

Jim Henson's
**THE POWER OF THE
DARK CRYSTAL**™

Based on screenplays by
Craig Pearce
And
Annette Duffy and David Odell

Written by **Simon Spurrier**
Illustrated by **Kelly** and **Nichole Matthews**
Lettered by **Jim Campbell**

Cover by **Kelly and Nichole Matthews**
Subscription Cover by **Sana Takeda**
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Designer **Kelsey Dieterich**
Associate Editor **Cameron Chittock**
Editor **Sierra Hahn**

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HERETIC!



DON'T SHOUT AT ME.



YOU ALL HEARD THE DEMON! IT WANTS TO SHATTER THE CRYSTAL!

TO RESTORE THE DARK POWERS OF THE PAST AND DIMINISH THE PEACE OF THE BELFLING NATION!

SURELY THE FOLLEST CRIME IMAGINABLE?!

STOP SHOUTING.



GUARDS! SEIZE HER!

I SAID.

STOP...



SHOUTING!

AAA!



THE... THE BLESSINGS OF THE CRYSTAL UPON ANY BELFLING WHO SEIZES THIS MONSTER!

VOLUNTEERS!

Um...

EXCUSE ME?



SORRY TO INTERRUPT.

SHOULD I, *uh*, STILL BE WATCHING THE PILGRIM'S GATE, SIR? THERE'S NOBODY LEFT OUT THERE.



IT'S A LITTLE *COLD* FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR, B-BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO SHUT THE GATE WITHOUT *ASKING*, SO...

...THE BOY'S ALREADY *DEFORMED* BY THE *FOX*. WHAT'S ONE MORE *SCAR*?

ACOLTYE! SEIZE THIS INTRUDER! IMMEDIATELY!



...Um. OKAY?

H-HELLO.

WOULD YOU MIND AWFULLY COMING WITH ME, MISS...



THURMA. MY NAME IS THURMA.

I-I'M KENSHO.



THURMA. I'M SORRY BUT I FEEL LIKE...LIKE I KNOW YOU ALREADY. SOMEHOW.

MY PEOPLE, WE CAN CONNECT THROUGH A *FIREFAST*.

IS... THAT LIKE DREAM-FASTING?

I KNOW WE CAN'T WITH *GELFLING* BUT MAYBE--

MORE HERESY!



DREAMFASTING IS A SACRED BOND BETWEEN *GELFLING* AND *GELFLING*! A GIFT FROM THE CRYSTAL! BY ITS GRACE OUR OWN RULERS ARE JOINED IN ETERNAL COMMUNION!

THIS "*FIREFAST*" IS DEVILRY!

DO YOU SMELL COOKING?



YAAAAAGH--!

Oh.

TOLD YOU SO.

THE CHILD'S HURT!
SOMEBODY HELP H--



WUM WUM WUM WUMMMMMMM



...AND EXPLAIN--

--NOW--

--WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON SINCE WE LAST AWAKE.

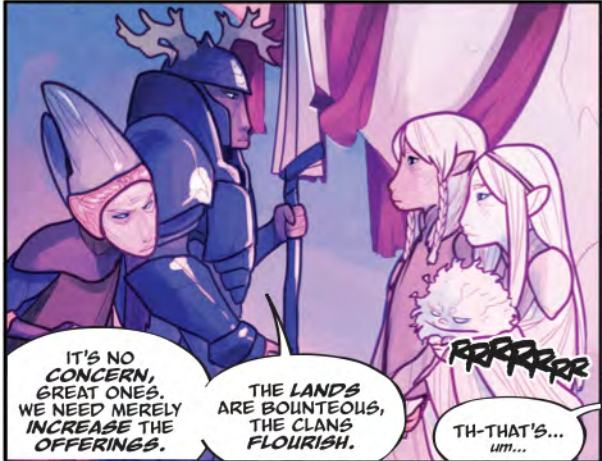
YOUR GRACES, PLEASE. I ASSURE YOU--



IT'S NOTHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII--!

NGRAA AAAAAA

FIZZIG--
DOLAY!



IT'S NO CONCERN, GREAT ONES. WE NEED MERELY INCREASE THE OFFERINGS.

