

When PCs are ready to begin the ritual, read or paraphrase the following text.



READ ALOUD

As the Tower of Art is much taller at the tip, you loom high above Ankh-Morpork. The wizards have naturally manoeuvred themselves into a circle, so none of them has their back to another. Once you provide the staff to one of them, and place the ritual implements you've gathered in the centre, they can begin the ritual.

Octarine light fills the ritual space. The wizards seem hopeful they will soon be able to leave one another's presence. Then, inevitably, something goes wrong.

RITUAL COMPLICATIONS

Depending on which ritual component(s) the PCs are missing, the following complications occur during the ritual. If more than one ritual component is missing, then the complications should appear one at a time in an order of your choice. In this case, you might also consider adding in the next complication as the result of Consequences. Remember, the PCs will always suffer the complication introduced by missing the item of the final wizard they visited.

Lump of Octiron

Without the lump of octiron, magic does not flow as freely. The answer sought by the research lies tantalisingly out of reach. As the ritual progresses, strange half-words ring out at various volumes. To fix this complication the PCs need to get more magic flowing somehow.

Consequences unique to this complication could be:

- ◆ **Magical Exhaustion:** One of the wizards overexerts themselves in an attempt to pull the answer through. They are removed from the scene as they fall asleep. Someone needs to step into the ritual in their place.
- ◆ **What Was That?:** Attempting to understand the half-words coming from the ritual is a recipe for confusion. Gain the Trait **Speaks in word salad**.

Ritual Mark Maker

With no marks at the edges of the ritual, magic begins to wash across the entirety of Ankh-Morpork, providing answers to questions nobody asked. The ritual energy is spread so thin that it's impossible to definitively conclude the research. To fix this complication, the PCs need to gather the magical energy back together.

Consequences unique to this complication could be:

- ◆ **Watch Out:** Nearby members of the Ankh-Morpork Watch try to restore the peace. They storm onto the scene with the intent to stop all this. Worse still, they're chaperoned by Unseen University senior staff.
- ◆ **Tides of Magic:** As the magic flows outwards, it pushes everyone in the scene ever closer to the edge of the Tower of Art. Without intervention, someone is going to fall off and leave a wizard-shaped hole to plant a tasteless memorial shrubbery in.



Sacred Oil

In the absence of sacred oil, the ritual causes the world to become thick and syrupy. Moving is difficult. Slowly the characters in the scene begin to feel as though they're drowning in magic. To fix this complication, PCs need to speed the world back up.

Consequences unique to this complication could be:

- ◆ **Stuck:** A PC steps into a particularly sticky patch of magic and gains the Trait **Magic attraction**.
- ◆ **Friction Burns:** A character moves too quickly, and bursts into flames. Luckily the flames are moving slowly, but this is bound to eventually become a problem.

Big Candle

With no candle, the scene goes dark. The light of the stars and the octarine glow of the ritual disappear, leaving every character completely unaware of where anyone else is. To fix this PCs need a light strong enough to illuminate the whole scene.

Consequences unique to this complication could be:

- ◆ **Bump:** You collide with someone else, hard. Two PCs gain the Trait **Bonked bonce**.
- ◆ **Shot:** One of the wizards is deathly afraid of the dark and begins to hurl whatever comes to hand at any noise they hear. Everything from now on becomes more difficult because it's being done under fire.

Cutting Implement

Unable to pierce the veil of reality, the ritual power swells and bulges against the ground until the centre of the ritual resembles a huge stone boil, teeming with magic. To fix this complication, PCs need to lance and drain the boil.

Consequences unique to this complication could be:

- ◆ **Explosive Conclusion:**
A huge surge of magic pours out of the lanced boil and floods over a PC. They suffer a **Magical Misshape** (*Core Rulebook*, p. 42).
- ◆ **Boil on the Move:** The boil suddenly shifts, popping up right under one of the wizards, who flies into the air. Someone needs to catch that wizard before they end up with a terminal case of the grounds.

ENDING THE RITUAL

When the complications have all been resolved, read or paraphrase the following:



READ ALOUD

As the ritual comes to a close, Professor Billiard floats into the air, full of arcane energies. He vigorously shakes his crystal ball, extends an accusing finger toward the knobless staff, and asks aloud 'Is this a wizard's staff?'

In a voice older than time, the crystal intones 'ASK AGAIN LATER'.

WRAPPING UP


When the ritual is over, it's time to wrap up. You should revisit interesting Consequences. You might narrate how the various feuds develop, or if Unseen University continues their research into the knobless staff. You should consider the characters that players enjoyed interacting with, and expand on what happens to them. You should also allow players to provide an epilogue for their characters if they want.







MARKET FORCES

 By Chris Bissette

INTRODUCTION

The wizards of *Unseen University* are very concerned by a recent spate of minor magical inconveniences. Things have been exploding, people have turned into slightly purple versions of themselves, bells have started speaking, and nobody knows why. Their main concern isn't that magical incidents are popping up, but more that they appear to have been caused by somebody other than *Unseen University* wizards, which is against the natural order of things. Rather than investigate this for themselves, the wizards are outsourcing. Enter: the party.



Over the past few days, odd things have been happening in nearly every corner of Ankh-Morpork, unsettling residents and drawing attention from various guilds. With each passing hour, the strange occurrences seem to grow in frequency and severity, from enchanted pastries to floating livestock. Even the City Watch is stumped, caught between keeping order and trying to avoid the more dangerous magical mishaps.

The Patrician has subtly hinted that ‘this needs fixing’ and ideally without a spectacle. Commander Vimes of the City Watch has even more subtly hinted* that messing around with magical nonsense is up to wizards, and if a single Watchman is injured trying to fix a wizard’s mess, he’ll go spare.

But in a place like Ankh-Morpork, that’s easier said than done. The player characters (PCs), unlikely heroes in their own right, are tasked with navigating this chaos, tracing it back to its source, and bringing the city some much-needed relief — before it’s overrun by rogue enchantments and deeply confused citizens.



Recommended Reading

The Colour of Magic

Equal Rites

Sourcery

** At a volume audible from three streets away.*



RUNNING THIS ADVENTURE

Begin at *Unseen University* (UU, p. 88), where the party is ushered in under the twitchy eyes of novice wizard Alder Skint. Here, they're informed of the situation and asked, in the vaguest of terms, to 'sort it out'. They learn about a few different catastrophes of concern, such as enchanted bells in the *Street of Small Gods*, and *Misbegot Bridge* where objects have begun floating on their own. These events, unusual even by Ankh-Morpork standards, have left the wizards quite rattled and eager to avoid any further tarnishing of their reputation. The faculty is, of course, reluctant to investigate personally. They believe the party is fully capable of figuring out what's going on, and at worst, it'll clear some of these damned students out from under their feet.

This adventure is presented as a list of catastrophes and the items that cause them. Should you wish to create new items to cause more chaos in the city, you can use the handy *Weird Item Generator* (p. 104). While investigating, the party will come into contact with the *Heroes of Deep Water* (p. 90) and eventually* track them to their hideout beneath the *Yawning Turtle* (p. 105), where they can close the portal to the Dungeon Dimensions and solve everybody's problem.** This should feel very freeform in play, and you should inject as much chaos as you see fit to keep things moving.

THE SOURCE OF THE CHAOS

During their last quest, an adventuring party calling themselves the *Heroes of Deep Water* found a treasure map that led them to a disused basement beneath an abandoned pub in *Dolly Sisters (the Yawning Turtle)*. There they found an ancient well, capped with a heavy disc of lead, itself held in place with thick, heavy chains. Despite all the signs that they should leave it well alone, they uncapped it, discovering an entrance to one of the lesser suburbs of the Dungeon Dimensions.

They have made a few forays into the weird otherspace beyond, returning each time with more injuries, a little less sanity, and bags full of what can only be described, pre-watershed, as 'weird stuff'. They immediately started to sell said weird stuff, at which point it became somebody else's problem.

Make use of the clues in each section to help guide the party towards the discovery of the involvement of the *Heroes of Deep Water*.

* Probably.

** If they choose instead to go through the portal then woe betide them, frankly. What lies down in the Dungeon Dimensions is beyond the scope of this text. You should probably just rule that everybody dies a horrible misshapen death and get on with your evening, but they might be able to fight their way out with enough courage, pluck, half-bricks, and socks.





UNSEEN UNIVERSITY

When your players are ready to begin, read or paraphrase the following text.



READ ALOUD

You stand in the entrance hall of *Unseen University*, the air thick with the buzz of barely-contained thaumaturgy and the whiff of aged cabbage. Before you stands Alder Skint, a junior wizard who seems a bit too twitchy for you to trust him entirely. He clears his throat nervously.

‘Right! So ... we have, er, a bit of a situation. There have been, ah, shall we say, ah, incidents around Ankh-Morpork. People bursting into spontaneous, ah ... interpretive dances, pies floating ominously, someone’s, uh, pig sprouted wings in *Nonesuch Street* just yesterday. Magic is, ah, leaking out all over the place.’

He glances around, as if a senior wizard might appear and relieve him. No such luck.

‘Nobody’s quite sure where the magic is coming from. But the, ah, Patrician has politely informed the University that this needs to be, er, “dealt with discreetly”. And so, we’re hoping you can help, ah ... investigate. Quietly. And contain the magical ... ah, spillages. Any questions?’



THE INCIDENTS

Alder tells the party about the following incidents, all of which have occurred over the past couple of days:

A flying pig in Nonesuch Street (p. 92).

Bells that won't stop delivering lectures on the Street of Small Gods (p. 98).

An ongoing sword-fight near Least Gate (p. 100).

People levitating along Misbegot Bridge (p. 96).

An endless rendition of the Danse Macarena in Five Ways (p. 102).

ALDER SKINT

(He/Him)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Senior Junior Wizard*

FEATURES: *Earnestly apologetic;*

Always taking notes.

MANNERISM: *Constantly, ah, pauses in the middle of, er, sentences.*

Young, keen, and overworked, Alder is an eager – but perpetually nervous – junior wizard. He's still trying to prove himself at *Unseen University*, and most of his assignments involve tasks the senior wizards would rather avoid. Skint has an unfortunate habit of emphasising the wrong words and constantly pausing, giving his sentences a slightly unhinged quality.

If asked for specific guidance, Alder mutters something cryptic about 'magical drift', 'irresponsible influences', or 'weird stuff, probably' and waves the party off to handle things as they see fit.



THE HEROES OF DEEP WATER

The Heroes of Deep Water —

a name they chose themselves, incidentally — regard themselves as heroic adventurers. They see themselves as bravely delving into the weirdest, deepest, smelliest places on the Disc, and slaying the horrible things that dwell there, before extracting riches that they benevolently return to society. Others describe them as violent layabouts, profiteers, a menace to society, war criminals, and most often, annoying.

These adventurers act as a constant menace and can serve as Consequences during the adventure. While they will show up in select locations, you should also introduce them at inconvenient times as and when the whims of narrativium demand.



What Do You Mean You've Never Heard of Us?

As with all 'adventurers', the *Heroes of Deep Water* love nothing more than bragging about their exploits. Here are some of the things they'll claim to have done:

- ◆ Rescued the Dread King's heir.
- ◆ Saved a Ramtops village from famine.
- ◆ Bungee jumped off the Rim.
- ◆ Outwitted the Mooncat of Pseudopolis.
- ◆ Taught backgammon to the barbarians of the Ramtops.

Whether or not they actually did any of these things is largely up to you, but they probably didn't.

KEY LOCATIONS & WEIRD ITEMS

The PCs should investigate some or all of the weird occurrences in the city (see *The Incidents*, p. 89), slowly tracing the cause back to the *Heroes of Deep Water* (p. 90) and their hide-out beneath the *Yawning Turtle* (p. 105). Remember that the Heroes could — and should — show up as Consequences of failed rolls, or whenever you think it would be narratively satisfying.

Normally items in *Discworld*: *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork* are included in a character's Traits. These items have their own Traits because they're weird things pulled out of the Dungeon Dimensions, and thus aren't subject to the normal way of doing things. You should use these Traits to inform how they function and to drive any Consequences for failed tests when interacting with them.

THOG 'THE THOUGHTFUL' STONEFOOT

(THEY/THEM)

FULL NAME: Thog 'The Thoughtful' Stonefoot

SPECIES: Dwarf

NICHE: Warrior

FEATURES: Refers to himself in the third person;

Allergic to paperwork;

Proudly stubborn, especially when wrong.

MANNERISM: Known as 'The Thoughtful' because they pause to consider every situation for about half a second before swinging their axe.

Fiercely proud of their dwarfish heritage. Thog speaks in grandiose terms as though they're always about to dive into battle. They have an impressive collection of battle scars, most of which are (accidentally) self-inflicted.



LIRA LIGHTFINGERS

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Lira Lightfingers*SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Thief*FEATURES: *An expert in 'The Ethics of Burglary';
Fingers as slippery as her morals;
Pockets full of lockpicks.*MANNERISM: *Hands always stray in the direction of
the nearest pocket.*

For legal reasons – i.e. so as to avoid trouble with the Thieves' Guild – Lira isn't a thief, she's a 'redistributor of wealth'. She often refers to herself as a 'borrower', though it's not clear that she ever returns the things she takes. She believes in disguising herself as much as possible but is hopelessly bad at it, often opting for mismatched outfits and flamboyant hats. Genuinely believes she's helping the economy by relieving people of their 'excess currency'.

CRISPINA 'CRISPY' SINGE

(SHE/THEY)

FULL NAME: *Crispina 'Crispy' Singe*SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Odd-job priest*FEATURES: *Always has an appropriate holy symbol;
A prayer for every situation;**Lives by the motto 'smite now, atone later'.*MANNERISM: *Mutters prayers to several gods in rapid succession.*

A priest of Blind Io and several other gods, Crispina has never quite been able to settle on just one deity. With that in mind, she worships them all, just to be safe. They wear a hat with various holy symbols stitched into it. She's known for 'hedging her bets' with multiple blessings at once, which often makes things worse, but she believes that every misfortune is a test from one god or another and is thus endlessly optimistic.

