



THE

SANDMAN

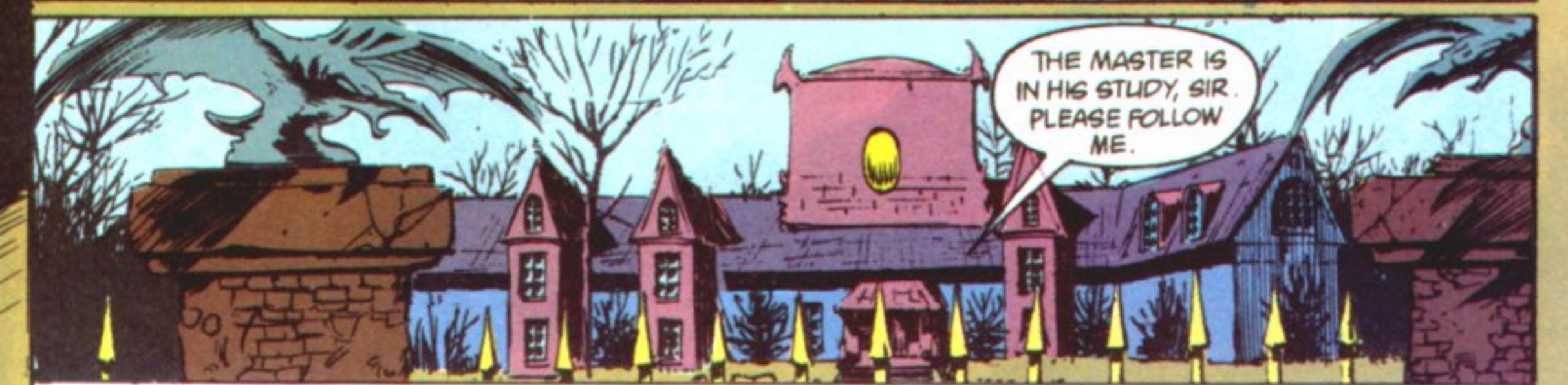
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SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS

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...

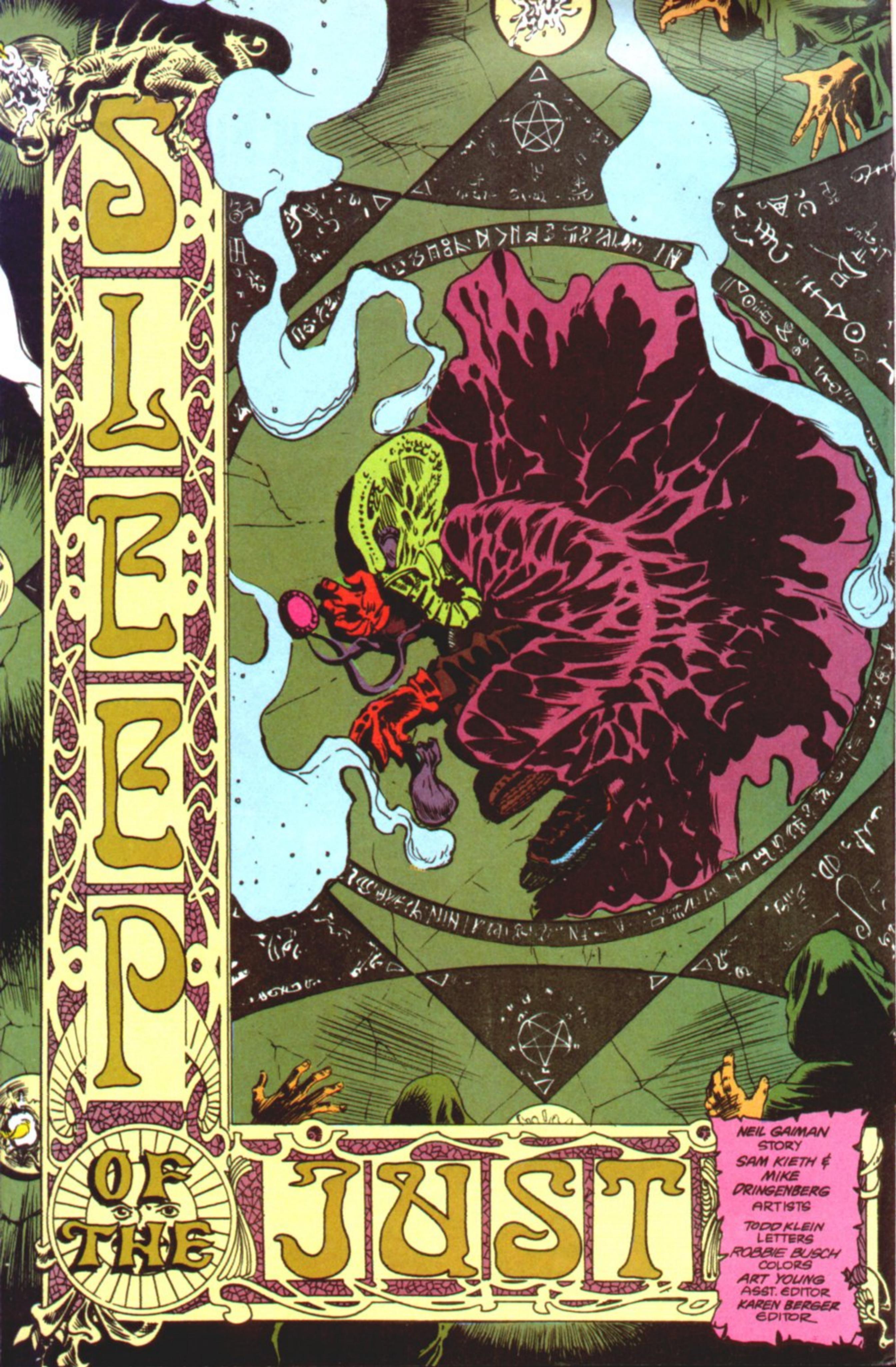
HERE IN THE
DARKNESS...

