

THE CHRONICLE

No.1

Love!

And the 1998 Discworld Convention springs to life! Members arrive and sign in, the Committee goes beyond stress and out the other side, and Guests are pampered and looked after by Paul. And there's this beardy bloke in a hat with a cane who's wandering around being adored by hundreds.

Please peruse your programme to see what wonders we have in store for you. If the thought of slave auctions, gala dinners, and randomly staggering around with a beer in your hand is too much for you, you may well have checked into the wrong hotel. There's another one down the road. Leave now before you get sucked in.

This stunning wonder of prose will (hopefully) be produced daily for your delight and delectation. The press staff are working day and night in order to hone it to perfection - just for you! Feel free to make appreciative noises in our direction to make us feel loved.

IMPORTANT NOTICE SECURITY

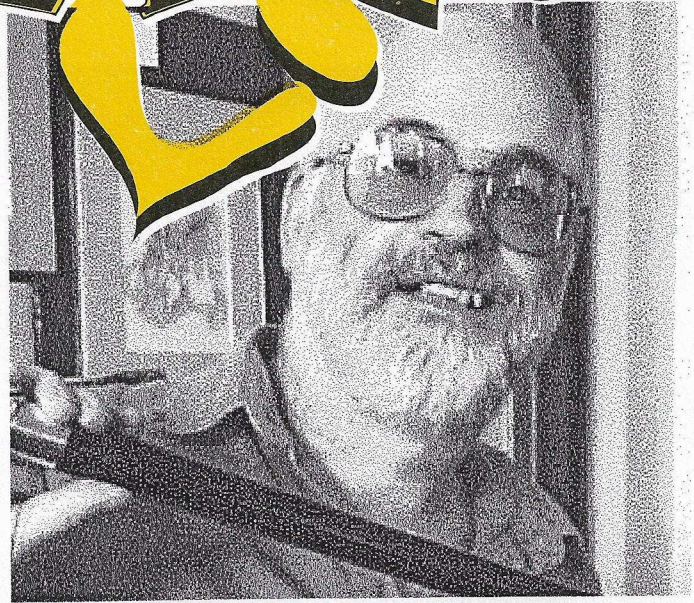
Keep your hotel room door closed
at all times

Do not leave *any* items unattended.

Security Patrols (groups of three or more with Security badges and a walky-talky) will be checking rooms on a random basis. If a door is found left open they will knock loudly (and rudely) and ask anyone inside for proof of ID.

DO NOT leave keys in doors for anyone who may be following you up...

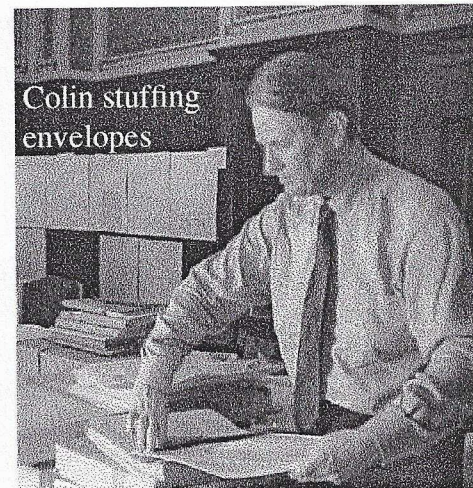
Present but *correct?*



Terry would like to make it known that he's concerned about all the beautiful women in the hotel rattling his knoorknob late at night like they did at the last Con, so don't do it, alright? He also says he's gobsmacked to see so many of you here, enjoying yourselves, and spending money madly already. This is the most flattering photo of him that we could get.

Cosgrove Hall have very kindly donated ample backdrops from their Discworld films, and each Member is to be given one - that's you! Every Member will be given a blank envelope, and it's totally random as to which backdrop you get - you may get a picture of a brick. But it'll be a genuine Cosgrove Hall picture of a brick. These

will be given out tomorrow (Saturday) at the registration desk (in Dragon's Landing) after registration closes - that is, from 2 to 4. Bjorn Bjornsson will be organising this. A further number have been set aside for the charity auctions. These will probably not be pictures of bricks. These prints are extremely impressive, and are hot property. Consider yourself very lucky!



PARENTS:

There will be a briefing for anyone with their children at the Convention at 1630 (Friday), and again at 2100 (after the Opening Ceremony) in the Oblong Office, which will last about 15 minutes.

THANKS!

Many thanks to Dr Vielgut for entrusting his precious (and somewhat expensive) digital camera into our oh-so-capable hands - it's thanks to him that this work of literary genius is so decorative.



WANTED!

Claire-Louise is after some willing slaves for the slave auction. Anyone who feels like being auctioned off for an hour should come up to Ops and offer themselves. Manacles are optional.

ALSO WANTED!

Submissions to The Chronicle Live are very welcome - please drop them off at the Snipers' Gallery (News Room). We do, however, reserve the right not to print them.

Klatches!

