



**WELCOME TO
THE DISCWORLD
WHERE THE GODS ARE NOT SO
MUCH WORSHIPPED AS BLAMED!**

Imagine a flat world, sitting on the backs of four elephants, who hurtle through space on the back of a giant turtle. That's the setting for Terry Pratchett's phenomenally successful DISCWORLD series.

Follow the bizarre misadventures of Rincewind, the wizard, and Twoflower, the Discworld's first tourist. Twoflower owns 'the luggage', surely the strangest piece of baggage ever, a chest with hundreds of tiny legs that let it move on its own, magic qualities that let it eat anyone it doesn't like, yet when it's opened all you'll find is Twoflower's clean underwear!

Terry Pratchett is the world's bestselling writer of comic fantasy. This is the first ever fully-illustrated version of the original DISCWORLD novel.

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Lettered by VICKIE WILLIAMS Edited by DAVID CAMPITI

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TERRY PRATCHETT'S THE COLOUR OF MAGIC



THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Illustrated by STEVEN ROSS Adapted by SCOTT ROCKWELL
Lettered by VICKIE WILLIAMS Edited by DAVID CAMPITI

THE COLOUR OF MAGIC
A CORGI BOOK 0 552 13945 9

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PROLOGUE

IN A DISTANT AND *SECOND-HAND* SET OF DIMENSIONS...

IN AN ASTRAL PLANE THAT WAS
NEVER MEANT TO FLY...

SEE...

...*GREAT A 'TUIN* THE TURTLE COMES,
SWIMMING THROUGH THE INTERSTELLAR GULF.

THROUGH SEA-SIZED EYES,
HE STARES FIXEPLY AT THE
DESTINATION.

IN A BRAIN BIGGER THAN A CITY,
HE THINKS ONLY OF THE *WEIGHT.*

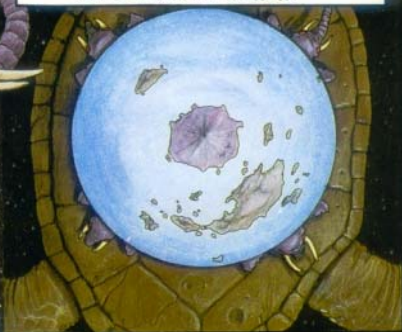


MOST OF THE WEIGHT IS, OF COURSE, ACCOUNTED FOR BY BERILIA, TUBUL, GREAT T'PHON, AND JERAKEEN, ON WHOSE STAR-TANNED SHOULDERS THE DISC OF THE WORLD RESTS.



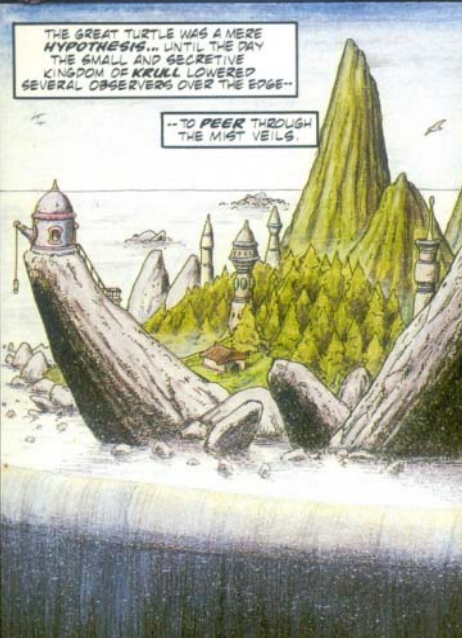
ASTROPSYCHOLOGY HAS BEEN, AS YET, UNABLE TO ESTABLISH WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT.

THE DISC IS SHELDED BY THE LONG WATERFALL AT ITS WEST CIRCUMFERENCE AND DOOMED BY THE BABY BLUE WALL OF HEAVEN.



THE GREAT TURTLE WAS A MERE HYPOTHESIS... UNTIL THE DAY THE SMALL AND SECRETIVE KINGDOM OF KIKULL LOWERED SEVERAL OBSERVERS OVER THE EDGE--

--TO PEER THROUGH THE MIST VEILS.

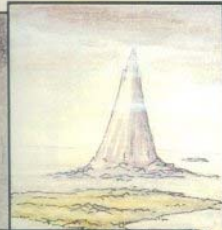


THE EARLY ASTROZOOLOGISTS WERE ABLE TO BRING BACK MUCH INFORMATION ABOUT THE SHAPE AND NATURE OF A TWIN AND THE ELEPHANTS--

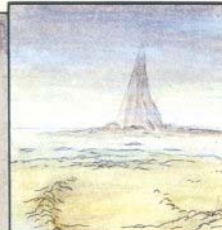
--BUT THIS DID NOT RESOLVE THE FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS ABOUT THE NATURE AND PURPOSE OF THE UNIVERSE--



...FOR EXAMPLE, WHAT WAS A TWIN'S ACTUAL SEX?



THE HUB OF THE DISCWORLD IS NEVER CLOSELY WARMED BY THE WEAK SUN AND THE LANDS THERE ARE LOCKED IN PERMAFROST.



THE RIM, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS A REGION OF SUNNY ISLANDS AND BALMY DAYS.



THERE ARE EIGHT DAYS IN A DISC WEEK AND EIGHT COLOURS IN ITS LIGHT SPECTRUM. EIGHT IS A NUMBER OF SOME CONSIDERABLE OCCULT SIGNIFICANCE ON THE DISC.

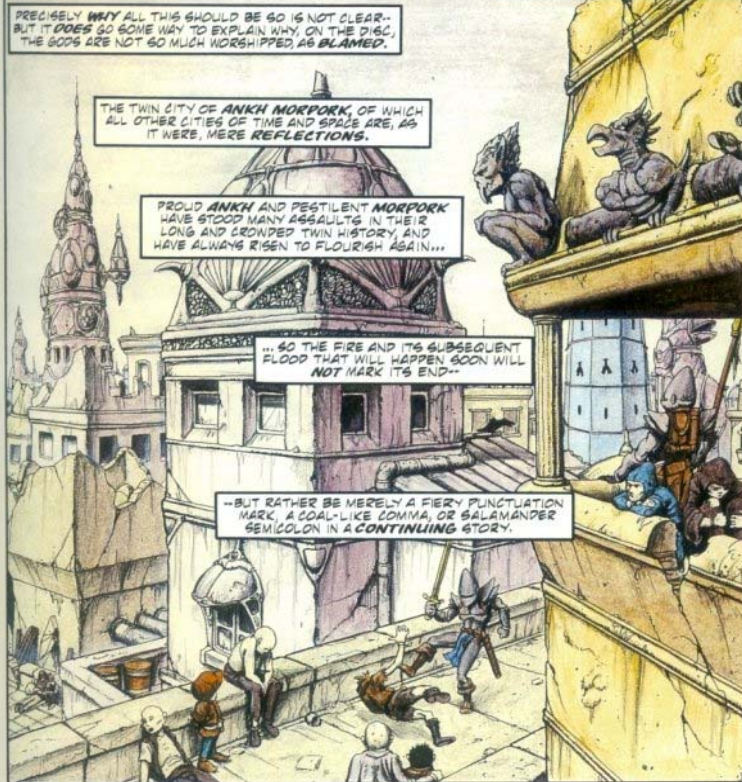
PRECISELY WHY ALL THIS SHOULD BE SO IS NOT CLEAR-- BUT IT DOES GO SOME WAY TO EXPLAIN WHY, ON THE DISC, THE GODS ARE NOT SO MUCH WORSHIPPED, AS BLAMED.

THE TWIN CITY OF ANKH MOPKOPK, OF WHICH ALL OTHER CITIES OF TIME AND SPACE ARE, AS IT WERE, MERE REFLECTIONS.

PROUD ANKH AND PESTILENT MOPKOPK HAVE STOOD MANY ASSAULTS IN THEIR LONG AND ROUND-TWIN HISTORY AND HAVE ALWAYS RISEN TO FLOURISH AGAIN...

...SO THE FIRE AND ITS SUBSEQUENT FLOOD THAT WILL HAPPEN SOON WILL NOT MARK ITS END--

--BUT RATHER BE MERELY A FIERY PUNCTUATION MARK, A COAL-LIKE COMMA, OR SALAMANDER SEMICOLON IN A CONTINUING STORY.



SEVERAL DAYS PRIOR TO THE FIRE, A SHIP
CAME UP THE RIVER ANKN AND FETCHED
UP ON THE MCRPORK SHORE.

IT CARRIED A CARGO OF PINK PEARLS,
MILK-NUTS, SOME OFFICIAL LETTERS
FOR THE PATRICIAN OF ANKN--

--AND A MAN.

CRIPPLE WAG!
GOLD!

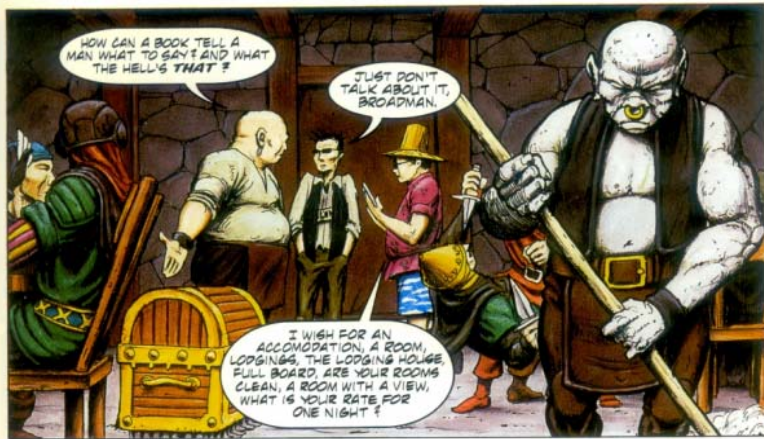
ZZZZZ *
HUH-?

YMOR!

ADAPTED BY: SCOTT ROCKWELL
PAINTED BY: STEVEN ROSS
LETTERED BY: VICKIE WILLIAMS
EDITED BY: DAVID CAMPITI







HOW CAN A BOOK TELL A MAN WHAT TO SAY? AND WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?

JUST DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, BROADMAN.

I WISH FOR AN ACCOMMODATION, A ROOM, LODGING, THE LODGING HOUSE FULL BOARD, ARE YOUR ROOMS CLEAN, A ROOM WITH A VIEW, WHAT IS YOUR RATE FOR ONE NIGHT?

ALL EYES IN THE BROKEN DRUM AT THAT MOMENT WATCHED THE STRANGER.

--EXCEPT FOR A PAIR BELONGING TO RINCEWIND, THE WIZARD.

SOME MIGHT HAVE TAKEN HIM FOR A MERE APPRENTICE ENCHANTER WHO HAD RUN AWAY FROM HIS MASTER OUT OF DEFIANCE, BOREDOM, AND A LINGERING TASTE FOR HETEROSEXUALITY.



YET HE WEARS THE BRONZE COYARD OF THE UNISEN UNIVERSITY, THE HIGH SCHOOL OF MAGIC ON THE DISC.

AN ARCHMAGE, BY DINT OF GREAT EFFORT, MIGHT SOMEDAY OBTAIN A SMALL STAFF MADE FROM THE TIMBER OF A SAPIENT PEARTREE.

A VEIN BEGAN TO THROB IN HIS FOREHEAD.

RINCEWIND WAS STAREING AT THE LUGGAGE.

IT GREW ONLY ON THE SITES OF ANCIENT MAGIC.

RINCEWIND TRIED TO CALCULATE ITS VALUE.



SAPIENT PEARTWOOD!



MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE? I HAVE AN INNATE GIFT FOR LANGUAGES.

SHOVE OFF, RINCEWIND.

FOOOOOO. CUTLET, HASH STEW, RAGOUT, FRICASEE, BORBE, SOUFFLE, SAUSAGE, NOT TO HAVE A SAUSAGE, JELLY, JAM...



I ONLY THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO ADDRESS THIS GENTLEMAN IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

RINCEWIND TRIED A FEW WORDS OF CHIMERAN.

HE SWITCHED TO HIGH BORORAVIAN.

EVEN BLACK OROOGU, A LANGUAGE WITH NO NOUNS AND ONLY ONE ADJECTIVE, WHICH IS OBSCENE.



△ ⊙ ∩ ∩ ∩

VANGLEMESHT...

IN DESPERATION, HE TRIED HEATHEN TROB.



[AT LAST! MY GOOD GIR! THIS IS REMARKABLE!]

* OR, IN TROB, A THING WHICH MAY HAPPEN BUT ONCE IN THE USABLE LIFETIME OF A CHANGE FOLLOWED DILIGENTLY BY AXE AND FIRE FROM THE TALLEST TREE ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT AWAYAYAY, HOME OF THE FIREBODS OR SO IT IS SAID. *



MEANWHILE, THREE STREETS AWAY...

WELL, IS IT GENUINE?

IT DEPENDS ON HOW YOU DEFINE THE TERM. IF YOU MEAN, IS THIS THE SAME AS, SAY, A FIFTY DOLLAR PIECE, THEN THE ANSWER IS NO.



I KNEW IT!

