

THE SANDMAN ♦ UNIVERSE

# The Dreaming

3

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VERTIGO

\$3.99  
MATURE  
READERS



Simon Spurrier  
Bilquis Evely  
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THE CIRCUMSTANCES  
BY WHICH **JUDGE  
EZEKIEL GALLOWES**  
WAXED AND WANED UPON AN  
UNTAMED CONTINENT ARE  
KNOWN TO BUT A FEW.

THE TRUTH IS  
THAT HE WAS NOT  
CREATED BUT  
**CONDENSED.**

**DISTILLED SCALPING  
AND SPITTING FROM A  
SUNSET TREND--A BOGEY  
FASCINATION--IN THE MANY  
CRUCIBLES OF THE FRONTIER.**

MEN, AFTER ALL, HAVE LONG  
FOSTERED **FIXATIONS**  
WITH THE DEVILS THAT HAUNT  
THE MARGINALIA OF STRIFE--

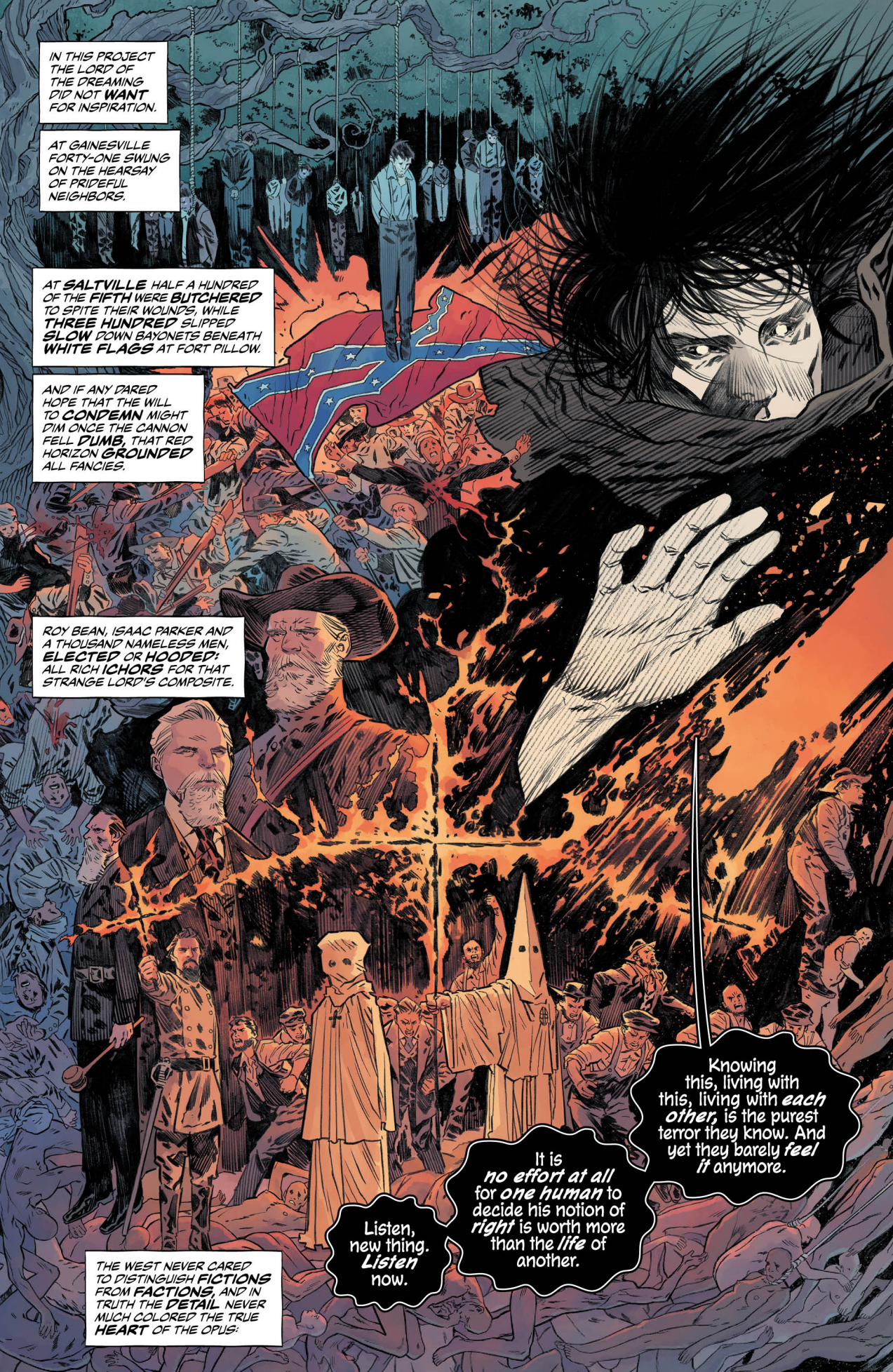
--BE IT THE  
DOMINATION OF THE  
WILDERNESS OR  
THE **SUBJUGATION**  
OF THE OTHER--

--HENCE, THE JUDGE'S  
SHADOW EXTENDED  
ALONG A GREAT  
PERISTALSIS OF PRINT.

