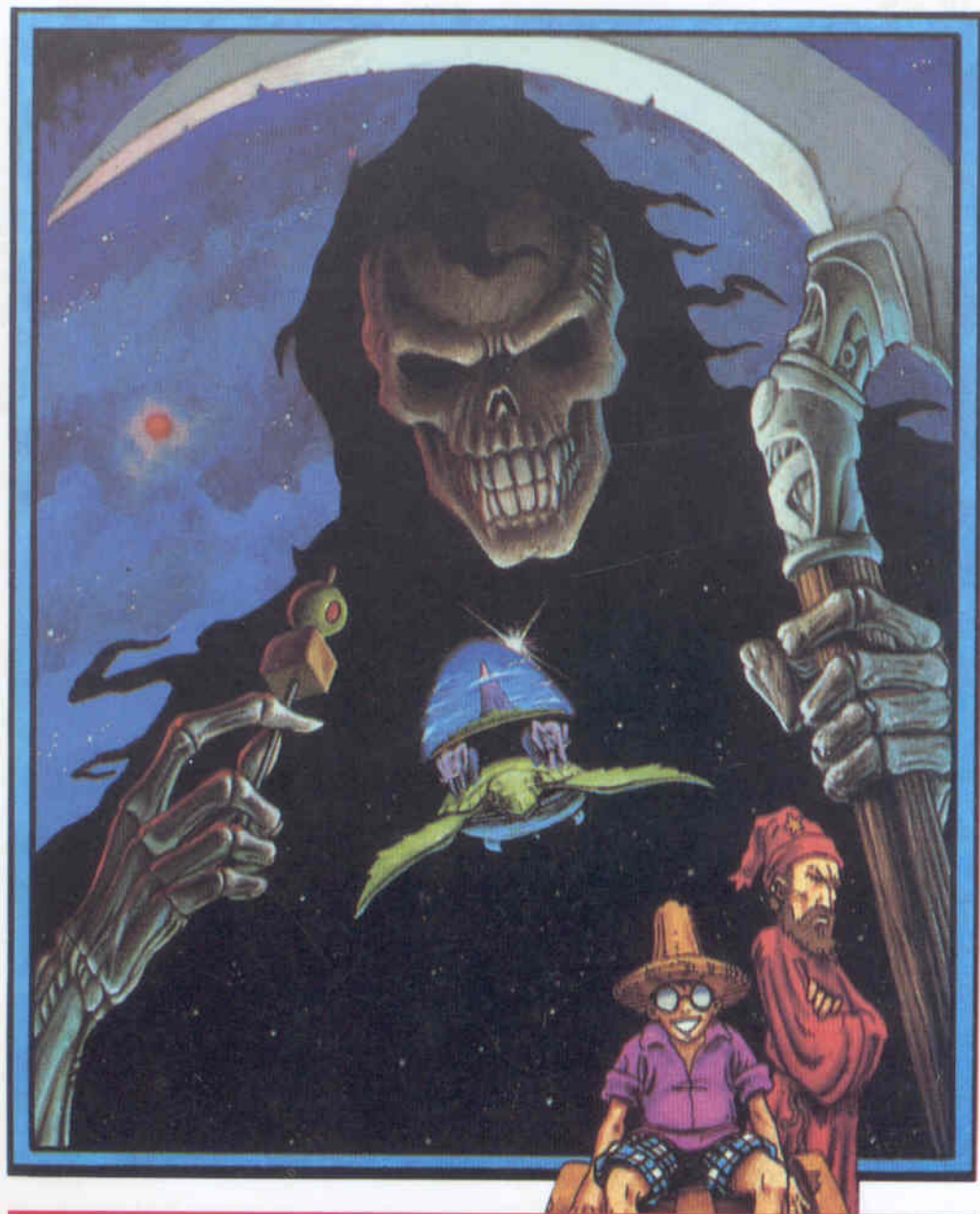


# TERRY PRATCHETT'S

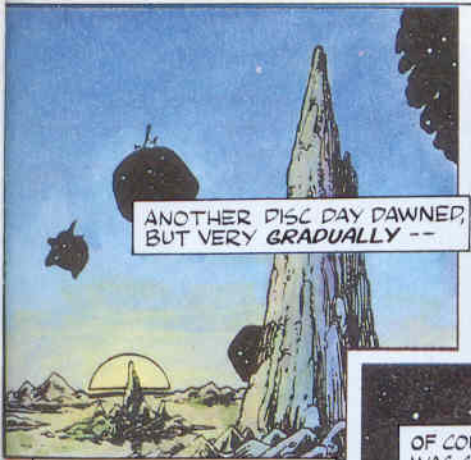
## THE LIGHT FANTASTIC



THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

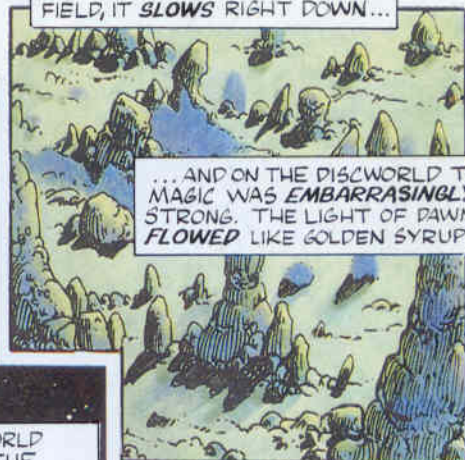


THE SUN ROSE *SLOWLY*, AS IF IT WASN'T SURE IT WAS WORTH THE EFFORT.



ANOTHER DISC DAY DAWNED, BUT VERY *GRADUALLY* --

THIS IS *WHY*: WHEN LIGHT ENCOUNTERS A STRONG MAGICAL FIELD, IT *SLOWS* RIGHT DOWN...

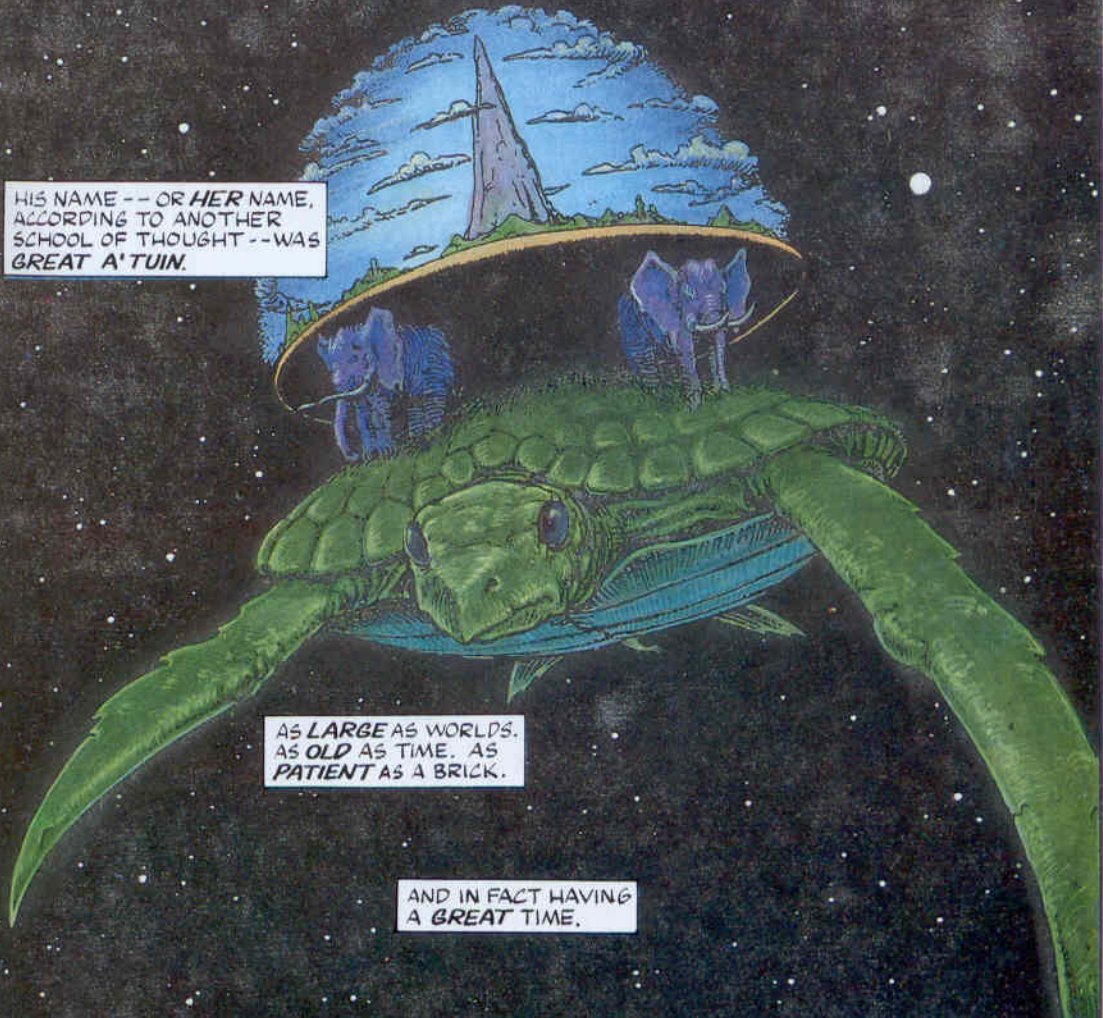


... AND ON THE DISCWORLD THE MAGIC WAS *EMBARRASINGLY* STRONG. THE LIGHT OF DAWN FLOWED LIKE GOLDEN SYRUP.

OF COURSE, NO OTHER WORLD WAS CARRIED THROUGH THE STARRY INFINITY PERCHED ON THE BACK OF A *GIANT TURTLE*.

IT WAS A SIGHT TO BE SEEN ON *NO OTHER* WORLD.

HIS NAME -- OR *HER* NAME, ACCORDING TO ANOTHER SCHOOL OF THOUGHT -- WAS *GREAT A'TUIN*.



AS *LARGE* AS WORLDS. AS *OLD* AS TIME. AS *PATIENT* AS A BRICK.

AND IN FACT HAVING A *GREAT* TIME.

*GREAT A'TUIN* IS THE *ONLY* CREATURE IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE THAT KNOWS *EXACTLY* WHERE IT IS GOING.



SOMETHING THAT HAS LONG WORRIED THE MORE IMAGINATIVE PHILOSOPHERS OF THE DISC IS THE QUESTION OF GREAT AITUIN'S SEX.



QUITE A LOT OF TIME AND TROUBLE HAS BEEN SPENT IN TRYING TO ESTABLISH IT ONCE AND FOR ALL.

THE POTENT VOYAGER WAS PUSHED OVER THE EDGE BY THE ASTRONOMER-PRIESTS OF KRULL, WHICH IS SITUATED ON THE VERY RIM OF THE DISC.

WHATEVER PEOPLE SAY, THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A FREE LAUNCH.



A LOT MORE COULD BE INCLUDED NOW TO EXPLAIN WHY THESE TWO ARE DROPPING OUT OF THE WORLD...

THE RESULTS OF THE LATEST EFFORT ARE JUST COMING INTO VIEW.

THE BRONZE SHIP IS THE POTENT VOYAGER AND INSIDE IT IS TWOFLOWER, THE DISC'S FIRST TOURIST.



... AND WHY TWOFLOWER'S LUGGAGE IS DESPERATELY TRYING TO FOLLOW HIM ON HUNDREDS OF TINY LITTLE LEGS, BUT SUCH QUESTIONS TAKE TIME AND COULD BE MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY'RE WORTH.

PLUNGING ALONG ABOVE IS RINCEWIND THE WIZARD, IN WHAT ON THE DISC PASSES FOR A SPACESUIT.


HE ISN'T LOOKING AT THE VIEW BECAUSE HIS PAST LIFE KEEPS FLASHING BEFORE HIS EYES AND GETTING IN THE WAY.

FOR EXAMPLE, IT IS SAID THAT SOMEONE AT A PARTY ONCE ASKED THE FAMOUS PHILOSOPHER LY TIN WHEELDE "WHY ARE YOU HERE?"



THE REPLY TOOK THREE YEARS.





WHAT IS FAR MORE *IMPORTANT* IS AN EVENT HAPPENING FAR ABOVE GREAT A'TUIN, THE ELEPHANTS AND THE RAPIDLY EXPIRING WIZARD.

THE VERY FABRIC OF *TIME AND SPACE* IS ABOUT TO BE PUT THROUGH THE WRINGER.

Terry Pratchett's  
**THE LIGHT**  
*Fantastic*

**PART 1**  
Based On the Novel By  
**TERRY PRATCHETT**

Adapted and Edited By  
**SCOTT ROCKWELL**

Illustrated By  
**STEVEN ROSS**

Painted By  
**MIRA FAIRCHILD**

Lettered By  
**MICHELLE BECK**



**GALDER WEATHERWAX**, SUPREME GRAND CONJURER OF THE ORDER OF THE SILVER STAR, LORD IMPERIAL OF THE SACRED STAFF, EIGHTH LEVEL IPSISSIMUS AND 304<sup>TH</sup> CHANCELLOR OF THE **UNSEEN UNIVERSITY** WAS AWAKE --

-- NO WIZARD COULD SLEEP WITH THIS SORT OF THING GOING ON. THE BUILD UP OF **RAW MAGIC** ROSE THROUGH THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY LIKE A TIDE.

RIGHT! WHY WASN'T I SUMMONED?

UM, YOU WERE SUMMONED, LORD.

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.

I MEAN WHY WASN'T I SUMMONED BEFORE?

THERE ARE MANY FAMOUS **BOOKS OF MAGIC**.

BUT THEY ARE ALL MERE **PAMPHLETS** WHEN COMPARED TO THE **OCTAVO**, WHICH THE CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE LEFT BEHIND -- WITH CHARACTERISTIC **ABSENT-MINDEDNESS** -- SHORTLY AFTER COMPLETING HIS MAJOR WORK.

THE **EIGHT SPELLS** IMPRISONED IN ITS PAGES LED A SECRET AND COMPLEX LIFE OF THEIR OWN.

OF COURSE, THERE ARE ONLY **SEVEN** SPELLS NOW.



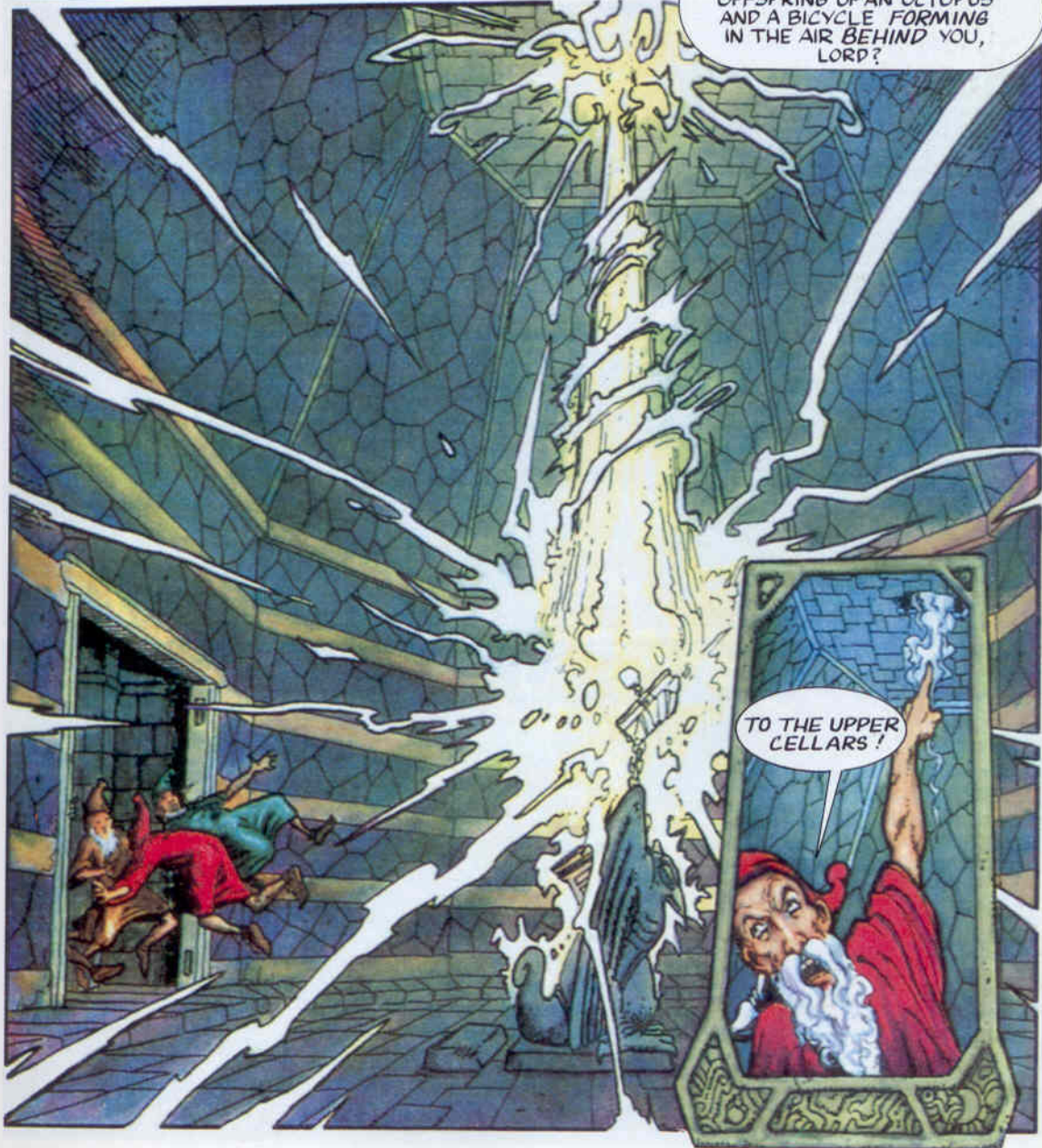
DIDN'T SOME *IDIOT* OF A STUDENT LOOK AT THE BOOK -- AND ONE OF THE SPELLS *ESCAPED* AND LODGED IN HIS MIND? WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

WINSWAND?

NO ONE EVER MANAGED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF HOW *THAT* HAPPENED. WHY ARE THE SPELLS SO *RESTLESS*?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO IT. IT'S BEGINNING TO ATTRACT THOSE *NASTY THINGS* FROM THE DUNGEON DIMENSIONS.

WOULD THAT BE THOSE THINGS THAT LOOK LIKE THE OFFSPRING OF AN OCTOPUS AND A BICYCLE FORMING IN THE AIR *BEHIND YOU*, LORD?

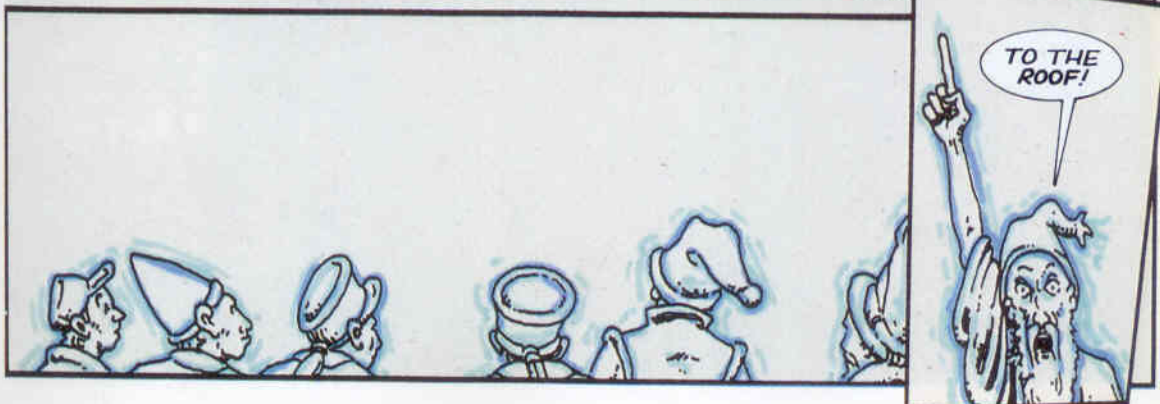
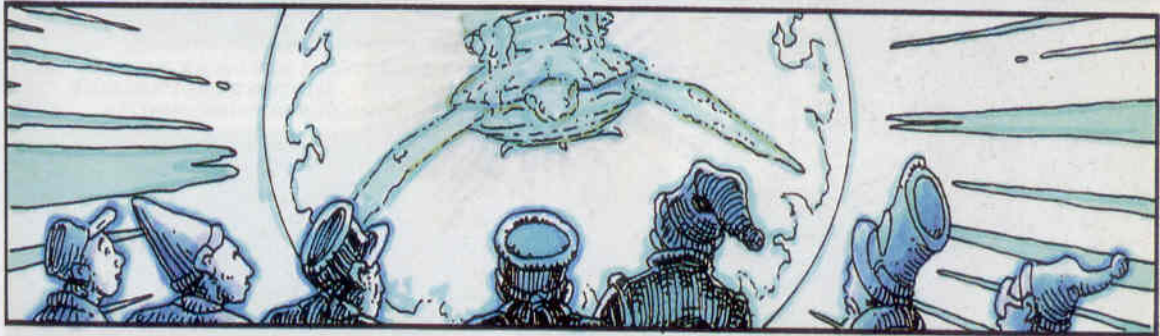
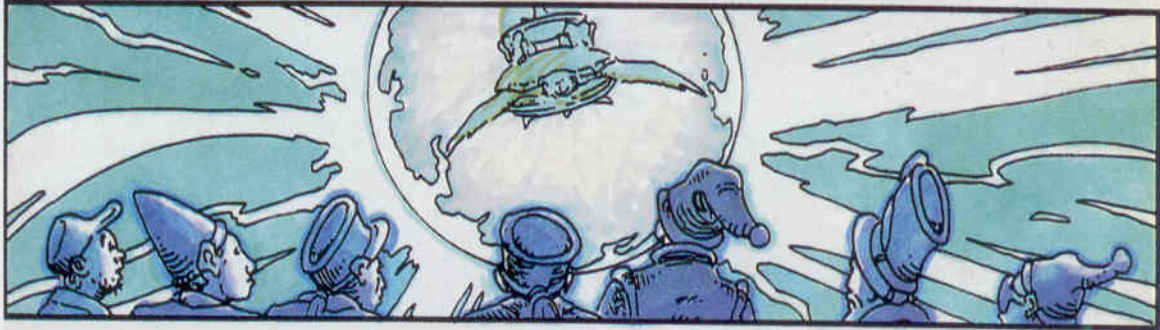
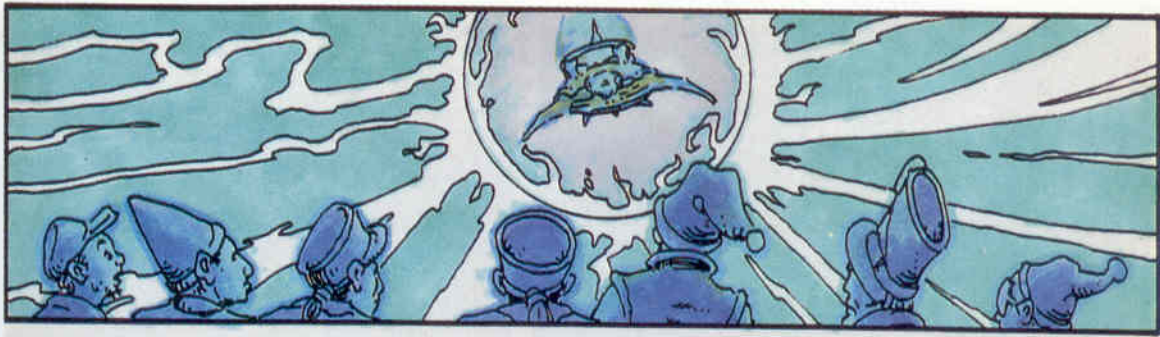


TO THE UPPER CELLARS!









TO THE ROOF!



IT'S ALL  
OVER THE UNSEEN  
UNIVERSITY.

AND ANKH-  
MORPORK.

AND US.

IT'S A CHANGE  
SPELL. THE WHOLE WORLD IS  
BEING CHANGED.

