

RIVERS of LONDON

the Roleplaying Game

GM PLAIN TEXT HANDOUTS AND DIAGRAMS

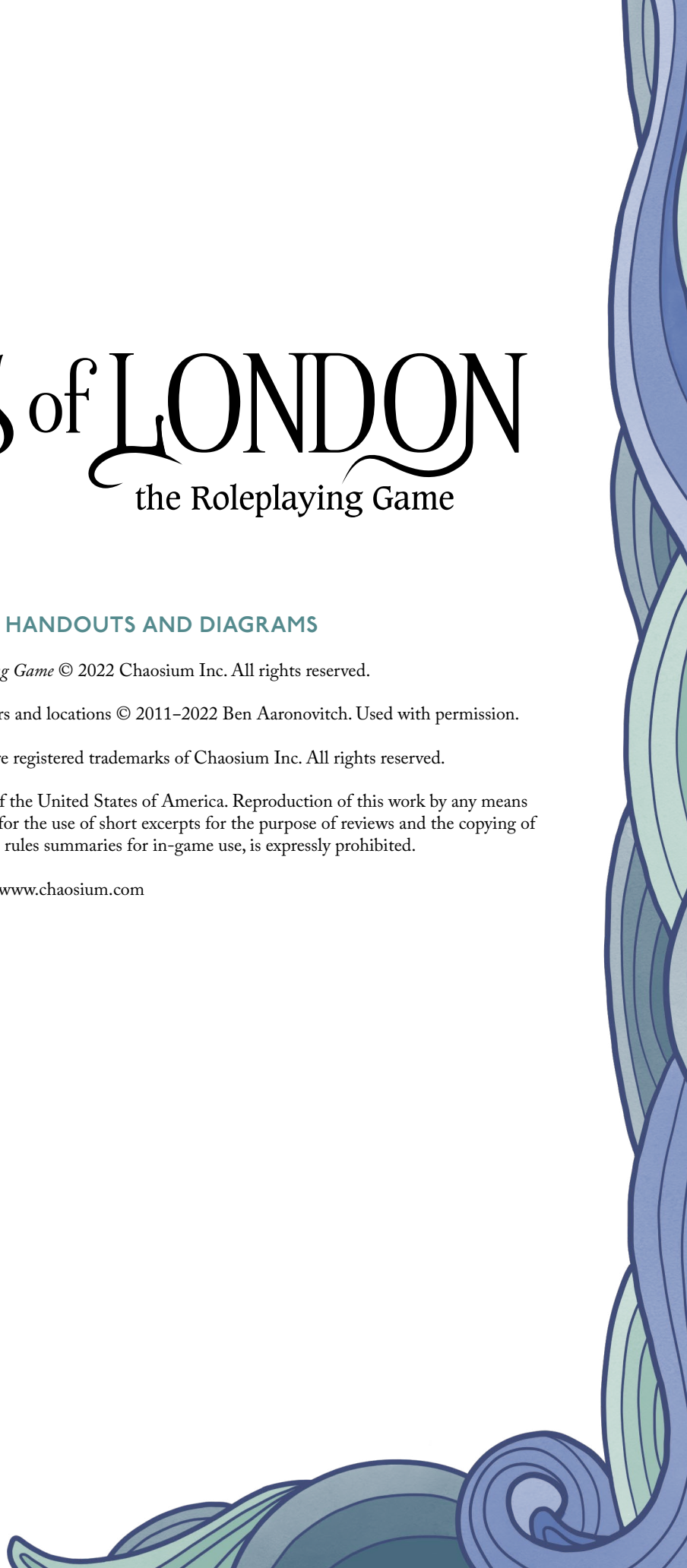
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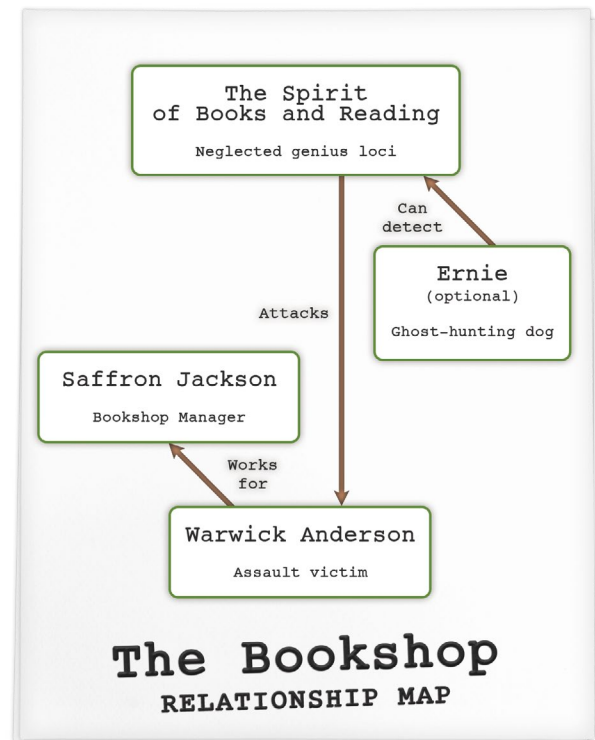
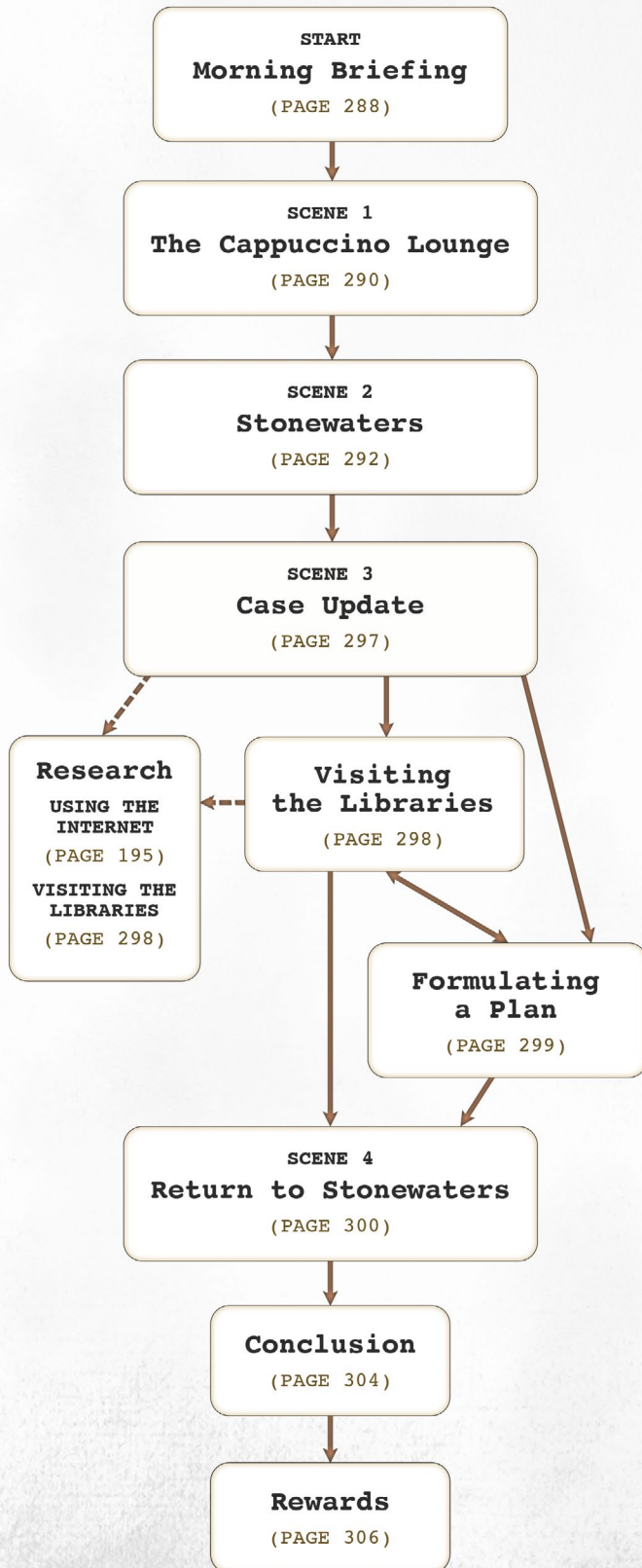
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- The Bookshop -

