

THE DARK TOWER

THE DRAWING OF THE THREE

STEPHEN KING

JAKE CHAMBERS IS AN AVERAGE BOY LIVING IN 1970s NEW YORK CITY. OR AT LEAST HE WAS UNTIL HE STARTED HEARING A VOICE IN HIS HEAD TELLING HIM THAT HE WAS DEAD. AS FEAR FOR HIS SANITY STARTS TO PREOCCUPY JAKE, HE BEGINS HAVING DREAMS AND VISIONS OF STRANGE OTHER WORLDS THAT ARE EVEN STRANGER BECAUSE THEY FEEL SO REAL AND ODDLY FAMILIAR... LIKE HIS PART IN A PLACE CALLED MID-WORLD...

A WORLD AWAY, IN THIS MID-WORLD, A COWBOY CALLED ROLAND DESCHAIN IS ON A QUEST TO FIND THE DARK TOWER, ALONG WITH THE RECENTLY ACQUIRED COMPANIONS TO HIS GROUP (OR KA-TET), EDDIE AND SUSANNAH DEAN. ROLAND HAS ALSO BEEN SUFFERING FROM A BIZARRE MENTAL ANGUISH. UPON RECOVERING FROM A VISION OF JAKE IN DANGER, ROLAND WAS ABLE TO ARTICULATE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM: HIS MEMORY IS DOUBLED, AND ROLAND SIMULTANEOUSLY REMEMBERS BOTH A HISTORY AS HE BELIEVES IT TO BE TRUE—ONE WHERE HE NEVER MET JAKE—AND ONE THAT SHOULD BE TRUE BUT ISN'T, WHERE JAKE BECAME PART OF HIS KA-TET.

AS THE KA-TET RESTED, EDDIE DREAMED HE WAS JAKE, WALKING THROUGH NEW YORK CITY. BUT HIS DREAM WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE BLARING WARNING ALARM EMANATING FROM THE DEFEATED CYBORG BEAR SHARDIK, ANNOUNCING THE MELTDOWN OF ITS NUCLEAR BATTERIES THAT, IF LEFT UNCHECKED, WILL WIPE OUT A VAST SWATH OF MID-WORLD!

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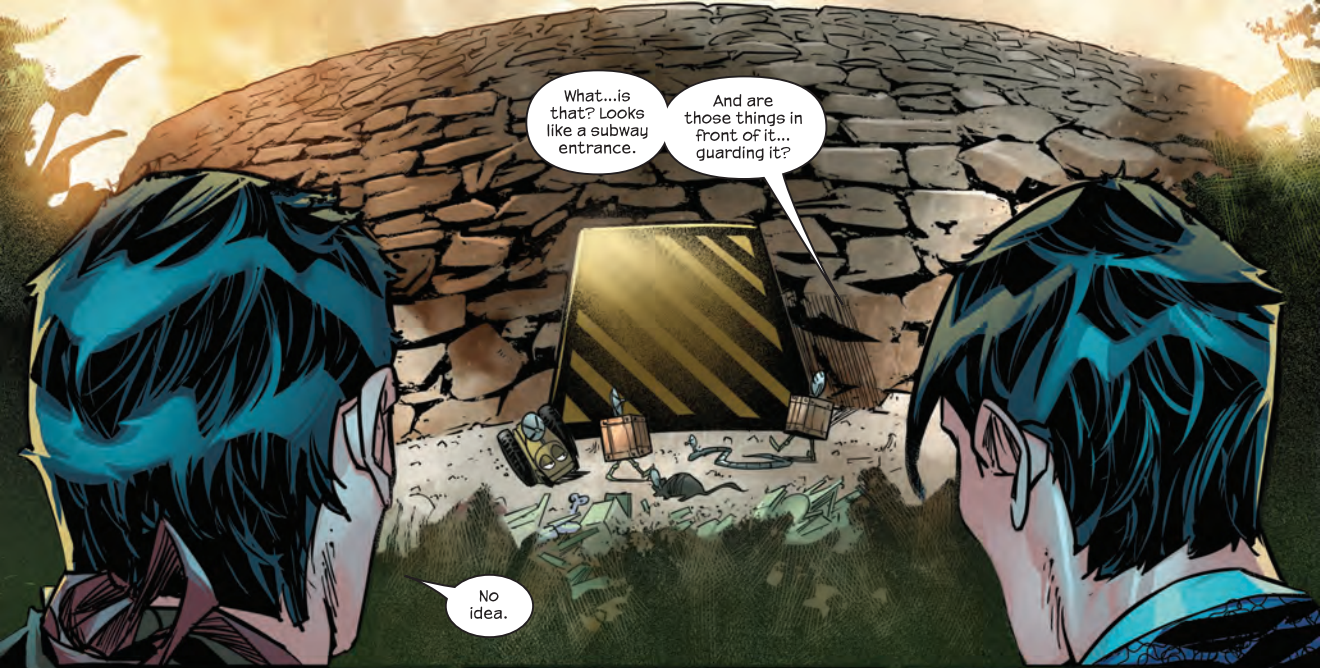


Yeah, there is. To my fucking ears.



