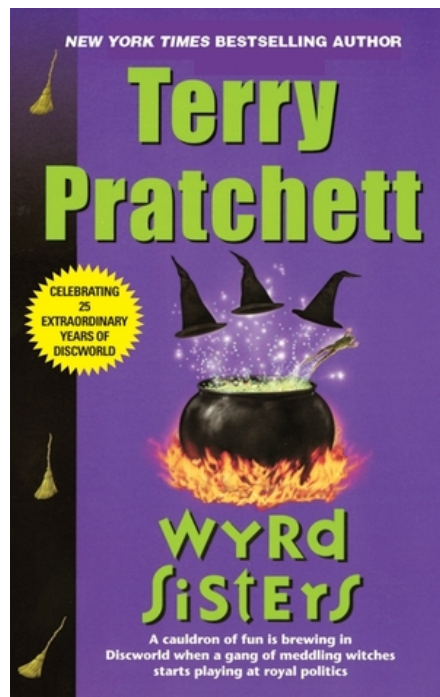




Wyrd Sisters

Terry Pratchett

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Kingdoms wobble, crowns topple and knives flash on the magical Discworld as the statutory three witches meddle in royal politics. The wyrd sisters battle against frightful odds to put the rightful king on the throne. At least, that's what they think...

Wyrds Sisters Details

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BrokenTune says

As the cauldron bubbled an eldritch voice shrieked: 'When shall we three meet again?' There was a pause. Finally another voice said, in far more ordinary tones: 'Well, I can do next Tuesday.'

I just realised that I never finished writing a review for this one even though I absolutely loved it. Wyrd Sisters is the second installment of the Witches sub-series, and is Pratchett's version of what would happen if Hamlet and Macbeth had been set in the Discworld universe - which may just give you an idea of the plot, but will not spoil anything because this is a Discworld novel and anything is possible.

Instead of writing a proper review, which I really can't get together because there are too many aspects of awesomeness about this book, I'm going to present a few of my favourite quotes (in no particular order):

'And until then I have to haunt this place.' King Verence stared around at the draughty battlements. *'All alone, I suppose. Won't anyone be able to see me?'*

OH, THE PSYCHICALLY INCLINED. CLOSE RELATIVES. AND CATS, OF COURSE.

'I hate cats.'

Death's face became a little stiffer, if that were possible. The blue glow in his eye sockets flickered red for an instant. I SEE, he said. The tone suggested that death was too good for cat-haters.

Lightning stabbed at the earth erratically, like an inefficient assassin.

However, in Bad Ass a cockerel laid an egg and had to put up with some very embarrassing personal questions.

The duke had a mind that ticked like a clock and, like a clock, it regularly went cuckoo.

Demons were like genies or philosophy professors – if you didn't word things exactly right, they delighted in giving you absolutely accurate and completely misleading answers.

'The door's locked,' said the Fool. 'There's all sorts of noises, but the door's locked.' 'Well, it's a dungeon, isn't it?'

'They're not supposed to lock from the inside!'

It was destined to be the most impressive kiss in the history of foreplay.

'Ah,' said Nanny. She took the girl's arm. 'The thing is,' she explained, 'as you progress in the Craft, you'll learn there is another rule. Esme's obeyed it all her life.'

'And what's that?'

'When you break rules, break 'em good and hard,' said Nanny, and grinned a set of gums that were more menacing than teeth.

Bradley says

There have been many great reviews on this old favorite of Sir Terry Pratchett's Discworld, and I won't wax eloquent, (or otherwise), save to mention that it's full of Headology and Shakespeare references, between murdered kings and lost heirs and crowns and a mummer's farce and a showdown between Witches and the King, but even so, it's all fun as hell.

I think this is the first novel of the Discworld series that truly comes into its own... or the first one that Pratchett uses as the template for all the ones to come. Since this is a second read of the whole series, I found this one to be an awfully familiar and warming experience.

I still think that there are better Discworld novels out there, but not by very much. :) All in all, it's a fun read.

I can't quite tell whether I like Ogg or Weatherwax more. :) I never really connected with Magrat.

Trish says

What a funny coincidence that my group started the *Discworld* buddy-read at a time that meant this 6th installment would be read in October of all months. How utterly appropriate.

And I have a confession to make: I think I have a new favourite. O.O

So far, my absolute favourite was **Mort** and it still is fantastic, but this book is at least equally great. There might not be deep messages about mortality, but the plot in **Wyrđ Sisters** has a lot of other important topics to offer.

