

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING PHENOMENON

THE ALCHEMIST

A GRAPHIC NOVEL



PAULO COELHO

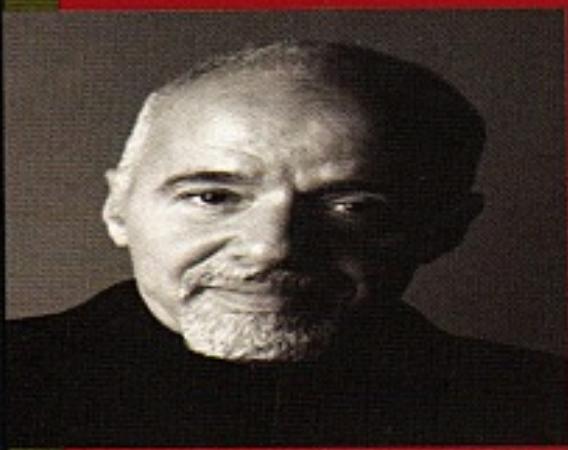
THE HUNGRY

DUST JACKET

A GRAPHIC NOVEL



PAULO COELHO,



born in Rio de Janeiro in 1947, is one of the bestselling and most influential authors in the world. *The Alchemist*, *The Pilgrimage*, *The Valkyries*, *Brida*, *Veronika Decides to Die*, *Eleven Minutes*, *The Zahir*, *The Witch of Portobello*, and *The Winner Stands Alone*, among

others, have sold 115 million copies in more than 160 countries. Visit the author online at www.paulocoelho.com.

DANIEL SAMPERE, illustrator, was born in 1985. At the age of eighteen he attended an illustration academy in Barcelona. His first project was Spirit for Alpha Omega Comics and later Domino Lady for Moonstone Comics. Daniel is currently living in Spain.

DEREK RUIZ, adapter, has been a graphic novel writer and editor for the past ten years. In 2010 he cowrote the graphic adaption of the *New York Times* bestselling author Dean Koontz's *Fear Nothing*.

SEA LION BOOKS LLC, located in Atlanta, Georgia, is a newly established publishing and graphics house that specializes in graphic novels, urban fantasy, and young adult genres.
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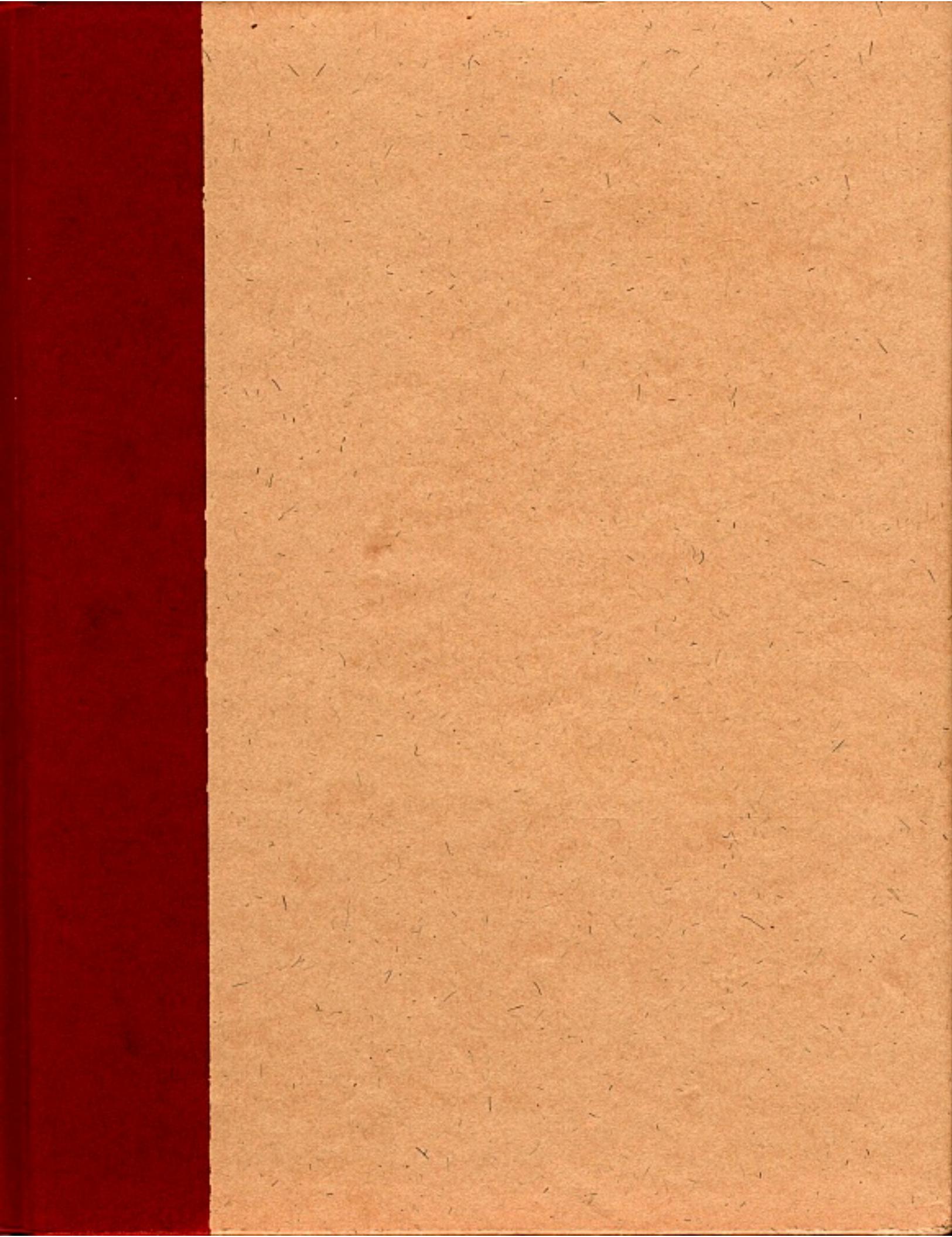
Jacket design: Sea Lion Books
Author photo: © Xavier González

Magnificently illustrated and carefully reviewed by Paulo Coelho,
The Alchemist: A Graphic Novel is a stunning interpretation of this international bestselling classic.

Andalusian shepherd boy Santiago travels from his homeland in Spain to the Egyptian desert in search of a treasure buried in the Pyramids. Along the way he meets a Gypsy woman, a man who calls himself king, and an alchemist, all of whom point Santiago in the direction of his quest. No one knows what the treasure is, or if Santiago will be able to surmount the obstacles along the way. But what starts out as a journey to find worldly goods turns into a discovery of the treasure found within.

Since its first printing *The Alchemist* has been translated into seventy-one languages and sold forty million copies worldwide, establishing itself as a modern classic that will enchant and inspire readers for generations to come.

Beautifully rendered, *The Alchemist: A Graphic Novel* is a must have for any collector's library.



THE
LITERARY
REVIEW

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Editorial
Committee

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PAULO COELHO

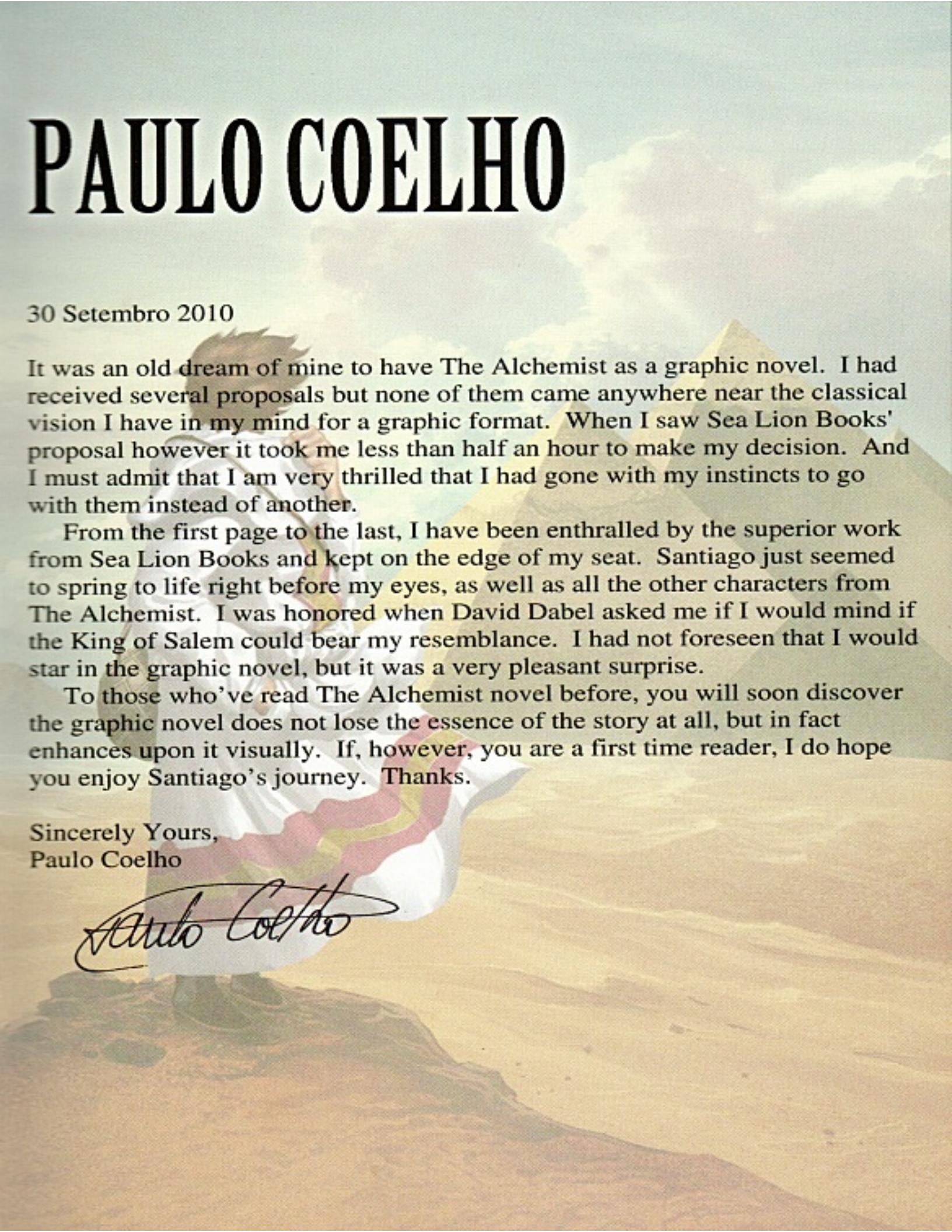
30 Setembro 2010

It was an old dream of mine to have *The Alchemist* as a graphic novel. I had received several proposals but none of them came anywhere near the classical vision I have in my mind for a graphic format. When I saw Sea Lion Books' proposal however it took me less than half an hour to make my decision. And I must admit that I am very thrilled that I had gone with my instincts to go with them instead of another.

From the first page to the last, I have been enthralled by the superior work from Sea Lion Books and kept on the edge of my seat. Santiago just seemed to spring to life right before my eyes, as well as all the other characters from *The Alchemist*. I was honored when David Dabel asked me if I would mind if the King of Salem could bear my resemblance. I had not foreseen that I would star in the graphic novel, but it was a very pleasant surprise.

To those who've read *The Alchemist* novel before, you will soon discover the graphic novel does not lose the essence of the story at all, but in fact enhances upon it visually. If, however, you are a first time reader, I do hope you enjoy Santiago's journey. Thanks.

Sincerely Yours,
Paulo Coelho



Paulo Coelho

DANIEL SAMPERE

When my manager told me if I would draw the graphic novel of The Alchemist, the first thing I thought was "The Alchemist?" there's no action on The Alchemist or super heroes! I've always drawn action comics. Then I started thinking, and I felt a lot of pressure. The Alchemist is one of the most important best sellers in history with million of fans, and I knew that it was going to be a really good challenge for me.

When I started working on the pages, the magic of the book quickly invaded me, and I started enjoying drawing desert scenes, really beautiful landscapes. I think when you read the novel, you get a very relaxed feeling, it just calms you in a very good way and that was really difficult to transmit all those feelings on the pages. I tried to create an art style that would transmit this sensation that the original book gave you.

It's been a really difficult and stressful experience too, but all the hard work I put into the pages were worth it. I'm very happy because I worked with a really great team, the inkers, and the colorists impressed me. The entire creative team did amazing work.

The Alchemist talks about personal legends, and to follow your dreams. It is an invitation for everyone to fight for what you want in life without any fear. That's why I want to dedicate this book to my grandfather, because he was the person who inspired me to be a comic book artist and the person who taught me, and encouraged me to fight to follow my dream. Without him, I would never have become an artist. To the memory of my grandpa, the best artist I've ever met

Daniel Sampere

Daniel Sampere

DEREK RUIZ

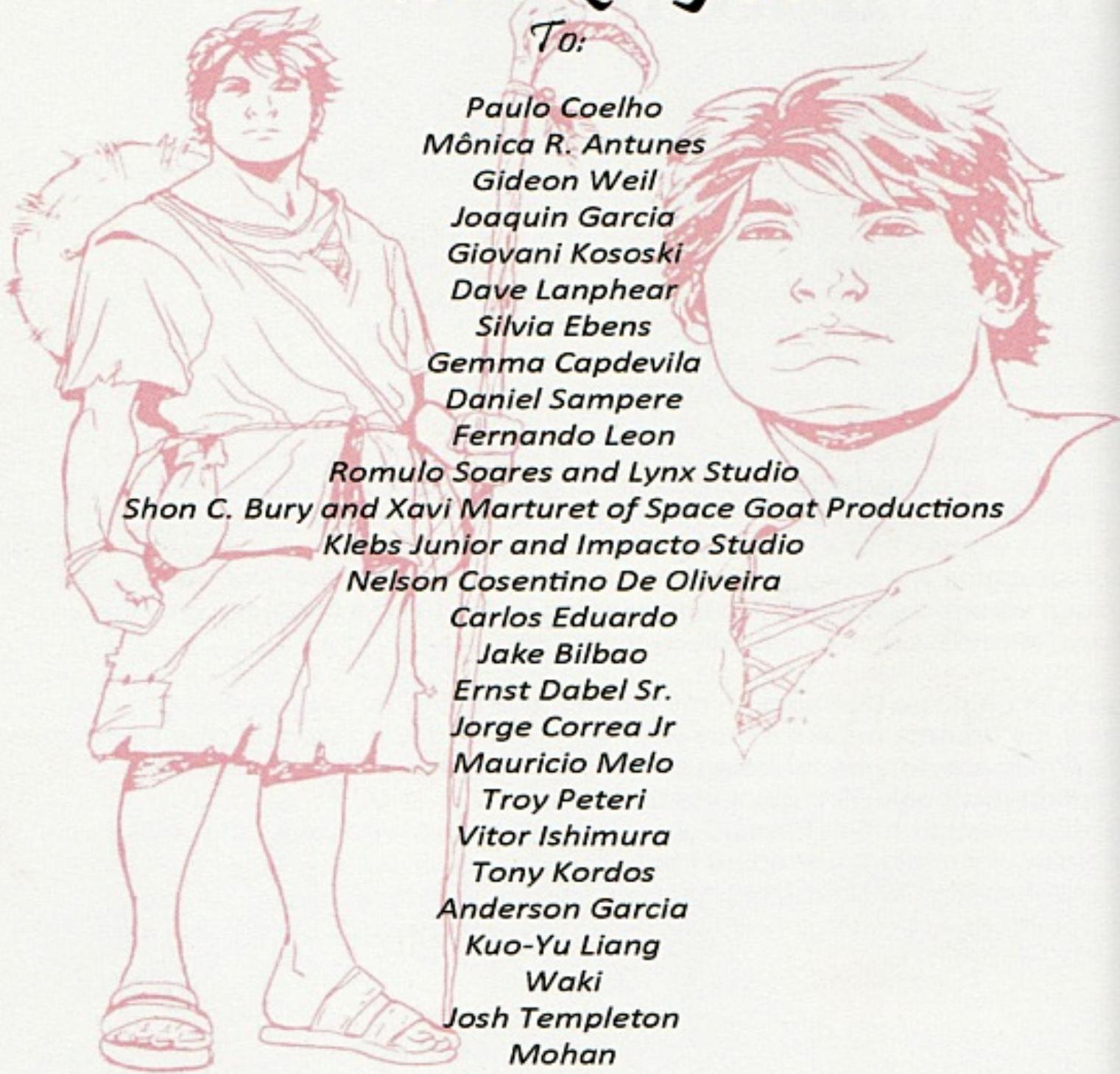
If feels like only yesterday that David Dabel brought "The Alchemist" to my attention. Up until that point I never heard of "The Alchemist" or its wonderful message, so reading it was very enlightening. You see, the book tells you that everything on the planet has a Personal Legend. A Personal Legend is what you always wanted to accomplish in your life. You usually know what your Personal Legend is when you are younger. When you are younger you believe all your dreams can become a reality, because they can. Young people are usually described as fearless dreamers. I would rather be a dreamer than someone who just settles for what is easy in life. Since I was eight years old I have wanted to work in the comic book industry. Working in the comic industry and being successful at it has been my Personal Legend. I have had my ups and downs just like Santiago. There have been times where I've wanted to give it all up but my heart wouldn't let it. It would whisper to me that things will get better and all your struggles will pay off. Finally with Sea Lion Books I feel like I've reached a place where my dreams are finally going to be fulfilled and getting to the end of my Personal Legend is finally at hand.

I want to dedicate this book to my mother and father for always telling me to follow my dreams because they will never let me down. I would also like to thank my family and friends for being very supportive while I was hard at work on adapting this book. You guys are the best!

Finally I want to thank Paulo Coelho for writing this work of art that makes clear what we all should know about life.
Never Give Up On Your Dreams.

Derek Ruiz

Derek Ruiz



A Special Thank You

To:

*Paulo Coelho
Mônica R. Antunes*

*Gideon Weil
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Dave Lanphear
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Gemma Capdevila
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Klebs Junior and Impacto Studio
Nelson Cosentino De Oliveira*

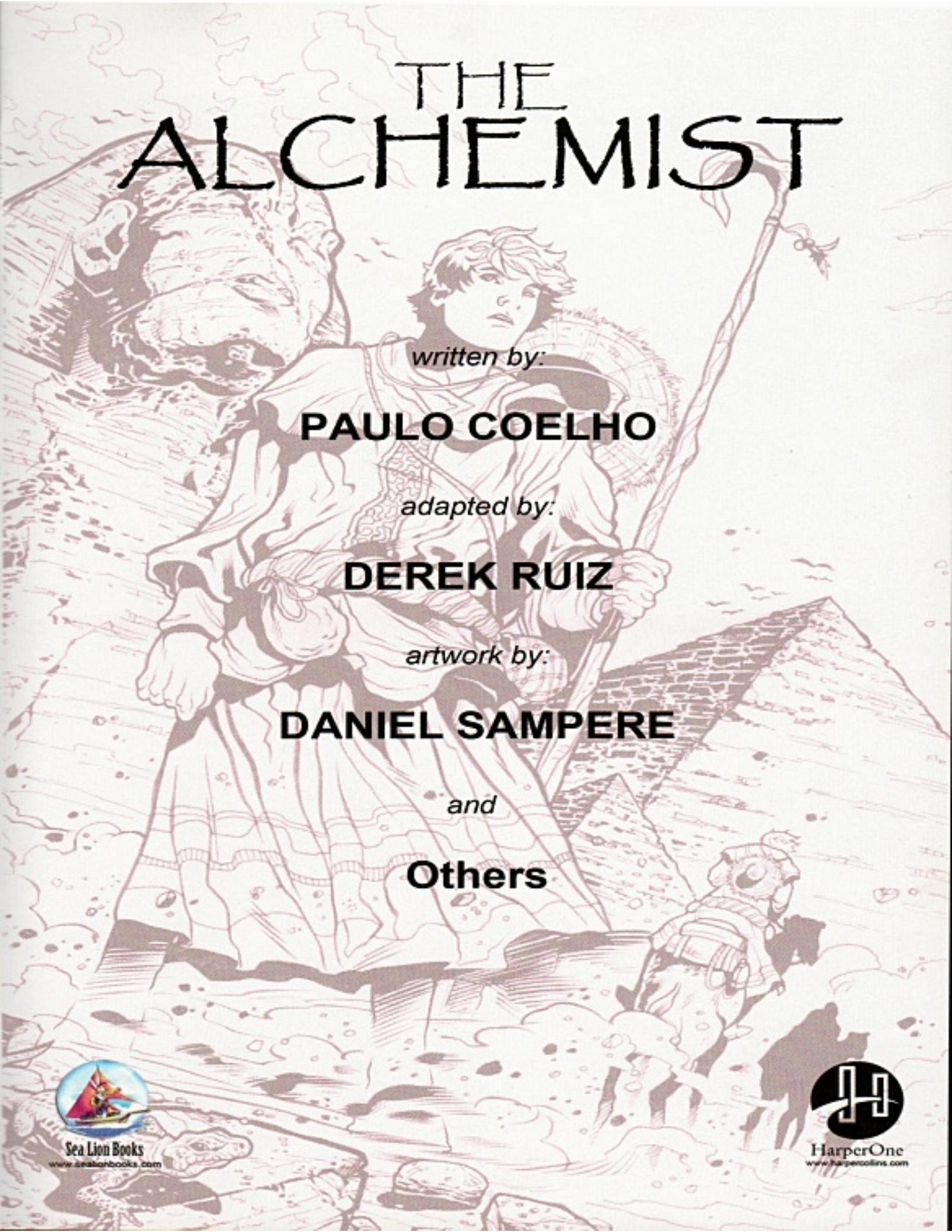
*Carlos Eduardo
Jake Bilbao
Ernst Dabel Sr.
Jorge Correa Jr
Mauricio Melo
Troy Peteri
Vitor Ishimura
Tony Kordos
Anderson Garcia
Kuo-Yu Liang
Waki*

*Josh Templeton
Mohan*

IGF (Sunny Gho)

*Shefali
Bill Tortolini
Digikore
Izrael*

THE ALCHEMIST



written by:

PAULO COELHO

adapted by:

DEREK RUIZ

artwork by:

DANIEL SAMPERE

and

Others



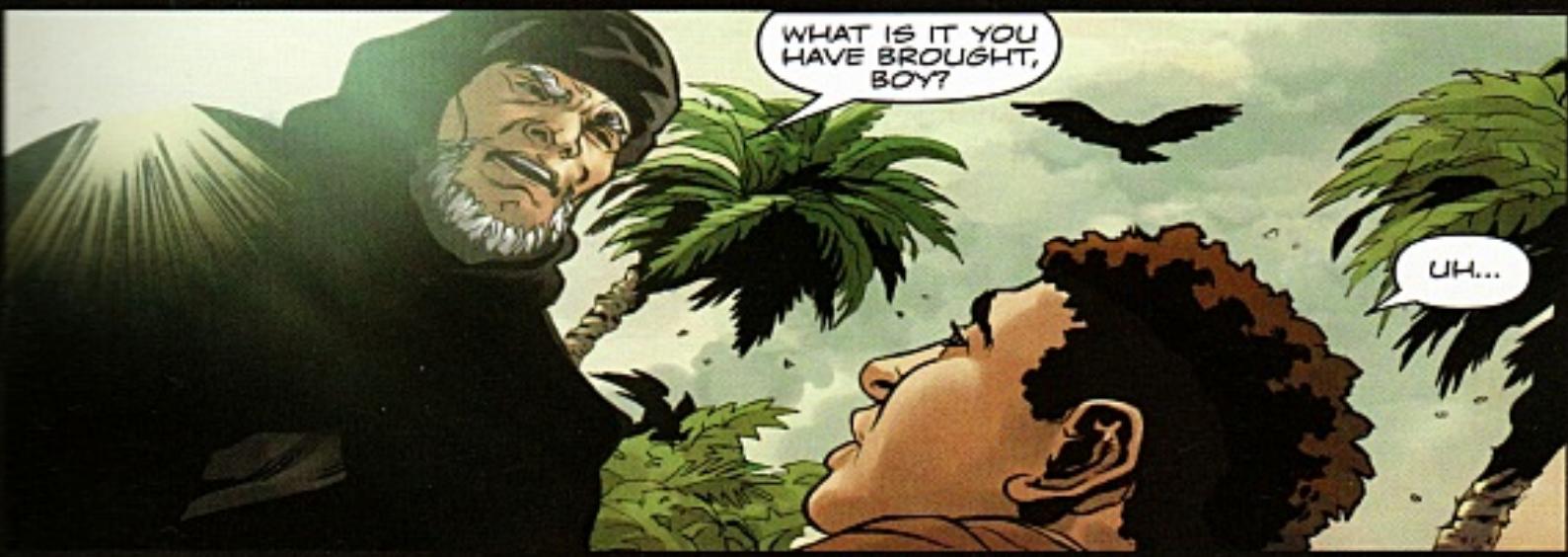
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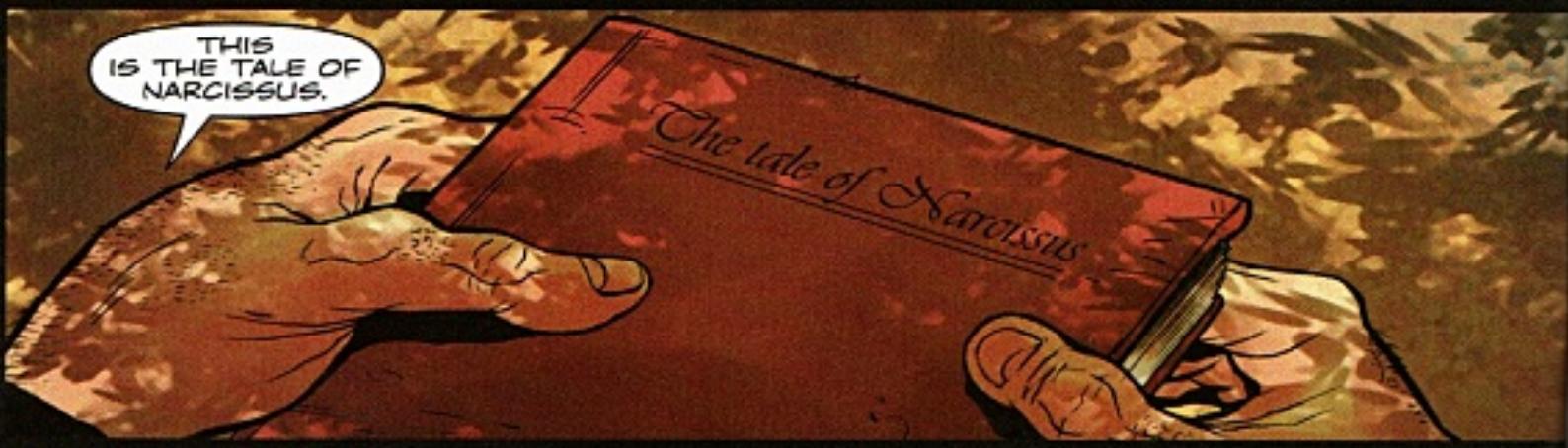


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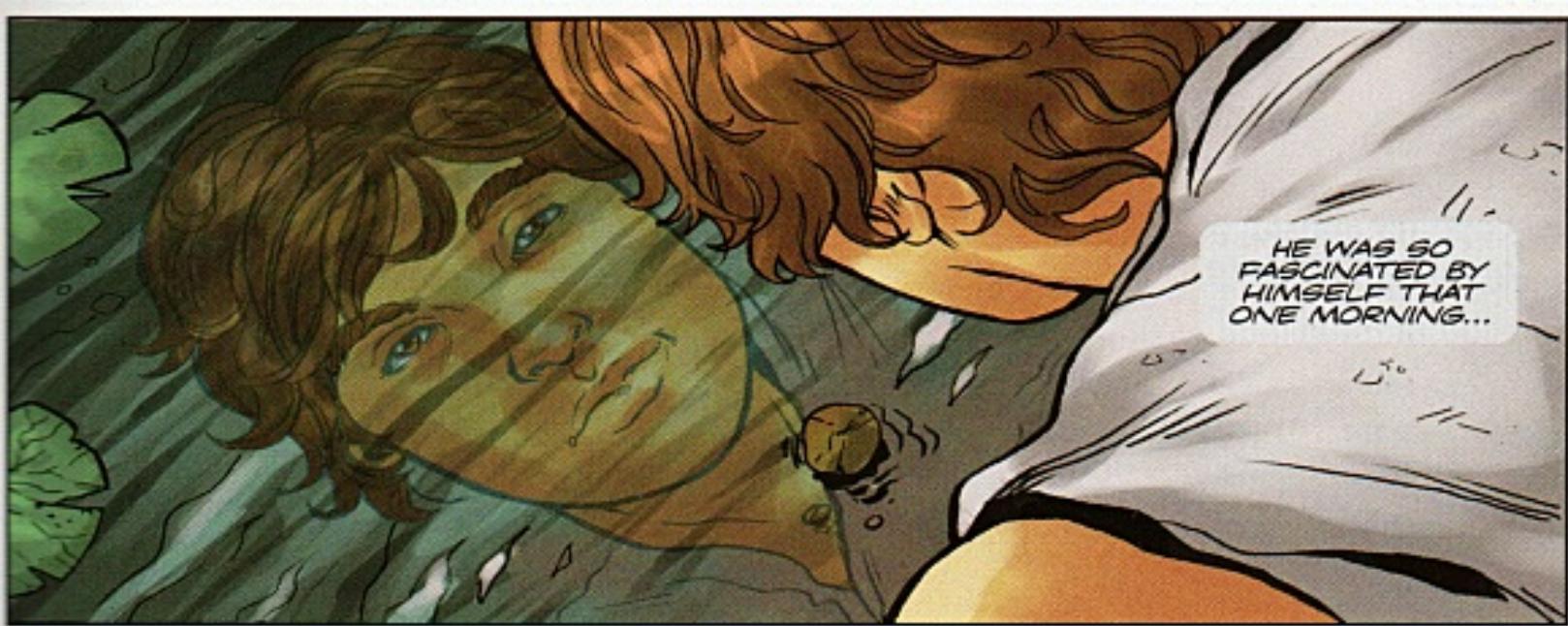




YOU SEE,
NARCISSUS WAS A
BOY WHO KNELT BY
A LAKE TO
CONTEMPLATE HIS
OWN BEAUTY.



HE WAS SO
FASCINATED BY
HIMSELF THAT
ONE MORNING...



...HE FELL INTO
THE LAKE...



...AND
DROWNED.



AT THE
SPOT
WHERE
HE
FELL--



--A FLOWER WAS
BORN, WHICH
WAS FROM THEN
ON CALLED THE
NARCISSUS.



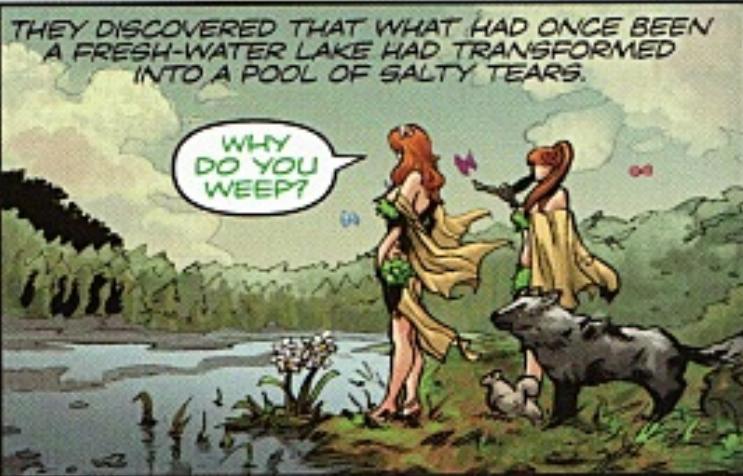
AH HA.
LOOK, MY FRIEND,
THIS VERSION ADDS
MORE TO THE
STORY.



IT SAYS
HERE...



...THAT WHEN NARCISSUS
DIED, THE GODDESSES OF
THE FOREST APPEARED.



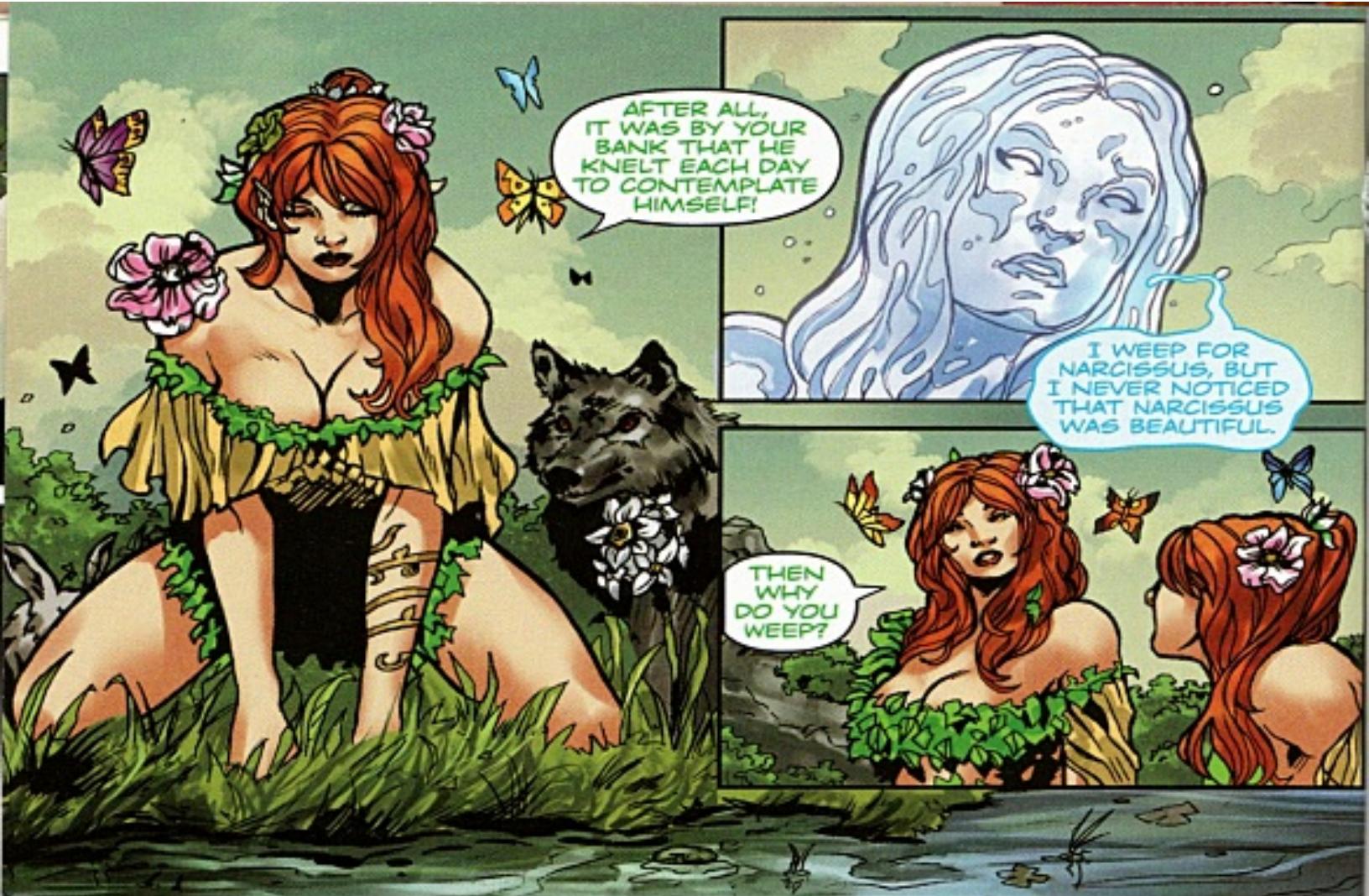
THEY DISCOVERED THAT WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN
A FRESH-WATER LAKE HAD TRANSFORMED
INTO A POOL OF SALTY TEARS.

WHY
DO YOU
WEEP?



I WEEP FOR
NARCISSUS.





WHAT
A LOVELY
STORY.



PART ONE:

Andalusia Countryside, Spain

THE BOY'S NAME WAS SANTIAGO.

COME, MY FRIENDS, LET US REST WITHIN THE CHURCH TONIGHT.

THERE WERE NO WOLVES IN THE REGION.

WE DON'T WANT ANYONE WANDERING OFF IN THE DARK.

BUT IF AN ANIMAL STRAYED AWAY DURING THE NIGHT...

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LITTLE ONE?

BAH.

...AND THE BOY HAD TO SPEND THE ENTIRE NEXT DAY SEARCHING FOR IT.



Pages later...

I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO START
READING THICKER
BOOKS.

The End

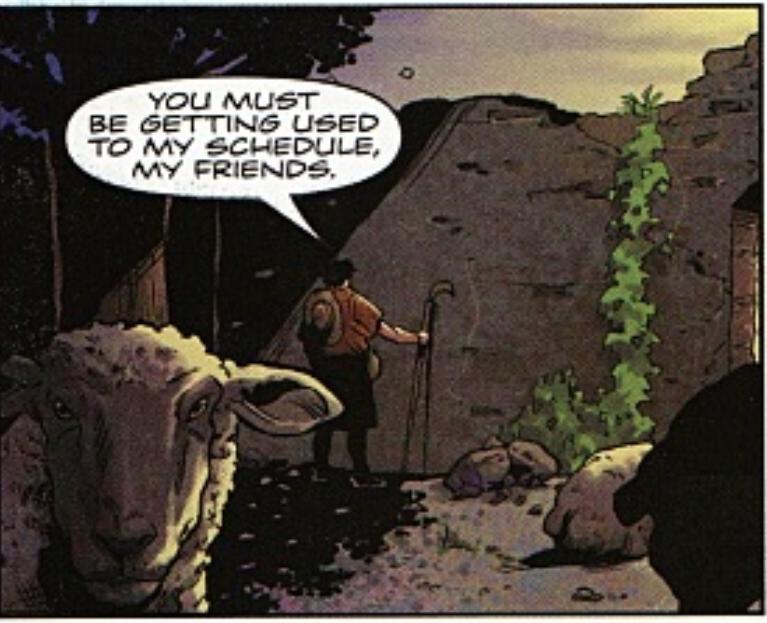
THEY LAST
LONGER.

AND
MAKE BETTER
PILLOWS.

GOODNIGHT,
MY FRIENDS.

Later





YOU MUST
BE GETTING USED
TO MY SCHEDULE,
MY FRIENDS.



OR MAYBE
I AM GETTING
USED TO
YOURS!

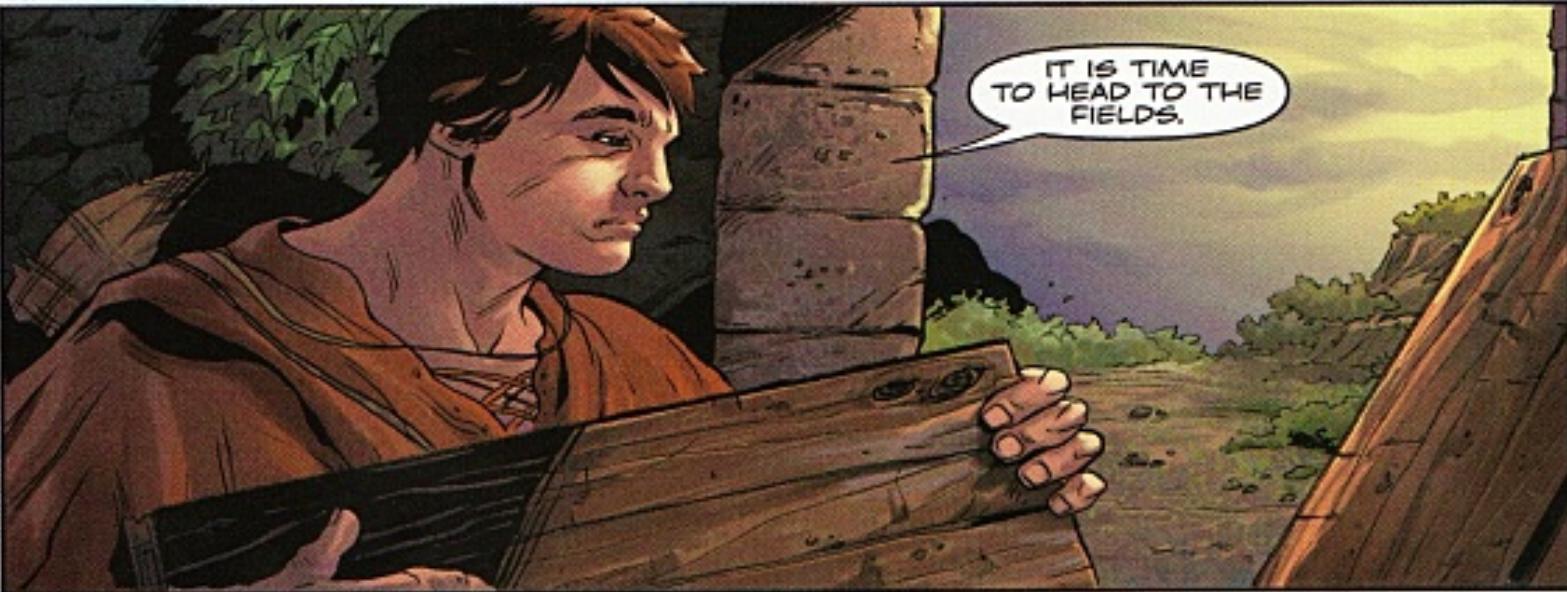
FELIPE!
WAKE UP,
LAZYHEAD.

