

A TOURIST GUIDE TO
LANCRE

Not only an artistic and breathtaking view of Lancre but also an interesting and informative guide to one of the Discworld's more, er, picturesque kingdoms.

Granny Weatherwax, Nanny Ogg and Magrat Garlick live there. Lancre could hardly be somewhere ordinary, could it?

Magic glues the Discworld together and a lot of it ends up in Lancre, principal Kingdom of the Ramtop Mountains. Between Überwald and Whale Bay, the Octarine Grass Country and the Widdershins Ocean lies the most exciting and dangerous terrain in all Discworld. The Ramtops supply Discworld with most of its witches and wizards. The leaves on the trees in the Ramtops move even when there is no breeze. Rocks go for a stroll in the evening. Even the land, at times, seems alive.

The mapp may only be two-dimensional, but watch it very carefully and you might see it jostle about a bit.

TERRY PRATCHETT

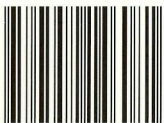
is Britain's most successful author of comic fantasy, probably the hardest-working writer in the business and a generally all-round good chap.

STEPHEN BRIGGS

is none of these, but knows even more about Discworld than Mr Pratchett which is, when you think about it, very odd.

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL KIDBY

ISBN 0-552-14608-0



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UK £6.99
CAN \$12.95



A TOURIST GUIDE TO LANCRE TERRY PRATCHETT & STEPHEN BRIGGS

A TOURIST GUIDE TO
LANCRE
A DISC WORLD® MAPP



Including a Pictorial Guide to the Lancre Fells and a description of a picturesque and charming walk in this charming and hospitable country

Devised by

**TERRY PRATCHETT
& STEPHEN BRIGGS**

View of Lancre by PAUL KIDBY

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CORGI BOOKS

A TOURIST GUIDE TO LANCRE
A CORGI BOOK: 0 552 14608 0

First publication in Great Britain

Printing History

Corgi edition published 1998

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Black and white illustrations by Stephen Briggs

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Corgi Books are published by Transworld Publishers Ltd,
61-63 Uxbridge Road, London W5 5SA,
in Australia by Transworld Publishers (Australia) Pty Ltd,
15-25 Helles Avenue, Moorebank, NSW 2170
and in New Zealand by Transworld Publishers (NZ) Ltd,
3 William Pickering Drive, Albany, Auckland.

Made and printed in Great Britain by Victoria Litho Limited

Introduction by The Editors

This is the third Discworld Map, and there can be no finer subject than Lancre (pronounced Lanker), the jewel of the Ramtops and centre of its flourishing witchcraft industry, as chronicled in *Equal Rites*, *Wyrd Sisters*, *Lords and Ladies* and *Witches Abroad*.

A lot of water has flowed under the Brass Bridge since we first mapped the great city of Ankh-Morpork. Well, some of it has been water. Even more has flowed over the Rimfall since we mapped the Discworld itself. And now, before the metaphor can be extended to the Lancre River – here is a map of Lancre. Actually, more of a witch's eye view.

We are indebted to Paul Kidby for his most realistic depiction of the kingdom, since a mere tedious network of contour lines simply would not do justice to the subject, and to the champion walker Eric Wheelbrace, whose indefatigable marches 'cross moor and fen were of considerable use in the making of the map.

And it is with great sadness we have to report that Eric is now missing and presumed dead.

He will be remembered by the many that bought his books on walking as the supreme champion of the right to roam at will, despite all the obstacles – wires, fences, hedges, ravines, mountain ranges – which selfish landowners placed across those rights of way

which existed so clearly in Eric's head. He let nothing stand in his way. He reckoned a walk a complete waste of effort unless he could push over a few fences, march right through someone's parlour and write three letters of complaint afterwards. Old-time walkers will remember how an entire battle in Skund had to be halted so that Eric could walk across the battlefield, and his wire-cutters were undoubtedly forged from that steel from which magic swords are made. The land belonged to the people, he always said.

We understand that Eric, dismissing local objections as mere superstition, insisted there was a right of way across the ancient stone circle known as the Dancers, in Lancre, and to show that a determined Rambler will laugh with scorn at threats he set off across it last Midsummer's Eve.

His boots were found, frozen solid, in a hedge a mile away.

It is possible that Eric found out at last to which people the land belongs.