SOME PEOPLE WOULD HAVE  
THE DECENCY TO PUT AN  
EXCLAMATION POINT AT THE  
END OF A STATEMENT  
LIKE THAT.

THERE WAS THE FAINTEST OF  
PURE *SOUNDS*, HIGH AND SHARP,  
LIKE THE *BREAKING* OF A  
MOUSE'S HEART.



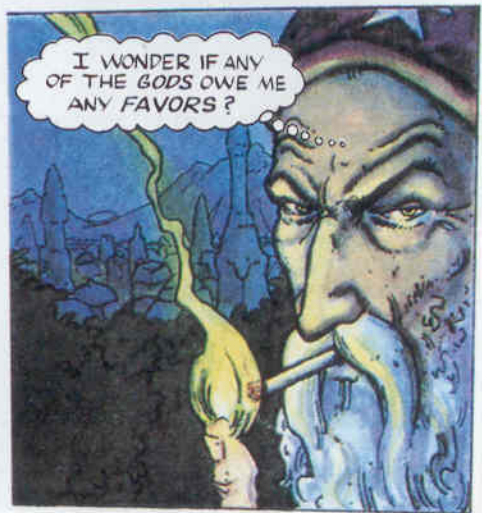
WHAT WAS  
THAT?

C-SHARP,  
I THINK.

EVERYTHING SEEMS *EXACTLY*  
THE SAME. ALL THAT, JUST TO MAKE  
THINGS *STAY* THE SAME?



I WONDER IF ANY  
OF THE GODS OWE ME  
ANY FAVORS?





IN FACT, THE GODS WERE AS PUZZLED BY ALL THIS AS THE WIZARDS WERE.

IN ANY CASE, THEY WERE ENGAGED IN AN EONS-OLD STRUGGLE WITH THE ICE GIANTS, WHO HAD REFUSED TO RETURN THE LAWNMOWER.

THE DISCWORLD'S GODS WERE QUARREL SOME AND SOMEWHAT BOURGEOIS LOT WHOSE IDEA OF AN UPLIFTING ARTISTIC EXPERIENCE WAS A MUSICAL DOORBELL.

BUT SOME CLUE AS TO WHAT ACTUALLY HAD HAPPENED MIGHT BE FOUND IN THE FACT THAT RINCEWIND SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF NOT DYING AFTER ALL.

HUH?

SNAP!

??!

UFFNN!

WUMP

SOMEWHERE THERE HAS TO BE A LOGICAL CONNECTION. ONE MINUTE ONE HAPPENS TO BE DYING, AND THE NEXT ONE IS UPSIDE DOWN IN A TREE.

AS ALWAYS HAPPENED AT TIMES LIKE THIS, THE SPELL ROSE UP IN HIS MIND.



RINCEWIND PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT OF THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY ANYWAY -- HE COULDN'T REMEMBER SPELLS AND SMOKING MADE HIM FEEL ILL --



BUT WHAT HAD REALLY CAUSED TROUBLE WAS THAT BUSINESS ABOUT OPENING THE OCTAVO.

THE SPELL WASN'T A DEMANDING LODGER. IT JUST SAT THERE LIKE AN OLD TOAD AT THE BOTTOM OF A POND.

BUT WHENEVER RINCEWIND WAS FEELING REALLY TIRED OR VERY AFRAID IT TRIED TO GET ITSELF SAID.



NO ONE KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF ONE OF THE EIGHT GREAT SPELLS WAS SAID BY ITSELF --



-- BUT IT WAS AGREED THAT THE BEST PLACE FROM WHICH TO WATCH THE EFFECTS WAS THE NEXT UNIVERSE.

A WEIRD THOUGHT TO HAVE AFTER HAVING JUST FALLEN OFF THE EDGE OF THE WORLD, BUT I'VE A FEELING THAT THE SPELL WANTS TO KEEP ME ALIVE.



SUITS ME.

WHAT SUITS YOU?



DID YOU SAY THAT?

YES.

AND THAT TOO?

YES.





OH.

I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW THE WAY OUT OF THE FOREST, POSSIBLY, BY ANY CHANCE?

NO, I DON'T GET ABOUT MUCH.



ARE YOU MAGICAL?

NO ONE'S EVER SAID. I SUPPOSE SO.



I CAN'T BE TALKING TO A TREE. IF I WAS TALKING TO A TREE I'D BE MAD--

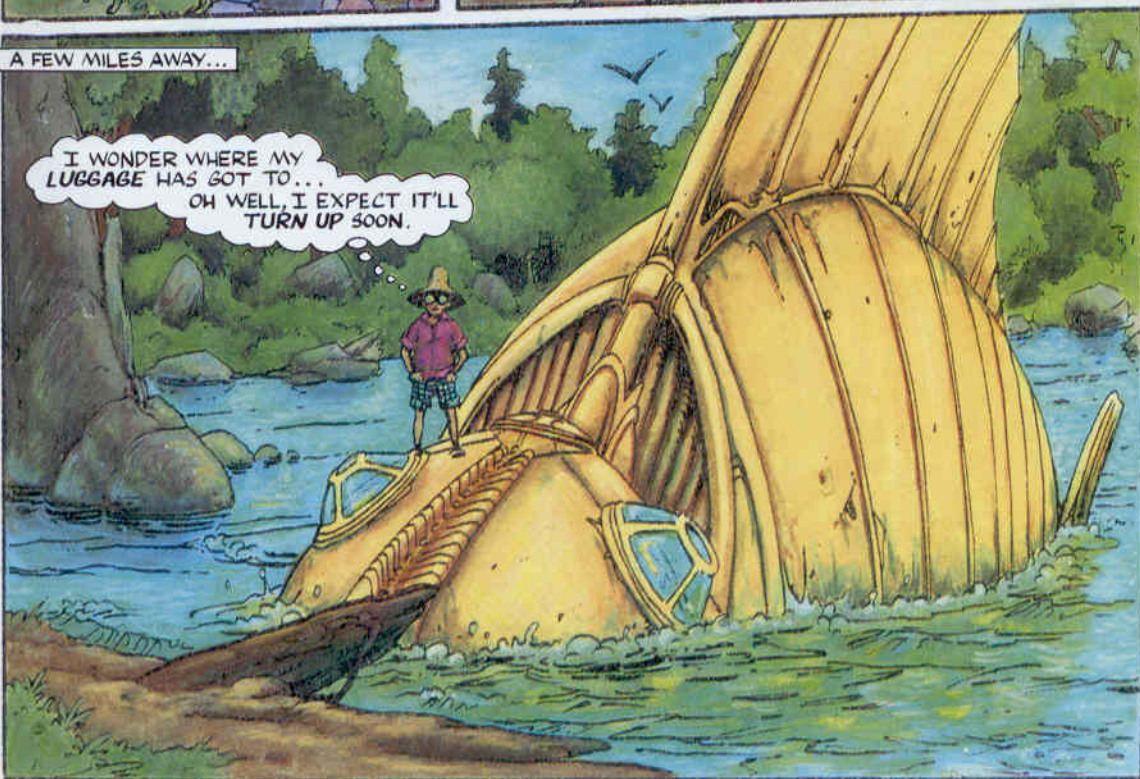
AND I'M *NOT* MAD, SO TREES CAN'T TALK.



GOODBYE!

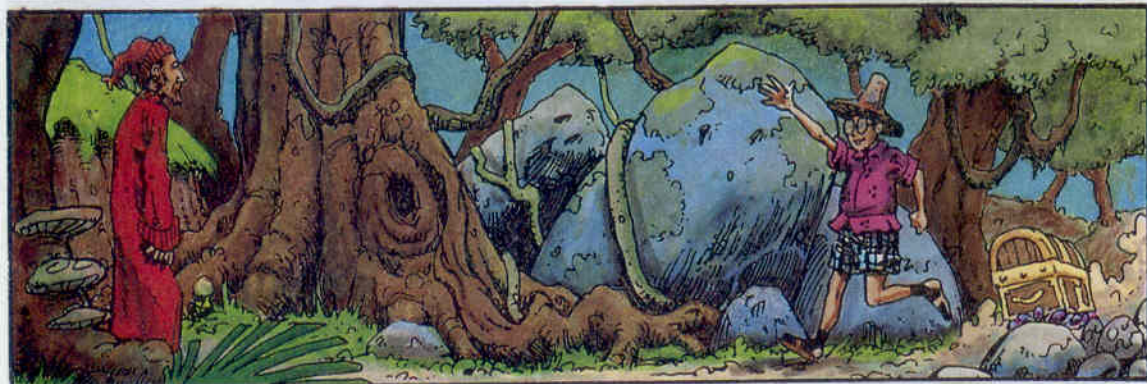
HEY, DON'T GO.

A FEW MILES AWAY...



I WONDER WHERE MY LUGGAGE HAS GOT TO...  
OH WELL, I EXPECT IT'LL TURN UP SOON.











THUNDER ROLLED ACROSS THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY AS THE EIGHT MOST POWERFUL WIZARDS ON THE DISCWORLD GATHERED.

WE ALL SOUGHT GUIDANCE AS TO THE EVENTS OF THIS MORNING.

CAN ANY AMONG US SAY HE RECEIVED IT?

THE DEMONS FROM THE DUNGEON DIMENSIONS JUST LOOKED SHEEPISH AND SIDLED AWAY WHEN QUESTIONED.



MY MAGIC MIRROR CRACKED.

MY TAROT CARDS HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY GONE BLANK.



AND THEREFORE I PROPOSE THAT WE PERFORM ...

THE RITE OF ASHK-ENTE!

HE'D HOPED FOR A RESPONSE ALONG THE LINES OF "NO, NOT THE RITE ASHK-ENTE! MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO MEDDLE WITH SUCH THINGS!"



GOOD IDEA.

SOUNDS REASONABLE.

GET ON WITH IT, THEN.







WELL?

I WAS AT A PARTY.

O CREATURE OF EARTH AND DARKNESS, WE DO CHARGE THEE TO ABJURE FROM--



ER... PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL US WHAT HAPPENED THIS MORNING?



YES, YES, I KNOW ALL THAT. WHY HAVE YOU SUMMONED ME?

OH, AND I COMMAND THIS BY AZIMROTH, BY T'CHIKEL, BY --

I MEANT ABOUT THE OCTAVO.




ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT--

QUITE A LOT OF THINGS HAPPENED THIS MORNING. PEOPLE WERE BORN, PEOPLE DIED, RIPPLES MADE INTERESTING PATTERNS IN THE SEA...



THAT? OH, THAT WAS JUST A READJUSTMENT OF REALITY.







I UNDERSTAND THE OCTAVO WAS ANXIOUS NOT TO LOSE THE EIGHTH SPELL. IT WAS DROPPING OFF THE EDGE OF THE DISC, APPARENTLY.

HOLD ON, HOLD ON... ARE WE TALKING ABOUT THE ONE *INSIDE* THE HEAD OF RINCEWIND?

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT WHEN A WIZARD DIES ALL THE SPELLS IN HIS HEAD GO FREE. WHY BOTHER? THE SPELL WOULD JUST FLOAT BACK EVENTUALLY.



ALL I KNOW IS THAT ALL THE SPELLS HAVE TO BE SAID TOGETHER NEXT HOGSWATCHNIGHT OR THE DISC WILL BE DESTROYED.



HANG ON, BY CHELILIKI AND ORIZONE AND SO FORTH, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DESTROYED?




IT'S AN ANCIENT PROPHECY.

THE DISC WILL BE WHAT?



DESTROYED.

LODK, CAN I GO NOW? I LEFT MY DRINK.



SEEMS QUITE SELF-EXPLANATORY TO ME.





THAT'S ALL YOU CAN TELL US?

YES.

BUT HOGSWATCHNIGHT IS ONLY TWO MONTHS AWAY!

YES.

AT LEAST YOU CAN TELL US WHERE RINCEWIND IS NOW!

THE FOREST OF SKUND, RIMWARDS OF THE RAMTOP MOUNTAINS.

NOW MAY I GO?

OH, YES. THANK YOU, YES...

UM, I HOPE IT'S A GOOD PARTY.

AT THE MOMENT IT IS--

--I THINK IT MIGHT GO DOWNHILL VERY QUICKLY AT MIDNIGHT.

WHY?


THAT'S WHEN THEY THINK I'LL BE TAKING MY MASK OFF.












WHY WOULD A HOUSE NEED MAGIC TO KEEP IT GOING?

IT'S ALL STICKY!

NOUGAT.



GOOD GRIEF! A REAL GINGERBREAD COTTAGE! RINCEWIND, A REAL--

YEAH, THE CONFECTIONARY SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE. IT NEVER CAUGHT ON.

THE GREAT DISC SPUN SLOWLY, AND DAYLIGHT POOLED IN HOLLOWES AND FINALLY DRAINED AWAY AS NIGHT FELL.

FAR AWAY, BUT SET AS IT WERE ON A COLLISION COURSE, THE GREATEST HERO THE DISC EVER PRODUCED WAS ENTIRELY UNAWARE OF THE ROLE THAT LAY IN STORE FOR HIM.




WHAT THEN ARE THE GREATEST THINGS A MAN MAY FIND IN LIFE?






THE CRISP HORIZON OF THE STEPPE, THE WIND IN YOUR HAIR --

--A FRESH HORSE UNDER YOU.




THE CRY OF THE WHITE EAGLE IN THE HEIGHTS, THE FALL OF SNOW IN THE FOREST--

--A TRUE ARROW IN YOUR BOW.



SURELY IT IS THE SIGHT OF YOUR ENEMY SLAIN --

THE HUMILIATION OF HIS TRIBE AND THE LAMENTATION OF HIS WOMEN.



BUT OUR GUEST, WHOSE NAME IS LEGEND, MUST TELL US TRULY--WHAT IS GREATEST IN LIFE ?

WHAT SHAY ?

I SAID, WHAT IS IT THAT A MAN MAY CALL THE GREATEST THINGS IN LIFE ?



HOT WATER, GOOD PENTISHRY AND SHOFT LAVATORY PAPER.





HAVE A BIT MORE TABLE.

NO THANKS, I DON'T LIKE MARZIPAN.

ANYWAY I'M NOT SURE IT'S RIGHT TO EAT OTHER PEOPLE'S FURNITURE.



DON'T WORRY. THE OLD WITCH HASN'T BEEN SEEN FOR YEARS. THEY SAY SHE WAS DONE UP GOOD AND PROPER BY A COUPLE YOUNG TEARAWAYS.

KIDS OF TODAY.

I BLAME THE PARENTS.



THIS CERTAINLY ISN'T VERY HEALTHY. I MEAN, WHY SWEETS? WHY NOT CRISPBREAD AND CHEESE? OR SALAMI?



SEARCH ME. OLD GRANNY WHITLOW JUST DID SWEETS. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER MERINGUES--

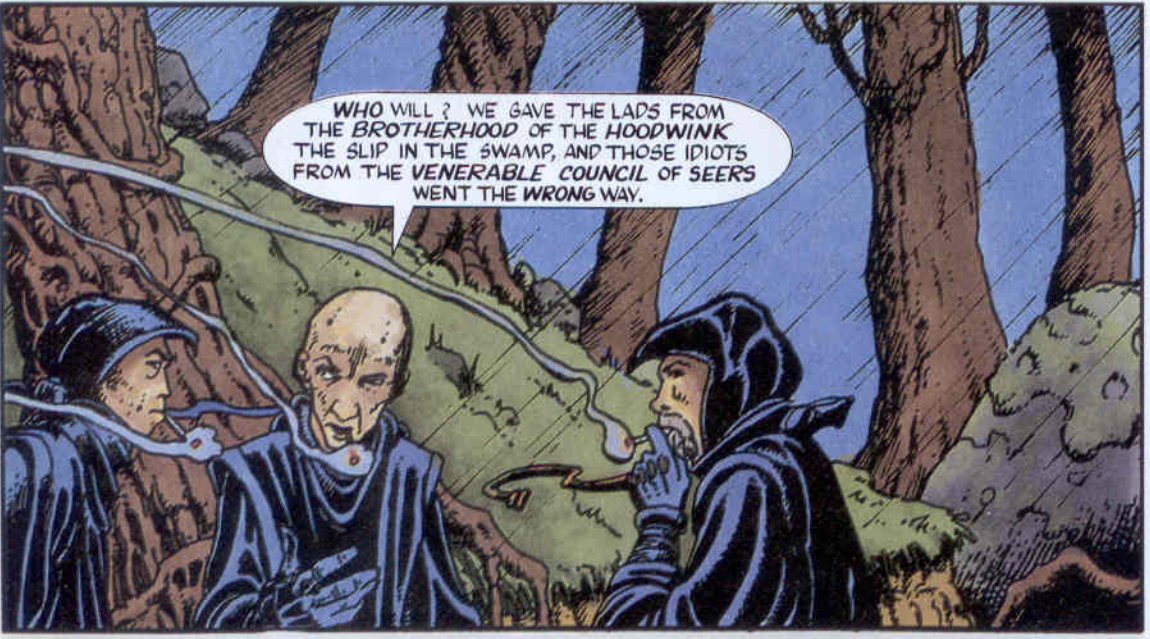
I HAVE. I LOOKED AT THE MATTRESSES...



COUGH!!

SHUT UP! THEY'LL HEAR US!






WHO WILL? WE GAVE THE LADS FROM THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE HOODWINK THE SLIP IN THE SWAMP, AND THOSE IDIOTS FROM THE VENERABLE COUNCIL OF SEERS WENT THE WRONG WAY.




YEAH.



RIGHT THEN. WE RUSH IN, WE GRAB THEM, WERE AWAY.

OKAY?



YEAH, BUT WHO KEEPS TALKING TO US?

THEY SAY THIS IS A MAGIC WOOD, FULL OF GOBLINS AND WOLVES AND --

TREES.



OF COURSE I'M SURE! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, THREE BEARS?

THERE COULD BE MONSTERS. THIS IS THE SORT OF WOOD THAT HAS MONSTERS.

AND TREES.



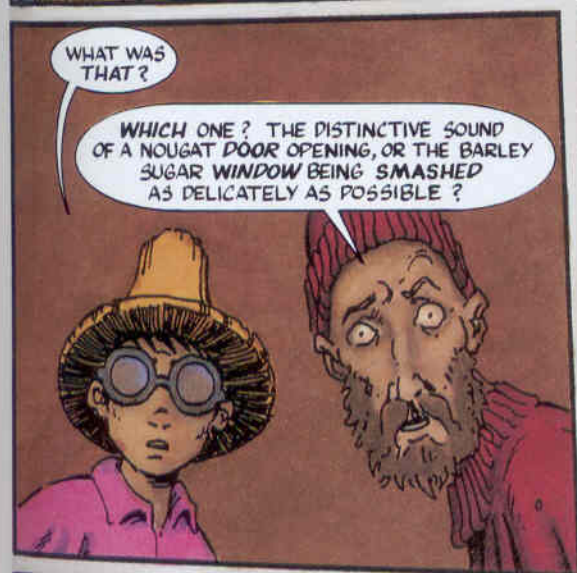
YEAH.





SOMEONE'S BEEN EATING MY BED.

I LIKE TOFFEE.



WHAT WAS THAT?

WHICH ONE? THE DISTINCTIVE SOUND OF A NOUGAT DOOR OPENING, OR THE BARLEY SUGAR WINDOW BEING SMASHED AS DELICATELY AS POSSIBLE?



WHAT SHALL WE DO?

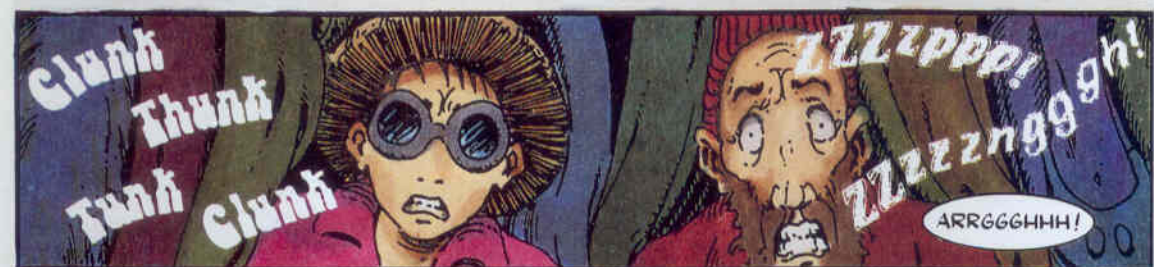
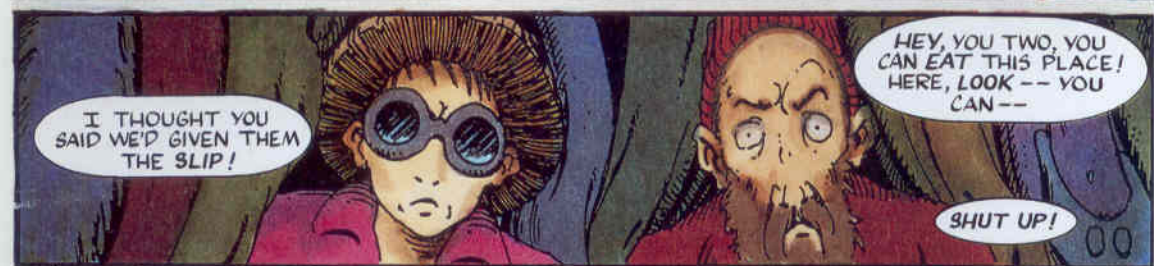
PANIC?

BYE, NOW!

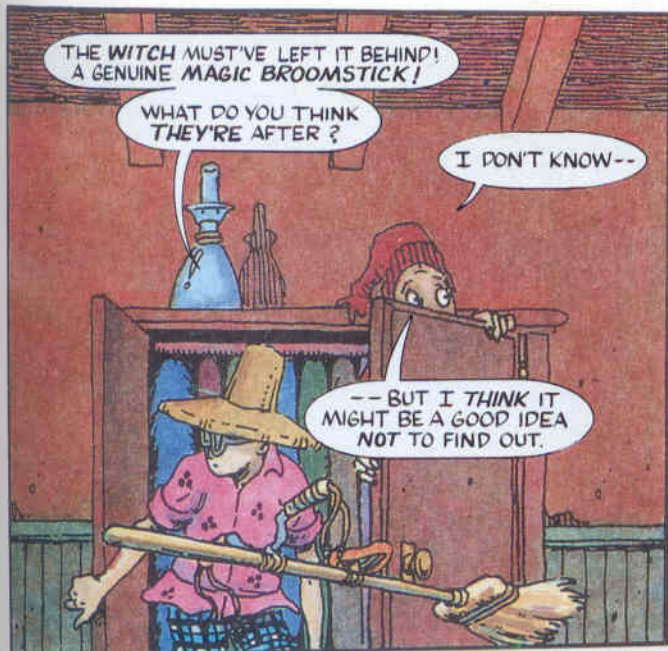


HERE'S A CUPBOARD. QUICK, IN HERE!













YOU SAID YOU  
COULD FLY ONE OF  
THESE THINGS!

NO I DIDN'T! I JUST  
SAID YOU COULDN'T !!



BUT I'VE  
NEVER SEEN  
ONE BEFORE!

WHAT A  
COINCIDENCE!



ANYWAY YOU SAID --  
LOOK AT THE SKY!

WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO THE STARS?!





AND SO IT WAS THAT RINCEWIND AND TWOFLOWER BECAME THE FIRST TWO PEOPLE ON THE DISC TO SEE WHAT THE FUTURE HELD.