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?



IT'S SAD.



UNITY KINKAID FINDS IT
HARDER AND HARDER TO
STAY AWAKE.



SHE NOW SLEEPS FOR ALMOST
TWENTY HOURS A DAY.





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

"serious"



TRAGEDIES OF SLEEPY SICKNESS.
WARPED MINDS AND BROKEN BODIES.

Since The Daily Mail published the letter of Mr. E. W. Hore, of Manchester, concerning the death of his daughter, who

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

AUGUST,
1926.

BUGGER AND
BLAST HIM!



I KNOW HE
UNDERSTANDS ME!



HE HAD TO BE
ONE OF THE
ENDLESS... SO
WHICH ONE?

NOT DEATH. WE
KNEW THAT. DESTINY,
THEN? DESIRE?



I KNOW THAT THE ORDER
WILL BE SAFE IN YOUR HANDS.
IF EVER I FORSAKE THE
MATERIAL PLANE, HEHHH.
EH, MISTER SYKES?

INDUBITABLY,
MAGUS.









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
1865-1947
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.

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

A CASTLE MADE OF CLOUDS.

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

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.

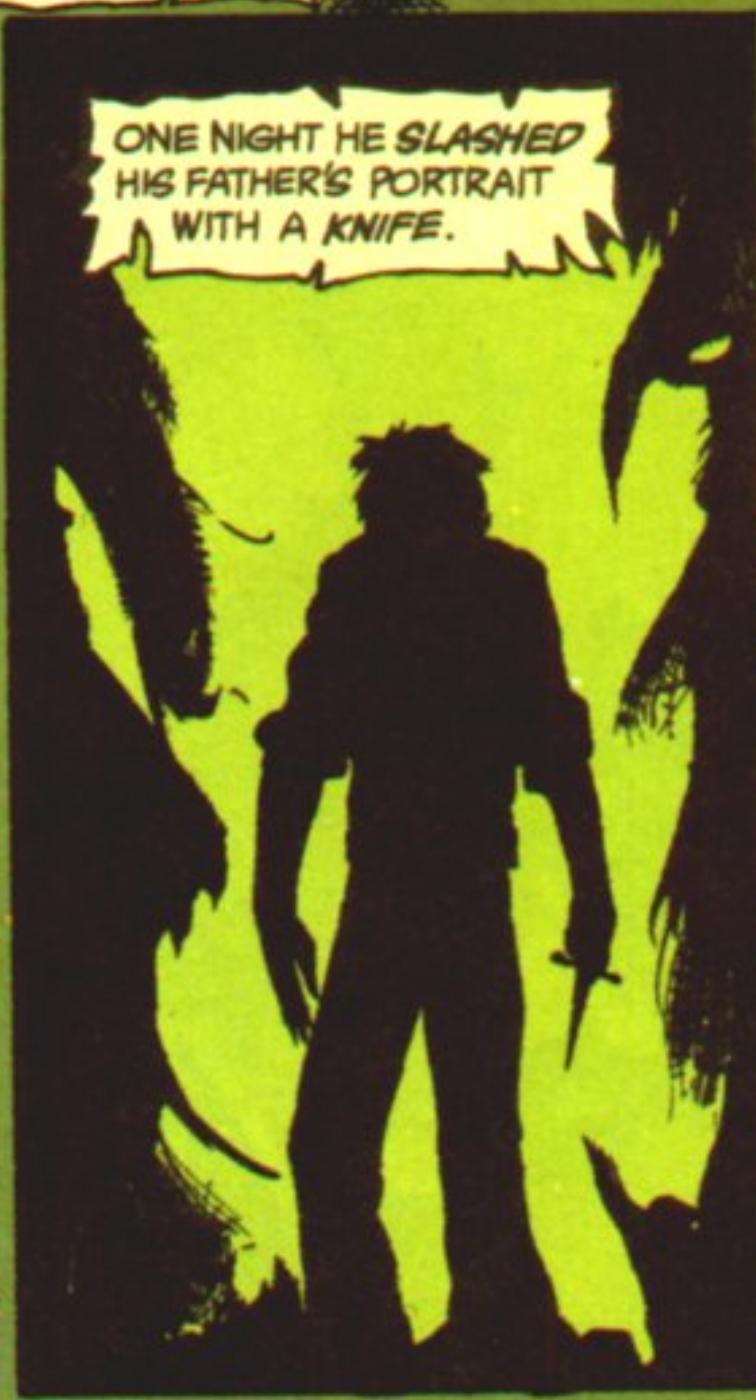


ALEX HANDS OVER THE REINS OF ORGANIZATION TO PAUL MCGUIRE, HIS LONGTIME PERSONAL ASSISTANT.



PALU DOESN'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC.

