

The Discworld CYOA

Thanks to Spiral-Anon and the rest of the IRC and thread for their assistance, and for Sir Terry Pratchett for his universe. Rest in Peace.

There is a turtle, flying through space. On the back of a turtle are four elephants. On the back of those elephants is a disc, constantly turning. And on that disc, there are people. Welcome, Jumper, to the world of Discworld! A place of magic, humor, sarcasm, honor, language, and Well, people. The Discworld is a world that resides in a plane with a very high level of magical (or thaumic) background radiation, where light moves so slowly it can be raced by the daring and the knowledgeable can actually predict events due to reality's reliance on Narrativium. Though things are usually light, people are people everywhere, and thus there is always darkness too. Just, have fun, stay alive (though DEATH is a kindly fellow, you don't want him to take you soon) and try to learn something.

You can choose to appear in any time period covered by the books, whether you wish to meet Twoflower at the docks or serve under Sir Samuel Vimes.

While the Disc can be a nice place to live, it can also be very dangerous. Take these, to prepare yourself for the coming decade. +1000 CP

Where on the Disc are you? Roll a d8 to decide, or pay 100 CP to choose for yourself from anywhere on the Disc.

Location:

1. Ankh-Morpork: The twin cities of Ankh and Morpork line the mouth of the Ankh River, the only river more likely to kill by suffocation or starvation than drowning. Ankh-Morpork is the hub of most of the Discworld's civilization (Not the Hub, nobody lives there) and is ruled by

the iron sarcasm of Patrician Havelock Vetinari. Home of many famous guilds, the Watch, and the greatest population of wizards to have not hit critical mass, the Big Wahoo is always happy to welcome newcomers (well, their wallets).

2. The Ramtop Mountains: Near the Hub of the disc, these high mountains are very cold and very holy, with the gods' home of Cori Celesti nestled among the other high peaks. There are also a number of monasteries in the area, including the monastery of the Listening Monks who attempt to yodel to hear the echoes of the universe's beginning. Fortunately, you don't have to deal with yodeling, instead beginning near the monastery of the secret Monks of History.
3. Lancre: The highland nation of Lancre is light years from anything resembling civilization, both horizontally and vertically. The kingdom's claims to fame include a single piece of flat land (stored in a museum, and unique in the region), an incredibly high population of witches, and a surprising proximity to that valley in which the sun does not shine. Its most infamous points are Morris dancing, the village of Bad Ass, and Morris dancing.
4. Djelibeybi: The ancient Sun Kingdom of the Djel, Djelibeybi is 150 miles long and 2 miles wide. The only thing the nation has more of than pyramids is gods; after so many centuries, they kind of pile up, to the point the Children of the Djel worship at least nine different supreme overdeities. Though the nation's economy isn't doing so great, they have a rich history... and a LOT of it.
5. The Counterweight Continent: This continent is ruled in its entirety by the hugely bureaucratic (and highly lethal) Agatean Empire. The massive octiron and gold deposits on the continent make it far denser than it should be, and have led the ancient Agatean empire (ruled by the five families of the Hongs, Sungs, Fangs, Tangs, and MacSweeneys) to turn inward, creating great advances in the fields of poetry, painting, poison, and cruelty.
6. XXXX: A wide, mostly barren wasteland, filled with desert, dangerous animals, swamps, deserts, more dangerous animals, and drunken natives, the land of XXXX (pronounced

Fourecks or EcksEcksEcksEcks) is just... strange. The combined thaumic radiation and “dreamtime” result in oddities such as times when there’s hardly any place and places where there’s hardly any time, and myths to frighten tourists (like drop-bears) can become terrible reality just a few miles away.

7. Uberwald: After the fall of the Evil Empire, the countries of Uberwald split up into dozens of small nations. From high mountain baronies ruled by vampire lords to forested valleys controlled by werewolf clans, this land is rather hostile to normal humans. Even the underground is unsafe, as the huge Dwarf kingdom dislikes most visitors. There are even rumors of some Orcs in the far reaches.... If you’re human, you’re food for basically everything here. But there are some HUGE fat deposits!
8. Free Choice: Any other time here, an 8 would be highly unlucky (in fact, try not say that word). Now, though, an 8 is extremely lucky, allowing you to start anywhere on the Disc (or even off it, if you want to get up close and personal with the Great A’Tuin who carries it).