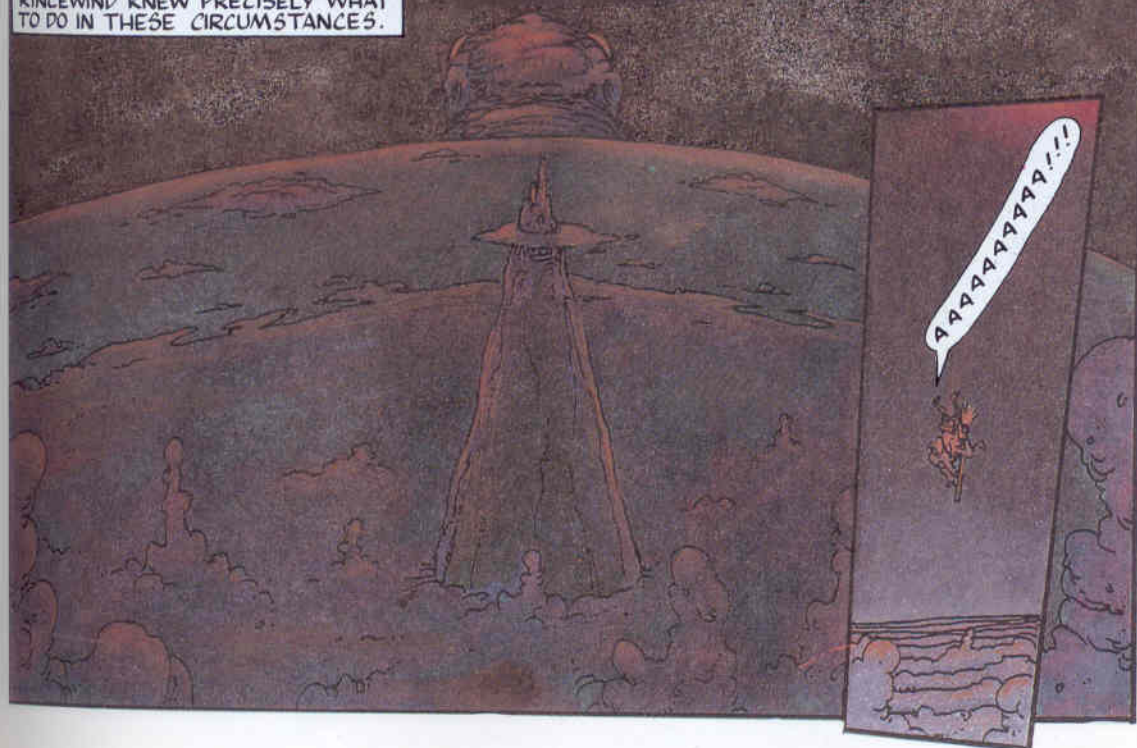
THE GODS OUGHT TO HAVE NOTICED TOO, BUT THEY WERE ENGAGED IN LITIGATION WITH THE ICE GIANTS, WHO HAD REFUSED TO TURN THEIR RADIO DOWN.

THAT BIG RED STAR!

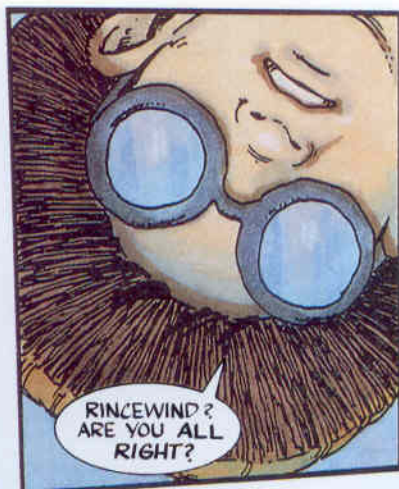
WE'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR IT!

RINCEWIND KNEW PRECISELY WHAT TO DO IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

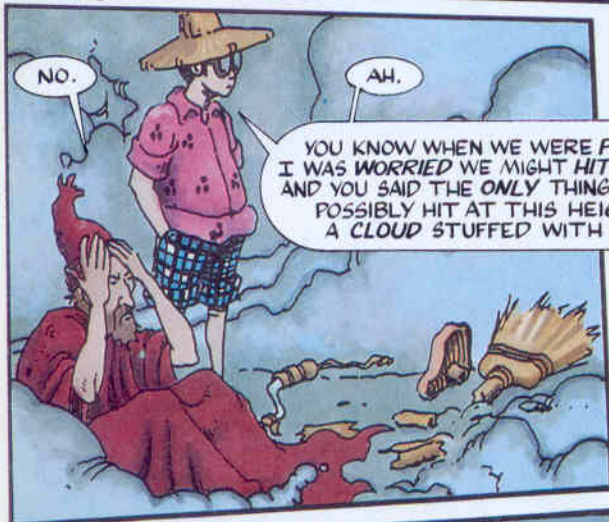
AAAAAAAAAAAA!!!







RINCEWIND?  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?



NO.

AH.

YOU KNOW WHEN WE WERE FLYING AND  
I WAS WORRIED WE MIGHT HIT SOMETHING  
AND YOU SAID THE ONLY THING WE COULD  
POSSIBLY HIT AT THIS HEIGHT WAS  
A CLOUD STUFFED WITH ROCKS?



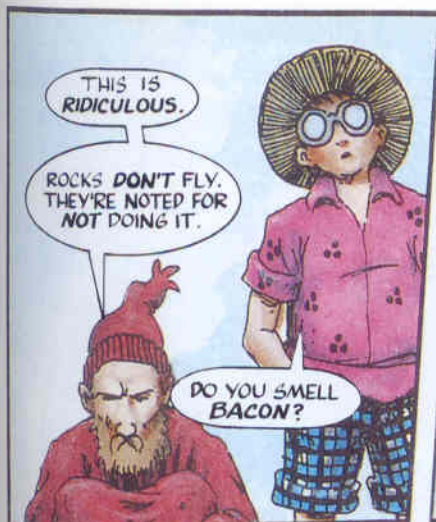
\* GAKK \*



WELL?

HOW DID YOU  
KNOW?





THE **SHARED TRIUMPH** OF ACTUALLY **RESCUING** A FEW **PIECES** OF **BACON** DID MORE **GOOD** THAN A **WHOLE** **BOOK** ON **DIPLOMACY**.





MY NAME'S BELAFON.

IT MUST BE MORNING  
BY NOW. SOD THE RULES,--

--I'M  
TAKING  
US UP.

HANG ON.

WHAT TO?

WELL, JUST INDICATE A  
GENERAL UNWILLINGNESS  
TO FALL OFF.

UM, WHAT'S  
KEEPING  
US UP?

PERSUASION. KEEPING  
THEM UP IS EASY. THE HARD  
PART IS LANDING.

PERSUASION IS  
WHAT KEEPS THE WHOLE  
UNIVERSE TOGETHER.

DON'T WORRY. IF YOU KEEP THINKING  
THE ROCK SHOULDN'T BE FLYING IT MIGHT  
HEAR YOU AND BECOME **PERSUADED**  
AND YOU'LL TURN OUT TO BE RIGHT.

IT'S OBVIOUS YOU  
AREN'T UP TO DATE WITH  
**MODERN THINKING.**





AH, SO YOU'RE AN ASTRONOMER?

OH NO. I'M A COMPUTER HARDWARE CONSULTANT.

WHAT'S A COMPUTER HARDWARE?



THIS IS.

PART OF ONE, ANYWAY, IT'S A REPLACEMENT I'M DELIVERING.

THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE BIG CIRCLES UP ON THE VORTEX PLAINS.



SO THEY SAY, ANYWAY. I WISH I HAD A BRONZE TORQUE FOR EVERY USER WHO HADN'T READ THE MANUAL.

WHAT USE IS IT, THEN?

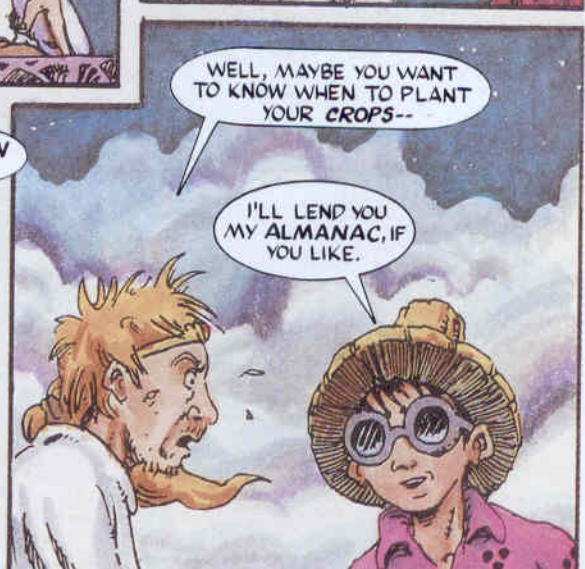


YOU CAN USE IT TO -- TO TELL YOU WHAT TIME OF YEAR IT IS.

YOU MEAN IF IT'S COVERED WITH SNOW THEN IT MUST BE WINTER?

YES. I MEAN NO. LOOK, SUPPOSE YOU WANTED TO KNOW WHEN A PARTICULAR STAR IS GOING TO RISE --

WHY?



WELL, MAYBE YOU WANT TO KNOW WHEN TO PLANT YOUR CROPS--

I'LL LEND YOU MY ALMANAC, IF YOU LIKE.



OH, JUST SHUT UP. WE'RE NEARLY THERE.

CULTURE SHOCK.

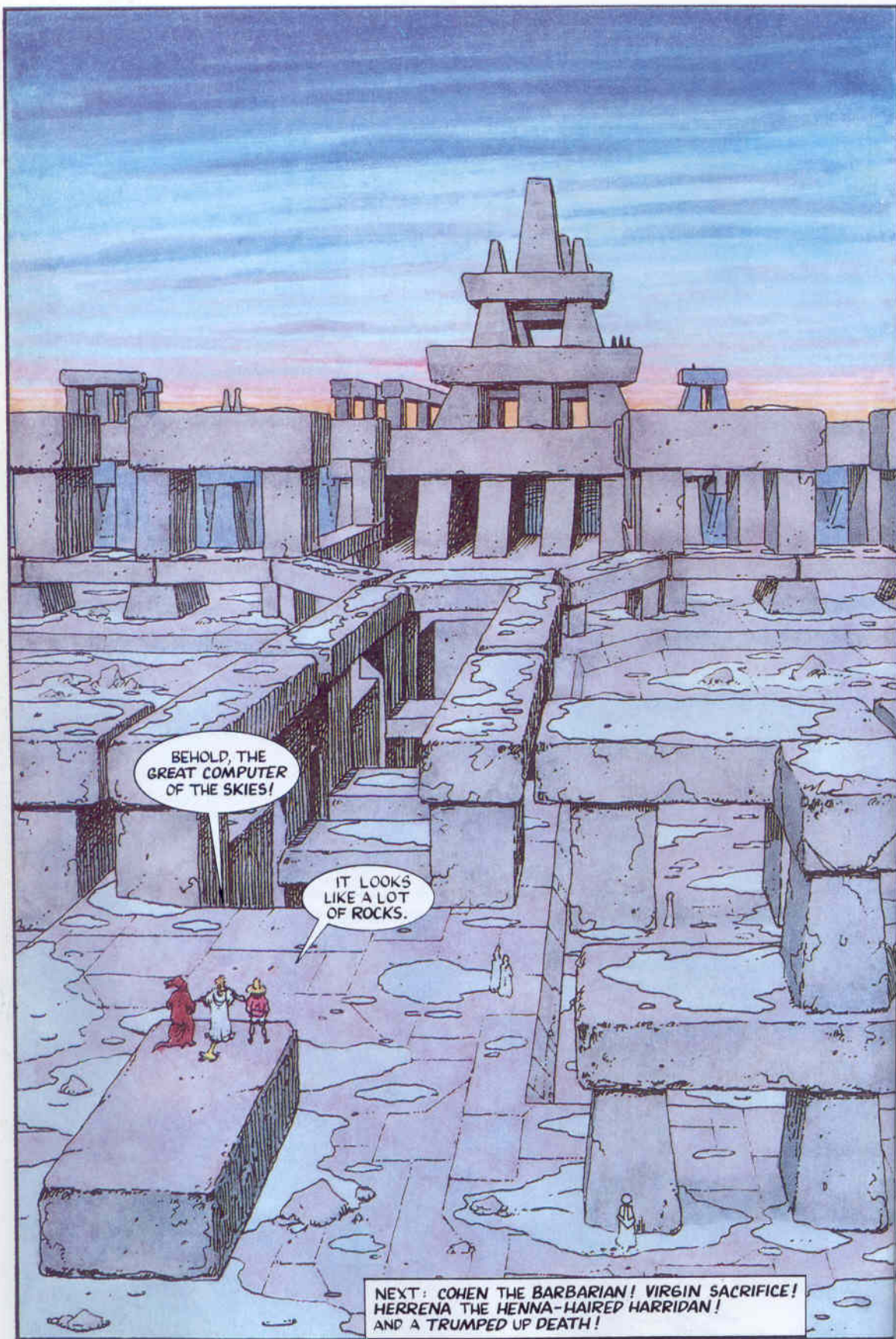
WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE SPEND FIVE HUNDRED YEARS TRYING TO GET A STONE CIRCLE TO WORK AND THEN SOMEONE COMES UP WITH A LITTLE BOOK THAT TELLS YOU WHAT DAY IT IS.

UP AHEAD!





BEHOLD, THE  
GREAT COMPUTER  
OF THE SKIES!

IT LOOKS  
LIKE A LOT  
OF ROCKS.

NEXT: COHEN THE BARBARIAN! VIRGIN SACRIFICE!  
HERRENA THE HENNA-HAIRED HARRIDAN!  
AND A TRUMPED UP DEATH!



THE DRUIDS OF THE DISC PRIDED THEMSELVES ON THEIR FORWARD-LOOKING APPROACH TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.

Terry Pratchett's

# THE LIGHT Fantastic

OF COURSE, LIKE ALL DRUIDS, THEY BELIEVED IN THE ESSENTIAL UNITY OF LIFE, THE HEALING POWER OF PLANTS, THE NATURAL RHYTHM OF THE SEASONS, AND THE BURNING ALIVE OF ANYONE WHO DIDN'T APPROACH ALL THIS IN THE PROPER FRAME OF MIND.

## PART II

Based On the Novel By  
**TERRY PRATCHETT**

Adapted and Edited By  
**SCOTT ROCKWELL**

Illustrated By  
**STEVEN ROSS**

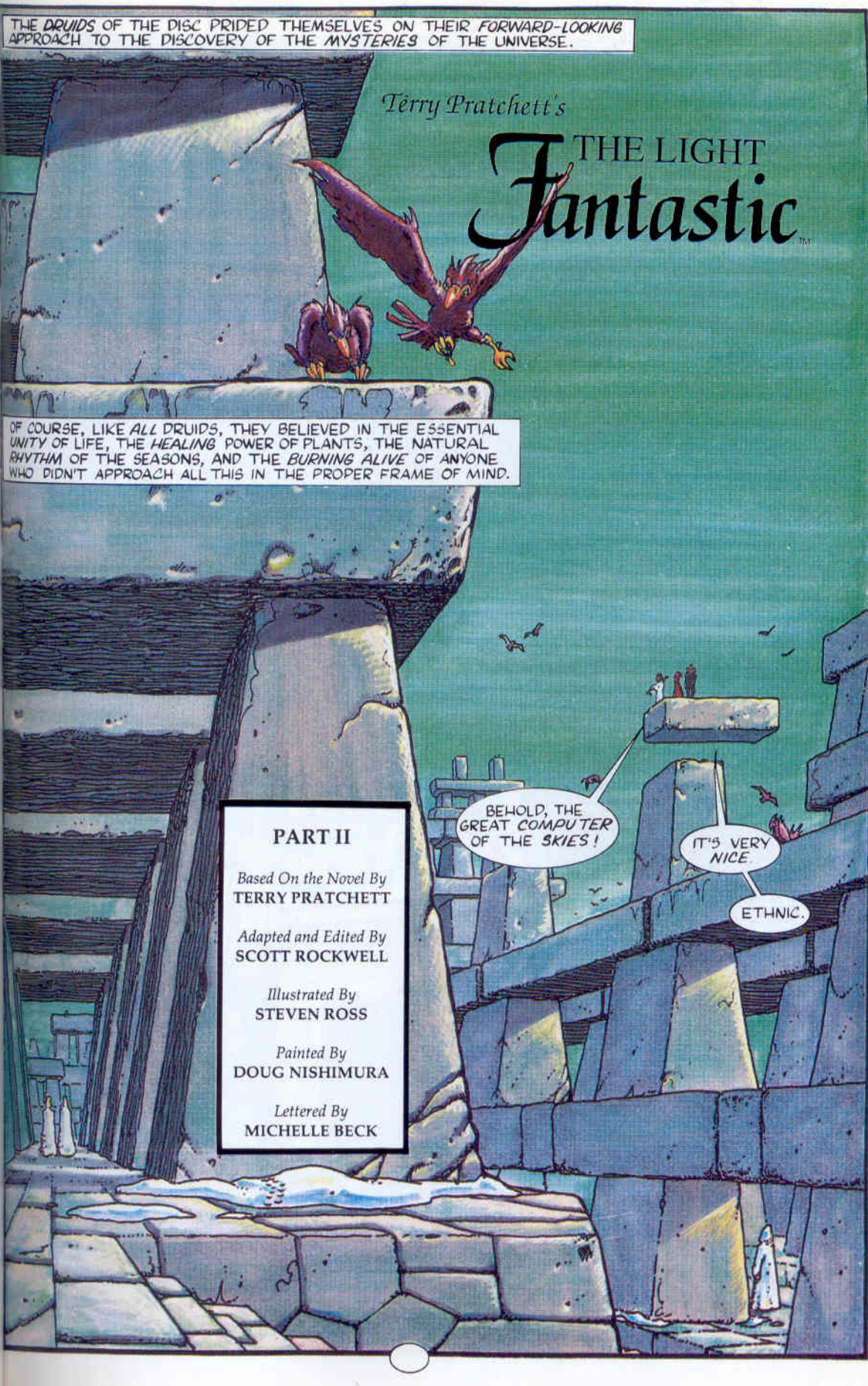
Painted By  
**DOUG NISHIMURA**

Lettered By  
**MICHELLE BECK**

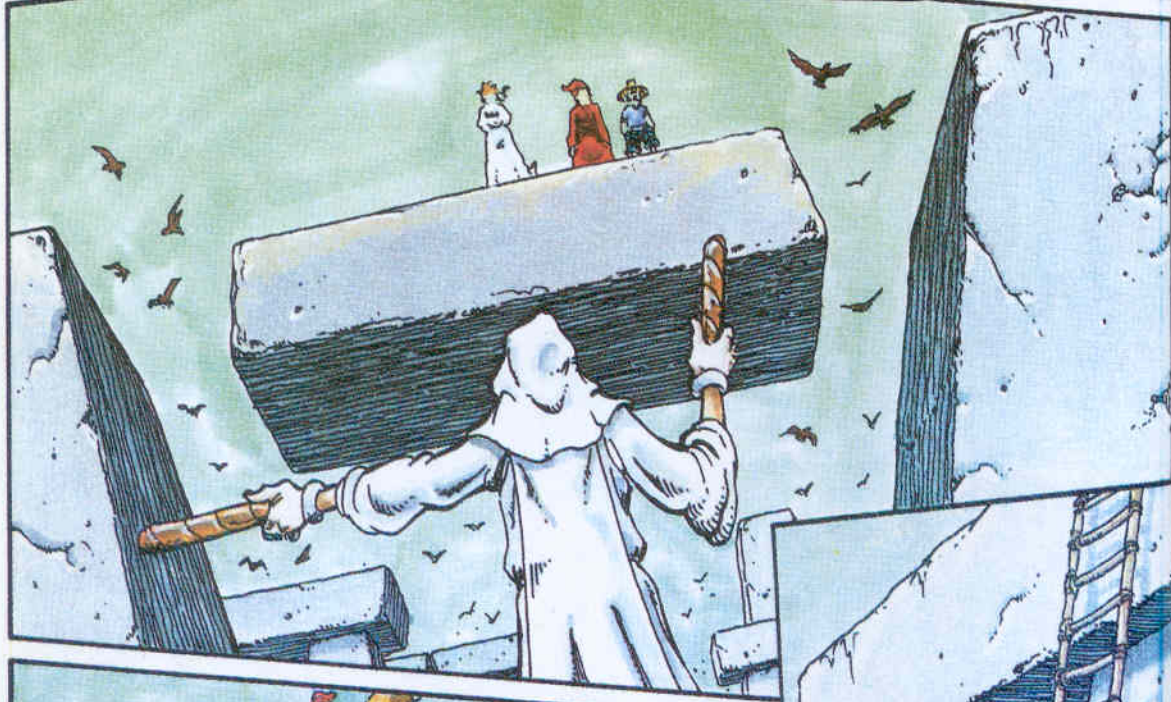
BEHOLD, THE  
GREAT COMPUTER  
OF THE SKIES!

IT'S VERY  
NICE

ETHNIC.











ABOUT BLOODY TIME. SEVEN WEEKS TO HOBWATCHNIGHT AND IT'S GONE DOWN ON US AGAIN.

TODAY IT PREDICTED SUNRISE THREE MINUTES EARLY.

HELLO, ZAKRIAH.



CAN'T BE SOFTWARE INCOMPATABILITY--THE CHANT OF THE TRODDEN SPIRAL IS DESIGNED FOR CONCENTRIC RINGS...

ALL RIGHT, *NOTHING'S* WRONG WITH THE STONES. IT'S JUST THAT THE *UNIVERSE* HAS GONE WRONG, RIGHT?



SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH THE UNIVERSE... THAT HORRIBLE RED STAR IN THE SKY... HOW DID I GET BACK ON THE DISC, ANYWAY... FEELING ANSWERS ARE *INSIDE* MY OWN HEAD... THE SPELL...



Rincewind?





UM, YES?

You ought to say "Where am I?"



WOULD I LIKE IT IF I KNEW?

ALL RIGHT, WHERE AM I?

You're dreaming.



CAN I WAKE UP NOW, PLEASE?

We have something important to tell you.

You've caused us a lot of trouble, young Hincewind. All this dropping over the edge of the world with no thought for other people.



We had to seriously distort reality, you know.

GOSH.

And now you have a very important task ahead of you.

OH, GOOD.



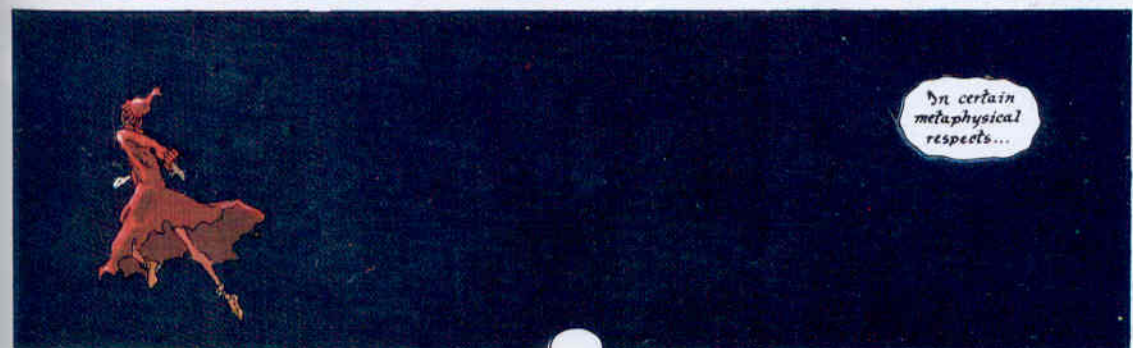
Many years ago we arranged for one of our number to hide in your head, because we could foresee a time when you would need to play an important role.

ME? WHY?

