



# THE SANDMAN™

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JAN 1989  
NEW FORMAT

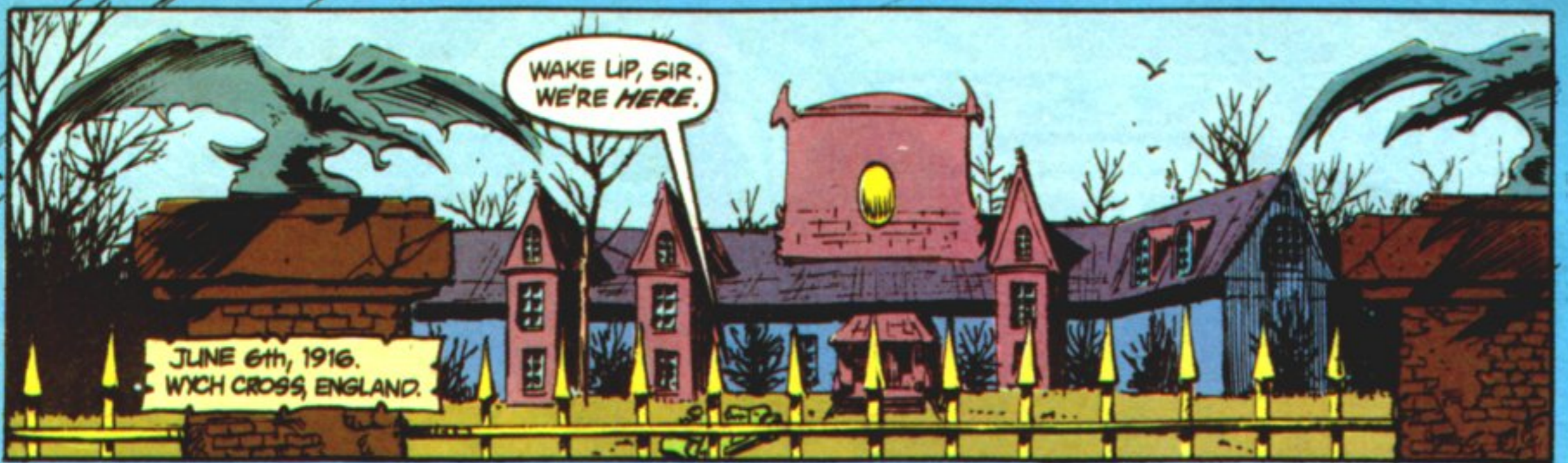
MASTER • of • DREAMS



GAIMAN • KIETH • DRINGENBERG







JUNE 6th, 1916.  
WYCH CROSS, ENGLAND.

WAKE UP, SIR.  
WE'RE HERE.



ALREADY?  
I MUST HAVE  
DOZED OFF...

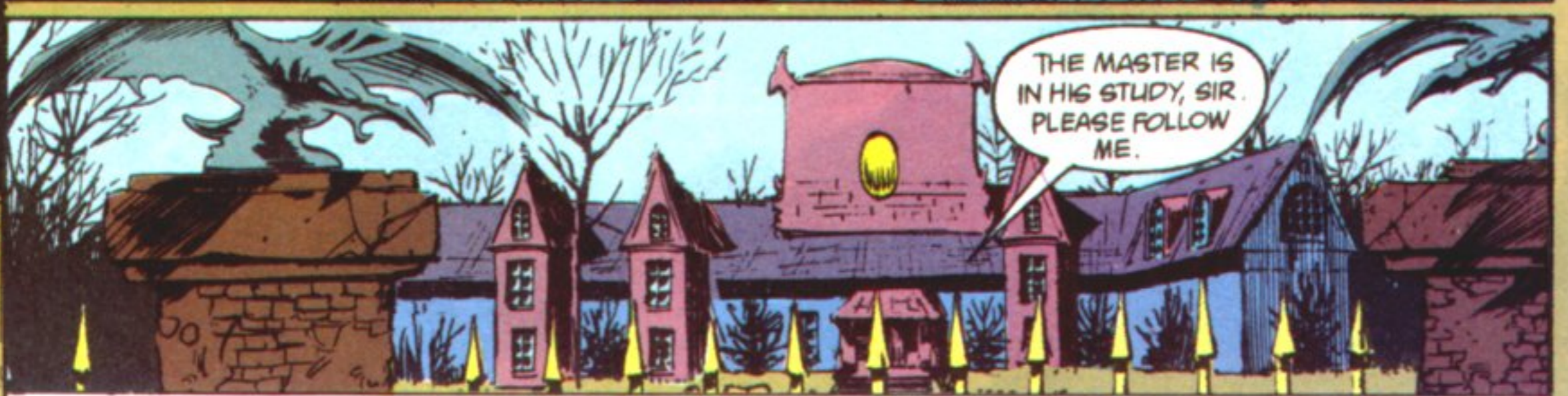


GOOD  
AFTERNOON,  
SIR.



GOOD  
AFTERNOON. MY  
NAME IS HATHAWAY.  
DR. JOHN  
HATHAWAY.

CAN I, UH,  
IS MR. BURGESS  
AVAILABLE?



THE MASTER IS  
IN HIS STUDY, SIR.  
PLEASE FOLLOW  
ME.

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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?

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

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



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.



JUNE 10th, 1916.

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



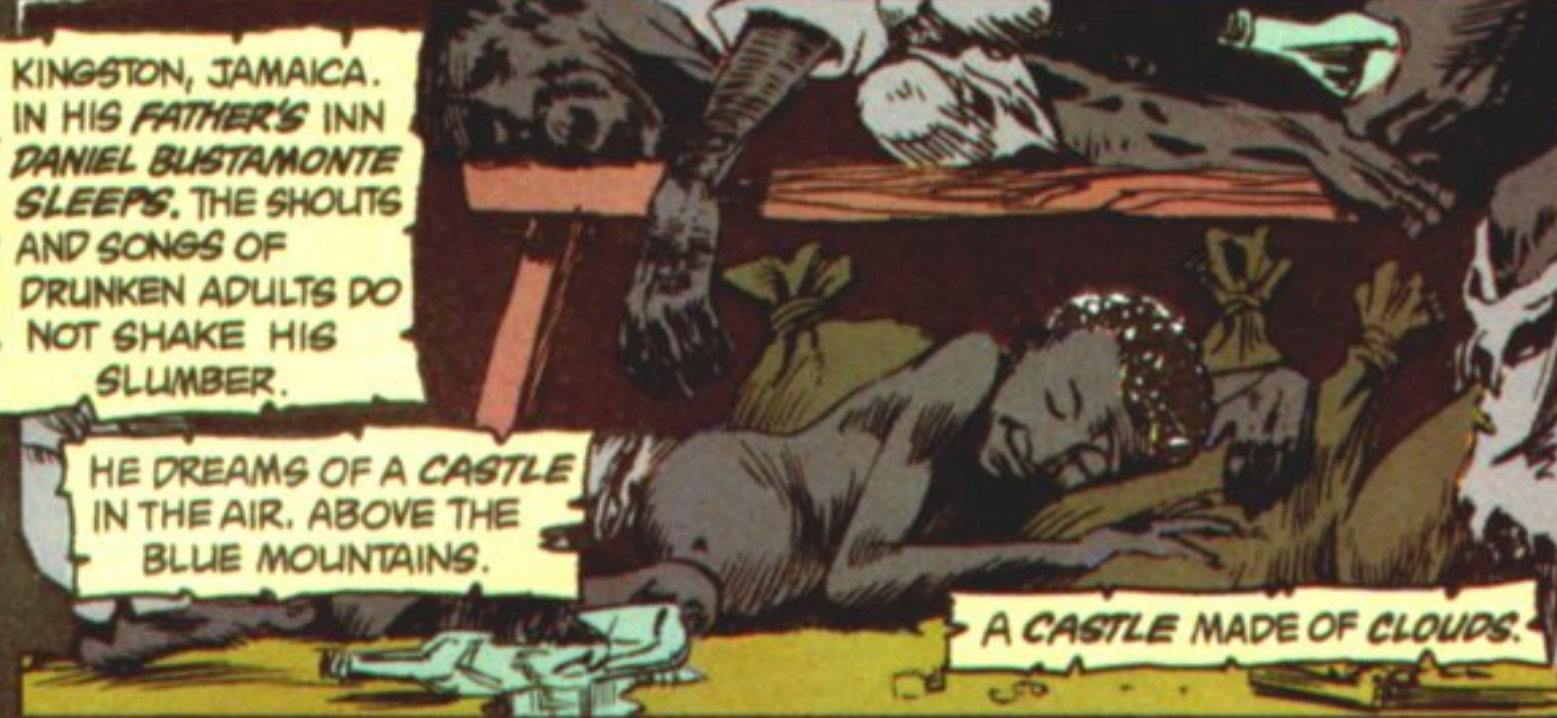
...SAID TWEEDLEDUM, "WHEN YOU'RE ONLY ONE OF THE THINGS IN HIS DREAM.

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

SHE KNOWS IT IS ONLY MEANT TO ENTERTAIN HER.

IT TERRIFIES HER.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA. IN HIS FATHER'S INN DANIEL BUSTAMONTE 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.

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



AND OF DEATH, OF COURSE.

ESPECIALLY DEATH.



IT'S MIDNIGHT.  
IT'S TIME.



TIME, AHH... 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...