MORTY MUSTARDSEED

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Professor Mortimer 'Morty' Mustardseed*SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *'Wizard'*FEATURES: *Can pull a rabbit out of anything;
Full of useless trivia (and even more useless items);
His spells have a 50/50 success rate.*MANNERISM: *Jwitchy and afraid of loud vowels which he claims occasionally cause explosions.*

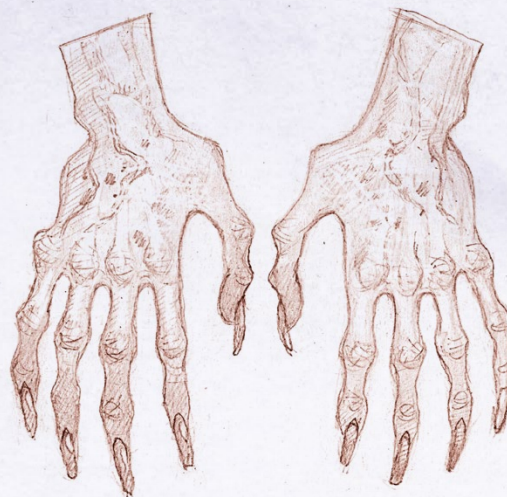
A self-taught wizard who prides himself on his 'practical magic', Mortimer tries to use magic for everything but has a tendency to summon the wrong things, often creating inconvenient duplicates of whatever's nearby. He applied to *Unseen University*, but was rejected, so he's been on edge ever since arriving in Ankh-Morpork. The one spell he's mastered is producing rabbits out of everyday objects, usually at the worst possible moment.



NONESUCH STREET

Herbal tang; cracked cobblestones; murmur of endless haggling.

Mabel Wiggins, local herbalist and reluctant pig owner, recently bought a glass bauble from *Boffo's Curios and Conjurings (No Affiliation)* (p. 94). As soon as she got it home, the bauble started to spin, and her pet pig Trufflesnuff sprouted wings. Now he's flapping about over the rooftops and won't come down.



MABEL WIGGINS

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Mabel Wiggins*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Herbalist*

FEATURES: *Unfazed by chaos;*

A remedy for every malady;
Constantly chewing something.

MANNERISM: *Always diagnosing something that*
she knows the cure for.

Mabel is an old, old woman who always looks a little like she's just crawled out of a hedge. She claims to have had a hangover for the past thirty years, and sees it as a mark of pride that she simply copes with it rather than doing something to stop it. Other people say that it's a sign she doesn't have any faith in her own remedies, though they say it quietly.

When Trufflesnuff sprouted wings and began to fly, Mabel simply shrugged. If asked, she tells people that 'he's always been a bit flighty'. She thinks it's hilarious when he needs to use the toilet. Trufflesnuff's feelings are unclear.



Clues

Boffo's Curios and Conjurings (No Affiliation): Mabel bought the Bauble from a local store called *Boffo's Curios and Conjurings (No Affiliation)* (p. 94).

Adventurer Types: Mabel keeps a close eye on goings-on on *Nonesuch Street*. She's seen a group of 'overly-armoured miscreants' regularly going into Boffo's. They enter with crates filled with junk, which it appears Boffo Blink (No Affiliation) is buying from them.

CONSEQUENCES

Pigs Fly, Poop Doesn't: Trufflesnuff needs to go, and you're standing underneath him. Gain the Trait *Covered in muck*.

Climbing Higher: Rather than coming down, Trufflesnuff flies even higher.

The Arrival of C.M.O.T.: Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler arrives on the scene and begins selling tickets to people who want to see the flying pig. A crowd gathers, making life difficult for the party, especially as they've paid good money for this.

THE BAUBLE OF BUOYANT BEASTS

TRAITS *Effects stop and start randomly; Surprisingly bouncy.*

A small, slightly rubbery sphere with a faintly glowing core, the Bauble of Buoyant Beasts was once part of a failed agricultural experiment. It was meant to make animals lighter so that they could be tied together and pulled from field to field, but it actually caused them to sprout wings and take flight.



BOFFO'S CURIOS AND CONJURINGS (NO AFFILIATION)

Glass display cases; dim lighting; no price tags.

Boffo Blink (No Affiliation) is a shrewd and perpetually curious man, always willing to buy interesting items, no questions asked. He believes there's a market for every item, no matter how strange, and delights in selling unusual experiences as much as actual products. Boffo has a habit of over-promising the benefits of the items he sells and underplaying their risks. He has bought several items from the *Heroes of Deep Water*, though only the Bauble of Buoyant Beasts has been sold so far.

Boffo Blink (No Affiliation)

Boffo's Novelty and Joke Shop is located at No. 4, Tenth Egg Street, and run by Jack Proust. *Boffo's Curios and Conjurings (No Affiliation)* is an entirely different shop run by an entirely different man. Boffo Blink (No Affiliation) spends his life telling people that the shop isn't a franchise and that he has no affiliation with Jack Proust's establishment.

Things would be much easier for Boffo (No Affiliation) if he simply chose a new name for his shop, especially as the original Boffo's was there first, but he's proud of both his business and his name and absolutely refuses to change either.

BOFFO BLINK (NO AFFILIATION)

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Boffo Blink (No Affiliation)*

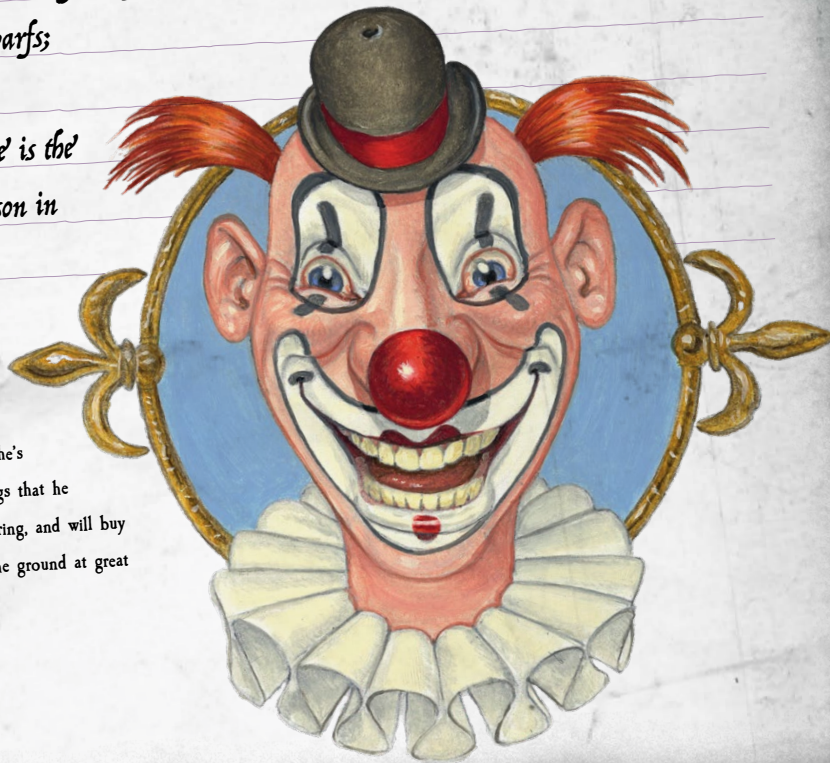
SPECIES: *Human*

NICHE: *Curio Trader*

FEATURES: *Knows everything about everything (even when he doesn't know anything);
could sell rocks to dwarfs;
Loves a hagggle.*

MANNERISM: *Entirely sure that he is the
most interesting person in
the room.*

Boffo Blink (No Affiliation) dresses in bright violet suits and garishly coloured top hats. His aim is to always be the most vibrant thing in the room, even when he's surrounded by the weird and wonderful things that he collects. He loves tales of adventure and daring, and will buy anything that was pulled out of a hole in the ground at great mortal peril.



OTHER ITEMS

Boffo bought some other items from the Heroes, which he will happily sell for the right price.

INFINITELY FROTHING FLASK

TRAITS *Always overflowing with expanding foam; Highly caustic.*

A simple-looking flask with a flippy metal lid.

POCKET CYCLONE

TRAITS *Gail-force winds*; Now comes with cows as standard.*

A tiny crystal jar filled with smoke. When opened, it unleashes a tornado that grows very big very fast.

CLOAK OF THE CROWDED MIND

TRAITS *Former owners include creatures from the Dunge' on Dimensions; Wasn't given away willingly.*

A very attractive black silk cloak that constantly whispers the opinions of its former owners to the wearer.

* Gail hits like a truck.

Clues

The Sellers: Boffo is very protective of the identities of his clients and suppliers — any good businessman prides himself on discretion, after all. He can, however, confirm that a group of brave, bold, adventurous individuals have come into possession of some items of interesting provenance.

Frequent Deliveries: Boffo doesn't know where the **Heroes of Deep Water** live or where they're getting their goods from, but they make a drop-off to him first thing in the morning most days.

CONSEQUENCES

Accused of Theft: Boffo thinks he spots a member of the party pocketing one of his trinkets, and demands payment for it on pain of summoning the Watch. Or worse, the Thieves' Guild.

Voice Swap: An enchanted amulet in the shop — not sold by the **Heroes of Deep Water**, thankfully — is accidentally triggered, causing the voices of two members of the party to swap.



MISBEGOT BRIDGE

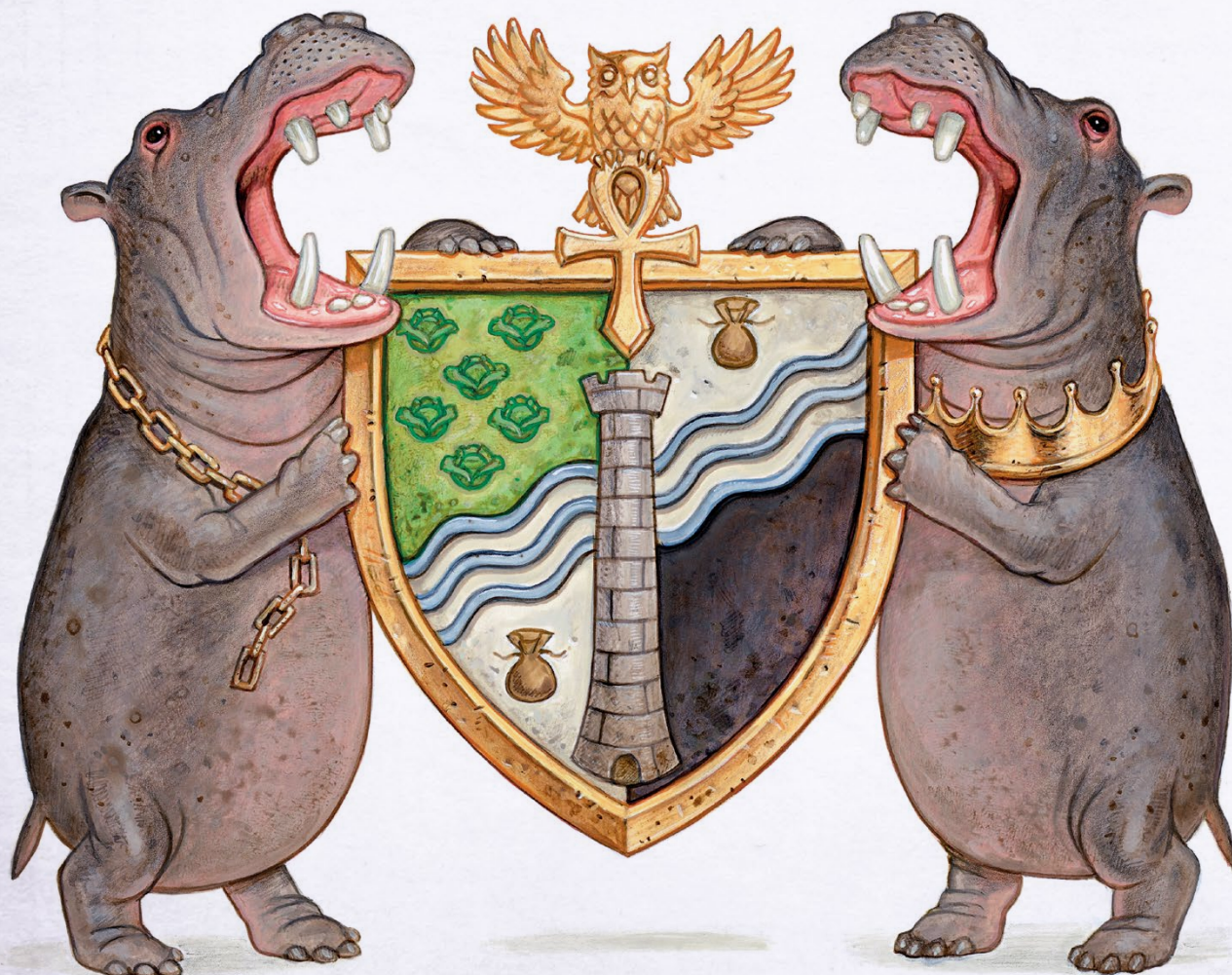
Rattling boards; a faint scent of mildew; water sloshing below.

Misbegot Bridge has always been a little interesting, but recently the stones have started to glow faintly at night. Passersby report feeling odd tingles or even briefly floating inches above the ground as they cross. The source is a mysterious trinket embedded in the bridge itself — an enchanted coin that one of the adventurers from the *Heroes of Deep Water* dropped after paying Mrs Brisket Jones' toll. This coin, faintly infused with levitation magic, has begun to affect the bridge, causing it to act unpredictably and making crossing it something of an adventure.

ENCHANTED COIN

TRAITS *Triggers randomly;
Localised anti-gravity.*

The coin is a worn silver disc with a barely legible symbol of a too-many-tentacled creature on one side. It pulses faintly with unstable magic. The coin can occasionally cause sections of the bridge to levitate or people to feel an odd lightness. This is charming until it unexpectedly flares up, affecting the entire bridge and everyone on it.



MRS BRISKET JONES

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Mrs Brisket Jones*

SPECIES: *Questionably human* NICHE: *Bridge Keeper*

FEATURES: *Obsessed with stability;*
Blames everything on tourists;

Rules lawyer.

MANNERISM: *Speaks very slowly, even in an emergency.*

Brisket Jones is a grumpy, no-nonsense bridgekeeper who considers *Misbegot Bridge* her personal fiefdom. There are rumours that she is actually part troll, but she denies them sternly. She takes her role seriously, constantly reminding passersby to 'keep left', 'avoid loitering', and 'mind the wobbly bits'. She's very concerned about the floating, and has convinced herself that people are doing it deliberately to worry her. She'll warn the PCs to stay away from 'any suspicious glowy bits' and keeps an eye on anyone who looks like they might be causing trouble

Clues

Strange Currency: Brisket comes from a long line of tollbooth operators and recently had the idea of charging a toll to cross the bridge. This didn't last long, as canny Ankh-Morporkians pointed out that they could just walk across the surface of the river. While the toll was operating, though, a person in a full suit of armour paid her in some strange coins that she's never seen before. She's struggling to find anyone who'll take them.

