

VERTIGO

ESSENTIAL VERTIGO™

DC COMICS

THE
SANDMAN™

the DOLL'S HOUSE-part one



NEIL GAIMAN • MIKE DRINGENBERG • MALCOLM JONES III

10 • MAY 97 \$1.95 US \$2.75 CAN
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

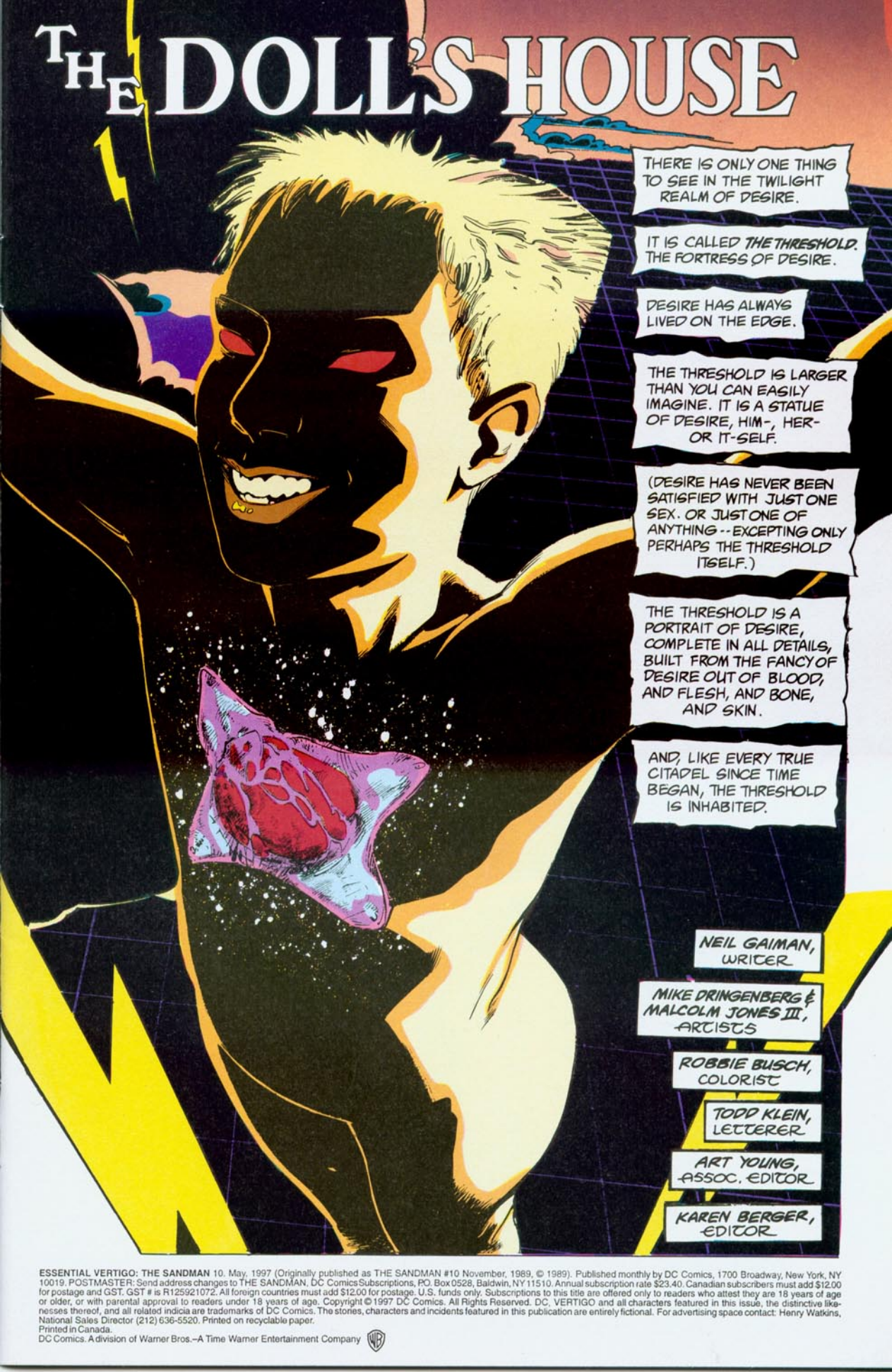
OBI

DIRECT SALES

01011 >

7 61941 20846 6

THE DOLL'S HOUSE



THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO SEE IN THE TWILIGHT REALM OF DESIRE.

IT IS CALLED *THE THRESHOLD*. THE FORTRESS OF DESIRE.

DESIRE HAS ALWAYS LIVED ON THE EDGE.

THE THRESHOLD IS LARGER THAN YOU CAN EASILY IMAGINE. IT IS A STATUE OF DESIRE, HIM-, HER- OR IT-SELF.

(DESIRE HAS NEVER BEEN SATISFIED WITH JUST ONE SEX. OR JUST ONE OF ANYTHING -- EXCEPTING ONLY PERHAPS THE THRESHOLD ITSELF.)

THE THRESHOLD IS A PORTRAIT OF DESIRE, COMPLETE IN ALL DETAILS, BUILT FROM THE FANCY OF DESIRE OUT OF BLOOD, AND FLESH, AND BONE, AND SKIN.

AND, LIKE EVERY TRUE CITADEL SINCE TIME BEGAN, THE THRESHOLD IS INHABITED.

