



NO. 20  
OCT 1990  
\$1.50 US  
\$1.85 CAN  
80p UK  
SUGGESTED  
FOR MATURE  
READERS

# the SANDMAN

## DREAM COUNTRY



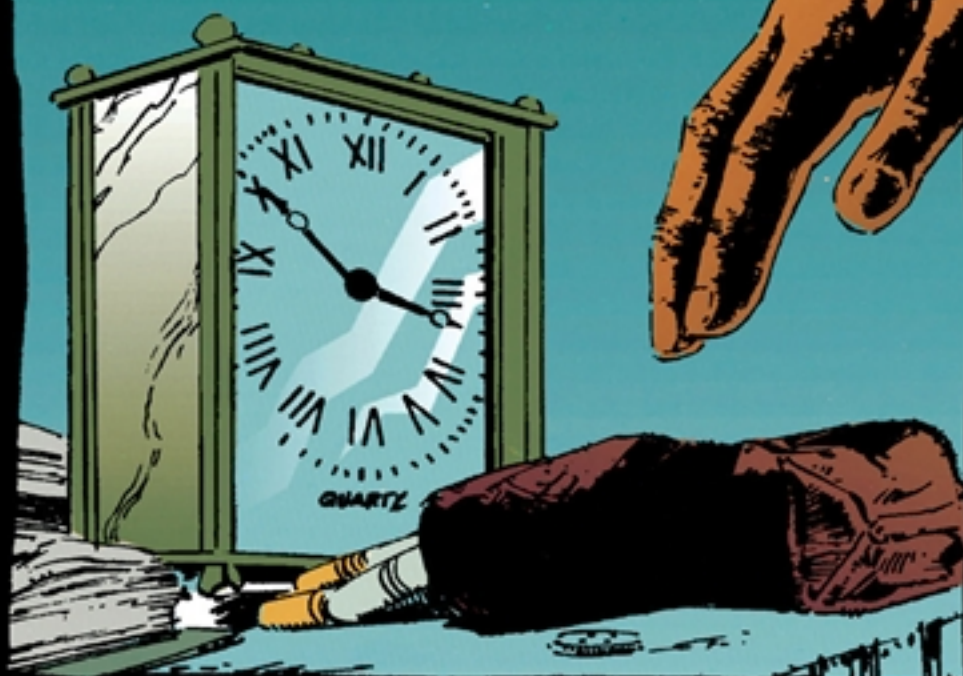
...smoke a cigarette, and  
pretend I'm normal. And I  
wish I were dead.

# FACADE

Neil Gaiman - Colleen Doran - Malcolm Jones III



THEY SAY THAT CIGARETTES  
WILL KILL YOU, EVENTUALLY.



FINE.

THAT'S  
JUST  
FINE.



I ONLY WISH THEY'D  
DO IT *FASTER*.

I DRAW THE  
SMOKE INTO MY  
LUNGS, EXTRACT  
THE NICOTINE  
AND THE TAR.  
IT DOESN'T DO  
ANYTHING FOR  
ME, BUT I LIKE  
THE SMOKE.



I LIKE THE *ASH*. THE WAY IT *FALLS*.  
I LIKE BREATHING OUT THE SMOKE.



I LIKE SMOKING  
CIGARETTES. IT'S  
SOMETHING NORMAL  
PEOPLE DO.

I SMOKE A  
CIGARETTE, AND  
PRETEND I'M  
NORMAL.



AND I WISH  
I WAS DEAD.





IT'S 10:20. MULLIGAN  
MUST BE IN BY NOW.



HELLO?  
EXTENSION 3440,  
PLEASE.



3440. MULLIGAN? IT'S  
ME. BLACKWELL.

OH. HELLO, RAINIE.  
WHAT'S NEW? YOU BEEN  
OUT RECENTLY?

UH.  
NO.

MULLIGAN, I'M  
REALLY DEPRESSED.

I'M SORRY TO  
HEAR THAT, RAINIE.



YESTERDAY, I JUST  
STARTED CRYING. AND I  
COULDN'T STOP. AND I  
JUST CRIED AND CRIED  
AND CRIED.

UM.



I'M SORRY TO LAY THIS ALL  
ON YOU, MULLIGAN. BUT YOU'RE  
THE ONLY PERSON I'VE GOT.

NO PROBLEM,  
RAINIE.



IS MY CHECK ON THE WAY  
THIS MONTH, MULLIGAN? I  
THINK IT MUST BE LATE.  
IT'S THE ONLY MAIL I GET,  
EXCEPT FOR JUNK MAIL.  
YOU KNOW.

YOUR CHECK DOESN'T  
GO OUT TILL THE LAST  
WEDNESDAY IN THE MONTH,  
RAINIE. YOU SHOULD  
KNOW THAT BY NOW.



I, UM. I SUPPOSE  
I FORGOT.

MULLIGAN?  
WHAT DO YOU  
LOOK LIKE?



HUH? I DUNNO,  
RAINIE. SORT OF  
NORMAL, I GUESS.  
BROWN HAIR. BROWN  
EYES. FIVE FOOT  
TEN. HOW ABOUT YOU?

YOU'VE SEEN THE PHOTOS,  
HAVEN'T YOU? IN MY FILE?

...YES.

I LOOK  
LIKE THEM.



YOU WERE REALLY CUTE.  
I MEAN BEFORE. FROM  
YOUR FILE.

I CAN LOOK  
LIKE THAT NOW,  
MULLIGAN. I CAN  
EVEN FEEL LIKE  
FLESH, SO YOU  
ALMOST COULDN'T  
TELL. HONEST.

MAYBE WE COULD  
MEET UP SOME TIME--

NOT A GOOD IDEA, RAINIE.  
YOU KNOW COMPANY POLICY.





YEAH. I KNOW  
THE COMPANY.

I GOTTA GET BACK TO  
WORK, RAINIE. YOU'RE NOT  
THE ONLY VET I GOTTA DEAL  
WITH. AND I'M PROCESSING  
CHECKS THIS AFTERNOON.

OH. TALK TO  
YOU NEXT WEEK,  
MULLIGAN.

BYE, RAINIE.



I SHOULDN'T HAVE PHONED HIM. NOW  
I CAN'T PHONE HIM FOR ANOTHER  
WEEK. I OUGHT TO HAVE WAITED.  
PUT IT OFF UNTIL AFTER LUNCH.  
MAYBE HE'D HAVE TALKED TO ME  
LONGER, AFTER LUNCH.



I WONDER WHAT  
HE LOOKS LIKE.

I WONDER WHAT MY  
FILE SAYS ABOUT ME?

MAYBE I COULD  
GO UP THERE  
SOME NIGHT AND...

WHAT IF THEY CAUGHT  
ME? THEY'D GET MAD.  
THEY'D KNOW IT WAS ME.  
THEY'D CUT MY DISABILITY  
PENSION. JUST CUT IT  
LIKE THAT.

AND THEN NO  
ONE WOULD  
TALK TO ME.

THE COMPANY. THE COMPANY  
IS ALL I'VE GOT.



AND MULLIGAN'S ALL I'VE GOT  
LEFT OF THE COMPANY.



NOBODY EVER COMES HERE.  
NOBODY PHONES.



NOBODY CARES ANY MORE.



DRIING  
DRIING

THE PHONE

OH GOD.

PUT ON A  
BRAVE FACE.

DRIING

IT'S JUST A  
TELEPHONE.

# FAÇADE

NEIL GAIMAN, writer COLLEEN DORAN, penciller  
MALCOLM JONES III, inker STEVE OLIFF, colorist  
TODD KLEIN, letterer TOM PEYER, asst. editor  
KAREN BERGER, editor

Featuring characters created by Neil Gaiman, Sam  
Kieth and Mike Dringenberg.

