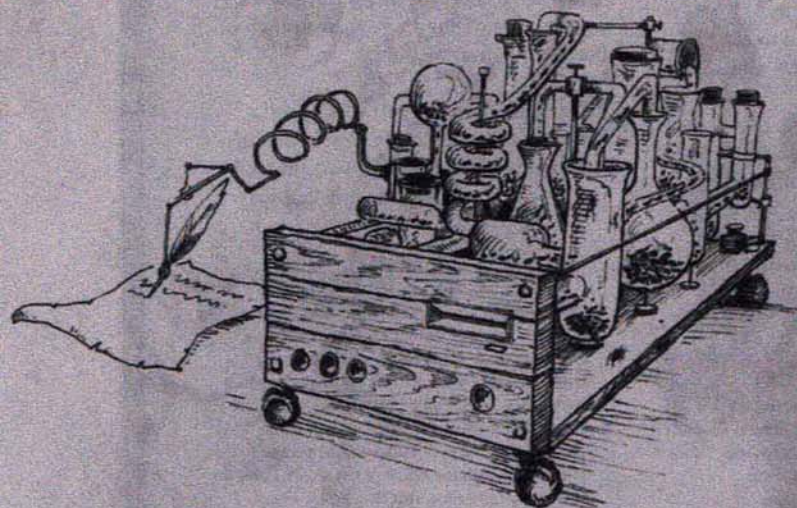


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Introduction

Welcome to the Discworld, a strange land, a fantastic land - a land where if Death doesn't actually lurk around every corner, he certainly has your home address and might drop in for a few drinks or the odd vindaloo now and again.

Based on Terry Pratchett's hilarious Discworld* books, this game uses familiar characters and places from the Discworld stories to create an entirely new adventure. You will be controlling the actions of Rincewind - a none-too-successful Wizard from the "Unseen University" in the city of Ankh-Morpork. Holder of a B. Mgc - Failed, Rincewind's only real qualifications are an ability to sleep through the apocalypse, and a survival instinct honed by years of fleeing in abject terror from the slightest danger.

Rincewind need not face his trials all alone. With him will be his trusty luggage* - the ideal companion for any adventure involving the odd bit of 'carrying stuff' around. Capable of following its owner through Death's doors and beyond, the luggage has a seemingly endless capacity for equipment (as long as you don't mind the fact that retrieved items will probably smell of lavender).

* The luggage is like a runaway trunk, albeit one with lots of little pink legs! It is both a convenient storage device, and a convenient homicidal maniac, should one be required.

It's just one man and his luggage against the world. Granted, that world is pizza shaped and is carried on the back of four giant elephants, which in turn stand on the meteor pocked shell of a star turtle swimming serenely through space; granted the "one man" wears a tall pointy hat and has a beard which smells like yesterday's breakfast - but still, the concept has a certain nobility about it, don't you think?

The Discworld

The Discworld is a flat planet - like a geological pizza, but without the anchovies. It offers sights far more impressive than those found in universes built by Creators with less imagination but more mechanical aptitude. It exists right on the edge of Reality; the least little things can break through from the other side. It is allowed to exist either because of some impossible blip on the curve of probability, or because the gods enjoy a joke as much as anyone else. More than most people, in fact.

The Discworld is carried through space on the shoulders of four giant elephants; Berilia, Tubul, Great T'Phon and Jerakeen. The elephants themselves perch upon the shell of the star turtle, Great A'Tuin. This turtle flaps onwards through yawning gulfs of stars, pretty much minding its own business and utterly unconcerned by all the endless nonsense that chases to and fro across its back.

Shell frosted with frozen methane and pitted with meteor scars, Great A'Tuin's eyes are like ancient seas. His brain (or hers according to another school of



thought) is the size of a continent, through which thoughts move like glittering glaciers. While this seems to be a potentially boring existence, A'Tuin (if someone found the means to ask) would not agree, for of all the creatures in the universe, only A'Tuin actually knows where it is going.*

Probably of more interest to the inhabitants of the Discworld, is the Disc itself, that planet-sized flat plate of land which rides upon A'Tuin's back. Circled by a little sun, and ringed by a fairy-lace of waterfalls from overflowing seas, the Disc provides a habitat for gods, men, animals, insects and beings of the sort you normally have to drink a quart of the worst whiskey to see nowadays. The Disc doesn't so much obey ordinary cosmic laws, as clumsily re-writes extra paragraphs in crayon in the vague hope that the Great Judge won't notice the addenda.

Basic Geography

The circular Discworld is orbited by its sun, making the outer edges of the world (which are closer to the sun) far warmer than the frigid hub. Seasons come from the slow rotation of the Disc. The sun knows where it goes at night, but so far it has told no one else the secret.

Ringed the Discworld is a veil of waterfalls, caused by the seas running off the edge of the land: sail too far on the Discworld, and you'll find yourself drifting like a novelty tree ornament across the canopy of space.

Somewhere near the middle regions of the Disc, we find the city of Ankh-Morpork, burnished like a festering boil beneath the rays of the sun. It is in Ankh-Morpork that our adventure begins.



