



My dear friend

Where the hell are you?

It's like someone has stolen Krakatau; the world is suddenly a much less interesting place, it's not the same, not so much fun.

In the end you went quietly drifting into that sleep of infinity, I'm glad about that.

I have always thought that old Dylan Thomas got it wrong when he wrote:

'Do not go gentle into that good night'

Up until the end you had such a fight old friend.

You gave no quarter to that cursed condition and never let it dominate. But finally you fell asleep in the home you loved, with those you loved most at your side.

Better that way than any other.

By all the gods I miss you. You were such a good friend. When winter comes, you know what trees are evergreen and you and Lyn were such evergreen trees to Isobel and me and at the end all she could do was hold your hand one last time and all I could do was try, try so hard, to make you laugh as I used to. I can never be a jester for another.

My bells and bladder are buggered, put aside.

The king is dead there will be no other in my life again.

But are you dead, you dreadful man?

Well, if the old adage is true: 'no man is truly dead while his name is remembered', then there are millions of us remembering your name old darling, so many in fact that perhaps by some strange alchemy of fate the concept you so wonderfully explored in 'Small Gods', of deities being created by the prayers of their followers, then you might yet appear in some vision to a virgin or as a rocking statue in the grotto of your choice.

Now if you do, if this happens Terry, then you know me; clever with me hands and a wee bit 'cunning' can I please make the statues and flog the indulgences. Just a thought, just in case, just in the hopes we might share laughter together again.

I, like so many, miss you.

Bernard.

The Humour and the Rage

It started as so often with a friend
Had I not had him I don't know where I would stand
He led me to a world unlike any I had known
He didn't stay but I felt right at home
Between a wizard who can't spell
And can't remember spells as well
A misfit Night Watch solving crimes
The Death of Rats, a thief of time
And with odd tales of hardy witches
You surely had me right in stitches

The words they slipped right from the page
And buried themselves deep in mind and heart
They spoke of your good humour and your rage
So close and yet a universe apart

I cannot count the friends and love I've won
The nights I spent with laughter and with song
Had I not met each one of them I'd be the poorer for it
Were it not for their looniness my life would sure be forfeit
It doesn't matter where I'm from
If I believe in God or Om
You have shown an open mind
And they are truly of your kind
You have brought us all together
So we are in your debt, forever

You announced that you had Alzheimer's one day
You named the demon so it could be slain
You vowed that you would not just go away
Without a fight
And I am sure that your last stand was not in vain

One at a time the words slipped from your screen and mind
What you were best at would one day become too hard
You were enraged so many worlds to leave behind
So close and yet a universe apart

And then the news it hit us like a bomb
Though no one thought it could go ever on
An embuggerance you called it, fought it hard
Yet we all knew the end right from the start
Fate gave you more time to write
To wake us up, to make things right
We will read on, remember you
And laugh as if the jokes were new
You've gone away bade us goodbye
But with the ripples that you caused you'll never die
You took Death's arm, left us to cry
Yet as long as your names spoken, you won't die

And the words will always slip right from the page
And you will always stay in mind and heart
We will cherish all the humour and the rage
So close and yet a universe apart

Thank you, Sir Terry. Without your works and the people I met through them I would not be the person I am today and might never have started to write my own songs. For that I shall be forever in your debt.

Sebastian Barwinek
Germany

Dear Terry,

I won't be the first or the last person to tell you that you changed my life for the better. I've loved your books since I was first handed a copy of *Guards! Guards!* on the bus to school by a friend with exemplary taste in literature. I read it in a day and demanded more.

A couple of years later, I found out that such a thing as a Discworld Convention existed, and went to one in Hinkley in 2006. You were there. I spoke to many of the other distinguished guests, eavesdropped on you holding court in the bar and got caught up in the magnificent madness that was a weekend with like-minded people. The phrase 'friends you just hadn't met yet' entered my personal vocabulary.

In 2009 you came to the first Irish Convention. I had my embarrassing fan moment in the signing queue (I'd been trying to get to Jack and completely unprepared for meeting The Creator). Since then, I've been privileged to share some conversations with you, no longer lurking on the outskirts or afraid of making a fool of myself. I count myself very lucky to have had those fleeting moments of personal contact. You had a captivating presence and treated fans very well. It was a delight to meet you, and an honour to speak with you. My heart goes out to your family and his friends, whose pain and loss, sorrow and anger, love and devastation, must be incredible. The thoughts of all your fans are with them.

So many of us mourn you not just as an admired author, a fiction producing superstar glimpsed from afar, but for the very real way your writing touched our lives, widened our world view, improved our sense of justice and made us laugh.

And as strange as it is in a Letter to Terry himself, I don't feel it's complete without also talking with you, my fellow fans:

Whether you were lucky enough to meet him a dozen times, or just read and loved his books, the sorrow you feel is your own, and you have a right to feel it no matter how removed from him you were. But it is so lovely to see in this community and others that we are not alone in grief.

A friend remarked that she felt odd mourning someone she didn't 'know'. But of course, through his works, his wit, his wisdom: we knew him. We knew his humour, his musings, his mastery of language, his deep sense of outrage at injustice. He showed us the best and worst of ourselves as individuals and groups in the mirror of Discworld. And many of us have 'known' him for years, even if not lucky enough to put a bearded and hatted face to the man we knew on the page. I mean no disrespect in describing him up as Vimes with a twist of Rincewind raised by Mistress Weatherwax, but we found him in his characters and footnotes. The loss is not less keenly felt for a lack of personal interaction. We all have the right to mourn and grieve our friend. I've resisted the temptation to say 'words cannot express' – because he taught us that words can express. They can capture the infinite and ensorcel the mundane. Words can change the world. His words have changed lives. Thank you Terry, for everything. We will miss you.

The turtle moves.

Love,

Shivers

Dear and Much-Missed Terry,

It is now 27 years since I first opened a Discworld book and was immediately hooked. I can't find words for a big enough 'thank you' for all the pleasure and happiness you have given me ever since.

First, for the books themselves, naturally, with all their fun and their wisdom. And then for how we met at a book-signing session in 1997, discussed magpies, and recognised our shared taste for folklore. We kept in touch, and you appointed me your 'occasional consultant' on such matters, and eventually invited me to co-write *The Folklore of Discworld* with you – a delightful task! Then came the 2008 Convention, where I was welcomed into the wonderful family of Discworld fans.

It makes me deeply happy to know that you saw me not merely as 'consultant' but as 'friend', as you said in the Introduction to the paperback of *The Folklore of Discworld*. And so I sign myself

Your affectionate friend,

Jacqueline Simpson

My dear Terry,

I've just re-read my official "letter" to you, and yes it's quite true, but it's far too official, the Full British Stiff Upper Lip stuff.

So now I remember how you rang me after reading a draft of a section of "Folklore of Diseworld" & said "Ye gods, woman, you sound so academic! For gods' sakes, lighten up!!" which I did.

So how do I really feel? A large chunk of the world has gone dark and silent, but my heart still belongs there, and the Grim Reaper ring is still (and please god always will be) on my finger to tell the world of this. This you surely know!

I am a religious believer, and you weren't, and we had many a good discussion on this. But ultimately, once one has crossed the black sands under the starry skies, these speculations will disappear in the light of Reality. So it is my confident prayer that one day we shall see one another again, and talk, and talk, and talk ---

Jacqueline S

There isn't really anything I could say that hasn't already been said by people who are much better at this thing than I am, and people who knew you better than I did. But when I lost my uncle it was your books that I sought out and for the six hours of the car ride to our hometown for the funeral I had I shall wear midnight in my hands, clutched hard enough to crinkle pages. There was no book I could pick up on the day you were gone, there were no words yours or other peoples that made it better, that could make me feel safe again, not for a long time. I was so afraid that I wouldn't be able to stop crying that I cleaned my flat two times and then just got on a bus and spent the night at my parents house again. You deserve a better letter than this. You deserve to hear about the time I read the Hogfather for the first time, how I laughed and cried much better tears than these. You deserve to know about how I slept with Carpe Jugulum under my pillow for weeks, how I still don't go anywhere without at least two of your books. You deserve to know that I got a Nation tattoo and more will follow.

I didn't believe it, when people said losing someone you ~~love~~ admired and read or watched felt like losing family. I know better now.