NEIL GAIMAN,
WRITER

MIKE DRINGENBERG &
MALCOLM JONES III,
ARTISTS

ROBBIE BUSCH,
COLORIST

TODD KLEIN,
LETTERER

ART YOUNG,
ASSOC. EDITOR

KAREN BERGER,
EDITOR

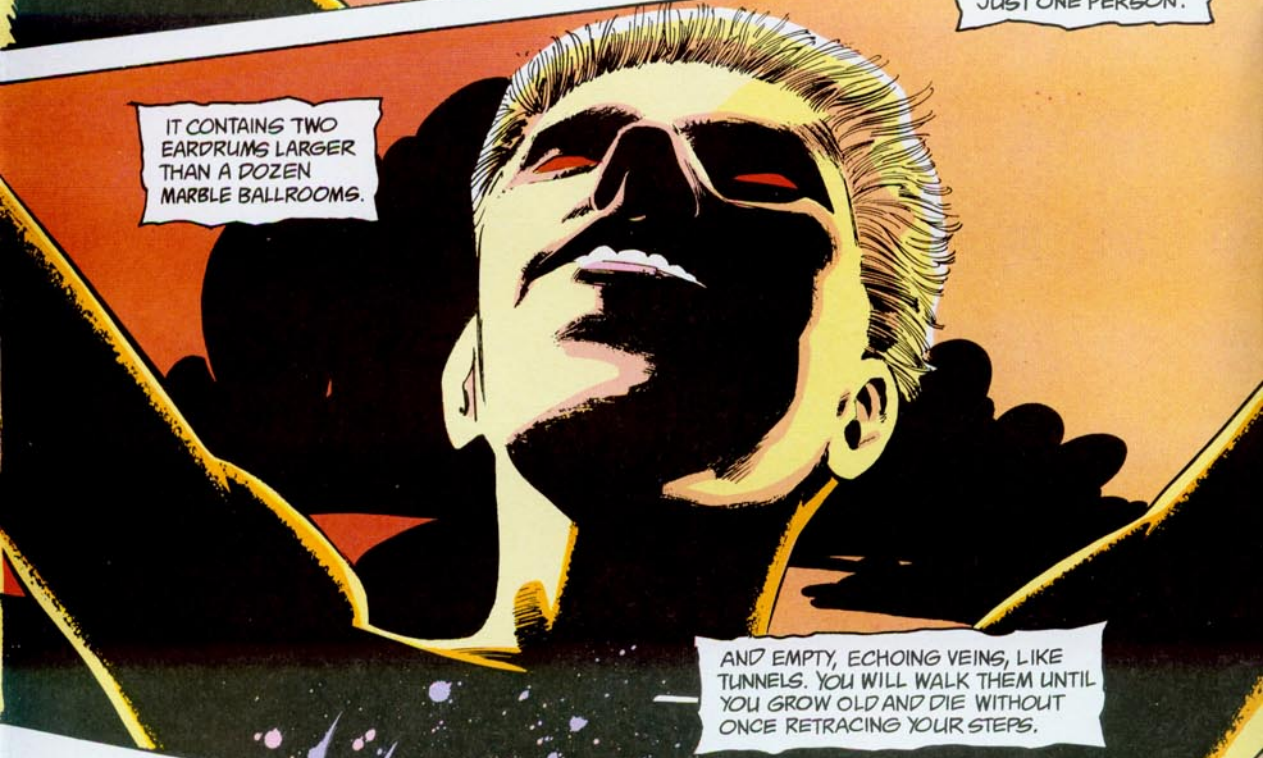




THERE IS ONLY ONE OCCUPANT, AT THIS TIME.

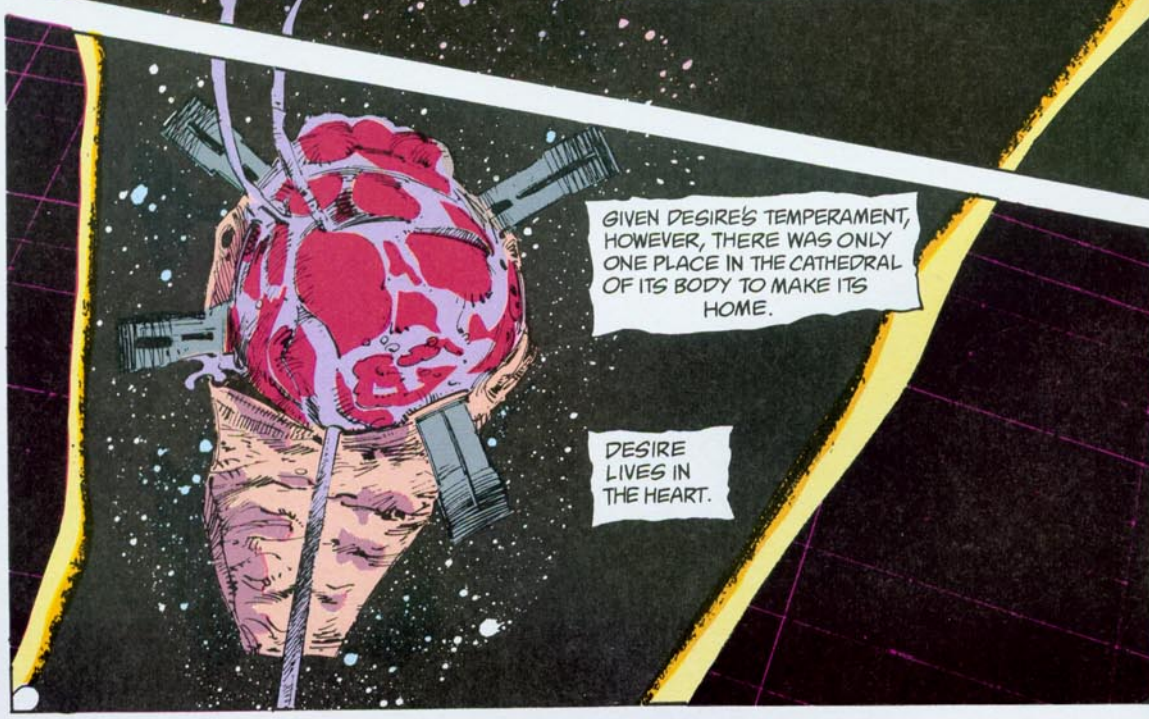
DESIRE OF THE ENDLESS.

THE THRESHOLD IS FAR TOO LARGE FOR JUST ONE PERSON.



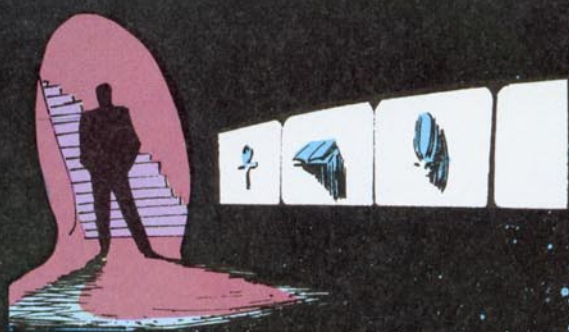
IT CONTAINS TWO EARDRUMS LARGER THAN A DOZEN MARBLE BALLROOMS.

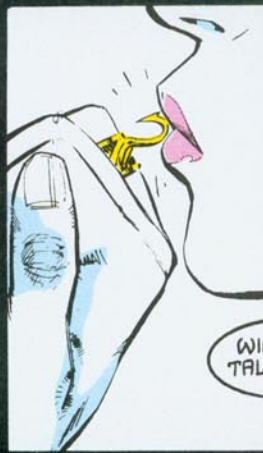
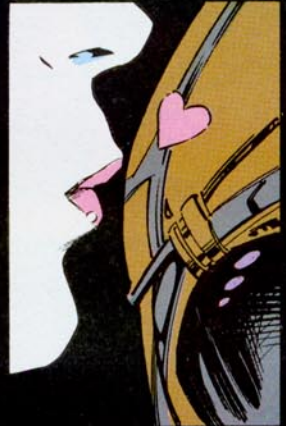
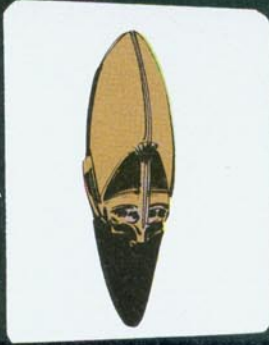
AND EMPTY, ECHOING VEINS, LIKE TUNNELS. YOU WILL WALK THEM UNTIL YOU GROW OLD AND DIE WITHOUT ONCE RETRACING YOUR STEPS.



GIVEN DESIRE'S TEMPERAMENT, HOWEVER, THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ITS BODY TO MAKE ITS HOME.

DESIRE LIVES IN THE HEART.







I HAVE NEWS.
REAL NEWS?
THE PRODIGAL
HAS RETURNED?

I AM ALWAYS
READY TO LISTEN TO
YOU, DESIRE.
TALK.

WHAT? OH, HIM.
NO, HE'S STILL MISSING.

NO, I SPEAK
OF DREAM.

YOU SEEK TO SNARE
HIM IN YOUR
MACHINATIONS
AGAIN?

DESIRE, THE ELDER
THREE DON'T PLAY OUR
LITTLE GAMES.

IT WON'T WORK. IT
CAN'T WORK. IT DIDN'T
WORK LAST TIME.

NO. IT DIDN'T.
NADA WAS A
MISTAKE.

BUT THINGS HAVE
CHANGED, MY LOVE,
MY TWIN. THERE IS A
DREAM VORTEX, THE
FIRST FOR A LONG
TIME.

AND IT IS
A WOMAN.