Magic

Either because of, or in spite of its nature, the Disc is extraordinarily rich in magic.

Magic itself is associated with the eighth colour of the spectrum, octarine.* Wizards (whose retinas include octagons as well as cones and rods) are capable of seeing this colour as it radiates from magical effects. Eight is the most powerful of numbers on the Discworld; it can annul or warp all kinds of magic, and the octagon is used as protection from the fruit of various summonation ceremonies. The number eight is never spoken by wizards, and is simply referred to as "the number between seven and nine..."

Magical fields slow the passage of light; thus on Discworld, the dawn comes only sluggishly, slithering and pooling into valleys and holes. While rather untidy, it does mean that places such as Ankh-Morpork's "Unseen University" retain light long after

sundown, allowing students to catch up on a little reading after hours.

Like their species everywhere, the humans on Discworld have the unique ability to see the mundane in everything, although living in a world of magic can have its own unique annoyances and challenges. For example, where else can you find farmers specialising in growing reannual plants?†



Gods

The Discworld has gods in the same way that other worlds have bacteria. There are billions of them, tiny bundles containing nothing more than a pinch of pure ego and some hunger.

Most of them never get worshipped. They are the small gods - the spirits of lonely trees, places where two ant-trails meet - and most of them stay that way.

† Only found in excessively high magical fields, re-annuals are plants that grow backwards in time; you plant the seeds this year and your crops grow last year. Re-annual grapes produce a wine that gives you a hangover several hours before you drink it - a hangunder, in fact. These tend to be very bad, because people feel so dreadful with the effect of the alcohol they have yet to consume, that they drink a lot to get over it. Hence the saying: "Have a hair of the dog that's going to bite you."

* Some sages contest that A'Tuin is only one of many star turtles swimming through space, and that they swim towards their spawning ground for the great mating in which a new universe shall be formed (also called the big bang theory). These scholars are supremely concerned over the sex of A'Tuin - mostly because when the big bang happens, they want to know just who's going to be on top...

* The basic colour of which other colours are merely pale shadows impinging on normal four dimensional space. It is a sort of fluorescent greenish-yellow-purple. Octarine is not a colour commonly associated with paint because it tends to fade in sunlight, and in extreme cases walk away.

Because what they lack is belief. A handful, though, go on to greater things.

The abode of these more powerful gods is Dunmanifestin, atop CORI CELESTI, at the hub of the Disc.* These gods don't play chess, they haven't got the imagination. They prefer simple vicious games, where you 'Do Not Pass Transcendence but Go Straight to Oblivion', and a key to the understanding of all religion is that a god's idea of amusement is Snakes and Ladders with greased rungs.



Ankh-Morpork

Neatly bisected by the river Ankh, the city of Ankh-Morpork is the oldest existing city on the Discworld (and known to its citizens/denizens as the Big Wahoonie). It is really two cities; proud Ankh, Turnwise of the river, and pestilent Morpork on the Widdershins side, although the pestilence is quite democratic and in fact covers most of the city.

The twin cities were not so much born as bifurcated, like most other bacteria. Swelling from the river ooze like two unwholesome and best-left-uninvestigated pieces of flotsam, the cities have bloomed and grown with all the manic vigour of a bowel tumour. Ankh-Morpork is as full of life as an old cheese on a hot day, as loud as a curse in a cathedral, as bright as an oil slick, as colourful as a bruise, and as full of activity, industry and sheer exuberant busyness as a dead dog on a termite mound.

There are two legends about the founding of Ankh-Morpork.

One relates that the two orphaned brothers who built the city were in fact found and suckled by a hippopotamus. To celebrate this, eight heraldic hippos line the city's Brass Bridge, facing out to sea. It is said that if danger ever threatens the city, they will run away.

The other legend, recounted less frequently by citizens, is that at an even earlier time a group of wise men survived a flood sent by the gods by building a huge boat, and on this boat

they took two of every type of animal then existing on the Disc. After some weeks the combined manure was beginning to weigh the boat low in the water, so - the story runs - they tipped it over the side, and called it Ankh-Morpork.

The Patrician

Rather than suffering the autocratic, inflexible rule of a King, Ankh-Morpork allows itself to be ground under the genial heel of a dynasty of Patriarchs.

Given what normally rises to the top in any normal world, Ankh-Morpork has been unusually lucky in its choice of ruling dynasty. The current Patrician's government technique can be described not so much as a reign of terror, but as an occasional light shower.

Combining the fragile bravado of a lion tamer with the brotherly instincts of a rabid wolverine, the Patrician somehow manages to keep a lid on the worst excesses of the populace. He appears to have survived by being equally distrusted and disliked by all interest groups in the city but also by carefully not being as unpopular as every interest group is to all the others.

It is true that he has banned street theatre and hangs mime artists upside down in a scorpion pit opposite a sign that says 'Learn The Words', but this may be considered an excusable peccadillo or possibly an amusing character trait.

