



NANNY OGG'S COOKBOOK

TERRY PRATCHETT &
STEPHEN BRIGGS & TINA HANNAN

TRANSWORLD
BOOKS

About the Book

They say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach which just goes to show they're as confused about anatomy as they gen'rally are about everything else, unless they're talking about instructions on how to stab him, in which case a better way is up and under the ribcage. Anyway, we do not live in a perfect world and it is foresighted and useful for a young woman to become proficient in those arts which will keep a weak-willed man from straying. Learning to cook is also useful.'

Nanny Ogg, one of Discworld's most famous witches, is passing on some of her huge collection of tasty and above all interesting recipes, since everyone else is doing it. But in addition to the delights of the Strawberry Wobbler and Nobby's Mum's Distressed Pudding, Mrs Ogg imparts her thoughts on life, death, etiquette ('If you go to other people's funerals they'll be sure to come to yours'), courtship, children and weddings, all in a refined style that should not offend the most delicate of sensibilities. Well, not much.

Most of the recipes have been tried out on people who are still alive.

Nanny Ogg Gratefully Acknowledges the Assistance in this Literary Argosy of: Mr Terry Pratchett, Mr Stephen Briggs, Mlle Tina Hannan and Master Paul Kidby.

Memo from J H C Goatberger

To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

This is to inform you that we are withdrawing all copies of Miss Amelia Cram's Nooks and Corners of Ankh-Morpork because of extremely unpleasant representations from the relatives of people who actually took the routes she suggested. It appears that Miss Cram has been bed-bound for fifty years and is in any case possibly remembering her childhood in Quirm, where the only thing likely to kill a sightseer is boredom. Either that, or she is made of cast-iron.

Memo from J H C Goatberger

To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

I have to tell you that all copies of The Temple Frescoes of Old N'Couf have been seized by the City Watch on the orders of the Patrician and following an extremely unpleasant meeting with senior ladies of the Guild of Seamstresses, who claim it trespasses on their territory. When you told me it was drawings of statues in temples I thought it'd be holy. I gather that the plates were seized at the engravers and broken up for scrap, although it is surprising that they did not melt of their own accord. I further understand that the few surviving copies of the book are changing rather pallid shaking hands in this city for up to fifty dollars, none of which, I may add, is coming to us. This is your last chance.

Memo from Thos. Cropper

To: J H C Goatberger, publisher

We have received another manuscript from Mrs Ogg.

Memo from J H C Goatberger

To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

Absolutely not. Remember what happened after we printed The Joye of Snacks? I've never felt the same about puddings since then. My wife giggles now if someone even so much as mentions custard, which I can assure you is a little disconcerting after thirty years of marriage.

Memo from Thos. Cropper

To: J H C Goatberger, publisher

Some men came from the Engravers' Guild today and took away my desk in lieu of payment. I have not yet returned Mrs Ogg's manuscript.

Memo from J H C Goatberger
To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

May I remind you of Mother Ogg's Tales For Tiny Folk, published against my better judgement? May I remind you of the story of "The Little Man Who Grew Too Big"? I personally thought it was a charming tale until my wife started laughing. No more Mrs Ogg. This is final.

Memo from Thos. Cropper
To: J H C Goatberger, publisher

While you were at lunch a troll came round about the rent. He works for Mr Chrysoprase. He made me an offer I understood only too well, especially the bit about forcing my toes into my ears. He wishes to see you tomorrow. PS I have still not yet disposed of the unsolicited MS from Mrs Ogg.

Memo from J H C Goatberger
To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

I swore I'd never ask this: what is the nature of this manuscript?

Memo from Thos. Cropper
To: J H C Goatberger, publisher

It is penned on her usual assortment of old sugar bags and bits of wrapping paper. Some of it is written in chalk. It appears to be...well...the notes and jottings of a countrywoman. You know the sort of things: etiquette, advice to Young People, garden lore, the language of flowers, recipes...

Memo from J H C Goatberger
To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

I would hesitate to listen to the language of any flowers in the vicinity of Mrs Ogg.
Let me ask you this directly: is jelly involved, and if so in what shape?