Backgrounds:

You didn’t just pop into existence this morning (well, probably). What have you been doing prior to your arrival? And who are your ancestors (not to be confused with your descendants)?

Drop-In: Free!

You just wake up one morning, probably someplace you’d rather not be. On the one hand, you have no new memories affecting your thoughts, and can make a clean start here with no history to limit you. On the other, you have no memories of this place to guide you, and no friends to get you out of whatever sticky situation you’ll inevitably end up in.

Destitute: 100 CP

You've had a pretty hard life to this point. You were born in poverty, and have risen to... more poverty. You've got contacts in the other lower classes, but it's not like anyone respects you or your family; that's the problem with living in Cockbill Street, or someplace like it. You've lived hand-to-mouth (in a surprisingly literal, and unsanitary, fashion) but things might finally start looking up now...

Middle Class: 100 CP

With a solid, dependable background of honest craftsmanship or work as far back as anyone thinks it's reasonable to lie about, you're pretty well set. You've at least got your own home with a floor made of something other than dirt (or, in some places, made of *really nice* dirt) and a good trade. You're not rich enough to set the world on fire, but you've at least got enough to get by. There's always room, though, for things to get better!

Wealthy: 100 CP

The world is your mollusc! Hailing from an old money family, you have a prestigious history and ancestors (yes, not just parents, but *ancestors*) stretching back as many generations as you can list without passing out. You may have a prestigious address in Scoone Lane, an ancient castle in Ubervald (there are no non-ancient castles in Ubervald, even the ones built yesterday) or be Hong, Fang, Tang, or McSweeney (Old, established family), but in any case work is something done by other people. Sit back and enjoy the problems of wealth!

Age and Gender:

No matter your background, you retain your gender and roll 1d8+20 to determine your age, unless you would care to pay 100 CP to choose both.

Skills and Talents:

There may not be anyone who's truly "normal," but you are unusual even for the Disc. You've picked up some odd training, inborn talents, or simply oddities of fate that will help you survive.

Followed the Footnotes: 100 CP, Free Drop-In

Sometimes, when you look at or hear about things, you get a flash of insight. Almost like a memory, but sometimes it's something you didn't remember. It could be a funny story about the sculptor of some art, the etymology behind a pun you heard, or knowledge of what a figgin is, exactly. You'll be the toast of parties, and you never know when your life will be saved by the sudden reminder that that shower was designed by Bloody Stupid Johnson.

Street Smarts: 100 CP, Free Destitute

The streets are a harsh environment for a childhood. Those who make it to adulthood without too much damage have learned to get smart and get tough. You're great at feeling the street, literally and figuratively; you can tell the mood of a crowd with a glance, and know who doesn't belong, as well as having exceptional navigational skills in urban environments. You know where to go and where not to, both to accomplish goals and to survive. If you're wearing the right shoes, you can tell where you are just by the feel of the stones under your feet, even when it's not "your" city.

Way of the World: 100 CP, Free Middle Class

The simple, average, tradesman's life has taught you how to be a simple, average, tradesman, without ever breaking any of the rules. You know the way the laws and rules of whatever culture you're in work, written and unwritten, and you know just how far you can bend them without breaking them. You can always get the maximum amount of bribes without setting off a warning bell, beat someone until just before they'd call the cops, or just know how much you can haggle for a new cart without seeming cheap. It's very easy to fade into the background, being just another normal citizen.

Dangerous Vocabulary: 100 CP, Free Wealthy

Well, it appears that someone is quite the smooth, cunning linguist - and with a tongue like that, who wouldn't believe the words that you can spin out of simple air? Your mastery of language has led you to be capable of enchanting dialogue (That would be a pun, or play on words, of which you're also a master) - whether seducing that young lady at the hearth or loosening the atmosphere of a tense meeting. Of course, should you have the need, you can turn these words to a darker purpose. After all, it wouldn't do for that thug who thinks he can mouth off to continue mucking about. Not without the knowledge that he could meet quite the dark, and sticky fate in the Ankh, the ---ing imbecile.