Guilds

Ankh-Morpork is the home of many of the Disc's oldest and most respected guilds. A guild may well, in return for a tithe, oversee all aspects of a member's life practically from the cradle to the grave (particularly in the case of the Assassins' Guild) and possibly beyond (in the case of the Guild of Priests, Sacerdotes and Occult Intermediaries).

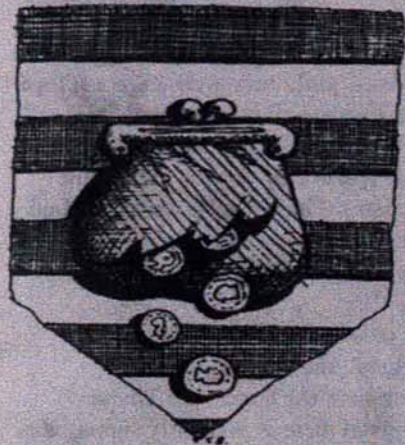
The oldest and richest guild is the Beggars'; the most stylish the Assassins'; the largest the Thieves' (although there is popularly supposed to be a Rat Guild).

The smallest Guild is, most people are surprised to learn, the Guild of 'Cut Me Own Throat' Dibblers, membership one. It nevertheless qualifies, under ancient rules that were changed almost immediately after Mr Dibbler discovered them, for full Guild status.



* While this may be their home address, most of the gods keep far away; being a focus for faith, most prayers (and curses for that matter) are directed at the hub, so 'going home' simply means answering all the mail. Most gods would prefer to spend their time consuming the odd unbeliever or turning into bulls to seduce maidens.

Thieves' Guild



Originally known as the Guild of Thieves, and then the Guild of Thieves, Cutpurses, Housebreakers and Allied Trades and latterly the Guild of Thieves, Burglars and Allied Trades, purse-cutting having fallen out of favour.

The Guild is given an annual quota which represents a socially acceptable level of thefts and muggings, and in return sees to it in very definite and final ways that unofficial crime is not only stamped out but also knifed, garrotted, dismembered and left around the city in an assortment of paper bags.

Not that we are suggesting Rincewind would ever take anything that strictly didn't belong to him...

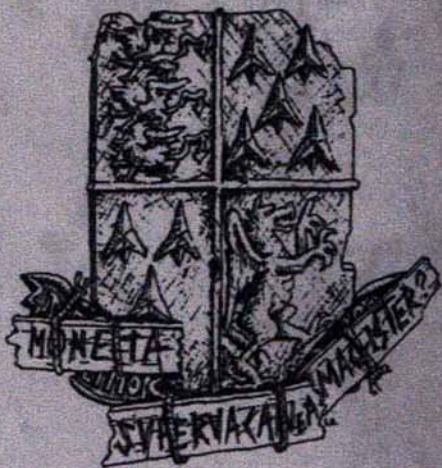
In keeping the lid on unofficial crime they have turned out to be far more efficient than the Watch, who could only cut crime by working harder - the Guild on the other hand, have only to work less.

Beggars' Guild

This is the oldest Guild in Ankh-Morpork. And also the richest, since the beggars never buy anything they can beg.

Classes of beggars include: Twitchers, Droolers, Dribblers, Mumblerers, Mutterers, Walking-Along-Shouters, Demanders of a Chip, People who call other people Jimmy, People who need Tuppence for a Cup of Tea, People who need Eightpence for a Meal, People with placards saying 'Why lie? I need a beer' and Foul Ole Ron, agreed by his fellow beggars to be in a class by himself if only because no one will share it with him.

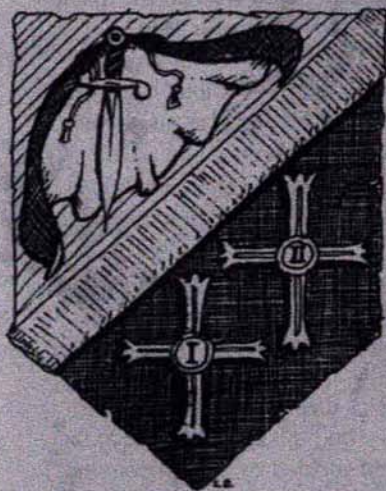
Such money as the beggars make, it must be stressed, is entirely obtained by (1) begging and (2) not begging. (1) is self-explanatory. (2) owes a lot to what might be called the Ankh-Morpork view of social economics. You clearly don't want a lot of beggars



hanging around at your wedding or other salubrious occasions, so the accepted thing to do is send the Guild a small sum of money and a kind of anti-invitation, which sees to it that men with interesting running sores and a body odour you could split wood with do not turn up.

Members of more advanced branches of the Guild even offer a Direct Debit service, whereupon, on a regular basis, they will debit your pocket of an agreed upon sum of money, without you even needing to lift a hand.