WAIT, PERHAPS I'M NOT MAKING MYSELF CLEAR



YOU SEE, WHAT WITH ONE THING AND ANOTHER, OUR COINAGE HAS BEEN SOMEWHAT WATERED OVER THE YEARS.

THE GOLD CONTENT OF THE AVERAGE COIN IS BARELY FOUR PARTS IN TWELVE.



WHAT OF IT?

I SAID THIS COIN ISN'T LIKE OURS.

IT'S PURE GOLD.



[...SO I DECIDED TO SEE FOR MYSELF, AND HERE I AM! ANKH-MORPORK?]

[I JUST COULDN'T STAND SITTING AT A DESK ALL DAY. TWOFLOWER, I THOUGHT, IT'S NOW OR NEVER, SO I COMPILED A PIRAGE BOOK AND BOUGHT A PASSAGE TO THE BROWN ISLANDS.]

[UM, IS EVERYONE IN THE ABATEAN EMPIRE AS RICH AS YOU?]



[WAS I RICH? I AM BUT A POOR CLERK! I HATE TO SAY BUT WHATEVER GAVE YOU THE IDEA THAT I WAS RICH?]

[YOU HAVE...UH...GOLD.]



[BARELY TWO THOUSAND RHINI, HARDLY ENOUGH TO KEEP A MAN ALIVE FOR A MONTH OR TWO AT HOME.]

[CAN AN IDEA OCCUR TO ME, RINGEWIND WOULD YOU CONSENT TO BE EMPLOYED AS A, I DON'T KNOW... SLIPE? I THINK I COULD AFFORD TO PAY A RHINI A DAY... OR ONE AND ONE-HALF RHINI?]



CAN I SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM, GIRL?



RINGEWIND WAS TO CALL BACK AT NOON TO SHOW TWOFLOWER AROUND THE CITY.



TWOFLOWER HAD INSISTED ON PAYING HIS FIRST FOUR DAYS WAGES IN ADVANCE.



AS A STUDENT, RINGEWIND HAD NEVER RECEIVED HIGH MARKS IN PRE COGNITION, BUT NOW, UNLUGGED CIRCUITS IN HIS BRAIN WERE THROBING OUT THE FUTURE.

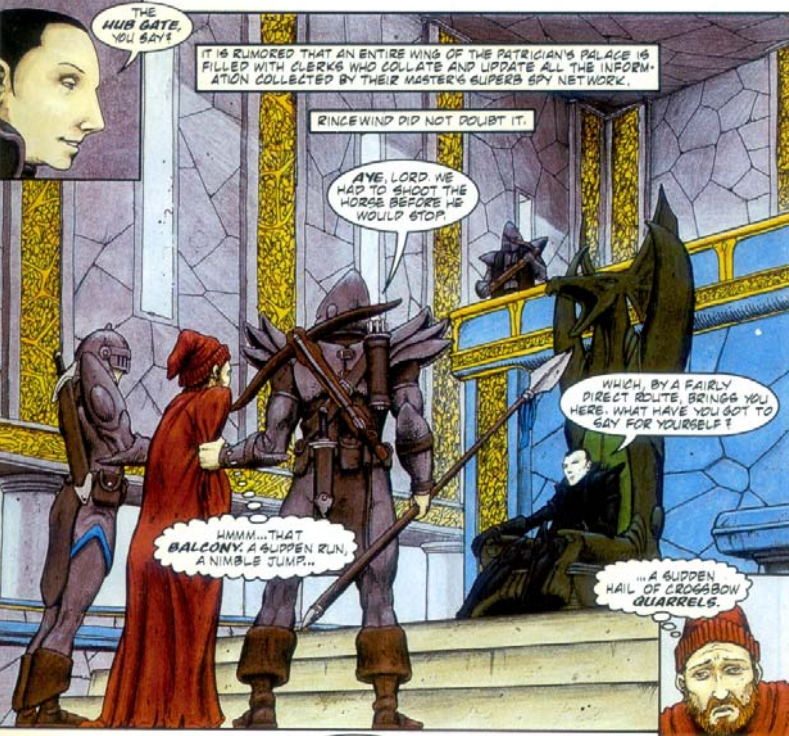
THE SENSIBLE THING TO DO WOULD BE TO BUY A HORSE.

BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO TWOFLOWER, ALONE IN A CITY WHERE EVEN THE COCKROACHES HAVE AN UNERRING INSTINCT FOR GOLD?

A MAN WOULD HAVE TO BE A REAL NEEL TO LEAVE HIM.



THE SPACE BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES BEGAN TO ITCH.



THE
HUB GATE
YOU SAY?

IT IS RUMORED THAT AN ENTIRE WING OF THE PATRICIAN'S PALACE IS FILLED WITH CLERKS WHO COLLATE AND UPDATE ALL THE INFORMATION COLLECTED BY THEIR MASTER'S SUPERS SPY NETWORK.

RINCEWIND DID NOT DOUBT IT.

AYE, LORD. WE HAD TO SHOOT THE HORSE BEFORE HE WOULD STOP.

WHICH, BY A FAIRLY DIRECT ROUTE, BRINGS YOU HERE. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

HMMM... THAT BALCONY, A SUDDEN RUN, A NIMBLE JUMP...

... A SUDDEN HAIL OF CROSSBOW QUARRELS.



OATHBREAKING, HORSE THEFT, UTTERING FALSE COINAGE... YES, I THINK IT'S THE ARENA FOR YOU, RINCEWIND.



I DIDN'T STEAL THE HORSE! THOSE RHINLU ARE PURE GOLD!

THOSE GOLDEN COINS-- RHINLU DID YOU SAY?-- ARE NOT VERY SIMILAR TO OUR DOLLARS, FALSE COINAGE, TECHNICAL THEFT.

AND, OF COURSE, THE COWARDLY BETRAYAL OF A VISITOR TO THIS SHORE FOR SHAME, RINCEWIND!



PLEASE, STEP AWAY FROM THE PRISONER.

IT IS SAID THAT WHEN A WIZARD IS ABOUT TO DIE, DEATH HIMSELF TURNS UP TO CLAIM HIM.

OCTARINE IS THE BASIC COLOR, OF WHICH ALL THE OTHERS ARE MERELY SHADOWS... A SORT OF FLOURISCENT GREENISH-YELLOW PURPLE.

OF COURSE I COULD BE MERCIFUL.

THE SHADOW DISAPPEARED.

EVEN FAILED WIZARDS LIKE RINCEWIND CAN SEE INTO THE FAR OCTARINE END OF THE SPECTRUM.

WAS THAT A FLICKERING SHADOW IN THE CORNER?

YES!



NOW, LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY TO WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SAY. OTHERWISE, YOU WILL DIE. IN AN INTERESTING FASHION, OVER A PERIOD. PLEASE STOP FIDGETING.

SINCE YOU ARE A WIZARD OF SORTS, YOU WILL KNOW THAT THERE IS SAID TO EXIST TOWARDS THE FAR RIM OF THE DMSC...

YES!

"...A CONTINENT WHICH, THOUGH SMALL, IS OF AN EQUAL WEIGHT TO ALL THE MIGHTY LAND MASSES OF OUR HEMI-CIRCLE?"



"AND THAT THIS, ACCORDING TO ANCIENT LEGEND, IS BECAUSE IT IS MADE LARGELY OF GOLD?"



WHO HASN'T HEARD OF THE COUNTERWEIGHT CONTINENT? SOME SAILORS HAVE EVEN BELIEVED THE CHILDHOOD TALES AND SAILED IN SEARCH OF IT.



IT DOES, OF COURSE, EXIST. IT IS NOT MADE OF GOLD, BUT GOLD IS VERY COMMON THERE. MOST OF THE MASS IS MADE UP OF VAST OXIDIRON DEPOSITS DEEP WITHIN THE CRUST.



ONE SUCH LETTER ARRIVED THIS MORNING. A SUBJECT OF THE EMPEROR HAS TAKEN IT IN HIS HEAD TO VISIT OUR CITY.



ONLY A MADMAN WOULD UNDERGO THE PRIVATIONS OF CROSSING THE TURNWISE OCEAN IN ORDER MERELY TO LOOK AT ANYTHING, HOWEVER.



HE LANDED THIS MORNING. HE MIGHT HAVE MET A GREAT HERO, OR SOME WISE SAGE. HE MET YOU.

YOU WILL SEE THAT HE RETURNS HOME WITH A GOOD REPORT OF OUR LITTLE HOMETOWN. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?



ER... THANK YOU, LORD.



"I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU, RINGWIND, THAT THERE IS SOME VERY SLIGHT CONTACT BETWEEN THE LORDS OF THE CIRCLE SEA AND THE EMPEROR OF THE AGATEAN EMPIRE.

"THERE IS LITTLE COMMON GROUND BETWEEN US. WE HAVE NOTHING THEY WANT, AND THEY HAVE NOTHING WE CAN AFFORD.



"SO WE EXCHANGE FRATERNAL GREETINGS BY ALBATROSS MAIL.

"AT INFREQUENT INTERVALS."

IT WOULD BE A TRAGEDY SHOULD ANYTHING UNFORTHWARD HAPPEN TO OUR VISITOR. THE AGATEAN EMPEROR LOOKS AFTER HIS OWN AND COULD EXTINGUISH US WITH A NOD.



...IN THE HOPE THAT THE AVENGING CAPTAIN'S ANGER MIGHT BE TEMPERED BY THE SIGHT OF YOUR STILL LIVING BODY, BE IT EVER SO ABUSED AND...

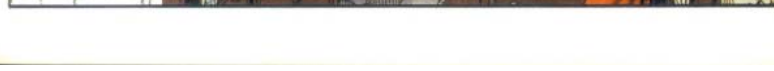
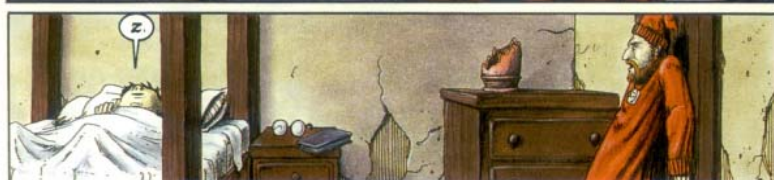
BUT I SEE YOU UNDERSTAND.

YES, LORD. I'LL ER... LOOK AFTER HIM AND SEE HE COMES TO NO HARM.



BUT IN THE WEEKS BEFORE THE AGATEAN FLEET ARRIVED, MY SERVANTS WOULD OCCUPY THEMSELVES ABOUT YOUR PERSON...

AND THEN I'LL GET A JOB JUGGLING SNOWBALLS IN HELL.





IN THE LONG AFTERNOON, RINGEWIND AND TWOFLOWER TOURED THE CITY TURNWISE OF THE RIVER.

AT THE TEMPLE OF SEVEN HANDED SEK, THE PRIESTS AND RITUAL HEART-TRANSPLANT ARTISANS AGREED THAT SEK WAS FAR TOO HOLY TO BE MADE INTO A MAGIC PICTURE.

A PAYMENT OF TWO KHINLU LEFT THEM ASTOUNDLY AGREEING THAT PERHAPS HE WASN'T THAT HOLY AFTER ALL.



AS THE FLAMES CLEARED FROM HIS BRAIN, RINGEWIND BEGAN TO SPECULATE SERIOUSLY AS TO HOW THE "ICONOGRAPH" WORKED.

HE SOON TOOK EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO OPERATE THE BOX.



A PROLONGED SESSION AT THE WHORE PIT'S PRODUCED A NUMBER OF COLORFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE PICTURES--

--SEVERAL OF WHICH RINGEWIND CONCEALED ABOUT HIS PERSON FOR DETAILED PERUSAL IN PRIVATE.



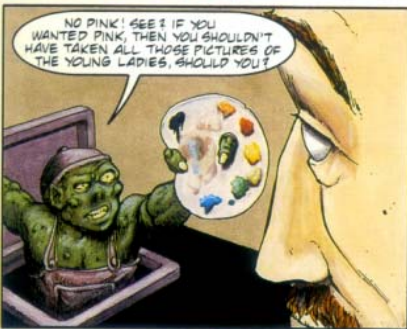
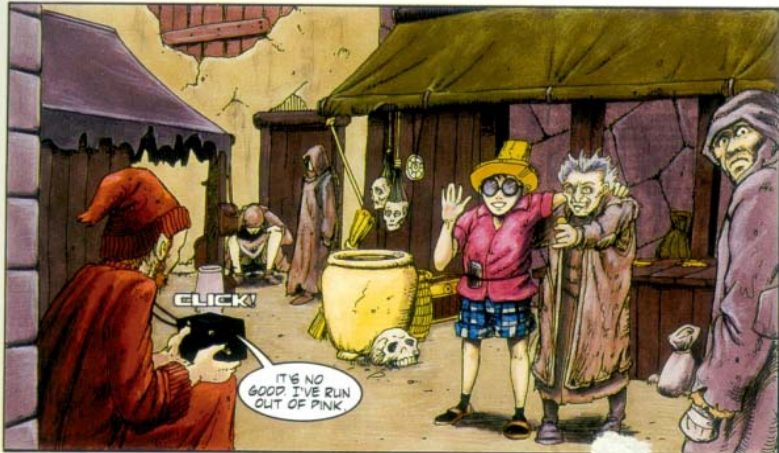
EVEN A FAILED WIZARD KNEW THAT SOME SUBSTANCES WERE SENSITIVE TO LIGHT. PERHAPS THE SQUARE BITS OF PAPER WERE TREATED BY SOME ARLAINE PROCESS THAT FROZE THE LIGHT THAT PASSED THROUGH THEM.