CONSEQUENCES

Into the Ankh: Any mucking about on the bridge might cause the unwary to take a tumble into the muck.

Penalty Fine: Brisket keeps a small pad of tickets that she dishes out to anybody violating her numerous health and safety regulations,* demanding large sums of money as punishment. There's no legal basis for these fines, but she pursues them relentlessly.

Floating Off: The bridge, and everybody on it, begins to drift slowly upwards. This is particularly vexing for anyone trying to get somewhere in a hurry.

Attacked By Gulls: The bridge is the nesting place for some of Ankh-Morpork's most aggressive river gulls, who begin to dive-bomb pedestrians to steal food and shiny objects from them.

Surprise Maintenance: Without warning, municipal workers turn up with cones and barricades and close half of the bridge, claiming that they're here to fix ... something. Nobody knew that Ankh-Morpork had municipal workers, but they're standing around in bright yellow vests whistling at people, blocking traffic, and taking tea breaks, so everybody knows they must be legitimate. Brisket Jones is pulled away to deal with them.

* Available to view upon request. Use of the bridge indicates agreement to abide by these regulations.



STREET OF SMALL GODS

Incense smoke; crumbling stone; murmured prayers.

The bells of the Temple of Minor Miracles' Tower of Lesser Reverence have suddenly started talking at full volume, shouting insults at passersby, and going on blasphemous screeds targeted at nearby places of worship. The cause is difficult to discern. The bell rope for the bells was recently replaced, and the supplier bought a cheap length of rope from the *Heroes of Deep Water* rather than using their usual supplier. This rope came from the Dungeon Dimensions, and has given the bells some semblance of sentience — and the ability to speak.

The bells have started shouting specifically at the Temple of Small Gods, something of a rival to the Temple of Minor Miracles. This has spurred a tiny religious war in the streets. Several passersby have received nasty electric shocks from lightning bolts one inch long, and yesterday the street saw a hideous plague of flea.

REVEREND MALCUS HINGE

FULL NAME: *Reverend Malcus Hinge*

(HE/HIM)

SPECIES: *Human*

NICHE: *Priest*

FEATURES: *Unshakeable devotion to minor deities;
Believes in the ability of faith to create gods;
Sees miracles in the mundane.*

MANNERISM: *Never states anything too strongly lest it create a new god.*

A middle-aged priest dedicated to the more humble aspects of divine intervention. As the head (and, in fact, only full-time staff member) of the modest Temple of Minor Miracles, which sits at the base of the Tower of Lesser Reverence, he spends his days in quiet prayer, tending to minor shrines, and overseeing the religious needs of those who can't afford larger, more prominent gods. He believes the Temple of Small Gods is for people with ideas above their station. He also believes the bells are proof that he was right to worship a god he possibly invented himself, and that they speak with its voice. Especially when they're shouting insults at the Temple of Small Gods.

If pressed, he'll admit that the ropes were changed very recently and that he paid a very good price for them to a new supplier in Dolly Sisters. This was, of course, Thog Stonefoot, operating out of the *Yawning Turtle* (p. 105).



Clues

The Heroes: Malcus bought the rope directly from the *Heroes of Deep Water*, and his troubles began immediately afterward. He knows that they hang out somewhere in Dolly Sisters, and that they regularly sell things to *Boffo Blink (No Affiliation)* (p. 94).

The Fear of Gods: Since the rope was installed, Malcus has had strange dreams in which his minor deities complain to him about creatures with too many angles lurking beneath the city. They keep showing him visions of the things crawling out of a well in a dusty old cellar. He's never heard of the *Dungeon Dimensions*, so can't use that term, but he can definitely describe his nightmares in vivid technicolour detail.

CONSEQUENCES

Angry Priest: Malcus Hinge becomes incensed that the party are messing with his bells, which he believes have been sent by his god. He threatens to put a curse on them, giving them the Trait **Possibly cursed**.

Ask Not: The bells know what the party is doing and don't want to lose their voices. They begin to ring at a deafening volume. Each PC gains the Trait **Ringin' ears**.

Loud Gossip: The bells begin shouting gossip about the party at the volume of ... well, temple bells. It's heard all over the city, and spreads rapidly.

ENCHANTED ROPE

TRAITS

Projects fleeting phantasms when observed in peripheral vision;
Ties itself in impossible knots.

The only giveaway that the rope is the cause of the problem is that it has turned slightly purple and smells faintly of sulphur and bad ideas. The rope also tends to twitch when it senses that it is being observed, as though it wants to get away from the attention.



LEAST GATE

Loud fight; louder onlookers; the smell of heavy betting.

A pair of enchanted swords is engaged in an endless duel. Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler has of course fashioned himself as a bookie and begun taking bets on the outcome, as well as on how long the fight will go on for. So far, the fight has injured three members of the Watch, given eight free haircuts, and destroyed a number of very valuable ancient tapestries.*

BLUSTERBANE

(It/Its)

SPECIES: *Sword* NICHE: *Sword of Valour*

FEATURES *Loves the sound of its own voice;
Assured of its own success in every endeavour;
Drives its wielder to seek fame, fortune,
and dead enemies.*

MANNERISM: *Constantly taunts its enemies.*

A broad, heavy sword with a gleaming, slightly oversized blade. Its hilt is wrapped in red leather and decorated with small, jangling charms. Blusterbane radiates a feeling of hearty enthusiasm and roars with laughter whenever it swings.



Sourcing the Swords

Both of the swords can speak, and thus can tell the party exactly where they came from. Both have memories of lying untouched in a weird, hell-ish location somewhere in the Dungeon Dimensions for a very long time before being picked up by the *Heroes of Deep Water*. After lying in the clutter at Boffo's Curios and Conjuring (No Affiliation) for a few days they got bored and decided to explore the city together. They soon realised that they don't like one another, and — being sentient swords who only know how to do one thing — decided to have a fight about it.

VINDICATUS

(It/Its)

SPECIES: *Sword* NICHE: *Sword of Justice*

FEATURES *Deeply judgemental;
Relentless in the pursuit of justice;
Only allows the worthy to touch it;
Always fights fair.*

MANNERISM: *Loudly judges anyone who comes near it.*

A slim, straight-edged sword with a gleaming silver blade inscribed with tiny runes that glow faintly in response to wrongdoings. Its hilt is wrapped in stark white leather, with a crossguard shaped like a pair of balanced scales. The sword exudes an aura of strict righteousness.

* According to C.M.O.T., who also claims to have been the owner of said tapestries, which nobody other than him has seen. Because they were destroyed. So they're gone. Obviously.

CUT-ME-OWN-THROAT DIBBLER

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: Cut-Me-Own-Throat 'C.M.O.T.' Dibbler

SPECIES: Human **NICHE:** Street Vendor

FEATURES: Always Be Selling;
Unshakably optimistic;
Sees opportunities everywhere'
(and if he can't see one, makes one).

MANNERISM: Always trying to sell something even if he isn't
Sure exactly what it is yet.

Cut-Me-Own-Throat Dibbler is an Ankh-Morpork legend. Wherever there are people with money, C.M.O.T. is there to try and take it off them. He appears out of thin air wherever there's an opportunity to sell something (especially if it's inna bun) and disappears before you have a chance to realise what you've bought. Physically he resembles a rodent as much as a man, and wears a long coat with far too many pockets to be practical.



Clues

Blusterbane's Bluster: Blusterbane is only too happy to regale anyone who will listen with tales of its exploits murdering monsters in the Dungeon Dimensions. It remembers being picked up by Thog (p. 90) and then being sold to Boffo Blink (No Affiliation) (p. 94). Since neither of them used it to kill anyone, it thinks they're both massive cowards and isn't afraid to say it.

Vindicatus' Complaint: Vindicatus also remembers being sold, and it thinks this is an entirely unjust way to treat a sentient being. It would love to be reunited with Thog so that it can tell them exactly what it thinks of them.

Dibbler's Deliveries: One of C.M.O.T.'s recent ventures was a door-to-door food delivery service called Ubird Eatery. Customers would send their order strapped to the leg of a homing pigeon, and he delivered their food if the pigeon managed to find him. He stopped when people started eating the pigeons, but his last delivery was made to the [Yawning Turtle](#) (p. 105) where he was paid in strange coins that he hasn't been able to spend.

CONSEQUENCES

Unlike some of the other strange occurrences in this adventure, a fight between two magical swords presents the chance for very real and painful Consequences should the party get things wrong. See Behaviour Likely to Cause a Breach of the Peace ([Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook](#), p. 18) for details of how to handle combat should your group be brave or foolish enough to try and join the fight. Aside from physical Consequences, here are some other suggestions:

The Gamblers: C.M.O.T. expands his books, taking bets on the fate of the party as they intervene in the fight. Gamblers begin interfering to try and fix things in whatever direction they've bet on.

Unsolicited Coaching: A self-proclaimed swordmaster in the crowd jumps in and starts trying to coach the swords. Now the party is at risk of getting him killed if they interfere further.

Rafa Perdigone won the amulet from Lira Lightfingers in a card game last night. Since putting it on this morning he's been unable to stop dancing. Everyone who comes near him also falls under its spell. The amulet itself is a small round charm with musical notes engraved around the edges, and a pair of outstretched hands stamped on the face.



RAFA PERDIGONE

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Rafa Perdigone*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Semi-professional Gambler*

FEATURES *Never loses at cards;*

Always pays his debts;

Doesn't feel like dancing.

MANNERISM: *Very upset that he can't stop dancing.*

A rotund man who can often be found at card games around Ankh-Morpork, and more often, outside card games after being ejected from them for winning too much. Rafa Perdigone aims to be the Disc's first professional gambler. Any attempts to tell him that somebody has already beaten him to it, and that the Gamblers' Guild wouldn't exist were that not the case, fall on deaf ears.

Clues

Lira Lightfingers: Lira showed up in Ankh-Morpork fairly recently and has already earned quite a reputation on the card circuit. It's believed she hangs out at the *Yawning Turtle* (p. 105).

The Story: When Lira placed the amulet on the table, she told a story about recovering it from a place where things with too many arms get a little too handsy if you get too close to them. Nobody believed it — just card table banter — but since he started dancing, Rafa wonders if maybe there's a little more to the story than he originally believed.

CONSEQUENCES

Join the Dance: You know how to do the Danse Macarena, right? Don't worry. You'll pick it up.

Talent Scouts: Ankh-Morpork hasn't seen talent scouts since the Century of the Fruitbat, but the emergence of the dancing mob brings the industry to life again. Scouts begin trying to sign up the most talented dancers with minimal success — mainly because the dancers are struggling to read the contracts that are being thrust in front of them.

The Dance Spreads: The longer the Danse Macarena goes on without stopping, the more of the city becomes consumed by it. People begin to realise that it's getting dangerously close to the Patrician's palace. The thought of seeing Lord Vetinari dancing against his will is a truly sobering one.

Lost in the Flow: The crowd's spontaneous momentum creates a whirlpool of bodies, pulling the party away from one another as they get caught in the swirling mass of people.

Pickpockets: The Thieves' Guild sees the chaos as an excellent opportunity to engage in some sanctioned daylight robbery. At least one of the PCs finds themselves missing some small items of value.





WEIRD ITEM GENERATOR

If you want the party to investigate more items than are listed here, you can roll on the *Item Type* and *Primary Effect* tables to create one. Then, roll on the *Traits* table to see what sort of odd mannerisms it has. Drop it in a random location in the city and let the chaos commence.



ITEM TYPE

- 1 *Weapon*
- 2 *Jewellery*
- 3 *Coin*
- 4 *Something in a bottle*
- 5 *Clothing*
- 6 *Lamp*
- 7 *Musical instrument*
- 8 *Religious symbol*



PRIMARY EFFECT

- 1 *Makes things bigger or smaller.*
- 2 *Makes things appear or disappear.*
- 3 *Warps time, locally.*
- 4 *Is a spell in physical form.*
- 5 *Makes things older or younger.*
- 6 *Grants incredible intelligence.*
- 7 *Makes things very fast.*
- 8 *Makes things very charismatic.*



TRAITS (ROLL TWICE)

- 1 *Causes sneezing*
- 2 *Can speak*
- 3 *Malfunctions erratically*
- 4 *Attracts rodents and other small mammals*
- 5 *Smells weird*
- 6 *Gets a round of applause wherever it goes*
- 7 *Strongly opinionated*
- 8 *Detects deception*
- 9 *Glow in the dark*
- 10 *Repels the undead*
- 11 *Slightly magnetic*
- 12 *Scared of the dark*
- 13 *Demands constant praise*
- 14 *Slightly invisible*
- 15 *Splits light in half*
- 16 *Attracts insects*
- 17 *Slightly repels wizards*
- 18 *Glow blue in the presence of unsolicited salespeople*
- 19 *Changes shape slightly when unobserved*
- 20 *Roll two more times*



THE YAWNING TURTLE, DOLLY SISTERS

Dust-choked air; overturned stools; an unnatural chill drifting up from the cellar.

The Heroes of Deep Water moved into the abandoned pub when their treasure map led them there, seeing it as a convenient place to use as a base without having to pay rent. The map directed them to the cellar, where they found a capped well that they promptly uncapped, revealing a portal to the Dungeon Dimensions. They've naturally been pulling lots of weird magic out and recklessly selling it to the residents of the city.

The old pub smells like it did when it was open — stale ale, the stench of smoke soaked into the wood, the vague aroma of toilets that nobody can be bothered to clean properly. If you were to stand still for too long you'd stick quite firmly to the floor and have to spend some time pulling yourself loose. Everything feels coated in a thin layer of grime, with surfaces that are at once sticky and yet strangely powdery. The floorboards are uneven and planks shift and creak underfoot.

It's clear that somebody has been coming and going quite a lot recently, and there are obvious tracks leading down into the cellar. Approaching the uncapped well means hearing the whispering, chattering voices of the Things from the Dungeon Dimensions, which get louder the closer you get.

It's likely that at least some of the *Heroes of Deep Water* (p. 90) are here at any given time of the day or night. They will deny all knowledge of the things that have been going on in Ankh-Morpork; they don't know about the well beneath the *Yawning Turtle*, they don't know that it leads to the Dungeon Dimensions, they *certainly* haven't been through it, and if they had they absolutely wouldn't have brought anything out of it or sold the things that weren't brought out. It should become clear to the party very quickly that the best way to stop the influx of magic items into the city is to seal the well so that nobody goes through the portal again.

Swapping Traits

One of the potential Consequences in this section is swapping Traits between characters. There are various ways to do this, but the simplest is by each player assigning each of their Traits to a number on a die (so if they have 4 Traits, they would roll a d4 and if they have 7, they'd roll a d8 and reroll 8s, for example). Players would then give that Trait to the PC on their left for the remainder of the adventure.

