SOMETHING THAT HAS LONG WORRIED
ME IS THE QUESTION OF
THE TRUE NATURE OF THE
PLANE OF A%E

THE POTENT VYAGER WAS PUSHED
OVER THE EDGE BY THE ASTRONOMER-
PRIESTS OF A%E, WHICH IS
SITUATED ON THE VERY ARM OF THE DISC.

WHATEVER PEOPLE SAY, THERE IS SUCH
A THING AS A TREE-FOUR.

NOT A LOT OF TIME AND TROUBLE
HAS BEEN SPENT ON TRYING TO
ESTABLISH IT ONCE AND FOR ALL.

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

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

THE BRONZE SHIP IS THE
POTENT VYAGER AND
INSIDE IT IS THROUNDER,
THE DISC'S FIRST TOURIST.

AND WHY THOFLER COUGHBAN
IS DESPERATELY TRYING TO FOLLOW HIM
IN HUNDRED OF TINY LITTLE LEGS. BUT
SUCH QUESTIONS TAKE TIME AND COULD
BE MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY'RE WORTH.

PLANNING ALONG ABIDE IS
RINGNIST, THE WIZARD
IN WHAT ON THE DISC PASSES
FOR A SPACESHIP.

HE ISN'T LOOKING AT THE
VIEW BECAUSE HIS MIND
LIKE STEPS PLANNING
BEFORE HIS EYES AND
GETTING IN THE WAY.

FOR EXAMPLE, IT IS SAID THAT
SOMETHING AT A PARTY ONCE ASKED
THE FAMOUS PHILOSOPHER
L'TIN VULDZLE "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 ENORMOUS ENDURING WIZARD.

THE VERY FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE IS ABOUT TO BE PULLED THROUGH THE WRENCH.

PART 1
Based On the Novel By TERRY PRATCHETT
Guilder Weatherwax, Supreme Grand Chancellor of the Order of the Silver Star Lord Imperial of the Sacred Staff, Eighth Level Impossimus and 30th 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?

There are many famous books of magic.

But they are all here, pamphlets when compared to the Octavo, which the Creator of the Universe left behind—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.

Um, you were summoned Lord. That’s why you’re here.

Of course, there are only seven spells now.
DON'T SOME IDIOT OF A STUDENT LOOK AT THE BOOK — AND ONE OF THE SPELLS ESCAPED AND LOGGED IN HIS MIND? WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

WINNAMAND?

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

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

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

TO THE UPPER CELLARS.
TO THE KITCHENS!

THOSE NEWTS MUST'VE BEEN PART OF THE FLOOR, AND THE PINEAPPLE, CUSTOMER, MAY ONCE HAVE BEEN BOOKS.

THAT ARE LOOKING VERY MUCH LIKE THE HEAD LIBRARIAN!

I WONDER WHAT THE CAST-IRON RANGE WAS TURNED INTO...

THE KNUCKLES! THE HORRIBLE KNUCKLES!!!

SET ME FREE, FARMERS, SCRIVERS AND WRIGHTS! I WANT THIS STUDIED!

SOMETHING'S TAKING SHAPE INSIDE IT.

NO, NOT TAKING IT.

IT'S THE UNIVERSE.
IT'S ALL OVER THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY.

AND ANCHOR-MORTY.

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

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

THERE WAS THE MOST TENDER OF SILENCES, HIGH AND SWEET, 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 HAVE 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 ULTRAWORLD'S GODS WERE QUARREL-SOME AND SOMEWHAT BOURGEOIS-LOT WHOSE IDEA OF AN UPLIFTING ARTISTIC EXPERIENCE WAS A MUSICAL POCROFEC.

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

SNAP!

WUMP

Huh?

2!!

Uffoh!

SOMEBODY 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.
RINGEOWN PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT OF THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY ANYWAY—HE COULDN'T REMEMBER SPELLS AND SMOKING MADE HIM FEEL ILL.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

Oh.

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 that, 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.
Hello.

Hi there.

Nice day.

Hey, have you heard the one about...

You know what I hate about squirrels?

I'll probably end up living in these woods forever, sleeping on leaves and eating and eating...

Whatever there is to eat in woods, trees, nuts and berries. I'll have to...

Runcelwind!

¿Sshh?

No, I've thought the dry couldn't possibly get worse.

¿Sshh?
RINGWIND, 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...

local chorde.

RINGWIND, THE TREE JUST SAID --

Trees can't tell. It's very important to remember that.

AND NO GOOD TO EAT AT ALL.

WHY ARE THE GILLS THE WRONG SHADE OF YELLOW? STAMMS HAVEN'T GOT THE RIGHT KIND OF FLATING?

YEAH THEM.

Well, there's some big mushrooms under that bush. Can we eat them?

No, it's the little domes and windows. It's a dream finally.
THUNDER ROLLED ACROSS THE UNSEEN UNIVERSITY AS THE EIGHT MOST POWERFUL WIZARDS ON THE DIMINISHED STAGE GATHERED.

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

CAN ANY AMONG US SAY WE RECEIVED IT?

THE DEMONS FROM THE DUNGEON SWENTONG JUST LOOKED SILLYFISH AND SCRIBBLED AWAY.

WHEN QUESTIONED:

MY MURAL MIRROR CRACKED.

MY TAROT CARDS HAVE MISTRESSLY GONE BLANK.

AND THEREFORE I PROPOSE THAT WE PERFORM...

HEH HOPE FOR A RESPONSE ALONG THE LINES OF "NO, NOT THE RITE ASHK-ENTE! MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO MIDDLE WITH SUCH THINGS!"

GOOD IDEA.

SOUNDS REASONABLE.

GET ON WITH IT, THEN.
WELL?

I WAS AT A PARTY.

O CREATURE OF EARTH AND DUNNESS, WE DO CHARGE THEE TO ABjure FROM...

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

OH, AND I COMMAND THIS BY AZMAROTH, BY Y'CHIRI, BY...

ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT...

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

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

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

I MEANT ABOUT THE OCTOPOD.
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 Ringwind?

Everyone knows that when a wizard dies all the spells in his head go free. Why doesn’t the spell just float back eventually?

All I know is that all the spells have to be said together next Highwatchnight or the disc will be destroyed.

Hang on, by Jeez! And Emerson 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 WOOGANGNIGHT IS ONLY TWO MONTHS AWAY.

YES.

AT LEAST YOU CAN TELL US WHERE RINKENWIND IS NOW.

THE FOREST OF SKUNKS RIMWARDS OF THE ROAMING MOUNTAINS.

NOW MAY I GO?

OH YES.

THANK YOU.

UM, I HOPE IT'S A GOOD PARTY.

AT THE MOMENT IT IS.

---I THINK IT MIGHT GO SLOW, VERY QUICKLY AT MIDNIGHT.

WHY?

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

I said he should have a red hat, and he certainly ought to be cleaner and more sort of jolly.