I'm still crying but tears dry. The anger you taught me it was ok to feel, the miracle and magic in everything, ~~the~~ even the laughter, love and annoyances and a horror to translate those things aren't going anywhere. You are the word.

in my heart. Thank you for everything.
As we say in greek, may the dust that
settles over you be light.

Love, always,

Marita

Dear Terry. Gosh. Just writing those words brings on the tears. I had no idea the sadness would go on for so long. Not very smart of me really.

We're supposed to be celebrating your life and I promise you that I am but still. The grief endures.

It's strange to think that there was a time, not long ago really, when I had no idea there was such a person as Terry Pratchett. I moved to New Delhi in 2004. I was missing my family, my friends and all that was familiar while at the same time being newly immersed in a rather exhausting and wholly foreign environment. There was a certain amount of depression and loneliness. My go-to author for decades had been Charles Dickens but I have over-read Dickens to the point where there's no fun in reading his books as I know them so well. I went to a book store in New Delhi in a shopping area called Khan Market. You would have LOVED the book store in which I first encountered the Discworld and you. Khan Market is an interesting place, jumbled and dirty as are most sprawling markets in Delhi but with, and I assure you this is true (we checked), the highest price per square foot of retail space in the world. The shops are narrow and tiny as they've tried to cram as many merchants in as possible but depending on the type of goods and the type of purveyor, some stores are quite nice. You will be pleased to know that the bookshop in which I found your books was NOT quite nice. It was what a book store should be. Crowded, a bit dark with only three aisles and the proprietor tucked behind his counter in the back of the shop. He was a lovely man who was appalled that I had never watched Sex and the City and offered to lend me the box set. He was a man of medium height, an elderly Sikh who favoured light blue turbans, had very twinkly eyes and a luxuriant grey moustache that curled on the ends. He had an honest to goodness record player back there on which he played endless old jazz on vinyl. I loved going in there.

So, I was scanning the bookshelves looking for something new to read that would take me out of myself and my loneliness for a bit and I picked up Nightwatch. I was intrigued, I bought it, I read it and I loved it. Then I looked at the front and thought, "Hot damn! It's a series!" and so it started. I started buying them and then started looking online a bit. One of the reasons I started looking online was that you had a dedication in one of the early books to the HP Lovecraft Holiday Fun Club. I was very disappointed when I realised that there was officially no such thing. As I was scanning though, I found online groups and I met (as one does) Rentawitch. She directed me to the con websites and befriended me. The next convention was in 2006. I wanted to attend but we were due to be in China at the time of the con and so I bought an associate membership and vowed that the next one, I would attend.

Now, let's be clear. It had never occurred to me that one could meet someone that one admired. I had never been part of a fan community. I knew nothing of fan conventions or fan culture. I was and am a combination of extrovert and very nearly severe introvert. There are times when I cannot pick up the phone and find it difficult to communicate. I work hard to be sociable and I am very often NOT good at it. The internet has been a blessing for me because it's easy to type to people what I might not call and say. And so, when the 2008 con rolled around, I, at age 48, packed up my bags and flew to England from New Delhi to attend and it was the first time in my entire life that I had gone somewhere alone, to be amongst people I had never met before for any purpose, least of all for the purpose of celebrating works of fiction and their author. I arrived, met a few people, started gophering and the first duty I was given was to carry your bags. I was in awe. It had not really occurred to me that I would meet you. Listen to you, take part in the festivities yes, but not actually to meet you to speak to. I am so glad that I did WHEN I did because I had no idea you would be taken from us just 6+ short years later.

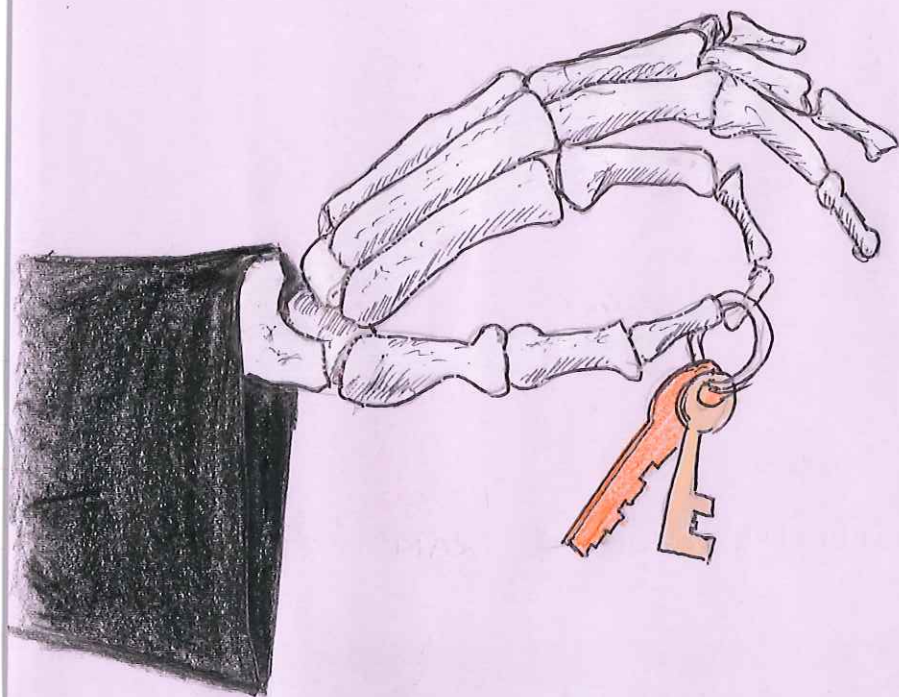
I so treasure the talks that we had. Your appreciation made me blossom in a way. I love to sing. My first husband used to turn up the radio if I started to sing. I got the message. It was through the encouragement of fandom and YOUR encouragement that led me to singing ALONE on a stage in front of near a thousand people and to writing my naughty little songs as Rosy. My interest in my painting was inspired anew by your characters and books and that led to a renewal of all my painting. You introduced me to books that I might never have read. I confess to still getting through London Labour and the London Poor as well as The Bordello Cookbook. Faffhrd and the Grey Mouser however are old friends by now. The other thing I appreciate is the people I met after the convention who became an important part of my life. You know that story. I still remember you shaking your head.

Thanks. Thanks for the books, thanks for being you and for making time for me as you did for so many. There may be some other great authors out there but you were very special and you had a kindness, understanding and appreciation of your readers that many do not. Though it's me who says it, well done. You had a life that was very well-lived and the degree to which you are missed is a tribute to every moment of that life.

Elizabeth Ann Warner Gaw

"There is a rumour going around that I have found God. I think this is unlikely because I have enough difficulty find my keys and there is empirical evidence that they exist."

"DO YOU MEAN THESE KEYS?"



"Yes, those are the ones I was.... oh"

"INDEED"

"I don't remember us having an appointment quite so soon. Damnable embuggerance"

"VERY FEW ARE AWARE OF AN APPOINTMENT WITH ME UNTIL THE MOMENT OF MY ARRIVAL"

"Unless they're falling from a great height like a plane or a mountain in which case I expect there's a couple of minutes for a chat?"

"YOU WOULD THINK SO BUT FRANKLY WITH ALL THE SCREAMING IT'S A BIT ONE SIDED"

"Mmmm. So, I really have an appointment?"

"YOU DO. THE EMBUGGERANCE THOUGH DOES NOT"

"NO?"

"NO. THE BATTLE WITH THE EMBUGGERANCE WILL BE CONTINUED BY OTHERS BUT WHERE THEY HAVE FOUGHT IT WITH SCIENCE AND

MEDICINE, YOU HAVE FOUGHT IT IN OTHER WAYS"

"Sheer bloody mindedness and a light ray helmet?"

"WORDS. WORDS HAVE POWER. IT IS IN THE NATURE OF OUR UNIVERSE"

"You mean the discworld universe?"

"THE ROUNDWORLD UNIVERSE IS STRONGER, MORE DETERMINED, HAS MORE PASSION, MORE INITIATIVE, MORE LAUGHTER, MORE TO STRIVE FOR BECAUSE OF YOUR WORDS. WHAT YOU HAVE STARTED WILL EXPAND, GROW, EVOLVE AND NEVER DISSAPATE BECAUSE THE POWER IN YOUR WORDS IS PURE MAGIC"

"I hadn't really looked at it like that.
I'd better get my hat then."