HE NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE STRANGE-- POSSESSION OF THE BOX CONFERRED A KIND OF POWER ON THE WIELDER--

--ANYONE, CONFRONTED WITH THE HYPNOTIC GLASS EYE, WOULD SUBMISSIVELY OBEY THE MOST PERENTORY ORDERS ABOUT STANCE AND EXPRESSION.

IT WAS WHILE HE WAS THIS ENGAGED IN THE PLAZA OF THE BROKEN MOON THAT DISASTER STRUCK.





IT IS PERHAPS UNTRUE TO SAY THAT RICEWIND HAD LEARNED THE SPELL. IT HAD LEARNED HIM.

THE EPISODE HAD LED TO HIS EXPULSION FROM THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY, BECAUSE, FOR A BET-

--HE HAD DARED TO OPEN THE LAST REMAINING COPY OF THE CREATOR'S OWN GRIMOIRE, THE OCTAVO.

THE SPELL HAD LEAPT OUT OF THE PAGE AND BURROWED DEEPLY INTO RICEWIND'S MIND--

--FROM WHENCE THE COMBINED TALENTS OF THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE HAD BEEN UNABLE TO COAX IT.

PRECISELY WHICH OF THE SPELLS IT WAS, THEY WERE UNABLE TO ASCERTAIN, EXCEPT THAT IT WAS ONE OF THE EIGHT BASIC SPELLS.

THE BASIC SPELLS THAT WERE INTRICATELY INTERWOVEN INTO THE FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE ITSELF.

SINCE THEN, IT HAD BEEN SHOWING A WORRYING TENDENCY WHEN RICEWIND WAS ESPECIALLY RUNDOWN OR THREATENED--

--TO GET ITSELF SAD.

S

CRASH-CREEEEECH

THE SPELL DIED, UNSAID.

IT WON'T STOP UNTIL YOU GIVE IN, YOU KNOW. YOU'RE A WIZARD. YOU'LL THINK OF SOME WAY TO FIND HIM.

SHOO
LOOK, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN. I DIDN'T KIDNAP HIM!

--NO SPELLS ARE MUCH GOOD. IT TAKES THREE MONTHS TO COMMIT EVEN A SIMPLE SPELL TO MEMORY, THEN ONCE YOU'VE LERD IT, POOF! IT'S GONE.

WHEN TWOFLOWER SAID THEY HAD A BETTER KIND OF MAGIC CALLED REFLECTED-SOUND-OF-UNDERGROUND SPIRITS, I THOUGHT...

NOT MUCH OF A WIZARD. I ONLY KNOW ONE SPELL. AND FRANKLY--

...I THOUGHT HE MEANT A BETTER WAY OF DOING THINGS-- SOMETHING WITH A BIT OF GENIE IN IT, HARNESSING THE LIGHTNING, I SUPPOSE.

EVEN IF YOU COULD GET A HARNES ON IT, HOW COULD YOU GET IT TO PULL A CART? IT'D PROBABLY BURN THROUGH THE HARNES, ANYWAY.

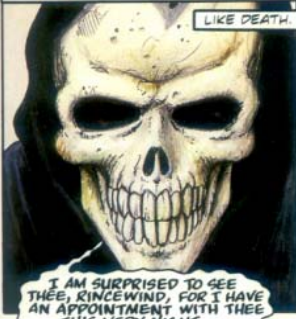
CREEEAAAAYN

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M THINKING!



IT HAS BEEN REMARKED BEFORE THAT THOSE WHO ARE SENSITIVE TO OCTARINE-- THE PIGMENT OF THE IMAGINATION-- CAN SEE THINGS THAT OTHERS CANNOT.

LIKE DEATH.



MEANWHILE, IN THE BASEMENT OF THE BROKEN DRUM...





THE TIMBERS OF THE WINDERSHINS GATE WERE ALREADY ON FIRE WHEN ZINCWIND REACHED THEM. MOUNTS HADN'T BEEN HARD TO FIND--

--A WILY MERCHANT HAD ASKED FIFTY TIMES THEIR WORTH, AND BEEN LEFT GAPING WHEN ONE THOUSAND TIMES THEIR WORTH HAD BEEN PRESSED INTO HIS HANDS.

ANKH-MORPORK WAS ALREADY A CAULDRON OF FLAME.



OOO OOOO...

BLOODY HELL, HE'S ALIVE!

ME, TOO, WHO'D'VE THOUGHT IT? PERHAPS THERE IS SOMETHING IN THIS REFLECTED-SOUND-OF-UNDERGROUND-SPIRITS...

THAT'S TOO CLUMBERSOME A PHRASE. WHAT'S THE WORD IN HIS LANGUAGE?

ECROLIX? ECHO-GNOTHICS?

ECHO-GNOMICS?

THAT'LL DO THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.

HERE'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO.

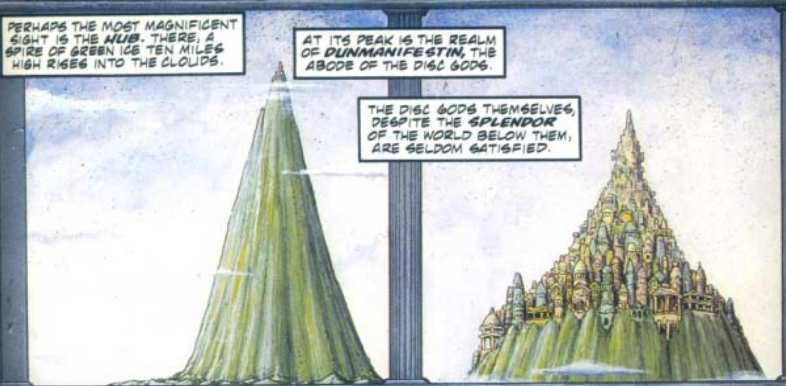
NEXT: THE GODS ROLL DICE! OUR HEROES MEET WRUN, THE BARBARIAN! EVEN WORSE: THEY MEET BEL-SHAMROTH, THE RENDER OF SOULS! IT'S ALL IN "THE SENDING OF EIGHT."

THE DISCWORLD OFFERS SIGHTS FAR MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN THOSE FOUND IN UNIVERSES BUILT BY CREATORS WITH LESS IMAGINATION BUT MORE MECHANICAL APTITUDE.

PERHAPS THE MOST MAGNIFICENT SIGHT IS THE MUIB. THERE, A SPIRE OF GREEN ICE TEN MILES HIGH RISES INTO THE CLOUDS.

AT ITS PEAK IS THE REALM OF DUNMANIFESTIN, THE ABODE OF THE DISC GODS.

THE DISC GODS THEMSELVES, DESPITE THE SPLENDOR OF THE WORLD BELOW THEM, ARE SELDOM SATISFIED.



IT IS EMBARRASSING TO KNOW THAT ONE IS A GOD OF A WORLD THAT ONLY EXISTS BECAUSE EVERY PROBABILITY CURVE MUST HAVE ITS FAR END.

NO WONDER THE DISC GODS SPEND MORE TIME IN BICKERING THAN IN OMNICOGNIZANCE.



PROLOGUE

THERE WAS AN AIR OF CONCENTRATION AROUND THE BOARD NOW THAT THE LESSER PLAYERS HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM THE GAME.



CHANGE HAD BEEN AN EARLY CASUALTY, AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, NIGHT HAD CASHED IN HIS CHIPS, PLEADING AN APPOINTMENT WITH DESTINY.

BLIND 10 TOOK UP THE DICE BOX.

WELL WEALLY!



RATTLE RATTLE RATTLE



SIDE BETS WERE MADE THAT THE LADY WOULD BE THE NEXT TO LEAVE.



A WENEGADE WIFFARD AND FOME FORT OF CLERK.

OFFERER THE CROCODILE GOD'S ACCENT WAS HINDERED, AS USUAL, BY HIS TUSKS.

COME ON, PLAY FAIR.



PICTURESQUE

THAT WAS A NEW WORD TO RINGWIND THE WIZARD (A MGC, UNSEEN UNIVERSITY (FAILED)). ONE OF A NUMBER HE HAD PICKED UP SINCE LEAVING THE CHARRED RUINS OF ANKH-MORPORK.

QUAINT WAS ANOTHER

"PICTURESQUE" MEANT--

--HE DECIDED AFTER CAREFUL OBSERVATION OF THE SCENERY THAT INSPIRED **TWOFLOWER** TO USE THE WORD--

--HORRIBLY PRECIPITOUS.

"QUAINT" WHEN USED TO DESCRIBE THE VILLAGES THROUGH WHICH THEY PASSED MEANT FEVER-RIPPEN AND TUMBLEDOWN.

TWOFLOWER WAS A **TOURIST**, THE FIRST EVER SEEN ON THE DISCWORLD. "TOURIST" RINGWIND DECIDED, MEANT...

IDIOT!

THE SENDING OF EIGHT

ADAPTED BY: SCOTT ROCKWELL
PAINTED BY: STEVEN ROSS
LETTERED BY: VICKIE WILLIAMS
EDITED BY: DAVID CAMPITI

HE'S OBVIOUSLY **INSANE**. 'COURSE, HE'S ALSO GENEROUS AND LESS LETHAL THAN HALF THE PEOPLE I MIXED WITH IN THE CITY. I RATHER LIKE HIM.

DISLIKING HIM WOULD BE LIKE KICKING A PUPPY.

IT ALL SEEMS WELL, BUT RATHER **USELESS** TO ME...

WHA? WHA--!?

MAGIC.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT A WIZARD JUST SAID THE **MAGIC WORDS** AND THAT WAS THAT.

NOT ALL THIS TEDIOUS **MEMORISING**.

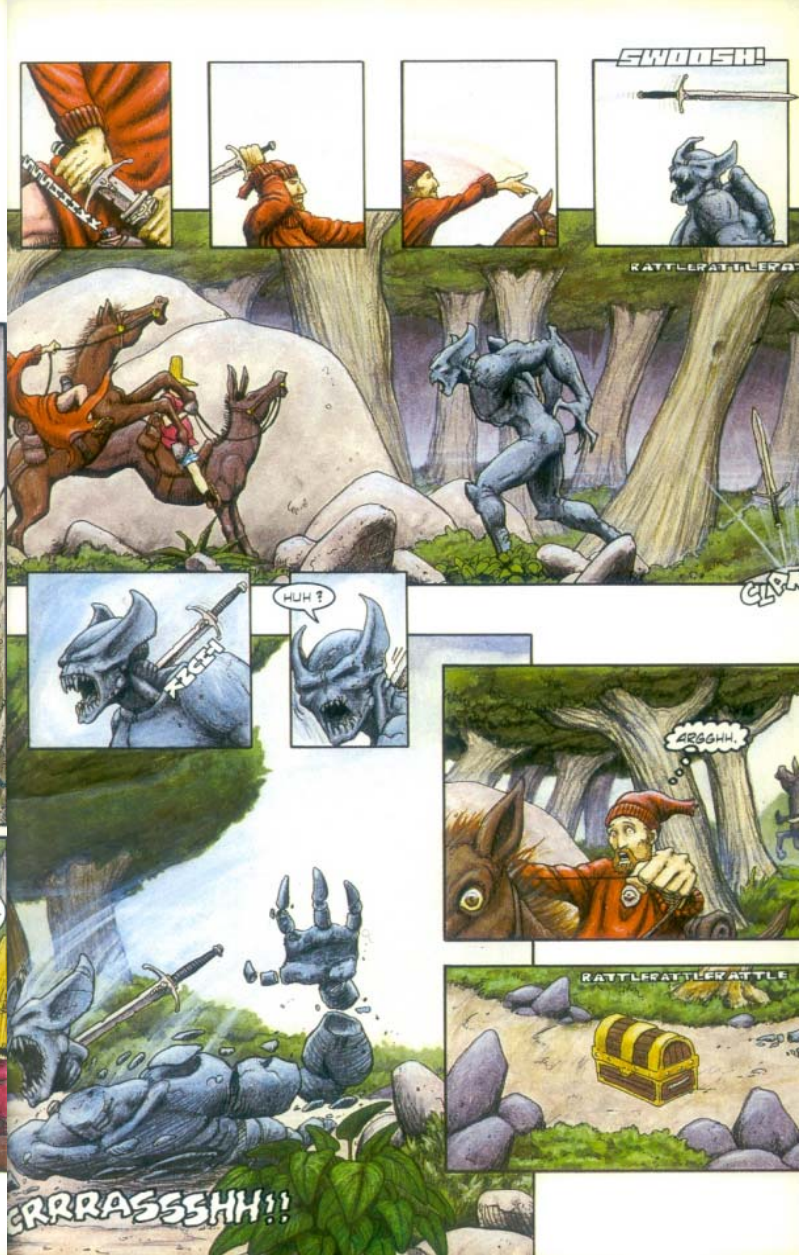
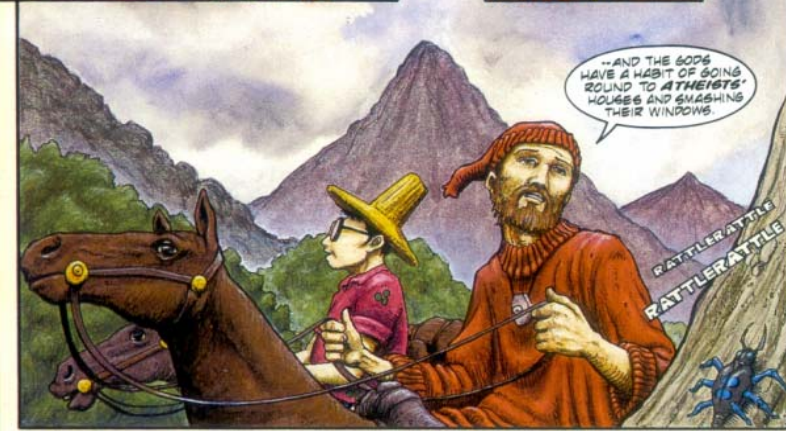
WELL, MAGIC ISN'T **WILD** LIKE IT WAS IN THE TIME OF THE OLDEN ONES. IT'S BEEN TAMED.