Look, he's six inches high and lives in a mushroom! Of course he's a billy gnome.

We only have his word for it. He could be a jorlun.

My name's Swarek, say. I know there's some food for dinner. Shelter, too.

It's not far.

It looks like some mad whittler's been to work on it, and created terrible magic before he was dragged away.

Hmmm... strange magical field too.

There's magic all over the place. An old witch used to live here. Magic still keeps the house going.
Way would a house need magic to keep it going?

It's all sticky!

Good grief! A real gingerbread cottage! Cursedly, a real—

Yeah, the confectionary school of architecture. It never caught on.

The Great Disc spun slowly and daylight pooled in hollows 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 WIndOr
OF THE STEADY, THE WIND
IN YOUR HAIR—

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

SURELY IT IS THE SIGHT OF
YOUR ENEMY SLAIN—

—A FRESH HOUND
UNDER YOU.

—A TRUE ARROW
IN YOUR BOW.

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 SAY?

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

WET WASTE, WOOF DENTISTRY
AND SHIFT LIVRATORY PAPER.
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 TEENAGERS.

HAVE A BIT MORE TABLE?

KIDS OF TODAY.

I BLAME THE PARENTS.

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

NO THANKS, I DON'T LIKE MARZIPAN.

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

SEARCH ME, OLD GRANNY.
WHO WILL WE SAVE THE LADS FROM THE HUMANITY OF THE HOOPWINK THE GUT IN THE SWAMP AND THOSE SPOTS FROM THE VENERABLE COUNCIL OF SEEKERS WENT THE WRONG WAY.

RIGHT THEN, WE RUSH IN, WE GRAB THEM HERE AWAY OH!

YEAH, BUT WHO KEPT 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?

YEAH.

THERE COULD BE MONSTERS THIS IS THE SORT OF WOOD THAT HAS MONSTERS AND TREES.
SOMEONE'S BEEN EATING IN BED

I LIKE TOFFEE

WHAT WAS THAT?

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

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

PANIC?

BYE NOW!

HERE'S A SUPERNATURAL QUICK, IN HERE!
I heard voices.

Yeah, downstairs. I think it's the woodwinkers!

I thought you said we'd given them the slip!

Hey, you two, you can eat this place! Here, look -- you can

Shut up!

Clank

Thunk

Clank

Arrghghghh!

Clank

Thunk

Clank

ZZZpppp!

ZZZZzznggggh!

Buggers! They've got him!

Let's go!

Ring! Ring! I think there's a burglar in here.

Well, what's so unusual about that?

This one's got handlebars.
THE WITCH MUST'VE LEFT IT BEHIND:
A GENUINE MAGIC BROOMSTICK!
WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE AFTER?
I DON'T KNOW...

-- BUT I THINK IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA NOT TO FIND OUT.

ALL RIGHT, BUT I'LL DRIVE.

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

NO.

AH.

How did you know?

Well?
This is ridiculous.
Rocks don't fly.
They're not for
not using it.

Do you smell bac---

I hope it's bacon, because
I'm going to eat it.

I warn you, I shall deal harshly with

I didn't even
know you could
steal rocks.

Ugh.

Well, help?

Excuse me, I think
your breakfast is on
fire.

The absurd triumph of actually rescuing
a few pieces of bacon do more good than
a whole book on diplomacy.

How did you
get here?

We're five hundred
feet up unless I've got
the knife's wrong again.

We sort of dropped
in as we were passing.

On our way to the
ground.
My name's Belafon,

It must be morning by now. So: 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 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.

Persuasion. Keeping them up is easy. The hard part is landing.

It's obvious you aren't up to date with modern thinking.
A: So you're an astronomer?

A: Oh no, I'm a computer hardware consultant!

A: This is part of one anyway, it's a replacement I'm delivering.

A: They're having trouble with the big circle's up on the vortex flanks.

A: So they say, anyway, I wish I had a bronze torque for every user who didn't read the manual.

A: What use is it, then?

A: Well, maybe you want to know when to plant your crops...

A: You mean if it's covered with snow then it must be winter?

A: Yes, that's right. Suppose you wanted to know when a particular star is going to rise...

A: I'll lend you my almanac, if you like.

A: Oh, just shut up - we're nearly there.

A: It's what happens when people spend five hundred years trying to get a stone circle to work and then someone comes up with a little book that tells you what day it is.

A: What's that?

A: Up ahead!
BEHOLD, THE GREAT COMPUTER OF THE SKIES!

IT LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF ROCKS.

NEXT: COHEN THE BARBARIAN! VIRGIN SACRIFICE! HERRENA THE HOLOG-HAURED HARRIDAN! AND A TRUMPED UP DEATH!
THE ORDES OF THE EVIL POWER THEMSELVES ON THEIR FORWARD-LOOKING APPROACH TO THE DISCOVERY OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE.

Terry Pratchett's
THE LIGHT
Fantastic

PART II
Based On the Novel By
TERRY PRATCHETT
Adapted and Edited By
SCOTT ROCKWELL
Illustrated By
STEVEN ROSS
Painted By
DOUG NISHMURA
Lettered By
MICHELLE BECK

AIGEIT! A TRIUMPH OF THE SILICON CIRCLE, A MIRACLE OF MODERN MAGICIAN TECHNOLOGY.

-OH, YES.

WHAT DOES "ETHICAL" MEAN?

IT MEANS TERRIBLY IMPRESSIVE AND WE SEEM TO BE IN DANGER OF LANDING, SO IF YOU DON'T MIND...
ABOUT BLOODY TIME. SEVEN WEEKS TO MARSWATCHWANG AND IT'S GONE DOWN ON US AGAIN.

TODAY IT PREDICTED SUNRISE THREE MINUTES EARLY.

HELLO, ZARKAAH.

CAN'T BE SOFTWARE INCOMPATIBILITY. THE CHANT OF THE TROOPER SPIRAL IS DESIGNED FOR CONCENTRIC RINGS.

ALL RIGHT, NOTHING WROUNG 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 DO I GET BACK ON THE POCX?

ANYWAY, FEELING ANSWERS ARE INSIDE MY OWN HEAD... THE SPELL.
WILL I LIKE IT IF I KNEW?
YOUought to say "where am I?"
ALL RIGHT WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE dreaming.
CAN I WAKE UP NOW PLEASE?
He was something important to tell you.
If you, second in a lot of trouble, young Doctor, all this dropping into the edge of the world will be taught for other people.
It had to seriously disturb reality, we knew.
Many years ago we prepared for one of our number to hide in your head, because we could direct a time when you would need to play an important role.
Gosh!
ME?
Another you take a very important lead ahead of you.
Oh, good.
Who are the anyway?

But try not to kill off the dice again. We really can't lose that.

It was the age of the Universe. Slightly rubbery.

It was the age I distinctly remember. The Great Day of the Universe. Slightly rubbery.

Stark, both wrong. You mean it was pronounced some.

