



part two

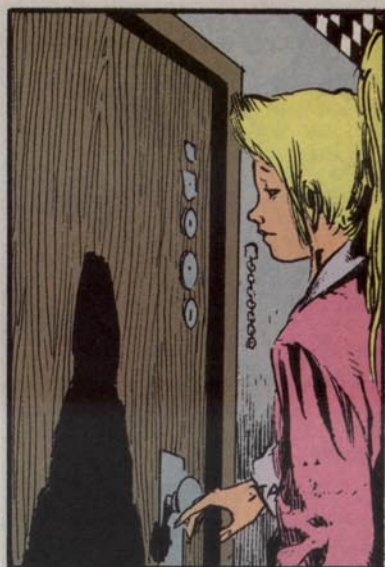
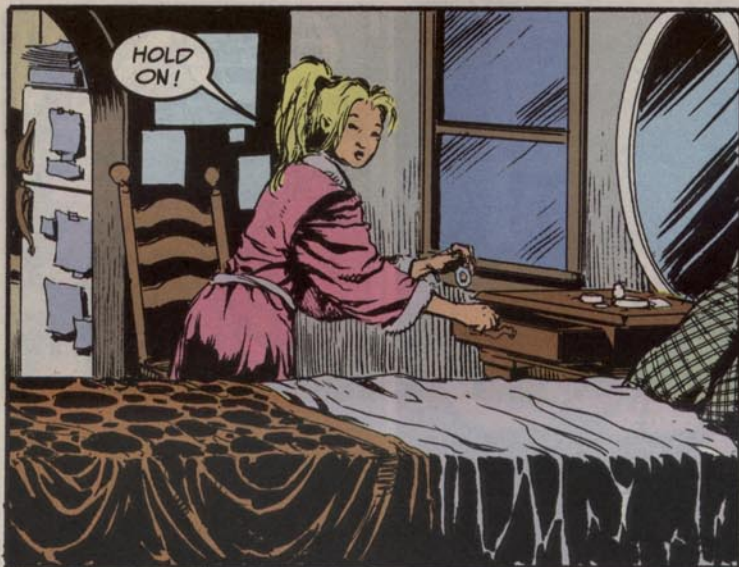
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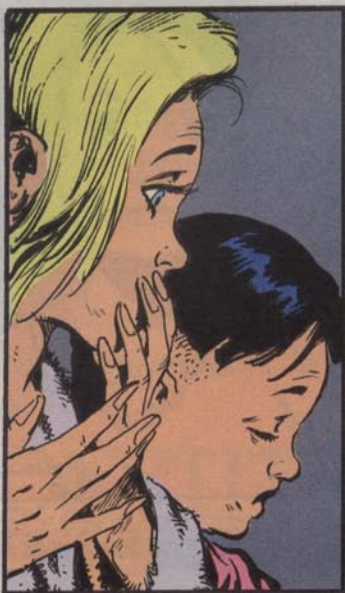
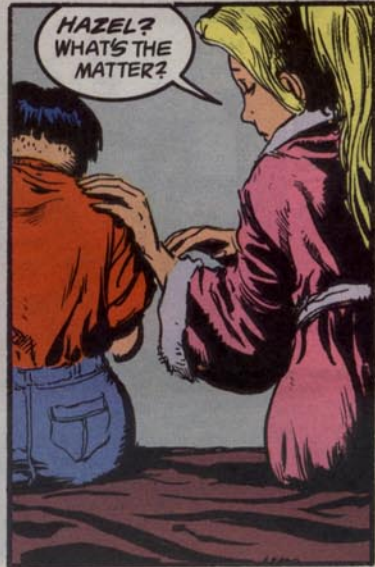
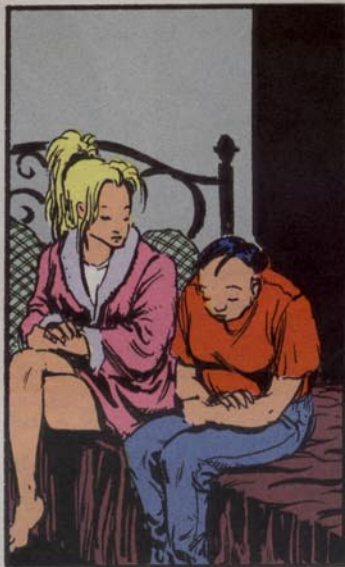
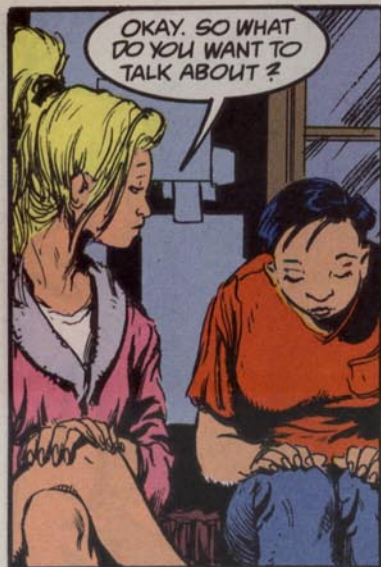
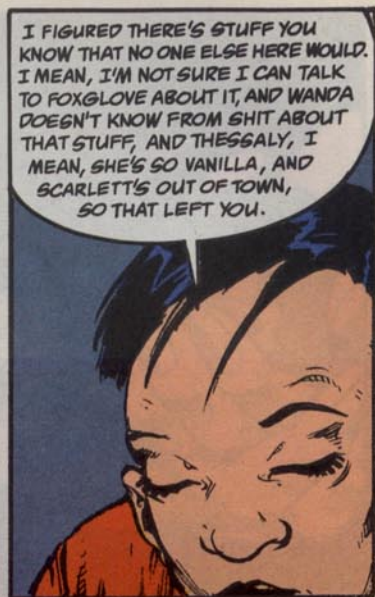
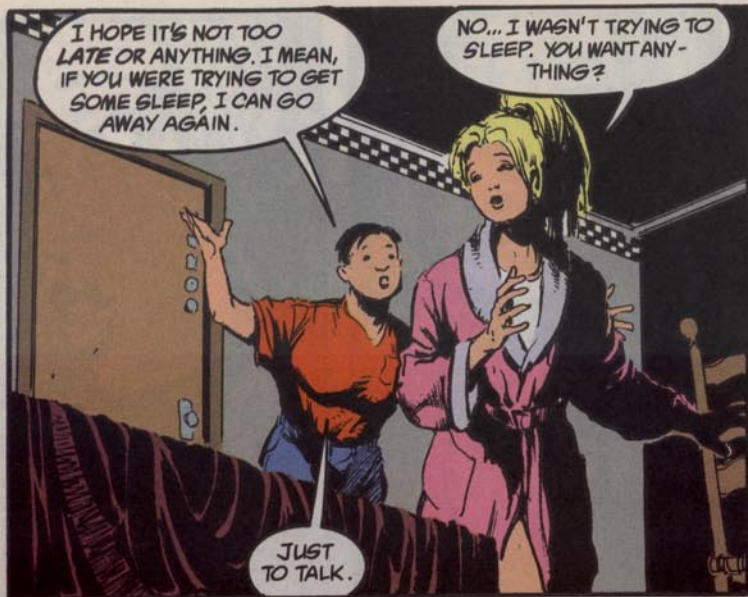
SUGGESTED
FOR MATURE
READERS

