

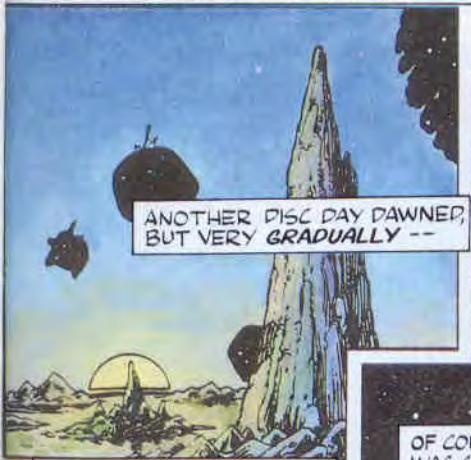
TERRY PRATCHETT'S

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...

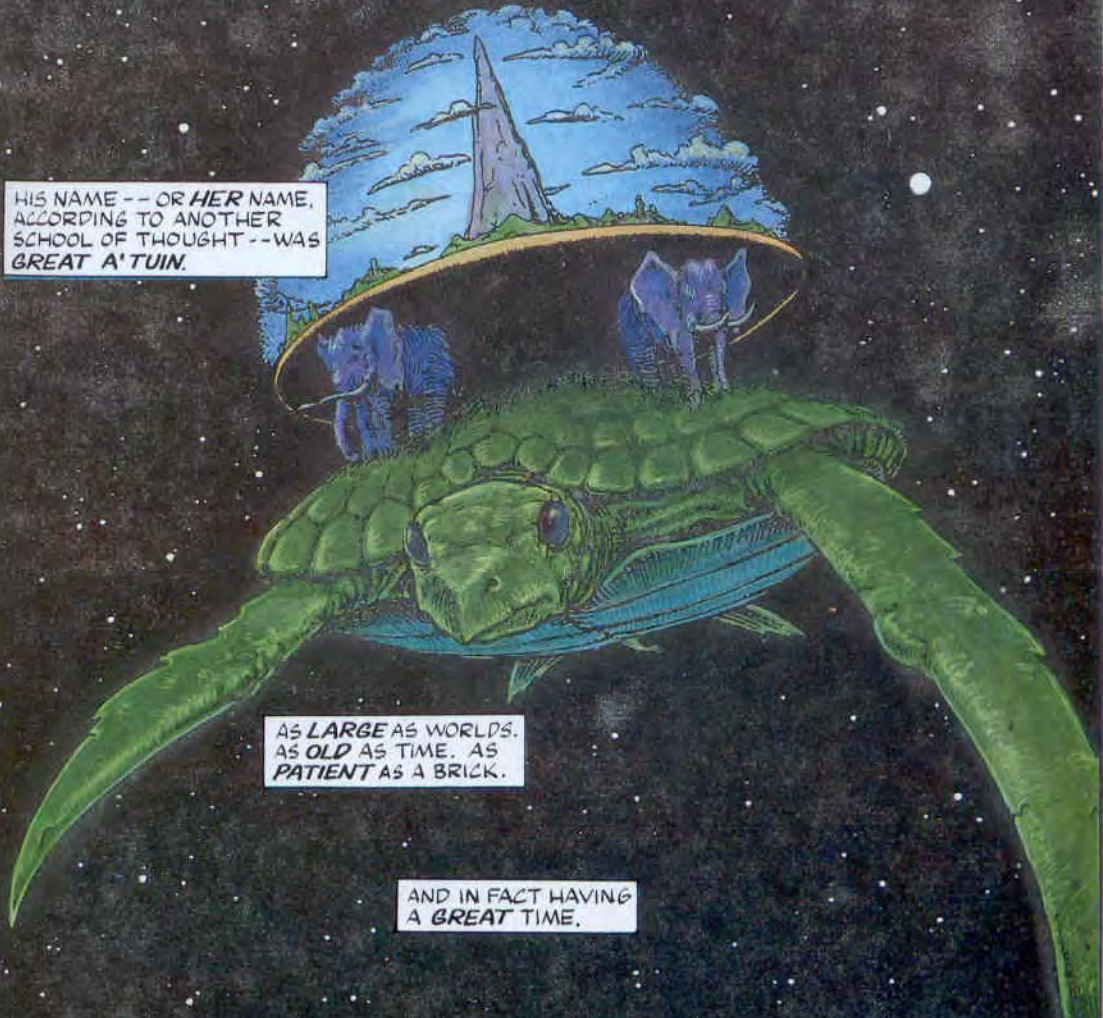


... AND ON THE DISCWORLD THE MAGIC WAS *EMBARRASINGLY* STRONG. THE LIGHT OF DAWN FLOWED LIKE GOLDEN SYRUP.

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 A'TUIN'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 304TH 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.



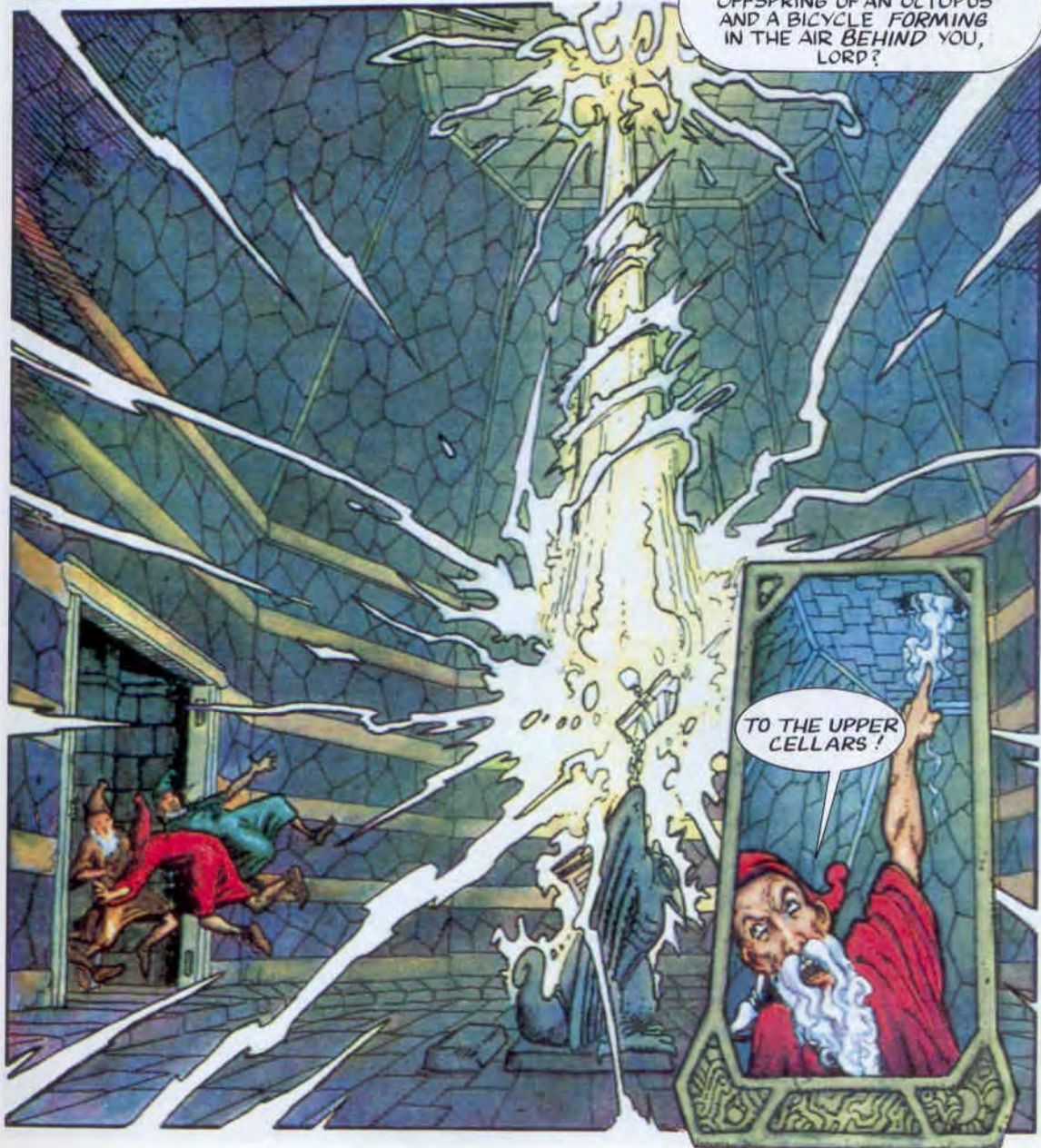
DIDN'T SOME *IDIOT* OF A STUDENT LOOK AT THE BOOK -- AND ONE OF THE SPELLS *ESCAPED* AND LODGED IN HIS MIND? WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

WINSWAND?

