

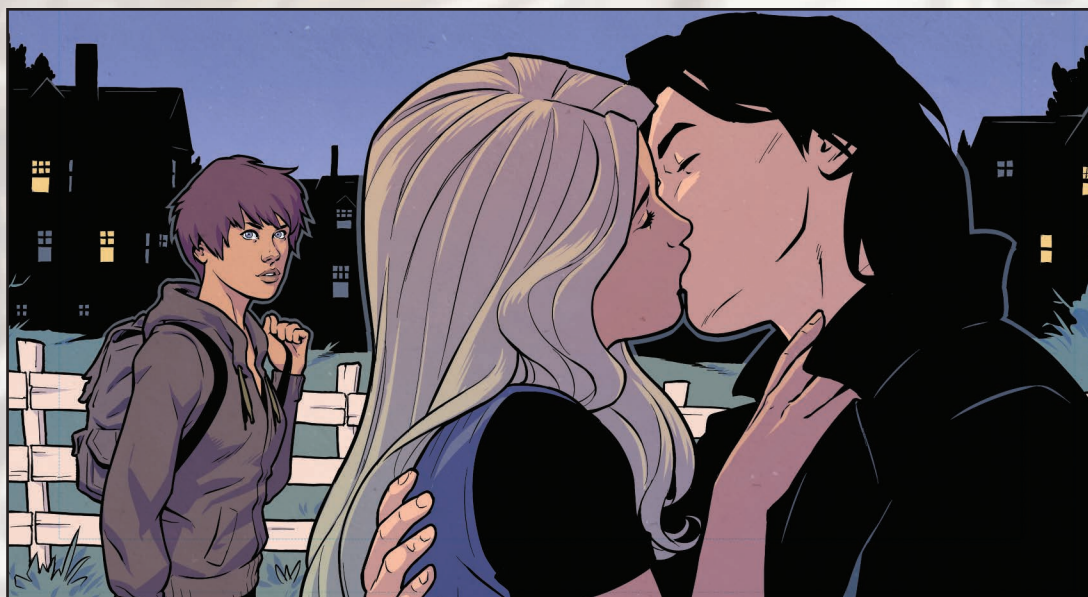
ALICE HOFFMAN • SAM WELLER • MORT CASTLE • CHRIS EVENHUIS

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SHADOW SHADOW

STORIES IN CELEBRATION OF RAY BRADBURY





SHADOW SHOW: STORIES IN CELEBRATION OF RAY BRADBURY

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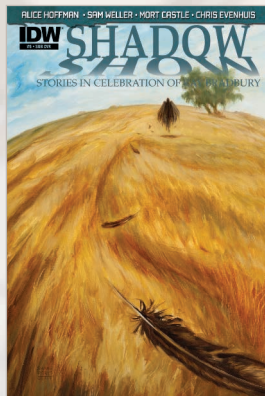
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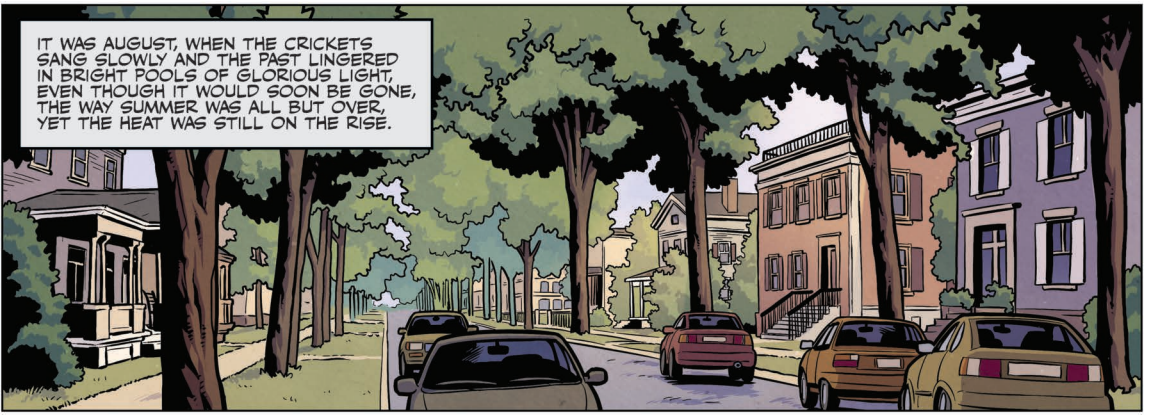
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IT WAS AUGUST, WHEN THE CRICKETS SANG SLOWLY AND THE PAST LINGERED IN BRIGHT POOLS OF GLORIOUS LIGHT, EVEN THOUGH IT WOULD SOON BE GONE, THE WAY SUMMER WAS ALL BUT OVER, YET THE HEAT WAS STILL ON THE RISE.

