

DC  
VERTIGO

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SUGGESTED  
FOR MATURE  
READERS

NEIL GAIMAN  
TEDDY KRISTIANSEN

T H E

# SANDMAN™

T H E  
K I N D L Y  
O N E S





Lyta Hall's infant son Daniel has been stolen from her. Lyta believes the child to be dead, and also believes, perhaps erroneously, the Lord of Dreams to be responsible.

Lyta has gone on a spiritual journey that has taken her to the Furies — the aspect of the triple goddess who takes revenge on blood crimes. Her body, meanwhile, remains in Los Angeles, in the care of a witch who is currently calling herself Larissa.

Lyta's friend Carla discovered that Loki was involved in Daniel's kidnapping, and was killed for her discovery.

Lyta's downstairs neighbor, Rose Walker, has gone to England, having received a message that her late grandmother needed to send her a message. So far no communication has been apparent.

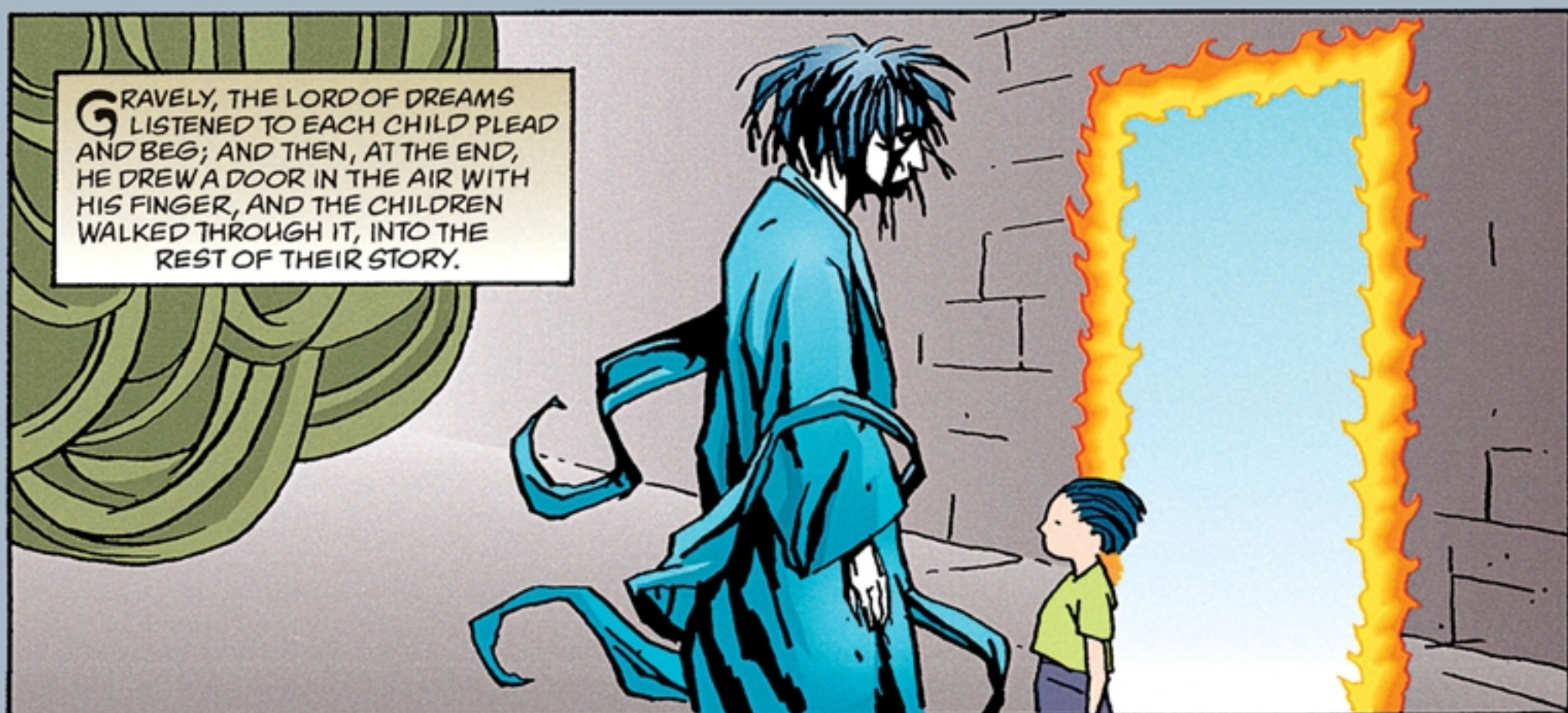
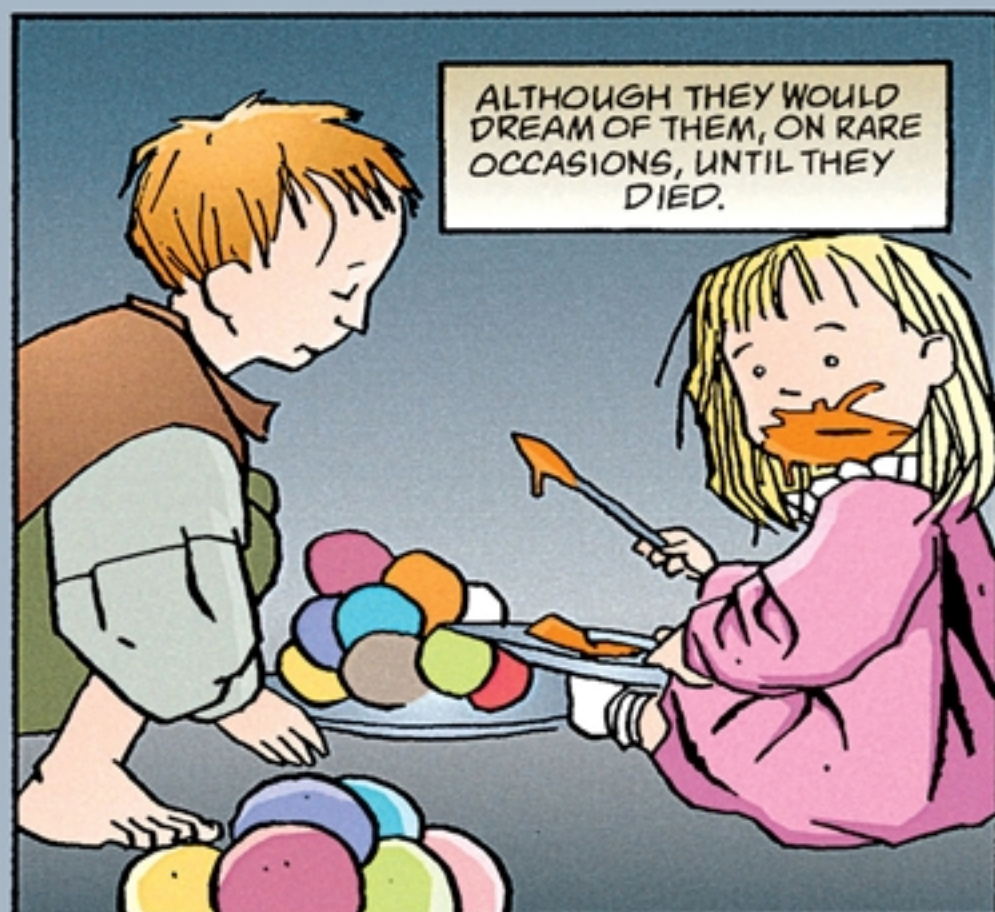
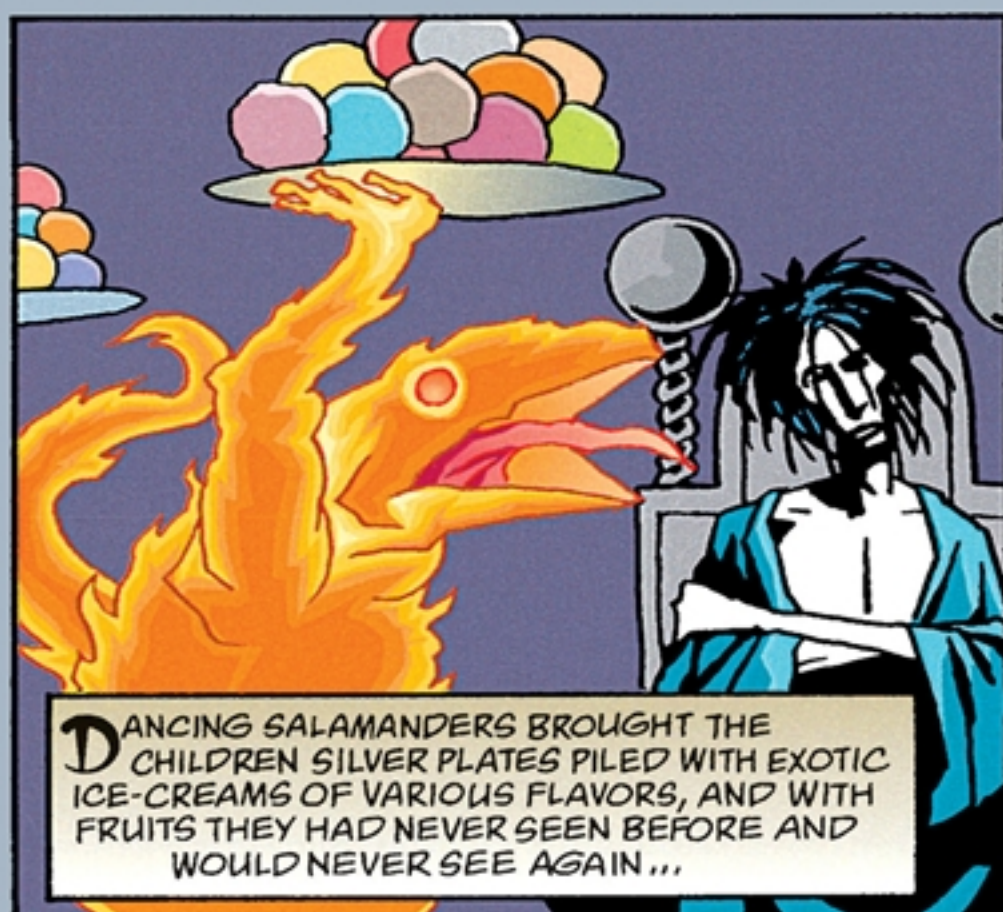
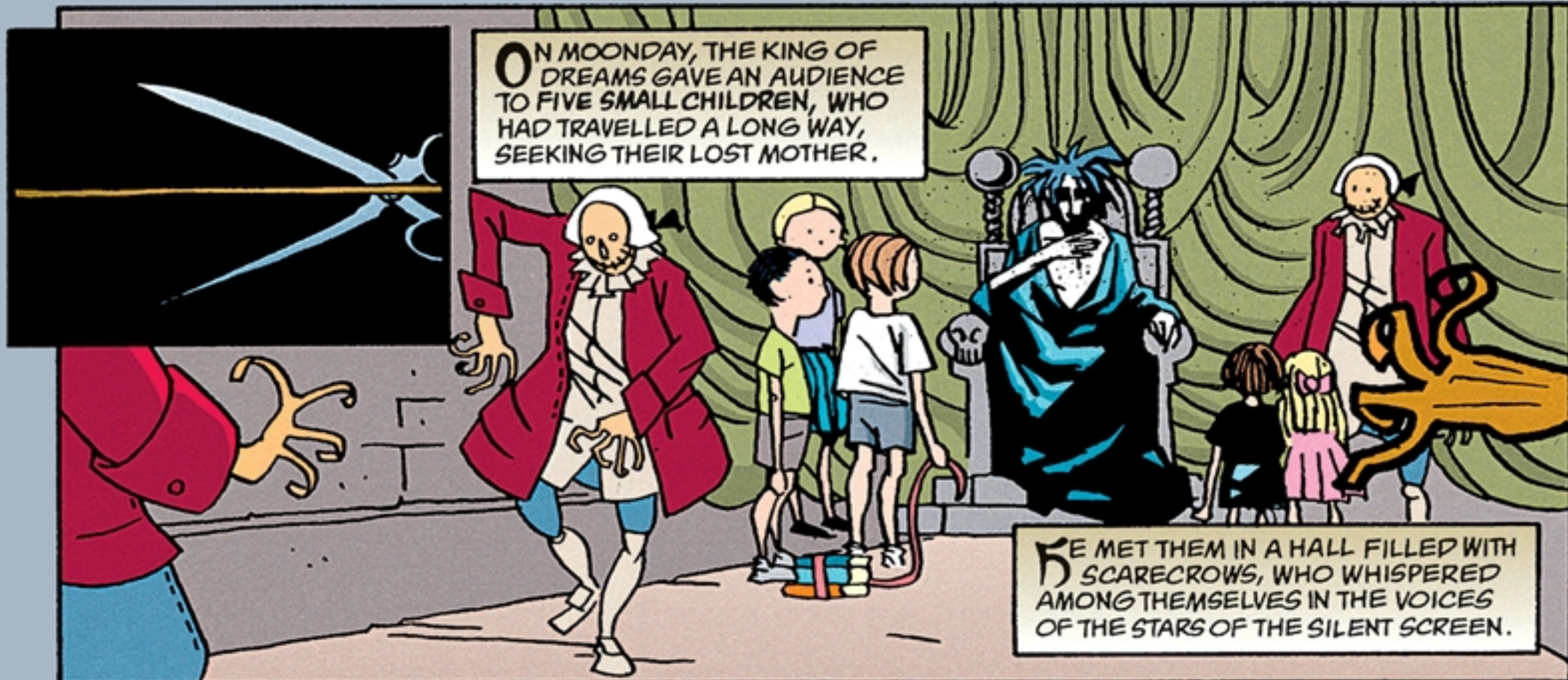
The Lord of Dreams, for his part, has despatched Matthew the Raven and the newly recreated Corinthian to find Daniel and bring him to the Dreaming.

Daniel was last seen being placed on a fire by Loki and Puck.

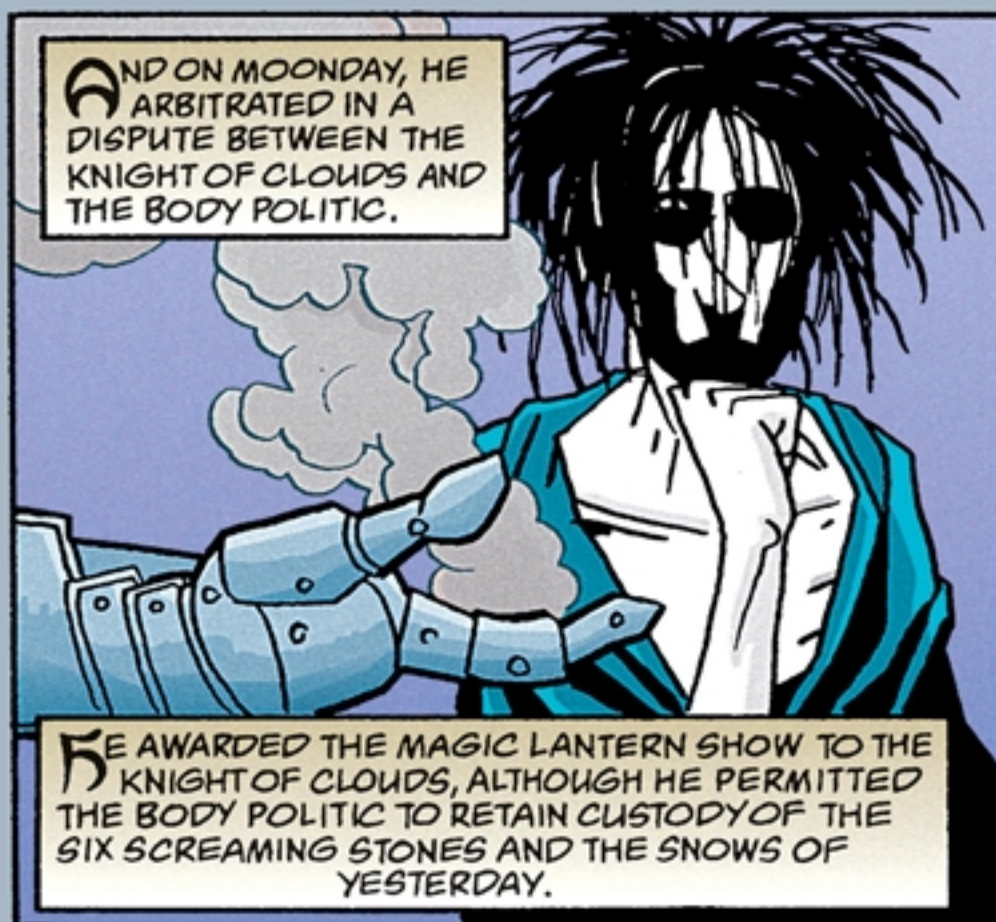
Delirium, the youngest of the Endless, visited Destiny, the oldest, seeking her lost dog, and she received advice, of a somewhat ambiguous nature.

Now read on...



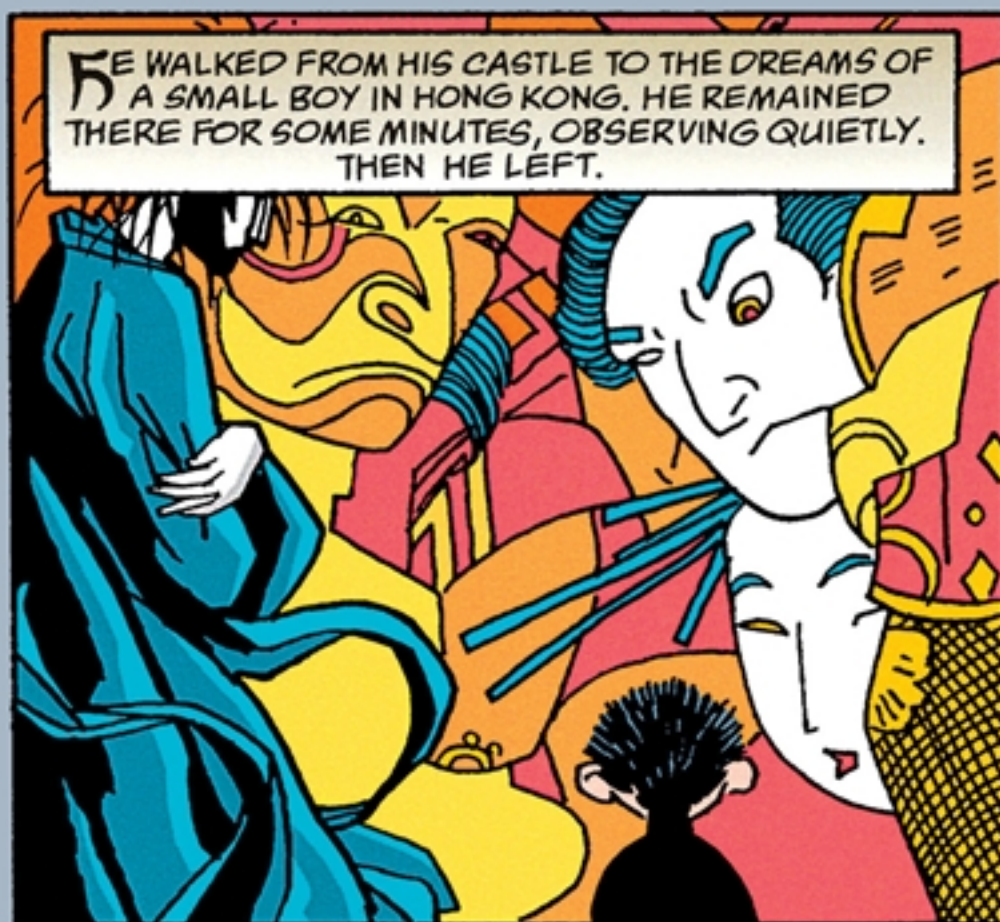






AND ON MOONDAY, HE ARBITRATED IN A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE KNIGHT OF CLOUDS AND THE BODY POLITIC.

HE AWARDED THE MAGIC LANTERN SHOW TO THE KNIGHT OF CLOUDS, ALTHOUGH HE PERMITTED THE BODY POLITIC TO RETAIN CUSTODY OF THE SIX SCREAMING STONES AND THE SNOWS OF YESTERDAY.

