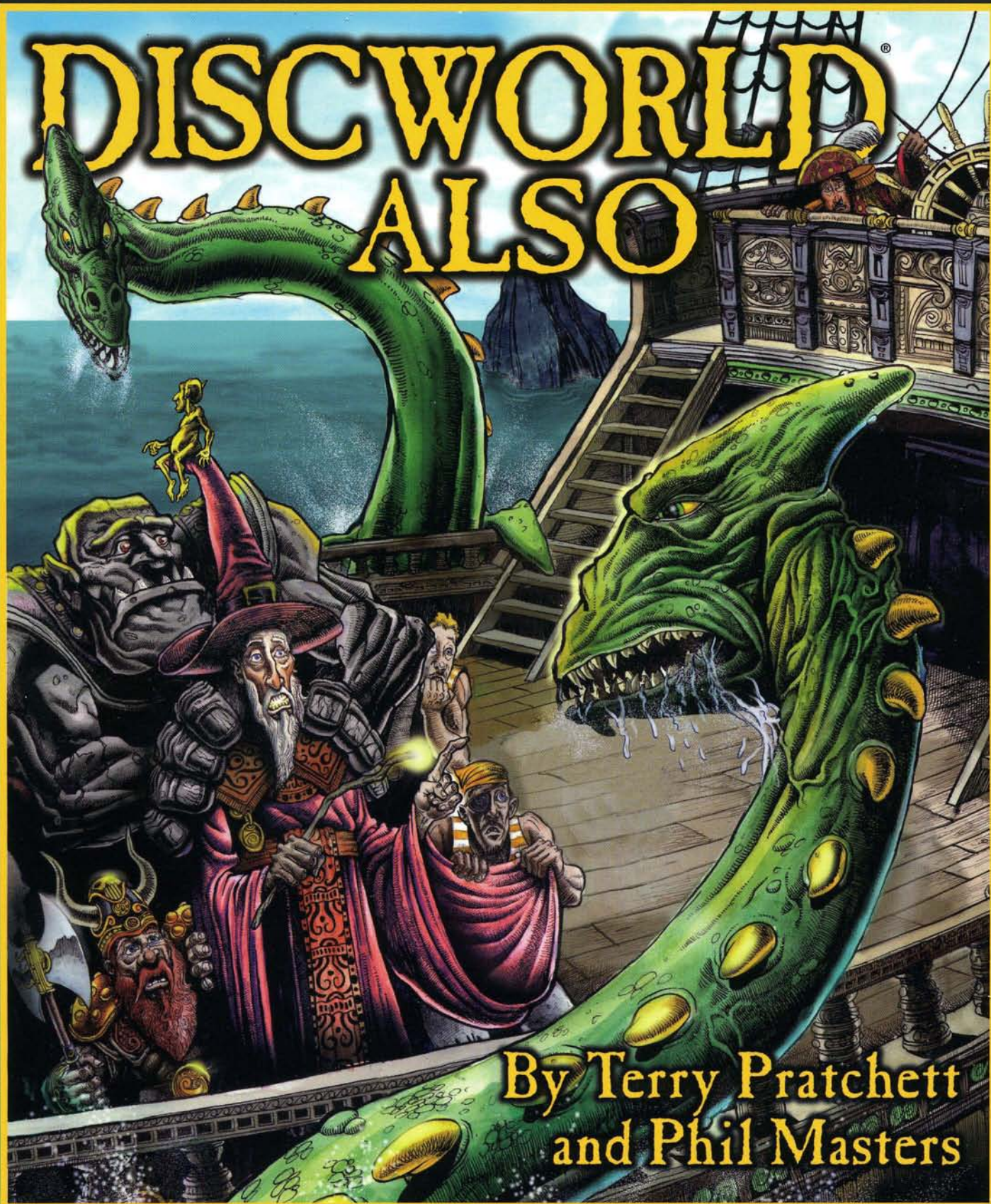


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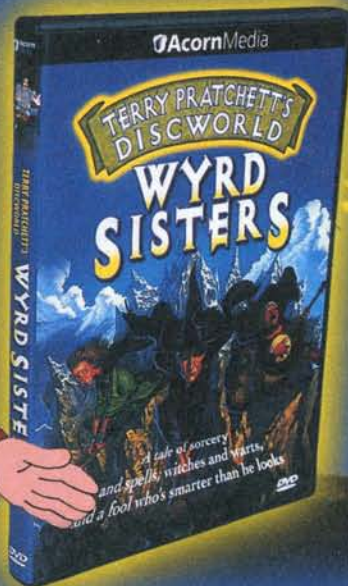
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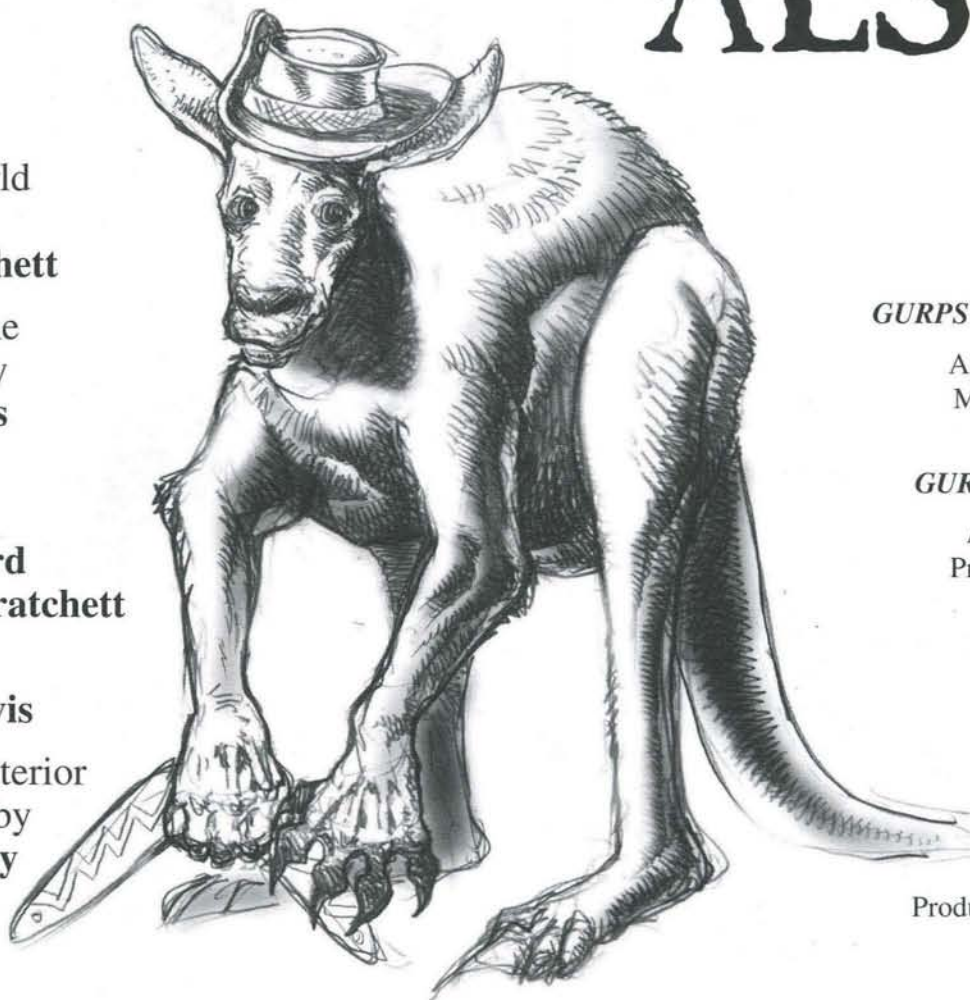
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STEVE JACKSON GAMES

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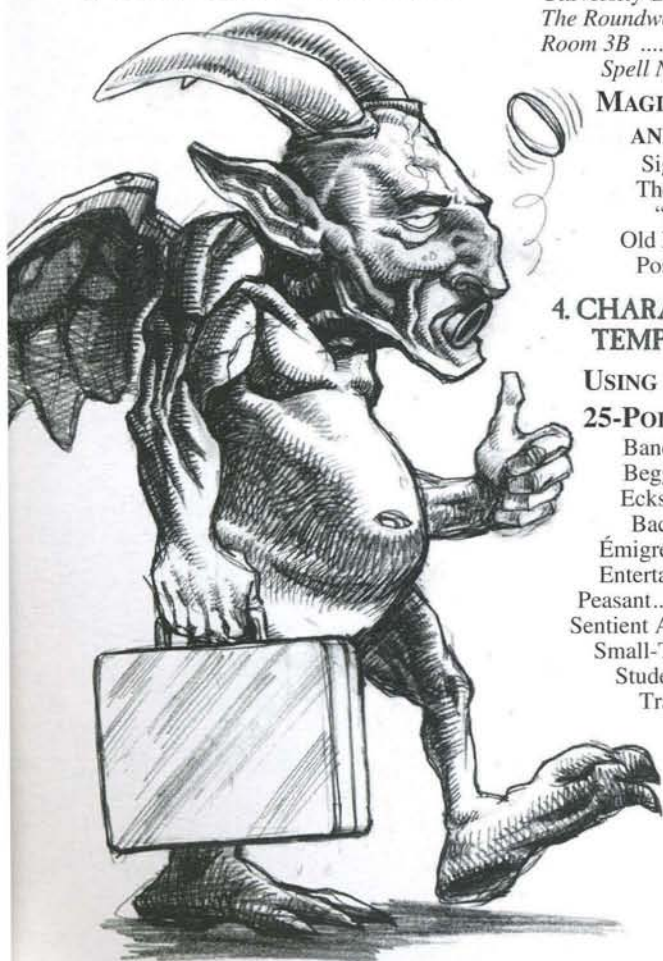
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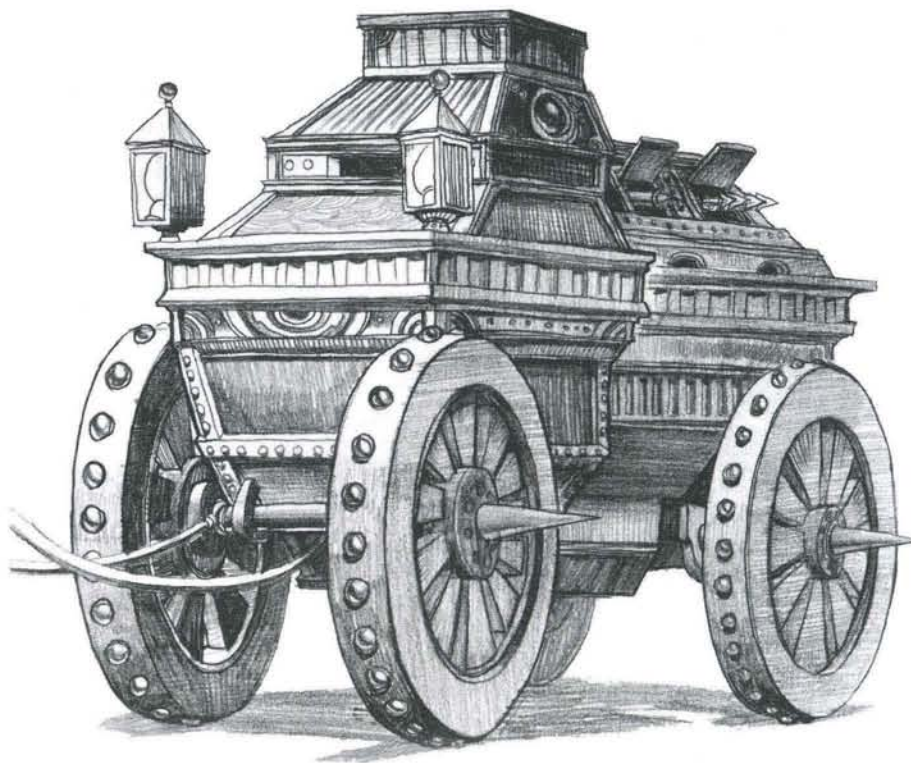
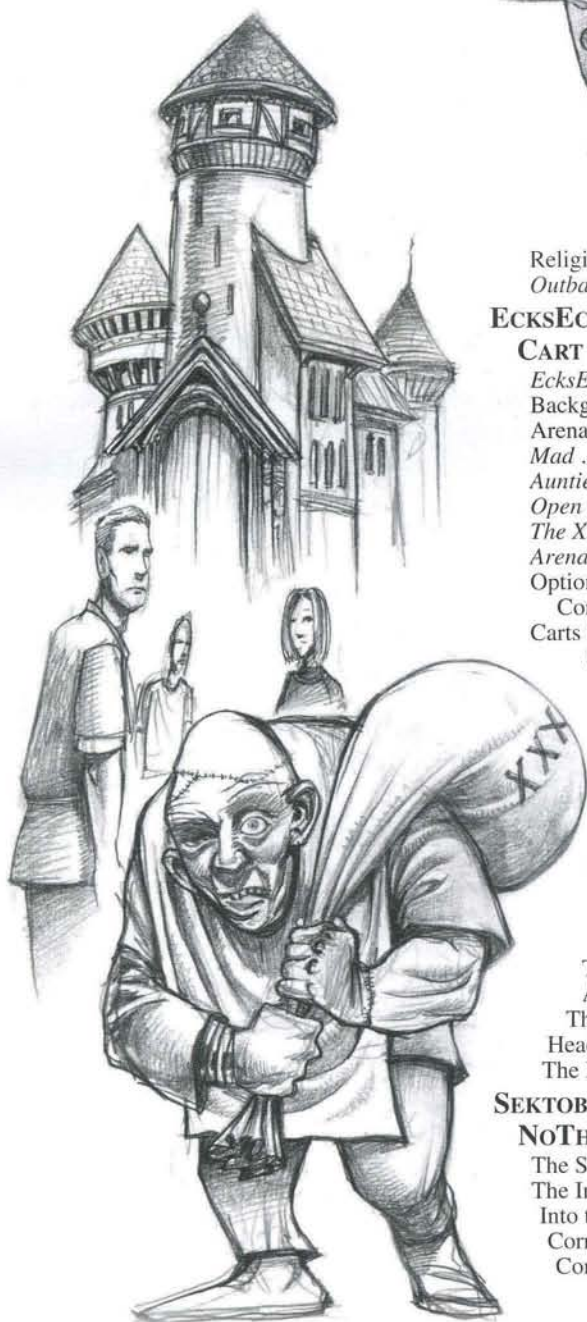
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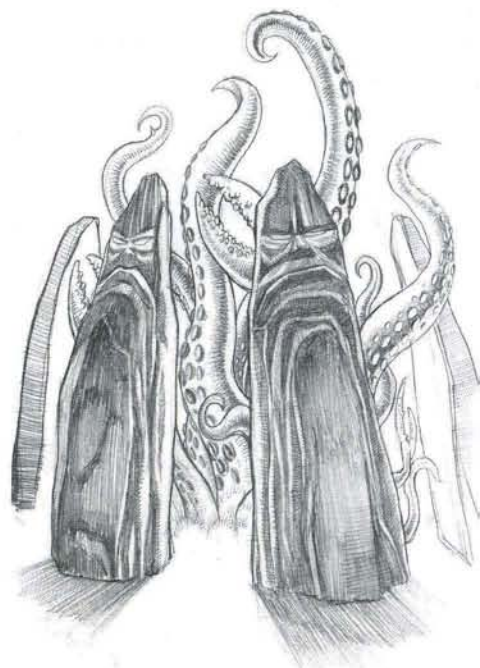
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About GURPS

Steve Jackson Games is committed to full support of the **GURPS** system. Our address is SJ Games, Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) any time you write us! Resources now available include:

Pyramid (www.sjgames.com/pyramid/). Our online magazine includes new rules and articles for **GURPS**. It also covers all the hobby's top games – *Dungeons and Dragons*, *Traveller*, *World of Darkness*, *Call of Cthulhu*, *Shadowrun*, and many more – and other Steve Jackson Games releases like *In Nomine*, *INWO*, *Car Wars*, *Toon*, *Ogre*, and more. And Pyramid subscribers also have access to playtest files online, to see (and comment on) new books before they're released.

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GURPSnet. Much online discussion of **GURPS** happens on this e-mail list. To join, send mail to majordomo@io.com with "subscribe GURPSnet-L" in the body, or point your web browser to gurpsnet.sjgames.com/.

The **GURPS Discworld Also** web page is at www.sjgames.com/gurps/books/discworldalso/.

INTRODUCTION

GURPS Discworld Also is the second **GURPS** book based on Terry Pratchett's Discworld novels and stories. The first volume was published under the admirably clear – if somewhat unimaginative – title of **GURPS Discworld**. This is not a second edition of **GURPS Discworld**, but an entirely new book. It does not replace **GURPS Discworld**, but supplements it.

GURPS Discworld showed how to run roleplaying game adventures on the Discworld; this book is intended to make it easier, by providing more information and more ideas.

That volume took the Disc, with its major races and noted personalities, and adapted it to **GURPS** use. However, a roleplaying game can only start there. It has to go on, and fit the setting together with the characters created by its players to make stories. That means work for everyone involved. Enjoyable work, of course, but still work.

This book is designed to help that work. People have been asking for "support" for **GURPS Discworld** ever since it appeared. Well, in fact, every **GURPS** book on the market can be used for that purpose – that's the point of using a common system for many different games and settings – but we appreciate that people also want Discworld-specific material. So here it is. There are notes on recent events on the Disc, taken from books that have been published since **GURPS Discworld**. The treatment of non-human races has been expanded, with more races, sample characters, and a simplified treatment of Troll characters. There is a selection of templates to make character creation faster and simpler. Several new areas are described, with notes and ideas for campaigns in these settings. And, of course, there is a selection of scenarios and adventure seeds to make setting up a game as easy as possible.

One thing about the latter, by the way. They have been checked and approved by the creator of the Disc, but they're not "canon." That is to say, there is no guarantee that some future Discworld novel might not end up changing or even contradicting them. They are *game* material, and anyone who sets a game on the Disc may – indeed, perhaps *should* – take things off in directions that may not coincide exactly with future novels in the series. It's not impossible that as-yet-unpublished Discworld stories will contradict ideas in this book.

It's also not impossible that, with a little fast-talking, improvisation and low cunning, a GM might find some way to take an apparent contradiction, say between this book and a future Discworld novel, and base whole adventures and campaigns around the contradiction itself. Has one source or the other always been false, and if so, how did the misconception arise? Who would profit from this kind of false information? Has some change occurred, so that what is printed in this book *used* to be true, but the present state of affairs is exactly as the novel says? Or – most challenging, but brilliant, of all – is it possible that somehow, both of the contradictory statements are true?

Impossible situations require unlikely solutions – and often, the more unlikely a solution is, the better it will work. That's part of what setting a game on the Discworld is all about.

So the point of this book is to provide a body of information, ranging from the well-known to the obscure to the downright unreliable. GMs can then people pick and choose what they like, adopting or adapting until they have something that suits their gaming style and their campaign. Dive into **GURPS Discworld Also** – or skim it if you prefer – and find what you like. Then take it away and *play* with it.



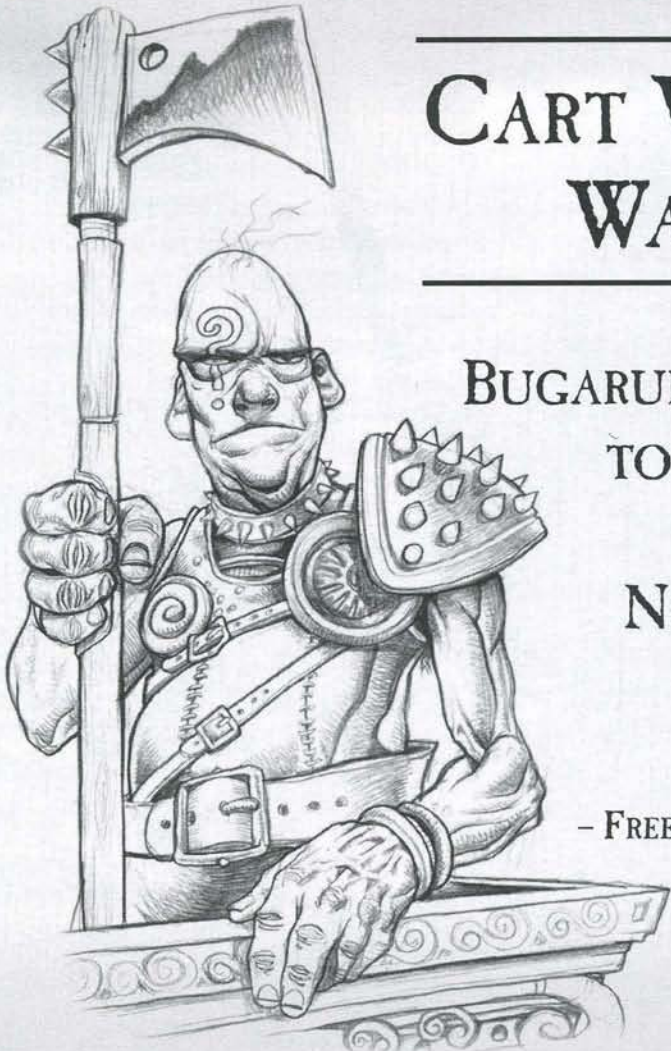
About the Authors

Phil Masters, who adapted Terry Pratchett's creation to the *GURPS* system in *GURPS Discworld*, still lives in England and still spends most of his time labouring over a lukewarm computer. However, the growth of his library has forced him to move to a bigger house. His recent work for Steve Jackson Games includes co-writing *GURPS Castle Falkenstein*, contributing a chapter to *GURPS Y2K*, and editing *The Munchkin's Guide to Power Gaming* and two volumes of *GURPS Who's Who*. He has also worked for White Wolf and Gold Rush Games. In short, he does have a life, but perhaps not the one that his career advisors had in mind for him.

Terry Pratchett has also written some more books since *GURPS Discworld* was published, but sadly, none of them – until now – has been for Steve Jackson Games. A list of his most recent *Discworld* writings follows on p. 7.

Page References

See *GURPS Compendium I*, p. 181, or SJ Games' Web site for a full list of abbreviations for *GURPS* titles. Any page reference that begins with a B refers to *GURPS Basic Set Third Edition Revised*; e.g., p.B102 refers to page 102 of Basic Set. CI refers to Compendium I, DI refers to *GURPS Discworld*, and M to *GURPS Magic*.



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BLOODSUCKERS, BACKPACKERS, AND BRAIN SURGERY



Recent Events on the Disc

Since *GURPS Discworld* was published, four new novels have appeared: *Jingo*, *The Last Continent*, *Carpe Jugulum*, and *The Fifth Elephant*. A Discworld short story, "The Sea and Little Fishes," has been published in the collection *Legends*, and there is also the fictional narrative woven among the scientific essays in *The Science of Discworld*. Two new maps have been published, of "Death's Domain" and Lancre, both with notes on their respective subjects, as well as *Nanny Ogg's Cookbook*; more novels are in progress at the time of writing. These stories have shed light on areas of the Disc that were previously obscure, and they have recorded major events in the Disc's recent history, which *has* been somewhat dynamic. It is worth reviewing some of what has befallen. This inevitably means giving away some of the plots of those stories, so anyone who is planning to read them in the future may prefer to skip this section.

ANKH-MORPORK AND THE CIRCLE SEA

Jingo described the brief, abortive war between Ankh-Morpork and Klatch, occasioned by the (temporary) emergence of the lost city of Leshp from the depths of the Circle Sea. The war's chief consequence was a little more political instability in both countries, especially Klatch. Any GM who wishes to get PCs entangled in all this should read the book. However, it is clear to everyone with any sense on the Sto Plains and adjacent areas that Changes Are Afoot.

LANCRE, THE RAMTOPS, AND UBERWALD

King Verence of Lancre has become aware of this, and a somewhat misjudged response (linked to the naming-ceremony for his first child) was part of what triggered the events of *Carpe Jugulum*. Lancre survived that incident with no serious long-term consequences other than a number of pixie immigrants, but meanwhile, unavoidable changes were coming up from the Sto Plains. The inventors of the semaphore tower system (see p. 10) had decided to run a chain of towers from Ankh-Morpork to Genua, which necessarily meant that they cut through Uberwald (on which, see p. DI31). At the same time, the great dwarf community at Schmaltzberg, near the Uberwaldian town of Bonk, had to select a new Low King of the Dwarfs (an office of ceremonial and legal importance, rather than any actual political power), bringing to light various controversies as to the definition of a dwarf and the proper way for dwarfs to live.

This, combined with the activities of various other Uberwaldian rulers, generated the plot of *The Fifth Elephant*, at the end of which international relations were largely stable – but it is clear that the whole region is still going through what historians like to call "interesting times."

UBERWALDIAN ARISTOCRATIC MOVEMENTS

With the opening up of Uberwald to the world at large, some of that land's traditionally all-powerful aristocrats have been shrewd enough to realise that they will have to adapt if they are to survive and continue to prosper. Unfortunately, Uberwaldian aristocrats are not, traditionally, terribly nice people. They may be moving with the times in some respects, but some of them still believe that they are The Strong, who by that token have the right to rule The Weak.

Dwarf Bread

Dwarfs are very proud of their bread, which serves many purposes, mostly ceremonial and military, though some even eat the stuff. *Real* dwarf bread is made of grit rather than flour; sentimental dwarfs insist that it is only worth eating if it has been dropped in rivers, dried out, sat on, and contemplated for days on end. It keeps *almost* indefinitely, making it good marching rations; less purist dwarfs admit that its main use on the march is as encouragement. (Faced with the prospect of having to eat it, folk choose to march another mile in the hope of finding something else.) The Low King, dwarfdom's supreme spiritual authority, is crowned while sitting on the ancient Scone of Stone, a bread relic.

Bread Weapons

One ancient dwarf practice that has fallen largely into decline is the baking of true military bread. Dwarf bread is not only hard as stone, but will hold an edge, and a skilled baker can create very effective weapons. However, iron is more convenient overall, and is mostly preferred these days. Battle bread is usually only found in the small Dwarf Bread Museum in Ankh-Morpork and in traditional sporting events in the mountains. (Still, even an ordinary dwarfish scone can be deadly in skilled hands.)

Known battle bread weapon types include close-combat and guerrilla crumpets, throwing toast, combat muffins, drop scones (lobbed off walls during sieges; treat as a thrown rock), and defensive bagels (the equivalent of a buckler). *Bread Throwing* is a Physical/Average skill; for convenience, treat these weapons as thrown hatchets or axes, but with +1 to Accuracy and *double* Half-Damage and Maximum Ranges due to their aerodynamic design. (Daintier confections may be equivalent to shuriken, with their own skill; see p. CII35 and CII31-32.) The Sport version of the skill is probably more common today (and champion bread-throwers are said to be able to take the tops off a line of six hard-boiled eggs at 50 yards).

Boomerang croissants are rare (use Throwing Stick skill, p. CII36; treat the croissant as a boomerang, p. CII35). Melee loaves are rarer; they can be made equivalent to any type of one-handed mace or club. If the question arises, bread weapons should be treated as equivalent to standard-quality steel for cost and durability.



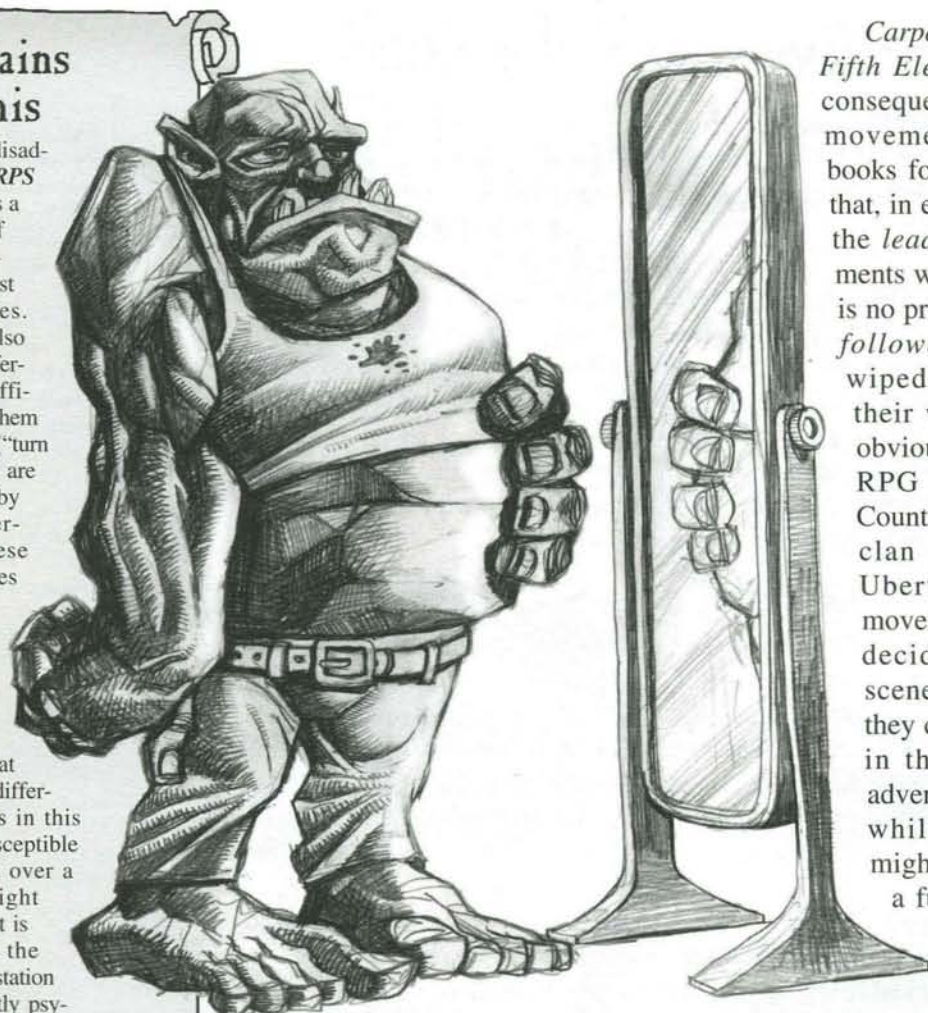
Troll Brains in Extremis

The Troll Brain disadvantage given in *GURPS Discworld* (p. D175) is a workable depiction of the problems experienced by trolls in most of the chronicles. However, there are also accounts of trolls suffering more extreme difficulties, which causes them to lock up altogether ("turn to stone") when they are so much as touched by sunlight. The differences between these cases have sometimes been explained by reference to the idea that city trolls use very high-factor sun-block (created by alchemists), but it does appear that there are significant differences between trolls in this regard. The most susceptible are evidently tipped over a threshold by the slight extra heat of dawn. (It is even possible that the more extreme manifestation of the problem is partly psychosomatic; such trolls may have a *psychological* reaction to sunlight.)

It is also clear that urban trolls are overwhelmingly descended from migrants who *didn't* "turn to stone" at dawn, or who had the sense to travel in winter. In short, they are inadvertently breeding for heat tolerance. "Wild" trolls are markedly more likely to be heat-susceptible.

GMs wishing to reflect all this can introduce a second "level" for the Troll Brain disadvantage, worth -25 points rather than -10. Trolls with the more extreme version suffer an *additional* -1 IQ penalty for any higher-than-normal temperatures (see p. D175). Furthermore, if they are touched by direct sunlight, even through thin to moderate cloud, they must make Will and HT rolls every round. As soon as they fail one of these, they lock up solid.

This more extreme disadvantage is *not* recommended for PC trolls, except in unusual campaigns; it will take the troll out of action too much of the time. However, it makes for interesting complications among NPCs. Urban trolls may associate it with terribly unsophisticated backwoods cousins.



Carpe Jugulum and *The Fifth Elephant* depict the consequences of two such movements. See those books for details, and note that, in each case, although the *leaders* of the movements were defeated, there is no proof that all of their *followers* were either wiped out or changed their ways. This opens obvious possibilities for RPG plots; if any of Count Magpyr's vampire clan or Wolf von Uberwald's werewolf movement survived and decided to leave the scene of their defeats, they could easily appear in the vicinity of an adventuring group. And while the vampires might have reverted to a full set of vampiric vulnerabilities (which *Carpe Jugulum* suggests

vary with the vampire's area of origin, perhaps being largely psychosomatic), and the werewolves now lack their psychotically strong leader, either may still retain enough big ideas to cause serious local trouble. Generous GMs might have them wearing fancy waistcoats, or nickel-plated badges showing a wolf's head biting a lightning-bolt, by way of warning.

Indeed, there could be other factions along similar lines. For example, Uberwaldian mad doctors have traditionally been solitary folk, given to keeping their research results secret, and not much interested in terrorising more than one or two villages – and that merely for the sake of a quiet life. One who decided that the point of science was not simply knowledge, but its *application* – who, in effect, went into industry – could be something of a problem for a much larger area. He would probably not have much trouble acquiring students and other followers; indeed, recent real-world experience suggests that he would not even have to turn a profit in order to receive more backing than he could use.¹

Occurrences in EcksEcksEcksEcks

Meanwhile, a whole (albeit small-ish) continent has been opened up. Previously, EcksEcksEcksEcks (also known as *Terror Incognita* or "Fourecks") was the part of maps which people elsewhere on the Disc didn't

¹ Dedicatedly satirical GMs can try and decide what the Uberwaldian for "IPO" might be.



The Ankh-Morpork Times

"The Truth Shall Make Ye Fret"

News About Your Neighbours

Available Daily Threw Out The City
Only 20 Pence

Ofcs. At the Sign of the Bucket, Gleam Street, off Treacle Mine Road

Wm. de Worde, Prop.

know much about (see p. DI34). In fact, it was a separate creation. While the rest of the Disc was the work of a rather vague figure known as the Creator (see p. DI152), EcksEcksEcksEcks was sung and painted into existence by the man who carries the sack that contains the whole universe – a nameless being whose work is always marked by the presence of kangaroos. Unfortunately, following an accident with causality, the region was created with complicated weather patterns that not only ensured that it never rained, but meant that, while ships could travel to EcksEcksEcksEcks – usually to be wrecked on its shore – only a very good crew and vessel could hope to get away without being blown over the Rim. In effect, EcksEcksEcksEcks became a giant prison, mostly consisting of desert and mostly inhabited by the descendants of shipwreck survivors.

However, following the events of *The Last Continent*, not only does rain now reach those deserts, but ships can travel to and from EcksEcksEcksEcks, opening the place up to trade and the rest of the Disc to visits by the dynamic, brawling, beer-loving Ecksians.¹

The Communications Explosion

The big news on the Disc these days is *communications*. There's even reason to believe that the next step will involve actual *news*. This is partly down to old-fashioned technologies seeing larger-scale use, and partly to completely new inventions. Needless to say, it all has implications for games.

¹ And any GM who doesn't recognise that as an opportunity or six has probably been spending too long drawing underground menageries on graph paper. By the way, it's a fair bet that, by now, any bartender anywhere will be from Fourecks.

Questions of Equality

Female Education

As the Disc tends to mirror our world, so its largely male-dominated society is currently faced with a disorganised sort of feminist movement. As elsewhere, a key concern in this is female education.

Some groups are handling the idea better than others. The Assassins' Guild, for example, has always recognised that women could qualify as worthy members; recently, this acceptance has extended to allowing female students at the Guild school, although practical arrangements are still sometimes problematic. Other guilds' policies vary with the personalities of their leaders, but women are *slowly* beginning to find their way into some. (Meanwhile, the ever-pragmatic Seamstresses' Guild has admitted a few *male* members.) As for the aristocracy, they have taken to sending their daughters to boarding schools, albeit often ones that concentrate on traditionally feminine accomplishments. The Quirm College for Young Ladies is perhaps the best-regarded.

Continued on next page...



Questions of Equality (Continued)

Wizardry, however, remains an all-male pursuit, despite the Eskarina Smith incident (see *Equal Rites*). There are sound reasons of a sort for this, but they are not much discussed. Bold GMs and players might like to build a campaign around the foundation and development of an independent College of Sorceresses, somewhere on the Disc; its style could be based on that of the various female colleges that grew up in loose association with various old-established universities on our world in the late 19th century.



Inheritance and Legitimacy

As a matter less of feminism than of practical convention, Discworld inheritance law has long accepted that female children may have a fair first claim to titles and property. Also, incidentally, Discworld politics has one element that is slightly different to most of our history; illegitimate offspring frequently inherit power.

This is not quite "legal," but it is widely accepted. To be sure, a legitimate heir will have priority, if he or she wants the title – but, in the absence of such a claimant, the old king's mistress's child (or whatever) can usually apply for the job. This principle may be pragmatism, it may be sentimentality, but it is certainly widespread, and it has influenced the history of nations including Lancre and Genua in recent years.

THE OPENING OF THE AGATEAN EMPIRE

Since the events of *Interesting Times*, the Agatean Empire has been far more open to the rest of the world, and has ceased prohibiting its citizens from travel. In fact, thanks to the popularity – and legalisation – of Twoflower's infamous travel book,¹ Agatean tourists have become a familiar sight on the streets of Ankh-Morpork. Agatean inventions such as imp-based gadgets (see sidebars, p. DI127-129) have also become fairly commonplace, and are probably still mostly imported.

So far, the spread of Agatean gold to other economies has somehow failed to cause total economic chaos – someone, somewhere may be handling the problem. One suspects that the Patrician of Ankh-Morpork may be riding the wave of potential chaos somehow. One medium-term result may be the disappearance of the traditional gold standard in many economies, in favour of something more *ad hoc*. But then, for years no-one has believed that the Ankh-Morpork dollar was backed by precious metal, or that Ankhian coins were *any* sort of pure metal. Faith in gold was much more of a superstition.

ECKSECKSECKSECKS: BACKPACKERS AND OPERA STARS

While Agateans are clearly *foreigners* from the point of view of the inhabitants of the Sto Plains, the significance of contact with their nation mostly involves tourism, technology, radical economic reform, and amusing culture clashes. The sudden insertion of EcksEcksEcksEcks into the international scene, however, involves more low-key encounters. The orphan culture of the Last Continent draws heavily on that of the Sto Plains and its outposts such as Genua. While Ecksians may strike Ankh-Morpork as brash and self-regarding (and it takes a lot to look like *that* alongside an Ankh-Morporkian), they speak much the same language and share very similar tastes in general. Likewise, while they have much to trade, what they are offering to sell – opals, beer, sheep, wool, bananas, wine – is comparatively familiar to the rest of the Disc. However, the determination of numerous young, healthy, blond, tanned Ecksians to see the world adds another layer to the Disc's burgeoning tourist industry. At the same time, the nation's determination to prove how cultured it is could lead to some impressive guest stars at the Ankh-Morpork Opera House in the coming years.

The Semaphore Revolution

Perhaps the most spectacular new development is technological: the semaphore system, nicknamed "the clacks." Aside from its localised effects on Uberwaldian affairs, its importance for trade is profound.

Traditionally, long-distance communications on the Disc were limited to *ad hoc* postal services. Actually, there had been multiple attempts to set up formal services (the disused Post Office building in Ankh-Morpork bears witness to one), but civil war, government corruption, or sheer stupidity always got in the way. Most people simply gave their letters to any passing dwarf. This worked quite well; dwarfs are continually travelling between their mines and underground cities, and are a stolidly reliable folk. A small payment would usually induce one to pass a letter or parcel on, perhaps along a chain of several dwarfs, until it reached the addressee.¹ This system was reliable, but delivery times were unpredictable to say the least. By comparison, the semaphore system is lightning-fast.

¹ "What I Did On My Holidays"



The basic mechanism was invented in the Street of Cunning Artificers in Ankh-Morpork. Semaphore – performed with a couple of hand-held flags – had been around for centuries, but this improvement took inspiration. The Patrician either chose not to suppress the idea, or found that it had spread too far, too fast, to stop. Certainly, once a few merchants recognised the profits to be made from fast-moving information, it would have been very hard to restrain them. Very possibly, Lord Vetinari took the view that, just as Ankh-Morpork had led the world first in the field of arms, and then in the field of currency and political manipulation, so it should become the nexus of the information revolution. After all, his office offers a good view of the major clacks towers on the Tump, and he has on his staff the kind of people who are *very* good at breaking codes . . .)

The new system involves specially built towers. Mounted on each are arrays of boxes, each about 8 feet square, painted black on the inside, and with a white-painted “Venetian blind” on the outer face. To an observer, the box appears white when the blind is shut, black when it is open. The shutters are operated by complex lever-and-pulley mechanisms within the tower.

At night (a signal is sent down the line when it’s time to switch to night operation), lamps are lit in the boxes, and the codes are “reversed” (because the lamp shows when the shutter is open). Incidentally, given that the speed of light on the Disc can be as low as 600 mph, “lighting-up time” can vary across the system.

¹ Provided it didn’t look like money or food or anything too valuable, anyway. A larger fee would usually persuade the dwarfs not to open letters and read the good parts out to their friends.



Hermits

The deserts of the continent of Klatch are prime hermit territory. Hermits are a curious phenomenon that requires a little explanation.

Many Disc religions revere them as wise thinkers who retreat from worldly temptation and get on with some serious worship in secluded locations. The fact that this also gets a lot of rather dotty and dangerously original religious thinkers out from under the feet of the temple hierarchy, and away from people who might ask them too many questions, may or may not occur to the priesthood.

The really dangerous truth, however, is that hermits have a perilously close relationship with too many of the *wrong* gods. The wildernesses into which they withdraw are full of Small Gods (pp. DI159-160) and the odd Forgotten God (sidebar, p. DI158), who latch onto strong religious imaginations like leeches, exploiting hermits and their like as a source of the faith they need to survive, and trying to persuade the human to carry their religion away and spread it in the world at large. The hermits perceive the bribes offered by Small or Forgotten Gods as “temptations,” and the would-be deities as “demons” or “spirits,” but that in itself is a form of belief, which helps keep their tempters going. For that matter, some hermits find far more to enjoy in these tempting visions than a conventional priest could approve.

A hermit may, sometimes, emerge from the wilderness with radical new ideas or beliefs that give a Small God a foothold in the wider community of worshippers, but mostly this is a low-level symbiosis; the hermit gives the Small Gods a little bit of belief, and the Small Gods give the hermit something to refuse and deny. Accusing a hermit of being mad because he hears voices and propounds strange religious ideas is missing the point; it’s a very *functional* sort of madness.

D’regs (sidebar, p. 68) and other desert-dwellers usually view madness as a bizarre gift of the gods, partly because of their experience of hermits, and hence tend to treat hermits with a mixture of awe, respect, and fear, quietly avoiding them more often than not. (It’s not as if they have anything to steal, and you never know when their divine patrons might be watching.)



Leonard of Quirm

323 1/2 points

Age c. 45; 5'8"; 130 lbs.; a quiet man who looks older than he is, and whose head seems to have grown up through its hair.

ST 9 [-10], DX 11 [10], IQ 21 [200], HT 10 [0]

Speed 5.25; Move 5.

Dodge 5.

Advantages: Gadgeteer (Cinematic) [50]; Inspiration Magnet [5]; Literacy [5]; Manual Dexterity +2 [6]; Reputation +1 (For brilliance, among alchemists and artificers in Ankh-Morpork) [2]; Status 2 [10].

Disadvantages: Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Broad-Minded [-1]; Clueless [-10]; Curious [-5]; Involuntary Duty (To the Patrician, 6-) [-7]; Pacifism (Self-defence only) [-15]; Unattractive [-5].

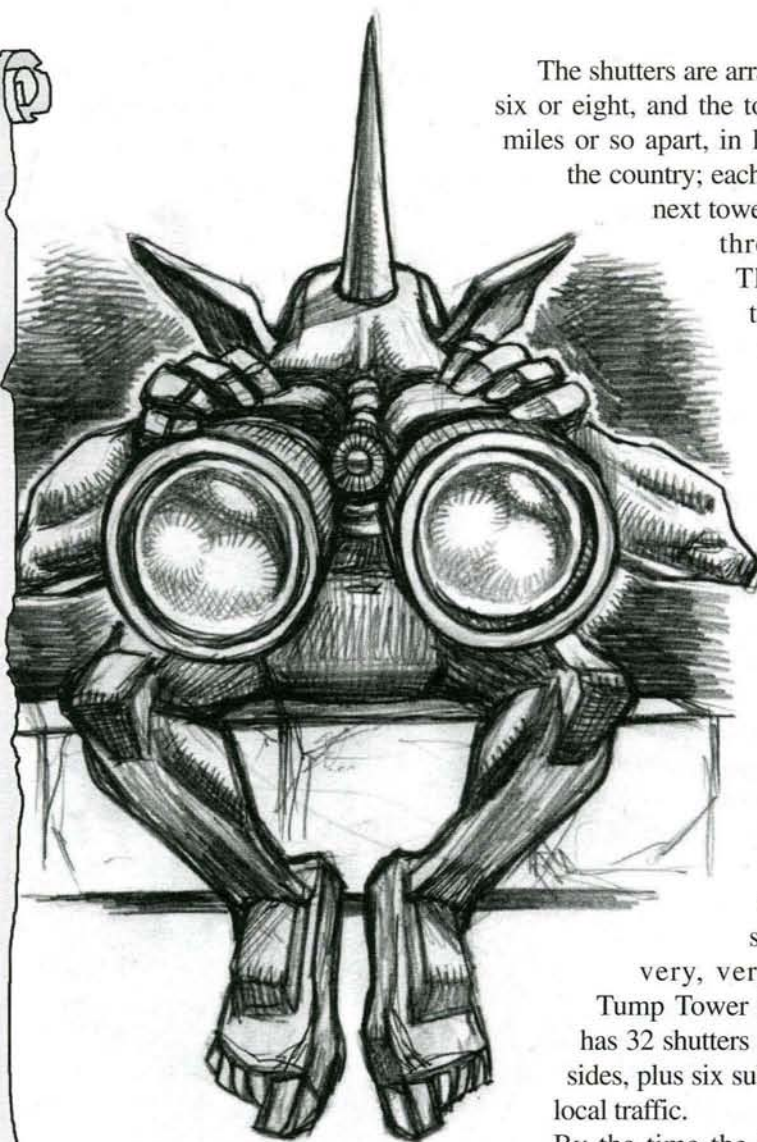
Quirks: Doodles in margins; Sees his work as theoretical demonstrations of principles; Wishes the inspirations would leave him alone in his sleep; Writes in mirror-writing. [-4]

Skills: Alchemy (Discworld)-18 [1/2]; Architecture/TL3-19 [1/2]; Armoury/TL4-20 [1]; Armoury/TL5 (Sidearms)-20 [1]; Armoury/TL5 (Artillery)-19 [1/2]; Armoury/TL6 (Sidearms)-20 [1]; Artist -22 [6]; Cryptanalysis/TL3-20 [2]; Cryptography/TL4-20 [2]; Engineer/TL3 (Primitive Machinery)-22 [6]; Engineer/TL4 (Clockwork)-25 [12]; Engineer/TL5 (Clockwork)-22 [6]; Engineer/TL5 (Guns)-23 [8]; Engineer/TL6 (Guns)-20 [2]; Geology/TL3-21 [4]; Mathematics-19 [1]; Mechanic/TL3 (Siege Engines)-22 [4]; Mechanic/TL4 (Small Gadgets)-25 [10]; Mechanic/TL4 (Wagons)-22 [4]; Mechanic/TL5 (Small Gadgets) -22 [4]; Metallurgy/TL4-22 [6]; Meteorology/TL3-19 [1/2]; Naturalist-20 [2]; Occultism-19 [1/2]; Physics/TL4-23 [8]; Physiology/TL3-20 [4]; Research-19 [1/2]; Science!-19 [2]; Woodworking-13 [8].

Languages: Ankhian (Native)-21 [0]; Ancient Tongue-19 [1/2].

Leonard came from a family who could afford to have him well educated, despite his eccentricities. Settling in Ankh-Morpork, he built quite a reputation before the Patrician had him locked away. The Patrician has had lesser menaces assassinated without a blink, but he finds Leonard fascinating and increasingly useful.

Continued on next page...



The shutters are arranged in groups of six or eight, and the towers are sited 20 miles or so apart, in long chains across the country; each crew watches the next tower in each direction through telescopes.

The big towers of the Grand Trunk, which runs from Ankh-Morpork to Genua, have up to 36 shutters on either side where traffic is heavy, and can send messages in both directions at once. A junction tower, where a spur of the trunk heads off to another city, will have shutters on three sides, and will be

very, very busy. The big Tump Tower in Ankh-Morpork has 32 shutters on each of its four sides, plus six sub-towers to handle local traffic.

By the time the Grand Trunk has left the major cities of the plain and is climbing the Ramtops, though, the towers are much smaller, fortified at the base, and carry eight shutters on either side. They are gradually being upgraded, but this is dangerous territory. Depending on terrain and perceived dangers, there will be a larger station every few towers, equipped with extra staff and fast horses. The provisioning, staffing, defence and maintenance of the towers constitute a logistical nightmare. It should also be noted here that a small but important part of the traffic consists of "system administration" messages – and also gossip. Unofficial rumours can spread among the operators with unnerving speed.

Classically, messages can be sent "in clear" using a six or eight digit code, one character at a time. For cheapness, businesses send very short messages based on their private codebooks, so that operators will often not know what they are sending. The cost varies, but is usually about five words per Ankh-Morpork dollar (\$4 per word in *GURPS* terms). This may sound expensive, but the system is expensive to run, and to serious users it is worth every penny. The companies sometimes work on a first-come, first-sent basis, but are increasingly developing sliding-scale payment systems. Customers can pay a lot to get a message off now, or less, down to a minimum "night rate" (meaning that their message goes on the rack and is sent overnight, when the system clears its backlog) for less urgent messages. A recent innovation is the succinct "c-address"; the first was "We R Igors, Yethmather Uberwald," an employment agency patronised by those needing cringing toadies in a hurry.



Despite all this, the system is already overburdened. The technology is changing all the time. Every part is understaffed. Burgeoning local companies use different protocols. It's a high-speed mess that will have to evolve or die . . .

Still, signals can be passed up and down the chain extremely quickly. It is said that, when the great chain currently under construction is complete, it will be possible to send a message from Ankh-Morpork to Genua within a day. Each chain is run by a company or other organisation; the whole system is loosely supervised by a new guild. Up in the lawless mountains, the major local company has its own private army. Large organisations in the cities, like the City Watch, have their own clacks towers, generally employing gargoyles as watchers. These are known as personal clacks systems, or "packs."

The creation of the tower-based system has inspired something of a fashion for semaphore in general. For example, the Ankh-Morpork Watch has taken to using paddles, rather like table-tennis bats, to send signals on the street via a tower on the main Watch House. This is a fairly effective system, rather faster than the highly trained messenger pigeons on which they previously relied. For that matter, some people have taken to hand-semaphoring to each other across crowded rooms, causing a minor public nuisance.

*Some people have taken
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TOWER ARRANGEMENTS IN GAMES

The clacks towers involve relatively complex, well-made machinery, considered to be TL4 in *GURPS* terms. A standard small tower has a crew of three, all employees of the operating company; larger towers can have significantly more. Crews can use several skills; a version of Telegraphy is required to send and receive messages (see below), and Mechanic/TL4 (Signalling Machinery) permits routine servicing of the mechanisms. Crews in the backwoods may need to know a local language, and Riding (p. B46) and Survival (p. B57) are often handy. At least one member of each crew should ideally have Cooking (p. B53), and another might know First Aid (p. B56). In really hostile country, weapons training may be advisable, and decent physical attributes and related advantages never hurt. In short, a *good* tower crew could plausibly pass as a group of starting adventurers, or vice-versa.

This can be considered an average job in *GURPS* terms, with required skills Telegraphy (Tower Semaphore)-14 and Mechanic (Signalling Machinery)-10, monthly income \$350 plus accommodation or a living-out allowance while on duty, success roll at IQ, and critical-failure results 1d/LJ. The pay may look mediocre, but crew members don't get much chance to spend it. The rate may rise as demand for this expertise increases, or it may fall as more bright youngsters move into the field. Working in dangerous areas may require more skills and might involve hazard pay; pushing a new service into wilderness might well be the sort of work that would attract adventurers, for corresponding levels of risk and reward. Incidentally, gargoyles (see p. 25) get a lot of employment in the communications industry, since they are very good at staring constantly at one thing. For that matter, the well-designed, counterweighted mechanisms require no great physical strength to operate, so larger towers are often equal-opportunity employers, and female operators are often rated highly. (Mixed crews would be considered scandalous out in the wilds, though.)



Leonard of Quirm (Continued)

Imprisonment doesn't worry him. His cell has large windows, and he is supplied with working materials. In fact, faced with the reality of humanity, he has come to see this as the best place to be. It is protected with booby-traps which only the Patrician and, now, Leonard himself, know how to avoid. Actually, Leonard designed many of them.

Leonard may demonstrate his genius by creating working firearms, blueprints for flying machines, sticky yellow notepaper, or artworks. He has *no* sense of priorities, and can be utterly naïve; he even thinks that his military inventions could cause world peace, because they are too terrible to use. The Patrician keeps trying to recover his deadlier sketches. Inspiration-powered inventiveness explains how Leonard has acquired skills above the local TL, but these ratings are in any case just approximations. If something is physically possible with his tools, he may have created it.



Oggham

Oggham is an ancient runic alphabet, still used by some dwarfs in the Ramtops. Nanny Ogg (p. D1184-185) claims that it is somehow connected to her own (very old-established) family. It can be learned by fully literate characters as a Mental/Average Language Skill, as it is as much a system of symbols as anything. It is intimately related to the old languages of the region.

Oggham is not a magical language as such, but it is used in some old inscriptions of interest to those researching ceremonial magic or rituals. There are doubtless scholars at Unseen University with at least a theoretical knowledge of it, and any witch, dwarf, or amateur historian from the Ramtops region could justify having a few points in the skill.

Astronomy and Astrology

Disc-based research into the lights in the sky is still pretty much at a medieval, TL3 sort of level, albeit with plenty of accumulated data. However, the telescope has been invented, so some Disc astronomy might be rated as TL4. It is very much entangled with astrology; either word can be used for the single skill, although some students may concentrate on the geometrical, observational bit, and some may think more about star signs and horoscopes.

Part of this, of course, is the fact that, on the Disc, astrology works, very reliably. In game terms, for convenience, it's treated as a version of the Divination spell (p. DI144-145), but in truth, this is one of those supernatural techniques that don't require much in the way of thaumic aptitude – just time and the right technical knowledge.

Given this, and its reliability, one might wonder why it isn't used more often. After all, it sounds very convenient to know one's future. There are several parts to the answer.

For one thing, casting a horoscope requires the subject's exact date and place of birth, which are things that not all Discworlders actually know about themselves. (Players should be required to convince the GM that their characters know these facts, if they want accurate horoscopes cast). It also requires some precise astronomical observations, which either means running a good observatory, or having recent, detailed information from one. Part of the trouble is that Great A'Tuin actually moves at a fair speed relative to nearby stars, and sometimes changes course. This means that the Disc zodiac is *not* fixed; it changes noticeably within a human lifetime. Unseen University and other institutions track and publicise these changes, but not everyone has access to the data.

And lastly, Disc astrology generates predictions that closely resemble those little paragraphs that appear in our world's newspapers, albeit with flashes of greater precision. Think about that. If those glib little premonitions *really* said something about your life, would you want to know? And what use would they usually be?

Incidentally, there are 64 constellations in the Disc zodiac, and the list changes with time as the Turtle moves. Current examples include the Celestial Parsnip, Gahoolie the Vase of Tulips, Wezen the Double-Headed Kangaroo, and the Small Boring Group of Faint Stars (Rincewind's sign).

Towers follow a fairly standard design, with local variations in detail. The ground floor (within the stone base of a fortified tower) is a storeroom. Above that are the main living-quarters, which, in out-of-the-way areas, consist of a combined mess room and bedroom with two bunks. In safe urban areas, the crew may live away from the tower and, use this space simply as a place to relax and eat meals while on duty. This floor also generally serves as an office, with a desk for paperwork. The next and highest floor holds the mechanisms that control the shutter system. A trapdoor leads up to the roof and the space behind the shutters, for maintenance purposes. In emergencies, the crew can fire a signal flare, or "mortar," from the roof. A red flare means the tower is out of action, and a couple of men (armed, in dangerous areas) will be sent from the next tower in the chain, followed by a full maintenance crew from the nearest depot. A green flare means that any problem has been cleared.

The main difference between towers is that those in safe, densely-populated areas tend to be fairly lightweight structures of brick and wood, whereas those in less secure areas are fortified – built of heavy stone, at ground level at least, and fully able to withstand small-scale assaults.¹ But despite the Guild's real-life cautionary tales and company security policies, towers are never completely secure. Crews are in place for weeks or months at a time, and cannot help but get bored – and in any case, they sometimes have to gather firewood, and they are unlikely to have more than a few days' supply of food and drink in store.

SEMAPHORE SKILLS

Obviously, sending messages by semaphore is a skill. In *GURPS* games, it can be treated as a low-tech variation of Telegraphy skill (p. B55); in other words, as a Mental/Easy Language skill with no default (and Literacy as a prerequisite).

In fact, "Telegraphy" can be extended to cover all sorts of long-distance code-based message-sending skills, from smoke signals (TL0), through hand-held flags (TL1), semaphore towers (TL4) and heliographs (TL4-5), to the electric key used by the true telegraph (TL5-6).² For completeness, record such skills on character sheets with a Tech Level and a required specialisation, which covers both the code used and the basic practical knowledge of how to operate the mechanism involved.

Note that each such required specialisation covers a completely different code, and there is no default between different systems developed on different worlds using different technology. Knowing how to send Cheyenne smoke signals, for example, is no help in working a Victorian heliograph. The Discworld currently has two distinct "semaphore" systems in widespread use – hand-held flags and the towers – and there is *no* default between the two skills.

In both Discworld systems, signallers can normally send or receive about one word per minute per point of skill. As with electric telegraph systems, experts can attempt to send or receive at higher speeds; roll against the skill, at -2 for each additional word per minute, with a maximum possible rate of 20 words per minute.

¹ Some locals just don't seem to like progress.

² Incidentally, semaphore systems have been developed on many worlds, including our own. Hand-held semaphore flags were widespread before radio was invented, and semaphore towers much like the Disc's were employed in the early 19th century.



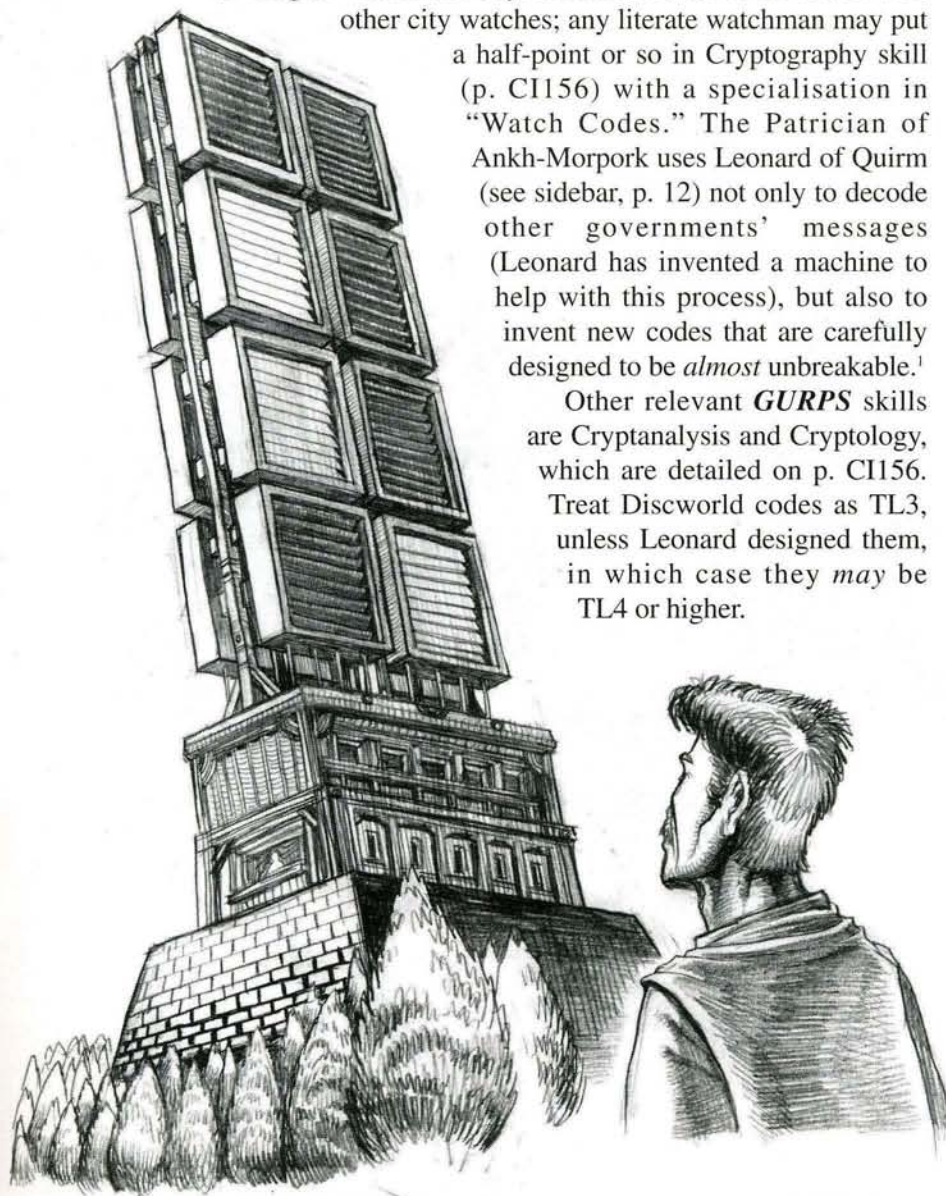
ENCRYPTION

The semaphore system uses a code, in the sense that it translates letters and numbers into a series of shutter patterns, but this is not a secret. Anyone can learn the skill and read messages passing between towers. Not surprisingly, many people have developed encryption systems. In fact, most of the messages passing along the chain consist of sequences of letters and numbers that are completely meaningless to the crews who send and receive them, and to casual observers. As with electric telegraphy, sending or receiving coded messages gives -4 to the skill.

Most codes are fairly crude, and can be defeated by a competent cryptographer using Discworld technology and mathematics, but some are quite sophisticated. Wealthy nobles, governments, and trading-houses from Ankh-Morpork to Genua employ experts to devise and crack codes. The Ankh-Morpork Watch has tolerably secure codes for watchmen operating away from home, and for use in the system of short-range signalling that it has developed within the city. It shares some of its codes with

other city watches; any literate watchman may put a half-point or so in Cryptography skill (p. CI156) with a specialisation in "Watch Codes." The Patrician of Ankh-Morpork uses Leonard of Quirm (see sidebar, p. 12) not only to decode other governments' messages (Leonard has invented a machine to help with this process), but also to invent new codes that are carefully designed to be *almost* unbreakable.¹

Other relevant *GURPS* skills are Cryptanalysis and Cryptology, which are detailed on p. CI156. Treat Discworld codes as TL3, unless Leonard designed them, in which case they *may* be TL4 or higher.



¹ This ensures that the Patrician always knows what other very intelligent people think they know about what he is thinking.

Mrs. Cake

Mrs. Evadne Cake is a middle-aged woman living on Elm Street, on the edge of the Shades. She is short, plump (almost circular), and short-sighted. She wears an enormous hat, covered in wax fruit and stuffed birds, all painted black, and carries a huge handbag.

She is a highly talented medium, well-connected with the Ankh-Morpork spirit world (such as it is), with at least one spirit assistant, named One-Man-Bucket. (She does not feel she needs a spirit *guide*, but sometimes a direct contact on the other side can save time.) Her paranormal perceptions also include powerful short-range precognition.

She has, in *GURPS* terms, at least two big social disadvantages. The first, little more than a nuisance, is that she tends to leave her precognition switched on, and set about ten seconds into the future, at which point it is completely reliable. It thus functions as Danger Sense, which would be more important if she were an adventurer; unfortunately, it also leads her to answer people's questions before they ask them. (She gets a headache if they then fail to ask the question she has just answered.) This can be very disconcerting. It can also be very difficult to play, unless the players are prepared to enter into the spirit of things. GMs should have her switch this power off most of the time when PCs are around.

The second is that she has Religion. In Disc society, attending many different temples is not actually considered wrong, but it is thought a little erratic. Mrs. Cake is very erratic. She not only attends temples, she tells the priests how they should operate, what to tell their congregations, and generally what to think. Her good works never cease, despite the silent prayers of a thousand clerics. She has what might rate as a -4 Reputation among the city's priests – the whole Disc's priests, it is said – except that they dare not say or do anything.

Mrs. Cake has a daughter, Ludmilla, who is a werewolf, shifting to a semi-humanoid wolf form one week a month. Ludmilla left home recently, in the company of a gentleman named Lupine. Well, he's a (rather hairy) gentleman during the full moon; at other times, he's a wolf. Despite the fact that they are only really *compatible* one week in four, they seem to have a working relationship.



Special Lodgings in Ankh-Morpork

Ankh-Morpork has countless inns and lodging-houses to which visitors may be directed. Some are even quite tolerable. However, given the complexities of an adventuring life, two establishments may be worthy of special note:

Mrs. Cake's House

After her daughter Ludmilla left home, Mrs. Cake (see sidebar, p. 15) decided she could acquire some money and company by opening her fairly capacious house to lodgers. With her relaxed view of death, and experience of the practical problems of lycanthropy, she quickly found a gap in the market. She takes in undead, werewolves, and other supernatural beings. She is uniquely tolerant of people who keep strange hours, or who need a window left open for their return, or a spare change of clothes kept handy. Particularly strange PCs may find themselves directed or drawn to this house.

In the system on p. DI20, this might be considered a class 3 establishment, but Mrs. Cake does not usually serve food or drink, and the chance of being burgled or attacked is generally negligible.

The Y.M.R-C-I-G-B-S.A.

Relatively impecunious visitors may be directed to the Young Men's Reformed-Cultists-of-the-Ichor-God-Bel-Shamharoth Association, a charitable establishment which does provide basic rooms at an affordable price (about \$2 a night). It is not quite as respectable as its founders hoped – drink sometimes gets smuggled onto the premises, and some underworld types use it when lying low – but it is tolerable. These days, it is more often referred to as the Young Men's Pagan Association.

In the system on p. DI20, this place has class 3 or 4 quality (plain but serviceable), and does not serve food or drink. Its Security rating might be 6 or even lower; few criminals consider its denizens worth robbing, and those currently living there might tell any working thieves they recognise to push off, to avoid having the Watch coming round.

Uberwaldian Domestic Surgery

The startling¹ science of Uberwald has thrown up some strange developments, and even stranger people. In *GURPS* game terms, a handful of new features seem appropriate:

NEW ADVANTAGE: MAD MEDICINE 15 OR 30 POINTS

This advantage represents innovative and insane talent in the field of scientific medicine. In fact, it is simply a limited version of the Gadgeteer advantage (p. CI25), applicable only to medical and closely related biological work, and a character with Gadgeteer does not need to buy Mad Medicine as well. It is possessed by many (though not all) Uberwaldian Mad Doctors, and a few of the more innovative Igors (though most rely on their own traditional, tried-and-tested techniques). A character with Mad Medicine may use the Gadgeteering rules on p. CI21 to invent radical new surgical procedures and medical devices.

Characters who combine it with a range of scientific skills (let alone a level of the High Technology advantage) can come up with things similar to those described in *GURPS Bio-Tech*, only rather weirder.



¹ And, let's say it, Blasphemous, Strange, and Uncanny.



For 15 points, you are a “realistic” medical inventor, working within the constraints of relatively realistic medical research (although on the Discworld, such constraints can prove very flexible). For 30 points, you can emulate the most eccentric pulp-adventure doctor, producing gigantic monsters or astounding cures from a few desiccated body parts and some mouldy jam sandwiches. The latter version is highly cinematic, and may not be appropriate in some games, even on the Disc.

NEW ADVANTAGE: PATCHWORK MAN 40 POINTS

This advantage is almost entirely unique to Uberwaldians named Igor. In fact, for anyone else to possess it would require at least a 10 or 20-point Unusual Background and a *very* good explanation. It should probably be prohibited from any games not set on the Disc.

The advantage represents the extraordinary tolerance, both physical and psychological, that Igors possess to the process of having parts of themselves replaced by transplants. The Weird Surgery skill (see below) that they share with Mad Doctors grants them the ability to perform such transplants, but this sort of surgery is not guaranteed to work, and can have all sorts of bizarre side-effects. Anyone with the Patchwork Man Advantage, however, has what more prosaic worlds would call a truly exceptional tissue rejection factor, and is unlikely to suffer many unexpected problems.

Furthermore, most Discworlders would find the idea of having their limbs or organs swapped around with those of a corpse repulsive, to say the least; handling this if it happens in play is left as a matter for roleplaying and GM judgement, but the odd Fright Check would not be inappropriate. In circumstances where most people would come round from the anaesthetic screaming “Oh my god! What have you done, you fiend! You’ve turned me into a monster,” an Igor will barely blink (though he may critique the stitching). Igors know that other people have these peculiar hang-ups, and rarely perform really radical surgery on non-Igors, though they may make friendly offers. In fact, they tend to regard a badly injured human body as a likely source of useful spare parts, whereas they see another Igor in the same state as an interesting challenge.

In fact, transplant surgery forms part of the complex belief-system that goes into being an Igor. It is even possible for Igors to perform transplant surgery on themselves, though they may need somebody to put a finger on the stitching while they tie off the thread.

This advantage is only available to characters with a HT of 12 or more. It includes the full benefits of Disease Resistant (p. CI24), High Pain Threshold (p. B20), and Very Rapid Healing (p. CI31); thus, for someone with this Advantage also to have Immunity to Disease (p. B20) costs only 5 additional points. The game benefit, over and above these three advantages, is that if the character ever suffers loss of any body part, or crippling, permanent damage to a limb or organ, he can simply replace the loss from an available fresh corpse (Igors regard it as polite to ask the deceased’s relatives for permission first.) In addition, if an Igor has experience points saved and wishes to buy a physical advantage of some kind (such as acute senses or increased ST), that could be achieved by grafting on a better limb or organ from an available source, he can do so, with GM permission. Note that the advantage does *not* ensure that the join will not show; Igors are notoriously careless about scars and visible stitching. See the template on p. 60 for an idea of how Igors should be treated in game terms.



Guild Strangeness

Ankh-Morpork’s guilds (p. DI95-98) are mostly very prosaic. It is, however, the oddities on the fringes that will attract the interest of adventurers and other people with too much free time.

Banned Guilds

Very few guilds have ever been banned, although the Patrician reserves the right. Certainly, a guild which seems to have lost control will need to sort itself out – or be sorted out. The *Firefighters’ Guild* is one that was prohibited; it worked on the basis that a small monthly payment would guarantee members’ attention in the event of a fire, but that turned out to mean that they came round to the houses of people who *didn’t* pay, and made Meaningful Casual Remarks. Protection rackets are one thing, as the Thieves’ Guild would attest, but fire is just too generally dangerous.

Guild Orphans

By a tradition of sorts, unwanted newborn babies are sometimes left on the doorsteps of guild-houses. The guild will usually adopt them, give them the surname of a founder or legendary craft hero, and bring them up within their profession (or, if that’s impractical, there’s always work for servants). It’s a chancy system, but is generally considered a Good Thing compared to the alternative.

The Dogs’ Guild

The Dogs’ Guild admits only dogs who have been “bad.” Members must have at least run away from their owners. The Guild controls scavenging rights, assigns loud-barking and cat-chasing territories, and regulates breeding. Its leader is called the Chief Barker.

While few PCs are likely to voluntarily join this guild, the nature of fate on the Disc means that temporary qualification cannot be ruled out. In such circumstances, one ought to be glad to have a strong professional association.

This guild once was led by Big Fido, a poodle who dreamed of wolves. Big Fido’s burning insanity made him quite capable of dismembering any other dog in the city. Had he been human, the Disc would probably have been in serious trouble, involving jackboots. Since his death, the guild has gone back to quieter ways, with fewer dreams. But many a flea-bitten stray remembers. It makes gutter life a little bit more tolerable.

The Rats’ Guild

The Rat Guild is only rumoured to exist. If it does, it will certainly have the largest membership in the city.

Games Death Plays

By ancient convention, the Death of the Discworld (p. DI154-157) can be formally challenged to play some kind of game for any life for which he comes. However, it is difficult in practice for anyone to issue such a challenge unless they can see him, which really limits the privilege to the magically adept, who have their own reasons for not invoking it very often. (Some are too wise, and others are too selfish.) Actually, Death cannot be defeated in these contests, *unless he so chooses*. He is not above bending a rule for people whose motives he admires, but he does not make a habit of it. This could be doubly frustrating for a chess grandmaster who challenged him, because he keeps forgetting the names of the pieces, and then wins anyway.

In any case, the challenge must be balanced. Only someone with special privileges can play for more life without offering a balancing stake. At the minimum, a challenge for the life of a human might risk another life, preferably that of a human, who *must* willingly volunteer. Death is as aware of narrative causality as the next anthropomorphic personification, and may well look more favourably on someone who gambles their own life to save the life of another. But don't bet on it. If Death loses, he should still be given some nominal but meaningful alternative – say, the life of a valuable domestic animal. He will play any game the challenger chooses that has a clear winner and loser – chess, cards, obscure board games . . . RPGs are not acceptable, although it's a tempting thought.

In game terms, this should be used as a very occasional, highly dramatic plot device, not as some sort of get-out to avoid the loss of a valued PC. The point to make is not that character death can be negated, but that on the Disc, even Death is subject to the power of narrative and tradition.

Caroc Cards

Caroc Cards are used on the Disc for both divination (p. DI145) and card games, including a hideously complex game of bids, partnerships, ruffs, and grand slams, whose name Rincewind tentatively identified as "Weir," or maybe "Dam" or "Aqueduct."