Following the postal draw before the convention, there are still some klatch places remaining. Another draw will take place on Saturday morning to fill these places. To enter the draw follow these easy steps:

1. Find the Klatch form in your registration pack
2. Fill it in
3. Post it in the box by registration by 10am Saturday

Friday

21:00 Due South (first two episodes) (Rated 15) 90min

23:30 CLOSE

Saturday

10:00 Terry Pratchett's Jungle Quest	25min
10:25 That's Death!	3min
10:28 BBC2 Late Review - 1/12/94	9min
10:37 Excerpt from Saturday Disney - 28/1/95	5min
10:42 Space Cadets	23min
11:05 Call My Bluff	23min
11:28 Terry on Fully Booked - 19/5/95	6min
11:34 Bookworm - 24/11/95	7min
11:41 The Little Picture Show	5min
11:46 Terry on Lunch Box	25min
12:11 Scenes from Discworld I	10min
12:21 Terry Pratchett's TV-ROM	24min
12:45 Scenes from Discworld II	5min
12:50 BREAK	

13:00 Wyrd Sisters (animation) (parts 1 and 2)	144min
15:30 The Discworld Convention 1996 Highlights	52min
16:25 Truckers (animation)	110min
18:15 The QVC Experience...	58min
19:15 Terry on Light Lunch	
Mastermind (with those Discworld questions)	
Space Cadets	
Call My Bluff	147min
21:50 Guards! Guards! (play)	150min
00:20 CLOSE	

Sunday

10:00 Discworld 10th Birthday Celebration	6min
10:06 Opening Shot	25min
10:35 Soul Music Interview	9min
10:44 The Late Show 18/5/94	9min
10:53 Cosgrove Hall trailer for Reaper Man	9min
11:02 The Big Question	14min
11:16 Terry on Blue Peter - 3/4/96	7min
11:23 Opening Shot (OYCSM+J&TD)	25min
11:48 Mastermind Questions	4min
11:52 Three sales shorts for Corgi	6min
11:58 Pratchett interview for Astrion (uncut version)	50min
12:48 BREAK	

14:00 Soul Music (animation) (parts 1 and 2)	196min
17:20 FILM: The Princess Bride (Rated PG)	94min
19:00 Guards! Guards! commercial footage	15min
19:15 Cosgrove Hall cartoon showcase	91min
20:46 Wyrd Sisters (live action play)	180min
23:50 FILM: The Rocky Horror Picture Show	96min
01:26 CLOSE	

Monday

10:00 Psychosis PC CD-ROM	31min
10:31 Recorded happenings from the Convention (TBA)	180min
(in the event of 2 hours of footage, 12:30 will be The QVC Experience...)	
13:30 FILM: The Return of Captain Invincible (Rated PG)	90min
15:00 Guards! Guards! footage	15min
15:15 Cosgrove Hall cartoon showcase	91min
16:45 CLOSE	

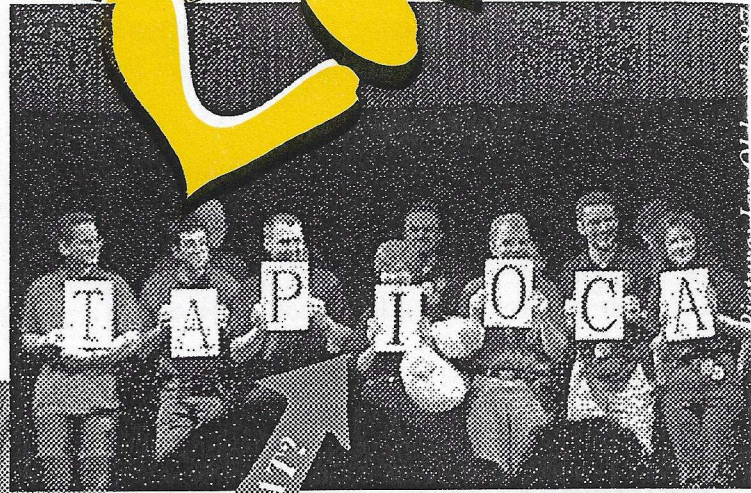
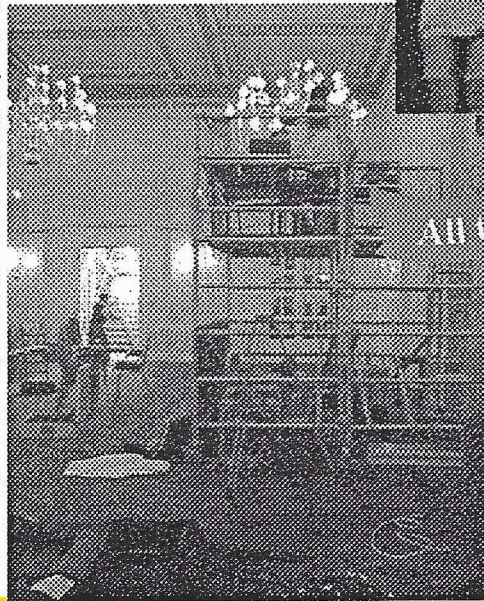
Live!

THE CHRONICLE *Live!* No. 2

It are Open!