YOU ALWAYS
TRY TO SLEEP
LONGER THAN
THE REST.

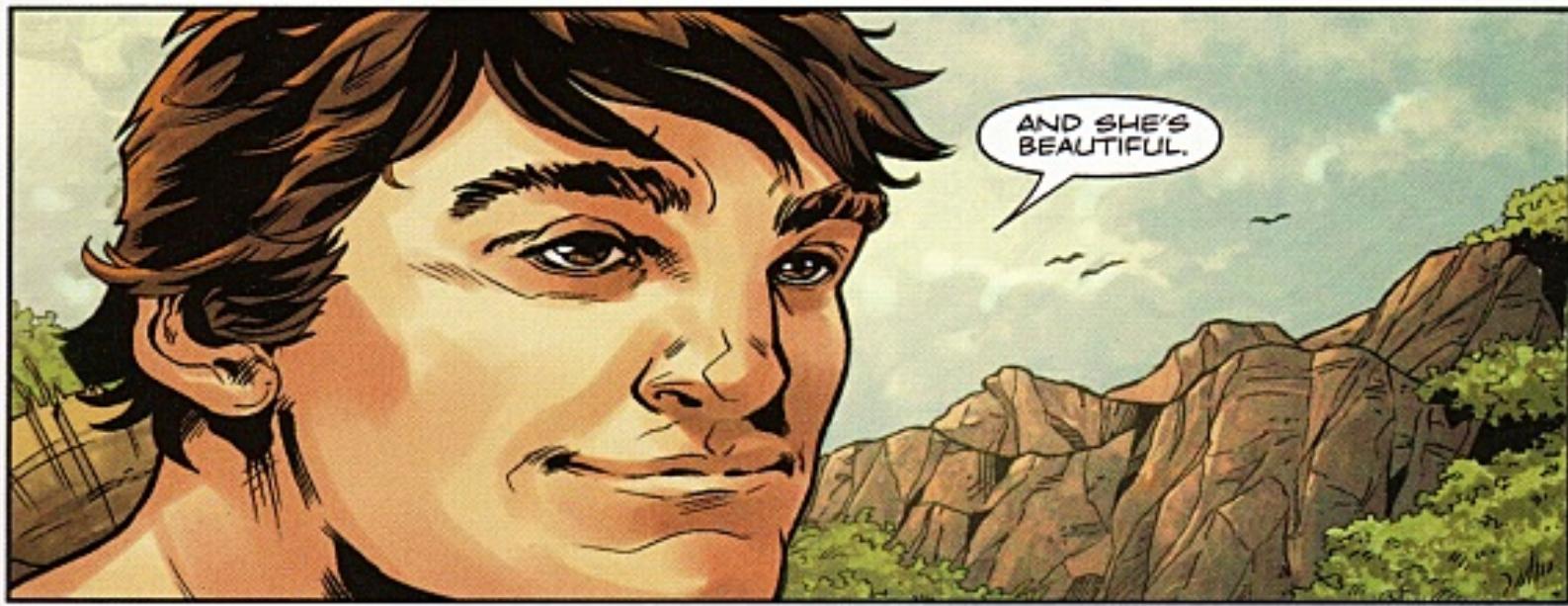


I
HE CALLED EACH
SHEEP BY NAME...

...FELIPE,
ALBA, MARIA,
FRANCISCO...



IT IS TIME
TO HEAD TO THE
FIELDS.



THE MERCHANT WAS THE PROPRIETOR OF A DRY GOODS SHOP, AND HE ALWAYS DEMANDED THAT THE SHEEP BE SHEARED IN HIS PRESENCE, SO THAT HE WOULD NOT BE CHEATED.

I WOULD LIKE TO SELL SOME WOOL.

IF YOU CAN COME BACK LATER WHEN THE SHOP IS LESS BUSY, I WILL TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR SHEEP.

THE AFTERNOON MIGHT BE BEST.

YES, SIR.
I SHALL RETURN THIS AFTERNOON.

MIGHT AS WELL CATCH UP ON SOME READING.

I DIDN'T KNOW SHEPHERDS KNEW HOW TO READ.

WELL...I...
...UH.



WELL,
USUALLY
I LEARN MORE
FROM MY SHEEP
THAN FROM
BOOKS.



THEY TALKED FOR TWO HOURS, AND SHE TOLD HIM SHE WAS THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, AND SPOKE OF LIFE IN THE VILLAGE, WHERE EACH DAY WAS LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.

SANTIAGO TOLD HER OF THE ANDALUSIAN COUNTRYSIDE, AND RELATED THE NEWS FROM THE OTHER TOWNS WHERE HE HAD STOPPED.

IT IS GOOD TO HAVE SOMEONE ELSE TO TALK TO BEIDES THE SHEEP.

I BET IT IS.

HOW DID YOU LEARN TO READ?

LIKE EVERYBODY LEARNS--

--IN SCHOOL.

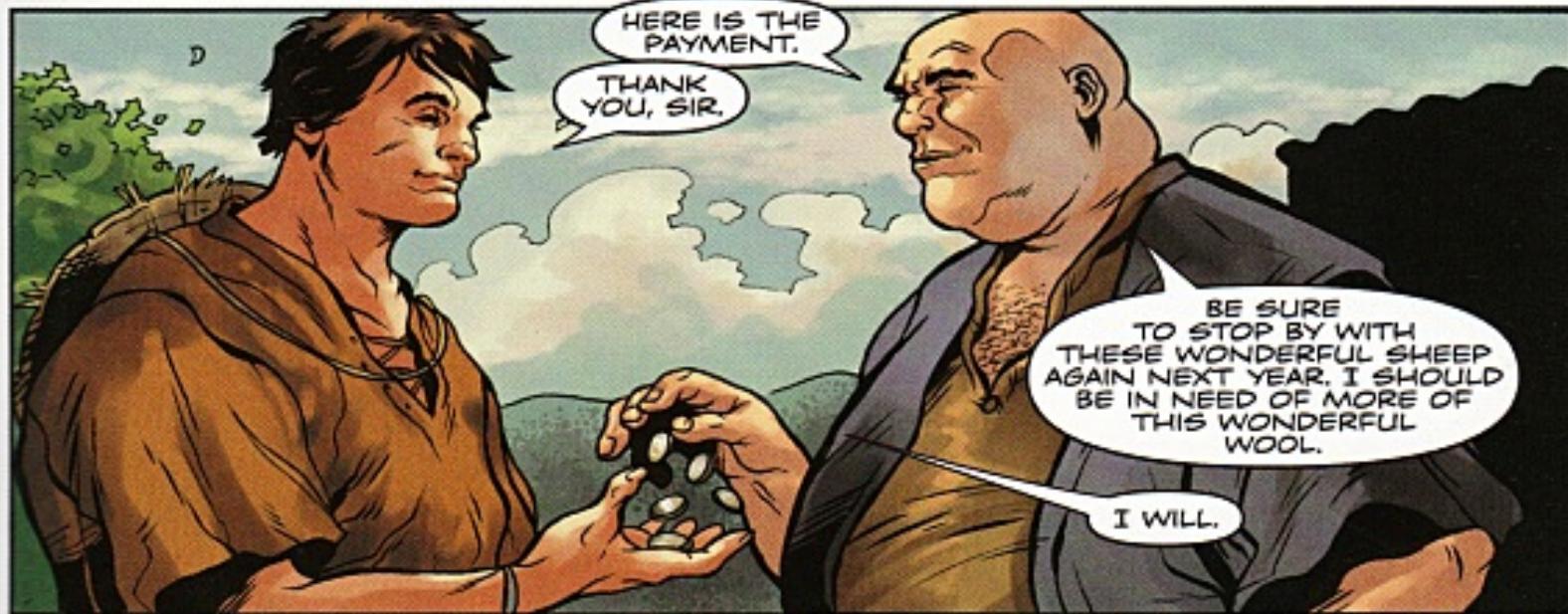
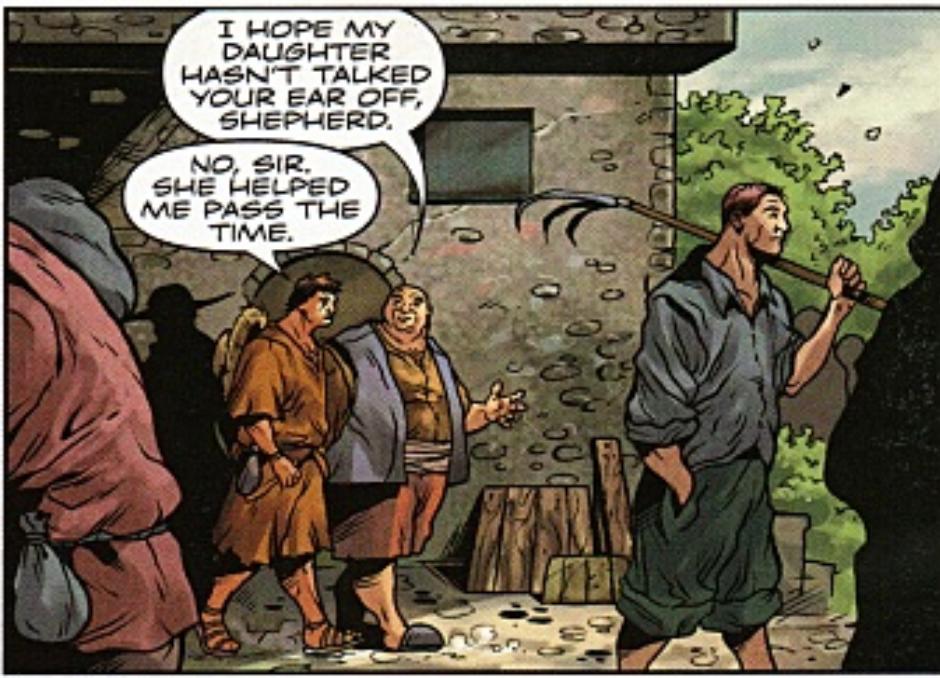
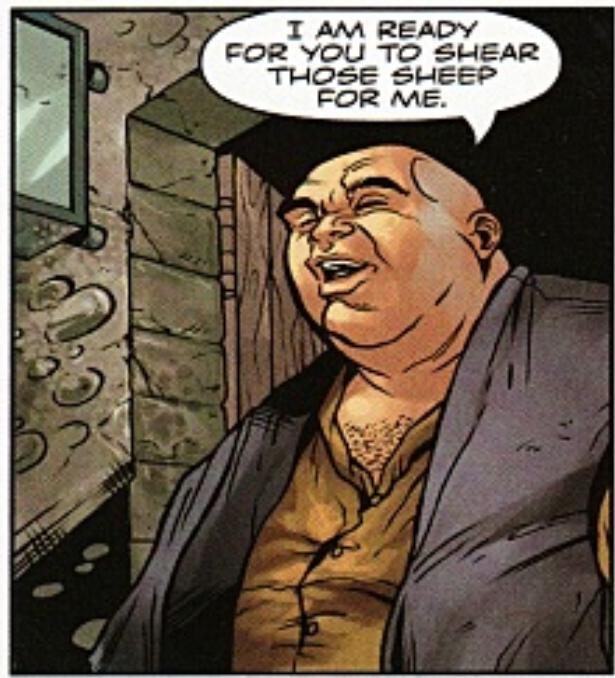
WELL, IF YOU KNOW HOW TO READ, WHY ARE YOU JUST A SHEPHERD?

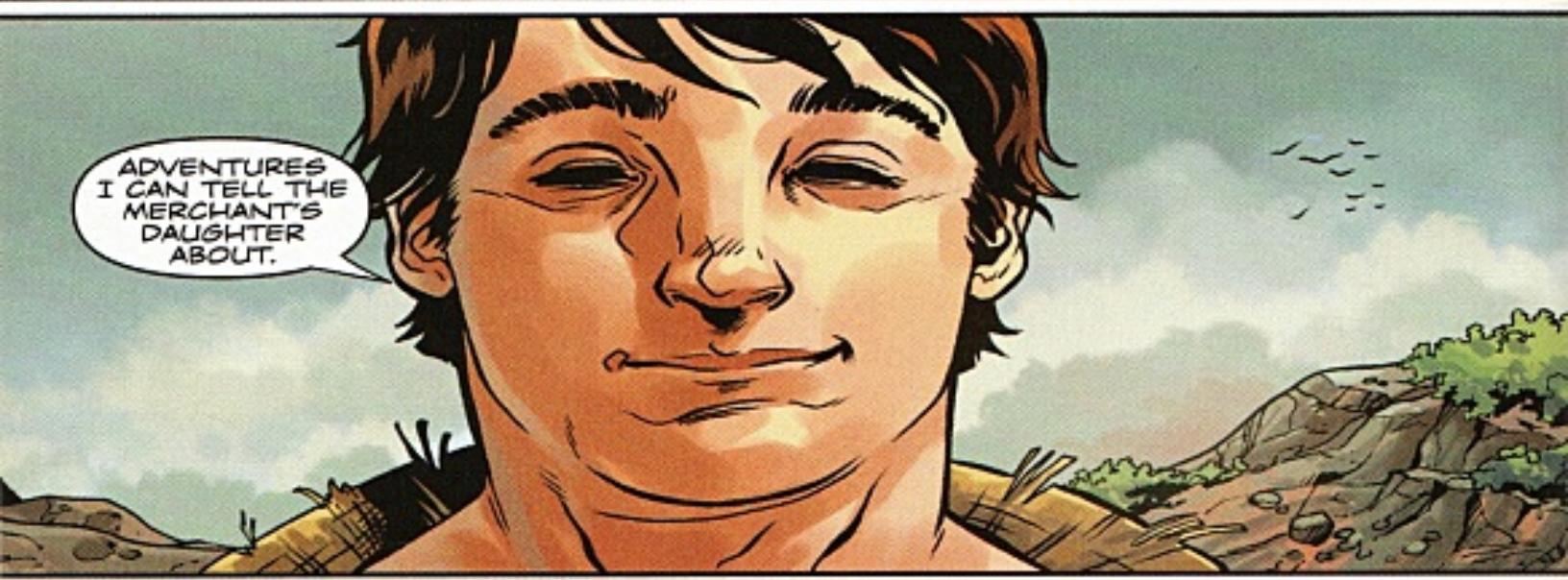
I...UH... WELL...LET ME TELL YOU OF SOME OF MY TRAVELS.

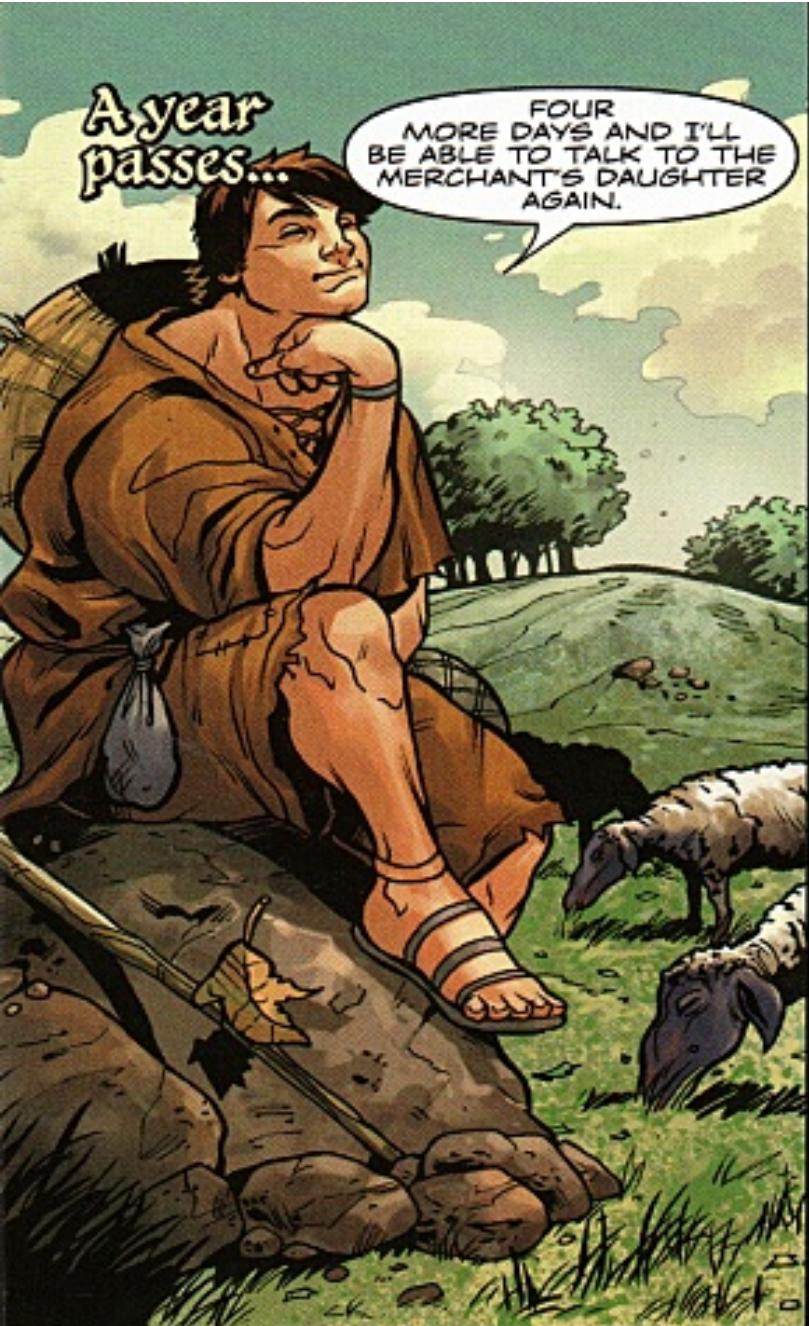
AS THE TIME PASSED, THE BOY FOUND HIMSELF WISHING THAT THE DAY WOULD NEVER END, THAT HER FATHER WOULD STAY BUSY AND KEEP HIM WAITING FOR THREE DAYS.

HE RECOGNIZED THAT HE WAS FEELING SOMETHING HE HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE: THE DESIRE TO LIVE IN ONE PLACE FOREVER.

WITH THE GIRL WITH THE RAVEN HAIR, HIS DAYS WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.







THIS WAY, MY FRIENDS.

MY SHEEP NEVER HAVE TO MAKE ANY DECISIONS.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY ALWAYS STAY CLOSE TO ME.

THE ONLY THINGS THAT CONCERN THEM ARE FOOD AND WATER.

AS LONG AS I KNOW HOW TO FIND THE BEST PASTURES IN ANDALUSIA, THEY'LL BE MY FRIENDS.

TRUE, THE DAYS ARE OFTEN ALL THE SAME, WITH ENDLESS HOURS BETWEEN DAYLIGHT AND DUSK, AND MY SHEEP NEVER READ BOOKS OR UNDERSTAND ME WHEN I TELL THEM ABOUT THE PLACES WE'VE BEEN.

THEY ARE CONTENT SO LONG AS THEY HAVE FOOD AND WATER, AND IN EXCHANGE THEY GIVE ME THEIR WOOL, THEIR COMPANY AND—ONCE IN A WHILE—THEIR MEAT.





WHAT IF
I BECAME
A MONSTER
TODAY....



"...AND DECIDED
TO KILL THEM?



"WOULD THEY EVEN
KNOW WHAT WAS
HAPPENING?"



"THEY WOULD
ONLY BECOME
AWARE WHEN
MOST OF THE
FLOCK HAD BEEN
SLAUGHTERED."

BAHH?!

BAHH!

BAAH?!

THUD THUD THUD





WHEN I MEET THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AGAIN, I WILL TELL HER HOW A SIMPLE SHEPHERD LIKE ME CAME TO BE EDUCATED.

MY PARENTS WANTED ME TO BE MORE THAN JUST A FARMER. THEY WANTED ME TO BE A PRIEST.



I ATTENDED THE SEMINARY UNTIL I WAS SIXTEEN. IT WAS A SOURCE OF GREAT PRIDE FOR MY SIMPLE FARM FAMILY.

BAH!



I STUDIED LATIN, SPANISH, AND THEOLOGY. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY.

BUT EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD I WANTED TO KNOW THE WORLD.



I THOUGHT SEEING THE WORLD WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN KNOWING GOD AND LEARNING OF MAN'S SINS.

SO ON A VISIT HOME TWO YEARS AGO, I TOLD MY FATHER I WANTED TO TRAVEL.

Two years earlier

PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE PASSED THROUGH THIS VILLAGE, SON.

THEY COME IN SEARCH OF NEW THINGS, BUT THEY LEAVE THE SAME AS WHEN THEY ARRIVED.

THEY CLIMB THE MOUNTAINS TO SEE THE CASTLE, AND THEY WIND UP THINKING THE PAST WAS BETTER THAN WHAT WE HAVE NOW.

THEY HAVE BLOND HAIR, OR DARK SKIN, BUT BASICALLY THEY'RE THE SAME AS THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE RIGHT HERE.

BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THE CASTLES IN THE TOWNS WHERE THEY LIVE.

THE PEOPLE WHO COME HERE HAVE A LOT OF MONEY AND CAN AFFORD TO TRAVEL.

AMONGST US, THE ONLY ONES WHO TRAVEL ARE SHEPHERDS.

WELL, THEN I'LL BE A SHEPHERD!

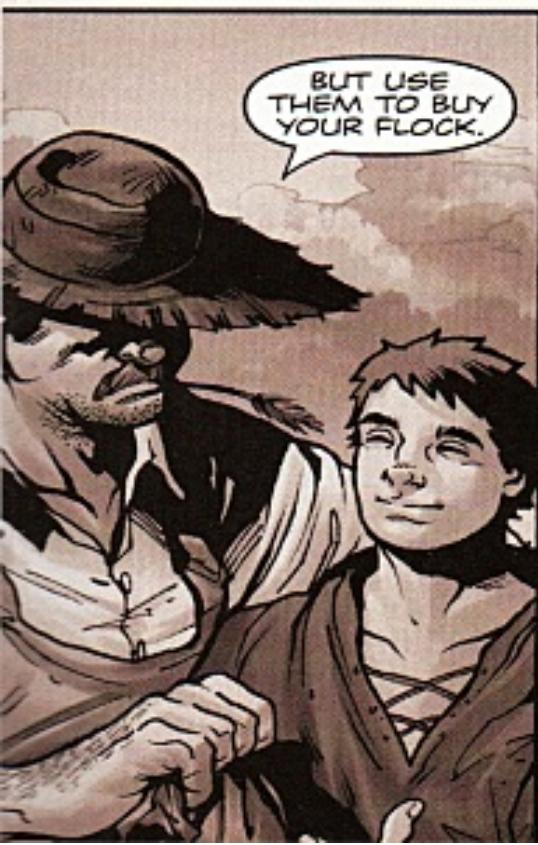
AT THAT, MY FATHER FELL SILENT. IT WASN'T UNTIL THE NEXT DAY THAT I KNEW WHAT HE THOUGHT.



IN HIS EYES,
I COULD SEE
MY FATHER'S
DESIRE TO
TRAVEL THE
WORLD.

IT WAS A DESIRE STILL ALIVE,
THOUGH ONE HE BURIED FOR
THE SAKE OF HIS STRUGGLE
FOR FOOD AND WATER AND
SHELTER.

I FOUND THIS
IN THE FIELDS ONE DAY.
I WANTED IT TO BE YOUR
INHERITANCE.



BUT USE
THEM TO BUY
YOUR FLOCK.



TAKE TO
THE FIELDS, AND
SOMEDAY YOU'LL LEARN
THAT OUR COUNTRYSIDE
IS THE BEST AND OUR
WOMEN THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL.

THANK YOU,
FATHER.



HE GAVE ME HIS
BLESSING, AND I WAS ON
MY WAY TO BEGINNING A
LIFE AS A SHEPHERD.







YOU CAME
SO THAT YOU
COULD LEARN ABOUT
YOUR DREAMS.

DREAMS
ARE THE LANGUAGE
OF GOD. WHEN HE SPEAKS
IN OUR LANGUAGE, I CAN
INTERPRET WHAT HE
HAS SAID.

BUT IF HE
SPEAKS IN THE
LANGUAGE OF THE
SOUL, IT IS ONLY
YOU WHO CAN
UNDERSTAND.

BUT,
WHICHEVER IT IS,
I'M GOING TO CHARGE
YOU FOR THE
CONSULTATION.

COULD
THIS BE A TRICK?
I MUST TAKE
THE CHANCE.

I HAVE
HAD THE SAME
DREAM TWICE.

I AM IN THE FIELDS WITH MY SHEEP.



A CHILD APPEARS AND BEGINS TO PLAY WITH THE ANIMALS. I DON'T LIKE THAT. THE SHEEP ARE OFTEN AFRAID OF STRANGERS.

"BUT CHILDREN DON'T FRIGHTEN THEM. I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY KNOW THE DIFFERENT AGES OF HUMAN BEINGS."



HUHMM. INTERESTING, BUT I SUGGEST YOU SKIP THE SMALL DETAILS.

AND YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY, SO I CAN'T GIVE YOU A LOT OF MY TIME.



"WELL...OKAY. THE CHILD WENT ON PLAYING WITH THE SHEEP AS I APPROACHED.



"SUDDENLY, SHE TURNED AND PLACED HER HANDS ON ME, AND WE WERE TRANSPORTED..."





"...TO A STRANGE
AND FARAWAY
PLACE, THE
PYRAMIDS OF
EGYPT."



"POINTING UP AT THE STRUCTURES,
THE CHILD SAID..."



IF YOU
COME HERE, YOU
WILL FIND A HIDDEN
TREASURE.



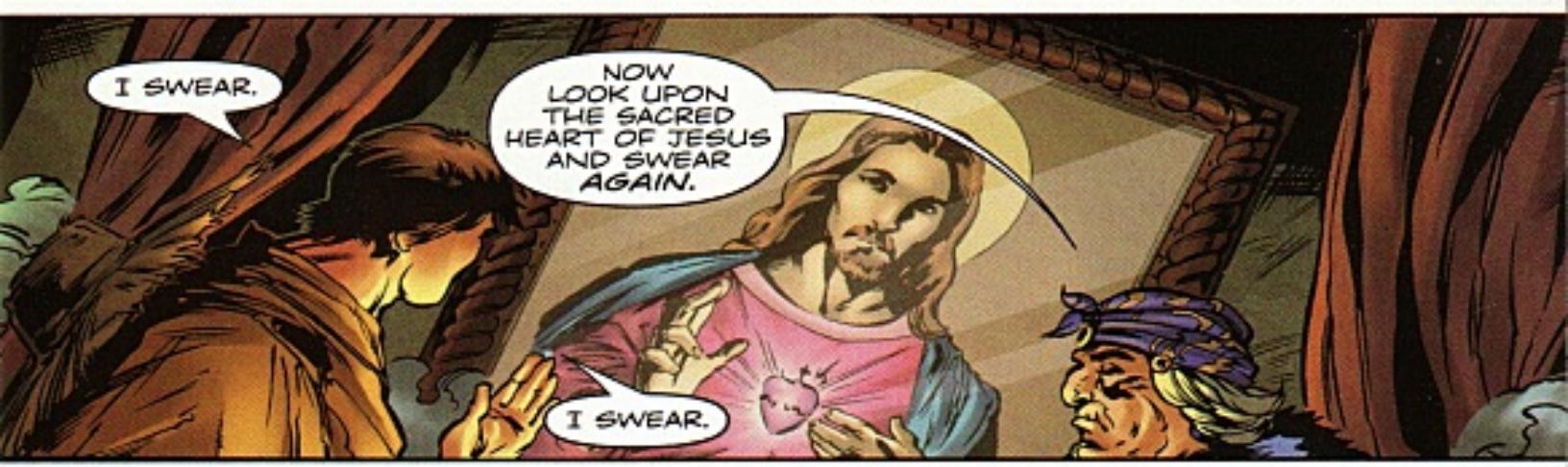


FAIR
ENOUGH.
BUT CAN YOU
INTERPRET MY
DREAM?



FIRST,
SWEAR TO
ME.

SWEAR
THAT YOU WILL
GIVE ME ONE-TENTH
OF YOUR TREASURE IN
EXCHANGE FOR WHAT
I AM GOING TO
TELL YOU.



I SWEAR.

NOW
LOOK UPON
THE SACRED
HEART OF JESUS
AND SWEAR
AGAIN.

I SWEAR.



IT'S A
DREAM IN THE
LANGUAGE OF THE
WORLD.

I CAN
INTERPRET IT, BUT
THE INTERPRETATION IS
VERY DIFFICULT. THAT'S
WHY I FEEL THAT I
DESERVE A PART OF
WHAT YOU FIND.



THIS IS MY
INTERPRETATION:
YOU MUST GO
TO THE PYRAMIDS
IN EGYPT.

I HAVE NEVER
HEARD OF THEM,
BUT IF IT WAS A
CHILD WHO SHOWED
THEM TO YOU,
THEY EXIST.

THERE
YOU WILL FIND
A TREASURE THAT
WILL MAKE YOU A
RICH MAN.



THAT'S IT?
I'M CERTAINLY
GLAD THIS
SESSION IS
FREE.

I TOLD
YOU IT WOULDN'T
BE EASY. IT'S THE
SIMPLE THINGS IN LIFE
THAT ARE THE MOST
EXTRAORDINARY.

ONLY WISE
MEN ARE MEANT
TO UNDERSTAND
THEM.



HOW AM I
SUPPOSED TO GET
TO EGYPT?



I ONLY
INTERPRET DREAMS.
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO
MAKE THEM INTO
A REALITY.

WHAT IF I
NEVER GO TO
EGYPT?

I DON'T
GET PAID.

IT
WOULDN'T
BE THE FIRST
TIME.





WHAT BOOK IS IT THAT YOU ARE READING?

THE BOY WAS TEMPTED TO BE RUDE, BUT HIS FATHER HAD TAUGHT HIM TO RESPECT HIS ELDERS.

SO HE HELD OUT THE BOOK FOR TWO REASONS.

ONE, HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO PRONOUNCE THE TITLE.

AND, TWO, IF THE OLD MAN DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO READ HE WOULD BE ASHAMED AND DECIDE TO LEAVE ON HIS OWN.

HMM...

THAT IS AN IMPORTANT BOOK, BUT IT'S REALLY IRRITATING.

WHAT?!

YOU KNOW OF THIS BOOK?

YES.



IT'S A BOOK
THAT SAYS THE SAME
THING ALL OTHER BOOKS
IN THE WORLD SAY.



IT DESCRIBES
PEOPLE'S INABILITY
TO CHOOSE THEIR
OWN PERSONAL
LEGEND.

AND IT ENDS UP
SAYING EVERYONE
BELIEVES THE
WORLD'S GREATEST
LIE.



WHAT'S
THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
LIE?



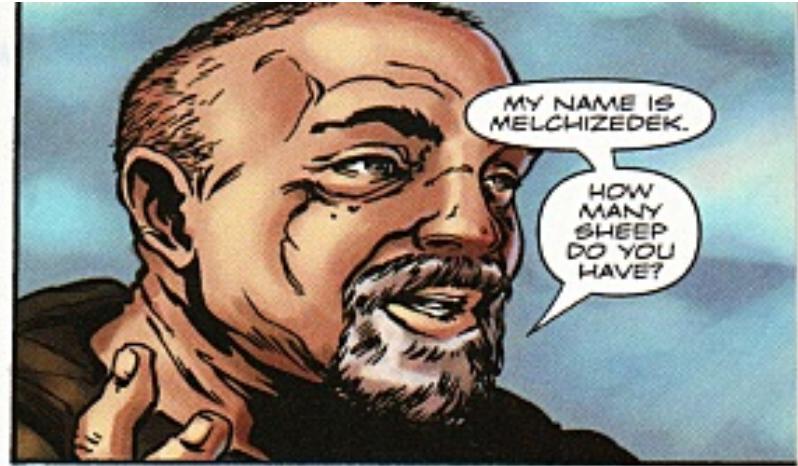
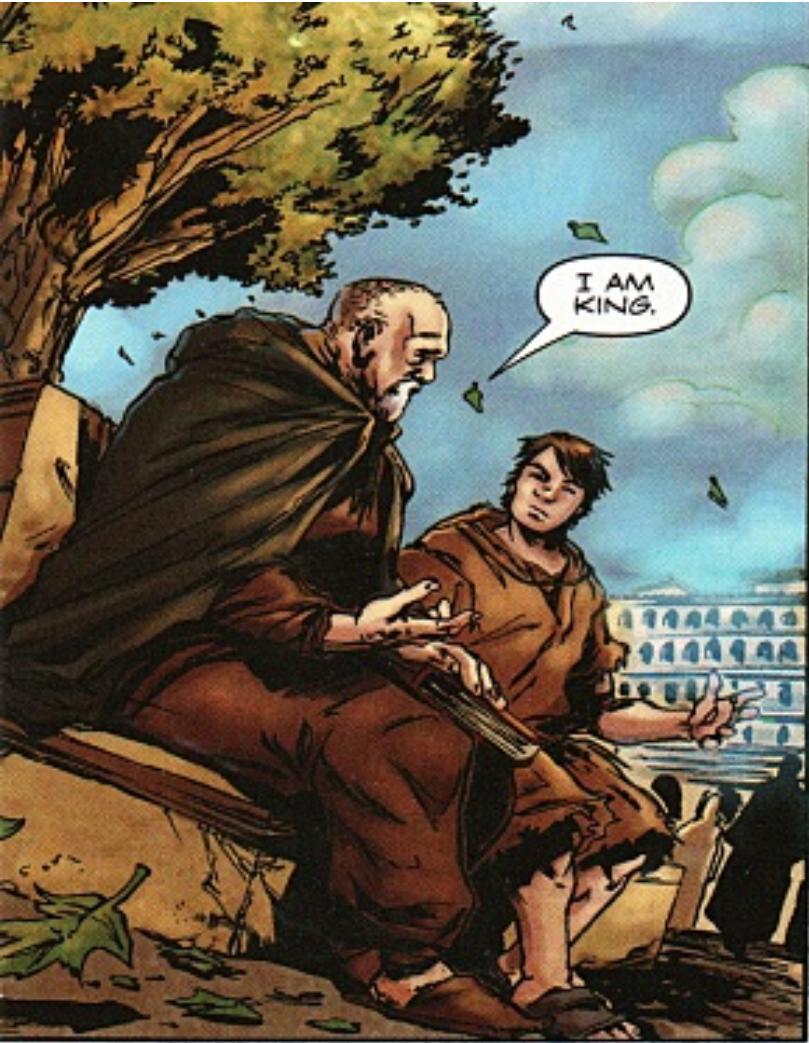
IT'S THIS...



...THAT AT A
CERTAIN POINT IN
OUR LIVES, WE LOSE
CONTROL OF WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO US, AND
OUR LIVES BECOME
CONTROLLED
BY FATE.

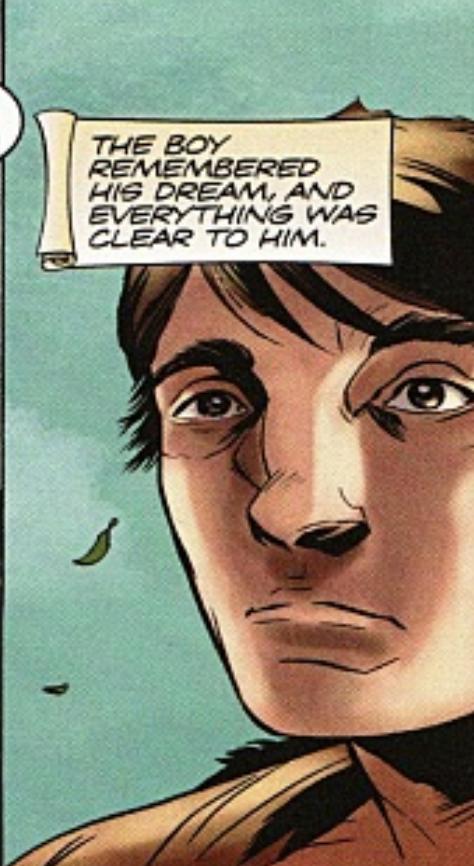








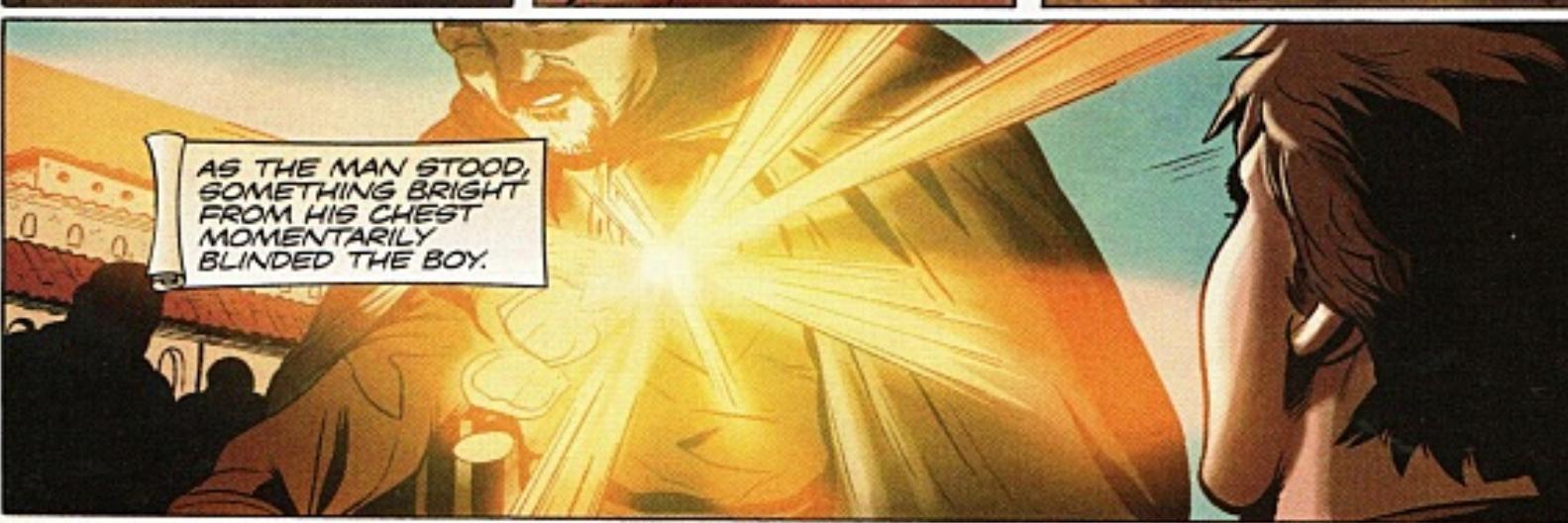
GIVE ME
ONE-TENTH OF YOUR
SHEEP AND I'LL TELL YOU
HOW TO FIND THE HIDDEN
TREASURE.



THE BOY
REMEMBERED
HIS DREAM, AND
EVERYTHING WAS
CLEAR TO HIM.



THE OLD FORTUNE TELLER
HADN'T CHARGED HIM BUT
MAYBE THE OLD MAN WAS
HER HUSBAND. HE WOULD
TRY AND GET MORE MONEY
IN EXCHANGE FOR INFORMATION
ON SOMETHING THAT
DIDN'T EXIST.



AS THE MAN STOOD,
SOMETHING BRIGHT
FROM HIS CHEST
MOMENTARILY
BLINDED THE BOY.



AH!

WHAT WAS THAT?

I... OH, MY...

WRITTEN IN THE SAND OF THE PLAZA WERE THE NAMES OF HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

ALSO WRITTEN WAS THE NAME OF THE SEMINARY HE HAD ATTENDED, AND EVEN THE NAME OF THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER WHICH HE HADN'T KNOWN YET.

EVEN THINGS HE HAD NEVER TOLD ANYONE WERE WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

I AM THE KING OF SALEM.

WHY WOULD A KING TALK WITH A SHEPHERD?

FOR SEVERAL REASONS.