the
SANDMAN

neil gaiman
shawn mcmanus

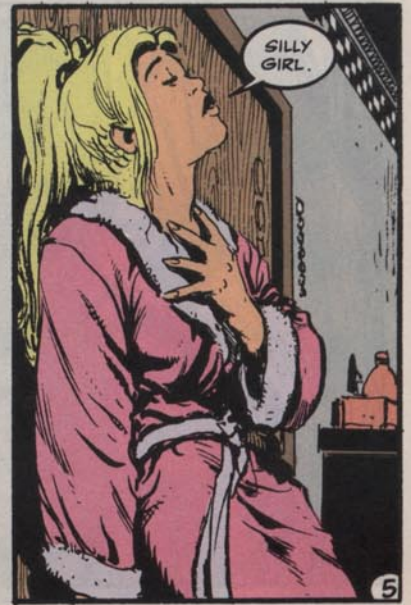
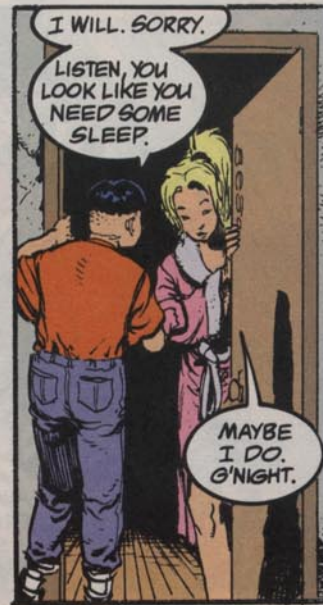
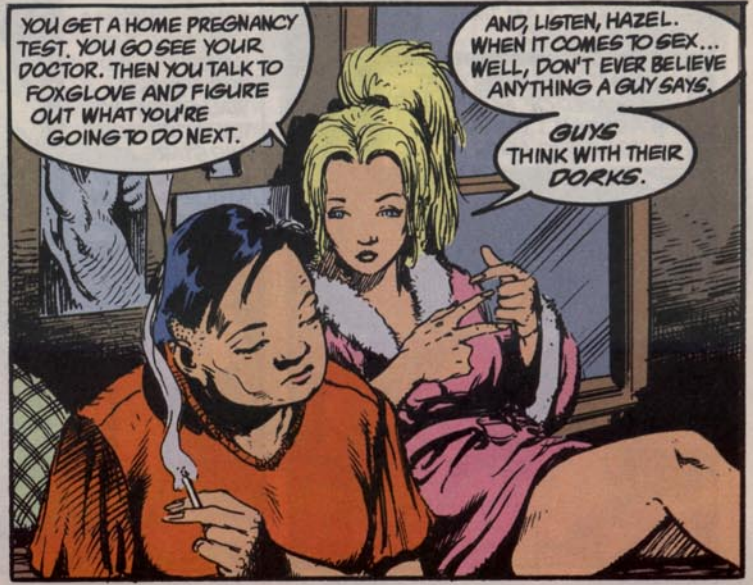
OBI









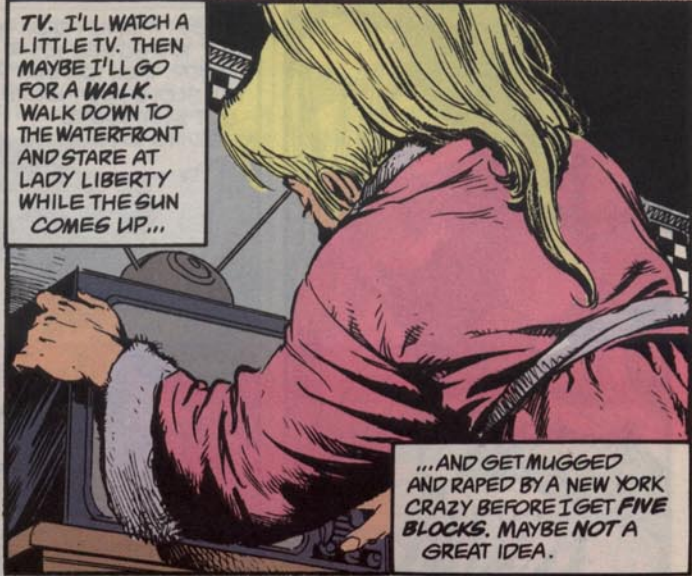




SHE'S RIGHT. I AM TIRED. BUT I'M SCARED...

