



THE

SANDMAN

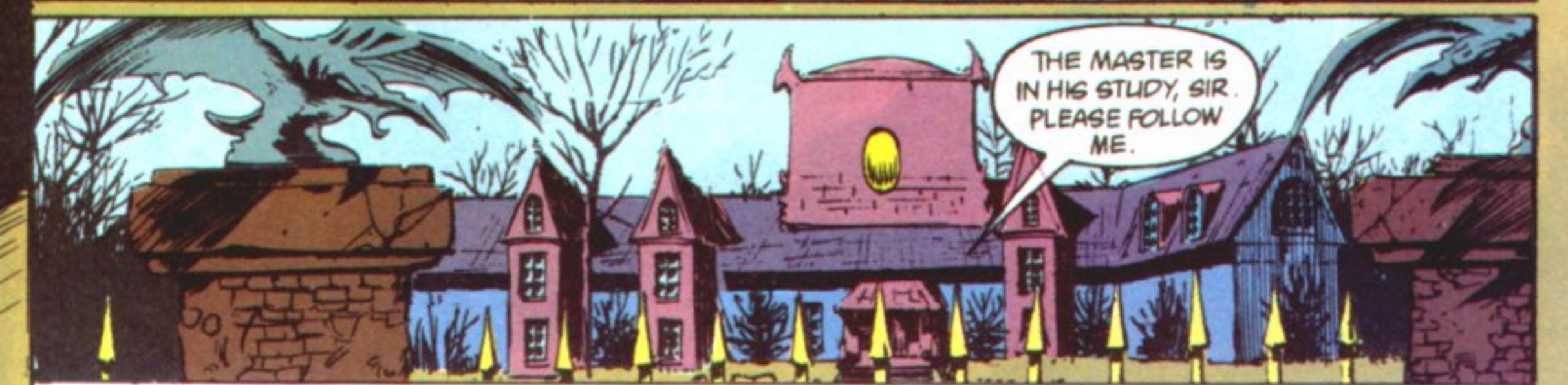
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FOR MATURE
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MASTER • of • DREAMS



GAIMAN • KIETH • DRINGENBERG



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DR. HATHAWAY!
WHAT AN UNEXPECTED
PLEASURE!

PLEASE TAKE
A SEAT.

COMPTON,
SOME TEA FOR
OUR GUEST.

SO, I TAKE IT
THAT YOU HAVE...
RECONSIDERED?

I BROUGHT YOU
THE BOOK. I HAD TO. IF
WHAT YOU WERE TELLING
ME WAS TRUE... AND IT IS
TRUE, ISN'T IT?

ABOUT
DEATH?

QUITE TRUE,
DR. HATHAWAY.

THE MAGDALENE GRIMOIRE
WAS ALL THAT THE ORDER
NEEDED. WE CAN HOLD THE
CEREMONY AT THE NEXT
FULL MOON...

AND THEN... NO
ONE NEED EVER
DIE AGAIN.

MY SON, EDMUND.
I GOT A TELEGRAM
THIS MORNING. HIS
DESTROYER WAS
SUNK LAST WEEK.
OFF JUTLAND.

AFTER OUR
MEETING AT THE
MUSEUM... I--I
KNOW WHAT I
SAID BUT...

"HE'S DEAD."

JUNE 10TH, 1916.

TORONTO, CANADA. ELLIE MARSTEN LISTENS TO HER BED TIME STORY.

...SAID TWEEDLEDUM,
"WHEN YOU'RE ONLY ONE OF
THE THINGS IN HIS DREAM."

SHE KNOWS IT IS ONLY
MEANT TO ENTERTAIN HER.

"YOU KNOW
VERY WELL YOU'RE
NOT REAL."

IT TERRIFIES HER.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA.
IN HIS FATHER'S INN
DANIEL BLISTAMONTE
SLEEPS. THE SHOUTS
AND SONGS OF
DRUNKEN ADULTS DO
NOT SHAKE HIS
SLUMBER.

HE DREAMS OF A CASTLE
IN THE AIR. ABOVE THE
BLUE MOUNTAINS.

A CASTLE MADE OF CLOUDS.

VERDUN, FRANCE. STEFAN WASSERMAN
GOES OVER THE TOP AGAIN TONIGHT.
AS SOON AS IT'S DARK. HE NEVER
DREAMED IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS.
NOBODY TOLD HIM.

HE LIED ABOUT HIS AGE
TO ENLIST. HE'S ALMOST 14.

LONDON, ENGLAND. UNITY KINKAID
TOGGES BETWEEN LINEN SHEETS.
SHE DREAMS OF A TALL, DARK
MAN. HIS EYES BURN LIKE TWIN
STARS IN HER HEAD.

SHE MUTTERS AND WHIMPERS;
LOST IN A WORLD BEYOND HER
UNDERSTANDING, UNITY DREAMS.

AND OF DEATH, OF COURSE.

WYCH CROSS, ENGLAND.
RODERICK BURGESS'S
WAKING DREAMS ARE OF
THE POWER AND THE GLORY.

ESPECIALLY DEATH.

IT'S MIDNIGHT.
IT'S TIME.



TIME, AH... NO
ONE HAS EVEN ATTEMPTED
WHAT WE WILL ACHIEVE
TONIGHT, ALEX. TO
SUMMON AND IMPRISON
DEATH...

THIS WILL BE
A TRIUMPH FOR
THE ORDER, EH,
ALEX?

YES,
FATHER.

FATHER?

...MAGUS.



AFTER TONIGHT
I'D LIKE TO SEE ALEISTER
AND HIS FRIENDS TRY
TO MAKE FUN OF ME!

THEY WILL
MAKE NO MORE
JOKES, ALEX, WHEN
DEATH IS AT MY
COMMAND...

AND I HAVE THE
MAGDALENE GRIMOIRE.
POOR PROFESSOR
HATHAWAY... EVEN IF WE
FAIL TONIGHT, MY SON,
HATHAWAY GAVE
US THE BOOK.



HE'LL BE IN OUR
SWAY FOREVER. THE
ROYAL MUSEUM WILL BE
OURS TO PLUNDER.



POOR
OLD FOOL...

EVERYTHING IS READY
FOR THE CEREMONY,
MAGUS.

GOOD.

TO YOUR
PLACES,
THEN.

LET US
BEGIN.

I GIVE YOU
COIN I MADE FROM
A STONE.

I GIVE YOU
A SONG I STOLE
FROM THE
DIRT.

FOR A MOMENT RODERICK BURGESS
IS SCARED. HE THINKS OF THE
EFFRONTERY OF HIS ACTION: TO
CAPTURE DEATH... TO BIND THE
REAPER...

FOR A MOMENT HE
HESITATES. BUT ONLY
FOR A MOMENT.

I GIVE YOU A CLAW I
RIPPED FROM A RAT. I GIVE
YOU A NAME, AND THE NAME
IS LOST. I GIVE YOU THE
BLOOD...

...FROM OUT
OF MY VEIN, AND A
FEATHER I PULLED
FROM AN ANGEL'S
WING.

I GIVE YOU A KNIFE
FROM UNDER THE HILLS. AND
A STICK THAT I STUCK THROUGH
A DEAD MAN'S EYE.

THE WORDS OF THE SPELL
TOLL INSIDE HIS HEAD.
BURGESS REALIZES THAT
HE COULDN'T STOP NOW.
NOT EVEN IF HE WANTED
TO...

I CALL YOU
WITH NAMES,
OH MY LORD,
OH MY LORD.

I SUMMON
WITH POISON AND
SUMMON WITH PAIN.
I OPEN THE WAY
AND I OPEN THE
GATES.

COME.
COME.
COME.
COME.
COME.
COME.

I SUMMON YOU IN THE NAMES
OF THE OLD LORDS.

NAMSTAR. ALLATU.
MORAX. NABERIUS.
KLESH. VEVAR.
MAYMON.

WE SUMMON.

100%
RRRRRR

COME.

COME.
COME.
COME.
COME.
COME.
COME.
COME.

ASHEMA-DEVA
CALLS YOU.
MABORYM
CALLS YOU.
HORVENDILE
CALLS YOU.

"FROM THE DARK THEY CALL YOU... INTO
THE DARK THEY CALL YOU."

COIN AND
SONG, KNIFE
AND STICK...

"CLAW AND NAME,
BLOOD AND FEATHER."

HERE IN THE
DARKNESS...

HERE IN THE
DARKNESS...

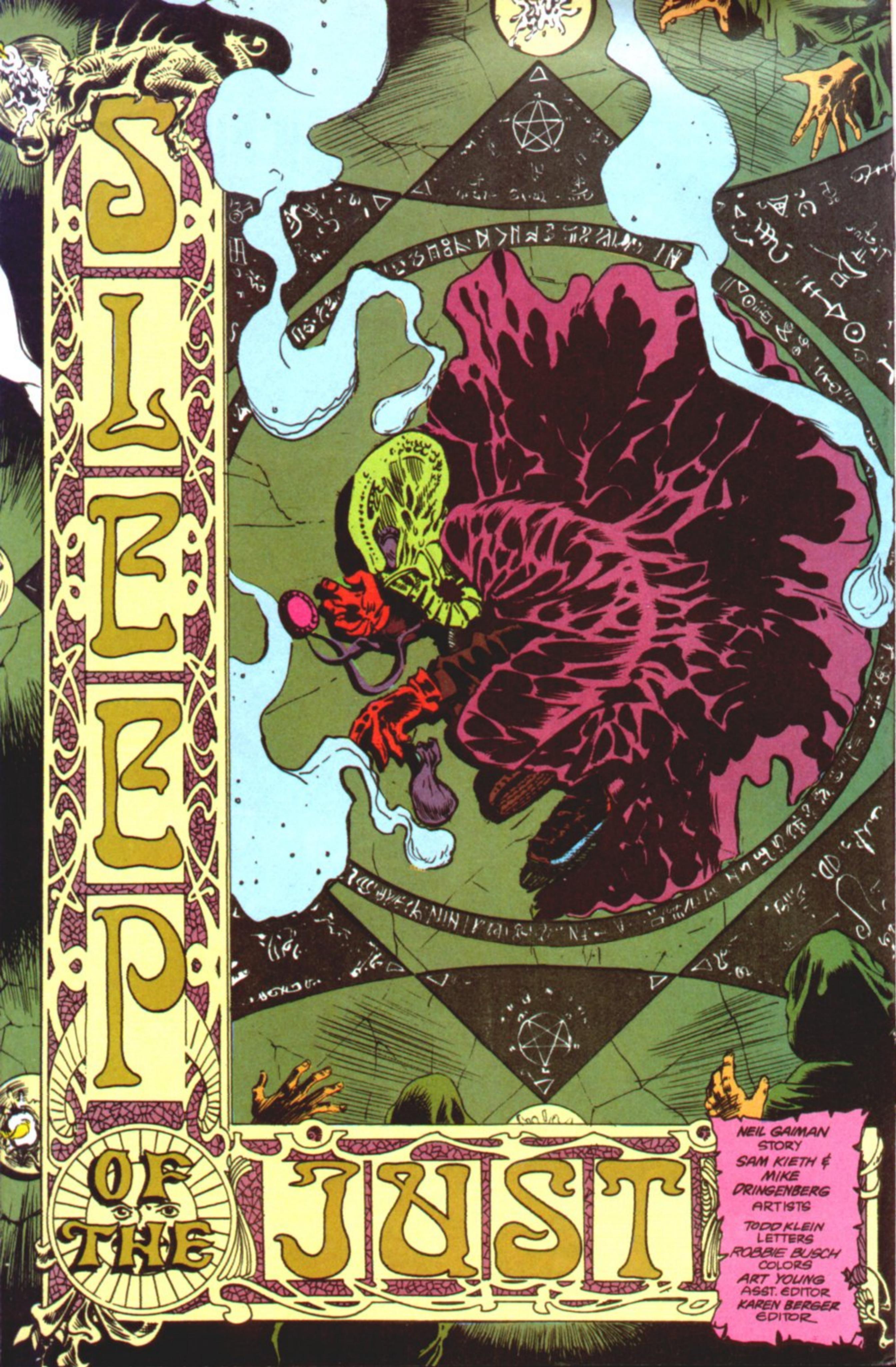
HERE IN THE
DARKNESS...

HERE IN THE
DARKNESS...

"HERE IN THE
DARKNESS..."

"WE SUMMON YOU,
TOGETHER.

"COME!"



NEIL GAIMAN
STORY
SAM KIETH &
MIKE
DRINGENBERG
ARTISTS
TODD KLEIN
LETTERS
ROBBIE BUSCH
COLORS
ART YOUNG
ASST. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER
EDITOR

WE DID IT.
I DON'T BELIEVE
IT. WE DID IT.

THIS ISN'T DEATH.
DAMN IT TO HELL.

EVEN SO...

"...I THINK -- AT THE END OF THE
DAY -- THIS WILL HAVE BEEN A VERY
PROFITABLE EVENING'S WORK."



STEFAN'S CASE IS NEW
TO THE DOCTORS. THEY
THOUGHT THEY'D SEEN
EVERY FORM OF SHELL-
SHOCK.



HOW LONG CAN A BOY GO
WITHOUT SLEEPING? WHEN
DO THE NIGHTMARES SNEAK
OUT INTO THE DAYLIGHT?



THE MORPHINE IS
PROVING USELESS.



STEFAN WASSERMAN WENT
OVER THE TOP.

UNITY KINKAID FINDS IT
HARDER AND HARDER TO
STAY AWAKE.



SHE NOW SLEEPS FOR ALMOST
TWENTY HOURS A DAY.



SHE USED TO DREAM; TO
SHIFT IN HER SLEEP,
MUTTERING AND SIGHING,
LOCKED IN HALF-REMEMBERED
FANTASIES...



UNITY SLEEPS.



Trapped



Observe



WELCOME. AS YOU
SEE, THE CIRCLE TRAPS
YOU INCORPOREALLY; THE
CRYSTAL CELL IMPRISONS
YOUR MATERIAL ASPECT.



YOU WON'T GET
OUT UNLESS THE CIRCLE
IS BROKEN. AND THE CIRCLE
WILL NOT BE BROKEN
UNLESS I ORDER IT.



WE WILL DISCUSS
THE CONDITIONS OF
YOUR RELEASE...



Threats.



Patience.

JUNE 1920. THE GREAT WAR TWO YEARS IN THE PAST: AN OVERDUE STOCKTAKING REVEALS THE LOSS OF BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS FROM THE ROYAL MUSEUM.

PROFESSOR JOHN HATHAWAY,
SENIOR CURATOR, COMES
UNDER SUSPICION.

YOU'RE A BASTARD,
RODERICK BURGESS.
AND I WAS A FOOL.

I WAS A FOOL
TO THINK YOU COULD
REPLACE EDMUND. I
WAS A FOOL TO HAVE
GIVEN YOU THAT
DAMNED BOOK.

YOU'VE BLED ME DRY.
BUT YOU CAN'T BLACKMAIL
ME ANY LONGER.

I'VE WRITTEN A SUICIDE
NOTE. TO MY SHAME I KNOW
TOO MUCH ABOUT YOU. IT'S
ALL THERE--ALL I KNOW.

"IF YOU'RE LUCKY THEY'LL
ONLY HANG YOU. YOU'LL
RUIN NO MORE LIVES."

"...I AM CERTAIN YOU WILL
MEET ME THERE."

CONFESSTION
I, John Hathaway,
Wishing to die peace-
fully, here state
that the true
of my in

FOOL.

PROFESSOR HATHAWAY'S USE OF A MUSEUM ARTIFACT IN HIS SUICIDE CONFIRMED SPECULATION THAT HE WAS MENTALLY UNBALANCED.

NO SUICIDE NOTE WAS FOUND.

CURATOR'S MYSTERY SUICIDE POLICE BAFFLED

AT THE INQUEST, ACCUSATIONS WERE MADE LINKING HATHAWAY TO RODERICK BURGESS -- "THE LORD MAGUS" -- AND HIS ORDER OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

NOTHING COULD BE PROVEN.

THE SELF-STYLED "DAEMON KING" REFUSED TO COMMENT.

THE "SLEEPY SICKNESS", AS IT WAS CALLED, CONTINUED TO SPREAD. PEOPLE FELL ASLEEP, AND DID NOT WAKE UP...

THE DAILY MAIL

SCANDAL ROCKS OCCULT COMMUNITY
"DAEMON KING" CLEARED
DUE TO LACK OF EVIDENCE

The figure who was alleged to be at the centre of the scandal involving the bizarre suicide of museum curator John Hathaway is Roderick Burgess, born Morris Burgess Brocklesby in Preston, Lancashire in 1872. During the turn of the century, Mr. Burgess used his considerable inherited industrial wealth to set up his mystical organisation, The Order of Ancient Mysteries, based in "Pawney Rig," a Sussex Manor House.

In 1916 Mr. Burgess announced widely in occult circles that he would raise and imprison Death, proving himself as the greatest magician of his day. Whatever the truth of what occurred in Wych Cross in 1916—and it is doubtful anyone will ever know for sure—one thing is certain: it was a significant turning point for Burgess and his Order of Ancient Mysteries. Mr. Burgess' efforts to win himself a place in history were met with scorn by the other

Since The Daily Mail published the letter of his daughter, who



TRAGEDIES OF SLEEPY SICKNESS.
WARPED MINDS AND BROKEN BODIES.

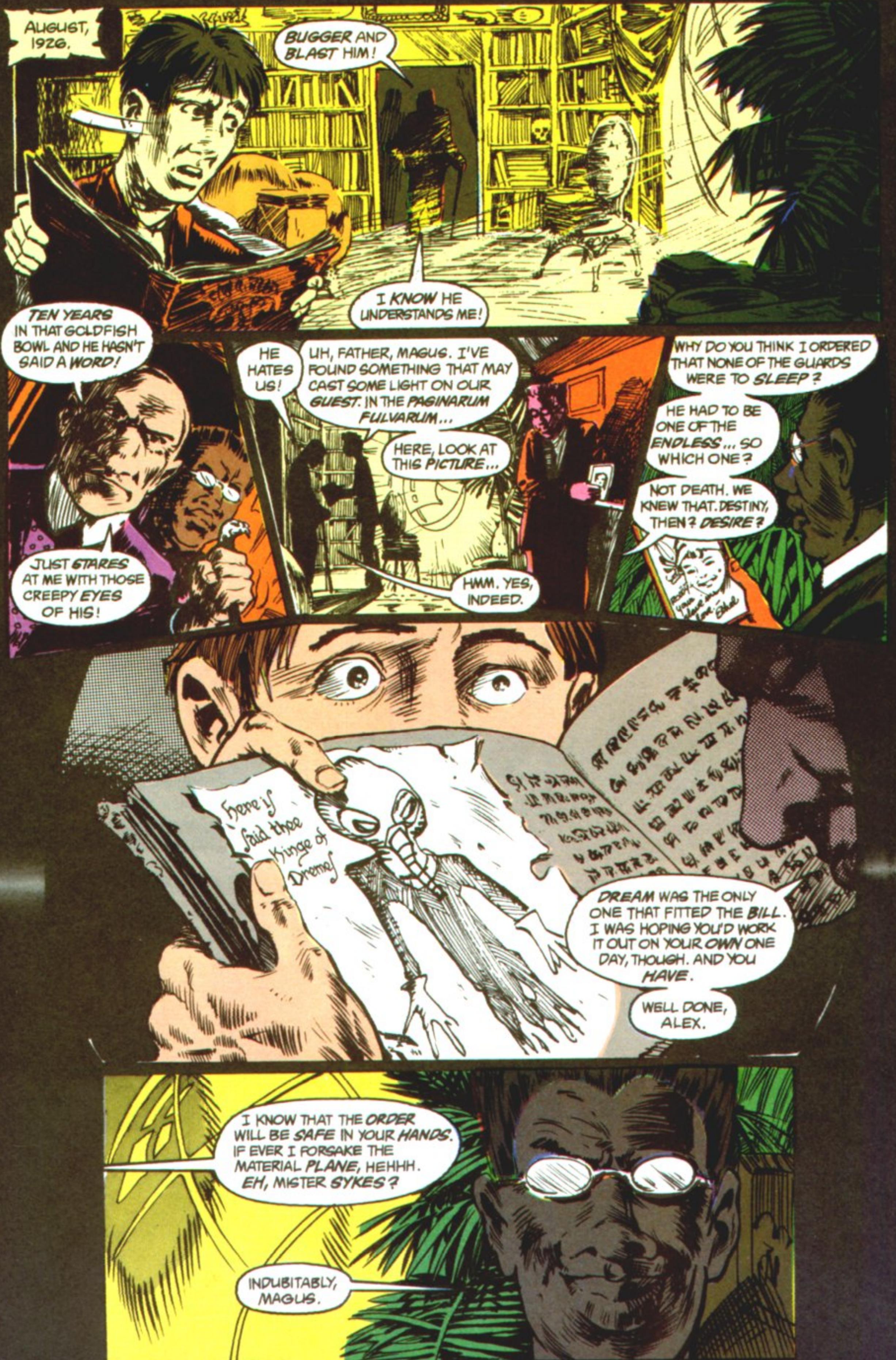
THEY LIVED THEIR LIVES LIKE SLEEPWALKERS; EATING IF FED, SOMETIMES TALKING NONSENSE, DREAM-STUFF...

PSYCHIC RESIDUE FROM THE WORLD WAR, SOME SUGGESTED. OTHERS, DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS, MORE SENSIBLY ATTRIBUTED IT TO A VIRUS.

UNABLE TO SLEEP, STEFAN WASSERMAN KILLED HIMSELF A YEAR AFTER HIS DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY.

HE WAS SIXTEEN.

1902-1918
STEFAN WASSERMAN









1947.

FATHER, DO YOU THINK
THIS IS WISE? AT YOUR
AGE?

MY AGE? -Khoff! -
DON'T BE SO BLOODY
INSOLENT! OPEN
THE DAMN DOOR!

YOU! IT'S YOUR
FAULT! YOU!

DAMN YOU!

YOU AREN'T DEATH.
BUT YOU LIVE FOREVER.
YOU HAVEN'T AGED
A DAY SINCE WE
CAUGHT YOU.

YOU COULD HAVE
GIVEN ME POWER
BEYOND MY WILDEST
DREAMS.

-SNF.-

I->ahhah<- I
DIDN'T HAVE TO
GET SO OLD.

I SHOULDN'T
HAVE HAD TO
GET OLD.

LKT

Waiting.

Watch my captor grow
old and die. No satisfaction.
Still here.



1955.

RON ERICK BIRKERS
1855-1947
NOT DEAD,
ONLY SLEEPING



ELLIE MARSTEN IS DIAGNOSED AS SUFFERING FROM ENCEPHALITIS LETHARGICA. SHE NOW WAKES FOUR OR FIVE TIMES A YEAR...

DANIEL BUSTAMONTE IS AWAKE MUCH OF THE TIME. HE DOESN'T SPEAK, THOUGH.

SHE WANTS SOMEONE TO READ HER A STORY.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS SAY HE IS ZOMBIE, A WALKING DEAD MAN.

IF HE SPOKE HE MIGHT AGREE WITH THEM. SOMETHING DIED INSIDE HIM A LONG TIME AGO.

WHEN HER PARENTS DIED, THE FAMILY EXECUTORS HAD UNITY KINKAID PLUT INTO A NURSING HOME.

AROUND HER THE ELDERLY WAIT FOR DEATH, AS THEY'D WAIT FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

THEY HAVE TO EXPLAIN WHERE SHE IS TO HER EVERY TIME SHE WAKES. SHE NEVER REMEMBERS...

A CASTLE MADE OF CLOUDS.

KILLING TIME.

"ALEX, DARLING, I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU KEEP HIM DOWN THERE..."

"WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?"

BUT WHAT IF THE POLICE FOUND OUT? IT'S KIDNAPPING!

DON'T BE FOOLISH, PAUL. I'VE TOLD YOU...

HE'S BEEN DOWN THERE FOR FORTY YEARS, WITHOUT EATING, WITHOUT... SLEEPING.

HE'S A BEING OF UNKNOWNABLE POWER. SO WHAT DO I DO?

SAY, "SORRY--IT WAS ALL FATHER'S FAULT. LOOK ME UP THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE INCARCERATED ON THE PHYSICAL PLANE"?

IF YOU SAY SO. YOU'VE BEEN AROUND A LOT LONGER THAN I HAVE. FANCY A GAME OF TENNIS?

THE ORDER ISN'T JUST A WAY TO MAKE MONEY AND GET LAID, PAUL. SOME OF IT'S FOR REAL.

I'VE SEEN STUFF YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE. THINGS THAT STILL SCARE ME. NIGHTMARE THINGS.

WE'RE SAFER JUST LEAVING HIM DOWN THERE. I'LL BE DEAD LONG BEFORE HE EVER GETS OUT. IT'LL BE SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROBLEM.

"NOT NOW. SORRY. I'M TOO TIRED."



1968. THEY COME TO HIM SEEKING ENLIGHTENMENT. ALEXANDER BURGESS TELLS THEM OF KUNDALINI YOGA, TANTRIC SEX, ASTRAL TRAVEL...

NOTHING IMPORTANT.

HE FORBIDS THEM TO USE PSYCHEDELICS IN THE HOUSE, WORRIED THAT THE WAKING DREAMS COULD SOMEHOW EMPOWER HIS PRISONER.

MOVED TO A HOSPITAL SPECIALIZING IN ENCEPHALITIS CASES, ELLIE CONTINUES TO SLEEP. THERE ARE MANY THERE LIKE HER. PEOPLE FOR WHOM THE SANDS OF TIME STOPPED FLOWING, SOMETIME HALF A CENTURY EARLIER.

HE WON'T LET THEM CALL HIM "MAGUS" TO HIS FACE IT'S ALEX. ALWAYS ALEX.

THE NURSING HOME STAFF PRETEND THAT UNITY IS AWAKE. THEY WHEEL HER FROM ROOM TO ROOM WITH THE OTHER PATIENTS.

ASLEEP, SHE WATCHES TELEVISION.

ASLEEP, SHE RELAXES IN THE SUN.

THERE ARE TWO GUARDS IN HIS ROOM AT ALL TIMES. COFFEE AND AMPHETAMINES ARE FREELY AVAILABLE. THE GUARDS NEVER SLEEP ON DUTY.

DANIEL SLEEPWALKS UNSPEAKING THROUGH HIS WORLD.

HE MOVES SLOWLY, LIKE A MAN WADING THROUGH QUICKSAND.



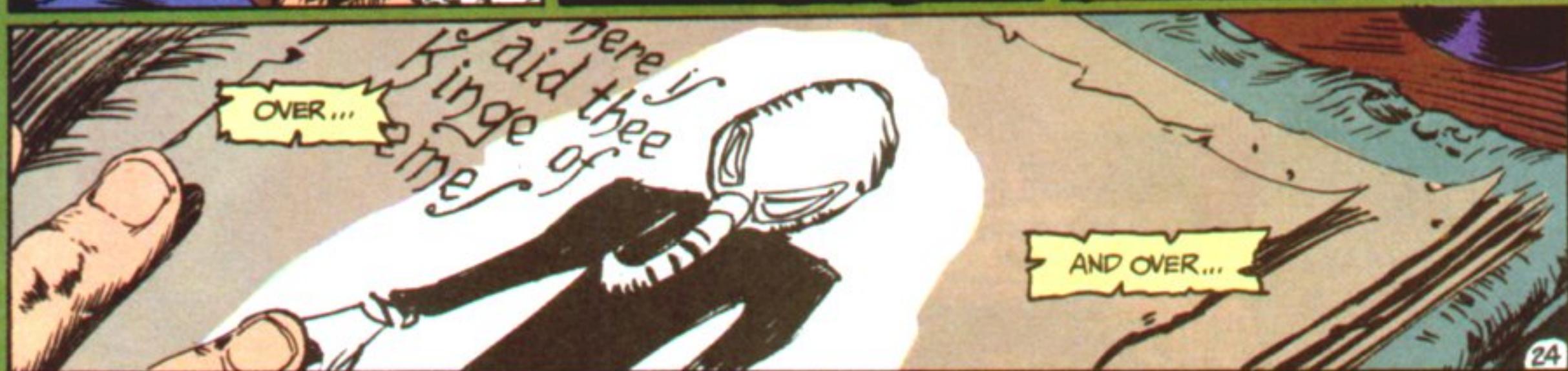
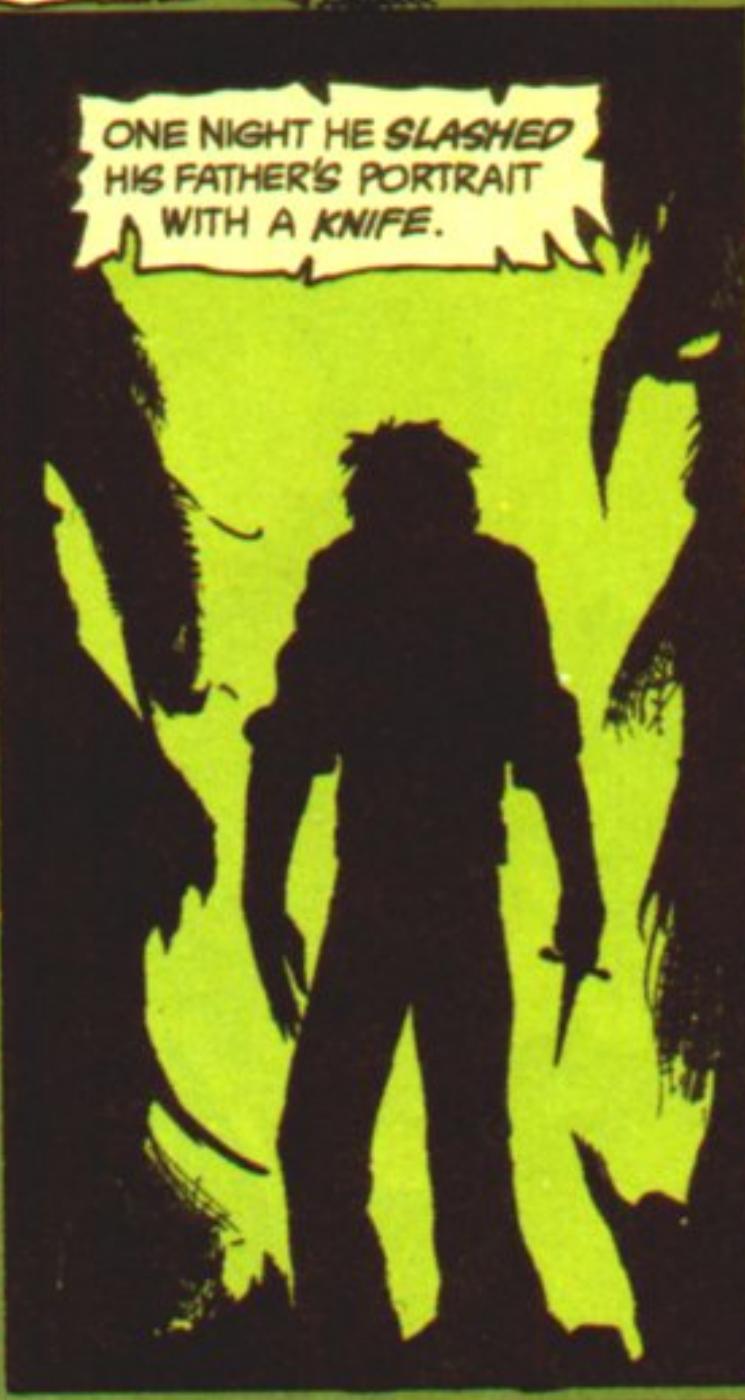
ALEX HANDS OVER THE REINS OF ORGANIZATION TO PAUL MCGUIRE, HIS LONGTIME PERSONAL ASSISTANT.

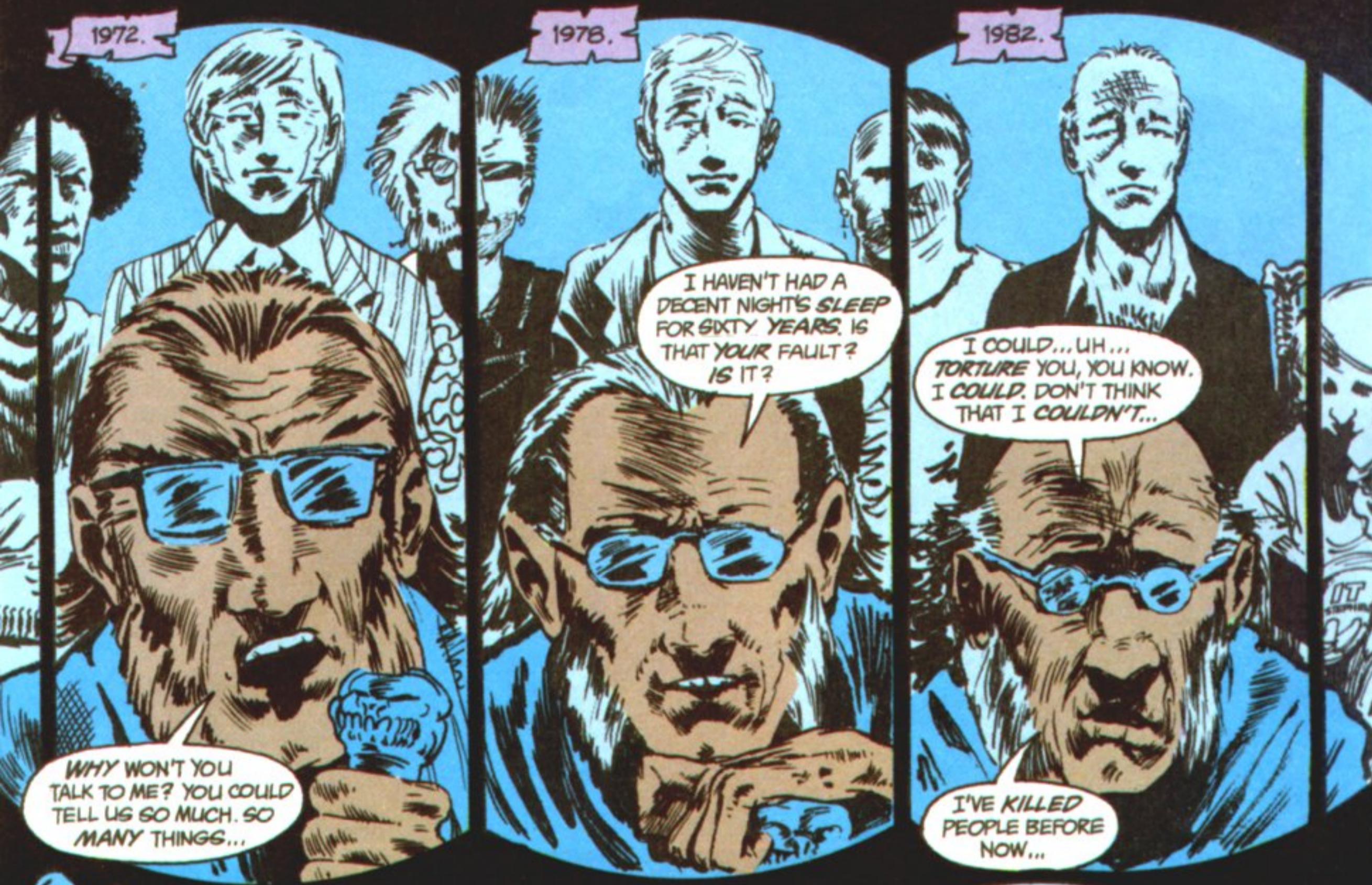


PAL Paul doesn't believe in magic.



ALEX SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME IN HIS STUDY. HE WROTE A MEMOIR ABOUT HIS FATHER; WRITES LETTERS TO NEWSPAPERS DEFENDING HIS FATHER'S REPUTATION; IS EDITING A VOLUME OF HIS FATHER'S LETTERS.





Soon.



I DUNNO. I ONCE MET THIS BLONDE BUYING A CHOC ICE...

HE'S THINKING ABOUT HIS HOLIDAY...

AND THEN THE SPANISH BEACH BECOMES A TROPICAL PARADISE...

It begins.

ERNIE SEES ANY CONVERSATION AS AN INVITATION TO CONCOCT TALES ABOUT HIS SEXUAL PROWESS. FREDERICK NO LONGER LISTENS.

STRAIGHT OUT OF A HOLIDAY BROCHURE.

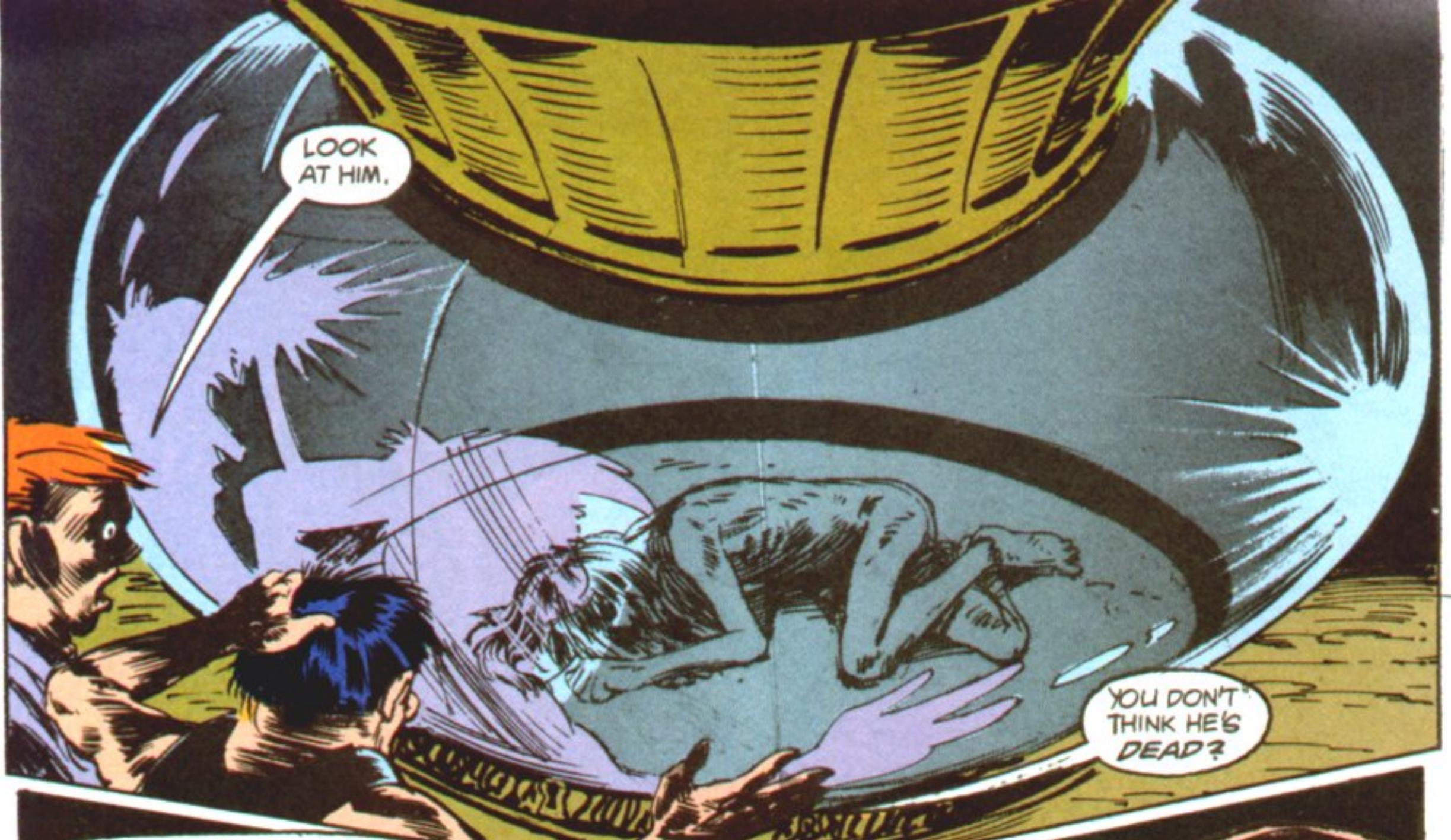
SUN...SEA...