ELEMENT GIRL created by  
Bob Haney & Ramona Fradon

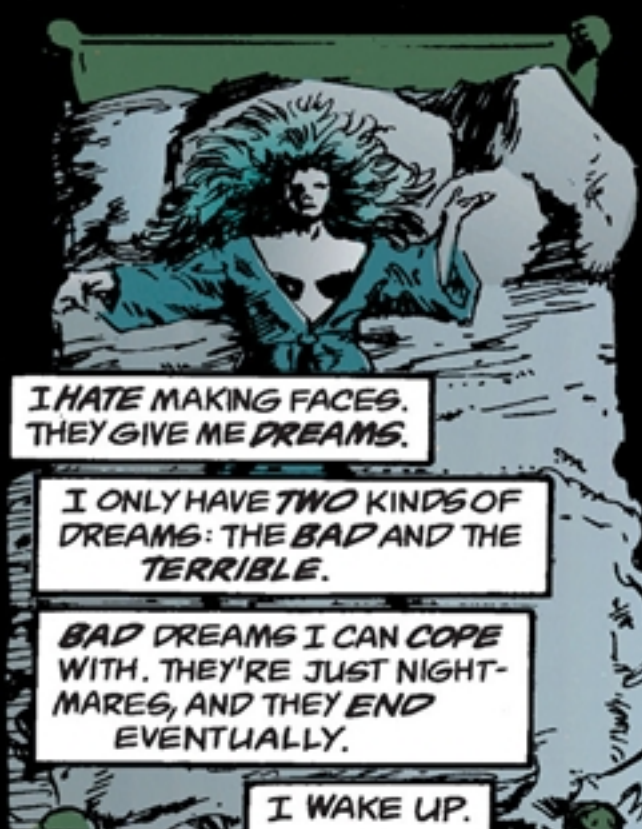
DRIING











I HATE MAKING FACES.  
THEY GIVE ME DREAMS.

I ONLY HAVE TWO KINDS OF  
DREAMS: THE BAD AND THE  
TERRIBLE.

BAD DREAMS I CAN COPE  
WITH. THEY'RE JUST NIGHT-  
MARES, AND THEY END  
EVENTUALLY.

I WAKE UP.



THE TERRIBLE DREAMS ARE  
THE GOOD DREAMS.

IN MY TERRIBLE DREAMS, EVERY-  
THING'S FINE. I'M STILL WITH THE  
COMPANY. I STILL LOOK LIKE  
ME. NONE OF THE LAST FIVE  
YEARS EVER HAPPENED.

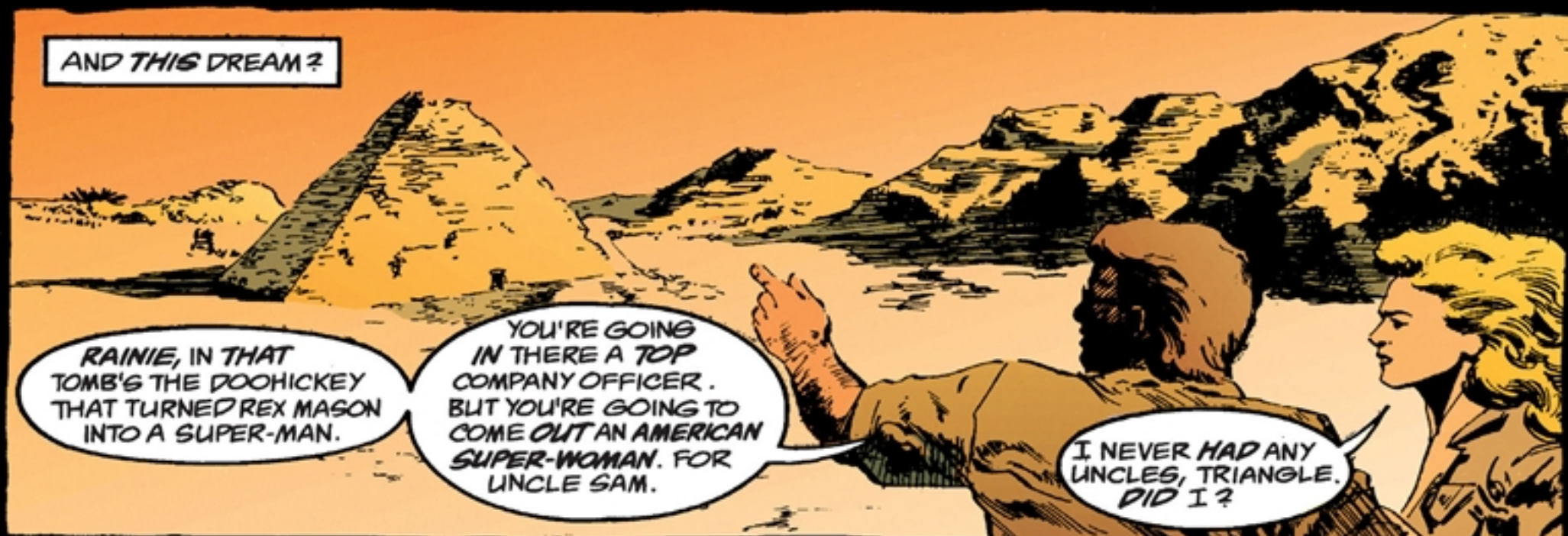


SOMETIMES I'M MARRIED. ONCE I  
EVEN HAD KIDS. I EVEN KNEW THEIR  
NAMES. EVERYTHING'S WONDERFUL  
AND NORMAL AND FINE.

AND THEN I WAKE  
UP. AND I'M STILL ME.

AND I'M STILL HERE.

AND THAT IS TRULY TERRIBLE.



AND THIS DREAM?

RAINIE, IN THAT  
TOMB'S THE DOOHICKEY  
THAT TURNED REX MASON  
INTO A SUPER-MAN.

YOU'RE GOING  
IN THERE A TOP  
COMPANY OFFICER.  
BUT YOU'RE GOING TO  
COME OUT AN AMERICAN  
SUPER-WOMAN. FOR  
UNCLE SAM.

I NEVER HAD ANY  
UNCLES, TRIANGLE.  
DID I?



IN MY DREAM THE TOMB  
DOESN'T SMELL OF  
ANYTHING.

THE LAST TIME I CAME  
DOWN HERE IT SMELLED  
OF DUST, AND OF DEATH.

THAT'S THE  
ORB OF RA.



COME TO ME,  
DAUGHTER.

I AM RA. I AM THE SUN,  
WHO IS LIFE. I AM HE WHO IS  
BORN A CHILD EVERY MORN,  
AND DIES, AN OLD MAN, AT  
NIGHTFALL.



FROM MY SENILE SPITTLE AND  
FROM THE DUST, HUMANKIND WAS  
CREATED TO WALK THE EARTH, AND  
TO WORSHIP THE GODS.







THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN. IT WAS JUST THE STONE. IT DIDN'T HAPPEN LIKE THIS.

AND MORTAL CLAY CAN AID ME IN MY CEASELESS BATTLE WITH APEP, THE GREAT SERPENT.

THE BRAVE ONES WHO SEEK MY GIFT...



I TRY TO SHOUT AT HIM, TELL HIM I DON'T WANT HIS GIFT, I WANT TO BE NORMAL, THAT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND...




I FAILED. I DIDN'T STOP IT HAPPENING.

EVEN IN MY DREAMS. EVEN IN MY DREAMS I CAN'T WIN.

I TRY AND TRY...

NOTHING COMES OUT. I CAN MAKE NO SOUND.

I NEVER ASKED FOR IT.



I JUST WENT WHERE I WAS TOLD TO, DID WHAT I WAS ASKED.

WAS THAT SO BAD?