You were among interested, quite all wrong. In the beginning was the shuang of the Word. Then the Word.

Would you kindly explain what you're talking about?

He said very coldly. Rubbery. Slightly.

So that when he moment in precisely right we can be said.

"We can be said."

In the hunting.

As much for metaphor. Loud, it's very important we integrate the spell on your head and bring it back to us all the right time.

But certain metaphysical aspects.
Well, you're Professor of Astrology, what do you make of it?

It's a star, Chancellor Weatherwax, I think.

Well, the point is that we've always believed stars to be the same as our Sun.

Bills of fire about a mile across, but this one is big.

Bigger than the Sun?

Bigger than GREAT A TUNN and the two worlds put together.

I'm around 30,000.

We've checked and we're quite sure.

That's big. The word 'nuclear' comes to mind, and we're going to hit it!

We'd be burned up?

Eventually, of course, before that there would be seismic waves, tidal waves, and probably the atmosphere would be stripped away.
WE CAN'T FIND RINGWIND, WHICH MEANS WE CAN'T FIND THE EIGHTH SPELL, BUT WE BELIEVE THAT THE OCTAVO HAS TO BE READ TO AVOID CATASTROPHE.

AND THAT COURSE IS?

ALL WE NEED TO DO IS CAST RINGWIND'S EXACT HOROSCOPE AND WE'LL KNOW Precisely WHERE HE IS.

I SHALL NEED TO KNOW HIS PRECISE PLACE AND TIME OF BIRTH.

IMMEDIATELY, A COURSE OF ACTION SUGGESTS ITSELF.

THE Celestial COW

THE CHEESE

THE COINS

SOON...

FASCINATING CHART. BUT STRANGE, REALLY. HE WAS BORN UNDER THE SMALL BOXING GROUP OF STARS, BETWEEN THE FLYING MOUSE AND THE KNOTTED STRING.

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW THE MECHANICAL DETAILS. JUST GIVE ME HIS HOROSCOPE.

"TODAY IS A GOOD TIME FOR MAKING FRIENDS. A GOOD DEED MAY HAVE UNEXPECTED CONSEQUENCES. DON'T MESS WITH THE CHAOS. YOU WILL SOON BE GOING ON A VERY STRANGE JOURNEY. YOUR LUCKY FOOD IS SMALL CUCUMBERS. P.S. WE REALLY MEAN IT ABOUT THE PUPPY!"

DRUGS & MONSTER.
YOU ALL RIGHT?

I WANT TO LEAVE HERE RIGHT NOW!

BUT THERE'S GONNA BE AN ANCIENT AND TRADITIONAL CEREMONY!

I DON'T CARE HOW ANCIENT!
I WANT THE OLD FAMILIAR JESTPITS, I WANT TO GO WHERE THERE'S LOTS OF PEOPLE AROUND!
I WANT FIES AND ROOFS AND WALLS AND FRIED FISH AND LITTLE PICKLED HERRINGS!
I WANT TO GO HOME! PICKLED HERRINGS I HEAR YOU CALLING!
I want to go home!

Okay.

No, don’t try and talk me out of it. It’s like to say it’s been great fun but I can’t. And... what?

I said okay. It’s quite like to see you move again. I expect they’ve keeled quite a lot of it by now...

Only, I think we’d better wait until morning. It’s freezing cold. We really don’t know where we are. The luggage has gone missing. It’s getting dark...

What’s going on?
Oh, apparently there's this ceremony dating back thousands of years to celebrate the un-rebirth of the moon.

Look, priests are people. Remember that.

Don't offer to buy the stones. Don't start talking about quain. Native folkways really don't try to sell them insurance.

Ah, this would be putting the blood in, right?

Yes, from sacrifices, look. The definition of a priest is someone who spends a lot of time being gay to the armed forces.

BLOOD?

But priests are good. Kind men, at home they go around with begging bowls, it's their only possession.

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.

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

IT'S NO USE YOU...

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

THAT'S RELIGION FOR YOU.

DON'T ASK ME TO MAKE THE CROPS GROW OR THE MOON RISE OR SOMETHING. OR MAYBE THEY'RE JUST KEEN ON KILLING PEOPLE.
NOT A SADIST. OR YOU ARE A DEAD MAN.

IT'S NOT FROM JAPAN.

HE'S NOT FROM JAPAN HERE.

YOU EVER DONE THIS SHORT OR THING BEFORE?

IS EXACTLY WHAT I SAID. AND IT IS POSSIBLE
HE WON'T END UP WITH THEM WRAPPED AROUND

A STONE.

WHAT KIND OF THINGS?

PUSHED INTO

A TEMPLE.

KILLED THE PRIESTS.

STOLEN THE GOLDMAN.

SURE?

RESCUED THE GIRL.

YOU DO IT LIKE THIS.
LET'S GO!

AT LEAST WE CAN RESCUE THE YOUNG LADY.

ALL RIGHT, BUT GET A MOVE ON!

SHOULDN'T WE HELP?

WE JUST JET IN THE WAY.

YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE PEOPLE LOOKING OVER YOUR SHOULDER WHEN YOU'RE BUSY.

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

IT BLOODY WELL ISN'T!

WAY DO PEOPLE DO AND SAY THINGS!!

Um, we just saved you from certain death.

It's not easy keeping yourself - I mean staying... not losing your qualifications.

I could have seen up there with the moon goddess, drowning head out of a bloused Rome.

Qualifications?

Qualifications?

Duck!

Eight years of staying home on Saturday nights right down the drain!

Ughugh!
My lumbago is giving me grief. You can carry the treasure.

What's the game?

She won't let us rescue her.

Bruiser that.

Krr-NN!

Ach! My arthritis!
Don't just stand there. You can't bitch—help me up.

Mmm... the grace on his temple isn't deep but his breathing is shallow and strange.

He's weightless!

Cronus are said to use some strange and terrible poisons.

Got everything? Let's get out of here before they come back.
Who are you?

Bethan.

I dont know.

Cohen ish my name, boy.

I REMEMBER MY GRANDAD TELLING ME HOW HE SAW HIM... MY GRANDAD TELLING... MY GRANDAD...

Oh, oh. Of course. Sorry.

Cohen?

Cohen the Barbarian?

Hang on. Cohen's a great big chap. Neck like a pole, got chest muscles like a sack of potatoes. I mean he's the world's greatest warrior, a legend in his own lifetime.

Yesh, I'm a lifetime in my own legend.

EIGHTY-SIX! EIGHTY YEARS IN THE BUSINESS AND WHAT HAVE I GOT TO SHOW FOR IT?

NOW OLD ARE YOU!

SHOO?

SOF

Yesh, shoo! IT'S MY TEETH! NO ONE TAKES YOU SERIOUSLY WHEN YOU'VE GOT NO TEETH!

Racoch, flesh, bad tradition and a hundred different recipes for shoo!
HE'S GONE.
DEAD?
NO, NOT EXACTLY.
JUST GONE.

