

# THE DISCWORLD MAPP

They said it couldn't be done. Well, it **has** been done, proving them wrong once again. After years of research, cunningly contrived in as many minutes, the Discworld has its map. It takes full account of the historic and much-documented expeditions of the Discworld's fêted (or at least fated) explorers: General Sir Roderick Purdeigh, Lars Larsnephew, Llamedos Jones, Lady Alice Venturi, Ponce da Quirm and, of course, Venter Borass.

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ISBN 978-0-55214-324-0

£9.99



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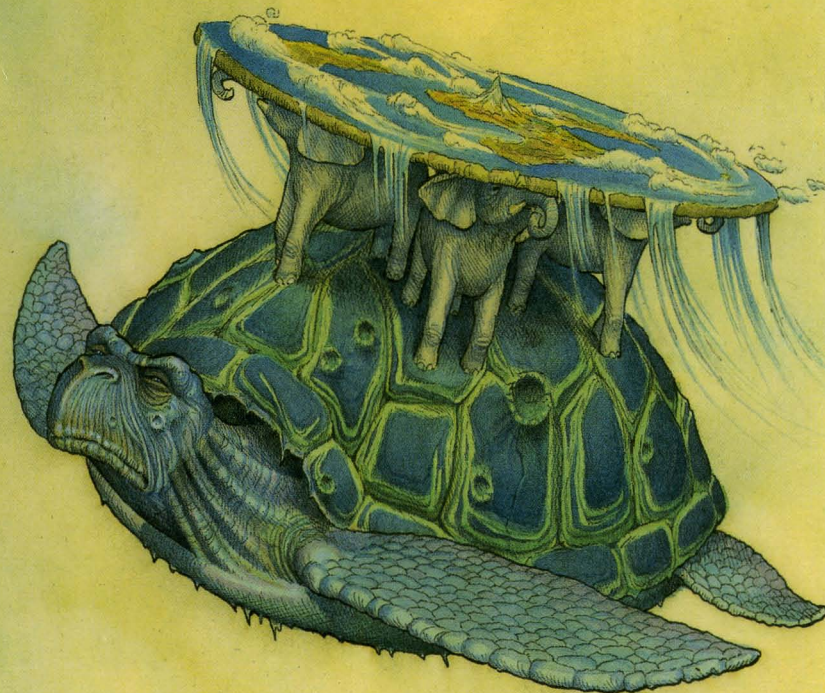


THE DISCWORLD MAPP

TERRY PRATCHETT & STEPHEN BRIGGS

# THE DISCWORLD MAPP

*Being the Onlie True & Mostlie  
Accurate Mappe of the Fantasyk  
and Magical Dyscworlde*



*Devised by*

**TERRY PRATCHETT  
& STEPHEN BRIGGS**

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& STEPHEN BRIGGS**



**CORGI BOOKS**



TRANSWORLD PUBLISHERS  
61-63 Uxbridge Road, London W5 5SA  
A Random House Group Company  
www.rbooks.co.uk

**THE DISCWORLD MAPP**  
**A CORGI BOOK: 9780552143240**

First published in Great Britain  
Corgi edition published 1995

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Black and white illustrations by Stephen Briggs

Map artwork by Stephen Player

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Made and printed in Great Britain by Victoria Litho Limited

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## I NEEDED A MAP

*I said there would never be a map of the Discworld.*

*This is it.*

*Well . . . I wasn't quite as emphatic as that. But I did worry about the 'map first, then chronicle the saga' school of fantasy writing. A map should be of something that is, in some material way, already there. Drawing the wiggly river and the pointy mountains first before you actually build the world is the prerogative only of gods.*

*As the novels in the series were produced, it became obvious that the Discworld is now already there. People send me maps of it all the time which usually look pretty much like the sketches I have doodled over the years. They sometimes get things wrong. They often get a lot of things right.*

*Anyway, I needed a map. Readers are perceptive. They notice little details. If a journey that takes someone three days in one book takes someone else two hours in another, harsh things get written. Irony is employed. Besides, after eighteen books, the world has either got some sort of shape or something has gone wrong.*

*Once again Stephen Briggs has gone through the*



books and the files of notes, and then spent a terrible amount of time apparently moving cut-out continents around on a big circle of paper.

