

"Beautifully drawn. Tim Probert has created a world readers will want to visit."
—KAZU KIBUISHI, author of AMULET

Book One

LIGHTEALL

THE GIRL & THE GALDURIAN



TIM PROBERT

DEEP IN THE HEART OF IRPA stands the Salty Pig's Tonics and Tinctures, home of the wise Pig Wizard and his adopted granddaughter, Bea. As keepers of the Endless Flame, they live a quiet and peaceful life, crafting medicines and potions for the people of their once prosperous world.

All that changes when Bea meets Cad, a member of the Galdurians, a race thought to be long-extinct. Cad believes that if anyone can help him find his missing people, it's the Pig Wizard. But when the two arrive home, the Pig Wizard is nowhere to be found.


Fearing for the Pig Wizard's safety, Bea and Cad set out across Irpa to find him, while danger fights its way out of the shadows and into the light.

Can this reluctant duo get their act together in time to save the world, or has Irpa truly seen its last sunrise?

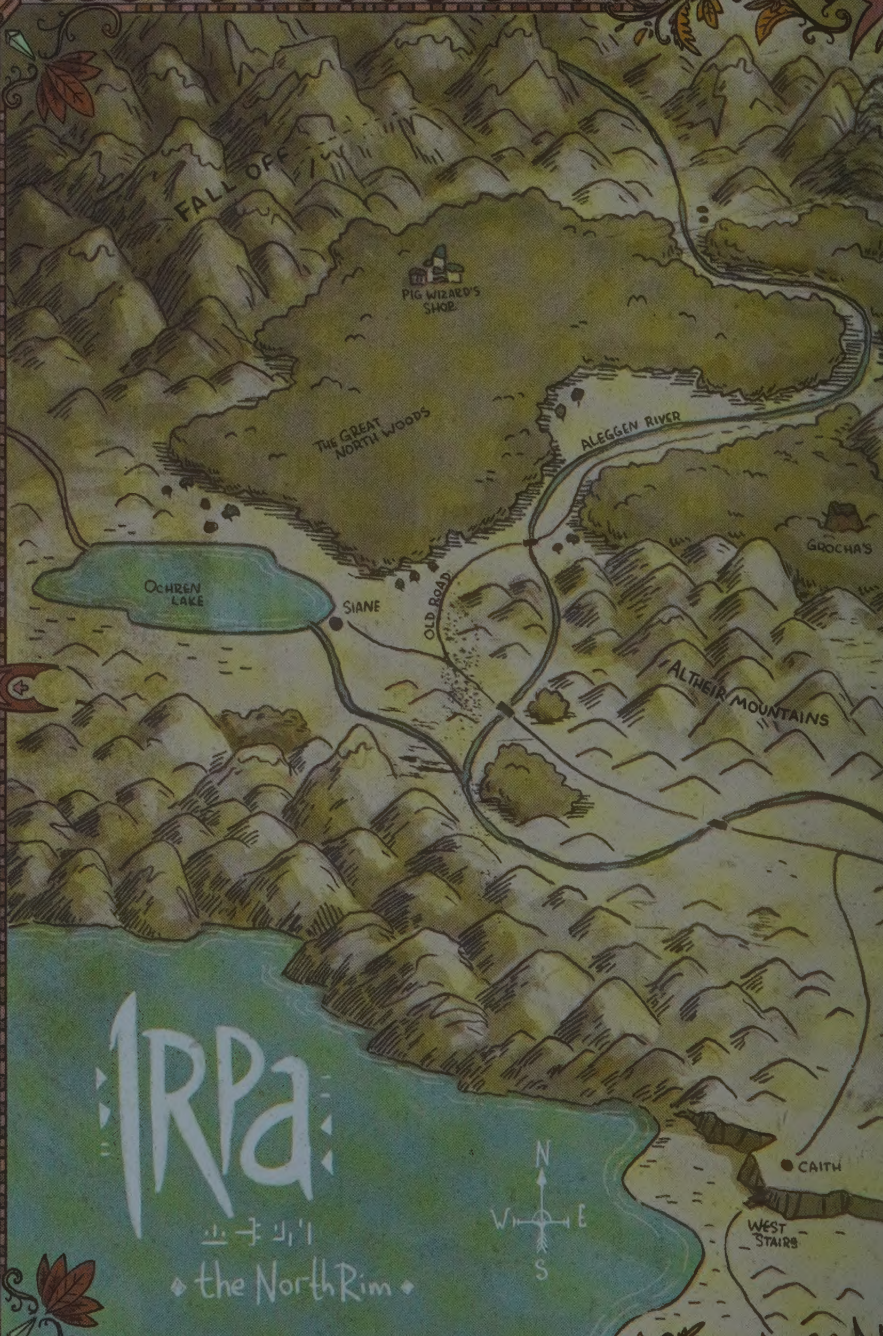
WITHDRAWN

Book One

LIGHTFALL

A decorative sunburst graphic with a central golden sun and radiating rays, positioned below the title.

THE GIRL & THE GALDURIAN



FALL OFF

PIG WIZARD'S SHOP

THE GREAT NORTH WOODS

ALEGGEN RIVER

GROCHAS

OCHREN LAKE

SIANE

OLD ROAD

ALTHEIR MOUNTAINS

IRPa

ᠶᠢᠷᠠᠯᠠᠯᠠᠰᠤ

◆ the North Rim ◆



CAITH

WEST STAIRS



LIMMIA LAKE

FOMHAR RIVER

CLOGUE CANYON

SERTED KING

CALVA

FOMHAR RIVER

OLD ROAD

ALEGGEN RIVER

MORR

OLD ROAD

LIGHT

LEALAND

EAST STAIRS

WATERFALL DOWNS

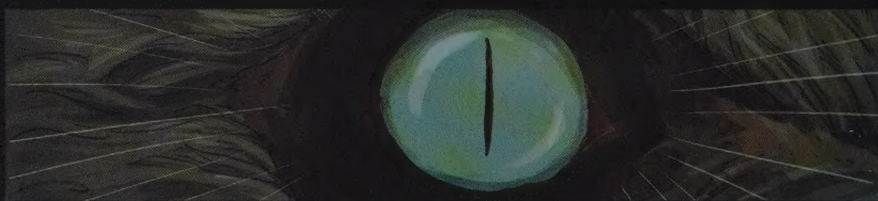
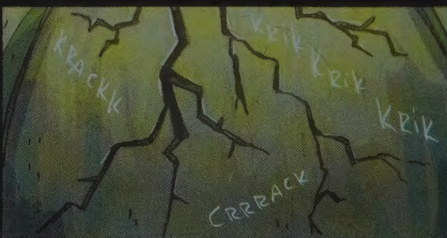
Walking with a friend in the dark is better
than walking alone in the light.

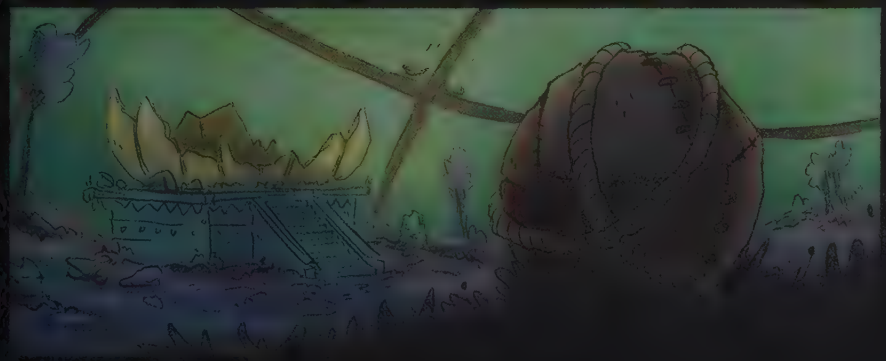
—Helen Keller

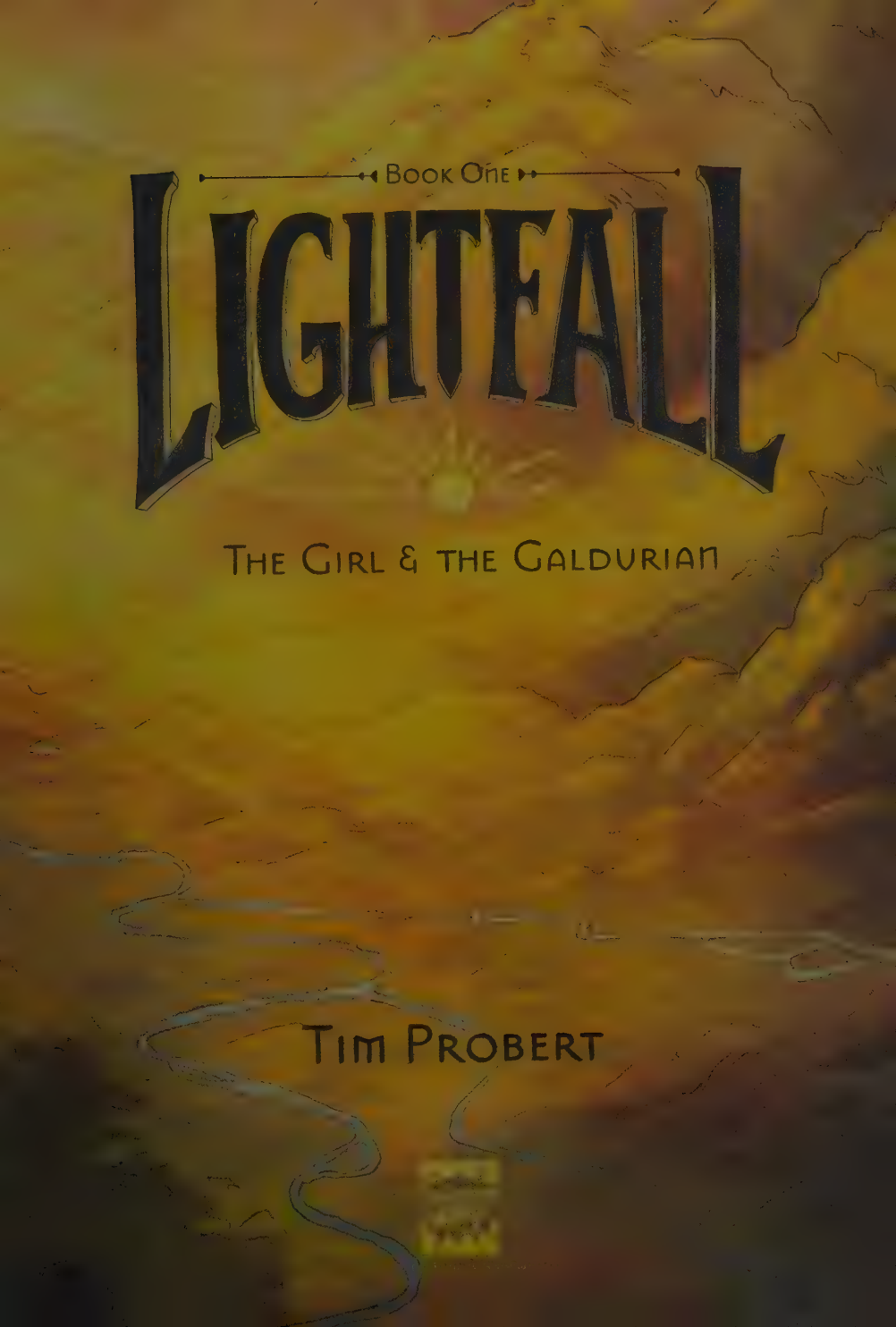




CRASH!!!





The background of the cover is a hand-drawn illustration of a landscape. At the top, a bright sun with rays is partially obscured by dark, jagged clouds. Below the sun, a winding river flows through a valley. The overall color palette is warm, dominated by yellows, oranges, and browns. The text is overlaid on this scene.

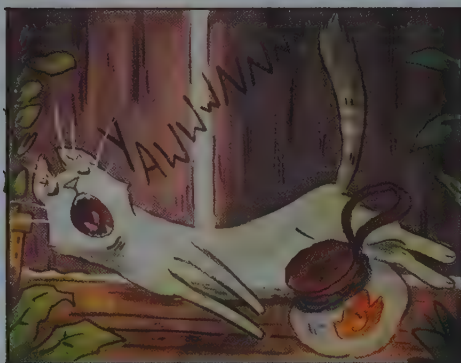
Book One

LIGHTEALL

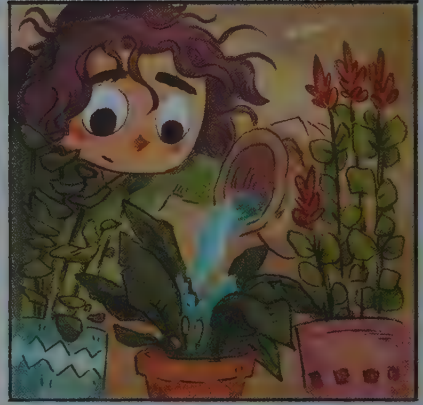
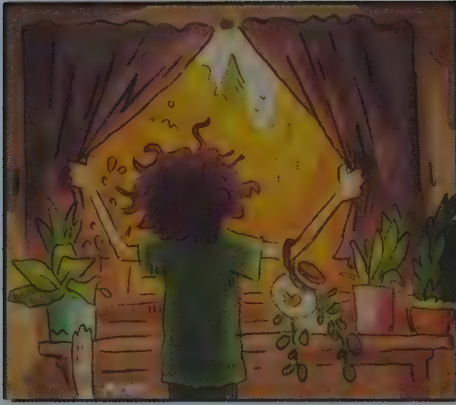
THE GIRL & THE GALDURIAN

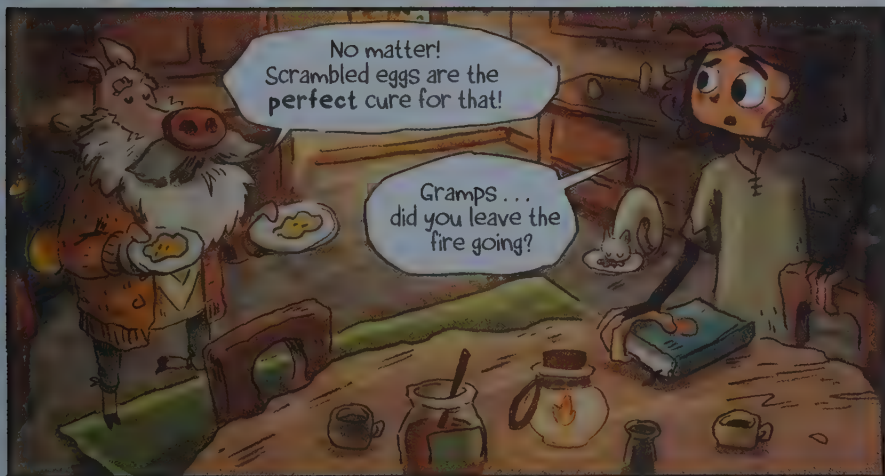
TIM PROBERT





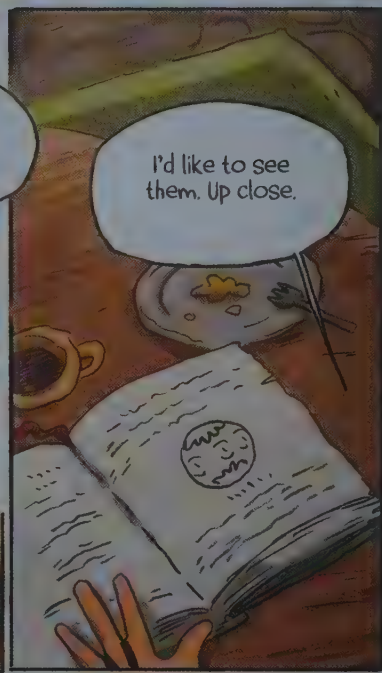


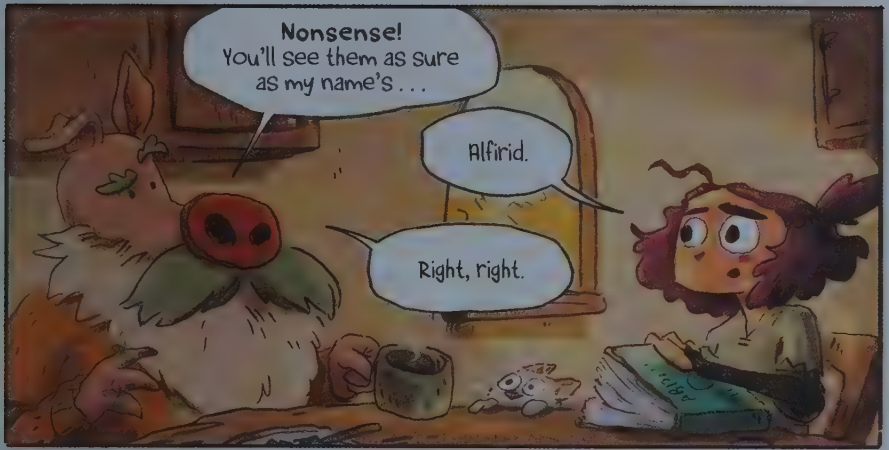




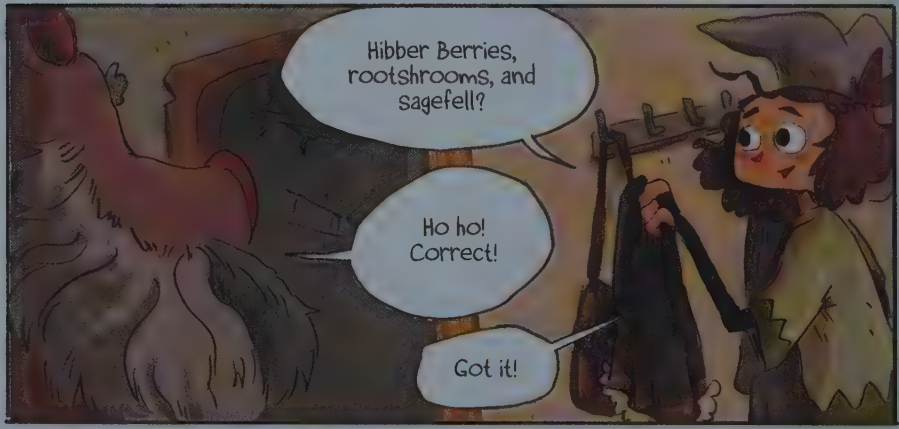
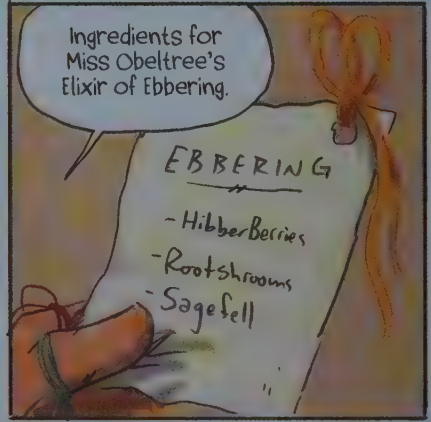


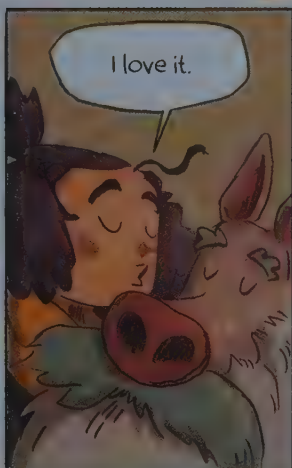
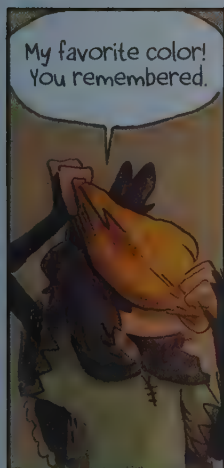






REMINDERS

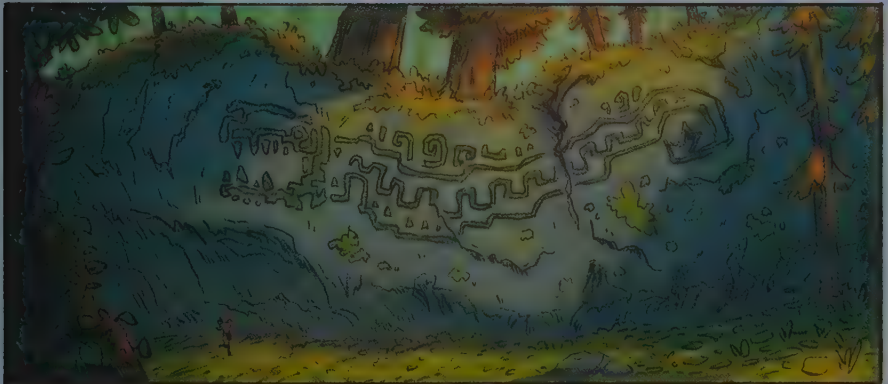
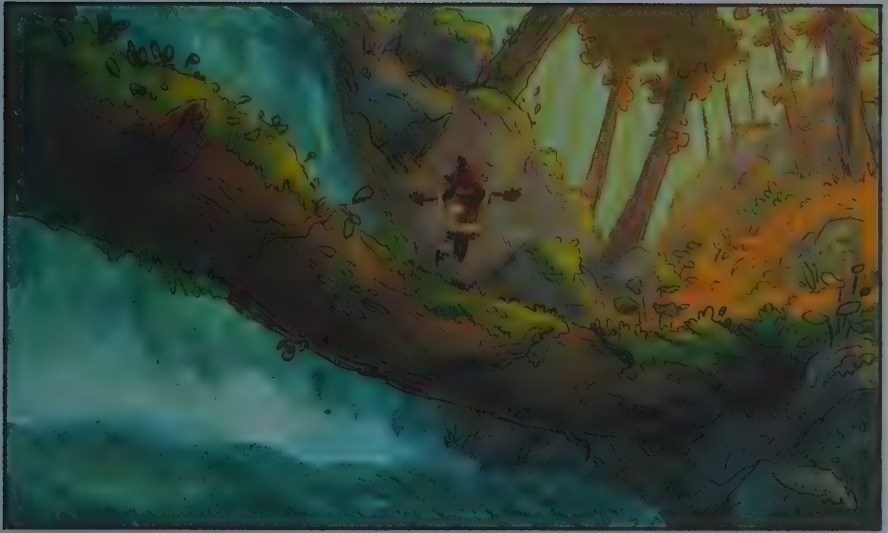








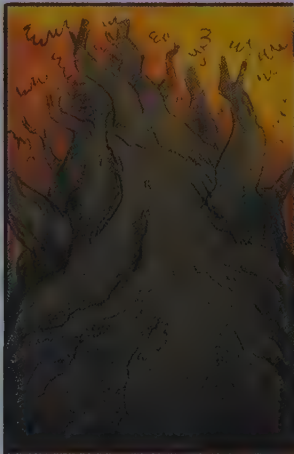
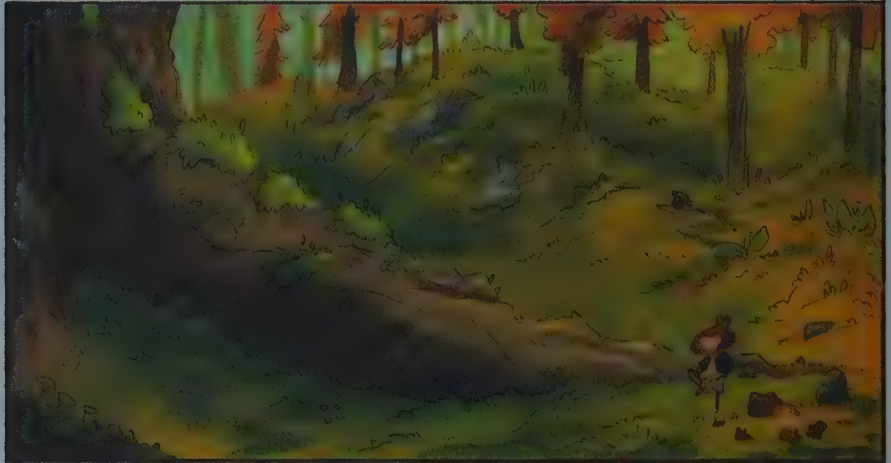
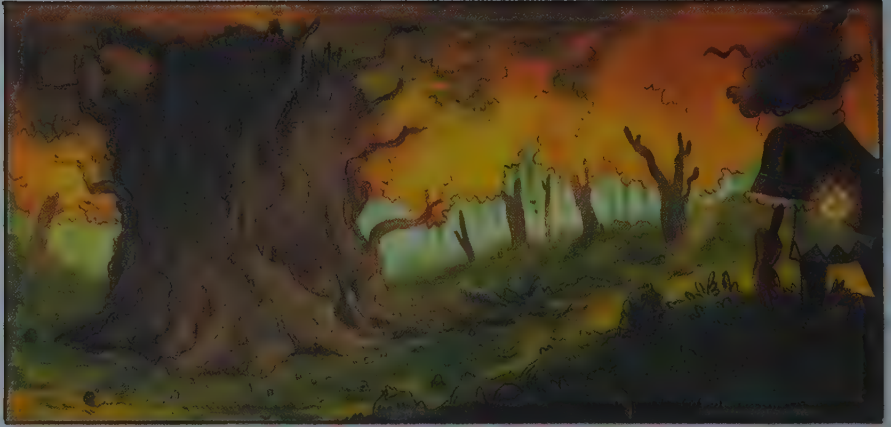


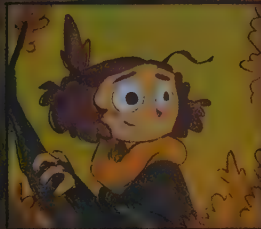
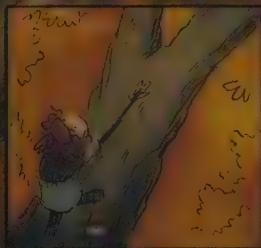
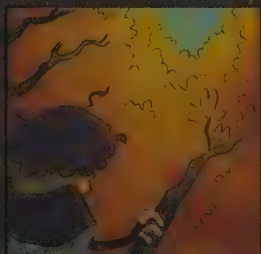
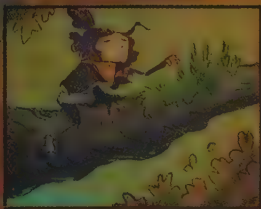
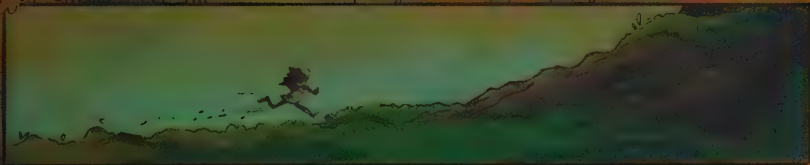






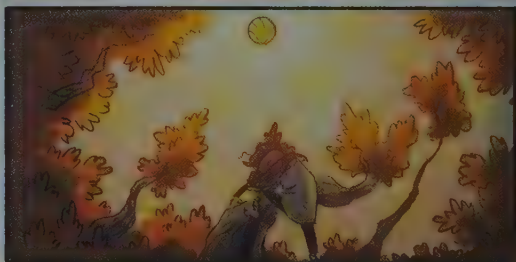
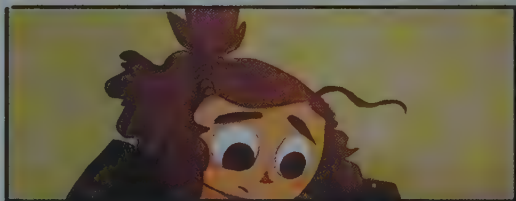
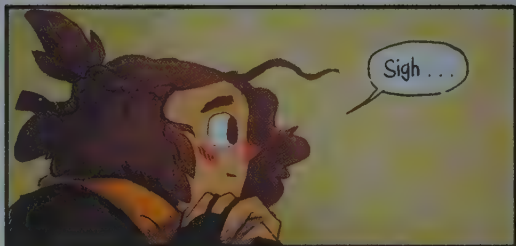
Rootshroom

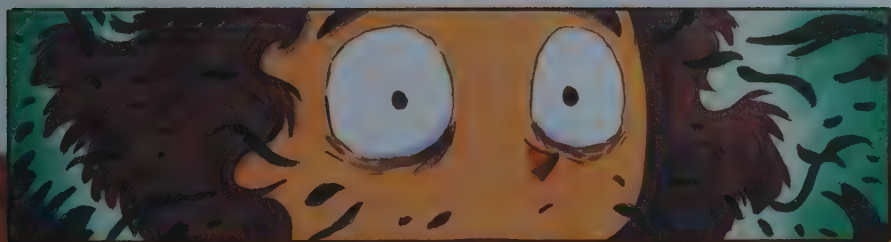


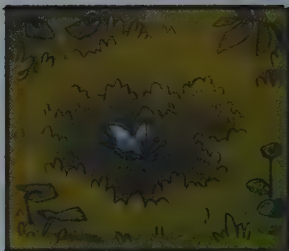
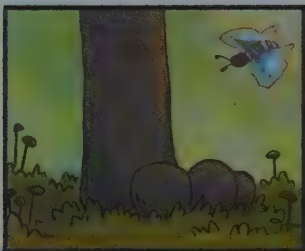
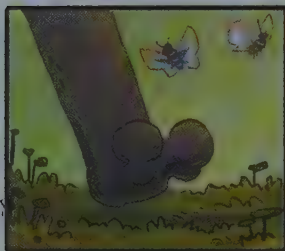






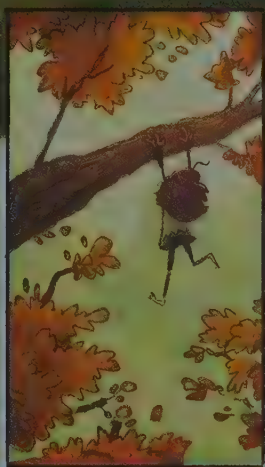
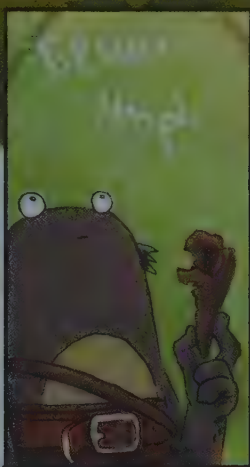




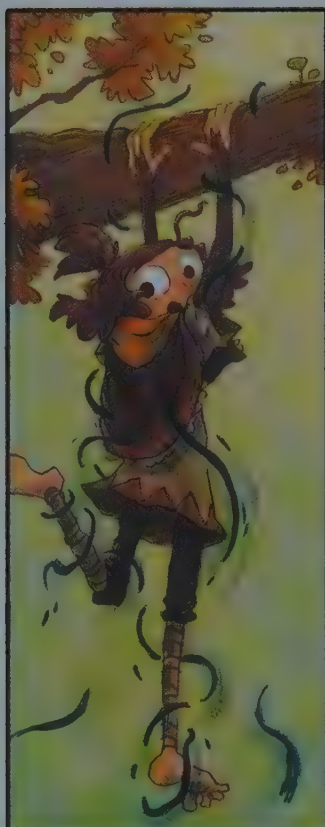


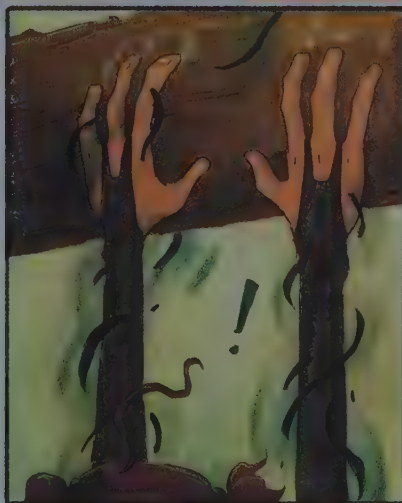


What do we have here?



Hey there!











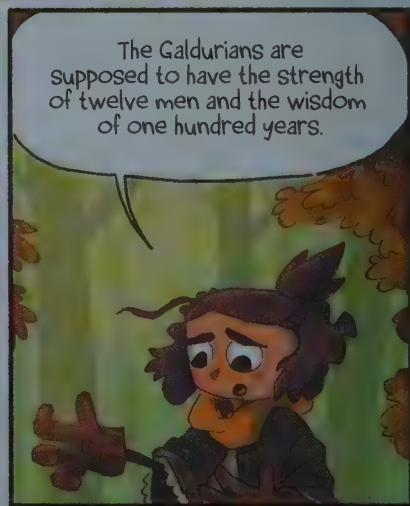








I'm a Galdurian!



The Galdurians are supposed to have the strength of twelve men and the wisdom of one hundred years.



And don't forget we're excellent swimmers!



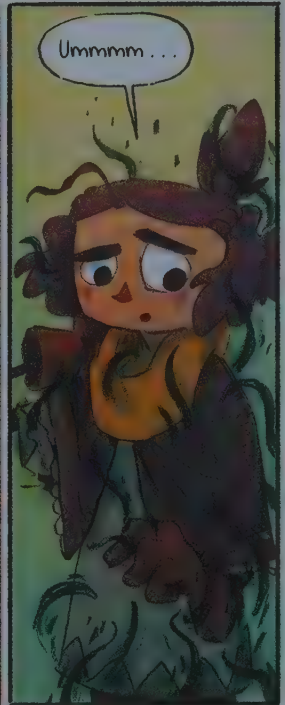
...
And you think the Pig Wizard can translate Galdurian?



I do!

We were friends in Baihle a long time ago. Such a wise wizard!

Galdurian's a lost language, even I don't know it, but if anyone could translate it, he could. I'm sure of it!



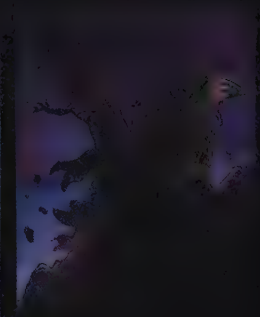
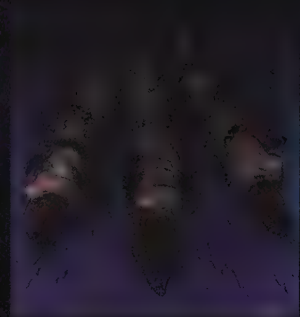
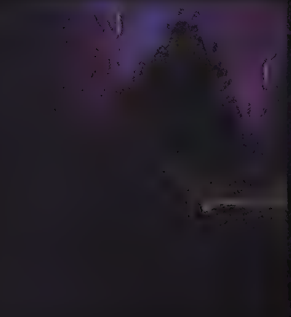
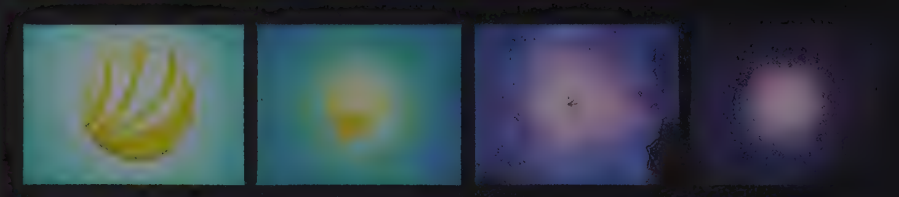
Ummmm...

