

DC
VERTIGO

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SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS

THE
SANDMAN
WAKE



Neil Gaiman and
Michael Zucchi

OBID

DAVE MCKEAN

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AND THEN THE NIGHT WAS OVER, AND THE DAY BEGAN.




THE STONE DOORS OF THE MAUSOLEUM OPENED (APPARENTLY OF THEIR OWN VOLITION, FOR THERE WAS NO ONE TO OPEN THEM) AND THE PEOPLE, AND THE DREAMS, AND THE GODS, AND ALL MANNER OF OTHER CREATURES AND BEINGS, WENT IN, EACH ONE AFTER ITS FASHION.



AND ALREADY THE CONVERSATIONS AND INDISCRETIONS AND INTOXICATIONS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE HAD BEGUN TO VANISH, LIKE THE MISTS OF NIGHT, IN THE HEAT OF THE MORNING.




THE MOURNERS TOOK THEIR SEATS, ONE BY ONE, WITHOUT HESITATION OR QUESTION. NO ONE DIRECTED THEM, BUT THEY WALKED TO THEIR OWN SEATS AND SAT DOWN, AS QUIETLY AND EFFICIENTLY AS IF THEY'D BEEN REHEARSING FOR THIS MOMENT ALL THEIR LIVES.



THE PEOPLE MOVED AS IF THEIR EVERY MOVE WERE FOREORDAINED, AS IF THEY HAD NO TRUE WILL OF THEIR OWN.

AS IF THEIR EVERY ACTION WERE WRITTEN LONG AGO, IN A BOOK.



AND THE LAST OF THE MULTITUDE TOOK HER, OR HIS, OR ITS APPOINTED PLACE.

BUT WHICH BOOK?

AND THE CEREMONY BEGAN.



WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY TO REMEMBER MY BROTHER, WHO WAS THE LORD OF THIS REALM; TO PAY OUR RESPECTS, AND THEN, ULTIMATELY, TO FORGET HIM.

I AM THE OLDEST. IT FALLS TO ME TO BEGIN.

I AM NOT ACCUSTOMED TO SPEAKING IN PUBLIC.

"UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO PUBLIC SPEAKING, OR INDEED SPEAKING AT ALL..."

I HAVE VERY LITTLE TO SAY.

STOPPIT. STOPPIT STOPPIT STOPPIT STOPPIT TALKING STOPPIT.

MY BROTHER PERFORMED HIS TASKS TO THE BEST OF HIS ABILITY; FULFILLED HIS OBLIGATIONS AS WELL AS HE WAS ABLE; AND HE IS NO LONGER WITH US.

IT BEHOOVES ONE, ON SUCH AN OCCASION, TO ILLUMINATE THE CHARACTER OF THE DEPARTED FOR THOSE LISTENING.

BUT I SEE THINGS AS THEY ARE, AND AS THEY WERE, AND AS THEY WILL BE,

AND HE WAS THE LORD OF THE THINGS THAT ARE NOT, AND WERE NOT, AND NEVER WILL BE...

HE WAS MY BROTHER.

HE'S READIN'.

PARDON?

HE'S READIN'! WHAT HE'S SAYIN'. OUT OF HIS BOOK.

SHHH.

'ERE. I KNOW YOU. YOU'RE BOBBY WOSS FACE. THING. GADLINK. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE DEAD FER SURE BY NOW.

NOT ME, MAD HETTIE. NOT YET.

WELL, BUGGER ME SIDWAYS WITH A CORACLE, IF THAT DOESN'T TAKE THE PORRIDGE.

SSSSSH!



WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW, LORD?

DO YOU WISH YOU COULD BE THERE WITH THEM, LORD?

Let me see... By now they will have started the memorial service. My brother will be speaking.

Not really. I see no need to remember myself. I mean, I am me, after all.

SPRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRR=



I KNOW YOU ARE YOU, MY LORD, BUT ARE YOU ALSO HIM?

I do not follow you, Hippogriff.

OUR LORD WOULD NOT HAVE DONE AS YOU ARE DOING. IN THE THOUSANDS OF YEARS THAT I SERVED HIM, HE DID NOT TOUCH ME.



No?

HE FED ME SLICES OF APPLE, WITH HIS HANDS, THOUGH, FROM TIME TO TIME.

AND HE WAS ALWAYS MOST PLEASANT AND GENTLE-MANNERED.

SAVE WHEN HE WAS DISPLEASED.



MY LORD, THERE IS SOMEONE COMING...



How strange. I would not have expected visitors, on this day.

Do you recognize him? Any of you?



NO, MY LORD. DO YOU?

I... I am not certain.





THE BONDS OF FAMILY BIND BOTH WAYS.



THEY BIND US UP, SUPPORT US, *HELP US*. AND THEY ARE ALSO A BOND FROM WHICH IT IS DIFFICULT, PERHAPS IMPOSSIBLE TO EXTRICATE ONE-SELF.

MY LATE BROTHER BEING A CASE IN POINT.

HAD WE NOT BEEN FAMILY, WHY THEN WE COULD HAVE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH EACH OTHER, AND BOTH OUR LIVES WOULD HAVE BEEN ENRICHED.

INSTEAD, WE WERE SIBLINGS. AND THIS WAS, TO SAY THE LEAST, UNFORTUNATE.

STILL, HE IS GONE. HE NEVER HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN. BUT HE IS GONE.



THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO SAY.





Good-day to you, sir. The path will take you to the memorial. I believe the service has already begun.

I WON'T BE GOING, LAD.



I'M MERELY PASSING THROUGH YOUR REALM, ON MY WAY TO EVERYWHERE ELSE. THOUGHT I'D STOP HERE FOR A SPELL, AND SAY HELLO.

D'YOU MIND IF I REST MY FEET FOR A WHILE?

No. Please, sit. Can I get you anything to eat or drink?