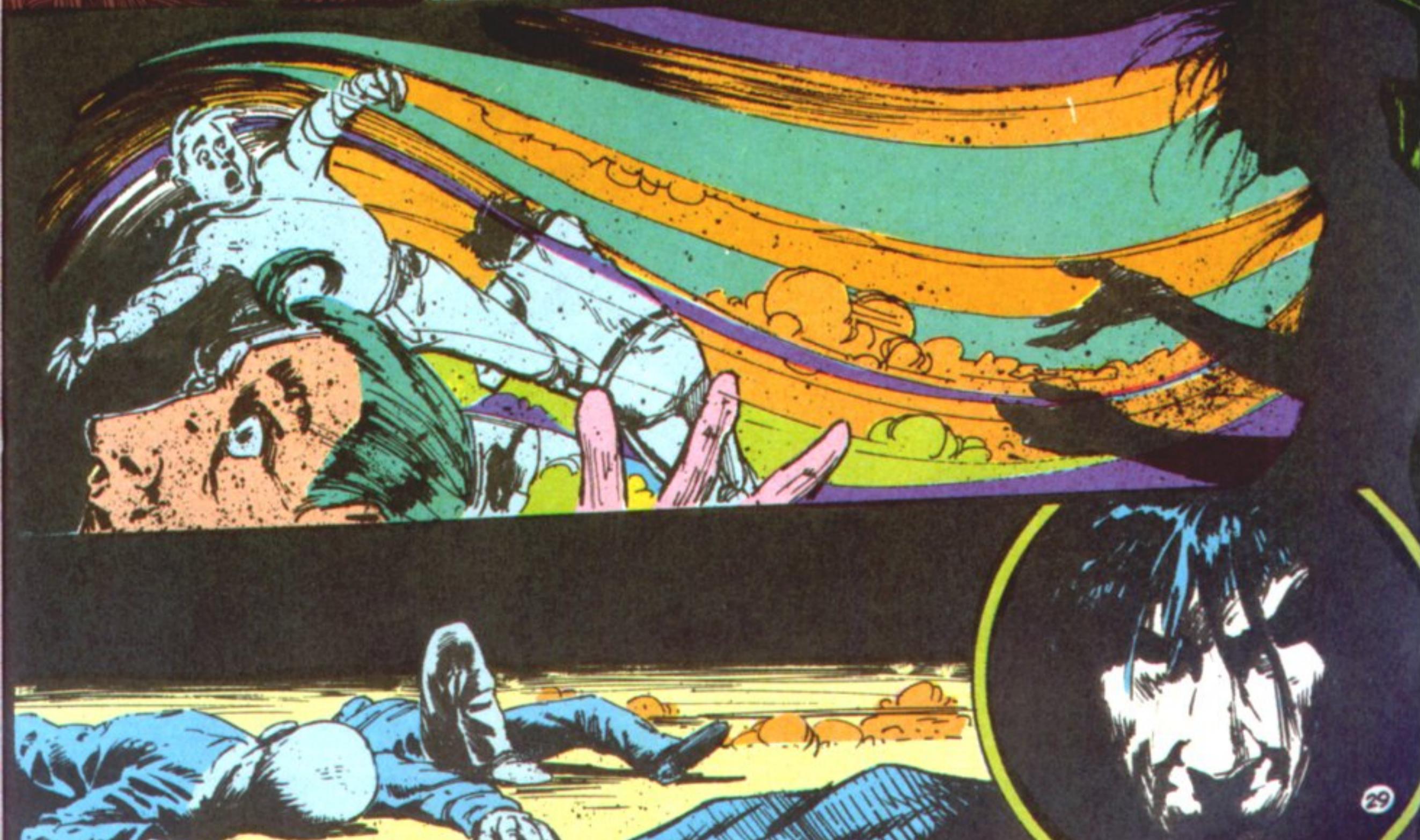
...SAND...

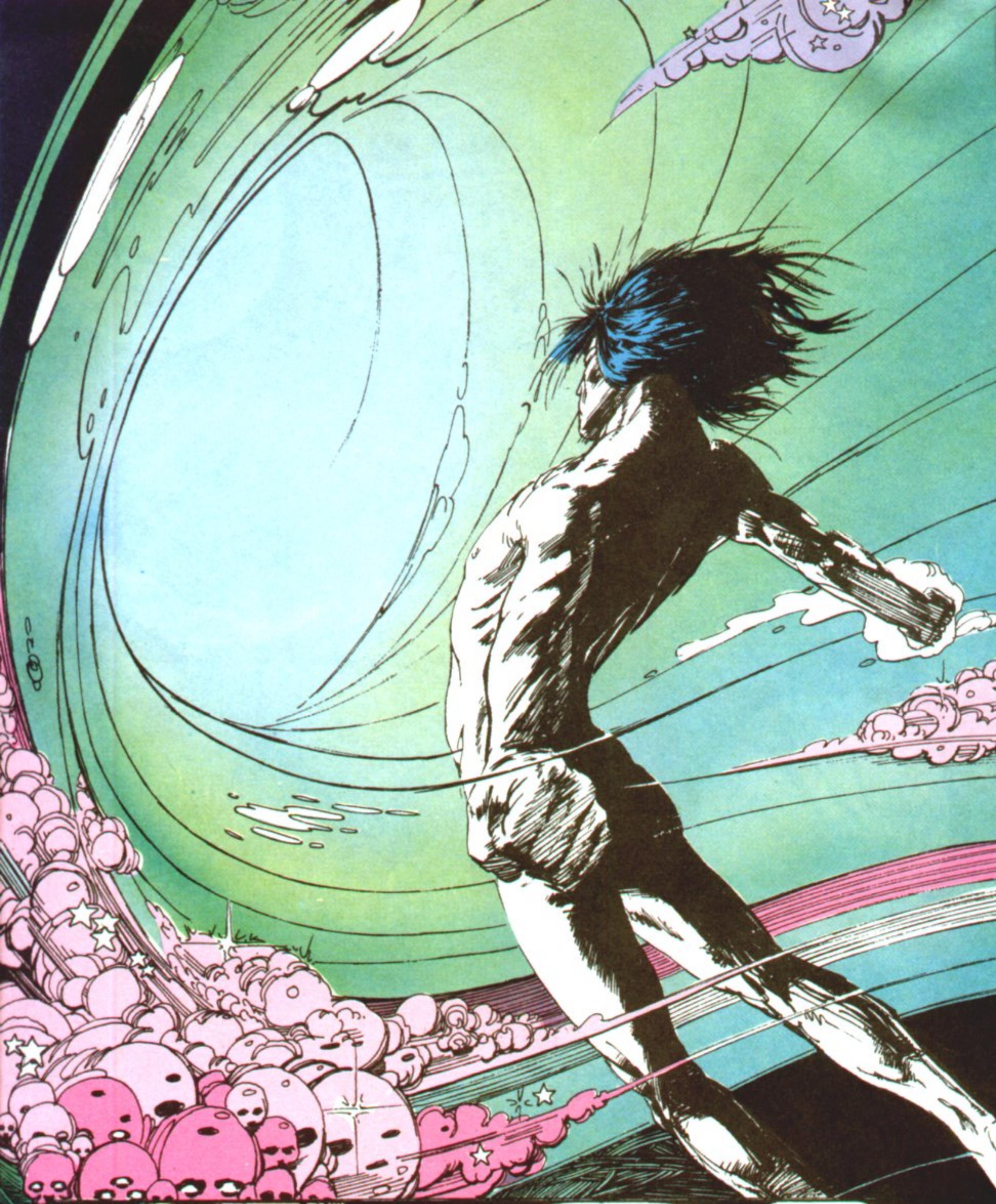
...AND SURF...
...AND...
...AND...

THUD

--UH! CHRIST!
WHAT WAS THAT?







Home.

It feels so
good to be
back...

Weakened, I clutch
a passing dream...
First, food...

I left a monarch.
Yet I return
naked, alone...

Hungry.

IN MORT NOTKIN'S RECURRING
DREAM, HE GOES TO THIS
SWELL PARTY, BUT HE'S
DRESSED AS A CLOWN...

HE THOUGHT IT WAS
A COSTUME PARTY.

HE DIDN'T KNOW.

EVERYONE LAUGHS AT
HIM: MARILYN, ELVIS,
EVEN THE DUKE...

WEIRD! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME
A NAKED MAN HAS EVER TURNED
UP TO RAID THE BUFFET.

My first FOOD
in seventy years...
I'm so hungry I
don't even TASTE
it.

DREAMS. GO
FIGURE THEM.

First, food;

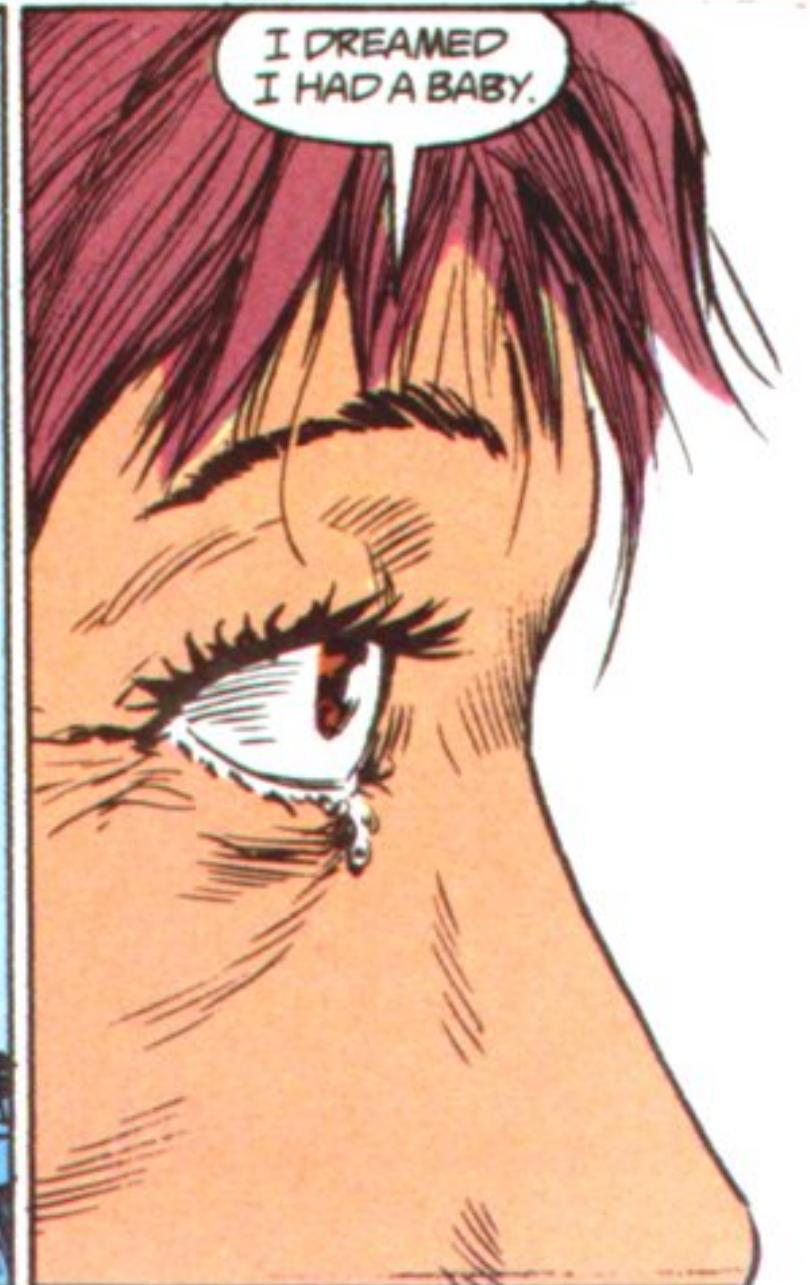
then
clothing...

THEN RON AND NANCY TURN
UP, AND MORT'S BACK ON
FAMILIAR GROUND.



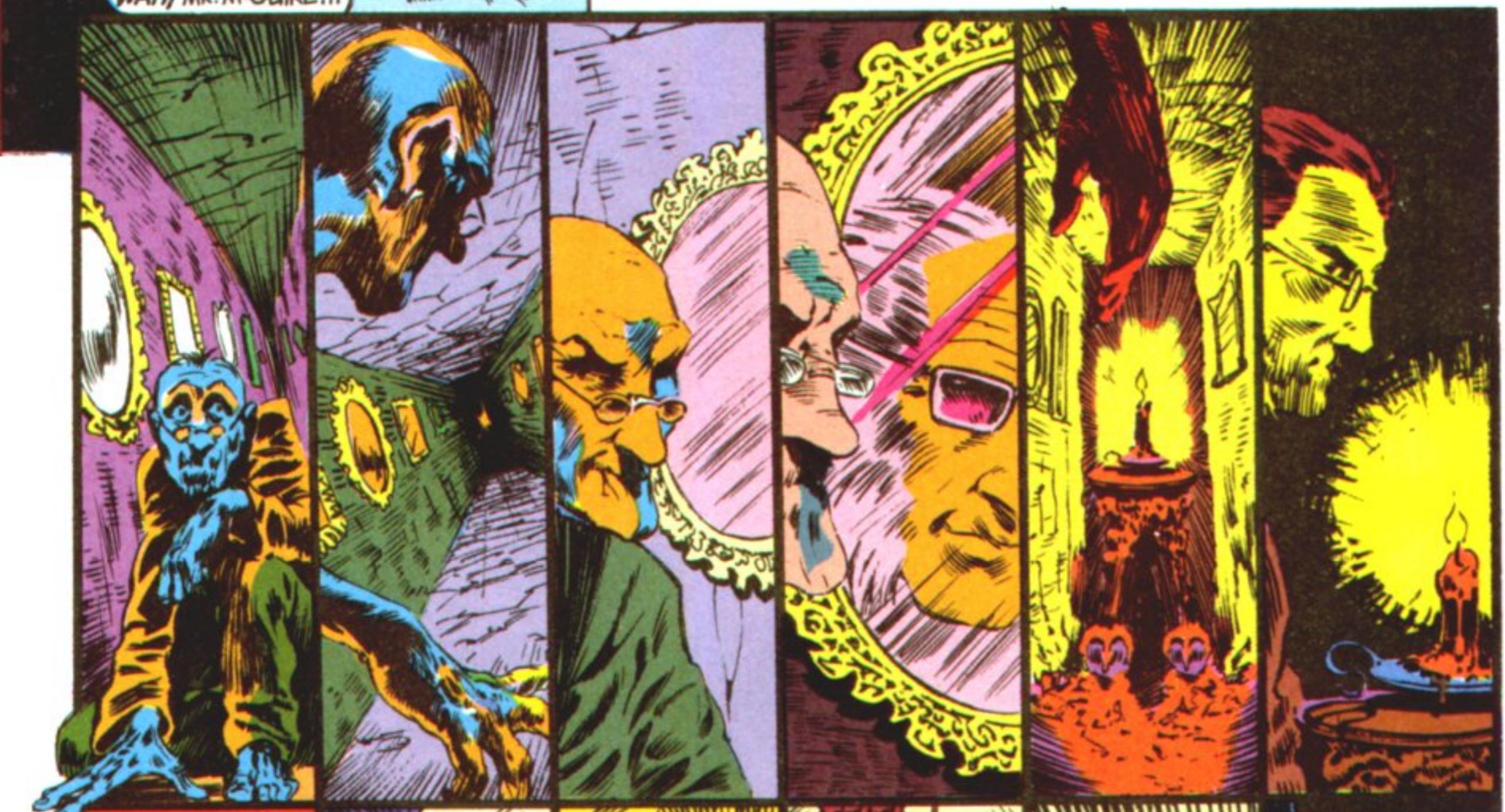
There.





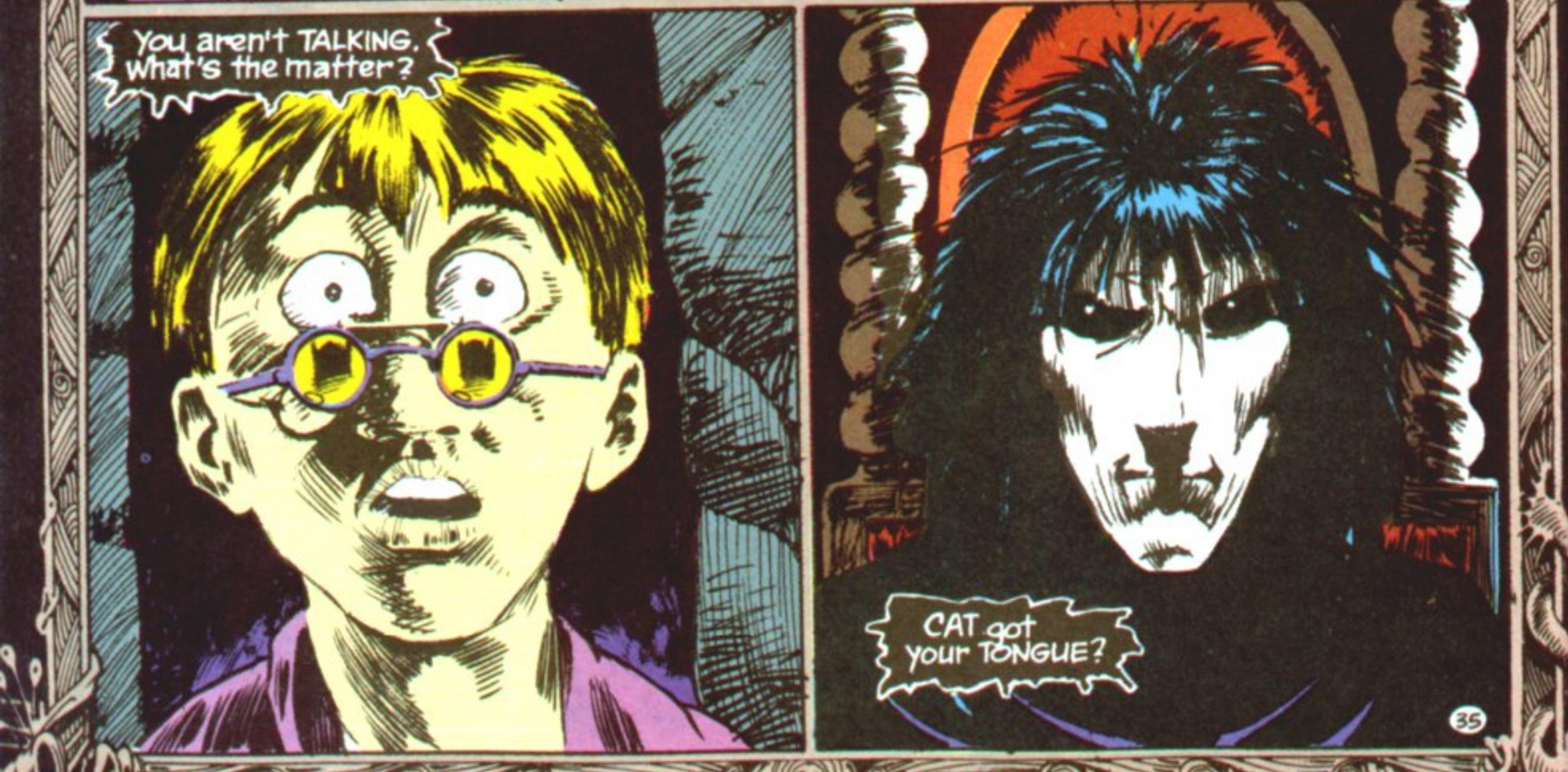
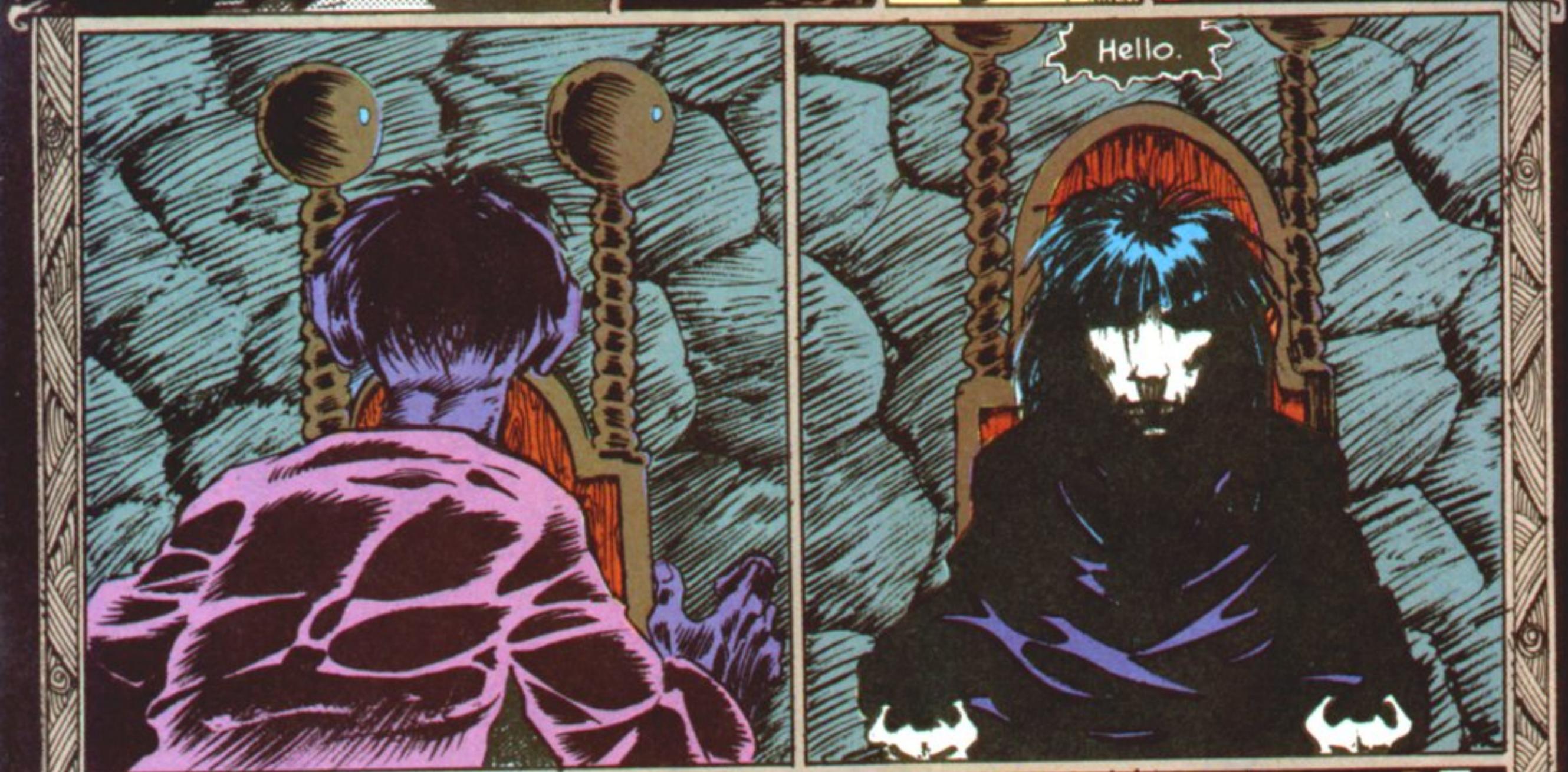


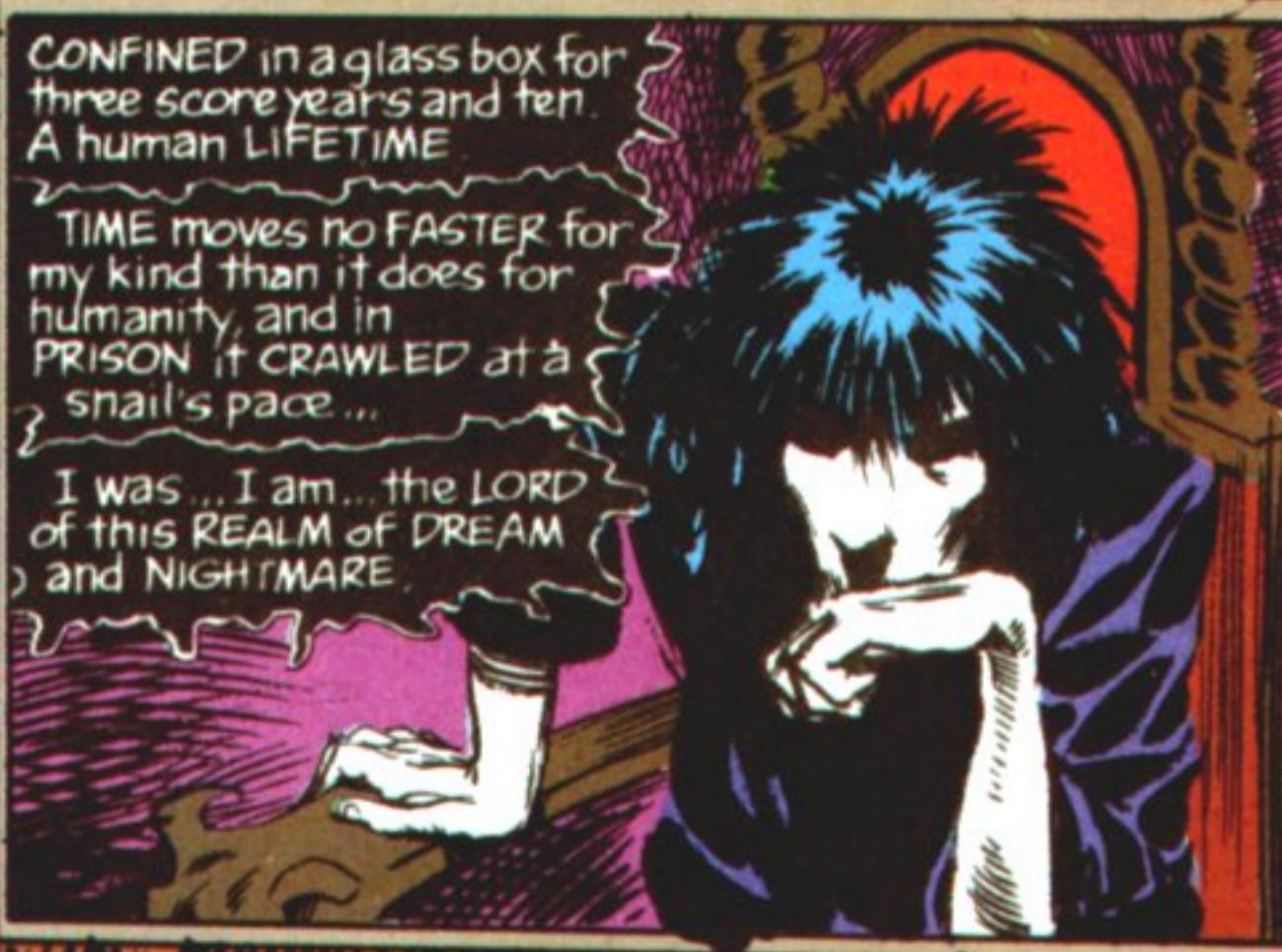
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT, MR. MCGUIRE...



MEOWRRR?









So. Your PUNISHMENT, then. I will grant you a GIFT... To reward you for your years of HOSPITALITY







KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

NOW, THEN, MISTER BURGESS, CALM DOWN. YOU'VE HAD A BAD DREAM, THAT'S ALL. NO POINT GETTING ALL WORKED UP ABOUT IT.

GOD, OH GOD. IT WAS TER-
TERRIFYING. SO REAL. HA-HA HAVE
YOU EVER HAD ONE OF THOSE
DREAMS, YOU KNOW...

...WHERE YOU THINK
YOU'VE WOKEN UP, BUT YOU
HAVEN'T? IT'S JUST PART OF
THE NIGHTMARE AND YOU'RE
STILL IN IT...

I CAN'T SAY I HAVE,
DEAR. BUT YOU KNOW
WHAT?

BTWIMP!

...I THINK YOU'RE
GOING TO BE HAVING QUITE
A LOT OF THEM FROM
NOW ON.

HAWHA-HA-HA...

It was more tiring than I had expected. But he will never return to the life he knew.

His is the nightmare everlasting...

Eternal Waking...



HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LIKE THIS?



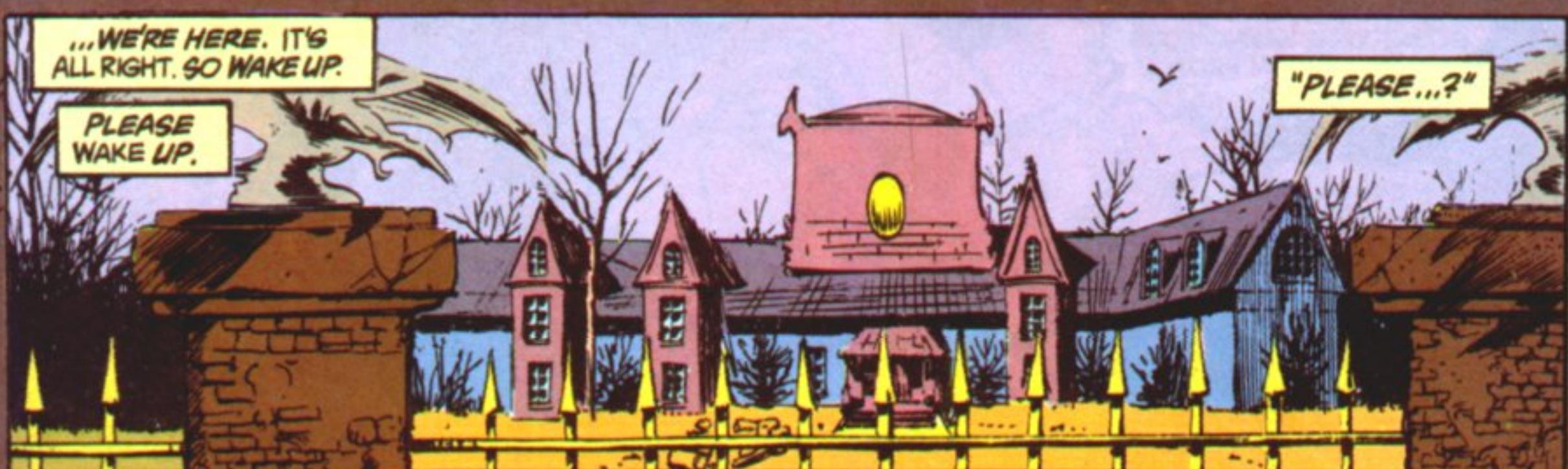
SNUR. NO. NO... NO... PLEASE. URF. SHUTS. JM.



And I have showed him fear...

ALEX? ALEX, IT'S ME. PAUL. COME ON, ALEX. COME ON, OLD FELLOW.

ME AND NURSE EDMUNDS...



VERTIGO

ESSENTIAL VERTIGO

DC COMICS

THE
SANDMAN
PRELUDES & NOCTURNES



NEIL GAIMAN

SAM KIETH

MIKE DRINGENBERG

OBI



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BDUNK THOK! THOK!

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NOW, COME TO THINK OF IT, GREGORY IS EXTRAORDINARILY BIG AND NASTY IN HIS OWN RIGHT, ANYWAY.

IT IS GREGORY, ISN'T IT?

SPLIT IT OUT, GULLY-GUTS! WHAT IS IT?

IT'S HIM, BROTHER.

HE'S BACK...

...THE P-PRINCE OF STORIES.

AURGK!

...help me...

...please...

IMPERFECT HOSTS

NEIL GAIMAN: WRITER
SAM KIETH & MIKE DRINGENBERG: ARTISTS
TODD KLEIN: LETTERER
ROBBIE BUSCH: COLORIST
ART YOUNG: ASST. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER: EDITOR



IT WAS A DARK
and STORMY
NIGHTMARE ...

Before my IMPRISONMENT,
I knew, the journey would
have meant NOTHING to me.

I WOULD NOT
even HAVE
NEEDED to
TRAVEL.

BUT WEAKENED and
EXHAUSTED I
stumbled through
the FRINGES of
the DREAMTIME ...

The dream I
used to bind Burgess
in eternal waking used
up the last of my
strength ...

And I
was far too
WEAK.

I do not know
how long I
remained there.

I had to reach the GATES
of HORN and IVORY... to
reach my castle ...

But the way was HARD.

And then... I was here.

AHEM!





I release something I
CREATED before the dawn of
TIME; re-absorb that fragment of
MYSELF I placed inside it...



Now. CAIN.
Your turn.

HERE.
TUH-TAKE
IT.

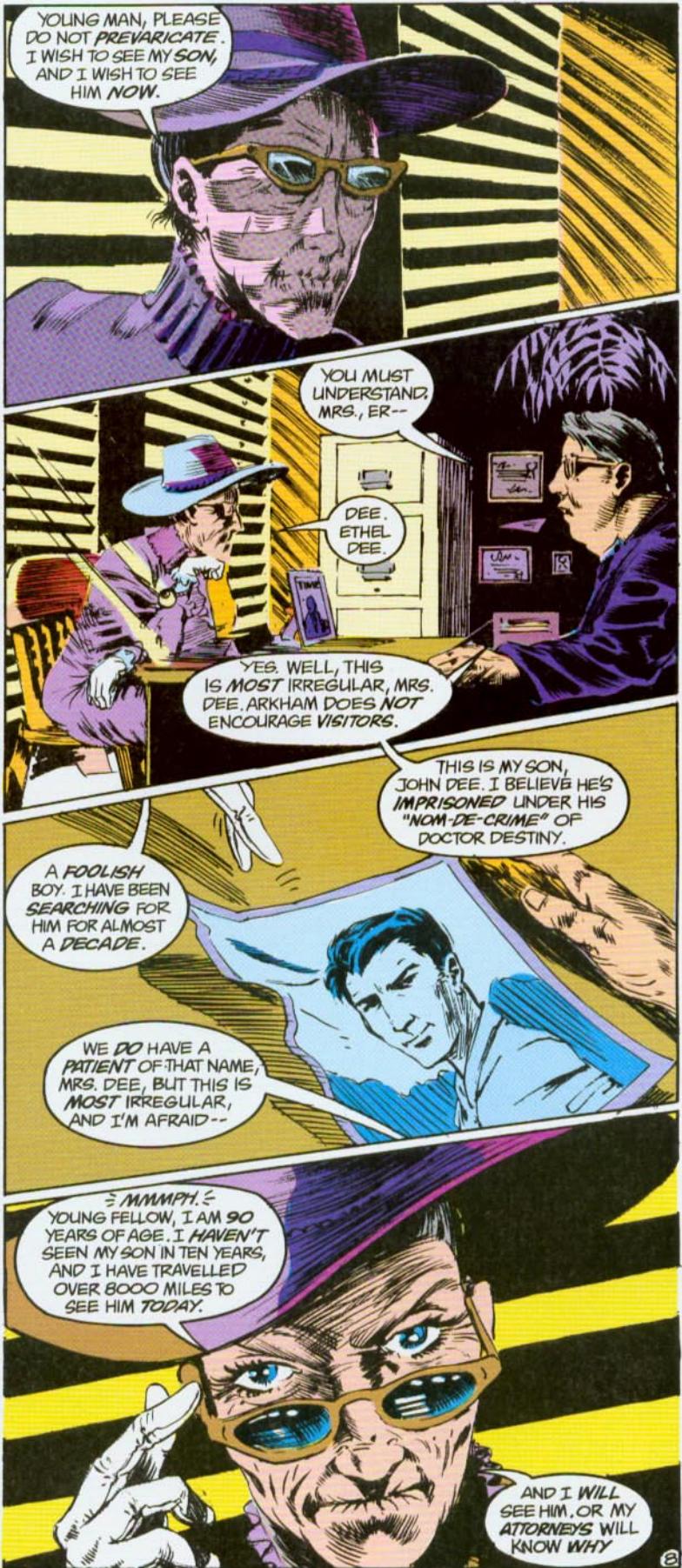


"UHHH, MU-MY LORD, UH,
IF IT'S NOT A-UHH, F-FOOLISH
QUESTION ...HMM HMM, UH..."

"WHAT MY BRAIN DEAD BROTHER
IS SO SPECTACULARLY FAILING
TO ENUNCIATE IS THIS:

"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN -
FOR SO LONG, LORD?
WHAT WERE YOU DOING?"

"WHERE have I BEEN?..."



WATCH THE STEPS! THEY CAN BE SLIPPERY.

I'M FLABBERGASTED YOU COULDN'T BRING JOHN UP TO SEE ME, MISTER HUNTOON.



IT'S DOC-TOR.
DR. HUNTOON, WE CAN'T RISK LETTING HIM OUT. HE'S TOO DANGEROUS.

HE NO LONGER SLEEPS, OR DREAMS-- IN THE NORMAL SENSE OF THE WORD...

AND PHYSICALLY, HE'S QUITE DEBILITATED...

MOTHER? THEY TOOK MY DREAMS AWAY FROM ME!

JOHN?
IS THAT YOU?

JOHN!

MOTHER...?

I WOULD HAVE DREAMED OF YOU...

IF I COULD DREAM.

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

MOTHER? YOU LOOK SO OLD. THINGS ARE SO STRANGE THESE DAYS.

MRS. DEE? I'M AFRAID HE'S GETTING OVER-EXCITED. WE SHOULD GO.

MRS. DEE. SAY GOODBYE.



BEYOND outside my dreamworld there is INFINITE dust, infinite dark.

And the DREAMWORLD is infinite, although it is bounded on every side.

From THERE one charts a course NIGHTWARD until one reaches the GATES of HORN and IVORY. I carved them MYSELF, when the world was YOUNGER, and ORDER was NEEDED.

I HASTEN to the GATES

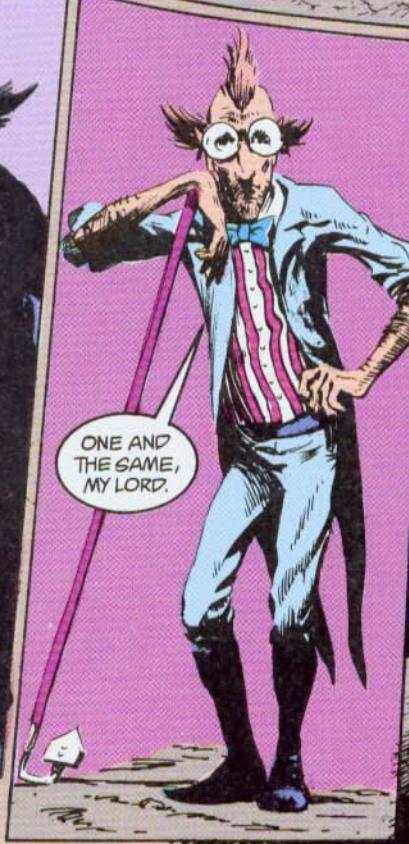
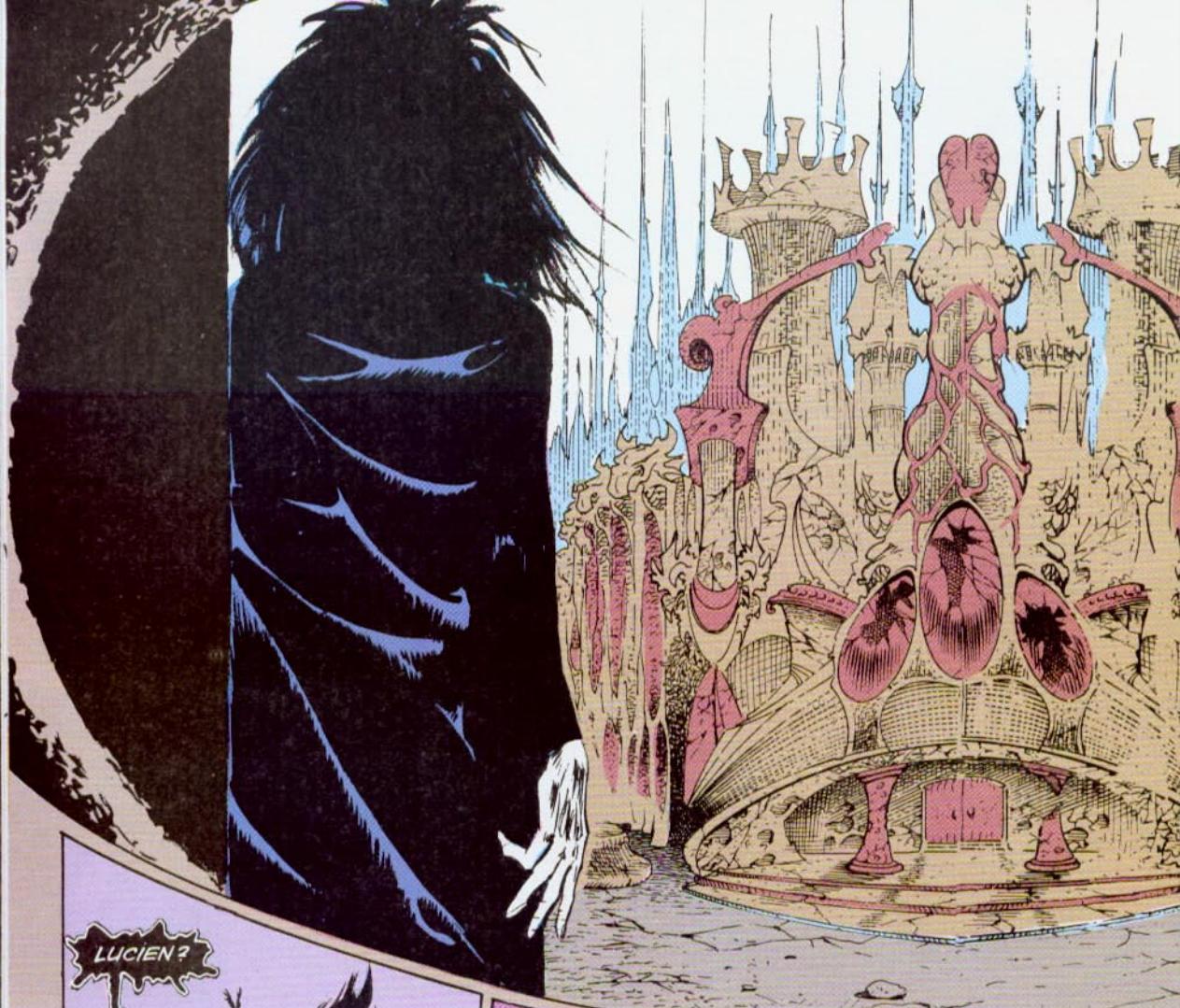
The DREAMS that pass through the gates of IVORY are LIES, FIGMENTS, and DECEPTIONS. THE OTHER admits the TRUTH. NO ONE guards the horned gate anymore. I remember the way of OLD.