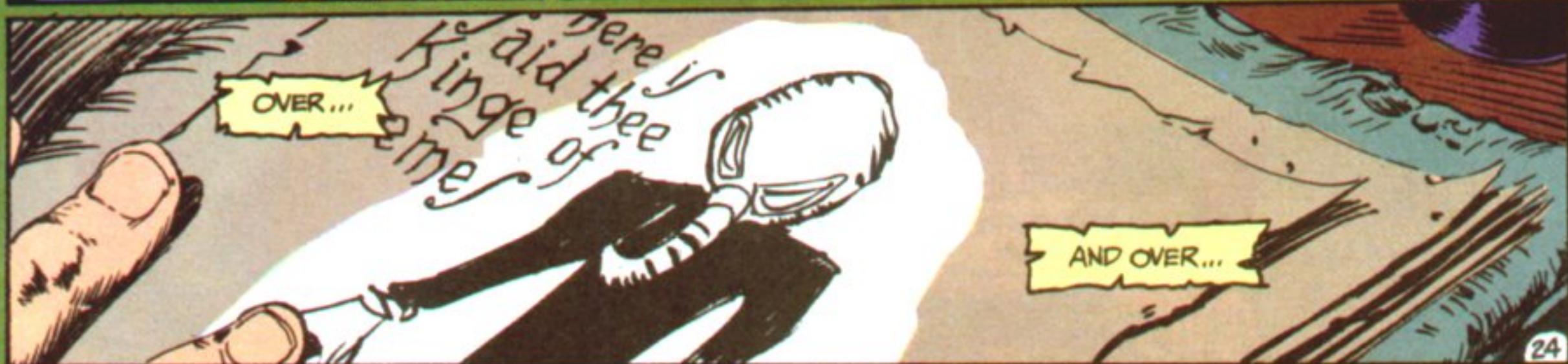
ALEX SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME IN HIS STUDY. HE WROTE A MEMOIR ABOUT HIS FATHER; WRITES LETTERS TO NEWSPAPERS DEFENDING HIS FATHER'S REPUTATION; IS EDITING A VOLUME OF HIS FATHER'S LETTERS.

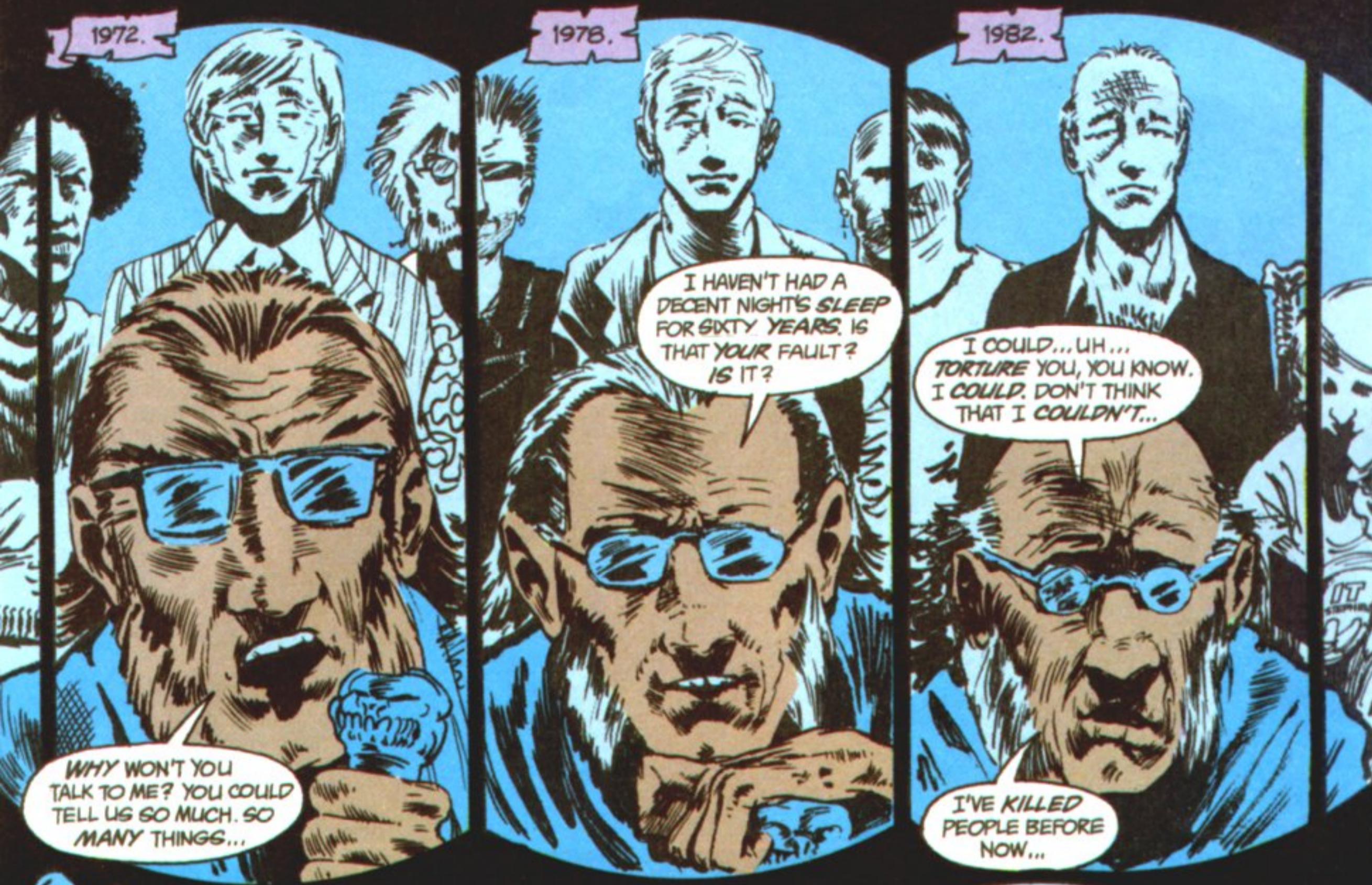


OVER...