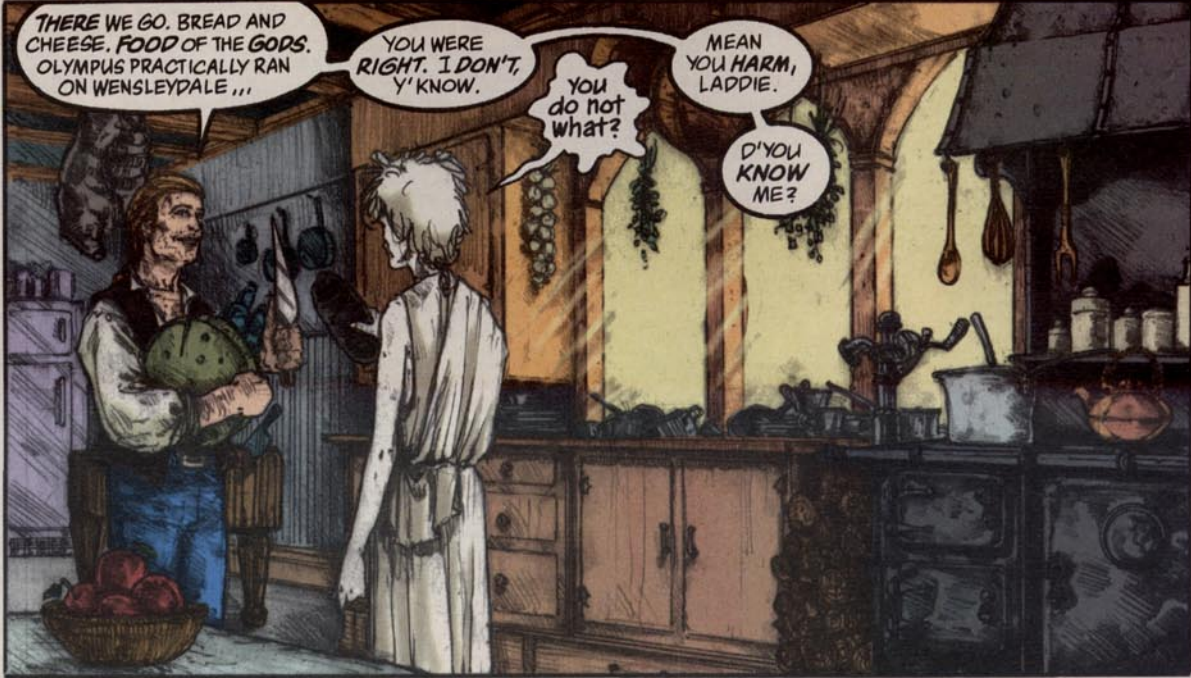
HM. I'D LIKE A LOAF OF BLACK BREAD, AND SOME CHEESE. A WENSLEYDALE, OR A CHESHIRE, IF YOU HAVE SUCH A THING ABOUT YOU. AND I'D TAKE WATER OR BEER OR EVEN A MODEST RED TABLE-WINE.



You are my guest, sir. The kitchen staff have gone to the ceremony, but we can see what we can find.

LORD?

He means me no harm, Wyvern. He may enter.



THERE WE GO. BREAD AND CHEESE. FOOD OF THE GODS. OLYMPUS PRACTICALLY RAN ON WENSLEYDALE ,,,

YOU WERE RIGHT. I DON'T, Y'KNOW.

You do not what?

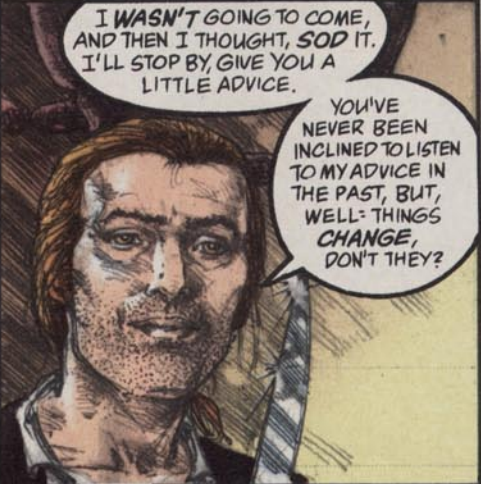
MEAN YOU HARM, LADDIE.

D'YOU KNOW ME?



...I believe so. You are...my brother...

MORE OR LESS.



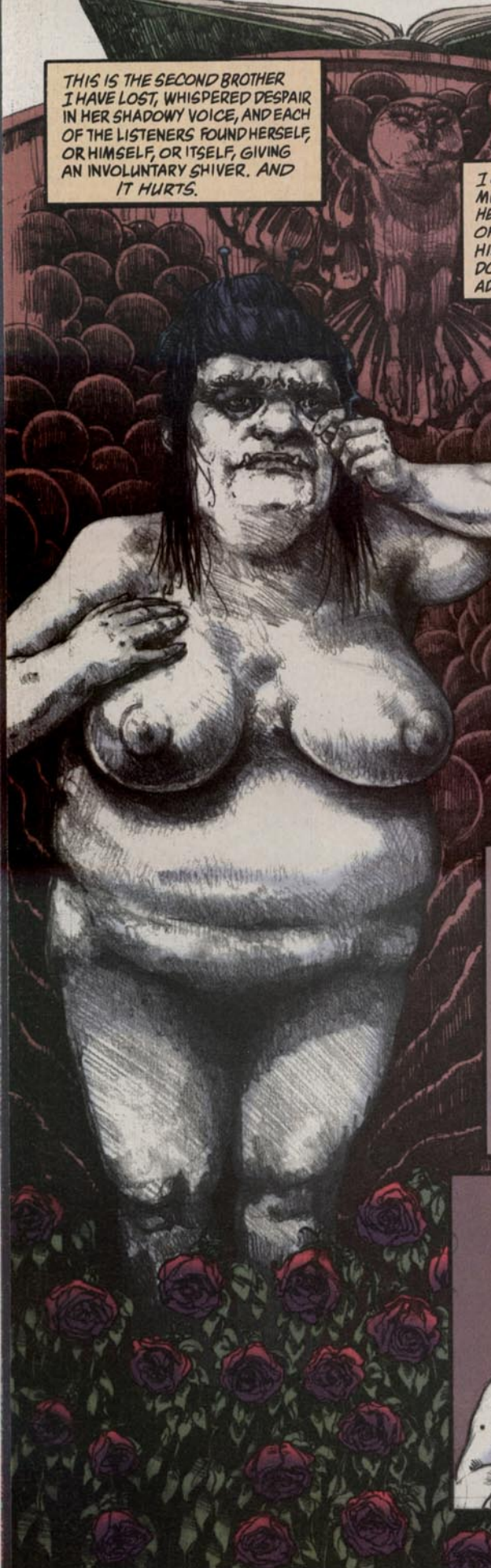
I WASN'T GOING TO COME, AND THEN I THOUGHT, SOD IT. I'LL STOP BY, GIVE YOU A LITTLE ADVICE.