THERE IS, YOU SEE, AN  
OFFICE FOR ONE WHOSE  
DUTIES PERMIT THE  
COMMISSION OF FRESH  
MYTHOLOGIES--

--AND IN THOSE DAYS  
SUCH **SOURNESS** LAY ON  
HIS **BREAST** THAT IT WAS  
HIS **PREOCCUPATION** TO  
EXERCISE THIS ROLE IN A  
PARTICULAR PURSUIT:

THE PERFECTION OF  
NIGHTMARES.



IN THIS PROJECT  
THE LORD OF  
THE DREAMING  
DID NOT WANT  
FOR INSPIRATION.

AT GAINESVILLE  
FORTY-ONE SWUNG  
ON THE HEARSAY  
OF PRIDEFUL  
NEIGHBORS.

AT SALTVILLE HALF A HUNDRED  
OF THE FIFTH WERE BUTCHERED  
TO SPITE THEIR WOUNDS, WHILE  
THREE HUNDRED SLIPPED  
SLOW DOWN BAYONETS BENEATH  
WHITE FLAGS AT FORT PILLOW.

AND IF ANY DARED  
HOPE THAT THE WILL  
TO CONDEMN MIGHT  
DIM ONCE THE CANNON  
FELL DUMB, THAT RED  
HORIZON GROUNDED  
ALL FANCIES.

ROY BEAN, ISAAC PARKER AND  
A THOUSAND NAMELESS MEN,  
ELECTED OR HOODED:  
ALL RICH ICHORS FOR THAT  
STRANGE LORD'S COMPOSITE.

Knowing  
this, living with  
this, living with *each  
other*, is the purest  
terror they know. And  
yet they barely *feel*  
it anymore.

It is  
*no effort at all*  
for *one human* to  
decide his notion of  
*right* is worth more  
than the *life* of  
another.

Listen,  
new thing.  
*Listen*  
now.

THE WEST NEVER CARED  
TO DISTINGUISH FICTIONS  
FROM FACTIONS, AND IN  
TRUTH THE *DETAIL* NEVER  
MUCH COLORED THE TRUE  
HEART OF THE OPUS:



I intend  
that you  
remind  
them.

FETCH ME  
HEMP.

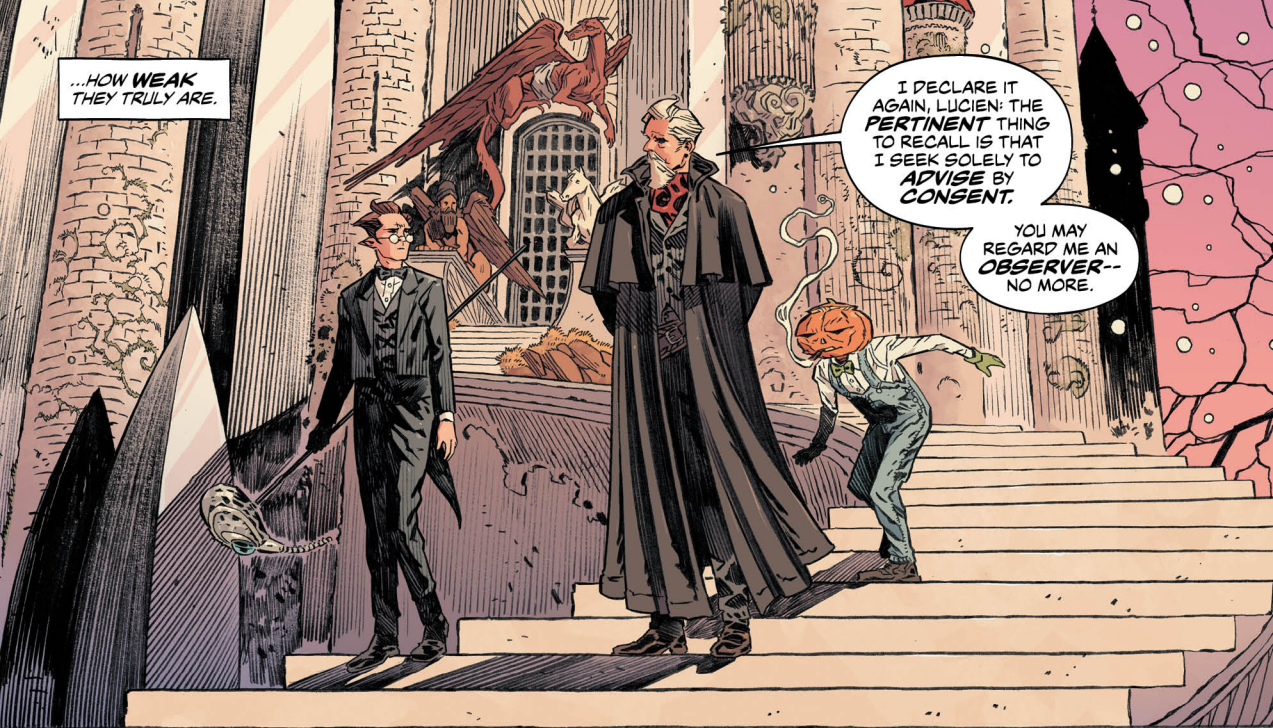
SO AROSE JUDGE  
GALLOWES, NIGHTMARE  
OF THE MAJOR ARCANA,  
WHOSE GAVEL  
THUNDERED IN THE  
DREAMS OF THE WEST  
FOR FIFTY YEARS.