Continued on next page . . .

NEW SKILL: WEIRD SURGERY (MENTAL/VERY HARD)

This Medical Skill represents the extraordinary ability of Uberwaldian Mad Doctors and Igors to perform mix-and-match, patchwork assembly jobs on human (and other) anatomy. It has no defaults or prerequisites; Igors learn it young (and refer to it as "Domestic Surgery" or just "Igoring"), and Mad Doctors traditionally acquire it through hours of lonely night-time experimentation. It would be hard to get it to work on less melodramatic worlds; aside from their unique knowledge, Discworld surgeons have access to a vast array of strange herbs and perhaps a few part-magical treatments.

The skill permits a character to perform organ and limb transplants, and also routine "cutting and patching" surgery (appendix removals, treatment of internal injuries, and so on) with a reliability normally completely unknown to the Discworld's low-tech medical tradition. It avoids most of the tissue-rejection problems that bedevil transplant surgeons on more advanced but prosaic worlds. If the patient has the Patchwork Man advantage (see above), virtually any such



surgery can be performed without penalties to the roll, and many routine tasks will take a positive modifier. At the GM's option, treating other patients may involve penalties according to the complexity of the task, but *never* as extreme as would be applied to regular Discworld surgeons. However, this skill grants no special knowledge of anaesthesia, which on the Disc is still mostly at the brandy, poppy juice, and large padded mallet stage of development.

Furthermore, both First Aid and ordinary Surgery skill default from Weird Surgery with no penalties. The only problem is that individuals with this skill often tend to display a rather ghoulish enthusiasm, cheerfully offering to make the patient *better* than before, or muttering about saving material for later. If a "physician" with appropriate medical equipment (meaning an Igor's strange collection of needles, threads, bandages and bizarre herbal remedies) rolls under his skill in Weird Surgery while performing First Aid (in other words, if the First Aid is effectively performed using the default from Weird Surgery), any wounds treated will heal with impressive speed and efficiency; the treatment requires 20 minutes per victim, and restores 1d Hit Points of injury damage. Physiology defaults from this skill at -5 (as it is a Medical Skill), but there is considerable overlap. For any straightforward question of what goes where, Weird Surgery can substitute for Physiology with no penalties, but on the question of *why* an organ belongs somewhere, or the use of scientific terminology, use the default.

Obviously, this can be an immensely useful skill for a party of adventurers. GMs should require a non-Uberwaldian to take an Unusual Background costing 20 points or more to learn it, and may prohibit it altogether. Although widespread among Igors, this is *not* a well-known skill on the Disc in general. GMs might also permit Igors and Mad Doctors to learn other Medical Skills at TL5 or higher, making them even more useful, although they are likely to display embarrassing blind spots in critical areas of anaesthesia, patient care, and conventional medical ethics. Weird Surgery does not generally work on zombies, unless they are actually the Monstrous Creations Of Diabolical Science.

REUSING BRAINS

One final note on all the above. Undamaged brains from recently-deceased bodies can be used in the creation of completely new characters (usually Igors). They typically require a jolt of electricity (traditionally from a thunderstorm, via a lightning rod) to get them working again. They essentially start out as more or less "blank slates," with no guarantee that specific skills or memories will be retained (because on the Disc, a person is more than just their brain), but they tend to be quick learners, and GMs should rule that they have inherited some random assortment of mental advantages, disadvantages, minor habits, or fragments of memory from the donor (with, as the saying goes, hilarious results). Also, their IQ will usually be within a point or so of the donor's. Details are left to the GM's whim.

Simplified Troll Characters

The treatment of trolls in *GURPS Discworld* was completely valid from the *GURPS* rules point of view, but of necessity invoked a couple of relatively obscure racial advantages with complicated interactions, making the troll package rather long and perhaps intimidating for new players. To simplify matters, GMs and players can use the following new advantage:



Caroc Cards (Continued)

The deck contains *eight* suits: Octograms, Turtles, Elephants, Swords, Sceptres, Cups, Coins, and Crowns. Each contains numbered cards from Ace to Eight, a Knave, Knight, Queen, and King. There are also Major Arcana, which are dealt out of some games (but which are used in "Aqueduct"); they include the Ruler, the Star, the Importance of Washing the Hands, the Dome of the Sky, the Pool of Night (which may be the same as the Moon), and Death. (Yet again we say; as in the terrestrial Tarot, Death does not always mean death. It's symbolic. Really.)

Caroc-readers claim that the deck contains the distilled wisdom of the universe (or the ancients). Other people (even some wizards) mutter that this is rubbish. Shrewd witches regard the cards as a concentration aid that helps focus innate powers. Both fortune-tellers and gamblers require above-average dexterity, to shuffle a 100-card deck.

A new Caroc deck suitable for use in divination costs at least \$100 new, but there are plenty of cheaper decks suitable for casual gambling. Even high-class casinos generally only use \$50 decks. The cost of a deck that has been marked or otherwise prepared for dishonest use . . . varies with the situation.

Cripple Mr. Onion

This card game is played by two sorts of Discworlders: "Winners" and "Losers." It uses the eight Minor Suits only (you don't want to play with people who use the Major Arcana as well). It is similar to poker, with an initial deal, then a series of betting rounds until all but one player have folded or the bets are equalised, in which case a showdown follows. One may also buy extra cards.

Combinations include the Two, Three, and Five-card Onions, Broken Flush, Double Bagel, Double and Triple Onions, Great Onion (the second-best hand), and Nine-Card Run (a nine-card straight flush – the best possible hand). For quick resolution, use *GURPS* Gambling skill. Characters with ESP and Precognition may roll for that and add the amount they make the roll by to their Gambling, but this does not guarantee victory; any truly skilled player is adept at juggling an assortment of uncertain futures.

Fong Shoy

Fong Shoy (Agatean for "six inches to the left, please") is a mystical art using the arrangement of buildings, gardens, and furniture to bring good or bad fortune. According to rumor, the greatest Fong Shoy masters can travel through time by rearranging bookshelves to create openings into L-Space (p. DI115). Owing to translation errors, many Ankh-Morporkians wrongly believe that Fong Shoy involves advanced head-kicking techniques. It is taught only on the Counterweight Continent, though a few practitioners have moved to Port Duck (see chapter 5). Fong Shoy is an Esoteric Mental/Very Hard skill with no default.

At the GM's option, a character who employs a Fong Shoy expert may spend experience points to acquire Luck or similar advantages, perhaps with the -50% limitation "only when at home." Unscrupulous Fong Shoy experts can be hired to break into an enemy's home or office and rearrange the furniture to bring bad luck. Usually, multiple break-ins are required, moving things a little every time. Each time, roll a Quick Contest between the intruder's Fong Shoy skill and the intended victim's IQ (or Fong Shoy skill). If the victim wins by 5 or more or rolls a critical success, the changes have been spotted. Otherwise, they take effect, unnoticed.

Fong Shoy can be handled in various ways, according to the GM's preference. Simplest of all, the GM may decide that it is all a myth. GMs with access to *GURPS Magic* can treat it as a "quick and dirty" enchantment (pp. M18-19) which turns the location into a "Magic Item" carrying the Bless or Curse spell (p. M62-63), affecting the building's owner or main occupant (the GM decides who this is). The intended victim of bad Fong Shoy has +1 to their roll to spot the attempt for every full hour that the enchantment required.

Alternatively, each time a Fong Shoy expert makes a skill roll, the owner/occupier's luck is changed by half the amount by which it was made, rounding down. The points are used to add, reduce or eliminate luck-related Advantages (Luck, Serendipity, etc.) or Disadvantages (Unluckiness, Jinx, etc.). This luck lasts until the victim moves house, completely redecorates, or brings in another Fong Shoy consultant.

Another approach to bad Fong Shoy is to treat each lost Quick Contest as a failed Fright Check, using the amount by which the contest was lost instead of the amount by which the Will Roll was missed. The effects are *subtle* – GMs may re-roll or modify extreme results – but can build up to gibbering insanity.

TROLL BODY

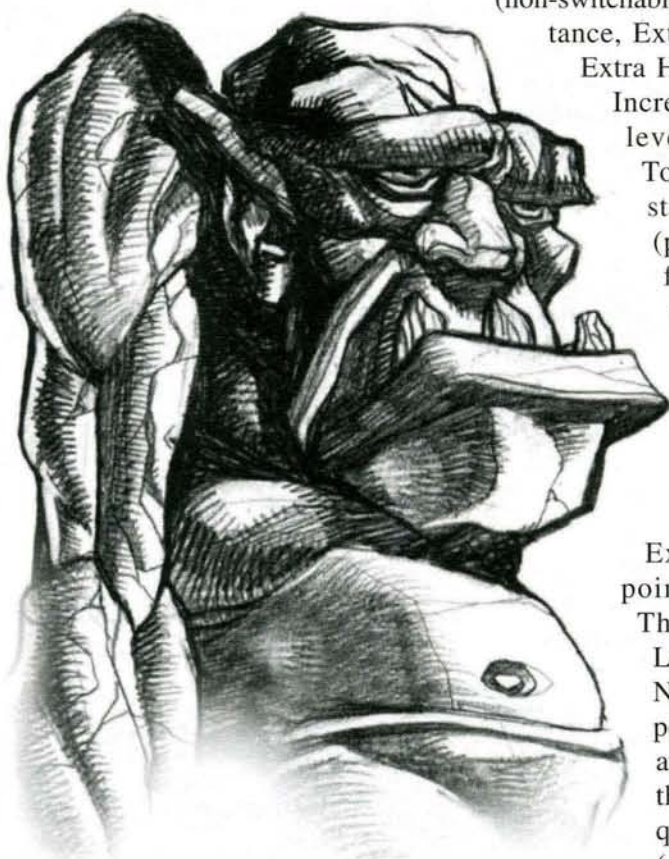
69 OR 81 POINTS

This racial advantage reflects a stony, silicon-based metabolism. It comes in two levels, Sedimentary and Igneous, costing 69 and 81 points respectively. A Sedimentary troll's body has a base DR 4, while the Igneous version gives a base DR 6; both types also have an extra +2 DR against crushing damage attacks, PD 1, and +4 Hit Points, and can live quite comfortably in temperatures from around 0 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, disregarding any effects on Troll Brains (see p. DI75).

Rather than using human Height/Weight tables and encumbrance rules, assume that an average Discworld troll is 6'6" tall and weighs 430 lbs. Add or subtract 2" height and 15 lbs. weight for every point of ST above or below the racial package average. Other troll-like races may have slightly different height/weight ranges. All characters with the Troll Body advantage are considered to be carrying 100 lbs. of Encumbrance due to extra body density. Skinny, Overweight, or Fat trolls, or any suffering from Gigantism, modify these values accordingly; extra weight from being Overweight or Fat adds to Encumbrance as usual. Trolls are considered unencumbered when carrying up to 2× ST, but have Light encumbrance for up to 5× ST, Medium for up to 10× ST, Heavy for up to 20× ST, and Extra-Heavy for up to 30× ST. Thus, with that built-in 100 lbs. (and 20+ ST), almost all trolls are Lightly Encumbered all the time, and can usually only carry a little gear before going to Medium Encumbrance.

Experienced *GURPS* players should note that this advantage is simply a combination of 4 or 6 levels of Body of Stone (non-switchable), +2 Damage Resistance, Extra Encumbrance, +4

Extra Hit Points, 2 levels of Increased Density, and 4 levels of Temperature Tolerance. Thus, the standard troll package (p. DI74) becomes as follows: +12 ST with the "Natural" limitation (see p. CI8; 78 points), +2 HT (20 points), -2 IQ (-15 points), Troll Body (Sedimentary; 69 points), one level of Extended Lifespan (5 points), High Pain Threshold (10 points), Longevity (5 points), Night Vision (10 points), Brawling skill at DX+1 (2 points), and the disadvantages and quirks listed on p. DI74 (-39 points), for a total of 145 points. An Igneous troll adds 12 points to this total, making 157.



MORE DISCWORLD RACES

2

2



GURPS Discworld describes most of the common non-human intelligent races and types of undead, complete with game mechanics, in chapter 4 (pp. DI65-82). However,

there are several other species known from the chronicles, which may be of interest to GMs and excessively experimental players.

Bogeymen



Bogeymen are a *race* of Anthropomorphic Personifications. The power of belief calls some weird creatures into being on the Disc (see p. DI81), but usually on a one-of-a-kind basis. Bogeymen, however, are such a universal archetype that they can be treated as a species. They embody the childish fear of scary monsters under the bed or in the cellar, and do so very competently.

Bogeymen are not actually evil. It is simply their nature to hide in dark corners, and occasionally jump out and frighten people. They can no more help this than a troll can help being made of rock. Some could even be called shy or retiring – after all, their main attribute *is* the ability to remain hidden. But they are no nicer than other races, either, and many actively enjoy being a nuisance.

Bogeymen are hideous, shaggy creatures, with fangs, claws, and dinner-plate eyes. Or so most accounts go; those who meet one rarely get a clear view. They certainly have the equipment to be dangerous in a fight, although they rarely use it.

Bogeymen can get into hiding places without apparently crossing any intervening space (although sometimes, when among friends, they ask people not to look while they move). This is treated below as low-level psionic teleportation, but it is an innate ability; there is no reason to think that bogeymen have any other psionic powers (on the other hand, a *really* gifted bogeyman might be able to read minds to find out what worries people . . .) They can also see in pitch darkness.

Bogeymen feed on rats, spiders, and whatever else they find under the stairs and in the backs of disused wardrobes. They also collect and hoard old shoes, much like a squirrel collects nuts, though not to eat. This is why wardrobes often have old shoes in them that no-one remembers putting there.

BOGEYMAN PACKAGE

Bogeymen have +7 ST (80 points), Cast Iron Stomach (15 points), short Claws (+2 damage: 15 points), Dark Vision (25 points), Fangs (bite does impaling damage: 10 points), Light Fur (DR 1: 4 points), and Immunity to Disease (10 points). They have psionic Teleportation at power 6, with the skill of Autoteleport at IQ+3 (40 points). They also have the racial skills of Body Sense at DX (4 points) and Stealth at DX+4 (24 points). Their disadvantages are Monstrous Appearance (-25 points), Imaginary Existentialism (see below: -15 points), Odious Racial Habit (Lurking: -5 points), and two racial Quirks; “Hoards old shoes” (-1 point) and “Loves cupboards and cellars” (-1 point).

It costs 180 points to play a bogeyman. Their natural lifespan is unknown, and probably depends on how devoutly they are believed in; Extended Lifespan or even Unageing might be justifiable in some cases. Some may also possess Psychic Invisibility at some level.

Bogeyman Build: To find a Bogeyman’s height, add 3” to that for a human of the same strength; its weight will be 5 lbs.

more than that of a human of the same (adjusted) height. Bogeymen are designed to look formidable. However, their habit of bending and stretching in strange ways makes it hard to judge their height precisely.

SPECIAL DISADVANTAGE:

IMAGINARY EXISTENTIALISM -15 POINTS

Bogeymen are formidable, but as figments of childish imagination, they have one major vulnerability; if everyone else in the room has their heads under a blanket,¹ they temporarily cease to exist. They fade back into reality, Mentally Stunned, 1d minutes later – provided that their existence is no longer being denied. If a bogeyman somehow gets his *own* head under a blanket, he can no longer believe he exists, and goes into existential shock. He will stand around stupidly for 1d minutes after the blanket is removed, not even defending himself if attacked.

BOGEYMAN CHARACTERS

Few NPC bogeymen add much to this package apart from further disadvantages, although even a professional nightmare can have some hobbies.

While not exactly endearing, Bogeymen are not actually the monsters they appear to be. They are simply professional lurkers-in-the-dark. This can make them far more interesting and useful as Contacts than as opponents; after all, anyone trying to solve the Mystery of the Murder in the Mansion might learn a lot from the creature that was hiding under the stairs when the Duke fell down them.

Their high point cost aside, bogeymen make rather limited player characters. Their disadvantages are innate rather than cultural, and can only be bought off with a large Unusual Background; many also have Agoraphobia, or a Sense of Duty to their function in life. But if a player in a high-points-base game really wants to play a bogeyman, the GM can always stand back and watch the ensuing weirdness.

SAMPLE BOGEYMAN:

FLARRIK

200 POINTS

Age 22 (since first manifested); 6’6”; 225 lbs.; a typical bogeyman, and hence not often clearly seen.

Attributes: ST 17 [0]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10 [0].

Speed 5.25, Move 5.

Dodge 5.

Advantages: Bogeyman Package [180]; Ally (Mereth the Priest, 100 points, 12-) [10]; Literacy [5]; Longevity [5].

¹ Fluffy blue woolen blankets seem to work best. The Ankh-Morpork Watch carry squares of blanket material in case bogeymen cause them trouble.



Disadvantages: Curious [-5]; Poor [-15]; Sense of Duty (Friends) [-5]; Weak Will -1 [-8].

Quirks: Enjoys theological chats; Thinks “reptilian” is a compliment; Tries to celebrate Offlerite feast-days. [-3]

Skills: Area Knowledge (Ankh-Morpork)-13 [4]; Body Sense-11 [0]; Brawling-12 [2]; Camouflage-12 [2]; Diplomacy-9 [1]; Intimidation-12 [4]; Philosophy (Offlerite)-8 [1/2]; Stealth-15 [0]; Survival (Urban)-9 [1/2]; Theology-10 [2].

Languages: Ankhian (native)-11 [0].

Flarrik first manifested in the cellars of a manor house in the foothills of the Morpork Mountains, and spent his early years startling Mereth, the younger son of the family. Mereth had an exceptional capacity for belief, and a fondness for being frightened. In another universe, he would have sat up watching late-night horror movies on TV. Eventually, Mereth joined the cult of Offler the Crocodile God, and went to Ankh-Morpork to study for the priesthood. Flarrik followed

him, partly because he suspected that it was Mereth’s belief that kept him real, and partly from a warped kind of fondness.

Realising that the bogeyman had taken up residence in the temple cellars, Mereth confronted Flarrik, who eventually accepted that their relationship had to change. They now spend much of Mereth’s off-duty time in philosophical discussion of the nature of fear, and its importance to faith. Flarrik has spent the rest of his time learning his way round the city. Now, Mereth has just been ordained, and the senior priests are considering what best to do with this bright, slightly weird youngster. He may be sent off to restore some decayed temple somewhere.

Flarrik would make an unusual adventurer in a cinematic-level game set in Ankh-Morpork or in the vicinity of Mereth’s first posting. He could also be a useful Patron or Contact for adventurers who somehow get involved with Offlerite affairs, or an unexpected antagonist for anyone trying to stop Mereth from spreading the Good News of Offler by excessive use of terror.





Elves are detailed in Chapter 9 of *GURPS Discworld* (p. D1171-173). In the past, during their visits to the Disc, these extra-dimensional beings sometimes mated with humans, producing a number of bloodlines which are sometimes referred to as "elves," but which might more accurately be called "elfkin." Some such individuals can still be encountered – the progeny of recognised "elf" clans, or "throwbacks" produced by families with dark secrets.

Elfkin have neither the power nor the weaknesses of their full-blooded ancestors. Mostly, they are little more than thin, pale humans with a tendency to mildly unpleasant personalities. However, some of them inherit certain elven powers, albeit in weaker form. This gives a plausible excuse for all sorts of exotic abilities; but on the other hand, being attacked by almost every dwarf or troll one meets can be rather limiting – not to say tiresome.

Thus, elfkin PCs should only be played with the GM's consent. GMs might permit PCs with "a touch of the elf" – thin, pale humans with a weak "wild talent" of some kind, and a dangerous Secret to keep from dwarfs and trolls. Elfkin might fit into the modernising world of Ankh-Morpork in the sort of professions where style is more important than empathy.

ELFKIN PACKAGE

Elfkin have +1 DX (10 points) and Attractive Appearance (slim and graceful: 5 points), along with the quirk-level racial features "Giggles a Lot" (-1 point) and "Sunburns Easily" (-1 point). They also have a Reputation, which gives them +1 from romantics who would think positively of true elves (2 points), -3 from dwarfs and trolls, and humans who have heard certain rumours or had really bad experiences with elves or elfkin (a large class: -7 points), and -1 from humans who just consider elven ancestry nothing to boast about (a small class: -2 points).¹

It costs 6 points to play elfkin.

ELFKIN CHARACTERS

NPC elfkin are often lower-key versions of elves, although it is not impossible to imagine an individual who favours their human heritage, and has a good side of sorts. An elfkin might not become a pleasant person, but it might feel obliged to live up to parts of the elf myth; it could, say, possess an aristocratic Code of Honour.

¹ Full-blood elves might react to them at -3, considering them to be contemptible and pretentious mongrels, or might laugh coldly and treat them no worse than humans; as full elves are not widely encountered, this is not worth any points.

SAMPLE ELFKIN: DUALLA DERAYNE, "DUALLA OF QUIRM" 100 POINTS

Age 25; 5'6"; 120 lbs.; a sharp-featured but attractive young woman with a taste for stylish silk and leather garb, usually wearing a knife on her belt (and with a couple more concealed elsewhere on her person).

Attributes: ST 10 [0], DX13 [20]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 10 [0].

Speed 5.75; Move 5.

Dodge 5.

Advantages: Elfkin Package [6]; Acute Vision +1 [2]; Comfortable Wealth [10]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Fashion Sense [5]; Fearlessness +2 [4]; Literacy [5]; Reputation +1 (Among Ankh-Morpork upper classes, as a talented cour-turier) [2]; Status +2 [10].

Disadvantages: Bad Temper [-10]; Code of Honour (Honest dealing) [-5]; Compulsive Carousing [-5]; Phobia (Mild Ailurophobia) [-5]; Reputation -2 (Among Ankh-Morpork upper classes, as temperamental tantrum-thrower, 10-) [-2].

Quirks: Craves excitement; Dictates everything that her customers wear (including underwear and shoes); Perfectionist about stitching; Refuses to discuss her origins; Throws and tears things when angry. [-5]



Skills: Accounting-10 [1/2]; Area Knowledge (Ankh-Morpork)-12 [1/2]; Artist-11 [1]; Blackjack-12 [1/2]; Brawling-14 [2]; Carousing-12 [8]; Dancing-12 [1]; Fast-Draw (Knife)-12 [1/2]; Gambling-11 [1/2]; Knife-14 [2]; Knife Throwing-12 [1/2]; Leatherworking-12 [1/2]; Main-Gauche-12 [1]; Merchant-13 [2]; Needlecraft-14 [4]; Professional Skill (Dress Design)-15 [6]; Savoir-Faire-15 [0]; Sex Appeal-10 [2]; Streetwise-11 [1/2].

Languages: Ankhian (Native)-13 [0].

Dualla is a “throwback” elfkin. Despite her trade-name, she is not really from Quirm, but from a small Sto Plains town that she wishes to forget completely. Growing up restless in the very minor gentry, with no excitement apart from the hard, hostile, thoughtful looks she received from dwarfs who passed through the area, she inevitably ran away to Ankh-Morpork.

Dazzled by the first well-dressed aristocrat she saw, Dualla decided instantly where her destiny lay. She lied her way into apprenticeship with a dressmaker, made herself invaluable to the business, then set out on her own. She has done well selling daring *haute couture* to Ankhian aristocrats, becoming so

popular among the wealthy that she can afford to throw tantrums, insult some customers, and refuse to serve others. She has a certain perfectionist honesty about her; when she says she will do a job, she *delivers*, at any cost, and she would *never* swindle a customer (whatever people may think of her prices). She neither denies nor admits to her elvish blood, which gives her a glamorous air of mystery to some humans. Some dwarfs in the Watch tried for weeks to establish that she was Up To Something, until Commander Vimes ordered them to stop wasting their time. She enjoys excitement, and her choice of drinking-places is not always safe; this is her excuse for becoming handy with a knife or fists. She avoids cats, thanks to something in her slightly twisted psyche.

Dualla is suitable as a difficult but useful Contact or a non-heroic PC in a “high society” campaign, or as someone for adventurers to meet – and she can show up almost anywhere, looking for fun. She is not actually evil, and people might find themselves defending her against trolls or dwarfs who have let ancient prejudice get the better of their self-restraint.

Gargoyles



Gargoyles were treated as a variety of troll in **GURPS Discworld** (pp. D171-72), for the logical reason that they too are a form of silicon-based life. However, their origins and ancestry may be different, and they have some interest when viewed as a distinct species.

As has been said before, Gargoyles may be a product of high-speed Disc evolution: trolls who have developed a symbiosis with architecture, and a close relationship with guttering that suits an unfussy filter-feeder very well. Conversely, they may be descended from the inanimate decorations on some wizards’ towers; a high level of ambient magic can have all sorts of surprising effects, and there is one type of not-very-rational spell-user who would *insist* on having amusing carvings on a tower. Indeed, Unseen University has its own gargoyle population.

Gargoyles mostly just sit around on ledges and cornices, but they like variety in their diets (usually in the form of pigeons) enough to make them amenable to the occasional paying job. The big practical problem in negotiating with them is that their mouths cannot close properly, so they cannot pronounce many consonants (this should be roleplayed as much as possible).

GARGOYLE PACKAGE

Gargoyles have +10 ST with the “Natural” limitation (66 points), -1 DX (-10 points), -3 IQ (-20 points), Cast Iron Stomach (15 points), Decreased Life Support (10 points), one level of Extended Lifespan (5 points), High Pain Threshold

(10 points), Longevity (5 points), Night Vision (10 points), Reduced Sleep (10 points), Single-Minded (5 points), Troll Body (Sedimentary: 69 points – see p. 20), Unfazeable (15 points), and Climbing as a racial skill at DX+1 (4 points). Their disadvantages are Disturbing Voice (-10 points), Illiteracy (-5 points), Hidebound (-5 points), Innumerate (-1 point), Reduced Move -1 (-5 points), Troll Brain (-10 points), and Ugly Appearance (-10 points), and they have the racial quirks of “Never gets impatient” (-1 point) and “Prefers to be above ground level” (-1 point). It costs 146 points to play a gargoyle. Use the guidelines for trolls to determine gargoyle height and weight, although gargoyles squat and crouch a lot, and often appear relatively short.

Despite often having wings, gargoyles cannot usually fly. They are slow-moving and made of stone, after all. However, in a high enough ambient magical field, so the odd flying or gliding mutant cannot be entirely ruled out.

GARGOYLE CHARACTERS

Gargoyles can simply be played as plot devices, lurking on the roofs of over-decorated buildings and watching the world go by. They can make useful contacts for city-based adventurers who might want to know what happened on a given street at any time. The owners of gothic castles might also employ them as part of the defences; while averse to actual combat, they make excellent lookouts, and might be persuaded to drop the odd heavy object on attackers. They have less appeal as PCs, but they might have some potential.





SAMPLE GARGOYLE: BROKEN BASTION

125 POINTS

Age 65; 6'3" (may appear shorter); 403 lbs.; a sad-seeming gargoyle, with a rough, stony stump where his left hand should be.

Attributes: ST 20/10 [0]; DX 10 [10]; IQ 7 [0]; HT 10/14 [0].
Speed 5; Move 4.
Dodge 5.

Advantages: Gargoyle Package [146]; Acute Vision +1 [2].

Disadvantages: Intolerance (Dwarfs) [-5]; Obsession (Finding a new home exactly like his old one) [-10]; One Hand [-15]; Struggling Wealth [-10].

Quirks: Hates surprise attacks; Uses a lot of military terminology. [-2]

Skills: Area Knowledge (Middle Ramtops)-7 [1]; Axe/Mace-8 [1/2]; Brawling-10 [1]; Camouflage-7 [1]; Climbing-11 [0]; Stealth-9 [1]; Tactics (land)-4 [1/2]; Throwing-10 [4].

Languages: Ankhian (Native)-7 [0].

Broken Bastion used to inhabit the outer defences of a castle somewhere in the Ramtops, until the place's lord got into a squabble with the local dwarf community. They responded with a little efficient undermining, and destroyed the castle. Broken Bastion was forced, despite the injuries that had cost him a hand, to go wandering. The name he uses comes from this history.

Broken Bastion is suitable as a rather melancholy PC in a moderately heroic campaign, or as an encountered in many sorts of game. He survives by taking odd jobs of all sorts. His understandable dislike of dwarfs may make for difficulties on his adventures, and his persistent fussiness about the sort of place where he would like to settle down (it *must* be a mountain-top castle of a particular style) may strain other people's sympathies, but both give him more reasons to travel than most gargoyles.



Aside from being extremely tough and able to blend in with architecture (well, *some* architecture), Gargoyles may well develop sentimental feelings towards the inhabitants of "their" buildings, or may seek revenge for the destruction of their habitat by some besieger. For that matter, any job that is paid well in pigeons might tempt a gargoyle with a refined palate. Having troll-like bodies, they must also have troll-like brains, so one who has settled on some icicle-draped mountaintop tower near the Hub could be quite bright, and could certainly serve as a useful Ally or Patron to adventurers based in those parts, or as the protagonist of adventures set in the surrounding countryside.

Gnolls



Like Gargoyles, Gnolls were classed as a variety of troll in *GURPS Discworld* (p. DI71). However, these sentient scavengers can be treated as a unique species, and while not exactly loveable, they do have a character of their own.

Gnolls appear to have the same relationship to peat, soil, and compost that "regular" trolls have to solid rock, putting them somewhere on the borderline between carbon-based organic matter and silicon-based life. If any Disc wizards or philosophers know more than this, their work has not been widely published. Gnoll Studies are unlikely ever to become fashionable.

Gnolls are about the same size as human beings, but walk bent over almost double. They appear to be covered in a matted mixture of hair, rags, and assorted rubbish, but they aren't; that is the gnoll. They usually have plants growing on them. This body-structure is as tough as, well, inconvenient rubbish; gnolls are quite robust.

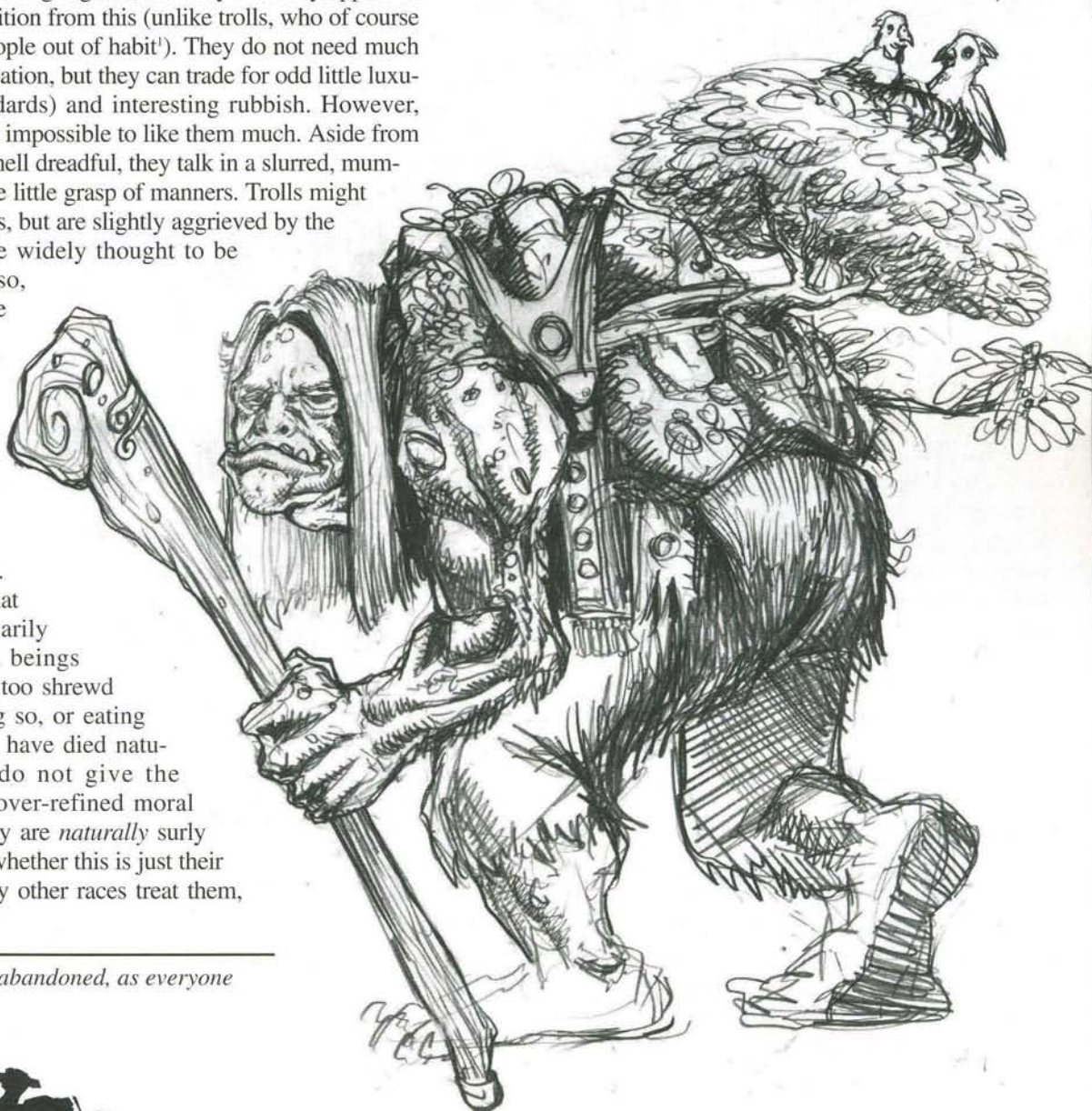
They can eat anything organic, and they do. They appear to obtain genuine nutrition from this (unlike trolls, who of course only used to eat people out of habit¹). They do not need much in the way of civilisation, but they can trade for odd little luxuries (by their standards) and interesting rubbish. However, other species find it impossible to like them much. Aside from the fact that they smell dreadful, they talk in a slurred, mumbling tone, and have little grasp of manners. Trolls might tolerate some of this, but are slightly aggrieved by the fact that gnolls are widely thought to be their relatives. Also, though gnolls are scavengers, like most such in the natural world, they are not above giving something that's already dying a quick thump to hurry things along. This is not to say that they would necessarily kill other sentient beings (they are certainly too shrewd to be caught doing so, or eating human bodies that have died naturally), but they do not give the impression of an over-refined moral sense. Whether they are *naturally* surly and unlikeable, or whether this is just their response to the way other races treat them, is a moot point.

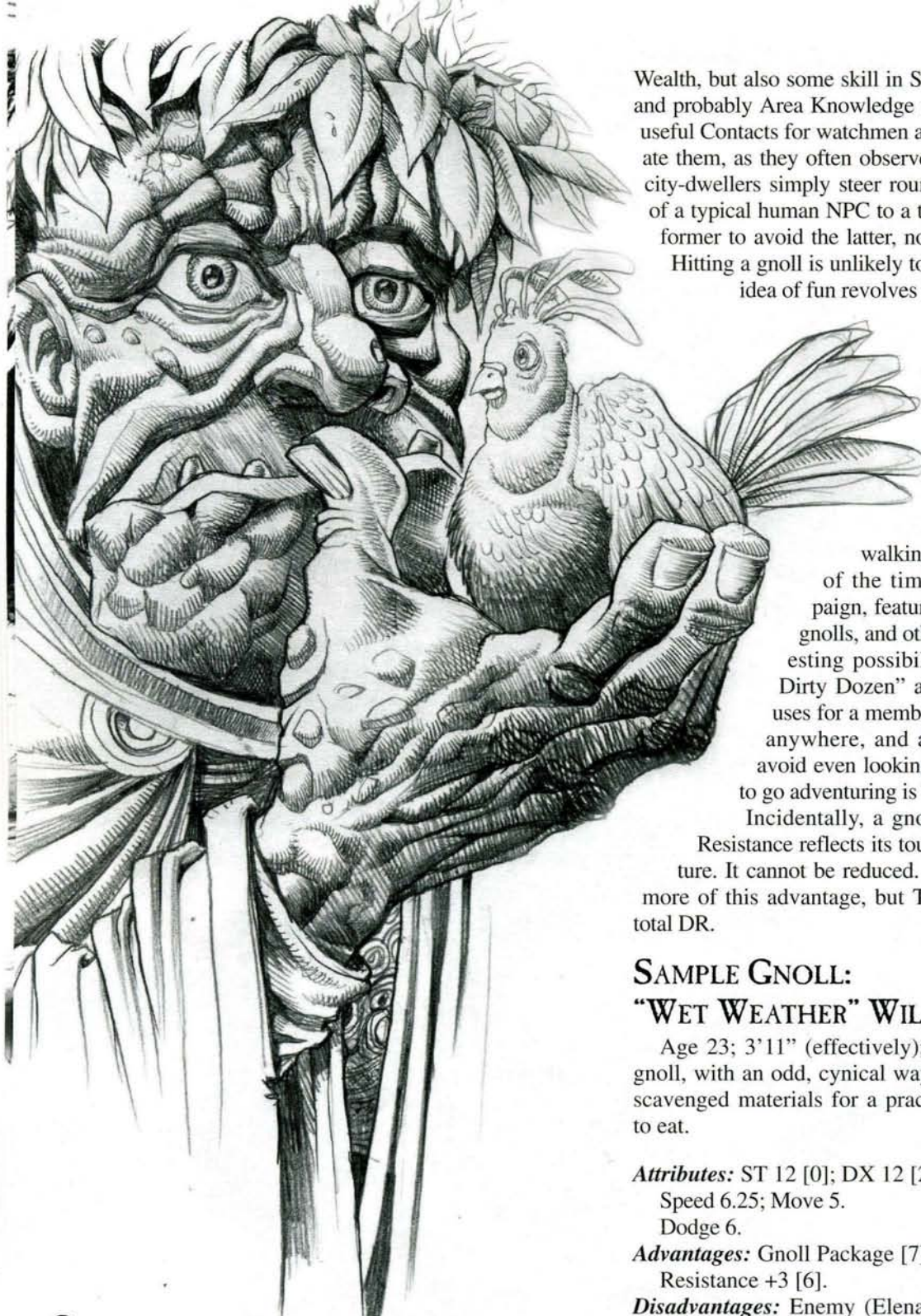
¹ A habit long since abandoned, as everyone knows.

GNOLL PACKAGE

Gnolls have +2 ST (20 points), -2 IQ (-15 points), +3 HT (30 points), Alertness +2 (10 points), Cast Iron Stomach (15 points), Composed (5 points), +2 Damage Resistance (6 points), and 2 levels of Temperature Tolerance (giving a "comfort zone" of about 15 to 95°: 2 points). Their disadvantages are Bad Smell (-10 points), Callous (-6 points), Disturbing Voice (-10 points), Illiteracy (-5 points), Odious Racial Habit (Surly: -5 points), Reduced Move -1 (-5 points), Hideous Appearance (-20 points), and Uneducated (-5 points). It costs 7 points to play a gnoll.

Calculate a gnoll's height and weight as for a human of the same ST, then assume that its effective height is only 2/3 the calculated figure because of the way it walks. Gnolls have probably never developed their own language, simply adopting the languages of the human or troll communities with which they associate.





GNOLL CHARACTERS

Gnolls can be found in the wilds of the Disc, living off dead things and perhaps venturing onto village rubbish heaps for variety in their diet, but they are usually noticed by other races when they move to towns and cities. Once there, they usually start "work" as unofficial street cleaners, dragging ill-made handcarts around as they search for their dinners. An "urban" gnoll will usually have reduced Social Status and

Wealth, but also some skill in Scavenging, maybe Streetwise, and probably Area Knowledge of the city. This makes gnolls useful Contacts for watchmen and adventurers who can tolerate them, as they often observe interesting goings-on. Other city-dwellers simply steer round gnolls. The poor reactions of a typical human NPC to a typical gnoll usually cause the former to avoid the latter, not to launch a physical attack.

Hitting a gnoll is unlikely to be *fun*, even for those whose idea of fun revolves around hitting people.

It would take a determinedly odd player to insist on playing a gnoll, but stranger things have happened. Of course, the player and GM should first make sure that the other PCs will be willing and able to associate with a walking rubbish-heap (at least some of the time). A "Mean Streets" campaign, featuring beggars, zombies (p. 29), gnolls, and other outcasts might be an interesting possibility. Alternatively, a "(Very) Dirty Dozen" adventuring group might find uses for a member who is willing to go almost anywhere, and at whom most NPCs would avoid even looking. Why a gnoll would choose to go adventuring is left to the player.

Incidentally, a gnoll's racial package Damage Resistance reflects its tough, slightly amorphous structure. It cannot be reduced. Neither can a gnoll purchase more of this advantage, but Toughness would increase its total DR.

SAMPLE GNOLL:

"WET WEATHER" WILLGISS 50 POINTS

Age 23; 3'11" (effectively); 162 lbs.; a typical-seeming gnoll, with an odd, cynical way of laughing, often carrying scavenged materials for a practical joke as well as carrion to eat.

Attributes: ST 12 [0]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 9 [10]; HT 13 [0].

Speed 6.25; Move 5.

Dodge 6.

Advantages: Gnoll Package [7]; Alertness +2 [10]; Magical Resistance +3 [6].

Disadvantages: Enemy (Elena Needlebrech and her minions, medium group, 9-) [-20]; Poor [-15]; Status -1 [-5].

Quirks: Likes wet weather; Practical joker; Relatively soft-hearted. [-3]

Skills: Area Knowledge (Octarine Grass Country)-10 [2]; Brawling-12 [1]; Camouflage-12 [6]; Carpentry-9 [1]; Hiking-12 [1]; Mimicry (Bird Sounds)-12 [2]; Netmaking-12 [1]; Orienteering/TL0-8 [1]; Scrounging-9 [1]; Stealth-13 [4]; Survival (Plains)-9 [2]; Survival (Woodlands)-9 [2]; Tracking-10 [4]; Traps/TL0-14 [12].

Languages: Ankhian (Native)-9 [0].



The gnoll named Willgiss was born close to a number of human villages in the Octarine Grass Country, and grew up to be something of an intellectual by gnoll standards, with a taste for practical humour. He is also a sentimentalist of sorts, never killing anything that isn't genuinely on the verge of death already, and actually quite liking small animals and birds for reasons other than edibility. He acquired his nickname simply because he does prefer wet days; bad weather means that there are fewer people around when he goes scavenging on their rubbish heaps, which avoids clashes.

However, his personality has brought him an all-too-interesting life. Following rumours of a place where the weather was almost gloomy, he travelled to a rural area which is falling

under the sway of Elena Needlebretch, an authentic evil witch on the way up (use the Witch character template on p. 62). Observing some of Elena's servants playing games that even a gnoll could despise, Willgiss responded with a few little jokes of his own. Elena took his interference personally, was frustrated by Willgiss' innate resistance to her spells, and the fight was on.

Wet Weather Willgiss is suited for use as an Ally or Contact, or just possibly a PC, in games built around the problem of stopping Elena Needlebretch. Remember, however, that despite his sentimental streak, he *is* a naturally callous scavenger, and also a practical joker (that is, a low-level sadist); while his opponent is far worse, Willgiss is not especially pleasant by human standards.

Zombies



Zombies are dead people who have been re-animated, generally with the original mind in control, but without any change to the fact of their being dead. Usually, this is the result of a voodoo witch spell, but similar results (including the creation of magical mummies) can be achieved in several ways. Zombies have more in the way of free will and personality than their counterparts on other worlds, but a rather marginal place in the Disc scheme of things.

Zombies are obviously walking corpses, which humans may just tolerate, but generally find distasteful. They are hard to kill, being dead already, and usually very strong; they are powered by a combination of magic and willpower, not by biological processes. They have an (exaggerated) reputation for tearing people in half. Because their glands don't do much any more, they behave in a calm, even lethargic way, although they do not necessarily lose all their emotions.

Although they can withstand a lot of damage, and even be stitched back together again afterwards, zombies do not heal like living creatures, and cannot use magical effects or stolen life-energy to patch themselves up like vampires. No matter how careful they are, they deteriorate over time; bits fall off, and cannot always be found for reattachment. Zombies created by powerful magical adepts for long-term purposes may last for years; unimportant servitors may only get months. Eventually, their entire body goes to pieces, at which point, Death shows up to complete the deferred job.

ZOMBIE PACKAGE

Zombies have +5 ST (60 points), -2 DX (-15 points), and +8 Hit Points (40 points). Their advantages are Composed (5 points), Doesn't Breathe (20 points), Doesn't Eat or Drink (10 points), High Pain Threshold (10 points), Immunity to Disease (10 points), Immunity to Poison (15 points), and Injury Tolerance (the full set: no blood, brain, cutting or impaling bonus, neck or vitals: 50 points). Their disadvantages are Ugly Appearance (-10 points), No Body Heat (-5 points), Odious Racial Habit (Do not tend to hide the fact that they are dead, and seem horribly casual about body parts fall off: -5 points), Pallor (-10 points), Social Stigma: Undead

(-10 points), Unhealing (-20 points), and Unnatural Feature (prominent stitching: -5 points). It costs 140 points to play a zombie.

Many zombie characters buy their ST up, and many have special Vulnerabilities linked to the way they were created. For example, the traditional voodoo spell often creates zombies with a Vulnerability to direct contact with salt (usually two levels, rare: -10 points), while a mummy may have the traditional problem with fire, which can ignite the resins and dry bandages that have been used to preserve the body (at least one level, occasional: -10 points). Extra Hit Points represent the fact that a zombie usually has to be hacked to pieces to slow it down; zombies may buy these up or down.

Damage and Repairs: The zombie Unhealing disadvantage takes the lower possible value, because zombies can be repaired. Unfortunately, effective healing magic is rare on the Disc, but a zombie can be stitched back together, at which point normal healing rules apply. Small repairs – a point or two of damage – can be handled by anyone with a strong stomach and a needle and catgut, or by the zombie itself if its hands are still attached; larger amounts of damage may require an IQ roll – or even basic knowledge of Physiology, at the GM's option. Also, for every 5 full hit points lost before repairs are possible, the zombie loses one hit point *permanently*. This represents the inevitable process of deterioration. GMs may, if they wish, apply additional minor physical disadvantages to deteriorating zombies, such as Missing Digit, along with worsening appearance. The zombie does not get any extra points for these.

A mummy, or any zombie created to guard a spot for centuries, may have the Unaging Advantage (15 points). Most, however, decay and deteriorate with time, and hence are subject to the ageing rules. Treat their starting age as that of the human they were before death.

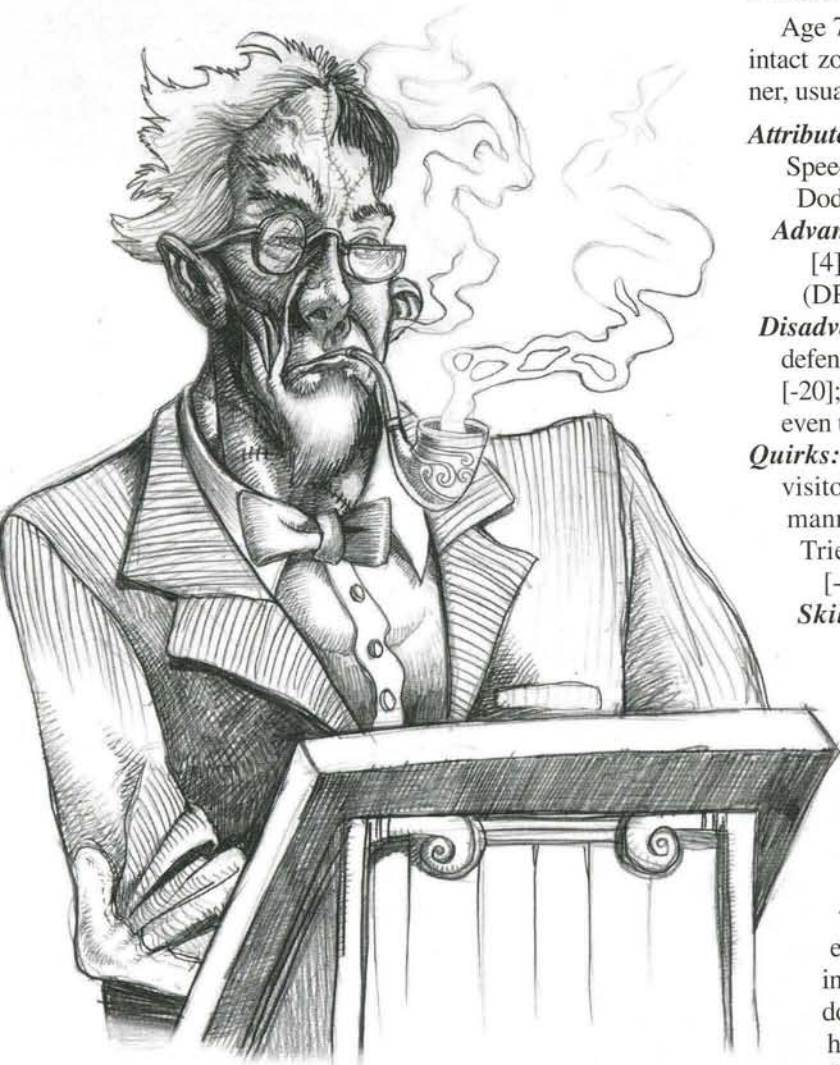
Zombie Build: Zombie height and weight are in the human range; they are not very closely related to the zombie's ST, which is magical rather than biological in origin. They tend to lose weight as time goes by – at best, their flesh shrivels; at worst, bits fall off.



ZOMBIES IN SOCIETY

A zombie may either be at a loose end, or still bound by the magic or supernatural event that created it. In the latter case, its role in any plot is usually pretty simple, and tends to involve lurching at intruders until it is hacked to pieces. "Guardian" zombies rarely have particularly good weapon skills – but when they connect, the target notices. If not obliged to attack immediately, they may be willing to talk, and this can present ingenious adventurers with opportunities. Zombies of this kind have Slave Mentality (p. CI94) and/or Reprogrammable Duty (p. CI104), but are rarely worth developing as PCs or detailed NPCs.

"Independent" zombies are one of the Disc's less happy minority communities. For all their physical strength, they are not best placed to enjoy (un)life. They generally need some objective or self-appointed mission to keep them going; otherwise, it is all too easy for them to lie down and give up. A zombie with a (probably faintly ludicrous) self-appointed role in life can add an interesting twist to many plots.



PLAYING ZOMBIES

Free-willed zombies have an obvious problem as long-term PCs; they slowly but surely fall apart. Of course, some games minimise violence, but zombies have equally wearisome problems with social activities. They are probably best limited to very tongue-in-cheek "monster club" games, or one-off scenarios. They also have a fairly high point cost, but it's rarely hard to find additional disadvantages for a zombie. Still, they *can* last quite a while in non-violent professions; Mr. Slant, the head of Ankh-Morpork's Guild of Lawyers, has been a zombie for some time.

It might just be possible for a voodoo-worker to bring a dead PC back as a zombie, although GMs are perfectly entitled to rule this out. Generally, on the Disc, dead means dead; undeath is something that happens to other people. The spell is described below; if it is cast on a PC, use unspent experience, new disadvantages, and reduced attributes as necessary to balance their points total. The GM should not be shy about having the zombie hacked about in melees until it finally dies completely. Death can be deferred, but not avoided forever.

SAMPLE ZOMBIE:

PROFESSOR ABULIAS FIRST 150 POINTS

Age 7 (since his creation); 6'5"; 213 lbs.; a large, relatively intact zombie with lots of visible stitching and a polite manner, usually wearing plain academic's clothes.

Attributes: ST 15 [0]; DX 8 [0]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 10/14 [0].

Speed 4.5; Move 4.

Dodge 4.

Advantages: Zombie Package [140]; Language Talent +2 [4]; Literacy [5]; Status 1 [5]; Tenure [5]; Toughness (DR 1) [10].

Disadvantages: Extremely Curious [-10]; Pacifism (Self-defence only) [-15]; Reduced Hit Points -4 (Included above) [-20]; Sense of Duty (to anyone who has ever helped him, even unintentionally) [-10]; Truthfulness [-5].

Quirks: Dislikes pitchforks and torches; Keeps wine for visitors (who are too polite to tell him it's awful); Mild-mannered; Still developing a proper sense of humour; Tries to relate people's problems to things in books. [-5]

Skills: Brawling-9 [2]; Literature-16 [10]; Survival (Mountains)-12 [1]; Teaching-12 [1].

Languages: Uberwaldian (Native)-15 [0]; Ankhian-15 [2].

Abulias First is an unusual zombie, having been sewn together by an Uberwaldian mad doctor from the remains of *several* bodies, and animated by insane science rather than conventional magic. He is intellectually quite impressive; indeed, when he was first brought to "life," a storm of thoughts and emotions caused him to tear free of the traditionally inadequate restraining straps and flee into the night. The doctor followed, attempting to reason with the creature he thought to make the First of a New and Better Species, but was accidentally killed by a local poacher.



Abulias wandered Uberwald for a while, one step ahead of the mobs and trying to find the second person he had seen that night, to determine what had really happened, before he learned to read and to understand people a little better. (Damage he suffered during these travels has seriously reduced his Hit Points.) He even discovered a love of books, and eventually left superstition-riddled Uberwald for a position as Professor of Comparative Literature at a small but progressive university elsewhere on the Disc.

Abulias is, of course, the Secret Patron of Dieter the Poacher (see *GURPS Discworld*, pp. sidebars, DI196-197). He is suitable as a patron, an unusual encounter, a contact for anyone needing specialist literary knowledge (or possibly advice concerning Uberwald), or a confusing factor in any plot involving Dieter. He is not really suited as an adventurer, although he is helpful (and robust) enough if action is required.

CREATE ZOMBIE SPELL (VH, REGULAR)

Note: Zombie creation on the Disc is a complex process, not much like the GURPS Magic spell (p. M73). Other, accidental effects can also lead to the creation of zombies and similar beings, but this is the deliberate version.

This spell is known to voodoo experts and a few others, mostly determinedly evil or warped wizards. It may require an Unusual Background for anyone but a voodoo expert to learn, as most other spell-casters regard it with distaste. For that matter, so do most ordinary folk; zombies themselves may be tolerated, but zombie-makers tend to suffer from -4 Reputations and neighbours with flaming torches.

Creation of a zombie requires a recently-dead human or dwarf body. It does not appear to work with trolls, although a variant spell might be possible. Animal bodies lack the residual life-energy to power the result. It also requires a collection of exotic plant extracts and bizarre ingredients, costing about \$100 per casting in locations such as Ankh-Morpork, but less in voodoo-rich tropical areas such as Genua. If some of these can be administered to the subject within 24 hours *before* death, the spell is cast at +3. The spell recalls the dead person's spirit from whatever after-life it might have gone to, and

re-binds it to their body, using its supernatural energy to power the resulting zombie. The spell is cast at -1 for every half-hour that has passed since the person's demise, since the delay makes the spirit harder to recall, and the body becomes more decomposed and less useful. A failure means that it is impossible for anyone to make a zombie out of this corpse.

To determine the zombie's abilities, begin by adding the zombie package to the original character. Then, subtract 50 points from the character total to reflect lost memories and abilities. For every point by which the spell roll was made, the zombie gets 10 of those points back, so a roll made by 5 points or more means no loss for the zombie. Lost points are taken away by the GM, and usually come off DX, IQ, or possibly Hit Points. A critical success on the spell roll gives the zombie +50 points, usually spent on ST or hit points. When the zombie awakens, roll a Quick Contest of Wills between the caster and the zombie. If the caster wins, the zombie must obey its creator; this could be considered an Involuntary Duty, and may even give it a Slave Mentality (especially on a critical success for the caster), but neither gives the zombie any extra points. If the zombie wins it breaks the spell-caster's control, and becomes a free-willed being. Roll a reaction, with modifiers according to its personality, to determine its opinion of the spell-caster. It might be grateful for the chance of a new (un)life, or it might be outraged and attack.

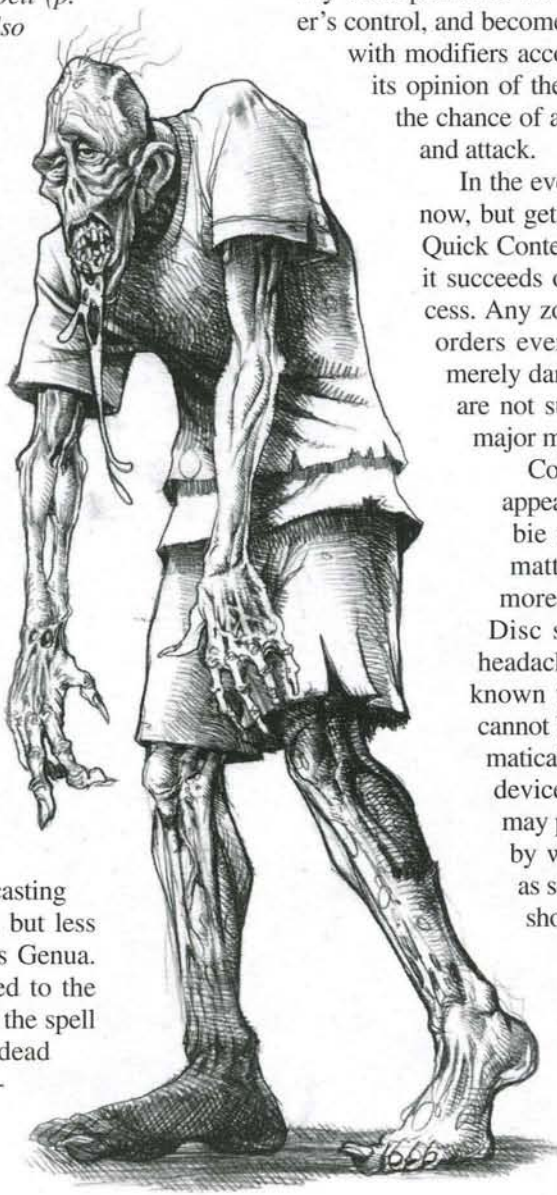
In the event of a tie, the zombie must obey for now, but gets another chance to break free with a Quick Contest every month thereafter, until either it succeeds or the caster wins with a critical success. Any zombie may attempt to break free if its orders ever go strongly against its nature, but merely dangerous or self-destructive commands are not sufficient; the order must contradict a major mental disadvantage.

Contrary to some beliefs, Death does not appear for the person who becomes a zombie until the zombie is destroyed. It's a matter of destiny or something; delving more deeply than this into the theory of Disc spirituality is just likely to lead to headaches. Therefore, logically, if Death is known to have appeared for someone, they cannot be made into a zombie; the spell automatically fails. GMs may use this as a plot device. Gods and beings of similar power may prevent individuals becoming zombies by whisking their souls off to an afterlife as soon as possible, or insisting that Death should visit them at that point.

Cost: 10.

Time to cast: 10 minutes.

Prerequisites: Magery 2, Sense Life, Persuasion, Enchantment, Lend Strength, Rejoin, and ten other spells of any type.



MORE DISCWORLD MAGIC

3

3



The Discworld is a place where magic works, albeit sometimes in strange ways, and where it has a (rather peculiar) place in society. This chapter presents some optional rules and ideas for handling this topic, and further coverage of the Disc's foremost magical institution for those who want to study there or visit.

Magic Rules

Thaumatology and Other Skills

Thaumatology is a skill which is defined in *GURPS Compendium I*, and which was mentioned in *GURPS Discworld* as a requirement for Discworld wizards. However, it is not defined in *GURPS Lite*, with the result that gamers using only that and not *GURPS Compendium I* have sometimes had problems with *GURPS Discworld's* treatment of wizardry. For the convenience of those players, here is the skill as it works in this setting:

THAUMATOLOGY

(MENTAL/VERY HARD)

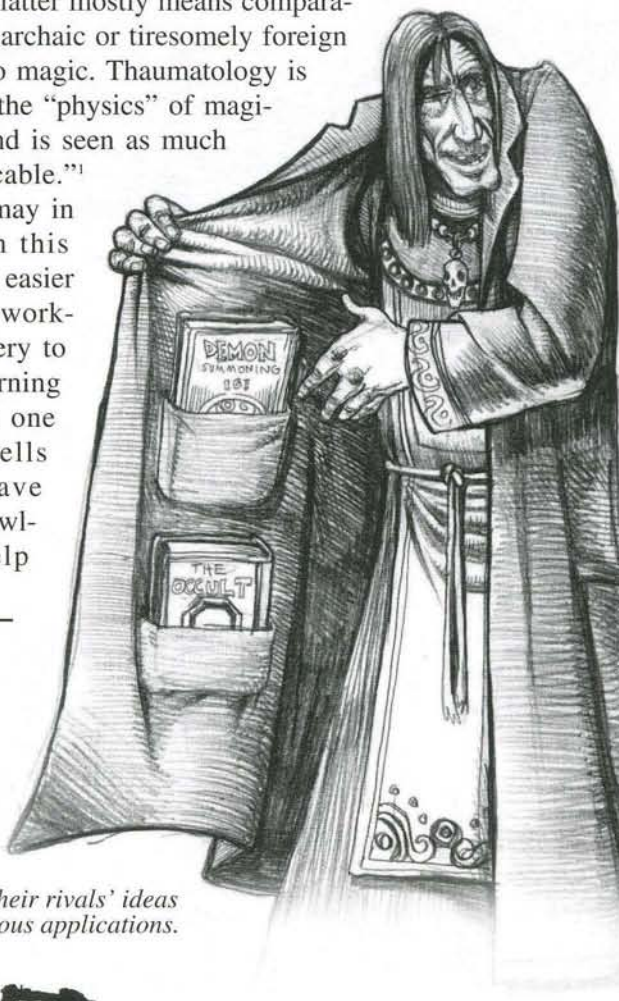
This covers academic knowledge of the theories behind magic. It is different from Occultism (p. B61), the academic study of magical beliefs and practices of different cultures; on

the Disc, the latter mostly means comparative study of archaic or tiresomely foreign approaches to magic. Thaumatology is the study of the "physics" of magical forces, and is seen as much more "applicable."¹

Non-mages may in theory learn this skill, but it is easier for a magic-worker; add Magery to IQ when learning this skill, as one does for spells (mages have "applied knowledge" to help them!).

¹ Of course, scholar-wizards disagree widely and sometimes violently about thaumatological theories, and invariably consider their rivals' ideas useless for serious applications.

DEFAULTS TO IQ-6



Occultism Skills

On the Disc, Occultism (p. B61) is a rarer skill than Thaumatology, and is largely limited to academic wizards who choose to take an interest in archaic, defunct, and unfashionable styles of magic. However, undergraduate wizards attend a few lectures on the subject (most of which they forget after the examination, of course), and a very few non-wizardly scholars and eccentric witches may have read a little on the subject.

The variant *Occultism: Demonology* (p. C1157) also exists. It involves knowledge of the Discworld's demons and hells, and also of various entities that have lurched out of the Dungeon Dimensions and established themselves more or less permanently in reality. It is taught to student-wizards and trainee priests, mostly as a set of horrible warnings, and some Discworld demonologists (see p. D1105) take to it with depressing enthusiasm.

Occultism: Vampire (p. C1157) can be used to represent the lore of the Disc's small class of full-time vampire-hunters. It mostly covers the range of weaknesses, habits, and foibles displayed by vampires from different regions and countries. It can be very important, for example, for a vampire-hunter to know when to carry a bag full of poppy seeds, when lemons are more appropriate, and when to watch out for lurking melons. It is formally taught in some temples and theological colleges, as priests are sometimes called up to lead the mob up to the castle with the torches, pitchforks and wooden stakes. Wizards do not generally bother with it, observing that very few vampires aren't susceptible to a quick fireball.



An Alternative Optional Spell Memorisation Rule

The spell memorisation rule presented in the main text (p. 35) may be a little complex for some tastes. For a simpler alternative that simulates the behaviour of Disc wizards as sometimes seen, try the following:

Any wizard wishing to cast a spell that he has not used in the previous 48 hours must first roll vs. his skill in that spell, with -1 for every point of energy it costs for a minimum casting (the printed cost, unmodified by skill). If this roll fails, he must go back to his spell-books and remind himself of the technique (taking 3d minutes) before he can cast the spell.

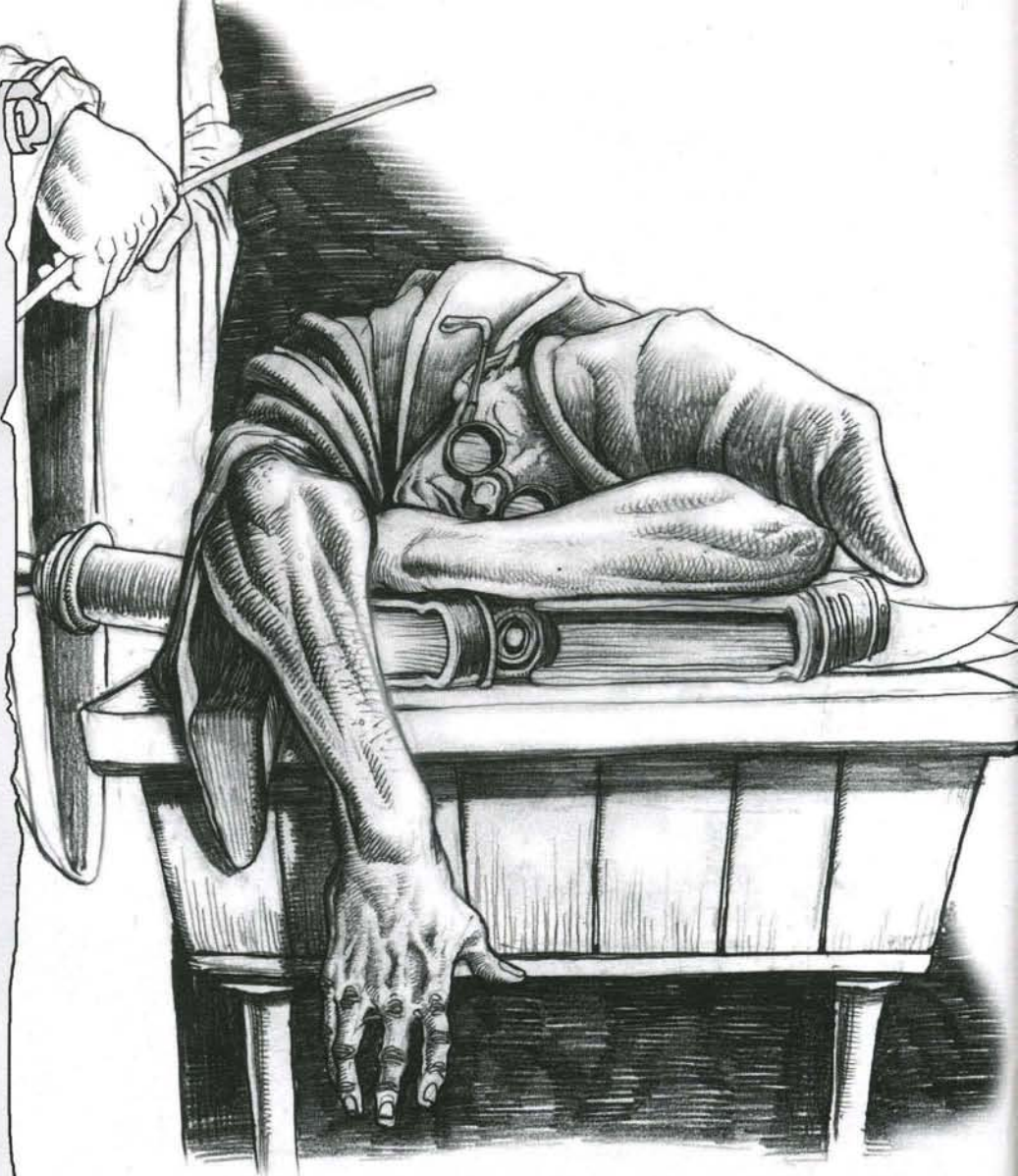
As a further option, this limitation may be the result of a special Disadvantage; "Book-Bound Wizard," worth -5 points, and only available to characters who know at least 15 different spells.

The Eight Orders

One set of divisions which are as old as the University, and which are ignored half the time and treated as absolutely crucial the other half, are the *Orders*. These are not disciplinary colleges in the sense that American universities have a College of Medicine, a College of Law, a College of Astronomical Athletic Scholarships, et cetera. UU does have faculties for various academic subjects, but they are simply administrative divisions. In American terms, the Orders are a *little* like fraternity houses, but much more formal, with a hierarchy extending to the top of the faculty. Among other things, the shambolic and unpredictable system for assigning undergraduate accommodation mostly places students by Order. Senior wizards may largely ignore their Order membership, except when cheering on the University's rare and eccentric sporting events¹ or when desperate for an excuse to extend an irrational private squabble. However, they never quite forget these old allegiances, and junior wizards treat them as something of a source of personal identity.

Continued on next page . . .

¹ Such as its boat races, which, due to the nature of the River Ankh, involve teams of eight students chasing each other on foot while carrying a boat.



On the Discworld, Thaumatology is the core theoretical skill taught in the course of a wizard's training. It represents the theories and underlying principles that (supposedly) lie behind everything else that he does, and any wizard should spend at least one point on it. (Actually, student wizards are *supposed* to spend hundreds of hours studying it, but they mostly just cram at the last minute before exams.) Witches hardly ever bother with it, although a very few research witches – a rare breed – may take a passing interest; they are eminently practical magic-wielders, and no more require theoretical Thaumatology than a car mechanic needs to study theoretical physics or metallurgy. Non-wizardly academics are also unlikely to be able to study this skill; wizards guard their monopoly of the field jealously (with *some* reason, as untrained tinkering with magic can have catastrophic results), and anyway, knowing the theory of magic without being able to work the practical stuff is just frustrating. The default is only available to characters who have had an opportunity to hear something about magic and its operation (which includes witches, priests, non-wizardly scholars, and indeed most literate Discworlders).

This skill is useful in magical research, though research witches can get by on rule of thumb and trained intuition. It is certainly a necessity for any wizard trying to invent a new spell from first principles. (See p. B186-187 and p. C1125-126 for rules for invention.)



Also, although advanced Discworld thaumatologists tend to be unworldly academics, they *can* often apply their knowledge to the analysis of previously-unknown spells, or the results of critical spell successes or failures. Roll against the skill; the more the roll is made by, the greater insight the thaumatologist has into what just happened.

Memorised Spells

Going by recent novels in the series, Discworld magic works similarly to how most *GURPS* players might expect it to work. If you know a spell, you know it, and that's that. However, early volumes in the chronicles hinted at another approach, that should be familiar to broadly experienced role-players. GMs wishing to take that hint and parody *A Certain Other Game*TM may prefer to try the following *optional* rule; note that it restricts wizards fairly severely.

OPTIONAL SPELL MEMORISATION RULE

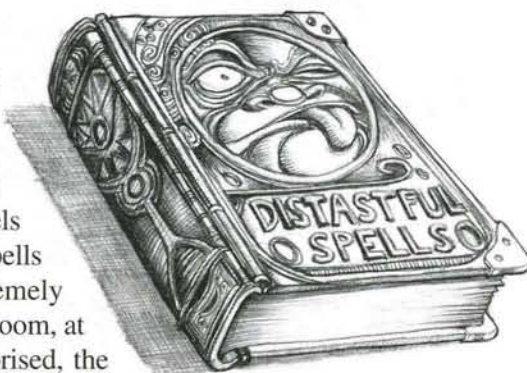
Discworld spells may be read directly from a book, or memorised for portability. Wizards may memorise a number of spells equal to their IQ + Magery + levels of Eidetic Memory. Very Hard spells might use two "slots," and extremely complex spells can take up more room, at the GM's discretion. Once memorised, the spell stays in the caster's head until it is used, after which that memory space becomes available again. Wizards may memorise the same spell more than once at a time.

Reading a spell into memory takes five minutes per point of space required. Wizards working in haste may attempt a Will roll, and deduct 10% from the time for every point by which it is made (to a minimum of one minute per space point), but on a failure they add 20% to the time, and on a critical failure, they get a splitting headache for 1D hours, in which time they cannot use any magic, and make all other rolls at -5.

In this system, learning a spell (and paying character points for it) represents the process of wrestling it into your personal grimoire. A skill roll is not required on casting, but the memorised spell is not self-energising; normal energy costs must be met, and skill level *does* modify those. Casting an otherwise-unknown spell from another wizard's grimoire requires a roll against Thaumatology skill at -5, or -10 for Very Hard spells, and costs full energy. Alternatively, memorised spells may have no energy cost, but require skill rolls to cast. Casting from a strange grimoire would still work as above.

When a wizard dies, all his currently-memorised spells are cast at once, using the remnants of his life energy and draining his staff. The order in which the spells are cast, and their targets, are random (although the GM may intervene for maximum dramatic effect).

Obviously, all this requires fully literate wizards. Shamans, witches and suchlike would have to use a different system. Perhaps they "memorise" spells by puttering about mumbling (for witches), or hitting the mushrooms (for shamans).



The Eight Orders (Continued)

While there have always been Orders at UU, their names and locations have changed over the centuries. The exception is Mrs. Widgey's Lodgers, which is an organisation as old as the University itself.¹ The current list is as follows:

The Ancient and Truly Original Sages of the Unbroken Circle
The Hoodwinkers
Mrs. Widgey's Lodgers
The Ancient and Truly Original Brothers of the Silver Star
The Venerable Council of Seers
The Sages of the Unknown Shadow
The Order of Midnight
The Last Order (also known as *The Other Order*).

As is explained in *GURPS Discworld* (p. D1112), the Hebdomadal Board (the university council) used to consist of the heads of the eight orders, but this system has lately fallen into disuse.

University Servants

Unseen University could not be run without a lot of patient, underpaid employees behind the scenes. Naïve visitors might wonder why the wizards could not use magic to meet their every want, but no-one with a modicum of experience of Disc magic would even consider raising the question.