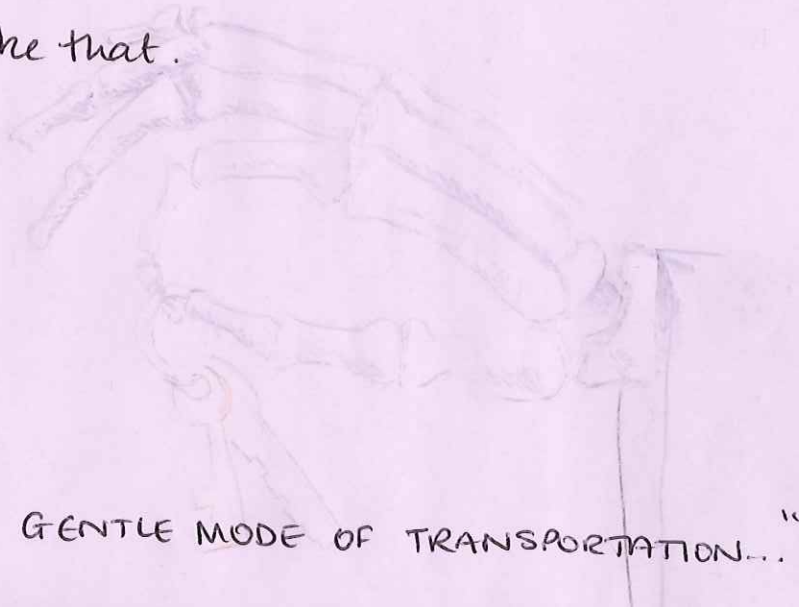
"IT WOULD BE RUDE NOT TO."

"Are we taking Binky?"

"ARE YOU IN A RUSH?"

"Not particularly."

"I THOUGHT PERHAPS A MORE GENTLE MODE OF TRANSPORTATION..."



sarah matedo 2015 with inspiration from the quote by
The Man in the Hat: Gnu Terry Pratchett

Thank you for letting me romp around in your world. Thank you for your legacy to future generations. Thank you for not stealing my hat. mind how you go. x

Dear Sir Terry,

It's pretty difficult to put into words what you have meant to my life, because the question is so big. But you never shied away from the big questions so I'll give it a go.

At first, when I encountered your work, you were a person I could count on to deliver an escape, a joyful vacation from my mundane life. Then I started noticing the layers in your books, and how every time I reread them I found something new. I would set myself projects--to read all the books in publication order, then to read all the series in order--just because each time I reread, I found new things to enjoy. By my estimation you actually wrote about 900 different books, only some of them layered on top of each other so well that they seemed like single stories.

I was a geek when that was a thing that got you beat up regularly in school, long before it turned into an ironically cool label. You were a refuge, an example that people who unabashedly spent their time thinking about witches and elves could be spectacularly successful and not apparently bothered if others didn't care for the same thing.

My middle son inherited my geek tendencies, and when he was seven I read *Wee Free Men* to him. That was the start of something, well, magical. For four years we read aloud together through every one of the *Discworld* novels (excepting maybe a joke or two of Nanny Ogg's that I didn't care to explain.) We had wide-ranging discussions about Shakespeare and ethnocentrism and Greek philosophers and falconry and every other reference that made him stop and wonder. In fact, by the end, we did discuss those jokes of Nanny Ogg's. You gave me a window into the life of my son, and provided a connection that has endured. He attended two *NADWCons* with me, and proudly recalls that you told him he ought to forge his own sword. (Can't thank you enough for that, by the way. We don't have quite the acreage you do, and the neighborhood association is not keen on home smelting projects.) Now, as a teenager, he still processes the world through your writing; to him, Machiavelli is just a pale imitation of *Vetinari*, and Celtic tattoos really belong on people who are 6 inches tall.

You gave me joy, Sir Terry, when I needed it. You gave me a way to connect with those I love. You let me look at the world in a different way, and continue to do so. I miss the idea that there is more to be heard from you, but I know that's incredibly greedy when you've already given me so much. I am grateful for all you have meant to my life.

Sincerely,

Kris Vasquez

(seen occasionally as The Professor of Applied Anthropics, Horace the Cheese, the Feegle's tattie-bogle, and Vena the Raven-Haired)
from Wisconsin, USA

Dear Terry,

I meant to write you for years. Since 2009. Since I read *Nation*. Since I lost my faith and picked up that book and finally felt not alone in a thousand different ways. I cried... well sobbed... through the end of it because it so perfectly captured my experience of figuring out what I believed is not what was reality.

When I got to the end of the book, I saw there was a play happening in London in Oct-Nov 2009 and by complete fluke, I was going to be there. I went and sat at the edge of my seat the entire time, in awe.

Before *Nation*, there was *Discworld*. There was Granny Weatherwax. There was Tiffany Aching. There was this world of characters that made me feel not alone in life. Nanny Ogg and Magrat and all of them. I adore all of *Discworld*, implicitly but it has always been the Witches that have my heart.

When my daughter woke me up to tell me you had passed, I laid there stunned for what felt like an hour. It didn't matter we knew it was coming... the world felt like it stopped turning. I didn't cry from the shock of it all, until I saw the tweet from Death. Then I couldn't stop crying.

I can't think of you being gone without getting choked up. I wish so hard I had written to you after I read *Nation* and let you know how much that book was a balm to my broken soul. I wanted you to know specifically what you had given me, as one of your thousands of readers.

I started *Shepherds Crown* two nights ago and I felt like my world was stopping all over again. I was really sick and started crying and my husband was trying to remind me that the sick will pass, but I blurted out why I was really crying (I don't want to put spoilers for your other readers). I am so scared of death, Terry. I don't understand, even at 33, how someone you love can be there and then just suddenly not be there. And yet somehow, even that you make less scary.

Thank you for everything. Thank you for all you wrote and said and did while you were here. Thank you for making my life better. Thank you for helping me feel not alone.

I'll never stop missing you.

Thank you <3

savannah

Dear Terry,

I was introduced to the Discworld by one of my aunties when I was 16. The Discworld novels have shaped my thinking, my values, and my beliefs. It sounds strange to say that a collection of work that is the product of your brilliant imagination has had such a profound impact on who I am, but I really believe that it has.

Through my love and enjoyment of the Discworld novels, I've made friends around the world. I'm from New Zealand, and have had online friends I met on a Discworld forum come and stay with me from Germany and Sweden. I've met up with Discworld friends when travelling in the USA and in England. Now that I'm living in England, I have plans to meet up with even more. These friends were my line to sanity when I was nursing my terminally ill grandfather, they were my cheerleaders when I completed my degree, they've adored my daughter since babyhood. Aside from those I've met, I have also made many, many friends who I am unlikely to meet in person but who are now such a significant part of my online life that I would feel bereft if I were to lose them. A love of the Discworld has created a true global community, and one that enriches the lives of all who are a part of it.

The way in which our Roundworld problems are dissected and addressed on the Discworld (war, politics, class systems, race, feminism etc) allowed a sense of remove for me, I could think about these things in an objective way, in a way that didn't provoke any defensiveness or dismissiveness. I am a low-key activist, but I am an activist and advocate for social justice. It is a big part of who I am. Obviously, I credit my family for a large part of this, but a hugely significant portion of the shaping of my value system is shared with the Discworld, especially Sam Vimes and Granny Weatherwax. And Nanny Ogg definitely gets credit for my love of the inappropriate. :)

So, thank you Sir Terry Pratchett. Thank you for providing me with laughs at fantastic puns. Thank you for creating something so wonderful that it led to the formation of communities and lifelong friendships. And thank you for igniting something inside me that I never really realised was there until your books pointed it out. Sometimes I think about the kind of person I might have been in another trouser leg of time, one in which I never read a Discworld novel. It's a thought that makes me shudder.

Thank you for creating this amazing universe, one that taught us not just about humanity but also technology, and development. Thank you for encouraging us to think, to question, and to not be afraid to be silly.

Yours sincerely,

Melissa Andrew

Terry was funny, loyal, supportive, waspy – a man I could certainly always rely on to say what he really thought about stuff I'd done.

Working with him was fast and fun – frequent phone calls (pre internet), a lot of laughs – we shared a common background in humour – the Pythons, Princess Bride, Time Bandits – at book signings we'd often drift into Life of Brian...
"Crucifixion? Good.. line on the left, one cross each."
...and then amble off into running entire scenes from memory much to the confusion of book-clasping fans.

