

A BARTIMAEUS GRAPHIC NOVEL

# The Amulet of Samarkand

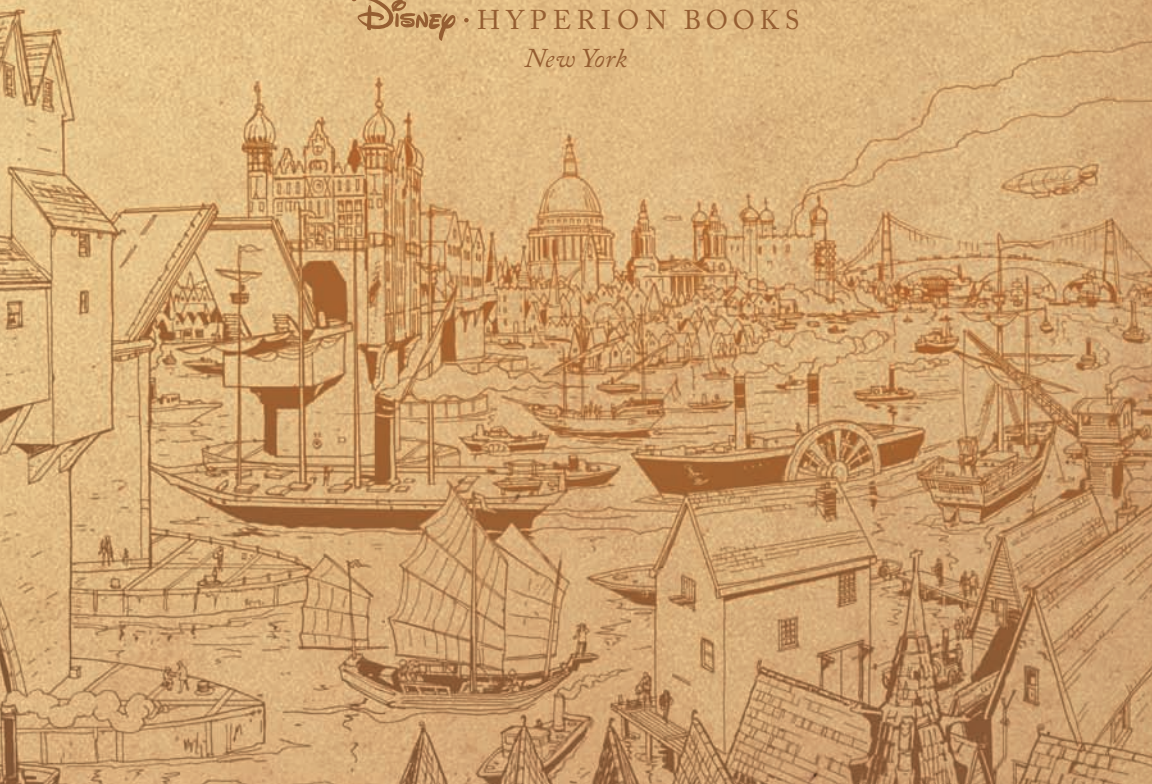
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Disney · HYPERION BOOKS  
*New York*





Adapted from the novel *The Bartimaeus Series, Book One: The Amulet of Samarkand*

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Printed in the United States of America  
F322-8368-0-10213  
First Edition  
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
ISBN: 978-1-4231-1146-7 (hardcover)  
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data on file.  
ISBN: 978-1-4231-1147-4 (paperback)  
Library of Congress Catalog  
Card Number on file.

Visit [www.HyperionBooksForChildren.com](http://www.HyperionBooksForChildren.com)





AS ALWAYS, OF COURSE, I TRIED TO RESIST.

I TRIED TO COUNTERACT THE PULL, BUT THE WRENCHING WORDS WERE JUST TOO STRONG. EACH SYLLABLE WAS A HARPOON SPEARING MY SUBSTANCE, DRAGGING ME OFF.

FOR THREE SHORT SECONDS, THE GENTLE GRAVITY OF THE OTHER PLACE HELPED HOLD ME BACK...THEN, ALL AT ONCE, I WAS EXPELLED OUT INTO THE WORLD...