Memo from Thos. Cropper
To: J H C Goatberger, publisher

There appears to be very little jelly.

Memo from J H C Goatberger
To: Thos. Cropper, overseer
How do we stand on custard?

Memo from Thos. Cropper
To: J H C Goatberger, publisher

There is some custard. I have examined it in some detail and it appears to be devoid of innuendo.

Memo from J H C Goatberger
To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

Oh, all right. Get one of the hacks to put in the grammar, punctuation and spelling, and make sure it has pretty pictures. That's what people want. Please also make sure that the manuscript is read by my wife, who I have to say shows a disturbing talent for working out what it is that Mrs Ogg is getting up to. She keeps on threatening to make a Strawberry Wobbler again. Perhaps this will take her mind off it.

Memo from Thos. Cropper
To: J H C Goatberger, publisher

Some elements of Mrs Ogg's manuscript have caused me concern. My suspicions were first aroused when I identified large areas of text which seemed both familiar and properly punctuated. A visit to the library confirmed them. In short, sir, Mrs Ogg seems to believe that writing a book largely involves copying things out of other books and pasting them onto any bits of plain paper she can find, then signing them 'G. Ogg' in crayon. So far I have identified passages that bear considerable resemblance to parts of:

Ankh-Morpork Almanack and Booke of Dayes
(many of our back numbers)
Boots and Teeth
Ceremonies and Protocols of the Kingdom of Lancre
Lady Deirdre Waggon's Book of Etiquette
Gardening In Difficult Conditions
The Joy of Tantric Sex, with Illustrations for the
Advanced Student
Toujours, Quirm
My Family and Other Werewolves
The Legendes and Antiquities of the Ramtops
The Country Dairy of a Gentlewoman (unbelievable!)
Twurp's Peerage
Wormold's Steerage

Memo from J H C Goatberger

To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

What the hell is Wormold's Steerage?

Memo from Thos. Cropper, overseer

To: J H C Goatberger

It was a sort of biographical dictionary of all these people who would never, ever get into Twurp's Peerage - renowned beggars, champion Morris dancers, people who are famous for the ability to make strange faces or whistle through unconventional orifices, and so on. It went out of print very quickly, having failed to remember the most important point about works of this nature, viz., that the people in it should be rich enough to be able to afford to buy copies.

Memo from J H C Goatberger
To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

You're telling me that Mrs Ogg has simply
recycled bits of more than a dozen books?

Memo from Thos. Cropper, overseer
To: J H C Goatberger

In a word, yes.

Memo from J H C Goatberger
To: Thos. Cropper, overseer

The cunning old biddy! Then it counts as
research and is perfectly OK. Don't worry
about it.

Also By This Author

The Joye of Snacks (banned)

Mother Ogg's Tales for Tiny Folk (withdrawn)



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NANNY OGG'S
COOKBOOK

INCLUDING RECIPES, ITEMS of Antiquarian Lore, Improving Observations of Life, Good Advice for Young People on the Threshold of the Adventure That is Marriage, Notes on Etiquette & Many Other Helpful Observations that will Not Offend the Most Delicate Sensibilities.



PREFACE

by

THE AUTHOR

NOT A DAY goes past but I'm glad I was born in Lancre. I know every inch of the place and every one of the people an' I look out over its mountains, hills, woods and valleys and I think: 'That young couple have been in that spinney rather a long time, I shall have to have a word with her mam.'

But a lot of the old ways I knew when I was a girl are passin' now. There's six oil lamps in the kingdom to my knowledge, and up at the castle they put in one of them privies that cleans 'emselves, so instead of having to dig out the pit every week my lad Shawn, who does all the jobs up there apart from kinging, now merely has to fill up the 200-gallon tank on top of the tower. That is Progress for you. Of course it all ends up in the river so what you gains in convenience you loses in compost.

All this means that these are changin' times, and that's when people go around bewildered and full of uncertainty and they turn to me, because I am a *grande dame*, or 'big woman' as we would say here, and ask me the questions that is puzzling them, viz., if you are givin' a dinner party, what are the issues of etiquette involved in seatin' the man who makes a living putting weasels down his trousers at fairs, and who is therefore quite respected in these parts, next to the daughter of a man who once mugged the second son of an earl? Which is the kind of knotty problem a society hostess has to face every day, and it takes

Experience not only to get it right but also to make sure there's a really soft cushion on the weasel juggler's chair, since the poor man suffers for his Art.