BUT LET'S SAY THAT THE MOST IMPORTANT IS THAT YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED IN DISCOVERING YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND.

PERSONAL LEGEND?

IT IS WHAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO ACCOMPLISH. EVERYONE, WHEN THEY ARE YOUNG, KNOWS WHAT THEIR PERSONAL LEGEND IS. AT THAT POINT IN THEIR LIVES, EVERYTHING IS CLEAR AND EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

NONE OF WHAT THE OLD MAN WAS SAYING MADE MUCH SENSE TO THE BOY.

BUT HE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THE "MYSTERIOUS FORCE" WAS.

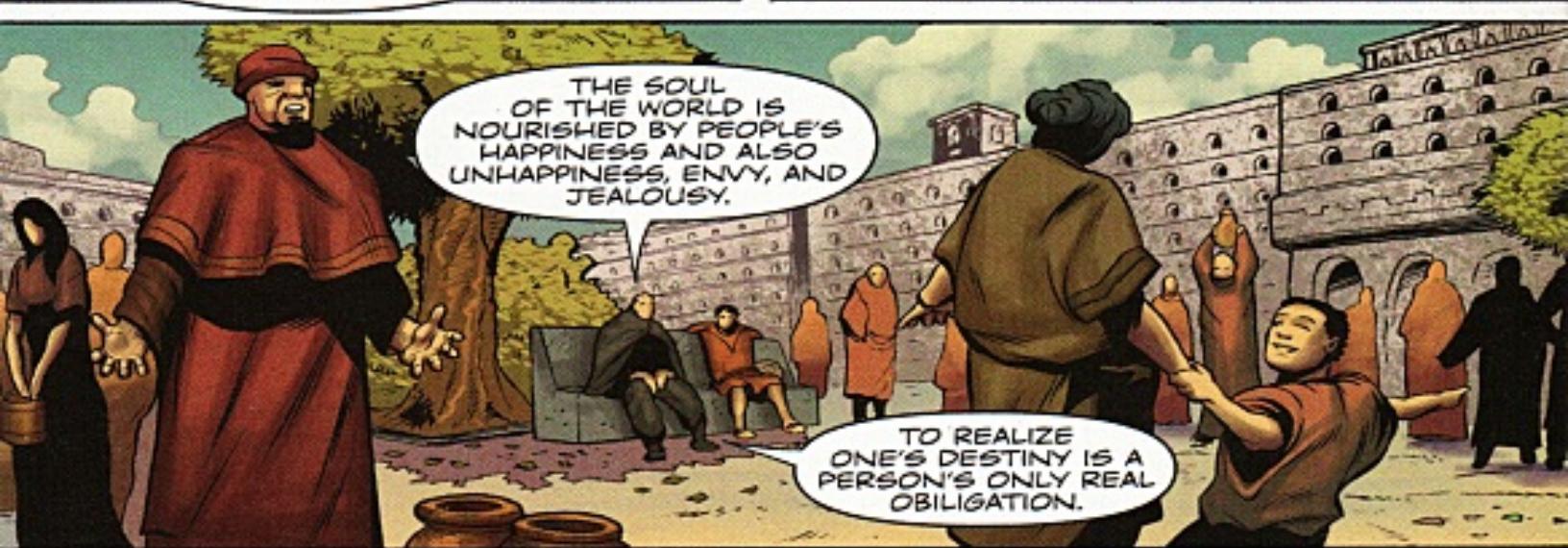
THEY ARE NOT AFRAID TO DREAM, AND TO YEARN FOR EVERYTHING THEY WOULD LIKE TO SEE HAPPEN TO THEM IN THEIR LIVES. BUT, AS TIME PASSES, A MYSTERIOUS FORCE BEGINS TO CONVINCE THEM THAT IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM TO REALIZE THEIR PERSONAL LEGEND.

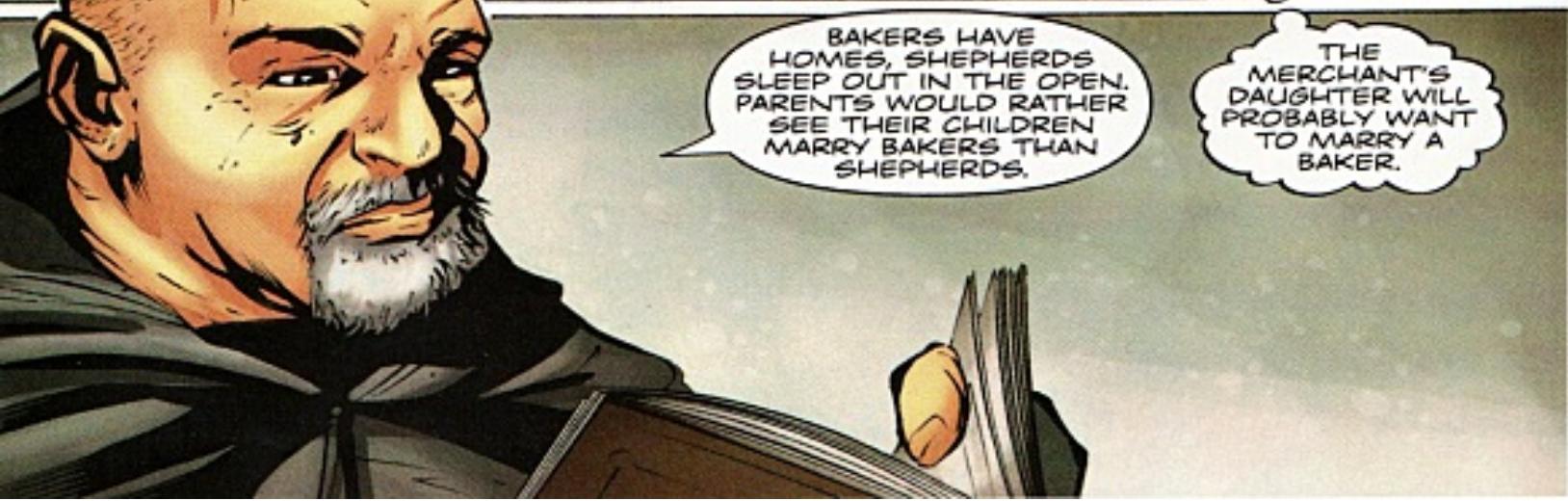
-BUT ACTUALLY SHOWS YOU HOW TO REALIZE YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND.

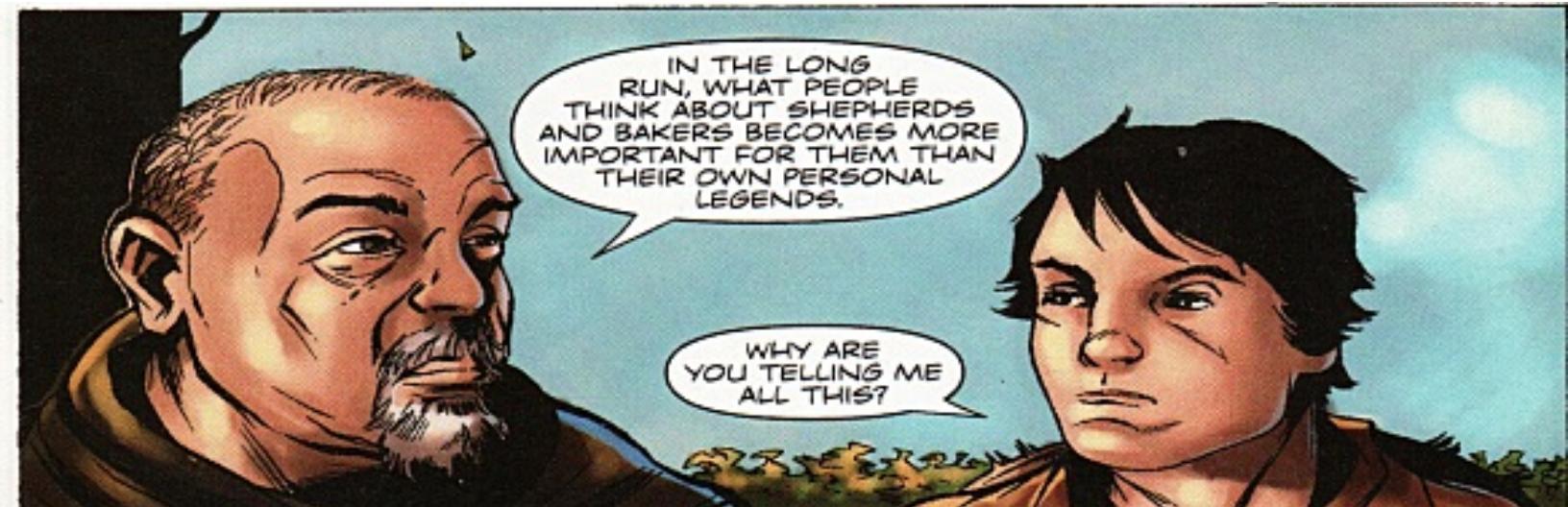
IT'S A FORCE THAT APPEARS TO BE NEGATIVE--

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER WILL BE IMPRESSED BY ALL THE KING HAS TOLD ME SO FAR WHEN I SPEAK WITH HER.

-BUT ACTUALLY SHOWS YOU HOW TO REALIZE YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND.

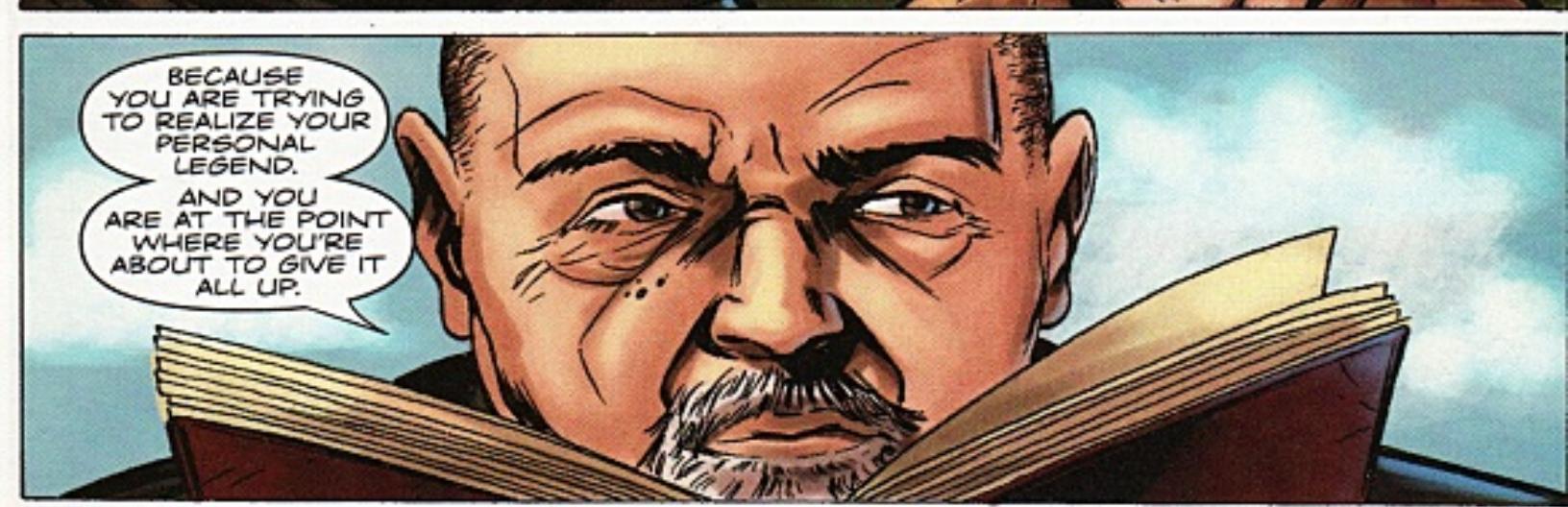






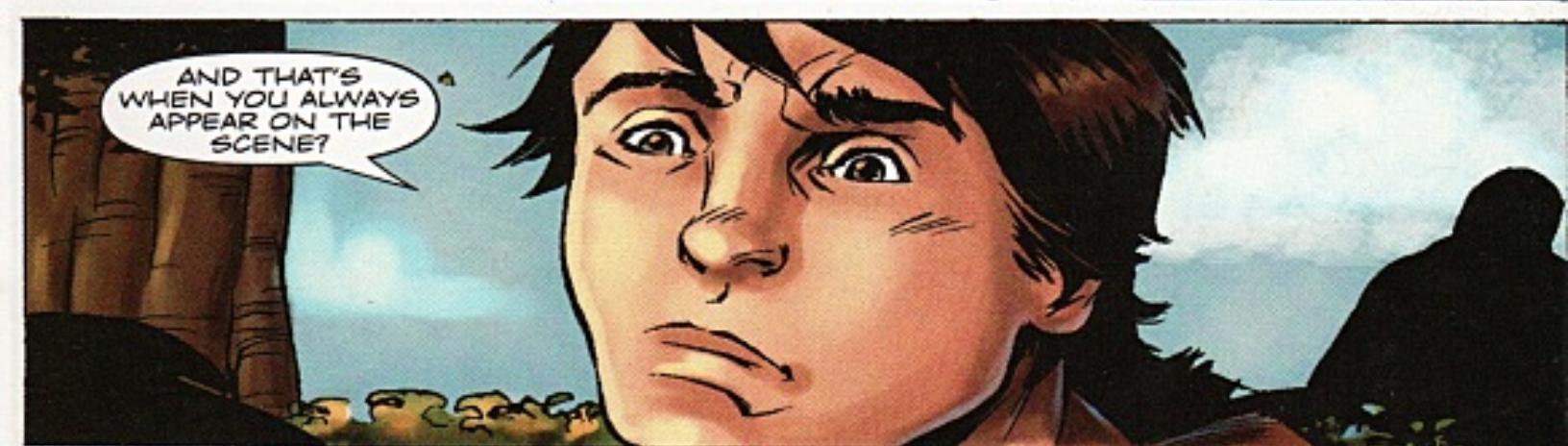
IN THE LONG
RUN, WHAT PEOPLE
THINK ABOUT SHEPHERDS
AND BAKERS BECOMES MORE
IMPORTANT FOR THEM THAN
THEIR OWN PERSONAL
LEGENDS.

WHY ARE
YOU TELLING ME
ALL THIS?



BECAUSE
YOU ARE TRYING
TO REALIZE YOUR
PERSONAL
LEGEND.

AND YOU
ARE AT THE POINT
WHERE YOU'RE
ABOUT TO GIVE IT
ALL UP.

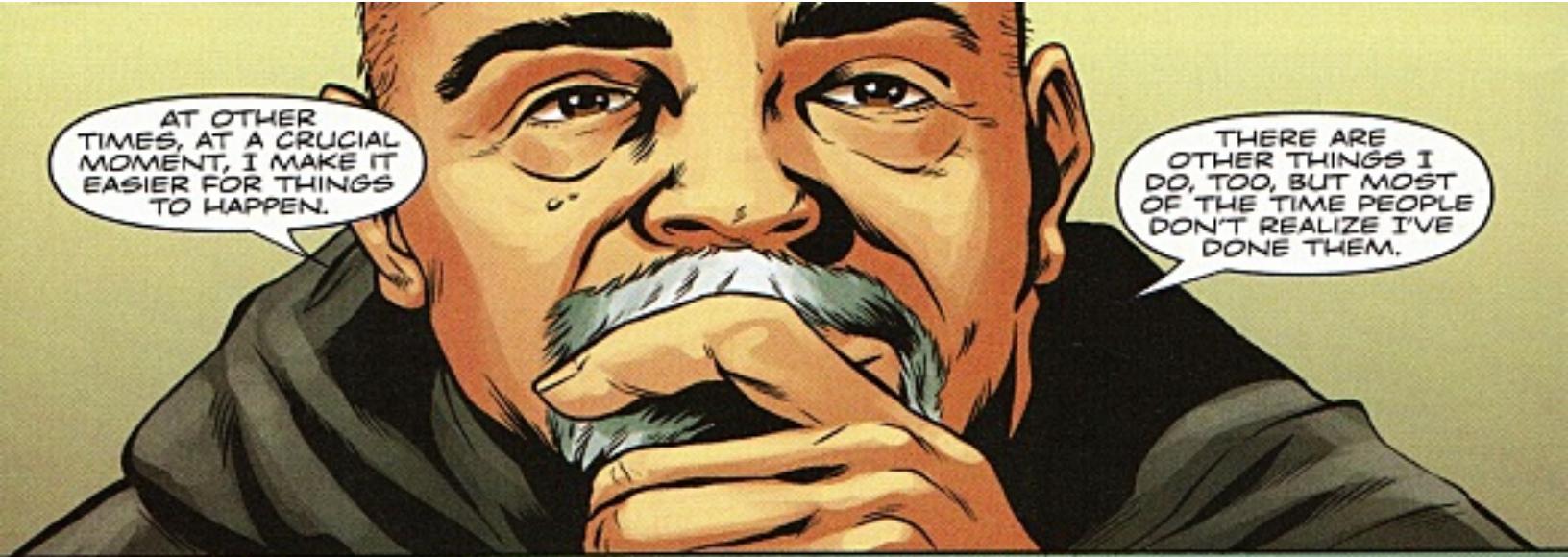


AND THAT'S
WHEN YOU ALWAYS
APPEAR ON THE
SCENE?



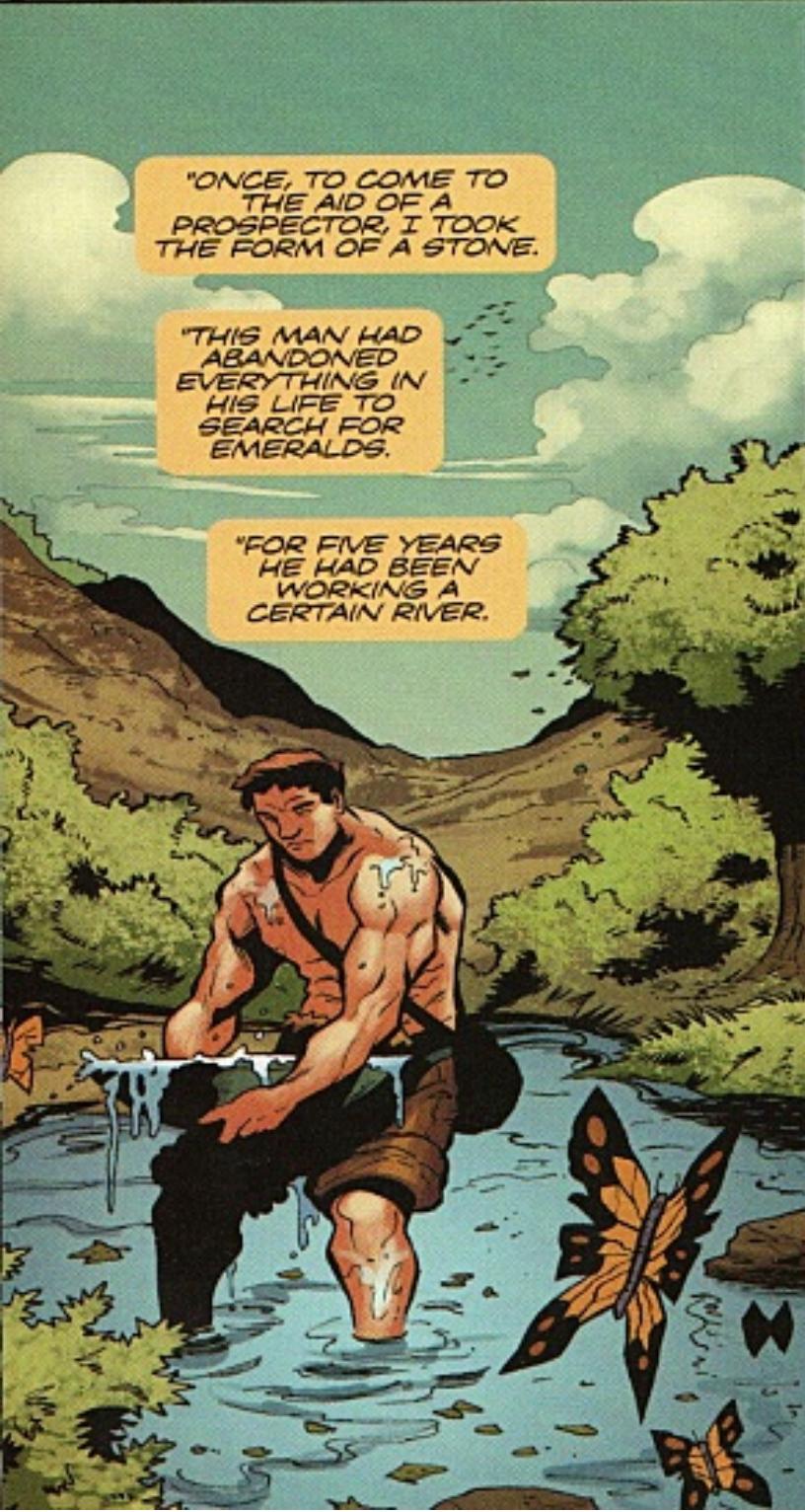
NOT
ALWAYS
IN THIS WAY,
BUT I ALWAYS
APPEAR IN ONE
FORM OR
ANOTHER.

SOMETIMES
I APPEAR IN
THE FORM OF A
SOLUTION,
OR A GOOD
IDEA.



AT OTHER TIMES, AT A CRUCIAL MOMENT, I MAKE IT EASIER FOR THINGS TO HAPPEN.

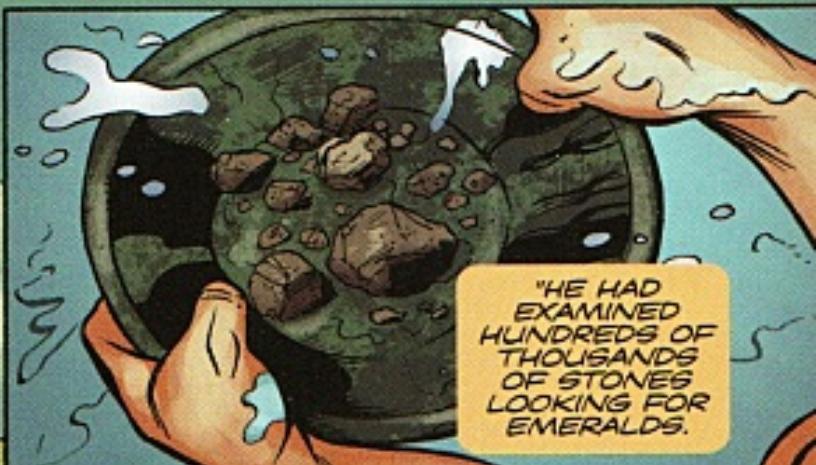
THERE ARE OTHER THINGS I DO, TOO, BUT MOST OF THE TIME PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE I'VE DONE THEM.



"ONCE, TO COME TO THE AID OF A PROSPECTOR, I TOOK THE FORM OF A STONE.

"THIS MAN HAD ABANDONED EVERYTHING IN HIS LIFE TO SEARCH FOR EMERALDS.

"FOR FIVE YEARS HE HAD BEEN WORKING A CERTAIN RIVER.



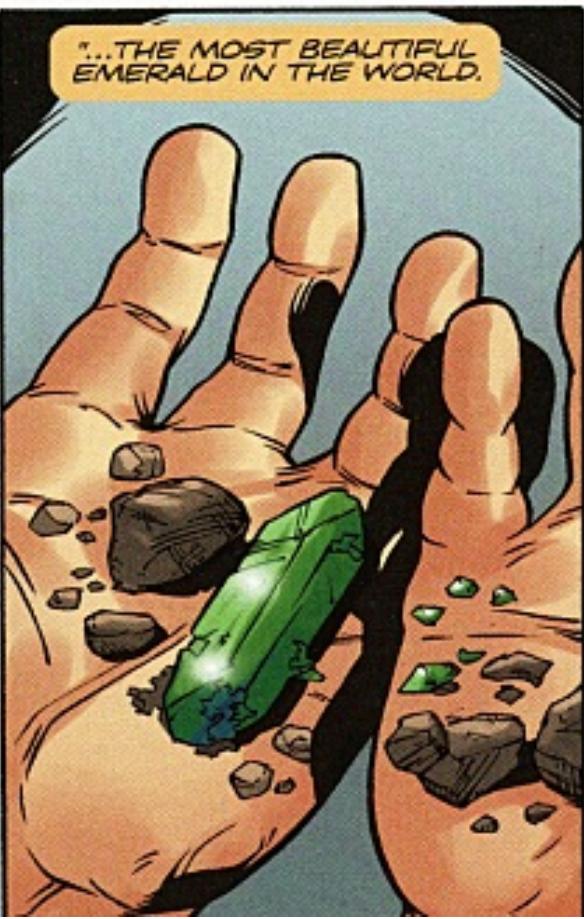
"HE HAD EXAMINED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF STONES LOOKING FOR EMERALDS.

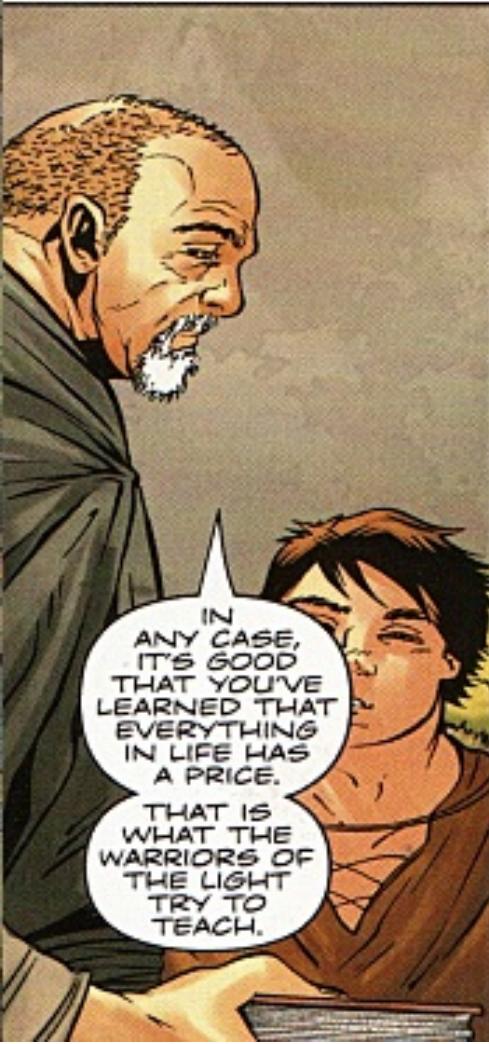


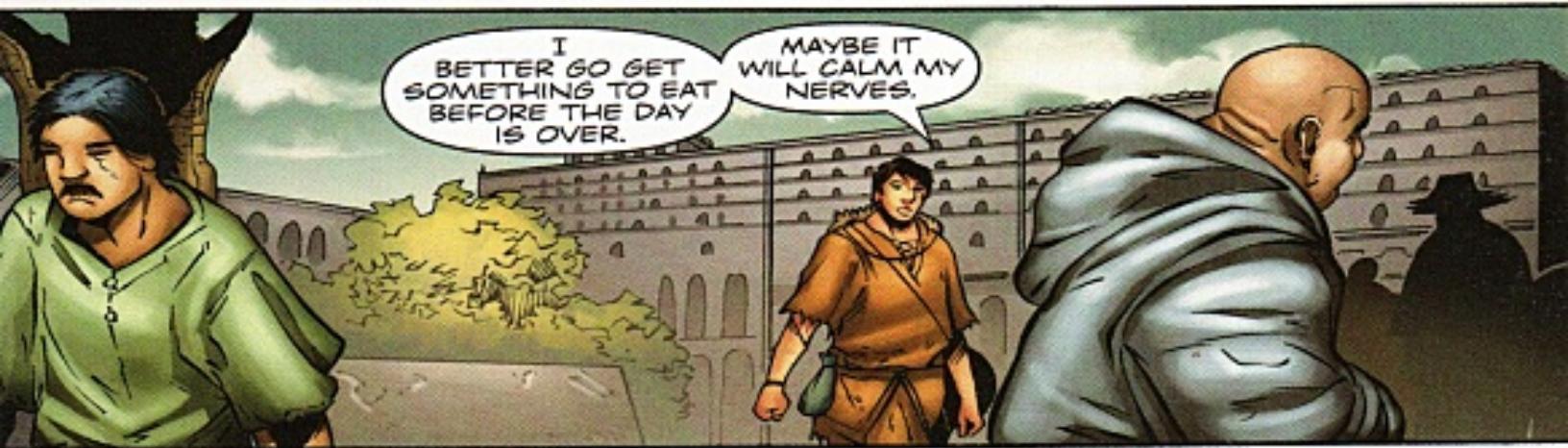
"AND HE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE UP... JUST AS HE WAS ONLY A STONE AWAY FROM FINDING HIS PRIZE.



"SO I TRANSFORMED MYSELF INTO THE STONE AND ROLLED ONTO HIS FOOT."









IT WOULD JUST CAUSE LOTS OF ANXIETY FOR THE BAKER AS HE WOULD CONSIDER GIVING IT ALL UP, EVEN THOUGH HE HAD GOTTEN USED TO THE WAY THINGS WERE.



IN TWO YEARS HE HAD LEARNED EVERYTHING ABOUT SHEPHERDING: HE KNEW HOW TO SHEAR SHEEP, HOW TO CARE FOR PREGNANT EWES AND HOW TO PROTECT THE SHEEP FROM WOLVES.

HE KNEW ALL THE FIELDS AND PASTURES OF ANDALUSIA. AND HE KNEW WHAT WAS THE FAIR PRICE FOR EVERY ONE OF HIS ANIMALS.

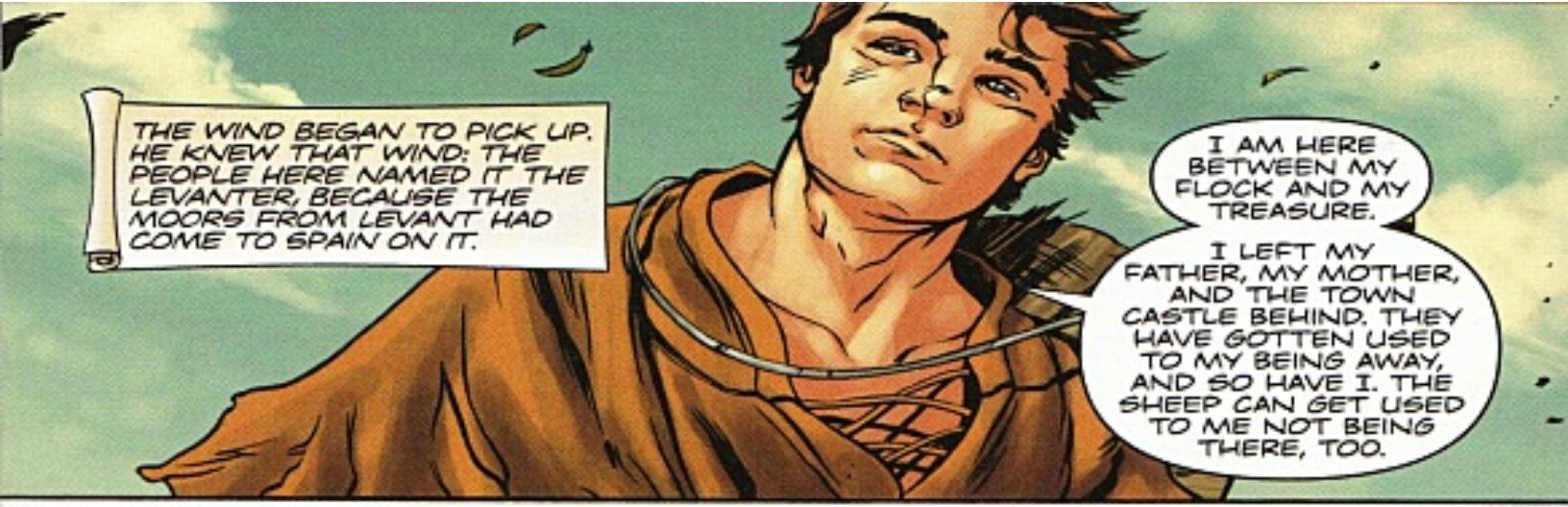


BEYOND THE CITY AND OVER THE WATER IS AFRICA. I CAN ALMOST SEE IT IN THE DISTANCE.

I HAVE BEEN TOLD THE MOORS CAME TO OCCUPY ALL OF SPAIN.

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

I'VE GROWN SO ATTACHED TO MY SHEEP—HOW CAN I JUST GIVE THEM AWAY OR SELL THEM?



THE WIND BEGAN TO PICK UP. HE KNEW THAT WIND: THE PEOPLE HERE NAMED IT THE LEVANTER, BECAUSE THE MOORS FROM LEVANT HAD COME TO SPAIN ON IT.

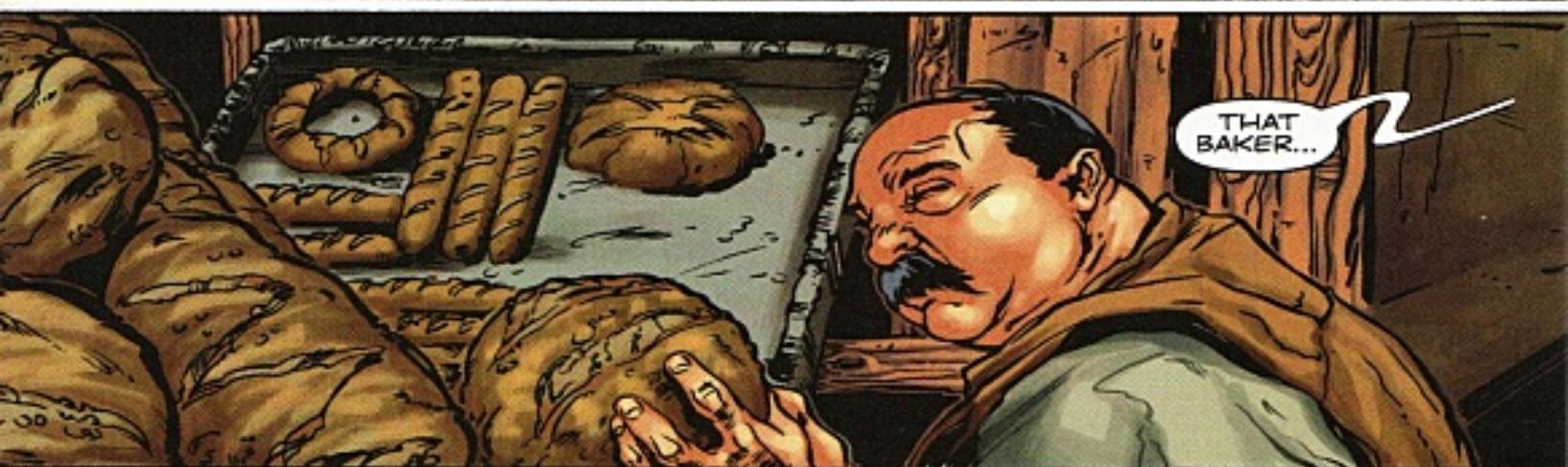
I AM HERE BETWEEN MY FLOCK AND MY TREASURE.

I LEFT MY FATHER, MY MOTHER, AND THE TOWN CASTLE BEHIND. THEY HAVE GOTTEN USED TO MY BEING AWAY, AND SO HAVE I. THE SHEEP CAN GET USED TO ME NOT BEING THERE, TOO.



"THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER PROBABLY DOESN'T EVEN REMEMBER ME."

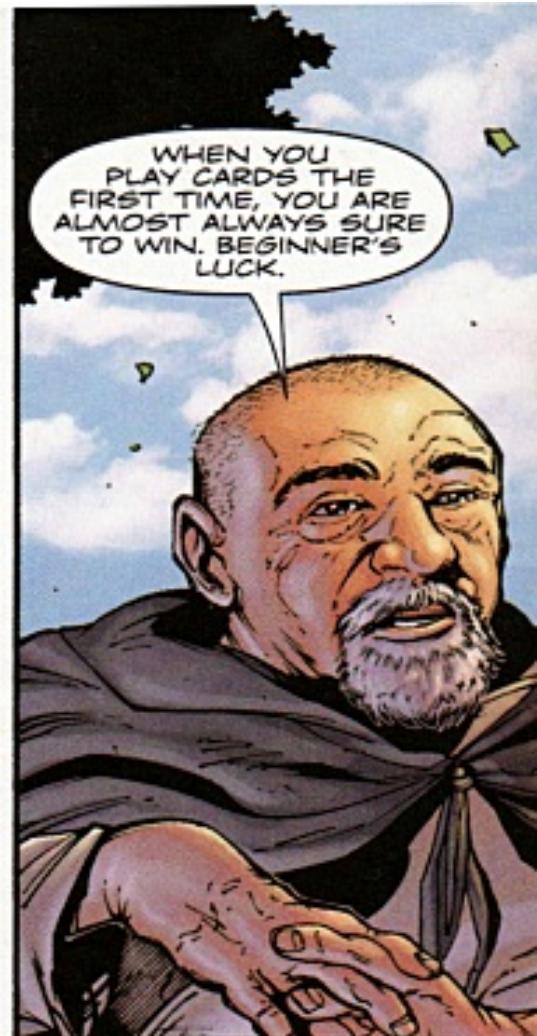
THAT BAKER...



THE SHEEP, THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, AND THE FIELDS OF ANDALUSIA WERE ONLY STEPS ALONG THE WAY TO MY PERSONAL LEGEND.

I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO.

The next day



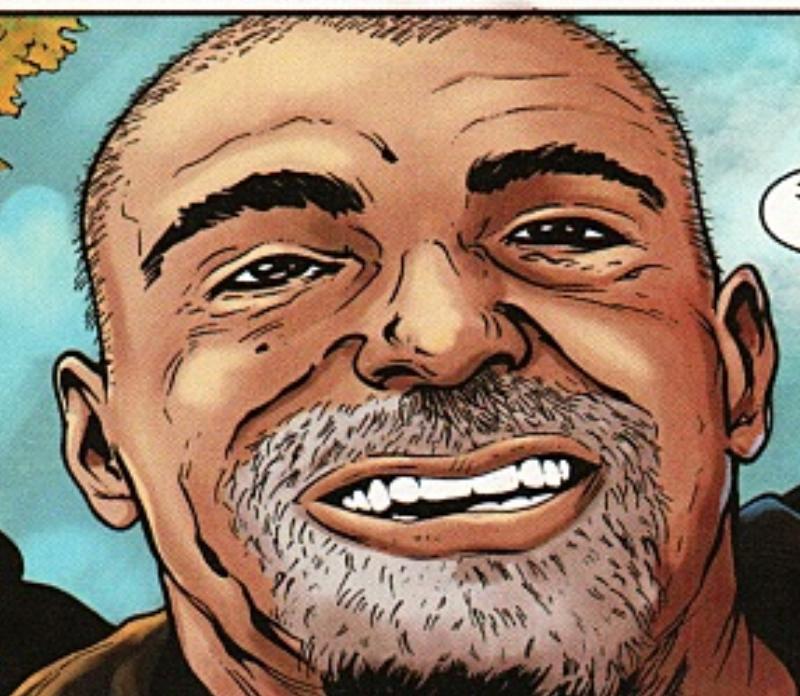




YOU JUST
HAVE TO READ
THE OMENS
THAT HE LEFT
FOR YOU.



THE BUTTERFLY TRIGGERED A
MEMORY OF THE BOY'S GRAND-
FATHER. THE OLD MAN HAD ONCE
TOLD HIM THAT BUTTERFLIES
WERE GOOD OMENS, LIKE CRICKETS
AND GRASSHOPPERS, LIKE LIZARDS
AND FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS.



THAT'S
RIGHT.
JUST AS YOUR
GRANDFATHER
TAUGHT YOU.



THESE
ARE GOOD
OMENS.



TAKE THESE.

THEY
ARE CALLED
URIM AND
THUMMIM.



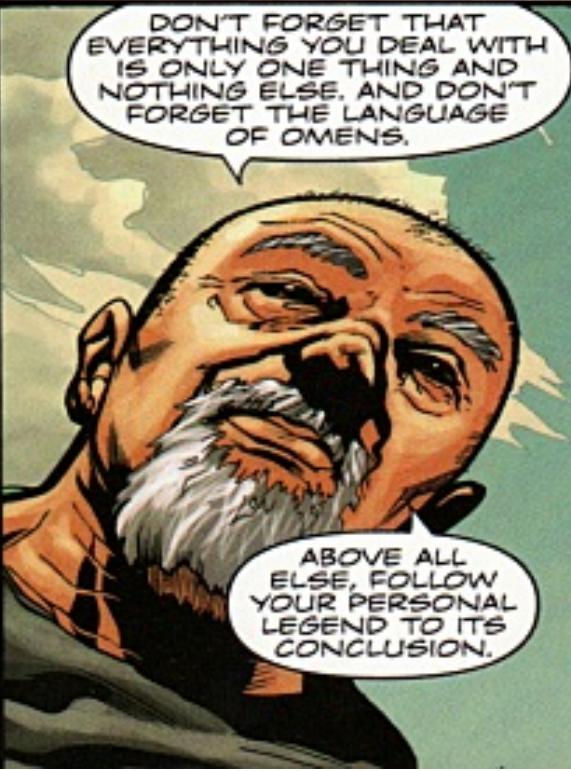
THE BLACK
SIGNIFIES
YES AND THE
WHITE NO.



