

GRISHAVERSE

# DEMON IN THE WOOD


A SHADOW AND BONE GRAPHIC NOVEL



NO. 1 *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
LEIGH BARDUGO &  
DANI PENDERGAST





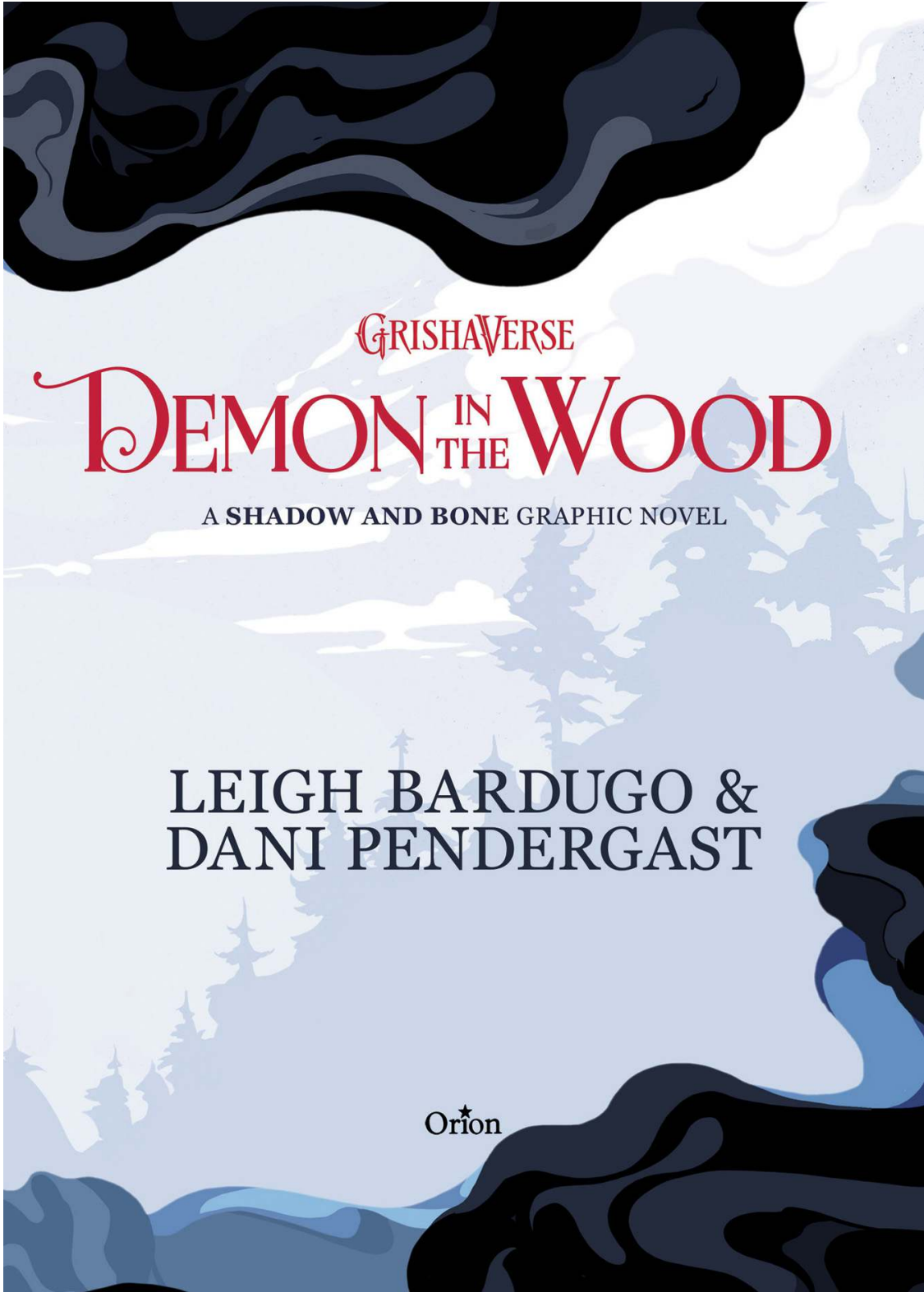


TO THE CAST AND CREW OF  
*SHADOW AND BONE*. ESPECIALLY BEN,  
WHO IS ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.  
—LB

FOR DISCO, ROSE, AND GEOFF.  
—DP







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A SHADOW AND BONE GRAPHIC NOVEL

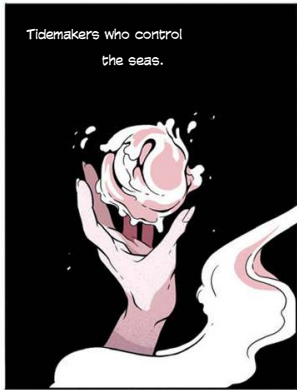
LEIGH BARDUGO &  
DANI PENDERGAST

Orion







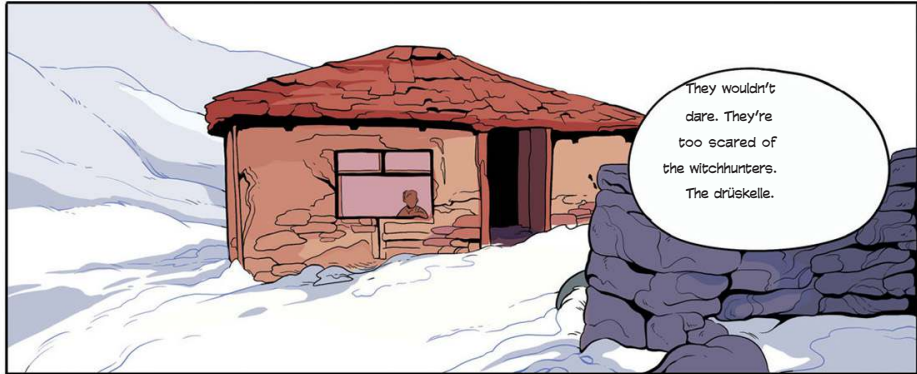






We call them witches. But they  
call themselves...

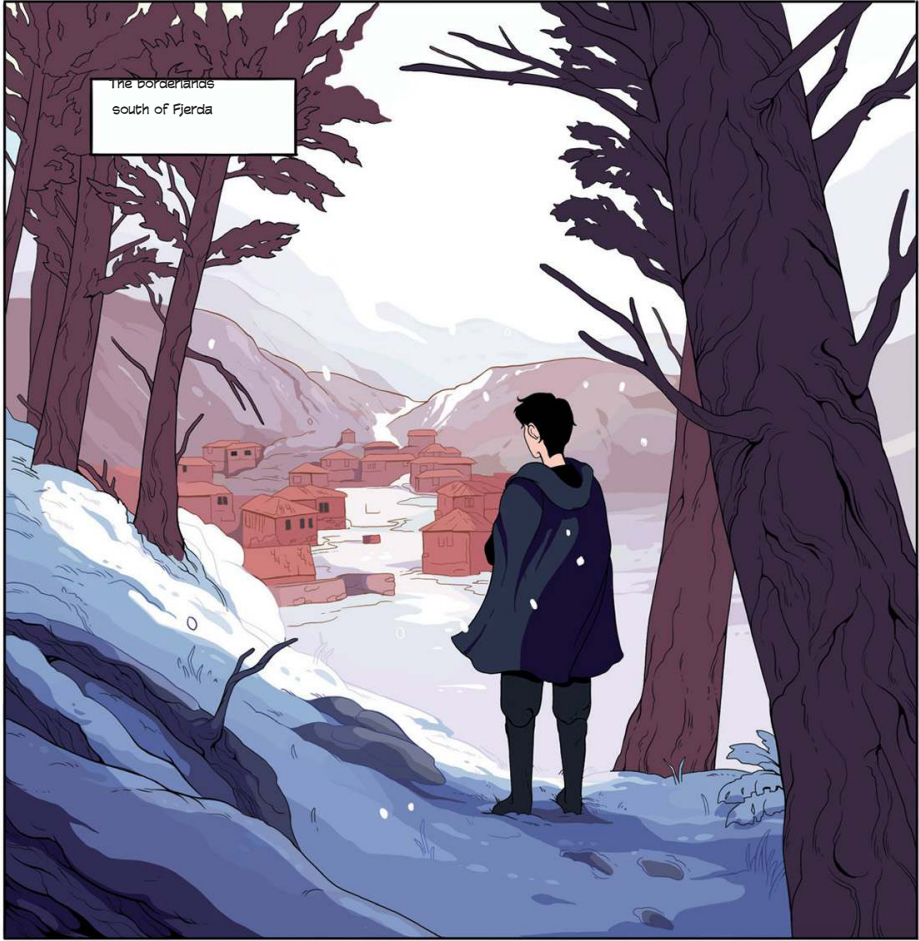








I want to be a  
witchhunter.



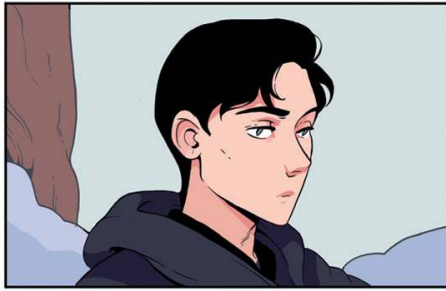
















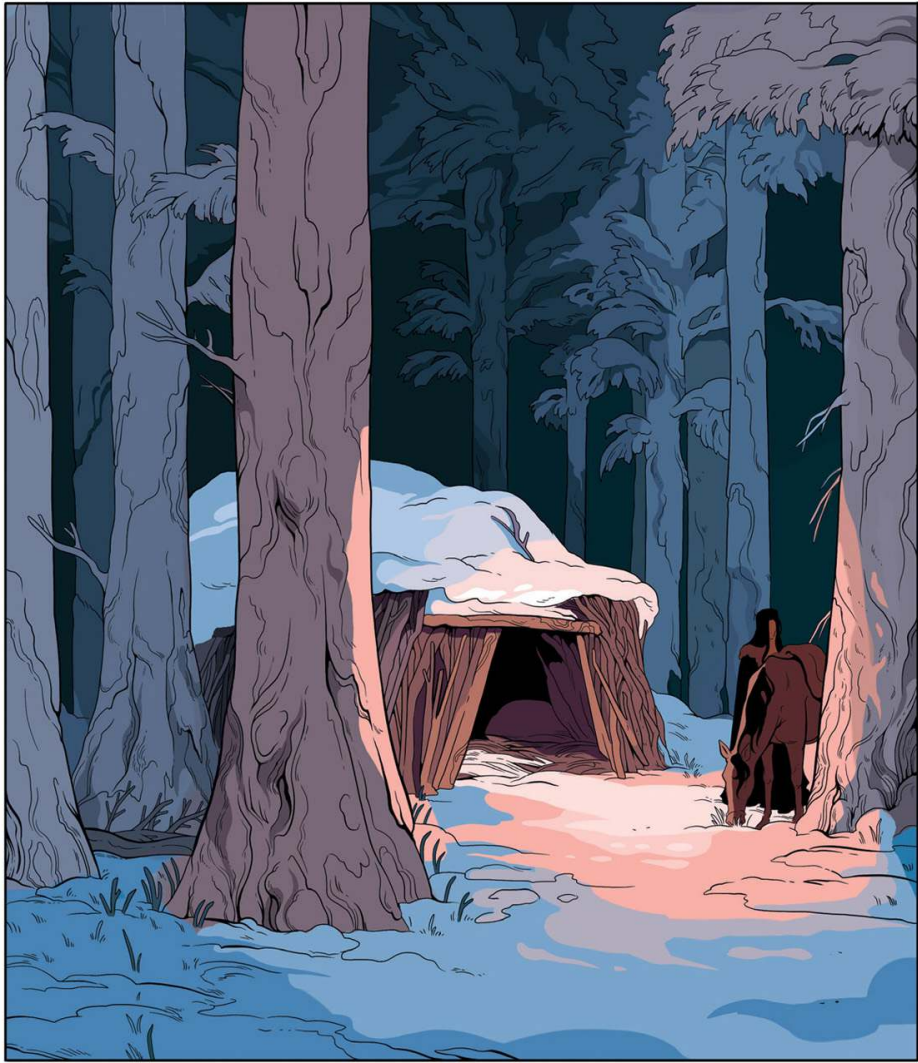
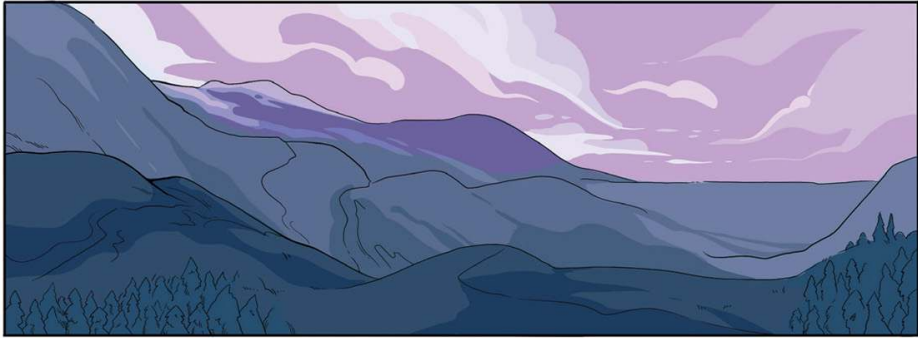
Again.  
What's  
your name?

Eryk

Eryk.

Where  
are you  
from?

Balakirev...















You're  
too old  
to be  
afraid of  
the dark.

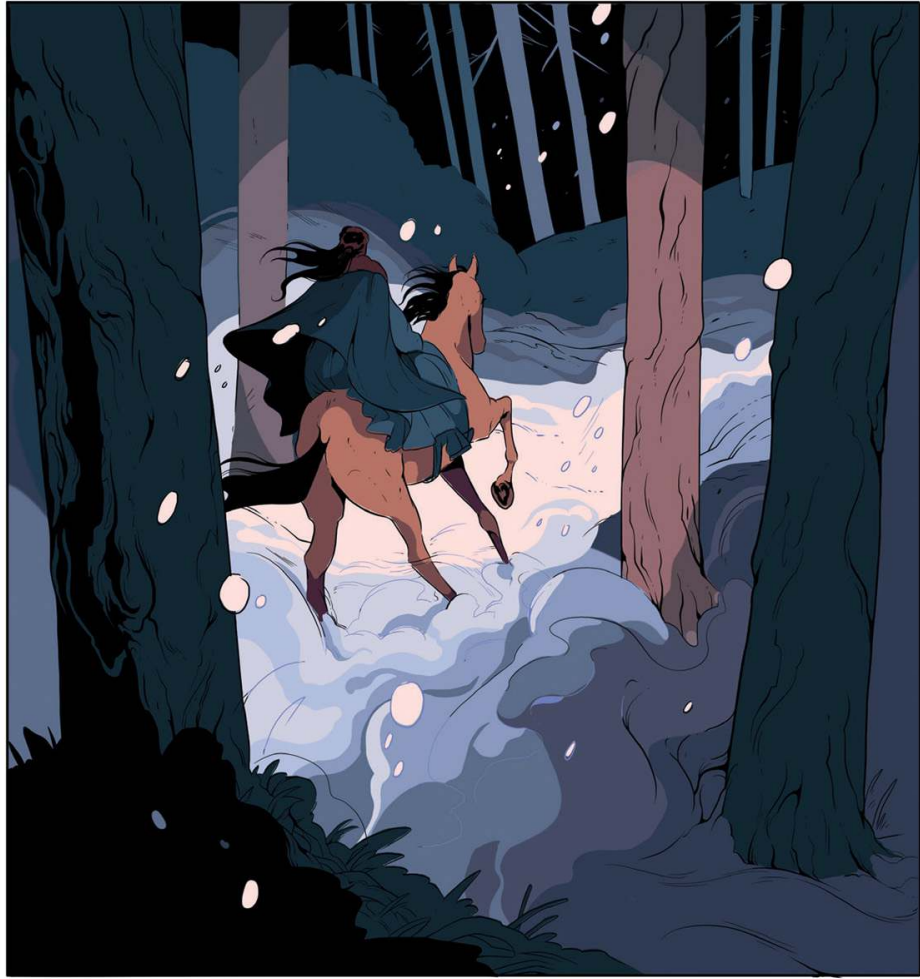


I'll  
be  
fine.



I should  
be back by  
midday.













Eryk...

Eryk...

Arkady...