TERRY PRATCHETT AND STEPHEN BRIGGS
May, 1998

Lancre: Gateway to the Ramtops

by *Eric Wheelbrace*

(author of *One Hundred Walks In The Ramtops*,
Rambling In Llamedos, and *Seventy Years Behind the Wire-cutters*:
an autobiography)

The kingdom of Lancre occupies little more than a ledge cut into the side of the Ramtop Mountains, but is rich in history and geography. Behind its little valleys, towering peaks and dark, winding canyons climb to the massive backbone of the central ranges. In front, the land drops to the Sto Plains, as do unwary walkers.

On the Hubward side of the country are glacier lakes and alpine meadows. This end of the kingdom is dominated by Copperhead – by no means the biggest mountain in the Ramtops, but an impressive giant whose slopes and foothills are home to many dwarfs and trolls and which makes a challenging ascent for even the most skilled of climbers.

The country has a population of around 500, including humans, dwarfs and trolls, and technically it has a border some 100 miles in length. The actual acreage of the kingdom is hard to calculate, however, because of its mountainous nature and, in any case, it backs on to the Ramtops themselves and areas that are claimed by no man, troll or dwarf.

The kingdom has a number of human habitations of which its capital, Lancre Town, is the largest. There are many small hamlets dotted around

wherever there is enough flat ground to put up a couple of houses. There is a right of way through most of them, although people seem regrettably angry when this is calmly pointed out.

One of these small hamlets, *Slice*, is in a deep forested cleft in the mountains and contains both the original *Rock* and a *Hard Place* (where there is a right of way) and the *Place Where the Sun Does Not Shine*, which will be shown to visitors for a small fee (postcards available). Other features of note in the Kingdom include the *Dancers*, a circle of standing stones on a small area of moorland not far from the town, and the *Long Man*, an assemblage of one long and two round barrows, now overgrown. Both of these features supposedly contain secret entrances to the world of the elves and, in the case of the *Long Man*, also to *Lancre Caves*. If they do, these almost certainly constitute a right of way.

The caves are rumoured to run everywhere in the kingdom; it is widely believed that there is a secret entrance in the castle. But – as any *Lancrestian* is delighted to tell the unwary traveller – they are also one of those features that are not bound by the laws of time and space. Travel far enough in the caves, they say, and you will find mythical kings, asleep with their warriors; you will hear the roar of the *Minotaur* and the sheep of the *Cyclops*. Walk far enough and you will meet yourself, coming the other way. This sort of nonsense cuts no ice with a down-to-earth, experienced traveller like me, I can tell you.

Politically, *Lancre* is a constitutional monarchy.

The current monarchs are *King Verence II* and *Queen Magrat*. They have devoted themselves to the well-being of their subjects, instituting a number of social, agricultural and educational improvements. With that ingratitude so typical of rural people, these are being determinedly resisted.

The Royal Family live in *Lancre Castle*, which dominates the town. It is built on an outcrop of rock, leaning vertiginously over the river *Lancre* and immediately overlooking the town square. There is a right of way through the dungeons.

A feature of the Castle is the *Long Gallery*, where there are portraits of many of *Lancre's* past Kings and Queens. Many of these are of dubious artistic value, but some were commissioned from first-class artists travelling through the kingdom and do therefore warrant closer inspection.

Best of all is a splendidly impressive portrait of *Queen Ynci the Short-Tempered*. I instigated some extensive research on this colourful monarch and was delighted to be told that, not only was I distantly related to her but also that, for a modest fee, I was entitled to use her personal standard on the doors of my carriage and on my stationery. This is the sort of delightful serendipity that can occur when you take the time to talk to the servant classes as if they were your equals.

ERIC WHEELBRACE

LANCRE

A GUIDE TO LOCAL SERVICES

As a service to my valued readers, I have been pleased to include details of local service-providers in Lancre. Or at least, details of those who were kind enough to offer a quid pro quo:

General Stores

Mr & Mrs Quarney
General Provisions, Tack, Hardware,
Ironmongery, Strong Liquor

Ladies' & Men's Outfitters

Obidiah Carpenter
Tailor & Cutter
Garments made in any style for any species. There is a right of way through the changing room.

Bakery

Bestiality Carter
Bread, Cakes, Pastries
Everyday and for that Special Occasion

Hairdressing

Mrs Deacon
Ladies' & Gents'
Styling, Shaving, Cutting. Plain home surgery
Weekend Materials

An additional Vue of Lankre

by me, G. Ogg

This is an introduction to Lankre done prop'ly by me, Gytha Ogg.