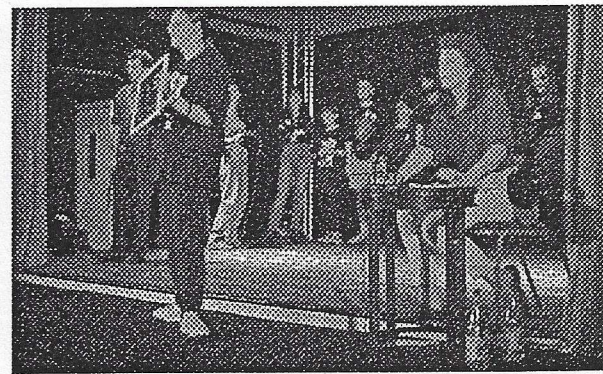
Possibly the best-kept secret of the opening ceremonies was the Tech Crew. That was at least the intention, as the 12 (and 8 the day before) hours of effort got a bit wearying for the 8? 14? 3? locked in battle with gaffer tape, cables, lights, microphones, mixing boards, dry ice, and ducks. Gophers were dispatched to protect eager attendees from fraying tempers. But when doors were flung open and people tromped all over that nice gaffer tape, the Tech Crew was as impressed by the quantity of audience as the audience were by the quality of What Had Been Wrought, and all for their amusement.

*Tim, Kati, Mary, Andy, Mike,
Richard, Andrew, Paul.*
The Tech Crew



Security Says:

Keep ALL hotel doors SHUT and LOCKED.
DO NOT leave ANYTHING unattended.
ALWAYS keep your Convention Badge
VISIBLE.
- Or you'll be in trouble -



Chelmsford Theatre Workshop present:

Terry Pratchett's *Men at Arms*
by Stephen Briggs

At Old Court Theatre
(conveniently opposite the prison)

22nd, 23rd December 1998,
and 26th December to January 1999

Tickets - £6, £5 concessions.

Available from:
Civic Theatre Box Office,
01245 606505

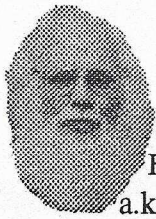
Chronicle Live team:
Editor - Derek Moody
Kitten reporter-
Kat Knight



Ankh Morpork auction today. Many exotic lots, bidding was brisk, and whips were slashed. Some lots damaged by an over-enthusiastic Slave Mistress, but overall were in good condition.

Flesh Market - price report

Bodyguards at per liveweight tonne - 200 AMS\$
Masseurs at per score - 12 AMS\$
Young and nubile slaves at per quart - 75 AMS\$
Cherry Littlebottom at per affright - 100 AMS\$
Auctioneer and Slave Mistresses per set - 170 AMS\$
Wizards (runners) per short head - 15 AMS\$



Zoon Aid for Orangutans

For the duration of the Con, Amschat B'hal a.k.a a Blind Io a.k.a. the Hogfather a.k.a Tony Lewis (big guy, big white beard, big white hair) will be selling copies of his "best-selling" autobiography "Athene: Anatomy of a Dream." (Life afloat cruising the waterways.) Person to Person sales only. Cost £6.99, Donation of £2 per copy, (approx. 30%) will be given to the Orangutan Foundation. All books will be signed at no extra charge.

Supplies are limited at the Con, but payment plus an address will ensure delivery of a signed copy by post within 7 days (guaranteed). Normal £1 p.p. fee will be waived for the duration of the Con only.

Do your bit for two endangered species, Orangutans and Ancient Bargees!

Anthony Lewis or Amschat B'hal. Capt.

Internet users have been perpetrating team poetry - stanzas so far- Rincewind - by a.f.p.

Rincewind is a wizzard
A rottion one at that
You can tell he is a wizzard
Coz it's written on his hat.

Bruce

With Carrot, you can bet on this:
He knows you by your name
And if you leave your knives at home
You're welcome - join the game!

Antti Lehtola

Twoflower was a tourist
He came to Ankh-Morpork
The way he threw his gold around
Made all the people talk

MEG

The Librarian's a funny chap
He's big and round and hairy
He peels bananas with his feet
If you ask me that's scary

Bruce

Detritis is a mighty troll
with the brains of a warbling bird
But his direct approach to police work
Doesn't call for many big words