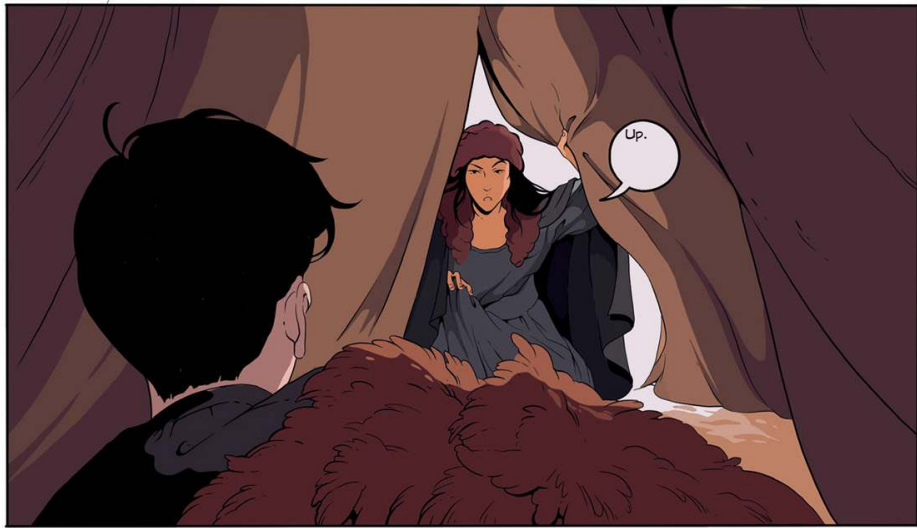
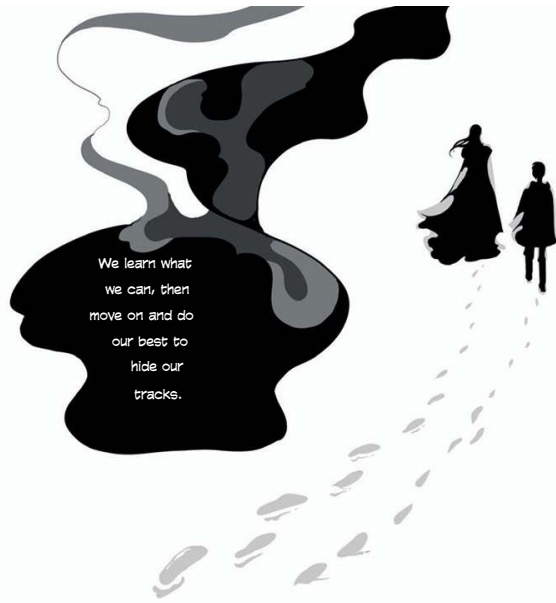
Iosef...

Staski...

Anton...

A hundred  
names, a  
new story  
for every  
town, camp,  
and city.

Kiril.









What's your name?



Huh? I...



Eryk.

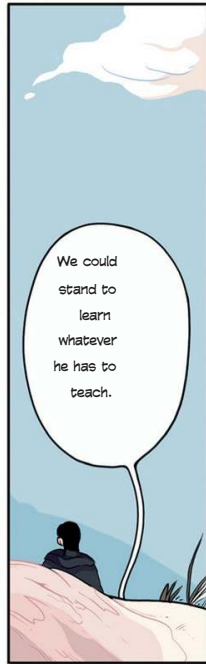


Keep practicing.











All in  
one place...



All  
right.



All  
right?\*



I saw  
the way  
your face  
lit.



Just  
remember,  
the longer we  
stay, the more  
careful you'll  
have to be.



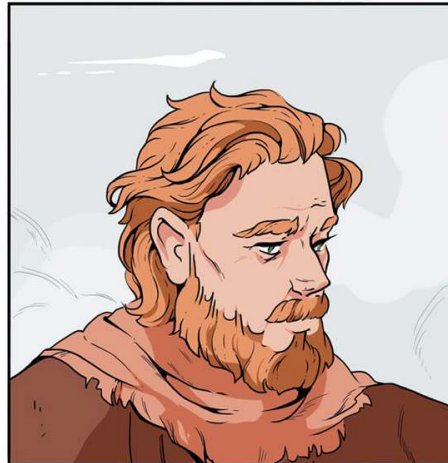
Look,  
the Ulle himself  
has come out  
to greet us.















Some of them object to having a woman at a council meeting...

...but they were outvoted.



Honesty is always best, Ulle. That way I know just how many fools I need to work to convince.

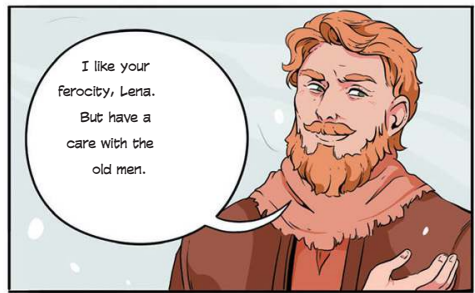
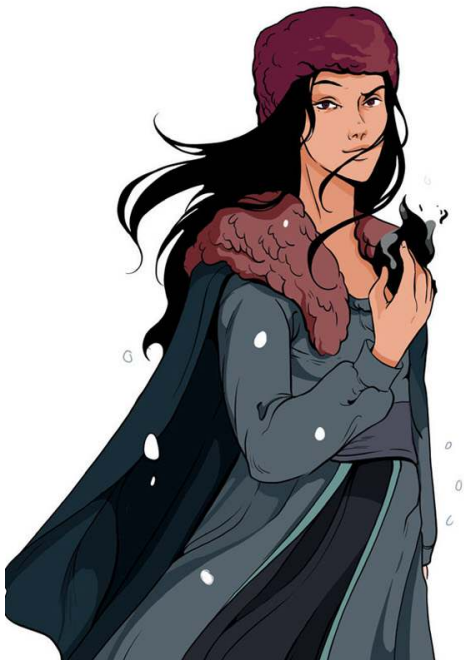
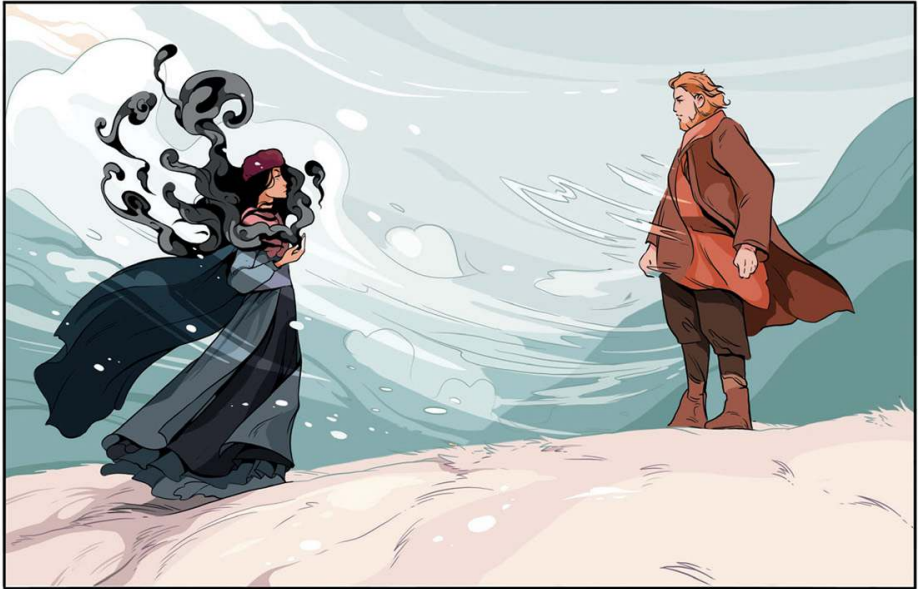


They are set in their ways, and you are not only a woman but—ah..

...they fear you are not entirely natural.











Speaking of bears...



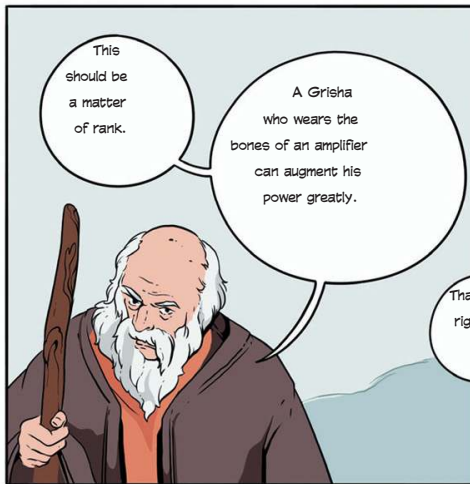
...a large one has been spotted in the area. We believe it may be an amplifier.

Oh?



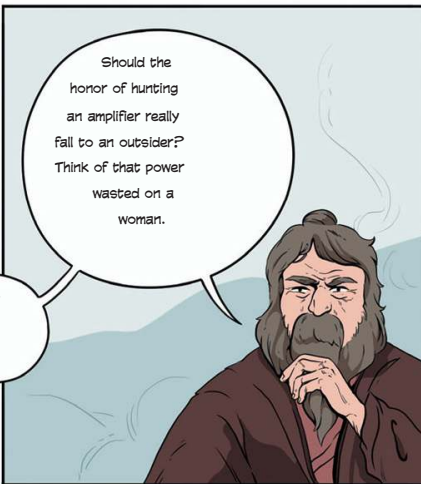
Some of the men are organizing a hunt. Perhaps you'd join us?

A moment, Ulle.



This should be a matter of rank.

A Grisha who wears the bones of an amplifier can augment his power greatly.



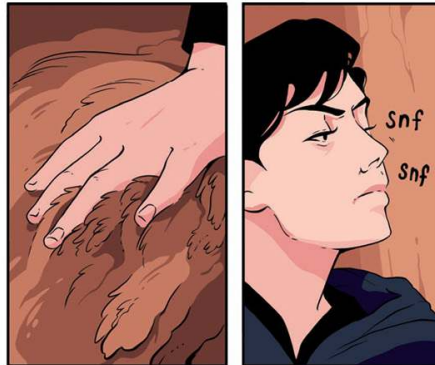
Should the honor of hunting an amplifier really fall to an outsider? Think of that power wasted on a woman.

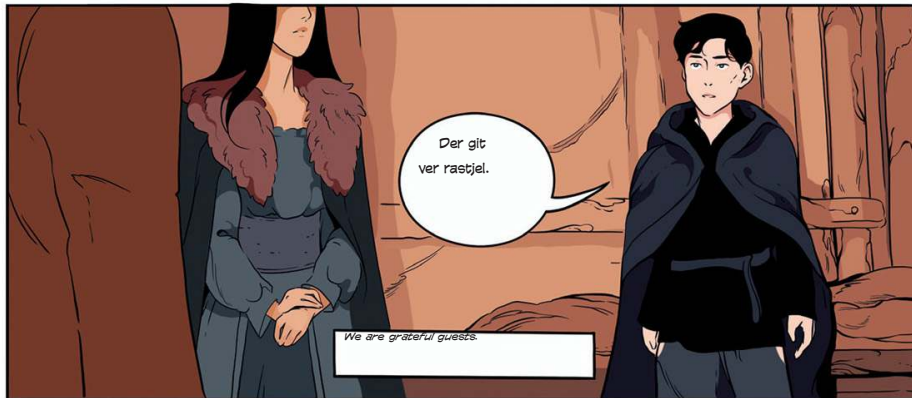
That's right.

















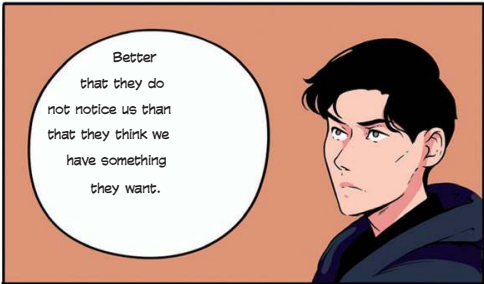
Start building walls and people begin to wonder what you're hiding.



We keep our buildings low.



We don't raid the villagers' fields or farms, or empty their forests of game.



Better that they do not notice us than that they think we have something they want.



You'll be safe here.

And if you stay until the spring, we may go to see the white tigers in the permafrost.



Tigers?

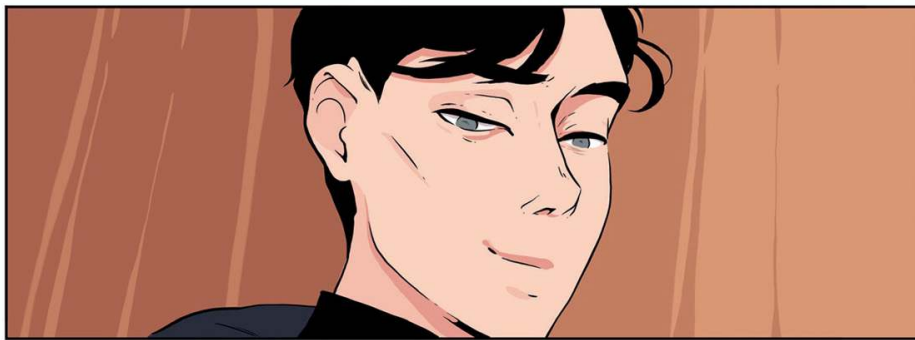






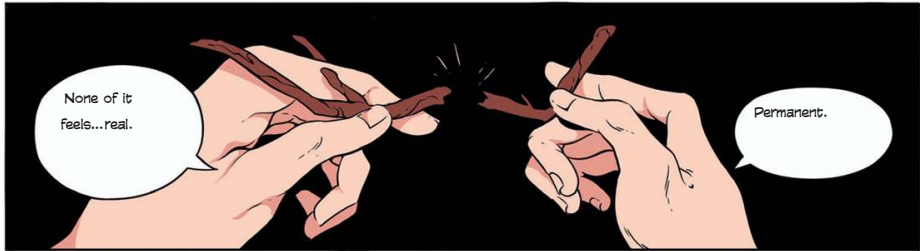














Wish me luck at the meeting.



Will you go exploring?

Sure.



Be careful. Don't let anyone—

I know.



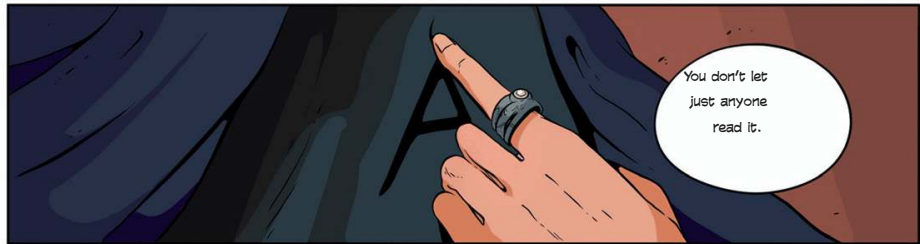
Just until you're strong enough. Until you learn to defend yourself. And remember you're—

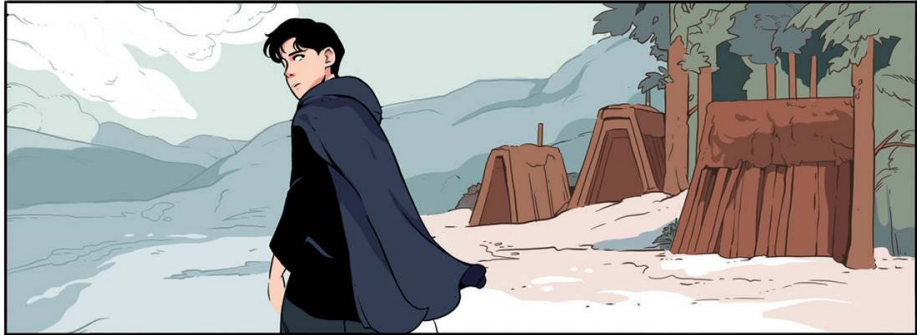
Eryk. I know.



It's my own name I'm afraid of forgetting.

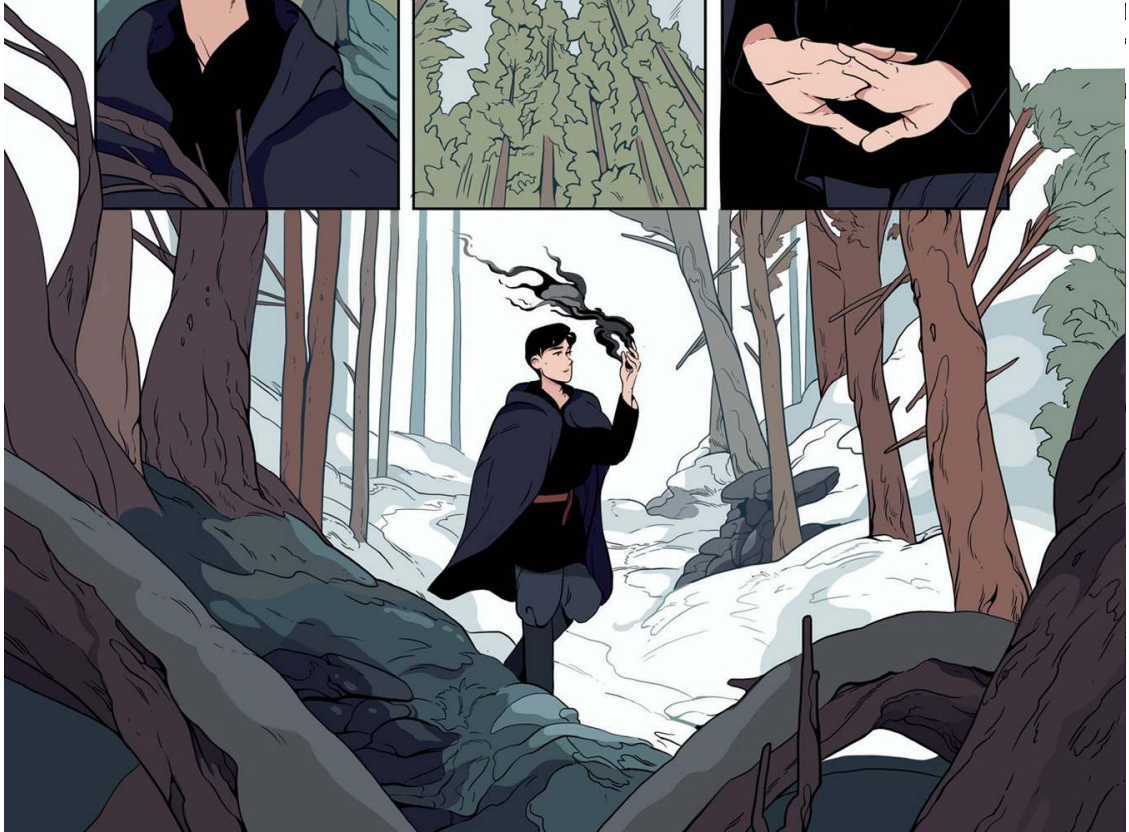
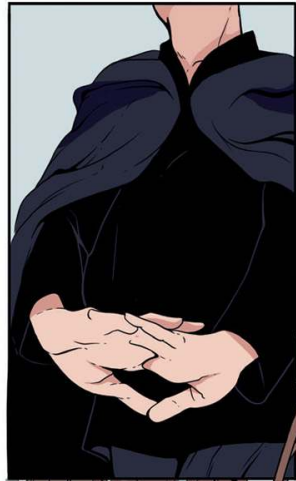