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

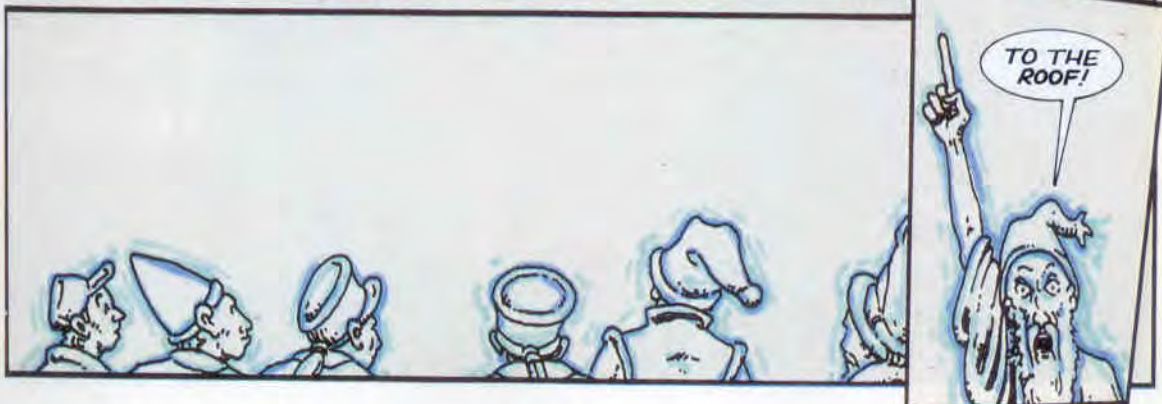
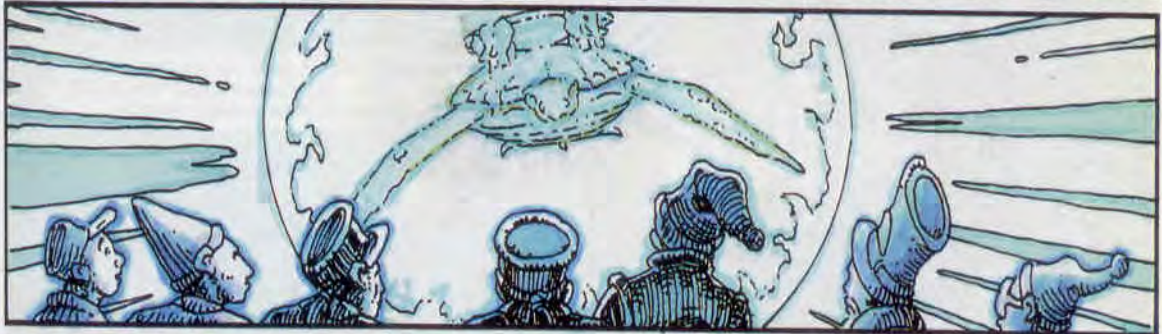
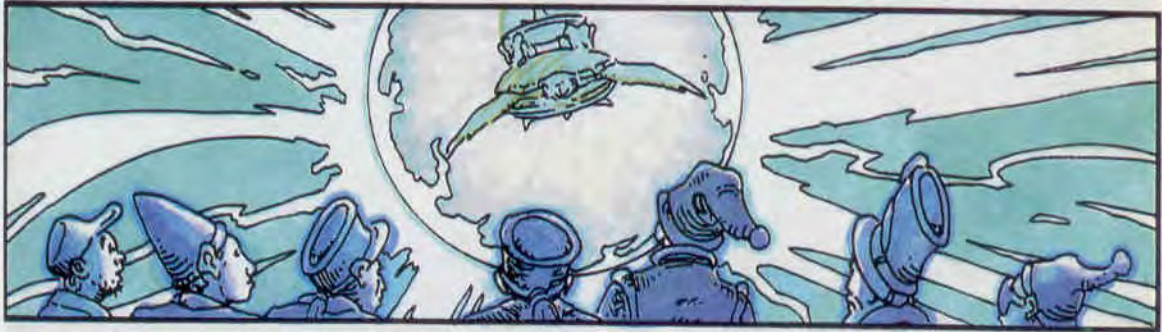
I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'VE GOT TO PUT A STOP TO IT. IT'S BEGINNING TO ATTRACT THOSE *NASTY THINGS* FROM THE DUNGEON DIMENSIONS.

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!





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 PECCENCY 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 QUARRELsome 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.



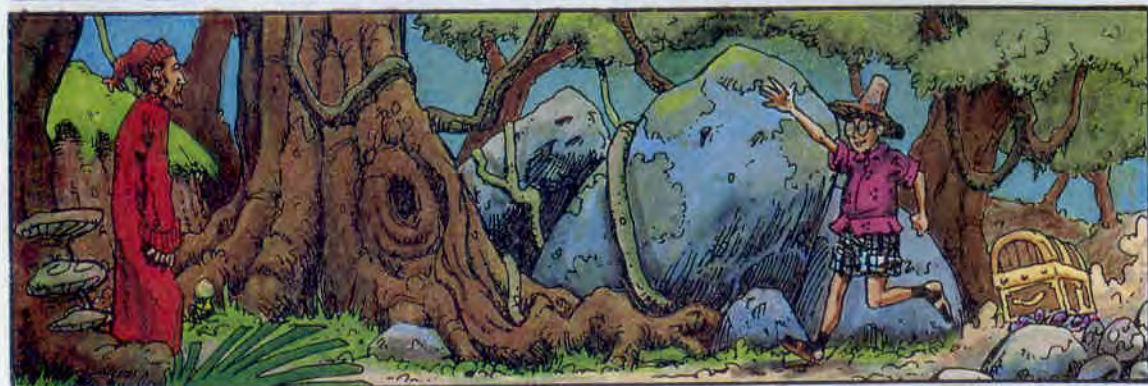
GOODBYE!

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.





RINCEWIND, DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING TO EAT IN THIS FOREST?

YES. US.

I'VE GOT SOME ACORNS, IF YOU LIKE.



BUT YOU JUST HEARD--

LOOK, IT'S ALL DOWN TO SIMPLE *BIOLOGY*, ISN'T IT?

IF YOU'RE GOING TO TALK YOU NEED THE RIGHT *EQUIPMENT*, LIKE LUNGS AND LIPS AND, AND--

VOCAL CHORPS.



RINCEWIND, THE TREE JUST SAID --

TREES CAN'T TALK. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER THAT.



YEAH, THEM.



NO, NO GOOD TO EAT AT ALL.

WHY? ARE THE *BILLS* THE WRONG SHADE OF YELLOW? *STEMS* HAVEN'T GOT THE RIGHT KIND OF FLUTING?



WELL, THERE'S SOME BIG *MUSHROOMS* UNDER THAT BUSH.

CAN WE EAT THEM?



NO, IT'S THE LITTLE *DOORS* AND *WINDOWS*.

IT'S A DEAD GIVEAWAY.

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--



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


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




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 HOBBSWATCHNIGHT 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.

LOOK, 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 PENTISHTRY 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.



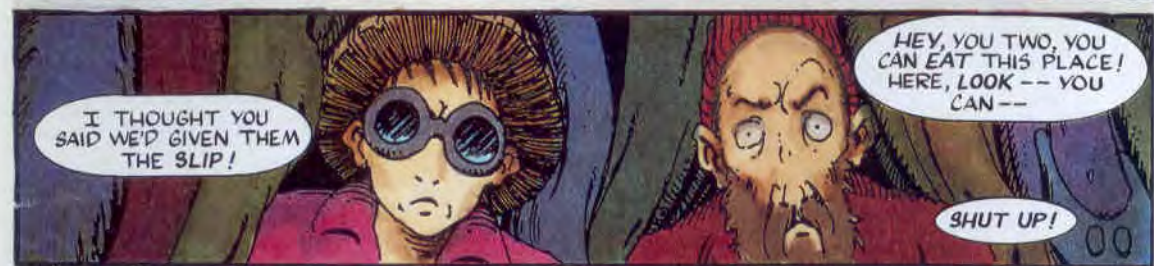
YEAH.





I HEARD VOICES.

YEAH, DOWNSTAIRS. I THINK IT'S THE HOODWINKERS!



I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE'D GIVEN THEM THE SLIP!

HEY, YOU TWO, YOU CAN EAT THIS PLACE! HERE, LOOK -- YOU CAN --

SHUT UP!



Clunk
Thunk
Tunk
Clunk

Zzzzzppp!
Zzzzzngggh!

ARRGGGHHH!



BUGGER! THEY'VE GOT HIM!

LET'S GO!



RINCEWIND, I THINK THERE'S A BROOMSTICK IN THIS CLOSET.

WELL, WHAT'S SO UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT?



THIS ONE'S GOT HANDLEBARS.





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.

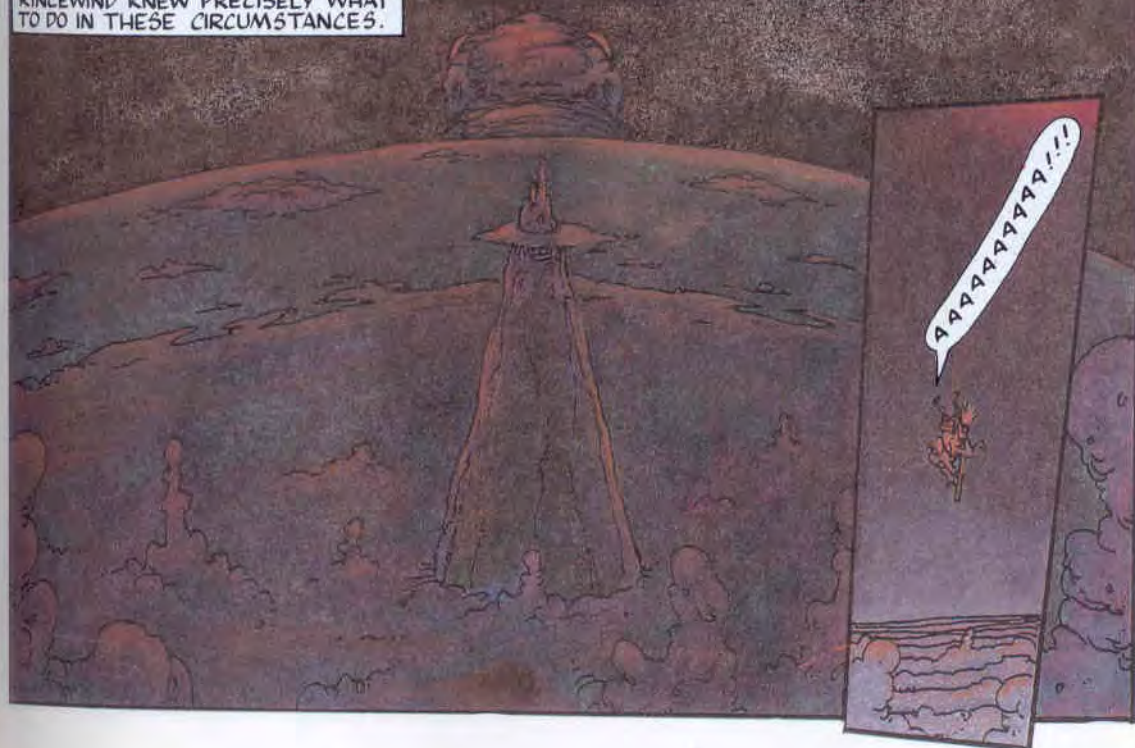
THE GODS OUGHT TO HAVE NOTICED TOO, BUT THEY WERE ENGAGED IN LITIGATION WITH THE ICE GIANTS, WHO HAD REFUSED TO TURN THEIR RADIO DOWN.