Assassins' Guild

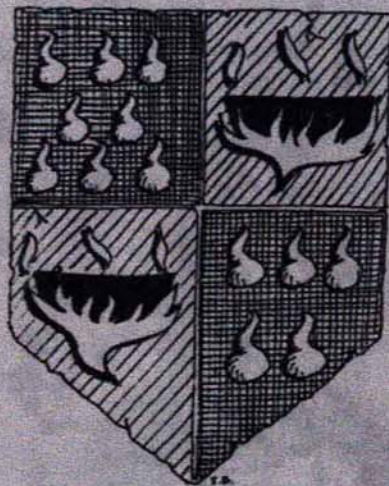


The gates to the Assassins' Guild are said never to be shut, because Death is open for business all the time, although the reality is that the hinges rusted centuries ago.

The Assassins' Guild offers the best all-round education in the world. A qualified assassin should be at home in

any company, and be able to play at least one musical instrument. Anyone inhumed by a graduate of the Guild school can go to his rest satisfied that he has been annulled by someone of taste and discretion, and probably also a social equal.

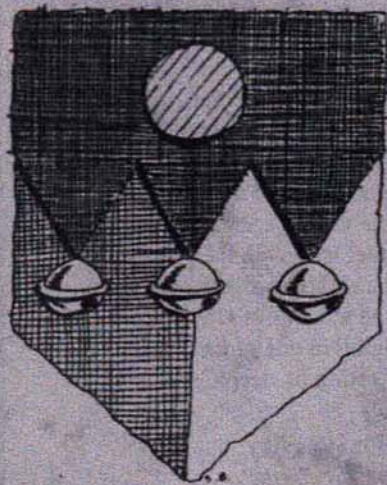
Alchemists' Guild



The Alchemists' Guildhall is always new, having a tendency to be explosively demolished on a regular basis.

This tiny, despised Guild largely devotes itself to the aid of widows and orphans of those alchemists who had taken an overly relaxed attitude to potassium cyanide or who had distilled the juice of some interesting fungi and had drunk the result. There are in fact not very many widows and orphans, mainly because women find it difficult to grow attached to people who have laminated themselves across the ceiling.

Fools' Guild



The Guild of Fools and Joculators and College of Clowns is one of the more recent Ankh-Morporkian guilds.

As with most of the guilds it is also a hospital, craft standards enforcer, fraternal society and school - although unlike the other guilds it will not accept for education boys not firmly apprenticed to clownship or Foolhardiness. This is a place that takes the business of a custard pie in the face very seriously.

Guards



Every fantasy city needs its city guard. Unfortunately, the self-governing Thieves' Guild has left Ankh-Morpork's city guard with next to nothing to do.

Still - every fantasy city has to have its guards! Ankh-Morpork's "finest" can usually be found conducting rigorous inspection of the town. From 9 AM until 12, they are usually inspecting the scene underneath their own blankets. Most afternoons they can be found analysing clues in riverside pubs and taverns. The evenings are often given over to some rigorous "drunken lurching" practice. You never know when it might come in handy.

Races

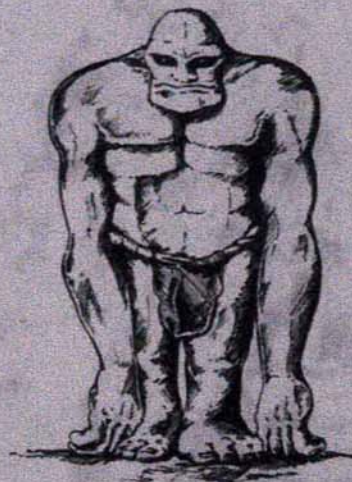
Discworld is home to a colourful variety of different races. Some of the ones you may meet in the game follow.

Humans



Shorter lived than trolls, and less clever with machinery than dwarves, humanity still manages to form the bulk of the visible population of the Disc. This is simply because humans breed so well - a survival strategy they share with rodents, cockroaches and bacteria.

Trolls



Ambulatory silicon life forms with all the playful energy of a landslide, trolls largely keep to themselves out in the wilderness. Recent downturns in the traditional 'wholesome' lifestyles of the local forests has led to number of these creatures filtering into Ankh-Morpork looking for work.

In the cold air of the mountains trolls are in fact quite bright, almost cunning; only in the lowlands are they a byword for stupidity. In fact the slowness of thought is induced by the effect of heat on the silicon troll brain. If sufficiently deep frozen, a troll is astonishingly intelligent.

There is nothing subtle about trolls. While they cannot digest a human being, they have been traditionally reluctant to accept this fact. And hitting another troll on the head with a rock is about equivalent to two humans exchanging the time of day.

Dwarfs



Dwarfs are approximately four feet tall, stocky, bearded, long-lived and with a natural attraction for mountains and mineshafts.

A flaw in dwarfish nature from a human point of view is their tendency to take things literally. This is a result of their subterranean life. In an environment where there are things always ready to explode or collapse it is vitally important that information be passed on clearly and honestly. The human language, with its unthinking reliance on metaphor and simile, is a veritable minefi... a complete morass... a fog of incomprehension... very difficult for dwarfs.

