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

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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 DISCWoLF novel.

Cover illustration by Dauck Gross, Sr.
Illustrated by STEVEN ROSS Adapted by SCOTT ROCKWELL
Lettered by VICKIE WILLIAMS Edited by DAVID CAMPTTI

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
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THE COLOUR OF MAGIC
A CORGI BOOK 0 552 13845 9
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in Australia by Transworld Publishers (Australia) Pty Ltd, 15-25 Helen Avenue, Moorebank, NSW 2170, and in New Zealand by

Made and printed in Italy by A. Mondadori Editori, Verona
PROLOGUE

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

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

... GREAT A TURTLE CARRYING THROUGH THE INTERSTELLAR ECLIPSE.

THROUGH SEA-SIZED EYES, HE STARES FIXEDLY 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 the Great Turtle, Great Wyrm, and Terrapin, on whose back rested shoulders the weight of the world.

The disc is supported by the long waterfall at the very circumference and foamed by the blue vault of heaven.

Astrobiology has been, as yet, unable to establish what they think about.

The Great Turtle was a very hypothermic until the sky and the small and secretive knapsack ofuuid lowered several observers over the dome.

To peer through the mast vellus.

The early astrobiologists were able to bring back much information about the world and nature of a turtle and the elephants.

But this did not resolve the fundamental questions about the nature and purpose of the universe.

...For example, what was a turtle's actual sex?
The mail of the Discworld is never closely guarded by theNear Sun, and the Land which there are located in

precisely why all this should be so is not clear.

but there is no way to explain why on the Disc. The Gods are not so much worshiped as blamed.

The twin cities of Ankh-Morpork, of which all other cities of the Disc are, as it were, mere reflections.

Proud Ankh and festering Morpork, have stood many assaults in their long and cowered twin history. and

with almagh reigned to flourish again...

as the fire and its subsequent flood that will happen soon will not mark its end.

—but rather be merely a fiery punctuation mark, a climax, like comma, or full-stop. revision in a continuing story.
NEVER AGAIN PROVOCED THE GARRISON, THREE MEN ON A SHIP LEAVING THE EMBARK AND TACKLING UP ON THE WIREWORK SHORE.

IT CARRIED A LARGE OF BLUE PEARS, WHEELS, AND ṬEEL DEER, LETTERS TO THE PHYSICIAN OF ANNAPOLIS.

—AND A MAN.

CROPPLE NA. OOD!

YMOE!

ADAPTED BY: SCOTT ROCKWELL
PAINTED BY: STEVEN KERS
LETTERED BY: VICKIE WILLIAMS
EDITED BY: DAVID CAMPT!!!
I would like to be directed to an hotel, please. (Frosty, Sherry)

Yes, all right. Come on, then.

Igor will probably give me a good reward once I get back to the broken wall.

And none too soon. There is something odd about him...

What is it?
HE'D HAVE TO BE A MERCHANT OR SPY. WHAT DO YOU THINK WITH "I DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT SPIES AND I EXPECT THEY ARE MERCHANTS."

HE HAS TAKEN US STRANGERS TO THE BROKEN DRUM. SORREN MUST HAVE BEEN A CUSTOMER THERE RECENTLY FOR WE SAW ONE OF THEM ON LEGS.

HE HAD THE PAPAL CREST MADE.

WHY?

DAMN! HE OVED HIS "FREE" COPPER PIECES.

I THINK HE MINDED ALONG TO THE DRUM LATER ON. WITH..."

AH... OUR MESSAGE FROM SORREN THE CAT. HE'S ESTABLISHED ON THE GODD'S TOWER ON THE TEMPLE OF SMALL GODS..."
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 account on a room, the lion's house full, board and a room with a view. What is your bet for one night?

All eyes in the broken spawn at that moment watched the stranger.

Except for a few belonging to Ringwood, the wizard.

Yet we wear the bronze cotaon of the amber university, the high school of magic on the dais.

Ringwood was staring at the luggage.

A vein began to throb in his forehead.

Gut-bath, Peenwood!
I only thought it might be useful to address this gentleman in his own tongue.

In desperation, he tried Heaven Tide.

"Let last (or, it's a shame, it's a shame)"

Or, in truth, thing which may happen, but once in the unlated lifetime of a canine, nullified divinity by the dog who, with the gentle tongue in his teeth, - to the sound of many apostolical tones of the perils of the world... or so it is said."
YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY I TELL HIM I'LL HELL ME A VERY WELCOME. TELL HIM BREAKFAST IS ONE GOLD PIECE.

I'LL TELL THEM IN TOO.

STRANGER, IF YOU STAY HERE YOU WILL BE UNLED OR MOURLED BY NIGHT FALL, BUT DON'T KEEP SMILING OR I WILL.

OH, COME NOW, THIS LOOKS LIKE SUCH A DELIGHTFUL PLACE. A GENUINE HUMAN NATURE, SO REASONABLE, AND SO QUANT!

GUARDIAN ACTUALLY THE NEAREST EQUIVALENT IN THIS WOULD BE THAT PRAISED QUANTITY OF PEROUS FOUL... EATING PIGMES ON THE GREY!( CRIMINALA?"

[MY NAME IS TWOFLOWER].

[HIM IS RINKEWIND].

[ALI THE NE-TYPICAL REST A SMALL GOLD PIECE WILL BE SUFFICIENT PAYMENT. I DO NOT WANT TO CAUSE OFFENSE].

[NO! I MEAN NO, NOT AT ALL. OFFENSE].
"You say this is a tough place! Frequent by heroes and mercenaries!"

"Warriors and fight for the 'pig with the most milk in the head.' What could we mean by?"

"Oh, mercenary, yes. You want to hire someone?"

"Oh no, I just want to meet them so that when I get home I can say that I did it!"

"[whispers] Where is your home?"

"[whispers] Have you heard of the city of Big Ploarking?"

"Well, I didn't get to spend much time in 'roa..."

"Yarrr!"

"The Counterweight Continent!"

"Oh, it's not in roa! I speak 'fool' because there are many 'fools' living in roa. A real fool is the fool!"

"You say this is a tough place! Frequent by heroes and mercenaries!"

"Warriors and fight for the 'pig with the most milk in the head.' What could we mean by?"

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"Oh, it's not in roa! I speak 'fool' because there are many 'fools' living in roa. A real fool is the fool!"
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.

"Wait. Perhaps I'm not making myself clear."

You see, what with one thing and another our coinage has been somewhat altered over the years.

The gold content of the average coin is barely four parts in twelve.

What of it?

"This coin isn't like ours."

It's pure gold.

I'm glad you decided to see me. I'm not here to see another monogrammed piece sitting at a desk all day. I thought it was high time we disposed of our paraphernalia and bought a passage to the brown islands.

Um, is everyone in the archeal republic as rich as you?
[The man says:] "Can I show you to your room, Sir?"

[Another man says:] "I am but a poor cleric. I supposed you had the idea that I was rich?"

[The man says:] "[barely two thousand Guilders] hardly enough to keep a man alive for a month or two at home."