For one thing, magic takes care and effort, whereas a competent servant manages himself. For another, magic has at least latent consciousness; an enchanted cooking-pot that perpetually had to produce high-quality soup might, at best, raise objections to its state, and might at worst start experimenting with *nouvelle cuisine*. And for a third, even the most routine magic carries a tiny but significant risk of Going Wrong – a risk that should only be run for very good reasons (such as "I felt like it").

Work as servants in such an environment carries a small but measurable risk, of course. However, it does provide one way in which female characters can get inside the University without attracting attention.

Continued on next page...

¹ Originally, the Tower of Art was too small to hold all students, some of whom boarded with Mrs Widgey, whose house stood where New Hall does today.



University Servants (Continued)

The Bledlows and Their Ceremonies

A special group of servants, the University police force are known as the Bledlows (the origin of the name is unknown). They tend to be heavysset and elderly, but quick ("spry" is a term sometimes used) and assertive. They are mostly ex-soldiers or watchmen. They have a universal confidence that all students are guilty of something.

Most of the time, their main task is to act as porters. However, they also act as repositories of Unseen University lore – that is, knowledge connected with the university as an historical place of learning, rather than as a magical nexus – which they seem to regard as more important than the concerns of the wizards or students. They thus spend a lot of their time observing pointless (but possibly once useful) rituals, such as the Ceremony Of The Keys and the Search Of The Laundry.

This sort of thing is not unusual in a world with a large domestic servant class; Savoir-Faire is ultimately more important to people whose place on the ladder is lower and needs more defending. But the Bledlows raise ritual to an advanced level, frequently annoying the wizards quite intensely. Some faculty members wonder what the Bledlows really think the University is for.



Getting on at Unseen University

As *GURPS Discworld* explained (pp. DI109-118), Unseen University is an ancient system evolved to keep wizards relatively harmless, most of the time. As adventurers may find themselves there at one time or another, it's worth taking a further look at how it is structured.

UU is a complex organisation, divided both vertically and horizontally. At the top of the heap, the faculty – the tenured professors and the council – try to avoid contact with the lower levels; on the one hand, they have a snobbish disdain for such spotty, inferior beings, and on the other, they find the company of the enthusiastic, erratic student body and graduate researchers faintly intimidating. They employ relatively junior graduates to handle teaching, only intervening when sorely provoked.

In the past, when promotion at this level was achieved by clandestine assassination and other foul play – the process politely known as *droit de mortis* – the senior faculty was united mostly by the fact that they were all spending all their time watching each other for dirty tricks. Today, since the advent of Archchancellor Ridcully (see sidebar, pp. DI108-109, and p. DI110), they more closely resemble a smug club for crankish old gentlemen with shared tastes in large dinners. Their conviction of their own superiority remains constant.

Among the undergraduates and recent graduates where there are larger numbers of individuals of the same standing, there are more "vertical" divisions. Junior and trainee wizards are divided by specialisations, personal interests, social background, and countless other distinctions only important to themselves. Indeed, some of the most ritualistic and subtle distinctions are drawn among individuals who are not officially considered members of the University at all; the University Servants (see sidebar, p. 35).



University-Based Campaigns

Unseen University could be an interesting base for a Discworld campaign. In general, such games can be set at one of three levels:

An *Undergraduate* game would feature PC wizards-in-training. These would be quite low-point-value characters (see the Student Wizard template, p. 46), and not terribly competent in magic. Indeed, some might have no useful spells at all, and others might be justifiably nervous of using what they do know. Plots would probably start with the complications of student life (which are pretty consistent in *some* ways throughout the multiverse), although they could spin off in countless directions. Trying to recover something lost in the course of an unwise prank before its rightful, high-point-value owner notices that it has been borrowed could lead to adventures across Ankh-Morpork. Doing a favour to ensure a glowing report from a tutor could entail delving through the dark history of Disc magic in a very physical way. Patching Hex's operating system to play games faster could make hacking the Pentagon's missile control computers look like a really bright idea.¹ Unwise attempts to find a book (desperately needed for an overdue essay) without the Librarian's aid could lead to expeditions into L-Space and thence almost *anywhere*. Undergraduates are also fairly likely still to be in regular contact with their families and old school-friends, who could involve them in relatively mundane plots.

Do note one thing, however; Unseen University is based on the older parts of the British university system, *not* on modern American education. Reference to fraternities with Greek-letter names, toga parties, and other features from certain all-too-popular movies, are completely inappropriate. Likewise, UU remains, for practical purposes, an all-male institution.²

Alongside the undergraduates, players might choose to create characters such as University servants and citizens of Ankh-Morpork with whom they strike up acquaintance, relatives of undergraduates who live near enough to visit, street mimes and other demented radicals whose rhetoric might prove dangerously appealing to impressionable and naïve minds, or people whom undergraduates might choose to consult on specific subjects. How suitable such individuals would be as PCs depends on the exact nature of the game that the GM is planning. All such ideas should be discussed beforehand.



¹ The latter, after all, involves only three-dimensional threats.

² Although the happy thought occurs; it *appears* to be all-male. But who knows if all those beards are real?

The Roundworld Project

The Roundworld Project was originally a thought experiment – a hypothetical idea discussed by various senior academics at Unseen University. They theorised that it should be possible to create a zone where *no magic* existed, despite the fact that magic is a basic element of the Discworld universe. However, calculations quickly established that this would require excessive amounts of power. Then, Ponder Stibbons (p. DI190) and his colleagues in the High Energy Magic Building (p. DI116) succeeded in splitting the thaum, the elementary particle of magic,³ while neglecting to incorporate enough safety factors in the devices they had built.⁴ Faced with excessive amounts of raw magic, Hex, UU's magical computer, manifested the Roundworld Project on the spot. It turned out that the result was an entire universe, packed into a convenient globe about a foot across.

This universe proved to lack narrativium (the element that causes events on the Discworld to form sensible stories), deitygen (the elementary substance of gods), or even chelonium or elephantigen (which go to make up world-sized turtles and elephants). However, other elements came into existence, clumped together to form ludicrously large stars and viable round planets, and eventually formed life.

In fact, the Roundworld turned out to be something remarkably like our own universe. However, the wizards eventually got bored with its lack of narrative structure, and forgot about it. However, it had become self-sustaining, so it was handed over to Rincewind, who had been given the strictly honorary post of Egregious Professor of Cruel and Unusual Geography, for safe keeping. It now sits on a shelf in his office, with a note telling the University housekeeper not to dust it. (There is some theoretical possibility of leakage of concepts and even matter "down from" the Discworld to the Roundworld, possibly via L-Space, which generates vast game possibilities which should be handled with extreme caution.)

Room 3B

Unseen University's "Room 3B" does not exist, but for once, there is nothing darkly metaphysical about this unreality. The fact is that some lectures and suchlike are on the timetable, but no teacher or student wants anything to do with them. These lectures are always scheduled for Room 3B. Sometimes the entire teaching staff is in there at once. However, an established Discworld fact is that if enough people believe in a thing...

³ Their justification was that the university heating system wasn't working well enough, and they could improve it.

⁴ In the UU squash court, naturally.



Spell Names

Spells on the Disc often have complex and evocative names, frequently commemorating some great past wizard who invented them (or who said he did, and no-one thought it was safe to argue). Players of wizards might like to raise the tone of their spell-books by renaming the prosaically titled *GURPS* spells they learn. The following are just a few suggestions, some drawn from the novels:

Apportation (p. M69)
Gindle's Effortless Elevator
 Beast Possession (p. M24) or
 Rider Within (p. M29)
Psychoprocio
 Blur (p. B163 or M58)
Dalbarn's Imprecise Apparency
 Control Illusion (p. M52)
Perkling's Phantasm-Pilfering
 Dehydrate (p. M39)
Stellmoin's Aggressive Water Reduction
 Glue (p. M69)
Bronk's Tackiness
 Earthquake (p. M33)
Herpetty's Seismic Reorganiser
 Extinguish Fire (p. M37)
Pyroto-Thaumatellic
Comprehensive Negation
 Great Wish (p. M44)
The Spell Not Even To Be Thought
About (No We Really Mean It!)
 Ice Sphere (p. B160 or M41)
The Cold and Painful
Round Projectile Spell
 Mass Daze (p. B164 or M66)
Illghost's Crowd Confusion
 Mollusk Control (p. M24)
The Laskallians' Complete and
Authoritative Slug and Snail
Manipulation Incantation
 Morphic Tweaking (p. D1140)
Stacklady's Morphic Resonator
 Ruin (p. M59)
Total Thaumatic Invalidation
 Season (p. G43)
Ridcully's Blandness Eliminator
 Shape Darkness (p. M58)
Hollix's Shadow-Twister
 Shape Stone (p. M31)
Gherriacauld's Flinty Barrier
 Sound Jet (p. M78)
Stunning Shrillness, by Blistrong
 Stone Missile (p. B156 or M32)
Weltburger's Crunching Projectile
 Tangle Growth (p. M76)
Fellwold's Hedge Charm
 Walk Through Earth (p. M31)
Uling's Geological Passage
 Weather Dome (p. M78)
Wox and Karm's
Meteorological Countermeasure
 Wizard Eye (p. M54)
Big Odi's Handy Research Tool
 Wizard Mouth (p. G61)
Really Huge Henri's Dinner Sampler

Next in ascending order of age and power is a *Graduate* game, featuring PCs who are fully qualified as wizards, but who remain relatively low on the University hierarchy. They may have joined the teaching staff and face the horrors of supervising undergraduates, they may be deeply engrossed in fascinating projects involving Hex or the High Energy Magic Building, or they may be trying to establish themselves as freelance consulting wizards, but still hanging around the University for various reasons. The Graduate Wizard template (p. 58) is useful when creating such characters, who may be reasonably powerful spell-casters, but who also often tend to be rather unworldly and detached from normal behaviour.

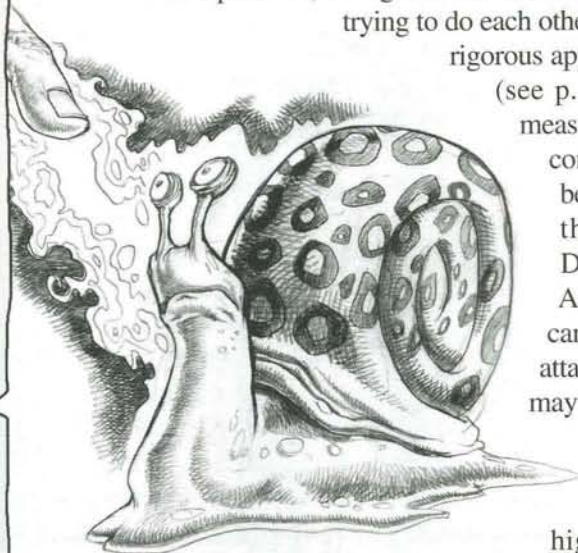
This set-up can be used as the basis of a relatively conventional adventuring game, as researchers and consultants chase off after all sorts of problems and solutions, possibly even venturing into underground labyrinths with 10-foot wide corridors in search of magical devices. It can also easily involve non-wizard or other variant PCs, including thaumaturgists and magicians, brawny warriors employed as bodyguards, senior University servants, city-dwellers who find that they share some interests, or keen undergraduates with non-magical abilities that balance their lack of academic qualifications and training. On the other hand, a group consisting of nothing but graduate wizards who never leave the confines of the University can easily have *extremely* strange adventures, as they are probably the most willing and able of all to take magical research in completely unprecedented directions.

Conversely, *Senior Wizard* games deal with the high-ranking tenured faculty of the University (see the Senior Wizard template, p. 62). They will often involve extended jokes about their conservatism and their view of magic. Their objectives should usually be coloured by the urge to eat a lot of large dinners, avoid undergraduates, and maybe engage in a little subtle academic politics. However, such individuals are not completely amoral; when *serious* supernatural forces threaten the Disc, they will often show up, fireballs at the ready, and confuse the situation even further. Conversely, by setting the game back a few years, in the era of *droit de mortis*, the campaign can be made as subtle, brutal, and wasteful of player characters as the most exasperated GM could ever imagine.

The problem, in a game where senior wizards *don't* spend their time trying to do each other in, is sheer firepower. Although rigorous application of various optional rules (see p. 33) can keep this under some measure of control, the main trick is to

come up with problems that *cannot* be solved simply by magic. Gods, the Things from the Dungeon Dimensions, and major Anthropomorphic Personifications can often simply shrug off magical attacks. Dealings with other wizards may be conducted under rules that say it's impolite to use magic even if it might work. Wizards who become involved in high-level mundane politics may

have to contend with the fact that Discworld magic, while powerful, is hard to conceal; and irritated mundane folk – especially those who tend to be active at that level of politics – can make life tiresome for *all* wizards, and may eventually plant an unexpected knife in an arrogant wizard's back.



Magic Items and Devices

As a long-inhabited world with a high ambient magic level, the Disc is downright cluttered with magical artefacts and gimmicks. (See pp. DI128-131.) This section describes a few examples – some well-known, some merely hypothetical. GMs are always free to invent more.

THE THAUMOMETER

Ambient magical energy can be measured with a *thaumometer*, a small, green or dark blue glass device with a dial on the front and a button on the side. It is especially useful for determining when one is in an area of high residual magic (a Very High Mana zone; see sidebar, p. DI102) or in some region where supernatural forces are running wild.

The standard unit of magic (used by wizards who believe in measuring things) is the *thaum*. This is defined as the amount of power necessary to (semi-permanently) create one small white pigeon or three standard billiard balls. Academic wizards recognise smaller divisions (millithaums), but these are not of direct importance to practical spell-casting. Most thaumometers are calibrated in thaums, and a standard thaumometer is good for up to a million thaums (the level associated with major acts of divine creation), after which it tends to melt.¹ The alternative unit is the *Prime* (named for its inventor, Augustus Prime), which is defined as the amount of magic required to move one pound of lead one foot, with subdivisions into milli-, micro-, and nanoprimes. This was an attempt to put magical measurement on a rational scientific basis. It never caught on.

The thaumometer device seems to be a relatively new invention, and is probably only available at Unseen University (and perhaps on the Counterweight Continent). The suggested price is \$250.

MAGIC SWORDS

Magic swords are traditional heroic appurtenances on the Disc, but most of them are rather old. They were generally originally made by dwarfs with Long-Forgotten Rune Lore, great wizards, or blacksmith gods. The first are, well, long forgotten, while wizards have long since gone off swords (which always seem to fall into the hands of heroes, who have an unpleasant penchant for using them on wizards), and blacksmith gods are usually employed these days improving the style of the balcony railings and door furniture around Dunmanifestin (p. DI164). Wizards also object to the rather erratic magic of many blades, which can scramble the calibration on magical instrumentation for miles around, and tend to arrange for such swords to be lost at every opportunity. Still, a wide range of enchanted edged ironmongery is available, and some of it is even black, sentient, and afflicted with personality disorders. GMs can plunder *GURPS Magic*, *GURPS Magic Items*, and *GURPS Magic Items 2* for ideas.



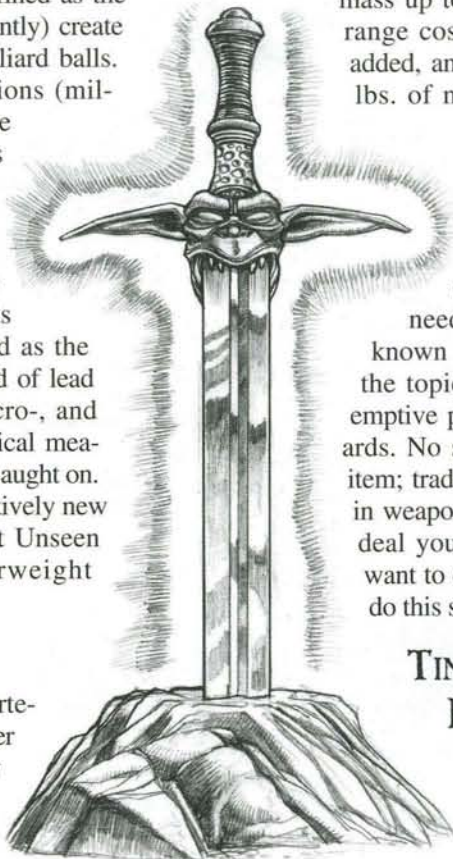
AJANDURAH'S WAND OF UTTER NEGATIVITY

This ancient magical device has nothing to do with fairy godmother wands (see sidebar, p. DI126), being more the sort of thing that wizards go for – although actually, it makes even wizards nervous. Unseen University has prohibitions on such weapons.² A very few are known around the Disc, showing up in the armouries of people with more mana than sense.

The wand has the ability to annihilate any matter, living or inert. Wizards say that it makes the target somehow *never have existed*, but that may be a slight exaggeration. It requires Magery to use, and costs one energy point (from fatigue, a staff, or whatever) to destroy up to 300 lbs. of mass up to a hundred feet away. Increasing its range costs one extra point per hundred feet added, and larger targets cost +1 per extra 150 lbs. of mass. The control is fine enough to

destroy part of a target (such as a single limb) and leave the rest intact; an IQ roll may be required in such cases, at the GM's option.

These wands may go back to the time of the Mage Wars. The spells needed to create them are not currently known on the Disc, and anyone researching the topic would probably be subject to pre-emptive psychological treatment³ by other wizards. No standard price can be quoted for the item; trading in such things is a bit like dealing in weapons-grade plutonium – you get the best deal you can, and you probably don't really want to do business with anyone who wants to do this sort of business.



TINY SALAD BAR BOWL-OF-HOLDING

Invented by a student from UU's Faculty of Thaumic Engineering when one Ankh-Morpork restaurant (briefly) instituted an "all you can get in the bowl for 10 pence"

offer, the Bowl-of-Holding can retain up to three tons in a convenient pocket dimension, without being any heavier to carry. However, it only works for lettuce and tomato.

¹ For atmospheric purposes, the GM may declare that a thaum is equal to one GURPS energy/Fatigue point, and require wizards to use the "thaum" terminology.

² Basically, think how a loaded assault rifle with grenade launcher and bayonet would go down in a university engineering department. They might be able to tell you how it worked, but they would rather not have it waved recklessly about.

³ Almost certainly involving a few fireballs.



Signs and Door Furniture

A brass plate that speaks the name of the occupant of a house when approached is an old-fashioned, standardised piece of minor magical engineering, although of course it has to be customised for each user. It costs around \$200 in Ankh-Morpork, or any other town with a large wizardly community.

A door-knocker in the form of a demonic face that can talk, naming the inhabitants of the house, or announcing visitors to those inhabitants, costs about \$500. It can be treated as having IQ 8, although it may be a little unimaginative. Such faces tend to have speech impediments, as they usually have a hinged brass ring through their jaws or nose.

Magically-illuminated signs are sometimes acquired by optimistic shopkeepers. They cost about \$100 per letter for letters a foot tall. Larger signs cost more in proportion, but smaller ones do not cost much less. They usually last 2d years (larger signs may be shorter-lived), before they start buzzing and flickering annoyingly.

ROOM TEMPERATURE CONTROL DEVICE (EXPERIMENTAL)

Recently proposed by an alchemist, and not yet on the market, this device consists of an invisible telekinetic imp that sits over a doorway or window and controls the movement of air in or out, permitting only warm air to enter and only cool air to leave, or vice-versa. Obviously, one such imp would be needed for each door or window.

The concept still needs work; the imps keep complaining that they can't see what they are doing, for some reason, or that they have to work so hard that they overheat (which seems to be true, and which of course spoils the effect). The developers remain hopeful, however; the heating problem may be solved by water-cooling the imps (who then complain about their damp working conditions), or by making them work shifts (known for some reason as "phase transitions"). Breeding imps who only get hot on one side, or who cool down as they work hard, is a long-term project.

Readers of a scientific bent should note that Discworld imps are magical creatures, who are largely immune to the laws of thermodynamics. It is not clear whether the imps know this, however, and even if they do, they may not be averse to a little goldbricking.

The Creations of "Numbers" Riktor

"Riktor the Tinkerer" was a lecturer at Unseen University who firmly believed that the universe could be understood in purely numerical terms, and indeed that it *was* numbers, at some very deep level. He was obviously unusually rationalistic for an old-style wizard, and he built many magical measur-

ing devices to demonstrate his theories. Reproducing them would be a lengthy research project for a magical engineer. They included a Mouse Counter,¹ the Rev Counter,² the Star Enumerator,³ and the Swamp Meter.⁴

THE RESOGRAPH

Perhaps Riktor's most important creation, and typical of his genius, the Resograph ("Reality-Meter") stood for years in a quiet corner of the University. It was housed in an antique vase, with pottery elephants around the side. The partly-octiron internal mechanism sensed distortions in the fabric of reality, and caused the elephants to "spit" small lead pellets in the direction of the event, to a distance in proportion to the size of the effect. Riktor calculated that a serious distortion could cause a couple of pellets a month to be projected a few inches. During the invasion of the alien Moving Picture imagery, the Resograph became seriously dangerous to be around, firing salvos of pellets at firearms velocities before it finally exploded.



Old Equipment, Possibly Magical

Contrary to some beliefs, and despite the tendency of things on the Discworld to grow somewhat magical through use and belief (see p. DI130), most wizardly appurtenances and witches' tools do *not* absorb significant magic over time. There are always exceptions, though, especially some staffs. Some objects may shed octarine sparks or develop a tendency to mutter to themselves at stressful moments, but nothing more. The whole point of Discworld spells is that they *control* magic, and stop it from seeping too far. The old Archchancellors' Hat (see *Sourcery*) was a special, very old, case; few wizards' hats are worn on more than one head. Wizards are very possessive of their hats, and are often buried in them, usually when they are dead.

However, items *can* absorb mental forces over time. For example, authentic royal crowns can be a little unnerving for people with psychic sensitivity. They tend to *remember* the lives and experiences of their past wearers, which inevitably include a fair amount of blood and fire. This is an example of Induced Magic; see p. DI102. Wearing a crown, especially if not entitled to it, is not recommended for magical adepts.

¹ It counted every mouse in the building.

² Which did much the same for priests.

³ Guess.

⁴ Use never explained.



CHARACTER TEMPLATES

4

4



The points-based character design system used in *GURPS* is immensely flexible, permitting players to create characters that they want to play, subject to power level limits set by the GM and the requirements of the game-world, rather than constraining them with artificial "character classes." However, this freedom of choice sometimes proves intim-

idating – especially for new players, who can have difficulty sorting through all the options to find those which fit their character concept. In addition, designing a character from scratch can often be a lengthy process. To bridge this gap between where new players start and what they need to play, there are Templates.

Using Templates



A template is a playable "character in outline," with all the features that the basic concept needs and enough options to permit individualisation. In addition to speeding things up for players, templates can also be used by GMs who need fairly detailed major NPCs in a hurry. Both should always remember that a template is a suggestion and a basis, not a rule; anyone who knows the *GURPS* rules is free to modify and adapt a template in whatever ways they like.

Templates are primarily designed as PCs. The Watchman below, for example, is more capable than the folk one will encounter enforcing the law on some Discworld streets, but could be a shrewd, fairly experienced constable, or a smart recruit who paid attention to his training. However, most templates can also be used for major, especially interesting NPCs, making them useful to GMs as well as players.

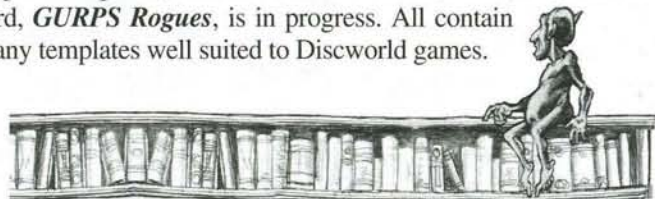
These templates are intended to be representative of a range of Discworld inhabitants might appeal to players. They are fairly complete, in the sense that they have everything that an interesting PC needs, but they still have scope for expansion; most have no personal Quirks, and less than -40 points in Disadvantages (the limit in most *GURPS* games). It should be easy to acquire another 5 or 10 points for hobby skills, special talents in specific fields, better attributes, or interesting

Advantages. In any case, most are based on less than 100 points, which will be the starting level in many campaigns, giving players scope to add extra abilities. It is easy to raise a 50-point template to 100 points – if in doubt, try adding one point to each Attribute, and add an Advantage to make up the total.

Most templates have three categories of skills. Primary skills are those the character absolutely requires to do his job, and should not be dropped or reduced without very good reason. Secondary skills represent training or knowledge, which the character will very likely have acquired, but which is not necessarily critical to the career. Lastly, Background skills are the sort of thing that a character will probably have learned in passing, but are not really essential. A character whose Background Skills are higher than his Primary Skills has let his hobby take over his life, or wandered into the wrong job.

Trolls and goblins have their own templates; dwarfs, who are nearer to the human physical and cultural norm, do not. It is usually a simple matter to add the dwarf racial package to any appropriate human template.

Steve Jackson Games has published two books of general-purpose templates; *GURPS Warriors* and *GURPS Wizards*. A third, *GURPS Rogues*, is in progress. All contain many templates well suited to Discworld games.



25-Point Templates

In general, 25 points is roughly the level of the ordinary "man in the street," with just enough extra ability or good fortune to be interesting to play, and to survive in a brawl or a career. Characters starting at this level will be able to get by from day to day, rather than being great adventurers, but this can make their adventures more interesting. In addition, one of these templates can be used as the basis for a higher point-value character who was unremarkable until recently, but who has somehow acquired something exceptional, such as vast wealth, a mission from a misguided god (with associated blessings), or a bodybuilding manual that works.

Bandit

Attributes: ST 11 [10]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: A total of 15 points from Combat Reflexes [15]; Common Sense [10]; Danger Sense [15]; Disease-

Resistant [5]; Night Vision [10]; Patron (Bandit gang or chief) [Varies]; and Toughness (DR 1) [10].

Disadvantages: A total of -25 points from Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Bully [-10]; Code of Honour (Pirate's) [-5]; Congenial [-1]; Dull [-1]; Duty (To gang; 12-) [-10]; Enemies (Law enforcement) [Varies]; Gigantism [-10]; Greed [-15]; Status -1 [-5]; Unattractive or Ugly [-5 or -10]; Uneducated [-5]; or Reduced Wealth Level [Varies].

Primary Skills: Axe/Mace (P/A) DX [2]-11; Camouflage (M/E) IQ+2 [4]-12.

Secondary Skills: Area Knowledge (Area of operations) (M/E) IQ+1 [2]-11; Brawling (P/E) DX [1]-11; Intimidation (M/A) IQ [2]-10; Survival (Usual environment) (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-9.

Background Skills: A total of 3 points in any of any TL3 or lower Weapon skill; Animal Handling (M/H); Armoury (M/A); Carousing (P/A; HT); Carpentry (M/E); Climbing



(P/A); Cooking (M/E); Fast-Draw Knife from Teeth (P/E); First Aid (M/E); Gambling (M/A); Hiking (P/A; HT); Intelligence Analysis (M/H); Jumping (P/E); Languages (Nearby areas); Leadership (M/A); Naturalist (M/H); Orienteering (M/A); Riding (P/A); Scrounging (M/E); Stealth (P/A); Streetwise (M/A); Tactics (M/H); Tracking (M/A); or Traps (M/A).

Notes: This represents the common-or-garden sort of highway robber, someone in a steady enough line of work, but quite low on the ladder of criminal esteem. Pirates could be based on the same template, with the addition of skills like of Boating, Navigation, Seamanship, and perhaps Carpentry, Meteorology, Sailor, Shipbuilding, or Shiphandling.

Beggar

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: A total of 25 points from +1 to any Attribute [10]; Alertness [5/level]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Composed [5]; Contacts (Usually street or city watch) [Varies]; Danger Sense [15]; Disease-Resistant or Immunity to Disease [5 or 10]; Empathy or Sensitive [15 or 5]; Enhanced Dodge [15]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Longevity [5]; Night Vision [10]; Patron (Beggars' Guild; 6- or 9-) [5 or 10]; Pitiable [5]; Rapid Healing [5]; Resistant to Poison [5]; Sanctity [5]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; Toughness (DR 1) [10].

Disadvantages: Dead Broke [-25]; Status -1 [-5]; and one of Chummy; Duty (To the Beggars' Guild; either 12- and non-life-threatening or 9-); Edgy; Illiteracy; Missing Digit (Thumb); No Sense of Smell/Taste; Odious Personal Habit (Various); Reduced Hit Points (-1); Skinny; Status reduced to -2; Stubbornness; Unattractive; Uneducated; Unfit; Unnatural Feature; or Voices (Annoying) [All -5].

Primary Skills: Area Knowledge (City) (M/E) IQ+1 [2]-12; Panhandling (M/E) IQ+2 [4]-13; Scrounging (M/E) IQ+1 [2]-12; Streetwise (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-10; Survival (Urban) (M/A) IQ [2]-11.

Secondary Skills: Brawling (P/E) DX+1 [2]-10; Fast-Talk (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-10; Filch (P/A) DX-1 [1]-9; Holdout (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-10; Knife (P/E) DX [1]; Stealth (P/A) DX-1 [1]-9.

Background Skills: A total of 7 points in any of Acting (M/A); Bard (M/A); Blackjack (P/E);

Camouflage (M/E); Diplomacy (M/H); Escape (P/H); Fools' Lore (M/A); Hidden Lore (City Secrets) (M/A); Intimidation (M/A); Pickpocket (P/H); Savoir-Faire (M/E); Shadowing (M/A); Shouting at Foreigners (M/H); Sleight of Hand (P/H); Stargazing (P/E); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: This figure is definitely a cut above the genuine hardship cases found on Discworld city streets, being robust and canny enough to survive for quite a while, and well in with the Beggars' Guild. On the other hand, he is still penniless and battered by life. Most beggars have more and worse Disadvantages, including obvious mental or physical problems; a few may be merely Poor rather than Dead Broke.

EcksEcksEcksEcksian Backpacker

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 11 [10].

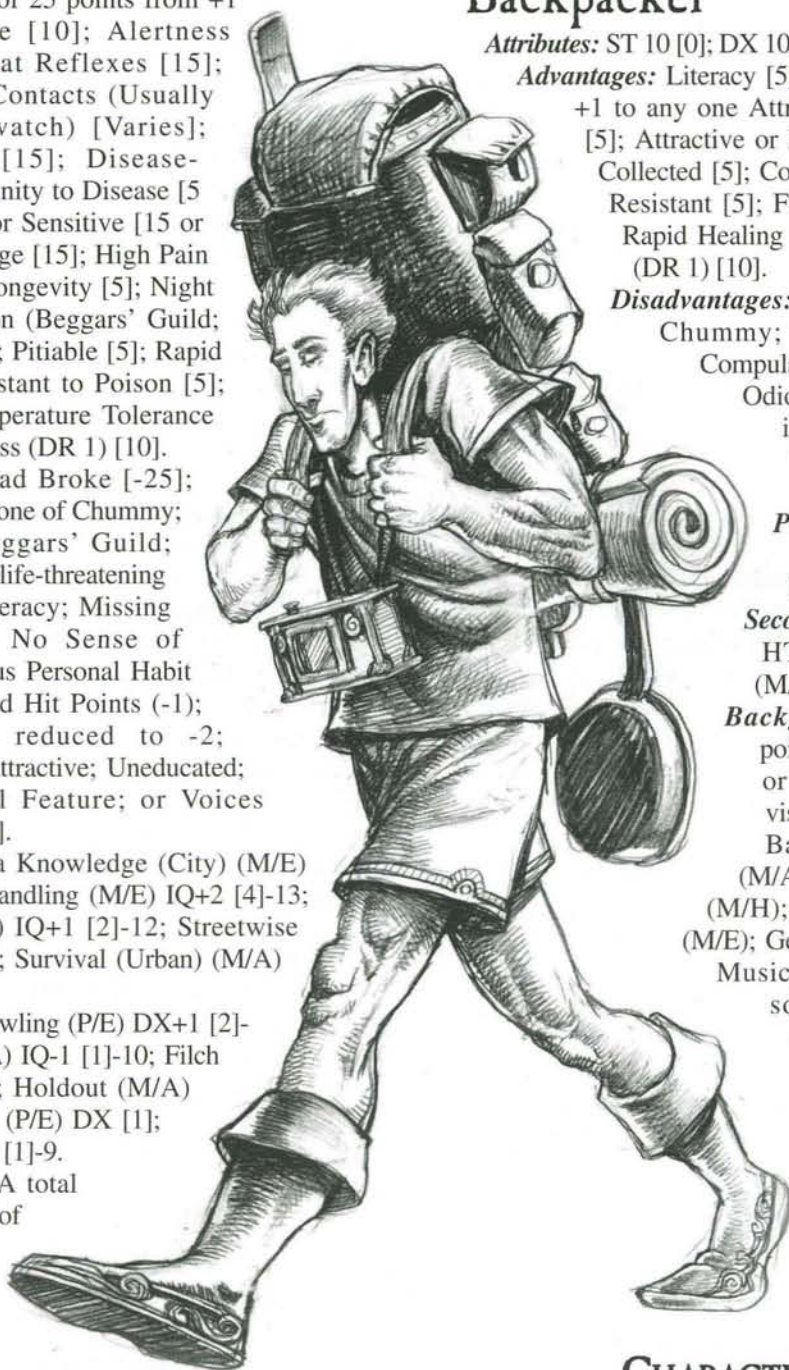
Advantages: Literacy [5]; and a total of 15 points from +1 to any one Attribute [10]; Alcohol Tolerance [5]; Attractive or Handsome/Beautiful [5 or 15]; Collected [5]; Composed [5]; Cool [1]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Fearlessness [2/level]; Heir [5]; Rapid Healing [5]; Sanctity [5]; or Toughness (DR 1) [10].

Disadvantages: Struggling [-10]; and one of Chummy; Code of Honour (Pirate's); Compulsive Carousing; Curious; Klutz; Odious Personal Habit (Complaining about the beer); Skinny; Truthfulness; or Wealth level reduced to Poor [All -5].

Primary Skills: Hiking (P/A; HT) HT-1 [1]-10; Shouting at Foreigners (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-8.

Secondary Skills: Carousing (P/A; HT) HT-1 [1]-10; Scrounging (M/E) IQ [1]-10.

Background Skills: A total of 6 points in any of Area Knowledge or Languages relevant to areas visited; Animal Handling (M/H); Bardic Lore (M/H); Bartender (M/A); Brawling (P/E); Detect Lies (M/H); Diplomacy (M/H); First Aid (M/E); Gesture (M/E); Literature (M/H); Musical Instrument (M/H); Philosophy (M/H); Seamanship (M/E); Sex Appeal (M/A; HT); Sports (various) (P/A); Streetwise (M/A); Survival (Urban) (M/A); Teamster (M/A); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.



Notes: With the opening-up of EcksEcksEcksEcks, quite a number of young citizens of that Last Continent have erupted onto the rest of the Disc, intent on seeing if it's as interesting as they've heard it is, and if the beer is really as poor. They live off minimal savings and odd jobs, are happy to explain about the beer (at length), and often lack the sense to keep out of trouble. Many club together to buy battered old carts, to move around the Disc a little more easily; these invariably seem to receive garish, amateurish paint-jobs. If the Backpacker takes Teamster skill to reflect time spent driving such a cart, remember that it has Animal Handling as a prerequisite.

Émigré Goblin

Attributes: ST 4/10 [0]; DX 14 [20]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10/4 [0].

Advantages: A total of 30 points from +1 to any one Attribute [10]; Acute Senses [2/level]; Alcohol Tolerance [5]; Alertness [5/level]; Catfall [10]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Danger Sense [15]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Enhanced Dodge [15]; Literacy [5]; Manual Dexterity [3/level]; an additional +1 Passive Defence [25]; or one level less Reduced Move [5].

Disadvantages: Goblin Package (p. DI69) [-40]; and one of Chummy; Compulsive Carousing; Edgy; Illiteracy; Loner; Odious Personal Habit (Various); Primitive (TL 2); an additional level of Reduced Move; Selfish; Shyness; Status -1; Stubbornness; Unattractive; or Uneducated [All -5].

Primary Skills: Camouflage (M/E) IQ+3 [1]-14; Stealth (P/A) DX [1]-14.

Secondary Skills: Naturalist (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-9; Scrounging (M/E) IQ [1]-11.

Background Skills: A total of 6 points in any of Area Knowledge (M/E); Artist (M/H); Brawling (P/E); Climbing (P/A); Crossbow (P/E); Carousing (P/A; HT); Filch (P/A); Hidden Lore (City Secrets) (M/A); Illumination (P/A); Jeweller (M/H); Knife (P/E); Leatherworking (M/E); Needlecraft (P/A); Performance (M/A); Streetwise (M/A); Survival (Urban) (M/A); Survival (Woodlands) (M/A); Traps (M/A); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: This is a fairly ordinary goblin (or gnome) with just enough courage to take up some fairly interesting profession (such as pest control or private espionage) in human society, and a certain amount of aptitude for the chosen job; for the rougher, tougher, rustic goblins, see the

Pixie template (p. 52). Skills listed include racial bonuses; to ensure variety, he has been permitted to take -45 points in Disadvantages. (If more Disadvantages are permitted, to create something of a miniature combat monster, note that some goblins are notorious for packing human quantities of aggression and attitude into a smaller frame: Bad Temper, Berserk, or Bloodlust could all be possible.)

Entertainer

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Charisma +1 [5]; and a total of 10 points from +1 to any one Attribute [10]; Absolute Timing [5]; Attractive [5]; Extra Charisma [5/level]; Collected [5]; Composed [5]; Cool [1]; Deep Sleeper [5]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Double-Jointed [5]; Fashion Sense [5]; Inspiration Magnet [5]; Language Talent [2/level]; Light Hangover [2]; Literacy [5]; Musical Ability [1/level]; Patron (Company or rich employer) [Varies]; Pious [5]; Rapier Wit [5]; Reputation (Usually among theatre fans or fellow professionals) [Varies]; Sensitive [5]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; Versatile [5]; or Voice [10].

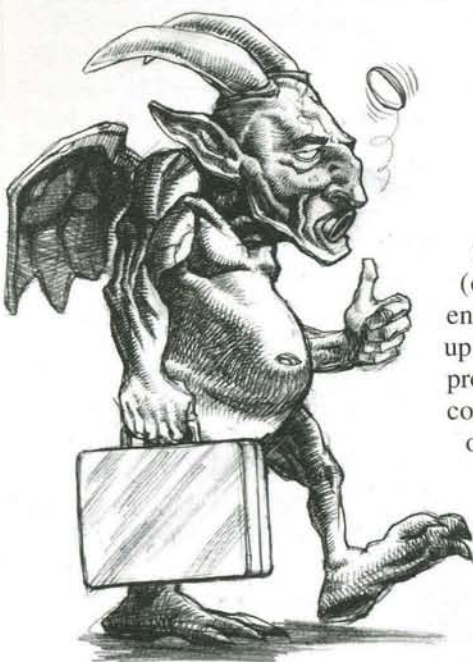
Disadvantages: Struggling [-10]; and a total of -20 points from Age [Varies]; Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Attentive [-1]; Broad-Minded [-1]; Code of Honour ("The show must go on") [-5]; Compulsive Behaviour (Carousing or creating new works) [-5]; Congenial [-1]; Cowardice [-10]; Disowned [-5]; Dreamer [-1]; Duty (To troupe; 12-; non-life-threatening) [-5]; Edgy [-5]; Fat or Overweight [Varies]; Gigantism [-10]; Imaginative [-1]; Lecherousness [-15]; Odious Personal Habit (Excess quaffing; blatant vanity; whatever) [-5 or -10]; Proud [-1]; Responsive [-1]; Secret [Varies]; Sense of Duty (To art) [-10]; Skinny [-5]; Status -1 [-5]; Wealth level reduced to Poor [-5]; Workaholic [-5]; or Youth [Varies].

Primary Skills: 10 points in one or more of Bard (M/A); Dancing (P/A); Escape (P/H); Fire Eating (P/A); Juggling (P/E); Musical Instrument (M/H); Performance (M/A); Singing (P/E; HT); or Ventriloquism (M/H).

Secondary Skills: Bardic Lore (M/H) IQ-1 [2]-9; Literature (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-9.

Background Skills: A total of 7 points in any of Acrobatics (P/H); Brawling (P/E); Carousing (P/A; HT); Choreography (M/A); Cloak (P/A); Conducting (M/A); Courtesan (M/A); Diplomacy (M/H); Directing (M/H); Equestrian Acrobatics (P/H); Fast-Talk (M/A); Fencing (P/A); Fight Choreography (M/A); First Aid (M/E); Fools' Lore (M/A); Fortune Telling (M/A); Gambling (M/A); Gesture (M/E); Hiking (P/A; HT); Knife (P/E); Languages (Any); Leadership (M/A); Lifting (P/H; ST); Make-Up (M/E); Musical Composition (M/H); Musical Notation (M/E); Poetry (M/A); Psychology (M/H); Punning (M/A); Savoir-Faire (M/E); Sex Appeal (M/A; HT); Scene Design (M/A); Scrounging (M/E); Speed Reading (M/A); Stage Combat (P/A); Writing (M/A); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: Actors, singers, buskers and the like abound on the Disc, and often get into trouble; see p. DI41. This template



represents a fairly competent figure from the lower reaches of these professions. Note that many of the Background Skills listed have prerequisites.

Peasant

Attributes: ST 11 [10]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 11 [10].

Advantages: A total of 10 points from Animal Empathy [5]; Common Sense [10]; Deep Sleeper [5]; Disease-Resistant or Immunity to Disease [5 or 10]; Extra Fatigue [3/level]; Longevity [5]; Pious [5]; Rapid Healing [5]; Sanctity [5]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; or Toughness (DR 1) [10].

Disadvantages: Struggling [-10]; and a total of -10 points from Age [Varies]; Attentive [-1]; Careful [-1]; Chauvinistic [-1]; Confused [-10]; Congenial [-1]; Cowardice [-10]; Dull [-1]; Duty (To feudal lord; either 12- and non-life-threatening or 6-); [-5 or -2]; Easy to Read [-10]; Edgy [-5]; Gluttony [-5]; Hard of Hearing [-10]; Humble [-1]; Illiteracy [-5]; Incurious [-5]; Intolerance ("Strange furriners;" or just anyone) [-5 or -10]; Oblivious [-3]; Odious Personal Habit (Rustic or downright picturesque manners) [-5 or -10]; Proud [-1]; Selfless [-10]; Shyness [Varies]; Skinny [-5]; Status -1 [-5]; Stubbornness [-5]; Unattractive or Ugly [-5 or -10]; Uneducated [-5]; Unluckiness [-10]; Wealth level reduced to Poor [-5]; or Youth [Varies].

Primary Skills: Agronomy/TL3 (M/A) IQ+2 [6]-12; Area Knowledge (Home village) (M/E) IQ+1 [2]-11.

Secondary Skills: Animal Handling (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-8.

Background Skills: A total of 6 points in any of Axe/Mace (P/A); Bardic Lore (M/H); Beverage-Making (M/E); Bow (P/H); Brawling (P/E); Camouflage (M/E); Carousing (P/A; HT); Carpentry (M/E); Climbing (P/A); Dancing (P/A); Darts (P/E); Distilling (M/A); Fishing (M/E); Flail (P/H); Hiking (P/A; HT); Law (M/H); Leatherworking (M/E); Lifting (P/H; ST); Masonry (P/E); Merchant (M/A); Naturalist (M/H); Netmaking (P/E); Polearm (P/A); Sling (P/H); Sports (Usually something rustically robust) (P/A); Staff (P/H); Survival (Woodlands) (M/A); Tanning (P/A); Tracking (M/A); Veterinary (M/H); Weaving (P/E); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: Membership in the peasantry is usually inherited, and is in any case not likely to be a popular career choice for PCs, but it makes a natural place for many low-grade adventurers – especially those with fairy-tale

tendencies – to start. Peasant heroes tend to have impressive physical attributes, a few more weapon skills at moderate levels, and, frankly, Luck. Quite a few peasants will have Teamster skill (for horses or oxen), which in turn requires Animal Handling-12 as a prerequisite.

Sentient Animal

Attributes: ST 8/11 [-6]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 11/8 [-5]. (Note: Attribute costs include necessary Extra Fatigue and Reduced Hit Points.)

Advantages: Alertness +2 [10]; Extra Legs (Total four) [5]; Fur (DR 1) [4]; and a total of 50 points from Acute Senses [2/level]; Extra Alertness [5/level]; Animal Empathy [5]; Cast-Iron Stomach [15]; Catfall [10]; Claws [Varies]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Common Sense [10]; Cultural Adaptability [25]; Danger Sense [15]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Discriminatory Smell [15]; Empathy or Sensitive [15 or 5]; Enhanced Move [10/level]; Extra Encumbrance [5]; Extra Fatigue [3/level]; Faz Sense [10]; Fit [5]; Heavier Fur [Varies]; Intuition [15]; Luck [15 or 30]; Mimicry [15]; Nictating Membrane [10/level]; Night Vision [10]; Oracle [15]; Penetrating Call [5]; Perfect Balance [15]; Peripheral Vision [15]; Polarised Eyes [5]; Resistant to Poison [5]; Sanctity [5]; Second Sight [5]; Sensitive Touch [10]; Serendipity [15 or 30]; Subsonic Hearing [5]; Super Jump [10/level]; Teeth [Varies]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; Toughness [10 or 25]; Tunnel (Speed 1) [50]; Ultrahearing [5]; or Voice of Command [15].

Disadvantages: Dead Broke [-25]; Horizontal [-10]; No Fine Manipulators [-30]; and a total of -25 points from Broad-Minded [-1]; Careful [-1]; Chauvinistic [-1]; Colour Blindness [-10]; Compulsive Behaviour (Species instincts) [Varies]; Confused [-10]; Disturbing Voice [-10]; Edgy [-5]; Gluttony [-5]; Illiteracy [-5]; Impulsiveness [-10]; Kleptomania [-15]; Laziness [-10]; Mute [-25]; No Sense of Humour [-10]; Non-Iconographic [-10]; Nosy [-1]; Oblivious [-3]; Odious Personal Habit (Scratching; shedding; growling; etc.) [Varies]; Phobia (Various; usually instinctual) [Varies]; Primitive [Varies]; Short Lifespan [-10/level]; Slow Eater [-10]; Social Stigma (Logical Impossibility) [-10]; Status -1 [-5]; Stress Atavism [Varies]; Undiscriminating [-1]; or Uneducated [-5].



Skills: A total of 27 points in any of Acting (M/A); Area Knowledge (Various) (M/E); Body Language (M/H); Botany/TL0 (M/H); Brawling (P/E); Camouflage (M/E); Carousing (P/A); Climbing (P/A); Detect Lies (M/H); Diagnosis (M/H); Diplomacy (M/H); Escape (P/H); Fast-Talk (M/A); Filch (P/A); Fishing (M/E); Gesture (M/E); Hidden Lore (City Secrets); Hiking (P/A; HT); Intimidation (M/A); Jumping (P/E); Naturalist (M/H); Orienteering/TL0 (M/A); Performance (M/A); Psychology (M/H); Riding (Being Ridden) (P/A); Running (P/H; HT); Scrounging (M/E); Shadowing (M/A); Shouting at Foreigners (M/H); Stealth (P/A); Streetwise (M/A); Survival (Any) (M/A); Swimming (P/E); Tracking (M/A); or Ventriloquism (M/H).

Notes: This is a general-purpose template for anyone who wishes to play a four-legged animal of slightly less than human size, which has somehow gained the power of thought. Players and GMs will have to agree which Advantages, Disadvantages, and Skills are appropriate for a particular species and individual. Larger and smaller animals, apes, monkeys, birds, or fish would require substantially different treatment. Almost all animals will have more than the standard limit of -40 points in Disadvantages, but most of these will come from "species" rather than "personal" problems. For a more detailed treatment of animal PCs, including packages for various species, see the latest edition of *GURPS Bestiary*.

Small-Time Ruffian

Attributes: ST 11 [10]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: A total of 15 points from Claim to Hospitality (Small-time gang) [2]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Contacts (Various) [Varies]; Cool [1]; Disease-Resistant [5]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Literacy [5]; Patron (Street gang or boss) [Varies]; or Toughness (DR 1) [10].

Disadvantages: Struggling [-10]; and a total of -15 points from Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Alcoholism [-15]; Bad Temper [-10]; Bloodlust [-10]; Bully [-10]; Callous [-6]; Code of Honour (Pirate's) [-5]; Compulsive Behaviour (Carousing; Gambling; or Lying) [Varies]; Dull [-1]; Duty (To gang) [Varies]; Enemies (Law enforcement or rival criminals) [Varies]; Gigantism [-10]; Greed [-15]; Impulsiveness [-10]; Jealousy [-10]; Kleptomania [-15]; Laziness [-10]; Odious Personal Habit (Surly or Vicious) [Varies]; Reduced Manual Dexterity [-3/level]; Reputation (Known criminal; with local law-enforcers) [Varies]; Sadism [-15]; Secret (Involvement in major past crimes) [Varies]; Skinny [-5]; Status -1 [-5]; Uneducated [-5]; Unluckiness [-10]; or Wealth level reduced to Poor [-5].

Primary Skills: Area Knowledge (Home city) (M/E) IQ+1 [2]-11; Brawling (P/E) DX+1 [2]-12; Intimidation (M/A) IQ [2]-10.

Secondary Skills: Filch (P/A) DX-1 [1]-10; Knife (P/E) DX [1]-11; Stealth (P/A) DX-1 [1]-10; Streetwise (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-9.

Background Skills: A total of 5 points in any of any TL3 or lower weapon skill; Acting (M/A); Carousing (P/A; HT);

Climbing (P/A); Fast-Draw (P/E); Fast-Talk (M/A); Gambling (M/A); Holdout (M/A); Interrogation (M/A); Lockpicking (M/A); Panhandling (M/E); Pickpocket (P/H); Scrounging (M/E); Shadowing (M/A); Stargazing (P/E); Survival (Urban) (M/A); Tactics (M/H); Traps (M/A); Uttering of Base Coin (M/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: Petty criminals of this order (the urban counterpart to the Bandit, p. 42) live lives dominated by recurrent low-grade violence; they use it, and have to avoid having it used on them. If they were better at either serious violence or non-violent crime, they wouldn't be small-timers. If this Ruffian is based in Ankh-Morpork, he or she has so far largely avoided the attentions of the Thieves' Guild, and is not a member (the Guild effectively monopolises less violent theft, forcing desperate freelancers deeper into violence). For a typical bouncer/splatter or generally superior strong-arm type, raise ST to 13+.

Student Wizard

Attributes: ST 9 [-10]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 12 [20]; HT 9 [-10].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; Magery 1 [15]; Status +1 [5]; and a total of 10 points from Claim to Hospitality (University) [2]; Deep Sleeper [5]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Less Sleep [3/level]; Magery increased to 2 [10]; Mathematical Ability [10]; Patron (Tutor; 6-) [5].



Disadvantages: Struggling [-10]; and a total of -20 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Attentive [-1]; Bad Sight (Correctable) [-10]; Clueless [-10]; Combat Paralysis [-15]; Compulsive Carousing [-5]; Cowardice [-10]; Curious [Varies]; Distractible [-1]; Dreamer [-1]; Easy to Read [-10]; Gluttony [-5]; Gullibility [-10]; Imaginative [-1]; Klutz [-5]; Laziness [-10]; Low Pain Threshold [-10]; Oblivious [-3]; Overweight [-5]; Pyromania [-5]; Reduced Manual Dexterity [-3/level]; Shyness [Varies]; Skinny [-5]; Solipsist [-10]; Stuttering [-10]; Unfit [-5]; Weak Will [-8/level]; or Youth [Varies].

Primary Skills: Thaumatology (M/VH) IQ-2 [1]-10.

Background Skills: A total of 9 points in any of Alchemy (Discworld) (M/H); Area Knowledge (University city) (M/E); Astrozoology (M/H); Carousing (P/A; HT); Climbing (P/A); Darts (P/E); Diagnosis (M/H); Engineer (Magical) (M/H); Geology (M/H); History (M/H); Languages (Various) [Varies]; Lucid Dreaming (M/E); Mathematics (M/H); Occultism (M/A); Occultism: Demonology (M/A); Paleontology (M/H); Philosophy (M/H); Physiology (M/VH); Programming (Hex) (M/H); Punning (M/A); Research (M/A); Spell Throwing (P/E); Weird Magic (M/VH); or to improve Thaumatology.

Spells: All spells are Mental/Hard, at skill 11 (12 if Magery is increased to +2); all packages have a total cost of 10. Choose one of the following packages:

Backwoods Kid: Beast-Soother; Englebert's Enhancer; Lend Strength; Light; Master; Purify Water; Seek Plant; Seek Water; Sense Life; Sound.

Incipient Megalomaniac: Create Air; Divination (Demon Invocation); Ignite Fire; Octagram; Purify Air; The Rite of AshkEnte; Seek Earth; Shape Earth; Simple Illusion; Staff.

Prankster: Apportation; Create Water; Divination (Caroc Reading); Fog; Ignite Fire; Itch; Octagram; Purify Water; Seek Water; Shape Water.

Premature Old Fogey: Create Air; Create Fire; Detect Magic; Divination (Crystal-Gazing); Eringyas' Surprising Bouquet; Fireball; Ignite Fire; Purify Air; Shape Fire; Staff.

Research Nerd: Alarm; Analyze Magic; Detect Magic; Divination (Sortilage); Identify Spell; Octagram; The Rite of AshkEnte; Seek Food; Sense Life; Tell Time.

Trainee Pyromaniac: Cold; Create Fire; Divination (Pyromancy); Extinguish Fire; Fireball; Heat; Ignite Fire; Light; Resist Fire; Shape Fire.

Notes: This template represents an undergraduate at Unseen University or somewhere almost as good, or possibly someone in some kind of old-fashioned personal apprenticeship. It could also be used to represent one of the "magicians" who act as lab assistants to senior wizards. Student wizards tend to display only patchy knowledge and skill – unless they have been cramming for exams – but they may have personal interests. Note that some spells are drawn from GURPS Magic, and spell and Thaumatology levels includes the bonus for Magery 1.

Tradesman

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10 [0].

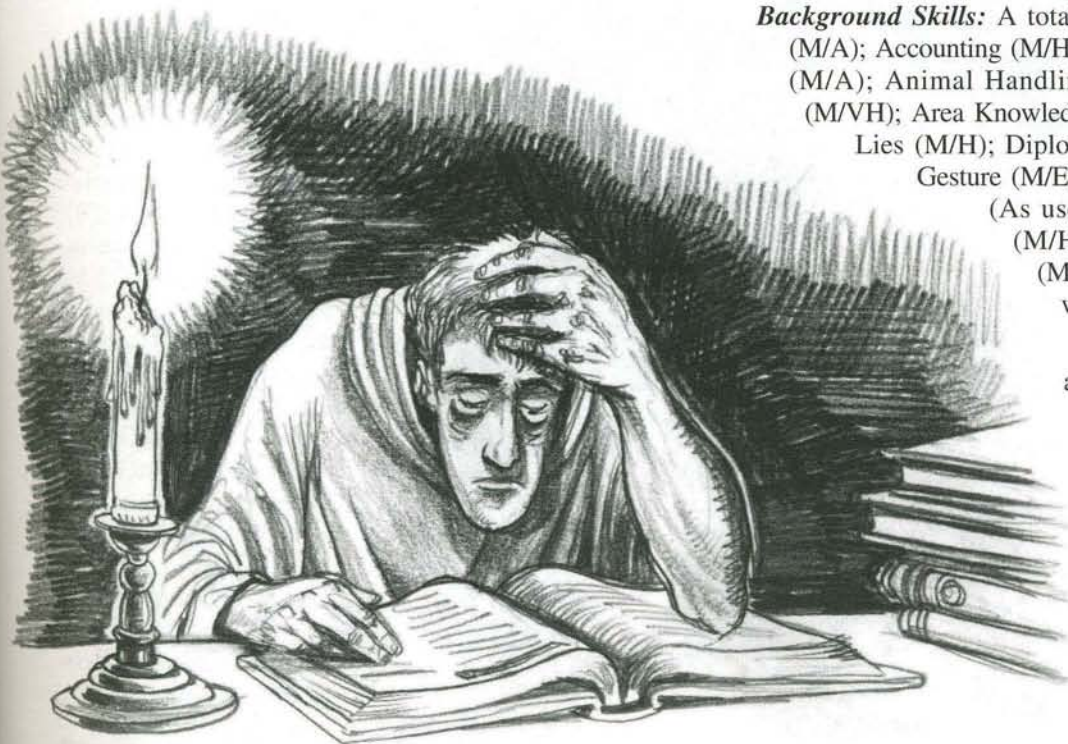
Advantages: A total of 15 points from Charisma +1 [5]; Comfortable [10]; Contacts (Business) [Varies]; Literacy [5]; Manual Dexterity [3/level]; Single-Minded [5]; Status [5/level]; or Versatile [5].

Disadvantages: A total of -15 points from Age [Varies]; Attentive [-1]; Chauvinistic [-1]; Code of Honour (Fair Dealing) [-5]; Cowardice [-10]; Extravagance [-10]; Fat or Overweight [Varies]; Gluttony [-5]; Greed [-15]; Lecherousness [-15]; Low Pain Threshold [-10]; Miserliness [-10]; Oblivious [-3]; Proud [-1]; Selfish [-5]; Staid [-1]; Unfit [-5]; or Workaholic [-5].

Primary Skills: Merchant (M/A) IQ [2]-11; and a total of 8 points spent on any Craft Skill or on raising Merchant.

Background Skills: A total of 5 points in any of Abacus (M/A); Accounting (M/H); Acting (M/A); Administration (M/A); Animal Handling (M/H); Appreciate Beauty (M/VH); Area Knowledge (Trade routes) (M/E); Detect Lies (M/H); Diplomacy (M/H); Fast-Talk (M/A); Gesture (M/E); Hiking (P/A; HT); Languages (As used by trade partners); Packing (M/H); Riding (P/A); Savoir-Faire (M/E); Seamanship (M/E); Street-wise (M/A); or Teamster (M/A).

Notes: This template represents a modestly successful example of the small-timers who keep the economies of the Disc ticking over, by making things, fixing things, or moving small quantities of things from those who make them to those who need them. Note that some Background Skills have prerequisites.



Trainee Witch

Attributes: ST 7 [-20]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; Magery 1 [15]; Patron (Powerful Witch; 9-) [10]; Status +1 [5].

Disadvantages: Reputation -2 (As being pushy, weird, or incompetent; in her home village) [-3]; Struggling [-10]; Youth (Age 15) [-6]; and a total of -10 points from Bad Temper [-10]; Clueless [-10]; Curious [Varies]; Honesty [-10]; Indecisive [-10]; Low Self-Image [-10]; Phobia [Varies]; Sense of Duty (To close friends or her community) [-5 or -10]; Shyness [Varies]; Skinny [-5]; Stubbornness [-5]; Stuttering [-10]; Truthfulness [-5]; or Wealth level reduced to Poor [-5].

Primary Skills: Area Knowledge (Home village) (M/E) IQ [1]-13; Diagnosis/TL3 (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11; Physician/TL3 (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11.

Secondary Skills: Acting (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-12 or Fast-Talk (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-12.

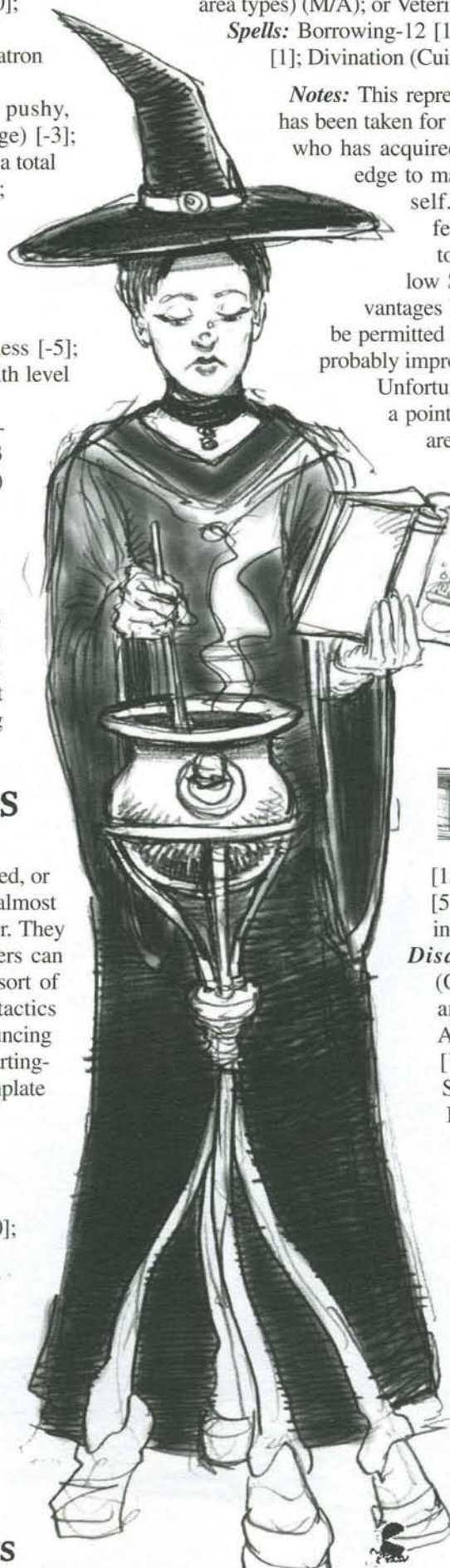
Background Skills: A total of 1 point in any of Acting (M/A); Agronomy/TL3 (M/A); Beverage-Making (M/E); Brawling (P/E); Cooking (M/E); Detect Lies (M/H); Distilling (M/A); Fast-Talk (M/A); Flight (Broomstick) (P/A); Fortune Telling

(M/A); Intimidation (M/A); Naturalist (M/H); Orienteering (M/A); Psychology (M/H); Stealth (P/A); Survival (Home area types) (M/A); or Veterinary/TL3 (M/H).

Spells: Borrowing-12 [1]; Foolishness-12 [1]; Daze-12 [1]; Divination (Cuisinomancy)-12 [1].

Notes: This represents a young village girl who has been taken for training by the local witch, and who has acquired just enough magical knowledge to match her growing belief in herself. The template has relatively few options; trainee witches are told what to do a lot. The very low ST technically takes her disadvantages beyond -40 points, but this can be permitted for a young character who will probably improve her ST as she grows.

Unfortunately, while all witches make a point of being known in their home area, this one has yet to be taken seriously. She will have to do something about that before it becomes a serious problem. Her spell list could be modified to taste, though Borrowing may be mandatory for serious witches, and some kind of Divination is likely.



50-Point Templates

These templates represent lucky, well-trained, or experienced folk, but nothing superhuman; almost everyone probably knows a 50-point character. They can be used in games where player characters can seriously be called heroes, but they are the sort of heroes who sneak round the back and use tactics rather than bursting through the door and bouncing axes off their chests. They also make good starting-points for players who want to try some template personalisation in a 100-point campaign.

Agatean Tourist

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; Status +1 [0]; Very Wealthy [30]; and a total of 30 points from Collected [5]; Cool [1]; Cultural Adaptability [25]; Deep Sleeper [5]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Fearlessness [2/level]; Language Talent [2/level]; Lightning Calculator [5]; Luck [15 or 30]; Pitiable [5]; Sanctity [5]; Sapient Pearwood Property [Varies]; Serendipity

[15 or 30]; Status increased to +2 [5]; Unfazeable [15]; or Wealth increased to Filthy Rich [20].

Disadvantages: Social Stigma (Overdressed Foreigner) [-10]; and a total of -25 points from Absent Mindedness [-15]; Age [Varies]; Attentive [-1]; Bad Sight (Correctable) [-10]; Broad-Minded [-1]; Chauvinistic [-1]; Chummy [-5]; Clueless [-10]; Confused [-10]; Curious [Varies]; Delusions ("What I don't understand can't hurt me") [-10]; Dependent (Family) [Varies]; Dreamer [-1]; Edgy [-5]; Gullibility [-10]; Honesty [-10]; Impulsiveness [-10]; Indecisive [-10]; Klutz [-5 or -15]; Laziness [-10]; Low Pain Threshold [-10];

Nosy [-1]; Oblivious [-3]; Odious Personal Habit (Iconograph glued to face) [-5]; Overconfidence [-10]; Overweight [-5]; Pacifism (Self-defence only) [-15]; Short Attention Span [-10]; Skinny [-5]; Truthfulness [-5]; Unfit or Very Unfit [-5 or -15]; or Xenophilia [-5 or -15].

Primary Skills: Shouting at Foreigners (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-9; Tea Ceremony (M/H) IQ-1 [2]-10.

Background Skills: A total of 7 points in any of Accounting (M/H); Administration (M/A); Appreciate Beauty (M/VH); Calligraphy (P/A); Carousing (P/A; HT); Games (Shibo) (M/E); Gesture (M/A); History (M/H); Fishing (M/E); Kite Flying (P/E); Languages (Hopefully useful); Literature (M/H); Origami (M/E); Photography (Discworld) (M/A); or Writing (M/A).

Notes: Agatean tourists are becoming increasingly commonplace around the Circle Sea, to the delight of local inhabitants. This one has a steady, unremarkable job at home, which pays ludicrous amounts of gold by the standards of the rest of the Disc; his Wealth level represents his spending power while abroad (and grants him +1 Status for free). His native language is Agatean, of course; in most games, it will be advisable for him to have at least a point or so in Ankhian, but if players can sustain the effort involved in playing against an absolute language barrier, good for them.

Alchemist

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; and a total of 15 points from Acute Taste and Smell [2/level]; Collected [5]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Composed [5]; Danger Sense [15]; Daredevil [15]; Disease-Resistant [5]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Less Sleep [3/level]; Longevity [5]; Luck [15]; Patron [Varies]; Rapid Healing [5]; Second Sight [5]; Status +1 [5]; or Toughness (DR 1) [10].

Disadvantages: A total of -30 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Age [Varies]; Reduced Appearance [Varies]; Attentive [-1]; Bad Sight (Near-sighted; correctable) [-10]; Clueless [-10]; Curious [Varies]; Deafness [-20]; Delusions ("I am one step away from a brilliant discovery") [-10]; Dreamer [-1]; Hard of Hearing [-10]; Imaginative [-1]; Loner [-5]; Low Empathy [-15]; Missing Digit [Varies]; Obsession

(Research project) [Varies]; One Eye [-15]; One Hand [-15]; Overconfidence [-10]; Pyromania [-5]; Reputation (A dangerous neighbour or expensive employee) [Varies]; Shyness [Varies]; Skinny [-5]; Struggling [-10]; Stuttering [-10]; Uncongenial [-1]; Undiscriminating [-1]; Unfit or Very Unfit [-5 or -15]; or Workaholic [-5].

Primary Skills: Alchemy (Discworld) (M/H) IQ+2 [8]-15.

Secondary Skills: Demolition (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-12; Metallurgy (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11; Physiology (M/VH) IQ-2 [2]-11; Research (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-12; Thaumatology (M/VH) IQ-3 [1]-10.

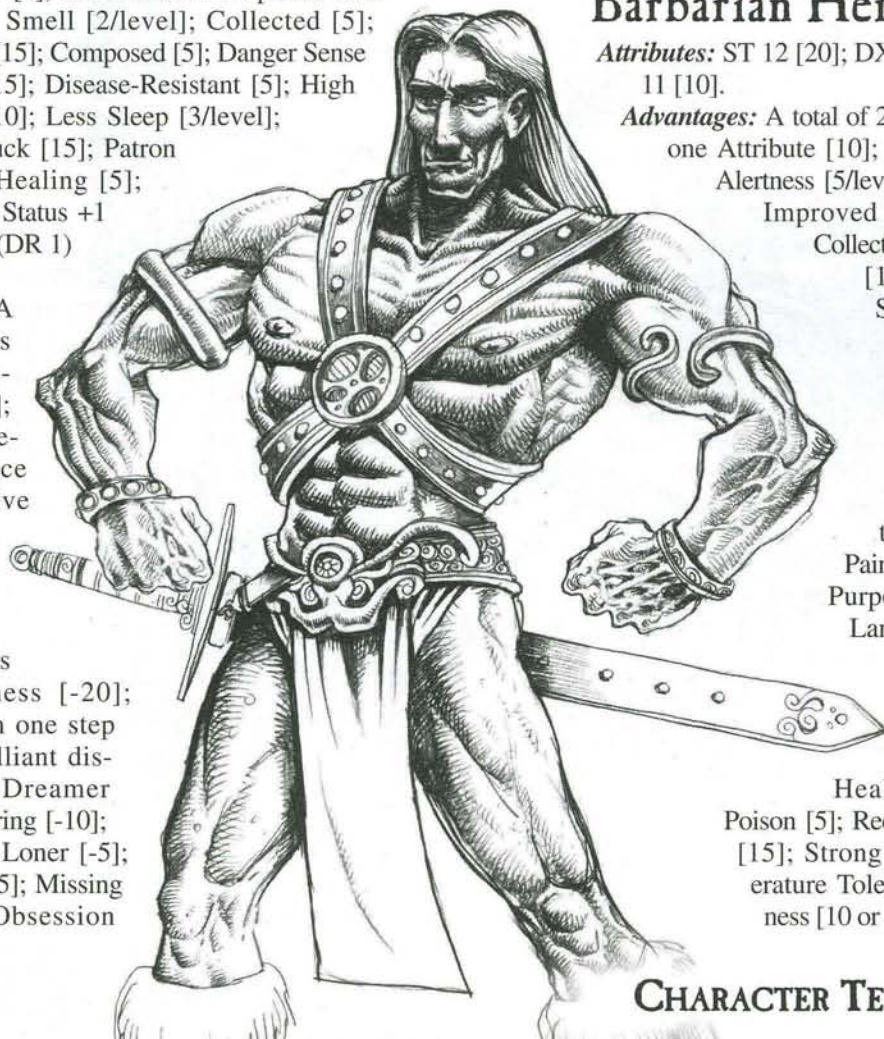
Background Skills: A total of 6 points in any of Astrology (M/H); Blacksmith (M/A); Botany (M/H); Distilling (M/A); Dyeing (M/A); Fire-Siphon (P/A); Fireworks (M/H); First Aid (M/E); Geology (M/H); Glassblowing (P/H); Jumping (P/E); Languages (Usually obscure and archaic); Magic Breath (P/E); Merchant (M/A); Naturalist (M/H); Physics (M/H); Poisons (M/H) Pottery (M/A); Savoir-Faire (M/E); Scrounging (M/E); Shield (P/E); Teaching (M/A); Uttering of Base Coin (M/H); Weird Magic (M/VH); Weird Science (M/VH); or any Secondary Skill.

Notes: This template represents one of the Disc's small, foolhardy class of professional chemists (see p. DI38), making a shaky income on the fringes of medicine, magic, fireworks manufacture and white-collar crime, while dreaming of unlikely wealth.

Barbarian Hero Wannabe

Attributes: ST 12 [20]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 11 [10].

Advantages: A total of 25 points from +1 to any one Attribute [10]; Alcohol Tolerance [5]; Alertness [5/level]; Ambidexterity [10]; Improved Appearance [Varies]; Collected [5]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Cool [1]; Danger Sense [15]; Daredevil [15]; Destiny [Varies]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Extra Fatigue [3/level]; Extra Hit Points [5/level]; Fearlessness [2/level]; Fit [5]; Hard to Kill [5/level]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Higher Purpose [5]; Intuition [15]; Language Talent [2/level]; Light Hangover [2]; Luck [15]; Magical Resistance [2/level]; Rapid Healing [5]; Resistant to Poison [5]; Recovery [10]; Serendipity [15]; Strong Will [4/level]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; Toughness [10 or 25]; or Voice [10].



Disadvantages: A total of -35 points from Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Alcoholism [-15]; Bad Temper or Berserk [-10 or -15]; Chauvinistic [-1]; Clueless [-10]; Code of Honour (Pirate's) [-5]; Compulsive Behaviour (Barbarian Heroism; Carousing; or Vowing) [Varies]; Delusions ("I am destined for heroic greatness") [-10]; Destiny [Varies]; Disowned [-5]; Distractible [-1]; Dreamer [-1]; Gigantism [-10]; Glory Hound or Overconfidence [-15 or -10]; Guilt Complex [-5]; Gullibility [-10]; Illiteracy [-5]; Impulsiveness [-10]; Lecherousness [-15]; Literal-Minded [-10]; Manic-Depressive [-20]; Oblivious [-3]; Odious Personal Habit (Barbarian Heroism) [-5 or -10]; Poor or Struggling [-15 or -10]; Primitive (TL 2) [-5]; Reduced Manual Dexterity [-3/level]; Short Attention Span [-10]; Skinny [-5]; Social Stigma (Various) [Varies]; Status -1 [-5]; Stubbornness [-5]; Trademark [Varies]; Trickster [-15]; Unattractive [-5]; Vow [Varies]; or Youth [Varies].

Primary Skills: Broadsword (P/A) DX [2]-12.

Secondary Skills: A total of 4 points in any TL 3 or lower Combat/Weapon skills.

Background Skills: A total of 4 points in any of Animal Handling (M/H); Area Knowledge (Virtually anywhere) (M/E); Bardic Lore (M/H); Boating (P/A); Camouflage (M/E); Carousing (P/A; HT); Climbing (P/A); Detect Lies

(M/H); Fishing (M/E); Gesture (M/E); Hiking (P/A; HT); Intimidation (M/A); Jumping (P/E); Languages (Any contemporary); Lifting (P/H; ST); Naturalist (M/H); Orienteering (M/A); Performance (M/A); Riding (P/A); Seamanship (M/E); Sex Appeal (M/A; HT); Singing (P/E; HT); Stealth (P/A); Streetwise (M/A); Survival (M/A); Swimming (P/E); Tactics (M/H); Tracking (M/A); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: This template represents a fan of old-style heroism with enough native talent to keep the tradition going for a few more years. He's not everything he wishes he was, but he's not immediately doomed, either.¹

Conjurer

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; and a total of 15 points from +1 to any Attribute [10]; Ambidexterity [10]; Charisma +1 [5]; Contacts (Various) [Varies]; and Manual Dexterity [3/level].

