



DR. HATHAWAY!
WHAT AN UNEXPECTED
PLEASURE!!

PLEASE TAKE
A SEAT.

COMPTON,
SOME TEA FOR
OUR GUEST.

GO. 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.

"HE'S DEAD."

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.



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 LAID ABOUT HIS ABILITY TO ENLIST. HE'S ALMOST 14.

LONDON, ENGLAND. UNITY KINKAID TOSSES 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 BURRESS'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
SLAY AND IMPRISON
DEATH...

THIS WILL BE
A TRIUMPH FOR
THE ORDER. EH,
ALEX?

YES,
FATHER.

FATHER?

...MAYUS



AFTER TONIGHT
I'D LIKE TO SEE ALEXSTER
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.

I GIVE YOU
COIN I MADE FROM
A STONE.

I GIVE YOU
A SONG I STOLE
FROM THE
DIRT.

FOR A MOMENT RODRICK 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 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.

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

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.

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.

MABORIM
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..."

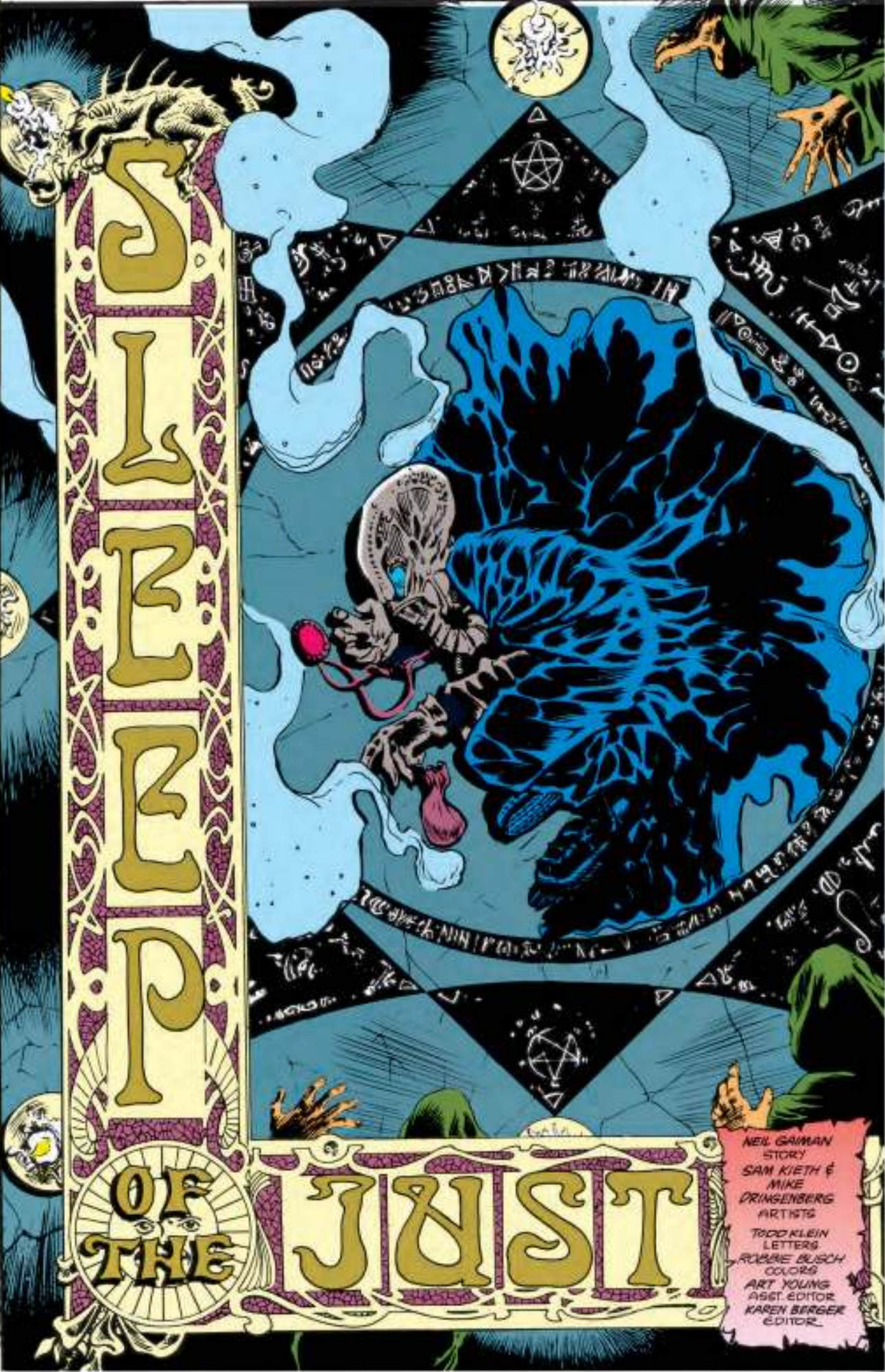
HERE IN THE
DARKNESS...

HERE IN THE
DARKNESS...

"WE SUMMON YOU,
TOGETHER."

"COME!"

HERE IN THE
DARKNESS...



