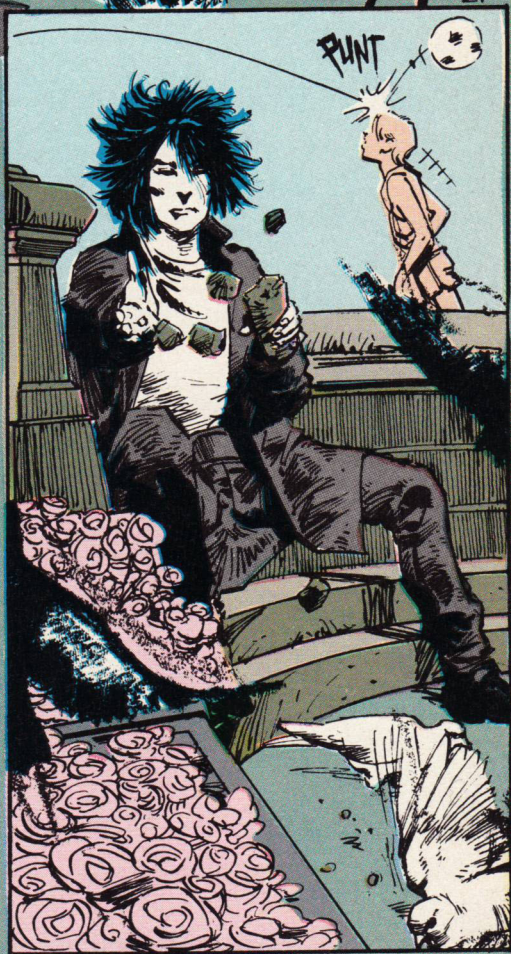
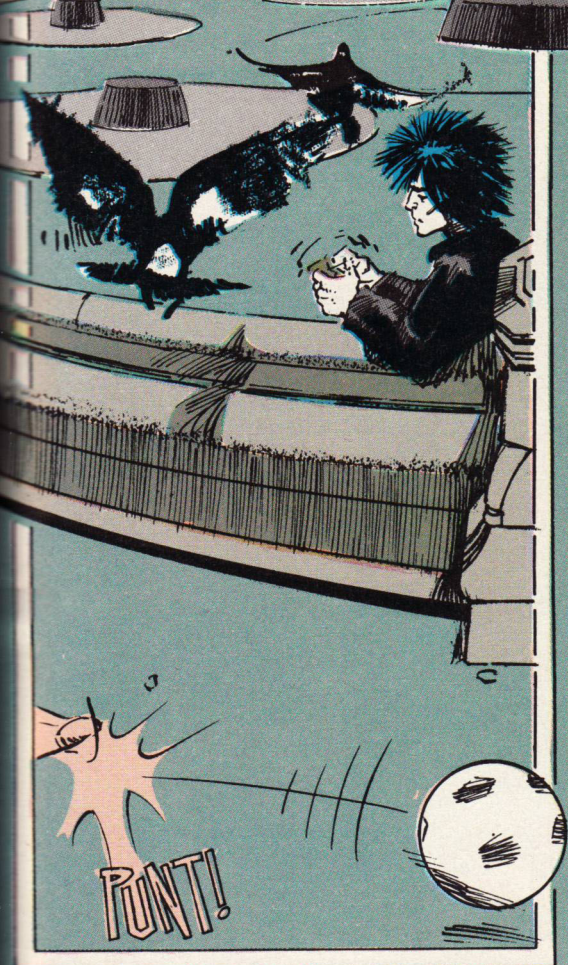
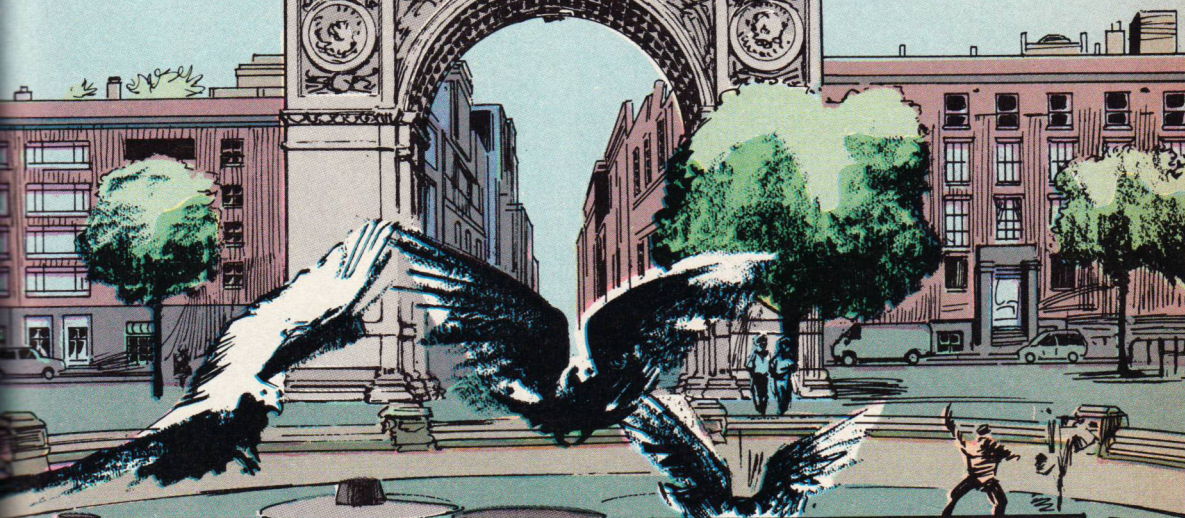