[Another man]: "Do you have, uh... gold?"

[The man]: "[an area occurs to me] Bingewind. Would you consent to be enslaved? After all, I don't know... blimey! I think I could arrange to pay a ruin a day... or one and one-half Guilders!"

Ringewind was to call back at noon to show Tarflower around the city.

[The man]: "I think I could arrange..."

As a student Bingewind had never received high marks in the University, but now, under certain circumstances, his brain were throbbing out the future.

[The man]: "What will happen to Tarflower?"

[Another man]: "Even the Cockneys have an uncanny instinct for gold."

[The man]: "Perhaps he will have to be a deal more to leave him."

The space between his shoulders blodes began to itch.
I am lowed that an enter to one of the patron's palace is filled with clerks who collate and update all the information collected by the master's spies. Not to be doubted.

And, lord, we had to shoot the horse before he could stop.

Which by a fairly direct route brings you here. What have you got to say for yourself?

A sudden halt. Or is it a sudden quarrel?

A sudden quarrel?

I didn't steal the horse. Those rhinos are pure gold.

Those golden rhinos? I didn't. I am not very similar to our himself famed Salad. This, technical, theft.

And, of course, the cowardly betrayal of a visitor to this house.
IT IS SAID THAT WHEN A WIZARD IS ABOUT TO DIE, DEATH HIMSELF TURNS UP TO CLAIM HIM.

ORANGE IS THE BASIC COLOR OF WHICH ALL THE OTHERS ARE MIXED; A SORT OF FLUORESCENT BURGUNDY-YELLOW PURPLE.

EVEN FAILED WIZARDS LIKE INSURVIVAL CAN DIE INTO THE RED OCTAVE NEAR END OF THE SPECTRUM.

ASK THAT A FLUORESCENT SHADOW IN THE CORNER?

NOW I TELL YOU VERY CAREFULLY TO WHAT I AM ABLE TO TELL ANY OTHER: YOU WILL BE IN AN INTERESTING SITUATION OVER A PERIOD PLEASE STOP DOING THIS.

SINCE YOU ARE A WIZARDS OR ROGUES, YOU WILL KNOW THAT THERE IS EAT ENOUGH TO EAT, TOWARDS THE END OF THE ONCE.
"...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?"

"I have not heard of the counterpart continent. Some sailors have even believed the childhood tales and sailed in search of it."

"It is, of course, true. It is not made of gold, but gold is very common there. A made up of vast octroi deposits deep within the crust."
ONE MAN LETTER ARRIVED THIS MORNING. A SUBJECT OF THE EMPIRE HAS TAKEN IT IN HIS HEAD TO VISIT OUR CITY.

ONLY A MADMAN WOULD UNDERGO THE FROSTY NIGHTS OF CROSSING THE TWIRLING OCEANS IN ORDER MERELY TO LOOK AT ANYTHING.

ONLY A MADMAN WOULD UNDERGO THE FROSTY NIGHTS OF CROSSING THE TWIRLING OCEANS IN ORDER MERELY TO LOOK AT ANYTHING.

HE LOOKED THIS MORNING. HE MIGHT MAKE ME A GREAT HERO OR SOME WISE SAGE, HE TOLD ME.

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

THANK YOU, LORD.

IT WOULD BE A TRAGEDY IF ANYTHING UNFORTUNATE HAPPENED TO OUR HERO. THE AGATHAN EMPIRE LOOKS AFTER HIS OWN AND COULD EXTEND US WITH A NOSE.

BUT I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

WE NEED HER. I'LL BE LUCKY TO JOIN HER AGAIN ONE DAY.

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

AND THEN I'LL GET A JOB PULVERIZING ENEMIES IN HELL,

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

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

Probably a lucky throw. They all were too blurry to notice me.

Lucky. In the raging bloom no one seemed to notice a shadowy figure that scurried from table to table toward the stairway.
HEY!

SLEEP!

THINK!

Arrgghhh!

Aaahhhhh!

Agoniti! Cursed beard!

Wizardry # 67!

Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!

HOLD ON, THERE IS SOMEONE COMING!

Z!
SOMETHING LATER, AFTER LUNCH AND NINE
WOULD BE SUITABLE TO RELAY THIS NINE.

Tavern fights are pretty common around
here. I expect I no doubt the Virtues and Fighting
get damaged.

FINALLY, I SEE
THE BENCHER AND HUSTLER
I SUPPOSE SO.

I MIGHT
BE ABLE TO HELP
THESE KINGS FOR
MY BUSINESS.

YOU TAKE
RISKS!

ON NO. I AGREE.
THEN DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE COFFERS ARE
OF A HOUSE CATCHING FIRE IN THE
RED TRAPEZE DIRECT OR WAS
RELAX? OF EYE HUNDRED THIRTY-EIGHT TO ONE.

WHAT-
UH...
WHAT FOR?

WELL, I CAN'T SAY IT IN
TRIBUL.. IN MY LANGUAGE WE CALL IT-
INN-SWER-AHANTS.

I WORKED THE COINS AGAINST THAT
THINGS HAPPENING. ADD A BIT. THEN YOU PAY
ME SOME MONEY BASED ON THOSE COINS.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THE INN-SWER-AHANTS. MAGIC.
NOW WHERE I UNDERSTAND!

HELL, MAGIC IN ONE THING. AND
REFLECTED-SOUND-OF-UNDERGROUND
Spirits is another.

REFLECTED-SOUND-OF-UNDERGROUND SPIRITS I
NEVER HEARD OF IT.

THERELIVER TRED TO EXPLAIN.
RUGNILF TRED TO UNDERSTAND.
IN THE LONG AFTERNOON, RINSHIND AND THE FLOWER TOURED THE CITY TURNAGAIN OR THE RIVER.

AT THE TEMPLE OF SEVEN HUNGER, THE PRIESTS AND RITUAL HEART—TRANSLANT ADJACENT AGREED THAT NEC WAS FAR TOO MUCH TO BE MADE INTO A MAGIC PICTURE.

A BEAST OF TWO RHINOS LEFT THEM ASTOUNDED, AGREEING THAT PERHAPS HE WOULDN'T THAT HOLY AFTER ALL.

AS THE SMOKE CLEARED FROM HIS BEAK, RINSHIND BEGAN TO QUESTION SERIOUSLY HOW THE MEGA-MACAO WORKED.

HE SOON TOOK EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO OPERATE THE BOX.
A prolonged session at the mirror

The witch produced a number of colorful
and instructive pictures---

...several of which concealed about his person for
detailed personal in private.

Even a failed wizard knew that some substances
were sensitive to light. Perhaps the square bits of
paper were treated by some arcane processing
that froze the light that passed through them.

He noticed something else strange:
progression of the box conferred
a kind of power on the wielder.

Anyone confronted with the
lyrical glass eye would
subconsciously obey the most
peremptory orders about
etiquette and expediency.

It was while he was thus
engaged in the pleas
of the broken moon that
disaster struck.
Cick!

It's no good! I've run out of ink.