GONE WHERE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT
I THINK I KNOW SOMEONE
MIGHT HAVE A MAP.
COME ON.

DANGEROUS.
NOT FAR AWAY.

LISTEN!

I HEAR IT NOW.
DISTANT CRUNCHING,
LIKE SOMETHING MOVING OVER THE SNOW CREST.
WOLVES?

NO, IT'S TOO
REGULAR, PERHAPS...
A NECROMANCER?

WHAT'S NECRONOMANCY?
NECRONOMANCY, TALKING TO THE DEAD

ANYWAY, I DONT BELIEVE IN GADD'S GODS. ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT THE DISTILLED WISDOM OF THE UNIVERSE IS A LOAD OF RUBBISH.

THE FIRST CARD WAS THE STAR, AND IT'S THE END. IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A FAMILIAR ROUND PAG WITH JOSEF'S LITTLE RAYS.

NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.

THE LUSCIOUS WILL FOLLOW THE DROWER ANYWHERE.

DOES THAT MEAN WE'RE REALLY DEAD?

SHE SAID IT'S A SORT OF MEDICINE. I SHOULD DRINK IT IF I WERE YOU, THESE PEOPLE GET A LITTLE UPTIGHT IF YOU DON'T ACCOMMODATE HOSPITALITY.

UM, ACTUALLY, IT'S NOT AT ALL BA...
WE CANNOT FIND SKELETONS.
THAT'S THE CASE, ISN'T IT? I'M SURPRISED ALL TAMBIR, PRIVATELY.
I TOLD YOU THAT.
I'VE SENT THE VOTARIAN...

I'VE LOOKED IN THE MIRROR OF ONE-SIGHT.

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


YES, WITH BILLS ON, I EXPECT.

I'VE NEVER SAID THEY ANSWERED TO ME.

NONE OF US WAS ABLE TO FIND SKELETONS BECAUSE WE REPEL ON MAGIC. BUT IT IS OBVIOUS THAT HE'S SOMEHOW MIXED IN WITH MAGIC.

BUT HE CAN'T HAVE HIS FOOTPRINTS.

YOU HAVE A THICKER?

IN A KNUCKLE OF SPEAKING...
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 WISH TO A LOT AND WEAR LONG DRESSES.

OH, IF WE'RE GOING TO BE LIKE THAT, THEN, WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE STUDDED COLLARS AND DRIED MUSCLES TOWN AT THE YOUNG MEN'S مجلس ASSOCIATION?

THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD ALLEGATION COMING FROM A BUNCH OF WIMPDOGS WHO WOON? GO NEAR A WOMAN ON ACCOUNT, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT, OF THEIR MYSTICAL POWERS BEING SORT OF DRAINED OUT!

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

OH, YEAH? WHY DON'T YOU...

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

--WHICH HAVE LEFT LARGE TRACTS OF LAND UNHABITABLE BECAUSE OF MAGICAL HARMONIES.

IN FACT, THE HERO AT THIS MOMENT IS LOLLING TOWARDS THE DEERLY PLAINS. MAINTAINING THIS KIND OF ARGUMENT, MAINLY BECAUSE THIS PARTICULAR HERO WAS A HEROINIC, 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 "fell," "round," or even "peyt" creep into the captions until the writer has to go and have a coldshower 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. Herrera the henna-haired hemorrhoid would look quite stunning after a good bath, a heavy-duty manicure, and a pair of the leather boots at Woo Lun Ling's oriental exotica and martial arts on Hero Street.

All right, her boots are leather, but as you can see, they're not black.

The swashbuckling men riding with her will be killed off before too long. So descriptions are not essential.

There is absolutely nothing "peyt" about any of them.
F**K THAT, THIS LOT WAS ALL THAT I COULD HERE IN MADRIPOE, LEAV' WITH EVERYONE MOVING OUT AND HEADIN' FOR THE HILLS...

THIS DINHEWIND THAT GALLOWED DESCRIBED IS A RAY AND BATE LIKE COVER...

THAT DAMNED RED STAR...

ONWARD!

TO THE TROLLBONE MOUNTAINS!

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

ALL OF RINCEWIND'S GLANDS WERE STILL IN HIS BODY...
IT WASN'T PARTICULARLY
GOOD BUDY, BUT ONE OR TWO BITS
OF IT HAVE SENTIMENTAL VALUE.

IF THIS LITTLE BLUE LIME SNAPS I'LL HAVE TO
SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE
EXCUSE ME. HANGING
AROUND OMAHA BOARDS
PRETENDING TO BE
PEOPLE'S FOND
AUNTIES...

AND ALL THE OTHER
THINGS GOOD PEOPLE DO
to pass the time ...

ARE YOU SURE THERE
WERE NUGGETS IN THE
REWS? I FEEL A BIT...

THERE'S A LOVELY
VIEW IF YOU LOOK
OVER THIS...

DON'T RUN, IT'S ONLY A
SCARCE...

WATCH WHERE YOU'RE
WALKING THAT STEP
YOU NEARLY...

AROUND HERE THE
WIND REALLY DOES
WHISPER...
Oh, um... sometimes I'm not so sure what this place is.

This is the house of death.

Oh, well, are to meet you. I think I ought to be letting alone.

It's always "when I was alive" and "we really knew how to breathe in our lip!"

My name's Yearbell. What's yours?

Oh, if this is the house of death, what are you doing here? You don't look dead to me.

Um, if this is the house of death, what are you doing here? You don't look dead to me.

Little fat man, funny clothes, talks a lot, wears everlast.

Goes on a lot, goes it.

All the time, I think it's very romantic. Only when you leave, it's very important not to look back.

Um, well... I just came to look for a friend of mine.

Oh, you mustn't get us too often. People here. People are so boring.

Oh, I live here. I say, you haven't come to rescue your lost love, have you? That always annoys Daddy.
ADOPTED ACTUALLY. HE FOUND ME WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. IT WAS ALL Rather Bad.

Come and meet him - he's got friends in Toronto.

Well, if you return anything except a trump, South will be able to get his two aces, losing only one turtle, one elephant and one major. Anyhow, then.

Sorry, have I got it right? Death, very tall, twin empty eye sockets' hand in the revue department?

That's troglodyte!

Oh, come on, most. He explained that. What if famine had played a - what, a trump return?

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 BD PRIMARY TO RECEIVE YOUR OPPONENTS. BUT IT MIGHT CAUSE PROBLEMS FOR YOUR PARTNER.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ANY OF THAT?

NOT A WOOD.

IT SOUNDS AWKWARDLY 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.
Hey, how did you get here? Have you got the luggage?

Ah, here...

Great!

It's Nosefinger on the Jaws of Contract. It's quite good and there's a lot about double finessing and how...

Right. Pe's Silence, open another pack of cards. I'm going to get to the bottom of this if it kills me.

Figuratively speaking, of course.
WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

WELL, THEY'VE GOT LOTS OF TIME AND I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT ENJOY IT.

WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

WHAT PLAYING WITH CARDS?

IT'S SPECIAL KIND OF PLAYING.

IT'S CALLED 'IN YOUR LANGUAGE, IT'S CALLED 'A THING YOU PUT ACROSS A RIVER, FOR EXAMPLE, I THINK.'

AQUEDUCT? WEIR? FISHING LINE? DAM?

DADDY SEEMS PREOCCUPIED AT THE MOMENT, BUT I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T LET YOU GO OFF JUST LIKE THAT.

YES, POSSIBLY用了AMAZING CLOCK.

COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

OH, I DO HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING...
Besides it, I have no one to talk to.

Who's this?

She sort of lives here. She's sort of a girl.

Chained, I'm sure, very nice place you have here. Interesting cauldron effect with the bones and skulls.

Yes, but we must be going.

I really won't hear of it. You might stay and tell me all about yourselves there's plenty of time and it's so boring here.
"Snap!"

Gosh, she...

All I need to do is follow the blue lifeline back... I hope...

Don't look back. Don't look back... I certainly don't want to jump, but I just as certainly don't want to face whatever it is that's coming up behind me.

Well, there are worse things than being rear.

Name two.
That always annoys me. I might as well install a revolving door.

I wonder what they wanted, War...

Right, compelling. I thought care to play some more, Death?

Search me. Resilience.

Nice game, though. Don’t you think so, Famine?

I think we’ve got time.

You call them Rubble.

Right, Rubble.
...and a sudden sensation of absolute stillness.

This was because they were absolutely still.

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

I'm inside the acting again. If anyone happens to open the book, I wouldn't have done if I appeared like a colour plate?

PROBABLY NOT. THE ACTING WE'RE IN IS SOMETHING A BIT DIFFERENT FROM A DÆRE BOOK CHAINED TO A LECTURE IN THE UNBEEN UNIVERSITY.

...that book is merely a three-dimen-sional representation of a multidimensional reality. ropp.

Of course, you, you don't understand a word you're wondering why we brought you here again.

What did he say?

He said: "No."

He really said "no"?

"No."

Why?

Who?
It is not important that you don’t let the wizard go, but the spell from you. Terrible things will happen if all that goes is said.

Good, good. We know we could trust you from the day you turned the Octavo.

That’s why you got into my head?

Precisely.

Just wait to be left in peace.

Hang on a minute! You want me to run around, keeping the wizard from getting all the spells together?

Exactly.

You totally ruined my life! I could have made it as a wizard if you weren’t decided to use me as a sort of portable spellbook!

I’m sorry.

I want to go home.

But you mean... it was too late. Homesickness rose up inside Enchanted, lowered along the tendril thread linking his tortured soul to his body, dug its heels in, and tugged.
YOU SAID, SINCE WHEN? IT LOOKED A BIT GONE THERE.

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

YOU LOOKED LIKE SOMEONE WHO WALKED OVER YOUR GRAVE.

LIFE'S BACK TO NORMAL...

YOU'VE BEEN ALL HALLUCINATING.

GROANS.

UM, YES... IT WAS PROBABLY ME.
YOU CAN SEE IT IN DAYLIGHT NOW.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

DO YOU THINK EVERYONE LOOK AT US? I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE IT'S 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 TENSE WITH YOU.

IF I KNEW TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER...

Yes?
WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

WELL— HOW CAN I PUT IT WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN, SEEING MY NAME ON THE SHIP'S LIST, I LIKED MY WOMAN'S RED-BLONDED BREASTS.

AND THEN I SAW A LITTLE OLDER MAN, AND I LOOKED FOR A WOMAN WITH THE BLOND HAIR ON THE NAKED GYPSY. IN HER EYE.

BUT THEN I SAW A LITTLE OLDER MAN, AND I COME TO SEE THE LOVE IN BOTH WOMEN OF AN ELDER NATURE.

SHALL I TELL YOU WHAT IS IT THAT YOU LOOK FOR IN A WOMAN NOW? PATIENCE.
TROLLISH
TEETH THAT SHAPE
THE THINGS.

WHAT?

DIAMONDS GOT TO BE,
BECAUSE THEY EAT ROCKMASH,
OH THEY THINK THEY CAN EAT THE
ROCKMASH AND THEY EAT IT
MORE TO GROW A NEW GUT
EVERY YEAR.

SPEAKING OF
TEETH...

OH!

I CAN'T
HELP
NOTHING.

LET'S GET
THOSE PIECE SCOURING
BEFORE WE LOSE
THE LIGHT.

THEN I SUPPOSE
WE'D BETTER MAKE
SOME SHOUL

SOMETHING
GOOD BUT WE KNOW
ALL ABOUT ROOTS AND
SEEDS AND THINGS.

WELL, SHES
IF YOU CAN FIND
US SOME MILD
SWAGS AND

BUT, I—
I know what an onion looks like, anyway. It's a sort of rubbery white thing with a green bit sticking out of the top.

ONION?

There's a patch of them by that old yew tree.

I wonder how you attract them... perhaps pegging or whatever use onion. How many do you want to attract onions?

EXCUSE ME.

WHAT?

WHAT'S THE YEW?

If you're not a tree, are you? Don't be silly, trees don't talk.

SCHOLL BARELY

SCHOLL WITH THE LITTLE BLACK GREEN HERBLES.

I'M A SCHOLL.

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 AWAY A LONG TIME WITH THOSE ONIONS.
DO YOU THINK HE'LL MIND IF I GO LOOK FOR HIM?

WIZZROB! YOU KNOW HOW TO LOOK AFTER THINGS?
DON'T WORRY.

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

HOW FUNNY.
I'VE MET A NUMBER OF SLUMPER PROJECT TEAM GADGETS
NEVER ANY CHIROPODIST.

IT WOULDN'T LOOK RIGHT TO REJECT THEM AGAIN.
THE CHIROPODIST.

OR COHEN AND THE MAD SCIENTISTS.

WHAT A BIG BLUNTY.
THAT'S IT.
O.K. OR WELL-VISITED...TEETH, YOU SEE?

I CAN'T HELP NOTICING THAT THEY'RE UP, NOT IN THE SAME GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION AS YOUR MOUTH...

TRUE, OF COURSE. IT'S HARD TO BE EVER WITH NO MOUTH. PLEASE REMAIN MOUTHLESS REASON.

HMM. HOW DO YOU ONCE MORE? LOOK, BOYAWAY-LOOK-BABY, HOW'S YOUR LOOKING THE OTHER WAY?

YOU MIND? I HAVEN'T DECLARED MYSELF.

UMM...UMM...!

LOM OF PEOPLE NERD THEM WHERE I COME FROM. OKAY?
So you're kidding me, I think I heard you say, what do you mean the legend? The legend is pretty old.

It's been handed down from generation to generation. Since the beginning of time. While the red star lights the sky, someone will come looking for answers.

Do not believe him.