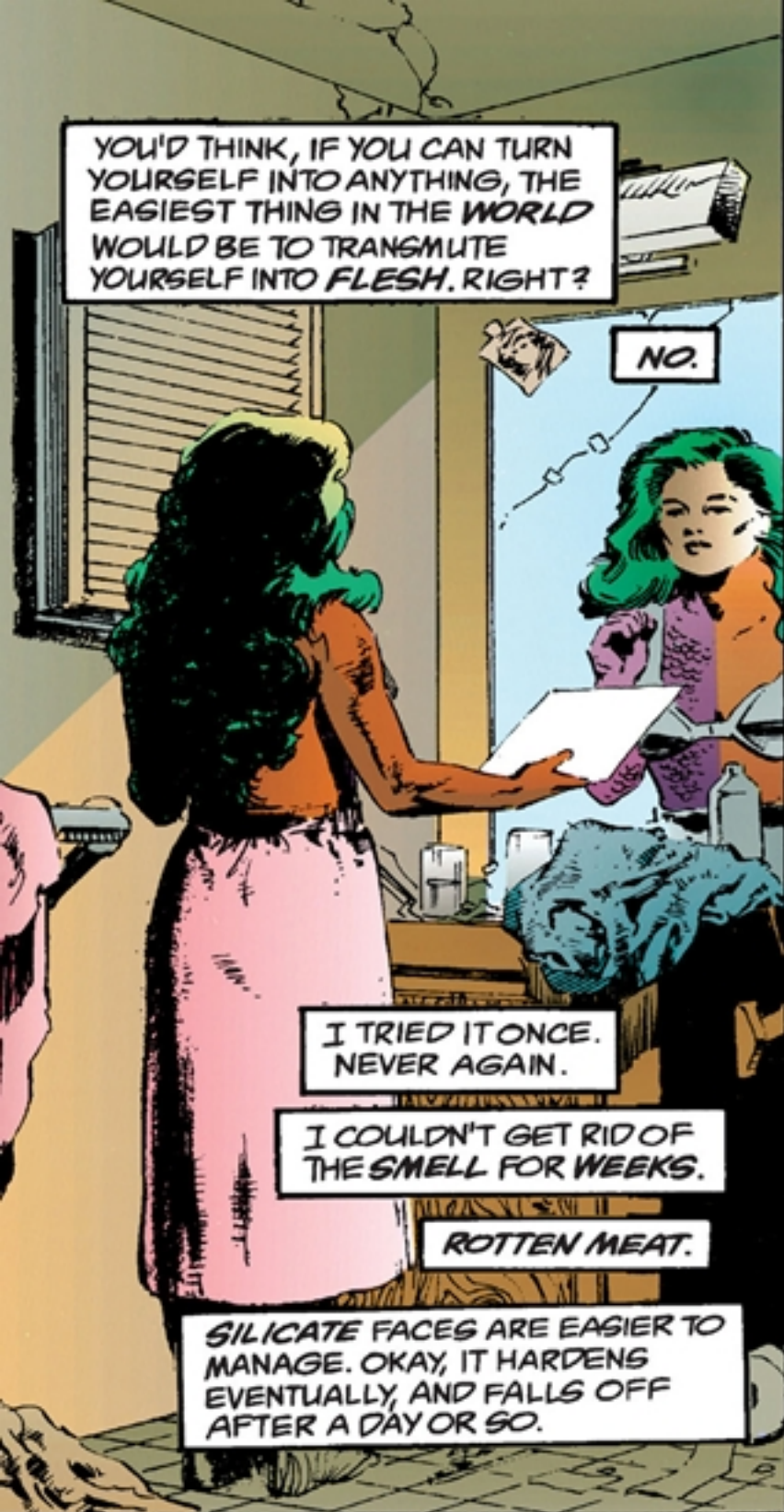


I HATE DREAMS.

I DON'T WANT ANY MORE DREAMS.

I DON'T WANT ANY MORE ANYTHING.





YOU'D THINK, IF YOU CAN TURN YOURSELF INTO ANYTHING, THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD WOULD BE TO TRANSMUTE YOURSELF INTO FLESH. RIGHT?

NO.

I TRIED IT ONCE. NEVER AGAIN.

I COULDN'T GET RID OF THE SMELL FOR WEEKS.

ROTTEN MEAT.

SILICATE FACES ARE EASIER TO MANAGE. OKAY, IT HARDENS EVENTUALLY, AND FALLS OFF AFTER A DAY OR SO.



BUT AT LEAST IT DOESN'T ROT.

AND YOU CAN USE THE EMPTY FACES, FOR USEFUL THINGS.

THINGS NORMAL PEOPLE HAVE.



FAKING REAL HAIR IS EASIER. MOSTLY I USE METALS.

IT LOOKS FINE AS LONG AS NOBODY TOUCHES IT.

NOBODY EVER DOES.



EVERYTHING ELSE, YOU JUST COVER UP.



YOU CAN COVER UP SO MUCH.