No pink! Gee! If you wanted pink then you shouldn't have taken all those pictures of the young ladies, should you?

It's monochrome from now on, friend.


What flower?

They flower!

Oui! Without waste.

Or they hold writing quill pens.
It is perhaps pertinent to say that Rincewind had learned the spell it had learned him.

The episode had led to his expulsion from the Unseen University, because, for a brief time, he had dared to open the last remaining copy of the Creator's own designs, the Detain.

The spell had leapt out of the page and burrowed deeply into Rincewind's mind:

--From whence the countries, palatial of the faculty of Uthering, 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...
Once then, I had been seeing a
bewildering machination where pieces
were especially knotted or threatened.

—To get itself back.

CRASH!

—The spell died,

Won't stop until you give him
you want, you're a wizard. Would
think of some way to end him.

GOOD

Now you've got the wrong
man. I didn't cover him!

Ah! Spells are much
good. It takes three months
to commit even a simple spell.
To lacerate then, once you've
used it. Poor! It's gone.

When Thorgor said they was a better kind of
magic, called reflected
summoning of underground
spirits, I thought.

Not much of a
wizard. I only knew one
spell. And frankly,

—Thought he meant a better
way of doing things. Something with
a bit of nerve in it. Harnessing
the lightning, I suppose.

Even if you could get a
warning on it. How could you get it
to pull a cart? It'd probably burn
through the warning anyway.

-Oh, right! All right!
I'm thinking.
YOU FEET TOO MUCH IN THE WAY. THE WIZARD WILL COME IN TOO MUCH OF A DROVER NOT TO TRY TO BARGAIN AND THEN HIRE HIM AND THE BOLD AND THE CREST.

I'VE THOUGHT THERE WAS THAT MUCH IMPORTANT INFORMATION ON THE MAGIC PAPER?

IT'S NOT REALLY SURE. IT'S A SORT OF WANDERING APPARENTLY. IT'S LIKE A BAG THAT THE BROKEN PELS WONT BURN DOWN.

THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN HIM TO THE BROKEN PEL. I WILL HAVE TO...

ODDS. WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

RINGWIND?
It was been remarked before that those who are sensitive to extreme—
the slant of the imagination—can see things that others cannot.

Like Death

Oh, no! Not...

The vexing thing is that I was expecting to meet thee in Persephone's
five hundred miles from here.

There's no chance that you could—I mean, I could lend you a fast horse...

I am surprised to see thee, Deathwind. For I have
an appointment with thee this very night.

Not a chance.

The whole system's got screwed up again.

Meanwhile, in the basement
of the broken drum...

Oh—sewer—ants... hummer!
What is it?

Gold!

It's a trick! Nobody moves!

The box! The box that bites.

Oomph...shhh!

Aieeee! Run! Look out!

Exciting isn't it?

Can you smell oil?
The timber fell and the underground gate here.

A river merchant had asked fifty times their worth, and been left gaping when she had been thrown into his hands.

And horror was already a cauldron of flame.

Ooo... ooo...

Bloody hell, he's alive.

Mr. God, who do we though it... Perhaps there is something in the reflected sound of the underground spring...

That's too cumbersome a purser, what's the word in his language?

Echo-echo-echo?

Echo-echo-echo?

That'll do.

That sounds about right.

Here's another fine mess you've gotten me into.

Next, the bone roll dies.

Our heroes meet with the barbarian, even more. They meet Bel-Queth, the keeper 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 Azure, a mass of green, 100 miles high, rising 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 peak end.

No wonder the Disc gods spend more time in debunking than in omniscientenece.

PROLOGUE
There was a aura of concentration around the board now that the leader players had been removed from the game.

Change had been uneasy, and shortly afterwards, a man had come, pleading an appointment with destiny.

Blind 10 took up the die box.

She had been here made that the lady would be the next to leave.

A Vikings 2nd 10 and some sort of clerk.

Offer the crocodile god's accept. Had handed, as usual, by his turn.
Well, worldly.

Battle Rattle Cartel

Clunk Clunk Clunk

Clunk

Clunk

Plop!

Let’s go, play fair.

Hold on!
PICTURESQUE

PHRYNIA WAS A NAME USED TO ENCLOSE THE NELSON
S. 12 H. L. UNIVERSITY (RALEIGH), ONE OF
A NUMBER OF NATURES ADDED UP WHEN LEAVING THE
CHARGED RUINS OF DUN-HORDIS.

QUAINT WAS ANOTHER

"PICTURESQUE" MEANT:

"HE DECIDES AFTER CAREFUL OBSERVATION
OF THE SCENERY THAT INSPIRED
THROUGH FLOWER TO USE THE WORD..."

HORRIBLY PRECIOUS

"QUAINT" WHEN USED TO DESCRIBE THE
VILLAGE THROUGH WHICH THEY ARE
MEANT TO FOLLOW AND TINKERMAN.

THROUGH FLOWER HAS A JOURNEY THE FIRST
EVER SEEN ON THE D HORDIS. "QUAINT..."
RUNNING PRECIOUS, MEANT...

THE SENDING OF EIGHT

ADAPTED BY: SCOTT ROCHWELL
PRINTED BY: STEVEN ROSS
LETTERED BY: VICKIE WILLIAMS
EDITED BY: DAVID GAMBILL
I always thought that a wizard just had the magic words and that was that. Not all this tedious memorizing.

Well, magic isn't wild like it used to be. In the time of the older ones, it's been tamed, I had to obey the law of conservation of reality.

Some of the ancient magic can still be found in the right state. You can recognize it by the shape it makes in the crystalline structure of space-time. It was twice as many sides as a square.

It's all relative, remember.
Depressing?

I just meant,
that, I guess, things
ought to be more sort
of organized.

The plain fact
of the matter is that
we're on a diet that is
manifestly destroying
the universe on the back
of a giant turtle.

And the gods
have a habit of going
round toitchens' houses
and snapping
their windows.

What a strange
creature is it,
said another.

Ouch! What
are those people?
SOMETHING LATER.

RINGWIND!

IT'S ALMOST RAINING, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA NOT TO WALK ABOUT IN THE OPEN.

ALL RIGHT, THIS PLANT. TRY TO THINK FIRSTLY, I'M LOST THAT'S VERY ANNOYING. MY LUGGAGE IS MISSING.

WHAT SORT OF ACCOMMODATION DO FOREST DWELLERS PROVIDE? PERHAPS A HOLLOWED TREE?

THE STONE IS REALLY UNCOMFORTABLE.

AND ANYWAY, THOSE FOREST DWELLERS DON'T SEEM EVEN TO BE ALIVE ANYMORE.
Meanwhile, about three miles away...

**What are you grinning for?**

**I can't help it.**

**Now would you be so kind as to let go? I can't hang around all day.**

**I can.**

**It won't hurt.**

**Won't hurt! Being torn apart by wolves won't hurt!**

**It won't hurt.**
Orrrmaackkk!

Jeez! What the?

Little, little, little!

Ahh!

Sigh.

