

# GM's Notes

*Mrs. Eulice Nomed runs a respectable lodging house in Ankh-Morpork, which is the best place that you can find to live while you make your fortune in the city. There are, no doubt, worse landlords, so you don't object too much to Mrs. Nomed's funny little rules.*

*And when what's in the cellar bursts forth upon the unknowing mortal world, frankly, paying your rent a month in advance and wiping your feet when you come through the door are the least of your worries...*

## **Player Characters:**

**Barrington Fonk**

**Brother PobPob**

**Bruce Podrington**

**Carson Vole**

**Throb the Exterminator**

## **Set-Up**

The PCs are occupants of **Mrs Nomed's Lodging-House**, a firmly managed establishment in a tatty but relatively respectable part of Ankh-Morpork, on the hubwards side between Money Trap Lane and the centre of Dolly Sisters. They know each other a bit, but they aren't close.

Basic idea: 2,000 years ago, in the Last Days of the Kings of Ankh, an apocalyptic, demonic cult formed, saying that these were the End Times, and attempting Dire Magics just to make sure of the fact. It was opposed, defeated, and suppressed by a demon-hunting group, but things got a bit mystical.

The cult swore that they would return and conquer the Disc in 1,000 years - and the terms of the event required a chance of this resurgence. However, Fate himself was involved, and got pedantic; the cultists had tried invoking with him with insufficient respect. He informed them that these were going to be proper 800-day *Spin Years*. The hunters knew about this, but couldn't do anything about it without breaking the mystical bindings that they'd placed on the gate. All they could do was leave some warning letters with a reliable firm of lawyers

Hell left one demon to guard the one potentially functional gateway through which their hordes would stream on the day when the Disc would be theirs – then forgot about the whole business thanks to shoddy paperwork within a couple of centuries.

The demon, granted the mortal disguise of **Mrs Eulice Nomed**, has been guarding the gate ever since – and running a boarding house on the site for most of that time, initially as cover but mostly as something to do and then out of habit.

But now, a sufficiently pedantic Demon of Pedantry in the records department has noticed the yellowing note on the file for this year, ordered Mrs Nomed to prepare for the Hordes of Hell to emerge from her cellar, and gone off to remind the Lords of Hell about the Arrangement. So the invasion of the Disc is now officially *on*. Note many of the Lords of Hell think it's a good idea, but rules are rules.

Mrs Nomed will at some point seal off the house from the rest of the Disc. However, PCs are up to

date with their rents, so they can come and go freely. (She's quite pedantic herself.) Even the UU staff will require a power feed from the High Energy Magic Building and several hours to get through this barrier – which may make them too late.

## Events

The PCs are all in of an evening when little chap in a dusty but presentable suit shows up at the front door. This is **Mr. Draville**, of **Whitney, Weeblethorpe, and Watermark**, a very respectable law firm. He has a document that is required to be delivered to the occupants of this address, on this date. Mrs Nomed seems to have disappeared, but Mr. Draville thinks that he can legitimately deliver to whoever is in residence this evening.

It is a *very* old, yellowed parchment document, inherited from a predecessor firm; it's been in the back of a strong room since well before living memory. Mr. Draville won't leave until he gets a chance to read it to them, but then he turns very apologetic. It's written in very archaic Morporkian, with elements of legal Latatian, but Mr. Draville can translate.

It says:

*“You are all going to die. The tide of devastation will arise after One Thousand Years, and fall upon the denizens of what will doubtless be the City of Sin, because these places usually are, and all manner of bad things will befall its sinful denizens. Starting with you people. This is determined by contract with Fate, by the laws of the Horrid City of Sin. Woe unto ye sinners. Sorry.”*

Anyone who speaks Latatian can get an IQ, Research, or Law roll to note that the word for “years” is an old term that correctly refers to Long Years. History at +5 (possibly at default) will tell anyone that this places the period as that since the fall of the Kings of Ankh, or thereabouts.

Mr. Draville is *very* sorry he has to deliver such a peculiar document. If pressed, he will say that several other letters emerged from the same file today – a very, very old box, inherited from another firm whose vestigial responsibilities descended on Whitney, Weeblethorpe and Watermark when they ceased activity some time ago. He doesn't know where they went, but several clerks went off in different directions at the end of the day.

Mrs. Nomed has, oddly, disappeared. Access to her own rooms is strictly prohibited by the rules of the house, and this is enforced by a Fright Check effect, increasing in power as one proceeds down the hall – roll unmodified to cross the threshold, at -2 when half-way down the corridor, and at -5 at the end. Her quarters are, incidentally, decorated in a sort of Games-Workshop-meets-old-lady style. Lots of sconces, armchairs and bedsteads made of blades, skulls on the mantelpiece, blood-dripping wallpaper, etc.

## Roadkill

Later that night, probably a couple of hours after people have retired to bed, a booming and rumbling starts up from the cellar. Going down there is only permitted “for purposes related to the proper business of the house” (e.g. stowing luggage), but isn't actually banned. The PCs won't be getting much sleep...

In fact, a **Demon of Roadkill** is now forcing its way through the Gate to Hell down there, which has opened in anticipation of the Doom of the City.

It's about 6' long, with the snout of a badger, the spines of a hedgehog, the wings of a pheasant, the tail of a fox, and a deep lateral groove across its back, almost dividing it in two.

**ST 14, DX 9, IQ 9, HT 10**

**DR 2. HP: 14**

Can bash with its snout for 1d cr, but isn't very aggressive – will basically surrender after taking 3 HP damage, becoming all quivering and cowardly.

Talks Morporkian just fine, but has a severe speech impediment.

It really just wants out of its current job, which it doesn't enjoy. It knows that the Hosts of Hell are mustering down the road a bit, under the command of **Lord Thargenkrax, Marshall of the Dark Hosts** – though someone who ran over him the other day said something about Duke Vassenego not being keen on this for some reason. It has also heard of Mrs. Nomed, “The Gatekeeper,” and is quite respectful about her.

Similar letters have also gone to the Patrician, who has off-loaded this onto the Watch in case it's serious, Unseen University, although it arrived during dinner and so isn't being taken very seriously (the clerk there *may* currently be green and going “ribbit”), and various temples, who are arguing a lot.

Key to solution: The current laws of Ankh-Morpork say clearly that all references to “years” must be taken as indicating 400-day years. Therefore, this invasion is 1,000 years late. Someone just has to prepare an injunction and serve it on Lord Thargenkrax. Then get away. Maybe.