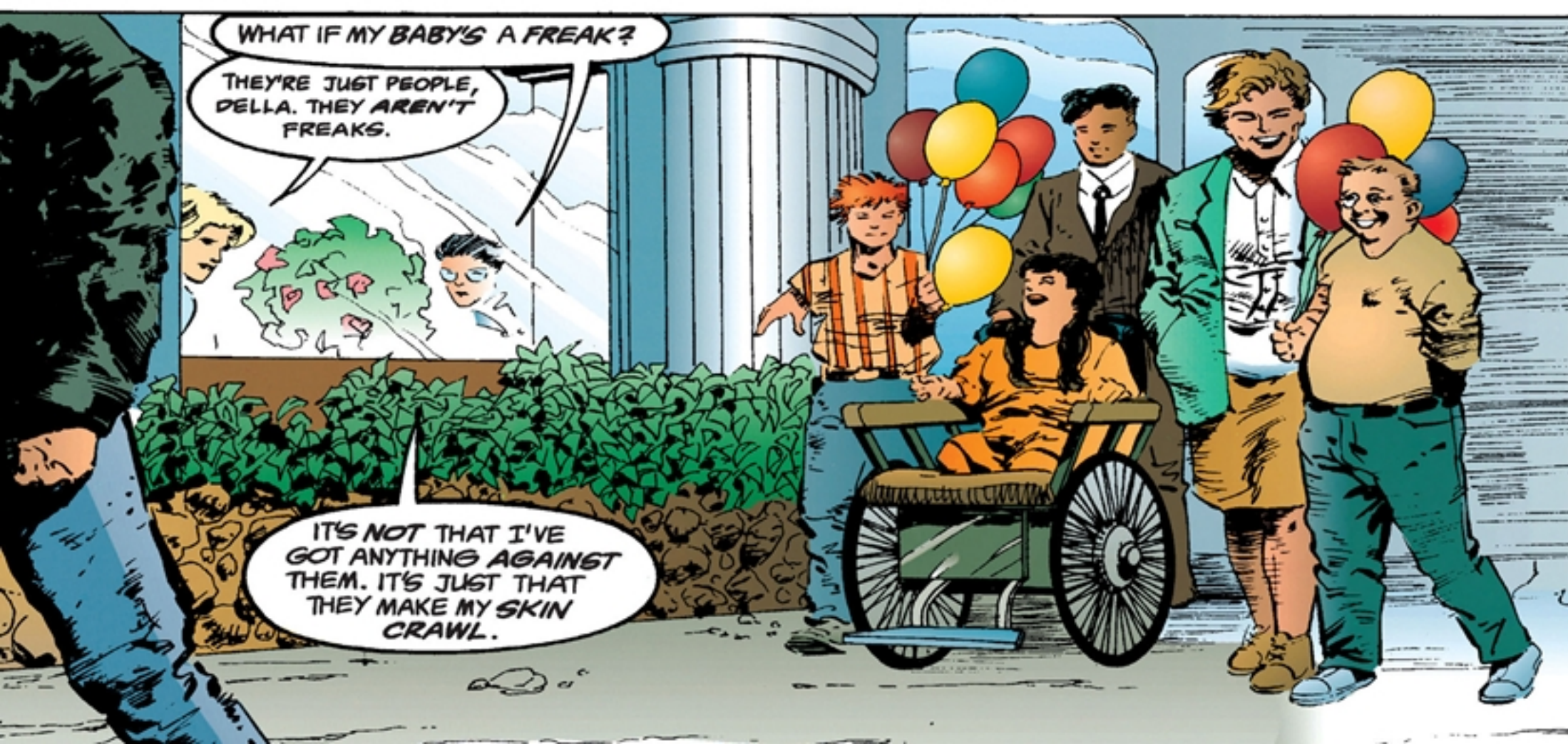
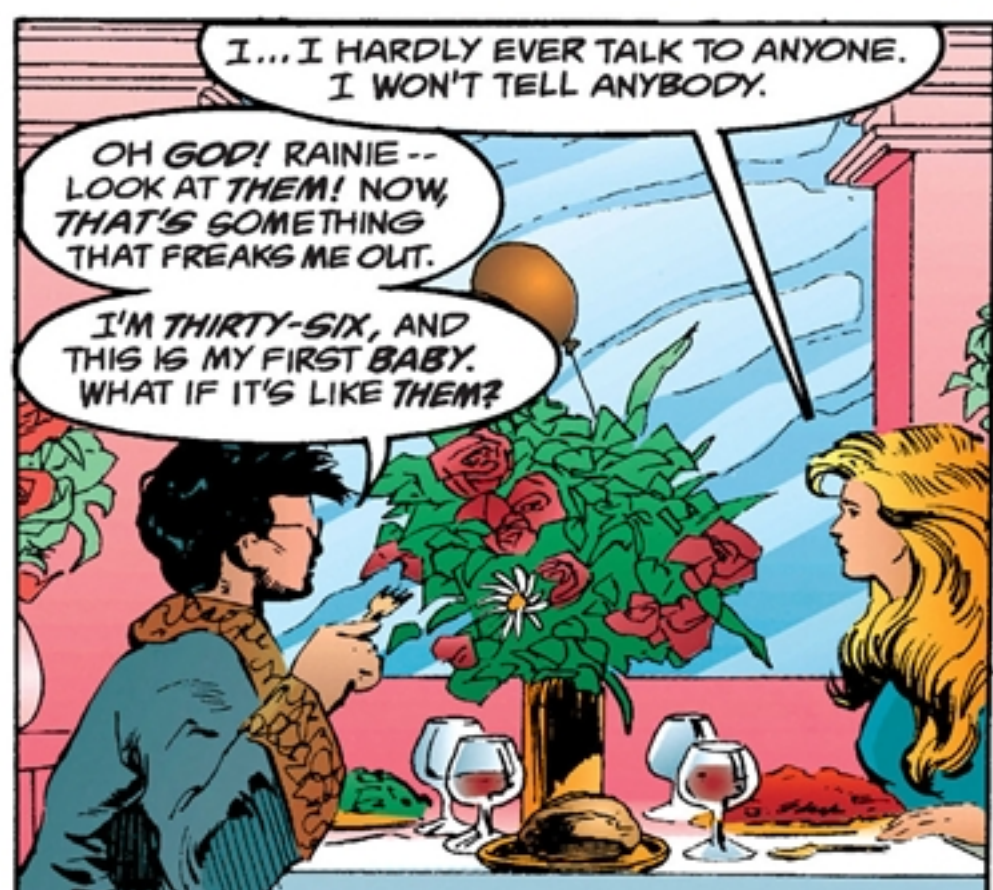
OKAY, RAINIE. TIME TO FACE THE WORLD.

I FEEL SICK.

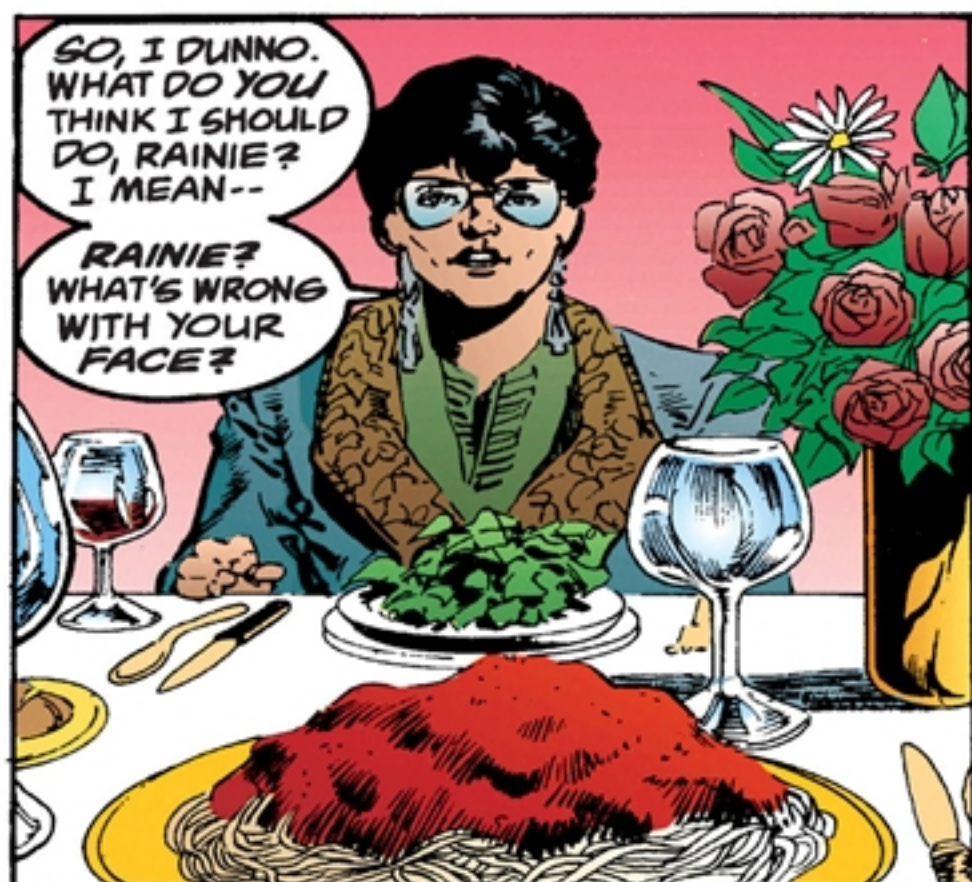




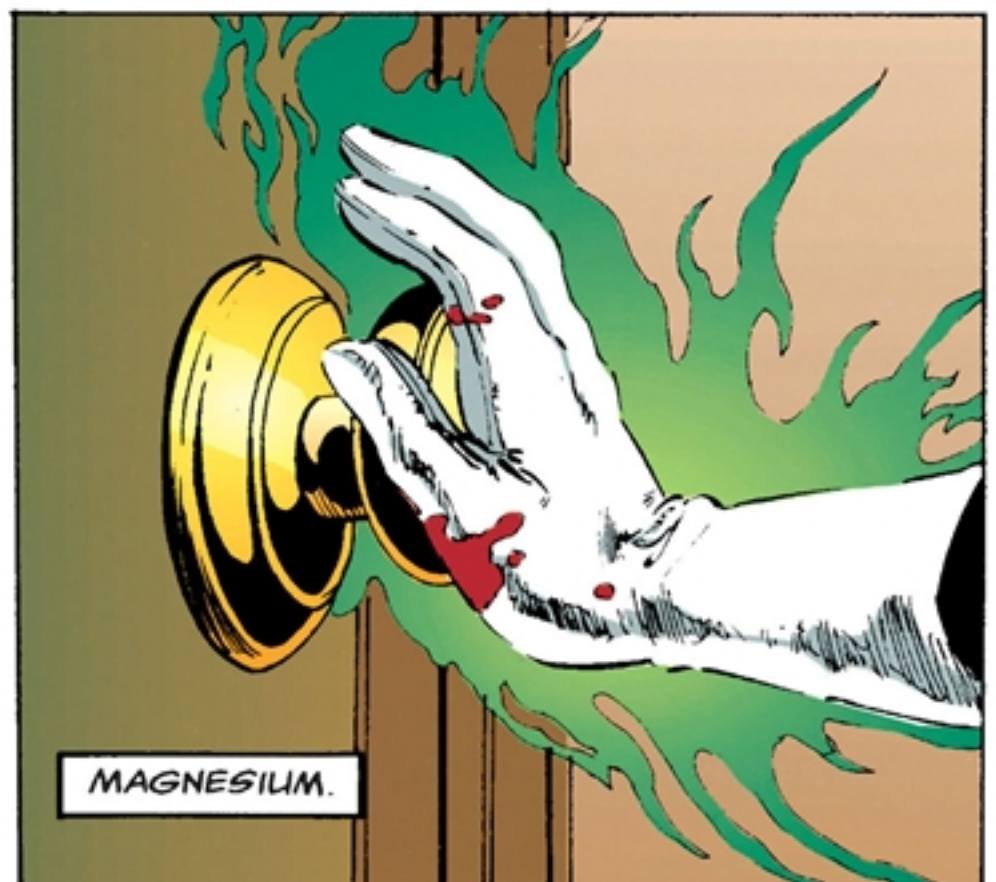




























WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN?



