

Murder In Morpork

The Case of the Perished Fishmonger

Written by Owen Ryan

Casebook

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Setup

The Case of the perish fishmonger uses the following items:

Newsheets:

- News sheet 1

Documents:

- Document 1
- Document 2
- Document 3
- Document 4
- Document 5
- Document 6
- Document 7

Introduction

It is early on the morning of thursday, Grune 5th, at the offices of your detective agency above a tailor shop in the plains city of Sto Lat. There is a heavy knocking at the door downstairs followed shortly by your housekeeper entering, bearing a letter from the man at the door. It reads:

“Her majesty Queen Keli of Sto Lat requests your immediate presence at the palace to discuss the details of an investigation of great importance to the state”

Your housekeeper further informs you that there is also a carriage waiting outside. Evidently her majesty expects a prompt response from you and it does not do well for one’s health to keep royalty waiting. So it is that you soon find yourselves riding in a carriage across the city cobbles up to the palace.

You are soon disappointed to learn that you will not be dealing with her majesty herself but rather one of her many many courtiers, a short, red-faced, bespectacled man in a faded blue courtiers coat and a frightful powdered wig. The man gives you a measured smile before launching into matters.

“Ah detectives, thank you for such a quick response, time is of the essence so I shall skip straight to business. What do you know about Llamados?” “It’s a small wooded country known for its druids and bards, correct?” You respond. “Correct. Llamados, its population is predominantly human and dwarf and its major industries include: druids, bards, forestry, mining and, on the coast, fishing. They are also one of our most important trading partners.” “And how does this involve us?” you inquire. The courtier responds by slapping a morning copy of the Ankh-Morpork Times on his desk.

The title speaks for itself: “Fish Baron Murdered”, “ Fredrich Monger(41), colloquially known as the fish Baron of Llamados, was yesterday found dead in an alley. The city watch are investigating but foul play is suspected”

The courtier pauses to let you drink in the title before continuing “Mr Monger owned every fishing boat, icehouse and cannery in Llamados, his death threatens to destabilize the industry and by extension all of Sto Lat’s dealings with them. This is why you have been called in. International politics is a complex game but her majesty has put sufficient pressure on the Patrician of Ankh Morpork to allow Sto lat to send our own group to investigate the murder. We wish you to be that group.”

“I’m given to understand that you’ve never been to Ankh-morpork?” You nod. “Excellent, that means you’ll have no preconceived notions. You will however likely have need of this package we’ve prepared for you.” He gestures to an aide who neatly dumps a stack of books and documents into your arms. The courtier doesn’t wait for your input before concluding the

meeting. “Very good, now gather your belongings, your coach for Ankh-Morpork leaves in 2 hours.”

It seems that the decision on whether or not to take this case has been made for you.

Several hours later, you sit in a well-upholstered stage-coach watching the endless cabbage fields of the sto plains rush by. With the brassica vista rapidly losing its novelty, now seems as good a time as any to check through the shelves of documents you’ve been provided with. Among them you find a chit proclaiming the carrier to be fully paid up with the thieves guide, a copy of this morning’s Ankh-Morpork Times and a copy of “Cut Me Own Hand Off Dhblah’s Guide to the races of the disc, non-believer’s edition”, a useful reference book should you need to refresh your knowledge of the various races. Next you find a list of names, addresses and titles, seemingly an index of professional consultants her majesty’s clerks have arranged to assist you. And finally you find a hefty tome, “The Compleat Ankh-Morpork City Guide”, part tourist guide, part street registry and part advertising space. Furthermore, tucked into the back of the book, you find a large street map of Ankh-Morpork, an item you will no doubt have a great need of.

The coach driver thumps the roof of the coach to announce your imminent arrival at your destination. You stick your head out the window and look ahead to see the city walls rising over the horizon beneath a great plume of smoke. It is said that all roads lead to, or rather away from here. Ankh-Morpork, the Great Stink, the Big Wagoonie, the greatest city on the Disc, rises to meet you. Instinctively, you check that your coin purse is still chained to your coat.

You are met at the coaching yard by a short clean-shaven young man in a watch uniform, his watch helmet not quite small enough to fit his head as its lip is seemingly held up by his ears. “The detachment from Sto Lat? Excellent! Lance Constable Wiggins, sirs, I’m to be your Watch attache.” he explains, giving an eager salute. “If you’d follow me I’ll take you to the yard for your meeting with Commander Vimes.” Wiggins leads you through the city streets to the main Watch house at Pseudopolis Yard, through the crowded front room and up the stairs to the commander’s office. The office of Sir Samuel Vimes, everyone in your line of work knew his name, he’d built the city watch up from a joke into an organisation respected across the plains. You’d always wondered what the father of modern policing looked like. As it turns out, he looks like a tall middle-aged man with a scar across his right eye and a deeply tanned, weathered face from years patrolling the city in the burning sun and pelting rain. His armor, leather britches below a metal breastplate, is shiny but battered suggesting it is well taken care of but has still been doing its job as armor. His expression however, has the most to say, it speaks in general of the owner’s anger at the world and specifically, it says this: “Everyday it’s my job to keep millions of people from braining each other with a table leg, I just want to get on with that thankless task but instead I have to indulge you, someone who knows nothing about my city but insists on playing detective in it. So let’s get this over with as fast as possible.”. In short, it is an expression with a strong opinion, one that is mirrored by its owner who wastes no time voicing it aloud.

With that out of the way, the commander continues "Lord Vetinari has deman-requested that I give you access to any watch resources but leave you to conduct the investigation independently and come to your own conclusions. Lance Constable Wiggins here will be tagging along in case you need to flash a badge or ask something about our fair" he pauses to spit theatrically " city. Right, lets give you the details" the commander ruffles through the mounds of unorganised paper-work on his desk before giving up and checking the piles on the floor, eventually unearthing a case-file.

"Fredrick Monger, human, 41 years old, found dead yesterday, Grune 4th at 4:00pm in an alley between Snapcase Square and Cocklecarrot Avenue with his throat slit. Survived by only his wife of 18 years, Yvette Monger, dwarf, 56 years old. " "A human married to a dwarf?" Wiggins interrupts, earning a glare from the commander, "The people of Llamados tend to be short, angry and none too concerned about such trivialities as race, as his Lordship says, it is after all the century of the fruitbat." the commander continues "Mr. Monger was apparently visiting the city on business and was last seen leaving the Park Lane Hotel at 2:00. He was fully paid up with the thieves guild, no note from the assassin's guild was found at the scene and his wallet was still on him suggesting it wasn't an unlicensed theft gone wrong. Thus we're treating his death as suspicious."

"Right there are the details, Lord Vetinari expects you at the palace by the end of the day to deliver your conclusions on the case and compare them to mine, in the meantime, Wiggins will answer any questions you have, now kindly get out and don't bother me again until you're done with your investigation."

The door slams behind you as you leave the Commander's office. "I think the commander likes you." Wiggins remarks. "Now I suggest we start with the crime scene, I'll lead you there, it's just off Snapcase Square (B6-RW)".

Conclusion

Record your answers to the following questions before continuing:

1. Who murdered Frederick Monger?
2. What was their motive?
3. Who orchestrated the murder of Frederick Monger?
4. Why did they want him dead?
5. What was the murder weapon?
6. Why was a scrap of map left at the scene?
7. Who should Wiggins return the black rock figurine to?

Once you've answered all of them, continue to the next page.

The clues have been gathered, your theories tested and a solution, you believe, has been devised. Now you sit in the ante-chamber of the oblong-office, awaiting your audience with the Patrician, Lord Vetinari. Wiggins is there, as is Commander Vimes, sitting in the corner, firmly staring at the opposite wall. You all wait in silence, save for the irregular ticking of the ante-chamber clock. It's starting to drive you mad actually, the tick and tock seemingly have no rhythm, the tick and tock always arriving later than expected, or just when you're expecting a delayed tock, it arrives with startling speed after the tick. "tick, tock... ticktocktick, tock...". You wait for five maddening minutes before finally the door of the Oblong office opens and the Patrician's secretary calls your party inside.

You enter into the Oblong office. At one end, on a raised dais sits the Golden Throne of Ankh-Morpork. At its feet, sat on a simple wooden chair behind his desk, is a tall thin man dressed in dusty black. The Patrician looks up from his paperwork, "Ah Commander Vimes, and Queen Kali's investigators. Her majesty and myself are eager to hear of the events behind Mr Monger's death. Commander, you may begin."

Vimes salutes the Patrician, staring woodenly at a spot just past Ventari's shoulder he begins to recount his investigation.

"I began by investigating the crime scene itself, as well as the victim's hotel room. Knowing I needed to narrow down who could have been in the alley, I checked in with our traffic division. The gargoyles gave me a short list of those that were in the alley during the period between the victim leaving his hotel and the body being found. They gave me a troll, a golem, a dwarf and a human. Next I paid a visit to the watch coroner, I thought there wasn't enough blood in the alley for someone who had had their throat slit. Igor confirmed that the throat wound was post-mortem, and the victim was actually killed by a blow to the head, a blow that had to come from below. Our victim was 5ft, so that ruled out the troll and golem, and the human had to be our victim so that just left the dwarf. The dwarf with a backpack."

"A dwarf with a backpack, in a city of thousands isn't much to go on. Then I remembered seeing a menu for Gimlet's Hole food in the victim's hotel room, food couriers have backpacks, not much to go on but it was worth a shot so I paid Gimlet a visit and got a list of couriers and customers, sure enough they delivered to the victim that day."

"I paid a visit to the 2 couriers. One could account for her whereabouts, given that she spent half the day in question in Watch custody. That left the other, Bjorn Beddson, as the one that must have delivered to the victim's hotel. When I spoke with him, he was immediately suspicious, he said he was out on delivery all day but couldn't remember where he'd delivered to, and his answers were generally non-committal, not a great alibi. But I couldn't see a motive for him so I went back to the drawing board."

"It was then that I noticed a review of Madam Aurilian's dwarf Salon in the times. The victim had many meetings there in his appointment book that I picked up in his hotel room. And as you've likely seen in the times, your lordship, we have Grags in the city, Grags who were

protested for their intolerance of dwarf feminism. In my experience, it wouldn't be out of character for Grags to have an axe to grind over someone doing business with a female-centric dwarf business, so I decided to pay them a visit. The guards were only too happy to let me in when they saw that it was me and would you believe, those Grags have already fled the city. Now that's very suspicious, even more so when I found Beddson's name on the Grags appointment list."

"Beddson broke down as soon as we took him in for questioning. As I suspected, his family were traditionalist, put a lot of stock in the Grags and they owed them a lot of money for funeral expenses, more than they could afford. The Grags offered Beddson a deal, they waive the debt and he kills Monger, slits his throat, and leaves a fake bit of map, making it look like a human killed him over some buried treasure. Grags must have thought humans wouldn't look any deeper than that."

Lord Ventenari steeples his fingers. "So the Grags compelled this young dwarf to murder a man, over working with a hair salon?" Vimes salutes again before answering "The Grags are bigoted individuals sir, they hate anything that goes against the old dwarf traditions, being openly female is right top of their shit list sir. Monger was a human married to a dwarf, a human who ate dwarf cuisine and a human that was supporting a salon that encouraged dwarf feminism, that was a lot of reasons for these bastards to hate him sir."

Lord Ventenari raises a single eyebrow. "Well done Commander. " his eyes slide over to you. "No doubt the conclusions of her majesty's inspectors coincide with yours Commander. Now" he returns his gaze to Vimes, "what of the perpetrators?"

"Beddsson is in the cells and I put a clacks out to every city on the plains to be on the lookout for the Grags. We'll get them your lordship, I guarantee it."

"Very Good commander, justice must be done." The Patrician returns to his paperwork, "Don't let me detain you." he says to the room at large. You begin trooping out after the commander when Ventari calls out "Oh, Inspectors, before you go. I understand that this was your first time in my fair city. I do hope that was...enlightening."