I am tremendously grateful to Terry for the opportunities he gave me to change my life in ways I would never have thought possible. It was awesome^{*}, having such a brilliant and well-known author ringing up at random hours of the day to bounce ideas or request some, pre-internet, research.

It's been masses of fun – working with Terry to design a whole city from a very brown field site, and creating an entire world map – how cool is that? I was flattered that Terry used to introduce me to people as 'Boswell to his Dr. Johnson'^{**} Nevertheless, we truly had (as we often used to write at book signings) "Climbed ev'ry mountain and forded ev'ry stream" – we'd "wandered each and ev'ry by way".

I owe Terry a huge debt of gratitude. It's a real privilege to be a part of creating even a small part of his wonderful world, and it's something which I never take for granted.

I am also proud to have been the first person ever to dramatise the work of Terry Pratchett. I'd be lying, though, if I said Terry loved all my dramatisations of his books. But he certainly didn't hate any of them, and he did recognise that sometimes even his favourite bits had to be cut to re-shape a book into a play.

I'm writing a 'special celebration' Pratchett play for next April (to mark what would have been his birthday), and there are more plays stacked up at the back of my mind - it's just a pity that Terry will no longer be there in person to see them – and corner me in the pub to let me know what he thought!^{***}

Stephen Briggs
www.studiotheatreclub.com

* Terry would bite my arm off for using the word in this way!

** Mind you, he did also impishly describe me as his Bosworth (not quite so positive an image!).

*** 'Cut that exclamation mark', he'd have said.

A Letter from the ~~Editor~~ Auditors.

One was jostled forwards from the in fin itudes.

One wrote on a crisp clean sheet, we're not very happy, we're really not.

One wrote, the fact is, Terry Pratchett, we want you to stop it. Stop this nonsense.

One wrote, You've been so troublesome as to create worlds AND you've even gone so far as to spoil a perfectly fine, established, sensible one.

One wrote, we've had to open a whole department for this mess and you're dead and that hasn't made this problem go away at all and we're at our wits' end about what to do.

One wrote, we DEMAND you go and explain to everyone that every thing about your crackling wit, boundless imagination, immense human compassion and undeceived perception is to be dismissed and forgotten immediately.

One signed, The Auditors of Reality

One sealed the envelope and wrote, ~~TERRY PRATCHETT~~
TERRY PRATCHETT

One said, E, I don't ~~know~~ ^{know} where ~~to~~ ^{to} actually ~~send~~ ^{send} it. Oh bugger.

★ Poof! ★

The other auditors didn't want to send it.

Sir Terry Pratchett.

Your works have changed me
and so many more in ways I
might not ever comprehend. I hold as
dear belief that in the joy, in the
sorrow, the wisdom and the compassion and
the urgency of justice you have made us
all more human.

Thank you, forever and always, thank you.

Letter to Terry

Back in the late very 80's I had very little interest in reading at the age of 13 and a school friend shoved Colour of Magic under my nose and told me "try this"... didn't really think much of trying it but he persuaded me so I did. Probably the best thing that ever happened to me because I couldn't put it down and after that my interest in reading more of his (and other authors) blossomed.

In fact my educational level improved and eventually I finished my degree in Aerospace Engineering... but reading was always my fav :-)

It's very hard to explain in words really how important that moment in my life was my turning point that changed my journey :-)

Also life then went through a massive change again when I suffered a natural brain haemorrhage at the age of 23... that turned out to be the reason why I had education problem as a child!.... however I have always been a happy person and although reading is incredibly hard I have discovered Audio books and the amazing Kindle Fire as you can make the words big so no matter what happens... I can still read a STP book (slowly but still get there :-))... When one door closes, another door opens :-)

Thank you for everything :-)

Phil Newson A157

Dear Sir Terry,

It's pretty difficult to put into words what you have meant to my life, because the question is so big. But you never shied away from the big questions so I'll give it a go.

At first, when I encountered your work, you were a person I could count on to deliver an escape, a joyful vacation from my mundane life. Then I started noticing the layers in your books, and how every time I reread them I found something new. I would set myself projects--to read all the books in publication order, then to read all the series in order--just because each time I reread, I found new things to enjoy. By my estimation you actually wrote about 900 different books, only some of them layered on top of each other so well that they seemed like single stories.

I was a geek when that was a thing that got you beat up regularly in school, long before it turned into an ironically cool label. You were a refuge, an example that people who unabashedly spent their time thinking about witches and elves could be spectacularly successful and not apparently bothered if others didn't care for the same thing.

My middle son inherited my geek tendencies, and when he was seven I read *Wee Free Men* to him. That was the start of something, well, magical. For four years we read aloud together through every one of the Discworld novels (excepting maybe a joke or two of Nanny Ogg's that I didn't care to explain.) We had wide-ranging discussions about Shakespeare and ethnocentrism and Greek philosophers and falconry and every other reference that made him stop and wonder. In fact, by the end, we did discuss those jokes of Nanny Ogg's. You gave me a window into the life of my son, and provided a connection that has endured. He attended two NADWCons with me, and proudly recalls that you told him he ought to forge his own sword. (Can't thank you enough for that, by the way. We don't have quite the acreage you do, and the neighborhood association is not keen on home smelting projects.) Now, as a teenager, he still processes the world through your writing; to him, Machiavelli is just a pale imitation of Vetinari, and Celtic tattoos really belong on people who are 6 inches tall.

You gave me joy, Sir Terry, when I needed it. You gave me a way to connect with those I love. You let me look at the world in a different way, and continue to do so. I miss the idea that there is more to be heard from you, but I know that's incredibly greedy when you've already given me so much. I am grateful for all you have meant to my life.

Sincerely,

Kris Vasquez

(seen occasionally as The Professor of Applied Anthropics, Horace the Cheese, the Feegle's tattie-bogle, and Vena the Raven-Haired)
from Wisconsin, USA

What can you say to the man that has consumed so much of my life for the last 18+ years, other than thank you, thank you, thank you.

Through good times and bad your novels have been a constant companion. Our infrequent chats always cheered me up and the opportunities you gave me to meet up with other like minded loonies (especially allowing me to meet the wonderful Rachel who I now live with) have enriched my life in so many ways.

Thank you seems such a small thing to say but I do thank you Sir Terry. You'll live on in our memories forever.

RIP.

Jason Anthony
Editor - Discworld Monthly

Dear Terry

I don't know what to say .. but thank you ..

Thank you for the bits in my boring life that were made better by some words you wrote down.

Thank you for making me howl like a baby at some of those words that you wrote down. Thank you for making me laugh like there is no tomorrow and until my face ached.

Thank you for the amount of money that poured out of my fingers every time I saw anything Terry related that I needed.

Thank you for the huge amounts of decorative stuff that adorns my walls/shelves/floors/ceilings (in fact any space that hasn't got something already on it).

Thank you for luring me into a fandom, who so readily accepted me.

Thank you for the position that fandom put me in (whilst mostly fun, can be a pain in the #@\$ on a regular basis, but it does mean I get to deal with the most awesome crowd of people... 14,000 +)

Thank you for indirectly helping me find friends who love me as I am.

Thank you for creating something which spawned a fandom with conventions and events and lots and lots of really quite nice people in it.

But most of all, Thank you for giving me an opportunity, which I took , and it lead me to find Jason, the wizzard of my dreams (cliché I know .. but why not?)

I hope you are sat having a curry enjoying whatever goes on around you. Failing that, I hope the worms thought you tasted nice.

You cannot be missed whilst we still say your name

Rachel Rowlands

Dear Terry,

Thank you for the laughs and the joy.

Thank you for Death, Vimes, Vetinari, Granny
and ... yes ... Rincewind.

Thank you for Carrot and Angua

Thank you for Discworld!

Thank you for the spark and light you brought
this world!

Thank you!

hugs Tessa.

PS: For anyone of this extended family reading this letter:
A song by Ayreon really caught my attention as it voiced
my feelings for this community and the love we all feel for the
world Terry created. It was written about "the Never ending
story" but applies to this discworld for me, anyway.
On the back you will find the complete lyrics.
Let's keep this world alive together.

Dream on Forevermore!!!

In a dusty Room on a stormy night
Away from all the crowds
I rise above the clouds.