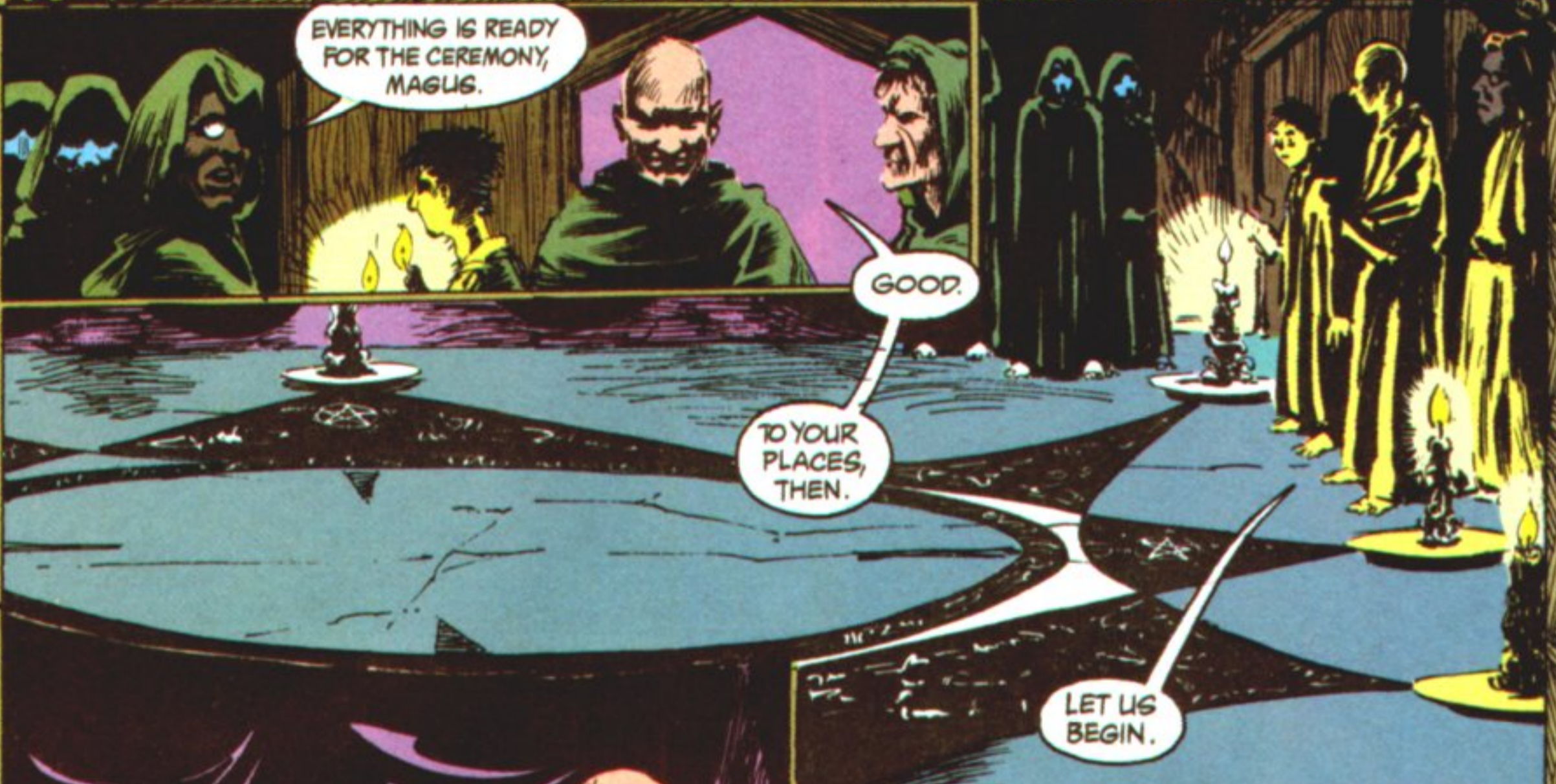
AND I HAVE THE MAGDALENE GRIMOIRE. POOR PROFESSOR HATHAWAY... EVEN IF WE FAIL TONIGHT, MY SON, HATHAWAY GAVE US THE BOOK.

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



POOR OLD FOOL...



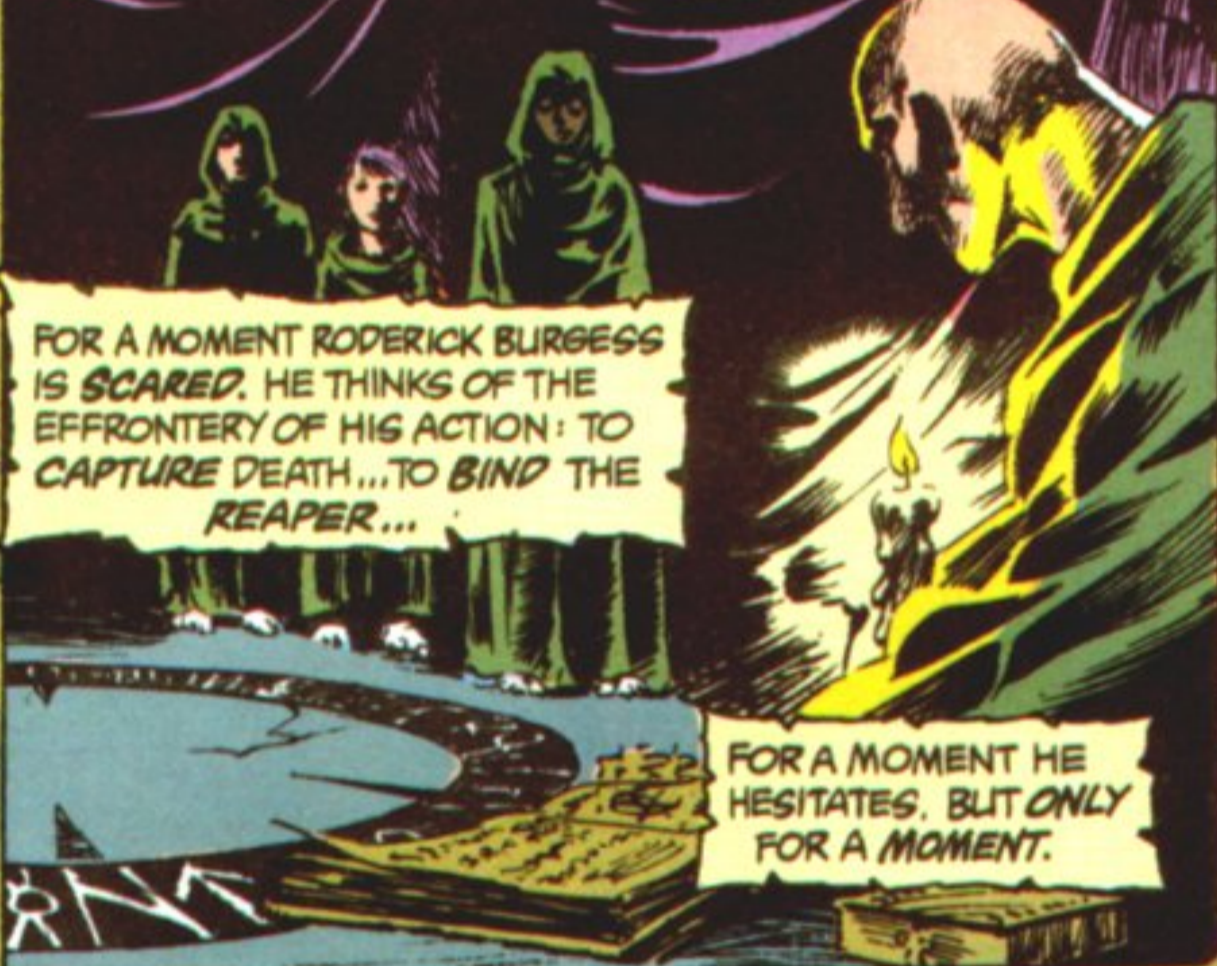


EVERYTHING IS READY FOR THE CEREMONY, MAGUS.

GOOD.

TO YOUR PLACES, THEN.

LET US BEGIN.



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 COIN I MADE FROM A STONE.

I GIVE YOU A SONG I STOLE FROM THE DIRT.



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



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.



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.

COME.

COME.

I *SUMMON* YOU IN THE NAMES  
OF THE *OLD LORDS*.

NAMTAR. ALLATU.  
MORAX. NABERILUS.  
KLESH. VEPAR.  
MAYMON.

WE *SUMMON*.

COME.

COME.

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...

"WE SUMMON YOU,  
TOGETHER."

HERE IN THE  
DARKNESS...

HERE IN THE  
DARKNESS...

"COME!"

HERE IN THE  
DARKNESS...









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



NO. WE  
FAILED.

THIS ISN'T DEATH.  
DAMN IT TO HELL.

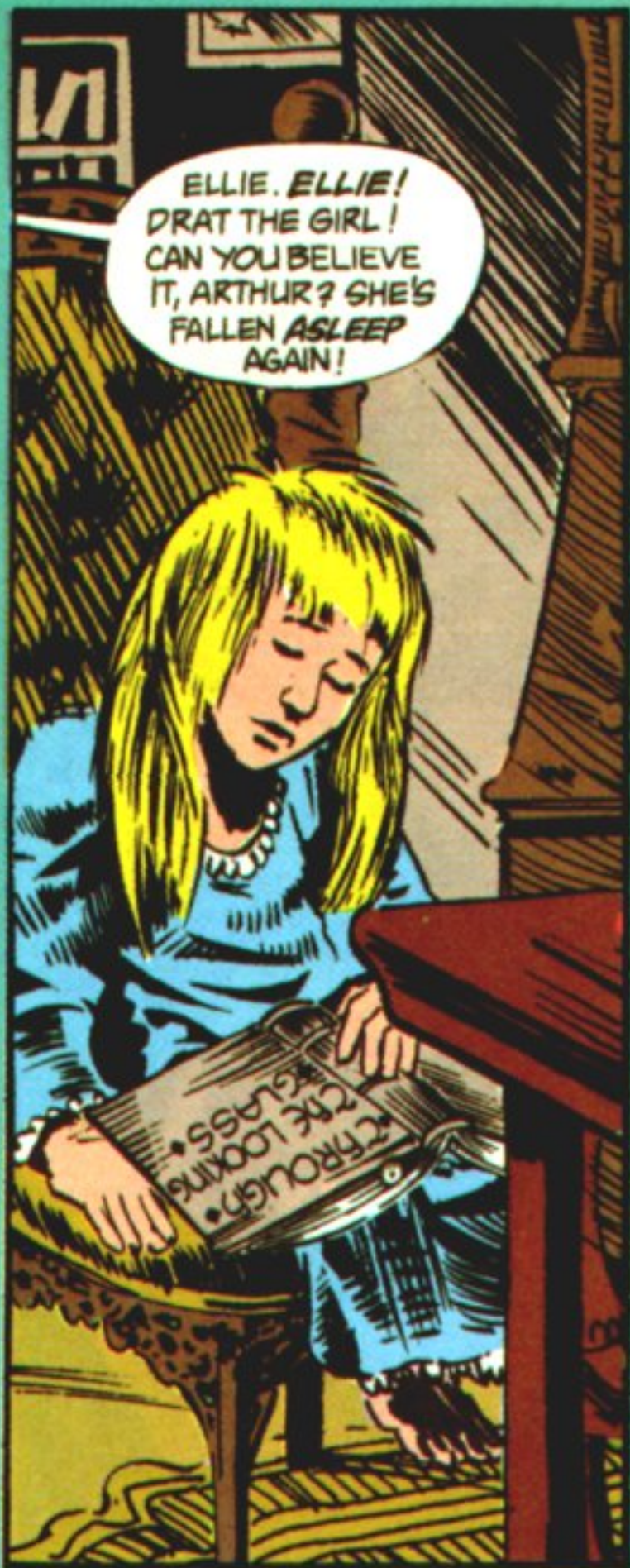


EVEN SO...



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





ELLIE. ELLIE!  
DRAT THE GIRL!  
CAN YOU BELIEVE  
IT, ARTHUR? SHE'S  
FALLEN ASLEEP  
AGAIN!



HER FATHER CARRIED  
HER TO HER BED.



SHE NEVER  
WOKE UP.



DANIEL BUSTAMONTE  
RETURNS TO HIS  
BEST DREAM.

BUT THIS TIME THE CLOUDS  
ARE FLIMSY, FRAIL, LESS REAL...



AND THEN THE  
CLOUDS AREN'T  
THERE AT ALL.



