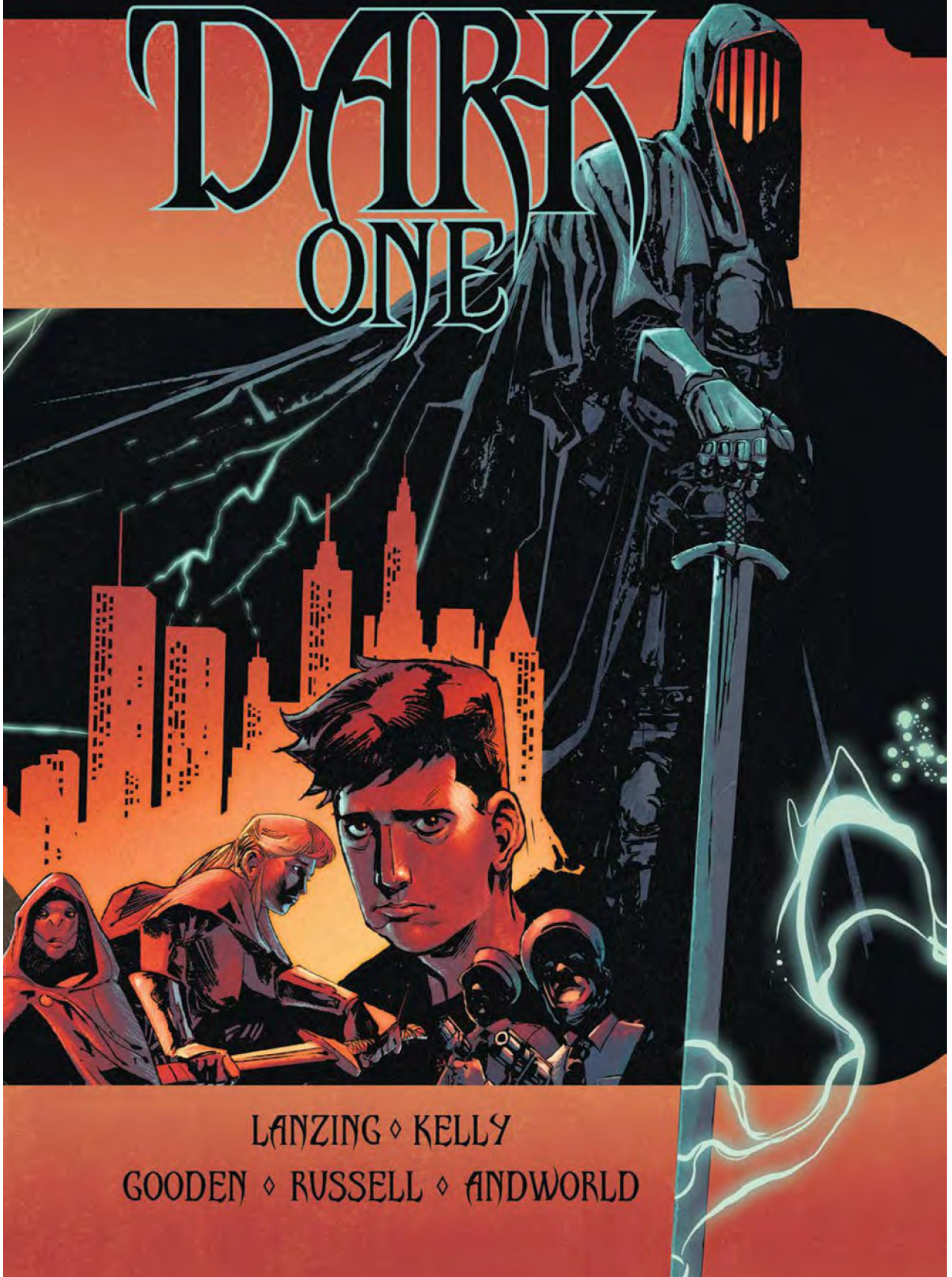


BRANDON SANDERSON'S

DARK ONE



LANZING ◊ KELLY

GOODEN ◊ RUSSELL ◊ ANDWORLD







PAUL.