Into a world once so bright
Where now the shadows fall
and a thousand voices call

Dream on Forevermore, our future's in your hands
Close your eyes, close your eyes and fantasize

Only one boy whose heart is pure
Can save them from the curse
That's upon this Universe

He's on a quest for the secret cure
Across the burning sand
To the edge of a fairy land

Dream on Forevermore, our future's in your hands
Close your eyes, close your eyes and fantasize

This world was built on human dreams
On hopes instead of fears
Now it slowly disappears

Scream as loud as you can scream
For the empress needs a name
or nothing will remain.

Dream on Forevermore, our future's in your hands
Close your eyes, close your eyes and fantasize

Dream on Forevermore, Dream on Forevermore Dream on Forevermore

Dear Terry,

I have no idea where to start this, so I suppose the beginning will have to do. My name is Maeve, and I first read one of your books when I was eight years old; I had just run out of reading material and was hungrily eyeing up my sister's packed shelves for fresh books. She gave me *The Wee Free Men* to read - reasoning, correctly in hindsight, that your adult novels were a little too grown up for me at the time. I devoured the three published Tiffany Aching novels with a speed neither I nor my sister had anticipated, and I wasn't to touch your books again until I was eleven, though those three have been read more times than I can count in the years between. I was fighting a losing battle with my sister, trying to read the rest of the novels when I spotted *Hogfather* on my 6th class bookshelf. I reasoned that if the teachers thought it was OK for eleven-year-olds then I could read it, so I did. My sister relented and allowed me access to her shelves, on the condition that I leave *Men At Arms* for a while (given my age, and because of some of the less subtly adult overtones in that particular book). I remember getting into trouble in school for trying to read in class while we were supposed to be doing long division - it became something of a running joke among my classmates after the first week. That was six years ago.

A lot has happened since then. I remember reading about Tiffany Aching, and how she questioned everything about fairy tales - why was the witch wicked, the prince handsome and the princess blonde and beautiful. I remember reading these lines and asking myself "Why didn't I think of that? Why didn't I ask why?". I remember reading how Tiffany decided to become the witch and know things. I suppose you could say I've done something similar since; reading the series has made me far more curious about how this world works, and now I can't watch a TV show without criticising the inaccurate science and impracticalities - ask my friends, they'd tell you I almost need to be gagged for them to watch a film in peace. As well as that, the *Science of Discworld* novels introduced me to some fascinating study areas which I fully intend to pursue in university next year. You have unknowingly shaped my view of the world, and I thank you for that.

Last year I moved schools and discovered, to my surprise, that my English teacher there was a fan of your work as well. There's been many an inside joke about her needing dried frog pills to cope with school between her and I, which made for some confused classmates and a few terrible puns in the middle of homework assignments. The first convention I ever attended was the third Irish *Discworld* Convention, and the warmth and inclusion, the shared love of something amazing was nearly overwhelming. The experience was proof that it is extraordinarily difficult to find a fan of *Discworld* who isn't also a truly lovely person, which shows the people your work attracts and the effect you had on people. The whole experience has introduced me to better friends than I could ever have wished for - another thing for which I thank you.

Your novels have been a constant comfort during some unpleasant times; between familial upheaval and exam stress and everything in between, it's become customary for me to return to the haven of *Discworld* for some peace, headspace, and apparently endless enjoyment. I would say it was my form of escapism, but the word's been trotted out so regularly it's become practically meaningless. Your novels have been my relief. The books are old friends to me now, and I am so, so grateful to you for them. I have enjoyed your work and your words for more than half of my life now, both in the pages of your books and your outspokenness on some of the most serious issues being faced in the world at the moment. Your attitude towards life, the universe and everything has always been eye-opening, and it's impossible for me to listen to you speak, or read what you write without coming from it a little more thoughtful about the world than I was before. I don't have your gift for writing, so all I can say is a heartfelt thank you - so thank you, Sir Terry, for everything.

Yours most sincerely,

Maeve Hickey

Hi Terry,

I've been reminiscing quite a bit about that day 8 years ago at the Union Square Barnes and Noble, when I attended a book signing with my best friend Robin and my son Steven. One of my favorite authors was coming to New York and, as I thought then, when would I even get this chance again to meet him? It was a must-do and a chance to get another book!

It was a very interesting chat- loads of laughs and a bit of worry because of a stroke scare, but hopefully it would soon pass. As we stood in line waiting for signatures, I was secretly glad that, on a slip of paper, our names were written down because a lifetime of explaining to people how to pronounce Gwist can be a bit tiring. I'm actually waiting for the person who will ask my mother why she named me that, but so far the challenge hasn't been accepted.

Imagine my surprise when you pronounced it correctly, asked if it meant anything and told me that it reminded you of a swirl of dust, under a door being struck by a shaft of sunlight. You were the first author that I've met who took a bit of time for your readers and spoke to them, and I was glad Robin suggested it. She mentioned a convention the next year and, as it was an opportunity for her to visit me in Switzerland again, we made plans.

Attending that first, for us, convention in Birmingham was the best decision we had made. We were taken into a large family of like-minded book lovers and discovered a world that we were always just at the edge of, but couldn't find the key to its door until that October day in 2007.

Fast forwarding to 2015 and here I am, once again with Steven but without Robin at my sixth and his first Discworld convention. We are here in Cork celebrating your life this weekend and remembering everything that you've brought to our lives. Actually, as I'm writing this Bernard is telling us some great stories, the closing ceremony is coming up and I will have a turtle shaped hole in my heart until next year when I can meet my family again.

Thank you for giving my name a meaning :)

Love from Gwist, Robin and Steven...and my youngest son David who finally made it last year and has also found a new family

I've tried to write this letter twice already, and haven't managed. yet
I don't know exactly why that is, since, to be fair, it hasn't been a
lot of years that I've actually been invested in your books (and actively
trying ^{to get} everyone I know to read them). But, ~~for~~ ^{now matter how} a little time ~~is~~ I've
had to get to know you through your writing; I don't think I've ever
been as sad ^{about} for another person's passing as I've been ^{about} for yours. I'm
writing this in the last day of the convention, and honestly the
burden of times I've held back (or not held back tears) is ridiculous,
even for a person who tends to ~~cry~~ ^{cry} a lot like me.

I just felt, when I learned of your passing, that something
good in the world had been lost. And I knew, and repeatedly
told myself, "but he's here, he's in the books, he's left that good
part of the world that was in him in them!". But still, I could
not and still I haven't managed, to shake that feeling away entirely.
I'm still, very, very, very grateful for the books, and for your
existence, and I only regret not starting reading you earlier.

But, instead of describing how exactly I learned about the sad news,
and how I reacted then, I'd like to write about the ~~one single~~ most
exciting moment I've had with your books, and namely *Three of Time*,
which I read mostly while going back and forth in the metro. And
I remember exactly the feeling of uncontrollable laughter when
reading about ~~the~~ ^{the auditors and their human names} ~~the~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~mask~~, and the person opposite me
giving me a curious glance. And then, the completely indescribable
feeling of: "I have seen galaxies die. I have watched atoms dance.

But until I had the dark behind the eyes, I couldn't tell the death
from the dance".

(which made me cry ^{right} there and then, earning me more curious glances)

I really don't know what else to say after this - but I did
read *Three of Time* shortly after your passing, and I feel like it sort
of closed a circle of mourning, somehow.

So long, and thanks for all the dance.
Georgia.

Do you not know that a man
is not dead while his name is
still spoken?

No one is actually dead until
the ripples they cause in the world
die away

Dear Tony

I remember you first ways to me
"What is this?" as when I asked
you to sign the C++ Pocket Reference;

It was good to know over the years through
your works (literary + humanism) and
at conferences - you were constant company
especially at breakfast in 2010.

So long and thanks for all the
laughs (even if people did stare at me
on the bus)

Malcolm/Melanie

Sir Terry Pratchett,

Night Watch being one of the first "my favourite book ever," taken out of the local library and immediately adored - You have always and will always be a major influence on my writing, but more importantly my humour and the entire way I view the world. Being a 'swot'; not playing sports, not loving the soaps, and occasionally reading encyclopaedias for fun made for a lonely enough young Rose, and the sense of humour and worldview I got from the Disc (and later, not so influentially and completely subsequently) writers like Holt and Rankin.