Disadvantages: A total of -15 points from Age [Varies]; Chummy [-5]; Dependent (Assistant) [Varies]; Gluttony [-5]; Odious Personal Habit (Overdoing the tricks) [-5]; Overweight [-5]; or Reputation -2 (Among wizards) [-5].



¹ Putting some of those Secondary Skills points into Shield would be a smart move, though.



Primary Skills: Holdout (M/A) IQ [2]-11; Sleight of Hand (P/H) DX [4]-12.

Secondary Skills: Acting (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-10; Fast-Talk (M/A) IQ [2]-11.

Background Skills: A total of 6 points in any of Animal Handling (M/H); Bard (M/A); Camouflage (M/E); Carpentry (M/E); Disguise (M/A); Escape (P/H); Filch (P/A); Gambling (M/A); Gesture (M/E); Hypnotism (M/H); Juggling (P/E); Knife Throwing (P/E); Lip Reading (M/A); Lockpicking (M/A); Make-Up (M/E); Mechanic (stage magic devices) (M/A); Mimicry (P/H); Performance (M/A); Pickpocket (P/H); Psychology (M/H); Savoir-Faire (M/E); Throwing (P/H); Ventriloquism (M/H); any primary or secondary skill; or skills required for a mundane "day job."

Notes: Conjurers are not true magic-workers, but tubby, smiling fellows with coats stuffed full of half-suffocated doves and decks of cards from which you will be asked to choose one, any one, unless you are very swift on your feet. They are usually accompanied by thin women in spangly outfits who don't speak much but point at things with considerable grace, and who react nervously in the presence of large boxes and saws.

Real wizards hold conjurers in the utmost contempt, made worse by the fact that the conjurers don't seem to understand that they're a joke, and almost intolerable because they insist on treating wizards like pals, or even colleagues. While conjuring isn't really a profession – most conjurers make their actual living doing something else – there is a Conjurers' Guild with a small guildhall in Ankh-Morpork. A practising conjurer (and they never seem to not be practising) often has problems with real wizards¹ and anyone who has seen too many card tricks or who has trouble around rabbits.

Guild Thief

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 13 [30]; IQ 11 [10]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: A total of 20 points from Absolute Timing [5]; Ambidexterity [10]; Contacts (Street) [Varies]; Cool [1]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Literacy [5]; Manual Dexterity [3/level]; Night Vision [10]; Patron (Thieves' Guild) [Varies]; or Status +1 [5].

Disadvantages: A total of -25 points from Bully [-10]; Code of Honour (Pirate's) [-5]; Cowardice [-10]; Duty (To the Thieves' Guild) [Varies]; Greed [-15]; Laziness [-10]; Overweight [-5]; Proud [-1]; Selfish [-5]; Staid [-1]; Unattractive [-5]; or Unluckiness [-10].

Primary Skills: Blackjack (P/E) DX [1]-13; Lockpicking (M/A) IQ [2]-11; Pickpocket (P/H) DX-1 [2]-12; Stargazing (P/E) DX [1]-13; Stealth (P/A) DX [2]-13.

Secondary Skills: Climbing (P/A) DX-1 [1]-12; Sleight of Hand (P/H) DX-2 [1]-11; Traps (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-10.

Background Skills: A total of 4 points in any of Appreciate Beauty (M/VH); Area Knowledge (The city) (M/E); Brawling (P/E); Carousing (P/A; HT); Disguise (M/A); Escape (P/H); Fast-Talk (M/A); Filch (P/A); Garrotte (P/E); Gesture (M/E); Holdout (M/A); Interrogation (M/A); Intimidation (M/A); Jumping (P/E); Merchant

(M/A); Running (P/H; HT); Shadowing (M/A); Shortsword (P/A); Streetwise (M/A); or Survival (Urban) (M/A).

Notes: An accepted member of Ankh-Morpork's Thieves' Guild (or something similar), this is merely a competent professional with a clear place in society. He may occasionally be required to perform some kind of tasks on behalf of the Guild (a Duty, usually on 9-); alternatively, he may be a freelancer in good standing who drops into the Guild House for the odd formal dinner. The optional Patron is often linked to the optional Duty, but may just represent pals in the Guild hierarchy.

Those Guild members who deal with the problem of uncensored thievery tend to have more combat skills and a 12-Duty. Guild training is broad, hence the template's range of Primary and Secondary skills. The Guild's usual operations these days involve a polite sort of mugging, or burglary (frequently by appointment). Of course, some freelancers and old-fashioned types specialise in one particular style of work, with appropriate skills bought up.

Medium/Fortune-Teller

Attributes: ST 9 [-10]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 12 [20]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Channelling [10]; Medium [10]; and a total of 25 points from Autotrance [5]; Charisma +1 [5]; Collected [5]; Common Sense [10]; Composed [5]; Cultural Adaptability [25]; Empathy or Sensitive [15 or 5]; Intuition [15]; Literacy [5]; Longevity [5]; Oracle [15]; Second Sight [5]; or Spirit Empathy [10].

Disadvantages: A total of -20 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Age [Varies]; Bad Sight (Near-sighted; correctable) [-10]; Broad-Minded [-1]; Delusions (Various) [Varies]; Fat or Overweight [Varies]; Hard of Hearing [-10]; Nosy [-1]; Odious Personal Habit (Gossips incessantly about the spirit world) [-5]; Responsive [-1]; Truthfulness [-5]; Undiscriminating [-1]; or Unfit [-5].

Primary Skills: Hidden Lore (Spirit Lore) (M/A) IQ+1 [4]-13; Performance/Ritual (Spiritualism) (M/A) IQ [2]-12.

Secondary Skills: Beverage-Making (M/E) IQ [1]-12; Merchant (M/A) IQ [2]-12.

Background Skills: A total of 6 points in any of Acting (M/A); Area Knowledge (Home city) (M/E); Augury (M/VH); Bard (M/A); Cooking (M/E); Detect Lies (M/H); Diplomacy (M/H); Dreaming (M/VH); Fortune Telling (M/A); Games (Any card game) (M/E); Gardening (M/E); Hypnotism (M/H); Languages (Any); Needlecraft (P/A); Savoir-Faire (M/E); Savoir-Faire (Servant) (M/E); Thanatology (M/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: See p. DI44-45 for discussion of Mediums. This template represents a typical urban medium, probably middle-aged and female, using genuine natural talent rather than training or trickery, but able to use mundane "people skills" on her customers when the spirits are being less than co-operative.

¹ The only likely exception that comes to mind would be Rincewind, who is unlikely to make much fuss over qualifications.



Noble

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; Status +2 [5]; Wealthy [20]; and a total of 30 points from +1 to any Attribute [10]; Ally Group (Retainers) [Varies]; Charisma +1 [5]; Claim to Hospitality (Family and/or other nobles) [Varies]; Collected [5]; Composed [5]; Cool [1]; Contacts (Military) [Varies]; Courtesy Rank [1/level]; Cultural Adaptability [25]; Deep Sleeper [5]; Fashion Sense [5]; Heir [5]; Higher Purpose [5]; Imperturbable [10]; Legal Enforcement Powers [10]; Legal Immunity [Varies]; Military Rank [5/level]; Reputation (Among own class) [Varies]; Extra Status [5/level]; Patron (Superior noble or court) [Varies]; Voice [10]; or Wealth increased to Very Wealthy [10].

Disadvantages: A total of -30 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Age [Varies]; Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Alcoholism [-15]; Bully [-10]; Chauvinistic [-1]; Clueless [-10]; Code of Honour (Gentleman's) [-10]; Colour Blindness [-10]; Combat Paralysis [-15]; Compulsive Behaviour (Carousing; Gambling; or Spending) [Varies]; Cowardice [-10]; Disowned [-5 or -15]; Delusions ("Good breeding grants superiority in all things") [-10]; Dependent (Family) [Varies]; Dull [-1]; Enemies (Various) [Varies]; Evil Twin [Varies]; Extravagance [-10]; Fanaticism (Self or native land) [-15]; Fat or Overweight [Varies]; Gluttony [-5]; Gullibility [-10]; Hidebound [-5]; Impulsiveness [-10]; Incurious [-5]; Jealousy [-10]; Klutz [-5]; Laziness [-10]; Lecherousness [-15]; Low Pain Threshold [-10]; Megalomania [-10]*; Obdurate [-10]; Odious Personal Habit (Upper-class mannerisms) [Varies]; Overconfidence [-10]; Paranoia [-10]; Proud [-1]; Reduced Manual Dexterity [-3/level]; Reputation (Among other classes) [Varies]; Secret (Family shame) [Varies]; Self-Centered or Selfish [-10 or -5]; Sense of Duty (family; retainers; etc.) [varies]; Staid [-1]; Stubbornness [-5]; Uncongenial [-1]; or Unfit or Very Unfit [-5 or -15].

* Note that Megalomania requires that Fanaticism (Self) also be taken.

Primary Skills: Heraldry (M/A) IQ+2 [2]-12; Savoir-Faire (M/E) IQ+4 [4]-14.

Secondary Skills: Riding (P/A) DX+1 [4]-11.

Background Skills: A total of 10 points in any of Administration (M/A); Agronomy (M/A); Animal Handling (M/H); Appreciate Beauty (M/VH); Area Knowledge (Family domains) (M/E); Axe/Mace (P/A); Bard (M/A); Boxing (P/A); Broadsword (P/A); Buckler (P/E); Calligraphy (P/A); Carousing (P/A; HT); Chess (M/E); Crossbow (P/E); Dancing (P/A); Diplomacy (M/H); Falconry (M/A); Fencing (P/A); Fishing (M/E); Flail (P/H); Gambling (M/A); Intelligence Analysis (M/H); Interrogation (M/A); Intimidation (M/A); Languages (Any); Law (M/H); Leadership (M/A); Musical Notation (M/E); Naturalist (M/H); Needlecraft (P/A); Poisons (M/H); Politics (M/A); Savoir-Faire (Military) (M/E); Sex Appeal (M/A; HT); Shield (P/E); Shortsword (P/A); Shouting at Foreigners (M/H); Spear (P/A); Sports (Various) (P/A); Strategy (M/H); Tracking (M/A); Tournament Law (various) (M/E); Two-Handed Sword (P/A); Veterinary (M/H); Weaving (P/E); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: This template represents an individual who gets by primarily on inherited rank and wealth. Some nobles of this type are complete idiots, but others may be competent in their chosen spheres. Note that high Wealth grants +1 free Status, high Status gives Savoir-Faire skill at IQ+2, and several other "noble" skills default from Savoir-Faire. For a more unworldly type, make any Combat/Weapon skills chosen into the Art or Sport version (p. CI133).

Pixie (Pictsie)

Attributes: ST 7/13 [30]; DX 14 [20]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 12/6 [20].

Advantages: Alcohol Tolerance [5]; and a total of 30 points from Alertness [5/level]; Ally Group (Tribe) [Varies]; Catfall [10]; Claim to Hospitality (Tribe) [2]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Collected [5]; Composed [5]; Cool [1]; Daredevil [15]; Disease-Resistant or Immunity to Disease [5 or 10]; Enhanced Dodge [15]; Fearlessness [2/level]; Fit [5]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Literacy [5]; Strong Will [4/level]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; or Toughness (DR 1) [10].



Disadvantages: Goblin Package [-40]; and a total of -30 points from Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Bad Temper or Berserk [-10 or -15]; Bloodlust [-10]; Callous [-6]; Chauvinistic [-1]; Chummy [-5]; Code of Honour (Pirate's) [-5]; Compulsive Carousing [-5]; Enemies (Usually rival tribes) [Varies]; Illiteracy [-5]; Kleptomania [-15]; Nosy [-1]; Odious Personal Habit (Aggressive) [Varies]; Poor or Struggling [-15 or -10]; Primitive (TL 2) [-5]; Reputation (Among human neighbours; usually as cattle thieves) [Varies]; Sense of Duty (To tribe) [-10]; or Status -1 [-5].

Primary Skills: Brawling (P/E) DX [1]-14; Camouflage (M/E) IQ+3 [1]-13; Knife (P/E) DX [1]-14.

Secondary Skills: Climbing (P/A) DX-1 [1]-13; Stealth (P/A) DX [1]-14.

Background Skills: A total of 10 points in any of Acrobatics (P/H); Area Knowledge (Tribal territory) (M/E); Armoury (M/A); Bardic Lore (M/H); Carousing (P/A; HT); Crossbow (P/E); Hiking (P/A; HT); Intimidation (M/A); Jumping (P/E); Language (Ankhian) (M/A); Law (M/H); Lifting (P/H; ST); Naturalist (M/H); Orienteering (M/A); Running (P/H; HT); Shouting at Foreigners (M/H); Survival (Woodlands or Mountains) (M/A); Swimming (P/E); Tactics (M/H); Tattooing (M/A); Tracking (M/A); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: Pixies, or Pictsies, are a type of goblin or gnome, found in parts of the Ramtops and their foothills. However, they have a very distinctive tribal culture of their own, closely resembling a cinematic version of the sort of thing depicted in ancient Celtic legends (and in GURPS Celtic Myth). They paint and tattoo themselves blue, and make their hair red and spiky with dye and grease; their favourite occupations are drinking, fighting, and stealing cattle, in about that order. (It takes four pixies to steal a cow – one to each leg.) They have their own language, which is technically a highly variant dialect of Ankhian (much like our world's Scots in relation to English); the two default to each other at -2, although penalties for an unpractised Ankhian-speaker to understand a pixie could be higher, given the pixie's inevitable lack of patience.

Despite their brawling ways, pixies are no fools. They are fully capable of aggressive cunning in a fight or cattle-raid, and their tribal queens or wise-women, known as the "Kelda," are experts in a strange kind of archaic, powerful witchcraft, full of shouting and potent herbal brews. One minority theory suggests that the Kelda is the only female in the tribe, like a queen bee or ant, but this is doubtful. Pixies also have a fondness for long, carefully-constructed legal contracts; a tribe's Kelda will usually have an advisor, or prime minister, who is expert in wording such things (in human languages if necessary).

A pixie wandering far afield for some reason could make an interesting adventurer, in a violent sort of way; a tribe of NPC pixies is a formidable problem, and should usually be dealt with by negotiation rather than confrontation. Pixies should certainly be permitted to take up to -40 points in disadvantages, in addition to their racial package; just try to stop them.



Priest

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 12 [20]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Clerical Investment (Rank 1) [5]; Literacy [5]; Patron (Temple or cult; 9-) [10]; and a total of 20 points from Blessed or Very Blessed [10 or 20]; Channelling [10]; Charisma [5/level]; Claim to Hospitality (Temple) [Varies]; Composed [5]; Contacts (Temple hierarchies) [Varies]; Empathy or Sensitive [15 or 5]; Fearlessness [2/level]; Higher Purpose [5]; Language Talent [2/level]; Less Sleep [3/level]; Longevity [5]; Greater size or higher frequency for Patron [Varies; note p. CI22]; Pious [5]; Additional Religious Rank (Note p. CI22) [5/level];

Sanctity [5]; Improved Status [5/level];

Strong Will [4/level]; True Faith [15]; or Voice [10].

Disadvantages: Duty (To temple; non-life-threatening; 15-) [-10]; and a total of -25 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Age [Varies]; Bad Sight [Varies]; Bully [-10]; Combat Paralysis [-15]; Cowardice [-10]; Delusions ("My god will always protect me") [-10]; Disciplines of Faith [Varies]; Fanaticism or Extreme Fanaticism (Religion) [-15]; Fat or Overweight [Varies]; Gluttony [-5]; Hard of Hearing [-10]; Humble [-1]; Intolerance (Religious; or of wizards) [-5 or -10]; Lecherousness [-15]; No Sense of Humour [-10]; Nosy [-1]; Oblivious [-3]; Odious Personal Habit (Always preaching) [-5]; Pacifism [Varies]; Proud [-1]; Responsive [-1]; Selfless [-10]; Sense of Duty (To humanity) [-15]; Unfit or Very Unfit [-5 or -15]; Reduced Wealth Level [Varies]; Skinny [-5]; Staid [-1]; Truthfulness [-5]; Vow [Varies]; or Workaholic [-5].

Primary Skills: Bard (M/A) IQ+1 [4]-13; Performance/Ritual (M/A) IQ [1]-12; Theology (M/H) IQ+2 [8]-14.

Secondary Skills: Administration (M/A) IQ [2]-12; Research (M/A) IQ [2]-12.

Background Skills: A total of 8 points in any of Accounting (M/H); Acting (M/A); Appreciate Beauty (M/VH); Area Knowledge (parish/diocese) (M/E); Astronomy (M/H); Augury (M/VH); Calligraphy (P/A); Detect Lies (M/H); Diagnosis (M/H); Diplomacy (M/H); Dreaming (M/VH); Exorcism (M/H); First Aid (M/E); Fortune Telling (M/A); History (M/H); Illumination (P/A); Intimidation (M/A); Languages (various); Law (M/H); Leadership (M/A); Literature (M/H); Musical Instrument (M/H); Musical Notation (M/E); Occultism: Demonology (M/A); Occultism: Vampire (M/A); Philosophy (M/H); Physician (M/H); Politics (M/A); Riding (P/A); Sacrifice (M/H); Savoir-Faire (M/E); Shouting at Foreigners (M/H); Singing (P/E; HT); Staff (P/H); Teaching (M/A); Thanatology (M/H); or Thaumatology (M/VH); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.



Notes: Discworld priests do not usually display direct supernatural powers; this template focuses mostly on the character's social position, and assumes that he has some useful influence and competence as a preacher, although the optional advantages could reflect the interventions of a relatively active god. Dark-hooded devotees of doubtful deities, fat old hypocrites, behind-the-scenes administrators, decrepit time-servers, and learned scholars (of either philosophy or Unspeakable Lore) could all look rather different. Druids tend to more rustic, outdoor sort of skills, some level in Programming (Stone Circle), and a taste for sharp curved blades; they are also perhaps more likely to have some kind of supernatural abilities. (See p. DI46-47 for more on priests and druids.)

Note that Performance/Ritual skill defaults from Bard at -2, and that some GMs may give some free Status to churchmen with high Religious Rank.

Tribesman

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 12 [20].

Advantages: A total of 30 points from +1 to one Attribute [10]; Alertness [5/level]; Ambidexterity [10]; Animal Empathy [5]; Attractive Appearance [5]; Breath-Holding [2/level]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Common Sense [10]; Composed [5]; Cool [1]; Cultural Adaptability [25]; Danger Sense [15]; Deep Sleeper [5]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Double-Jointed [5]; Empathy or Sensitive [15 or 5]; Extra Fatigue [3/level]; Fit [5]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Higher Purpose [5]; Imperturbable [10]; Intuition [15]; Language Talent [2/level]; Less Sleep [3/level]; Night Vision [10]; Rapid Healing [5]; Spirit Empathy [10]; Strong Will [4/level]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; Toughness (DR 1) [10]; or Unfazeable [15].

Disadvantages: Illiteracy [-5]; Primitive (TL 1) [-10]; Struggling [-10]; and a total of -10 points from Chauvinistic [-1]; Code of Honour (Pirate's) [-5]; Curious [Varies]; Duty (To tribe) [Varies]; Humble [-1]; Loner [-5]; No Sense of Humour [-10]; Oblivious [-3]; Odious Personal Habit (Overdoing the strong silent bit) [-5]; Primitive set at TL 0 rather than TL 1 [-5]; Responsive [-1]; Skinny [-5]; Status -1 [-5]; Uneducated [-5]; Reduced Wealth Level [Varies]; Shyness [Varies]; Truthfulness [-5]; Uncongenial [-1]; Vow (Various) [Varies]; Wealth level reduced to Poor [-5]; or Youth [Varies].

Primary Skills: Area Knowledge (Homeland) (M/E) IQ [1]-10; Spear (P/A) DX [2]-12; Survival (Home area type) (M/A) IQ [2]-10.

Secondary Skills: Camouflage (M/E) IQ [1]-10; Gesture (M/E) IQ [1]-10; Knife (P/E) DX [1]-12; Naturalist (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-8; Stealth (P/A) DX-1 [1]-11.

Background Skills: A total of 5 points in any of Acrobatics (P/H); Animal Guise (M/A); Animal Handling (M/H); Armoury (M/A); Augury (M/VH); Axe/Mace (P/A); Axe Throwing (P/E); Beverage-Making (M/E); Blowpipe (P/H); Boating (P/A); Body Language (M/H); Bolas (P/A); Bow (P/H); Bow and Palette (P/A); Brawling (P/E); Buckler (P/E); Carpentry (M/E); Climbing (P/A); Dancing (P/A); First Aid (M/E); Fishing (M/E); Flint Sparking (P/E); Garrotte (P/E); Harpoon (P/H); Hiking (P/A; HT);

Intimidation (M/A); Jumping (P/E); Languages (Various); Lasso (P/A); Musical Instrument (M/H); Navigation (M/H); Net (P/H); Netmaking (P/E); Orienteering (M/A); Running (P/H; HT); Sex Appeal (M/A; HT); Shield (P/E); Spear Thrower (P/A); Spear Throwing (P/E); Stone Knapping (M/A); Tactics (M/H); Tanning (P/A); Tattooing (M/A); Throwing (P/H); Throwing Stick (P/E); Tracking (M/A); Traps (M/A); Veterinary (M/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: See p. DI48 for discussion of this character type.

Watchman

Attributes: ST 11 [10]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Legal Enforcement Powers [10]; Patron (Watch; 9-) [10]; and a total of 15 points from +1 to one Attribute [10]; Acute Hearing [2/level]; Alertness [5/level]; Ally Group (Colleagues) [Varies]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Common Sense [10]; Contacts (Street) [Varies]; Cool [1]; Danger Sense [15]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Empathy or Sensitive [15 or 5]; Higher Purpose [5]; Literacy [5]; Military Rank [5/level]; Night Vision [10]; Extra size or higher frequency for Patron [Varies]; or Reputation (Among the underworld; for corruptibility or possibly fairness) [Varies].

Disadvantages: Duty (To the job; 12-) [-10]; and a total of -15 points from Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Alcoholism [-15]; Bully [-10]; Cannot Harm Innocents [-10]; Careful [-1]; Gullibility [-10]; Honesty [-10]; Laziness [-10]; Nosy [-1]; Overweight [-5]; Pacifism (Various) [-15]; Reputation (Among the underworld; for excess keenness) [Varies]; Sense of Duty (To law and order) [-10]; Struggling [-10]; Truthfulness [-5]; Unattractive [-5]; or Undiscriminating [-1].

Primary Skills: Area Knowledge (City) (M/E) IQ+1 [2]-11; Brawling (P/E) DX+1 [2]-12; Broadsword (P/A) DX+1 [4]-12; Crossbow (P/E) DX [1]-11

Secondary Skills: Criminology (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-9; Detect Lies (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-8; Intimidation (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-9; Law (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-8; Streetwise (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-9.

Background Skills: A total of 6 points in any of Acting (M/A); Administration (M/A); Animal Handling (M/H); Axe/Mace (P/A); Bard (M/A); Beverage-Making (M/E); Body Language (M/H); Boxing Sport (P/A); Darts (P/E); Diplomacy (M/H); Disguise (M/A); Fast-Talk (M/A); First Aid (M/E); Forensics (M/H); Hidden Lore (City Secrets) (M/A); Interrogation (M/A); Leadership (M/A); Lockpicking (M/A); Polearm (P/A); Shadowing (M/A); Shortsword (P/A); Shouting at Foreigners (M/H); Spear (P/A); Staff (P/H); Stealth (P/A); Tournament Law (Boxing) (M/E); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: This represents the sort of ordinary working copper found on the streets of Ankh-Morpork and an increasing number of other cities. In some forces, the distinction between military and police work is enough that any rank could be defined as Administrative rather than Military. Note also that some GMs may give some free Status to characters with high Rank.



75-Point Templates



Characters at this level have serious advantages over ordinary folk, though they may also be highly specialised. In fact, some may be rather self-absorbed or just plain full of themselves. Still, within their chosen field, they can handle most problems, and pursue profit or adventure with some conviction.

Career Soldier

Attributes: ST 12 [20]; DX 13 [30]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 11 [10].

Advantages: A total of 20 points from +1 to one Attribute [10]; Alertness [5/level]; Ally Group (Comrades) [Varies]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Common Sense [10]; Composed [5]; Contacts (military) [varies]; Cool [1]; Danger Sense [15]; Deep Sleeper [5]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Extra Hit Points [5/level]; Fit [5]; Hard to Kill [5/level]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Language Talent [2/level]; Legal Enforcement Powers [10]; Literacy [5]; Military Rank [5/level]; Night Vision [10]; Patron (Long-term employer or loyal officer) [Varies]; Rapid Healing [5]; Reputation (Usually for reliability) [Varies]; or Toughness (DR 1) [10].

Disadvantages: A total of -30 points from Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Bloodlust [-10]; Bully [-10]; Callous [-6]; Code of Honour (Pirate's) [-5]; Compulsive Behaviour (Various) [Varies]; Congenial [-1]; Duty (Military) [Varies]; Flashbacks [Varies]; Gigantism [-10]; Greed [-15]; Intolerance [-5 or -10]; Lecherousness [-15]; No Sense of Humour [-10]; Odious Personal Habits (Various) [Varies]; One Eye [-15]; Post-Combat Shakes [-5]; Reputation (Usually among former enemies; for personal reasons) [Varies]; Sense of Duty (Usually to nation; employer; or colleagues) [Varies]; Status -1 [-5]; Struggling [-10]; Stubbornness [-5]; Truthfulness [-5]; or Unattractive [-5].

Primary Skills: A total of 12 points spent on any of the following: Axe/Mace (P/A) DX+1 [4]-14; Bow (P/H) DX+1 [8]-14; Broadsword (P/A) DX+1 [4]-14; Buckler (P/E) DX+1 [2]-14; Crossbow (P/E) DX+1 [2]-14; Polearm (P/A) DX+1 [4]-14; Shield (P/E) DX+1 [2]-14; Shortsword (P/A) DX+1 [4]-14; Spear (P/A) DX+1 [4]-14; or Spear Throwing (P/E) DX+2 [4]-15. (Note: some combinations will reduce point costs through the default rules; in that case, spend the points saved on extra Background Skills.)

Secondary Skills: Hiking (P/A; HT) HT [2]-11 or Riding (P/A) DX [2]-13; and Brawling (P/E) DX [1]-13 and Savoir-Faire (Military) (M/E) IQ+1 [2]-11.

Background Skills: A total of 8 points in any of Any TL3 or lower Weapon skills; Area Knowledge (Past areas of service) (M/E); Armoury (M/A); Boating (P/A); Camouflage (M/E); Carousing (P/A; HT); Fast-Draw (P/E); Filch (P/A); First Aid (M/E); Gambling (M/A); Heraldry (M/A); Holdout (M/A); Intelligence Analysis

(M/H); Interrogation (M/A); Intimidation (M/A); Languages (Various); Leadership (M/A); Merchant (M/A); Orienteering (M/A); Running (P/H; HT); Scrounging (M/E); Shouting at Foreigners (M/H); Stealth (P/A); Strategy (M/H); Streetwise (M/A); Survival (Any) (M/A); Tactics (M/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: This capable fighter could be a wandering mercenary, a long-serving castle guard, or a tough watchman in a city that hasn't got the hang of police procedure yet; the distinctions are blurred at best (see p. DI45). Military sailors and marines could be based on the same template, with Boating and the addition of some combination of Navigation, Sailor, and Seamanship, and sometimes Carpentry, Meteorology, Shipbuilding, or Shiphandling. Note that some GMs may give some free Status to soldiers with high Rank.

Engineer-Inventor

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; and a total of 25 points from +1 to ST or DX [10]; Collected [5]; Comfortable [10]; Gadeteer [25]; High Technology +1 [20]; Inspiration Magnet [5]; Intuition [15]; Lightning Calculator [5]; Longevity [5]; Manual Dexterity [3/level]; Mathematical Ability [10]; Patron (Employer) [Varies]; Single-Minded [5]; Status +1 or +2 [5 or 10]; or Versatile [5].



Disadvantages: A total of -30 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Age [varies]; Attentive [-1]; Bad Sight (correctable) [-10]; Clueless [-10]; Curious [varies]; Dreamer [-1]; Duty (to employer; non-life-threatening) [varies]; Easy to Read [-10]; Enemies (former employer) [varies]; Hard of Hearing [-10]; Imaginative [-1]; Low Empathy [-15]; Oblivious [-3]; Obsession (technical project) [varies]; Odious Personal Habit (boring) [-5]; Pacifism (self-defence only) [-15]; Shyness [varies]; Skinny [-5]; Struggling [-10]; Stubbornness [-5]; Stuttering [-10]; Trademark [varies]; Undiscriminating [-1]; Unfit [-5]; or Workaholic [-5].

Primary Skills: 15 points in one or more specialisations of Engineer skill (M/H) and any necessary prerequisites.

Secondary Skills: Architecture (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-12; Artist (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11; Blacksmith (M/A) IQ-3 [2]-10; Carpentry (M/E) IQ [1]-13; Mathematics (M/H) IQ-1 [2]-12.

Background Skills: A total of 13 points in any of Abacus (M/A); Accounting (M/H); Administration (M/A); Alchemy (Discworld) (M/H); Armoury (M/A); Astronomy (M/H); Axe/Mace (P/A); Boating (P/A); Cartography (M/A); Chess (M/E); Cooperage (M/E); Cryptography (M/H); Cryptology (M/H); Demolition (M/A); Distilling (M/A); Gardening (M/E); Geology (M/H); Glassblowing (P/H); Jeweller (M/H); Languages (various); Leatherworking (M/E); Lockpicking (M/A); Masonry (P/E); Mechanic (M/A); Merchant (M/A); Metallurgy (M/H); Musical Composition (M/H); Naturalist (M/H); Navigation (M/H); Philosophy (M/H); Physics (M/H); Physiology (M/VH); Prospecting (M/A); Research (M/A); Scene Design (M/A); Scrounging (M/E); Seamanship (M/E); Shipbuilding (M/H); Surveying (M/A); Teaching (M/A); Traps (M/A); Uttering of Base Coin (M/H); Weird Science (M/VH); Woodworking (P/A); Writing (M/A); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: See p. DI41 for discussion of Discworld engineers. Note that High Technology +1 (which should only be taken with GM permission, and may well be inappropriate for many games) gives Discworlders broad access to TL4 equipment and skills, the "baseline" for the world being TL3, despite some variations. Note also that the Blacksmith skill listed above includes penalties for low ST.

Highwayman

Attributes: ST 11 [10]; DX 13 [30]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 11 [10].

Advantages: A total of 25 points from +1 to IQ or HT [10]; Absolute Direction [5]; Alertness [5/level]; Animal Empathy [5]; Attractive or Handsome [5 or 15]; Charisma [5/level]; Collected [5]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Comfortable Wealth [10]; Composed [5]; Contacts (street) [varies]; Cool [1]; Courtesy Rank [1/level]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Fashion Sense [5]; Literacy [5]; Night Vision [10]; Reputation (as a dashing rogue) [varies]; or Status [5/level].

Disadvantages: A total of -25 points from Code of Honour (Gentleman's) [-10]; Compulsive Spending [varies]; Disowned [-5]; Enemies (various) [varies]; Extravagance [-10]; Lecherousness [-15]; Overconfidence [-10];

Responsive [-1]; Secret [varies]; Secret Identity [varies]; Struggling [-10] or Trademark [varies].

Primary Skills: Area Knowledge (area of operations) (M/E) IQ+1 [2]-11; Crossbow (P/E) DX [1]-13; Riding (P/A) DX+1 [4]-14.

Secondary Skills: Broadsword or Fencing or Shortsword – all (P/A) DX-1 [1]-12; Bard (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-9; and Camouflage (M/E) IQ [1]-10; Fast-Draw (Sword) (P/E) DX [1]-13; Streetwise (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-9.

Background Skills: A total of 13 points in any of Acrobatics (P/H); Acting (M/A); Animal Handling (M/H); Appreciate Beauty (M/VH); Blackjack (P/E); Bow (P/H); Brawling (P/E); Buckler (P/E); Carousing (P/A; HT); Climbing (P/A); Cloak (P/A); Dancing (P/A); Detect Lies (M/H); Disguise (M/A); Equestrian Acrobatics (P/H); Fast-Draw (Crossbow Bolt) (P/E); Fast Talk (M/A); Filch (P/A); Gambling (M/A); Heraldry (M/A); Holdout (M/A); Intimidation (M/A); Jumping (P/E); Knife (P/E); Knife Throwing (P/E); Languages (various); Lasso (P/A); Naturalist (M/H); Savoir-Faire (M/E); Sex Appeal (M/A; HT); Shadowing (M/A); Shortsword (P/A); Sleight of Hand (P/H); Stealth (P/A); Survival (Woodlands) (M/A); Throwing (P/H); Tracking (M/A); Veterinary (M/H); Whip (P/A); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: See pp. DI39-40 for discussion of Highwaymen, and the difference between them and Bandits (p. 42).

Mad Doctor

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 14 [45]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; Status +1 [0]; Wealthy [20]; and a total of 15 points from +1 to DX or HT [10]; Ally (Igor) [varies]; Charisma +1 [5]; Collected [5]; Composed [5]; Contacts (brother scientists) [varies]; Disease-Resistant or Immunity to Disease [5 or 10]; Fearlessness [2/level]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Less Sleep [3/level]; Mad Medicine [15]; Manual Dexterity [3/level]; Night Vision [10]; Extra Status [5/level]; Reputation (among gentlemen of science) [varies]; Single-Minded [5]; or Toughness (DR 1) [10].

Disadvantages: Obsession (Seeking The Secrets Of Life Itself!) [-15]; and a total of -20 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Attentive [-1]; Bad Temper [-10]; Bully [-10]; Callous [-6]; Clueless [-10]; Code of Honour (Gentleman's) [-10]; Cowardice [-10]; Curious [varies]; Delusions ("all civilised people will be grateful for my discoveries") [-5]; Enemies (past experiments) [varies]; Imaginative [-1]; Loner [-5]; Low Empathy [-15]; No Sense of Humour [-10]; Oblivious [-3]; Odious Personal Habit (talking about macabre experiments) [varies]; Overconfidence [-10]; Paranoia [-10]; Reputation (among peasantry) [varies]; Secret (usually grave-robbing) [varies]; Solipsist [-10]; Staid [-1]; Stubbornness [-5]; Uncongenial [-1]; Unfit [-5]; Weak Will [-8/level]; or Workaholic [-5].

Primary Skills: Physician (M/H) IQ-1 [2]-13; Physiology (M/VH) IQ-1 [4]-13; Weird Surgery (M/VH) IQ-2 [2]-12; Weird Science (M/VH) IQ-2 [2]-12.

Secondary Skills: Philosophy (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-12; Research (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-13; Savoir-Faire (M/E) IQ+2 [0]-16.



Background Skills: A total of 13 points in any of any Medical Skill; Administration (M/A); Alchemy (Discworld) (M/H); Anthropology (M/H); Appreciate Beauty (M/VH); Architecture (M/A); Biochemistry (M/VH); Botany (M/H); Chess (M/E); Detect Lies (M/H); Distilling (M/A); Engineer (Various) (M/H); Escape (P/H); Fencing (P/A); Genetics (M/VH); Heraldry (M/A); History (M/H); Intimidation (M/A); Languages (Various); Leadership (M/A); Literature (M/H); Mathematics (M/H); Mechanic (Clockwork or primitive machinery) (M/A); Meteorology (M/A); Musical Instrument (Organ) (M/H); Musical Notation (M/E); Naturalist (M/H); Occultism (M/A); Physics (M/H); Poisons (M/H); Science! (M/VH); Stealth (P/A); Thanatology (M/H); Veterinary (M/H); Writing (M/A); Zoology (M/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: Mad Doctors are a well-known feature of life in some areas of the Disc, most notably Uberwald. In fact, while not as interested in (currently living) people as vampires, not as sociable (with their own kind) as werewolves, nor as economically powerful as Uberwald's dwarfs, they are considered an important part of that land's social tapestry. Mad Doctors are a major employer of Igors (see p. 60), with whom they share many interests. Note that high Wealth grants them +1 free Status, which in turn gives them Savoir-Faire for free.

Thaumaturgist

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 12 [20]; IQ 12 [20]; HT 11 [10].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; Patron (Employing wizard; 6-) [5]; and a total of 20 points from +1 to one Attribute [10]; Absolute Direction [5]; Acute Senses [2/level]; Alertness [5/level]; Collected [5]; Composed [5]; Cool [1]; Danger Sense [15]; Disease-Resistant [5]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Intuition [15]; Language Talent [2/level]; Luck [15]; Night Vision [10]; Higher frequen-

cy for Patron [Varies]; Resistant to Poison [5]; Second Sight [5]; Serendipity [15]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; or Toughness (DR 1) [10].

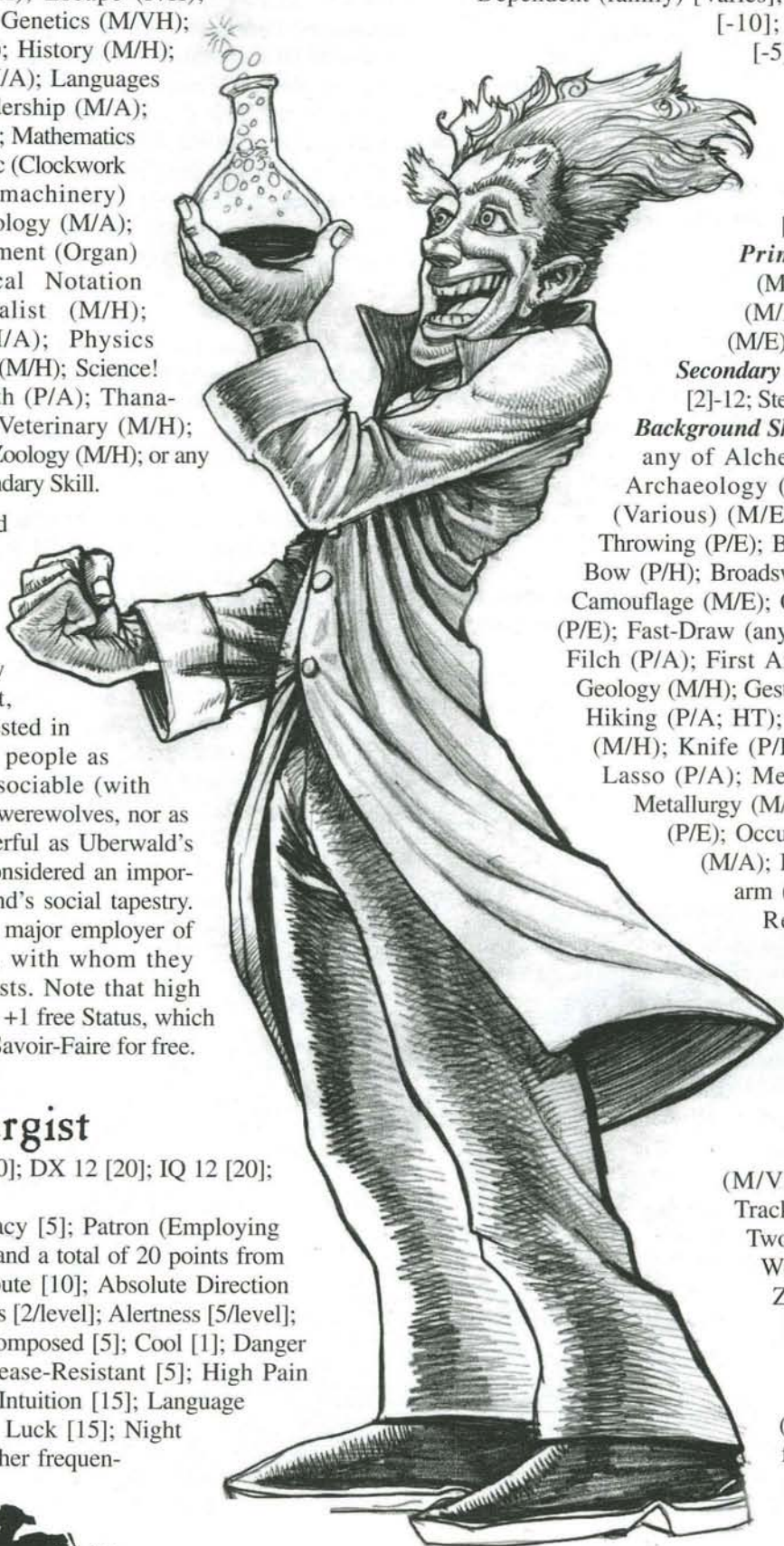
Disadvantages: Duty (to employer; 12-) [-10]; and a total of -20 points from Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Dependent (family) [Varies]; Humble [-1]; Hunchback [-10]; Imaginative [-1]; Loner [-5]; Oblivious [-3]; One Eye [-15]; Selfless [-10]; Skinny [-5]; Staid [-1]; Struggling [-10]; Uncongenial [-1]; Undiscriminating [-1]; Weirdness Magnet [-15]; or Workaholic [-5].

Primary Skills: Merchant (M/A) IQ+1 [4]-13; Naturalist (M/H) IQ [4]-12; Scrounging (M/E) IQ+2 [4]-14.

Secondary Skills: Axe/Mace (P/A) DX [2]-12; Stealth (P/A) DX-1 [1]-11.

Background Skills: A total of 10 points in any of Alchemy (Discworld) (M/H); Archaeology (M/H); Area Knowledge (Various) (M/E); Armoury (M/A); Axe Throwing (P/E); Boating (P/A); Bolas (P/A); Bow (P/H); Broadsword (P/A); Buckler (P/E); Camouflage (M/E); Climbing (P/A); Crossbow (P/E); Fast-Draw (any) (P/E); Fast-Talk (M/A); Filch (P/A); First Aid (M/E); Fishing (M/E); Geology (M/H); Gesture (M/E); Harpoon (P/H); Hiking (P/A; HT); Holdout (M/A); Jeweller (M/H); Knife (P/E); Languages (Various); Lasso (P/A); Mechanic (Various) (M/A); Metallurgy (M/H); Net (P/H); Netmaking (P/E); Occultism (M/A); Orienteering (M/A); Physiology (M/VH); Polearm (P/A); Prospecting (M/A); Research (M/A); Riding (P/A); Savoir-Faire (Servant) (M/E); Shield (P/E); Shortsword (P/A); Sling (P/H); Spear (P/A); Spear Throwing (P/E); Staff (P/H); Survival (Various) (M/A); Thaumatology (M/VH); Throwing (P/H); Tracking (M/A); Traps (M/A); Two-Handed Axe/Mace (P/A); Weird Magic (M/VH); Zoology (M/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: See p. DI38 ("Allied Magical Trades") for information on this career.



100-Point Templates



The traditional base in *GURPS* games of serious heroism is 100 points, and templates built at this level represent exceptional folk, in whose faces one is ill-advised to laugh. Members of these professions or races know what they are about, or at least know how to hit things quite hard.

Assassin

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 13 [30]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Comfortable Wealth [10]; Literacy [5]; Status +1 [5]; and a total of 20 points from Acute Senses [2/level]; Alertness [5/level]; Ambidexterity [10]; Claim to Hospitality (Assassin's Guild and especially old classmates) [5]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Composed [5]; Cool [1]; Fashion Sense [5]; Heir [5]; Language Talent [2/level]; Manual Dexterity [3/level]; Night Vision [10]; Patron (Long-term employer) [Varies]; Reputation (Among upper classes; for efficiency) [Varies]; Resistant to Poison [5]; Sensitive [5]; Extra Status [5/level]; or Extra Wealth [Varies].

Disadvantages: Code of Honour (Assassin's) or Secret (Breaks guild rules) [-10]; and a total of -20 points from Callous [-6]; Duty (To Guild) [Varies]; Loner [-5]; Low Empathy [-15]; Odious Personal Habit (Smug amorality) [Varies]; Responsive [-1]; Secret (Past work with complications) [Varies]; Selfish [-5]; or Solipsist [-10].

Primary Skills: Climbing (P/A) DX+1 [4]-14; Crossbow (P/E) DX [1]-13; Knife Throwing (P/E) DX [1]-13; Poisons (M/H) IQ [4]-13; Savoir-Faire (M/E) IQ+2 [0]-15; Stealth (P/A) DX-1 [1]-12.

Secondary Skills: Fencing or Shortsword – both (P/A) DX-1 [1]-12; and Acrobatics (P/H) DX-1 [2]-12; Dancing (P/A) DX-1 [1]-12; Knife (P/E) DX [1]-13; Languages (Choose one modern) (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-12; Musical Instrument (Choose) (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11; Traps (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-12.

Background Skills: A total of 11 points in any of Acting (M/A); Alchemy (Discworld) (M/H); Area Knowledge (Areas of operation or the Disc at large) (M/E); Armoury (M/A); Blackjack (P/E); Blowpipe (P/H); Body Language (M/H); Bow (P/H); Brawling (P/E); Calligraphy (P/A); Camouflage (M/E); Chess (M/E); Cooking (M/E); Disguise (M/A); Escape (P/H); Fast-Draw (Various) (P/E); First Aid (M/E); Heraldry (M/A); History (M/H); Holdout (M/A); Judo (P/H); Jumping (P/E); Languages (Any modern) (M/A); Literature (M/H); Lockpicking (M/A); Main-Gauche (P/A); Occultism (M/A); Physician (M/H); Physiology (M/VH); Research (M/A); Riding (P/A); Shadowing (M/A); Singing (P/E; HT); Sling (P/H); Thanatology (M/H); Throwing (P/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: This character is a fully qualified product of the Guild School in Ankh-Morpork (or something very similar), and may still be in residence at the Guild HQ or working independently. See p. DI38-39 for more ideas. Note that high Status gives Savoir-Faire skill at IQ+2 for free, and any increase in Wealth will grant +1 Status for free.

Graduate Wizard

Attributes: ST 9 [-10]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; Magery 2 [25]; Status +1 [5]; and a total of 10 points from +1 to ST; DX or HT [10]; Ally Group (Research students) [Varies]; Claim to Hospitality (University) [2]; Comfortable Wealth [10]; Cool [1]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Extra Fatigue [3/level]; Fearlessness [2/level]; Longevity [5]; Magery increased to 3 [10]; Mathematical Ability [10]; Patron (University) [Varies]; Single-Minded [5]; Extra Status [5/level]; Tenure [5].

Disadvantages: A total of -30 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Addiction (Chain smoker) [-5]; Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Attentive [-1]; Bad Sight [Varies]; Compulsive Carousing [-5]; Cowardice [-10]; Curious [Varies]; Dreamer [-1]; Easy to Read [-10]; Fat or Overweight [Varies]; Gluttony [-5]; Imaginative [-1]; Laziness [-10]; Loner [-5]; Low Empathy [-15]; Oblivious [-3]; Obsession (Research project) [Varies]; Pyromania [-5]; Shyness [Varies]; Skinny [-5]; Unfit or Very Unfit [-5 or -15]; Weak Will [-8/level]; or Weirdness Magnet [-15].

Primary Skills: Thaumatology (M/VH) IQ [2]-13.

Secondary Skills: Alchemy (Discworld) (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11; Research (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-12.

Background Skills: A total of 10 points in any of Administration (M/A); Archaeology (M/H); Augury (M/VH); Area Knowledge (Various) (M/E); Astrology (M/H); Astrozoology (M/H); Botany (M/H); Carousing (P/A; HT); Cartography (M/A); Darts (P/E); Diagnosis (M/H); Diplomacy (M/H); Engineer/Magical (M/H); Flight (Broomstick) (P/A); Fortune Telling (M/A); Gambling (M/A); Geology (M/H); History (M/H); Illusion Art (M/H); Intimidation (M/A); L-Space Theory (M/VH); Languages (Various) [Varies]; Linguistics (M/VH); Lucid Dreaming (M/E); Magic Breath (P/E); Magic Jet (P/E); Mathematics (M/H); Meteorology (M/A); Naturalist (M/H); Occultism (M/A); Occultism: Demonology (M/A); Paleontology (M/H); Philosophy (M/H); Physician (M/H); Physics (M/H); Physiology (M/VH); Programming (Hex) (M/H); Punning (M/A); Spell Throwing (P/E); Staff (P/H); Teaching (M/A); Thanatology (M/H); Weird Magic (M/VH); Weird Science (M/VH); Zoology (M/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Spells: (all Mental/Hard, at skill 13 except where otherwise noted): Apportation; Counterspell; Create Fire; Detect Magic; Dispel Magic-14; Ignite Fire; Levitation; Octagram-15; Purify Air; Seek Earth; Seek Water; Simple Illusion; Sound; Staff; The Rite of AshkEnte; and Ward-14 (for a total cost of 21); and also choose one of the following packages (each has a total cost of 20 points):

Academic Researcher: Air-Golem; Analyze Magic; Crystal Ball; Divination (Crystal-Gazing); Fireball; Hush; Identify Spell; Light; Locksmith; Measurement; Mystic Mist; Quondum's Attractive Point; Restore; Scribe; Seek Food; Shape Fire; Shield; Silence; Tell Time; Voices.



Closet Demonologist: Air-Golem; Conceal Magic; Dark Vision; Decay; Divination (Demon Invocation); Find Weakness; Flame Jet; Infravision; Keen Eyes; Magelock; Scryguard; Sense Life; Sense Spirit; Shape Fire; Summon Demon-14; Test Food; Thunderclap; Voices; Weaken.

Explorer: Beast-Soother; Create Water; Englebert's Enhancer; Find Direction; Fireball; Keen Eyes; Light; Lighten Burden; Measurement; Night Vision; Persuasion; Purify Water; Restore; Seek Food; Seek Plant; Sense Emotion; Sense Foes; Sense Life; Shape Fire; Test Food.

Freelance Consultant: Two types of Divination (Choose; being sure to check prerequisites); Air-Golem; Analyze Magic; Find Weakness; History; Identify Spell; Keen Eyes; Light; Lockmaster; Locksmith; Magelock; Measurement; Scryguard; Seeker; Sense Life; Spolt's Forthright Respirator; Tell Time; Test Food; Trace.

Hedge Wizard: Aura; Beast-Soother; Create Air; Find Direction; Forest Warning; Heal Plant; Identify Plant; Keen Eyes; Master; Night Vision; No-Smell; Persuasion; Plant Growth; Seek Plant; Sense Emotion; Sense Foes; Sense Life; Shape Earth; Shape Plant; Test Food.

Pyromaniac: Cold; Continual Light; Divination (Pyromancy); Explosive Fireball-14; Extinguish Fire; Find

Weakness; Fireball; Fireproof; Flame Jet-14; Flash; Heat; Light; Poltergeist; Resist Cold; Resist Fire; Shape Fire; Sumpjumper's Incendiary Surprise; Weaken.

Sentimentalist: Air-Golem; Complex Illusion; Continual Light; Create Air; Divination (Crystal-Gazing); Delayed Message; Eringyas' Surprising Bouquet; Great Voice; Identify Plant; Lend Strength; Light; Purify Water; Seek Plant; Sense Life; Sense Spirit; Shield; Slow Fall; Tell Time; Thunderclap; Voices.

Notes: This figure may be a junior faculty member at Unseen University (or at one of the better provincial establishments such as Bugarup). Alternatively, he might be an independent consultant in some provincial town, or something more idiosyncratic.

Choose spells appropriate to the wizard's personality; note that choosing a package that does not include a ranged-damage spell will cause him to be less than fully respected by many other members of the profession, though Create Fire is acceptably violent in a pinch. Some spells are drawn from **GURPS Magic**; spell and Thaumatology levels includes the bonus for Magery 2.



Hick Troll

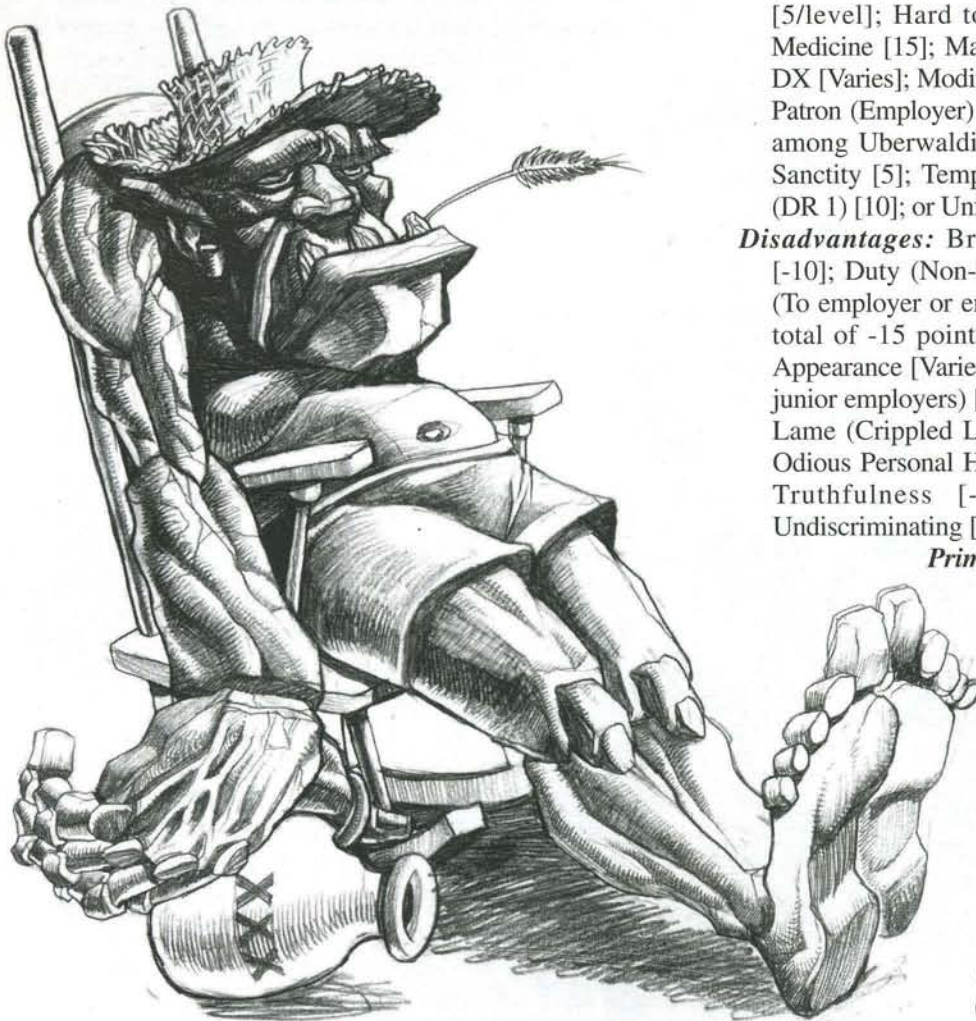
Attributes: ST 21/9 [-10]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 8 [0]; HT 12/16 [0].

Advantages: Troll Package (sedimentary) [145].

Disadvantages: Status -1 [-5]; Struggling [-10]; and a total of -25 points from Alcohol-Related (actually Sulphur-Related) Quirks [-1 each]; Attentive [-1]; Broad-Minded [-1]; Bully [-10]; Callous [-6]; Clueless [-10]; Code of Honour (Pirate's) [-5]; Confused [-10]; Dull [-1]; Laziness [-10]; Lecherousness [-15]; No Sense of Humour [-10]; Oblivious [-3]; Odious Personal Habit (Rustic manners) [-5]; Overconfidence [-10]; Reduced Manual Dexterity [-3/level]; Shyness [Varies]; Status reduced to -2 [-5]; Stubbornness [-5]; Truthfulness [-5]; or Wealth level reduced to Poor [-5].

Primary Skills: One of Axe/Mace; Broadsword; Polearm; or Two-Handed Axe/Mace (all P/A) DX [2]-10.

Background Skills: A total of 3 points in any of Area Knowledge (Home mountains) (M/E); Bardic Lore (M/H); Camouflage (M/E); Carousing (P/A; HT); Crossbow (P/E); Gesture (M/E); Geology (M/H); Hiking (P/A; HT); Languages (Any modern) (M/A); Lifting (P/H; ST); Musical Instrument (Percussion) (M/H); Orienteering (M/A); Shield (P/E); Spear (P/A); or one of the options available but not chosen as a Primary Skill.



Notes: This template represents a troll fresh down from the mountains, not much good for anything except hitting things. Still, even a very naïve troll can be pretty good at that. With trollish strength and resilience, it is often worth taking something large and two-handed as one's weapon of choice; this character could swing a glaive or a maul every turn. Remember that all trolls have Brawling at DX+1 from their racial package.

Strictly speaking, this package might include Primitive or Uneducated as optional disadvantages; backwoods troll communities have very little technology of any sort, and some lack even basic trollish culture. However, hick trolls are not usually much disadvantaged by ignorance when they move to the big city. Generous GMs may add these options, in which case the troll should frequently be befuddled by art, politeness, crossbows, trade, wheels, and other advanced ideas.

Igor

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 12 [20].

Advantages: Legal Immunity (See below) [5]; Literacy [5]; Patchwork Man [40]; and a total of 15 points from +1 to ST or DX [10]; Acute Senses [2/level]; Ambidexterity [10]; Common Sense [10]; Composed [5]; Contacts (Other Igors) [Varies]; Cool [1]; Deep Sleeper [5]; Immunity to Disease (See notes on Patchwork Man; p. 17) [5]; Extra Hit Points [5/level]; Hard to Kill [5/level]; Longevity [5]; Mad Medicine [15]; Manual Dexterity [3/level]; Modified Arm DX [Varies]; Modified Arm ST [Varies]; Night Vision [10]; Patron (Employer) [Varies]; Pious [5]; Reputation (Usually among Uberwaldians) [Varies]; Resistant to Poison [5]; Sanctity [5]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; Toughness (DR 1) [10]; or Unfazeable [15].

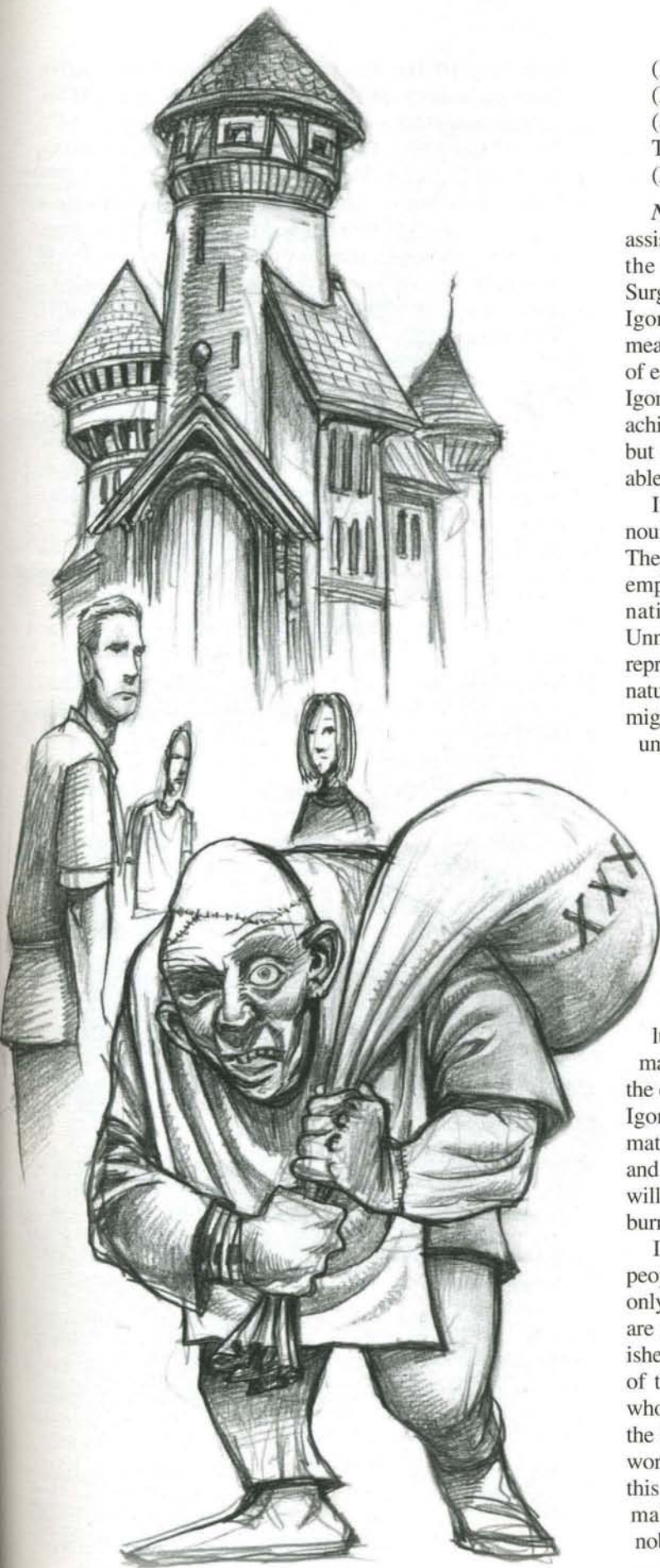
Disadvantages: Broad-Minded [-1]; Disturbing Voice [-10]; Duty (Non-life-threatening; 12-) or Sense of Duty (To employer or employer's family) [-5]; Ugly [-5]; and a total of -15 points from Age [Varies]; Further reduced Appearance [Varies]; Attentive [-1]; Dependent (Family or junior employers) [Varies]; Humble [-1]; Hunchback [-10]; Lameness (Crippled Leg) [-15]; Missing Digit (Finger) [-2]; Odious Personal Habit (See below) [-5]; Struggling [-10]; Truthfulness [-5]; Unnatural Feature [-5]; or Undiscriminating [-1].

Primary Skills: Weird Surgery (M/VH) IQ [8]-13.

Secondary Skills: Stealth (P/A) DX+1 [4]-12.

Background Skills: A total of 9 points in any of Alchemy (Discworld) (M/H); Architecture (M/A); Area Knowledge (Home castle) (M/E); Biochemistry (M/VH); Botany (M/H); Carpentry (M/E); Diagnosis (M/H); Distilling (M/A); Escape (P/H); Genetics (M/VH); Heraldry (M/A); Juggling (P/E); Knife (P/E); Languages (Various); Mechanic (Clockwork or primitive machinery) (M/A); Merchant (M/A); Needlecraft





(P/A); Physician (M/H); Physiology (M/VH); Poisons (M/H); Research (M/A); Running (P/H; HT); Savoir-Faire (Servant) (M/E); Scrounging (M/E); Shadowing (M/A); Thanatology (M/H); Veterinary (M/H); Weird Science (M/VH); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: Igors are a class of personal servants and laboratory assistants found throughout Uberwald (see p. DI31-32). See the notes on the Patchwork Man advantage and Weird Surgery skill (p. 17-18) for some idea as to their capabilities. Igors all seem to be blood relatives – insofar as the term means anything, given their medical histories – forming a sort of extended clan. They are patchwork men; no self-respecting Igor has not replaced a few of his body parts by the time he achieves maturity. These modifications are usually beneficial, but may be imperfect in various ways. They are never quite able to get the eyes level, for example.

Igors (almost) invariably walk with some kind of pronounced limp,¹ though they are not necessarily slowed by it. They talk with an intrusive lisp that means they address their employers as “mathter.” Most speak Uberwaldian as their native language, but seem quite fluent in Ankhian. The Unnatural Feature disadvantage, on an Igor, probably has to represent something fairly spectacular (scars and stitching are natural to them), though an Igor living away from Uberwald might take it to reflect the effect his appearance has on those unfamiliar with his kind. Igor-recognition is mostly a matter of learning the particular pattern of scars.

Igors have a special version of “Legal Immunity” that (mostly) applies in Uberwald, despite the fact that Uberwald has very little in the way of a formal legal system. Essentially, all members of the family (or whatever they are) are considered “neutrals” in Uberwaldian society. They are employed by the rulers and aristocrats, who may whip them, insult their intelligence, or rant at them endlessly, but who (almost) never cause them serious injury or treat them as lunch on the hoof. At the same time, the common people may scowl at them, considering them lick-spittle toadies of the evil rulers (often with literal accuracy), but they know that Igors would never initiate serious unpleasantness or make matters worse, and that Igors are actually obliging fellows and work as very useful community doctors. Hence, an Igor will usually be allowed to slip away when the howling mob burns down the lord’s castle.

Indeed, Igors tend to be amiable individuals once other people learn to ignore their scars, stitching, and habits. The only Odious Personal Habits which they sometimes display are asking for organ donations (“when the mathter hath finished with you, you won’t be needing them”) or excessive use of their stealth skill (materialising right behind the person who is looking for them). They share a common aversion to the idea of burial (which they regard as distasteful – all those worms) and cremation (which they see as simply wasteful); this may be taken as a quirk. Despite their odd looks, they make popular husbands for young Uberwaldian women; nobody ever likes to ask why.

¹ Pronounced “limp.”



Witch

Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 13 [30]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Magery 2 [25]; Reputation +2 (Among people from her home area; as helpful or at least not to be crossed) [5]; Status +1 [5]; and a total of 15 points from +1 to DX or HT [10]; Absolute Direction [5]; Ally Group (Coven or Family) [varies]; Animal Empathy [5]; Charisma [5/level]; Claim to Hospitality (Other witches) [5]; Common Sense [10]; Composed [5]; Cool [1]; Danger Sense [15]; Deep Sleeper [5]; Disease-Resistant or Immunity to Disease [5 or 10]; Empathy or Sensitive [15 or 5]; Extra Encumbrance [5]; Extra Fatigue [3/level]; Fearlessness [2/level]; Fit [5]; Intuition [15]; Literacy [5]; Longevity [5]; Magery increased to 3 [10]; Natural Spellcasting [15]; Night Vision [10]; Oracle [15]; Peripheral Vision [15]; Increased or Additional Reputation [Varies]; Resistant to Poison [5]; Spirit Empathy [10]; Extra Status [5/level]; Strong Will [4/level]; or Unfazeable [15].

Disadvantages: A total of -30 points from Age [Varies]; Below-average Appearance [Varies]; Bad Sight [Varies]; Bad Temper [-10]; Broad-Minded [-1]; Bully [-10]; Fat or Overweight [Varies]; Gluttony [-5]; Hard of Hearing [-10]; Hunchback [-10]; Nosy [-1]; Odious Personal Habit (Irascible) [-5]; Proud [-1]; Reputation (Various; usually in a limited area; for unpredictability or malice) [Varies]; Responsive [-1]; Self-Centered or Selfish [-10 or -5]; Selfless [-10]; Sense of Duty (To her community) [-10]; Struggling [-10]; Stubbornness [-5]; Uncongenial [-1]; or Undiscriminating [-1].

Primary Skills: Area Knowledge (Home region) (M/E) IQ [1]-13; Diagnosis (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11; Naturalist (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11; Physician (M/H) IQ-1 [2]-12; Psychology (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11.

Secondary Skills: Brawling (P/E) DX [1]-11; Flight (Broomstick) (P/A) DX-1 [1]-10; Fortune Telling (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-12; Knife (P/E) DX [1]-11; Veterinary (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-11.

Background Skills: A total of 8 points in any of Acting (M/A); Agronomy (M/A); Animal Handling (M/H);

Augury (M/VH); Bard (M/A); Bardic Lore (M/H); Beverage-Making (M/E); Blackjack (P/E); Botany (M/H); Camouflage (M/E); Carousing (P/A); Cooking (M/E); Detect Lies (M/H); Diplomacy (M/H); Distilling (M/A); Dreaming (M/VH); Fast-Talk (M/A); First Aid (M/E); Hidden Lore (Spirit Lore); Hiking (P/A; HT); Holdout (M/A); Hypnotism (M/H); Intimidation (M/A); Languages (neighbouring countries); Leadership (M/A); Lucid Dreaming (M/E); Merchant (M/A); Occultism (M/A); Orienteering (M/A); Physiology (M/VH); Poisons (M/H); Scrounging (M/E); Shouting at Foreigners (M/H); Stealth (P/A); Survival (home area environment) (M/A); Teaching (M/A); Thaumatology (M/VH); Tracking (M/A); Weird Magic (M/VH); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Spells: (all Mental/Hard, at skill 13, unless otherwise noted): Beast-Soother; Borrowing; Bravery; Daze; Delusion; Divination (Crystal-Gazing); Divination (Cuisinomanity); Fear; Foolishness; Identify Plant; Octagram; Persuasion; Seek Plant; Sense Emotion; Sense Foes; and Sense Life (for a total cost of 16); and choose one of the following packages (each has a total cost of 5 points):

Animal-Lover: Beast Seeker; Beast Summoning; Master; Seek Water; and increase Borrowing to 14.

Dedicated Healer: Awaken; Divination (Palmistry); Lend Strength; Lend Health; Spolt's Fortright Respirator.

Research Witch: Crystal Ball; Heal Plant; Morphic Tweaking (VH)-12; Plant Growth; Simple Illusion.

Villainess in Training: Break Mental Walls (VH)-12; Divination (Demon Invocation); Morphic Tweaking (VH)-12; Narrative Manipulation (VH)-12; Simple Illusion.

Notes: See chapters 6 and 7 of *GURPS Discworld*, and p. DI48-49, for notes on witches. This template represents a respectably competent village figure; more powerful witches can be built on this foundation, with more variations and a lot more spells, while witches from other cultural backgrounds may have interestingly different spell lists. Note that some spells are drawn from *GURPS Magic*, and spell levels includes the bonus for Magery 2. Players with access to *GURPS Grimoire* may well wish to add spells from there, such as Malefice or Talisman.

High-Value Templates

These are unnervingly powerful individuals who can't be built on fewer points than too many. They are suitable as major NPCs, or as the heroes of excessively heroic campaigns.

Senior Wizard 260 points

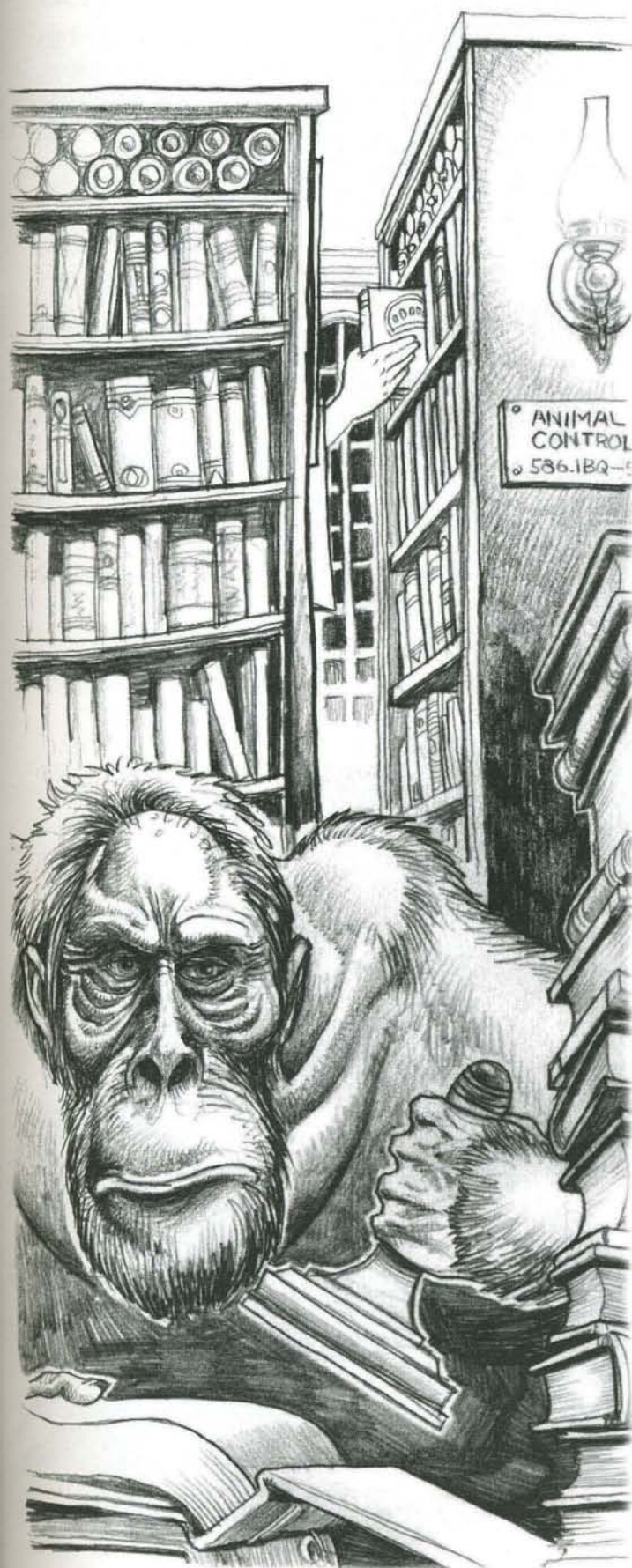
Attributes: ST 10 [0]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 14 [45]; HT 11 [10].

Advantages: Literacy [5]; Longevity [5]; Magery 3 [35]; Status +3 [15]; and a total of 25 points from +1 to DX or HT [10]; Alcohol Tolerance [5]; Ally (Sidekick or Thaumaturgist) [Varies]; Ally Group (Students or Underlings) [Varies]; Claim to Hospitality (University) [2]; Collected [5]; Contacts (Various) [Varies]; Cool [1]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Extra Fatigue [3/level]; Fearlessness

[2/level]; Light Hangover [2]; Longevity [5]; Mathematical Ability [10]; Status increased to 4 [5]; Tenure [5]; Increased Wealth level [Varies]; or Unfazeable [15].