Mike Hess

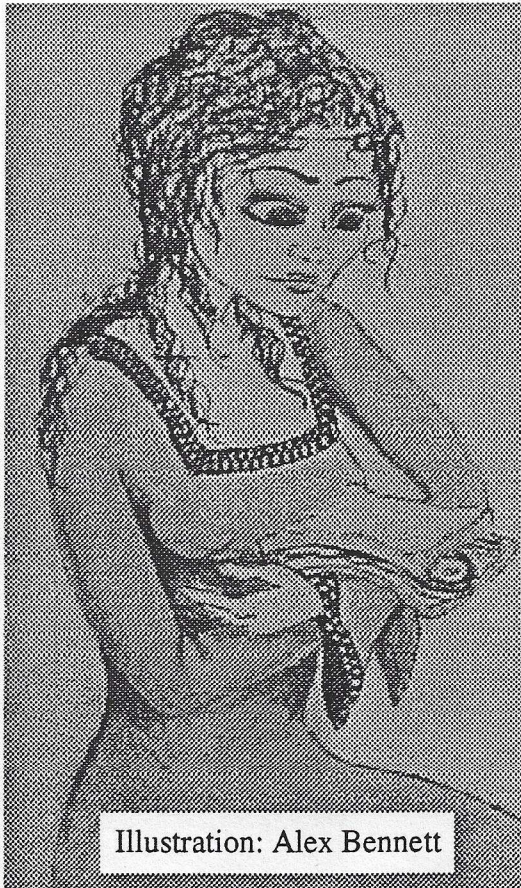


Illustration: Alex Bennett

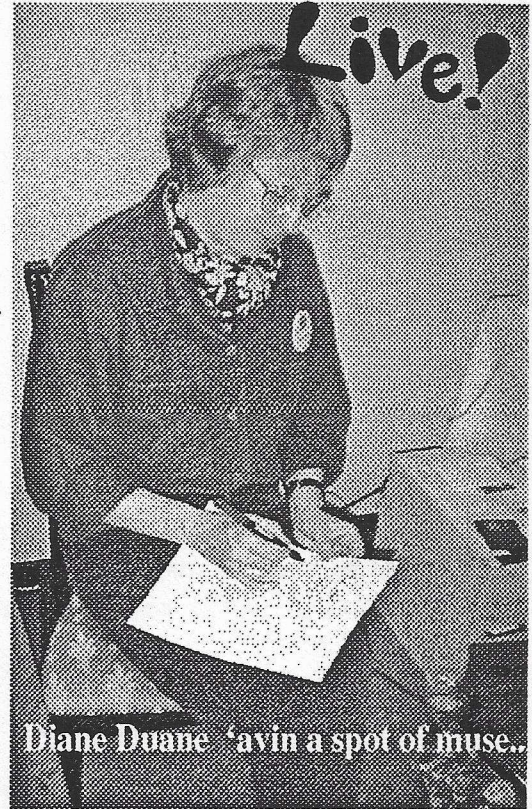
Reduced Discworld Theatre Company

-needs entries for the Discworld Review.

After our performance of Theatre of Cruelty, at 1 O'clock on Monday, in the Patrician's Palace:

We will be holding the Discworld Review. This is an open forum for fans. It can be anything you wish to perform.

Details from: *Robert Hamilton*



Diane Duane 'avin a spot of muse.

The Chronicles of Sarnia

by Diane Duane

Once uponna time, there lived a King and a Queen who wanted a baby. But they didn't seem to be having one, for some reason.

And the Queen was very sad. She sublimated her sadness in many ways, but the one she liked best was to make herself a nice bacon sandwich.

So one day she went down to the royal kitchens and lifted the lid on the hot plate of the royal Aga and started to make herself one. She was very particular about her bacon sandwiches. The bread had to be very, very white. And the sauce had to be very, very brown. And the bacon had to be very, very crisp.

In such wise the Queen made the sandwich. And looking upon it, she fell into a study. And she wished that she might have a daughter whose skin would be as white as the bread, with the crusts off, and whose hair would be as brown as the sauce, and whose cheeks would be as pink as the bacon. Though not as crisp.

And someone heard her wish...and brought it to pass.

Unfortunately, by then the sandwich was cold.

*-to be continued with-
The King, the sandwich -
and the Queen's excuse.*

THE CHRONIC No3 LEve!

Maskerade



Getting ready...



Me? Nervous?



Ook!

Wild Chairman

Chorus

No nay never no nay never no more
Paul said "Discworld conventions no never no more."

I've been to conventions since I were a lad
But none where the chairman was so barking mad.
We bathed him in custard and rolled him in cream
and Vixen was happy, the rest was obscene

I went to the bar and I ordered a beer,
but I couldn't drink lots cos the beer was too dear.
"Are these student prices?" I said with surprise
"If that be the case then my grant needs a rise."

The second convention is as bad as I feared
At least half the people are totally weird
[and the rest didn't turn up]
they all seem to talk about Pratchett and cats
and most of the blokes have got beards and hats

We mobbed the Adelphi in Liverpool town,
And filled it with nutters both upstairs and down
And witches and wizzards and trolls big and small
And hedgehogs that cannot be buggered at all.

The Discworld's very own fashion parade for costumes, intended to be immense fun for both participants and audience, sprung upon the world this evening. This years extravaganza included several Deaths of Rats, Magrat Garlics, and Susan Sto Helits, not to mention the odd Creosote. The host of participants (around 30 I lost count) is quite impressive for a special interest convention. Apparently the Costume Convention had

fewer participants in their Maskerade. The madness in Chaos Costuming earlier on seems to have to paid off.