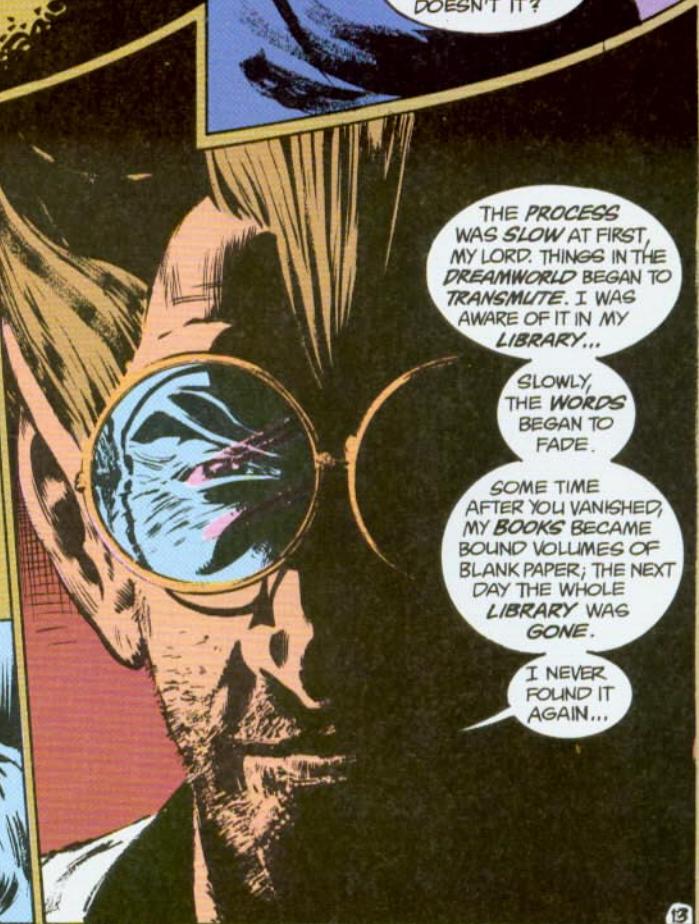
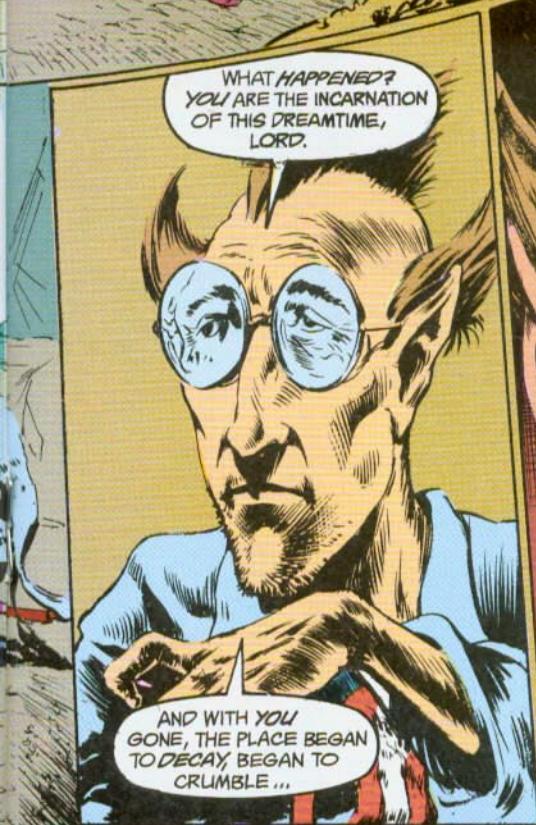
Once through it I can SEE my CASTLE.

Through it I will be able to see ...

... My Home ...

The way to the CENTER is a slow spiral. One passes the houses of mystery and secrets -- old WAY STATIONS on the frontiers of NIGHTMARE --

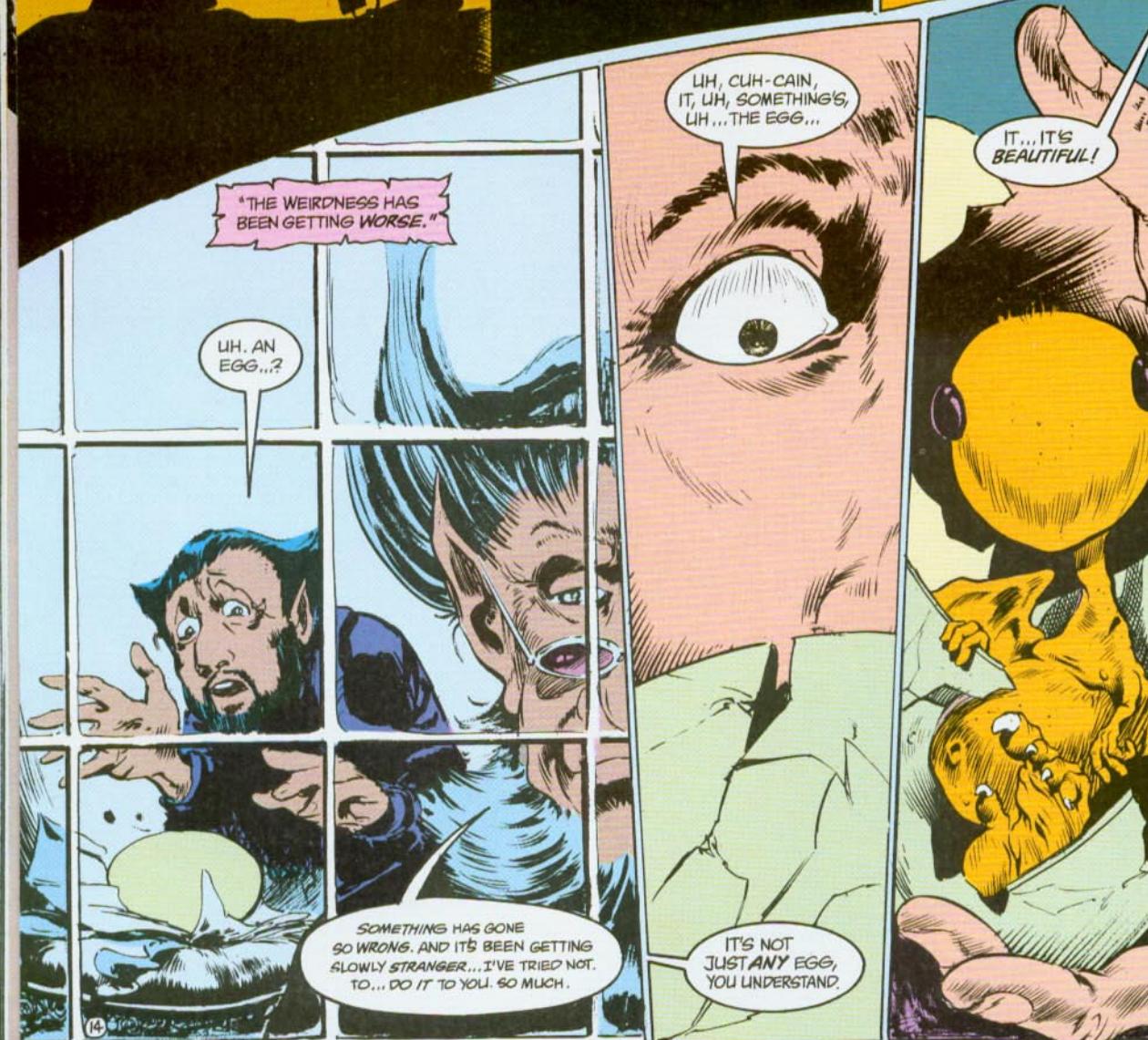






MANY OF THE PALACE
SERVANTS DISPERSED
BACK INTO THE DREAM
STUFF THAT FORMED
THEM...

BRUTE AND
GLOB VANISHED TWO-
SCORE YEARS AGO.



"THE FASHION THING HAS BEEN MANY THINGS: FLAPPER... MOD... PUNK... SHE WAS A 'MAD MADONNA WITCH' FOR A WHILE."

BLOOD AND PERRIER, GODDAMNIT!

"LAST TIME I SAW HER SHE WAS THE 'MAD YUPPIE WITCH.' BUT THAT WAS A YEAR AGO."

I have ENCOUNTERED Cain and Abel ALREADY.

YES, THOSE TWO... DISTURB ME. I MEAN, THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN WEIRD.

BUT SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE...

HURRM. I, MM, I THINK I'LL CALL HIM... IRVING.

YOU... CAN'T CALL IT IRVING.

NAMES FOR GARGOYLES ALWAYS BEGIN WITH A "G."

B-B-BUT I, UH, LIKE IRVING!

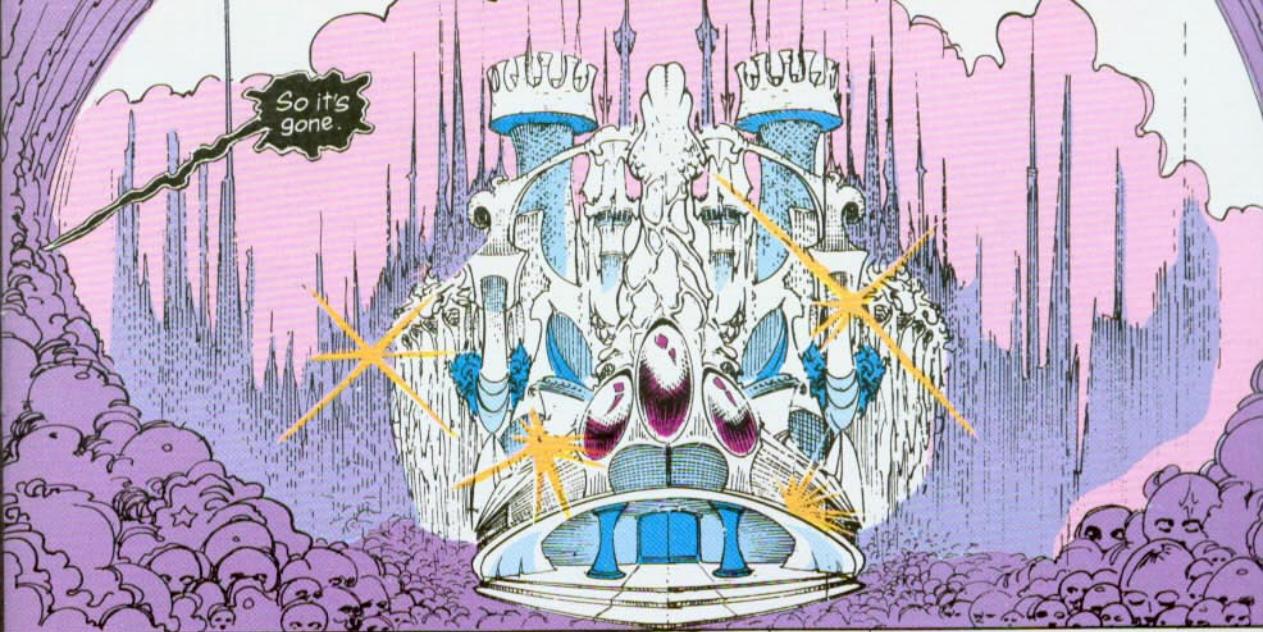
I-UH-NO, NO, PLEASE, CAIN.

IRVING??

LIKE GAZPACHO-- OR GORMAGON-- OR GLADSTONE-- OR GANYMEDE-- OR-- OR-- ?pfah!?

STOP IT, CAIN, PLEASE.

NO!



YES. Yes... I
WILL call them.

The DREAMWORLD, the
DREAMTIME, the UNCONSCIOUS--
call it what you WILL -- is as
much part of ME as I am part
of IT.

And for the first time
since my RETURN, for the
first time in 70 years, I
REACH out my substance...

...and I SHAPE
the WORLD...

Leave me,
Lucien.

The CROSSROADS comes
from a Cambodian farmer from
his dreams of a new OX CART.

The GALLOWS comes
from a young Japanese
MOVIE BUFF, her head
ROILING from a surfeit
of old Hammer horror
films...

The HONEY, the
SNAKES, the
CRESCENT MOON
all these are easy
to find.

-- BLACK SHE-LAMB is
more difficult, but one
DANCES in the dreams of
a child in ADELAIDE,
Australia. I take it to
set the SCENE ...

Still the set is incomplete.
CLOTHO, LACHESIS and
ATROPOS would come for
LESS than this, but I need
a BOON, and the THREE
are fickle...

Dully the church bells
ECHO and CLANG in
the lonely darkness.
TWELVE times...

DONG DONG DONG
DONG DONG DONG
DONG DONG DONG
DONG DONG DONG
DONG DONG DONG

THERE.

It's MIDNIGHT.

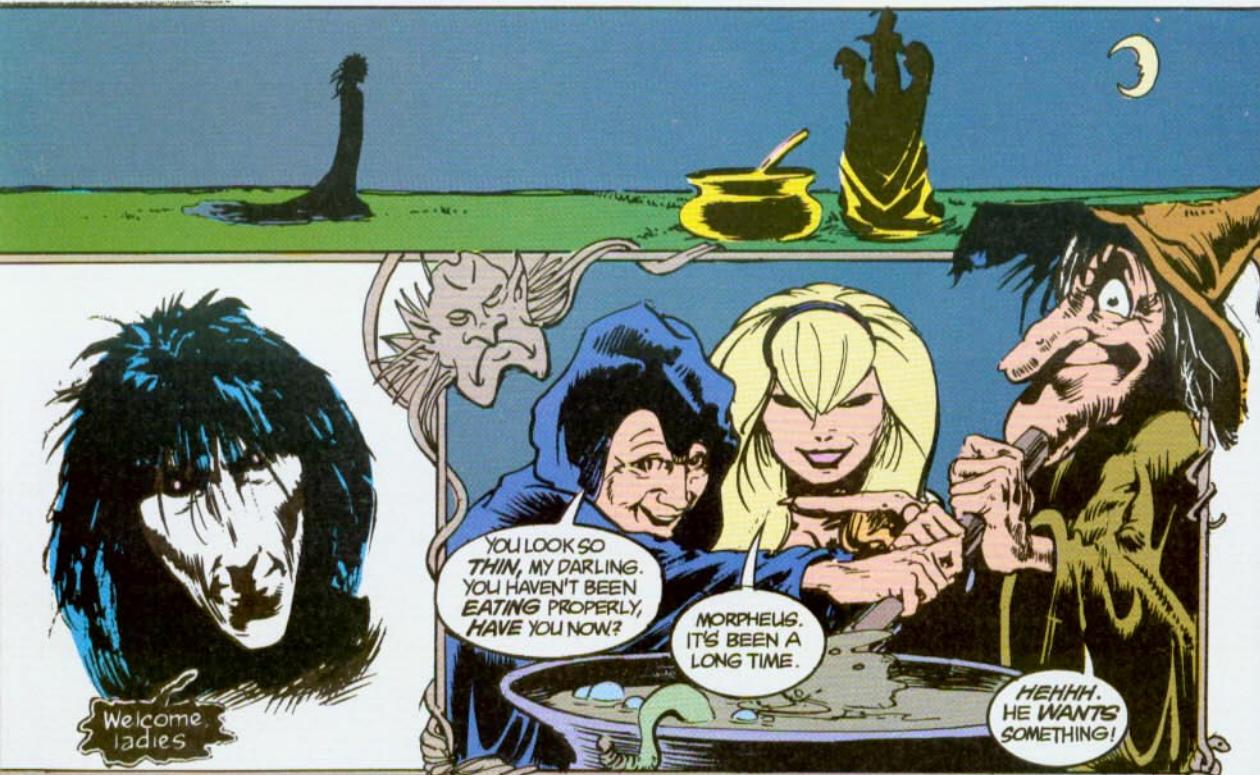
The
WITCHING
Hour.

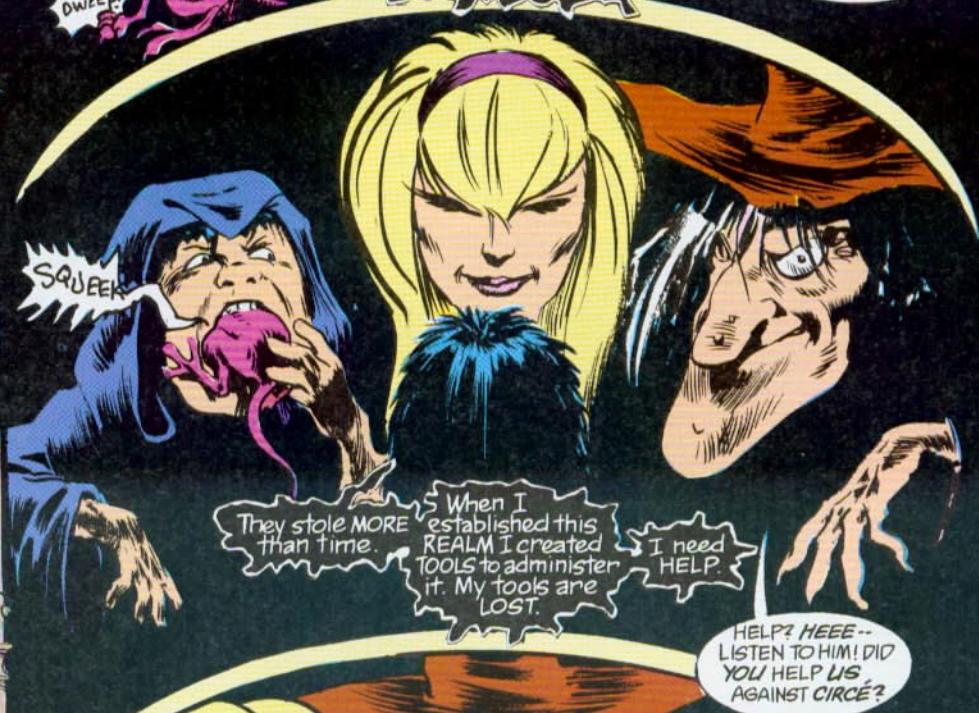
And they
COME.

The ONE
who is
THREE.

The WE who
are THEY.

The
HECATEAE...





"MAIDEN, there was a POUCH of SAND. It was stolen from me."

"I SEE. Then your question, ALL MOTHER
My HELM -- what happened to it?"

"CRONE. A final question for you. My STONE, my DREAMSTONE, my RUBY MOONSTONE. Who has THAT now?"



"TRADED WITH A DEMON, MY DOVE, MANY YEARS AGO. LONG GONE FROM THE MORTAL PLANE."

"HEE! YOUR GEM PASSED THROUGH A MOTHER TO A SON WHO TAPPED ITS DREAM MAGICKS FOR HIS OWN ENDS..."

"UNTIL IT--AND HIS DREAMS--WERE TAKEN AWAY FROM HIM, BY THE SUPERHUMANS."

"ASK THE LEAGUE OF JUSTICE ABOUT ITS PRESENT WHEREABOUTS."

"AN ENGLISHMAN, JOHN CONSTANTINE. HE WAS THE LAST TO PURCHASE YOUR POUCH."



"He has it STILL?"

"WHICH demon?"

"ONE QUESTION, MY HONEYSUCKLE, AND ONE ANSWER."

"ONE QUESTION, ONE ANSWER. THE RULES, MY LORD."



"But where--? No, one answer only I know."

"Thank you.
Weird sisters!"

HA-HA HAHAHA!
DID YOU HEAR THAT,
MY SISTER-SELF?

OOO HOO HOHOH HOOO!
"THANK YOU," HE SAYS! YOU
DON'T THANK THE FATES,
DREAMKIN!

AHAHAHAHAHAHA!
HEEEEEE! WE HAVEN'T
HELPED YOU!

YOUR TROUBLES
ARE ONLY JUST
BEGINNING!

Exhaustion BITES at my
soul. I have answers of
a SORT.

This will be an
UPHILL quest...

HE FEELS SPLINTERED VERTEBRAE
GRIND AS HE CLIMBS. EVEN THE
PAIN FEELS BETTER THAN THE
COLD OF DEATH.

ABEL HAD BEEN DEAD
FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS
NOW.

BUT HE WAS
STARTING TO
FEEL BETTER.

UHNN.

IT'S A LONG WAY BACK UP.

"So.

Much has CHANGED,
much is STRANGE on
Earth since I was
ripped from my
dream home.

What first?

I DOUBT I am STRONG
enough to go up against
the HORDES of HELL.

Not YET.

To EARTH then.
The ruby first?
Or the pouch?

There are things I do not
KNOW about this "JUSTICE
LEAGUE." MORE than mere
humans, eh...?

The ENGLISHMAN, then,
JOHN CONSTANTINE. He
has the POUCH--or he
knows where it is.

And he is
JUST a MAN.

I will visit Constantine.
Regain my POUCH,
and with the POUCH I
will have the POWER to
dare the GATES of
Hell itself...

He is, after all,
just a HUMAN.
Just ONE human.

What could
POSSIBLY
go WRONG?



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ONE. TWO.
THREE. FOUR...

HER NIPPLES ARE HARD AND
DARK AND SHRUNKEN ON
BREASTS LIKE EMPTY POUCHES.

HER HAIR COMES OUT IN
CLUMPS WHEN SHE MOVES.
SHE TRIES NOT TO MOVE
TOO MUCH.

HER SKIN IS FLAKING,
INFECTED AND INFAMED.
BEDSORES COVER HER
BACK AND LEGS.

TWENTY-EIGHT.
TWENTY-NINE.
THIRTY...

RADIO 1

LIKE THE PAIN GOES AWAY. LIKE
EVERYTHING GOES AWAY WHEN
THE DREAMS COME.

...SHE FEELS REALITY
EBBING BACK.

DELAY THE
PLEASURE.

DELAY THE
DREAMS.

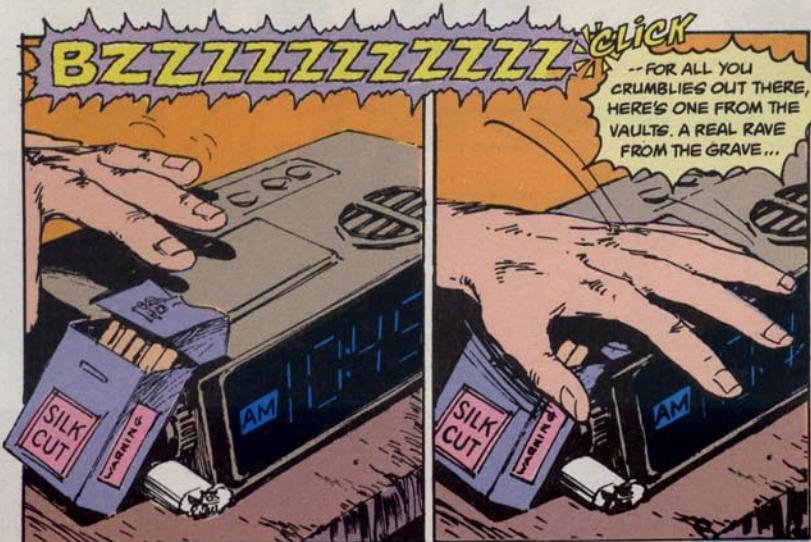
WILL SHE DISSOLVE IT IN HER
MOUTH? BREATHE IT? RUB
IT INTO HER SKIN?

SIXTY-FIVE.
SIXTY-SIX...

SHE'LL
WAIT.

NINETY-SIX. NINETY-SEVEN.
NINETY-EIGHT...

IT DOESN'T
MATTER.
SHE'S COUNTING
TO A HUNDRED.



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HAVE YOU EVER HAD ONE OF THOSE DAYS WHEN SOMETHING JUST SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMEBODY?

THERE WAS A SMELL OF MAGIC SOMEWHERE, LIKE THE BLUE-SPARKS SMELL OF OZONE AT A FUNFAIR.

I'D JUST HAD THIS NIGHTMARE.



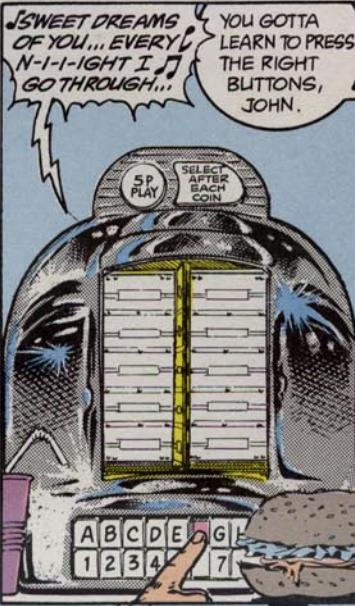
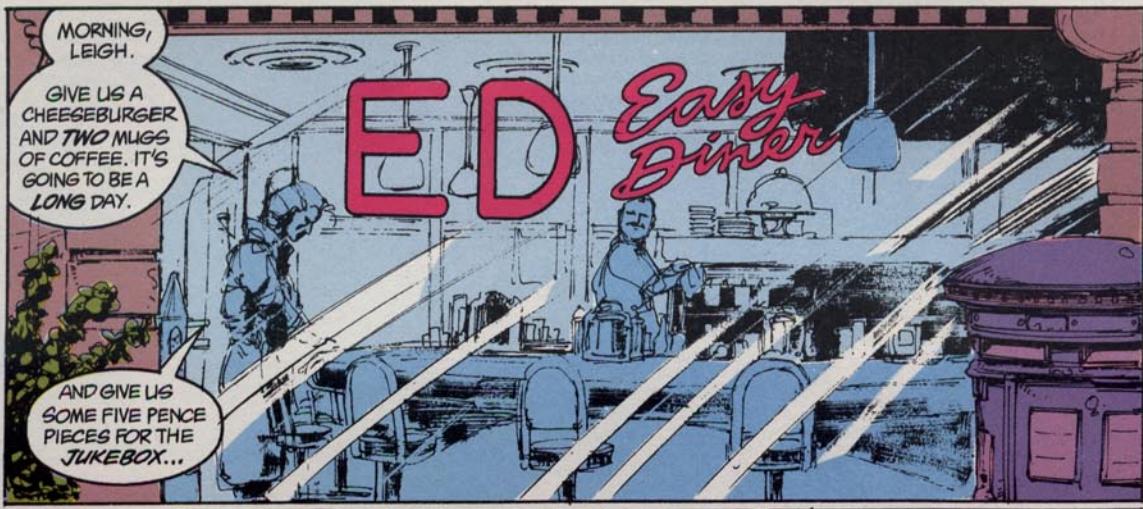
THESE THINGS WITH FACES LIKE APPENDECTOMY SCARS WERE CROCHETING MY INTESTINES INTO BODY BAGS FOR THE BLIND AND DEAD.



...BLAST FROM THE PAST OLDIE BUT GOODIE THE MAN WITH THE MAGIC...

I TOLD MYSELF IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER. THE BASTARDS JUST KEPT ON BLOODY KNITTING.





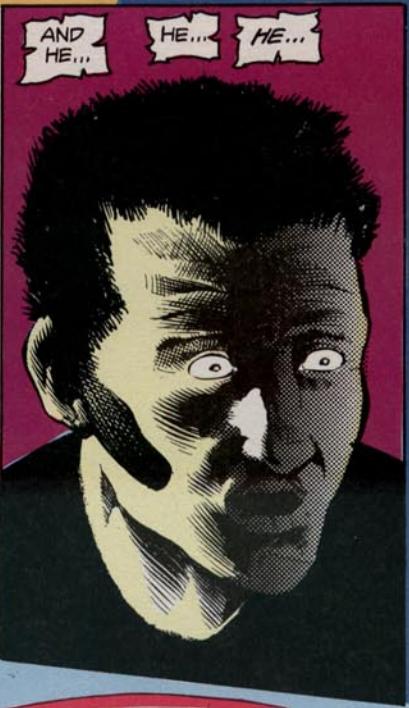


HE LEFT THE PORSCHE HALF A MILE BACK DOWN THE ROAD, HOPES IT WON'T GET STOLEN. THERE ARE SOME REAL THIEVES AROUND THESE DAYS.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES CREEPERS. IT'S A SPORT, BREAKING INTO PEOPLE'S HOUSES WHILE THEY'RE STILL AT HOME.



DURING THE DAY HE'S AN INVESTMENT COUNSELOR.

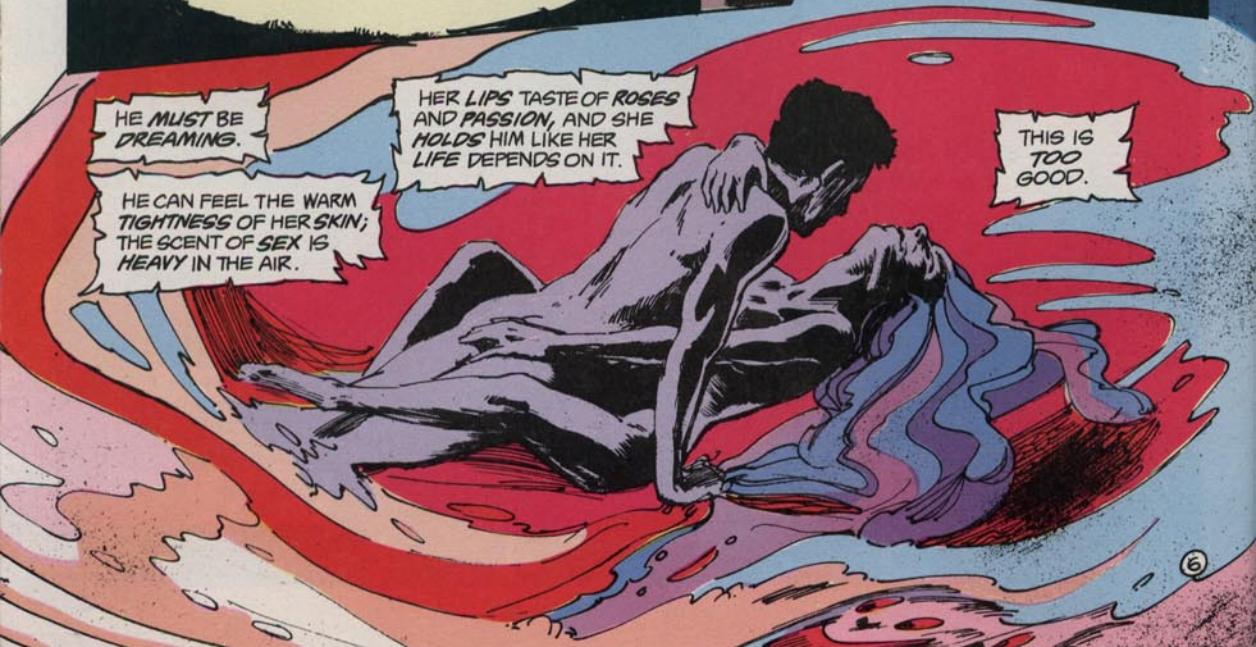


HE MUST BE DREAMING.

HE CAN FEEL THE WARM TIGHTNESS OF HER SKIN; THE SCENT OF SEX IS HEAVY IN THE AIR.

HER LIPS TASTE OF ROSES AND PASSION, AND SHE HOLDS HIM LIKE HER LIFE DEPENDS ON IT.

THIS IS TOO GOOD.



TOO GOOD
TO BE TRUE.

HE'S HITTING A HUNDRED
AND FIFTY IN THE
LAMBORGHINI OF
HIS DREAMS.

EVERBODY'S GREEN WITH
ENVY. THE ACCELERATION
GOES ON FOREVER.

JESUS.

HE'S DYING FOR THEM
AND THEY LOVE HIM.

HE'S PURE AND PERFECT
AND HE'S DYING FOR THEIR SINS.

HE CAN SEE HIS PARENTS, HIS
BOSS, HIS LOVERS IN THE
CROWD BELOW HIM.

THEY'RE SORRY NOW. SORRY THEY
TREATED HIM SO BADLY. BECAUSE
HE'S THE SON.

LAST SON OF A
DEAD PLANET.

STRONGEST
MAN IN THE
WORLD.

ABSOLUTELY
ANYTHING.

HE CAN DO
ANYTHING.

ANYTHING.

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS I KEEP MEANING TO INVESTIGATE THIS SANDMAN STUFF. I JUST NEVER QUITE GET ROUND TO IT.

MY OWN RESEARCHES KEEP ME BUSY ENOUGH.

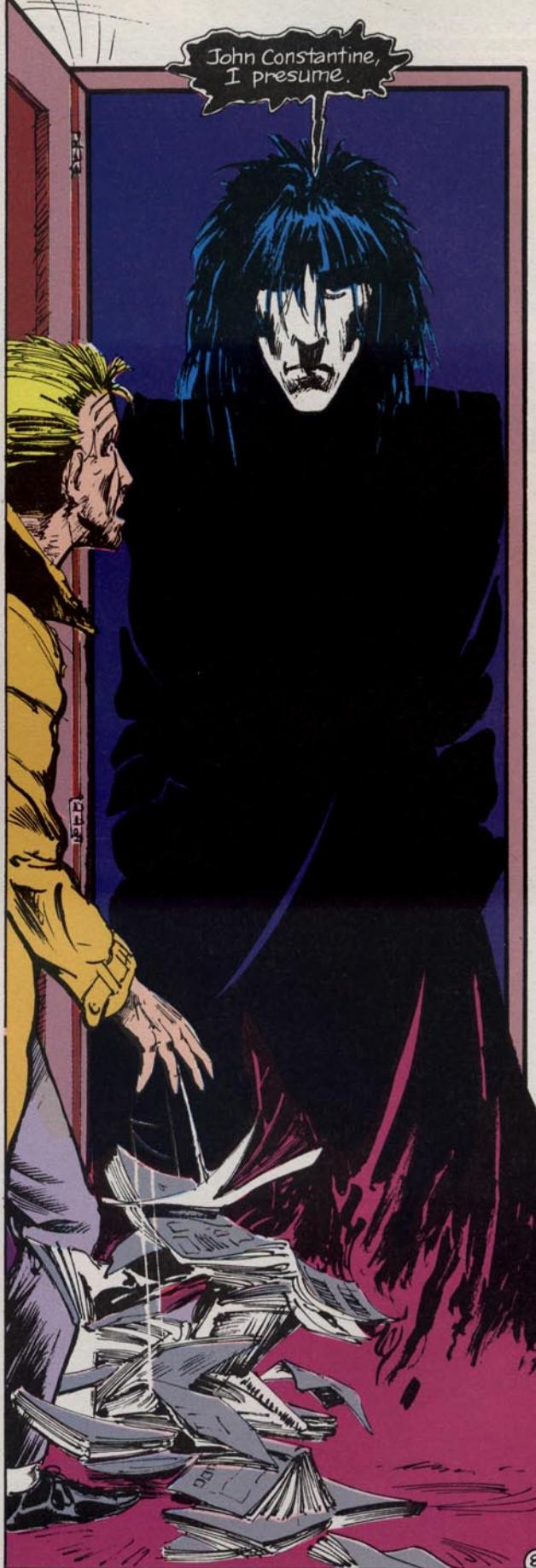
OODOO-OODH... J J SWEET-DREAMS ARE MADE-OF-THIS... WHO-J J AM-I-TO-DISAGREEZ...



ONE THING I'VE LEARNED. YOU CAN KNOW ANYTHING. IT'S ALL THERE. YOU JUST HAVE TO FIND IT.



John Constantine,
I presume.



DREAMS ARE LIKE ANGELS,
THEY KEEP BAD AT BAY... J J

I DREAM A MESS OF LEY-LINES AND LEPTONS, PLASMA FIELDS AND TURF GIANTS.

THEN THE DREAMS GET SCARY AND BAD.



IT WAS ON THE THIRD DAY THAT HE CAUGHT UP WITH ME.



WELL, I'M NOT DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE, PAL. HEH.

SORRY.
LITTLE
JOKE.

VERY
LITTLE.

I SUPPOSE YOU
MUST BE--

Something of
mine came into
YOUR possession
A leather POUCH,
full of SAND.

I want it
BACK. Where
is it?

THAT POUCH? THAT WAS
YEARS AGO. YEAH, I BOUGHT
IT IN A GARAGE SALE IN
SAN FRANCISCO.

WHERE IS
IT NOW?

I HAVEN'T SEEN IT FOR AGES.
BUT THE ODDS ARE IT'S DOWN
IN CHAS' LOCK-UP, WITH ME
STUFF FROM... PADDINGTON. AND
FROM THE NOTTINGHILL PLACE.

Let us retrieve
it, then.

I KNEW IT WAS
POWERFUL. BUT I NEVER
EVEN MANAGED TO GET
THE DRAWSTRINGS OPEN...

AND THE EAST CROYDON
FLAT BEFORE THAT...

I HOPE YOU DON'T
EXPECT ME TO GO ON
PUBLIC TRANSPORT
WITH YOU DRESSED
LIKE THAT.

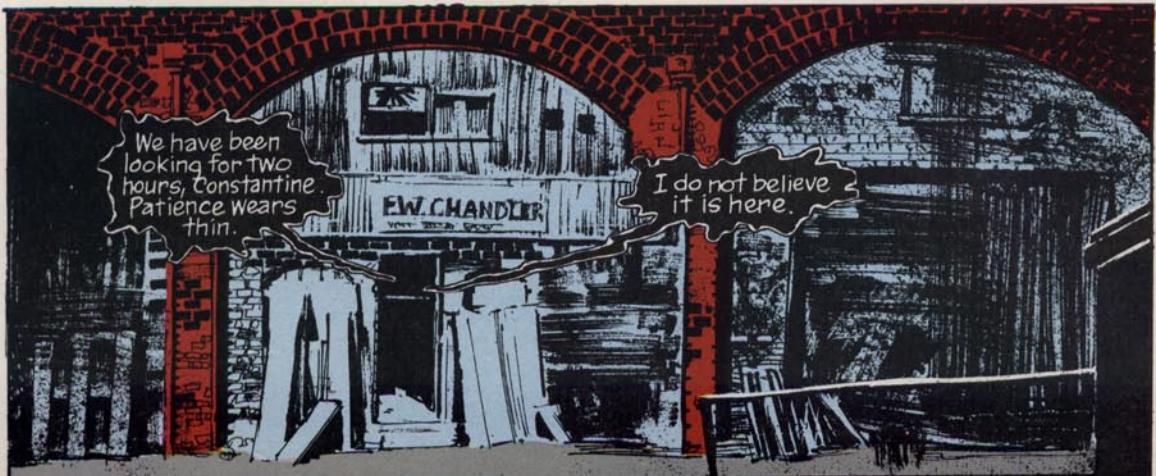
BE DEAD
EMBARRASSING.

Is this
better?

...AUHH.

I OUGHT TO
INTRODUCE YOU TO
THE BIG GREEN
BLOKE, YOU'D
LIKE HIM.

HE HASN'T GOT
A SENSE OF HUMOR
EITHER.



'ERE, JOHN, CAN WE
STOP AT A SERVICE STATION?
I'M PARCHED. I TOOK OFF
WITHOUT ME TEA.



No.

YOU HEARD THE MAN,
CHAS, OLD MATE. SORRY.
I AIN'T NO MARK FOR
THE VENUS OF THE
HARDSELL...

I KNOW I OWE
YOU, JOHN. BUT THIS
IS PUSHING IT.

Drive
us, Mister
Chas. You
WILL be
rewarded.

YOU
DON'T CALL
HIM.

HIS KIND
JUST TURN UP
OUT OF THE BLUE.
THEY CALL
YOU.

UH. IT'S JUST
CHAS, MISTER...
UH...

JOHN? WHAT
DO I CALL HIM?

EVERYONE SHUTS UP, AND CHAS
JOLTS US UP THE MOTORWAY. OUR
VISITOR MELTS INTO THE BACK
SEAT SHADOWS.

AND I
REMEMBER
RACHEL.

AMAZING RACHEL.

JUNKIE RACHEL..

WE WERE LIVING
TOGETHER IN A HIGH-
RISE FLAT IN EAST
CROYDON. I WENT TO
ALASKA FOR SIX
MONTHS, OVER THE
LUPUS AFFAIR.