Dene
did thee
kindge of
me

AND OVER...





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.

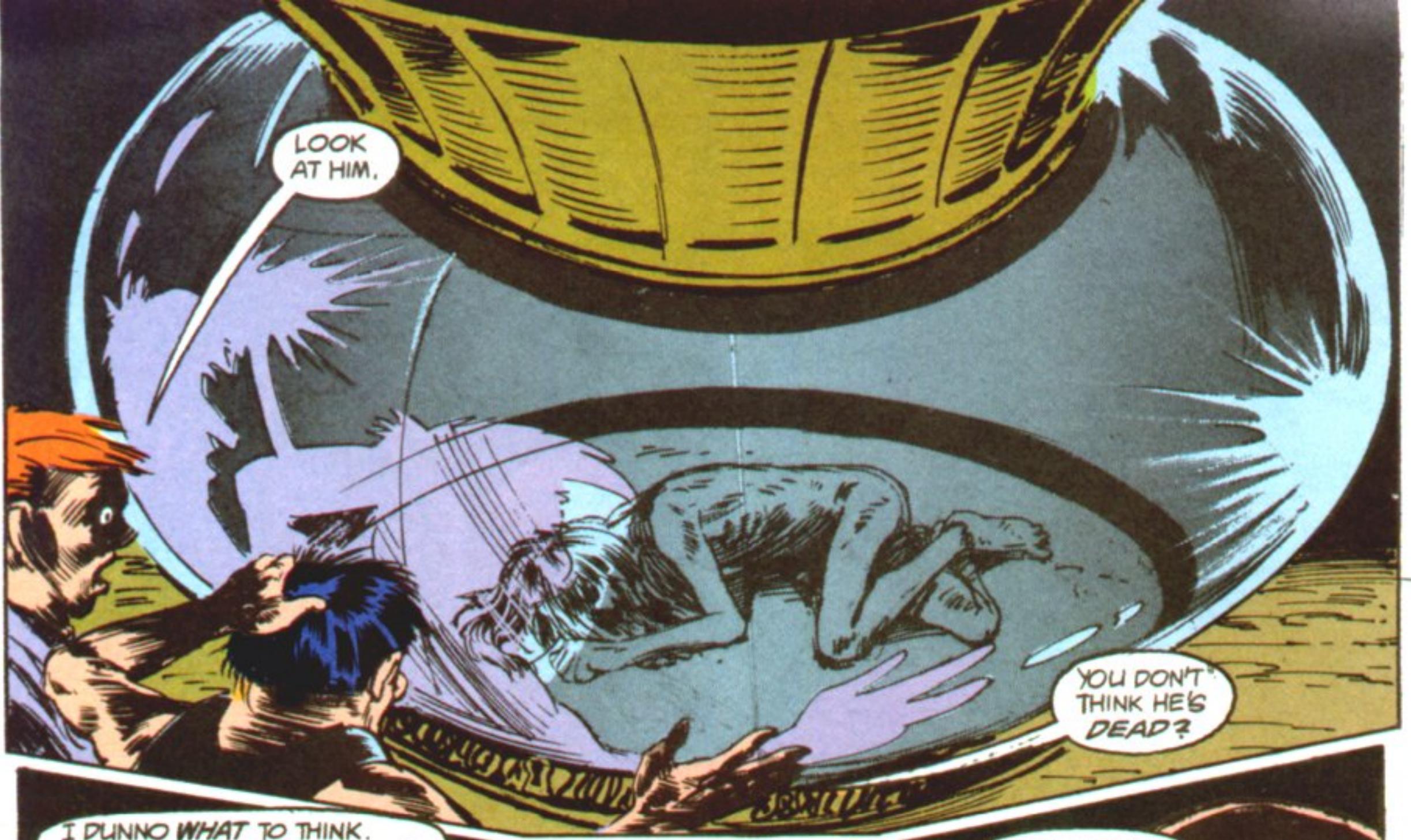
SUN... SEA...