WHEN
YOU ARE UNABLE
TO READ THE
OMENS, THEY
WILL HELP YOU
DO SO.



ALWAYS ASK OBJECTIVE
QUESTIONS. BUT, IF YOU
CAN, TRY TO MAKE YOUR
OWN DECISION.



DON'T FORGET THAT
EVERYTHING YOU DEAL WITH
IS ONLY ONE THING AND
NOTHING ELSE. AND DON'T
FORGET THE LANGUAGE
OF OMENS.

ABOVE ALL
ELSE, FOLLOW
YOUR PERSONAL
LEGEND TO ITS
CONCLUSION.

"BEFORE I GO, I WANT TO TELL YOU A LITTLE STORY."

"A CERTAIN SHOPKEEPER SENT HIS SON TO LEARN ABOUT THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS FROM THE WISEST MAN IN THE WORLD."

YOU MUST WALK THROUGH THE DESERT FOR MANY DAYS BEFORE YOU REACH THE HOME OF THE WISE MAN.

GO AND LEARN ALL YOU CAN ABOUT HAPPINESS.

I WILL, FATHER.

"THE LAD WANDERED THROUGH THE DESERT FOR FORTY DAYS..."

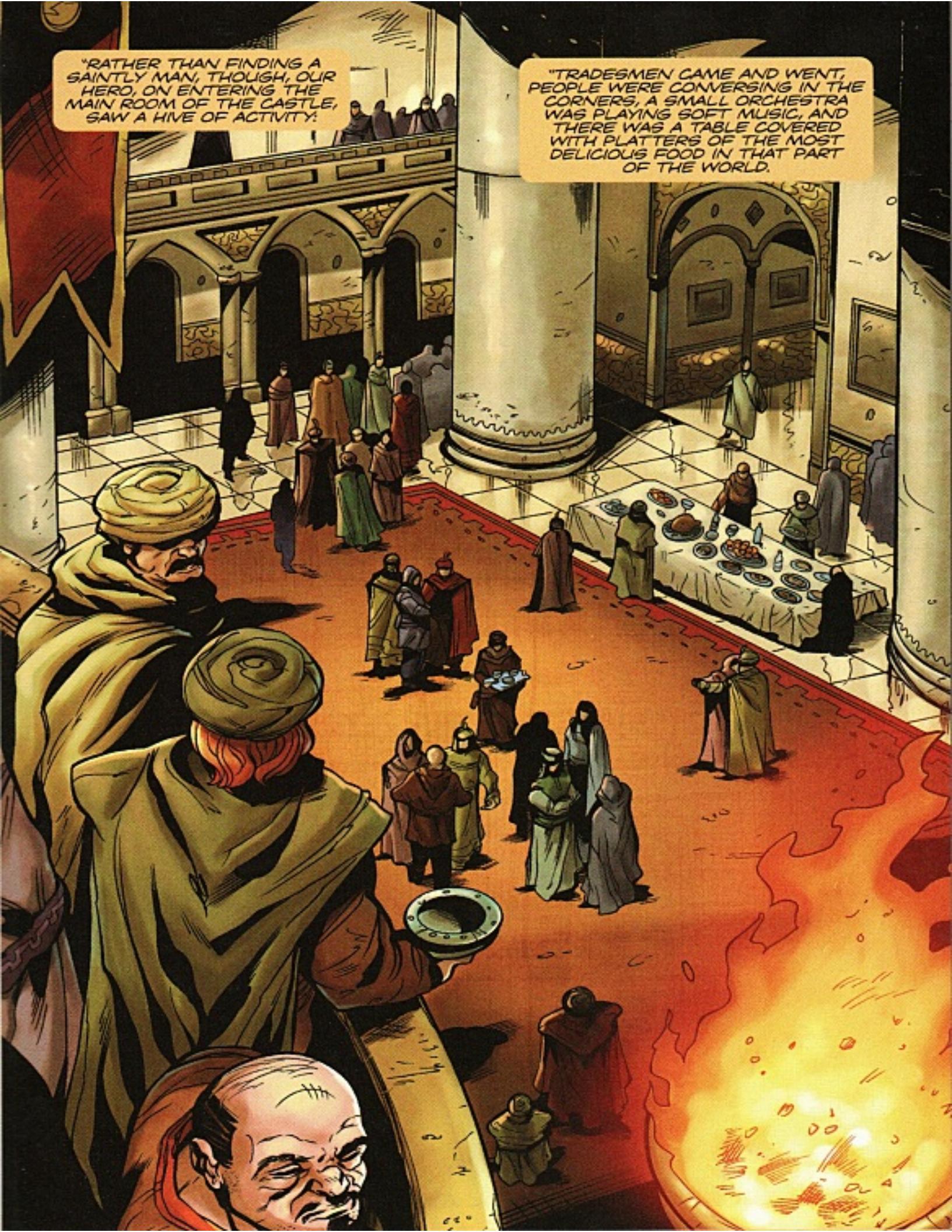
"...AND FINALLY CAME UPON A BEAUTIFUL CASTLE, HIGH ATOP A MOUNTAIN."

FINALLY!

"IT WAS THERE THAT THE WISE MAN LIVED."

"RATHER THAN FINDING A SAINTLY MAN, THOUGH, OUR HERO, ON ENTERING THE MAIN ROOM OF THE CASTLE, SAW A HIVE OF ACTIVITY:

"TRADESMEN CAME AND WENT, PEOPLE WERE CONVERSING IN THE CORNERS, A SMALL ORCHESTRA WAS PLAYING SOFT MUSIC, AND THERE WAS A TABLE COVERED WITH PLATTERS OF THE MOST DELICIOUS FOOD IN THAT PART OF THE WORLD.



"THE WISE MAN CONVERSED WITH EVERYONE AND THE BOY HAD TO WAIT FOR TWO HOURS BEFORE IT WAS HIS TURN TO BE GIVEN THE MAN'S ATTENTION."

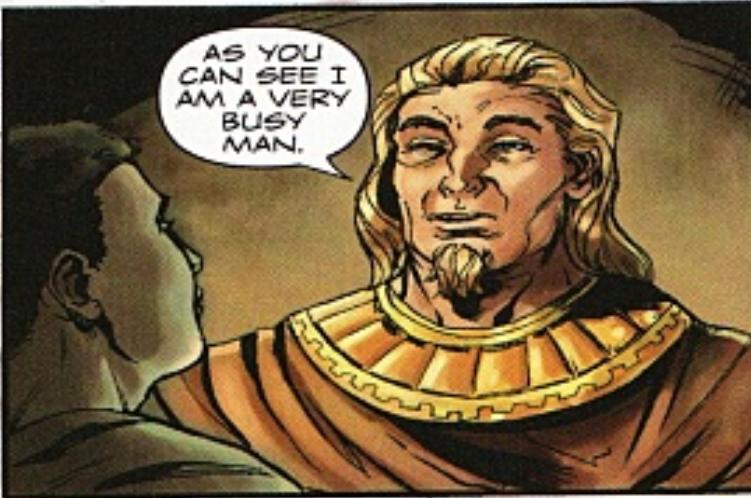


MY FATHER HAS SENT ME TO LEARN THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.



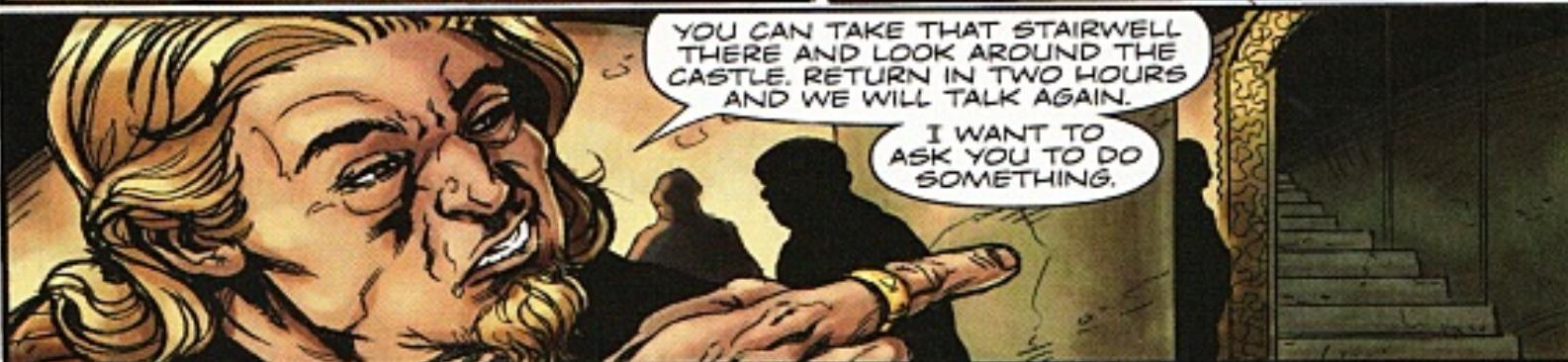
I DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO JUST EXPLAIN THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS TO YOU.

AS YOU CAN SEE I AM A VERY BUSY MAN.



YOU CAN TAKE THAT STAIRWELL THERE AND LOOK AROUND THE CASTLE. RETURN IN TWO HOURS AND WE WILL TALK AGAIN.

I WANT TO ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING.



YES?

AS YOU WANDER AROUND, CARRY A TEASPOON WITHOUT ALLOWING THE OIL IN IT TO SPILL.

OKAY.



"SO THE BOY BEGAN CLIMBING AND DESCENDING THE MANY STAIRWAYS OF THE PALACE."



"AS HE WALKED FROM ROOM TO ROOM..."



"...AND PLACE TO PLACE..."



"...THE BOY KEPT HIS EYES ON THE SPOON AND THE OIL."



"AFTER TWO HOURS, HE RETURNED TO THE ROOM WHERE THE WISE MAN WAS."



"WELL?"

DID YOU SEE THE PERSIAN TAPESTRIES THAT ARE HANGING IN MY DYING HALL?

DID YOU SEE THE GARDEN THAT IT TOOK THE MASTER GARDENER TEN YEARS TO CREATE?



DID YOU NOTICE THE BEAUTIFUL PARCHMENTS IN MY LIBRARY?

I DID NOT.

MY ONLY CONCERN WAS TO NOT SPILL THE OIL.

THEN GO BACK AND OBSERVE THE MARVELS OF MY WORLD.

YOU CANNOT TRUST A MAN IF YOU DON'T KNOW HIS HOUSE.

"THE BOY TOOK THE TIME TO OBSERVE ALL THE THINGS HE HAD MISSED HIS FIRST TIME AROUND.

"HE SAW THE TAPESTRIES ON THE WALLS AND CEILINGS.

"HE SAW THE GARDENS, AND THE MOUNTAIN ALL AROUND HIM, THE BEAUTY OF THE FLOWERS, AND THE TASTE WITH WHICH EVERYTHING HAD BEEN SELECTED.

"HE SAW THE BOOKS AND SCROLLS IN THE GREAT LIBRARY.

SO WHAT DID YOU SEE?

I SAW ALL THE GREAT WONDERS OF THE PALACE.

BUT WHERE ARE THE DROPS OF OIL I ENTRUSTED TO YOU?

OH, NO...

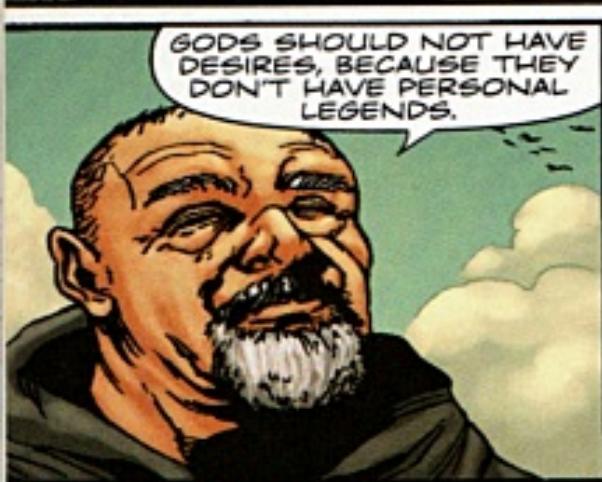
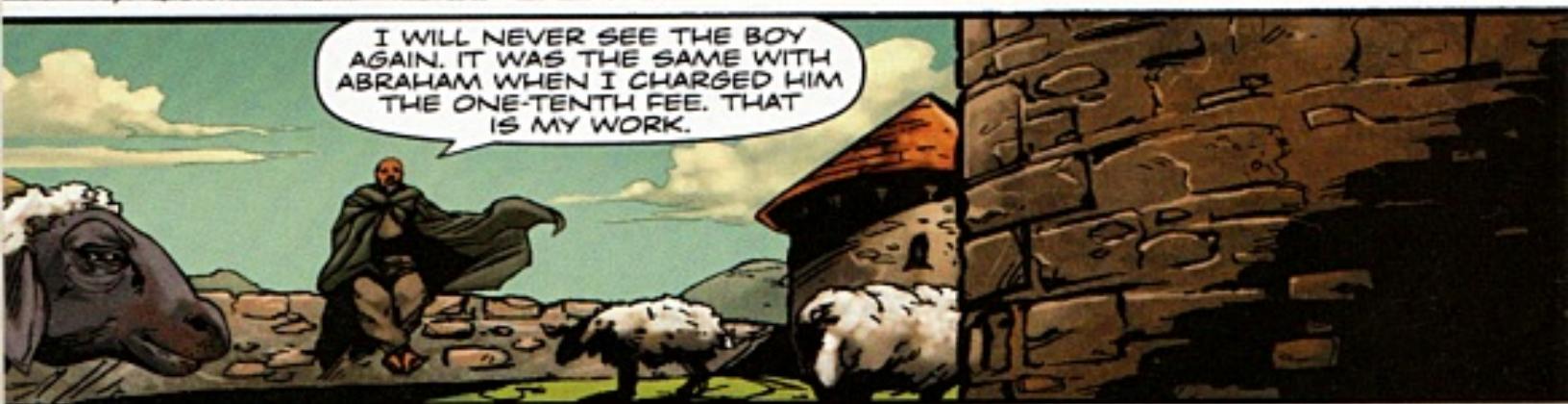
WELL, THERE IS ONLY ONE PIECE OF ADVICE I CAN GIVE YOU.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS IS TO SEE ALL THE MARVELS OF THE WORLD, AND NEVER FORGET THE DROPS OF OIL ON THE SPOON.

THE OLD MAN LOOKED AT THE BOY. HE MADE SEVERAL STRANGE GESTURES ABOVE HIS HEAD.

THEN HE TOOK THE SHEEP AND LEFT.

THE SHEPHERD SAID NOTHING. HE UNDERSTOOD THE OLD KING'S STORY. A SHEPHERD MAY LIKE TO TRAVEL, BUT HE SHOULD NEVER FORGET HIS SHEEP.



Hours later
The city of Tangier in Africa

AFRICA
IS VERY
STRANGE.

IN JUST A FEW
HOURS, I HAVE SEEN MEN
WALKING HAND-IN-HAND, WOMEN
WITH THEIR FACES COVERED, AND
PRIESTS WHO CLIMBED TO THE
TOPS OF TOWERS TO CHANT—
EVEN AS EVERYONE ABOUT THEM
DROPPED TO THEIR KNEES AND
PLACED THEIR FOREHEADS
ON THE GROUND.





A PRACTICE OF INFIDELS.

IN THE RUSH TO START HIS JOURNEY, THE BOY HAD FORGOTTEN A DETAIL, JUST ONE DETAIL, WHICH COULD KEEP HIM FROM HIS TREASURE FOR A LONG TIME: ONLY ARABIC IS SPOKEN IN THIS COUNTRY.



THE BOY FELT TERRIBLY ALONE.



MY FRIEND, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



HUH? UH... I DON'T SPEAK ARABIC....

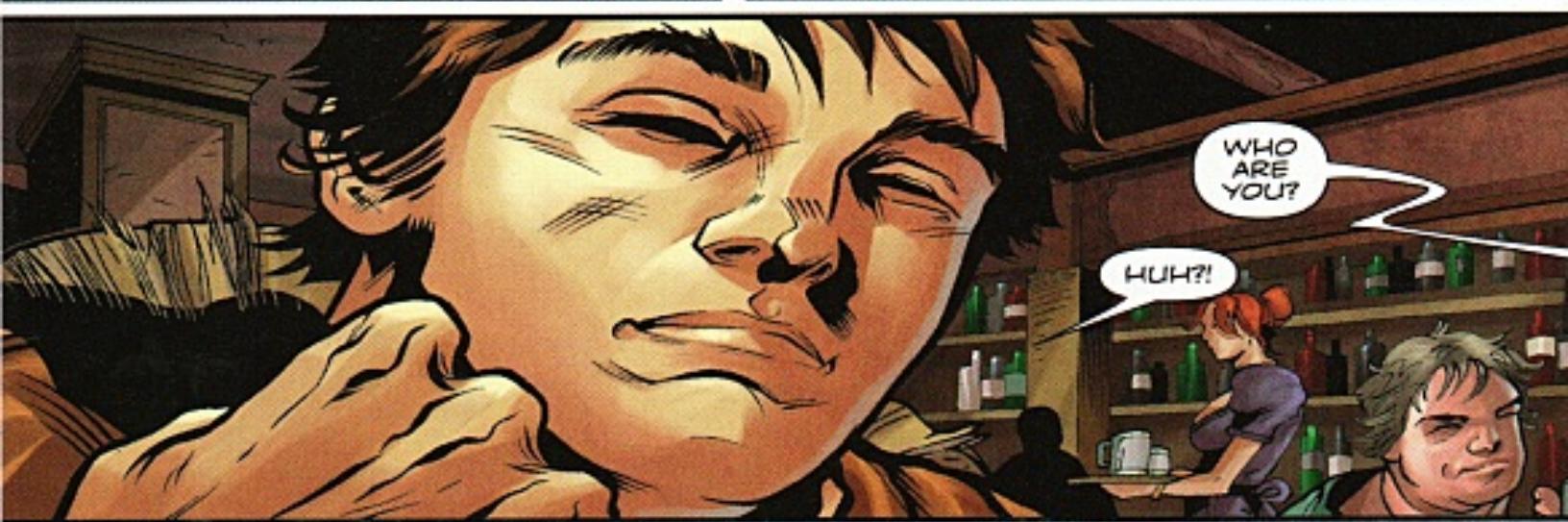


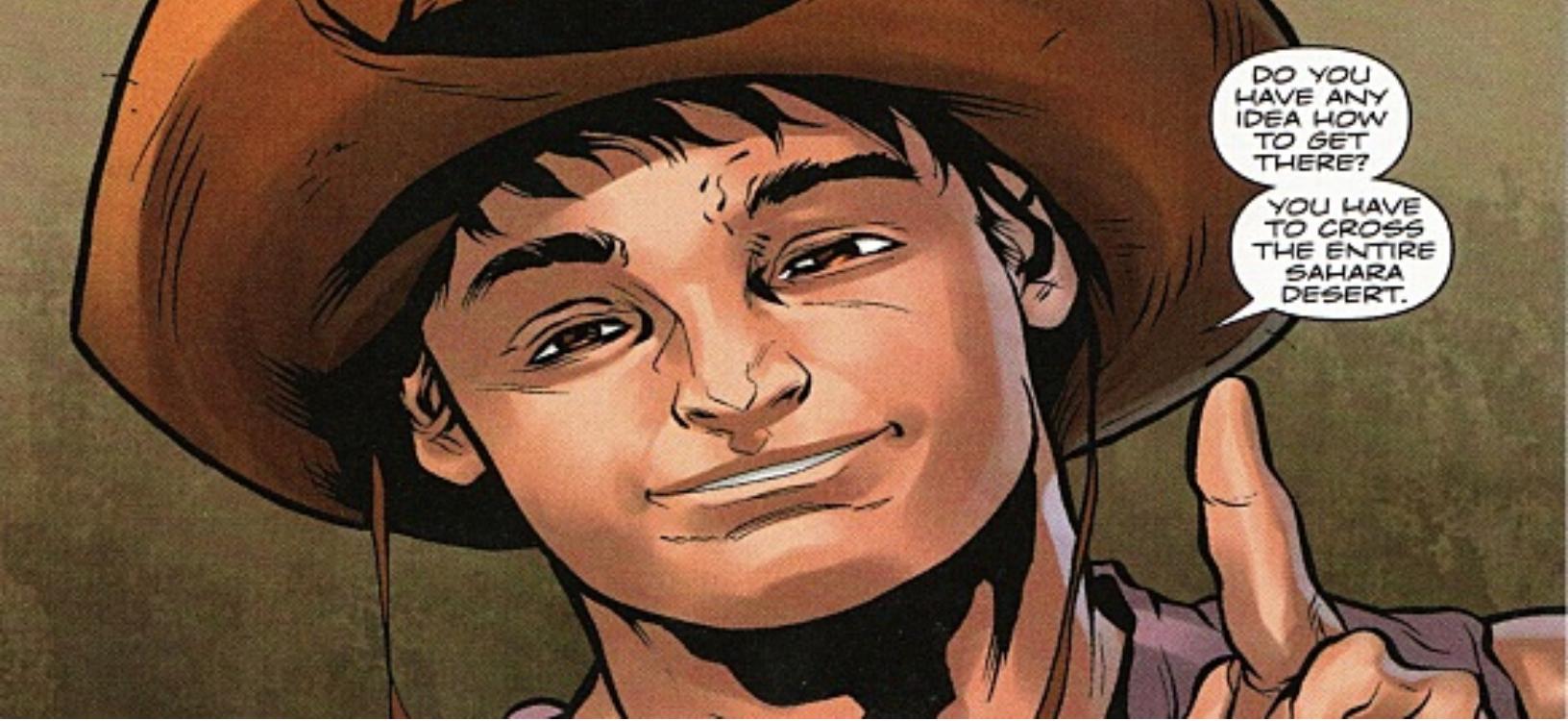
UH... I'D LIKE TO HAVE WHAT THEY ARE HAVING.

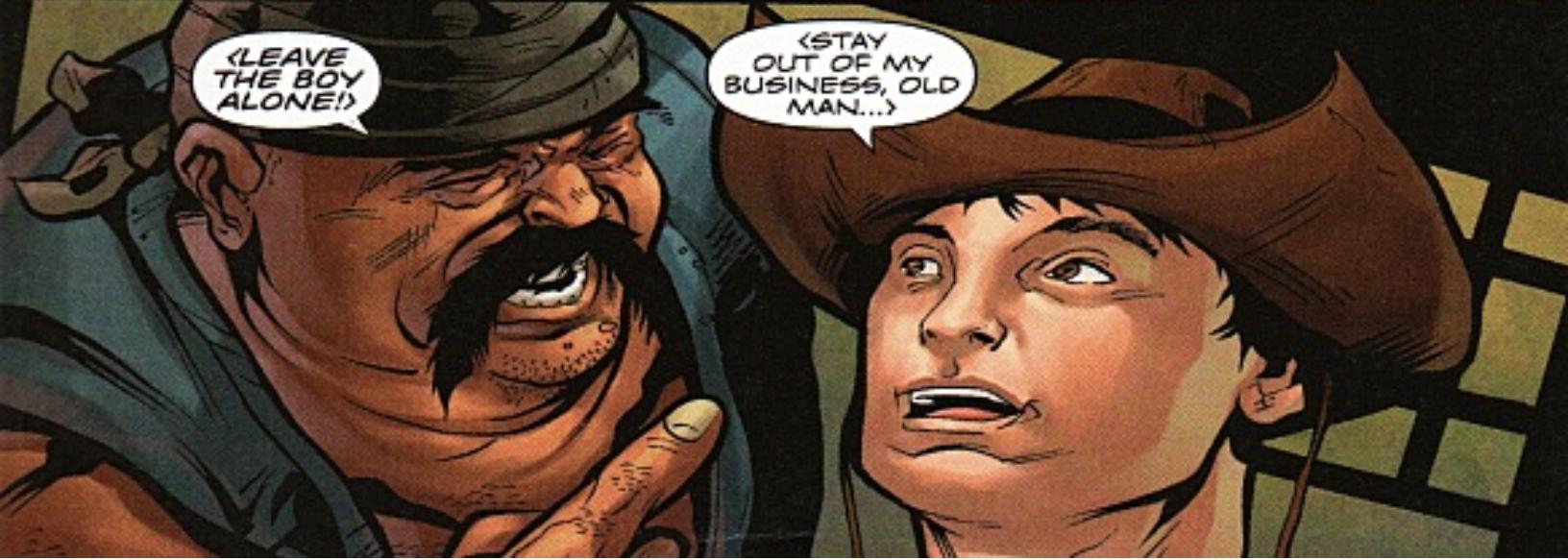


CAH, TEA? HERE YOU GOD!













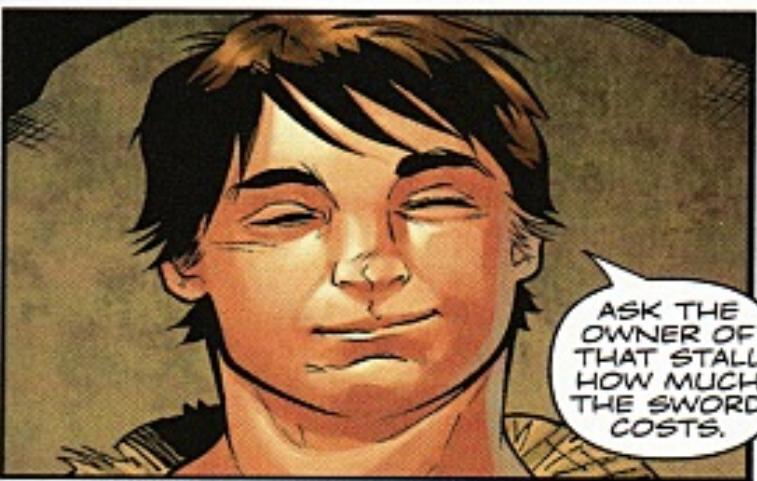
THERE WERE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN THE LARGE PLAZA WHERE THE MARKET WAS HELD.

EVERWHERE THE BOY LOOKED THERE WERE STALLS WITH ITEMS FOR SALE.

PEOPLE ARGUED AND HAGGLED OVER THE PRICE OF VEGETABLES, DAGGERS, AND CARPETS.

AMAZING!

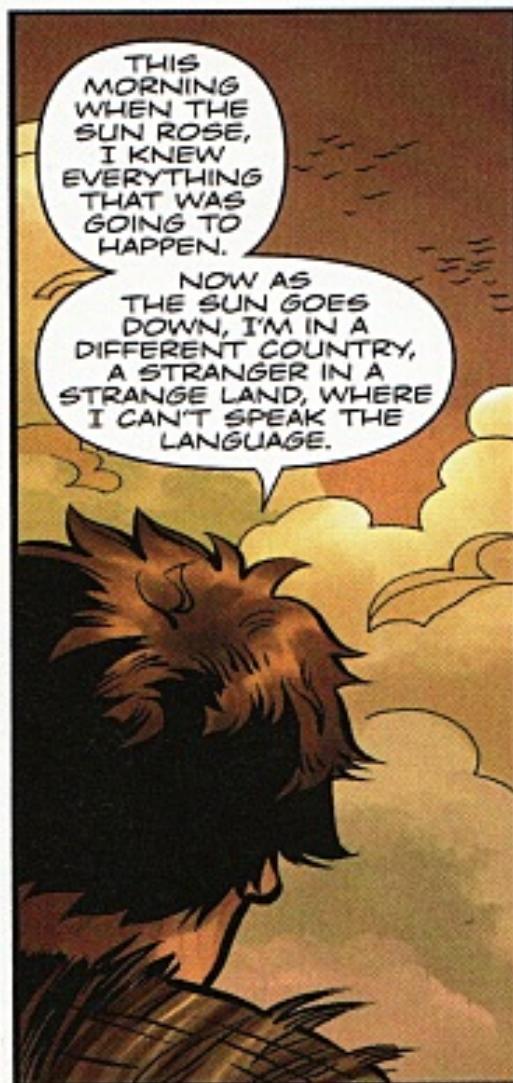




MAYBE
WE GOT
SEPARATED BY
ACCIDENT.
I SHOULD
JUST WAIT RIGHT
HERE FOR HIS
RETURN.









THE BOY WEPT BECAUSE HE FELT GOD WAS UNFAIR, AND BECAUSE THIS WAS THE WAY GOD REPAYED THOSE WHO BELIEVED IN THEIR DREAMS.

WHEN I HAD MY SHEEP, I WAS HAPPY, AND I MADE THOSE AROUND ME HAPPY. PEOPLE SAW ME COMING AND WELCOMED ME.

BUT NOW I'M SAD AND ALONE. I'M GOING TO BECOME BITTER AND DISTRUSTFUL OF PEOPLE BECAUSE ONE PERSON BETRAYED ME.



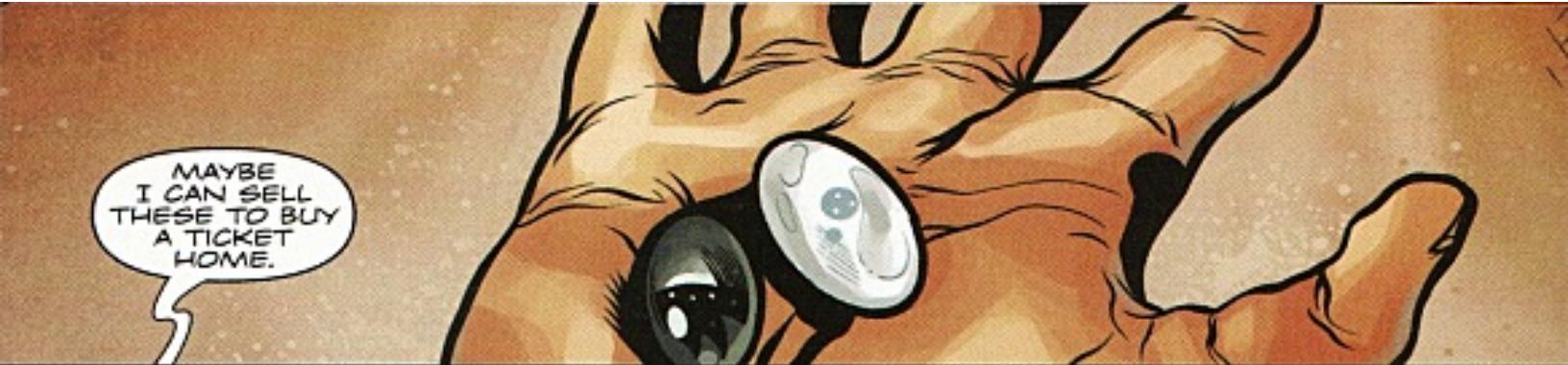
I'M GOING TO HATE THOSE WHO HAVE FOUND THEIR TREASURE BECAUSE I NEVER FOUND MINE.



AND I'M GOING TO HOLD ON TO WHAT LITTLE I HAVE, BECAUSE I'M TOO INSIGNIFICANT TO CONQUER THE WORLD.



THIS IS ALL I OWN IN THE WORLD.



MAYBE
I CAN SELL
THESE TO BUY
A TICKET
HOME.



THEY'RE
CALLED URIM
AND THUMMIM,
AND THEY CAN
HELP YOU READ
THE OMENS.



THE OLD
KING SAID THAT
WHEN YOU WANT
SOMETHING, THE
ENTIRE UNIVERSE
CONSPIRES TO
HELP YOU
ACHIEVE IT.



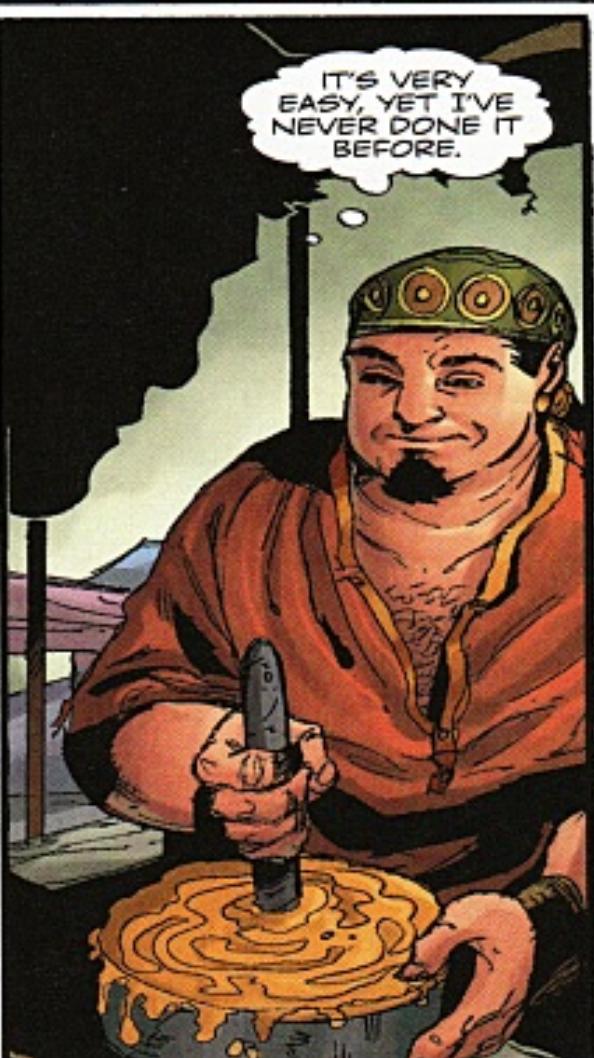
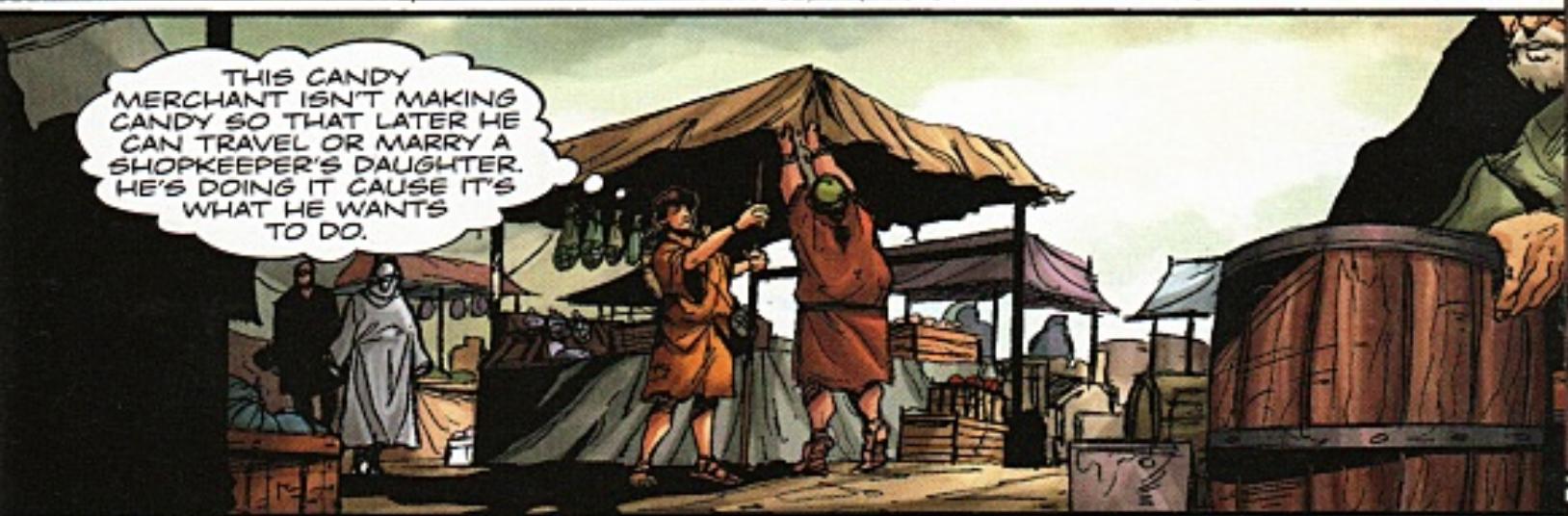
LET
ME SEE IF
THESE
WORK.
IS THE
OLD MAN'S
BLESSING
STILL UPON
ME?



IT SAYS
YES.