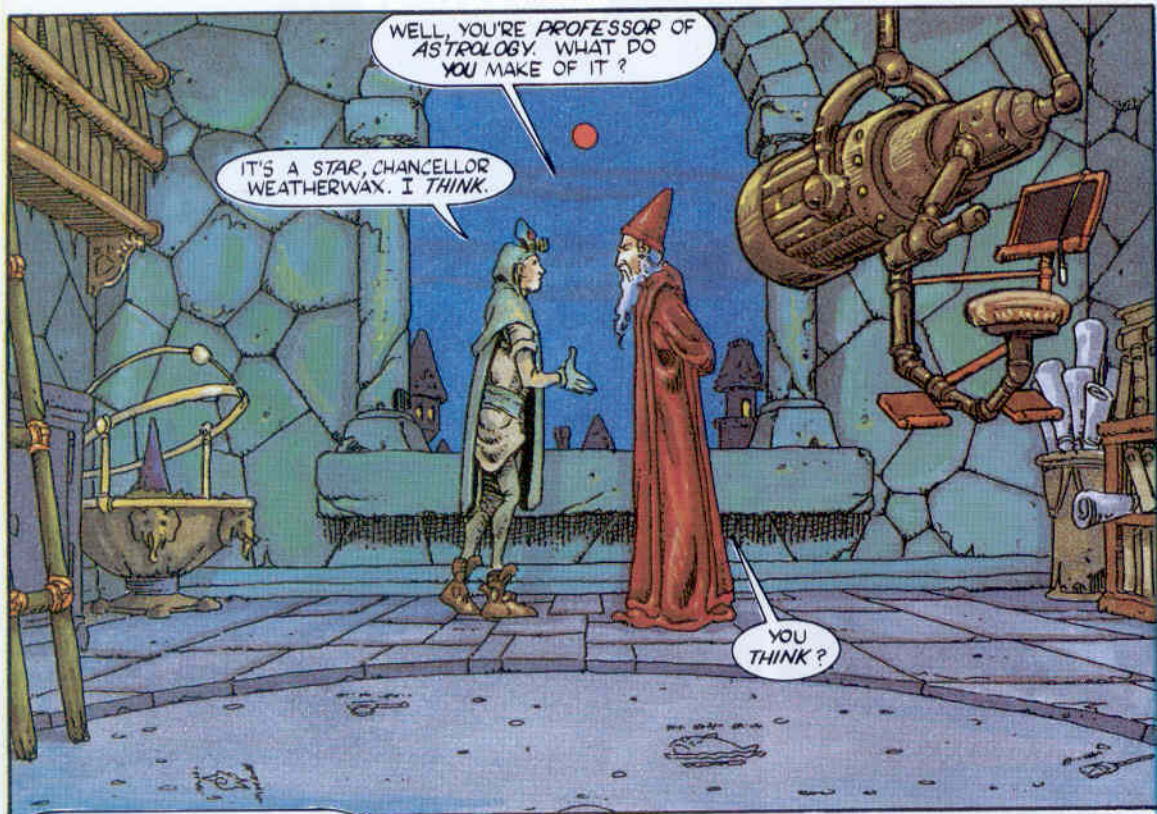


You run away a lot. That's good. You're a survivor.









WELL, YOU'RE PROFESSOR OF ASTROLOGY. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

IT'S A STAR, CHANCELLOR WEATHERWAX. I THINK.

YOU THINK?



WELL--THE POINT IS THAT WE'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED STARS TO BE THE SAME AS OUR SUN--

--BALLS OF FIRE ABOUT A MILE ACROSS. BUT THIS ONE IS BIG.



THAT'S BIG. THE WORD "HUGE" COMES TO MIND. AND WE'RE GOING TO HIT IT?

I'M AFRAID SO, SIR.

WEZEN THE TWO HAIRED KANGAROO

GERHOLDE THE YARD OF T



WE'D BE BURNED UP?

EVENTUALLY. OF COURSE, BEFORE THAT THERE WOULD BE DISCQUAKES, TIDAL WAVES, AND PROBABLY THE ATMOSPHERE WOULD BE STRIPPED AWAY.

OKJOCK THE SALESMAN



BIGGER THAN THE SUN?

BIGGER THAN GREAT A' TUIN AND THE DISCWORLD PUT TOGETHER.

WE'VE CHECKED, AND WE'RE QUITE SURE.













ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I WANT TO GO HOME!

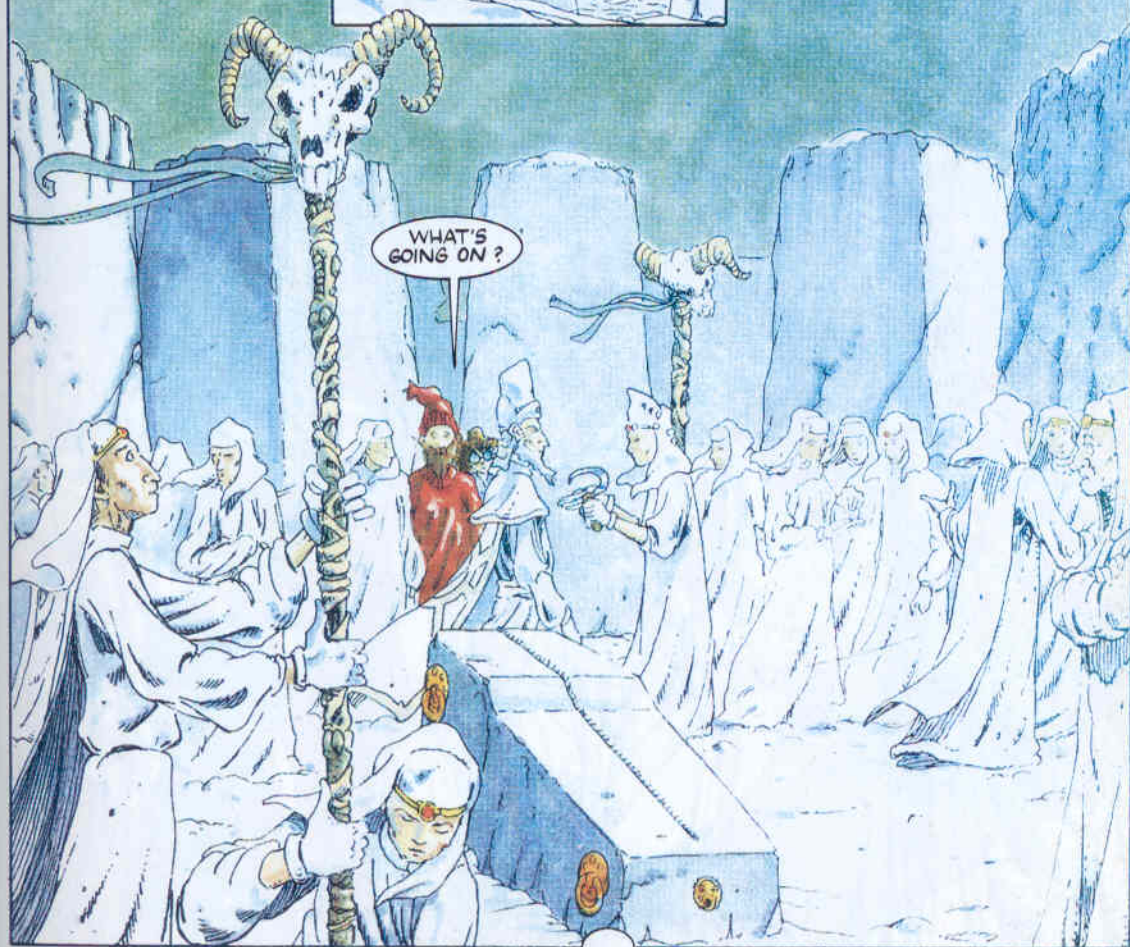
OKAY.



NO, DON'T TRY AND TALK ME OUT OF IT, I'D LIKE TO SAY IT'S BEEN GREAT FUN BUT I CAN'T, AND--WHAT?

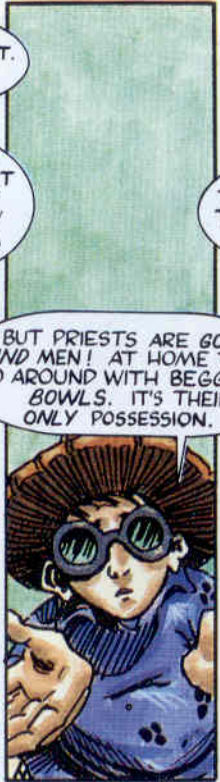
I SAID OKAY. I'D QUITE LIKE TO SEE ANKH-MORPORK AGAIN. I EXPECT THEY'VE REBUILT QUITE A LOT OF IT BY NOW.

ONLY, I THINK WE'D BETTER WAIT UNTIL MORNING. IT'S FREEZING COLD, WE REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE, THE LUGGAGE HAS GONE MISSING, IT'S GETTING DARK...



WHAT'S GOING ON?









I THINK CEREMONIES LIKE THIS HARK BACK TO A PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY WHICH --

YES, YES, BUT THEY'RE GOING TO SACRIFICE HER, IF YOU MUST KNOW.



KILL HER? WHY?

DON'T ASK ME. TO MAKE THE CROPS GROW OR THE MOON RISE OR SOMETHING. OR MAYBE THEY'RE JUST KEEN ON KILLING PEOPLE.

THAT'S RELIGION FOR YOU.



FACE IT, ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT THE GOLDEN BOUGHS AND CYCLES OF NATURE JUST BOILS DOWN TO SEX AND VIOLENCE.

USUALLY, AT THE SAME TIME

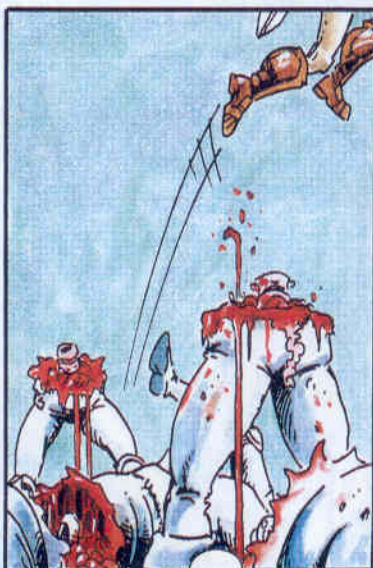


I SAY! EXCUSE ME, CAN I HAVE A WORD?



IT'S NO USE YOU--





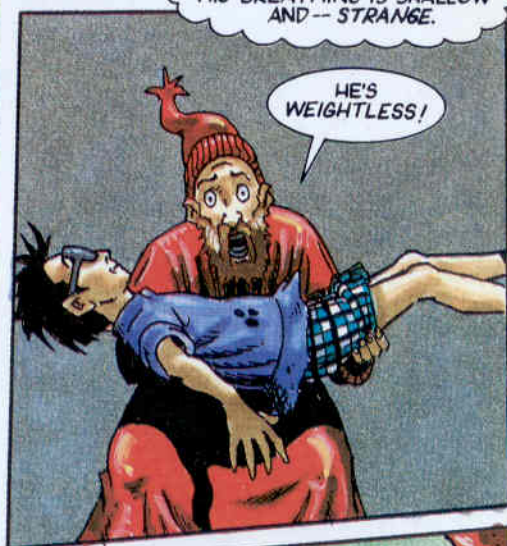




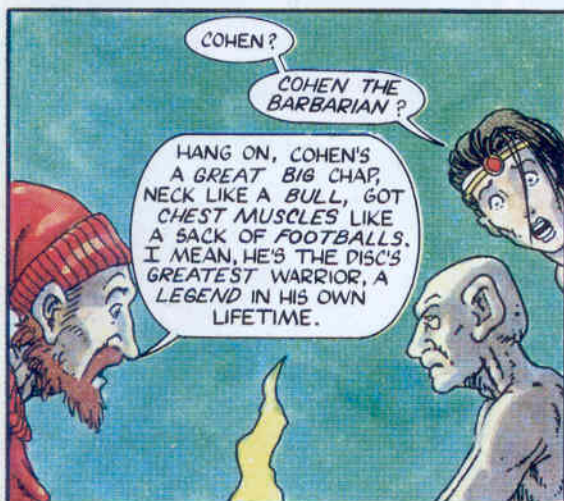








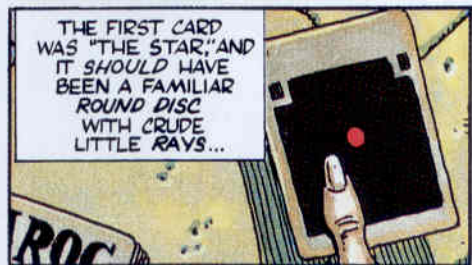
















WE CANNOT FIND RINCEWIND. THAT'S THE CASE, ISN'T IT? I'M SURE WE'VE ALL TRIED, PRIVATELY.

I TRIED SCRYING.

I'VE SENT FAMILIARS.

IS THAT ALL? I'VE SENT DEMONS.

I'VE LOOKED INTO THE MIRROR OF OVERSIGHT.



I'VE SPOKEN TO THE BEASTS OF THE FIELD AND THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

WELL, I'VE QUESTIONED THE VERY BONES OF THE COUNTRY, YEA, AND THE DEEP STONES AND THE MOUNTAINS THEREOF.



YES, WITH BELLS ON, I EXPECT.

I NEVER SAID THEY ANSWERED, DID I?



NONE OF US WAS ABLE TO FIND RINCEWIND BECAUSE WE RELIED ON MAGIC, BUT IT IS OBVIOUS THAT HE'S SOMEHOW HIDDEN FROM MAGIC.

BUT HE CAN'T HIDE HIS FOOTPRINTS.



YOU HIRED A TRACKER?

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.

A HERO!?



IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT WARRIORS AND WIZARDS DO NOT GET ALONG.



THEY ARE A COLLECTION OF BLOODTHIRSTY IDIOTS WHO CAN'T WALK AND THINK AT THE SAME TIME.

WE TEND TO BE SUSPICIOUS OF ANY BODY OF MEN WHO MUMBLE A LOT AND WEAR LONG DRESSES.



OH, IF WE'RE GOING TO BE LIKE THAT, THEN, WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE STUDED COLLARS AND OILED MUSCLES DOWN AT THE YOUNG MEN'S PAGAN ASSOCIATION?

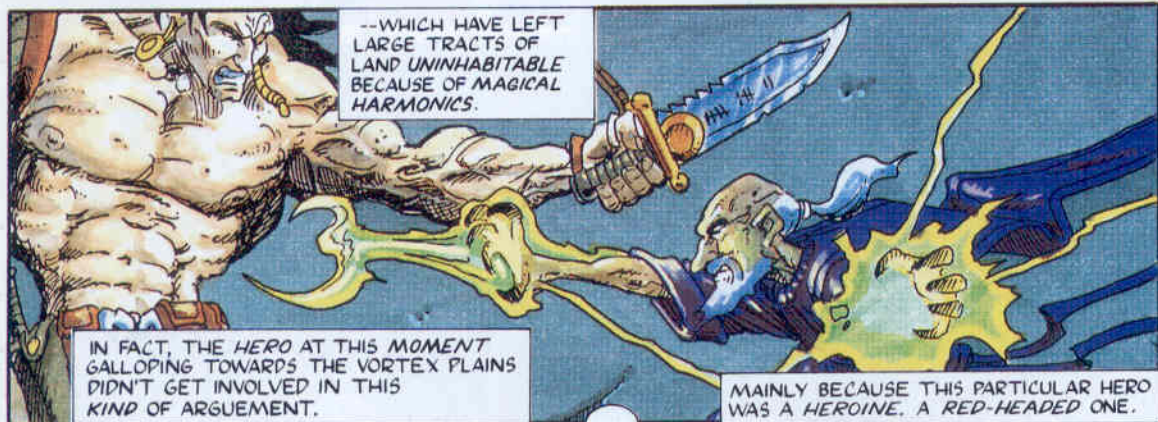
THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD ALLEGATION COMING FROM A BUNCH OF WIMPSOES WHO WON'T GO NEAR A WOMAN ON ACCOUNT, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT, OF THEIR MYSTICAL POWER BEING SORT OF DRAINED OUT!



RIGHT, THAT JUST ABOUT DOES IT! YOU AND YOUR LEATHER POSING POUCHES...

OH YEAH? WHY DON'T YOU...

AND SO ON. THIS SORT OF THING HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR CENTURIES, AND CAUSED A NUMBER OF MAJOR BATTLES--



--WHICH HAVE LEFT LARGE TRACTS OF LAND UNINHABITABLE BECAUSE OF MAGICAL HARMONICS.

IN FACT, THE HERO AT THIS MOMENT GALLOPING TOWARDS THE VORTEX PLAINS DIDN'T GET INVOLVED IN THIS KIND OF ARGUMENT.

MAINLY BECAUSE THIS PARTICULAR HERO WAS A HEROINE. A RED-HEADED ONE.



NOW, THERE IS A TENDENCY, AT THIS POINT, TO LOOK OVER ONE'S SHOULDER AT THE ARTIST AND START GOING ON AT LENGTH ABOUT LEATHER, THIGH BOOTS, AND NAKED BLADES.

WORDS LIKE "FULL," "ROUND" OR EVEN "PERT" CREEP INTO THE CAPTIONING, UNTIL THE WRITER HAS TO GO AND HAVE A COLD SHOWER AND A LIE DOWN.

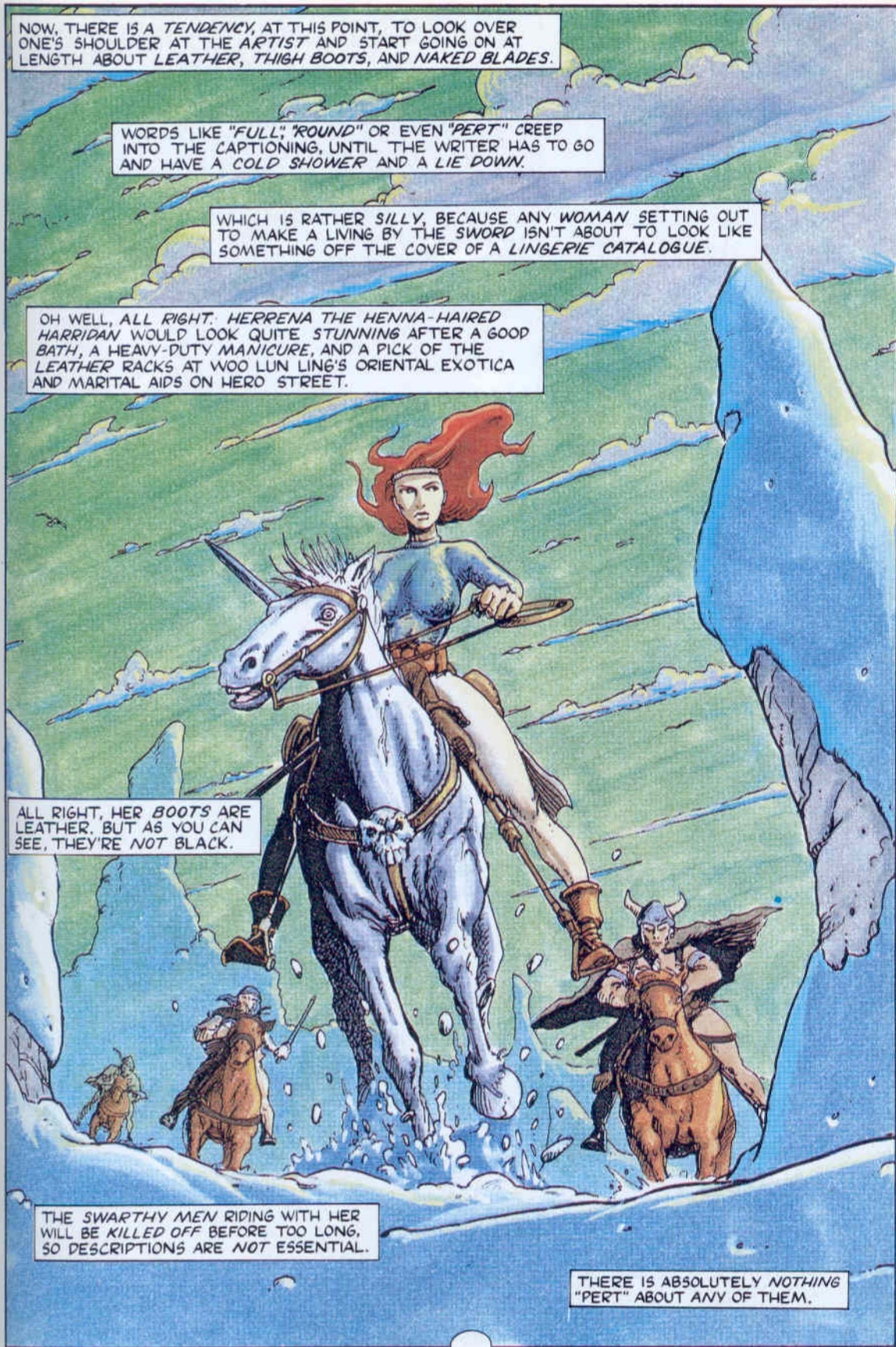
WHICH IS RATHER SILLY, BECAUSE ANY WOMAN SETTING OUT TO MAKE A LIVING BY THE SWORD ISN'T ABOUT TO LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OFF THE COVER OF A LINGERIE CATALOGUE.

OH WELL, ALL RIGHT. HERRENA THE HENNA-HAIRED HARRIDAN WOULD LOOK QUITE STUNNING AFTER A GOOD BATH, A HEAVY-DUTY MANICURE, AND A PICK OF THE LEATHER RACKS AT WOO LUN LING'S ORIENTAL EXOTICA AND MARITAL AIDS ON HERO STREET.


ALL RIGHT, HER BOOTS ARE LEATHER. BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, THEY'RE NOT BLACK.

THE SWARTHY MEN RIDING WITH HER WILL BE KILLED OFF BEFORE TOO LONG, SO DESCRIPTIONS ARE NOT ESSENTIAL.

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING "PERT" ABOUT ANY OF THEM.







PITY THAT THIS LOT WAS ALL THAT I COULD HIRE IN MORPORK, WHAT WITH EVERYONE MOVING OUT AND HEADING FOR THE HILLS...

THAT DAMNED RED STAR...



THIS RINCEWIND THAT GALDER DESCRIBED IS A RAT, AND RATS LIKE COVER...




ONWARD!  
TO THE TROLLBONE MOUNTAINS!

RINCEWIND KNEW HE OUGHT TO BE PANICKING, BUT THAT WAS DIFFICULT BECAUSE EMOTIONS LIKE PANIC AND TERROR ARE ALL TO DO WITH STUFF SLOSHING AROUND IN GLANDS.



ALL OF RINCEWIND'S GLANDS WERE STILL IN HIS BODY.






IT WASN'T A PARTICULARLY GOOD BODY, BUT ONE OR TWO BITS OF IT HAVE SENTIMENTAL VALUE.

IF THIS LITTLE BLUE LINE SNAPS I'LL HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY L-- EXISTANCE HANGING AROUND OUIJA BOARDS PRETENDING TO BE PEOPLE'S DEAD AUNTIES ...

...AND ALL THE OTHER THINGS LOST SOULS DO TO PASS THE TIME.