It's just not the same.
LADY: "Cheating, Lady!"

LORD: "No one cheats!"

NEMO: "But you are a true hero."

LADY: "I'm not even playing, that's not cheating."

LORD: "No, you're not."

NEMO: "Now, play."
YOU KNOW I THOUGHT I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING. NOW I SAW POSSIBLY SQUIRREL...

NOT A PALACE.

NOW I'D LIKE MORE ATTENTION IN ANTHROPOLOGY LECTURES AT THE UNIBEAN UNIVERSITY.

YOU WERE TO CLIMB MY TREE AND I RESCUED YOU HOW LUCKY FOR VOLAND YOUR FRIEND WITH THE MAGIC BOX?

OH HUM, YEAH I HOPE HE'S OK.

HE NEEDS YOUR HELP.
"His number liveth between seven and nine, it is twelve more."

"Where is the Temple?"

"This is the center of the forest. It is very old."

"But who would be so stupid as to worship Bel?"

"I'm not sure."

"There were certain advantages, the race that lived in these parts had strange notions."

"What happened to them?"

"I did say they used to live in these parts. Come with me and watch your friends enter. It should be interesting."
THAT SOUNDED LIKE Foliage Flapping or a distant waterfall.

WHAT'S IT DOING?

LIVING

ARE WE REALLY IN A TREE? I MEAN, I WASN'T REDUCED IN SIZE! I MEAN, DADDY IT LOOKED NARROW ENOUGH FOR ME TO PUT MY ARMS AROUND IT.

IT IS. I CAN SEE INTO YOUR MIND, DEAR WIZARD. AM I NOT A DEITY?

WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE IF YOU WERE NORMAL?

I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT YOU WEREN'T A REAL WIZARD WHEN I SAW THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE A STAFF.

I SET IT IN A FIRE.

DEAD WIZARD THINGS ARE NOT EMBRACEABLE ON IT.

IT'S ALIVE.

IT DIED, LOOK. THANKS FOR RESCuing ME. BUT IF YOU COULD SHOW ME THE WAY OUT...
Gren: Oh, I'm not realising on it! I'm captured, right?

You might think I'm going to rest well, Morthanorth. You will only die.

With a certain amount of ceremony, of course...

O, incompetent wizard. See some magic, not your weird, faked 'true magic' but real and beyond magic. Wild magic. Witch.
Engwino knew that the Temple of Bel-Phasmaroth would have eight sides.

Eight was also the number of Bel-Phasmaroth, which is why no sensible wizard would mention it.

Engwino's room number in his residence hall at the Unseen University had been 7A.

He hadn't been surprised.

The number of eight was two for different reasons. One was that it didn't belong to false wizards.
No matter we shall be soon enough.

I've no idea.

There was no mistaking that shape.

He was one of the Circle Sea's most famous heroes. A fighter of dragons, decoder of temples, hero-explorer, the kingpin of every street brawl.

He could even unlike many heroes, speak words of more than two syllables. In seven, time and a half or two.

In Ocenino'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!
HELEN'S GUIDED WINGING WAS FORCED FROM ATHERODERB AND HAD A SOLL, BUT SURVIVED NO EMBRACE.

HELEN HAD STEAL THE ONLY THREE DAY BEFORE, AND WAS ALREADY BEGINNING TO REGRET IT.

HELIA'S EARLIER CONFUSION WAS NOW CLEAR. THIS WAS OBVIOUSLY A MAGICAL TEMPLE, AND SHE EXPLAINED EVERYTHING.

IT EXPLAINED WHY EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON, SHE HAD SEEN A CHEST IN THE HALL OF THE TRUNK. THE TOP WAS INVITINGLY OPEN, DISPELLING MUSCULOS.

BUT WHEN SHE HAD APPROACHED IT, IT HAD EXPLoded AND RUN OUT INTO THE FOREST, STOPPING A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY.
Someone did those carvings, had probably been enchanting too much for years.

What's weird?

But you're a demon! I mean what's weird to a demon?

Oh, you know... things, stuff.

Oh, things, evil things.

Why we don't talk about it the point I'm seriously trying to get across, master.

Yeah, rings. Who was here, he'd know what...

I'm playing hide in here?!
"SLIVER OF A SCREAM" COMES TO MIND...
"It's me."

"Don't say it!"

"Don't say it!"

"Get out! How do you get in? Didn't you know..."

"Don't say it!"

"Yes, number! Between seven and nine plus four!!"

"What?"

"Say what?"

"Number..."

"I don't understand!"

"We're doomed. Just don't think about it. Trust me."

"Hey, let's try to get out!"

"Okay!"

"What?"

"Number..."
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

HERM DOOMER,
I TELL YOU, THIS PLACE IS
A GRILLER. IT DOESN'T MATTER
WHAT KIND OF SHIT WE'LL END
UP AT THE CENTER.

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

OH WELL. I
JUST THOUGHT I
WON'T LEAVE OLD THERMOS
HERE.

SO WHAT WE'VE GOT
TO DO NOW IS FIND THE
BE-CANNABIS FRESH
AND EXPLAIN THINGS TO
HIM AND PERHAPS WE'LL
LET US OUT.

FIND THE
CANNABIS
AND NOT GET INVOLVED.
JUST GIVE HIM A NO AND SAY THE
WAY TO THE EXIT?

HE DON'T
HAVE TO SET
MOONYES.

EXPLAIN THINGS
TO THE BENNYOS.

FIND THE CANNABIS
AND NOT GET INVOLVED. JUST
GIVE HIM A NO AND SAY THE
WAY TO THE EXIT?
YOU'RE INNANE! HEY!

COME BACK!

HEY, ENSHIELD!
LOOK WHAT'S HERE!

GREAT, ENSHIELD!
IT CAN LEAD US OUT OF HERE.
NOW

YES, AFTER I'VE TAKEN A FEW PICTURES.
JUST LET ME SEE THE ATTACHMENT.

IN AN INSTANT, IT'S MINE!
"IT BELONGS TO YOUR FATHER. HERE'S A PEAR—DON'T TOUCH IT!"

"HELLO, THERE'S SOMETHING I SHOULD TELL YOU."

"WHAT?"

"IT'S ABOUT NUMBERS. LOOK, IF YOU ADD SEVEN AND ONE, OR TAKE TWO FROM TEN…"

"HUGS?"

"I AM, JERI!"

"WHAT?"

"JUST DON'T SAY THAT NUMBER AGAIN!"

"STRAIGHT, WHY CAN'T HE SAY EIGHT?!"

"YOU GET A LUCKY WIFE. WE'RE IN THE DANGERS OF BEING OUTLAWED, OR WORSE, DEAD."

"EIGHT, HATE, ATE, AT E, AT E, AT E, AT E, AT E, AT E, AT E!!!"
YOU DID IT!
I SAID YOU SHOULDN'T GO IN THERE!

A SHROOD OF MUSK EGG
HAS RISEN IN THE HALL
EVEN WAS BUILDING UP...