IT HAS TO OBEY THE **LAW OF CONSERVATION OF REALITY**.

SOME OF THE ANCIENT **MAGIC** CAN STILL BE FOUND IN ITS **RAW STATE**--

--YOU CAN RECOGNIZE IT BY THE SHAPE IT MAKES IN THE **CRYSTALLINE STRUCTURE** OF SPACE-TIME. IT HAS TWICE AS MANY SIDES AS A SQUARE.

IT'S ALL RATHER **DEPRESSING**.



SOMETIME LATER...



RINCEWIND?

ALL RIGHT, TWOFLOWER TRY TO THINK. FIRSTLY I'M LOST. THAT'S VEKING. MY LUGGAGE IS MISSING. THAT'S ANNOYING.

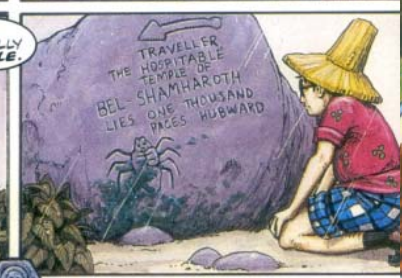


IT'S ALSO STARTING TO RAIN... PERHAPS IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA NOT TO HANG ABOUT IN THE OPEN.



WHAT SORT OF ACCOMMODATIONS DO FORESTS OFFER? PERHAPS A GINGERBREAD HOUSE?

MY, THIS STONE IS REALLY UNCOMFORTABLE.



TRAVELLER THE HOOP TABLE TEMPLE OF BEL SHAMHAROTH LIES ONE THOUSAND PAGES HUBWARD



THIS BEL-SHAMHAROTH SEEMS PREPARED TO GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO HELP STRANDED TRAVELLERS.

...AND ANYWAY, THOSE SLEEPING WOLVES I DISTURBED EARLIER MIGHT BE ALONG ANY TIME.



MEANWHILE, ABOUT THREE MILES AWAY...



WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING FOR?



I CAN.



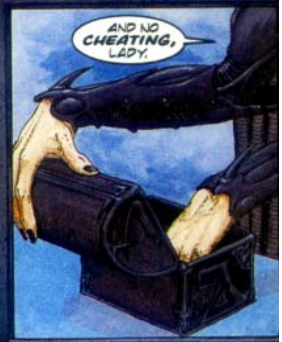
I CAN'T HELP IT. NOW WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO LET GO? I CAN'T HANG AROUND ALL DAY.




IT WON'T HURT.

WON'T HURT?! BEING TORN APART BY WOLVES WON'T HURT?







YOU KNOW, I
THOUGHT I KNEW WHAT WAS
INSIDE TREES, WOOD GAP,
POSSIBLY SQUIRRELS...



NOT A
PALACE.



WISH I'D PAID MORE ATTENTION
IN ANTHROPOLOGY LECTURES AT
THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY...

YOU HAD TO CLIMB MY
TREE, AND I REGRETTED YOU
HOW LUCKY FOR YOU! AND
YOUR FRIEND WITH THE
MAGIC BOX?



OH, HIM...
YEAH, I HOPE
HE'S OKAY.

HE
NEEDS YOUR
HELP.




HE USUALLY DOES.
DID HE MAKE IT TO A
TREE, TOO?




HE MADE IT TO
THE TEMPLE OF BEL
GHANWAROTH.




THE SOUL
EATER!



"THIS NUMBER LYETH
BETWEEN SEVEN AND NINE
IT IS TWICE FOUR." OH NO.
WHERE'S THE TEMPLE?



TOWARDS THE
CENTER OF THE FOREST,
IT IS VERY OLD.



BUT WHO WOULD BE SO
STUPID AS TO WORSHIP BEL--
HIM? I MEAN, DEVILS, YES, BUT
HE'S THE SOUL EATER--

THERE WERE--CERTAIN
ADVANTAGES. THE RACE THAT
USED TO LIVE IN THESE PARTS
HAD STRANGE NOTIONS.



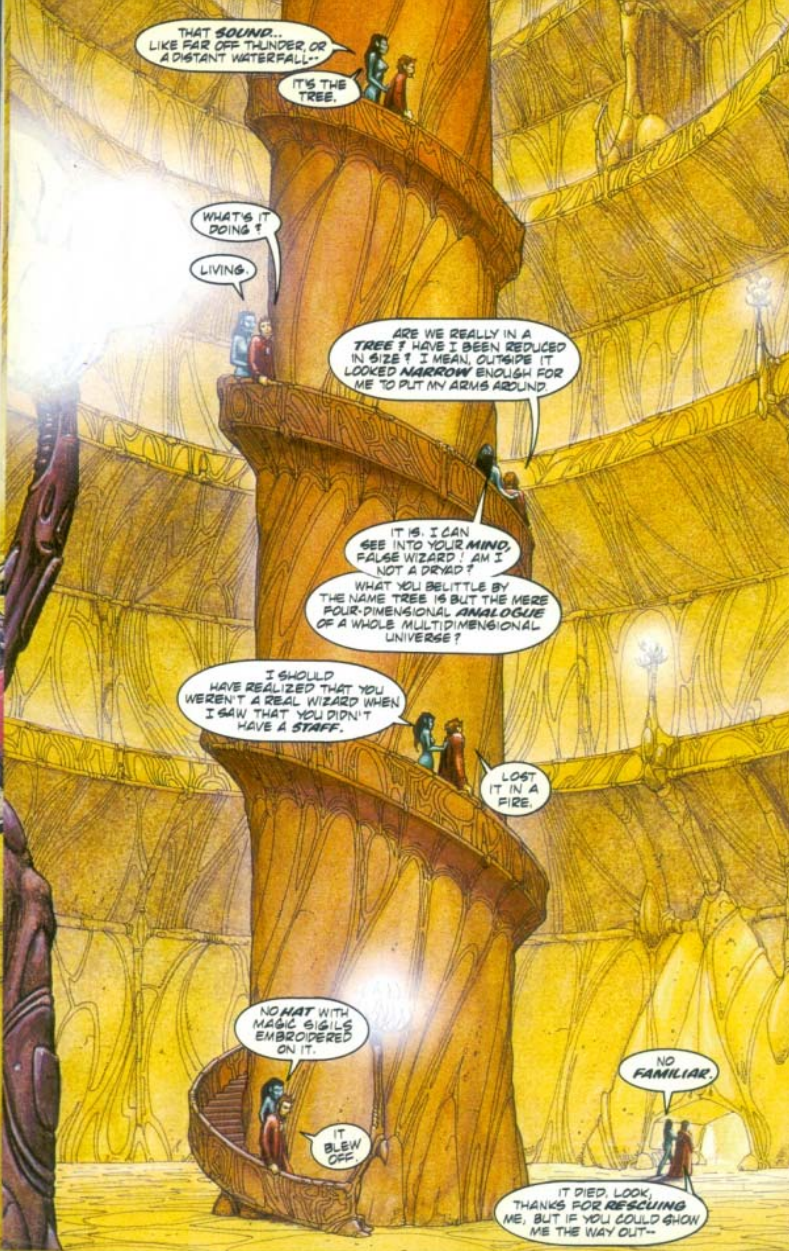
WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THEM?

I DID SAY THEY
USED TO LIVE IN THESE
PARTS. I AM DRUCELLAE. COME
WITH ME AND WATCH YOUR
FRIEND'S FATE. IT SHOULD
BE INTERESTING.



I'M
NOT SURE
THAT--

DO YOU
BELIEVE YOU HAVE
A CHOICE?



RINCEWIND KNEW THAT THE TEMPLE OF BEL-SHAMAROTH WOULD HAVE EIGHT SIDES.

EIGHT WAS ALSO THE NUMBER OF BEL-SHAMAROTH, WHICH IS WHY NO SENSIBLE WIZARD WOULD MENTION IT.

RINCEWIND'S ROOM NUMBER IN HIS RESIDENCE HALL AT THE LINGEEN UNIVERSITY HAD BEEN 7A.

HE HADN'T BEEN SURPRISED.

THE SENDER OF EIGHT HAS TWO FOR DINNER IT SEEMS. WHO DOES THAT STEED BELONG TO, FALSE WIZARD?

NO MATTER WE SHALL SEE SOON ENOUGH.

I'VE NO IDEA.

HELIN THE BARBARIAN.

HE WAS ONE OF THE CIRCLE SEA'S MORE DURABLE HEROES: FIGHTER OF DRAGONS, DESPOILER OF TEMPLES, HIRED SWORD, THE KINGPOST OF EVERY STREET BRAWL.

HE COULD EVEN, UNLIKE MANY HEROES, SPEAK WORDS OF MORE THAN TWO SYLLABLES, IF GIVEN TIME AND A HINT OR TWO.

IN RINCEWIND'S EXPERIENCE, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE NORMAL BALANCE OF THE UNIVERSE RESTORED ITSELF AND STARTED DOING TERRIBLE THINGS TO HIM.

STOP HIM!

THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THAT SHAPE.





HRUN'S SWORD, KRING, WAS FORGED FROM A THUNDERBOLT AND HAS A SOUL, BUT SUFFERS NO SCABBARD.

HRUN HAD STOLEN IT ONLY THREE DAYS BEFORE, AND WAS ALREADY BEGINNING TO REGRET IT.



I TELL YOU IT WENT DOWN THAT PASSAGE ON THE RIGHT.

BE SILENT!

ALL I SAID WAS...

SHUT UP!

HRUN'S EARLIER CONFUSION WAS GONE. THIS WAS OBVIOUSLY A MAGICAL TEMPLE, AND THAT EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.

IT EXPLAINED WHY, EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON, HE HAD ESPIED A CHEST BY THE SIDE OF THE TRACK. ITS TOP WAS INVITINGLY OPEN, DISPLAYING MUCH GOLD.

BUT WHEN HE HAD APPROACHED IT, IT HAD SPROUTED LEGS AND RUN OFF INTO THE FOREST, STOPPING A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.

NOW, AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF TEASING PURSUIT, HE HAD LOST IT IN THESE HELL-LIT TUNNELS.



WHOEVER DID THESE CARVINGS HAD PROBABLY BEEN DRINKING TOO MUCH FOR YEARS.

I DON'T LIKE IT.



WHY NOT?

IT'S WEIRD.

BUT YOU'RE A DEMON. I MEAN, WHAT'S WEIRD TO A DEMON?



OH, YOU KNOW... THINGS. STUFF.

WHAT THINGS?



OH, THINGS. EVIL THINGS.

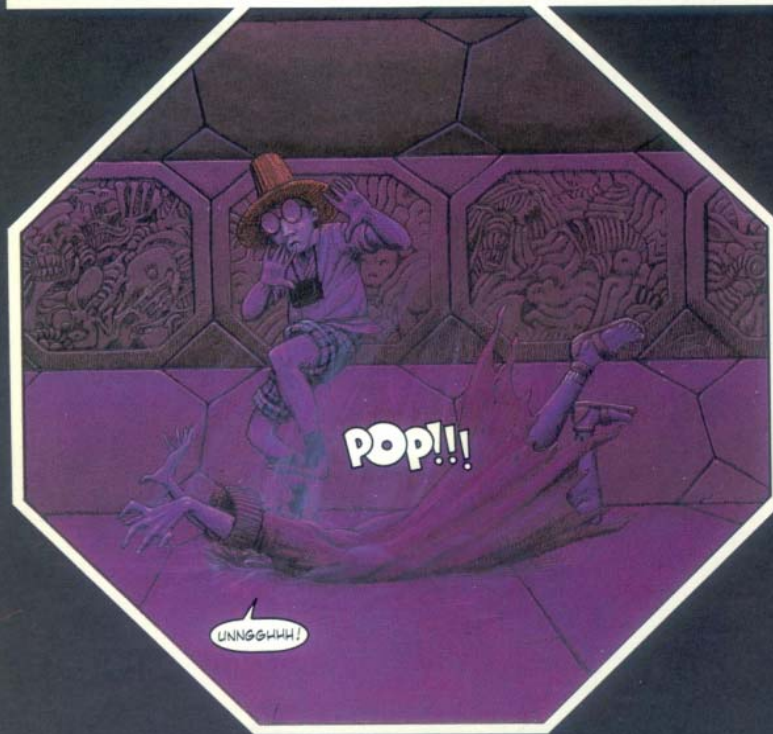
THINGS WE DON'T TALK ABOUT IS THE POINT I'M BROADLY TRYING TO GET ACROSS, MASTER.