1. Who murdered Frederick Monger?
Bjorn Beddsson
30 points
2. What was their motive?
He owed the Grags money for his father's funeral
20 points
3. Who orchestrated the murder of Frederick Monger?
Grag Docsson and Grag Hamcleave
30 points
4. Why did they want him dead?
Mr Monger was supporting Madam Auralian's Salon, which was prominent in the openly female dwarf community, which the Grags hated.
20 points
5. What was the murder weapon?
A baguette of dwarf bread.
20 points.
6. Why was a scrap of map left at the scene?
As a red herring to make people think Monger was murdered over buried treasure.
10 points.
7. Who should Wiggins return the black rock figurine to?
Talc, of the Brunt Street Thud Club.
10 points.

Vimes has solved the case in 8 leads. His score is 100 points.

He used the following leads:

- The Crime Scene
- The Victim's Hotel Room at the Park Lane Hotel
- The Traffic Expert
- The Coroner
- Gimlet's Hole Foods
- Helmcrusher Residence
- Beddson's Residence
- Grags Lodging

Total up your points from the answers and subtract 10 points for every lead over 8 that you have used. That is your final score for the Case of the Perished Fishmonger.

End Of Conclusion

Burleigh & StrongInTheArm - Weapons Expert

Entering the famous bow workshop you make your way across the floor teaming with busy craftdwarfs, heading to the office sitting above the floor. Wiggin's cranes his neck to get a look at a stack of brand new crossbows being wheeled past. He whistles under his breath before you begin climbing the stairs to the office of the famous StrongInTheArm.

The dwarf at the table lifts his head from the account books as Wiggins enters first "Again? I just saw one of you an hour ago-ooooh" his question breaks into realization as you enter behind Wiggins. "The Sto Lat detectives, right? I was wondering when you'd turn up. Well I'll tell you what I told Vimes' boys earlier" he stands up and slides open a desk drawing. "The knife you found was cheap pot metal, you could buy one in any thrift store or shonky shop(*Translation: pound-shop*) anywhere in the city for sweet bugger all, a rubbish weapon that coulda come from anywhere. But as for the head wound that Igor found" here the dwarf flashes an iconograph of the deceased's body with a vicious wound visible on the back of the head. "That was done with something blunt, hard and solid. Something like THIS" he slams a heavy slightly grey baguette onto his desk, a thin layer of greyish-white powder flakes off it from the impact.

You stare at the loaf of bread on his desk in silence for several seconds before asking if this is a joke. Mr StrongInTheArm steps back, totally affronted. "A joke!? This is DWARF BREAD! I mean sure, a human might use a mace or a particularly smooth warhammer but why would any dwarf use one of those when they could be using the pinnacle of traditional dwarfish baking warfare! And Ironcrusts makes em so damn affordable these days. Tak! I sometimes envy that boy. But no, this is not a joke. THIS IS BAKING!" the dwarf punctuates the outburst by bringing the baguette down on his desk, leaving a deep dent in the wood and not a mark on the bread.

Mr. StrongInTheArm calms down a little. "And before you ask, no troll did this. If he did, he woulda used his club and you wouldn't be looking for a head wound, you'd be looking for a head."

The office clock strikes 2:00 as Mr. StrongInTheArm's secretary dwarf bustles in behind you with a plate of rat and ketchup. "Oh good, Gimlet's delivered on time today." StrongInTheArm remarks, looking out his office window to the floor below, where the staff are gathered round a delivery dwarf. "Lunch was over 2 hours late yesterday, for Taks sake, I was afraid I was gonna have to have a word with old Gimlet."

As he tucks into his rat, you can't help but ask, knowing full well you'll regret it, why he doesn't eat the dwarf bread. You are answered by a spray of rat crumbs as StrongInTheArm erupts into incredulous laughter. Clearly to this dwarf, the notion of dwarf bread as food is the height of comedic genius. His booming laughter follows back out onto the street where, not for the first time, you find yourself lost at how truly strange this city is.

Harry King - Rubbish and Refuse Expert

You take a long walk to the outskirts of the city. Beyond the city walls and down the river to the sprawling fenced compound of Sir Harry King, king of the golden river, without whom, Ankh morpork's rubbish problem would be significantly worse.

At the gates of the compound you are greeted by what looks like a compost heap on legs. You ask the Gnoll if the king's operation has cleaned up the alley off Snapcase Square recently. Through a series of sentences spelled with more apostrophes than letters the gnoll explains that they have not touched the alley since Tuesday and that if anyone were to have picked something up off the street since then it would have been a member of the Beggars' Guild.

You thank the gnoll for his assistance and walk away towards the distant prospect of a nice bath.

Commander Vimes 1st Visit

When you enter his office, Vimes looks up from his notebook and lets out a groan. "I told you not to bother me again. Are you telling me you're lost ALREADY?" The commander sighs, his expression tells you he's resigned to the fact that helping you will get rid of you faster than berating you.

"Alright then, look, the crime scene was an alley in Ankh-morpork, that means you're looking at IO knows how many people walking through there, so you're gonna have to narrow it down if you want a manageable list of suspects. Try asking Fred over at the traffic division, that's what I'd do."

You thank the commander for his input and head back out the door. "And I bloody well hope you had the sense to talk to Igor about the state of the body." Vimes shouts after you.

Commander Vimes 2nd Visit

You find the commander in his office furiously staring at a dress uniform laid out in the corner of the room. Shiny pauldrons, gold trim and worst of all, tights. Vimes doesn't notice you enter, he just stares at the dress uniform with contempt. You give a polite cough. Vime's head snaps around to glare at you. "Again?! You're bothering me again?"

The commander sighs angrily, though you think he rather appreciates something to take his mind off the looming threat of tights. " I talked to Fred and Igor. Igor said the fatal blow had to come from below. Mr. Monger was pretty short so that rules out the troll and the golem. And the human spotted entering the alley never left so that would be our victim. That just leaves the dwarf. If I were you I'd pay a visit to the victims hotel room, find out more about what dealings he had in the city, see if any of them might give a dwarf motive to kill him. Now get out. "

You leave as the commander returns to staring down the dress uniform.

Commander Vimes 3rd Visit

You're heading for the front door of Pseudopolis Yard, dreading your third request for help from Commander Vimes when the man himself erupts out of the door and sprints past you, watchmen and pedestrians scatter in his wake as the commander of the watch goes belting down the street. Wiggins takes out his pocket watch and checks the time "Ah, it's almost 5 o'clock. Some things are important." he explains cryptically. "Maybe he left a note with the duty officer."

You follow Wiggins inside to the front desk where a huge troll with a mechanical watch helmet is stood. "Hello sergeant Detritus, this is the detachment from Sto Lat, did the commander leave any notes for them?" "Yes" the troll booms " the commander are leaving a note, he says, if those defectives from Stool At show up tell em-" the troll stops as he notices your expression. He reaches a shovel sized hand up to the mechanical helmet and yanks a lever. A whooshing sound gets much louder as a fan on the helmet speeds up. After a moment, the troll continues.

"He said to tell them that we found the troll that was in the alley and that they eye deed a delivery dwarf from Gimlet's Hole foods hanging around at the scene of the crime. Mister Vimes also said to give you this. " One of the shovel sized hands offers you today's copy of the Ankh-Morpork Times. You're about to say that you already have a copy when you noticed that one of the articles has been circled. The article on a protest against the Grags by the Dwarf Ladies' Circle, specifically.

You thank the sergeant and head back out into the city with Wiggins in tow.

Fred Colon - Traffic and Surveillance Division

Wiggins leads you across the road from Pseudopolis yard and into the old lemonade factory that serves as the officer's training school. "Sergeant Colon is an old dinosaur in the watch, he's been around longer than anyone else." he explains as you head up the stairs towards the traffic office. "Old Fred may not be the brightest officer but he's got instincts and he knows practically everyone. Plus the traffic division is full of gargoyles, no one's better at sitting still and watching than a gargoyle. I'm sure one of them must have seen something." Wiggins raps on an antique wooden door, a brass plate on the door is covered by a sheet of paper reading "F. Colon, Head of Traffic". "Come in." Shouts a voice from the other side.

Inside the office, a kettle is gently boiling in the corner and from behind a large desk an old, slightly pudgy, red-faced man puts down his sandwich to greet Wiggins before noticing you. "This is the detachment from Sto Lat, sarge." Panic at something official turning up suffuses the sergeant's face but decades of experience come to his aid as he instinctively pulls off a textbook salute. Slightly embarrassed at the officer saluting you, you awkwardly salute back as Wiggins explains that you are here to see if the traffic division saw anyone entering the alley where the deceased was attacked.

"Ah, Mister Vimes was just here asking about the same thing, I've got it right here." Fred responds, digging out a tea-stained sheet of paper and shaking some crumbs off it.

"Constable Downspout was sitting above Snapcase Square, between half one and half two, and he saw entering the alley: 1 brown haired human, 1 golem carrying a heavy load and 1 dwarf wearing a backpack. Exiting the alley, he saw: 1 light grey troll in a hurry."

"Meanwhile on Cocklecarrot Street between the same times, Constable SideButtress saw, entering the alley: 1 light grey troll in a hurry, and exiting the alley: 1 golem carrying a heavy load and 1 dwarf wearing a backpack."

You ask why the times are so imprecise. The sergeant shrugs "Gargoyles aren't known for their time-keeping abilities. Staying still for hours on end is there four-tay."

You thank the sergeant for his assistance who salutes you again as you head back out the door.

Cheri Littlebottom - Watch Forensic Alchemist

"Morning Cheri!" Wiggins says, as he leads you into the old disused privy that now serves as the Watch forensics lab. "Morning Wiggins, who's this then?" asks the young dwarf in lipstick and a leather skirt, standing up from tinkering with a flask of something. "This is the detachment from Sto Lat, here investigating the death of Mr Monger. This " Wiggins indicates the dwarf " is Sergeant Cheri Littlebottom, our resident alchemist." Wiggins' expression tells you firmly not to crack wise about the name.

"The Monger case? Yes, igor sent me something he'd found on the body. " The dwarf pulls a dish off the countertop containing flecks of a greyish-white flakey powder. "He says he found some of it embedded in the victim's head wound. I've run a few tests and it seems to be mostly composed of yeast, flour and grit. Nothing poisonous, that's all really."

Strange, you think, as you thank Cheri and leave.

Unseen University - Magical Expert

You hand your list of contacts to Wiggins, expressing your interest to consult with the magical expert the Queen's agents have arranged for you.

"The wizards eh? Alright, come on, we'll use the students' entrance." The route Wiggins leads you down takes you right past the huge imposing gates of the Unseen University and instead around the perimeter of the huge walls that separate its grounds from the rest of the city. You eventually round a corner to arrive at a series of loose bricks that grant access to the grounds of academia. You stand aside to let several students by, followed by a large, rotund wizard in ornate robes. "Morning Chair" Wiggins greets him. "Morning Officer" the wizard replies before swaggering off in the direction of the nearest pub. You take that moment to step through the walls and onto the lawns of U.U.

Wiggin's checks your contact list again before leading you across the grounds to a round, copper domed building. High Energy Magic Building, the sign above the door proclaims as Wiggins knocks on the door. A hatch in the door opens to reveal a pasty-faced young-ish man in spectacles. You explain your need for magical expertise to analyse the crime scene and the man, rather tiredly answers "Alright, I'll send one of the grad students down with a thaumometer to check it out." The hatch snaps closed, seemingly that's all you'll be getting.

A few hours later, as you're walking the streets, Wiggins looks up at the Watch house clacks tower. "Hold on a minute, I've got a message." Wiggins steps into an open space in the street and draws a pair of painted paddles. He sights on the tower and begins what appears to you to be an interpretive dance routine, his lips moving as he translates the replying flashes from the tower. Eventually he finishes and rejoins you. "Report back from the University, no traces of magic were found at the crime scene."

Igor - Watch Coroner

Wiggins leads you into the Morgue at Pseudopolis yard. As you step inside you're expecting the usual: sinks, corpse drawers, examination tables, a certain air of the departed. All of these are present but what you weren't expecting was for one wall of the morgue to be taken up by ominous sparking machinery, assorted multi-colored jars filled with mercifully unidentifiable lumps and an enormous fish tank full of glowing green fluid and potatoes.

