HER NIPPLES ARE HARD AND DRY AND SHRUNKEN ON BREASTS LIKE EMPTY POUCHES.

HER HAIR COMES OUT IN CLUMPS WHEN SHE MOVES SHE TRIES NOT TO MOVE TOO MUCH.

HER SKIN IS FLAKING INFECTED AND INFLAMED BEDSORES COVER HER BACK AND LEGS.

TWENTY-EIGHT, TWENTY-NINE, THIRTY...

HER FINGERNAILS GREW LONG AND BRITTLE THEN THEY BROKE OFF THE RAGGED NAILS RIP HER SKIN WHEN SHE SCRATCHES.

HER STOMACH SHRANK THEN BLOATED THEN IT SHRANK AGAIN HUNGER SUBSIDED TO A LOW NAGGING IN THE BACK OF HER MIND.

IT'S OK, IT GOES AWAY...

LIKE THE PAIN GOES AWAY LIKE EVERYTHING GOES AWAY WHEN THE DREAMS COME...

SHE FEELS REALITY BUBBLING BACK.

DELAY THE PLEASURE.

DELAY THE DREAMS.

SHE'S COUNTING TO A HUNDRED...

SHE'LL WAIT.

SIXTY-FIVE, SIXTY-SIX...
BZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

FOR ALL YOU CRUMBLIES OUT THERE, HERE'S ONE FROM THE VAULTS: A REAL RAVE FROM THE GRAVES...

COUNT NINETY-NINE
AND KISS ME
JUST HOLD ME TIGHT AND TELL ME YOU'LL MISS ME
BIRDS SINGING IN THE
CHRYSANTHEMUM TREE...

...DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME.

NEIL GAIMAN
WRITER

SAM KIETH
& MIKE DRINGE
ARTISTS

TOWK KLEIN
LETTERER

ROBBIE BURJOS
EDITOR

ART YOUNG
ASSIST. EDITOR

ELAINA GODFREY
ASSIST. EDITOR

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Have you ever had one of those days when something just seems to be trying to tell you something? There was a smell of magic somewhere, like the blue-spark smell of ozone at a funfair. I'd just had the nightmare. These things with faces like appendectomy scars were crocheting my intestines into body bags for the blind and dead.

I told myself it was only a dream, but it didn't matter. The bastards just kept on bloody knitting. Ms. Ter Sandman, I'm so alone, ain't got no body—click.
MORNING, LEAH
GIVE US A CHEESEBURGER AND TWO MUGS OF COFFEE. IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG DAY.

AND GIVE US SOME FIVE PENCE PIECES FOR THE JUKEBOX...

WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING ON?

"I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE." USED TO SING IT WITH MUCOUS MEMBRANE AGES AGO. PRACTICALLY MY THEME SONG...

SOMEBODY TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING? YUP.

I THINK IT'S YOUR GIRLFRIEND OUTSIDE. HEHE.

SWEET DREAMS OF YOU... EVERY NIGHT I GO THROUGH... YOU GOTA LEARN TO PRESS THE RIGHT BUTTONS, JOHN.

...THE WHO-OLE NIGHT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE." I'M TELLING YOU SOMETHING...
'E's back, John.

Who's back, Mad Hettie?

Now you listen, Terence. You little prick!

I see the Sandman, and I meant the bleedin' Sandman! 'E's back, John, and 'e wants 'is own.

I'm two hundred and forty-seven years old and I know!

I'm trying to save the world, Mad Hettie, and you want to tell me fairy stories?

I suppose I'll have to look into it.

Cheeky young Jackanapes!

Look, the Sandman's a fairy tale! You tell kids to get 'em off to sleep sprinkles magic dust in your eyes and brings you...
HE LEFT THE PORSCHE HALF A MILE BACK DOWN THE ROAD. HOPES IT WON'T GET STOLEN. THERE ARE SOME REAL THIEVES AROUND THESE DAYS.

THEY CALL THEMSELVES CREEPERS. IT'S A SPORT BREAKING INTO PEOPLE'S HOUSES WHILE THEY'RE STILL AT HOME.

CHECKBOOKS, CREDIT CARDS, CBS. VIDEO TAPES.

HE THINKS OF IT AS HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE FREE MARKET ECONOMY.

DURING THE DAY HE'S AN INVESTMENT COUNSELOR.

AND... HE... HE...

HE CAN FEEL THE WARM, TIGHTNESS OF HER SKIN. THE SCENT OF SEX IS HEAVY IN THE AIR.

HER LIPS TASTE OF ROSES AND PASSION, AND SHE HOLDS HIM LIKE HER LIFE DEPENDS ON IT.

HE MUST BE DREAMING.

THIS IS TOO GOOD.
Too good to be true.

He's hitting a hundred and fifty in the Lamborghini of his dreams.

Everybody's green with envy. The acceleration goes on forever.

Jesus.

He's dying for them and they love him.

He's pure and perfect and he's dying for their sins.

He can see his parents, his boss, his lovers in the crowd below him.

