WAKE UP, GIRL! WE'RE MINE!

ALREADY? I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR. MY NAME IS HATHAWAY. DR. JOHN HATHAWAY.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR. CAN I, UH, IS MR. BURGESS AVAILABLE?

THE MASTER IS IN HIS STUDY, SIR. PLEASE FOLLOW ME.
I TAKE IT THAT YOU HAVE... RECONSIDERED?

COMPLIMENT, SOME TEA FOR OUR GUEST.

PLEASE TAKE A SEAT

My son, Bermud, I got a telegram this morning. His Destroyer was sunk last week, off Jutland.

AFTER OUR MEETING AT THE MUSEUM... I-- I KNOW WHAT I GAVE BUT...

THE MAGDALENE ORMROSE WAS ALL THAT THE ORDER NEEDED WE CAN HOLD THE CEREMONY AT THE NEXT FULL MOON.

AND THEN... NO ONE NEED EVER DIE AGAIN

**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 youngest... quite true, Dr. Hathaway.

In 1 A 4, I think...
KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

JUNE 10th, 1940

TORONTO, CANADA. ELIZABETH MARSTON TELLS HER BEDTIME STORY.

SHE KNOWS IT IS ONLY MEANT TO ENTERTAIN HER.

SAY THE RIGHTEOUS, "WHEN YOU'RE OLD, ONE OF THE THINGS IN YOUR DREAMS, "YOU KNOW VERY WELL YOU'RE NOT REAL." IT THROWS HER.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA. IN HIS FATHER'S INN, DANIEL BLAUERMONTE 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.

VERUSCHI, MARIE STEFAN WASSERMANN GOES OVER THE TOP AGAIN TONIGHT. AS SOON AS IT'S DARK, HE NEVER DREADED IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS. NOBODY TOLD HIM.

HE LIES ABOUT HIS AGE TO ENLIST HE'S ALMOST 14.

LONDON, ENGLAND. UNITY KINKAID JUGGLES BETWEEN Linnen SHEETS. SHE DREAMS OF A TALL, DARK MAN. HIS EYES BURN LIKE TWIN STARS IN HER HEAD.

SHE MUMMERS AND WHIPERES LOST IN A WORLD BEYOND HER UNDERSTANDING, DREAMS OF DEATH, OF COURSE.

Especially death.

WICH CROSS, ENGLAND. RODERICK BURGESS'S WAKING DREAMS ARE OF THE POWER AND THE GLORY.
It's midnight. It's time.

After tonight, I'd like to see Althea and his friends try to make fun of me! They will make no more jokes, Alex. When death is at my command...

Time ah... no one has even attempted what we will achieve tonight, Alex. To slay him and bring him death...

This will be a triumph for the Order, eh, Alex?

Yes, father. Father?

And I have the Magdalene Grimoire. Poor Professor Hathaway... even if we fail tonight, my son, Hathaway gave me the book.

And we'll be in our glory forever. The Royal Museum will be ours to plunder.

Poor old fool...
LET US BEGIN.

I GIVE YOU A CLAW I STUCK THROUGH A CHAP MAN'S FUR.

FOR A MOMENT RODERICK FLAMING 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 NAME, AND THE NAME IS LOST. I GIVE YOU THE BLOOD...

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

FROM OUT OF MY VEIN AND A FEATHER I PULLED FROM AN ANGEL'S WINGS.

I GIVE YOU COIN I MADE FROM A STONE.
The words of the spell toll inside his head. Burrows 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.

I summon you in the names of the old lords.

Namtar, Allatu, Morax, Naeerilug, Kleish, Vepar, Maymon.

We summon.

Ashima-Dova calls you.

Marorgan calls you.

Horrendole calls you.

From the dark they call you... into the dark they call you.
COIN AND SONG, KNIFE AND STICK...

HERE IN THE DARKNESS...

HERE IN THE DARKNESS...

HERE IN THE DARKNESS...

HERE IN THE DARKNESS...

“CLAW AND NAME, BLOOD AND FEATHER.”

“HERE IN THE DARKNESS…”

“WE SUMMON YOU, TOGETHER.”

“COME!”
WE DID IT.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
WE DID IT.