SILVER

OF THE

JUST

NEIL GAIMAN
STORY
SAM KIETH &
MIKE
DRINGENBERG
ARTISTS
TODD KLEIN
LETTERS
ROBRIE BRUSCH
COLORS
ART YOUNG
ASST. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER
EDITOR





HER FATHER CARRIED HER TO HER BED.



DANIEL BUSTAMONTE RETURNS TO HIS BEST DREAM.



AND THEN THE CLOUDS AREN'T THERE AT ALL.



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



STEFAN'S CASE IS NEW TO THE DOCTORS. THEY THOUGHT THEY'D SEEN EVERY FORM OF SHILL-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.



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 EDWIN. I WAS A FOOL TO HAVE GIVEN YOU THAT DAMNED BOOK.

YOU'VE BLEED 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 ALAG..."

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



CONFESSION

I, John Hathaway, wishing to die peacefully, here state that the trust of my...

FOOL.



PROFESSOR HATHAWAY'S USE OF A MUSLIM ARTIFACT IN HIS SUICIDE CONFIRMED SPECULATION THAT HE WAS MENTALLY UNBALANCED.

NO SUICIDE NOTE WAS FOUND.

CURATOR'S MYSTERY SUICIDE POLICE BAFFLED

AT THE INQUEST, ACCUSATIONS WERE MADE LINKING HATHAWAY TO ROBERTIC BURRESS -- "THE LORD MAGUS" -- AND HIS ORDER OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

NOTHING COULD BE PROVEN.

THE SELF-STYLED "DAEMON KING" REFUSED TO COMMENT.

THE 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 in Madetick Hargree, near Morris Trappan, Berkshire in Prussia, Lancashire in 1912. During the turn of the century, Mr. Hargree used his considerable inherited industrial wealth to set up his mystical organisation, "The Order of Ancient Mysteries, based in "Furness Hall," a Sussex Manor House.

In 1910 Mr. Hargree announced, under a pseudonym that he would raise and organize death, proving himself as the greatest magician of his day. Whatever the truth of what occurred in Wych Cross in 1912—and it is doubtful anyone will ever know for sure—one thing is certain: it was a significant turning point for Hargree and his Order of Ancient Mysteries. Mr. Hargree's efforts to win fame in the early years of the 20th century were



TRAGEDIES OF SLEEPY SICKNESS. WARPED MINDS AND BROKEN BODIES.

Since The Daily Mail published the story of the occult community, it has received many letters from its readers, who have expressed their interest in the subject.

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.

INABLE TO SLEEP, STEFAN WASSERMAN KILLED HIMSELF A YEAR AFTER HIS DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY.

STEFAN WASSERMAN 1902-1918

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
GUNST. 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!



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 MAGUS'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.

PROTECTIONS COMES
DEAR, MORTAL. THE
THINGS YOU OFFERS
ISSS PALTRY TRIFLES...


HAVE YOU
MOSISSING
ELSSSSIF...?

PERHAPS
THIG HELMET
SRE?

THISSS AMULET WILL
MAKES SSAFE FROM
ANYSSINGGGS...


AAAH, YESSSSSSSSS.
FOR THISSS I WOULD
GIVE YOU WHAT YOU
ASKS... SSSSSO SS'PLENDID...






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 SUCCLING TO SLEEPY SICKNESS, END OF 1926. HE'S NOW BEEN ASLEEP FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.


HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN MISS HIM.



UNITY KINCAID WAS RAPEED 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...

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


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



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

EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.

THE IDEA CAME TO HIM IN HIS SLEEP.



WESLEY DODDS SLEEPS THE SLEEP OF THE JUST.

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

MY AGE? *Khuff!* DON'T BE SO BLOODY INGOLENT! 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.

P-SNF.

I--ahhahs--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.



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



SHE WANTS SOMEONE TO READ HER A STORY.

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

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



WHEN HER PARENTS DIED, THE FAMILY EXECUTORS HAD LINTY KINKAD PUT INTO A NURSING HOME.

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




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.


A CASTLE MADE OF CLOUDS.

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 LINKNOWLEDGE 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."



HELLO.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE IN THERE, YOU KNOW. THE DEAL'S STILL THE SAME ONE THAT MY FATHER OFFERED YOU.



POWER, IMMORTALITY, A PROMISE THAT YOU WON'T SEEK REVENGE.

WELL? I KNOW YOU CAN UNDERSTAND ME! SAY SOMETHING!



No.

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, HE RELAXES IN THE SLUW.

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 MCQUIRE, HIS LONGTIME PERSONAL ASSISTANT.

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



PAUL DOESN'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC.



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 PULVARUM PAGINARUM, AND HE ONLY READS ONE PAGE OF THAT BOOK...



OVER...

here y
Kaid thee
ame

AND OVER...





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.

ERNE SEES ANY CONVERSATION AS AN INVITATION TO CONDUCT TALES ABOUT HIS SEXUAL PROWESS, FREDERICK NO LONGER LISTENS.

STRAIGHT OUT OF A HOLIDAY BROCHURE.

SUN... SEA...

...SAND...

...AND GURF... 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?



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

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

HELL...





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 NOTKINS' 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 BUFFET.

DREAMS GO FIGURE THEM.

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

First, food;

then clothing...

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--



Shushhh... 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.



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.





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.




SHUT... NO, NO... NO... PLEASE. URR. URR. 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...?"