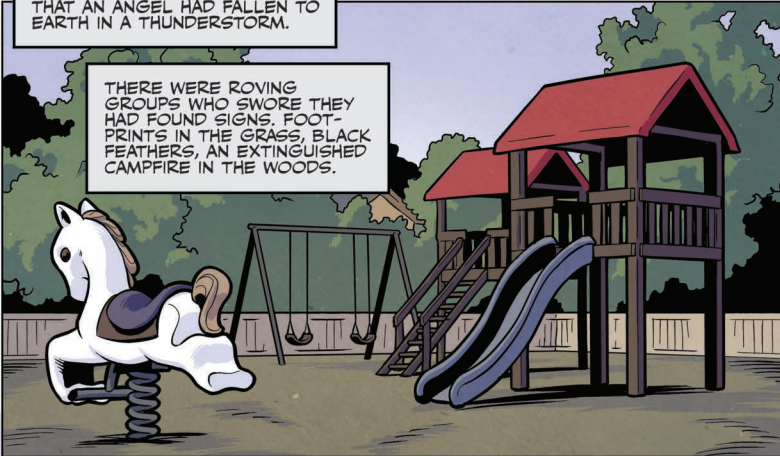


THE WEATHER HAD BEEN EXTREME THAT MONTH; DAYS OF DRENCHING RAIN, SUDDEN SHOWERS OF HAIL, TEMPERATURES PASSING RECORD HIGHS.



LOCAL CHILDREN WHISPERED THAT AN ANGEL HAD FALLEN TO EARTH IN A THUNDERSTORM.

THERE WERE ROVING GROUPS WHO SWORE THEY HAD FOUND SIGNS. FOOT-PRINTS IN THE GRASS, BLACK FEATHERS, AN EXTINGUISHED CAMPFIRE IN THE WOODS.



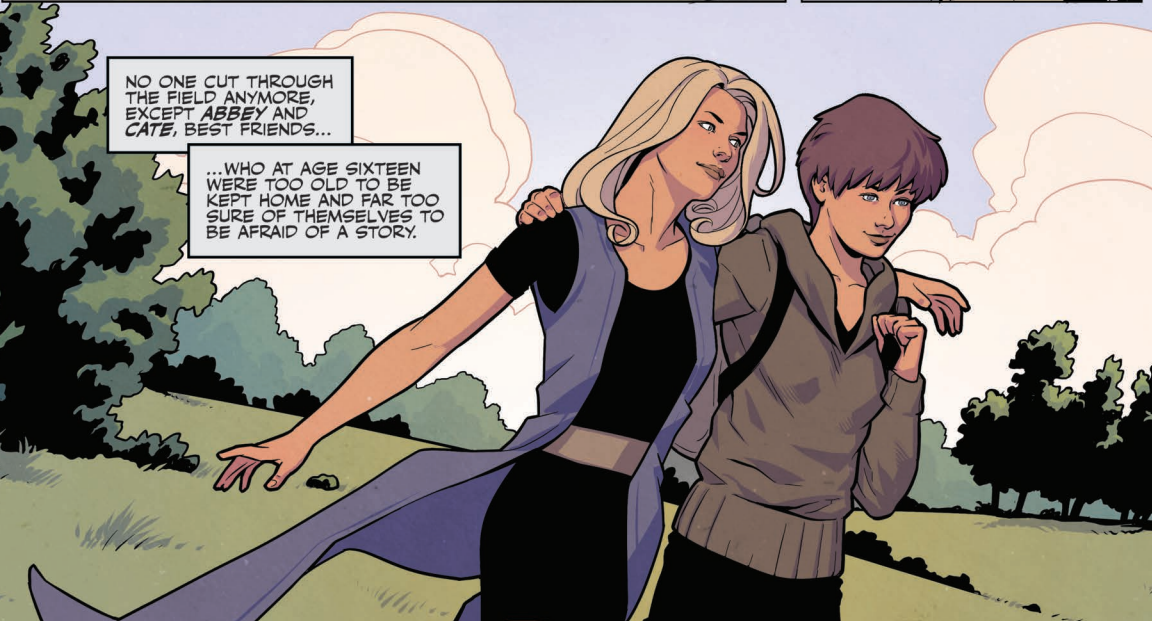
ONE NEIGHBORHOOD BOY VOWED THAT HE HAD SEEN A MAN IN A BLACK CLOAK RISE ABOVE THE EARTH AND WALK ON AIR...