The story is that of how Granny Weatherwax, Nanny Ogg (two old witches from the Discworld) and Magrat (a young witch) have started meeting regularly (the word coven shall not be uttered unless you want to get one of Granny's frowns) and how they come across / save a baby that turns out to be a royal heir. The king of Lancre has just ~~died in an accident~~ ~~been self-defenced to death~~ ~~been assassinated~~ died under certain circumstances that shall not be discussed further so the witches make sure the heir is taken away by a theatre company. However, the land itself is not very happy about the developments so against all supposed rules, the witches need to intervene.

There is magic (I vastly prefer the witches' magic to the wizards' one), there is intrigue, there is a bit of swashbuckling, there is almost Shakespearean mummery, there is DEATH, there is an assortment of animals, ghosts - and many plot concepts that get turned on their heads in the most hilarious way.

Best of all, on top of getting my beloved Granny Weatherwax, we are also getting her friend Nanny Gytha Ogg (the two are a great pair) AND my beloved Greebo!

(If you don't know who Greebo is, just look at the quotes I liked; he's truly unique. :D)

There were so many instances here where I didn't only have to chuckle but laugh out loud. Just look at the incredible amount of quotes I highlighted (I had to stop at some point or I would have quoted the entire

book). And the entire book was full of fast-paced fun what with the plan the witches come up with to help destiny on its way (though cudos to Terry Pratchett for not making it too easy just because they CAN do magic, that was a nice twist all on its own).

Like I said, my new favourite, also helped by another impeccable performance by the narrator who just nails Granny.

Lorenzo Phillibuster Fireworks says

After reading three rather lackluster books in a row I was feeling rather down about the world of reading. Then I read the first sentence of Wyrd Sisters. I entered the world of witches, Shakespearean plots and a novel full of Terry Pratchett's wonderful, quirky sense of humour.

As the cauldron bubbled an eldritch voice shrieked: 'When shall we three meet again?'

There was a pause.

Finally another voice said, in a far more ordinary tones: 'Well, I can do next Tuesday.' pg 1.

I think my favourite part of this book had to be the Shakespeare references, especially the Mabeth reference of the usurping King and Queen. I could not refrain from cringing everytime the new King washed, sandpapered and filed his hand away to remove the blood of the former King. I loved the play occuring at the end of the book which reenacted the entire plot of the novel with plenty of references to Shakespeare plays like The Tempest.

THis was probably my favourite overall plot of the Discworld series so far, but it is always Pratchett's humour that shines. This book has over 30 post its in it of my favourite quotes or descriptions and I wish I could include them all.

Apart from the main plot of royal politics and witch involvement there is the FANTASTIC explanation of Ankh Morporks legal system in which thieves are given licenses and, through a complex system, it is arranged that *a) the members could make a reasonable living and b) no citizen was robbed or assaulted more than an agreed number of times* and all receipts were handed out. *Many farsighted citizens in fact arranged to get an acceptable minimum of theft, assault, etc, over at the beginning of the financial year, often in the privacy and comfort of their own homes, and thus be able to walk the streets quite safely for the rest of the year.* pg 227.

One of my favourite descriptions in the book was of the life of a storm. *The storm was really giving it everything it had. This was its big chance. It had spent years hanging around the provinces, putting in some useful work as a squall, building up experience, making contacts, occasionally leaping out on unsuspecting shepherds or blasting quite small oak trees. Now an opening in the weather had given it an opportunity to strut its hour, and it was building up its role in the hope of being spotted by one of the big climates. It was a good storm. There was quite effective projection and passion there, and critics agreed that if it would only learn to control its thunder it would be, in years to come, a storm to watch.* pg 6-7.

Terry Pratchett also continues to show his affinity for cats:

'I hate cats.'

Death's face became a little stiffer, if that were possible. The blue glow in his eye sockets flickered red for an instant.

I SEE, he said. The tone suggested that death was too good for cat haters.

...a key to the understanding of all religion is that a god's idea of amusement is Snakes and Ladders with greased rungs.

The calender of the Theocracy of Muntab counts down not up. No one knows why, but it might not be a good idea to hang around and find out.

I think that since the play is commencing to start, your friends must find a seat elsewhere, when they arrive,' he said, and sat down.

*Within seconds his face went white. His teeth began to chatter. He clutched his stomach and groaned. **

** The observant will realise that this was because the king was already seated there. It was not because the man had used the phrase 'commence to start' in cold blood. But it ought to have been.*

I'd like to know if I could compare you to a summer's day. Because - well, June 12th was quite nice, and...Oh. You've gone...

Charlotte May says

"When you break rules, break 'em good and hard."