TOO SCARED TO SLEEP,  
HE SOBS TO KEEP HIMSELF  
AWAKE UNTIL DAWN.



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.

IT'S SAD.



STEFAN WASSERMAN WENT OVER THE TOP.

LINITY 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...

NOW SHE LIES UNMOVING, BREATH SHALLOW AND SILENT, LOST TO THE WORLD.



LINITY SLEEPS.



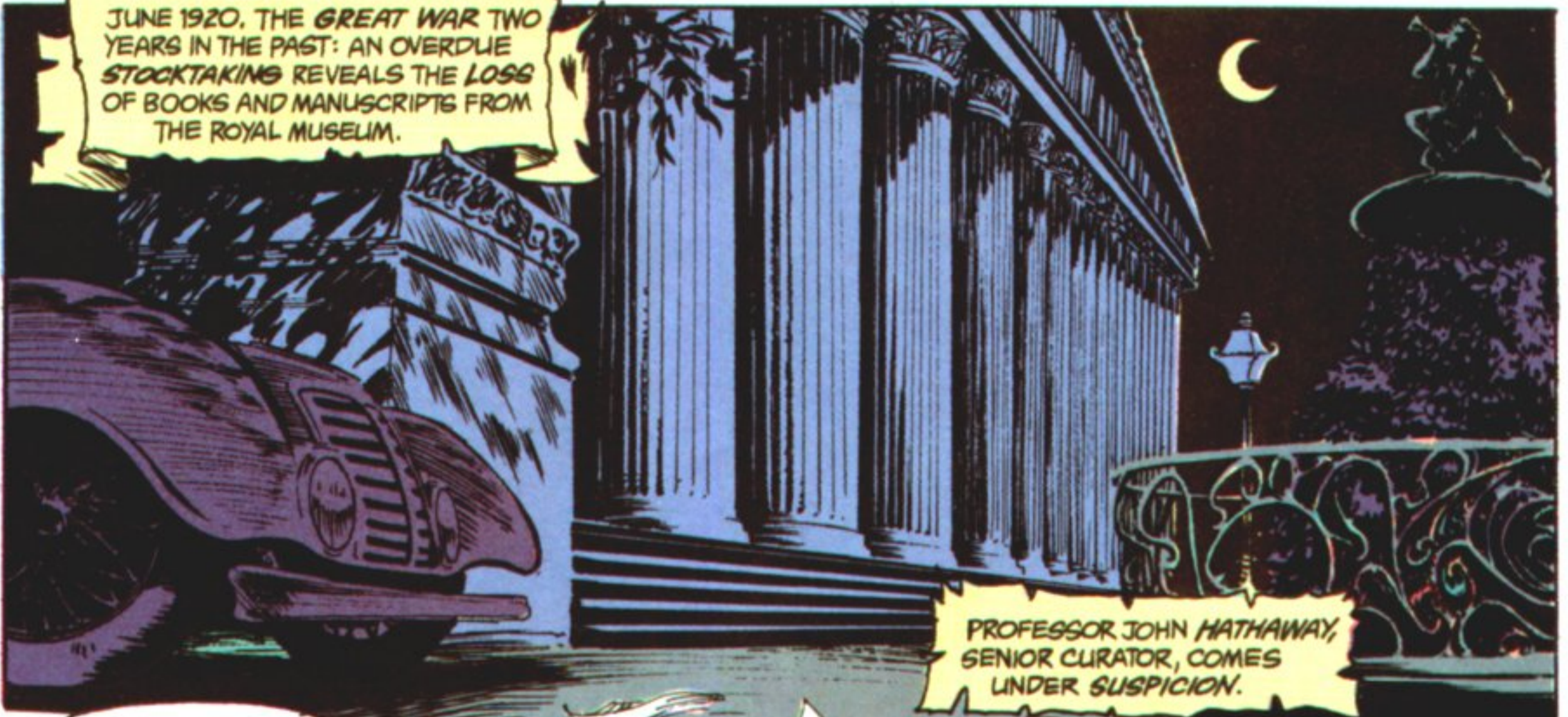


WELCOME. AS YOU SEE, THE CIRCLE TRAPS YOU INCORPOREALLY; THE CRYSTAL CELL IMPRISONS YOUR MATERIAL ASPECT.





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.

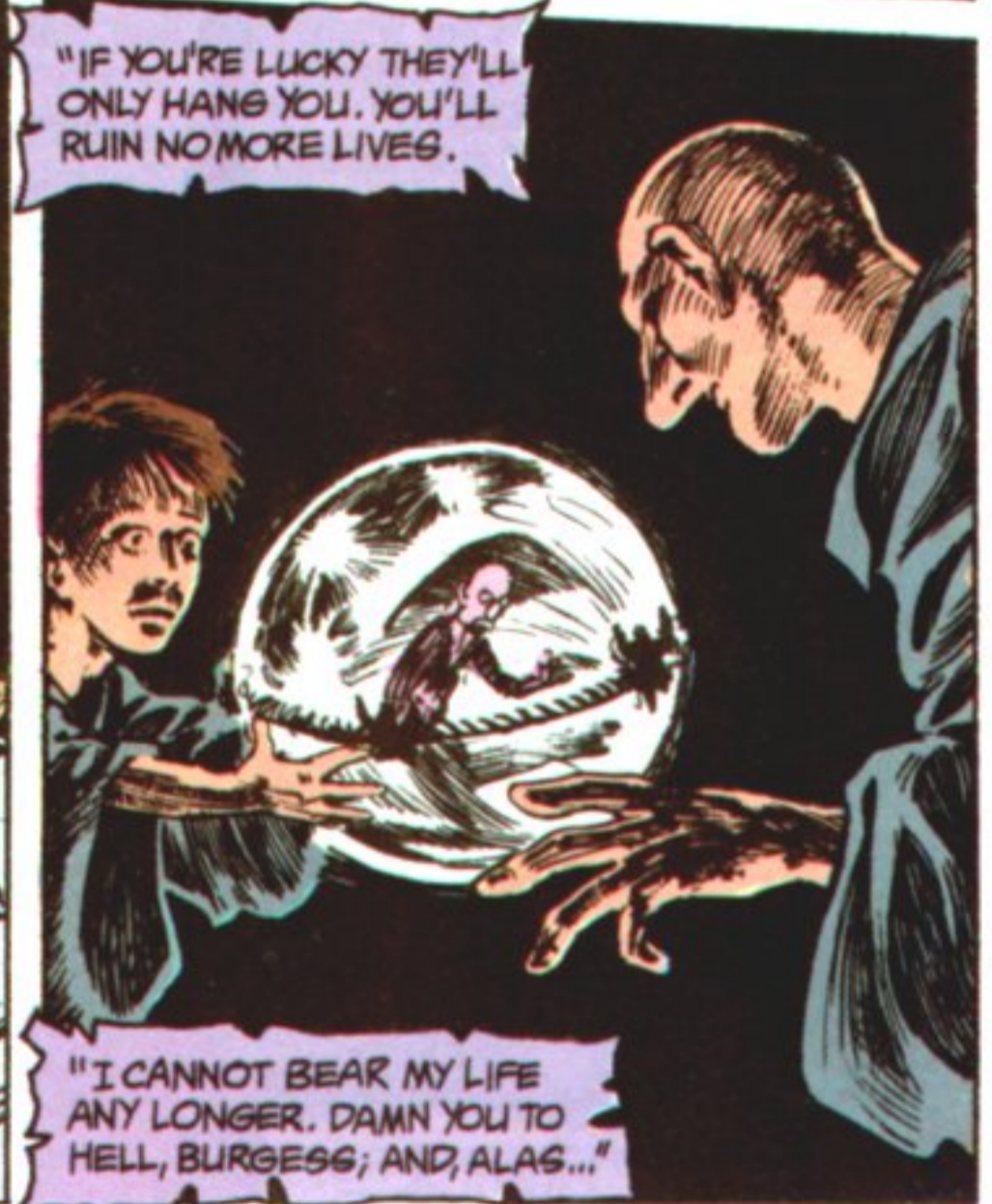


YOU'VE BLED ME DRY. BUT YOU CAN'T BLACKMAIL ME ANY LONGER.

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 CANNOT BEAR MY LIFE ANY LONGER. DAMN YOU TO HELL, BURGESS; AND, ALAS..."

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



CONFESSION  
I, John Hathaway,  
Wishing to die peacefully,  
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 BAFBLED



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.



# E 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 "Fawney 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 reputation in the early years of the century were scorned by the "serious"



TRAGEDIES OF SLEEPY SICKNESS. WARPED MINDS AND BROKEN BODIES.

Since The Daily Mail published the letter from Mr. E. W. Hore, of Manchester concerning the death of his daughter, who was a victim of the "sleepy sickness"

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

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.



AUGUST,  
1926.

BUGGER AND  
BLAST HIM!

I KNOW HE  
UNDERSTANDS ME!

TEN YEARS  
IN THAT GOLDFISH  
BOWL AND HE HASN'T  
SAID A WORD!

HE  
HATES  
US!

UH, FATHER, MAGUS. I'VE  
FOUND SOMETHING THAT MAY  
CAST SOME LIGHT ON OUR  
GUEST. IN THE PAGINARUM  
FULVARUM...

HERE, LOOK AT  
THIS PICTURE...

HMM, YES,  
INDEED.

WHY DO YOU THINK I ORDERED  
THAT NONE OF THE GUARDS  
WERE TO SLEEP?

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

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

JUST STARES  
AT ME WITH THOSE  
CREEPY EYES  
OF HIS!



Here if  
said those  
Kings of  
Dreams

DREAM WAS THE ONLY  
ONE THAT FITTED THE BILL.  
I WAS HOPING YOU'D WORK  
IT OUT ON YOUR OWN ONE  
DAY, THOUGH. AND YOU  
HAVE.

WELL DONE,  
ALEX.