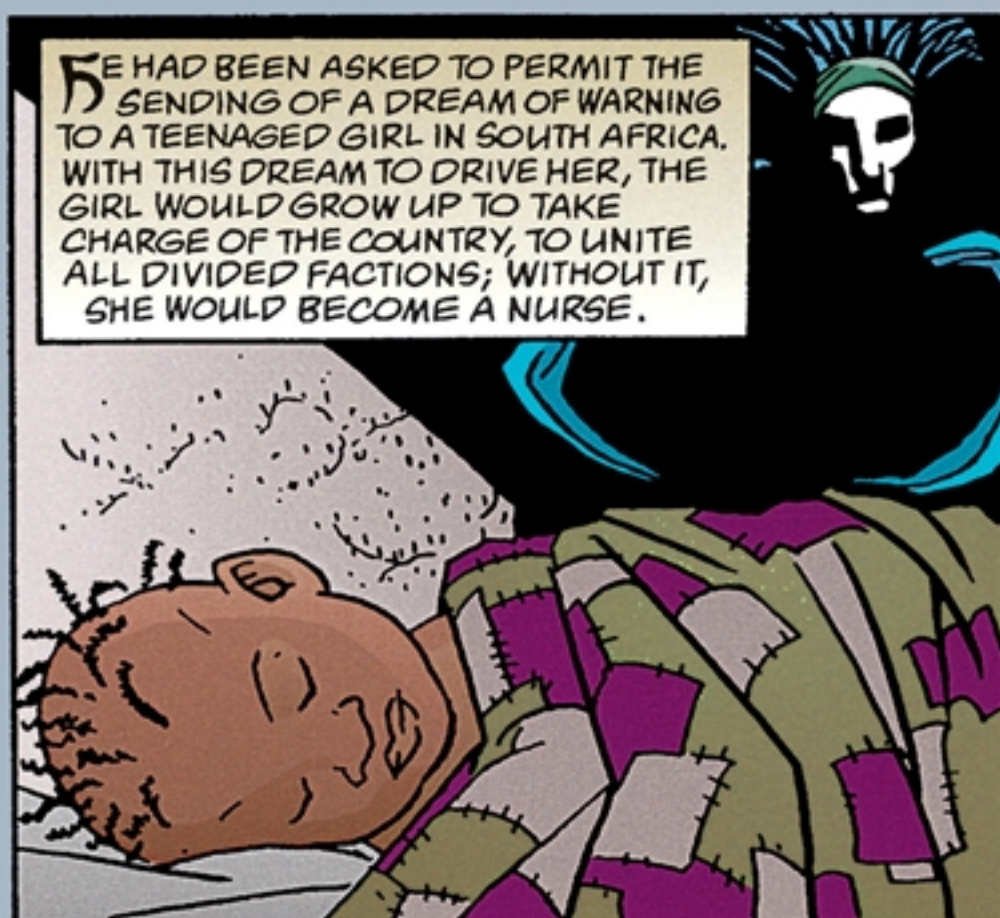


HE WALKED FROM HIS CASTLE TO THE DREAMS OF A SMALL BOY IN HONG KONG. HE REMAINED THERE FOR SOME MINUTES, OBSERVING QUIETLY. THEN HE LEFT.

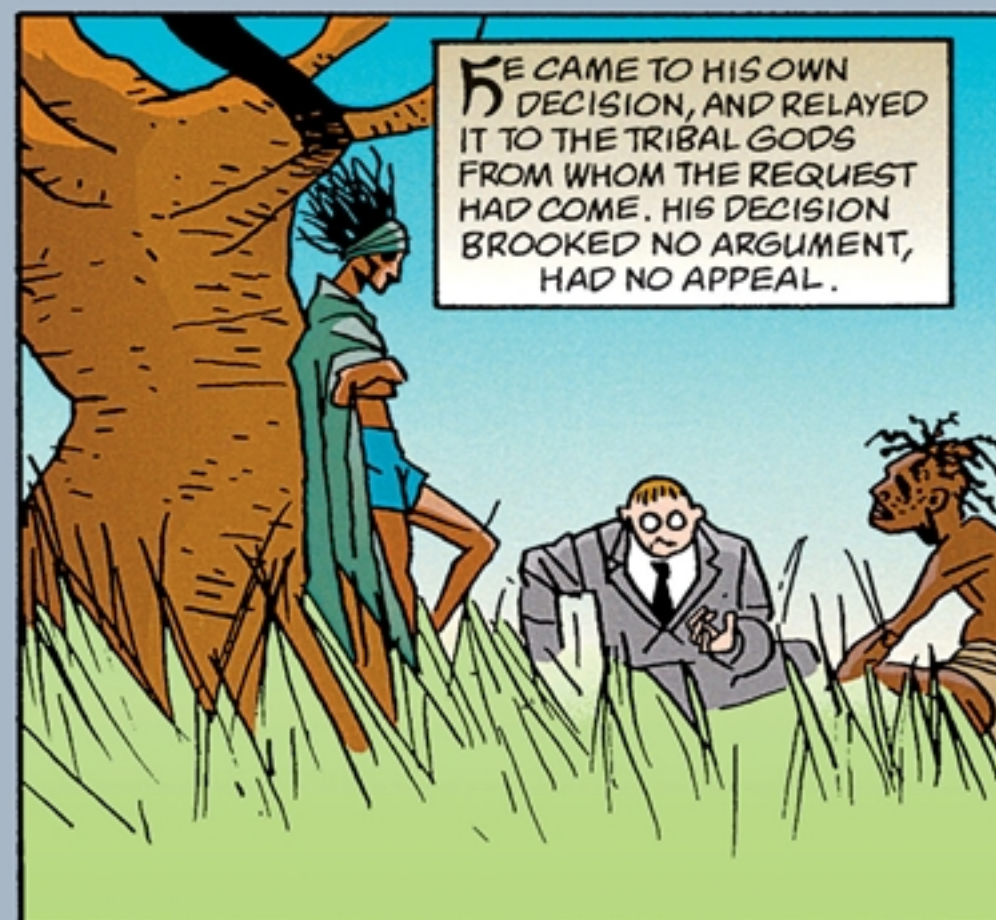


HE ATE IN THE DREAM OF THE HEAD CHEF IN THE BEST HOTEL IN SRI LANKA, A DREAM OF A CERTAIN MEAL DESCRIBED TO THE CHEF BY HIS GRANDFATHER. THE MEAL CONSISTED OF ALMOST FIFTY SEPARATE COURSES, AND OVER TWO HUNDRED DISHES.

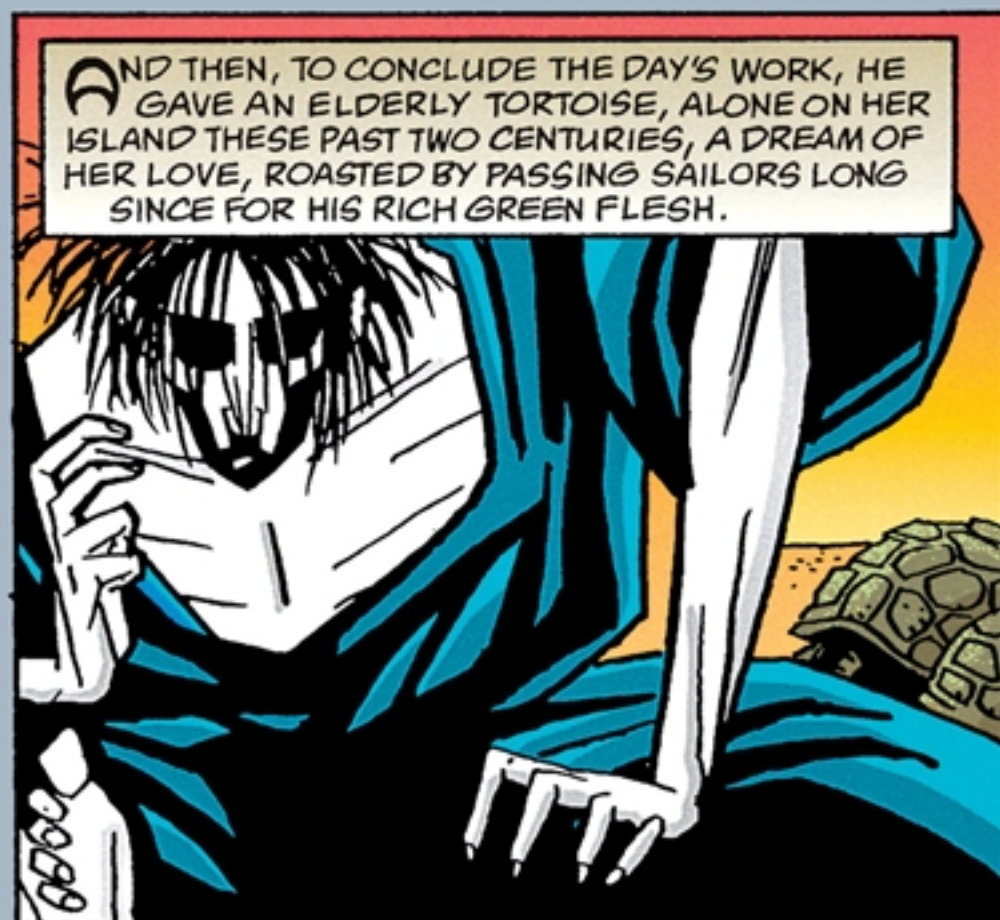
THE KING OF DREAMS TASTED SPARINGLY OF A VEGETABLE DISH, AND A LITTLE PLAIN RICE, AND WAS CONTENTED BY THE PERFECTION OF EACH.



HE HAD BEEN ASKED TO PERMIT THE SENDING OF A DREAM OF WARNING TO A TEENAGED GIRL IN SOUTH AFRICA. WITH THIS DREAM TO DRIVE HER, THE GIRL WOULD GROW UP TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE COUNTRY, TO UNITE ALL DIVIDED FACTIONS; WITHOUT IT, SHE WOULD BECOME A NURSE.



HE CAME TO HIS OWN DECISION, AND RELAYED IT TO THE TRIBAL GODS FROM WHOM THE REQUEST HAD COME. HIS DECISION BROOKED NO ARGUMENT, HAD NO APPEAL.



AND THEN, TO CONCLUDE THE DAY'S WORK, HE GAVE AN ELDERLY TORTOISE, ALONE ON HER ISLAND THESE PAST TWO CENTURIES, A DREAM OF HER LOVE, ROASTED BY PASSING SAILORS LONG SINCE FOR HIS RICH GREEN FLESH.



ON TUESDAY, THE PRINCE OF STORIES LISTENED TO THE TALE OF A NIGHTMARE IT HAD CREATED A HANDFUL OF YEARS BEFORE, AND SENT OUT INTO THE WORLD.

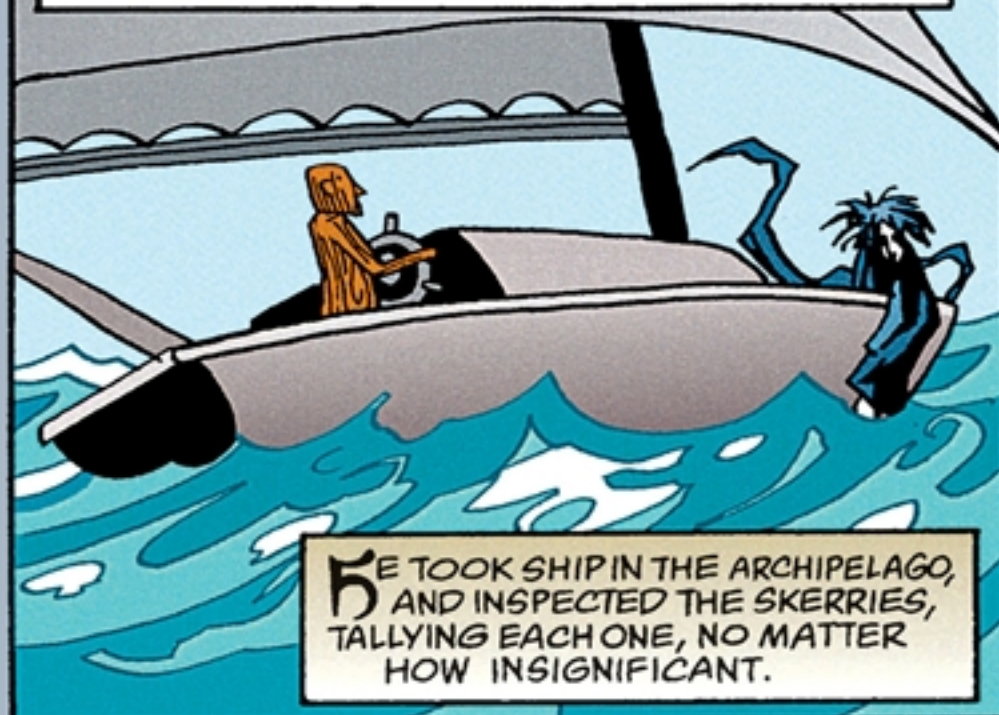


THE NIGHTMARE BROUGHT GIFTS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SMILE, A HANDFUL OF DRIED THYME, AND A CLAMMY, FAT SILVER-AND-RED CLOWN TOY, MADE OF SOMETHING NOT UNLIKE RUBBER.



HE GAVE IT WORDS OF APPROVAL IN RETURN, AND IT BLUSHED BLACK WITH PLEASURE.

THEN THE PRINCE OF STORIES WALKED THE BOUNDS OF THE DREAMING, BEGINNING WITH THE SHORES OF NIGHT, AND FROM THERE TO THE BORDERS OF THE SHIFTING PLACES.



HE TOOK SHIP IN THE ARCHIPELAGO, AND INSPECTED THE SKERRIES, TALLYING EACH ONE, NO MATTER HOW INSIGNIFICANT.

HE RODE A BLACK HORSE ACROSS THE LAKE OF DAWN; AND RODE A WHITE HORSE THROUGH THE MANDRAKE WOOD; AND RODE A SCREECH OWL OVER THE VIA LACRIMAE.



HE WALKED THROUGH THE LOVE FIELDS, AND FROM THERE HE WALKED ON INTO NIGHTMARE.





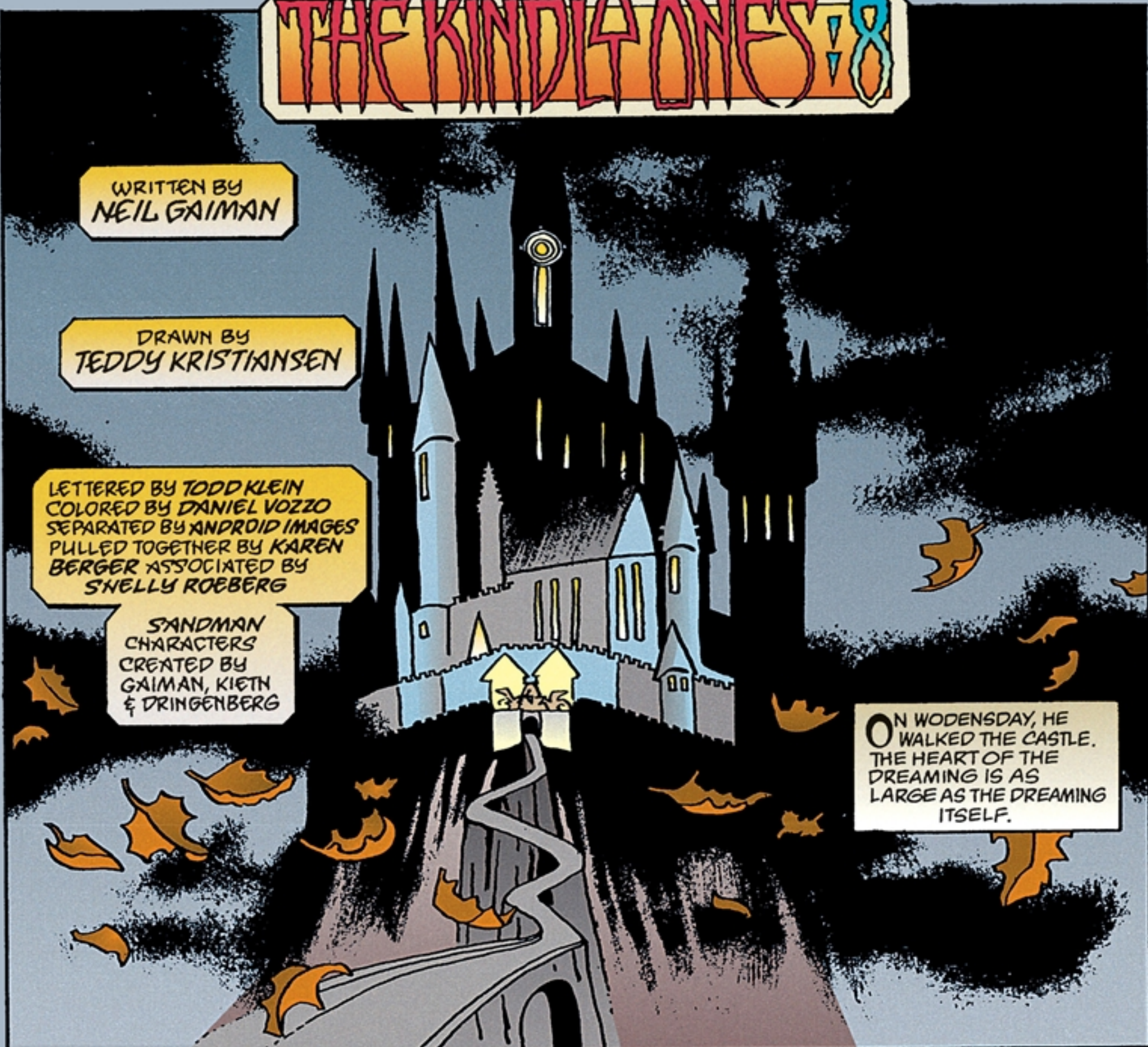
# THE KINDLY ONES! 8

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

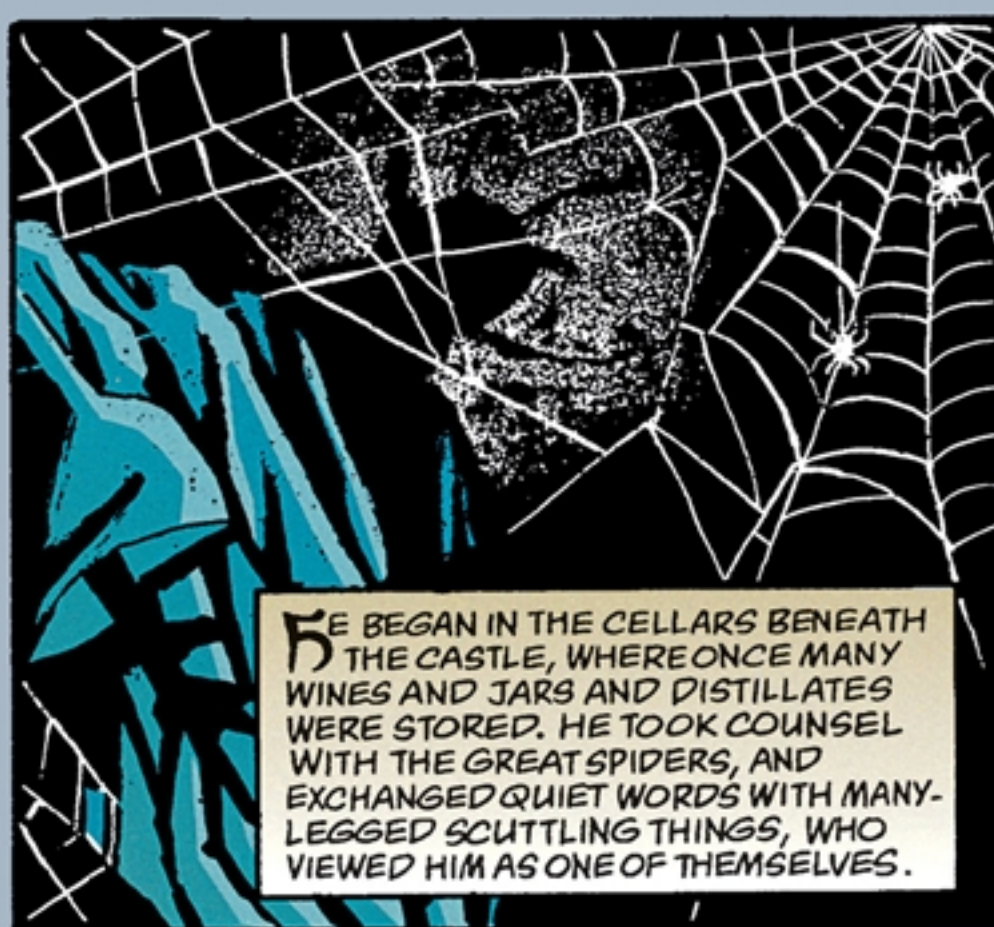
DRAWN BY  
TEDDY KRISTIANSEN

LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN  
COLORED BY DANIEL VOZZO  
SEPARATED BY ANDROID IMAGES  
PULLED TOGETHER BY KAREN  
BERGER ASSOCIATED BY  
SNELLY ROEBERG


SANDMAN  
CHARACTERS  
CREATED BY  
GAIMAN, KIETH  
& DRINGENBERG



ON WODENSDAY, HE  
WALKED THE CASTLE.  
THE HEART OF THE  
DREAMING IS AS  
LARGE AS THE DREAMING  
ITSELF.