RUN!
I HATE WORK HUNTING IS ONEROUS CAN MATERIALIZE EXHAUSTING

I JUST GET A PICTURE OF THIS IT'S STUPIDOUS!

OH NOT IF IT'S HIS...!

IT COULD BE WORSE.

IT COULD BE WORSE.

WHAT!

COME ON TIME TO GO ZOOM

RUN AWAY AND LEAVE HIM WITH THAT THING!

HEY IT'S NOT MY LUGGAGE!
At the Unseen University was kept the Octavo, greatest of all manuscripts, formerly owned by the Creator of the Universe. It was this book that Rincewind had once opened for a rest.

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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They're about eight now—can't help them any longer. Everybody else!
BOOM

What the hell was that?

Why were they so hyper? Gods, my head...

To bright!

The salamanders attached, attachment, the picture will be all altered.

Salamanders, they're extinct around the entire sea.

They slum it entirely on the ocreine wavelength of light, they absorb it in their skin and store it in a special gas until it's excreted.

With all the ocreine light in this magical place, they've been breeding themselves.

...and nature took its course.

This is very unseasoned.

Globulus...
MIGHTY MAGIC
NOW WE SHARE THE
TREASURE, EH?

HOW DO YOU
KNOW THERE'S TREASURE
IN THERE?

YOU EAT
CHOKESHAPES UNDER
A CHOKESPLICE TREE.
YOU FIND TREASURE
UNDER ALTARS.

WHAT THE HELL
IS THIS FIRE?
WHERE IS IT COMING
FROM? WHERE IS IT
BLOWING TO?

LOGIC.

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

BEL-SHARRAOV'S
SPIRIT IS LEAVING!
THE TURTLE IS BEING ABANDONED TO
THE EVASION AT TIME!
It was called the Wyrmstanes.

At its base it was a mere cluster of clouds across.

Then it rose through closing cloud until it was truncated by a plateau fully a quarter of a mile across.

The cave mouths in its sides had a crewel carved regular look about them, so that the Wyrmstanes hung over the clouds like a giant's spectacles.

That would mean the "dungeons" had a wingspan, slightly in excess of forty yards.

The Lure of the Wyrm
I knew we were in a strong magical field.

-Joe

You're alright to me. Try tossing a coin.

-Nick

Hokay. If it gives you any pleasure, you call heads or tails.

-Nick

Some sort of ritual with less.

-Nick

Edge.
Magic never dies, it merely changes away.

Nowhere is that more evident than in those areas that had been the battlefields of the great battles of the Magic Wars.

In those days, magic in its raw state had been widely available and easily utilised.

Dac philosophers agree that the first men, shortly after their creation, understandably lost their "feathers."

The sun wheeled across the sky, the seas boiled, small white powers appeared in people's clothing.

The very stability of the Disc was threatened.

This resulted in stern action by the old High Chiefs, to whom even the gods were answerable.

The gods were banished to the high places, and men were recreated a good deal smaller.

Much of the old wild magic was sucked out of the earth.

That did not solve the problem of those places that had suffered a direct hit by a spell.

The magic faded away slowly, severely distorting the reality around it.
EDGE IT IS WELL, YOU ARE A WIZARD! GO WHAT?

YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T?

I DON'T DO THAT KIND OF SPELL.

TRY IT AGAIN.

DING!

SPANG!

HERO! THAT ONE WAS SILVER!

WHAT?

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

WOOOSSSHHHH!!!
WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?

YOU NOW EXPECT FEAR. NO.
REMARKABLE. YEAH!
I THINK I'VE HEARD THAT!

SILENCE! OR...

OR WHAT CENTURY? YOU KILLED HIS OW!
I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU!

PLEASE SEE TO IT, MY DEAR—BEFORE THEY ARE BEYOND YOUR POWER, PERHAPS.

UN POWER WILL BE QUITE SUFFICIENT.

THE THRONES OF THE AVENGERS ON RIGHTEOUSLY MINE. NO MATTER WHAT TRADITION SAYS.

IF I'D BEEN A MAN, THINGS WOULD BE SO DIFFERENT.
I thought we had no unaccompanied flights.

The pill was very enjoyable. I was hungry, I guess.
Curb your hunger.

Soon there will be horses to eat.

The being stuck in my teeth, I see. Are there any warriors?

We like warriors.

The warrior is mine. There are a couple of others. You can have one. Appealing to be a wizard...

You know how it is with wizards...

...of sorts.
Half an hour later you could do with another one.

They're gaining!

You don't understand all my life I've wanted to kill dragons!

No bloody lizard does that to me!

Come on!

But the dragons!

Blast me!

From the inside!

Shut up and ride! The dragons can't fly under those trees.

Oooofff!!!
OOGG--

UM-OH--

HOW MUCH DAMAGE CAN A NAPLE-BOILED DRAGON DO? WILL IT ONLY NAPE KILL ME?

I DON'T THINK I WANT TO STAY AND END OUT

WHEN

HEESSSSSS---
I expect you'd put me in a hurry to rescue them.

No, well...

Don't just stand there, pull me out.

What happened to the others?

On the dragons got them, and the heroes, and that box thing, he too, except Vila dropped me.

If you'll just pull me out, we can be off.

Could be worse, this would be an anvil.

Unnnnggggh! I really don't think rescue is unnnnggggh, such a good idea.

I think we'd better head back to the city.

I don't know how to be a hero.

Look, stop arguing, chop your head off.

I propose to teach you.
There are my friends! The Barbarian and the little man, he means! I expect they've been taken to the Wyrmbers.

Tell the dragon that if it smashes me, I'll let the sword go! I will, I will! Let it go!

Right then! you'd better take me there.

I was supposed to take you dead.

If we're talking about anybody being dead, remember whose sword is in which hand.
YOU YEAH - WE'VE GOT TO GO ON THAT!
OTHER WAY IT'S FUN OR NOTHING

DON'T KNOW DRAGONS COULD BE SEEN THROUGH
DON'T

YOU'VE NEVER FLOWN BEFORE?
NOT AS SUCH, NO.

BEHOLD THE WRENNBERG!

OH NO!
WELL, ANY SUGGESTIONS?
OBVIOUSLY, YOU ATTACK.
WHY DON'T I THINK OF THAT? COULD IT BE BECAUSE THEY HAVE PATHOLOGIES?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO DIE NOW OR SURRENDER FIRST?

SURRENDER
OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T. HE'S A HERO, RIGHT?

I AM LIGHT DRAGON LORD. YOU MUST HAVE COME HERE TO CHALLENGE ME TO MORTAL COMBAT.
HELP ME INTO A PAIR OF HOOKBOOTS.
NO LOOK.  I JUST CAME HERE TO FIND MY FRIENDS...

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!

REMEMBER THAT I AM A MAGIC SWORD.

YOU WILL SEE YOUR FRIENDS SOON ENOUGH.

WEIGHT TO THE DEATH HOURS.

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.
Riddleware knew he was the wizard, yet he was still a wizard. "And the meaning is that on his demise, he and himself would appear to claim liu."