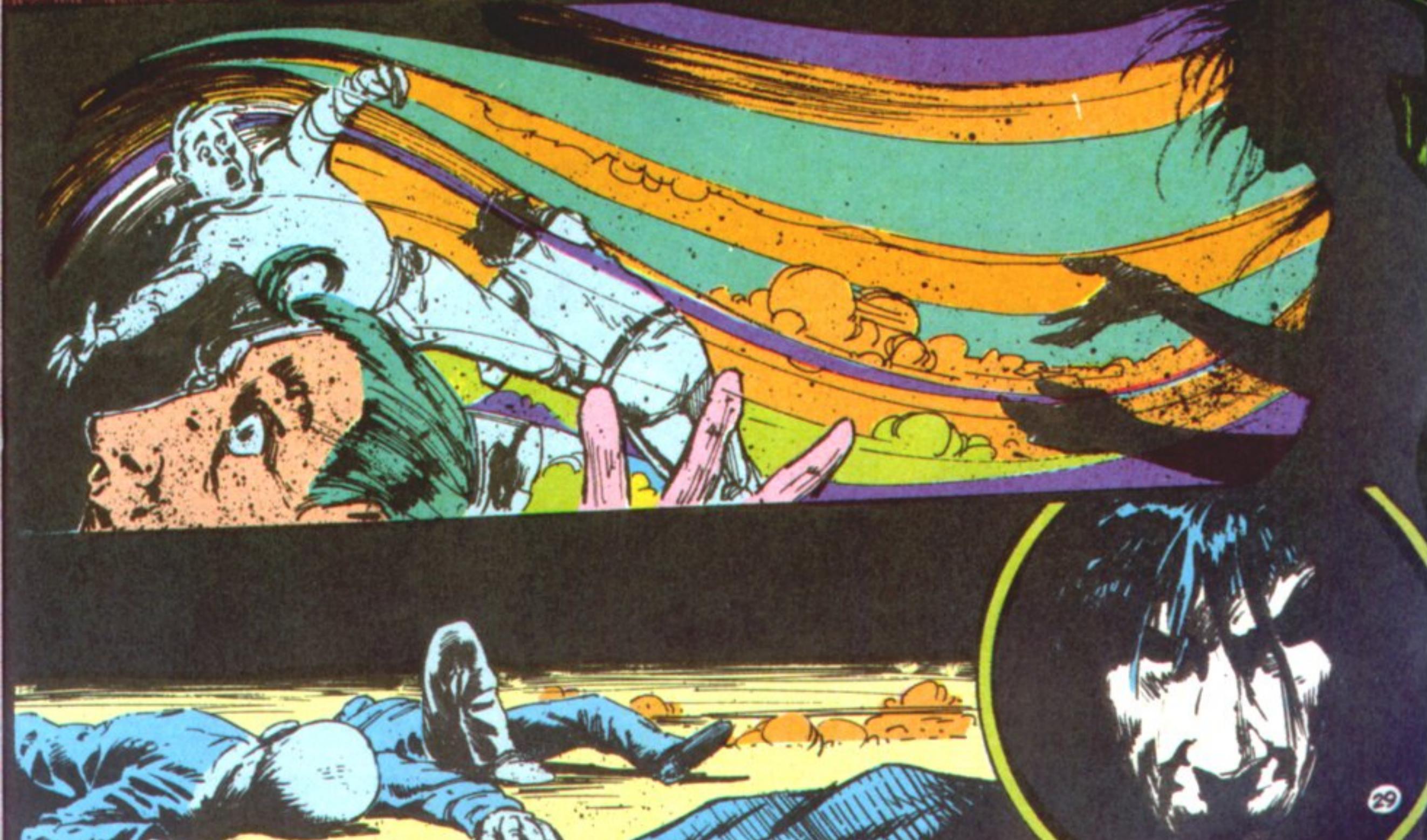
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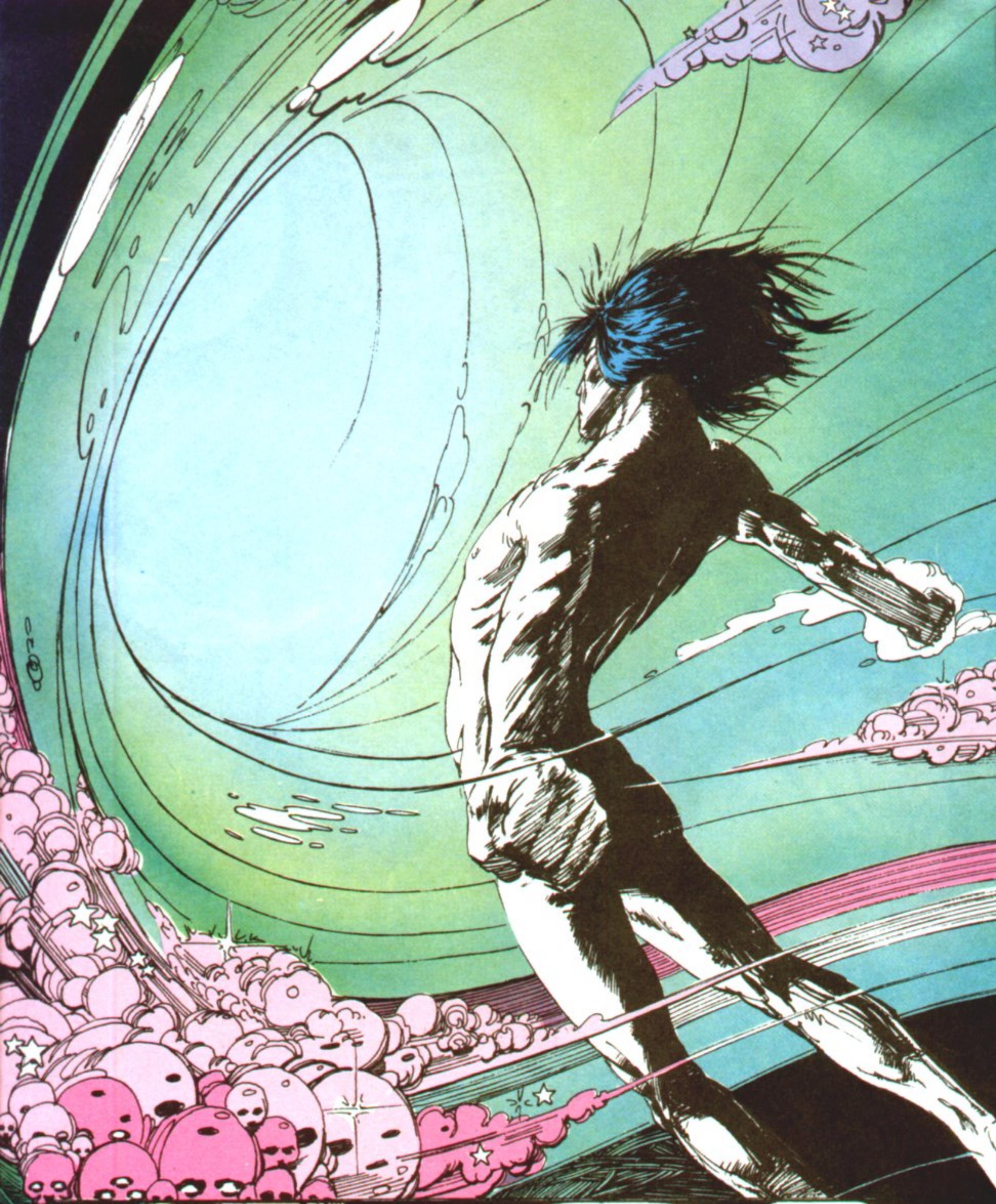
...AND SURF...
...AND...
...AND...