Large numbers of dwarfs have been drawn to Ankh-Morpork, where they are the biggest non-human ethnic group. Usually they fit in well. All dwarfs are by nature dutiful, serious, obedient and thoughtful, and their only failing is a tendency, after one drink, to rush at enemies, screaming 'Aaarrrh!' and axing off their legs at the knee.

Dragons



These exist in two forms - *Draco nobilis* and *Draco vulgaris*, more commonly known as Noble Dragons and Swamp Dragons. There are a number of differences between the two forms, but they can all be summed up succinctly: Noble Dragons are dragons as they are imagined, and Swamp Dragons are dragons as they have to be.

Noble Dragons are thought to not exist anymore. At least people tend not to believe in them, just on the off chance. Legend has it that, under exceptional circumstances, these dragons can be recalled.

If this were the case, you would probably end up with a very intelligent, cunning and cruel, not to mention slightly peeved creature. They eat meat and do not physically need to eat people, but will do so for ceremonial purposes because such things are expected of them and they are sticklers for tradition, even if it means having clothing stuck in their teeth.

Their ancestral swamp dragon, on the other hand, is totally real although this state of affairs is often quite brief owing to the explosive nature of their digestive system, which is very unstable. Their internal plumbing can rearrange itself to make the best possible use of any raw materials available for flame-making. The drawback to this talent is that the swamp dragon is capable of exploding violently if excited, frightened, aroused, surprised or bored. It is prey to a whole host of diseases, including a number only otherwise contracted by the common household oil-fired boiler.

Wizards

Practitioners of magic are a class apart - at least, most other people insist that they hold their classes far apart from the rest of civilisation. Founded far longer ago than anyone really cares to remember, Unseen University is the one central college to which aspiring wizards are sent - much in the same way the aficionados of exotic diseases are collected together on little islands or high mountain tops.

There are eight orders of wizardry and eight grades associated with UU. In practical terms the affairs of academic wizardry as a whole are run by the Archchancellor and faculty.

There are many other schools of wizardry on the Disc, some considered arcane even by wizard standards, and there is nothing to stop anyone calling themselves a wizard of the ninth grade except the fact that if they meet a real wizard they're likely to end up sitting

sadly by a pond waiting for a short sighted princess with a thing about the colour green.

Wizard magic generally consists of illusion, a little weather-making, fireballs and the occasional darning of the Fabric of Reality. Fundamental to its use is the wizard's staff, usually about six feet long with the proverbial knob on the end. However, more often than not, the wizards of UU are to be seen indulging in one of their real passions - eating or sleeping.

Unseen University

For those unused to the academic life, Unseen-U's bureaucracy may at first seem confusing.

In general, promotion up the academic ladder is a slow and stately process as the new candidate moves from one chair to another - often brushing away the ashy remains of one's immediate predecessor.

Wizards advance themselves through the assassination of their betters - which makes for a lively life for those who are obsessed with intrigue and power.

The head of the University is the Archchancellor. Old, cunning, scheming and wise, his magical powers pale before his one great, all conquering ability: the ability to remove grants and stipends from unruly subordinates. The Archchancellor is always warmly referred to as "the old man", or "Good old AC." - much in the way children call the school bully "Sir" as they want to go home with a full set of milk teeth in their heads.

Unseen University contains the single greatest library of magic tomes on the Disc. Magic is volatile. A spell may be pinned to the page like a butterfly, but it still tries to escape, to have form, to take control, to be said. In a sense the books in Unseen University's library are semi-alive. At UU, your homework could eat the dog...

All this build-up of ambient magic can have strange and terrible effects. Not only is it sometimes impossible to put a good book down, but it also often becomes necessary to beat it to death with a very large stick.

Death

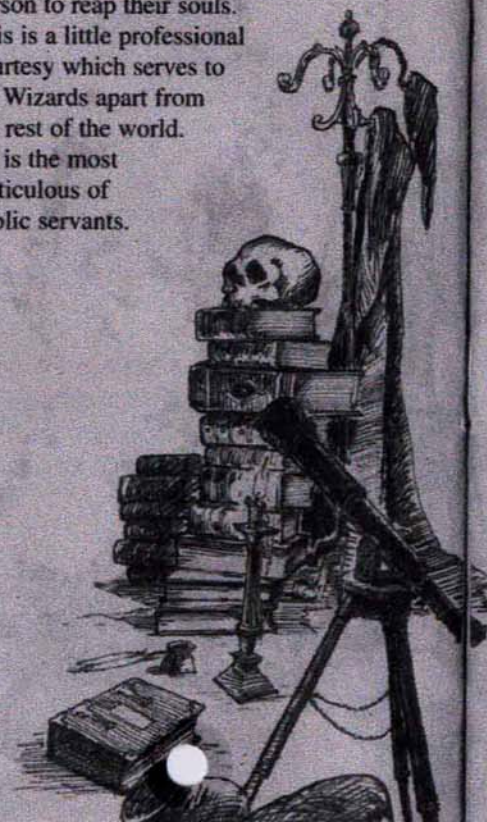
The Defeater of Empires, the Swallower of Oceans, the Thief of



Years, the Ultimate Reality, the Harvester of Mankind, the Assassin against Whom No Lock Will Hold, the only friend of the poor and the best doctor for the mortally wounded. Almost the oldest creature in the universe (obviously something had to die first...)