They're sorry now. Sorry they treated him so badly because he's the son.

Last son of a dead planet.

Strongest man in the world.

He can do anything.

Absolutely anything.
ONE THING I’VE LEARNED:
YOU CAN KNOW ANYTHING. IT’S ALL THERE, YOU JUST HAVE TO FIND IT.
MY OWN RESEARCHES KEEP ME BUSY ENOUGH.
‘OOOO-OOOH, SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS... WHO AM I TO DISAGREE?’
...TO CALL MY OWN. I WANT A DREAM LOVER, SO I DON’T HAVE TO DREAM ALONE.
DREAMS ARE LIKE ANGELS, THEY KEEP BAD AT BAY... AS PER USUAL.
I DREAM A MESS OF LEY-LINES AND LEPTONS, PLASMA FIELDS AND TURF GIANTS.
THEN THE DREAMS GET SCARY AND BAD.
IT WAS ON THE THIRD DAY THAT HE CAUGHT UP WITH ME.

John Constantine, I presume.
Well, I'm not Doctor Livingstone, Pal. Heh.

Sorry little joke.

THAT pouch? That was years ago. Yeah, I bought it in a garage sale in San Francisco.

WHERE IS it now?

Very little.

I haven't seen it for ages, but the odds are it's down in Chas' lock-up, with me stuff from... Paddington and from the Nottingham Place.

And the East Croydon flat before that...

I KNEW it was powerful but I never even managed to get the drawstrings open...

I HOPE you don't expect me to go on public transport with you dressed like that.

BE DEAD embarrassing.

I SUPPOSE you must be...

Something of mine came into your possession. A leather pouch, full of sand.

I want it black. Where is it?

Let us retrieve it then.

I OUGHT to introduce you to the Big Green bloke. You'd like him.

He hasn't got a sense of humor either.

Let us reprieve £
We've been looking for two days. Patience wears thin.

I do not believe it is here.

If it were here, I would be able to feel it.

We've still got a load of stuff to go through yet, boss. Keep smiling. It'll turn up.

How did you lose this pouch, anyway?

It was stolen from me by a man called Burgess.

Darn!

I don't know why I hang on to all this stuff.

If there was a fire it'd be like my whole life was going up in flames...

Oh, Jesus! Oh Jesus! Bloody hell.

You must be older than you look.

Uh, boss. I think I know where your pouch is.
"ERE, JOHN. CAN WE STOP AT A SERVICE STATION? I'M PARCHED. I TOOK OFF WITHOUT ME TEA.

YOU HEARD THE MAN. CHAS. OLD MATE. SORRY. I AIN'T NO MARK FOR THE VENUS OF THE HAIRDRESS.

YOU DON'T CALL HIM HIS KIND. JUST TURN UP OUT OF THE BLUE. THEY CALL YOU.

WE WERE LIVING TOGETHER IN A HIGH-RISE FLAT IN EAST CROYDON. I WENT TO ALASKA FOR SIX MONTHS, OVER THE LUPUS AFFAIR.

AND SOMETIMES I STILL MISS HER.

WHEN I GOT BACK SHE WAS GONE ALONG WITH HER STUFF. THE TELLY ME SILVER SURFERS--ANY OLD JUNK SHE COULD CONVERT TO MONEY.

I WISH I'D REALIZED THAT SHE'D NICKED THE POUCH AS WELL, THOUGH.

THE CANDY-COLORED CLOWN THEY CALL THE SANDMAN... TIP-TOES THROUGH MY ROOM EVERY NIGHT... JUST TO SPARKLE THROUGH..."
The pouch is here. And MORE than the pouch...

This house is DANGEROUS, Constantine.

WE'LL ASK HER DAD WHERE SHE'S LIVING THESE DAYS AND GO FIND HER.

RIGHT. THIS IS IT THE GRAMIBLES.

NO PROBLEMS, EH?

HER DAD'S ALL RIGHT RETIRED AIR PILOT NICE MAN 
WE'LL GET YOUR BAG BACK

The pouch is HERE

CHAS, STAY IN THE CAR. ROLL UP THE WINDOWS, LOCK THE DOORS.

YOU TAKE OFF AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE, RIGHT?

BUT, JOHN...

NO BUMS, MATE. YOUR MUSCLE HATES ME AS IT IS. LOTE'S NOT GIVE HER A REASON TO, EH?
Rachel was always playing with the pouch kept going on at me to try to open it.

She'd ask me, what's the point of having something magic if you don't use it?

I knew the answer, but I knew she'd never understand.

Well, there's no answer and it's locked, bolted and alarmed.

Let's go round the back, we can smash a window, get in that way...

We go in by the front door.

It smells strange. Part of it reminds me of the month I worked for an undertaker, all flesh and formaldehyde.

'Sheer: smells are a hotline to memory.

'Naw, I'll stick around. I'm intrigued.' Anyway, I was fond of Rachel once. She was you know, the girl of my dreams.