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.

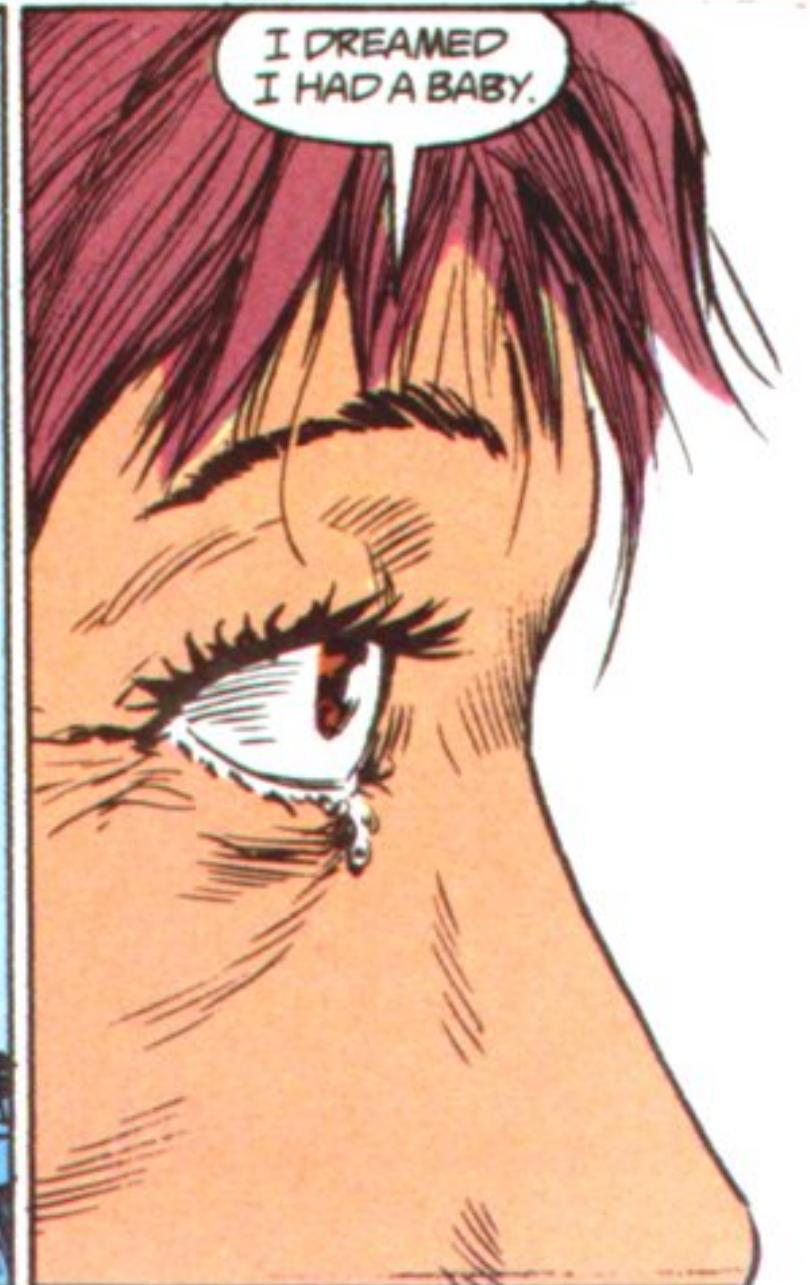
DREAMS. GO
FIGURE THEM.

First, food;

then
clothing...