Lancre is bijou-ly situated athwart I think the word is the Ramtops with extensive views of the Sto Plaines to the rimward and buger all quite frankly towards the hub because of all the mountains. In fact Lanckre is mainly mountains and the valleys only looks like vallies on account of being smaller mountains than the larger mountains if you see what I mean.

This spot has bin on this site for a long time. A wizard who went round tappin rocks with an hammer said the whole place was onse under the sea, and then it was a mountain and it got scopped out back in the Ice Age when a glazier cut it out of the Ramtops, but I spose they have to find these people jobs else theyd be begging in the streets. When you think about it everywhere has been everywhere for ages or as near as makes no difference only the contents have shifted just like yrs. truly.

Stuff grows well, mainly trees and other stuff that likes hot sumer and brass monkey winters. We've got some farmers and lumberjacks and some mills now but what people mostly do is make ends meet the best they can.

Population: only a few hundred people though this not for want of tryin. A lot of the young people pushes off to Ankh-Morpork and sends money home for their family. Sometimes the king puts a

guard on the border for the look of the thing, because he says you've got to have border guards, but he generally lets everyone know when he's doin it so's we can make other arrangements. There's a fair amount of midnight business across the mountains, what with us being as I said athwart, although I don't know anything about this in any way whatsoever.

The whole of the Ramtops in these parts is famous for producin wizards an witches, it must be something in the water.

People down on the plains gets funny ideas about the hole witch business, viz all that stuff about there being 13 witches in a coven and dancin around without your drawers on. I ain't against dancin around without your drawers on in genral princeible but it can get pretty nippic up on the hills even in Summer and the wind blows both high and low I don't think I need to spell it out. And besides, witches gen'rally aren't dancers. Witches are them that watches the dance.

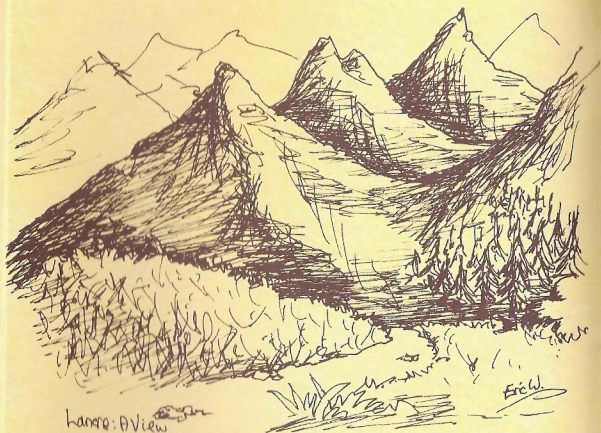
And anyone who has even knone witches will know that the chanches of getting 13 of em to agree on a date and a place is somewhat less than me bein Quene of the May. So basicly witches goes it alone or sometimes they goes it alone in company, but we do meet up at times to sort out stuff to prevent quarreling - some chance!!! - over where people's boundaries are and so forth, although usely most of the evenin is spent arguing about what the date is.

Nevertheless most of the witches in these parts is good souls deep down and most of the stuff they do is stuff like helpin people into the world and out of it

later on and over obstacles in between. Queen Magrat, Magrat Garlick as was, says witchcraft is basic'ly a fertility clut, but I don't see how this is 'cos there's plenty of fertility in these parts, honest, on summer nights you have to cough loud before walkin through even quite a small wood, and speakin as a married woman there are times when fertility is too much of a good thing I don't have to draw you a picture I'm sure, I've got 15 still livin including two lots of twins but it's different for Oggs, some wizard said we're naturally fecund and no one locked him up so I spose it's a word you can say. Anyway, I've never bin one to object to people sewing wild oats but a bit of forthough ensures a crop failure, and when it comes to the ups and downs of married life that's where knowin a witch is handy too. They do say a little knowledge is dangerous but it is better than a lot of ignorance and that's where you need someone in a pointy hat. Basicly a witch is there to know all the things people are too busy to know, or have forgotten. Of course there's the magic too but that is not all it is cracked up to be.

Esme Weatherwax who is definitely a big witch in these parts says it's in the blud, and I don't know about that. I ain't arguing, becaus us Oggs have bin witches on an off ever since people drawed on cave walls. But there's a lot of others that've got the talent.

You can see people every day who would've bin witches if only they'd known.