...AND ALTHOUGH NO ONE BELIEVED HIS ACCOUNT, MOTHERS BEGAN TO KEEP THEIR CHILDREN HOME. THEY LOCKED THE DOORS, CALLED IN THE DOGS, KEPT THE LIGHTS ON AFTER DUSK.

NO ONE CUT THROUGH THE FIELD ANYMORE, EXCEPT ABBEY AND CATE, BEST FRIENDS...

...WHO AT AGE SIXTEEN WERE TOO OLD TO BE KEPT HOME AND FAR TOO SURE OF THEMSELVES TO BE AFRAID OF A STORY.



ON THE WAY HOME FROM THEIR JOBS AS SWIM COUNSELORS AT THE TOWN POOL, THEY OFTEN STOPPED AT THE LIBRARY.

ABBEY WOULD RUN IN TO FIND A NEW BOOK, TO GET HER THROUGH THE NIGHT.

SHE'D HAD TROUBLE SLEEPING LATELY, AND BOOKS WERE HER ANTIDOTE TO THE DARKNESS OF THESE LATE AUGUST NIGHTS.

SHE HAD THE DISTINCT IMPRESSION THAT SOMETHING WAS BEGINNING AND SOMETHING WAS ENDING; THERE WERE JUST SO MANY DAYS LIKE THIS LEFT TO THEM.

BEFORE THEY KNEW IT, TIME WOULD SPEED UP AND THE FUTURE WOULD APPEAR ON A STREET CORNER OR IN A PARK, AND THERE THEY'D BE, GROWN WOMEN WHO'D FORGOTTEN HOW LONG A SUMMER WOULD LAST.

EXCELLENT CHOICE!

"BY THE PRICKING OF MY THUMB, SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES." THE TITLE COMES FROM *MACBETH*, ACT IV.

DO YOU BELIEVE PEOPLE ARE WICKED?

CERTAINLY SOME PEOPLE ARE, BUT THERE'D BE NO INTERESTING NOVELS WITHOUT THEM, WOULD THERE?

JUDGE A PERSON THE SAME WAY YOU JUDGE A BOOK. A SEARCH FOR BEAUTY AND TRUTH, A GUT RESPONSE TO WHAT FEELS LIKE A LIE. INTUITION.

BY BLAIR
SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES



"THE SELLER OF LIGHTNING RODS ARRIVED JUST AHEAD OF THE STORM. HE CAME ALONG THE STREET OF GREEN TOWN, ILLINOIS IN THE LATE CLOUDY OCTOBER DAY, SNEAKING GLANCES OVER HIS SHOULDER..."

