

LIBRIS

We know
books

THE MIDNIGHT LIBRARY

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL



MATT HAIG

ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED FORDHAM



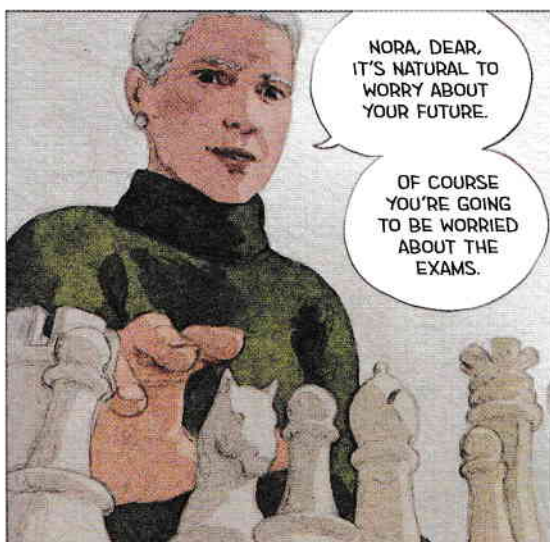
CANONGATE



A CONVERSATION ABOUT RAIN

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NINETEEN YEARS BEFORE SHE DECIDED TO DIE, NORA SEED SAT IN THE WARMTH OF THE SMALL LIBRARY AT HAZELDENE SCHOOL IN THE TOWN OF BEDFORD.



NORA, DEAR, IT'S NATURAL TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR FUTURE.

OF COURSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE WORRIED ABOUT THE EXAMS.



BUT YOU COULD BE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO BE, NORA. THINK OF ALL THAT POSSIBILITY.



IT'S EXCITING.

YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS.

A WHOLE LIFE IN FRONT OF YOU.

A WHOLE LIFE.



YOU COULD
DO ANYTHING. LIVE
ANYWHERE.

SOMEWHERE
A BIT LESS COLD
AND WET.

I HATE
THE COLD
AND WET.

COLDNESS AND
WETNESS DON'T ALWAYS
GO TOGETHER.



ANTARCTICA IS THE DRIEST
CONTINENT ON EARTH.
TECHNICALLY, IT'S A
DESERT.

WELL, THAT
SOUNDS UP YOUR
STREET.

I DON'T THINK
IT'S FAR AWAY
ENOUGH.



WELL, MAYBE
YOU COULD BE
AN ASTRONAUT.
TRAVEL THE
GALAXY.

THE RAIN IS
EVEN WORSE
ON OTHER
PLANETS.

WORSE THAN
BEDFORDSHIRE?



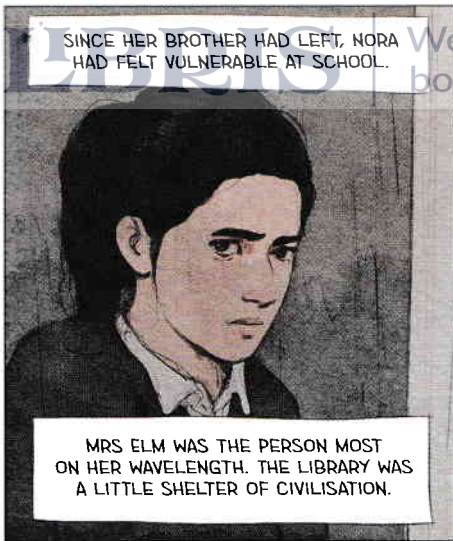
ON VENUS IT IS
PURE ACID.



SEE?



WITH A BRAIN LIKE
YOURS YOU CAN DO
ANYTHING.



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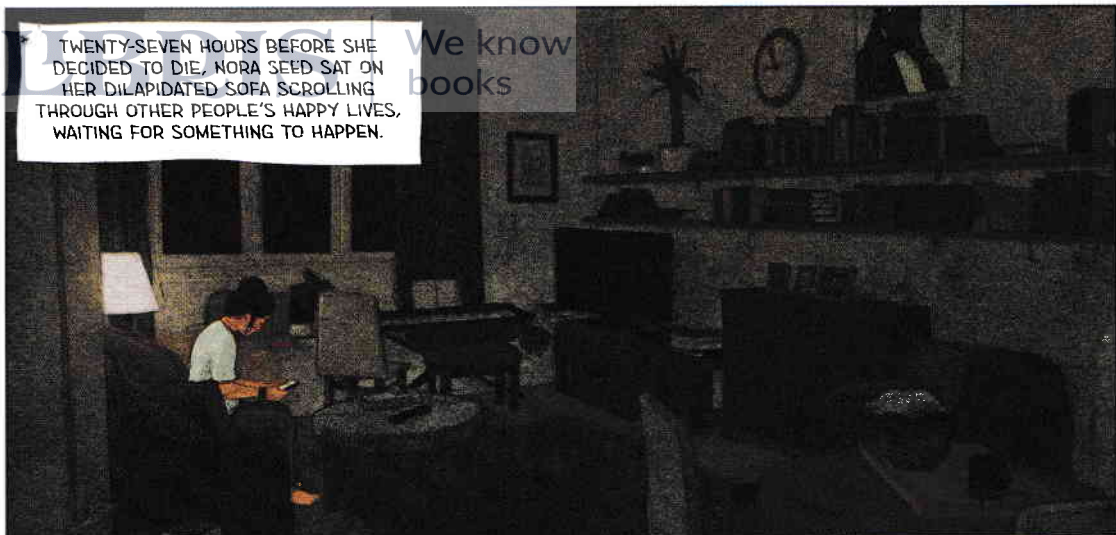
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NINETEEN YEARS LATER