NO. WE FAILED.

THIS ISN'T DEATH!
DAMN IT TO HELL.

EVEN SO...

"I THINK... AT THE END OF THE DAY... THIS WILL HAVE BEEN A WORTHY PROFITABLE EVENING'S WORK."
Elli, ellie! Drat the girl, I can't believe it, Arthur? She's fallen asleep again!

Her father carried her to her bed.

She never woke up.

Too scared to sleep, he goes to keep himself awake until dawn.

Daniel Blandamonte 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 shell-shock.

How long can a boy go without sleeping? When do the nightmares sneak out into the daylight?

The morphine is proving useless.

Stefan Wasserman went over the top.

Unity Kinkaid finds it harder and harder to stay awake.

Now she lies unmoving, breathing shallow and silent, lost to the world.

She now sleeps for almost twenty hours a day.

She used to dream; to shift in her sleep, uttering and sighing, locked in half-remembered fantasies...

Unity sleeps.
Welcome. As you see, the circle traps you incorporeally. The crystal cell impinges your material aspect.

You won’t get out unless the circle is broken, and the circle will not be broken unless I order it.

We will discuss the conditions of your release...
YOU'RE A BASTARD ROGER! BURBAGE AND I WAS A FOOL.
I WAS A FOOL TO THINK YOU COULD REPLACE EDMUNDO! I WAS A FOOL TO HAVE GIVEN YOU THAT DAMNED BOOK.

YOU'VE BLED ME DRY. BUT YOU CAN'T BLACKMAIL ME ANY LONGER.
I'VE WRITTEN A SUICIDE NOTE TO MY SISTER. I KNOW IT'S TOO MUCH ABOUT YOU. IT'S ALL THERE. ALL I KNOW.

"I CANNOT BEAR MY LIFE ANY LONGER. DAMN YOU TO HELL, BURBAGE, AND ALAS..."

"I AM CERTAIN YOU WILL MEET ME THERE."

CONFESION

R. JOHN HATHVAY WANTED TO DIE PEACEFULLY. HERE STATE THE TRUTH OF THINGS.

POOL.
Professor Hathaway's use of a museum artifact in his suicide conferred speculation that he was mentally unbalanced. No suicide note was found.

At the inquest, accusations were made linking Hathaway to Roderick Burgess -- "The Lord-Kings" and his Order of Ancient Mysteries. The self-styled "Daemon King" refused to comment.

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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.

Pounding residue from the World War, some suggested others, doctors and scientists, more sensibly attributed it to a virus.

Unable to sleep, Stefan Wasserman killed himself a year after his discharge from the Army.

He was sixteen.
The hag to the endless... so which one?

I do you think I ordered that none of the guards were to sleep 2.

He had to be one of the endless... so which one?

Not death we knew that destiny then? Desire 3.

In the paumapum a fullvarum...

Here, look at this picture...

I know the order will be safe in your hands if ever I forsake the material plane, heh heh heh. Mister Sykes?

Incomitously, magus.

I've found something that may cast some light on our quest...
A SCHISM BRINGS CHAOS TO THE ORDER

Kuthen Sykes, Second-in-command of the Order of Ancient Mysteries, disappears.

...in company with Ethel Cripps, the Magus' 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.

Perhaps this helmet sire?

Thisss shillet will makes shire from Amnestigogs.

Protectionss come dear, mortal. The thingss you offerss isss petty triflesss.

Have you nosssing elsessss...?
OWNE THE amulet, rr. KEEPC A SAE6...

THE RITUAL PROVED USELESS AGAIN. HE HAS PROTECTION. VERMINOUS CAF!

WE CAN'T MAKE HIM DO ANYTHING, ALEX. ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP HIM THERE AND HOPE.

WE COULD TRY TO RAISE DEATH AGAIN...

CRETIN.

WE CAN GET BY IF WE JUST KEEP TRYING.

IN 1936 SHE WALKED OUT ON HIM. SHE TOOK THE DEMON'S GIFT WITH HER.

NO.

OH GOD.

NO.

...WHEN HE STILL POSSESSED IT, IT WAS WORTH EVERYTHING.

YES!