The wit, wonder and humour of Discworld has always stayed with me & this is the niche I found that means I found my place. I attribute this ~~is~~ in large large part to you.

In the end, basically, a lot of writers talk about legacy - and the one left behind floating through space on a giant turtle and the backs of four elephants is (personally, in my opinion) one of the greatest and most positive legacies in the universe. Whoever follows in your footsteps will never replace, but will be supported by, you. National Discworld Conventions, which are a unique community, show how important you are and were, but bright enough for what. The world is darker for you leaving, you leave behind.

- Rose Fortune

- Rose Thingamajig

- Perpetual Fan.

Dear Terry,

I first read *The Carpet People* when I was around ten or eleven years old. It was the most exciting and wonderful thing ~~that~~ I had ever read. It fuelled my young imagination like nothing before. I spent many moments staring at the raggy 70's carpet in our dd house in Sible Hedingham, wondering what might be conspiring within the fibres. It was magic to me.

As I got older, I harassed the local librarians for every Discworld novel I could lay my hands on, and devoured each one with my eyes. The books, that is, not the librarians. Forgive me, I have been drinking.

Small Gods spoke to me the most out of the bunch. Its 'don't let the bastards grind you down' message was very important to my fourteen year old self. I was struggling with a deeply unhappy home life at the time, and found so much solace in Brutha's strength of identity and failure to lose himself, in the face of such tremendous adversity. The ending never fails to make me tear up.

It feels odd to write the burbling fan letter I always wanted to write as a teenager to you posthumously, but I am always slightly late to the party.

Discworld and its myriad of wonderful, friendly characters made all the difference to my adolescent, itchy, miserable, lost, suicidal self. All the difference.

Life has its challenges, but I sure am glad I didn't top myself in my bedroom when I was fourteen. For that, I have you to thank.

I know you didn't hold any spiritual / religious beliefs, but I fancy it's more about what I believe now. I can't believe that ~~a~~ mind, an intellect such as yours could

just vanish ~~with~~ with the decay of a physical body,
as if it never was. So I'll not believe that for a
second. It is not to be entertained. This gives me
great hope and makes me not so afraid of my
own mortality as I might otherwise be.

I hope it is comfortable where you are, and you
can always find your car keys. I'm only sorry I never
sent you my artistic impression of Mrs Cake's hat.
I'm sure you would have been very kind about it.

Apologies for rambling. I'm rather tired and rather
pissed.

Forever a fan.

Ella Farley
aged 14 and 25. (ha!)

X

What does Terry mean to me? The short answer is quite simply that my life would be completely different if I'd not discovered Discworld.

The long answer goes something like this. It all started for me when I picked up a book in the library and read the blurb on the back. It said: "Death comes to us all. When he came to Mort, he offered him a job." I laughed, out loud, there in the library. It was the first time I'd ever laughed at the back of a book. I figured if the back could do that, what was inside must be something special. I wasn't wrong. And that was I how discovered Discworld.

From then on I devoured the books discovering the myriad characters inhabiting that world atop a turtle. Each one as good, if not better, than the last.

Shortly after the local drama group put out a casting call for people to appear in a production of Wyrd Sisters. It sounded like fun. I got to play the Demon and found that I rather liked acting. Nineteen years later and I'm still doing it.

I'd joined the fan club (GOFAD) and from the newsletter found about the Convention in Liverpool. And so, shy, nervous and not knowing what to expect I went along and fell headlong into fandom. (The first person who spoke to me at the Convention was Terry himself. His words: "Mort. Nice costume." And he called me Mort ever after.) I had a brilliant time, meeting kindred spirits and making new friends. From then on I attended the Clarecraft Events and the Conventions that followed. I got a computer and a dial-up connection and found alt.fan.pratchet.

Through all of it I was having a blast and meeting (both in reality and virtually) some incredible people. People who became friends, most of them who still are.

It was through some of those friends within the fandom that I got a job in Manchester so I moved out of my parents to the Big City. The job didn't quite work out but eventually Manchester did and I'm still here.

If I'd never read Terry's books, I would have missed out on reading a score of brilliant, funny and witty stories. If I'd never read Terry's books I would never have been an actor. If I'd never read Terry's books I would not have moved to Manchester so I'd be living elsewhere and I'd have a different job. If I'd never read Terry books, I'd never have discovered fandom, would not have had all those marvellous times and wonderful memories. If I'd never read Terry's books I'd have far fewer friends and would be poorer as a result.

If I'd never read Terry's books, my life would be completely different. All of that because I laughed at the back of a book.

Thank you Terry, for that first laugh, and for all the laughs - and everything else - that followed.

Andrew 'Mort' Nevill

Dear Sir Terry aka 'The Creator':

I was once a budding author until I started reading your work, after the first two novels I realized that I could never ever come anywhere close to your brilliance.

So I had a good cry, fled to Bulgaria and continued reading.

RIP friend.

In deepest regard,

Roy Manton

How can one word a letter to a person they only met through books?

It was with a profound sadness that I found out about the demise of Terry, with whom I'd shared, or at least his books, the most trying times of my life. I always thought of him as the greatest man I'd never met, even seeing him only on social media video sites.

I mean, sure you can. To many of us around the world, we looked on him as a kind of paternal figure, or that of the impish grandfather that after a few ales tells rude stories, running the risk of a clip 'round the lughole from his wife.

If I had the chance to write him a letter, I would say that I knew of him before I was old enough to hold an adult library card, which was a bummer since that's where they stashed most of his books! I would thank him for giving us the gift of imagination, the imagery of characters such as the Ogg clan, Granny Weatherwax (after which I could never look at my English teacher the same way again without laughing, largely due to the fact she was bad tempered, hatchet-faced old crone too), Greebo, the Nac Mac Feegles, Rincewind, the inept and cowardly, Vimes, Nobby, the Librarian (come on, not many writers could make "Ook!" funny) and of course Big D himself, the Grim Reaper.

So I will leave it at that, as I feel others may be more eloquent in their voicings. To his loving wife, talented daughter and the geriatric cat I give my love and wishes for your future happiness.

"If I knew that I could die, whenever I chose, I would live more every day to the full..."

Rob H.35

Newcastle upon Tyne, England

Sir Terry,

it's strange that you're not around anymore. It feels unreal.

Somehow you were always one of those people who are just ... there, always.

I wish I'd told you when I had the chance to meet you just how important you were to me. So, thank you.

Thank you for inspiring me to write again and find new levels of humor and seriousness in everything.

Thank you for giving shape to my thoughts and concerns and hopes through your words. Thank you for the laughter and the philosophical questions and the creepiness and the wondrous world you gave me so many gates into. Thank you for getting Ephobe right. Thank you for being a role model and for never giving up the fight and for turning anger and frustration into creativity.

Thank you for so, so much, and I'm sorry that I'll never be able to fit it all on a single sheet of paper.

Cheers to you, Sir Terry, my anthropomorphic personification of hope.

Thank you,

an Ephesian Greek word called Steve

Sir Terry Pratchett,

I am not an ambitious reader. I have often been heard to say I really enjoyed a book, but rarely followed up with the authors' other work. Saying which authors I enjoy is tricky because I operate on a pick-it-up-if-it-looks-good basis.

You were the exception.

There is no other author that I am more versed in, no world I am more familiar with than the Discworld.

Despite my lazy approach to reading, you were the one who made me decide I wanted to be a writer.

You took my favourite genre, built a beautiful world within it, and then broke all the genre rules in a way that was both fun and respectful.

We lost a great man and artist this year, but as you say, "No one truly dies unless the ripples they made in life have faded away." In that sense, you will always live on.

Thank you for everything.

Stephen Hill

Dear Terry,

Where to begin?

I came late to your books, and then later to the Conventions - such a thrill to now that we were able to be at an event where the Guest of Honour attended for the whole of the time and was amenable to questions and talks - accompanied by the occasional drink :)

My best memory was the first time I took part in the Maskerade - having watched a few before picking up the courage to try. I had a LOT of help - lovely people made the costume, my singing teacher wrote the music and a friend agreed to play Walter Plinge for me, as I had decided to re-create the diva from the Maskerade book - Dame Violetta Gigli!

I'd loved the idea of you poking fun at Opera and the notion that a 17 stone lady could pretend to be a 17 year old consumptive! THIS was a part I felt born to play!