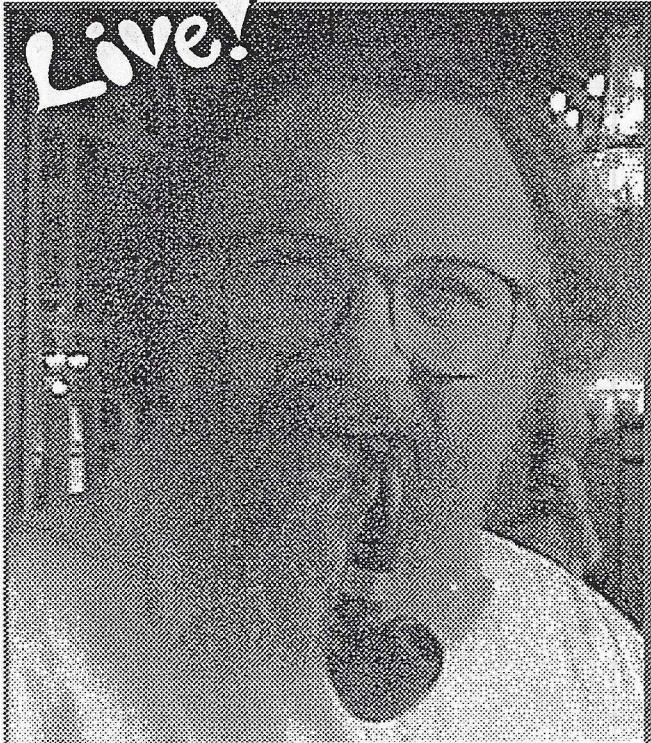
Contestants paraded and showed off all their hard work, and the audience sat back and appreciated. And, as usual, the Tech Crew should be loudly applauded. Let us hope that an equal number of people put an equal amount of effort (that is, a lot) into the next!

Many Thanks to Eileen Downey for her forbearance and assistance.

Jewish New Year

Looking for an excuse to drink alcohol before the Maskerade Gala Dinner and Ball? Come and celebrate the Jewish New Year in the Forge between 7 and 7.30 pm on Sunday evening. Anyone welcome, religion optional!

Live!



I asked Bernard for a few moments of his time, and he went all poetic on me. Here are his feelings about this weekend...

A Weekend With Friends with the Cunning Artificer

Life is made up of meetings with remarkable men, and of meetings with even more remarkable women. Just occasionally they all come together like some celestial booze up, or conga dance of the Gods. Now, we all know to whose music we dance to, and we all have a different interpretation of the melodies it contains, but the end result is sheer bliss.

Discplomacy

The deadlines for the rest of the weekend are as follows:

Century of the fruitbat

- '01 Adjustments 16.30 Saturday
- Spring '02 19.00 Saturday
- Autumn '02 21.00 Saturday
- Adjust '02 23.00 Saturday
- Spring '03 10.00 Sunday
- Autumn '03 13.00 Sunday
- Final Adjust 16.00 Sunday

Moves will be processed within half an hour (hopefully) and players will be notified of results via the Voodoo Board. Any problems should be notified to Suzi, Carol or Murky.

THE CHRONICLES OF SARRJA part 2: A NEW HOPE

Meanwhile, the King was upset. He knew his royal Lady wanted a baby, and that there was something wrong, and that no matter how many times she went off for strange therapies like IVF and PMS and CRT, nothing ever happened. And also she cooked things and stared at them until they got cold. This made him depressed.

And he was walking in the garden in the cool of the evening when, behold, there was a puff of smoke, and a cloud of broken sulfur bonds and benzene rings, and the Fairy Viagra appeared before him. She was Very Fair!

And she said to him, "O King, what is your trouble?" For she was a fairy, and despite the fact that she knew perfectly well what the trouble was, she had to say this, because Fairies are instructed to be a Pain in the Butt. This sorts out the real Problem People from the Timewasters.

And the King said, "O Fairy Viagra, my wife wants a baby, but for some reason we don't seem to have one, and I think perhaps she is starting to develop an eating disorder. And this worries me sore."

The Fairy took pity on the King, and she said, I can help you. Behold these magic bullets."

And she opened her hand, and in it were several small blue pellets of a peculiar shape. And she said to the King, "Listen carefully to what I say. You must take these magic blue pel-

lets and bury them in a well-prepared seed bed, a foot apart, and rake 1/4 inch of soil over them, and water them on the small watering-can rose. And you must on no account succumb to the temptation to swallow one of them with a glass of water."



And the King said, "O Fairy Viagra, I will do as you say."

The Fairy said, "You'd better, because you won't be able to get these on the NHS."

And the King went out into the garden, and buried two of the pellets: but the third one looked and smelled very interesting to him, and he started to wonder what would happen if he went and got a glass of water and....

Next: *What the King did with the Third Little Blue Pellet, and What Came Of It (hur hur hur)*

[1] Stacked.



The Rictus is typical of the species - Gary Young is Hotel Assistant Conference & Banqueting Manager and has just encountered DWCon.

STOP PRESS!

Additional overlays and original drawings - *the exciting moving bits* for many of the Cosgrove Hall backdrops (about a quarter) have at some point in the process been separated from them. We hope to be able to list the coding from the lucky backdrops in a month or so. This list will appear ONLY in the Discworld Chronicle (Not The Chronicle Live). As such, anyone who hopes to receive one of these rather fabulous cells (of main characters this time, not just backdrops) should subscribe to the Chronicle - subscription forms can be obtained from the Convention tables in the Dealer's Room. **-Ooooh!**

THE CHRONICLE

No. 203 1/4

Levee!



THE CHRONICLE

No.4

Love!

Maskerade Parade Awards

"Best Death of Rats" This award goes to Amy Robinson as "Death of Rats" made by Sheila Wicks.

"Best Fairy" (Most likely to go on Terry's Tree) awarded to Marianne Jones from the "Mismatch Trio" made by Michelle Jose, Melanie Ratcliffe and Marianne Jones.