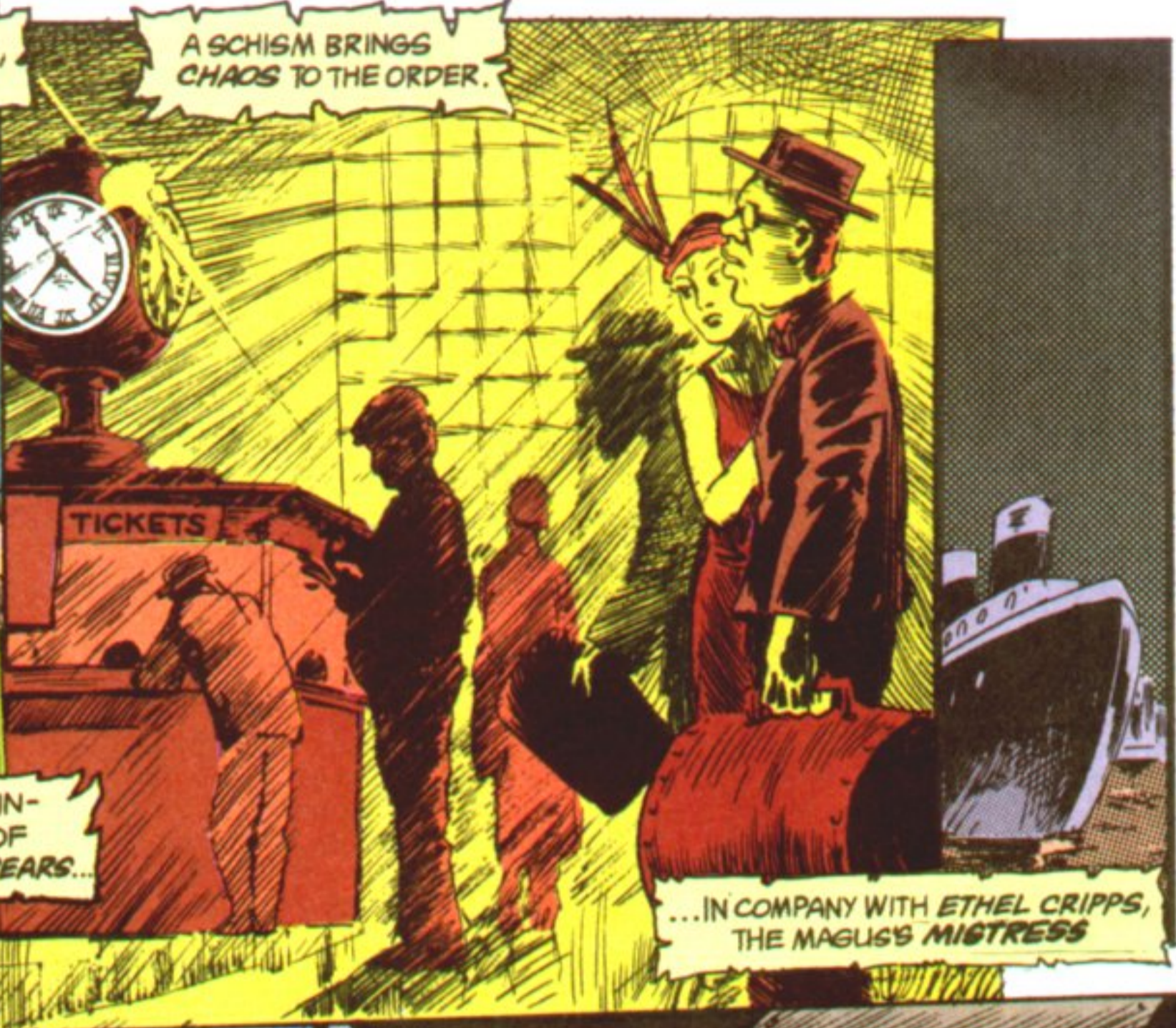
I KNOW THAT THE ORDER  
WILL BE SAFE IN YOUR HANDS.  
IF EVER I FORSAKE THE  
MATERIAL PLANE, HEHHH.  
EH, MISTER SYKES?

INDUBITABLY,  
MAGUS.



NOVEMBER, 1930.

A SCHISM BRINGS CHAOS TO THE ORDER.



RUTHVEN SYKES, SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF THE ORDER OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES, DISAPPEARS...

...IN COMPANY WITH ETHEL CRIPPS, THE MAGUSS'S MISTRESS



THEY TAKE WITH THEM MANY OF THE ORDER'S TREASURES, AND OVER £200,000 IN CASH.



MAGICAL WAR IS DECLARED.



SAN FRANCISCO. DECEMBER, 1930.

I BEG PROTECTION, LORD.

PROTECTIONSS COMES DEAR, MORTAL. THE THINGSZ YOU OFFERSS ISSS PALTRY TRIFLESS...

HAVE YOU NOSZSING ELSSSSE...?



PERHAPS THIS HELMET SIRE?

AAAH. YESSSSSSSS. FOR THISSS I WOULD GIVE YOU WHAT YOU ASKS... SSSZO SSPLENDID...



THISSS AMULET WILL MAKES SAFE FROM ANYSSZINGGGSS...





WYCH CROSS, ENGLAND.

AS THIS BLOOD IS SHED, SO SPILLS YOUR BLOOD, RUTHVEN SYKES, ADEPT OF THE 33RD, WHOSE SECRET NAME IS ARARITA...

TRAITOR AND OATH-BREAKER.



THE RITUAL PROVED USELESS AGAIN, HE HAS PROTECTION, VERMINOUS OAF!

WHAT ABOUT OUR, UH, PRISONER?

COULDN'T WE MAKE HIM DO SOMETHING TO SYKES?



WE CAN'T MAKE HIM "DO" ANYTHING, ALEX. ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP HIM THERE, AND HOPE.

WE COULD TRY TO RAISE DEATH AGAIN ...?

CRETIN.



"WE CAN GET SYKES IF WE JUST KEEP TRYING."

IN 1936 SHE WALKED OUT ON HIM. SHE TOOK THE DEMON'S GIFT WITH HER...

YES!

NO.

OH GOD, NO.

...WHEN HE STILL POSSESSED IT, IT WAS WORTH EVERYTHING.

...WHILE HE OWNED THE AMULET, IT KEPT HIM SAFE...



JULY 1939. ELLIE MARSTEN IS IN A CHARITY WARD. SHE'S STILL ASLEEP. SHE HAS WOKEN TWICE IN THE LAST DECADE...

EACH TIME SHE CRIED FOR HER MOTHER. SHE STILL THINKS SHE IS EIGHT.

DANIEL BUSTAMONTE WAS ONE OF THE LAST PEOPLE TO SUCCUMB TO SLEEPY SICKNESS, END OF 1926. HE'S NOW BEEN ASLEEP FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.

HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN MISS HIM.

UNITY KINKAID WAS RAPED, SEVEN YEARS AGO. SHE GAVE BIRTH TO A BABY GIRL.

THE SCANDAL WAS HUSHED UP.

THE BABY WAS ADOPTED. UNITY NEVER KNEW. SHE'D SLEPT THROUGH THE WHOLE THING.

HE PUTS EVIL PEOPLE TO SLEEP WITH GAS, THEN SPRINKLES SAND ON THEM, LEAVES THEM FOR THE POLICE TO FIND IN THE MORNING...

HE DOESN'T DREAM ABOUT THE MAN IN THE STRANGE HELMET ANYMORE. NO MORE BURNING EYES.

THE UNIVERSE KNOWS SOMEONE IS MISSING, AND SLOWLY IT ATTEMPTS TO REPLACE HIM.

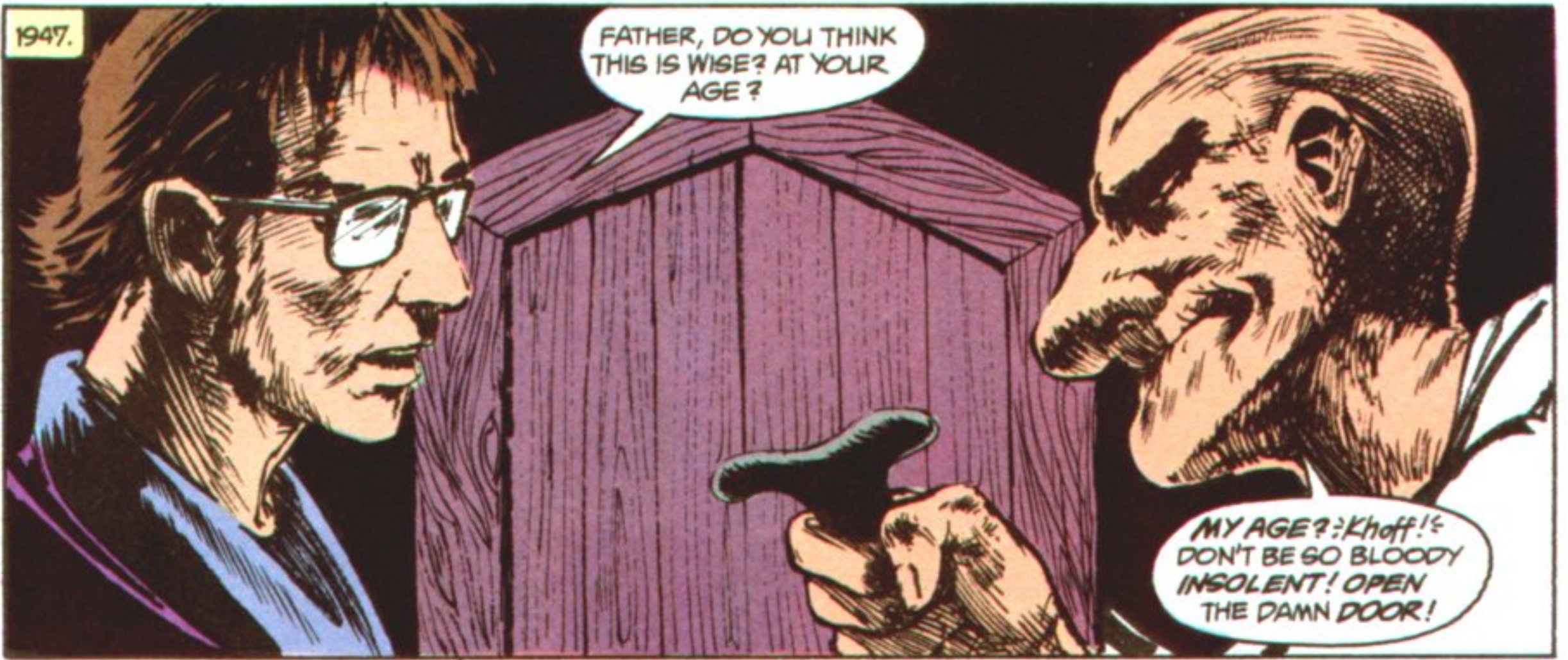
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.

THE IDEA CAME TO HIM IN HIS SLEEP.

WESLEY DODDS'S NIGHTMARES HAVE STOPPED SINCE HE STARTED GOING OUT AT NIGHT.

WESLEY DODDS SLEEPS THE SLEEP OF THE JUST.