THE DOOR WAS OPEN. I HEARD YOU CRYING.

I'M SORRY IF I DISTURBED YOU.

YOU JUST LOOKED LIKE YOU MIGHT NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO.



I...  
MAYBE I DO.  
I'M SORRY.  
CIGARETTE?



NOT FOR ME.

NICE ASHTRAY.



IT--IT'S NOT AN ASHTRAY. I MEAN IT IS.

BUT IT'S ALSO MY FACE.

YOU SEE. SOMETIMES I HAVE TO LOOK NORMAL, AND THEN I GROW FACES.



BUT THEY DRY UP, AND FALL OFF, BUT I COULDN'T THROW THEM AWAY. THEY'RE PART OF ME.

SO I HANG ON TO THEM.

I...  
I'M PROBABLY NOT MAKING MUCH SENSE.



NO. YOU'RE  
MAKING SENSE.

YOU PEOPLE  
ALWAYS HOLD ONTO  
OLD IDENTITIES,  
OLD FACES AND  
MASKS, LONG AFTER  
THEY'VE SERVED  
THEIR PURPOSE.

BUT YOU'VE  
GOT TO LEARN TO  
THROW THINGS AWAY  
EVENTUALLY.



OHHHH.

HH. AAH.  
HHOOAH.  
UHH.



HEY? IT'S  
OKAY... I'M  
SORRY.

LOOK, I'VE GOT A  
KLEENEX SOMEWHERE.  
HERE YOU GO.

OHHH.  
HH. SNF. HH.



WHAT  
DID I  
SAY?



IT--IT'S JUHJUST WHUWHAT YUHYOU  
SUHSAID A--ABOUT THROWING  
THINGS AWAY...

I WANT TO  
DIE. I WANT TO  
KUH-KILL  
MYSELF.

AND--  
AND I  
CAN'T!



IT'S NOT THAT I'M TOO SCARED  
TO KILL MYSELF.

I--I'M SCARED OF  
LOTS OF THINGS.

I'M SCARED OF NOISES IN  
THE NIGHT-TIME, SCARED OF  
TELEPHONES AND CLOSED DOORS,  
SCARED OF PEOPLE... SCARED  
OF EVERYTHING.

NOT OF DEATH.



I WANT  
TO DIE.

IT'S JUST THAT  
I DON'T KNOW  
HOW.





I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT FOR SO LONG, NOW. I CAN'T SLASH MY WRISTS--I DON'T HAVE ANY BLOOD.

WHEN I WAS AT HIGH SCHOOL, A KID SHUT HIMSELF IN A GARAGE, TOOK SLEEPING PILLS, CLIMBED IN THE CAR AND TURNED THE IGNITION.



"I CAN'T DO THAT. CARBON MONOXIDE'S JUST ANOTHER GAS, TO ME.



"AND MY BODY JUST PROCESSES POISONS."

I CAN'T SHOOT MYSELF. A BULLET WOULDN'T DO ANY REAL DAMAGE.

SO THEN I GET MORE EXTREME.



"MAYBE I COULD SIT AT GROUND ZERO OF A NUCLEAR TEST-- IF I COULD FIND ONE.

"BUT I'M AFRAID I COULD SURVIVE THAT. I THINK I WOULD.



"PERHAPS I'D BE RADIOACTIVE FOR ALWAYS...BUT I'D SURVIVE."

THEN NO ONE WOULD EVER WANT TO TALK TO ME...



"I THOUGHT ABOUT TRANS-MUTING MYSELF TO FREE OXYGEN RADICALS AND JUST MELDING WITH THE AIR. OR WITH ADDED HYDROGEN, I COULD BECOME WATER AND JOIN MYSELF WITH THE SEA.

"BUT I'D PROBABLY STILL BE CONSCIOUS. JUST SPREAD OUT ALL OVER THE WORLD."



I WANT IT TO STOP.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP IT.



HOW DID THAT SONG GO? FROM THAT TV SHOW?

SUICIDE IS ♪ PAINLESS... IT BRINGS ON MANY CHANGES... AND I CAN TAKE OR LEAVE IT... ♪



ISN'T IT DUMB? ALL OVER THE WORLD, PEOPLE RUNNING AROUND, TRYING NOT TO DIE?

HANGING ON TO LIFE LIKE GRIM DEATH.

AND I WANT TO DIE. AND I CAN'T.







IT'S NOT THAT BAD, RAINIE. EVEN THE METAMORPHAE DIE EVENTUALLY-- HEY, LISTEN, EVENTUALLY EVERYTHING DIES.

IT JUST TAKES A LITTLE BIT LONGER FOR YOU GUYS. BUT SOONER OR LATER YOUR MORPHOGENIC FIELD COLLAPSES--

-- THE METAPLASM DISSOLVES, AND YOU'RE READY TO MOVE ON.

REMEMBER ALGON?



"HE WAS THAT ROMAN CENTURION--A METAMORPH, LIKE YOU. HE WAS ONLY 2,000 YEARS OLD, AND HE DIED.

"IN A VOLCANO. REMEMBER?"



BUT--HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT? THERE WAS NOBODY THERE. ONLY REX AND ME. NO ONE ELSE.

ME.



...WHO ARE YOU?



DON'T YOU KNOW?



YES. I THINK I DO. AND YOU'VE COME FOR ME? BLESSED, MERCIFUL DEATH. YOU'VE COME TO MAKE IT ALL STOP?



NO. I HAVEN'T COME FOR YOU, RAINIE.

THERE WAS A WOMAN UPSTAIRS, CHANGING THE LIGHT BULB IN HER KID'S ROOM. THE STEPLADDER SLIPPED...



LIKE I SAID: I WAS PASSING AND I HEARD YOU CRYING, AND, WELL, THE DOOR WAS OPEN...

ANYWAY: I'M NOT BLESSED, OR MERCIFUL. I'M JUST ME. I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO, AND I DO IT.

LISTEN: EVEN AS WE'RE TALKING, I'M THERE FOR OLD AND YOUNG, INNOCENT AND GUILTY, THOSE WHO DIE TOGETHER AND THOSE WHO DIE ALONE.



I'M IN CARS AND BOATS AND PLANES; IN HOSPITALS AND FORESTS AND ABATTOIRS.

FOR SOME FOLKS DEATH IS A RELEASE, AND FOR OTHERS DEATH IS AN ABOMINATION, A TERRIBLE THING.

BUT IN THE END, I'M THERE FOR ALL OF THEM.



RAINIE, IN WEST AFRICA A SMALL VILLAGE IS BEING MASSACRED BY MERCENARIES, IN PAY OF THEIR OWN GOVERNMENT. I'M THERE.