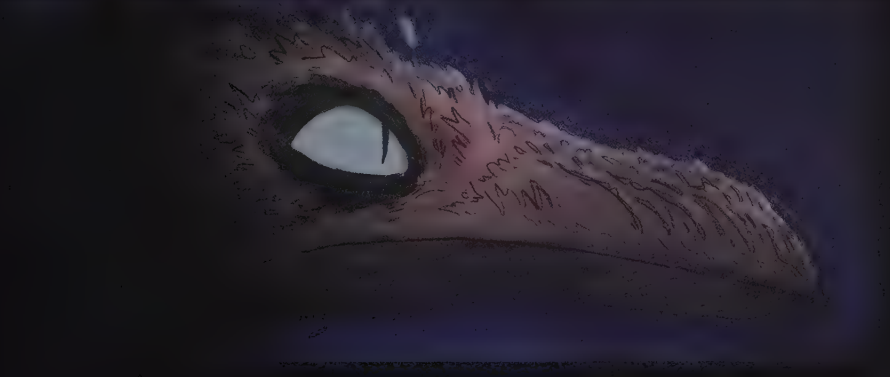
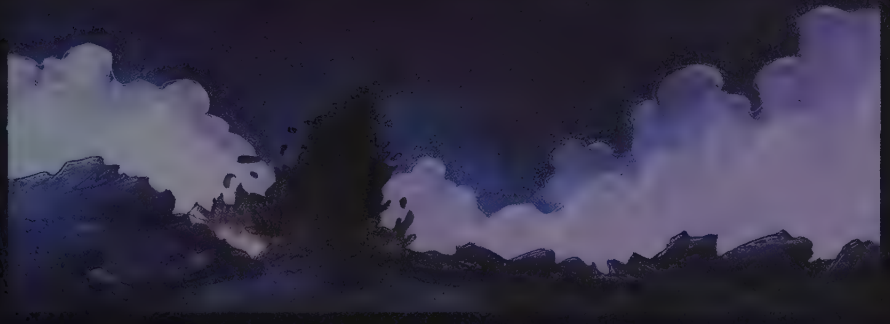
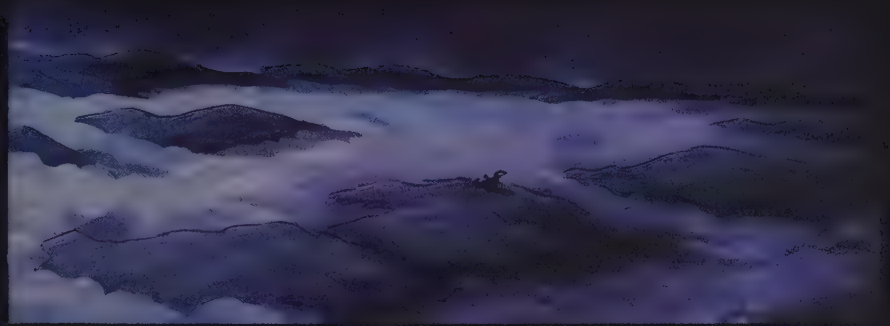


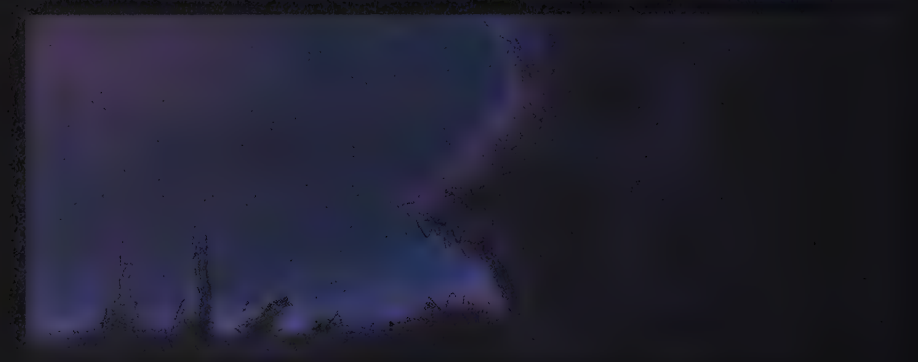
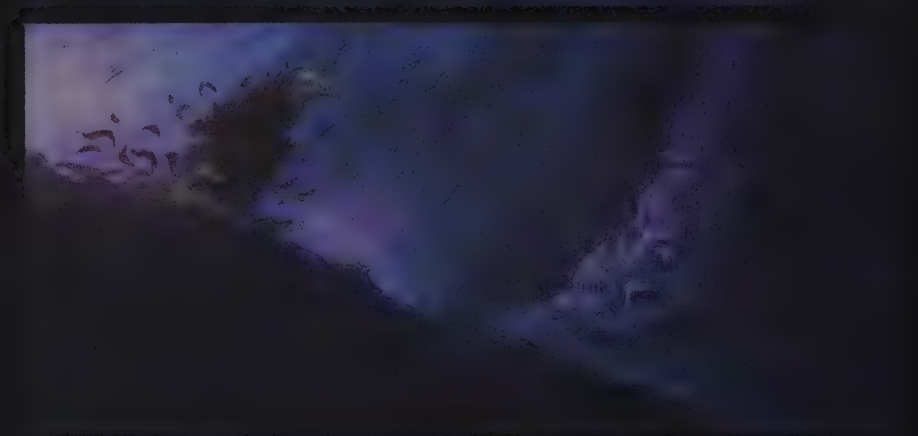
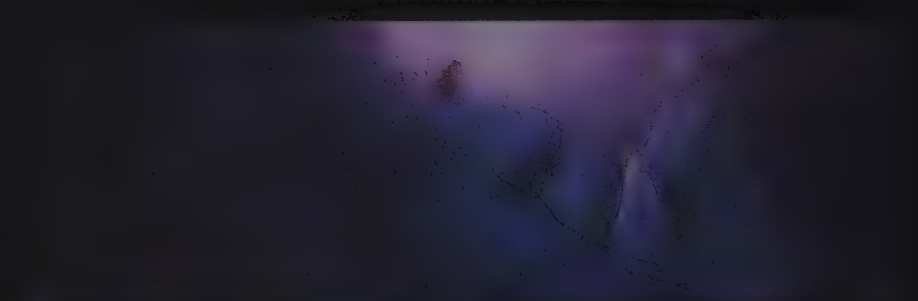


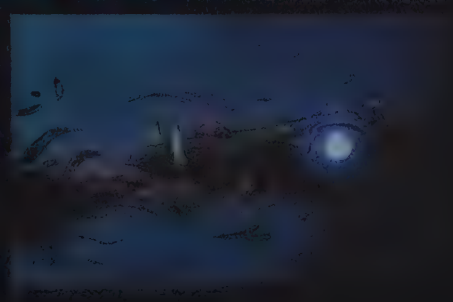
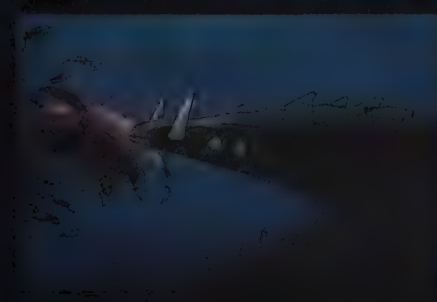
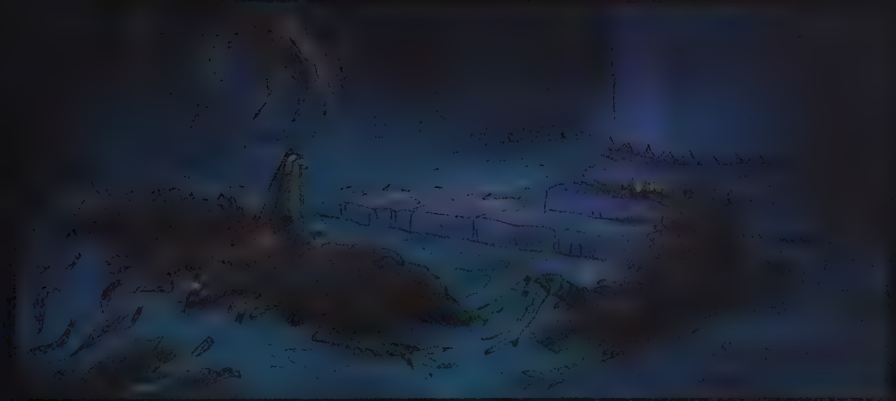
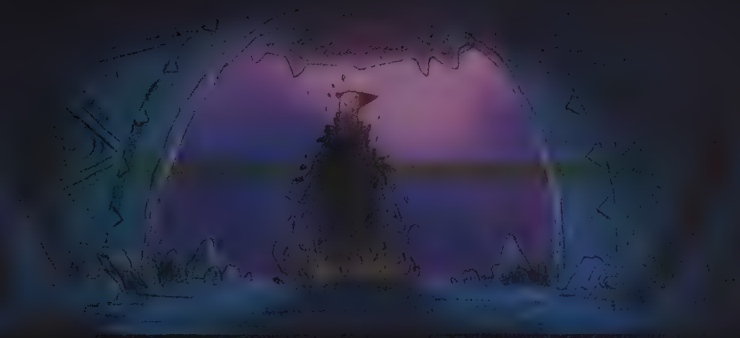














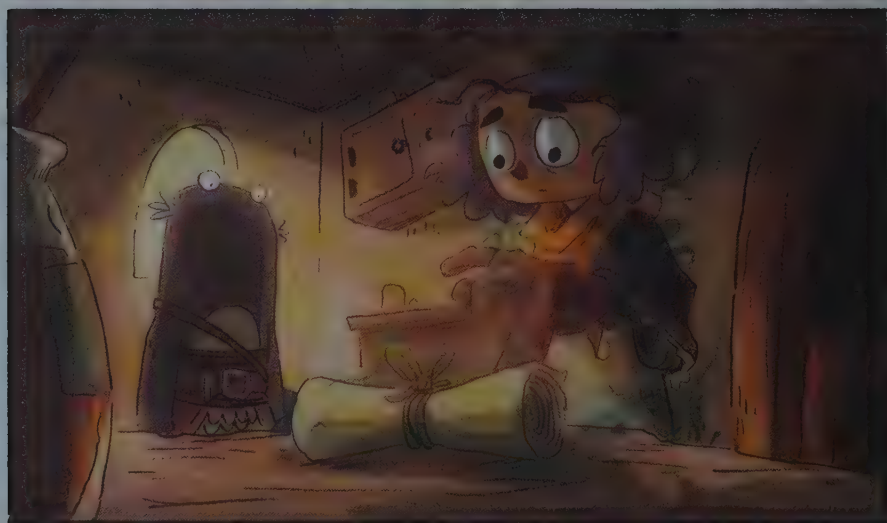
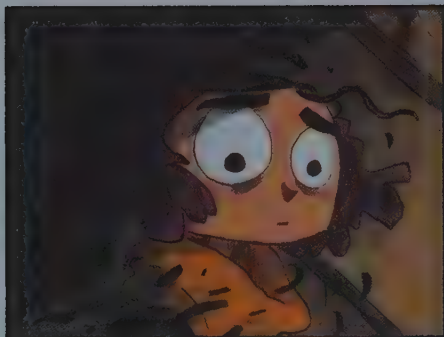
Nice place.

Bit out of
the way. Potions
must be—

Where's Sparky?

Something's
not right ...





Dear Beatrice,

I apologize if I seemed distracted this morning, but you reminded me of something. I've neglected a duty of utmost importance. The Seal of the Restless Sleeper needs to be checked! Pity such a crucial task rests on the foggy memories of an addled old pig.

I have, in fact, completely forgotten where the Seal is, but I'm sure it will come back to me. I've taken Sparky and am hitting the road. Nimmo and the shop are in your capable hands.

Gotta run!

Love always,
Gramps

xoxo

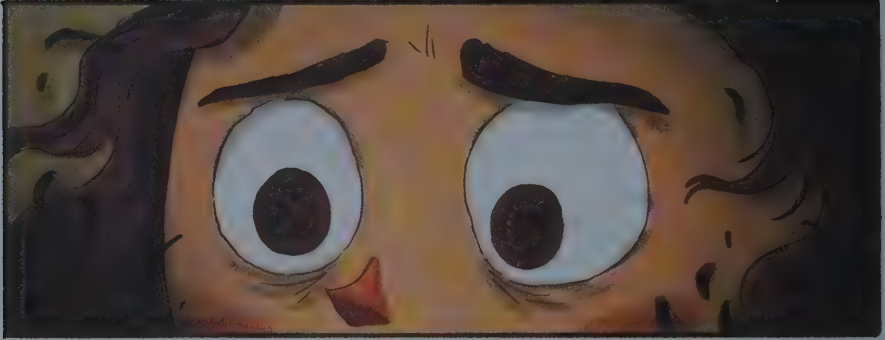


PS - the Jar is in your hands, keep it safe!!

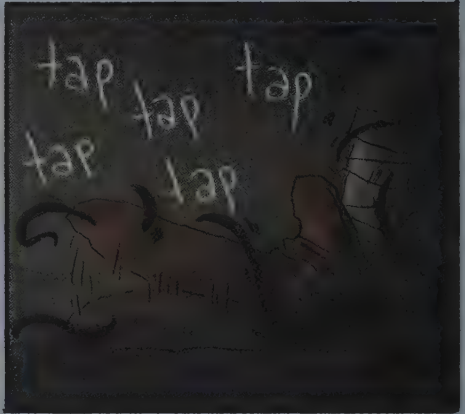
PPS - whatever you do, don't follow me! It's too dangerous!

PPPS - seriously don't let the Jar out of your sight!!!

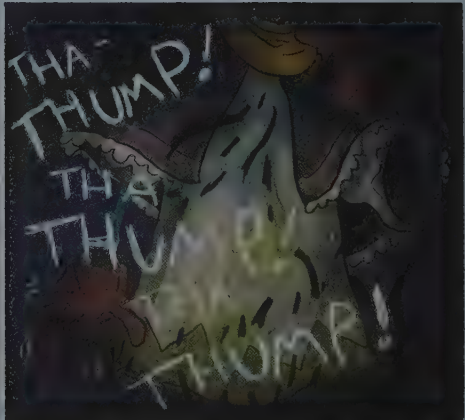
The **Seal of the Restless Sleeper** needs to be checked!

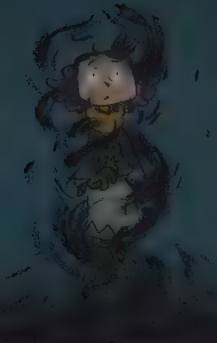


... hitting the road ...



It's too **dangerous!**





Hey!

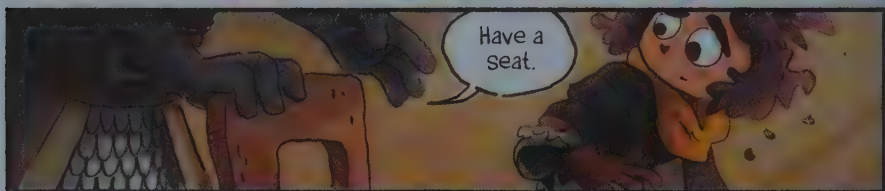
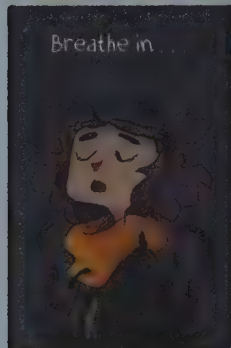


Are You OKAY?!

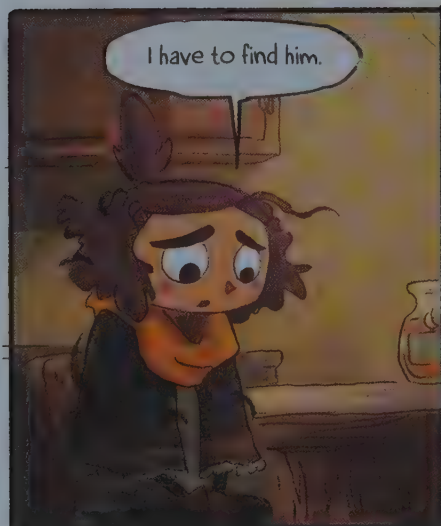
Hey!

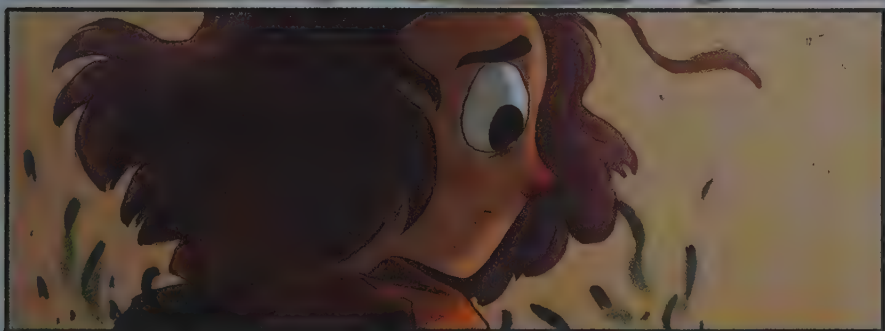


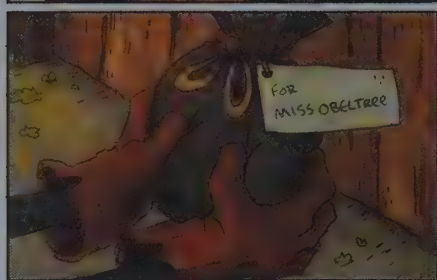
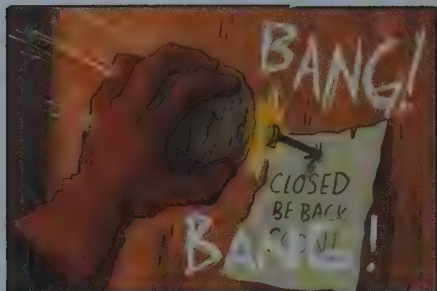
BEA!

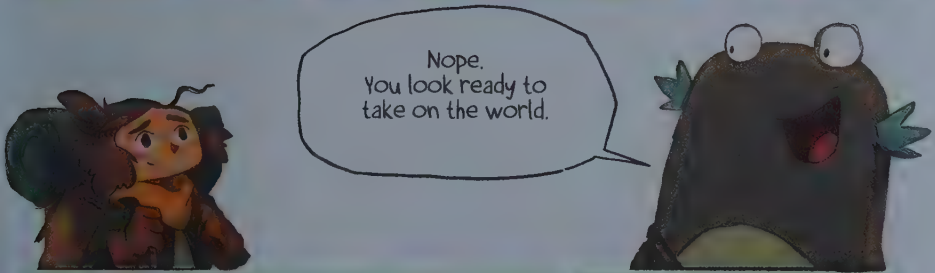
















Always trust
your gut!



Speaking
of guts...



... got any
snacks in that bag
of yours?



Yeah, I've got a
few weeks' worth of
honey rolls.

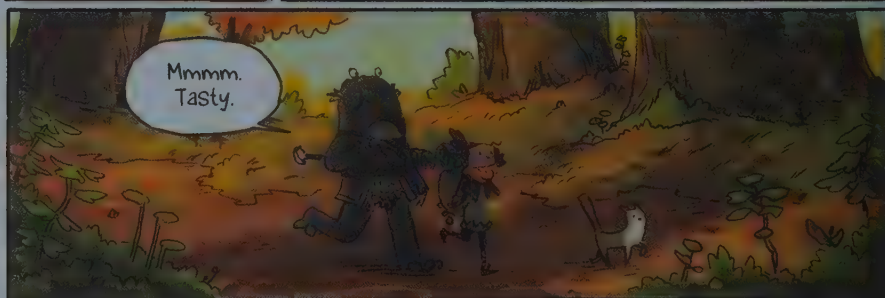


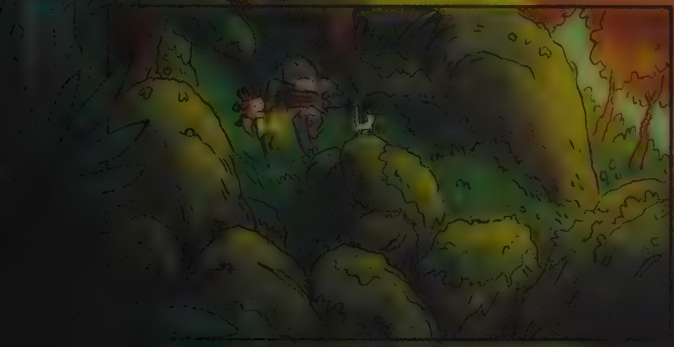
Weeks?!
We won't be needing
that many.

I just
wanted to be
prepared.

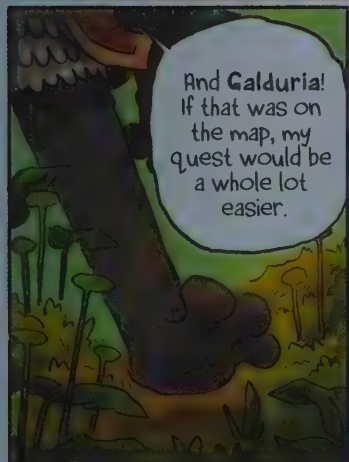
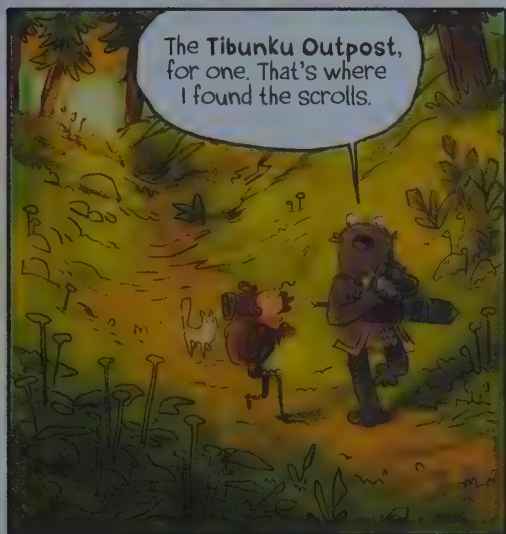


Mmmm.
Tasty.



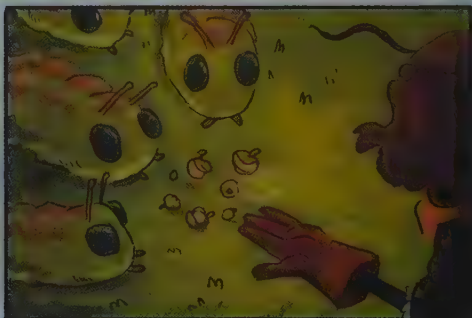






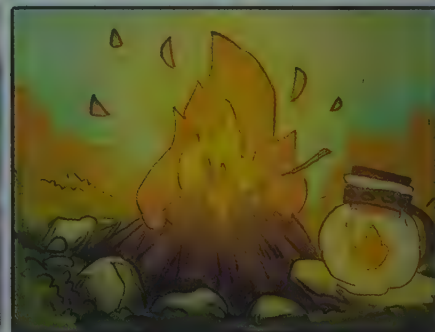
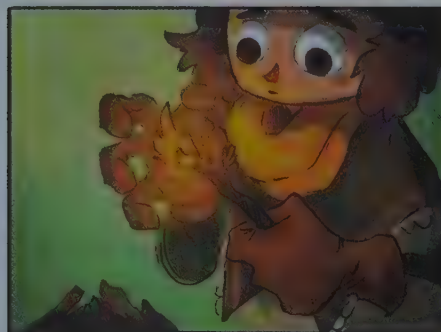
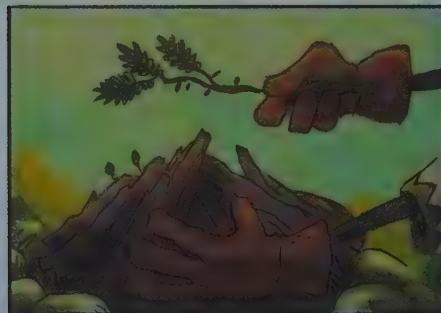
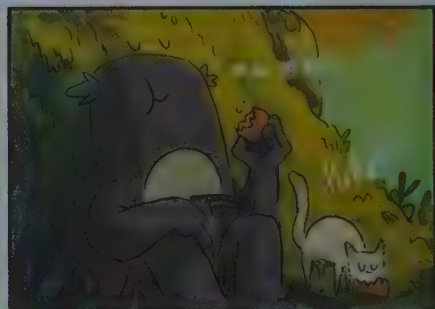
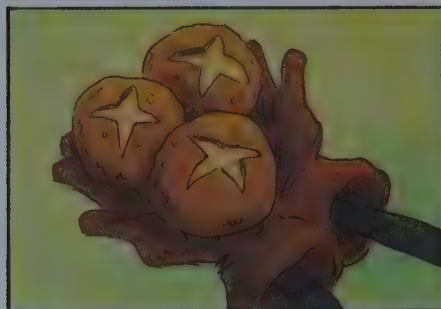






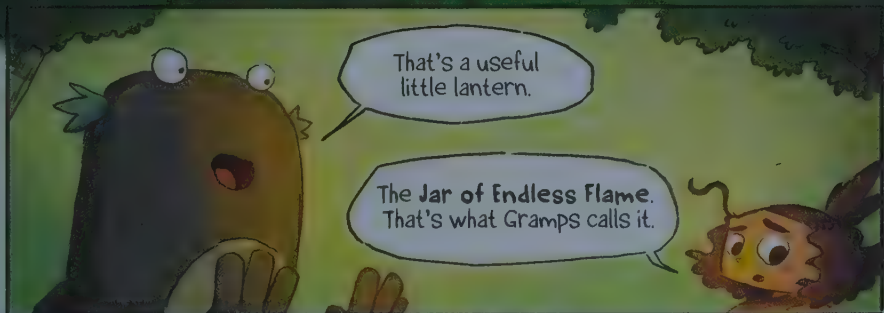
They're truggles.
They're harmless, just a
little startled. They help
clean throttle moss off
of trees.







Cozy.



That's a useful little lantern.

The Jar of Endless Flame. That's what Gramps calls it.



How does it work?

Magic, I guess. It never goes out.



I feel safe when I have it.



Magic ...



You seem tense.

Do you ever relax?

Not really.



Bad things happen when I let my guard down.



And nothing terrible happens when your guard is up?

Gramps went missing because I wasn't being careful.



All I'm saying is it's hard to live in this world if you're afraid of it.



Good night, Bea.



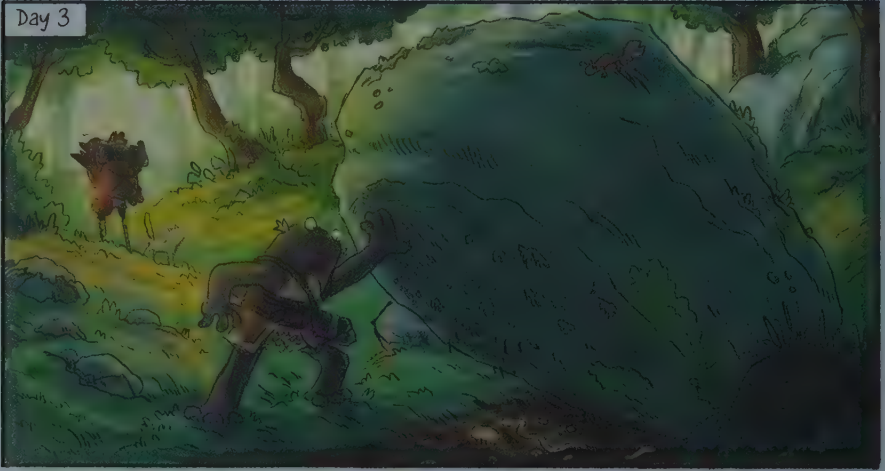
Good night, Cad.



Day 2



Day 3



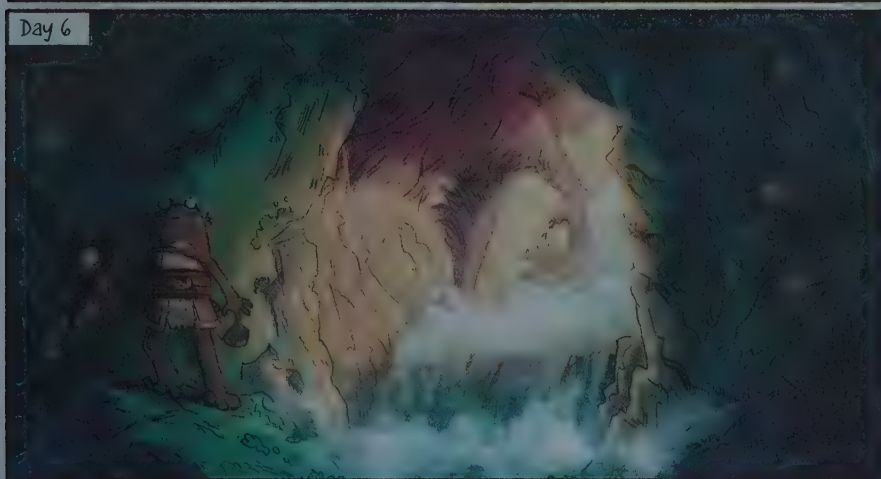
Day 4



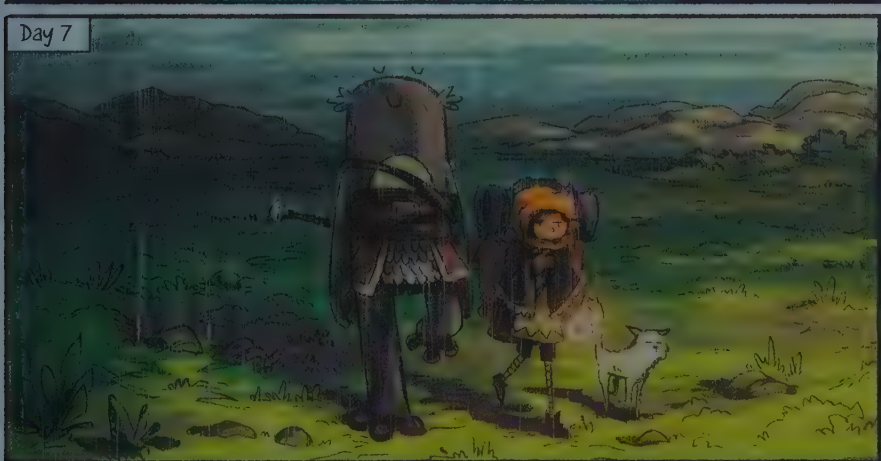
Day 5



Day 6

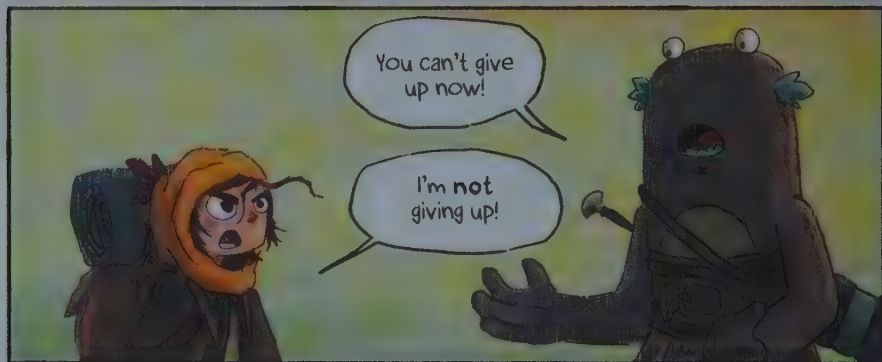
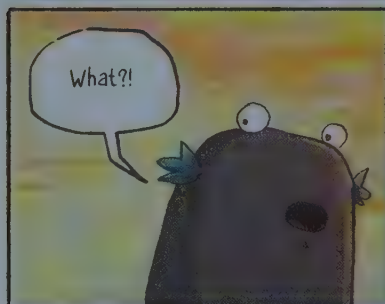


Day 7

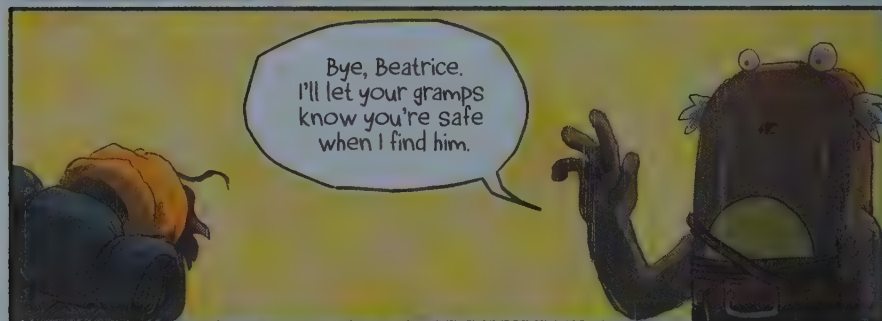






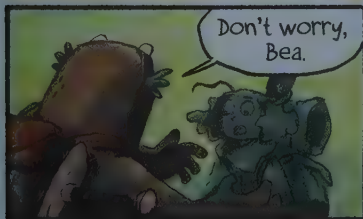
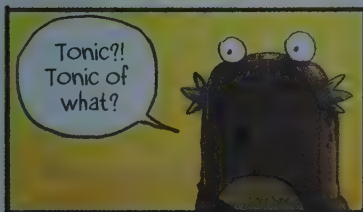
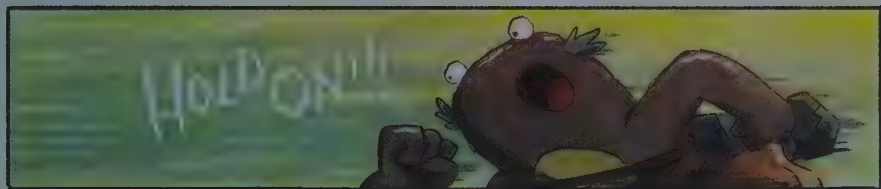




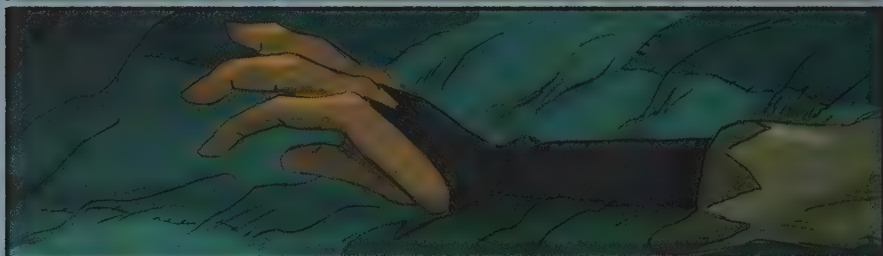
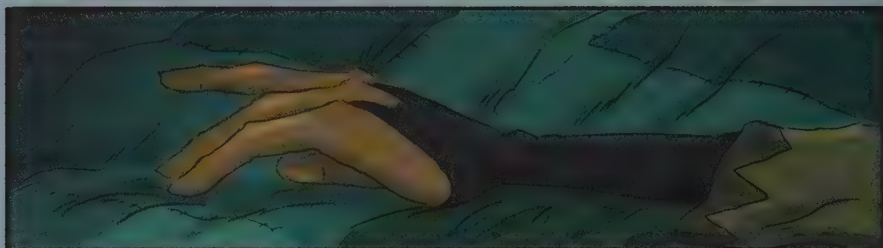
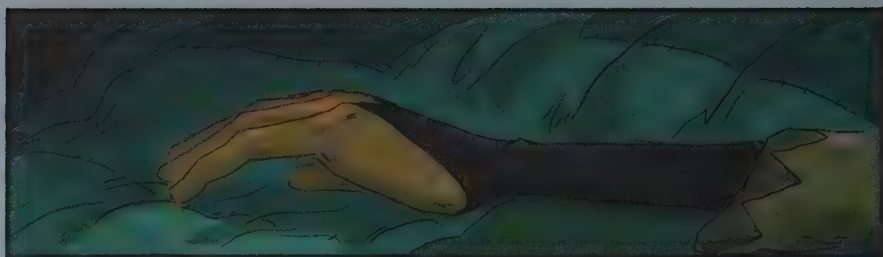


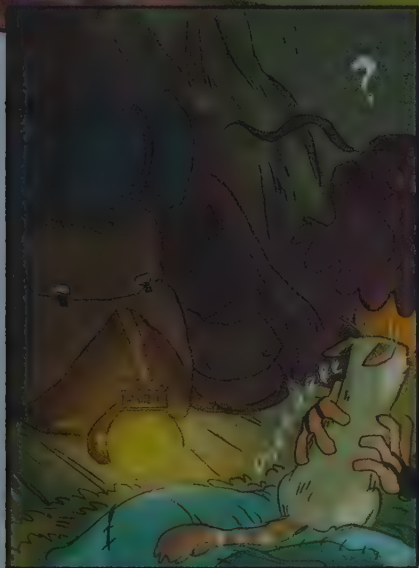
A
K
E
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!!!