The ran into treacle.
I expect it's just magic.

And then we get back, we can say we've been dragons.

I expect we set about killing them. Don't believe in dragons. We 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.

What happens next? Then I'll rescue some princesses and kill off a few giants. Then the girls will show me the secret passage out and we'll escape with the treasure.

All that

Usually...
EVER SINCE I WAS TWO, I’VE BEEN CAPTIVATED BY THE PICTURES OF DRAGONS IN THE OCTAVINE FAIRY BOOK.

MY MOTHER SAID THEY DON’T EXIST, BUT IF THE WORLD ACTUALLY CONTAINED THOSE BEAUTIFUL CREATURES, IT WOULDN’T HALF THE WORLD IT SHOULD BE.

THEN I WAS SENT AN APPRENTICE TO UNDERSEE THE MASTER ACCOUNTANT, AND THERE WAS NO TIME FOR DREAMING.

BUT THERE’S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THESE DRAGONS. THEY’RE TOO SMALL AND SLEEPEE.

WHAT WAS THAT?

WRINKLE.

Zzzzzzzz.
YOU HAVE THE LOOK OF A HARDED SWORD-HUN? I COULD USE YOU. IF YOU PASS THE THRE TESTS YOU HAVE PASSED THE FIRST.

WHAT ARE THE OTHER...

IF YOU'D FAILED THIS WOULD BE DEATH. THIS IS A TYPICAL PENALTY.

PERILOUS

EXCUSE ME...

AND I TOLD YOU THREE TIMES!
Take that Jiny!

Hey!

Hey...

Luggage?

Where...

Okey...what is the second test?

You must kill my two brothers.

Then you will be Lord of the Invengers.

Both at the same time, or one after the other...

Consecutively or concurrently?

What?

Just kill them.

So where are these brothers?
How long have I been here?

Days. Possibly.

Perhaps it's been years. And I've simply forgotten.

Something's in the cell with me.

I obey, Lord.

I wish I had a light.

Obey?

Of course, Lord.
OPEN IT!

KRAASSHHH!

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

YOU SUMMONED ME, MASTER.

HOW DO YOU GET IN THERE?

YES.

IT WAS MAGIC?

YES.
All I know is that once I was not. Then you thought me. Then I was. I am yours to command.

I'll call you Ninereeds.
I was very good at it. When I was alive, I could imagine up to six, five, or four things at one time.

Now, I imagine the most skilled of my children can barely imagine fifteen. She doesn’t really believe in them.

That’s why I am rather run-down. både. You are almost as good as some of the monks used to be.

The dead don’t er, you know, talk much or a-just.

I used to be a powerful wizard, my daughter concurred the other.

It soon became obvious that none of my three children is sufficiently powerful to stop the madness from the others.

Just unsatisfactory. So I resolved to remain alive in an unofficial capacity.

Libessa kidnapped me.

Her power is stronger. My banes are incapable of killing more than a few miles before they fade.

I did not notice that we could see through them, I thought that was odd.

The power only worked after the wizarded the inverse square law. you know.

But, you’re, you’ll be waiting to reverse your friend.

Wrun?

Not him. The clown wizard in the box, don’t it? It’s trying to hack him to pieces.
I admired the way you refereed us. 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.

Got him!
AT NOON, ATOP THE WORMBERG...

AS YOU KNOW, THE NOT-FULY-LITE LORD OF THE WORMBERG HAS STIPULATED THAT THERE WILL BE NO SUCCESSION UNTIL ONE OF HIS CHILDREN FEELS HIMABLE...

...OR AS IT MAY BE...HERSELF POWERFUL ENOUGH TO PERFORM HIS OBVIOUSLY NOTABLE CHALLENGE.

OH, YES, WE KNOW ALL THAT. GET IN WITH IT.

IT IS NOT QUITE CERTAIN WHETHER IT IS ALLOWABLE TO MAKE A CHALLENGE BY ANOTHER.

IT IS ALREADY DON'T TAKE ALL DAY AND ABOUT IT.

I CHALLENGE YOU BOTH AT ONCE.

THAT'S PRETTY UNUSUAL, ISN'T IT?

YOU CHALLENGE BOTH TO THIS.

AND AS THE CHALLENGED PARTIES, MY LORDS HAVE THE CHOICE OF WEAPONS.

DRAGONS!
DON'T I EVEN GET A SWORD? A KNIFE EVEN?

NO, I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS GERRY.

YOU'RE AGED!!

WHERE'D HE GO??

WAAAAAAA!!!
Whoa-what happened?
It's rather difficult to explain...

You've got about ten seconds to try!

The dragons-They're imaginary!

Tell you later!

Fine, if you can find a good medium!

Unless my brother is conscious, his dragon can't exist!

Run!

I can burn you out! You're only prolonging it, barbarian.
KILL THEM!

KILLING UNCONSCIOUS PEOPLE ISN'T RIGHT.

I CAN'T THINK OF A MORE OPPOSITE TIME.

THEN I SHALL BANISH THEM. THEY ARE BEYOND THE INVENTORS' MAGIC. THEY'LL HAVE NO POWER.

WHAT'S THE NEXT TEST THEN?

I WARN YOU THAT IT IS PERILOUS. IF YOU KNOW, YOU MAY LEAVE NOW.

I THINK NOT.

AM I TO BE WEAPONLESS AGAIN?
YOU CLowns!

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

DIDN'T HEAR!

I WONDER IF DRAGONS CAN FLY ALL THE WAY TO THE STARS? THAT WOULD BE MORE THAN...

YOU'RE GASPING MAD.

WAS... HAPPENING... GASP! -O- ARI!

Whoa...
If he can do it, I can do it!

Wake up! Dragons! Think of dragons!

Dragons! Dragons! Dragons!

It won't work. You don't believe in them!
Next: Close to the edge.
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

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Master Launchcontroller, are the chelonauts ready and the proper prayers being intoned?

Arch Astronomer, it is indeed magnificent.

Is A Fish A Great Flying Fish and of What Species?

Quite so, your majesty. In three days' time, all will be in an unmatched position.

Then all that remains is to find the proper sacrifices.

The Ocean of Fools
"IT ALWAYS RUES."

If only you could have been there.

If only you could have been.

KEEP BAILING.

I don't see how it's my fault.

You were supposed to be on watch.

I said we're from the slaver's revenge.

I'd rather be a slave to god than a captive.

There is definitely less horizon than there ought to be.
Look, I'm sorry I steered us into the reef, but the current must go somewhere.

Look at the horizon.

It looks all right.

Don't tell me there seems to be less than there usually is. But...

That's because of the winds. We're being carried over the edge of the world.

Would you like something to eat?

Don't you understand? We are going over the edge. Goodnight!
Can't we do anything about it?

No!

Then I can't see the sense in panicking. I wish I had my picture box, but it's back on the sleeper ship with my luggage.

You won't need luggage where we're going.

The hell seems to be getting crowded.

Pretty similar to my own use.

Of course—the current must be teeming with fish washed from the continents near the hull. These fish have to keep swimming all the time to stay exactly in the same place.
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF WATER.