IN THE FARTHEST REACHES OF A DISTANT GALAXY, A PLANET IS BEING RIPPED APART BY INTERNAL STRESSES; THE PLANET WAS THE HOME OF MANY CRYSTAL INTELLIGENCES, CALM AND FINE AND BEAUTIFUL. I AM THERE AS WELL.



I'M IN ALL THOSE PLACES, AND I'M ALSO HERE, TALKING TO YOU.

BUT... I'M NOT YOUR DEATH.

AT LEAST, NOT YET.

WHEN THE FIRST LIVING THING EXISTED, I WAS THERE, WAITING.

WHEN THE LAST LIVING THING DIES, MY JOB WILL BE FINISHED.

I'LL PUT THE CHAIRS ON THE TABLES, TURN OUT THE LIGHTS AND LOCK THE UNIVERSE BEHIND ME WHEN I LEAVE.



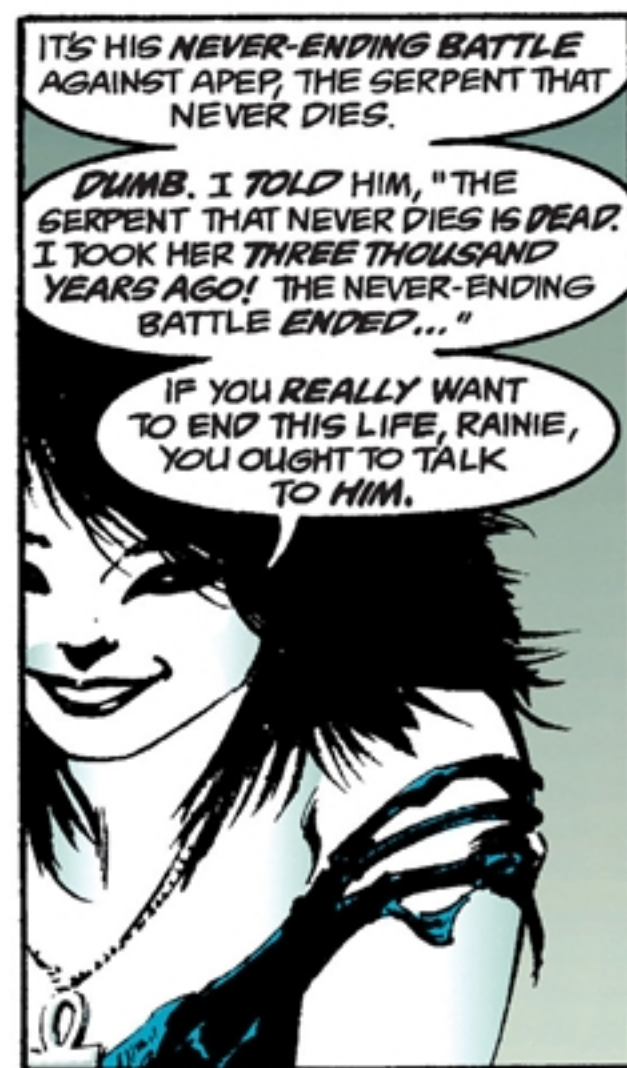
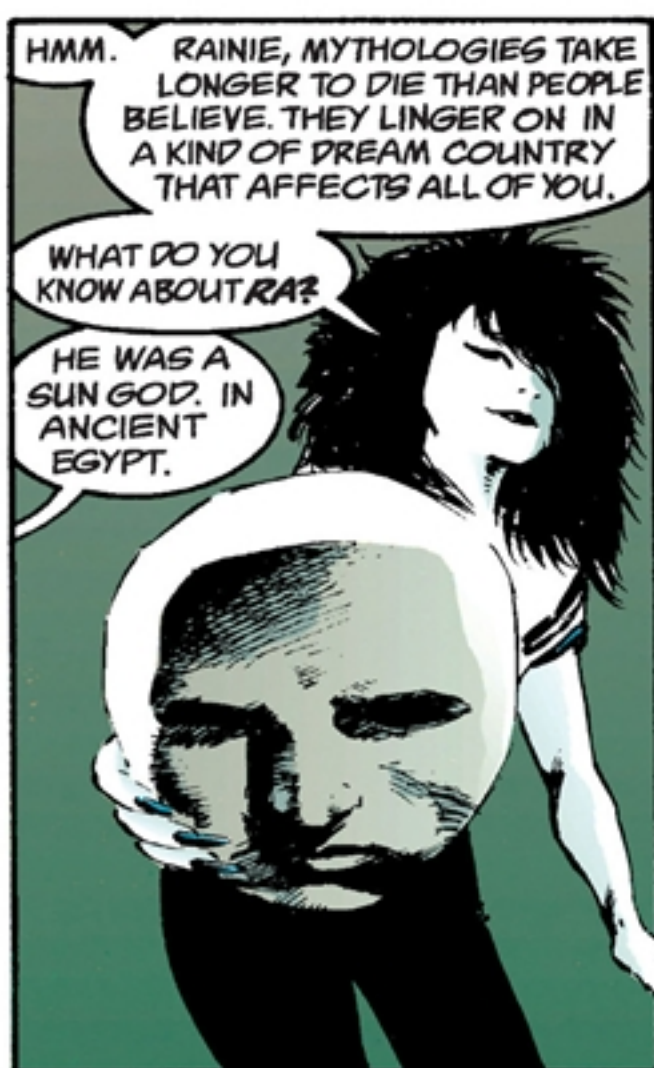
I-I DON'T THINK I UNDERSTOOD ALL THAT.

BUT-ARE YOU SAYING YOU WON'T HELP ME? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? THAT I'VE GOT ANOTHER TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF BEING A FREAK?

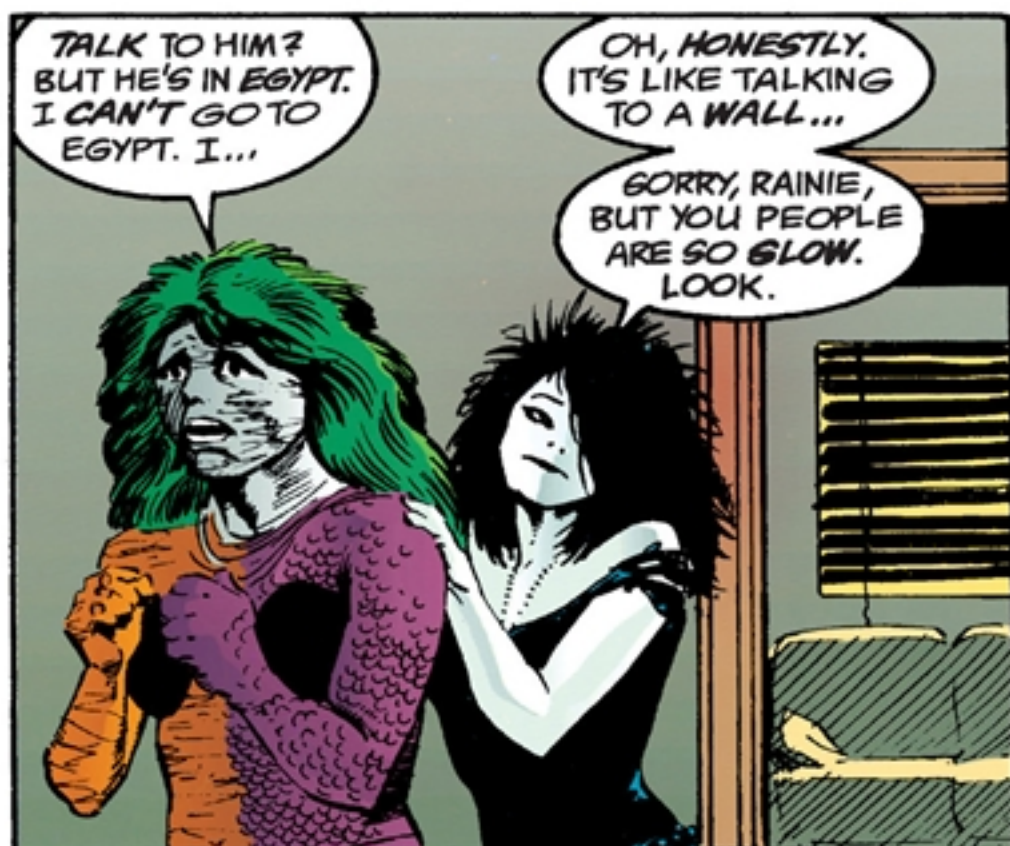
TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF HELL?