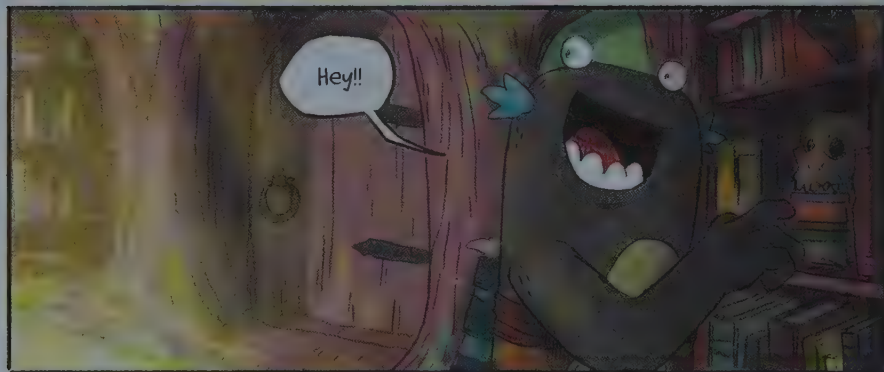








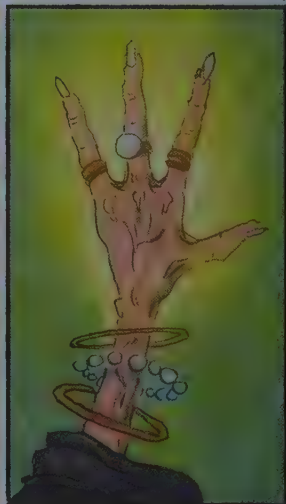
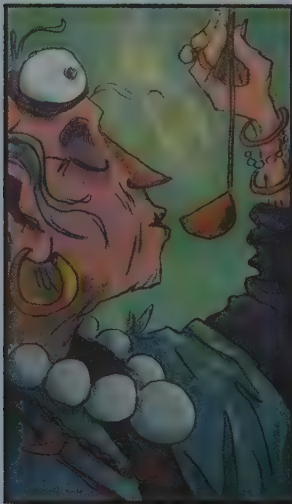














Weird child
was wrong about
one thing—



It's quite delicious!



So it knows something
of potions, does it?

Yeah, my grandfather
uses that one a lot.



He's the one
we're looking for ...
the Pig Wizard.



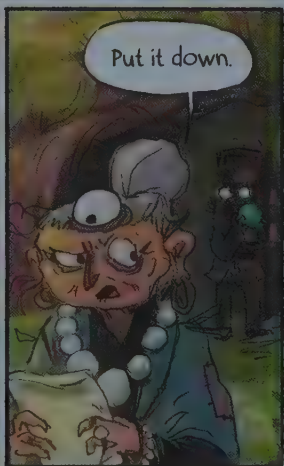
The **Pig Wizard** is
the one you seek?

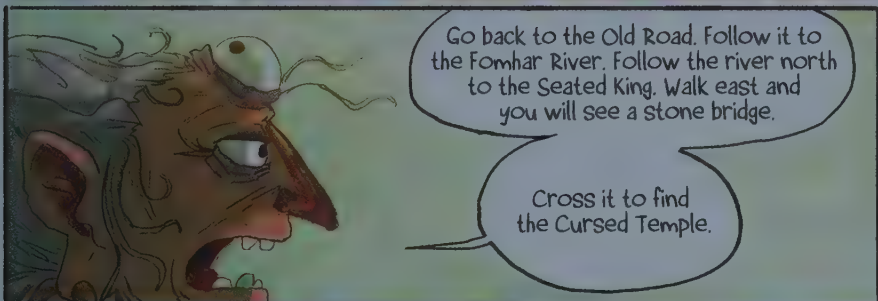
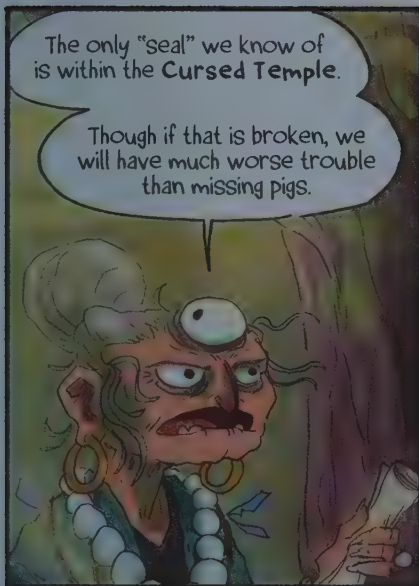


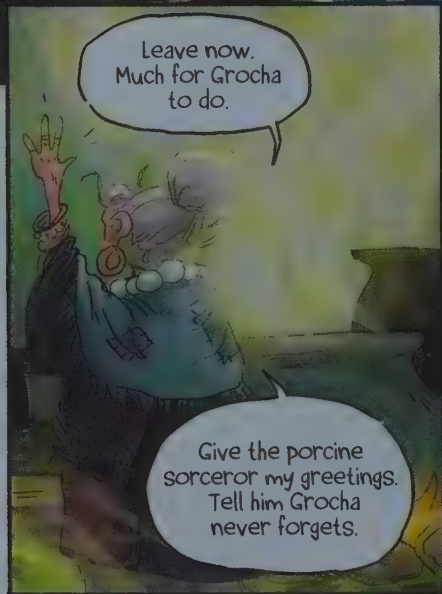
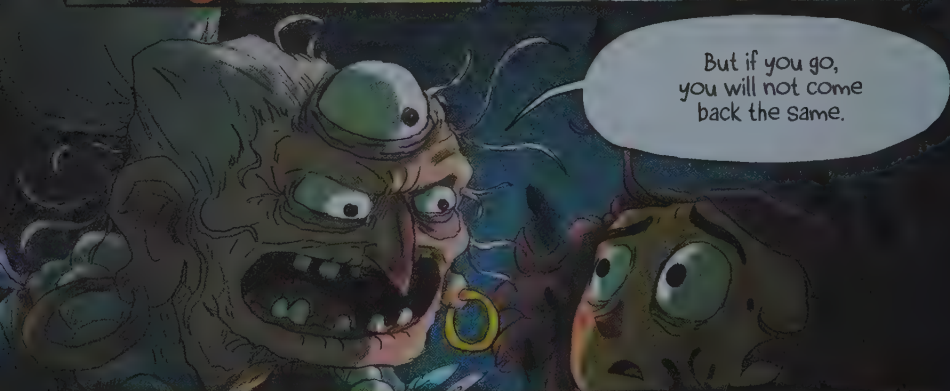
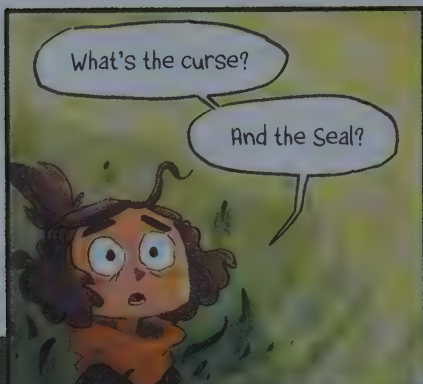
Yeah. Have you
seen him?

Not in
many years.

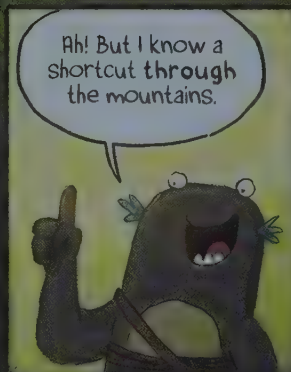
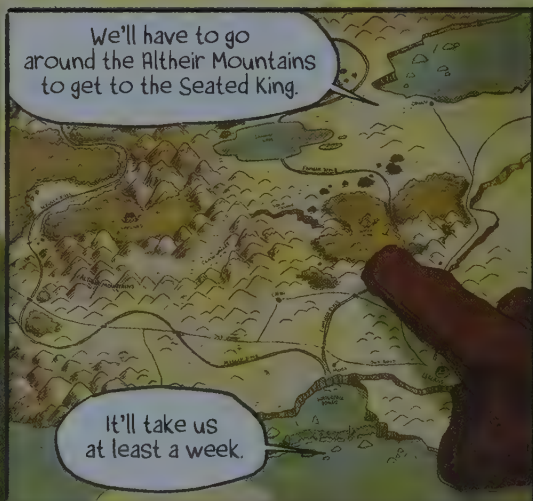
You know
Gramps?!











Later.

No way.

Absolutely.

A gohen would
never win!


Gohen versus trolic,
it's gohen every time.

But trolics
have all
those
teeth.


Have you
ever seen a
gohen?

... No.
Not really.

I'll tell you this—they don't
look anything like the pictures
in your books.

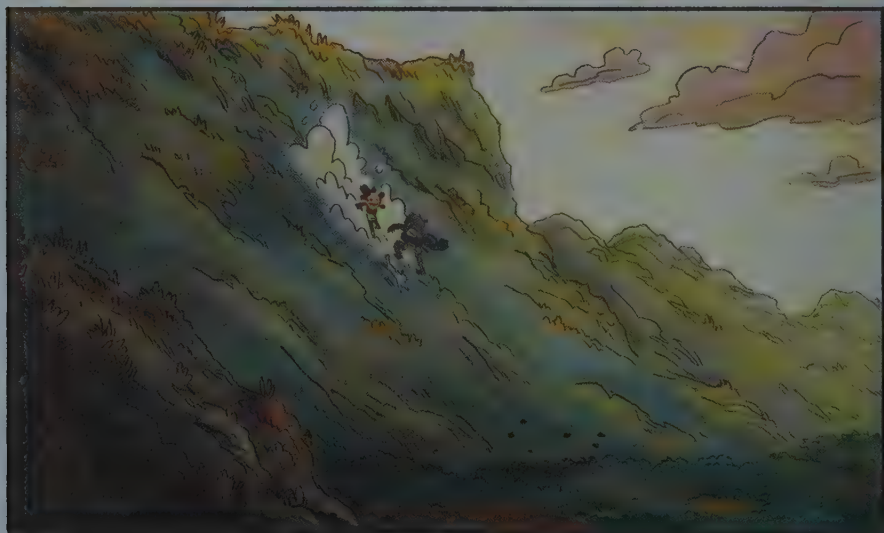


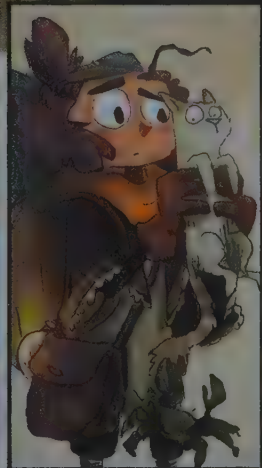
The Seated King is right
through that canyon on the
other side of this valley.

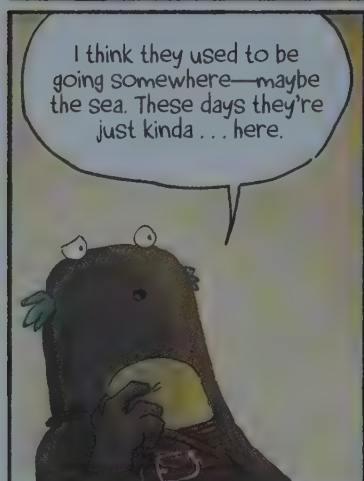


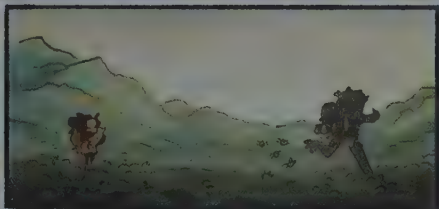
I present to you — the
SHORTCUT!

Okay, okay.
You were right,
almighty trailblazer.









Cadwallader?
Is that you?

What brings you all
the way out here?



None of
your business.

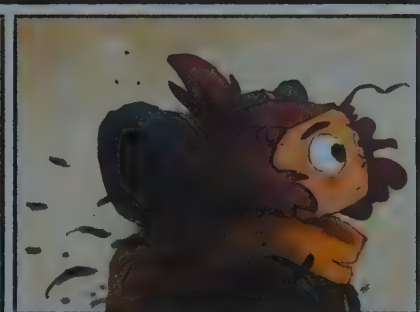
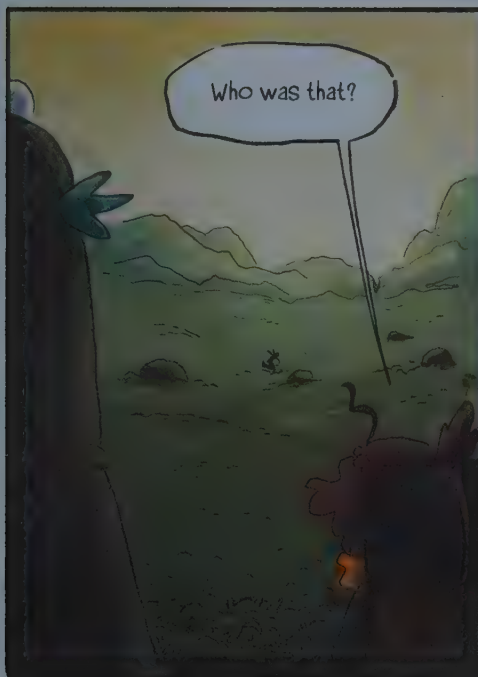


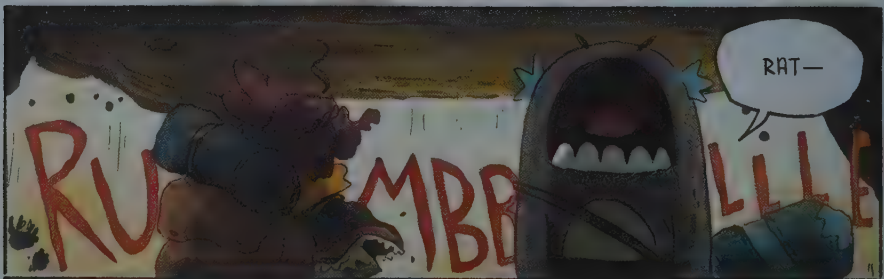
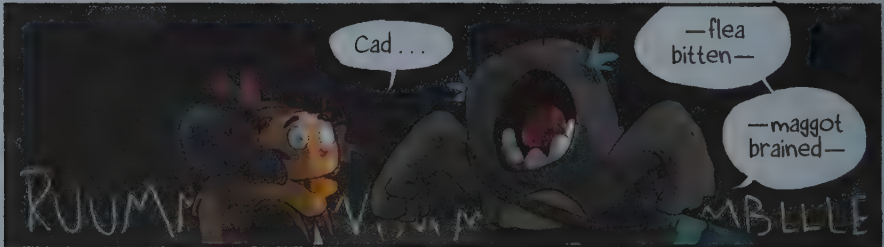
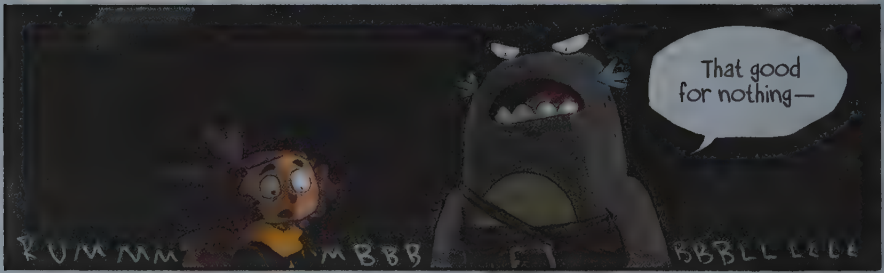
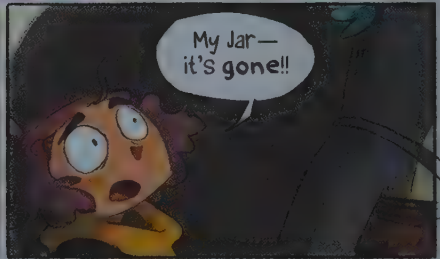
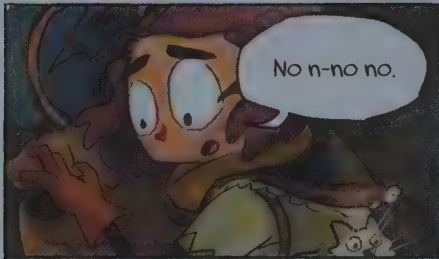
Fair enough. I've just been
doing a little research and
reconnaissance myself.







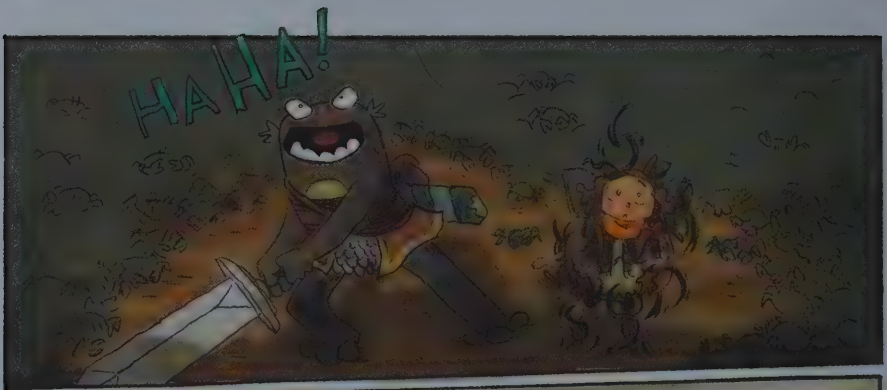


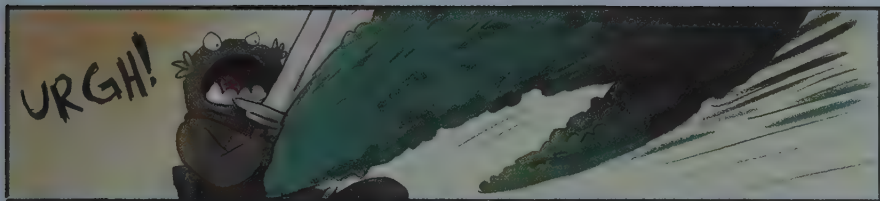


Thief.

WRRRR







WHAT DO I DO?
I lost the JAR
I can't save Cad.
EVERYTHING IS GOING TO END BADLY
IT'S ALL MY FAULT
I'M ALONE.
I NEED TO MOVE
where is Gramps?
THAT CRAB IS GOING TO KILL US.

BEA!!
Behind you!

HMPH!

SQUEEZE!

RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

!

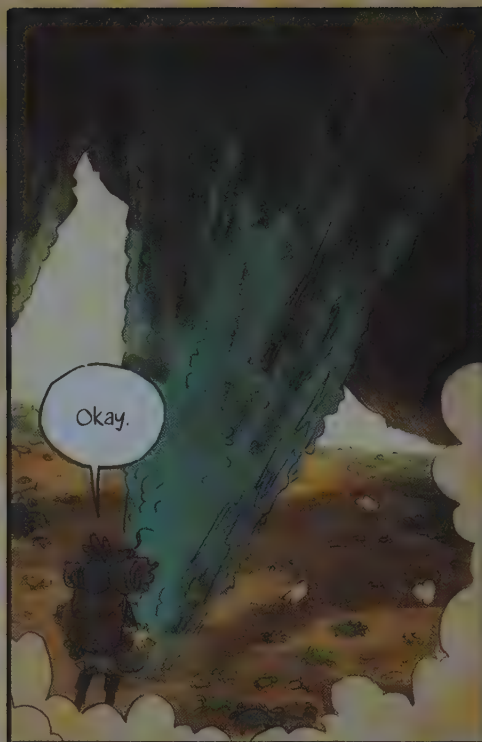
THOOOM!!

WHOA!



CRASH!!!

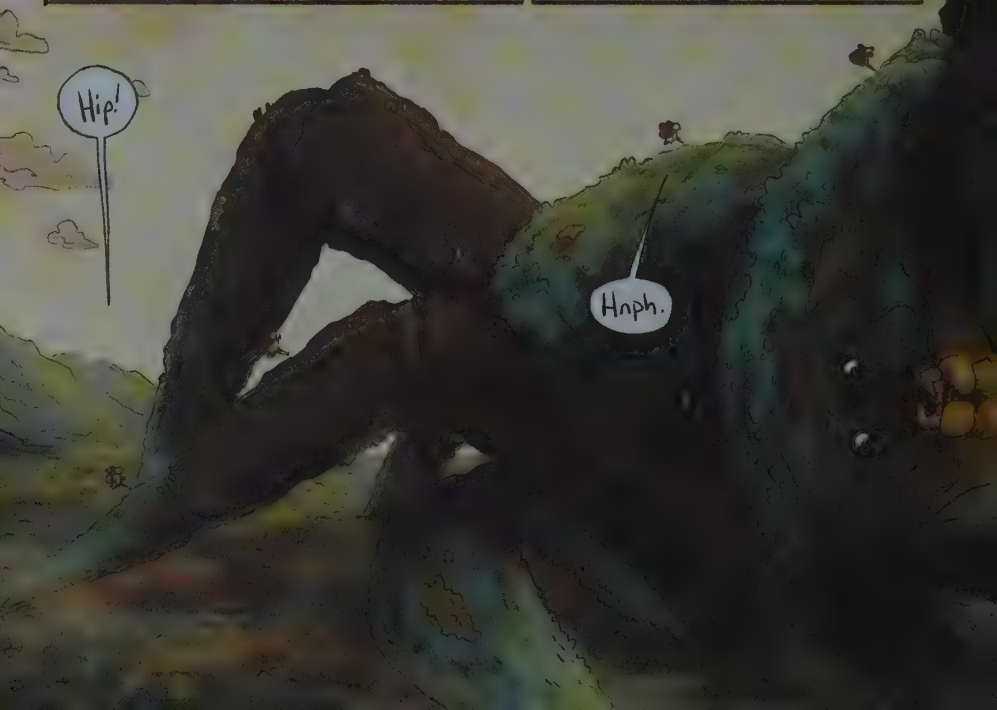




Okay.

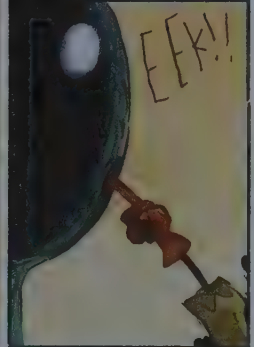
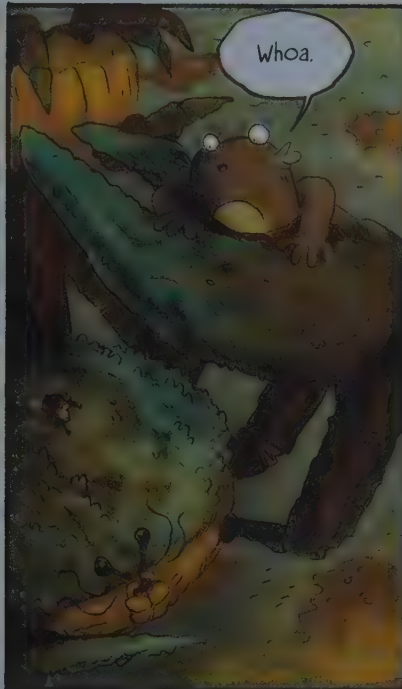
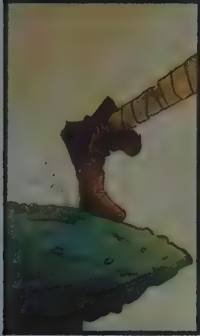
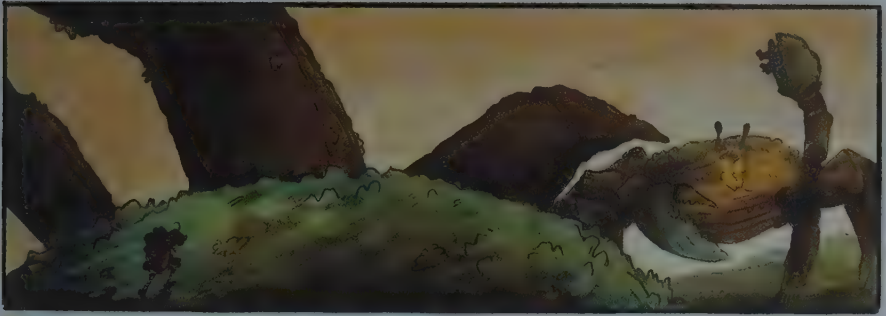


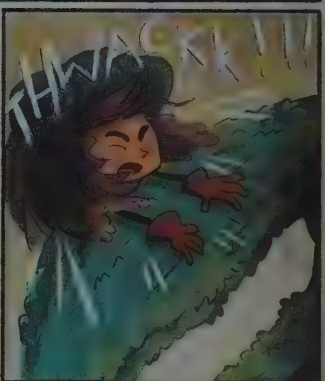
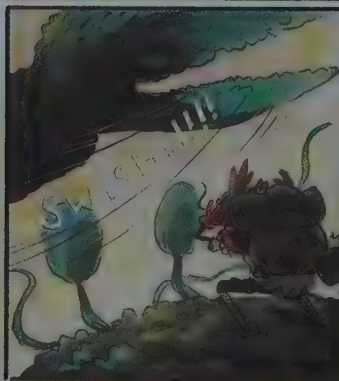
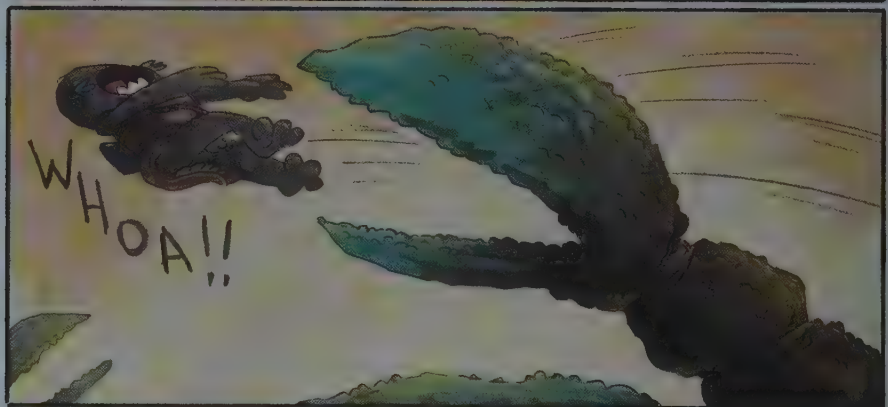
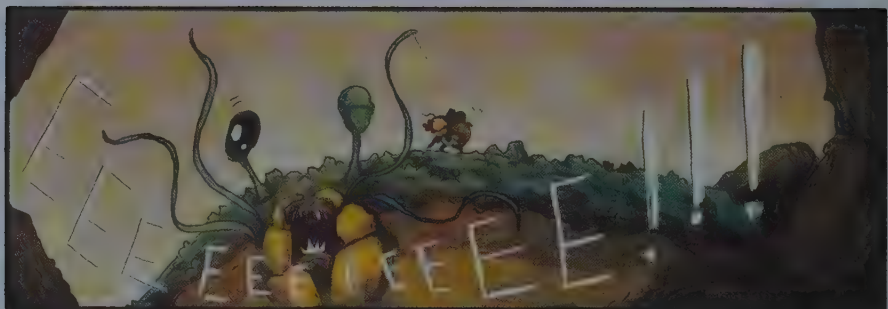
Just like climbing a tree.

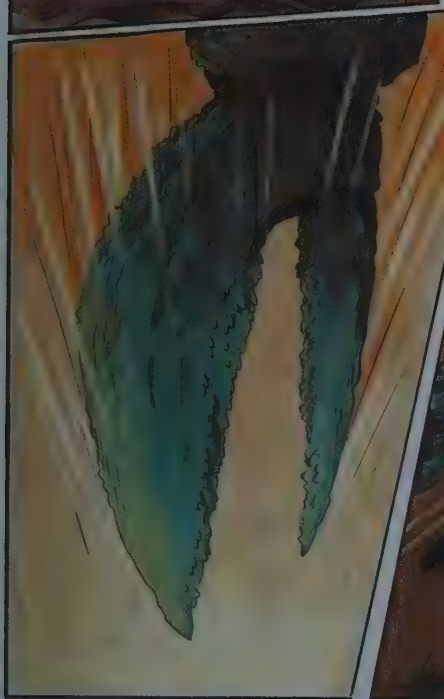
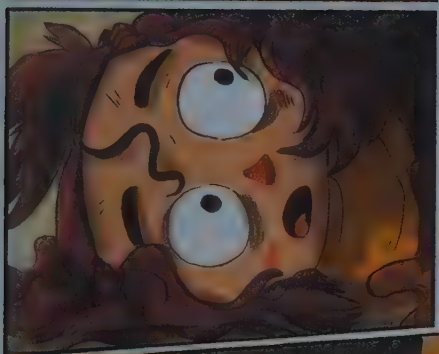
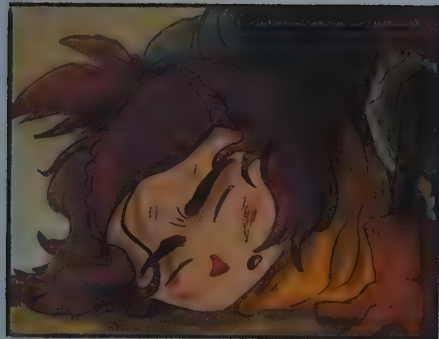


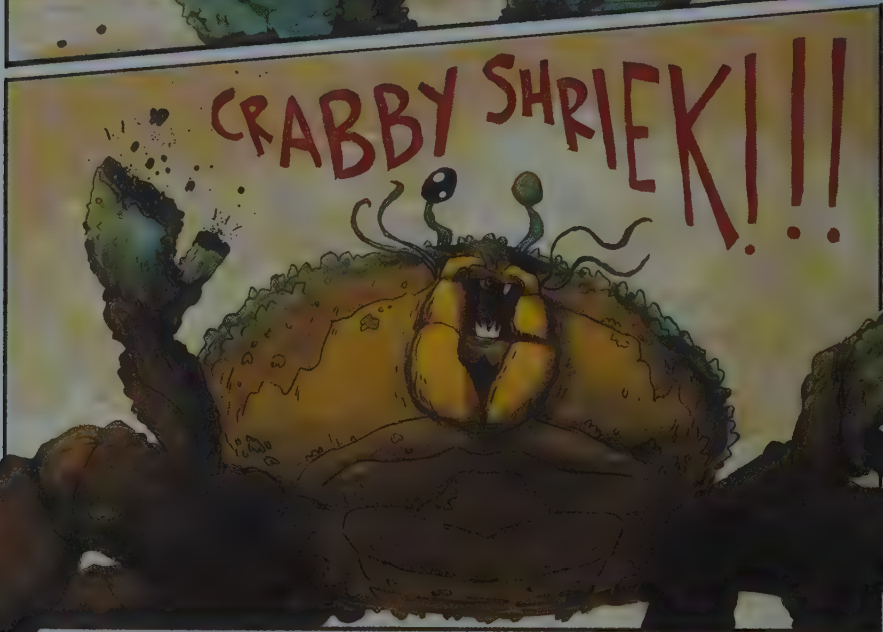
Hip!

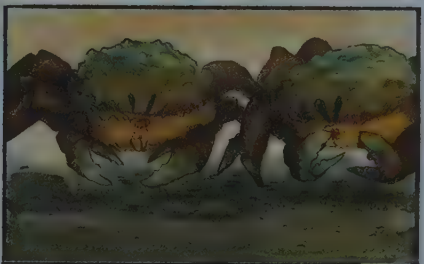
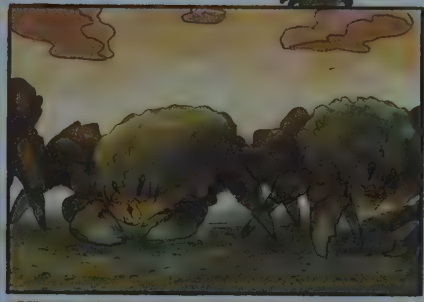
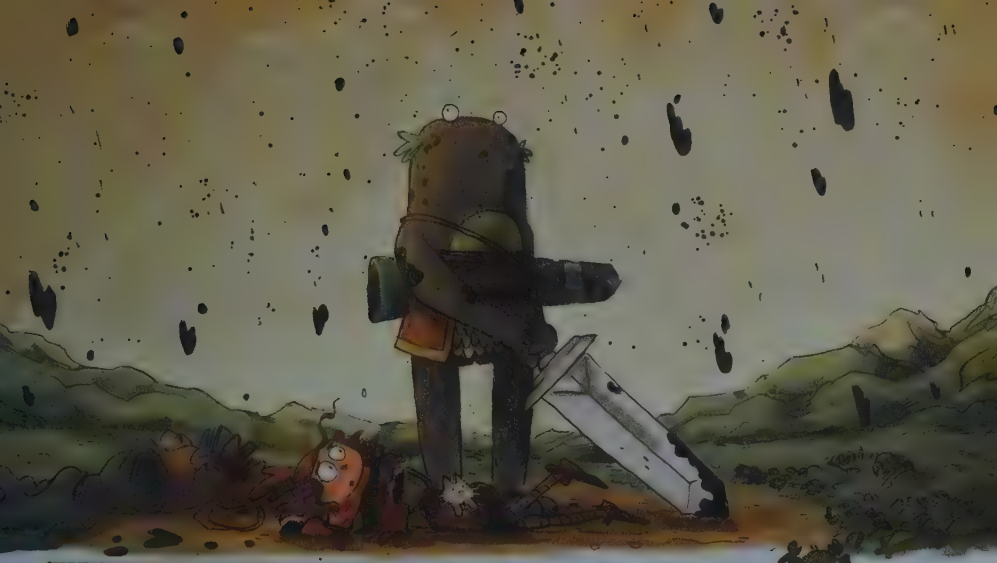
Hmph.

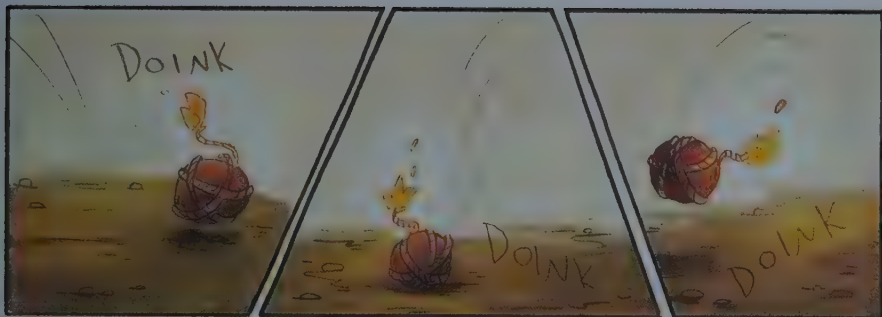


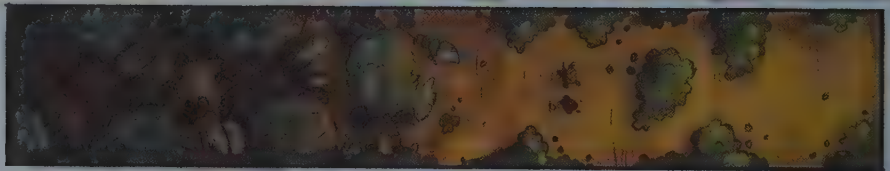
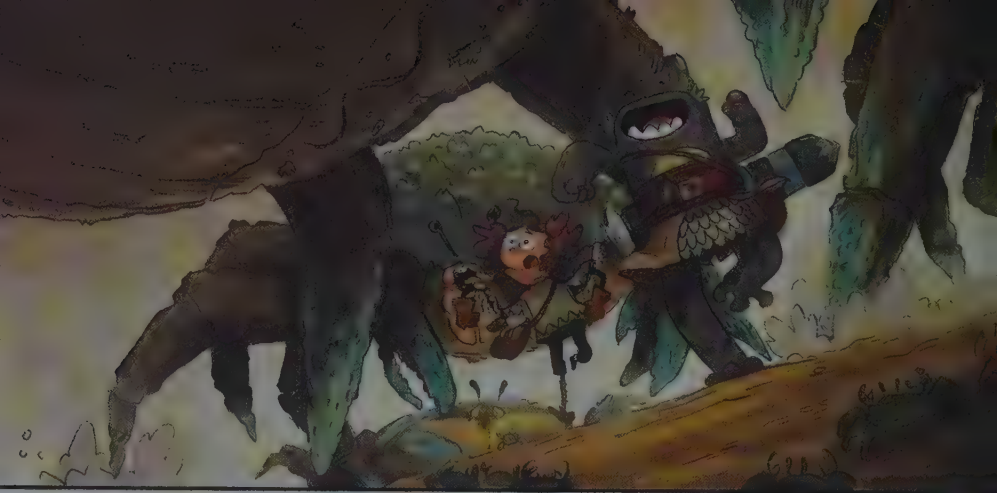


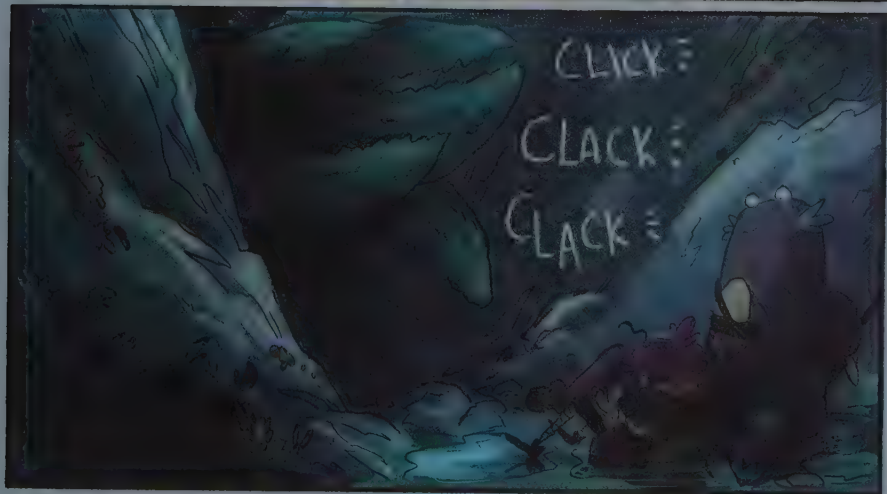
















We cut off
at least a few days.