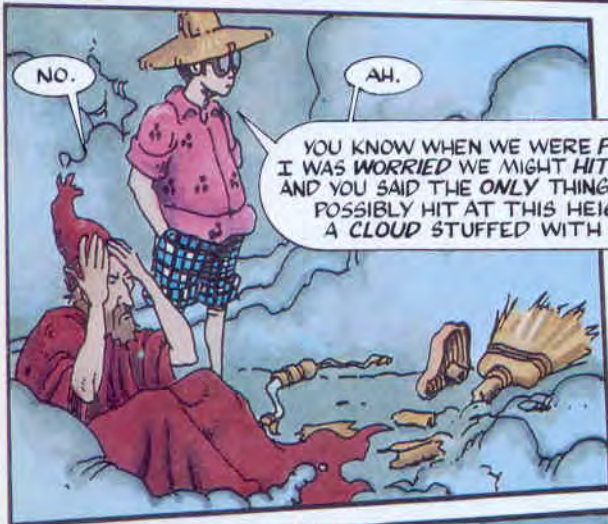
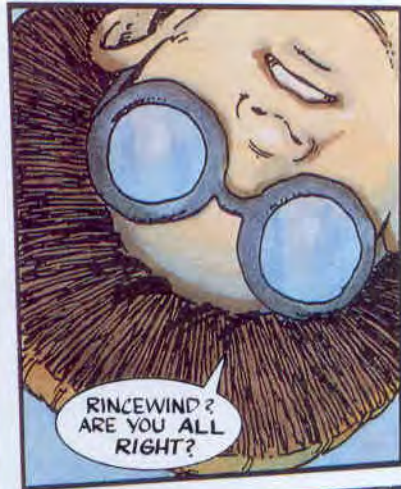
THAT BIG RED STAR!

WE'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR IT!

RINCEWIND KNEW PRECISELY WHAT TO DO IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.

AAAAAAAAAAAA!!!







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?

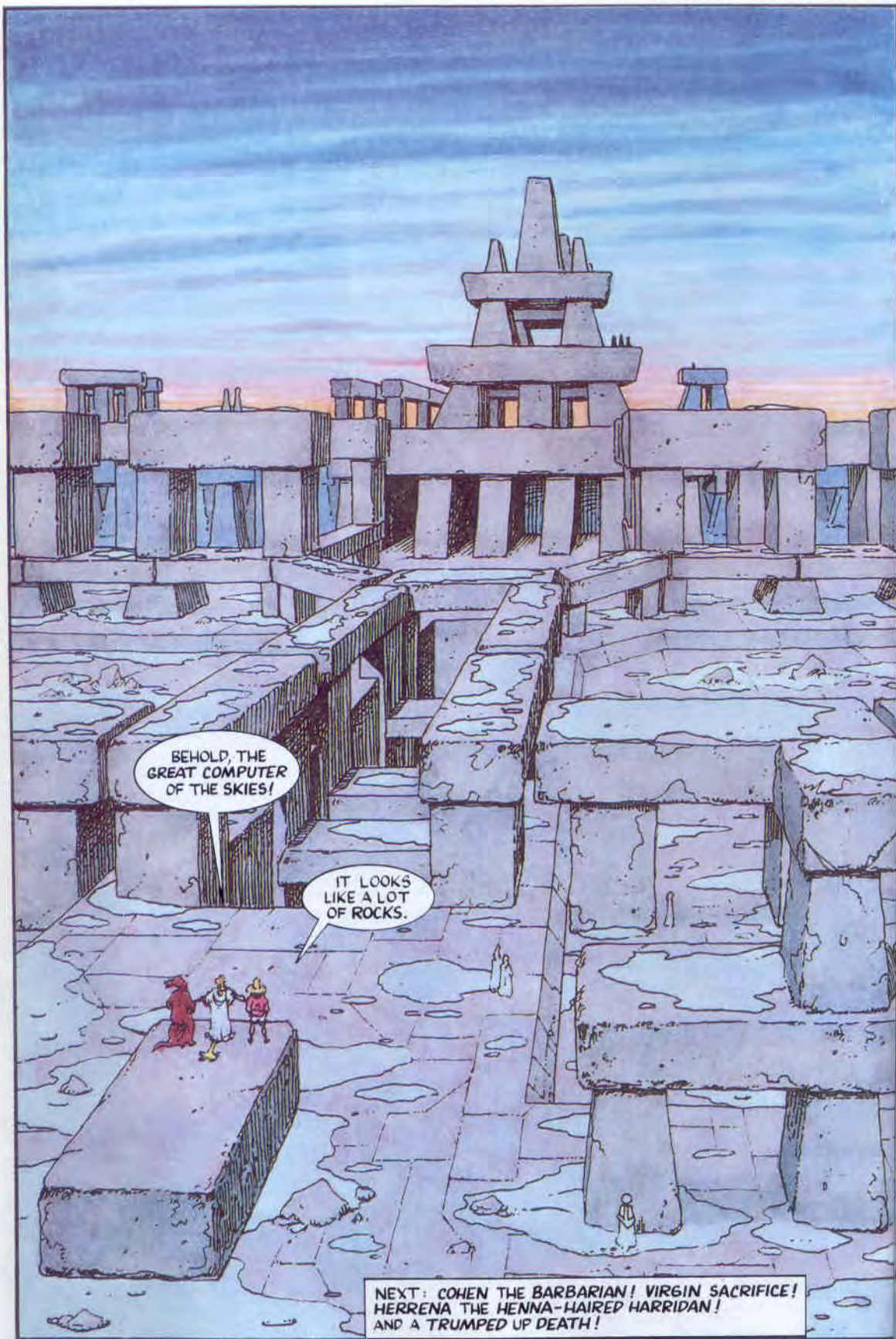
PERSUASION. KEEPING
THEM UP IS EASY. THE HARD
PART IS LANDING.

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.





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
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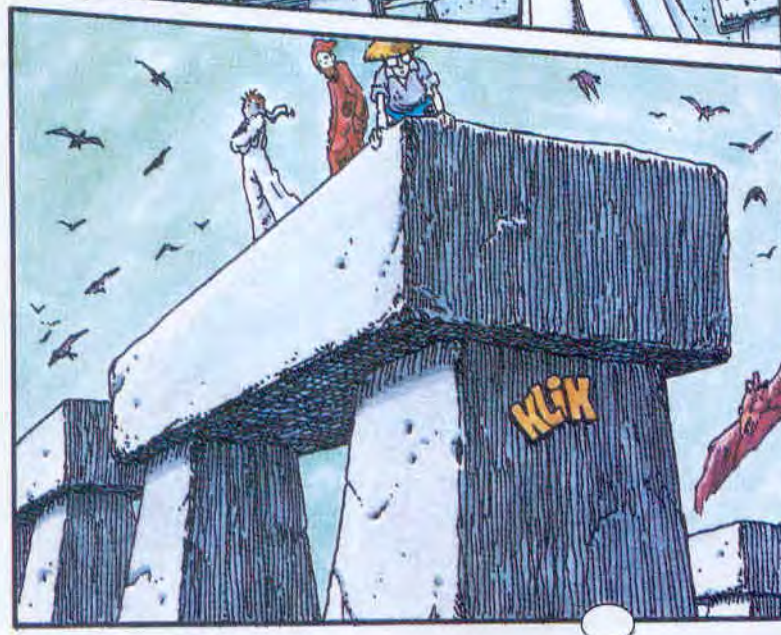
Lettered By
MICHELLE BECK

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.

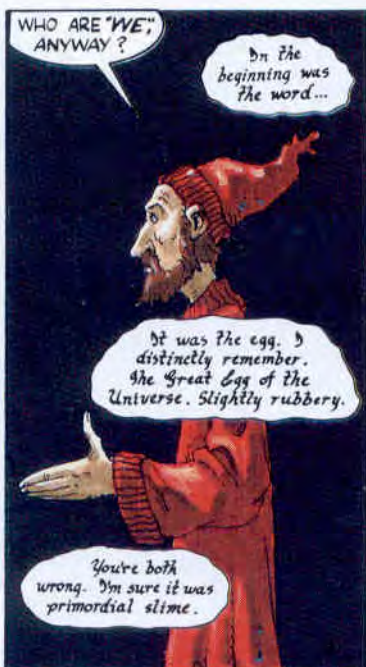


Many years ago we arranged for one of our number to hide in your head, because we could foresee a time when you would need to play an important role.

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.

WAZEN THE TWO HEADED KANGAROO

DRAGON IS THE KING OF T



WE'D BE BURNED UP?

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

DR. JOCK THE SALESMAN



BIGGER THAN THE SUN?

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

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







OH, APPARENTLY THERE'S THIS CEREMONY DATING BACK THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO CELEBRATE THE, UM, REBIRTH OF THE MOON...

...OR POSSIBLY THE SUN. NO, I'M PRETTY SURE IT WAS THE MOON. APPARENTLY, IT'S VERY SOLEMN AND BEAUTIFUL AND INVESTED WITH QUIET DIGNITY.

LOOK, DRUIDS ARE PRIESTS. REMEMBER THAT. DON'T DO ANYTHING TO UPSET THEM.