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN INCLINED TO LISTEN TO MY ADVICE IN THE PAST, BUT, WELL- THINGS CHANGE, DON'T THEY?




yes, they do.


WISE LAD.



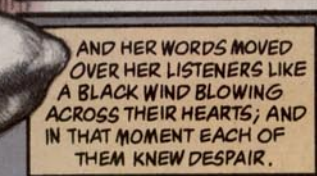
THIS IS THE SECOND BROTHER I HAVE LOST, WHISPERED DESPAIR IN HER SHADOWY VOICE, AND EACH OF THE LISTENERS FOUND HERSELF, OR HIMSELF, OR ITSELF, GIVING AN INVOLUNTARY SHIVER. AND IT HURTS.




I CARED FOR HIM, VERY MUCH. HE WAS SO WISE; HE SEEMED SO CERTAIN OF THE RIGHTNESS OF HIS ACTIONS. AND I, WHO DO NOTHING BUT DOUBT, ADMIRING THAT IN HIM.




HE WAS A CREATURE OF HOPE. FOR DREAMS ARE HOPES, AND ECHOES OF HOPES. AND I AM A CREATURE OF DESPAIR.




AND HER WORDS MOVED OVER HER LISTENERS LIKE A BLACK WIND BLOWING ACROSS THEIR HEARTS; AND IN THAT MOMENT EACH OF THEM KNEW DESPAIR.




I THINK OF THE FIRST DESPAIR SOMETIMES, SAID DESPAIR, IT MUST BE OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS SINCE ANYONE THOUGHT OF HER BUT ME...



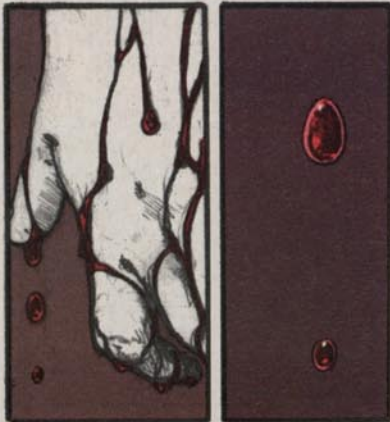
AN EYEBLINK, AND SHE IS FORGOTTEN.

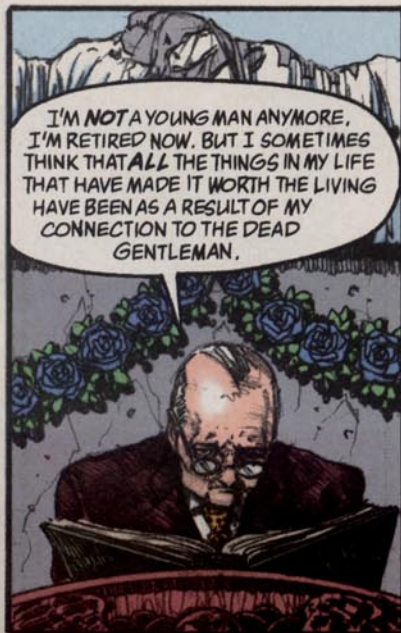


AND YOU WILL FORGET: DEATH OR LIFE WILL TAKE HIM FROM YOUR MINDS. I KNOW, WHISPERED DESPAIR, IN HER DISTANT, EMPTY VOICE.



BUT I SHALL REMEMBER HIM.

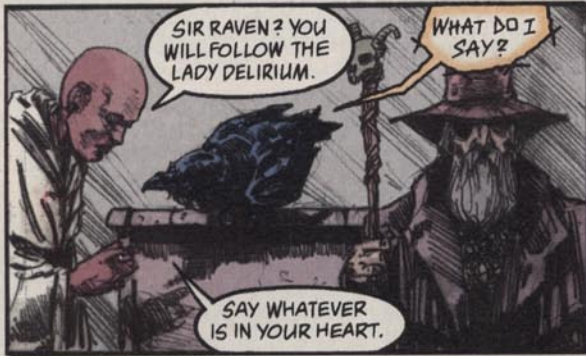


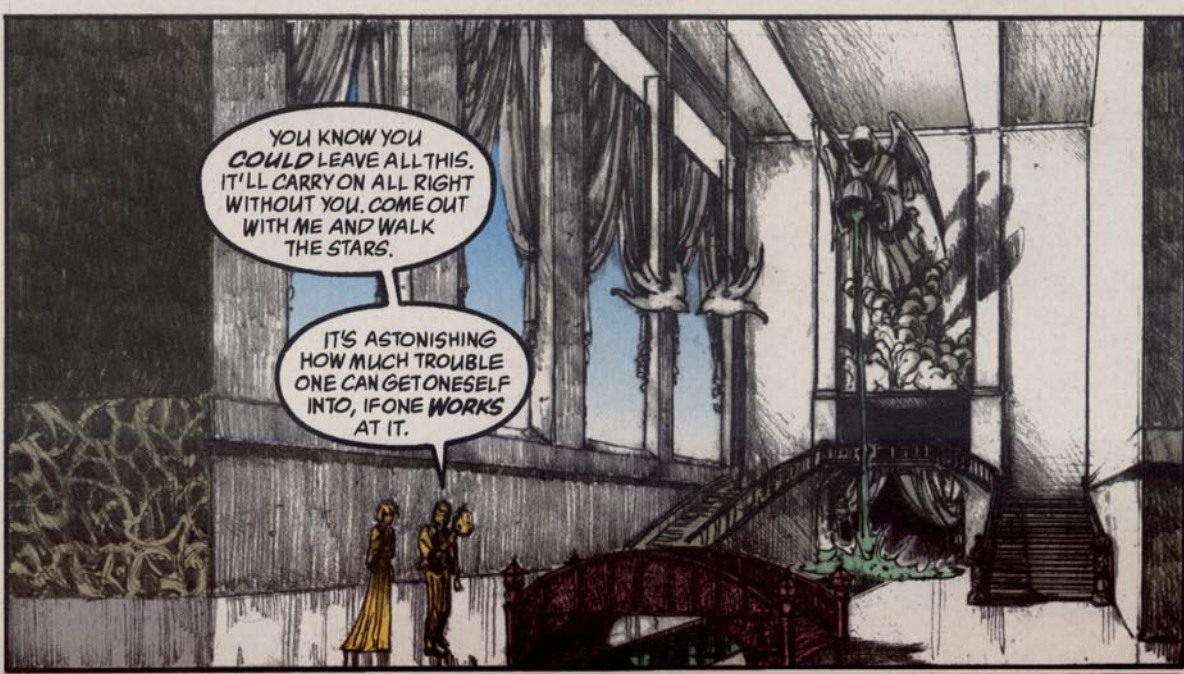


AND THE ANGEL DUMA'S TEAR, CRYSTALLINE AND CLEAR, FILLED THE VISION OF EACH OF THE ONLOOKERS.