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

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



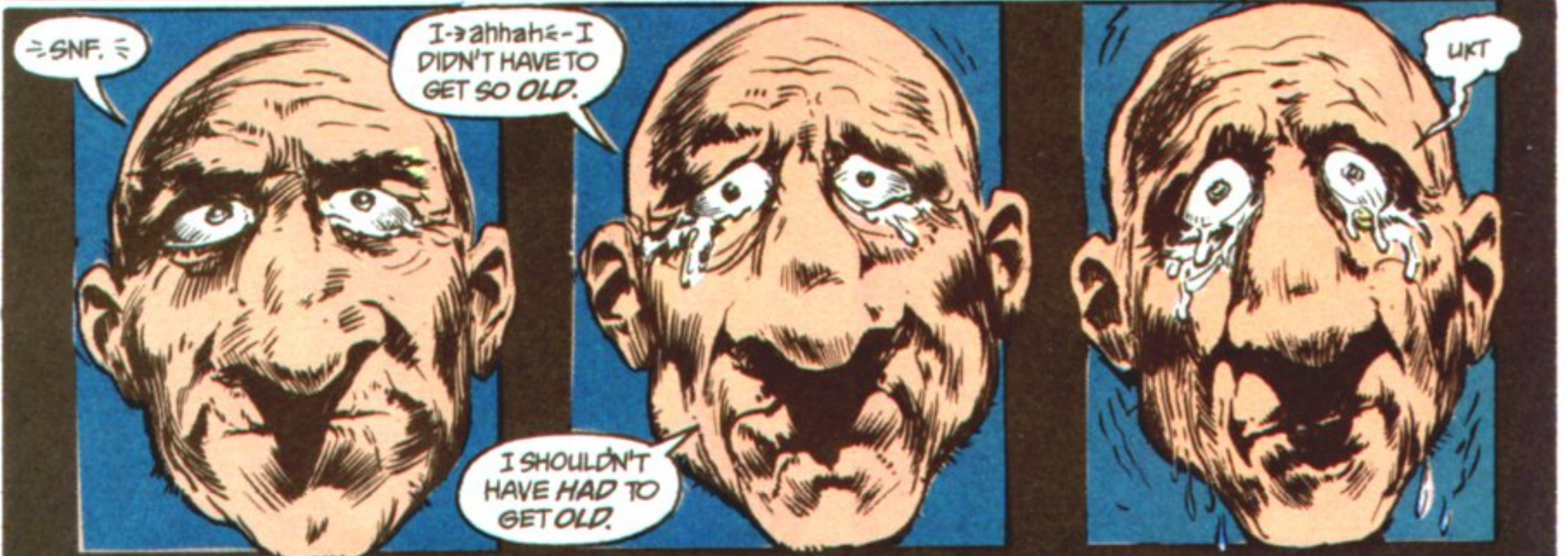
YOU! IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU!

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.

UKT

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

Waiting.





1955.



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



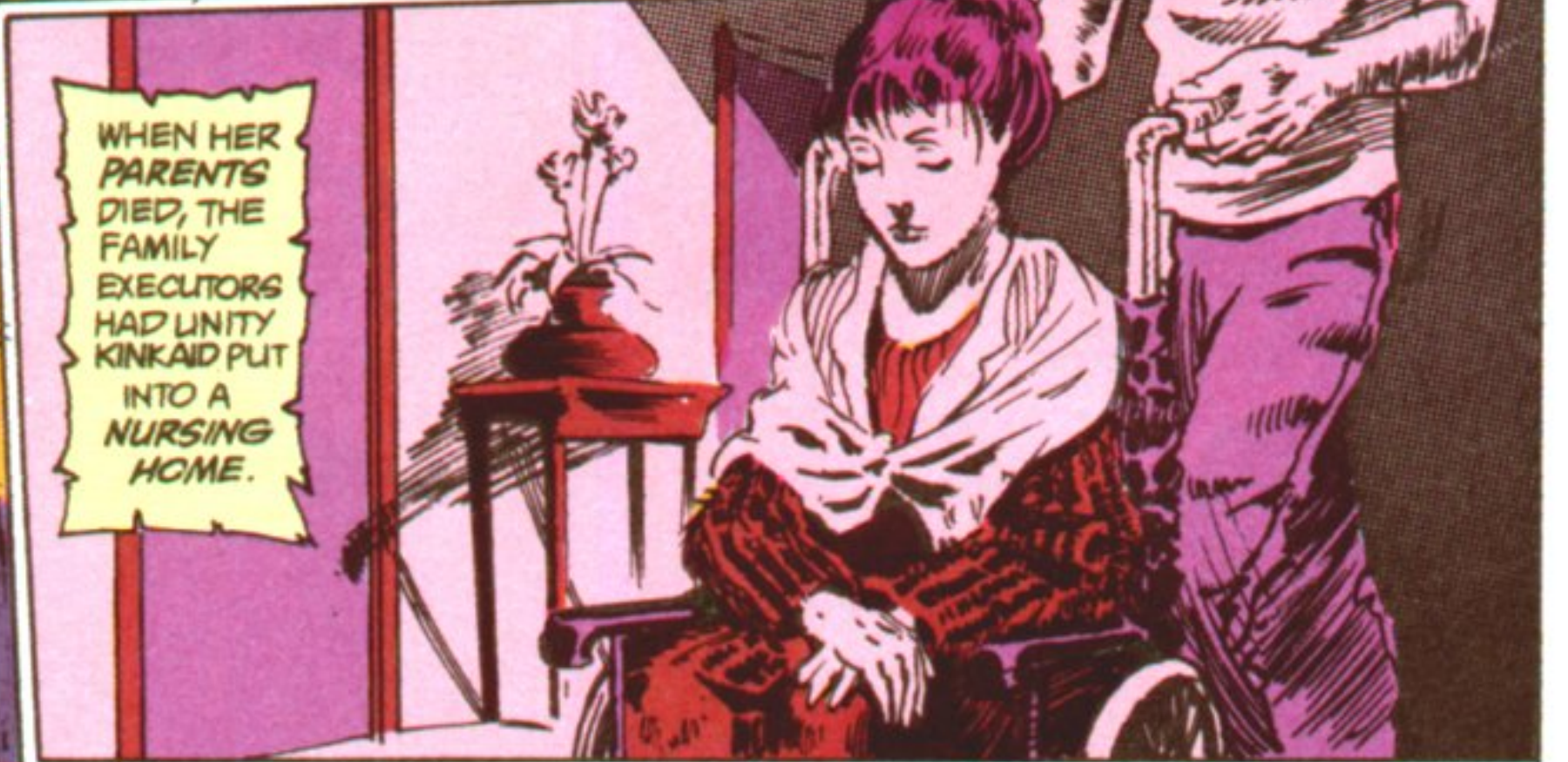
DANIEL BUSTAMONTE IS AWAKE MUCH OF THE TIME. HE DOESN'T SPEAK, THOUGH.

SHE WANTS SOMEONE TO READ HER A STORY.

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



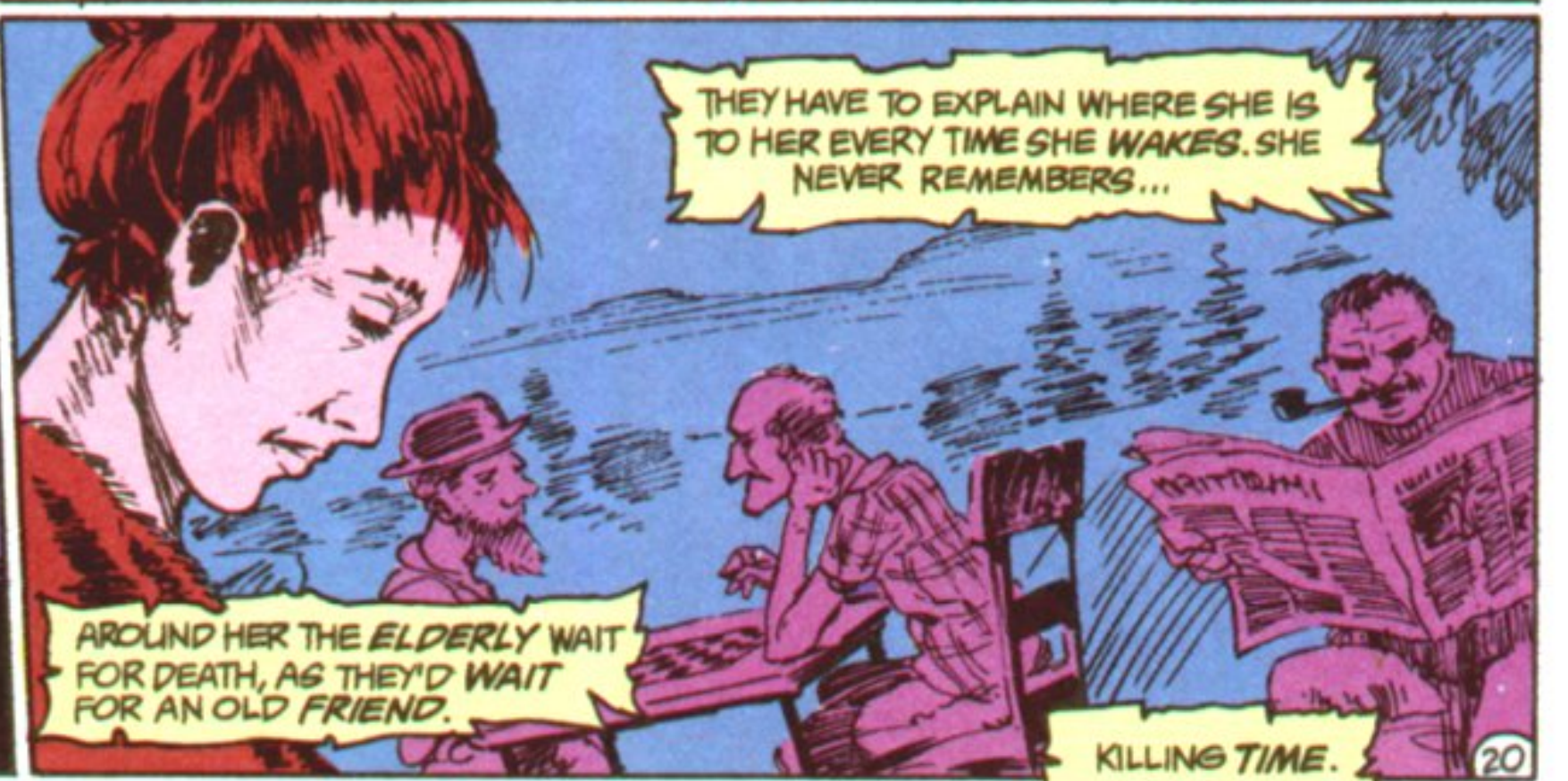
IF HE SPOKE HE MIGHT AGREE WITH THEM. SOMETHING DIED INSIDE HIM A LONG TIME AGO.



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



A CASTLE MADE OF CLOUDS.



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

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.

I DON'T THINK HE CAN EVEN BREATHE IN THAT GLASS CAGE.



HE'S A BEING OF LINKNOWABLE 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.

DANIEL SLEEPWALKS UNSPEAKING THROUGH HIS WORLD.

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

HE MOVES SLOWLY, LIKE A MAN WADING THROUGH QUICKSAND.

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

ASLEEP, SHE WATCHES TELEVISION.