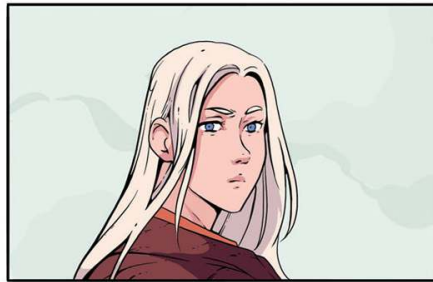








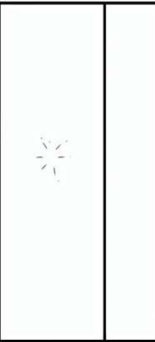








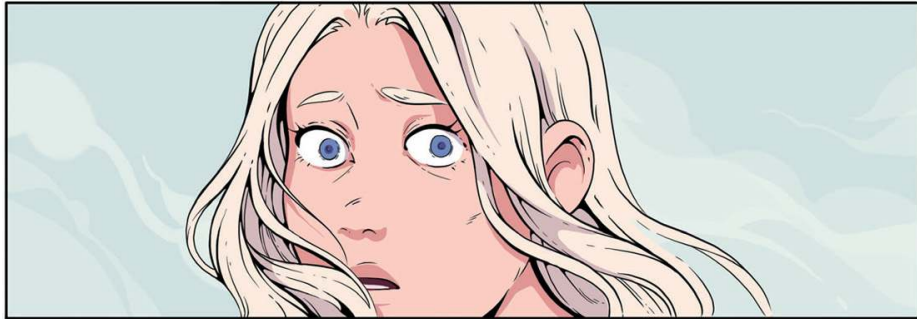
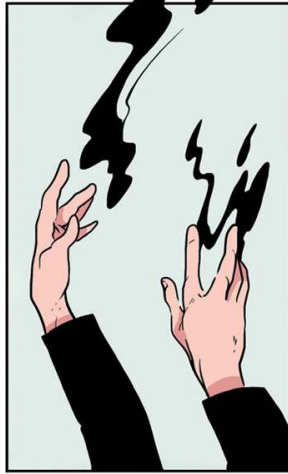




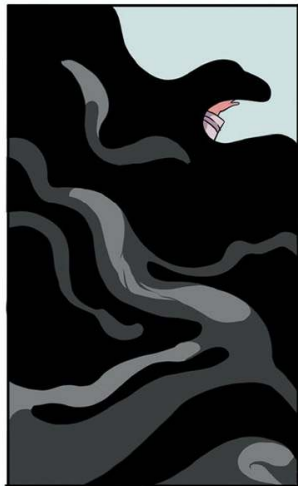




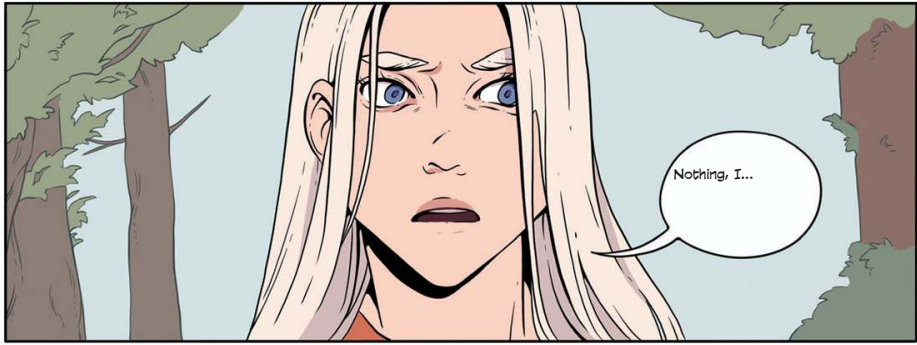






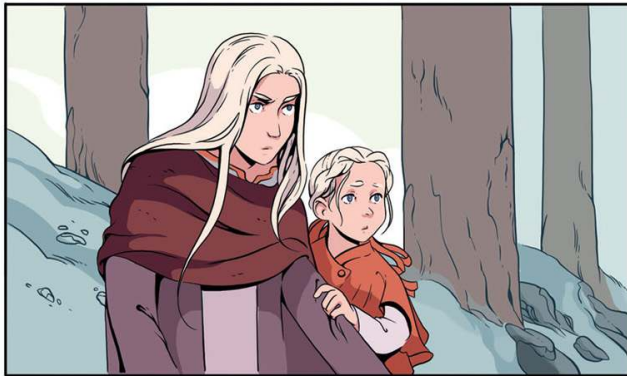




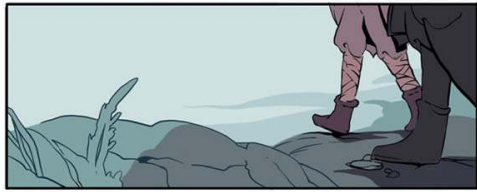
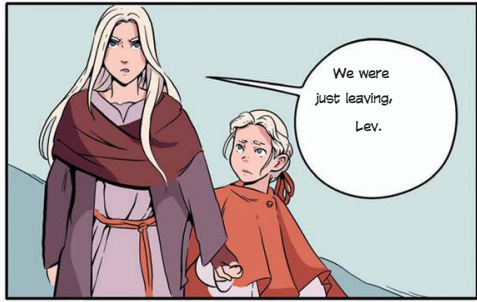






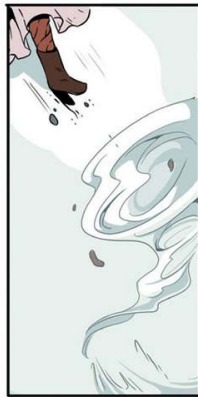




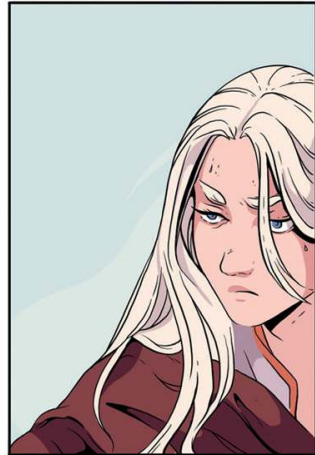
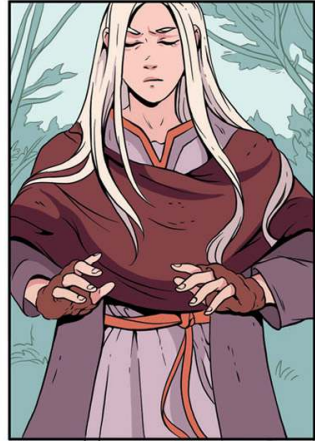
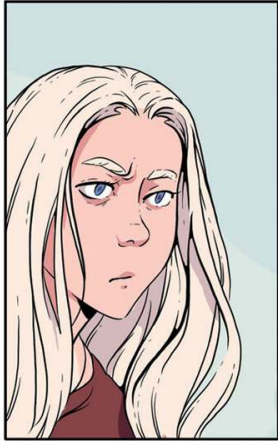


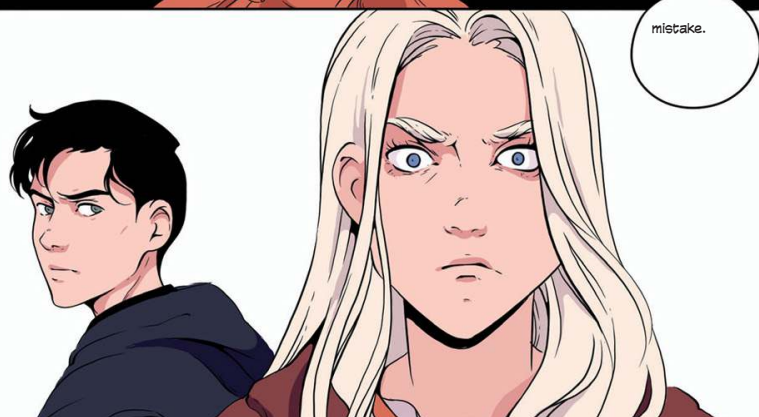


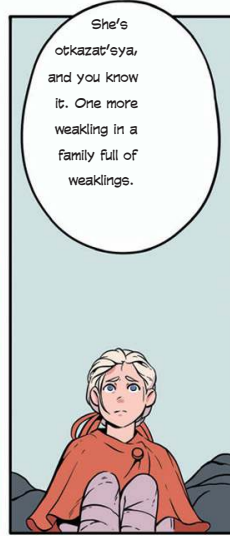




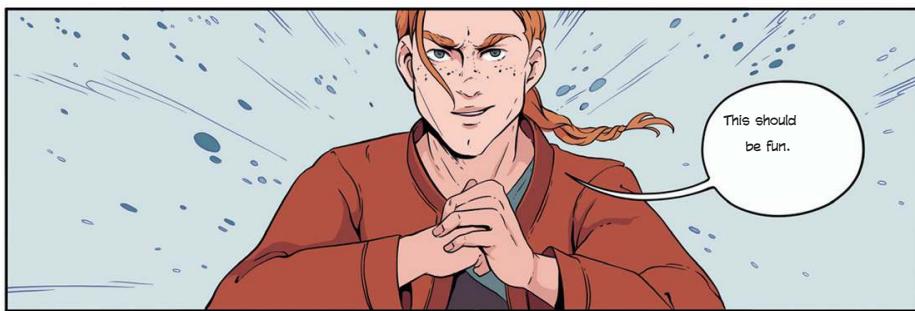




















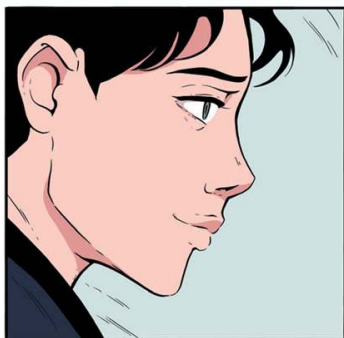
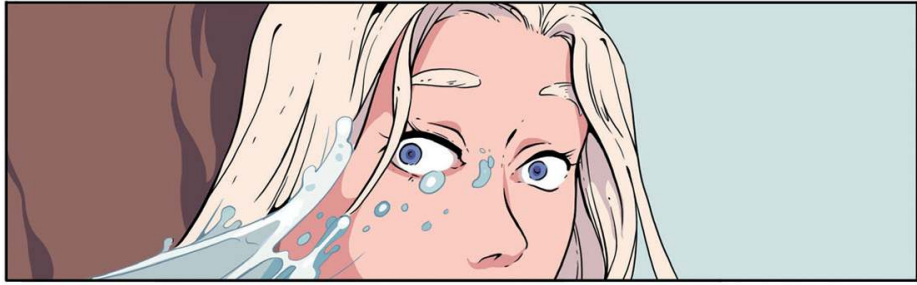






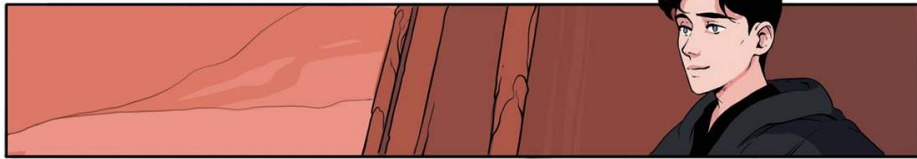
















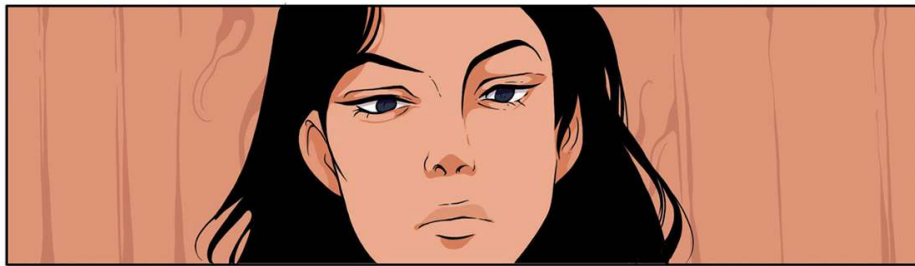


Do you remember what I said?

To be careful.



I know.





Our power is...



...different.



It is always met with fear or greed.



Other Grisha either run from it, or they want it for themselves.



You must be cautious.

But you used the Cut in front of the elders.











You tried. You failed. We'll try again when you're older and have more control.



You know we're not like the others.



And not just because of the shadows.



You can never let them get too close.



Tell me you understand.



I understand.



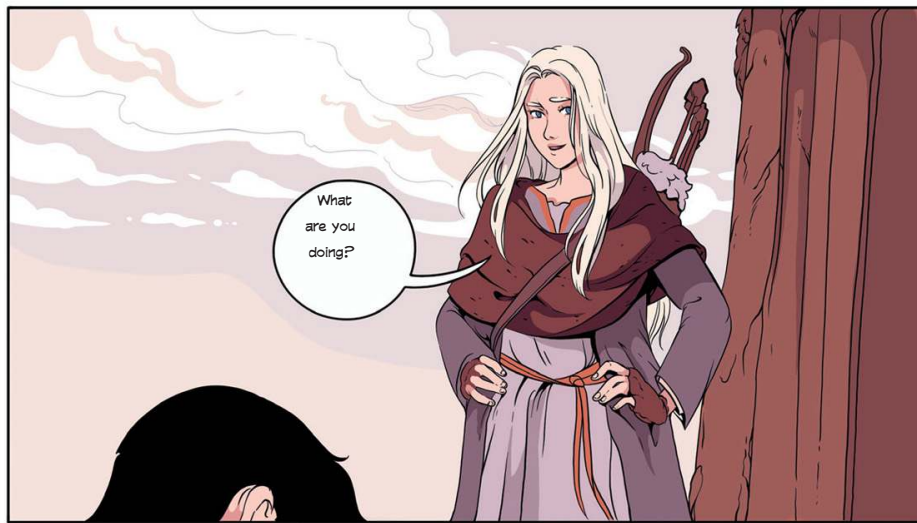
THUNK

THUNK

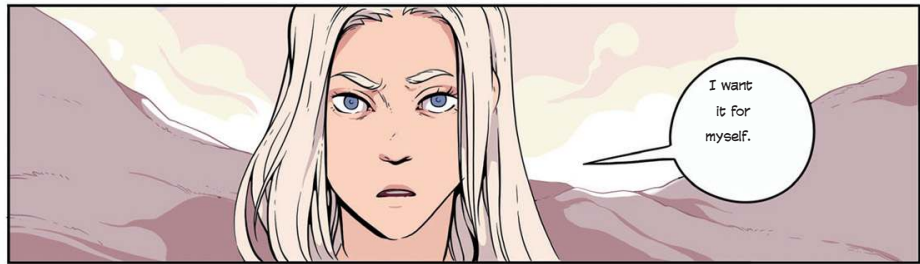
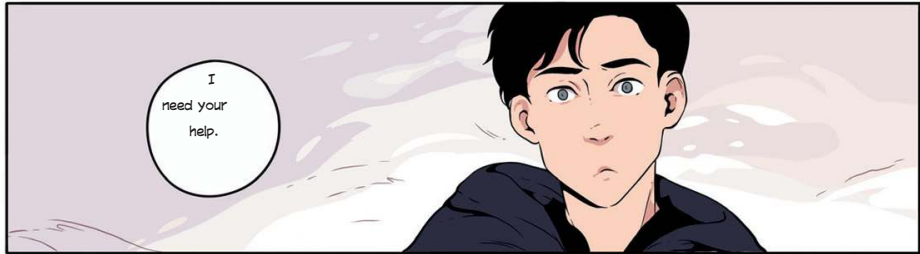
THUNK

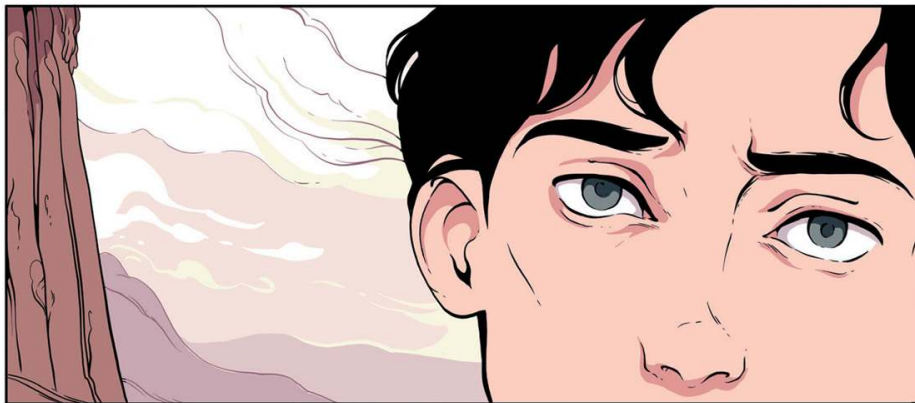
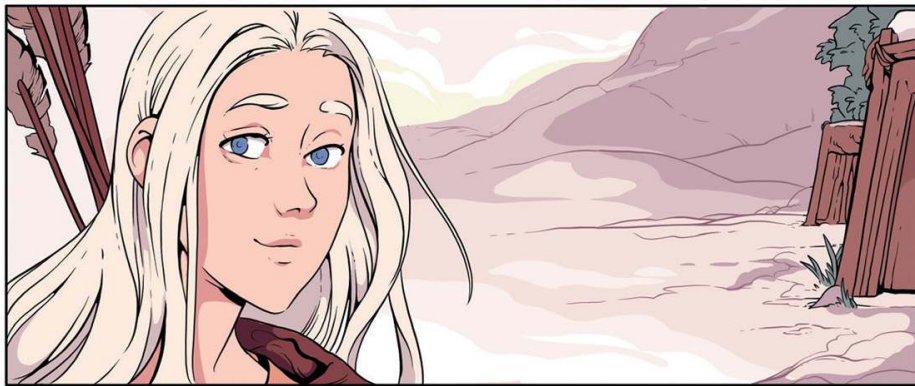


















I saw what you did to Lev and the others.