ARE WE NOT
ENDLESS, QUEEN
OF DESPAIR?

YES. WE
WAIT.

I SEE.

JUST
PERHAPS...
HMM.

TELL
ME NO
MORE..

I MUST THINK
ABOUT THIS.

GOODBYE.

FAREWELL,
MY TWIN.

IS THERE SOMETHING
YOU CRAVE?

SOMETHING SEXUAL?
SOMETHING PRECIOUS?
SOMEONE SPECIAL?
ANYTHING?

THEN YOU HAVE FELT IT.
IT'S THERE -- IN THE
LONGING, IN THE LUST:
THE BREATH OF DESIRE,
THE CARESS OF THE
THRESHOLD.

MOM WOKE ME UP WHEN WE WERE COMING IN FOR A LANDING. MY LEGS WERE CRAMPED AND I FELT GENERALLY SHITTY.

WAKE UP, ROSE. HONEY, WE'RE ALMOST THERE. FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT.

ROSE?
WAKE UP.

MMM. MOM...?

I HAD SUCH A *WEIRD* DREAM. THERE WAS THIS HUGE, FAT BRITISH GUY, AND THESE WOMEN, AND WE WERE LIVING IN THIS HOUSE...

YOU WERE IN THE DREAM...

AND I FOUND JED AGAIN...

MOM WASN'T INTERESTED IN DREAMS, BACK THEN.

ROSE, *JUST* FASTEN YOUR SEATBELT.

THIS AIRPORT, *GATWICK*, IS IT NEAR LONDON?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW?

GACK! TASTES LIKE SOMETHING DIED IN MY MOUTH A COUPLA HOURS BACK...

YEAH? I GOT SOME BREATH FRESHENER SOMEWHERE IN MY BAG.

IT'S SO *GREEN!* LOOK AT THOSE FIELDS! OUR FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND...

IT'S *NOT* YOUR FIRST TIME, MOM. YOU WERE BORN HERE.

THAT WAS A *LONG* TIME AGO, HON. I WAS JUST A TINY KID WHEN MOM AND POP WENT TO THE STATES.

I DON'T REMEMBER.

IT TOOK ABOUT AN HOUR FOR US TO GET OUR BAGS AND CLEAR CUSTOMS.

GAHD. A CIGARETTE. FI-NALLY.

MOM? THAT MUST BE THE GUY WHO'S MEETING US!

OVER THERE.

WALKER

HI! ARE YOU THE ATTORNEY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MEET? MR. HOLDAWELL?

IT'S HOLDAWAY, MADAM. AND WE CALL OURSELVES "SOLICITORS" ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC. MAY I TAKE IT THAT YOU ARE MRS. WALKER?

WHO ELSE AM I GOING TO BE? I'M MIRANDA WALKER, AND THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, ROSE.

HI.

HE WAS LIKE SOMETHING FROM MASTERPIECE THEATER. I COULD TELL MOM WAS IMPRESSED. I WASN'T.

LISTEN, NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, CAN YOU FINALLY TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

IT'S NOT THAT WE'RE NOT GRATEFUL-- FREE HOLIDAYS IN ENGLAND DON'T GROW ON TREES...

LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR LUGGAGE, MRS. WALKER.

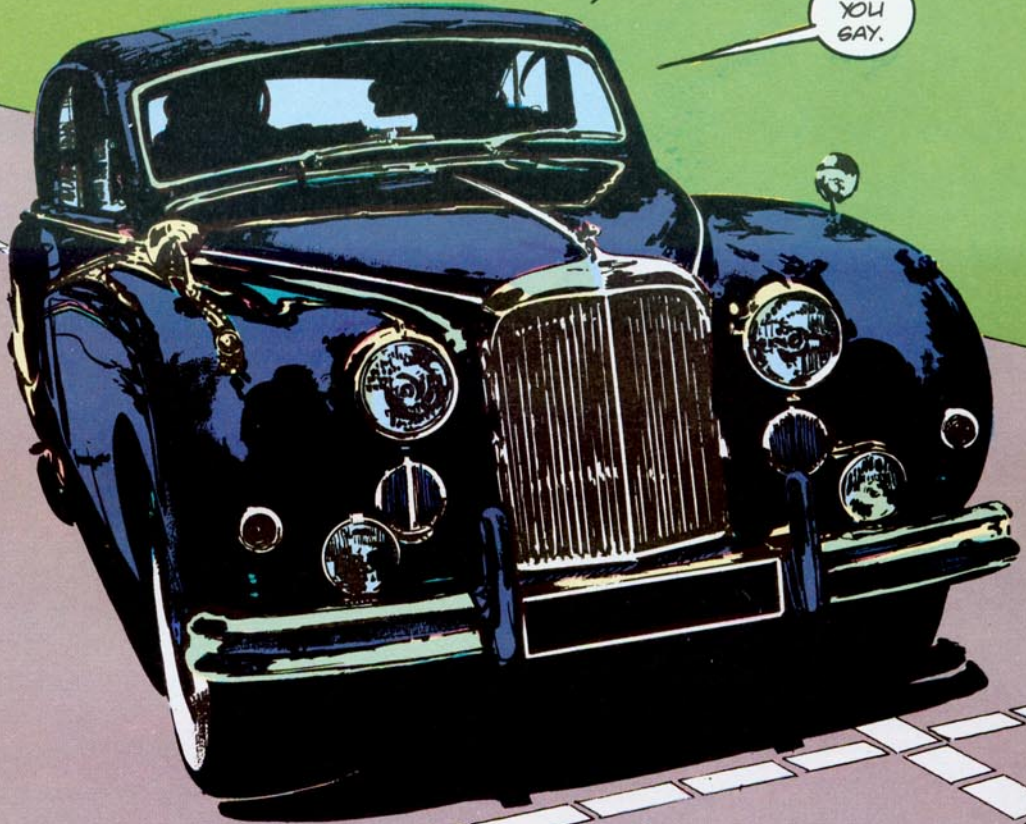
MY CLIENT WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, VERY SOON.

NOW, IF YOU'LL BOTH COME THIS WAY. THE CAR'S IN THE CAR-PARK, THROUGH HERE...

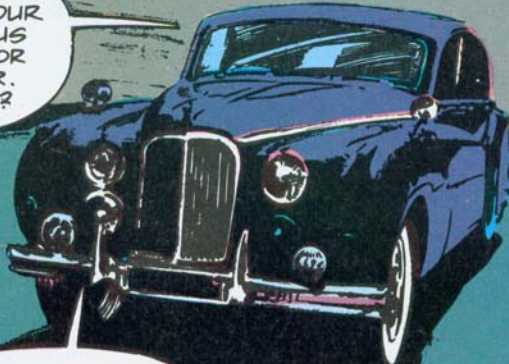
FIVE MINUTES OUTSIDE THE AIRPORT AND WE WERE DRIVING THROUGH THE BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE. I WAS UNDERWHELMED, BUT MOM SEEMED TO LIKE IT.

WOW. IT'S ALL SO GREEN. MUST BE ALL THE RAIN, HUH?

AS YOU SAY.



SO WHEN DO WE MEET OUR MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR THEN, MR. HOLDAWAY?