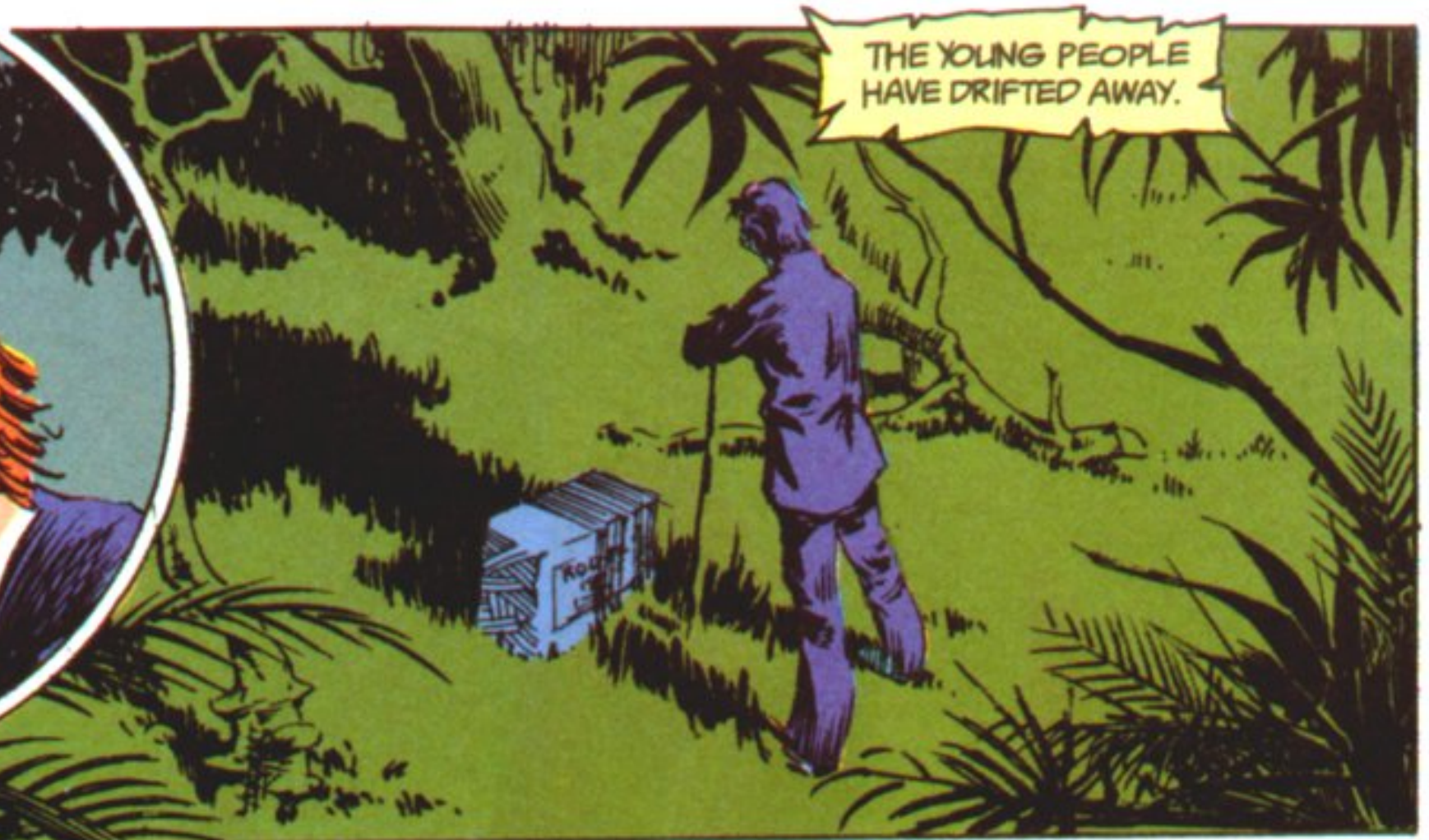
ASLEEP, SHE RELAXES IN THE SUN.

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





1970.



THE YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE DRIFTED AWAY.

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



PAUL DOESN'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC.



HE SEES THE ORDER OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES AS AN EFFICIENT METHOD OF PARTING THE CREDULOUS FROM THEIR CASH.



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.



ONE NIGHT HE SLASHED HIS FATHER'S PORTRAIT WITH A KNIFE.



ALEX WILL NO LONGER READ BOOKS ON MAGIC. EXCEPT FOR ONE. THE LIBER FULVARUM PAGINARUM. AND HE ONLY READS ONE PAGE OF THAT BOOK...



OVER...

AND OVER...



1972.



WHY WON'T YOU TALK TO ME? YOU COULD TELL US SO MUCH. SO MANY THINGS...

1978.



I HAVEN'T HAD A DECENT NIGHT'S SLEEP FOR SIXTY YEARS. IS THAT YOUR FAULT? IS IT?

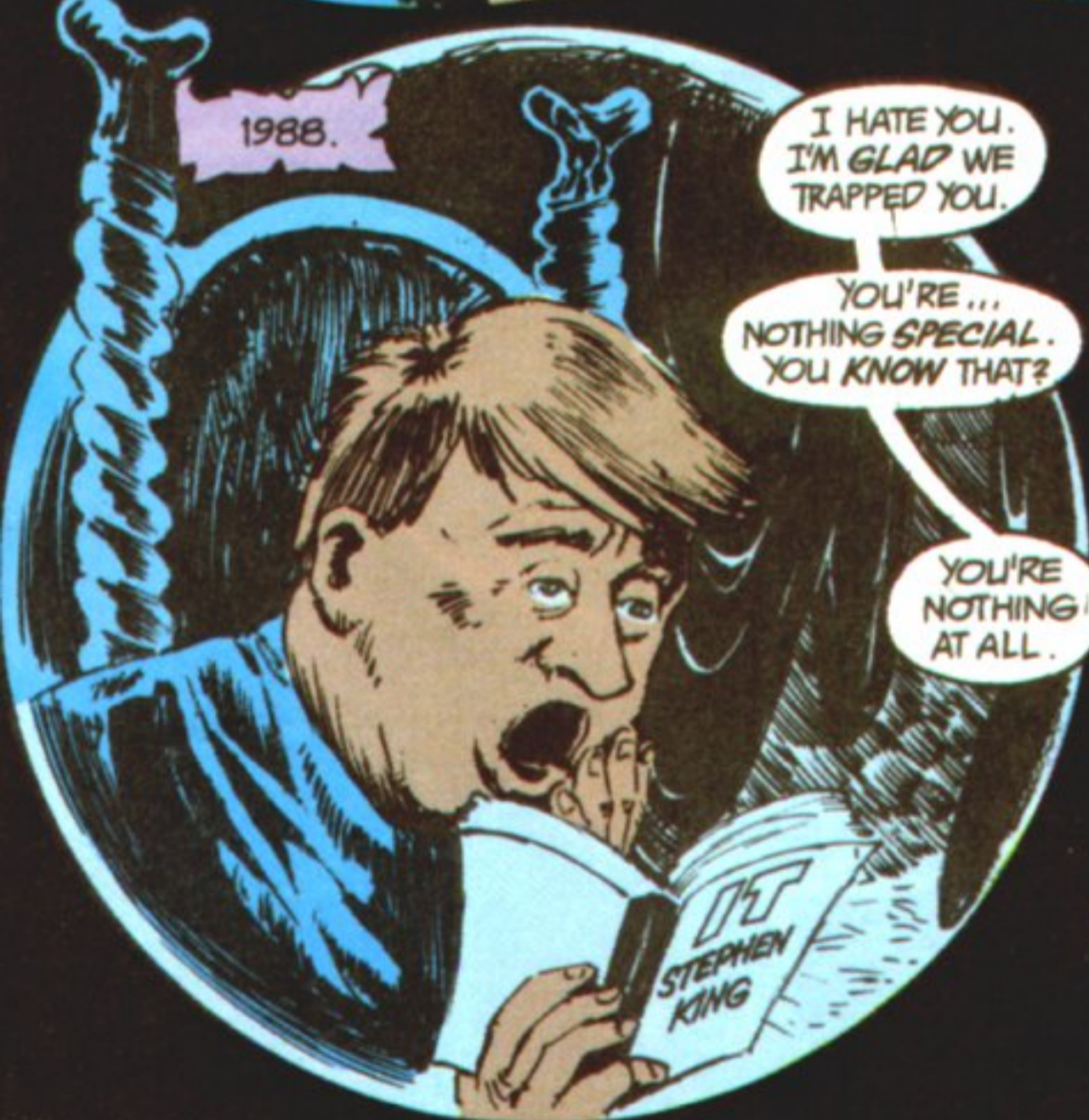
1982.



I COULD... UH... TORTURE YOU, YOU KNOW. I COULD. DON'T THINK THAT I COULDN'T...

I'VE KILLED PEOPLE BEFORE NOW...

1988.



I HATE YOU. I'M GLAD WE TRAPPED YOU.

YOU'RE... NOTHING SPECIAL. YOU KNOW THAT?

YOU'RE NOTHING AT ALL.



A NAKED MAN IN A GLASS BOX. THAT'S ALL YOU ARE.

YOU'RE NOTHING AT ALL.

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...

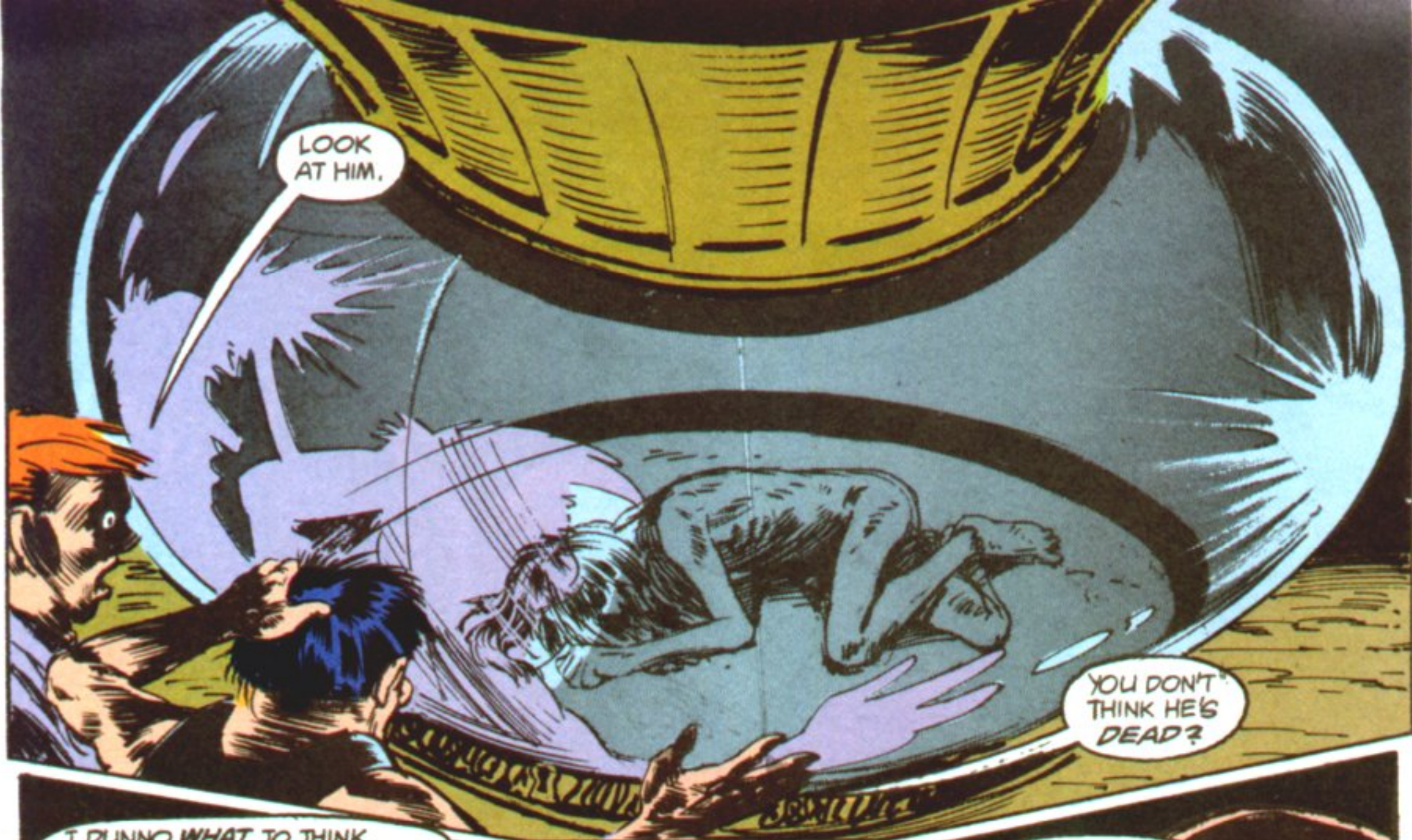
...SAND...