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M SCARED OF. SOMETHING IN A DREAM I DREAMED TOO LONG AGO.

I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP...



TV. I'LL WATCH A LITTLE TV. THEN MAYBE I'LL GO FOR A WALK. WALK DOWN TO THE WATERFRONT AND STARE AT LADY LIBERTY WHILE THE SUN COMES UP...

... AND GET MUGGED AND RAPED BY A NEW YORK CRAZY BEFORE I GET FIVE BLOCKS. MAYBE NOT A GREAT IDEA.



... OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT MAINTAINS THE GIANT DOG SHOT DEAD ON 5TH AVENUE THIS MORNING MUST HAVE ESCAPED FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION...

OH GOD. MARTIN TENBONES. POOR MARTIN TENBONES...

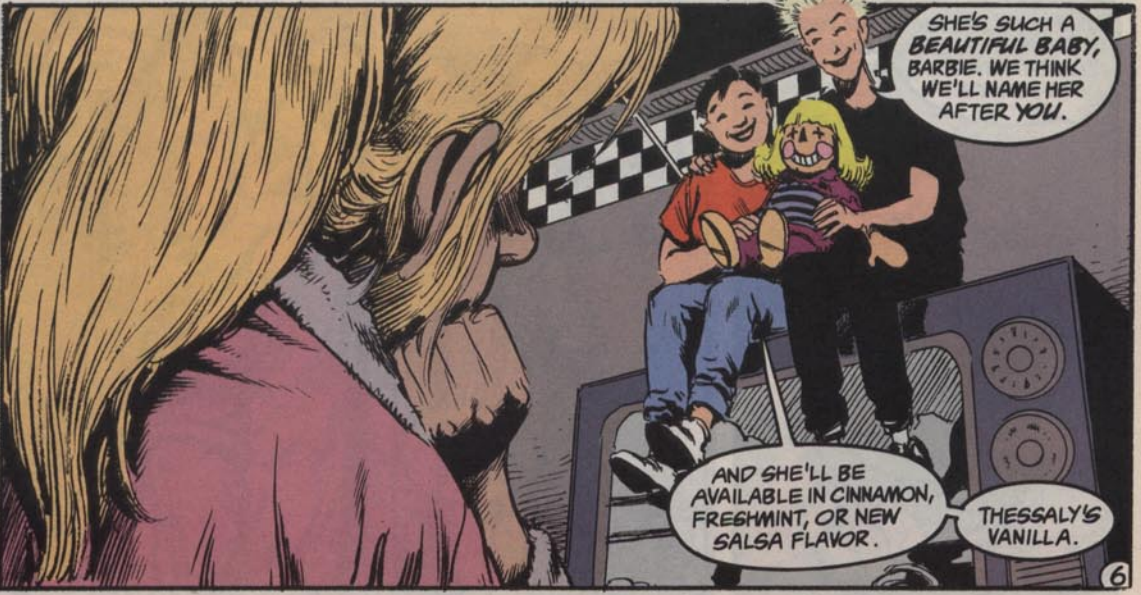


... OLD-FASHIONED COTTON WOOL WHEN YOU COULD BE USING NEW WUNDAWOOL?

NOW IN CINNAMON, FRESHMINT, AND NEW SALSA FLAVORS...



... HURRICANE LISA SHOULD BLOW ITSELF OUT HARMLESSLY OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC...



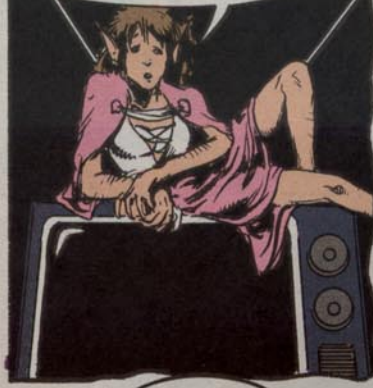
SHE'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BABY, BARBIE. WE THINK WE'LL NAME HER AFTER YOU.

AND SHE'LL BE AVAILABLE IN CINNAMON, FRESHMINT, OR NEW SALSA FLAVOR.

THESSALY'S VANILLA.

HELLO BARBIE. MY NAME'S NUALA. I--I'M RATHER NEW AT THIS. IN FACT, I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T BE HERE AT ALL.

YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. THEY WON'T TELL ME VERY MUCH. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING BAD ON THE WAY...



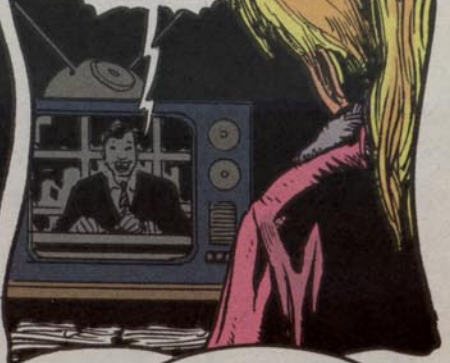
NODDING OFF. DAMMIT. MUSTN'T FALL ASLEEP.