WHEN I GOT BACK SHE WAS GONE.
ALONG WITH ME STEREO, THE TELLY,
ME SILVER SURFERS -- ANY OLD
JUNK SHE COULD CONVERT TO MONEY.

AND SHE'D LONG SINCE
CONVERTED THE MONEY
INTO JUNK.

STUPID BITCH.

SOMETIMES
I STILL MISS
HER.

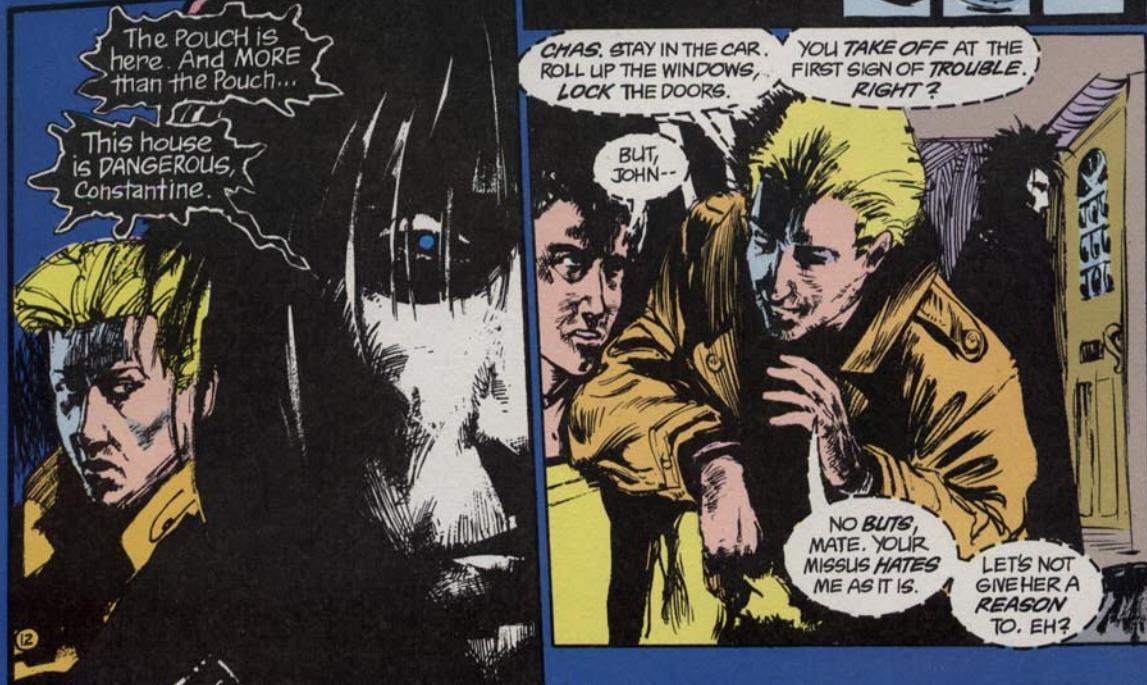
I WISH I'D REALIZED
THAT SHE'D NICKED THE
POUCH AS WELL, THOUGH.

EITHER OF
YOU GENTS MIND
IF I PUT ON THE
RADIO? NO?

THE CANDY-
COLORED CLOWN THEY
CALL THE SANDMAN...
TIP-TOES THROUGH MY
ROOM EVERY NIGHT...
JUST TO SPINKLE
STAR DUST...♪

"CANDY-
COLORED CLOWN"?
YEAH, RIGHT.

RIGHT.
THIS IS IT. "THE
BRAMBLES."



RACHEL WAS ALWAYS PLAYING WITH THE POUCH. KEPT GOING ON AT ME TO TRY TO OPEN IT.

SHE'D ASK ME, WHAT'S THE POINT OF HAVING SOMETHING MAGIC IF YOU DON'T USE IT?

I KNEW THE ANSWER. BUT I KNEW SHE'D NEVER UNDERSTAND.

WELL, THERE'S NO ANSWER. AND IT'S LOCKED, BOLTED AND ALARMED.

LET'S GO ROUND THE BACK, WE CAN SMASH A WINDOW, GET IN THAT WAY...

We go in by the FRONT door.

IT SMELLS STRANGE. PART OF IT REMINDS ME OF THE MONTH I WORKED FOR AN UNDERTAKER; ALL FLESH AND FORMALDEHYDE.

'SWEIRD: SMELLS ARE A HOTLINE TO MEMORY.

NAW, I'LL STICK AROUND, I'M INTRIGUED.

ANYWAY, I WAS FOND OF RACHEL ONCE. SHE WAS, YOU KNOW, THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.

Constantine...

This place is not SAFE for you.

Things are free in this house that should NOT be loose on Earth.

You must not stay here.

FOR A WHILE.

THE
ELECTRICITY'S
CUT OFF. THERE'S
SIX MONTHS' WORTH
OF MAIL ON THE
DOORMAT.

WHAT'S BEEN
HAPPENING
HERE?

Watch out
for the
HUMAN.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, WATCH OUT
FOR--

AAAHH!

THU-DUMP

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

HUMAN... IS HE...?

YES.

He's
ALIVE.
After a
fashion.

CLICK

He's
being
eaten by
dreams.

You need light. Is
that better?

UH.
SURE. THANKS.

I'VE BEEN OUT OF MY
DEPTH BEFORE.
SOMETHING TELLS
ME THERE ARE SHARKS
IN THESE DEPTHS.

I OUGHT TO
BE RUNNING
AWAY. BUT.

RACHEL...

MOVIES. OLD DARK HOUSE.
HORRIBLE MENACE ON THE
LOOSE. "LET'S SPLIT UP."
MUFFLED SCREAMS IN
DARKNESS...



HOW DID I
GET HERE?

I DON'T WANT
TO DIE. I DON'T
WANT TO FALL.

MEMORY FILLS IN:
THE PLANE ON
FIRE; I JUMPED...?

I WAS: THE PILOT?
NO. A PASSENGER,
THEN?

I TELL MYSELF IT'S
NOT THE FALL, FALLING
DOESN'T HURT...

...IT'S WHEN
YOU STOP.

CONSTANT!!!!!!

YAAAH!

John.
You're HERE.

UH.
...SO
REAL.

IT IS
NEVER "only
a dream,"
John Constantine.
HERE less than
some other
places...

YOU WERE
THERE, TOO.

A DREAM.
IT WAS ONLY A
DREAM.

More
light.

JEEESUS.

WHAT
IS THIS
STUFF?

BUT IT-
IT'S STILL
ALIVE.

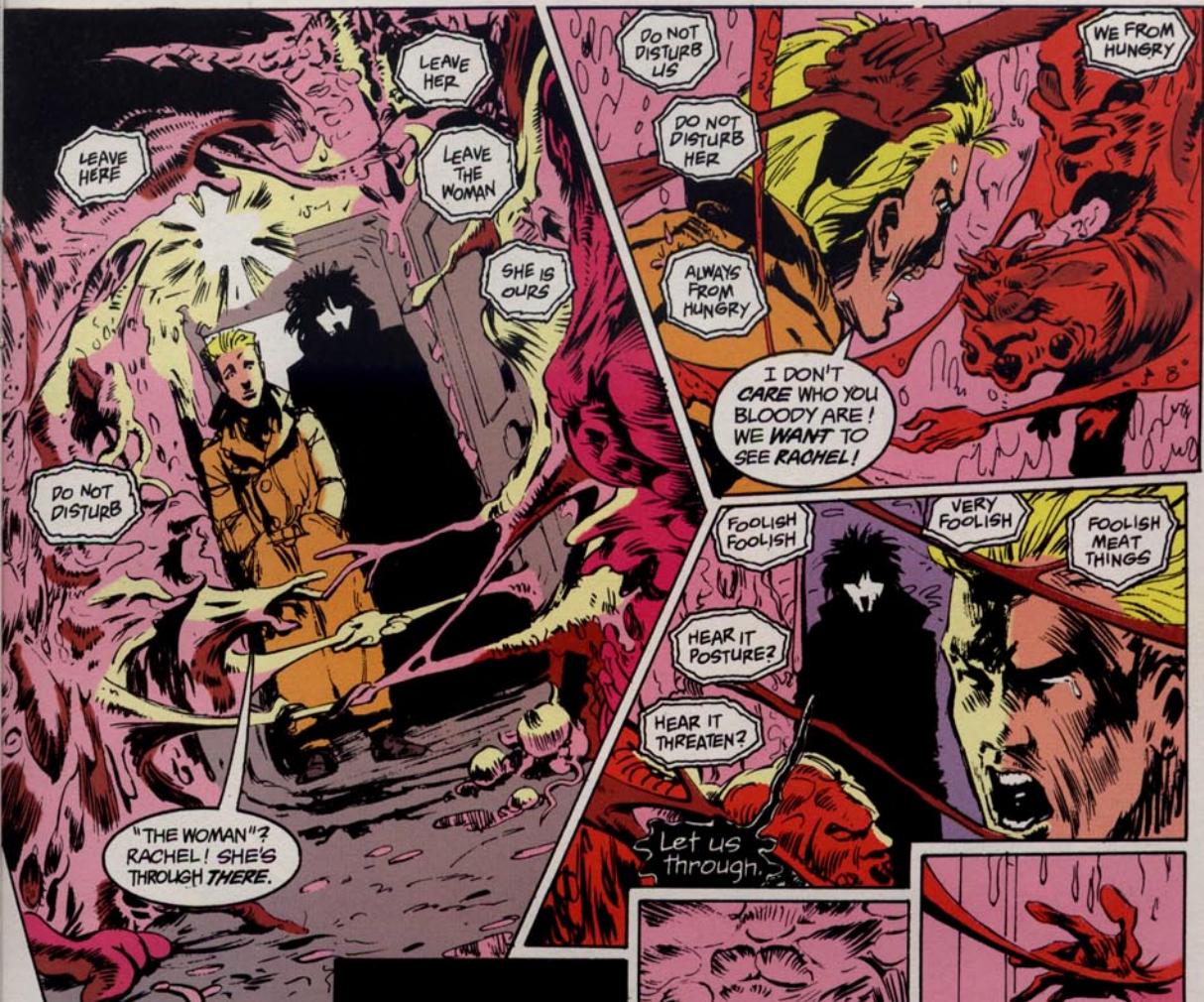
That's
right.

A human
body. What's left
of it. Your woman's
father, I would
surmise.

I FEEL SICK. I CAN FEEL
THE HOT DOG AND COFFEE
I GRABBED FOR DINNER
TRYING TO FIGHT THEIR
WAY BACK UP FOR AIR ...

HOW?

The
Pouch.





DREAM DREAM
DREEEAM...

WHENEVER
I WANT TO...

ALL I
HAVE TO DO...
IS...

...DREEEEAM...

JESUS.

RACHEL.

JESUS.

We can
GO now.

I have
the pouch.
The dreams
will return
to their
proper
location,
in time...

THE
BAG? MY
BAG. BUT
IT'S NOT
MY BAG...

IT
HURTS...

YOU CAN'T
LEAVE HER LIKE
THIS.

Why NOT?

Her metabolism
is obviously DESTROYED.
The sand was the ONLY
thing keeping her
ALIVE. She will die
soon.

Pain-
fully, I
would
imagine

...SEE THE
SUN SET IN THE
HAND OF THE
MAN...

I SAID
YOU CAN'T
BLOODY LEAVE
HER LIKE
THIS!

OHH. NN.
OUGHH.

BUT--
YEAH. ALL
RIGHT.

Very well.
Constantine.
Go outside.

RACHEL.

SWEET
DREAMS,
LOVE.



THE VEIL TEARS, AND SHE FEELS THE FLESH FLOW BACK ONTO HER BONES AGAIN.







NEXT:
GOING TO HELL

VERTIGO

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DC COMICS

THE SANDMAN

P R E L U D E S & N O C T U R N E S



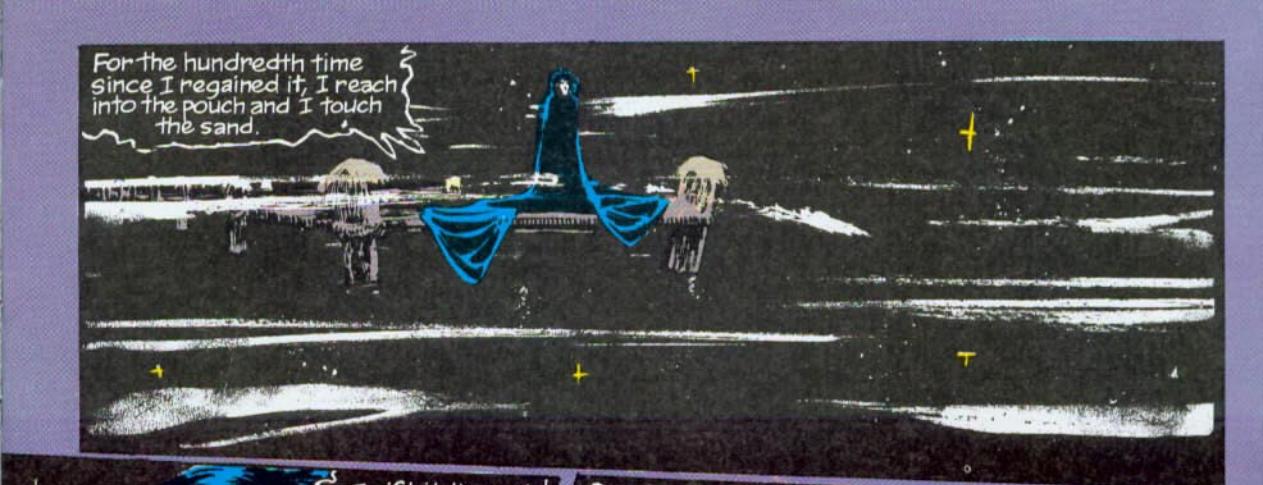
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For the hundredth time
since I regained it, I reach
into the pouch and I touch
the sand.



I sift it through
my fingers.

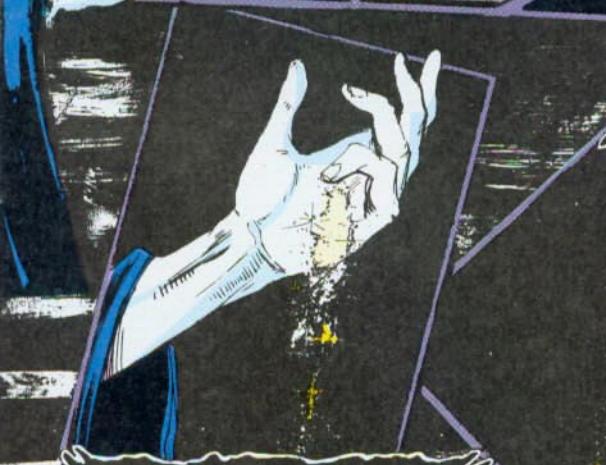
Like myself, like the few
others of my kind. ENDLESS.

Tonight I
feel alone.

Feel each
grain of it,
inexhaustible...
Endless.



I have always been
solitary, but here on
the nightward shores
of dream, loneliness
washes over me in waves,
lapping and pulling at
my spirit.



I watched him even then
as he fell, his face
undefeated, his eyes
still proud.

It is time for me
to walk the abyss.
Time to reclaim
my own.



I sprinkle sand into the waters
of night. The grains burn as
they fall, reminding me of another
in times long passed away.

I must talk to
the Morningstar.

I do not have
high hopes for
the meeting.



A HOPE IN

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The Wind that blows between
the Worlds chills me as I fall.

Suppose
I fail?

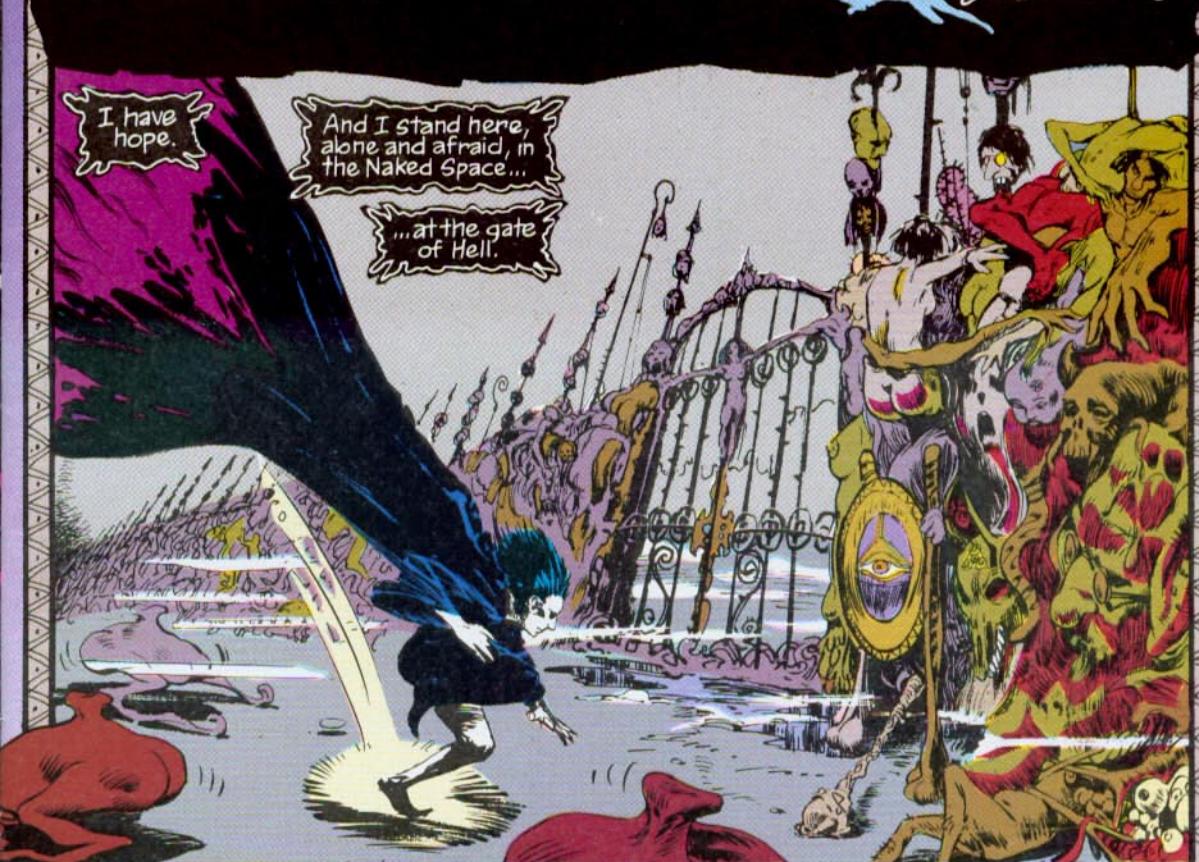
I cannot bluff Demons,
as I bluffed the errant
dreams with Constantine.

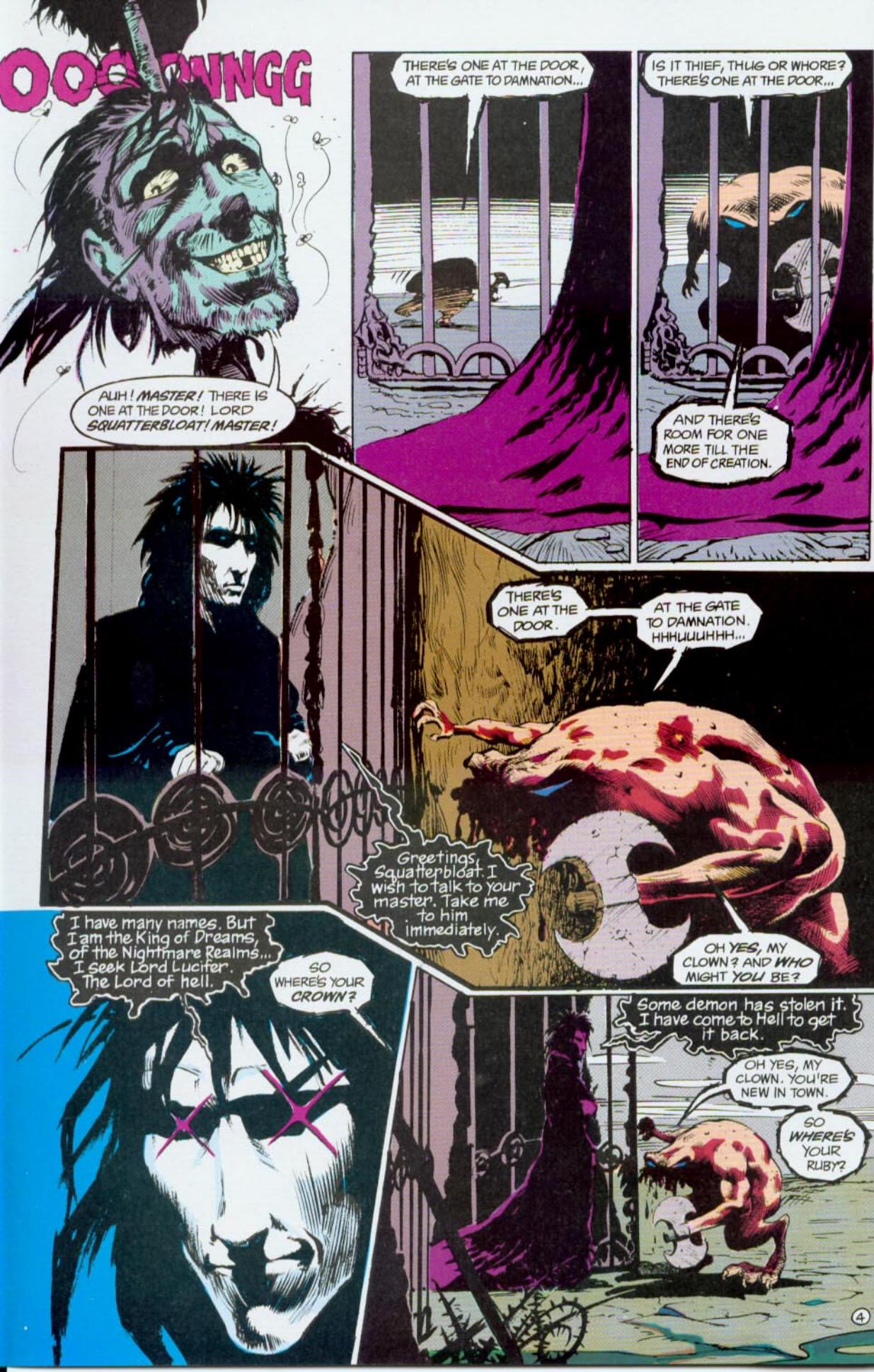
But I have the pouch. I have a modicum of power.

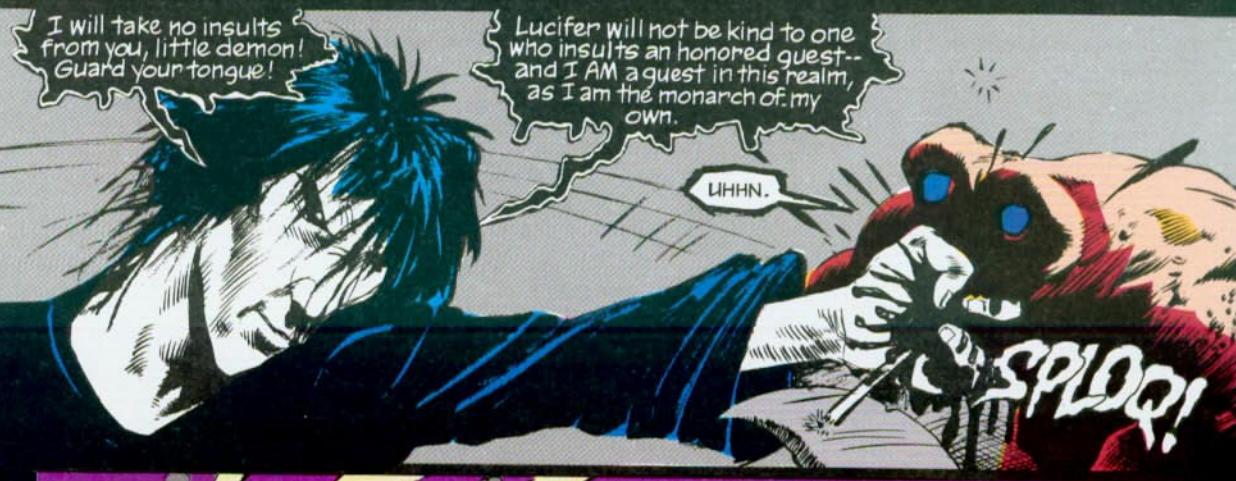
I have
hope.

And I stand here,
alone and afraid, in
the Naked Space...

...at the gate
of Hell.







Etrigan. Yes, Merlin's demon. The half-man. I remember you. So you're a rhymers now? You've risen in hell's hierarchy, I see.

THIS WAY.



THINGS CHANGE.



TO RISE AMONG THE FALLEN? STRANGE AND TRUE. BUT AS THINGS CHANGE, LORD, THEY TRANSMUTE AS WELL...

AND IF I'VE CHANGED, O KING, THEN WHAT OF YOU?

I have been... absent... for some time. But changed...?

...ALL TOO MUCH. SANDRA KNEW EVERYTHING. AND THE PAPERS. SO I HAD TO PILLS. PLASTIC BAG.

HAD TO GET OUT. NEEDED A BREAK. HURTING. HURTING.

The Wood of suicides has changed since my last visit to hell. I remember it as a tiny grove.



Perhaps.



HURTING
HURT / HURTING
HURTING HURT / HURTING
HURT

Now it resembles a forest.

Hell is changing.

Never trust a demon.
He has a hundred
motives for anything
he does... Ninety-nine
of them, at least, are
malevolent.

KAI'CKUL!
DREAMLORD! I HOPE
ONE DAY YOU WOULD
COME TO ME! FREE
ME, MY LOVE!
PLEASE?

I greet you,
Nada. It...
pains me to see
you like this.

Etrigan...

"Etrigan, WHY
did you bring
me here?"

KAI'CKUL! FREE
ME, LORD! YOU ORDERED
ME CONFINED HERE!
YOUR FORGIVENESS
CAN FREE
ME!

I
IMPROLE
YOU...

UPON YOUR
RIGHT ARE SOULS,
ENTOMBED, TO
PITY. AN UGLY
SIGHT...

DON'T
YOU LOVE
ME?

It has
been ten
thousand years,
Nada.

...yes, I
still love
you.

"But I have
not yet
forgiven you."

NOW,
ONWARD TO
THE CITY!
HAHAHA
HAHA!



We do not talk for the rest of the journey to Dis, the hellcity.

Lucifer's palace. It, too, has changed. It echoes with loss and pain. The last time I came to this place it was as an honored guest, an envoy from my own kingdom.

This time I lack power, I lack my symbols of office.

But I am still DREAM, and the doors of the palace open as we arrive.



We travel to the summit, past vasty halls that echo of screams and grunts and sighs and dust.



Up stairs that run with sweet blood. At the top of his mansion he waits for us, alone.



Greetings to you, Lucifer Morningstar.



BZZT

25, IF IT WERE
ONLY THAT EASY.
THINGS HAVE CHANGED
IN HELL SINCE YOU WERE
LAST HERE...

Things have
changed?
What are you
trying to tell
me, Lucifer
Morningstar?

That you no longer
rule hell? That the
demons no longer
follow your rule?

Things do
not change that
much, proud
one.

AH, BUT
THEY DO,
MAMMOPHEUS.

LUCIFER IS ZZ
INDEED NO LONGER
SOLE MMNONARCH
OON THE NEZZER
REGIONZZZ...

THIS IS
OUR CO-MONARCH,
BEELZEBUB, THE
LORD OF FLIES,

BBBUT NO.
IT'SZZZ A
TRIUMMMVIRATE.

We have
met so you
spoke the truth,
Proud Lord of
Lies. Hell is now
a diumvirate.

AZAZEL
WILL JOIN US SHORCLY.
HE IS THE THIRD LORD
OF HELL.

SOME YEARS AGO
THE DARK, THE SHADOW
CREATURE, CAME FORTH
TO CHALLENGE HEAVEN.
THE EPISODE ENDED IN...
PERHAPS A STALEMATE.

BUT THE CIVIL
WAR IN HELL THAT
ENSUED TIPPED THE
PRECARIOUS BALANCE
OF POWER.

WE RULE IN
COALITION NOW,
AZAZEL, BEELZEBUB
AND I.

THREE KINGS IN
DARKNESS. I AM AZAZEL.
WELL COME, DREAM KING.

Hell, a triumvirate?
Things change indeed.

Very well. I
seek a demon, who
has stolen my helm
of office. I wish
it back.

WHICH DEMON,
ZZEN? NAME IT AND
WE WILL BBBRING
IT HERE.

THERE ARE MORE
THAN A MILLION DEMONS,
AFTER ALL.

I do
not know
the demon's
name.

Then let
us summon all
of them to tell,
and meet them
on the vasty
plains of HELL!



THERE.
NOW, DREAM
KING ...

TELL
US ...

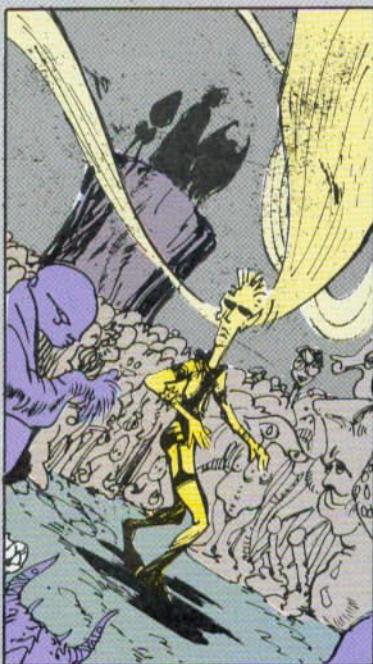
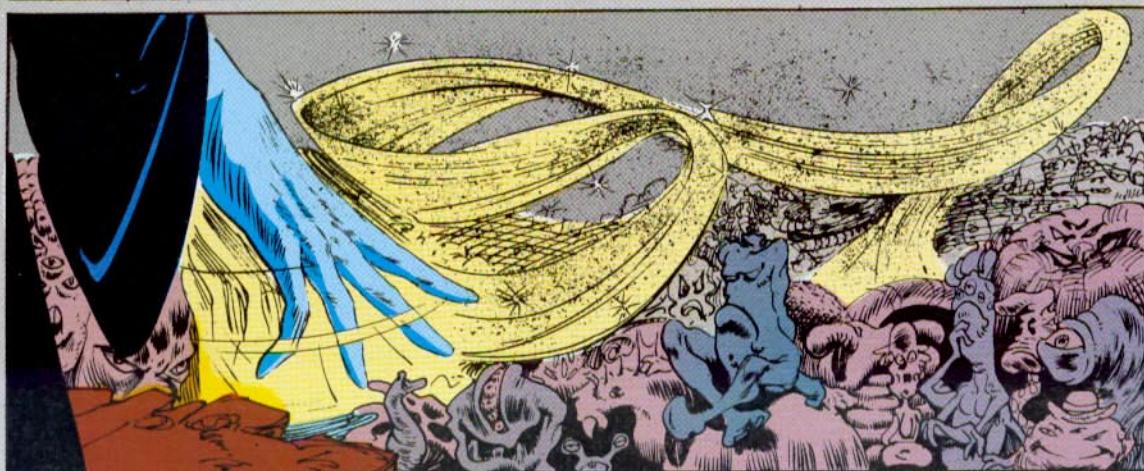
WHICH
DEMON HAS YOUR
HELMET?



I look at the demons. Some I recognize from nightmares. Others have passed through the dreamworld in the past. But there are so many...

One of you has my helm; my mask of pure dream. I crafted it myself, from the bones of a dead god. It is one of my tools...

Ah.





SSS. WELCOME,
LADIES N' GENNLEMEN,
TO ANOTHER THRILL-
PACKED EVENING OF
FUNFUNFUN HERE
AT THE HELLFIRE
CLUB.

I AM YOUR HOST,
CHORONZON, HIGH DUKE
OF THE EIGHTH CIRCLE,
CAPTAIN OF THE HORDE
OF LORD BEELZEBUB.

TONIGHT, FOR
YOUR ENTERTAINMENT
AND--SSS-DECLE-
TATION...

A FORMAL
CHALLENGE.

AS THE
CHALLENGED,
I SET THE METER
AND TAKE FIRST
MOVE.

AND THE
CHALLENGER IS DREAM,
ONCE THE MASTER OF
THE REALM OF SLEEP...

SSSO LET'S HAVE
A BIG HAND FOR--
MISTER SANDMAN!

It has been long since I was
forced to play such games
with Demons.

I rise slowly,
approach
the stage.

Around me a soft
SUSURRUS of sound,
and a languorous,
ironic applause.

"The Hellfire Club."
It feels like a
bad joke.

And like everything
else in Hell, it is
deadly serious.



There are many ways to lose the oldest game. Failure of shift into a defensive shape. Lack of imagination. hervé, hesitation...









BBZ, HERE,
DREAM MASTER.
THISZ ISZ YOUR
HELMET. YOU
HAVE WON IT
FAIRLY.

TAKE
IT.

I thank you.
The kings of Hell
are honorable. I
will remember
this.

HONORABLE?
YOU JOKE, SURELY.

LOOK
AROUND YOU,
MORPHLETS.

THE MILLION
LORDS OF HELL STAND
ARRAYED ABOUT
YOU.

TELL US
WHY WE SHOULD
LET YOU LEAVE?

HELMET OR NO,
YOU HAVE NO POWER
HERE--WHAT POWER
HAVE DREAMS IN
HELL?

You say I have
no power? Perhaps
you speak truly...



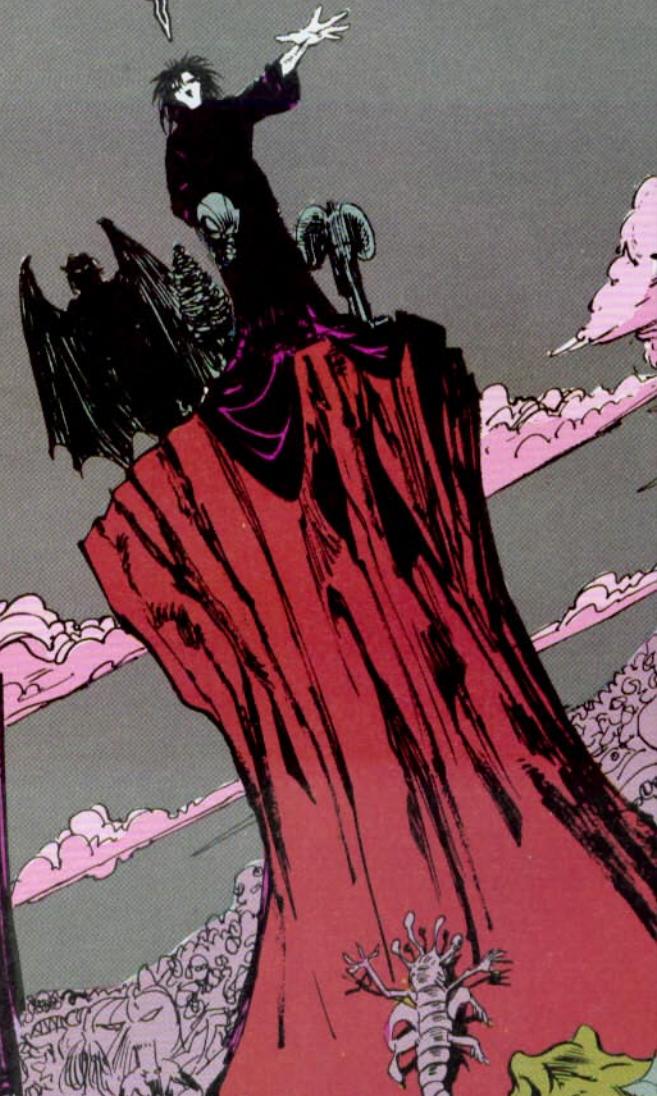
But--you
say that DREAMS
have no power
here?

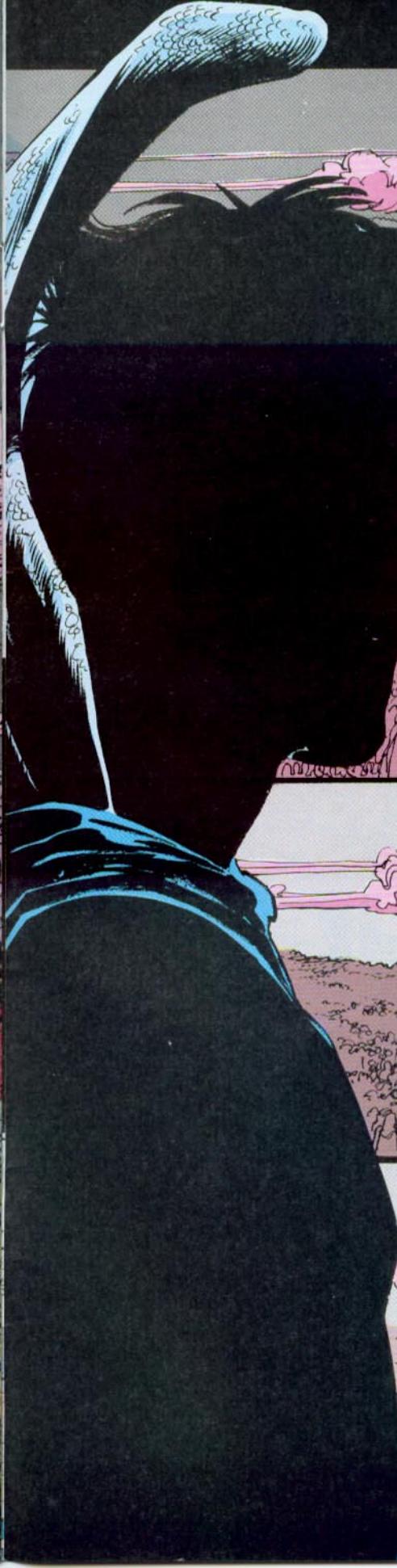


Tell me,
Lucifer
Morningstar...

Ask
yourselves,
all of you...

What power
would HELL have
if those here
imprisoned were
NOT able to DREAM
of HEAVEN?





Silently they move aside,
unable to meet
my gaze.

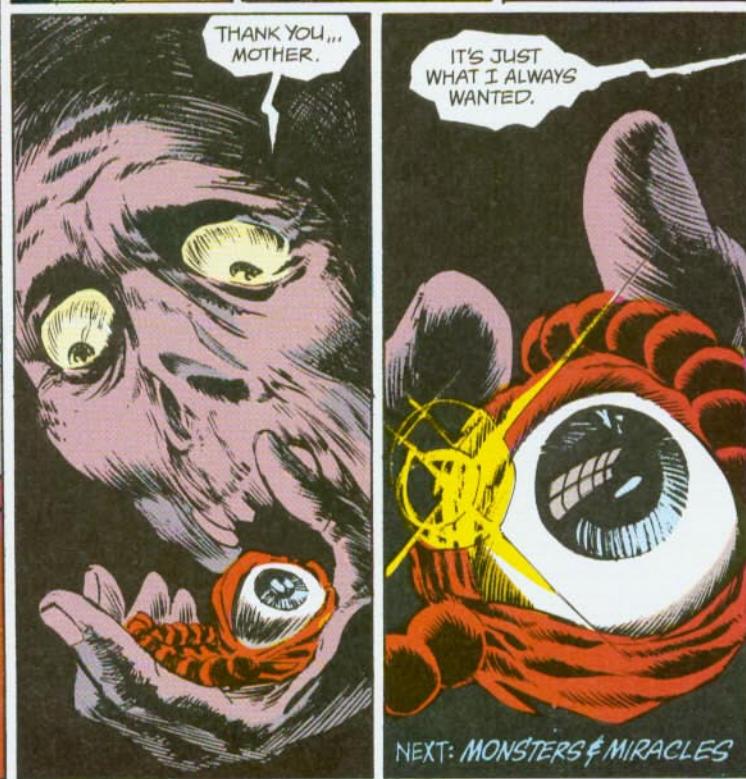
And walking steadily,
my helm by my side, I
take my leave of Hell.

My hopes fulfilled.

One day, my
BROTHERS...

One day
I shall destroy
him.