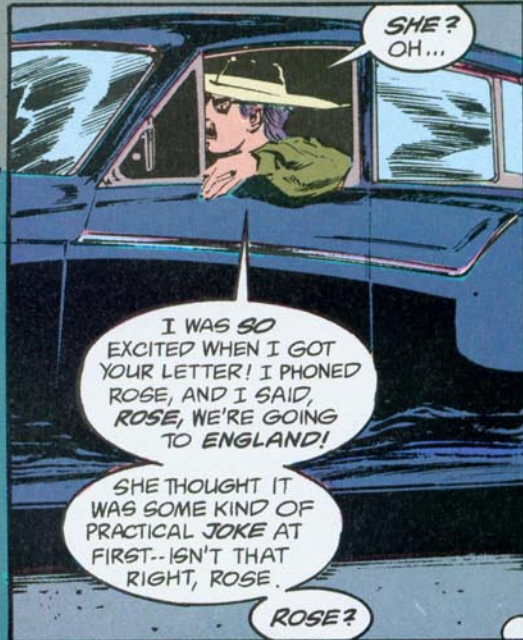


MY CLIENT LIVES ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES FROM HERE.

HE MUST BE VERY RICH. TO FLY US ALL THE WAY OVER HERE FOR TWO WEEKS.

YES. YES, SHE IS.

SHE?
OH...



I WAS SO EXCITED WHEN I GOT YOUR LETTER! I PHONED ROSE, AND I SAID, ROSE, WE'RE GOING TO ENGLAND!

SHE THOUGHT IT WAS SOME KIND OF PRACTICAL JOKE AT FIRST--ISN'T THAT RIGHT, ROSE.

ROSE?

ABEL-- IF I WANTED SILLY TITTLE-TATTLE AND HEDGE GOSSIP ABOUT "SWIRLING THINGS," I WOULD HAVE ASKED YOU FOR IT.

ROSE!
THAT GIRL! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT, MISTER HOLDAWAY? SHE'S FALLEN ASLEEP AGAIN...

ALL I WANT IS A LIST OF THE ENTITIES THAT RESIDE HERE.

WHUWELL, HMM, IF YOU PUH-PUT IT LIKE THAT, THERE'S ME... AND THAT, THERE'S THE HOUSE ITSELF, MM OF COURSE. AND THE B-BOTTLE IMP.

AND THERE'S PUH-PROBABLY SOMETHING UNSPEAKABLY NASTY IN THE SUB-BUHBASEMENT, UH, MMM, BUH-BUT I, AHH, DON'T EVER GO DOWN THERE...

THANK YOU, ABEL. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER.

AND, UH, DON'T GO SPREADING FOOLISH RUMORS, EH?

mark.

YES, THANK YOU, AS WELL, GOLDIE.



zarkie.

THAT'S BETTER. SO... YOU, ABEL--CHECK; THE HOUSE OF SECRETS--CHECK; BOTTLE IMP--CHECK; SOMETHING NASTY IN THE BASEMENT--CHECK; AND A BABY GARGOYLE NAMED GOLDIE. HMM--A NEW ADDITION, EH?



AH, OH MY, UH, OH DEAR, I, AAH, SEEM INADVERTENTLY TO HAVE OMITTED MY FUH-FRIEND...

IT'S CALLED GOLDIE.



meeep?





ELEVEN THOUSAND AND TWO, ELEVEN THOUSAND AND THREE...

CLICK

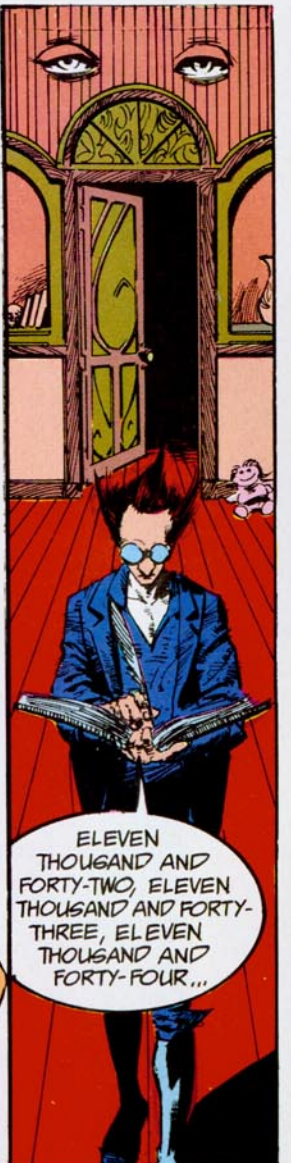
ELEVEN THOUSAND AND SEVENTEEN, ELEVEN THOUSAND AND EIGHTEEN...



CLACK



ELEVEN THOUSAND AND THIRTY-FOUR, ELEVEN THOUSAND AND THIRTY-FIVE...



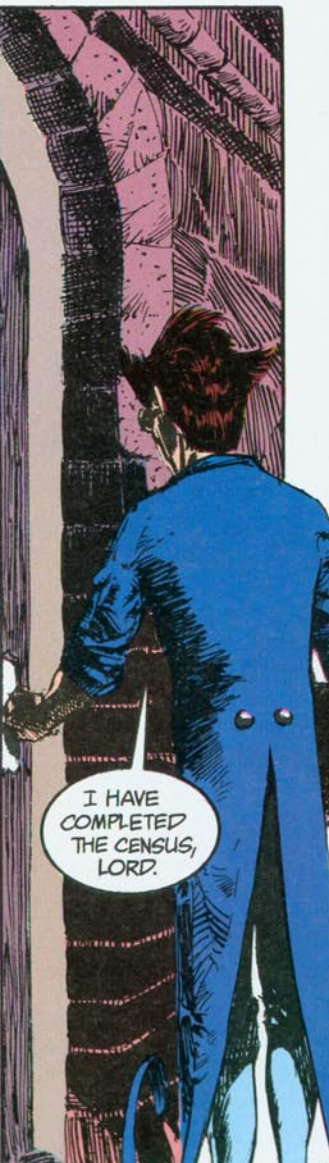
ELEVEN THOUSAND AND FORTY-TWO, ELEVEN THOUSAND AND FORTY-THREE, ELEVEN THOUSAND AND FORTY-FOUR...



ELEVEN THOUSAND AND SIXTY-ONE, ELEVEN THOUSAND AND SIXTY-TWO.

AS I THOUGHT.

ONLY FOUR BIG ONES UNACCOUNTED FOR.



I HAVE COMPLETED THE CENSUS, LORD.



You have tallied them all, I presume?





Hello, Lucien.

What tidings do you bring me?

SOME GOOD, SOME BAD, MY LORD.



You have tallied them all, I presume?

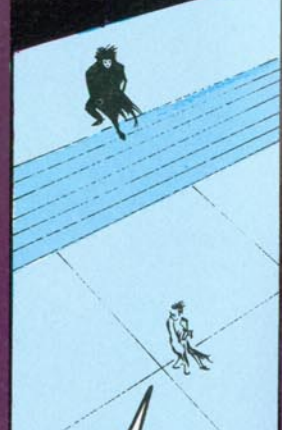


YES, SIRE. THERE ARE ELEVEN THOUSAND AND SIXTY-TWO ACCOUNTED FOR.

SOME MINOR NIGHTKIND ARE MISSING, A FEW OF THE LESSER DREAMS AND CREATURES.

THERE ARE ALSO A HANDFUL OF NEW ENTITIES.

That is to be expected. But you said you had bad news?



FOUR OF THE MAJOR ARCANA ARE GONE, SIRE. THEY ARE NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE DREAMING.

Name them.

That is to be expected. But you said you had bad news?

FOUR OF THE MAJOR ARCANAS ARE GONE, SIRE. THEY ARE NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE DREAMING.

Name them.