If you could blind the amplifier...



Remember, though—you're only here to help! I have to kill it if I want to claim its bones.



The bones of an amplifier killed by my own hand. It doesn't count otherwise.



I know how amplifiers work.



Good. Here.







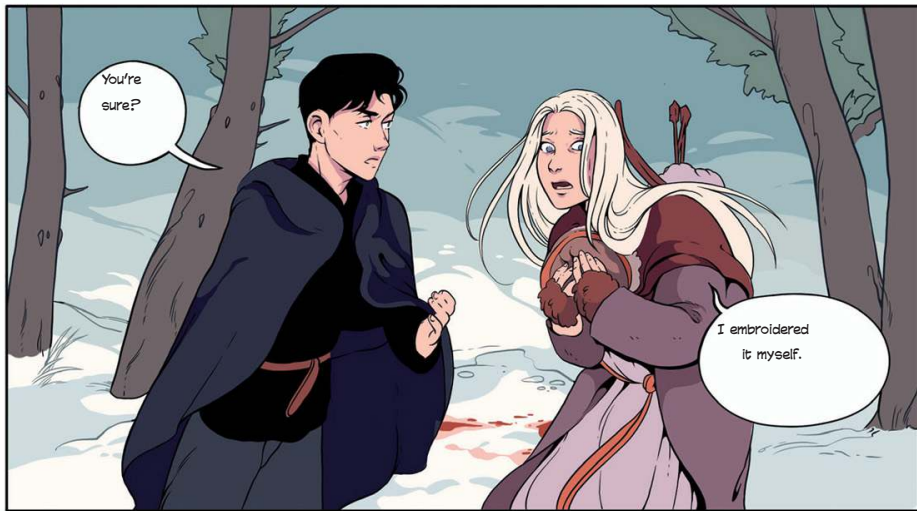


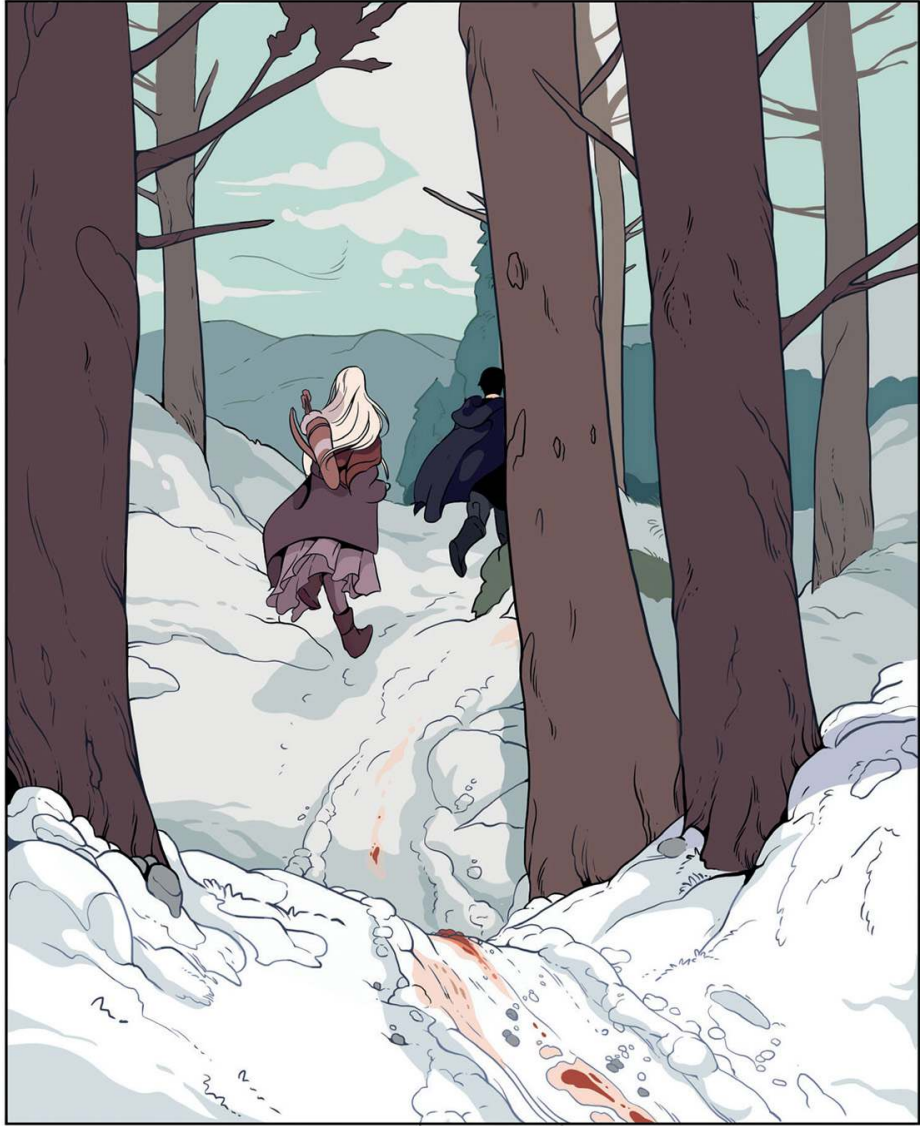
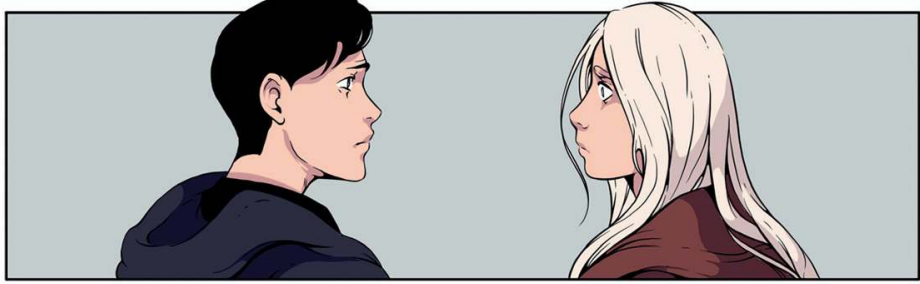




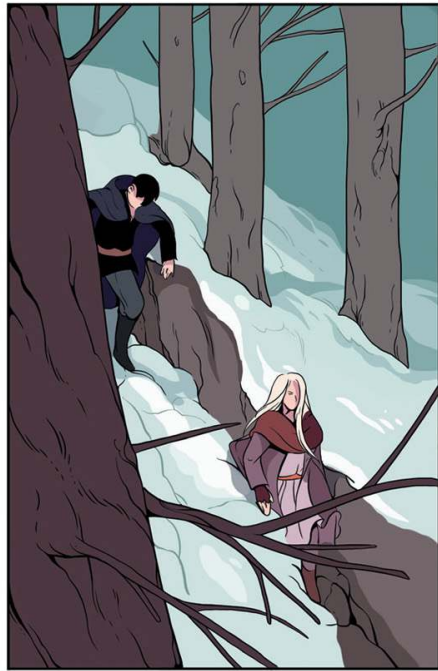


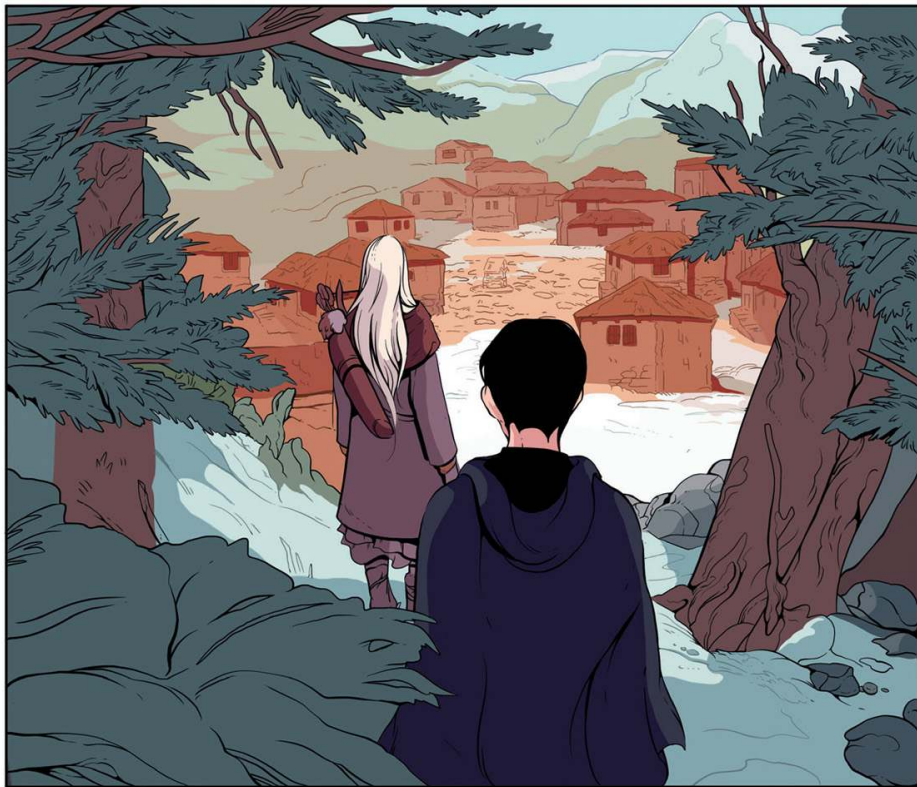














The otkazat'sya village. How can we be here already?

It isn't far from the camp if you hike straight over the mountain.



We have to go in. If Sylvi's there...



Annika...?



What if there are drüskelle?



This far south?





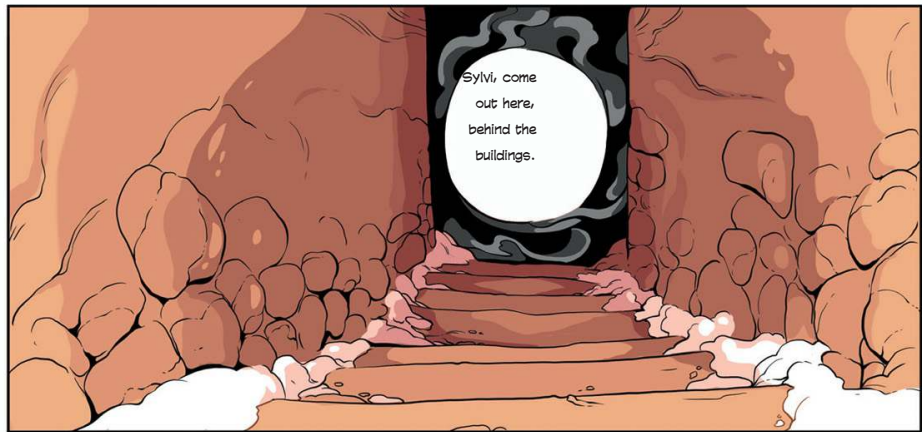


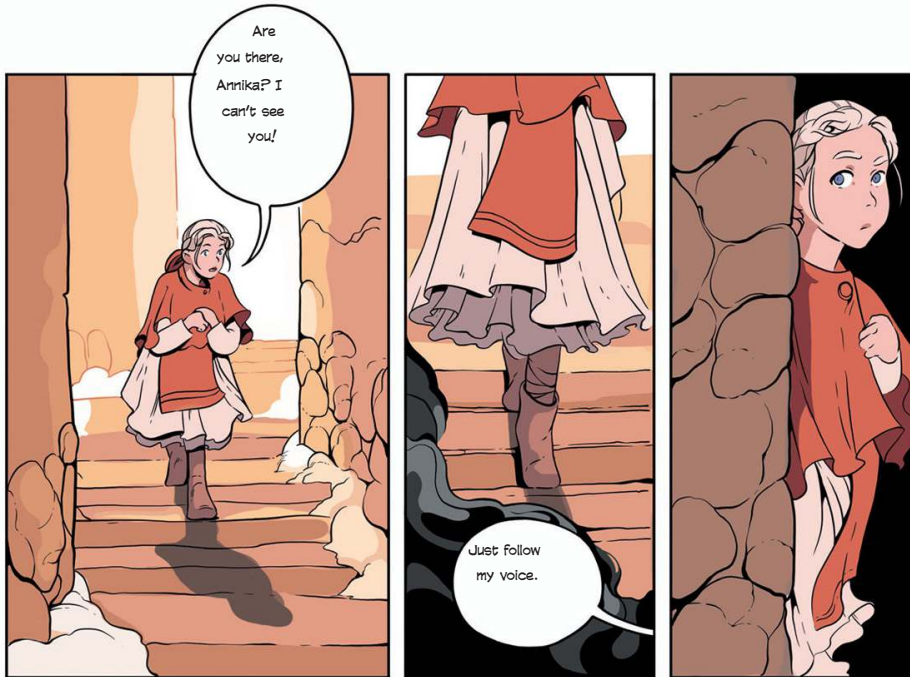






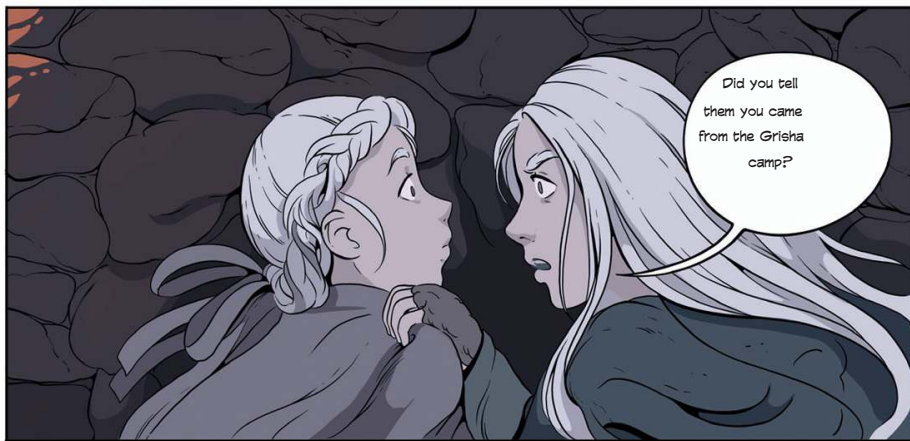


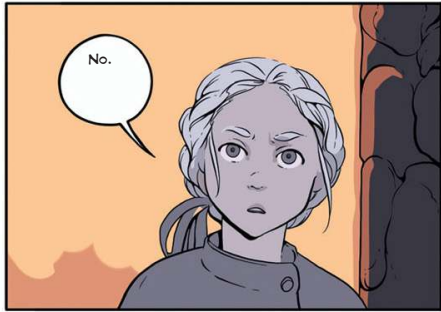
















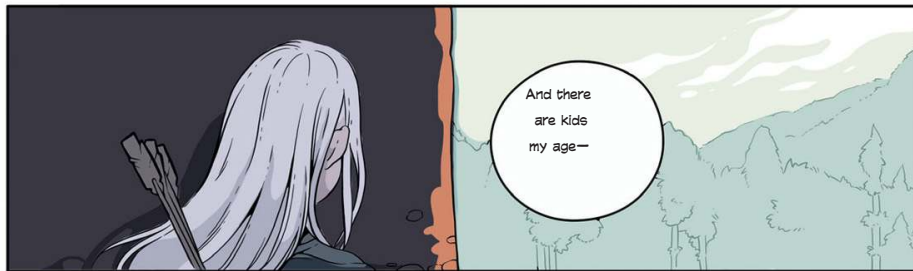
See?  
There.