Lancre: A View

*A extract from
A Pictorial Guide To
The Lancre Fells being
an illustrated account of a study
and exploration of the
mountains and walkways of the
Lancrastian Ramtops*

BY ERIC WHEELBRACE

Advice for Walkers

As always, a walker should go prepared for every eventuality. Modern city living makes us unprepared for the rigours of the outdoor life. The safe and uneventful life lived by the average resident of the cosy streets of, say, the Shades of Ankh-Morpork makes it doubly hard for him or her to imagine the potential nastiness of the serene, inviting mountaintops, with their trolls, dwarfs, dragons and people who fail to maintain stiles in proper condition.

Lancre has many seasons and once you are well into the mountains you can often run through them all in the space of two hours. Preparation is essential. There is, of course, the all-volunteer Lancre Fell and Dread Mountain Rescue Team which traditionally turns out in all weathers to rescue the unlucky, but the operative term here is 'unlucky', not 'possessed of a brain the size of a walnut'. The Lancre climate breeds a no-nonsense, pragmatic folk, and if they have battled through snow for several hours to rescue someone who, it turns out, thought that it would be fun to go for a walk in carpet slippers with a length of clothesline for those difficult bits, they may well drag him further up the mountain and leave him there. Stupidity kills, they point out, so it's a good idea that first it kills the stupid.

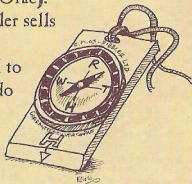
But almost all tragedies and disasters can be avoided by following these simple guidelines:

As well as a sturdy pair of walking boots with

stout socks, thorn-proof woollen underwear, trousers, thick-knit sweater (forged by dwarf craftsmen) and jaunty bobble hat in some suitably unnatural colour, a walker should also carry a stout wooden staff and a knapsack containing at least the following:

A rain-proof, hooded overgarment (Orac Oracsson's outfitters in Ohulan Cutash supply the best waterproof clothing. Most seasoned walkers would not be seen without their Orac).

A compass (Mr Cmor Dibbler sells an excellent compass crafted in precious metal which can be used to pay for goods or services if you do get lost. Just ask for one of his silver compasses. As means of finding your bearings, however, they are totally useless).



A bottle of spring water (though anyone from Ankh-Morpork could probably drink any fluid they found en route without risking internal troubles).

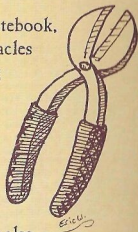
A slab of Lancre Mint Cake. This has been described as 'mint-flavoured dwarf bread'. Available from Quarney's Stores in Lancre Town. While inedible by any normal usage of the term, it can be used to bludgeon trolls to death.

A copy of Dibbler's First Aid for Novices and one of Mr Dibbler's excellent First Aid Kits (containing a pair of blunt scissors, two feet of gauze, a tube of smears stuff and a safety pin).

A whistle, for annoying people.

Wire-cutters, a small saw and a notebook, the first two for removing illegal obstacles across the track, and the last for taking details in order to make a formal complaint later.

An experienced walker will also carry their map in a waterproof pouch on a tape around their neck. This has the dual function of making them look like a lost child but also, should they slip over a ledge, can be relied upon to snag on an outcrop and throttle them to death, thus preventing a painful landing on the rocks below.



Planning The Route

Don't forget to tell someone where you are going or leave a note pinned to your horse. Oh, and don't forget to tell whoever it was you told in the first sentence when you've got back. That can save you from some embarrassment when you do eventually arrive home and find them and their friends auctioning off your valuables.

Make sure that your proposed walk is well within the limitations of the least agile member of your group. Not everyone has your skill and grace. Check with locals when sunset is and make sure you're back by then (you should remember that in some of the deeper valleys in Lancre sunset can technically be

around noon). In Uberwald, of course, walking after dark can often involve encounters with vampires and werewolves, which should be treated as illegal obstacles on the path. Having your wire-cutters blessed by a local holy man is a useful precaution here. Remember, the land is there for the enjoyment of everybody.

The First Walk

Ascent From Lancre Town to the Dancers via the Long Man

This is a walk for those who like to see grand rock scenery at close quarters but who also like to enjoy the flora and fauna of a district along the way and to explore archeological sites of special interest. Bobble-hat folk, in fact.

En Route

Watch out for some of the indigenous species: the Lappet-Faced Worrier (a type of hawk that may be used for hunting by royal females), the Lancre Suicide Thrush, The Lancre Reciprocating Fox and the Lancre Crowhawk. In farming areas you may also see good examples of the Lancre Saddleback, one of the finest pig breeds on the Disc.