PLOT PROGRESSION DIAGRAM



Warwick Anderson's Statement

I was working in the basement. It was around midnight, give or take, moving the celebrity chef books to the other end of the cookery section, when I was hit in the back by something. I turned around to find Banksy's *Wall and Piece* at my feet—the paperback, not the hardback, or else that would have really hurt.

Thing is, I was supposed to be the only one in the shop. There was no sign of anyone who could have thrown it, so I'll admit, I was spooked. I went upstairs to take a look around and make sure no one had broken in, but all the doors were locked, and I couldn't see anyone. I was feeling a bit annoyed by this point, so I gave up looking and went back to reshelving the books.

Next thing I know, I get hit on the head by a soft toy, like the ones we keep at the till points. I was just about to turn around and catch whoever threw it red-handed when a ton of books smashed into me from the art section and flattened me. A couple of the really big Taschen art books caught me in the back of the head, but I managed to stagger to the phone at the downstairs till and dialled 999.

It's all a bit hazy after that, but someone helped me up to the ambulance, where they told me I had a mild concussion. I went home, then I got a call asking me to come back in so I could be interviewed by some special crimes unit—you lot, I'm assuming? I told them there was no way I was going within 500 metres of that place, but eventually, they convinced me to meet you here instead.

Saffron Jackson's Statement

I got a phone call in the early hours from a police officer asking me to come to the bookshop to take care of the door. They said they'd had to break the glass to get inside to see what had happened to poor Warwick. They left shortly after that because it was all kicking off in the piazza; a fight outside a bar, or something—I don't know.

Next, I called the maintenance company to send someone over to board up the door and clean up the glass. Once the maintenance guy got here, I checked around to see if anything was missing. It didn't look like it, but it's a bit hard to tell in all that mess downstairs. I've not touched anything down there because one of the officers told me not to until you'd been to see it.

So, if you'd like to follow me, I'll take you to the basement. I don't want to tell you how to do your job, but I'd really appreciate it if you could hurry it up—I'd like to get everything all squared away again before opening time.

► COCKFIGHTING

Cockfighting was once a highly popular—and very lucrative—spectator sport in London and elsewhere in the UK. Historically speaking, its roots go back over 6,000 years, though it first became really popular in England during the Tudor era. By the 18th century, the blood sport was at its height, with all levels of society indulging in the heavy betting that accompanied each match. Upper class venues, like the Royal Cockpit (whose last remaining traces are Cockpit Steps by Birdcage Walk), charged a hefty admission fee to keep the riffraff out.

It took around two years to fully train a fighting bird. Due to the amount of money required for that training, and the size of the wagers on fight days, this blood sport was tightly regulated—more so than any other sport at the time. It was finally banned in England and Wales in 1835 under the Cruelty to Animals Act.