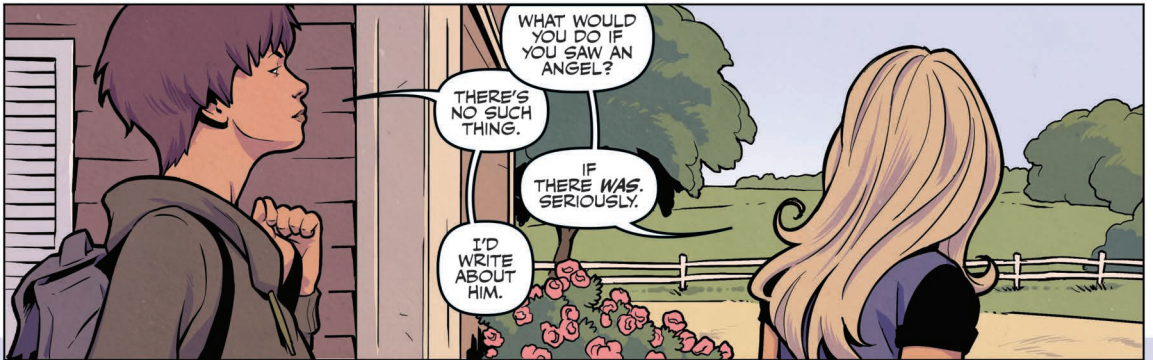
YOU LIVE IN BOOKS.



I WOULD IF I COULD.

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF THAT? I WANT REAL-LIFE ADVENTURES, ONE-OF-A-KIND EXPERIENCES!

WHEN I GRADUATE FROM HIGH SCHOOL, I'M GOING TO MOVE TO CALIFORNIA, SEE EVERY BIT OF THE COAST. I'LL STUDY BUTTERFLIES IN MONTEREY, SHARKS IN SAN DIEGO.



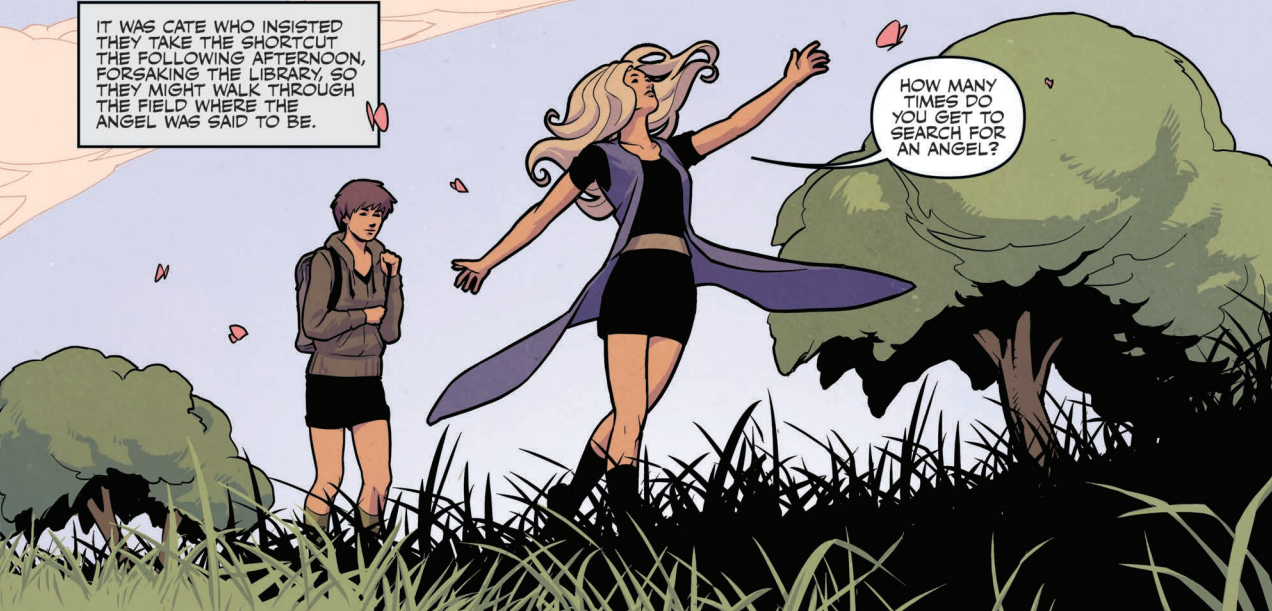
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU SAW AN ANGEL?

THERE'S NO SUCH THING.

IF THERE WAS, SERIOUSLY.

I'D WRITE ABOUT HIM.

IT WAS CATE WHO INSISTED THEY TAKE THE SHORTCUT THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, FORSAKING THE LIBRARY, SO THEY MIGHT WALK THROUGH THE FIELD WHERE THE ANGEL WAS SAID TO BE.