DON'T OFFER TO BUY THE STONES, DON'T START TALKING ABOUT QUAINT NATIVE FOLKWAYS, REALLY DON'T TRY TO SELL THEM INSURANCE!

BUT PRIESTS ARE GOOD, KIND MEN! AT HOME THEY GO AROUND WITH BEGGING BOWLS. IT'S THEIR ONLY POSSESSION.

AH, THIS WOULD BE FOR PUTTING THE BLOOD IN, RIGHT?

YES, FROM SACRIFICES. LOOK, THE DEFINITION OF A PRIEST IN THE CIRCLE SEA AREA IS SOMEONE WHO SPENDS A LOT OF TIME GORY TO THE ARMPITS.

BLOOD?



IS SHE A DRUIDESS?

I DON'T... THINK... SO...



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.

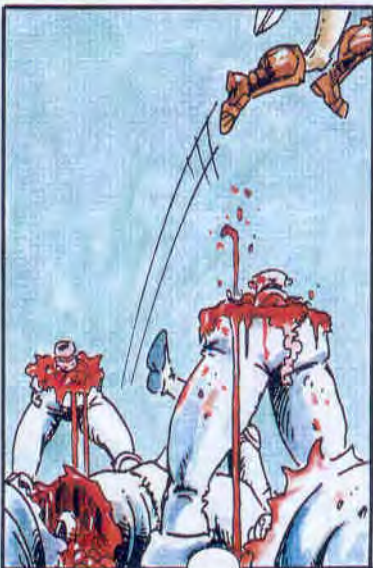
USUALLY, AT THE SAME TIME



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



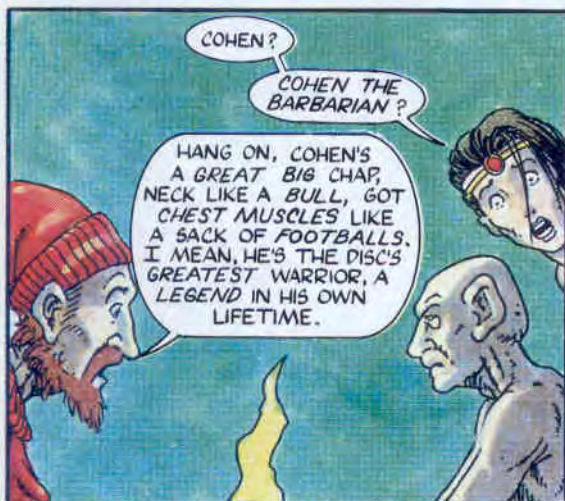
IT'S NO USE YOU--















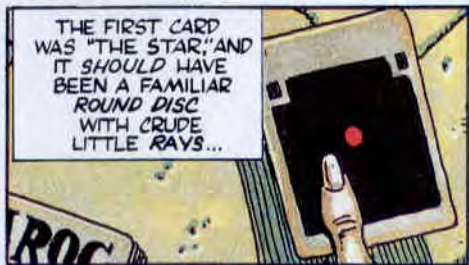
A NECROMANCER!



WHAT'S NECK ROMANCE?

NECROMANCY. TALKING TO THE DEAD.

ANYWAY, I DON'T BELIEVE IN CAROC CARDS. ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT IT BEING THE DISTILLED WISDOM OF THE UNIVERSE IS A LOAD OF RUBBISH.



THE FIRST CARD WAS "THE STAR" AND IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A FAMILIAR ROUND DISC WITH CRUDE LITTLE RAYS...



NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.



THE LUGGAGE WILL FOLLOW IT'S OWNER ANYWHERE.

DOES THAT MEAN HE'S REALLY DEAD?



SHE SHAYS IT'S A SORT OF MEDICINE. I SHOULD DRINK IT IF I WERE YOU. THESE PEOPLE GET A BIT UPSHET IF YOU DONT ACCSHEPT HOSHPITALITY.



UM. ACTUALLY, IT'S NOT AT ALL BA--





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.

Heroes

Wizards

OH, IF WE'RE GOING TO BE LIKE THAT, THEN, WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE STUDDED 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!

Heroes

Wizards

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.

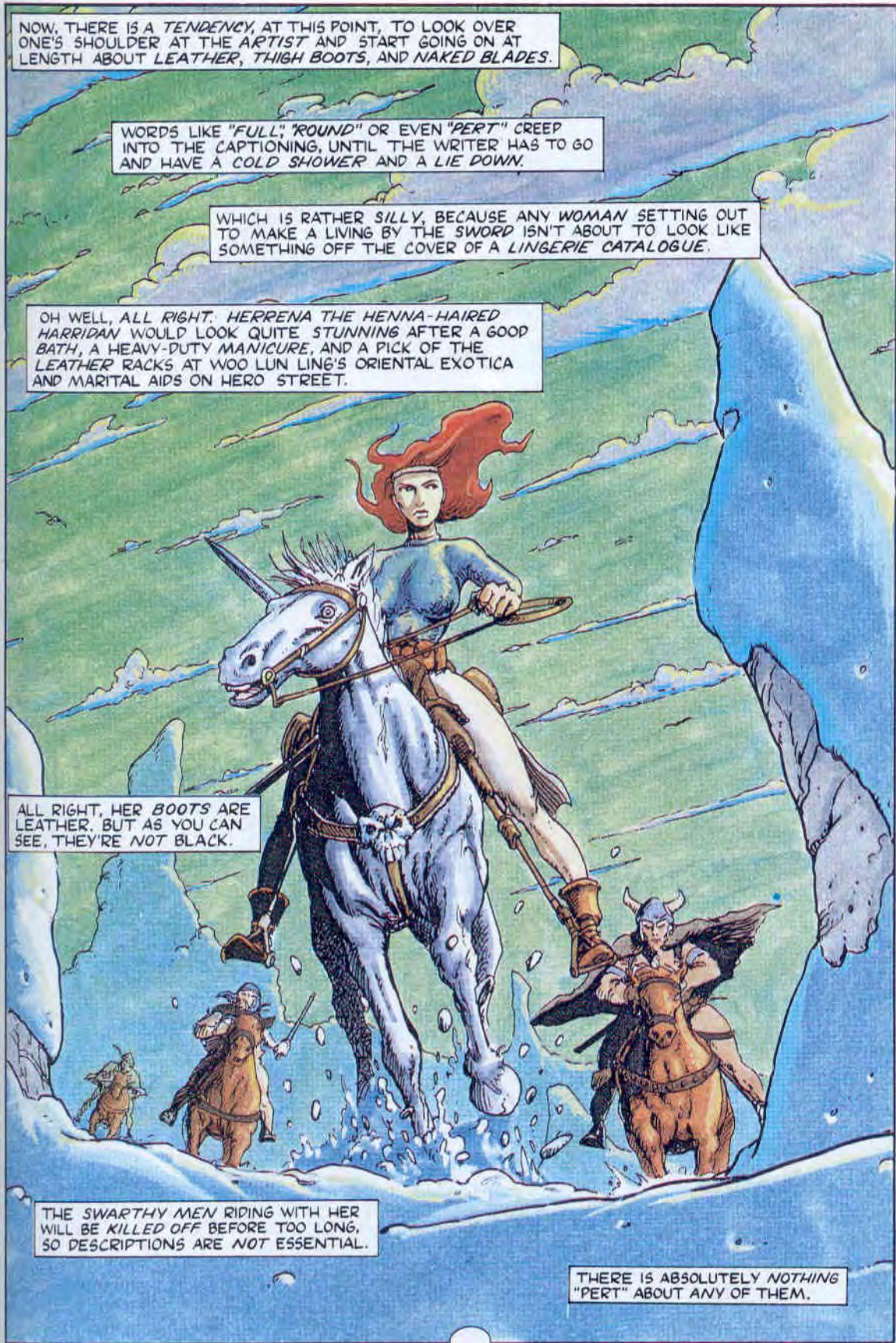
WHICH IS RATHER SILLY, BECAUSE ANY WOMAN SETTING OUT TO MAKE A LIVING BY THE SWORD ISN'T ABOUT TO LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OFF THE COVER OF A LINGERIE CATALOGUE.


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-- EXISTENCE 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--