ARE YOU, OR HAVE YOU EVER, CONSIDERED HARMING EITHER YOURSELF OR OTHERS?



NO. THAT'S WHAT I DON'T WANT.

GOOD. THAT'S GOOD. YOU'RE A *UNIQUE* PATIENT, PAUL.



WE'VE KNOWN THIS SINCE YOU PROVED YOURSELF TO BE THE ONLY SOUL ON EARTH THAT LEONARD DOESN'T LIKE.

HSSSS



WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME, IT'S GOOD.

YOU'RE SEEING SOMETHING IN YOURSELF, SOMETHING THAT *SCARES* YOU. BUT THAT FEAR COMES FROM WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO *OTHERS*.



I REALIZE IT'S A THIN SILVER LINING, BUT YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING-- *SOMEONE*-- BEYOND YOURSELF.

AND THAT'S... GOOD?

WELL, IT MEANS YOU'RE NOT A *SOCIOPATH*.



WAIT, DID YOU THINK I COULD BE A *SOCIOPATH*?



OF COURSE NOT, PAUL. BUT *YOU* DID.

THE HEAVY CHEST, BINKY RED LIGHT? THAT'S A PANIC ATTACK. I WANT TO INCREASE YOUR NORMAL DOSAGE BY ANOTHER HALF PILL, JUST SNAP 'EM WITH YOUR FINGER.



THIS WEEK, WHEN YOU GET SCARED. OR FEEL UNSAFE. OR LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT TO UNRAVEL.

TAKE A BREATH AND REMEMBER THAT *YOU* ARE YOUR ONLY CONCERN.

CARING ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE IS GREAT, BUT YOU, PAUL, ARE ALL YOU NEED TO WORRY ABOUT.

"YOU KNOW, FOR ONCE, I LOVE HIS ADVICE."





NO. NEVER.



MAYBE.

WOW, SO DECISIVE.



I DON'T KNOW, NIKKA! IT'S COMPLICATED! HOW WOULD I EVEN START?

SOMETHING LIKE, "DR. MARCUS, SOMETIMES I SEE AN ALIEN WORLD OF EVIL TWISTED DARK CRUEL MYSTERIOUS WEIRDNESS--"

STOP.



AND ALSO, I WANT TO RIP THE HEADS OFF MY CLASSMATES AND ANIMALS AND BURN THE WORLD TO THE--

STOP!



FINE. BUT YOU SHOULDN'T LET THIS STUFF FESTER, MY DUDE. YOU'VE GOT TO LET IT OUT.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.



I'M YOUR SISTER, PAUL. WHATEVER DOES HAPPEN, YOU CAN'T SCARE ME AWAY.



I DON'T HAVE A SISTER.

I NEVER DID.



THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS ADORABLE FACE?

YOU ARE SUCH A WEIRDO.



BUT YOU'RE MY WEIRDO. I GUESS.

HOW DID I GET SO LUCKY?





YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW?

I MEAN...

CAPTIVE AUDIENCE.

SEE? YOU GET IT.



HERE I AM NOW. ENTERTAIN ME.



THE GAME'S AN **AUTOMATED SYSTEM**. A FUTURISTIC CITY, LARGE AND SPRAWLING, AND IT KEEPS MILLIONS OF LIVES IN BALANCE. THE PLAYER IS THE HEART. THEY HAVE ACCESS TO **THOUSANDS** OF MENUS, EACH WITH THEIR OWN SYSTEMS. AND EVERYONE IS HAPPY.

IN A PERFECT WORLD, THE GAME PLAYS ITSELF. YOU LOAD IT UP AND WATCH IT GO, LIKE A RUBIC GOLDBERG DEVICE.

BUT...

EVERY TIME YOU LOAD THE GAME, SOMETHING DIFFERENT IS **WRONG**. SOMETHING SMALL, INSIGNIFICANT, SOMETHING **DEEP** IN THE SYSTEM.



YOU HAVE TO **FIX** IT.