I WISH RINGWIND WAS HERE. HE'D KNOW WHAT--



--TO DO... IS SOMEONE PLAYING DICE IN HERE?



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

WE'RE DOOMED. I TELL YOU, THIS PLACE IS A SPIDERWEB. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH WAY WE GO, WE'LL END UP AT THE CENTER.

IT WAS KIND OF YOU TO COME LOOKING FOR ME, ANYWAY. HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT ? IT WAS VERY IMPRESSIVE.



OH, WELL, I JUST THOUGHT, "I CAN'T LEAVE OLD THYFLOWER THERE..."

SO WHAT WE'VE GOT TO DO NOW IS FIND THIS BEL-GHAMWARTH PERSON AND EXPLAIN THINGS TO HIM AND PERHAPS HE'LL LET US OUT.

FIND BEL-GHAMWARTH!

WE DON'T HAVE TO GET INVOLVED.

FIND THE SOUL RENDER AND NOT GET INVOLVED?! JUST GIVE HIM A NOD AND ASK THE WAY TO THE EXIT?

EXPLAIN THINGS TO THE SENDER OF EIGNNNHHH--

YOU'RE INSANE! HEY!

COME BACK!



GREAT. FINE.

IT CAN LEAD US OUT OF HERE.

NOW.

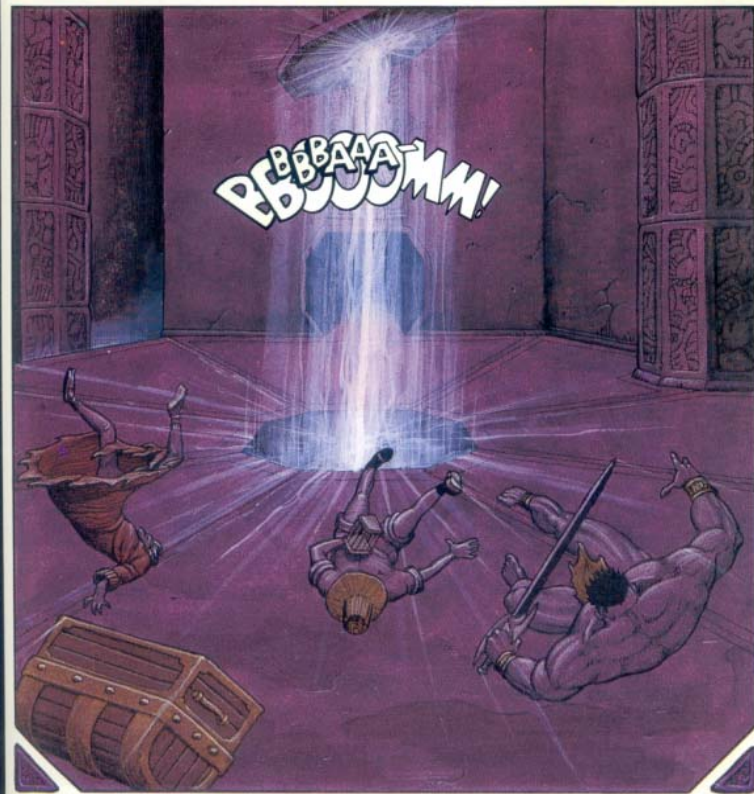
HEY RINGWIND! LOOK WHAT'S HERE!

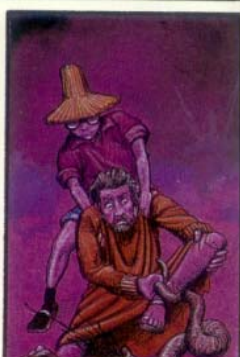
YES, AFTER I'VE TAKEN A FEW PICTURES, JUST LET ME FIT THE ATTACHMENT--

I SAID NOW--

AH AHA HE'LN, HE'NT IT?

THAT. MINE.





IT WON'T WORK HRUN, THE GENDER CAN MATERIALIZE TENTACLES.

I MUST GET A PICTURE OF THIS, IT'S STUPENDOUS!



COME ON, TIME TO GO ZOOM.

RUN AWAY AND LEAVE HRUN WITH THAT THING?



WHY NOT? IT'S HIS JOB!

IT COULD BE WORSE.

IT COULD BE US! COME ON!

BUT IT'LL KILL HIM!

WHAT?



HEY, IT'S GOT MY LUGGAGE!



RINGEWIND! YOUR SPELL!

AT THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY WAS KEPT THE OCTAVO, GREATEST OF ALL GRIMOIRES, FORMERLY OWNED BY THE CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE.

IT WAS THIS BOOK THAT RINGEWIND HAD ONCE OPENED FOR A BET.



ONE SPELL FROM THE BOOK HAD LEAPT FROM THE PAGE AND SETTLED IN HIS MIND LIKE A TOAD ON A STONE.

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT THE SPELL DOES. IT MIGHT STOP THE UNIVERSE OR END TIME.

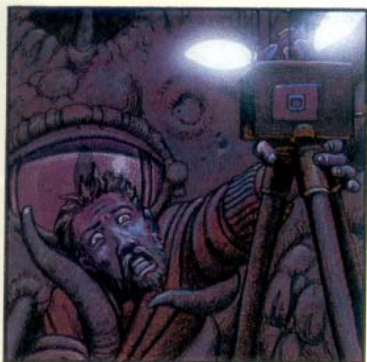


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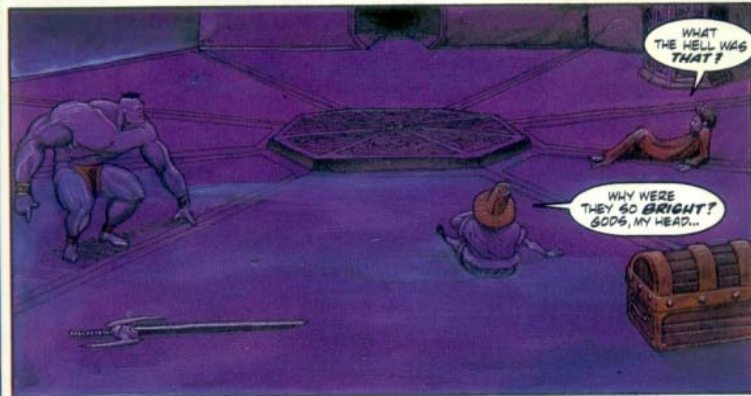


--GAKK!





THEY'RE ABOUT RIPPED NOW--CAN'T HOLD THEM ANY LONGER. EVERYBODY SMILE!



WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

WHY WERE THEY SO BRIGHT? GODS, MY HEAD...

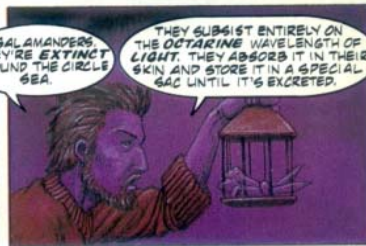


TOO BRIGHT?

THE SALAMANDERS, STANDARD ATTACHMENT. THE PICTURE'LL BE ALL OVEREXPOSED...

SALAMANDERS THEY'RE EXTINCT AROUND THE CIRCLE SEA.

THEY SUBSIST ENTIRELY ON THE OCTARINE WAVELENGTH OF LIGHT. THEY ABSORB IT IN THEIR SKIN AND STORE IT IN A SPECIAL SAC UNTIL IT'S EXCRETED.



WITH ALL THE OCTARINE LIGHT IN THIS MAGICAL PLACE THEY'VE BEEN BORGING THEMSELVES.

GRASP

ORRR

VNDDDD



...AND NATURE TOOK ITS COURSE.

THIS IS VERY UNDIGNIFIED.

SHUDDUP.



MIGHTY MAGIC,
NOW WE SHARE THE
TREASURE, EH?

HOW DO YOU
KNOW THERE'S TREASURE
IN THERE?

YOU FIND
CHOKEAPPLES UNDER
A CHOKEAPPLE TREE.
YOU FIND TREASURE
UNDER ALTARS.



LOGIC.

WHAT THE HELL
IS THIS WIND?!
WHERE'S IT COMING
FROM? WHERE'S IT
BLOWING TO?!

WE'RE
DOOMED! WHERE
DO SHADOWS COME
FROM?! THAT'S
WHERE THE WIND IS
BLOWING!

BEL-SHAMHARTH'S
SPIRIT IS LEAVING! THE
TEMPLE IS BEING ABANDONED
TO THE RAVAGES OF TIME!

33



IMPRESSIVE,
ASN'T IT?

SOMETIME LATER, IN THE MOORLAND
EASTWARDS OF THE FORMER TEMPLE.

...AND THEN I BELONGED TO
THE PASHA OF RE'DURAT AND
PLAYED A PROMINENT PART IN
THE BATTLE OF GREAT NEF,
WHERE I RECEIVED THE SLIGHT
NICK YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED
TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY
UP MY BLADE...

I WONDER HOW
TRUSTWORTHY HE'UN WILL
BE, HERE IN THE WILDS,
WITH TROLLS ABOUT.

...SOME INFIDEL WAS
WEARING AN OCTAERINE
COLLAR, MOST UNSPORTING.
AM I BORING YOU?

RINCEWIND!

HUH? OH, NO...
IT'S ALL VERY
INTERESTING.

I COULD SEE YOU
WERE A CULTURED PERSON.
WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE TO BE
IS A PLOUGHSHARE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT
IT SOUNDS LIKE AN
EXISTENCE WITH SOME
POINT TO IT...



NEXT: THE LURE OF THE WYRM!

IT WAS CALLED THE WYRMBERG.

AT ITS BASE IT WAS A MERE SCORE OF YARDS ACROSS.

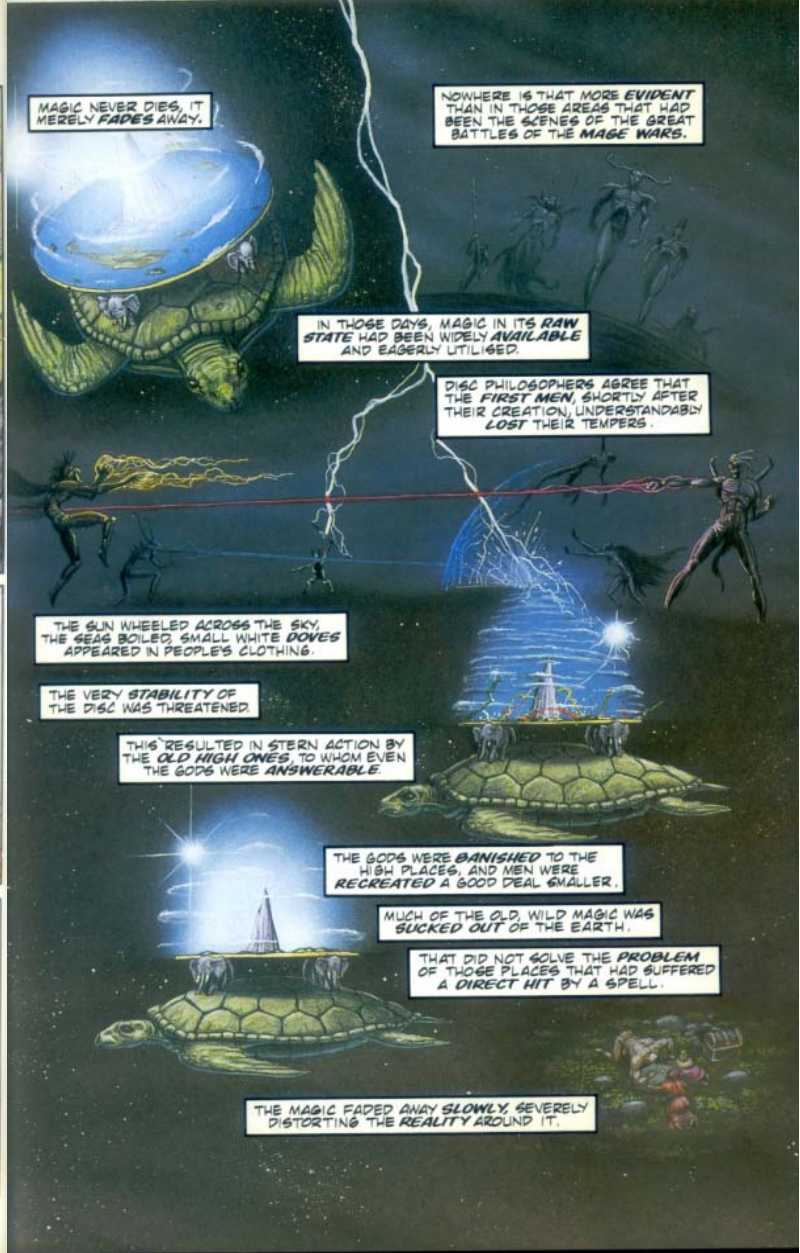
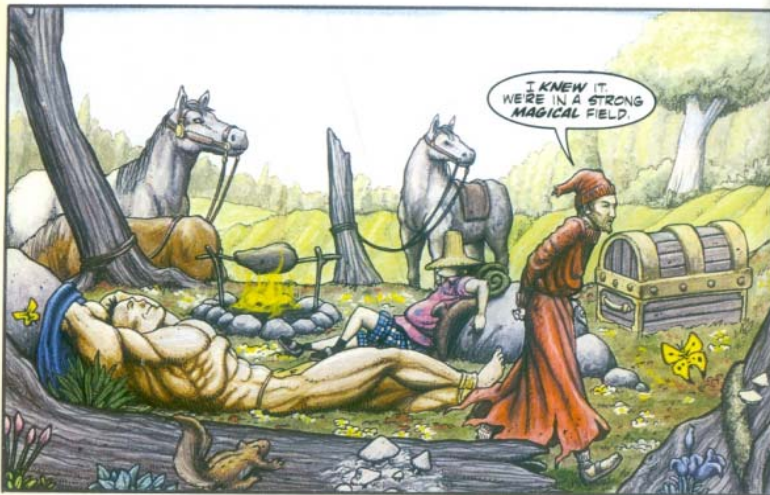
THEN IT ROSE THROUGH CLINGING CLOUD UNTIL IT WAS TRUNCATED BY A PLATEAU FULLY A QUARTER OF A MILE ACROSS.