"Ah mister Wigginth, what brings you to my part of the yard." a figure lurches out of the room's shadows to greet you. You strangle a gasp at the sight of the coroner, who looks like he just walked out of the lab of the Demented Doctor Wingle. A hunch-backed figure, his face and what bits of skin visible outside his lab coat are a knotted mass of scars and stitching. His left eye sits almost an inch higher than his right and his lips seem to have been dragged in 5 different directions at once. All of this topped by a DA haircut with an enormous quiff. "And who is accompanying you?" "Hello Igor. This is the investigating detachment from Sto Lat." Wiggins explains to the abomination. "Ah yeth, we have been told to expect and attend to you in your investigationth. This way please." Igor replies with a spray of lisps.

As the coroner lurches to the far end of the morgue, Wiggins whispers to you, "Don't mind the inconsistent lisp. He's modern." As if he'd just explained absolutely everything, Wiggins joins Igor at the other end of the room. You do not join them as your gaze has become horrifyingly transfixed by a potato casually doing the backstroke in the green fish tank. "Um...Igor?" you ask. "Yes thir?" You jump at the response right behind your ear, you could have sworn he was across the room but you wheel around to find him standing right behind you. "Um..the body?" you ask, deciding to leave the mystery of the swimming potatoes unsolved. "As I thought sir, this way."

You follow Igor away from the exotic machinery and into the mercifully more mundane looking end of the morgue to a body on a slab. Igor pulls back the shroud to reveal the remains of Frederick Monger. Aside from his short height of 5ft and exceptionally large nose, he is fairly unremarkable looking. Average eyes, average face, average white complexion (a little paler in death, admittedly), brown hair of average length and clean shaven. A thin cut runs across his throat.

"This injury is post mortem." Igor points to the sliced throat. "Too little bleeding, his throat was slashed after he was already dead. I have concluded that this injury was the cause of death." You crouch down to get a better look at the spot Igor indicates on the back of the victim's head. "Their attacker struck them viciously across the back of the head with the tip of a blunt instrument and then attempted to conceal the injury under the victim's hat. Interestingly, the angle of the blow suggests that it came not from just behind but also from below. Furthermore there are traces of a strange powder in the head wound, I've already sent it on to Cheri." "Our forensic alchemist." Wiggins explains. "This is a sample of the powder" Igor shows you a small bowl containing specks of a greyish-white flakey powder.

“So the victim was hit from behind and below by a blunt instrument? And then their throat was slit after they were dead?” Wiggins asks. “Precithely” Igor replies. You thank the coroner for his assistance and, with some measure of relief, head out of the morgue.

Teemer & Spoole - Documents and Forgery Expert

The offices of Teemer & Spoole, world famous printers. Who on the disc had not heard of them? They printed the bestselling books, official documents for governments across the plains and even the Ankh-Morpork Dollar itself. If anyone could analyze the scrap of map you found at the crime scene it would be them.

Inside you hand the alleged scrap of treasure map to a clerk. Several minutes later, the office filled with exotic papers is also filled with laughter. The clerk eventually composes himself and explains that "This paper is one of the worst forgeries I've ever seen. The paper's brand new, the ink's been dry for no more than 3 days, they've even used the old tea bag trick to brown the paper. Whoever did this is either an absolute amateur or has a really low opinion of whoever they're trying to fool."

"This really is a rubbish forgery, although for a forgery this cheap, they've used a very expensive ink. In fact it's a rather exclusively expensive ink, usually only used by those that think of themselves as being very Official." the clerk emphasizing the capital O in Official. " I can get you a list of recent orders for the ink. I can't guarantee the forger will be on it but it might give you some leads."

A few minutes later you leave Teer & Spoole with the list[Document 5] in hand.

Lady Brasxia - Political Expert

You climb the steps of the Sto Lat Embassy for your meeting with her majesty's ambassador to Ankh-morpork, Lady Brasxia. You meet the prim black dressed woman over the cabbage laden coat of arms mosaic in the embassy plaza. She snaps her fingers impatiently and an out of breath clerk rushes up to hand her a file.

"Ah, her Majesty's investigators, so glad to make your acquaintance. As you know, Mr. Fredrick Monger was the principal owner of the majority of the fishing industry in Llamados, a small wooded country on the coast populated principally by humans and dwarfs. Llamados and by extension, Mr Monger's business served as Sto Lat's primary fish supplier and so his death has caused quite an uproar in the mercantile community of our home city, who are demanding answers. It has not however caused much disruption to the supply itself. His wife, the dwarf Yvette was deeply involved with the business and all of its holdings now default to her. In essence Mr Monger's death changes little."

You ask Lady Brasxia if she knows how Yvette has been handling her husband's death.

"Her majesty's agent's have confirmed that Yvette has been beside herself with grief since the news of her husband's death. They also confirm that she has been working through this grief with her axe and the tree's in her garden. I know these agents and I trust in their judgement enough to conclude her distress is genuine."

You thank Lady Brasxia for her assistance. "Don't thank me with words, thank me by getting that clambering mob of merchants their answers. Best of luck to you." Lady Brasxia dismisses you and you leave the relative familiarity of the embassy and head back into the strange city.

Maycomb & Slant - Legal Experts

You are seen by a junior member of the firm of Maycomb & Slant, Ankh-Morpork's most respected and oldest law firm. The clerk stoppers the bottle of Vurm-millian ink he was writing with as you enter and retrieves a shelf of documents.

The clerk informs you that according to the victim's will, all of his goods and holdings, including his company are left to his wife, Yvette. However the clerk is quick to point out that the victim's actual death changes little, as though he was the face of the company, it is his understanding that the majority of business affairs were actually conducted by Yvette herself. It could be said that she practically ran the company already.

Thanking the clerk for his time, you leave the offices of Maycomb & Slant.

For Champion Builders see Pg 76

-5 Losing Place

You are informed by the landlady of -5 Losing Place that you will be unable to question her tenant Albert Thighbiter as yesterday he was hauled off by the watch for starting an altercation with a young magenta haired dwarf lady. Asking her when exactly this happened she responds that it was around half past one abouts.

For Upspire Bros, Cabinet Makers see Pg 38

Guild of Barber Surgeons

The man at the Guild of Barber Surgeons is of absolutely no help to your investigation and he keeps trying to offer you a shave and a haircut.

Upspire Bros, Cabinet Makers

You enter the Cabinet makers workshop to find one of the Upspire brothers with their head deep in a cabinet.

“Ah-hem” Wiggins clears his throat, and is answered by a string of curses as the startled brother bangs his head against the cabinet.

“Sorry, ah, Ankh-morpork City watch, we’d like to ask you some questions.” Wiggins continues. “What about?” the brother asks, rubbing the fresh bump on his head. “A Mr. Frederick Monger, did you have any dealings with the man?” “Uh, yeah, name rings a bell.” The brother walks, a little unsteadily, to a desk in the corner of the room and fishes out a ledger that he thumbs through. “Ah, ‘ere we go, Mr Monger, consultation for cost of specialist fittings for Lady Aurialian’s Salon, the Maul. That all?”

“Yes, that’s all. Sorry about your head.” The craftsman dismisses Wiggins’ concerns for his head with a nonchalant wave as you make your way out of the workshop.

Tory Toryson's Smithy, Dodney Street

As you enter the small blacksmith, a sign in dwarfish on the door catches Wiggin's eye. He translates it slowly under his breath, but not quite quiet enough for you not to hear. "We...Serve...Dwarfs....Not....Woman?" the look of disgust on his face is clear.

A clatter of metal announces the appearance of the shop's owner, an elderly grey haired dwarf walking with a cane. "Tory Toryson, at your service." the dwarf catches wiggin's staring at the sign. "I know. I know. But it's not my idea. It was the Grag's. I saw them the other day and they insisted I put that up. I don't agree with it but I'm getting on and I have my soul to worry about. I know it's offensive but..." the dwarf trails off awkwardly.

Wiggins tears his gaze from the sign, "Ankh Morpork City Watch. Can you tell us where you were between the hours of 2 and 4 on Grune 4th?" "Yes." a middle-aged brown haired dwarf says, entering behind Toryson. "He was here the whole day, trying to explain away that bloody sign to everyone that entered."

"Is that all?" Toryson asks. "Actually, could you tell us anything about this knife?" Wiggin's asks, producing the pocket knife found at the crime scene. Toryson inspects the blade "Hmmm, well it's not one of mine, this thing's made of cheap pot metal, rubbish weapon, there's 3 corner shops in this neighbourhood alone that sell knives like this one."

Satisfied, you leave.

Caged Birds Society

When you state your intention to visit the Caged Birds Society Wiggins offers to go while you take lunch. As you finish a meal at All Johnson's eatery Wiggins returns to tell you he has learnt, in his words, "Bugger All" from visiting the society.

Guild of Glassblowers

Arriving at the guild of glass-blowers you hear the gentle hubbub of conversation drifting out of the buildings. "We're in luck, they must be having an exhibition or something." Wiggins remarks as you enter the small guildhall to find it host to a gathering of glassblowers and some of their more artistic works.

After a bit of questioning you are introduced to a guild member that claims to have done business with Mr Monger on one of his previous visits to the city. She explains that Mr Monger commissioned her workshop to produce a number of specific glasswork instruments and decorations for use at a salon in the Maul, Madam Aurialian's Salon, to be precise.

You thank her for her time and leave the gathering to continue with the investigation.

For the Guild of Accountants see Pg 43.

For the Guild of Shoemakers and Leather Workers see Pg 44.

Guild of Accountants

The secretary of the guild of accountants informs you that there is nothing suspicious about Mr. Monger's Finances and politely asks you to leave him to his lunch.

The Guild of Shoemakers and Leatherworkers

Wiggins is unconvinced as to how the Cobblers' Guild could be of any help to the investigation and sure enough, you glean nothing useful from visiting them.

For Mrs Wards Lodging House see Pg 46

Morpork Brick and Tile Makers

The brickfields turn out to be a massive cluster of shopfronts and craftsmen that you spend the better part of an hour searching through before finally finding the specific craftsman the victim met with the day before his death.

The craftsman informs you that Mr Monger was looking for cost estimates for work on renovations to a shop in the Maul. Madam Aurlian's Salon.

Eager to leave behind this crowded bustling part of the city, you thank the craftsman and move on.

Mrs Ward's Lodging House

No clues are yielded by your visit to Mrs Ward's Lodging House

For Mrs Ward's Lodging House see Pg 46

Number 8, The Old Beff

The grey-haired elderly dwarf jeweler at 8, The Old Beff confirms that he did receive take-away from Gimlets yesterday, and that it was delivered by a magenta-haired dwarfish lady around 1 o'clock.

Recovering Accordion Players

The Recovering Accordion Players society has nothing to offer the case.

For Champion Builders see Pg 76

Gofftrots Private Hotel

Gofftrots Hotel yields no further clues to the investigation.

The Gritz Hotel

The troll centric Gritz Hotel offers up no further leads for the case.

For the Gritz Hotel see Pg 50.

Bodger and Boulton

You enter the storefront of Bodger and Boulton and are greeted by a man doing accounts behind a desk and a dwarf carrying a large ladder.

"Afternoon, what can Bodger and Boulton do for you?" the dwarf says, putting aside the ladder.

"City Watch, we're investigating the death of Mr Frederick Monger. Did he have any dealings with you?" Wiggins inquires, flashing his badge.

The man behind the desk puts his palm under his chin in thought.

"Monger...Monger...Monger-AH YES! He was the bloke asking about renovating that salon in the Maul, Madam Aurilian's, right?" he asks the dwarf.

What little of the dwarf's face you can see between beard and helmet flushes an embarrassed pink. "Um, ya ya, that was the bloke. But ya know, not much roofing work to be done on a shop like that so we p-pointed him towards Champion Builders."

You ask the dwarf if something is the matter, he went quite pink at the mention of Madam Aurilian's. "W-well well, you see that shop, well it's ya know, its a salon for" here the dwarf leans in and whispers in a tone one takes when discussing subjects of social taboo "female dwarfs".

The dwarf wriggles under your gaze, mistaking your blank expression for one of interrogation.

"N-NOT THAT THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT! Nothing against them, it's just...well...it's a bit....ya know....embarrassing....to talk about...." the dwarf looks up at you, hopelessly adrift in a sea of awkwardness.

"Rrrright" Wiggins breaks the silence, "Thank you for your help, we'll be off then."

