

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

STEPHEN KING

UNDER THE DOME

A NOVEL

"SEVEN WORDS:
THE BEST YET FROM
THE BEST EVER."

—Lee Child



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UNDER THE DOME

A NOVEL

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GALLERY BOOKS

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Welcome to Chester's Mill, Maine . . .

Dale “Barbie” Barbara: an ex-Army drifter burdened by guilt, he becomes a lifeline when his old commander calls on him from outside the dome . . . **Big Jim Rennie, Sr.:** the cold-blooded used car dealer-turned-politician plans to make the isolated town into his personal fiefdom . . . **Julia Shumway:** newspaper publisher and Republican to the core, she joins forces with Barbie and finds a strength she didn’t know she had . . . **Joe McClatchey:** the thirteen-year-old “King of the Geeks” is smarter than anyone, and proves it in a crisis. . . . Their destinies will be decided in an invisible prison that holds an entire town captive.

UNDER THE DOME

Stephen King’s #1 *New York Times* bestseller . . .
his boldest novel since *The Stand*

“It has the scope and flavor of literary Americana, even if King’s particular patch of American turf is located smack in the middle of the Twilight Zone. . . . A spectrum of credible people with real family ties, health crises, self-destructive habits, and political passions. . . . Hard as this thing is to hoist, it’s even harder to put down.”

—Janet Maslin, *The New York Times*

“One of those works of fiction that manages to be both pulp and high art, that successfully-and very improbably-captures the national zeitgeist at this particularly strange and breathless period in American history. . . . Stephen King, at his best.”

—Associated Press

This title is also available from Simon & Schuster Audio and as an eBook

“One of his most powerful novels ever . . . and our stock of literature in the great American Gothic tradition is brilliantly replenished because of it. . . . [A] daunting story. . . . Reveals King’s greatest qualities as a writer. . . . Never once do we doubt the veracity of this large cast. The psychological insight into these small-town people is pin-sharp, vivid, and utterly convincing. King’s greatness lies in his uncanny genius for creating characters and understanding the hive-mind of a community. . . . A foot-on-the-gas narrative. . . . [A] harrowing climax.”

—*The Washington Post*

“In these days of text messages and Twitter novels, King grips us in a chokehold of un-put-down-able fascination for more than 1,000 pages.”

—*USA Today*

“Irresistibly compelling. . . . King handles the huge cast of characters masterfully but ruthlessly, forcing them to live (or not) with the consequences of hasty decisions. . . . A nonstop thrill ride as well as a disturbing, moving meditation on our capacity for good and evil.”

—*Publishers Weekly*

“Moves so fast and grips the reader so tightly that it’s practically incapacitating.”

—*Newsday* (NY)

“Impressive.”

—*Los Angeles Times*

“Vintage King: wonderfully written, good, creepy, old-school fun.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

“King is masterful at knowing the nature of people, and how a small thing can escalate into a very large one as nerves grate and tempers grow short.”

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

"Classic King, sure to please any fan."

—*Baltimore Sun*

"Spellbinding."

—ABCnews.com

"Stephen King knows exactly what scares you most. Which is why he's the more underrated literary novelist of our time. . . . King's ability to create a gripping world is so great, his pacing so effortlessly swift, that it can feel as if you're caught in a cat's claws, at once fearful of and delighted by the horrors the next page might bring. . . . King knows that the biggest danger comes not from the outsider—from bombs, from war, from Islam—but from the mob-growing within. We are all under the dome."

—*Esquire*

"An author whose continued and slightly frenzied commerce with his muse has been one of the more enthralling spectacles in American literature. . . . Writing flat-out seems to magnetize his imagination: by the final third of this novel King is effortlessly drawing in T. S. Eliot and the Book of Revelation, the patient etherized upon a table and the Star Wormwood."

—James Parker, *The New York Times Book Review*

"A clever blend of *Lord of the Flies*, Malthus, Machiavelli and *Lost*. . . . A wildly entertaining trip."

—*People* (3 ½ stars)

"Stephen King's *Under the Dome* was one of my favorite books of the year so far."