VERY HUMANITARIAN, BUT I'M NOT SURE IT'S ALL...

BECause...

WHOOOOOOOOO!!!
I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING.
PERHAPS I FELL OVER BOARD.

THE SCHATZ IS READY, LORD.
WHERE'S THE.pending...

SIRE, AFTER ALL,
A NEW SHIP WON'T BE TOO HARD TO COME BY. LET THE MAGIC BOX EAT WORMS.

PIRATES ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY BY DEEDS OF BRAVERY OR PIRATING; SO SOME ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY BY EATING GREAT WEALTH.

BUT I LONG AND DESIRE THAT I WOULD ON THE WHOLE PREFER TO ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY BY NOT DYING.
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

OOGA

IT'S BEAUTIFUL

THAT'S A RAINBOW, IT'S THE BEGINNING OF A NEW WORLD.

IT'S THE RAINBOW AND YOU ARE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE LOOKING AT IT FROM ABOVE AT ANY RATE.

THOSE SEIS IF I TURN AROUND WHAT WILL I SEE?

HE HAS NAME OF TETEUS HE IS A SEA TROLL, THIS IS THE HIEST TROLL WE EVER ENCOUNTERED.

YOU LOOK AROUND NOW?

NOT JUST AT THE MOMENT THANK YOU, SO WHY AREN'T WE BLOWING OFF THE EDGE?

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT AT THE CIRCUMFERENCE IT'S JUST ALONG THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE CIRCUMFERENCE IT JUST MAKES THE RIM OF THINGS.

HE HEARS THIS.

SO DOES THE CIRCUMFERENCE.
It wasn't that the troll was horrifying.

Instead of the rotting, betentacled monstrosity I was expecting, he found himself looking at a rather jolly old man who couldn't help being friendly.

Provided that other people on the street were used to seeing old men who were apparently composed of water and very little else.

It was as if the ocean had decided to create life without bones throughout all that tenuous business of evolution....

And had simply forced a part of itself into a shape and sent it wailing drunkenly up the beach.
UH, REALITY. NICE PLACE YOU'VE GOT HERE.

ETHNIC

ALL THINGS DRIFT INTO THE CIRCUMFERENCE IN TIME.
MY JOB IS TO KEEPER THE FUTURISTIC TIMBER, SHIPS, BARGES, & FINE BALE F OF CLOTH.

YOU.

THE CIRCUMFERENCE IS A HOLE, Y'KNOW? IT YOU'VE GOT A HOLE RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF THE SEA!

AMAZING! YOU COULD DIVE IN SO, AND ATTACK IT TO KEEP IT GOING BOUND FOR MILES!

SAILORS HARVESTER ON THE CIRCUMFERENCE ARE MASTRIOUS, AND UGLY-LOOKING. THEY HAVE TONGUES CUT OUT.

FORCE IS FUTILE EASE. IS IMPOSSIBLE YOU WIGHT LEAP OVER THE EDGE BUT LITTON HAS HAD MIGHT IN COMPACTION TO DEATH.

TEN THOUSANDS OF MILES. I'M JUST PATROL THE KINGDOM OF KROLL. CONSTRUCTED IT STRUGGLE BOUND.

THE SAVAGE WAS ALLOWED KROLL TO BECOME A LAND OF LEISURE RULED BY THE MOST LEARNED SEEKERS OF KNOWLEDGE.

NOTHING PERSONAL, I FIND AS A KROLL. IF YOU TRY TO OVER-Power US, I SHALL HAVE TO KILL YOU, BUT I WON'T TAKE ANY PARTICULAR PLEASURE IN IT.
I don't think you, remembered, I am a citizen of the golden empire. I'm sure they would not wish to incite the displeasure of the emperor.

How will the emperor know if you think you're the first person from the empire who has ended up in this circumstance?

I won't be a slave! I'll jump over the edge first!

Stop squealing! Or I really will push you over the edge.

Would you though?

Look!

Shall I let go?

Gosh!
I HAVE LIVED HERE ON THE EDGE FOR FIVE YEARS AND I HAVE NOT HAD THE COURAGE.

FANTASTIC. IF ONLY I HAD MY PICTURE BOX.

AMAZING. THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHER WORLDS OUT THERE.

QUITE A NUMBER, I IMAGINE.

I SUPPOSE ONE COULD CONTEMPLATE SOME SORT OR I DON'T KNOW. SOMEBODY OR THING THAT COULD PRETEND ONE AGAINST THE OTHER.

SOME SORT OF SHIP THAT WOULD RISE OVER THE EDGE AND STOP TALKING LIKE THAT.

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!

TALK LIKE THAT. I'M TALKING WITH TONGUES. OF COURSE.
ARE YOU AWAKE?

SCRIBE!

Look, there's all kinds of weapons and stuff in here. I warn you, if they come back, I could揍 your ass!

That's a bit ungracious, isn't it?

Tough guy. This is a rough universe.

Unnngh!

Would you leave that kind of thing around? If it could haunt you.

How he's coming.

This isn't the universe I would have worked in, but nevertheless, I am not deeply hurt.

But...
VERY FRIENTLY MIST.
WHAT ARE YOU STANDING FOR?
IT'S JUST THAT.
-SORRY.-
YOU'RE SO SMALL.

I'M RELIEVED FROM CARDIAC TUBES.

YOU'RE MORE IMPORTANT THAN I THOUGHT. YOU'RE NOT TO WAIT FOR THE SALVAGE FLEET. YOU'RE TO BE COLLECTED BY A FLYER.

I HADN'T EVEN SENT A MESSAGE THAT YOU'RE HERE YET.
WELL, THE SPADE ITSELF WOULD HAVE BEEN CREATED BY FREDERICK'S WONDROUS CONSTRUCTORS. IT TAKES ENTIRE FOURTH GRADE WIZARDS A WEEK TO CONSTRUCCT.

"THEN THERE'S THOSE WIZARDS ON IT WHO MUST ALL BE SIBERIAN WIZARDS!"

"A REALLY GOOD HYPOTHESIS HAS TO BE 'BEATEN ON BY A REWORKED WANDERER' FROM BIRTH, THAT COSTS A FORTUNE IN MAGIC ALONE."

"BUT THEY HAVE GREAT WEATHER MAGICIANS. RAIN CLOTHES JUST GIVE UP AND GO AWAY."

"AND THEY ALL ARE YOUNG. THEY JUST CAN'T LIVE ALONE WITH THEIRSELVES."

YOU MEAN THEY HATE WATER?!

NO, HATE IS AN ATTRACTING OBJECT JUST LIKE LOVE. THEY REALLY LIKE IT. THEY JUST HATE IT.
You'd better watch out. It doesn't do to keep them waiting. It has been more to make your advantage.

He knows all about you. Besides, the magic is you. A man of great cunning and artifice. You laugh in the face of death.

Your affected air oforden, condescension does not fool me.

That's so. You don't think I'm afraid to use it.

Don't think you're ahead.