So I wrote a script detailing the duet between Dame Gigli and a tenor, Herr Kartoffelpuffer with an off stage argument between the Diva and the Stage Manager where she was arguing that the tenor was missing and it was SUPPOSED to be a duet - then being urged on stage to the immortal "The show must go on" line!

I then emerged like a great black meringue, sailing towards the front of the stage (right) while my "Walter" is stage left with a table and a load of cards. I then indicated the start of the tape with Tech by saying "Maestro" and launched into the following ...

Questa maledetta porta si blocca.
Questa maledetta porta si blocca comunicuè diavolo lo faccio.
C'è scritto 'tirare', e io sto tirando.
Forse dovrebbe esserci scritto 'spingere'?

While "Walter" was holding up subtitles:

This damn door sticks.
This damn door sticks no matter what the hell I do.
It's marked "pull", and indeed I am pulling.
Perhaps it should be marked "push"?

With "PUSH" on the very last card!

I then held the last note - looked theatrically around for the other half of the duet to start, glanced at "Walter" - we both shrugged and then I stepped forward to curtsy (taking the applause) and turned to show the squashed tenor on the back of my dress (for one of the things we knew about Dame Gigli - is that she once sat on a tenor - but that no one held it against her :))

I'd been lifted by the applause when I entered and was more than reassured by the giggling I could hear as the cards were being turned. There was a lovely burst of applause at the end of the piece but, oh the roar of laughter when I turned to reveal the paper outline pinned to the back of me! I'd found a BRILLIANT man's face online - wild hair and the most perfect open mouthed look of surprise! I went off stage hugging myself with joy - they'd GOT the joke!

I was completely overwhelmed when I found out that we'd WON Best in Show (Rookie to Master in one fell swoop!!) and to hear Brian say that, for once, there was no argument over who had won it! I was almost speechless going up to receive your congratulations (and accepting the trophy at the End of the Convention).

But, for me, the BEST bit was attending the Gala Dinner where, as part of your speech, you actually commented on my performance with warmth, appreciation and humour - I've never felt SO PROUD as when you ended your speech with the line "It's going to be a great Con, the Fat Lady has already sung!" (or something like it anyway :))

I could have floated home.

Your books have given me endless hours of pleasure (some tears as well) and the few times I was privileged to meet you just underlined what a down-to-earth, thoroughly lovely person you were.

Thank you SO much Terry for all the words. We shall miss you dreadfully but are happy that the "embuggerence" no longer has its claws into you.

Sending Home,

Jan Uzzell
aka Dame Violetta Gigli
aka Ssirienna (the Fat Lady)

10WCON '15 Cork.

I'm sitting here with my friends Terry, I'm
happy and I'm safe and I'm feeling all
the love. There's only one person I can
thank for this and it's you. You bring
comfort to me, to many, with all that
you've done and on some level I
hope that wherever you are you have
that same happiness, same safety, some
love. 'Cos well, what a man! you deserve
it all and more. Thank you. Thank
you so so much. I'm the luckiest to
have discovered your work and all the
wonderment and loveliness it embodies.

Ok,

Sydney.

x

Dear Terry,

As I sit here I find it very hard to put in words how much your books have had an affect on my life. we've organised this event - 300 people taking a weekend to celebrate your work - laughing, playing, talking, living in response to this wonderful world that you have created, But also I find something so personal about your writing. I am so sorry that you *

* My sincere apologies but due to running this thing I have been momentarily interrupted!!!

I am so sorry that you had to suffer through the embusgerance and that you are no longer with us but I am a will always be so happy and grateful that you have created this wonderful world for us to enjoy and relish in.

thank you that you that you

love Always,

Rosin.

Hello Sir T.P.

I first met you in 2012 and was
terrified! But when you talked to me you were
so nice and caring.

Above sounds as if I'm totally sure but
we have a link!

My beautiful brother colin died before his
time and no matter how much I think about
a happier place for him I still can't see it. I
MISS ~~in~~ him so much. It's not fair that he
has to leave our round world so early.

The reason I'm saying this is that I "robbed"
(aka. "borrowed") my very first DW book
from his room before he left.

I'll always love my brother, I wish he could
be here with me and have fun with your books.
But please take care of him. Kevin.

Dear Terry,

I have had a good life so far, hard but good. In a great time of need for me I read a book I so happened to find on a charity stall for 'cats' (which I think you and Death would approve of), that so happened to be Thud.

I remember thinking in the first two pages, two thoughts came to mind, number one:- what the hell am I reading and number two:- where can I get more?

It is quite possible to say that those books that I have read are quite possibly responsible for letting the light back into my life and re-newing my fighting spirit.

You were an ~~inspiration~~ Inspiration
to us all &

lots of love Ruth Collier

~ ~ ~

Terry,

Your writing created bits of me that might never have existed without you. The little corner of the world your books have spawned has made me the person I thought I could have been, had life not dealt me a few rough blows. You've become a part of me. To others it's a small ripple, but I'll continue feeling it for the rest of my life.

Katie.

Dear Sir Terry,

Without your books, I wouldn't be here.
Or Anywhere.

The best kind of fantasy is the kind that lets you escape your life when it's no good, but also gives you the tools you need to face it when you close the book. Your books taught me how to (metaphorically) kill the (metaphorical) dragons in my life.

So on behalf of the ten-year-old schlepping home a bag of Discworld books as big as herself from the library: thank you. On behalf of the 24-year-old who is still, miraculously, alive and well: ~~thank~~ you so very much.

Until the next time I open one of your books,
goodbye.

Sabina "Cheerio" Gripembry

Dear Sir,

I first met you at the theatre where you managed to make the opera exciting and convinced me that I should name the thin girl inside. Since then we've flown around Lorene in one night, watched a giant woman kidnap an innocent librarian and wandered the streets of Ankh-Morpork.

You created a world that is as real to me as the friends I have made (at cons, meetups and through chatting). The Discworld is a part of who I am and though I never knew you personally you have helped form who I am. Your influence will stay with me forever and though I lack the skill to express it, I will try. From the bottom of my heart thank you, this letter is dedicated to Sir with love*

- probably Rachel

* I thought you'd appreciate the pun.

Dear Terry

Must have been thirty years ago
I needed a book to read on my commute -
Went into the sprogs' room and there in
his wardrobe was 'Equal Rites' - - -

Stayed awake all the way to London
and all the way home - - - -

- - never realised what an impact
it would have on my and my family's
life!!!!

So sad I never got to chat to you!

☹ Thanks

forever-fan Djelibeybi

Dear Terry,



I Definately Learned my lesson about
Judging books by their cover after
Reading 'Guards! Guards!' for the first
time (and second, third, fourth... it's turtles
all the way down from here...)

One of my truly formative authors that
taught me that literature consisted
of more than "spot chased the ball"
and "many went to the shop".

for that I am grateful. Now it's
time to re-read 'The Gnome the silver
Hoard bought an apple, I think. - Aaron Elbel.

Hello Terry,

I was given *The Light Fantastic* and *the Colour of Magic* by a friend to read in 1988 as she was moving house and needed a safe place for books . I was 40 in 1988 and had never heard of Conventions, Wincanton or anything else.

It was 2000 when my daughter Mari and I finally got the courage to apply to attend a Discworld Convention – which did not happen so we signed up for the 2002. OH the Convention ! Oh the twinning at Wincanton! We were delighted, amazed, amused, too busy to go to bed.

Since then I can only say we have had found a new family, to replace the family we lost in 1998 – Mr & Mrs Boggis (Sorry, -now Sir Josiah Boggis and Lady Vi) welcomed us and we never looked back. We met lovely people with lovely idea's for fun and.... joy – we could join in!!! (Davina for one, John Hicks for another, Boggis goes without saying, and so many more)

You made me re-evaluate everything I thought I knew. My eyes opened, and then did it again. Thank you Terry for new perspectives, excitement I did not know I could have, and the friends and 'family' I have gained.

I thought life would be stale and quiet, how wrong I have been. I cannot say how much I have enjoyed joining in, laughing, crying, and meeting the Tribe of Discworld.

Thank you is totally inadequate but THANK YOU SO MUCH!.

Marjorie Ulisa Fletcher

Dear Terry,

I have no doubt that you are someone who enjoys the intricacies of grammar. One thing I recently learned was how we use past and future forms to make things weaker. To show distance. The present tense is all about the now. The real. We can use it to show something has always been. We can use it to show an incredibly strong form of the future. It gives things a feeling of existence and closeness.