YES, SIRE. THERE ARE ELEVEN THOUSAND AND SIXTY-TWO ACCOUNTED FOR.

SOME MINOR NIGHTKIND ARE MISSING, A FEW OF THE LESSER DREAMS AND CREATURES.

THERE ARE ALSO A HANDFUL OF NEW ENTITIES.

Hello, Lucien.

What tidings do you bring me?

SOME GOOD, SOME BAD, MY LORD.

"BRUTE AND GLOB, OF YOUR PALACE STAFF, SIRE. THEY VANISHED A FEW DECADES AGO--AS I SUPPOSED, TO THE FRINGES OF THE DREAMING. BUT THEY AREN'T ANYWHERE TO BE FOUND..."

"I NEVER TRUSTED THEM, MY LORD."



"It was not in their natures to be trust-worthy, Lucien. Who else is missing?"

"WELL...THE CORINTHIAN."

"I see. That could well be bad news. The Corinthian is not the... most social...of nightmares."



"And the fourth?"

"FIDDLER'S GREEN. HE'S NOT IN THE DREAMWORLD. NOWHERE. I CHECKED TWICE."



"Fiddler's Green is missing? That is passing strange, Lucien. He is, after all, vavasour of his own dominion. And always so... reliable."

"I KNOW, LORD."



These are all disturbing absences, Lucien. I do not like this: four puissant creatures escaped from the Dreaming... I blame myself. Had I been here, fulfilling my function...

IT WAS NOT YOUR FAULT, MY LORD.



No? Then WHOSE?





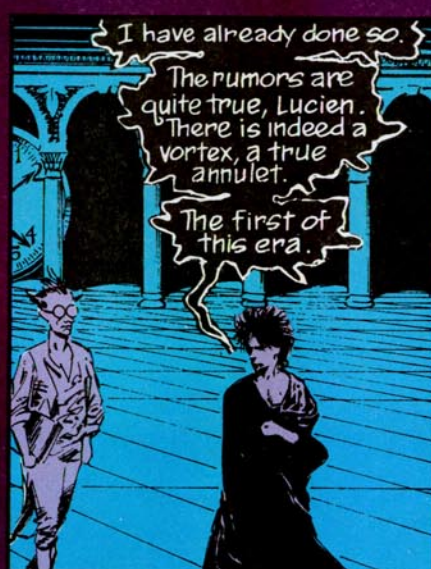
THERE IS MORE NEWS, MY LORD.

PURE GOSSIP AMONGST THE NIGHTKIND, OF COURSE, BUT PERHAPS, UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT COULD BE SIGNIFICANT...



ON MY TRAVELS, AS I TOOK THE CENSUS, I REPEATEDLY HEARD THE SAME MURMURS FROM THE DREAM-FOLK.

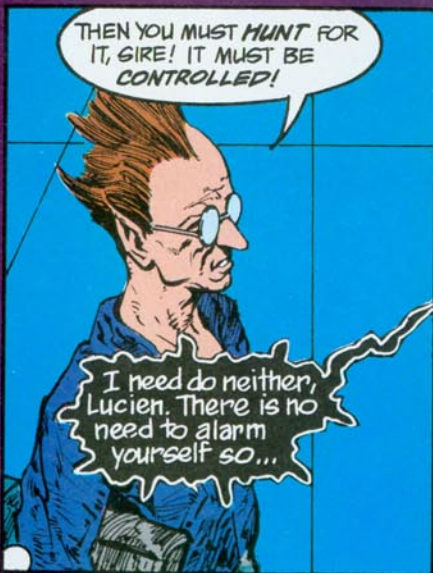
THERE ARE RUMORS OF A VORTEX, MY LORD. PERHAPS YOU MIGHT WISH TO INVESTIGATE ...?



I have already done so.

The rumors are quite true, Lucien. There is indeed a vortex, a true annulet.

The first of this era.



THEN YOU MUST HUNT FOR IT, SIRE! IT MUST BE CONTROLLED!

I need do neither, Lucien. There is no need to alarm yourself so...



The vortex is a SHE, not an IT.

If you look closely you will see her observing us, now, from the corner of the throne room.



Perhaps one of our problems may prove a solution to the other.

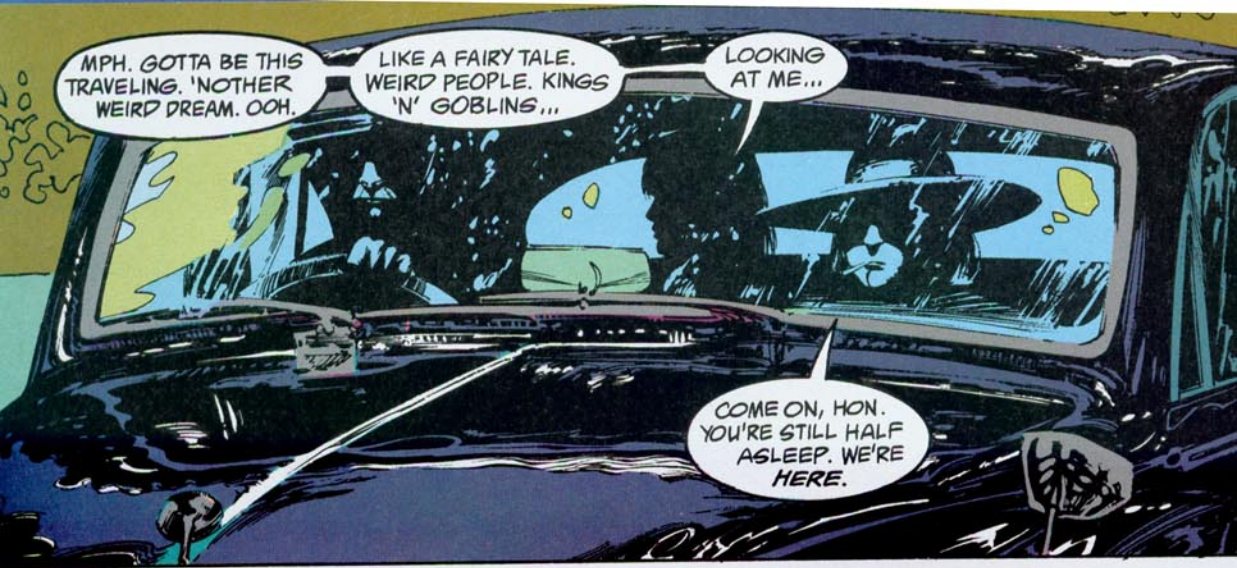
IT WAS ME. THEY WERE LOOKING AT ME!



THAT WAS WHEN I REALIZED THAT I WAS DREAMING...

WHY, YOU ARE RIGHT, LORD! QUINTESSENTIAL VORTEX MATERIAL... AND SHE'S SO YOUNG...

"ROSE! WAKE UP, HONEY! WE'VE ARRIVED!"



MPH. GOTTA BE THIS TRAVELING. 'NOTHER WEIRD DREAM. OOH.

LIKE A FAIRY TALE. WEIRD PEOPLE. KINGS 'N' GOBLINS...

LOOKING AT ME...