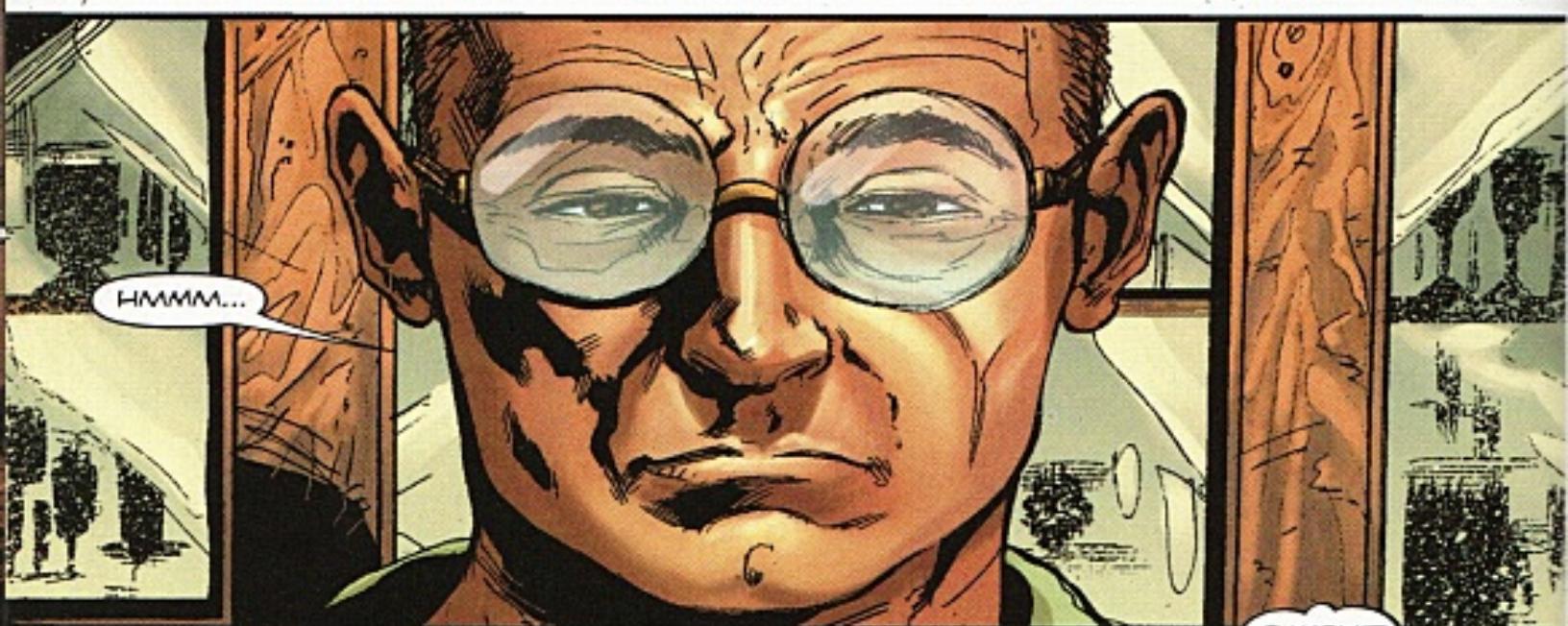


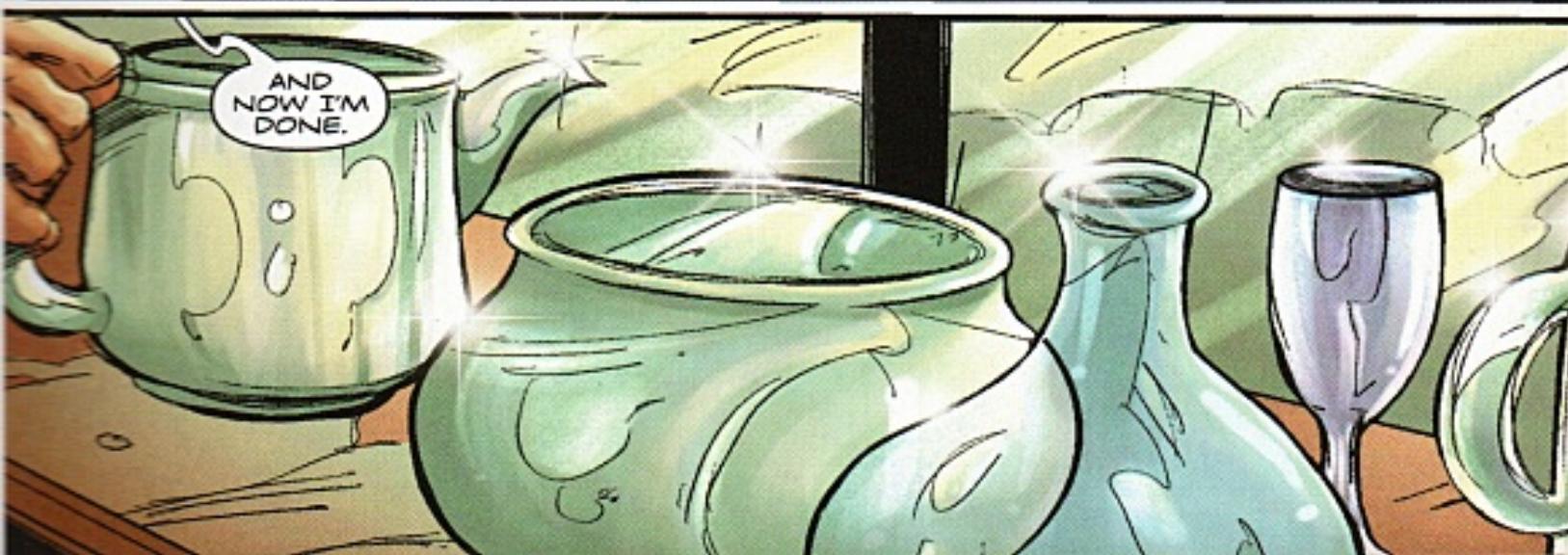
















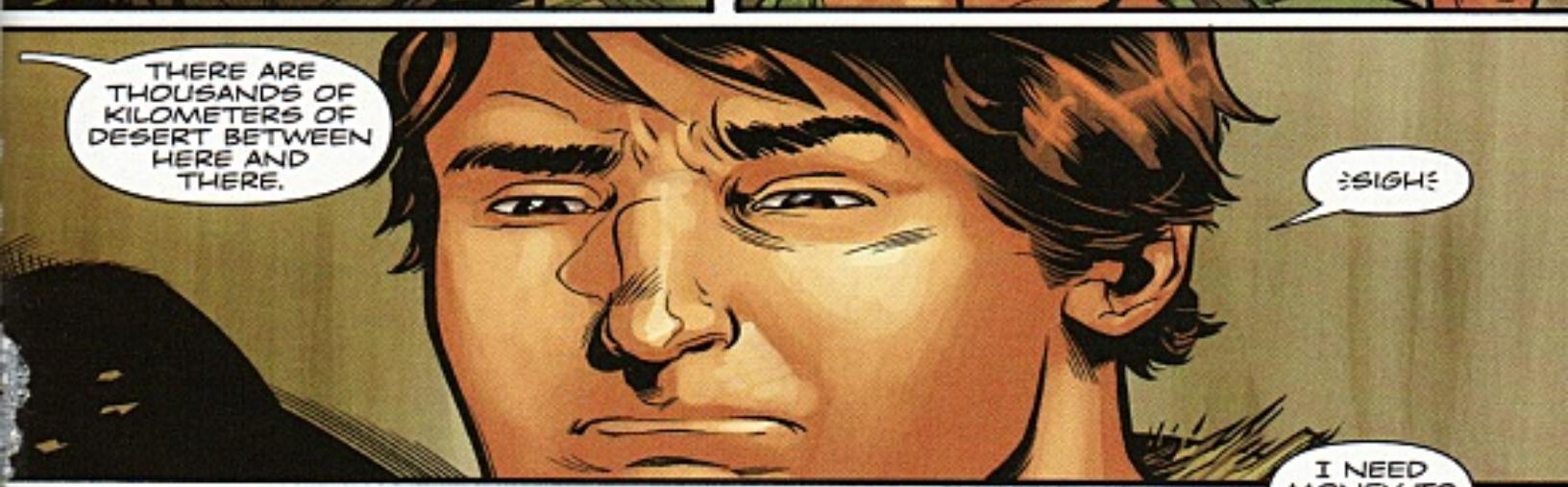
DO YOU
WANT TO
WORK FOR
ME?



I CAN WORK FOR THE
REST OF TODAY. I'LL EVEN
WORK ALL NIGHT UNTIL
DAWN, AND I'LL CLEAN
EVERY PIECE OF CRYSTAL
IN YOUR SHOP. I NEED
TO GET TO EGYPT.



EVEN IF YOU CLEANED MY CRYSTAL FOR
AN ENTIRE YEAR, EVEN IF YOU EARNED A
GOOD COMMISSION SELLING EVERY PIECE,
YOU WOULD STILL HAVE TO BORROW
MONEY TO GET TO EGYPT.



THERE ARE
THOUSANDS OF
KILOMETERS OF
DESERT BETWEEN
HERE AND
THERE.

:SIGH:



I CAN
GIVE YOU THE
MONEY YOU
NEED TO GET
BACK TO YOUR
COUNTRY, MY SON.



I NEED
MONEY TO
BUY SOME
SHEEP.

One month later:

DON'T BREAK
THOSE GLASSES.
BE GENTLE WITH
THEM.

I AM
ALWAYS
CAREFUL
WITH THEM,
SIR.

JUST
MAKE SURE
THEY DON'T
BREAK.

IF I CONTINUE
THIS PACE AT THE
CRYSTAL SHOP IT
WILL TAKE A YEAR
TO SAVE ENOUGH
MONEY TO BUY
SOME SHEEP.

MAYBE IT'S
TIME TO TELL
HIM OF MY
IDEA.

EXCUSE
ME, SIR.

YES?

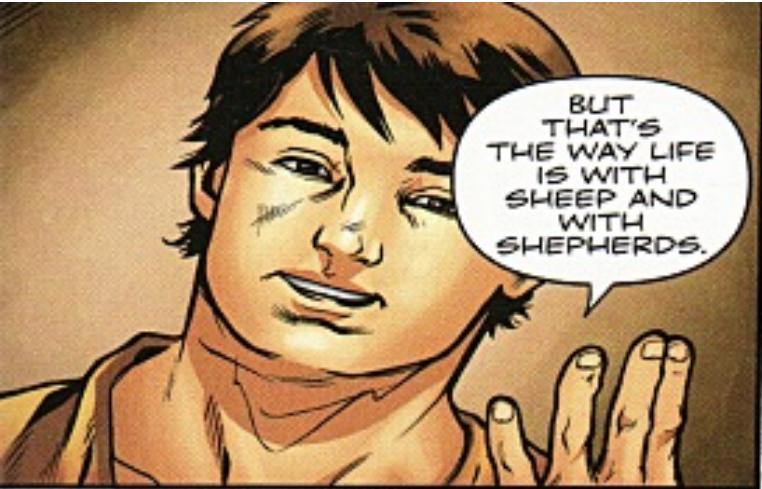
I'D LIKE TO
BUILD A DISPLAY
CASE FOR THE
CRYSTAL.

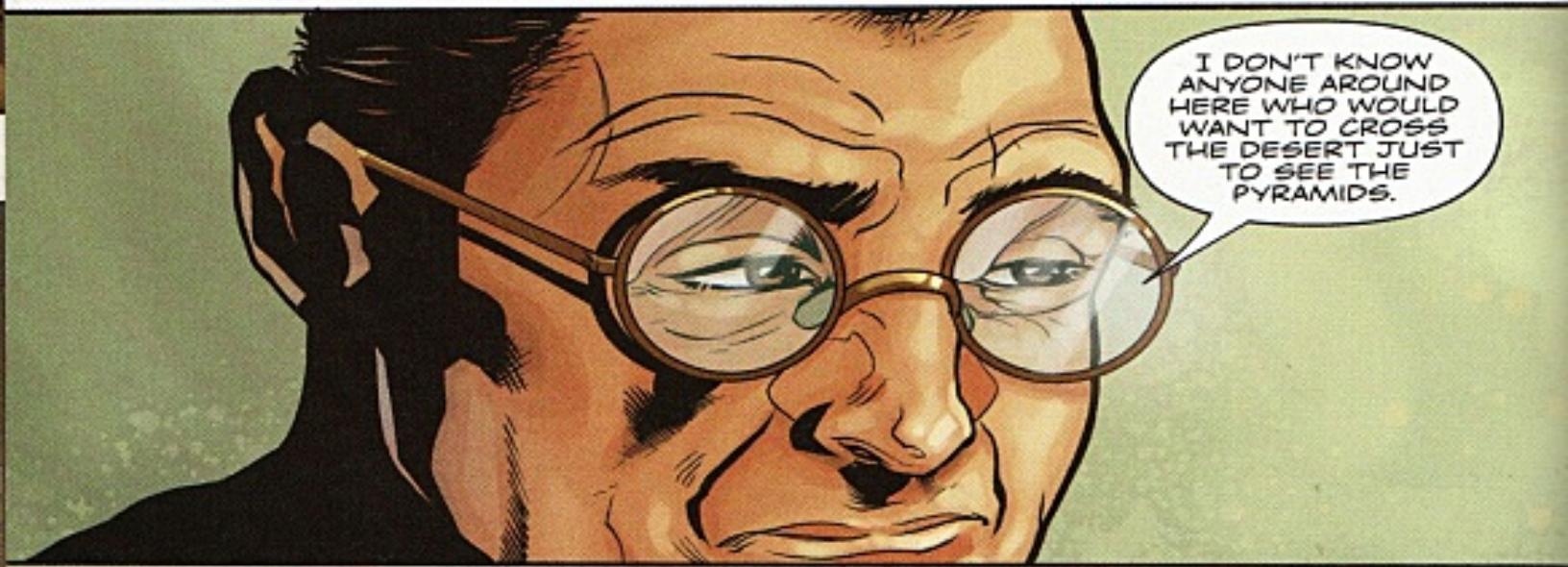
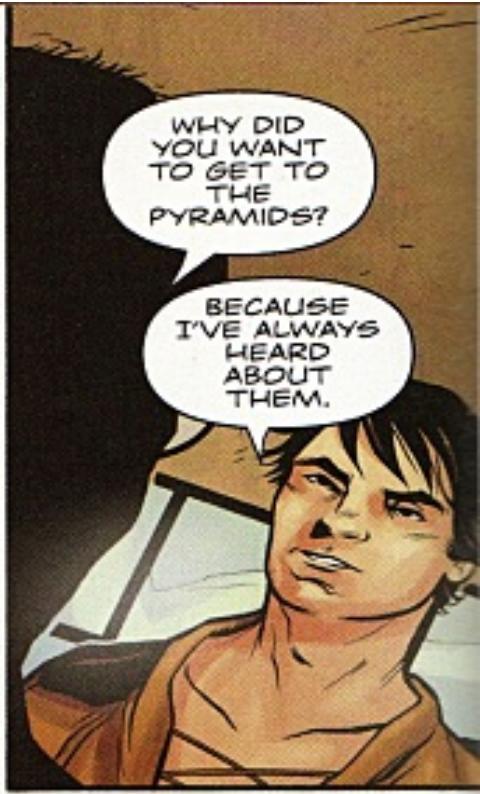
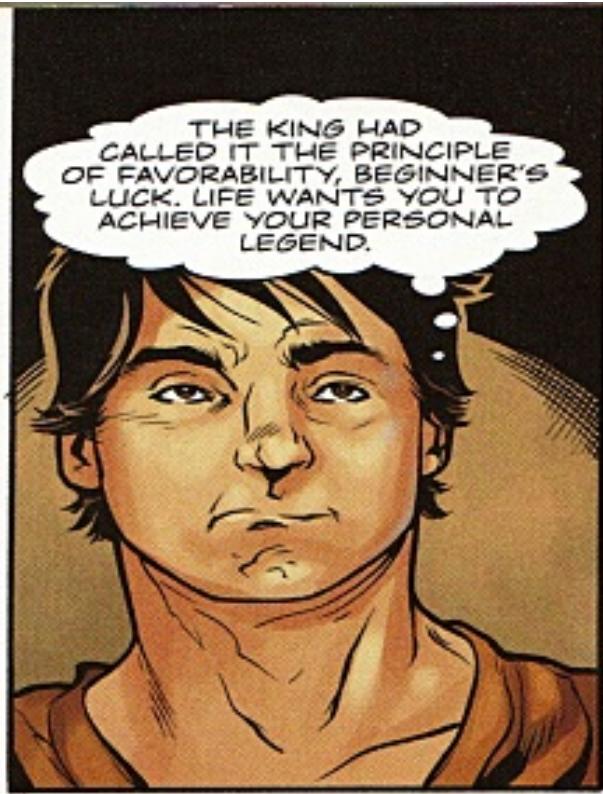
I NEVER
HAD ONE
BEFORE.

WE COULD PLACE IT
OUTSIDE, AND ATTRACT THOSE
PEOPLE WHO PASS AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE HILL.

PEOPLE WILL
PASS BY AND
BUMP INTO IT,
AND PIECES WILL
BE BROKEN.

WELL, WHEN
I TOOK MY SHEEP
THROUGH THE
FIELDS SOME OF
THEM MIGHT HAVE
DIED IF WE HAD
COME UPON A
SNAKE.







Two days later.

I HAVE GIVEN
SOME THOUGHT
ABOUT THE DISPLAY
FOR OUTSIDE THE
SHOP.

I DON'T
MUCH LIKE
CHANGE.

YOU AND
I AREN'T LIKE
HASSEN, THAT RICH
MERCHANT.

IF HE MAKES A
BUYING MISTAKE IT
DOESN'T AFFECT
HIM MUCH, BUT WE
TWO HAVE TO LIVE
WITH OUR
MISTAKES.

WHY DID
YOU THINK WE
SHOULD HAVE THE
DISPLAY?

I WANT
TO GET BACK
TO MY SHEEP
FASTER.

WE HAVE TO
TAKE ADVANTAGE
WHEN LUCK IS ON
OUR SIDE, AND DO
AS MUCH AS TO
HELP IT AS IT'S
DOING TO HELP
US.

IT'S CALLED
THE PRINCIPLE OF
FAVORABILITY, OR AS
SOME CALL IT,
BEGINNER'S LUCK.



THE PROPHET
GAVE US THE KORAN,
AND LEFT US JUST
FIVE OBLIGATIONS TO
SATISFY DURING
OUR LIVES.

THE MOST
IMPORTANT IS
BELIEVE IN THE
ONLY ONE
TRUE GOD.



THE OTHERS
ARE TO PRAY FIVE TIMES A
DAY, FAST DURING RAMADAN,
AND BE CHARITABLE TO
THE POOR...



HE WAS A DEVOUT
MAN, AND, EVEN
WITH ALL HIS
IMPATIENCE, HE
WANTED TO LIVE HIS
LIFE ACCORDANCE
WITH MUSLIM LAW.



TWO DAYS AGO,
YOU SAID THAT I
NEVER DREAMED
OF TRAVEL.

WHAT'S THE
FIFTH
OBLIGATION?

THE FIFTH
OBLIGATION OF
EVERY MUSLIM
IS A
PILGRIMAGE.



WE ARE
OBLIGED, AT
LEAST ONCE IN
OUR LIVES, TO
VISIT THE
HOLY CITY OF
MECCA.



MECCA IS
A LOT FARTHER
AWAY THAN THE
PYRAMIDS.

WHEN I WAS
YOUNG ALL I WANTED
TO DO WAS PUT
TOGETHER ENOUGH
MONEY TO START
THIS SHOP.



I THOUGHT
SOMEDAY I
WOULD BE RICH
AND WOULD GO
TO MECCA.

I MADE
MONEY BUT I
COULD NEVER
LEAVE
SOMEONE IN
CHARGE OF THE
SHOP;
CRYSTALS ARE
DELICATE
THINGS.



I WOULD
SEE MEN AND
WOMEN
PASSING MY
SHOP ALL THE
TIME, HEADING
FOR MECCA.

SOME OF
THEM WERE
RICH PILGRIMS,
BUT MOST OF
THE PEOPLE
WERE POORER
THAN I.



ALL WHO
WENT WERE HAPPY
HAVING DONE SO.
THEY WOULD PLACE
THE SYMBOL OF
PILGRIMAGE ON THE
DOOR OF THEIR
HOUSES.

ONE OF
THEM, A COBBLER
WHO MADE HIS
LIVING MENDING
BOOTS, SAID HE HAS
TRAVELED THROUGH
THE DESERT FOR A
YEAR BUT THAT HE
GOT MORE TIRED
WHEN HE HAD TO
WALK THROUGH
THE STREET OF
TANGIER BUYING
LEATHER.



Two months later.

I COULD BUY
SIXTY SHEEP WITH
ALL THE MONEY I
HAVE MADE WITH THE
CRYSTAL MERCHANT.
WITH A LITTLE MORE
TIME I COULD HAVE
DOUBLED MY
FLOCK.

YOU CAN
NEVER FIND A
GOOD TEASHOP
IN THIS PART
OF THE CITY.

WE CAN
JUST WAIT
UNTIL WE
HEAD
DOWN THE
HILL.

I
GUESS
WE HAVE
TO.

OMENS ARE
EVERWHERE
AS THE KING
HAD SAID.

I HAVE
ANOTHER
IDEA...

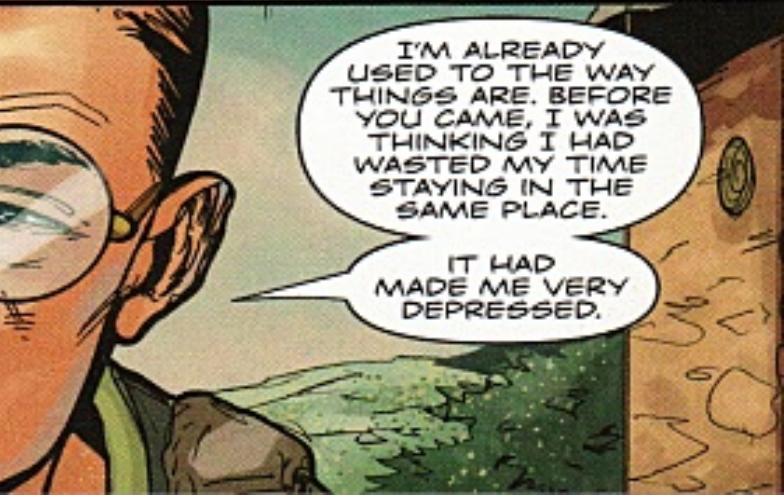
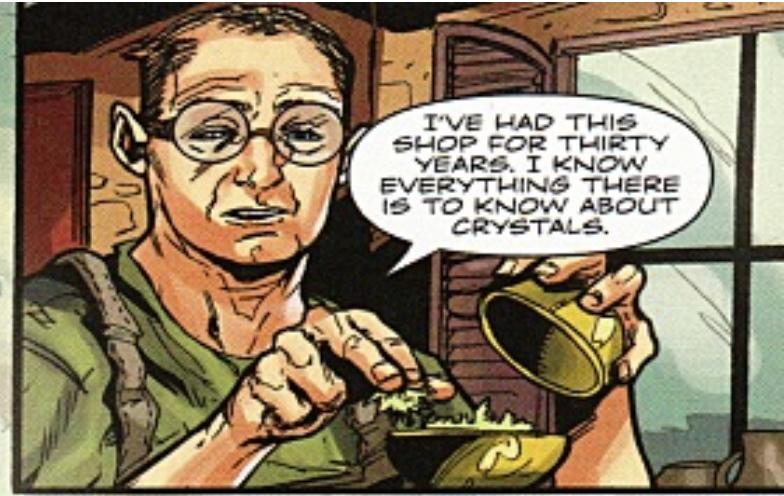
...LET'S SELL
TEA TO THE
PEOPLE WHO
CLIMB THE
HILL.

LOTS OF
SHOPS SELL TEA
AROUND HERE.

WE COULD
SELL IT IN
CRYSTAL GLASSES.
THE PEOPLE WILL
ENJOY THE TEA
AND WANT TO BUY
THE GLASSES.

I HAVE
BEEN TOLD
BEAUTY IS A
GREAT
SEDUCTOR OF
MEN.

I WILL
THINK ON
THIS.





YOU HAVE
BEEN A REAL
BLESSING
TO ME.



YOU HAVE
MADE ME UNDERSTAND
SOMETHING I DIDN'T SEE
BEFORE: EVERY BLESSING
IGNORED BECOMES A
CURSE.

I DON'T
WANT ANYTHING
ELSE IN LIFE.



BUT YOU ARE
FORCING ME TO
LOOK AT WEALTH
AND AT A HORIZON
I HAVE NEVER
KNOWN.



NOW I HAVE
SEEN THEM, AND
NOW THAT I SEE
HOW IMMENSE MY
POSSIBILITIES ARE,
I'M GOING TO FEEL
WORSE THAN
WHEN YOU
ARRIVED.



BECAUSE I
KNOW THE THINGS
I SHOULD BE ABLE
TO ACCOMPLISH,
AND I DON'T WANT
TO DO SO.

IT WAS
GOOD I
DIDN'T SAY
ANYTHING
TO THAT
BAKER.



THERE ARE PROBABLY OTHER THINGS THE SHEEP CAN'T TEACH ME. ALL THEY EVER DO, REALLY, IS LOOK FOR FOOD AND WATER.

BUT MAYBE IT WASN'T THAT THEY WERE TEACHING ME, BUT THAT I WAS LEARNING FROM THEM.



I AM NOT ANGRY AT YOU. LET ME THINK ON YOUR IDEA.

OKAY.



MAKTUB.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?



YOU WOULD HAVE TO HAVE BEEN BORN AN ARAB TO UNDERSTAND. BUT IN YOUR LANGUAGE IT WOULD BE SOMETHING LIKE "IT IS WRITTEN."



YOU CAN START SELLING TEA IN THE CRYSTAL GLASSES STARTING TOMORROW.
SOMETIMES, THERE'S JUST NO WAY TO HOLD BACK THE RIVER.



Nine months later
Dawn.

TODAY
IS THE
DAY.

IT HAS
BEEN A LONG TIME
SINCE I ARRIVED
HERE.

I HAVE
LEARNED SO MUCH
FROM THE PEOPLE OF
THIS CITY AND FROM
WORKING IN THE
CRYSTAL SHOP.

I
BETTER
HAVE SOME
BREAKFAST
BEFORE
I GO.

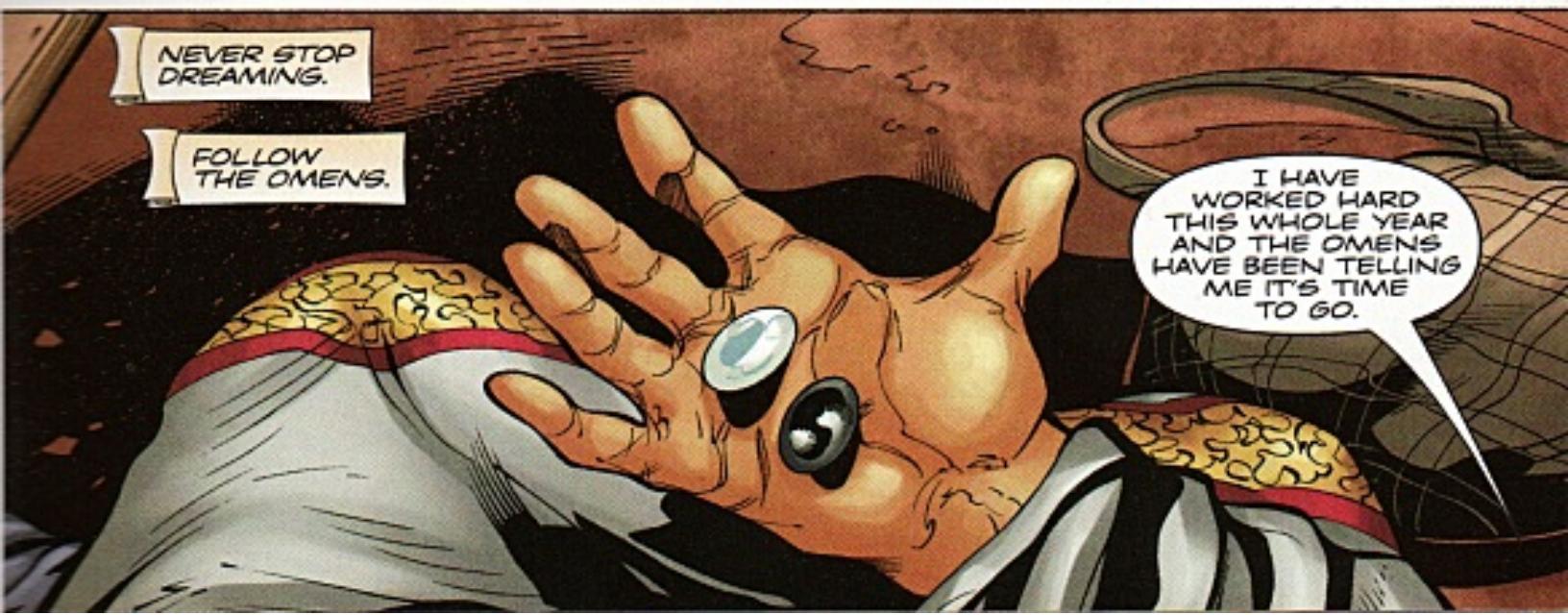
OH,
THIS
IS GOING
TO TASTE
GREAT.

WHAT
SHOULD
I DO?



I HAVE THE MONEY I NEED TO BUY MY SHEEP. AND YOU HAVE THE MONEY YOU NEED TO GO TO MECCA.







THE SHOP IS
EXTREMELY BUSY
TODAY.

HMM...

FROM WHERE HE STOOD,
THE BOY SAW FOR THE
FIRST TIME THAT THE
OLD MERCHANT'S HAIR
WAS VERY MUCH LIKE
THAT OF THE OLD KING.

HE REMEMBERED THE
SMILE OF THE CANDY
SELLER, ON HIS FIRST
DAY IN TANGIER. IT
ALSO REMINDED HIM
OF THE OLD KING.

IT'S LIKE THE OLD KING
HAD BEEN HERE AND
LEFT HIS MARK. AND
NONE OF THESE
PEOPLE HAD EVER MET
THE OLD KING.

ON THE
OTHER HAND,
THE KING SAID
THAT HE ALWAYS
APPEARED TO HELP
THOSE WHO ARE
TRYING TO REALIZE
THEIR PERSONAL
LEGEND.

I'M GOING BACK TO THE FIELDS THAT I KNOW TO TAKE CARE OF MY FLOCK AGAIN.

THE BOY HAD WORKED FOR A YEAR TO MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO GET BACK TO SPAIN AND BUY HIS FLOCK, BUT MINUTE BY MINUTE, THAT WAS BECOMING LESS IMPORTANT.



A person stands at the entrance of a wooden building.

A person holds a small object in their hands.

A person holds a small object in their hands.



I CAN ALWAYS GO BACK TO BEING A SHEPHERD. I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW THAT'S DONE.

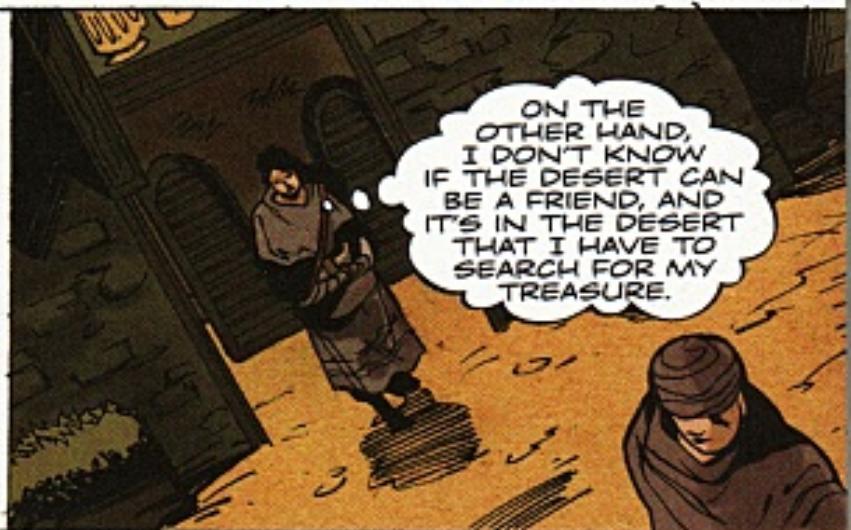
BUT THIS MIGHT BE MY ONLY CHANCE TO GO TO THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

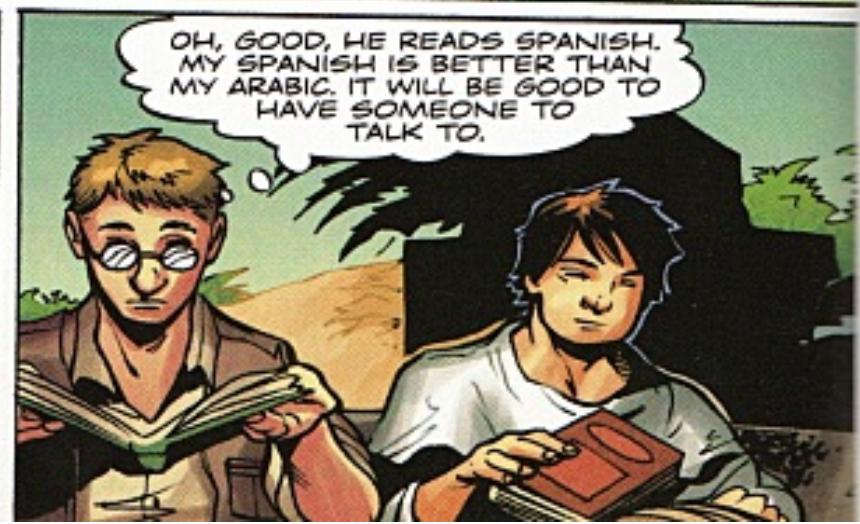
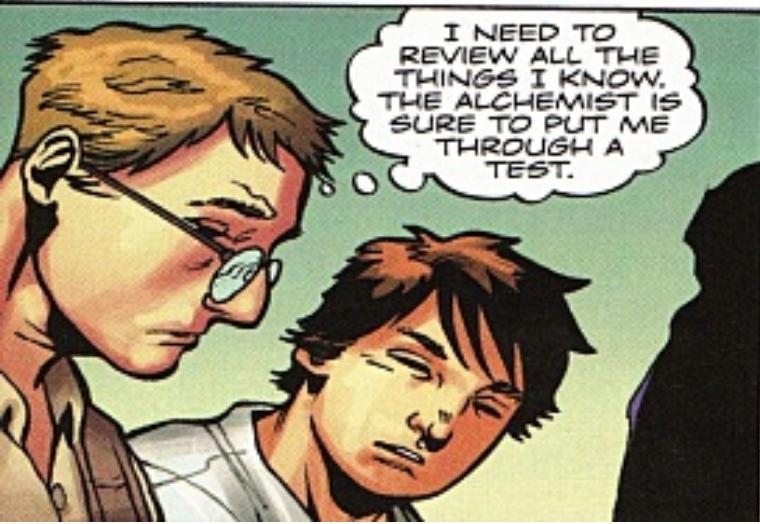
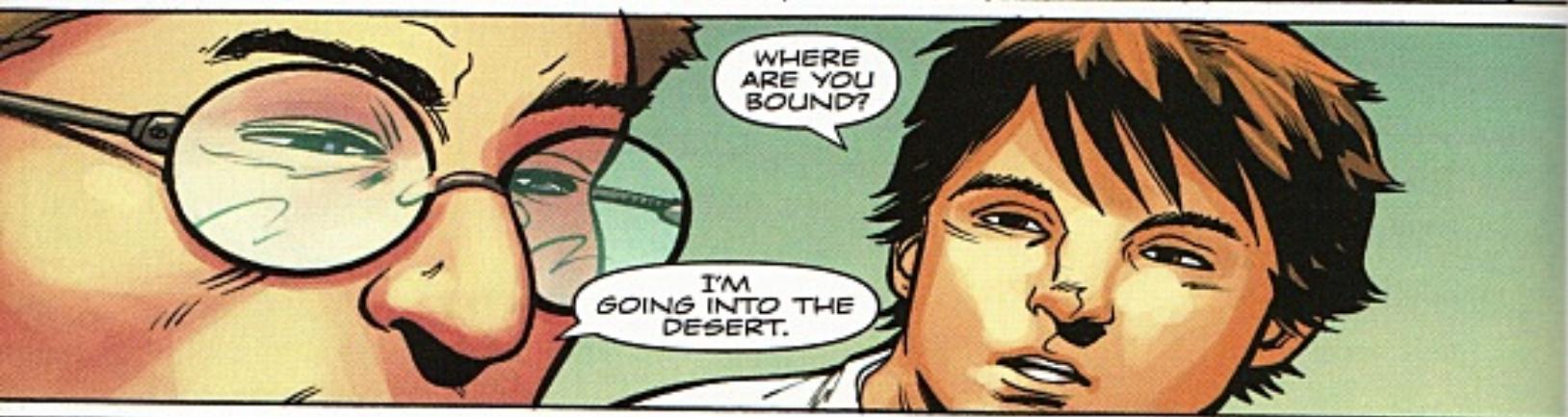
I KNOW WHY I WANT TO GET BACK TO MY SHEEP; THEY'RE NO LONGER A PROBLEM, AND THEY CAN BE GOOD FRIENDS.

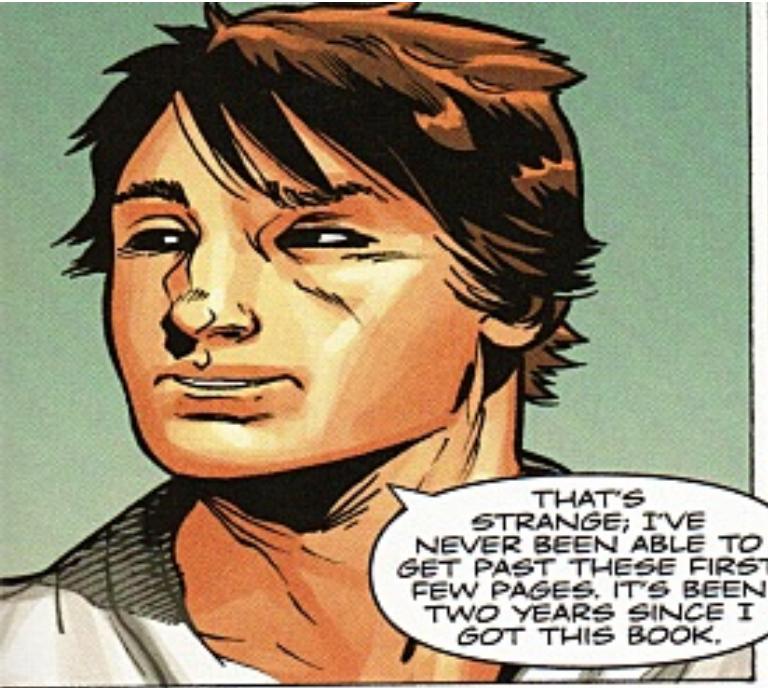
HELLO, ANWAR.

MY FRIEND, HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?

I HAVE BEEN WELL.









WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT OMENS?



EVERYTHING IN LIFE IS AN Omen.

THERE IS A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE, UNDERSTOOD BY EVERYBODY, THAT HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN. I AM TRAVELING TO THE OASIS TO TALK TO A MAN WHO KNOWS ITS SECRET. AN ALCHEMIST.



YOU'RE IN LUCK, YOU TWO, THERE'S A CARAVAN LEAVING TODAY FOR AL-FAYOUM.

BUT I'M GOING TO EGYPT.



AL-FAYOUM IS IN EGYPT. WHAT KIND OF ARAB ARE YOU?

THAT'S A GOOD LUCK OMEN.

I'M LOOKING FOR A TREASURE.

IN A WAY, SO AM I.

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT ALCHEMY IS.

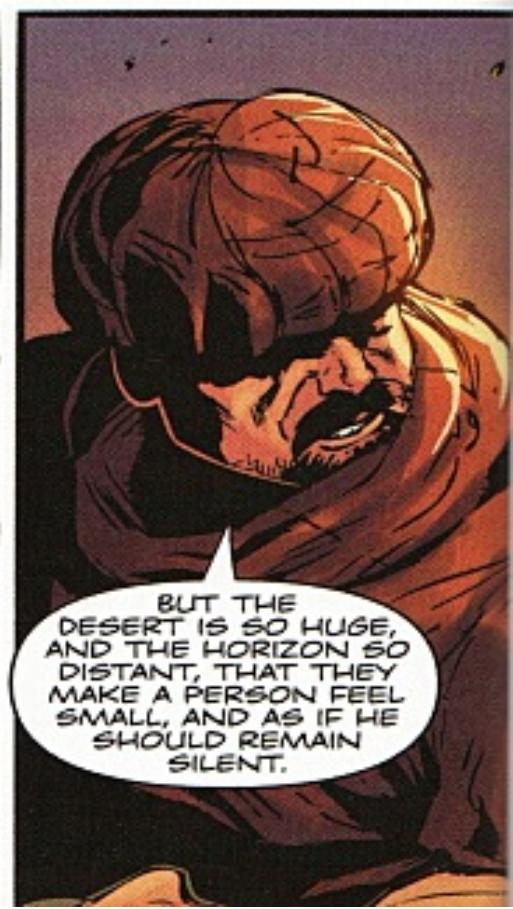
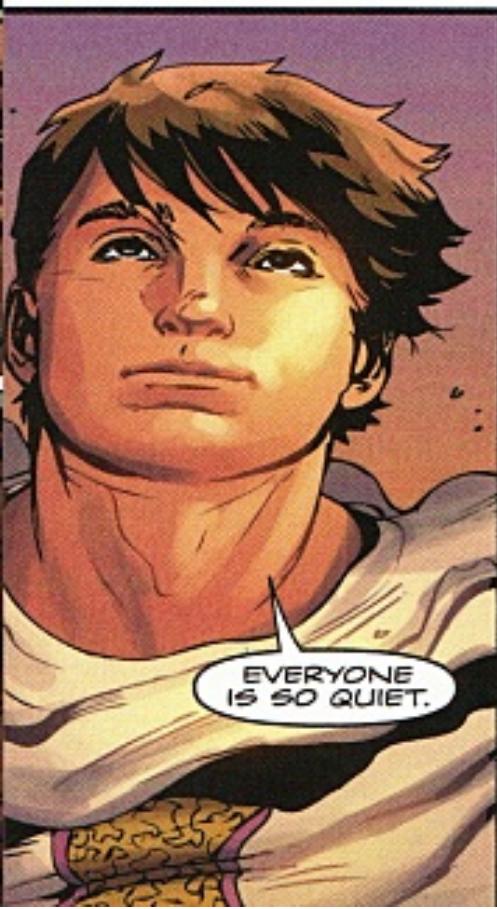
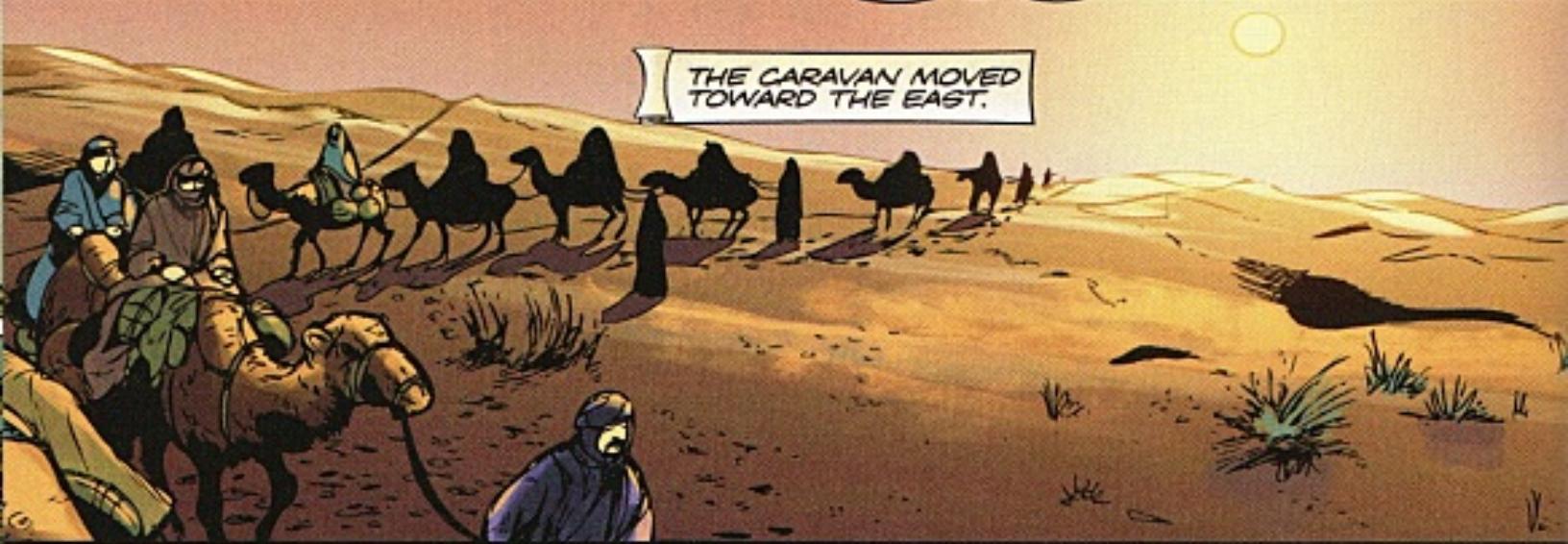


I'M THE LEADER OF THE CARAVAN. I HOLD THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH FOR EVERY PERSON I TAKE WITH ME. THE DESERT IS A CAPRICIOUS LADY, AND SOMETIMES SHE DRIVES ME CRAZY.