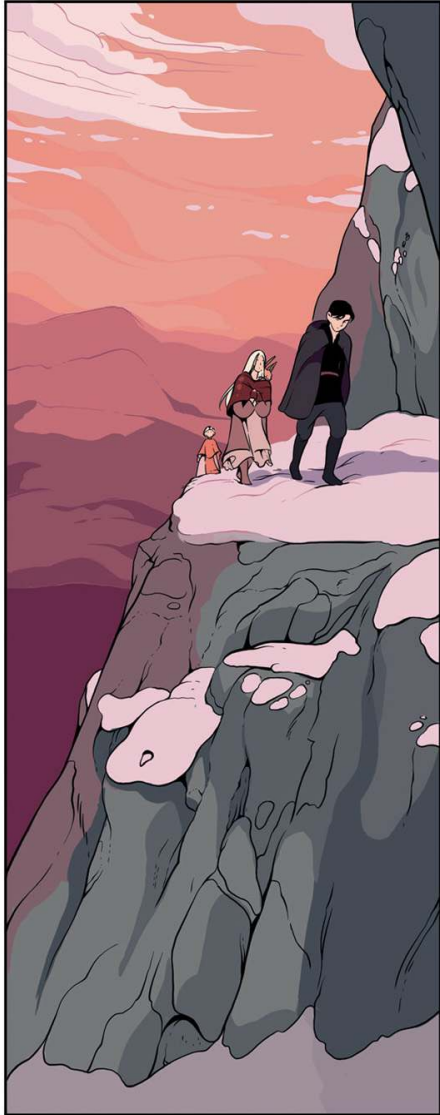


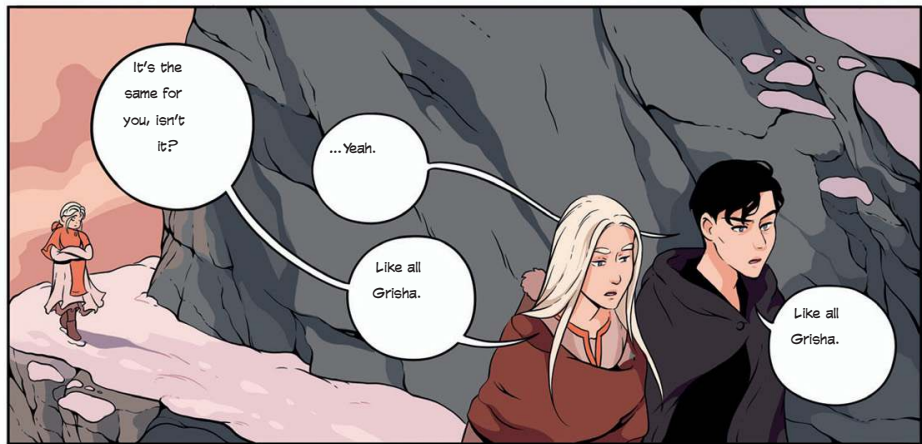
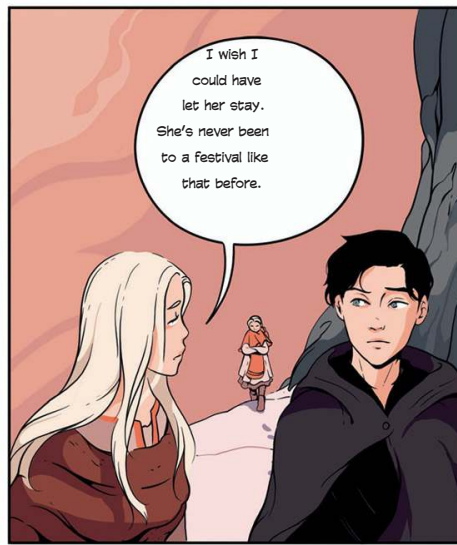








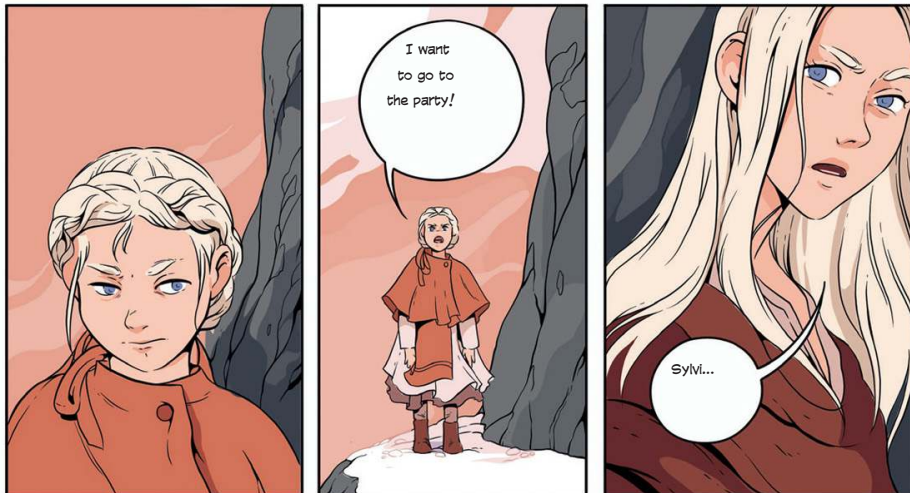






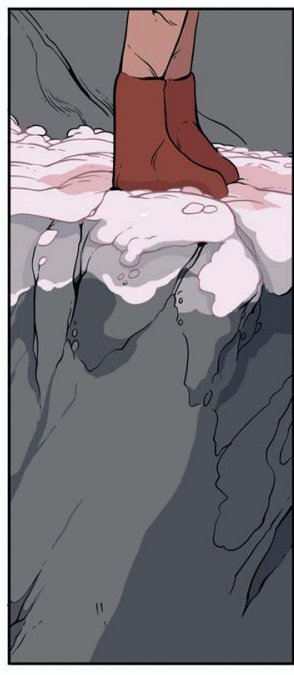
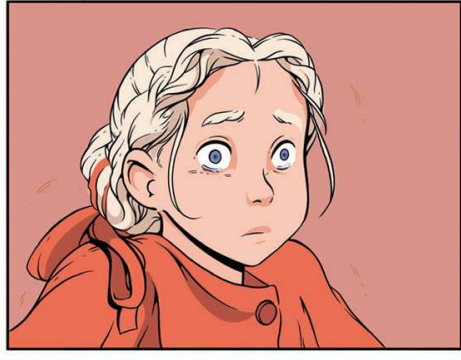










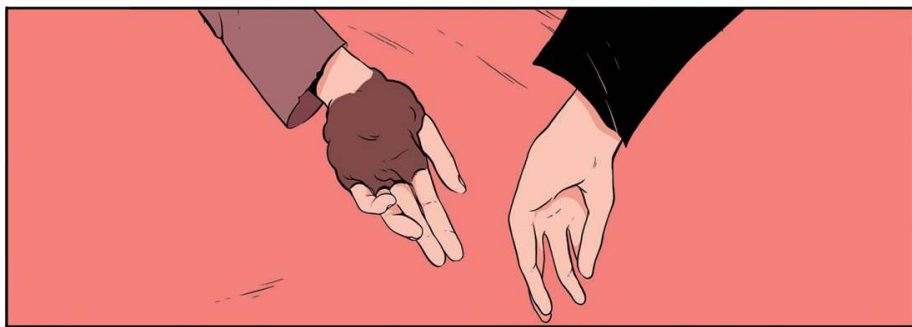
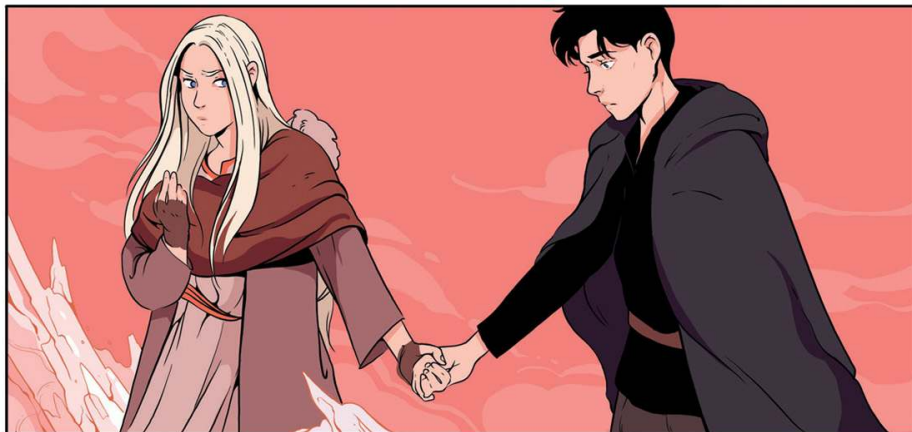
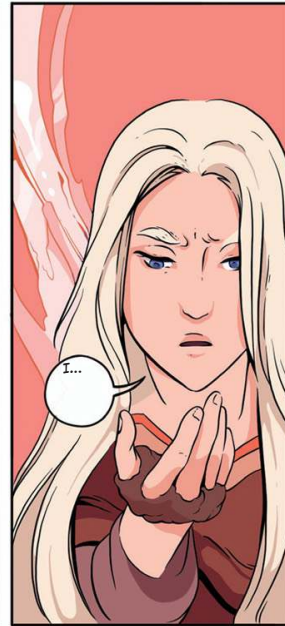


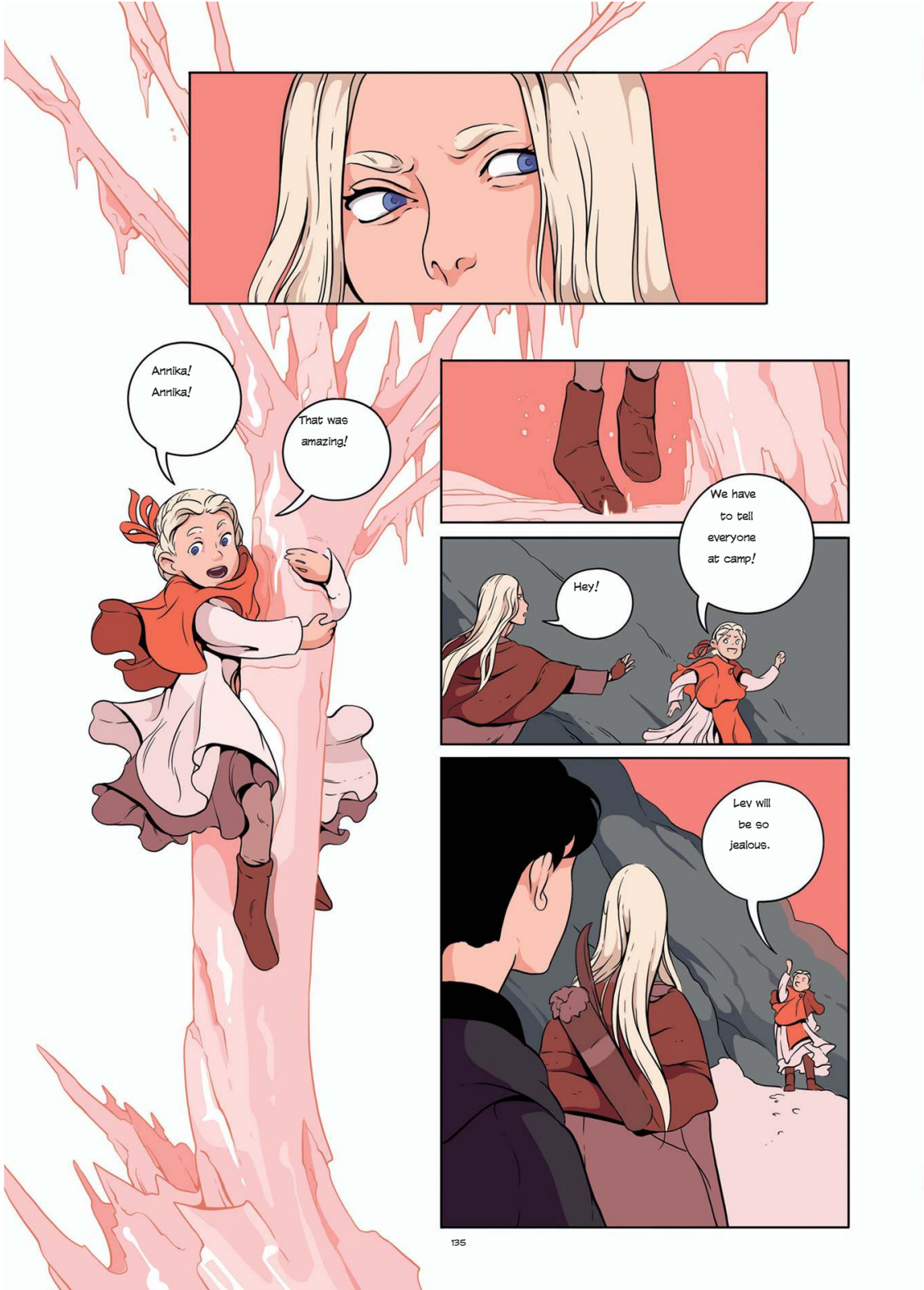




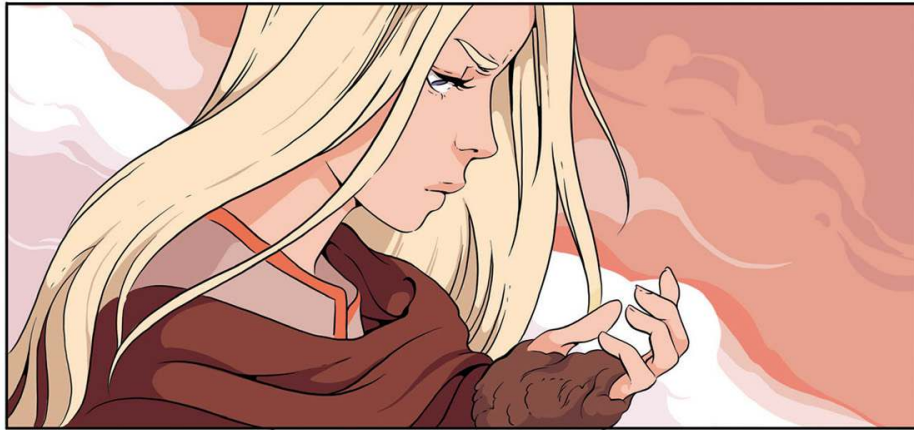
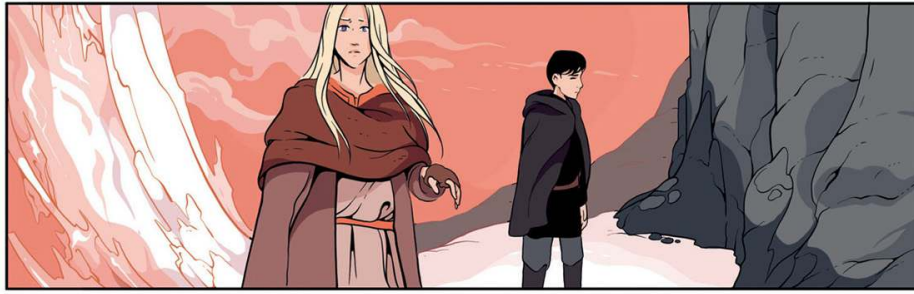


















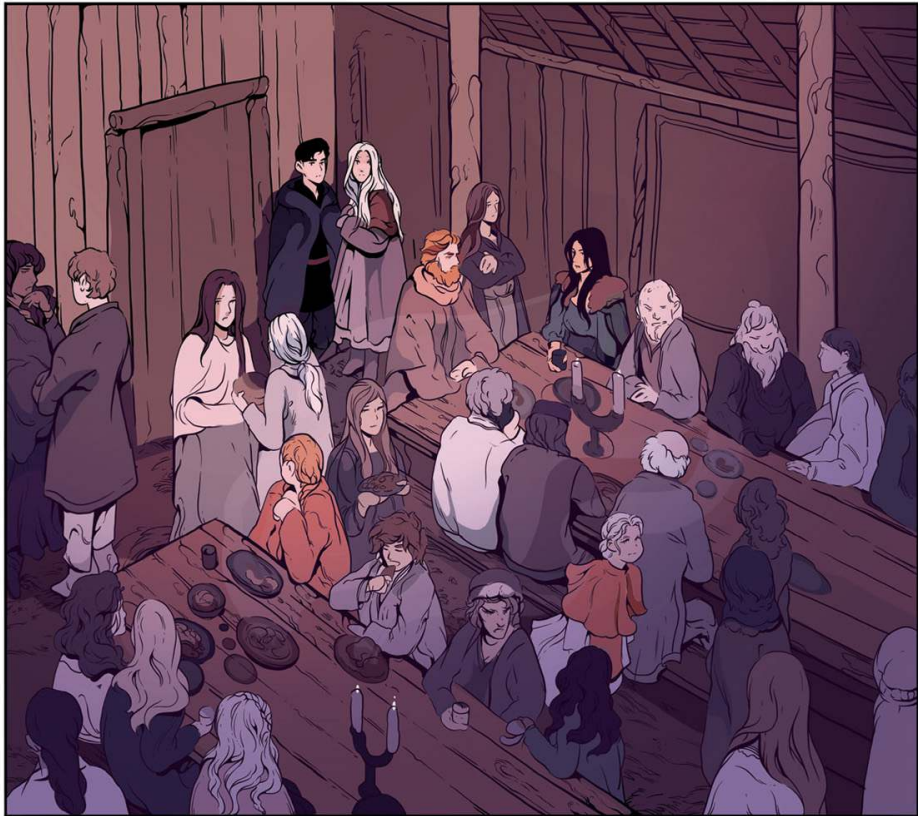
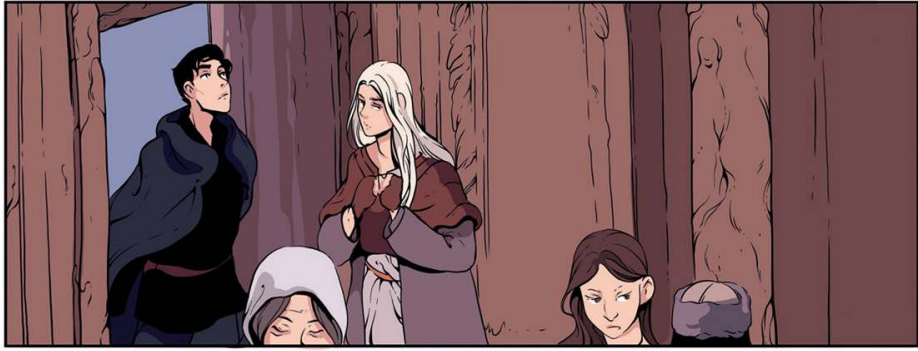
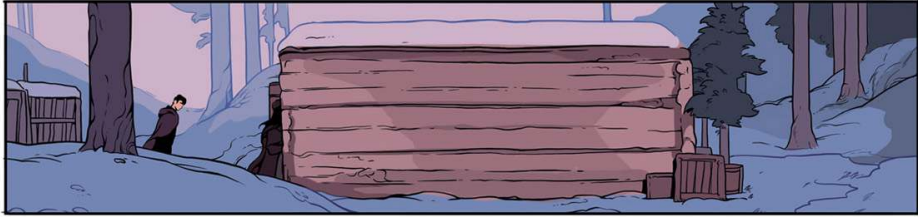