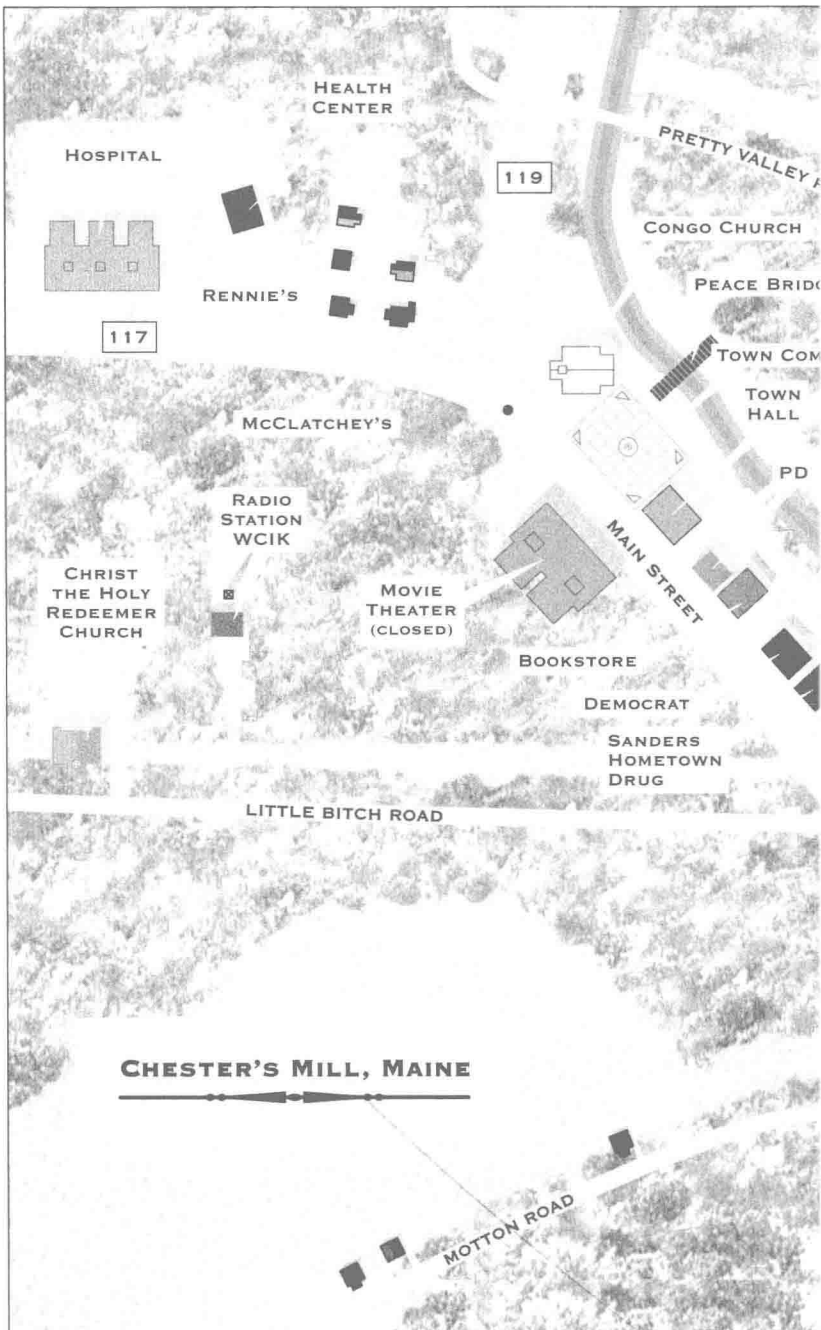
—Neil Gaiman

In memory of Surendra Dahyabhai Patel.

We miss you, my friend.

Who you lookin for
What was his name
you can prob'ly find him
at the football game
it's a small town
you know what I mean
it's a small town, son
and we all support the team

—JAMES MCMURTRY



McCOY
ORCHARD

BLACK RIDGE ROAD

DEEP CUT ROAD

MAISON
DES
FLEURS

FOOD CITY

SLOPPY
SAM'S

GOD CREEK ROAD

RENNIE'S
USED CARS

MOTTON ROAD

Prestile Stream

CHESTER'S MILL

HARLOW

TO
SEACOAST

Prestile Stream

TO NEW
HAMPSHIRE

Area of main map

CASTLE ROCK
(COUNTY SEAT)

MOTTON

TO
NORWAY-SOUTH
PARIS

TO
LEWISTON

TO
DINSMORE
FARM

TR-90
UNINCORPORATED
TOWNSHIP

119

117

117

119

117

119



SOME (BUT NOT ALL) OF THOSE IN CHESTER'S MILL ON DOME DAY:

TOWN OFFICIALS

Andy Sanders, First Selectman
Jim Rennie, Second Selectman
Andrea Grinnell, Third Selectman

SWEETBRIAR ROSE STAFF

Rose Twitchell, Owner
Dale Barbara, Cook
Anson Wheeler, Dishwasher
Angie McCain, Waitress
Dodee Sanders, Waitress

POLICE DEPARTMENT

Howard "Duke" Perkins, Chief
Peter Randolph, Assistant Chief
Marty Arsenault, Officer
Freddy Denton, Officer
George Frederick, Officer
Rupert Libby, Officer
Toby Whelan, Officer
Jackie Wettington, Officer
Linda Everett, Officer
Stacey Moggin, Officer/Dispatch
Junior Rennie, Special Deputy
Georgia Roux, Special Deputy
Frank DeLesseps, Special Deputy

Melvin Searles, Special Deputy
Carter Thibodeau, Special Deputy

PASTORAL CARE

Reverend Lester Coggins, Christ the Holy Redeemer Church
Reverend Piper Libby, First Congregational Church