"Most Authentic" This honour is awarded to "Magrat as Queen Ynci the Short Tempered" - modelled by Elizabeth Alway and made by Paul & Elizabeth Alway.

"Workmanship - Experienced" is the award claimed by "Beggar" - made and modelled by Pam Gower.

The "Special Greebo" award (a hug, a kiss and who knows where it might end?) was claimed by Sue Mason from Richard Nicholls made by Richard Nicholls and Jeannie.

"The Noisiest Drunk" of the evening was Stephen Crane who made and modelled "Captain Vimes".

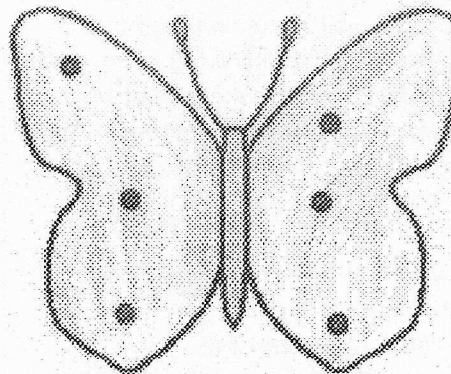
The "We Just All Agreed This Was Really Good" award was presented to Naomi Jacobs as "Lettice Knibbs" - made by Tina Hannan & Naomi Jacobs.

"Best Presentation" was awarded to "Teppic" which was made and modelled by Peter Johnstone.



"Workmanship - Novice" This award goes to "Captain Carrot and Corporal Angua" - modelled and made by Maurice Barnes and Lottie Barber.

The winner of "Discworld Best In Show" goes to "Detritus" made and modelled by Howard Legg.



Quantum Weather Butterflies

The artistic efforts of children and their parents or any other adults who happen along are now on display around the hotel. The materials are still available in the Children's Room if people want to do more.

Discworld Fan Club

The free raffle for members of the Guild of Fans and Disciples will be held at their stall in the fan market at 4.30pm today. (The stall shuts at 4pm and is not open tomorrow)... this is your last chance to join and to buy their snazzy Dragon T-shirt!

Maskerade Gala Dinner & Ball

For all the lucky individuals with invitations to the Patrician's Palace tonight, please note that seating plans are now up around the halls - check the walls for your table numbers.



There is a call for all budding comics. An 'open mike' session is being held in the Watch House (after 11pm) as part of the entertainment for the Maskerade Dinner

Live!

The Pratchetteers
by Murky

We're here to sing a song about a friend of you and me:
P - T - E, R - R - Y
Terry, Terry P.
He's Terry P, Terry P.
He writes lots of books for you and me...

Rincewind - by a.f.p.
Fitte the extra:

Gaspode is a clever dog
His intellect's a curse
But when he turned to doggerel
It went from bad to verse

Vetinari rules the roost
And yet he isn't king
He hangs mime artists upside down
And makes the buggers sing

Gid Holyoake

Sarah Bonnett MEG

BATTLE OF THE BARDS

After a tightly fought contest between some poets who were pretty evenly matched in talent(!), the eventual winner was Liz Mattafice with the Dwarf epic poem *The Lay of The Last Dwarf Bread*.

Angua's a werewolf
And her bark's worse than her bite
But when the moon is at its peak...
She prowls around at night....

The Achemist's Guild is quite strong
They've strengthened the walls and the door.
That's because when their mixtures go wrong
They leave a big hole in the floor.

The Chronicles of Sarnia

by Diane Duane

part 3: *Anser Terribilis*

So the King planted two of the pellets in a well-prepared seed bed, and raked the soil ¼ inch thick over them, and watered them on the small rose of the watering can. And he was about to plant the third one, when it seemed to him the most important thing in the world to swallow it with a glass of water.

And lo, matters followed their course as described in all the tabloids, and in the fullness of time the Queen was brought to childbed, and she gave birth to two fine sons, and a daughter with the head of a duck.

The Queen fainted (as well she might). And the King was very upset. And since she had been married to him for twenty years, and she knew what the problem was when he got that look, when she was conscious again the Queen took the King aside and said to him privately, "All right, let's have it -
what did you do?!"

And the King, who was nearly wood', cried in a great voice, "Why a duck?!"

The Queen was not up for this, and she grabbed her husband and shook him a good one, and said, "If you're going to bring *that* up, why couldn't one of the *boys* have had the head of a duck? I *ask* you." And they were very annoyed with each other.

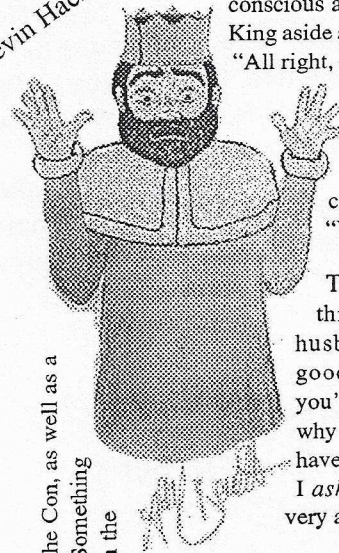
But the children grew quickly and became handsome, or beautiful, insofar as it is possible to be beautiful when you have the head of a duck (fairly far, if you have two beefy brothers who love you desperately and who routinely pound anyone who won't say you're Fair as the Dawn into a sticky pulp).