LONDON. COLD, GRAY, AND HEAVY WITH ODORS.

OH NO.



## CHAPTER I

BARTIMAEUS

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE ROOM DROPPED FAST. ICE FORMED ON THE CURTAINS AND CANDLES.



THE ROOM FILLED WITH A YELLOW, CHOKING CLOUD OF BRIMSTONE.



INDISTINCT BLACK SHADOWS WRITHED AND ROILED INSIDE IT.

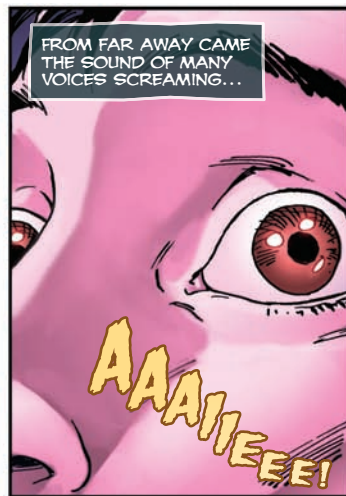




THE CLOUD FORMED TENDRILS THAT LICKED THE AIR LIKE HUNGRY TONGUES.



INVISIBLE FEET PATTERNED ACROSS FLOORBOARDS, AND INVISIBLE MOUTHS WHISPERED WICKED THINGS FROM BEHIND THE BED AND UNDER THE DESK.



FROM FAR AWAY CAME THE SOUND OF MANY VOICES SCREAMING...



HEY, IT WAS HIS FIRST TIME.

I WANTED TO SCARE HIM.



I DID, TOO.

I CHARGE YOU... TO... TO T-T-TELL ME YOUR NAME.



HE KNEW AND I KNEW THAT HE KNEW MY NAME ALREADY.

I AM BARTIMAEUS.

OTHERWISE, HOW COULD HE HAVE SUMMONED ME IN THE FIRST PLACE? YOU NEED THE RIGHT WORDS, THE RIGHT ACTIONS, AND MOST OF ALL, THE RIGHT NAME.



I SAW HIM GIVE A GULP. GOOD, HE KNEW MY REPUTATION.

ARE YOU THAT BARTIMAEUS WHO IN OLDEN TIMES WAS SUMMONED BY THE MAGICIANS TO REPAIR THE WALLS OF PRAGUE AND WHO DID—



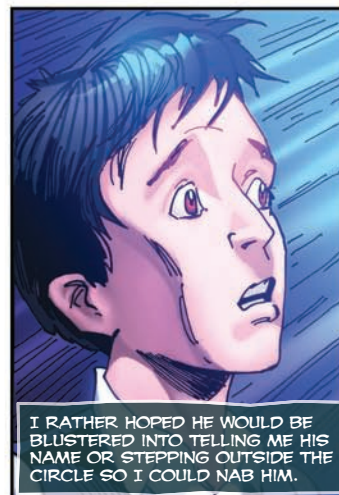
WHAT A TIME WASTER THIS KID WAS.

I UPPED THE VOLUME A BIT ON THIS ONE.

**I AM BARTIMAEUS!**  
I AM SAKHR AL-JINNI, N'GORO THE MIGHTY, AND SERPENT OF SILVER PLUMES! I HAVE REBUILT THE WALLS OF URUK, KARNAK, AND PRAGUE. I HAVE SPOKEN WITH SOLOMON. I HAVE WATCHED OVER OLD ZIMBABWE TILL THE STONES FELL AND THE JACKALS FED ON ITS PEOPLE.

**I AM BARTIMAEUS!**  
I RECOGNIZE NO MASTER! SO I CHARGE YOU, BOY. WHO ARE YOU TO SUMMON ME?

IMPRESSIVE STUFF, EH? ALL TRUE AS WELL, WHICH GAVE IT EVEN MORE POWER.



I RATHER HOPED HE WOULD BE BLUSTERED INTO TELLING ME HIS NAME OR STEPPING OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE SO I COULD NAB HIM.



NO LUCK THERE, THEN.