After an earlier map, *The Streets of Ankh-Morpork*, was published, people asked me if this fossilization of the imagination will prevent future stories. Well, London and New York have been mapped for some time, and still seem attractive as locations for novelists. There will be more Discworld stories, I hope. The only difference is that now I'll have a map reference.

This map possibly isn't the way things are. But it is one of the ways they could be.

TERRY PRATCHETT, November 1995

## MANY MILES ACROSS TORTUOUS TERRAIN...

*I thought this was going to be easy.*

It was the word 'fantasy' that led me astray. Tolkien and his descendants apart, fantasy landscapes are not known for their precise cartography. *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* is not a point on a map. *Over the Hills and Far Away* is not a recommended AA holiday route.

In fact the area within a thousand miles of Ankh-Morpork, the Disc's premier city, wasn't too difficult. It has been paced, ridden, flown over or dropped into by so many Discworld characters that, as with the map of Ankh-Morpork itself, the mapping was just a matter of patient note-taking.

As for the greater picture . . . well, I thought there'd be nothing to it. Slap down a few additional continents. Fretwork some fjords. Sprinkle on some cities, steppes and forests. Jot down the traditional features that Terry Pratchett refers to as 'the good old wiggly river between the pointy mountains', paste on the names, and I'd be home and looking for a clean towel.

*In fact it took a lot more time than that . . .*

*I showed draft #1 to Terry, who looked at it for*



some time and said 'Do you know what a rain shadow is?' This was new to me, who took Raffia instead of Geography. I was given a short lecture on mountain ranges and prevailing rain-bearing winds, which gently led up to the fact that I'd put the Great Nef, the driest place in the world, in what would have been a very large swamp.

I spent some time reading up on the subject until I could bore people on the subject of Plate Tectonics and even knew what a drumlin was. This is the result. I've tried to make it all work.

Even so, I'm not sure that everything on the Discworld would quite pass muster on Earth, but since the Earth has not travelled on the back of a turtle for at least a thousand years there are bound to be some loopholes big enough to drive an elephant through.

All the Discworld books up to Interesting Times have been used for the mapping process (as a result of the first draft of Interesting Times an entire continent had to be shifted a couple of hundred miles for the sake of one line, but that's nothing to us Plate Technicians). I've also used a number of notes and unpublished fragments.

This is the result. I hope you enjoy it.

STEPHEN BRIGGS, November 1995

HERE BE DRAGONS...  
AND HERE... AND HERE...

If the first question an intelligent species formulates for the universe at large is 'Why are we here?' the next one must be 'Where is here, exactly?'

Many bold explorers set out to discover the distant reaches of the Discworld. Several of them returned.

Exploration is, like geography, a highly personal craft. It assumes that 'here' is important and everything else is a sort of sub-place whose main function is to be a long way away.

It must also be done by professionals. Those distant places may have people in them who think they know where they are, but they are mistaken; simply turning up on a log raft 20,000 years ago, or wandering across the dried-up sea bed during an Ice Age or even, in extreme cases, actually evolving on the continent in question, doesn't count as proper discovery. It is merely hanging about. To be a proper discovery you must be properly dressed.



Rule One about being an explorer is that you must wear some decent trousers, although a sensible dress is permissible for those of the female persuasion. And you must have started out with the idea of Discovery in mind – merely bumping into a continent while on the way to somewhere else doesn't really count, nor does finding the place while ambling across a land bridge merely because the glaciers had melted.

Most of the Discworld's recorded journeys of exploration were performed by people who knew what proper Exploration was, and weren't just following the mammoths. They also wore proper trousers.

They travelled to areas of low historical potential, set foot on shores where no man had gone before (that is to say, no one worth speaking of) and then smacked any available natives around the head to find out what the place was called.

The boldest explorers, who were generally those who thought the sea went on forever, never returned. This might be taken as proof that they were right.