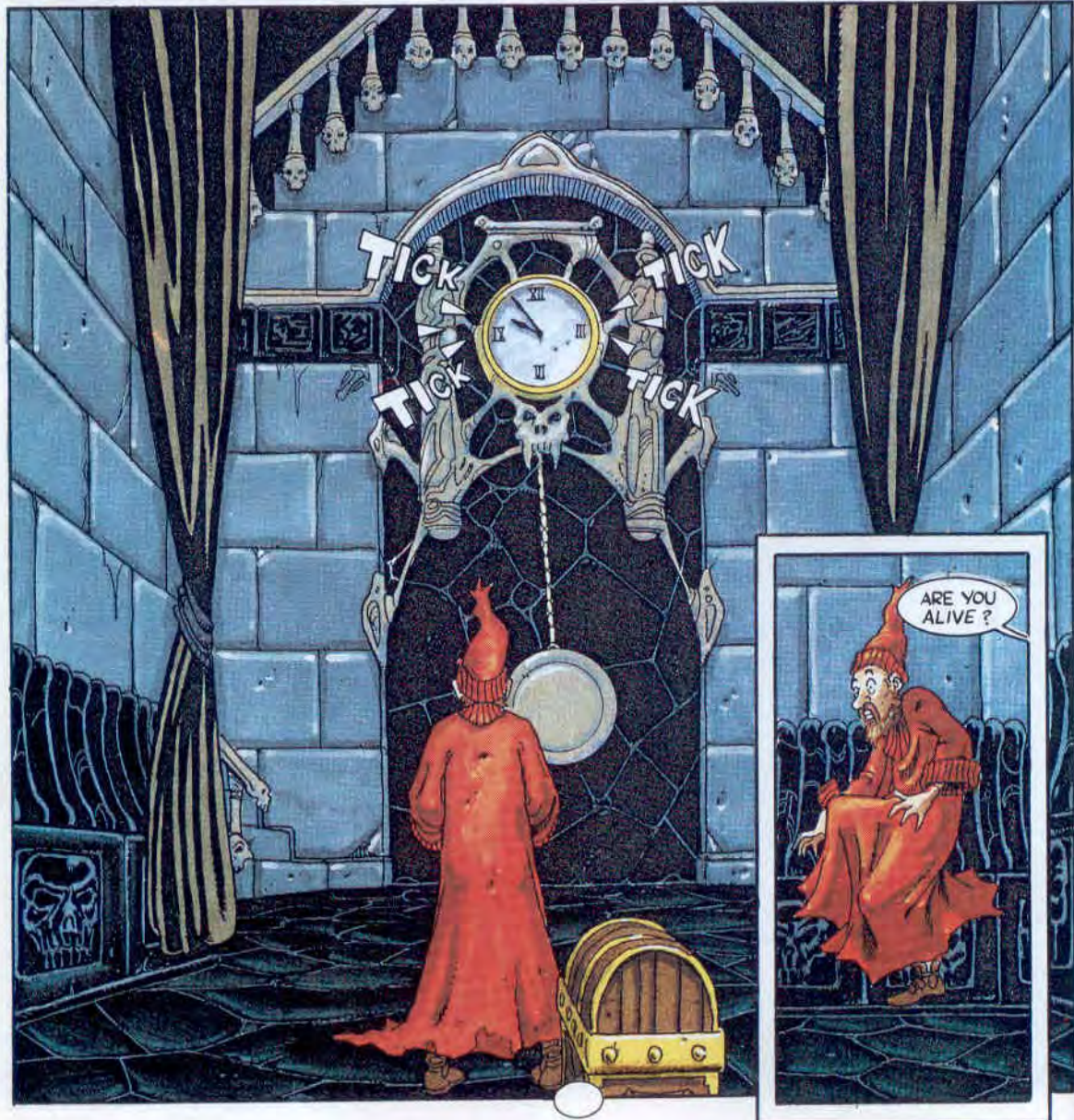
THERE'S A LOVELY VIEW IF YOU LEAN OVER THIS--

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

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

AROUND HERE THE WIND REALLY DOES WHISPER ...









ADOPTED. ACTUALLY. HE FOUND ME WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. IT WAS ALL RATHER SAD.

COME AND MEET HIM -- HE'S GOT FRIENDS IN TONIGHT.

SORRY, HAVE I GOT IT RIGHT? DEATH. YES? TALL, THIN, EMPTY EYE SOCKETS, HANDY IN THE SCYTHE DEPARTMENT?



:(SIGH :)

YES. HIS LOOKS ARE AGAINST HIM, I'M AFRAID.

WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING THAT AGAIN?



WELL, IF YOU RETURN ANYTHING EXCEPT A TRUMP, SOUTH WILL BE ABLE TO GET HIS TWO RUFFS, LOSING ONLY ONE TURTLE, ONE ELEPHANT AND ONE MAJOR ARCANA, THEN--

THAT'S TWOFLOWER!



PESTILENCE IS SOUTH?

OH, COME ON, MORT. HE EXPLAINED THAT. WHAT IF FAMINE HAD PLAYED A-- WHAT, A TRUMP RETURN?



AH, THEN YOU'D ONLY BE ABLE TO RUFF ONE TURTLE INSTEAD OF TWO.

I DIDN'T QUITE FOLLOW THAT. TELL ME ABOUT PSYCHIC BIDS AGAIN, I THOUGHT I WAS GETTING THE HANG OF THAT.

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.

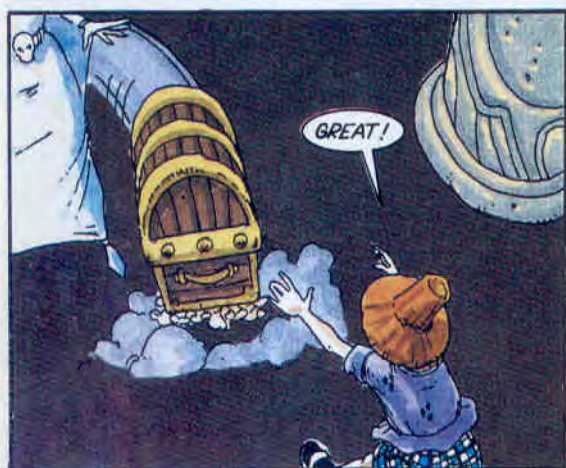
DID YOU SAY
HUMANS PLAY THIS
FOR FUN?

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--*

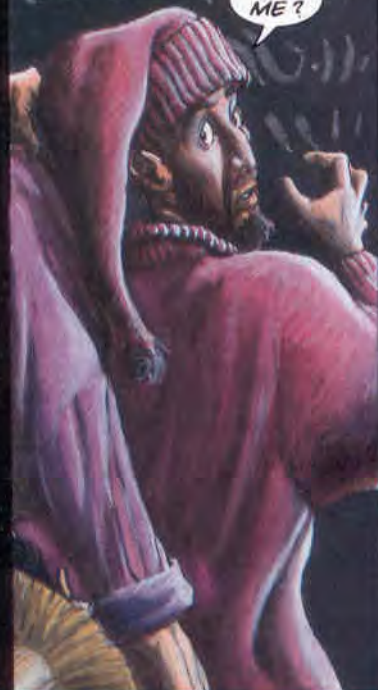


HOLD ON, I DON'T THINK LIKE THIS! WHO'S THINKING FOR ME?



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.

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

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

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...



--BAD.

YOU OKAY, RINCEWIND? YOU LOOKED A BIT GONE THERE.



THAT WAS A REALLY STRANGE... DREAM. THERE WAS THIS... A CLOCK THAT... AND THESE PEOPLE WHO...

YOU'VE BEEN *ALL* HALLUCINATING.



>GROAN<

YOU LOOKED LIKE SOMEONE HAD WALKED OVER YOUR GRAVE.

UM, YES... IT WAS PROBABLY ME.



LIFE'S BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN.



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...



I'D BE SHIXTY-SHEVEN



YES?



WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

WELL-- HOW CAN I PUT IT? WHEN I WASH A YOUNG MAN, CARVING MY NAME ON THE WORLD, I LIKED MY WOMEN RED-HEADED AND FIERY.



AND THEN I GREW A LITTLE OLDER AND I LOOKED FOR A WOMAN WITH BLOND HAIR AND THE GLINT OF THE WORLD IN HER EYE.



BUT THEN I GREW A LITTLE OLDER AGAIN AND I CAME TO SEE THE POINT OF DARK WOMEN OF A SULTRY NATURE.

THEN WHAT? WHAT IS IT THAT YOU LOOK FOR IN A WOMAN NOW?



PATIENCE.

BY EVENING, THEY HAD COME TO THE EDGE OF THE HIGH PLAINS.



SNIFF
SNIFF

I SMELL
TROLLSH.

TROLLS?



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 SH'LL
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 SHUP.



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
SHUTUFF.

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?



BENE






YOU WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO DIGEST ME. I'D MAKE YOU ANFULLY 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?

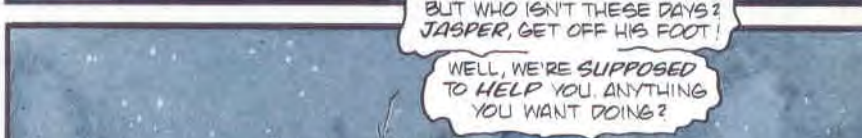


IT'S BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM MOUNTAIN TO GRAVEL SINCE THE SUNSET OF TIME * "WHEN THE RED STAR LIGHTS THE SKY, RINCEWIND THE WIZARD WILL COME LOOKING FOR ONIONS.

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.



OH, DEAR...

WHY OH DEAR?



THEY'VE LIT A FIRE.

YOU DON'T LIKE FIRES?

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




LET'S HOPE HE DOESN'T FIND IT, THEN.

NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT...




THEY'VE LIT IT IN HIS MOUTH.



I SHOULD HAVE BEEN
LISSHENING OUT. I SHOULD
HAVE BEEN PAYING ATTENTION
AND NOT BEING SHWAYED BY
ALL THISH TALK ABOUT YOUR
PIN-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
LINTIE US AND LET
LUSH 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.





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...

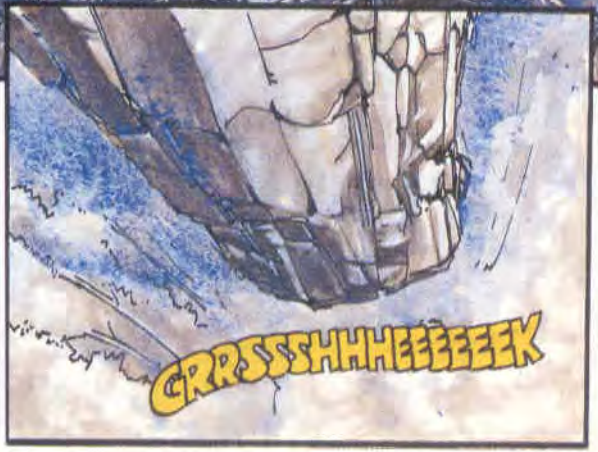
OH NO...



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



SWOOOOSSSHH



CRSSSHHHHEEEEEK



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
HORSES HAVE
ALL GONE.





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.



WHOO!



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 THOSE SHOPS-- I MEAN, I BET YOU HADN'T NOTICED IT BEFORE AND WHEN YOU WENT BACK AGAIN IT WASN'T THERE? FULL OF STRANGE STUFF?



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

ONE OF THOSE 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 IS WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR. YOU GO ON, I'LL JOIN YOU SHORTLY.

A JEWELLER?