THE CAVE MOUTHS IN ITS SIDE HAD A CRUDELY CARVED, REGULAR LOOK ABOUT THEM, SO THAT THE WYRMBERG HUNG OVER THE CLOUDS LIKE A GIANT'S DOVECOTE.

THAT WOULD MEAN THE "DOVES" HAD A WINGSPAN SLIGHTLY IN EXCESS OF FORTY YARDS.

The Lure of the Wyrn

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY:
TERRY PRATCHETT
ADAPTED BY:
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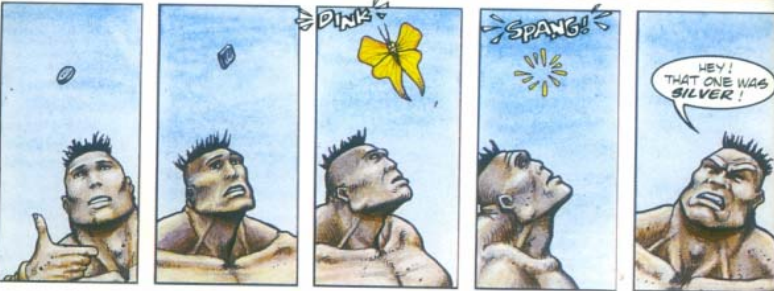
EDGE IT IS, WELL YOU'RE A WIZARD. SO WHAT?

I DON'T DO THAT KIND OF SPELL.

YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T.



TRY IT AGAIN.



DINK!

SPANG!

HEY! THAT ONE WAS SILVER!



WHAT?

WE'VE STRAYED INTO A ZONE WITH A HIGH MAGICAL INDEX. IF WE RETRACE OUR STEPS, WE MIGHT MAKE IT.



WOOOSSSHHH!



WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?

HEADING RIMWARDS AT SPEED. THEY STILL HAVE THE BOX ON LEGS.



HEH HEH. SAPIENT PEARWOOD. REMARKABLE. YES, I THINK WE'LL HAVE THAT.

SILENCE! OR--

OR WHAT, L'ESSA? YOU KILLED ME ONCE ALREADY, YOU KNOW.

PLEASE SEE TO IT, MY DEAR--BEFORE THEY GO BEYOND YOUR POWER, PERHAPS?



MY POWER WILL BE QUITE SUFFICIENT.

AS YOU KEEP ASSURING ME.

THE THRONE OF THE WYRMBERG IS RIGHTFULLY MINE, NO MATTER WHAT TRADITION SAYS!

IF I'D BEEN A MAN, THINGS WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.



I THOUGHT WE SAID NO
UNACCOMPANIED FLIGHTS.

THE PIG WAS VERY ENJOYABLE
I WAS **HUNGRY, LISSA.**



CURB YOUR HUNGER.

SOON THERE WILL BE
HORSES TO EAT.

THE REINS STICK IN
OUR TEETH ARE THERE
ANY WARRIORS ?

WE LIKE WARRIORS.

THE WARRIOR IS **MINE.**
THERE ARE A COUPLE OF
OTHERS YOU CAN HAVE
ONE APPEARS TO BE A
WIZARD.

...**OF SORTS.**

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS
WITH **WIZARDS...**

...HALF AN HOUR LATER YOU COULD DO WITH ANOTHER ONE.



THEY'RE GAINING!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO SEE DRAGONS!



FROM THE INSIDE?

SHUT UP AND RIDE! THE DRAGONS CAN'T FLY UNDER THOSE TREES!



NO BLOODY LIZARD DOES THAT TO ME!



COME ON!

BUT THE DRAGONS!

BLAST THE--



OOOOFFF!!!



OOOO--



UH-OH...



HOW MUCH DAMAGE CAN A HALF-SOLID DRAGON DO? WILL IT ONLY HALF KILL ME?



I DON'T THINK I WANT TO STAY AND FIND OUT.

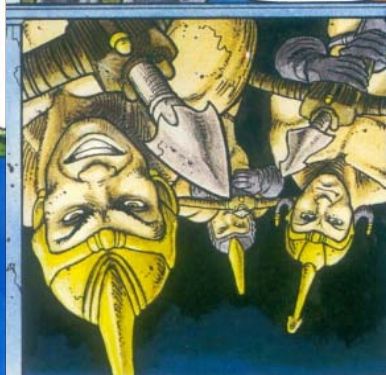


ABOUT A MILE LATER...

WHEW.

PSSSSTTT...







NO LOOK, I JUST CAME HERE TO FIND MY FRIENDS--

YOU WILL SEE YOUR FRIENDS SOON ENOUGH... IF YOU'RE RELIGIOUS, I MEAN.



LOOK WHAT YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO!

REMEMBER THAT I AM A MAGIC SWORD?



WE FIGHT TO THE DEATH, YOURS.

AND I SUPPOSE I EARN MY FREEDOM IF I WIN.



DON'T BE NAIVE.



I SUPPOSE I SHOULD WARN YOU THAT THIS IS A MAGIC SWORD.



WHAT A COINCIDENCE.



KLAWS!

RINCEWIND KNEW HIMSELF TO BE THE WORST WIZARD ON THE DISCWORLD.

YET HE WAS STILL A WIZARD--



--AND THIS MEANT THAT ON HIS DENISE, DEATH HIMSELF WOULD APPEAR TO CLAIM HIM.

TIME RAN INTO TREACLE.



DAMN!



I EXPECT IT'S ALL SOME SORT OF MISUNDERSTANDING. THEY SEEM VERY CIVILIZED.



DRAGONS!

EVER SINCE I WAS TWO, I'VE BEEN CAPTIVATED BY THE PICTURES OF THEM IN THE OCTARINE FAIRY BOOK.



MY SISTER SAID THEY DIDN'T EXIST, BUT IF THE WORLD DIDN'T CONTAIN THOSE BEAUTIFUL CREATURES, IT WAGN'T HALF THE WORLD IT SHOULD BE.



AND WHEN WE GET BACK, WE CAN SAY WE'VE SEEN DRAGONS!

DRAGONS DON'T EXIST. CODICE OF CHIMERIA KILLED THE LAST ONE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



BUT THEY CARRIED US UP IN THE AIR! IN THAT HALL THERE MUST HAVE BEEN HUNDREDS—

I EXPECT IT WAS JUST MAGIC.



THEN I WAS BOUND APPRENTICE TO NINEREEDS, THE MASTER ACCOUNTANT, AND THERE WAS NO TIME FOR DREAMING.



BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THESE DRAGONS. THEY'RE TOO SMALL AND SLEEK.



WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

OH, I EXPECT IN A MINUTE I'LL BE DRAGGED OUT TO FIGHT A COUPLE OF GIANT SPIGERS AND AN EIGHT-FOOT SLAVE.



THEN I'LL RESCUE SOME PRINCESS AND KILL OFF A FEW GUARDS THEN THE GIRLS WILL SHOW ME THE SECRET PASSAGE OUT AND WE'LL ESCAPE WITH THE TREASURE.



ALL THAT?

USUALLY.



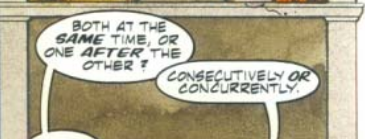
WHAT WAS THAT?



HRUN?

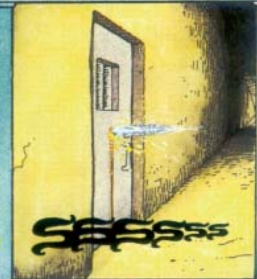
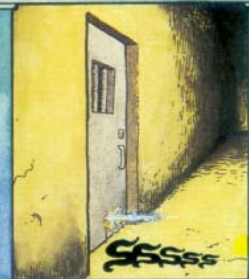
ZZZZZZ







OPEN IT!



HOW DID YOU GET IN THERE?

YOU SUMMONED ME, MASTER



YOU MEAN I JUST THOUGHT OF YOU AND THERE YOU WERE.

YES.

IT WAS MAGIC?

YES.



BUT I'VE THOUGHT OF DRAGONS ALL MY LIFE!

IN THIS PLACE, THE FRONTIER BETWEEN THOUGHT AND REALITY IS A LITTLE CONFUSED.



I THINK I'LL CALL YOU NINEREEDS.



COME IN, YOUNG MAN!

ALL I KNOW IS THAT ONCE I WAS NOT, THEN YOU THOUGHT ME, THEN I WAS. I AM YOURS TO COMMAND.



I'M DEAD, YOU KNOW.

UM, YES.

OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT? YOU'D BE TWOFLOWER OR IS THAT LATER?



YOU SEE, ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING DEAD IS THAT ONE IS RELEASED, AS IT WERE, FROM THE NORMAL BONDS OF TIME.

IMAGINE EVERY MOMENT BEING AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME, A DISTANT MEMORY AND A MASTY SURPRISE.

IT IS RATHER GOOD IT JUST TURNED UP.

THAT'S A FINE DRAGON, BY THE WAY, OR DON'T I SAY THAT YET?

TURNED UP? YOU SUMMONED IT! YOU HAVE THE POWER!



I CAN SEE EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED OR WILL HAPPEN, ALL AT THE SAME TIME.



I WAS VERY GOOD AT IT WHEN I WAS ALIVE. I COULD IMAGINE UP TO OH, FIVE HUNDRED DRAGONS AT ONE TIME.

NOW LIESSA, THE MOST SKILLED OF MY CHILDREN, CAN BARELY IMAGINE FIFTY. SHE DOESN'T REALLY BELIEVE IN THEM.




I ADMIRER THE WAY YOU RESCUED HIM. WILL, I MEAN.

GOOD LUCK. I SEEM TO RECALL THAT I SAID THAT. WILL SAY IT NOW, I MEAN.

I SMELL OTHER DRAGONS.



THIS IS THE ROOSTING HALL.



THAT'S WHY HERS ARE RATHER BORING—WHILE YOURS IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS SOME OF MINE USED TO BE.

HER POWER IS STRONGEST. MY SONS ARE INCAPABLE OF FLYING MORE THAN A FEW MILES BEFORE THEY FADE.



THE DEAD DON'T, ER, YOU KNOW... TALK MUCH, AS A RULE.

I DID NOTICE THAT WE COULD SEE THROUGH THEM. I THOUGHT THAT WAS ODD.

I USED TO BE A POWERFUL WIZARD. MY DAUGHTER POISONED ME. BUT—

THE POWER ONLY WORKS NEAR THE WYRMBERG. IT'S THE INVERSE SQUARE LAW, YOU KNOW.

—IT SOON BECAME OBVIOUS THAT NONE OF MY THREE CHILDREN IS SUFFICIENTLY POWERFUL TO REST THE LORDSHIP FROM THE OTHERS.



BUT I EXPECT YOU'LL BE WANTING TO RESCUE YOUR FRIEND.

MOST UNSATISFACTORY. SO I RESOLVED TO REMAIN ALIVE IN AN UNOFFICIAL CAPACITY.



LIESSA KIDNAPPED LG?

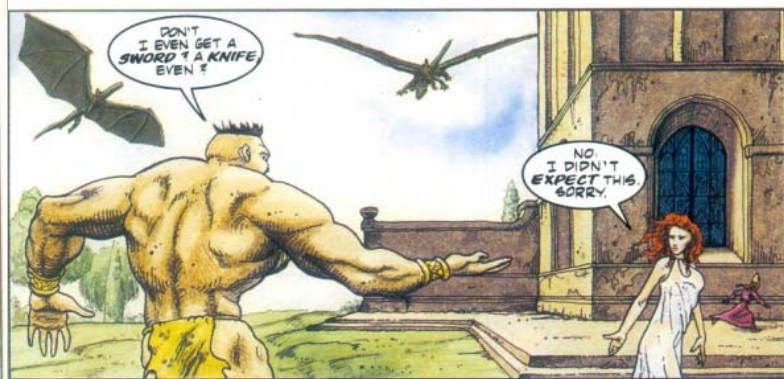
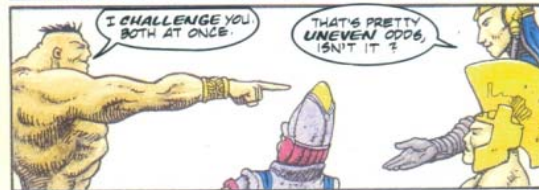
HRUN?