It is very important that you help him stay alive.

*An interesting encounter with nocturnal trolls. Of course, the dawn of time looms in the future.*
THAT’S IT!

YES, WE’VE ALWAYS BEEN PUZZLED ABOUT IT. MOST OF OUR LEGENDS ARE MUCH MORE EXCITING.

THAT’S KEYSORPEEBA OVER THERE, AND LAURA, AND MY WIFE BERYL.

SHE’S A BIT METAMORPHIC, BUT WHO ARE THESE BEES? WASHING, GETTING WET FEET!

WELL, WE’RE SUPPOSED TO HELP YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT DOING?

A SHORT TIME LATER.

AND IT NAB ME WHO TOLD YOU WHERE THE CANON WAS HERE?

IT LOOKS LIKE THERE’S BEEN A FIGHT.

THEY’RE ALL GONE! EVEN THE LUGGAGE!

BLOOD!

ONE OF THEM’S LEAKED THE HATER, RED STUFF YOU HAVE IN YOUR INSIDES.
YOU HIMSELF ADD SOMETHING, LIKE WHEN WE MORTALS DROWN, ONLY YOU FALL TO BITS.

Dying, I'm called!

That's it. They haven't done that because they're not here. Unless they were eaten.

Old Grunvod flattened all the vultures here years ago. They used to look where we was going. You know there's a trail.

They went that way.

Old Grunvod lives up there.

DANGEROUS. He's 2 centuries old and big and mean. We haven't seen him about 100 years.

He's very old and big and mean. We haven't seen him about 100 years.

He'll squish them all flat!
I'm more worried about the track we're following. It's old, but something used to have made it, and trolls like a lot of killing.

"Ah ha!"

Maybe that secretarial career wasn't such a bad option, at that.

"There are some caves ahead. We'll need fire and light. A large fire. It. Trolls don't like fire."

"Right, I am."

"That's the box all right. Bolders' prescription is absolutely accurate. But neither of those two looks like a wizard—not even a failed wizard."

"I saw troll shades."
VAY ON! ASS!

ALL DIED

THEY'VE

IT'S A

YOU DON'T

LIKE IT?

LET'S HOPE

HE DOESN'T FIND

IT THEN.

IT DESTROYS THE

SUPER-

CONDUCTIVITY OF OUR

BEANS. BUT A FIRE

THAT SLOW, WOULDN'T

HAVE MUCH EFFECT ON

OLD BONFIRE.

NOT MUCH CHANCE

OF THAT.

THEY'VE

LIT IT IN HIS

MOUTH!
I should have been lightning but I should have been paying attention and not being snubbed by all those talk about your Pan Chewers.

What?

Hell, look at it. Have you ever seen anyone like those before and the walls... those strange red crystals...

Well, I'm not too expert but that's a very interesting array. Though hanging from the ceiling... sort of bellshaped...

I think it might be a good idea to get out of here...

Oh, yes. I suppose we'd better check there people to invite us and let us go, eh?
"Which one of you is sneaking around the wizard's library?"

"Um, I don't know where he is. He was looking for something.

"Mmm... that wizard Wogdorix said we shouldn't touch this, not even the most emaciated.

"Looked, where is the very fat one?"

"It hasn't got a key. If it won't open, it's locked. It stays locked.

"I want it open, Gracia. Give it to me!"
Look no one can open the luggage if it's feeling in a locked mood.

Open the box!

All right!

I say! You're in great danger! You must put the fire out!

Wrong! Moving in danger and the fire gays

Trolls, the big old troll

Everyone knows trolls keep away from fire!

Because you've lit it on the tongue!
Trolls are one of the oldest lifeforms in the multiverse, dating from an early attempt to get life going on the road without all that equally protoplasm.

Therefore, trolls can be traced back to the very beginning of our universe. Their history makes up most of the story'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 sets down to some heavy philosophizing.

After a while, it starts to forget about its extremities.

It begins to crystallize until nothing remains except a tiny fragment of life inside a little self with some unlabeled rock textures.

Old galoshes wasn't quite so that far.

Gack!
Run for it!

It's a death trap! Let's get out of here!

No, without that gold.

We'll never carry it; it's too heavy.

We'll damn well carry some of it.

I think it might be a good idea if you untied us. It's really quite unnecessary once it's over.

I think my back's done again. Take my knife and tell him to hang me up.

Yes, she! Thank you, she!
THE SUN ROSE.

However, the sunlight didn't. It was like a giant silken bottle against the night. It gushed like molten gold across the sleeping landscape.

"Not precisely, of course. Trees didn't burst into flame. People don't become suddenly very rich and extremely dead. A better phrase, in fact, would be "not like molten gold."

But the light was bright, clean and above all, gold.

It is possible to train a troll, but the technique takes practice and no one ever gets a chance to practice more than once.

The troll must have lumbered off after the sight of the man...

Oh, no!
Above, two great crystalline eyes focused in hatred on everything soft, squishy, and above all, warm.
HELP AN HOUR OF CLIMBING, JOHN LETER.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THEM?

THE TROUSLED NOT ALL OF THEM, BEFORE THE SUNLIGHT REACHED HERE... I THINK.

WE'LL FIND 'EM.

THEY WERE CARRYING ALL OUR FOOD.

EXCUSE ME: THERE'S A SMALL THING I'VE GOT TO KNOW.

HEEY, THAT'S MY LUGGAGE!

THAT'S TRUE! TAKE YOUR LUGGAGE!

AYE, WE ATTACKING MY LUGGAGE?

Mean!
I think it's because he's scared of it. I always run away from things I'm scared of.

Search me. I always run away from things I'm scared of.

I'm, yes. That's about enough, I think. Put him down.

Laundry? That's it. Just laundry! But there was gold! Did I say it was somebody.

I bought it at a show. I said I wanted a travelling trunk.

Exactly! Never could find it again. Nothing but a brick wall, where I thought it was.

That's what you got all right.

Hold on, now. It's one of Thomas Kidd's, I reckon. It isn't yours. You didn't notice it before. And when you went back again, wasn't there a full of strange stuff?
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 laugh. The village broke with a howl. They tried to get us out, that wife of Diamond Joe. If you can find the bitch, I have an idea about them.

Dead among the following day...

What's wrong, is it a plague?

It's the stink. They got it. Hit us on the horse. What will become of the countries of the dead? Will broken and Kings will be brought back?

I'm off to the mountains.

What'll help, kill it?

No, but the view will be better.
Evidently there's nobody anyone left in the cities. Everyone's frightened of the storm.

I haven't struck you that it's unreasonably hot?

I suspect I'll get a lot hotter.

Then you want I've been looking for you go on, I'll join you shortly.

Jeweller's

E Jeweller's

It's creepy as if people wanted to bring the storm here.

It's OK with the new dress.

Shut up, you cheeky cow.

Keep it up!
...And where are the gods? They have gone? Perhaps they never were. And how can you remember seeing them? And now the sky has been burnt...