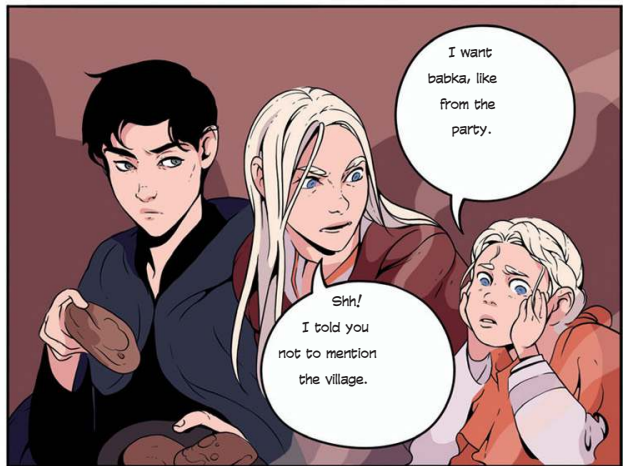


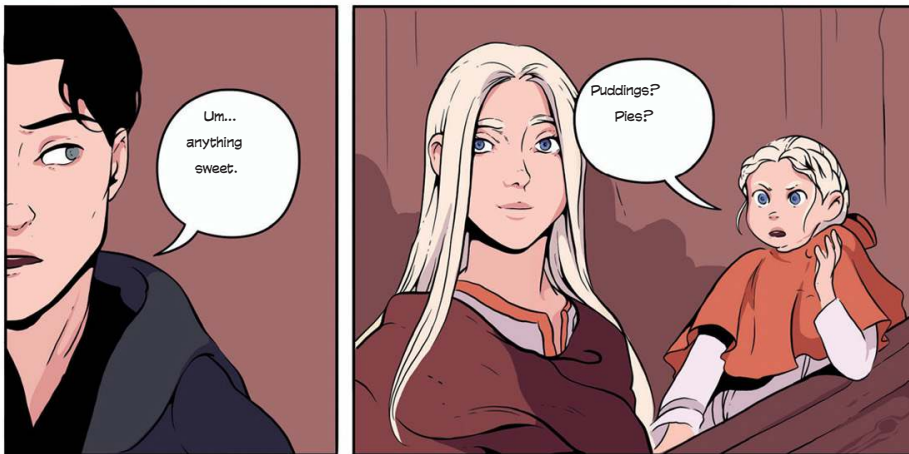
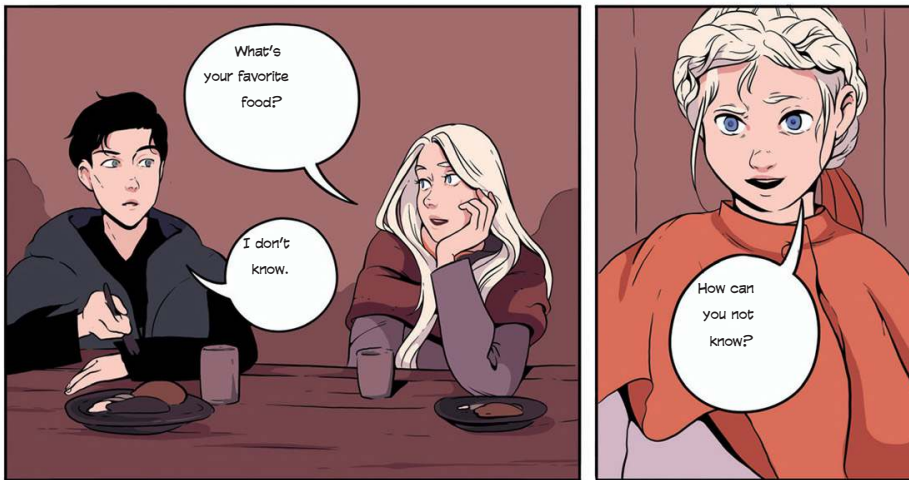


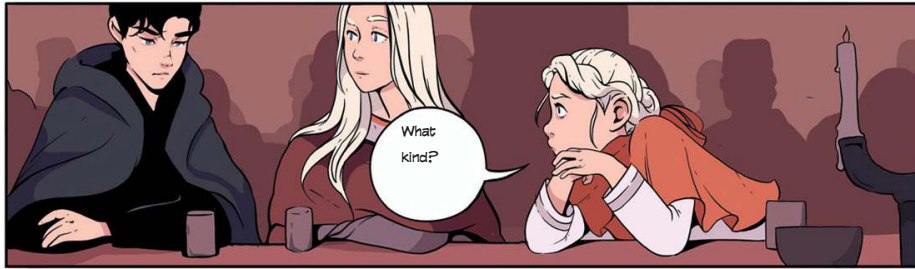








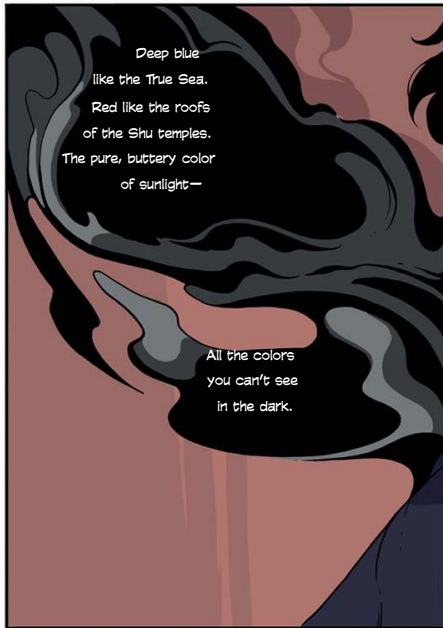


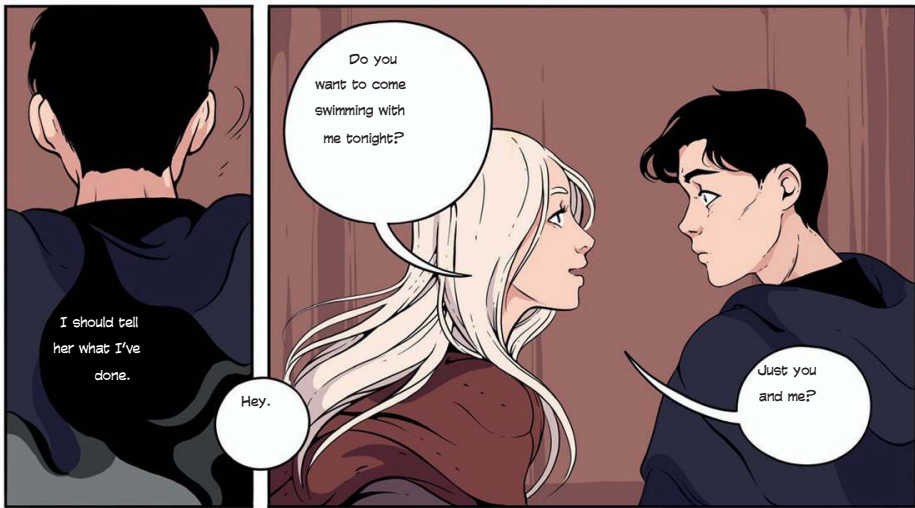
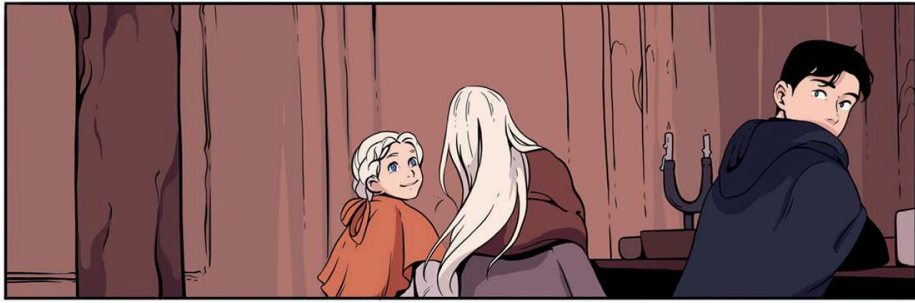






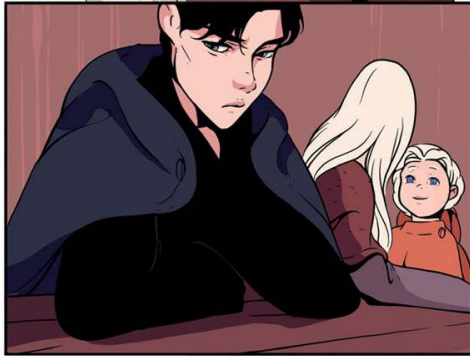
I don't have one.

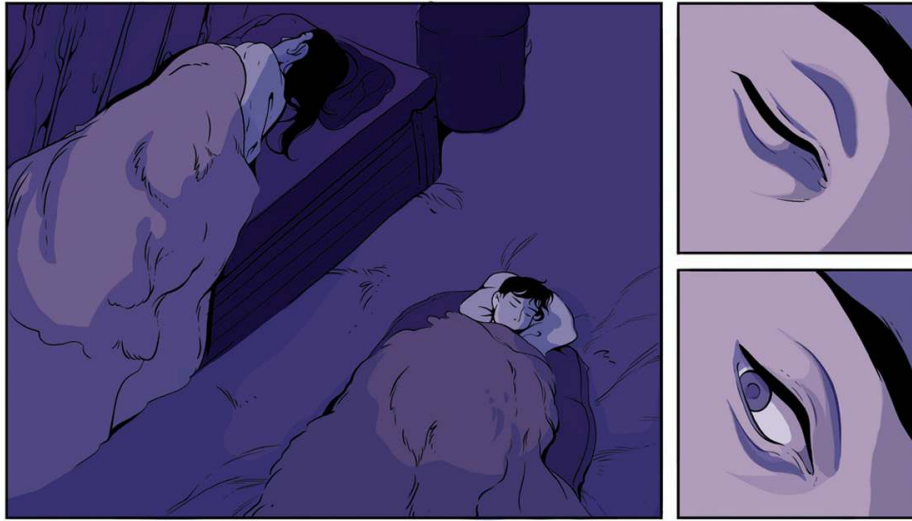








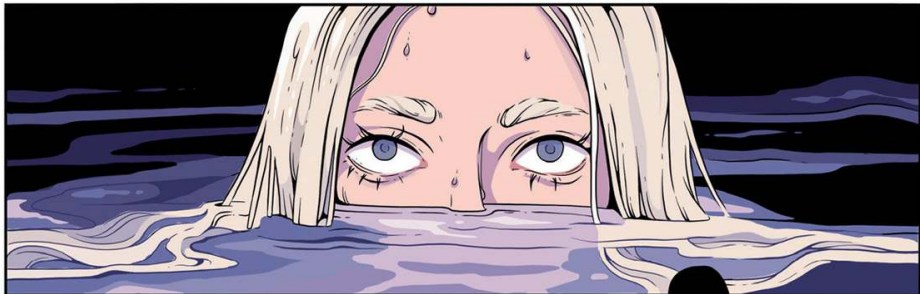
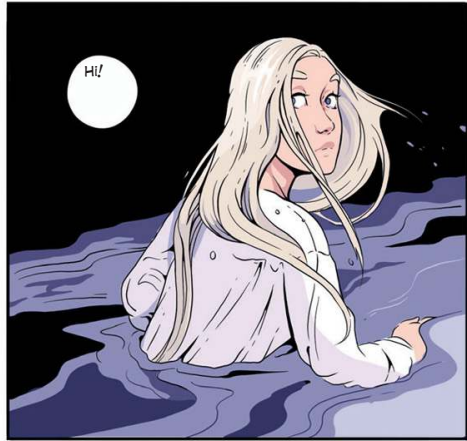






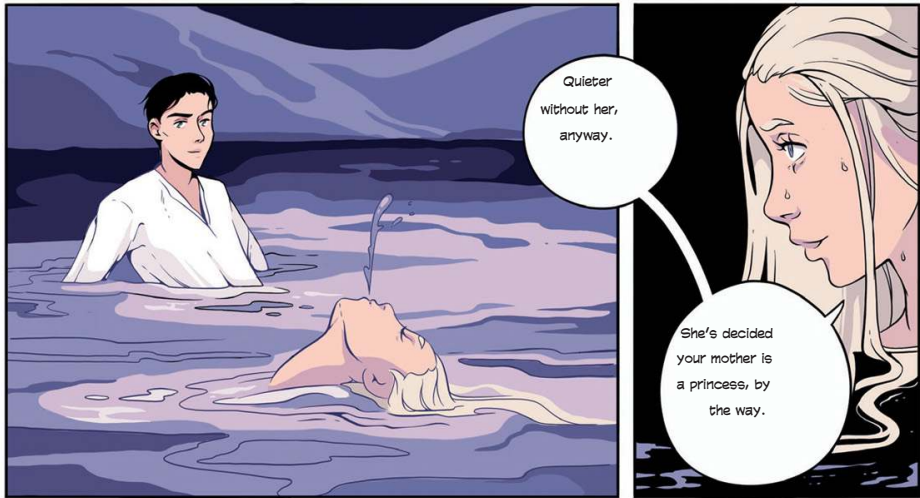


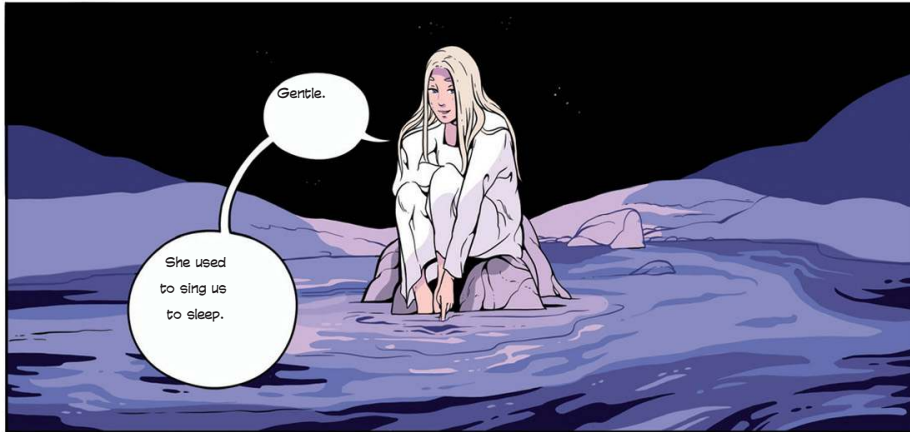












Gentle.

She used to sing us to sleep.

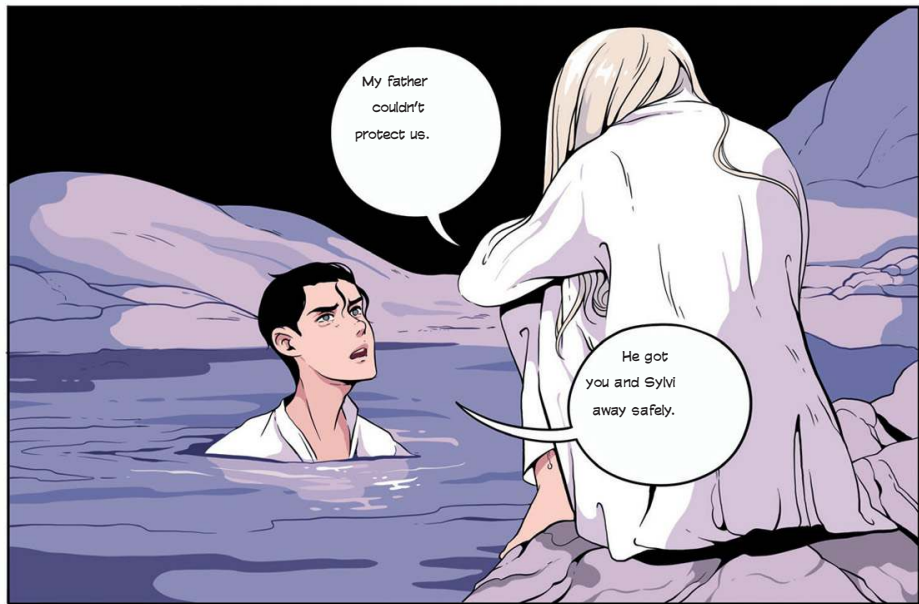


I told her I was too old for lullabies.

I regret that every night now.

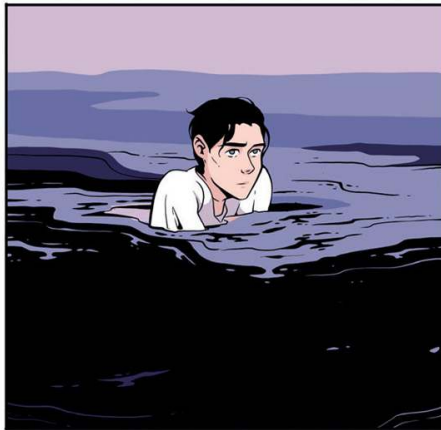


The witchhunters had these horses. I know I was scared, but I swear they were big as houses.