REFLECTED IN IT, THEY SAW MERCY, AND MIRACLES, AND THE KNOWLEDGE THAT EVERY THING THAT IS, HAS A PURPOSE, AND THAT THE PURPOSE, SOMEHOW, INCLUDED EVERY ONE OF THEM...

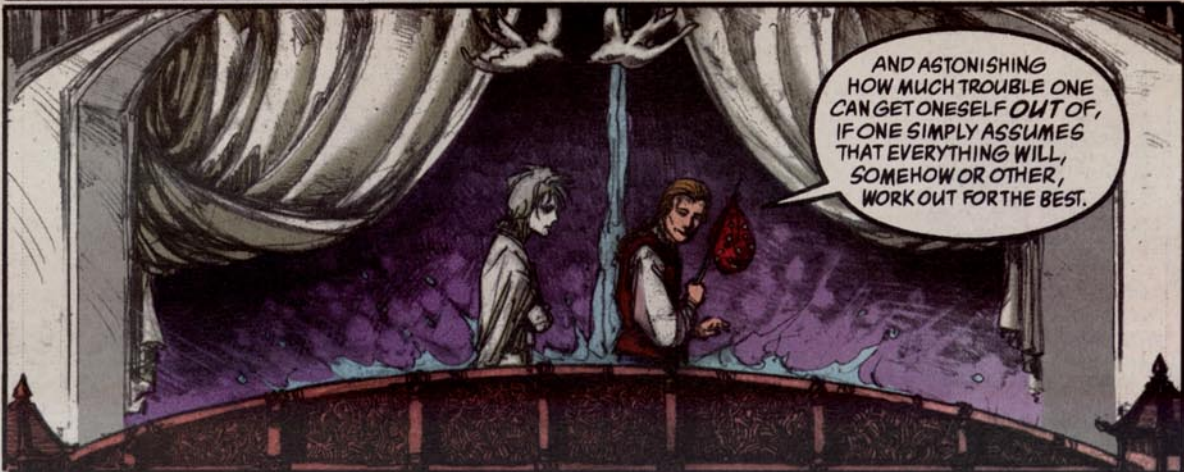
...ON A DEEP AND PERSONAL LEVEL.





YOU KNOW YOU **COULD** LEAVE ALL THIS. IT'LL CARRY ON ALL RIGHT WITHOUT YOU. **COME** OUT WITH ME AND WALK THE STARS.

IT'S ASTONISHING HOW MUCH TROUBLE ONE CAN GET ONESELF INTO, IF ONE **WORKS** AT IT.



AND ASTONISHING HOW MUCH TROUBLE ONE CAN GET ONESELF **OUT** OF, IF ONE SIMPLY ASSUMES THAT EVERYTHING WILL, SOMEHOW OR OTHER, **WORK** OUT FOR THE BEST.



I have no wish to leave, my brother. But I thank you for your counsel. It is well-meant.

And for your other advice, I thank you also. All will be well.

ENTROPY AND OPTIMISM: THE TWIN FORCES THAT MAKE THE UNIVERSE GO AROUND.



YOU'LL MEET THE OTHERS SOON ENOUGH. IT **WON'T** BE AS BAD AS YOU FEAR.

Shall I... do I tell them that I saw you?

Very well.


BETTER NOT TO. BLACK SHEEP, AND ALL THAT...




YOU'LL MAKE ME PROUD OF YOU, YET, AND FOR THE BREAD, AND THE CHEESE, AND THE ALE, AND THE COMPANY: I THANK YOU.

Will...will I meet you again?


I WOULDN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED.




I WAS TOLD
TO SAY WHATEVER
WAS IN MY HEART.




AND I THOUGHT I WAS
GOING TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT
HOW HE WAS MY BOSS, AND HOW
HE SAVED ME A SECOND CHANCE,
AND HOW HE TRUSTED ME.




ABOUT HOW SOME-
TIMES HE TREATED ME LIKE
HE THOUGHT I WAS AN IDIOT,
AND SOMETIMES TREATED ME
LIKE HE WAS MY BOSS, AND
SOMETIMES--VERY
OCCASIONALLY--TREATED
ME LIKE A FRIEND.



I WAS GOING
TO SAY SOMETHING
ABOUT HOW HE
DIED.



AND ABOUT HOW
THAT WAS WHAT I
WANTED TO DO TOO.




BUT THAT ISN'T
WHAT'S IN MY HEART.
NOT REALLY.




HE WAS THE
MOST IMPORTANT
PERSON IN THE
WORLD TO ME,
AND HE'S
GONE.



AND THE
KID, DANIEL,,,
WELL, HE WAS
A GOOD KID,
AND HE'S
GONE TOO.




BUT YOU
CAN'T KILL
DREAMS, NOT
REALLY.




I MEAN, DESPAIR
MAY BE THE THING THAT
COMES AFTER HOPE, BUT
THERE'S STILL HOPE, RIGHT?
WHEN THERE'S NO HOPE YOU
MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD.



WHAT'S
IN MY
HEART?



A LOT OF
SORROW. A
LITTLE REGRET.



AND THE MEMORY
OF THE COOLEST, STRANGEST,
MOST INFURIATING BOSS,,,
FRIEND,,, BOSS,,, I EVER
HAD.



THAT'S
WHAT.

AND SOME OF THEM
SPOKE, THAT DAY; AND
SOME OF THEM WERE
SILENT.

BUT WE DO NOT NEED TO
RECOUNT EVERY SERMON
AND EULOGY. AFTER ALL, YOU
WERE THERE. YOU MAY HAVE
FORGOTTEN, IN YOUR WAKING
HOURS, WHAT YOU HEARD
THAT DAY--

BUT YOU WILL REMEMBER IT, IN THE SOFT, LOST,
SLUMBERING MOMENTS BETWEEN WAKING AND
TRUE SLEEP:

...REMEMBER THE
WHISPERING VOICES
OF THE GODS OF
EARTH AND HEAVEN,

...THE PIPING
LAUGHTER OF
INNOCENT
CHAOS,

...THE FRIGHTENED
RUSTLING OF COLD
ORDER...