If any player absolutely does not want to swap Traits, for any reason, then don't force the issue. Choose another Consequence, or pick a player who is more enthusiastic about it.



CONSEQUENCES

The Portal Grows Unstable: Reality ripples and the voices of the gibbering Things grow louder. The wizards of *Unseen University* become aware of the existence of the portal.

Hello From The Other Side: A creature from the Dungeon Dimensions slips through into the city and must be dealt with.

Reality Warps: Nearby objects change shape, size, colour, or gender. People begin speaking backwards, or their inner monologues become outer soliloquies. The PCs swap some Traits between each other.

Time Slip: The party are thrown back in time 24 hours and must repeat their investigations. They probably remember some of what happened, if you're feeling nice.

Memory Loss: Why are we here? Who are these people? What's at the bottom of this well?

The Heroes Become Unheroic: *The Heroes of Deep Water* remind the party that they are adventurers with lots of sharp, pointy implements, and that it's probably best if the party leaves before anyone has a terrible sword-related accident.

The Watch Arrive: The party are arrested along with the Heroes. In a fit of keenness, Captain Carrot (*Adventures in Ankh-Morpork Core Rulebook*, p. 122) attempts to arrest the Dungeon Dimensions.

WRAPPING UP

Assuming that the party decides to cap the well (rather than, say, setting up their own import/export business of dodgy magical artefacts scavenged from the Dungeon Dimensions), this task should be fairly straightforward without the interference of the *Heroes of Deep Water*. The simple option is to replace the lead disc and chain it down again, but the well could also be sealed by magic or some other plausible means (like collapsing the pub on top of it, for example).

Once the portal to the Dungeon Dimensions is closed, the influx of any new items into the city will halt, but that still leaves the problem of lots of contraband floating around causing chaos. Have each player describe an item that's entered circulation and a minor magical catastrophe that it's caused, and explain how the group goes about solving that problem.

You might want to decide as a group what happens to the *Heroes of Deep Water*. Do they stick around in the city, or do they skulk out under cover of darkness to find another deep hole to raid? Wherever they go, if they're still alive, there's always the chance that they'll turn up to bother this party — or a different one — in a future adventure.



THE POINTY END OF THE DEAL

By Andrew
Peregrine

ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

The player characters are asked to deliver some invitations on behalf of Lucrecia Dalvadoré, a wealthy noble with a reputation as an entrepreneur. The invitations are for the richest and most important nobles and businesspeople of Ankh-Morpork. The deal she is offering is so good that she is only giving this investment opportunity to the most influential people.

To make things more interesting, she doesn't just want the player characters (PCs) to deliver a few letters. She's actually prepared to cut them in on the deal if they are willing to upsell the opportunity a bit. She'd go herself, but her reputation is so good that once people hear it's her plan, there will be a stampede! She needs the PCs to get the right people on board before going public. The more of those people she can entice to invest early, the more she'll cut the player characters in for.

Recommended Reading

Pyramids
Going Postal
Making Money

WHAT'S GOING ON?

As you might imagine, Lucrecia is a con artist. She is selling a literal pyramid scheme where the wealthy can buy bricks in a brand new pyramid being built authentically in Djelibeybi,* a place renowned for its pyramid expertise. Those who have bought into the project will have the opportunity to be interred there when they die. The more bricks, the bigger the monument, and while you'll have to share with other investors, no one really needs a whole pyramid to themselves. This is an opportunity to buy a plot for you and your family in the grandest mausoleum ever constructed. Lucrecia is offering an amazing deal in this grand design: buy in now and you'll get a discount of up to 40% as long as you put down a small deposit to secure your place.**

* Djelibeybi is a fantastic place to visit if you like sand, gods, or big pointy things, and an awful place to visit if you don't.

** Terms and conditions apply.



The main reason Lucrecia needs the PCs' help is that she's tried this sort of thing before (under a different alias). If she goes door to door delivering invitations personally, she is very likely to get recognised* by people she owes a lot of money to, so she needs the PCs as go-betweens. Obviously there is no pyramid, and Lucrecia plans to skip town with the collected deposits, leaving the PCs as the 'face' of the operation.

One last wrinkle: Teppic, trained assassin and once heir to Djelibeybi, is visiting Ankh-Morpork, looking into reports of pyramid shenanigans as a favour to the current ruler, Ptraci. Apparently, several tourists (previous victims of Lucrecia) have arrived in Djelibeybi demanding to see 'their pyramid'. Some have started carving pieces out of the stones to 'mark their spot'. Trouble like that has Ankh-Morpork written all over it, so Teppic has come to nip this in the bud.

Oh, one more thing. Word to the wise: a local street gang is now handling postal deliveries in the area, and won't take too kindly to the PCs muscling in on their action.

MOTIVE

Lucrecia is a con artist, plain and simple. She wants money first and foremost, but does rather enjoy getting one over on the wealthy and self-important. She's something of a modern day Robbin' Hood,** and she'll screw over anyone for an extra percentage. This is one of the reasons her own mother doesn't talk to her anymore.***

If the PCs figure things out, she might cut them in for a real piece of the action (or just cut them) but she still plans to leave them to take the fall. Like any good con, this is all about greed. Not Lucrecia's, but that of anyone thinking she might be a path to getting rich quick.

LUCRECIA DALVADORÉ

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: *Lucrecia Dalvadoré*

SPECIES: *Human*

NICHE: *Con Artist and Swindler*

FEATURES: *Everything is a front or a lie;
charming like a snake;
keeps a 'go bag' nearby at all times.*

MANNERISM: *Always checking the room for a clear exit, just in case.*

Lucy Dull was born into one of the lowest strata of Ankh-Morpork, and she had no desire to stay there. She was clever, which only made her more determined as the full desperation of her situation was all too clear to her. She realised that if she was going to get out of the gutter, honest work was not the way to go about it. So she decided to get close to people worth robbing by working as a servant.

In order to remain above suspicion, she always made sure she did a good job. Whenever she stole, she also made sure she lined up a colleague to take the fall. Once she'd stolen a few items she usually moved on, always avoiding getting too greedy. Given the glowing recommendations she received, each time she changed employers it was always for someone wealthier.

With a solid amount of savings, she set herself up as one of the wealthy so she could move into confidence tricks. She's learned that plenty of rich people are both greedy and gullible and it has proved a lucrative career change so far.

* By which we mean lynched.

** A well-known Disc highway robber who famously robbed from the rich and gave to the differently rich.

*** On that, when was the last time you called your mother? 'The woman raised you with the sweat of her brow, and you were probably an awful little oik as well, and do you ever thank her?' No you don't. Go call her now, we'll wait.





KEY LOCATIONS

Once the PCs have the list of invitations (which they will receive on page 112), they can deliver them in any order they like. After a few deliveries, they may attract the attention of the local postal service (as a Consequence) where the gamemaster (GM) might run the scene *Postal Problems* (p. 119).

Teppic will initially watch from a distance, forming another potential complication as he tries to figure out what the PCs are up to. Eventually this will lead to him confronting the PCs in *Arrows of the Assassin* (p. 120) which the GM can run once most, or all, of the rich patrons have been encountered.

More Investors

If the PCs are given more leads for new investors, the GM can invent more nobles as required. These will have much the same Consequences and bonuses as the others. If the GM has run out of ideas, each new noble can just be 'Lord Rupert and Lady Emma' (as they are all Rupert and Emma). You can present a carnival of identical chinless wonders with wealth that matches their credulity. Marshall and Loveday Spatula (p. 118) provide the best template.

VARIOUS NOBLE HOUSES, UP-ANKH

The nobles that the PCs are being asked to visit all live very close to each other in the 'nice' part of Ankh-Morpork. It is a relatively pleasant part of the city and, as such, it is unlikely the PCs are especially welcome here.* Initially they will have to make a delivery of Lucrecia's letter of invitation. But once a servant opens the door, the PCs will have a chance to talk their way in to see the owners of the house and make a pitch. Most servants will do their best to filter out ne'er-dowells, so the PCs will have to charm, or bribe, them a little. Alternatively they could make themselves so annoying that the servant will let them in just to get rid of them.

* I mean, really, would you let your character into your house? Without a shower and some therapy first?



A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

When your players are ready to begin, read the following text aloud:



READ ALOUD

Today is a good day. It's not often you get asked to join a sure-fire business opportunity. This time you have an interview with the renowned Lucrecia Dalvadoré, Ankh-Morpork's newest entrepreneur. Lucrecia has made a pile of wealth in a very short amount of time, supposedly by clever investment and knowing how to provide just the right product at just the right time.


Amazingly, she has asked you for your help with her latest venture. It is undoubtedly going to be a moneymaker, so it's a no-brainer to at least visit her home for an interview. Sure, there are a lot of chancers in Ankh-Morpork, so it could all be part of some sort of scam. But in Ankh-Morpork, scams often turn out to be exceedingly lucrative.

Lucrecia has invited the PCs to what she tells them is her home, a plush townhouse in Ankh. A servant opens the door, and before they can even sit down the PCs are offered a glass of good wine and very appetising canapes. They will no doubt be on their second of each before Lucrecia arrives, clearly exhausted from a very busy morning of making money. She will mention this several times just so the PCs are clear on that point.

The job is a simple one. Lucrecia will pay the PCs in advance to spend the day delivering five invitations to some of the wealthiest people in Ankh-Morpork. She is selling space in a huge mausoleum that she is building in Djelibeybi, and wants you to offer an amazing 'early bird' deal to get the right people involved first. The involvement of these investors will convince more people to get involved at a higher rate later on.

The potential investors are:

- ◆ **Lady Enid Bartholomew:** *A wealthy widow who breeds prize lapdogs (p. 113).*
- ◆ **Bogdan Arkensaw:** *A miserly business investor (p. 114).*
- ◆ **Sloop Jangle:** *A wealthy young entrepreneur looking for the hippest new craze to be part of (p. 115).*
- ◆ **Isadora Crowspatch:** *A retired actress who was very famous in her day (p. 116).*
- ◆ **Marshall and Loveday Spatula:** *A young married couple seeking to invest in their future (p. 118).*



Bonuses and Clues


The PCs can negotiate the following bonuses with Lucrecia, or discover some clues about her true identity.

Extra Cash: *Lucrecia is willing to increase her offer for that PC.*

Faded Glamor: *The house Lucrecia is living in is clearly rented. This isn't a red flag in itself, but the fact she insists she owns it might be.*

Reputation: *Lucrecia seems to have a good reputation based on several written statements, but the PCs haven't heard of any of her business deals (though these might not be the circles they move in).*

More Detail: *Lucrecia will offer some more details about one or more of the investors and what they might want.*



CONSEQUENCES

Charmed: *Lucrecia is charming and clearly telling the truth. The PC refuses to allow the others to doubt her. Gain the Trait **Charmed**.*

Buy-in: *The PC is so excited about the deal they sign up! Lucrecia is kind enough to actually offer them an early bird deal too! Amazing bargain.*

Bad Prawns: *The PC overeats the canapes and is violently ill. Gain the Trait **Gurgling tummy**.*

All Lucrecia actually needs the PCs to do is deliver the invitations and make sure the potential investors see them, but there will be a bonus if they can get anyone to actually buy into the venture. Lucrecia trusts the PCs to bring the money back to her, at which point she will give them this 20% bonus.

If that is enough to satisfy the PCs, they can set off right there and then. But they can try to make tests to get more information from Lucrecia. They can even negotiate a better rate. The more they want, the more Lucrecia knows she can control them with wealth. Paying a better cut will still leave her rich and ensure the PCs make more effort on her behalf.

WHO LET THE DOGS OUT?

Lady Enid Bartholomew has outlived at least three husbands and inherited a large fortune each time. Having decided that three husbands was more than enough, she has settled into widowhood as a champion-dog breeder. Her home is an explosion of pink fabric, lace and frills, and she dresses in such a way as to be quite camouflaged therein. Her house is shared with an army of awful, yappy dogs that she spares no luxury for.



Lady Enid loves visitors and will happily chat to the PCs and hear their pitch. But she will only invest if they can prove they are kind to her dogs.* Simply surviving the swarm of the creatures might prove enough, but, as the conversation wears on, Lady Enid will notice one of them is missing (it is easy to lose track). If the PCs can find and return Alberforth, then Lady Enid will sign.

LADY ENID BARTHOLOMEW

(SHE/HER)

SPECIES: Human **NICHE:** Obscenely Wealthy Widow

FEATURES: Knows all there is to know about little yappy dogs;
Pink is the new black;
Always has a dog in her lap.

MANNERISM: Says things only a little' old lady can get away with.

Bonuses and Clues

Fellow Breeder: The PC says something insightful about this breed of dogs that leads Enid to believe they are a breeder themselves (and, as such, highly trustworthy).

Investor: Lady Enid is convinced to invest in the scheme.

Adorable: Lady Enid decides one of the PCs is perfect for one of her adorable puppies and gifts it to them. Aww, just look at its widdle eyes! The PC is now responsible for the puppy's life. It will pee on everything and, like all toddlers, actively try to die three times a day. If the PC misplaces it, or it comes to any harm whatsoever, Lady Enid will come after the PCs with the kind of lawyers who charge AM\$2000 just to open their briefcases. Good luck.

You Know Who'd Love This: Lady Enid either shares something useful about another investor or points the PCs at another Rupert and Emma she knows.

CONSEQUENCES

Bitten: The PC is bitten badly by one of the dogs.

Wardrobe Assistance: Lady Enid takes a shine to the PC and helps them with their wardrobe. In moments they are dressed in a very frilly, very pink, very expensive outfit.

Reveal: Lady Enid comes to believe this is all a scam and throws the PCs out.

Delayed Response: If she is convinced to invest, Lady Enid realises she has been conned much later on. She will go straight to the City Watch and claim she has been robbed. She will also set a pack of lapdogs out to hunt down the PCs' scent. The swarm of creatures will find them very slowly due to their short legs, movement-restricting matching outfits, and tendency to stop and bark furiously at anything that could annihilate them in under a second.**

Camouflage: Given the way she dresses to match her décor, the PC loses track of Lady Enid and cannot find her.

* Oh gods, the PCs will want their names won't they? Don't worry, we're prepared for that. The names are: Buffy, Buffy, Muffy, Dusty, Aloysius, Alberforth, Elange, Gaston, Trixie-belle Margaret Canasta Viton the Third, and Steve. If you need more than that, please look up the actual names of pedigree show dogs, they tend to be amusing.