Death is somewhat bound by the Discworld's conception of his behaviour. He rides a pale horse called 'Binky', wears a black-cowled robe, wields a scythe, tends to be a conversation killer at parties, and has a fondness for curries.

Death has a very special arrangement with Wizards. He comes in person to reap their souls. This is a little professional courtesy which serves to set Wizards apart from the rest of the world. He is the most meticulous of public servants.



Getting Started

CD-ROM

Insert the Discworld CD into your computer's CD drive. Select the CD drive (by typing **D:** or whatever letter is assigned to your CD drive). Type **Disc** and press **ENTER** to start the game.

Disk

Insert Disk 1 into Drive A or B. Select the drive by typing **a:** or **b:** and hitting the **ENTER** key. Type **Install**, press **ENTER**, and then follow the instructions that appear.

Introduction

When you run Discworld, an introduction to the game will be shown. If you have already watched it, you may bypass it by pressing the 'escape' key. You may then either start a new game or load a previously saved game.

Using the mouse



All of the game activities in Discworld are controlled by using your mouse. There are three different ways in which the buttons are used. Click means to click once on the left button and double click means to click twice on the left button in quick succession. Right click means to click once on the right button.

The lead character in this game is Rincewind the wizard. You are in control of him from the moment when the star burst cursor first appears on screen.

Using your mouse, move the cursor around the screen. You will soon notice that any areas or items of interest on the screen are tagged. This means that their names are displayed on screen whenever you point at them with the cursor. While you may explore anywhere on screen, it is only these tags that are important in completing the game.

Rincewind's Mouse Controls

- Walk** - click
- Interact** - double click
- Look** - right click

Walking Around

To walk Rincewind around the screen, move the cursor to the desired spot and click. Rincewind will walk as near to that position as is practical. If you click on a tag Rincewind will walk to that tag.

Interaction with Tags

To interact with a tag, double click on the tag. What form the interaction takes depends on what the tag is, and also on what, if anything, Rincewind is holding at the time.

For example, double clicking on a character will usually open up a conversation with that character. Double clicking on a door will either open or close it, whereas double clicking on an object will cause Rincewind to pick it up, should he be able.

Looking at Tags

To have Rincewind look at a tag, simply right click on the tag. Rincewind will describe what he sees.

Picking up/Using objects

You can make Rincewind pick up many of the objects in the game by double clicking on them.

When Rincewind is holding an object in his hand, the cursor changes to include that object. You can still walk around and look at tags in the usual manner. However, if you double click on a tag while Rincewind is holding an object, he will attempt to use that object with the tag. For example, if you double click on a door while Rincewind is holding a key, he will try to open the door with the key.

More often than not however, you will want to put the object away and use it at a later time. This is accomplished by

putting the object in the luggage (click on the luggage), or in Rincewind's pocket (click on Rincewind).

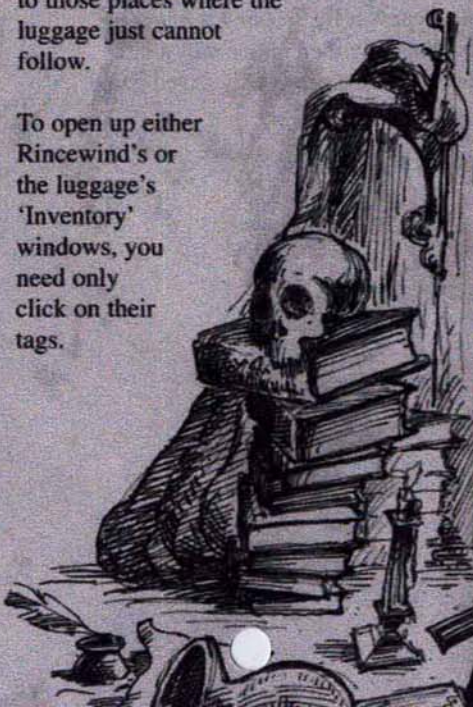
You may also use objects on Rincewind or the luggage by double clicking on them while holding the object.

Carrying objects around

There are two ways of carrying objects around with you in the game. Firstly, there is the luggage, which tends to follow Rincewind almost everywhere. This faithful companion can carry a seemingly limitless number of objects.

Secondly, there is Rincewind himself. Apart from his money, which like all wizards, he is very attached to, Rincewind can only carry one object in his pocket at any one time. This can prove very useful for carrying objects to those places where the luggage just cannot follow.

To open up either Rincewind's or the luggage's 'Inventory' windows, you need only click on their tags.