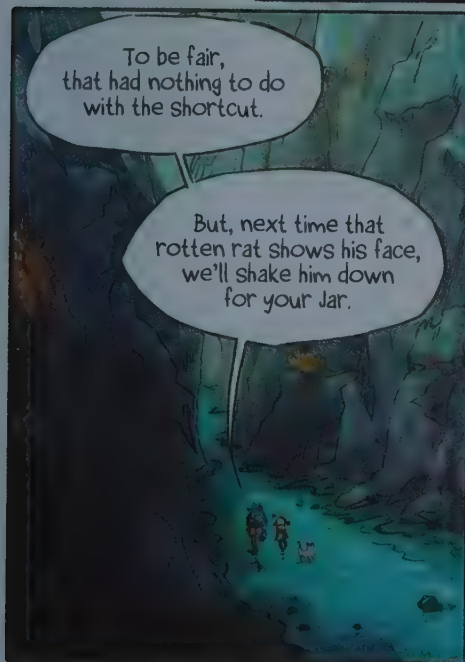
That's good, 'cause
that crab destroyed my
bag of supplies.



We'll be fine.

Did you see me
slice that crab claw
in half?!

I can't
believe I let Kipp
steal the Jar...

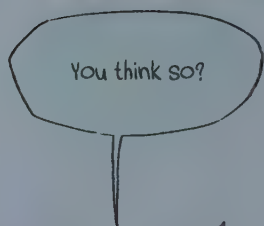


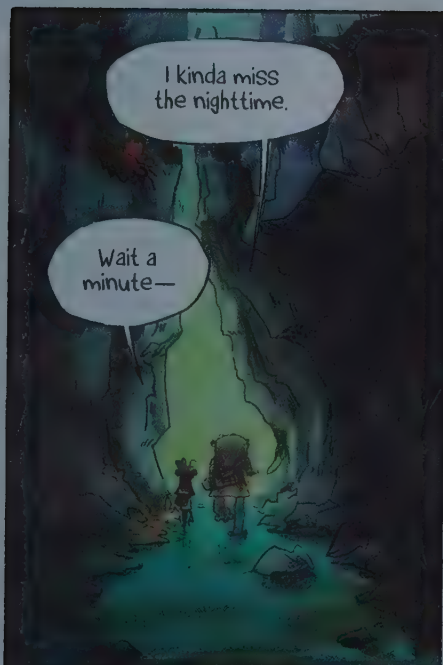
To be fair,
that had nothing to do
with the shortcut.

But, next time that
rotten rat shows his face,
we'll shake him down
for your Jar.



Away with
the long face!
We'll get it back.



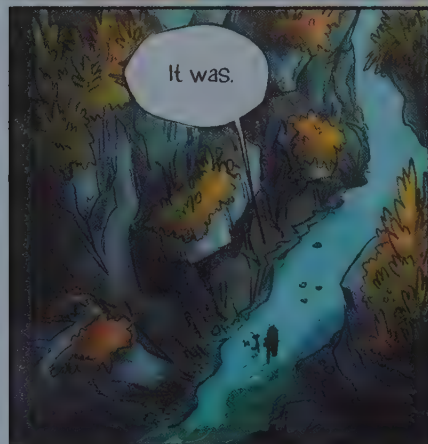
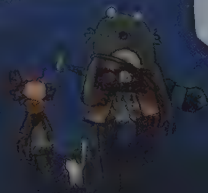


The dark is different now.

It wasn't always so threatening.

Back then it could even be a relief. After a hot day, the sun would go down and there'd be a cool night.

A moonlit swim in the ocean, a fire, looking for constellations ...



Our village was on the coast
far south of here.



I was small,
just a kid.

The sun had disappeared a few
years before, but we survived.

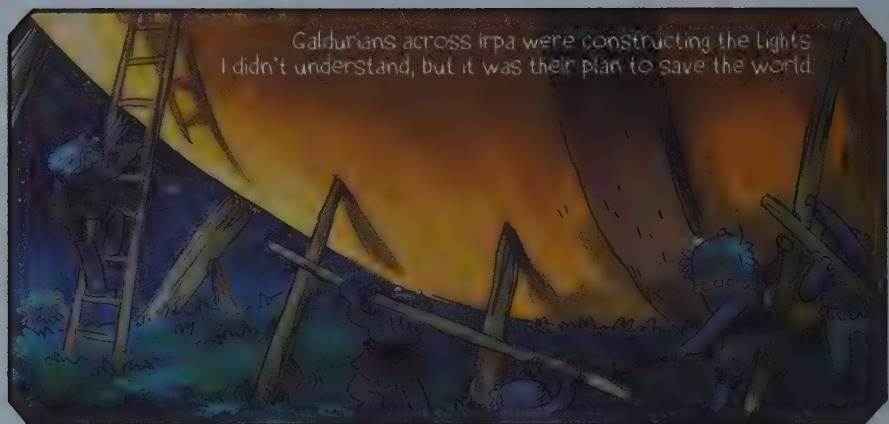


Strange creatures emerged in the darkness,
hunting those who were left.

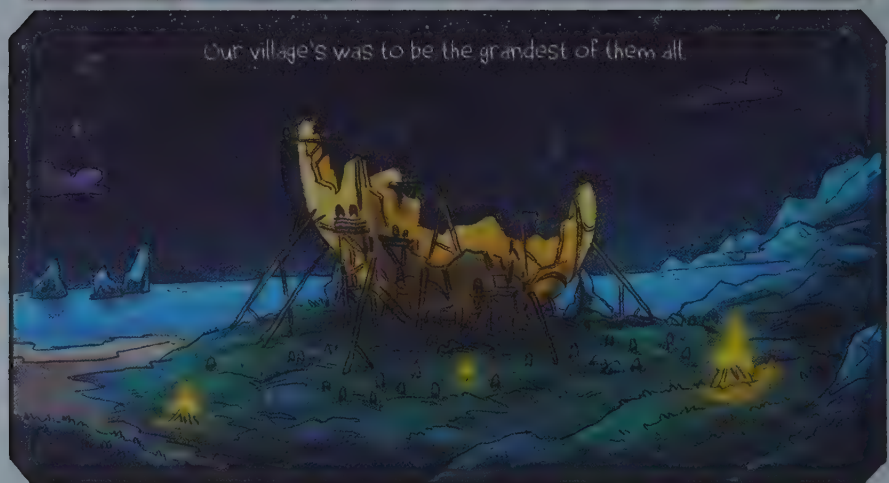
We were vigilant, always prepared
to battle these new dangers.



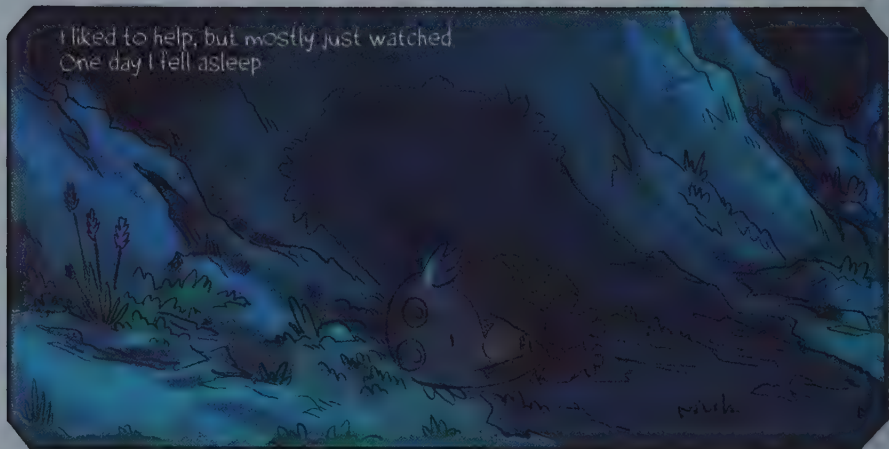
Galdurians across Irpa were constructing the lights
I didn't understand, but it was their plan to save the world



Our village's was to be the grandest of them all



I liked to help, but mostly just watched
One day I fell asleep



I woke up in a cave sealed shut with a rock. I pushed away the stone and everything was different.

My family was gone.
My village was in ruins.



The Light was there, rusty and half finished.
Other Lights floated in the distance.

I was alone.

So I started walking.



I don't know how long I was asleep.

Must've been five hundred years, but I didn't age a day.

I've been awake fifty or sixty years now. I'm not really sure; I stopped keeping track.

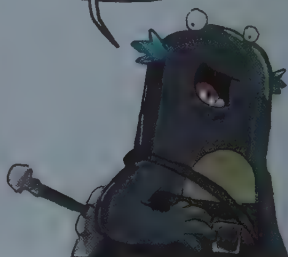


I'm sorry, Cad.

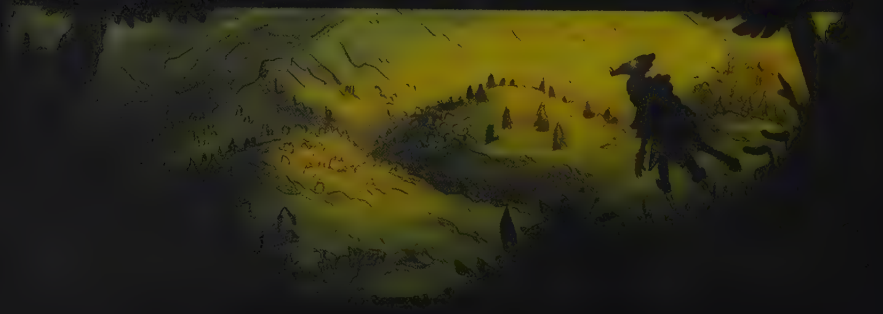
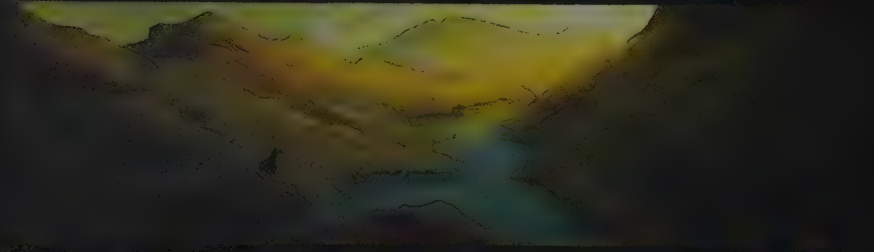
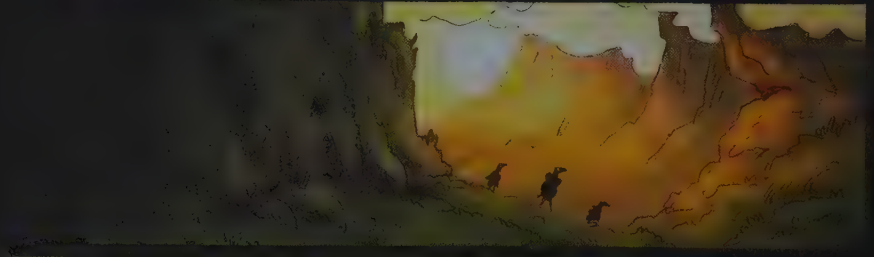
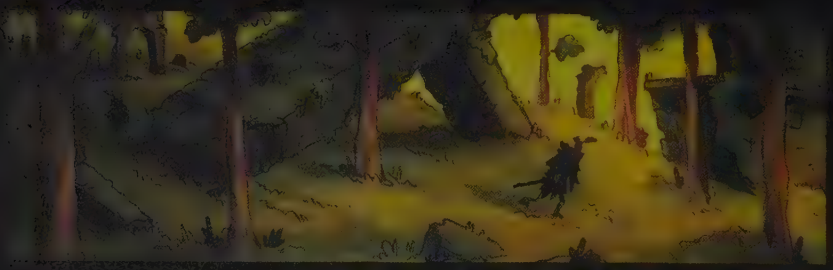
Sorry?!
You didn't do anything.

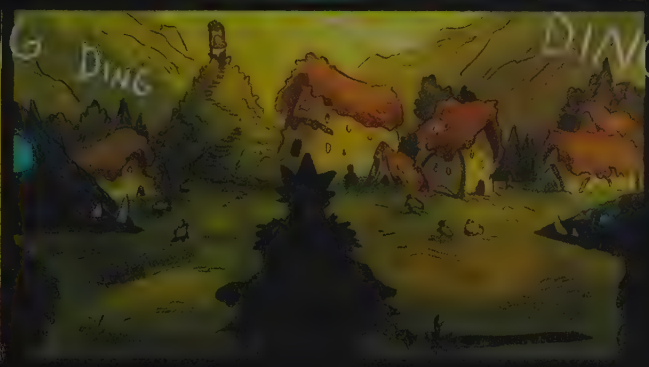
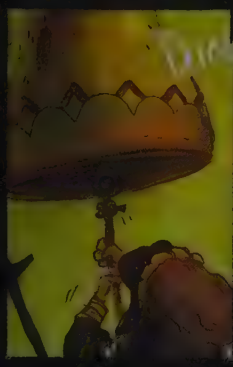
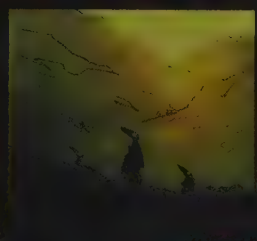
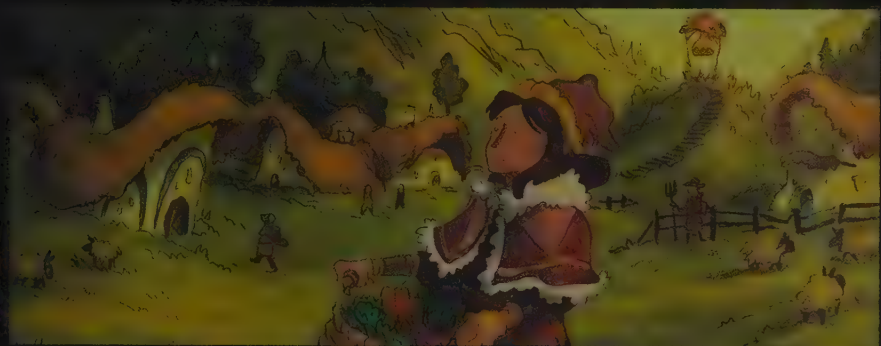
Besides, my family is out there somewhere. I'm sure of it.

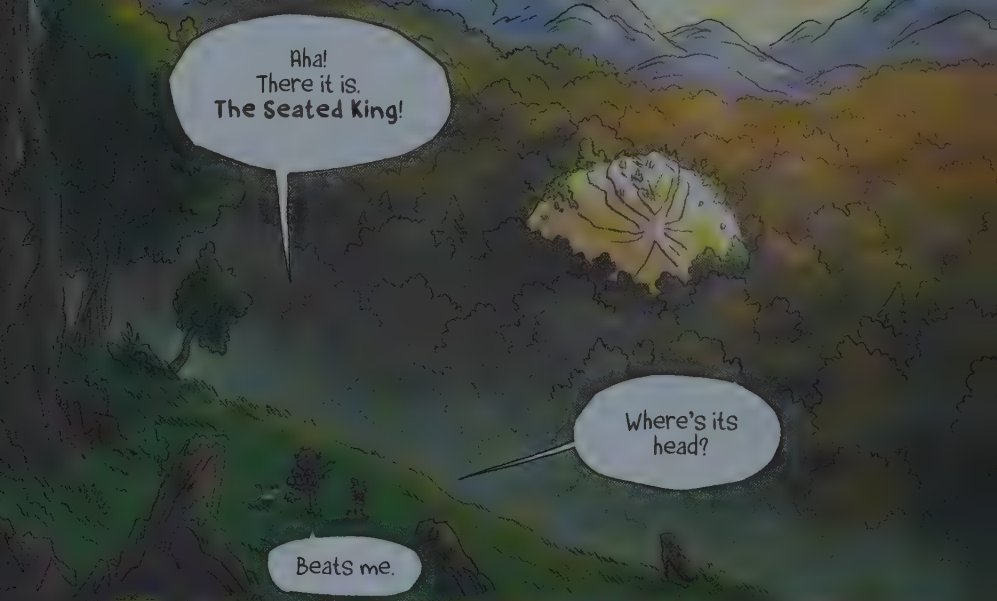
I'll find them, maybe even rescue them, and become their long-lost hero!











Aha!
There it is.
The Seated King!

Where's its
head?

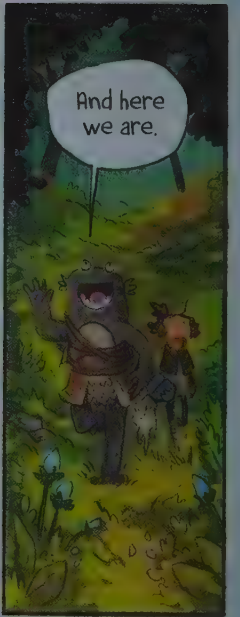
Beats me.



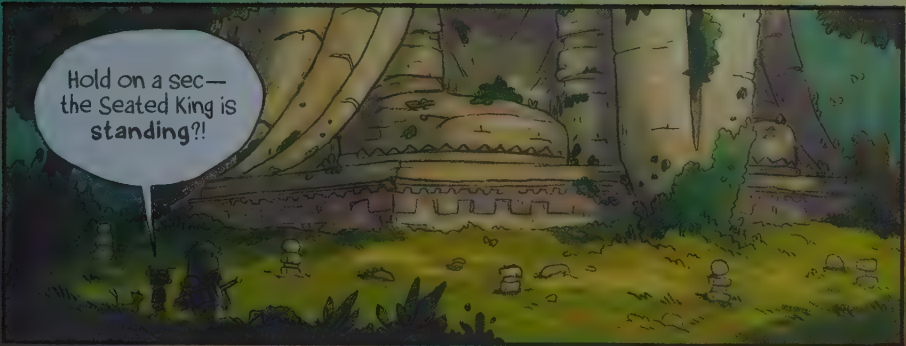
Oh, wait!



There
it is.



And here
we are.



Hold on a sec—
the Seated King is
standing?!



Hmm.
I guess that is
a little strange.

Don't look at me.
I didn't name it.

I don't
understand.

I've always
wanted to see it.



They say it was built by the Last King under the Sun, hundreds of years ago.

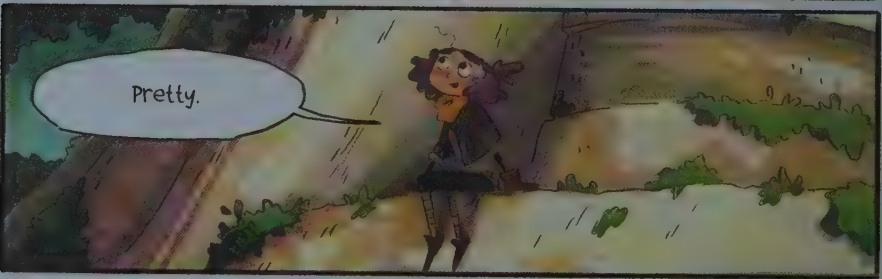
Sitting or standing, it's still impressive.



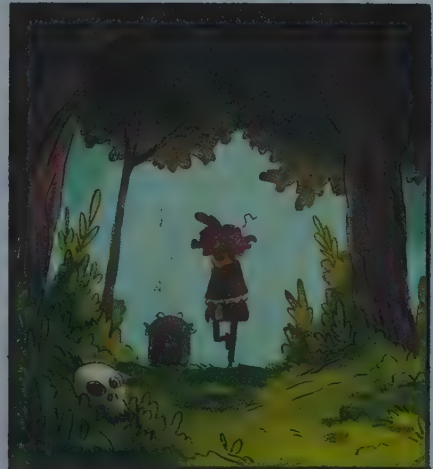
It's really all made of bone?



Yeah, from the Lealand Bone Mines.



Pretty.





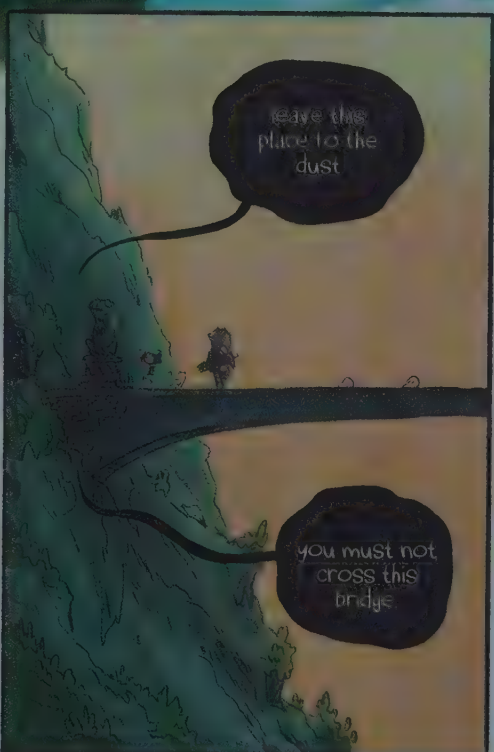
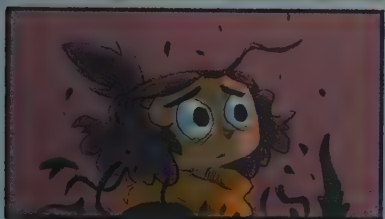


Well, this certainly wasn't on the map.

leave



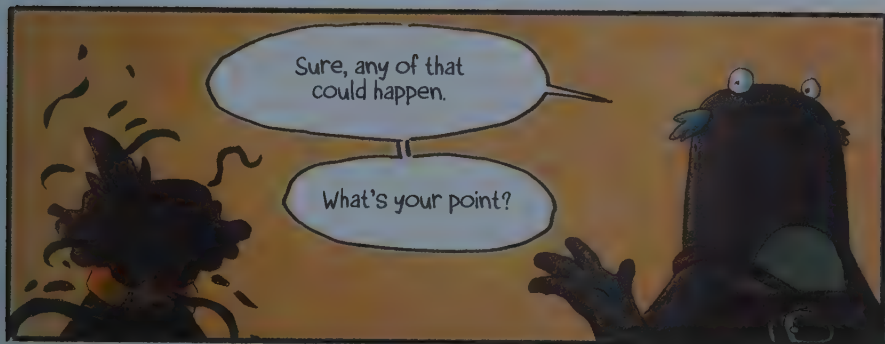
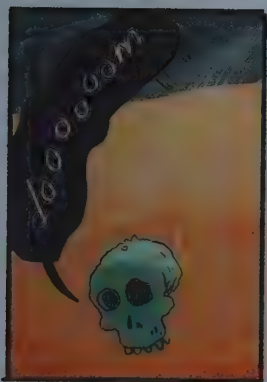
only death awaits

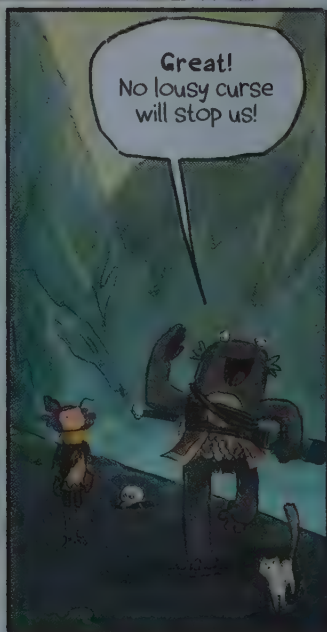
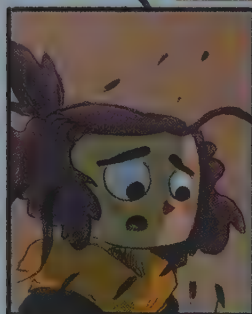


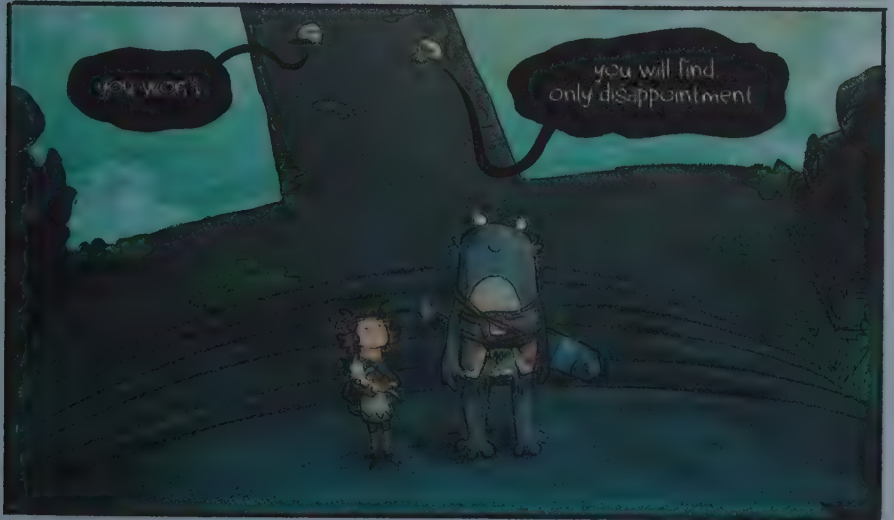
leave this place to the dust

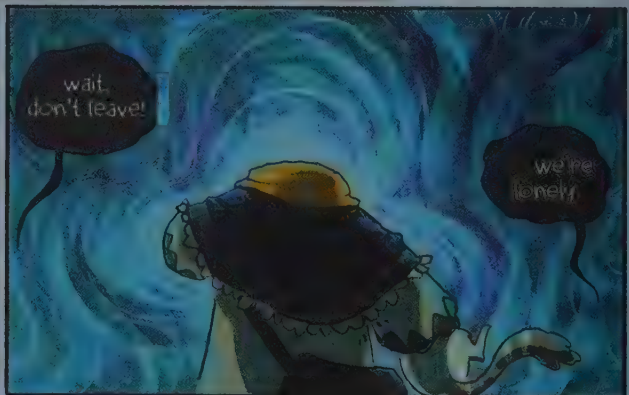
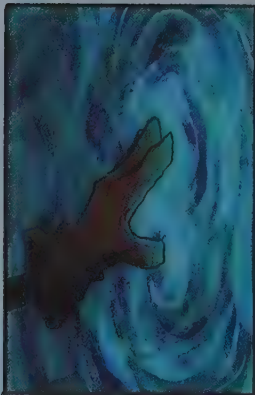
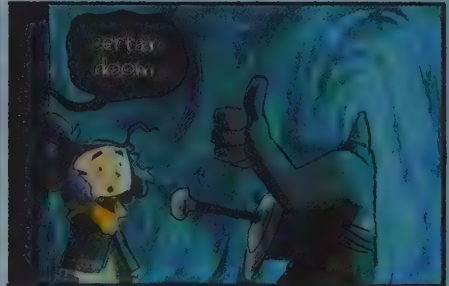
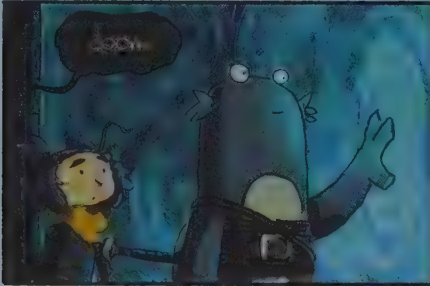
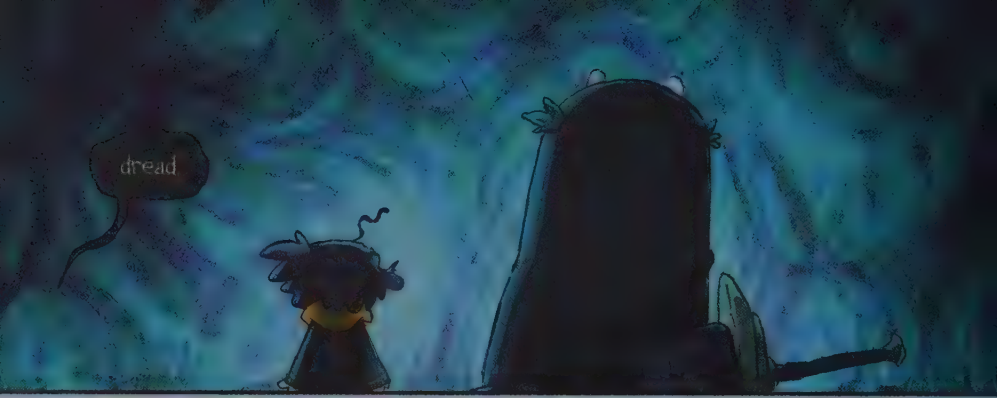
you must not cross this bridge

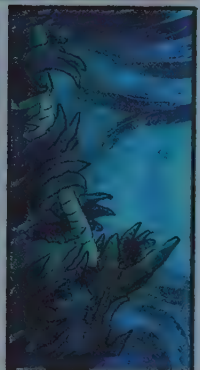
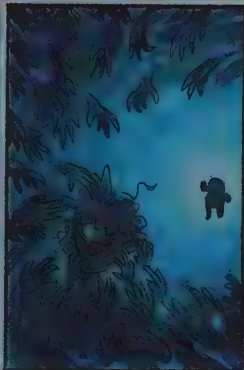
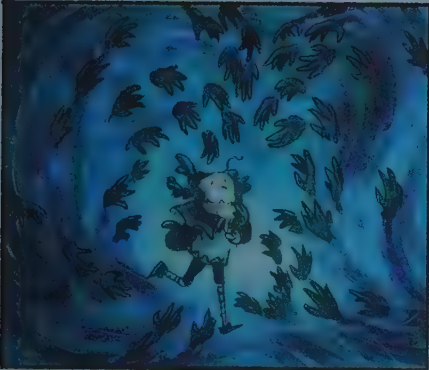
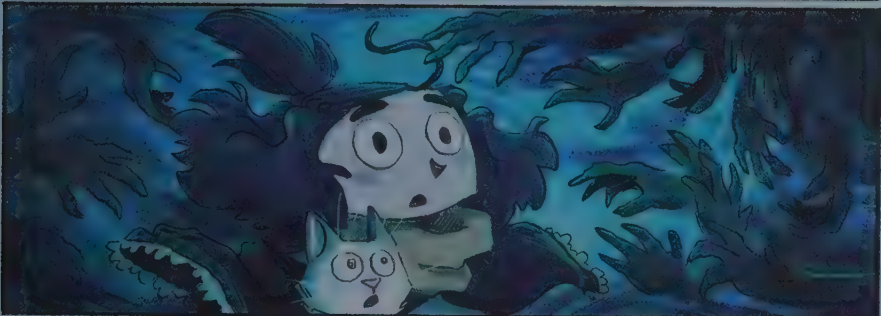
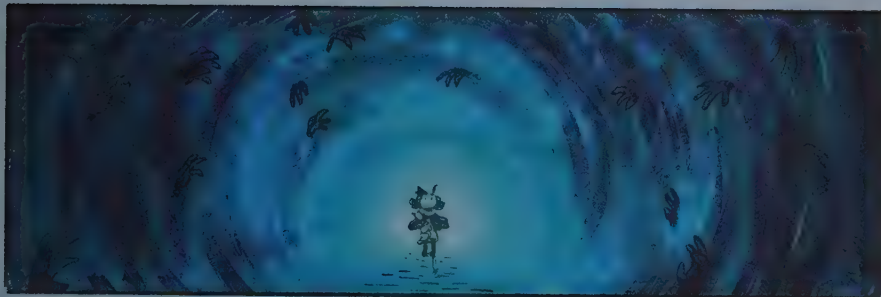


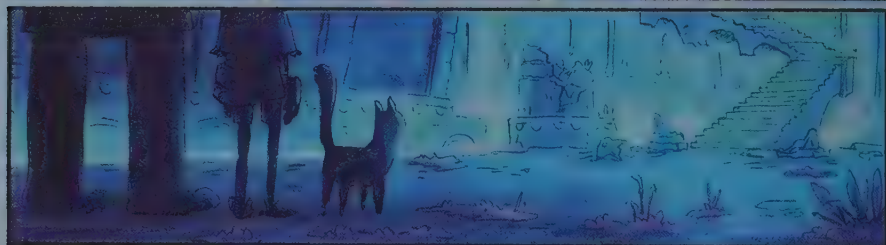
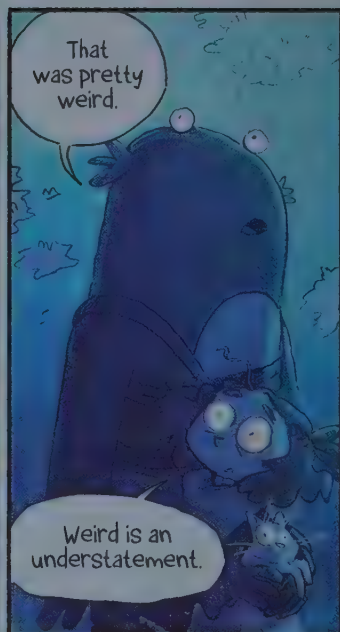
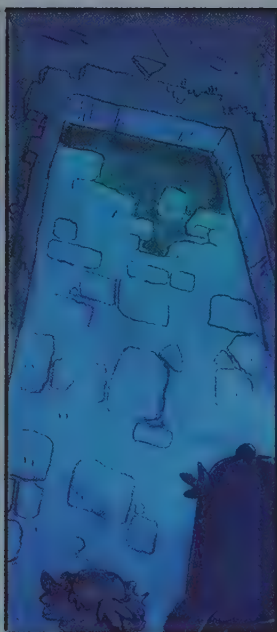
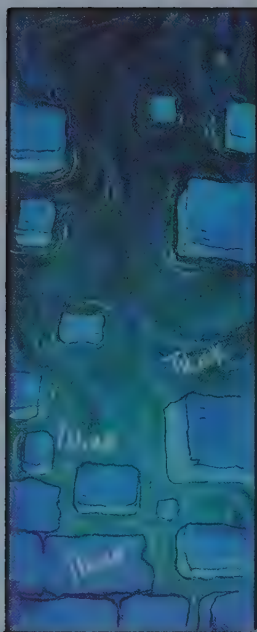














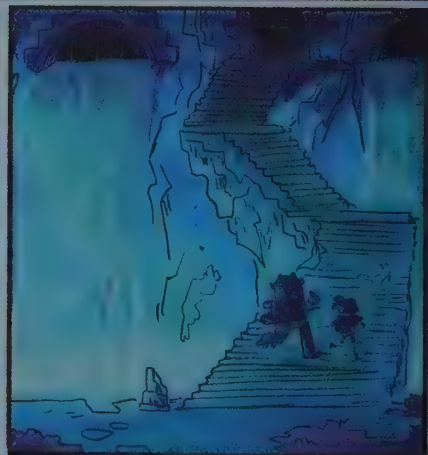
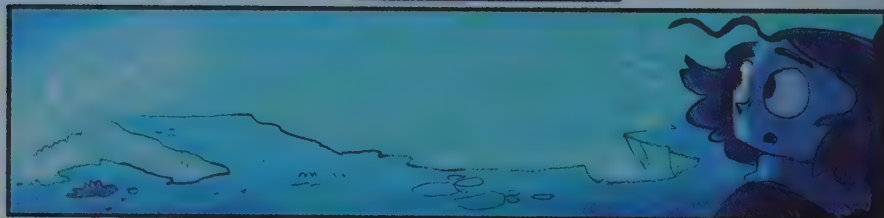
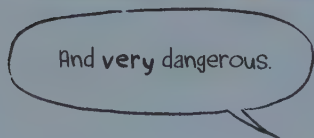
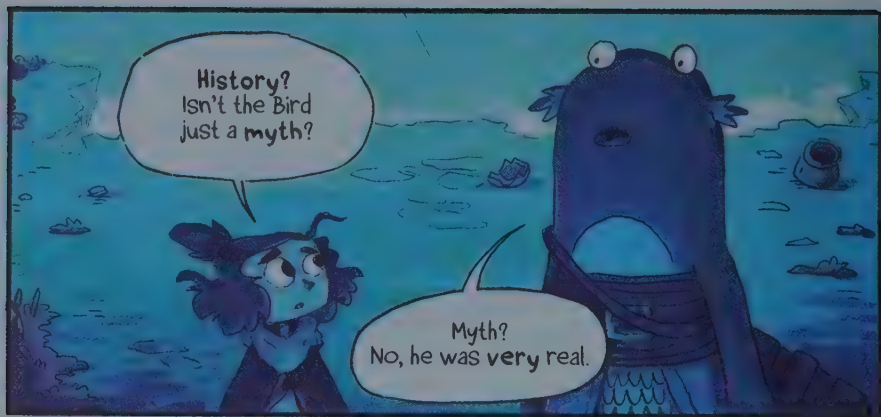
The Bird.