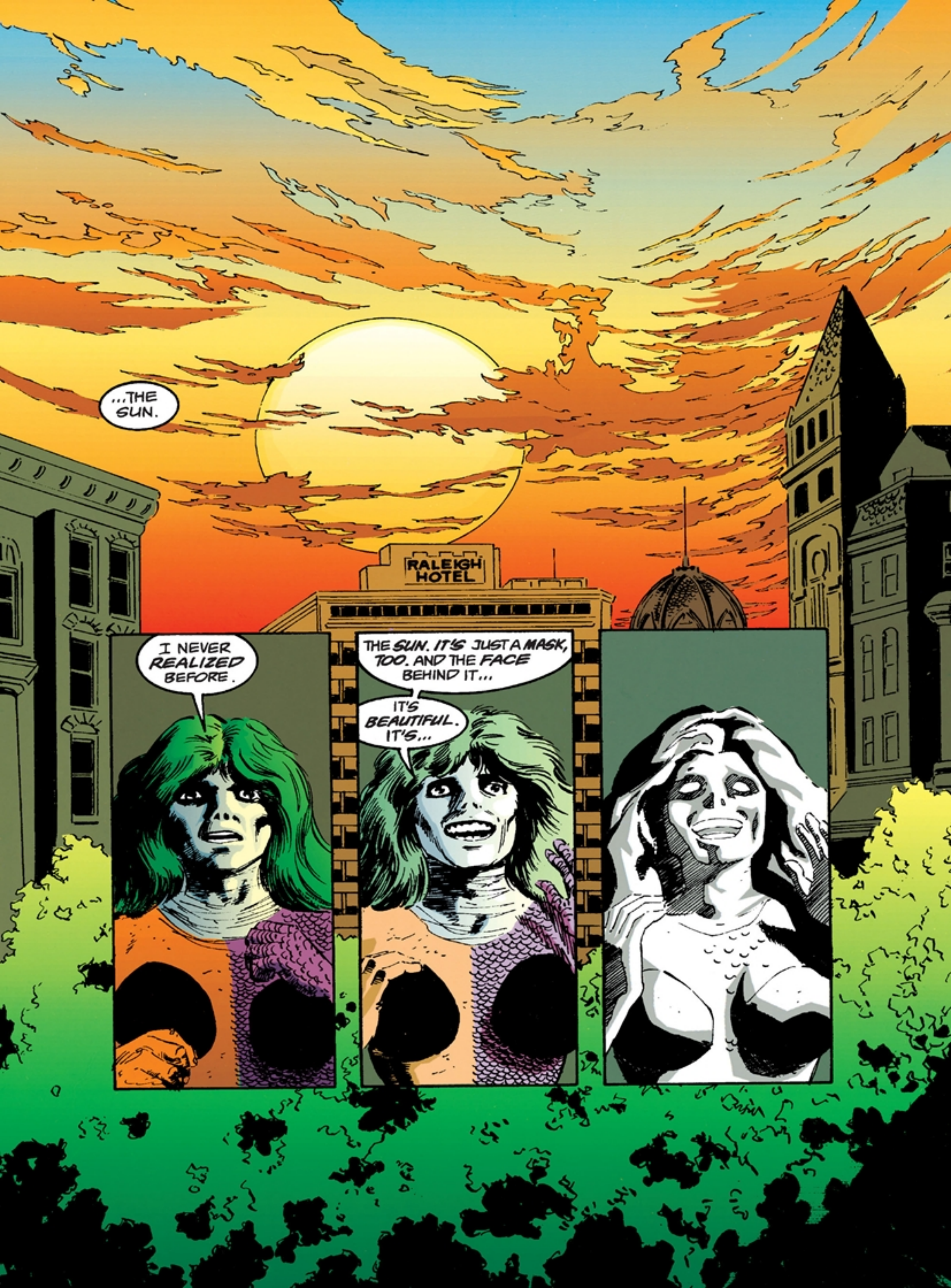












...THE  
SUN.



I NEVER  
REALIZED  
BEFORE.

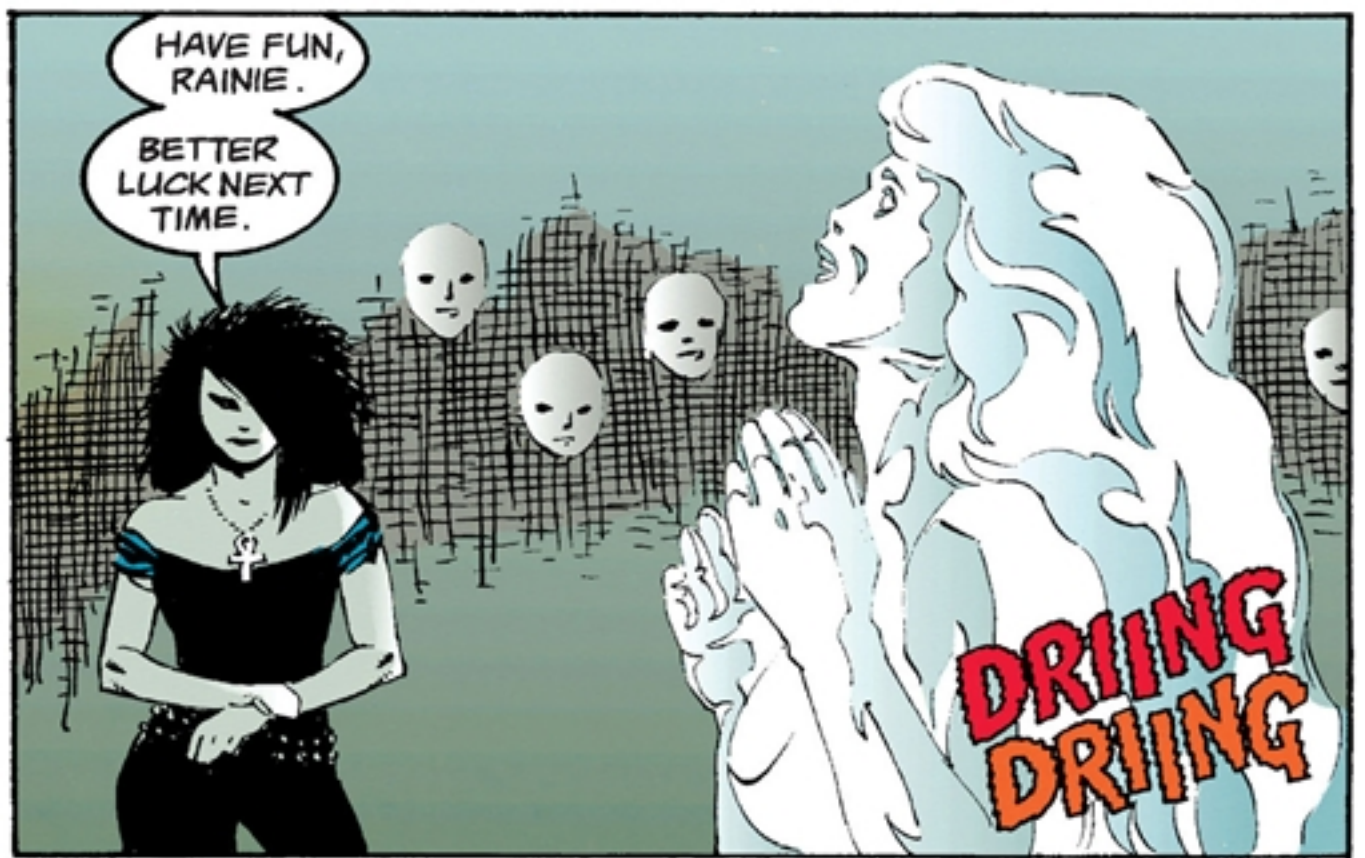


THE SUN. IT'S JUST A MASK,  
TOO. AND THE FACE  
BEHIND IT...