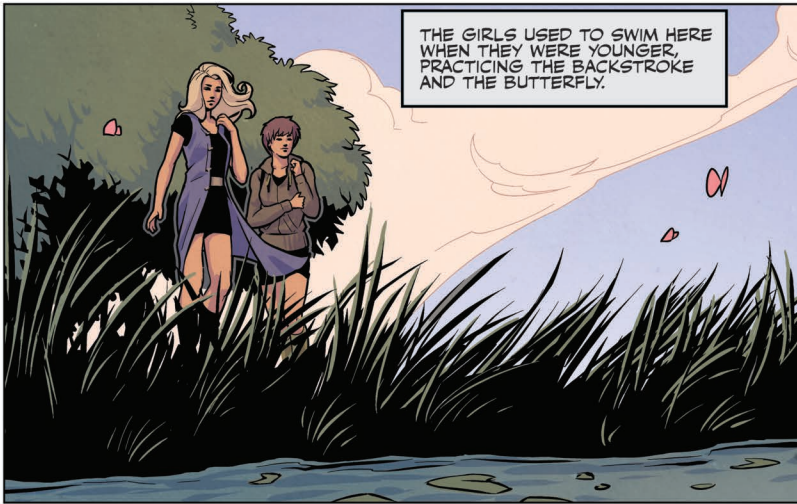
HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU GET TO SEARCH FOR AN ANGEL?



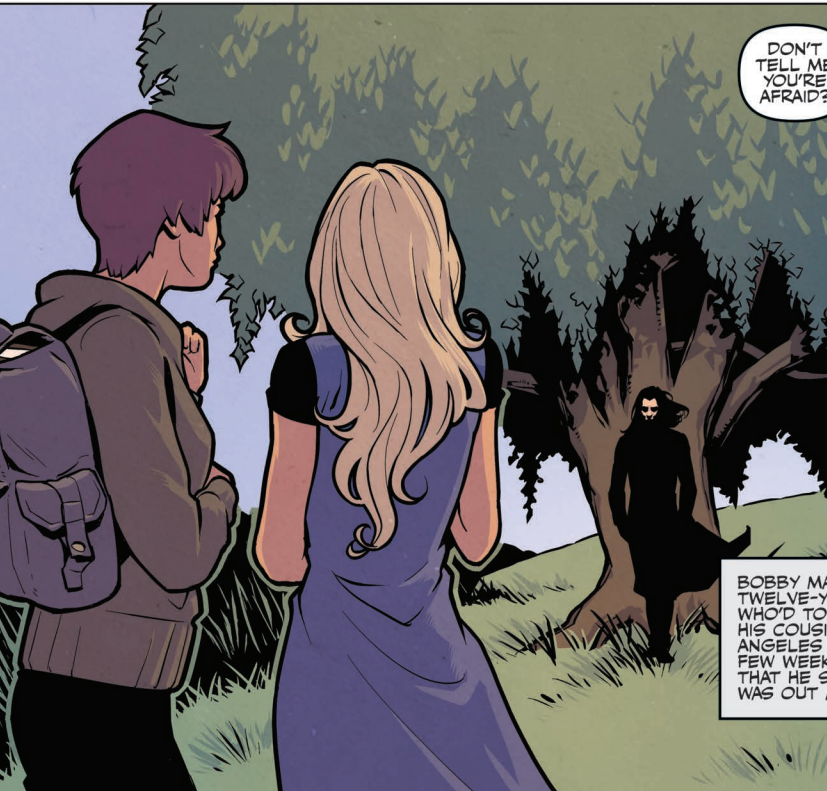
COME ON!



WE ARE DEFINITELY ON THE RIGHT PATH. LET'S KEEP EXPLORING.



THE GIRLS USED TO SWIM HERE WHEN THEY WERE YOUNGER, PRACTICING THE BACKSTROKE AND THE BUTTERFLY.



DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE AFRAID?