And so the Princes and the Princess grew up, and things seemed to be going along fairly quietly, until a Visitor came to the kingdom and threw everything into disarray...

NEXT: Who came calling, and What the Duck-Headed Princess Did

1 Crazy.

Kevin Hackett



Rocky Frisco's music and books

Rocky has had special copies of his books printed for the Con, as well as a demo CD of some of his songs. "Raccoon's Law", "Something Fishy", and "Rocky's Shorts" are being sold by IMT in the Dealer's Room.

The Arts of Falconrie and Hawking

by Hodgesaargh and Terry Pratchett

Everything you need to know about falconry
the first book written by a Discworld Character.
£3.50 (of which £1.50 goes to the Con. charities)
- available in Hex.

Through the Fur Coat in the Wardrobe

by Stephen Briggs

It's overwhelming to sit at the opening ceremony and look out over a sea of people who've all come to Liverpool because of the work of one man. Discworld is a big place, and I'm delighted to be able to be involved in a corner of it - mapping cities, staging plays and re-learning all those things which seemed so unimportant when I was at school - Latin, Geography, the Industrial Revolution.

It's also still weird to see my name on bookshop shelves and weirder to come across it on posters in shop windows in far flung towns where groups are staging one of the plays. It's a trifle mind-blowing to know the plays are also being staged all over the world - South Africa, Australia, Sweden, France...

Sometimes I sit at home surrounded by files of badges, UU scarves and pens, and think - "This is not at all what I had in mind when I left school." *Damn good thing, too!*

THE CHRONICLE

No.5

Live!

Palace Rectangular

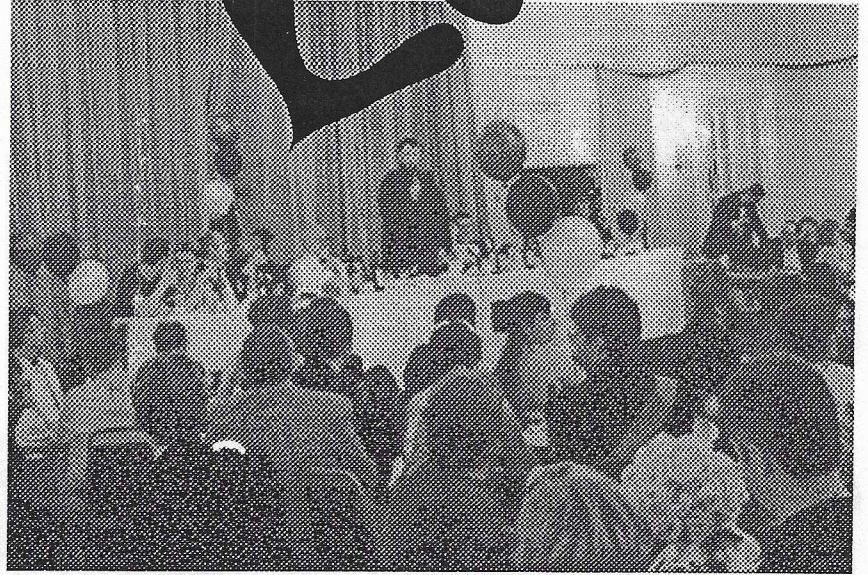
The Patrician Entertains

Last night Lord Vetinari hosted a glittering masked ball whereat a multitude of the disk's most illustrious citizens were entertained most royally. Our reporter was unable to secure a guest-list as, apparently, it is required for further action.

Music was performed by a most seemly quartet as guests arrived for cock-tails¹. A genuine Genuan troupe played for dancing at the end of the evening.

A few intruders failed to spoil the evening and were ejected by the City Watch.

¹ The rest of the cocks were served at dinner in a cheese sauce.



The prize for the best mask at the ball was awarded to Mistress Mary Blundell who stitched it herself. The seamstresses guild can be proud of her.

What we did on our Holiday

Graham Higgins

Saturday Night

Unwittingly Miss Thog's Master Class, (expletive in development), while chewing pencil in the Sniper's Gallery, trying to think of something to write.

Delayed on way to Maskerade making a mask for Isobel Pearson, (ah there, you see, there was no contest). All cannot be as chaotic as it may feel when such underlying symmetries manifest themselves. Arriving late at the door to the Maskerade, a mysterious feathere figure bars my way, lounging in an armchair at the entrance. 'You can't go in once the Maskerade's started' it intones, giving it some laconic, evidently glad of an audience of at least one old geezer. How civilise it would be in the real world if door security was maintained by the use of dubious fashion statements.

Sunday

Juggling eggs went.... SPLITSPLAT! as expected. No-one seemed to mind. Crowds. What possessed them? We all proved we'd once been kids. Tomorrow? Somebody think of something - see you there daredevils.

Then caught Paul Kidby. He was worried about the silences. We were putti in his hands. If we could storm Centre Parcs and take it over as a running Convention, what a very interesting village to live in that would be. Already I begin to feel the imminence of ejection into Grit Street and the diurnal round.