However, among those who did return, even if only by accident, were:

#### GENERAL SIR RODERICK PURDEIGH

s. of Major-General Sir Ruthven Purdeigh, Royal Sto Plains Riflers<sup>1</sup> (d. 1858), of Grunefair, Ankh-Morpork, and Margaret, née Burberry (d. 1856); b. 14 Spune 1842 (disappeared on or around 25 Sektobor 1898); Educ. Thrasher's School, Pseudopolis and Sto Lat Military Academy. Career: Joined Quirm Lancers as ADC to CIC; transferred on promotion to the 35th Llatedosian Foot, serving as platoon commander under General Lord Rust; promoted (in error) to Colonel in the field of battle (at the expense of Captain the Honourable Rupert Purdey, hero of Lawke's Drain); then transferred to the Royal Sto Plains Riflers where he served for 5 years at GHQ before gaining promotion to General upon the death of General the Duke of Eorle. Subsequently left the army and took up a career as an explorer. Publications: *The Use of Pliers in Warfare*, *Boots*

<sup>1</sup>So called for their habit of collecting weapons, boots, gold teeth and jewellery off the stricken enemy, and the idiotic bravery necessary to see that there were as many of the stricken as possible. So keen was the average riflingman that many would go into battle armed only with pliers and armoured shoehorn, and would often manage, in the press of battle, to get teeth and footwear from enemies who were not only alive but actively fighting back.

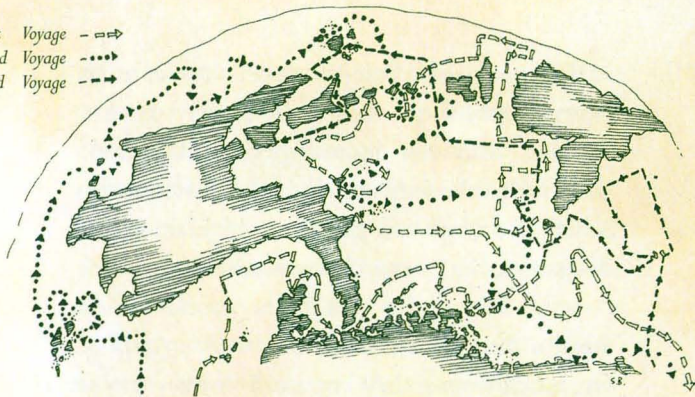


and Teeth: *A Soldier's Life*, *The Old Man of the Woods*, etc., etc.

His life's goal was to rediscover the 'mythical' continent of XXXX and its companion islands ('Foggy Islands', reputedly the place where XXXX kept the lawnmower). This obsessed him, and he devoted a large part of his life to a meticulous search of the ocean in its rumoured position, proving to his satisfaction that there was no such place. He made three important voyages during which he entirely failed to discover it; they were longer than expected owing to his inability, once he determined to return home, to discover Ankh-Morpork again. Or, indeed, any land of any consequence at all.

At one point towards the end of his first odyssey he wrote a short monograph claiming that the Circle Sea was in fact one million miles across. His erratic six-month voyage on it, during which he never once sighted land, has long been considered one of the most difficult ever achieved (akin to turning an elephant around inside a phone booth without touching the sides). It was curtailed only by thick fog, which prevented him from seeing where he was going, and thus allowed him to

1st Voyage - - ->  
2nd Voyage - - ->  
3rd Voyage - - ->



*General Sir Roderick Purdeigh's three epic voyages across, along and around the Widdershins Ocean, on which he proved conclusively that the counterweight Continent and the continent of XXXX could not possibly exist.*

collide with a shrimp boat five miles from Ankh-Morpork.

Navigators have speculated upon the secret of Sir Roderick's technique. It is known that he eschewed the use of compasses, sextants, measuring ropes and other aids as unworthy of the true explorer, and chose instead to just sail around until he could find someone to stop and ask the way.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup>Foolish people who know nothing about the ethics of exploration might rather naively point out that if there is anyone to be asked, you can't be doing it properly. But see the comments on the nature of proper exploration, above.



This was his first mistake. It has now been established that this never works. Firstly, whoever is stopped and asked, whether at the bottom of a mineshaft, in the heart of a trackless jungle or high on some distant glacier, never knows where they are ('sorry, dunno, 'm not from round here') despite the fact that they are walking a dog. Or, much worse, they know where they are so intensively that they are quite unable to pass on any worthwhile information to the traveller ('turn where you get to where the boot factory used to be, no, tell you what, it'll save you some time, go along where the viaduct was, you can't miss it, then turn right only it's really straight ahead, and kind of jiggle past the main road and . . . no, I tell a lie, what you do is, you go back down here till you get to where you can see the old hospital was, only you can't no more 'cos they've taken the sign away, and . . .')