THERE ARE A LOT OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE HERE, AND EACH HAS HIS OWN GOD. BUT THE ONLY GOD I SERVE IS ALLAH, AND IN HIS NAME I WILL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO WIN OUT OVER THE DESERT.

BUT I WANT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU TO SWEAR BY THE GOD YOU BELIEVE IN THAT YOU WILL FOLLOW MY ORDERS NO MATTER WHAT.

IN THE DESERT, DISOBEDIENCE MEANS DEATH.



I SOMETIMES MEN IN HOODS WOULD APPEAR TO RELAY WHAT WAS GOING ON IN THE DESERT.

THERE ARE RUMORS OF A TRIBAL WAR.

ARE WE IN DANGER?

ONCE YOU GET INTO THE DESERT, THERE'S NO GOING BACK.

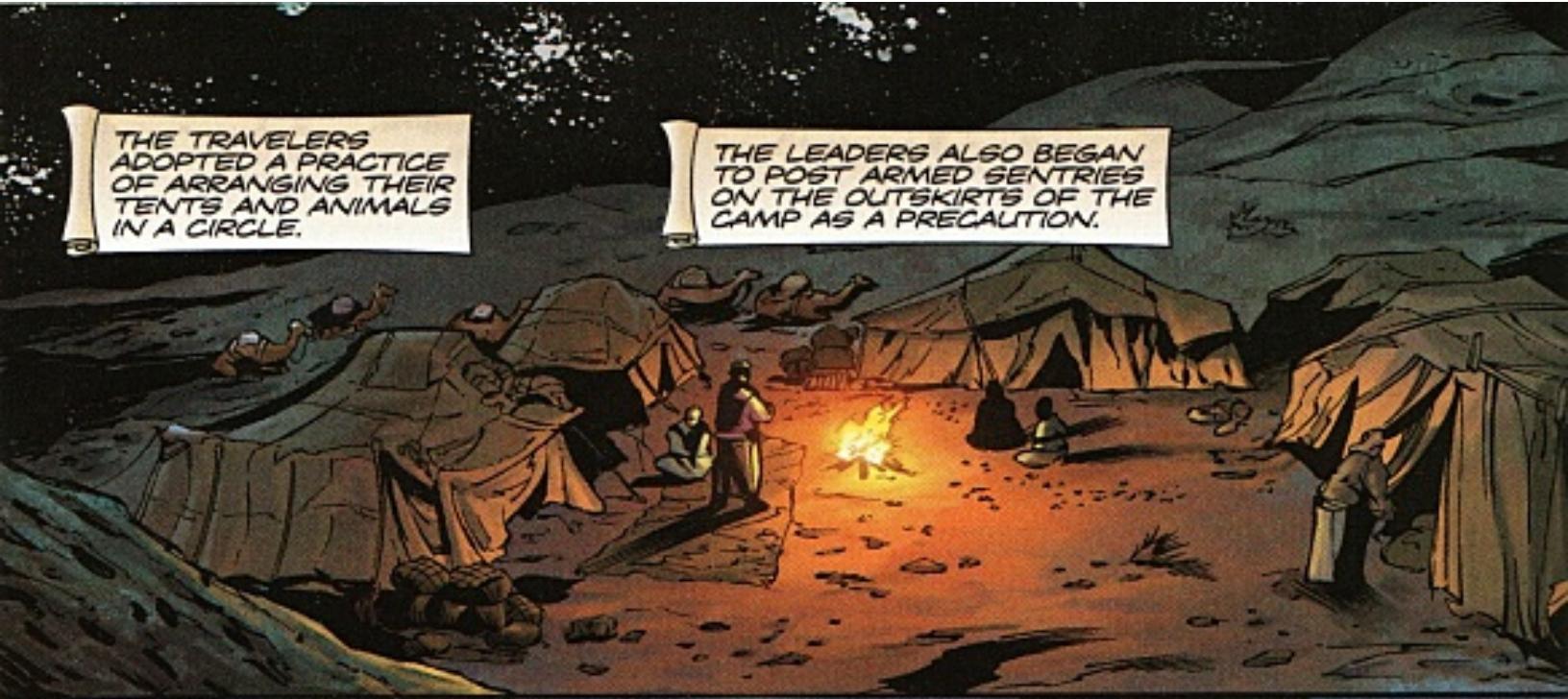
AND WHEN YOU CAN'T GO BACK YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE BEST WAY TO MOVE FORWARD.

THE REST IS UP TO ALLAH, INCLUDING THE DANGER.

MAKTUB!

YOU SHOULD PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THE CARAVAN.

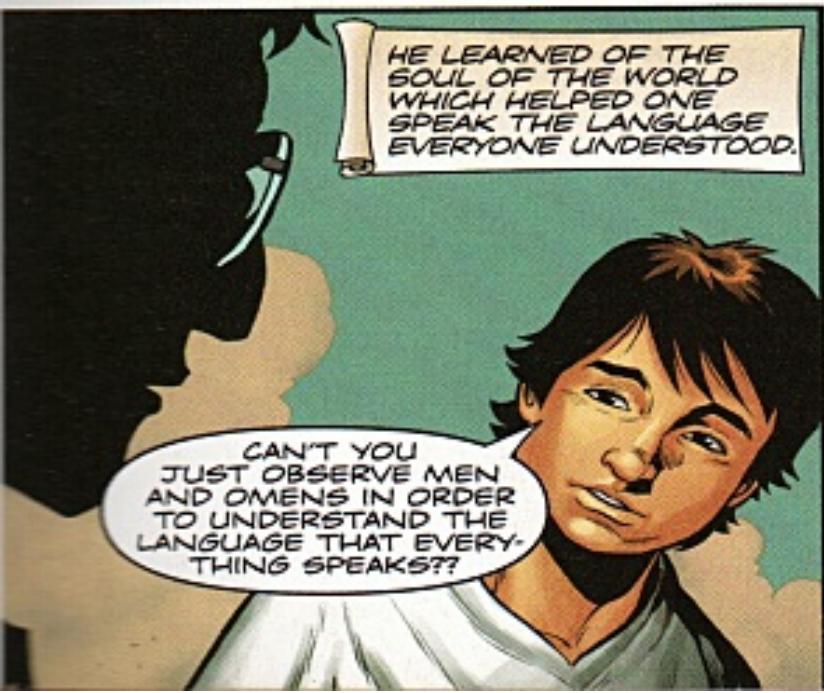
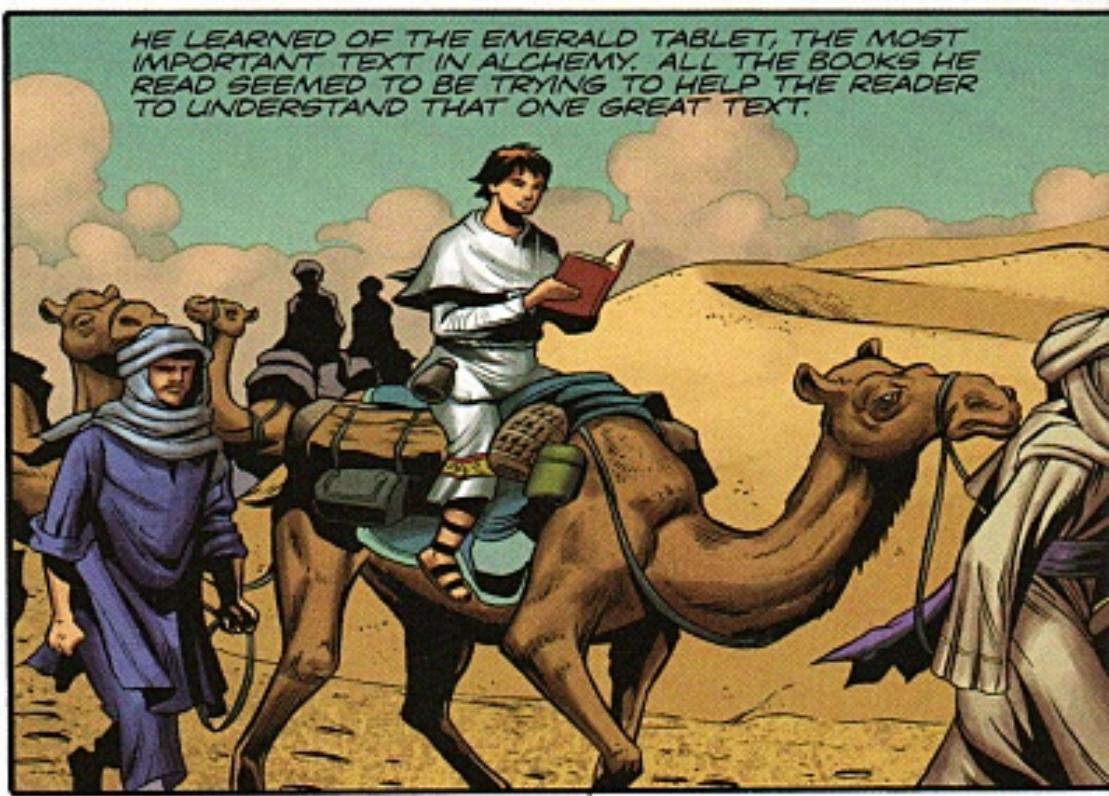
AND YOU SHOULD READ MORE BOOKS ABOUT THE WORLD.



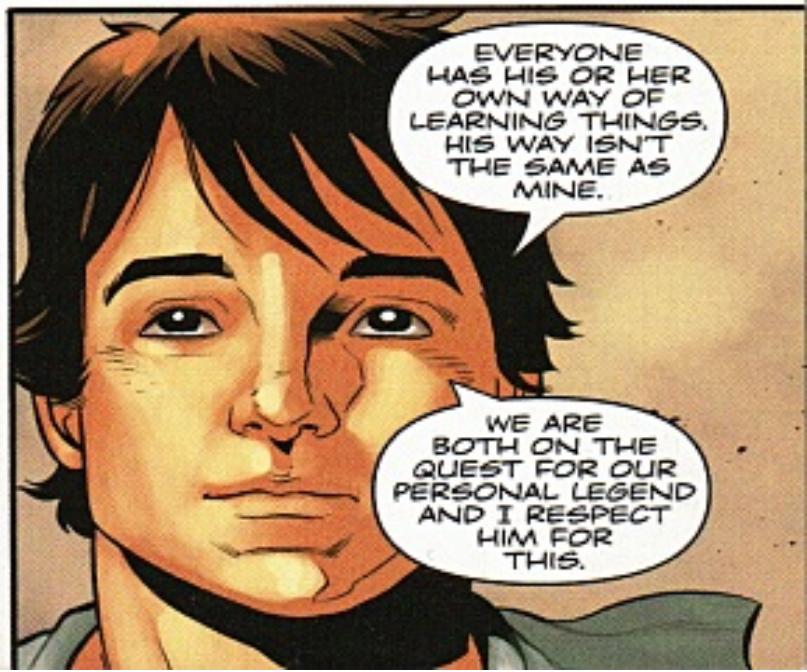
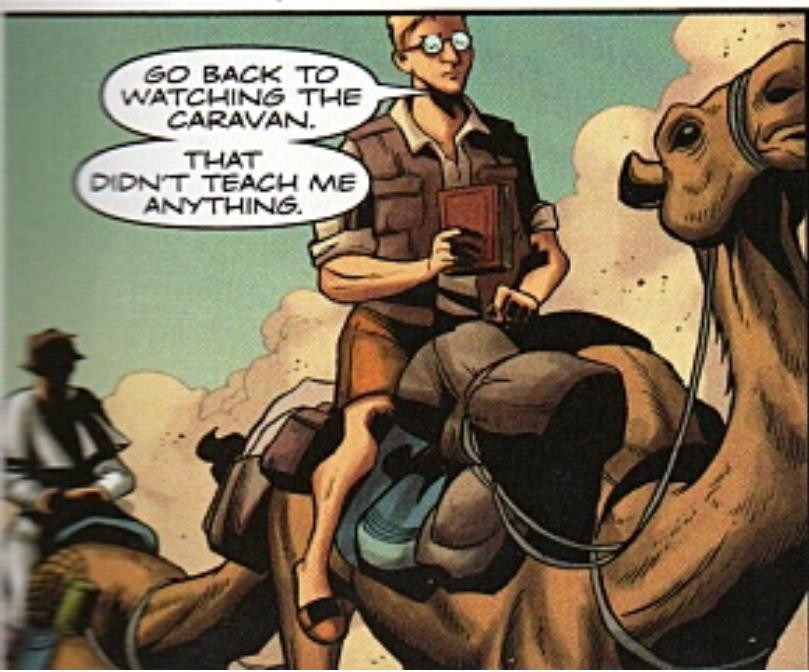
THE TRAVELERS
ADOPTED A PRACTICE
OF ARRANGING THEIR
TENTS AND ANIMALS
IN A CIRCLE.

THE LEADERS ALSO BEGAN
TO POST ARMED SENTRIES
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE
CAMP AS A PRECAUTION.









THE CARAVAN
TRAVELED DAY
AND NIGHT.



I
DON'T LIVE
IN THE PAST
OR FUTURE. I'M
INTERESTED IN
ONLY THE
PRESENT.



LIFE WILL
BE PARTY FOR YOU,
A GRAND BANQUET,
BECAUSE LIFE IS THE
MOMENT WE ARE
LIVING RIGHT
NOW.





THE BOY
AWOKE AS
THE SUN
ROSE.

THEY HAD
REACHED
THE OASIS.



WE
HAVE DONE
IT!
WE'VE
REACHED THE
OASIS.



PEOPLE WERE
SHOUTING AT
THE NEW
ARRIVALS WITH
EXCITEMENT.



WELCOME!



WELCOME,
MY FRIEND!

THANK
YOU.



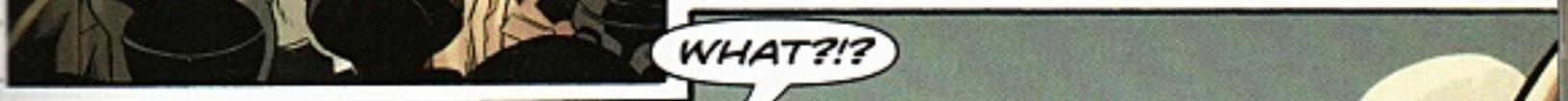


IT LOOKS LIKE
"A THOUSAND AND ONE
NIGHTS."



THE RULES
OF WAR STATE
THAT EVERYONE
HAS TO HAND OVER
HIS WEAPONS UNTIL
WE LEAVE THE
OASIS.

THESE
ARE THE
RULES OF
WAR.

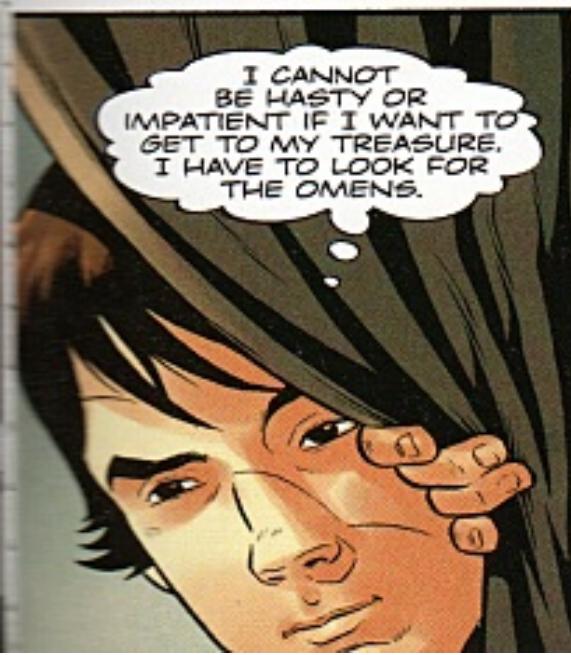


WHAT?!?

YOU
HAVE A
GUN?



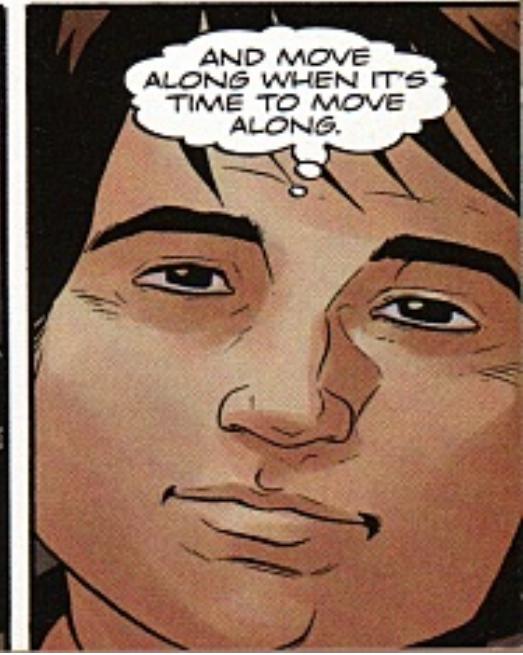
IT
HELPED
ME TO
TRUST IN
PEOPLE.



I CANNOT
BE HASTY OR
IMPATIENT IF I WANT TO
GET TO MY TREASURE.
I HAVE TO LOOK FOR
THE OMENS.



I WILL EAT
WHEN IT'S TIME
TO EAT.



AND MOVE
ALONG WHEN IT'S
TIME TO MOVE
ALONG.

Two days later

WE'VE WASTED AN ENTIRE DAY AND WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND HIM YET.

MAYBE WE BETTER ASK SOMEONE?

GOOD AFTERNOON, MA'AM. I'M TRYING TO FIND WHERE THE ALCHEMIST LIVES HERE AT THE OASIS.

I DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS.

YOU MUST NOT TALK TO WOMEN DRESSED IN BLACK-- THEY ARE MARRIED AND YOU SHOULD RESPECT TRADITION.

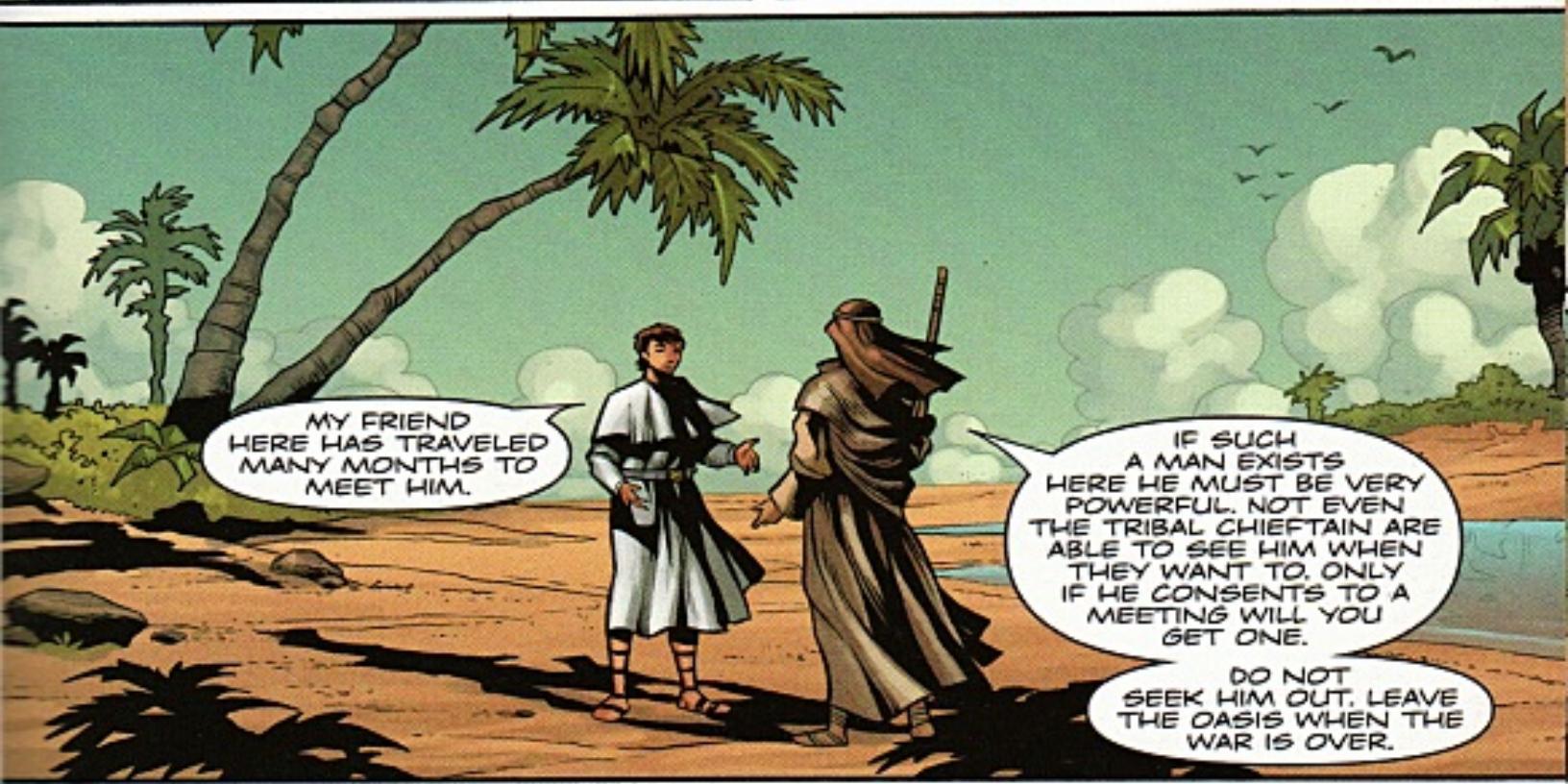
I NEVER HEARD OF THE ALCHEMIST BEFORE. MAYBE NO ONE HERE HAS EITHER.

THAT'S IT. WE SHOULD ASK WHO CURES PEOPLE'S ILLNESSES.

ASK THIS MAN WHO IS APPROACHING.

DO YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO CURES ILLNESSES?

ALLAH CURES OUR ILLNESSES.





THE NEXT DAY, THE BOY RETURNED TO THE SPRING HOPING TO SEE THE GIRL.

OH?
IT'S HIM.

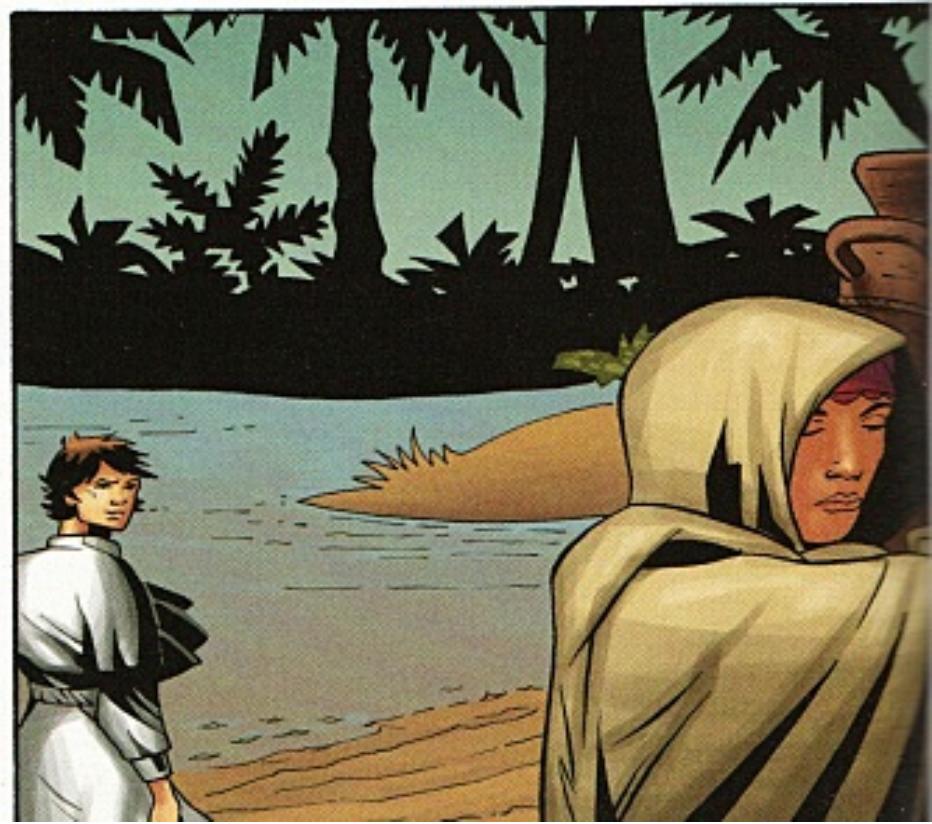
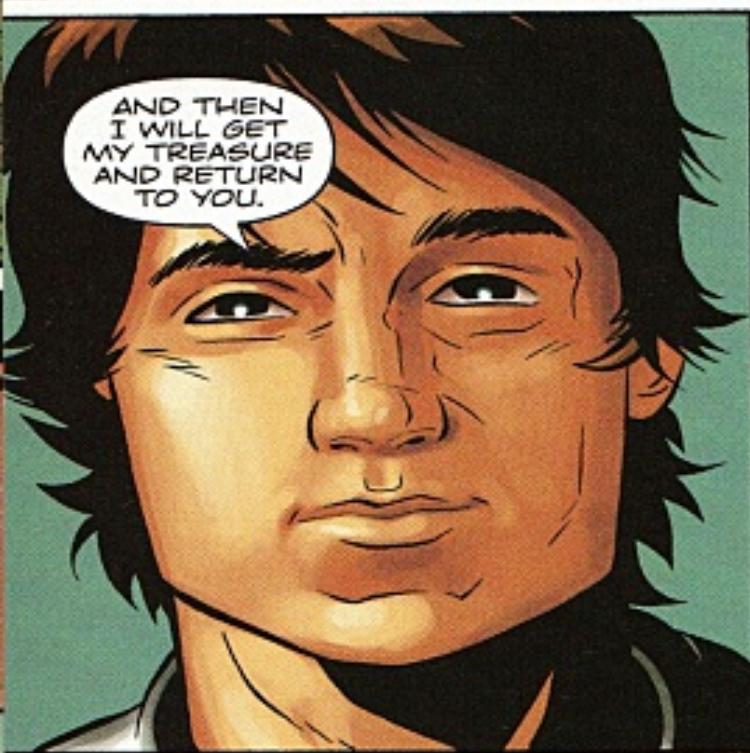
I FOUND HIM. HE TOLD ME I SHOULD TRY TO TRANSFORM LEAD INTO GOLD. THAT'S ALL HE SAID. GO AND TRY.

SO GO AND TRY.

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO GO DO. I'M GOING TO START NOW.

I CAME TO TELL YOU ONE THING. I WANT YOU TO BE MY WIFE AND I LOVE YOU.

I AM GOING TO WAIT HERE FOR YOU EVERYDAY.



THE BOY
WENT TO THE
WELL EVERY
DAY TO MEET
WITH FATIMA.

HE TOLD HER ABOUT
LIFE AS A SHEPHERD,
ABOUT THE KING AND
THE CRYSTAL SHOP.

THEY BECAME
FRIENDS, AND
EXCEPT FOR
THE FIFTEEN
MINUTES HE
SPENT WITH
HER, EACH DAY
SEEMED LIKE IT
WOULD NEVER
PASS.





THE DESERT TAKES OUR MEN FROM US, AND THEY DON'T ALWAYS RETURN.

WE KNOW THAT, AND WE ARE USED TO IT. THOSE WHO DON'T RETURN BECOME PART OF THE CLOUDS, AND PART OF THE ANIMALS THAT HIDE IN THE RAVINES AND OF THE WATER THAT COMES FROM THE EARTH.

THEY BECOME PART OF EVERYTHING... THEY BECOME THE SOUL OF THE WORLD. SOME DO COME BACK. AND THEN OTHER WOMEN ARE HAPPY BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE THEIR MEN MAY ONE DAY RETURN AS WELL. I WILL BE ONE OF THE WOMEN WHO WAITS NOW.



I AM A DESERT WOMAN, AND I'M PROUD OF THAT.

I WANT MY HUSBAND TO WANDER FREE AS THE WIND THAT SHAPES THE DUNES.



I WILL RETURN.



I WANT TO
SEE THE
CHIEFTAINS. I'VE
BROUGHT OMENS
FROM THE
DESERT.

TELL ME
OF THESE
OMENS.

THE BOY TOLD
THE YOUNGER
MAN WHAT HE
HAD SEEN.

WAIT
HERE.

BOY.
HUU?
YOU MAY
ENTER.

YOU
MAY
ENTER.

WHO IS
THE
STRANGER
WHO
SPEAKS OF
OMENS?

IT
IS I.

WHY WOULD
THE DESERT REVEAL
SUCH THINGS TO A
STRANGER WHEN IT
KNOWS THAT WE
HAVE BEEN HERE FOR
GENERATIONS?

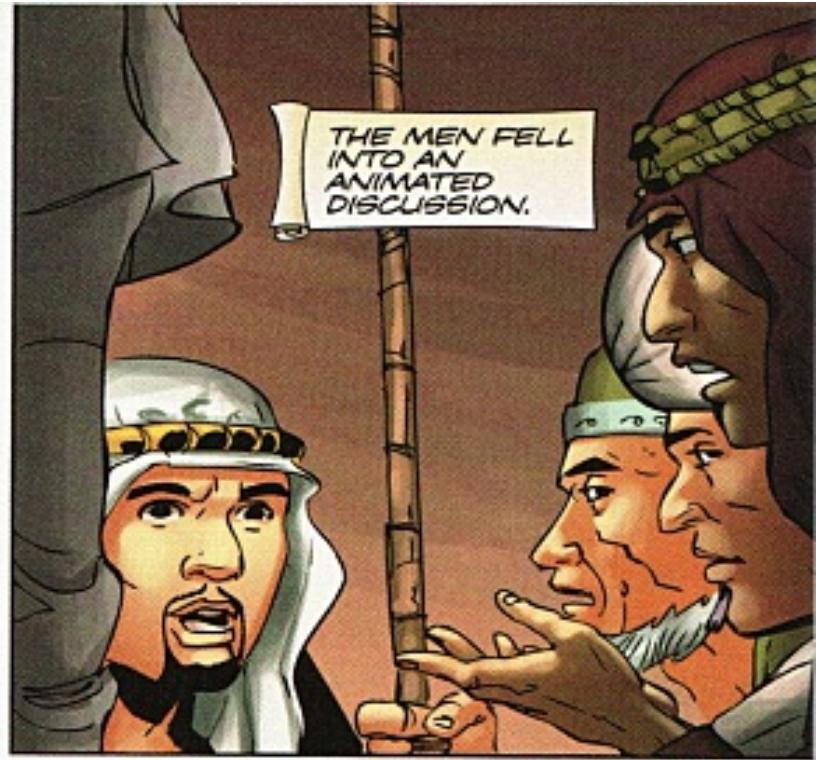
BECAUSE MY
EYES ARE NOT YET
ACCUSTOMED TO
THE DESERT. I CAN
SEE THINGS THAT
EYES HABITUATED TO
THE DESERT MIGHT
NOT SEE.

AND
BECAUSE I
KNOW THE
SOUL OF THE
WORLD.

THE
OASIS IS
NEUTRAL
GROUND.
NO ONE
ATTACKS
AN
OASIS.



I CAN TELL YOU ONLY WHAT I SAW. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.



THE MAN AT THE CENTER SMILED ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY, AND THE BOY FELT BETTER.



THE MEN FELL INTO AN ANIMATED DISCUSSION.



ALL OF US KNOW THAT WHOEVER BELIEVES IN DREAMS ALSO KNOWS HOW TO INTERPRET THEM.

WHEN THE PHARAOH DREAMED OF COWS THAT WERE THIN AND COWS THAT WERE FAT, THIS MAN I'M SPEAKING OF RESCUED EGYPT FROM FAMINE.



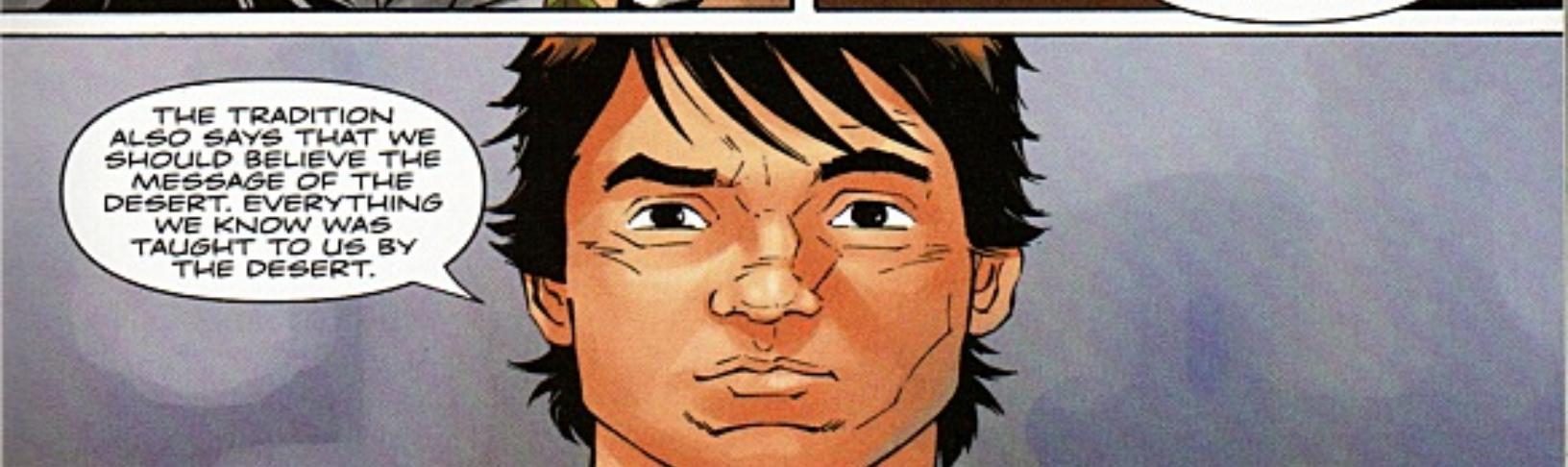
HIS NAME WAS JOSEPH.



HE, TOO, WAS A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, LIKE YOU, AND HE WAS PROBABLY ABOUT YOUR AGE. WE ALWAYS OBSERVE THE TRADITION.



THE TRADITION SAVED EGYPT FROM FAMINE IN THOSE DAYS, AND MADE THE EGYPTIAN THE WEALTHIEST OF PEOPLE.



THE TRADITION ALSO SAYS THAT WE SHOULD BELIEVE THE MESSAGE OF THE DESERT. EVERYTHING WE KNOW WAS TAUGHT TO US BY THE DESERT.



TOMORROW, WE ARE GOING TO BREAK THE AGREEMENT THAT SAYS NO ONE AT THE OASIS MAY CARRY ARMS. THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE DAY WE WILL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR OUR ENEMIES.



WHEN THE SUN SETS, THE MEN WILL ONCE AGAIN SURRENDER THEIR ARMS TO ME.

FOR EVERY TEN DEAD MEN AMONG OUR ENEMIES, YOU WILL RECEIVE A PIECE OF GOLD.





WHO DARES
TO READ THE
MEANING OF THE
FLIGHT OF THE
HAWKS?

IT IS I
WHO DARED TO
DO SO.

MANY LIVES
WILL BE SAVED,
BECAUSE I WAS ABLE
TO SEE THROUGH TO
THE SOUL OF THE
WORLD.

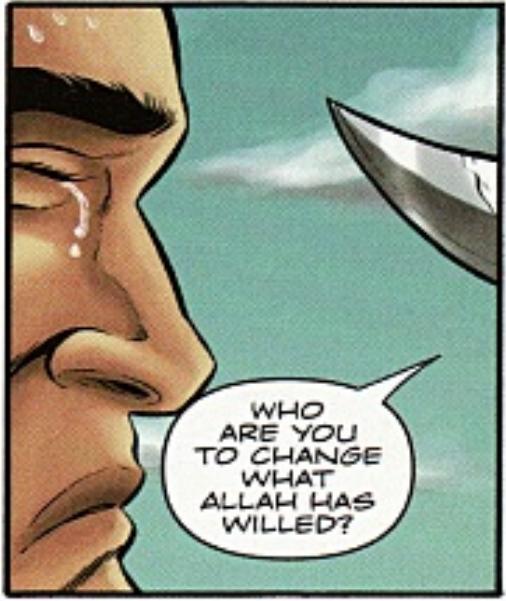


WHY DID YOU
READ THE
FLIGHT OF THE
BIRDS?

I
READ ONLY
WHAT THE
BIRDS WANTED
TO TELL ME.
THEY WANTED
TO SAVE THE
OASIS.



TOMORROW ALL OF
YOU WILL DIE, BECAUSE
THERE ARE MORE MEN AT
THE OASIS THAN YOU HAVE.



WHO
ARE YOU
TO CHANGE
WHAT
ALLAH HAS
WILLED?