IT'S  
BEAUTIFUL.  
IT'S...









FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES  
#1 BEST-SELLING AUTHOR

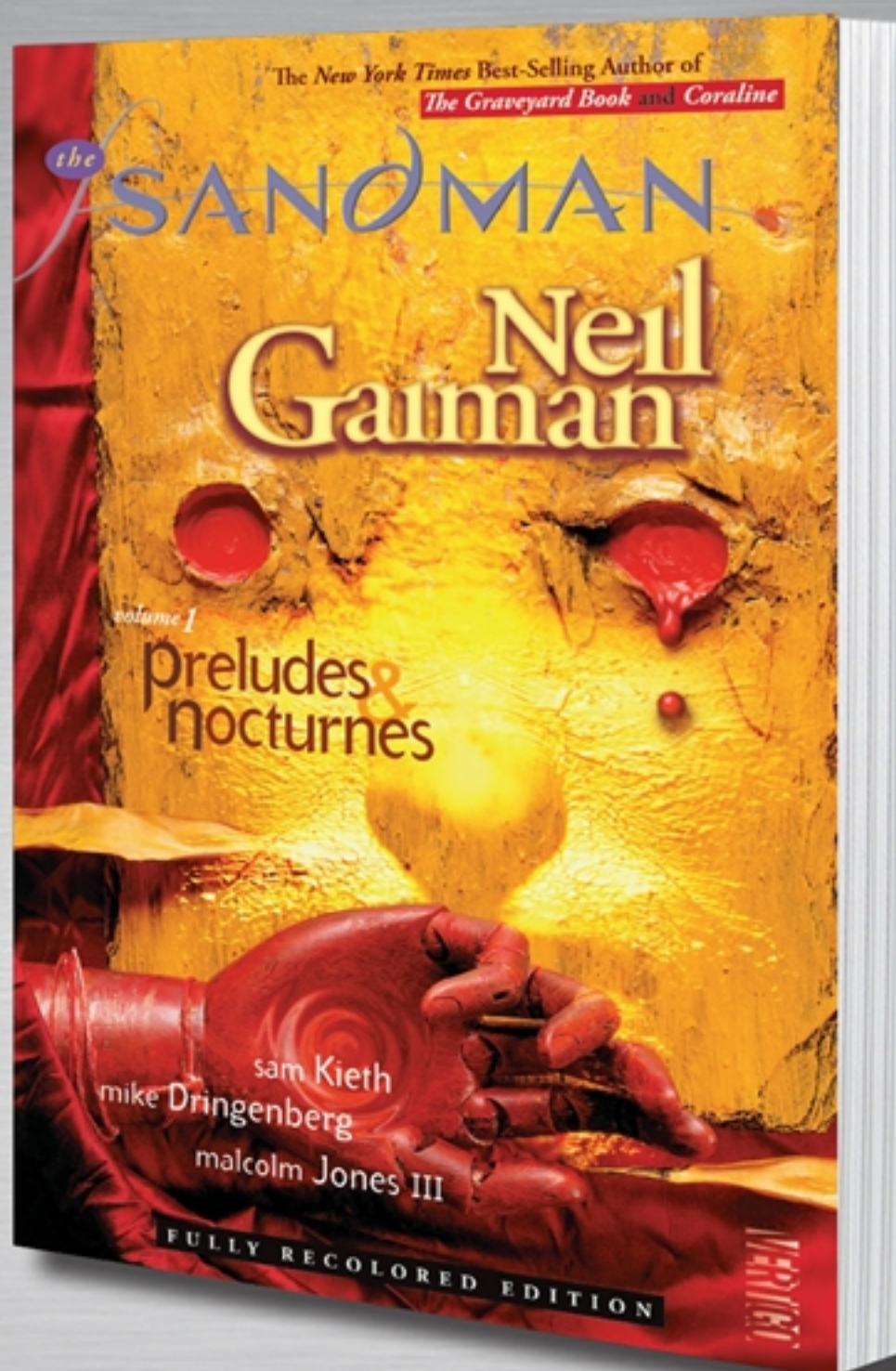
# NEIL GAIMAN

*"What Gaiman has written is  
a comics masterpiece."*  
– PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

*"SANDMAN just might be the smartest  
comic book ever written."*  
– USA TODAY

*"The landmark comic-book series that  
actually made death seem cool."*  
– ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

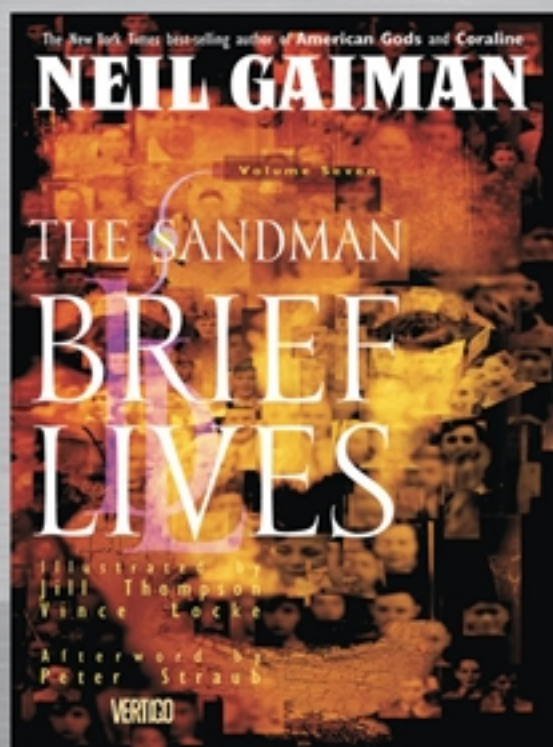
*"This is the stuff dreams are made of."*  
– IGN.com



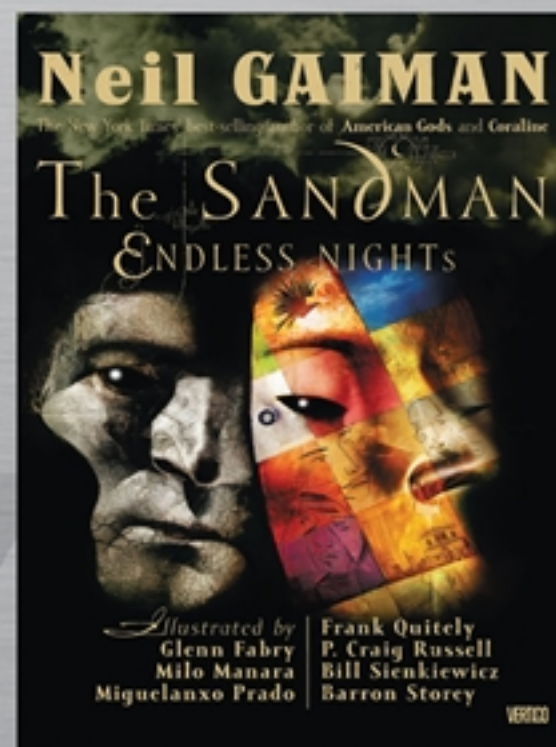
THE SANDMAN VOL. 4:  
SEASON OF MISTS



THE SANDMAN VOL. 7:  
BRIEF LIVES



THE SANDMAN:  
ENDLESS NIGHTS



Use the **BUY IN PRINT** feature to find a comics shop near you.  
Check back here every week for **NEW DIGITAL RELEASES!**

Suggested for Mature Readers