** i.e. everything.



TIGHT-FISTED BUSINESS

Bogdan Arkensaw is an investor, insurance broker, and money lender with an extremely miserly disposition. He has no real concept of the value of money as he considers using money to buy things to be 'frivolous'. His home is badly lit with no ornamentation except piles of papers and money waiting to be filed and counted. He was once visited by three ghosts, to whom he successfully sold life insurance.

Bogdan can be convinced to invest if the PCs can persuade him that he might sell the pyramid slot later, for more than he paid for it. The PCs will also need to prove to Bogdan that they are fiscally responsible. They can do this by helping him reclaim a debt.

A few days ago Bogdan (in a rare moment of compassion) gave a penny to a poor beggar boy called Tim. What Tim seems to have failed to realise is that the penny was a loan, not a gift, and it is due to be returned with interest. If Tim has failed to invest the penny wisely, this is no problem of Bogdan's. The PCs can find and visit Tim's home in the poorest part of Ankh-Morpork and get a shilling back, or just walk away and return with a shilling of their own instead.

BOGDAN ARKENSAW

(He/Him)

SPECIES: Human NICHE: Miserly Money Lender

FEATURES: Everything has a price;

A penny spent is a penny wasted.

MANNERISM: Constantly counting money. Resents spending any time that could instead be used to make more.

Bonuses and Clues

Pocket Gold: The PC manages to pocket a few coins without anyone noticing.

Investor: Bogdan is convinced to invest in the scheme.

I Can Recommend: Bogdan will tell the PCs about another Rupert and Emma he knows, but only for a cut of the profit. He doesn't actually have any friends so he can't help there.

CONSEQUENCES

Policy Change: The PC buys an expensive insurance policy from Bogdan.

Reveal: Bogdan comes to believe this is all a scam and throws the PCs out.

Delayed Response: If he is convinced to invest, Bogdan realises he has been conned much later on. He will come after the PCs himself, with some hired thugs, and demand a refund — with interest. He won't tell anyone else, though, as he values his reputation as a good judge of investment.

Bah, Humbug!: Bogdan decides the PCs are ne'er-do-wells and calls the Watch to remove them from his property.

Sympathy Vote: The PC becomes convinced that Bogdan has a heart of gold, hidden under his trauma defences, that could be coaxed out by reminding him that there is joy in the world. He doesn't.

It's Happening Right Now

Sloop Jangle (not his real name) is a wealthy musician with *A Reputation* to keep. He's made a *lot* of money hosting *parties* for the great and the good. His gatherings run *late* into the night and have become one of the places to be seen, by the sort of people who like being *seen* at the places. He also uses way too many italics for emphasis, that he somehow also manages to verbalise.

Sloop is on the cutting-edge of fashion, music, and style, but it's tough to stay ahead of the curve. As such, he is always on the lookout for something new and exciting to be part of before it becomes popular. If the PCs are going to convince him to invest, they will need to prove that the investment is going to impress the masses. Sloop can't be associated with something that no-one finds interesting.

The PCs will have to find some ordinary people to impress with the pyramid scheme. If they can present at-least five people to Sloop who think that the pyramid scheme sounds like the coolest thing on the Disc, he'll be interested. How the PCs go about this is up to them. While the public response needs to be convincing, it need not be honest. Threats, bribery, and offering favours are all perfectly viable ways to get the right attitude from some random members of the public.

SLOOP JANGLE

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Musician with Influence* (He/Him)

FEATURES: *Gotta keep up that Rep!;*
Obsessed with popularity;

Novelty is everything.

MANNERISM: *Emphasises words so often they lose all emphasis.*

Bonuses and Clues

Invite: Sloop invites the PC to his next party.

Investor: Sloop is convinced to invest in the scheme.

Command Performance: Sloop will offer to play a short set for a PC for free. This might be for their nephew or niece's birthday, or even to help convince other investors.

Influencer: Something about the PC becomes exceptionally fashionable for the rest of the day, just for being close to Sloop Jangle. Gain the Trait **Centre of attention**.

Personal Recommendation: Sloop knows hundreds of other potential investors, but he will give his personal recommendation to a few of his closest friends (who are all called Rupert or Emma).

CONSEQUENCES

Banned: The PC is blacklisted from ever attending one of Sloop's parties (even if there was never any chance they would attend one). Gain the Trait **Social pariah**.

Upselling: The PC buys some form of useless potion, or lotion, from Sloop. They are convinced it is the best skincare secret that Big Skincare don't want you to know about.

Reveal: Sloop comes to believe this is all a scam and throws the PCs out.

Delayed Response: If he is convinced to invest, Sloop realises he has been conned much later on. He won't tell anyone he has been conned, but he will tell everyone the PCs are socially personae non gratae. No one who listens to Sloop will ever speak to them again.



YOU NEVER LEAVE THE THEATRE

Isadora Crowspatch was one of Ankh-Morpork's most celebrated actresses forty years ago.* She is well into her sixties and wanders the house dramatically, rather like a ghost, in long dresses and far too many chiffon scarves. As a young woman, she played all the great roles and garnered critical acclaim from many quarters of the arts. But as she got older, the work began to dry up. This was partially because there are painfully few parts for older actresses, but mostly because she is a truly awful diva. (Isadora believes only the former reason.) However, she made more than enough money in her youth to provide for a very comfortable early retirement. Despite being very flaky and overdramatic, she happens to be pretty shrewd when it comes to investment.

While the PCs will have trouble convincing her they have a good deal, they can play to her vanity. Isadora is planning to audition for an upcoming play, and needs a few rehearsal partners to help her hone her audition speech. If the PCs can competently perform with her, and make her feel like a star again, she will consider them worth investing with. After all, performance opens the heart. No one could possibly lie to a fellow actor who has seen them bare their soul upon the stage (or so she thinks). PCs who are unable, or unwilling, to perform can 'evoke the drama' and help by getting hold of props and scenery to decorate the stage area of Isadora's home.

ISADORA CROWSPATCH

(SHE/HER)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Doyenne' of the Theatrical Arts*

FEATURES: *It's pronounced 'the-ater';
Can flounce with the best of them.*

MANNERISM: *Constantly refers to past roles and other actors.*



Bonuses and Clues

Free Tickets: Isadora has showbusiness contacts and will get the PCs tickets for any performance they want to see in Ankh-Morpork (good ones too).

Investor: Isadora is convinced to invest in the scheme.

Showbiz Party: The PC is asked to accompany Isadora to a gala opening where she might introduce them to more potential wealthy celebrity friends. There will be free food.

Cause Célèbre: The PC impresses Isadora so much she insists they must join her at the audition.

CONSEQUENCES

I Have Given My All: The power of the theatre overcomes her, and Isadora becomes so physically exhausted she cannot even speak for the rest of the day. Such is the power and torment of being such an incredible actress.

No Hope: The PC is so bad at acting (at least in Isadora's opinion) that she cannot tolerate their presence in her house.

Too Good: The PC is actually better than Isadora. She takes great offence to their style, which is 'good for the masses, but utterly unacceptable in the real theatre', and throws them out.

Reveal: Isadora comes to believe this is all a scam and throws the PCs out.

Delayed Response: If she is convinced to invest, Isadora realises she has been conned much later on. She will tell her agent and publicist that she is unable to perform after being so humiliated. Her agent will send out thugs to bring back the PCs for a refund and an apology.



EVEN DEATH WILL NOT PART US

Marshall and Loveday Spatula are young and very much in love. Both come from very privileged backgrounds and their marriage has combined two substantial fortunes. Despite the arrangement between their powerful families, Marshall and Loveday are actually very much in love — sickeningly so. They can't bear to be apart for more than a second and tell each other they missed them when they return (even from the next room). While they are both very nice, neither has any concept of poverty, having been brought up, and kept, in obscene wealth.

While being very cute, the Spatulas are also very goth. They dress in very expensive dark clothes of velvet and lace, and have decorated their home with skulls and so much fake witch paraphernalia it would give Granny Weatherwax conniptions. Now that they are married they are looking forward to planning for their funeral, and how they will be interred, so they can be together for eternity. The pyramid sounds like a very good idea to them, but they're unsure if it will be macabre enough for their vibe. As this is eternity you are talking about, they want to try before they buy. They can't travel to Djelibeybi, so the PCs will have to find a way to bury them alive in a stone box for a bit (with a decent supply of red wine). This might be in an actual mausoleum (if PCs can make arrangements with the current residents) or a stone basement of some form. PCs will also need to introduce some sort of bonus spookiness, such as the wail of tormented souls or the like, to convince the Spatulas that it's the sort of interment they can really live with.

Bonuses and Clues

The Black Parade: The Spatulas will run a mini fashion show, and deck out the PCs in the latest gothic fashion if they have the right spirit and vibe.

Investor: The Spatulas are convinced to invest in the scheme.

Invitation: The PC is invited to join the Spatula's gaming group* where they might meet more potential investors.

Wine Supply: The Spatulas will give the PC a bottle of fine white wine they received as a gift. They only drink red.

CONSEQUENCES

Pastels?: Something the PCs say or are wearing mortally offends the couple, and they refuse to engage any further.

Spooky and Scary: The PC finds the gothic style of the couple scary and intimidating. Gain the Trait **Utterly spooked**.

Reveal: The Spatulas come to believe this is all a scam and throw the PCs out.

Delayed Response: If they are convinced to invest, the Spatulas realise they have been conned much later on. They will use all their magical skill and talent (both of which they lack**) to curse the PCs until they return the money. The effects of such painfully amateur magic are entirely up to the cruelest whims of the GM.

MARSHALL AND LOVEDAY SPATULA

(HE/HIM AND SHE/HER)

SPECIES: Humans

NICHE: Sickeningly Sweet Couple

FEATURES: Parting is such sweet sorrow;

Serious about spookiness;

Morbidly curious, and curiously morbid.

MANNERISM:

Every sentence is punctuated with mournful sighs.

* The game is set in a theatre where all the characters are also vampires. It's called 'Vampire Maskerade'.

** Mrs Letice Earwig runs a series of correspondence courses from Lancre that are as overpriced as they are lacking in useful magical understanding. They do qualify you as 'A Witch' though, or at least, you get to write it on your hat.***

*** One can also purchase a genuine witch's hat from, funnily enough, Mrs Letice Earwig.

POSTAL PROBLEMS

It will not be long before someone notices that the PCs have been wandering in a nice area of the city, making deliveries. The people who are most upset by this call themselves the 'Deliveries Executive' and offer a tailored* postal service to local residents. They claim any parcels and letters that come into the area and deliver them by hand, usually getting a tip from the receiver for a smile and a job well done. They have also been known to claim a small fee from anyone bringing post into the area, since they will kindly perform the final part of the delivery for them.

After seeing the PCs make a few visits waving invitations, the gang will decide they need to 'have a word'. They will be quicker to act if the PCs don't look like they belong in the area. The PCs will be approached by the gang (that has at least one more member than the number of PCs) and educated about the situation. The gang will not take kindly to the suggestion that the PCs don't need their professional services in order to make their deliveries.

Bonuses and Clues

The Gang Joins A Pyramid Scheme: The gang is impressed at the business opportunity being offered and asks to sign up.

Fan: The gang is so impressed with the business idea that one of them joins the PCs to help. They are dedicated to the cause and believe they are going to get rich from the scheme if they can buy in.

Easy Targets: The gang knows the area and can recommend a few more Ruperts and Emmas the PCs might try (for a cut).

Join Up: The gang thinks the PCs have the right sort of attitude (surly and violent) to become a part of their local business and offers to make them part of the Deliveries Executive.

CONSEQUENCES

We'll Do That: The gang takes the remaining invitations and will deliver them without the PCs' help. This makes it harder for the PCs to talk to each remaining investor. The gang will also charge for this service, of course.

Bystander: One of the gang members is assigned to follow or join the PCs and keep an eye on them to ensure they don't make any further deliveries.

It's a Fake!: The gang figures out that the whole thing is a scam, but they are ok with that as long as they get a cut.

* By which they mean if you muscle in on their patch, you'll need stitches.

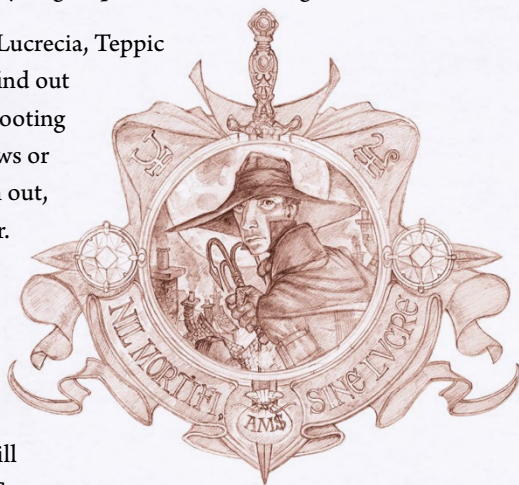
ARROWS OF THE ASSASSIN

The Deliveries Executive are not the only ones who have noticed the PCs. Teppic is passing through Ankh-Morpork as a favour to Ptraci to find out why people are getting interested in pyramids. It did not go well last time, and he wants to sort it out before it becomes everyone's problem. A few inquiries lead him to the PCs and their pyramid-related business opportunity. The PCs are trying to keep the offer secret, so anyone who has invested will tell only their close personal friends. As a result, it will be round most of the city by lunchtime.

Teppic will initially follow the PCs to see what they are up to. He's good at keeping out of sight, but if a PC makes a good roll while looking around them for other reasons they might spot someone lurking in assassin-chic.

Before the PCs return to Lucrecia, Teppic might make his move to find out more. This will involve shooting the PCs with poison arrows or blow-darts to knock them out, then taking them prisoner. This might split the party, with some PCs avoiding the arrows and running, and others falling victim to them. Teppic has some servants who will carry any unconscious PCs to an empty warehouse (very 'on message' for gang interrogations), tie them to chairs, and put bags on their heads.* Then he will interrogate them to find out what is going on.

PCs who are not taken captive can try to mount a rescue, or potentially consider the loss of the others an occupational hazard and just go to the pub.



Bonuses and Clues

It's Not Us: Teppic is convinced that the PCs are not behind it, and Lucrecia is the real mastermind.

Here, Take This: Teppic will share some of his sleep potion coated darts with the PCs.

State of the Djel: Teppic tells the PCs why he's come to Ankh-Morpork and what the tourists are doing. He also shares the information that building pyramids almost bankrupted the country, to say nothing of the effect they have on time itself. He also lets them know that Lucrecia has nothing to do with Djelibeybi.

CONSEQUENCES

Sleepy Time: Teppic shoots or stabs the PC with a poison arrow or dart and puts them to sleep.