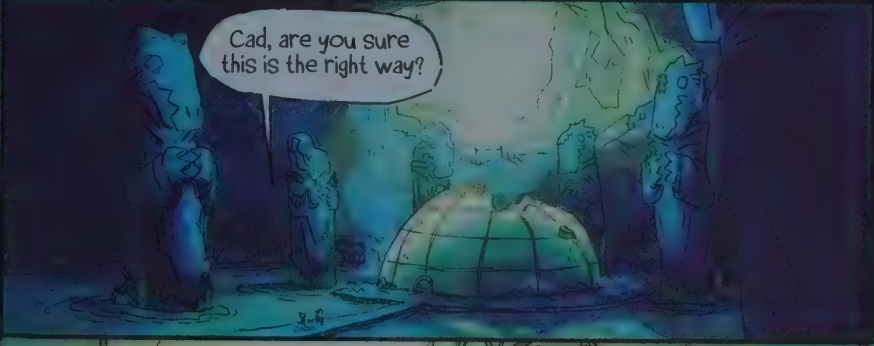
Destroyer
of the Sun.

With his
Feather Knights,
the Tikarri.


And those are
the Galdurians.

This is the
history of how
Irpa went
dark.






Cad, are you sure
this is the right way?

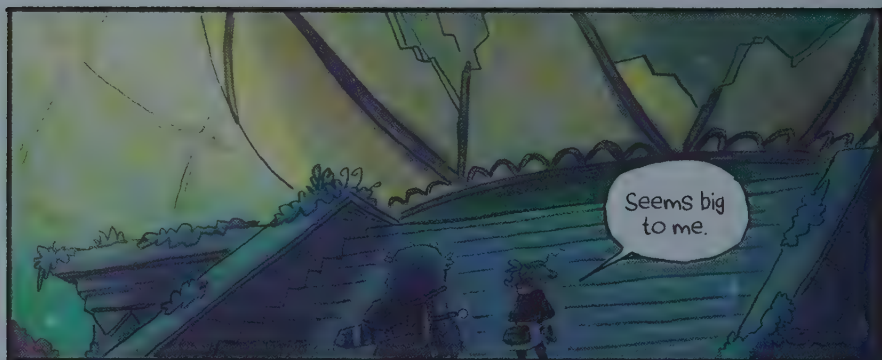


It seems like
a dead end.

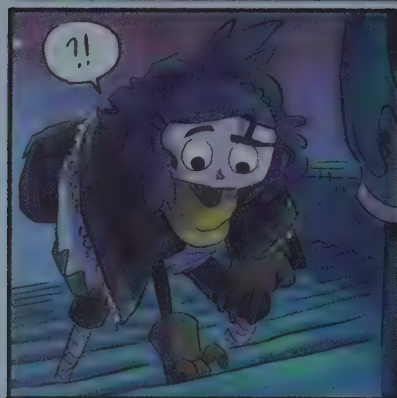
We're close,
I can feel it.



Check that out.
It looks like a Light,
but ... Small.



Seems big to me.



?!



Look!
It's Gramps's
red string.

He must've
been here!



Could this
be the Seal?

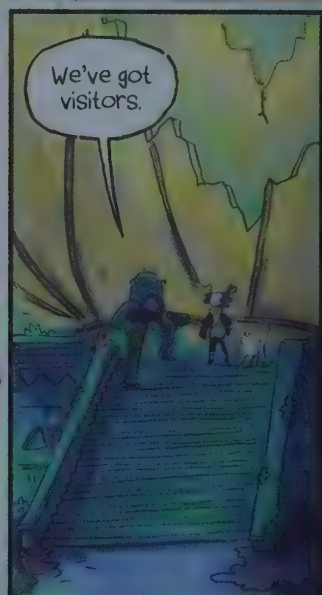
Looks pretty
broken if it is.



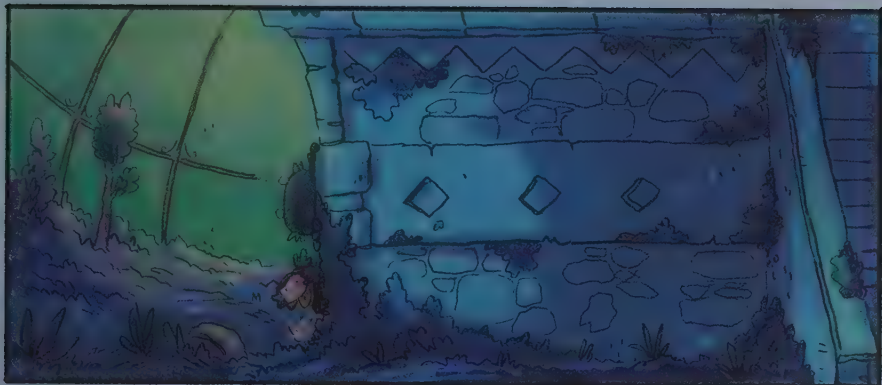
Hurry.

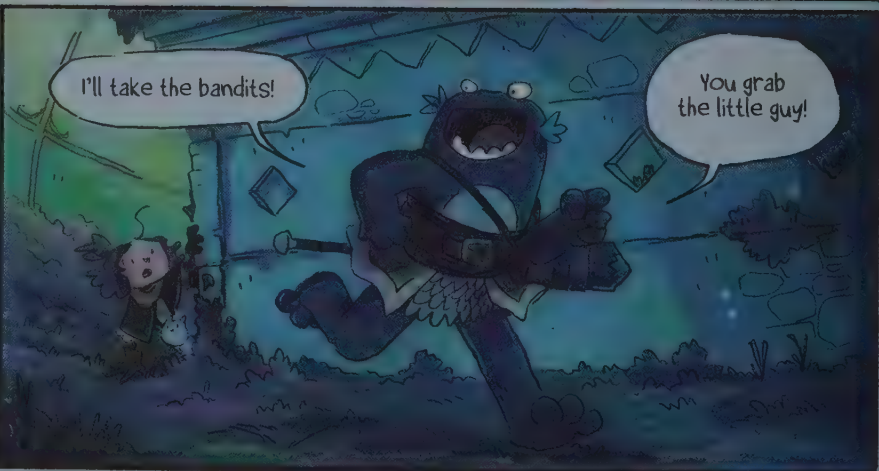
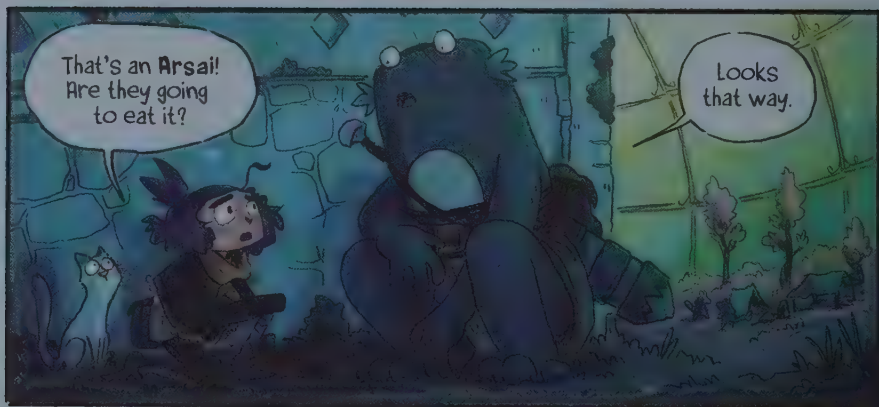
Faster.

It heavy.

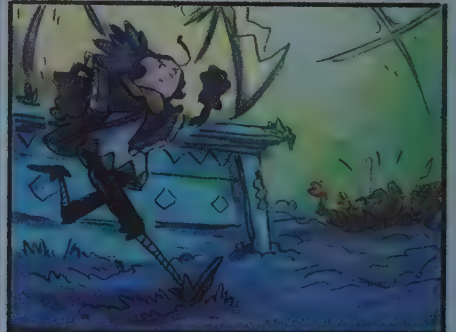
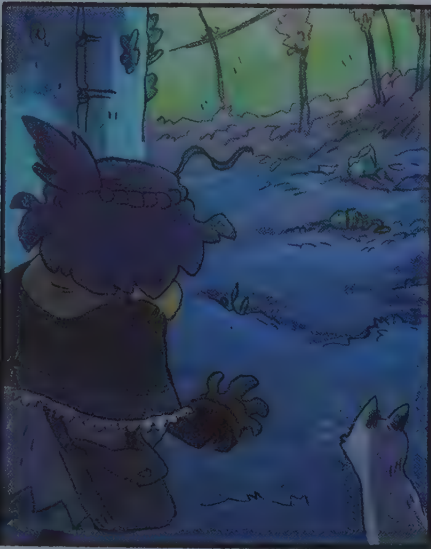
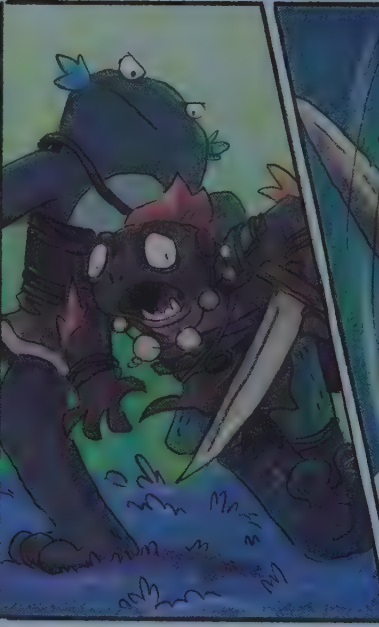
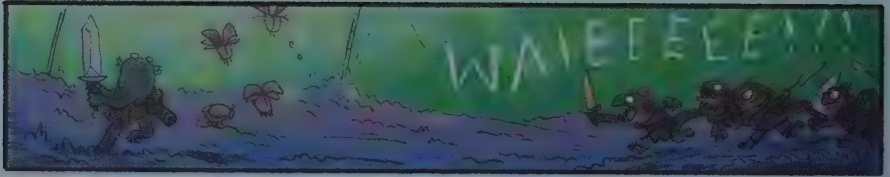


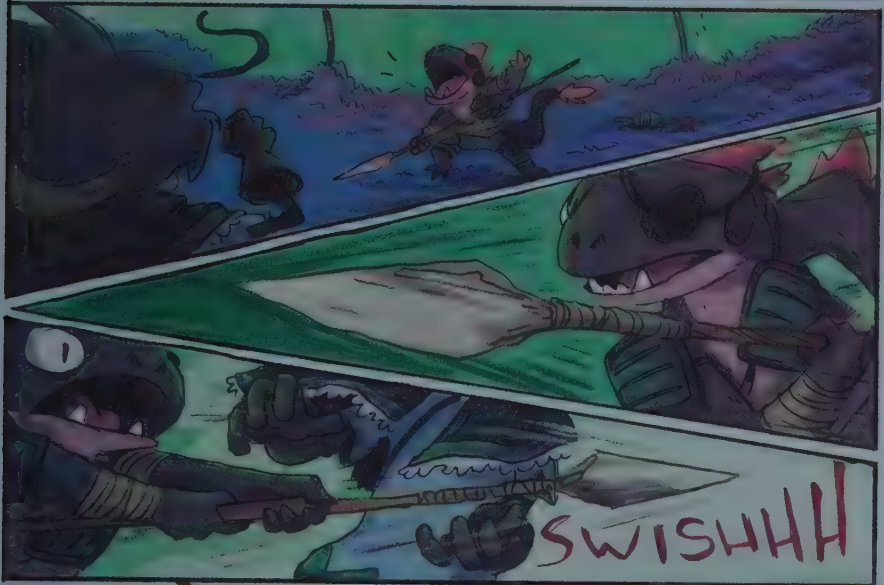
We've got
visitors.

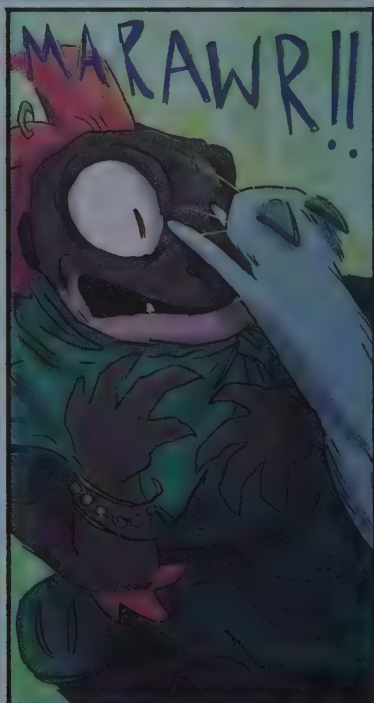
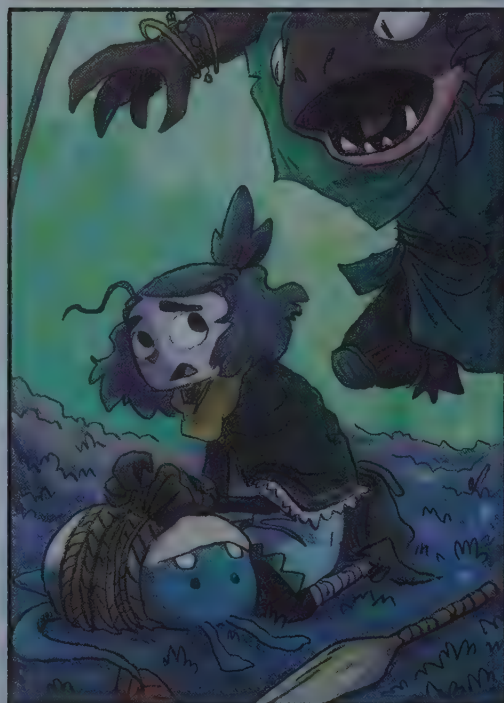
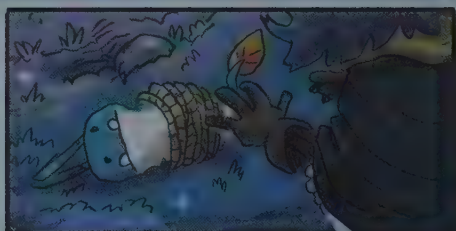
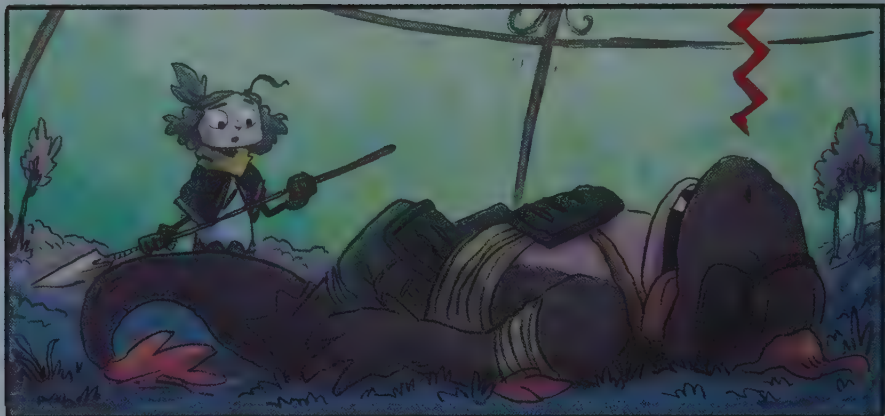


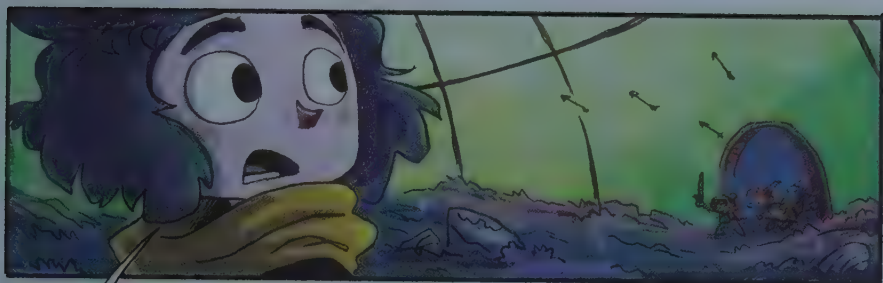






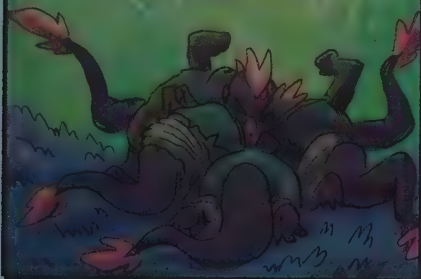




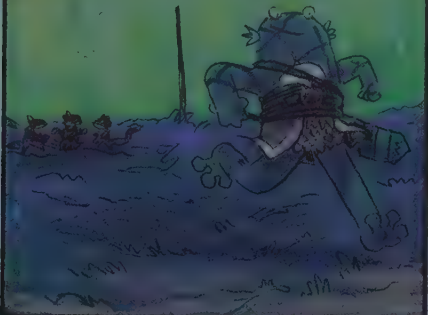
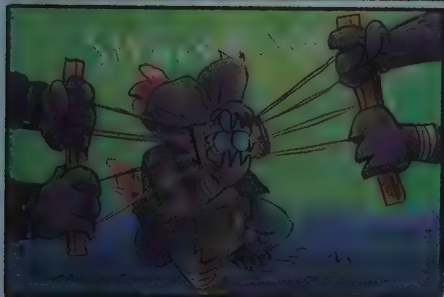
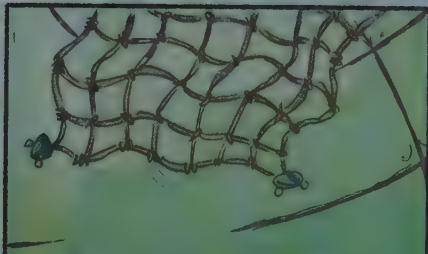
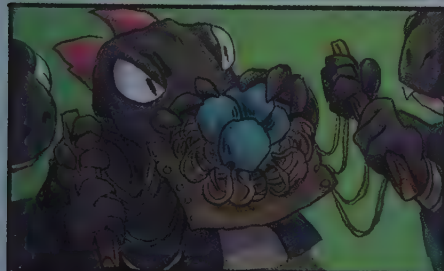


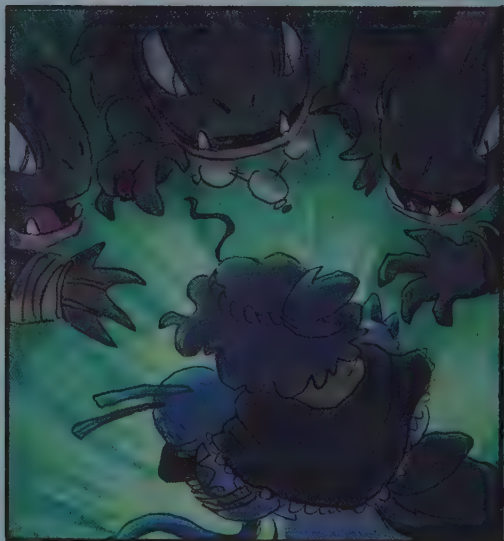
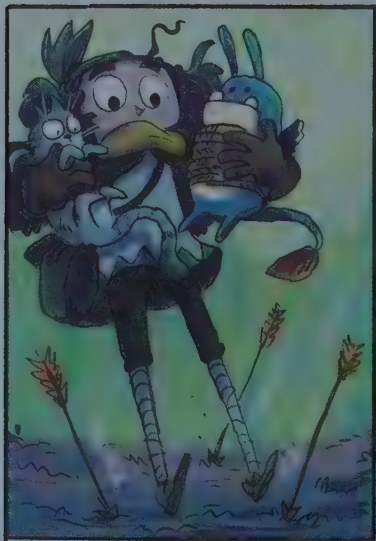
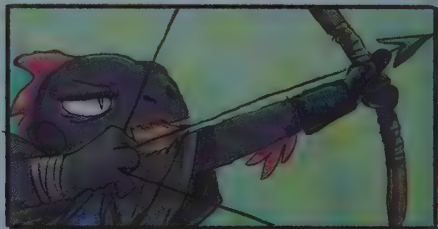
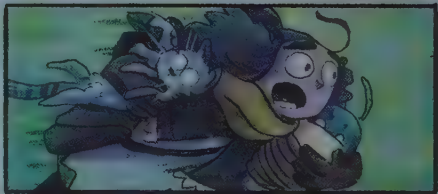
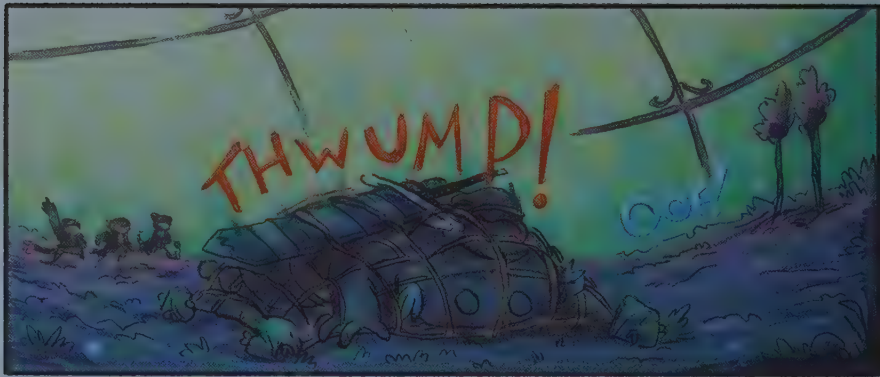
Cad!

More
are coming!



Wonderful!
Until next time, boys!



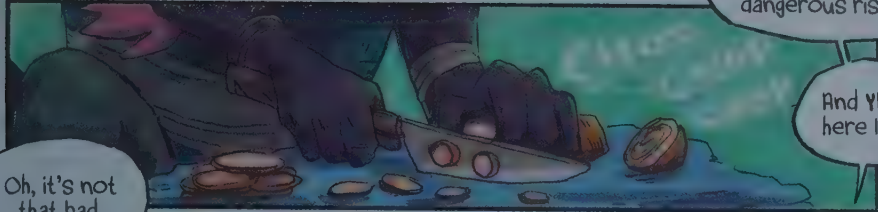




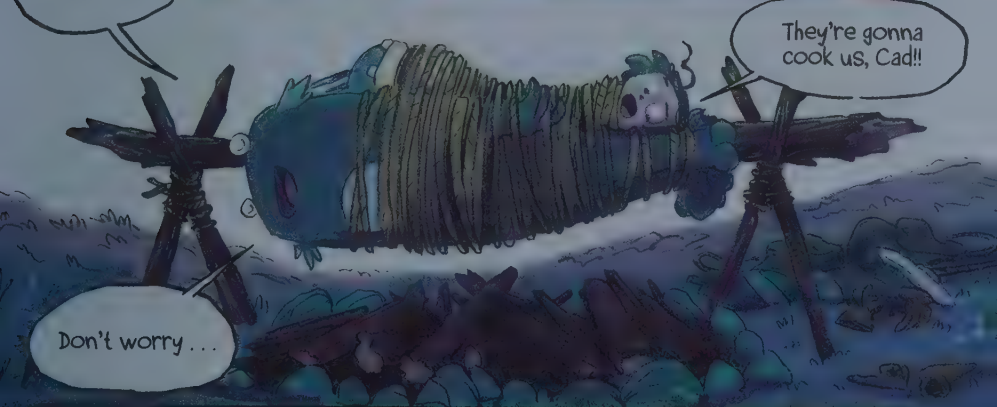
I try to be careful.

Look before I leap. Don't take dangerous risks.

And YET— here I am.



Oh, it's not that bad.



They're gonna cook us, Cad!!

Don't worry...

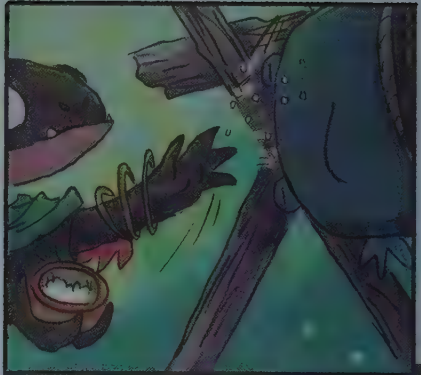
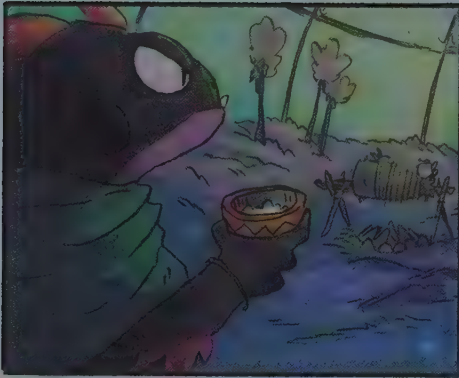


... I'll have us out in a jiffy.



GASP!

You're making it tighter!



ACHOO!!!

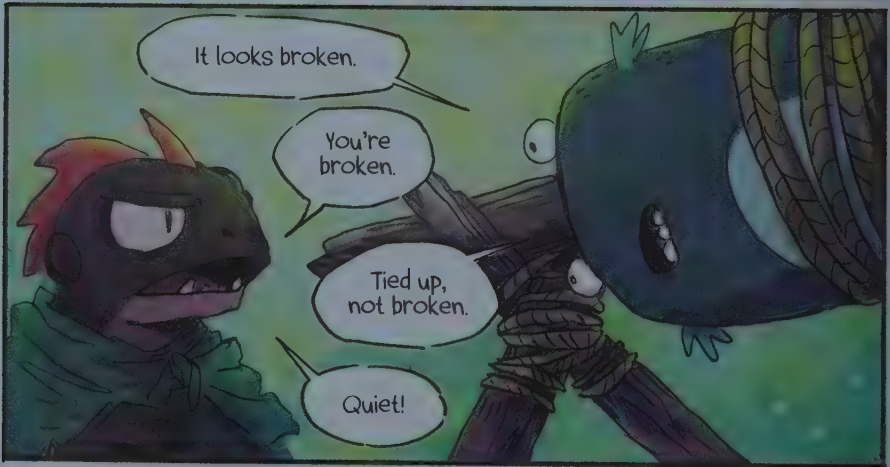


That was some careless seasoning.

Be quiet, dinner!



Say, do you know anything about that Seal in here?



It looks broken.

You're broken.

Tied up, not broken.

Quiet!



Have you
never lit a fire
before?

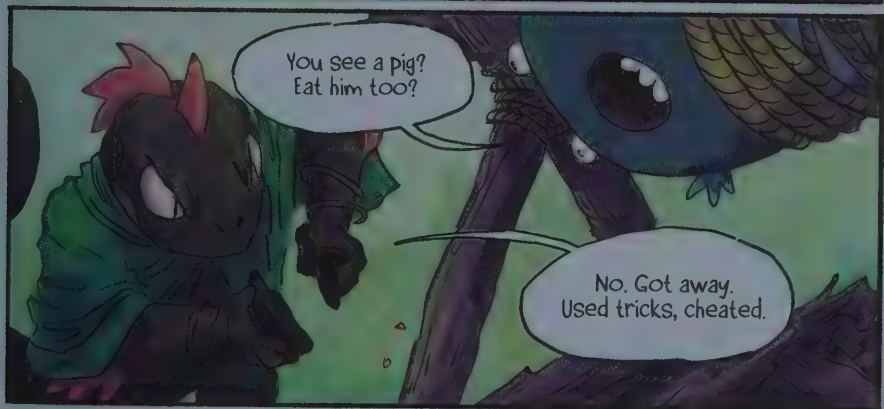
Here,
lemme show
you.



You will be delicious,
dumb frog!

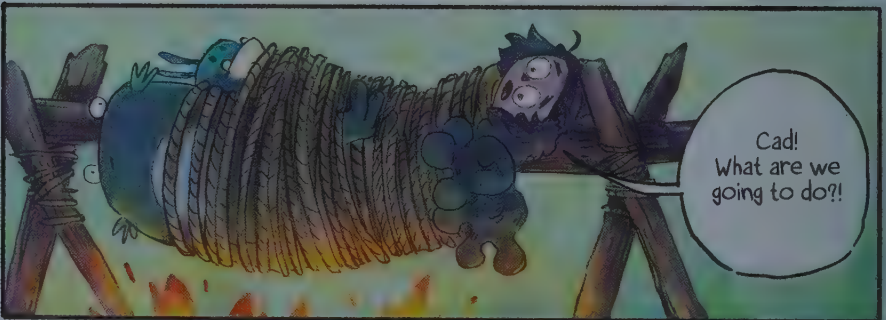
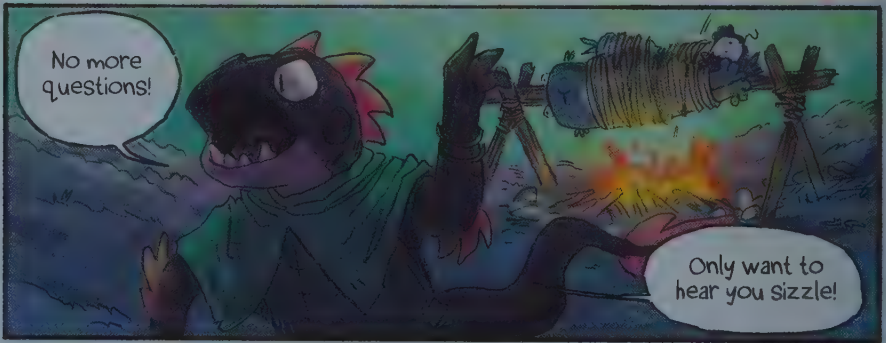
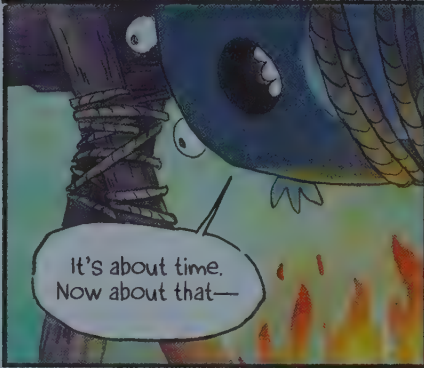
I'm not a frog.

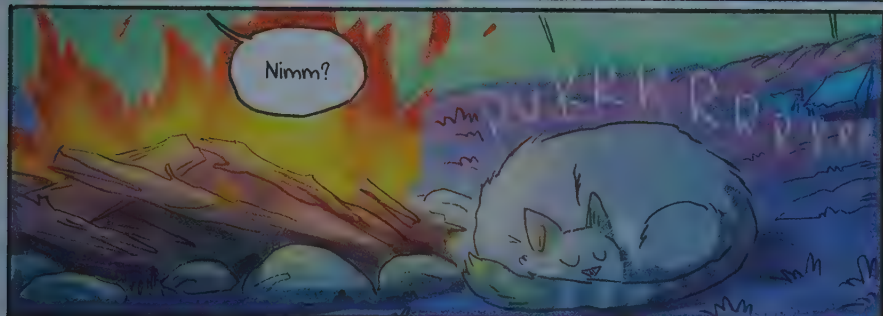
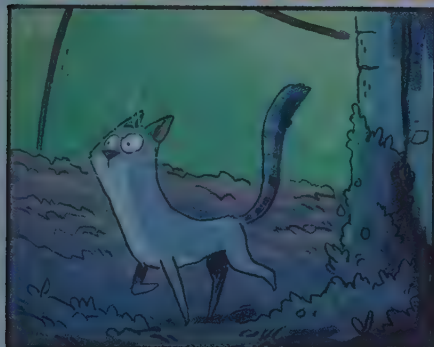
Now what was
this Seal sealing?

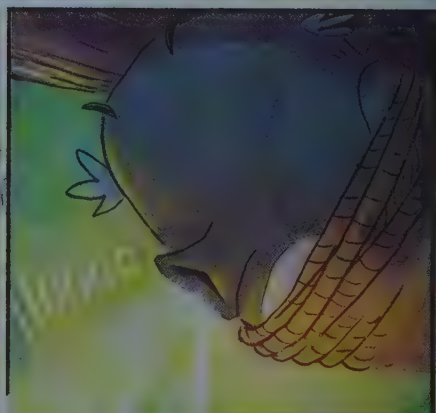


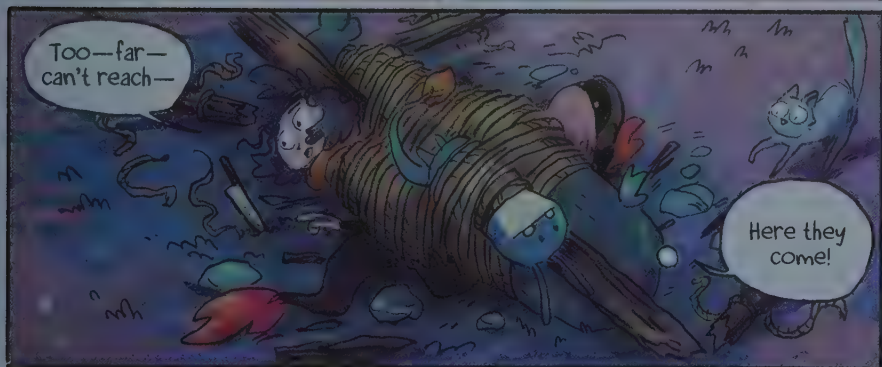
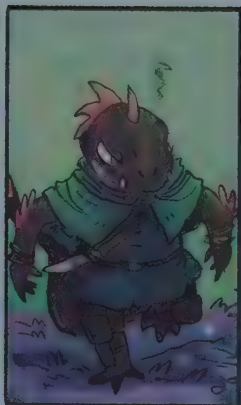
You see a pig?
Eat him too?