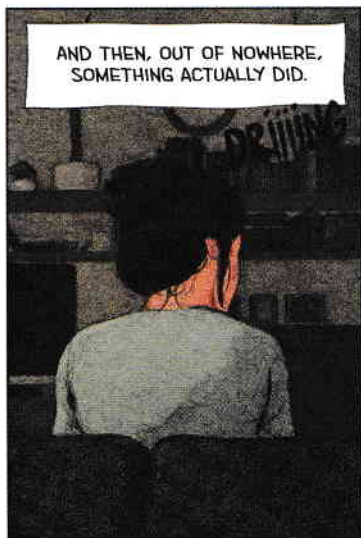


TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS BEFORE SHE DECIDED TO DIE, NORA SEED SAT ON HER DILAPIDATED SOFA SCROLLING THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S HAPPY LIVES, WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.

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AND THEN, OUT OF NOWHERE, SOMETHING ACTUALLY DID.



ASH.



IT'S ASH, ISN'T IT?

YES. IT IS.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.



HE HAD ONCE -- YEARS AGO -- ASKED HER OUT FOR A COFFEE.

MAYBE HE WAS ABOUT TO DO THAT AGAIN.

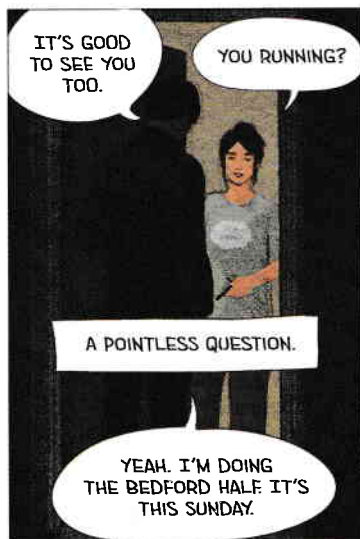


IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU TOO.

YOU RUNNING?

A POINTLESS QUESTION.

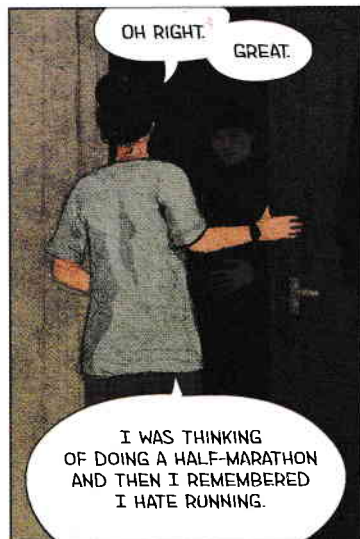
YEAH. I'M DOING THE BEDFORD HALF. IT'S THIS SUNDAY.

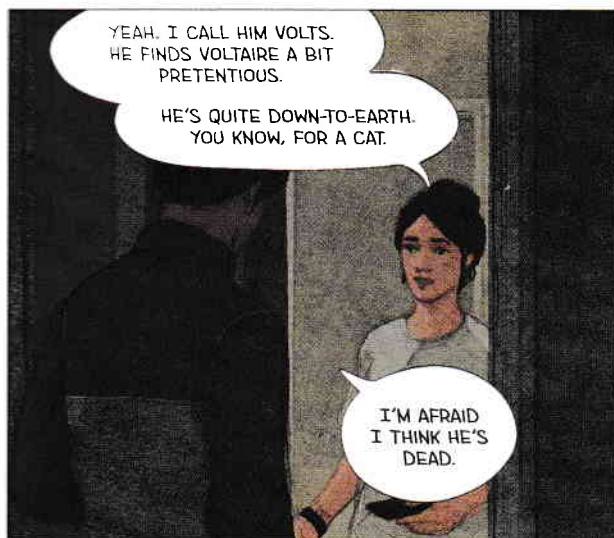


OH RIGHT.

GREAT.