For Chalky the Troll see Pg 81.

No Way, Helmcrusher Residence

Asking around No Way, you arrive outside the door of a basement level flat to overhear a heated exchange of dwarfish coming through the door. Concerned, Wiggins raps on the door, "Ankh-morpork City Watch.". Immediately the shouting stops and is replaced by a 3 voice chorus of morporkian, "Just a minute!". The sounds of hasty tidying up is heard from beyond the door. Wiggins is about to knock again when the door is pulled open by a red-faced dwarf.

You soon find yourself sitting at the Helmcrusher's kitchen table. Facing you are the blonde middle-aged Mr. E Helmcrusher, the magenta bearded, leather-skirt clad Sharon and, sitting decidedly away from the other family members with a brow-beaten expression, the old, grey-haired Mr A Helmcrusher. All three are red in the face and the air has the feeling of a thunderstorm that's very embarrassed that guests have just arrived.

"So" Wiggins begins awkwardly, " Ms. Helmcrusher, you work as a courier for Gimlet's Hole Food correct?" "Correct" Sharon answers before A. Helmcrusher interrupts "Is this about what Shane-"

"SHARON!" both his partner and his daughter correct him. He cringes, like a man stung before continuing "is this about what S-Sharon did to Mr. Thighbiter?"

"No" responds Wiggins, " we'd like to know if you made any deliveries to the Park Lane Hotel yesterday?" "No I didn't" Sharon answers. "Where did you make deliveries to yesterday?" "I made deliveries to Brickfields, losing place and I was supposed to make one to Hide Way." "Supposed to?" You ask. "When I made my delivery to Mr Thighbiter we....got into a...spirited and impassioned discussion on the place of females in dwarven society." From where you're sitting it looks like Mr A. Helmcrusher was also on the losing side of a similar discussion.

"We both ended up in watch custody so I never made my last delivery." You ask her what time this took place. "Around 2, he started it by the way, and before you ask, he's the one that brought an axe into the matter." "Oh, I remember Mr. Thighbiter now" Wiggins exclaims " I had to bring him ice for his....arguments."

"So you weren't around the Park Lane Area at any point yesterday?" you ask, just to be sure. "Nope, other side of the city, then in a watchhouse." Sharon replies.

Out of questions and feeling like intruders in a family squabble you thank the Helmcrushers and leave.

Guild of Archaeologists

Entering the Guild of Archaeologist's small museum you meet with a young man manning the front desk. You show him the scrap of map you found at the crime scene and ask him if there is any archaeological evidence of pirate treasures or the like in Llamados.

The young man laughs, "Oh I'm afraid there's nothing of the sort in Llamados. Llamados has a rich druidic tradition and a wealth of neo and megalithic sites, in addition to the dwarf mines, treacle and toffee mostly, but it's certainly not known for its pirates or buried treasure."

"As for this map, it's total poppycock. It's just an x and a dotted line drawn on paper. In fact if I'm not mistaken " the man rubs the scrap of paper in his fingers, feeling the texture, " this isn't old parchment, its modern paper that someone has rubbed with a teabag. I used to do the same thing for school projects."

You thank him for the information and take your leave.

For Twilight Canyons see Pg 55

Mrs Marietta Cosmopolite's

The door is opened by a large elderly woman brandishing a broom. "I told you bald buggers-Oh" she pauses mid threat when she realizes you're not who she was expecting. After a brief explanation of your intent, you learn that her lodgings have nothing to offer the investigation.

For Mrs Marietta Cosmopolite's see Pg 54

For the Old Goosegate Tavern see Pg. 57

For the Guild of Town Criers see Pg. 58

Twilight Canyons

You aren't able to learn much of value from your visit to the retirement home, as the common room is currently dominated by a large family of dwarfs having a spirited debate on the place of feminism in modern dwarf society with their elderly relative.

For the Old Goosegate Tavern see Pg. 57

For the Guild of Town Criers see Pg. 58

For the Twilight Canyons see Pg. 55

The Old Goosegate Tavern

Over the sounds of the nearby markets it's hard to hear the answers to your inquiries. Sadly, after finally getting those answers you find them useless to your current investigation.

The Guild of Town Criers

The guild of Town Criers offers no information of use to the investigation. Offering only invitations to try the culinary goods of one CMOT Dibbler. Wiggins is quick to advise you against trying said goods.

The Royal Bank of Ankh Morpork

If you have a specific reason to consult with the glooper go to Pg 60

If you have a reason to speak with the vice chairman go to Pg 61

For general inquiries with the bank, go to Pg 63

The Gloopier

It appears that you have fallen through a hole in L-space and find yourself in a location with neither time nor space. There really should be absolutely no reason why an honest player would find themselves here, and you are an honest player, aren't you? How paradoxical, alas paradoxes are so very difficult to disentangle yourself from, so I'm afraid you're going to be stuck here and the mystery shall remain unsolved.

Then again you could just go back to where you came from and not cheat again, that's always an option.

The Vice Chairman of the Royal Bank Of Ankh-morpork

A staff member leads you to the vice chairman's office. As you enter the young man behind the chairman's desk springs up. Clad in a sparkling golden suit complete with tails and a top hat, he struts across the room to you "Hello, Moist Von Lipwig, a pleasure to make your acquaintance." he flashes a charming smile. You introduce yourself as he clasps your hand in the firm handshake of an honest man. The kind of handshake that, as a detective, you recognise as the mark of a master con artist. Sure enough, between the charming smile and glittering golden hat, you detect a certain twinkle in Moist's eye. "So how can I be of service to her majesty's royal investigators?" he asks, as you take your seats at his desk.

You ask him if he's recently purchased a supply of vurm-milian ink and for what purpose. Moist gives a charming smirk, "Vurm-milian ink? Why, I purchased some because I'd run out." He lifts a case from behind his desk and places it on the desk. The case springs open to reveal rows of little drawers containing an assortment of papers, inks, pens and brushes. "A hobby from a past life, from before Imet an angel." Moist explains, smiling inwards to himself at joke clearly only he is privy to.

Your suspicions roused, you ask if he recognises this, tossing the scrap of map piece on his desk. Moist's eyes focus on the map piece. He lowers his head to get a closer look. His fingers drum on the tabletop for a moment before reaching for the open box of inks. "Hm, a treasure map, forged" his hands pull papers and inks and pens from the box as he mutters to himself "supposed to be old.." "ripped here" he tears the paper, "vurm-millian ink alright.." you watch for several busy minutes until finally "And Voilá" he says, sliding a scrap of paper across the desk.

Sitting now on the desk next to the scrap of map is another scrap of map, this written on ancient parchment, sun bleached, with the dirt of years lodged in its creases, the piece is old, with a hint of a drawn landmark poking out from a fresh tear along the edge of the parchment. Had you not just seen Moist make it, you'd swear that this scrap of map was decades old.

Beside this new forgery, the scrap of map you found at the crime scene sits, looking for all the world like a child's clumsy imitation. "Whoever made this" Moist taps the map from the crime scene " may have used Vurm-millian ink, but a forger they are not, I'd say they only used Vurm-millian because it was the ink they used for everything. It's usually used by those that think of themselves as being important and official. I hope that helps."

You don't take the hint and instead press Moist on his whereabouts between 2:00 and 4:00 on Grune 4th. " I'm sorry, are you telling me that I'm a suspect in this crime. I thought you were here for my professional advice?" Moist seems genuinely surprised by your accusation. You admit to Moist that you'd honestly never heard of him or his professional skillset. Genuine shock flashes across Moist's face for a moment before being replaced by mock shock. It seems your ignorance of the famous Moist Von Lipwig has insulted him more than the accusation of murder.

Undeterred, you press him, "I was in the mint all day yesterday with the men of the sheds. They'll confirm my whereabouts." You ask him if the bank did any business with Mr. Monger. "I'm afraid you'll have to check with Mr. Bent about that. He should still be down in the counting house if you want to question him." You finish up your business with the Vice Chairman and leave his office.

If you haven't spoken with Mr. Bent and wish to, go to Pg 63.

Royal Bank Of Ankh Morpork

Standing in the lobby of the Royal Bank of Ankh Morpork, a staff member totters off to the counting house to fetch the Chief Cashier, Mr. Bent.

Soon enough the man emerges from the doors of the counting house and steps promptly across the lobby to meet you. Mr. Bent appears to be a fussy little man in impeccable black jacket and pinstripe trousers, over-large impeccably shiny shoes and....a red clown nose?

The Chief Cashier arrives in front of you. "Hello, how can I assist you? " trying to ignore the nose, as its wearer seems to, you ask what dealings the Royal Bank has had with Mr. Frederick Monger. Mr. Bent looks at Wiggins "Is this official watch business?" Wiggins nods. "Very well."

"Mister Monger has an account with us containing quite a large amount of money, we have been his bank of choice for many years now after he first came to us with a great sum of money, an inheritance I am led to believe, which he used as collateral to take out a number of loans for the purchase of several fishing operations. Those loans were repaid on time and in full, as were all future loans for similar purchases. Mister Monger was a model client."

"3 Days ago, on Grune 2nd at Midday, Mr Monger met with us to discuss taking out a loan for the development and expansion of a store in the Maul, Madam Auralian's Salon. We were more than happy to provide said loan." "You seem very certain of that date and time" Wiggins interjects "Numbers are my world, officer." Mr. Bent replies, " if that is everything, I shall return to my world." With no further questions, you watch Mr Bent walk back into the counting house.

For The Peeled Nuts Historical Reenactment Society see Pg. 65

Guild of Clock and Watch Makers

Your visit to the Secretary of the Watchmakers' Guild yields nothing of value to your investigation. Although it does yield repairs to Wiggin's pocket watch.

The Peeled Nuts

The peeled nuts historical reenactment society is not in session at the moment and so can be of no help.

Mrs Spent's

Your attempts to interview boarders at Mrs Spent's are hampered by the owner scrutinising you as if you are somehow concealing a woman, a pet or cookware about your person. Alas, much like the owner it seems you've completely wasted your time.

For Ms. Soupson's see Pg. 68

For the Offler League of Temperance see Pg. 69

For the Dolly Sisters Baking and Flower Circle see Pg. 70

The Golem Trust

You enter the golem trust to find the front room dark and empty save for a huge clay statue standing motionless behind the desk. "Eh, Hello?" Wiggins asks the seemingly empty room. The room suddenly fills with deep red light as the statue's eyes begin to burn and the mouth cracks open to reveal a roaring flame, like the heart of a kiln. "Hello, How May The Golem Trust Assist You." The golem answers in a low reverberating voice.

Collecting himself, Wiggins continues "Eh, Ankh-morpork city watch. We're investigating the possible presence of a golem at the scene of a murder." You feel like the golem's eyes are burning into you as it answers "Thou Shalt Not Kill. Golems Are Incapable Of Killing A Living Being. Our Chem Forbid It. Words In Our Head Forbid It. Words In Our Heart Will Not Allow It." The room goes dark again as the golem finishes speaking. "Be that as it may" Wiggins continues " we'd like to speak with the golem that we believe was present in the alley between cocklecarrot avenue and snapcase square between the hours of 1 and 4 yesterday afternoon."

The Golem's eyes go dim for a minute, you can just about make out a faint glimmer of their usual fire, dancing inside. You start to wonder if Wiggins has broken the thing when the eyes surge back to life and the room is once again flooded by ruby red light as it speaks. "I Calculate A Ninety-Nine Percent Probability That The Golem Present In the Alley Between CockleCarrot Avenue and Snapcase Square Between The Hours of One and Four PM Yesterday Was The Golem Known As Torc. Torc Is Employed At The Ankh Morpork Opera House." You wait for the golem to continue but that seems to be it.

You thank the golem for its assistance. "You Are Welcome" the golem responds. As you leave it returns to its original position, standing motionless behind the desk, eyes dimmed.

For the Offler League of Temperance see Pg. 69

For the Dolly Sisters Baking and Flower Circle see Pg. 70

Ms Soupson

Your visit to the boarding house on Liripoop Lane proves fruitless.

For the Dolly Sisters Baking and Flower Circle see Pg. 70

Offler League of Temperance

Asides from some pamphlets forced on you, you come away from the League of Temperance empty handed.