MEDICAL STAFF

Ron Haskell, Doctor
Rusty Everett, Physician's Assistant
Ginny Tomlinson, Nurse
Dougie Twitchell, Nurse
Gina Buffalino, Volunteer Nurse
Harriet Bigelow, Volunteer Nurse

TOWN KIDS

Little Walter Bushey
"Scarecrow" Joe McClatchey
Norrie Calvert
Benny Drake
Judy and Janelle Everett
Ollie and Rory Dinsmore

TOWNSPEOPLE OF NOTE

Tommy and Willow Anderson, Owner/Operators of Dipper's
Roadhouse
Stewart and Fernald Bowie, Owner/Operators of Bowie Funeral
Home
Joe Boxer, Dentist
Romeo Burpee, Owner/Operator of Burpee's Department Store

Phil Bushey, Chef of Dubious Repute
Samantha Bushey, His Wife
Jack Cale, Supermarket Manager
Ernie Calvert, Supermarket Manager (ret.)
Johnny Carver, Convenience Store Operator
Alden Dinsmore, Dairy Farmer
Roger Killian, Chicken Farmer
Lissa Jamieson, Town Librarian
Claire McClatchey, Scarecrow Joe's Mom
Alva Drake, Benny's Mom
Stubby Norman, Antique Dealer
Brenda Perkins, Chief Perkins's Wife
Julia Shumway, Owner/Editor of the Local Newspaper
Tony Guay, Sports Reporter
Pete Freeman, News Photographer
"Sloppy" Sam Verdreaux, Town Drunk

OUT-OF-TOWNERS

Alice and Aidan Appleton, Dome Orphans ("Dorphans")
Thurston Marshall, Literary Man with Medical Skills
Carolyn Sturges, Graduate Student

DOGS OF NOTE

Horace, Julia Shumway's Corgi
Clover, Piper Libby's German Shepherd
Audrey, the Everetts' Golden Retriever

**THE AIRPLANE
AND THE WOODCHUCK**

From two thousand feet, where Claudette Sanders was taking a flying lesson, the town of Chester's Mill gleamed in the morning light like something freshly made and just set down. Cars trundled along Main Street, flashing up winks of sun. The steeple of the Congo Church looked sharp enough to pierce the unblemished sky. The sun raced along the surface of Prestile Stream as the Seneca V overflow it, both plane and water cutting the town on the same diagonal course.

"Chuck, I think I see two boys beside the Peace Bridge! Fishing!" Her very delight made her laugh. The flying lessons were courtesy of her husband, who was the town's First Selectman. Although of the opinion that if God had wanted man to fly, He would have given him wings, Andy was an extremely coaxable man, and eventually Claudette had gotten her way. She had enjoyed the experience from the first. But this wasn't mere enjoyment; it was exhilaration. Today was the first time she had really understood what made flying great. What made it cool.

Chuck Thompson, her instructor, touched the control yoke gently, then pointed at the instrument panel. "I'm sure," he said, "but let's keep the shiny side up, Claudie, okay?"

"Sorry, sorry."

"Not at all." He had been teaching people to do this for years, and he liked students like Claudie, the ones who were eager to learn something new. She might cost Andy Sanders some real money before

long; she loved the Seneca, and had expressed a desire to have one just like it, only new. That would run somewhere in the neighborhood of a million dollars. Although not exactly spoiled, Claudie Sanders had undeniably expensive tastes which, lucky man, Andy seemed to have no trouble satisfying.

Chuck also liked days like this: unlimited visibility, no wind, perfect teaching conditions. Nevertheless, the Seneca rocked slightly as she overcorrected.

"You're losing your happy thoughts. Don't do that. Come to one-twenty. Let's go out Route 119. And drop on down to nine hundred."

She did, the Seneca's trim once more perfect. Chuck relaxed.

They passed above Jim Rennie's Used Cars, and then the town was behind them. There were fields on either side of 119, and trees burning with color. The Seneca's cruciform shadow fled up the blacktop, one dark wing briefly brushing over an ant-man with a pack on his back. The ant-man looked up and waved. Chuck waved back, although he knew the guy couldn't see him.

"*Beautiful* goddam day!" Claudie exclaimed. Chuck laughed.

Their lives had another forty seconds to run.

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The woodchuck came bumbling along the shoulder of Route 119, headed in the direction of Chester's Mill, although the town was still a mile and a half away and even Jim Rennie's Used Cars was only a series of twinkling sunflashes arranged in rows at the place where the highway curved to the left. The chuck planned (so far as a woodchuck can be said to plan anything) to head back into the woods long before he got that far. But for now, the shoulder was fine. He'd come farther from his burrow than he meant to, but the sun had been warm on his back and the smells were crisp in his nose, forming rudimentary images—not quite pictures—in his brain.

He stopped and rose on his back paws for an instant. His eyes