COULD TAKE HOURS. COULD TAKE WEEKS. BUT WHEN YOU DO...

BOOM. HAPPY.



UNTIL THE NEXT TIME YOU START IT UP.

WOW. SUBTLE.

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...





HOW WAS DR. MARCUS?

HE WAS GOOD, MOM.

BEST IN THE CITY, I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY.



YEAH, FEELING MORE SANE ALREADY.

HOW WAS COURT?



YOU KNOW ME, PAUL. IT NEVER CAME TO THAT.

BIGGEST SETTLEMENT OF THE YEAR SO FAR. SO IF YOU NEED SOME MONEY--

HI, TREBOR!

I DON'T.



YOU KNOW I WISH YOU'D LET ME HELP. I SPEND ALL DAY HELPING THE WORST PEOPLE IN THIS CITY, GIVING YOU A LITTLE SCRATCH IS THE LEAST--

MOM. CAN WE NOT DO THE MONEY THING?

WHATEVER YOU SAY. IT'S YOUR SPECIAL DAY, AFTER ALL.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PAUL.

BEEP



OH, MAN. DID SHE DO IT AGAIN?



CREATED & STORY BY
BRANDON SANDERSON

WRITTEN BY
JACKSON LANZING & COLLIN KELLY

DRAWN BY
NATHAN GOODEN

COLORED BY
KURT MICHAEL RUSSELL

LETTERED BY
ANDWORLD DESIGN



MARCY, I NEED THE FILES ON COLEMAN STEWART.

CAN YOU BRING UP THE CITY RECORDS? I CAN'T FIND THE REPORT.

WE SETTLED THAT ONE, REMEMBER?

OH SHOOT, THERE SHE IS.



YOUR COFFEE.

THANKS, REBECCA.

GOT THE SETTLEMENT JUST A MOMENT AGO, I'M FORWARDING TO BILLING.

GOOD STUFF.

AND MS. YANG-TANASIN? MR. MITCHELL'S IN YOUR--



I SEE.

THAT'LL BE ALL, REBECCA.



CONGRATULATIONS, LIN.

TOLD YOU I'D KEEP 'EM OUT OF COURT, GEOFF.

LIKE I'D EVER DOUBT YOU. HOW'S PAUL?

LIVING IN A FLOPHOUSE AND PRETENDING HIS THERAPIST IS HELPING. I FORGOT HIS BIRTHDAY AGAIN.



I SCREWED UP MARY'S ANNIVERSARY GIFT LAST YEAR. YOU MAY BE THE BEST DEFENSE LAWYER IN NEW YORK STATE BUT YOU'RE STILL HUMAN.

WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER TWENTY YEARS. YOU REALLY AMBUSHED ME IN MY OFFICE TO GIVE ME A PEP TALK?



THEY MOVED UP THE DEPO.

REBECCA DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

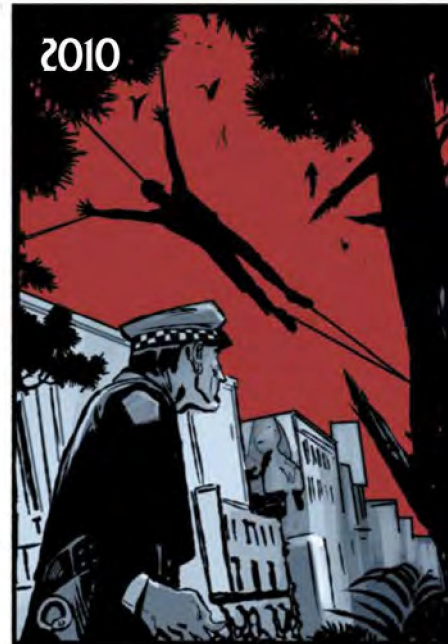
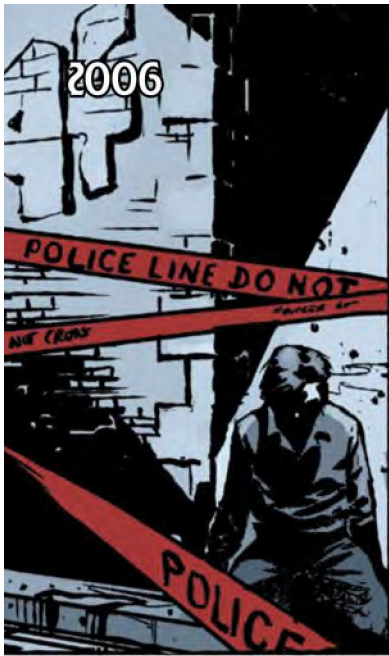
NYPD CONTACTED THE PARTNERS DIRECTLY. APPARENTLY, THE MAN'S READY TO TALK AND KEEPS THREATENING TO GO QUIET UNLESS WE MOVE NOW.