His second mistake was to assume implicitly that anyone he met was fully capable of understanding him if he shouted loudly enough, and that failure to do so was a sign of wilfulness, to be punished by a sharp prod with Sir Roderick's walking stick and an

exhortation to smarten up, pay attention and stop slouching. As far as Sir Roderick was concerned, being foreign was like catching some minor but embarrassing sexual disease – it could be avoided by decent living, and if you happened to contract it, it was your fault.

This was to prove his undoing. His final voyage took him to the large island of Bhangbhangduc, which with his intuitive grasp of geography he declared to be about thirty miles from Ankh-Morpork. While his crew made repairs he busied himself in studying the rainforest fauna and flora, as detailed in his short and unfinished work *The Man of the Woods*. In particular he was incensed at the behaviour of the local people:

' . . . a Red-haired, Ruffianly but well-toothed crewe, who seem to be entirely unwilling to conduct their lives in a proper manner and, instead, hang by their feet in the trees all day, eating fruit and sleeping and engaging upon Further Activities which I will not detail lest this document be read by those of an Unmarried persuasion. That they are quite capable of rational thought is



evinced by the fact that, when I made one of them the gift of an old pair of trousers, these he instantly donned, although on his head; yet he persisted in saying no more than 'ook' even when questioned in a slow, clear voice, another example of the discourtesy so prevalent, I fear, in this part of the world. I am determined to put a stop to this Folly and if it means a sharp prod with my walking stick then the cause of proper civilised behaviour will not find me wanting . . .'

The walking stick was found in a tree some days later.

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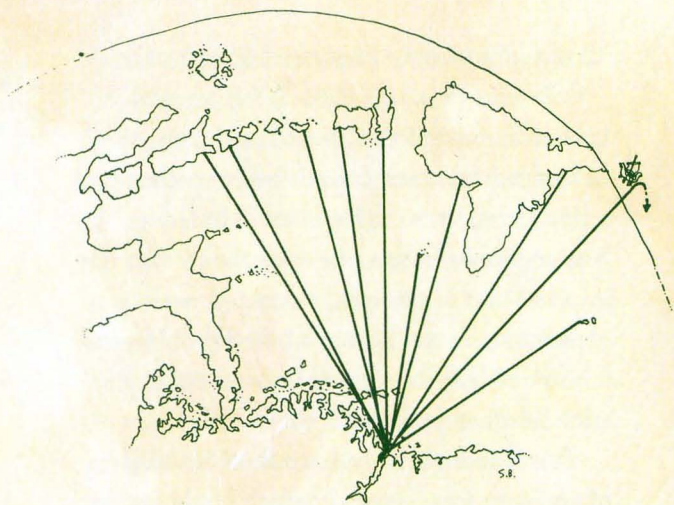
so prevalent, I fear, in this part of the world. I am determined to put a stop to this Folly and if it means a sharp prod with my walking stick then the cause of proper civilised behaviour will not find me wanting. I am certain that if I can only deal soundly with it

LARS LARSNEPHEW, 'FATHER OF EXPLORATION'

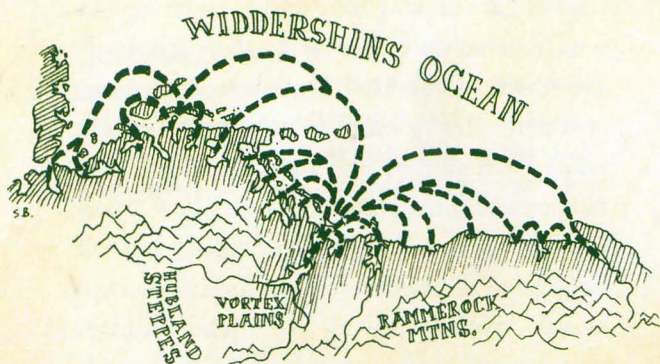
Little is known of the life of Lars Larsnephew except that he never travelled further than ten miles from the village of NoThing, in Nothingfjord, where he was born. Yet he inspired one of the most sustained periods of exploration in the history of the Disc. He was not so much an explorer as the cause of exploration in other people.

This is thought to be because of his mastery of ancient sagas, some of which could last for several years. It was rumoured that the standing stones in the area were merely people who had sat through his complete repertoire, which was mainly to do with snow. The mere sight of Lars looking thoughtful was enough to send local people dashing to their longboats and rowing desperately for the open sea; most of them later grounded on islands which, while often inhospitable, had the major advantage of not containing Lar Larsnephew. Many of them returned when he'd finished, but left no foreign settlements or very precise navigational records owing to being almost permanently drunk on a form of beer made from herrings.