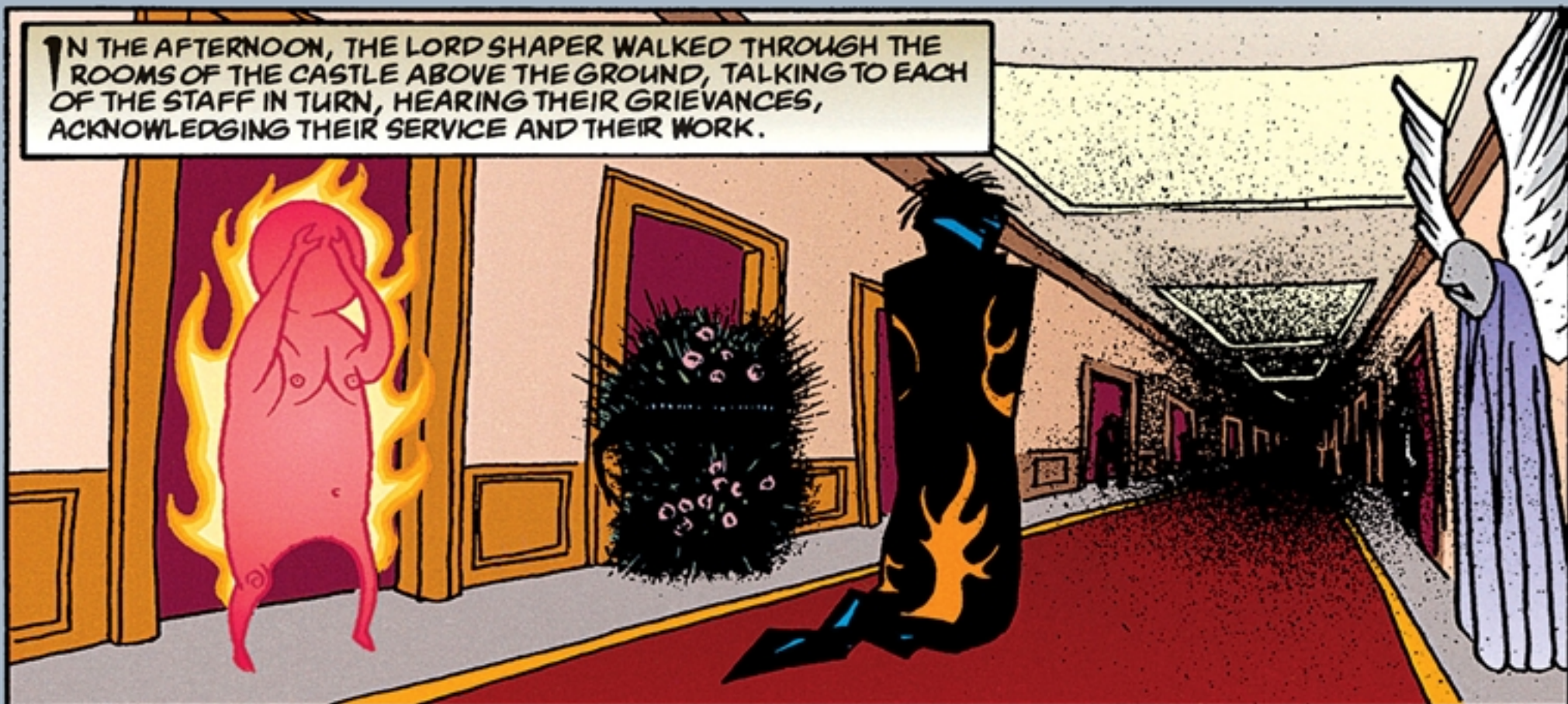
HE BEGAN IN THE CELLARS BENEATH  
THE CASTLE, WHERE ONCE MANY  
WINES AND JARS AND DISTILLATES  
WERE STORED. HE TOOK COUNSEL  
WITH THE GREAT SPIDERS, AND  
EXCHANGED QUIET WORDS WITH MANY-  
LEGGED SCUTTLING THINGS, WHO  
VIEWED HIM AS ONE OF THEMSELVES.



THIS WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF  
THE LORD OF THIS DAY. HE SPOKE TO THE  
DREAM KING AND LEFT.



IN THE AFTERNOON, THE LORD SHAPER WALKED THROUGH THE ROOMS OF THE CASTLE ABOVE THE GROUND, TALKING TO EACH OF THE STAFF IN TURN, HEARING THEIR GRIEVANCES, ACKNOWLEDGING THEIR SERVICE AND THEIR WORK.



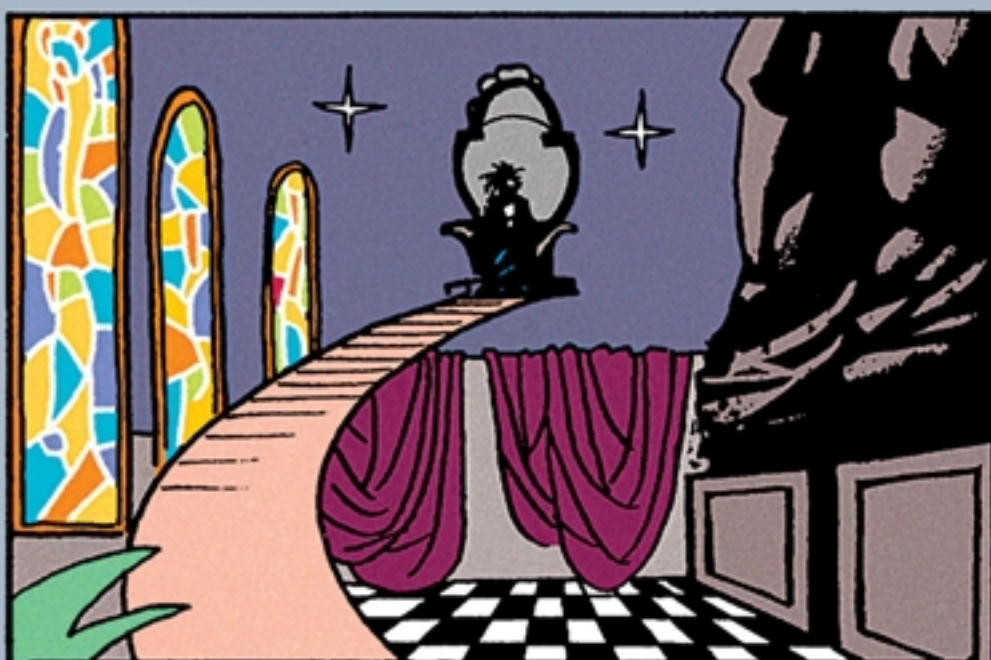
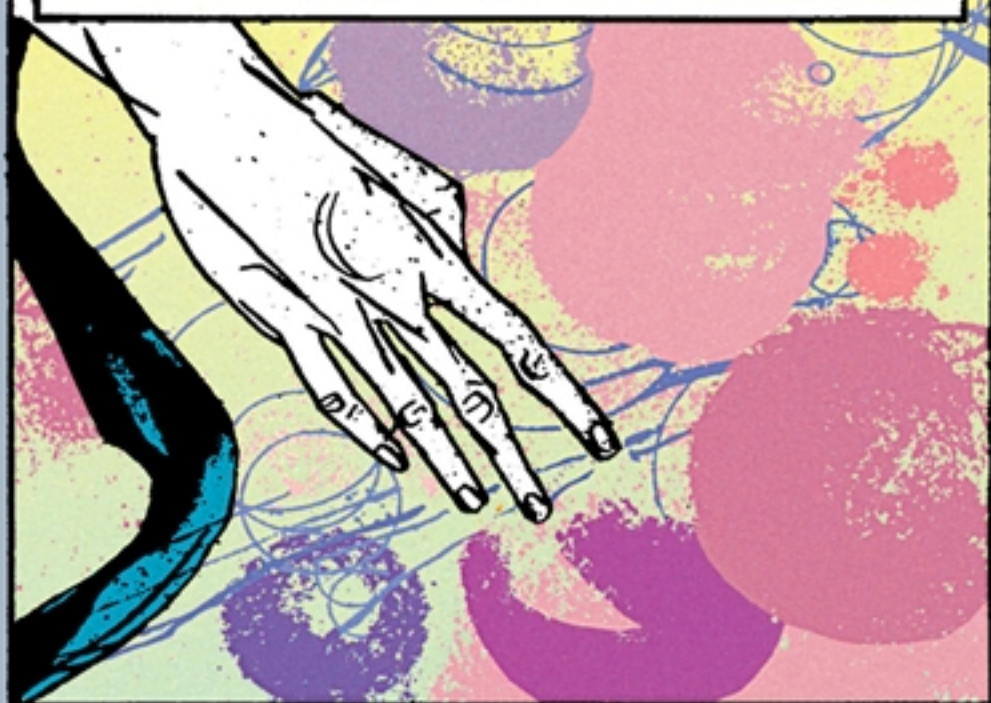
HE SPOKE TO THE SCAR-DANCERS, TO THE STRAW-DUST-WOMEN, TO THE OLD MAN WITH A SWAN'S ARM WHO TENDS THE BACK STAIRS, TO THE THREE CHILDREN OF THE AUTOPSY, TO THE PAINTERS AND THE SCRIVENERS AND THE WALLS.



HE SPOKE TO PEOPLE MADE OF THIN TWIGGS, AND TO THE DREAM GHOSTS WHO LEFT GLOWING FOOTPRINTS AS THE ONLY EVIDENCE OF THEIR PASSAGE.



HE SPOKE TO THE EMBRYONIC SILICON DREAMS WHO CLUSTERED IN A FAR BALLROOM, AND WHISPERED TO THEM, BRIEFLY, ABOUT THE OTHER MACHINES THAT HAD DREAMED IN THE DISTANT PAST.



WHEN THIS DAY WAS ALMOST OVER HE WENT INTO THE THRONE ROOM, AND TOOK STOCK OF CERTAIN ITEMS THERE, INCLUDING THOSE THINGS HE KEEPS IN THAT ROOM, BEHIND COLORED GLASS: THE RAW STUFF, UNTAMED, THAT IS CENTRAL TO THE DREAMING.



ON THIRSTDAY, THE KING OF DREAMS WALKED IN THE WAKING WORLD. HE STOOD, BRIEFLY, AT THE SIDE OF THE HALL, WATCHING A YOUNG WOMAN WITH A GUITAR TELL AN AUDIENCE OF A DREAM SHE HAD HAD, IN SONG.



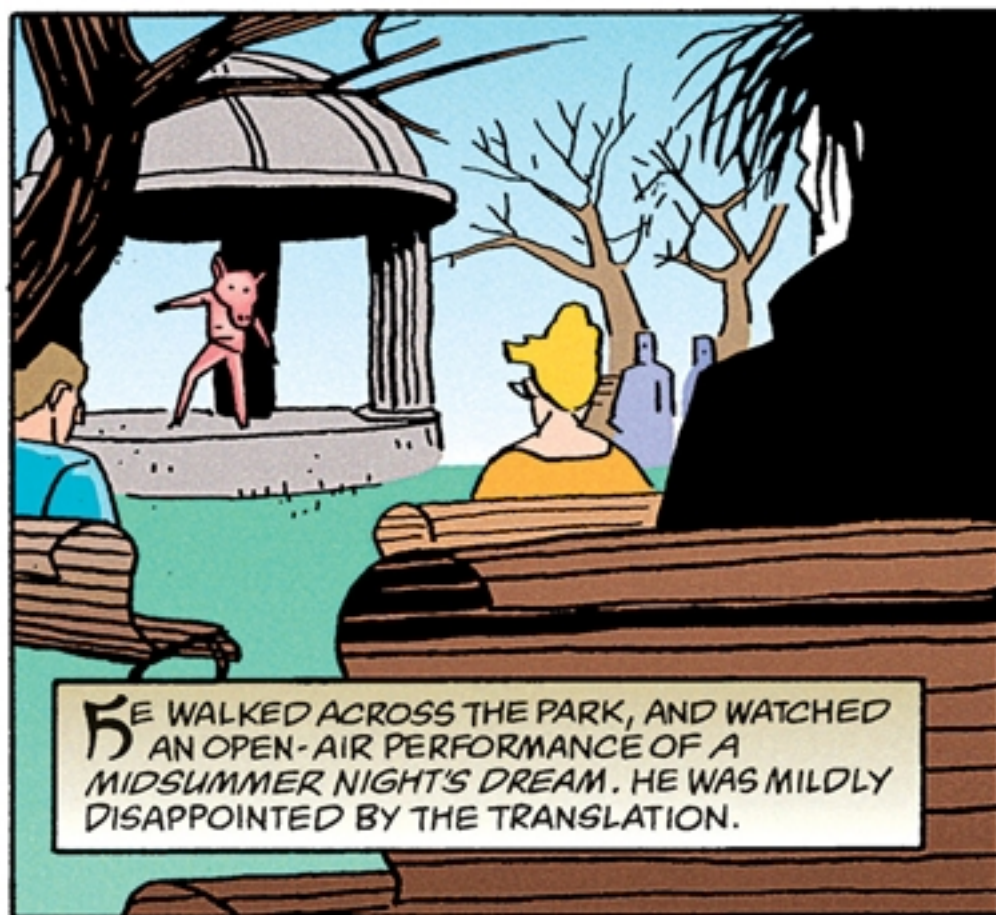
HE STOOD IN FRONT OF A PAINTING SPRAY-PAINTED ON A WALL SOON TO BE DEMOLISHED, AND, AFTER STARING FOR SOME TIME, HE NODDED, AS IF IN APPROVAL.



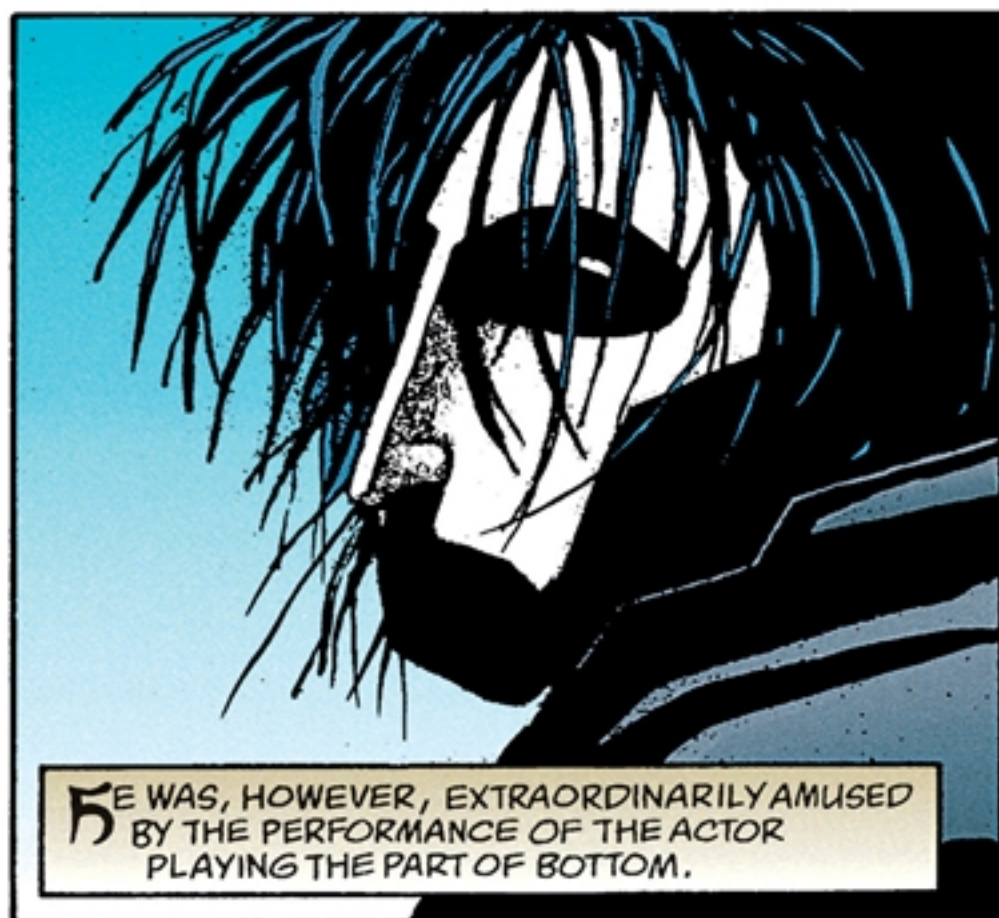
IN A SMALL PARK IN CENTRAL EUROPE, HE STOPPED TO FEED THE PIGEONS, BECAUSE IT GAVE HIM PLEASURE SO TO DO, ALTHOUGH HE STOPPED WHEN IT WAS POINTED OUT TO HIM THAT A SIGN SAID "DO NOT FEED THE PIGEONS."



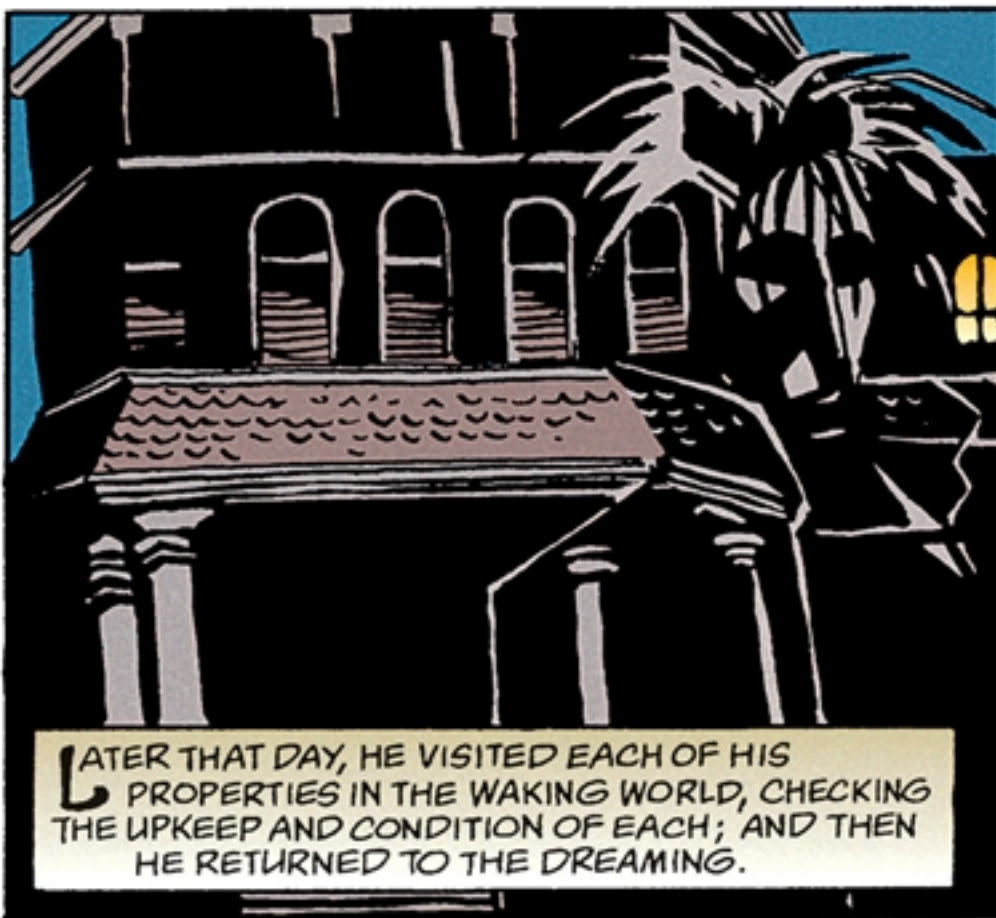
HE WALKED ACROSS THE PARK, AND WATCHED AN OPEN-AIR PERFORMANCE OF A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. HE WAS MILDLY DISAPPOINTED BY THE TRANSLATION.



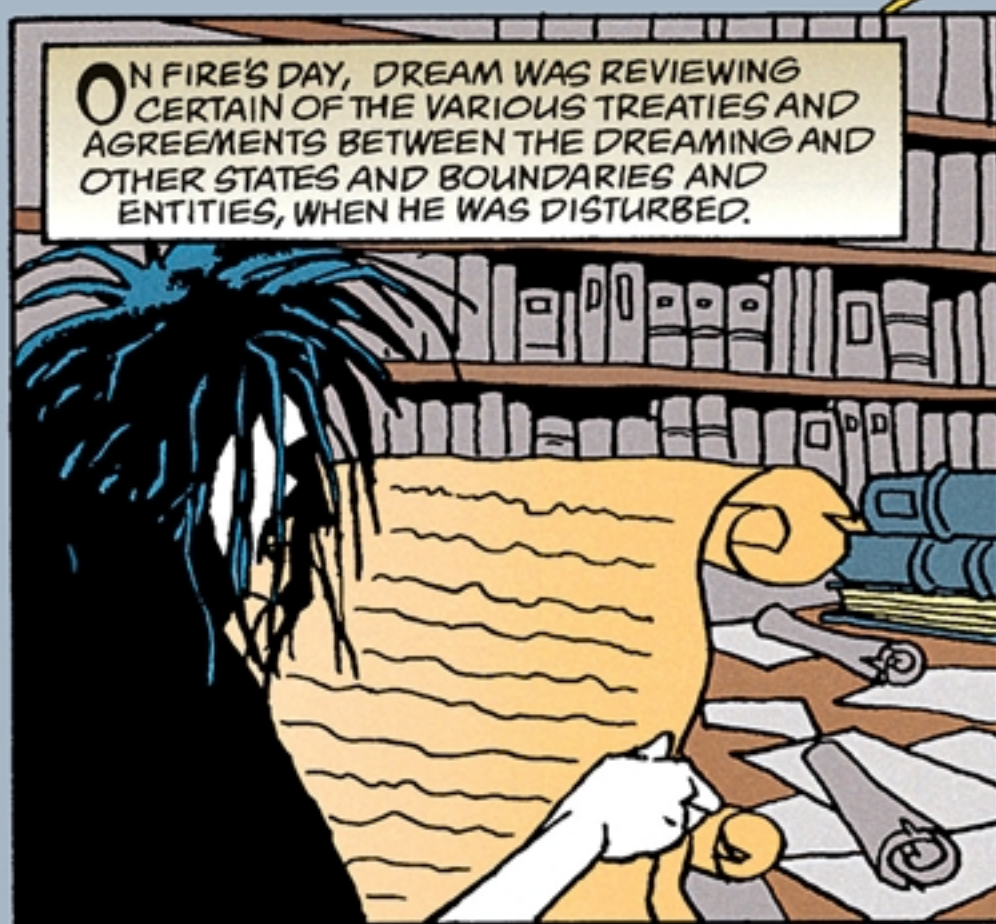
HE WAS, HOWEVER, EXTRAORDINARILY AMUSED BY THE PERFORMANCE OF THE ACTOR PLAYING THE PART OF BOTTOM.



