

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...**

**A WORLD AWAY, IN A REALM CALLED MID-WORLD, A COWBOY CALLED ROLAND DESCHAIN IS ON A QUEST TO FIND THE DARK TOWER, ALONG WITH HIS RECENTLY ACQUIRED COMPANIONS TO HIS GROUP (OR KA-TET), EDDIE AND SUSANNAH DEAN. EDDIE AND SUSANNAH CAME TO MID-WORLD FROM DIFFERENT ERAS IN OUR WORLD, BUT FORMED A STRONG BOND AS THEY JOINED ROLAND ON HIS JOURNEY.**

**ROLAND IS NOW ALSO SUFFERING FROM WHAT SEEM TO BE DISCREPANCIES IN TWO VERSIONS OF MEMORIES—ONE THAT INCLUDES A YOUNG BOY, AND ANOTHER CONFLICTING MEMORY WHERE THE BOY DOESN'T EXIST...**

DARK TOWER: THE DRAWING OF THE THREE - THE SAILOR No. 2, January 2017. Published Monthly by MARVEL WORLDWIDE, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, LLC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 135 West 50th Street, New York, NY 10020. BULK MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2016 Stephen King. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Stephen King. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Marvel and its logos are TM & © 2016 Marvel Characters, Inc. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. (GST #R127032852) in the direct market; Canadian Agreement #40668537. Printed in the USA. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$26.99; Canada \$42.99; Foreign \$42.99. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO DARK TOWER: THE DRAWING OF THE THREE - THE SAILOR, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTIONS P.O. BOX 727 NEW HYDE PARK, NY 11040. TELEPHONE # (888) 511-5480. FAX # (347) 537-2649. subscriptions@marvel.com. ALAN FINE, President, Marvel Entertainment; DAN BUCKLEY, President, TV, Publishing & Brand Management; JOE QUESADA, Chief Creative Officer; TOM BREVOORT, SVP of Publishing; DAVID BOGART, SVP of Business Affairs & Operations, Publishing & Partnership; C.B. CEBULSKI, VP of Brand Management & Development, Asia; DAVID GABRIEL, SVP of Sales & Marketing, Publishing; JEFF YOUNGQUIST, VP of Production & Special Projects; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; ALEX MORALES, Director of Publishing Operations; SUSAN CRESPI, Production Manager; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Vit DeBellis, Integrated Sales Manager, at vdebellis@marvel.com. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 888-511-5480. Manufactured between 10/14/2016 and 10/24/2016 by FRY COMMUNICATIONS, MECHANICSBURG, PA, USA.






That's Eddie Dean. He's in trouble. Which isn't unusual for him. Ever since he hooked up with Roland, trouble is pretty much his natural state of being.

Except typically his problems are with people. Typically armed people who want to shoot him.

In this case, he is being menaced by the largest creature in the forest, and the oldest. A demon incarnate, or the shadow of a god. This one is called **Shardik**.

Men are in **Shardik's** forest, and he has come to stamp them out entirely.


Been treed.  
Been treed by Bearzilla.



It's one of the Twelve!  
One of the Guardians!

Shoot it in the ass, Susannah! It'll turn and charge! When it does, look for something on its head. A little steel hat! Shoot it!

No! I'll miss! You do it, Roland!



Can't! The angle's bad! You have to do it! This is the *real test*, and you'd better pass it!



**BLAM**

**BLAAM**

It shrieked in surprise, pain and outrage.

**ROAR**

Say your lesson, Susannah Dean, and be true!


Shoot it! Susannah, shoot it!

I kill with my heart, #@%#&!\$@

**BLAAM**








*It didn't look like a hat to Susannah. It looked like what it was: a radar dish.*

*Her bullet struck it dead center and it blew into a hundred glittering fragments.*



*It was engulfed in a burst of crackling blue fire which reached out in a net and seemed to grasp the sides of the bear's face for a moment.*

*It tried to roar again but what came out instead was a weird warbling sound like an air-raid siren, which naturally Roland didn't recognize, but Susannah did.*