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.

You look like a wizard.

And me? Yes, sir... a clerk. No, that's right. A clerk.

Yes, sir. I think you're a wizard.

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 wind.

We killed all our wizards.
 SOME SERVS BUT WE KILLED ALOT THEY WERE THEIR WANDS AND ANYTHING ELSE OUT

STAND BACK AT THE BOMB IS LETHAL.

THE MAGIC WAS HARD CONCENTRATION LASTED A LITTLE LONGER.

THE GOD KNEW THE BOMB WOULD HURT IT BAD

THE BOMB STIRRED IN HIS HAND A COLD TINGLE COULD HE FEEL WAS SLOW.

HE'S GONNA TO KILL ME, I CAN'T EVEN BLUFF ANYMORE, NO GOOD AT MAGIC, NO GOOD AT BLUFFING.
MAGIC! I DO MAGIC!

Would you like me to do you a spell? IMEE!

MAKE YOUR FEET SWIM Faster! Be MY FAVOURITE!

SURE! FEET! OKAY, Friends! THEY, COOL, THEY'RE DOING IT!

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

She's NEVER DONE A SPELL BEFORE.

But she's a WIZARD!

She's all BEN COMPLICATED, ANYWAY. I'M NOT ALGIE IT AIDS ACTUALLY HIM.

Come on, THIS WAY!

She's MAGIC & THE LUMINOUS!
HOW SHOULD I KNOW! IT'S YOUR LUGGAGE!

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!

RIGHT! WE'VE GOT A WIZARD AND HE'S NOT AFRAID TO USE HIM!
I've never seen so much stuff!

Would you look at that! Have you ever seen anything like it?

Is everyone all right?

I think it's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen...

There's one thing out of stock... it's fresh out of exit.

Hello?

Whrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

I hope you were intending to pay for that.
This? I wouldn't buy this if you threw in a hothouse of rubies.

I'll buy it won't much.

Actually, I haven't got any money. It's in my luggage, but...

No money? You came into my shop.

We didn't mean to we didn't notice it was there.

A bit! A bit! A bit! A bit! A bit!

It wasn't it's magical, wasn't it?

Quite a bit. Then.

All right, it's magical. I can't help it. The bloody door won't been and done again. Has it?

Yes, a bit.
FROM A TROLL'S TOOTH YOU SAY?  

Teeth, did you call?   All the teeth?  Very generous, the strangest thing I've ever heard.

But practical, I can see that. What did you say they were called?

Pin? Chewers?
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?

D'oh! Aghh! So that's what it feels like! No wonder wizards don't have much truck with sex!

Why do I see in this shop?

We don't get out!

The doors disappeared.

Right, well, let's do it.

Let's do it. Get out of here and back into the octogon. It won't work! Keep going! The other spells would have been a great wizard in my own right. Out of those doors!
All right! It's magical, you know. I mean, I'm not telling you now.

You wouldn't believe I mean, you're not to expect much. A sale here and there. It's a living.

They believe the star is going to crash into the disk.

That's a shame. I've done good business here. I'll have to go out to some other universe. There's plenty of them around.

I didn't open for business. Anyway, I just stopped to get my bearings. Did you see me?

Things not so good in the starship business.

But these people with the star things painted on their faces. Well, I usually have time to open the store and they're threatening to burn it down.

Can I drop you some where?

The star is like not death.

How's that? I don't want.

You do it again! You say things and then don't know you've said them.

It's the spell. It's trying to make me over.
THE SPELL KNOWS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. IT NEEDS TO GO TO ANIMH MOREPOOK.

CAN YOU SAVE US THERE?

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED

THAT BAD CITY AT THE EDGE OF THE SPREADING PLAIN. SMELLS OF CESEPPITS.

I'M NOT FRIGHTENED. YOU CAN GO ANYWHERE!

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

OH, AND THERE'S ALL KINDS OF RUINS Built IN. NO POINT IN GOING ANYWHERE WITH MALPRESIDENT PER LOTOS' MAMMELLE INNOCENT.
SPACE IS NOT REALLY BIG.

IT IS SIMPLY SOMEWHERE TO BE BIG IN.

BUT THE SHORE BLOTTING OUT THE SKY LIKE THE FOOTBALL OF GOD ISN'T A PLANET.

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

IT'S A TURTLE. TEN THOUSAND YEARS LONG, FROM ITS GREATER PICKUP HEAD TO ITS ARMORED TAIL.

END GREAT 4 TUN IS HUGE.

BUT EVEN GREAT 4 TUN IS STRUGGLING. NOW IT LEAVES THE FREE DEPTHS OF SPACE AND MUST FIGHT THE TORMENTING PRESSURES OF THE SOLAR SHALLOW.

MUSIC IS WEAVER HERE, ON THE LITTORAL OF LIGHT.

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

GREAT 4 TUN KNOWS THIS, BUT GREAT 4 TUN CAN'T RECALL DOING ALL THIS BEFORE, MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS LICO.

THE ASTROCHELONIAN'S EYES ARE NOT FOLED 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. I'd like to tell you where they've gone.

YEP, PUZZLED.
Oh, here we are. This is your universe, very big. A sort of unifierette.

Yes, but where are we?

I don't think we're anywhere. We're in a contingent universe. I believe I could be wrong. The shop generally knows what it's doing.

It's no life, you know. Mind 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. Curved to pull a shop forever.

Oh, yes, I can't remember what he wanted, but when we sawed for it, I made one of those sucking in useless. You know, like wandering backwords?

Oh. And never close. There was this sorcerer, you see. I did a terrible thing.

All's well?
I called him Squire. I said I could open it and he could come back the next day but the next day was early closing day. I needed him to fix the door handle.

I had a sign on the door that said something like closed even for the sale of methylated spirits. Anyway, I heard him banging and I laughed.

That's not all! I told him there was no demand for it!

You laughed?

I knew he knew... anyway, I heard him shouting a lot of words I couldn't understand but then the shop came alive.

That was a terrible thing to do.

Oh, yes. Well, anyway, this isn't setting you to much nonsense is it?

Yes, like this chap who shop blurt.

Probabu not a wise thing to do.

Still, he shouldn't have cursed you quite so badly.
Funny thing... I bought my luggage in a shop like this, another shop, I mean.

GAWL. Spinorlok! No city in the multiverse can rival its smell.

Gaw! Yes, it brings tears to one's eyes.

Hey! Spinorlok is the pearl of cities.

Is that really an accurate description?

Y'All, it's not round and shiny. But if you have to liken Spinorlok to anything, it might as well be a piece of rhyming covered with the dried-up secretions of a dying mollusk.
Don't worry, there's a chance Cohen might still be alive.

Oh, I expect he is. He didn't live to be eighty-seven in any case. But he is around doing all the things, but he is not here.

'My luggage.'

'Ve got to find the university.'

'Is it what to go there?'

'Probably not, but I'm still going.'

'My hotel.'