I WAS THINKING OF DOING A HALF-MARATHON AND THEN I REMEMBERED I HATE RUNNING.





OH GOD.

OH VOLTS. OH NO.

OH GOD.

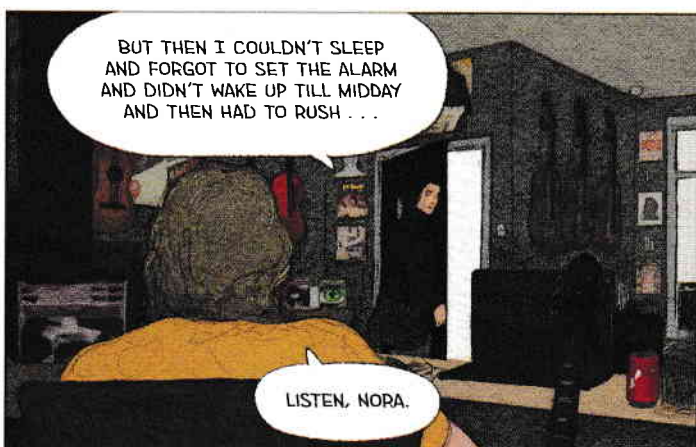
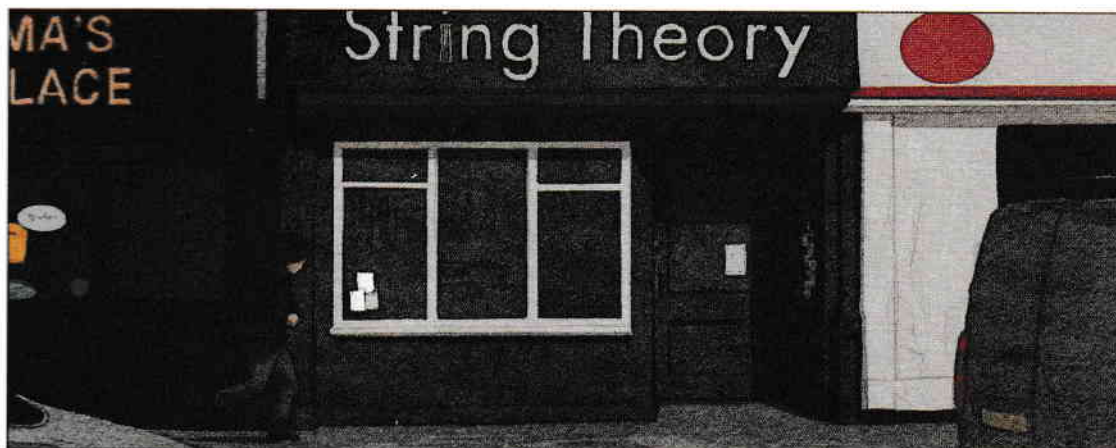
A FAMILIAR SENSE OF GRIEF ONLY THE
SERTRALINE STOPPED HER CRYING.

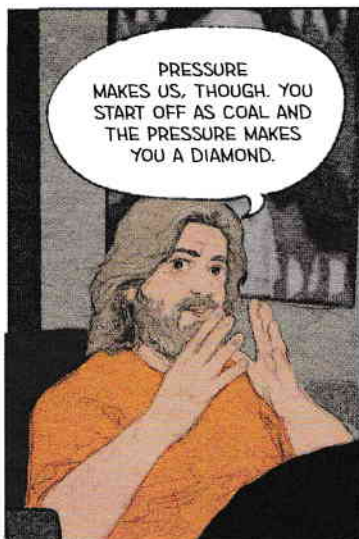
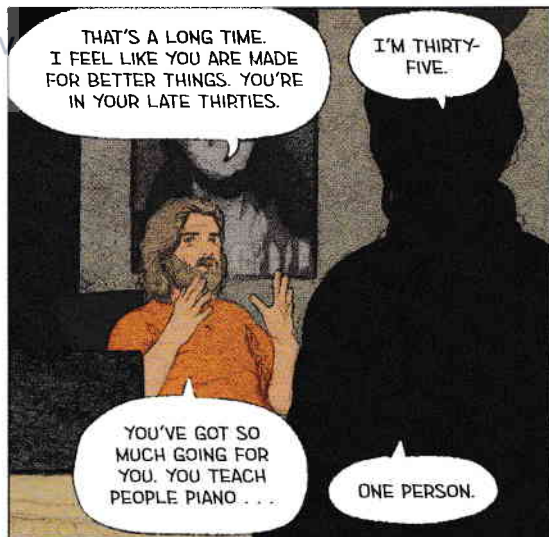
BUT SHE HAD TO
ACKNOWLEDGE
SOMETHING ELSE.

I'M SO
SORRY.