Disadvantages: A total of -30 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Addiction (Chain smoker) [-5]; Age [Varies]; Alcohol-Related Quirks [-1 each]; Attentive [-1]; Bad Sight (Correctable) [-10]; Curious [Varies]; Dull [-1]; Fanaticism (Self) [-15]; Fat or Overweight [Varies]; Gluttony [-5]; Hard of Hearing [-10]; Hidebound [-5]; Laziness [-10]; Loner [-5]; Low Empathy [-15]; Megalomania [-10]*; Obdurate [-10]; Oblivious [-3]; Obsession (Varies) [Varies]; Odious Personal Habit (Ignoring other people's ideas) [-5]; Overconfidence [-10]; Paranoia [-10]; Pyromania [-5]; Reputation (Among





other wizards for annoying behaviour or outrageous theories; or among neighbours for blowing things up) [Varies]; Sense of Duty (To wizardry) [-10]; Skinny [-5]; Staid [-1]; Stubbornness [-5]; Uncongenial [-1]; Undiscriminating [-1]; Unfit or Very Unfit [-5 or -15]; or Weak Will [-8/level].

* Note that Megalomania requires Fanaticism (Self).

Primary Skills: Research (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-13; Thaumatology (M/VH) IQ+1 [2]-15

Secondary Skills: Alchemy (Discworld) (M/H) IQ-2 [1]-12; Occultism (M/A) IQ-1 [1]-13; Savoir-Faire (M/E) IQ+2 [0]-16; Spell Throwing (Ball) (P/E) DX [1]-11; Weird Magic (M/VH) IQ-3 [1]-11.

Background Skills: A total of 23 points in any of Administration (M/A); Anthropology (M/H); Archaeology (M/H); Area Knowledge (Varies) (M/E); Astrology (M/H); Astrozoology (M/H); Augury (M/VH); Bard (M/A); Body Sense (P/H); Botany (M/H); Carousing (P/A; HT); Cartography (M/A); Chess (M/E); Diagnosis (M/H); Engineer/Magical (M/H); Flight (Broomstick) (P/A); Gambling (M/A); Geology (M/H); Hidden Lore (Demon Lore or Spirit Lore) (M/A); History (M/H); Illusion Art (M/H); Intelligence Analysis (M/H); Intimidation (M/A); L-Space Theory (M/VH); Languages (Various); Leadership (M/A); Linguistics (M/VH); Lucid Dreaming (M/E); Magic Breath (P/E); Magic Jet (P/E); Mathematics (M/H); Metallurgy (M/H); Meteorology (M/A); Naturalist (M/H); Occultism: Demonology (M/A); Paleontology (M/H); Philosophy (M/H); Physician (M/H); Physics (M/H); Physiology (M/VH); Politics (M/A); Shouting at Foreigners (M/H); Spell Throwing (Any) (P/E); Staff (P/H); Teaching (M/A); Thanatology (M/H); Traps (M/A); Weird Science (M/VH); Zoology (M/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Spells: (all Mental/Hard at skill 15, except where otherwise noted): Air-Golem; Apportation; Complex Illusion; Continual Light; Counterspell; Create Fire; Delay; Detect Magic; Dispel Magic-16; Divination (Crystal-Gazing); Fireball; Identify Spell; Ignite Fire; Itch; Keen Eyes; Levitation; Light; Locksmith; Missile Shield; Octagram-18; Perfect Illusion; Poltergeist; Purify Air; Quondum's Attractive Point; Seek Earth; Seek Water; Sense Life; Shape Fire; Shield; Simple Illusion; Sound; Spolt's Fortright Respirator; Staff; Tell Time; The Rite of AshkEnte; Thunderclap; and Ward (for a total cost of 45); and also choose one of the following packages (All packages have a total cost of 65 points):

Academic: Alarm; Analyze Magic-17; Ancient History; Aura; Clean; Conceal Magic; Enchant (VH)-14; Englebert's Enhancer; Find Direction; History; Hush; Identify Plant; Identify Spell; Light Jet; Magic Resistance; Measurement; Mystic Mist; Purify Water; Restore; Scribe; Scryguard; Seek Food-16; Seek Plant; Seeker-18; Sense Spirit; Silence; Spell Shield-20; Tell Time; Test Food; Trace-18; Voices; Wall of Silence; and increase Dispel Magic and Divination (Crystal-Gazing) to 18.

Megalomaniac: Air Jet; Atavarr's Personal Gravitational Upset (VH)-14; Beast-Soother; Conceal Magic; Create Air; Create Earth; Crystal Ball; Darkness; Dark Vision; Decay; Delayed Message; Divination (Demon Invocation); Earthquake; Earth to Stone; Earth Vision; Find Weakness; Flame Jet; Foolishness; Fresnel's Wonderful Concentrator; Glass Wall; Great Voice; Haste; Identify Spell; Infravision; Lend Strength; Lightning; Link; Lockmaster; Magelock; Manipulate; Morphic Tweaking (VH)-15; Mystic Mist; Pain; Persuasion; Predict Weather; Recover Strength; Reshape; Ruin; Scryguard; Scrywall; Seeker; Sense Emotion; Sense Foes; Sense Spirit; Shape Air; Shape Darkness; Shape Earth; Shape Stone; Shatter (VH)-14; Spasm; Stench; Stone to Earth; Summon Demon; Teleport (VH)-15; Test Food; Trace; Undo; Voices; Walk on Air; Weaken; Whirlwind; Windstorm; Winged Knife.

Pyromaniac: Air Jet-18; Cold; Create Air; Divination (Pyromancy); Essential Flame; Explosive Fireball-18; Extinguish Fire; Find Weakness; Fireproof; Flame Jet-18; Flash-18; Heat; Infravision; Lend Strength; Recover Strength-20; Resist Cold; Resist Fire-18; Shape Air; Shape

Fire; Sumpjumper's Incendiary Surprise; Weaken; and increase Create Fire and Fireball to 18.

Notes: This represents the holder of a chair at Unseen University or one of the more credible provincial colleges (such as Bugarup), or the kind of dangerous oddball throwback occasionally found up some backwoods tower. The "Academic" spell package represents someone who is more interested in studying magic than in using it, but who can defend himself against jealous or nosy rivals. The "Megalomaniac" is capable of acting the traditional fantasy villain (or the familiar power-loving wizard), making a good stab at conquering bits of the Disc, and generally attracting the attention of adventurers. The "Pyromaniac" has discovered the simple pleasures of blowing things up, usually but not always in an incendiary fashion. Incidentally, some would say that this whole template is highly conservative; full-power wizards can have almost any array of advantages, disadvantages, and spells. Note that some spells are drawn from *GURPS Magic*, *Savoir-Faire* comes free with high Status, and spell and Thaumatology levels include the bonus for Magery 3.



Serious Troll

230 points

Attributes: ST 24/12 [20]; DX 11 [10]; IQ 8 [0]; HT 13/17 [10].

Advantages: Troll Package (Igneous) [157] and a total of 15 points from +1 to any Attribute [10]; Collected or Composed [5]; Courtesy Rank 1 [1]; Disease-Resistant [5]; Fearlessness [2/level]; Literacy or Semi-Literacy [10 or 5]; Military Rank 1 [5]; Rapid Healing [5]; Strong Will [4/level]; Toughness (DR +1) [10]; or Unfazeable [15].

Disadvantages: A total of -20 points from Alcohol-Related (Actually Sulphur-Related) Quirks [-1 each]; Appearance reduced to Hideous [-10]; Attentive [-1]; Broad-Minded [-1]; Bully [-10]; Callous [-6]; Code of Honour (Pirate's) [-5]; Duty (To employer) [Varies]; Gigantism [-10]; Reduced Manual Dexterity [-3/level]; Staid [-1]; Status -1 [-5]; Struggling [-10]; Stubbornness [-5]; or Truthfulness [-5].

Primary Skills: Axe/Mace (P/A) DX+2 [8]-13; Brawling (Raised from racial default) (P/E) DX+2 [2]-13; Polearm (P/A) DX+2 [8]-13; Two-Handed Axe/Mace (P/A) DX+1 [4]-12.

Secondary Skills: Camouflage (M/E) IQ+2 [4]-10; Lifting (P/H; ST) ST-2 [1]-22; Streetwise (M/A) IQ [2]-8.

Background Skills: A total of 9 points in any of Area Knowledge (Various) (M/E); Axe Throwing (P/E); Bardic Lore (M/H); Broadsword (P/A); Carousing (P/A; HT); Crossbow (P/E); Gesture (M/E); Geology (M/H); Hiking (P/A; HT); Languages (Any modern) (M/A); Musical Instrument (Percussion) (M/H); Running (P/H; HT); Orienteering (M/A); Savoir-Faire (Military) (M/E); Shield (P/E); Spear (P/A); Stealth (P/A); Throwing (P/H); or any Primary or Secondary Skill.

Notes: This template represents a formidable individual – a real troll's troll. Maybe not a genius, or subtle by human standards, but very good at what trolls do.

Hard to Kill [5/level]; Imperturbable [10]; Intuition [15]; Less Sleep [3/level]; Lightning Calculator [5]; Literacy [5]; Magic Resistance [2/level]; Mimicry [15]; Night Vision [10]; Peripheral Vision [15]; Regeneration [Varies]; Reputation (Among part-time cultists) [Varies]; Second Sight [5]; Speak with Animals [15]; Temperature Tolerance [1/level]; or Unfazeable [15].

Psi Powers: Telepathy; Level 8 [40]; and a total of 100 points in any of ESP; Healing; Psychokinesis; Teleportation; or improving Telepathy.



Small God

540 points

Attributes: ST 13 [30]; DX 10 [0]; IQ 10 [0]; HT 10 [0].

Advantages: Ally Group (Worshippers; large group; 9-) [30]; Being of Pure Thought [250]; Lightning (As Knack; see notes) [16]; Recognised Divinity (See below) [5]; Unaging [15]; and a total of 40 points from Absolute Direction [5]; Absolute Timing [5]; Alertness [5/level]; Allies (High priests; etc.) [Varies]; Increased Frequency of Appearance for Ally Group [Varies]; Animal Empathy [5]; Improved Appearance [Varies]; Charisma [5/level]; Collected [5]; Cool [1]; Dark Vision [25]; Enhanced Move [10/level]; Extra Fatigue [3/level]; Extra Hit Points [5/level]; Faith Healing [30]; Fur [Varies]; Growth [10/level];

Disadvantages: Dependency ("Being Worshipped," as an "occasional" substance, required monthly) [-10] and a total of -30 points from Absent-Mindedness [-15]; Bad Temper [-10]; Hideous or worse Appearance [Varies]; Broad-Minded [-1]; Bully [-10]; Callous [-6]; Chauvinistic [-1]; Clueless [-10]; Combat Paralysis [-15]; Cowardice [-10]; More severe Dependency [Varies]; Dependent (Worshipper) [Varies]; Disturbing Voice [-10]; Fanaticism (Self) [-15]; Gullibility [-10]; Hidebound [-5]; Impulsiveness [-10]; Laziness [-10]; Low Empathy [-15]; Low Pain Threshold [-10]; Megalomania [-10]*; No Sense of Humour [-10]; No Sense of Smell/Taste [-5]; Obdurate [-10]; Oblivious [-3]; Odious Personal Habit (Arrogance) [-5]; Overconfidence [-10]; Paranoia [-10]; Reputation (Among opposed cults) [Varies]; Secret (Various) [Varies]; Solipsist [-10]; Staid [-1]; Stubbornness [-5]; Uncongenial [-1]; Unfit or Very Unfit [-5 or -15]; Unnatural Feature [-5]; or Reduced Wealth level [Varies].

* Note that Megalomania requires Fanaticism (Self).

Psionic Skills: Telereceive (M/H) IQ+1 [6]-11; Telesend (M/H) IQ+3 [10]-13; and a total of 30 points in any of Autoteleport; Clairaudience; Clairvoyance; Exoteleport; Healing; Mental Blow; Mind Shield; PK Shield; Pyrokinesis; Sleep; or Telekinesis (all M/H), as appropriate to Psionic Powers taken.

Other Skills: A total of 8 points in any of Acting (M/A); Appreciate Beauty (M/VH); Area Knowledge (the Astral Plane; Cori Celesti; or area of worship) (M/E); Body Sense (P/H); Carousing (P/A; HT); Detect Lies (M/H); Disguise (M/A); Fast-Talk (M/A); Fortune Telling (M/A); Games (various) (M/E); History (M/H); History: Esoteric (M/H); Hypnotism (M/H); Intimidation (M/A); Languages (Various); Law (M/H); Occultism: Demonology (M/A); Performance/Ritual (M/A); Sacrifice (M/H); Savoir-Faire (M/E); Shapeshifting (M/H); or Spell Throwing (Lightning) (P/E).

Notes: Small Gods take many forms, with widely varying powers and circumstances. This template merely represents an example of one common type; an invisible, intangible being with significant power

but several problems, not least the desperate need to retain the devotion of a painfully small group of worshippers.

Psionic powers are used to represent some divine abilities. If players have access to *GURPS Psionics*, it can be used to simulate more. Of the new powers it lists, Electrokinetics may be too much oriented to dealing with electrical machinery, but Psychic Vampirism may be very useful, perhaps with a -50% Limitation, "Only on own worshippers." That book also adds the psionic skills Aspect, Illusion, Mental Stab, Mindword, Seekersense, and Telescan, which can represent some traditional divine abilities. The Being of Pure Thought advantage includes 5 levels of Astral Projection power; a Small God might buy more, though this is only really useful if it gets into fights on the Astral Plane, which most deities consider undignified.

Virtually all Discworld gods can throw at least small lightning bolts, represented here by a Knack with the Lightning spell. See *GURPS Magic*, p. M96-97, for an explanation of Knacks; in brief, this power permits the Small God to cast the spell (see p. B158) with a skill roll of 15-. Knacks or regular spells might also be used to represent other divine powers; the Elemental Air college in general is very useful for this. In all cases, remember that, on the Disc, Magic Resistance is considered to be the same as Psionic Resistance.

This being may have fragments of various traditional god-like attributes (omniscience, the ability to smite blasphemers, and so on), but it really needs to get a few more worshippers. Advantages and disadvantages should be chosen to reflect its particular nature and sphere of influence.

The template also includes a new Discworld-specific Advantage:

NEW ADVANTAGE:

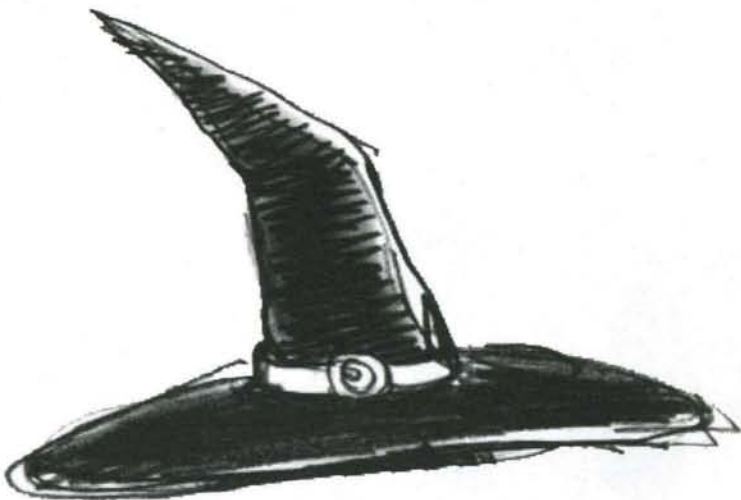
RECOGNISED DIVINITY

5 POINTS

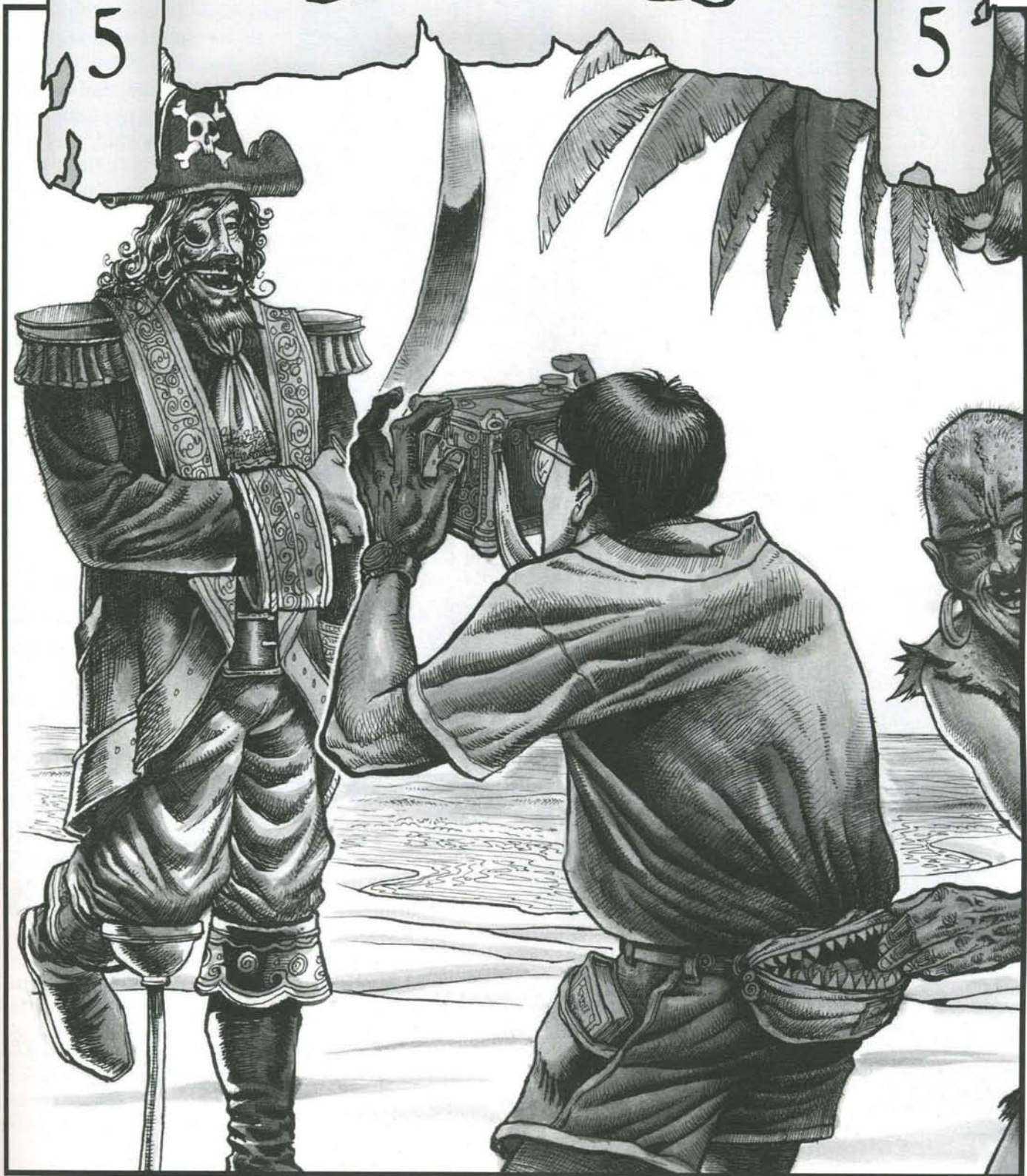
You are a Discworld divinity, with at least one sincere worshipper.

This does not in itself imply any particular power; the Advantage reflects the fact that other deities acknowledge your standing, however guardedly, and must address you as an equal, however grudgingly. There are certain accepted conventions and rules governing relations between deities, which are just sufficient to prevent all-out divine civil war – for example, direct inter-god violence is frowned upon (that's what worshippers are for). So long as you respect these, other deities will usually respect them with regard to you. Also, any deity may request a boon of any other; the snag is that the deity who performs the favour may require any vaguely plausible price, and may decide what it should be, and when and where to take it, later. Naturally, such prices are rarely small.

This Advantage may appear wide open to abuse, and players are certainly not permitted to take it without the GM's permission. However, abusing it usually means taking advantage of other beings of vast power and unpredictable temperament. By and large, the GM should have little trouble in rewarding any player who tries to be clever with this advantage more than adequately.



CAMPAIGN SETTINGS



D'regs

The deserts of Klatch, including those around the Wadi El-Rukl, are the home to nomadic tribes of the people known as *D'regs*. These are a robust folk, with a straightforward view of life. Suffice it to say that, in their language, the words for "foreigner" and "traveller" are effectively interchangeable with the word for "target," and the word for "freedom" is the same as the word for "fighting."

D'regs are ferocious and enthusiastic fighters. Their tribal chiefs only really have one task – shouting "Charge!" (preferably at dawn) – and only keep their jobs so long as they do that properly.¹ They make up in enthusiasm what they lack in subtlety. They rarely take prisoners in serious fights, although they can if the situation demands it.

D'regs are notorious oath-breakers, who do not trust their own mothers (their mothers would be ashamed of them if they did), but their word is absolutely sacred to them. They also hold hospitality to be sacrosanct; once accepted into a D'reg's tent, even his worst enemy will be treated with honour for exactly three days. They are *also* clever enough *not* to kill merchants who cross their territory, or even to take everything the merchants own. Rather, most of the time at least, they make sure that the merchants can make enough profit to keep coming back to be robbed.

A typical D'reg might be ST 11, DX 12, IQ 10, HT 12, with Area Knowledge (home lands)-13, Brawling-10, Broadsword-13, Riding-12, Shield-12, Spear-12, Stealth-12, and Survival (Desert)-14. See *Jingo* for a longer description of D'reg culture and behaviour.

Continued on next page...

¹ However, their tribes also have recognised "wise men" who offer good advice on those rare situations not covered by "Charge!"



This chapter contains four settings or outlines for extended roleplaying campaigns, mostly set on parts of the Disc that have not been covered much

by the novels to date. Note that, as already stated, it is possible that these areas will be the setting for future novels, which may well treat them differently. Apart from providing ideas, these four settings illustrate how to set up various styles of

game using the Discworld as a frame, and because they are *not* drawn from the novels, they give

GMs and players the freedom to develop ideas from

scratch, changing or extending what is given here without the sense of sacrilege that is sometimes felt when game material tinkers with its primary sources.

D'regs are ferocious and enthusiastic fighters.

Their tribal chiefs only really have

one task – shouting "Charge!"

Wadi El-Rukl

Wadi El-Rukl is a caravan town in the deserts of Klatch; *GURPS Arabian Nights* is recommended to any GM running adventures here. It is remote, small, and lucky enough to have escaped direct rule from Al-Khali, so far. Thus, it can serve as the venue for scenarios without having to worry about the broader politics of that continent.



Background and Politics

Wadi El-Rukl is named for the watercourse that flows into the oasis on which the town stands. There has been some kind of community here for a long time – determined research could find records or buried remains from the days when Djelibeybi ruled the continent, and this was an unpopular outpost for its army – but the place's emergence as a town goes back two or three centuries, having been encouraged by growth in trade across the desert. Somewhere along the line, a local petty chieftain gained enough tax income and credibility to build himself a decent palace and call himself a sultan, and a competent government has built on that. In particular, one previous sultan managed some improvements in the water supplies to farms around the town, giving the economy a firm basis – and the palace a very nice garden.

THE THREAT

However, success can lead to trouble. The recent aggressive expansion of Al-Khali (see *Jingo*) included some careful assessment of every neighbouring statelet. This was followed by polite diplomatic missions discussing treaties, tax harmonisation, joint anti-banditry operations, and the possibility of the smaller state being converted to rubble if they weren't very careful with their answers. However, Wadi El-Rukl was remote and small enough that only small missions were sent, and the sultan was well-enough advised that he kept them happy with vague responses for quite some time. Then, just as things were getting worrying, political turmoil in Al-Khali following the abortive war with Ankh-Morpork put the entire question on hold.

However, Al-Khali never quite forgets, even if it sometimes pauses, and ambitious frontier generals or provincial administrators might choose to prove themselves at any moment. The rulers of Wadi El-Rukl are staying alert.

The Palace

Currently, the area's official ruler is Sultan Khodrian ibn Alg al-Ieee, Warden of the Wells and Guardian of the Seven Tax-Paying Temples, known to his friends as Alg-Ieee, and to citizens of the town as Him In The Palace. Khodrian is a quiet, middle-aged man of moderate appetites and strictly average intellect, with just enough sense to know that looking after the town reasonably well is the best guarantee of his continuing health.

Khodrian is aware that tradition requires him to appoint as his vizier a sinister figure with a short beard and a polite way of being very dangerous, but he is also aware that anyone *too* well qualified for the job on these grounds would sooner or later start thinking about promotion – and the only rank above Vizier is Sultan. So he has compromised, appointing a perfectly competent tax accountant named Dabil al-Intri (inventor of a new accountancy system that he is too modest to name after himself), then insisting that Dabil grow a short beard, dye it jet black, and practise his polite manners and his sinister smiles. Dabil does his best to oblige, but secretly finds all this tiresome and uncomfortable, distracting him from his work.

In fact, it may be causing him to miss out on a lot. All is not quite as may first appear in Wadi El-Rukl.



D'regs (Continued)

The El-Rukl army occasionally gets involved in fighting D'regs, although they try not to, valuing breathing as they do. Fortunately, the local tribes are relatively small and scrupulously restrained in their robberies. However, an ambitious local D'reg chief, or an incursion by a larger D'reg tribe, could make for interesting times in these parts for a while.

Languages in Wadi El-Rukl

The language spoken by the citizens of Wadi El-Rukl is basically that of Al-Khali, i.e. that known in Ankh-Morpork simply as "Klatchian." The town has a recognisable accent of its own, and its inhabitants have a few quirks of vocabulary, so that a visitor from Al-Kali will be identified as such by a native of Wadi El-Rukl on an IQ roll (and vice-versa). However, the difference in accents can be hidden with a roll against Acting at +1 or Mimicry (Human Speech) at +3. (Roll once per hour during long conversations.)

As in much of hubwards Klatch, Ankhian is used as a "trade language" in Wadi El-Rukl, and will be spoken by most local merchants – and indeed most reasonably bright citizens – at some level. Anyone who habitually ventures across the desert is also likely to know something of the language of the D'regs. Other languages are limited to a few travellers, wide-ranging merchants, and scholars.

Religion

The people of Wadi El-Rukl have a pragmatic approach to religion, with occasional outbursts of enthusiasm. The dominant temple in the town is still that of Offler the Crocodile God, who clearly favours the place, since no-one here has been eaten by a crocodile in centuries. Indeed, no crocodile has been so much as *seen* here in centuries. Anyone pointing to the absence of a river is clearly a blasphemer. There are a number of shrines to lesser gods, who barely harvest enough belief from them to bother paying any attention. A handful of votaries of Om meet in private houses, and are currently trying to get together enough leaflets to begin serious missionary work.



Klatchian Magic

Klatch is noted as a land of quite widespread magic, only loosely associated with the traditions of Unseen University. Some of it may be found around Wadi El-Rukl, but not a huge amount.

Actually, the place has a handful of small-time wizards, trained by apprenticeship or in small local colleges, about whom most UU graduates would be rather condescending. They tend to dress flamboyantly and hang around the bazaar, casting showy spells by way of public entertainment or taking small-time commissions, usually to work their unreliable divinations (they favour Astrology, Crystal-Gazing and Pyromancy).

However, it is dangerous to underestimate them. They are quick and clever with the spells they do know; if it came to a showdown, most of them could get off a distracting illusion and a couple of small but painful fire spells in the time it took an over-educated UU snob to decide which language to use for his incantation. They know the history of magic in these parts very well, and sometimes, they get lucky and lay hands on some kind of powerful device. In fact, their greatest weakness may be that the offer of a lamp or ring of unknown origin, however blatantly mundane, attracts them like a scuttle of anthracite attracts swamp dragons.

As the lamps and rings may suggest, this is also genie country, at least occasionally. Most genies have become cautious about manifesting around humans these days – they know from bitter experience that they are sure to get involved in complicated narratives, and will probably have to grant wishes to mortals who *never* seem happy with what's delivered – but they *are* part of the local tradition.

Flying Carpets

Generations of Klatchian thaumaturgical weavers have produced flying carpets. However, that does not mean that they are common. Magic is magic, and always takes *some* effort and skill to shape, while carpets, even when enchanted, are subject to wear and tear, eventually becoming too worn and frayed for anyone to use. A carpet that is *almost* too far gone can present an interesting dilemma for adventurers in a hurry.

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THE HAREM

Like any self-respecting sultan, the lord of Wadi El-Rukl maintains a harem. Like any sensible harem, the inhabitants of this one have found extra ways to make themselves useful. Traditionally, they engage in spinning, weaving, embroidery, and similar domestic industry, and sell their surplus production through contacts in the local bazaar, thus enhancing the palace's funds.

The complication is that most of *this* harem have time on their hands and unusual (though perfectly respectable) ways of filling it. The Sultan long ago formed a very affectionate relationship with his first wife, Ameeth, who has given him a couple of heirs, who are still very young and live in the harem. Khodrian only added a bunch of concubines to his household for the sake of appearances, and largely forgets they are there. Ameeth, who, as tradition dictates, has charge of the harem, has allied with them.



Working with a group of shrewd lower-class women who are employed to sell the harem's products in the bazaar, Ameeth and her colleagues took up speculative trade (aided by titbits of relevant palace gossip), building their funds steadily over time. They are now quite rich on their own account. More to the point, with a combination of contacts and palace influence, they can more or less control the town. "Brainstorming" as a group, the harem women are among the most capable practical economists on the Disc.

Of course, they have to be subtle, but they have become good at that. Their agents drop hints, trade favours, and engage in extremely polite bribery. Meanwhile, Ameeth chats to the Sultan when he needs to relax, and occasionally makes suggestions. These tend to be blatantly very stupid, but to contain some core of an idea that Khodrian can be expected to pick up and develop, thinking all the while that it is his own. Dabil *does* realise that the harem is making a healthy profit, but chooses not to tell his master quite how much, thinking that this gives him a buffer of funds for emergencies or bad years. He does not realise that about half the harem's income never even crosses his books, but is salted away in the form of gold, jewels, and "frivolous luxuries" such as high-value silk cloth or gold jewellery.

Fortunately for the town, the harem mostly has its best interests at heart, but on their own terms. They want prosperity, security, and stability. However, they can be quite appallingly ruthless in pursuit of these ends, and are not above commissioning the odd assassination when someone seems, from the reports that reach them, to be a threat. A couple of the shrewder and less moral denizens of Wadi El-Rukl's small underworld know that they have received some well-paid (and peculiar) commissions. They gather that these are "from the palace," and assume that they come from the Sultan or his vizier – which might lead to some interesting confusion.

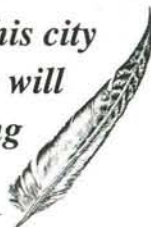
Adventurers are unlikely to have many *direct* dealings with members of the harem. For game purposes, however, they can be assumed to have IQ ratings in the 12-14 range, along with various craft skills, Administration, Diplomacy, or Merchant at around 14, and in some cases Economics, Intelligence Analysis, or Psychology at 12. Encounters with the harem's brokers – its agents in the world – are more likely. A typical broker could be ST 9, DX 10, IQ 12, HT 11, with Area Knowledge (Wadi El-Rukl)-15, Detect Lies-12, Fast-Talk-13, Holdout-13, Merchant-14, Streetwise-12, and probably one or two other useful skills. However, direct confrontations are never going to be the main problem. The difficult thing for anyone going up against the harem is matching its subtle, secretive ingenuity.

Trade in General

The thing about desert cities is that they are largely built on trade. There are better places to farm than the desert, but if it lies between two rich areas, trade *will* pass through, and sharp-witted middlemen will be able to take a profit. This certainly applies to Wadi El-Rukl. The key to the feel of encounters and adventures in this city is that someone will always be buying or selling. Hang around the town gates and a caravan will pass through sooner rather than later – and a camel will probably step on your foot while its driver hurls abuse at you. Try to find somebody important, and your best place to start is always the bazaar. Try to find *something* important, and – well, bargaining is a basic survival skill in these parts.



The key to the feel of encounters and adventures in this city is that someone will always be buying or selling.



Flying Carpets (Continued)

The *GURPS* Flying Carpet spell, which allows wizards to fly on any available rug, appears in *GURPS Grimoire*, (p. G80), but more important here will be ready-enanted rugs. These are classified for game purposes by their area in hexes; each hex can carry one person or 250 lbs. of luggage (less for old, frail carpets). Discworld carpets are started and operated by simple command words, like "up" and "down," while for steering, "left" and "right" work, but fine control is more easily achieved by the "pilot" shifting his weight. Flying a carpet – whatever its size – costs 1 fatigue on take-off and 1 per 10 minutes thereafter, reflecting the concentration required.

For delicate manoeuvres, use the Physical/Average skill Flight (Flying Carpet), also known as Piloting (Flying Carpet) – see p. C1131. However, flying carpets are designed to operate as level, stable platforms; ignore most of the flying combat rules on p. B139, but remember this *is* a moving conveyance, and anyone trying to do too much may have to make DX rolls to avoid falling off.

A new Flying Carpet costs about \$30,000 for the first hex of size, plus \$10,000 for each additional hex, if one is lucky enough to find one on sale. However, used models may be a lot cheaper (although some are so frayed that flying on them could cause Fright Checks). Klatchian governments usually reserve the right to requisition carpets in times of war, mostly for scouting and courier work.

In Wadi El-Rukl, there is one carpet in the Sultan's treasury, at least one more (unknown to the Sultan) in the harem, and perhaps two or three others in the hands of wealthy merchants or successful wizards. This is a good (if stereotypical) treasure for adventurers to acquire.

Wadi El-Rukl Campaigns

Wadi El-Rukl has its share of plots and ancient mysteries, but adventurers will need some reason to *be* there. The following are a few possibilities:

Profit and Loss: Merchants come to caravan-towns, either because they're on the way to somewhere else, or because they believe that there is some chance for turning a profit locally. Once *here*, however, merchants have to deal not only with the usual shrewd bazaar-dwellers, but with the strange sense that they are being watched and out-thought. Potential customers are distracted, everything *they* want to buy rises in price thanks to a dozen seemingly-unconnected rival purchasers, and *someone* tips off potential competitors in the next town along. Eventually, the PCs may be smart enough to identify who is making trouble for them, and to make some kind of compromise with the harem – but it will invariably be on the harem's terms.

Intelligence Tests: While Al Khali was never quite convinced that Wadi El-Rukl was worth the effort of conquest, and the current Seriph is less interested in expansion, nobody bets their neck on that sort of assessment. There aren't many spies in town at the moment, but some visiting merchants and diplomats have a tendency to look around and take notes. The harem keeps an eye on such people, as do some of the smarter members of the palace guard. Of course, not all such observers will be from Al Khali; nations from Hersheba, Tsort and Ephebe to distant Ankh-Morpork are keeping an eye on Klatch. Given a few provocative rumours, this town could turn into the venue for a multi-sided secret war.

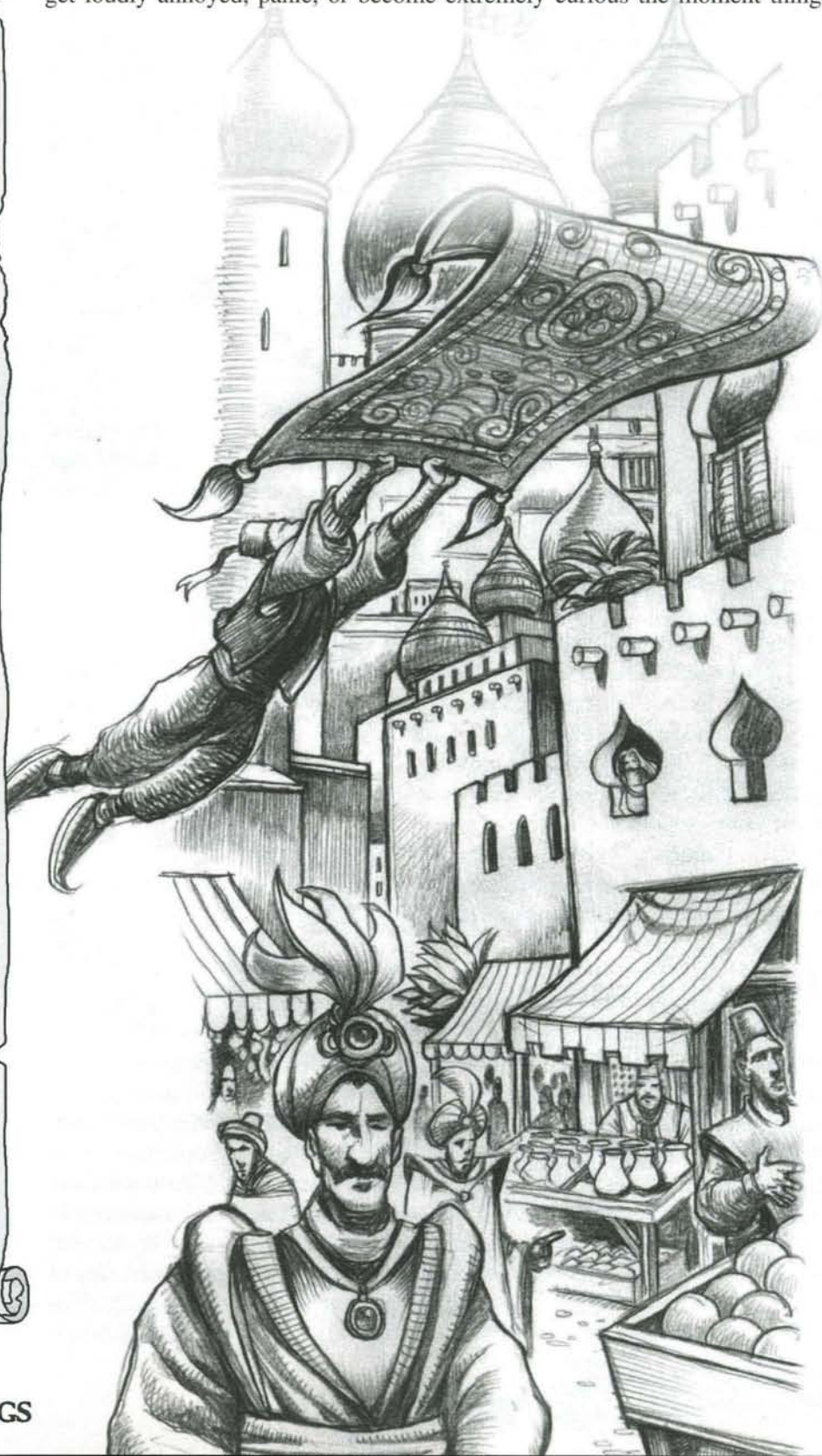
Be Careful What You Wish For: Supernatural events in this part of the Disc tend to involve powers far greater than most mortal wizards can control. Naturally, player-character wizards are going to be convinced that *they* are the exceptions. Of course, not all lamps, rings and carpets are worth the asking price.

Prophet and Less: The desert sun helps religions germinate. Perhaps the next faith fated to sweep the nations of Klatch is currently forming in the solar-heated brain of a hermit (see sidebar, p. 10) outside Wadi El-Rukl. Magical diviners, the priests of rival deities, and History Monks may all be drawn to the scene, along with potential acolytes.

THE BAZAAR

The bazaar is open through the hours of daylight, practically every day. It takes place in the town's central square (which is largely covered in temporary stalls and surrounded by permanent booths with awnings and lockable shutters), and in a maze of surrounding streets. These are only slightly wider than a camel with a full pack on it, as is continually demonstrated by a *lot* of camels with packs.

One thing about all this, for game purposes, is that fight or chase scenes will be chaotic. This is a cramped space, full of people, many of whom will get loudly annoyed, panic, or become extremely curious the moment things



start happening. Furthermore, they share the space with flimsy awnings, precarious stacks of stuff for sale, camels, chickens, and for that matter some rather rickety buildings. GMs should not usually bother even trying to put everything on any maps, but should just assume that *something* will get broken, get in the way, or fall down at some crucial moment. Highly accurate camel expectionation, peddlers trying to sell stuff, and broken oil-jars creating traction-free slicks across someone's path, are specially recommended.

Because bazaar trade is so important, it has its own administrative system, overseen by a half-a-dozen *cadis*. These officials are officially appointed by the Sultan, which means that they are friends of mid-ranking court officials and aren't thought to be complete idiots. They supervise weights and measures, adjudicate contract debates, and take bribes. They also look after a lot of peripheral civil law, such as divorce cases. They are known to everyone, not much respected, but accepted as a part of life. They tend to be plump, and range from the well-meaning to the incredibly lazy. Any dispute which gets taken before a *cadi* will get worse before it gets better; there will certainly be a lot of shouting and flowery insults. Bribes are usually but not always appropriate; offers should be made with care, as blatant corruption is thought to lack style.

CARAVANS

The other big part of trade is the caravan system. It is only safe or efficient to cross the desert in a large, well-equipped group. Some caravans are organised by a single wealthy merchant, while others are put together by partnerships. A large part of useful bazaar gossip deals with who might be going where in the near future. Most caravans will accept extra people, provided that they seem able to support themselves on the way and are willing to pull their weight by loading and unloading, guarding against small D'reg groups and other bandits, or providing entertainment.¹ (The Klatchian tradition of hospitality applies to merchants' tents, too.) However, anyone who looks too strange or sinister, or too much like possible bandit spies, may be watched very closely. This includes most PCs, funnily enough.

At suitable intervals along every major trade route, preferably where there is some kind of water supply, the authorities or merchant associations erect *caravanserais* – big, defensible buildings where travellers can spend the night. Those within a day's journey from Wadi El-Rukl have caretakers; others are unmanned shells. There are also caravanserais within the town; these tend to work more like large inns, except that visitors are expected to do their own catering in the communal courtyard in the middle. Courtyards are a standard feature of Klatchian architecture.

Law, Order, and Military Power

One thing to be said for Klatchian rulers in general is that they believe in law and order, albeit that it's always *their* laws and *their* orders. The Sultan of Wadi El-Rukl follows this tradition, maintaining a body of robust mercenary guards who double as law enforcers. However, being soldiers first, they may not be the most efficient police force on the Disc. A squad of them will usually show up when a crime is reported loudly enough, and arrest anyone obvious, but complicated problems are likely to require intervention from someone else to see any real justice done. Most townspeople will call on some *cadi*, priest, or other reputedly-clever individual to resolve difficult issues.

¹ Intentionally or unintentionally.

Adventure Seed: Rug Addiction

The oasis village of Abri Mrekk, situated about three days' ride from Wadi El-Rukl, is noted for one thing: the wonderful (non-magical) carpets which its inhabitants weave. Lately, however, nothing has been heard from that direction, and the last trade caravan that went there is overdue. Contacts say that the D'regs deny having anything to do with this (and they rarely bother to conceal their raiding). The adventurers are hired to investigate.

On the way, they are harassed in the night by a couple of bogeymen (see pp. 22-23). If captured or cornered, the monsters seem confused as to why they have manifested here, but they clearly felt obliged to cause fear in sleepers, as is their nature. When the party reaches Abri Mrekk, they find all the villagers, and the lost caravan, lying around fast asleep, in broad daylight.

The cause is an ancient, nearly-defunct Small God, whose last shrine was buried in the desert on the edge of the oasis. This deity is concerned with dreams and creativity. So long as it was very weak, it survived by giving the carpet-weavers vivid dreams, which inspired their artistry and induced just enough belief that *something* was aiding them. Recently, however, the shrine was exposed by a villager digging a new well, and this induced a brief surge of superstitious awe that fully awoke the god. Driven mad by centuries of enfeeblement, it sent all the villagers to sleep, and is now sustained by the belief that they feel in their dreams. It can work just enough miracles to keep them alive, although they are growing emaciated, dehydrated, and sunburnt.

The solution to this problem is to keep most of the villagers awake for long enough that the god's power fades below a critical level. Force-feeding them lots of Klatchian coffee should do the trick. However, the god itself can manifest through countless rugs and carpets that have its ancient symbols woven into them. It might produce anything from minor poltergeist effects to a giant animated figure constructed entirely of carpets, according to the GMs' taste and what will give the PCs enough of a challenge. The trick is to stay ahead of the angry carpet-god long enough to get most of his unwitting worshippers onto a serious caffeine high.



Swashbuckling (of several sorts)

The Brown Islands are depicted here as a venue for swashbuckling adventure, both sincere and in parody. Swashbuckling is close to self-parody at the best of times, and on the Discworld, the perpetual collision between the irresistible force of narrative tradition and the immovable object of common sense creates many opportunities. Anyone swinging from chandeliers will succeed impressively, crash painfully to the floor, or find himself dangling above a smiling enemy with an upward-pointing sword. *Unimpressive* success is rarely an option.

In this setting, swashbuckling can come in two contrasting flavours. On the one hand, there are pirates, sailing ships, slender swords, and some deliberate references to the traditions of '30s Hollywood. *GURPS Swashbucklers* provides detailed reference material on the practicalities of dramatic swordplay and chandelier-swinging.

On the other hand, Port Duck is not only based on Port Royal in 1660. It owes as much to Hong Kong in the present day, or rather to the image of it created by its own popular film industry. The bustling, Aurient-meets-Turnwise atmosphere, the fast food, and most especially the melodramatic unarmed combat, all evoke a specific cinematic atmosphere. Although there's more to *this* sort of swashbuckling than kung fu, some flying drop-kick and weird-looking blade weapon action does bring out the flavour; see *GURPS Martial Arts* for extensive treatment of the subject. And while the comedy of silly accents can get rather tiresome rather quickly, there's no denying that the numerous Agatean denizens of this location talk in such a way as to make it clear that Ankbian isn't their first language.¹

When the two styles collide, serious devotees of combat rules can test Fencing against Kung Fu, high-points heroes can compare swinging from the chandeliers against running up the walls, and everyone else can see whether "Arrrh, there, ye lubbers!" is more or less deadly than "Hah So!"

¹ Having their lips move out of synch with their words would be cheap, though.

The Sultan has heard that the rulers of Al-Khali appoint *walis* (officials) to investigate and deal with serious crimes across their large territories. However, Wadi El-Rukl has neither the need nor the resources to follow suit, though that may change in the near future. Adventurers wanting this kind of job would have to be *exceptionally* convincing.

One thing to be said for Klatchian rulers in general is that they believe in law and order, albeit that it's always their laws and their orders.

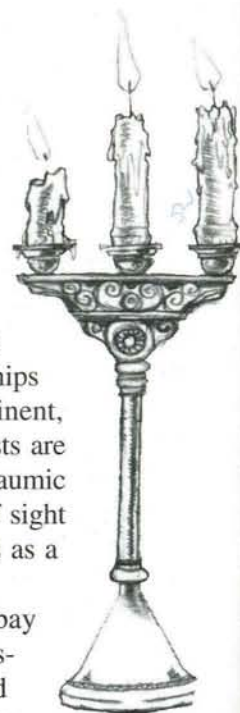


The Brown Islands and Turnwise Ocean

These days, there is much more trade and communication between the Counterweight Continent and the Circle Sea than there was only a few years ago, and the traffic is growing. A lot of sea-borne traffic passes through the Brown Islands, an archipelago in the Turnwise Ocean previously noted only for surfing and beaches. Actually, ships might as easily hug the coastline of the Disc's main continent, passing Gonim, Hergen, and Chimeria. However, those coasts are prone to storms, whirlpools, tricky currents, and regions of thaumic instability, so sailors with enough confidence to head out of sight of land prefer the open ocean route, with the Brown Islands as a stop on the way. Inevitably, this has led to other things.

On the one hand, when a lot of ships find the same bay convenient for anchoring overnight, and their crews and passengers all start looking for supplies, entertainment, and beds that don't go up and down all the time, other people soon see the profit in supplying those wants. Before you know where you are, you have young, bustling, often rather under-governed communities.

On the other hand, there are people who decide to skip the tedious business of buying and selling. Of course, they have to get hold of armed ships, shabbily fancy costumes, and classily sinister flags, and cultivate a taste for rum (often quaffed), loud conversation, and even more nautical slang than honest sailors. But there are always volunteers.



Past History

Before the recent trade boom started, the Brown Islands had the good fortune to be short on recorded history. Of course, they were short on many other amenities, and the natives were not above a little interpersonal violence even without someone else writing about it, but at least the weather was nice.² There were a few trading-posts and small villages on some of the better natural harbours, supporting the thin trade that did pass through, but these were definitely the sort of places where a person could go to get away from it all and succeed for decades at a stretch, getting by on the friendship of the locals and one very frayed change of clothes.

² Outside the hurricane season, anyway.



THE NATIVES

It would be a mistake to assume from the lack of major-looking events that the original inhabitants of the Brown Islands were unambitious or unimpressive. Actually, no-one who met them ever called them the latter. They are large, robust folk with bronzed skin and dark hair, mostly built of slabs of muscle that look misleadingly like fat until one of them gets annoyed with you. The men don't develop beards, or much in the way of facial hair, giving them a general bodybuilder look. The women are similarly imposing, and the slimmer ones have the kind of athletic figures that cause much throat-clearing and awareness of the heat among male visitors.¹

Nor are these people "mere" tribal fishers and floral garland manufacturers. Actually, their tribes are quite large, and the kings who lead them are usually on the lookout for some way to extend their influence. Warfare on the Brown Islands tends to involve a mixture of jungle skirmishes, full of ambushes and hit-and-run raiding, and fairly brutal head-on canoe battles. Given that the canoes can carry up to 20-30 warriors, and achieve a fair turn of speed with all that muscle rowing them, things can get fairly messy. Even full-sized merchant ships from the Circle Sea tend to turn and head the other way rather than get into fights with a couple of war-canoes.

Brown Islanders are formidable small craft sailors, and their idea of peacetime fun includes canoe racing. However, they are even more fond of surfing. Their tribal heroes tend to be the best surfers,² and many spend all their free time at the beach. They adopt a studiedly casual manner when discussing the subject, which sometimes hides the fact that surfing is virtually a religion here.

In game terms, GMs can employ as much surfer slang as they can remember, but use it the way some people use biblical quotation. Surfing is a Physical/Average Sport skill; feats that attract Brown Islander admiration, and the sort of waves they consider interesting, impose quite large penalties.

The Gnarly Waves aside, Brown Islanders worship an assortment of distinctly local Small Gods concerned with fish or occasionally with vulcanology. They deny that they are in the habit of throwing sacrifices – especially human sacrifices – into the handful of volcanoes that dot the islands, although they have a worrying way of adding "we stopped doing that *years* ago" in a abstracted way that seems to imply that they can't quite remember *why* they stopped.

In *GURPS* terms, old-style Brown Islanders were at TL0, with TL1 boat-building. However, many of them are now in regular contact with town-dwelling newcomers, so characters with this background may easily learn skills up to TL3, while others may have the Primitive Disadvantage at any level or none. They have their own language (actually a family of closely-related dialects), but a few members of almost every tribe have picked up some of the Ankhian that is now the trade-language of the area.

Most natives have only intermittent contact with the newcomers, and there is a fair amount of mutual suspicion, as the tribes tend to have a slightly relaxed view of personal property, while the newcomers often have a large dose of colonial arrogance. However, friendly dealings are possible, given some effort. In game terms, they should mostly be an odd feature on the margins of any story, with full-scale visits to non-urban areas coming as a change of pace. Culture clashes can make for entertaining problems, whether or not they involve volcano gods.

¹ Especially as the same heat has always discouraged much in the way of tailoring.

² Though given that these tend to be big, healthy lads with cat-like reflexes, they are usually quite good at more universal heroic stuff, too.



Repeating Crossbows

The Repeating Crossbow is a device that, in our world, appeared in ancient China, where it was known as the *Chu-Ko-Nu*. On the Disc, it was invented in the Agatean Empire. It has never been an especially popular weapon on any world, being bulky, expensive, and limited in general usefulness, but it has now caught on in parts of the Auriental community of Port Duck and the Brown Islands, as it is useful in certain street fights. It can generate a frightening rate of fire at short range, sometimes disabling a fair number of opponents in as many seconds in very skilled hands, and more to the point, it's seriously intimidating.

Details of this weapon are given in *GURPS Compendium II* (p. CII23), but they are repeated here for convenience. The mechanism consists, essentially, of a crossbow with a box-shaped magazine of 10 bolts mounted over the stock, and a hand-operated mechanism that draws the bow and loads a bolt automatically. Each bow has a fixed ST rating, which is the minimum required to use it at all effectively. It is fired using Crossbow skill, requires two hands to operate, and has the following statistics: Damage thr+2 impaling, SS 10, Acc 4, 1/2D Range ST× 15, Max Range ST× 20, Cost \$500 (and \$2/bolt), Weight 10, and Min ST 9. It is treated much like a gun for *GURPS* purposes, with RoF 1, Shots 10, and Rcl -2. Like some guns, it has a "Malf number"; on an attack roll of 14 or higher, the complex mechanism jams, rendering the weapon useless and requiring an Armoury roll and several minutes to clear.

For some reason, the design of repeating crossbow used in the Brown Islands makes a distinctive "ka-chunk" noise when the mechanism is operated to draw the bow and feed a bolt into place. Some users regard this as an essential feature.



Prop Lee

334 1/2 points

Age 28; 5'7"; 140 lbs.; a tough, wiry Agatean.

ST 12 [20], **DX** 16 [80], **IQ** 11 [10], **HT** 12 [20]

Speed 7; Move 7.

Dodge 9; Parry 13 (Judo).

Advantages: Alertness +2 [10]; Ambidexterity [10]; Attractive [5]; Charisma +1 [5]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Composed [5]; Contacts (Street, three "unconnected" and two "connected," each 9-) [7]; Daredevil [15]; Enhanced Dodge [15]; Fearlessness +3 [6]; Fit [5]; High Pain Threshold [10]; Intuition [15]; Legal Enforcement Powers [10]; Literacy [5]; Patron (Agatean Consulate, 6-) [5]; Rapid Healing [5]; Reputation +2 (As a dutiful cop, and not a man to cross, in Port Duck) [5]; Ridiculous Luck [60].

Disadvantages: Duty (Cop, 15-) [-15]; Impulsiveness [-10]; Incompetence (Diplomacy) [-1]; Jealousy [-10]; Odious Personal Habit (Overwhelmingly cool) [-5]; Stubbornness [-5]; Uncongenial [-1]; Undiscriminating [-1].

Quirks: Taciturn; Vengeful; Wears tinted glasses everywhere. [-3]

Skills: Acrobatics-15 [2]; Area Knowledge (Port Duck)-10 [1/2]; Armoury/TL3-11 [2]; Blind Fighting-10 [4]; Crossbow-18 [4]; Fast-Draw (Arrow)-15 [1/2]; Fast-Draw (Pistol Crossbow)-15 [1/2]; Hidden Lore (Port Duck City Secrets)-9 [1/2]; Holdout-12 [4]; Intimidation-10 [1]; Judo-18 [16]; Karate-15 [2]; Law-9 [1]; Shadowing-10 [1]; Shuriken-13 [1]; Stealth-15 [1].

Languages: Agatean (Native)-11 [0]; Ankhian-10 [1]; Brown Islander-9 [1/2].

The only serious full-time law-enforcer in Port Duck is noted for his tinted eye-glasses, and for hurling himself across rooms full of wrongdoers, pumping bolts from a repeating crossbow into all of them before they can even react. If he runs out of bolts before he runs out of targets, he will fast-draw a pair of pistol crossbows, then eventually resort to unarmed combat, or to melee weapons used at default.

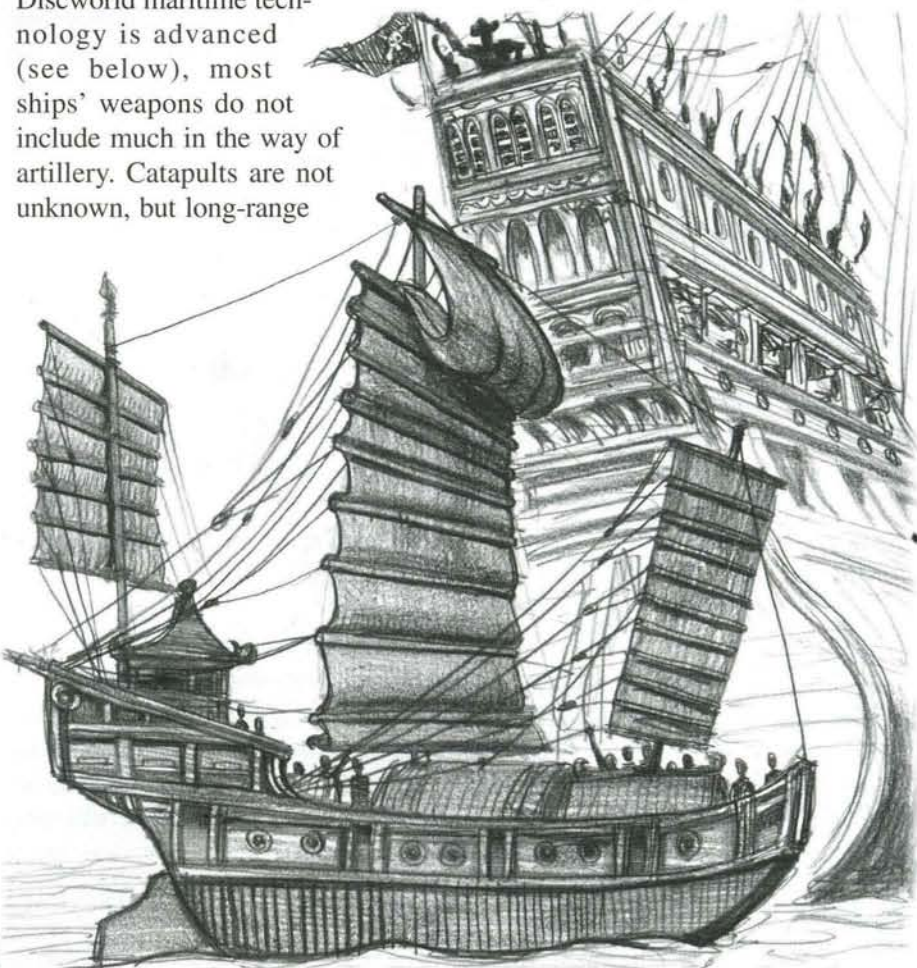
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Trade and Piracy

These days, capitalism has come to the Brown Islands with a vengeance. Agatean junks laden with tourists coming one way meet speculative expeditions from the Circle Sea heading the other, and everyone stops to look for supplies. At the same time, some of the more secluded coves have become bases for pirate ships looking to cash in on the boom.

However, the pirate business sometimes seems a touch lopsided. The trouble is that the richest potential prey, from most points of view, are those Agatean junks, but they are also big, rugged, and well-equipped in every respect. More to the point, traditional Agatean thinking with regard to assaults on the citizenry by Foreign Dogs favours massive retaliation with extreme violence, and this is one part of traditional Agatean thinking that the new Emperor Cohen can entirely understand and appreciate. These days, Agateans leave their homeland with the consent of the rulers, and while many Agatean tourists find the idea of being robbed by authentic picturesque foreign pirates quite fascinating, they do tend to protest to their government if the pirates are impolite about it. Thus, after a few bad (and generally fatal) experiences with Agatean junks, the most sensible pirates have instituted a hands-off policy – though some enterprising souls have taken to sailing alongside tourist ships, waving their cutlasses and shouting "Arrrh" a lot, and charging very reasonable rates to have their pictures taken.¹

Still, this does leave scope for some good old-fashioned mayhem in relation to other vessels. Although Discworld maritime technology is advanced (see below), most ships' weapons do not include much in the way of artillery. Catapults are not unknown, but long-range



¹ Older pirates consider this demeaning, but their younger colleagues observe that it pays the bar tab.



or undermaintained vessels with basically peaceable intentions usually find them to be much more trouble than they are worth. Sea-spray invariably gets to strings, cords, and wooden or sinew springs. Thus, pirates mostly employ cutlasses, short spears ("boarding pikes"), one-handed axes, and whatever else comes to hand, with maybe a few bows and crossbows for use in the early stages of an action. Actually, what most pirates *really* rely on is intimidation; the weapons make their calls for surrender more convincing. Faced with this, cautious merchantmen carry plenty of weapons, and make sure that their crews are willing and able to fight. This pushes costs up, so other captains sail light, relying on speed if they sight pirates.

SHIP TYPES

Discworld ship-building has a long history, involving travel all around the tempestuous rim oceans, so despite a great deal of conservatism in design, ships are quite well-built. In *GURPS* terms, vessels from most major nations are built at late TL3, often heading into TL4. Regional variations reflect local traditions and special conditions.

The favourite pattern among the more advanced nations of the Circle Sea is a robust, clinker-built design with 1-3 square-rigged masts. Klatchian vessels tend to be longer, slimmer, and faster, and have a fairly distinctive style of rigging, with more use of triangular sails, but it takes an expert to be sure of identifying a Circle Sea ship's nation for certain at any distance. Single-masted ships (usually called sloops) are rarely considered large enough for ocean travel, so any seen in the Brown Islands are likely to be local craft. These include small craft used for support and reconnaissance by large pirate forces.

Klatchian ships (and Klatchians themselves) are still rare in the Brown Islands – rare enough to be treated as curiosities. However, Klatch has a venerable tradition of piracy, and their home ports have sometimes become a little too warm for upholders of this tradition in recent years. A handful of Klatchian "corsairs" have relocated to this area, and built a reputation for scimitar-waving vigour. Back home, corsairs often use small, oar-powered galleys (giving them a definite advantage over sailing ships on calm days), but they are too small to reach the Brown Islands, so the few in use here had to be built locally.

The standard Agatean design is the *junk*. This name often induces great and predictable hilarity among Ankh-Morporkians, but not among sailors who've had a close look at one. They are well-built, with simple but functional compartmentalisation that makes them very hard to sink, and intricate but efficient rigging. They may carry a few cannon on deck. Cannon are, admittedly, crude and unreliable, but when they work, they can hole a hostile ship at some distance, and they have a serious deterrent effect on sensible pirates.

GMs who wish to make use of the sea combat rules in *GURPS Compendium II* (pp. CII94-99) and *GURPS Swashbucklers* (pp. SW108-120) are free to do so, noting that "small sloops" (as classified in that system) are fairly rare – but not unknown – in the Brown Islands, while "large warships" are unknown, although some of the largest Agatean junks may approach that size and durability. More to the point, cannon are only seen on junks, and even they are unlikely to have an effective firepower rating as high as 100; most combat will be boarding actions. Wizards hurling fireballs may equate to light cannon, but any wizard willing to get into that situation will probably have specific ideas about targeting.

The standard Agatean design is the junk. This name often induces great and predictable hilarity among Ankh-Morporkians, but not among sailors who've had a close look at one.



Prop Lee (Continued)

Prop Lee is a poseur. He is sincerely dedicated to the law, but he also wants to look good. Of course, he is *very good* at what he does – he wouldn't last long otherwise – but his dedication to being the coolest thing in any room is hardly designed to win him friends. Not that he cares. Actually, he not-very-secretly despises anyone who he thinks might think they're better than him, leading him to clash with his superiors, rich civilians, and adventurers.

The main text explains how he came by his current job, but no-one knows *why* he took it. It is entirely possible that he is venting some suppressed rage, or seeking vengeance on the criminal classes for something. On the other hand, it's possible that he just enjoys it.

Llapffargoch-Wokkaiooi

Despite being the wettest (and least pronounceable) of the Brown Islands, Llapffargoch-Wokkaiooi is becoming a popular tourist spot. Its culture, a curious blend of Druidic religion and traditional native practices, offers the strongest evidence that the legendary missionary explorer Llamados Jones really existed and reached these parts.¹ The most obvious difference from other islands is that the locals do not surf. Instead, they engage in terrifying choral singing and in religious ceremonies involving two teams of 15 men, who ritually maim each other in pursuit of a small ball which isn't even properly round, just as is done in Llamados.

There are only two traditional roles for the men of Llapffargoch-Wokkaiooi – shepherd or miner. The nearest thing to ore on the island is a powdery black rock of no known value, which is piled up in untidy heaps all over the place. Since the birth of the tourist industry this has been marketed as "Brown Islands rock" and sold to unsuspecting visitors.

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¹ The accents are a bit of a giveaway, too.



Llapffargoch- Wokkaiiooii (Continued)

Piracy

The men of this island are heavily-built, and more obviously aggressive than their neighbours; piracy comes naturally to them. They blacken their faces with rock powder. They grimace at their victims before combat, sticking out their tongues and shouting. They sing. In short, they are terrifying, and many trading ships surrender immediately.

These pirates resolve disputes using a technique called "the Scrumm". Each side bends down in a huddle with the heads of the men behind between the buttocks of those in front,¹ and the two groups face off, trying to push their opponents over the side.²

Religion in Port Duck

Port Duck is, for practical purposes, a new town, with an exceptionally diverse population. Ankh-Morpork may have a slightly wider range of ethnic and cultural backgrounds, but the citizens of Ankh-Morpork have had long experience of getting along regardless. In Port Duck, people are still learning how to live together without more than a couple of serious riots a week. The complications of the situation extend in all directions, not least religion.

The town does not yet have a "temple quarter" as such, although one may develop. It will be very visible when it happens. Remember, although Discworld temples are simply places where the priests can gather large groups of worshippers and really get some belief going, most religions have very standardised architectural styles, to give worshippers a comfortable sense of familiarity wherever they go. Thus, in large cities, one may find Strict Druids worshipping in open-air stone circles, alongside Ephebians shrines with columns and marble sculptures. Currently in Port Duck, a new sect seems to show up every week and insist on changing the skyline.

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¹ It is not a good idea to make jokes about this.

² This is the origin of the old local saying, "Everything can be solved if we just put our heads together."

Anyone wishing to make use of the full *GURPS Vehicles* design system can, do so. Most vessels are built at TL3 with some TL4 sails, and the possibility of a few other TL4 features. Agatean junks may have heavy frames and be built of expensive materials; everything else will have medium frames and standard (or occasionally, cheap) materials.

A few canoes and Klatchian corsairs may have fine lines and possibly even fair streamlining; others have mediocre lines if built primarily for trade, average if specifically built as raiders or couriers. All vessels apart from the smallest canoes will have sails, if only as a back-up for oars; most have the equivalent of TL4 full rigs, although a few small craft designed not to worry much about wind direction use fore-and-aft rigs (usually lateen sails, very handy for skirmishing). A ram indicates a warship, though rams are rare, as pirates prefer to capture ships rather than sink them.

Captains are also obliged to lead from the front in battle (ahead of a bunch of people who may still be arguing over their interpretation of some point of order).



PIRATE ORGANISATION

The odd thing about at least some Brown Islands pirates, as in other locations in other worlds' histories, is that they are remarkably democratic, in a rough-and-ready, high-mortality, alcoholic sort of way. The pirate crews are in effect collectives, who share out the spoils of their raids according to carefully-worded articles of agreement. They elect captains, but the captain's job is to decide strategy (or at least chair crew meetings).

However, this being the Discworld, things invariably get a little messy. Hagglng over the articles of agreement, when a crew first gets together, is often resolved by a crossbow being pointed up someone's nose, and illiterate pirates have to rely on their literate colleagues to tell the truth about what an agreement says.³ As for the elected captains, they are a bedraggled bunch, worn out by the effort of chairing extended policy meetings, often involving much quaffing of rum, sometimes called in the middle of a fight. Captains are also obliged to lead from the front in battle (ahead of a bunch of people who may still be arguing over their interpretation of some point of order). In fact, the highest rate of nautical desertion on the Disc currently occurs among Brown Islands pirate captains.

On the other hand, there are the non-democratic ships. Sometimes, the big, mean-looking so-and-so is unambiguously in charge, and has a carefully-selected band of especially non-social thugs at his side to emphasise the point. Adventurers facing pirates should not assume anything either way until they have had a chance to talk – if they are given one.

Still, a meeting with a Brown Islands pirate ship may leave you with your life and quite a tale to tell your grandchildren. It's never likely to be good news for your insurance company, though.

³ Some pirates not only kidnap carpenters, coopers, surgeons and musicians, but also lawyers. The life of a buccaneer-lawyer is a complicated one.

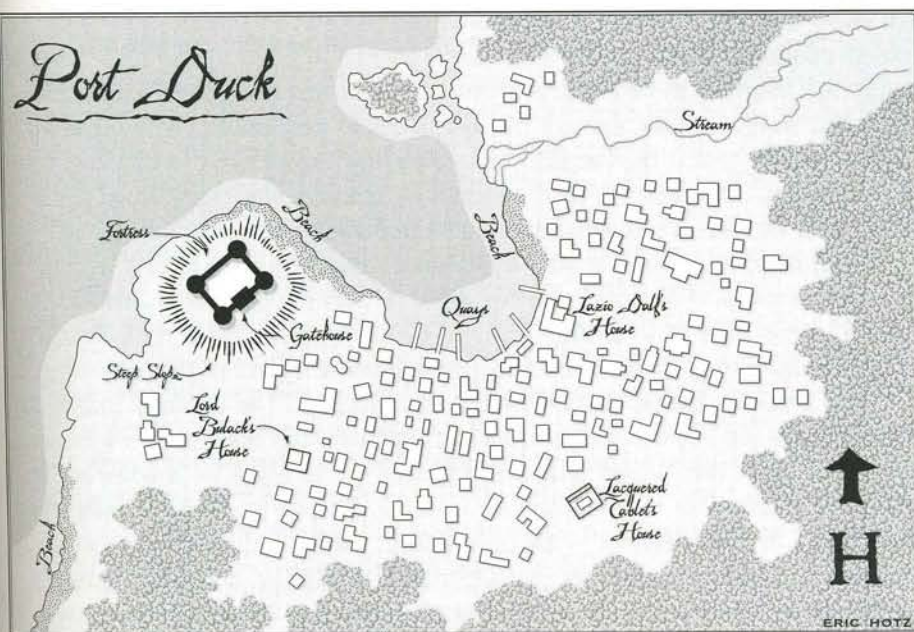


Port Duck

Although several Brown Islands bays have recently been developed as transit ports and trading-posts, one especially has been triumphantly successful.

Port Duck was founded a few years ago by Trossig the Defensive, a Pseudopolitan engineer turned maritime entrepreneur, who saw that the bay combined a well-sheltered natural harbour with a defensible rocky bluff dominating its entrance. He immediately named the site, claimed it as his own property, and ordered the construction of a fort on the bluff. So far, so good, went the opinions of the people he had persuaded to finance his scheme. However, when Trossig showed them his plans for reinforcing the fortress walls, then adding some more walls for safety, then reinforcing those, then clearing the surrounding forest to a distance of a mile or so . . . they began asking when the trading-post and its profit-making shops would be built. Trossig accused them of wanting to leave his fortress vulnerable, probably so that they could break in and take his money. They stopped funding him, and set to work building more profitable operations. Trossig declared himself King of the Brown Islands, and spent a few days trying single-handedly to sabotage the building work, before disappearing. Rumours variously claim that he drowned himself in a fit of pique, or that he is wandering the island's forests talking to parrots (some of whom do seem to possess a remarkably wide vocabulary of engineering terms), or locked in a comfortable room somewhere eating through a straw, or off building the world's biggest fortress for a mad duke somewhere else on the Disc.

He was a good engineer, though. He was right about the qualities of the harbour, and his unfinished fortress still stands above the town, whereas the shops and houses built by less visionary folk keep burning down or just falling over. Indeed, some of their builders claim that this is due to Trossig (or perhaps his ghost), who they say still lurks around the place, sabotaging their efforts. This is certainly a more interesting explanation than the one about them building four-storey buildings in three days flat, from whatever materials come to hand, with unskilled labour.



Religion in Port Duck (Continued)

Gods and False Names

To add to the confusion, in a town as diverse as this one, some religions are not as different as they like to think. This is, of course, the gods' fault.

The main thing a Discworld god needs is belief, and names are just labels. Some gods have abandoned a little pride and gone looking for worshippers in different lands, and even in different fields of specialisation. (Blind Io is an expert at this; see p. DI160-161.) This has a few clear risks. Conflicts between one's different cults cannot always be avoided, and can embarrassing. Jealous rivals may blow one's cover, there's a lot of extra running around involved, and some gods are sloppy enough to manifest in the wrong form (especially after a hard night's carousing), which can shock worshippers terribly. But the power and security that this strategy offers is too much for some gods to ignore.

This makes life complicated for priests in an especially theologically diverse place like Port Duck. Just as two temples are getting a really good holy feud going, a pair of embarrassed and oddly-worded revelations may suddenly arrive from Cori Celesti, telling them to make peace . . .

Seafaring Adventure Seeds

The Brown Islands are a suitable venue for any number of standard pirate plots, including quests for buried treasure while being shadowed by shiploads of ruffians (who *do* have as much right to it as anyone else), mutinies against power-crazed captains, and cat-and-mouse struggles pitting pirates against navy vessels. Equally, tropical islands can see adventures involving archaic Lovecraftian deities (expatriates from the Dungeon Dimensions), and for that matter, attempts by the natives to fend off colonialism.

But, obviously, a Discworld game really needs a Discworld angle. A few possibilities:

Continued on next page . . .



Seafaring Adventure Seeds (Continued)

He Ain't Very Heavy: Somewhere among the islands, there is a pirate crew including (at least) one self-exiled Ankhian nobleman. Now, others of his family want him to come home. Has he been as successful a swash-buckler as he naturally expected? (The nobility always assume that breeding will tell.) Will his crewmates let him be taken away, or will they start talking ransoms?

Picture This, Me Hearties: A couple of years ago, an Agatean trading-ship was wrecked on the coast of a small, uninhabited island during a storm. Now, the adventurers have come to the same island, perhaps looking for salvage, perhaps by sheer chance. What they don't know is (a) the ship was carrying a cargo of impowered iconographs, personal organisers, and watches (see sidebars, p. D1127-129), and (b) through some odd quirk of the local magical field, the imps were able to escape, survive on the island – and *breed*. Now, there are tribes of tiny, supernatural creatures with bizarre mental powers, who are very concerned that they should *not* have to go back in the box.