It doesn't take long for the trail to become way too rough for Susannah's chair. She hates being carried by Roland, but there's no choice.





What...is that? Looks like a subway entrance.

And are those things in front of it... guarding it?

No idea.



Did you just tug on my leg?

No.



Jesus!

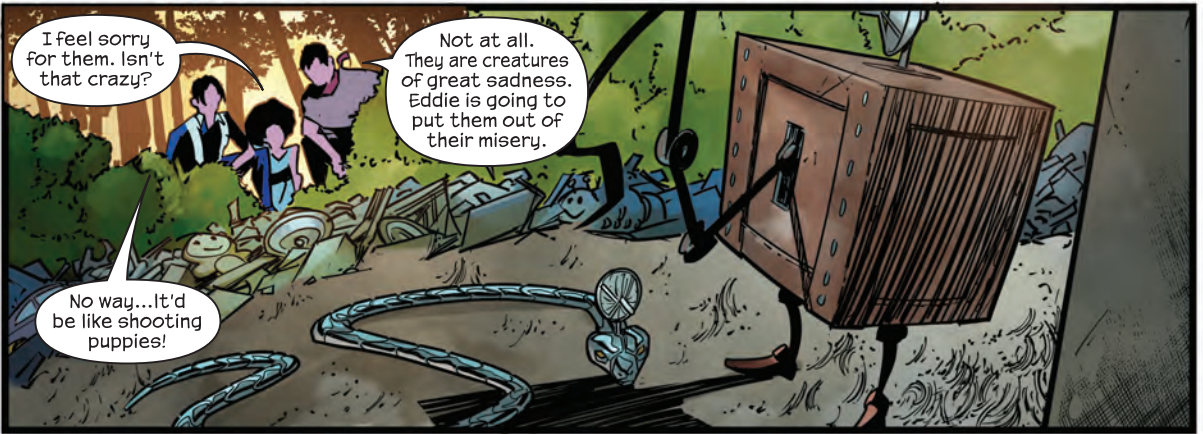
I almost put a bullet in your head! What're you doing here?!



Wanted to see. Besides, it was spooky back there by myself.



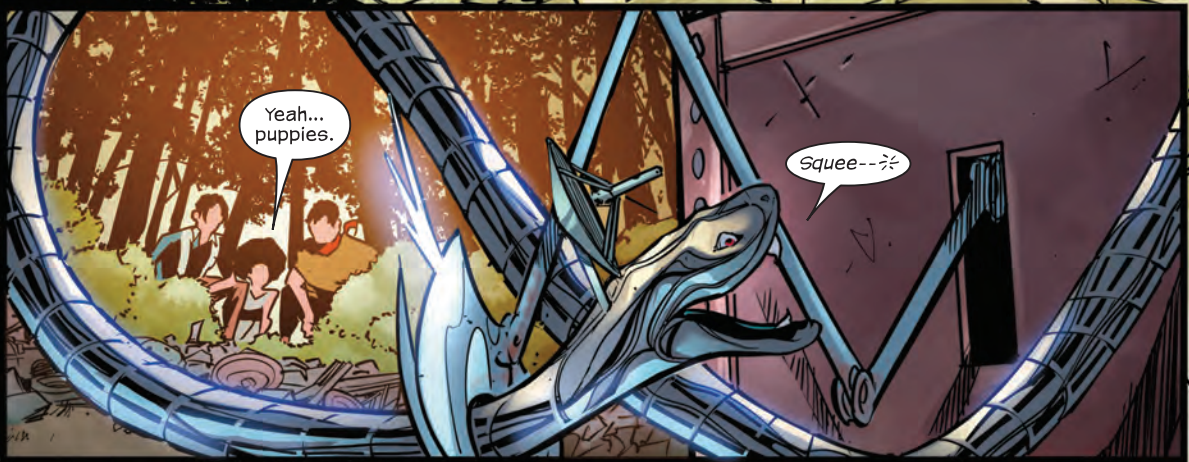
Have your look, then. I guess you earned it.



I feel sorry for them. Isn't that crazy?

Not at all. They are creatures of great sadness. Eddie is going to put them out of their misery.

No way...It'd be like shooting puppies!



Yeah...
puppies.

Squee--~



Shoot their
hats. Also, say
your lesson,
and be true.



I do not
shoot with my
hand; he who
shoots with his
hand has forgotten
the face of
his father.

I kill
with my
heart!



Cripes, the
rat's too fast!
Take it, Roland! I
only got one
bullet left!

Roland!