Inventory Window Controls

Pick up object
Put down object
Look at object
Use held object on another

- click on that object
- click on empty area (or object to insert)
- right click on the object
- double click on second object

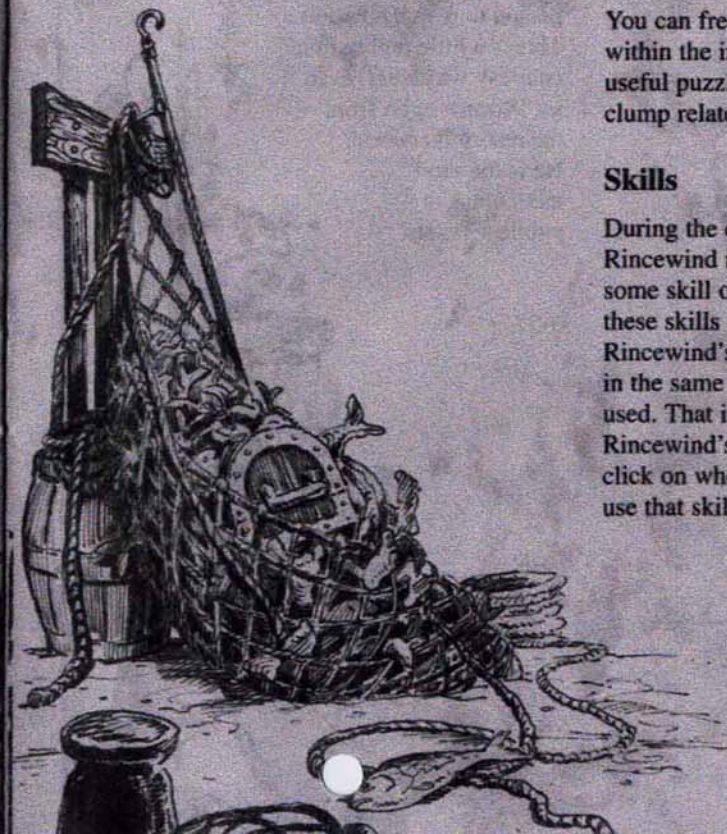
Exit inventory
Move inventory
Resize inventory
Maximise inventory
Normalise inventory
Scroll inventory contents
Scroll by a page
Scan through inventory fast

- click outside of window (or ESC. key)
- drag (click and hold) heading box
- drag edges or corners of window
- double click in heading box
- double click in heading box
- click on scroll bar arrows
- click above or below scroll bar indicator
- drag scroll bar indicator

You can freely move objects around within the inventory. This acts as a useful puzzle solving aid, as you can clump related objects together.

Skills

During the course of the game, Rincewind may be required to learn some skill or another. When learnt, these skills are represented by icons in Rincewind's inventory. They are used in the same way that a normal object is used. That is, you select them from Rincewind's inventory and then double click on who or whatever you wish to use that skill on.



Conversations

You can converse with most characters in the game. These characters often say important things which may help you to complete the game. It is always advisable to return and talk to characters at some later time, as they may have some new information to impart.

To open a conversation with a character, you simply double click on that character. After any preamble, the 'conversation window' will open. This window contains icons representing attitudes that Rincewind can adopt whilst talking to that character. To select an attitude, you click on that particular icon. If you forget what an icon represents, you may do a normal look on it (click right).

Greeting



Question



Sarcasm



Anger



Good-bye



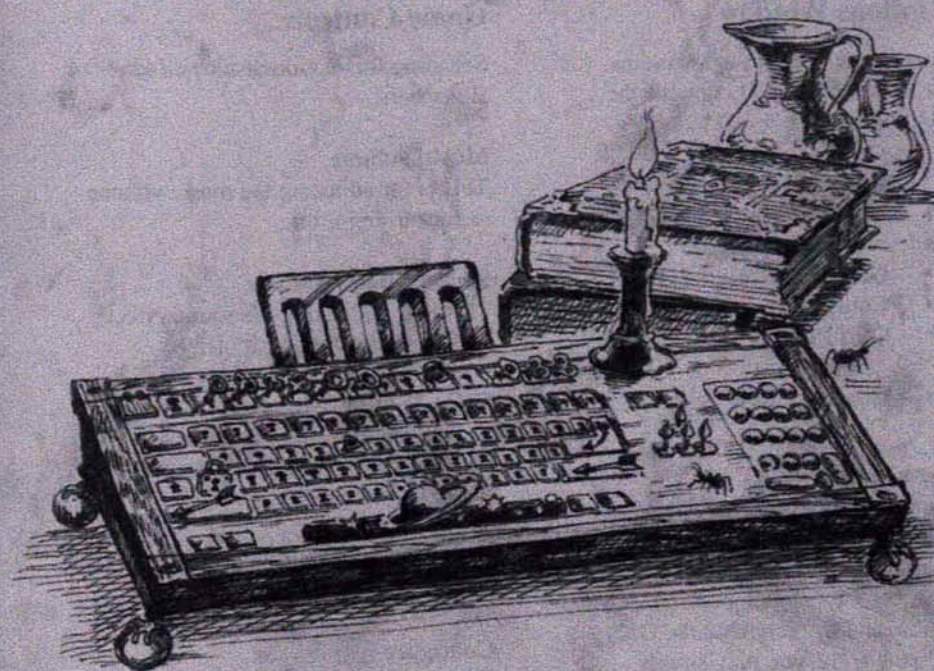
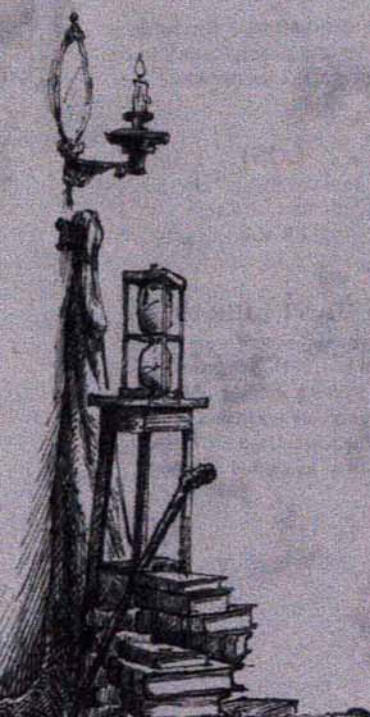
Quite often other icons will appear in the conversation window. These represent question topics which can be asked of that character.