Displomacy

Agatean Empire Win - (tight)
Circle Cities - washout

Eggs!

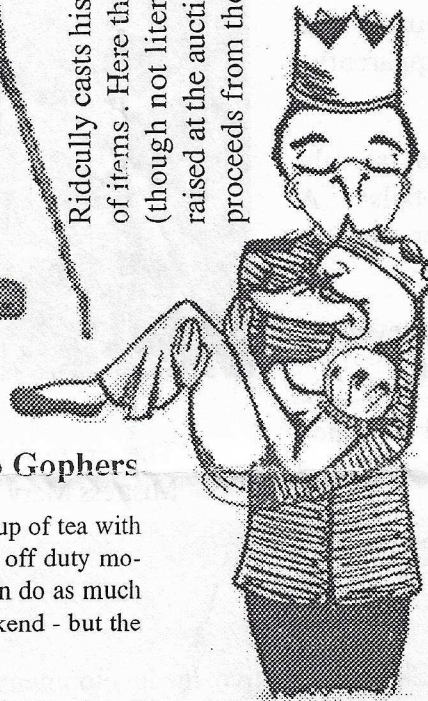
Four teams entered the Leonard of Quirm great egg race with the AFP team winning at 0.7 seconds with their entry TSBOAFP(tm). The object of the game was to safely transort "Lord Philanthropic III of Quirm and without him touching the floor. The 'vehicles' were constructed from items bought, stolen and borrowed. Oddly enough, there were no eggs involved!

Stop Press: Today's Charity Auction - raised £1028-20p (so far)



Live!

Ridiculously his salesman spell to pull in the bids for a host of items. Here the "Thaumagotchi" goes under the hammer (though not literally, you understand). The total amount raised at the auction was £4185. Another £748 represents the proceeds from the Maskerade Dinner.



Piccie by Alex

A Gopher's Point of View - A Tale of Two Gophers

It's 5:45am on Monday Morning. We're sitting with a cup of tea with our feet in a bath of warm water during one of our rare off duty moments.... OK, so rare isn't the right word - a Gopher can do as much or as little work as they want to, or can fit into one weekend - but the rest is absolutely true....

The first Gophering point we want to make is that it's a helluva lot of fun (Would we lie to you? Oh alright, we might bend the truth a little when trying to sell you something, but otherwise....).

Basically a gopher helps out by fetching and carrying, selling, waving 'Chronicle Live's at people and generally doing what people want - within reason. There are Specialist Gophers, but they're too clever for us.

The Second Point is that people appreciate us! We don't know about you, but this was a novel experience for us!

But its not all hard work - Gophers can choose what they do - they don't have to be on duty all the time and can't be drafted if they don't want to be. We got to do other things, (such as late night foot massages by complete strangers, (You know who you are, even if we don't), but that's another story.....).

So if you come to the next Convention, Go For It! Be a Gopher.

Oh, and one final point..... All Hail Ben - King of the Gophers!

Dave Langford reminds Discworld fans that several world Pratchett scoops ("TP not literature - it's official!" - The British Council) first appeared in the free SF newsletter Ansible. SAE for copy to 94 London Road, Reading, GR1 5AU .. or read it on the net at: <http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Ansible>.

Dave also has official Discworld Quizbook bookmarks (with corrections) - free for the asking, but he never says no to a drink.

The Chronicles of Sarnia concludes by Diane Duane

Now the word came to the Kingdom that the son of the greatest and most powerful King in those parts was passing through on a Progress, and that he needed a place to stay, because the rack rate at the local hotel was terrible, and if you are a Royal Person they will not let you have the corporate rate, no matter how much you may call yourself "the Firm". So the King and Queen said yes, of course, and the King went off to see if the guest room bed had been made, and the Queen went to check the guest bathroom to make sure that none of the cats had left dead mice in the tub again.

And the day appointed came, and everyone in the kingdom was very excited. The Queen was concerned, though, because she had not seen a lot of her daughter since the news about the Prince arrived. And when the news came that the Prince's coach was coming, the Princess was nowhere to be found.

The Queen sighed, and went down to the front steps of the palace to meet the coach with her husband. All the people from all around were there, dressed in their Tuesday best, and the coach rolled up. The Prince's footmen jumped down and blew a great blast on their sackbuts, and the coach door swung open, and the Prince got out. He was richly dressed in gold and silver brocade, and he was about six feet tall, and he had the head of a duck.

Everyone gasped. Then out of the crowd came a young woman who threw back the hood of her cloak and stepped forward with a happy ducky smile. "What kept you?" said the Princess, and took the Prince by the hand to show him the way to the guest bedroom.

The Queen went off to make herself a bacon sandwich expressive of perfect joy. The Prince and Princesses naturally got on with living happily ever after.

And the Fairy Viagra leaned over the King's shoulder and whispered, "Next time, dummy, follow the package instructions."

Luggage Wars

The winner of the 'Luggage Wars', was Andrew Langhammer of Rising Star Enterprises with 'Have a Nice Day', the veteran robot of the Intuition Easter Con '98. Congratulations. (He also built 'The Bonzer Basher with Working Chomp'). Claire-Louise appeared rather put out by the news of The Comittee's Entry's Defeat.