NO REST FOR THE WICKED.

TRUE STORY. AND NEVER TRUER THAN NOW. I'D GET COMFY IF I WERE YOU, THIS IS GONNA TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY.



LET'S REVIEW THE STRANGE CASE OF MISTER CALIGO.







FIFTEEN MURDERS. FIFTEEN.



IT'S ALL CIRCUMSTANTIAL. HE HAS NO KNOWN RESIDENCE, AND HIS TOXICOLOGY'S CLEAN.

IT'S A MODEL INSANITY CASE.



FIFTEEN.

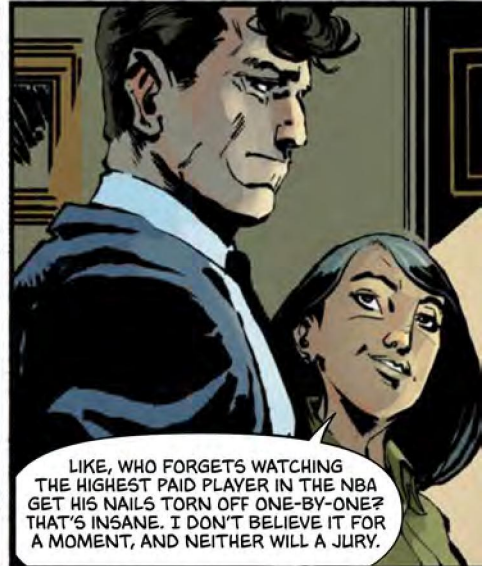
WE'RE IN NEW YORK. FIFTEEN PEOPLE IS A BAD WEDNESDAY.

FACT IS, THERE'S NOT MUCH TO SAY THIS POOR GUY DID IT EXCEPT THE WORD OF A DETECTIVE AND SOME TRUE CRIME *PODCAST* INVESTIGATION INFLATING THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BUT POLICE TESTIMONY AND PUBLIC OPINION AREN'T SMALL HURDLES. AND THEY HAVE EYEWITNESSES.



YOU MEAN THE WITNESSES WHO CLAIM TO HAVE *FORGOTTEN* ABOUT THE MURDERS FOR A FEW YEARS UNTIL IT WAS CONVENIENT TO COME FORWARD? I THINK THEY'RE SUPPLYING US A LAUNDRY LIST OF POTENTIAL SUSPECTS WITH NO ALIBI.



LIKE, WHO FORGETS WATCHING THE HIGHEST PAID PLAYER IN THE NBA GET HIS NAILS TORN OFF ONE-BY-ONE? THAT'S INSANE. I DON'T BELIEVE IT FOR A MOMENT, AND NEITHER WILL A JURY.