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

**THUD**

--UH! CHRIST!  
WHAT WAS THAT?





LOOK AT HIM.

YOU DON'T THINK HE'S DEAD?



I DUNNO WHAT TO THINK. WHAT THE HELL DO WE DO NOW?

THEY *WON'T* THINK IT'S OUR FAULT, WILL THEY? WE DIDN'T DO NOTHING!



WAIT HERE-- I'LL GET MCGUIRE!

DEAD. I BET HE'S DEAD.



HOW LONG'S HE BEEN LIKE THIS?

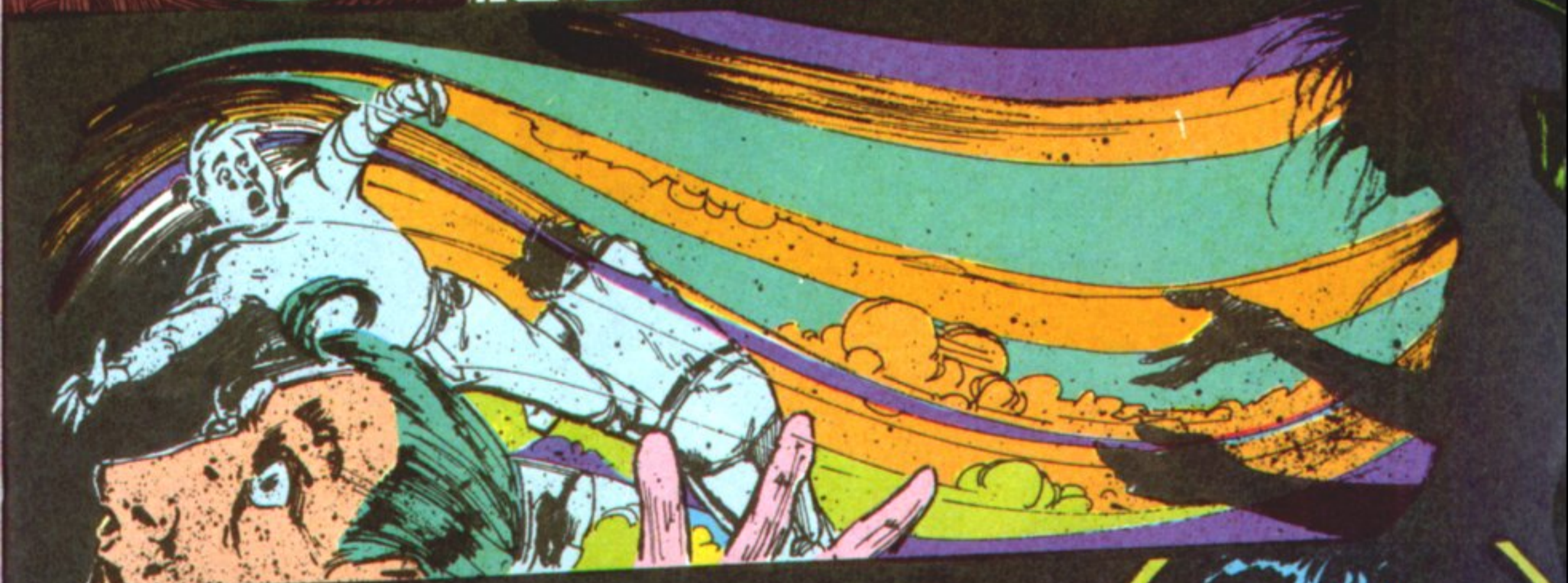


LINH. I SUPPOSE ... I SUPPOSE WE OUGHT TO TAKE A LOOK AT HIM.

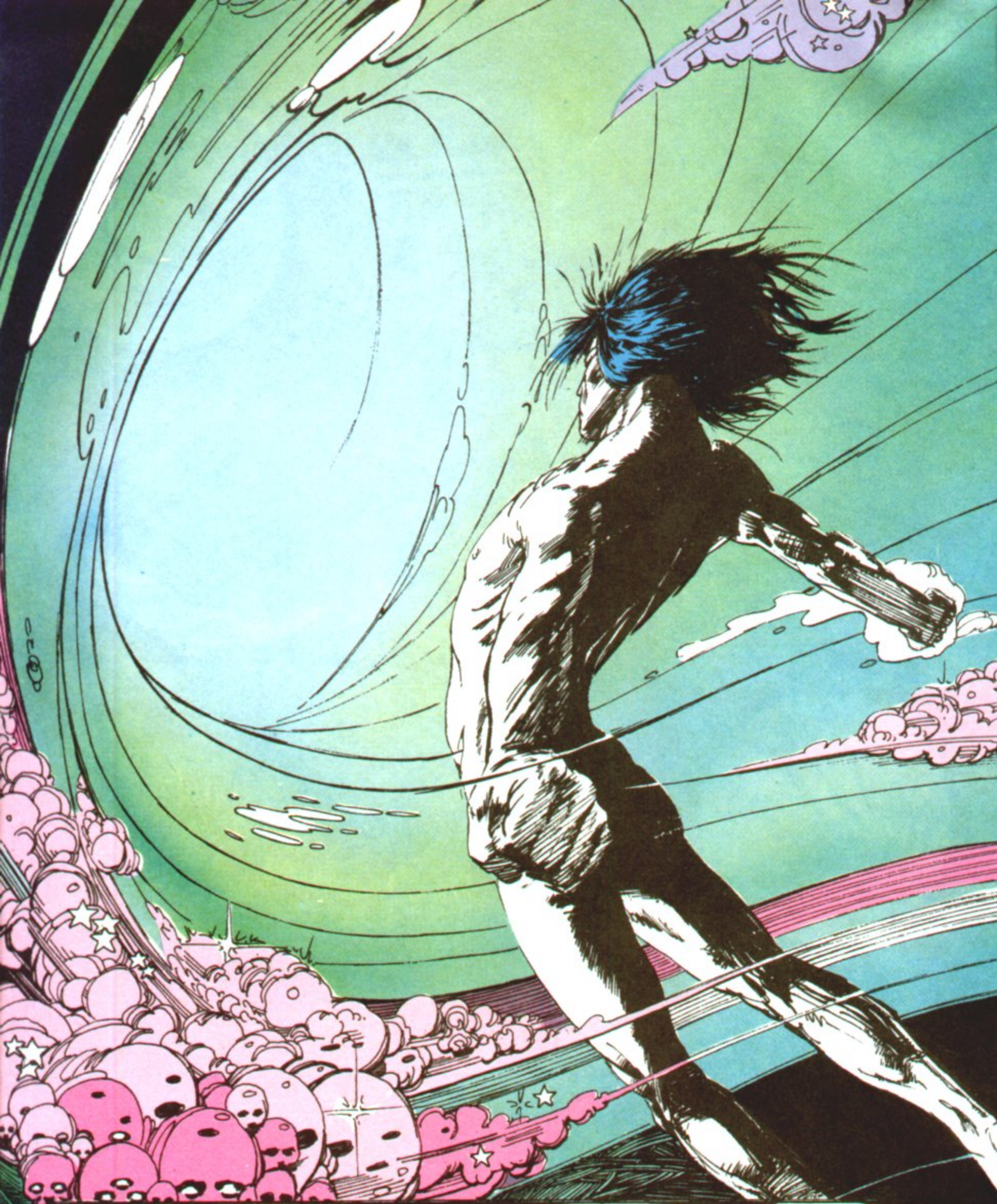
HE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE ...

HELL ...









UHN... URRHH...  
WHAT HAPPENED?

WHERE DID  
HE GO?





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 BLUFFET.

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

First, food;

then clothing...

DREAMS. GO FIGURE THEM.

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





I am weak, lacking my tools. Still...



I imagine the texture of fabric against my skin; sculpt it from dream-space...

It has been so long.



There.

That's two of three.



