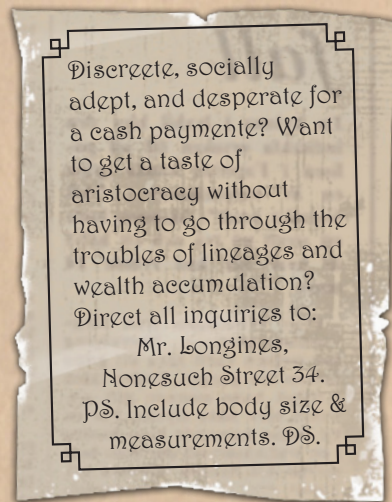


THE MURDER OF *Dominick Kolchak*

The characteristic Morporkian rain was drizzling down, the smell from the Ankh felt familiar*. You found yourself in a bit of a pickle, your monetary luck had run out. The collector had come collecting, the tax officer was taxing and you'd lost the latest bet. You really hated stooping so low, but you found yourself scrounging through the periodicals for possible work opportunities. At this point, anything that could put a dollar in your pocket had to be considered an offer you couldn't refuse. After taking a few sips on your cup of Klatchian coffee, giving your consciousness a kick under the loincloth**, your eyes locked onto the seemingly inconspicuous ad.



Perfect! It was said and done. The measurements got measured and the letter got sent. Soon you would be rolling in dollars.

* * *

Days have passed since you sent the letter. The response had been almost immediate, 4 hours after the postman had picked up your letter you had received a confirmation letter, hand-delivered by a young boy with worn clothes and a cap in his hand. You were to show up at Horspath number 14, close by the Deosil gate and the racecourse of upper Ankh. The address reeks of money. Instructions said to enter through the service entrance. As you knock on the door on the back of the manor, the butler by the name of Mr Longines ushers you into an office and leaves again. In the middle of the room, a big and beautiful oak desk with several piles of clothes on it. On the far side of the room, the whole wall is a bookshelf, lined with row after row with leather-bound books. The tall windows are draped with velvet fabrics in flowy constellations. On your right there is a double door, you can hear the sound of socialites mingling. After taking all this in, your eyes land on the other soon to be employees of the Banderie estate...

* In the case of the Ankh, the familiarity lies in the ever-changing nature of festering rot and decay from thousands of households considering the disposal, of everything from leftovers to conveniently deceased relatives into the only body of water in the vicinity, their god-given right.

** Technically your consciousness doesn't have a loincloth per se, it often looks more like blindfolds or perhaps the occasional straight jacket.