Hm. I must admit I wasn't as taken with this one as I was with Mort.

Terry Pratchett's insatiable wit was still there, but I just wasn't as invested in this story.

Three witches - Granny Weatherwax, Nanny Ogg and young Magrat keep to their own little coven and rarely meddle in other affairs.

But when three knights appear carrying a baby off into the woods they become suspicious, and decide to get involved.

"I reckon responsible behaviour is something to get when you grow older. Like varicose veins."

Turns out King Verence had been murdered in his own bed by his closest confidante. Leaving behind an unknown heir.

So begins a tale full of magic, mummers and general madness.

"Only in our dreams are we free. The rest of the time we need wages."

I did enjoy it, but it just wasn't as funny as the characters of Death and Mort for me. 3 stars.

Vicky N. says

Rating: 4.5 stars

Wyrd Sisters is the sixth book in the Discworld series, a series known for its many books and trickiness into deciding its reading order.

I found Wyrd Sisters a perfectly good introduction into the world. It is a fun and light hearted book involving witches, kings and magic.

It is a parody of the genre and it is gloriously entertaining and such a soothing change of pace from your typical fantasy novel.

Nobody takes themselves seriously in this book. The witches know what you expect witches to be like and they fill your expectations and then throw them to the ground. I loved Magrat, the youngest witch and new one to the job. She is constantly been berated by her eldest and they find her ideas of witch-hood strange, just like she finds the two old witches outdated. Loved their interactions, and the contrast between characters. I also really liked how they started detached and slowly became a coven and just learned to get along. I also loved Granny's grumpiness and Nanny Ogg with her vast family.

It's also very shakespeare-influenced, but it played with the influence and his knowledge that you would get the references.

A true joy to read and a fantastic start to a brilliant series that I can't wait to continue.

Melki says

I know the wizards have their fans, but for my money, NOBODY beats the Discworld witches.

Granny Weatherwax and her "cronies" try to dethrone an undesirable king in this adventure. To do it they'll need to mess around with time and even consort with...actors - gasp!

Here the gals summon a demon, with predictably Pratchett-like results:

The waters seethed a little, became very still and then, with a sudden movement and a little popping noise, mounded up into a head.

"Well?" it said.

"Who're you?" said Granny, bluntly.

The head revolved to face her.

"My name is unpronounceable in your tongue, woman," it said.

"I'll be the judge of that," warned Granny, and added, "Don't you call me woman."

"Very well. My name is WxrtHltl-jwlpklz," said the demon smugly.

"Where were you when the vowels were handed out? Behind the door?" said Nanny Ogg.

Nanny Ogg is my new role model. A boozy, incorrigible old flirt who uses her cauldron as a beer cooler...what's not to love?

She's also an expert when it comes to child rearing:

The water under the lid was inky black and, according to rumor, bottomless; the Ogg grandchildren were encouraged to believe that monsters from the dawn of time dwelt in its depths, since Nanny believed that a bit of thrilling and pointless terror was an essential ingredient of the magic of childhood.

So, forget about piano lessons and soccer camp. Instead, scare the crap out of your kids. They'll thank you for it!

somuchreading says

Κ?θε μ?να [περ?που] γρ?φω στο PopCode για ?να απ? τα 41 βιβλ?α του Discworld. Ορ?στε τι ?γραψα για αυτ?, ?να βιβλ?ο στο οπο?ο συναντ?με για πρ?τη φορ? και τις υπ?λοιπες μ?γισσες π?ρα απ? τη Granny Weatherwax, ?να ξεκαρδιστικ? μυθιστ?ρημα ?πως αυτ? που ξ?ρει καλ? να γρ?φει ο Terry Pratchett, μια ωδ? στο θ?ατρο και στον Σα?ξπηρ που αξ?ζει να αναζητ?σετε.

Wyrd Sisters: ★★★★★

Susanna - Censored by GoodReads says

Hamlet and MacBeth had a baby, and it was a comedy.

3.5 stars.

Joaquin Garza says

Hay autores que uno termina no sólo respetando, sino admirando al reconocer que además de sus talentos narrativos se trata de personas poseedoras de una cultura impresionante. Personas que seguro tenían bibliotecas monstruosas donde uno podía perderse, y personas con las cuales una tarde de café se convertiría en una experiencia para atesorar. Personas cuya cultura permea por todos lados en sus obras y donde uno termina de leer los libros y dice: 'de veras éste está cañón'.

Los Alberto Manguel, los Umberto Eco son parte de este grupo. Hoy estoy contento de reconocer y añadir a Terry Pratchett al mismo.