LATER THAT DAY, HE VISITED EACH OF HIS PROPERTIES IN THE WAKING WORLD, CHECKING THE UPKEEP AND CONDITION OF EACH; AND THEN HE RETURNED TO THE DREAMING.







ON FIRE'S DAY, DREAM WAS REVIEWING CERTAIN OF THE VARIOUS TREATIES AND AGREEMENTS BETWEEN THE DREAMING AND OTHER STATES AND BOUNDARIES AND ENTITIES, WHEN HE WAS DISTURBED.



RIGHT. I'M DOING THIS PROPERLY. I'M IN MY PLACE WHERE THE THINGIES ARE AND I'M TALKING TO THE ONE WITH YOUR SIGGY THING ON IT AND I'M TALKING TO IT PROPERLY. CAN I COME AND SEE YOU NOW?

If you must.

I REALLY MUST.



UM. HI.

I'M LOOKING FOR MY DOGGY. DO YOU REMEMBER MY DOGGY? I GOT HIM ON THE DAY THAT I ATE ALL THE CHERRIES ALL UP.

FROM OUR BROTHER.

I have not forgotten.

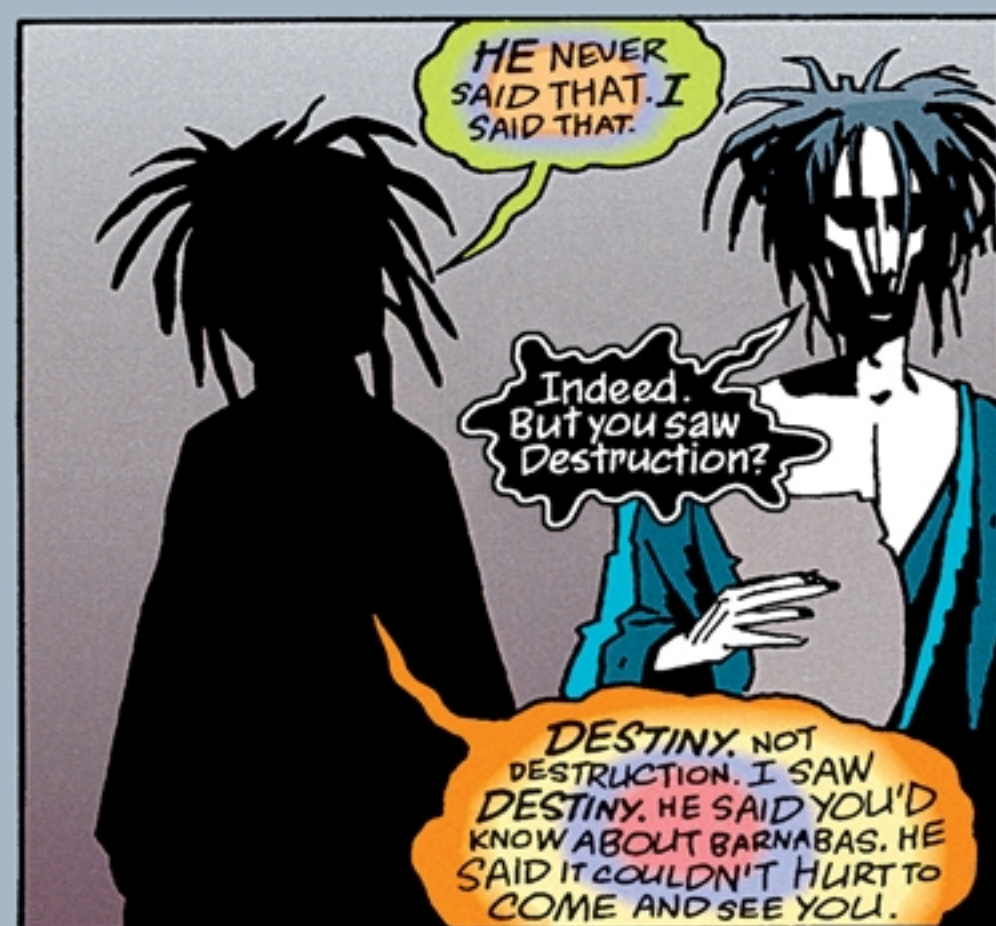


WELL, I SPOKE TO OUR BROTHER AND HE SAID...THERE'S A STATUE OF YOU THAT LOOKS ALL SADLY IN THE GARDEN.

You saw him? Destruction said that?

SAID WHAT?

That there was a...statue of me that looked "all sadly."



HE NEVER SAID THAT. I SAID THAT.

Indeed. But you saw Destruction?

DESTINY. NOT DESTRUCTION. I SAW DESTINY. HE SAID YOU'D KNOW ABOUT BARNABAS. HE SAID IT COULDN'T HURT TO COME AND SEE YOU.



HE TOLD ME NOT TO COME AND SEE YOU, TOO.

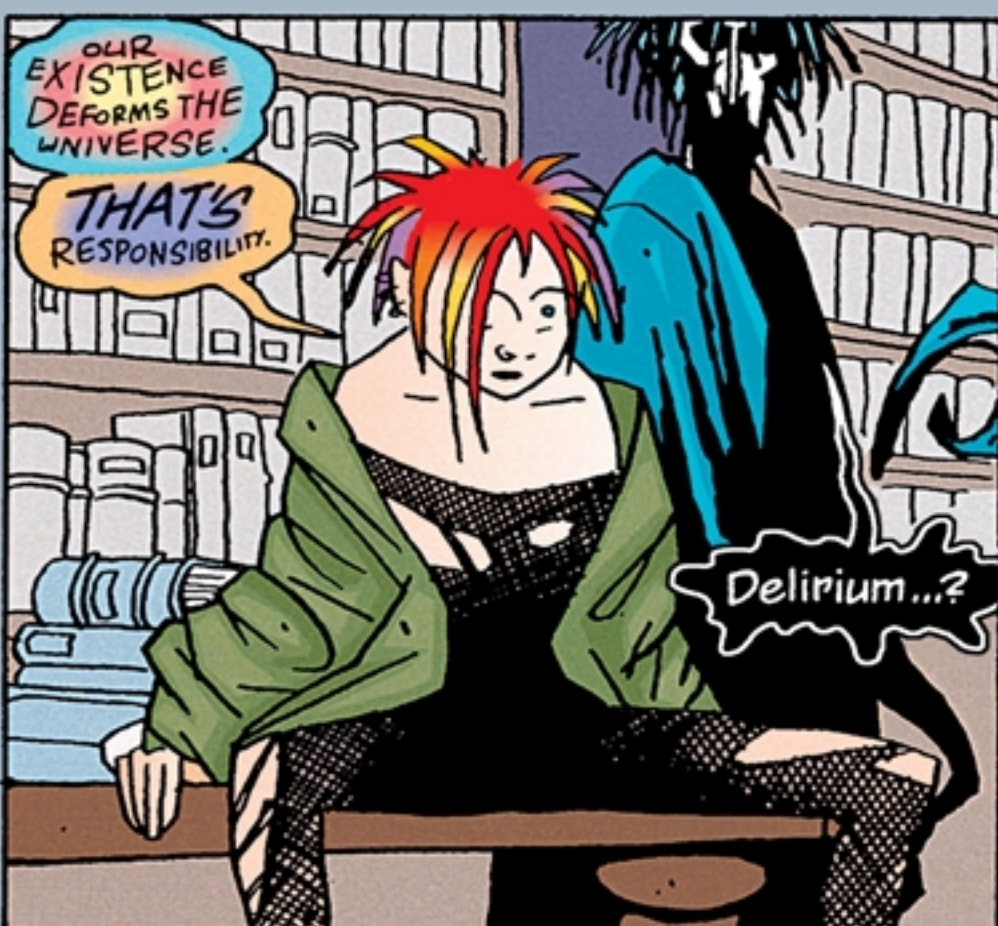
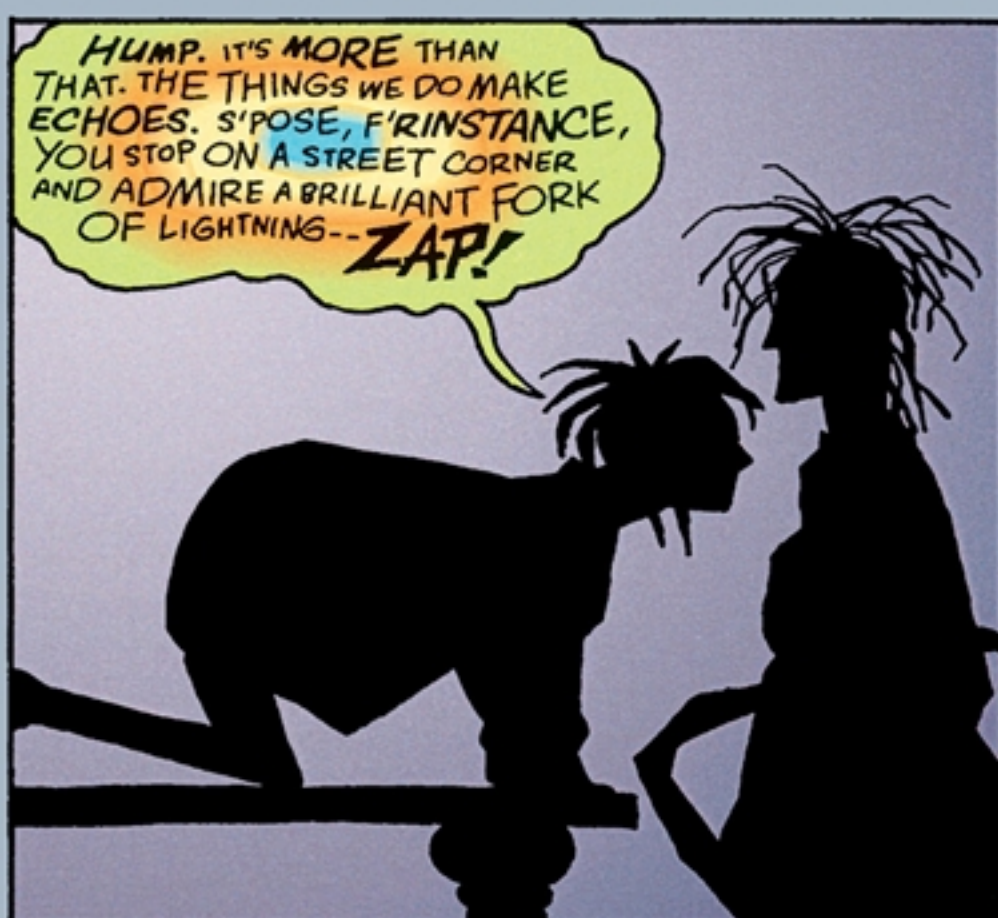
HE SAID IT BOTH.

WILL YOU HELP ME FIND MY DOGGY? YOU AND ME, WE HAD SUCH A NICE TIME THE LAST TIME WE WENT LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.

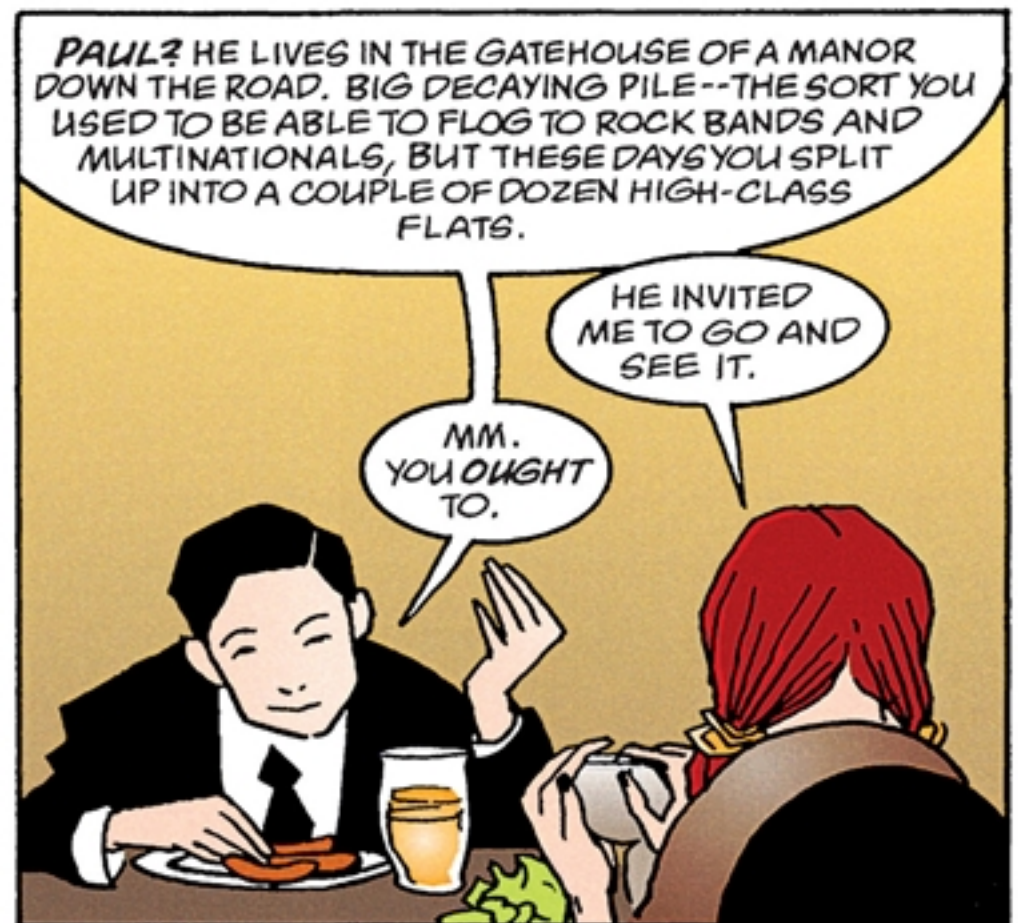
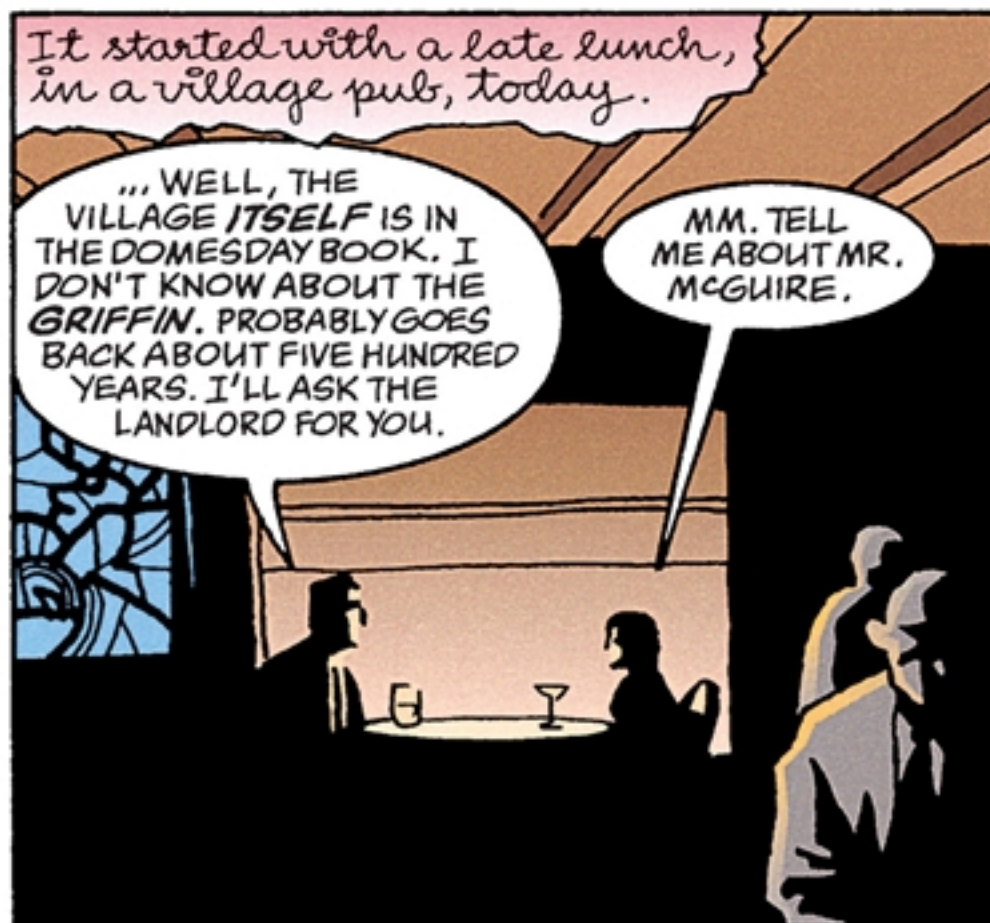
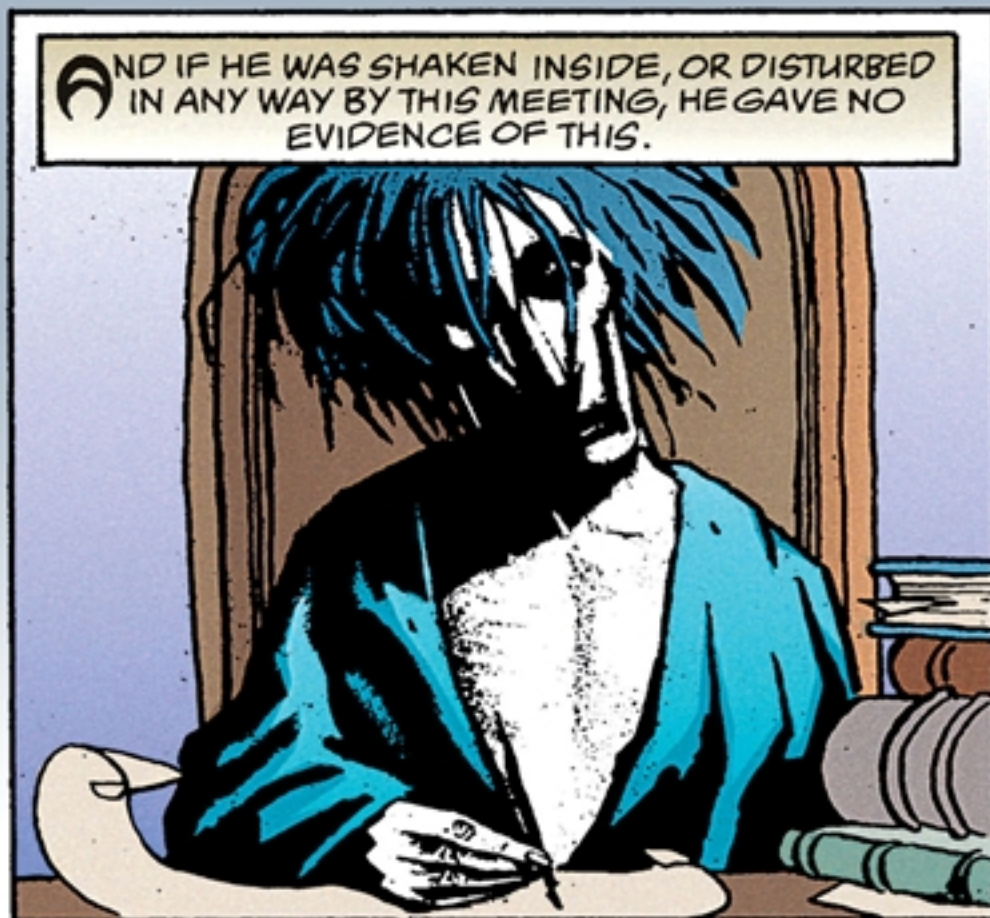
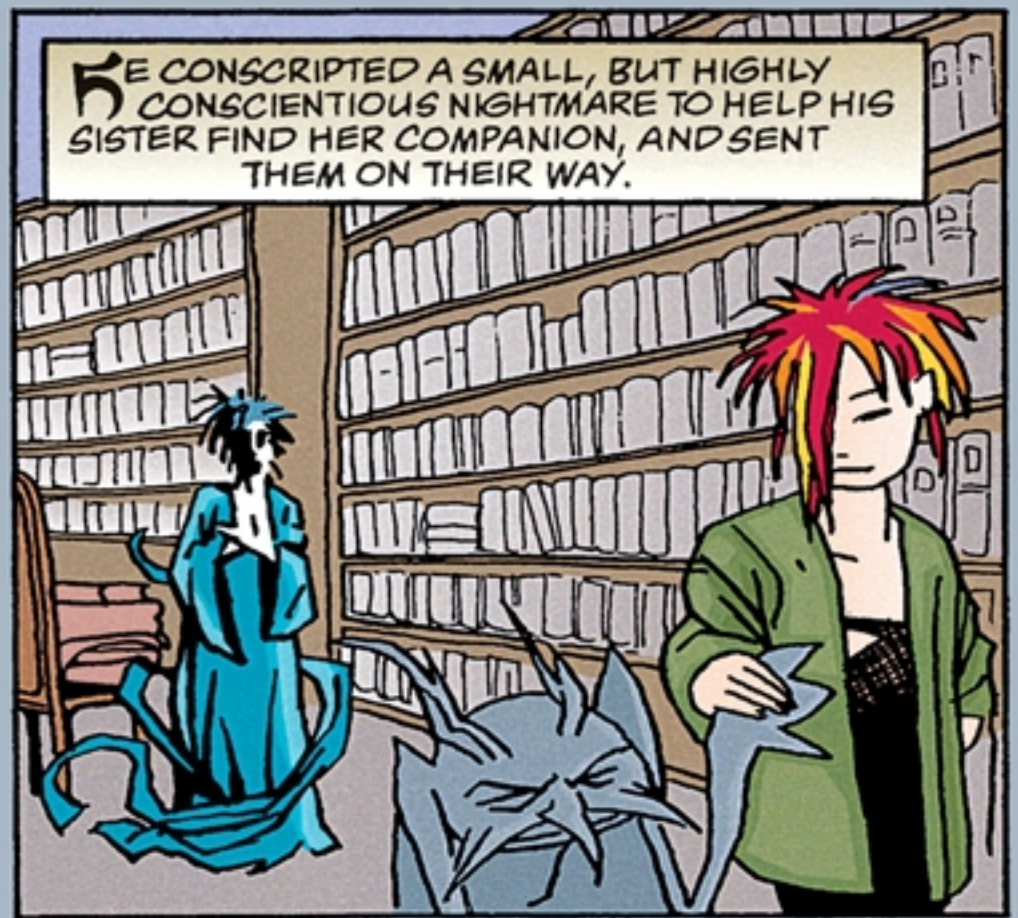
Did we?