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

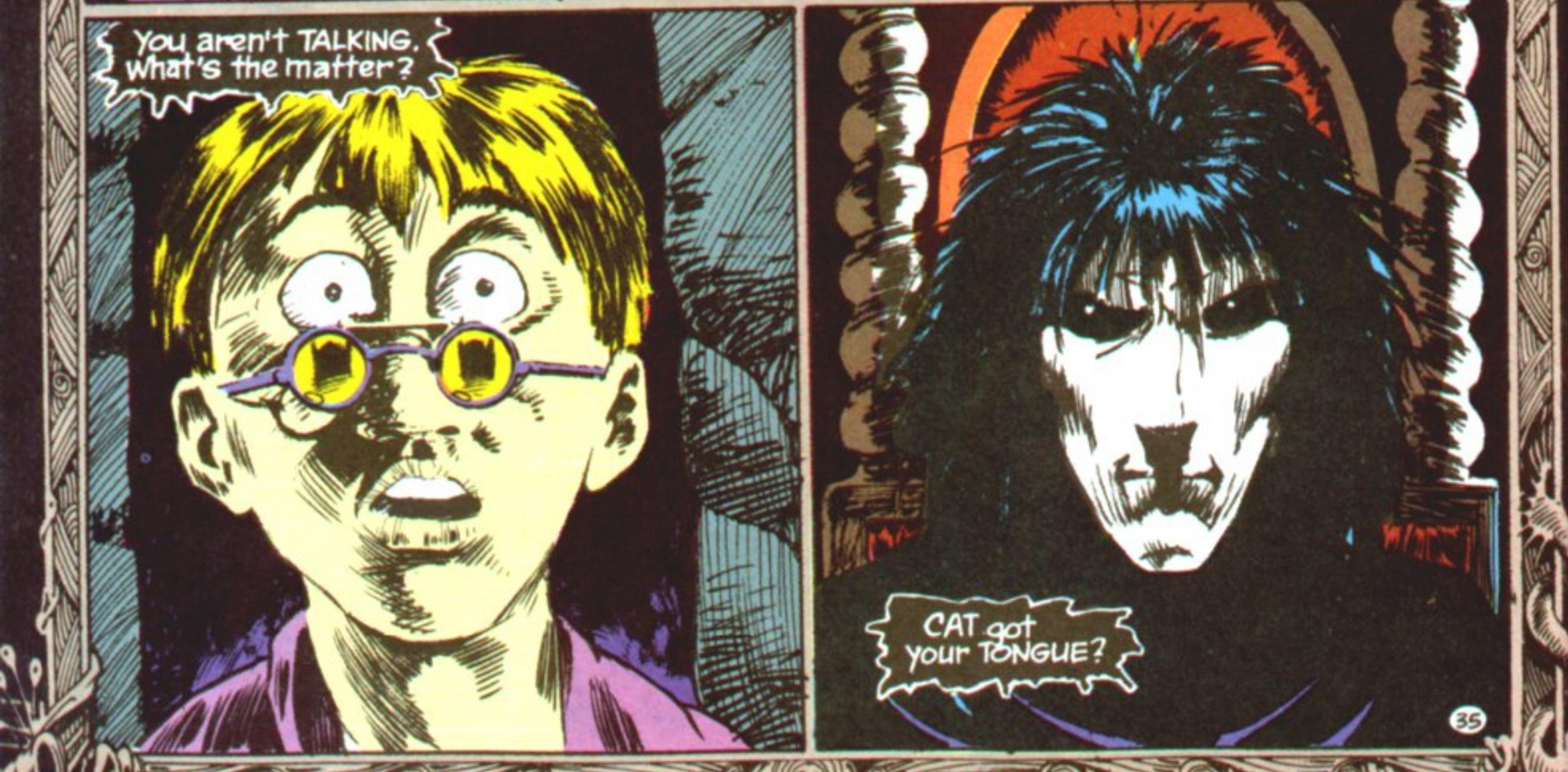
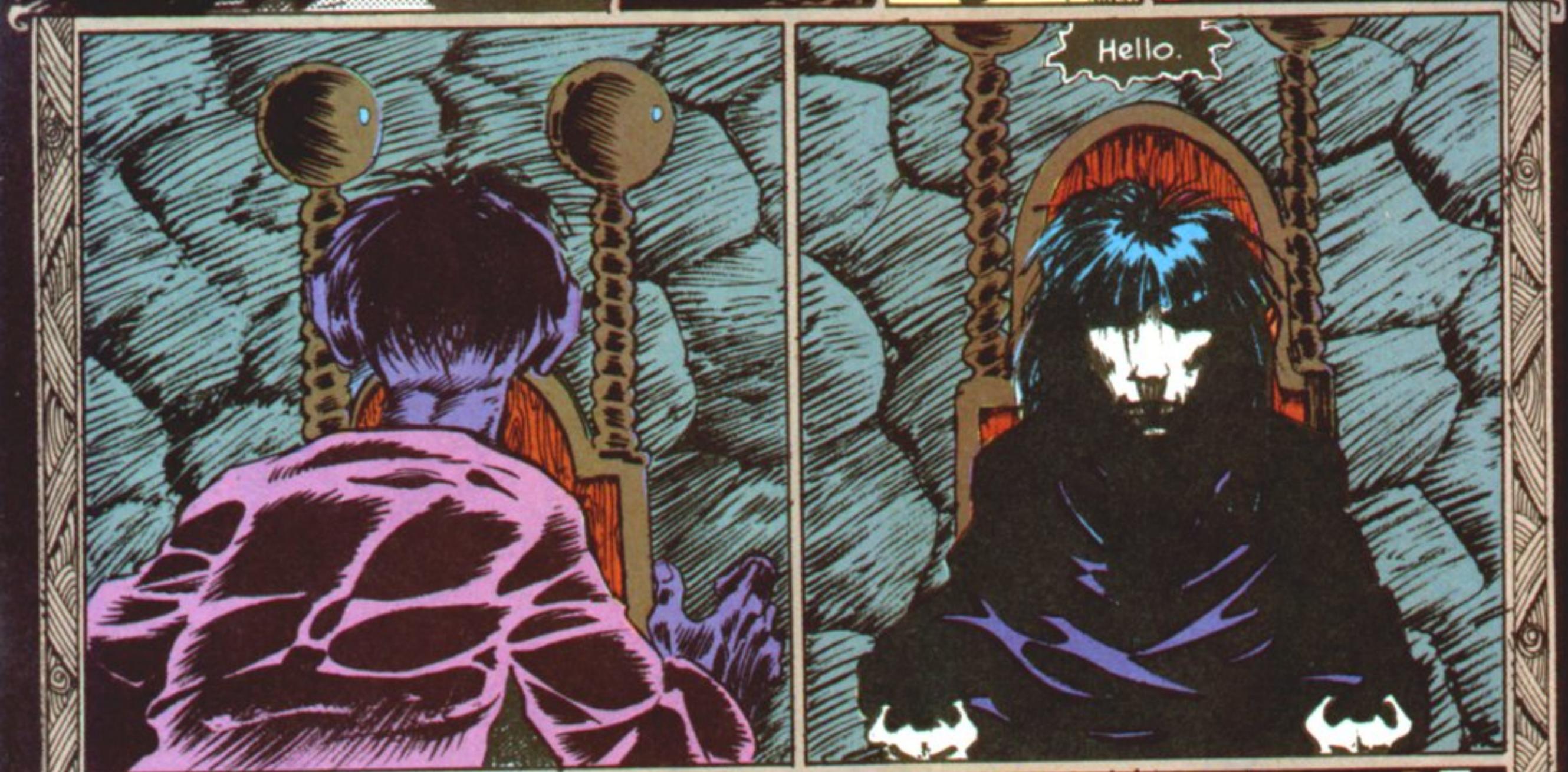