FOR FIFTY YEARS  
DREAMERS SHIVERED AT  
HIS GAZE WHILE AROUND  
THEM FRIENDS AND FAMILY  
DENOUNCED AND SPAT,  
AND CALLED OUT SHRILL  
FOR THE ROPE.

FOR FIFTY YEARS  
DREAMERS TREMBLED  
AT CORD AND HOOD,  
WITH NOOSE AND  
SINOW CLENCHED  
AGAINST THAT GULF  
(OH LORD NO) THAT GULF  
UNDERFOOT--UNTIL--

THE KICK.

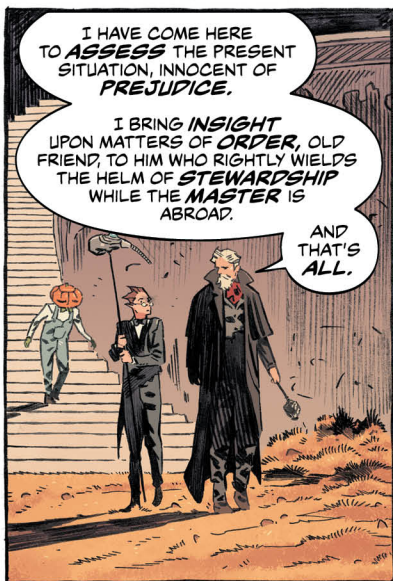
THE KICK THAT ALL WHO  
SLEEP HAVE FELT. THE KICK ON  
THE CUSP OF WAKING. THE  
KICK WHICH REMINDS EVEN THE  
STRONGEST OF SOULS...



...HOW WEAK  
THEY TRULY ARE.

I DECLARE IT  
AGAIN, LUCIEN: THE  
**PERTINENT** THING  
TO RECALL IS THAT  
I SEEK SOLELY TO  
**ADVISE BY  
CONSENT.**

YOU MAY  
REGARD ME AN  
**OBSERVER--**  
NO MORE.



I HAVE COME HERE  
TO **ASSESS** THE PRESENT  
SITUATION; INNOCENT OF  
**PREJUDICE.**

I BRING **INSIGHT**  
UPON MATTERS OF **ORDER**, OLD  
FRIEND, TO HIM WHO RIGHTLY WIELDS  
THE HELM OF **STEWARDSHIP**  
WHILE THE **MASTER** IS  
ABROAD.

AND  
THAT'S  
**ALL.**



FINE  
EVENIN',  
MA'AM.

HM.

YOU  
GOT NOTHING TO  
FEAR FROM THIS OLD  
BUZZARD, LUCIEN. I AM  
NOT THE MONSTER MY  
WORKIN' PERSONA  
REPUTES.



~SPT~

WELL, I--I CAN'T  
SAY I **APPROVE** OF  
THE CLANDESTINE  
MANNER OF YOUR  
RETURN, BUT...