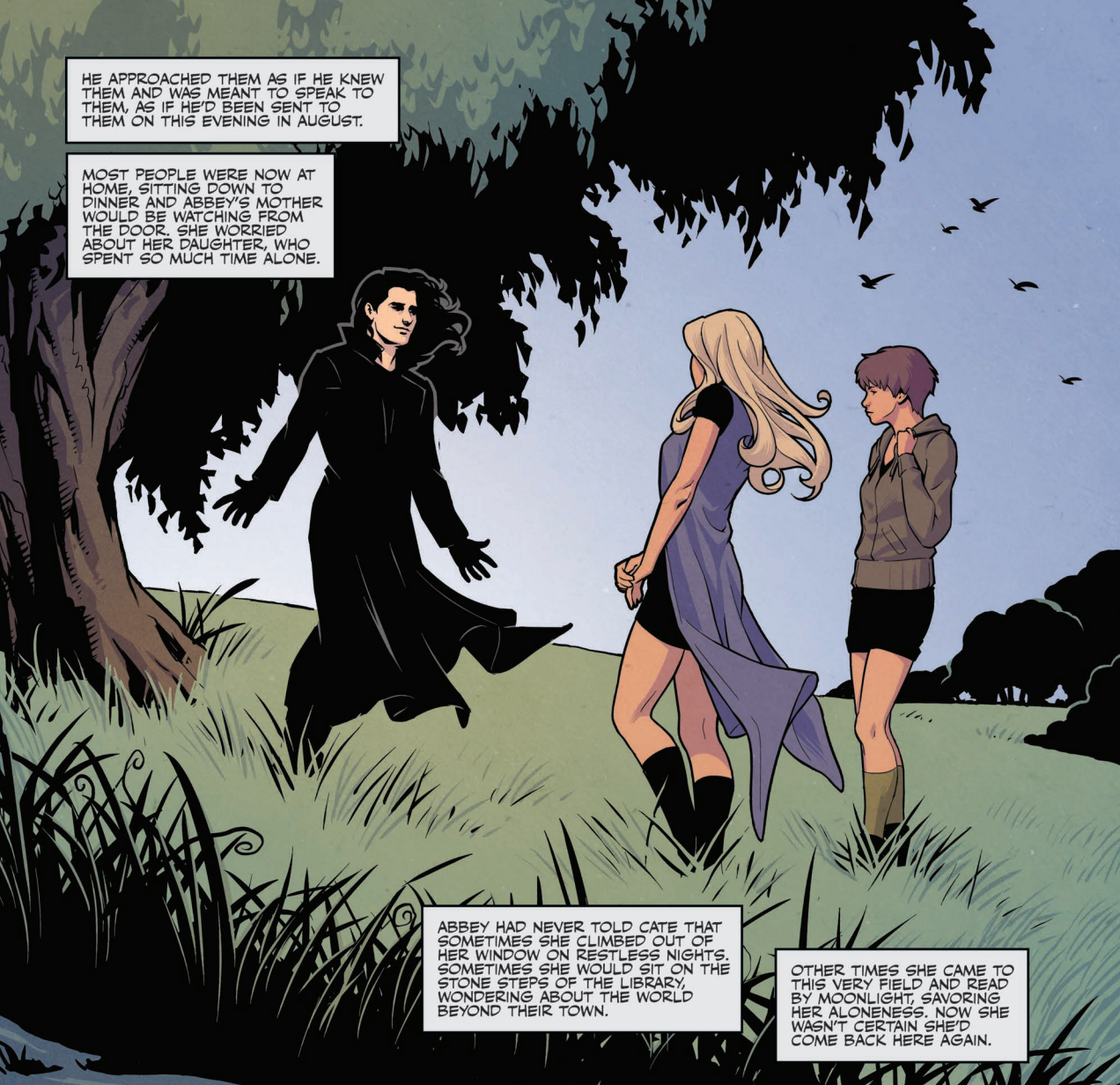


HE'S PROBABLY BOBBY MARCUS'S COUSIN.

BOBBY MARCUS WAS THEIR TWELVE-YEAR-OLD NEIGHBOR WHO'D TOLD EVERYONE THAT HIS COUSIN FROM LOS ANGELES WAS SPENDING A FEW WEEKS WITH THEM, AND THAT HE SLEPT ALL DAY AND WAS OUT ALL NIGHT.