For the Offler League of Temperance see Pg. 69

Dollysisters Baking and flower circle

You learn nothing of use, but do acquire some rum-scented fairy cakes.

For the Ubervald Temperance League see Pg 72.

For the Fine Art Society see Pg 73.

Ubervald Temperance Movement

The cardigan-clad vampire at the mission assures you that none of their members have had any dealings with Mr Monger.

The Fine Art Society

You leave the Fine Art Society with tickets to the royal museum of Ankh-Morpork but no new clues.

For Champion Builders see Pg 76

The Guild of Carters and Drovers

You push your way through the crowded barroom of the Drover's Rest to a corner booth where your contacts have arranged a meeting with head of the Carter's Guild, Mr Upwright. You find the president tucking into a large plate of unidentifiable pub food as you sit down opposite him.

"Ah, what can I do for her majesties investigators" the sun-tanned drover asks through smacking lips. You explain the nature of your investigation and question if the guild did any business with the victim. "Ah old Fred, yeah we did a lot of hauling for em, right bugger of a job though." "And why was that?" Wiggins asks. "Fish ya see. Awful cargo, goes bad in the sun real quick without a lot of ice, and the smell! On a hot day it reeks, on a cold day it clings. The lads hate getting saddled with a cargo of fish, especially when it's coming all the way from Ilamados."

You ask if any of the drivers might have reason to wish Mr Monger harm. "Over a cargo of fish!? Nah, if they wanted anyones guts for being put on fish duty, it'd be mine. Nah, besides we'll still be hauling the fish, his wife practically runs the business already, I imagine with Fred gone nothing will really change. Shame though, he was a nice guy." Mr Upwright stares sadly into his pub food then gives a shrug "ah but such is life eh? Oh but where are my manners, want some?" He indicates the mess of meats and liquids that is his meal.

You make your excuses and leave, pushing your way out of the crowded pub.

For Champion Builders see Pg 76

7 Hide Way

The cries of quarreling children echo from 7 Hide Way when a tired looking brown-bearded dwarf answers the door. He tells you that he did order food from Gimlet's yesterday and he was quite surprised when it was delivered around 2 by Captain Carrot of the Watch instead of one of Gimlet's staff.

Champion Builders

You make your way through a yard full of large men and trolls moving bricks and timber around until you arrive at the offices of Champion Builders. A serious looking woman at the front desk addresses you. "Welcome to Champion Builders, shopfronts our speciality, how can we help you?" "City Watch" Wiggins flashes his badge, "We'd like to ask you about any business you might have had with a Mr. Frederick Monger."

"One moment please" the woman opens a desk drawer and riffles through some files before withdrawing one and returning her attention to you. "Why yes, a Mr. Monger was here the day before yesterday. He was getting a quote on the cost of renovations and extensions to a property in the Maul, Madam's Aurialian's Salon. Will that be all?"

"Yes I suppose it will be" Wiggins replies. You make your way back out through the builders yard and into the city streets.

For Mrs. Cake's see Pg. 79

Mrs Slanker's Hostel

The Hostel turns up no useful leads.

For Mrs. Cake's see Pg. 79

The Fresh Start Club

You begin heading for the Fresh Start Club when Wiggins grabs your arm. "I'll save you some time. Reg Shoe runs the Fresh Start Club, he's on the force, he would have mentioned it by now if the club knew anything."

Mrs. Cake

Among the coming and going of Undead residents at Mrs Cake's you find no one of any help to the investigation.

For Chalky the Troll see Pg 81

For the Federation of Sedan Chair Carriers see Pg 82

For the Guild of Historians see Pg 83

Chalky the Troll

When you declare your intentions to question Chalky the Troll, Wiggins cuts you off. "I'm gonna stop you right there, Chalky had nothing to do with this. I know this on account of the fact that he's currently in Watch custody over why his business "Hollow Statue Imports" was found transporting 3 tons of slab." Wiggins takes in your blank expression. "Slab" he repeats in the voice used by those dealing with people hard of hearing or slow of thought. "Troll drugs, major problem in mountains and in the city..." your blank expression continues, you find yourself totally ignorant of the vices of other races. Exasperated, Wiggins concludes "Look, the point is, he's been in custody all week, he couldn't have anything to do with this and the victim had no known ties to troll organised crime."

Federation of Sedan Chair Carriers

Enquiring with the records office at the Federation of Sedan Chair Carriers you are able to find that on the day of the murder, no one took a sedan chair to or from the Snapcase Square area between the hours of 12:00pm and 5:00pm.

The Guild of Historians

The short spectacled woman at the guild library explains to you that Llamados has little to no history of piracy nor famous legends relating to buried treasure.

She also informs you, at Wiggins' request, that the Mr. Monger had no blood ties to any known noble families.

For the Folk Dance and Song Society see Pg 85

For the Gimlet's Hole Food Delicatessen see Pg 86

For the District Dwarf Ladies Club see Pg 87

For Ironcrusts Bakery see Pg 88

Folk Dance and Song Society

You leave the Folk Dance and Song Society frustrated, firstly because you've made no progress on the case, and secondly, because you now have "A wizard's staff has a knob on the end" stuck in your head.

Gimlet's Hole Food Delicatessen

You enter Gimlet's Hole Food, stooping to avoid the low ceiling as you walk past the busy dining area towards the counter, passing a troop of delivery dwarfs scooping orders into their backpacks. "City Watch, We'd like to speak to Gimlet." Wiggins explains to one of the dwarfs behind the counter. Soon enough you are whisked out of the packed, low-ceilinged restaurant and into a packed, low ceilinged kitchen for an interview with its proprietor.

You ask him if he delivered any food to the Park Lane Hotel yesterday. The aproned dwarf scratches his beard, "Park Lane, don't often deliver there but might have done, I'll get you yesterday's order list." A few minutes of rooting around the kitchen produces the list. "Ah, yep, 4 rat on a stick for Mr Monger, we usually get orders from him when he's in town." Gimlet remarks, handing you the list [Document 4].

You ask him who delivered the order. Gimlet shrugs "Don't know, we just stick the orders on the spike and the couriers grab em. You'd have to ask them. The two lads working yesterday were Bjorn Beddsson and Shane-Sharon Helmcruiser." the chef catches himself. "Beddsson lives with his dad in Hyordsvarr St. and Sharon lives with her parents in No Way. Ask around, I'm sure you'll find them. Now if that's everything I've got a lunch rush to prepare." Before you go you ask him where he was yesterday between 2 and 4. "I was here, it was the lunch rush, which is also now, so get going or get cutting." He responds, turning back to a chopping board full of free-range rat.

The District Dwarf Ladies Club

As you enter the offices of the District Dwarf Ladies Club, you pass by a member hard at work cleaning some, what you assume to be vulgar, graffiti off the club doors.

Downstairs you find the club secretary, Ms. Anklebiter rifling through calendars and appointment books, trying to balance the club's schedule of events. "Yes, can I help you?" she asks, visibly annoyed at the interruption. You explain that you're here investigating Mr Monger's murder and her tone changes immediately.

"You're here about poor Fred? oh of course we're willing to help in any way we can. Anything for poor Fred." You ask how she knows the victim. "Through Yvette, she's a very active member of the club, even if she doesn't spend a lot of time in the city. And Fred was very supportive of her exploits with the club, he's even made several generous donations to the club to help fund a few ventures. Plus there's all the help he's been to Aurilian with her Salon."

Seeing as how she seemed to know the victim, you ask if he had any enemies she knows of. "Fred, enemies? No, from what Yvette tells me everyone he's ever done business with has had nothing but good things to say about him. I can't imagine anyone having a personal grudge against him. Although if you're looking for enemies, our club has no shortage of them. Fred's support of us might have been reason enough for some of them."

At the mention of the club's enemies you bring up the graffiti at the entrance. "Yes, some impressionable young *B'zugda-hiara*, pardon my klatchian, who thinks those bigots on Jubal Street are worth listening to. " The mention of Jubal Street rings a bell, something about a protest in the times, you decide to ask her about it. "Yes, we held a protest against those bigots, it was Yvette's idea, they'd been harassing Aurilian and her staff in addition to the usual hate speech, so Yvette organised it in retaliation, a big public spectacle. She was hoping something so public would get them to back off for a bit since a restraining order didn't do the job."

You ask if these individuals might have something to do with Mr Mongers death. Ms. Anklebiter ruminates for a moment. "I wouldn't put it past them but they wouldn't do it themselves, it's not their style. If you ask me, they'd pressure someone else to do the dirty work. That's what they do for all the harassment they send our way".

With a lot to think about you're about to turn away when you think to ask about the state of Mr Monger and Yvette's marriage. Ms Anklebiter is shocked, "How dare you. I've never seen a couple as loyal and happy as Yvette and Fred. Childless admittedly, but that's inter-racial marriages for you. I know what you're implying but, I know Yvette and she would never have any reason to harm her husband."

With that question asked, you thank her for her time and head back upstairs to street level.

Ironcrusts Bakery

Among the busy clanging of dwarf bakers baking, hammering, shaping and forging loafs, you meet with the proprietor of Ironcrust's Dwarf Bakery. Brushing a flakey greyish-white powder off his apron he explains he's more than happy to provide you with a list of his recent customers[Document 7].

For Dunliving see Pg 90

For Ms Eucrasia Arcanum's see Pg 91

The Wedge and Boot Inn

The owner of this boutique inn refuses to see you without an appointment but you do manage to eventually get an unscheduled meeting courtesy of Wiggins' watch badge. Alas, it seems said meeting was a waste of time as the owner has nothing new to offer the case.

Dunliving

Your visit to the undead retirement home is personally enlightening but unhelpful to the case.

Ms Eucrasia Arcanum

Despite aggressive scrutiny from the proprietress you learn nothing from Ms Arcanum's Lodging House.

For Ironcrust's Bakery see Pg 88

The Campaign For Equal Heights

You find the league offices closed and empty at this time.

Checking around, you find the entrance to the dwarf bread museum, whose sign proclaims that it is closed for renovations in preparation for a new display of modern dwarf baking kindly donated by Ironcrust's Bakery.

The Grag's Lodgings, 4 Jubal St.

You arrive at the end of Jubal street to find it clogged by a long, loud crowd of shouting angry dwarfs. Wiggins gives a loud whistle and shouts "Ankh-morpork city watch, move aside!". The order goes unheard over the din. Wiggins sighs as your party begins to push their way through the proto-mob. Shouts of money being owed, appointments being ignored and bargains going unhonoured ring out all around you as you slowly work your way down the street. Sure enough at the heart of the crowd you find the address you're looking for, as you emerge from the crowd into a tiny semi-circle of space. In front of you a closed door is flanked by 2 impassive, heavily armed dwarfs in black sashes.

Wiggins readjusts his helmet and declares "City Watch, we're here to speak with the Grags." "The Grags are not seeing anyone today." One of the guards states solemnly. The angry crowd surges behind you, almost pushing you into the guards. Fresh insults are hurled as Wiggins speaks again "This isn't a request, the city watch demands the grags assist us with our inquiries." "The Grags are not seeing anyone today." The guard repeats. Another surge from the crowd almost bowls you over. Wiggins leans in towards one of the guards and hisses "I will get Blackboard Monitor Vimes down here." You've never seen the color drain from someone's face as fast as from the two guards'. They exchange panicked looks, "Wait one moment please", the two guards disappear inside. "Blackboard Monitor Vimes?" you ask Wiggins. "It's a long story, you'll have to ask the commander himself. Ah." the door swings open and one of the guards allows you inside. As the door slams behind you, the sound of the crowd lessens.

You are led down a staircase into a dark empty basement. In the gloom you can make out only a single desk and the 2 guards. "Where are the Grags?" Wiggins demands. "Gone" one of the guards stammers, clearly still spooked by the mention of the commander's unusual title. "They left the evening of Grune 3rd, after the meetings of the day were done. We were instructed to stay behind and bar anyone from entering. We were to act as if they were still here." On whose orders you ask. "On the orders of Grag Hamcleave and Grag Docson." "And why would they leave all of a sudden?" The dwarves exchange looks "We know not. Ours is not the place to question the Grags." You ask if anything unusual happened on Grune 3rd. Again the guards exchange glances, "No. The grags had their meetings as usual, we have a list of their appointments from the day here." The guard rifles through the desk before withdrawing a document [Document 3].