*Voyages of Discovery inspired by Lars Larsnephew*



*The Pillaging Voyages*

As sea-borne, longboat-rowing, fair-haired explorers went, the villagers were not a great success. They possessed the tendency of some Hubland peoples to be very meticulous on matters of etiquette, and their forages to rape, loot and pillage along the wintry Rimward coastline of the Vortex Plains were consequently marred by their attempts to do so by appointment.

The occupants of many far-flung hamlets never pointed out to them the essential flaw in this approach, and got quite used to returning home from their temporary hide-out in the hills to find a reproachful note saying: 'We called today a.m./p.m. but you were out.'

LLAMEDOS JONES

No chronicles of exploration would be complete without its quota of semi-mythical religious explorers, who could cross seas on millstones or, in extreme cases, on foot. The most notorious of these on the Disc was Llamados Jones, from that small, damp and mountainous country.



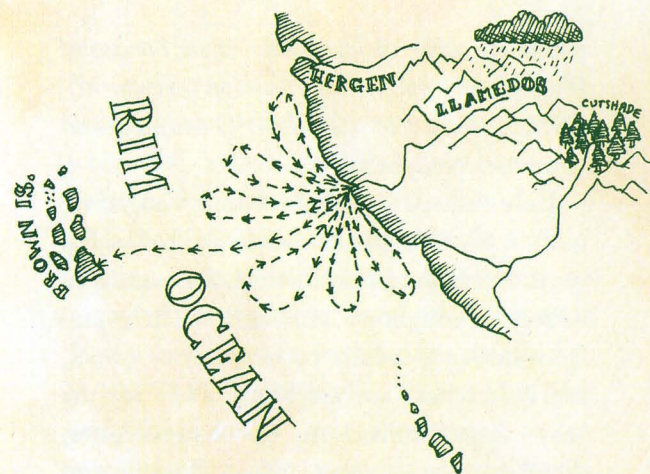
Legend says that he set out one day in his leather coracle armed with no more than a holy sickle, a sack of mistletoe, a small portable stone circle and a harmonium, in an inspired effort to bring the advantages of Strict Druidism to the heathen.<sup>3</sup>

His evangelical endeavours were for some years hampered by his inability to travel more than three days in any direction, since he felt it necessary to return to Llamedos for druidic sacrifices and male voice choir practice once a week. He was finally given dispensation by the circle elders to miss services and is believed to have discovered the Brown Islands in the Rim Ocean by the very practical technique of continuing with a straight line until he hit something.

Evidence for his popular claim is sketchy. The natives of the Brown Islands are generally a friendly, easy-going race, who spend a lot of time on the beach.

However, there is one island where it rains a lot, choral singing has been elevated to the status of a martial art, and the most noticeable religious ceremony involves two

<sup>3</sup>That is to say, everyone else. •



*Llamedos Jones' voyages of exploration*

teams of fifteen men who ritually maim one another in pursuit of a small ball which isn't even properly round, just as is done in Llamedos.

#### LADY ALICE VENTURI

eldst. da. of Viscount Venturi (d. 1864) of Pseudopolis, and Wilhelmina, née Higgins (d. 1828); b. 5 March 1799, d. 12 Ick 1897. Privately educated. Recreations: embroidery, ethnography, corsetry, anthropology, writing,



public speaking. Books: *The Harem Frescoes of Old Klatch*, *Interesting Customs among the N'Kouf*, *Travels in the Dark Hinterland* and numerous pamphlets.

Lady Alice, the eldest of four daughters, took to travel late in life when she had at last got access to the family fortune. She wandered widely throughout rimward Klatch and Howondaland, usually by elephant or camel, and researchers are indebted to her for the very large collection of watercolours, sketches, maps, notes, dried flowers and pressed reptiles accumulated on her extensive journeys.

Those who have studied these works in detail have concluded that Lady Alice must have been either unshockable or almost terminally dense. The few copies of *The Harem Frescoes of Old Klatch* and *Interesting Customs among the N'Kouf* which did not spontaneously combust shortly after printing are now much sought after by discerning gentlemen; her collection of tribal fetishes and ceremonial objects of Howondaland had to be bricked up in a vault, especially the one with the painstakingly-written label in Lady Alice's own handwriting which read: Personal orna-

ment of T'etse Males Over the Age of 13. Her public recital of *Folk Songs of Old Al-Ybi* caused a near riot, less because of the words – which the audience couldn't translate – but because the accompanying traditional hand gestures made this fact quite superfluous.