I always start this walk with a pint of ale from the Goat and Bush in Lancre Town. The more adventurous may care to try a thimble of scumble, which should contain at least one of the area's best-

known varieties of scumble apple - the Lancre Blackheart, the Golden Disagreeable, or the Green Billet. The locals may counsel you against this, but they are simple folk.

Follow the main road out of Lancre Town, with the castle behind you. If you have partaken unwisely at the Goat and Bush, you may see several roads, and my advice in this case is to take the one in the middle. If the castle is far above you, it would appear that you have mistakenly stepped into Lancre Gorge, and I can only suggest that you take this useful opportunity to study the rather curious rock strata on the way down.

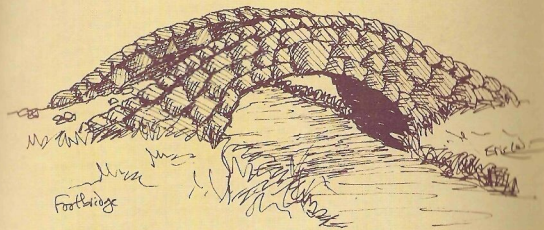
Another local feature to watch out for if you have partaken of scumble is large, slaving many-headed creatures blocking your path. Strike them smartly with your stick. It is probably just the scumble at work and, if not, creatures like this should in any case be discouraged and were probably put there to frighten the faint-hearted walker.

Notice that, once we strike woodland, you can see markers on every tenth tree along the roads. This is a quaint local custom, to help Lancrestians to find their way at times of deep snow or after the inn has shut, when the paths cannot be seen. We don't want to stick to the main routes, however, so at the first opportunity, turn right onto a wooded path where a wooden barrier indicates that the route is not to be used by wheeled transport. Knock it down. It is illegal to place barriers in the way of the honest ramblers.

If you walk softly, you may be lucky, even this close to the town, to see a Lancre Reciprocating Fox. Little is known of this creature except that it appears to act like a warrior about to go into battle. In my experience as an officer of the Duke of Eorle's Most Honorable Caterers, this probably means that it drinks a lot and makes love as often as possible. The fox has a reddish-brown coat, with golden markings around its snout. It is about the size of a large domestic cat and is recognisable in particular by its cry, which sounds like a lone walker falling off a cliff. For this reason it is not popular with walkers, many of whom have died of exposure on the Lancre fells because their cries have been mistaken by the residents. At least, this is what the locals say.

This part of the walk is pleasant and undemanding and takes us, by a picturesque and charming route, to some fields leading down to the banks of the Lancre river. The river is here approaching the Lancre Force (waterfall) and is shallow and fast-moving. There are stepping stones, but these must be used with caution because (a) they are wet and slippery, (b) they can be partly or fully submerged when the river is engorged and (c) they can turn out to be small trolls who can turn very sarcastic indeed at being trodden on by the unwary traveller.

We cross the river here. The more timid traveller may walk the quarter mile or so upstream to a stone bridge, retracing their steps to rejoin us at the stepping stones. We now bear slightly to the left, following the path through some water meadows past



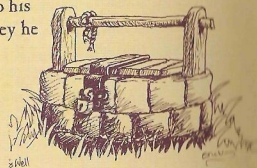
Cabb's Well. This is the subject of an interesting legend, which I shall now recount.

Cabb was the farmer who had this well dug, although his house has long since become one with the clay.

He noticed, however, that occasionally small, strangely marked coins of various denominations would turn up around the well and, once or twice, he even saw them break the surface of the water and land on the stones.

Subsequent research revealed that he had dug his well on an area of dimensional uncertainty and it was technically on the underside of a wishing well set in some other universe. Cabb moved away very shortly afterwards, having got it into his head that by taking the money he might be held legally responsible for honouring the wishes.