As he does this, you notice unease playing across the other guard's face, you decide to give him an interrogating look. Noticing your expression, the nervous guard begins to speak "Actually, there was one meeting that was strange. A young dwarf, I don't remember his name, but during his meeting, the Grags ordered us out of the room. Then as he was leaving I saw him holding a scrap of brown paper." You ask the dwarf if that is all. He nods nervously.

"Right, I guess that's all we're going to get." Wiggins remarks as he pockets the appointments list and leads your group out of the basement and back into the street. The guards take up their positions by the door again as you begin wading back through the crowd of angry dwarfs.

The Mended Drum

Your access to the mended drum is blocked by a huge queue of tourists, bar-brawling fans and one fan holding a sign protesting the lack of health-care afforded to professional brawlers. Even Wiggins' Watch badge isn't enough to get you through. It seems that the Drum is a dead end.

For the Mended Drum see Pg 94

Guild of Armourers

The woman at the Armourers guild is of little help to you. The guild has had no dealings with Mr Monger and the woman identifies the knife you found at the scene as a cheap pot metal one that could have been purchased on any street corner.

For the Guild of Merchants see Pg 98

For the Guild of Bakers see Pg 99

For the Guild of Assassins see Pg 100

For the Guild of Fools and Joculators and College of Clowns see Pg 101

For the Patrician's Palace see Pg 102

For the Guild of Assassins see Pg 100

For the Guild of Fools and Joculators and College of Clowns see Pg 101

Guild of Merchants

The guild of merchants registry confirms that Mr. Monger was a member of the Guild although that is the only useful bit of information your trip to the guild unearths.

Guild of Bakers

You find the Guild of Baker's closed for fumigation. The only thing of interest outside the building is a sign that reads "For all queries regarding Dwarf Bread, please contact Ironcrust's Bakery, Rime St."

Guild of Assassins

Entering the front offices of the Guild of Assassins you walk past black-clad students and are greeted by a soft-faced man behind the front desk. The man informs you that the guild did not, nor ever has had, a contract or been offered a contract on the life of Mr Frederick Monger. The man seems to think that that is all there is to say.

Once outside the guild you ask Wiggins if you can really trust the word of an assassin. "Oh absolutely we can" he replies " the assassins are the killer of choice for gentlemen. They have a very strict code of honour. If they say they don't have a contract on the victim, we can trust they didn't. They're sticklers for the rules. That's probably why they stopped accepting contracts on the commander, he doesn't believe in fighting fair."

Guild of Fools and Joculators and College of Clowns

As you round the corner of Widdershins Broadway you see that the Fools guild is currently on fire. A brigade of clowns stand in front clubbing each other with ladders and dousing each other with water, helpless to combat the blaze as years of clown training take over. The ever-present crowd of onlookers watches mirthlessly, if it were funny, clowns wouldn't be doing it.

You ask Wiggins if you should call the fire brigade but Wiggins merely cups a hand to his ear and says "No need. They're here." as he says it, you noticed a thumping rapidly approaching and see a troop of Golems round the corner.

The giant clay men waste no time and begin systematically removing every piece of fire from the burning building, piling it up outside and stamping it to death. Presently the blaze is extinguished and the clowns are led away by kind people.

"Yeah I don't think we'll be getting any help from the fools guild today." Wiggins remarks. "Just as well, I wasn't looking forward to washing custard pie out of my uniform."

The Patrician's Palace

Wiggin's grabs your arm as you start heading for the Patrician's palace. "Maybe it would be wise not to bother the Palace until you're absolutely sure you've got this case solved, the patrician IS the city tyrant and he does still maintain the scorpion pit after all." You look up at the bulk of the palace. "Look, if anyone at the palace did have anything to do with this murder, we wouldn't even know there was a murder. Does that help? Now come on, we have other leads to chase."

For Madam Aurialian's Salon see Pg 104

For the Guild of Launderers see Pg 106

Madam Aurilian's Salon

At the meeting of the Maul and Checker walk.

You pass under a rather flamboyant storefront that boldly declares that you are now entering Madam Aurilian's Salon for the modern dwarfish lady. Inside rows of black marble wash basins sit behind leather chairs, mirrors line the walls, and the back wall is covered in cabinets containing all manner of strange tools.

A dwarf stands in the middle of the shop floor sweeping up hair whilst another dwarf, their braided beard dyed a brilliant violet sits in one of the chairs, quietly leafing through a copy of Dwarf Bread Monthly. "Excuse me, City Watch, we'd like to speak to Madam Aurilian" Wiggins addresses the sweeper. "One moment. MADAM!" The sweeper shouts as they walk through a curtained doorway into the backrooms. "THE WATCH ARE HERE TO SEE YOU, MA'AM!"

A figure you assume to be Madam Aurilian soon makes a dramatic entrance through the curtain. She's a heavily made-up dwarf, strutting forward on iron boots with enormous platform soles welded on. A gemstone studded leather skirt leads into a gleaming silver chainmail shirt almost hidden by an extravagant beard, an interwoven lattice of braids, jewelry and hair colors. All topped with a relatively non-descript iron helmet.

"Why hello darlings!" she trills "you're here about that ghastly business with poor Frederick, I'm sure. I knew as soon as he didn't show for our meeting yesterday that something awful must have happened." "That's correct, can you tell us the nature of your relationship with the deceased?" Wiggins asks. Madam chuckles "Oh we weren't an item darling, if that's what you mean, no we were business partners. You see Frederick's wife Yvette and I go way back and she's been behind me and this salon ever since I first floated the idea to her. Frederick's been a wonderful help in handling the business side of things, even loaning us a bit of money here and there. I suspect he was doing it just to please Yvette, such a sweet man."

You ask her about the nature of their recent daily meetings. "Oh we've been planning some major renovations to the salon, fredericks been doing a lot of negotiating and the like with craftsmen, shopping around for the best deal, that sort of thing, I'm much too busy here to be doing it myself but he'd pop in daily to drop us his latest deals or take some measurements. He'd even bring some lunch with him for us, he was a rather thoughtful man, such a shame to see him go."

You ask if she knew if Mr Monger had any enemies. "Oh I can do you one better. I can tell you exactly who murdered him. It was those spitefully Grags. Those hatefully little *B'zugda-hiara!*" There's a shocked gasp from the sitting dwarf. "Lawn-ornament" Wiggins whispers in your ear. You ask madam to explain who the Grags are. "The Grags are...oh how would you put it in morporkian.... The Grags are-" "Pricks?" Wiggins supplies. "-Keepers of law, but I like your answer better darling. They're very small-minded spiteful little dwarfs that get far too much

respect in dwarfish society for just being little fountains of hate. Very **traditional** types.” madam loads the word traditional with a barge full of venom. “You don’t get many of them in the city but occasionally some of them crop up, and they’ve had it out for this salon since we opened. Yvette actually called some friends in the Dwarf Ladies circle to organise a protest but that only seemed to embolden them. I’m certain they’re behind Fredrick’s death.”

You ask if she has any proof to back up her hunch. “Why of course I do, JESSIBELL, fetch that frightful letter frederick left with us would you dear.” The sweeper dwarf, until now loitering in the doorwall disappears and returns with 2 sheets of paper. “The last time we met was the day before yesterday, and Frederick gave me this letter to translate. The man spoke passable dwarfish but he was rather hopeless when it came to written dwarfish. This” she points to the second sheet [Document 8] “ is the translation. It’s a threat, unsigned of course, but it’s not hard to guess exactly who it’s from.”

Pocketing the letter you ask one last question, where was she the day of the murder. Madam claps her hand to her chest in absolute affront. “Why I was HERE! All day long, any of my girls will confirm it.”

With a lot to chew on, you make your excuses and leave.

Guild of Launderers

The Guild of Launderers and Washer Woman have not had their services employed by the victim and are sadly of no help to your investigation.

Guild of Trespassers

The secretary of the guild formerly known as the Guild of Explorers meets you in place of the currently missing Guild Leader. You show them the scrap of map you found at the crime scene and explain that you suspect it of being a treasure map leading to a treasure somewhere in Llamados.

Studying the map the secretary explains “ Well I’m skeptical of that theory, members have trespassed in Llamados enough times looking for treasure and never found any trace, plus its not like the place has any legends of lost pirate treasure. And this is a pretty poor showing as far as treasure maps are concerned, even if it is just a piece, there’s no landmarks, no instructions, no artwork, just an x with no way of telling where it is. And I’m not convinced that this paper is all that old either, might be worth asking a professional printer about that, maybe Teemer and Spoole.”

“But in my professional opinion, this map is a wild goose chase.” You thank the secretary for her time and head back out into the city.

Mrs Whelk's Home-From-Home

Though Wiggins is nervous as you make your way through the cramped borough known as "The Shades", your trip to and from Mrs Whelk's Home-From-Home is uneventful. Sadly, the same can be said of your time at Mrs Whelk's, as it gives you no further insights into the case.

For the Sunshine Sanctuary for Sick Dragons see Pg 111

For the Guild of Seamstresses see Pg 112

For the Guild of Beggars see Pg 113

For the Friendly Flamethrowers League see Pg 114

For the Sunshine Sanctuary for Sick Dragons see Pg 111

For the Guild of Seamstresses see Pg 112

For the Pearl Docks see Pg 143

Sunshine Sanctuary for Sick Dragons

At the cost of some of your eyebrows, you gleam nothing of use from visiting the Sunshine Sanctuary for Sick Dragons.

Guild of Seamstresses

As you mention your intention to question the guild of seamstresses, Wiggins takes you aside. "I know you're from out of town, so I feel like I have to ask this, but are you aware of the differences between a seamstress and a....needlewoman." Mildly insulted by Wiggins insinuation of your naivete, you explain that yes, you do in fact know that a needlewoman is typically a tailor of the female persuasion whereas a seamstress is a euphemism for a lady of the night or employee of a house of ill repute. "House of Negotiable Affection" Wiggins corrects you, " the ladies are very particular about that around here."

With the out of the way, you inquire at the Guild of Seamstresses if the victim ever employed their services. In light of his death, the secretary at the guild is willing to assist you and informs you that neither Mr Monger nor Mrs. Monger have ever availed of the services offered by the guild or its members.

The Guild of Beggars

You are guided by one of the guild's members into the audience chamber of the head of the Beggar's Guild, Queen Molly. You are not prepared for the creature that greets you, Queen Molly wears a tattered velvet gown, has a face so full of warts that without exaggeration, her warts have warts, and her hair looks like it was permed by a hurricane with treacle on its fingers.

She smiles a rotten toothed grin, clearly delighted by your horrified reaction. "Hello dears, her majesty's dashing detectives settling into our city well are we? The big wahooonie can be a bit of a shock I know. Now one assumes you're here about that Mr. Monger, hoping one of our members had a rummage around that alley before you, and might have found something, hmmm?" You nod. "Well you're in luck dears, STANLEY! " molly shouts. Shortly a quivering beggar enters the room holding a long baguette. "Stanley dear, tell the nice detectives what you told me. "

"S-S-S-S-Stuttering St-St-St-Stanley sirs. Stammerer f-f-f-first class. I was s-s-s-searching the alley between snapcase s-s-s-square and cocklecarrot at half 2 yesterday when I went into the dump-dump-dumpster and found this " he offers you the baguette . " just lying there on t-t-t-top of the rubbish. What luck I thought, so I picked it u-u-u-up but then I looked around the corner and I saw this dead bl-bl-bl-bloke lying there, dead like, so I ran away, didn't t-t-t-touch him or nothing sirs."

You examine the slightly grey bread, a greyish-white powder flaking off as you handle it. You notice two blood stains on it, one covering one of the tips and another smaller one in the side of the baguette. "That one on the tip was t-t-t-there when I found it" the beggar adds, "that other one with from w-w-w-w-when I tried to bite into it" the beggar opens his mouth to display a row of bloody, freshly damaged teeth. "I wouldn't r-r-recommend it."

The bread feels hard to the touch and when you try to squeeze it, the baked dough refuses to depress at all. Giving the baguette an experimental swing you think it definitely feels more like a club than a foodstuff.