THE VOICES OF
THE LIVING, THE
VOICES OF THE DEAD.

THEY WILL HAUNT YOUR
SLEEP UNTIL YOU DIE.





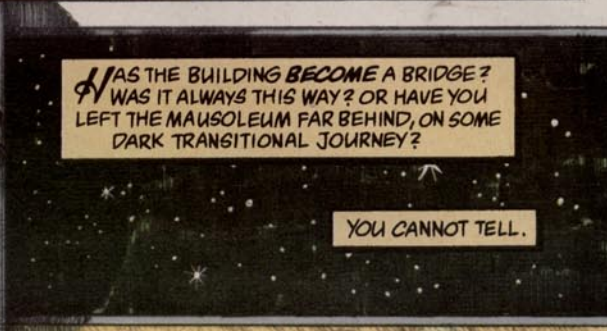
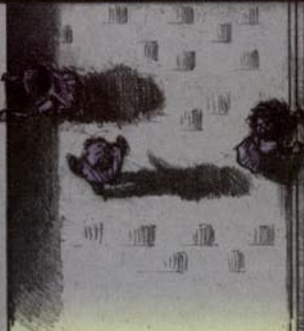
AND, BECAUSE THIS IS A DREAM--

--YOU MUST NEVER FORGET THAT THIS IS A DREAM--



--YOU ARE NOT SURPRISED WHEN, WITHOUT ANY GENTLE TRANSITION, BUT AS MATTER-OF-FACTLY AS ANY DREAM DISCOVERY--

--THE MAUSOLEUM IS NO LONGER A MAUSOLEUM. YOU-- ALL OF YOU--ARE NOW STANDING UPON A BRIDGE.



WAS THE BUILDING BECOME A BRIDGE? WAS IT ALWAYS THIS WAY? OR HAVE YOU LEFT THE MAUSOLEUM FAR BEHIND, ON SOME DARK TRANSITIONAL JOURNEY?

YOU CANNOT TELL.

BUT WHAT YOU HAD MISTAKEN FOR A BIER IS NOW, UNQUESTIONABLY, A BOAT.



NOW THE GIRL IN THE RED DRESS TALKS TO YOU ALL, AS THE BOAT BEGINS ITS PASSAGE DOWN THE SLOW STREAM.

AND HER WORDS MAKE SENSE OF EVERYTHING.

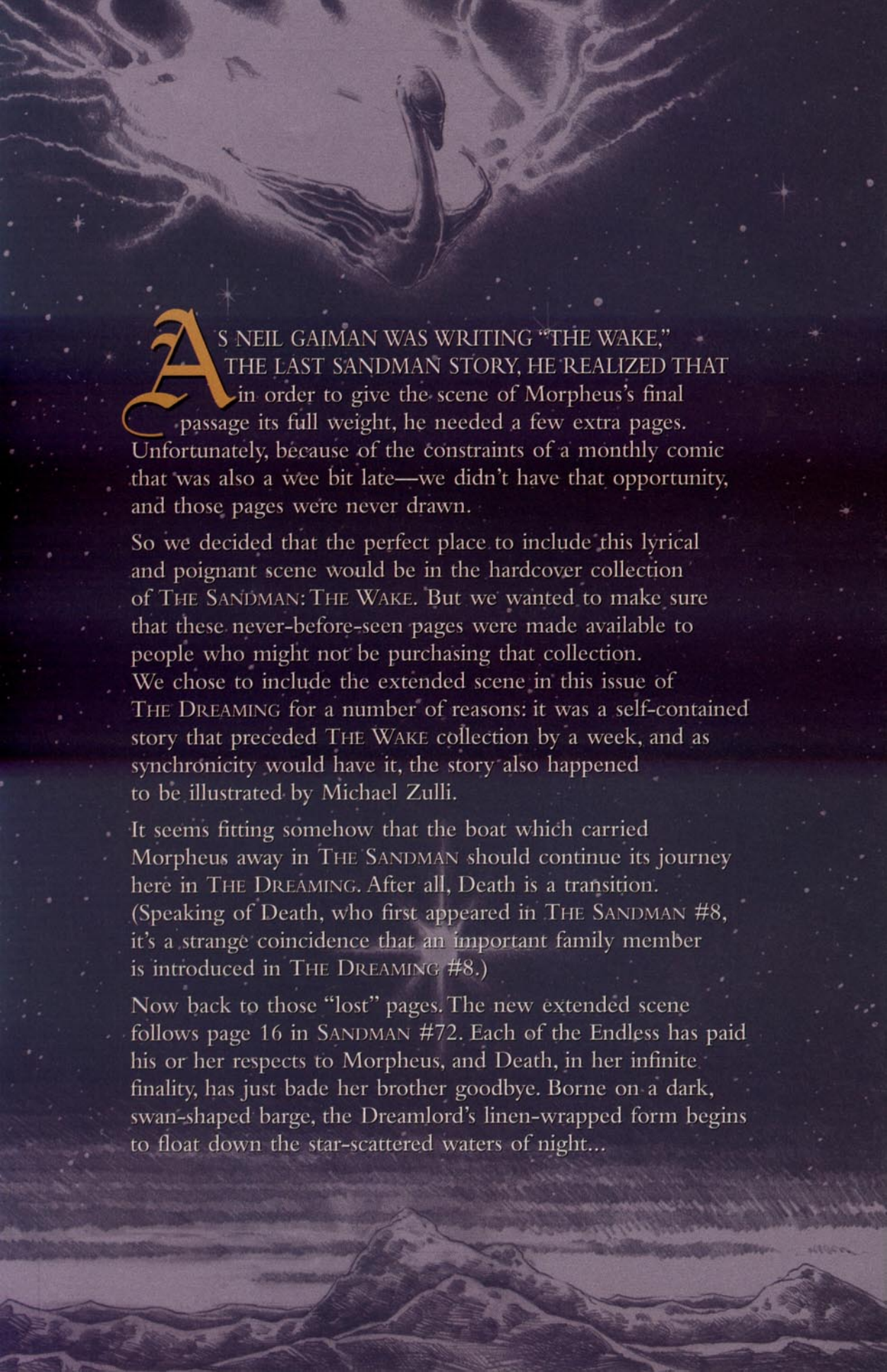


SHE GIVES YOU PEACE. SHE GIVES YOU MEANING.