Meeting: The PCs agree to set up a meeting with Lucrecia that Teppic can attend.

Escape: The PC manages to wriggle out of their bonds and make an escape. Just them though.

PTEPPIC 'TEPPIC'

SPECIES: Human **NICHE:** His Greatness the King Teppicymon XXVIII, (P.T.O) (He/Him)

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

MANNERISM: Suave and debonair.

NICHE CONTINUED: Lord of the Heavens, Charioteer of the Wagon of the Sun, Steersman of the Barque of the Sun, Guardian of the Secret Knowledge, Lord of the Horizon, Keeper of the Way, the Flail of Mercy, the High Born One, the Never Dying King

WRAPPING UP

Once the PCs have visited everyone Lucrecia has asked them to visit, they can return for the next part of the project. Lucrecia will take the money, give the PCs their percentage and tell them she needs to get to the bank to make sure the money is safe. Once she is out of the door she will make a run for it, and hide somewhere hot and sunny. Not Djelibeybi, for obvious reasons.

Shortly after she is gone, some or all of the investors will turn up demanding an explanation. This might include the Watch, the Delivery Executive, Teppic, hired thugs, lawyers, and a pack of yappy dogs. The PCs will need to find a way to prove that Lucrecia is at fault, which will be difficult if she has already done a runner — and if they're still flaunting her cash. The PCs will also discover that the bill for Lucrecia's townhouse is due and apparently they have agreed to pay for it.

If they are quick, Lucrecia might be intercepted before she boards a ship. She won't admit anything, but if the investors see her they will recognise her as 'Lady Alice Marmaduke' who conned them all last year. This will clinch the PCs' story.

If the PCs are quick thinking,* or especially devious,** there may be a way out of this that helps everyone (except Lucrecia). Lucrecia's idea might be profitable for Djelibeybi if it is run honestly. Djelibeybi has a ludicrous amount of pyramids, and many of the inhabitants chose not to return after the events of *Pyramids*. Selling rights for funeral space might actually prove highly lucrative, however Teppic will insist that Ptraci and the Kingdom take a sizable cut.

* Unlikely.

** More likely.

Bonuses

Assassin's Trail: Teppic agrees to find Lucrecia. He will be able to track her if the trail isn't too cold.

Extra Time: The PCs can convince the angry investors to grant them some time to find Lucrecia to prove their story. But the investors will send some hired thugs with them to make sure they don't run.

CONSEQUENCES

Extra Thugs: One of the disgruntled investors has brought another gang of thugs to emphasise their displeasure.

Crowds: Chasing anyone becomes very difficult as it's a busy day in Ankh-Morpork and the streets are packed.



CRYPTESQUE

By Jack
Caesar

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Cryptesque, a bit of a puzzler for *Adventures in Ankh-Morpork*. If you are reading this and you are not the gamemaster (GM), stop now! The contents of this adventure are GM-only information, and should not be directly shared with players. This adventure is aimed at reporters for the *Ankh-Morpork Times* (see p. 84 of the *Core Rulebook*) but any enterprising and helpful characters could look into the mystery with a little bit of finagling.

GETTING STARTED

Before you start, we advise you take a quick look through this adventure. You don't need to read everything, but a general overview of what shape the story might take will help to keep things running smoothly when you start playing. If at all possible, you should make copies of the crossword handout (p. 138, it can also be downloaded from www.modiphius.net).

Once you have a handle on things, gather your players and create your party. You won't need to create a goal for your group as this will become pretty clear in the opening stages of the adventure.

Once you've got a handle on the adventure and your party, read aloud the text on page 126 to set the scene and you are ready to go!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

A week ago, Miss Grace Speaker, setter for the *Times* (p. 126) crossword, was approached by the Smoking Gnu, a group of codebreakers hiding above the *Post Office* (p. 132). They were looking for more members and wanted to encode the location of a secret meeting spot in *Belchy Park* (p. 134) in that week's crossword, as a sort of test for potential applicants. Unfortunately for Grace, a banshee named Mr Gryle had been searching for the Smoking Gnu for some time and caught scent of their trail. To find out what she knew he tried to kill Grace at the *Setter and Sphinx Pet Shop* (p. 128) to find out what she knows.* He failed and she went into hiding. Now the banshee is in search of another way of finding the Smoking Gnu. If they're not careful, the party may fill that role very well indeed ...

Recommended Reading

*The Truth
Going Postal
Snuff*

* Hard to find out what she knows after she's dead, but that's banshees for you.



ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

The team has been asked to retrieve the answers to that week's cryptic crossword puzzle from the *Times*' setter, Grace Speaker. Upon investigation, the party will discover that the woman has disappeared, seemingly in distress!

The party will need to track down Grace or look for people to help them complete the crossword. Either search may lead them to *Belchy Park* (p. 134), a pleasant little cemetery where the party can meet the *Smoking Gnu* (p. 137) and have a confrontation with *Mr Gryle* (p. 136).

KEY LOCATIONS

Throughout the adventure, the PCs may investigate some or all of the locations in the following list, starting at the *Times*. When PCs want to go to a location, simply turn to the corresponding page. If the PCs want to go to a location that is not included, you should let them!

Ankh-Morpork Times (p. 126)

Setter and Sphinx Pet Shop (p. 128)

Stolid's Workshop (p. 130)

Post Office (p. 132)

Belchy Park (p. 134)

Crypt (p. 135)



Tips

While running this adventure, it is useful to keep the following tips in mind:

The Crossword: At the heart of the adventure is 'the Cryptic' found on page 138. Cryptic crosswords are difficult, and not very conducive to exciting character moments, so it should be made clear to the players that solving this puzzle immediately is not required. The adventure itself is full of clues that might lead to answers, and as GM you should be generous with the hints.

Clues: In many of the relevant locations, we have provided a 'What Happened Here?' boxout. These boxouts give you a quick overview of what's happened in that location, and allow you to use common sense to extrapolate clues from the past. We have also provided some example clues that might be there. You may use as many, or as few, of these as you like and should use your own common sense to determine what the PCs find, depending on their actions.

Belchy Park: The finale of the adventure usually takes place in **Belchy Park** (this is also the answer to clues 6 and 10, across of the crossword). For a proper 'aha!' moment, we suggest casually dropping the name of **Belchy Park** into a few conversations, or placing it between two locations when players travel from one to the other. You want to have said the words '**Belchy Park**' a few times throughout the adventure, so the players definitely know it exists.

Random Events: On page 45 of the **Core Rulebook** you will find a list of random events you can use to spice up travel or a scene. There are also some more cryptic-crossword-themed events on page 142 of this adventure that you can use to introduce clues.

Mr Gryle: Whenever the party appears to be getting too introspective or bogged down, you can use the banshee, **Mr Gryle** (p. 136), to threaten them into action. Early in the adventure, Mr Gryle will catch the party's scent and decide to use them to help him track down the **Smoking Gnu** (p. 137).



THE ANKH-MORPORK TIMES



Read Aloud

You've been gathered by William de Worde, head editor of the Times, into a storage room that functions as a conference room when it isn't filled with reams of paper. Right now it is a functional sweet spot, where you can all fit in as long as you aren't too keen on moving your elbows. William slams yesterday's copy of the Times onto the table, open to the crossword page.

(As GM, you should slam down a copy of the crossword from page 138.)

'I have gathered you here because we have a conundrum,' he says simply.

'The conundrum is a rather embarrassing one. Our crossword setter has failed to provide the answers for yesterday's Cryptic and, as you know, they are due to be published in tomorrow's Sunday paper. People are ... having trouble with this one. I'm not sure it's even possible.'

He gives you each a nervous smile and asks 'So I was hoping that you might be able to go to the pet shop over on Pellicool Steps (p. 128). Ask for Grace, hopefully she can give you the answers. Oh ... and please get them to me tonight, or there will be a lot of sternly worded and impeccably spelt letters arriving into our letter box from cruciverbalists* all over the city.'

INTERIOR

Running machinery; an acrid chemical scent; dwarfs being industrious; very vocal editing.

The Times is Ankh-Morpork's premier source of news. William de Worde is here, fretting about the fate of the newspaper. Gunilla Goodmountain is tending to his printing press, Sacharissa Cripslock can be found at her (well-used) typewriter and Otto Chriek can be found down in the dark room.



WILLIAM DE WORDE (He/Him)

FULL NAME: William de Worde

SPECIES: Human NICHE: Times co-founder

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.

Any conversations with William will lead to him pulling out his hair and pleading with the party to work swiftly!
He will even offer them space for a short article on page 12 if they can get this job done.

* A person who enjoys crosswords. Another, more direct definition is: a person who knows the meaning of the word 'cruciverbalist'.

SACHARISSA CRIPSLOCK

FULL NAME: *Sacharissa cripslock* (SHE/HER)

SPECIES: *Human*

NICHE: *Head Reporter*

FEATURES: *Writes everything down;*

Good looking if considered over several centuries;

Suffers from misplaced gentility.

MANNERISM: *'Can I quote you' on that?'*

Sacharissa will remind the party that as important as the crossword answers are, there's a story out there that takes precedence.

Clues

Cryptic Crosswords: William will be able to inform the party that the answer to a cryptic crossword clue is almost always a synonym for one of the words at either end of the sentence. Other than that, they are dreadfully horrible.**

Sodium: Sacharissa had a go at solving the puzzle herself, and is pretty sure she got 1 across: Sodium. 'You see, "small" can be "S", like with clothing, then you add "hatred" which gives you "odium", which is part of salt!' After a pause she will add, 'That took me over an hour.'

Grace Speaker: Gunilla knows Grace through a mutual friend, Stolid Glomsonson (p. 130). He will let the party know that there's 'nowt so queer as puzzle folk'.

CONSEQUENCES

Wasting Time: What are you still doing here? William will shoo the party out with an exasperated sigh.

GUNILLA GOODMOUNTAIN

FULL NAME: *Gunilla Goodmountain* (HE/HIM)

SPECIES: *Dwarf*

NICHE: *Times co-founder*

FEATURES: *A dwarf on the lookout for a deal;*

Quick and accurate fingers;

Mechanically minded.

MANNERISM: *Always tinkering with something.*

Gunilla isn't much for crosswords, and is half tempted to simply make up some answers that fit and tell anyone who asks that it was "specially cryptic this week'.

** Apart from the ones that are horribly dreadful.



SETTER AND SPHYNX PET SHOP



What Happened Here?

Grace Speaker decided to go into hiding last night after sending the crossword to the *Times*. This was lucky for her, since her shop was then ransacked by Mr Gryle (p. 136), a banshee and hitman for the Grand Trunk Semaphore Company.

PELLICOOL STEPS

Even cobblestones; faint whiff of sawdust; leisurely traffic.

The neat little street of Pellicool Steps has a few small businesses with smart lettering and an air of primness. If you are in need of yarn, gravy boats, or china shepherdesses, you have come to the right place. Or indeed if you need pet supplies, as anyone willing to read the sign above the *Setter and Sphinx Pet Shop* will be able to tell you. The front door of the Shop is ajar, opening to reveal a disturbing sight within.

CORRESPONDENCE



LETTER

- 1 **Stolid Glomsonson:** A pleasant letter from a local crafts dwarf thanking Grace for her 'quick' crosswords.
- 2 **GNU:** The edges of a letter that has been burnt, leaving only the characters: 'GNU' (this is the original letter requesting that Grace write the latest cryptic).
- 3 **Return Envelope:** An empty envelope addressed simply to the *Post Office* (p. 132), ready for a letter.
- 4 **Pressed Rubbing:** The mark of a pen is legible through the use of charcoal rubbing or similar. It reads: 'I think someone is watching me, I am going to hide in the *crypt* until this is all over.'

SHOP

Scattered furniture; the reek of a terrified dog; dark and musty.

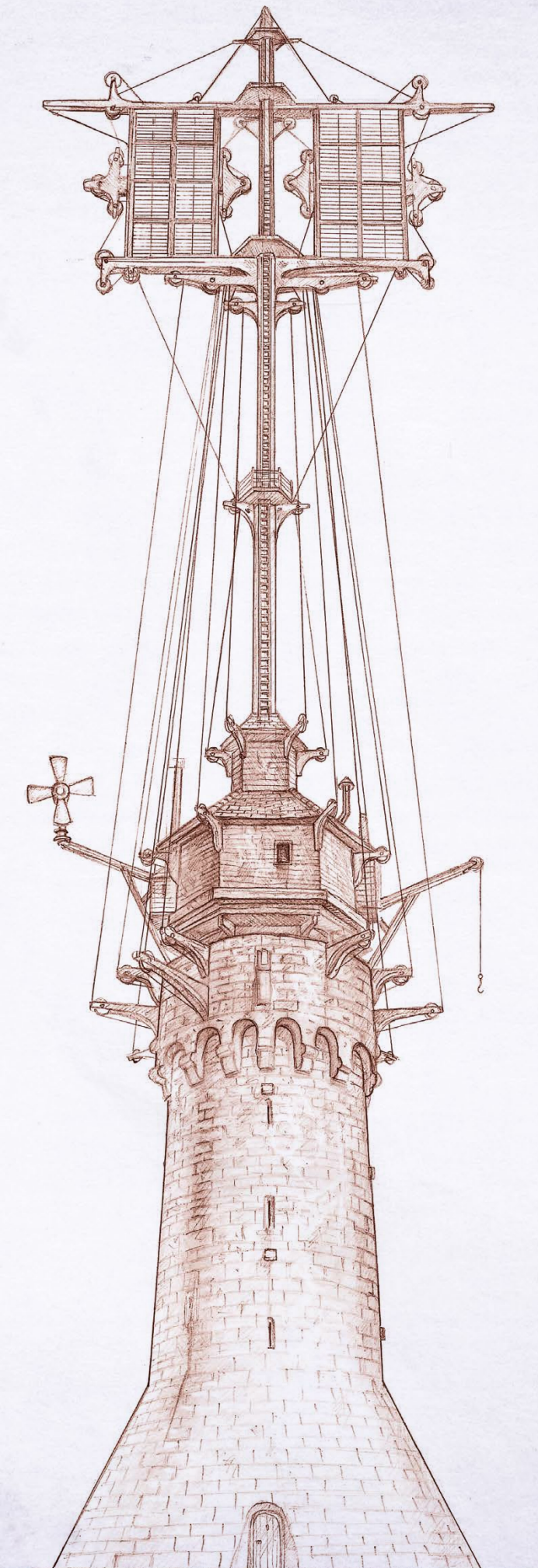
Clearly something terrible has happened here, judging from the carnage. Among the debris is a terrified red setter (named Setter), an imperiously smug sphynx cat (named Sphinx), and a little set of stairs leading to Grace's Office.