WATCH THE STUPID TV.



OUR NEXT GUEST IS SOMEONE I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE ON THE SHOW--HUMANITARIAN, WIT, GOURMET AND INTERNATIONAL TRAVELLER...

...SO PLEASE WELCOME...



...YOUR EX-HUSBAND KEN!

HI, BARBIE! LONG TIME NO SEE.

EX-WIVES, HUH? ONE MINUTE, THEY'RE FRIGID BITCHES WHO CAN'T COOK TOO GOOD EITHER.

THE NEXT THEY GO OFF TO NEW YORK AND PAINT DUMB THINGS ON THEIR FACES IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SEEM INTERESTING...

KAHAKAHAKA!

BARBIE-- IS THAT TRUE? ARE YOU SECRETLY A REALLY BORING PERSON?

HEY, THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT. SHE'S HANGING AROUND WITH DEGENERATE WEIRDOS AND PROBABLY CRACKING UP IN THE BARGAIN...



UHN. THIS ISN'T WORKING...

OUGHT TO GO FOR A WALK...



A WORLD OF CURTAINS:
I HAVE BEEN HERE
BEFORE.

I PUSH MY WAY
THROUGH, DISTANTLY
FEEL THEM REND
AND TEAR.

I FEEL AS IF I AM
FALLING; BUT I AM
NOT FALLING. I AM
WALKING.

THIS IS GOOD.
I NEEDED TO
GO FOR A WALK.

I CAN STOP
WORRYING.

EVERYTHING'S
JUST FINE.

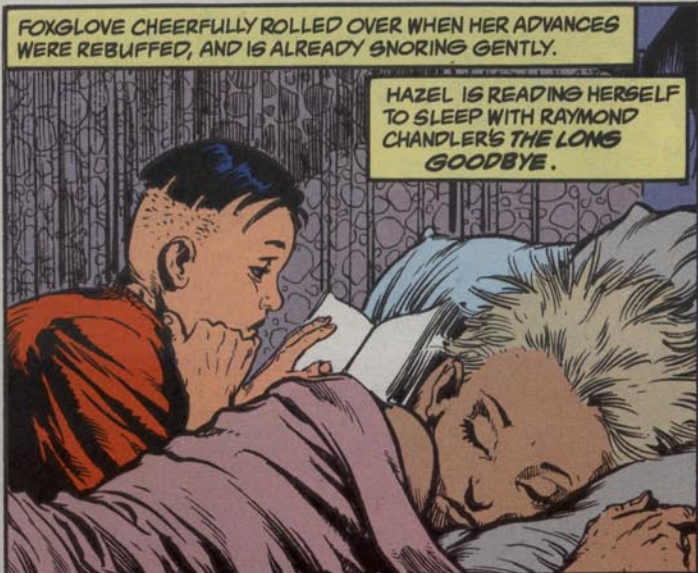
Oh. It's
you.

Well, you
took your time,
didn't you?



MIDNIGHT.

GEORGE WAITG,
PATIENTLY.



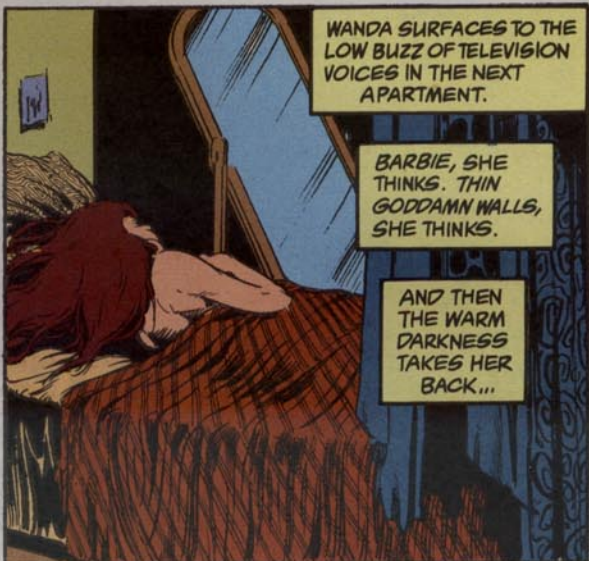
FOXGLOVE CHEERFULLY ROLLED OVER WHEN HER ADVANCES WERE REBUFFED, AND IS ALREADY SNORING GENTLY.

HAZEL IS READING HERSELF TO SLEEP WITH RAYMOND CHANDLER'S *THE LONG GOODBYE*.



EACH NIGHT, BEFORE BED, THESSALY BRUSHES HER HAIR ONE HUNDRED TIMES.

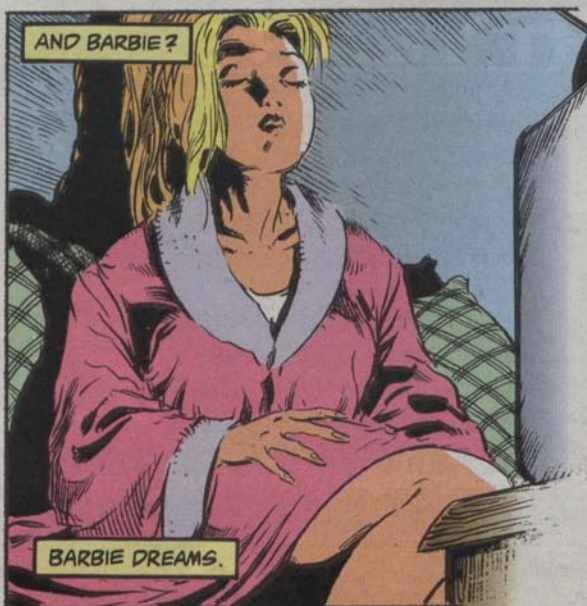
SHE COUNTS EACH BRUSH STROKE.