AND SHE BIDS HER BROTHER GOODBYE.





AS NEIL GAIMAN WAS WRITING “THE WAKE,” THE LAST SANDMAN STORY, HE REALIZED THAT in order to give the scene of Morpheus’s final passage its full weight, he needed a few extra pages. Unfortunately, because of the constraints of a monthly comic that was also a wee bit late—we didn’t have that opportunity, and those pages were never drawn.

So we decided that the perfect place to include this lyrical and poignant scene would be in the hardcover collection of *THE SANDMAN: THE WAKE*. But we wanted to make sure that these never-before-seen pages were made available to people who might not be purchasing that collection. We chose to include the extended scene in this issue of *THE DREAMING* for a number of reasons: it was a self-contained story that preceded *THE WAKE* collection by a week, and as synchronicity would have it, the story also happened to be illustrated by Michael Zulli.

It seems fitting somehow that the boat which carried Morpheus away in *THE SANDMAN* should continue its journey here in *THE DREAMING*. After all, Death is a transition. (Speaking of Death, who first appeared in *THE SANDMAN* #8, it’s a strange coincidence that an important family member is introduced in *THE DREAMING* #8.)

Now back to those “lost” pages. The new extended scene follows page 16 in *SANDMAN* #72. Each of the Endless has paid his or her respects to Morpheus, and Death, in her infinite finality, has just bade her brother goodbye. Borne on a dark, swan-shaped barge, the Dreamlord’s linen-wrapped form begins to float down the star-scattered waters of night...



AND THEN
YOU ARE
FLOATING,
BODILESS,
HIGH ABOVE
THE WORLD...





AND, AS IF IN A DREAM,
YOU CAN DO NOTHING
BUT WATCH:

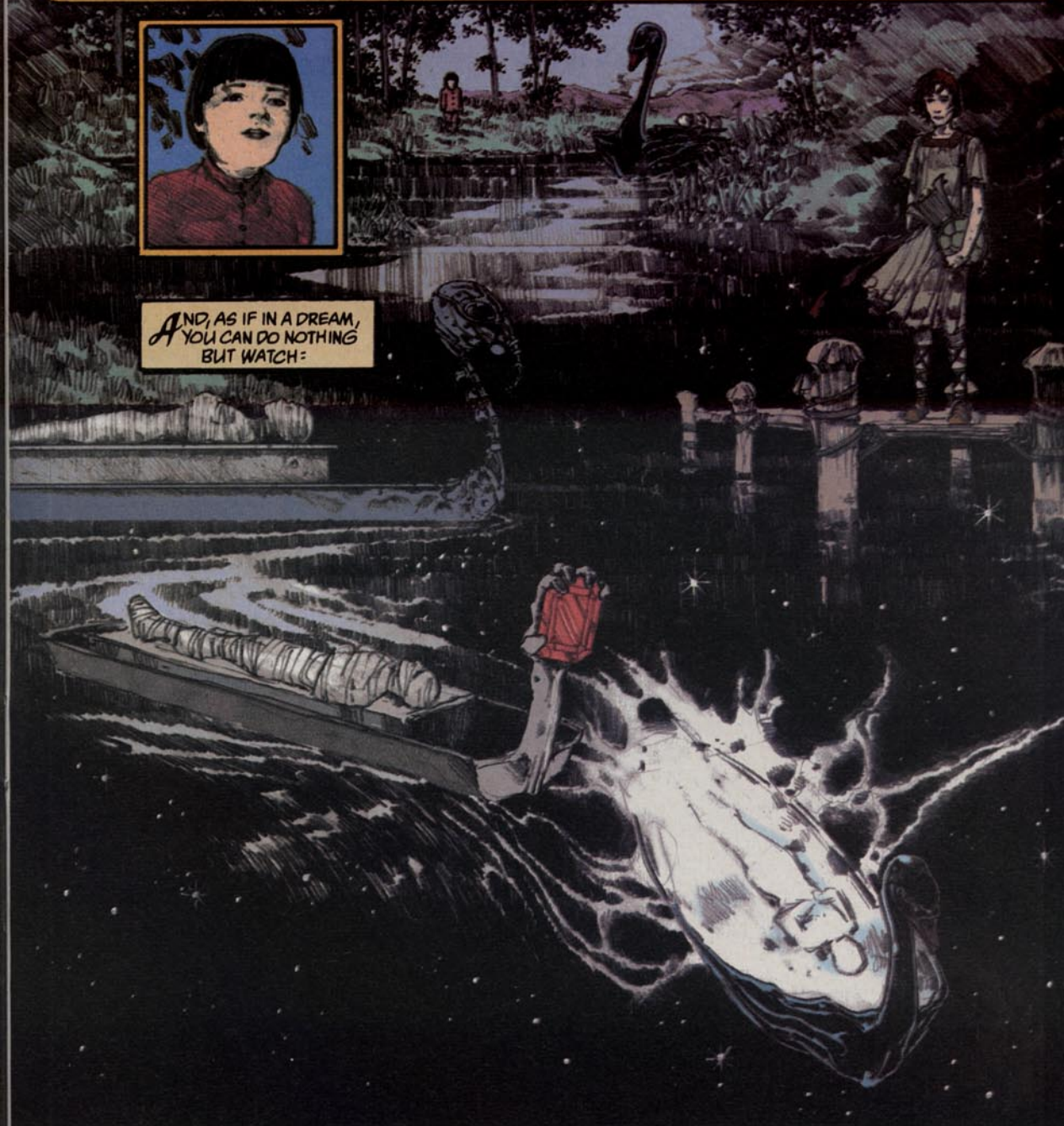


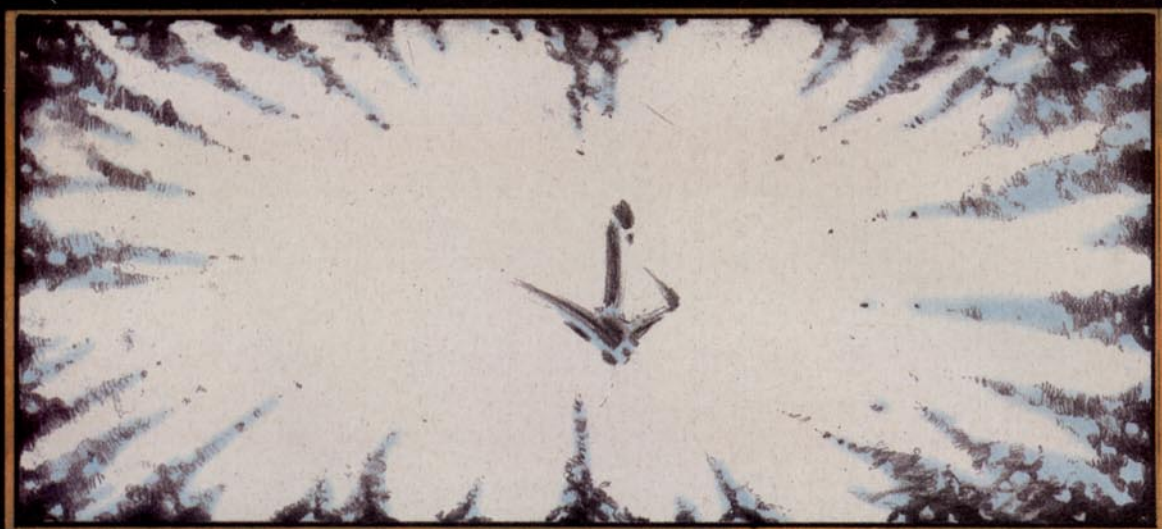


AND THEN
YOU ARE
FLOATING,
BODILESS,
HIGH ABOVE
THE WORLD...



AND, AS IF IN A DREAM,
YOU CAN DO NOTHING
BUT WATCH:







SO. HE IS GONE. NOW WHAT?

NOW SOME OF US GO BACK TO THE CASTLE, AND PRESENT OURSELVES TO DREAM OF THE ENDLESS. THE REST OF US GO BACK TO THE WAKING WORLDS, I IMAGINE ...



ARE YOU COMING, MATTHEW?

MM. IN A MINUTE.



Good evening, Hippolyta Trevor Hall.



DANIEL?

No.



D-DANIEL?

What was mortal of Daniel was burned away: what was immortal was...transfigured. I am Dream of the Endless.



You fear vengeance, Lyta.

We are no longer blood-kin, you and I. I am permitted to take life only to protect the Dreaming; but I may punish as I desire.



I ONLY DID IT FOR YOU.



And you lost your son forever.

DANIEL?

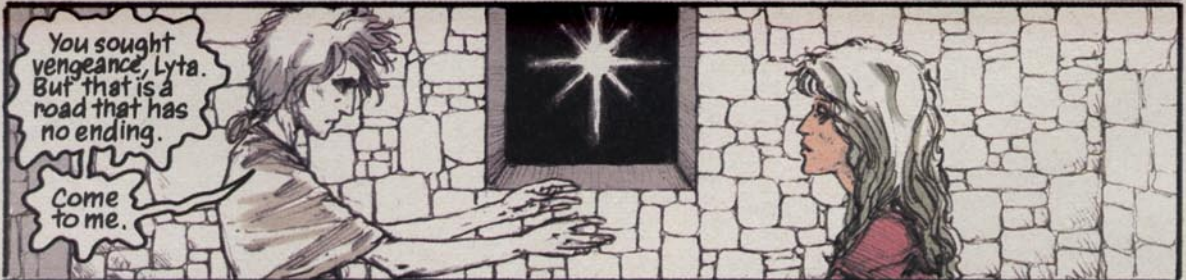
No. I am sorry. not Daniel.

YOU ARE... GOING TO... HURT ME, THEN?



The person who was responsible for the death of the first Despair will take the rest of eternity to die. Only then will his pain cease...

And he had better cause for what he did than you.



You sought vengeance, Lyta. But that is a road that has no ending.

Come to me.



You have my mark on you, Lyta Hall. No one shall harm you. Put your life together once again.

Go in peace.



THAT WAS GOOD.

Matthew? I did not send for you.

NO. I CAME ANYWAY.

YOUR FAMILY ARE GATHERING AT THE DOOR, ALONG WITH UMPTY-ZILLION AMBASSADORS AND WELL-WISHERS. I FIGURED IF WE WANTED TO TALK...

...WE'D HAVE TO DO IT NOW.



Have you decided what you want?

I DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR RAVEN. I WAS HIS RAVEN. IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT. IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME.

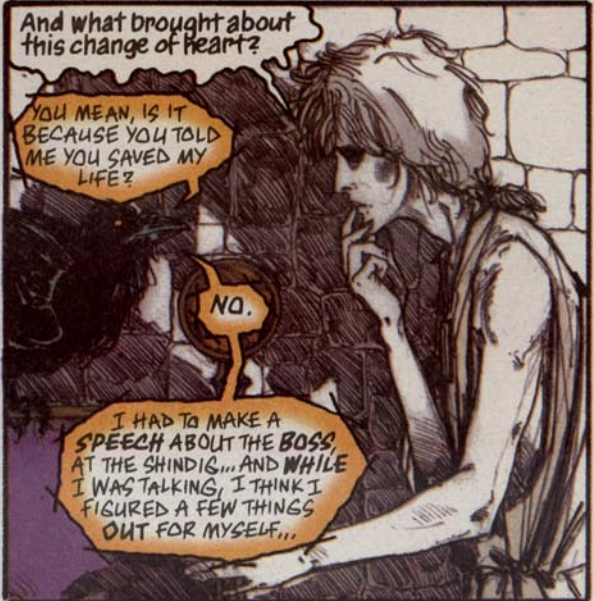
AS YOU WILL.



BUT, JEEZ. YOU'RE JUST A KID. WELL. KINDA.

YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOMEONE AROUND TO OFFER ADVICE, BAIL YOU OUT WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, ALL THAT.

AND RAVENS... WELL, WE DON'T GROW ON TREES.



And what brought about this change of heart?

YOU MEAN, IS IT BECAUSE YOU TOLD ME YOU SAVED MY LIFE?

NO.

I HAD TO MAKE A SPEECH ABOUT THE BOSS AT THE SHINDIS... AND WHILE I WAS TALKING, I THINK I FIGURED A FEW THINGS OUT FOR MYSELF...



FUNERAL'S OVER. TIME TO GET ON WITH OUR LIVES. TIME TO GROW UP.