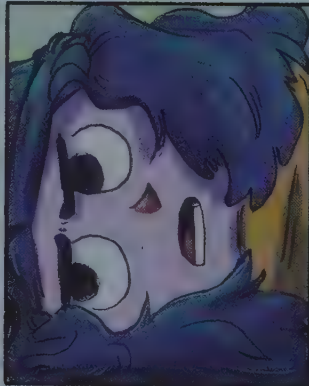
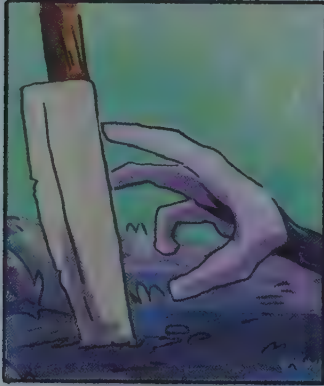
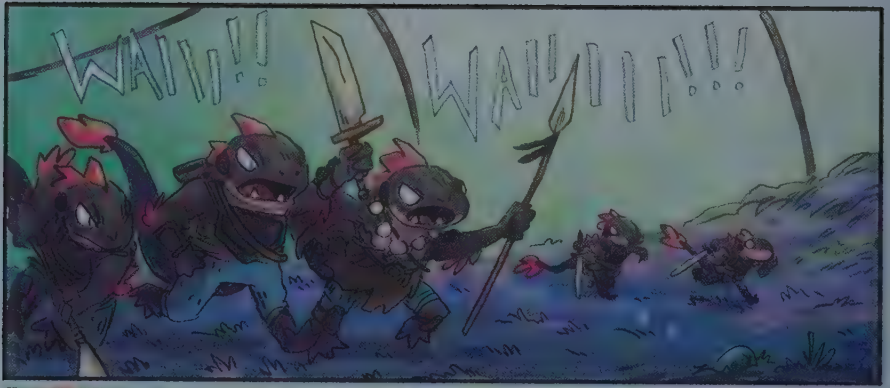
No. Got away.
Used tricks, cheated.

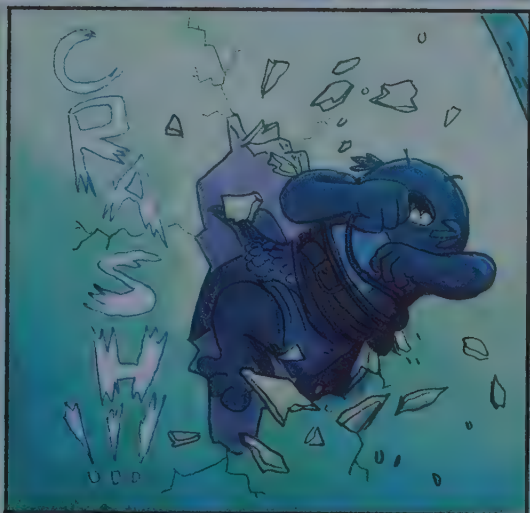
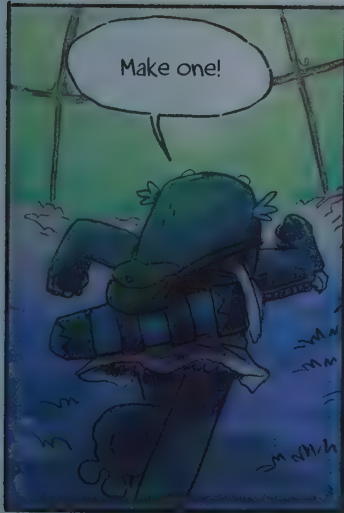
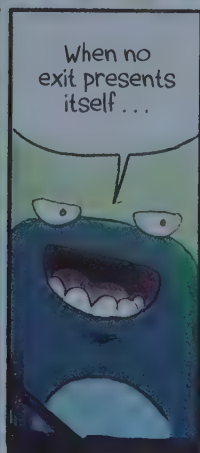
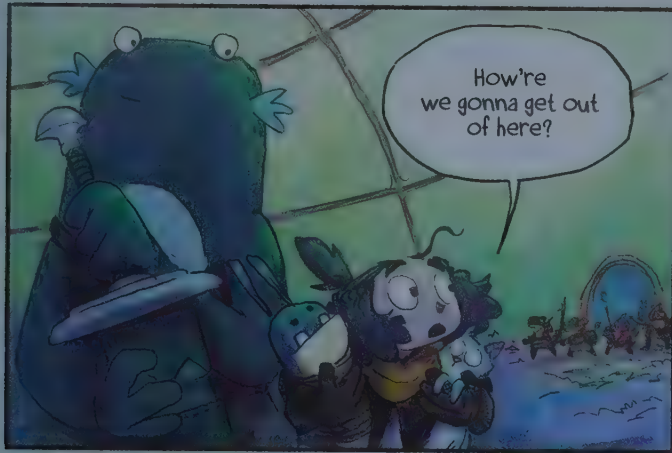


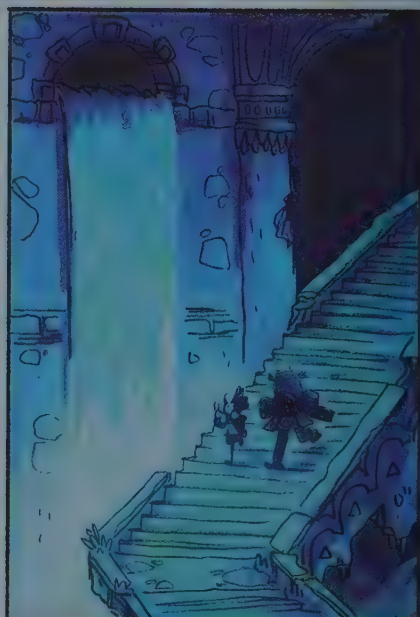
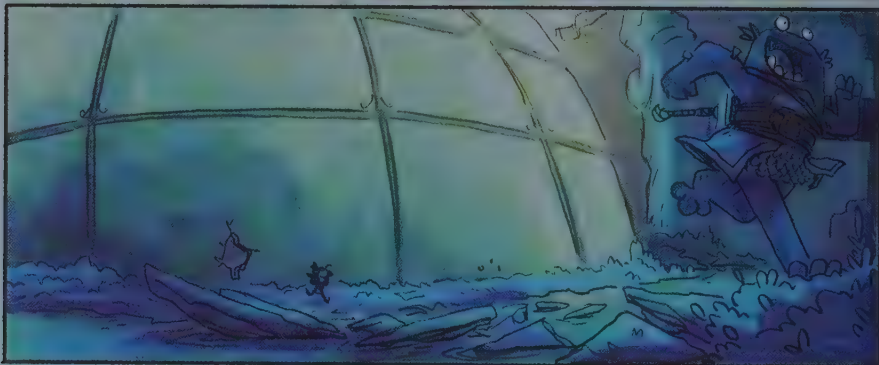
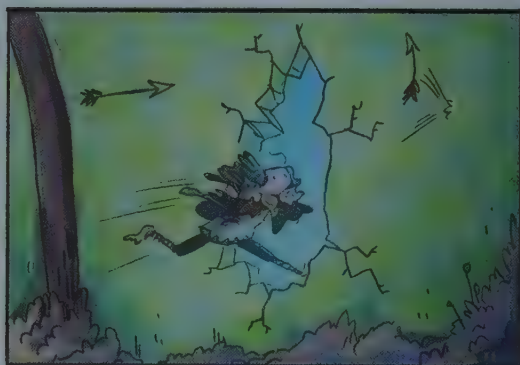


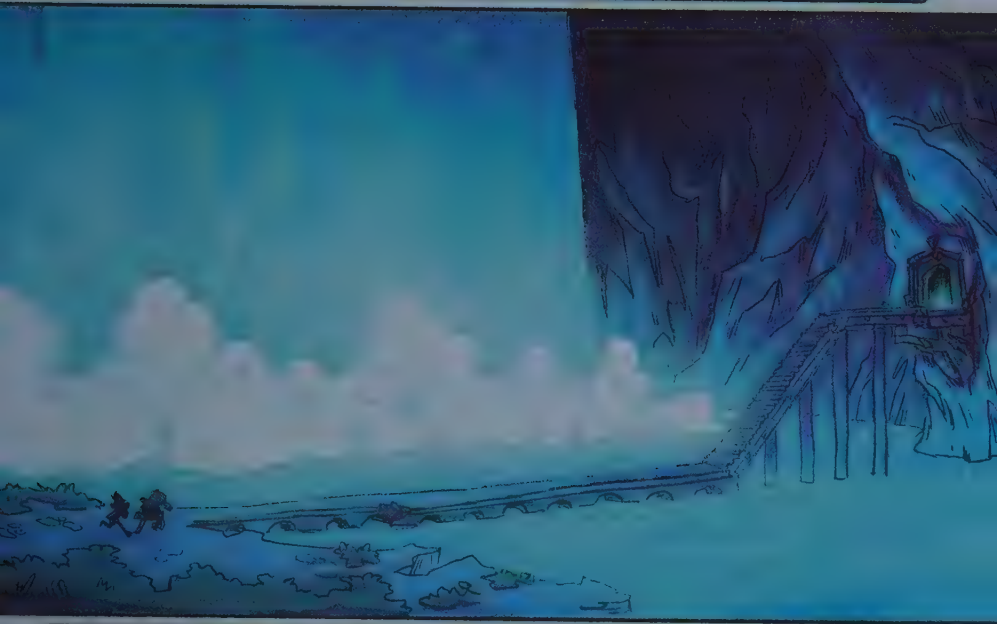
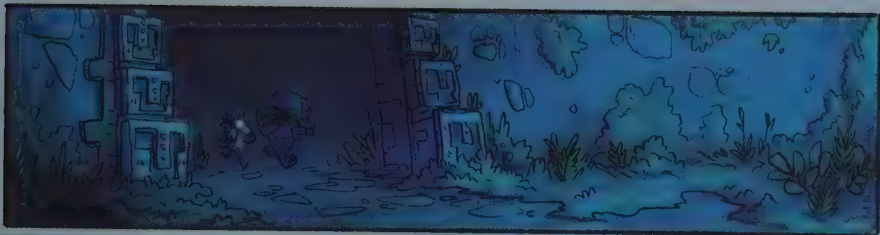


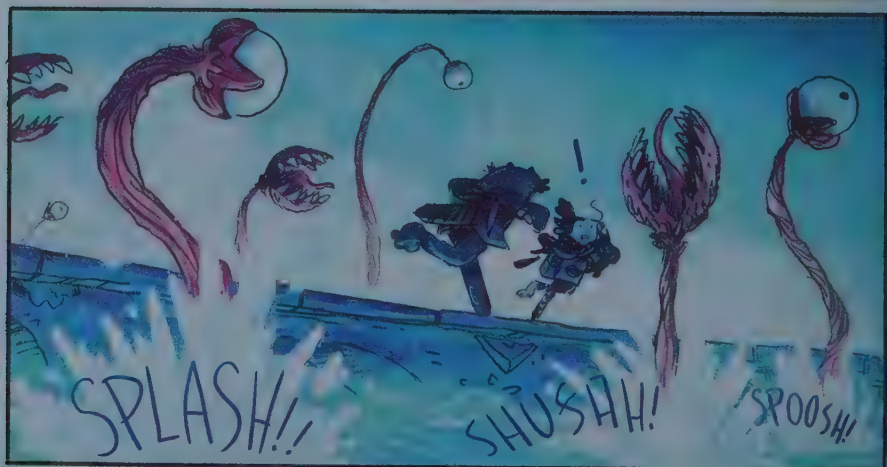
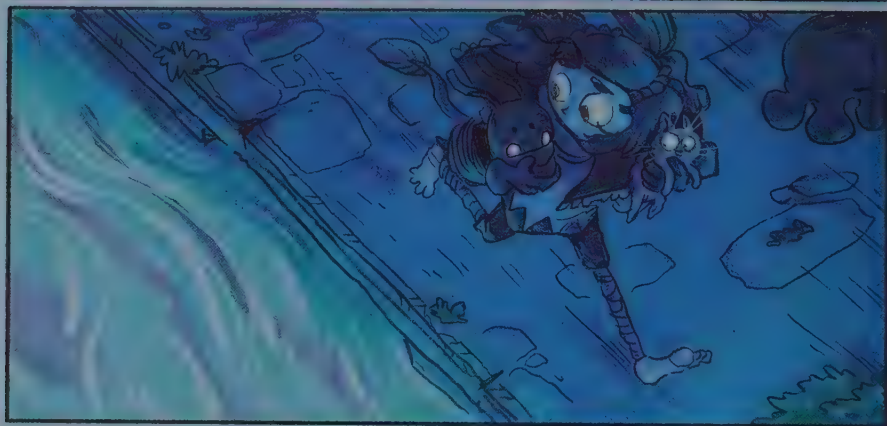
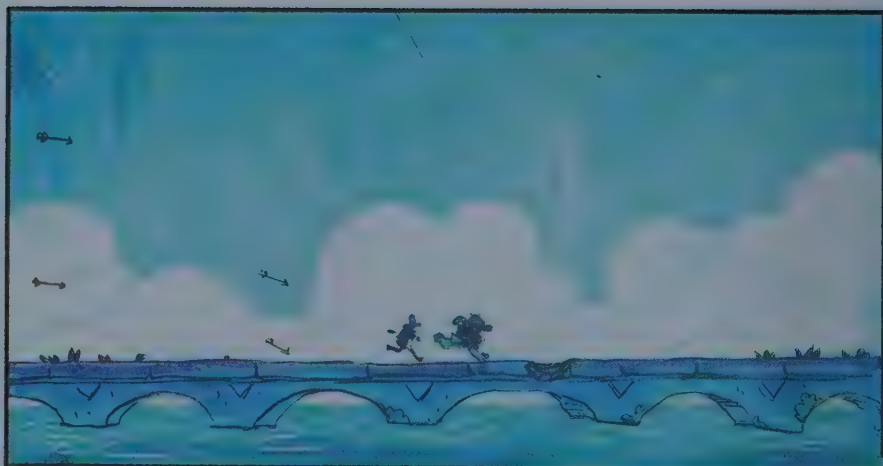


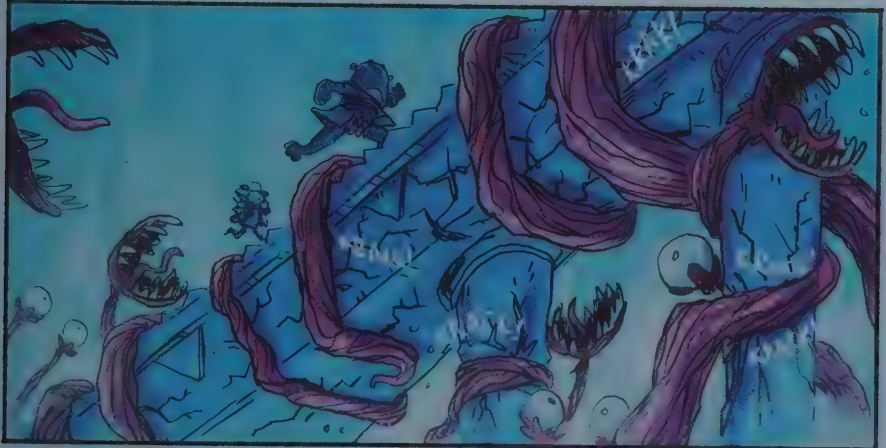
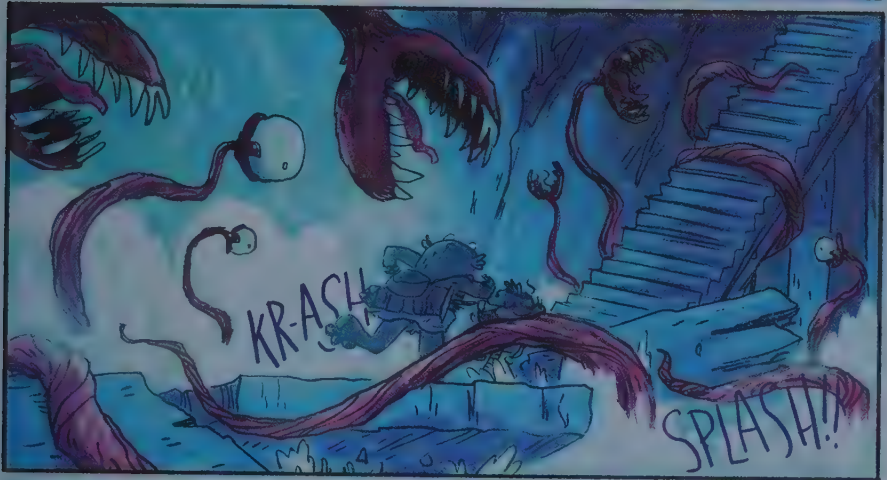
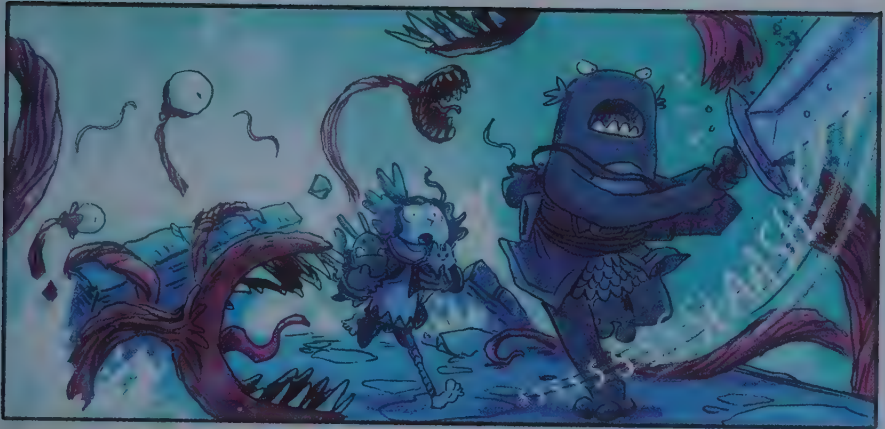


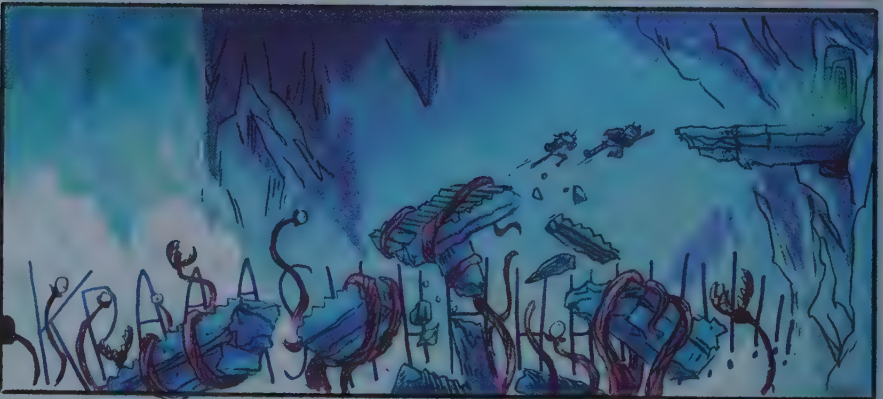
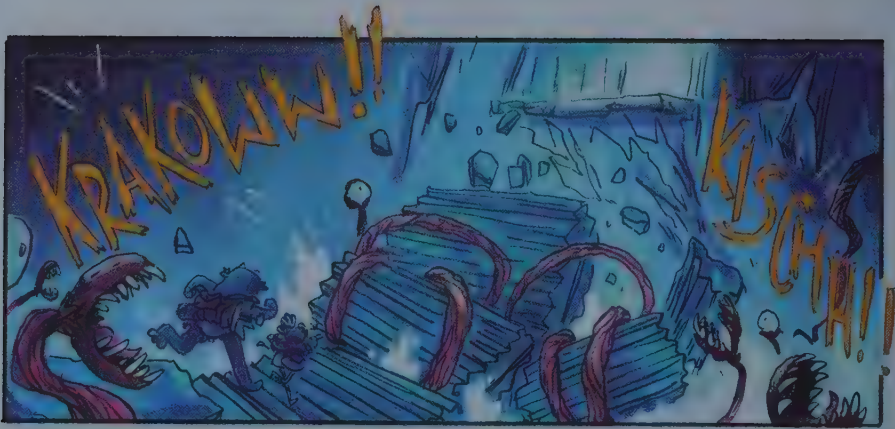


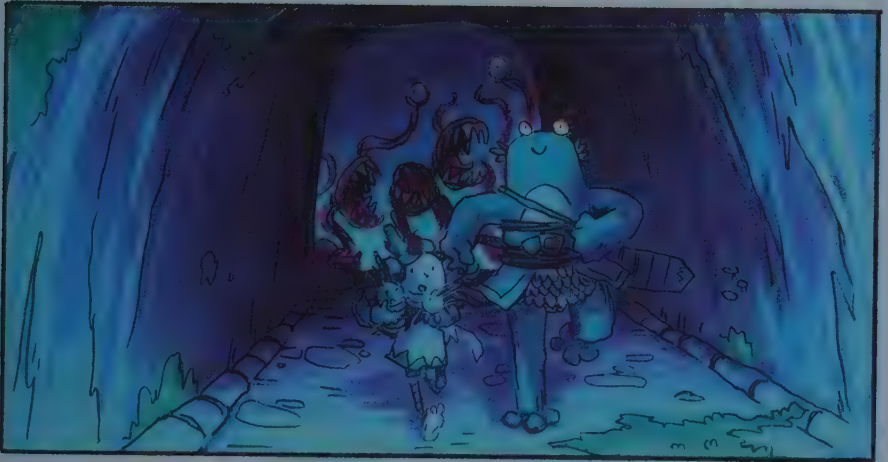
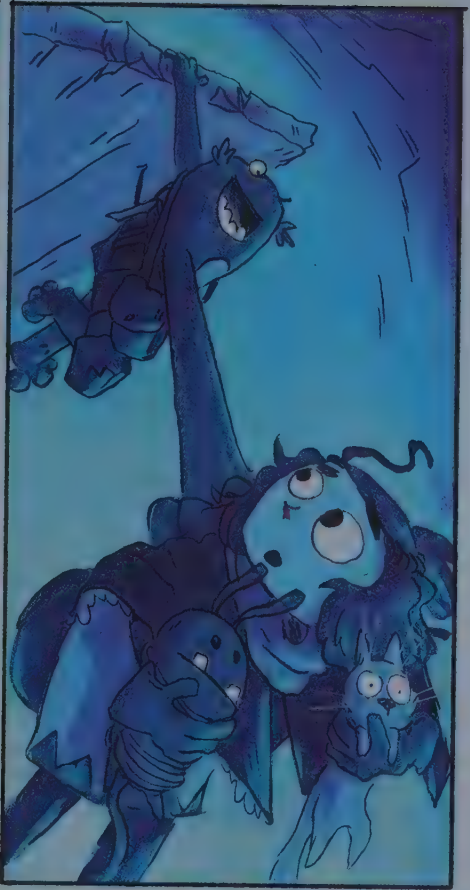
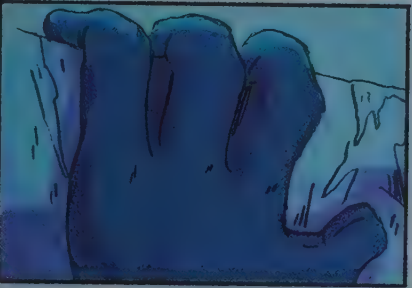
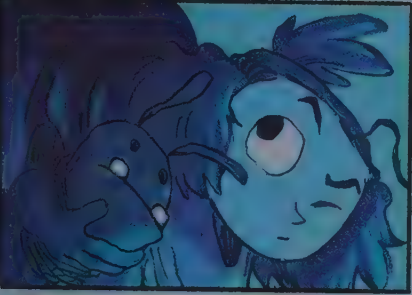
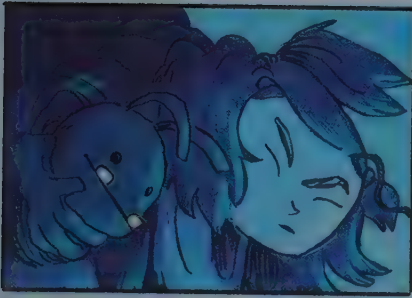


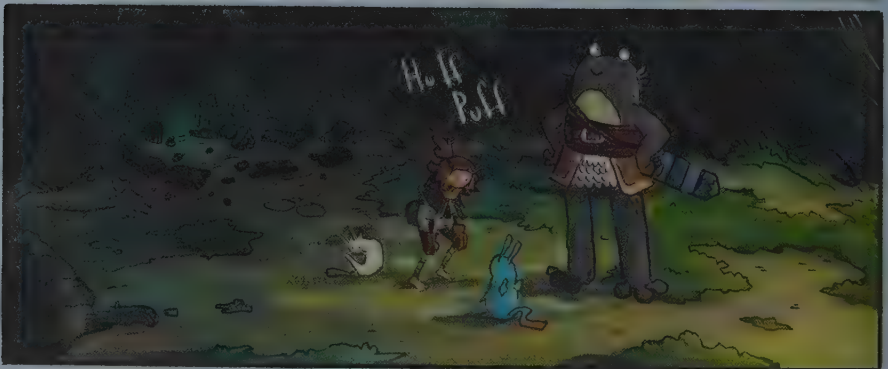
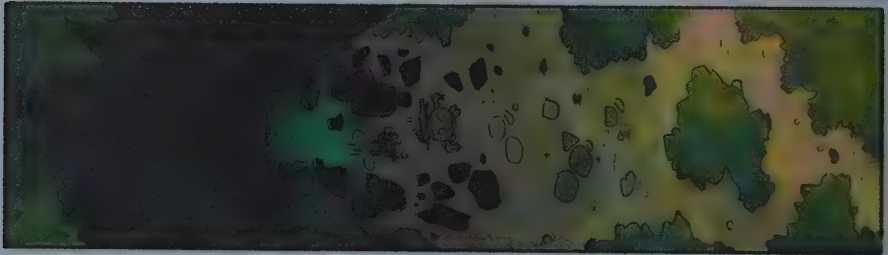
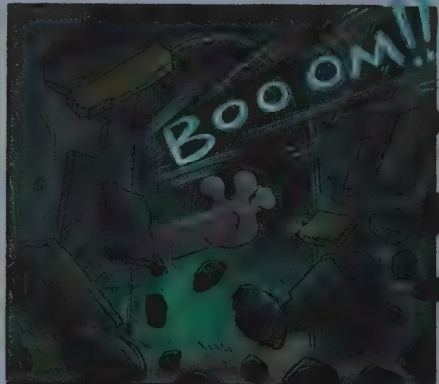
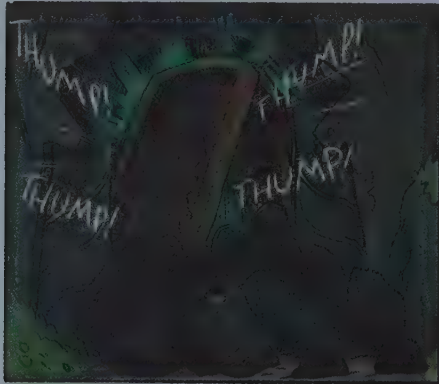
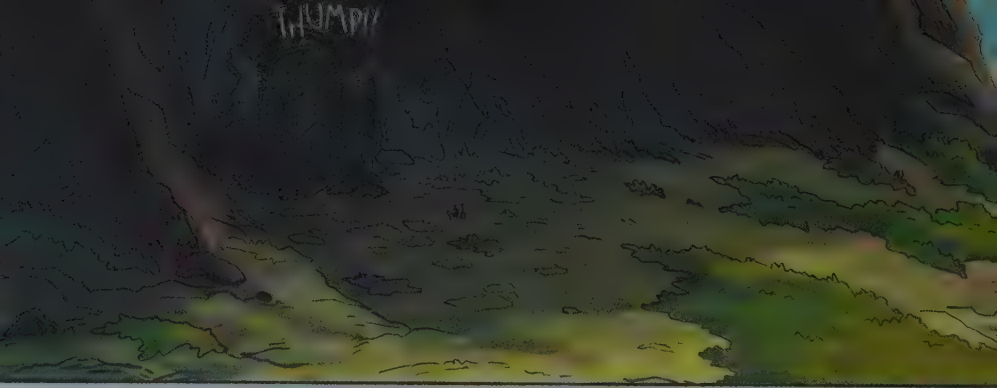


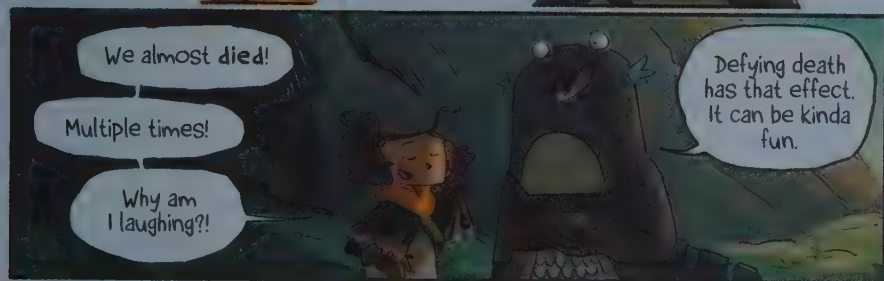
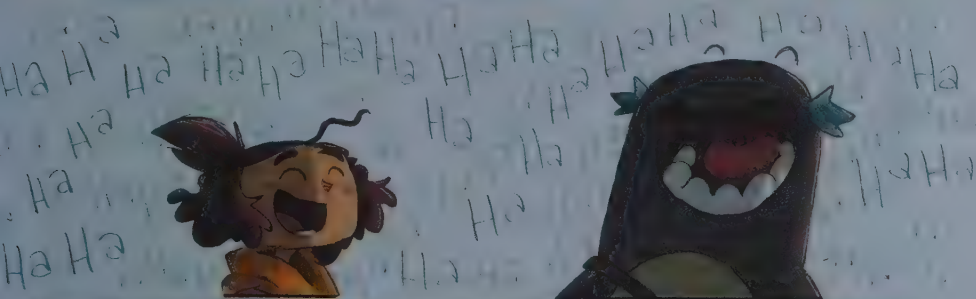
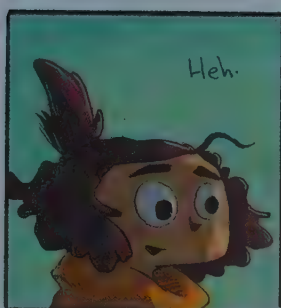
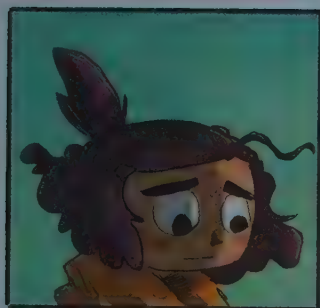


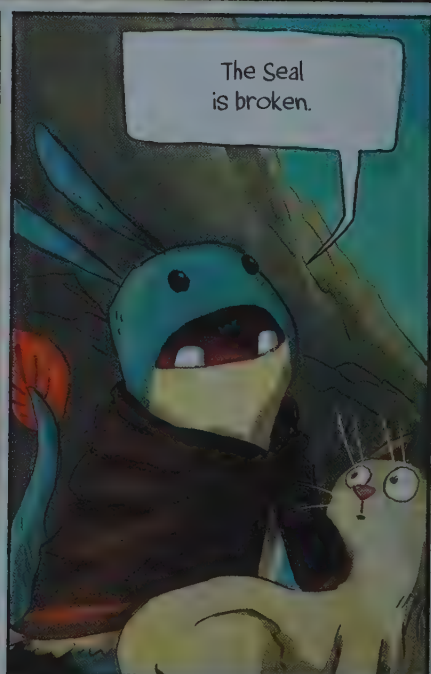


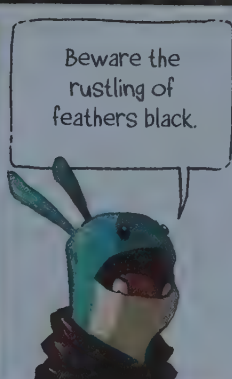
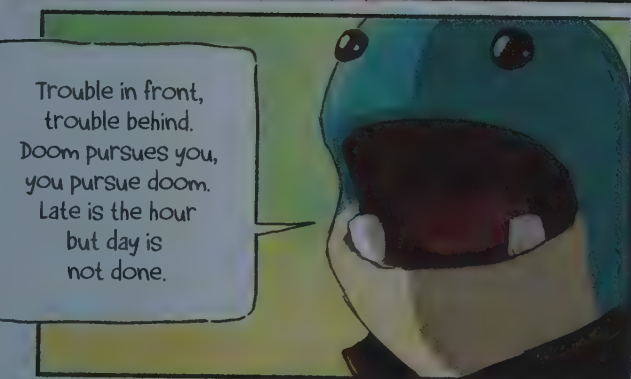
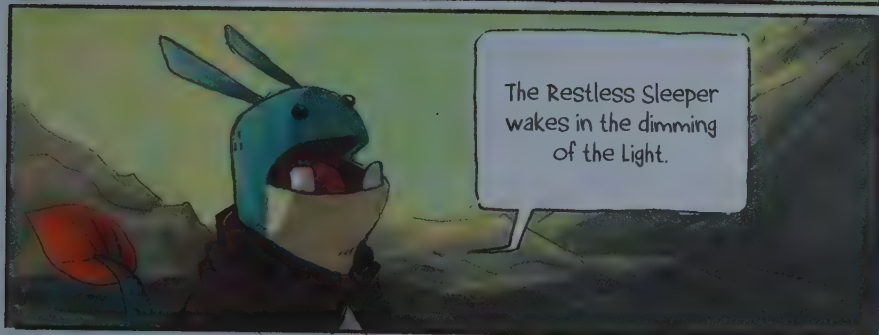


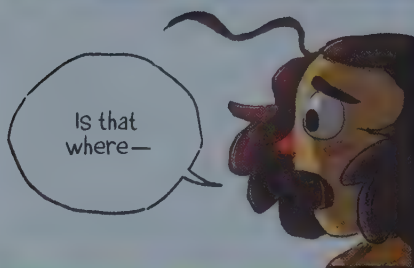














Thanks!



Sounds like we're going to Lealand!

But that's so far.



Remember, Bea, you'll be dead for a very long time.



Is that supposed to make me feel better?

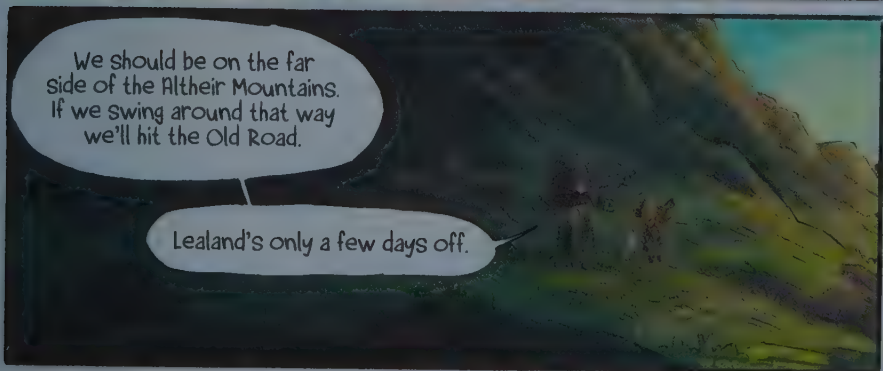


Yeah!



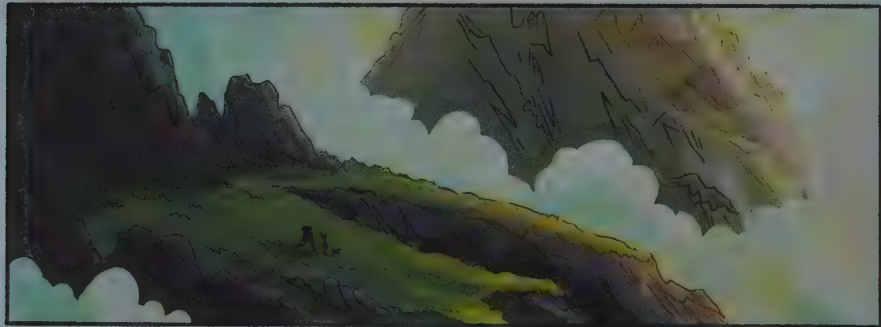
C'mon, we've got a lead!

Where are we, anyway? I lost my map...



We should be on the far side of the Altheir Mountains. If we swing around that way we'll hit the Old Road.