Brujerías (Wyrd Sisters) es una delicia de novela cómica. De por sí uno es capaz de caerse de la silla con los chistes de todos colores que pululan por el libro, pero éste en particular es como un vino que se disfruta mucho más si uno tiene conocimiento moderado a avanzado de las obras de Shakespeare (y más si uno las ha leído en inglés). Porque toda la novela es un homenaje no sólo a Macbeth, sino a la vida y obra del Bardo, incluso con un personaje que resulta un símil del autor. Esto la vuelve insuperable. (Añádanse también referencias a cosas tan dispares como a Andrew Lloyd Webber y sus triunfos ochenteros y a King con su Resplandor).

Y como es normal en Pratchett, hay un tema subyacente que se presenta de forma hábil. Si en Guardias! Guardias! se trataba del conflicto entre la justicia y la gobernanza y en Mort del concepto de destino, en Brujerías no es otro que el famoso Poder de la Historia (story, not History), que más o menos Shakespeare escribió en Como Gustéis así:

'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,'

Leslie says

How have I never read Terry Pratchett before? He's like ... Shakespeare and Wodehouse and Monty Python all wrapped into one!

A student gave me this book while we were studying Macbeth in class. *Wyrđ Sisters* is a sort of parallel story, which manages to poke fun at the play, revere the play, make inside jokes about the play, and ... well, generally turn the play on its head. All the while, you, the reader, get to feel very smart and superior for getting all the jokes and allusions.

And yet it manages to avoid being gimmicky. It really is a good story with good characters, too. This is no *Life of Brian* where the story itself matters less than the hilarity of the parody. *Wyrđ Sisters* may draw a good deal of life from *Macbeth*, but its real liveliness comes from Pratchett's skilled characterizations of a regicidal Duke, his murderess Dutchess, their depressed Fool, and three very colorful witches.

Oh, it's just genius. My only problem is figuring out what Pratchett novel to read next ... he's dauntingly prolific!

Brent says

So much fun.

Veronique says

"It is true that words have power, and one of the things they are able to do is get out of someone's mouth before the speaker has the chance to stop them."

Granny Weatherwax is back! Our favourite witch is brought to the scene when a baby is dropped at her feet leading her and her covent sisters, Nanny Ogg and Magrat Garlick, to deal with the death of a monarch and his rightful succession. All this of course involves a lot more than was first thought, with the kingdom in disarray due to the 'usurpers', and forces them to meddle with royal politics.

Wyrđ Sisters is Pratchett's homage to the Theatre and Shakespeare, sprinkling references to MacBeth, Hamlet and King Lear all over the plot. As always, the author's recognisable writing style and humour jump at you, full of metaphors, puns and irony, and threatening all the time to take over :O)

Lyn says

Shakespeare on the Discworld.

Truth be told, and all due respect to Rincewind, but I am partial to Sir Terry's Discworld Witches. Granny Weatherwax returns from Equal Rites to star in another novel, this time in Pratchett's 1988 entry into the Discworld universe, Wyrd Sisters, his sixth Discworld novel and the second to feature Weatherwax and her sister witches.

Nanny Ogg gives her a run for her money though.

Pratchett provides Granny Weatherwax with a return visit and introduces two of her sisters, Nanny Ogg and Magrat Garlick as the second and third witches to stand in for the three-witch coven triumvirate (maiden, mother, and crone). We also get to visit with Death (a recurring character in many of the Discworld books) and the Unseen University's orangutan Librarian.

Pratchett pays loving homage to The Bard with clear references to Hamlet, Macbeth, and King Lear and an overall theme of wordsmithing to give Discworld fans a touch of Shakespeare. There is even a character named "Hwel" who does the Discworld services of a traveling playwright.

But as in all of the Discworld novels, Sir Terry and his flavorful English humor narration is the real protagonist. Reading this, I smiled frequently and laughed out loud at least a couple times. A very good read.

Luffy says

The late Terry Pratchett was a hell of a writer. I thought one of my other favorite Fantasy authors, Brandon Sanderson, was barking up the wrong tree when he lauded Pratchett as a genius.

But, I realize now better not to distrust those in the know. It is clear to me that the author of Wyrd Sisters is a master of literature, with this book to prove it. A very great first half leading to a less than perfect second half makes me look forward to the Discworld books. It's queer how the first half emitted shades of Macbeth, while the parts with actual quotes from the play were less heads on. Comes from not reading Shakespeare.

Anyway, my expectations were ridiculously exceeded. I hope to choose the next Discworld novella with the same scientific and dutiful approach the kingdom of Lance adopts in choosing their king. Any one will do.