OFFICE

Bookcases; overabundance of quilts; claustrophobic cosiness.

Grace's office is almost filled to the brim with books, and what space is left is packed with Correspondence, quilts and tea. She is a woman who could easily live a full life from within this small room, and it shows.





Clues

Setter and Sphinx: Grace's pets are shaken, but they have been left with enough food. If Setter feels safe, he will want to go for a walk. If allowed out, he will lead a PC to [Belchy Park](#) (p. 134) for a nice walk around the cemetery.

Claw Marks: The debris in the shop shows signs of Mr Gryle's (p. 136) distinctive claws.

Notes: A few of Grace's notes in her office are still legible, giving some of the crossword hints from page 140.

Letters: A PC finds a piece of Grace's Correspondence.

CONSEQUENCES

Mr Gryle: A PC gets an uneasy feeling as if they are being watched. Make a note in a journal in front of you and nod ominously. For the rest of the adventure, describe the feeling of something moving just out of sight, and the sense of being followed. Gain the Trait **Unsettling feeling**.

STOLID'S WORKSHOP

What Happened Here?

Nothing directly related to Grace's disappearance — this is the home of Stolid Glomsonson, a friend of hers who receives a more literal version of the crossword.

TUPPENCE TWIXEM

*Stench of industry; hammer on steel;
hustle and bustle.*

A grimy but respectable corner of the city. If this street was clothing, it would be sooty overalls and a pair of thick, hobnailed boots. Nestled between a troll rock-crafting shop and a shoe-repair shop is Stolid's Machine Workshop.

MACHINE WORKSHOP

Organised to a worrying degree; large but precise machines; low ceilings.

Most dwarf workshops are tidy, but this is on another level entirely. Upon entry, Stolid Glomsonson will hold up a hand to stop the party, continuing his work for a full five minutes, before pausing his drilling and giving them a smile.

STOLID GLOMSONSON

FULL NAME: *Stolid Glomsonson*

SPECIES: *Dwarf*

NICHE: *Machinist*

(He/Him)

FEATURES: *Has a need for things to be completed properly;
Fascinated by the mathematical world;
Cannot read between even the widest lines.*

MANNERISM: *Constant but unintended frown.*

Stolid is a skilled dwarf who became both fascinated and infuriated by Grace's cryptic crosswords when he discovered them last year. He is consumed with a need to fill out the puzzles, but is unable to do so due to his very literal nature. The compulsion almost crippled his life until he reached out to Grace. She agreed to send him a 'quick' version of the puzzle without any 'cryptic nonsense', on the proviso that he will not share it with anybody.

Stolid has become inspired to make his own puzzles, a nine by nine grid of blank spaces and numbers, which he calls the 'Fill-In-The-Squares-By-Following-The-Rules Game'.*

* A name in the proud tradition started inadvertently by Leonard of Quirm, coined in his bit 'Make Words With Letters That Have All Been Mixed-Up Game'.

Clues

Quick Crossword: Stolid has a copy of his quick crossword available (p. 139), but he will need convincing, or tricking, in order to share it. He has not started it yet, as that is something he does after work and not before.

Grace's New Friends: The last time Grace was over, she mentioned meeting some exciting new friends at the **Post Office** (p. 132) but said nothing more.

CONSEQUENCES

Misunderstanding: The dwarf takes something a PC said too literally, to ill effect.

Work: Stolid must really be getting back to work now, he hates to leave a task unfinished. Actually, he loathes it.

Mr Gryle: After the party has left, Mr Gryle (p. 136) will visit the innocent dwarf, and ask him some very pointed questions. It is likely the banshee's last question will be unanswerable, on account of Stolid's death.





POST OFFICE



What Happened Here?

The Smoking Gnu has its secret hideout on the roof of the Post Office. This codebreaking organisation has been in correspondence with Grace Speaker over the past few weeks.

WIDDERSHINS BROADWAY

Grand but run down; crumbled marble; bit of a traffic jam.

Old money has run out here. The, once grand, Post Office is the largest among a collection of old marble buildings — discarded refuse from a more optimistic time* in Ankh-Morpork's history. Above its doorway are the immortal words: 'NEITHER RAIN NOR SNOW NOR GLO M OF NI T CAN STAY THESE MES ENGERS ABO T THEIR DUTY'.

POST OFFICE

Stacks of undelivered mail; decaying desk; hushed argument.

Behind the ancient desk, a severe Tolliver Groat is engaged in furious debate with Julia Hert. The foyer itself is a mess, filled with letters and parcels, some more than a decade old. The office beyond the counter is a labyrinth of disused rooms (now filled with letters) though a secret series of turns and staircases would lead a persistent wanderer to the [Roof](#).

TOLLIVER GROAT

(He/Him)

FULL NAME: *Tolliver Groat*

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Junior Postman*

FEATURES: *Stickler for the rules;*

A believer in home-made medicines;

Fluent in Dimwell Arrhythmic Rhyming Slang.

MANNERISM: *Scratches at his various ailments.*

A barely-intelligible old man who smells strongly of turpentine and goose grease. Despite the initial impression he is friendly enough, though you would not believe it, since he is currently in a fierce argument with Julia Hert.



JULIA HERT

FULL NAME: *Julia Hert*

(SHE/HER)

SPECIES: *Human*NICHE: *Company Woman*FEATURES: *Quick with a legal threat;**Smiles easily, especially at misfortune;**Brutally honest with a focus on brutality.*MANNERISM: *'Gosh wouldn't it be 'Such a shame' if anything
were to happen to all these 'flammable' letters?'*

A well-dressed woman who works for the Grand Trunk Semaphore Company and is trying to goad Tolliver into saying something a government employee should not be saying. Julia is a bully, hiding behind a larger bully, and she knows what happens to those who cross the Grand Trunk (they have a final meeting with *Mr Gryll*, p. 136).

ROOF

Old shingles; disconcerting gusts; faint mist of rain.

The roof of the old post office building is a rickety deathtrap. It is also home to a secret clacks tower that acts as the hideout for the Smoking Gnu (p. 137). The tower is filled with the detritus of three young men who are obsessed with their work and not with presentability.

Clues

Missing Letters: The missing letters above the *Post Office* doorway inspire a thought in a PC. 6 and 10 across are the only clues that have all of their letters shared with other clues ...

Answers: Tolliver Groat is surprisingly capable at the crossword, and is able to solve any three answers the party wants (except 6 and 10 across).

Quiet Upstairs: Tolliver mentions offhandedly that the folk upstairs have been quiet today. If pressed, he will realise that he shouldn't have said anything and change the subject.

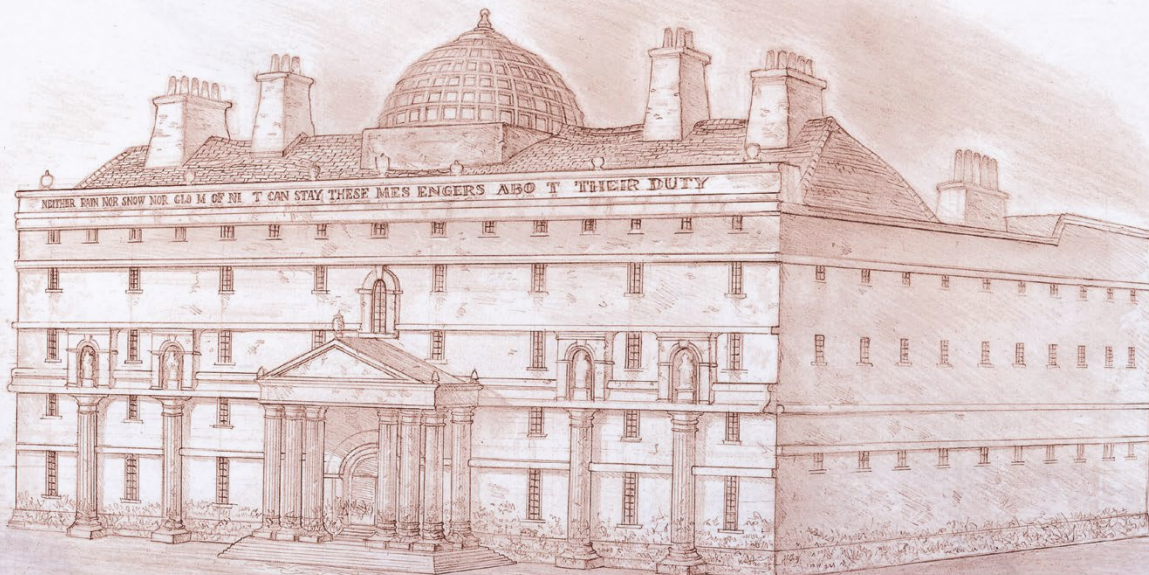
Meeting Place: In the clacks tower on the roof is a letter from Grace Speaker that reads: 'The only two answers that matter are 6 and 10. Make sure you aren't late.'

CONSEQUENCES

Lettervalanche: A PC is crushed under the weight of a thousand unread letters. They gain the Trait *Papercuts*.

Flimsy Roof: The roof really isn't made to bear weight and gives out. A PC crashes painfully to the ground.

Spooking the Gnu: A tripwire set up on the roof by 'Mad' Al of the *Smoking Gnu* (p. 137) sets off a small flashing light in the clacks tower that can be seen all the way from *Belchy Park* (p. 134). The codebreakers will know that someone has been in their hideout, and will not return until they know it's safe.



BELCHY PARK

What Happened Here?

The Smoking Gnu have set up a meeting place at the **crypt** (p. 135) within the park to greet their potential new members.

CEMETERY

Surprisingly pleasant; rows of graves; smell of fresh-cut grass.

Belchy Park is actually a large, well-kept cemetery, situated just five minutes away from **Setter and Sphynx Pet Shop** (p. 128). It is mostly occupied by neat gravestones, each of a distinct style, representing generations of people trying to outdo their ancestors in grandeur or modesty (depending on the style of the time). Toward the back of the park is a small **Temple**. At midnight tonight, the Smoking Gnu will enter the cemetery and steal its way to the **crypt** in hope of meeting potential new recruits.

Many of the gravestones have epitaphs. Roll on the following table or choose which epitaphs are there if the players ask.

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EPITAPH

- 1 **Lord Harald d'Eath**, gone too soon.
- 2 **Tori Tophson**, first explorer to venture hubwise toward Cori Celeste.
- 3 **Livogenes**. Her body lies here but her soul lies in her home country, Ephebe.
- 4 **Darthax the Destroyer**, proud to have been slain by the great hero Cohen.
- 5 **Eris Mescallin**, saw the last years of the Fruitbat, but only the first year of the Anchovy.
- 6 **John Dearheart**, he shall not be forgotten. (A secret trap-door in this grave leads down to the **crypt** below.)

TEMPLE

Empty in the way only a temple can be; statues of Blind Io; a circle of chairs.

Belchy Temple is a small stone building, built to honour Blind Io. While Io is considered chief among the gods by many, this is a modest temple. During the day Barbara Cribbs sweeps the floor, hoping cleanliness will substitute for godliness. Toward the back of the Temple is a simple stairwell leading up to a little bell tower and down to the **crypt** (p. 135).

Clues

Bell tower: Movement on the bell tower above gives a PC the strangest feeling they are being watched — they are, by Mr Gryle (p. 136).

Meeting Place: The epitaphs on the gravestones give clues to various crossword answers.

CONSEQUENCES

Blind Io's Displeasure: A PC loses all their Luck for attracting the ire of the chief of the gods.

Creeped Out: A PC is spooked by the cemetery, gaining the **Jumping at shadows** Trait

Gryle's Finale: Having lost his patience, Mr Gryle launches his Attack (p. 135).

BARBARA CRIBBS

(SHE/HER)

FULL NAME: Barbara cribbs

SPECIES: Human NICHE: Pious Janitor

FEATURES: Does a lot with a little;
Is slow, rather than stupid;
Pauses in the middle of sentences.

MANNERISM: Ends most sentences with
'by Io's (adjective) (body part)'

Sweeps up the floor of the Temple and looks after the graves. She is happy to talk to people, but will not allow them to go downstairs or cause a disturbance, positing that 'Mr Io's blind, he ain't deaf.'

CRYPT



What Happened Here?

Fearing for her life, Grace Speaker snuck here last night. She waits for the Smoking Gnu to come to her aid.

Surprisingly pleasant; clean and dry; pitch-black at night.

Below the Temple lies a neat little crypt lined with worked stone. Grace Speaker has hidden behind one of the sarcophagi here, waiting for the Smoking Gnu to find her at midnight.

ATTACK

If Mr Gryle sees the Smoking Gnu he will strike, falling from the sky in a lethal flurry of screaming death. Treat this action scene as a few short tests, allowing everyone to act in order to fend off the banshee. Throw in complications when they feel appropriate. Mr Gryle is lightning fast, steel strong, and as deadly as they come. Any Consequence that occurs while facing him should result in a Near-Death Experience (**Core Rulebook**, p. 21).

If he is unable to kill the members of the Smoking Gnu, he will fly into the city cursing their name and vowing to return (either in a future adventure or during the events of *Going Postal*). It is time to wrap up.

COMPLICATION



- 1 The banshee leaps forward, grabbing a random character and lifting them into the air. If the party is unable to do anything to stop him, he will drop his victim from a great height.
- 2 With a slash of claws, Mr Gryle lashes out at a non-player character, sending them tumbling to the floor. If they don't receive immediate medical attention they will die.
- 3 Mr Gryle screams, causing everyone to cover their ears and stop what they are doing.
- 4 The banshee takes a prisoner, grabbing the most vulnerable-looking PC and holding a knife-like claw to their throat. 'Nobody moves or they get a red beard.'

GRACE SPEAKER

FULL NAME: *Grace Speaker*

(SHE/HER)

SPECIES: *Human* NICHE: *Crossword Setter, Pet Shop Owner*

FEATURES: *Knows every single word;
Has no ambitions beyond a simple life;
(Can't help but correct you're grammar.*

MANNERISM: *Has a habit of lifting a finger when she speaks.*

Grace Speaker hides behind a sarcophagus, she is visibly shaken and worried for her (and her pets') lives.