Parody: 200 CP, Discount Drop-In

The Discworld runs on Narrativium, a substance that encourages life to follow the pattern of stories. However, sometimes the way those stories turn out is not quite as expected. You have the ability to slightly warp the way narrativium flows for you, allowing you to subvert the expectations of the audience (if there was one). Whether you're solving mysteries by interrogating Death or defeating a Sourcerer with a half-brick, things you do to break the flow of events have a slightly better chance of working, and are far more likely to escape the problems and beings that might normally try to force the story to flow "naturally." Watch out though, even a parody can only go so far.

Dirty Fighting: 200 CP, Discount Destitute

The streets (well, mostly the gutters) have taught you to win. No, not to fight; that implies fairness, somewhere, or at least knowledge that the other person involved is fighting too (which you try to avoid). You're a master of cheap shots, able to find and hit vulnerable and painful points on even creatures like trolls. You also are surprisingly good at dodging, and have some hidden acting talent

(mostly good for pretending to be unconscious when a foe might decide to put the boot in). All in all, you're not someone you'd want to run into in a dark alley.

Sizzle Salesman: 200 CP, Discount Middle Class

You are an excellent salesman! You can convince people to buy nearly anything, and even convince a person that flaws (such as the nasty bits of that sausage) are features (Proves they're real pig!). ---- Hagglng is an art of which you're a master, and you can get people's attention (and business) with a few shouts no matter WHAT else is going on. You've also always got an ear to the ground; you have an instinctive knowledge of what the next "big thing" is, and can usually get in on the ground floor. Sometimes that ground floor then explodes, but that's only a problem if you're still there.

Nob: 200 CP, Discount Wealthy

As a member of the noble classes, you have a few abilities granted to you by heredity, training, or just long practice. Your abilities with leadership, moneyhandling, and social niceties are good enough to keep you from embarrassing your class. You've got enough leadership abilities to manage a houseful of servants, or a company of soldiers, and a natural aura of nobbiness that convinces people to look to you first as a leader. Similarly, you have enough economic training to make good investments with your familiy's money and not sell off Aune Eulia's house slippers for pennies when they're really worth a fortune. Finally, you have the ability to converse reasonably with people you hate for hours without saying anything objectionable, and knowledge of how to eat hors d'oeuvres while holding the food, a plate, and a drink.

A Little Bit Damp: 200 CP

Your past isn't quite as clean as it would appear. In fact, you're a master con artist and forger, with plenty of skills in the realms of disguise, lying, forgery, and pretty much anything that will separate

other people from their money (though nothing physical; you're not a ruffian). If you're making an effort, you can fool pretty much anyone into doing pretty much anything.

Is It Not Written....: 200 CP

There are great works and quotes that guide the paths of heroes. The Way of Mrs. Cosmopilite. The writings of Tacticus. Old sayings about the boots of Truth. You know one of these Ways, and due to the narrative structure of the Disc, that gives you power. When you quote your text, you make the narrativium of the world work for you and get just a little bit better and a little bit luckier, gaining a little bit of armor from the plot. Also, completely independent of that, you know some good aphorisms that might give you just the right advice when you need it.

Mind of an Adversary: 200 CP

You have never quite thought the same way as other people. Some would call you a sociopath, but they're just ill-informed; you have a mind like the marriage of a shark and a buzzsaw, singular of purpose and uniformly deadly. Lesser distractions like "morality" really just don't mean much to you, and you have the force of will to make the hard choice that's good for you, no matter what your "emotions" might say. You simply don't think like the others, and can utterly divorce your mind and body to the point you can look totally innocent while you withdraw a knife from the ribs of those others in question.

True Librarian: 300 CP

Somehow, you've picked up the heart and mind of a true librarian. You have a natural, instinctive skill with library science. Normally, this just makes sure you never lose track of the Dewey Decimal System and are guaranteed to quickly find whatever book you're looking for, even if you're searching through one of the great Lost Libraries. However, in areas of high thaumic radiation and extremely antiquated libraries, it gives you some rather stranger abilities. After all, knowledge is

power, and power is energy, and energy is mass (wizards have proven it!) and everyone knows that mass distorts reality. Your abilities include the ability to use L-Space to quickly travel between libraries (including quick jaunts to or from a slightly earlier version of the library you started in). Make sure you don't get lost, though, there are some VERY nasty things in the endless stacks of L-space, including, well, you... for there's no way to tell what time or which library you turn up in until you actually arrive.