WANDA SURFACES TO THE LOW BUZZ OF TELEVISION VOICES IN THE NEXT APARTMENT.

BARBIE, SHE THINKS. THIN GODDAMN WALLS, SHE THINKS.

AND THEN THE WARM DARKNESS TAKES HER BACK...



AND BARBIE?

BARBIE DREAMS.

LULLABLES OF BROADWAY

2

NEIL GAIMAN: WRITER
SHAWN McMANUS: ARTIST
DANIEL VOZZO: COLORIST
TODD KLEIN: LETTERER
ALISA KWITNEY: ASST. ED.
KAREN BERGER: EDITOR

THE
SANDMAN

SANDMAN CHARACTERS CREATED BY
NEIL GAIMAN, SAM KIETH AND
MIKE DRINGENBERG









YES! THAT AM TERRIBLE NEWS! ME AM SO HAPPY!

US MUST OPERATE IMMEDIATELY TO MAKE YOU IMPERFECT.

DOCTORS! NURSES!



NO-- PLEASE.

I'M SCARED OF SURGERY. I CAN'T DO IT. I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT. PLEASE...



INNOCENCE AM NO EXCUSE. HIM WILL THANK US ONE DAY. HIM WILL SAY, "WEIRDZO, YOU FINK. YOU CUT IT OFF. GET LOST."

OKAY. MAKE HIM READY FOR SURGERY.



FOR GOD'S SAKE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. I'M SCARED OF SURGERY. I WON'T DO IT. I WON'T DO IT...

LISTEN. HIM BESO HAPPY US GOING TO OPERATE ON HIM.

IT AM SO GOOD. MAYBE HIM GIVE US PRESENTS AFTER.



SO WHAT YOU AM? A MAN OR A WOMAN?

WHATEVER YOU AM, WE MAKE IT BETTER.

NO.



MMF... NO... JRM...



HAZEL DREAMS.



I'm on a train journey across a country I don't know. I don't know if I speak the language or not.

I don't know if I have a ticket.



A ticket inspector tells me that there is something wrong with my ticket. I have to go with him.



I didn't know that there were steps on trains.

He tells me there are cellars under all trains in this country. I have to go down.



The present I won with my ticket is in the box. I go to open it.



The baby smells of formaldehyde, not unpleasantly. It is cold and slightly clammy to the touch.

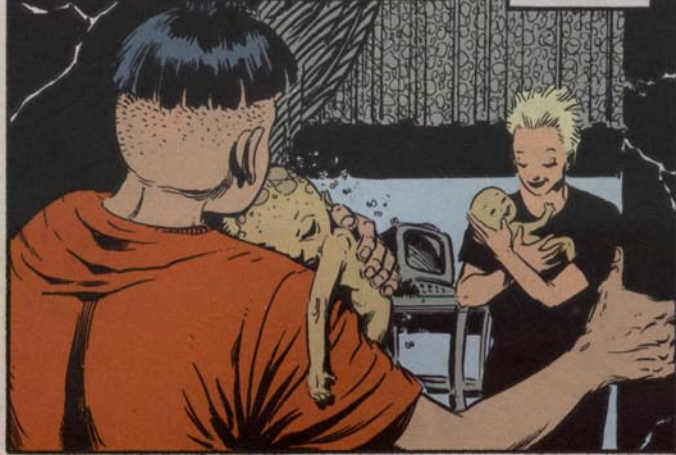
The autopsy scar is sewn together with black silk thread. It has been dead exactly seventy years.

It is perfectly preserved.

Foxglove is waiting for me, with her baby.

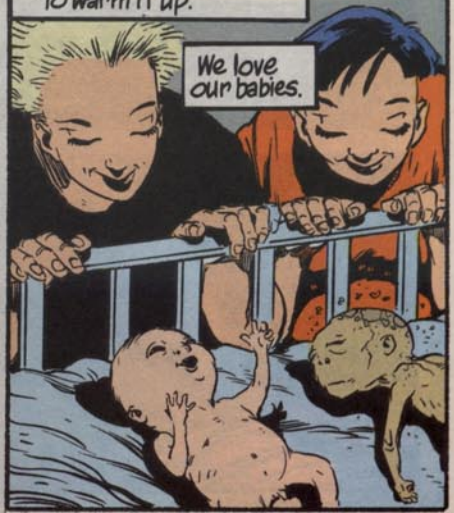
I cannot remember her baby's name. I cannot remember how old it is.

It's a boy, though. I remember that.



My baby is cold, so we put them together in a crib, to warm it up.

We love our babies.



My baby begins to move. I am unspeakably proud of it.

Now it smells of roses.



No...

I know what it's going to do. I want to hide. I want to turn away. I want to stop looking.

I can't.



I hear Fox keening for her son. I cannot move.

And I know: once it's finished with Fox's child...

(Stop it, says Fox. Stoppit stoppits stoppits stoppits stoppits...)