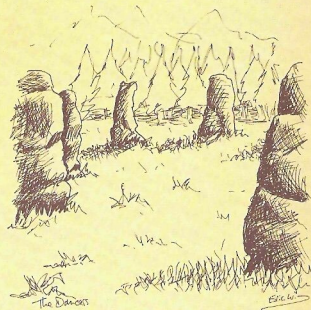
Just past Cabb's Well we follow the path close to



the Floove, a tributary of the Lancre river, and head for the Dancers. Here the going gets a little tougher and you may wish to pause for a moment to have a drink of water and a long look at your Lancre Mint Cake. The path here becomes more overgrown, although here and there intriguing little footpaths lead to isolated hamlets with romantic names such as Slippery Hollow, a collection of cottages now inevitably connected in the traveller's mind with the legend of the headless horse rider. No-one knows why the horse is headless, or to what the reins are attached, although there is thought to be some connection with organised crime (although there can be none worse than the conspiracy to keep honest walkers from their rightful enjoyment of the countryside).

The river widens slightly and the path and its surroundings become a little more marshy. We walk through the rushy, treed valley up a slight rise to the Dancers.

These are an ancient stone circle. There are eight of them, in a circle wide enough to throw a stone across. They are reddish, about man-height and barely thicker than man as well. Local legend has it that they are a gateway into the kingdom of the elves but the truth is likely to be much more prosaic. They are typical of a style of silicon chronograph constructed in the dawn of time by our ignorant forebears. Basically, they are an underused resource and I for one plan to organise a Lancre Music and Dance Festival next year, based around the stones, which are in a



perfect location for that sort of activity. It is my belief that the stories are put about by the locals in order to keep people away, but we shall not be deterred. The land belongs to the people after all (except, of course, to the people who own it, who don't count and should be ashamed in any case).

Standing at the Dancers, with one's back to the River Floove, strike out over the path ahead of you, leading down the slope. Take care here with the pathway, which can be treacherous in wet weather, and also beware of falling dwarfs. Saw through any fences you see, by the way. Keeping cattle enclosed is not a sufficient reason for erecting them across time-honoured paths. And be sure to complain in a firm, clear voice to any people you meet.

The path is very indistinct along this part of the route, but you should proceed up the far slope and

over the brow of the hill. From the top you can see the Standing Stone, on the crest of the moor. In winter, the ground around the stone is always clear of snow. Local legend has it that no-one has ever successfully counted the Standing Stone. Local people, eh? Pass by the stone and proceed down the very precipitous and zig-zag path which leads to the valley of the Long Man. In fact, this is probably the best view of this remarkable burial site, now on the other side of the Lancre River to us.

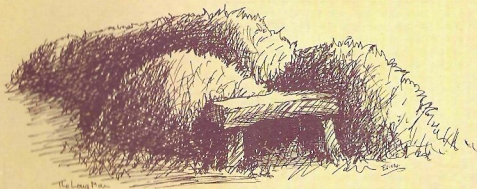
There are some interesting rare species of gorse bush along this part of the route, some of which you may see at close quarters if you miss your footing.

The Long Man is a collection of three burial mounds - two round mounds at the foot of a long one. There are some very vulgar and inappropriate souvenirs for sale in Lancre Town which allegedly depict the Long Man and some of the legends attached to it. At the foot of the long mound three large irregular stones form the entrance to a cave - another of these supposed entrances to the kingdom of the elves. It does, however, make a useful spot to

rest and eat those sandwiches which I hope you remembered to bring with you. I recommend cheese without onion, as better for the digestion.

The return route is much simpler. We just follow the Lancre River as far as the bridge near Cabb's Well and from there back to Lancre Town and a welcoming half of shandy at the Goat and Bush. It is a good idea to take a moment now to write your letters of complaint, and then relax in the knowledge of a good day well spent.

ERIC WHEELBRACE



The Long Man

Folk Lore of Lancre

Hello it is me again yrs. truly G. Ogg.

A lady from the Ankh-Morpork Folk Dance and Song Society come up here one summer and came to see me about what old folk customs and fertility rituals and similar that we might have in Lancre.

Well there's only one fertility ritual that I knows of and that's the one that comes nat'rally but she says, no, there's got to be load of folk stuff hanging on because I am writin a book and I will give you this handsome silver dollar my good woman.

Well of course a dollar is not to be sneezed up so next morning I was able to give her as much folklore as she could carry away. Of course I din't tell her much of the real stuff like the Dark Morris 'cos she wouldn't get it right, and anyway the Obbyoss ain't been seen for years although sometimes the hunters say they hears it afar off in the woods, but all the same it's amazing what you can remember after a couple of pints, such as:

The Lancre Oozer

The Oozer, attended by people dressed up as his Squeasers, dances from house to house in every village on Old Hogswatch Eve until people gives them money to go somewhere else. It is said that any maiden kissed by the Oozer is sure to be pregnant before the year is out but this is an odds-on bet in these parts anyway.