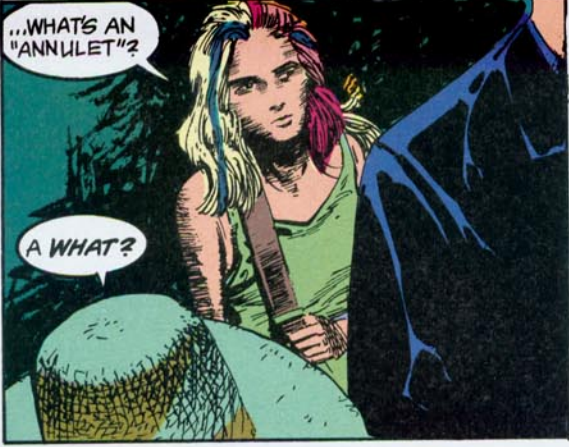
COME ON, HON. YOU'RE STILL HALF ASLEEP. WE'RE HERE.

SAY! YOUR CLIENT-- DOES SHE OWN ALL OF THIS?



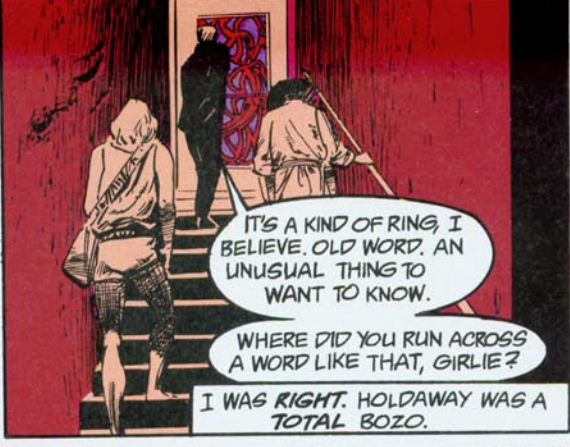
NO, MRS. WALKER. THIS IS A PRIVATE NURSING HOME FOR THE ELDERLY. MY CLIENT IS MERELY A RESIDENT.

SHALL WE GO IN?



..WHAT'S AN "ANNULET"?

A WHAT?



IT'S A KIND OF RING, I BELIEVE. OLD WORD. AN UNUSUAL THING TO WANT TO KNOW.

WHERE DID YOU RUN ACROSS A WORD LIKE THAT, GIRLIE?

I WAS RIGHT. HOLDAWAY WAS A TOTAL BOZO.



I DON'T KNOW... I THINK THAT IT WAS SOMETHING IN MY DREAM.

I'M TWENTY-ONE, AND I WOULDN'T HAVE LIKED IT WHEN I WAS TEN.

AND-- PLEASE DON'T CALL ME "GIRLIE".



I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS WALKER.

KNOCK KNOCK

MISS KINKAID? YOUR GUESTS ARE HERE.

PLEASE COME IN!
IT ISN'T LOCKED.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS EXPECTING. NOT HER. SHE LOOKED LOST, AND FRAGILE, LIKE A LITTLE CHINA DOLL.

AND WEIRDLY FAMILIAR, AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHY.

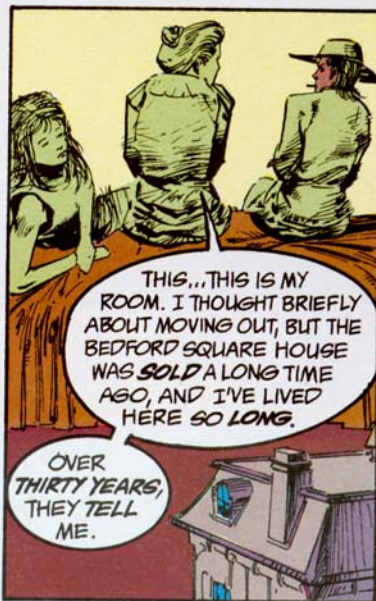
HELLO. YOU'RE MIRANDA WALKER. AND YOU MUST BE ROSE. COME OVER HERE, DARLING. BOTH OF YOU. LET ME LOOK AT YOU.

I'M UNITY. UNITY KINKAID.



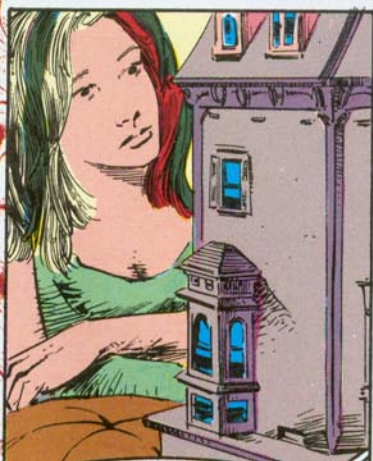
YES. OH YES.

PLEASE, BOTH OF YOU, SIT NEXT TO ME.



THIS...THIS IS MY ROOM. I THOUGHT BRIEFLY ABOUT MOVING OUT, BUT THE BEDFORD SQUARE HOUSE WAS SOLD A LONG TIME AGO, AND I'VE LIVED HERE SO LONG.

OVER THIRTY YEARS, THEY TELL ME.



THAT'S ALL I HAVE LEFT OF THE OLD HOUSE. HOLDAWAYS HELD ON TO IT WHEN THE FURNITURE WAS SOLD, ALONG WITH A FEW PERSONAL POSSESSIONS.



I'M SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS RIGMAROLE. IT WAS MY OWN FAULT.

I WANTED TO SEE YOU BOTH, YOU SEE, AND I THOUGHT PERHAPS IF IT WERE ALL EXPLAINED TO YOU FIRST YOU...YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN WILLING TO COME.

AND I COULDN'T HAVE BORNE THAT.





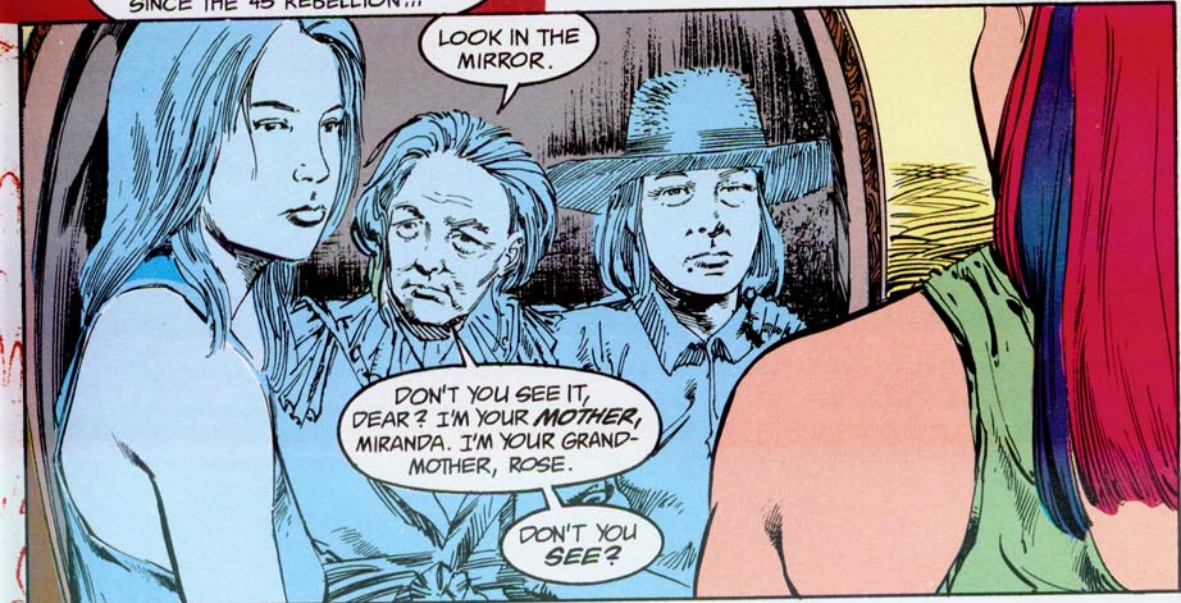
JACK, PLEASE LEAVE US.