**HA!**  
**THAT'S FREAKIN'**  
**RICH! GET THIS**  
**FREAKIN' SNAKE,**  
**LECTURIN' ON**  
**SECRECY!**



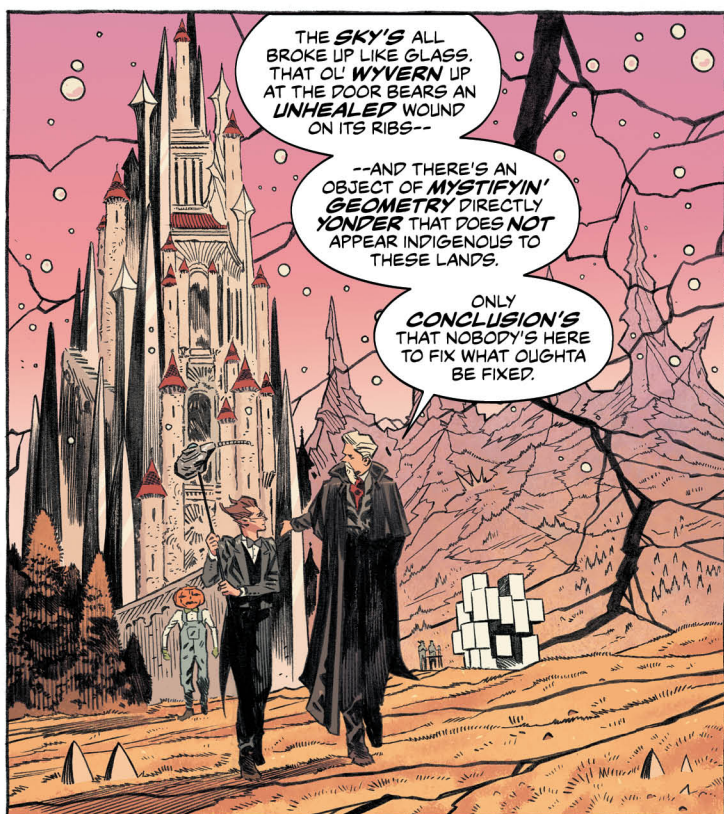
I BELIEVE HE REFERS  
TO THE **INDEFINITE**  
**ABSENCE** OF LORD  
DREAM.

WHICH--SO I'M  
TOLD--YOU HAVE  
**CONCEALED**  
FROM PUBLIC  
KNOWLEDGE.



Y-Y-YOU  
KNOW ABOUT  
TH--?

NOW,  
NOW, LUCIEN--  
IT'D BE EVIDENT  
IN ANY CASE. I  
OBSERVE AND  
I ASSESS.



THE SKY'S ALL  
BROKE UP LIKE GLASS.  
THAT OL' WYVERN UP  
AT THE DOOR BEARS AN  
UNHEALED WOUND  
ON ITS RIBS--

--AND THERE'S AN  
OBJECT OF MYSTIFYIN'  
GEOMETRY DIRECTLY  
YONDER THAT DOES NOT  
APPEAR INDIGENOUS TO  
THESE LANDS.

ONLY  
CONCLUSION'S  
THAT NOBODY'S HERE  
TO FIX WHAT OUGHTA  
BE FIXED.



WELL, WELL, WELL.  
GALLOWS IS  
BACK, ABEL. THAT  
SHOULD MAKE THINGS  
INTERESTING  
AROUND HERE.

HE'S  
TALLER THAN  
LAST TIME--DON'T  
YOU THINK SO,  
CAIN?

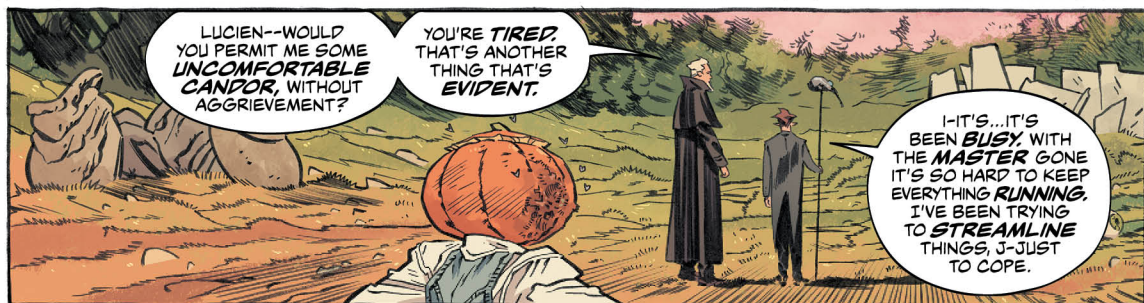


HM. WELL,  
C'MON, MAGGOT-BREATH.  
WE SHOULD SEE WHERE  
THEY'RE G--



YOU DIDN'T  
STUTTER.

I  
DUH-DUH--  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
MEAN.



LUCIEN--WOULD  
YOU PERMIT ME SOME  
UNCOMFORTABLE  
CANDOR, WITHOUT  
AGGRIEVEMENT?

YOU'RE TIRED.  
THAT'S ANOTHER  
THING THAT'S  
EVIDENT.

I-IT'S...IT'S  
BEEN BUSY, WITH  
THE MASTER GONE  
IT'S SO HARD TO KEEP  
EVERYTHING RUNNING.  
I'VE BEEN TRYING  
TO STREAMLINE  
THINGS, J--JUST  
TO COPE.