I fooled me.

I-I-I-I see you know all about me.

If you make the merest suggestion of weaving a spell, you die.
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 HE'VE SEEN KROLL, OF COURSE IT SOUNDS FASCINATING.

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

BUT THEY WEREN'T LOOKING.

EXCUSE ME...

DON'T WANT TO USE THIS!

YOU DON'T?

WHAT FOR ANYWAY?

ASSUMING A WAVE OF UTTER NEGATIVITY AND I WISH YOU'D STOP HAVING IT ABOUT IT ANYWAY SO OFF.
IT DAWNED ON RINGWIND--VERY SLOWLY, BECAUSE IT WAS A SIMPLE-TO-NEW REVELATION--THAT SOMEONE IN THE WORLD WAS FRIGHTENED OF HIM.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

I AM IMATERIAL.

THAT'S A PRETTY NAME.

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

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

YOU CAN'T DO MAGIC, BECAUSE ONE OF THE GREAT SPELLS IS LOCKED IN YOUR MIND. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE THROWN OUT OF THE UNIVERSE, WE KNOW.

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

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

YES, BECAUSE ANYONE WAS HE SURVIVED ALL THAT HE HAD MUST BE SOME KIND OF MAGICIAN.

I WARNED YOU, RINGWIND! IF YOU GAVE ME THE HEREFT SPURS, THAT YOU ARE WINNING THE GREAT SPELL, I WILL KILL YOU.

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

JUST NOT VERY LONG.

OH, GOOD.
This is a prison cell.

What...

Canned sea urchin.

Gosh, I didn't think you liked seafood.

Actually, I thought you'd rather have... the Anne... sharks or octopus, for example.

Yes, I thought I did too. But that's the Anne... thing. Octopus, for example.

Sea urchin.

Thank you for telling me.

Actually, I was rather good. I thought you liked seafood.

Not bad at all.

I really should introduce myself. I'm the prison warder. It's my pleasant task to make sure that you stay here.

I really... Oh, I'm the warder. I'm the warder... that strange colour.

Sea urchin is a kind of small jellyfish.

Culture is an illusion.

Culture is an illusion.
I think I missed something along the way. First we were told that we were going to be enslaved.

Please please, we do not want to be enslaved. You are so cruel.

Yes, you will in fact be sacrificed.

Sacrificed! You're going to kill us?

Kill me, yes, of course. But don't worry. It will be comparatively painless.

Comparatively painless. Compared to what?

Doomed!
I didn't enjoy doing that, you know.

But what do you want to surprise us for if you hardly know us?

That's rather the point, isn't it? We're not very good people, after all. We're a bit... well, I mean, we're not very good people, you know.

I don't know about the God in question, but he was quite clear on that point.

Please make yourselves comfortable, and don't worry.

But you haven't actually told us anything.

Hardly worth it, what with you being sacrificed in the morning.

Well, anyway.

Have a brandy, would you?
SEVERAL HOURS LATER

WHEN ARE YOU COMING DOWN?

I DON'T KNOW, HE USED STAIRS. PERSONAL, GRANITAL, UNNEAT UNTIL IT WEARS OFF. MY BODY IS PROGRESSIVE. DOWN' LIES 20 DEGREES TO THE NORMAL DIRECTION.

WHY DON'T YOU EVER WORRY? WE'RE GOING TO BE SACRIFICED IN THE MORNING, AND YOU JUST SIT THERE EATING BARNACLE CAVIAR?

I MEAN, IT'S NOT AS IF WE'RE GOING TO BE KILLED!

YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, WOULDN'T YOU?

YOU'RE MEANING THINGS.

THE HAPPENED AT LAST. I'M GOING OUT OF MY MIND.

GOOD GOD, I'M PRETTY DROWNING HERE!
YOU

YOU NEARLY SQUASHED ME.

YOU

YOU

YOU

YOU

YOU

YOU KNOW THAT...

YOU SPEAK MY NAME...

YOU SPEAK MY NAME...

YOU SPEAK MY NAME...

YOU SPEAK MY NAME...

YOU SPEAK MY NAME...

YOU SPEAK MY NAME...
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 BOUND IMPATIENT, BUT A FEW MINUTES FROM NOW, WE'RE GONNA TAKE US AWAY AND KILL US.
THAT'S THE LADY, JUST THE LADY, RIGHT?
NOTHING ELSE. WE DON'T WANT HER ANY OTHER WAY.

I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T TELL US ANYWAY.
YES, THE KING AND HIS INTEND TO LAUNCH A BRONZE VESSEL OVER THE EDGE OF THE FALL.

IT WILL BE THE CULMINATION OF ROMANCE OR REVENGE. IN ORDER TO REVEAL THE TRUTH, THE ARCH SOONER OR LATER WILL EXPLODE WITH KARLA.

—THE SACRIFICE TWO. MEN AT THE MOMENT OF LAUNCH. KARLA, IN HER TURN, WAS ADDED TO SMILE ON THE GRUESOME SHIP.

AND WHERE THE SACRIFICES?
We're totally lost in a palace on an island we haven't a hope of leaving.

What? More, Hey!

Fantastic!
THE GUARDS ARE TWO MEN HERE GOING OVER THE BRIEFS. THEY'RE GOING TO SEE THE SPACE ARMOURER.

I'M GOING TO LEAVE BECAUSE I'M AROUND NOW. YOU'RE GOING TO TRANSPORT ME PUT ON...

THE PART, WE SOTEN ARMOUR.

DON'T CRY, TOMORROW IS THERE GOING TO EXPECT AND GUYS TO COME OUT IN THE SUITE IN A MINUTE.

WE'D BETTER QUIT UP...
HOW MUCH LONGER DO WE HAVE?

MINISTER, LORD AMONG ASTRONOMERS, AFTER THAT, WOULD YOU HAVE REVOLVED AWAY FROM WHERE THE SUN'S TAIL…”

I HAVE ALREADY SET THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS, SIR…

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. THE LAUNCH MUST GO AHEAD. WHEN THE PHANTOM FLEET ARE CALLED, I WILL TAKE A GREAT DEAL OF PLEASURE IN EXECUTING THEM MYSELF.

YES, LORD SIR!

HAAAAAAH!

SOMETHING’S WRONG! HE SEEMS CLEAN A COUNTRY MAN, THEY CERTAINLY DON’T MIND.

I KNEW YOU WOULD!

HEE HEE?
Well, there goes the universe.

Don't you believe it? Sapient Federation is totally impervious to all forms of magic.

This been constructed to follow you anywhere. When you die, you'll at least have clean socks in the afterlife. Let's go!

What about the luggage?

Don't worry, when the storm has swept up all the free magic in the vicinity, I'll locate the cut.

The whole box is full of water.

You two, I suppose you shouldn't be here.

Not a mark on.
Hey isn't this the ramp they're going to send over the side?

Quick into the tank! They won't know I'm there.

I knew you were going to skipper that! I just knew it.

What was that?

What was what?
The End

PDF Version of The Colour Of Magic By

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