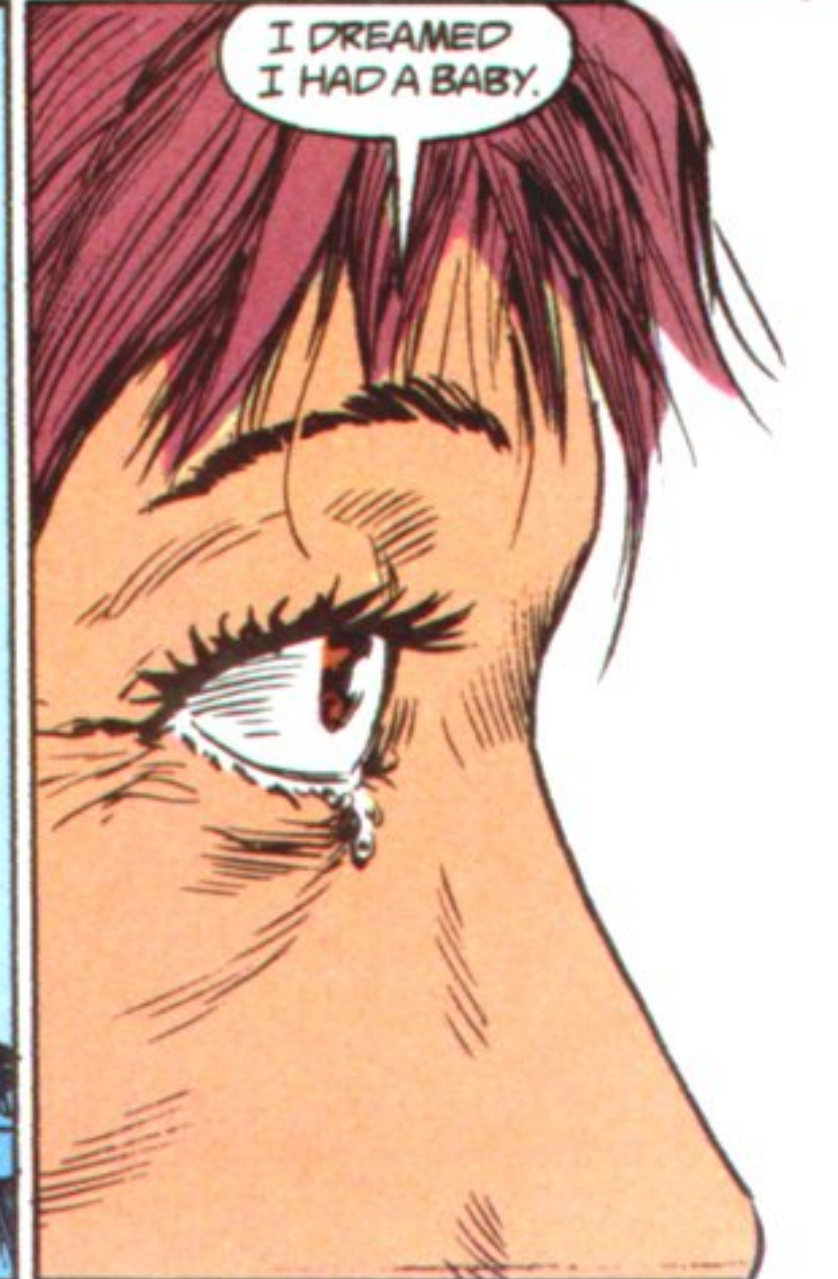
I have food and raiment. I need the tools stolen from me by my former captor. He will give them to me.



And he will give me the other thing I crave...

REVENGE.

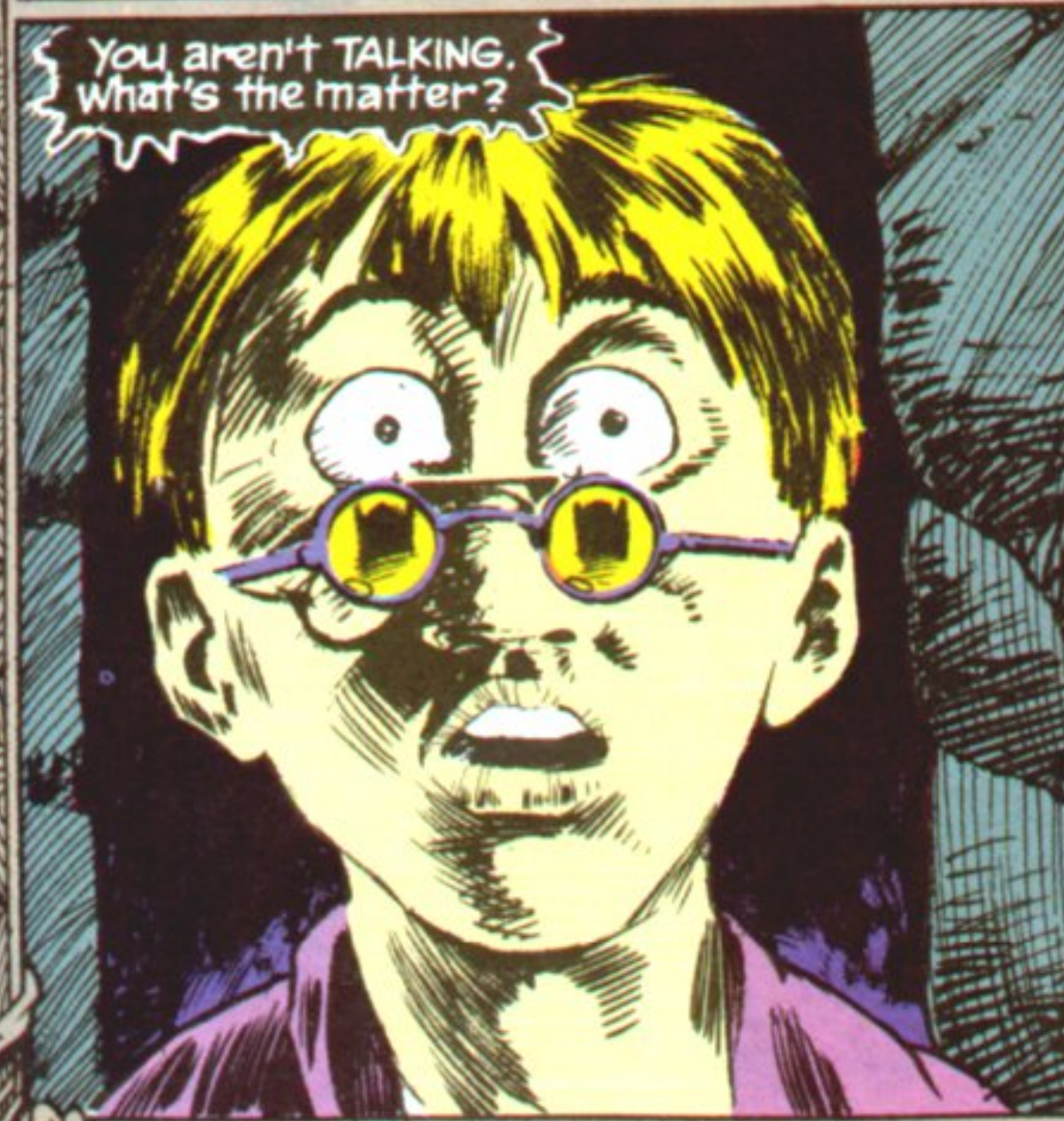
















YOU. IT'S YOU.

That's right. It's ME.



I'M, GOD, I'M SORRY, IT, IT WASN'T ME, MY FATHER, HE DID IT, I, I NEVER KNEW, I WOULDN'T HAVE, I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T--



Shusshhh... Enough.



There are offenses that are UNPARDONABLE.

Can YOU have any idea what it was LIKE? Can you have ANY IDEA?



CONFINED in a glass box for three score years and ten. A human LIFETIME

TIME moves no FASTER for my kind than it does for humanity, and in PRISON it CRAWLED at a snail's pace...

I was... I am... the LORD of this REALM of DREAM and NIGHTMARE.



YOU--your FATHER--PIPED me DOWN with his PETTY hedge-magicking, his twopenny spell...

ME. You did THAT to ME.



You barred me from my realm with your foolish circle...

You threatened, cajoled and pleaded for gifts are neither mankind's to receive nor mine to give.

You had no thought for the harm you must have brought to your world...

Lord, what fools these mortals be.



WHAT? You wanted DEATH? Then count yourself lucky for the sake of your species and your petty planet that you did NOT succeed...



WELL? Have you no EXCUSE? No EXPLANATION? Some reason I should not take REPRISAL?

WE DIDN'T WANT YOU. IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE. WE WEREN'T TRYING TO CAPTURE YOU.

WE WANTED TO CAPTURE DEATH.



...that instead you snared Death's younger BROTHER...



You'll never know how LUCKY you were  
Where are my TOOLS?

...SORRY?

A POUCH, a HELM, a RUBY. Your people STOLE them from me. Where ARE they?



I DON'T KNOW... THAT WAS PART OF THE STUFF SYKES PINCHED, FIFTY YEARS AGO. WE NEVER SAW ANY OF IT AGAIN...

I SEE.

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

I give you this...



ETERNAL WAKING





HNERR...

**NO!**



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES. I-- OHHHH...  
SORRY, I MUST HAVE HAD A NIGHTMARE.

I DREAMED THAT OUR PRISONER HAD ESCAPED. IN THIS TOWER, HE WAS... HE SAID...

HE HAS. HE DID.

HE'S OUT, ALEX.

HE CHECKED OUT THIS MORNING...







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 TERRIFYING. SO REAL. 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...

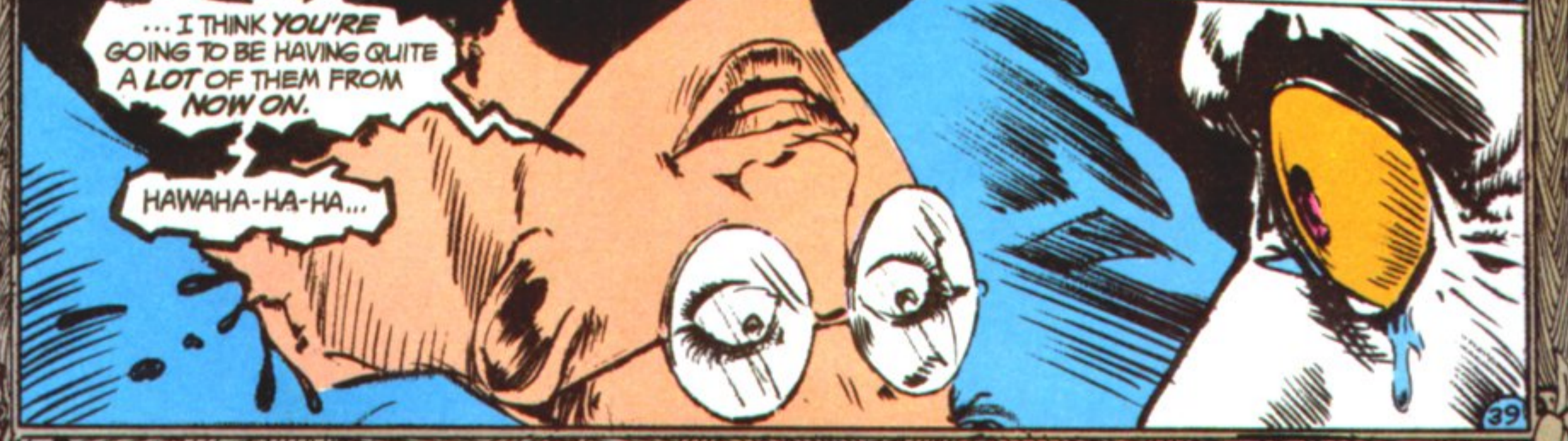
I CAN'T SAY I HAVE, DEAR. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT?



BTHUMP!

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

HAWAHA-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?



HE'S ONLY BEEN ASLEEP A FEW MINUTES, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. FUNNY--HE'S NORMALLY SUCH A LIGHT SLEEPER.



SNUR. NO. NO...NO... PLEASE. URF. SHUT. JM.

And I have showed him fear...

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

ME AND NURSE EDMUNDS...

...WE'RE HERE. IT'S ALL RIGHT. SO WAKE UP.

PLEASE WAKE UP.

"PLEASE...?"