...WHILE HE OWNED THE AMULET, IT KEPT HIM SAFE...
July 1939. Ellie Marsten is in a charity ward, still asleep. She has been in the last decade...

Daniel Bustamonte was one of the last people to succumb to sleepy sickness. End of 1926. He's now been asleep for thirteen years.

Unity Kincard was raped seven years ago. She gave birth to a baby girl.

Each time she cried for her mother, she still thinks she is a girl.

His wife and children miss him.

The scandal was hushed up.

The baby was adopted. Unity never knew she'd slept through the whole thing.

Wesley Dodds. Nightmares have stopped since he started going out at night.

He puts evil people to sleep with gas. Then sprinkles sand on them, leaves them for the police to find in the morning.

The idea came to him in his sleep.

He doesn't dream about the man in the strange malaise anymore. No more burning.

Everything's all right.

The universe knows someone is missing. And slowly, it attempts to replace him.

Wesley Dodds. The sleep of the just.
Father, do you think this is wise? At your age?

My age? Kinya! Don't be so bloody insolent! Open the damn door!

You! It's your fault! You!

Damn you!

You aren't dead but you live forever.
You haven't aged a day since we caught you.
You could have given me power beyond my wildest dreams.

I snf.

I snhaha. I didn't have to get so old.

I shouldn't have had to get old.

Watch my captor grow old and die. No satisfaction. Still here.

Waiting.
When her parents died, the family executions had Unity King aid put into a nursing home. If he spoke he might agree with them, something died inside him a long time ago. Ellie 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 Blastramonte is awake much of the time—he doesn't speak, though. The superstitious say he is a zombie, a walking dead man.

When her parents died, the family executions had Unity King aid put into a nursing home. They have to explain where she is to her every time she wakes; she never remembers.

A castle made of clouds. Around her the elderly wait for death, as they'd wait for an old friend.
"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 unknowable 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?"?

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.

*I don't know, sorry. I'm too tired.*
Hello.

You don't have to be in there, you know. The deals 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. I say something!

No.
1968. They come to him seeking enlightenment. Alexander Blumfeld tells them of Kundalini yoga, tantric sex, astral travel...

Nothing important.

He forbids them to use psychodelics 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.

He won't them call him masago to his face. It's Alex always Alex.

The nursing home staff pretend that unity is aware. They wheel her from room to room with the other patients.

There are two guards in his room at all times. Coffins and amputations are freely available. The guards never sleep on duty.

Asleep, she watches television.

Asleep, she relaxes in the sun.

Daniel Sleepwalks, unspeaking through his world.
ALEX HANDS OVER THE REINS OF ORGANIZATION TO PAUL MCAULIFFE, HIS LONGTIME PERSONAL ASSISTANT.

HE SEES THE ORDER OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES AS AN EFFICIENT METHOD OF PARTING THE OBLIVIUS FROM THEIR CLASH.

ALEX SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME IN HIS STUDY. HE WROTE A MEMOIR ABOUT HIS FATHER, WRITES LETTERS TO APPEASE AND DEFEND 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 LIBRI MAGNARUM MALIGNARUM, AND HE ONLY READS ONE PAGE OF THAT BOOK.

OVER...
I haven't had a decent nights sleep for sixty years is that your fault? Is it?

I could... um... torture you, you know. I couldn't think that I couldn't...

I've killed people before now...

Why won't you talk to me? You could tell us so much so many things.

I hate you. I'm glad we trapped you.

You're... nothing special. You know that?

You're nothing at all.

A naked man in a glass box. That's all you are.

You're nothing at all.

Soon.
EHH... POINTLESS QUITE POINTLESS. TAKE ME UP TO MY OFFICE, PAUL.

I, UH, HAVE WORK TO ATTEND TO... DON'T DO, ALEX, LOVE OF COURSE YOU DO.

OF COURSE YOU DO, PAUL.

I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN YOU HUMOR ME!

DON'T HUMOR ME, PAUL.

I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN YOU HUMOR ME!

AND I'LL BE IN MAJORO! THIS TIME NEXT WEEK, SO THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF THE REAL THINGS...

BOY, THE OLD MAN'S ATROPHY TODAY.

ANYTHING HAPPENING, THEN?