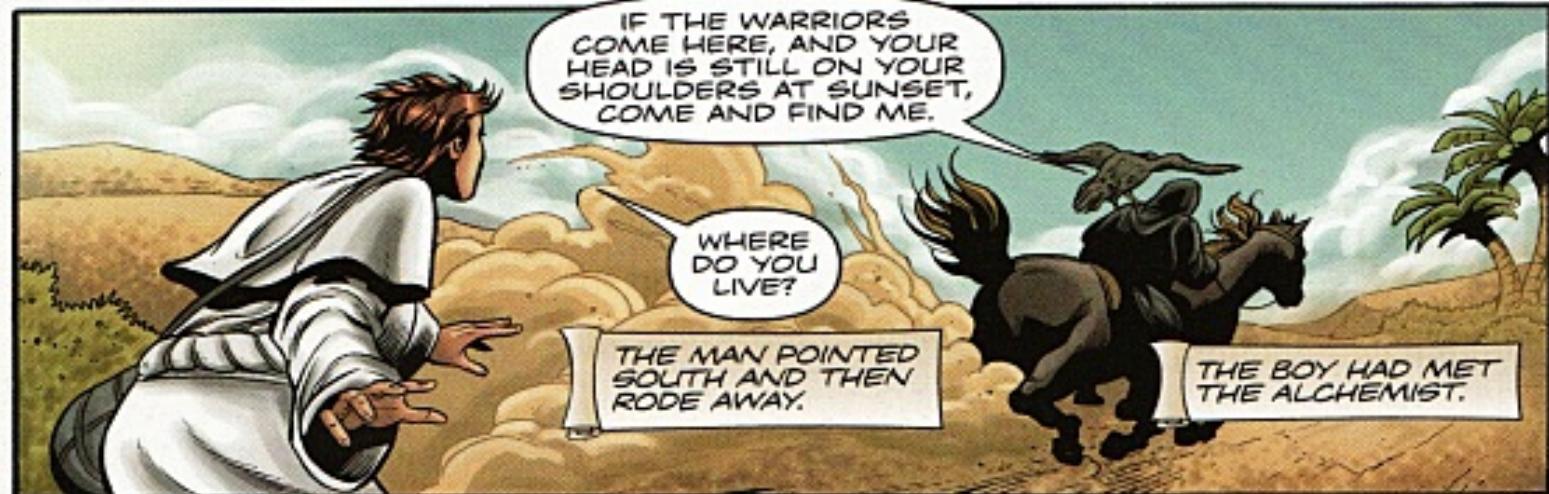
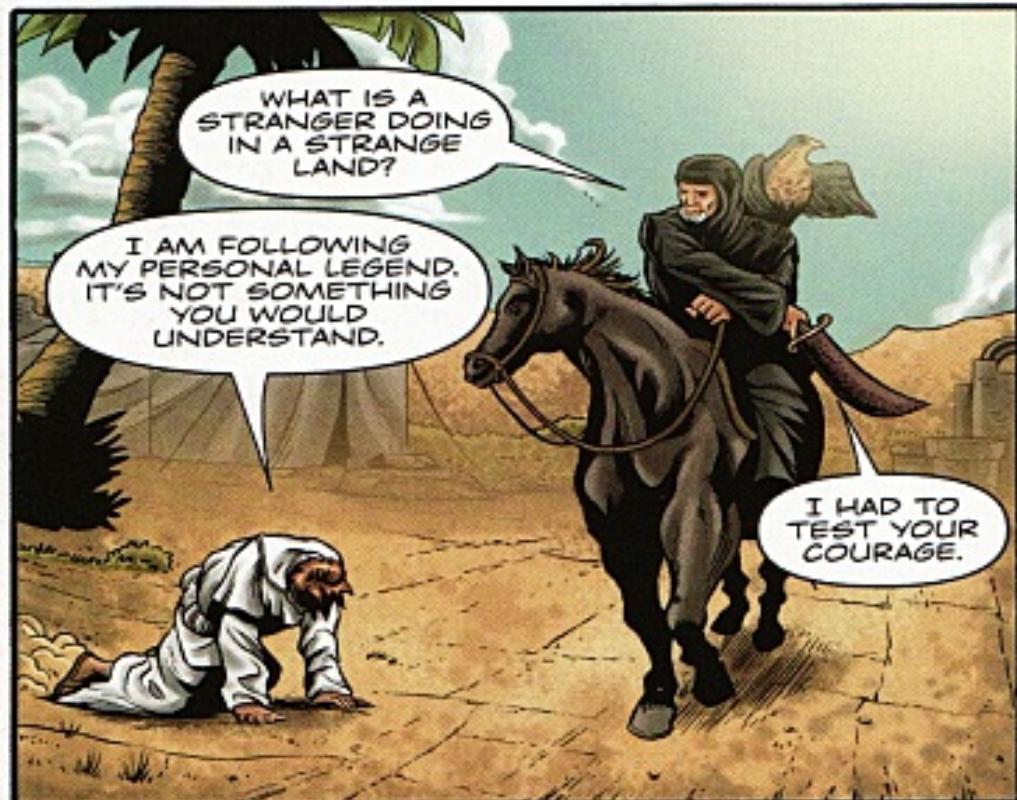


ALLAH CREATED
THE ARMIES, AND
HE ALSO CREATED
THE HAWKS. ALLAH
TAUGHT ME THE
LANGUAGE OF THE
BIRDS. I'VE BEEN
TOLD EVERYTHING
HAS BEEN WRITTEN
BY THE SAME
HAND.

BE CAREFUL
WITH YOUR PROGNO-
SТИCATIONS.

WHEN
SOMETHING IS
WRITTEN, THERE
IS NO WAY TO
CHANGE IT.

ALL I SAW
WAS AN ARMY. I DIDN'T
SEE THE OUTCOME OF
THE BATTLE.





THE NEXT MORNING, TWO THOUSAND MEN OF THE OASIS HID THROUGHOUT THE PALM TREES.



BEFORE THE SUN HAD REACHED ITS HIGH POINT, FIVE HUNDRED TRIBESMEN APPEARED ON THE HORIZON.

ATTACK!!!





Later.

THAT
MUST BE
IT.



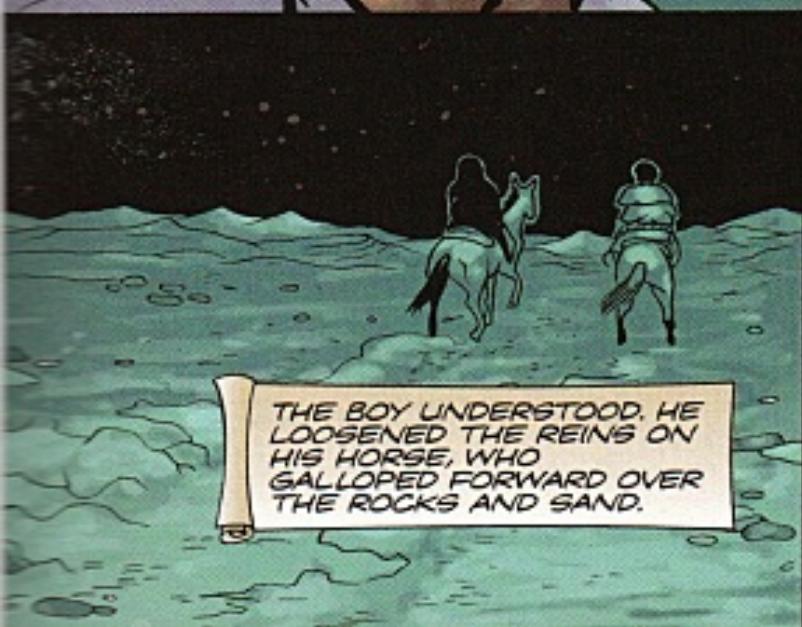
IS IT YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND THAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

COME IN,
WE WILL HAVE
SOMETHING TO DRINK
AND EAT THESE
HAWKS.





The next night.



WITHOUT A WORD, THE ALCHEMIST DISMOUNTED HIS HORSE AND REACHED INTO A HOLE AMONGST THE ROCKS.

THE BOY WATCHED AS THE ALCHEMIST BATTLED AN UNSEEN CREATURE IN THE HOLE.

THE ALCHEMIST WITHDREW HIS ARM TO REVEAL HE WAS HOLDING A SNAKE.

WATCH OUT FOR THE VENOM!!!

NOT TO WORRY. HE WON'T LEAVE THE CIRCLE I WILL PLACE ON THE SAND.

YOU HAVE FOUND LIFE IN THE DESERT. THAT IS THE OMEN I NEEDED.

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT LOVE NEVER KEEPS A MAN FROM PURSUING HIS PERSONAL LEGEND. FATIMA IS A WOMAN OF THE DESERT AND SHE HAS FOUND HER TREASURE IN YOU. NOW SHE EXPECTS YOU TO FIND WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

THE ALCHEMIST EXPLAINED TO THE BOY WHY HE MUST SEEK HIS PERSONAL LEGEND TO ITS COMPLETION OR HE WOULD REGRET IT FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

I WILL GO WITH YOU.

WE WILL LEAVE BEFORE SUNRISE.

The next morning.

DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
WHAT YOU
LEFT
BEHIND.

EVERYTHING
IS WRITTEN IN THE
SOUL OF THE
WORLD, AND THERE
IT WILL STAY
FOREVER.

MEN DREAM
MORE ABOUT
COMING HOME
THAN ABOUT
LEAVING.

IF WHAT ONE FINDS
IS MADE OF PURE MATTER, IT
WILL NEVER SPOIL, AND ONE CAN
ALWAYS COME BACK, IF WHAT YOU
HAD FOUND WAS ONLY A MOMENT
OF LIGHT, LIKE THE EXPLOSION
OF A STAR, YOU WOULD FIND
NOTHING ON YOUR
RETURN.

THE
ALCHEMIST
WAS SPEAKING
THE
LANGUAGE OF
ALCHEMY, BUT
THE BOY KNEW
HE WAS
REFERRING TO
FATIMA.

THE BOY COULDN'T HELP
BUT THINK ABOUT ALL HE
LEFT BEHIND, ESPECIALLY
THE WOMAN HE LOVED.

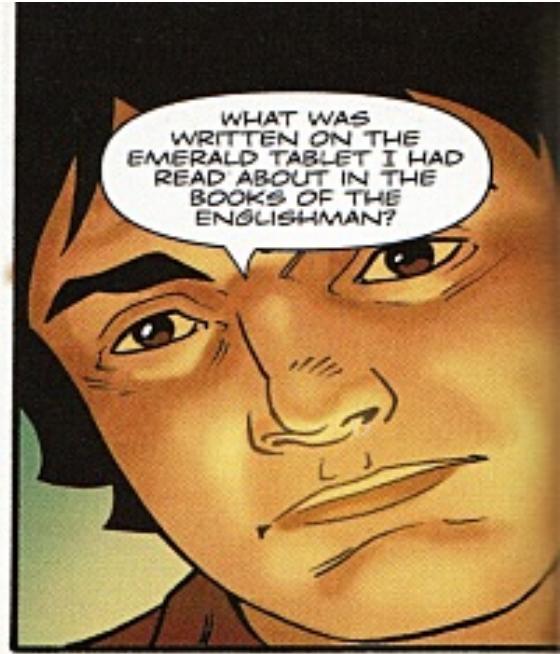
IT WAS IN THAT WAY
THEY TRAVELED
THROUGH THE DESERT.

THE TRIBAL
WARS
CONTINUED.

OCCASIONALLY THE
WIND WOULD BRING
THEM THE SMELL
OF WAR.

YOU ARE ALMOST
AT THE END OF YOUR
JOURNEY. I CONGRATULATE
YOU FOR HAVING PURSUED
YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND.

AND YOU'VE TOLD ME
NOTHING ALONG THE WAY. I
THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING
TO TEACH ME SOME OF THE
THINGS YOU KNOW.



THE EMERALD TABLET IS A DIRECT PASSAGE TO THE SOUL OF THE WORLD.

THE WISE MEN UNDERSTOOD THAT THIS NATURAL WORLD IS ONLY AN IMAGE AND A COPY OF PARADISE. THE EXISTENCE OF THIS WORLD IS SIMPLY A COPY OF PARADISE.

THE EXISTENCE OF THIS WORLD IS SIMPLY A GUARANTEE THAT THERE EXISTS A WORLD THAT IS PERFECT. GOD CREATED THE WORLD SO THAT, THROUGH ITS VISIBLE OBJECTS, MEN COULD UNDERSTAND HIS SPIRITUAL TEACHING AND THE MARVELS OF WISDOM.

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN BY ACTION.

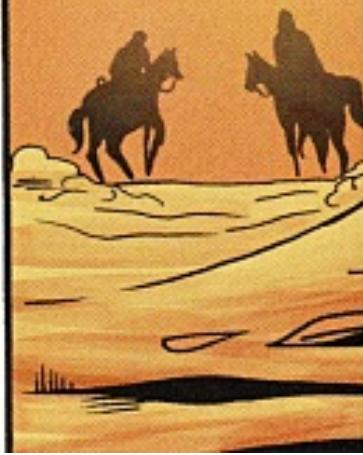
SHOULD I UNDERSTAND THE EMERALD TABLET?

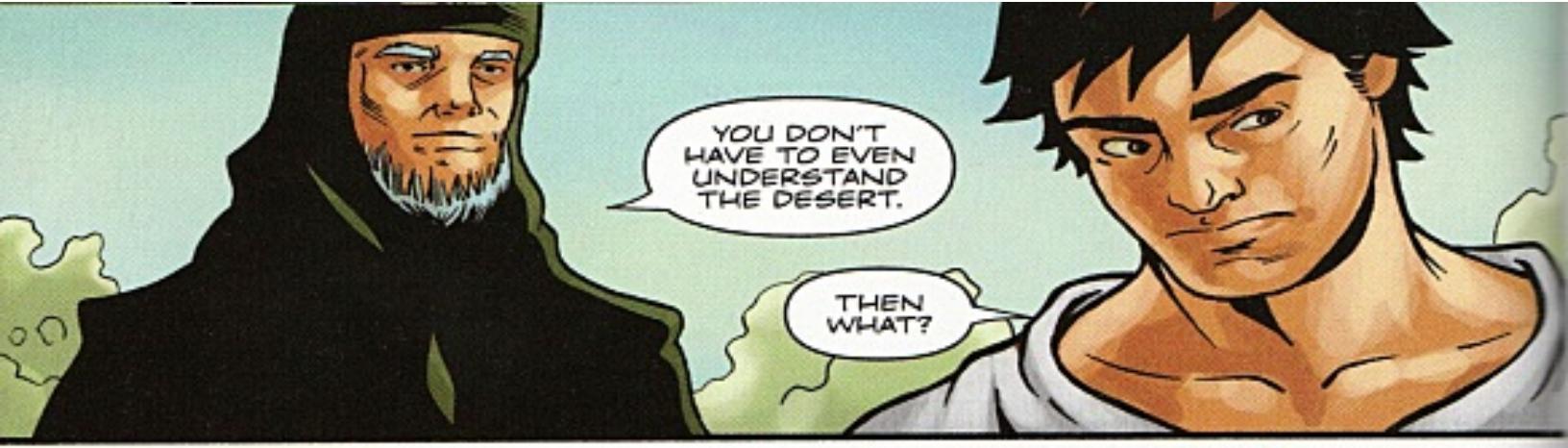
PERHAPS, IF YOU WERE IN A LABORATORY OF ALCHEMY, THIS WOULD BE THE RIGHT TIME TO STUDY THE EMERALD TABLET.

BUT YOU ARE IN THE DESERT.

SO IMMERSE YOURSELF IN IT.

THE DESERT WILL GIVE YOU AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE WORLD; IN FACT ANYTHING ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH WILL DO THAT.





WHAT ARE
YOU DOING IN THE
DESERT?

I'M
HUNTING
WITH MY
FALCON.

WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO SEARCH
YOU TO SEE
WHETHER YOU'RE
ARMED.

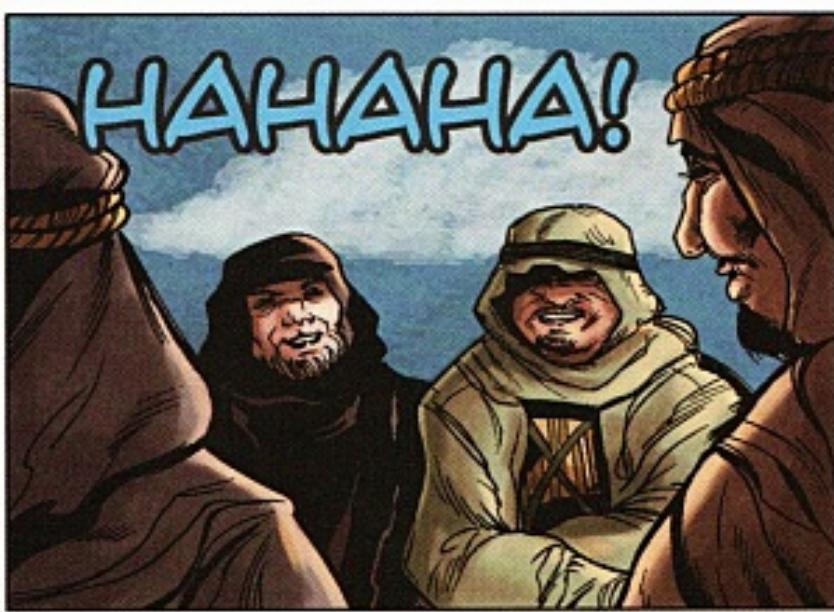
WHY ARE
YOU CARRYING
MONEY?

I NEED TO
GET TO THE
PYRAMIDS.

WHAT
ARE THESE
THINGS?

THE
PHILOSOPHER'S
STONE AND
THE ELIXIR OF
LIFE.

IT'S THE
MASTER WORK OF
THE ALCHEMISTS.
WHOEVER
SWALLS THAT
ELIXIR WILL NEVER
BE SICK AGAIN, AND
A FRAGMENT FROM
THE STONES
TURNS ANY METAL
INTO GOLD.



YOU ARE COURAGEOUS FOR HAVING GIVEN UP YOUR SHEEP AND SEEKING YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND.

ONCE I HID YOUR FATHER'S RIFLE BECAUSE I FEARED YOU WOULD HURT YOURSELF WITH IT.

ONCE YOU WERE ILL AND I PROTECTED YOU FROM TWO THIEVES WHO WERE WAITING TO ROB YOU.

WHEN YOU STOPPED TO REST AND GET WELL AGAIN, THE THIEVES ASSUMED YOU HAD TAKEN A DIFFERENT ROUTE AND LEFT.

YOU WERE VERY ENTHUSIASTIC WHEN YOU WORKED IN THE CRYSTAL SHOP.

DOES A MAN'S HEART ALWAYS HELP HIM?

MOSTLY JUST THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO ARE TRYING TO REALIZE THEIR PERSONAL LEGEND.

BUT THEY DO HELP CHILDREN, DRUNKARDS, AND THE ELDERLY, TOO.

DOES THAT MEAN THAT I'LL NEVER RUN INTO DANGER?

IT MEANS ONLY THAT THE HEART DOES WHAT IT CAN.

EVERYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE EVOLVED, AND FOR WISE MEN, GOLD IS THE METAL THAT EVOLVED THE FURTHEST.

MEN HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE WORDS OF THE WISE, AND EVEN GOLD HAS BECOME THE BASIS FOR CONFLICT.

I HAVE KNOWN TRUE ALCHEMISTS; THEY LOCKED THEMSELVES IN THEIR LABORATORIES, AND TRIED TO EVOLVE, AS GOLD HAD.

AND THEY FOUND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, BECAUSE THEY UNDERSTOOD THAT WHEN SOMETHING EVOLVES, EVERYTHING AROUND THAT THING EVOLVES AS WELL.



ANYONE WHO INTERFERES WITH THE PERSONAL LEGEND OF ANOTHER THING NEVER WILL DISCOVER HIS OWN.

THIS DESERT WAS ONCE A SEA.

I NOTICED THAT.

THE SEA HAS LIVED ON IN THIS SHELL, BECAUSE THAT'S ITS PERSONAL LEGEND.

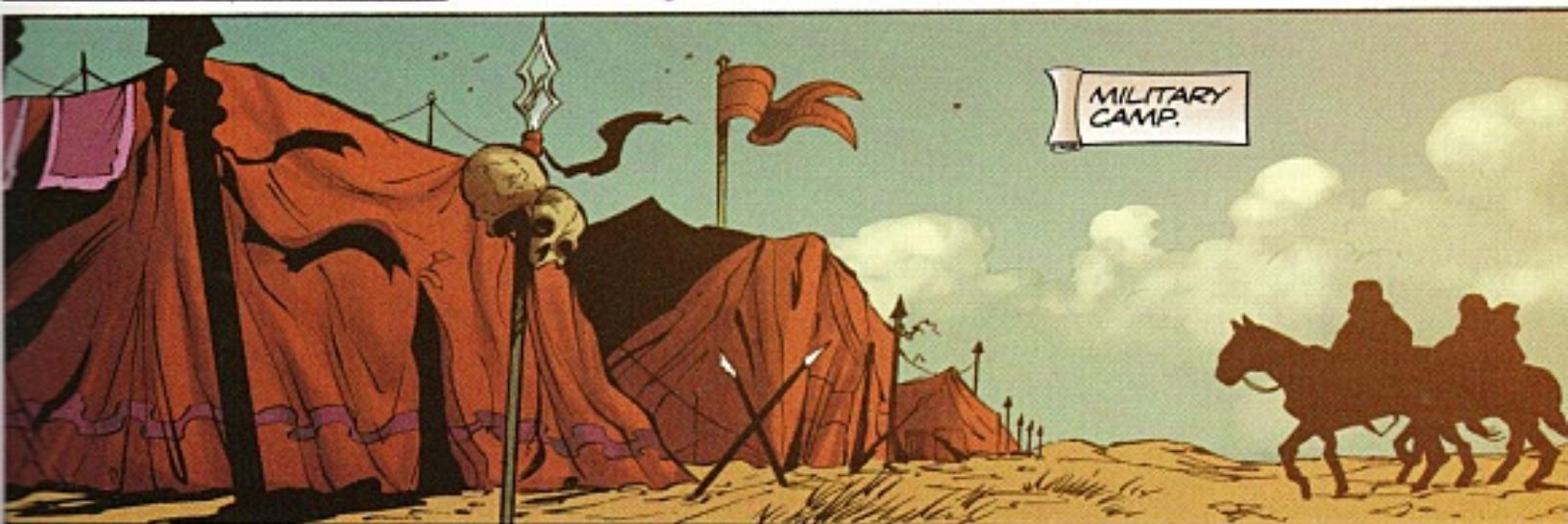
AND IT WILL NEVER CEASE DOING SO UNTIL THE DESERT IS ONCE AGAIN COVERED BY WATER.

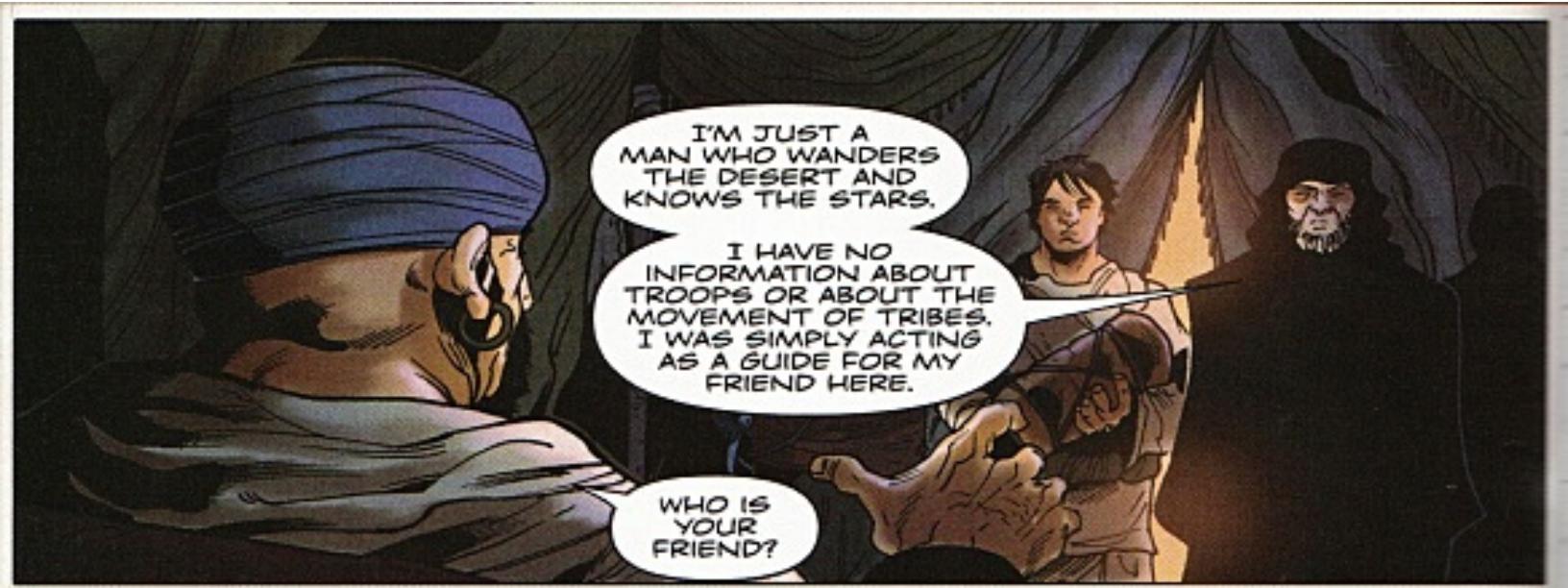
DANGER!

HMM?

HE DOESN'T SEEM WORRIED.

DANGER!
DANGER!





I'M JUST A
MAN WHO WANDERS
THE DESERT AND
KNOWS THE STARS.

I HAVE NO
INFORMATION ABOUT
TROOPS OR ABOUT THE
MOVEMENT OF TRIBES.
I WAS SIMPLY ACTING
AS A GUIDE FOR MY
FRIEND HERE.

WHO IS
YOUR
FRIEND?



AN
ALCHEMIST.



HE
UNDERSTANDS
THE FORCES
OF NATURE.
AND HE WANTS
TO SHOW YOU
HIS POWER.



HE HAS BROUGHT
MONEY TO GIVE TO
YOUR TRIBE.



IT IS A MAN WHO
UNDERSTANDS
NATURE AND THE
WORLD. IF HE WANTED
TO HE COULD
DESTROY THIS CAMP
JUST WITH
THE FORCE OF
THE WIND.



HAHAHAH!



I WANT
TO SEE HIM
DO IT!



HE
NEEDS THREE
DAYS.

HE IS
GOING TO
TRANSFORM
HIMSELF INTO
THE WIND,
JUST TO
DEMONSTRATE
HIS POWER.

IF HE CAN'T
DO SO, WE HUMBLY
OFFER YOU OUR
LIVES, FOR THE
HONOR OF YOUR
TRIBE.



YOU CAN'T
OFFER ME
SOMETHING THAT
IS ALREADY MINE.
YOU HAVE THREE
DAYS.



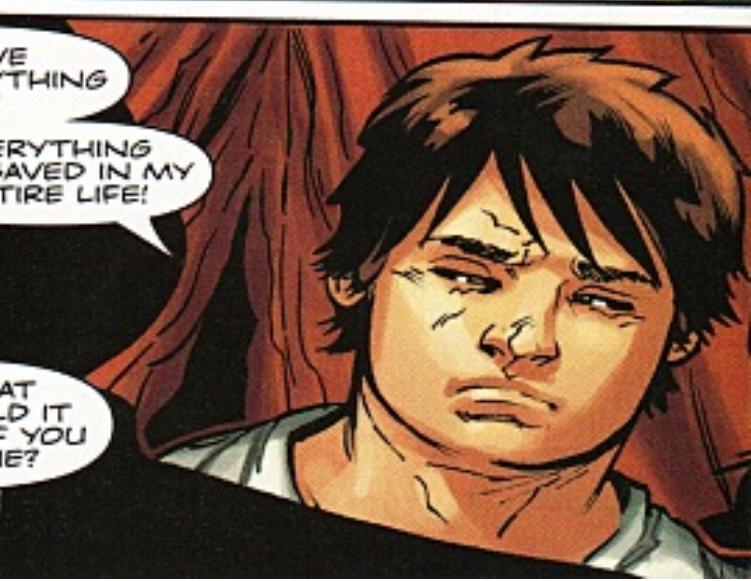
DON'T LET
THEM SEE THAT YOU
ARE AFRAID.

THEY ARE
BRAVE MEN, AND
THEY DESPISE
COWARDS.



YOU GAVE
THEM EVERYTHING
I HAD!

EVERYTHING
I'VE SAVED IN MY
ENTIRE LIFE!



WELL, WHAT
GOOD WOULD IT
BE TO YOU IF YOU
HAD TO DIE?

YOUR MONEY SAVED US FOR THREE DAYS.

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT MONEY SAVES A PERSON'S LIFE.

WIND! HOW CAN I TRANSFORM MYSELF TO WIND? I'M NO ALCHEMIST.

YOU. LET ME HAVE SOME OF YOUR TEA.

DON'T GIVE IN TO YOUR FEARS.

IF YOU DO, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK TO YOUR HEART.

I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO TURN MYSELF INTO WIND.

IF A PERSON IS LIVING OUT HIS PERSONAL LEGEND, HE KNOWS EVERYTHING HE NEEDS TO KNOW. THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT MAKES A DREAM IMPOSSIBLE TO ACHIEVE; THE FEAR OF FAILURE.

I'M NOT AFRAID OF FAILING. IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TURN MYSELF INTO THE WIND.

BUT WHAT IF I CAN'T?

WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN; YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT.

THEN YOU'LL DIE IN THE MIDDLE OF SEEKING YOUR PERSONAL LEGEND. IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN MOST PEOPLE WHO DIE NEVER KNOWING WHAT THEIR PERSONAL LEGEND WAS.

The first day.

THERE WAS A MAJOR BATTLE THAT DAY AND A NUMBER OF DEAD AND WOUNDED MEN WERE BROUGHT BACK TO THE CAMP.

DEATH
DOESN'T CHANGE
ANYTHING.

I STILL
HAVE NO IDEA
HOW TO CHANGE
MYSELF INTO
THE WIND.

REMEMBER
WHAT I TOLD YOU:
THE WORLD IS
ONLY THE VISIBLE
ASPECT OF GOD.

AND THAT WHAT
ALCHEMY DOES IS TO
BRING SPIRITUAL
PERFECTION INTO
CONTACT WITH THE
MATERIAL PLANE.

FEEDING
MY
FALCON.

IF I'M NOT
ABLE TO TURN
MYSELF INTO
THE WIND, WE'RE
GOING TO DIE.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

YOU'RE
THE ONE
WHO MAY
DIE.
I ALREADY
KNOW HOW
TO TURN
MYSELF INTO
THE WIND.

WHY FEED
YOUR
FALCON?

The second day.

THE BOY CLIMBED A CLIFF NEAR THE CAMP.

HE SPENT THE ENTIRE AFTERNOON OF THE SECOND DAY LOOKING OUT OVER THE DESERT LISTENING TO HIS HEART.

THE BOY KNEW THE DESERT SENSED HIS FEAR.

THEY SPOKE THE SAME LANGUAGE.

LET ME SEE YOU TURN YOURSELF INTO WIND.

LET'S.

IT'S GOING TO TAKE AWHILE.

WE'RE IN NO HURRY. WE ARE MEN OF THE DESERT.

FATIMA...

SOMEWHERE YOU ARE HOLDING THE PERSON I LOVE.

SO, WHEN I LOOK OUT OVER YOUR SANDS, I AM ALSO LOOKING AT HER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE TODAY?

DIDN'T YOU SPEND ENOUGH TIME LOOKING AT ME YESTERDAY?

I WANT TO RETURN TO HER, AND I NEED YOUR HELP SO THAT I CAN TURN MYSELF INTO THE WIND.

WHAT IS LOVE?

LOVE IS THE FALCON'S FLIGHT OVER YOUR SANDS, BECAUSE, FOR HIM, YOU ARE A GREEN FIELD, FROM WHICH HE ALWAYS RETURNS WITH GAME.

HE KNOWS YOUR ROCKS, YOUR DUNES, AND YOUR MOUNTAINS, AND YOU ARE GENEROUS TO HIM.

THE FALCON'S BEAK CARRIES BITS OF ME, MYSELF.

FOR YEARS, I CARE FOR HIS GAME, FEEDING IT WITH THE LITTLE WATER I HAVE, AND THEN I SHOW HIM WHERE THE GAME IS.

AND, ONE DAY, AS I ENJOY THE FACT THAT THIS GAME THRIVES ON MY SURFACE, THE FALCON DIVES OUT OF THE SKY, AND TAKES AWAY WHAT I CREATED.

BUT THAT IS WHY YOU CREATED THE GAME IN THE FIRST PLACE. TO NOURISH THE FALCON AND THE FALCON NOURISHES MAN.

AND MAN EVENTUALLY NOURISHES YOUR SANDS, WHERE THE GAME WILL FLOURISH AGAIN.

THAT'S HOW THE WORLD GOES.

SO IS THAT WHAT LOVE IS?

YES, THAT IS WHAT LOVE IS.

THE GAME BECOMES THE FALCON, THE FALCON BECOMES MAN, AND THE MAN, IN HIS TURN, THE DESERT.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

BUT YOU CAN AT LEAST UNDERSTAND THAT SOMEWHERE IN YOUR SANDS THERE IS A WOMAN WAITING FOR ME, AND THAT'S WHY I HAVE TO TURN MYSELF INTO WIND.

I'LL GIVE YOU MY SAND TO HELP THE WIND BLOW, BUT ALONE, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING.

YOU HAVE TO ASK THE WIND FOR HELP.

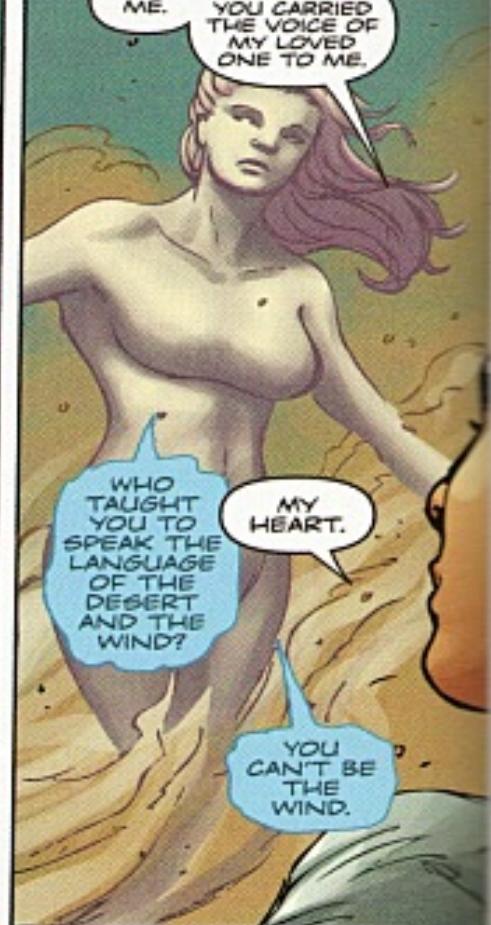


THE TRIBESMEN WATCHED THE BOY AND SPOKE IN A LANGUAGE THE BOY DIDN'T KNOW.



HELP ME.

ONE DAY YOU CARRIED THE VOICE OF MY LOVED ONE TO ME.



WE'RE TWO VERY DIFFERENT THINGS.

THAT'S NOT TRUE. I LEARNED THE ALCHEMIST'S SECRETS IN MY TRAVELS.



I HAVE INSIDE ME THE WINDS, THE DESERTS, THE OCEANS, THE STARS AND EVERYTHING CREATED IN THE UNIVERSE.

WE ARE ALL MADE BY THE SAME HAND, WE HAVE THE SAME SOUL.



I HEARD WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT THE OTHER DAY WITH THE ALCHEMIST.

EVERYTHING HAS A PERSONAL LEGEND, BUT PEOPLE CAN'T TURN THEMSELVES INTO WIND.

JUST TEACH ME TO BE THE WIND FOR A FEW MOMENTS.

SO YOU AND I CAN TALK ABOUT THE LIMITED POSSIBILITIES OF PEOPLE AND THE WIND.





IN MY TRAVELS
AROUND THE WORLD,
I'VE OFTEN SEEN
PEOPLE SPEAKING OF
LOVE AND LOOKING
TOWARD THE
HEAVENS.

MAYBE IT'S
BETTER TO ASK
THE HEAVENS.

SO, THE BOY
ASKED THE WIND
TO FILL THE AIR
WITH SAND SO
HE WOULD NOT
BE BLINDED
WHEN HE SPOKE
WITH THE SUN.



SIR, THE
WIND IS GETTING
STRONGER.
MAYBE WE
SHOULD END
THIS.

NO, I WANT TO
SEE THE
GREATNESS OF
ALLAH.

I WANT TO SEE
HOW A MAN TURNS
HIMSELF INTO THE
WIND.



THE WIND
TOLD ME THAT YOU
KNOW ABOUT LOVE. IF
SO YOU KNOW MUST
ALSO KNOW OF THE
SOUL OF THE WORLD
'CAUSE IT'S MADE
OF LOVE.



SO WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

I WANT YOU TO HELP ME TURN MYSELF INTO THE WIND.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TURN YOU INTO THE WIND. SPEAK TO THE HAND THAT WROTE ALL.

AS LOVE RUSHED FROM HIS HEART THE BOY BEGAN TO PRAY.

THE BOY SAW THAT THE HAND HAD A REASON FOR CREATING EVERYTHING, AND ONLY THE HAND COULD PERFORM MIRACLES OR TURN A MAN TO WIND.

THE BOY REALIZED THAT ONLY THE HAND UNDERSTOOD THE MASTER DESIGN OF THE UNIVERSE, CREATED IN SIX DAYS.

THE BOY REACHED THROUGH TO THE SOUL OF THE WORLD, AND SAW THAT IT WAS PART OF THE SOUL OF GOD.

AND HE SAW THAT THE SOUL OF GOD WAS PART OF HIS OWN SOUL.

AND THAT HE, A BOY, COULD PERFORM MIRACLES.

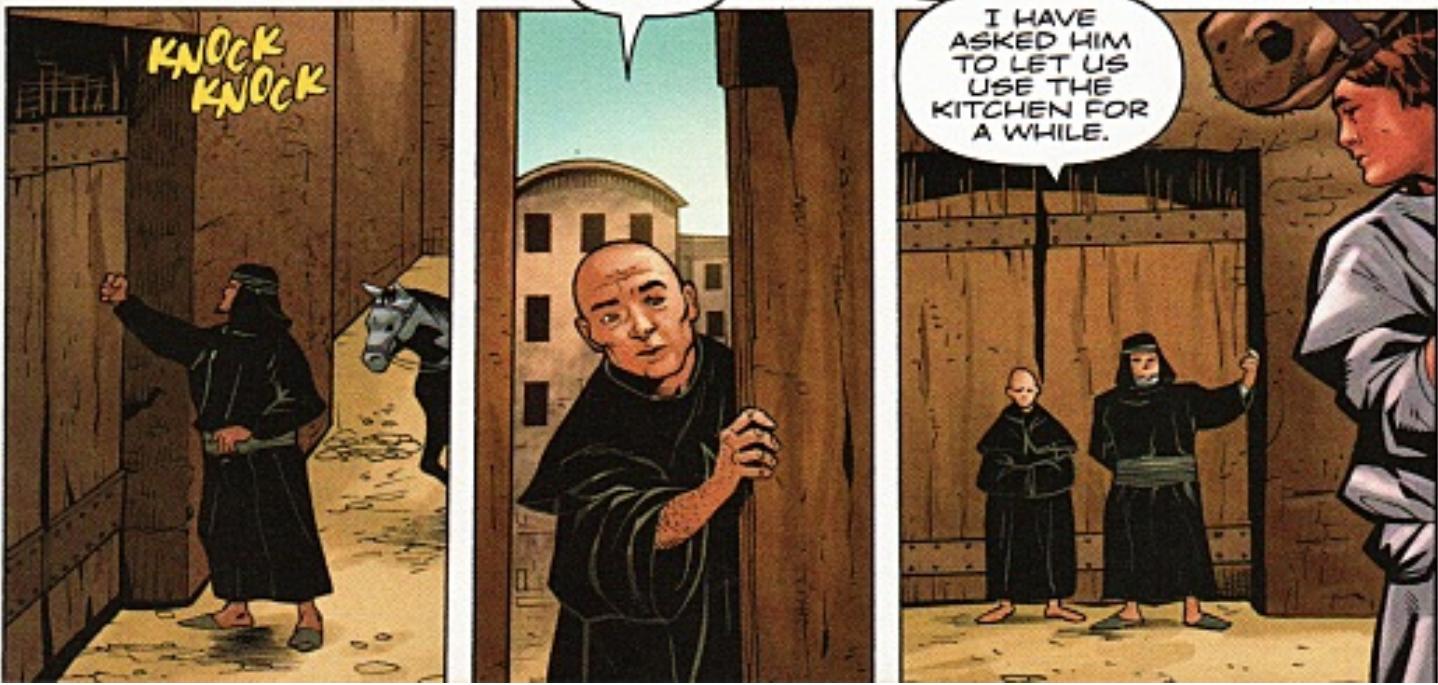
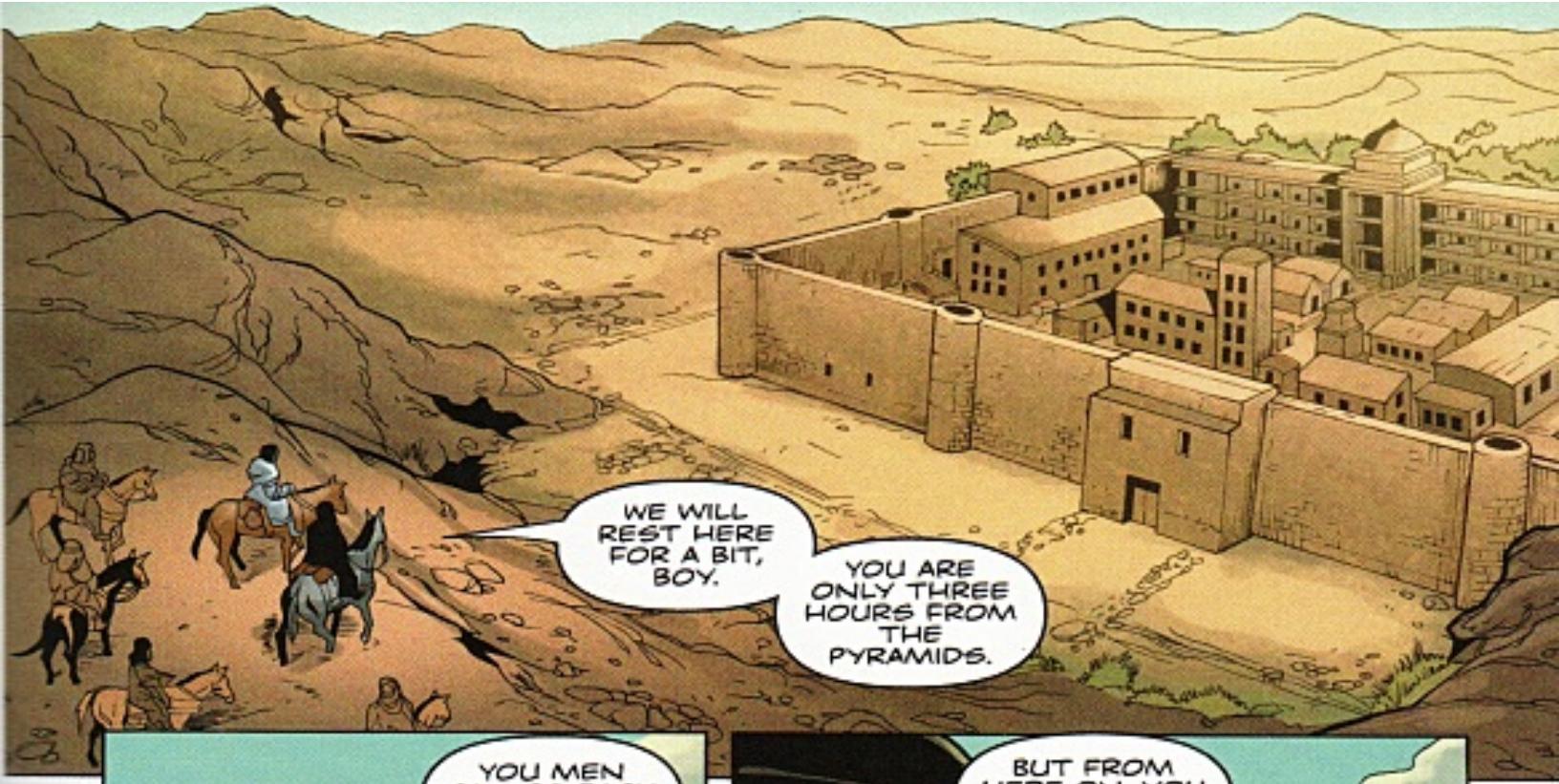
THE WIND BLEW THAT DAY LIKE IT HAD NEVER BLOWN BEFORE.