Then it will come for us...

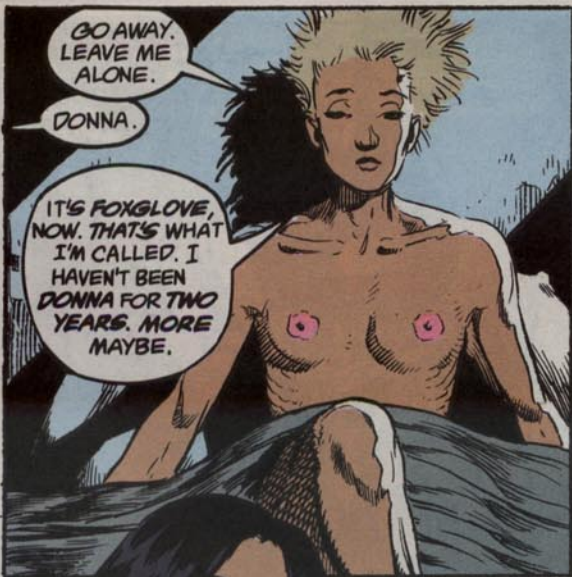


FOXGLOVE SLEEPS
WITHOUT DREAMING.



DONNA?

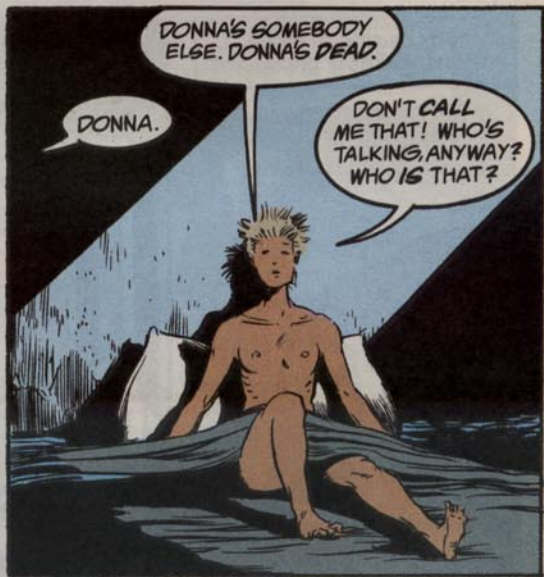
DONNA
CAVANAGH?



GO AWAY.
LEAVE ME
ALONE.

DONNA.

IT'S FOXGLOVE,
NOW. THAT'S WHAT
I'M CALLED. I
HAVEN'T BEEN
DONNA FOR TWO
YEARS. MORE
MAYBE.



DONNA'S SOMEBODY
ELSE. DONNA'S DEAD.

DONNA.

DON'T CALL
ME THAT! WHO'S
TALKING, ANYWAY?
WHO IS THAT?



IT'S ME.
JUDY.

JUDY?

YOU
CAN'T BE
JUDY. YOU'RE
DEAD.

YEAH. DEAD
AS A DODO. IT'S
A REAL SHIT,
ISN'T IT?

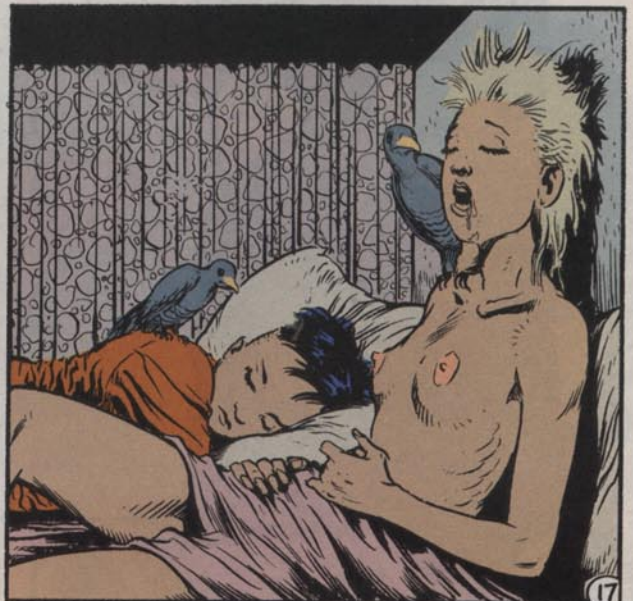
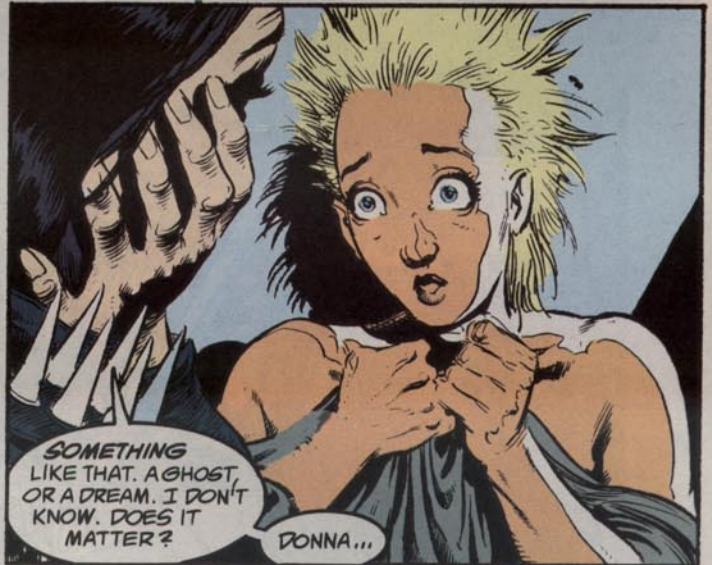
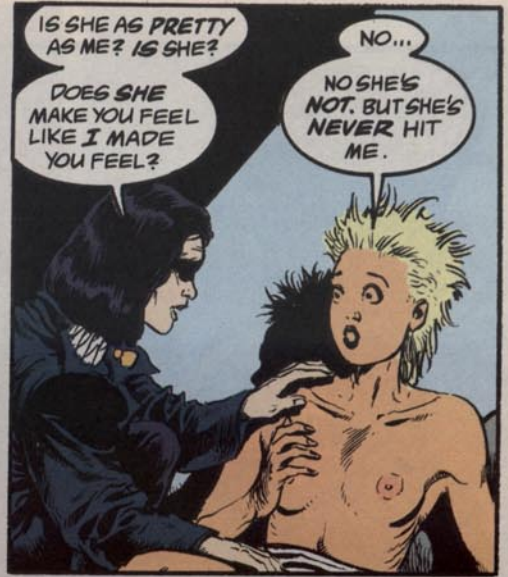