IT'S 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.

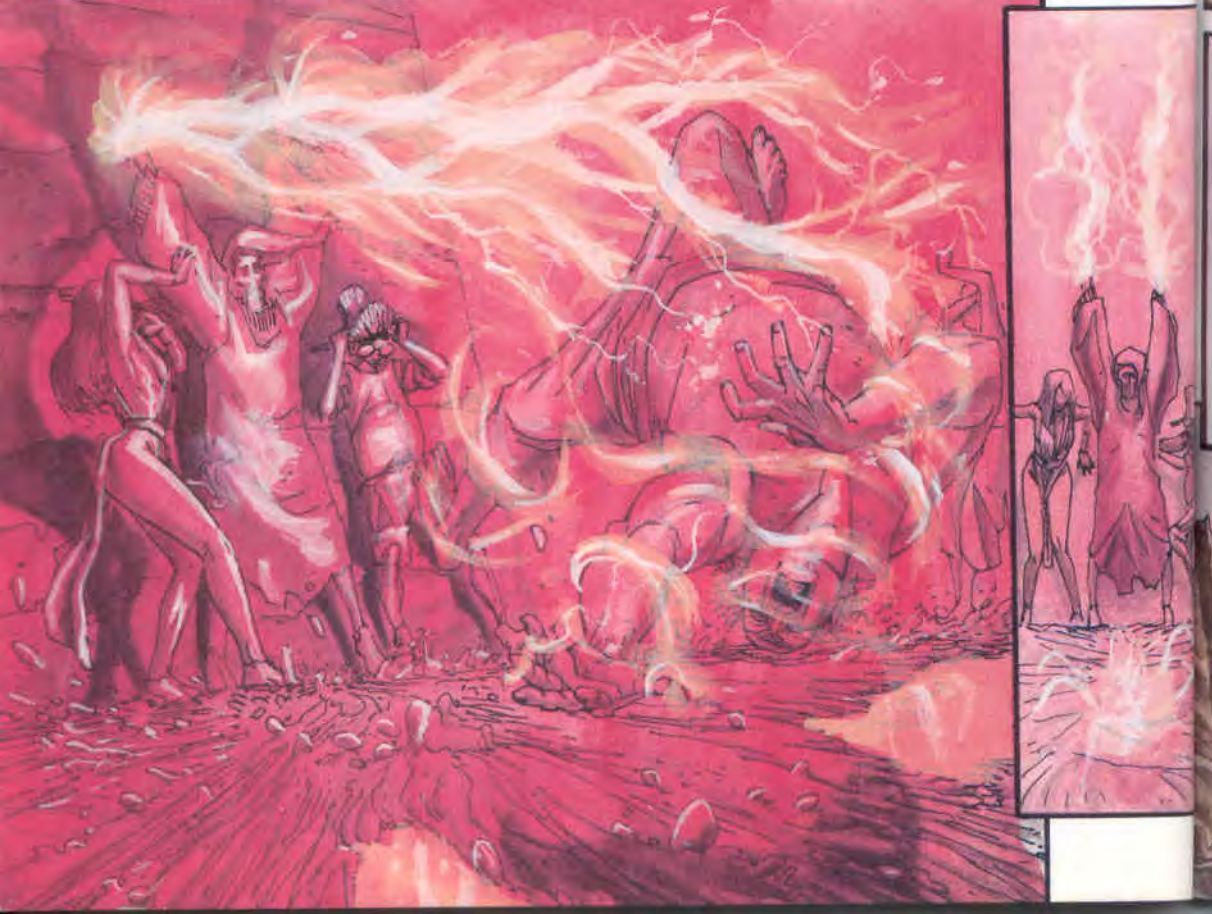


I MEAN IT!

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!

LRRGGH

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





I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MUCH STUFF!

THERE'S ONE THING OUT OF STOCK... IT'S FRESH OUT OF EXITS.



WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT?



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I THINK IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I'VE EVER SEEN.



HALLO?

WHRRRR??

I HOPE YOU WERE INTENDING TO PAY FOR THAT.

JEFF BONET



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?

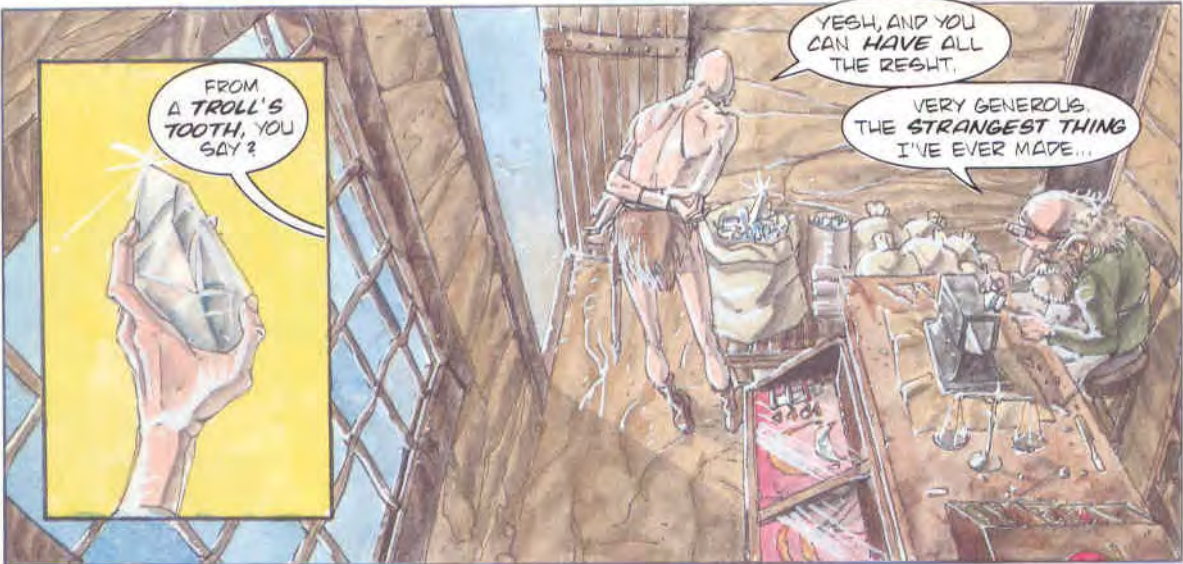
YES, A BIT.



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?





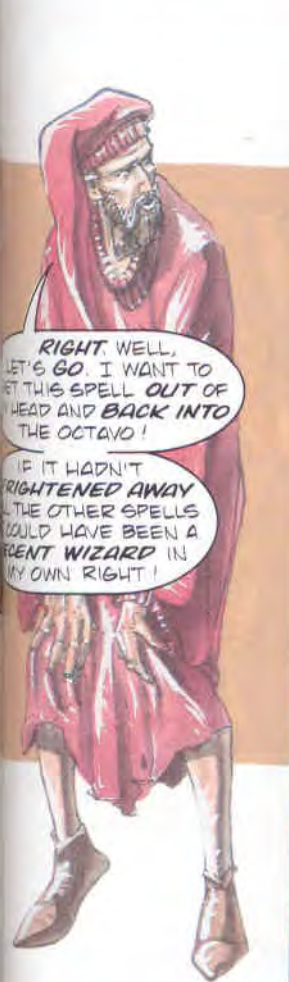
OOOH! MAGIC!
SO THAT'S WHAT IT FEELS
LIKE! NO WONDER WIZARDS
DON'T HAVE MUCH TRUCK
WITH SEX!

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
RECENT 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 ITS CRATER
POCKED HEAD TO ITS
ARMOURD 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** SETTling 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--

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!**

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

YOU
LAUGHED?

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.

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

YES, LIKE THIS,
HNLIFHNUFHNUF
BLORT.

THANK
YOU.

PROBABLY
NOT A WISE
THING TO
DO.

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





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.

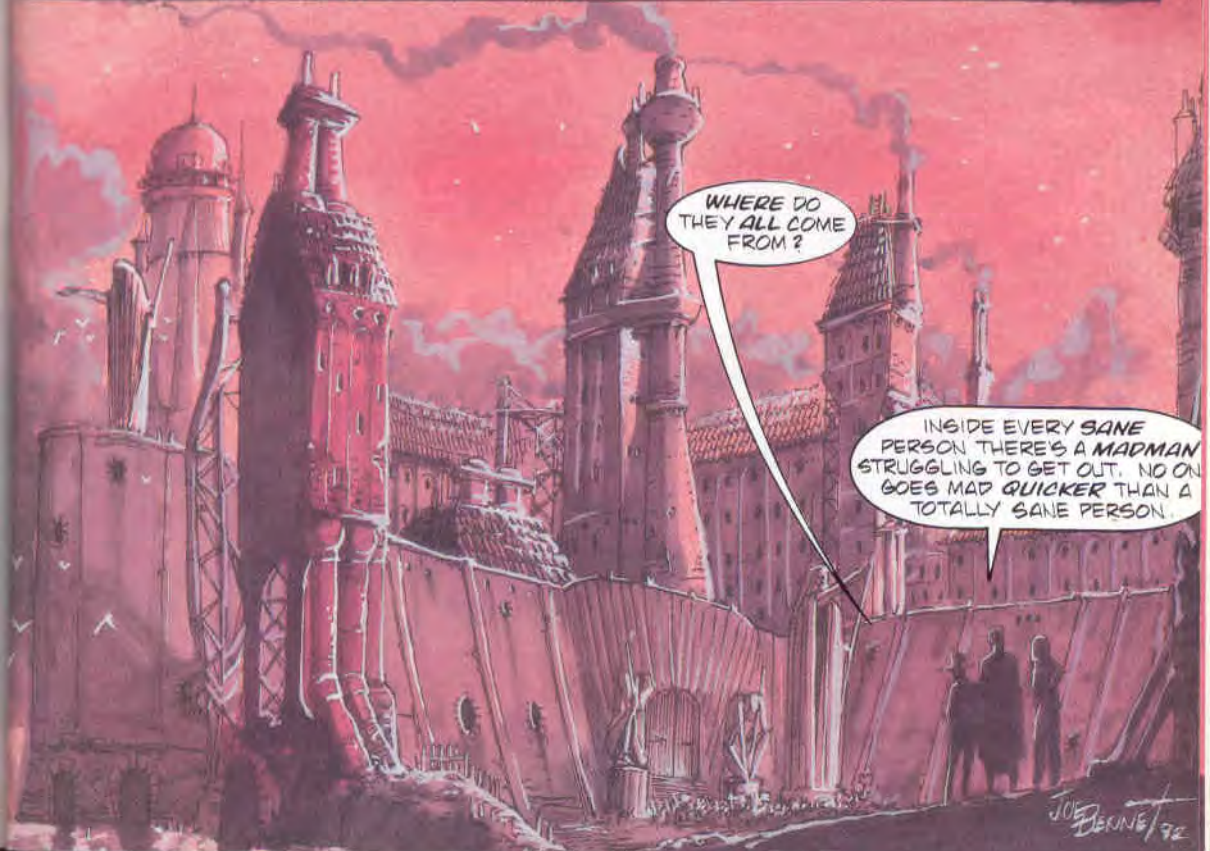
NOR IS MY
LUGGAGE.