CERTAINLY, MISS KINKAID. I'LL BE WAITING DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE SITTING ROOM.

I DON'T REMEMBER HIM. BUT I KNEW HIS FATHER--OR PERHAPS IT WAS HIS GRANDFATHER. HOLDAYS HAVE BEEN THE FAMILY SOLICITORS SINCE THE '45 REBELLION...



LISTEN, MISS, UH, KINKAID, I DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE OR UNGRATEFUL OR ANYTHING, BUT--WHAT IS THIS ABOUT?



LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

DON'T YOU SEE IT, DEAR? I'M YOUR MOTHER, MIRANDA. I'M YOUR GRANDMOTHER, ROSE.

DON'T YOU SEE?



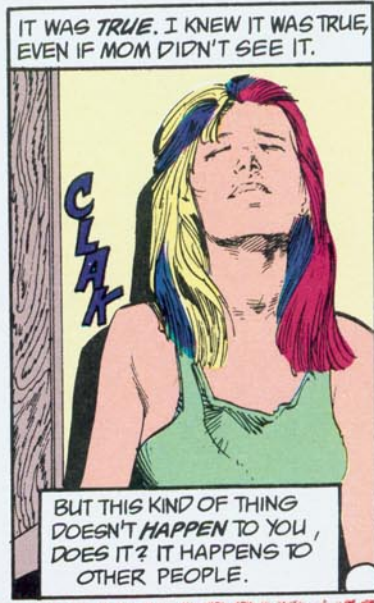
YOU--YOU'RE MAD, MY MOTHER, SHE'S DEAD, I KNEW MY MOTHER, I-UH, THIS IS CUHCRAZY, I, NO...

HSSH... ROSE, DARLING, CAN YOU WAIT OUTSIDE? PLEASE? I OUGHT TO TALK TO YOUR MOTHER ALONE.



MIRANDA?

JUST SIT THERE, DEAR. PLEASE DON'T CRY. I HAVE TO SHOW YOU SOME DOCUMENTS...



IT WAS TRUE. I KNEW IT WAS TRUE, EVEN IF MOM DIDN'T SEE IT.

CLAY

BUT THIS KIND OF THING DOESN'T HAPPEN TO YOU, DOES IT? IT HAPPENS TO OTHER PEOPLE.

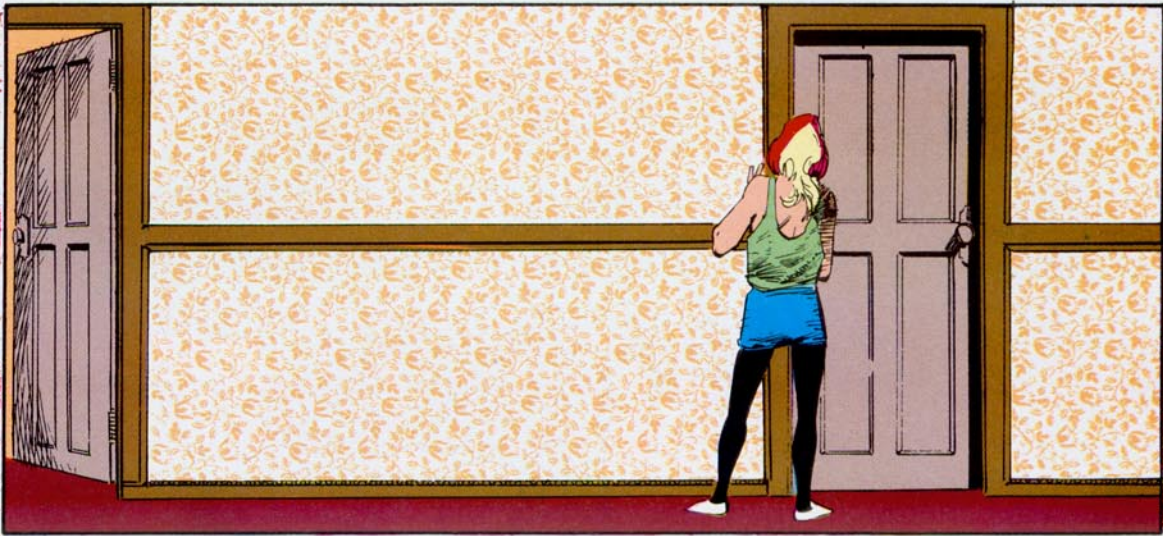
SO MUCH WAS
HAPPENING SO FAST.



I WISHED I COULD REMEMBER MY DREAM.
THERE WAS A MAN IN BLACK... *NO*, NOT BLACK.
HE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS DRESSED IN
THE NIGHT...



PSST!



UHH...
HELLO?



HELLO, ROSE WALKER.



WHO'S THERE? DO I KNOW YOU?

YOU'RE AT A CROSSROADS, ROSE.



HEE! YOU'VE LEARNED SO MUCH TODAY, CHILD!

YOUR WHOLE FAMILY, MY BUTTERFLY, TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME... EXCEPT FOR YOUR BROTHER, OF COURSE.



JED? YOU KNOW ABOUT JED? WHO ARE YOU?

NAMES, NAMES, NAMES... EACH NAME IS BUT A SINGLE ASPECT OF THE WHOLE.

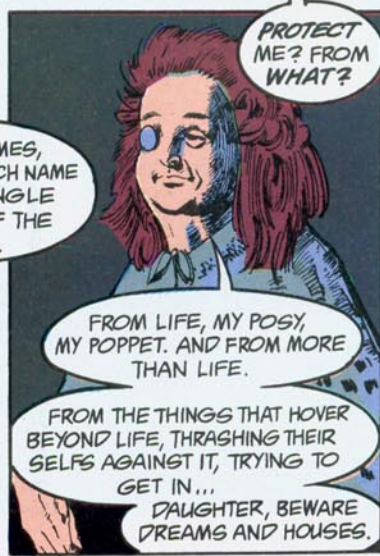
BE SATISFIED WITH THE TRINITY YOU HAVE. F'R EXAMPLE, YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO MEET US AS THE KINDLY ONES. WE CAN ONLY CAUTION YOU, SISTER. WE CAN'T PROTECT YOU.



PROTECT ME? FROM WHAT?

FROM LIFE, MY POSY, MY POPPET. AND FROM MORE THAN LIFE.

FROM THE THINGS THAT HOVER BEYOND LIFE, THRASHING THEIR SELFS AGAINST IT, TRYING TO GET IN... DAUGHTER, BEWARE DREAMS AND HOUSES.



"WHO ARE YOU? YOUR VOICE KEEPS CHANGING. HOW MANY OF YOU ARE THERE?"

HEE! I AM ONE, AND THREE, AND MANY... BUT THAT WAS THE WRONG QUESTION, CHILD!



HEE! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIND IT ALL OUT ON YOUR OWN.

'FRID WE CAN'T DO ANY MORE AT THIS TIME. A BIRCH, HUH?



GOOD LUCK, MY SPARROW. MY DAUGHTER...

HAD YOU ASKED THE RIGHT QUESTION I COULD HAVE WARNED YOU AGAINST THE CORINTHIAN, TOLD YOU OF JED, AND OF MORPHEUS...



I DON'T GET ANY OF THIS. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT IS THIS ROOM? I-- I'M TURNING ON THE LIGHT.

KLIK



...SISTER...