ARE YOU SURE THOSE WERE MUSHROOMS IN THE STEW? I FEEL A BIT--

THERE'S A LOVELY VIEW IF YOU LEAN OVER THIS--

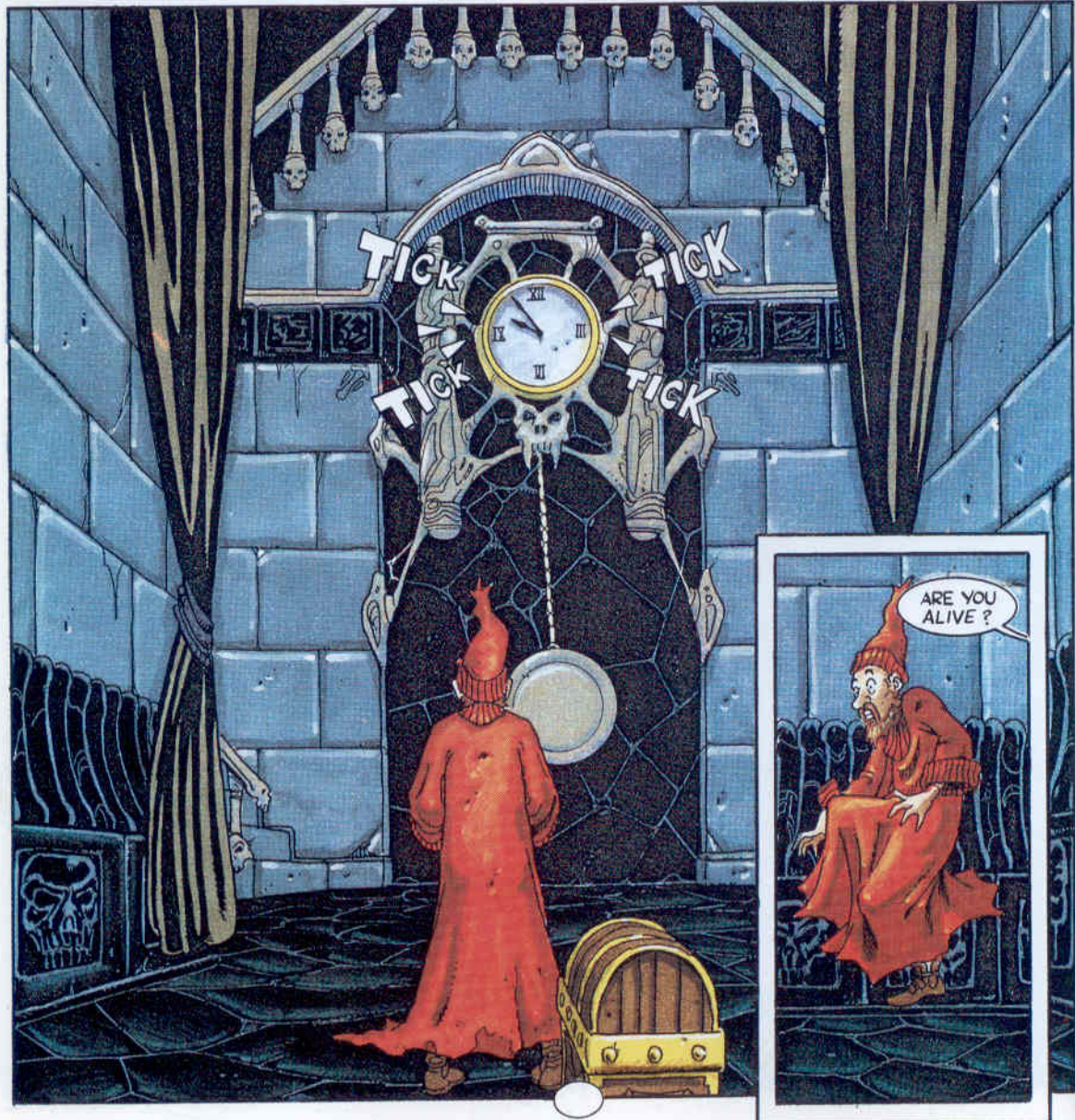
DON'T FUSS, IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH--

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE POINTING THAT BOW, YOU NEARLY--

AROUND HERE THE WIND REALLY DOES WHISPER ...





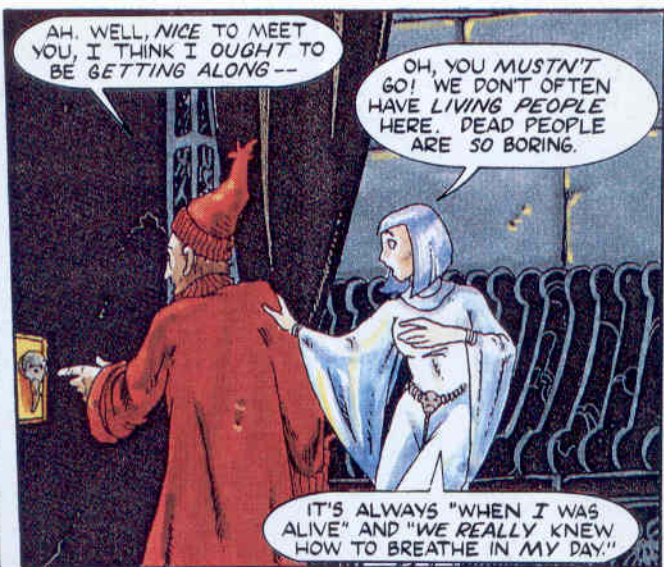






OH. UM...SOMETIMES I'M NOT SO SURE. WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

THIS IS THE HOUSE OF DEATH.



AH. WELL, NICE TO MEET YOU, I THINK I OUGHT TO BE GETTING ALONG --

OH, YOU MUSTN'T GO! WE DON'T OFTEN HAVE LIVING PEOPLE HERE. DEAD PEOPLE ARE SO BORING.

IT'S ALWAYS "WHEN I WAS ALIVE" AND "WE REALLY KNEW HOW TO BREATHE IN MY DAY."



MY NAME'S YSABELL. WHAT'S YOURS?

RINCEWIND.

UM, IF THIS IS THE HOUSE OF DEATH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU DON'T LOOK DEAD TO ME.



OH, I LIVE HERE. I SAY, YOU HAVEN'T COME TO RESCUE YOUR LOST LOVE, HAVE YOU? THAT ALWAYS ANNOYS DADDY.



HE SAYS IT'S A GOOD JOB HE NEVER SLEEPS, BECAUSE IF HE DID HE'D BE KEPT AWAKE BY THE TRAMP, TRAMP OF YOUNG HEROES COMING HERE TO CARRY BACK A LOT OF SILLY GIRLS, HE SAYS.

ALL THE TIME. I THINK IT'S VERY ROMANTIC. ONLY WHEN YOU LEAVE, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT NOT TO LOOK BACK.

GOES ON A LOT, DOES IT?

UM, WELL -- I JUST CAME TO LOOK FOR A FRIEND OF MINE.



LITTLE FAT MAN, FUNNY CLOTHES, TALKS A LOT, WEARS EYEGLASSES--

DID YOU SAY "DADDY?"







THAT'S WHEN YOU MAKE A BID  
PRIMARYLY TO DECEIVE  
YOUR OPPONENTS, BUT  
IT MIGHT CAUSE  
PROBLEMS FOR  
YOUR PARTNER--

DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND  
ANY OF  
THAT?

NOT A  
WORD.

IT SOUNDS AWFULLY  
COMPLICATED.

DID YOU SAY  
HUMANS PLAY THIS  
FOR FUN?

BUT THEY ONLY  
LIVE FOR EIGHTY OR  
NINETY YEARS!

You should  
know, Mort.

DEAL AGAIN AND  
LET'S SEE IF I'VE GOT  
THE HANG OF IT.























THAT ALWAYS ANNOYS ME. I MIGHT AS WELL INSTALL A REVOLVING DOOR.

I WONDER WHAT THEY WANTED, WAR...



SEARCH ME, PESTILENCE. NICE GAME, THOUGH. DON'T YOU THINK SO, FAMINE?

Right. Compelling, I thought. Care to play some more, Death?

WE'VE GOT TIME FOR ANOTHER FONDLE.

YOU CALL THEM RUBBERS.

RIGHT. RUBBERS.



I THINK WE'VE GOT TIME.





Terry Pratchett's

# THE LIGHT Fantastic™

THERE WAS A NOISE LIKE  
A WOODEN RULER BEING  
STRUCK WITH A C SHARP  
TUNING FORK  
(OR POSSIBLY B FLAT)...



## PART III

*Based On The Novel By*  
**TERRY PRATCHETT**

*Adapted and Edited By*  
**SCOTT ROCKWELL**

*Painted By*  
**JOE BENNET**

*Lettered By*  
**VICKIE WILLIAMS**

*Front Cover By*  
**STEVEN ROSS**



...AND A SUDDEN SENSATION OF ABSOLUTE STILLNESS.

THIS WAS BECAUSE THEY WERE ABSOLUTELY STILL.

SOMETHING'S WRONG.



I'M INSIDE THE OCTAVO AGAIN, IF ANYONE HAPPENS TO OPEN THE BOOK, WOULD TWOFLOWER AND I APPEAR LIKE A COLOUR PLATE?

PROBABLY NOT. THE OCTAVO WE'RE IN IS SOMETHING A BIT DIFFERENT FROM A MERE BOOK CHAINED TO A LECTURN IN THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY...

...THAT BOOK IS MERELY A THREE DIMENSIONAL REPRESENTATION OF A MULTIDIMENSIONAL REALITY, AND--\*



HOLD ON, I DON'T THINK LIKE THIS! WHO'S THINKING FOR ME?



Rincewind.

WHO, ME?



Of course, you, you deft sod. I expect you're wondering why we brought you here again.

NO.



What did he say?

He said "no."

He really said "no"?

Yes.

Why?





THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENS TO ME ALL THE TIME! ONE MINUTE I'M FALLING OFF THE WORLD, THEN I'M INSIDE A BOOK, THEN I'M ON A FLYING ROCK, THEN I'M WATCHING DEATH LEARN HOW TO PLAY WEIR OR DAM OR WHATEVER!

Well, we IMAGINE you will be wondering why we DON'T want anyone to say us.

UHHH...WELL, YES, THE THOUGHT HAD CROSSED MY MIND, ONLY VERY FAST AND LOOKING NERVOUSLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE IN CASE IT GOT KNOCKED OVER.

It's the STAR. The RED STAR. The wizards want to say all eight spells together to CHANGE the future.

They think the disc is going to COLLIDE with the star.



WHY SHOULD I WONDER ABOUT ANYTHING?

WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO SAY YOU?

IS IT?

Not exactly, but in a--WHAT'S THAT!?

IT'S JUST THE LUGGAGE!

But WE didn't summon it!

Oh. WHAT were we talking about?



NO ONE SUMMONS IT ANYWHERE. IT JUST TURNS UP. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.



THIS RED STAR THING.



It is MOST IMPORTANT that you don't let the wizards TAKE the spell from you. Terrible things will happen if all eight spells are said 100 600N.

I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT IN PEACE.

Good, good. We KNEW we could trust you from the day you opened the Octavo.

THAT'S WHY YOU GOT INTO MY HEAD?

Precisely.

HANG ON A MINUTE-- YOU WANT ME TO RUN AROUND KEEPING THE WIZARDS FROM GETTING ALL THE SPELLS TOGETHER?

Exactly.

YOU TOTALLY RUINED MY LIFE! I COULD HAVE MADE IT AS A WIZARD IF YOU HADN'T DECIDED TO USE ME AS A SORT OF PORTABLE SPELLBOOK!

We're sorry.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

But you must--

I CAN'T REMEMBER OTHER SPELLS, THEY'RE TOO FRIGHTENED TO STAY IN THE SAME HEAD AS YOU!

IT WAS TOO LATE. HOMESICKNESS ROSE UP INSIDE RINCEWIND, FLOWED ALONG THE TENUOUS THREAD LINKING HIS TORTURED SOUL TO HIS BODY, DUG ITS HEELS IN, AND TUGGED...









YOU CAN  
SEE IT IN  
DAYLIGHT  
NOW.



WHAT  
ISH IT?

WHY DOES EVERYONE  
LOOK AT ME? I DON'T  
KNOW... MAYBE A COMET  
OR SOMETHING.



WILL  
WE ALL BE  
BURNED  
UP?

HOW SHOULD  
I KNOW? I'VE  
NEVER BEEN  
HIT BY A COMET  
BEFORE.



I THINK  
SHE'S RATHER TAKEN  
WITH YOU.

IF I WASH  
TWENTY YEARSH  
YOUNGER...

YES?



I'D  
BE SHIKTY-  
SHEVEN









YESH. THEY'RE SHILICASHE-- AH-- SHILLYCAYSHEOU--

MADE OUT OF ROCKS.

OF COURSE, IN ANKH-MORPORK THEY'RE EMPLOYED AS BODYGUARDS. THEY TEND TO BE EXPENSIVE TO KEEP UNTIL THEY LEARN ABOUT DOORS AND DON'T SIMPLY LEAVE A HOUSE BY WALKING AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE NEAREST WALL.



TROLLSH TEETH, THAT'SH THE THINGSH.

WHY?



DIAMONDS GOT TO BE, BECAUSE THEY EAT ROCKSH. ONLY THING THAT CAN STAND THE ROCKSH, AND THEY SHILL HAVE TO GROW A NEW SHET EACH YEAR.

SPEAKING OF TEETH...

YESH?



I CAN'T HELP NOTICING... OH, NOTHING.

LET'SH GET THISH FIRE GOING BEFORE WE LOSHE THE LIGHT.

THEN I SHUPPOSE WE'D BETTER MAKE SOME SHOLP.

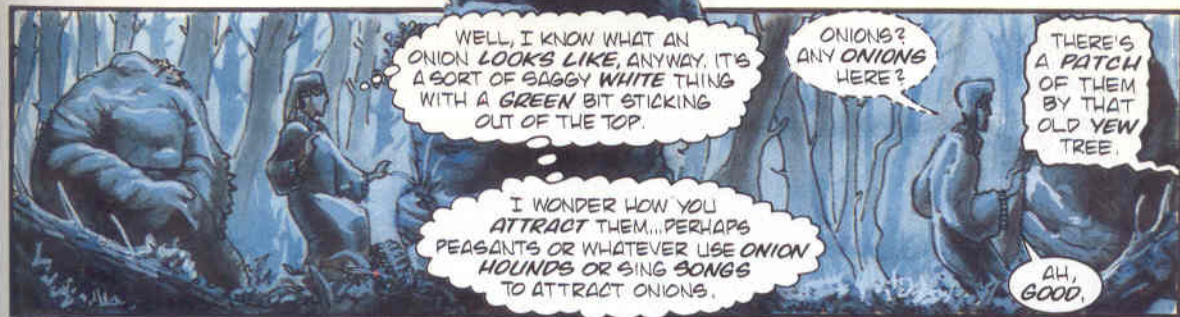


RINCEWIND'S GOOD AT THAT. HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT ROOTS AND HERBS AND THINGS.

WELL, SHEE IF YOU CAN FIND US SHOME WILD ONIONS AND SHTUFF.

BUT, I--





WELL, I KNOW WHAT AN ONION LOOKS LIKE, ANYWAY. IT'S A SORT OF SAGGY WHITE THING WITH A GREEN BIT STICKING OUT OF THE TOP.

ONIONS? ANY ONIONS HERE?

THERE'S A PATCH OF THEM BY THAT OLD YEW TREE.

I WONDER HOW YOU ATTRACT THEM... PERHAPS PEASANTS OR WHATEVER USE ONION HOUNDS OR SING SONGS TO ATTRACT ONIONS.

AH, GOOD.



EXCUSE ME.

YES?

WHICH ONE'S THE YEW?

SMALL GNARLY ONE WITH THE LITTLE DARK GREEN NEEDLES.



YOU'RE NOT A TREE, ARE YOU?

DON'T BE SILLY. TREES CAN'T TALK.


I'M A ROCK.



THE ONLY FACT I KNOW FOR SURE ABOUT TROLLS IS THAT THEY TURN TO STONE WHEN EXPOSED TO SUNLIGHT.

BUT COME TO THINK ABOUT IT, I DON'T REMEMBER EVER HEARING WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM AFTER THE SUN HAS GONE DOWN AGAIN.






HE'S BEEN AN AWFUL LONG TIME WITH THOSE ONIONS. DO YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GO LOOK FOR HIM?

WIZARDSH KNOW HOW TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES. DON'T WORRY--OUCH!

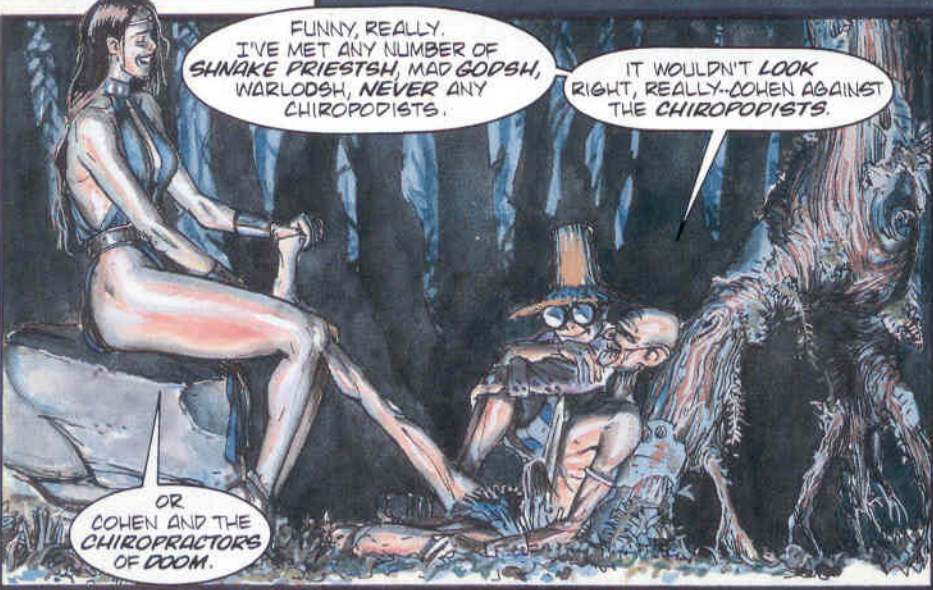
YOU'D HAVE QUITE NICE FEET IF ONLY YOU'D LOOK AFTER THEM.



HE'S NOT A TERRIBLY GOOD WIZARD--I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN HIM DO ANY MAGIC.

YOU DON'T GET TO MEET MANY CHIROPODISTS IN MY LINE OF WORK.

LET'S HAVE THE OTHER FOOT.



FUNNY, REALLY. I'VE MET ANY NUMBER OF SHNAKE PRIESTSH, MAD GODSH, WARLODGH, NEVER ANY CHIROPDISTS.

IT WOULDN'T LOOK RIGHT, REALLY--COHEN AGAINST THE CHIROPDISTS.

OR COHEN AND THE CHIROPRACTORS OF DOOM.



OR COHEN AND THE MAD DENTISTS.




WHAT'SH SHO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?










YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DIGEST ME. I'D MAKE YOU AWFULLY ILL.

SO YOU'RE RINCEWIND, I DUNNO, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE TALLER.

PERHAPS HE'S ERODED A BIT. THE LEGEND'S PRETTY OLD.



LEGEND? WHAT LEGEND?



IT'S BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM MOUNTAIN TO GRAVEL SINCE THE SUNSET OF TIME.\* "WHEN THE RED STAR LIGHTS THE SKY, RINCEWIND THE WIZARD WILL COME LOOKING FOR ONIONS.

DO NOT BITE HIM.

IT IS VERY IMPORTANT THAT YOU HELP HIM STAY ALIVE.

\*AN INTERESTING METAPHOR TO NOCTURNAL TROLLS, OF COURSE, THE DAWN OF TIME LIES IN THE FUTURE.









YOU HUMANS DO SOMETHING, LIKE WHEN WE SLOW DOWN, ONLY YOU FALL TO BITS...

DYING, IT'S CALLED!

THAT'S IT. THEY HAVEN'T DONE THAT, BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT HERE.

UNLESS THEY WERE EATEN.



WOLVES?

OLD GRANDAD FLATTENED ALL THE WOLVES HERE YEARS AGO. DIDN'T USED TO LOOK WHERE HE WAS GOING, YOU KNOW.

THERE'S A TRAIL.

THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY.

OLD GRANDAD LIVES UP THERE.

DANGEROUS, IS HE?



HE'S VERY OLD AND BIG AND MEAN. WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ABOUT FOR YEARS.

CENTURIES.



HE'LL SQUASH THEM ALL FLAT!





ARE YOU QUITE SURE?  
I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING.

I SAW TROLL SHAPES.



I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT THIS TRACK WE'RE FOLLOWING. IT'S OLD, BUT SOMETHING HAD TO HAVE MADE IT, AND TROLLS TAKE A LOT OF KILLING.



>SIGH<

MAYBE THAT SECRETARIAL CAREER WASN'T SUCH A BAD OPTION, AT THAT.



THERE ARE SOME CAVES AHEAD. WE'LL HEAD FOR ONE AND LIGHT A LARGE FIRE IN IT. TROLLS DON'T LIKE FIRE.

YOU'RE THE BOSS.



RIGHT, I AM.

THAT'S THE BOX ALL RIGHT, GALDER'S DESCRIPTION IS ABSOLUTELY ACCURATE, BUT NEITHER OF THOSE TWO LOOKS LIKE A WIZARD—NOT EVEN A FAILED WIZARD.






IT DESTROYS THE SUPER-CONDUCTIVITY OF OUR BRAINS. BUT A FIRE THAT SMALL WON'T HAVE MUCH EFFECT ON OLD GRANDAD.







I SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
LISSHENING OUT. I SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN PAYING ATTENTION  
AND NOT BEING SHWAYED BY  
ALL THISH TALK ABOUT YOUR  
DIN-CHEWERS.

I MUST  
BE GETTING  
SHOFT.

THERE'S  
SOMETHING FUNNY  
ABOUT THIS  
CAVE.

WELL, LOOK  
AT IT. HAVE YOU  
EVER SEEN ROCKS  
LIKE THOSE BEFORE?  
AND THE WALLS...  
THOSE VEINS OF  
RED CRYSTAL--

WHAT?

WELL, I'M  
NOT A CAVE EXPERT,  
BUT THAT'S A VERY  
INTERESTING STALG-  
THINGY HANGING FROM  
THE CEILING. SORT  
OF BULBOUS...


I THINK IT  
MIGHT BE A GOOD  
IDEA TO GET OUT  
OF HERE.

OH YESH,  
I SHUPPOSHE WE'D  
JUST BETTER ASHK  
THESHE PEOPLE TO  
UNTIE US AND LET  
USH GO, EH?

EXCUSE ME? COULD YOU  
PLEASE UNTIE US AND LET US  
GO? IT'S RATHER DAMP AND  
DRAFTY IN HERE. SORRY.


ALLOW ME  
TO INTRODUCE  
MYSELF.






WHICH ONE OF YOU IS RINCENIND THE WIZARD? THERE WERE FOUR HORSES, IS HE HERE?


LIM, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS. HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOME ONIONS.



THEN YOU ARE HIS FRIENDS AND HE WILL COME LOOKING FOR YOU.




HMMM... THAT WIZARD WEATHERWAX SAID WE SHOULDN'T TOUCH THIS. MOST EMPHATICALLY.



LOCKED. WHERE IS THE KEY, FAT ONE?

IT HASN'T GOT A KEY. IF IT WANTS TO STAY LOCKED, IT STAYS LOCKED.



I WANT IT OPEN. GANCIA, SEE TO IT.





LOOK, NO ONE CAN OPEN THE LUGGAGE IF IT'S FEELING IN A LOCKED MOOD.

OPEN-THE-BOX!

Click



ALL RIGHT!



I SAY!  
YOU'RE IN GREAT DANGER!  
YOU MUST PUT THE FIRE OUT!



WRONG!  
YOU'RE IN DANGER,  
AND THE FIRE STAYS.

THERE'S THIS BIG OLD TROLL--




EVERYONE KNOWS TROLLS  
KEEP AWAY FROM FIRE!

THIS SPECIFIC ONE  
CAN'T YOU SEE...?



BECAUSE YOU'VE LIT IT ON HIS TONGUE!





TROLLS ARE ONE OF THE OLDEST LIFEFORMS IN THE MULTIVERSE, DATING FROM AN EARLY ATTEMPT TO GET THE WHOLE LIFE THING ON THE ROAD WITHOUT ALL THAT SQUASHY PROTOPLASM.

THE GIANT TROLLS OF PRE-HISTORY MAKE UP MOST OF THE DISC'S MAJOR MOUNTAIN RANGES AND WILL CAUSE SOME SEVERE PROBLEMS IF THEY WAKE UP.

WHEN A TROLL GETS OLD AND STARTS TO THINK SERIOUSLY ABOUT THE UNIVERSE, IT NORMALLY FINDS A QUIET SPOT AND GETS DOWN TO SOME HEAVY PHILOSOPHISING.

AFTER A WHILE, IT STARTS TO FORGET ABOUT ITS EXTREMITIES.

IT BEGINS TO CRYSTALLIZE UNTIL NOTHING REMAINS EXCEPT A TINY FLICKER OF LIFE INSIDE A LARGE HILL WITH SOME UNUSUAL ROCK STRATA.

OLD GRANDAD HADN'T QUITE GOT THAT FAR.

HE BEGAN TO GET ANGRY.

⇒ GAKK! ⇐







THE SUN ROSE.