DIDN'T WE?

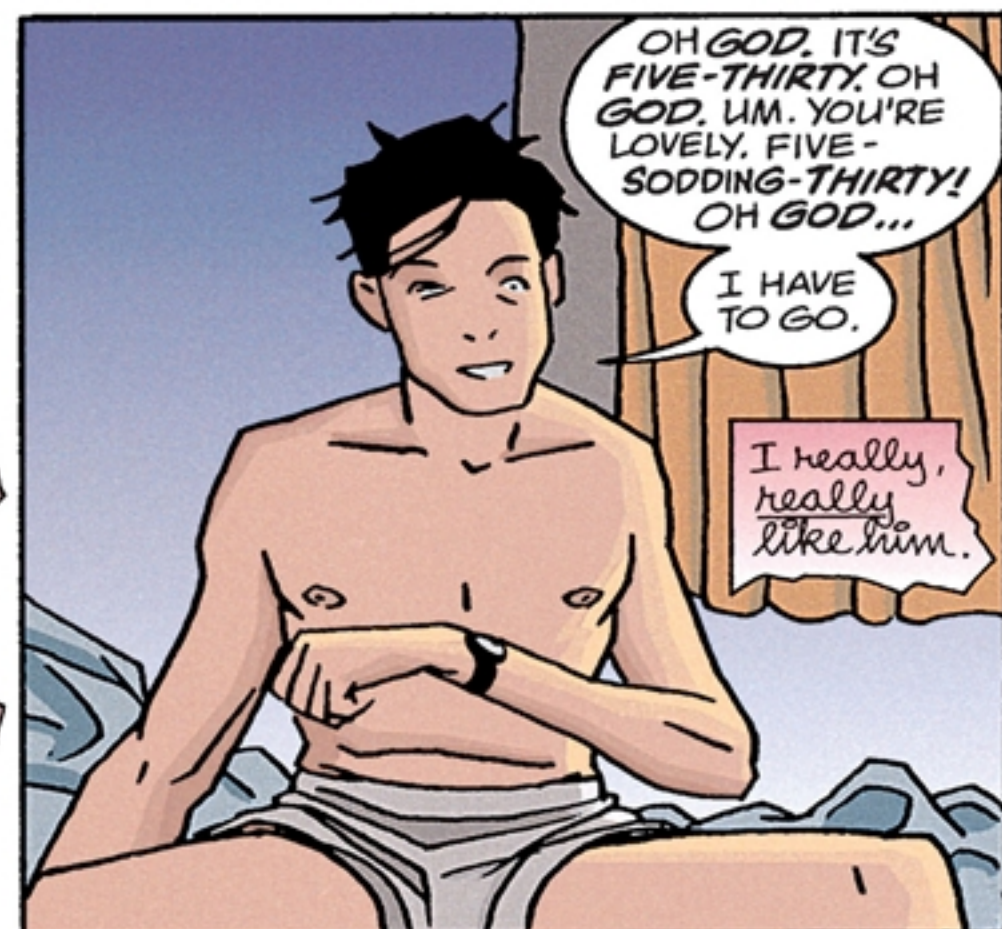
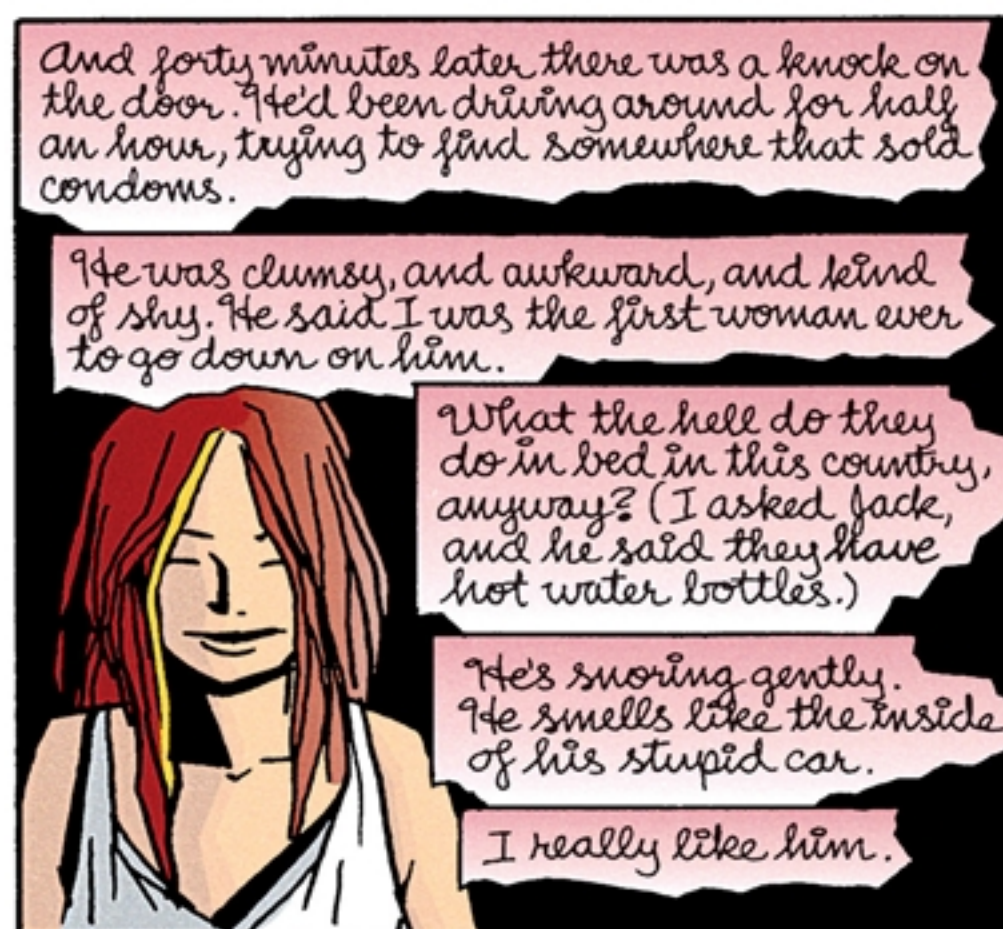




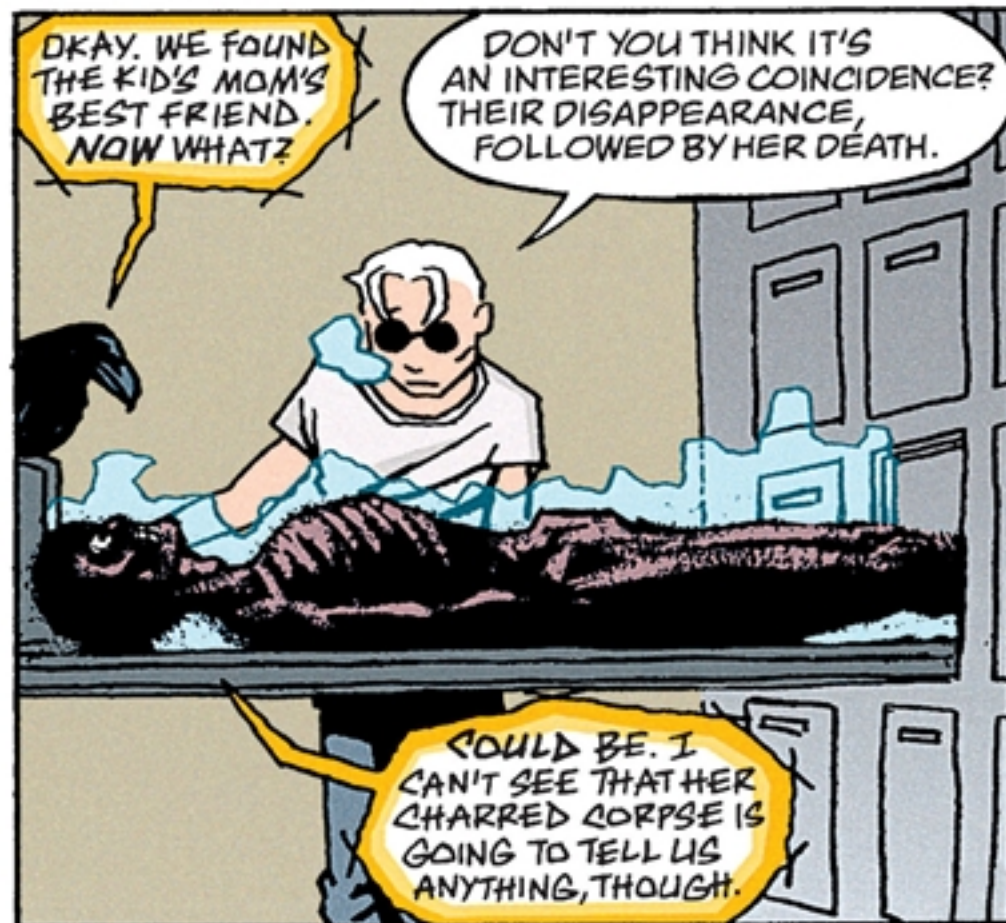
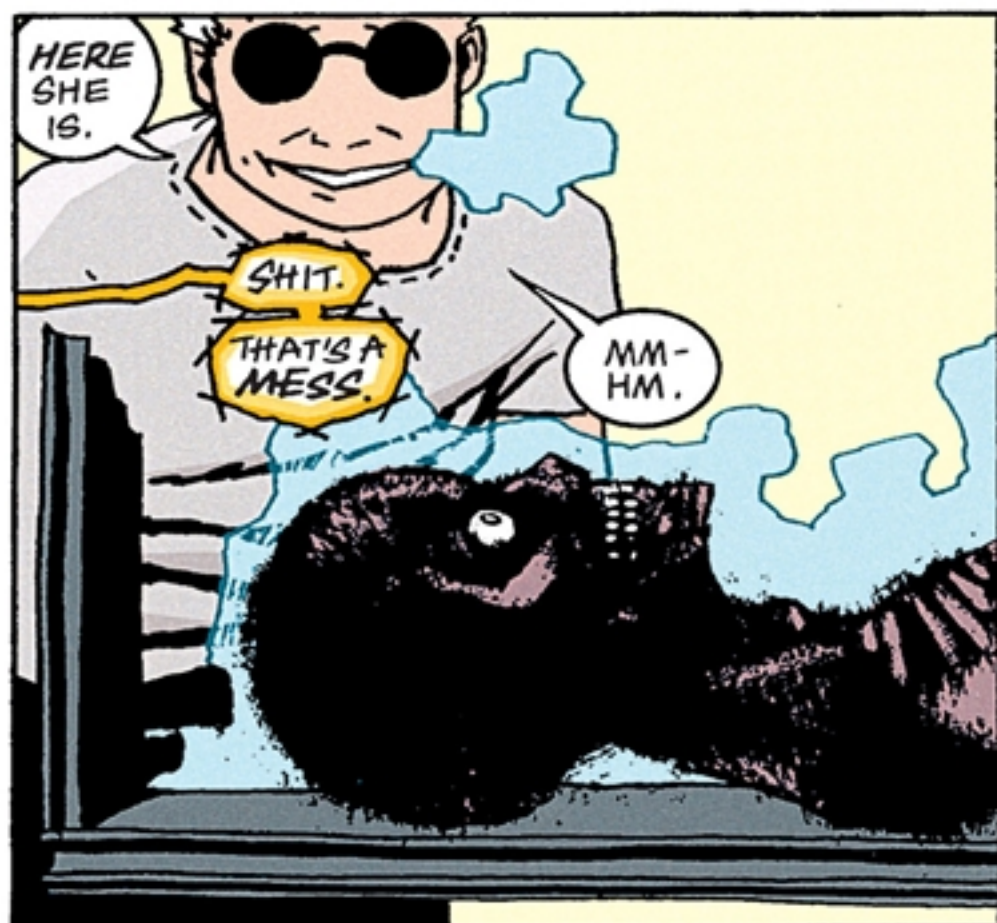
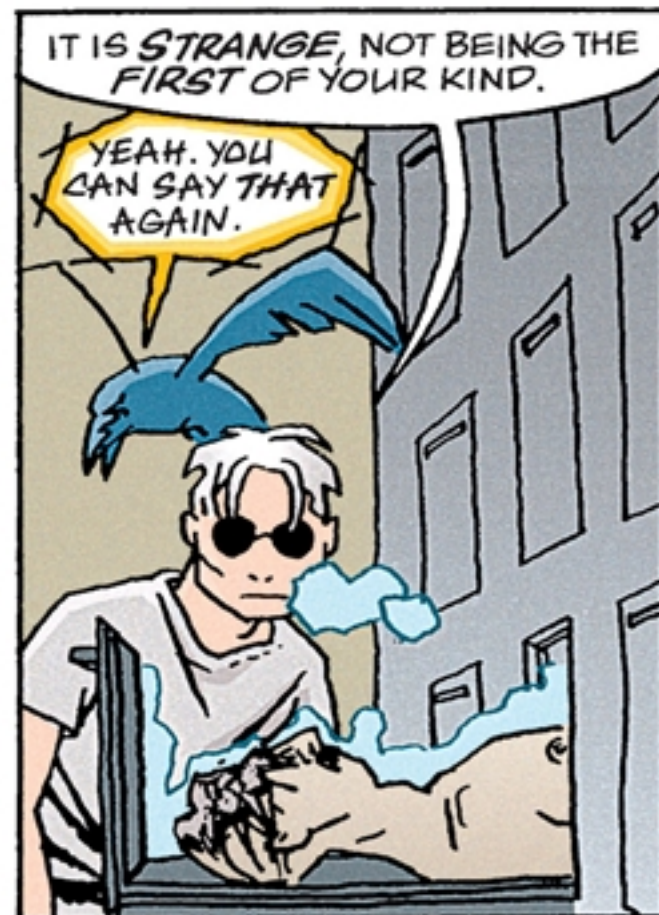
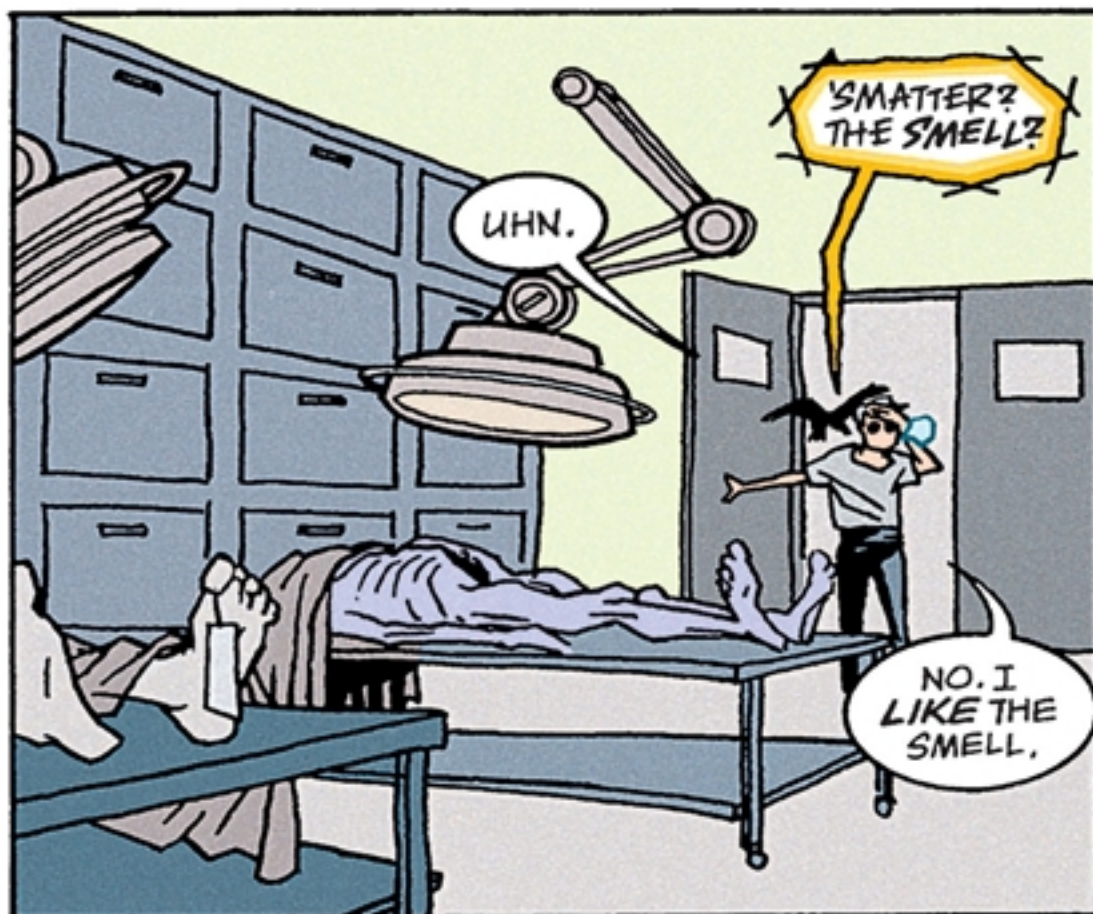




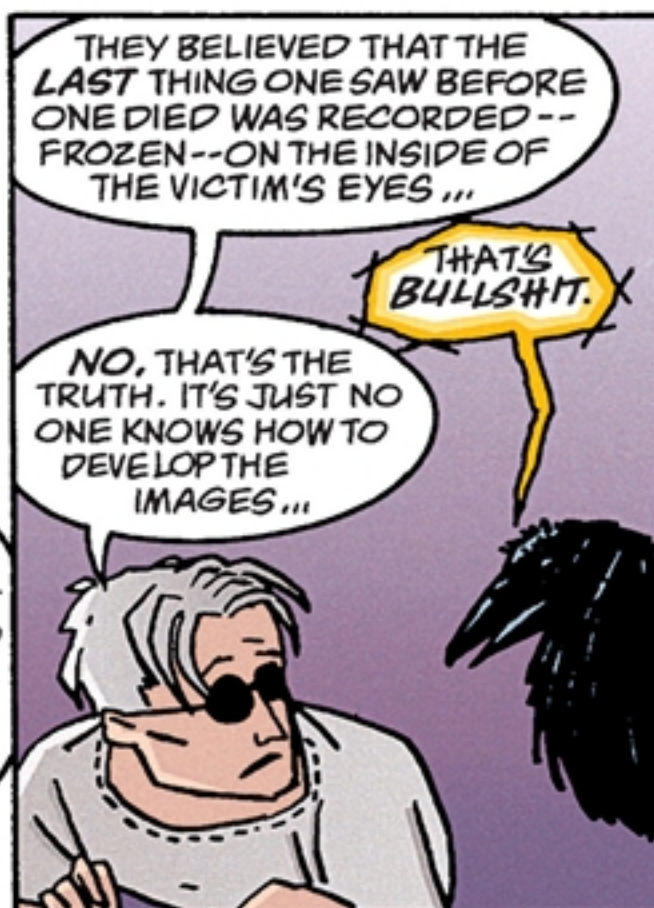
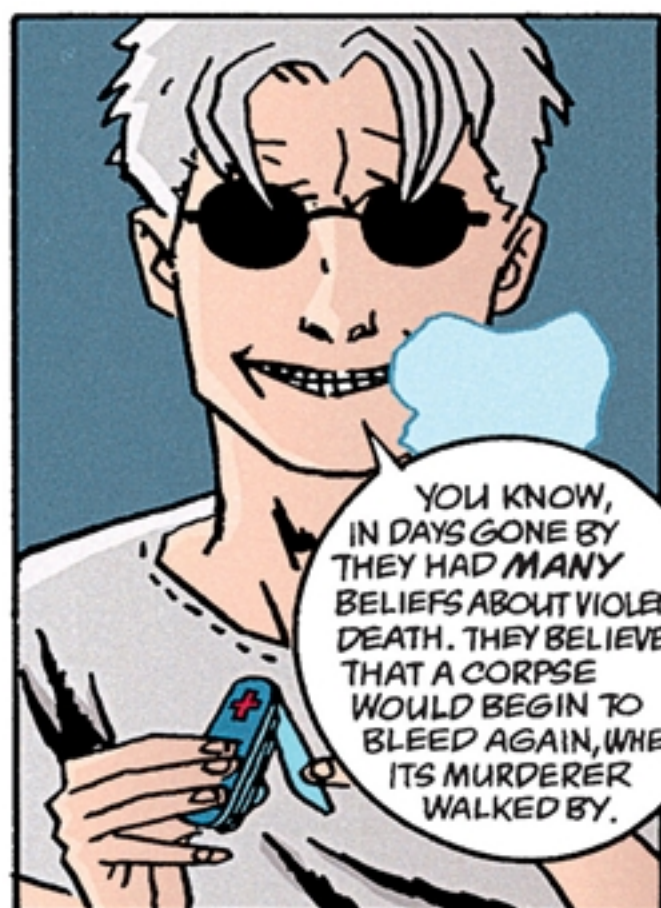