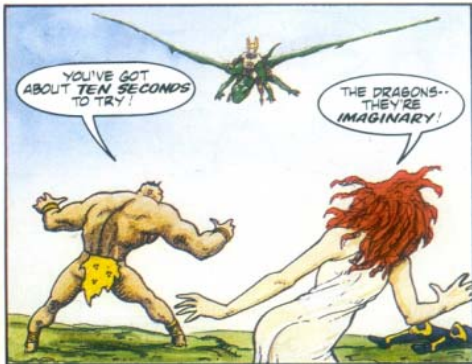
NOT HIM. THE SKINNY WIZARD. MY SON LIOS'T IS TRYING TO HACK HIM TO PIECES.

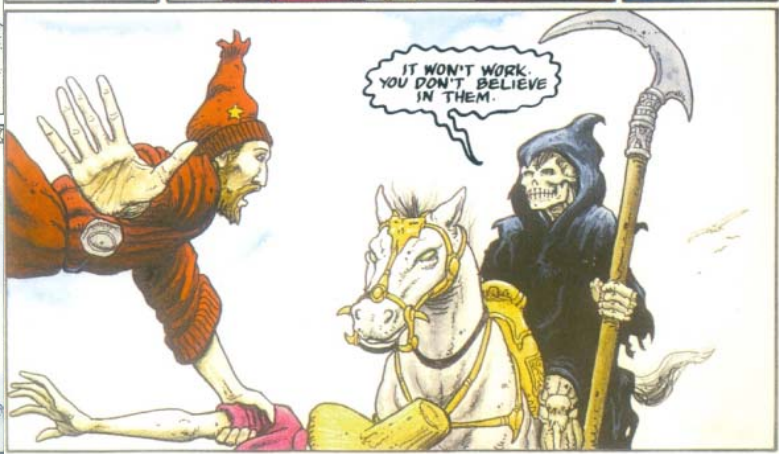
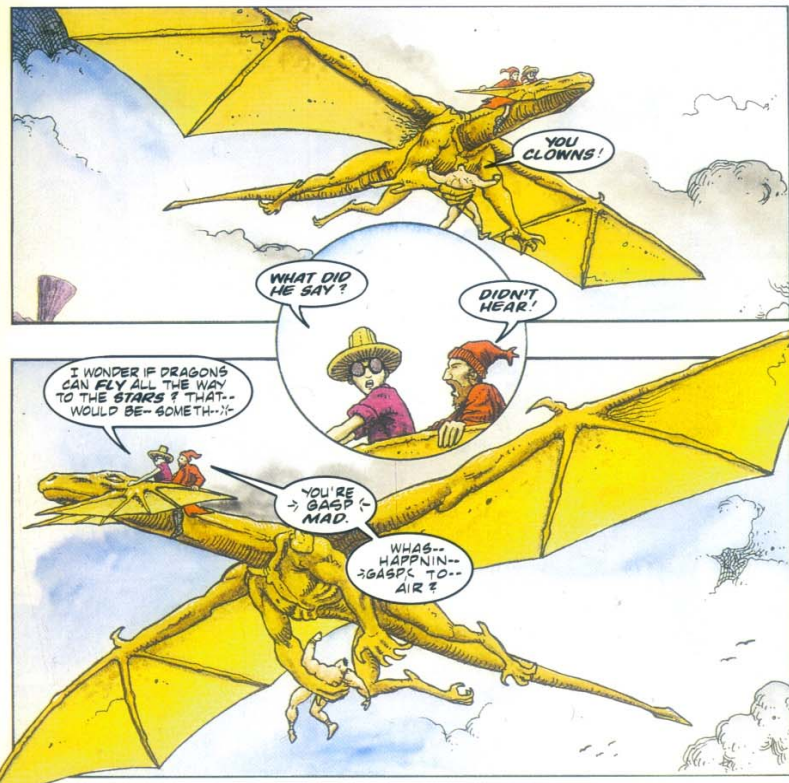


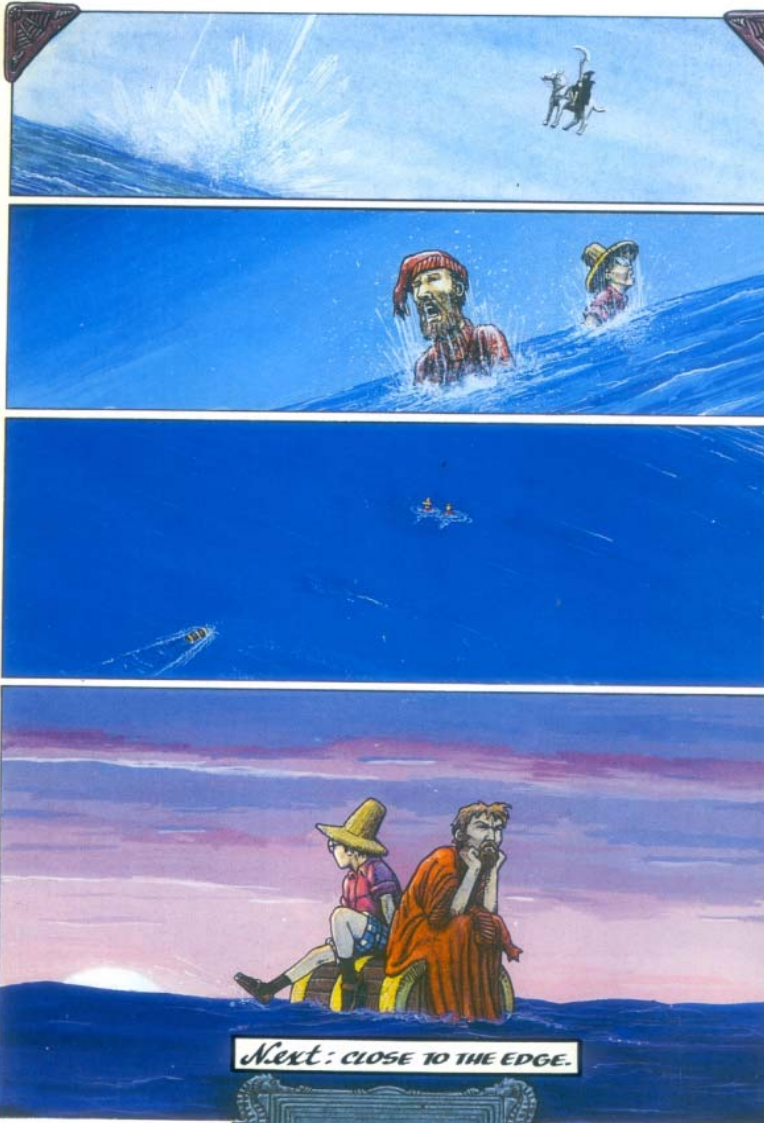
GOT HIM!

AT NOON, ATOP THE WYRMBERG--









Close To the Edge

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY:
TERRY PRATCHETT

ADAPTED BY:
SCOTT ROCKWELL

ART BY:
STEVE ROSS

LETTERED BY:
VICKIE WILLIAMS

EDITED BY:
DAVID CAMPITI



"IT ALWAYS DOES."

IF ONLY YOU COULD NAVIGATE--

IF ONLY YOU COULD STEER--

LOOK, I'M SORRY I STEERED US INTO THE REEF, BUT THIS CURRENT MUST GO SOMEWHERE.

LOOK AT THE HORIZON.

IT LOOKS ALL RIGHT.
ADMITTEDLY, THERE SEEMS TO BE LESS THAN THERE USUALLY IS, BUT--

THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE RIMFALL. WE'RE BEING CARRIED OVER THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING TO EAT?

KEEP BAILING!

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ON WATCH.

I DON'T SEE HOW IT'S MY FAULT. I SAVED US FROM THE SLAVERS, REMEMBER?

I'D RATHER BE A SLAVE THAN A CORPSE.

THERE IS DEFINITELY LESS HORIZON THAN THERE OUGHT TO BE.

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WE ARE GOING OVER THE EDGE. GODSPAMMIT!





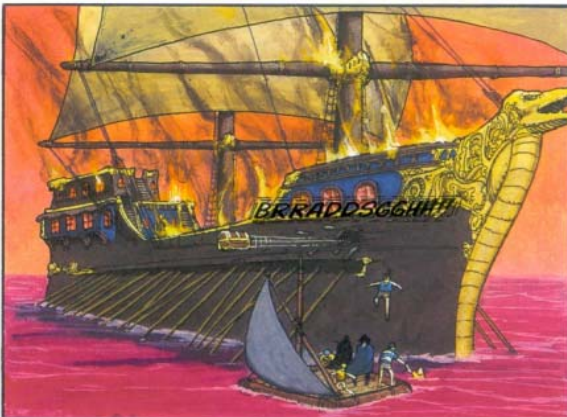
I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING.

PERHAPS IT FELL OVER BOARD.



THE RAFT'S READY, LORD.

GET ABOARD FIRE THE SHIP!



BRRADDSGGHH!



SIGH: AFTER ALL, A NEW SHIP WON'T BE TOO HARD TO COME BY LET THE MAGIC BOX EAT LOBSTERS!

SOME PIRATES ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY BY DEEDS OF CRUELTY OR DEERING-DO. SOME ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY BY AMASSING GREAT WEALTH.



BUT I LONG ALSO DECIDED THAT I WOULD ON THE WHOLE PREFER TO ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY BY NOT DYING.



GHAAH...



WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

IT'S BEAUTIFUL



IT IS THE RIMBOW AND YOU ARE FORTUNATE INDEED TO BE LOOKING AT IT.

FROM ABOVE AT ANY RATE.



TWO-FLOWER IF I TURN AROUND WHAT WILL I SEE?

HIS NAME IS TETHIS HE IS A SEA TROLL. THIS IS HIS BOAT HE RESCUED US.



WILL YOU LOOK AROUND NOW?

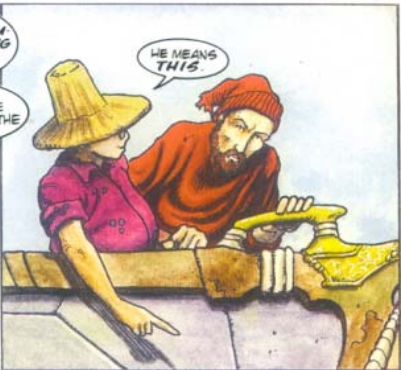
NOT JUST AT THE MOMENT THANK YOU. SO WHY AREN'T WE GOING OVER THE EDGE?



BECAUSE YOUR BOAT HIT THE CIRCUMFERENCE IT RINGS ALONG THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

OH YOU MEAN THE CIRCUMFERENCE THE CIRCUMFERENCE MAKES THE EDGE OF THINGS.

SO DOES THE CIRCUMFERENCE



HE MEANS THIS.



IT WASN'T THAT THE TROLL WAS HORRIFYING.

INSTEAD OF THE ROTTING, BETENTACLED MONSTROSITY RINGWIND HAD BEEN EXPECTING, HE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING AT A RATHER SOLID OLD MAN WHO COULD'VE PASSED FOR NORMAL ON ANY CITY STREET.

PROVIDED THAT OTHER PEOPLE ON THE STREET WERE USED TO SEEING OLD MEN WHO WERE APPARENTLY COMPOSED OF WATER AND VERY LITTLE ELGE.



TEN THOUSANDS OF MILES. I JUST PATROL THIS LEAGUE. THE KINGDOM OF KRULL CONSTRUCTED IT CENTURIES BEFORE.

THE SALVAGE HAS ALLOWED KRULL TO BECOME A LAND OF LEISURE RULED BY THE MOST LEARNED SEEKERS OF KNOWLEDGE.







WE'RE IMPORTANT, NO LIE. THEY WOULDN'T BE WASTING ALL THAT MAGIC ON A COUPLE OF POTENTIAL SLAVES.

WHAT IS IT?

"WELL, THE DISC ITSELF WOULD HAVE BEEN CREATED BY FRESNEL'S WONDERFUL CONCENTRATOR. IT TAKES EIGHT FOURTH-GRADE WIZARDS A WEEK TO ENVISION."



"THEN THERE'S THOSE WIZARDS ON IT, WHO MUST ALL BE GIFTED HYDROPHOBES..."



"A REALLY GOOD HYDROPHOBE HAS TO BE TRAINED ON DEHYDRATED WATER FROM BIRTH. THAT COSTS A FORTUNE IN MAGIC ALONE."

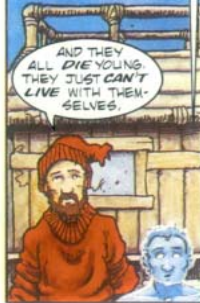
YOU MEAN THEY HATE WATER?