HOWEVER, THE *SUNLIGHT* DIDN'T. IT BEGAN ITS *SOFT, SILENT BATTLE* AGAINST THE NIGHT. IT *POURED* LIKE *MOLTEN GOLD* ACROSS THE SLEEPING LANDSCAPE--

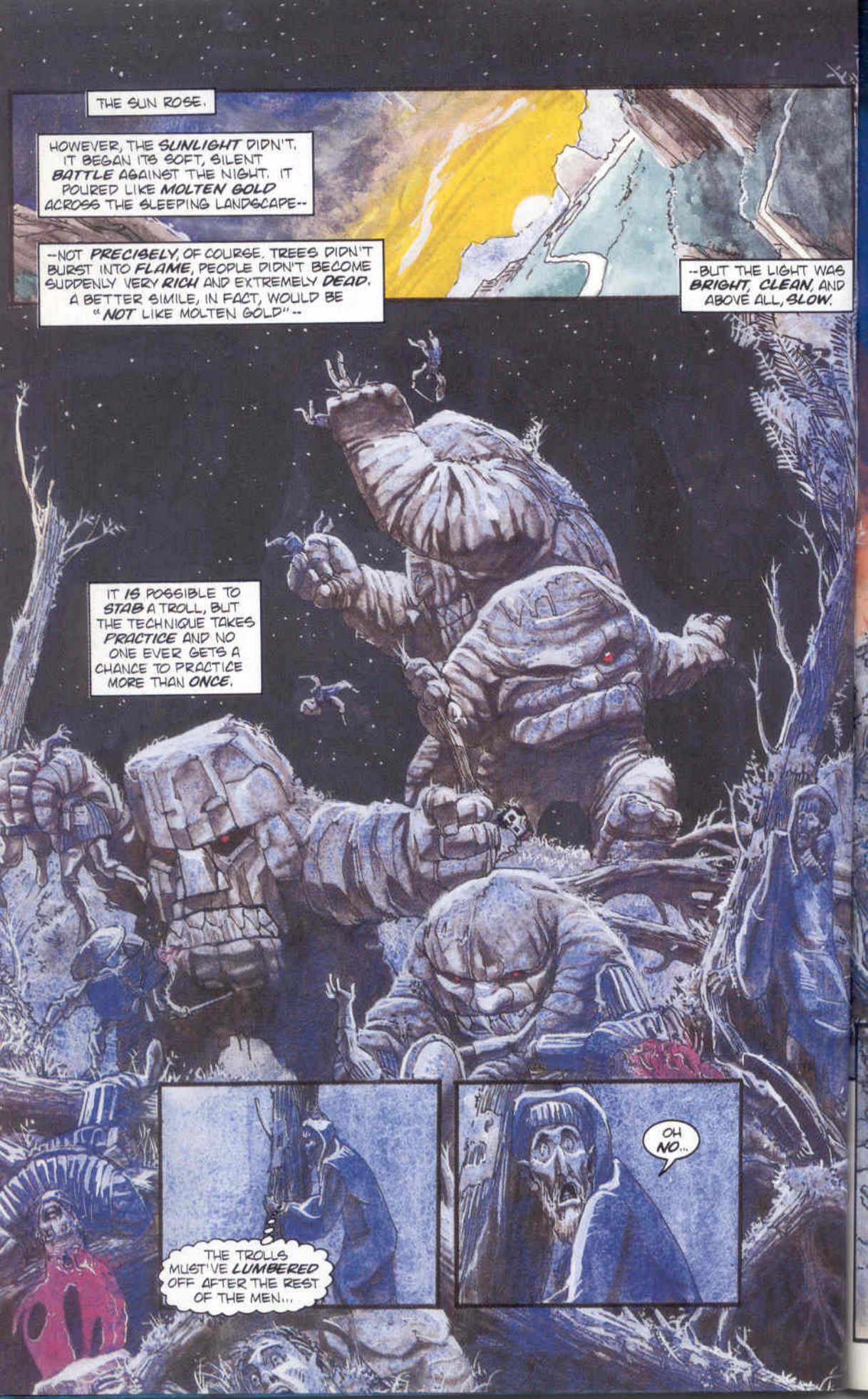
--NOT *PRECISELY*, OF COURSE. TREES DIDN'T BURST INTO *FLAME*, PEOPLE DIDN'T BECOME SUDDENLY VERY *RICH* AND EXTREMELY *DEAD*. A BETTER SIMILE, IN FACT, WOULD BE "*NOT LIKE MOLTEN GOLD*"--

--BUT THE LIGHT WAS *BRIGHT, CLEAN, AND ABOVE ALL, SLOW.*

IT IS POSSIBLE TO *STAB* A TROLL, BUT THE TECHNIQUE TAKES *PRACTICE* AND NO ONE EVER GETS A CHANCE TO *PRACTICE* MORE THAN *ONCE*.

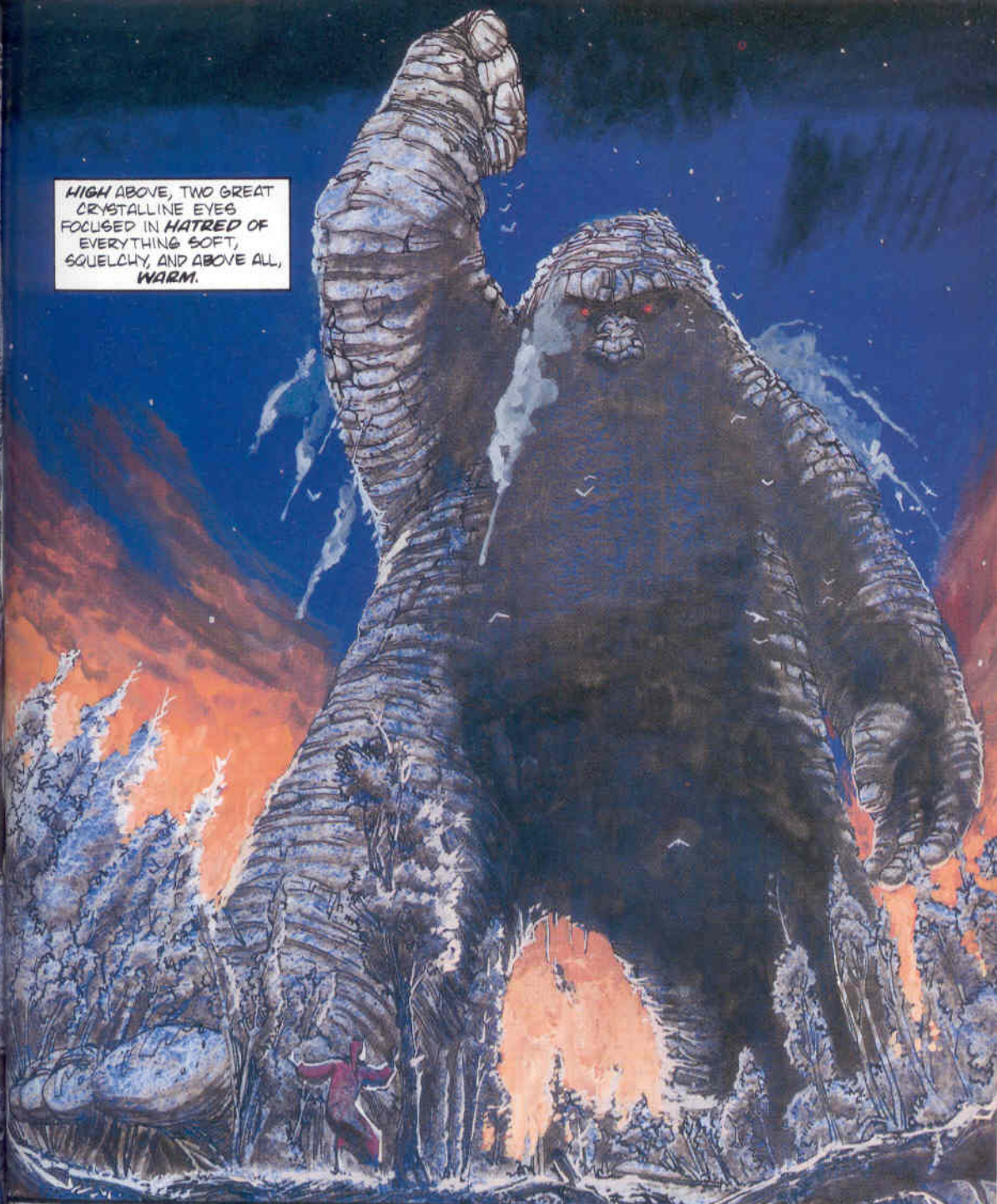
THE TROLLS MUST'VE *LUMBERED* OFF AFTER THE REST OF THE MEN...

OH NO...





HIGH ABOVE, TWO GREAT  
CRYSTALLINE EYES  
FOCUSED IN HATRED OF  
EVERYTHING SOFT,  
SQUELCHY, AND ABOVE ALL,  
WARM.

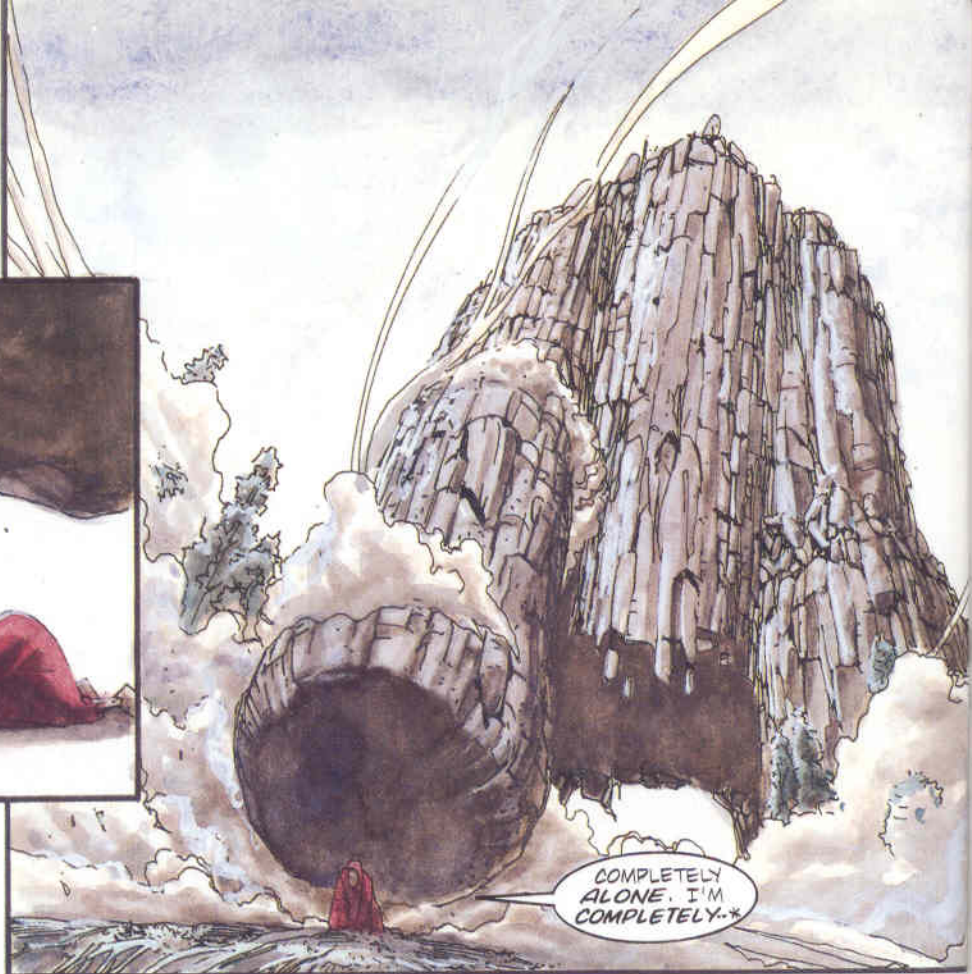


SWOOOOSSSHH



CRRSSSHHHEEEEEK







HALF AN HOUR  
OF CLIMBING  
DOWN LATER...

WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
THE REST OF  
THEM?

THE TROLLS  
GOT ALL OF THEM  
BEFORE THE SUN-  
LIGHT REACHED HERE,  
I THINK.

THE  
HORSE'S HAVE  
ALL GONE.



THEY WERE  
CARRYING ALL  
OUR FOOD.

I HAVE  
SOME NOURISHING  
BISCUITS IN THE  
LUGGAGE. TRAVELLER'S  
DIGESTIVES, ALWAYS  
A COMFORT IN A  
TIGHT SPOT.

EXCUSHE ME,  
THERE'ISH SHOME-  
THING I'VE GOT  
TO KNOW.



HEY,  
THAT'S MY  
LUGGAGE!



WHY'S HE  
ATTACKING MY  
LUGGAGE!?

UNNGH!







I THINK I KNOW. I THINK IT'S BECAUSE HE'S SCARED OF IT.

SEARCH ME, I ALWAYS RUN AWAY FROM THINGS I'M SCARED OF.



>GASP< UNNG!

DO SOMETHING

UM, YES. THAT'S ABOUT ENOUGH. I THINK. PUT HIM DOWN.



WOOOP!



LAUNDRY? THAT'S IT, JUST LAUNDRY?

BUT THERE WASH GOLD! AND I SHAW IT EAT SHOMEBODY!



I BOUGHT IT AT A SHOP. I SAID I WANTED A TRAVELLING TRUNK.

THAT'S WHAT YOU GOT ALL RIGHT.

HOLD ON--WASH IT ONE OF THOSHE SHOPSH-- I MEAN, I BET YOU HADN'T NOTICED IT BEFORE AND WHEN YOU WENT BACK AGAIN IT WASHN'T THERE? FULL OF STRANGE STUFF?



EXACTLY! NEVER COULD FIND IT AGAIN, NOTHING BUT A BRICK WALL WHERE I THOUGHT IT WAS--

ONE OF THOSHE SHOPS THAT EXPLAINS IT THEN.



I WOULD HAVE BEATEN IT, EVEN IF YOU HADN'T CALLED IT OFF. I WOULD HAVE BEATEN IT IN THE END.

YOU TWO CAN MAKE YOURSELVES USEFUL. THE LUGGAGE BROKE THROUGH A TROLL TOOTH TO GET LIS OUT. THAT WASH DIAMOND. SHEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE BITSH.

I HAVE AN IDEA ABOUT THEM.

AROUND NOON THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WHAT'S WRONG? IS IT A PLAGUE?

IT'S THE STAR. THEY SAY IT'LL HIT US ON HOGSWATCHNIGHT AND THE SEAS WILL BOIL AND THE COUNTRIES OF THE DISC WILL BE BROKEN AND KINGS WILL BE BROUGHT DOWN.

I'M OFF TO THE MOUNTAINS.

THAT'LL HELP, WILL IT?

NO, BUT THE VIEW WILL BE BETTER.





APPARENTLY THERE'S HARDLY ANYONE LEFT IN THE CITIES. EVERYONE'S FRIGHTENED OF THE STAR.

HASN'T IT STRUCK YOU THAT IT'S UNREASONABLY HOT?

I SUSPECT IT'LL GET A LOT HOTTER.



THIS ISH WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR. YOU GO ON, I'LL JOIN YOU SHORTLY.

A JEWELLER?



IT'SH A SHURPRISHE.

I COULD DO WITH A NEW DRESS, TOO.

I'LL SHTEAL YOU ONE.



IT'S CREEPY, AS IF PEOPLE WANTED TO BRING THE STAR HERE.

OR KEEP IT AWAY.





...AND WHERE ARE THE GODS? THEY HAVE GONE? PERHAPS THEY NEVER WERE. WHO AMONG YOU CAN REMEMBER SEEING THEM? AND NOW THE STAR HAS BEEN SENT--



COME TO GLOAT?



I HAVE COME TO SEE THE FUTURE.

IT'S HORRIBLE.

I AM INCLINED TO AGREE.



I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D BE ALL FOR IT.

NOT LIKE THIS. THE DEATH OF THE WARRIOR OR THE OLD MAN OR THE LITTLE CHILD, THIS I UNDERSTAND.

I TAKE AWAY THE PAIN AND THE END SUFFERING. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS DEATH-OF-THE-MIND.



YOU LOOK LIKE A WIZARD.

WHO, ME? NO, I'M -- A CLERK. YES, A CLERK. THAT'S RIGHT. HAHA.

I THINK YOU'RE A WIZARD.



WE KILLED ALL OUR WIZARDS.





SOME RAN AWAY, BUT WE KILLED QUITE A LOT. THEY WAVED THEIR HANDS AND NOTHING CAME OUT.



STAND BACK, OR I'LL FILL YOU FULL OF MAGIC!



THE MAGIC HAS FADED. THE STAR HAS TAKEN IT AWAY.



I MEAN IT!

HE'S GOING TO KILL ME. I CAN'T EVEN BLUFF ANY MORE. NO GOOD AT MAGIC. NO GOOD AT BLUFFING--



THE SPELL STIRRED IN HIS MIND. A COLD TINGLE COURSED DOWN HIS ARM.







MAGIC.  
I DID  
MAGIC...

WOULD YOU  
LIKE ME TO DO  
YOU A SPELL?  
WHEEE!



MAKING YOUR FEET  
RUN FASTER'D BE MY  
FAVOURITE!

SURE! FEET!  
RUN FASTER! HEY,  
LOOK, THEY'RE DOING  
IT!



THEY'VE  
GOT A LOT MORE  
SENSE THAN YOU,  
WHICH WAY?

HE'S IN  
SHOCK



HE'S NEVER  
DONE A SPELL  
BEFORE.

BUT HE'S A  
WIZARD!

IT'S ALL A BIT  
COMPLICATED... ANYWAY,  
I'M NOT SURE IT WAS  
ACTUALLY HIM.



COME ON,  
THIS WAY!

HEY,  
WHERE'S THE  
LUGGAGE?







Terry Pratchett's

# THE LIGHT Fantastic™

ANYONE  
HERE?

SHOP!

LIRGGH

## PART IV

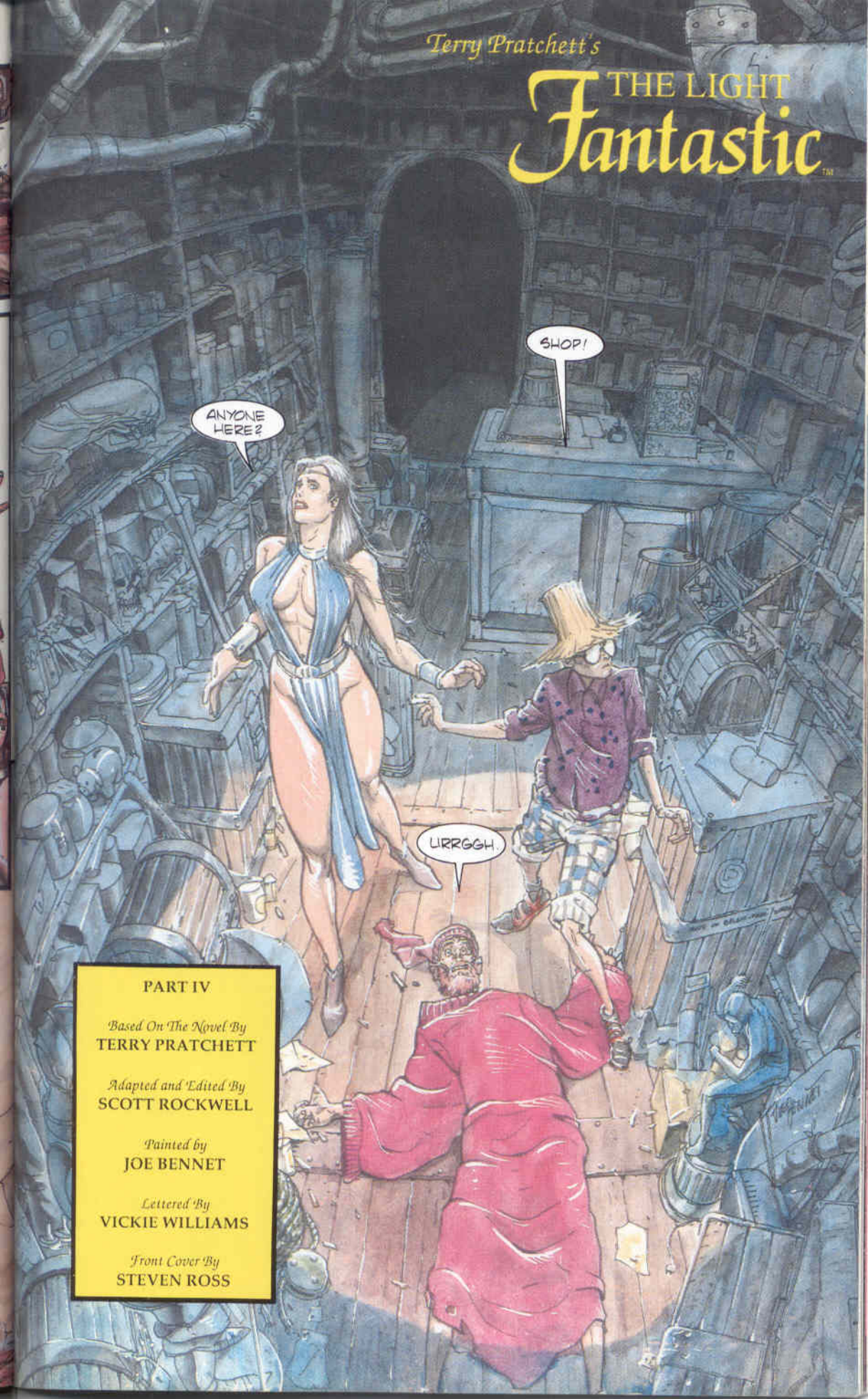
Based On The Novel By  
**TERRY PRATCHETT**

Adapted and Edited By  
**SCOTT ROCKWELL**

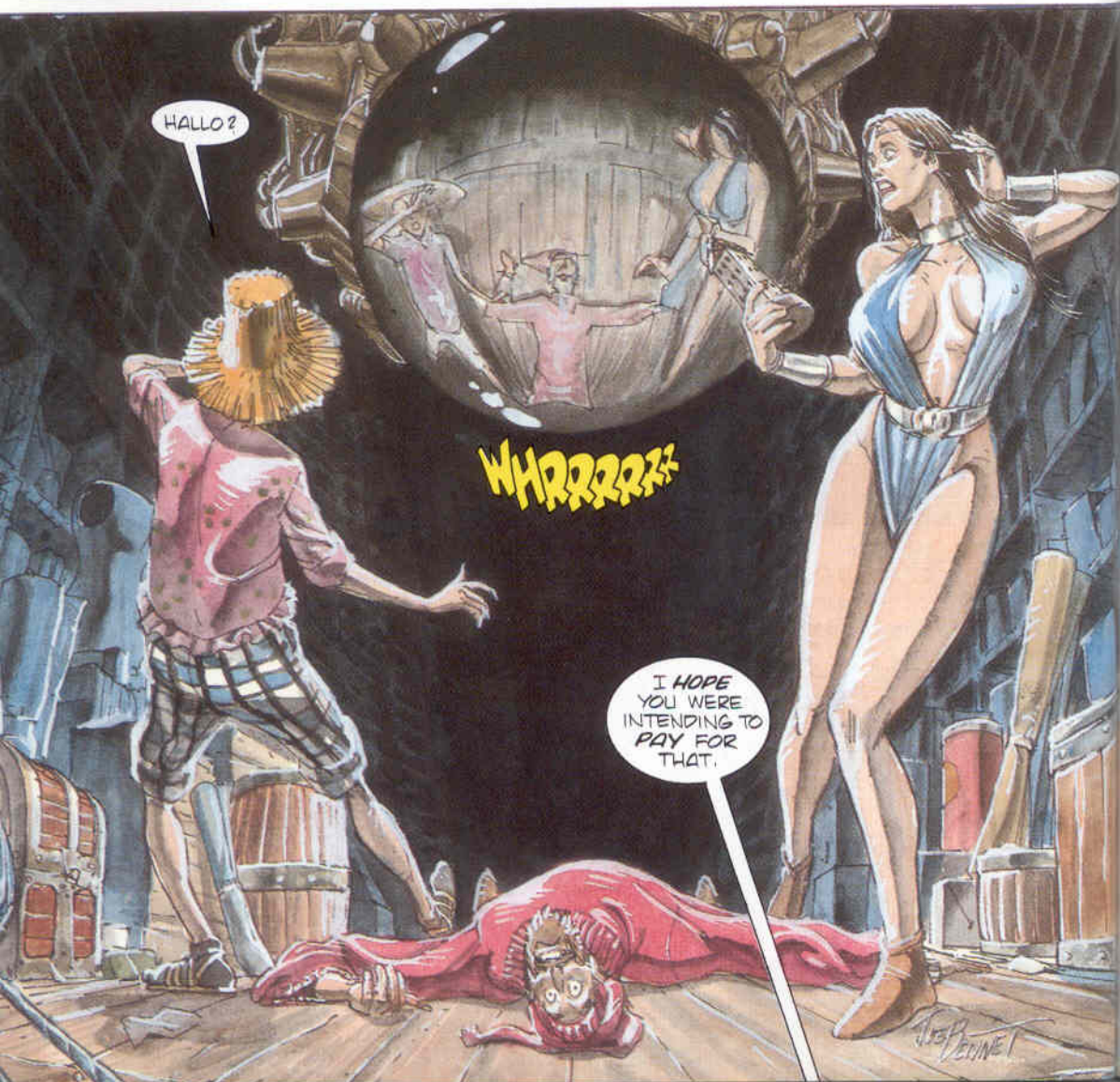
Painted by  
**JOE BENNET**

Lettered By  
**VICKIE WILLIAMS**

Front Cover By  
**STEVEN ROSS**











THIS? I WOULDN'T BUY THIS IF YOU THREW IN A HATFUL OF RUBIES.