COME ON.
THE UNSEEN
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.

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.

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

LOOK! THE
STAR'S GOT SPOTS
ON IT!

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!

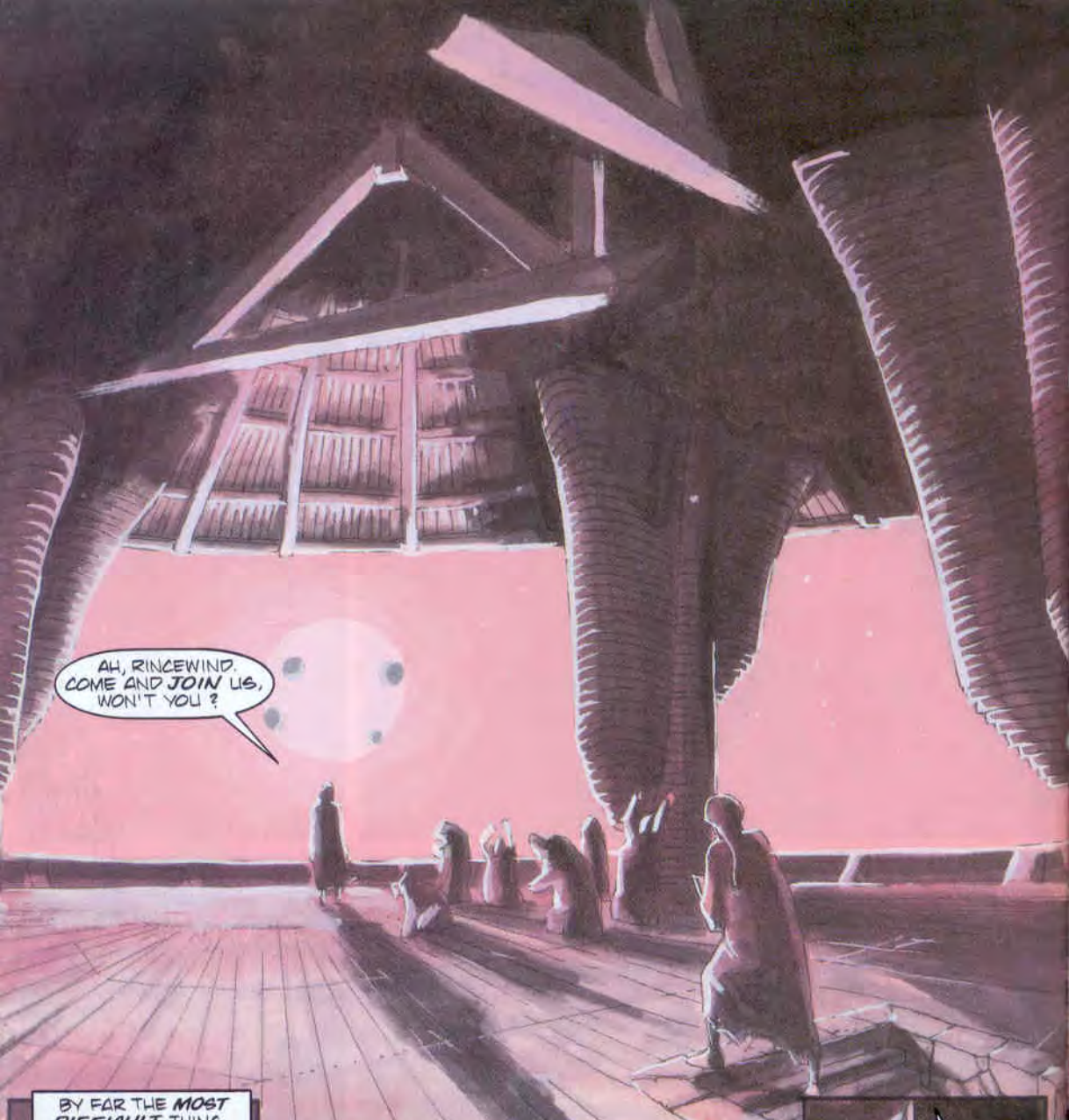
ALL RIGHT, SPELL, YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN, YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE, NOW GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!



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?

RINCEWIND 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...



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

John Eggs



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.

RINDEWIND 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 FUNTTEL



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!

NOW
WHAT?

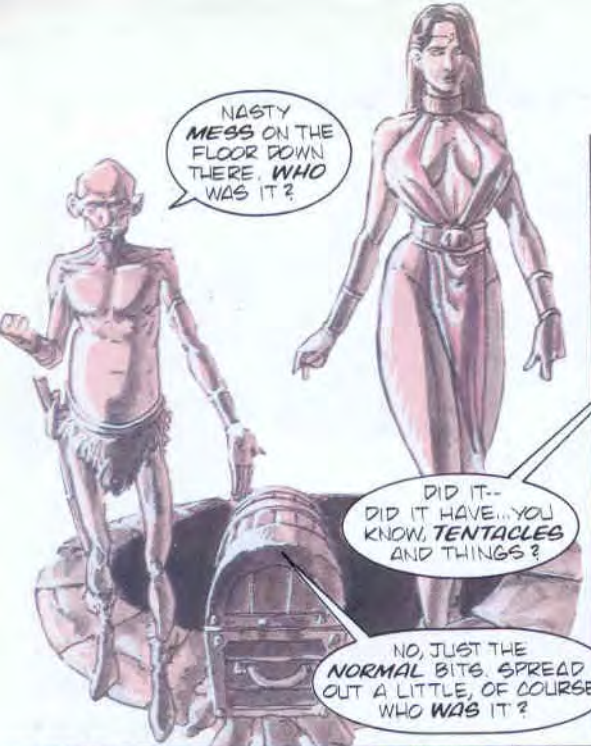
OH, YES,
RIGHT!



LIMPHFFF!







NASTY MESS ON THE FLOOR DOWN THERE. WHO WAS IT?

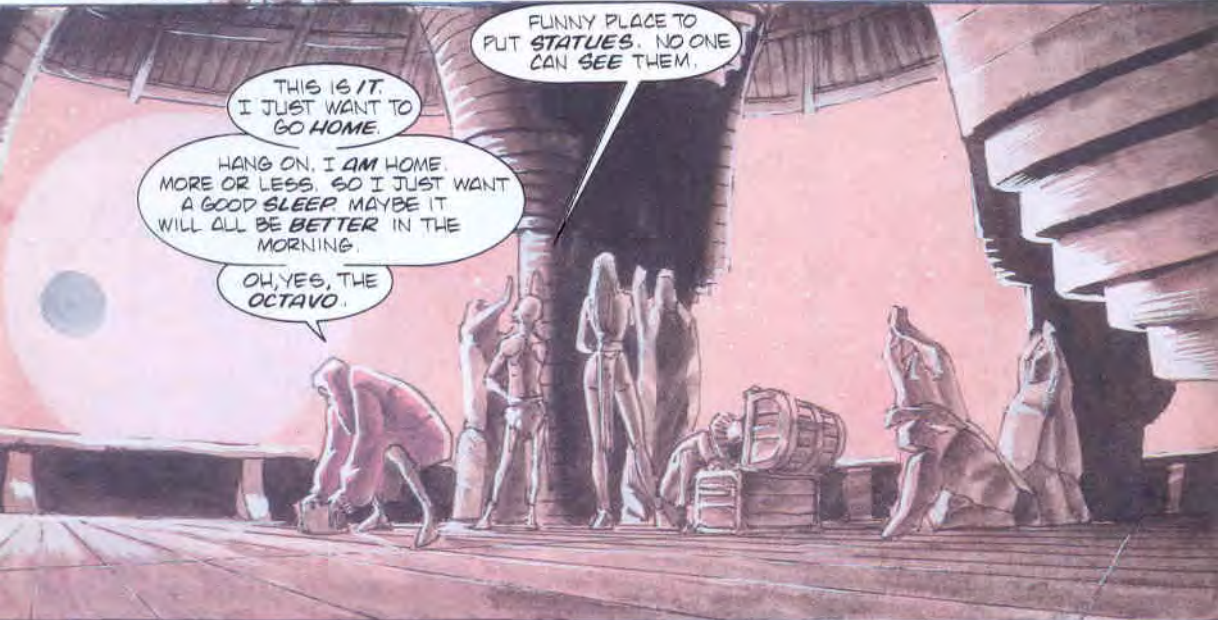
DID IT-- DID IT HAVE... YOU KNOW, **TENTACLES** AND THINGS?