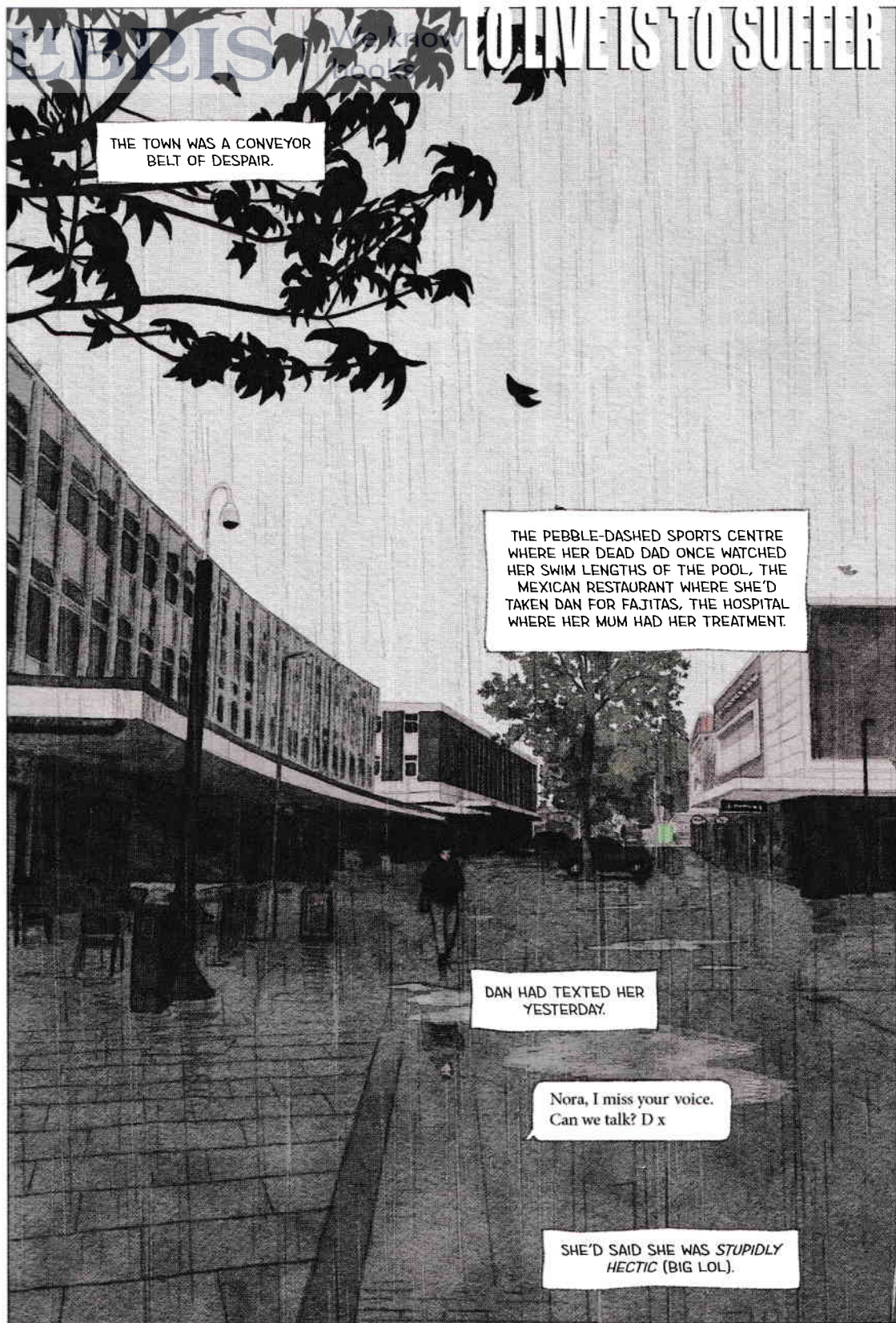
AS SHE STARED AT VOLTAIRE'S STILL
AND PEACEFUL EXPRESSION -- THAT
TOTAL ABSENCE OF PAIN -- THERE
WAS AN INESCAPABLE FEELING
BREWING IN THE DARKNESS.

ENVY.









THE TOWN WAS A CONVEYOR
BELT OF DESPAIR.

THE PEBBLE-DASHED SPORTS CENTRE
WHERE HER DEAD DAD ONCE WATCHED
HER SWIM LENGTHS OF THE POOL, THE
MEXICAN RESTAURANT WHERE SHE'D
TAKEN DAN FOR FAJITAS, THE HOSPITAL
WHERE HER MUM HAD HER TREATMENT.

DAN HAD TEXTED HER
YESTERDAY.

Nora, I miss your voice.
Can we talk? D x

SHE'D SAID SHE WAS *STUPIDLY*
HECTIC (BIG LOL).