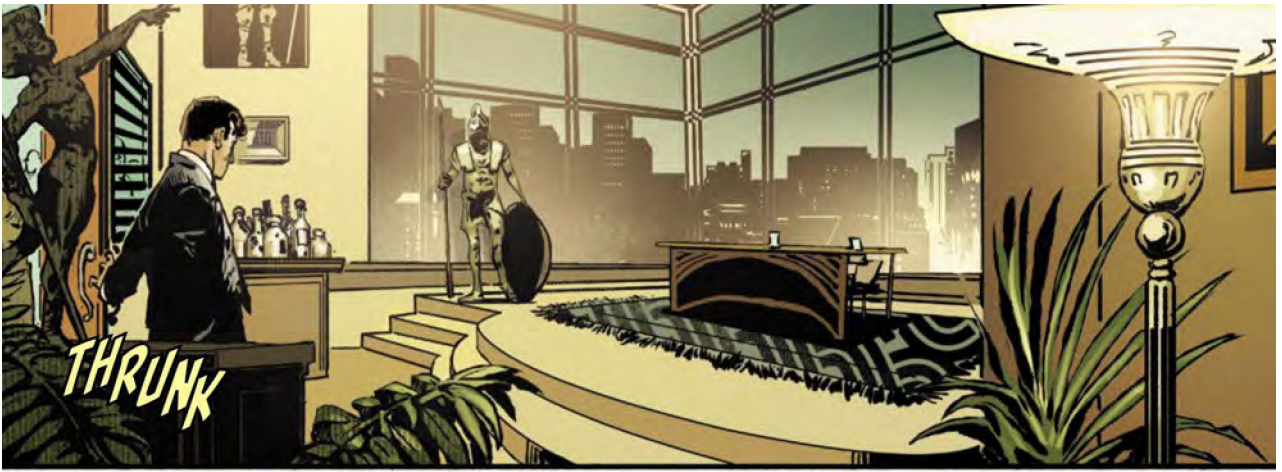


OPEN AND SHUT THEN.



OPEN TODAY. SHUT TOMORROW.







MIRANDUS.
THE WHITE KINGDOMS.



HE COMES!
QUICKLY, ANOLA,
THE GOOD
WINE!



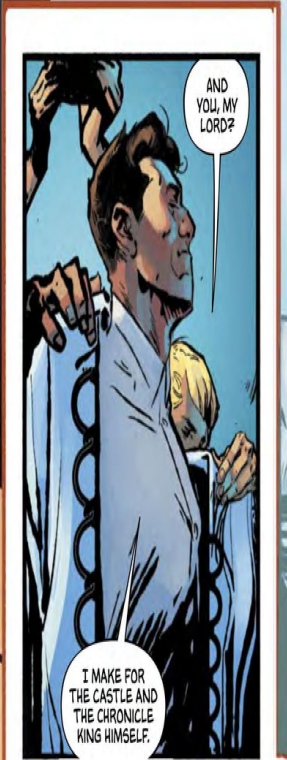
AS MUCH AS
I APPRECIATE THE
WARM WELCOME,
MY FRIENDS, I'M
AFRAID THE TIME
FOR CELEBRATION
WILL BE SHORT.



WHAT NEWS,
OH EXALTED HAND
OF DESTINY?

ONLY THE
MOST GRAVE. THE
NARRATIVE IS IN
MOTION. OUR EVERY
ACTION NOW IS WRIT
INTO THE STONE
OF HISTORY.

SIGNAL
KRAIS/S TO BEGIN
HIS PREPARATIONS,
AS I INSTRUCTED
WHEN LAST MY
FEET WALKED
MIRANDAN
SOIL.



AND
YOU, MY
LORD?

I MAKE FOR
THE CASTLE AND
THE CHRONICLE
KING HIMSELF.



I'LL
TAKE THE
WINE TO
GO.



YOU MAY ANNOUNCE ME.

OF COURSE, YE MOST WHITE.



ANNOUNCING!

THE ARCANE SHIELD OF MIRANDUS! THE DARK ONE'S BANE!

THE DESTINED ONE OF LIGHT'S KINGDOMS! THE HERO OF THE BURNING NIGHT! THE WHITE WIZARD...

ILLARION.



MY WHITE WIZARD.



GOSOVIC.