MR GRYLE

(HE/HIM)

FULL NAME: *Mr Gryle*

SPECIES: *Banshee*

NICHE:

Provider of Solutions

FEATURES: *A creature of very few words;
Efficient to a terrifying degree;
Claws that could double as knives.*

MANNERISM: *Gives the air of someone restraining himself
from killing you.*

At first glance Mr Gryle appears to be a very thin man in a very long leather cape, with a very broad-brimmed hat and a very pale face. Anything beyond a first glance may result in the glancer not having the ability to glance again, on account of having their chest ripped open by razor-sharp claws. Mr Gryle is a banshee, the only humanoid race that has developed the ability to fly. His cloak is in fact leathery wings and although he bears a passing resemblance to a vampire, it is only skin deep. He is not one to waste time or effort on unnecessary small talk, and is currently in the employ of Reacher Gilt (of the Grand Trunk Semaphore Company) for whom he solves little problems (such as conflicting business interests) in such a way that they stay permanently solved. An 'Understood' from Mr Gryle is as good as a signed receipt from the Assassins' Guild.



WRAPPING UP

Once the excitement is over and the mystery solved, it's time to wrap things up. To end the adventure, give a little round up of the consequences of the players' actions, and give each player a chance to give an epilogue for their character. Perhaps a player wants to ensure Stolid's puzzles make their way into the *Times*, or join the Smoking Gnu in their silent war against the Grand Trunk. Now is a good time to gently explore these loose threads as the game winds to a close. When you are happy and the session has naturally ended, it is time to begin a new activity: immediate reminiscing.

SMOKING GNU

(THEY/THEM)

FULL NAME: *Smoking Gnu*SPECIES: *Three Humans* NICHE: *Clacks Hacker Group*FEATURES: *Know everything there is to know about the clacks;**A keen sense of right and wrong;**A less keen sense of personal hygiene.*MANNERISM: *Talk over each other excitedly.*

'Mad' Al, 'Sane' Alex, and 'Undecided' Adrian make up the entirety of the Smoking Gnu. They operate from the rickety clacks tower on the roof of the *Post Office* (p. 132) to hack the Grand Trunk Semaphore system — a network of towers used for communication across the Disc. Their goal is to expose the corruption and exploitation perpetuated by the Trunk's owners, who have turned an essential public service into a tool of greed.

In search of a new member, they recently sent a request to Grace Speaker (p. 136) to have a custom (and very difficult) cryptic crossword made for them. The idea was that anyone who could crack such a code would be able to help them in creating even more fiendish puzzles — the kinds that weren't supposed to be solved.

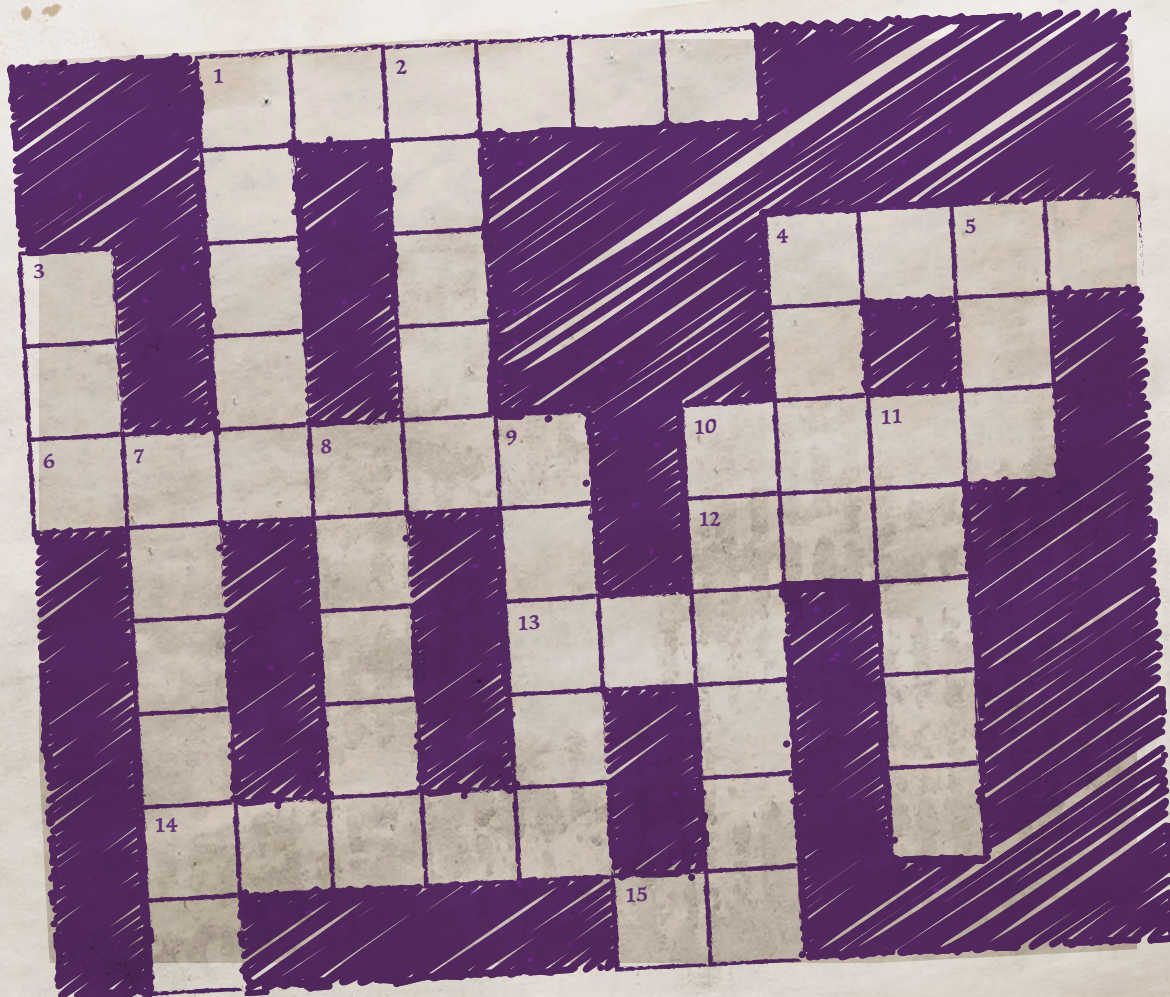
The group will enter the cemetery near midnight, stealing their way to the *crypt* to wait for potential new recruits. If discovered, they will treat the party with suspicion, unless the PCs can convince them they cracked the crossword code or are allies against the Grand Trunk Semaphore Company.

If Mr Gryle (p. 136) has not been dealt with, he will attack the party as they exit the *crypt*.



THE CRYPTIC

Given to the party by William de Worde (p.126) at the start of the adventure.



CRYPTIC CLUES

Across

1. Salt, small hatred. (6)
4. Dibbler? Lives by acerbic motto. (4)
6. Midnight. (6)
10. Tonight. (4)
12. Retreat at the rattle of a thief's weapon. (3)
13. Book keeper with an erratic pulse. (3)
14. (2 down) is alone within a lie. (5)
15. 'Look and be surprised' says god. (2)

Down

1. A wizzard's failure starts spiffy and ends well. (5)
2. Near famine, but for the call of a pirate lord. (5)
3. Centre toward Cori Celesti in search of knowledge. (3)
4. Bad dice lose \$. (4)
5. (13 across)'s cry is more than fine. (3)
7. Country's expert leader followed by near woman. (6)
8. A hero is a man within a lie. (5)
9. Fruitbat would listen if it didn't have a question first. (5)
10. False Watchman's home away from the city garden. (6)
11. Quoth, 'More than madness but less than hunger.' (5)

QUICK CLUES

Can be provided by Stolid Glomsonson (p. 130).

Across

1. A metallic element.
4. An acronym often used by Mr Dibbler.
6. What one feels after a large meal.
10. An outside area for relaxation.
12. An inside area for relaxation.
13. The Librarian's family.
14. Lunate, lacrimal, and lumbar are all types.
15. The blind chief of the gods.

Down

1. A brief period of time.
2. An anthropomorphic representation of mortality.
3. The middle of a wheel.
4. What Harry King buys.
5. What (13 across) says, almost exclusively.
7. Country famed for philosophers and madmen.
8. Oldest living hero on the Disc.
9. A unit of time.
10. Prefix meaning false.
11. Bird that often signifies the coming of (2 down).



HINTS AND ANSWERS

Can be used liberally as a reward for successful tests or simply read them so that you as GM understand the clues. In the clue, the keyword (that the answer is a synonym of) is highlighted **like this**.



Across Hints

1. **Part salt**, small hatred. (5)

Quick: 'A metallic element.'

Small: can be written as S, such as with clothing.

Hatred: loathing/distaste/odium.

Answer: Sodium

4. **Dibbler?** Lives by acerbic motto. (4)

Quick: 'An acronym often used by Mr Dibbler.'

Lives by: indicates the answer may be contained by the rest of the clue (AcerbiC MOTto).

Answer: CMOT

6. Midnight. (6)

Quick: 'What one feels after a large meal.'

This clue can be solved by solving all of the down clues that connect into it.

Answer: Belchy

10. Tonight. (4)

Quick: 'An outside area for relaxation.'

This clue can be solved by solving all of the down clues that connect into it.

Answer: Park

12. **Retreat** at the rattle of a thief's weapon. (3)

Quick: 'An inside area for relaxation.'

Rattle: indicates anagram (of 'a thief's weapon').

Thief's weapon: Sap, wit, bag.

Answer: Spa

13. **Book keeper** with an erratic pulse. (3)

Quick: 'The Librarian's family.'

The Librarian of Unseen University is an orang-utan (or ape).

Erratic: indicates anagram (of a 'pulse').

Pulse: could be a musical beat, a surge of activity, or the seed of a leguminous plant (pea).

Answer: Ape

14. (**2 down**) is alone within a lie. (5)

Quick: 'Lunate, lacrimal, and lumbar are all types.'

Alone: solo, one, I.

Within: indicates a word is placed inside another word.

Lie: BS, con, fib.

Answer: Bones

15. 'Look and be surprised' says **god**. (2)

Quick: 'The blind chief of the gods.'

At the centre of the disc is Cori Celesti, home of gods such as Offler the crocodile god, Om, and Blind Io.

Look: see, eye, glance.

What might someone say when surprised? (Oh)

Answer: Io

Down Hints

1. A wizzard's failure starts spiffy and ends well. (5)

Quick: 'A brief period of time.'

The worst of the wizards is Rincewind, who can cast no magic and wears a hat that reads 'wizzard' to hammer home the point.

Starts and ends: indicates you use the start of one word and the end of another (Spiffy ... welll).

Answer: Spell

2. Near famine, but for the call of a pirate lord. (5)

Quick: 'An anthropomorphic representation of mortality.'

Among the nobility of Ankh-Morpork are families Selachii, Rust, and d'Eath.

Near: indicates the answer is one letter away from (famine).

Famine: drought, horseman, dearth.

Call of a pirate is one letter (R).

Answer: Death

3. Centre toward Cori Celesti in search of knowledge. (3)

Quick: 'The middle of a wheel.'

The Discworld is a disc with four directions: Hubwise, Rimwise, Turnwise and Widdershins.

At the middle of the disc is Cori Celesti, home of gods such as Offler the crocodile god, Om, and Blind Io.

In search of: indicates something is removed.

Knowledge: ken, wise, fact

Answer: Hub

4. Bad dice lose \$. (4)

Quick: 'What Harry King buys.'

\$ looks like a letter (S).

Many dice games on the Disc are the same as on roundworld (Craps).

Loses: indicates a letter is removed (S).

Answer: Crap

5. (13 across)'s cry is more than fine. (3)

Quick: 'What (13 across) says, almost exclusively.'

The Librarian of Unseen University is an orang-utan, he says 'Ook', a lot.

More than: indicates a letter is added (O).

Fine: just, quality, OK.

Answer: Ook

7. Country's expert leader followed by near woman.

Quick: 'Country famed for philosophers and madmen.'

The disc has several countries, such as Lancre, Ephebe, Fourecks, and Klatch.

Expert leader indicates the first letter of expert (E).

Near woman: indicates something that is nearly a woman's name, but spelt one letter away (Phoebe).

Answer: Ephebe

8. A hero is a man within a lie.

Quick: 'Oldest living hero on the Disc.'

The mightiest warriors of the disc include Cohen the barbarian, Caleb the Ripper, and Mad Hamish.

Man: male, species, he.

Within: indicates a word is placed inside another word.

Lie: BS, con, fib.

Answer: Cohen

9. Fruitbat would listen if it didn't have a question first.

Quick: 'A unit of time.'

We are just leaving the Century of the Fruitbat and entering the Century of the Anchovy.

Would: indicates the answer sounds like another word, but for a change in letter.

Listen: hears, hark, attend.

Question: inquire, quiz, why?

Answer: Years

10. False Watchman's home away from the city gardens Quick: 'Prefix meaning false.'

The biggest Watchhouse in the city is Pseudopolis Yard.

Away from indicates something is removed (polis yard).

City: town, Ankh-Morpork, polis.

Garden: yard, plants, tend.

Answer: Pseudo

11. Quoth, 'More than madness but less than hunger'

Quick: 'Bird that often signifies the coming of.'

More than: indicates a longer word.

Less than: indicates a shorter word.

Madness: insanity, mania, rave.

Hunger: starving, ravenous, peckish.

Answer: Raven

RANDOM EVENTS

These can be used as the party travels between locations to inject a little randomness into the world. They work best alongside the random events on page 45 of the **Core Rulebook**.



EVENT

- 1 **Mr Gryle:** There is movement on the roofs, in your peripheral vision ... It's probably nothing.
- 2 **Gambling Debts:** A troll has a wide-eyed man pinned up against the wall. He says, 'You owe Mr Crysoprase a lotta money. You between a rock and a hard place, maybe you should be less crap at craps.' The troll then bursts into laughter reminiscent of a landslide.
- 3 **Dibbler:** A common-enough sight, Dibbler is trying to convince a group of children to buy his sausage-inna-bun. As he says 'I'll cut my own throat if it ain't the best thing you've ever tasted.' One of the children is keen to see him do so, and given that these are Ankh-Morpork kids, Dibbler might be in a spot of trouble.
- 4 **Fisticuffs:** A commotion commotes its way into the street in front of you as a bar brawl becomes a street brawl.
- 5 **Shortcut:** There is a quicker way to the party's destination by cutting through **Belchy Park** (p. 134).
- 6 **Librarian:** A friendly 'Ook' is heard as the Librarian hangs from a nearby lamp post. If he learns they are solving the crossword he can answer 13 across (while only saying 'Ook', of course).





*"Adventure! People talked about the idea
as if it was something worthwhile,
rather than a mess of bad food, no sleep,
and strange people inexplicably trying
to stick pointed objects in bits of you."*

- INTERESTING TIMES

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info@modiphius.com | www.modiphius.net | www.modiphius.us

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