Constantine... This place is not safe for you. Things are free in this house that should not be loose on Earth. You must not stay here.
The electricity's cut off. There's six months' worth of mail on the doormat. What's been happening here?

Watch out for the human.

What do you mean, watch out for...

Aahh!

Ahh, is he...?

He's alive. After a fashion.

He's being eaten by dreams.

You need light. Is that better?

I've been out of my depth before. Something tells me there are sharks in these depths.

I ought to be running away but... 

Luh. Sure thanks.

THU-DUMP

Thanks.
MOVING OLD DARK HOUSE. HORRIBLE MENACE ON THE LOOSE. "LET'S SPLIT UP." MUZZLED SCREAMS IN DARKNESS.

"UH... WE'LL STICK TOGETHER, WON'T WE?"

"OF COURSE"

"YECHH. CHRIST, THERE'S SOMETHING ON THE WALLS."

"SOMETHING WET."

"AND."

"AND."

UNTHINKING, I REACH FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH... AND I CAN SEE THE CLOUDS. THEY LOOK KIND OF SOLID. AND THE GROUND BELOW THEM. THAT LOOKS REALLY SOLID. IT'S A LONG WAY TO FALL. AND I'M FALLING..."
HOW DID I GET HERE?

I DON'T WANT TO DIE. I DON'T WANT TO FALL.

HOW DID I GET HERE?

MEMORY FILLS IN: THE PLANE ON FIRE, I JUMPED.

I WAS THE PILOT? NO, A PASSENGER, THEN?

TELL MYSELF IT'S NOT THE FALL. FALLING DOESN'T HURT...

...IT'S WHEN YOU STOP!

IT IS NEVER "only a dream." John Constantine HERE less than some other places.

You WERE THERE, TOO. A DREAM IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.

MORE LIGHT.
FEEL SICK.

A human body. What's left of it. Your woman's. I would surmise.

AUGUS.]

WHAT is this stuff

I feel sick. I can feel the hot dog and coffee I grabbed for dinner trying to fight their way back up for air...

BUT IT'S STILL ALIVE.

In the right.

HOW'S
"THE WOMAN"? RACHEL! SHE'S THROUGH THERE.

Let us through...

WHO SAID?

WHO SHORE?

NOT HIM

NEVER HIM

He's gone

All gone. Long gone.

This has gone far enough. You have exceeded your bounds.

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU BLOODY ARE! WE WANT TO SEE RACHEL!

DO NOT DISTURB HER

LEAVE THE WOMAN

SHE IS OURS

LEAVE HER

DO NOT DISTURB US

DEAR FROM HUNGRY

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU BLOODY ARE! WE WANT TO SEE RACHEL!

POOFLISH POOFLISH

POOFLISH POOFLISH

POOFLISH POOFLISH

POOFLISH POOFLISH

HEAR IT POSTURE?

HEAR IT THREATEN?

WE FROM HUNGRY

NO

SHUT UP
WHENEVER I WANT TO...

DREAM DREAM DREAM DREAM...

ALL I HAVE TO DO... IS...

DREAM DREAM...

I have the pouch. The dreams will return to their proper location, in time...

We can go now.
Why NOT?

HER METABOLISM

IS OBVIOUSLY DESTROYED.

THE SAND WAS THE ONLY

THING KEEPING HER

ALIVE. SHE WILL DIE

SOON.

PAINFULLY, I

WOULD

IMAGINE.

SEE THE

SUN SET IN THE

HAND OF THE

MAN...

I SAID

YOU CAN'T

BLOODY LEAVE

HER LIKE

THIS!

OUCH. OUCH!

Very well.

Constantine.

Go outside.

BUT--

YEAH ALL

RIGHT.

RACHEL.

SWEET

DREAMS.

LOVE.
ANP

SHE KNOWS

THEY'RE WAITING FOR HER.

AND SHE KNOWS HE'S WAITING FOR HER.

JOHN.

HELLO, LOVE.

I'VE BEEN AWAY FOR A LONG TIME.

DID YOU MISS ME, THEN?

NAH.

BASTARD.

I KNOW.

IT'S THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS.
WELL, AREN'T WE ALL, MATE? AREN'T WE ALL?

I'LL GO WAKE CHAS UP AND TAKE OFF BACK TO THE SMOKE THEN GET WORK TO DO EH?

GOODBYE, CONRAD!

I'LL SEE YOU.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?

YOU'VE GOT YOUR SODDING SANDBAG BACK THEN.

HEH, AREN'T WE ALL, MATE? AREN'T WE ALL?

DID SHE...

She died peacefully. She died Happy.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR SODDING SANDBAG BACK, THEN.

SO.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?

Yeah, great. Thanks.

To Hell.
What are you asking, John Constantine?

It's just... ever since Newcastle, the last ten years... ever since Newcastle I've been having these nightmares.

I understand.

Very well.

Thanks.

Ah-one, two, three, four...

Mister Sandman, bring me a dream.

Make her the cutest thing I've ever seen.

Give her the word that I'm not a rover, then tell me that my lonesome life is over.

Next:

GOING TO HELL