THE FAMILY WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU IN THE DINING HALL. YOU'D BETTER SEND A MESSAGE TO TARAVIS, TELL HIM TO GET PLENTY OF FOOD OUT THERE.



I DON'T EXPECT ANYONE'LL EAT ANYTHING, BUT IT'LL GIVE YOU SOME THINGS TO FIDDLE WITH, IF THERE ARE ANY AWKWARD PAUSES.

AND FROM WHAT I KNOW OF YOUR FAMILY, THE AWKWARD PAUSES WILL PROBABLY BE THE GOOD BITS.



PLEASE, SIR...?
I'VE LOST MY FATHER.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
I'M DOING HERE.

THERE WAS A
FUNERAL, I THINK.
AND THEN I CAME
HERE. I WAS FOL-
LOWING A WHITE
CAT. NOW I CANNOT
FIND MY WAY HOME.



You are...
Alexander
Burgess.

YES,
SIR.



Take this, boy. It
will light you safely
home...



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



Sending them
home. Sending
them all home.
All of the
dreamers...



AND THEN HE
WOKE UP.

ALEX?
YOU ALL RIGHT,
LOVE?

I BROUGHT
YOUR TEA.



THANK YOU...
HOW WAS THE
FUNERAL?

IT WAS VERY
SAD. POOR JACK.
SILLY, SILLY, SILLY
BOY.

I SUPPOSE IT
MUST JUST'VE
BEEN ONE OF THOSE
GRAND GESTURES
THAT WENT HOR-
RIDLY WRONG

SUCH A
WASTE.



PAUL... I HAD A DREAM...
WHILE YOU WERE GONE...

ANOTHER
BAD ONE?

NOT EXACTLY.
MUST'VE BEEN ALL THIS
TALK OF FUNERALS...
DREAMED I WENT
TO ONE...



TO BE HONEST, I WOKE
FEELING... SHRIVEN...
ABSOLVED...

ACH!
I'M JUST
BEING A
SILLY OLD
MAN...

WE'RE
BOTH SILLY
OLD MEN.

AND THEN SHE WOKE UP...

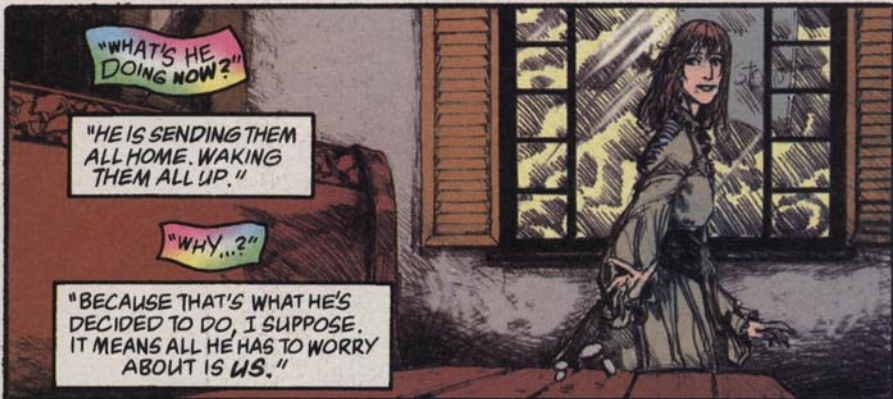


"WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?"

"HE IS SENDING THEM ALL HOME. WAKING THEM ALL UP."

"WHY...?"

"BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HE'S DECIDED TO DO, I SUPPOSE. IT MEANS ALL HE HAS TO WORRY ABOUT IS US."



AND THEN HE WOKE UP...



"I KNOW HOW HE FEELS. I KNOW HOW SCARED HE MUST BE."



"I WAS VERY SCARED. SHE--I--HAD BEEN SUCH A GRAND LADY. AND NOW I WAS SIMPLY ME... I WILL TRY TO BE GOOD TO THIS ONE..."

AND THEN SHE WOKE UP...



"WE ALL WILL."

"HMPH. I SAY, LET'S WAIT AND SEE HOW HE SHAPES UP--"



"DEL...? THAT'S NOT FOR EATING. I THINK IT'S A TABLE DECORATION."

"IT'S NICE. IT TASTES A BIT LIKE FOREVER."

AND THEN HE WOKE UP...

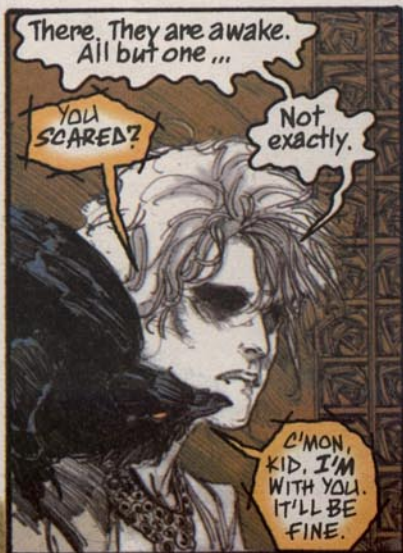


"I LIKE THE WAY COLORS TASTE. EXCEPT I DON'T LIKE CRIMSONS... OR TURQUOISES... ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY PUT THEIR HEADS INTO THEIR SHELLS AND WON'T PLAY AND WHEN YOU BREAK THEIR SHELLS TO LET THEM OUT, THEY DIE..."

"THAT'S TURTLES, DEAR. OR TORTOISES."

"I THINK IT'S TURQUOISES."





Next: Sunday Mourning

LETTERS IN THE SAND

COVER ART AND
LOGO DESIGN:
DAVE MCKEAN

Between the Pedestals of Night and Morning
Between red death and radiant desire
With not one sound of triumph or of warning
Stands the great sentry on the Bridge of Fire.
O transient soul, thy thought with dreams adorning,
Cast down the laurel, and unstringing the lyre:
the wheels of Time are turning, turning, turning,
The slow stream channels deep and doth not tire.
Gods on their bridge above
Whispering lies and love
Shall mock your passage down the sunless river
Which, rolling all it streams,
shall take you, king of dreams,
—Unthroned and unapproachable for ever—
To where the kings who dreamed of old
Whiten in habitations monumental cold

James Elroy Flecker, 1884-1915

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**Next Issue: Hob Gadling visits the Renaissance and meets
Death, in the epilogue to *The Wake*, *Sunday Mourning*.**

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