Storing the baguette, you thank Queen Molly and Stanley for their assistance and leave the Beggars' Guild.

Friendly Flamethrowers League

After a visit to the Friendly Flamethrowers League you are no closer to solving the case and now have the additional case of how to remove dragon soot from your clothes.

For Hyordsvarr Street see Pg 116

For The Stadlat Hotel see Pg 117

Hyordsvarr Street, Beddsson Residence.

After asking around Hyordsvarr Street you eventually find yourself sitting at the kitchen table of the Beddsson's basement home. Opposite you and Wiggins sits the young, red-haired Bjorn and his old red-haired dad, whose missing right arm you are struggling to avoid staring at.

"So Mr Beddsson " Wiggins begins, addressing Bjorn "You work as a delivery dwarf at Gimlet's Hole Food. Did you make a delivery to the Park Lane Hotel yesterday?" The dwarf breathes in and knots his brow with the effort of recollection. "Maybe... I... don't really remember all the deliveries yesterday, I remember I made the big lunch delivery to Burleigh&StrongInTheArm and besides that I had 3, maybe 4 other deliveries. I'm sorry it was just another workday, they all blur together."

You ask if he recalls being in the Park Lane area, if he perhaps saw something. Again Bjorn inhales sharply and knots his brow. "I remember heading up park lane towards Broadway....I think." Wiggins goes to try to press Bjorn to remember but his father butts in. "Lay off the poor lad, he's been running himself ragged working double shifts for Gimlet." Mr Beddsson puts his left hand on Bjorn's shoulder, "It's been tough trying to make ends meet after his father died." You're about to voice that you thought Mr Beddsson was his father when Wiggin's nudges you, "Dwarfs, remember." he hisses. Oblivious, Mr Beddsson continues, staring down at his missing arm, " since I can't work, Bjorn's been doing his best to keep us solvent, he even somehow paid the Grags for the funeral out of his own pocket, but that kind of effort takes a toll, so I'll thank you to go easy on my exhausted son."

Feeling cowed by mention of a family tragedy, you soon make your excuses and depart.

The Stadlat Hotel

The manager of the Stadlat Hotel informs you that the Stadlat has never put up Mister Monger nor his wife. In fact, the hotel is currently experiencing a severe slump in the season, as they currently have nothing but vacancies in the hotel.

The manager politely asks you to leave when a delivery dwarf from Gimlet's Hole Foods enters. The manager's lunch has arrived.

The Guild of Ecdysiasts, Nautchers, Cancanieres and Exponents of Exotic Dance

Negotiating a cloud of perfume on the guild's part, and one of mild embarrassment on your part. You learn from Miss Dixie 'VaVa' Voom (retired) that neither Mr Frederick Monger nor Mrs. Yvette Monger have ever employed the services of, or frequented an establishment operated by, members of the Guild.

Miss Voom is also kind enough to reach out to the Seamstress's Guild to confirm that the same fact applies to the services of that guild as well.

The Opera House

You arrive at the opera house to find a huge clay figure systematically sweeping the steps. Wiggins addresses the figure "Excuse me, are you Torc?". The figure, in a very mechanical motion, straightens up and carefully leans their broom against a nearby railing. Then a shovel sized hand retrieves a slate and a piece of chalk from its waist and scratches a word which it then turns to show you. **"Yes"** The figure remains motionless, holding up the slate for your inspection, seemingly awaiting further questions.

Wiggins continues, "Were you present at the alleyway between Cocklecarrot Avenue and Snapcase Square sometime yesterday?" The golem rubs the slate clean and chalks a new word on it **"Yes"**. "At what time?" the golem again, wipes the slate and chalks a reply **"1:50PM"**. "Why were you there?" **"I Was Transporting Lumber For Stage Props From Number Five SpindleFile To The Opera House."** "What time did you arrive at the opera house?" **"2:09PM"** You remind Wiggins of the mass of footprints in the alley. "We found a lot of footprints in the alley that suggest you weren't just walking through. Was there an altercation in the alley when you were there?" **"No. A Troll Collided With Me At The Corner Of The Alley. I Dropped The Lumber. I Stopped To Gather It Up. The Troll Was Unharmmed. He Carried On His Way."**

"Did you notice a body in the alley when you were there?" **"No"** "Can anyone confirm your whereabouts?" **"Yes. Opera House Staff. Also The Troll. He Spoke Of Being Late For Brunt Street."** Wiggins looks at you to see if there's anything else you can think of. You shake your head. "Alright that will be all Mr Torc." The golem returns its slate and chalk to its belt, retrieves its broom and resumes sweeping the Opera House steps without a word.

Guild of Actors

A senior member of the Actors guild explains, through a protracted and bellowing silique that Mr. Monger has had no dealings with any of their members. Telling you in 15 minutes what could have been said in 11 words.

The Bear Inn

Navigating around a conductor as he collects the opera house's orchestra you reach the owner of the Bear Inn. Sadly, your interview with them offers no new insights into the case.

For the Guild of Lawyers see Pg 123

The Guild of Alchemists

You round the corner of the Gamblers Guild to see a large smoking crater across the road where the Alchemists Guild should be. A weathered looking sign in front of the crater declares that the Guild of Alchemists is open. Presently a soot-covered guild member climbs out of the crater and spins the sign around before staggering off. The sign now reads "Closed for renovations."

"Darn, that time of the month already." Wiggins remarks. "I guess they'll be no help."

Guild of Lawyers

You spend a great deal of time searching the archives of the Lawyer's Guild but your time is well rewarded by a slew of documents.

Alongside the marriage certificate between Mr Monger and Yvette you find Mr Monger's will which leaves pretty much everything including his business to Yvette.

You also find an older will and a matching death certificate belonging to a David Monger, apparently the victim's uncle. The will leaves a substantial sum of money, accrued by the sale of David's merchant ship, to Frederick Monger. According to the death certificate, the uncle died 15 years ago.

There are also documents of incorporation for Mr Monger's Company dated 14 years ago.

During your search you also come across a more recent contract, signed only a year ago, giving both Mr Monger and his wife a stake in a business named "Madam Aurilian's Salon for the modern dwarfish lady".

Related to the Salon you also find a restraining order, bearing the signature of both Madam Aurilian and Yvette Monger taken out against a number of parties named as "Grag Helmcleave", "Grag Docson" and "any persons in the employ of said prior parties", the order legally prohibits said parties from engaging in activities in the vicinity of "Madam Aurilian's Salon" citing concerns over safety for the staff and owners.

Appended to the restraining order you find records of various court cases taken against persons accused of being in breach of this restraining order while in the employ of "Grag Docson" and "Grag Helmcleave". In all of the cases, the accused argued that they had no knowledge of these individuals.

With much to think on, you depart the Guild of Lawyers.

Hangnail & Scant

The secretary at the Barge builders informs you that Mr Monger was a recurring customer, they did a lot of business with his various other holdings in Llamados over the years and the meeting with him on the second of Grune was one of their routine meetings to discuss payment plans and the ongoing arrangement. The firm is very sorry to see him go.

Prison Visitors and Rehabilitation Society

The victim has made no visits to the Ankh-Morpork Prison, or The Tanty, that the organisation knows of. Beyond that they are of no help.

Dolphin Inn

The views of Unseen University across the river are pretty but the Dolphin Inn proves useless to your investigation.

For the League of Goblin Friends see Pg 128

Chas Lavatory & Sons

Chas Lavatory & Sons turns out to be a plumbing firm specializing in hygienic water closets. You're greeted at the entrance by one of the titular sons. "What can I do ya for?" "We're here investigating the death of a Mr. Fredrick Monger, did he happen to do any business with you?" Wiggins responds, flashing his watch badge.

"Mr Monger? Ya he was in here yesterday before lunch, dad was giving him an estimate for a custom job at that salon in the Maul, Madam Auralian's. Big job, lots of custom pipework and basins. "

"And that was the last you saw of him." Wiggins asks. "Yep, dad finished with him just as lunchtime rolled round. Then we spent the rest of the day on call at the Dysk, some brain-trust dumped a troll cocktail down a sink, corroded the entire pipe system like that!" the son snaps his fingers " Filthy job that was."

You thank him for his assistance and move on.

League of Goblin Friends

The league are clueless as to how they can be of any help to your investigation.

The Seven Sleepers Hotel

The Seven Sleepers hotel has nothing to offer your investigation.

For the Darling Temperance Hotel see Pg 131

For the Floral Arranging Society see Pg 132

Darling Temperance Hotel

You learn nothing of value from a visit to the Darling Temperance Hotel.

Floral Arranging Society

Wiggins is certain that the Floral Arranging Society will be of no use to the case. One wasted hour later, Wiggins is wearing a smug look on his face as you leave the society.

Hope Springs Hydropathic Establishment and Hotel

Among the over-priced mud and expensive healing waters, you find nothing to assist in your investigation.

For number 3 Lawks Drift see Pg 135

For the Brunt Street Thud Club see Pg 136

For the Grunefair Inn see Pg 137

Number 3 Lawks Drift

The door to the basement flat at number 3 Lawks Drift is opened by a middle-aged, blonde-bearded dwarf. They shout over the din of shouting dwarf children that the young Bjorn Bedson delivered take-away to them yesterday at lunchtime, around half 1.

The Brunt Street Thud Club

On Brunt Street you knock on the door beneath a sign with a stoat on it. Presently the door is answered by a large brown troll. “Ello, you ere four da club?” You nod. “Right dis way.” the troll leads you to a door and down a flight of stairs into a cool but dry basement. Inside, there are many figures seated in pairs at tables each laid with an octagonal checkerboard. An assortment of heads, mostly troll and dwarf, raise to study you as you enter. Deeming you less interesting than their games, the heads return to studying the boards.

“Right, pick a table” the troll gestures to the room. Wiggins replies “We’re not actually here to play, we’re with the Watch. We’d like to know if you or any of your club members were near the alley off Snapcase Square yesterday between 1:00 and 4:00.” The troll’s brow furrows with concern “Well, I weren’t there, me and the lads were ere for a big game day yesterday. But I could ask around if you want.”

The troll begins to work his way through the quiet tables, bending his head low to speak with the seated players. It takes some time but eventually he returns with a much smaller light grey troll in tow. “Dis ere is Talc, he are a good lad.” he says slapping the smaller troll on the back. Talc looks nervously at you, “What’s dis about?”

“Were you in the alley between Cocklecarrot Avenue and Snapcase Square around lunchtime yesterday?” Wiggins asks. “Uh....ya I think I was....ya ya, that’s where I run smack into that gol-lum. I was late for the game day so I was running, and I runs round the corner and BANG? Right into him. Knocked the wood he were carrying all over the place, and dropped my thud set. Hey, is that why you’re here, cuz I lost one of my troll pieces. See?” The troll snaps open a case displaying neat rows of carved black stone playing pieces, most of them dwarves, some of them trolls. One spot among the troll pieces sits empty. “Um, no we’re investigating a murder.” Wiggins replies. “Oh, well I didn’t do it. I ran straight ere after picking up my pieces.” You ask what time this was. “Uh, about 2?” Talc responds. “Talc arrived just before 2, I can vouche for him wear-about.” the older troll butts in.

“Did you see anything in the alley or on your way to the club?” Wiggins presses Talc. “Yeah I...no no...” “Go on.” “Well, you’ll just be putting this up to the old trolls and dwarfs thingie....but I did see a dwarf with one of them food delivery bags just standing around outside the ‘otel in the square, and I thought..dat’s strange, why’s he just standing around, shouldn’t he be running to deliver that food.” “So you saw a delivery dwarf hanging around outside the victims Hotel? What did he look like?” Wiggins asks. Talc shrugs “Well, like a dwarf, ya know, uh, he was..short and uh...had a ‘elmet and uh....a beard, ya a red beard. Dat’s what he looked like.”

You figure you’ll get nothing more from young Talc, thus you thank Talc and the club owner for their time and leave the Brunt Street Thud Club.

The Grunefair Inn

As you enter the low-ceiling Grunefair Inn, the hubbub of conversation briefly dies down as the occupants size you up before returning to their conversations. Making your way through the common room you hear many dwarfs complementing each other's new beard styles. The name Madam Aurialian drifts out of the haze of conversation several times.