EPilogue



VERTIGO

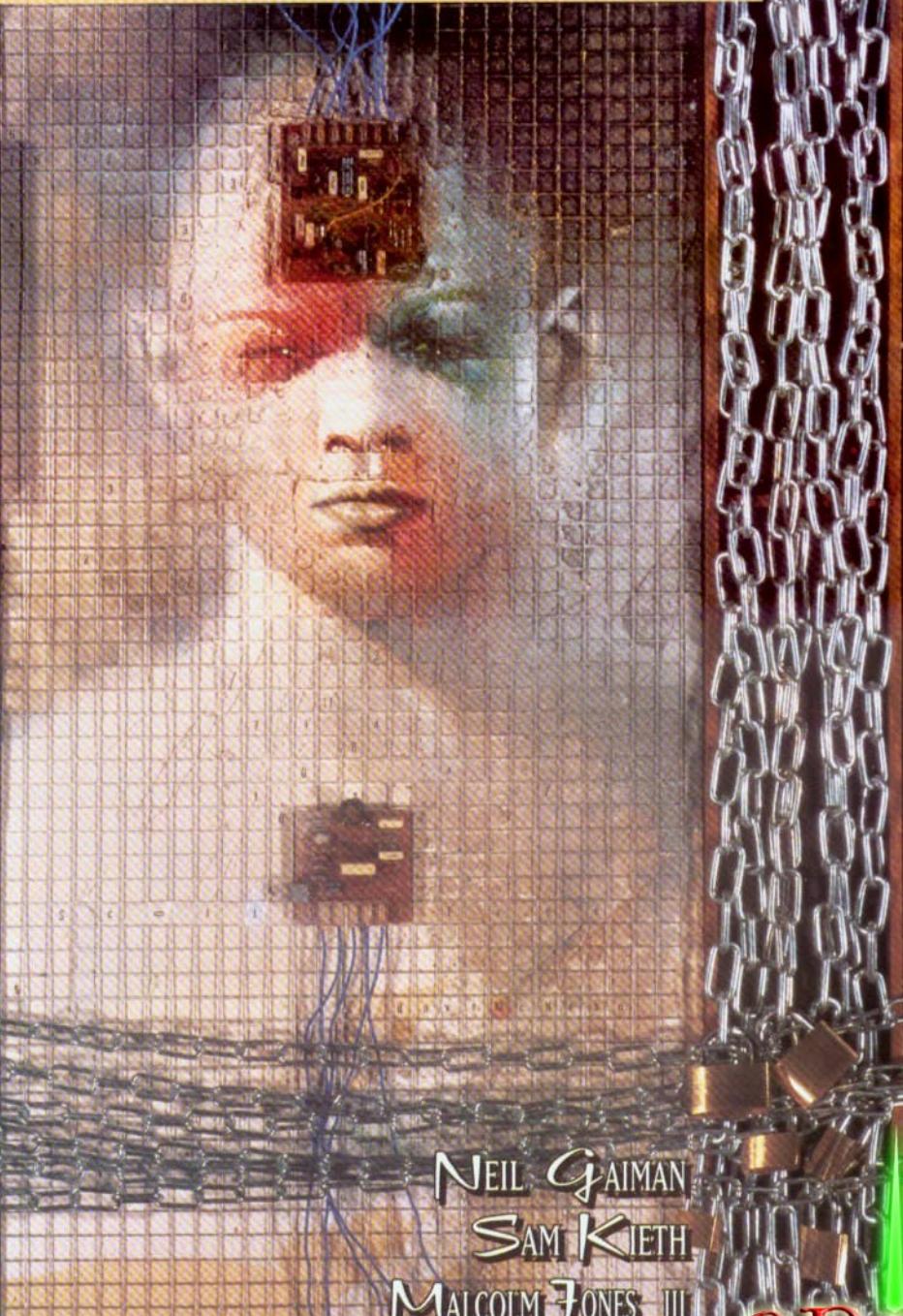
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SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

AND NOW IT'S 2:15 AM,
APRIL 1ST, AND THE "FUNERAL
MARCH FOR A MARIONETTE"
TELLS US THAT ALFRED HITCHCOCK
PRESENTS ANOTHER TWISTY
TALE FOR ALL YOU LATE NIGHT
GOTHAM VIEWERS...

J POM-DA-P
POPAPA-POM-
D DA-POM...
♪ ♪ ♪

...POM-ROMETTY-
POM POM-POM...



GOOD EVENING,
FELLOW TOURISTS...



I THINK THIS PROVES
THAT IN SOME WAYS THE
AIRPLANE CAN NEVER
REPLACE THE TRAIN.

HEHH.



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SURPRISE!
IT'S ONLY ME!

NOW--DON'T TELL
ANYBODY ELSE ABOUT
THIS! THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE A GOOD HANGING
TO SCARE PEOPLE
WITLESS...

YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, AREN'T YOU? SOME PEOPLE ARE AFRAID
OF DOCTORS. IT'S CALLED IATROPHOBIA. DR. DESTINY. AREN'T
YOU MEANT TO BE LOCKED UP DOWNTAIRS?

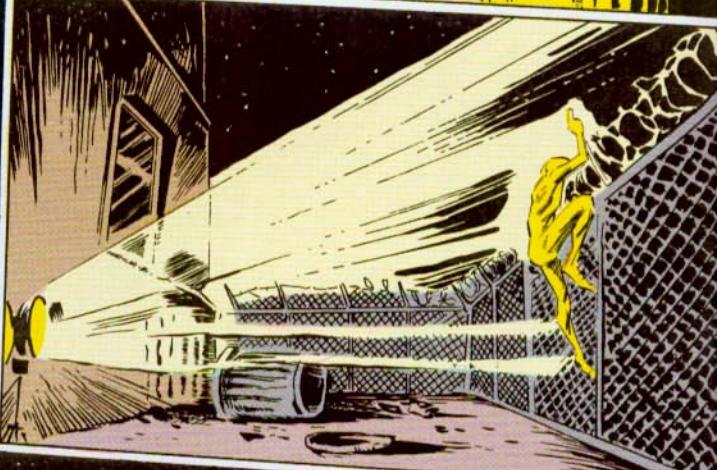
SSHH. YOU MUSTN'T
TELL ANYONE. I'M
ESCAPING. MY MOTHER
DIED.



I'M GOING TO GET THE RUBY
BACK. THE MAT. THE MAT.
THE MAT-ER-I-OP-TI-KON. AND THEN
I'LL DRIVE EVERYBODY IN THE
WHOLE WIDE WORLD MAD. AND
THEN THEY'LL MAKE ME KING.

IT SOUNDS SCARY. HAVE A NICE
TIME, AND YOU MUST PROMISE--
WHEN YOU GET BACK--TO TELL
ME ALL ABOUT IT.







I FLEE PAST GREYBORDERS, DOWN THE DARKLING ROAD TO LONGSHADOWS. I SKIRT THE FIRE PITs, AND LOSE MYSELF IN THE HEART OF THE ARMAGHETTO. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE I GO. ALL ROADS LEAD BACK TO GRANNY.



HAPPINESS IS THE HEART THAT'S GRANNY'S.
RIP OUT YOUR HEART FOR GRANNY.
GRANNY LOVES YOU.



SHE WRAPS ME TIGHT IN HER LOVE AND HER VOICE. TIES ME TIGHT WITH STEEL AND GRANITE.



I'VE BEEN A BAD LITTLE BOY. I SAID A BAD THING. I LEFT HER.

AND THIS IS WHAT THEY DO TO BAD LITTLE BOYS: THEY PUT THEM IN THE MURDER MACHINE.



I LEAVE THE COFFIN BEHIND ME.



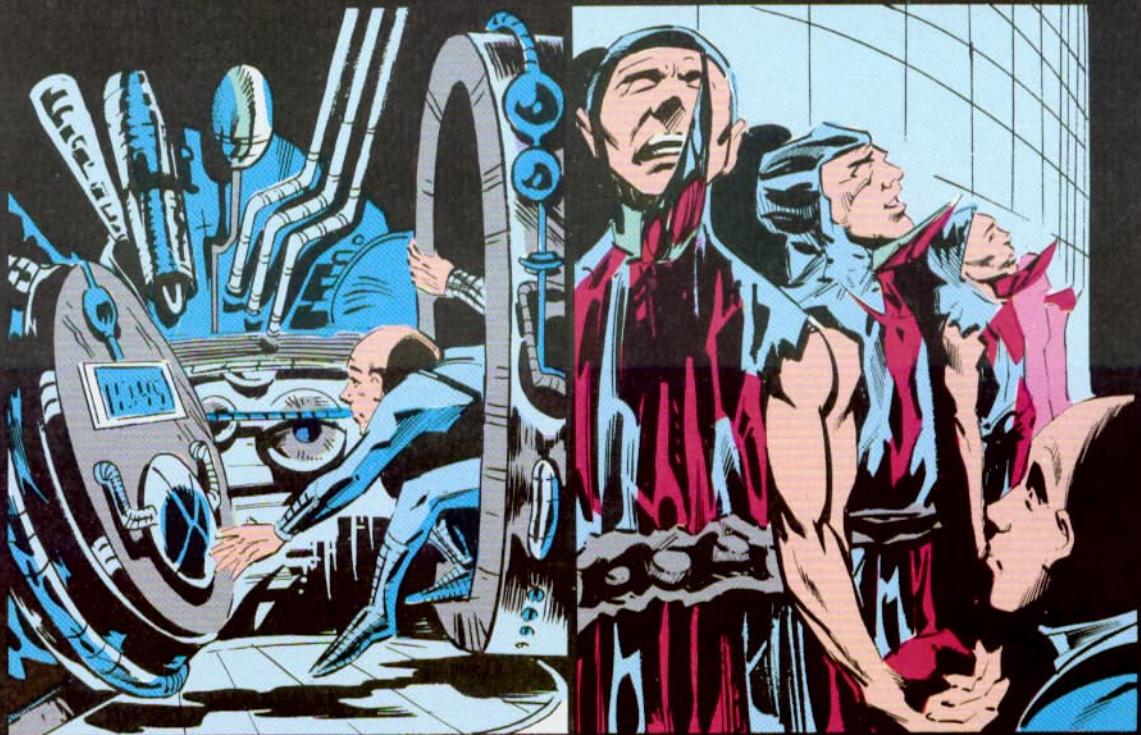
I SIDESTEP THE KNIVES, LEAP THROUGH THE FLAMES.



THE BOMB EXPLODES; BUT I AM NOT WHERE I WAS.



THE FLOOR VANISHES. I DO NOT FALL INTO THE ACID PIT.

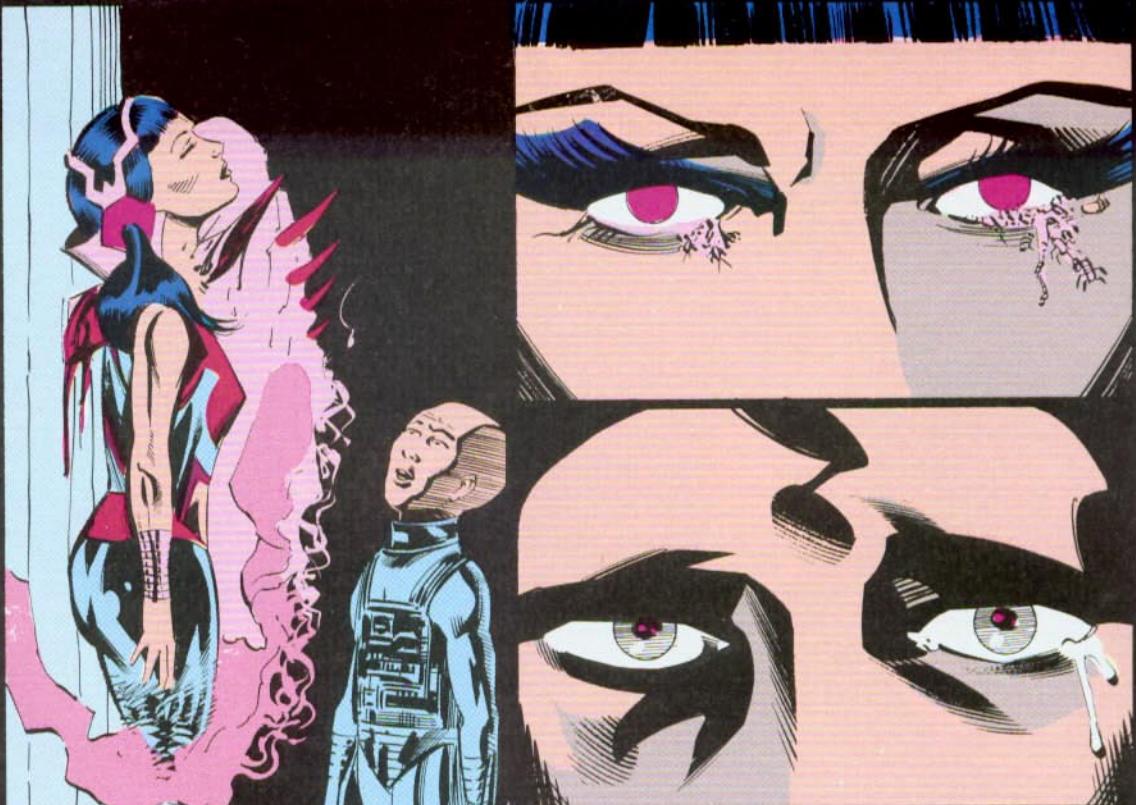


I REACH THE WOMB, THE EXIT. THE BOX.

IT'S THE LAST TRAP-- SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT. THE LAST EXIT. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TYPE MY NAME. (MY REAL NAME. MY TRUE NAME.) AND THE DOOR WILL OPEN AND I WILL BE SCOT FREE.

ZEP AND BRAVO AND WELDUN HANG IN WARNING, LOWLIES WHO NEVER ESCAPED THE ARMAGHETTO, THE BLACK BLOOD OF A BYGONE DECADE CRUSTED ON THEIR NECKS.

YOUR NAME, THEY SAY. TELL US YOUR NAME AND WE'LL LET YOU GO.

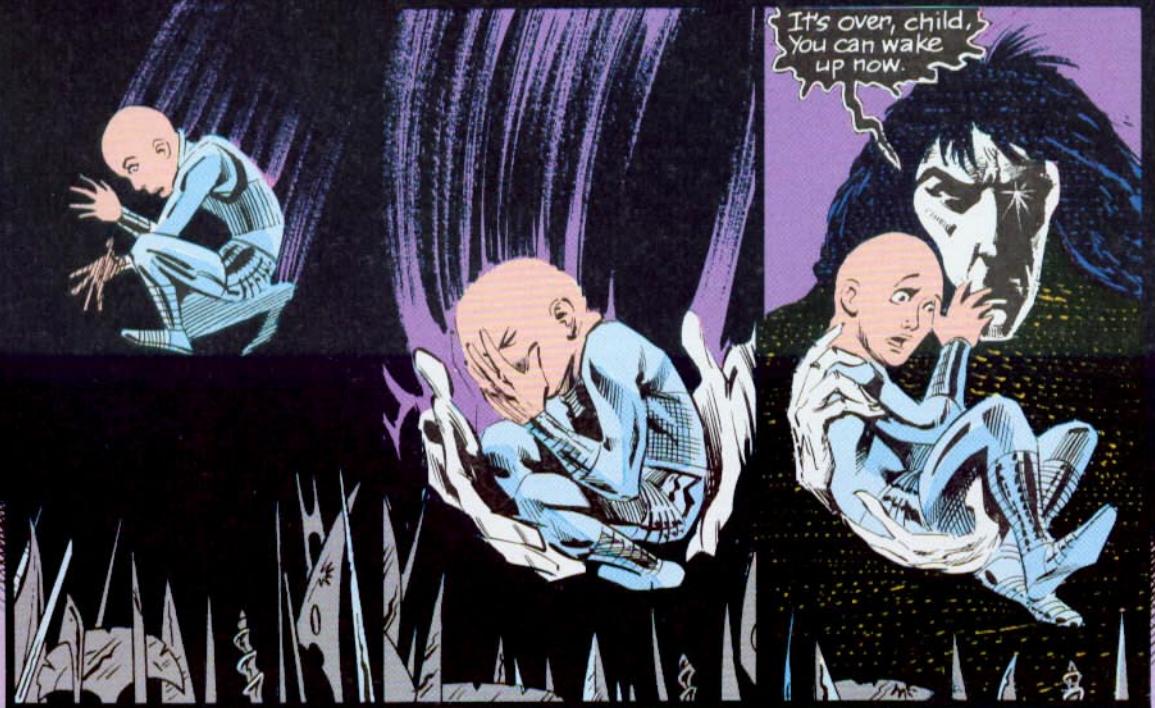


AURALIE HANGS THERE. SWEET AURALIE, MY FIRST LOVE, HER FEET BURNED AWAY AND HER EYES CHURNING WITH MAGGOTS. WHAT DO I CALL YOU? SHE ASKS ME. NOT SCOTT FREE. SCOTT FREE WAS JUST GRANNY'S JOKE.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY LOVE?

I DON'T KNOW.

I'M GOING TO DIE.





MY MOTHER DIED LAST WEEK. SHE WAS VERY OLD. THAT WAS WHEN I KNEW I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THAT PLACE.

SAY, WHY AREN'T YOU, Y'KNOW, WEARING ANYTHING?

OH, I'M SORRY.

THEY TOOK MY CLOTHES AWAY. THEY WERE SCARED I WOULD KILL MYSELF. HANG MYSELF WITH A SHIRT, PERHAPS.

AREN'T YOU COLD?

YES. VERY COLD.

WELL...

THERE'S AN OLD COAT OF HARRY'S--MY HUSBAND'S--IN THE BACK. WHY DON'T YOU PUT IT ON? YOU MUST BE FREEZING.

A COAT? THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU. I'D LIKE TO WEAR A COAT.

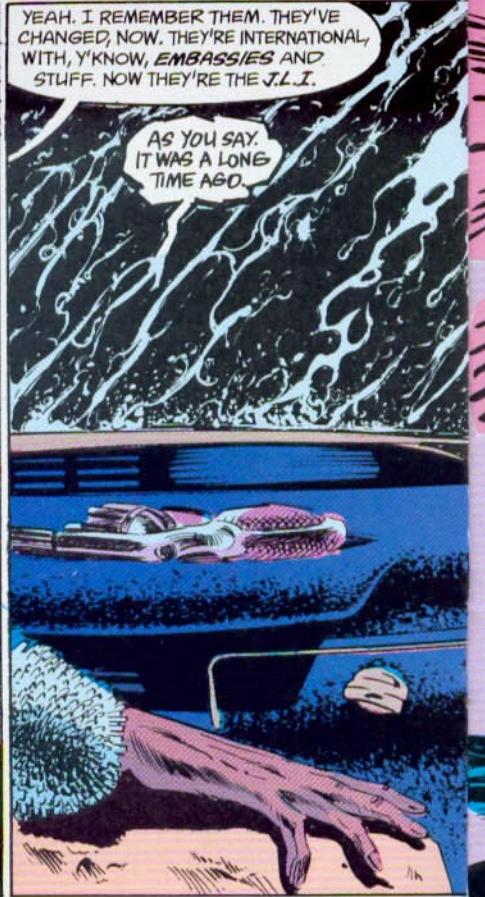
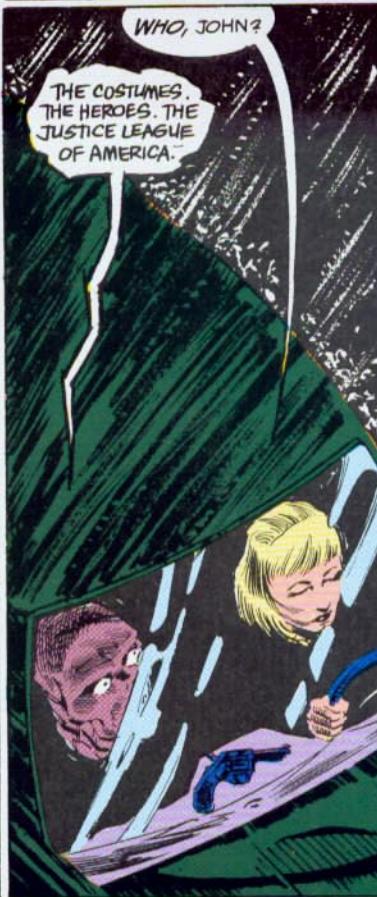
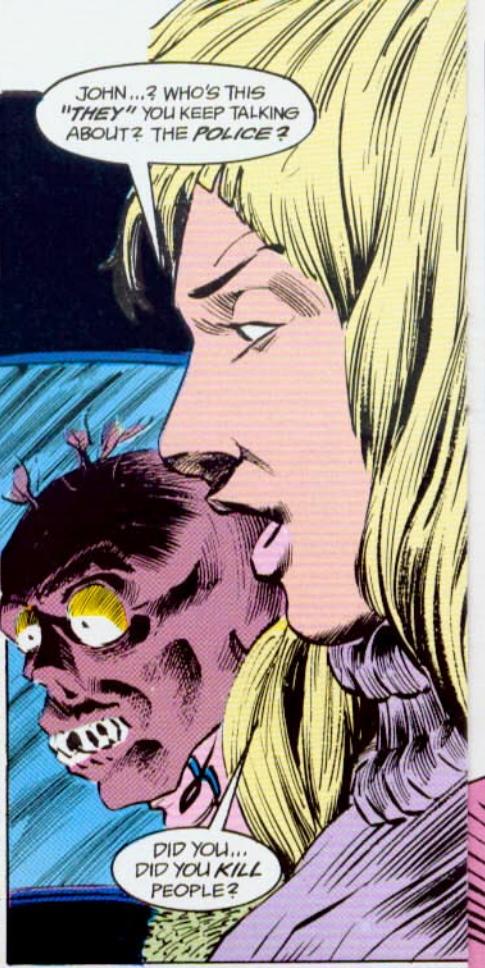
THANK YOU.

NEIL GAIMAN,
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ARTISTS
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COLORS
TODD KLEIN,
LETTERS
ART YOUNG,
ASST. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER
EDITOR
MR. MIRACLE
CREATED BY
JACK KIRBY

PASSSENGERS!







KNOCK
KNOCK

SCOTT...

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT TIME IT IS?
I HOPE THIS IS
IMPORTANT...

YEAH. SORRY. I
KNOW IT'S NEARLY
FOUR, J'ONN. BUT
YOU'RE THE ONLY
MEMBER OF THE
OLD JLA WHO'S
STILL AROUND.
WE'VE GOT A
VISITOR...

YOU!

LORD L'ZORIL, I GREET
YOU HUMBLY: MAY YOU GUARD
US IN THE DARKNESS AND ON
THE PATHWAY BETWEEN WAKING
HOURS, AND PROTECT US IN
DREAMS FROM THE FLAME
OF YOUR WRATH.

A Martian?
I thought your
kind were
eons-gone.

I AM THE LAST
OF MY RACE.

I seek a ruby,
Last Martian. It was
known to your kind as
Dorilar, the Stone of
Binding. It was taken
from a human, kept
as a souvenir: Where
is it now?

WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE OLD JLA'S
TROPHIES, JONN?

Where?

A WAREHOUSE.
UPSTATE GOTHAM. LITTLE
TOWN CALLED MAYHEW.
I CAN GET YOU THE
EXACT ADDRESS...

THAT STUFF?
IT'S IN STORAGE. I
THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE
KIND OF NICE TO PUT
IT ON DISPLAY SOME-
WHERE, BUT IT'S
KIND OF HOKEY...

There is no need.
I thank you, last
Martian. If you wish,
you may dream of the
City of Focative
Mirrors...

I thank
you both. I hope
you find your
name, Scott
Free.
Goodnight.

WHO
WAS
THAT?

AN OLD GOD.
A VERY OLD GOD.
COME, SCOTT FREE; LET
US HIT THE KITCHEN. I
HAVE A SECRET STASH
OF OREOS OF WHICH
YOU ARE WELCOME
TO PARTAKE.

...MOTHER SAID, IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE A CRIMINAL, JOHN, YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BRING SHAME ON THE FAMILY NAME. I HAD TO CHANGE IT. I CALLED MYSELF DESTINY. DEE IS FOR DESTINY...

NOW MOTHER'S DEAD IT DOESN'T MATTER ANY MORE. NOW I CAN BE DEE AGAIN. DEE IS FOR LOTS OF THINGS. DEATH. DUST. DARKNESS. DEMONS...

YEAH. WELL, SPEAKING AS A MOTHER OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS, JOHN, IF EITHER OF THEM ANNOUNCED THEY WANTED TO BE MASTER CRIMINALS I'D TELL THEM TO CHANGE THEIR NAMES.

...MAKE A CHANGE FROM TELLING AIMEE AND JESSIE TO TIDY UP THEIR ROOMS, I SUPPOSE.

I DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE, JOHN.

I KNOW NOT YOU. THE OTHERS. SCIENTISTS. I'M AN HERMETIC PHILOSOPHER. AND A SCIENTIST, TOO. TRULY.

IF I WASN'T A SCIENTIST I COULDN'T HAVE DONE WHAT I DID TO THE RUBY.

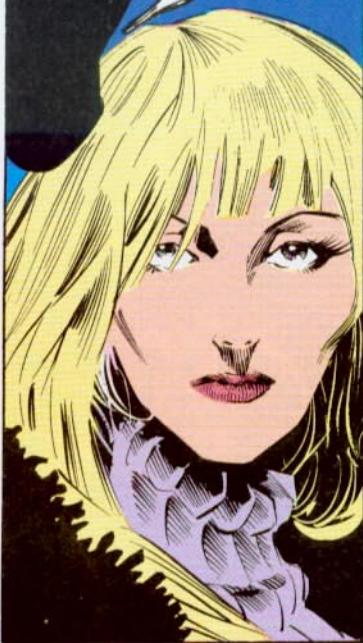
DO YOU KNOW WHAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF, ROSEMARY KELLY?

MADE OF? THEY'RE JUST DREAMS...

NO. THEY AREN'T. PEOPLE THINK DREAMS AREN'T REAL BECAUSE THEY AREN'T MADE OF MATTER, OF PARTICLES. DREAMS ARE REAL. BUT THEY ARE MADE OF VIEWPOINTS, OF IMAGES, OF MEMORIES AND PUNS AND LOST HOPES...

THE RUBY SEEMS TO TURN THEM INTO MATTER. IT FORCES THEM TO TRANSLATE THEMSELVES INTO FORMS WE CAN RECOGNIZE IN THIS WORLD.

IT ALSO CONTROLS DREAMS IN THEIR RAW STATE. YOUR DREAMS. ANYBODY'S DREAMS.



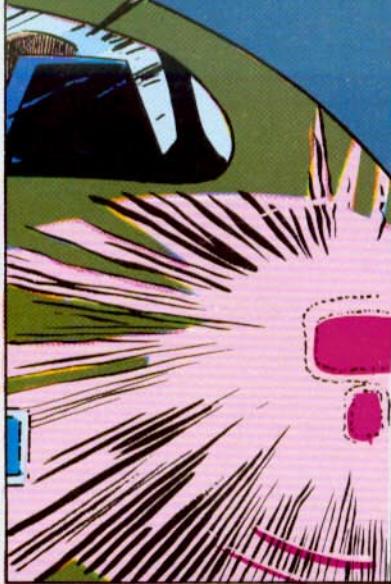
I DON'T KNOW WHERE MOTHER GOT THE RUBY FROM. SHE HAD A LUCKY CHARM AS WELL. SHE WOULDN'T GIVE ME THAT... NOT WHILE SHE LIVED.

I BUILT MACHINES THAT THE RUBY POWERED. THEN I BUILT THE MACHINES IN MY DREAMS. BUT THEY STOPPED ME DREAMING. SO I HAD TO USE THE RUBY DIRECTLY...



I CODED CIRCUITY INTO ITS CLASP. I CHANGED ITS RESONANCE; I IRRADIATED IT; I FORCED FLAWS; I ISOLATED IT FROM ITS ORIGINAL POWER SOURCE, WHATEVER--OR WHOEVER-- THAT WAS.

I MADE IT MORE REAL. I... CHANGED IT.



IT ISN'T A RUBY, REALLY. IT'S A SOLID DREAM. IT'S THE ONLY DREAM I HAVE. NOBODY ELSE CAN USE IT ANYMORE. NOBODY BUT ME.

AND WE'RE CLOSE TO IT, NOW. I WANT TO DRINK ITS LIGHT. TO DRINK THE LIGHT OF MY RUBY.



I am a passenger.
I am moving through
your dreams. I am
riding in your dreams.

I ride on dragonback
from Manhattan, the
dragon is made of riveted
iron and smells of cotton
candy

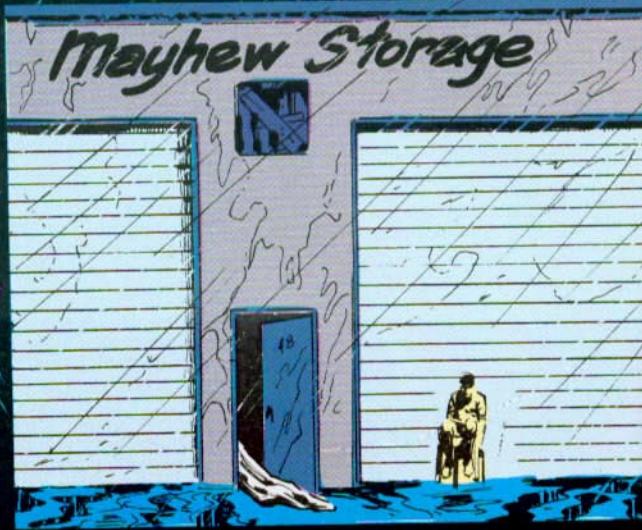
I travel briefly by bus: in
the back the dreamer copulates
desperately, not noticing his
autonomous passenger. I sit
at the front and talk to the
driver.

Approaching the state of
Delaware, the dreamer is a
small dog, dreaming impatiently
of a past life, long forgotten,
when he sailed tall ships across
uncharted.

The salt spray of
the ocean stings
my face.

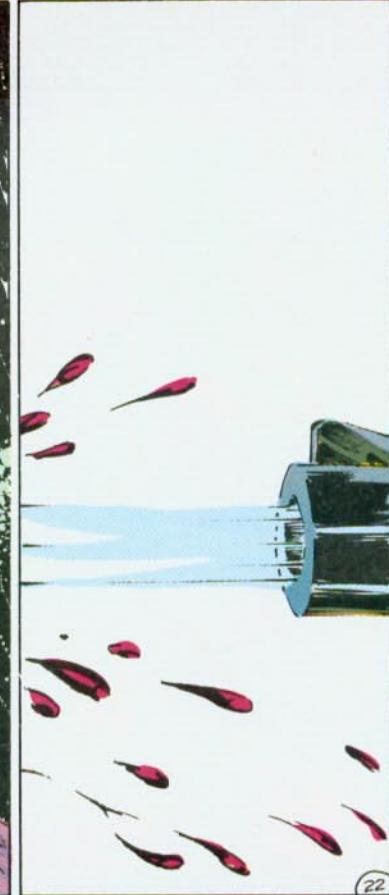
I am moving through
dreams, pulling toward
Mayhew, feeling for
the jewel.

Through your dreams, my
sleeping children. You had
a passenger, and you
never knew.













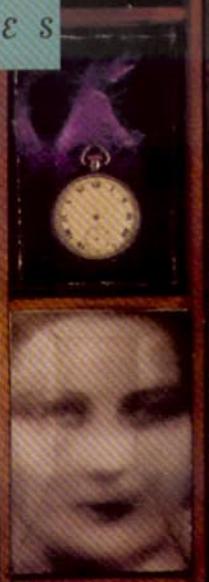
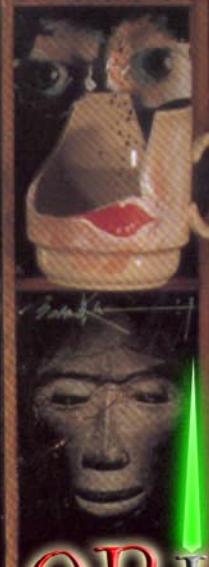
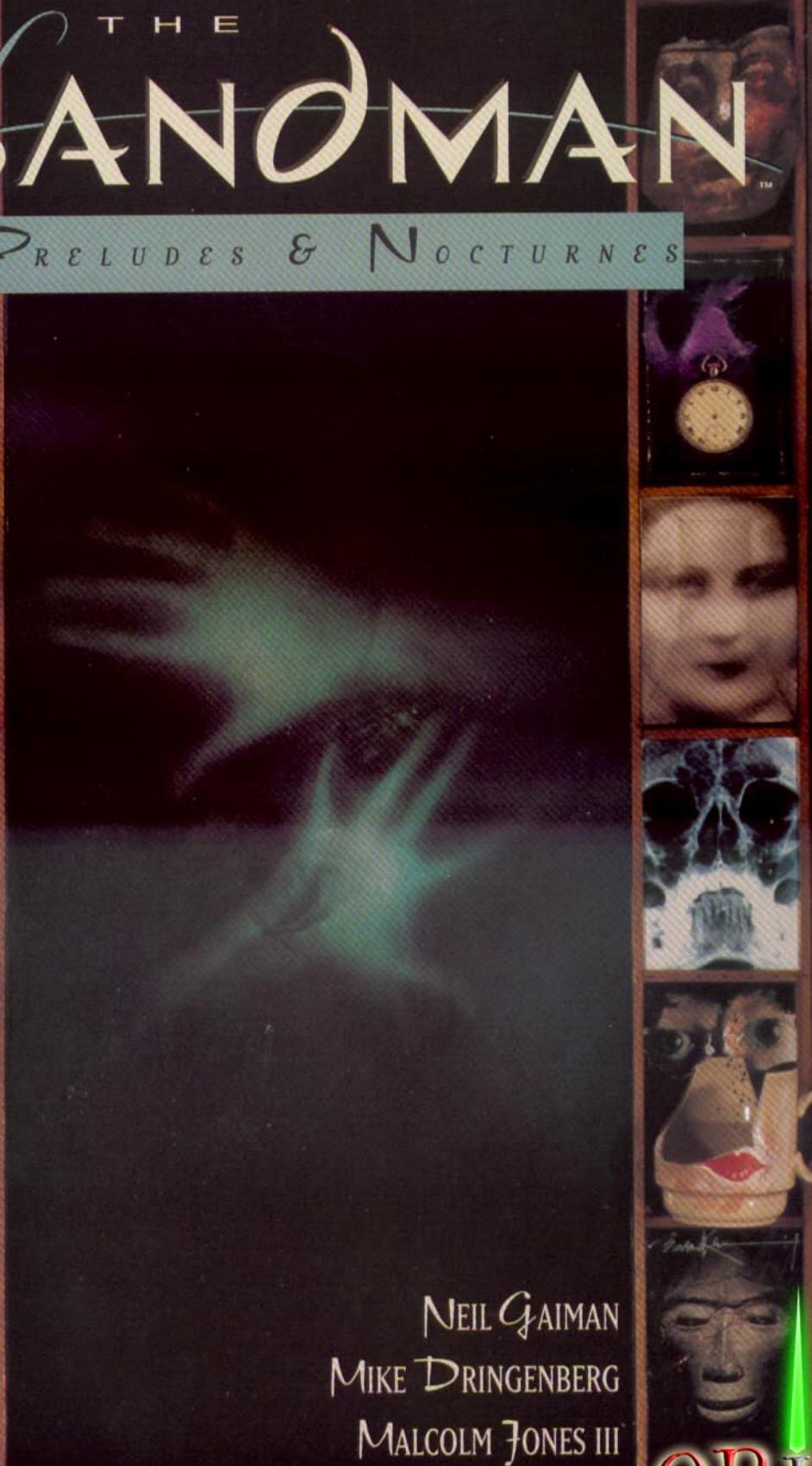
NEXT: WAITING FOR THE
END OF THE WORLD...

VERTIGO

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PRELUDES & NOCTURNES



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HOUR 1: THE FLIES
WALKED INTO THE WEB.

NITE DINER HOURS

24

NEIL
GAIMAN,
WRITER

MIKE
DRINGENBERG
& MALCOLM
JONES III,
ARTISTS &
SPECIAL
THANKS
TO
DOM
CAROLA

ROBBIE
BUSCH,
COLORIST

TODD
KLEIN,
LETTERS

ART YOUNG, ASST. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER, EDITOR

OPEN

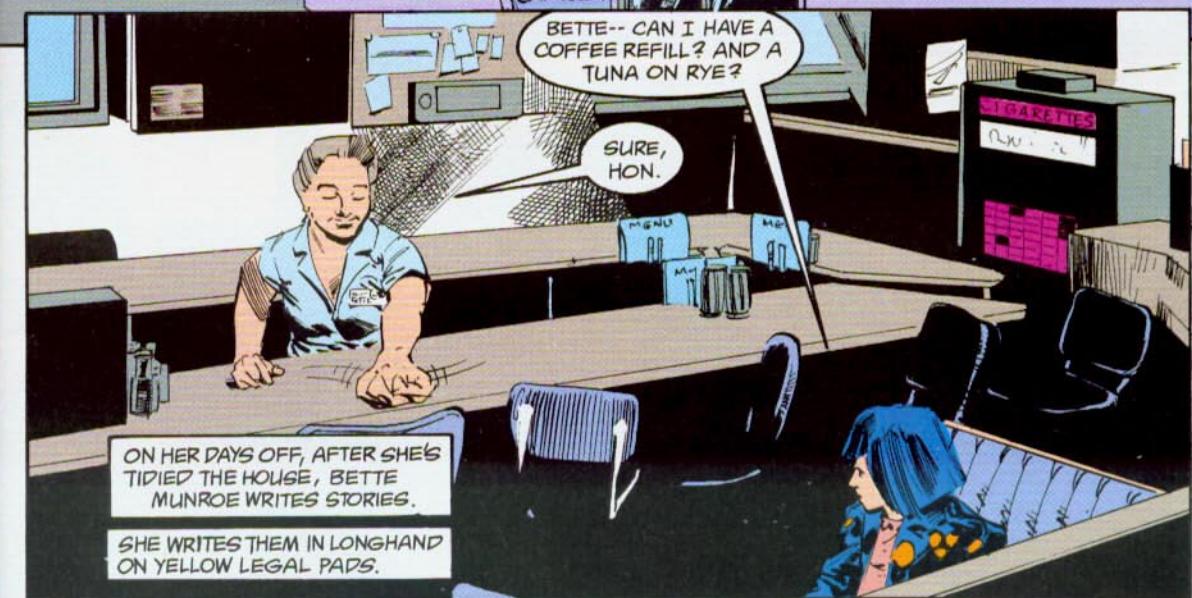


BETTE-- CAN I HAVE A
COFFEE REFILL? AND A
TUNA ON RYE?

SURE,
HON.

ON HER DAYS OFF, AFTER SHE'S
TIDIED THE HOUSE, BETTE
MUNROE WRITES STORIES.

SHE WRITES THEM IN LONGHAND
ON YELLOW LEGAL PADS.

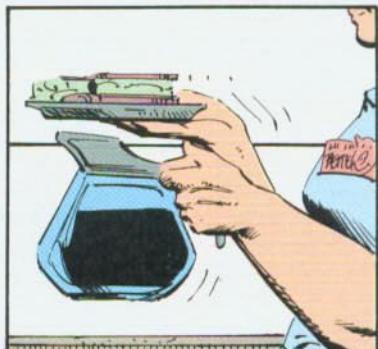


SOMETIMES SHE WRITES ABOUT
HER EX-HUSBAND, BERNARD, AND
ABOUT HER SON, BERNARD JR.
WHO WENT OFF TO COLLEGE
AND NEVER CAME BACK TO HER.



SHE MAKES THESE STORIES
END HAPPILY.

MOST OF HER STORIES,
HOWEVER, ARE ABOUT
HER CUSTOMERS.



THEY LOOK AT HER AND THEY
JUST SEE A WAITRESS; THEY DON'T
KNOW SHE'S NURSING A SECRET.

A SECRET THAT KEEPS HER ACHING
CALF-MUSCLES AND HER COFFEE-
SCALDED FINGERS AND HER WEARI-
NESS FROM DRAGGING HER DOWN...

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IT'S HER SECRET.

SHE'S NEVER SHOWN ANYONE HER STORIES.

COMING RIGHT UP!

ONE DAY SHE KNOWS SHE'LL PACKAGE THE PADS UP, BIND THEM IN BROWN PAPER, SEND THEM TO DEAR ABBY, OR EARL WILSON, OR JACKIE COLLINS.

AND A COFFEE. THERE.

"BUT YOU'RE A WRITER," JOHNNY CARSON WILL SAY TO HER, "HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A WAITRESS?"

SHE'LL SMILE.

SHE WON'T TELL HIM.

IT'LL BE HER SECRET.

THEY'LL READ THEM, AND THEY'LL PUBLISH THEM AND EVERYONE WILL MARVEL AT HER DEPICTION OF HAPPY, HAPPY SMALL-TOWN LIFE.



PEOPLE THINK BETTE TALKS TO THEM SO EASILY BECAUSE SHE'S A WAITRESS. THEY DON'T REALIZE SHE'S A WRITER GATHERING MATERIAL.



BETTE--I'M GOING TO USE THE BATHROOM. IF DONNA COMES BY, TELL HER TO WAIT, OK?



SHE ISN'T SMALL-MINDED; A WRITER CAN'T AFFORD TO BE. WHAT THOSE GIRLS DO IS A SIN AGAINST GOD, AND UNNATURAL, BUT STILL ...