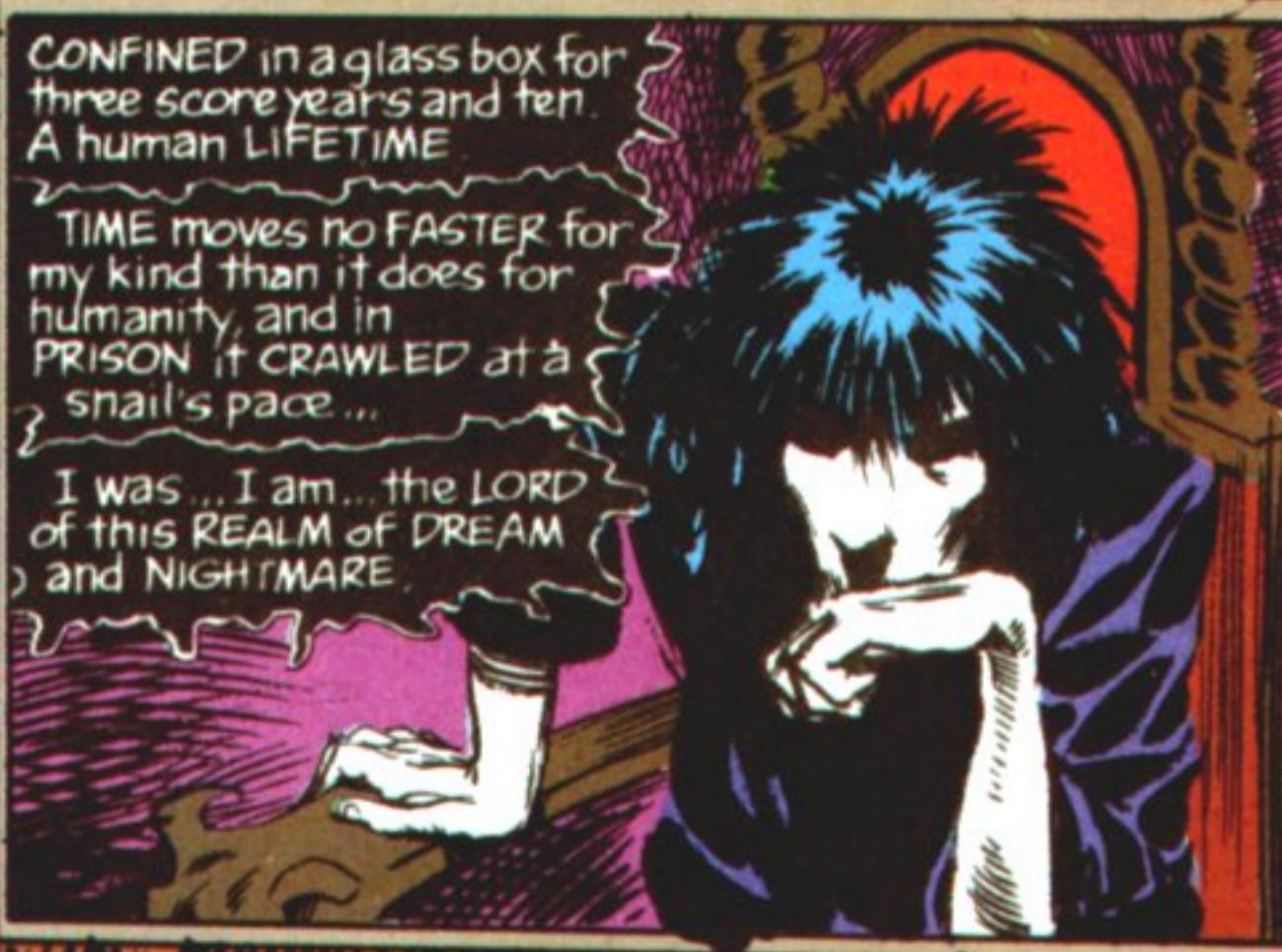




I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT, MR. MCGUIRE...









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...