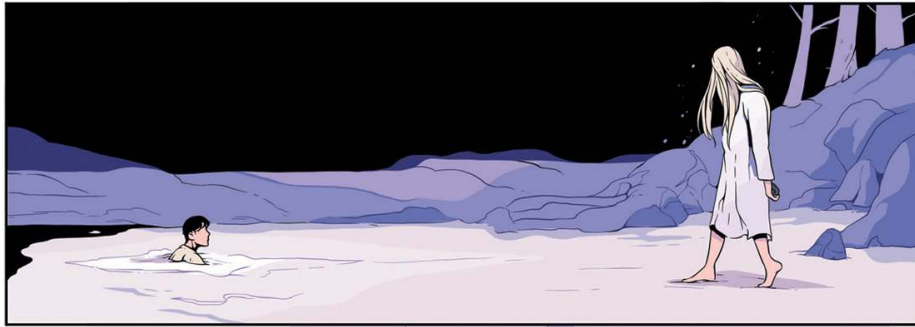






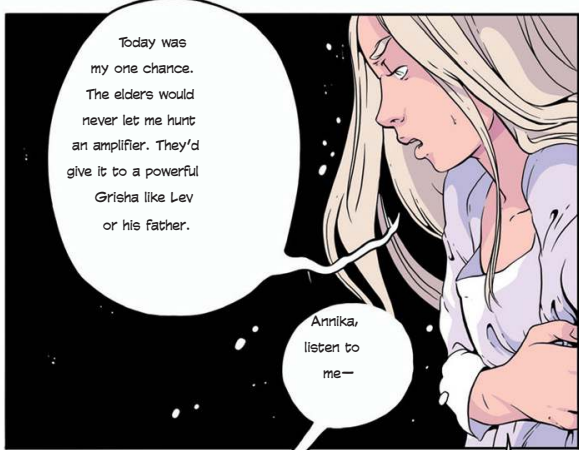








Annika—



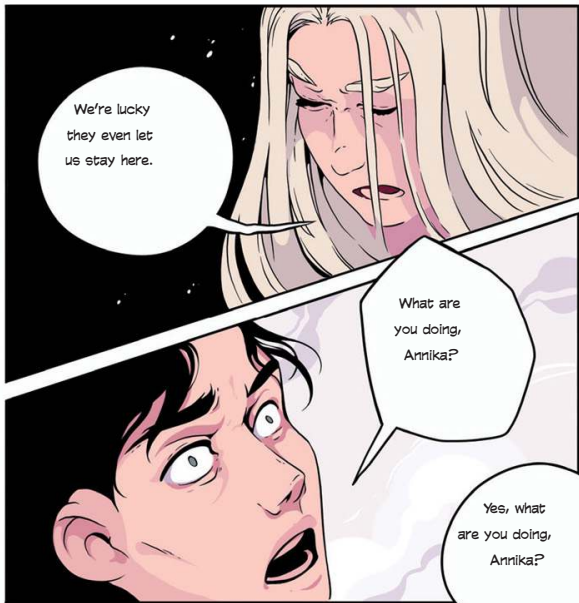
Today was my one chance. The elders would never let me hunt an amplifier. They'd give it to a powerful Grisha like Lev or his father.

Annika, listen to me—



My father can't protect us.

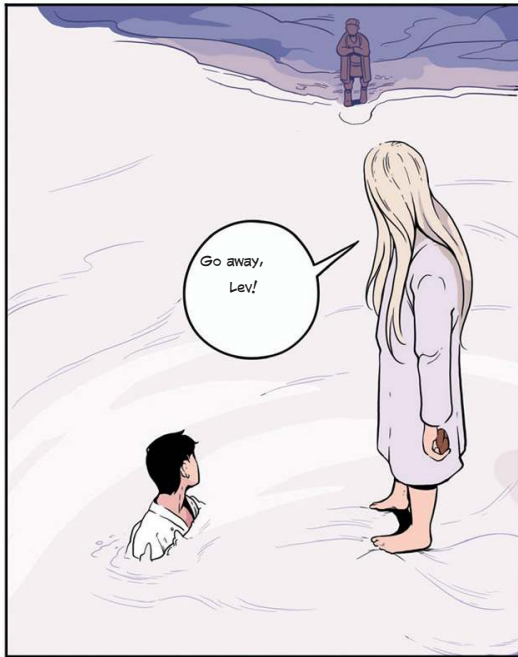
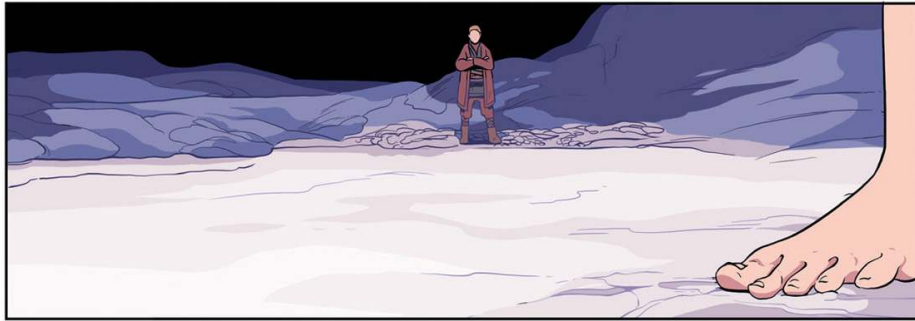
I can protect you! We're friends.



We're lucky they even let us stay here.

What are you doing, Annika?

Yes, what are you doing, Annika?







Do it, Anrika.  
If I'm going to die,  
I DON'T WANT  
LEV USING  
MY POWER.



What are  
you talking  
about?



Be quiet.



I'M AN AMPLIFIER.  
AND ONCE ANNIKA  
WEARS MY BONES, YOU  
WON'T BE ABLE TO PUSH  
HER OR HER SISTER  
AROUND ANYMORE.



Shut  
up!

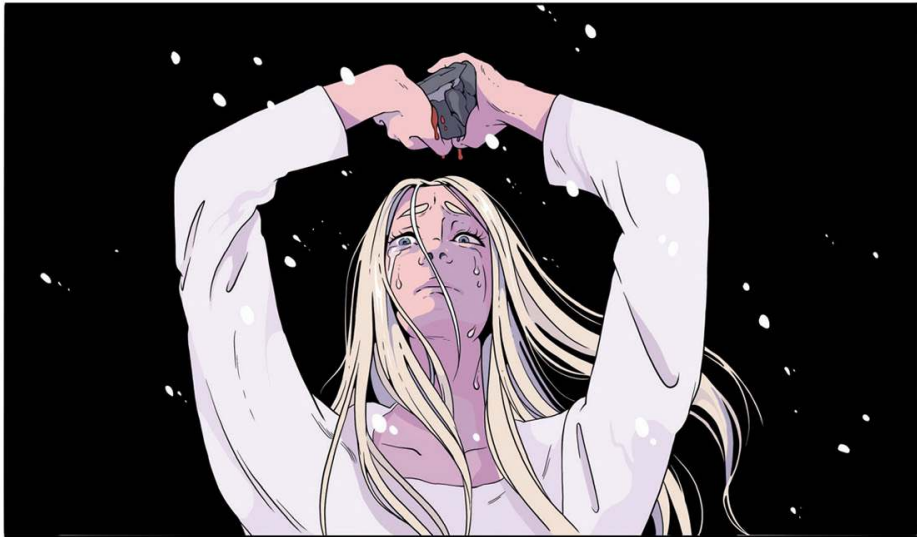






**CRACK**

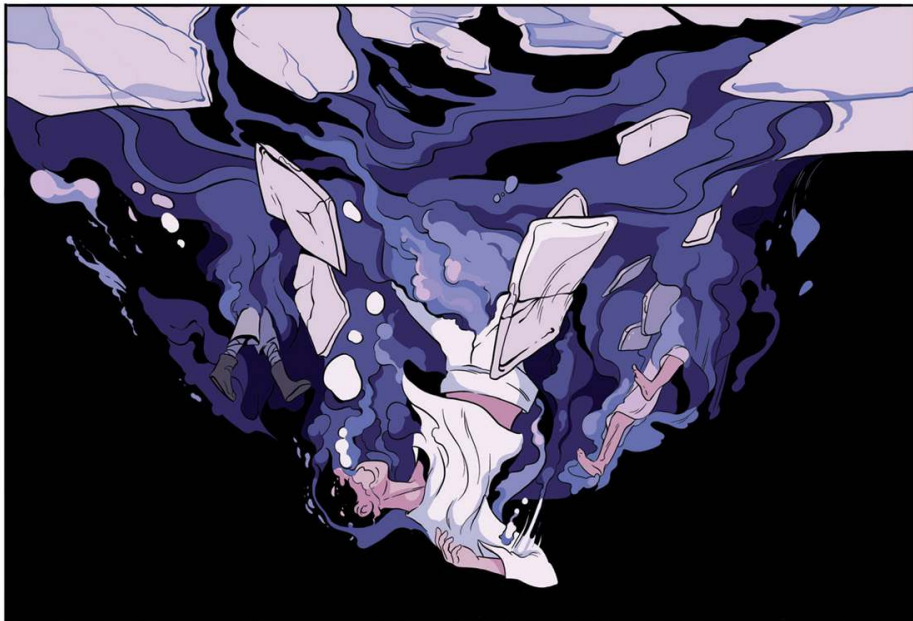


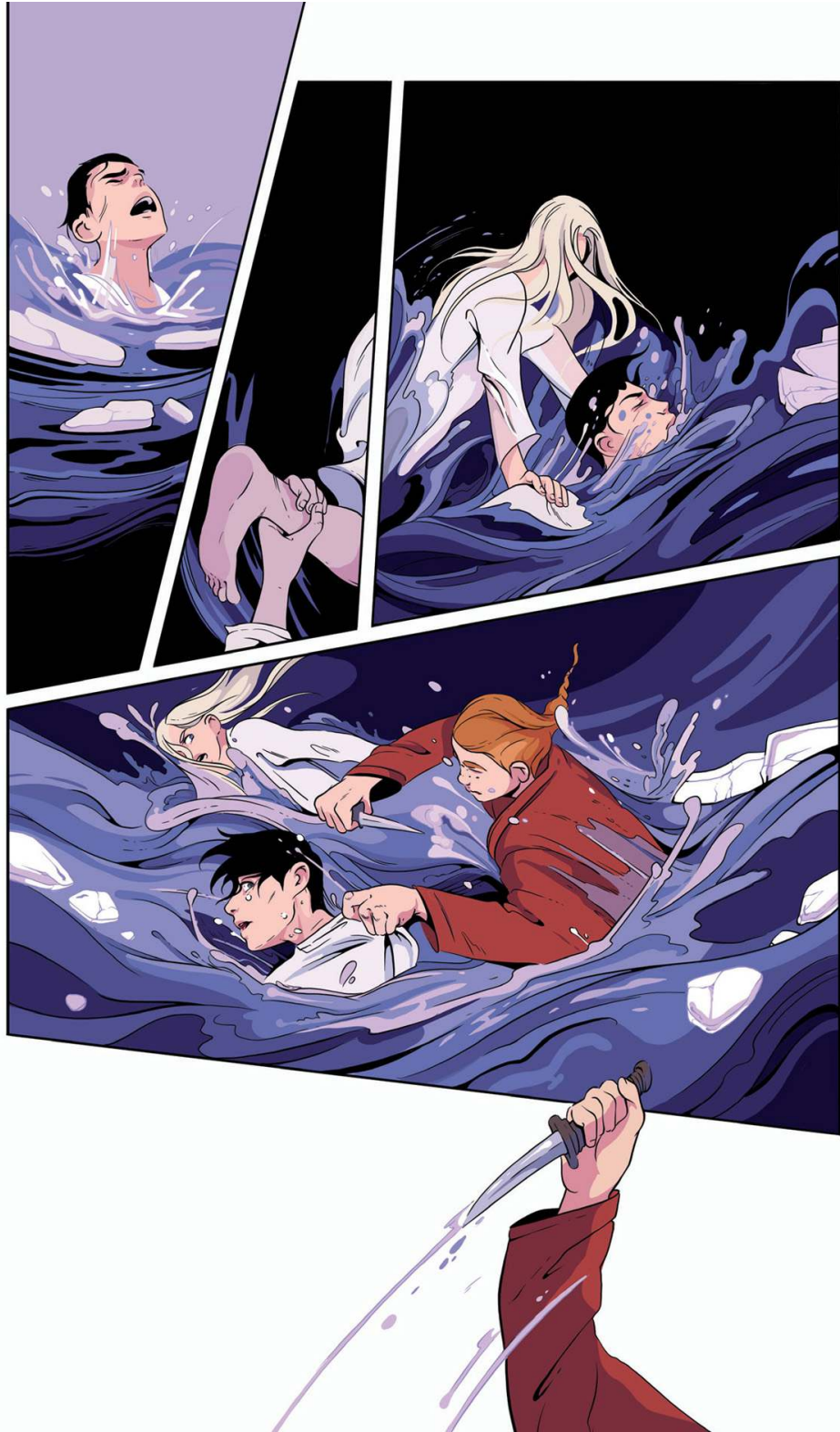






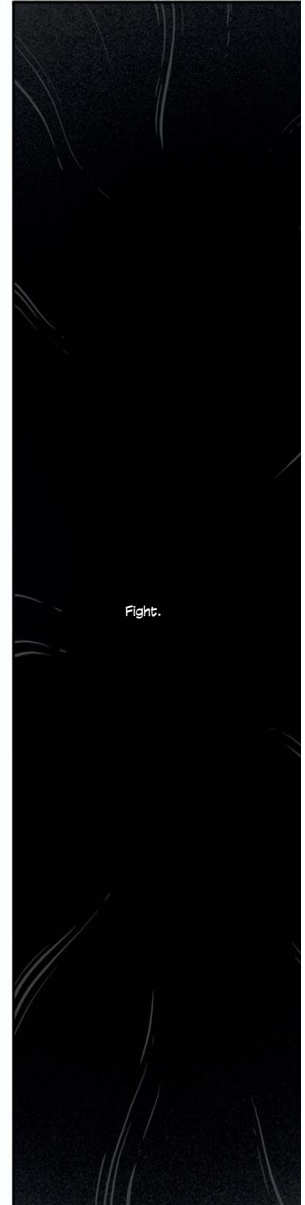














What are you waiting for?

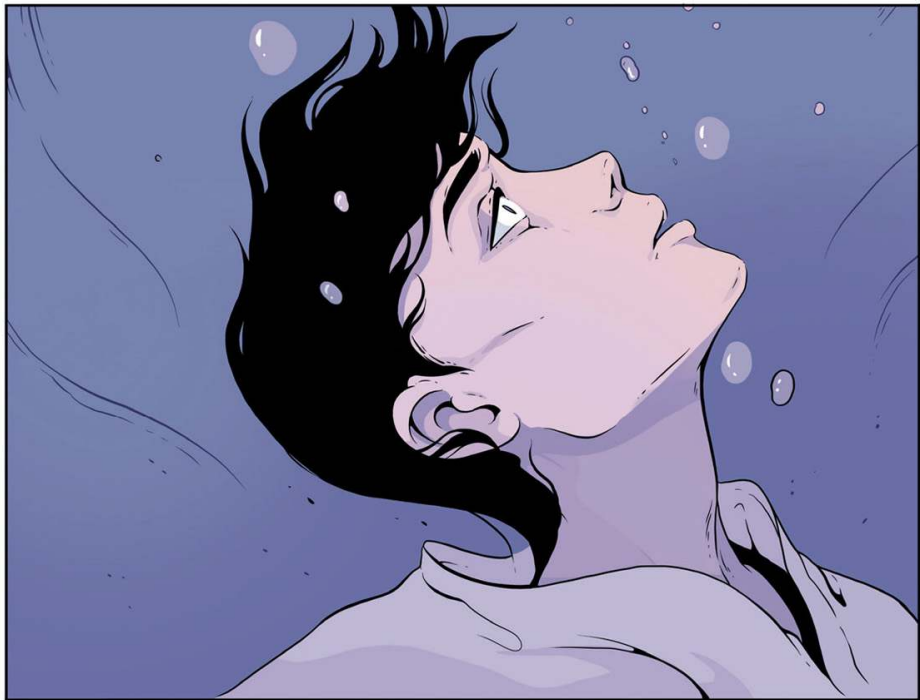
Can't we stop training? It's dark out.

What should that matter to you?

Like calls to like. The darkness belongs to you.