NO HATE IS AN ATTRACTING FORCE, JUST LIKE LOVE. THEY REALLY LOATHE IT, THE VERY IDEA REVOLTS THEM.

"BUT THEY MAKE GREAT WEATHER MAGICIANS. RAIN CLOUDS JUST GIVE UP AND GO AWAY."

IT SOUNDS TERRIBLE.

AND THEY ALL DIE YOUNG. THEY JUST CAN'T LIVE WITH THEMSELVES.



YOU'D BETTER MAKE OUT. IT DOESN'T DO TO KEEP THEM WAITING. IT HAS BEEN A Nice TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.



THAT'S SO YOU DON'T THINK I'M AFRAID TO USE IT.

DON'T THINK YOU'RE AFRAID?

WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, RICEWIND THE MAGICIAN. YOU ARE A MAN OF GREAT CUNNING AND ARTIFICE. YOU LAUGH IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

YOUR AFFECTED AIR OF CRAVEN COWARDICE DOES NOT FOOL ME.



FOOLED ME.

I...UH, I SEE YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ME.



IF YOU MAKE THE MEREST SUGGESTION OF WEAVING A SPELL, YOU DIE.

Foss



WELL OFF AGAIN THEN.

DOESN'T ANYTHING WORRY YOU?

WE'RE STILL ALIVE, AREN'T WE? I EXPECT IT'S ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING AND WE'LL BE SENT HOME.



AFTER WE'VE SEEN KRULL, OF COURSE IT SOUNDS FASCINATING.

HAD EITHER OF THEM LOOKED DOWN AT THAT MOMENT, THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN THE V-SHAPED WAVE SURGING DIRECTLY TOWARD TETHIS' ISLAND.

BUT THEY WEREN'T LOOKING.

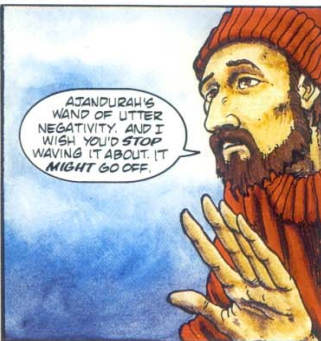


EXCUSE ME...

I DON'T WANT TO USE THIS!

YOU DON'T?

WHAT IS IT ANYWAY?



ATANDURAH'S WAND OF UTTER NEGATIVITY. AND I WISH YOU'D STOP WAVING IT ABOUT. IT MIGHT GO OFF.



SHUT UP!



IT DAWNED ON RINEWIND—VERY SLOWLY BECAUSE IT WAS A COMPLETELY NEW SENSATION—THAT SOMEONE IN THE WORLD WAS FRIGHTENED OF HIM.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

MY NAME IS IMMATERIAL.



THAT'S A PRETTY NAME.

IF I HAD A HAND LIKE THAT, I WOULDN'T BE FRIGHTENED OF ANYTHING SO WHAT IN CREATION CAN SHE IMAGINE I COULD DO?



DON'T MOCK ME. MY NAME IS MARCHESA AND I AM A WIZARD OF THE FIFTH LEVEL.

I MUST BRING YOU ALIVE. BUT NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BRINGING YOU TO KRULL WHOLE. UNDERSTAND?



SINCE YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT ME, YOU MUST KNOW THAT I'M NOT EVEN A WIZARD. JUST A WIZARD OF SORTS.

YOU CAN'T DO MAGIC BECAUSE ONE OF THE EIGHT GREAT SPELLS IS LODGED IN YOUR MIND. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE THROWN OUT OF THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY. WE KNOW.



BUT YOU SAID HE WAS A MAGICIAN OF GREAT CUNNING AND ARTIFICE.

YES, BECAUSE ANYONE WHO HAS SURVIVED ALL THAT HE HAS MUST BE SOME KIND OF MAGICIAN.

...JUST NOT VERY LONG.



I WARN YOU, RINEWIND IF YOU GIVE ME THE MEREST SUSPICION THAT YOU ARE INTENDING THE GREAT SPELL, I WILL KILL YOU.

CERTAINLY NOT. YOUR LIVES IN KRULL WILL BE RICH, FULL, AND COMFORTABLE.

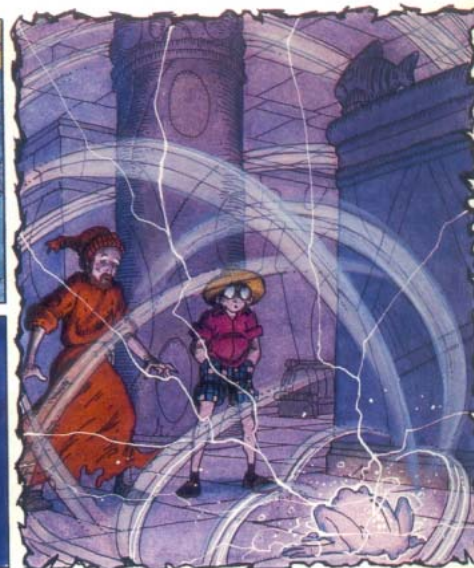
OH GOOD!

I HOPE YOU'RE NOT PROPOSING TO ENSLAVE US.





SEVERAL HOURS LATER.





UH YES--YOU'RE THE ONE THEY CALL THE LADY?

ARE YOU A GODDESS THEN? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET ONE!

YOUR FRIEND THE WIZARD SHOULD INTRODUCE US



LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO SOUND IMPATIENT, BUT IN A FEW MINUTES SOME MEN ARE GOING TO TAKE US AWAY AND KILL US.

TWOFLOWER, THIS IS THE LADY. JUST THE LADY, RIGHT? NOTHING ELSE. DON'T TRY AND GIVE HER ANY OTHER NAME!

I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T TELL US WHY?

YES. THE KRULLIANS INTEND TO LAUNCH A BRONZE VESSEL OVER THE EDGE OF THE DISC.



THEIR PRIME PURPOSE IS TO LEARN THE SEX OF A TWIN, THE WORLD TURTLE. THEY INTEND TO LAUNCH THIS SHIP OF SPACE WITH TWO VOYAGERS ABOARD.



IT WILL BE THE CULMINATION OF DECADES OF RESEARCH, IN ORDER TO REDUCE THE CHAOS, THE ARCH-ASTRONOMER OF KRULL HAS BARGAINED WITH FATE--

--TO SACRIFICE TWO MEN AT THE MOMENT OF LAUNCH. FATE, IN HIS TURN, HAS AGREED TO SMILE ON THE SPACE SHIP.

AND WE'RE THE SACRIFICES



YES.



I THOUGHT FATE DIDN'T GO IN FOR BARGAINING. I THOUGHT FATE WAS IMPLACABLE.

NORMALLY YES, BUT YOU TWO HAVE BEEN THORNS IN HIS SIDE FOR SOME TIME. HE SPECIFIED THAT THE SACRIFICES SHOULD BE YOU.



HE ALLOWED YOU TO ESCAPE FROM THE PIRATES. HE ALLOWED YOU TO DRIET INTO THE CIRCUMFERENCE. FATE CAN BE ONE MEAN GOD AT TIMES.

BUT YOU CAN HELP US?

YOU AMUSE ME. I HAVE A SENTIMENTAL STREAK. YOU'D KNOW THAT IF YOU WERE GAMBLERS.



FOR A WHILE I RODE IN A FROG'S MIND, AND YOU KINDLY RESCUED ME.

THE WHOLE MIND OF FATE IS BENT AGAINST YOU. ALL I CAN DO IS GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE.

JUST ONE SMALL CHANCE. THE REST IS UP TO YOU.

GOSH



AH, YOU ARE READY, I SEE.

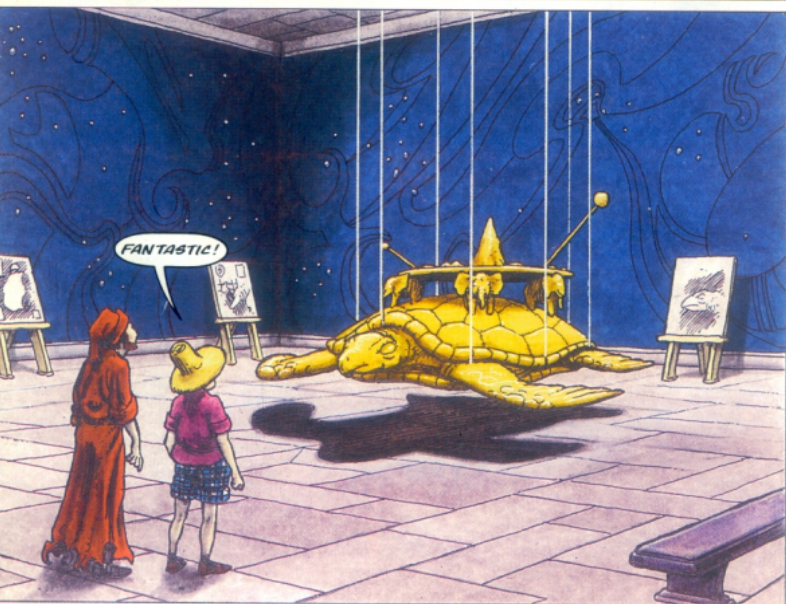
READY.



POP!



KRRRSH!!!



WE'RE TOTALLY LOST IN A PALACE ON AN ISLAND WE HAVEN'T A HOPE OF LEAVING--

--WHAT'S MORE, WE... HEY!

? TYS YUR BTL HO SCOTEN GÄTRUENEN ?

? TUSE YU LATRUIN NOR U ? 'SCOTEN U ?

FANTASTIC!

DON'T SAY IT. SOMEONE OUT THERE IS EXPECTING TWO GUYS TO COME OUT IN THE SUITS IN A MINUTE.

WE'D BETTER SUIT UP

AS SOON AS I SAW THE SUITS, I JUST KNEW I'D END UP WEARING ONE-- I SUPPOSE BECAUSE IT WAS THE WORST POSSIBLE THING THAT WAS LIKELY TO HAPPEN.

WMMMM

NO--

THE GODDESS SAID TWO MEN WERE GOING OVER THE EDGE-- THESE SUITS ARE SPACE ARMOUR!

I'M GOING TO LEAVE BECAUSE ANY SECOND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO SUGGEST WE PUT ON--



HOW MUCH LONGER DO WE HAVE?

THIRTY MINUTES, LORD ARCH ASTRONOMER AFTER THAT KILLER WILL HAVE REVOLVED AWAY FROM GREAT ATUIN'S TAIL.

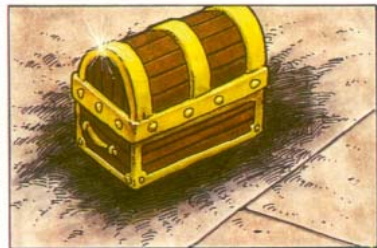
I HAVE ALREADY SET THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS GO--

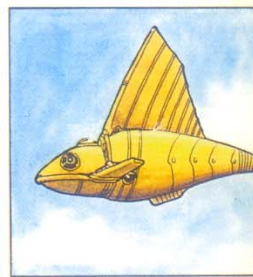
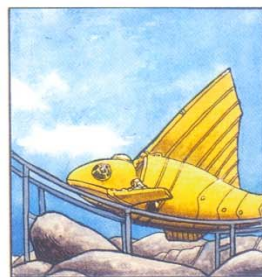
A MONSTER HAS COME OUT OF THE SEA AND IT'S ATTACKING THE SHIPS IN THE HARBOR NOT A BIG ONE, BUT EXCEPTIONALLY FERCE, LORD.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. THE LAUNCH MUST GO AHEAD WHEN THE WRETCHED FAIR ARE CAUGHT, I WILL TAKE A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE IN EXECUTING THEM MYSELF.

YES, LORD ER--

HMM... SOMETHING'S WRONG. HEROES WALK A CERTAIN WAY, THEY CERTAINLY DON'T WADDLE.







OOO... SURELY HADES ISN'T THIS UNCOMFORTABLE. IF THIS IS HADES, IT SURE IS HELL.

HANG ON A MINUTE...



TREE DRIPPING WET COLD WHITE CLOUD ALL AROUND UNDERNEATH TOO. ODD.

I HAVE COME FOR THEE



WHAT AM I GOING TO DIE OF?

PARDON?

WELL, I HAVEN'T BROKEN ANYTHING I HAVEN'T DROWNED... YOU CAN'T JUST BE KILLED BY DEATH-- THERE HAS TO BE A REASON.

DEATH COULDN'T COME. THERE'S A BIG PLAGUE IN PSEUDOPOLIS, HE SENT ME.



I'M MAKING RATHER A MESS OF THIS, AREN'T I?

YOU'RE NOT DEATH! WHO ARE YOU?

SCROFULA



NO ONE PIES OF SCROFULA! I'VE GOT RIGHTS I'M A WIZARD!



THIS WAS GOING TO BE MY BIG CHANCE. WHO'D KNOW?

I'D KNOW! NOW PISS OFF!

BELOW, THE WHOLE UNIVERSE TWINKLED AT RINCEWIND THE WHOLE OF CREATION WAS WAITING FOR HIM TO DROP IN.

THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE ANY ALTERNATIVE.

The End

PDF Version of The Colour Of Magic

By

Nicodemus