What Is This Thing Called "Lycra"?: Like any self-respecting archipelago, the Brown Islands include a number of less-often-visited islands inhabited by amazon tribes genetically blessed with perfect skin and hair and a shortage of male role-models. An exile from one such tribe recently reached Ankh-Morpork, where she sensibly traded her tribal (minimal, two-piece) costume for more practical garb before getting a job as a companion/bodyguard to an upper-class lady. However, her old clothes fell into the hands of an Ankhian entrepreneur, who has now arrived in the Brown Islands looking for their source. The robust, elastic, comfortable natural plant fibres used to make them could revolutionise the Circle Sea textile industry.

THE POPULATION

The inhabitants of Port Duck are a mixed bunch. Essentially, the permanent inhabitants are people who reckon that they can make their fortunes out of the temporary inhabitants before their luck runs out. This can be quite a challenge, since the temporary inhabitants consist of ships' crews – most of whom would deny that they are pirates, though not always with straight faces – travelling merchants who can't make the living they want elsewhere, wanderers who have left cities such as Ankh-Morpork because, they say, it is getting too quiet – or too hot – for them, Agatean tourists, and the odd outcast tribesman. At first, the only thing that stopped the whole place burning down in the middle of a bloodbath was an unspoken agreement between some of the tougher, smarter pirate crews, who realised that they needed *somewhere* to re-supply, get drunk without the risk of falling overboard, and pick up rumours about merchant activities. Subsequently, other factions appeared with their own forms of order, if not law. Several merchants and larger shopkeepers recruited groups of mercenaries (some with a little experience of city watch work) to look after their parts of town. Then, several people decided to follow the Ankh-Morpork example, and make sure that any crime in this town was properly organised crime. After a week or so of chaos, the would-be Thieves' Guilds were whittled down to three, who are currently in a very uneasy armed truce.

Then, someone important somewhere else heard about Port Duck.

GOVERNMENT

Actually, as several important people in several places heard about it at much the same time, Port Duck very nearly became the subject of a war or two. The only thing that saved it – as it had saved the Brown Islands throughout history – was its sheer remoteness. Although various nations had set up colonies among the Brown Islands, and some had tried to claim sovereignty on that basis, there had never before been enough economic reason for anybody to sail all this way just to take charge. Now, despite some excessive rhetoric, no-one could summon quite *enough* interest in a few new towns. A few shrewd chancellors suggested that sending tax-collecting expeditions would cost far more than could be raised in taxes. Somehow, tempers were kept, quiet agreements were signed (or remained unwritten), and a joint authority was set up.

Essentially, Port Duck is now overseen by emissaries of several nations.¹ These professional diplomats, many of whom regard the place as a punishment posting, spend most of their time going to parties at each others' well-fortified mansions and getting drunk. The three most important figures are the following:

Lord Bulack is the representative of Ankh-Morpork. The Patrician managed to hear about the Brown Islands situation and settle the politics of the matter before the city's dim-witted aristocracy picked up so much as a whisper. He made the point about taxes clearly enough for the city's advisory council to understand, and sent Bulack – an enthusiastic, callow individual in his early twenties who had just inherited the title from a relative so aged that he hadn't left the family mansion in 20 years. The new lord was keen to serve the city,

These professional diplomats, all of whom regard the place as a punishment posting, spend most of their time going to parties and getting drunk.



¹ That's "overseen" as in "not paid attention to by people who are looking too high."



which Vetinari found worrying, and this posting seemed to resolve the matter quite nicely. Vetinari thinks that the lad will either lose his excessive zeal, suffer a decisive misfortune, or (just possibly) learn a little sense and become useful. So far, Bulack has retained his energy, but is burning some of it off in learning to surf (on a beach some way from Port Duck). When he does take an interest in government, it tends to involve him in serious attempts to assist visiting Ankh-Morpork citizens. This can be good or bad for the recipients of his help.

Rear-Admiral Lazlo Dalf represents Quirm's interests. Quirm is almost entirely non-expansionist these days, but at one stage in history, it produced some impressive naval adventurers, some of whom tried to lay claim to this archipelago. The Rear-Admiral more or less embodies the term "old seadog," and has never quite burned off his sense of adventure; he volunteered for this post because retirement was boring him. He can seem tiresomely bluff and jovial, but he is probably the single greatest expert in naval matters in town (Meteorology-14, Navigation-13, Sailor-18, Seamanship-17, Shiphandling-19, all at TL3). He is also acquainted with several of the local pirates, from his sailing days (which doesn't necessarily mean that he was ever a pirate himself), and his bodyguards are a tough but informal-looking bunch. Invitations to his wine and cheese parties are much sought after; he believes in maintaining the best traditions of Quirm while abroad, so both the wine and the cheese are excellent.

Lastly, *Lacquered Tablet*, member of a long-established bureaucratic family, is the Agatean representative. Actually, the Agatean Empire only has weak legal claims in the islands, always having diligently avoided any more contact with the outside world than it could help. On the other hand, its new government has more interest in the world, no-one thinks it tactful to argue with the Agatean Empire when it expresses a polite interest in something, and there is no denying that there are a lot of Agateans passing through these days. *Lacquered Tablet* is a stout, intelligent, middle-aged man who got this job because several of his superiors were finding him too inflexible to fit into the new regime at home. He is habitually conservative, but having been (as he, at heart, sees it) exiled into a realm of angry cannibal ghosts, he has methodically built up his defences. Someone once told him that the rest of the world saw Agateans as inscrutable, and he decided that this was a good idea. He is very inscrutable, and goes everywhere with a gang of rather large guards selected for inscrutability. He thinks that the Agatean tourists he has to assist are disloyal dolts for leaving home, even temporarily, but he will be damned to a hell full of even worse cannibal ghosts before he lets anyone take advantage of one.

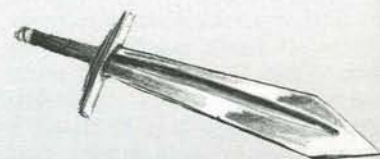
In fact, *Lacquered Tablet* decided some time ago that Port Duck needed better law enforcement, and wrote home requesting specialised assistance. His superiors responded by sending just one man. Fortunately (perhaps), it was Prop Lee (see sidebar, p. 76), who set to work single-handedly cleaning up the streets, or at least making a more *stylish* mess. Prop Lee works out of *Lacquered Tablet*'s modest but elegant Agatean-style house on the edge of town, on the rare occasions that he needs an HQ.¹

¹But, of course, as a *Maverick Cop*, Prop Lee Does Not Get On With His Superiors. It's in the job description.

Port Duck Adventure Seeds

A quintessentially bustling, brawling town like Port Duck is such natural adventure territory that adventurers will quite likely get through a handful of barroom brawls, a dozen rumours of treasure, and a week in the cells, before they can even think about a plot. However, when the need arises, there are numerous possibilities:

You Spilled My Drink (By Arrangement): It might well be possible to find employment in one of the Port Duck bars which exist to keep tourists safely entertained. Being a professional Evil-Looking Customer would be a Struggling job; the supervisor gets Average wages. Stage Combat (or maybe Combat/Weapon Art), Performance, and Intimidation, possibly defaulting from other skills, would be useful for the former; add Fight Choreography and Leadership for the latter. Of course, as well as having to keep "innocent bystanders" enjoyably unnerved but not actually harmed, adventurers might also have to deal with *real* but slightly naïve ruffians who have wandered into the wrong bar and are looking for *real* trouble.



Something There Is That Doesn't Love This Wall: Not many people believe the legend of Trossig's Revenge (p. 79). Nonetheless, *something* is disrupting the latest attempt to build a fortified trading-post for an Ankhian merchant company. Every night, whatever work was done during the day falls down. Is it the crazed but still-living Trossig (with a flock of weirdly intelligent parrot allies), his ghost (acting as a poltergeist), the company's competitors, or poor-quality foundations? The adventurers are hired – as night-watchmen, consulting priests or wizards, or engineers – to find out. Of course, there may be more than one answer.

Continued on next page...

Adventurers will quite probably get through a handful of barroom brawls, a dozen rumours of treasure, and a week in the cells, before they can even think about a plot.



Port Duck Adventure Seeds (Continued)

... *She Had To Stalk Into Mine:* Brick's Café Ankh-Morporkian is one of the more *authentic* establishments in Port Duck, despite its "Theme." It's a deliberate, second-hand imitation of Ankh-Morpork's Mended Drum, complete with a troll doorman, "Brick." After dark, Brick almost cools down enough to be useful, though he never has become smart enough to notice that he isn't getting paid. The place is the town's centre for trade in smaller, often intangible valuables, such as documents and information. Now, however, its real proprietor and chief illicit broker seems distracted; an old girlfriend of his has shown up, and what's more, she seems to be a were-leopardess. A lot of people would pay well to find out what's going on there.

The Earl of Kollspur

Before New Smarlhanger developed, this area was the feudal territory of the Earls of Kollspur, and despite the town's partial independence, the current Earl, Gathwick, is still potentially an important figure locally. Perhaps more important, he is considered to be at the top of the local social pyramid, among those who care about such things.

His seat (hah-hah – *his official and preferred residence*), Kollspur House, lies about five miles from Smarlhanger along a poor-quality road. It is definitely a manor-house rather than a fortress, and has rather obviously seen better days. Most of it hasn't been dusted in years, and the decoration runs to oak panelling, old suits of armour, and dark portraits of past Earls with their dogs and horses. It has a moat with a single drawbridge, mostly for the sake of style but actually quite defensible, and employs a modest but competent guard force. The Earls have never gone in for landscape gardening, so the estate is actually a functional farm.

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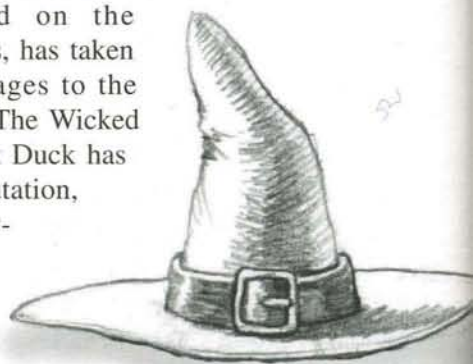
All this does not add up to actual government, and Port Duck is currently basking in serious claims to the status of Wickedest City on the Disc. Even some tough customers from Ankh-Morpork have shown up and muttered that it reminds them of the Old Days. However, official representation from several major powers represents, at the least, the *threat* of government, and wise heads suspect that the place will settle down in the near future.

TRADE AND HOSPITALITY

But Port Duck is still, ultimately, a pirate town, where the distinction between "ship's chandler," "pawnbroker," and "fence" is traditionally hazy. A lot of the local inns see plenty of roistering.¹ On the other hand, an increasing number of respectable traders, and not least the Agatean tourist ships, are encouraging a more legitimate sort of business.

They tourists are also, unknowingly, encouraging some legitimate businesses that *look* otherwise. The new profession of travel agent, which has emerged on the Counterweight Continent in recent times, has taken to offering all-inclusive holiday voyages to the Circle Sea which incorporate visits to "The Wicked Pirate City." Now, of course, while Port Duck has no trouble living up to most of its reputation, these visitors don't really want to see anything *too* disturbing, and the tour organisers certainly don't want to provide much *genuine* risk. So, various entrepreneurs have got together and set up a cluster of taverns near the tourist lodging-houses, where one can witness a brawl or two, overhear discussion of which ships to rob, be scowled at by some fearsome bruisers, and still go home with your drink unspilt and your gizzard unslit. Old-fashioned pirates tend to weep at the very mention of these places, if only because they have such stupid names.²

Other businesses in Port Duck include small boatyards, brokers, and so on. The place is still totally dependent on maritime commerce.



The Free Town of New Smarlhanger

New Smarlhanger is a location for groups who want to run Discworld adventures in a conventional urban environment, but who don't want the baggage that comes with using Ankh-Morpork. It is a small but growing town; in fact, it is growing almost from scratch. This means that there are countless spaces in its society which freelance adventurers can fill.

Background

The new semaphore system linking Ankh-Morpork with Genua is generating a lot of economic upheaval along the way. Towns like New Smarlhanger are the result.

¹ Not to mention quaffing.

² There's quite a competition in the naming, actually. "Ye Well-Hanged Scurvy Knave, Arrrh" is currently considered to lead the field.



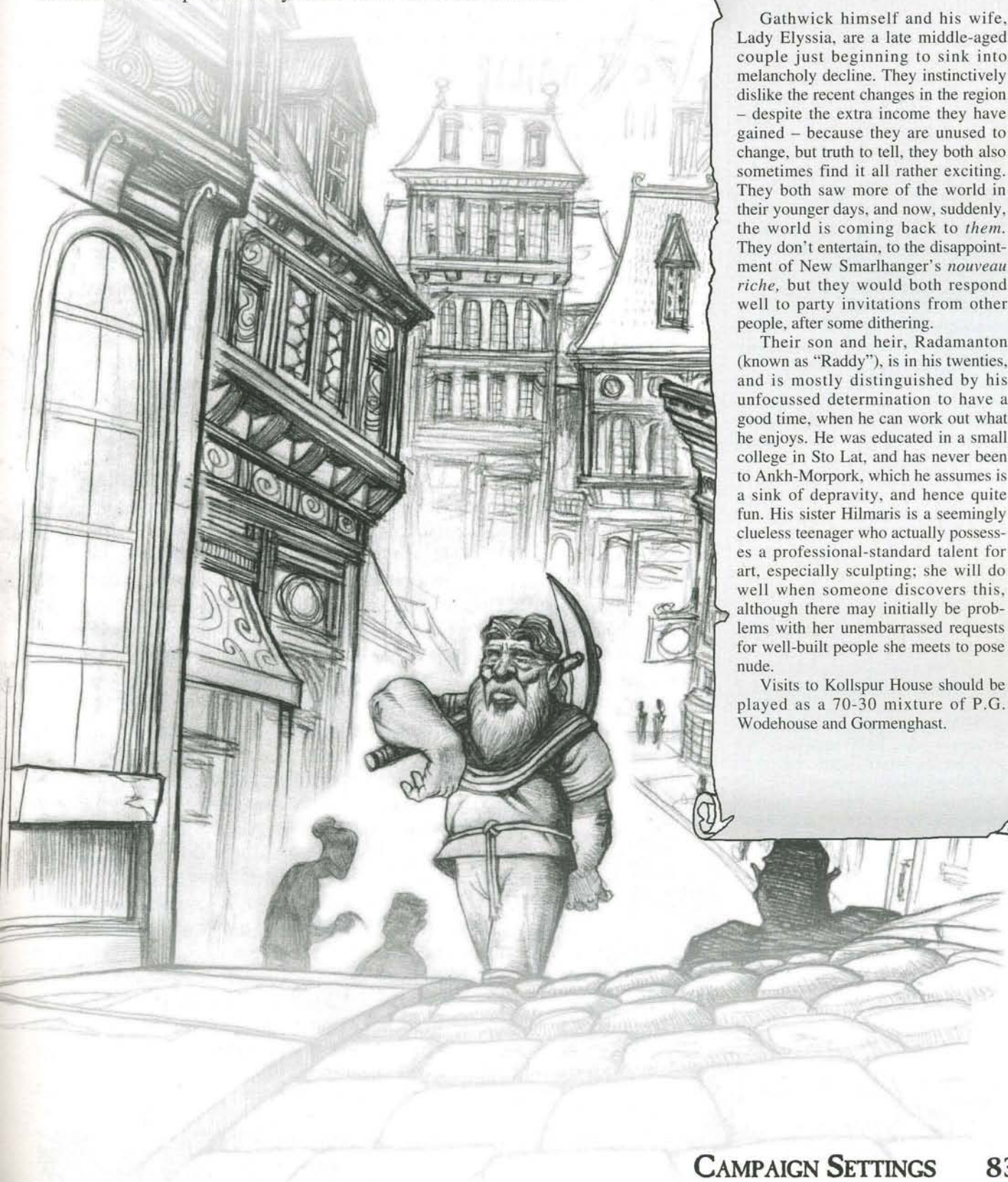
It lies on the Sto Plains side of the Ramtops, where the foothills are just getting serious. Until two or three years ago, it was little more than a village. Then the semaphore company built a maintenance depot here. Apart from giving the local economy a boost, this encouraged the merchants who bought wool from the local farmers to stop by, to pick up the latest prices from towns up and down the chain. Other merchants placed agents here to report what the locals might want to purchase, and that caused the village market to grow. The whole process snowballed, and the backwoods Earldom of Kollspur suddenly found itself with a serious town.

The Earl of Kollspur (Continued)

Gathwick himself and his wife, Lady Elyssia, are a late middle-aged couple just beginning to sink into melancholy decline. They instinctively dislike the recent changes in the region – despite the extra income they have gained – because they are unused to change, but truth to tell, they both also sometimes find it all rather exciting. They both saw more of the world in their younger days, and now, suddenly, the world is coming back to *them*. They don't entertain, to the disappointment of New Smarlhanger's *nouveau riche*, but they would both respond well to party invitations from other people, after some dithering.

Their son and heir, Radamanton (known as "Raddy"), is in his twenties, and is mostly distinguished by his unfocussed determination to have a good time, when he can work out what he enjoys. He was educated in a small college in Sto Lat, and has never been to Ankh-Morpork, which he assumes is a sink of depravity, and hence quite fun. His sister Hilmaris is a seemingly clueless teenager who actually possesses a professional-standard talent for art, especially sculpting; she will do well when someone discovers this, although there may initially be problems with her unembarrassed requests for well-built people she meets to pose nude.

Visits to Kollspur House should be played as a 70-30 mixture of P.G. Wodehouse and Gormenghast.



Mountain Dwarfs vs. Town Dwarfs

In New Smarlhanger, as elsewhere on the Disc, the dwarf community tends to divide between conservatives and progressives. However, in this new town, the division is less a deep one of philosophy and tradition, and more a practical matter of economics and birth.

There have always been dwarfs round here, but they have previously all been members of old-style mountain mining communities, making their money from digging stuff up and selling it. These were mostly relatively progressive and broad-minded dwarfs, being quite willing to come above ground and trade with humans directly, but they were, when all was said and done, miners. However, the dwarf population of New Smarlhanger is different. They are a mixture of émigrés from older urban communities, outcasts from mining communities both local and distant, and dwarfs from all over looking to make their fortune and/or get drunk. Some are extreme radicals who will even admit what sex they are.

In short, in New Smarlhanger, player characters may encounter (or *be*) members of two quite distinct dwarf contingents, who, while not actually in violent conflict, don't really get on very well. The slight problem is that, because this is still a small town and close to the mines, the two groups are about equal in numbers, and both feel equally entitled to be here.

Non-dwarf PCs attempting to deal with dwarf groups in any way should be careful of this distinction, as, in *GURPS* terms, members of each group react at about -2 to any suggestion that they are associated with the other. Dwarf bars in the town are about half "town dwarf" territory, a quarter "mountain dwarf" haunts, and a quarter mixed – and even here, the two groups tend to sit on opposite sides of the room. Serious violence between the two sides is rare, however. That's by dwarf standards, though; in other words, axes are thrown after a few pints of beer, but usually aimed to miss. The occasional Romeo and Juliet story may cross the divide, especially given that some town Juliets can actually be identified as female.

Population and Society

The population of New Smarlhanger is, a mixture of relatively local folk moved just a few miles for convenience (known to others as "Woollies," "Kollies," or various impolite names involving references to sheep), immigrants with specific jobs from slightly further afield, mostly the Sto Plains but also some from Uberwald (known to Kollspur natives as "Incomers," "Cabbage-heads," and various improvised terms implying excessive greed), and a random assortment of strays, exiles, and oddballs attracted over vast distances by the smell of money (known as various things, mostly implying criminal habits, quite likely including "adventurers"). There is also a substantial dwarf community (known by all the names that dwarfs are heir to, but only behind their backs), attracted by the possibility of profit and the chance to get paid for working in metal. Some of these are from the local mines, but more have come from further afield.¹ There are some trolls, but not a full-scale community as yet.

No-one has yet conducted any kind of town census with any real pretensions to accuracy, so the total population is hard to assess. Anyway, it grows every day. However, it is clearly around the 10,000 to 20,000 mark already. Somebody had better think about installing some proper sewers fairly soon.

NEIGHBOURHOODS

Despite its lack of real organisation, New Smarlhanger has already divided into fairly distinct neighbourhoods. In truth, the divisions are vague, as is the whole street plan. Houses and other establishments have gone up wherever someone thought they would look right, and *perhaps* accord with rather vague property deeds acquired from the local landowner. The alleys between are even less straight than those of Ankh-Morpork.

Hubwards Smarlhanger is uphill from the other parts, so its waste products flow into them. Height always implies privilege, so this area is the most expensive, being dotted with small but adequate mansions with modest gardens, inhabited by well-off merchants. At the foot of the same slope nestles the *Dwarf Quarter*, with its low, solid stone buildings. This district is rumoured to have as much space in cellars as above-ground. Many of the town's dwarfs are barely out of the mountains, psychologically speaking.

Looping around that same hill is the *High Street*, so-called because it is the main road through town rather than because of any altitude. Most of the shops and inns are sited here. Anything within a block or two of the road itself is part of the bustling, elongated High Street district, which is also the most crime-ridden area.

Rimwards of that is the *Warehouse District*, where merchants store their produce and where the occasional big sheep-markets take place. This area officially has few permanent residents apart from watchmen employed by some businesses, but a fair number of vagrants and wanderers have found it a useful place to hide out and sleep, if they can tolerate the cold.

Hubwards Smarlhanger is uphill from the other parts, so its waste products flow into them.



¹ When a dwarf leaves home, he tends to want to get well away. Otherwise, there's no point, is there?



The last district of the new town proper is *Spinwards Smarl*. This is the most densely-populated area: a warren of hastily-constructed cottages, cheap taverns, and sagging shacks. This is the easiest place to find somewhere to live or stay, although it probably won't be very luxurious.

OLD SMARLHANGER VILLAGE

One neighbourhood stands out both physically and culturally. The semaphore company actually built its depot a little way spinwards from the old village, simply because it had to incorporate a signal-tower which was on the line of sight to both adjacent towers, whereas the village had grown up in a sheltered hollow. The new town then grew up around the depot, and although it has now sprawled almost as far as the village, the old settlement is still on the fringe of the new. Old Smarlhanger retains a lot of its antique character; rustic and habitually suspicious of "foreigners" (defined as anyone who was born more than half a day's walk away, and probably including anyone who has spent more than a month away from the village in their life). This is compounded by a sense of bemused resentment at all the unasked-for changes recently, modified by occasional curiosity and the impulse to make a profit.

A few outsiders have tried to buy houses in Old Smarlhanger, and very few have succeeded. Their reasons for trying include the fact that the older buildings are often somewhat better built (not having been thrown up in a weekend to make a quick profit), and confused sentimentality (some of them using words like "quaint"). The more sensitive house-buyers have come to doubt the wisdom of their actions, as the natives persist in scowling and mumbling a lot, but there is no evidence of serious evil cult activity, human sacrifice, or organised arson – yet.

GOVERNMENT

This being the Discworld, the last thing that anyone has got around to organising is a proper civic administration.

This area has traditionally been ruled by the feudal Earls of Kollspur (see the sidebar on p. 82), who in turn owe nominal fealty to some distant overlords on the Sto Plains, but who in reality are functionally independent. The Earl felt obliged to try and exert his authority when New Smarlhanger began to grow, but at that point, the semaphore company called on some of their old-money stockholders, and various merchants called on their lawyers. It was suggested to the Earl that he ought to be broad-minded, otherwise somebody might actually work out who his feudal superior was and enquire about a few centuries' back tribute. The Earl, who prefers a quiet life, agreed to everything that was suggested.

In fact, he granted the new town a charter as a "free corporation." It's not actually certain whether a mere Earl is entitled to do this, but he did it anyway. He can still claim taxes from its citizens,¹ and he even retains ownership of some of the land, but essentially, the "Good Burghers" of New Smarlhanger can do what they like.

The definition of a "Good Burgher," incidentally, appears to be someone with substantial property and income. In fact, the main thing would appear to be sufficient income to hire a lawyer and to buy a house grand enough that the other Good Burghers will come to your parties and not sneer at you.

¹ And if he's really lucky, some of them may pay at some future date.

The Wool Trade

Before the growth of New Smarlhanger, the area it occupies (and the Earldom of Kollspur – sidebar, p. 82) made most of its modest income in the wool trade, and that business is still significant.

The sheep-farmers are independent land-owners, each with a farmhouse and several acres of indifferent land nestling among the hills, and shared grazing rights on vast areas reaching up into the mountains. Their sheep are carefully marked to indicate ownership. They (the owners) tend to be cautious, thoughtful, close-mouthed individuals. The phrase "scratching a bare living from the thin soil" occurs to almost everyone meeting them for the first time. In fact, they are mostly comfortably off, though there is a lot of variation based on luck, inheritance, and ability. However, the local culture treats wealth as something to be accumulated rather than spent. They save against a rainy day, and though it rains quite a bit in these parts, they rarely spend their money even then. They tend to have high Merchant skill, based on detailed knowledge of what they are buying and selling and the use of as few words as possible while bargaining. Their wives tend to be just as dour as the menfolk. Their offspring are mostly younger imitations of their parents, though a significant minority say extremely rude things about sheep the day they come of age, and head for the big city. The growth of New Smarlhanger gives them the option to do so with less trouble.

Still, only a minority of the sheep-farmers are actually certifiably miserly. On their days in town, they tend to order the best beer and even wine in the inns, and spend many happy hours swapping stories of how they tricked wool-merchants into giving them better prices. The wool-merchants themselves know about this attitude, and never trust the first thing that a farmer says. Still, they are generally prosperous themselves, and like to display the fact by wearing colourful wool garments. Everyone on the Disc seems to need wool, so business is good.

New Smarlhanger is a quieter town in early spring, as the farmers remain in the hills, seeing to the new lambs. On major wool-market and sheep-market days (every month or so outside of winter), it gets very busy – and quite exciting, if you find wool interesting.



Magic in Smarlhanger

Obviously, New Smarlhanger has nothing as substantial as a magical university, but there is some call for magical specialists, which will doubtless be met, sooner or later. As a rural district rapidly evolving into an urban sprawl, both witches and wizards can find work.¹

This is another plot-point where PCs can be inserted. If a player would like to take the role of a newly-graduated wizard going into freelance consultancy, or a witch who has decided to make herself useful somewhere new, then it is perfectly reasonable for the GM to declare that nobody else has yet set up that sort of shop in this town. Or perhaps one person has, but the place needs more than one, and a little gentle rivalry and back-stabbing is in order. The newcomer can then spend some time finding accommodation, building a reputation, and so on, and become a valued pillar of the new society.² However, if no PCs are magic-workers, or if ready-made rivals are needed, one or both of the following characters may be introduced:

Hiraemey Koswuth is a recent UU graduate; use the Graduate Wizard template (p. 58) with the Freelance Consultant option. Koswuth tries rather too hard to be polite, and hence comes across as oily and ingratiating, but is basically decent most of the time. Unfortunately, he is developing a private interest in some shadier areas of magic, studying Divination (Demon Invocation) just for a start. Being worried about this being found out, he has set multiple Magelock spells around his home. However, he may not go really bad for years, if at all.

Lizbeth Lint is a competent young witch who has come here from further along the Ramtops; use the Witch package (p. 62) with the Dedicated Healer option. She has a theory that many or most physical ailments arise from mental causes; although this is not enough to stop her being an effective doctor, she may spend a lot of time asking her patients weird and embarrassing psychological questions. She also likes to invent new dishes, and although she is a decent cook, she tends to get distracted into using her creations for Divination. This leads to some very bizarre applications of spices and seasonings.

¹ And yes, if both appear, there will be a clash of temperaments sooner or later.

² Or a well-known town idiot, depending.

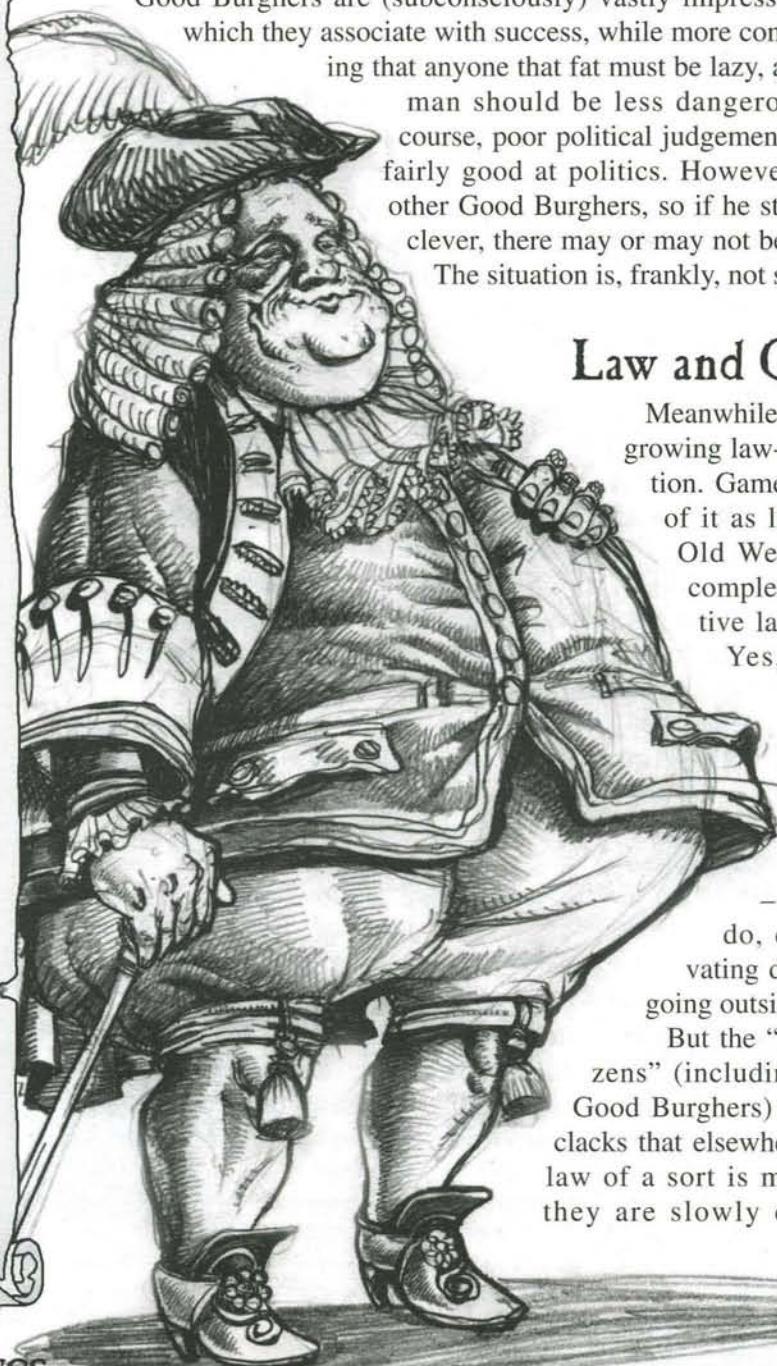
The Good Burghers meet in informal council at irregular intervals and agree how the place should be run. Except that they can hardly ever agree about anything, especially if it involves spending money. Still, they are making a start. At the moment, those meetings take place in the Good Burghers' private houses (and are often combined with the afore-mentioned parties), but sooner or later their delusions of grandeur will overwhelm their miserliness, and they will vote to build themselves a proper council chamber.

For now, the chairman of the council is a wool merchant named Quintillian Junkett, who is mainly noted for having the most impressive waistline in New Smarlhanger. The other

Good Burghers are (subconsciously) vastly impressed by his girth, which they associate with success, while more consciously assum-

ing that anyone that fat must be lazy, and a lazy chairman should be less dangerous. This is, of course, poor political judgement, and Junkett is fairly good at politics. However, so are a few other Good Burghers, so if he starts looking too clever, there may or may not be changes made. The situation is, frankly, not stable.

The chairman of the council is a wool merchant named Quintillian Junkett, who is mainly noted for having the most impressive waistline in New Smarlhanger.



Law and Crime

Meanwhile, the town has a growing law-and-order question. Gamers should think of it as like a very new Old West boom town, complete with ineffective law-enforcement.

Yes, it does have watchmen periodically, but what with one thing and another, they don't last long – the ones that do, do so by cultivating deafness and not going outside much.

But the "respectable citizens" (including some of the Good Burghers) know from the clacks that elsewhere on the Disc, law of a sort is maintained, and they are slowly coming to the

conclusion that it might even be worth paying for. (After all, with events in Ankh-Morpork in recent years, possession of a competent-looking Watch is becoming a sign of municipal status.) Thus, it may be that a PC, or a group of PCs (think of the Earps), might be tempted to make a bit of cash by taking a badge for a while. On the other hand, if the players' interests lie elsewhere, the following NPCs could represent the sort of law that occasionally shows its face in New Smarlhanger:

Captain Otto Grek: A grizzled old (well, 40-something) mercenary who has taken this job after one too many "proper soldiering jobs" turned out to have higher risks and lower returns than advertised. Grek is a decent enough fellow, but values a quiet life much more than he does Truth, Justice, or the Smarlhanger Way. Use the Career Soldier template (p. 55) with the addition of appropriate Rank.

"Screaming Fury" Redvor: When Redvor was younger, he wanted to be a barbarian hero, and carefully cultivated a nickname that is now impossible for him to lose. Although he has good reflexes, solid muscles, and some of the enthusiasm required by that career choice, and he picked up a tolerable income in mercenary service, he found that he lacked a certain blunt dedication to the fundamentals of the barbarian life. (He could never quite take quaffing seriously, he was mostly incapable of being impolite to people who weren't rude to him, and he actually saved some of his money for later.) He has now given up serious loincloth-wearing. He is smart enough to survive a while as a watchman, but his occasional flashes of enthusiasm mean that the smart money is against his lasting too long. Use the Barbarian Hero Wannabe template (p. 49) with DX 14, and IQ 11, and perhaps some police-work skills.

Bluetooth Gradibost: A local dwarf of unremarkable intellect who has let his interest in the pay rate overcome his common sense, Gradibost does at least have the advantage of his race's toughness and reputation. Use the Watchman template (p. 54) with the addition of the Dwarf racial package (p. DI68).

These characters, or any PCs who take this role, can work out of a small, hastily-constructed Watch house on the borders of the High Street and Warehouse districts, with a couple of holding cells on the ground floor.



New Smarlhanger Adventure Seeds

Adventures in New Smarlhanger can focus on the process of building and "fleshing out" a new community, but there is still also scope for some one-off incidents of the sneaking about and hitting things variety. Of course, their exact nature will depend on the adventurers' natures and abilities, but here are some suggestions:

Hacking the System (With a Fairly Small Axe): Imperfectly honest or uncontrollably greedy adventurers are all too often open to proposals on the wrong side of the law, and the semaphore system opens up whole new vistas of illegality. There's a lot of money involved in this thing.

Thus it is that the party is approached by someone who wants to start a rumour in Ankh-Morpork that Genua is suffering a shortage of good-quality fabrics. That way, the warehouse full of bales of fabric that he's just accumulated will suddenly become very valuable. All he wants them to do is to gain clandestine access to the semaphore system, and insert a few messages into the chain without anyone in the station noticing. This will require stealth, cunning, technical ability, and nerve. The pay will be proportionate.

Of course, the semaphore company is quite alert, and has become very rich on the basis of being completely trusted. It will *not* be happy if and when this deception is detected, and is likely to be both vengeful and persistent.

In fact, the adventurers could equally well be Watchmen or independent hired heavies and investigators who become involved in solving this new kind of crime. Note that the semaphore company may be as eager to keep the business quiet as they are to get hold of the perpetrators. Their wealth depends on trust, and while revenge is sweet, the bottom line is also a consideration.

We Don't Think There's A Health Risk: Talking of semaphore communications, the more fashionable citizens of New Smarlhanger want to get a local system running in the town, with a mobile option. People who find themselves subcontracted to set this up will need to build a tower with a view of the entire town, find a gargoyle or someone to train to sit on it, work out some kind of charging system to recover the costs, and then duck the madly-waving flags (and the blame) wherever they go.

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New Smarlhanger Adventure Seeds (Continued)

Local Politics: There are several other Good Burghers who think they could do better than Quintillian Junkett, and now one of them seems to be making a move – and fighting dirty. A large consignment of wool out of Junkett's warehouse, was recently attacked on the road, and while some was stolen, most of the rest was deliberately destroyed. Then his warehouse itself was subject to an arson attempt. But all this seems to have been a diversion, keeping Junkett distracted while someone (and it's not clear who) started a whispering campaign against him on the council. At the same time, an *orchestrated* crime wave has started, seemingly intended to stir up discontent with his rule.

All this may be the work of any of three or four rivals, or perhaps an alliance of several of them. Junkett certainly thinks so, and if and when he gets his business back on track, he'll start hitting back with more force than care. On the other hand, it could be someone else altogether; perhaps an alliance of rival merchants who'd like to see Smarlhanger burn, or an uberwaldian vampire lord who fancies taking over this territory. The adventurers might be hired by Junkett or someone else, or they might be watchmen facing their first big challenge. If they're arrogant enough, they might even be freelancers trying to play all sides off against each other.

Wolves at the Door: A bitter winter in Uberwald has made the woods dangerous, and now it's driving the wolf-packs down towards the plains. But surely they're not supposed to attack human beings?

It may just be cold and desperation making them forget that rule. On the other hand, not every wolf in Uberwald is *really* a wolf. (Not all the time, anyway.) If some brave adventurers don't find out what's going on, and soon, the citizenry are going to turn paranoid, and nasty. On the other hand, if there *are* organised werewolves in the area, with old-school man-eating habits, paranoia may become a survival trait.



New Smarlhanger's crimes are mostly quite mundane; theft and minor civil disorder around the High Street, burglaries in the Warehouse district, and trivial calls to Hubwards Smarlhanger. More dramatic incidents include riots, flamboyant highwaymen on the roads outside the town, sabotage of the semaphore system, crimes of passion among the *nouveaux riches*, and pompous burghers who don't think that the law applies to *them*. The Old Village and the Dwarf Quarter mostly keep themselves to themselves, and the problems of policing dwarf inns are much like anywhere else on the Disc.¹

Religion in Smarlhanger

While New Smarlhanger isn't as theologically tumultuous as, say, Port Duck (see sidebar, p. 79), its citizens *are* still resolving the question of how different religions can get along side by side – and there is some chance of two “rival” temples actually worshipping the same god under different names. Members of numerous faiths are still pouring into town, and sometimes resolving religious issues with sharp implements. However, the dominant beliefs of the area are those found on the Sto Plain and throughout the Ramtops.

¹ Heavily armoured knees are advisable.



THE OMNIAN MISSION

Omnianism (see p. D1162) is perhaps the most dynamic faith on the Disc today, with a growing following, possibly because it now teaches that Om never answers prayers or manifests himself. This saves its worshippers a lot of small disappointments.¹

Omnians are rather embarrassed by their religion's past history, when they allegedly burnt countless witches, members of other religions, and indeed Omnians who didn't quite agree on certain points of textual interpretation, and most potential converts are happy to accept that things have changed.² The modern Omnian priests who most Discworlders see are travelling missionaries, prone to knocking on people's doors announcing that they are bearers of good news, and setting up tents on open spaces and playing the harmonium inside.

The Omnian Mission in New Smarlhanger has, in fact, done well enough to progress somewhat beyond this level, and some people would say that it is now a full-scale temple with all the trimmings. It occupies a building near the High Street which has all the traditional, quintessential Omnian hulking plainness.³

THE TEMPLE OF THE SMALL GODS

The idea of worshipping the nameless, half-forgotten and near-pointless deities that lurk on the fringes of theology is best established in Ankh-Morpork, which has a full-scale temple to the Small Gods. A group of Smarlhanger burghers and merchants have decided that worshipping the Small Gods is therefore a sign of urban sophistication, and decided to follow suit. The Ankh-Morpork temple was so flattered that they sent a junior priest to assist. The new temple is situated on the rural edge of Hubwards Smarlhanger, and is noted mainly for its weirdly eclectic decoration. Ceremonies held there are often distinctly experimental. The temple has actually attracted the attention of a number of minor Ramtops divinities, who have even provided the odd miracle. It is gaining a reputation as well as locally fashionable status. But this may not last, as none of the gods are receiving enough personal belief – and thus power – to support a dynamic cult.



¹ And anyway, the gods who do manifest themselves a lot often turn up drunk.

² Or perhaps faintly hope that they haven't, really, and that new converts can join in.

³ Which is a little odd, because it's a converted warehouse.



Outback Survival Skills

The deserts of EcksEcksEcksEcks are proverbially hostile territory. Even since the coming of the Wet (see *The Last Continent*), they are hot, dry, and full of wildlife with attitude. People do survive there, but it takes practice.

In *GURPS* terms, Survival (Fouerecks Outback) is a mandatory specialisation of Survival skill (p. B57), distinct from Survival (Desert). It includes a large amount of information on ways to avoid the hostile, aggressive, and frequently poisonous wildlife (see sidebar, p. 90), and almost as much on how to convert the weird and mostly disgusting-looking flora and fauna of the country into food and drink. (The results can be amazingly good. Sometimes.) Survival (Desert) might enable one to find water and shelter in the Outback, but won't provide the critical understanding of the local ecology.

Overseas visitors are advised to find native guides, or at least to take a lot of good advice; the consequences of failing a Survival skill roll are always unpleasant and often fatal. Even if you have an adequate supply of food and water, you will need a Rincewind-level sense of rational paranoia, and good reflexes.

Road Gangs

Talking of dangerous wildlife: A typical road gang member is ST 11, DX 11, IQ 9, HT 11, with High Pain Threshold, Immunity to Disease, or Toughness, about -40 points in mostly unpleasant disadvantages, and the skills Animal Handling-12, Brawling-12, Knife-11, Mechanic (Wagons)-8, Streetwise-8, Survival (Fouerecks Outback)-9, Teamster-12, and any two of Axe/Mace, Blackjack, Bolas, Crossbow, Flail, or Kusari, at level 12.

They wear whatever armour they have been able to steal or improvise, as much for show as for protection. Leather, studs, scraps of mail, and dead chickens are always fashionable, and helmets often have impractical horns, spikes, and flares. The quick way of handling this in *GURPS* terms is to assume that gang members have Light Encumbrance, and roll 1d-2 for the DR that gets in the way of any given attack. (PD is always 0; this style of armour is useless at deflecting anything.) Gang leaders can have somewhat better attributes and abilities, and armour which looks even more tasteless and which may afford slightly more protection.

EcksEcksEcksEcksian Fauna

It has been claimed that the only non-dangerous wildlife in the EcksEcksEcksEcks outback are the sheep. This is not strictly true. Some of the sheep are pretty darned vicious.

The smaller creatures of this region are almost invariably poisonous, and usually aggressive. Indeed, some of the spiders use their webs as trampolines, hurling themselves at incautious humans at head height. Even the duck-billed platypus, which looks like a mishmash of random components¹ turns out to include venomous spurs on its hind feet.² The larger fauna tends to be merely surly and over-muscled. Major species include camels (not strictly native; they floated here on driftwood, according to fairly reliable sources), as described on p. D1169, and of course kangaroos.

Typical Discworld kangaroos are similar to their counterparts on our world; ST 10-12, DX 15, IQ 4, HT 13-16, Move 15, Dodge 7, PD 1, DR 1, Size 2. They can, of course, jump impressively far, covering 9 yards or more in a single bound. If cornered, they can lash out with their clawed feet for 1d+2 cutting damage at Close range. Curiously, although they are, frankly, no smarter than most grazing herbivores, they often have Gesture skill at around 12, and their own gesture-language.³

Kangaroos share the Outback with EcksEcksEcksEcksian emus, a type of giant flightless bird that is, in fact, rather bigger than our world's emu, being closer to our ostrich in size and strength; ST 15, DX 15, IQ 3, HT 15/10, Move 15, Dodge 7, PD 0, DR 0, Size 1. An emu can kick, if pressed, for 1d cutting damage, with Reach C,1 (its claws aren't as long as those of the ostrich), but it mostly runs away. However, the species is more or less domesticable, as some road gang members have proved; some are harnessed to pull the lightest types of chariot (see p. 91, main text).

¹ Because that's approximately what it is; see *The Last Continent*.

² Scientific study suggests that these are used in mating. Which should tell you all you need to know about small, cute animals.

³ Scratching left ear means "Yes," right ear means "No," wrinkling the nose means "Come quick, someone's fallen down a deep hole."

THE TEMPLE OF OFFLER

Offler the Crocodile God (see p. D1161) has a fair number of worshippers in New Smarlhanger, largely out of local tradition. The fact that most of them aren't even sure what a crocodile *is* matters very little; they know it's something divine and doubtless impressive. Their temple, on the High Street, is popular partly because some of the interior carvings follow Klatchian artistic conventions (i.e. they're adults-only stuff), but also because the priests of Offler know how to put on a blood-and-thunder ceremony, with plenty of detailed promises on the fate that awaits the unrighteous.

EcksEcksEcksEcksian Cart Wars

Much of the distant continent of EcksEcksEcksEcks is taken up with desert – and even following some recent improvements in the climate, it's quite *serious* desert, some of it too hot and remote for even hardy Ecksian sheep-farmers to make a living. Parts, however, are crossed very occasionally by fast, armed carts. They're fast, armed, and only occasional because these roads are also prowled by "road gangs" – bandits with fast carts of their own, serious attitude problems, and a distinctly punk fashion sense.



Yes, it's a tough land with tough people and lots of conflict. Some role-players are going to find that strangely appealing.

Background

As the castaway-descended population of EcksEcksEcksEcks attempted to expand into the Outback, it hit practical limits. Naturally, outcasts, criminals, and people with more machismo than IQ¹ insisted on going beyond those limits. They even found ways to prosper after a fashion, either by trading between the sheep farms and the opal mines, or by robbing the traders.

Incidentally, the most important traded commodity is hay. Travellers who try to cross the Outback without horses are, quite simply, dead, and the only way to keep a horse going for the trip is with proper feed. However, hay and oats do not grow well in the desert, and have to be brought in from coastal areas. This pushes their value up to get-your-throat-slit levels.

THE CARTS

As dirt roads were driven across the desert, vehicles were built to trade on them. These were, often rough-and-ready improvisations, but they had to be built tough to survive the work. Later, road gangs took to using similar (but usually lighter) vehicles to support their nomadic, raiding lifestyle.

The usual draft animal in the Outback is still the horse. Most are equal to "Saddle Horses" (p. B144), although other types may be encountered, and stronger or faster beasts are highly valued. Camels, of which there are a fair number, may be much better suited to the climate, but are slower. A few light, fast carts are drawn by emus (see sidebar, p. 90), singly or in pairs, but that is generally regarded as an affectation. Rules for building and operating carts in *GURPS* are given on pp. 96-100.

Arena Combat

Even in EcksEcksEcksEcks, not everyone feels that violent banditry is the way to spend their time. It's easier to organise proper betting on the results if you have a set venue and maybe even a few rules.

Thus, someone had the bright idea of building an arena, complete with civilised facilities.² Anyone who wants can come along and prove himself in front of a large and cynical audience. Of course, these arenas are pretty rough affairs – basically, rickety stands arranged around oval dirt tracks, with betting kiosks and fast food stands dotted around the place, and semi-sentient security staff prowling everywhere – but no worries.

The owner of the biggest Outback arena is a woman known as "Auntie Ante" (see sidebar, p. 92), who has enough force of personality and tactical alertness to keep a horde of surly cart warriors in line. Admittedly, most of them know she provides the neutral ground that their occupation requires, but *she* was the one who saw this need and convinced them people to play along.

¹ Which, many Ecksians would proudly assert, covers most of them.

² In other words, betting kiosks.



Mad

228 points

Age unknown; 3'9"; 130 lbs.; a wiry, scowling, clean-shaven dwarf.

ST 13 [30], DX 14 [45], IQ 11 [10], HT 13 [30]

Speed 6.75; Move 6.

Dodge 7; Parry 11 (Brawling).

Advantages: Dwarf package, but without Greed, Literal-Minded, or racial Quirks except *Can't Run Long Distances* [49]; Alertness +2 [10]; Combat Reflexes [15]; Fearlessness +4 [8]; Literacy [5]; Reputation +2 (As a good sort of bloke who you really, really shouldn't annoy, among Outback cart-drivers and barflies, 10-) [5].

Disadvantages: Bad Temper [-10]; Reputation -3 (As a real psycho target, among road gangs, 10-) [-2]; Stubbornness [-5]; Uncongenial [-1].

Quirks: Despises wizards; Hates road gangs; Likes the open road; Never gives his real name; Weapons nut. [-5]

Skills: Animal Handling-12 [6]; Area Knowledge (Outback)-13 [4]; Axe/Mace-14 [0]; Brawling-15 [2]; Climbing-13 [1]; Crossbow-14 [1]; Holdout-10 [1]; Knife-13 [1/2]; Mechanic (Wagons)/TL3-12 [1]; Merchant-12 [4]; Orienteering-10 [1]; Shortsword-12 [1/2]; Stealth-14 [2]; Streetwise-11 [2]; Survival (Fourecs Outback)-12 [4]; Teamster (Fast Carts)-17 [14].

Languages: Ankhian (Native)-11 [0]; Dwarfish-11 [2].

Mad (who appears in *The Last Continent*) is the offspring of a dwarf family from NoThingfjord who were shipwrecked on Fourecs. His father now runs a chain of dwarf-bread bakeries in Bugarup, but Mad himself has an overwhelming preference for the open road. He makes his living running hay shipments, with a sideline in salvaging the weapons and equipment of any road gangs who try to stop him. Incidentally, "Mad" is not his name; it's simply what people call him.

His unusual upbringing has made him an unusual dwarf. He shaves his beard, doesn't wear a helmet, and likes fresh air. Nor does he display most dwarfs' reflexive financial greed (though he certainly misses few opportunities to turn a profit). However, as well as his height, there is something about his personality that's fundamentally dwarfish – a mixture of dour determination, barely-restrained aggression, and a taste for uncomplicated metal-based handicrafts. He wears a leather suit covered in metal rivets and embellishments (treat as Reinforced Leather, sidebar, p. CII42), and carries numerous weapons.

Mad's cart is detailed on p. 100.



Auntie Ante 175 points

Age 45; 5'4"; 130 lbs.; a striking woman, dark-skinned, and big-haired.

ST 10 [0], DX 13 [30], IQ 14 [45], HT 13 [30]

Speed 6.5; Move 6.

Dodge 6; Parry 8 (Brawling).

Advantages: Attractive [5]; Charisma +2 [10]; Comfortable Wealth [10]; Composed [5]; Contact (Big-Time Gambler, Streetwise-15, available 12-) [4]; Contact (Road Gang Leader, Streetwise-15, available 9-) [2]; Literacy [5]; Reputation +2 (As a formidable community figure, in the Outback) [5].

Disadvantages: Broad-Minded [-1]; Code of Honour ("Pirate's") [-5]; Congenial [-1]; Selfish [-5].

Quirks: Admires competence; Denies being flamboyant ("this is dressing quietly in these parts"); Never gambles (these days), but enjoys watching games of chance. [-3]

Skills: Accounting-14 [4]; Administration-14 [2]; Animal Handling-12 [1]; Area Knowledge (The Outback)-13 [1/2]; Bard-14 [2]; Bartender-12 [1/2]; Brawling-14 [2]; Crossbow-13 [1]; Detect Lies-12 [1]; Fast-Draw (Knife)-14 [2]; First Aid/TL3-14 [1]; Gambling-13 [1]; Holdout-12 [1/2]; Interrogation-14 [2]; Intimidation-14 [2]; Knife-13 [1]; Leadership-15 [4]; Merchant-13 [1]; Riding (Horse)-12 [1]; Sex Appeal-13 [2]; Streetwise-13 [1]; Survival (Fouerecks Outback)-13 [1]; Tactics (Land)-13 [2]; Teamster (Fast Carts)-12 [1/2]; Tournament Law (Arena Contests)-15 [2].

Languages: Ankhian (native)-15 [1].

By "civilised" standards, Auntie Ante is a little crazy, but also very good at this stuff. She doesn't take backchat from underlings or random visitors, but will put up with a little more from people she can use, or who have proven themselves worthy of respect. There are rumours that she has some kind of tie to Mad (sidebar, p. 91), but this is untrue. They have met just twice, and view each other with caution.

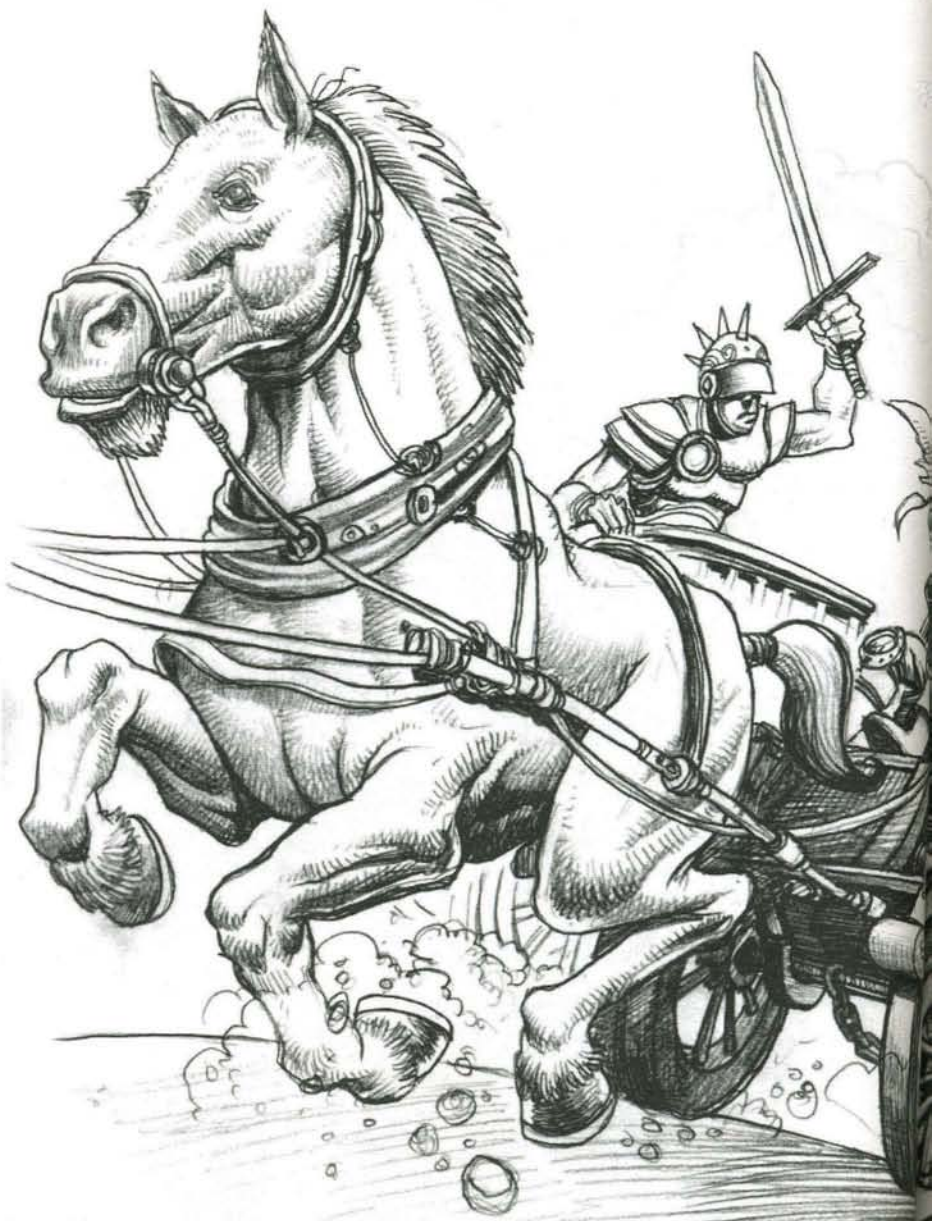
She wears leather torso armour and knee-high boots (an ensemble that has distracted more than one opponent for crucial seconds), and often carries a crossbow, one visible knife, and probably some concealed blades. However, her *real* secret is that she is a very shrewd businesswoman.

Continued on next page...

However, predictably, some older cart aces think that rules and confined spaces are for wimps. With "real road warrior" types saying that arena fighters can't cut it in a fight without tying their opponents' hands behind their backs, and arena fighters saying that road warriors are a bunch of crooks who can't go down to the shops without cheating on the way, there is plenty of scope for barroom brawls. The fact that plenty of drivers cheerfully switch between the two activities just means that you can't be sure who'll be on your side in the next brawl.

WEIGHT CLASSES AND CONTEST TYPES

In order to keep things sort of logical, arena contests are divided into categories. Firstly, they are divided into *races* (usually a half-dozen laps of the marked track, the winner is whoever finishes first in whatever state, and use of weapons is prohibited, although vehicle-mounted scythes and rams may be



accepted), *derbies* (exact rules vary, but generally, the last vehicle still in a condition to complete a lap of the track is the winner, and missile weapons are prohibited), and *duels* (usually just for two vehicles, anything goes, last man standing, permitted collateral damage is whatever you can get away with). Rules for all but the bloodiest duels emphasise that vehicles rather than drivers should be targeted; this is often ignored, but blatant assassination attempts are usually booed. Any use of magic, in any contest, is a lynching matter.

There have been some attempts to introduce formal weight classes, but these proved impossible to administer, so vehicle categories are kept informal:

Bloody Light covers any vehicle with one or two wheels, and just one horse or emu pulling. It tends to be limited to races, as the vehicles are usually very flimsy.

Light means vehicles drawn by two horses (or other creatures), with no crew except a driver. It is usually limited to races and the occasional duel, as derbies between such designs end too quickly to be fun.



Auntie Ante (Continued)

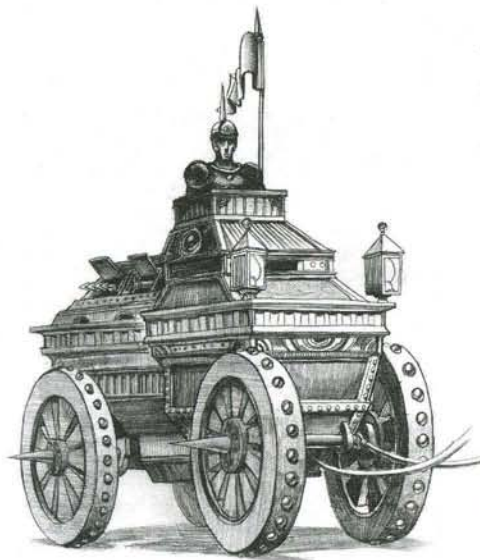
The only thing that nags at her is the persistent rumour that she has become a heroine to many participants in Bugarup's annual Galah carnival. There is something about her famous Amazonian femininity that seems to appeal to people who have had to *work* at their own feminine identities, on account of they weren't the original issue. It's not yet clear what Auntie Ante thinks of this, but it might well be inadvisable to remind her of the question.

Open Road Adventure Seeds

Fourecks's Outback is one of the few remaining areas of the Disc where old-fashioned, run-around-screaming heroism is still a viable, indeed admired, option. Gamers who want to play on the Disc without giving up all their old habits should feel at home here, with the unique cart-based lifestyle adding some novelty. How morally or otherwise they choose to play their characters is up to them, but remember, even the most psychotic road gang member needs a sense of *style*. Admittedly, it's style without *taste*, involving a lot of studded leather and filed teeth, but the self-aware nature of Ecksian heroic myth-making has infected these people.

In games set after the end of *The Last Continent*, things may have calmed down a little; with the coming of The Wet, hay and oats are worth a little less, reducing some of the incentive for banditry. But the Outback is still mostly desert, and there's all those sheep farms, which seem to attract rustlers and other larrikins like, well, flies to a dead sheep. On the other side of the law, there's bush police as well as freelancers like Mad (sidebar, p. 91). And there are also the aboriginal people, with their unique magic and traditions.

Continued on next page . . .



Open Road Adventure Seeds (Continued)

Needed – Another Hero, ONO: Sometimes, on top of all the above, innocents may get caught up in Outback adventures. Perhaps a town full of people has been flooded out by The Wet, or a bunch of refugees have sailed in from elsewhere on the Disc, somehow having got the idea that this is a land of opportunity. Unfortunately, the villains of the piece have this group tagged as an exploitable resource – as, in a nicer way, have the heroes.

This is when Real Heroes get to Stand Tall, or at least to fight a lot of running battles with road gangs while, they hope, attracting the attention of farmers' daughters. (Or, to be fair, farmers' sons.) Of course, the innocents *will* be Discworlders, as stubborn, opinionated, and difficult as people anywhere.

But I Don't Like Waltzing: Then there's the fine old tradition of Outback Ballads, mostly written by city-dwellers who've never been more than five miles from the Opera House. Suppose one such decided he ought to do some basic research? Keeping a balladeer alive amongst road gangs and spiders could be a challenge for bodyguards.

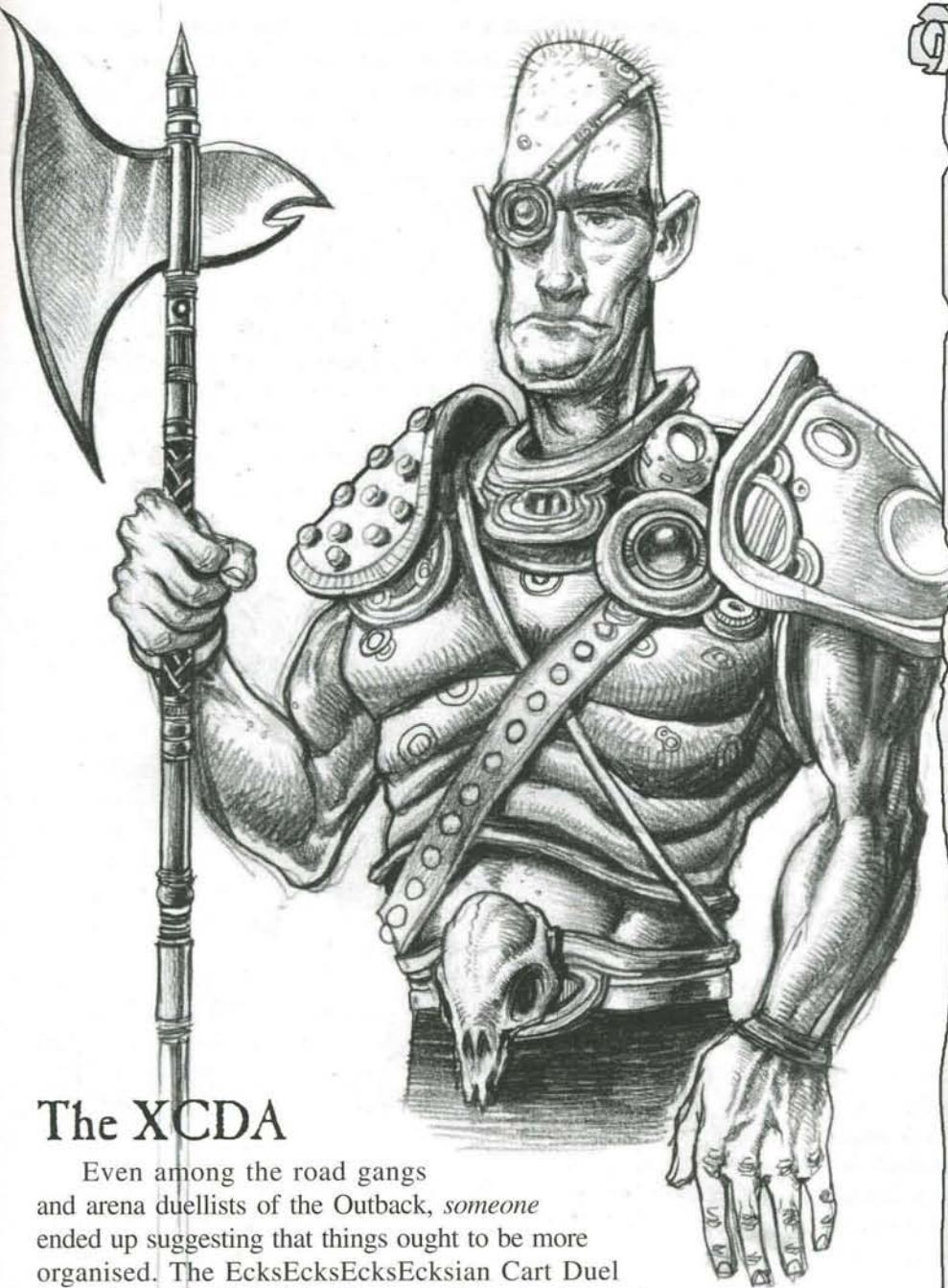
Sorta Middling is a much-disputed category, as competitors are forever trying to stretch the rules, but it is universally accepted that qualifying vehicles must be open-topped, with the driver's head and shoulders visible from all sides, and most have two, three, or four horses (four being usually considered best, but some participants aim for superior manoeuvrability and a smaller target profile). About half of all such designs are built for derby contests and mount extensive weaponry, and a few add a second crewman to operate it.

Bloody Heavy vehicles are permitted a face-high screen (with viewing slit) in front of the driver, plus shoulder-high panels to the sides and rear, and are often very rugged. This is the favoured category for knock-down, drawn-out derby contests. However, the class is permitted only open-frame armour over the driver's head, only one vehicle-mounted missile weapon, and only one crewman in addition to the driver. Most accepted designs have four horses, though a few arenas permit six. Horse armour has often been ruled unsporting, although many fans think that attacks on opponents' animals are not sporting either, and hence consider protecting them only fair.

No Limits is what it says. Quite a few vehicles in this class carry one or more crew in addition to the driver, and plenty of heavy weapons. Fully-enclosed structures and eight (sometimes armoured) horses are commonplace. Sheer cost keeps this class rare.

The popular local opinion of the XCDA is, of course, "Buncha Wowsers."





The XCDA

Even among the road gangs and arena duellists of the Outback, *someone* ended up suggesting that things ought to be more organised. The EcksEcksEcksEcksian Cart Duel Association ("XCDA") is the result. The popular local opinion is, of course, "Buncha Wowzers," but it does serve a genuine purpose in laying down fairly solid rules for arena combats, and more relaxed regulations for semi-organised open-road combat.

The XCDA is an assortment of enthusiastic organisers, racers who want to stop the organisers changing too much, and bookies who want to ensure that any changes don't involve them paying out too much. It meets annually in some large Outback bar, mostly to elect a committee of 5-15 people (depending on how the annual meeting went), who in turn meet roughly every month. Both annual and committee meetings invariably degenerate into alcoholic disputes, and committee members are advised to wear armour. Indeed, there is talk of setting up an association to regulate combat at XCDA meetings.

The XCDA's other self-appointed function is publishing league tables and ratings for members, on both a regional and national basis. The job of assessing these is now anonymous, following several disputed calls leading to attempted assassinations.

Arena Adventure Seeds

Gamers who just want to play out a bit of cathartic vehicular violence in a Discworld setting can always switch off their roleplaying instincts, and run some straight EcksEcksEcksEcksian cart combat on a large hex map. Other PCs can bet on their friends in arena duels,¹ or become involved with plots to sabotage favoured vehicles, spy on new designs, or dope horses or drivers. Note, however, that this *is* the Outback, there's little formal law, and any gamblers who suspect that they've been swindled are likely to demonstrate their unhappiness with extreme prejudice.

Nor need such games entirely lack opportunities for roleplaying. Even arena duellists have personalities, and there's always the very old gladiator-movie cliché of the fighter who gets coerced into this business against his better nature. A few other plot ideas:

But Prove Yourself WHAT?: The newest driver in the arena is being watched at a discreet distance by some very large gentlemen. It turns out that he's the would-be black-sheep son of a wealthy family, who don't want him to come to harm before he comes to his senses. The adventurers could be hired to look out for him, or find themselves as his opponents in a high-risk destruction derby, or could just see this as an interesting betting opportunity.

A Dish Best Served Cold (With Pea Soup): The attractive young lady hanging round the arena isn't actually the sort that your mother warned you about (though perhaps she should have). It turns out that the lady's boyfriend went missing a couple of years ago, presumed killed by a notorious road gang member who is now the regional duelling champion. She's keen to see justice served. Will the adventurers help, for cash or honour? If so, will they survive? And what's the *real* story? Maybe the boyfriend just wanted out of a relationship with the sort of girl who goes round commissioning assassinations, and rigged a cover story...

There's No Turf in the Outback: The day some ambitious road gang, or the tax authorities, moves in on Auntie Ante (sidebar, p. 92), any adventurers in the area probably ought to run for cover. Being adventurers, though, they'll more likely get involved.

¹ Or bet against them. Friendship and money don't mix.



Optional Detailed Cart Construction Rules

The following is a cut-down and slightly simplified version of the *GURPS Vehicles* design system, including only those parts relevant to EcksEcksEcksEcksian-style carts. A GM running a serious Cart Wars game may want to design a variety of carts, or enthusiastic players may want to build their own. The system involves some arithmetic, but consists of a series of simple, logical steps. It gives costs for the finished product; not only does this show what a character can or can't afford, it permits competitive games in which characters can build a fighting cart within a specified budget. Anyone who wants to use the full *GURPS Vehicles* system may do so with GM permission. In that case, note that EcksEcksEcksEcksian carts are constructed at TL3, with maybe a few items of TL4 equipment.

But do note; these rules are *optional*. If a GM and players don't wish to go into this much detail, they don't have to. Just use the sample carts on p. 99, or improvise something plausible when you need it.

BUILDING A CART

EcksEcksEcksEcksian carts have almost no standardisation. Between the whims of the builders and the unpredictability of available materials, each is an original. The design and construction process involves a series of steps. For each, note the weight in pounds, volume in cubic feet (cf), and cost of any components.

Draft Animals: First, choose the animals that pull the cart, and note their ST and Move. Mules, horses, and camels are detailed on p. B144;¹ Discworld emus are described in the sidebar on p. 90. Note that emus are 1-hex animals, small mules are 2-hex, and horses and camels are 3-hex. Most horses encountered in the Outback would rate as "saddle horses"; faster or stronger animals would be very interesting to all sorts of people, and would become the targets of multiple theft or sabotage attempts.

Harness: The standard harness is a shaft-and-collar design similar to the classical horse collar. For every hex of size of the harnessed animal, this weighs 10 lbs. and costs \$100; it has an efficiency rating of 0.015. For economy or in emergencies, an improvised rope harness is occasionally used; this weighs 3 lbs. and costs \$10 per hex of animal, and has an efficiency rating of 0.0075.

Multiply the total ST of all the animals by the harness efficiency rating to find total power in kW. For example, given two horses each with ST 35, a shaft-and-collar harness would weigh 60 lbs., cost \$600, and provide $(70 \times 0.015 =)$ 1.05 kW.

Seating: Several types of seats are available for crew and passengers. External (cycle-style) seats take up no space and weigh 10 lbs.; cramped seats occupy 20 cf and weigh 20 lbs.; normal seats occupy 30 cf and weigh 30 lbs.; and roomy seats occupy 40 cf and weigh 40 lbs.. If the latter three are defined to be "exposed," this halves the space they take up, but their occupants are in half cover at best. External seats cost \$50; all others cost \$100.

Cargo: Transport carts need plenty of cargo space, and gangs need some for their loot, but dedicated bandit "pursuit" vehicles and racing carts are designed for minimum weight. Cargo space has no cost or weight; allow 1 cf for each 20 lbs. of general mer-

chandise the cart is intended to carry. Open cargo requires only 0.5 cf of internal space for each 1 cf of total cargo space. Internal cargo space may be concealed, at a cost of \$20 per cf. A searcher can find concealed cargo on a roll against Holdout skill at -10, +1 per 2% of the cart's total volume that is hidden.

Equipment: Some carts have crossbows attached, usually on external mounts, which have nominal mass and cost;² see p. B207 and p. CII23 for weapon details (or sidebar, p. 75, for a repeating design). Some of these can be very large, being drawn and loaded over a period of several minutes before a fight, then fired just once during the chase or battle. A really huge crossbow, weighing as much as a man, might do 4d damage (or perhaps be used to fire harpoons or grapnels into fleeing transport carts), and have SS 20, Acc 6, 1/2D Range 410, and Max Range 512. The nominal price for such a weapon would be a couple of thousand dollars and weigh 90lb, with a volume of 1.8 cf, plus the same for the mount. Rather than being purchased, however, it would probably represent a prize to be squabbled over by several gangs and factions.

A cart may also be equipped with a periscope, to eliminate the need for vulnerable viewports. This weighs 3.5 lbs., costs \$35, is 4' long, and has negligible volume.

THE BODY

Having decided what will be going into the cart, add up the total volume of all internal components and spaces; the body volume must be at least this much. The total volume of the wheels must then be at least 20% of the body volume, and may be more to improve cross-country performance.

Determine the surface area of the body and the wheels in square feet (sf) from the following table:

Volume (cf)	Area (sf)	Volume (cf)	Area (sf)	Volume (cf)	Area (sf)
1 or less	6	4.8-5.1	18	25-31	60
1.1-1.25	7	5.2-5.6	19	32-44	75
1.3-1.5	8	5.7-6.0	20	45-68	100
1.6-1.8	9	6.1-6.5	21	69-95	125
1.9-2.2	10	6.6-7.0	22	96-125	150
2.3-2.5	11	7.1-7.4	23	126-157	175
2.6-2.8	12	7.5-8.0	24	158-188	200
2.9-3.2	13	8.1-8.4	25	189-268	250
3.3-3.5	14	8.5-9.5	27	269-353	300
3.6-3.9	15	9.6-11	30	354-543	400
4.0-4.3	16	12-17	40	544-759	500
4.4-4.7	17	18-24	50	760-1,000	600

Total the two surface areas. Decide on the frame type; super-light frames are used for specialised racing vehicles, extra-light frames are the norm, light frames are used for heavy-duty models, and a medium frame indicates a veritable tank. (Heavier frame types are used in *GURPS Vehicles* for very different types of vehicle.) Likewise, determine frame

¹ So are donkeys and oxen, for those mad enough to us them.