Dragon Icon



An example might be an icon of a dragon. Select this if you want to ask that character about dragons.

To end a conversation you should either select 'good-bye' or click outside of the conversation window.



Using the Keyboard

Discworld is one game that is equally enjoyable when played with the keyboard.

The star burst cursor is moved around by using the **ARROW** keys.

The **SPACE** key is the equivalent of a single click (for walking), and the **RETURN** key is the equivalent of a double click (for interacting with). The '**CTRL**' key is used for 'look'.

When an inventory window is open you have some additional keys.

Use the **SHIFT** key with the arrow keys to scroll the inventory up or down. PgUp and PgDn scroll up or down by a page, and the Home and End keys move you to the start or end of the inventory accordingly.

The Esc key is used to bypass any fixed animation sequences or 'cut-scenes', and also to cancel or abort any window operation. Alt X is used to exit the game.

The Options Window

You can open up the Options window by pressing the F1 key. It contains the following options.

- Load a Game
 - Save this Game
 - Start a New Game
 - Game Controls
 - Configure
 - Quit Playing
-
- Resume Game

Loading a Game

When you select this option, a window containing a list of previously saved games will appear. To load one of these games, select it by clicking on its description, and then click on the OK icon. Alternatively, you may simply double click on the description.

Saving this Game

You may save your current game at any time, so as you can return and play from that exact same place. Select the 'Save this Game' option from the Options window. A list of previously saved games will appear, as well as an empty slot for saving a fresh game. You may either rename an existing game by clicking on the description and typing in a new one, or you may create a new saved game by typing a fresh description in the empty slot.

To save your game along with the description, you then must click on the OK icon.

Game Controls

Selecting this option displays a series of slider bars.

Music Volume

This is for adjusting the music volume or for turning it off.

Sound Effects Volume

This is for adjusting the sound effect volume or for turning it off.

Voice Volume

This is for adjusting the volume of the voice actors or for turning it off.

Text

This is for adjusting the duration that the subtitles stay on screen.

Configure

This option will enable you to customise your mouse so as it best works with Discworld. If you have a joystick, you will also be able to enable from it here.

SMALL ADS

APPRENTICE WANTED

Senior public servant requires apprentice. Free board and lodging, use of company horse. Make lots of new and interesting acquaintances, albeit short-term. Experience with a scythe would be advantageous. Sign up now. Get a job for life.

WANTED

Wanted for grievous bodily harm. Suspect reported to resemble metal-bound chest on little legs. Approach with extreme caution. It may be packing.

SMALL GODS

Sponsor a god. Give Belief so they may grow. Daily prayer will make a god more aware. Enter into our lottery draw. First prize is three smittings of your choice. Second prize a plague - pick your favourite disease. Third prize is a rain shower, location of your own choosing. Experienced Believers only please.

FRANCHISE OPPORTUNITY

Rat on a stick franchises for sale. Our patent do-it-yourself kits contain only the finest of quality sticks and our rats are guaranteed dead. For this once in a lifetime opportunity, send one pound to Dibbler Direct Sales. Allow up to three months for delivery.

SOME LIKE IT HOT

Part time pet sitter wanted. Experience in boiler stoking or fire fighting would be an advantage. Protective clothing provided. Food heating facilities on site. Contact Lady Sybil Ramkin. Sunshine Sanctuary For Sick Dragons

ASPIRING WIZARDS

Applications for Unseen University apprentice intake closes soon.

Following openings available:

'Hand Wiggles 101' - let your fingers do the work.
'Hat Magic, Advanced' - for those times when a white rabbit just isn't enough!

Suitable applicants must demonstrate an aptitude for eating, sleeping and the odd bit of frog impersonation.

LOST

I am lost. Please help. Contact me here. I'll wait.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Have you had experience with bad tempered books? Do you have a proven ability of working with sub-aboreal apes? If your answers are yes, then send your CV to the Librarian, Unseen University. Enclose an unused banana.