

SOMETHING SOMETHING THIS WAY COLLES

## RON WIMBERLY

## INTRODUCTION BY RAY BRADBURY



A NOVEL GRAPHIC FROM HILL AND WANG

A DIVISION OF FARRAR, STRAUS AND GIROUX NEW YORK I'D LIKE TO THANK MOIRA MELTZER-COHEN, FLOYD HUGHES, AND KIER KIRBY FOR THEIR SUPPORT AND COUNSEL; BOB MECOY AND THOMAS LEBIEN FOR GREASING THE GEARS; DEAN MOTTER, JOHN SIERS, AND COLIN WALTON FOR ASSISTING ME WITH THE ARTWORK.

— RON WIMBERLY

## HILL AND WANG A DIVISION OF FARRAR, STRAUS AND GIROUX 18 WEST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK 10011

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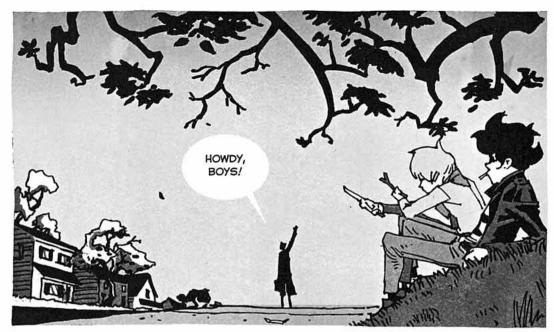
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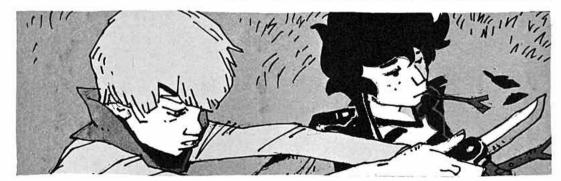
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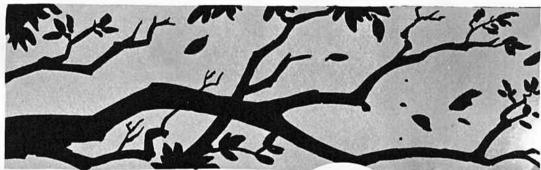






















NIGHTSHADE.

AND ONLY FITTING. I WAS BORN ONE MINUTE BEFORE MIDNIGHT, OCTOBER THIRTIETH.



JIM WAS BORN ONE MINUTE AFTER MIDNIGHT, WHICH MAKES IT OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST.







WITHOUT THIS ROD, BANG! FIRE AND ASH, ROAST PORK AND









The metal thing was hammered and shaped half-crescent, half-cross. Around the rim of the main rod little curlicues and doohingies had been soldered on, later. The entire surface of the rod was etched with strange languages, numerals that added to incomprehensible sums, pictographs of insect-animals all bristle, chaff, and claw.











"BOYS, YOU GOT TO BE READY IN EVERY DIALECT WITH EVERY SHAPE AND FORM TO HEX THE ST. ELMO'S FIRES, THE BALLS OF BLUE LIGHT THAT PROWL THE EARTH LIKE SIZZLING CATS."

"I GOT THE ONLY LIGHTNING RODS IN THE WORLD THAT HEAR, FEEL, KNOW, AND SASS BACK ANY STORM, NO MATTER WHAT TONGUE, VOICE, OR SIGN ... "





HOLD ON. WAIT. SOME FOLKS DRAW LIGHTNING, SUCK IT LIKE CATS SUCK BABIES' BREATH. SOME FOLKS' POLARITIES ARE NEGATIVE, SOME POSITIVE. SOME GLOW IN THE DARK.









HEY, WHAT ABOUT ME?





NO, NO.
OH, A FEW
SPARKS'LL
JUMP ON YOUR
RAINSPOUTS.



"ANY BOY HIT BY
LIGHTNING, LIFT HIS LID
AND THERE ON HIS EYEBALL,
PRETTY AS THE LORD'S
PRAYER ON A PIN, FIND THE
LAST SCENE THE BOY EVER
SAW! A PHOTO OF THAT FIRE
CLIMBING DOWN THE SKY TO
SUCK YOUR SOUL BACK UP
ALONG THE BRIGHT STAIR!
GIT, BOY! HAMMER IT HIGH
OR YOU'RE DEAD
COME DAWN!"





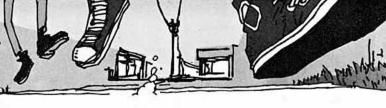








There's nothing in the living world like books on water cures, deaths-of-athousand-slices, or pouring white-hot lava off castle walls.



So said Jim Nightshade, that's all he read. If it wasn't how to burgle the First National, it was how to build catapults, or shape black bumbershoots into lurking bat costumes for Cabbage Night.

Jim breathed it out all

And Will, he breathed it in. With the lightning rod nailed to Jim's roof, Will proud, and Jim ashamed of what he considered mutual cowardice.





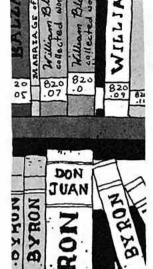


The library deeps lay waiting for them.

GONE. OR IT WASN'T EVEN THERE.

fine.











NO SUCH PLACE
AS HECK. BUT HELL'S
RIGHT HERE UNDER "A"
FOR ALIGHIERI.