AND IT'S YOUR FAULT.
YOU KNOW THAT?

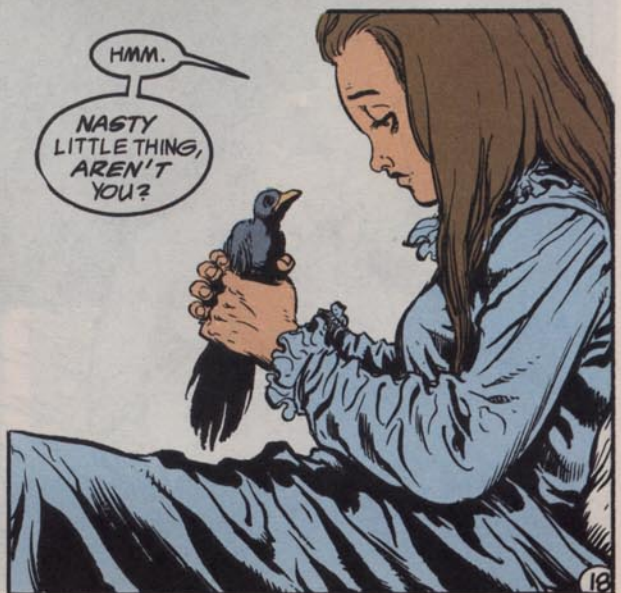
MINE...?

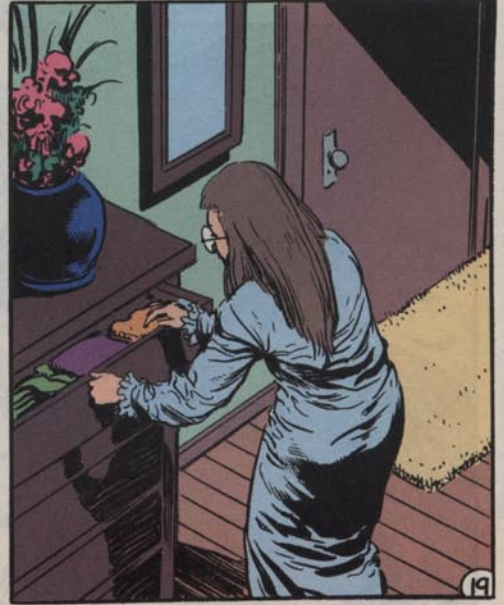
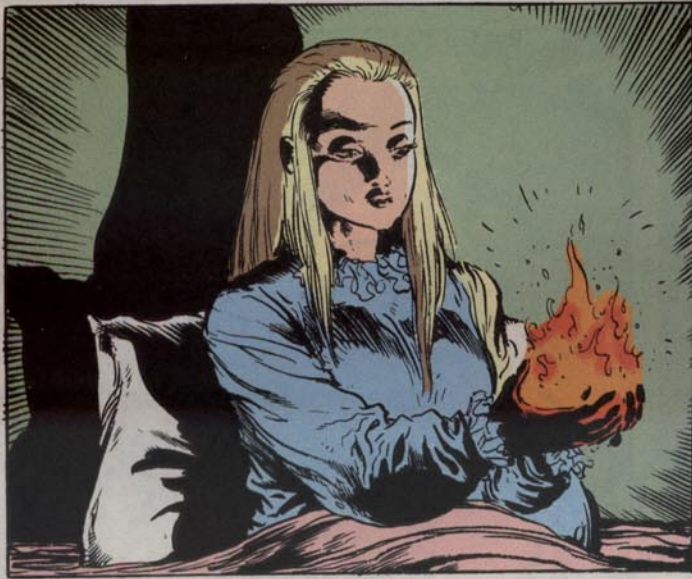
SURE IT IS. IF
YOU HADN'T TAKEN
OFF, I WOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN HANGING
AROUND IN THAT
DAMNED DINER...