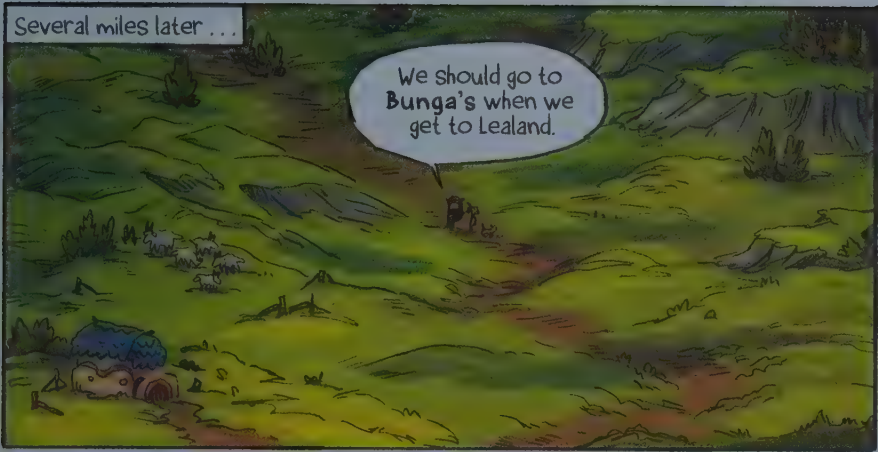
Lealand's only a few days off.








Several miles later ...




We should go to **Bunga's** when we get to Lealand.




If the Pig Wizard was in Lealand he must've gone there—everyone does!



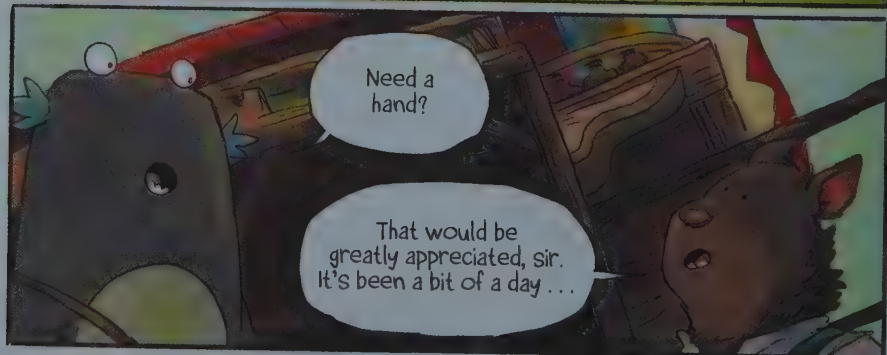
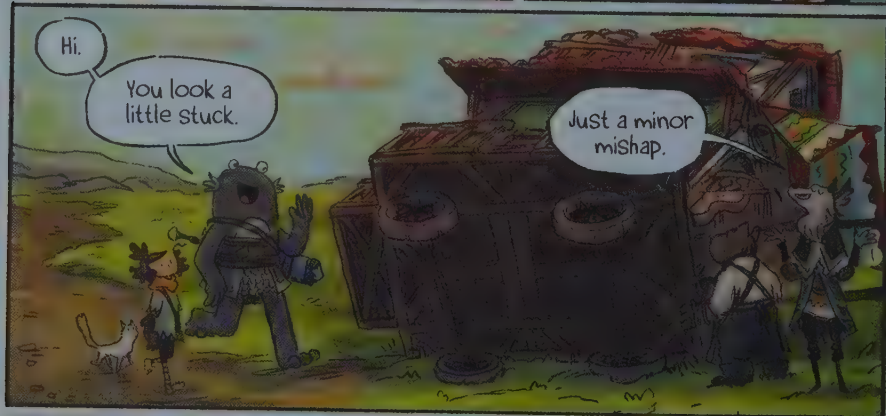
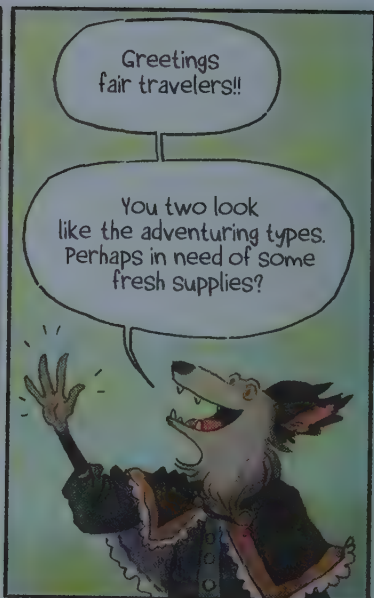
Really? What's a Bunga?

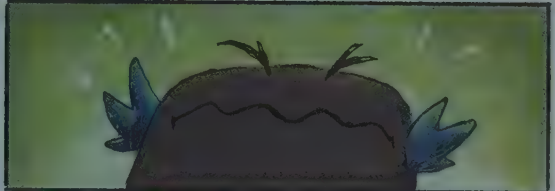
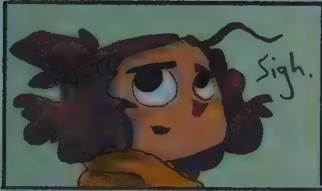
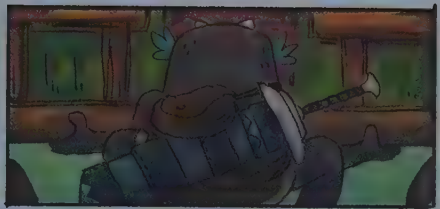
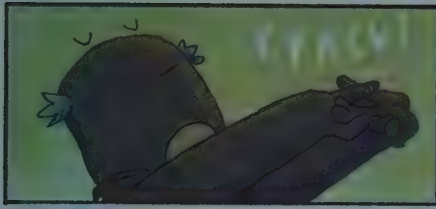


Bunga is the queen of breakfast. Her omelettes are like nothing else in Irpa.

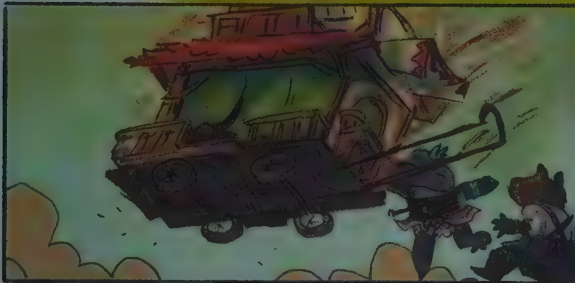


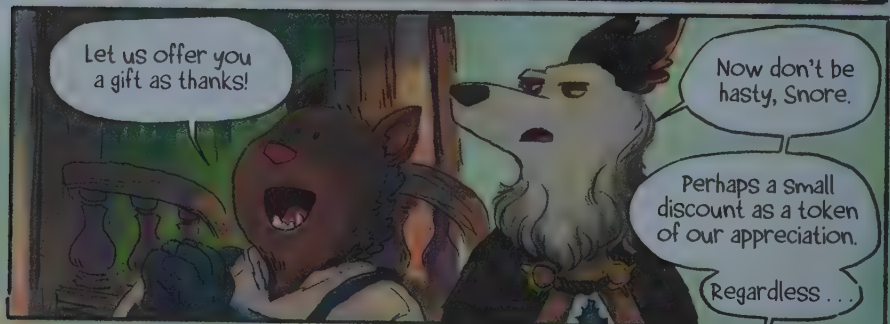
I do like omelettes.





HUARRRRRRGGH









Fine Andovian wool
and plate armor of gorge iron.
Nigh impenetrable!

That's nice,
but it looks...
heavy.



Ah, perhaps this one—
Woven from the silk threads of
cave worms found deep in the
Loricane Tunnels and dyed with
crushed goga beetles.
Very fetching.



It's not
quite me,
I don't think.



Right, right.
Now this—this is all
the rage in Baible!



Umm.







I already have a sword. I'm looking for something different. Something unique!

I have exactly what you're looking for!

Just an ordinary walking stick.

But tap it on the ground and—



Ta-da! The ultimate weapon for each and every need!



Impressive!

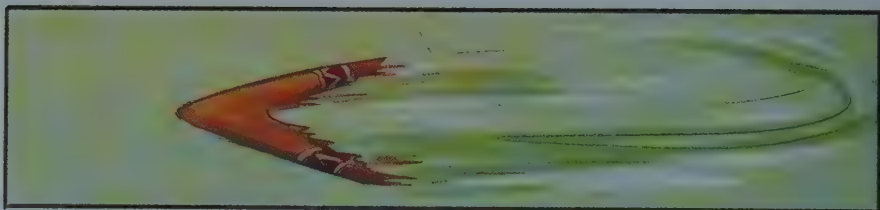


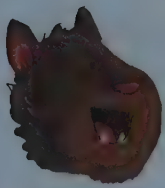
But what if it goes off by accident?



It's called a boomerang.







It's got everything you need!



2 torches



25 feet of rope

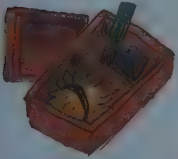


Pocketknife

A comfortable travel bag



Flint & tinder



Heavy cold-weather cloak



Water flask

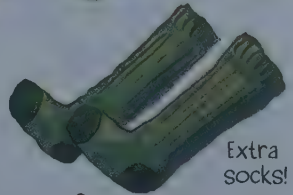
One month of rations



Blanket



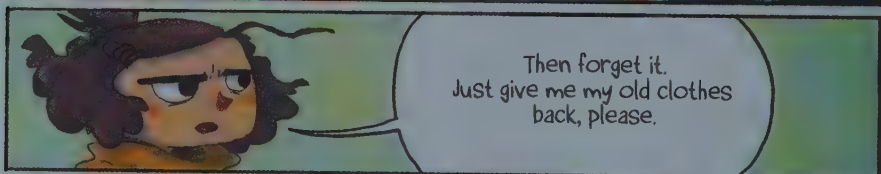
An empty bottle

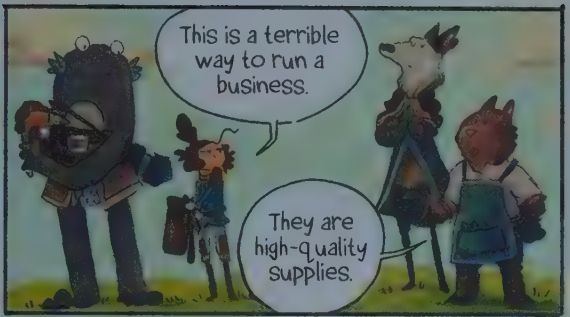
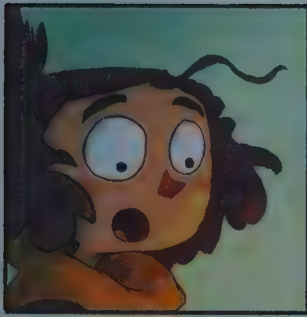


Extra socks!

Yes, please!

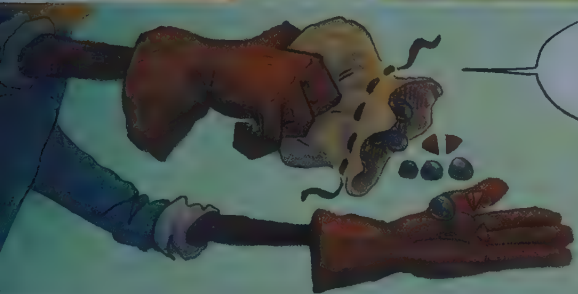






This is a terrible way to run a business.

They are high-quality supplies.



This is almost all my savings.

Can you at least throw in a sword or something?



Haggling—I like it!

But no.



How 'bout this bone dagger?



Pst! That's a good deal.



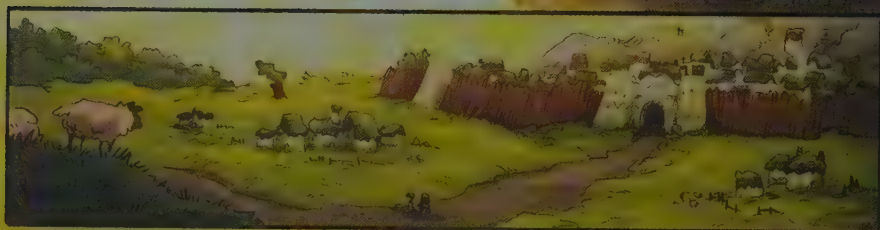
Sigh.

Fine.

A pleasure doing business!



I hope you saved some luggs for Bunga's. I don't have any money.



Well,
Beatrice,
welcome to
Lealand!





Dew melons!
Best price in town!

Fresh sweet
gorseberries!

Wool cloaks!

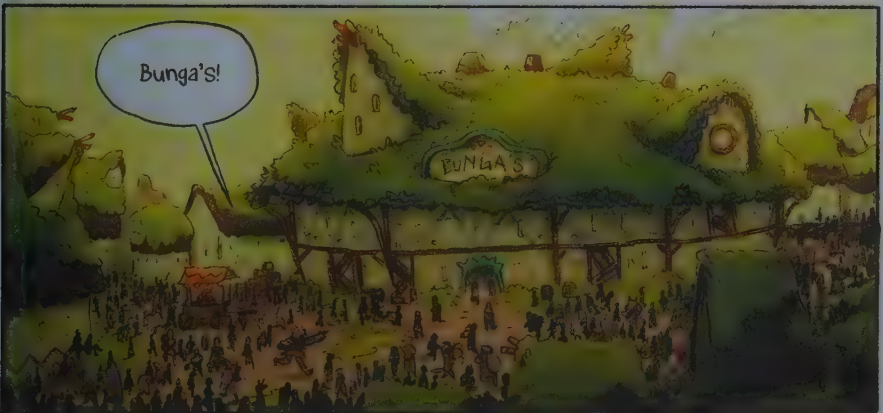


Oi! Watch it!



So many people ...
How're we gonna find
him here?

I told you—



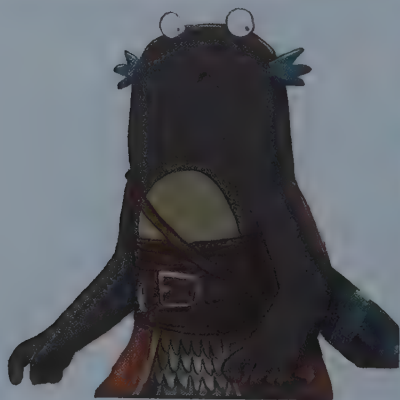
Bunga's!



It smells amazing!



That's the honey syrup, but just wait till you try—





Look at that
smug little rat.

And those
buffoons hanging on
his every word.

Cad, wait—

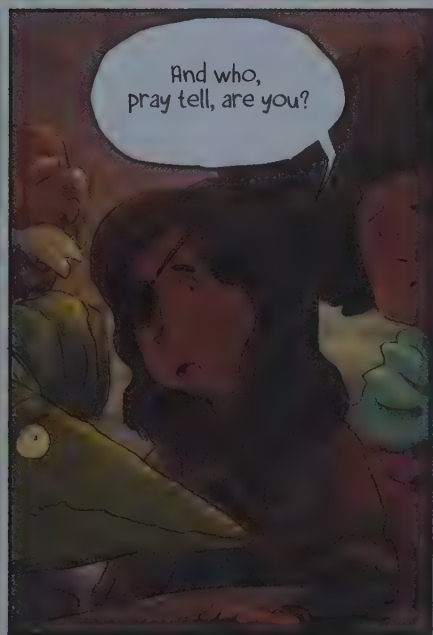


I can't
believe you crossed
the Claw Valley.
So impressive!

So brave.
And charming
to boot!



It was something all right.
Especially when **WE** fought
off the giant crabs!



And who,
pray tell, are you?



Cadwallader the Galdurian, legendary hero of the Sea of Light, not that you would know.

Where's the Jar, rat?



I have no idea what you're talking about.



You know exactly what I'm talking about, you lying pond scum.

Hand it over!



Can't.

Can't?

Where is it?

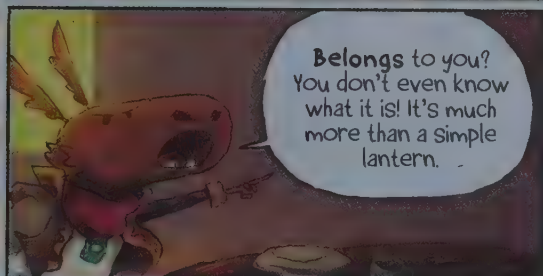


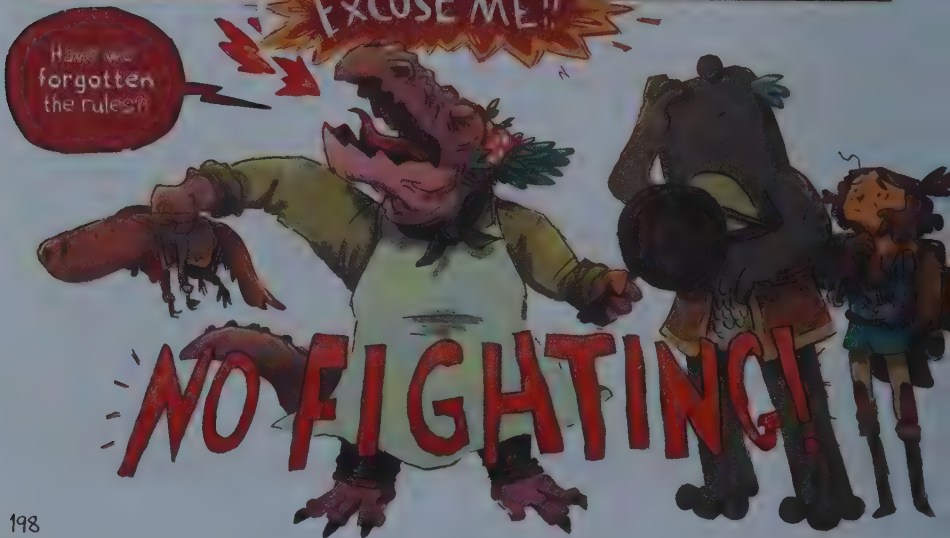
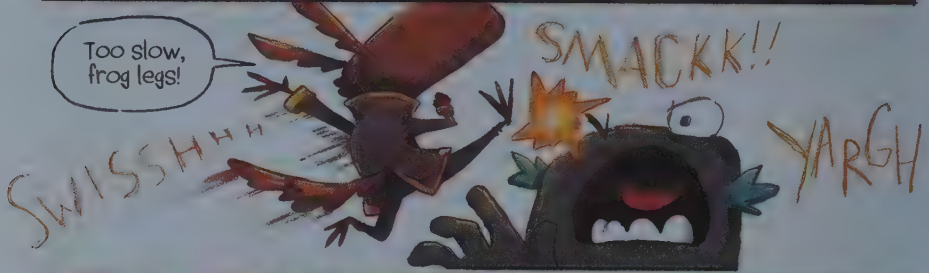
Sold it. Fetched a good price.

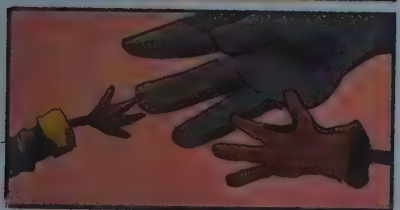
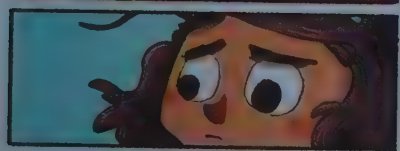
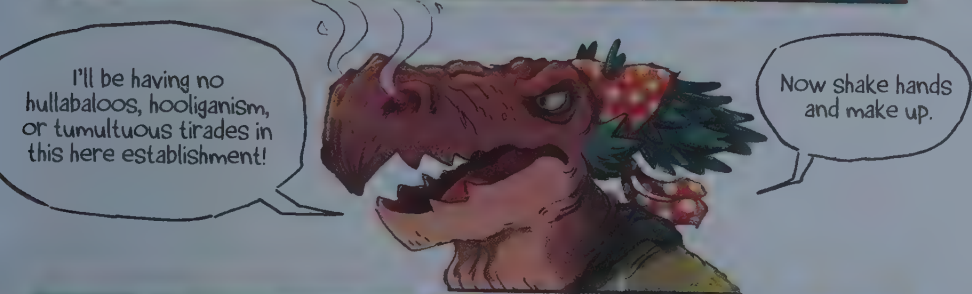
Liar.



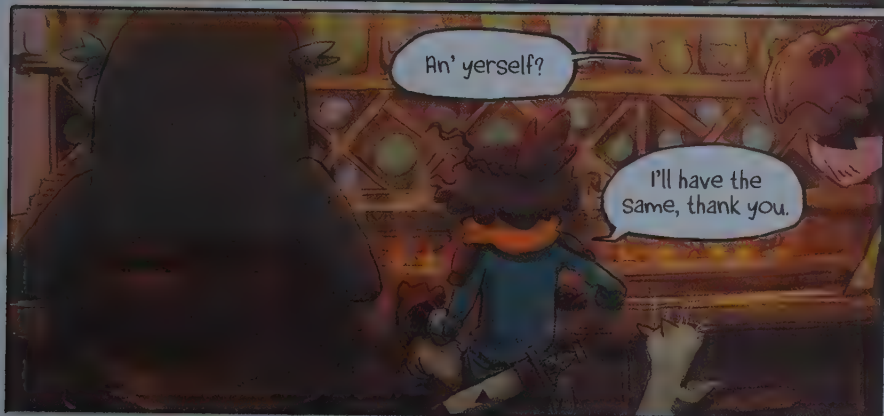
Me?! Never.



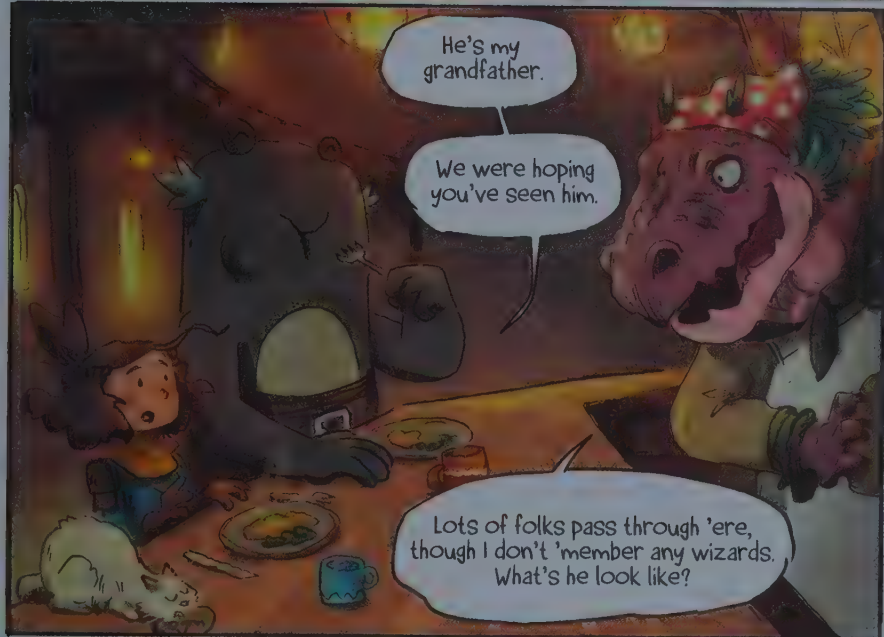




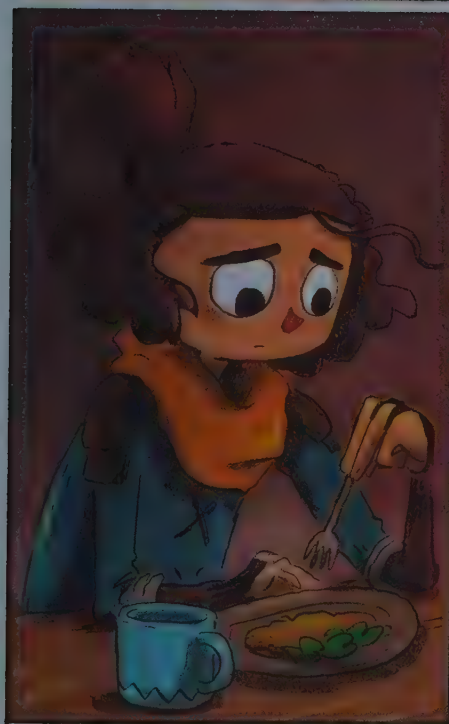
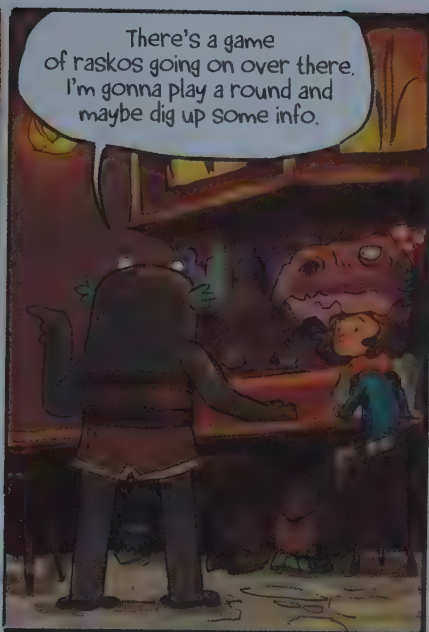

















Yer
grandfather?




He doesn't
remember things,
he gets confused, and
he just up and left.

I don't know what
he's doing out here. He might
be chasing some made up
thing from his head.
Or from the past.


If I lose him,
I don't know what
I'll do . . .



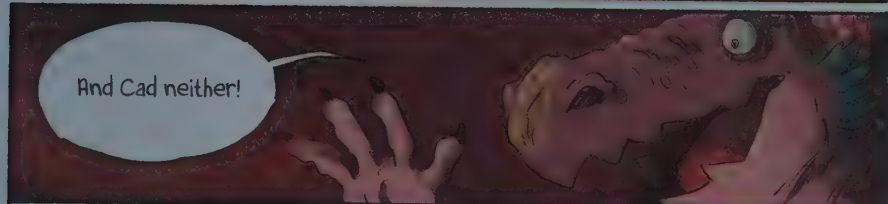
Sorry, you don't even
know me and here I am
talking your ear off.




Dearie, please.
Bunga's is a place
to unload yer
troubles.



But you said yer
grandfather is a wizard, right?
I wouldn't underestimate him.




And Cad neither!

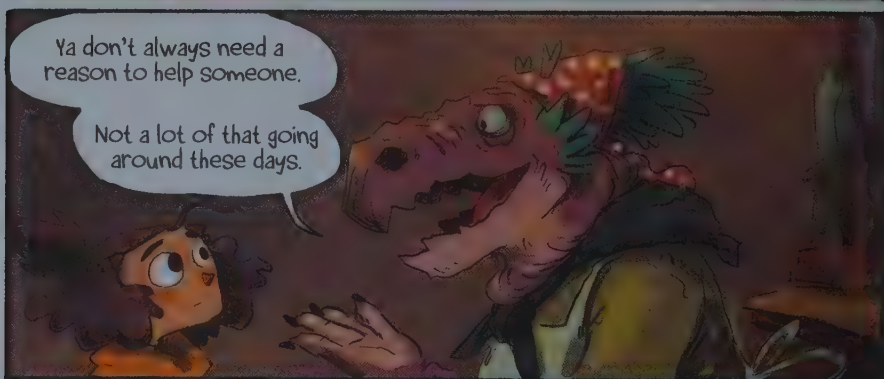


He may seem like
an adventure-happy goof,
but he's more than
he lets on.

And he seems
to have taken a
shine to you.



Couldn't've picked a better
companion there, missy!
Not someone to be
taken fer granted.





You're looking chipper.
Good omelette, right?



Yeah, you were
right. Best ever.

Whaddya say—
ready to continue
the search?

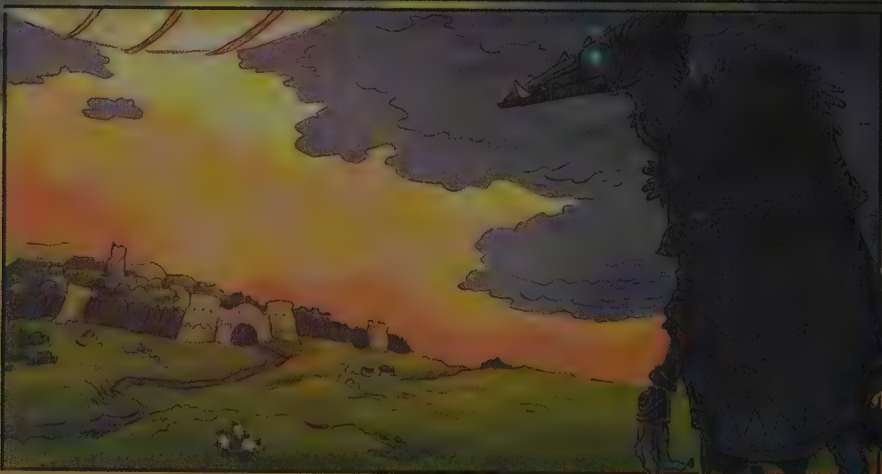
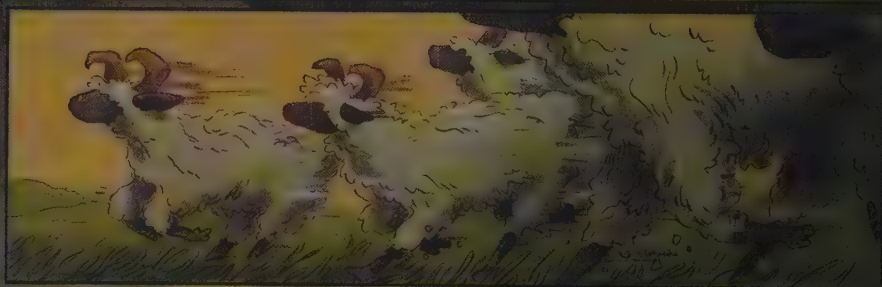
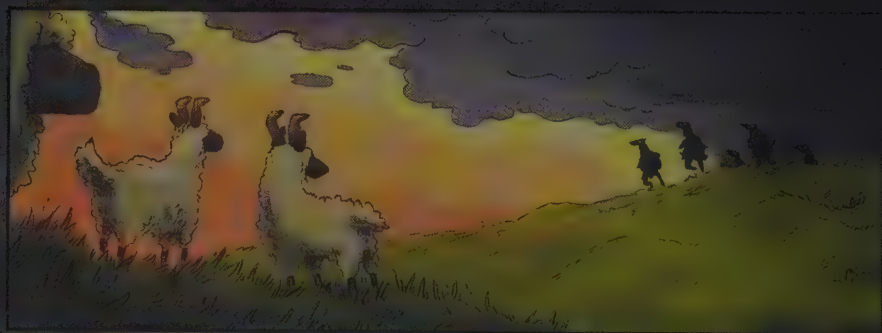


Yup.

Good!
I think I won enough
to cover breakfast.



Good luck,
you two.







Hey, Cad—

Hold on!
I've got
something.



Here
you go.



My Jar?!



It was
an eventful
game of
raskos.



You won it back?

For me?



Of course!



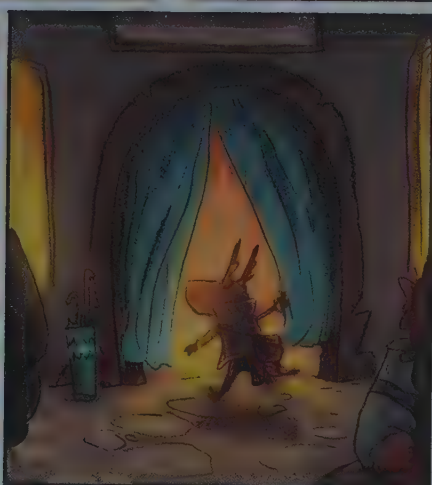
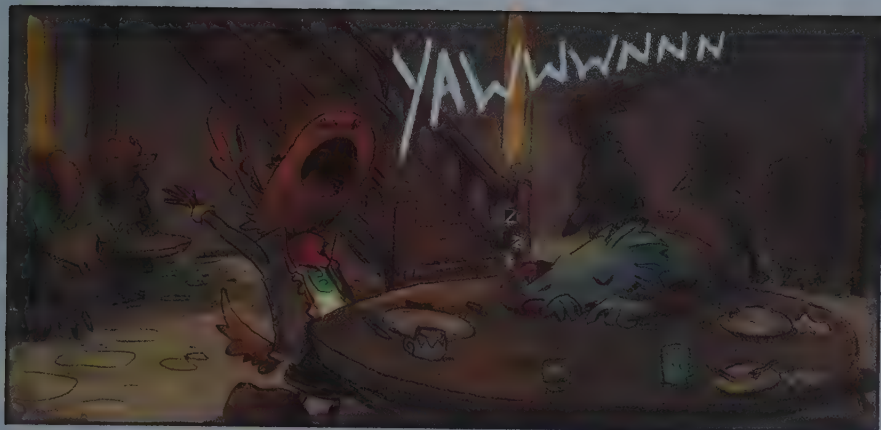
Well, I didn't win it. I took it from Kipp's bag when he wasn't looking.

He's a pack rat; I knew he wouldn't sell it.



Thank you.

Don't worry about it.






It's not true,
ya know.


What's
not?

What the
Rat Thief said.





The edge of the plateau...



Gramps could be anywhere out there.

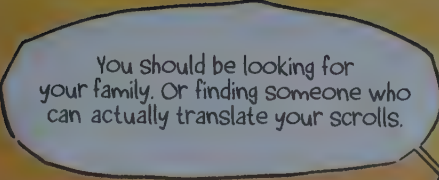
We'll find him.



Cad...

Why are you here?

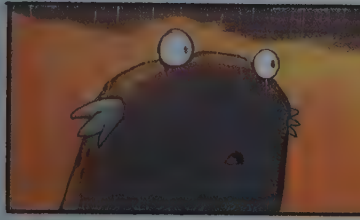
What do you mean?




You should be looking for your family. Or finding someone who can actually translate your scrolls.




I don't understand.



I want to find my family, but I want to help you find yours too.




I know how important it is to not be alone.




When I say I'm searching for the Galdurians, people laugh at me. They say I'm chasing my tail, that Galdurians weren't even real.




But you didn't.



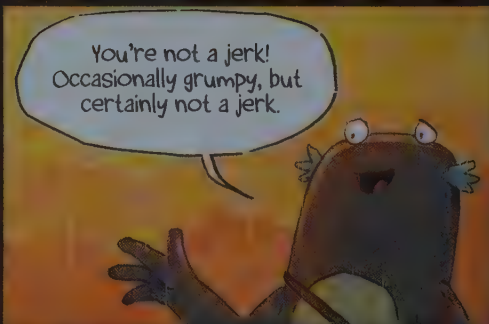
Besides, I get a little tired of wandering by myself all the time.



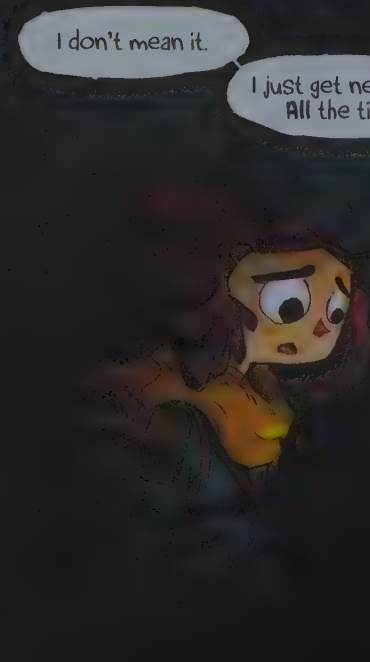
I'm sorry I haven't
been much of a travel
companion.



I feel like I've been
a big jerk.



You're not a jerk!
Occasionally grumpy, but
certainly not a jerk.



I don't mean it.

I just get nervous.
All the time.