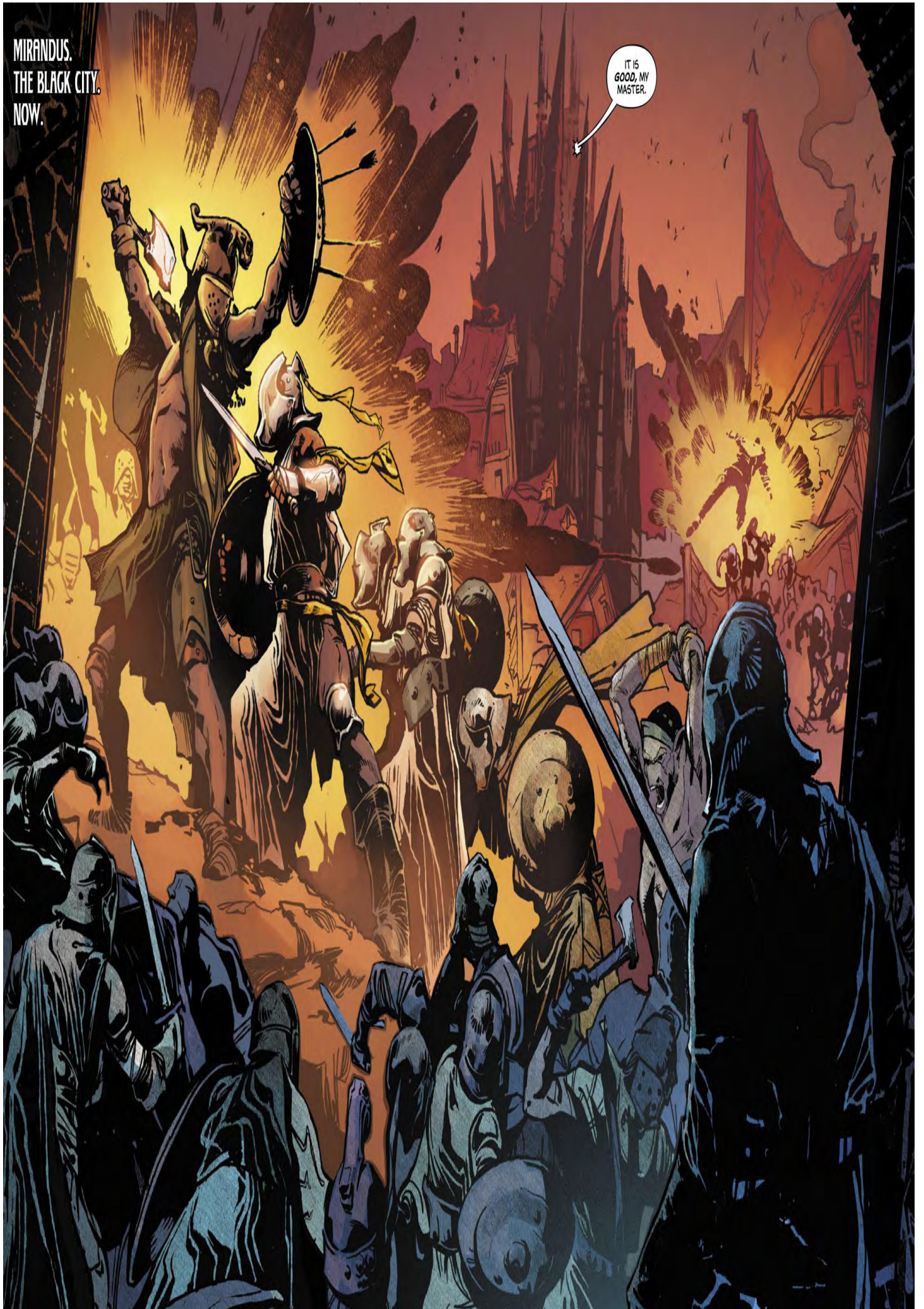
MY CHRONICAL KING.

A black background with scattered red roses and a single sword. The roses are in various stages of bloom and are scattered across the page. A single sword is positioned diagonally, pointing towards the bottom right. The text is located in the lower right quadrant.

PROLOGUE
THE HEART OF THE CITY

MIRANDUS.
THE BLACK CITY.
NOW.

IT IS
GOOD, MY
MASTER.





THE CITY WALL IS RUIN AND DEATH.

THE VANGUARDS OF LIGHT WEAR OUR BLOOD.