Lady Alice herself seemed quite oblivious to the effects of all this, and regularly returned for further journeys in what she referred to as 'the Dark Hinterland'. Natives of Klatch and Howondaland grew accustomed to her camel hovering into view at every fertility dance or ceremonial circumcision, although the rumour that some of the more interesting rites were devised especially for her visits, amidst much hilarity, has never been substantiated.

Given that in her own home she was quite capable of banning a visitor from the house for yawning without covering their mouth, it would seem that Lady Alice adopted the traditional Explorer's viewpoint: that activities that would lead one to summon the Watch if they happened on your doorstep are intriguing folkways when they occur two thousand miles away with a feather stuck in them.

Her grave in the cemetery of Small Gods,



Ankh-Morpork, is decorated with traditional Al-Ybian symbols, and can be viewed (by arrangement) by parties which include no unmarried women under the wage of 30.

#### PONCE DA QUIRM

Little is known of Ponce da Quirm, a quiet scholar who spent almost the whole of his life in a search for the Fountain of Eternal Youth, in defiance of colleagues who said the whole thing was a myth. It might seem something of a waste of a life, but he apparently reasoned that even if he found the Fountain at the age of 80, one drink then would make it all worthwhile. It is believed that he did indeed discover the legendary source; it is certainly the case that he turned up in Quirm in some excitement clutching a small bottle of some brownish water, ceremoniously downed it in front of an invited group of friends, and was considered to definitely look a little younger just before he died of a cocktail of at least five deadly water-borne diseases.

#### VENTER BORASS — STUDENT OF THE PAST

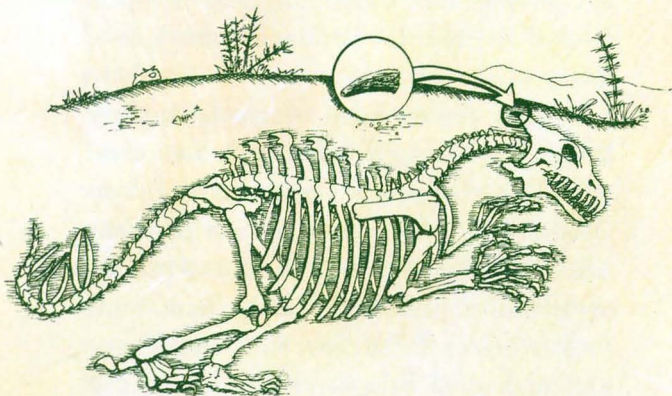
Much of what is known about the deep history of the Discworld is the result of the work (some would say the imagination) of the wizard Venter Borass. He is buried in the private cemetery of Unseen University but possibly hasn't noticed, since he spent most of his life at the bottom of some hole or other.

It was Borass who claimed that the fossilized magical fields in long-buried rocks indicated occasional reversal of the Discworld's direction of spin, and is to him that we are indebted for a number of promising theories: that rocks underneath other rocks are likely to be older than the rocks on top (instead of being arranged in order of colour, the prevalent idea at the time), that the continents of the Discworld were once all one land mass, and that mountains gradually turn into grains of sand instead of, as common sense would dictate, the other way around.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup>Anyone who has ever tried to pick a vegetable garden clean of large stones will have observed how, after the briefest shower of rain, a fresh crop will have grown. And no matter how many are taken out over the years, more will still be found. A small garden will generate five large wheelbarrows of stones every year, for years. If they're not growing like truffles, what's the explanation, eh?



He would have been more highly regarded among the faculty were it not for his insistence that curious monsters had existed on the Discworld before the arrival of Man, Dwarf and Troll. He extrapolated from fragments of what he called fossil bone, and some of his drawings have survived:



*A sketch of Borass' 'Really Big Lizard', showing his idea of the creature which once possessed the bone [arrowed] that he had found. It was later claimed that the bone was in fact an old spoon handle.*

This was too much even for his fellow wizards, who took the view that any god worth bothering, and who had something to say about Creation and all the rest of it, would

write it all down fair and square somewhere, and would have too much respect for their creations to expect them to go grovelling around in some kind of cosmic game of Hunt the Slipper. He was forced to go back and teach students, and mercifully died soon afterwards. However, his general works provide the basis for that which follows.