I'LL BUY IT. HOW MUCH?



ACTUALLY, I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY. IT'S IN MY LUGGAGE, BUT---

NO MONEY? YOU COME INTO MY SHOP--



WE DIDN'T MEAN TO. WE DIDN'T NOTICE IT WAS THERE.

IT WASN'T. IT'S MAGICAL, ISN'T IT?

YES, A BIT.

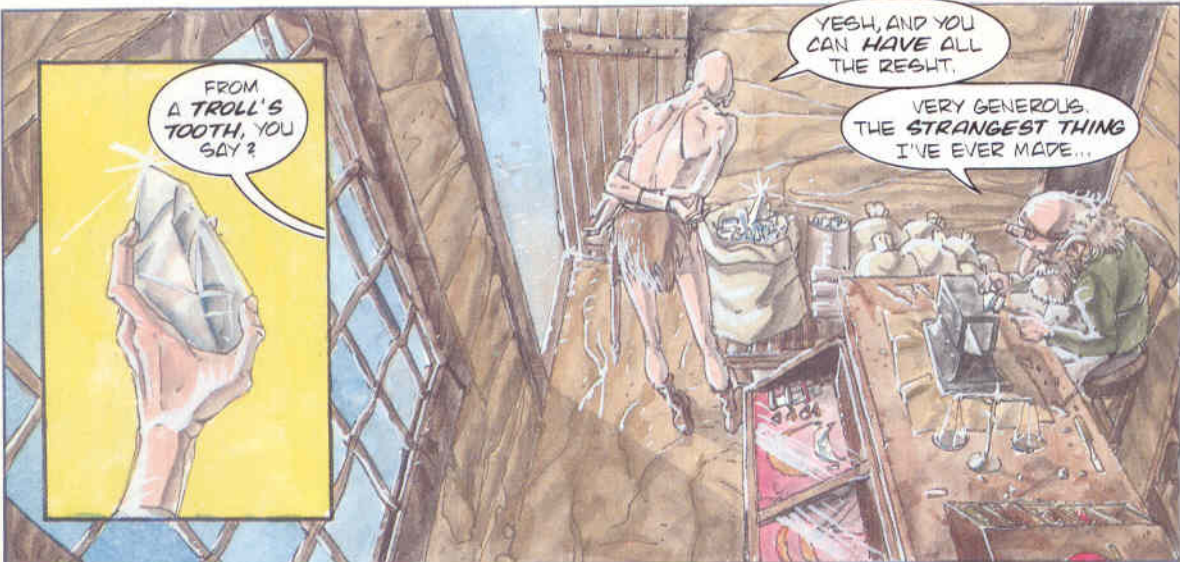


A BIT?! A BIT MAGICAL!??

QUITE A BIT, THEN.

ALL RIGHT, IT'S MAGICAL. I CAN'T HELP IT. THE BLOODY DOOR HASN'T BEEN AND GONE AGAIN, HAS IT?





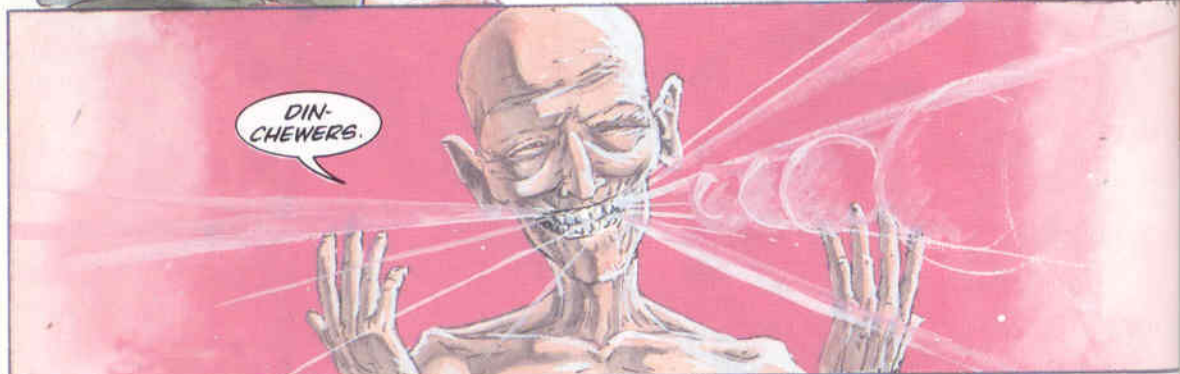
FROM A TROLL'S TOOTH, YOU SAY?

YESH, AND YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE RESULT.

VERY GENEROUS. THE STRANGEST THING I'VE EVER MADE...



...BUT PRACTICAL, I CAN SEE THAT. WHAT DID YOU SAY THEY WERE CALLED?



DIN-CHEWERS.





OOOH! **MAGIC!**  
SO THAT'S WHAT IT FEELS  
LIKE! NO WONDER WIZARDS  
DON'T HAVE MUCH TRUCK  
WITH SEX!

I MEAN, I'VE HAD  
**ORGASMS**, QUITE A FEW OF  
EM, SOMETIMES EVEN IN  
COMPANY, BUT NOTHING EVEN  
COMES CLOSE TO...



ER...  
WHERE THE  
HELL IS  
THIS?

A SHOP



RIGHT, WELL,  
LET'S GO. I WANT TO  
GET THIS SPELL OUT OF  
MY HEAD AND BACK INTO  
THE OCTAVO!

IF IT HADN'T  
FRIGHTENED AWAY  
ALL THE OTHER SPELLS  
I COULD HAVE BEEN A  
WIZARD IN  
MY OWN RIGHT!



WHY ARE  
WE IN THIS  
SHOP?


WE  
CAN'T GET  
OUT.

THE DOOR'S  
DISAPPEARED



OH,  
ONE OF  
THOSE  
SHOPS?






ALL RIGHT! IT'S **MAGICAL**, YES, IT **MOVES** AROUND, YES, NO, I'M NOT TELLING YOU **WHY**.

I **WASN'T** OPEN FOR BUSINESS ANYWAY, I JUST STOPPED TO GET MY BEARINGS AND YOU **BARGED** IN!

THINGS **NOT** SO GOOD IN THE STARSHOP BUSINESS?



YOU **WOULDN'T** BELIEVE. I MEAN, YOU LEARN NOT TO **EXPECT** MUCH, A SALE HERE AND THERE--IT'S A LIVING.

BUT THESE PEOPLE WITH THE **STAR THINGS** PAINTED ON THEIR FACES, WELL, I HARDLY HAVE TIME TO OPEN THE STORE AND THEY'RE THREATENING TO **BURN** IT DOWN.



THEY BELIEVE THE **STAR** IS GOING TO **CRASH** INTO THE DISC.

THAT'S A **SHAME**. I'VE DONE **GOOD** BUSINESS HERE. I'LL HAVE TO GO ON TO SOME **OTHER** UNIVERSE. THERE'S **PLENTY** OF THEM AROUND.

CAN I **DROP** YOU **SOMEWHERE**?




THE **STAR** IS **LIFE**, NOT **DEATH**.



HOW'S THAT?

HOW'S **WHAT**?

YOU DID IT **AGAIN!** YOU **SAY** THINGS AND THEN DON'T KNOW YOU'VE SAID THEM.



IT'S THE **SPELL**. IT'S TRYING TO TAKE ME OVER.





THE SPELL KNOWS  
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.  
IT WANTS TO GO TO ANKH  
MORPORK.



CAN  
YOU TAKE US  
THERE?

THAT BIG  
CITY ON THE ANKH?  
SPRAWLING PLACE, SMELLS  
OF CESSPITS?



IN HERE.  
I'LL SET YOU ON  
YOUR WAY.



DON'T BE  
FRIGHTENED...


I'M **NOT**  
FRIGHTENED. YOU CAN  
GO ANYWHERE?

OH, NO.  
THERE'S ALL KINDS  
OF FAIL SAFES BUILT-  
IN. NO POINT IN GOING  
SOMEWHERE WITH  
**INSUFFICIENT** PER  
CAPITA DISPOSABLE  
INCOME.




AND THERE'S  
GOT TO BE A **SUITABLE**  
WALL, OF COURSE.





SPACE IS **NOT**  
REALLY BIG.



IT IS SIMPLY  
**SOMEWHERE**  
TO BE BIG IN.



BUT THE SHAPE **BLOTTING**  
**OUT** THE SKY LIKE THE  
FOOTFALL OF GOD **ISN'T**  
A PLANET.

PLANETS ARE BIG, BUT PLANETS  
ARE **MEANT** TO BE BIG AND  
THERE'S NOTHING **CLEVER**  
ABOUT BEING THE RIGHT SIZE.

IT'S A **TURTLE**, TEN  
THOUSAND MILES LONG,  
FROM IT'S CRATER  
POCKETED HEAD TO ITS  
ARMOURED TAIL.



AND GREAT A'TUIN  
IS **HUGE**.

BUT EVEN GREAT A'TUIN IS  
**STRUGGLING** NOW AS IT  
LEAVES THE **FREE DEPTHS**  
OF SPACE AND MUST FIGHT  
THE **TORMENTING**  
**PRESSURES** OF THE SOLAR  
SHALLOWS.

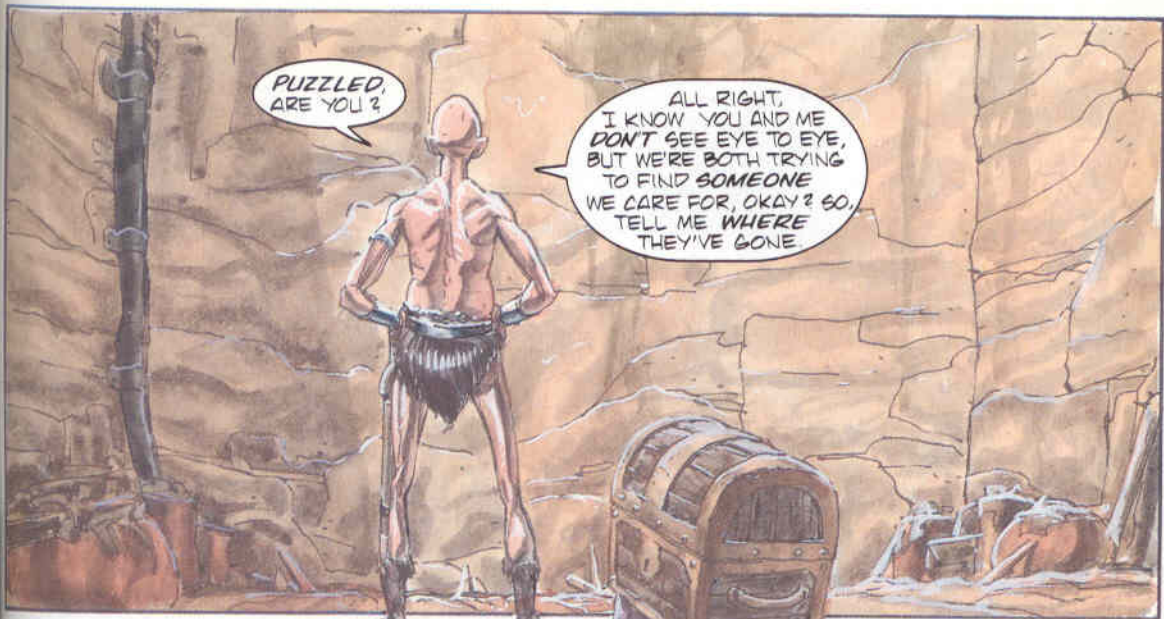
MAGIC IS **WEAKER** HERE, ON  
THE LITTORAL OF LIGHT.

MUCH MORE OF THIS AND  
THE DISCWORLD WILL BE  
**STRIPPED AWAY** BY THE  
PRESSURES OF REALITY.

GREAT A'TUIN **KNOWS** THIS, BUT  
GREAT A'TUIN CAN RECALL  
DOING ALL THIS **BEFORE**, MANY  
THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.

THE ASTROCHELONIAN'S EYES ARE **NOT**  
FOCUSED ON THE **RED STAR**,  
BUT ON A **PATCH** OF SPACE NEARBY...





PUZZLED,  
ARE YOU?

ALL RIGHT,  
I KNOW YOU AND ME  
DON'T SEE EYE TO EYE,  
BUT WE'RE BOTH TRYING  
TO FIND SOMEONE  
WE CARE FOR, OKAY? SO,  
TELL ME WHERE  
THEY'VE GONE.



YEP,  
PUZZLED.



AH, **HERE** WE ARE.  
THIS IS YOUR **UNIVERSE**.  
VERY **BIJOU**... A SORT OF  
**UNIVERSETTE**...

YES, BUT  
**WHERE** ARE  
WE ?

I **DON'T** THINK  
WE'RE ANYWHERE. WE'RE IN A  
**CO-TANGENT INCONGRUITY**, I  
BELIEVE. I **COULD** BE WRONG.  
THE **SHOP** GENERALLY KNOWS  
WHAT IT'S DOING.

IT'S **NO LIFE**,  
YOU KNOW, MINDING THE  
**SHOP**. **NEVER** SETTTLING DOWN,  
**ALWAYS** ON THE MOVE,  
**NEVER** CLOSING.

WHY **DON'T**  
YOU **STOP**,  
THEN ?



I **CAN'T**.  
I'M UNDER A **CURSE**,  
I AM. A TERRIBLE THING  
CURSED TO RUN A **SHOP**  
**FOREVER** !

OH, YES. I **CAN'T**  
REMEMBER WHAT HE **WANTED**,  
BUT WHEN HE ASKED FOR IT,  
I MADE ONE OF THOSE  
**SUCKING IN NOISES**,  
YOU KNOW, LIKE **WHISTLING**  
**BACKWARDS** ?



AND **NEVER**  
CLOSING ! THERE WAS  
THIS **SORCERER**, YOU  
SEE. I DID A TERRIBLE  
THING.

IN A  
**SHOP** ?







I SEE, EVEN SO--

THAT'S NOT ALL! I TOLD HIM THERE WAS NO DEMAND FOR IT!

I CALLED HIM SQUIRE! I SAID I COULD ORDER IT AND HE COULD COME BACK THE NEXT DAY! BUT THE NEXT DAY WAS EARLY CLOSING DAY! I HEARD HIM RATTLING THE DOOR-HANDLE!

I HAD A SIGN ON THE DOOR THAT SAID SOMETHING LIKE "CLOSED EVEN FOR THE SALE OF NECROMANCER CIGARETTES." ANYWAY, I HEARD HIM BANGING AND I LAUGHED!



YOU LAUGHED?

YES, LIKE THIS, HNLIFHNLFHNLIF BLORT.

PROBABLY NOT A WISE THING TO DO.

I KNOW, I KNOW... ANYWAY, I HEARD HIM SHOUTING A LOT OF WORDS I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND, AND THEN THE SHOP... THE SHOP CAME ALIVE!



THAT WAS A TERRIBLE THING TO DO.

THANK YOU.

STILL, HE SHOULDN'T HAVE CURSED YOU QUITE SO BADLY.



OH, YES. WELL, ANYWAY, THIS ISN'T GETTING YOU TO ANKH-MORPORK, IS IT?









DON'T WORRY.  
THERE'S A CHANCE  
COHEN MIGHT STILL  
BE ALIVE.

OH, I EXPECT  
HE IS. YOU DON'T LIVE  
TO BE EIGHTY-SEVEN IN HIS  
JOB IF YOU GO AROUND DYING  
ALL THE TIME BUT HE'S  
NOT HERE.

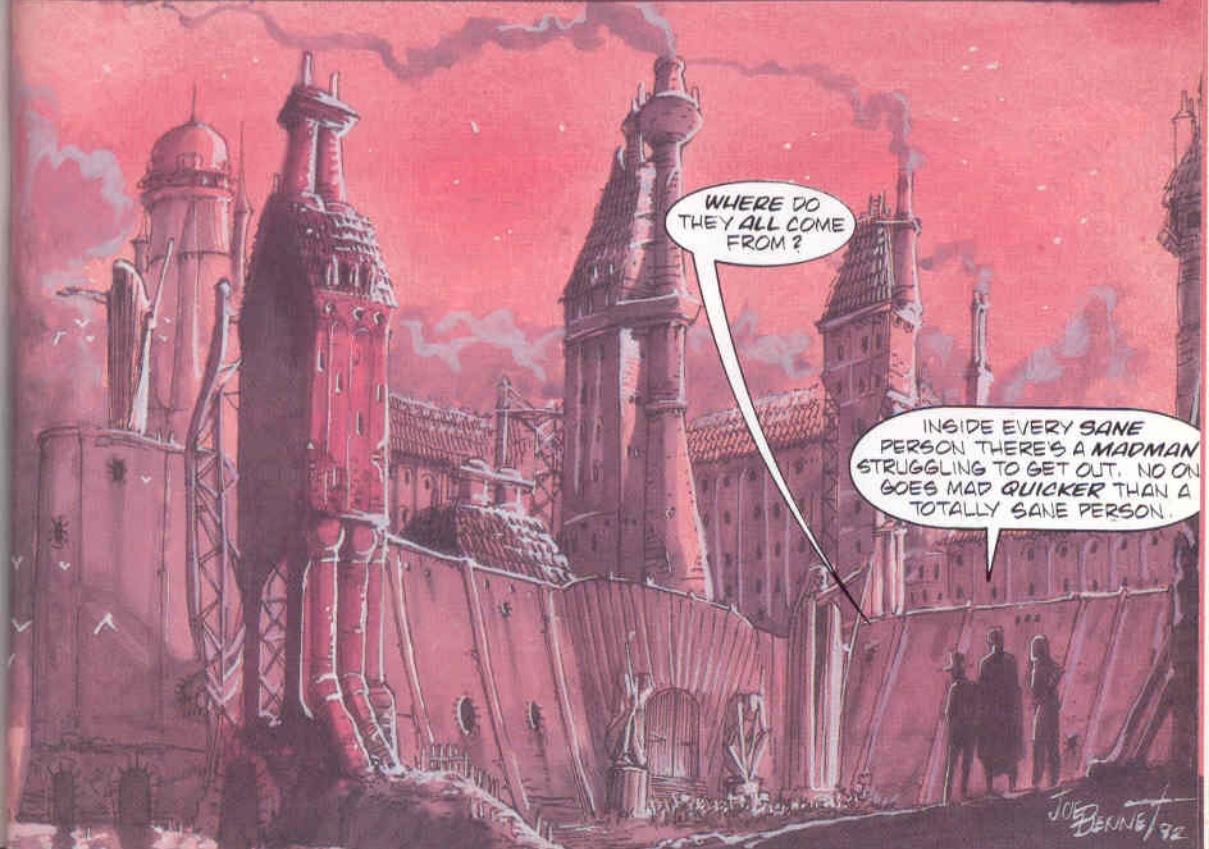
NOR IS MY  
LUGGAGE.



COME ON.  
THE LINSEEN  
UNIVERSITY  
ISN'T FAR.

IS IT  
WISE TO GO  
THERE?

PROBABLY NOT,  
BUT I'M STILL  
GOING.



WHERE DO  
THEY ALL COME  
FROM?

INSIDE EVERY SANE  
PERSON THERE'S A MADMAN  
STRUGGLING TO GET OUT. NO ONE  
GOES MAD QUICKER THAN A  
TOTALLY SANE PERSON.

JOE BERNET '92



MEANWHILE, BENEATH THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY...

AT LEAST IT'S COOL DOWN HERE.

WE SHOULDN'T BE DOWN HERE.

ARE WE OF ONE RESOLVE?

HUH?

THIS ISN'T STRICTLY LIGHT... IT'S THE OPPOSITE OF LIGHT.

DARKNESS?

NO. DARKNESS ISN'T THE OPPOSITE OF LIGHT-- DARKNESS IS MERELY ITS ABSENCE.

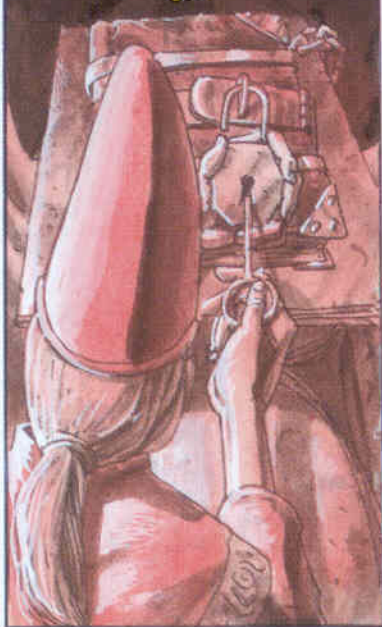
THIS IS THE LIGHT THAT LIES ON THE FAR SIDE OF DARKNESS--THE LIGHT FANTASTIC!



BRING THAT  
TORCH A LITTLE  
CLOSER.



CLICK



NOW...



...TO THE  
GREAT HALL,  
BROTHERS. IF  
I MAY LEAD  
THE WAY.

LOOK! THE  
STAR'S GOT SPOTS  
ON IT!

NO, THEY'RE...  
THINGS. THINGS GOING  
AROUND THE STAR. LIKE  
THE SUN GOES AROUND  
THE DISC. BUT THEY'RE  
CLOSE IN, BECAUSE...  
BECAUSE...

I  
NEARLY  
KNOW!

I'VE  
GOT TO GET  
RID OF THIS  
SPELL!







I WONDER WHY ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE HERE?

I DON'T THINK IT'S TO ENROLL FOR EVENING CLASSES... COME ON, LET'S GO FOR A WALK.



ABOUT HERE, I THINK...



WATCH OUT BELOW!

STUDENTS MADE A SECRET ENTRANCE LONG AGO. HANDY WAY OUT AFTER LIGHTS OUT.

**THUD!**



WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SWORD?

I JUST HELPED MYSELF. ALL THE SHOPS HAVE BEEN SMASHED OPEN, AND THERE WAS A WHOLE BUNCH OF PEOPLE ACROSS THE STREET TAKING MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



YEAH, LUTERS, I EXPECT COME ON.





WHO ARE YOU?

OH, NO... IT'S MASTER LEMUEL PANTER!

PLEASE, SIR, IT'S ME, SIR, RINCEWIND... SIR.

RINCEWIND?

I REMEMBER A BOY WHO WASN'T ANY--

THE SPELL, REMEMBER?

OH, THAT RINCEWIND.



WHO ARE THEY?

THE MASTERS OF WIZARDRY... MY OLD SCHOOL MASTERS.



LOOK, WHAT'S GOING ON?

SOMEONE HAS TAKEN THE OCTAVO.

GALDER WEATHERWAX.



ALL THE SPELLS WERE MEANT TO BE SAID TONIGHT.

HE'S UP ON THE TOWER OF ART, READING THE OCTAVO.

BUT ONE MIND CAN'T HOLD ALL THE SPELLS. IT'LL BREAK DOWN AND LEAVE A HOLE.

WHAT, IN HIS HEAD?



UM, NO. IN THE FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE.





THE SKY!  
IT'S FULL OF  
MOONS!