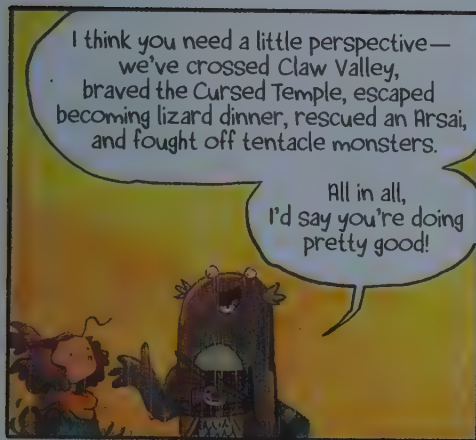
Even when I really
don't want to, when I want
to be brave or daring.

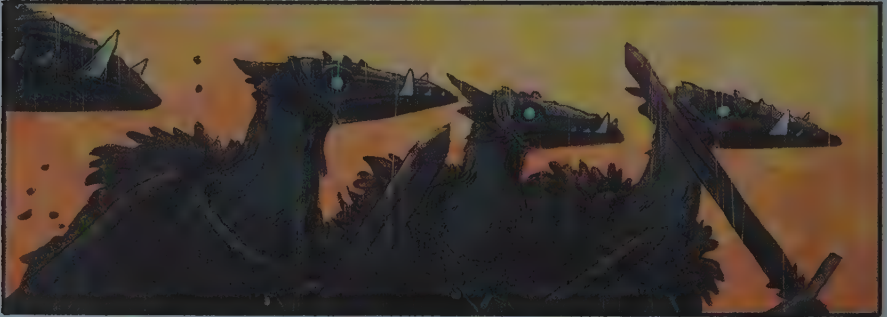
Instead I just
get overwhelmed.

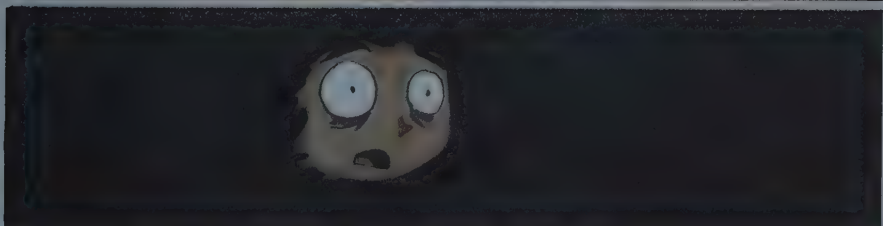
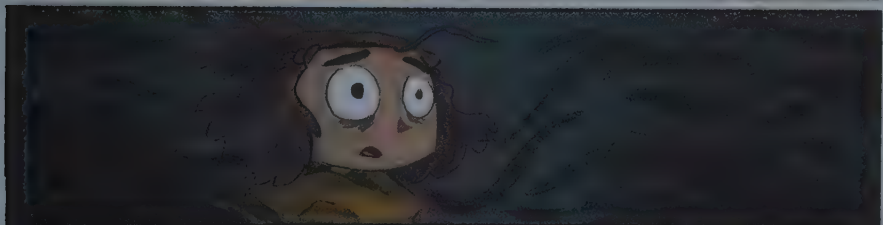
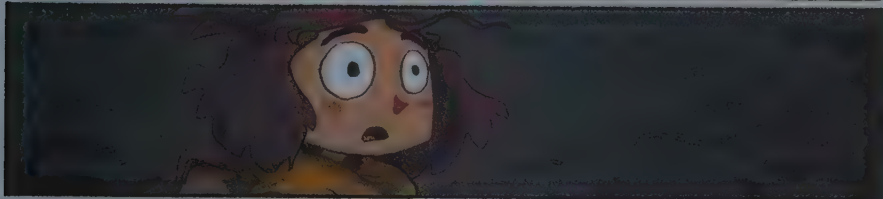
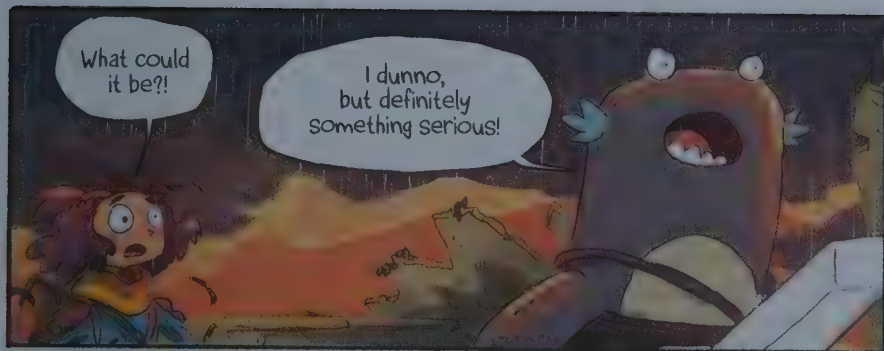
I'm afraid of doing
something wrong. Or losing
something. Or someone.
Or failing.

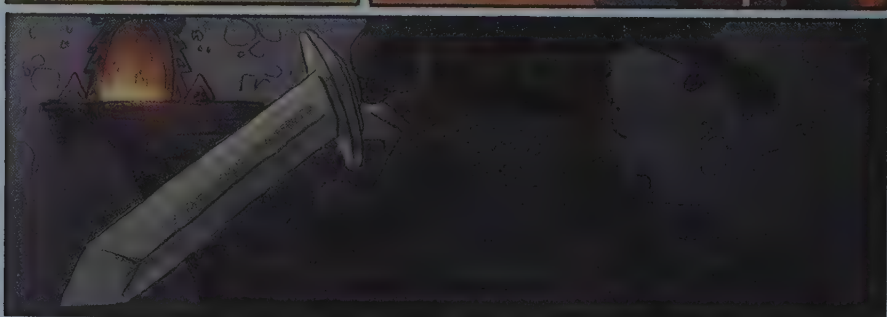
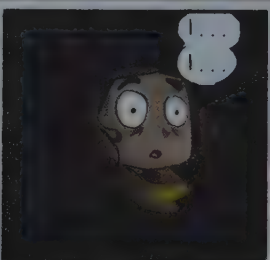
And I freeze.

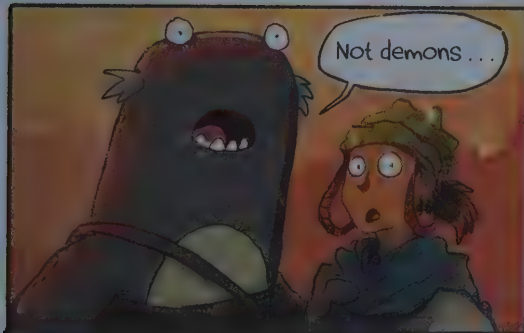
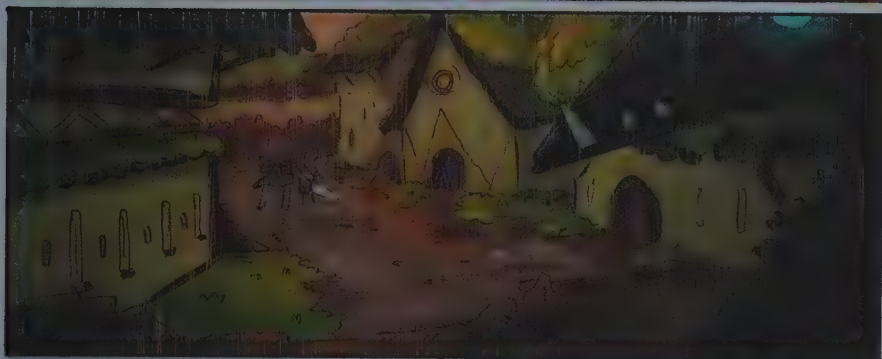
It's... frustrating.

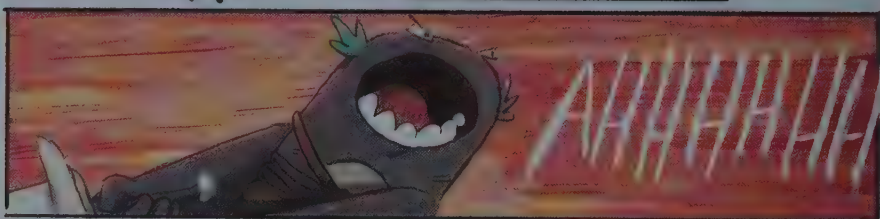
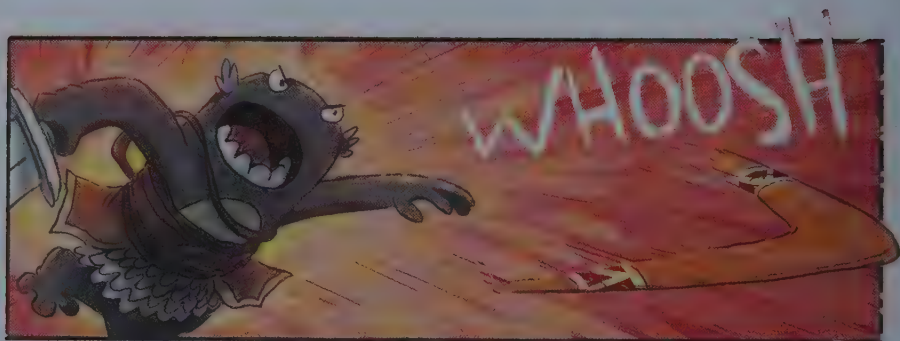














What am I doing up here?
People might need help

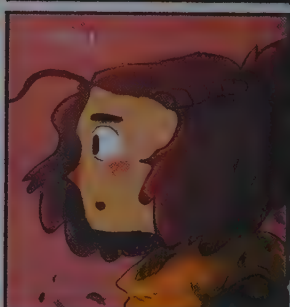
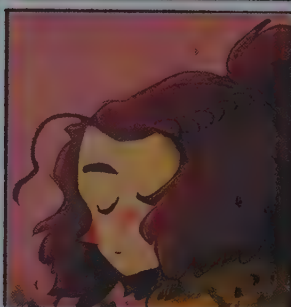
Cad might need help

I can do this

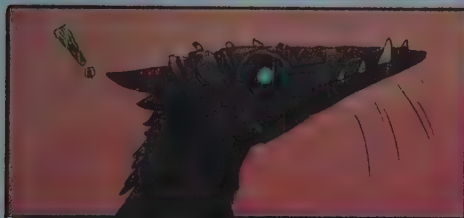
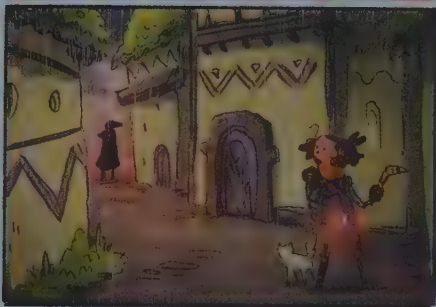
Just breathe

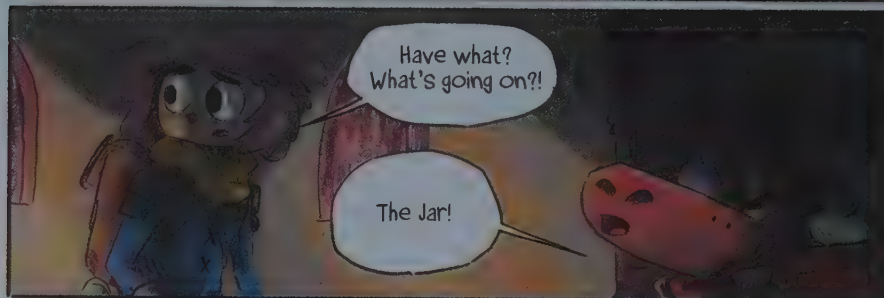
It's going to be fine.

Breathe in.



We've got
this, Nimm.
Let's go.







I've gotta find Cad before I go anywhere.



Listen!!
They will tear this place apart until they get that Jar! They will destroy everyone until they find it, then they'll kill you—

But—

Don't you understand?!



That's not simply an enchanted fire—

That flame is the last light of the sun!!



No way ...
Th-That's ...
That can't be ...



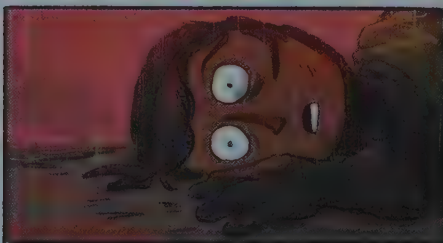
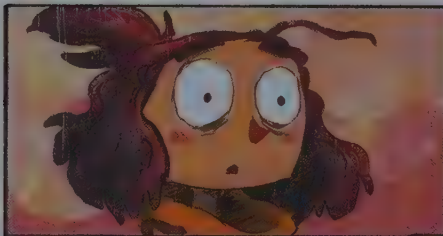
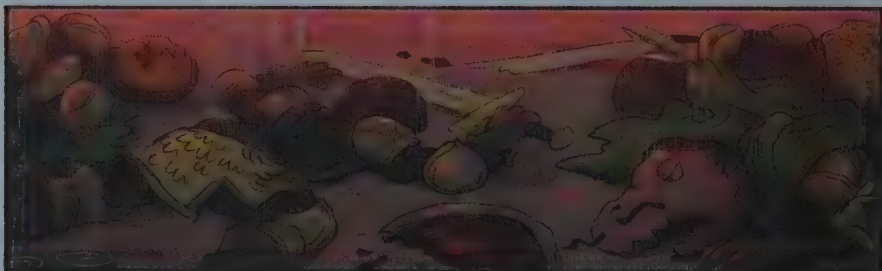
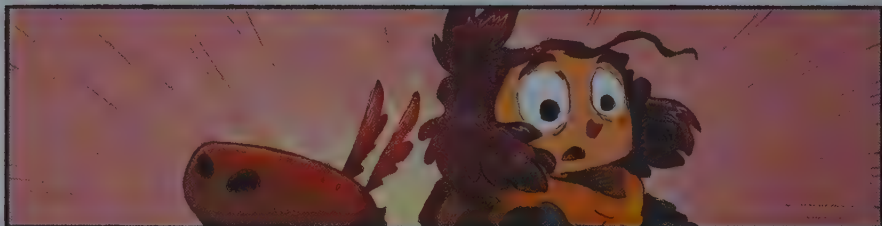
Wait—
why would I believe you?

Why would I make that up?!

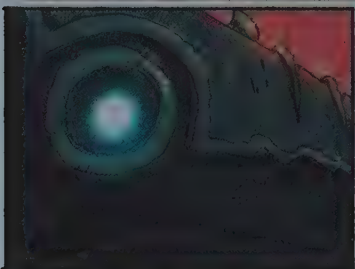
You already stole it from me once.

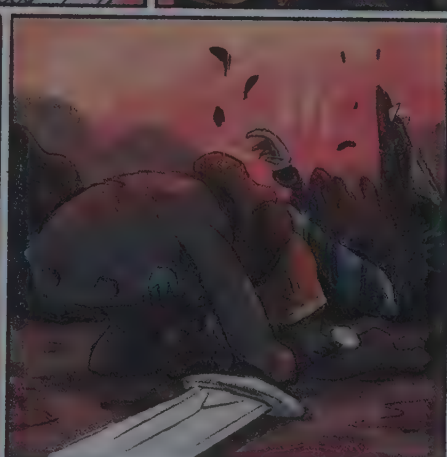
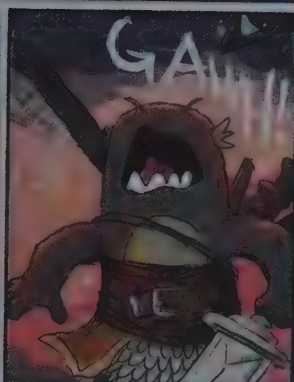


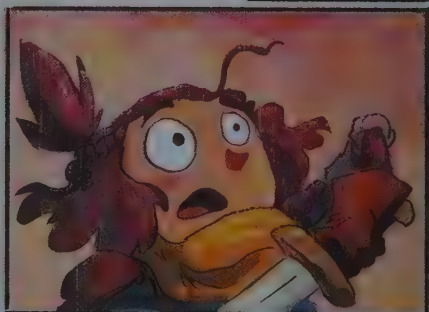
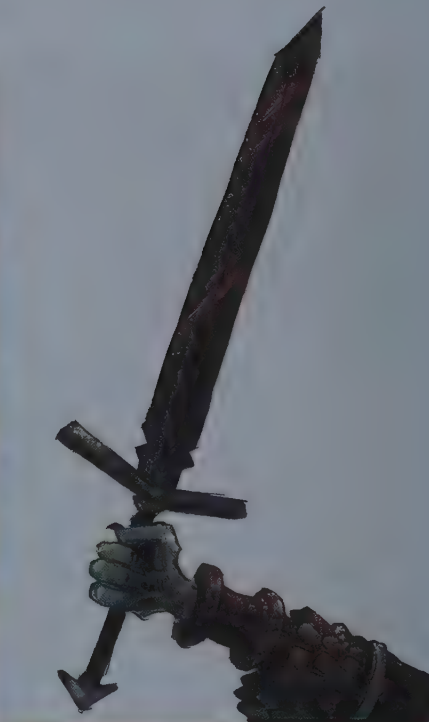
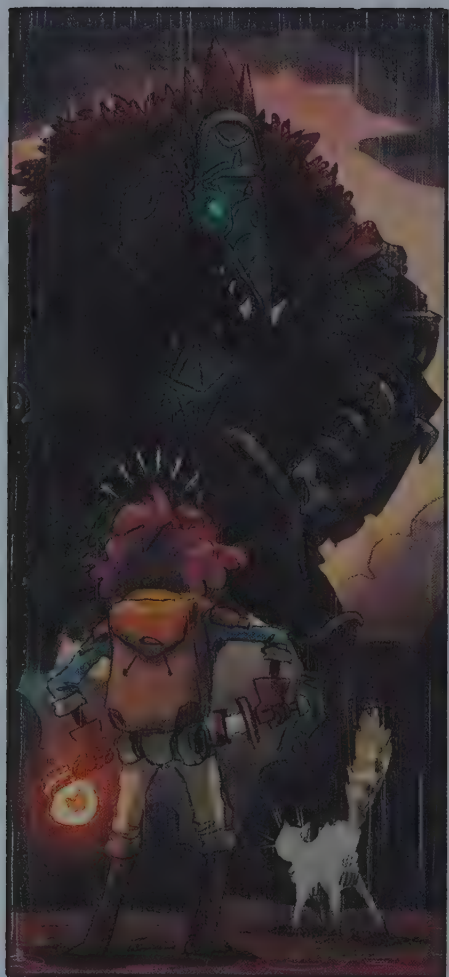
I'm going to find Cad. Then we'll get out of here and see if you're telling the truth.



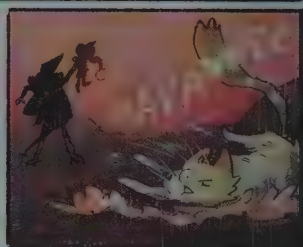
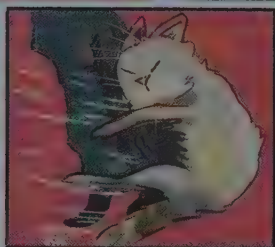
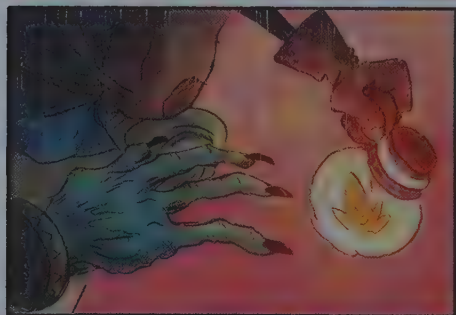
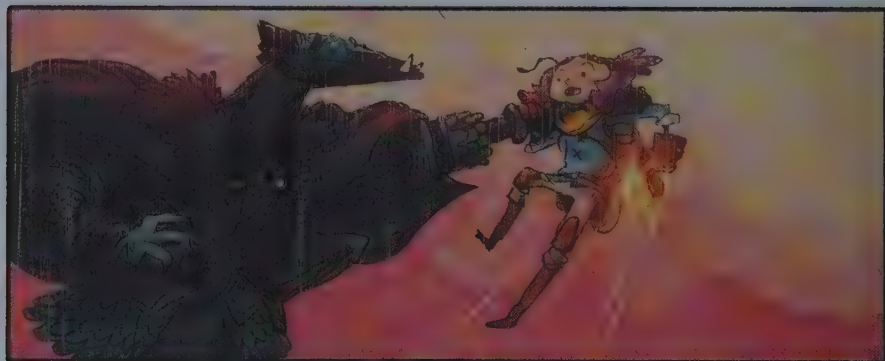


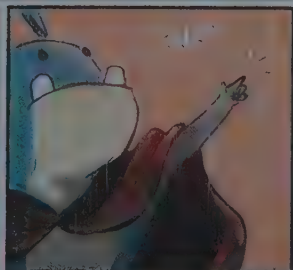
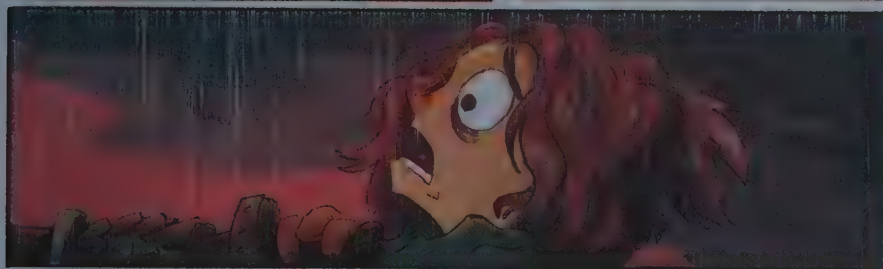
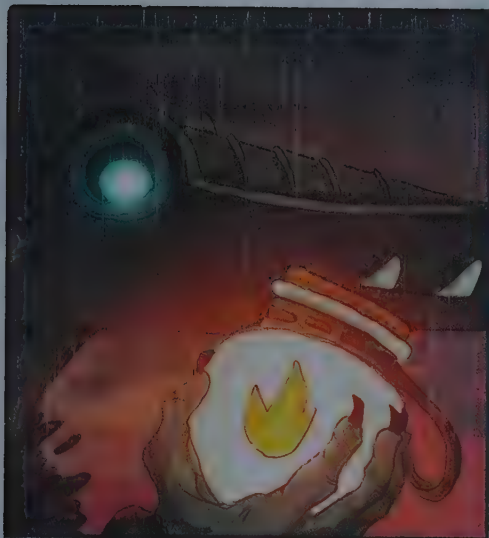




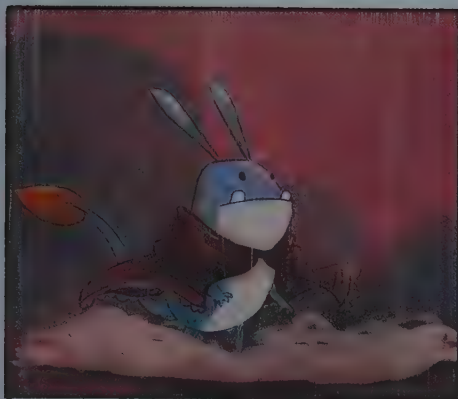


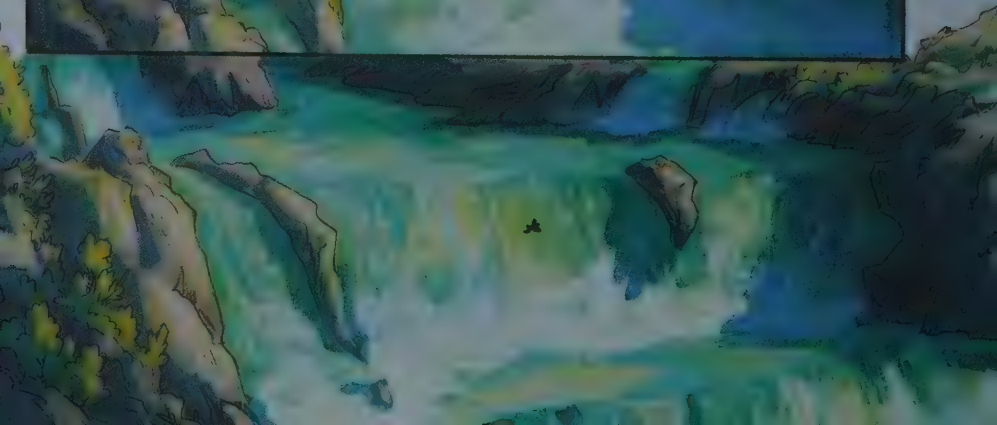
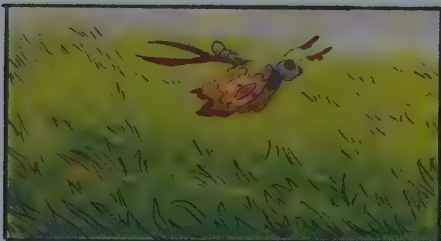
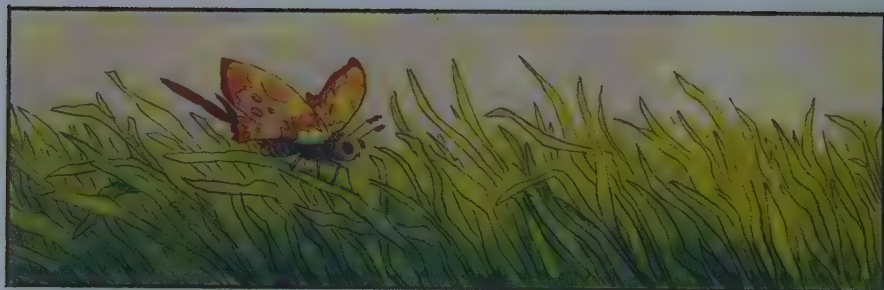


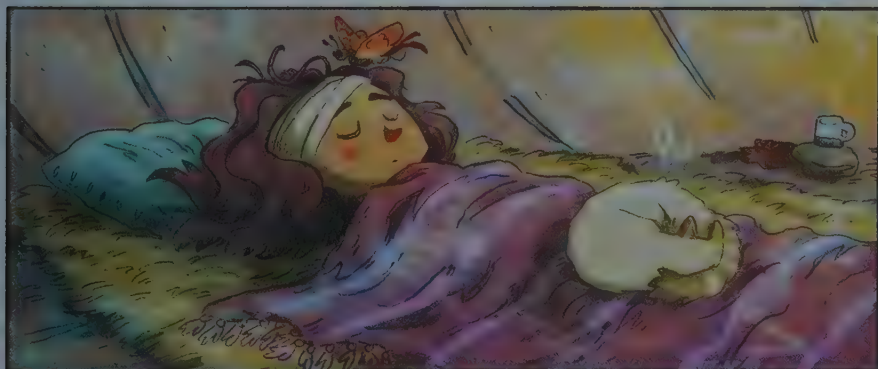
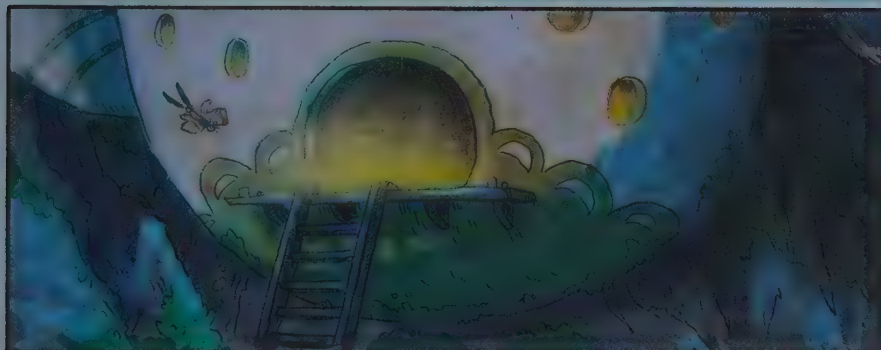
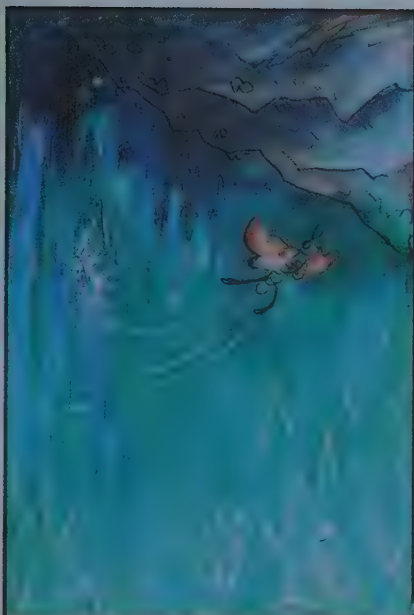
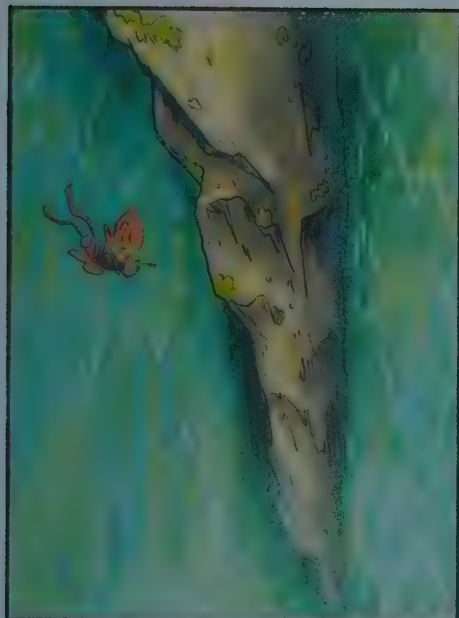


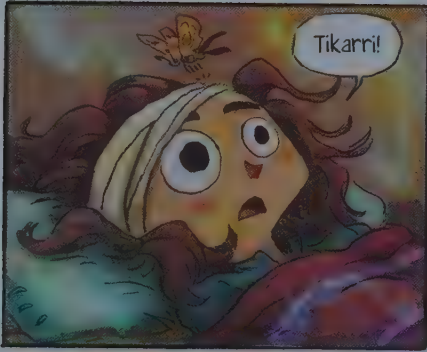


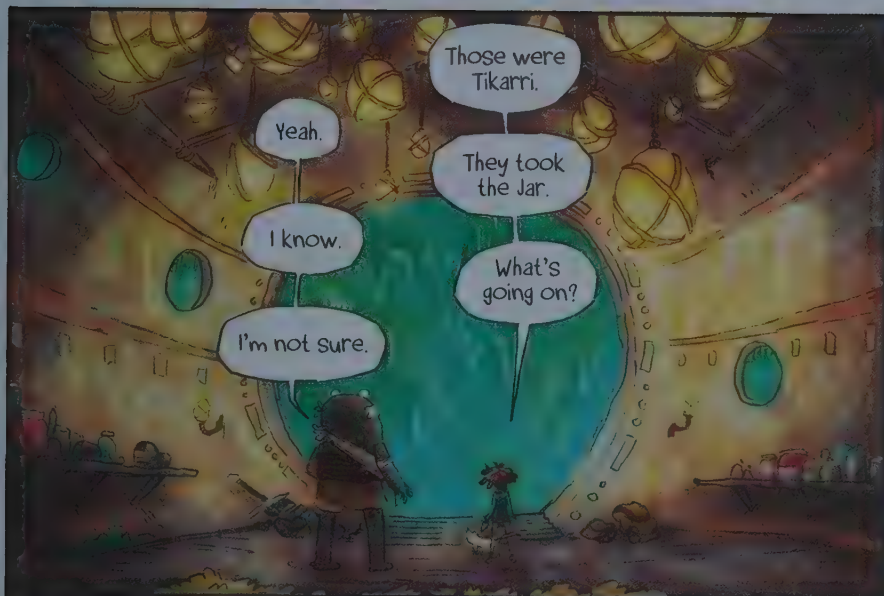


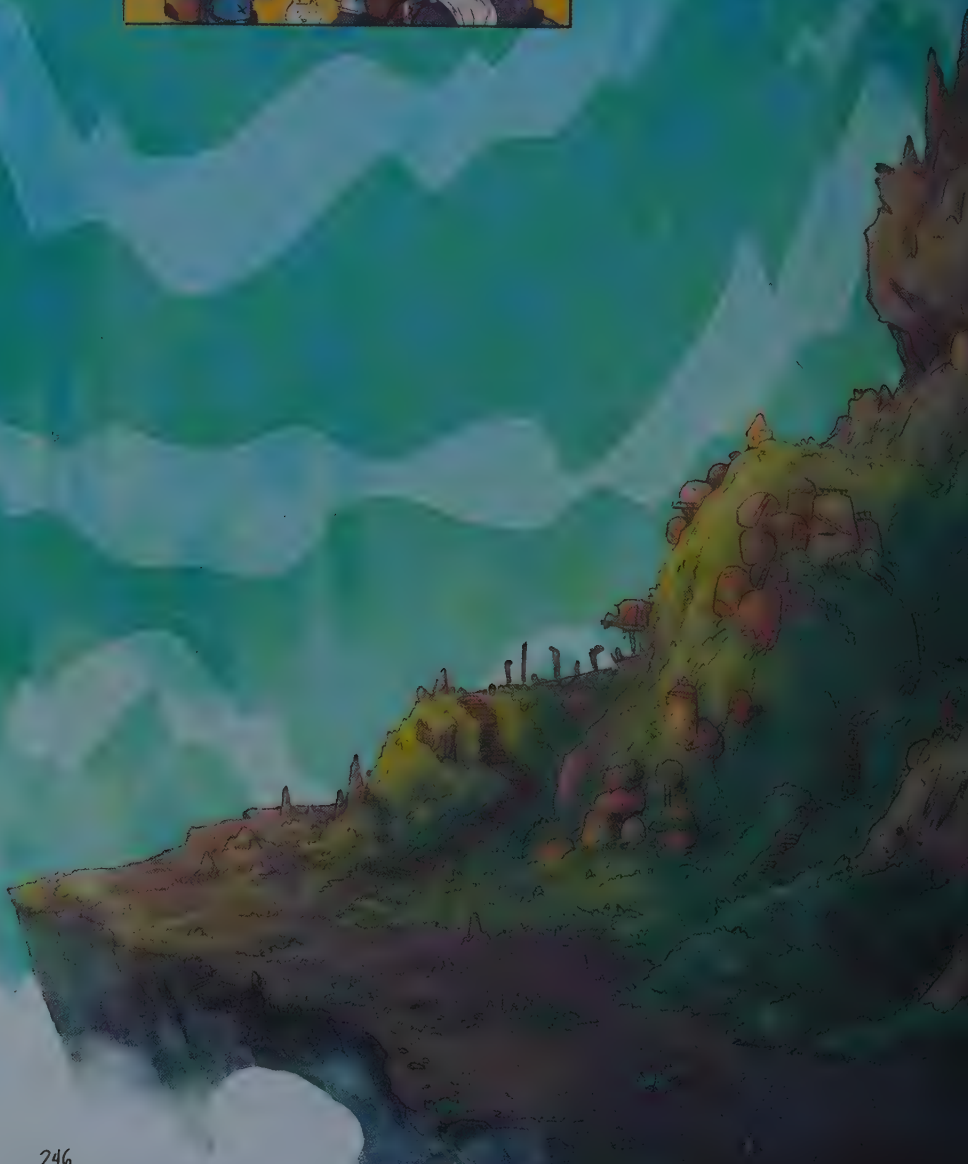












Where
are we?





For Beau and Thor, loyal studio mates.

Thanks to

Mom and Dad, Sean, Tara, MK, Ted and Alice, Kate,
Grams and Bryan for helping flat; Joe Burrascano,
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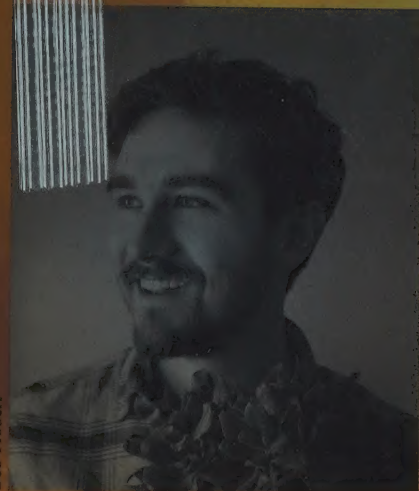
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Bob Probert



TIM PROBERT has illustrated children's books, including *Pickle* by Kim Baker, as well as magazines and advertisements. He is also an art director at the animation studio Nathan Love. He lives in New York City with his wife and two cats.



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