NO, JUST THE **NORMAL** BITS. SPREAD OUT A LITTLE, OF COURSE. WHO WAS IT?



JUST A WIZARD WHO LET THINGS GET ON TOP OF HIM. HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

BUMPY BUT FAST. I'LL TELL YOU THIS, NOBODY TRIES TO STOP YOU.



THIS IS IT. I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

HANG ON. I AM HOME MORE OR LESS. SO I JUST WANT A GOOD SLEEP. MAYBE IT WILL ALL BE BETTER IN THE MORNING.

OH, YES, THE **OCTAVO**.

FUNNY PLACE TO PUT **STATUES**. NO ONE CAN SEE THEM.

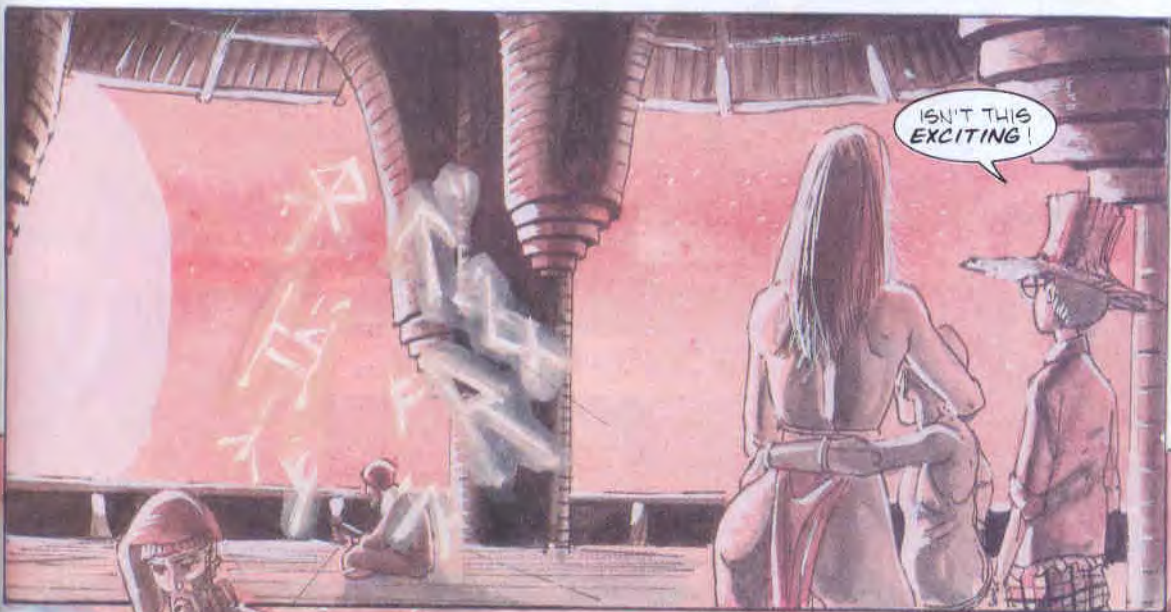


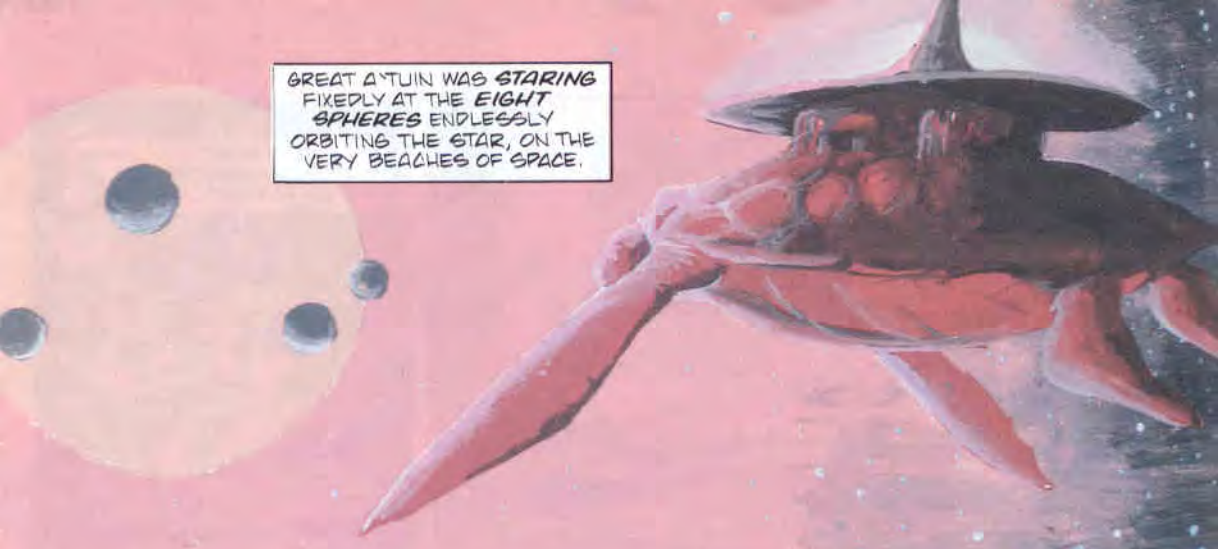
THE LAST PAGE IS EMPTY.

YOU. OUT.

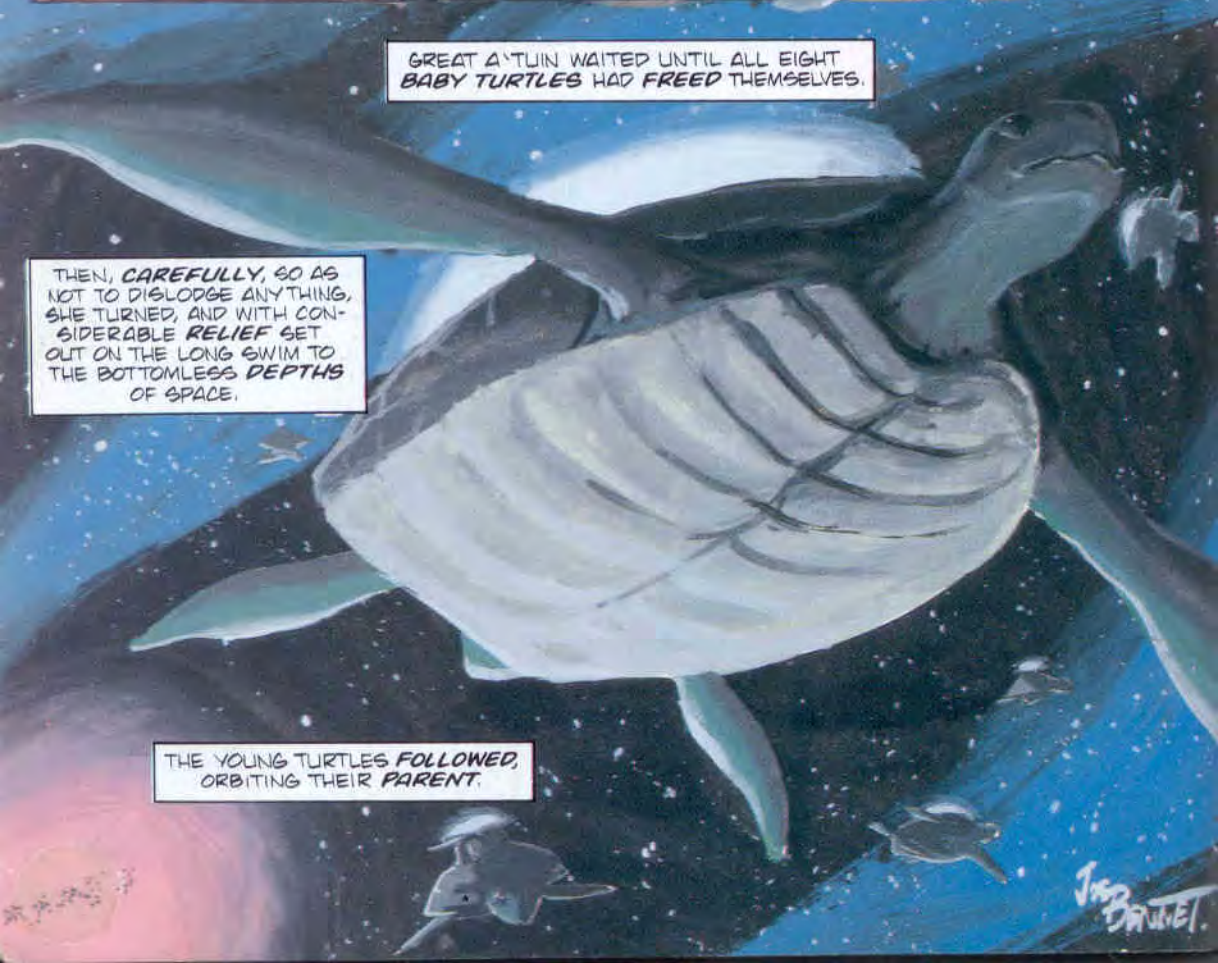
THERE WAS A **TINGLING** SENSATION, A BLUE **FLASH** BEHIND HIS EYES, AND A SUDDEN FEELING OF **EMPTINESS**.







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**.

JOE 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?

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?

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

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

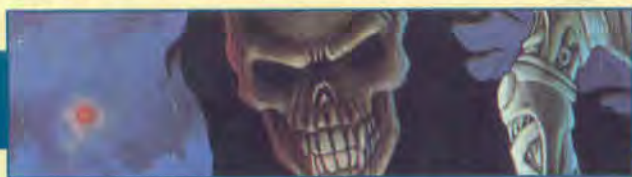
Six months ago, Rincewind was a perfectly ordinary failed wizard. Then he met Twoflower, the Discworld's first tourist, was employed at an outrageous salary as his guide, and has since spent most of his time being shot at, terrorized, chased and hanging from high places with no hope of salvation or,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



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