Monk of History: 400 CP, Discount Drop-In

You have the natural talents and instincts nurtured by the Monks of History. You have a natural "seventh sense" of how the timeline is supposed to be, drawing your attention to any anachronisms or meddling with time. You are also rather strong in your personal timeline, making you extremely difficult or even impossible to affect with temporal-manipulation abilities. However, you can slightly affect your own time, allowing you to slice time a little bit to speed yourself up or slow yourself down in relation to the rest of the Disc.

Inner Jumper: 400 CP, Discount Destitute

Somewhere deep inside you, in your mind, heart, or soul, is the inner You, the Jumper inside you that keeps you going. Your intense force of will kept you reaching up and out of the crab bucket no matter how many times they pulled you back, and will keep you going in your darkest hours. You have iron-hard self-control, and are master of the demons of your own heart. You're the possessor of enough willpower to make mental combat with pan-dimensional quasi-demonic revenge spirits born at the dawn of time and forged through countless murders at the least a 50/50 proposition.

Wizard: 400 CP, Discount Middle Class AND Male

Magic flows through your veins. No, really, there's some octarine (the eighth color, the color of magic) in there, if you know how to look (and you do, now!). You've got magical talent letting you

access the magic of the Disc, and at least a little training from somewhere like the Unseen University. You can throw fireballs, perform the Rite of AshKente, and turn people into newts, and learn even more powerful spells, though there's always a price to any magic. Also, you have training in seeing what is there and not seeing what isn't. And Death's personal attention when you die! While you're just a little above average, having an extremely strong sense of will and self tends to make one's magic stronger.

Witch: 400 CP, Discount Middle Class AND Female

You're a natural-born Witch, and have had some mentoring by a mistress of the trade. You know headology (sort of like psychology that really works), making you able to easily predict and influence the actions of others, and have a lot of common sense. You also have good, usable knowledge about nature and the way things work on the Disc. Your skills at Borrowing aren't huge, but they do exist, and will grow with time, allowing you to "ride along" with animals nearby to learn about the world, and eventually even control the animals you Borrow. While you'll never be quite as good as a Wizard at magic, you have a little bit of talent there too, and are also guaranteed a visit from Death in person, eventually. You're good, but there are a number of stronger witches running around; the surer of your self you are, though, the stronger your magic will be.

Assassin: 400 CP, Discount Wealthy

Sent off to the Guild of Assassins for education, you were the best (and thus, one of the few surviving) student in your class. You've got knowledge of thousands of poisons (from the mundane to the truly incomprehensible), skills with hundreds of weapons (same), and an up-to-date mental roster of every possibly important person on the Disc (...also, same). You can blend into the night, carry on conversations on every subject a well-bred gentleman would know about, play a few obscure instruments, and sometimes move so fast Physics has to check and make sure you're not breaking the rules (which you might be). After all, you did the extra-credit assignments!

Heredity: 400 CP

On the Disc, heredity works... oddly. And now it works for you! Your children, if you have any, can inherit even the really weird parts of your nature that just don't make sense. They might be born cyborgs, be guaranteed magic even when it can't be inherited, or other oddities, gaining all of your abilities from one world at around a quarter strength. Even weirder, the whole "actual relation" part doesn't need to exist. If you get to them early enough, even those children you adopt can inherit traits from you!

Lycanthrope: 400 CP

Someone in your bloodline was a werewolf, and now you are too. You can shift between human and wolf forms with an instant (and a really strange sensation, with a brief stop in an intermediate form that NOBODY wants to see) and are significantly stronger and tougher than your average human (or wolf, for that matter). Unless someone uses silver or truly excessive physical force, you can heal from pretty much anything. You've also got a greatly enhanced sense of smell, even in human form, and a little bit of control over dogs and wolves, in addition to being able to communicate with them (though that's mostly just from being a human who understands how they think from the inside, as it were).

Vampirism: 500 CP

Well, this is odd. You're a Vampire. This has a couple of obvious affects, and a number of slightly more obscure ones. First of all, you're obviously pretty old, and likely to get MUCH older; your age is 8d8+100, and you no longer have to worry about death from old age, with age instead strengthening a number of your abilities.

You're physically much stronger and tougher (Able to win fistfights with trolls), and can heal from most injuries without a problem. Even if you somehow DO get killed, you can come back to life

(well, unlife) through the simple means of someone putting blood in your ashes (This does, however, still count as death for the purpose of your Chain ending). Your mind works surprisingly quickly, and you gain the ability to turn into a bunch of bats (it's an uncomfortable process, but surprisingly useful).