² The mount, that is. The weapons themselves have their usual mass and cost. Anything larger than a crossbow requires a serious mount, with mass and cost as detailed on p. VE15.



quality; the majority of carts use standard-quality materials, but some use cheap or very cheap. Multiply the area by the applicable numbers from the following table:

Type	Weight	Cost
Super-Light	1.8 lbs.	\$0.50
Extra-Light	4.5 lbs.	\$1.25
Light	9 lbs.	\$2.50
Medium	18 lbs.	\$5.00
Very Cheap	×2	×0.2
Cheap	×1.5	×0.5
Standard	×1	×1

So, for example, if a cart with 50 sf surface area has a Light Cheap frame, that frame weighs $(50 \times 9 \times 1.5 =)$ 675 lbs., and costs $(50 \times 2.50 \times 0.5 =)$ \$62.50. If it used standard-quality materials, it would weigh only 450 lbs., but cost \$125.

For a medium frame, Body Hit Points equal $1.5 \times$ body surface area, and each wheel's hit points equal $3 \times$ wheel surface area, divided by the number of wheels. Divide both body and wheel HP by 2 for light frame, 4 for extra-light frame, or 10 for super-light frame.

Exterior: A cart will usually be armoured. Choose an appropriate DR (1-2 for a super-light or extra-light frame, 3-6 for a light frame, 4-8 for a medium frame). PD is 1 for DR 1, 2 for DR 2-4, 3 for DR 5 or higher. Weight is equal to surface area \times DR \times the Weight Factor from the following table; cost is total weight \times the Cost Factor from the following table.

Type	Weight Factor	Cost Factor
Cheap Wood	1.1	\$0.10
Standard Wood	1.0	\$0.25
Expensive Wood	0.9	\$0.50
Metal	0.7	\$6.00
Nonrigid	0.06	\$5

So, for example, if that 50 sf cart is to have DR 3 (and so PD 2) cheap wood armour, the armour will weigh $(50 \times 3 \times 1.1 =)$ 165 lbs. and cost $(165 \times 0.10 =)$ \$16.50. For the same protection, standard wood would weigh 150 lbs. and cost \$37.50, expensive wood would come in at 135 lbs. and cost \$67.50, and metal would weigh all of 105 lbs. but cost \$630.

Nonrigid armour (canvas, leather, or bark) has only 1/4 normal DR against collisions and crashes. It is also flammable, and admits 1 point of damage from a cutting or crushing attack for every 5 or 6 rolled on the damage dice, even if its DR would otherwise stem the attack. Its DR is reduced to 1 vs. impaling attacks. Wooden armour is flammable.

Armour does not have to be the same on all areas. Wheels may have wheelguards, which are like armour for the wheels, but with weight and cost *halved*; they do not protect against attacks from below, and protect against other attacks on a roll of 1-4 on 1d. Body armour can have different values on different faces; to represent this, multiply DR by 6, and divide the resulting total points between front, back, left, right, top, and underside.

Carts may have *partial-coverage* armour (such as scraps of metal nailed onto a wooden shell), which gets in the way of any given attack on a roll of 1-3 on 1d, and provides extra DR but no improvement to PD; buy the added DR with half weight and cost. Finally, a cart may have *open frame* armour, which has 1/5 normal weight, but only protects against thrusting attacks or small missiles on a roll of 1-2 on 1d. It offers no protection against more serious attacks.

Two other features may be added at this point. *Camouflage Paint* costs \$0.10 per sf and gives -2 to Vision rolls to spot the cart in appropriate circumstances, but +2 against contrasting backgrounds. *Scythe Blades* on the wheels weigh 0.1 lb. per sf of wheel surface area and cost \$100 per lb.; they enable the vehicle to do *cutting* damage on a sideswipe (see p. 99), but if the damage fails to penetrate the target's DR, the blades break off.

CART STATISTICS

The following additional numbers define the cart's performance:

Empty Weight equals the total of all components and structures. Add 20 lbs. per cf of cargo and 200 lbs. per person on board to obtain maximum **Fully Loaded Weight** (Lwt.).

Cost is the total of all costs; draft animals are not included.

Structural Health (HT) equals body hit points \times 200/loaded weight, plus 5. HT cannot exceed 12. This is an indicator of how well the cart withstands stresses and problems; roll against it on 3d, much as a human character might roll against HT to withstand a shock.

To find top **Road Speed** ("gSpeed," only attainable on good surfaces), multiply the effective motive power by 2,000 and divide by the loaded weight of the cart. Take the square root. Multiply by 8, and round to the nearest whole number. The result is in mph; divide by 2 to find the cart's **GURPS Move**. This cannot exceed the Move of the slowest animal pulling the cart.

Acceleration (gAccel) is 10% of the cart's top speed, in mph per second. All carts theoretically have a deceleration (gDecel) of 10 mph/s. However, Outback cart-drivers tend to hold that brakes are for wowsers, so many of their vehicles may not be equipped to accomplish this.

Ground Manoeuvre Rating (gMR), used for **GURPS Vehicles** purposes (and representing the maximum safe "G-forces" the cart can withstand in a turn), is always 0.5 for these designs.

A cart's **Ground Stability Rating** (gSR) is a measure of its controllability. Refer to the following table:

No. of Wheels	Body Volume in cf			
	30 or less	31-100	101-300	301 or more
-	gSR	gSR	gSR	gSR
1	1	1	1	1
2	2	2	2	2
3	2	3	3	4
4-6	3	4	4	4
8+	3	3	4	5



Determine *Ground Pressure* (GP) as follows: divide wheel surface area by 66 to get the Contact Area. Divide loaded weight by the Contact Area to get the Ground Pressure. Use this to determine the top off-road speed, as a fraction of maximum road speed:

<i>Ground Pressure</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Off-Road Speed</i>
150 or less	Extremely Low	2/3
151-900	Very Low	1/2
901-1,800	Low	1/3
1,801-2,700	Moderate	1/4
2,701-7,500	High	1/6
7,501-15,000	Very High	1/8
15,001 or more	Extremely High	—

Carts have a *Size Modifier* for their bodies and another for their wheels, simply representing how big a target these things make for ranged attacks, as explained on p. B116 and p. B201. (Hence, these values are sometimes referred to as “targeting bonuses.”) These are found by looking up the volume of the body and the wheels on the following table:

<i>Volume</i>	<i>Modifier</i>	<i>Volume</i>	<i>Modifier</i>
0.1 or less	-4	10.1-30	+1
0.2-0.3	-3	30.1-100	+2
0.4-1	-2	100.1-300	+3
1.1-3	-1	300.1-1,000	+4
3.1-10	+0	1,000.1+	+5

Finally, vehicles can be defined to be *Cheaply Built*, which reduces the nominal cost by half, but which also reduces the vehicle’s HT by one, and means that it needs more frequent maintenance, plus any other complications that the GM feels like imposing. GMs should make it clear to sensible players that such cheap carts are a false economy, if necessary by having them collapse at random intervals, or by treating them as having a built-in Unluckiness disadvantage.

Carts in Play

MOVEMENT AND RACING

The following rules are adapted from *GURPS Vehicles* and extend those in Chapter 16 of the *GURPS Basic Set*. However, while *GURPS Vehicles* recommends using a larger scale of one hex per 5 yards, to allow for big, fast-moving vehicles, this is unnecessary for relatively slow carts.

Races or combats involving vehicles can either be played out “in the abstract,” simply keeping track of the distance between participants and their approximate position, or on a hex-grid map (with one hex = 1 yard). The former works fine for straight-line chases involving only two participants. The latter involves more set-up, but can be very entertaining, and is advisable when there are a number of vehicles and static obstacles to consider. The various statistics generated in the design process become useful here. If human pedestrians or animals are involved in the same situations as vehicles, double their Move ratings to find their speed in mph, and assume that they can usually reach this or stop within a second or two.

Cart drivers require Teamster skill (p. B47). The required specialisation should usually be either Horse or Emu (or possibly Camel), although GMs may prefer to introduce a variant, Teamster (Fast Carts) which can be used on any Outback design but which isn’t so useful when driving a more conventional lumbering farm cart. Generous GMs may choose to waive the prerequisite for Animal Handling-12, or allow drivers to meet it with an optional specialisation in Horses, Emus, or Camels. After all, road gang members don’t necessarily bother training their own animals, or look after them terribly well. Roll against Teamster to determine the success of tricky manoeuvres, and roll Quick Contests of Teamster skills if, say, one vehicle is attempting a ram and the other is trying to evade. Similarly, if a driver attempts to run down a pedestrian, roll a Quick Contest of Teamster against DX.

When using “abstract” resolution, simply decide how far apart the vehicles are, in yards, to begin with, and let them open or close the distance, as appropriate, by half their current speed each round. When working on a hex-grid map, halve a vehicle’s current speed to find its move in hexes per round. Add or subtract Acceleration or Deceleration ratings to current speed at the start of each round, as appropriate.

Turning: A cart can “drift” one hex left or right for every one hexes moved forward, without changing its facing (the classic “lane change”), but actually turning can be harder. Carts must move forward a number of hexes between each 60-degree (i.e. one hex-side) facing change. Given a Teamster roll, with a penalty, they can make tighter turns, but at the risk of disastrous loss of control. Details of what is possible (with gMR 0.5) are as follows:

<i>Speed up to 4 mph (Move 2):</i>	<i>1 hex (the minimum)</i>
<i>Speed up to 6 mph (Move 3):</i>	<i>2 hexes</i>
<i>Speed up to 8 mph (Move 4):</i>	<i>3 hexes</i>
<i>Speed up to 10 mph (Move 5):</i>	<i>5 hexes</i>
<i>Speed up to 12 mph (Move 6):</i>	<i>7 hexes</i>
<i>Speed up to 14 mph (Move 7):</i>	<i>10 hexes</i>
<i>Speed up to 16 mph (Move 8):</i>	<i>13 hexes</i>
<i>Speed up to 18 mph (Move 9):</i>	<i>16 hexes</i>
<i>Speed up to 20 mph (Move 10):</i>	<i>20 hexes</i>

By rolling at -2, the above distances can be reduced by 1/3. By rolling at -4, they can be halved.

Loss of Control: If a cart is disabled by damage (i.e. loses all its hit points), it comes to an immediate and rather dramatic halt. Likewise, if its driver fails a roll for a turn, he temporarily loses control and may crash. In the former case, the driver must roll against Teamster at -10, + the vehicle’s SR, to avoid a crash at its current speed. In the latter case, find how much the control roll was missed by, and subtract the vehicle’s gSR. If the result is 2 or less, move the vehicle 2d-1 hexes in a random direction, with a 1 in 6 chance of a random 60-degree facing change. Otherwise, or on any critical failure, it rolls, flips over, or otherwise crashes. GMs may improvise similar rules for other catastrophic problems.

Damage From Crashes and Collisions: Impact damage is based on collision speed, which can equate to the sum of two vehicle’s speeds in a head-on collision, the speed of a vehicle hitting a wall or tree, or the *difference* in speeds when one



vehicle nudges another from behind. The usual damage inflicted in cart collisions is a number of dice equal to (the cart's original body Hit Points \times collision speed in mph)/200, rounded to the nearest full die.¹ Sideswipes, where two carts just scrape each other, inflict one-quarter this number of dice of damage, rounded down. Impact damage is usually crushing, unless one vehicle was fitted with something sharp or pointed. Control rolls will usually be required after collisions.

For example, a light cart with 15 body Hit Points, going at 12 mph, collides head-on with a heavier vehicle with 50 body hit points doing 6 mph. The heavy cart takes $(15 \times 18)/200 = 1.35$, rounded to 1 die of damage; the lighter vehicle takes $(50 \times 18)/200 = 4.5$, rounded to 5 dice. If it had been a side-swipe, the big cart would barely have noticed, and the small one would have suffered just 1 die.

Walls, rocks, etc., can be treated as stationary "vehicles" with fairly large numbers of hit points.² While a heavy cart might be able to inflict enough damage to a thin wood wall (with DR around 3 and 10-20 hit points) to crash right through in something like working order, even a small rock or medium-sized tree will usually do significant damage. And even if a cart's body survives a crash, at speeds over 10 mph, its crew will suffer 1d-2 damage from being thrown around, with no protection from armour. (If anyone suggested seat belts in the Outback, the consensus would definitely be that they were wowsers.)

Use of Weapons: Use the rules in the *Basic Set* governing missile fire from moving vehicles (p. B138). Carts are too cumbersome to Dodge, so their only defenses are speed and armour.

SUPERCARGER

One other invention adds to the fun on the Outback roads. "Supercarger" is a mixture of oats and lizard glands. (Exact recipes vary, and are jealously-guarded secrets among drivers and road gangs.) The effect, on any horse that takes a good mouthful of the stuff, is roughly equivalent to a hypodermic loaded with adrenaline, jabbed into the most tender piece of equine anatomy.

In *GURPS* terms, the horse gains a 25% increase in ST and straight-line movement (+8 ST, +3 Move for a good saddle horse type), which is usually worth a 10-20% increase in Maximum Speed for a cart to which it is harnessed (if all horses receive a dose). It also gives -5 to Animal Handling or Teamster skill to get the horse to do anything but gallop flat-out in a straight line. The effects last 1d+2 minutes.

Supercarger is probably very bad for a horse's long-term health, but then very little about life in the Outback is good for anyone's health, so the dangers have never been properly assessed. At the GM's option, an aged or weakened horse, or one that has had more than two doses of the stuff in the previous 24 hours, might have to make a HT roll or drop dead of a heart attack. Different formulations could have slightly different effects; again, this is left to the GM. (A really good new mix could become the subject of a lot of dangerous interest.) The effects of these lizard glands, with or without oats, on human beings, are also unknown. PCs are not advised to volunteer for tests, as GMs are advised to get imaginative if they do.

Sample Carts

The following are just a small selection of the vehicle types that might appear in Outback scenarios. The format used is standard for *GURPS* vehicles descriptions, and employs the following additional abbreviations:

Body: Body.

Whl: Wheels.

P&P: Power and Propulsion.

CCS: Cramped Crew Station (driving seat).

CS: Cramped Passenger Seat.

XCCS: Exposed Cramped Crew Station (driving seat).

CYCS: External (Cycle) Seat.

F, RL, B, T, U: Front, Right and Left, Back, Top and Underside (armour locations).

Dim.: Dimensions (height \times width \times length of the body).

Maint.: Maintenance interval (the recommended maximum period between full services). This can be calculated using *GURPS Vehicles*, but is frankly a fantasy in the Outback.

Each subassembly is listed with its Size Modifier. Armour values are shown as PD/DR. All frames are standard wood, and all armour are is cheap wood unless otherwise noted.

Weights and costs have been rounded off slightly in places; exact numbers are fairly meaningless in this context anyway. Prices are of course what such things would cost in a (relatively) civilised world with combat cart showrooms; in the Outback, improvisation, salvage, and non-cash transactions are more the norm.

MONOWHEEL EMU-CHARIOT

This type of vehicle is used by some contestants in Bloody Light-class arena races, and by some daring road gang members (often leaders or scouts). It consists of one large wheel, mounted in a lightweight frame, with a saddle on the top (so the driver is completely exposed), and a minimal luggage box.

Subassemblies: Body -1, Wheel -1.

P&P: One ST 15, Move 15 emu with shaft-and-collar harness, providing 0.225 kW.

Occupancy: 1 CYCS. **Cargo:** 2 cf.

Armour	F	RL	B	T	U
Body:	1/1	1/1	1/1	1/1	1/1
Whl:	1/1	1/1	1/1	1/1	1/1

Statistics

Dim: n/a *Payload:* 170 lbs. *Lwt:* 250 lbs.
Volume: 4 cf. *Maint.:* 1600 hours. *Price:* \$160.

HT: 6. **HP:** 1 [Body] 3 [Whl]

gSpeed: 11 *gAccel:* 1 *gDecel:* 10 *gMR:* 0.5 *gSR:* 1
 Low GP. Off-Road Speed: 4.

¹ This is calculated separately for each cart involved in the collision

² The collision damage that would be inflicted by the cart is applied both to the cart and to the wall.



Design Notes

In *GURPS Vehicles* terms, this vehicle has a super-light frame. The wheel is larger than the frame requires, to reduce ground pressure. The vehicle weighs about 80 lbs. unladen, including the harness. While it might theoretically carry 240 lbs. more, in the form of its psychotic driver and his loot, the performance above was calculated assuming a fully laden weight of 250 lbs. (that is, with one rather scrawny driver). Reports of vehicles of this design keeping up with light horse-drawn carts in chases suggest especially strong emus, highly skilled drivers, or an avian equivalent of supercharger.

STANDARD ROAD GANG CART

This is a two-wheeled vehicle, more of a chariot than a cart, with room for a driver and a little space for loot or extra weapons.

Subassemblies: Body +1, Wheels +0.

P&P: Two ST 35, Move 12 saddle horses with shaft-and-collar harness, providing 1.05 kW.

Occupancy: 1 XCCS. *Cargo:* 20 cf., exposed.

Armour	F	RL	B	T	U
Body:	2/4	2/4	2/4	2/4	2/4
Whl:	2/4	2/4	2/4	2/4	2/4

Statistics

Dim: 2'x2.5'x4' *Payload:* 200 lbs. *Lwt:* 825 lbs.
Volume: 24 cf. *Maint.:* 707 hours. *Price:* \$800.

HT: 9. *HP:* 19 [Body] 6 each [Whl]

gSpeed: 13 *gAccel:* 1 *gDecel:* 10
gMR: 0.5 *gSR:* 2

High GP. Off-Road Speed: 2.

Design Notes

This design uses an extra-light frame. It weighs about 625 lbs. unladen, including the harness. While it might theoretically carry 400 lbs. more (including its driver), say after a successful robbery, the performance above was calculated assuming that it is on the hunt, carrying 200 lbs. of driver and lightweight personal equipment only (and so may decline with greater loads).

Giving the horses a dose of supercharger (sidebar, p. 99) will temporarily raise Ground Speed to 14.



MAD'S CART

This vehicle, driven by Mad the dwarf (sidebar, p. 91), is described in *The Last Continent*. It can be taken as a model for the most formidable vehicles on the road or competitors in No Limits arena contests.

The cart has four wheels and is fully enclosed, and Mad has installed a periscope (which extends about 2' above the body) instead of windows. He uses the concealed cargo space for valuable items such as bags of good oats. There is room for one desperate passenger alongside Mad in the compartment at the front.

Subassemblies: Body +3, Wheels +1.

P&P: Eight ST 35, Move 12 saddle horses with shaft-and-collar harness, providing 4.2 kW.

Occupancy: 1 CCS, 1 CS. *Cargo:* 60 cf + 4 cf concealed.

Armour	F	RL	B	T	U
Body:	2/4(+2)	2/4(+2)	2/4(+2)	2/4(+2)	2/4(+2)
Whl:	2/4(+2)	2/4(+2)	2/4(+2)	2/4(+2)	2/4(+2)

Equipment

One periscope.

Statistics

Dim: 4'x4'x6.5' *Payload:* 1,000 lbs. *Lwt:* 4,100 lbs.
Volume: 125 cf. *Maint.:* 310 hours. *Price:* \$4,100.

HT: 11. *HP:* 113 [Body] 19 each [Whl]

gSpeed: 11 *gAccel:* 1 *gDecel:* 10 *gMR:* 0.5 *gSR:* 4
 High GP. Off-Road Speed: 2.

Design Notes

The additional DR noted above is partial-coverage metal armour (see p. 97). Whenever he gets hold of suitable scrap, Mad nails it on.

This design was built with a light frame, and weighs about 3,100 lbs. unladen, including harness. The horses wear black leather armour with numerous metal studs and embellishments. Treated as leather, as described in *GURPS Compendium II* (sidebar, p. CII41), this gives them PD 2 and DR 2 on a roll of 5-9 on 2d, and weighs 30 lbs. per horse. The cart could theoretically carry about 1,250 lbs. of cargo and a passenger. However, its normal load is hay, which is quite light, so the above performance figures were calculated assuming that the horse armour, any cargo, and Mad's personal weaponry add up to a total payload of 1,000 lbs.


Giving the horses a dose of supercharger (sidebar, p. 99) will temporarily raise Ground Speed to 13, or possibly higher. Mad seems to have access to an especially potent formulation.



ADVENTURES

6

6



This chapter contains three scenarios,
and three “adventure seeds” to be
fleshed out by the GM.

Running Discworld Adventures



Mood and Pacing

Roleplaying is collaboration. Players and GMs have to work together. And perhaps the single most important thing they should work on is *mood*.

Even if everyone is expecting a comedy, the campaign is doomed if the GM is attempting complex satire, half the players are trying for slapstick, and the other half are making incessant puns. GMs must determine what their players want. Is it to revisit locations from the novels or to explore areas of the Disc that have been ignored until now? To come up with new characters, or to emulate old favourites? To have adventures, or to have as many laughs as possible?

At least this sort of thing can be sorted out with a little discussion, and provided that everyone is prepared to put in a little work, constructing a mood isn't too difficult. What can be harder is *pace*.

Scenarios can't be played at the same tempo throughout; that's boring. Equally, key events shouldn't just be neatly, predictably spaced out one-per-hour. It's better to start slow, and accelerate until a big comic or dramatic climax, then perhaps include a calmer "epilogue." On the other hand, there's a lot to be said for dropping people into the middle of some action at the start, to get the adrenaline flowing. Such a scene should *not* usually involve major NPCs, particularly not any major villains. Too much can happen if the players show unexpected ingenuity (or stupidity), or the dice run amok.

Switches of pace are important to comedy (and to many other forms of storytelling). Trying to play every scene at maximum velocity is just exhausting. Rather, the GM should keep moving along at "walking" pace much of the time, throwing in jokes or slapstick action when the players aren't expecting them. Plots can also involve false climaxes, with a series of failed attempts to slow the escalating pace before something really special ends the scene. Then, everyone should draw breath before moving on, preferably in an unexpected direction that emerges from preceding events. (In this sense, comedy is strangely akin to horror.)

If in doubt, the GM can start with an even-paced, low-key plot, throwing in choice set-pieces at intervals, and let the players develop characterisation. As with most skills, practice is the best way to learn.

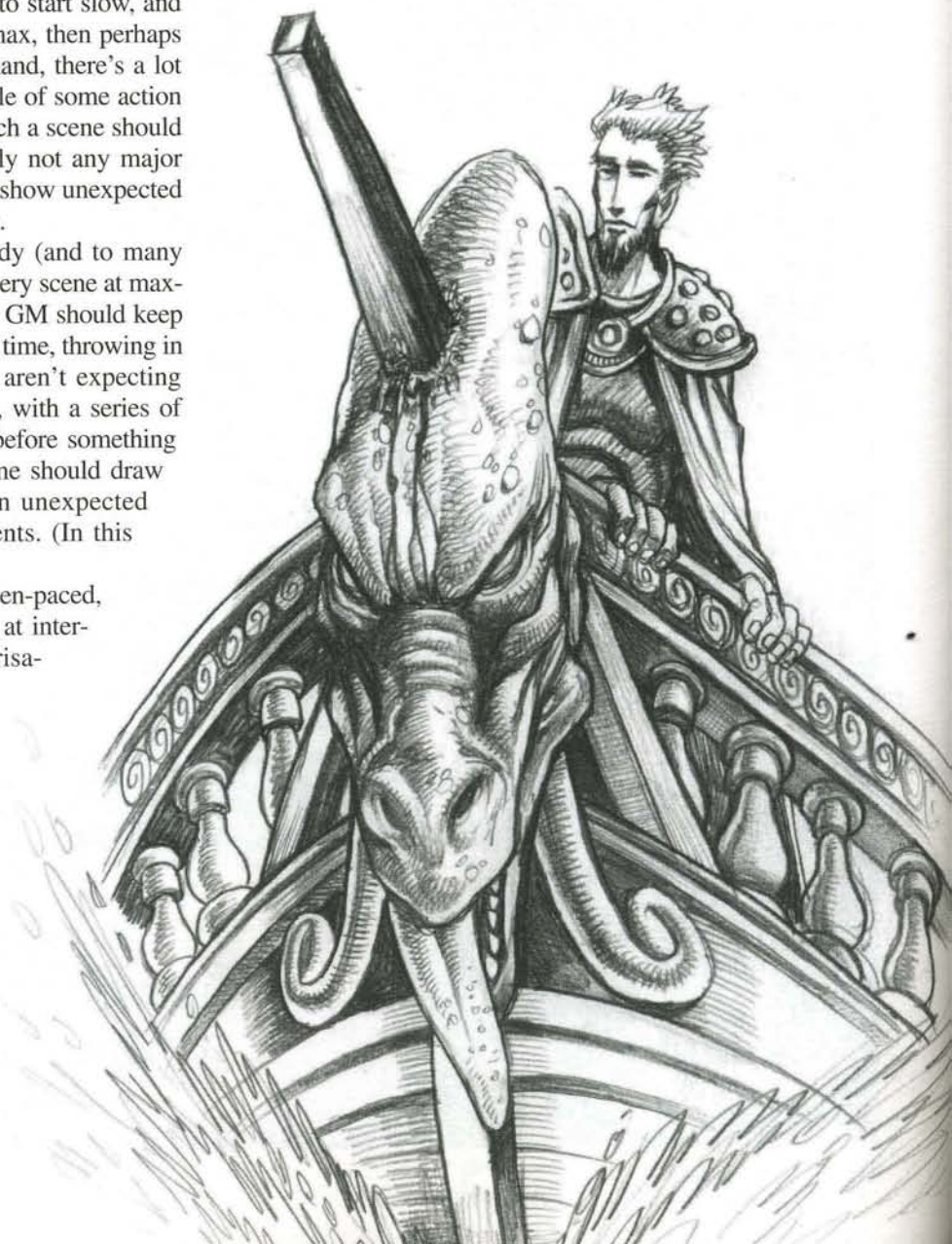
Optional GURPS Rules

In general, a Discworld game should be run fast and light. Stopping every five minutes to check a detailed point of rules interpretation is likely to kill any humour. However, GMs who de-emphasise written rules, emphasising plot and fun over system, too often end

up with mild cases of megalomania. A roleplaying game, humorous or not, is a co-operative project, and if the GM takes too much power from the players, they will ultimately become frustrated. Everyone should be allowed input.

GMs should not be afraid of using the dice, although the results they give can certainly be interpreted freely. The Disc is a place where the random peculiarities of fate are very significant, and risky endeavours genuinely can go right or wrong. Honest use of dice can keep both players and GM on their toes, expecting the unexpected.

GURPS has a number of optional rules to think about. *Hit Locations* (p. B109), for example, are good for the "feel" of low-combat games, as they make injuries seem more realistically painful. They also make non-lethal "knockout" blows slightly easier, which is appropriate in Discworld games; people in the chronicles are fairly frequently knocked senseless without long-term harm. In fact, combat and injury in the chronicles are realistic and painful enough that the *Wounds* and *Bleeding* rules (p. B129-130) are worth considering.



As Discworld bar-room brawls only tend to turn lethal when weapons are drawn, and people are quite often knocked out *temporarily* by the traditional blunt implement to the skull, *Stun Damage* (p. CII151) may be very appropriate. However, the Disc is a realistic enough setting that only fists, one-handed clubs, and blackjacks are likely to do Stun-only damage. Alternatively, for a quick-and-dirty system, simply assume that all damage done in a fist fight is non-lethal and recovered in a few minutes between scenes.

Also, if the campaign is heavy on combat, the power of narrative on the Disc means that *Swashbuckling* rules (p. CII75-79) are likely to be useful. On the other hand, "comic realism" should cut in, too. Anyone swinging on a chandelier should either look very good and obtain lots of surprise bonuses, or cause it to collapse and land in the trifle on the dining-table below.

Lost and Found



This scenario starts in Ankh-Morpork and promptly takes the PCs on a sea voyage to warmer parts. It is suited for UU-based wizards and reasonably mercenary adventurers. It is a fairly conventional roleplaying adventure – a long journey to get into fights and bring back valuable treasure – but with a few Discworld-specific twists.

Background

Unseen University has a problem. The supply of bananas in Ankh-Morpork has dried up.

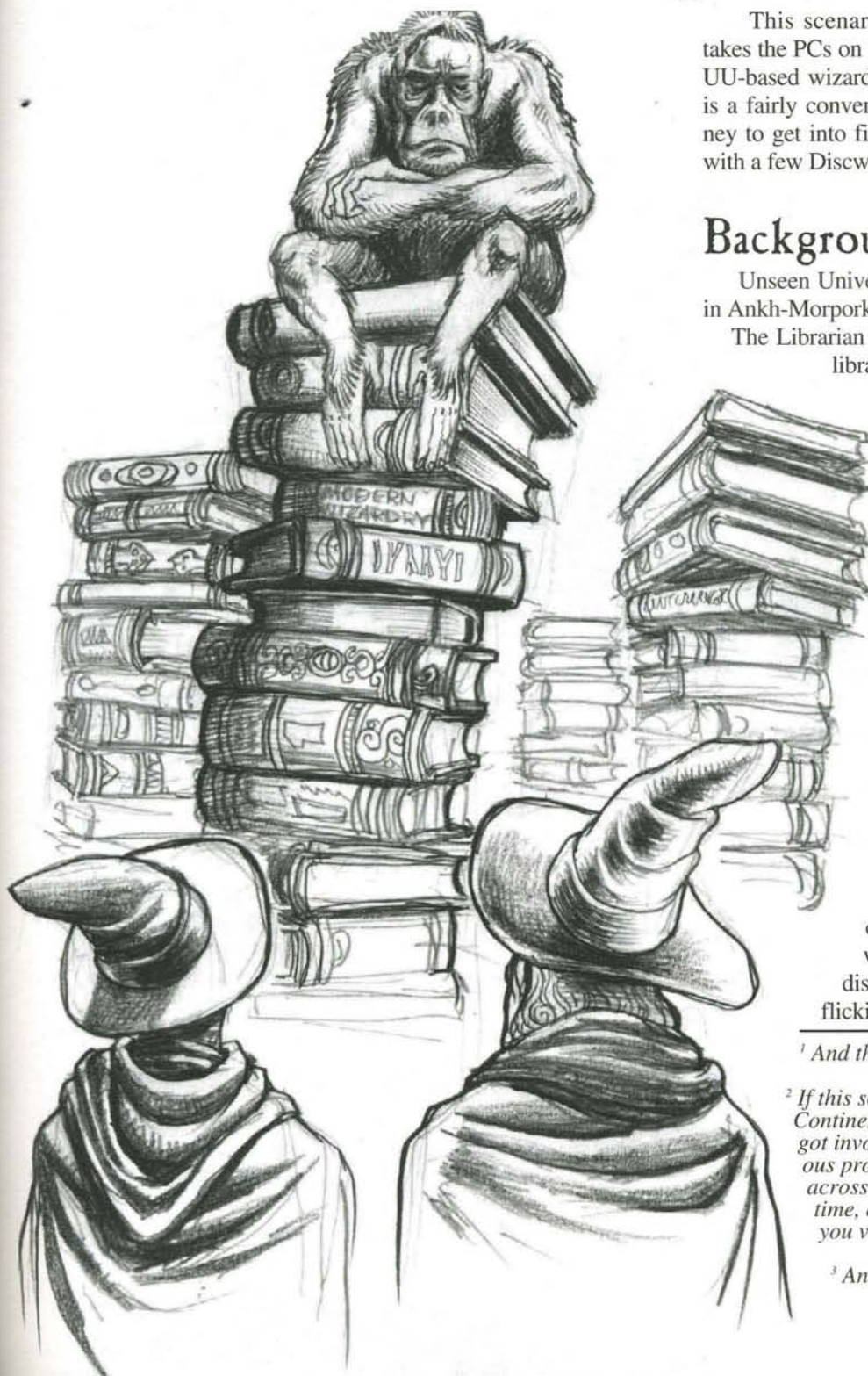
The Librarian (sidebar, p. DII10) is not a happy ape. The library continues to run passably well, but he is becoming morose, unhelpful, and testy.

This is proving inconvenient for some of the wizards. The undergraduates are getting by; most of the books they need (when they are forced to do any reading) are in well-catalogued open stacks. They take the small disruption as a welcome break. Likewise, the senior faculty, while admitting that there may be a problem, are not losing sleep¹; the Librarian is still keeping the more dangerous grimoires in line, and they are sure that something will turn up in good time.² For the more dedicated junior graduates and the pale, obsessive researchers of the High Energy Magic Building, however, things are becoming impossible. Every time they want to find some moderately obscure tome, they are confronted with the fact that the only being who really understands the place is sitting disconsolately on top of a very tall bookshelf, flicking peanuts at people.³

¹ And they are certainly not missing any meals.

² If this scenario is run after the events of *The Last Continent*, they will point out that the last time they got involved in this sort of thing – and it was a serious problem that time, mark you – they got dragged across the Disc and several thousand years back in time, and they don't want any more of that, thank you very much.

³ And not even hard enough to sting.



The cause of the trouble is a mystery. Stall-holders in the city market say that no ships have put in from the tropical lands of Further Klatch for weeks now, and no-one can say what the problem might be. Of course, some banana consignments come from further afield – even from EcksEcksEcksEcks – but it's the wrong season for those.

There's nothing for it. Someone will have to investigate.¹

Getting Adventurers Involved

THE UNIVERSITY

PCs wizards can simply draw a short straw, metaphorically or literally. Undergraduates may be bribed, bullied, or blackmailed by their supervisors, while more senior wizards may be subject to subtler persuasion. Some might even volunteer. Graduate wizards may be persuaded by offers based on their known tastes. For example, the chance of a few hours of completely free time on Hex may prove irresistible. For university employees, this could be when they discover the small print in their contracts, saying that they have to go *wherever* they are told.

Of course, as this is a University project of sorts, it will be funded by the University, so far as possible. The High Energy Magic crew may even be prepared to divert some of their research funds to resolving the situation. The GM should assume that sufficient cash can be found somewhere. Perhaps special emergency grants were set up in the University's distant past; perhaps some of the adventurers have discovered profitable sidelines in consultancy; perhaps others are independently wealthy. The exact level of funding available is left to the GM, depending on what expenses the GM expects the adventurers to meet; the idea is to persuade them to get involved and to give them a fair reward at the end, not to annoy them or to unbalance the game.

As to who *holds* the funds for the trip, there is some scope for trouble.

Anyone recruited from the University should be strongly encouraged, by other UU members, to "Hire some more help – hey, there are always plenty of those heroic swordsman types hanging around the Mended Drum."

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY

Other members of the group need not have University backgrounds; in fact, the entire party may be recruited by NPC wizards – a group of nerdy, verbose, and nervous academics trying to hire some muscle – and need have no previous connection with Unseen University.

¹ If you like guest appearances, have Rincewind, p. D1178-179 around during this scene, as a known expert on banana-peeling, but have him flee screaming at the first mention of the word "adventure."

This can be a good moment to introduce anyone who is new in Ankh-Morpork to the peculiar delights of the city. The Mended Drum (p. D199) is always a good place to set this sort of scene. New people in town somehow tend to gravitate there.

Old-fashioned GMs who don't mind a digression can take this as an opportunity for a barroom brawl. Anyone preferring to get on with the main plot can decide that this scene takes place on a quiet afternoon on a working day, and the Drum is only open because the proprietor is trying too hard. In fact, the adventurers may be the only noteworthy figures in the place, although there may also be a few slacking apprentices and labourers. There is, of course, a large troll on the door, who can intervene if trouble breaks out, but generally, if the customers want excitement, they'll have to provide it themselves – and the barman will drop hints about calling for the troll if people look intent on causing trouble. Getting incompatible individuals, such as dwarfs and trolls or wizards and barbarian swordsmen, to sign up for the same mission may also demand a bit of manipulation, though the offer of money can be a great help at such times.

DIVINATION

Divination spells are not overwhelmingly powerful, but some players do insist on having their spell-caster characters try them before and during every adventure with any kind of mysterious elements. "Lost and Found" is such an adventure, and illustrates how to control the problem.

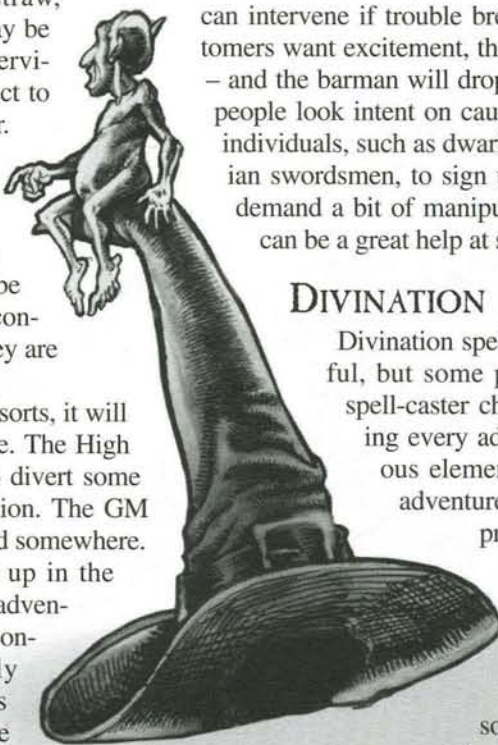
The results of such a casting are, ultimately, up to the GM and the dice, but note that, in this case, the problem lies hundreds of miles distant, and is somewhat peculiar all round, with a certain amount of unconventional magic

involved. Answers found by magic are likely to be, at best, hard to comprehend until the mystery is solved. If anyone consults Hex (p. D116-117), it will probably spend some time attempting to resolve any problems of getting Divination to work, then suggest that the best approach is to go and look.

It is highly unlikely that any wizard will want to cast the Rite of AshkEnte (p. D1150) for this purpose, and even if one does, it is even less likely that he will find enough others willing to assist. If it is cast, Death will answer as politely as ever, but will be a little aggrieved at being summoned by a bunch of junior wizards over *fruit*, and may be a little terse. Yes, there is a problem; yes, people have died; yes, the best answer is to go and have a look in person.

OTHER TYPES OF RESEARCH

It is also possible that University-based PCs will try to research the problem more prosaically before setting out, perhaps, say, looking for guides to Klatch or information on bananas. The trouble is that even such routine non-magical references are stored in the library. Still, investigators can be allowed a Research roll, at default if necessary. They will



probably survive, but on a critical failure, the lack of aid from the Librarian may mean that they get into trouble. At worst, they may be gone for some time. They might even get lost in L-Space (sidebar, p. DI115), and if the GM wants to cause trouble, they might, say, emerge before they went in.

The Quest for Fruit

With the scene set, the next step will probably consist of the adventurers discussing how to get hold of bananas, or what to do about the shortage. Of course, in some cases it may be necessary to explain what bananas *are*. Some optimists may insist on scouring the city markets, but apart from C.M.O.T. Dibbler (p. DI87) trying to sell them unconvincing substitutes (“No, Mr Dibbler, these are clearly potatoes”), all they will find out is that bananas simply haven’t been arriving at the docks. According to the published map of Ankh-Morpork, by the way, an indirect route is advisable for any trip to the docks. This is a chance for native Morporkians to explain to visitors that a short-cut through the Shades is Not A Good Idea.

Anyone enquiring about bananas at the docks will find that while enterprising NPCs may try selling them, say, haddock, as “unripe bananas,” they are getting the same answers here as they did in the market, except for occasional remarks about nothing much having come in from Howondaland (the further part of Klatch) lately. Astute players may already have taken the hint that an expedition will be required. The adventurers are highly unlikely to have the funds to charter a ship (the graduate wizards certainly don’t provide that much, and if anyone has the Multi-Millionaire Wealth Level, well, tell them there are no ships for sale this week), so they should end up enquiring about any ships that are already planning to go that way. GMs can run through as much roleplaying, dockside banter, and use of the Reaction rules as they like, but eventually, the adventurers will be pointed towards a ship moored at the end of Pier Three.

*A short-cut through
the Shades is
Not A Good
Idea.*



THE IN NOMINE

The vessel in question is the *In Nomine*. If anyone enquires about it among sailors or dock-workers, they will pick up only vague information at best: “it came in late on that big trip, but it does well enough,” “the crew seem a decent bunch, but they keep themselves to themselves.” If they have spent some time investigating the vessel’s past, the GM may allow PCs to roll against Diplomacy to realise that people are just a little nervous discussing the ship, or Streetwise to get an idea that the craft may have underworld associations. However, the *In Nomine* is definitely reckoned to be the only ship in port planning to head towards Howondaland in the near future.

It is also possible that someone will enquire about the ship’s name. In that case, anyone they ask will either shrug, or say that it is just “some sort of prayer in the Old Language.” The latter is true in its way – the words mean “In the Name” – but this is really misdirection.

Actually, the *In Nomine* is the latest, slightly mistranslated, name of the *Nameless*, a vessel used in smuggling and speculative anti-piracy work. This may be familiar to players who have read *Pyramids*, but the GM should let any really smart-aleck Pratchettophiles work it out for themselves. Anyway, when they accept that they have little choice but to visit this craft, the adventurers will be directed to speak with its captain, “Mr Chadwick,” a dapper fellow with a definite level of Charisma and well-bred manners.

Actually, this is Chidder, from *Pyramids*, a graduate of the Assassins’ Guild School. No game details are given for him here; GMs can simply assume that he’s pretty good – skill 14+ – at anything he turns his mind to, and really quite *serious* in a fight.

“Mr Chadwick” will freely acknowledge that he’s departing tomorrow for far Klatch. He will also be open about the reason; when the flow of imports from an area falls below demand, there is an opportunity for profit. He has no idea what may be causing the problem – he’ll listen politely to any suggestions, but not jump to any conclusions – but he seems confident that he can deal with any obstacles that he may encounter. Actually, his ship can outrun almost anything on the water, and outfight pretty well anything that it may end up fighting, but he will not say so in so many words. He will be happy to take on passengers for the voyage, especially those who look like they might be able to help in the event of trouble. In truth, he thinks that a bunch of adventurers could be a great help – but he’s a merchant first and foremost, so he’ll charge them for passage. How much is up to the GM – but take this as an opportunity to try a contest of Merchant skills. Chadwick will neither bankrupt the PCs, not take it badly if he is out-haggled in a fair contest. If pushed hard and skilfully, he will take them for nominal rates – maybe even for free – but they would have to agree to handle any fighting on the way, to feed themselves, and so on.

Of course, accommodation will be one subject to be settled. Any trolls will have to sleep in the ballast – nothing personal, it’s just that the ship’s furniture isn’t built to bear too much weight, and they are safer down there than on deck, whence they might roll over and fall into the sea in their sleep. (This is a serious issue for trolls, who sink like – well, stones.) Male travellers can have an adequate cabin or two between them, and – if there are any females in the group, especially attractive ones, Chadwick nods politely; “the lady can sleep in my cabin.”¹

The ship sails at dawn. This allows time to buy a few supplies, and make any other preparations. Precisely *where* the adventurers spend the last night in town is up to them; they can bed down on the ship if they ask.

¹ At no stage does he say that he’ll move out of his cabin. But he’s smooth.



A Life on the Ocean Wave

Once the *In Nomine* has made its way into the Circle Sea, there is time for some roleplaying and minor clue-dropping. This should go by easy stages – the voyagers have a journey of several days ahead of them, with not much to do at first, and GMs can skip over most of it using minor incidents to punctuate the journey.



To begin with, PCs who aren't used to sea travel can make HT rolls to avoid seasickness. Follow the *Compendium II* rules (sidebar, p. CII136), or roll once per day until the total number of points by which travellers have made rolls exceeds the total by which they have failed rolls. In the meantime, those who fail will spend a lot of time hanging over the rail, but the GM should give them a chance to find their sea legs before the next scene.

Those who know ships, or who are lucky with IQ or Sense rolls, can notice a couple of things about the vessel. Anyone specifically looking over the bow *might* notice a large and solid-looking metal spike cutting through the water (below the waterline, so it's not automatically visible). Then there's the fact that, although the hold is empty, there are a couple of nailed-up crates on deck. If asked about any of this, Chadwick shrugs, smiles charmingly, and says something vague about preparations in case of emergency.

Also, as the weather gets warmer on the rimward journey, the crew – burly fellows, with a tendency to wear one gold earring each, come to think of it – take their shirts off. This will reveal some quite amazing (i.e. adults-only) tattoos. See *Pyramids* for more on this. Wizards, and other people who are not used to such things, may have to make HT rolls or go and lie down a for while. Of course, the increasing warmth will also make thinking somewhat harder for any trolls in the group.

Sleeping Arrangements: For a good, clean, family adventure, the GM should ignore this section. As previously noted, the captain is happy to let female passengers sleep in his cabin. He just doesn't have any immediate plans to move out.

This is a digression from the main plot of the scenario, and intended purely for humour. GMs should take it as an excuse for bedroom farce, not a rape scene; Chadwick is interested only in voluntary seduction, and knows perfectly well that annoying his passengers too much could make for big trouble. He is not especially subtle, though he is cool, charming and amiable. He can be outwitted, lured into beds full of trolls or dwarfs, or whatever. He will take this in good part, and will show up subsequently looking annoyingly unruffled. After all, he has the reflexes, Stealth, and Climbing skills of a trained assassin.

MONSTERS! MONSTERS!

Anyway . . . The ship makes its way into the great ocean, and heads rimwards along the coast of Klatch. The coast remains in sight, but the ship doesn't put in anywhere – it doesn't have to, being well-supplied and provided with excellent navigation equipment, and the point of the trip doesn't involve digressions. It *does* involve finding out what happened to other vessels, which – in part, anyway – happens fairly soon.



The trick with this next scene is to make sure that the adventurers are the stars of the show, without giving the impression that the crew are completely useless.¹ Assuming that at least some of the party spend time on deck, the GM can require sight sense rolls, and whoever makes them by the greatest margin spots a pair of reptilian heads, on the ends of long, sinuous necks and sporting impressively large teeth . . .

It's not clear what they are doing around the trade route just yet. The truth will emerge eventually; for now, there may be time for a round or two of missile fire before they reach the ship, but much of each monster will be underwater.

The creatures attack some 15-20 seconds after being sighted. GMs may declare that, in current weather conditions, the ship isn't fast or manoeuvrable enough to dodge them, and anyway, its captain doesn't especially wish to try. He believes that he can win the fight. The captain and crew get busy, doing a lot of nautical things, donning good armour, or prying the lids off those unexplained crates. Meanwhile, since the adventurers were brought along as spare hero-types, it's time for them to show off.

The sea monsters are broadly equivalent to medium-to-large plesiosaurs as described in *GURPS Dinosaurs*; ST 20, DX 14, IQ 3, HT 14/15, with PD 1, DR 1, and a Move and Dodge of 7 each. They bite for 1d impaling damage, at anything from close range to 3 hexes. They are technically size 7, but the adventurers are likely to spend most of their time striking at the approximately human-sized head/neck area.

This isn't intended as a *terribly* hard fight, although a plesiosaur bite can be nasty. The creatures attack a couple of rounds apart, from different sides of the ship. If things become difficult, the ship's crew can lend a hand, but not so quickly as to rob the heroes of their glory. Chadwick may Fast-Draw a pistol crossbow, more for style than lethality in this scene, though a dart in the eye could distract a monster at a crucial moment. By the time the monsters are dead, the mysterious crates are open, revealing a couple of nice-quality bolt-throwing ballistas (4d damage, fired with a Gunner skill; see p. CII37-38 or p. VE97-100, or make details up). Passengers who to have appropriate skills may get a chance to man these.

AFTERWARDS

Once the fight is over, Chadwick will congratulate the party on their efforts, with as much or as little irony as seems appropriate. He will not be too effusive – they were merely living up to their billing as adventurers, after all. He will agree with anyone who suggests that the monsters could explain the lack of trade on this route lately, at least in part. If anyone asks, he will say that there aren't *supposed* to be many sea-monsters in these parts – certainly nothing this aggressive.

The fate of any monster bodies is up to the slayers. Their meat tastes horrible, if anyone asks, and any trophies are likely to go off quickly and start to smell in the tropical heat. On the other hand, a severed monster head on a pole mounted on the ship's bow is a good way to deter other monsters during the remaining days of travel.

The GM can decide whether or not any more monsters appear. However, the crew will now be keeping a sharp lookout, the ballistas will be ready for action, and everyone will know what to expect. More full-scale fight scenes are unnecessary unless the GM feels the need to pad things out, or the players are total combat junkies; any more monsters can be put off by a sufficient show of pre-emptive force – such as a ballista bolt in the eye or neck.

The Port of Re'Durat

Eventually, the *In Nomine* reaches the Howondalandish banana-port of Re'Durat. Seriously fannish players may to point out that Re'Durat is in Ymitury, not Howondaland proper; the GM should have a suitably durable blunt object on hand against this eventuality.

Re'Durat is the embodiment of the colonial-era tropical cliché; a sun-baked town of grass huts with the occasional whitewashed building, and jetties made of bamboo. Not to mention laid-back, dark-skinned inhabitants lounging around being aggravatingly cool.² The ship has arrived in the hottest part of the day, when the locals very sensibly indulge in the widespread hot-weather tradition of the siesta. Any trolls in the group will also be very sluggish, but this will be due to heat-induced mental incapacity rather than a relaxed attitude.

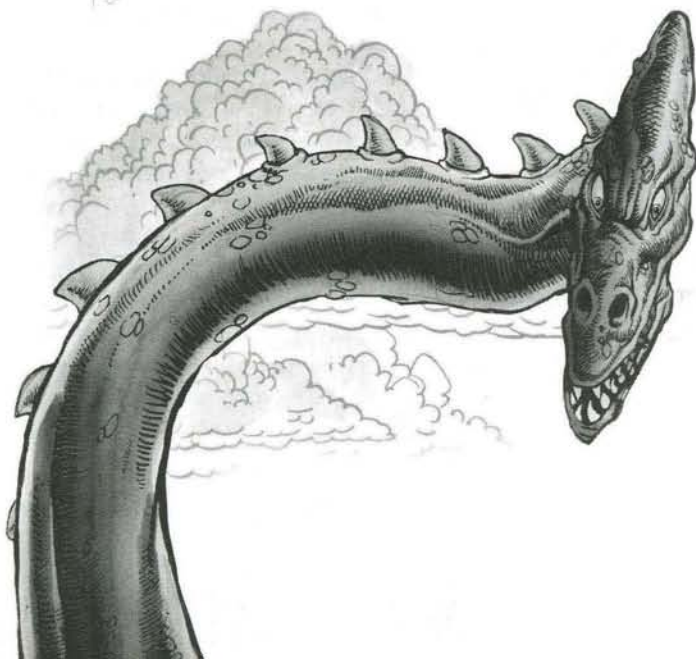
GMs can embellish this scene according to taste, throwing in booze-sodden expatriates,³ a run-down temple to Ofller (p. DI161), or whatever else takes their fancy.

There are a couple of other light freighters in port, with identifiable monster-bite-sized chunks taken out of their rigging. A few members of their crews will point and stare if the *In Nomine* docks with a trophy on the prow. And talking of docking, local harbour employees will help tie up when the ship comes up to the jetty – in a casual, laid-back fashion.

¹ Not that this should be hard if they act like typical PCs.

² Metaphorically, that is. Not literally cool. Not in this heat.

³ Who can never go home to Ankh-Morpork because of some past shame, but who ask if the Smell still exists.



ENQUIRIES

There are plenty of people around to ask about the local situation – other crews, dock workers, random locals, eventually the harbour-master – but someone *will* have to ask. It's time for a little bit of roleplaying and some reaction rolls. The known facts are as follows:

1. The monster problem started a few weeks ago. Essentially, at intervals just frequent enough to be a nuisance, assorted reptilian monsters come swimming down the river into the harbour, and either head out to sea or lurch ashore with malicious intent. This was a problem at first, but the locals have rigged up ditches, palisades, heavy bows, and warning gongs, and the place is no longer seriously threatened.

2. However, the situation is seriously disrupting trade. No-one wants to be carting a bale of bananas through the jungle when something big and toothy jumps out, and the creatures that went out to sea have been playing havoc with shipping. The craft visible in port are those that survived monster attacks, but even they were sufficiently damaged to make them limp back for repairs. The *In Nomine*, being armed and ready for trouble, was better able to deal with the situation than most. Others will doubtless get through once they've fixed up some deck artillery, but the crews are already talking big danger money.

3. No-one has tried going up-river to see where the monsters are coming from. "Do we look like daft 'eroes? No 'fence, o' course . . ." And no-one knows much about what's up that way – mostly, it's just crocodiles, mud, and jungle. Besides, this whole business is an excuse for taking a holiday and being more laid-back than ever.

THE HARBOUR-MASTER AND BANANA STOCKS

Whether or not anyone else is efficient, Chadwick will turn businesslike. The harbour-master's office is the obvious place to go. It's one of the moderately substantial buildings close to the docks.

The harbour-master is taking his siesta with his feet up on his desk. He is extremely casual but open with visitors. The situation is a nuisance, and he will be happy to ensure that anyone who does anything about it gets a very good price for a worthwhile banana cargo.

Talking of which, there is a *large* stock of bananas available in the warehouses. The quantity worth taking back to Ankh-Morpork is rather smaller. Bananas have to be picked while they're green, as they ripen *en route*. They ripen quicker in the heat. Anyone who asks is welcome to inspect the warehouses. A HT check may be required to resist the impulse to leap back several yards from the aroma of ripe fruit (*very* ripe fruit) when the doors are opened.

Chadwick concludes that, with a little haggling, he can put together a just-worthwhile cargo from the banana stocks, but he knows that this isn't a permanent solution to the problem. He and his crew will need a few days to buy and load that cargo. Perhaps the professional heroes could use the time to identify and deal with the root cause?

ORGANISING AN EXPEDITION

"Why is it always us?"

"You're adventurers."

Assembling an expedition *should* be fairly straightforward, although some players will doubtless complicate it, seeking to borrow (or otherwise acquire) everything from arbalests to elephants. GMs should be accommodating so long as players are reasonable, but should feel free to amuse themselves if the adventurers do something daft.² NPCs can be used to keep them in line as necessary, and Chadwick may rescue them from *some* local difficulties – with barely-disguised amusement – in order to get the scenario back on track.

Advice and directions are easily obtained, as are any supplies or camping equipment (within reason). A fairly good path (used by banana-porters and the occasional hunting-party) runs alongside the river, close enough for usefulness but far enough away to avoid crocodile problems.

The local wildlife will leave people alone if it is left alone. Mostly. It's not clear how far the path goes; the locals regard "inland" as profitless country full of nothing much but trees. Chadwick will wait a week or so; he suggests the adventurers head upstream for about three days, then turn round. If they worry that they may not be able to find what's going on in that time, Chadwick will suggest that in that case they would probably want to go back to Ankh-Morpork and raise a much larger expedition, but point out that a preliminary survey should be a good start.

If they worry about tropical diseases (which *is* realistic), the locals will cheerfully give them a favourite preventative, made from the bark of a local tree. It tastes utterly disgusting. Strangely, it works. Anyone who takes it is effectively immune to tropical fevers for the duration of this trip.

Hiring a Guide: Someone may try to find a local guide, and perhaps even bearers. This would clog things up a bit with NPCs, and it's more fun to make it clear that the adventurers are doing something that the locals think is crazy. ("Do we look like 'eroes?")

Going By Boat: It is also possible to travel by water rather than land, if anyone has Boating skill. Of course, the river is where the monsters have been coming from. The adventurers can borrow a ship's boat from the *In Nomine*, or hire something local. Rowing upstream all day is hard work, but a healthy group should be able to manage. In this case, a

... *Make it clear that the adventurers are doing something that the locals think is crazy. ("Do we look like 'eroes?")*



¹ Such as trying to steal the solitary local domesticated elephant. Yes, this scenario has been playtested.



constant stream of monsters is likely to become tedious, but the odd smallish crocodile or juvenile plesiosaur can keep combat-loving players entertained.

It is better to use the *GURPS Bestiary* "alligator" details for any river-dwellers encountered in Howondaland, rather than the bigger crocodiles detailed in that book. This means ST 18-24, DX 12, IQ 3, HT 12/20-26, Move/Dodge 7/6 in water (slower on land), PD 3, DR 4 on top, PD 1, DR 2 underneath, with a 1d+1 cutting bite at close quarters. Such creatures weigh 700 pounds or more. This is still fairly dangerous; a smaller version might make for an amusing fight scene without wiping out any travellers who, say, insist on going for a swim. Note also that an alligator only has a quarter of its ST to *open* its jaws when they are being held shut.

Heading Inland

Travel is not too arduous, if a bit muddy and hot.¹ The trail is about one person wide for much of the way, so the players can amuse themselves worrying about marching order.

Near the end of the first day, they will even find a nice, comfortable, convenient clearing where they can pitch camp. It's visible from the river if they're travelling by boat, and just far enough from the water to feel almost safe. Survival skill will confirm that it is a good choice. The GM should try to discourage them from silly ideas like night travel, and enjoy watching them decide who stands watch – and start rolling dice meaningfully if no-one does.

LOCAL WILDLIFE

Shortly after the party settles down to sleep, so does another group of wanderers. Anyone keeping watch should roll appropriate perception tests – however good their senses, it *is* dark, and there *are* trees in the way. If everyone is asleep, they make hearing rolls at penalties. If no-one succeeds, they may just wake at dawn and see things then.

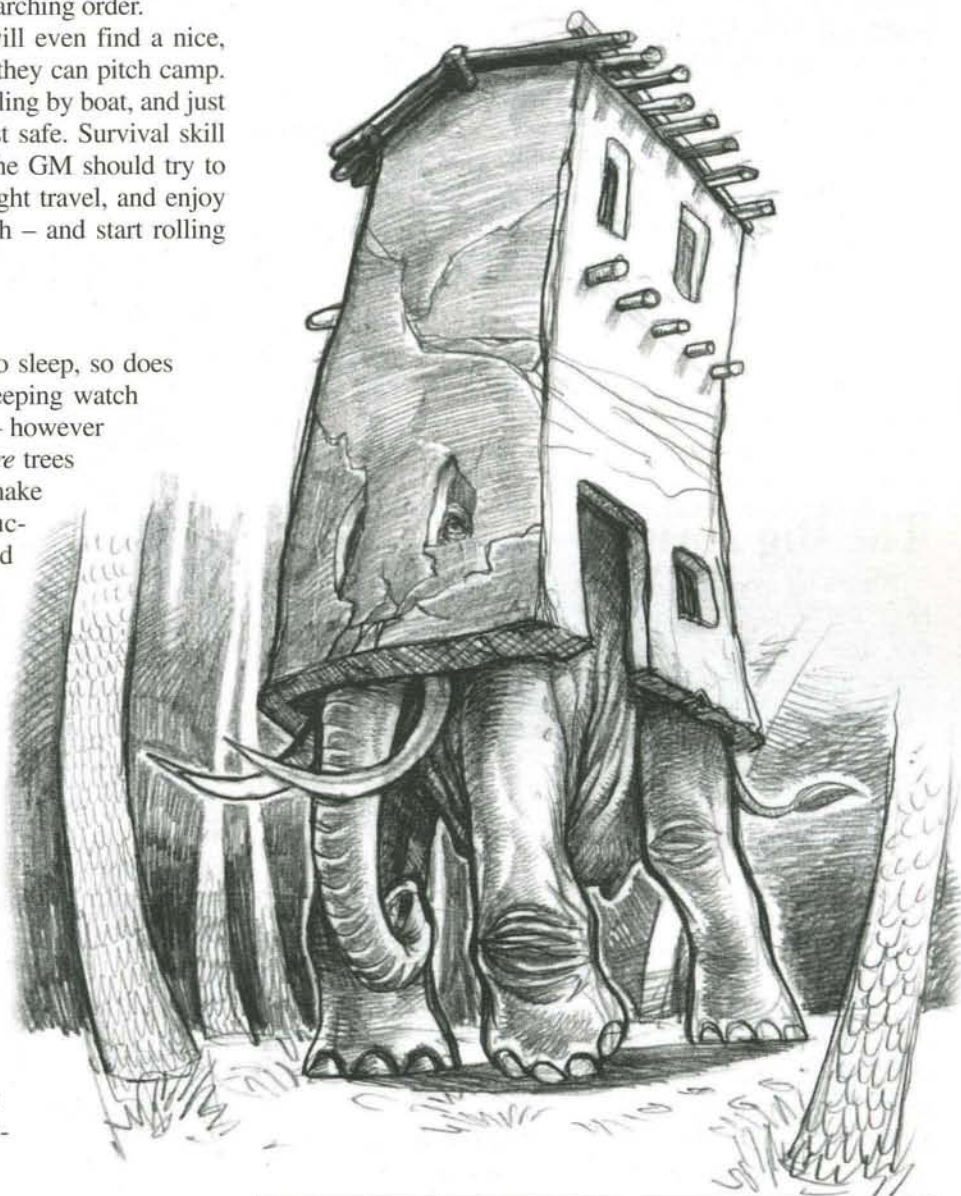
There is Something Out There Among The Trees. Something large, that wasn't there before. Something that doesn't seem to be moving much. Closer inspection shows the Something to be, apparently, a small native village.

A herd of Hermit Elephants (see p. DI169) has settled down here for the night. Investigating the huts can be mildly surreal. ("I look through the window" – "You see something large and grey" – "What's through the other window?" – "A large eye, looking back at you.") The huts occasionally shift – just enough that those investigating the "village" must some-

times make DX rolls or be knocked off their feet by a wall that wasn't there before. Those who rashly open doors have a good chance of being confronted by the back end of an elephant – which, according to the law of comic inevitability, has an equally good chance of concluding the digestion of a particularly unpleasant meal at the same time, either naturally or through a mixture of fright and surprise.

No-one should be seriously gored or trampled, though some adventurers might find themselves pursued through the trees by enraged huts. In the midst of the herd is a modest but unmistakable two-storey, whitewashed, wood-and-plaster tower. On an IQ roll, wizards may find it strangely appealing (being naturally drawn to towers). Other adventurers may investigate it purely on principle.

The tower contains the herd's dominant bull, with characteristics at the high end of the species range. He occupies almost all of the ground floor, but the remains of a staircase still lead to the intact-seeming upper storey, and the outside walls are climbable.



¹ And yes, the local insects are annoying. Bzzzz-slap! Bzzzz-slap! Bzzzz-slap!



GM's information: This tower belonged to a Mad Wizard, who was conducting experiments out in the jungle. Unsurprisingly, he's not in residence. The upper floor contains some furniture, including a chest containing spare wizardly robes, decorated with the usual assortment of arcane symbols. No pointed hat, of course; that is still with the wizard. (What's left of it. And him.) His Journal (see below) might also be around, although since literate PCs might decide to sit down and read it from cover to cover (which plays havoc with the flow of the scenario), it may be better to delay that discovery.

Assuming that no-one does anything seriously unwise, the Hermit Elephants will awake around dawn, and move off majestically with the bull in the lead.

IMPORTED WILDLIFE

The next day, after an hour or so of travel, the party will have another encounter. Sitting in the middle of the path (or on the riverbank if they're travelling by boat) is a swamp dragon (see p. D1167; this specimen has ST 6 and 6 hit points). This one is a male with a group of nesting females to guard, and it's feeling irritable. Even if it isn't attacked, it will bounce up and down screaming for a round or two, then take to the air and attack the nearest intruder.

This fight is likely to be short, but messy. Intelligent parties may scatter, leaving the problem to the missile-users. A successful roll against Naturalist skill will recall that swamp dragons are usually warm-temperate-zone animals; what this one is doing here is a mystery. Then the party can re-group and carry on round the next bend...

... Straight into a small clearing which has become a nesting colony for swamp dragons. Lots of them.

The adventurers will probably jump at the sight, but that these dragons are quieter, being mostly incubating females. The smart response is to skirt carefully around the clearing.

The Big Answer

After a bit more walking, the river meanders round a small bluff, and the higher ground has been cleared of vegetation. In fact, there was clearly some kind of building here – perhaps even a small community. All that's left is some wreckage and fragments of shattered plaster. No prizes for those who anticipate that the buildings previously on this site appear to have been torn off their flimsy foundations and carried away. And yes, the wreckage is consistent with a herd of elephants having passed through.

STUFF TO FIND

A brief search of the side will turn up two things; a wooden chest among the rubble, and – beneath a collapsed beam – a Flight Of Steps Leading Down.

The chest contains an assortment of clothes, mostly wizard's robes. There is also a book (unless it was already found in the herd-bull's tower).

This small leather-bound volume has no title on the outside (and no detectable magic). Inspection shows it to be a journal. Anyone who's had any contact with such things will soon realise that it must have belonged to a wizard.

It displays a blatant, distinctive style. It's very abbreviated and cryptic – only educated readers with some idea about magic are likely to be able to get *anything* out of it – but every few lines, there is something like:

"The fools! They dared to laugh at me!"

Or "Mad? I, mad? Consider my accomplishments!"

Or "My theories are vindicated! This will show them!"

Or just "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Yes. A wizard, living alone, who *wrote* maniacal laughter.

Actually working out what the wizard was up to will take a while and some IQ rolls. Much of it is *very* cryptic – it's clear that this journal was written for personal reference only. There are a number of references to "SDs," and also much discussion of carefully-numbered experiments (1, 2, 3, 7, 7a, 9, 37b, 42c, 49x, 147-delta ...). Deeper reading will reveal much use of words like "morphology," "biological reversion," and "regressive inheritance." The general thrust of the author's work was clearly biological magic.

With any luck, some more wizardly or scholarly member of the party will settle down with the book, and everyone else will get bored and start looking for other trouble. Oh yes – Steps Leading Down.

THE BASEMENT

The short staircase leads to a space which is just large enough to enable a large door to open outwards. The door has a heavy latch-and-bar arrangement – easy enough to shift, two-handed, from either side, but enough to keep it secure from anything without hands, on either side. Beyond is a corridor that runs for a few yards, then opens out into a larger space. Sadly, the corridor is only a yard wide, not ten feet.¹ The sun just about illuminates the corridor, but not the cellar beyond. Someone will just have to venture in with a torch or lantern.

When someone does so, have them make a perception roll to see if they notice what's coming at them from one side, jaws gaping.

¹ Some underground complexes are built by cheapskates.

The fools! They dared to laugh at me!



Mad? I, mad? Consider my accomplishments!



My theories are vindicated! This will show them!



Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Note to self: specimen somewhat excitable.



This is also a good time, if somebody is back up on the surface with the book, for them to discover a passage, evidently written fairly late:

Latest experiment v. successful. Fascinating regression to earlier form. Combined modern and archaic anatomy! (Note to self: specimen somewhat excitable. May be a little dangerous. Take great care.)

The results of that experiment are waiting in the dark for something to jump on. They have long, powerful back legs, tiny useless front legs, big teeth, and a real attitude problem. Mysteriously enough, they are not stamped with a trademark symbol from a major motion picture studio, possibly because they retain some genes and capabilities from the swamp dragons from which they were derived.

The creatures have ST 9, DX 15, IQ 3, HT 12/6, Move 15, Dodge 7, PD 0, and DR 1. Roll 1d on each round when they are in combat; on 1-3 they bite or kick for 1d+1 impaling damage, otherwise they breathe fire for 1d+2. They can do the latter six times a day, after which they have to rely on fang and claw. Furthermore, like a swamp dragon, they are prone to exploding in moments of extreme excitement, or if killed the wrong way (see p. DI167); being slightly larger, they do 2d+1 damage in the process. Unkind GMs may fudge things so that this always happens.

There are two of them, and they're hungry. The first is bolder, and quickly jumps the first person into the room. Of course, having only six hit points, it may not be too hard to kill, but the surprise, fire-breathing, and likely explosion should combine to worry people. Then, the second jumps up onto one of the benches that are scattered round the cellar, and hisses, showing lots of teeth.

(Pure pose, of course.)

With any luck, the adventurers should be feeling battered enough at this point to use tactics.

There are numerous possibilities; tossing something unex-

pected and provocative of explosions into its open jaws (then diving for cover) is always good.

THE LAST PIECES OF THE PUZZLE

With the monsters finished off, people can have a look round the basement, and find a few not-very-surprising bits and pieces. To start with, there are a number of well-gnawed bones of all-too-obviously human origin, and a battered and bloody pointy hat. (Yes, the Mad Wizard paid the ultimate price for knowledge.) The party may choose to take the hat home to attempt identification.

Then there's the second, smaller laboratory, closed off by a bolted door. (No, the velociraptors couldn't work bolts.) This has a ramp leading down to a body of water; apparently, there is a concealed water-level entrance from the river (the means by which the wizard brought in some larger equipment, back when he was starting work). The room contains more lab equipment, along with a big, low, open-topped box/crate/pen over to one side of the room. This contains many leathery, reptilian eggs of varying sizes. Even as the finders watch, one of these begins to hatch, and out pops something small, reptilian, and toothy. Left to itself, it will flop across the floor towards the river, and set out towards the sea.

If they didn't come up-river by water, the party may discover a small boat here; there's no harm in making departure easier for them than arrival. They can also find as much valuable alchemical equipment and stuff as may be needed to make old-fashioned players happy with their loot level.

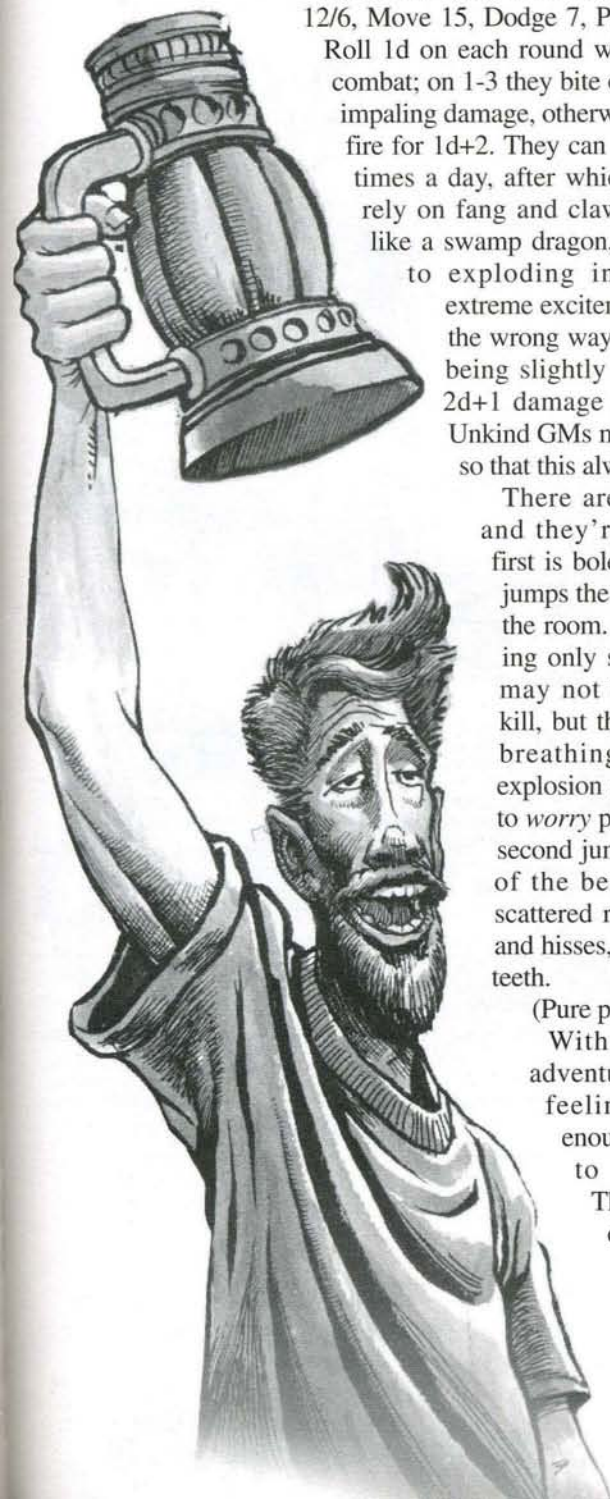
Going Home

So now, everyone heads downstream, announces that the monster problem is solved, and boards the *In Nomine* for the trip home. GMs can skim over this part as quickly as they like; the expedition's objectives have been accomplished.

When the ship returns to Ankh-Morpork, you can remind the players that wizards can learn divination spells, and hence that the graduate society already knows about their success. The dock is lined with thaumaturgical nerds, throwing their hats in the air and cheering. Really smug adventurers will want to be the first to deliver a bunch of nice bananas to the library. For that, they receive a passionate kiss from the Librarian.

Sektoberfest in NoThingfjord

As has been noted elsewhere, with the opening up of EcksEcksEcksEcks, a number of young citizens of that land went forth to see the world. Sailing to the Disc's main continent, the first landfall they made was in the Fjordlands (p. DI33), and usually, specifically, NoThingfjord, the largest community of that region. Having said g'day to the locals and bought a few souvenir horned helmets, most set out for the big cities they'd heard about, but a few hung around to sample the local beer, which was at least cold. (Unsurprisingly; it had usually been left outside for some time.)



Then one of the locals happened to mention that once a year, in Sektober or thereabouts, they often held a big festival, to celebrate the big batch of beer that they brewed around that time. The visitors declared that this sounded like a bloody good idea, and resolved to come back for the event. Amazingly, some of them remembered, or wrote to friends who remembered, or other Ecksians happened to be passing through, or . . . Anyway, NoThingfjord had plenty of Ecksian visitors around Sektober.

Thus are traditions born.

The Set-Up

This scenario takes place at one such festival. It is ideal for a group of backpacker, tourist, or Fjordlander PCs, but almost anyone could *happen* to be present: exchange wizards on their way between UU and Bugarup University, merchants and their hired guards hoping to make some money from the festival crowds, and so on.