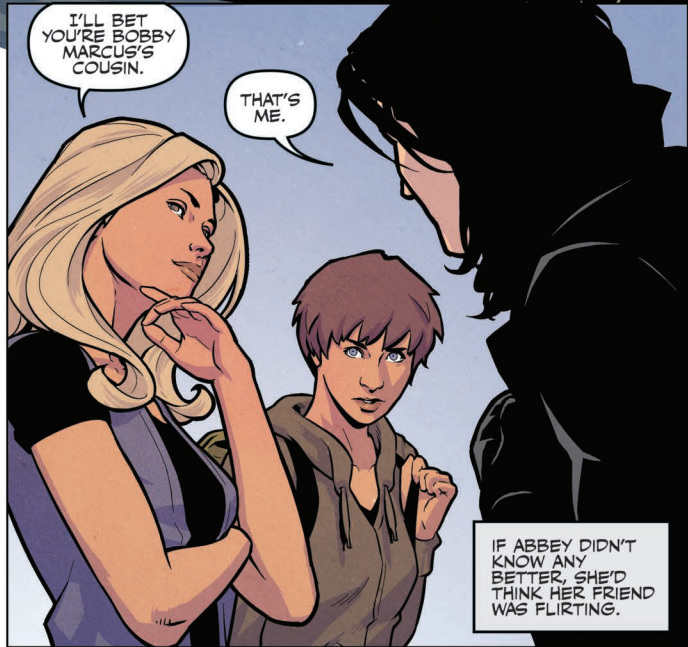
HE APPROACHED THEM AS IF HE KNEW THEM AND WAS MEANT TO SPEAK TO THEM, AS IF HE'D BEEN SENT TO THEM ON THIS EVENING IN AUGUST.

MOST PEOPLE WERE NOW AT HOME, SITTING DOWN TO DINNER AND ABBEY'S MOTHER WOULD BE WATCHING FROM THE DOOR. SHE WORRIED ABOUT HER DAUGHTER, WHO SPENT SO MUCH TIME ALONE.



ABBIE HAD NEVER TOLD CATE THAT SOMETIMES SHE CLIMBED OUT OF HER WINDOW ON RESTLESS NIGHTS. SOMETIMES SHE WOULD SIT ON THE STONE STEPS OF THE LIBRARY, WONDERING ABOUT THE WORLD BEYOND THEIR TOWN.

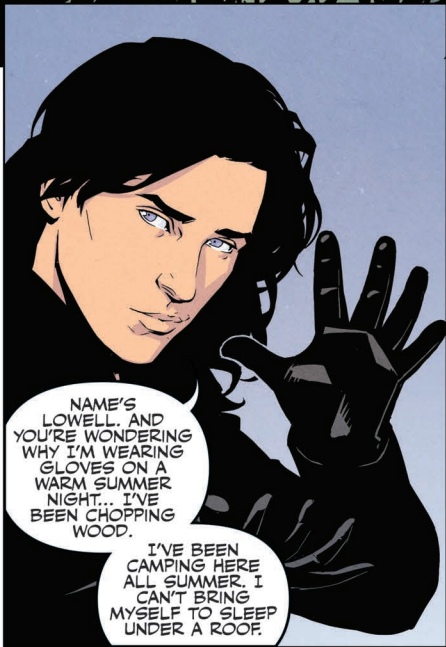
OTHER TIMES SHE CAME TO THIS VERY FIELD AND READ BY MOONLIGHT, SAVORING HER ALONENESS. NOW SHE WASN'T CERTAIN SHE'D COME BACK HERE AGAIN.



I'LL BET YOU'RE BOBBY MARCUS'S COUSIN.

THAT'S ME.

IF ABBIE DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER, SHE'D THINK HER FRIEND WAS FLIRTING.



NAME'S LOWELL. AND YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I'M WEARING GLOVES ON A WARM SUMMER NIGHT... I'VE BEEN CHOPPING WOOD.

I'VE BEEN CAMPING HERE ALL SUMMER. I CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO SLEEP UNDER A ROOF.