You can fly (either through the growth of bony wings or through sheer force of will) and can force others to bend to your will, including extremely strong control over many animal species. As you get older, your abilities can continue to grow and expand, and even open new avenues such as control of the weather. There are a few weaknesses, though; you can be badly burnt by sunlight and can be destroyed with continued exposure, you develop a strong aversion to garlic and all holy symbols (which can, again, be physically harmful in large doses), and you start to become obsessive-compulsive. A stake through the chest will also ruin your day, turning you into a pile of dust like extended sunlight exposure. While your preferred diet would obviously be blood, you can instead shift your craving to another source, either literal (coffee) or metaphorical (justice, or control).

Items:

Those skills are well and good, but tools will certainly make your life easier. Feel free to pick up some equipment or allies that you might not be able to get anywhere else (no matter what the advertisements say!).

Money: 50 CP, Free and Upgraded Wealthy

At least you don't have to worry about finding a place. You've got about \$5,000 Ankh-Morpork, which is enough cash to safely see you through a few years (so long as you can prevent it being stolen). For those of a Wealthy background, you've instead got about \$500,000, as well as some things that come naturally entailed (it seems) to everyone wealthy; a manor house in the city, a nice "place in the country," storage attics full of stuff (in which there might be a few hidden masterpieces), and a butler.

Scumble: 50 CP

Scumble is a drink made by one Nanny Ogg from apples. Well, mostly apples. It has an alcohol content hovering somewhere above 300 proof, and has been known to eat through metal, cause explosions when mixed with water, and knock even the strongest drinkers unconscious. You have a gallon of scumble (a lifetime supply) in a carefully-made ceramic container, as well as a recipe (and the guarantee Nanny Ogg won't come after you as the competition).

Lyrics to the Hedgehog Song: 50CP

Because of the song's adult subject matter, it has never been printed, but you managed to get someone's handwritten notes. You know that in regards to certain interactions between humans and animals, the hedgehog is a most unfortunate creature, and gladly sing his tale to anyone around you. Causes mass embarrassment and red ears. Also comes with notes to another great masterpiece, "A Wizard's Staff Has a Knob On The End."

Watch Badge: 100 CP, Free Destitute

You've been admitted, recruited, or press-ganged into serving in the Ankh-Morpork Night Watch, and have the badge to prove it. Along with a set of armour, sword, boots, nightstick, and an official bell (for ringing "all's well") you have the opportunity to be a force for law, order, and lining your own pockets (so long as the graft isn't too terrible). You have the opportunity to pick up some good training in policing, and can safely call Sam "Stoneface" Vimes *Mister* Vimes. In other worlds, you similarly have a connection with local law enforcement, no matter who they might be.

Pocket Dis-Organizer: 100 CP, Free Middle Class

The Mark 6 Whortleberry Pocket Dis-Organizer has many of the best-received features of previous Personal Demonic Assistants. It can read and summarize paperwork, translate languages, keep track

of accounts and appointments, remember names, paint pictures, and survive up to 300 fathoms of water pressure. In addition to such useful tools, it also has a few fun options, such as the “iHum” music system and games. Though it doesn’t have all the problems of the Mark 2, it does occasionally manage to remind you of appointments you haven’t made yet.

Magic Sword: 100 CP

You have a magic sword! Given the Disc’s high background magical field, these are, in fact, more common than nonmagical swords. But they can still be useful! Yours might create small fireballs to strike down impertinent archers, talk and sing, glow blue in the presence of lawyers, or have some similar useful ability. Also, of course, good for cutting things and people, cutting easily through less-magical weaponry and armor.

Dried Frog Pills: 100 CP

This box contains some large pills that, according to the recipe inside, include only trace amounts of dried frogs. You hope. In addition to tasting nasty, they cause some very specific hallucinations in those who take them; the user hallucinates that they are sane. This is a state MOST of humanity can safely delude itself into without any chemical assistance, but sometimes magical cases of insanity (like the ones you might run into) can use a little extra help to cure. While you can make more with the recipe, the ingredients are relatively rare.