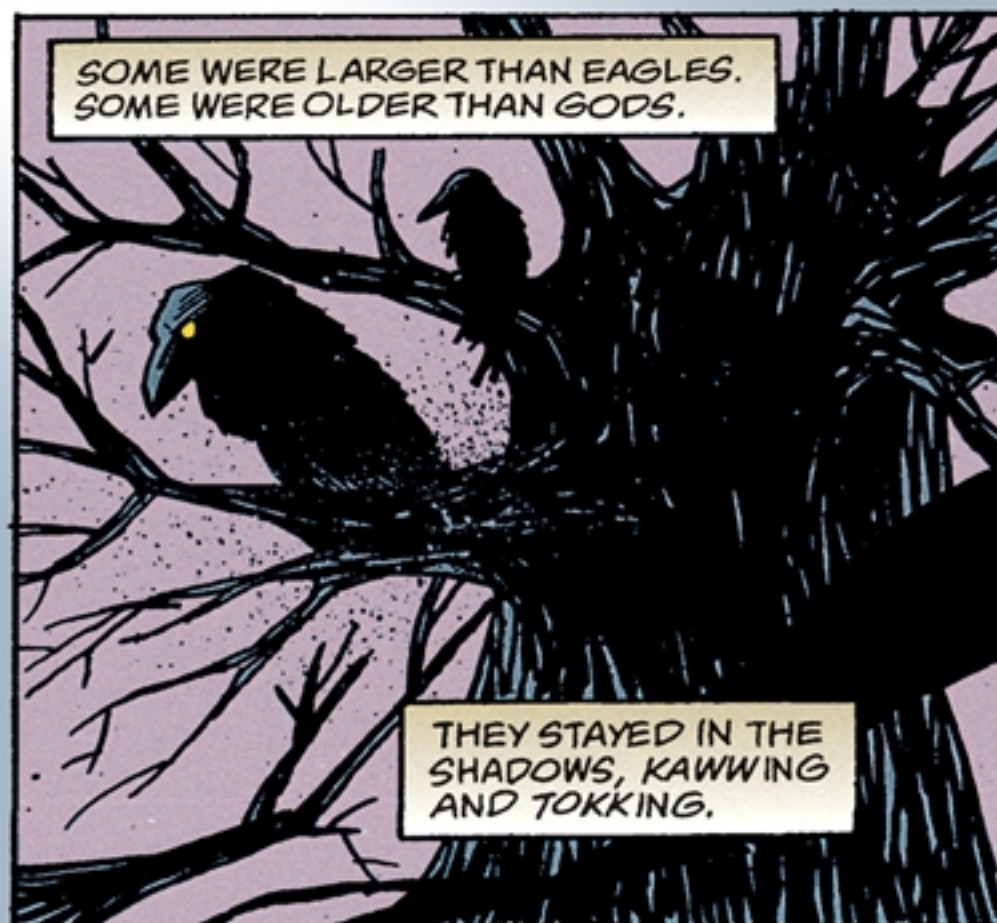
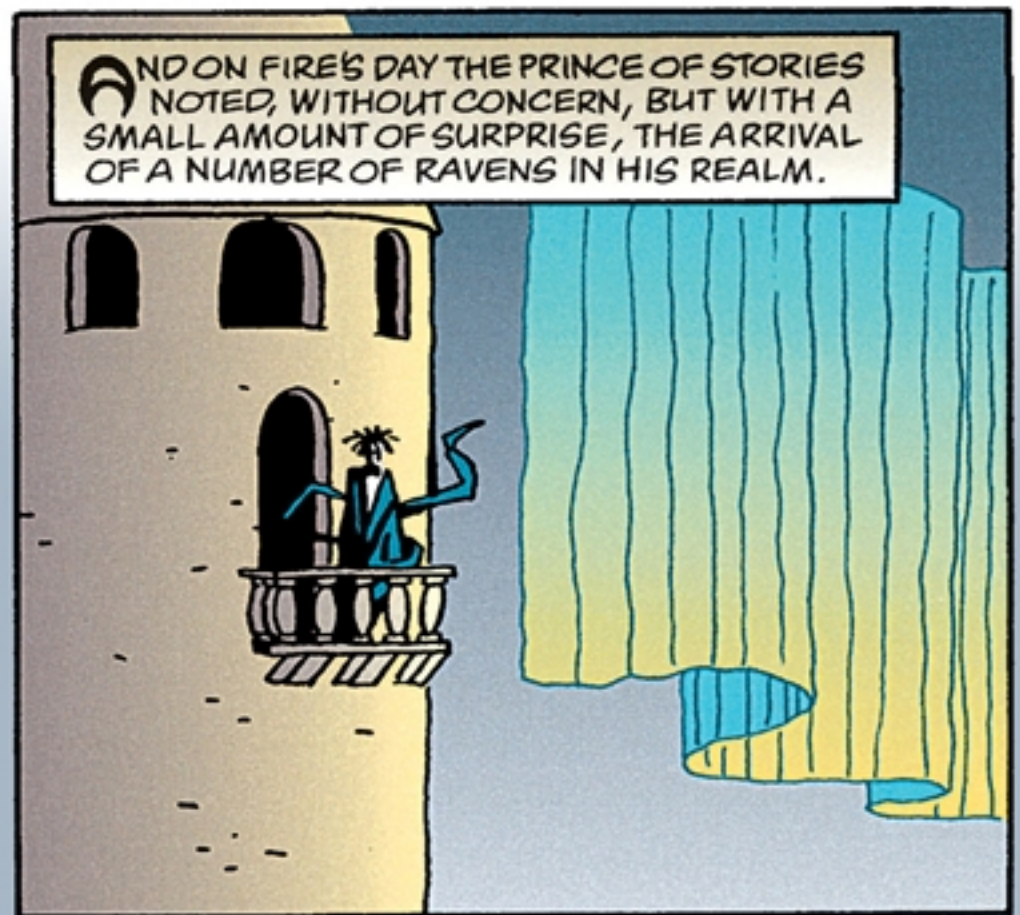
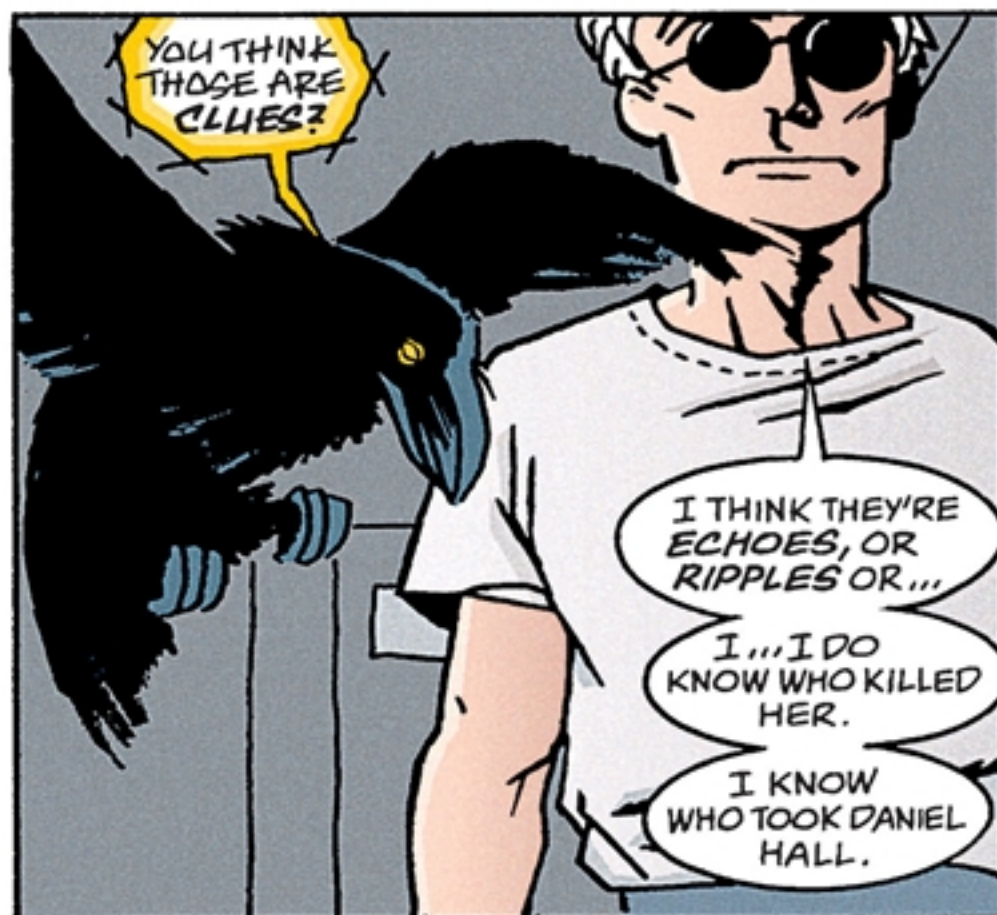
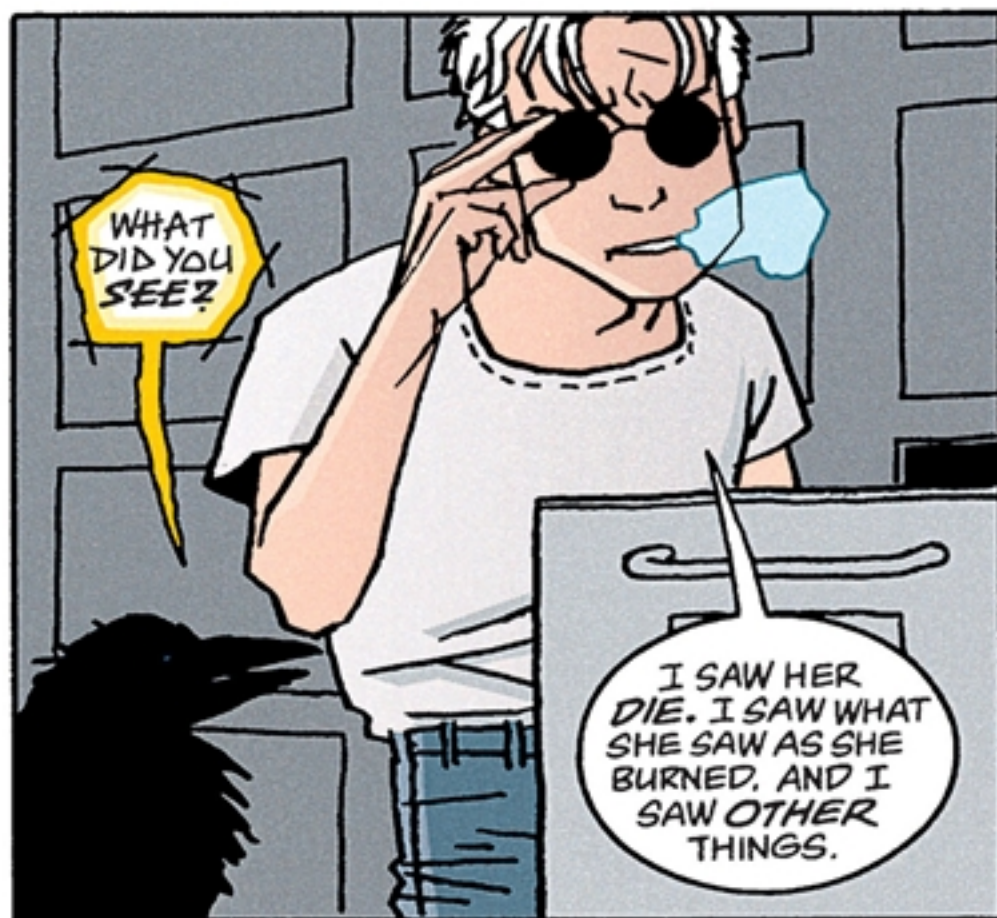




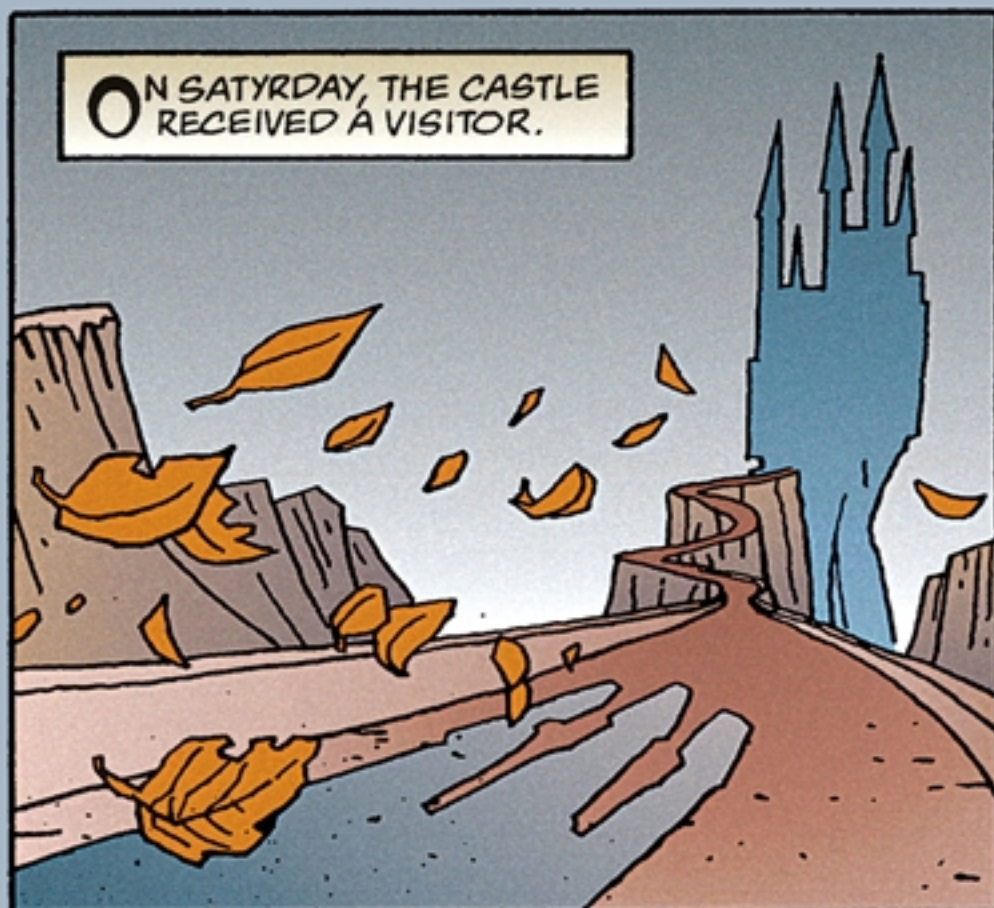












ON SATYRDAY, THE CASTLE  
RECEIVED A VISITOR.

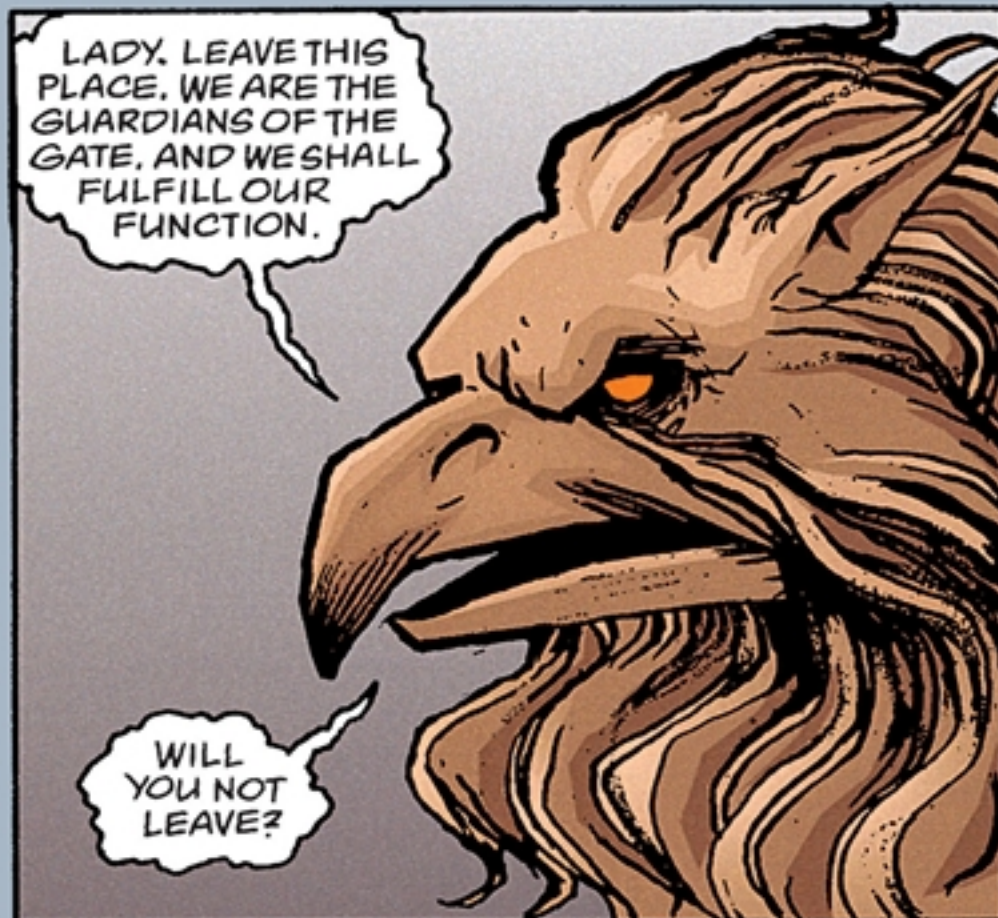


WE ARE HERE  
TO TALK TO  
YOUR MASTER.