WHEN IT FINALLY STOPPED, THE MEN COULD SEE THE BOY WAS GONE.

THE MEN WERE TERRIFIED AT WHAT THE BOY HAD DONE. BUT THERE WERE TWO WHO WERE SMILING. THE ALCHEMIST, BECAUSE HE HAD FOUND HIS PERFECT DISCIPLE, AND THE GENERAL, BECAUSE THAT DISCIPLE HAD UNDERSTOOD THE GLORY OF GOD.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE GENERAL BADE THE BOY AND THE ALCHEMIST FAREWELL, AND PROVIDED THEM WITH AN ESCORT PARTY TO ACCOMPANY THEM AS FAR AS THEY CHOSE.

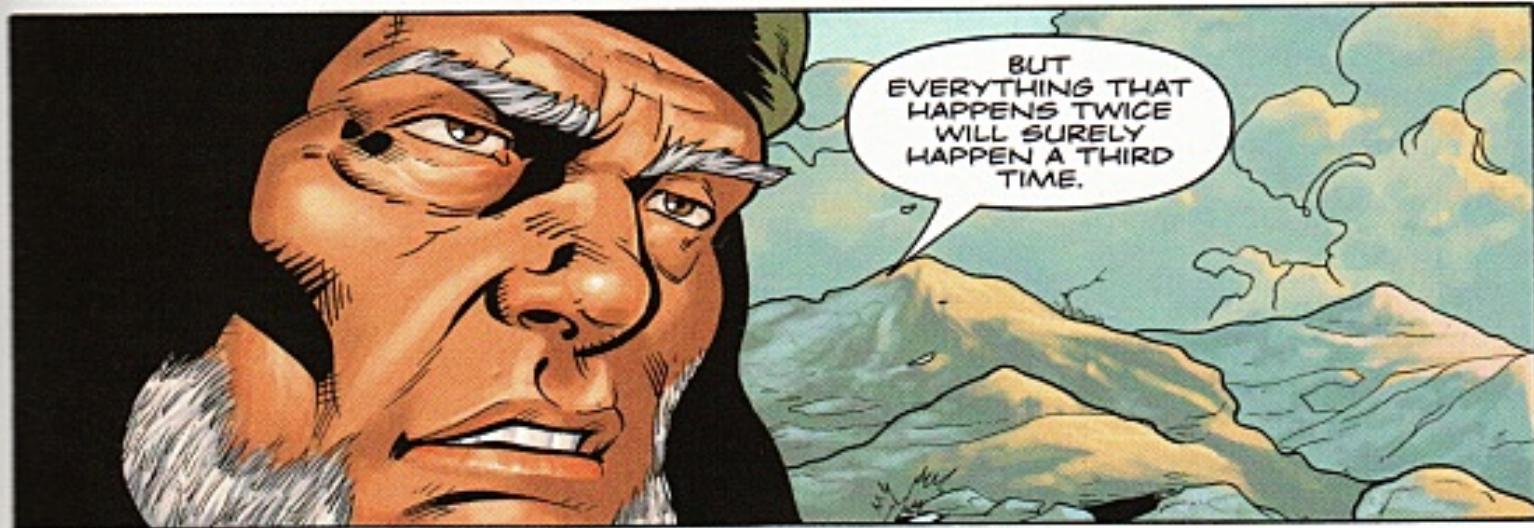
GO WITH ALLAH, MY FRIENDS.

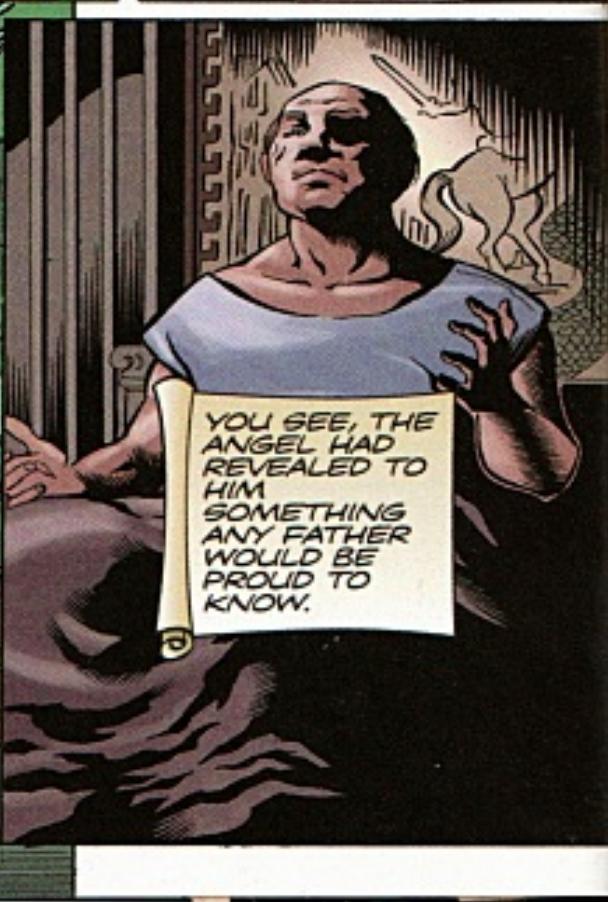












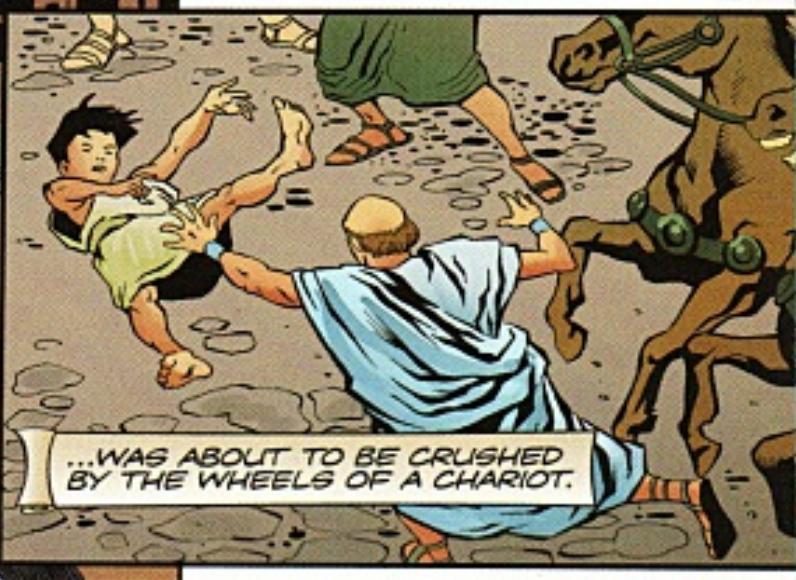
SHORTLY THEREAFTER,
THE FATHER DIED.



HE HAD
SAVED A
CHILD WHO...



...WAS ABOUT TO BE CRUSHED
BY THE WHEELS OF A CHARIOT.



IN HIS ATTEMPT, HE WAS
STRUCK AND KILLED
INSTEAD OF THE CHILD.



SINCE HE HAD LIVED HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN A MANNER THAT WAS CORRECT AND FAIR, HE WENT DIRECTLY TO HEAVEN, WHERE HE MET THE ANGEL WHO HAD APPEARED IN HIS DREAM.

YOU WERE ALWAYS A GOOD MAN.

YOU LIVED YOUR LIFE IN A LOVING WAY, AND DIED WITH DIGNITY.

I CAN NOW GRANT YOU ANY WISH YOU DESIRE.

WHEN YOU APPEARED IN MY DREAM, I FELT THAT ALL MY EFFORTS HAD BEEN REWARDED, BECAUSE MY SON'S POEMS WILL BE READ BY GENERATIONS TO COME.

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING FOR MYSELF.

BUT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOMETIME IN THE DISTANT FUTURE PEOPLE SPEAKING MY SON'S WORDS.

THIS I CAN GRANT YOU.

LET ME SHOW YOU.

OKAY.

I THE ANGEL HAD PROJECTED THE MAN AND HERSELF FAR INTO THE FUTURE.

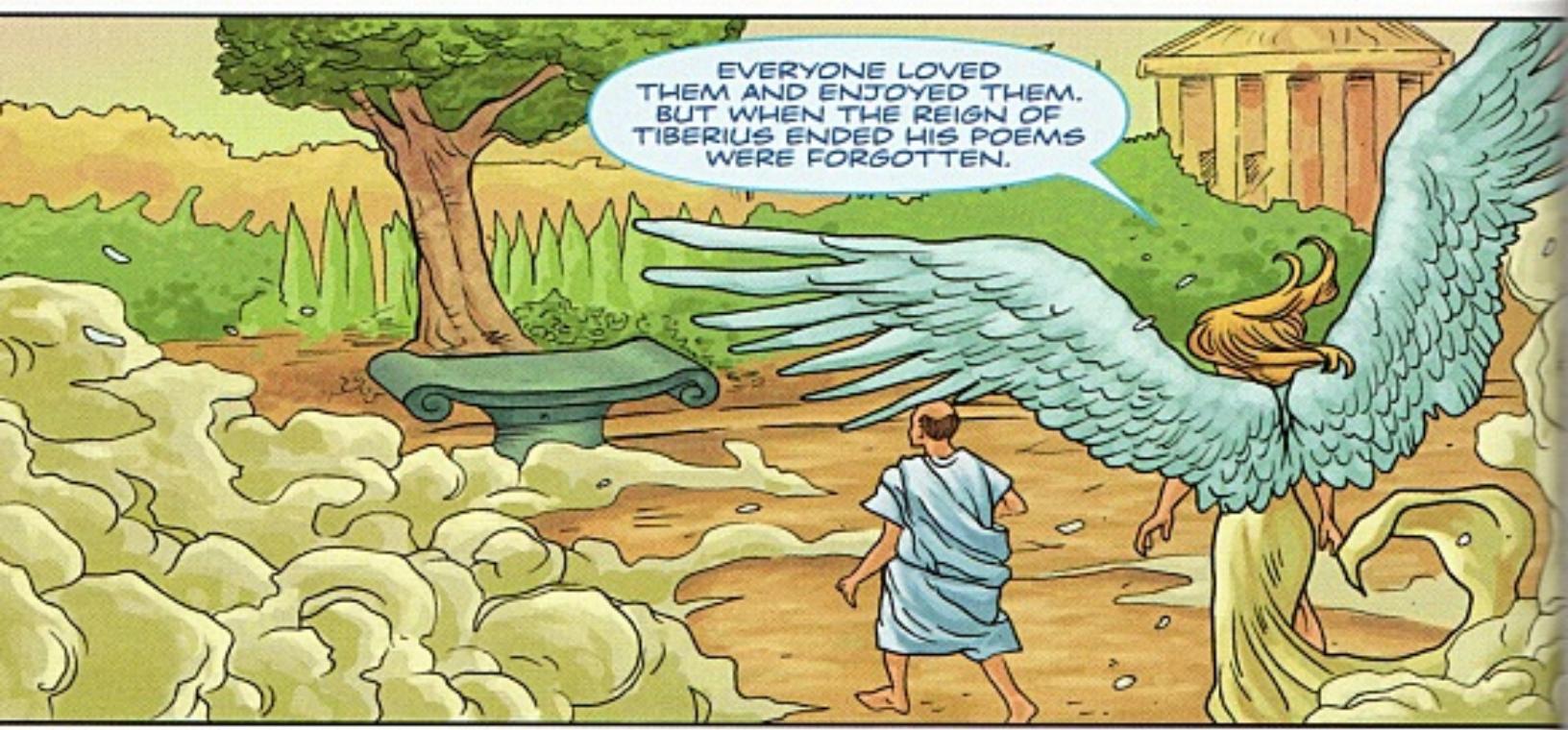
I KNEW MY SON'S POEMS WOULD BE IMMORTAL.

CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH OF MY SON'S POEMS THESE PEOPLE ARE REPEATING?





THE VERSES
OF YOUR SON WHO
WAS A POET WERE
VERY POPULAR IN
ROME.



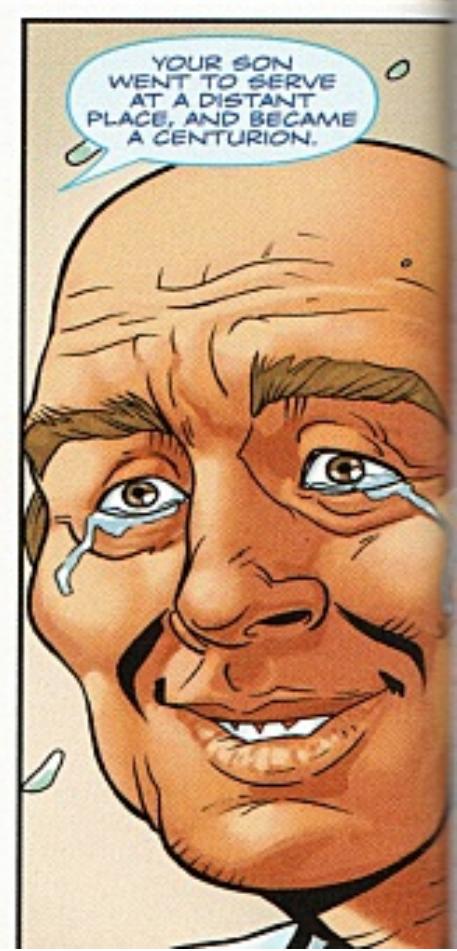
EVERYONE LOVED
THEM AND ENJOYED THEM.
BUT WHEN THE REIGN OF
TIBERIUS ENDED HIS POEMS
WERE FORGOTTEN.



THE WORDS
YOU HEARD, WERE
THOSE OF YOUR
SON IN THE
MILITARY.



WHAT?



YOUR SON
WENT TO SERVE
AT A DISTANT
PLACE, AND BECAME
A CENTURION.

"ONE AFTERNOON, ONE OF HIS SERVANTS FELL ILL."

ARE YOU WELL, MARCUS?

YES, MY LOR...

MARCUS!!!

...UGH.

THERE ISN'T MUCH MORE I CAN DO FOR HIM, MY LORD.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING.

THERE IS A RABBI WHO HAS BEEN RUMORED TO CURE THE SICK.

I WILL SEEK OUT THIS RABBI.

ON THAT DAY, YOUR SON WENT OUT TO SEEK THIS RABBI.

HE LEARNED MUCH FROM OTHERS WHO HAD BEEN CURED BY THE RABBI.

THEY TAUGHT HIM THE TEACHINGS OF THE RABBI. HE LEARNED SO MUCH, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS A ROMAN CENTURION, HE CONVERTED TO THEIR FAITH.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, HE REACHED THE PLACE WHERE THE RABBI HE WAS LOOKING FOR WAS VISITING.



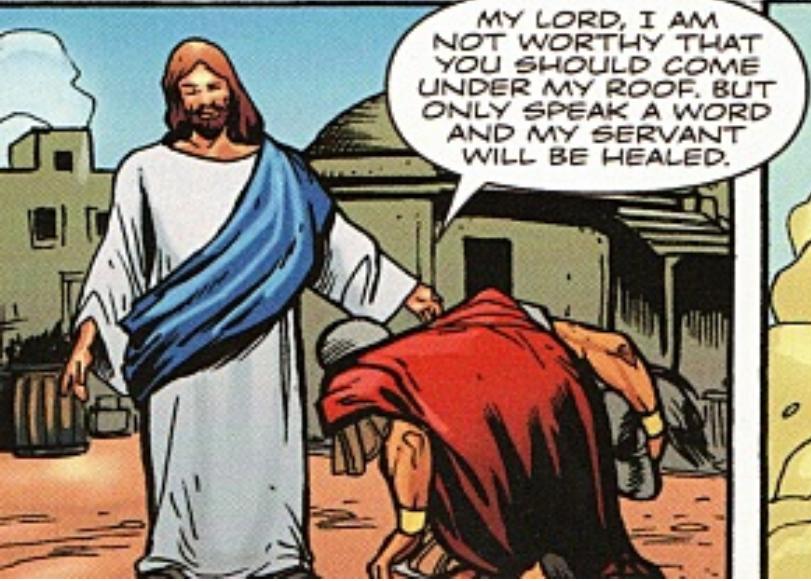
MY LORD, MY SERVANT MARCUS IS GRAVELY ILL. I HAVE LEARNED YOU CAN HEAL HIM. I ASK NOTHING FOR MYSELF BUT FOR MY SERVANT TO BE HEALED.



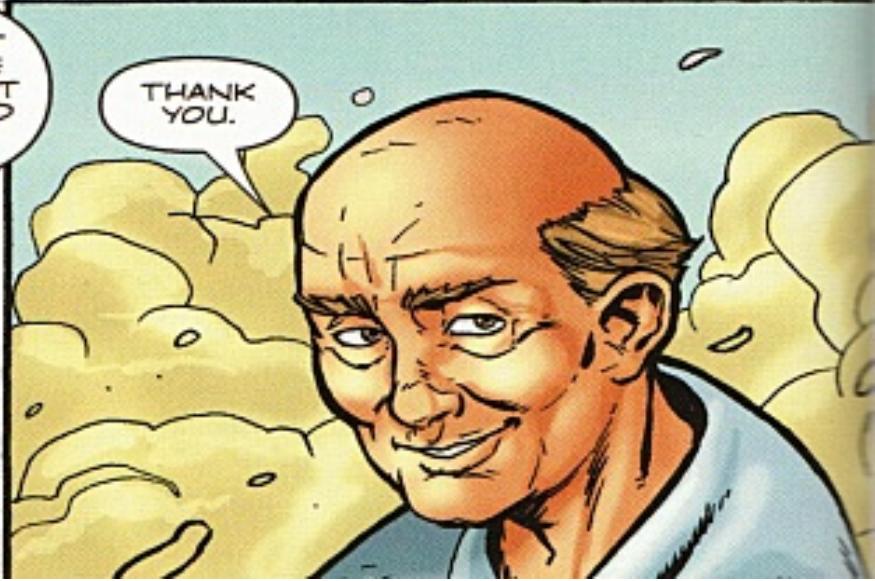
TRUE, I AM IN THE PRESENCE OF THE SON OF GOD.

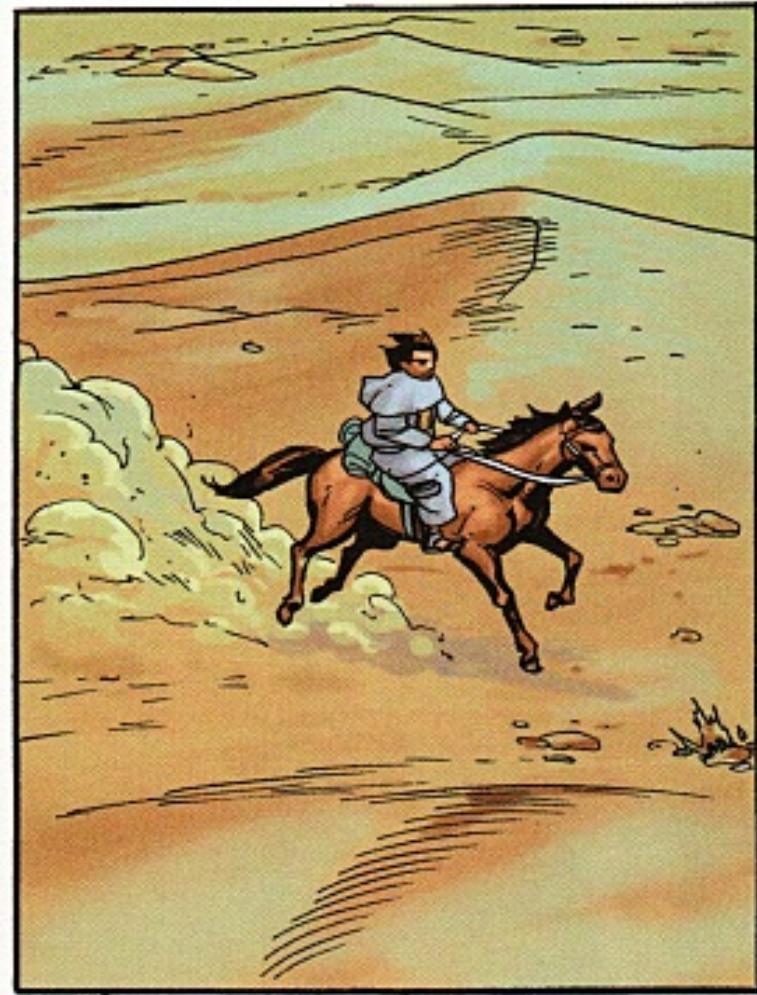


MY LORD, I AM NOT WORTHY THAT YOU SHOULD COME UNDER MY ROOF. BUT ONLY SPEAK A WORD AND MY SERVANT WILL BE HEALED.



THANK YOU.





THEY RODE ALONG THE DESERT FOR SEVERAL HOURS, LISTENING AVIDLY TO WHAT HIS HEART HAD TO SAY.

IT WAS HIS HEART THAT WOULD TELL HIM WHERE HIS TREASURE WAS HIDDEN.

THE ALCHEMIST HAD SAID WHERE MY TREASURE IS THERE WILL ALSO BE MY HEART.



THE BOY'S HEART SPOKE OF OTHER THINGS.

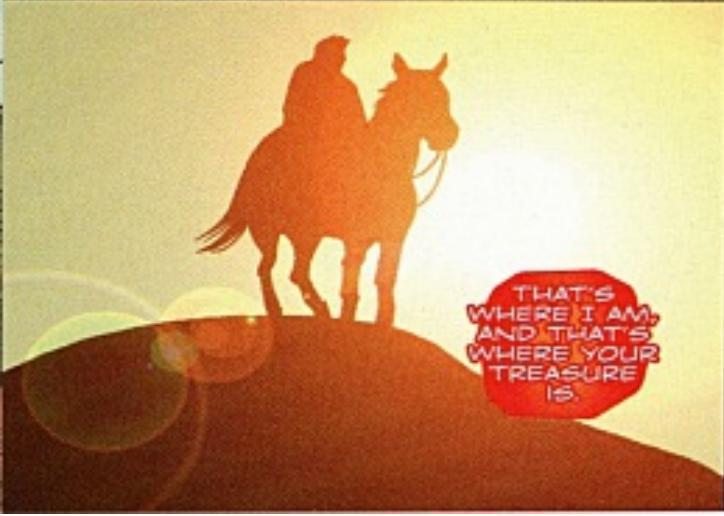
IT TOLD HIM A STORY OF THE SHEPHERD WHO LEFT HIS FLOCK TO FOLLOW A DREAM HE HAD ON TWO DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

BE AWARE OF THE PLACE WHERE YOU ARE BROUGHT TO TEARS.



THAT'S WHERE I AM, AND THAT'S WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS.

CAN IT BE?





DURING HIS TIME
IN THE DESERT, HE
HAD LEARNED
THAT, IN EGYPT,
THE SCARAB
BEETLES ARE A
SYMBOL OF GOD.



ANOTHER
OMEN.



THIS
IS THE
SPOT.



NOTHING
BUT ROCKS SO
FAR. IT HAS TO
BE HERE, MY
HEART TOLD
ME SO.



HUH!



THE PYRAMIDS!

THANK YOU, LORD, FOR MAKING ME BELIEVE IN MY PERSONAL LEGEND.

THANK YOU FOR LEADING ME TO MEET A KING, A MERCHANT, AN ENGLISHMAN, AND AN ALCHEMIST.

AND ABOVE ALL ELSE, THANK YOU FOR HAVING ME MEET THE WOMAN OF THE DESERT WHO TOLD ME LOVE WOULD NEVER KEEP A MAN FROM HIS PERSONAL LEGEND.

IF HE WANTED TO, HE COULD NOW RETURN TO THE OASIS, GO BACK TO FATIMA, AND LIVE HIS LIFE AS A SIMPLE SHEPHERD.

AFTER ALL, THE ALCHEMIST WITH ALL HE KNEW OF THE LANGUAGE OF THE WORLD CONTINUED TO LIVE IN THE DESERT.

I HAVE LEARNED ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW AND EXPERIENCED EVERYTHING I COULD POSSIBLY EVER DREAM OF.

NO PROJECT IS COMPLETE UNTIL THE OBJECTIVE HAD BEEN ACHIEVED.





WE'RE LEAVING.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE.

YOU'LL LIVE,
AND YOU'LL
LEARN THAT A
MAN
SHOULDN'T BE
SO STUPID.

TWO YEARS AGO,
RIGHT HERE ON THIS
SPOT, I HAD A RECURRENT
DREAM, TOO. I DREAMED I
SHOULD TRAVEL TO THE
FIELDS OF SPAIN AND LOOK
FOR A RUINED CHURCH
WHERE SHEPHERDS AND
THEIR SHEEP SLEPT.

IN MY
DREAM, THERE
WAS A SYCAMORE
GROWING OUT OF
THE RUINS OF THE
SACRISTY, AND I
WAS TOLD THAT IF
I DUG AT THE
ROOTS OF THE
SYCAMORE, I
WOULD FIND A
HIDDEN
TREASURE.

BUT I'M NOT SO
STUPID AS TO CROSS
AN ENTIRE DESERT JUST
BECAUSE OF A
RECURRENT DREAM.

OH!

THE BOY STOOD SHAKILY, AND LOOKED ONCE MORE AT THE PYRAMIDS.

THEY SEEMED TO LAUGH AT HIM, AND HE LAUGHED BACK, HIS HEART BURSTING WITH JOY.

HA!
HA!

BECAUSE NOW HE KNEW WHERE HIS TREASURE WAS.

Two weeks later.
Spain.

I HAVE COME FULL CIRCLE.

I CAN REMEMBER SO LONG AGO BEING HERE WITH MY SHEEP...IT WAS SO PEACEFUL THAT NIGHT.

EXCEPT FOR THE DREAM.

I HAVE RETURNED HERE NOT WITH MY FLOCK BUT WITH A SHOVEL TO FIND HIDDEN TREASURE.

I CAN REMEMBER THE NIGHT THE ALCHEMIST AND I DRANK WINE IN THE DESERT.

I WAS STILL NOT READY TO FIND MY TREASURE.



HE THOUGHT OF THE MANY ROADS
HE HAD TRAVELED, AND OF THE
STRANGE WAY GOD HAD CHOSEN TO
SHOW HIM HIS TREASURE.

IF I HADN'T
BELIEVED IN THE
SIGNIFICANCE OF
RECURRENT
DREAMS...

...I WOULD
NEVER HAVE MET
THE GYPSY WOMAN,
THE KING, THE
THIEF, OR...

...WELL,
IT'S A LONG
LIST.

BUT THE
PATH WAS
WRITTEN IN THE
OMENS.







THIS MUST BE SPOILS FROM SOME FORGOTTEN CONQUEST.

THE CONQUISTADOR MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO TELL HIS CHILDREN ABOUT HIS HIDDEN TREASURE.



I HAD NEED TO USE THESE ONLY ONCE. LIFE HAD PROVIDED ME WITH ENOUGH OMENS.



THESE ARE PART OF MY TREASURE.

A GIFT FROM A KING I WILL NEVER SEE AGAIN.

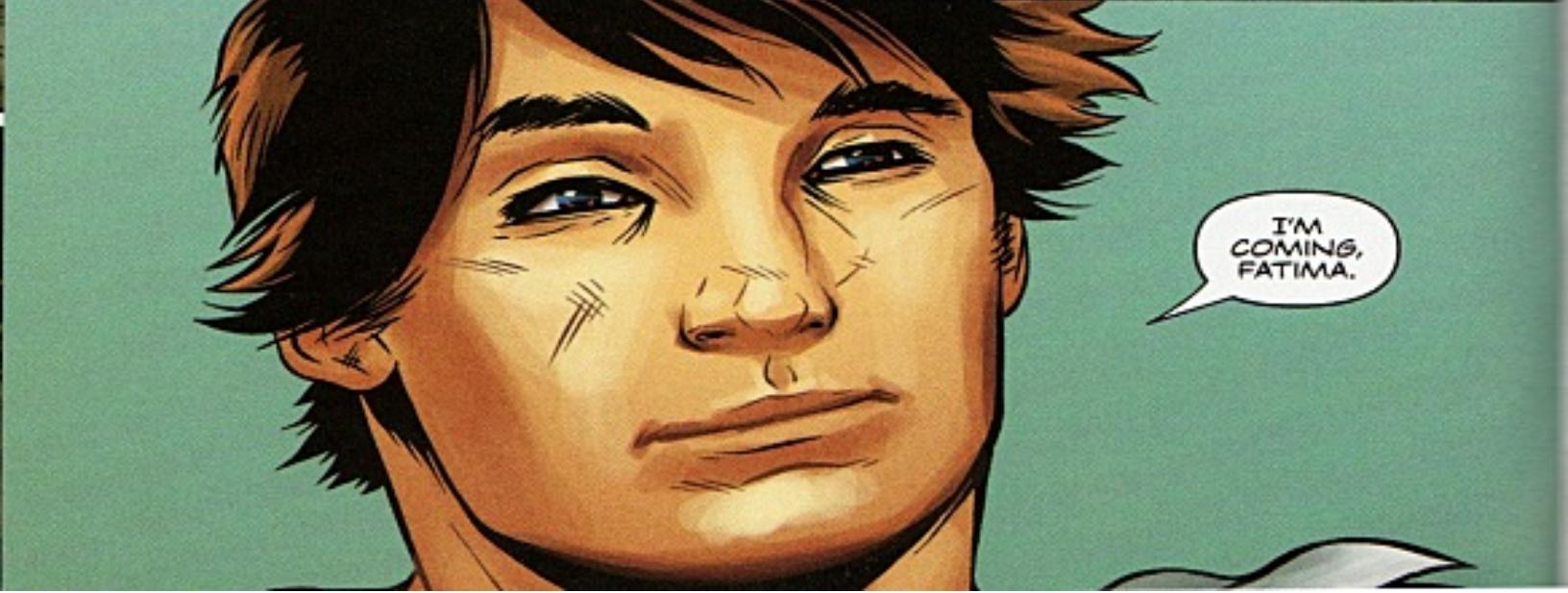


IT'S TRUE; LIFE REALLY IS GENEROUS TO THOSE WHO PURSUE THEIR PERSONAL LEGENDS.



I NEED TO GET TO TARIFA.

I MUST SHARE MY TREASURE WITH THE GYPSY.



A black and white line drawing of a young boy standing with his hands behind his back. He is wearing a light-colored vest over a collared shirt, breeches tied at the waist with a sash, and sandals.

Spanish Boy

A black and white line drawing of a man standing with his hands behind his back. He is wearing a light-colored vest over a collared shirt, breeches tied at the waist with a sash, and sandals.

English Man



Fatima



Leader of the Oasis

General Blue Soldiers



Narcissus



Goddess 1



Goddess 2



Santiago



The Alchemist

Merchant



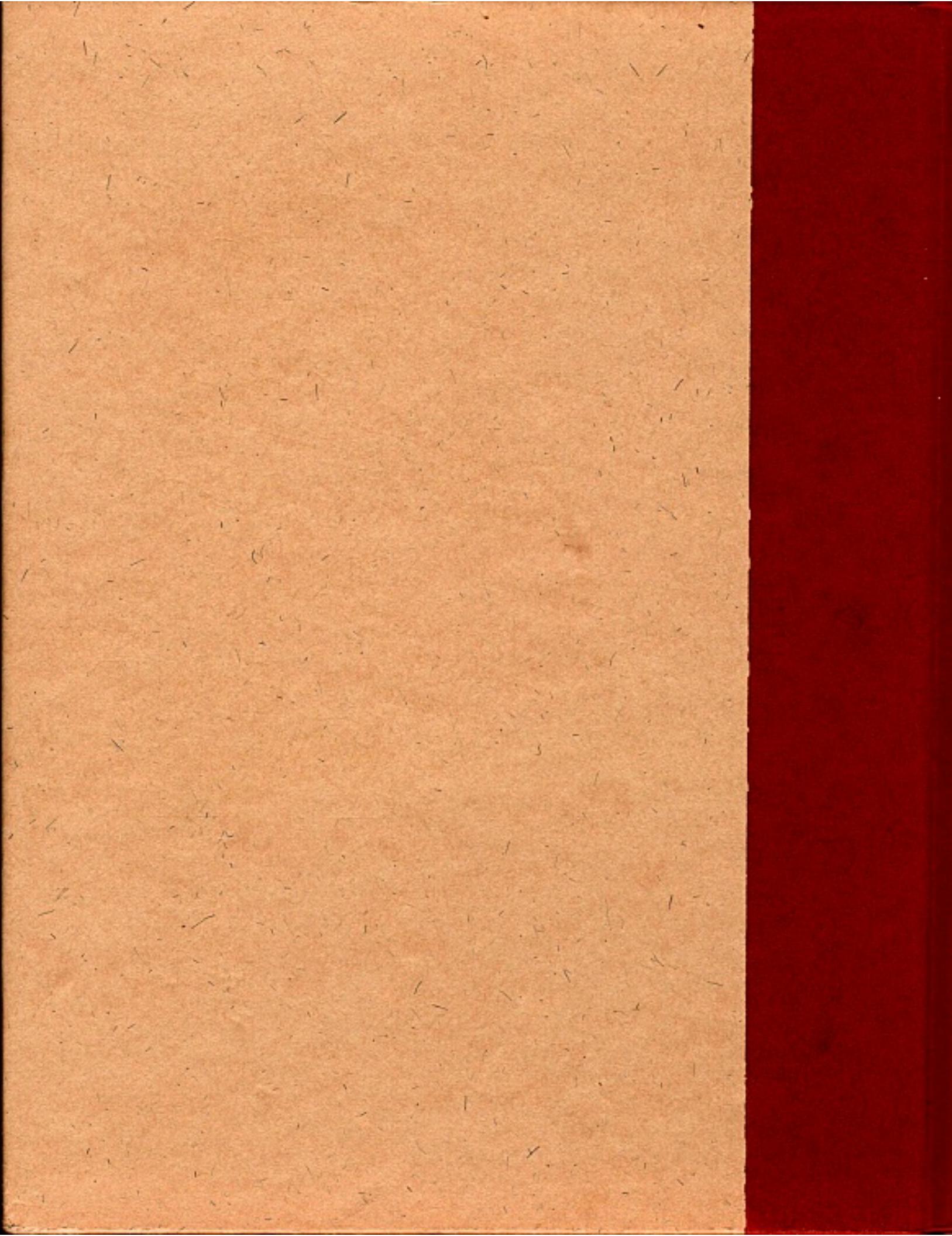
Santiago's Father



Merchant's Daughter

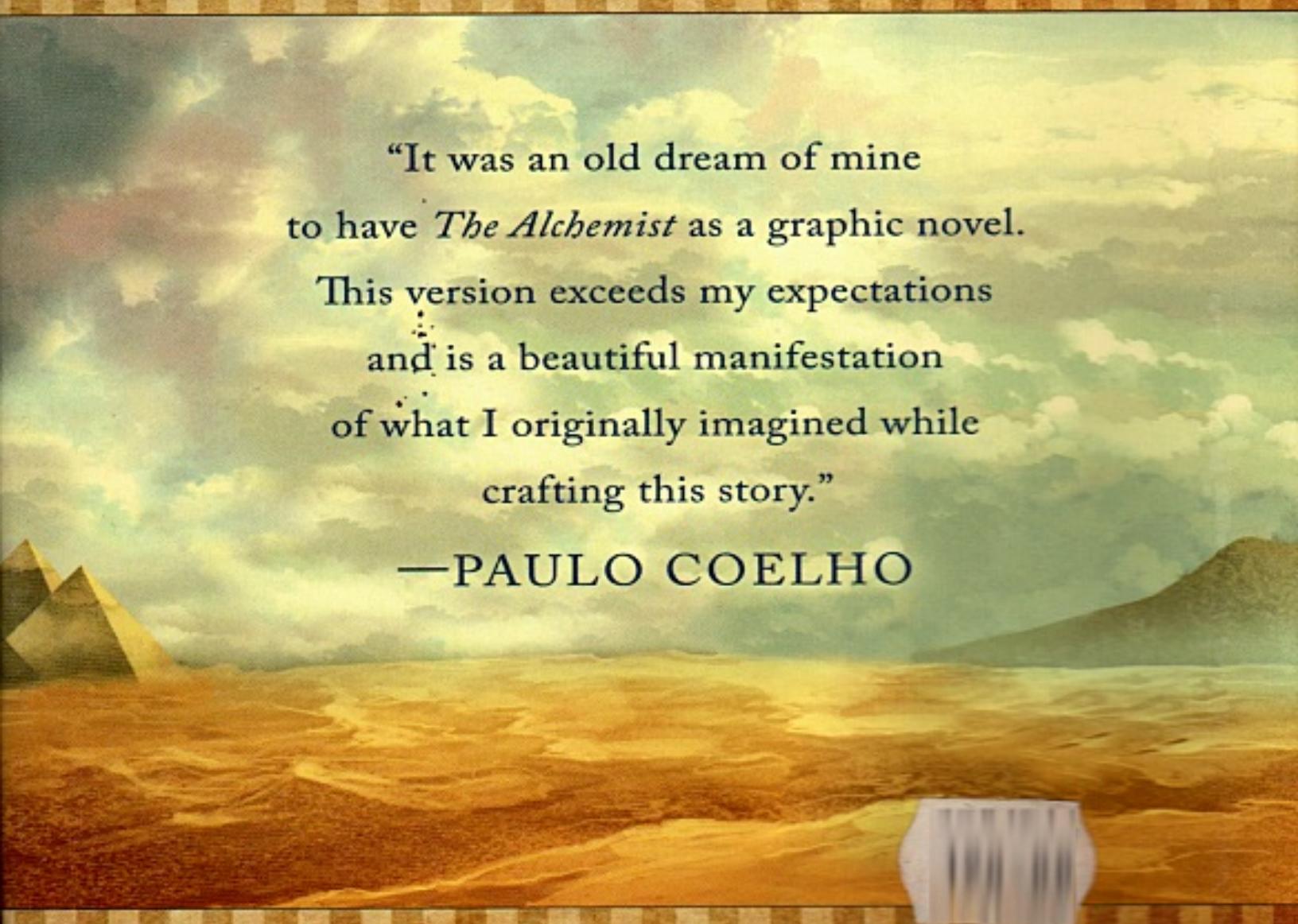
Gypsy





EVERY FEW DECADES A BOOK
COMES ALONG THAT CHANGES THE LIVES
OF ITS READERS FOREVER

FICTION



“It was an old dream of mine
to have *The Alchemist* as a graphic novel.
This version exceeds my expectations
and is a beautiful manifestation
of what I originally imagined while
crafting this story.”

—PAULO COELHO