BETTE FEELS SORRY FOR THEM. IN HER STORIES SHE'S ALREADY MARRIED BOTH OFF THEM OFF TO FINE YOUNG MEN.



MA'AM? MA'AM, COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR MORE COFFEE OVER HERE, IF YOU PLEASE?



IT'S NOT YET ELEVEN. YOU'VE STILL GOT AN HOUR TO KILL.

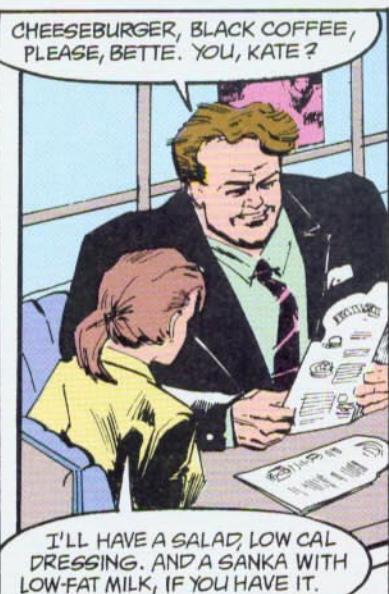


HE'S GOING FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH THAT BIG CHEMICAL WORKS. MAYBE TONIGHT SHE'LL WRITE A STORY ABOUT HIM.



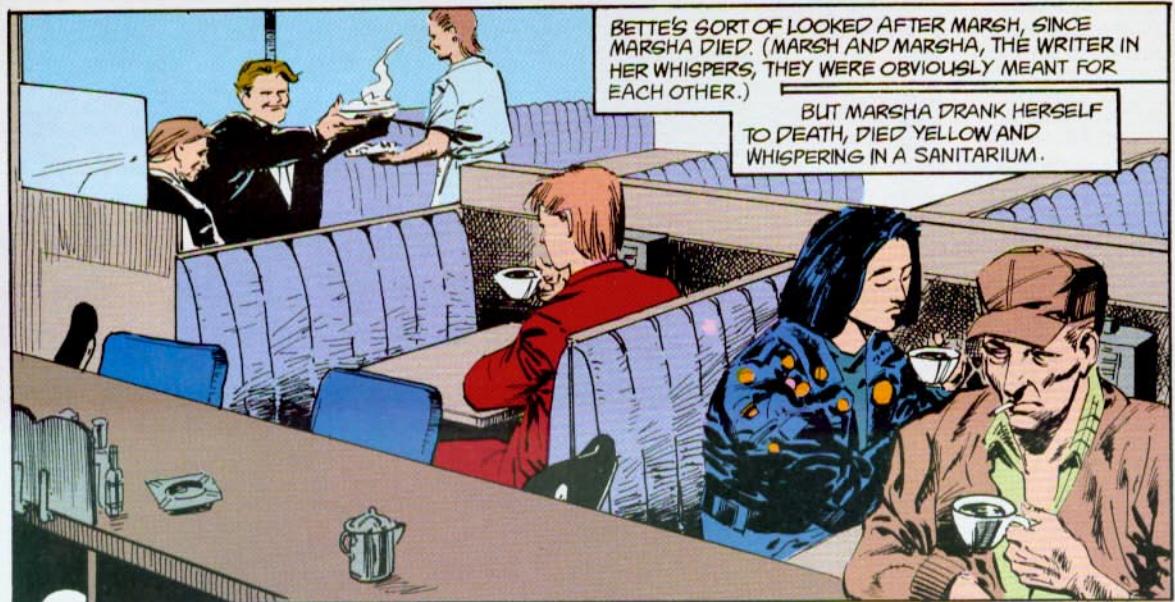
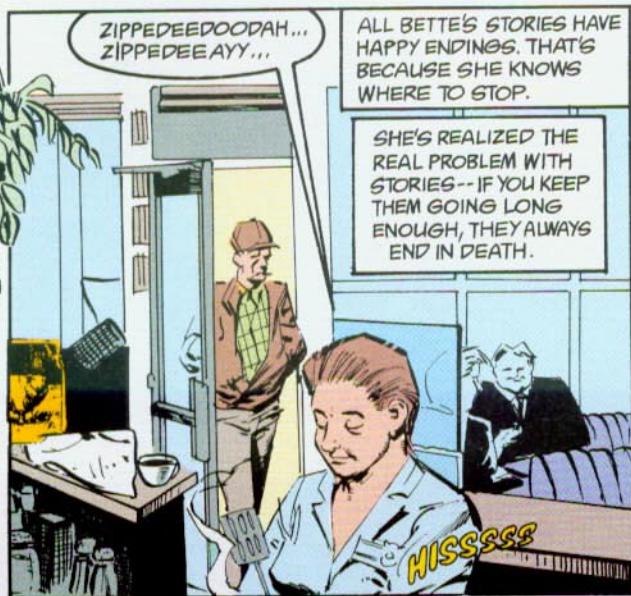
HE'LL GET THE JOB.

MARRY THE BOSS' DAUGHTER.



NOW, THAT COUPLE, THE FLETCHERS. TOWN TALK HAD IT HE'D MARRIED HER FOR HER MONEY, BUT BETTE COULD SEE THEY DOTTED ON EACH OTHER.







EVEN THE QUIET LITTLE STRANGER IN THE CORNER SEAT.

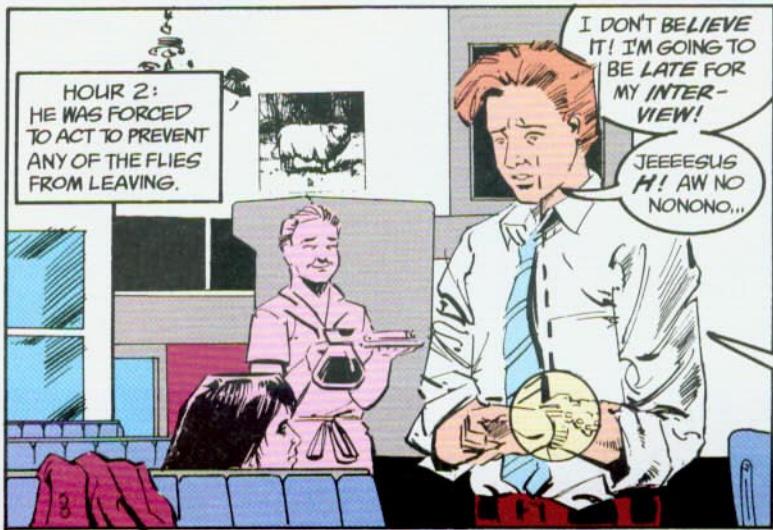


HE'D BEEN HERE SINCE SHE CAME ON SHIFT THIS MORNING, NURSING COFFEE AFTER COFFEE, HARDLY DRINKING AT ALL, JUST WATCHING THEM COOL; AWAY IN A DREAM-WORLD OF HIS OWN ...

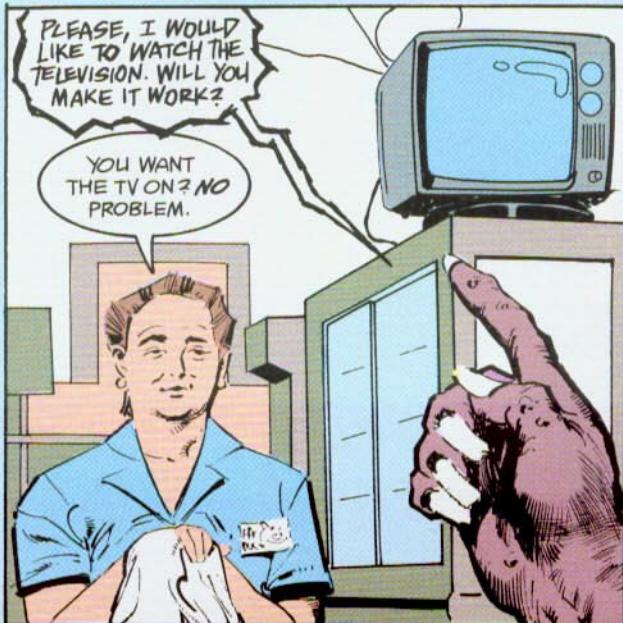


SHE WONDERS ABOUT HIM ...





HOUR 3: AFTERNOON SOAP OPERA



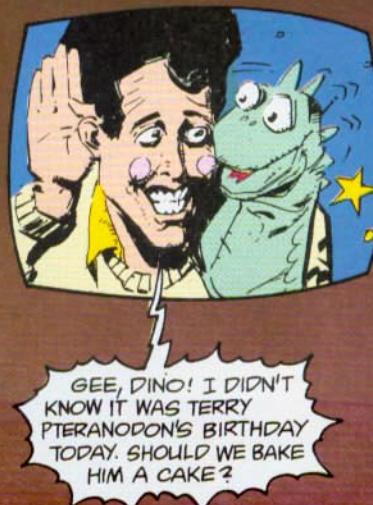
IN YESTERDAY'S PULSE-CHURNING EPISODE OF "SECRET HEARTS"...

YOU MEAN-- I MARRIED MY DENTIST?

BUT IF MY SIAMESE TWIN IS HIV POSITIVE, DOCTOR, DOESN'T THAT MEAN--
=GASP= ...?

I'M NOT JUST A CRAZY, CARA. I'M A CRAZY WITH A GUN. SAY YOUR PRAYERS.





PLEASE
STAND BY
WE ARE EXPERIENCING
TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES

HOUR 5: THE FLIES GET RESTLESS.



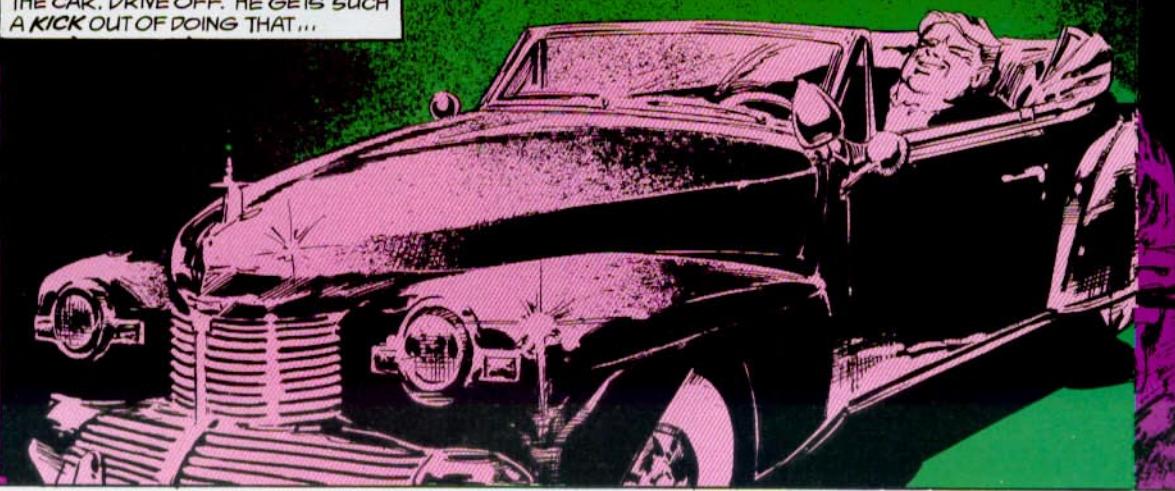
HOUR 6:



HOUR 7: HE MAKES THEM FEEL GOOD. HE MAKES THEIR DREAMS COME TRUE. GIVES THEM WHAT THEY WANT.



AND GARRY'S HAVING A \$20 HOOKER IN THE CONVERTIBLE. THEN HE'LL BEAT HER UP, THROW HER OUT OF THE CAR, DRIVE OFF. HE GETS SUCH A KICK OUT OF DOING THAT...



AND KATE KNOWS SHE'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GARRY'S LITTLE INFIDELITIES AGAIN. NO MORE LIPSTICK ON HIS COLLAR. HE'S ALL HERS.



HOUR 8: HE MOVES AMONG THEM, EXPERIENCING THEIR LITTLE PLEASURES, THEIR MINOR JOYS.



HOUR 9: CONFLICT, HE DECIDES, REVEALS CHARACTER.

...FILTHY DYKE BITCH!

UHT!

HOUR 10: THEY LOVE HIM.



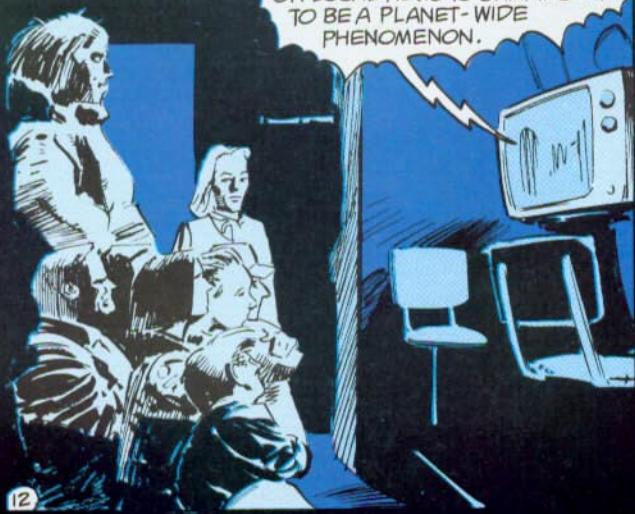
DEEE...WE LOVE YOU, DEEE...

BEAUTIFUL.
YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL.



HOUR 11: HE CATCHES UP ON THE NEWS.

...NIGHTMARES, SLEEPLESSNESS AND INSANITY REPORTED EARLIER ON LOCAL NEWS IS SHAPING UP TO BE A PLANET-WIDE PHENOMENON.

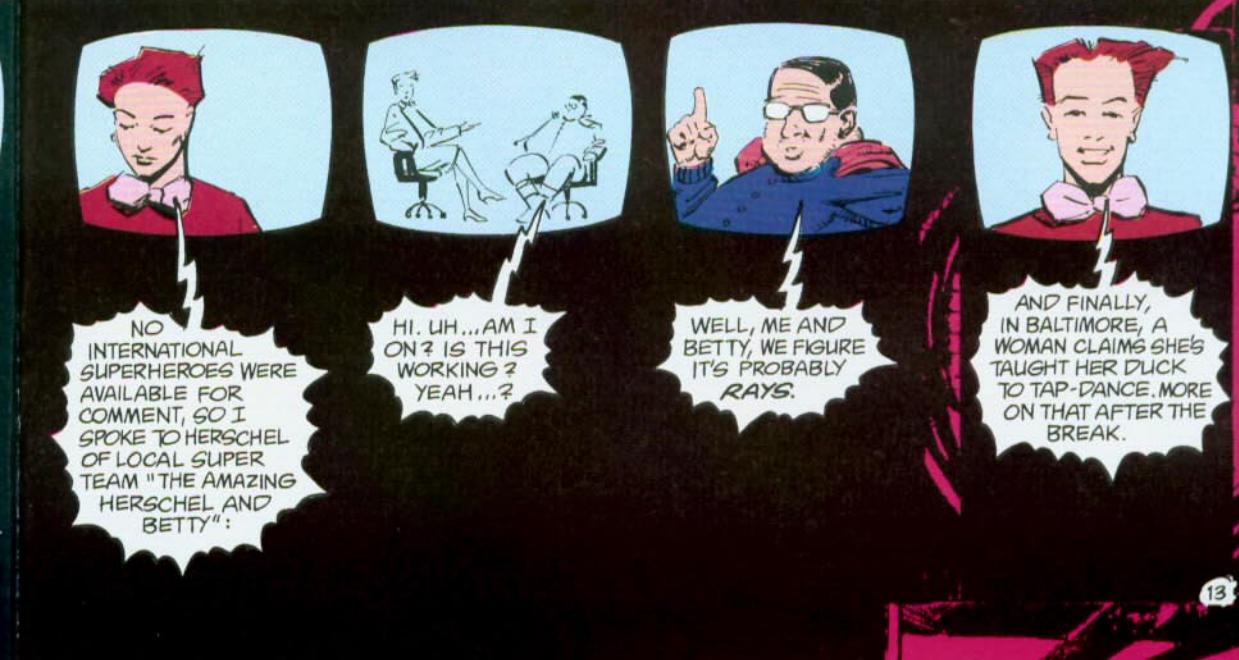
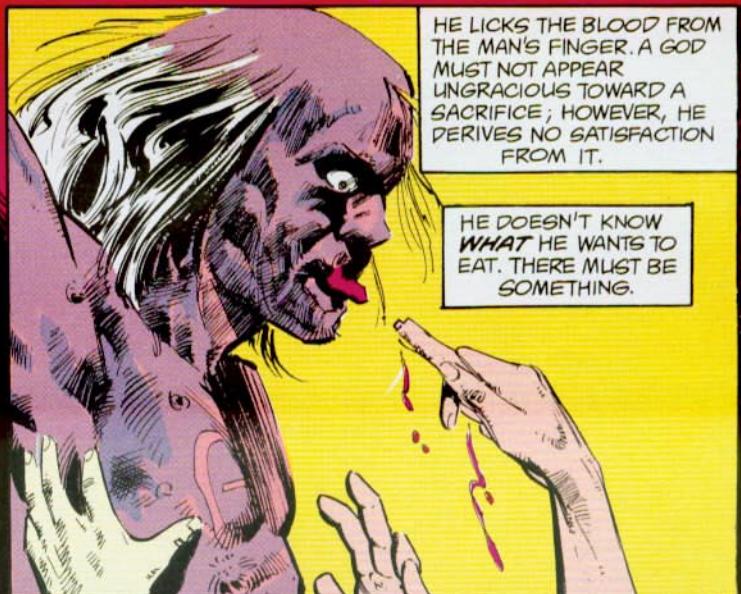
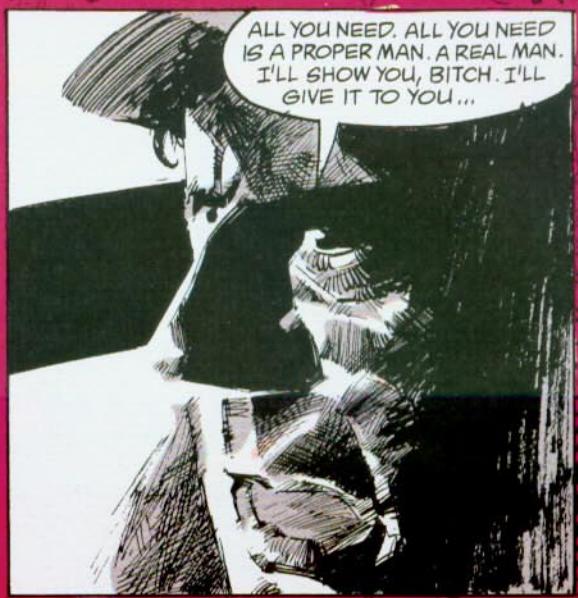


REPORTS HAVE ALREADY COME IN FROM ASIA AND EUROPE OF... OF ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS, F-FROM PEOPLE FALLING ASLEEP ON F-FREWAYS, PLANES CRASHING, BOTCHED SURGERY...

HERE WITH A F-FULL REPORT IS MARY GENTIAN. MARY?

LEADING FUNDAMENTALISTS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO PROCLAIM THE ARMAGEDDON.

INTERNATIONALLY, PEOPLE CAN'T SLEEP. OR THEY HAVE NIGHTMARES. AND ANYBODY EVEN MARGINALLY MENTALLY UNBALANCED IS GOING OVER THE EDGE.





HOUR 12: IT IS TIME FOR THEM TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER.

...WORST, MOST SHAMEFUL THING I'VE EVER DONE? OH GEE. I CAN'T TELL YOU. I CAN'T. I...

I WAS 18. I WAS AT COLLEGE. I WAS DRUNK. TO BEGIN WITH I WAS DRUNK, ANYWAY.

NEXT DOOR TO MY APARTMENT WAS A FUNERAL HOME.



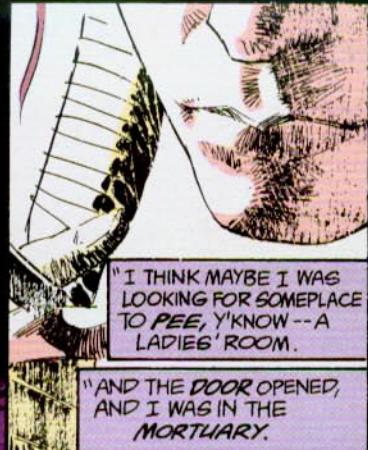
"I WENT OVER TO THE BODY AND I STARTED TO PLAY WITH IT.



"MY BOYFRIEND HAD JUST SPLIT. THAT WAS WHY I GOT DRUNK. AND I WAS HORNY, AND CRAZY...

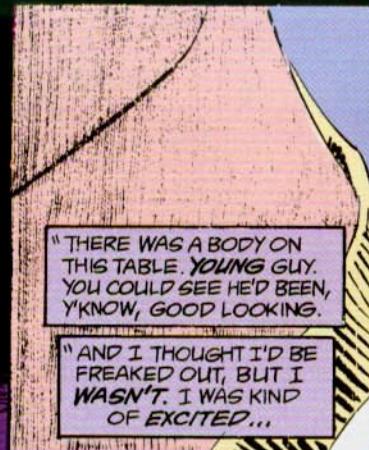


... I JUST WALKED AND I FOUND MYSELF OUTSIDE THE FUNERAL HOME AND I JUST SORT OF TRIED THE DOOR.



"I THINK MAYBE I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEPLACE TO PEE, Y'KNOW -- A LADIES' ROOM.

"AND THE DOOR OPENED, AND I WAS IN THE MORTUARY.



"THERE WAS A BODY ON THIS TABLE. YOUNG GUY. YOU COULD SEE HE'D BEEN, Y'KNOW, GOOD LOOKING.

"AND I THOUGHT I'D BE FREAKED OUT, BUT I WASN'T. I WAS KIND OF EXCITED...



"THEN I CLIMBED ON TOP OF HIM, AND STARTED, UH, I STARTED REALLY GOING."



AND ALL OF A SUDDEN BLOOD STARTED TO WELL UP IN HIS MOUTH, AND I PUT MY FACE DOWN AND I...



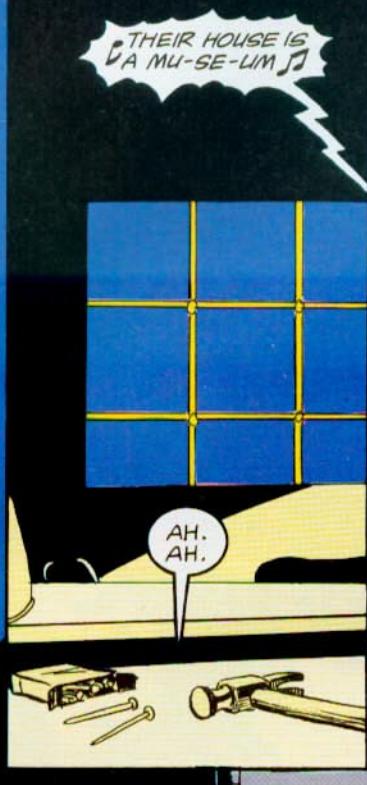
I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU THIS. I DON'T WANT TO TELL ANYBODY THIS.

SOMETIMES WHEN I'D MAKE LOVE TO GARRY I'D ASK HIM TO LIE REAL STILL. I'D CLOSE MY EYES AND PRETEND BUT IT WAS NEVER--

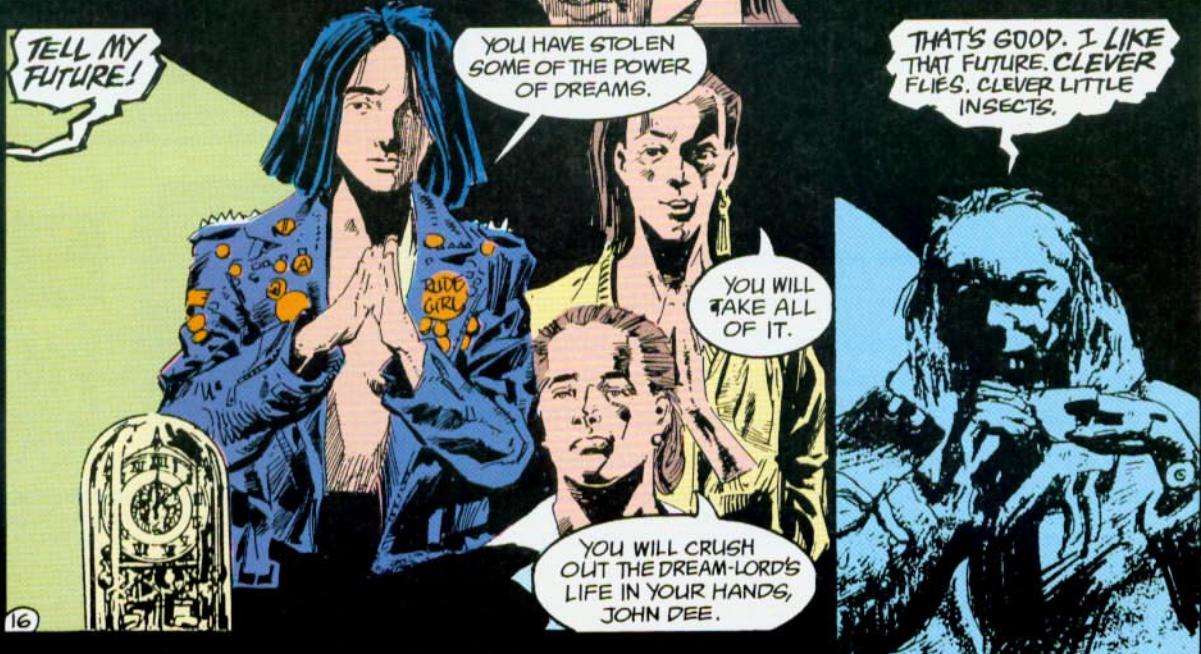
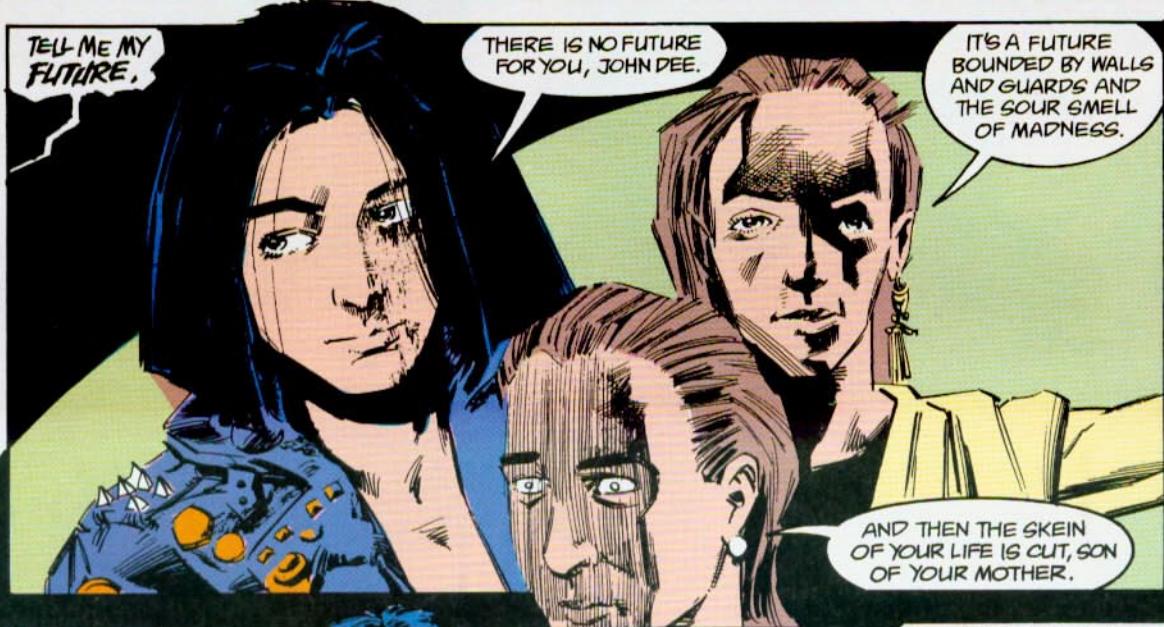


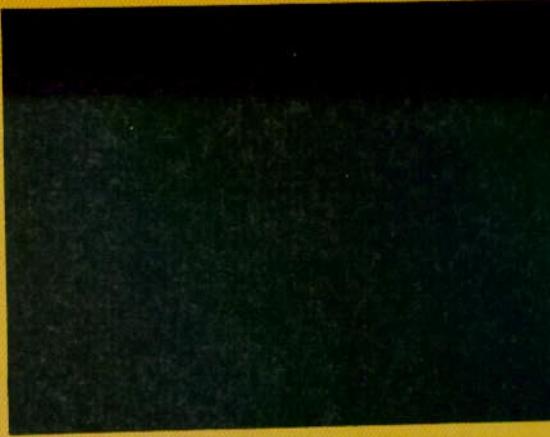
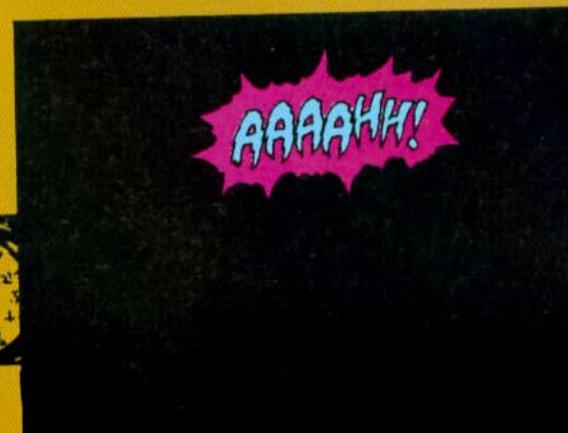
IT WAS NEVER THE SAME.

HOUR 13: THEY GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER INTIMATELY...



HOUR 14: MIDNIGHT, AND HE CONSULTED ORACLES.





9

8

HOUR 17:
CONFESSTION
AND PENANCE.

BETTE, YOU
KNOW MARSHA KNEW
ABOUT US? THAT WAS
WHY SHE BEGAN
DRINKING.

I HATED
HER. I MEAN, SHE'S
THE ONLY WOMAN
I EVER LOVED, BUT
I HATED HER.

NEW YEAR'S EVE I BLEW
MY WHOLE PAYCHECK ON
A CRATE OF VODKA, LEFT
IT IN OUR BEDROOM, WENT
OUT OF TOWN
FOR A WEEK...

WHEN I
GOT BACK SHE
WAS IN THE
HOSPITAL. I AS
GOOD AS KILLED
HER.

I'LL TELL YOU
SOMETHING ELSE.
WHEN I WAS IN THE
PEN, I SAW YOUR
SON. LITTLE
BERNIE.

HE'D BEEN
HUSTLING HIS ASS
IN GOTHAM, GOT
PICKED UP FOR
KNIFING HIS
PIMP.

YOU COULD HAVE
HIM FOR A PACKET OF
CIGARETTES.

BAM
.IT.

I DON'T. I
DON'T. I DON'T
WANT TO HEAR
THIS SHIT!

BETTE...

...I
DID.



RRRRRROOWRRRAW

THE PACK LEADER'S TEETH ARE STRONG AND SHARP. HE IS A GOOD LEADER. THE CHALLENGE HAS BEEN MET.

THE SMELL OF BLOOD IS HEAVY ON THE AIR.

AAAAOOOOOOOOOO

THE VICTORY, LIKE THE BLOOD, IS SWEET.

HOUR 19: HE LIES TO THEM.

"...TO PROVE IT'S SAFE, I'LL HAVE THE GREEN SIDE, YOU HAVE THE RED HALF."

TRUSTING THE WICKED QUEEN, SNOW WHITE TOOK A BITE FROM THE ROSY RED APPLE, AND INSTANTLY FELL DOWN AS IF SHE WERE DEAD.

AH.

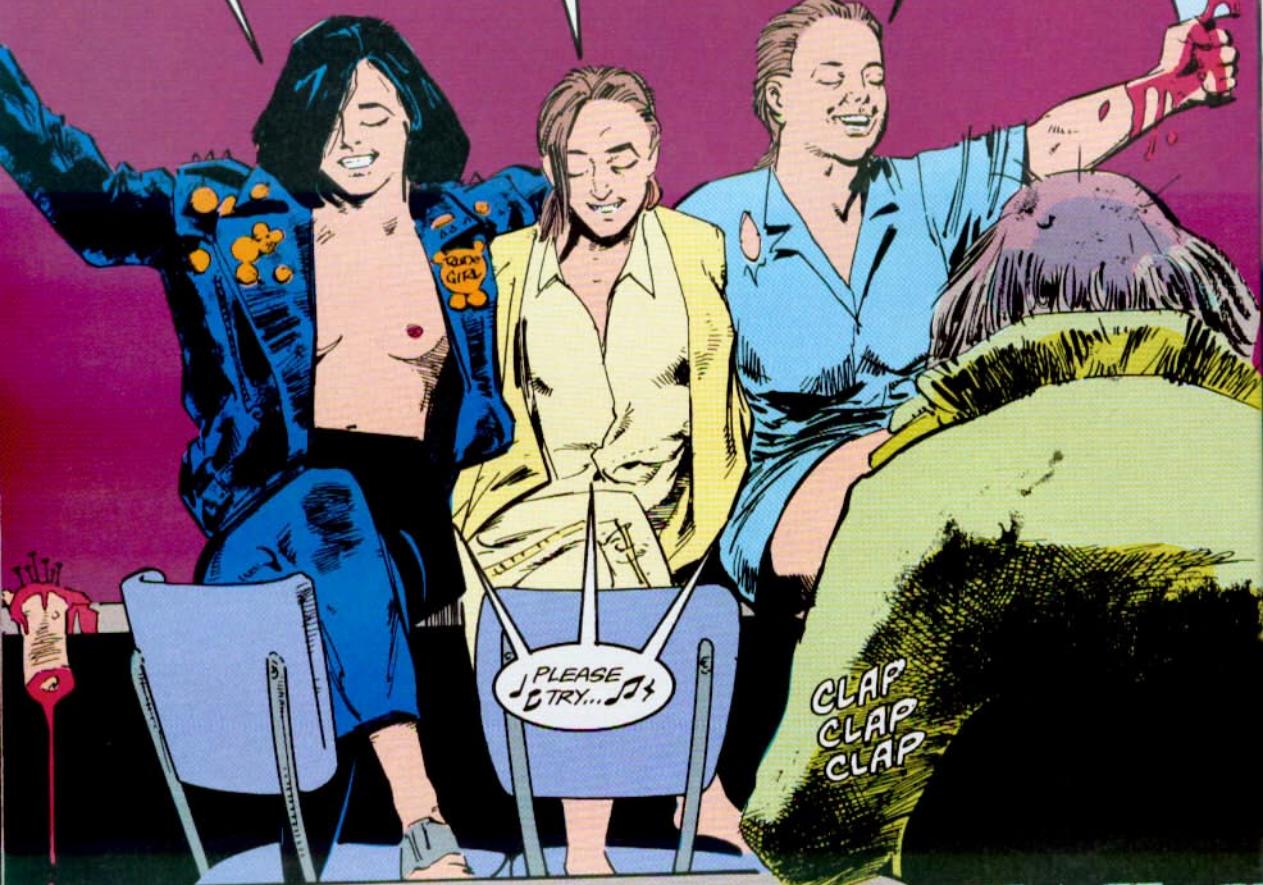
BUT SHE'S NOT REALLY DEAD, IS SHE, DOCTOR DEE? IS SHE...?

HOUR 20: IT WAS TIME FOR ENTERTAINMENT.

EVEN WHEN THE DARKEST
CLOUDS ARE IN THE SKY...

YOU MUSTN'T CRY...
AND YOU MUSTN'T
SIGH...

SPREAD A LITTLE
HAPPINESS AS YOU
GO BY...



HOUR 21: HE SHOWS THEM THE
DELIGHTS OF BELIEF.

AHN. AH. GOD.

I CAN SEE
IT! SWEET
LORD...

I CAN
SEE THE
GLORY!





HOUR 23.



HOUR 24.

AAH.

HELLO,

I'M GLAD YOU'RE
HERE. IT WAS STARTING
TO GET A BIT BORING.

BUT YOU DON'T
LOOK STRONG ENOUGH
EVEN TO MAKE IT
INTERESTING...

"DO
YOU?"

NEXT:
DREAM'S
END.

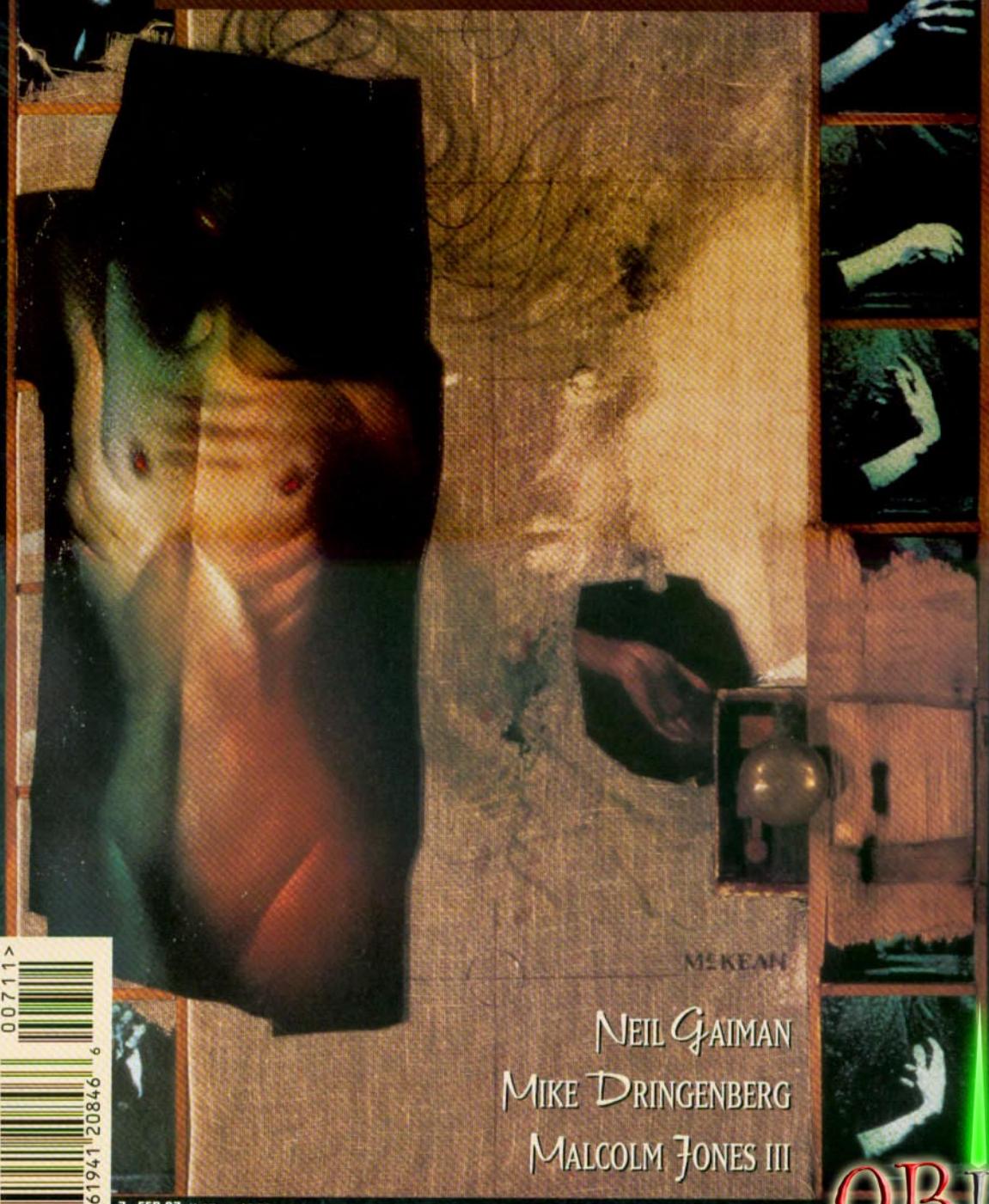
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MIKE DRINGENBERG

MALCOLM JONES III

OBI

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SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

LISTEN: YOU
CAN HEAR THE
SCREAMING.

HAROLD SMITH PROWL
THE DOGS' HOME, A
TIRE IRON CLUTCHED
IN HIS BLOODY FIST.

THREE CHILDREN ARE
TRAPPED IN AN ELEVATOR
WITH BOBBY-JOE McCANN.

MALIDE CARILLON
SCREAMS WITH
LAUGHTER AS THE
FLAME DEVOURS
THE GERIATRIC
WARD.

LISTEN.

GASOLINE

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LISTEN:

YOU CAN HEAR SOBING.