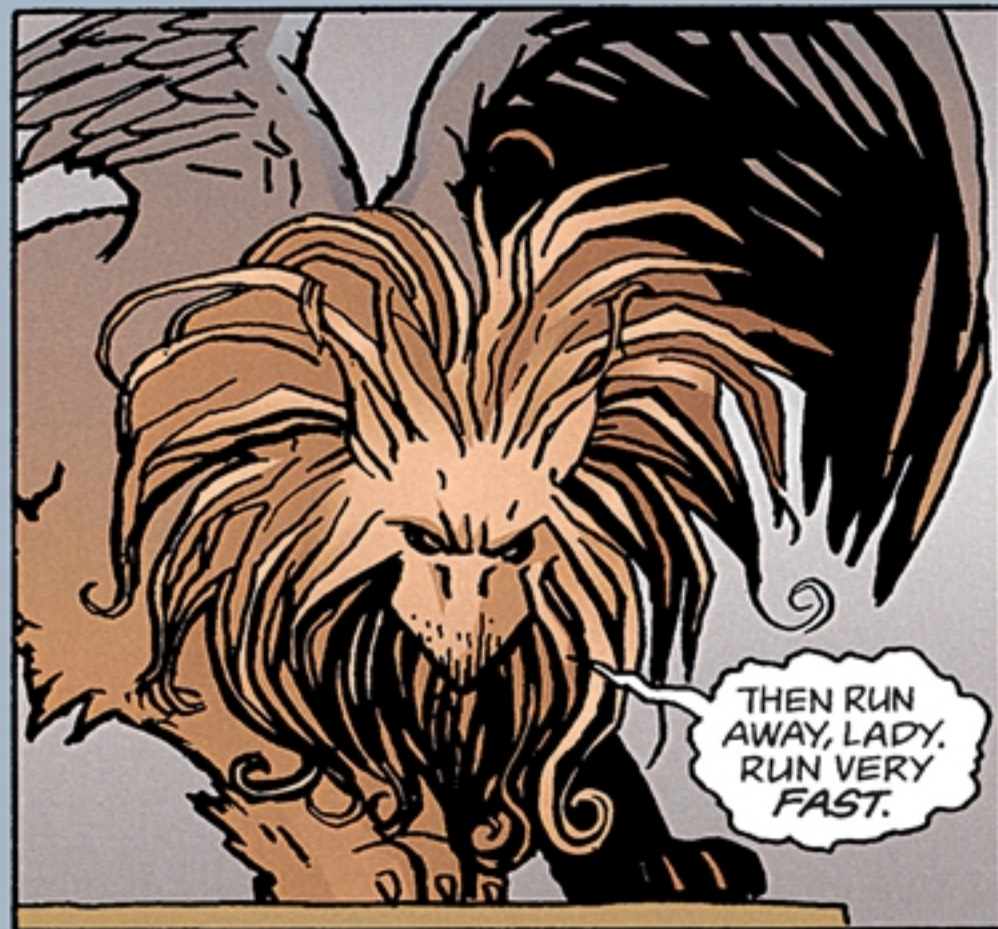
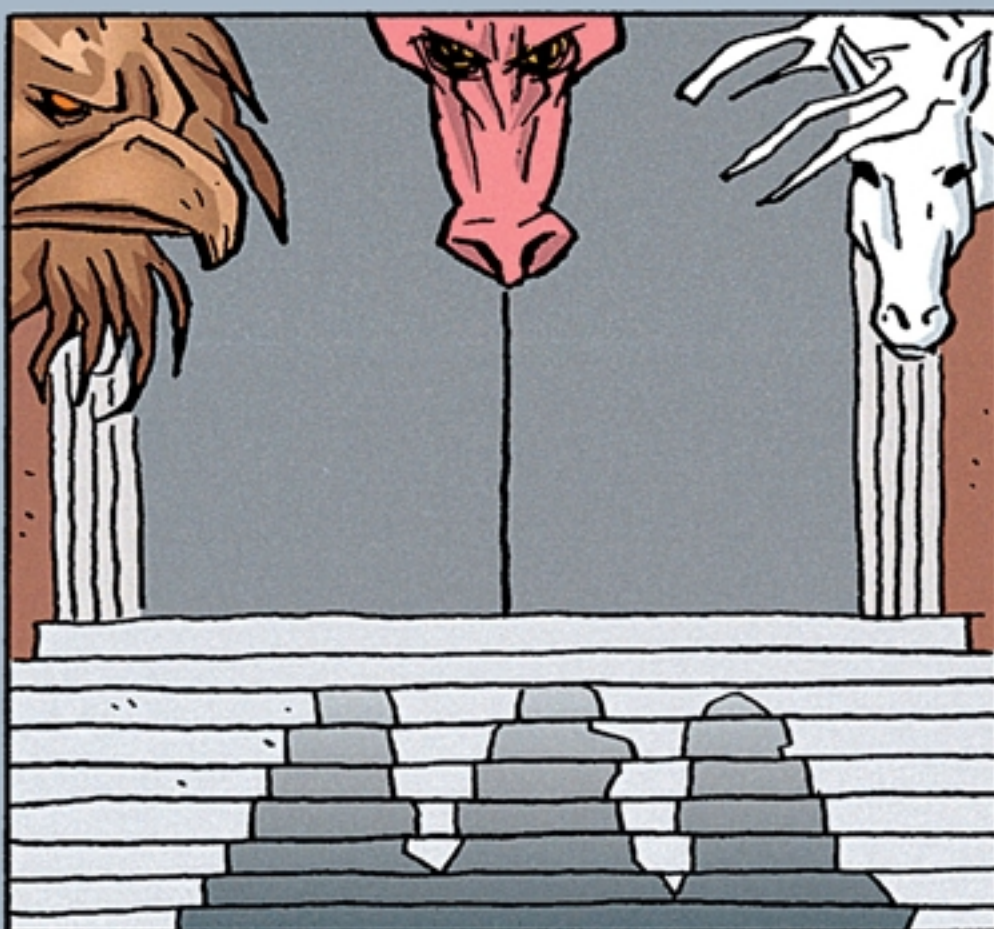
OUR MASTER  
IS SEEING NO ONE  
THIS DAY.

YOU WILL LET US IN  
TO THE CASTLE. OR  
YOU WILL SUFFER  
FOR IT.



LADY, LEAVE THIS  
PLACE. WE ARE THE  
GUARDIANS OF THE  
GATE, AND WE SHALL  
FULFILL OUR  
FUNCTION.

WILL  
YOU NOT  
LEAVE?



THEN RUN  
AWAY, LADY.  
RUN VERY  
FAST.

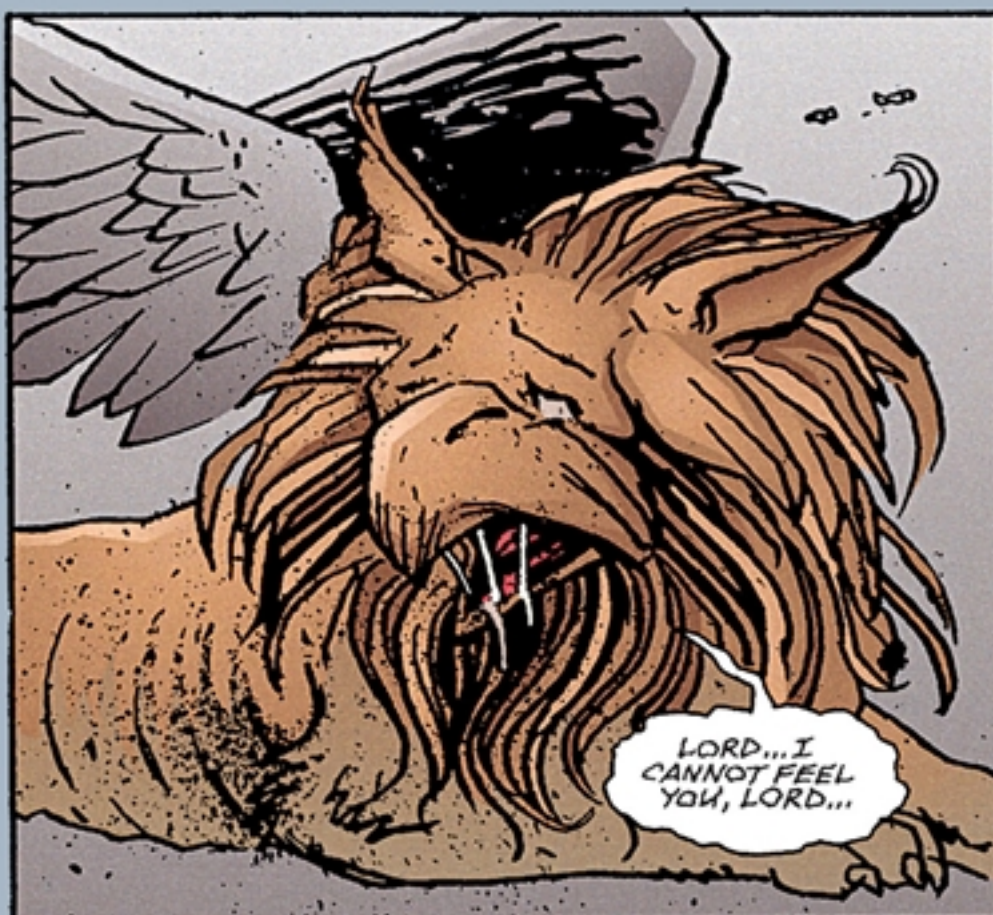




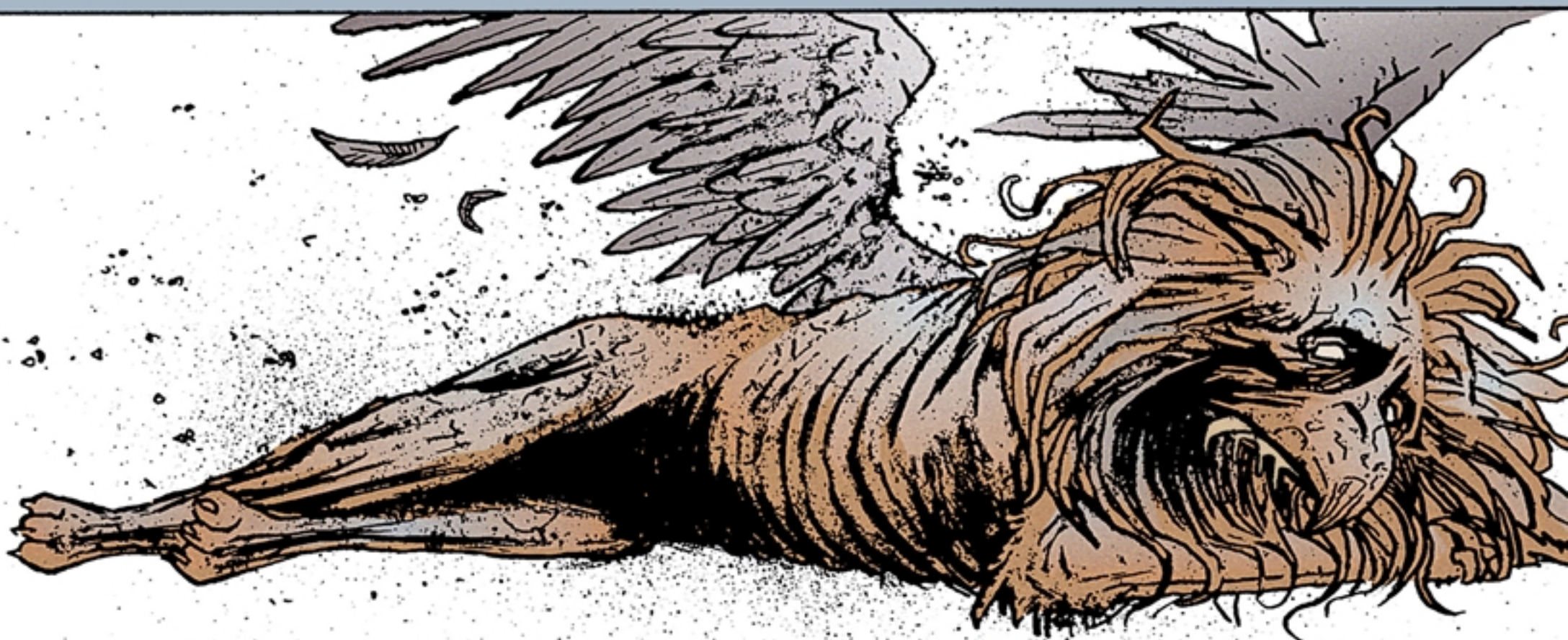
GRYPHON,  
YOU ARE  
OLD.



YOUR FLESH IS MEAT, AND THE MEAT  
IS DECAYING. YOUR BONES ARE DRY  
AND BRITTLE. WITHIN YOU NOW, LION  
AND EAGLE ABANDON THEIR BATTLE  
FOR DOMINANCE, AND SURRENDER  
TO TIME AND TO THE GRAVE.



LORD... I  
CANNOT FEEL  
YOU, LORD...







YOU  
KILLED  
HIM.



THERE. YES.  
WE DID.

NOW. WE NEED TO TALK  
TO YOUR MASTER. WE WILL  
NOT HARM HIM DIRECTLY  
AT THIS TIME. HE HAS MANY  
CHOICES. WE NEED  
MERELY TO TALK TO HIM.  
THIS WE SWEAR.



IF YOU *WISH*, YOU MAY  
ATTACK ME, DEFENDING  
THE GATE. YOU WILL  
*DIE*, LIKE YOUR FRIEND.  
OR YOU MAY LET ME  
PASS. WHICH COURSE  
WILL YOU TAKE?

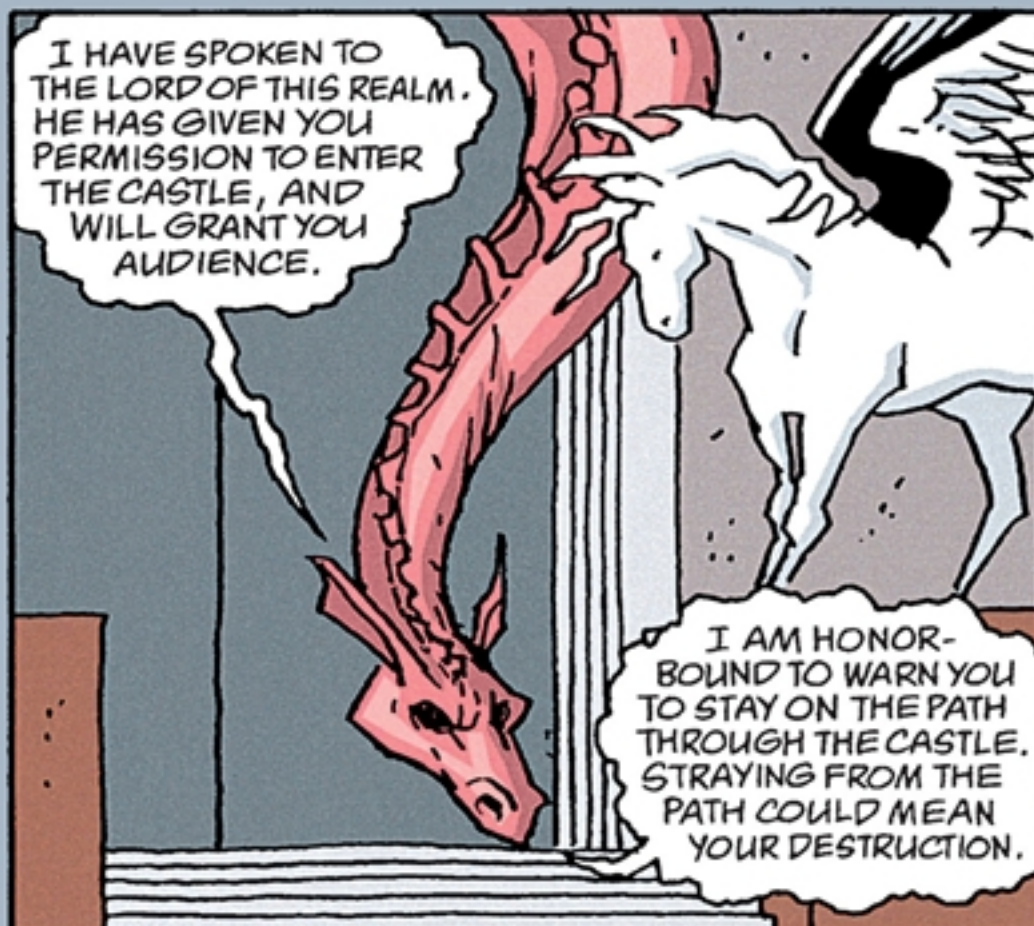
LORD?  
SHALL I  
KILL  
HER?



No,  
Wyvern.

Let her  
through. I will  
not have either  
of you endangered.  
She has sworn  
her oath.

Your  
friend has  
not died in  
vain.



I HAVE SPOKEN TO  
THE LORD OF THIS REALM.  
HE HAS GIVEN YOU  
PERMISSION TO ENTER  
THE CASTLE, AND  
WILL GRANT YOU  
AUDIENCE.

I AM HONOR-  
BOUND TO WARN YOU  
TO STAY ON THE PATH  
THROUGH THE CASTLE.  
STRAYING FROM THE  
PATH COULD MEAN  
YOUR DESTRUCTION.



YOU KILLED  
MY FRIEND,  
WOMAN.

STRAY FROM  
YOUR PATH.







WE ARE NOT  
LYTA HALL.

No?

WE ARE FAR  
MORE THAN  
LYTA HALL.

WE ARE THE KINDLY  
ONES, MORPHEUS.  
WE ARE THE ERINYES.  
WE ARE VENGEANCE  
AND HATRED  
UNENDING. WE ARE  
YOUR DOOM.

You hurt my  
gatekeeper.


WE DESTROYED  
YOUR GATEKEEPER.

In a manner of  
speaking, perhaps. I  
can create another,  
who would not even  
know that it had  
ever died.

Why are  
you here?


FOR NOW,  
SIMPLY TO OFFER  
SOME ADVICE.





And your  
advice is?


WE WILL DESTROY  
YOUR DREAMWORLD,  
MORPHEUS. WE WILL  
DESTROY EVERYTHING YOU  
HAVE EVER LOVED. ANY-  
THING YOU HAVE EVER  
CARED FOR. AND, IN  
THE END, WE SHALL  
DESTROY YOU.



Do you have any  
particular reason  
for doing this?

YOU KILLED MY SON,  
YOU PASTY-FACED  
BASTARD. AND YOU'RE  
GOING TO SUFFER  
FOR IT.

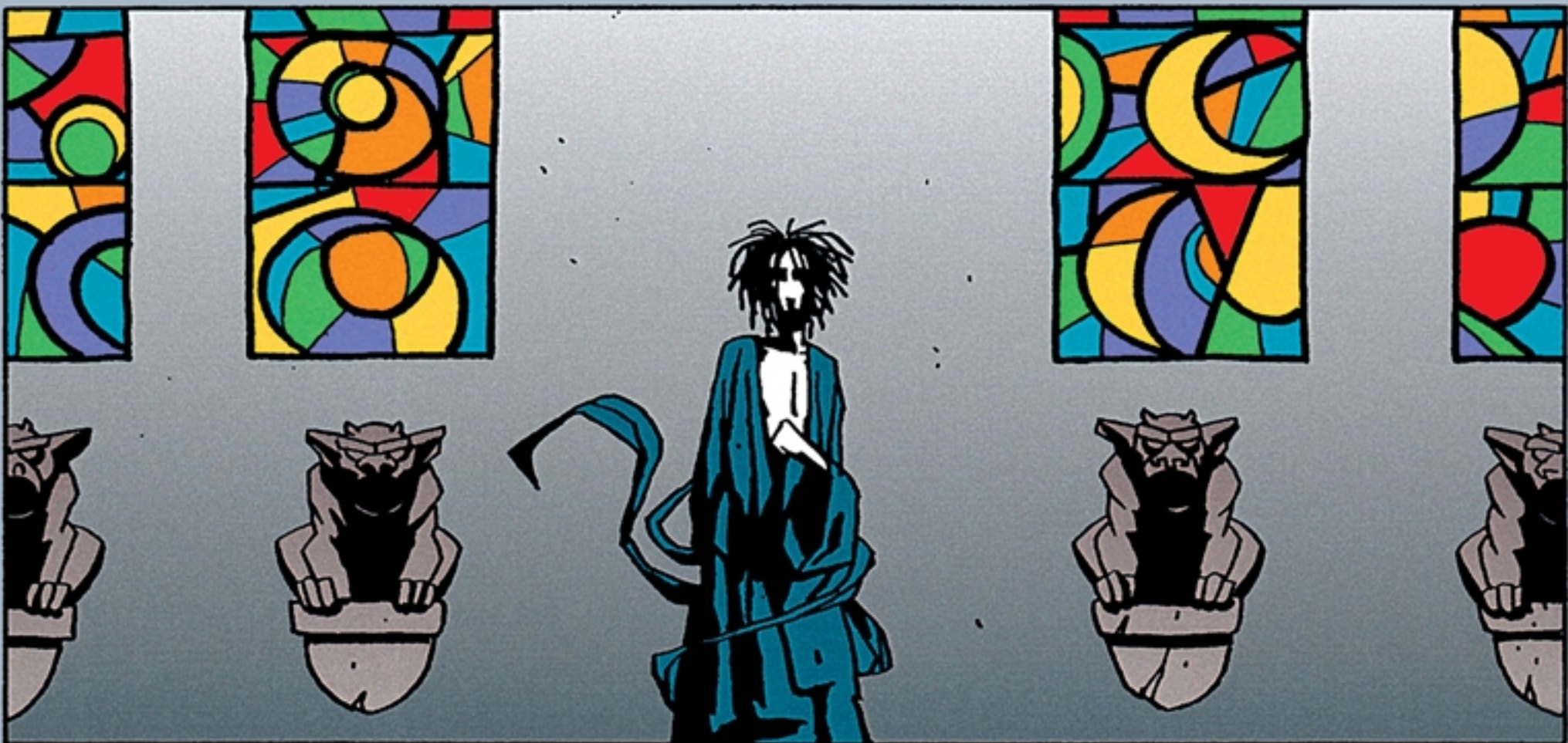
YOU HAVE SPILLED THE  
BLOOD OF YOUR FAMILY,  
MORPHEUS. YOU KILLED  
YOUR SON. THAT MAKES  
YOU OUR LEGITIMATE  
PREY.



This is my  
world, ladies. I  
control it; I am  
responsible for it.  
You will neither  
destroy it nor  
will you destroy  
me.

NO?