They ask me things like: what is the right way to address a duke? An' once again I have to point out that it is a matter of fine details, such as, if there's a gate needs holdin' open and it looks like half a dollar might be forthcoming, it's 'G'day, your graciousness,' whereas if you've just set fire to his ancestral piles and the mob is breakin' the windows it is more suitable to address him as 'you bloated lying blutocat!' It is all a matter of *finesse*.

People are coming to me all the time to ask things like, what kind of wedding anniversary d'you call it after ten years, or, is it lucky to plant beans on a Thursday. Of course, it is nat'ral for people to ask witches this sort of thing on account of us bein' the suppositories of tradition, but the younger girls I see around don't seem very keen on picking this sort of thing up, them being far too keen on candles and lucky crystals and so on. I reckon if a crystal's so lucky, how come it's ended up as a bit of rock? I don't trust all this occult, you never know who had it last.

Anyway, there's a lot more writin' around these days than there was when I was young and I thought, I will write down some of those little hints and tips which can smooth the lumpy bits on the pathway that is life. I've gone heavy on the recipes, because so much in life revolves around food. In fact good manners started to happen as soon as all the mammoths were killed off and there was no piece of food big enough for everyone to eat at the same time. A good meal is good manners.

G. Ogg

A NOTE

from

THE EDITORS

GYTHA 'NANNY' OGG, the author of these works, is a renowned practitioner of that combination of practical psychology, common sense and occult engineering known as witchcraft.

Her genius even extends to the written language, since it will be obvious to our readers that she has an approach to grammar and spelling that is all her very own. As far as punctuation goes she appears to have no approach at all, but seems merely to throw it at the page from a distance, like playing darts.

We have taken the liberty of smoothing out some of the more ruffled sentences while leaving, we hope, some flavour of the original. And, on that subject, we need to make a point about the weights and measures used in the cookery recipes. We have, reluctantly, translated them into metric terms because Nanny Ogg used throughout the very specialized unit of measure known as the 'some' (as in 'Take some flour and some sugar').

This required some, hah, experiment, because the 'some' is a unit of some, you see, complexity. Some flour is almost certainly more than some salt, but there appears to be no such thing as half of some, although there was the occasional mention of a 'bit' as in 'a bit of pepper'.

Instinctively, one feels that a bit of flour is more than some pepper but probably less than a bit of butter, and that a wodge of bread is probably about a handful, but we have found no reliable way of measuring a gnat's.

Timing also presented a problem, because Mrs Ogg has a very vague attitude to lengths except in humorously anatomical areas. We have not been able to come up with a reliable length of time equivalent to a 'while', which is an exponential measurement - one editor considered on empirical evidence that a 'while' in cookery was about 35 minutes, but we found several usages elsewhere of 'quite a while' extending up to ten years, which is a bit long for batter to stand. 'As long as it takes to sing "Where Has All The Custard Gone?"' looked helpful, but we haven't been able to find the words, so we have had to resort to boring old minutes.

Finally, there is the question of verisimilitude. In many of the recipes we have had to tinker with ingredients to allow for the fact that the Discworld equivalents are unavailable, inedible, or worse. Few authors can make a long-term living out of poisoning their readers, at least physically. Take the case of the various types of dwarf bread, for example. Brick dust, in Great Britain, is not generally found even in sausages. It's hard on the teeth. Granite is seldom served to humans. The biblical injunction that 'Man must eat a peck¹ of dirt before he dies' did not suggest that this was supposed to happen on just one plate. Also, most human food with the possible exception of the custard pie has never been designed for offensive purposes.

So, we have to say, strict accuracy has been sacrificed in the interests of having as many readers at the end of this book as we had at the start. The aim has been to get the look and feel of the original Discworld recipes while avoiding, as far as possible, the original taste.

*Terry Pratchett
Stephen Briggs*

¹ About nine litres dry measure, we're afraid.