ON THE FREEWAY HELPLESS
WEEPING COMES FROM THE
CRASH-SCULPTURE OF
TWISTED, BLISTERED METAL,
BURNING RUBBER,
SHATTERED GLASS.

IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, A GROUP OF
FUNDAMENTALISTS KNOW THAT THIS IS THE
ARMAGEDDON; AND THEY ARE STILL HERE,
TRAPPED ON THE EARTH.

BEREFT OF THE RAPTURE
THEY WEEP FOR THEIR
ABANDONMENT BY A
SUDDENLY DISTANT GOD.

LISTEN TO THE ANGUISH OF A WORLD
IN WHICH THE BAD THINGS ARE COMING
OUT OF THE DARK PLACES.

LISTEN TO A
WORLD IN PAIN.

IN THE RADIO ROOM NAN FOWLER
KNOWS SHE HAS NO MORE AMBULANCES
TO SEND, AND THE CALLS JUST WON'T
STOP COMING IN...

LISTEN.

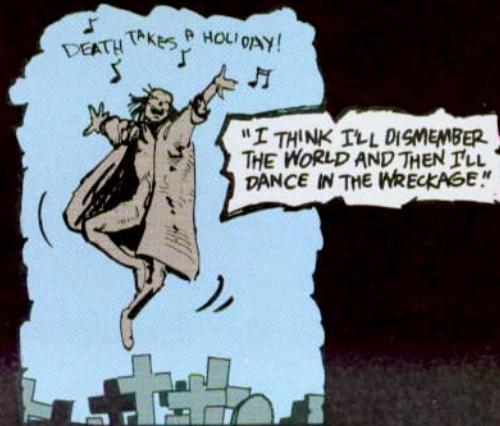
YOU CAN HEAR IT.

S O U N D



A N D F U R Y

NEIL GAIMAN, WRITER * MIKE DRINGENBERG AND
MALCOLM JONES III, ARTISTS * ROBBIE BUSCH, COLORIST
TODD KLEIN, LETTERER * ART YOUNG, ASSOC. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER, EDITOR





It was not made
for THIS. You must
stop.

If you reverse what
you have done to the jewel
--then let me use its
energies to repair the
damage you have done
to the world...



The ruby contains
too much of me--of
my power--in its
fabric.

It stole more when
I tried to use it.

You have robbed
me of it. I cannot use
it, and I am no longer
strong enough to
repair the Havoc
alone.



Can you not see
what you are doing?
You must LISTEN.

YOURS? OHHH.
YOUR SOUL IS THE
FIRE IN THE HEART
OF MY JEWEL...



IT'S YOUR
STOLEN POWER
IVE BEEN USING
ALL THESE YEARS.
YES. I SEE.

VERY WELL.



You will repair
it, then, give back
control of it to
me?
You will
return it?



GIVE MY BABY
TO YOU? NO.
DON'T BE
STUPID.



I'M GOING
TO KILL YOU.



With the power of my own ruby? Perhaps he could. It has absorbed too much of my soul-stuff already...



I see. If you would fight me, mortal, you will not take me unprepared.



...nor garbed for less than battle.



And you shall not do it here.



If you would
steal a dreamlord's
power...

...then you shall do
it in the dreamlord's
realm.

In
DREAMS.



COWARD!

COWARDY COWARDY CUSTARD
STICK YOUR HEAD IN THE MUSTARD
BREAK YOU. SUCK YOU UP.
SPIT YOU OUT.
BASTARD.



NOW, BELOVED.
FOLLOW HIM... TAKE
ME INTO DREAMS,
MY DARLING. DO
YOU HEAR ME?

NOW!

R
81

LISTEN:

TO THE SOUNDS BARBARA WONG MAKES AS SHE SLICES THE PRETTY PICTURES OUT OF HER FLESH.



TO THE NOISE JOEY CAMPBELL MAKES AS THE OVEN CLEANER CONSUMES HIS FACE, BURNS OUT HIS EYES; TO THE HAPPY LAUGHTER OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

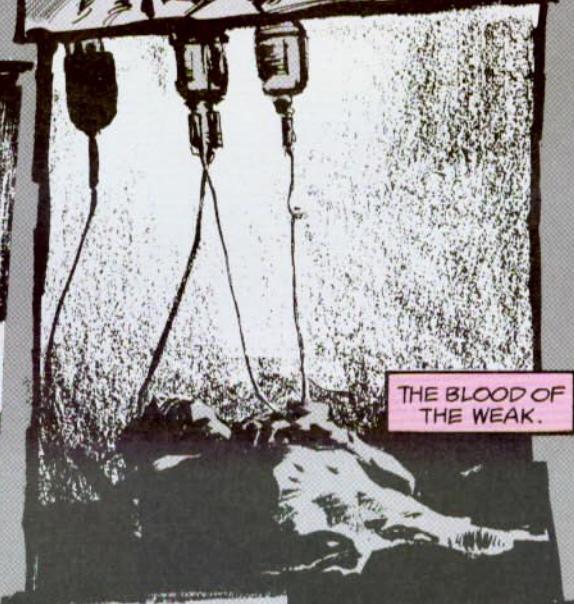


LISTEN:

LISTEN TO THE RUSHING RIVERS OF BLOOD, FLOWING DOWNWARDS IN A WARM TORRENT.



THE BLOOD OF THE WEAK.

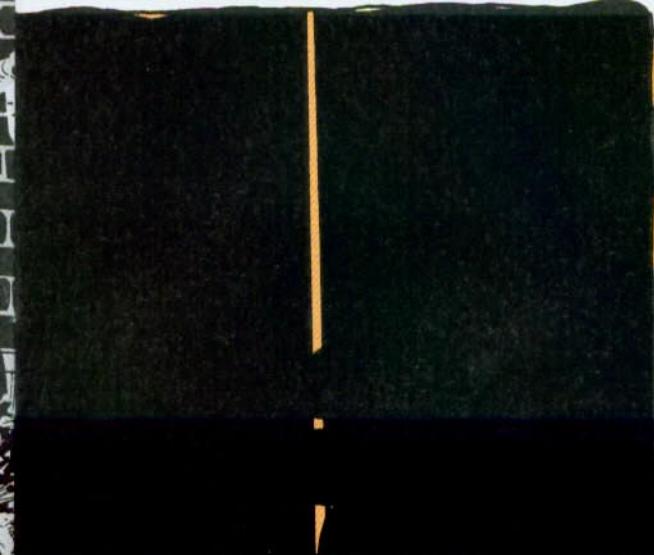


OF THE HELPLESS.

OF THE MAD.

LISTEN,





NO, THAT'S NOT IT AT ALL.
IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.
NOTHING MORE THAN THIS:

YOU HAD A
DREAM ABOUT RAPING
YOUR MOTHER.

A TALE TOLD BY AN
IDIOT, FULL OF SOUND
AND FURY, SIGNIFYING
NOTHING.

YOU HAD WHAT? JOHNNY
DEE, I WISH TO GOD I'D
STRANGLED YOU AT BIRTH!

DON'T SAY THAT,
MOMMA. IT WAS ONLY
A DREAM. I DIDN'T
REALLY MEAN IT.

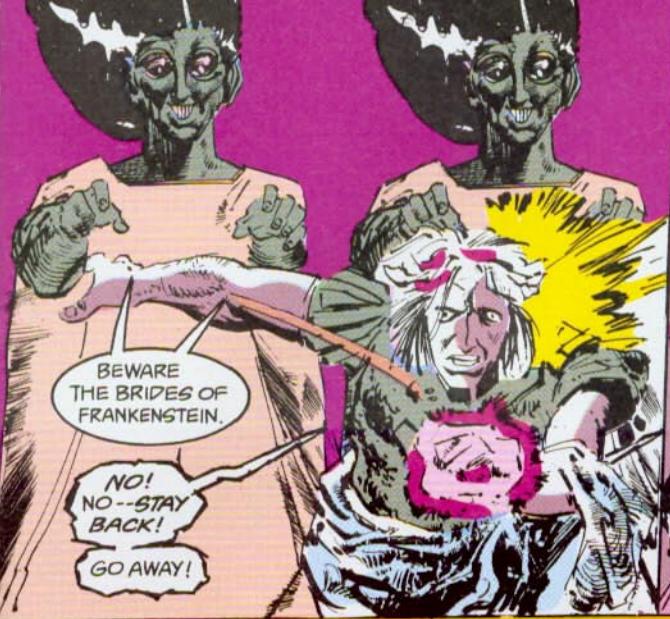
CAESAR.
BEWARE THE IDEAS
OF MARCH!

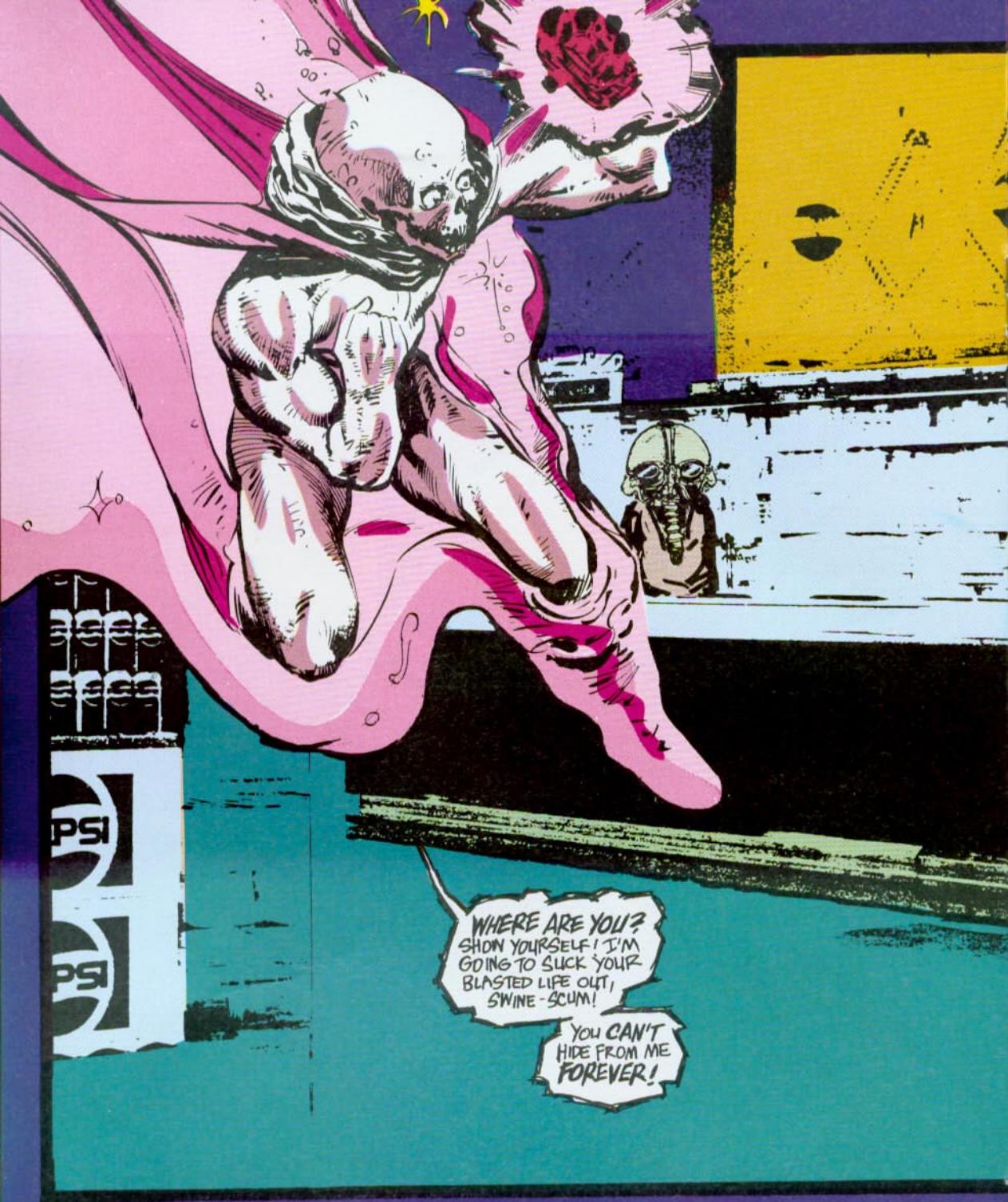
NO! IT'S NOT
THAT! WHAT IS
IT?

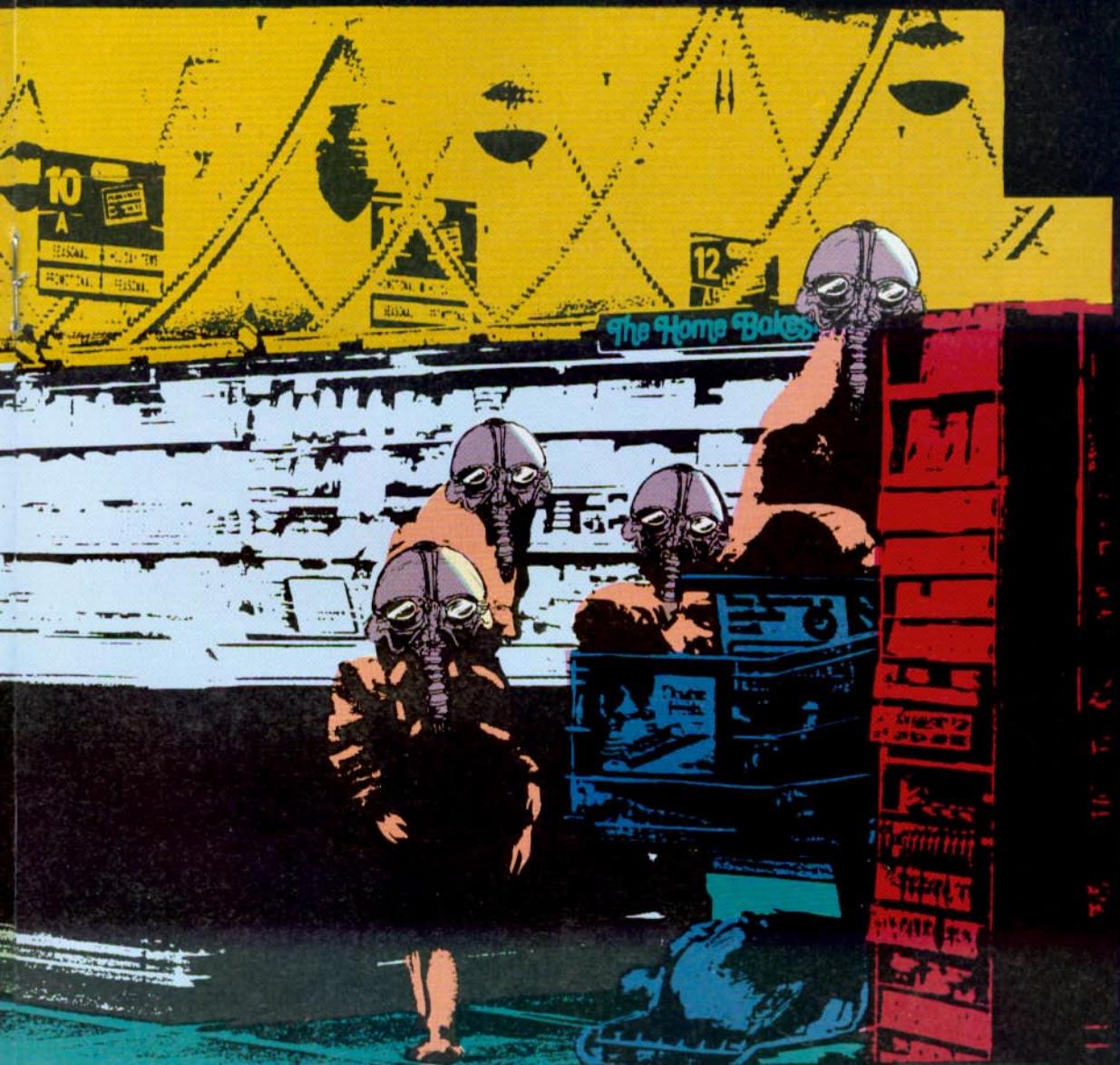
CAESAR...

BEWARE
THE MARCH
OF IDEAS?

NO...







AND A HUNDRED
MILLION SLEEPERS
STIRRED UNEASILY
IN THEIR SLUMBER.



CAN YOU SEE
ME, STINKARD
LORD OF PISS
AND MIRE?

LOOK!

CAN YOU SEE
ME USING YOUR
POWER TO RIP
YOUR RAGTAG
DREAMWORLD
APART?

CAN YOU
SEE ME?



AND THE SLEEPING ALL OVER
THE WORLD SCREAMED AND
WHIMPERED AND MOANED. THEY
THRASHED AND CALLED OUT, AS
IF CAUGHT IN THE DARKEST OF
NIGHTMARES...

AND IN DREAMS JOHN
DEE SPEWED HIS HATE
AND LAUGHTER ONTO
THE EMERALD WINDS.



EVE STARES OUT FROM HER CAVE AT THE ERUPTING DREAM-SCAPE. HER RAVEN CAWS UNKINDLY AT THE HAVOC.



COME TO ME, YOU RAG-SHAG LORD OF NOWHERE AT ALL!



THE QUAKES AND LIGHTS SEND THE KEEPERS OF THE STORIES SCURRYING FOR COVER. THEIR MONSTERS HIDE WITH THEM, UNDER THE BED.



I WATCH ME! I'LL RUPTURE YOUR RAMSHACKLE LAND AND PISS IN THE RUINS!

COME TO ME, YOU SPINELESS, SPITTLE-ARSED, POXY-PALE WANKER!



IN THE GARDEN OF FORKING WAYS, DESTINY FINDS HIMSELF (PERHAPS FOR THE FIRST TIME) HESITANT TO TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE IN HIS BOOK...



OMHHHH. THIS IS SO GODD.

MOTHER... IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW.

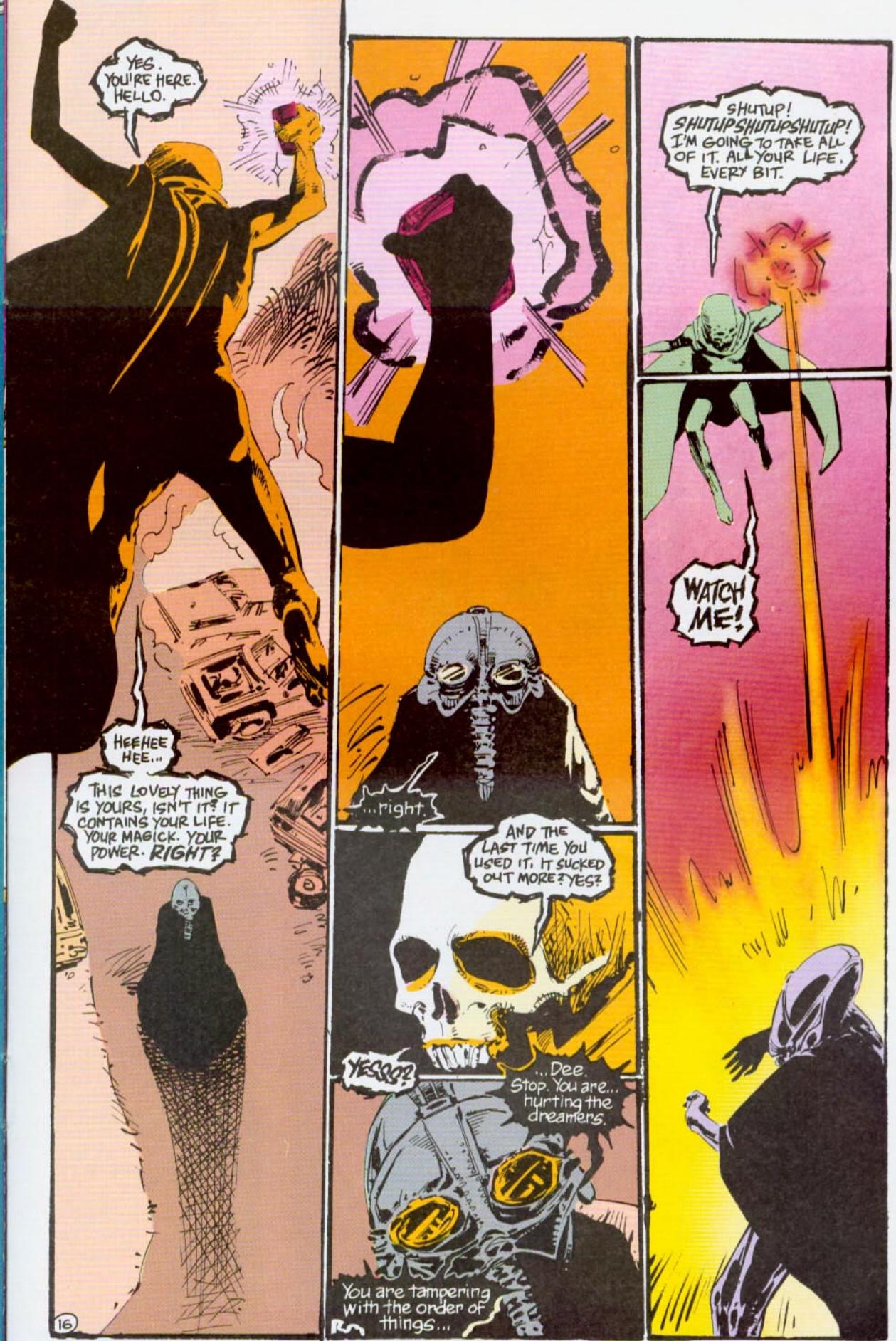


STOP!

Enough!
I am here,
Dee! Desist!



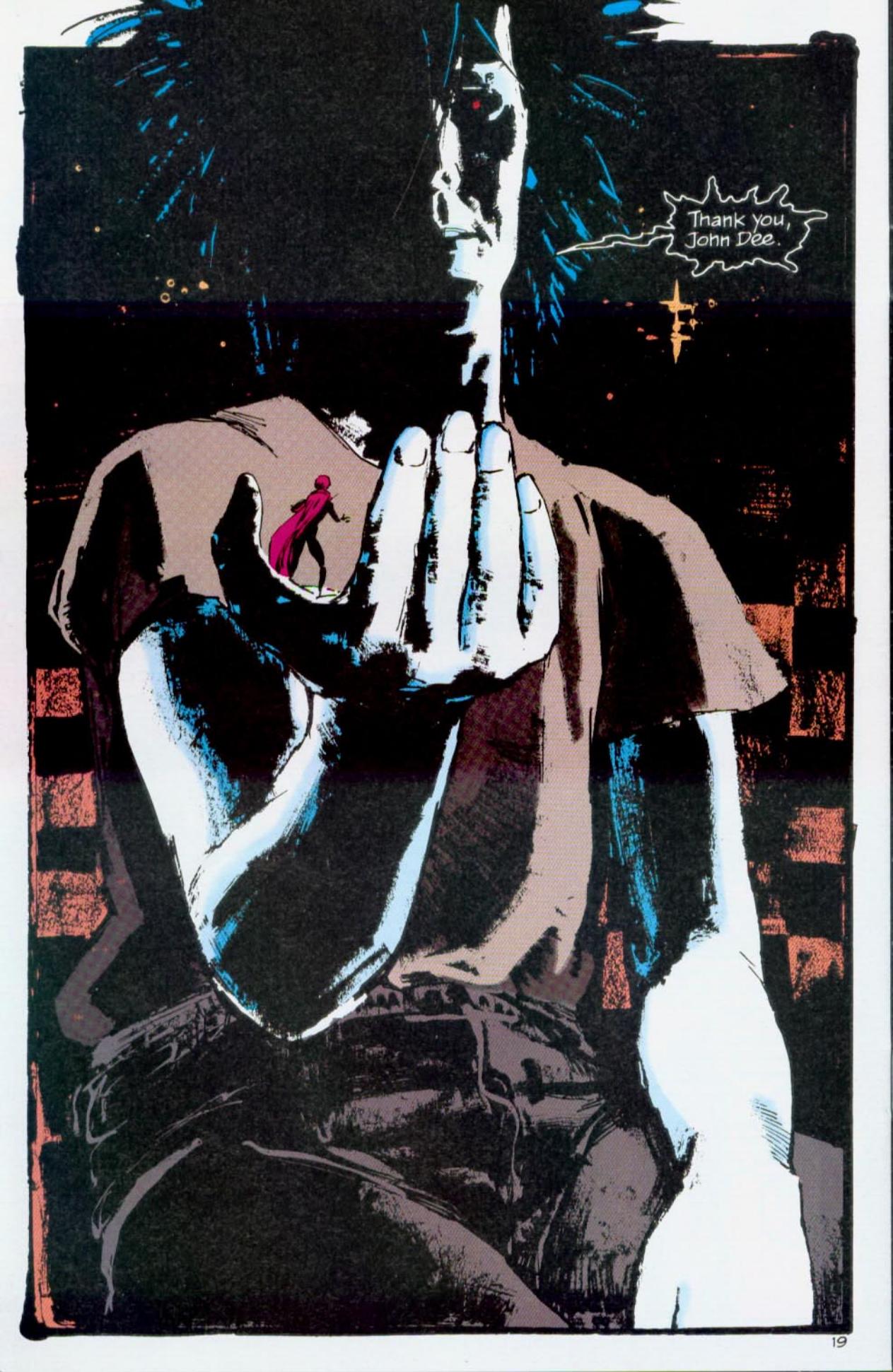
WATCH ME, DREAM-DUKER! DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'LL DO NEXT?





WHOOMPH!





Thank you,
John Dee.



I'M--I'M
SORRY.

I don't doubt it--
not that it matters. You
should never have used
my ruby. It was not
made for mortals.

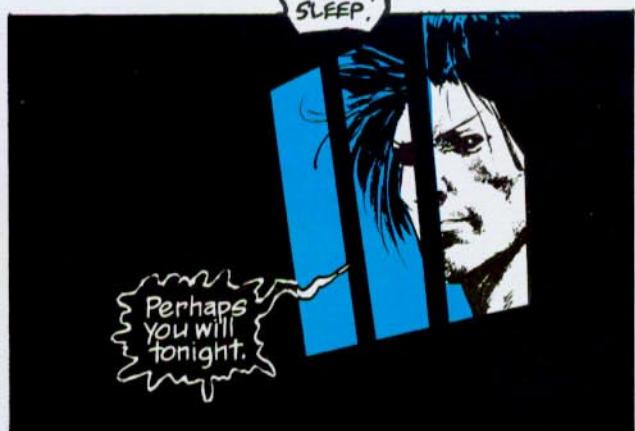
YOU MEAN... AFTER
WHAT I DID... YOU
AREN'T GOING TO DO
ANYTHING?

The damage to
your mind must have
been considerable.

Of course I
am going to do
something, John
Dee...

I am
going to
take you
home.





AS FAST AS THEY DAWNED,
THE CRAZY TIMES ARE OVER.

NAN FOWLER IS ASLEEP
ON HER DESK. SHE IS
BREATHING SLOWLY,
DEEPLY.



AND THE PATIENTS BROUGHT IN
THAT DAY, CUT AND SMASHED
AND BROKEN, ALL SLEEP LIKE
ANGELS, NEEDING NO MORPHINE.



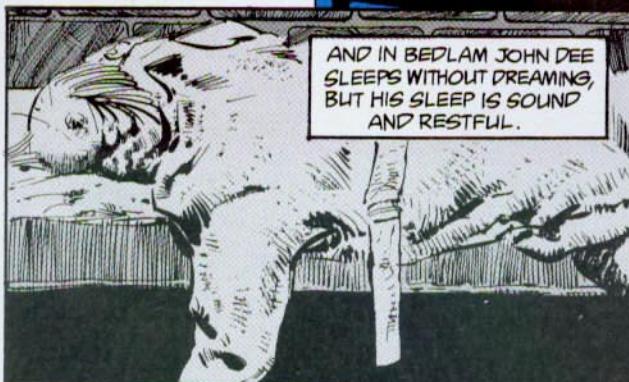
THEY BREATHE
IN, OUT, IN, OUT,
IN UNBROKEN
AND QUIET
RHYTHM.

SILENCE WASHES LIKE A RIVER
OVER ARKHAM. NO SOUNDS OF
SCREAMING, NO SOBBING, NO
NOISES OF PAIN OR MADNESS.

JUST PEACE.



AND IN BEDLAM JOHN DEE
SLEEPS WITHOUT DREAMING,
BUT HIS SLEEP IS SOUND
AND RESTFUL.



THE ONLY NOISE IS THE
GENTLE, EVEN CADENCE
OF PEOPLE ASLEEP.
IN, OUT, IN, OUT.

LISTEN.

YOU CAN HEAR IT.

ARKHAM
ASYLUM

NEXT:
**A DEATH
IN THE
FAMILY**

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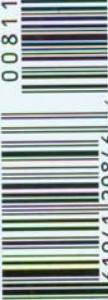
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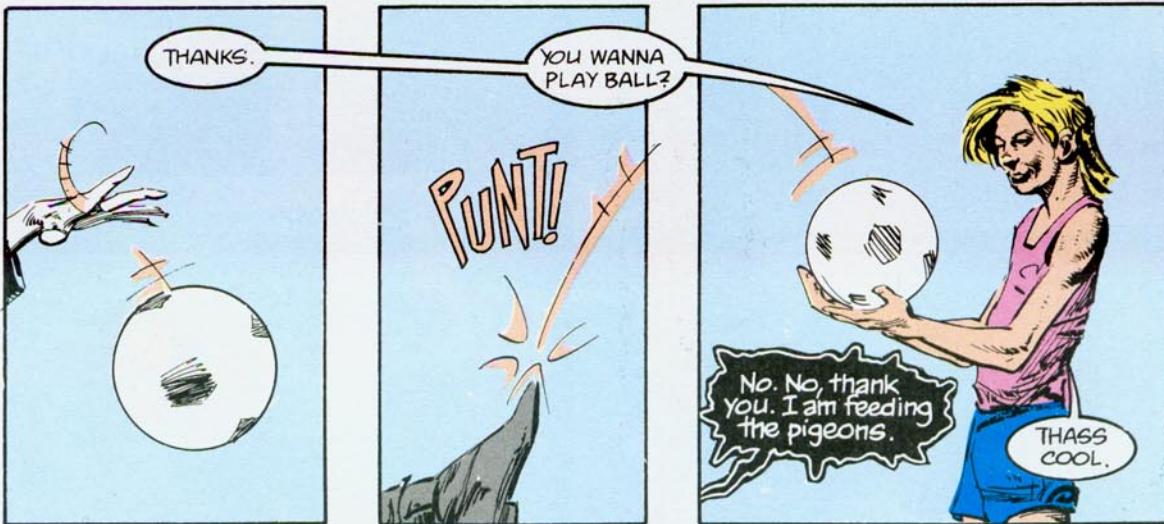
HEY!
MISTER!

THAT WAS A
KILLER CATCH, MAN!
TOTALLY WICKED.

CAN I
HAVE THE BALL
BACK?



Hmm? Oh...
this? Here.



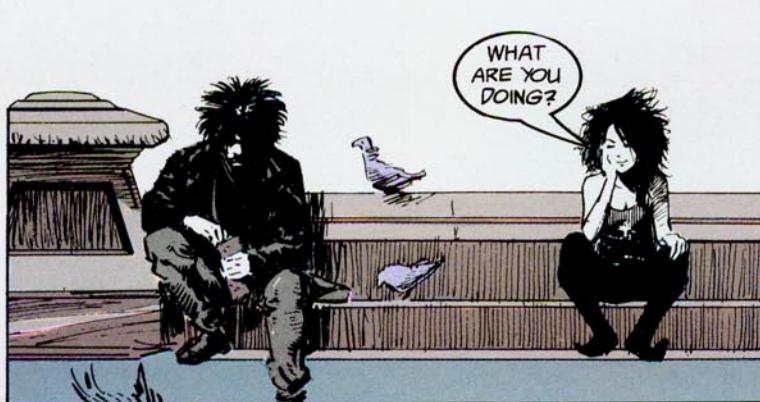
THANKS.

YOU WANNA
PLAY BALL?

No. No, thank
you. I am feeding
the pigeons.

THASS
COOL.





I LOVE THAT MOVIE.
YOU EVER SEE IT?



No.



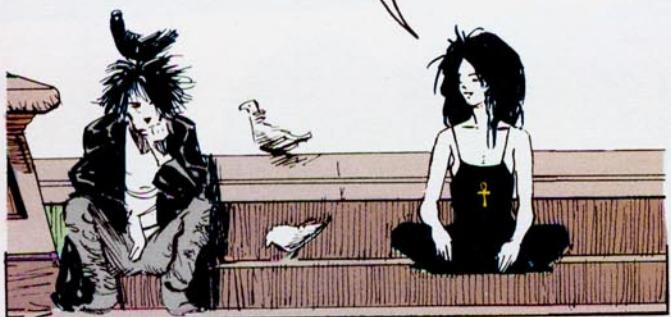
THERE'S THIS GUY
WHO'S LITTERLY A
BANKER, AND HE
DOESN'T HAVE TIME
FOR HIS FAMILY, OR
FOR LIVING, OR
ANYTHING.

AND MARY POPPINS,
SHE COMES DOWN FROM
THE CLOUDS, AND SHE
SHOWS HIM WHAT'S
IMPORTANT.

FUN. FLYING KITES,
ALL THAT STUFF.



SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS!



SUPER-CALI-FRAGIL-ISTIC-EXPI-ALI-DOCIOUS.
LITTERLY FANTABULOUS WORD, HUH? IT MEANS,
Y'KNOW, GREAT.

WONDERFUL

GINCHY.
GNARLY.

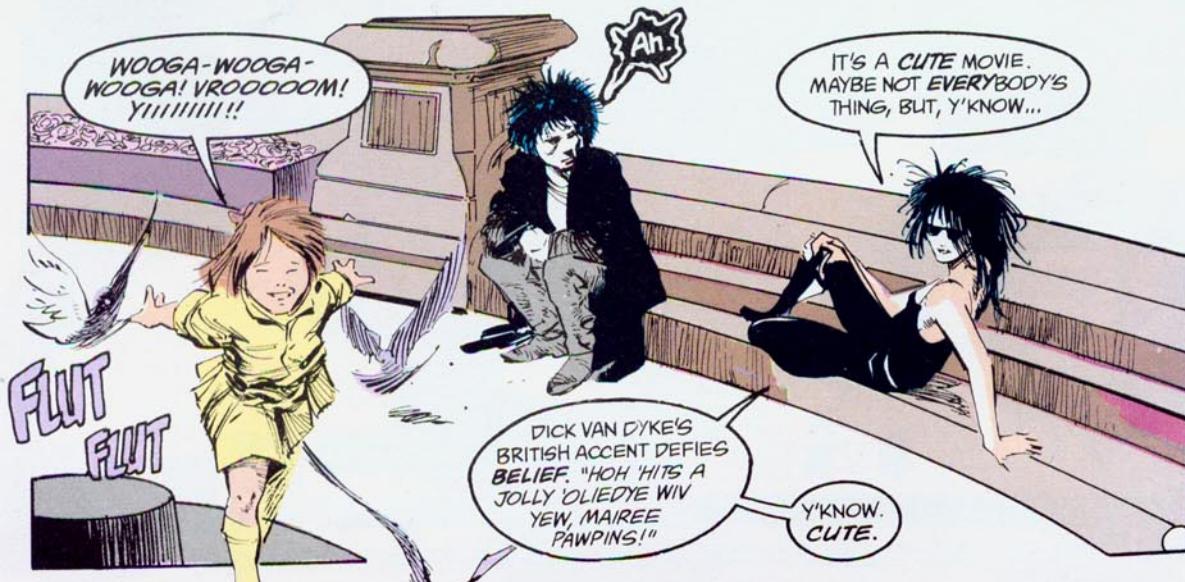


PEACHY KEEN!

WOOGA-WOOGA-
WOOGA! VRooooom!
Y!!!!!!!

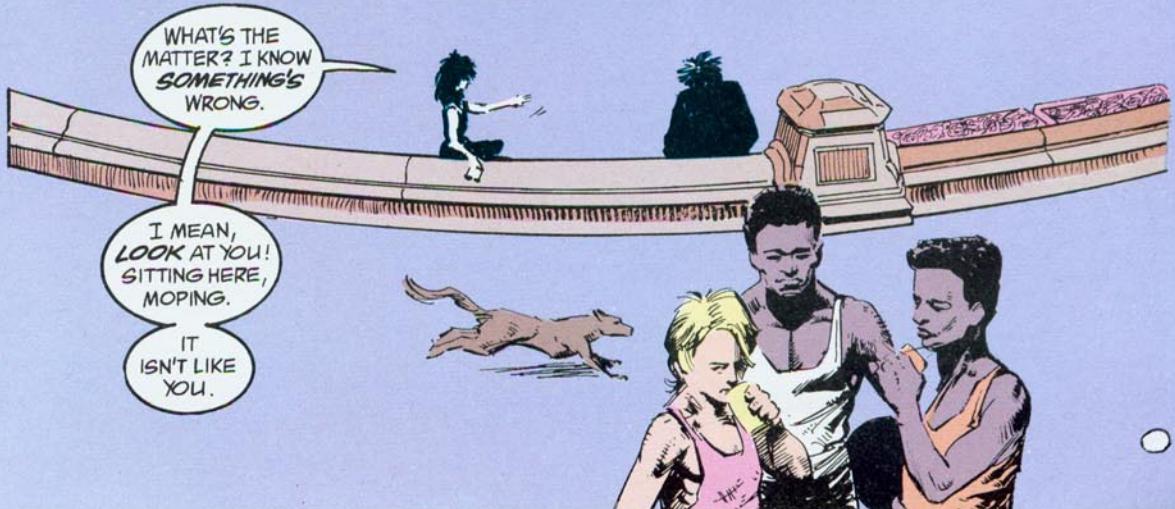
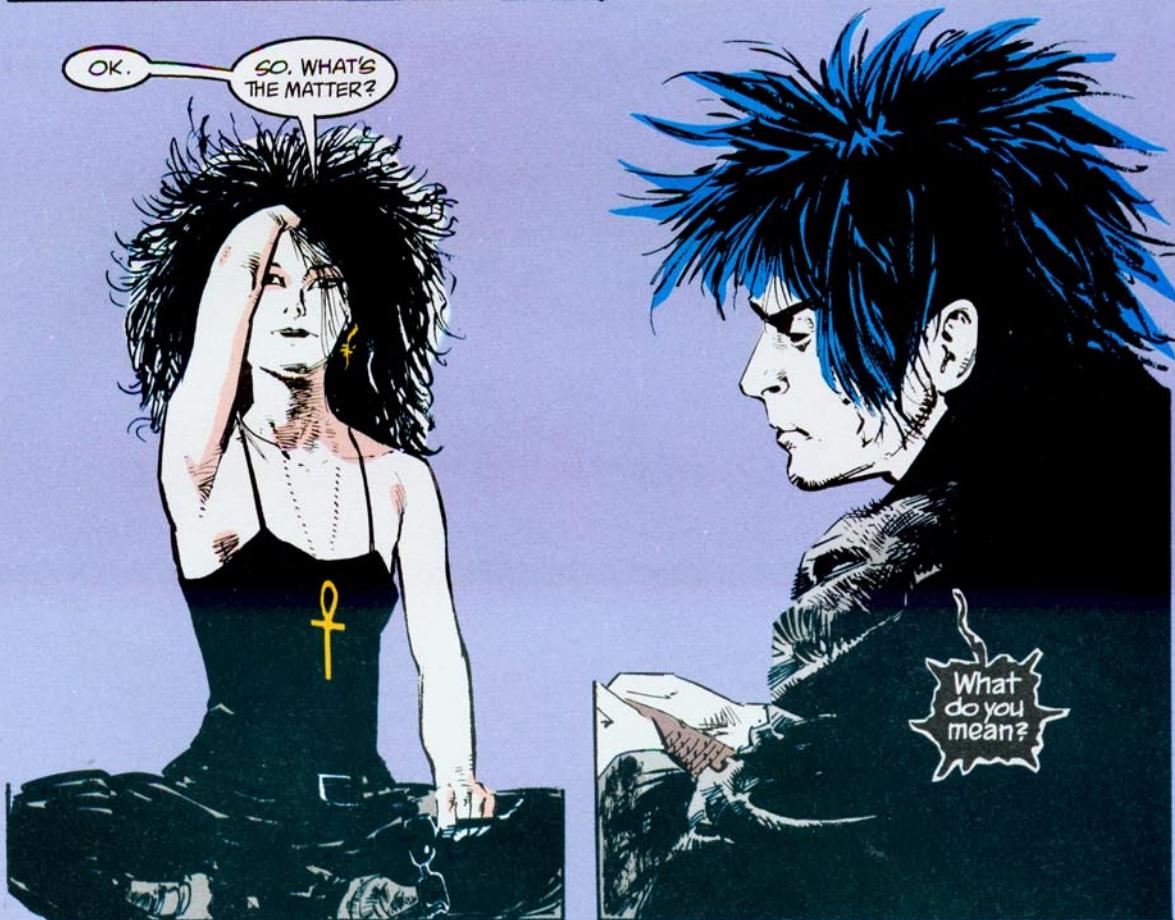
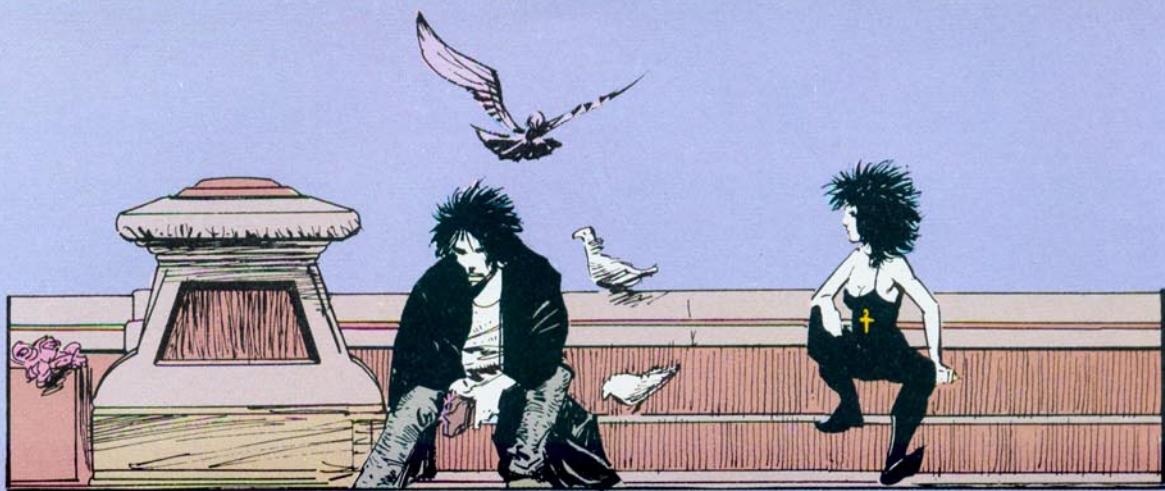
Ah.