HE'S DONE  
IT, HE'S OPENED A  
PATHWAY.

ARE  
THOSE THINGS  
DEMONS?

OH, DEMONS.  
DEMONS WOULD BE A  
PICNIC COMPARED  
TO WHAT'S TRYING  
TO COME THROUGH  
UP THERE.

THEY'RE  
WORSE THAN ANYTHING  
YOU CAN POSSIBLY  
IMAGINE.

I CAN IMAGINE  
SOME PRETTY BAD  
THINGS.

THESE ARE  
WORSE!

OH.

WELL,  
WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO  
ABOUT IT?





LISTEN, IT'S ALL OVER. YOU CAN'T PUT THE SPELLS BACK IN THE BOOK, YOU CAN'T UNSAY WHAT'S BEEN SAID!



YOU CAN TRY!



TWOFLOWER, YOU TALK TO--

TWOFLOWER? NOW WHERE'S HE GONE?



HE'S GOING.



WE COULD TRY, I SUPPOSE.

BUT WE'VE GOT HARDLY ANY MAGIC TO SPEAK OF...

HAVE YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA, THEN?

SIGH. ALL RIGHT, THEN.





HOLD ON. THIS SORT OF THING IS BETTER FOR THE LIKES OF COHEN, NOT YOU.

WOULD HE DO ANY GOOD?



NO.



THEN I'D BE AS GOOD AS HIM, WOULDN'T I?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THERE'S UNIMAGINABLE HORRORS UP THERE!



YOU ALWAYS SAID I DIDN'T HAVE ANY IMAGINATION.

YOU'RE MAD!

YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK! I'M HERE BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER, BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHAT ABOUT THEM?



IT'S STOPPED!

SOMETHING'S DRIFTING DOWN FROM THE TOP!



**THAP!**





IT'S THE OCTAVO, BUT THE PAGES...

THEY'RE BLANK. EVERY PAGE IS COMPLETELY BLANK!

THEN HE DID IT. HE'S READ THE SPELLS. I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT.



I THINK WE SHOULD GO UP AND CONGRATULATE HIM.

YES, IT'S GETTING THERE THAT MATTERS, NOT HOW YOU TRAVEL.



DON'T WORRY.

I'M NOT WORRIED, I'M JUST ANGRY!

ALL RIGHT, SPELL, YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE, NOW GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!

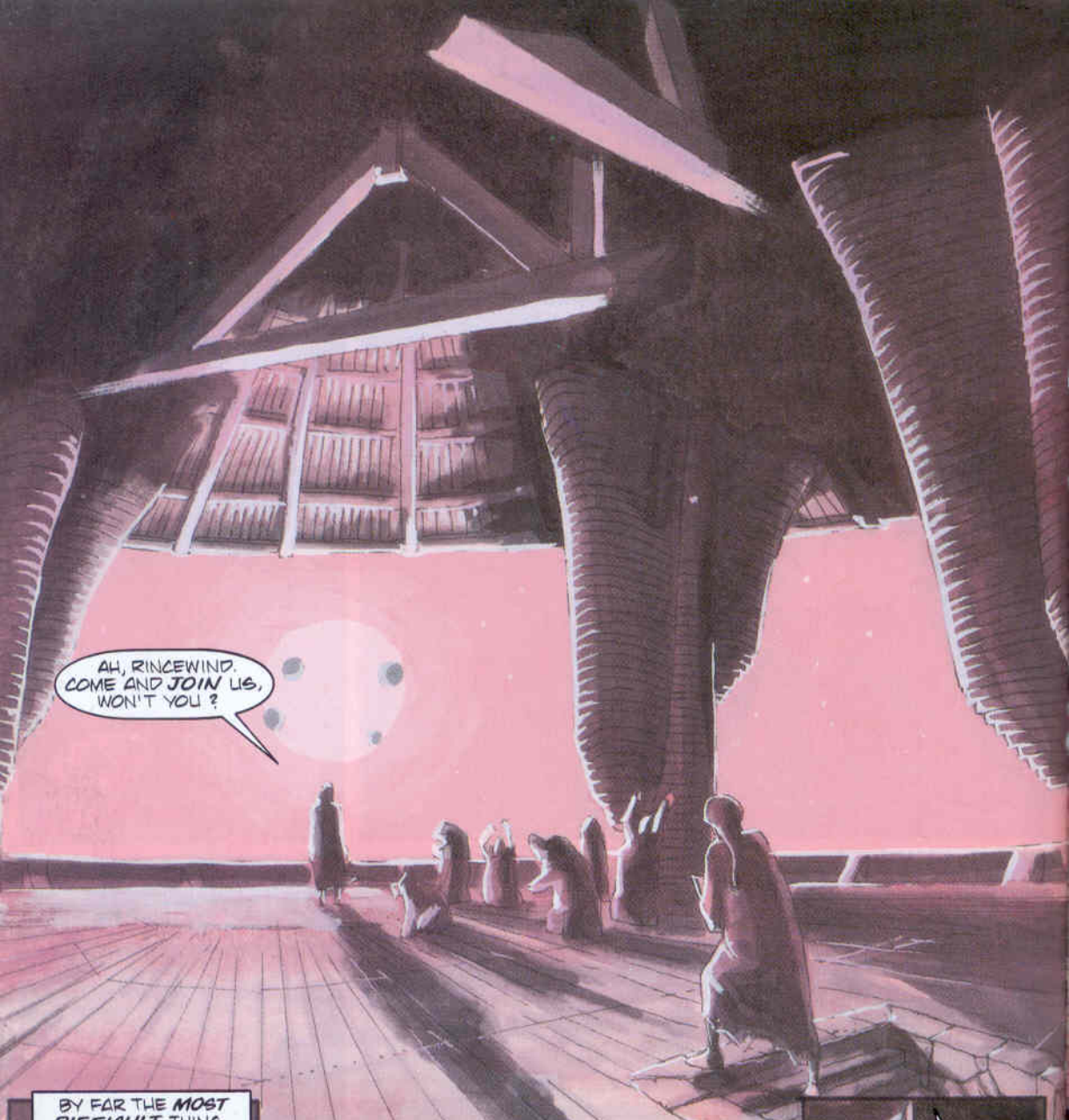


NOTHING'S HAPPENING.




THEN I'LL SAY YOU! YOU CAN JOIN THE REST OF THEM AND MUCH GOOD MAY IT DO YOU!






AH, RINCEWIND.  
COME AND JOIN US,  
WON'T YOU ?


BY FAR THE MOST  
DIFFICULT THING  
THAT RINCEWIND DID  
IN HIS WHOLE LIFE  
WAS LOOK AT THE  
WIZARD WITHOUT  
RUNNING IN TERROR.



GALDER HAD TRIED TO  
CONTAIN THE SEVEN  
SPELLS IN HIS MIND AND  
IT HAD BROKEN.



THE DUNGEON DIMENSIONS  
HAD FOUND THEIR HOLE,  
ALL THEY REALLY NEEDED  
TO ENTER WAS ONE HEAD.



THE EIGHTH  
SPELL. GIVE IT  
TO ME.

YOU'LL  
HAVE TO TAKE  
IT.

JOE BENNET





I REMEMBER YOU YOU NEVER REALLY TRUSTED MAGIC, YOU KEPT SAYING THERE SHOULD BE A BETTER WAY TO RUN A UNIVERSE.

WELL, YOU'LL SEE. I HAVE PLANS. GIVE ME THE SPELL!

TRY AND TAKE IT. I DON'T THINK YOU CAN.



OH?

RINDEWIND COULD SENSE THE SPELL LURKING IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND, HE COULD SENSE ITS FEAR.



THERE ARE MUCH WORSE THINGS. I CAN MAKE YOUR FLESH BURN ON THE BONES, OR FILL YOUR BODY WITH ANTS.



I HAVE THE POWER TO--

I HAVE A SWORD, YOU KNOW.





FOR A MOMENT, GALDER'S ATTENTION WAS DIVERTED.

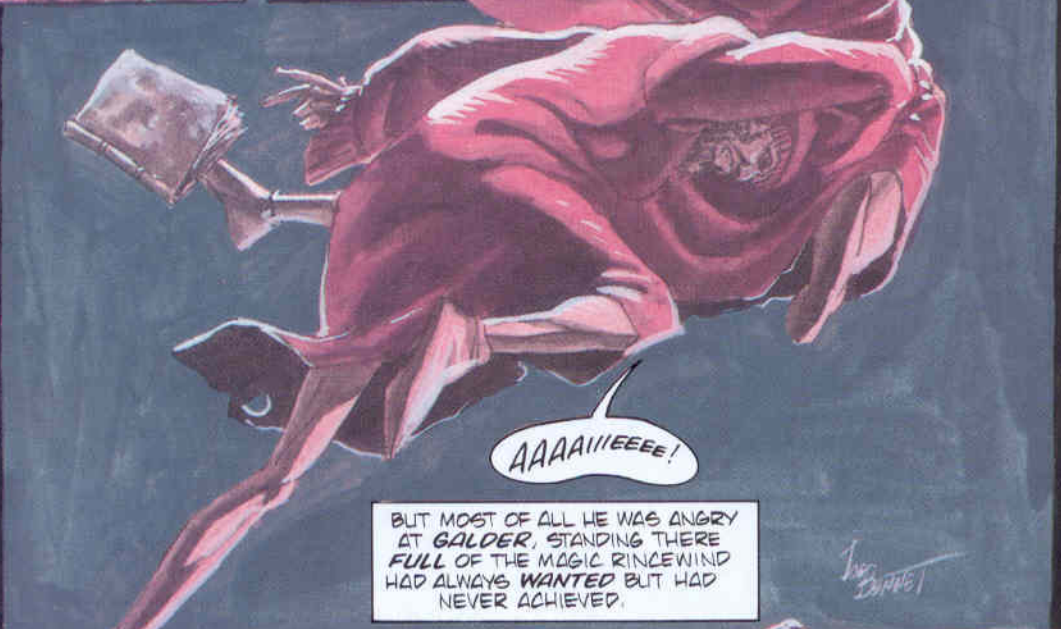
RINCEWIND WAS ANGRY. HE WAS ANGRY AT THE SPELL, AT THE WORLD, AT THE UNFAIRNESS OF EVERYTHING, AT THE FACT THAT HE HADN'T HAD MUCH SLEEP LATELY...



HA HA HA HA!



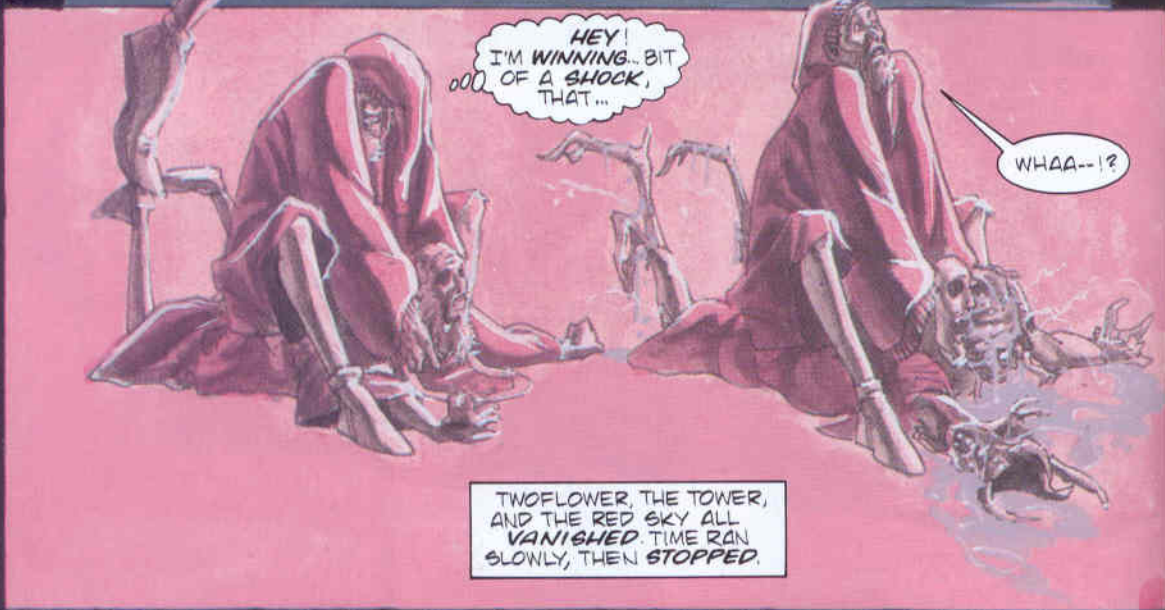
OOFFFF!



AAAAIIIEEEE!

BUT MOST OF ALL HE WAS ANGRY AT GALDER, STANDING THERE FULL OF THE MAGIC RINCEWIND HAD ALWAYS WANTED BUT HAD NEVER ACHIEVED.

John Burdett



HEY! I'M WINNING... BIT OF A SHOCK, THAT...

WHAA--!?

TWOFLOWER, THE TOWER, AND THE RED SKY ALL VANISHED. TIME RAN SLOWLY, THEN STOPPED.



THEY WERE WATCHING.

CREATURES STARED DOWN AT HIM, CREATURES WITH BODIES AND FACES MADE BY CROSSBREEDING NIGHTMARES.

THE GHOSTLY ARENA WAS FULL OF THE RUSTLING OF THE DUNGEON CREATURES.

UNNGHH!

HE IMAGINED THAT SOUND FILLING THE DISCWORLD.

BUT MAINLY HE HIT IT TO STOP IT HITTING BACK.

RINCEWIND FLUNG BLOW AFTER BLOW TO SAVE THE WORLD OF MEN, TO PRESERVE THE LITTLE CIRCLE OF FIRE-LIGHT IN THE DARK NIGHT OF CHAOS...

TO CLOSE THE GAP THROUGH WHICH THE NIGHTMARE WAS ADVANCING.

JOE BUNTEL





UNNG!  
UNNGFFH!

IT WAS THE *FIRST* TIME  
ANYTHING HAD EVER TRIED  
TO *RUN AWAY* FROM  
RINCEWIND.



THE TOWER AND THE RED SKY  
CAME BACK WITH THE  
CLICK OF RESTORED TIME.



NOW  
WHAT?

OH, YES,  
RIGHT!

NOW!



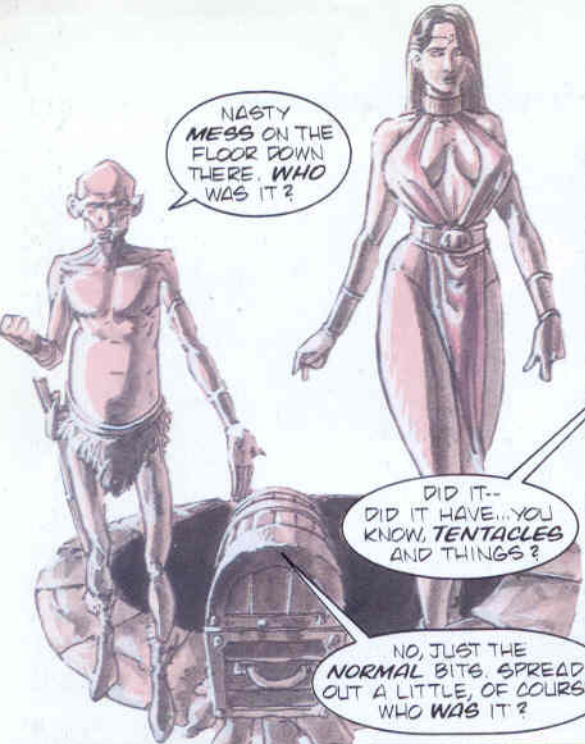
LIMMPHFFF!



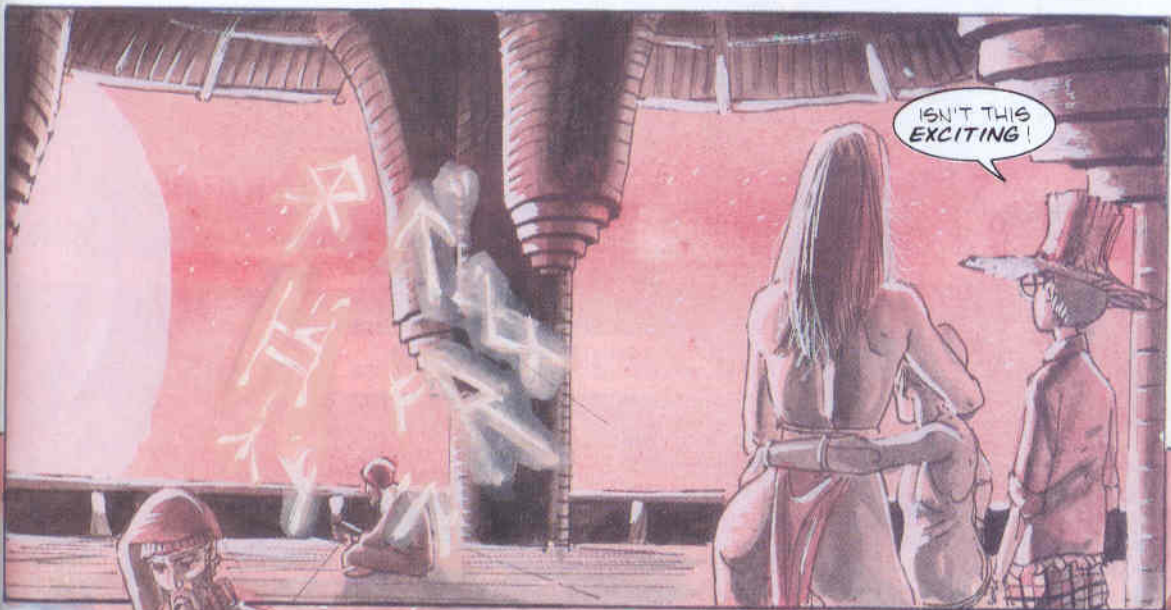










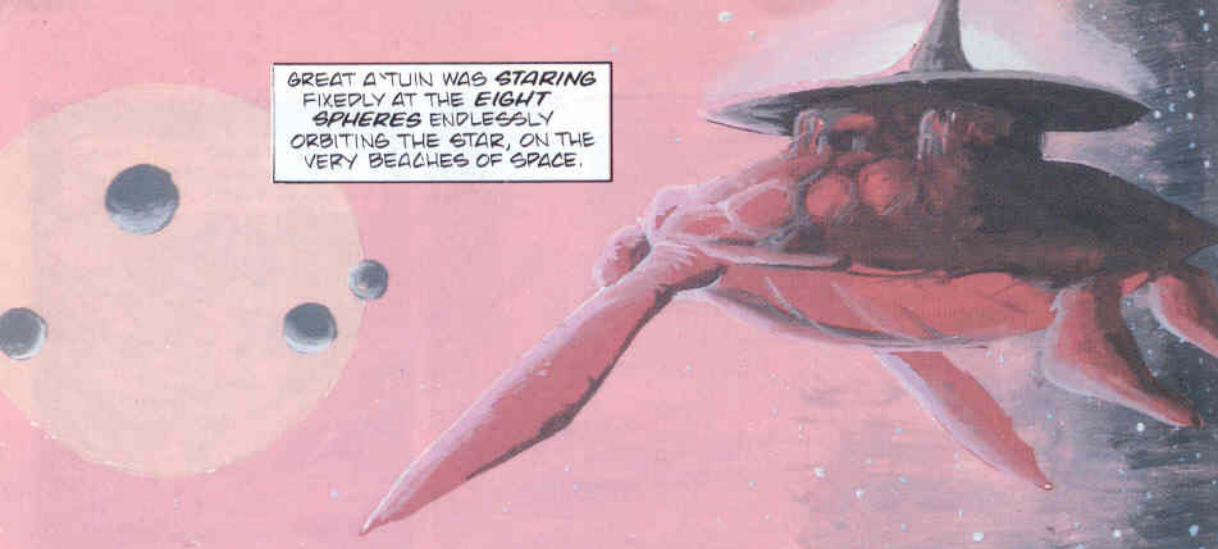


THERE WAS A PLANGENT, SWEET TWANGING NOISE, AND THE OCTAVO SEEMED TO EXPLODE UPWARD IN A FLOWER OF LIGHT...

...BUT SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING MUCH FURTHER UP IN THE SKY...







GREAT A'TUIN WAS **STARING** FIXEDLY AT THE **EIGHT SPHERES** ENDLESSLY ORBITING THE STAR, ON THE VERY BEACHES OF SPACE.



GREAT A'TUIN WAITED UNTIL ALL EIGHT **BABY TURTLES** HAD **FREED** THEMSELVES.

THEN, **CAREFULLY**, SO AS NOT TO DISLodge ANYTHING, SHE TURNED, AND WITH **CONSIDERABLE RELIEF** SET OUT ON THE LONG SWIM TO THE **BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS** OF SPACE.

THE **YOUNG TURTLES** **FOLLOWED**, ORBITING THEIR **PARENT**.

JOJO DANIEL





WHERE'S THE PICTURE BOX? I MUST GET A PICTURE OF THIS!

CAN'T YOU JUST REMEMBER IT?



LOOK!



THE OCTAVO...

# SNAP!

YOU KNOW WHAT? I THINK WHEN YOU OPEN THE LUGGAGE THERE'S JUST GOING TO BE YOUR LAUNDRY IN THERE.

I THINK THE OCTAVO KNOWS HOW TO LOOK AFTER ITSELF. BEST PLACE FOR IT, REALLY.

I SUPPOSE SO. SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELING THE LUGGAGE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT IT'S DOING.



AND NOW I THINK IT'D DO ME GOOD TO GO AND ORDER A COUPLE OF DRINKS.

GOOD IDEA, I'LL HAVE A COUPLE OF DRINKS TOO...



...AND THEN I'M GOING HOME.



THAT'S SETTLED, THEN. THIS SHIP WILL DROP ME AT THE BROWN ISLANDS AND I CAN GET A SHIP TO THE AGATEAN EMPIRE FROM THERE.

HAVE YOU SEEN BETHAN AND COHEN?

THEY WENT OFF TO GET MARRIED. I HEARD BETHAN SAY IT WAS NOW OR NEVER.

WELL, GIVE THEM THIS. I KNOW IT'S EXPENSIVE, SETTING UP A HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME.

ER...I'LL HAND IT OVER FIRST CHANCE I GET.

GOOD. I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT SOMETHING TO GIVE YOU, TOO. I SHAN'T NEED IT ANYMORE.

LUGGAGE, THIS IS RINCEWIND. YOU'RE HIS NOW, RIGHT?

WELL, THAT'S IT, THEN. GOODBYE, RINCEWIND. I'LL SEND YOU A POSTCARD WHEN I GET HOME!

BUT...

GO AWAY. I'M GIVING YOU TO YOURSELF.

I SAID I DON'T WANT YOU!

OH, ALL RIGHT, THEN. COME ON.



The End



# THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

Six months ago, Rincewind was a perfectly ordinary failed wizard. Then he met Twoflower, the Discworld's first tourist, was employed at an outrageous salary as his guide, and has since spent most of his time being shot at, terrorized, chased and hanging from high places with no hope of salvation or, as is now the case, plunging from high places.

A lot more could be said about why these two are dropping out of the world, and why Twoflower's Luggage, last seen desperately trying to follow him on hundreds of little legs, is no ordinary suitcase, but such questions take time and could be more trouble than they're worth. For example, it is said that someone once asked the famous philosopher Ly Tin Weedle "Why are you here?" and the reply took three years.

What is far more important is an event happening way overhead, far above A'Tuin, the elephants and the rapidly-expiring wizard. The very fabric of time and space is about to be put through the wringer.

*Now read on...*

Terry Pratchett is the world's bestselling writer of comic fantasy. *THE LIGHT FANTASTIC* is the second fully-illustrated version of an original *DISCWORLD* novel. The first, *THE COLOUR OF MAGIC*, is also available in Corgi paperback.



Cover illustration by Steven Ross.

Illustrated by STEVEN ROSS & JOE BENNET Adapted by SCOTT ROCKWELL  
Lettered by MICHELLE BECK & VICKIE WILLIAMS Edited by DAVID CAMPITI

£7.99

ISBN 0-552-14159-3



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