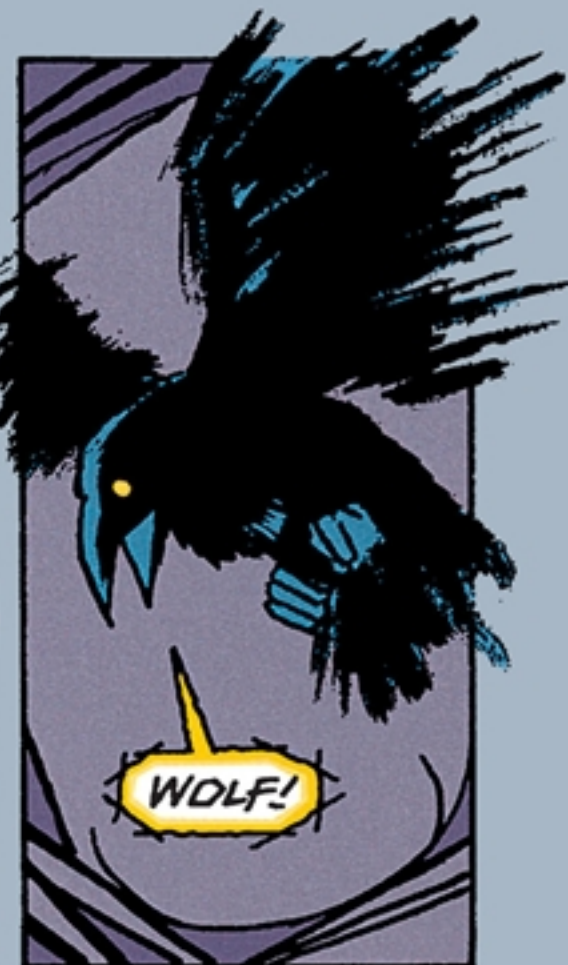
HOW FARES THE  
GRIFFIN ON YOUR  
GATE, DREAM-KING?













AND, AS SATURDAY CONCLUDED,

...LUCIFER PLAYED A MEDLEY OF LITTLE-KNOWN COLE PORTER SONGS, BEGINNING WITH MILDLY RISQUÉ SONGS, SUCH AS "PETS," "MY MOST INTIMATE FRIEND" AND "AFTER ALL, I'M ONLY A SCHOOLGIRL," AND CONCLUDING WITH THREE SONGS PORTER HAD EVER ONLY PLAYED TO INTIMATES AT EXTREMELY PRIVATE PARTIES.

HE WAS STARTING TO FIND HIMSELF BORED BY MUSIC; AND HE FOUND HIMSELF, DURING THE FINAL CHORUS OF "SHE NEVER WENT DOWN ON THE TITANIC," OBSERVING WITHIN HIMSELF THE URGE TO MOVE ON.

...THE WITCH-WOMAN WHO NOW CALLED HERSELF LARISSA LAY ON THE CAMP-BED IN HER ROOM, READING AN IMPROVING BOOK, AND PICKING AT A BOWL OF LAMB STEW.

SHE IGNORED THE MOANS OF HER NEW HOUSEMATE.

THE CAMP-BED WAS NEW. IT HAD COST HER \$70, AND THAT, TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER EXPENSES SHE HAD RECENTLY INCURRED, HAD PRETTY MUCH CLEANED OUT HER SAVINGS.

SHE HAD NOTICED CERTAIN PECULIARITIES OF THE STARLINGS' FLIGHT AT DUSK THAT EVENING; LARISSA WAS A MORE-THAN-COMPETENT AUGUR, AND SHE WAS CONCERNED ABOUT HER VISITOR OF THE FOLLOWING DAY.

...NUALA SAT IN THE GARDEN OF HER CITADEL ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST BY TIR-NA-NOG, TRYING TO RECALL WHAT SHE HAD DONE WITH HER TIME, IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE DREAMING.

SHE HAD DANCED, AND SUNG, AND FLIRTED. SOMETIMES SHE WOULD CURSE, OTHER TIMES SHE WOULD BESTOW SMALL FAVORS. TIME PASSED.

SHE HAD HAD NO PURPOSE THEN; AND STILL, SHE HAD BEEN CONTENT.

SHE FINGERED THE STONE AROUND HER NECK, UNCONSCIOUSLY, AND RECALLED HAPPINESS.



IT'S ALMOST SUNDAY. AND I'M SITTING HERE LATE ON SATURDAY NIGHT, RE-READING MY OLD JOURNAL ENTRIES AND WONDERING AT MYSELF.

HOW CAN I HAVE BEEN THAT SHALLOW?

WELL, I WAS. IT'S AMAZING.

dee dee dee

It's not that I'm heartless.

I mean, I get upset with things, just like anyone. And I try to do good things and to not do bad things, because life is simpler and I'm happier if I do good things.

~~But I wish~~

I mean, why do people fall in love with me? It's not like I'm pretty, and it's not like I let them know I'm rich.

I like sex. I like being part of something bigger and older and more powerful than I am.

And I like having other people around if it's on my terms, and they keep out of the way when I want to work, and if they're no bother.

Why doesn't it hurt me more when it ends? Why don't I feel it?

dee dee dee

dee dee dee dee...

WHAT A BITCH YOU WERE, ROSALITA. WHAT A COLD BITCH-ON-WHEELS.

WELL?

DO I DARE?

SURE I DO.

HELLO. JACK? IT'S ME. IT'S ROSE. SURPRISE!

HELLO, MISS WALKER... HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET THIS NUMBER?

HOW? I ASKED THE HOTEL DESK CLERK HOW TO DIAL INFORMATION. I THINK HE LIKES ME...

LISTEN. IT'S AWFULLY LONELY HERE. YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING? WHY DON'T YOU COME DOWN TO THE HOTEL? I'LL ORDER A BOTTLE OF WINE AND WE CAN...

ROSE, THAT WOULD BE A TERRIBLY BAD IDEA.

WELL? WHY WOULD IT BE A BAD IDEA? WASN'T IT GOOD LAST NIGHT? WASN'T IT GREAT?

IT WAS UNDENIABLY PLEASANT. BUT THIS REALLY ISN'T AN IDEAL TIME TO DISCUSS IT.

UH. YOU AREN'T ALONE, ARE YOU?

VERY PERCEPTIVE.

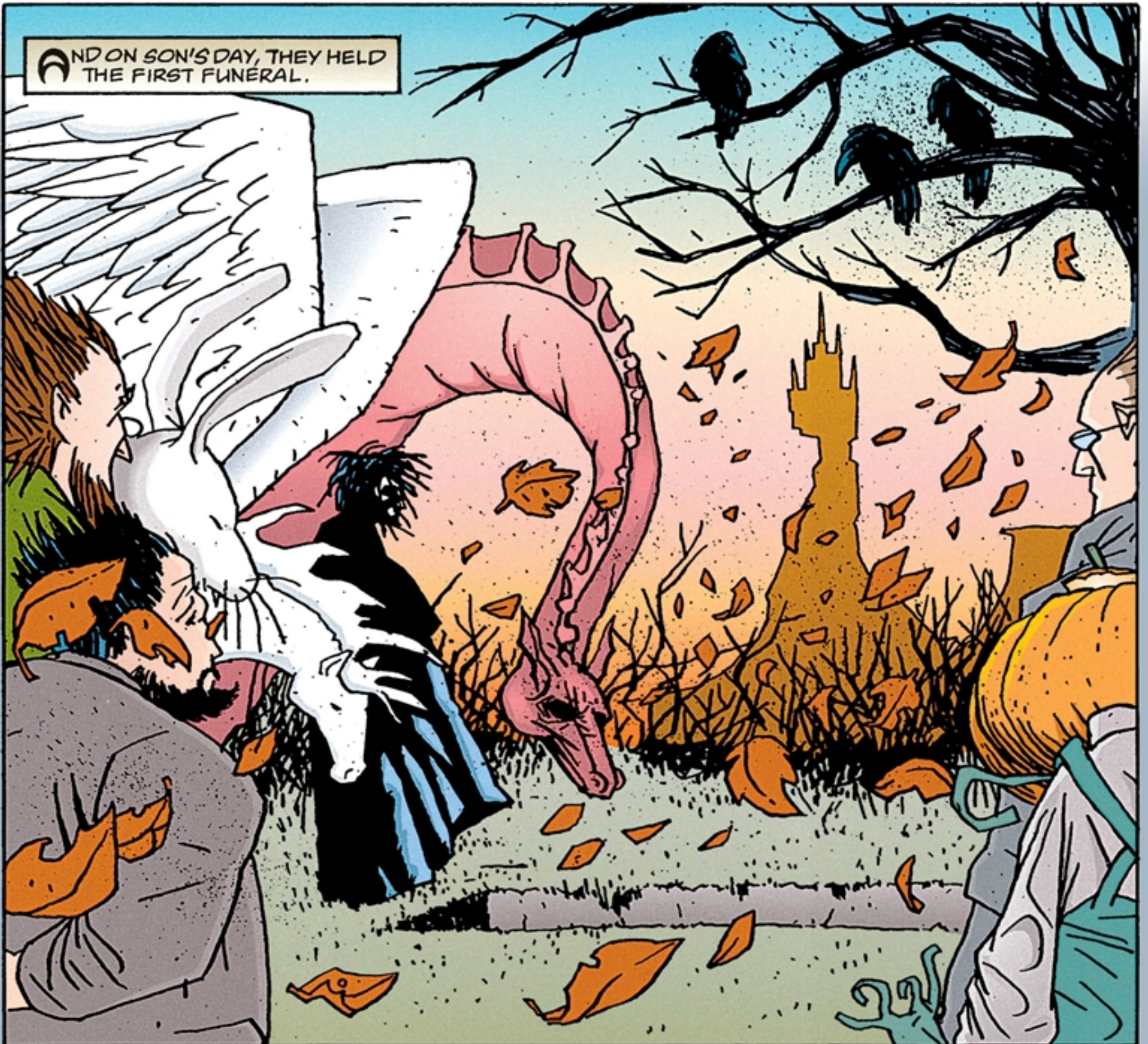
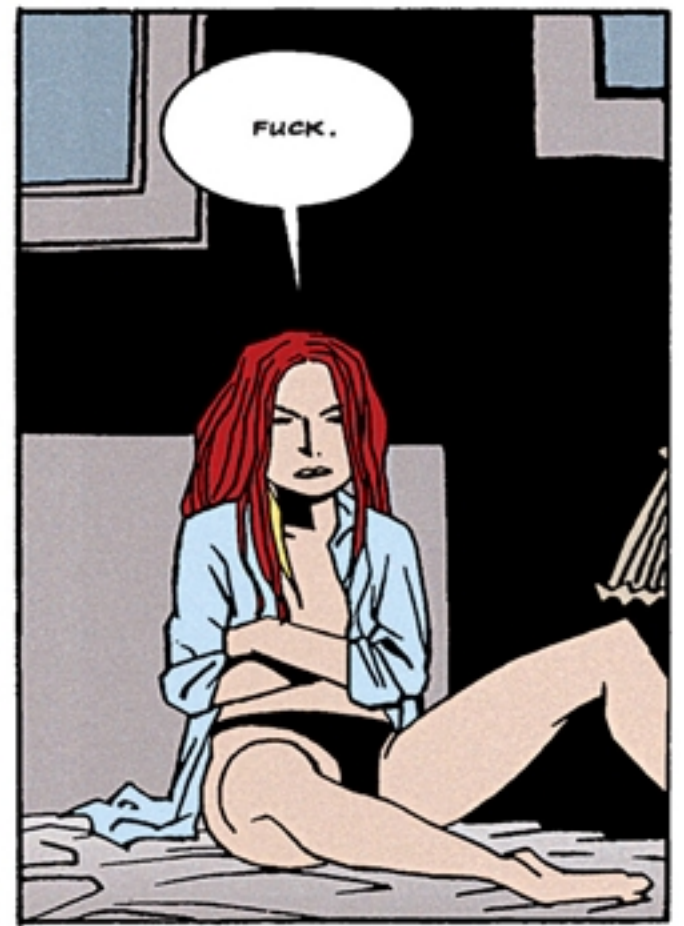
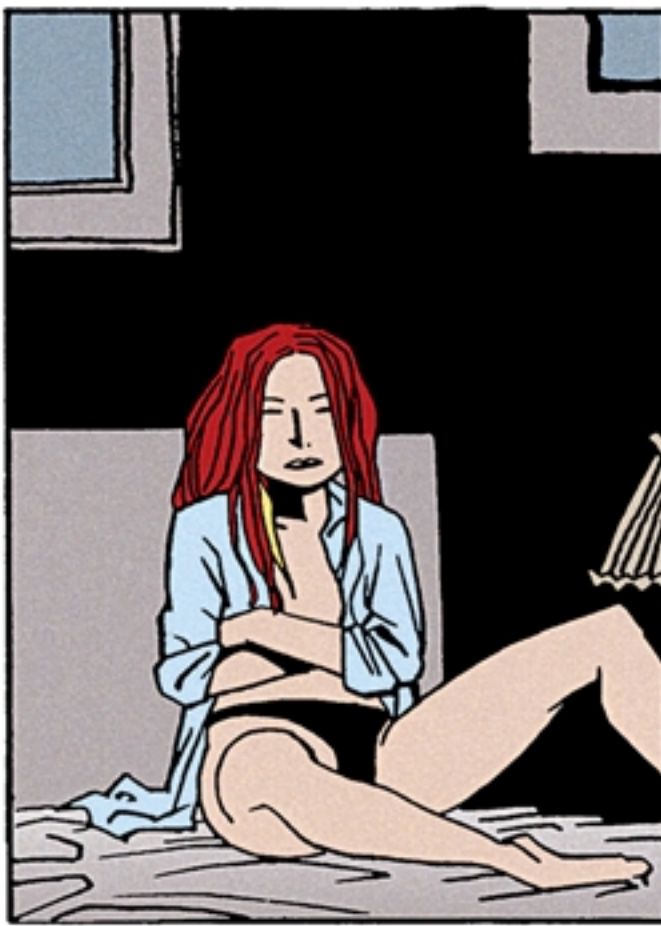
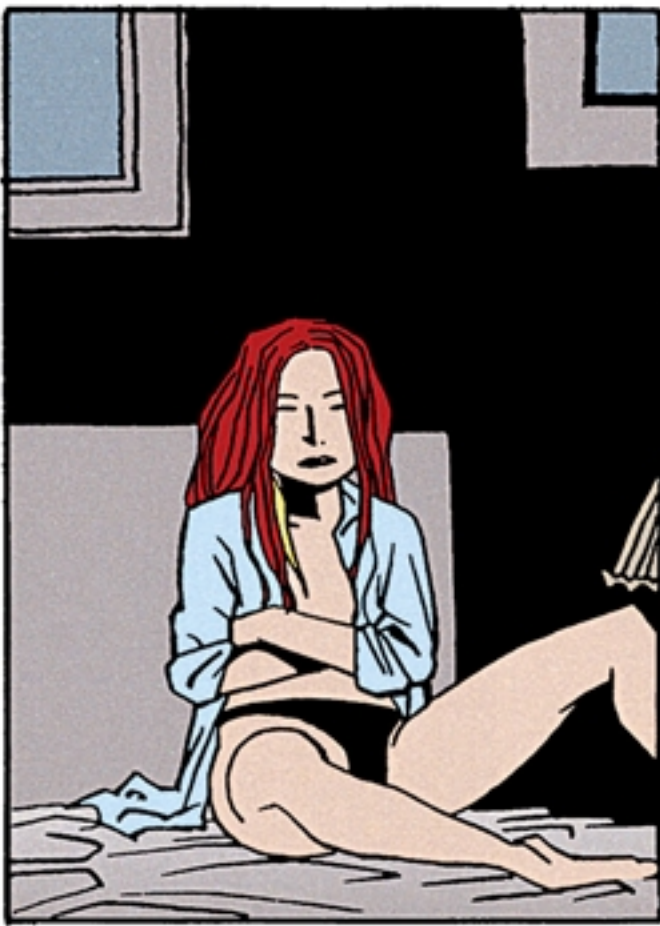
UM. THE PERSON YOU AREN'T ALONE WITH. THIS IS SOMEONE YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT, ISN'T IT?

EXACTLY.

THEN THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO SAY, IS THERE?

I'M AFRAID NOT.





TO BE CONTINUED



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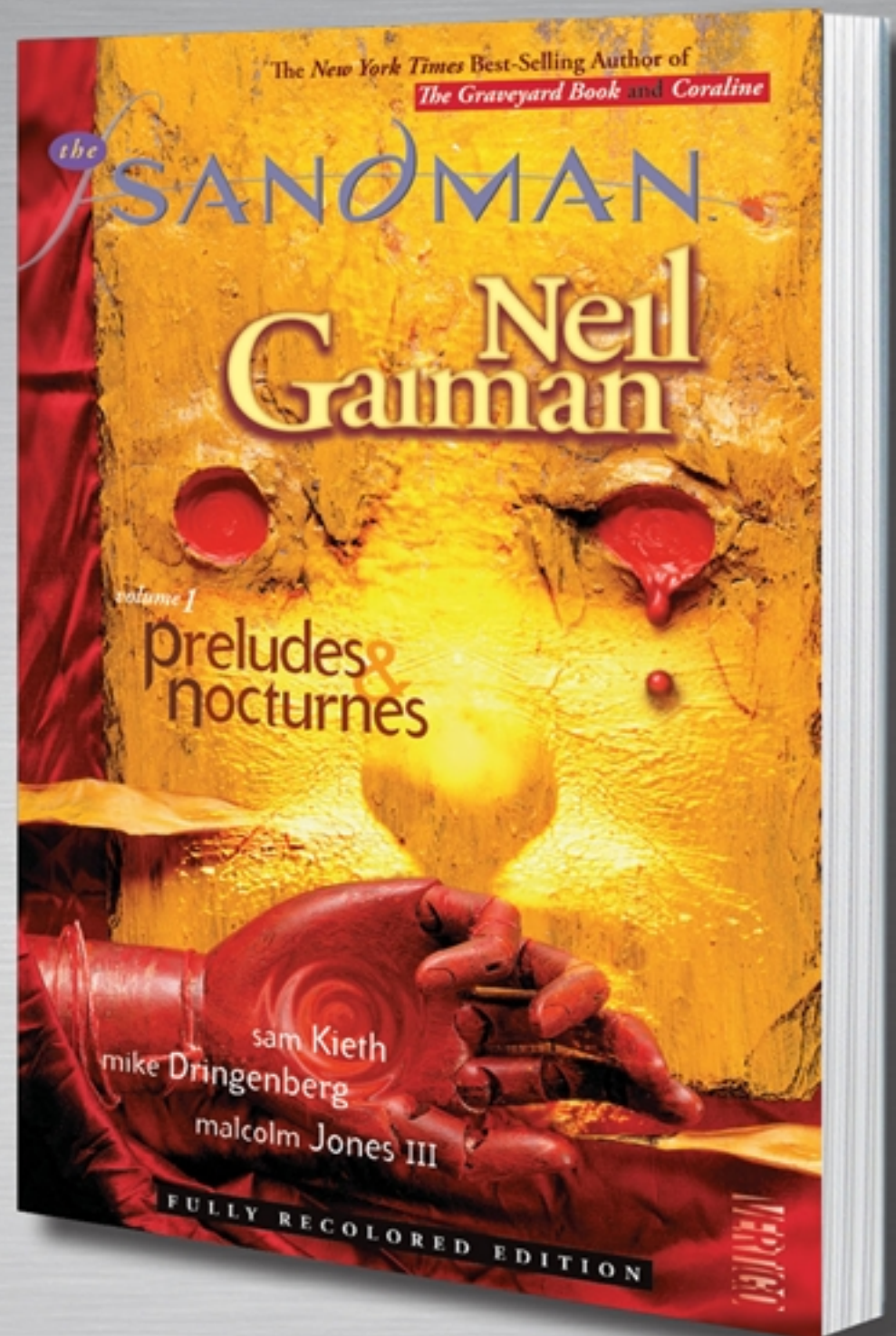
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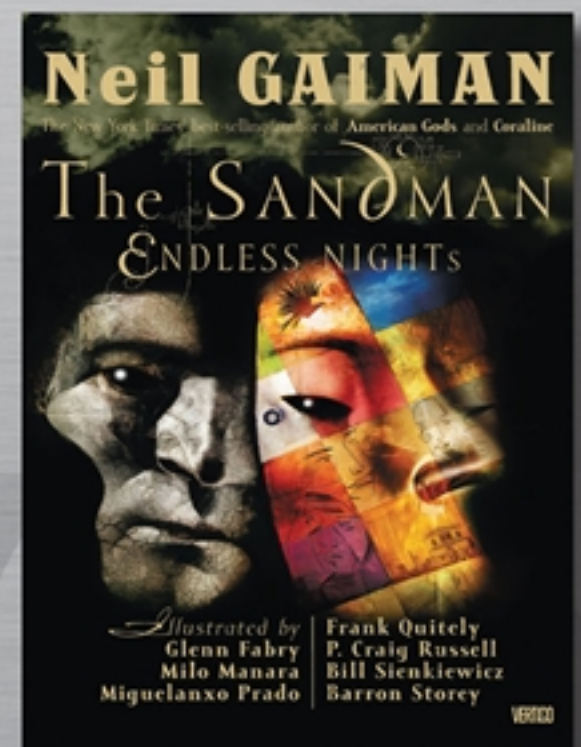
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