After reaching the owner you begin your interview. Alas, the owner has nothing to offer the case.

For the Guild of Butlers, Valets and Gentlemen's Gentlemen see Pg 140

The Crime Scene

As you enter the alley Wiggins greets the Watch officer standing guard. "Morning Washpot. The detectives from Sto Lat are here to examine the crime scene." "M-Morning lance constable." the guard responds, fumbling with the small pocket book he was reading. "Go right ahead, the crime scenes just as we left it."

The alley is old and wide, cobbled but you'd hardly know that through the thick layer of mud that lines the floor of the alley. The surrounding buildings are tall with no doorways opening onto the alley itself. One end of the alley opens onto Snapcase Square before the alley snakes around to join onto Cocklecarrot avenue.

Just before the turn in the alley, there is a chalk outline of a human. "The body was found like this, face-down, arms down by the side, with his throat slit." The guard explains, pointing to a very small patch of reddish brown around the neck area of the outline. Less than a meter away lies a small metal pocket knife, it's blade likewise stained reddish brown. Wiggins pockets the knife.

"And this was found clutched in the victim's right hand" the officer hands you a scrap of brown aged parchment, the ragged edges show that it was clearly torn from a larger piece, on the parchment is inked a curving dashed line, ending in a big black x. "X marks the spot? Well rumor does have it that Mr Monger got his start in life off of pirate treasure" Wiggins remarks. You pocket the scrap for later study.

You find the victim's brief-case lying in the mud next to the outline. A brief leveraging with Wiggins's watch sword breaks the cheap locks and opens it up to reveal its contents as a small bundle of papers, a small packet of ketchup bearing the Park Lane Hotel's emblem and, wrapped in napkins, a single grilled rat on a stick. Putting the rat and ketchup aside for the moment, you leaf through the papers. They consist of receipts and estimates for labour and materials from various businesses: Champion Builders; Bodger and bolt; Chas Lavatory and Sons; Morpork Brick and Tile Makers; and finally Upspire Bros, Cabinet Makers.

Surveying the rest of the alley, you find the mud churned by a great many footprints of a great variety of age, dozens of people must use this alley every day and thus it proves difficult to pick out any footprints of interest, with 1 exception. 2 particularly large and deep sets of footprints, so deep in fact that they cut straight through the mud and leave a slight impression on the cobbles themselves, enter the alley from each direction, meet in a whirling mess at the corner and then continue on out opposite ends of the alley. You ask wiggins what he thinks might leave such deep footprints and he responds with a shrug "Too big for a human. A troll?... or a golem maybe."

“Hang on, what do we have here.” Wiggins reaches into the mud near the mass of footprints and holds up a small figurine of a troll holding a club, carved from black stone and a bit bigger than a chess piece.

The last item of interest in the alley is a dumpster near the Cocklecarrot end. Peering into it your senses are assaulted by the smell. The strata of rubbish at the bottom of the dumpster has clearly been churned up by someone, exposing the decomposing detritus of months to the open air, adding to the olfactory assault. You ask the guard if this was the watchs doing. “No, it was like this when we got here. It was probably one of the beggars that riffled through it” he responds.

Satisfied that the crime scene will yield nothing further of interest, you move on to your next lead.

Guild of Butlers, Valets and Gentlemen's Gentlemen

The door to the Guild of Butlers is opened after only one knock by a stiff-faced gentleman's gentleman in a black suit and half-moon spectacles. "Good afternoon."

You explain that you're here investigating the death of Mr. Monger. The butler waits patiently for you to finish before he replies. "And I am to assume that you theorise that the gentleman's butler was the culprit. Respectfully, I regret to inform you that such a theory is in error, as Mr. Monger did not employ a gentleman's gentleman. Thus, as I have already explained to Corporal Nobbs of the Watch-" understanding dawns on Wiggin's face at the mention of Corporal Nobbs "- it would not be possible for the gentleman in question's butler to "Do it" if said butler does not exist. Is there anything else I can assist you with?"

With nothing else you can think of, the butler politely closes the door as you head off down the street.

For number 7 Green Dragon Road see Pg 142

For the Safe Haven's Almshouses see Pg 144

The Park Lane Hotel

The manager at the Park Lane Hotel is all too happy to assist you once Wiggins flashes his Watch badge. "Mr. Monger was a recurring guest of ours." The manager explains as he leads you to the victim's room. "He would stay with us every time his business brought him to the city. It's such a shame what happened to him."

You ask him if anyone saw the victim leaving the hotel the day of the murder. "Why yes, I myself was at the front desk when he walked out just as the clocks were striking 2. Ah here we are, Room 48, given the circumstances, we've left it exactly as it was yesterday."

The manager hovers in the doorway as you examine the room. The whole room is a bit of a mess, the bed is unmade, an open suitcase full of clothes has been left by the bed and a plate of half-eaten food shares the room's desktop with a landslide of paperwork.

The bedclothes and suitcase produce nothing of interest save for several spare sets of the victim's clothing, cheap oily business suits mostly, the kind one wouldn't mind getting dirty.

On the plate on the desk sits 3 skewers, 2 empty, 1 with scraps of grilled half-eaten meat, just visible is a snout and whiskers, rat whiskers. The hovering manager notices your expression, "Dwarf cuisine, Mr. Monger was quite partial to it, something he picked up from his wife I am given to understand. Our chef refuses to work with rat so he would often order in." Sure enough, moving the plate aside you find a greasy take-away menu from Gimlet's Hole Food Delicacy.

Setting the food aside you tackle the mound of papers. Shelves of fishing reports, expense reports, invoices from fish-mongers, fish market projections, a huge number of fish orders from one Verity Pushpram and a draft of a letter addressed to Solid Jackson & Son[See Document 1].

Finally though, buried beneath the spill of documents you find a slim notebook, the victims appointment book [see Document 2].

With nothing further to search in the room you ask the manager if anyone came to visit the victim the day of the murder. "Asides from the young dwarf who delivered his food, not a soul. Mr. Monger usually met his business partners at their establishments rather than here."

You thank the manager for his assistant and head back out into the city.

7 Green Dragon Road

Number 7 Green Dragon Road turns out to be the basement offices of a dwarf legal firm. A middle-aged, brown-bearded dwarf answering to Mr Piesmasher confirms that a young red-haired dwarf delivered his lunch to him yesterday at 1:35 precisely.

Fish Market At Pearl Dock

You push your way through the wholesale fish market at the Pearl Docks and eventually find Miss Variety Pushpram. The successful business woman explains from behind her fish borrow that she has done a tremendous amount of business with Mr Monger as he was an excellent source of fish. She's disappointed to hear of his death but is certain that his wife will step up to continue running the business.

Safe Havens Almshouses

A canvassing of Savage Gardens and the Safe Havens Almshouses sadly unearths no one who saw anything of interest on the day of the murder.

Spindlefile Theatre Supplies

The staff at Spindlefile Theatre Supplies confirm that the golem known as Torc collected a shipment of lumber for the Opera House at 1:45pm yesterday.

The Offices of the Grand Truck Company

You stand outside the offices of the Grand Truck Clarks Company, waiting for Wiggins to return. You stare up at the blinking mass of lights and shutters that make up the top of the grand trunk tower, the complex motion of shutters apparently sending messages to another similar tower, watching this one from miles away.

Presently, Wiggins exits the building, holding a document. "Had to flash the badge but they eventually coughed it up." Wiggins hands you a transcript of the clacks message Mr Monger sent to this wife the day before he died. [Document 6]

Association of Knockers-Up

The Offices of the Association of Knockers-Up is closed when you arrive. Wiggins remarks, "The murder took place in the afternoon, most of the members would be asleep at that time, I doubt they would be of much help anyway."

The Road to Quirm Coaching Inn

This Coaching Inn offers no further leads for the case.

Orc Rehabilitation Society

The society offers no new insights into the case.

“Stop! Unlicensed thief!” The cry rings out behind you and you turn to see a shopkeep pointing down the street towards a retreating hooded figure. Wiggins takes off running and tackles them to the cobbles. “You’re nicked, mate! You’re lucky I caught you instead of the thieves guild. Come on, let’s get this lad to the yard.”

You spend the rest of the hour dealing with the miscreant instead of making any progress on the case.

You round a street corner to find the road obstructed by a cart crushed under a brass bedstead. The driver, ankle deep in escaped chickens, is furiously yelling up at someone leaning out of a broken second storey window. Off to the side, a young woman with the look of a reporter is writing in a notepad. "Rains of Bedstead continue to menace city" you read over her shoulder.

Bypassing the obstruction, your destination proves to be a waste of time.

“Excuse me.” You turn just in time to catch a glimpse of an iconograph before the figure behind it yells “Smile please!” and a flash obscures your vision. At almost the same time you hear the iconographer cry out “Oh BUUGGGAAAAAAAaaaa...”

Blinking away the flash, your vision returns just in time to seem a shape crumple into a neat pile of ash behind the iconograph. A moment later, there is a thinkle of shattering glass and the ash fountains up, eventually coalescing into a pale humanoid figure in an opera cape sewn with many pockets.

“Hello Otto.” Wiggins beams as he introduces you to the head iconographer of the Ankh-Morkpork Times. Otto in turn explains to you that the Times wishes to interview you, the Sto Lat detectives investigating the Monger case, and you spend the next hour obliging them.

You walk onto an entirely unremarkable street and unremarkably walk down it without any kind of remarkable incident, remarkably.

It feels very strange.

You part ways with Wiggins for a moment and no sooner have you left his company than a cutthroat leaps from an alleyway and holds you at knifepoint. “Your money or your life!” he cries. Remembering something, you withdraw and present the Thieves Guild Chit her Majesty’s agents provided you with.

The cutthroat takes it, inspects it and then returns it to you. “Terribly sorry sirs. As you were, and may you have a nice day.” The would-be robber apologises, tips his hat to you and disappears back into the alleyway.

You part ways with Wiggins briefly while he attends to some business. As you wait for his return, a street vendor wanders over to you. "Hello, care for a sausage in a bun? Only half a dollar, and that's cutting me own throat."

You decide to purchase one, thinking what's the harm.

Wiggins returns to find you in a very sorry state and, instantly recognising the symptoms, is kind enough to provide a bucket and a discreet place in which to make use of it.

You're approaching a crossroads when your nose is suddenly assaulted by a smell that beggars belief. The olfactory attack knocks you back with genuine physical force. Wiggins grabs you and hauls you into a nearby alleyway. "Stay hidden, that's Foul Old Ron's Smell."

Wiggins, you and the Smell peer out from your hiding spot when you see a trope of beggars crossing the junction up ahead. One's coughing and spitting violently, another is wheeling himself along inside a wheelbarrow, the third is being led by a small dog while shouting "Buggerit, millennium hand and shrimp, I TOLD EM!" and the last appears to be a perfectly ordinary man save for the duck perched on his head.

As the trope disappears from view, the Smell sidles out of the alleyway and idly follows after them. Presently, Wiggins suggests that the coast is clear and you can move on.

A thin, scraggly wizard in red robes and a soot-stained, battered, pointy hat whizzes by you, running at a speed impressive for any man, much less a man in an ankle-length robe.

You ask Wiggins who that was. He shrugs “I think it was the Professor of Cruel and Unusual Geography from the Unseen University, not sure though.”

Looking after the rapidly disappearing figure, you can’t help but wonder what his story is, before returning your attention to your own.

“Absolutely bloody nothing!” is what you find written on a sign over this empty lot. And it’s an accurate description of what you find.

For some reason, your investigation takes you to number 1 Empirical Crescent. You and wiggins enter the front door of number 1 and spend the next hour lost in the Crescent's non-euclidean geometry.

Eventually, out of desperation, you hurl yourself out the kitchen window of number 8 and come crashing out of the back door of number 3. Looking in the back door you see the empty living room of number 7 until Wiggins comes crashing out of the door.

Having escaped, you resolve never to speak of Empirical Crescent again and head back out into the city.

“Boy did you waste your time.” a random passerby says to you, unprompted. You’re about to ask what he’s talking about when he begins trying to sell you a collection of imp-powered watches.

You firmly tell him that you’re not interested and walk on.