'Where do they all come from?'

'Inside every stone person, there is a madman struggling to get out. An idea is 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?

Hey?

DARKNESS?

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

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

THIS IS THE LIGHT THAT LIES ON THE FAR SIDE OF DARKNESS. THE LIGHT FANTASTIC!
Bring that thing a little closer.

Click.

Now.

I nearly know!

I can't see the spots.

I'm not going around the side. I've got to get rid of this spell.

The Great Wall. Brothers. If I can lead the way.

No, they're turning. Turning. Going around. The side, like the old order around this door. But they're coming in. Because.

Because.
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.

I just helped myself. All the weapons have been removed from the stage. There were a whole bunch of people across the street, playing musical instruments.

About here, I think.

Thud!
WIZARD!

OH, AR... IT'S MASTER LEWIS, BERTER!

PLEASE SAY, IT'S WE, THE RINGWIND BAND!

I REMEMBER A BOY WHO WANTED A...

OH, THAT RINGWIND!

WHO ARE THEY?

LOOK: WHAT'S GOING ON?

THE MOSTERS OF WIZARDS, MY OLD SCHOOLMATES!

SOMEONE HAS JUNGL THE OCTAVO!

GALDER, ANOTHER DAY!

ALL THE SPELLS HERE MUST BE REHAB TONIGHT.

LIFE IS ON THE TOWER OF SHREWS, THE OCTAVO.

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

UM, NO, IN THE FUTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

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

YOU CAN TRY!

THOUGHTS? NON-SENSE! AS WE SPEAK...

HE'S GOING.

WE COULD TRY, I SUPPOSE.

BUT WE'VE GOT LITTLE TIME TO SPEAK OF...

HAVE YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA, THEN?
Hold on, this sort of thing is better for the legs of Cohen, not you.

You don't understand! There's unimaginable horrors up there!

Then to be no good is him, wouldn't I?

You're mad!

You're a fine one to talk! I'm here because I don't know anything better. But what about you? What about them?

Thap!
IT'S THE GUTTING BUT THE FACES.
THEY'RE BLANK: EVERY PAGE IS COMPLETELY BLANK.

I THINK WE SHOULD GO UP AND CONGRATULATE HIM.

DON'T WORRY.

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

V.S. THE GETTING THERE.
THAT MATTERS, NOT HOW YOU TRAVEL.

ALL RIGHT, SORRY.
YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN.
YOU'RE RUINING MY LIFE.
NOW GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!

THEN WE END IT. WE'RE NOT THE APES.
I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT.

THEN I'LL SAY YOU euX D'ONT JOIN THE BEAT OF THEM
AND MUCH GOOD MAY IT DO YOU!
All right, I'm going to go and join you. Won't you?

By far the most difficult thing that Rand did in his whole life was to look at the wizard without remaining in terror.

Sworder had tried to contain the seven spells in his mind and it had broken.

The dungeon dimension had found the hole. All they really needed to enter was one head.

The eighth spell... give it to me.

You'll have to tame it.
I remember you,
you never really trusted
magic. You kept saying there
should be a better way to
run a universe.
I'll see.
I have plans. Give me the
spell, try it. I don't think
you can.

There are much
worse things. I can have
your flesh burn on
the border, or infest your
body with ants.
I have a dream, you know.
FOR A MOMENT, GOLDA'S ATTENTION WAS DIVERTED. "HAHAHA!

BUT MOST OF ALL, HE WAS ANGRY AT GOLDA. HE WAS ANGRY AT THE SPELL, AT THE WORLD, AT THE UNFAIRNESS OF EVERYTHING. AT THE FACT THAT HE HADN'T SLEPT MUCH LATELY...

"EEEEE!

AAGAH!!

"HEEY! I'M WINNING, BITCH!"

"NO!"

"WAAAAA!"

"NO FLOWER, THE TOWER, AND THE RED SKY ALL VANISHED! THEY RAN SLOWLY, THEN STopped!"
Terrorist stores down, it was crammed with eerie and default flesh by recurring nightmares.

The ghostly crevasse is now full of the rustling of the dungeon creatures.

Ugh...

He imagined that sound filling the void, but mainly he hit it to drop it letting back.

Lurking flaps blow after blow to save the sacred 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 impending.
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME ANYTHING HAD EVER TRIED TO RUN AWAY FROM RUNEWIND.

UNAH! UNAH! UNAH!

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

NOW! UNAH! UNAH! UNAH!

YOU WEIGH?

OH, YEAH, RIGHT.
Their nas & Due
Explosion did
A flash of
Octarine Light

On deck
I suppose those
fireballs are the
spells

Swoop!

Everything
All right?
Can't do any
things?
HIS STRY WAS ON THE FLOOR DOWN THERE WHO WAS IT?

DO IT, HAVE YOU KNOWN TENTICLED THINGS?

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

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

THAT'S IT, I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

UGH OH, I CAN SOME MORE ON LEGS, YOU JUST NEED TO HAVE IT WILL ALL BE BETTER IN THE MORNING.

YOU'RE THE OCTAVO.

THERE WAS A TINGLING SENSATION, A BLUE FLASH BEHIND HIS EYES, AND A SUDDEN FEELING OF EMPTINESS.
HE OPENED THE OHRUZ
AND BEGAN TO READ.

AS HE Mumbled EACH WORD
IT APPEARED SLOWLY
IN THE AIR BEFORE HIM.

OH, YES!

HASN'T THIS
EXCITING!

THERE WAS A PLAUSANT
SWEET TWISTING MOVÉE
AND THE OHRUZ BEGAN
TO EXPLODE UPHWARD IN A
FLOWER OF LIGHT.

BUT SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING
MUCH FURTHER UP IN THE SKY.
Great A'Tuin was staring fixedly at the eight spheres explosively orbiting the star, on the very reaches of space.

Great A'Tuin waited until all eight baby turtles had freed themselves.

Then, carefully. So as not to disclose anything, she turned and with a con siderable relief, saw a long faint trail to the bottomless depths of space.

The young turtles followed, orbiting their Parent.
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 SOMETHING TO BE YOUR LUNCH IN THERE.

I THINK THE OCTAVO WOULD BE A LUNCH.

GOOD IDEA.

I'LL HAVE A COUPLE OF DRINKS, TOO.

AND THEN I'M GOING HOME.
THAT'S SETTLED THEN. THE SAIL WILL PROCEED TO THE BRODIN ISLANDS AND I CAN GET A JOB TO THE KUITYAN EMPIRE FROM THERE!

HELL, AND THEN, I KNOW IT'S EXPENSIVE, GETTING A HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME.

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

GOODBYE! I'M GIVING YOU TO YOURSELF. I AGREE. I DON'T WANT YOU. OH, ALL RIGHT THEN, COME ON!

LUGAR, THIS IS BRANDING-WOOD. ARE YOU, RIGHT?

THE END

[Sketch of comet]
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 ATuin, 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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