Octiron: 100 CP

You have a large supply of unworked Octiron, a heavy and dark metal with an extremely high magical charge. The high thaumic radiation present in Octiron makes it good for making magical equipment, but also somewhat uncontrolled; sometimes what you get isn’t quite what you wanted. For example, bells wrought from Octiron ring with a great resounding silence, negating sound nearby, and compasses made of Octiron point to large concentrations of magical fields rather than

magnetic fields. Octiron can also be used to ground out rogue magic, much as lead blocks most forms of radiation.

Unseen University Membership; 100 CP

This paper proclaims your success in getting the required 88 points on the Unseen University graduating exam. With your mastery in cromulous dimensionalistics, and the faculty position that you just invented, you're sure to go far. You now have access to the famed Library of Unseen University, computing time on Hex, and the ability to wear a pointed hat (also included) with WIZARD written upon it without being turned into something small and slimy. If you are somehow not actually a Wizard, then the hat seems to keep accumulating extra Zs, but you still have your position on the faculty. You also get a guaranteed supply of meals and coal, and your position on the faculty of a major university seems to follow you wherever you go.

Piecemaker: 100 CP

This large siege crossbow has been slightly modified, similar to that used by the Ankh-Morpork City Watch's Detritus. While it's kept the multi-thousand-pound draw and 6-foot bolts of the original, it's been altered to fire from a trigger like a normal crossbow, and for some reason has a small (almost unfindable) safety catch. It can fire huge bundles of 20 bolts lashed together; while this immediately eliminates any aerodynamic properties, it also (given the huge strain and sudden acceleration) rapidly eliminates anything in front of the bow in a fireball. Usable as a siege or room-clearing weapon, it's unparalleled; it also works as an excellent negotiating tool, as the huge torsion makes some very horrifying noises on the safety.

Klatchian Coffee: 100 CP

Everybody knows what happens when you get drunk. And everybody knows coffee is a good way to sober up. The problem is, some coffee (like this extremely strong blend, which you've fortunately

found several clippings of) can take you too far the other direction, if you're not careful and make one knurd. Being extremely knurd is both good and bad; you're stripped of all life's illusions, which is great for noticing things and not fooling yourself but also often drives people to depression. If used carefully, however, Klatchian coffee can serve as the perfect hangover cure.

Micromail: 200 CP

This strong, and surprisingly soft, chainmail absolutely refuses to chafe. Made by dwarves of the miracle metal retribushium, this armor/clothing is very tough and serves as excellent protection for your vital parts. Retribushium somehow returns most of the force of any hits upon it to the attacker, keeping the wearer safe and making who attempt assault wish they hadn't, though it hasn't been tested thoroughly. And it doesn't chafe!

Dwarf Associate: 200 CP

The Dwarfs of Discworld have a number of skills that this particular dwarf has decided to share with you. He or she (you're not sure, and honestly, even his mother isn't either) was hired to help you out, and dwarfs are VERY big on contracts. If not literally so. Anyways, this particular dwarf is a master baker/weaponsmith (with Dwarf bread, they're the same thing) and a very experienced miner as well. He's also a master axe-fighter, but that's just cultural. Don't think you can break a dwarf contract just by jumping to another world, either; this associate will be happy to follow you as a Companion wherever you go.

Nac Mac Feegle : 200 CP

The Nac Mac Feegle are tiny redheaded people with blue tattoos, about 6" tall. They live up to every single stereotype about Scotsmen, and compress it into their new size (not reduce, mind you; just compressed). They punch hard enough to leave trolls seeing stars, as all their anger is... concentrated. Somewhere between fairies, gnomes, and bar brawlers, pictsies claim that they'll

have nae laird nor master, but this one has been fooled again and agreed to serve as your Companion. In addition to his more violent skills and some stealth ability (when he's not drunk), this Feegle can ride birds (after nutting them a time or two) and knows how to make very good beer.

Troll Bodyguard: 200 CP

You've got a friend. A BIG friend. Trolls on the Disc aren't quite what most people think; they're made of solid rock, have diamonds for teeth, and silicon for brains. This means that most of the time they go through life fairly simply, as a stupid being that's strong enough to lift carts one-handed and immune to almost anything (save a small spot at the back of the neck) doesn't have much to think about. But if they do get cold, they can become extremely intelligent. This troll doesn't have many skills, but doesn't need many either; nature gave him (or her) all the tools he needs. For now, though, all your friend understands is that he's your Companion, and you're okay with that.