## THE DISCWORLD: A DISCOLOGICAL HISTORY

If legend, myth and one extremely unreliable eye-witness account can be believed, the Discworld was created some time after the rest of the universe, using traditional craftsmanship rather than the impersonal modern method (which involves taking nothing whatsoever and splitting it in half).

It is about ten thousand miles across and thirty miles thick at the Rim, although it is believed to be considerably thicker towards the Hub, possibly to accommodate the internal layer of molten rock which powers the volcanoes and allows the continental plates to move. Exactly how this molten state is maintained, and how the water that pours ceaselessly over the rim from the Circle Sea is replaced, are but two of the unfathomable mysteries of the world. A tenable theory is that the heat is generated by vast masses of octiron, since heat is one of the simplest magical effects. The octiron theory also accounts for the disc's vast standing magical field.

Whatever the explanation, the fact is that the surface features of the Discworld uncannily mirror those of spherical rocky worlds, as though the Creator had seen one somewhere but had to go ahead without a chance to examine the works.

The continents certainly have moved around (possibly on wheels of some kind, if the molten rock theory is discounted). Discworld time is always a tricky thing to measure, but by inference it must have been several hundred million years ago that the supercontinent of Pangola was struck by a giant meteorite, which may have killed off those lifeforms not equipped by a neglectful Nature to survive impact with flaming rock travelling at several thousand miles a second, and also instigated the break-up which led eventually to the Discworld of today.

Inspection of residual magic in deep sea rocks and very old trolls suggests that it was also around this time that the Discworld first changed its direction of spin, a phenomenon that appears to occur every hundred thousand years or so, possibly for the comfort of the elephants.

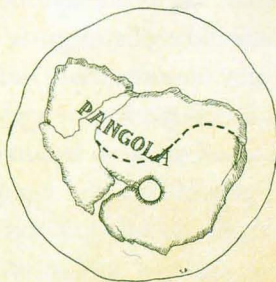
About one hundred million years before



the present day, in the period described by Borass as the Borassic era, Pangola had clearly split into two vast land masses – Howondaland (named after the continent where his researches were largely carried out) and Lauragatea (partly named after the empire that occupies much of the Counterweight Continent, and partly after his mother). A generally confused banging about as the spin direction changed raised most of the mountain ranges visible today.

It was the second, smaller continent of Lauragatea which, some thirty million years before the present, lost the even smaller and deeply mysterious continent known only as XXXX, which wandered off by itself (according to Borass) in search of the geographical equivalent of a cool drink.

Of course, it is only a theory . . .



KEY TO SOME OF THE PLACES THAT AREN'T  
NAMED IN FULL ON THE MAPP:

- |    |   |
|----|---|
| 1  | <i>Tsort</i>                            |
| 2  | <i>Djelibeybi</i>                       |
| 3  | <i>Ephebe</i>                           |
| 4  | <i>Crinix</i>                           |
| 5  | <i>Papylos</i>                          |
| 6  | <i>Erebos</i>                           |
| 7  | <i>Jowser Cove</i>                      |
| 8  | <i>Para Mountain</i>                    |
| 9  | <i>F'twangi</i>                         |
| 10 | <i>Koom Valley</i>                      |
| 11 | <i>Oolskunrahod</i>                     |
| 12 | <i>Ankh R.</i>                          |
| 13 | <i>Heliodeliphilodelphiboschromenos</i> |
| 14 | <i>Holy Wood</i>                        |
| 15 | <i>Chirm</i>                            |
| 16 | <i>Sto Lat</i>                          |
| 17 | <i>Sto Kerrig</i>                       |
| 18 | <i>Sto Helit</i>                        |
| 19 | <i>Kom</i>                              |
| 20 | <i>Al-Ybi</i>                           |
| 21 | <i>Il-Drim</i>                          |
| 22 | <i>N'Kouf</i>                           |
| 23 | <i>Otherz</i>                           |
| 24 | <i>Quirm</i>                            |
| 25 | <i>Pseudopolis / Psephopolis</i>        |
| 26 | <i>NoThing</i>                          |
| 27 | <i>Rham Nitz</i>                        |
| 28 | <i>Re'Durat</i>                         |
| 29 | <i>Leaping Mountain</i>                 |