MANY DRULL ARE DEAD. MANY MORE WILL DIE.



IT IS GOOD.



GOOD DOES NOT EXIST, RASTIK.



TRY TO REMEMBER THAT. NOW MORE THAN EVER. HOLD IT IN YOUR MIND.

I KNOW, LORD.



THEY BROUGHT THIS ON THEMSELVES.

HER MOST OF ALL.



NO, RASTIK. CLEAR YOUR THOUGHTS OF HATE OR THE BOND WILL BE CORRUPTED.

THIS IS MY CHOICE.



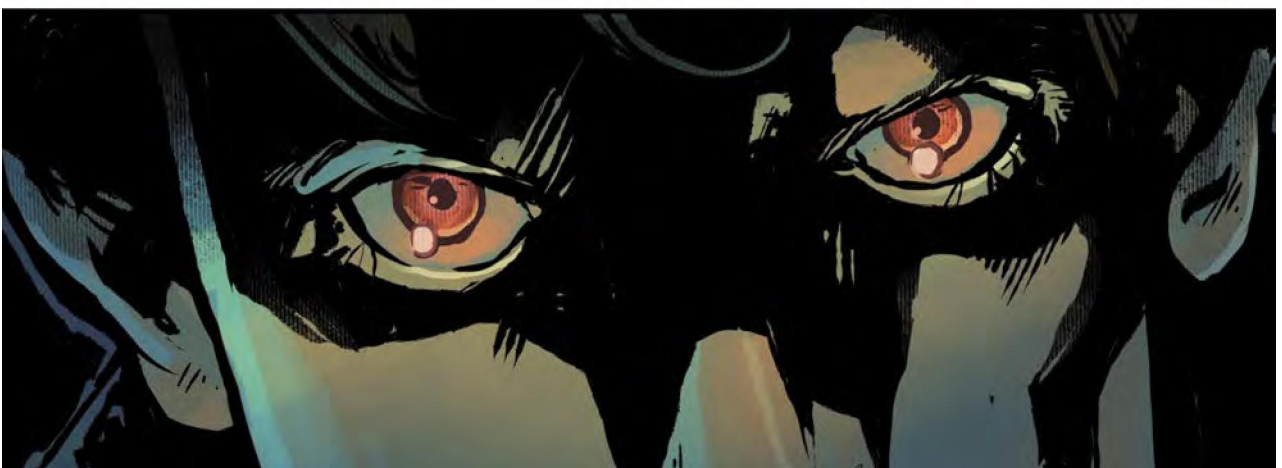
YOUR GRACE...

IF THIS POOR DRULL COULD BE SO BOLD. THE CHOICE IS OURS.



YES. OF COURSE. YOU'RE RIGHT AS EVER, RASTIK.

MY THOUGHTS ARE ONLY OF THE DARK ONE. UNTIL THE LIGHT TAKES US.







EARTH.
NEW YORK CITY.
THREE WEEKS AGO.

YOU WANNA
LET ME IN ON
THE MYSTERY,
PAUL?

YOU'RE ONLY
SEVENTEEN,
AFTER ALL.
MOVING OUT IS
A BIG STEP.



IT NEEDED TO
HAPPEN. I JUST--I
DIDN'T WANT TO BE
THERE ANYMORE. SO WE
MADE A DEAL. MOM'S
FAMOUS FOR
THEM.

I GET MY
OWN PLACE.
SHE GETS...

YOU ON THIS
COUCH.

...TO TELL HER
RICH FRIENDS I'M
NOT *TOTALLY*
CRAZY.

AND ARE
YOU *ENJOYING*
IT? LIVING
ALONE?

I...
SURE.



I'D LOVE TO
KNOW SOME
DETAILS.



WHAT'S TO
SAY? I'M ALONE.
THAT'S IT. JUST
ME AND MY
THOUGHTS AND
SOME VERY
LOCKED DOORS.

I DON'T
HAVE TO
BE CLOSE TO
ANYONE AND
NO ONE HAS
TO BE CLOSE
TO ME.



...

NO
ONE GETS
HURT.