Sapient Pearwood: 300 CP

You have a large object, up to wardrobe size, made out of well-crafted Sapient Pearwood. This wood is extremely strong and tough, dense enough to be unmarked by sword blows and untouched by centuries at the bottom of the sea. The high magical radiation in which these trees are grown also make them totally immune to any and all magic known on the Disc, and makes the tree sapient and capable of locomotion (and even more oddly, reproduction) even after being harvested. It will follow you anywhere, and serve you as well as it can, counting as a Companion in the future. Oddly, despite its immunity to magic, Sapient Pearwood serves as an excellent magic channel; many a wizard would kill for a chance to get their hands on a large wooden staff, especially if it has a large knob on the end.

Golem Servant: 300 CP

This golem servant has your name on its *chem*. It will serve you so long as it exists, and that's a VERY long time. Larger than a man, and extremely strong and tough, this tireless worker will help you to do... pretty much anything. Its clay form is even immune to the lightning of the gods! For those who don't want a mindless servant, you can instead choose a Golem friend with no *chem*; though slightly less loyal this, this golem has free will and will serve you as a Companion.

Necrotelicomnicon: 400 CP

The Necrotelicomnicon, or Liber Paginarum Fulvarum, is one of the great Grimoires of the Disc. Written by Achmed the I Just Get These Headaches, it is a mystical tome of great arcane power, able to liquefy the brains of an unprepared reader. For the prepared reader (or one who can somehow survive their brains dribbling out their ears) it is an artefact of great power. It provides the necessary spells, rituals, and protocols to contact or summon gods, demons, the dead, and other supernatural entities, even ones banished to the Dungeon Dimensions, constantly keeping updated with the various states of gods and other beings. While it doesn't put them under the summoner's control, the ability to talk to the gods and force them to at least hear you is a powerful (and dangerous) tool.

Drawbacks:

The gods, Things from the Dungeon Dimensions, devils, and assorted other beings that watch the events of the Disc like their entertainment quite a bit too, and it would be horrible for your time here to be too boring. If you like, you may gain up to +600 more CP through taking Drawbacks.

Orangitanuity: +100 CP

You're orange, furry, large, and smell bad. Some odd magical effect appears to have turned you into an orang-utan! You're stuck as one for your time here, but it's not all bad. You are pretty strong, and people will stop acknowledging your weirdness rather quickly. But there are always awkward

moments, and being unable to communicate except with “ook”s can get really boring really quickly. Your anger issues (if you had any at all) also seem to get worse, especially when people call you a “M-O-N-K-E-Y.”

Psychotrophic Weather: +100 CP

For some reason, your mood is especially attuned to weather patterns in this world. Being happy will cause heatwaves, being sad will cause ferocious downpours etc. Expect to be waylaid and inconvenienced at every turn unless you maintain perfect emotional control, though you’re unlikely to actually be put in danger. Unless you get yourself locked in a feedback loop....

Disqualified for Shoving: +100 CP

You have a brother; one Cecil Wormsborough Saint-John “Nobby” Nobbs. You have inherited a number of the Nobbs family traits, including horrible spots, pasty skin that has every disease known to mankind, general weakness, and a lack of hygiene so extreme metal quickly corrodes in your presence. One would probably also call you a coward, if they could find you. Your brother Nobby seems to feel the constant need to acquire any of your stuff that’s not nailed down... or is nailed down... and the nails... and the room... no matter where you hide it. On the plus side, Nobby can follow you to later jumps as a Companion with his partner Sergeant Colon, if you so desire (and can stand his company that long).

Yennork: +100/200 CP

You have had the bad luck of being born a Yennork, a werewolf locked into one of its two forms. This means you have none of the advantages of being a werewolf, and all of the drawbacks (If you got the Lycanthrope Perk, you are still locked in your form, but do gain the advantages of being a werewolf in that form). Especially, hatred from pretty much everything. If you are locked in human form, you gain 100 CP; most humans and other intelligent creatures will be able to tell you’re a were

in some way, and will dislike you because of it. For 200 CP, you can instead be locked in wolf form; all humans and similar beings will hate and fear you, and so will all wolves. Either way, there's no way out of your locked form, but at least you keep your intelligence!