AND I'LL BE IN MAJORO! THIS TIME NEXT WEEK, SO THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF THE REAL THINGS...

YOU KNOW THE KIND OF EYEFUL YOU NEVER GET AT THE BEACH AT EASTBOURNE?

Nah, same old rubbish. I dunno why I buy it. FORCE OF HABIT, I TROUGHER, THAT 'N' PAGE 8...
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...

Ernie sees any conversation as an invitation to concoct tales about his sexual prowess. Frederick no longer listens.

Straight out of a holiday brochure.

Sun... Sea...

Sand...

...and surf...

...and...

THUD...

--Uh! Christ! What was that?
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 Maguire!

Dead? I bet he’s dead.

How long has he been like this?

Uh, I suppose... I suppose we ought to take a look at him.

He’s never done anything like this before...
LHHH... URRHH... WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE DID HE GO?
Wasted, I clinched a dressing of cream... 

Mmm... Hungry.

Yet, I return, naked, alive...

It feels so good to be back.

In most nothing, recurring dreams, he goes to this swell party but his dressed as a clown.

Meany: This the first time I did this, and the other band coldly ended the first tracks. 

Dream so far...

Then don't worry, turn up life and woes back on familiar ground.

This time, it's worth it.
I imagine the texture of fabric against my skin; sculpt it from dream-space...

It has been so long.

I am weak, lacking my tools still...

That's two of three.

And he will give me the other thing I crave...

I have food and raiment. I need the tools stolen from me by my former captor. He will give them to me.

REVENGE.
AND ALL OVER THE WORLD THEY BEGAN TO WAKE UP.

"... Why, you're only a sort of thing in my dream!"

"If that there thing was to happen avoided them seven years ago..."

"BLAM!"

"Just like a crippler!"

YOU LOOK AT THIS, NOW, 'E'S CRAZY. JUST SIT THERE ALL THE DAY...

"I CAN'T TALK. 'E'S CRAZY!"

AND IN THE NURSING HOME GARDEN, LUNITY KIRKLAND COMES TO HERSELF AGAIN.

I DREAMED I HAD A BABY.

MY BABY?"
I'm afraid, you'll have to wait, Mr. McGuire...

I, uh, need to talk to Alex. Something's come up. Something important.

He's having his nap.
You aren't TALKING. What's the matter?

Hello.

CAT got your TONGUE?
"You, it is you.
That's right. It's ME.
I'm, God! I'm sorry,
It, it wasn't me. My father, he did it,
I never knew. I wouldn't have,
I'm sorry, I didn't!"

"Shush, shush..."
"There are offenses that are UNFORGIVABLE.
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 I CRAWLED at a snail's pace..."

"I was, I am, the LORD of this Realm of DREAM and NIGHTMARE."

"You--your father--PUMBRED me down with his PETTY hedge-magicking, his two-penny spell..."

"You barred me from my realm with your foolish circles..."

"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.

WHAT? You wanted DEATH? Then count yourself lucky for the sake of your species and your petty planet that you did NOT succeed...

that instead you snared earth's younger BROTHER.

You... never know how LUCKY you were.

Where are my TOOLS?

I DON'T KNOW... THAT WAS PART OF THE STUFF YOUR PEOPLE STOLE FROM ME. WHERE ARE they?

A RUBBER, A HEIM, A RUBY. Your people stole them from me. Where ARE they?

So, your PUNISHMENT, then I will grant you 10 YEARS OF HOSPITALITY.

TO reward you for your...

I saw ou this

ETERNAL WAKING
I--OHHHH...
SORRY. I MUST HAVE HAD A NIGHTMARE.

I DREAMED THAT OUR PRISONER HAD ESCAPED.
IN THIS TOWER, HE WAS... HE SAID...

HE'S OUT, ALEX.

HE CHECKED OUT THIS MORNING...
WUON, 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?

...I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO BE HAVING QUITE A LOT OF THEM FROM NOW ON.

HAHAHA-HA-HA...
It was more tiring than I had expected. But he will never return to the life he knew.

He 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.

He's not... no... please... just... be right here...

And I have showed him fear...

...we're here. It's all right. So wake up.

Please wake up.

*Please...?*