Having got there, with whatever complications the GM feels like imposing, the adventurers will discover a collection of wooden long-houses, partly surrounded by tents. Lots of tents, varying vastly in size, style, and quality. Most backpackers bring simple, sturdy two-person things, but a few wealthier visitors show up with what can only be described as miniature pavilions. There are also several large marquees. Some backpackers are sleeping in the carts they use for long-distance travel; their animals are picketed a few yards away, in a big field supervised by a couple of large and fairly trustworthy locals. Sanitation arrangements are, well, basic but adequate; fortunately, a couple of substantial streams run nearby.

The weather in Sektober is cool, but survivable; campers will want some protection from the chill, but it need not be too heavy. Anyway, most people spend most of their time in the marquees, investigating the local brew and (being hardy and broad-minded types) listening to the folk music that's been laid on. This consists of a mixture of Fjordlander seashanties and Ecksian ballads of bold sheep-rustlers.¹ Festival policy, enforced by a crew of burly Fjordlanders, is for weapons to be left at home, so the occasional brawl that breaks out is usually mostly harmless. (It helps that most participants are too stewed to aim a punch reliably.) Food is available; mostly mutton and rough bread, adequate to soak up the beer.²

Incidentally, Fjordlander beer was traditionally made from herrings. The local brewers have become more cosmopolitan in recent years, and most of the modern brews are more conventional, but there is a small contingent of full-figured men who campaign vociferously for what they term "Reäl Äle." Some Ecksians have been persuaded to sample this, and one or two thoroughly recommend it.³

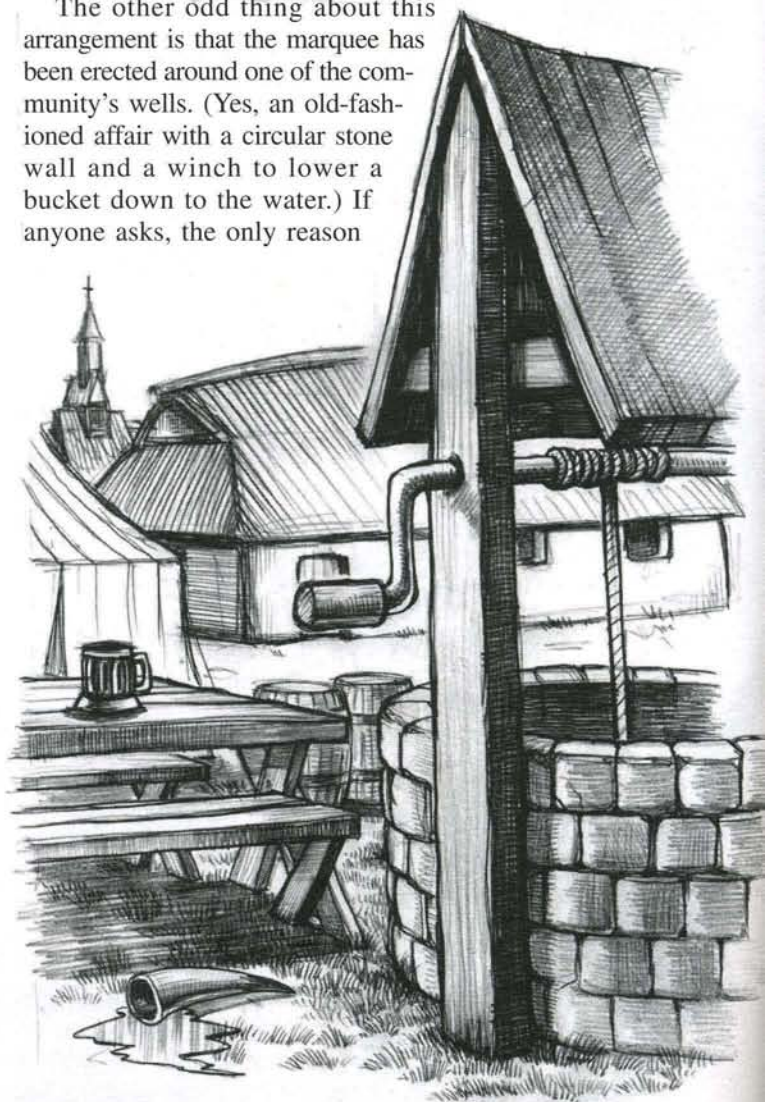
THE SAGA RECITATION COMPETITION

One smaller marquee is dedicated to the Traditional Saga Recitation Competition, in which a number of middle-aged male Fjordlanders sit around, look thoughtful, and then launch into lengthy recitations. *Very* lengthy, as it turns out. PCs may

be required to make rolls based on HT plus or minus Strong or Weak Will to stay awake. The speakers are competing for the Lars Larsnephew memorial drinking-horn; the judges (slightly greyer men with even more thoughtful expressions) apparently award points based on accuracy of recollection of the ancient sagas, flatness of tone, and consistency of unrelenting rhythm. Originality and excitement are clearly not mentioned on the scorecards.

The other odd thing about this arrangement is that the marquee has been erected around one of the community's wells. (Yes, an old-fashioned affair with a circular stone wall and a winch to lower a bucket down to the water.) If anyone asks, the only reason

The judges award points based on accuracy of recollection, flatness of tone, and consistency of rhythm.



¹ The chief topic of conversation among the audiences tends to be people asking each other what various words, Fjordlander or Ecksian, mean.

² From the stomach or the floor. In whatever order.

³ Fjordlanders are proud of their Reäl Äle; Ecksians are proud of their straight-faced practical jokes.



given for this is that it is Tradition, and therefore venerated, but the practical considerations should soon become clear. Because of all the ale-quaffing that goes on before and during the event, even serious saga fans (and there are some) are prone to dozing off. Anyone observed to slump or heard to snore is promptly woken up by the traditional bucket of very cold water over the head. Fjordlanders profess to find this exhilarating; anyone else will find it extremely chilly. Serious competitors also drink water rather than beer, at least some of the time, to help maintain their concentration on the all-important flat tone and lengthy, precise recounting of saga characters' ancestry.

One slight problem is that most Fjordlanders have mixed feelings about their Extensive Native Tradition of Epic Narrative. On the one hand, they're intensely proud of it, and will become upset if it is criticised or insulted in any way, but on the other, they find it as mind-numbing as everyone else. They will recommend, and perhaps even insist, that any visitor who enquires about the Competition should go and admire it, but they have a lot of skill at avoiding it themselves. Needless to say, slipping away in mid-saga must be done with some care, else word will get around that an Honoured Skald was insulted, and the outlanders may find themselves involved in a brawl with someone sober enough to land a real punch. Buckets of cold water may also be distributed round the audience with somewhat excessive enthusiasm at times.

The Incident

Once people have settled down, explored the site, and had their fill of culture-clash jokes involving assorted accents, horned helmets, and so on, you can get on with the central adventure plot. However, this isn't actually mandatory. The *Sektoberfest* can be run as a string of loosely-connected gags, if players aren't too bothered about narrative coherence, or used as the starting-point for picaresque quests across the Disc. Or potential employers can show up looking for likely hirelings amongst the penniless backpackers and not-quite-Vikings.

However, there *is* somebody ready to cause a little more dramatic trouble...

THE CURSE

A day or two into the festival, in the small hours of the morning, when everyone has drunk their fill and retired to their huts, tents, or wagons, a commotion erupts (and, of course, the PCs are among those near enough and quick enough to notice and try to intervene). A hulking figure comes striding into the midst of the festival grounds, generating a lot of screaming and shouting from anyone who sees it, starting with some random fellow who's got up to relieve himself (and who does so immediately at the sight). It strides up to the Saga Recitation Competition marquee, tears the roof off, reaches inside to pick up an a howling old skald who'd perfected the traditional skill of slumping unconscious over a bench at the end of the day, turns round, and walks back to the nearest fjord. There, it jumps in and sinks rapidly from view, prey in hand.

That's what happens if no-one intervenes, anyway, and it should be hard for anyone to do very much to stop it. The

creature is a very large, ancient troll, with DR 8 (10 vs. crushing attacks), ST 200, HT 20, and 120 Hit Points. Even a volley of fireballs from a wizard wouldn't significantly slow it down. (When dealing with trolls of this size, the IQ reduction effect of heat-based attacks can be greatly reduced or effectively dropped altogether. It's very hard to raise the temperature of this much rock significantly.) It also has a Move rate of 12, thanks to its sheer size, so it will get away quite quickly. (GMs don't *have* to use the word "troll," by the way. The players will probably guess, but just talking vaguely about a "monster" or "creature" can help keep the air of mystery going.)

However, some people will doubtless *try* to intervene, so there's plenty of scope for chaos and confusion in the darkness. One or two backpackers may assume that this is some kind of huge practical joke being pulled by others of their kind, dash up to the monster, and try to pull its supposed mask off. (In the cold light of dawn, they'll agree that it *was* a bit big to be a backpacker in a joke disguise, but anyone can make mistakes in the dark.) They, and anyone else trying to grapple, will probably be flung about 30 yards, landing, in accordance with narrative tradition, fairly harmlessly in something soft but discomfiting, such as a vat of beer, a tent full of lightly-clad sleeping backpackers of the opposite sex (if the GM is feeling kind), or a privy (if the GM has had a bad day).

Anyway, once the creature has departed with its captive, silence will fall, broken only by a few bubbles rising from the fjord, and, after a moment, by the traditional NPC filling in the basic facts: "By the gods – it got Hengist!"

REACTIONS

After a short pause while everyone draws breath, the shouting can begin. It's not entirely clear who is responsible for recovering or avenging the skald when this sort of thing happens, but there seems to be a consensus among the locals that *somebody* should.

The trick here is persuading the players that the PCs should be the ones to mount the obligatory mission, or at least that they should handle preliminary reconnaissance. How to accomplish this is going to depend a great deal on the nature of the party, and thus must be left largely to individual GMs. Some heroic sorts will

volunteer immediately, others will respond well to vague offers of fame, as much beer as they can drink, and the freely-expressed gratitude of imposing blond persons of their gender of choice, while others may take

a little coercion. There seems to be a vague idea among other skalds that it's traditional for some foreign hero to demonstrate his worth in these circumstances, and this may be mentioned pointedly in the earshot of non-Fjordlanders. It's not that the locals aren't brave enough to take the job on themselves, it's just that, heck, that thing was *big*, and anyway, Fjordlanders are very respectful of tradition, at least in relation to heroism.

It's traditional for some foreign hero to demonstrate his worth in these circumstances.



There's also the simple fact that monsters (especially trolls) live in caves. It's traditional.



arguing, and getting drunk (in memory of Hengist), they are likely to mount a mob-handed rescue mission, with a lot of axes involved. It might be best if someone tried to resolve this more efficiently first. Also, once the word "troll" is used, a lot of rather nasty anti-trollish sentiment will develop, with the locals remembering ancient Fjordlands traditions of unending warfare with local trolls. It would probably be a good thing for race relations if the troll in this case was proved to be a solitary rogue, and perhaps induced to apologise, or something. PC trolls, if any, may have particular interests in this, if they work out what is going on.

Of course, it's also possible that some of the PCs will be natural peacemakers. In that case, the GM should make it clear that, when the locals have finished having a council,

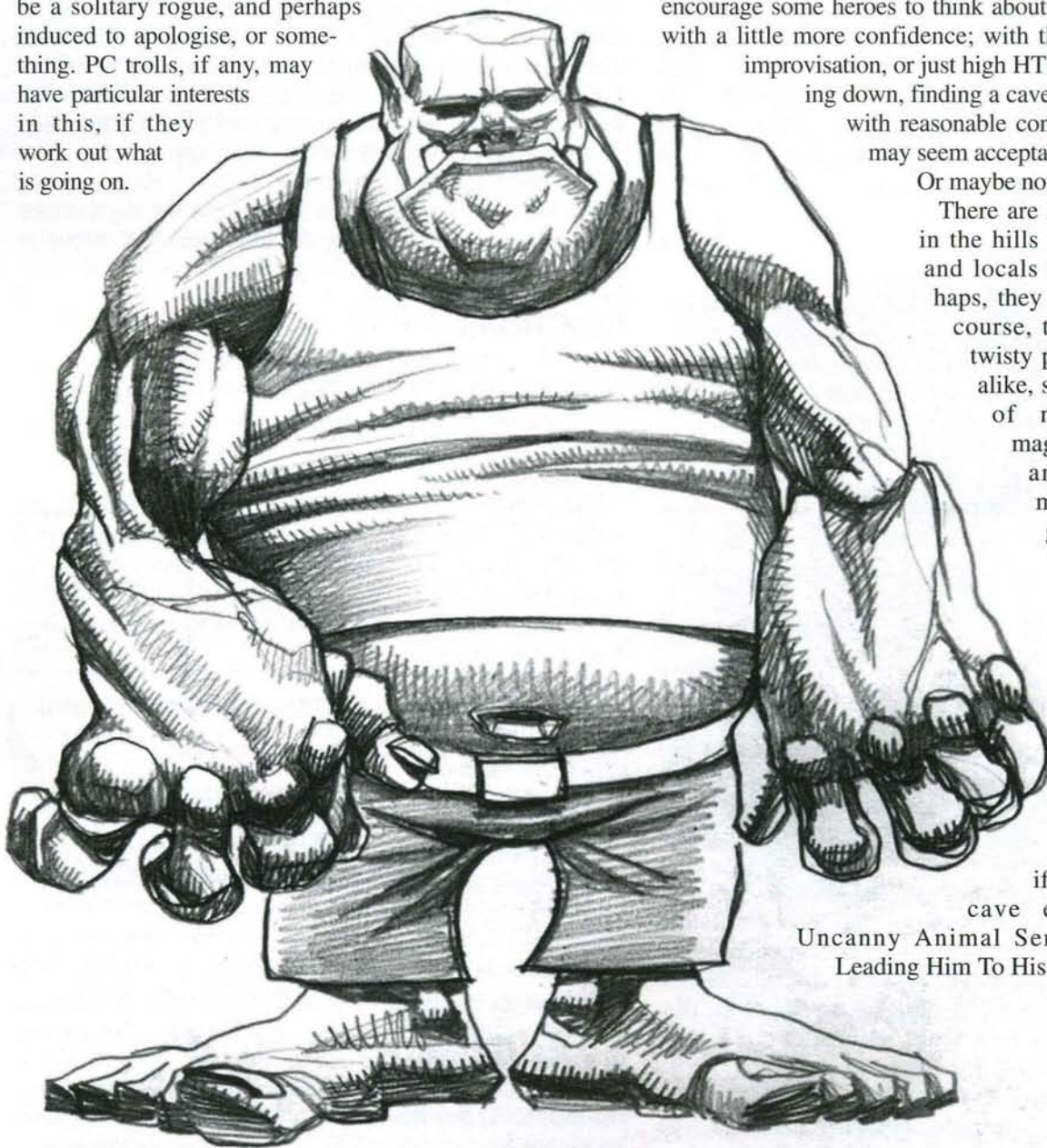
The first problem is, of course, to work out what to do and where to go to do it. Even if someone is able and willing to enter the icy, dark waters of the fjord – well, do they really want to do so when there's a large and powerful monster lurking down there somewhere?

All but the most impetuous adventurers should be thinking about research and preparation at this point. If the party has concluded that the creature was most likely a troll, someone may know that trolls can't breathe water, though they can manage without air for a while. This may hint at where the thing was going (and may also raise the possibility that Hengist could still be alive, at least temporarily). There's also the simple fact that monsters (especially trolls) live in caves. It's traditional.

So someone should ask the right questions, sooner or later, and receive the right answer from a local; yes, there are quite a few caves in this area. It's entirely possible that the creature has access to an underwater entrance down there. This may encourage some heroes to think about following the creature with a little more confidence; with the right magic, clever improvisation, or just high HT scores, the idea of diving down, finding a cave mouth, and entering it with reasonable confidence of finding air, may seem acceptable.

Or maybe not.

There are known cave entrances in the hills above NoThingfjord, and locals will admit that, perhaps, they might all join up. Of course, that implies miles of twisty passages, all doubtless alike, so there's still an issue of navigation. Again, magic might provide one answer, or the GM might introduce Hengist's faithful hound, Holgar. This works best if at least one PC has Animal Empathy or a good score in Animal Handling skill, in order to plausibly notice that Holgar is looking tense and eager, and grows more so if taken near a certain cave entrance. Holgar's Uncanny Animal Senses are, naturally, Leading Him To His Master.



THE USEFUL NPC BIT

Alternatively, a local wise-woman, *Bjerka the Crone*, can be brought in to short-circuit this part of the plot. When all is said and done, she is a Discworld witch, even if her appearance does happen to fit some kind of Viking-style gerontophobic nightmare (all wrinkles, hooked nose, and world-class cackling at random intervals, with a proclivity for stirring a huge cauldron full of unspeakable substances with a long, two-handed ladle), and she can serve as a useful tool for involving the adventurers in the first place. As she herself will put it, she knows what Fjordlanders are like in this sort of situation; they spend hours getting drunk, and then try to resolve complicated situations with axes while

stupendously hung over. If she can persuade, cajole, bribe, bully, or trick someone into resolving this problem quickly and cleanly, she will do so. More to the point, she can provide magical aid; by using a combination of *Seeker* and *Divination* (*Cuisinomancy*) spells,¹ she can provide a set of slightly garbled but fully functional instructions that will lead to Hengist. "Go up to the medium-sized rock that looks like a big rock, and go into the cave underneath. Take the third left, then the first passage past the broken boulder . . ." and so on.

(Incidentally, it is no problem for Bjerka or another spell-caster to get hold of a suitable item of Hengist's to facilitate a *Seeker* or similar spell.)

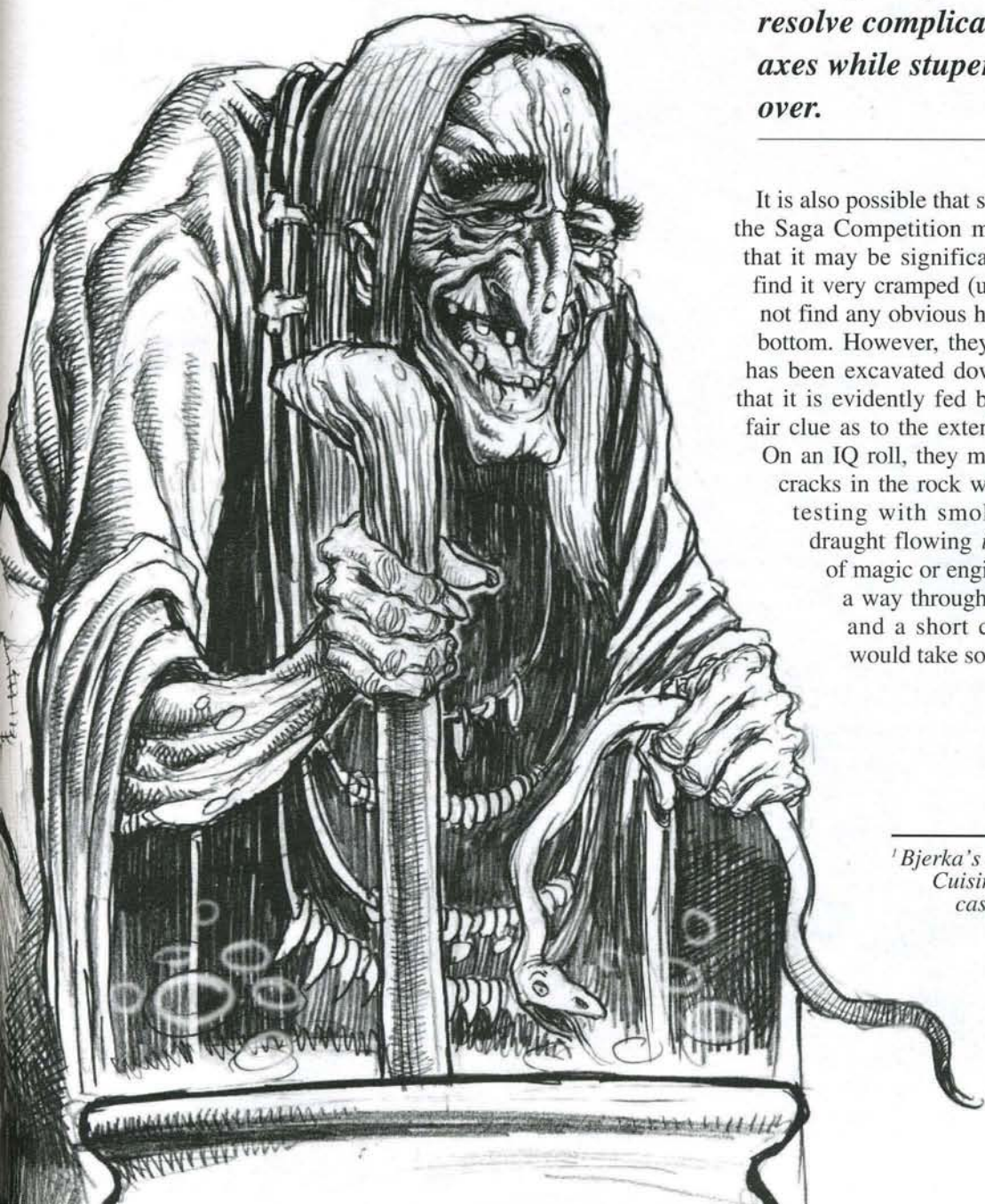
... She knows what Fjordlanders are like in this sort of situation; they spend hours getting drunk, and then try to resolve complicated situations with axes while stupendously hung over.



It is also possible that someone will remember the well in the Saga Competition marquee, and perhaps even guess that it may be significant. Anyone venturing down will find it very cramped (unless they are a gnome), and will not find any obvious human-sized way through from the bottom. However, they will probably note that the well has been excavated down a little way into bedrock, and that it is evidently fed by a small underground stream; a fair clue as to the extent of the cave systems hereabout.

On an IQ roll, they may also discover some substantial cracks in the rock walls just above the waterline, and testing with smoke or suchlike will discover a draught flowing *into* these. Really determined use of magic or engineering skills could give the party a way through to the cave system by this route, and a short cut to the next big scene, but it would take some doing.

¹ *Bjerka's dish of choice when casting Cuisinomancy is an extremely pungent casserole of herring in herring beer.*

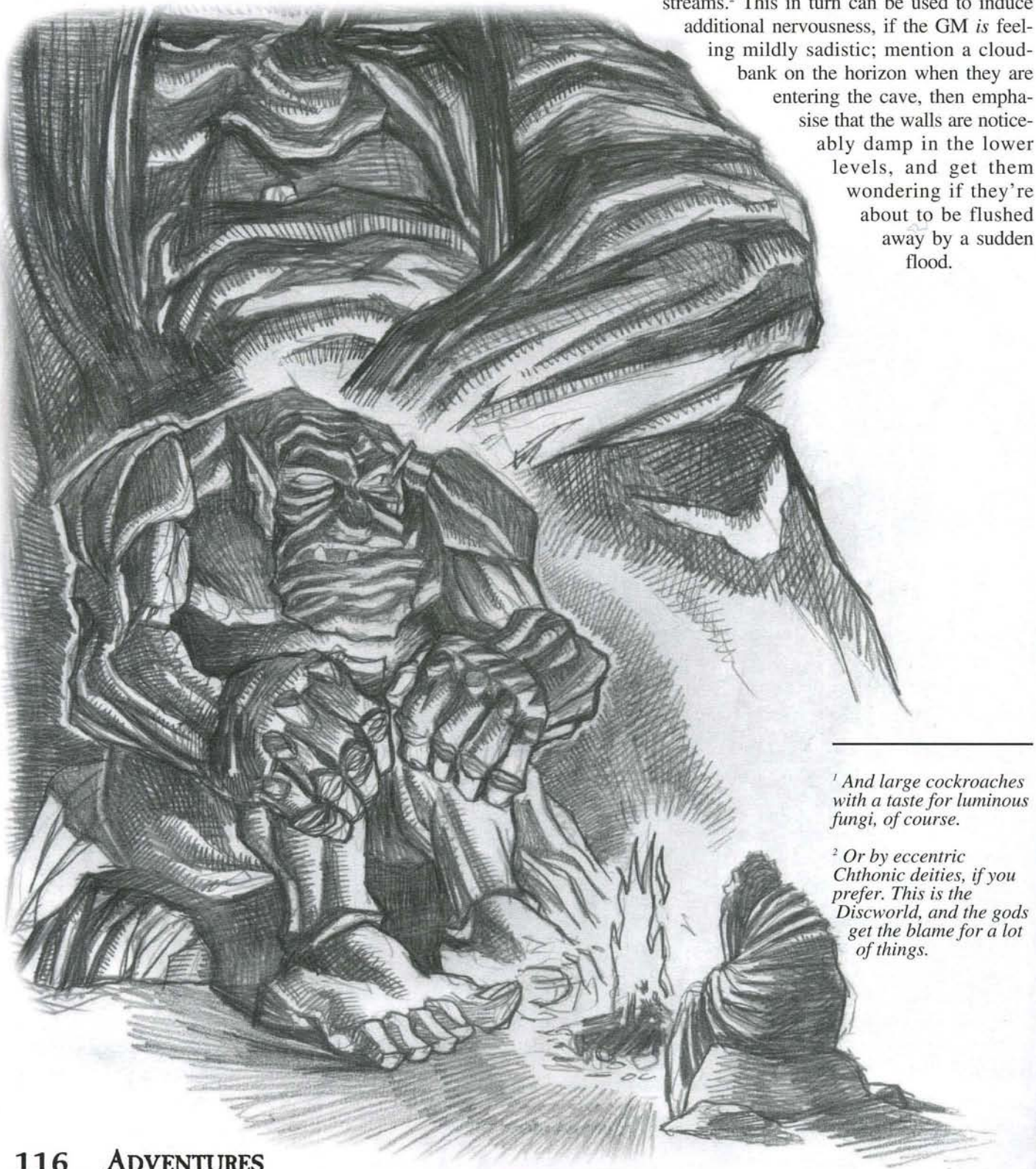


Into the Caves

One way or another, *someone* will venture into the cave system. GMs can make this slow or fast, creepy or unremarkable. Penalising the explorers for not taking equipment such as lanterns may be reasonable, though of course Discworld caves have several species of the traditional luminous fungi, so there may not be a great problem. The players may well be jumpy at this point, and this is not necessarily something to be discouraged, though the only wandering

creatures that they are likely to meet down here are bats.¹ Likewise, any spells or directions they use to guide them to the next scene should be adequate, if a little vague in places; there's only a limited amount of fun to be had by getting them lost, and having them completely lost and starving to death is, frankly, a pointless exercise. But players may pay attention a little more if they sense that the GM is *thinking* about that possibility.

Spelunkers with some knowledge of geology can be told that the local rocks appear to be limestone, and these caves were probably carved out by underground streams.² This in turn can be used to induce additional nervousness, if the GM is feeling mildly sadistic; mention a cloud-bank on the horizon when they are entering the cave, then emphasise that the walls are noticeably damp in the lower levels, and get them wondering if they're about to be flushed away by a sudden flood.



¹ And large cockroaches with a taste for luminous fungi, of course.

² Or by eccentric Chthonic deities, if you prefer. This is the Discworld, and the gods get the blame for a lot of things.

However, before they suffer complete nervous breakdowns and run gibbering for the surface, the adventurers should be allowed to find what they're looking for. Rounding one bend in the tunnel, they see what seems to be firelight flickering on one wall. If they pause and listen, they will hear a very *basso profundo* voice and a quieter, rapid clicking sound. If they pause long enough, they may make out that the voice appears to be talking, very slowly, about property rights pertaining to a flock of sheep, some time in the past.

Some bold warriors may insist on charging in, but hopefully, they will remember that this may be a rescue mission, and in any case that creature was *big*. It may be wise to spy out the scene, or even attempt to negotiate, may be wise.

The situation in the large cave round that last corner is as follows: Hengist the Skald is indeed there, alive and well, but very damp, and very cold. He has a very old, rough, grubby blanket thrown round his shoulders, and is sitting close to the small fire in the centre of the cavern. The clicking sound is his teeth chattering.

Sitting opposite him, further back from the fire, is the troll. It is as big as people will have gathered from their first glimpse, and also as ugly, in a lumpy sort of way, as tradition demands. (Less bright observers might conceivably mistake it for a rock formation at first glance.) Its name is Lode.

(For the record, there is a dark pool of water round a bend at the far end of the cave. Close inspection would show that it is salt, and suggest that it may well be connected to the outside. This is of course how Lode got in and out.)

Lode is an *old* troll, and as slow and persistent as that implies; even in this nice cool cave, his effective *GURPS* IQ is 6, but when he starts thinking about something, he is almost impossible to stop until he reaches a conclusion. He is not terribly interested in violence, or even in sociable trollish hitting people with rocks, but if adventurers should charge in screaming with swords drawn, he will defend himself, punching with Brawling-12 for 24d crushing damage. Meanwhile, Hengist will back off nervously, aware of how messy things may get.

"MOTHER CAN BE A LITTLE STRANGE"

The *rational* alternatives boil down to sneaking Hengist out somehow, or going in and talking. After all, Lode is already doing the latter, and doesn't seem to be harming Hengist just now. The problem with the first option is that, however long the party waits in the shadows, Lode just doesn't stop talking, apart from the occasional confused-sounding (and increasingly hypothermic) noise of agreement from Hengist. Some kind of trickery might be feasible – against an IQ 6 troll, it's not necessarily difficult – but getting away may be harder, as Hengist is in no condition to run. In any case, as Hengist will explain, Lode is certain to eventually cause more trouble.

When Lode starts thinking about something, he is almost impossible to stop until he reaches a conclusion.



So someone will have to talk to someone, and find out what is going on. Even if they avoid conversing with Lode, the PCs should get the basics from Hengist, to whom Lode has been explaining matters.

The first thing for GMs to know is that there are cracks high on the walls of this cavern, leading upwards. Actually, Lode's lair is almost directly beneath the Sektobfest grounds, and some of those cracks connect to the well. Crucially, the whole system acts as a conduit for sound, in that acoustically unlikely but highly plot-convenient way that these things do. In short, someone who sits in the cave and keeps quiet can hear almost every word that is spoken in the saga competition tent.

In fact, anyone who spends some time in the cavern will hear some conversations. The GM can decide exactly what is being said according to what sort of impression the PCs have made at the Sektobfest, but they will certainly be the subject of much of the discussion. Among other possibilities, their quirks and visible oddities may be dissected at great length, their heroic credentials may be questioned, bets made on their survival chances, and so on. Incidentally, the sound-channel only works one way; nothing they say will be carried up to the surface.

Anyway, this eavesdropping effect is the cause of the trouble. Lode, a very old troll who is close to entering a state of inert geology, has been down here for decades, and recently, once a year, he's had to listen to the saga recitations. That in itself is no problem; if there is one sort of being that can appreciate the unrelenting cadence of a Fjordlander saga, it's an old troll. However, rather predictably, many of these sagas deal with the battles between Fjordlander heroes and – yes, trolls. Furthermore, they include lengthy if rather prejudiced explanations of the root causes of these conflicts.

In short, Lode feels that his family is being slandered, and has decided to complain. As he will explain, he himself is not too worried, "But, you see, Mother may hear some of this. And she is a rather proud sort."

"Mother"?

Lode will gesture about himself vaguely. At this point, visitors should make IQ rolls to notice the general shape of the walls on the far side of the cave. The hint of a distorted feminine curve, the shape of a huge nose, the suggestion of something like muscle definition . . .

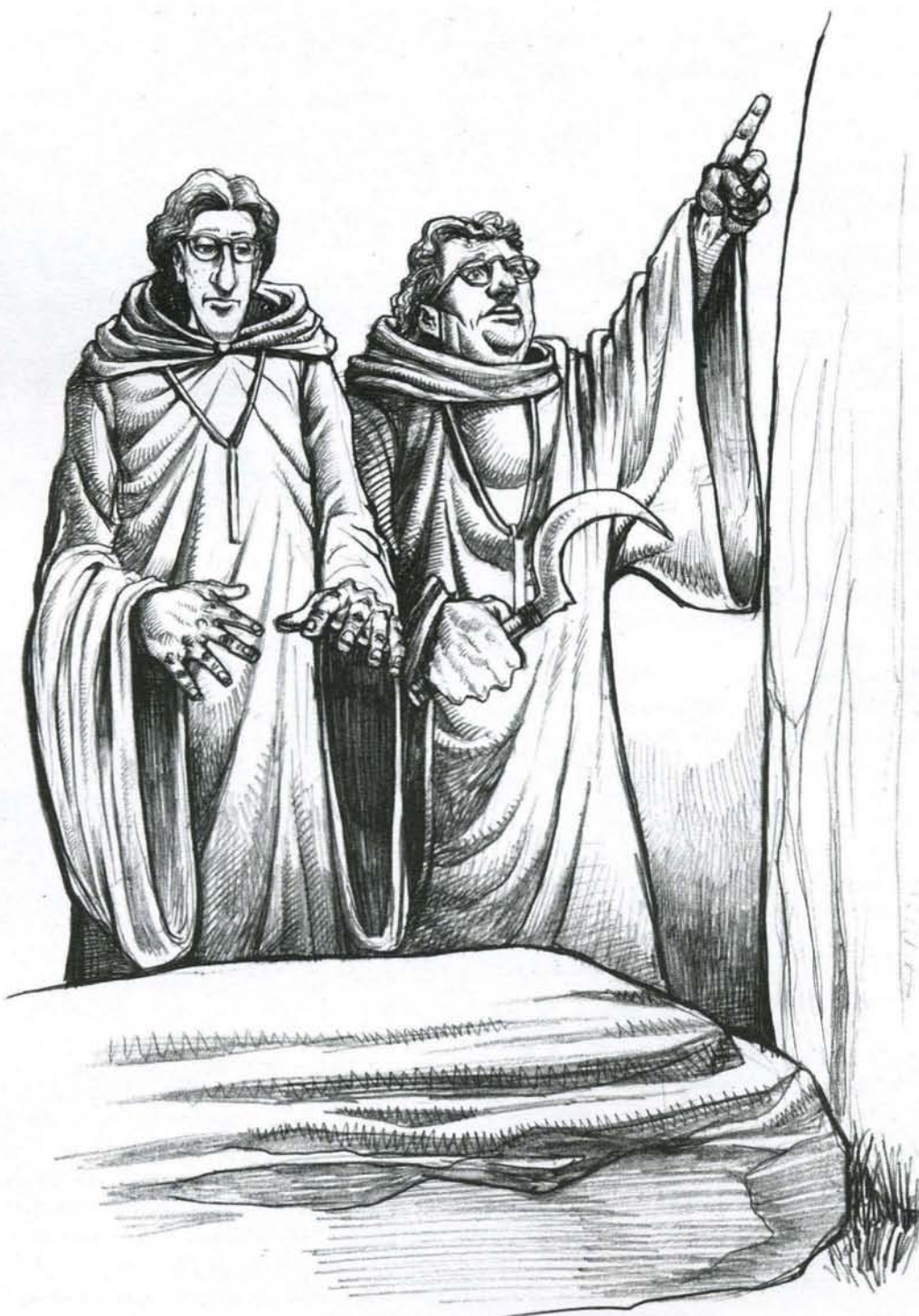
Old trolls can grow *very* big.

Correcting the Record

The fact is, people aren't going to be able to fight their way through this one. You can't kill a mountain. Lode's mother is completely inert for now, but he believes that she is still capable of awakening. Hengist, while not currently at his best, has already come to realise this, and will be reasonably co-operative with attempts to resolve the problem (which will have to be quick, as sooner or later, a larger and drunker rescue party *will* show up). However, Hengist possesses a serious level of Fanaticism in relation to the traditions of skaldship, and will obstruct anything that threatens to debase the traditional text of the sagas. As annoying as this may be, it shows what would-be peacemakers may have to deal with among other saga devotees.



Senior druids have an interest in supernatural power, and a sense that they really ought to be in charge of it.



Of course, one solution would be to persuade the people of NoThingfjord to move the saga recitation competition away from the well, and this might indeed work, at least as a temporary fix. However, on the one hand, Hengist will explain how holding the competition there is *traditional*, and so moving it would be a Bad Thing, and people would probably sneak back to recite sagas there on principle. On the other hand, Lode will eventually understand what's being suggested, and make it clear that not changing the insult to his family will annoy *him*. So the party will need to understand the underlying problem.

This will mean several minutes of listening to explanations from Lode and Hengist, and IQ rolls to grasp the subtleties of the issue. Essentially, long ago, some kind of semi-formal agreement was reached between the people of NoThingfjord and the trolls in the adjacent hills, by which sheep near the human community would be left alone, while wild sheep further away were fair game for trolls who wanted a varied diet. It wasn't much of a treaty, but it served a purpose. The two communities still fought, but at least human shepherds could go out in groups of less than 30, and trolls knew where to grab a snack without being pelted with missiles.

However, as the human community expanded, squabbles over what was "near" to it increased, the agreement had to be renegotiated several times, and some small wars were fought. One of these wars is the subject of one of the classic sagas, which includes many remarks on the perfidy and greed of the trollish enemy. And *this* is the cause of the problem.

Fixing it can be accomplished using several skills, depending what the PCs have got and the players suggest. The ingenuity will have to come from them;



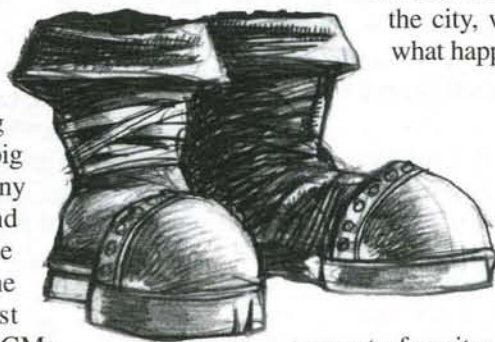
while Hengist has Skaldic Lore-14 (p. CI147), he is also distinctly Hidebound (exactly as defined on p. CI91). While he is just about willing to tolerate suggested changes to the sagas (especially if it is flatteringly pointed out that they are a “living tradition”), he has difficulty coming up with ideas. And Lode is, well, IQ 6. The best bet is to revise the saga to include references to the trolls’ side of things, perhaps including (say) some trollish-language quotes that translate as “we are being perfectly reasonable,” or depicting the human heroes as proclaiming that they are going to hit the trolls with big rocks whatever happens (a sentiment that any troll will find perfectly inoffensive), and deleting references to the humans having the right of the dispute. Working this into the changed saga may involve rolls against Poetry skill, at default if necessary. Kind GMs can give +2 or so to the roll; so long as the saga has a strong rhythm and always rhymes, no-one cares if it is any good as poetry. Especially ingenious folk with Law skill can suggest particularly clever modifications to the narrative, anyone with Fast-Talk can come up with forms of words that will please everyone, and so on.

Hopefully, someone will eventually hammer out an acceptable compromise of some sort, and get it accepted by Lode and committed to Hengist’s memory before everyone succumbs to sheer exhaustion. PCs with little to contribute to negotiations may wish to return to the surface. Here, they can placate any locals who are about to charge into the caves with heavy weaponry, fetch supplies and warm blankets, or have another few beers.

Conclusions

In the end, Hengist and the party should return to a moderately heroic welcome on the surface, and may even be bought some drinks to celebrate their victory over the monster. Clever PCs will work out versions of the tale that reflect well on them while not causing offence if repeated in the vicinity of the well. Other rewards are up to the GM; a starring role in a new saga might be appropriate, and could give the adventurers a small positive Reputation that could be good for their job prospects,¹ while Bjerka can always provide something in the way of magical aid, training, or good advice. Or they can just get back to enjoying the Sektöberfest.

The best bet is to revise the saga to include references to the trolls’ side of things . . .



Walking the Spiral

This adventure is a thinly-disguised tour of Ankh-Morpork, with some odd encounters along the way. GMs who wish to run it are strongly advised to acquire a copy of

The Streets of Ankh-Morpork, the official map of the city, which will simplify keeping track of what happens where no end.

The Set-Up

The story begins, however, in the mountains of Llamedos (p. DI29), where the senior druids have recently been thinking. They understand not only that a certain

amount of excitement sometimes takes place in Ankh-Morpork, but that the University there claims to be the epicentre of magic on the Disc, and that parts of it seem unimaginably ancient. In fact, recently, letters home from foolish young people who left Llamedos seeking excitement have seemed to confirm all this. Or at least, to confirm that people think it.

Now, senior druids have very little time for wizardry, which they consider a flashy and disrespectful activity, but they do have an interest in supernatural power in general, and a vague sense that they really ought to be in charge of it. Unfortunately, there are too many disrespectful people in the world for this to be feasible at present, but a certain amount of keeping track of things seems advisable.

They also have a keen idea as to whence supernatural power worthy of the name derives. It comes, they know, from and through stone circles. Therefore, they argue, Ankh-Morpork must have – or at least once have had – its share of good, solid megalithic processors.

(Actually, they know it still has, in one sense. Members of the more broad-minded and flexible branches of druidism have built their own in the city, to provide believers with places of worship. More orthodox druids have never gone in for that sort of thing, which smacks of tolerating people who go off to live among the unworthy – and anyway, they think that proper stone circles should be old.)

All this would have remained safely in the realms of theory if some of the senior orthodox druids hadn’t been looking for something to do with some of their keener acolytes. So now, they are sending two such junior druids off to prove the seniority of Orthodox Druidism on the Disc. If this scenario is run at the start of a campaign, or as a one-off, the GM may want to make one or both of the emissaries PCs.² Otherwise, bring in *Rhodri ap Huw* and *Dafyd ap Effans* for the job.

¹ Though if it simply describes their great victory over an evil she-troll, they might want to leave the area before it starts being proclaimed.

² Experiments in playtest suggest that Welsh computer programmers are particularly well suited to the part, for some reason.



These two have ST 10, DX 10, IQ 15, and HT 10. They are bright, scholarly, but otherwise unworldly, even rather clueless young fellows whose most notable skills are Programming/Stone Circle-16 and Herbalist-15. They also have Magery 1 and, of course, Clerical Investment (plus some minor Disciplines of Faith, such as being teetotal), but no useful spells or other supernatural abilities. They wear the usual druidic white robes, and carry sickles equivalent to short-swords, wielded with skill 10. GMs are not obliged to maintain heavy comic Welsh accents while depicting these two, but it wouldn't be inappropriate.

In fact, they should be played as something between egocentric, slightly power-crazed priests and computer-obsessed, nerdish hackers. They believe that their own interests are all-important and everything else is trivial; they slip into incomprehensible jargon at the drop of a hat; they mostly act vague and often distracted, but they focus fiercely on anything that actually interests them; and they seem amiable enough in their own way, while actually being capable of doing any amount of damage through sheer carelessness.

The Journey and Arrival

The plot might begin with the druids on the road to Ankh-Morpork; non-druid adventurers might be hired or otherwise persuaded to escort them, or might simply be heading the same way. The druids are obliged to walk and hitch the odd lift on passing carts, as their elders don't see any reason to waste much actual money on this project, although they have enough to cover minimal living expenses. They certainly *can't* take a flying monolith. That would be frivolous misuse of religious artefacts. They discover during the trip that, once they are dealing with people who aren't fellow-believers, they have to start paying money for goods and services, rather than relying on donations as at home. This leaves them aware that their budget will be rather tight.

When the druids reach Ankh-Morpork, it becomes easy to introduce player characters to the plot in various ways. Watchmen and others may be detailed to keep an eye on them to avoid any diplomatic incidents in regard to the city's relationship with Strict Druidism (or just in case of disasters), while low-grade merchants and street types may attach themselves in the hopes of profit. Other priests might take an interest in case the druids are actually on to anything theologically important, while the druids themselves might latch on to any wizards or other magically-talented sorts they encounter as potentially helpful local experts.

This in turn can lead to all manner of incidental encounters and events, such as invitations to dinner with noted figures, encounters with Thieves' Guild members, purchase of meat pies from C.M.O.T. Dibbler, and possibly even visits to the Patrician's Palace (where the Patrician will ignore everything the visitors say, while paying close attention to the way they say it). The druids will also flaunt all sorts of quirks, such as avoidance of alcohol and insistence on drinking some bizarre¹ herbal preparations with every meal; the latter demands a

steady supply of hot water.² Anyway, eventually, they will have to get on with the job in hand.

The Search

The question is where to start, and the answer has to involve the history of Ankh-Morpork. There are perhaps three ways of approaching this.³

The first two are libraries. Unfortunately, druids aren't very big on libraries, but it is possible that interested Morporkians can help here. Even more unfortunately, the two libraries in question are at Unseen University (which has records of known mythological phenomena around Ankh-Morpork) and the Patrician's Palace (which has, tucked away somewhere, the City Records). Gaining access to either will require ingenuity and contacts. In either case, given a couple of days and some successful Research skill rolls, readers will find a few volumes discussing local pre-foundation legends. Unfortunately, these were all written by maiden ladies with good social connections, over-active romantic imaginations, and far too much time on their hands.

The other possibility is the Historians' Guild, a small quasi-academic institution with a house tucked away just off Holofernes Street. The Guild has its own private records, and also fairly free access to the Palace (in exchange for occasionally coming to conclusions

The Patrician will ignore everything that the visitors say, while paying close attention to the way that they say it.



that happen to coincide with the Patrician's intuitions on certain politically-sensitive topics). The Historians usually charge

substantially for their services, but someone may somehow come up with some form of leverage, or something to trade. The mere promise of telling them whatever the druids may discover wouldn't be enough, though.

In any case, what they eventually find is references to "*Tayles of ye ansient paganne cultes, whiche didde conducte theyre misbeguided ceremonialles uponne ye greate mounde whereatte ye laterre greate kinges didde builde an greate fortesse.*"

(Incidentally, this text has extensive marginal annotations in red ink, apparently from the time when it was published, and a note at the bottom, also in red, saying "spellinge stille v. poure.")

¹ But only very mildly hallucinogenic.

² Someone is bound to take them to the Mended Drum. The consequences of asking for boiling water at the bar there are left to the GM.

³ Which is not to say that the players won't come up with a fourth, fifth or even sixth. Sometimes, GMs just have to improvise.



This should allow anyone with any Area Knowledge: Ankh-Morpork, or even just a three-pence Merchants' Guild street map, to guess where to go next.

THE TUMP

The only known mound within the city walls with (the remains of) an old fortress on the top is, of course, the Tump (see p. DI90). Actually, visitors to the city go there quite often, mostly to spend five minutes looking around and another five wondering why they bothered. There's not much to see. GMs who need to encourage the players can declare that the druids have a Feeling that This Is Right.

One possible snag is that the Semaphore Company (see p. 10) has recently built its largest signal-tower on top. However, even if this adventure is being run after it was constructed, the mound is large enough that there should be scope for excavation without undermining the tower – unless the GM wants to add major complications to the scenario, of course.

Excavating the site will, obviously, be hard work. Various options might serve; magic is certainly a possibility, as is somehow hiring or otherwise involving a sufficient number of workmen.¹ For that matter, a moderate-sized party with spades will get there in the end.

What they will eventually find is, indeed, a stone circle of sorts. Well, more of a stone *square*; four unmistakable monoliths, precisely arranged if now slightly askew. The druids will get very excited at this point.

"Ah! An old four-bit system!"

"Yes! I've heard of this sort of architecture!"

"The hardware seems to be a bit misaligned here . . ."

GMs or players who can blather in more-or-less Welsh accents can keep this joke going for as long as they like. Throwing in some computer jargon may help (with references to chips, silicon-based technology, earthing, root addresses, and operators in god mode being practically obligatory). Others may prefer to cut to the chase. One thing that needs doing is realigning at least one of the stones; a little muscle power should achieve that. Then, one of the druids declares "We can boot it now," and kicks the nearest stone. There is a faint crackle, and a few octarine sparks run round the circle.

Now, the druids say, it's time to reinitialise the system. This is routine stuff, meaning that they spend a few minutes chanting in an archaic form of Llamedosian (which sounds like somebody with a bad cold trying to impersonate a swarm of irritated bees). Then they stop, and look around.

"Oh yes, a very early release of the operating system."

"Any idea what form the error messages take?"

By the eternal laws of humour and computing, somebody instantly finds the answer to that. A bolt of lightning drops from the clear blue sky above. It can land near a character with Unluckiness, or even hit someone for a point or two of damage. Alternatively, it may hit one of the druids, leaving him with a singed beard and badly-warped torc, but looking pleased.

"Oh yes, we need to perform a memory test."

"What do you mean?"

"We forgot the last verse of the chant."

Soon, however, the circle is up and running – or at least, up and standing still in a theologically-significant fashion. The druids then frown, however.

"It's a bit short on processing power, isn't it?"

"As I remember, this type was usually networked to others."

So they decide to find some more circles.

SEARCH TECHNIQUES

Essentially, there are two viable ways to trace the network from here on; using its own properties, or magic. The latter can give spell-casters a chance to show off; some form of Divination may

be appropriate – though the magical energies generated by the circle may cause a little interference and some amusing side-effects, at the GM's whim – or a *Seek Earth* spell would be entirely reasonable.

... They spend a few minutes chanting in an archaic form of Llamedosian (which sounds like somebody with a bad cold trying to impersonate a swarm of irritated bees).



Otherwise, the druids can use the circle itself. This involves more chanting and processing around (insofar as two people can be a procession – but as the druids already said, a four-bit circle lacks processing power), at the end of which, one of them will produce a very small silver bell from the depths of his robes, hit it once with a tiny striker, and then listen intently.

"Ah yes. I have pinged the next address."

They will then lead off cheerfully through the streets of Ankh, leaving the Tump with a nice new hole in the ground to amuse visitors. (Druids automatically assume that no-one would be so disrespectful as to damage a stone circle. If anyone disillusioned them, everyone can have fun working out how to protect this one. Putting most of the earth back on top of it would be the safest bet.)

THE 5-BIT CIRCLE: HIDE PARK

The route to the next circle will take the party through some of the more up-market parts of Ankh, which can be good for some encounters with supercilious and bemused aristocrats. It also takes them past the city racecourse. (GMs who want a little more distraction can have them encounter all the bustle and confusion of a race day, complete with gamblers, bookmakers, and racetrack gangsters.) Eventually, however, they reach their destination; Hide Park, the city's only substantial green open space. There, the druids will pause by the shores of the park's quite substantial lake, and look a little confused.

¹ Really smart PCs might somehow suggest to a sufficient number of Ankh-Morpork citizens that there is treasure buried up here. The result will be much enthusiastic, if random, digging.



"It must be just – there, look you!"

Somebody will have to explain to them that the lake may well have been created since the days when the circle was used, and then convince them that, no, it isn't possible to have the lake removed again, whatever their religion may think of the situation. At length, they will grudgingly acknowledge that it *may* be possible to operate the system anyway.

They *will* have to get out onto the lake, though. Fortunately, there are a few boats available for hire, for recreational purposes, and the operators can probably be persuaded that these people with strange accents, wearing white night-shirts, can be trusted with one or two. For the subsequent scene, it will help considerably if at least one PC has Boating skill. But it may be funnier without. The druids will want to perform the nearest thing that they can manage to a two-person procession – in rowing boats. This is going to mean DX and Boating rolls (at default if necessary), and probably, somebody is *still* going to fall in.

That bit of low slapstick over, the druids will declare that they have made an adequate connection to the network, and hence, whatever technique was used at the Tump can be repeated to find the next in the series, which they are beginning to think is probably arranged in some kind of mystically-significant spiral configuration.

One of the druids declares "We can boot it now," and kicks the nearest stone.



Quite how people react to the whitewash, custard, and trick buttonholes that they will inevitably have to deal with here is up to them; the druids will assume that this is the sort of thing city folk think is funny, and they don't want to be thought humourless. Gaining access to the cellar is mostly a matter of taking time and effort, not losing one's temper, and finding some kind of minimal excuse. The cellar proves to be a treasure-trove of mismatched juggling sets, well-made ladders, tins of dried-up whitewash, well-cut suits of clothes, and miniature vehicles that persist in travelling in straight lines on four wheels, however treated. Clearing this away takes a little time, but eventually, the druids will get the circle working well enough, and declare that the next will probably be the last.

"Nice and balanced, look you. Twice that first four and all."
Wizard characters may begin to worry about now.

THE LAST CIRCLE

Everyone should begin to worry when they see this final location; the Unreal Estate (p. DI88). Everyone, that is, except the druids, who are too excited. Blundering into an area of *tangible* dimensional instability seems a small risk to them, and finding the eight-monolith circle in the basement of one of the jumble of abandoned buildings is the least of anyone's difficulties.¹ (If the druids are PCs, the GM should tell them that they are having a religious experience – or dealing with a piece of really fascinating computer hardware, it's all the same for some people – and encourage them to act on impulse, leaning on any applicable Mental Disadvantages as hard as possible.)

However, even if the druids are forcibly restrained from attempting anything theological, it may be too late. Restarting the rest of the network seems to have triggered an automatic start-up process, and the air is beginning to crackle and feel greasy.² Magical inspection (with, say, a thaumometer – see p. 39) will show not only high but worryingly *fluctuating* levels of background magic.³ Meanwhile, rats and cockroaches start abandoning the area, some of them in such a hurry that they *jump into the Ankh*.⁴

Then things get tricky. Random rents start opening in reality, and in some cases, a tentacle or claw emerges and attempts to do something unpleasant to somebody. Treat such manifestations as having ST and DX around 12, and either grabbing or doing cutting damage. They will disintegrate at one good hit from a weapon, and anyway they disappear into thin air after 1d+2 rounds, but if anyone is so foolish as to use magic

¹ It probably isn't coincidence that the circle is here. It is near enough to Unseen University to channel certain arcane forces into that centre, while originally setting up odd harmonics that made actual magic rather tricky. This in turn made the area seem an obvious place for UU to dump its failed experiments, because a few small scraps of thaumaturgical garbage couldn't make anything worse. Of course, it was just a few small scraps to begin with. Later, as the total accumulated – well, it had been safe up until then, hadn't it?

² And not in a good, fried-food sort of way. More in a bad, unwashed-hair sort of way.

³ Before the thaumometer implodes.

⁴ Well, onto the Ankh, anyway.

THE 6-BIT AND 7-BIT CIRCLES

They are correct in this, which leads (naturally) to trouble.

The six-monolith circle turns out to have been underneath what is now (you guessed it, didn't you?) The Shades (p. DI89). The exact location is up to the GM; kindly folk can force the party to go no more than a block or two from Treacle Mine Road. The six monoliths have long since been pulled down and recycled, in the way of The Shades, but equally in the way of the Shades, they have never been able to get far from here, and supernatural investigation will locate them forming parts of several buildings. This can lead to visitors finding themselves in, say, dubious restaurants that overcharge grossly for meals (and employ trollish security), the house run by Mrs Palm (the head of the Seamstresses' Guild, hem hem – and this is, incidentally, a house with a very good reputation indeed, hence all the customers), or the cellar where C.M.O.T. Dibbler stores his wares. Eventually, the druids will, with much grumbling, manage to get the stones just functional enough to restore the integrity of the network, and move on.

(It should be said, incidentally, that all this will almost certainly take more than one day. Persuading the druids to stop work and get some rest may be a task in itself.)

The seven-monolith circle is somewhere less exciting. Specifically, it has been sort of half-buried and bricked together, and now forms the basement of the Fools' Guild (p. DI98).



on them, they double in strength and duration. Then, probably just as the party think they're getting away, there comes a grinding roar, the building in the cellar of which the circle was found collapses, and all eight monoliths surge up like, well, mobile lumps of rock. *Evil* mobile lumps of rock, though, definitely.

They are slow (DX 6, Move 3), but they tend to go through rather than round obstructions, and they can exert horrific force. In the worst case, one that fell on somebody on a hard surface could do about 8d damage, and one that pushed someone against a wall would do about 5d per round. However, there are few *very* hard road-surfaces or *very* solid walls in Ankh-Morpork.

Somebody hammered into the mud by a falling monolith might take 1d-3 of damage, and somebody driven into a wall may suffer only as much damage as needed to break it

***Evil mobile lumps
of rock . . .
Definitely.***



through (which is still going to be fairly surely fatal with brick walls, but which may be as little as a fairly survivable 10-15 points for wood). Also, the monoliths may be easily distracted. On the

other hand, they ignore magical attacks completely, they will only stop when completely destroyed, and they are DR 8 with about 150 hit points each.



The party should handle this with whatever mixture of heroism, cowardice, and intelligence comes naturally, but the smart ones may not only guess that they need help, but realise that it is close to hand. Alerting Unseen University to the presence of a dimensional rent and hostile tentacled Things will produce an exceptional show of efficiency from that quarter. The Archchancellor himself will appear, backed up by several of the senior faculty, and start collapsing buildings on "dam" nuisance misbegotten walking rocks." A few seconds later, the UU Decontamination Team will appear. This includes (but is not limited to) Ponder Stibbons and several of his friends from the High Energy Magic Building, moving slowly in lead-lined robes and with rowan-wood masks,¹ carrying crossbows that fire lead-tipped rowan-wood bolts. Shortly afterwards, an antiquated broomstick makes a series of low passes overhead with the Bursar on board, dusting the area with rowan-wood sawdust.² PCs can carry on being heroic – postgraduate wizards in lead-lined robes aren't terribly quick on their feet, and may need saving from the odd hostile monolith – but the tide of battle turns.

An antiquated broomstick makes a series of low passes, dusting the area with rowan-wood sawdust.



Then, when the invasion from the Dungeon Dimensions has shrivelled under this state-of-the-art assault, everything goes quiet for a moment. Then the Archchancellor asks who the blue blazes was responsible for this nonsense.

AFTERMATH

He is fully entitled to ask, actually. Unseen University has legal authority over all aspects of magical activity in the vicinity of Ankh-Morpork (as measured in several dimensions), and Ridcully runs the University Court.³ As wizards have no respect whatsoever for priests, the druids may be in trouble, and anyone else who got mixed up in this may be with them.

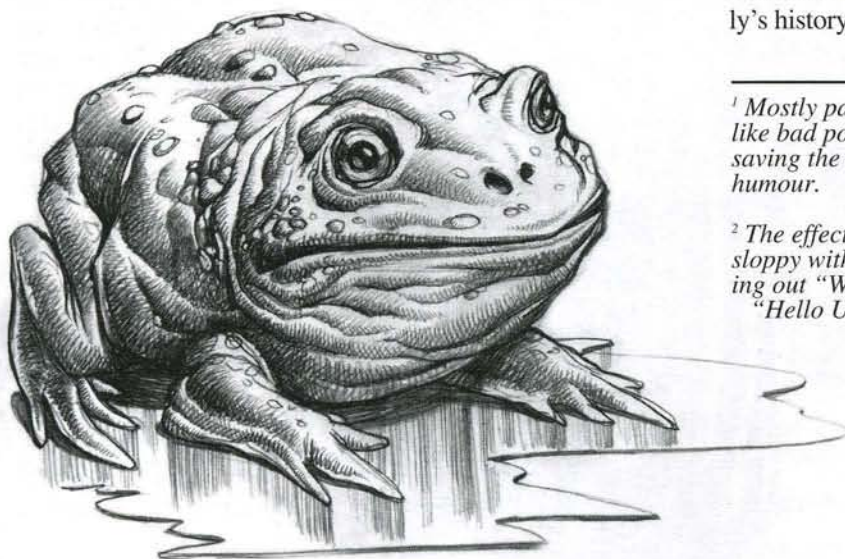
The GM can run as much of a courtroom drama as he sees fit, bearing in mind that Ridcully has little taste for protocol (although many wizards enjoy an excuse to dress up in formal robes and boss people around). However, Ridcully will eventually conclude that the druids were more foolish than malicious, and they *were* doing some interesting research, so he will limit himself to shouting at everyone a lot.

Their formal sentence will consist of being run out of the city, with some eye-watering descriptions of what will happen to them if they ever come back. For previously Ankh-Morpork-based groups, this could be the start of an interesting tour of the rest of the Disc. On the other hand, adventurers who acquitted themselves credibly might get more freelance decontamination and damage control work from the University.

And the stone circles wind down. At least until some bright student works out some protocols to network them to Hex.

Adventure Seed: Landscape, with Quaint Features

This scenario takes place on the estate of the Marquis of Prostayne-Glumrigg, on the Sto Plains. The Marquis, an intellectual by the standards of the aristocracy,⁴ has recently declared that he wants to improve his estates, meaning not only that he has is telling his peasants how to be better peasants,⁵ but that he has decided to improve the gardens. The main thing he is doing is changing everything that one of his ancestors did.



Which means, among other things, draining the lake. Who could tell that this would lead to a massive amphibious invasion?

But to begin with, it's simply a big job, requiring a lot of hands and some specialised brains. Thus, the scenario can involve all sorts of PCs, such as gardeners, engineers, or wizards hired to assist, down-on-their-luck folk with enough physical strength to take labouring jobs, upper-class acquaintances of the Marquis, or scholars with an interest in his family's history.

¹ Mostly painted with smiley faces or what look suspiciously like bad portraits of the Archchancellor. Just because you're saving the universe, doesn't make you immune to student humour.

² The effect is only spoiled by the fact that the bursar has been sloppy with his dried frog pill dosage lately, and keeps shouting out "Whoops, the laundry is shrinking sideways" or "Hello Uncle Fungus, turned out purple again."

³ However he pleases.

⁴ He can tie his own bootlaces.

⁵ No, they aren't listening.



Some Background

The current Marquis' great-great-grandfather landscaped the gardens at a time when the fashion was for "naturalism"; informal arrangements, twisting paths through woodland, and a natural-seeming lake that cost a fortune to create by excavation and damming. If any players ask, they will find that he was lucky enough not to attract the attentions of the legendary "Bloody Stupid" Johnson, so the work was competently done, and the family have had a place to show off to visitors, and to otherwise not go out into if they can help it, ever since.

However, this year, the fashion is for formal gardens, and the Marquis says he wants to be able to go out for a stroll without getting lost every five minutes.¹ Furthermore, the estate could do with more income, and turning some more of the land over to farming seems wise. Hence the reorganisation. Draining the lake and diverting the stream that fed it to irrigate the farmland is the biggest single part of the scheme.

Torpedo the Dams?

This engineering project is non-trivial but relatively straightforward; visitors may assist (or make fools of themselves) with ideas and special abilities. If they have relevant skills, the GM may wish to go through their ideas in detail; comic inevitability ensures that *something* will go wrong, but any disasters should be reversible. PCs acting as labourers, assistants, or onlookers can be subject to a series of semi-comprehensible accidents, and will probably have to make a few DX or Jumping rolls to avoid earth-slips or torrents. All this is most fun if someone casts some chancy spells, or has brought a new, experimental digging contraption.

Meanwhile, however, Dark Hints start accumulating. Someone (ideally a PC) is approached while away from the estate; a crazy old gaffer wanders up, says "It's rising from the waters! Ye're all doomed!" and wanders off. Moreover, a group of mysterious travellers takes up residence nearby, casting dour glances at anyone passing their camp. They may be caught watching the engineering work with strange and unreadable expressions on their faces. Something is clearly Boding.

Anyway, at length, the lake starts to drain away. However, there is a lot of water involved, and the process will have to be left running overnight. Eventually, people will probably toast their success and go to bed.

The Emergence

Come the morning, the first thing anybody wandering down to the lake-as-was will see is a lot of mud. The second should get them calling for other people.

What has emerged is, in fact, the remains of a small village. Prolonged immersion is not good for walls, but these have survived pretty well, and the shape of several buildings can be seen in the midst of the mud.

Anyone who wants to investigate more closely may encounter problems. Mess aside (and there's a *lot* of sticky mud), it might be wise to wait for things to dry out, then test

for sink-holes and boggy patches. If and when they do get out there, they will find the remains of several buildings, mostly cottages but including one larger structure (some kind of hall).

At this point, someone may suggest digging through the estate records, which means blowing away lots of dust. Researchers will eventually discover that there *was* some kind of hamlet there when the lake was constructed, but no name is given (there are simply references to "the people in the valley"), and no-one seemed unduly bothered that it was going to be flooded out. A careful look through the old Marquis's private diary, somewhere in the library (probably needing a Research roll at -2), may turn up an entry saying "The valley is flooded, and *they* are gone. Good riddance!"

Oh, and the mysterious travellers are still watching enigmatically.

The Bad News

Now, things start to get strange. The travellers *may* be responsible for the lights that are visible among the ruins in the night, when strange chants are heard, though investigators will find it hard to obtain proof. (Remember, wandering onto the mud is still messy at best, dangerous at worst.) Also, there suddenly seem to be a lot of frogs around, some of them getting into the house. If the GM doesn't want too many NPC servants getting in the way, they start suffering horrible fates, and/or fleeing (taking the household's horses with them).

In short, this is a pocket-sized version of the old "lost/damned city from the depths" plot, and things should rapidly get horror-movie-ish. The old inhabitants of the sunken village worshipped a minor but sleazy small god, and Now is the Time Of His Prophesied Return. The deity himself has been subsisting on the worship of assorted amphibians, many of which are now being twisted by resurgent divine power into dangerous (but only slightly larger) forms, or being given strange powers (as appropriate to move the plot along). The travellers may be either cultists, or an *opposed* group that wants to *prevent* the return, and who suspect the Marquis and his visitors of deliberately seeking to bring it about.

For that matter, the Marquis may indeed be up to something; he *was* brought up near the lake . . . In that case, it may be possible to determine that his agricultural reforms were aimed at increasing the local worm supply, to feed the frogs, and he will probably eventually sneak off to the ruins. His departure may be concealed for a while, as a frog with supernatural powers of speech takes his place in his room and tells anyone who knocks on the door to go away.

This can be played as a fairly straight suspense plot, culminating in a siege of the house by killer frogs (with the odd newt for variety), or for pure comedy. After all, a cult consisting mostly of frogs can't wield very much power, and may turn out to be overreaching themselves while talking a good fight.

¹ There are a lot of overgrown patches. The natural look costs more to maintain than the family can afford.



Adventure Seed: Loko



Loko is a large, deep valley in Uberwald. It is roughly circular and about 20 miles across, with mountains all around it. The whole area has exceptional numbers of centaurs, fauns, and other creatures and phenomena that are considered exotic even by Discworld standards. Current thinking is that the valley was once the site of an extremely successful magical experiment.

Strictly speaking, Loko is *not* an area of Very High Mana (in the sense of low dimensional integrity; see p. DI122), although some such smaller areas may well be located within the valley. However, there is quite a lot of old magical energy lying around the place, and more importantly, magical forces are strangely *distorted* in this area, in a way that may be very dangerous to magically-talented visitors. Some people would say it was cursed, but wizards consider the idea of curses to be mere backwards superstition.

An expedition from Unseen University once visited Loko, under the leadership of a wizard named Stanmer

Crustley. Every member of the expedition contracted some seriously magical condition within a few months of getting home; Crustley himself died of the extremely rare affliction known as Planets. However, the expedition also brought home a collection of ancient scrolls which they had found in a cave somewhere in the valley, and which were filed in the University Library. These scrolls later helped the High Energy Magic team who succeeded in splitting the thaum, which in turn led to the Roundworld Project (sidebar, p. 37).

It is possible that researchers at Unseen University might want to know more about Loko. If the place is dangerous to wizards, it follows that it is safe for non-wizards. This might lead to a team of non-wizardly PCs being commissioned to travel there and look for something. They would be perfectly safe; some of the best wizards on the Disc would be happy to reassure them of this.



Adventure Seed: Festival of the Dimmed

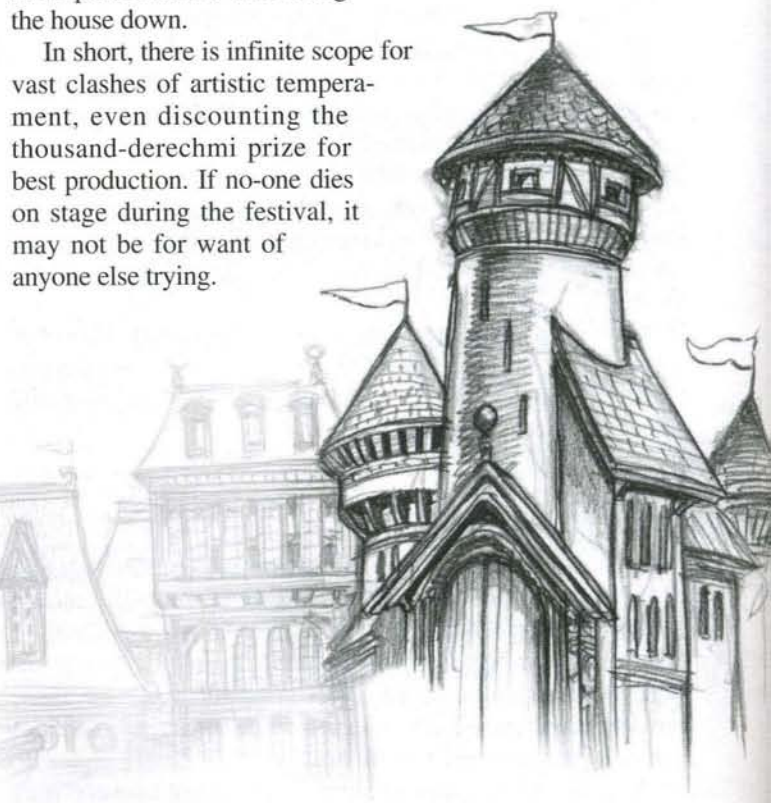
The Ephebian philosopher Gastraphetes has recently come up with a new Theory of Drama, which says that comedy and tragedy provide the most powerful tool by which human beings can understand the universe. (It says a lot more as well, but that's the important bit.) However, as Ephebian theatre consists entirely of men in strange masks standing around telling each other about the dreadful things that are happening off-stage, Gastraphetes suspects that he and his fellow-countrymen don't understand the universe as well as they ought to.

None of which would matter, except that, as a minor sideline, Gastraphetes is an expert in political economics, whose advice has repeatedly saved his country from financial disaster. The Tyrant of Ephebe will therefore do a lot to humour him. Now, Gastraphetes has suggested that the city-state should host an international festival of theatre.

Invitations to this have provoked surprising interest, and dramatists and performers are flocking to the city from across the Disc. If the PCs are not themselves involved in the theatre, they may show up here as porters, bodyguards, guides, or tourists. The performers include parties from both Vitoller's Strolling Players and the Ankh-Morpork Opera (see p. DI90), the National Theatre of Omnia performing a Mystery Play,¹ an experimental troupe called "That's The Way To Do It" which consists entirely of gnomes and one very small crocodile (widely considered to work very well on smaller stages), a visiting Agatean opera company, a contingent from Ankh-Morpork's Fool's Guild determined to demonstrate that the Disc has only one valid tradition of comedy and it's theirs, and Lithic's Honey Lane Irregulars (see p. DI202), who are all

too literally determined that their performance will bring the house down.

In short, there is infinite scope for vast clashes of artistic temperament, even discounting the thousand-derechmi prize for best production. If no-one dies on stage during the festival, it may not be for want of anyone else trying.



¹ (The Mystery is, of course, why anyone would watch it.)



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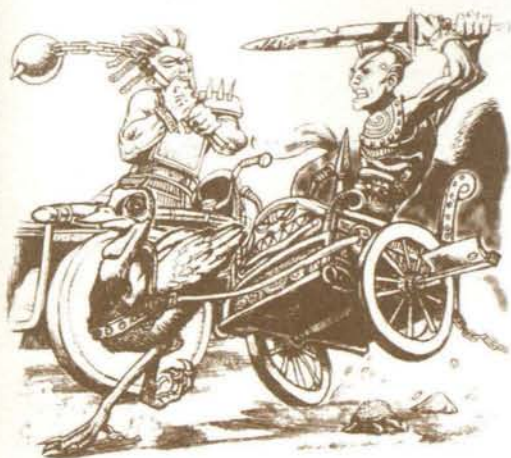


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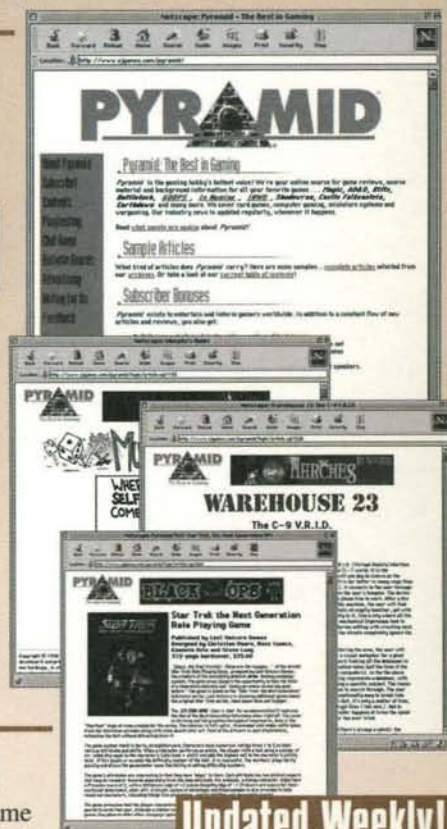
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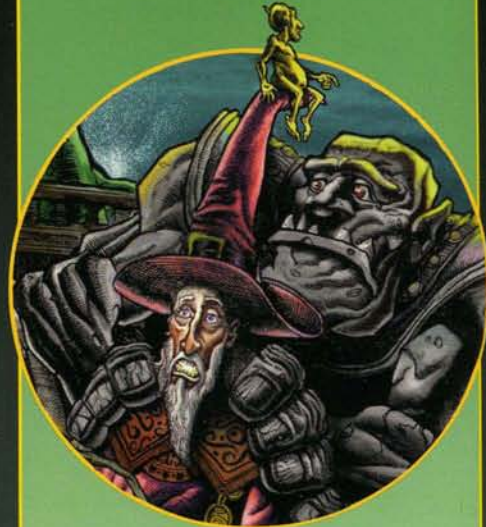
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