The Slice Mummers Play

This is performed on the first Saturday after Marling Day, when the characters of Old Hogfather, Death, Merry Hood and the White Knight perform an age old ritual tellin' of the death and resurrection of really bad acting. This is the high spot of the Slice Fair and Revels. There is not a lot to do in Slice. Well, not that isn't mostly banned everywhere else.

The Scouring of the Long Man

This takes place about every twenty years in early May, when the men and the married women go up to the Long Man and cut away all the bracken and seedlings what have grown up since the last Scouring. Unmarried girls ain't allowed to join in but it's amazin what a good view you can get from up a tree and if you ain't got brothers you can get an education right there and then which will prevent surprises later in life. Someone who knows about this stuff said the Long Man is just some old burial mounds, and I ain't arguing, har har.

When it's decently dark there's a pig roast and a sing song and then people wander off and make their own entertainment.

The Witch Trials

This ain't strictly a Lancre custom because it moves around the Ramtops, but basic'ly it's once a year when

all the witches for miles around gets together for a bit of a rendez-vous to exchange gossip and see who's dead. Then there's a friendly competition to show off little tricks and skills picked up durin' the year, of course when I say 'friendly' I mean in the witch sense, 'cos a witch is the kind of person who'd play Snap with kiddies for ha'pennies and play to win. There's no prize or cup or anythin' like that 'cos all a witch needs is for other witches to know she's won. Generally the point is to see whose going to come 2nd to Esme Weatherwax. There's also sideshows and a tug o' war and a bit of a fair and in the evenin' there's dancing, music and making your own entertainment. And of course there's a big bonfire. It wouldn't be a proper witch trial without a big bonfire afterwards. There's fireworks, but that's usually the witches arguing over who came 2nd.

The Lancre Seven-year Flitch

This is an old custom datin back to one Miscgenation Carter, who left some money in his will to set it up to provide a flitch of bacon for the deservin poor. It is held every five years. It is open to any man who has been married for more than seven years to appear before the Flitch Court, which consists of six old married couples, an swear that in that time he has never had a cross word with his wife or regretted bein married. If he does, he is then beaten near senseless with the flitch for lying, but brought round with strong drink and the rest of the day is a

fair. So far no man has ever convinced the Court an the flitch is the original one which is hard as oak now.

That is about all I can recall for one dollar.

G. OGG.

Key to the Places on the Map

- 1 High Tops
- 2 Copperhead
- 3 Broken Mountain
- 4 Mad Wolf
- 5 Inkcup
- 6 Hangdog
- 7 Slice
- 8 Crack Peak
- 9 To Uberwald
- 10 Blackglass
- 11 The Place Where the Sun Does Not Shine
- 12 Powderknife
- 13 Entrance to Lancre Caves
- 14 Bear Mountain
- 15 Drumlins Fell
- 16 Razorback
- 17 Skund
- 18 A Rock and a Hard Place
- 19 Slippery Hollow
- 20 Standing Stone
- 21 The Long Man
- 22 Creel Springs
- 23 Lancre Castle
- 24 Moorlands
- 25 Bad Ass
- 26 Granny Weatherwax's Cottage
- 27 The Dancers
- 28 Blasted Oak
- 29 Lancre Town
- 30 Lancre River
- 31 Cabb's Well
- 32 Lancre Gorge
- 33 Magrat's Cottage

- 34 Mad Stroat
- 35 Lancre River
- 36 Lancre Bridge
- 37 Lancre River
- 38 Floove River

Lancre Town

- 1 Nanny Ogg's Cottage
- 2 The Old Forge
- 3 The Goat & Bush
- 4 Jason Ogg's Cottage
- 5 Shawn Ogg's Cottage
- 6 Quarney's General Stores
- 7 Mrs Deacon's Ladies' & Gents' Hairdressing
- 8 Market Pentangle
- 9 Bestiality Carter - Bakery
- 10 Feed Merchants
- 11 Objidiah Carpenter - Tailor & Cutter
- 12 Lodging House

Lancre Castle

- 1 Keep
- 2 Long Gallery
- 3 Walled Garden
- 4 Stables
- 5 Mews (Stable Yard)
- 6 Widdershins Tower
- 7 Hubward Tower
- 8 Cloisters
- 9 Kitchens
- 10 Granary
- 11 Turnwise Tower
- 12 Rimward Tower