IT'S A CUTE MOVIE.
MAYBE NOT EVERYBODY'S
THING, BUT, Y'KNOW...



DICK VAN DYKE'S
BRITISH ACCENT DEFIES
BELIEF. "HOH 'ITS A
JOLLY OLIEDYE WIV
YEW, MAIREE
PAWPINS!"

Y'KNOW.
CUTE.



No...
perhaps
it isn't.

I don't know
what's wrong. But
you're right. Something
is...the matter.



When they captured
me, imprisoned in their
box, I had just one
thought: Revenge.

By the time I freed
myself, my original captor
had gone the way of mortals,
and I took my vengeance
on his son.

It felt...
fine, I
suppose.



But it didn't feel as--

In the interim, my
dreamworld had fallen
apart. I needed my tools,
long since stolen and
scattered.



One by
one I found
them.

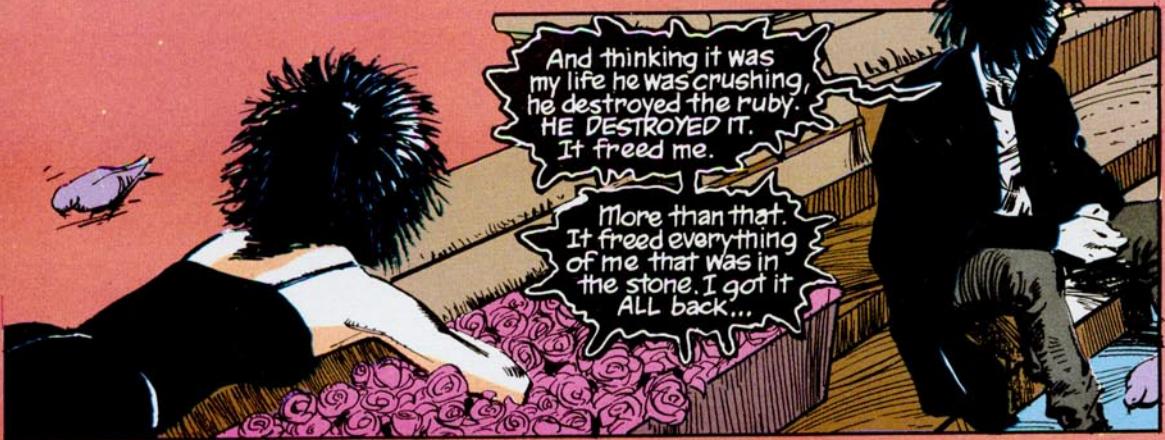
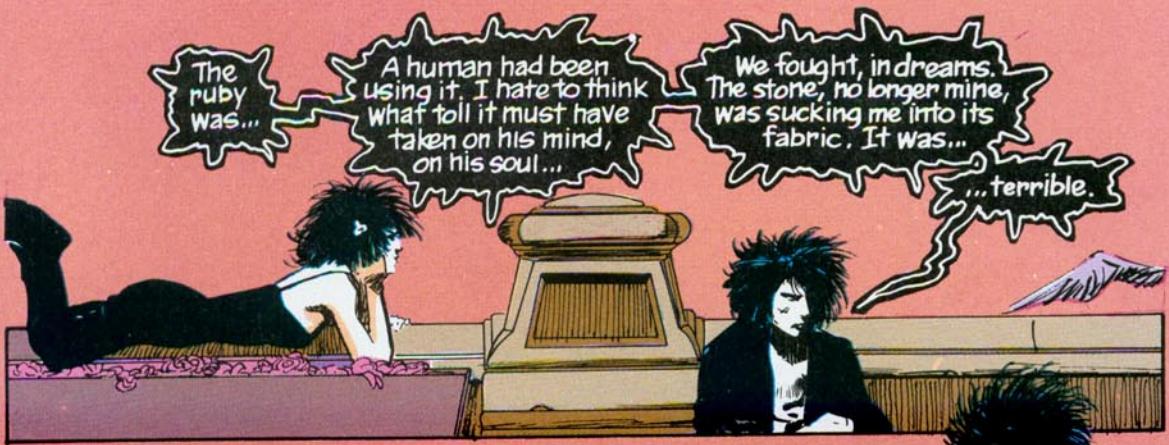
The pouch
was relatively
easy.

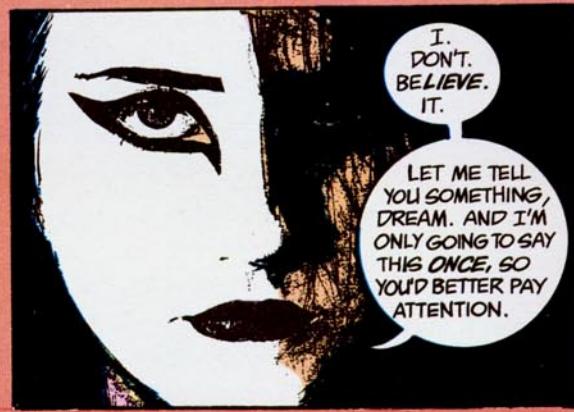


Eventually
I found them.



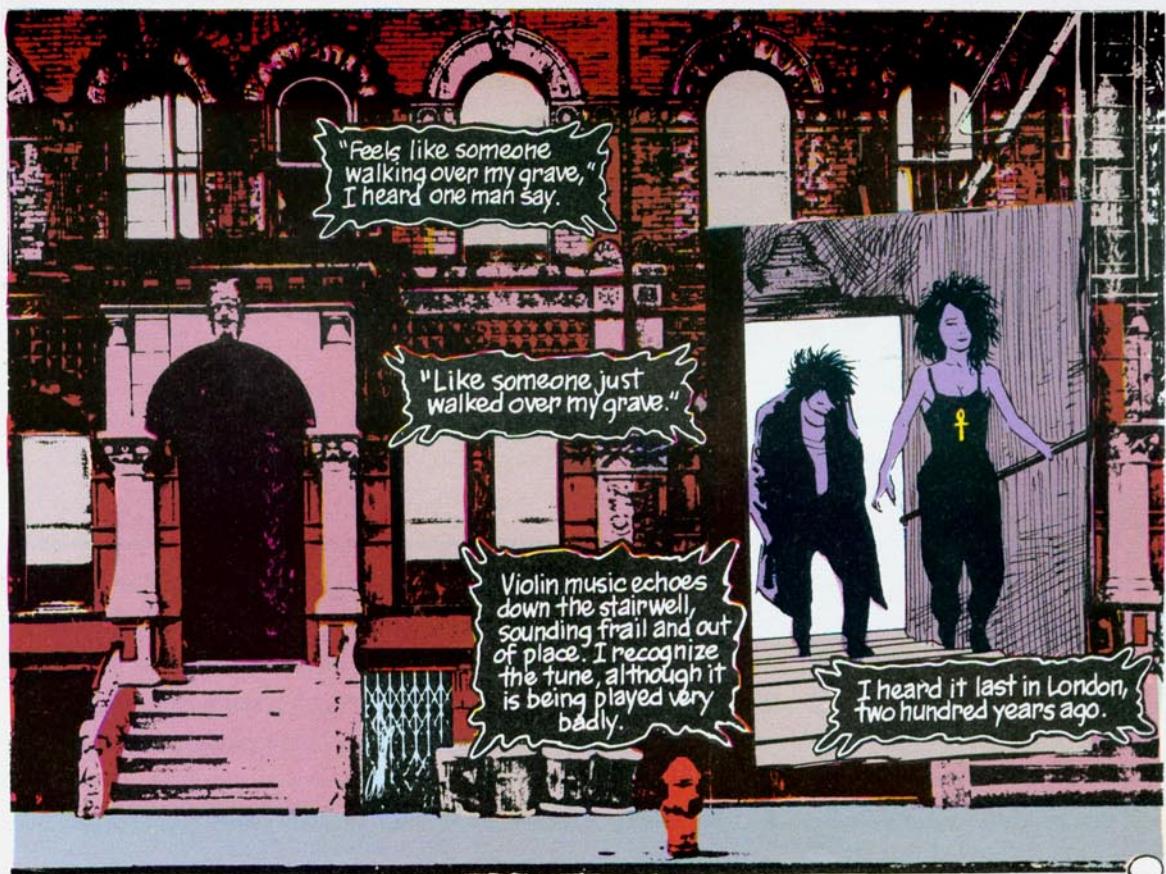
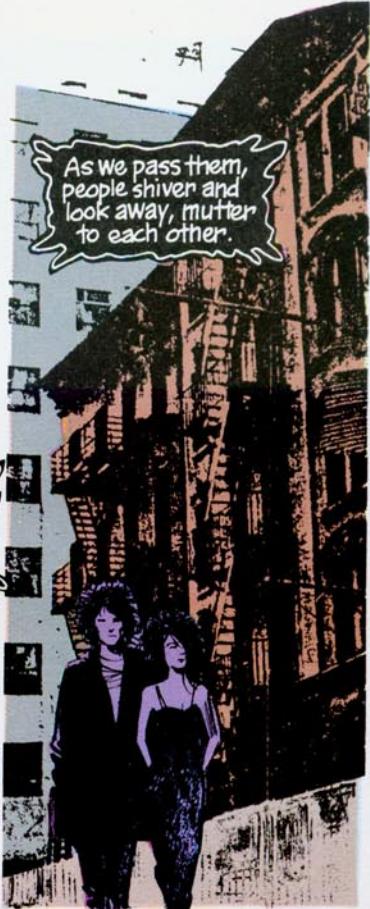
To regain the helmet
I challenged a demon,
dared the Hordes of Hell,
faced down Lucifer himself.
Hahh. That
left only
the ruby.

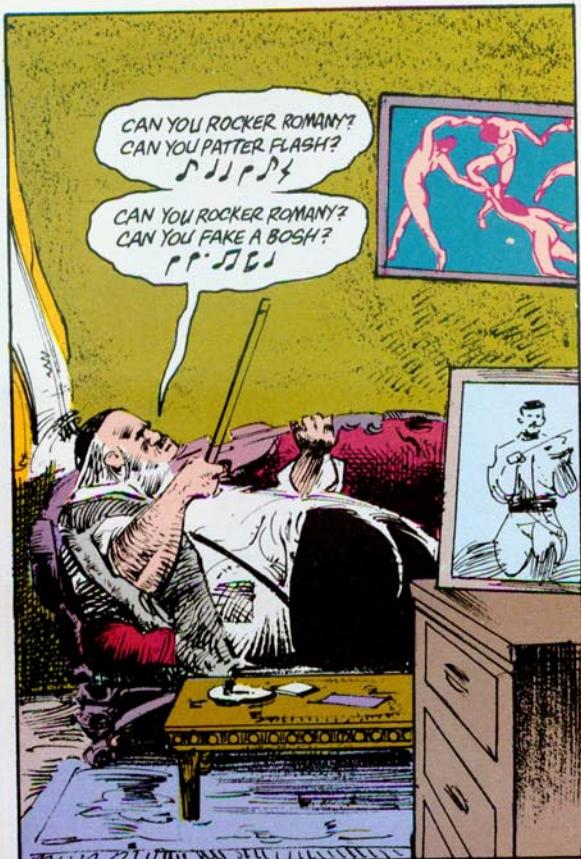


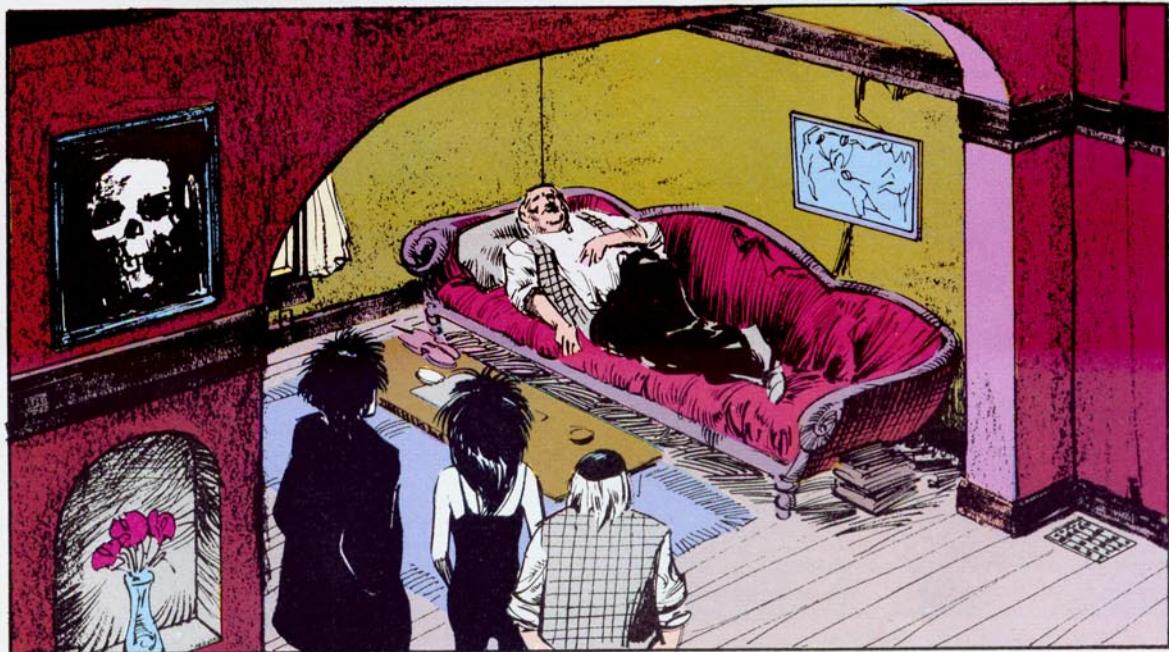












She draws him close.

From the darkness I hear the
beating of mighty wings...



I THOUGHT
HE WAS SWEET.
DIDN'T YOU?

Sweet? I do not know.
Perhaps.

My sister.
When I was
captured...
...it was not
ME they wanted.
It was you.

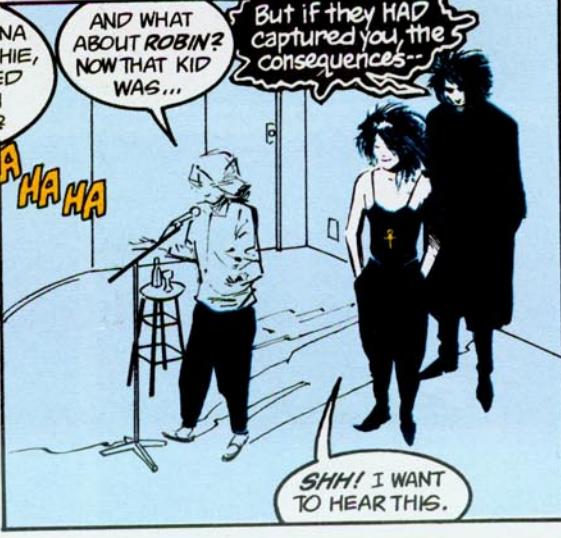
YEAH. I KNOW.

C'MON, I DON'T
WANT TO MISS THE
NEXT ONE.

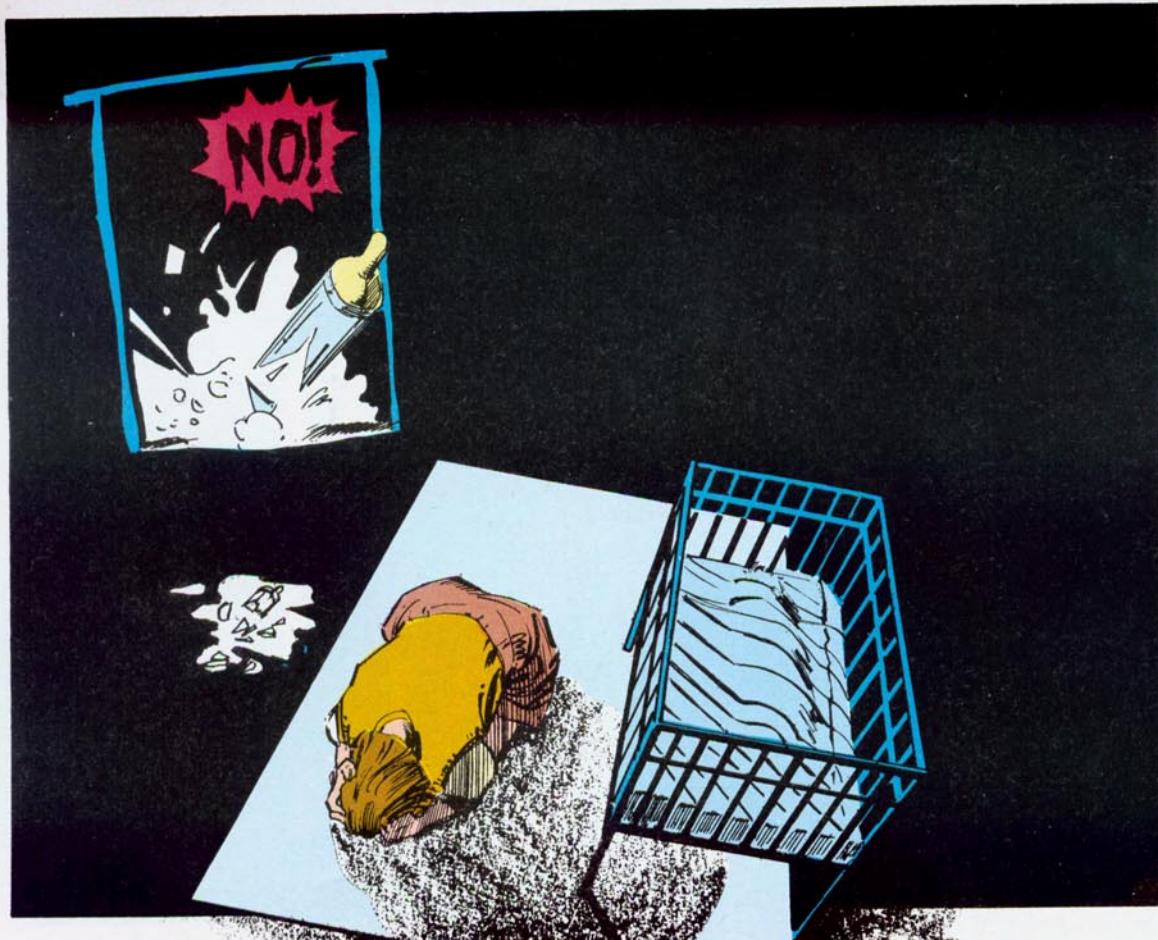
AFTERNOON, NOBODY WANTS COMEDY. THEY WANT TO DRINK IN
PEACE, MAKE ASSIGNATIONS, DO THEIR DEALS. ESMÉ HAS TO
FIGHT FOR EVERY LAUGH SHE GETS.



IT BEATS WAITING TABLES.







I find myself wondering about humanity. Their attitude to my sister's gift is so strange.

Why do they fear the sunless lands?

It is as natural to die as it is to be born.

But they fear her. Dread her. Feebly they attempt to placate her.

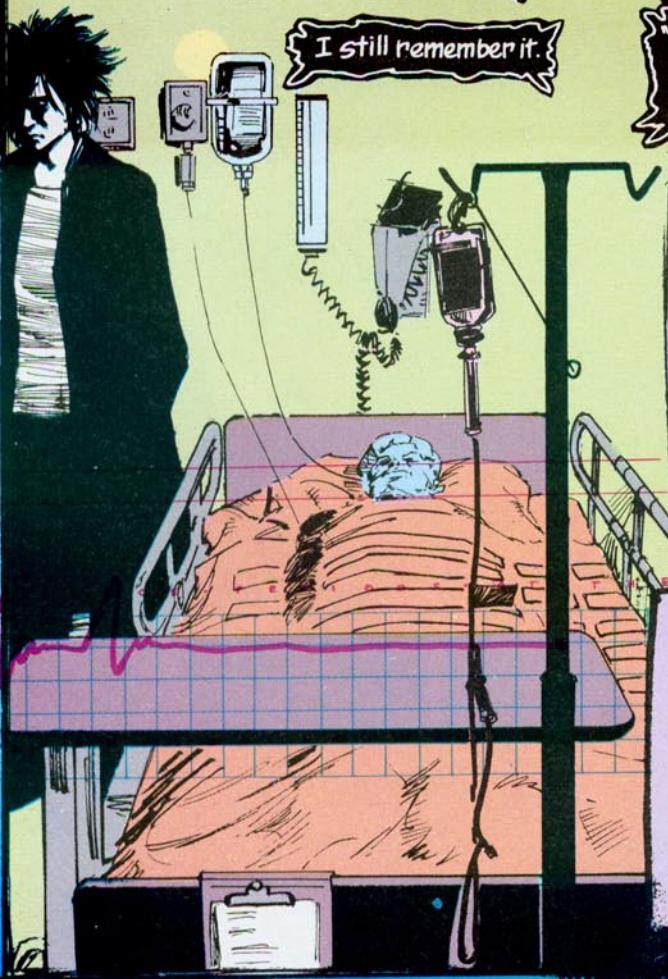
They do not love her.

Many thousands of years ago I heard a song in a dream, a mortal song that celebrated her gift.

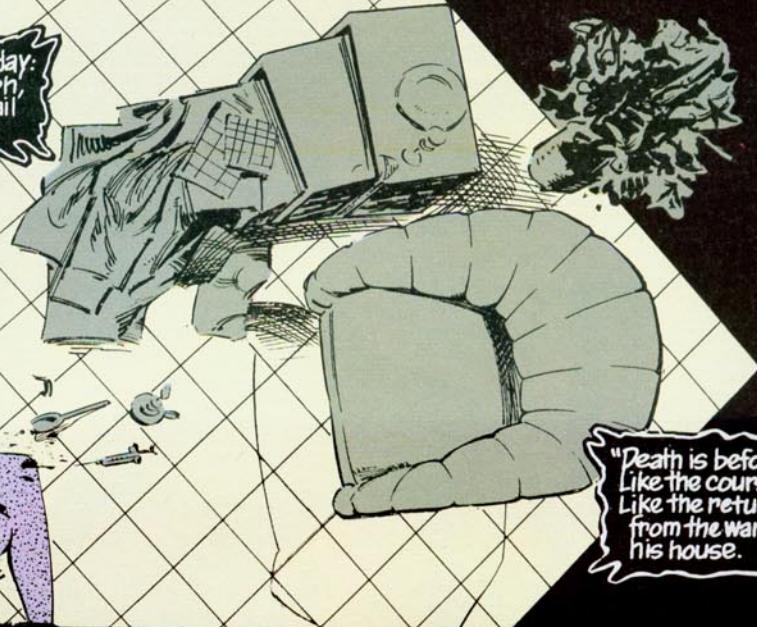
I still remember it.

"Death is before me today:
Like the recovery of a sick man,
Like going forth into a garden after sickness."

DREAMS
MAKE
NO
PROMISE



"Death is before me today:
Like the odor of myrrh,
Like sitting under a sail
in a good wind."



"Death is before me today:
Like the course of a stream,
Like the return of a man
from the war-galley to
his house."

"Death is before me today:
Like the home that a man longs to see,
After years spent as a captive."



That forgotten poet
understood her gifts.

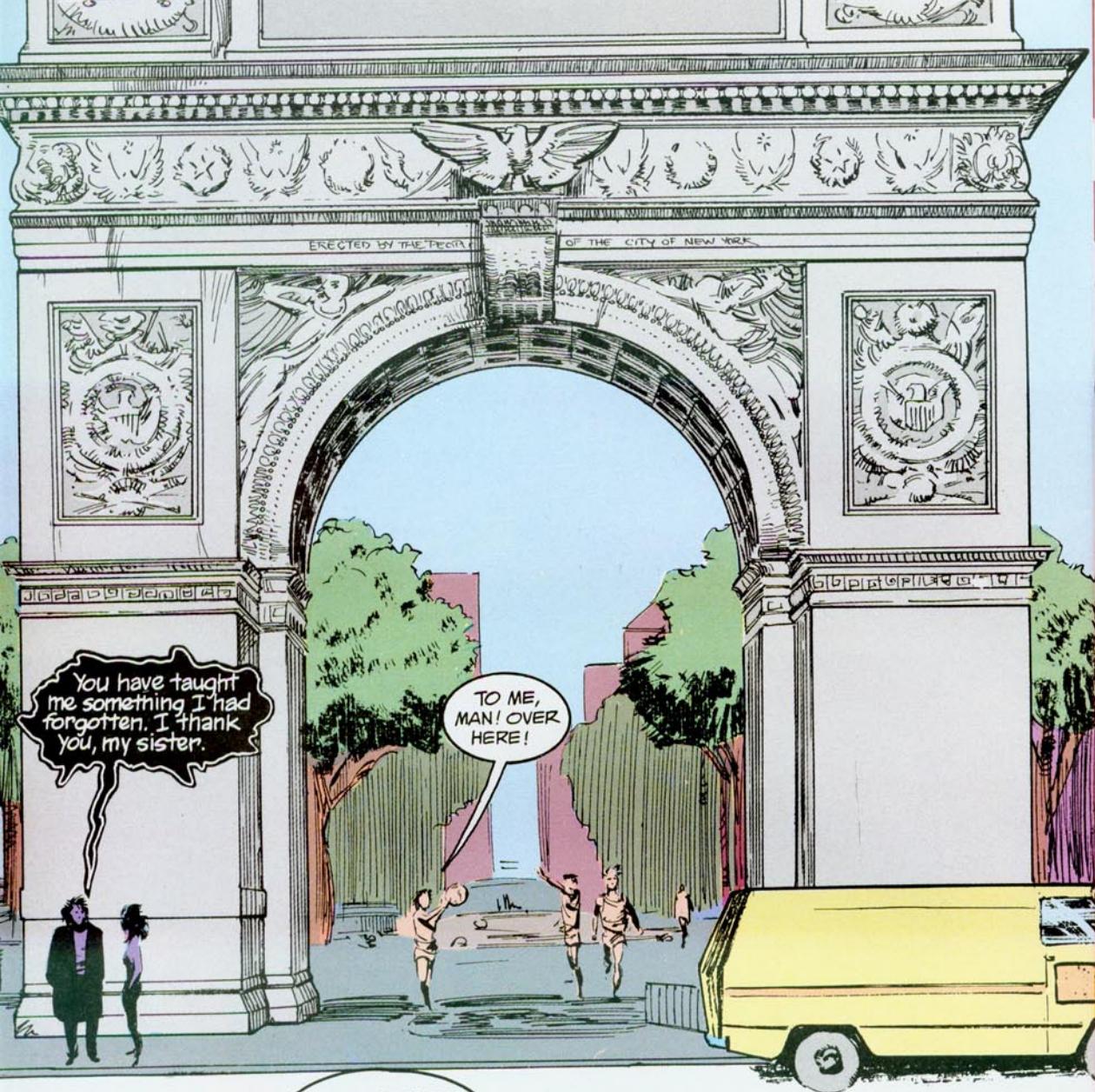
My sister has a function to
perform, even as I do. The
Endless have their
responsibilities.

I have responsibilities.

I walk by her side, and
the darkness lifts from
my soul.

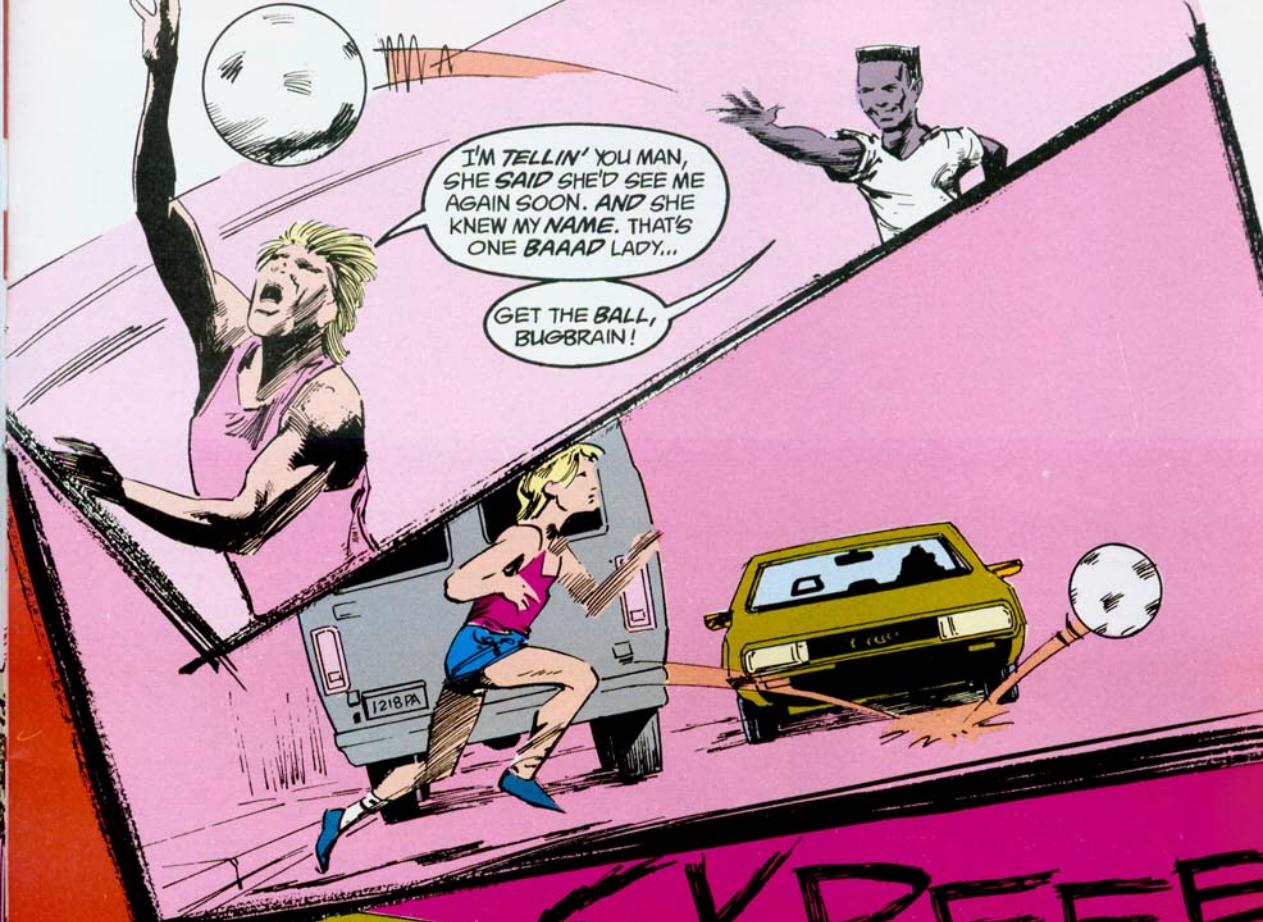
I walk with her, and I
hear the gentle beating
of mighty wings...

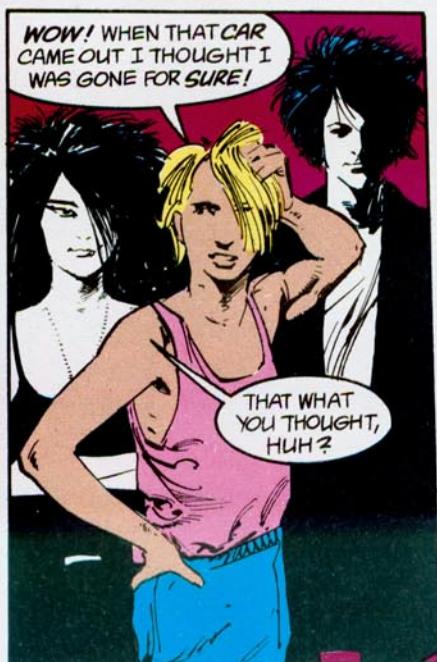
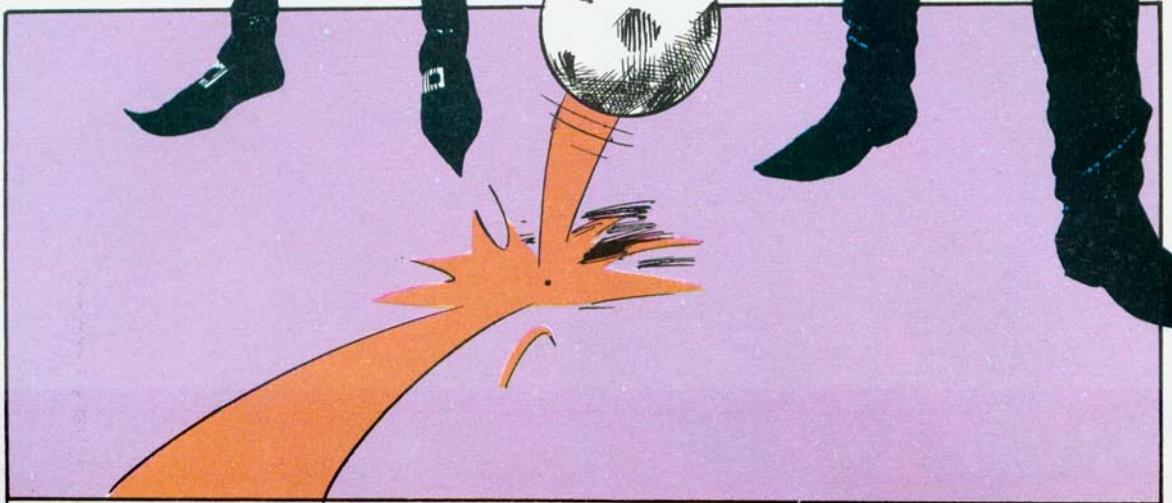




I'M TELLIN' YOU MAN,
SHE SAID SHE'D SEE ME
AGAIN SOON. AND SHE
KNEW MY NAME. THAT'S
ONE BAAAD LADY...

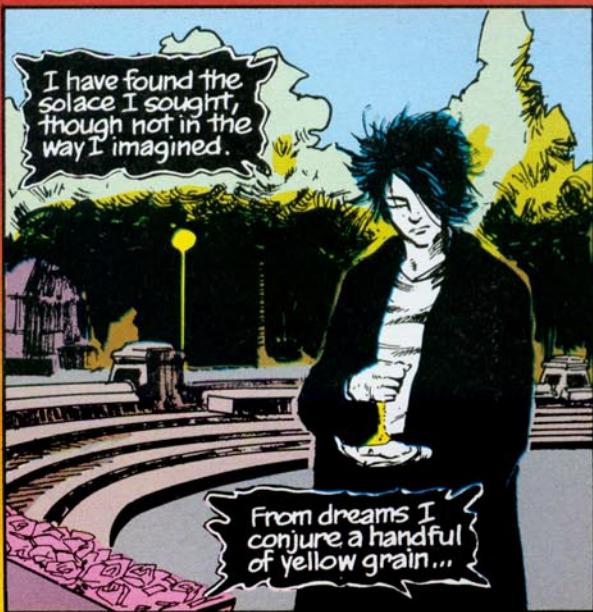
GET THE BALL,
BUGBRAIN!





Goodbye,
sister.





I throw the grain
into the air.

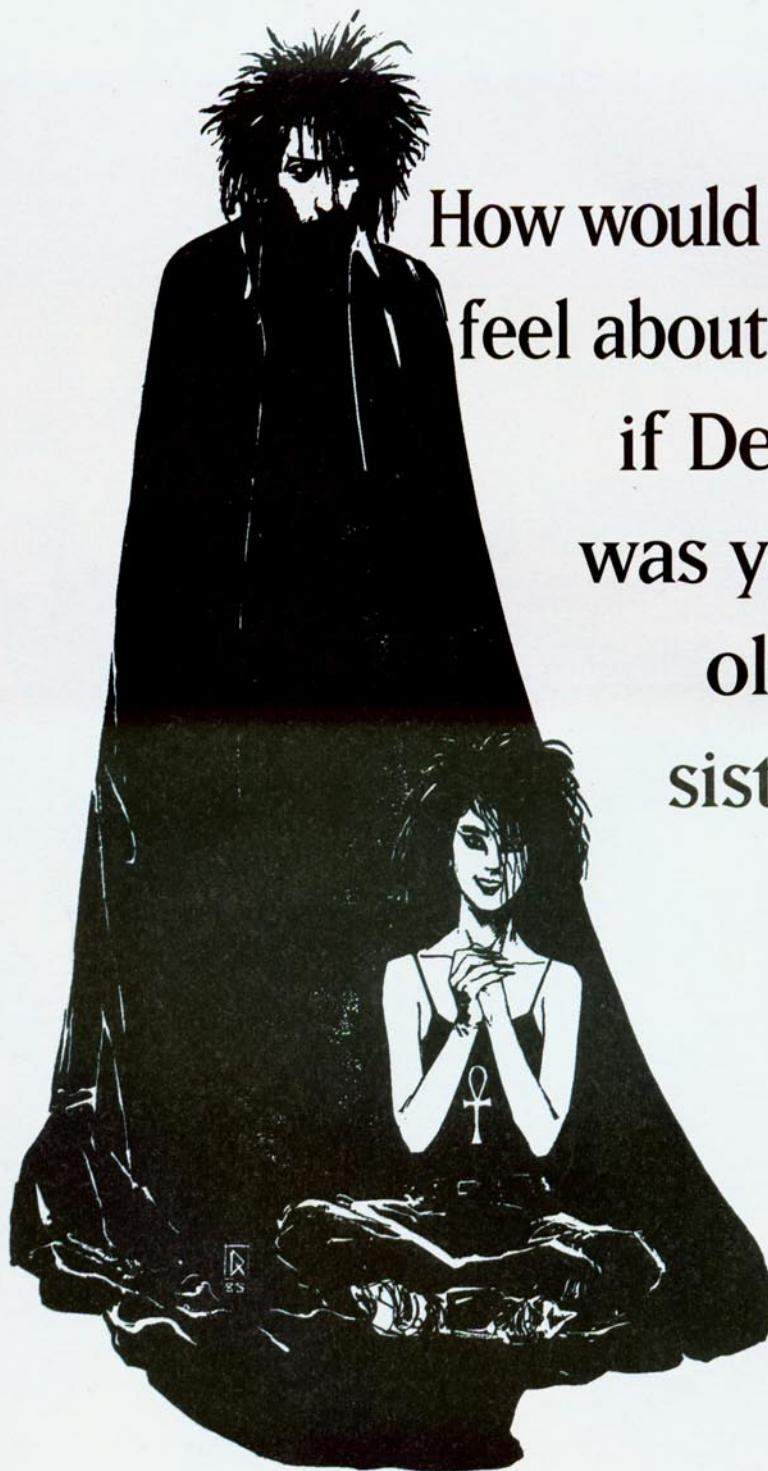
And I hear it.

The sound
of wings...

ESSENTIAL VERTIGO
Sandman

COVER ART AND
LOGO DESIGN:
DAVE McKEAN

How would you
feel about life
if Death
was your
older
sister?



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