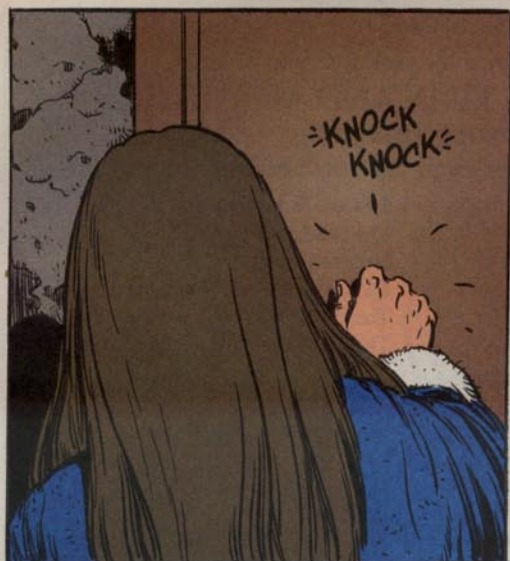
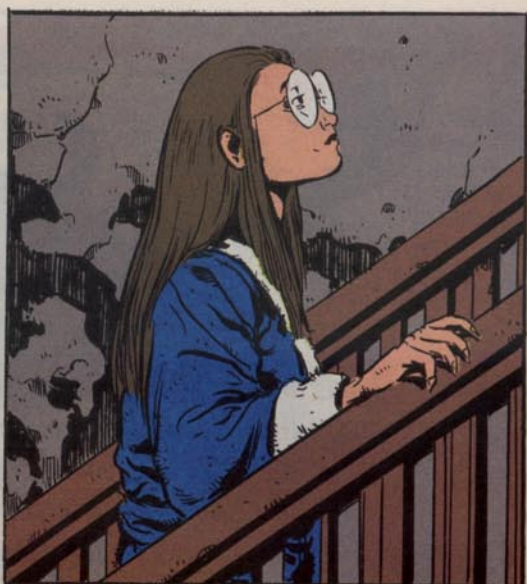
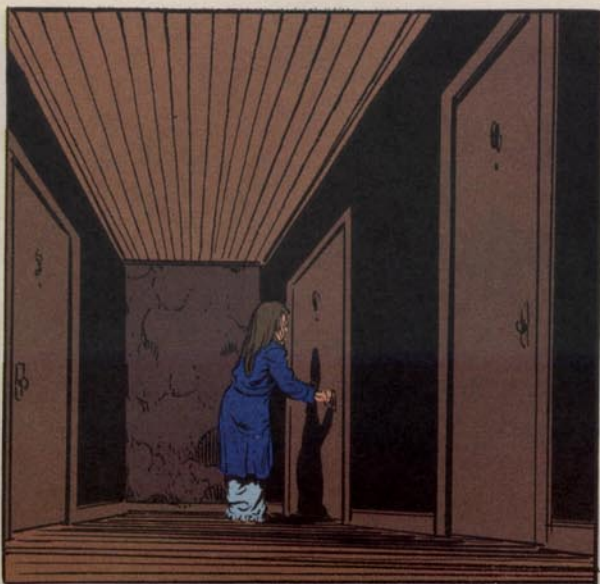
AND I'D STILL BE
ABLE TO TASTE, AND
FEEL, AND DREAM...



THESSALY SLEEPS.







THE LAND:

So... D'you remember us?

Yeah. Well, I'm Wilkinson. The lady's Luz.

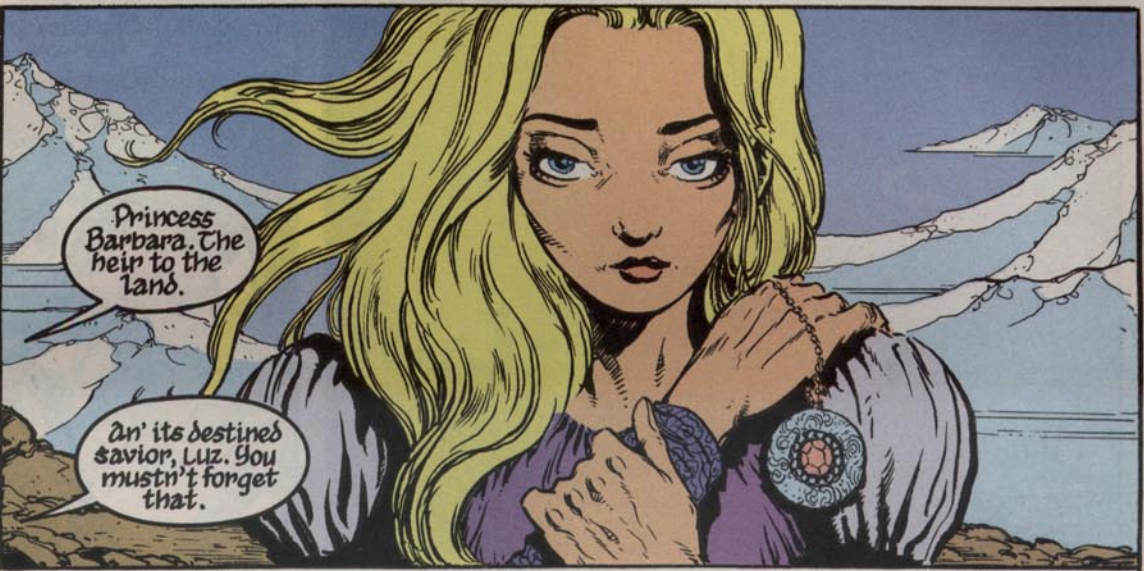
I don't know. Sort of. I mean, it's coming back to me, sort of, but...

And the gentleman in the hat is Prinado.



Princess Barbara. The heir to the land.

An' its destined savior, Luz. You mustn't forget that.



Oh yeah. Right. Great. You're going to save the land?

You're going to defeat the Black Guard, and the Cuckoo, all right. And you don't even know where you are...

Well, at least Martin Cenbones knows what he's doin'!