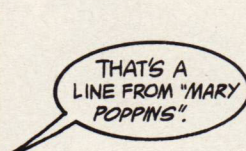
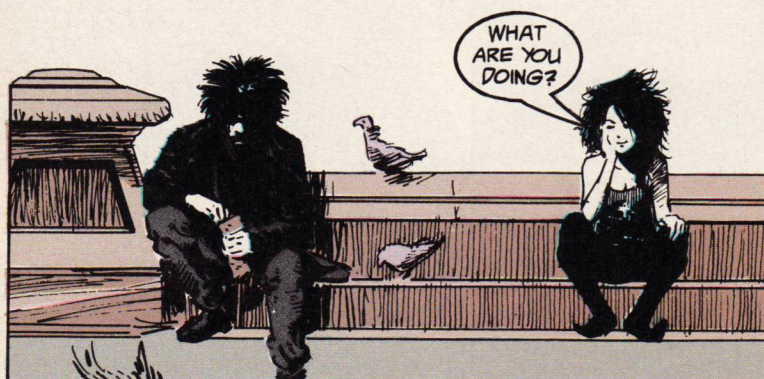
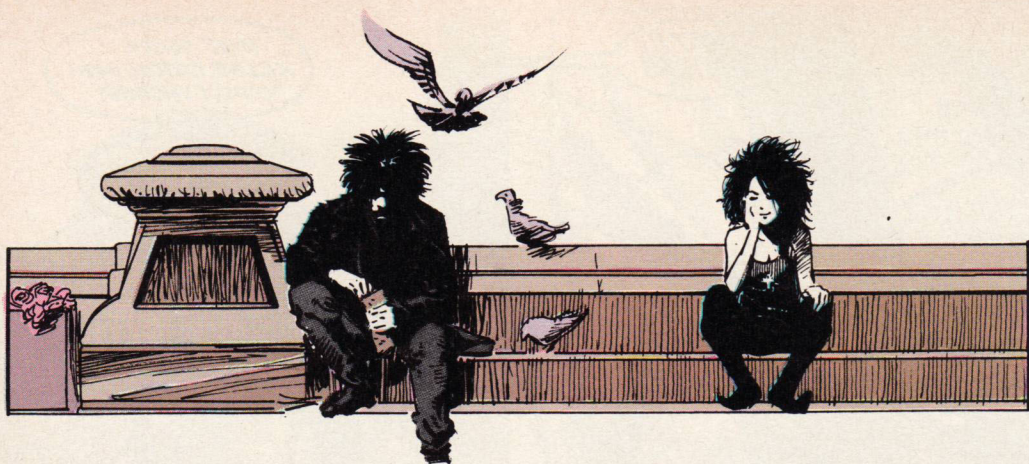
THE SOUND
OF HER WINGS