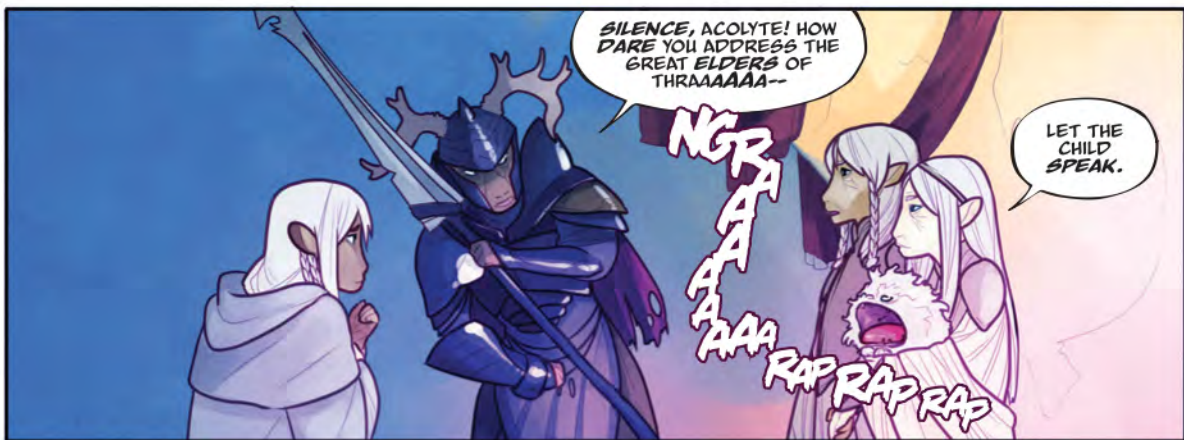
THE LANDS ARE BOUNTEOUS, THE CLANS FLOURISH.

TH-THAT'S... um...



THAT'S NOT EXACTLY TRUE.

SORRY.



SILENCE, ACOLYTE! HOW DARE YOU ADDRESS THE GREAT ELDERS OF THRAAAAAA--

LET THE CHILD SPEAK.

NGRAAAA
RAP RAP RAP



BUT--GREAT LORDS--EVERYONE KNOWS THIS BOY IS A TROUBLEMAKER. HE QUESTIONS EVERYTHING, NEGLECTS THE RITUALS--

WE WANT.

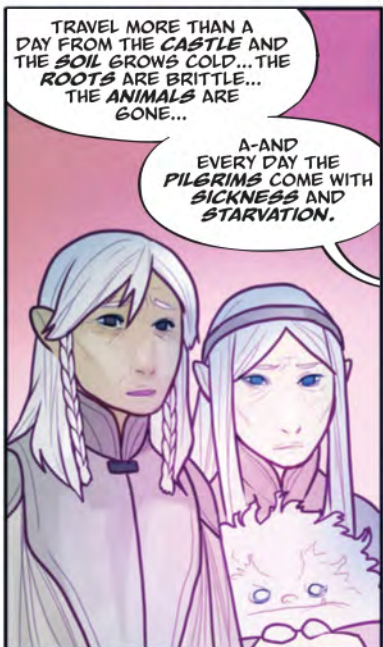
TO HEAR.

HIM SPEAK.



I'M SORRY. I... I DON'T WANT TO BE BAD.

B-BUT THE LAND IS FAILING. I'VE SEEN IT.



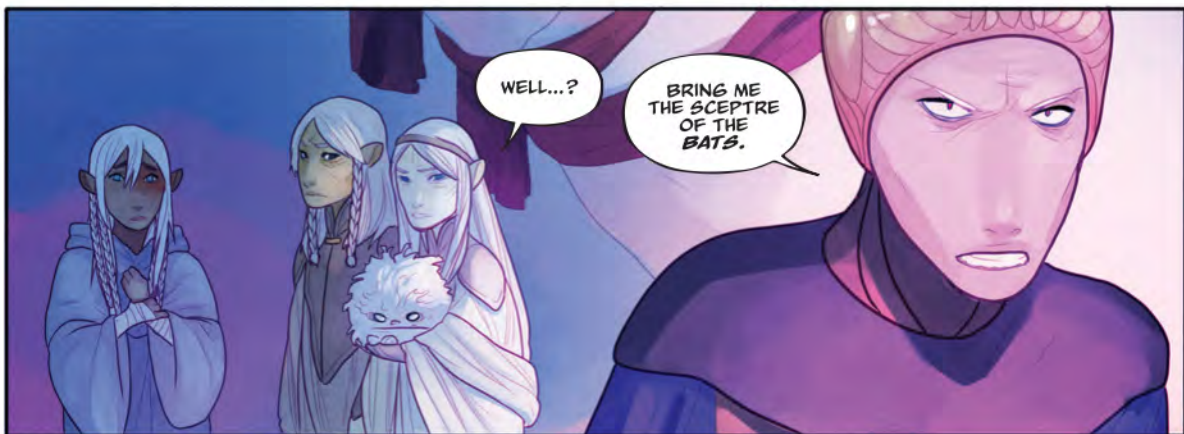
TRAVEL MORE THAN A DAY FROM THE CASTLE AND THE SOIL GROWS COLD... THE ROOTS ARE BRITTLE... THE ANIMALS ARE GONE...

A-AND EVERY DAY THE PILGRIMS COME WITH SICKNESS AND STARVATION.



THE CLANS TRY THEIR BEST--I PROMISE! T-TO KEEP THE WAYS, TO HONOR THE LIGHT YOU RESTORED. BUT...

IT'S AS IF THRA ITSELF IS SICK.



WELL...?

BRING ME THE SCEPTRE OF THE BATS.