So I know you understand if I write this to you in the present tense. It makes it all feel more real and alive in the moment.

So tomorrow I will go back to was relegating you to the distance and loss of the past, but today I will say "Terry is" not "Terry was."

You are such a huge person for so many people, entire communities exist because of your books. They ripple on and on. There will always be more reflections and echoes. They are forever new, your books. New eyes, new minds, new ponds to drop that stone in and launch infinitesimally subtle and infinitely powerful shockwaves, bouncing on and on.

You write often on ideas of "Death". You make it less scary. You give it a face, you give it a voice. You show that it is part of life and always will be.

So... I know you that you would like how fans remember and recount you. With smiles and tears, in that bizarre emotion that needs a word of the bittersweet blend of happiness and sadness. I know this because you show so many things in your writing. So we all have a few glimpses of you. Not as many as we would like, but people are not things as you say. So maybe it's good that I cannot pretend to be able to pin you down and define you, because that would make you a thing, real people are strange complex ridiculous beings that barely make sense.

Anyway, I hope you are proud of everything you achieved, and the huge space you take up in your corner of the world. I can only hope that I one day have that type of space for myself, though a different shape and a smaller corner.

You shine on and on. I wish I had the words to express that all. Thanks for the world you made, the characters you birthed, the friends you have led me to, the laughs, the smiles, the exclamations of delight surprise frustration and relief. I look forward to seeing more of you, through your ripples. ~~to~~

I have some people say the turtle moves,
-Fergal. I believe it does.
All my thanks (and so much more, from so many others)

How ironic that a man who gave us
hundreds of books and written works,
should also leave so many of us lost
for words.

How can ~~we~~ ^{we} do justice to you, to
your creations with mere words? That
was your talent not ours. Perhaps then
it's not irony but as it should in fact
be that our words stumble over a page
or catch in our throats.

To the man that made me believe that anything is possible,
When I was 16 years old, I was in one of the worst places mentally, that I have ever been in. I had an awful, Job, with awful people. I was fresh out of school & felt utterly miserable. That was, until I went into WHSmith in London Bridge & was drawn in to the fantasy section by the amazing illustrations on your novels. The first book I read was Witches Abroad & it is still my little piece of comfort when the real world gets too much. Reading your books & being transported to such a wonderful place such as the Discworld helped me to suffer through the hell that I was embroiled in. When I first met Granny Weatherwax, it gave me enough strength to do what was right & what needed doing. It was a huge turning point in my life & I honestly cannot thank you enough for that.

I met you at the signing of 'Wintersmith' & you called me greedy because I brought ~~two~~ books to be signed. You smiled & winked after signing despite how tired you were.

A lot of people say 'you should never meet your idol.' The happiest day was the day I met you. Such a warm, kind yet somewhat grumpy man.

I love you & you are a legend who will live on in my household through me, my children & my grandchildren.

Rest now Creator, your world is complete.

Jeannie Rowley.

Terry,

I wish I had gone to Cons earlier.
I wish I had taken my mum's offer of
getting Trish to introduce me to you earlier.
I wish a ~~lot~~ great many things.

But I am here, and this is now.

I love your books. I love the world you
created. I'm getting bloody emotional
writing this to you Digger. I was young when
I started reading your stuff. And I grew
up with it. Your values are mine, they
helped me think. Tak asks ^{not} that we think
of him, but that we think. The Watch,
Esme, Butcha, Masklin; they all help and
comfort. I'm happy that I got to meet
you several times. I am happy you called
me Carrot. Your stories will be there for
me until I pass away. They have helped
me, ~~they~~ and I know they will help me
make sense of things in the future, I know
I'll need them, I need them now.

I am Vimes, I am Carrot, I am Masklin.
I am every character that tried to make the
right choice. I'm not always successful, but I
know that we will always be rewarded with the
chance to make the right choice.

Thank you

You do the job that is put in front of you.

Captain Carrot. PS. Thank you for the
Disworld Family - the books.

Thank You, Terry

Thanks for bringing me into this family of wonderful people I entered in 2009 in the Falls in Ennistymon.

Thanks for the little myriad ways your writing has shaped how I see the world

We will keep the ripples going for you.

We will make ripples of our own.

Thank you Terry, and goodnight.

Dear Terry Pratchett,

I was never a big reader as a kid. I didn't really start till college, where I bought Pyramids. I read it everyday on my way to & from college. I laughed my self to tears. Once it was finished I moved on to Curious Curious & then started from the colour of purple & worked my way forward. I still remember laughing myself silly on the train while read Men at Arms. You have been a huge influence on my writing style & the reason I have to create weird & wonderful characters.

You will be hugely miss but you will never be forgotten.
Thank you so much for all the wonderful memories & friends you've helped me create.

Stally.

To Terry,

Thank you. Thank you for so much. If it had not been for you, for a battered old copy of *Mort* and later *The Hogfather* tucked away in the corner of my school library, a very bored and fed up young girl could have gone down a very different path. You allowed me to enter one of the most detailed and vividly imagined worlds I have ever come across, a diamond in a coal bucket, and I am immensely grateful for everything that I have discovered since: knowledge, wisdom, compassion, humour, hope, and, via the medium of the Discworld Conventions, the most wonderful Discworld family to go along with it.

Though I only met you face to face on three occasions (one time where I made a fool of myself and twice where I was so in awe that I couldn't think of anything to say), I feel like we have been allowed some inkling of you through your brilliant books, and I can only thank you for giving that to us. Your books sing with your kindness and your strength, and within their pages you set us the best examples – those that are flawed and human, like us, with characters who show us it's alright if things are a struggle sometimes. You are a truly wonderful man, and you will live on in our memories. The ripples won't fade.

Many thanks,

Sarah Cuming.

To the man who made me cry with laughter, I cried in pain when you died.

How can we ensure your memory never fades ~~any~~ by making sure the ripples never stop. This was my first convention + I am so sad I never got to one with you there.

I met you once at a book signing and you very graciously agreed to sign 2 books for me. I never forgot how happy + proud you were at how many fans you had.

Thank you for your genius!!
Sarah Murphy

Dear Perry.

For most of the last 20 years, your books and characters have been with me, a constant reminder to not take life and other people too seriously.

My gacility with words cannot express the joy and laughter you have given me throughout my life.

You will be sorely missed, and are irreplaceable as a staple part of my life.

May you rest long and well.

Don Williams

THANKS TO YOUR
WONDERFUL BOOKS
I HAVE FOUND A
WORLD I LOVE
AND FEEL I BELONG
IN AND FRIENDS
THAT MEAN EVERYTHING
TO ME, I WILL ALWAYS
REMEMBER THE TIME
I SHAKED HANDS WITH
YOU, AND YOU WANTING
MY TOPHAT ~~SOFFIT~~
~~TOO~~ FROM

A224

Tallbig — SAM
MURRAY / DETH
✓

DEAR TERRY

YOU CREATED A WHOLE
NEW WORLD FOR US ALL
TO ESCAPE TO FIRST IN FICTION
AND THEN THERE WAS THE
DISC WORLD CONVENTIONS!!
WHERE I DISCOVERED FANTASY
CAN BE A REALITY!! SINCE THEN I
HAVE MET A LOT OF AMAZING PEOPLE
BUT I WILL ALWAYS CHEERISH THE
MEMORY OF SIPPING CHAMPAGNE WITH
YOU FOR EVER. THANK YOU FOR ALL
THE WONDERFUL MEMORIES AND
THANK YOU TO YOUR WONDERFUL
FAMILY AND FRIENDS FOR SHARING
YOU WITH THE WORLD R.I.P
EYES xxx

Dear Terry

thank you for letting us travel
with you for a while. It has
been a joyous journey.

Love Julia^x
i.

Dear Terry,

Thank you for all the moments of laughter and joy I have
had and will do in the future, for without your
books I would not have such wonderful friends
to share them with.

Kirstie.

Mr Pratchett,

Gave us a land of
beauty, joy + humour
to play in.

And the best place
for a holiday

Elaine Mein

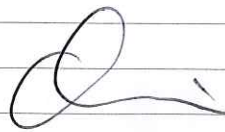
Tom

You were the Creator

You were a friend

But most of all you were the
creator of friends

Mind how you go



Good bye and
all our thanks.