HUH?

...CHILD...





A BROOM CLOSET...?

PLEASE WASH YOUR HANDS!



ROSE?



ARE YOU OKAY, HON? SORRY I STARTLED YOU.



COME HERE, BABY. SEEMS YOUR GRANDMOTHER AND I HAVE A LOT TO TELL YOU.



YES, IT'S ALL TRUE, ROSEBUD. SHE'S REALLY MY MOTHER.

COME HERE. WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT.



NOTHING.

NOTHING'S THE MATTER.



I WAS... ILL FOR A VERY LONG TIME, DEAR. I ONLY CAME TO MY SENSES LAST YEAR.

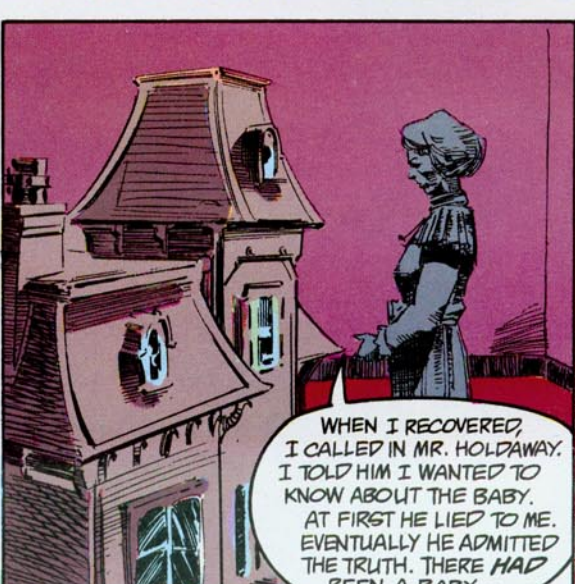
WHILST I WAS ILL I... I HAD A BABY.



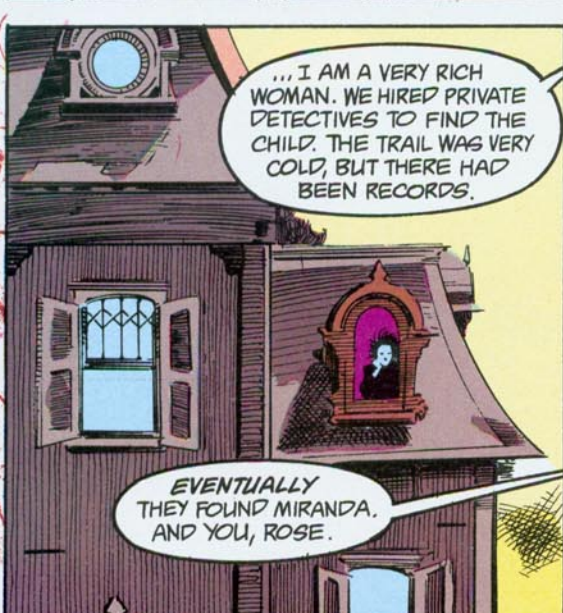
THAT WAS YOUR MOTHER, ROSE. THAT WAS MIRANDA.



MY FAMILY ARRANGED FOR THE BABY TO BE ADOPTED.

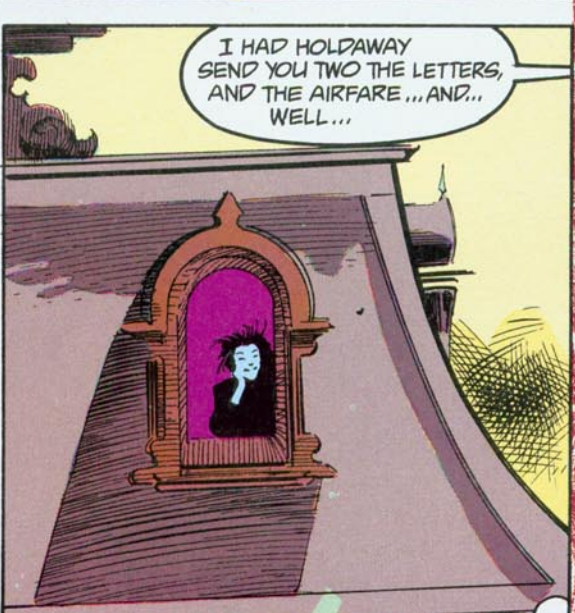


WHEN I RECOVERED, I CALLED IN MR. HOLDAWAY. I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE BABY. AT FIRST HE LIED TO ME. EVENTUALLY HE ADMITTED THE TRUTH. THERE HAD BEEN A BABY...



... I AM A VERY RICH WOMAN. WE HIRED PRIVATE DETECTIVES TO FIND THE CHILD. THE TRAIL WAS VERY COLD, BUT THERE HAD BEEN RECORDS.

EVENTUALLY THEY FOUND MIRANDA. AND YOU, ROSE.



I HAD HOLDAWAY SEND YOU TWO THE LETTERS, AND THE AIRFARE... AND... WELL...



...HERE YOU ARE.



THE WHOLE FAMILY TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME.

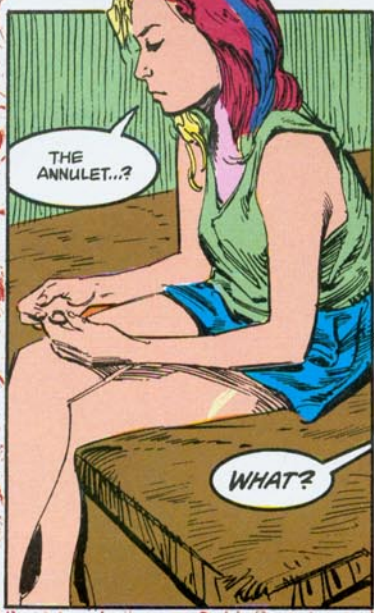
NOT JED, THOUGH. I WONDERED-- HAD MOM TOLD HER ABOUT JED?



I'M ALMOST NINETY, ROSE. BUT I'VE ONLY REALLY LIVED FOR ABOUT SEVENTEEN YEARS. IN A FUNNY WAY, I'M YOUNGER THAN YOU...



I... I SHOULD GIVE YOU SOMETHING, SHOULDN'T I? HERE. SOMETHING FOR YOU. A RING.



THE ANNULET...?

WHAT?



IT'S ALL COMING TRUE, ISN'T IT? MY DREAMS...

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ROSEBUD?



WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME, MOM? THE WOMAN IN THE HALL CLOSET. SHE KNEW ABOUT JED. SHE SAID I SHOULD BEWARE OF THE CORINTHIAN...

WHAT'S "THE CORINTHIAN"?

"THE LOVE INN MOTEL", AMARILLO, TEXAS. THE CORINTHIAN:

YOU WANT ANY MORE WINE, YOU JUST RING ROOM SERVICE, YOU HEAR?

I WILL. YOU'VE BEEN VERY HELPFUL-- THANK YOU...



THAT'S GOOD. YOU TOOK MY ADVICE.

DIDN'T GO ANYWHERE...



LISTEN, MISTER. I SAID I DIDN'T MIND THE KINKY STUFF, BUT, LISTEN, YOU UNTIE ME, MAN, I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT, MAN, JUST, PLEASE...

DAVY, I SAID WE WERE ONLY GOING TO PLAY, DIDN'T I?



YEAH. JUST PLAY. THASS RIGHT.



OH NO. NO. OH NO.



NOW, DAVY...

IT'S PLAYTIME.



NEXT: "MOVING IN"