Great Magic: +200 CP

You must have attempted to read the Octavo or something, because one of the Great Spells has lodged itself in your head. This spell is sentient, and REALLY wants to be cast. As such, it will attempt to get you into dangerous enough situations that using it seems like a good idea. On the other hand, none of the Great Spells actually want to be destroyed, so they'll help you survive. Unfortunately, this Spell is so strong (and scary) that it has frightened all of the other magic in your head into leaving; for so long as the spell is in your head you can use no other magic.

Overdose of Innocence: +200 CP

Maybe you're a little caught up being a tourist in this world. Or maybe you're just that naive. But you have trouble accepting the world is a dangerous place full of things that could easily kill you, and tend to blunder into horrifying dangers to your life, ranging from being shanked in the Shades to stumbling into the Dungeon Dimensions, usually while focusing more on getting the perfect framing for your picture than any possible dangers. Hope your companions are sensible enough to fight off your attackers, help you navigate or at least figure out when to run away. Not that you'd need to run; after all, there's a nice man right over there selling sausages!

Just Nuts: +200 CP

Oh no, your sanity is rapidly depleting! Only by consuming a brand of pills manufactured by the Unseen University can you-well, not remain sane. But actualize a *different* form of insanity that lets you behave appropriately in public... mostly. If you stay up on your dried frog pills (Nasty things that they are) you'll mostly just hallucinate that you're sane, and minor tidbits like random obsessions or

the belief that you can fly (an especially convincing delusion if you actually CAN fly). If you get too far behind your regimen... well, it won't be pretty.

Dragonriders: +200 CP

For some reason, the Dragonriders of the Wymberg seem to dislike you. Their response to anything they dislike is relatively simple; lots of dragonfire. The Dragonriders have the ability to somehow summon true dragons from the narrative space they've been forced into, and have access to other powerful magics as well, including the tools necessary to find you wherever you go. They also tend to be perfect specimens of humanity's peak physique, too. Fortunately, they're not usually very efficient in their wrath, and the magic needed to sustain dragons means that they cannot leave relatively high-magic areas. Unfortunately, most of the Disc qualifies.

The Hunt Is On: +200 CP

"Elves are glamorous. They project glamour. Elves are enchanting. They weave enchantment. Elves are terrific. They beget terror." Elves are... here. The Discworld has an elven infestation that's mostly been eradicated, but some keep slipping back in from the parasitic dimension of Fairyland. Unfortunately for you, one of the weak points allowing them entry to the Disc is mobile, and is following you. Expect common appearances of horribly cruel and extremely powerful elves.

Rusty Mind: +200 CP

You're not very well blessed with brains, ingenuity, or anything approaching mental skills. You are very straightforward and naïve, and what's worse, you can't really think of any reason for that to change. People keep telling you to think outside the box, but that's ridiculous. The box was good enough for your great-great-great-grandfather, and it's good enough for you!

Fate of Mr. Hong: +300 CP

You're unusual for this world, sure. Unfortunately, the very things that make you special also make you a target. A number of Things from the Dungeon Dimension have begun believing that they can use you as a portal to enter the Discworld, and they'll constantly manipulate people (and reality) to try to get you sacrificed or in such a position. If you even believe too hard, you might tear a hole in reality, and don't even THINK about using powerful magic (No, seriously, that's a bad idea on its own). If you do end up opening too large a portal, willingly or otherwise... well, the only parts of the last guy that were ever found were a kidney and half of an earhole.

Rounding Error: +300 CP

Well, that's not good. The Auditors of Reality appear to have noticed your existence, and they're pretty sure you're going to be a chaotic variable on the universe at large. As such, they've decided to get rid of you. This race of extremely powerful... beings... have a problem with all organic life, and have been trying to get it wiped off the book for quite some time. They've caused multiple apocalypses, forced Death into retirement, are responsible for the death of the Hogfather and the temporary breakage of Time, and recently started tossing asteroids at the Disc. They can't directly affect reality in their true forms, but they can enter it either using other forms or when invited (and there's always someone stupid enough) and they can affect probability and all kinds of other things from afar. So far, existence has gotten lucky, but that can't last forever.

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Congratulations! You've survived ten years on the Disc, and now have to make another hard choice. Pick one of these three. No matter what you choose, all Drawbacks are now revoked, and the memories of your Background fade into stories.

Keep Going: There are plenty of new worlds to explore!

Stay Here: This world just keeps spinning, and there are always interesting things to do!

Go Home: You can spread your story far and wide!