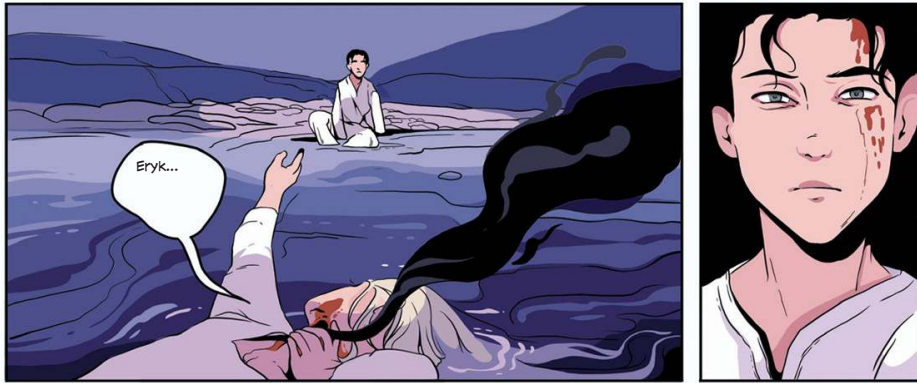
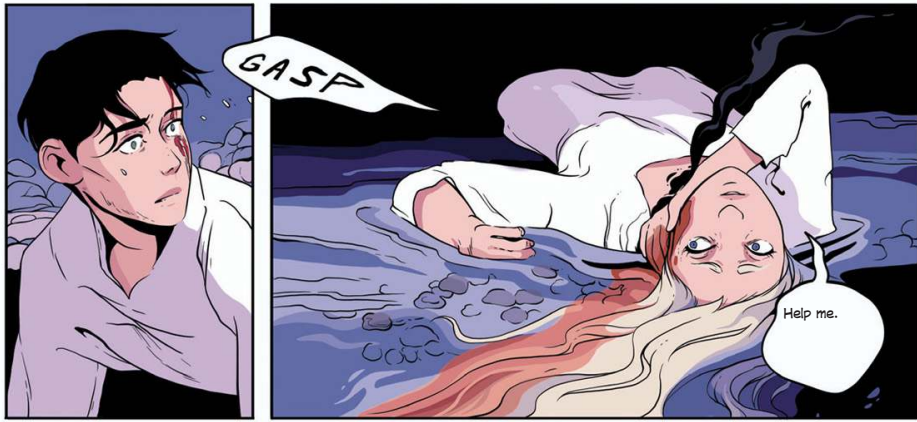


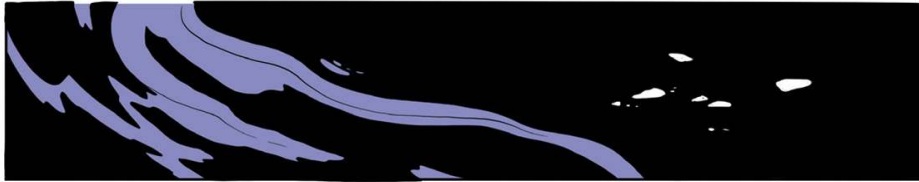
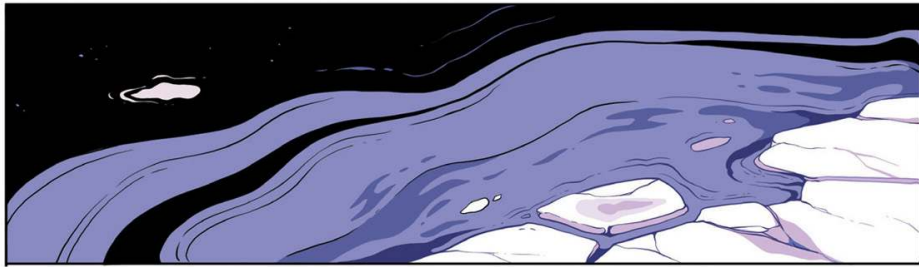
As long as this heart beats, you keep fighting.



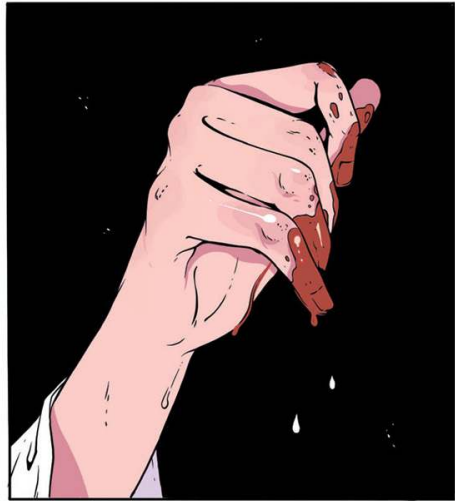












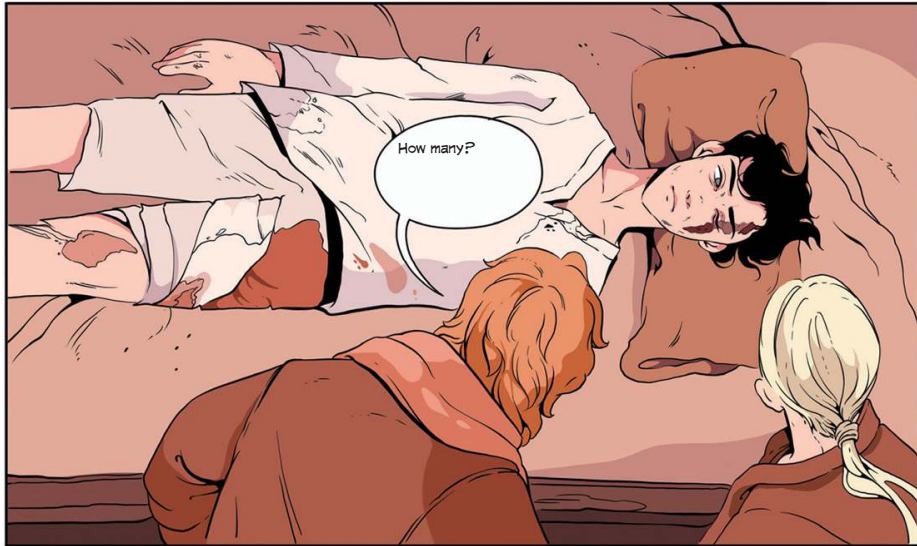
They'll blame  
me for this.  
Me and my  
mother.



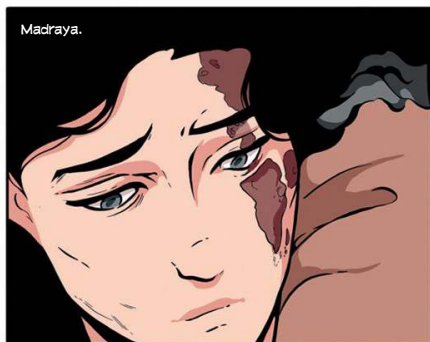
We'll  
be put to  
death.

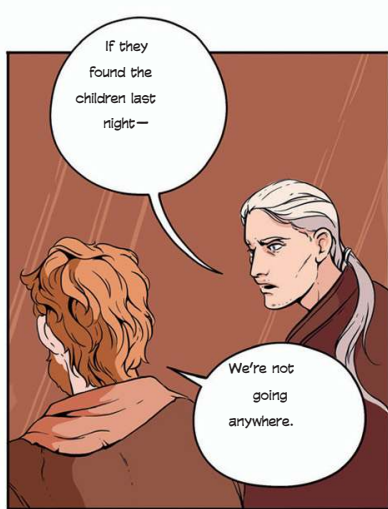


























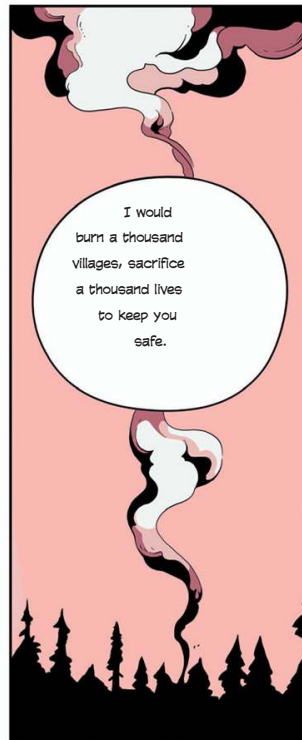
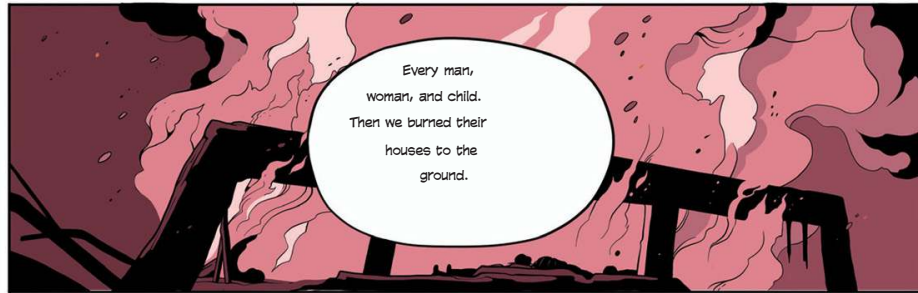
















But I cannot hate that boy and girl for what they tried to do.



The way we live, the way we're forced to live—it makes us desperate.



The Ullie is right.



There is no safe place. There is no haven. Not for us.

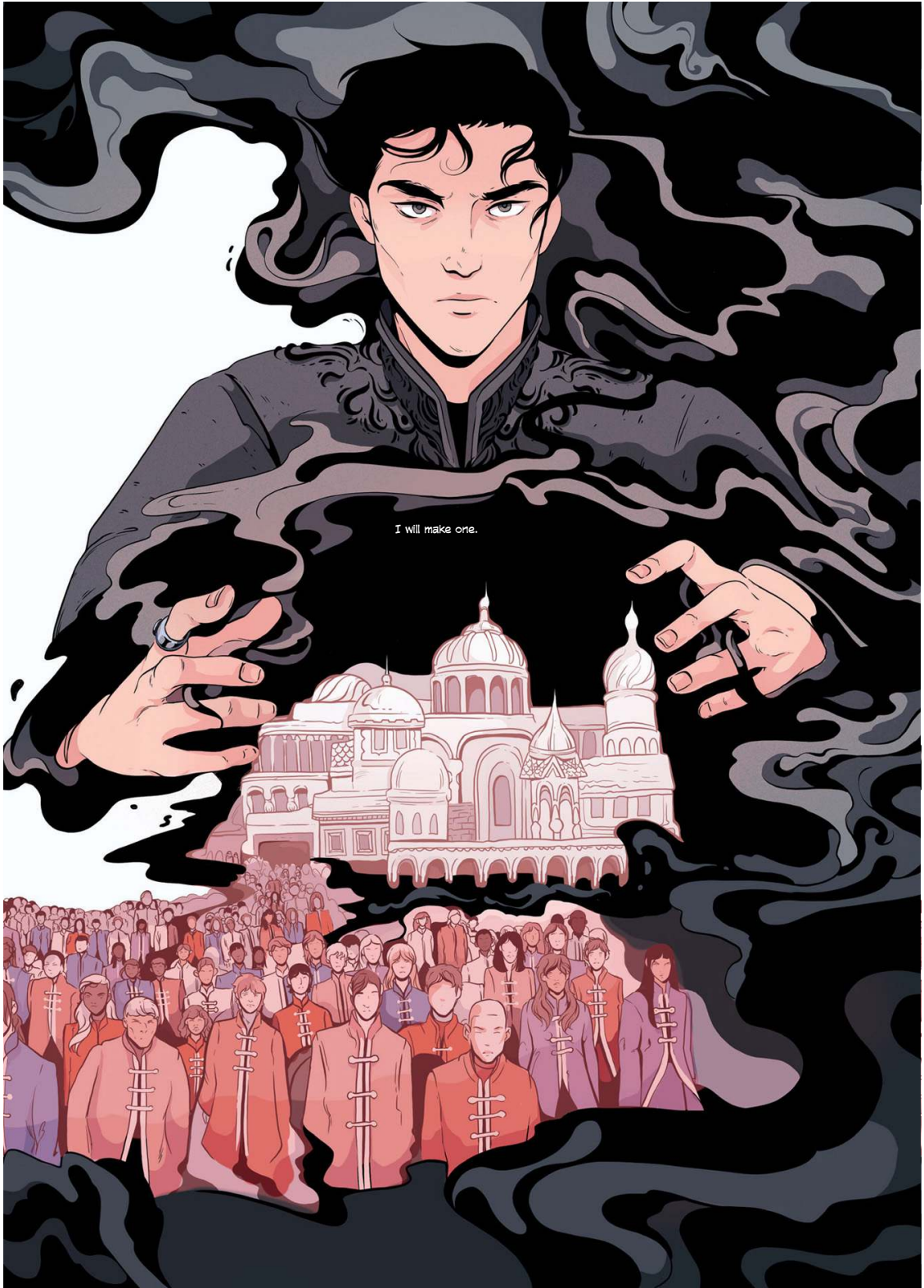


No safe place. No haven.









I will make one.



## DEVELOPMENT

Is it a hero's origin story or a villain's? I've never been able to see Aleksander as purely one or the other. He is a survivor who dreams of safety for his people. He is a tyrant who brutalizes and exploits those who trust him most. If Ravka were a different country, if he'd been raised by a different mother, if his mother had been raised by a different mother ... well, who knows what might have been?

I want to thank some of the many people who saw this story through from the start: First, Dani Pendergast, who brought these characters and this world to life with such originality, emotion, and talent. Dani, I am forever grateful.

Noa Wheeler edited the original short story. Erin Stein, Natalie Souza, and especially John Morgan and Kyla Vanderklugt were fundamental in transforming this story into a real script. Kate Meltzer shepherded us through our revisions with precision and patience. Many thanks to Allison Verost and Jen Besser, as well as the wonderful marketing, publicity, and subrights team at HarperCollins, including Jennifer Hines, Kristin Luby, Melissa Croce, Kristin Dulaney, Kaitlin Loss, Jordan Winch, and the ever-marvelous Molly Ellis and Morgan Kane. And a huge thank-you to the remarkable sales team of Jennifer Edwards, Jessica Brigman, Jasmine Key, Jennifer Golding, Mark Von Bargen, Matthew Mich, Rebecca Schmidt, Sofrina Hinton, and Taylor Armstrong. Also to Jon Yaged, who didn't fit into any of these lists.

My New Leaf Literary family has been with me from the start. Thank you to Hilary Pecheone, Veronica Grijalva, Victoria Hendersen, Meredith Barnes, Abigail Donoghue, Jenniea Carter, Katherine Curtis, Kate Sullivan, the brilliant and sharp-eyed Jordan Hill, the never-say-die Pouya Shahbazian, and my Yecj q KkYj j YUkl c, s f k f Yncj c m j c b i t c r c m s g b m f c i c s g f f p i k m grace, and a sizable dose of "hell yeah."

All the love and gratitude to my family: Mom, Christine, Sam, Emily, Ryan, and Fredward. And, E, it doesn't matter how many stars we see, there's no one else I'd rather look up with.

—LEIGH BARDUGO



MfHbVfe jW Pffb mQ Q TnjhCfS'Ve Cho TngThTeRi Uhd T, QeS DmfkSe'j  
Wd TPTTe CpCj Sf Y mYWkj jW ikggfHj QeS bYeSeTii fUjW gTfgd  
mW Wd d Tkg jWf kVWkj jW ghf aTj. : d Ycf e jWOb-ofki jf d o Ud Yo,  
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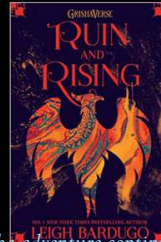


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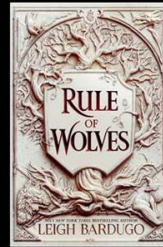
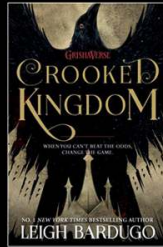


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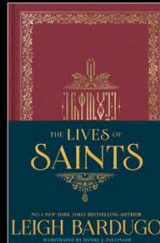
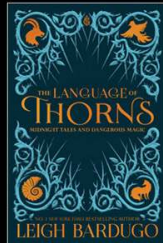
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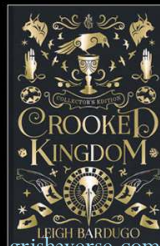
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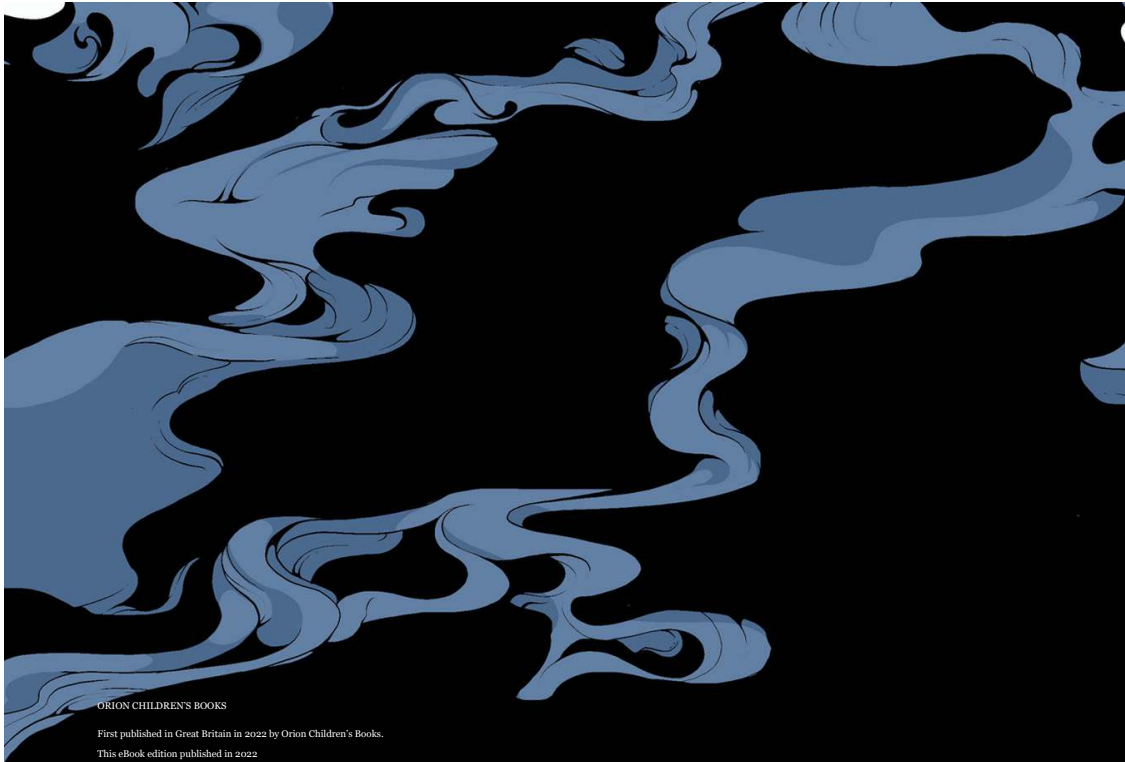
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