THE SOUND OF HER NINGS!!

NEIL GAIMAN, WRITER
MIKE DRINGENBERG &
MALCOLM JONES III ARTISTS
ROBBIE BUSCH, COLORS
TODD KLEIN, LETTERS
ART YOUNG, ASSOC. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER, EDITOR





I LOVE THAT MOVIE.
YOU EVER SEE IT?

No.

THERE'S THIS GUY
WHO'S LITTERLY A
BANKER, AND HE
DOESN'T HAVE TIME
FOR HIS FAMILY, OR
FOR LIVING, OR
ANYTHING.

AND MARY POPPINS,
SHE COMES DOWN FROM
THE CLOUDS, AND SHE
SHOWS HIM WHAT'S
IMPORTANT.

FUN. FLYING KITES,
ALL THAT STUFF.

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS!

What?

SUPER-CALI-FRAGIL-ISTIC-EXPI-ALI-DOCIOUS.
LITTERLY FANTABULOUS WORD, HUH? IT MEANS,
Y'KNOW, GREAT.

WONDERFUL

GINCHY.
GNARLY.

PEACHY KEEN!

WOOGA-WOOGA-
WOOGA! VROOOOOM!
YIIIIIIIIII!!

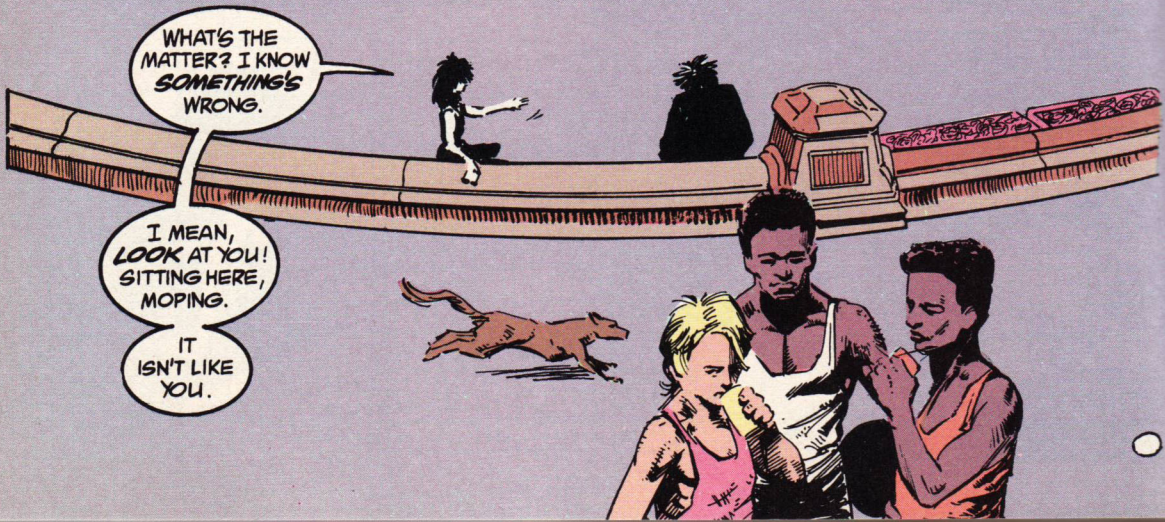
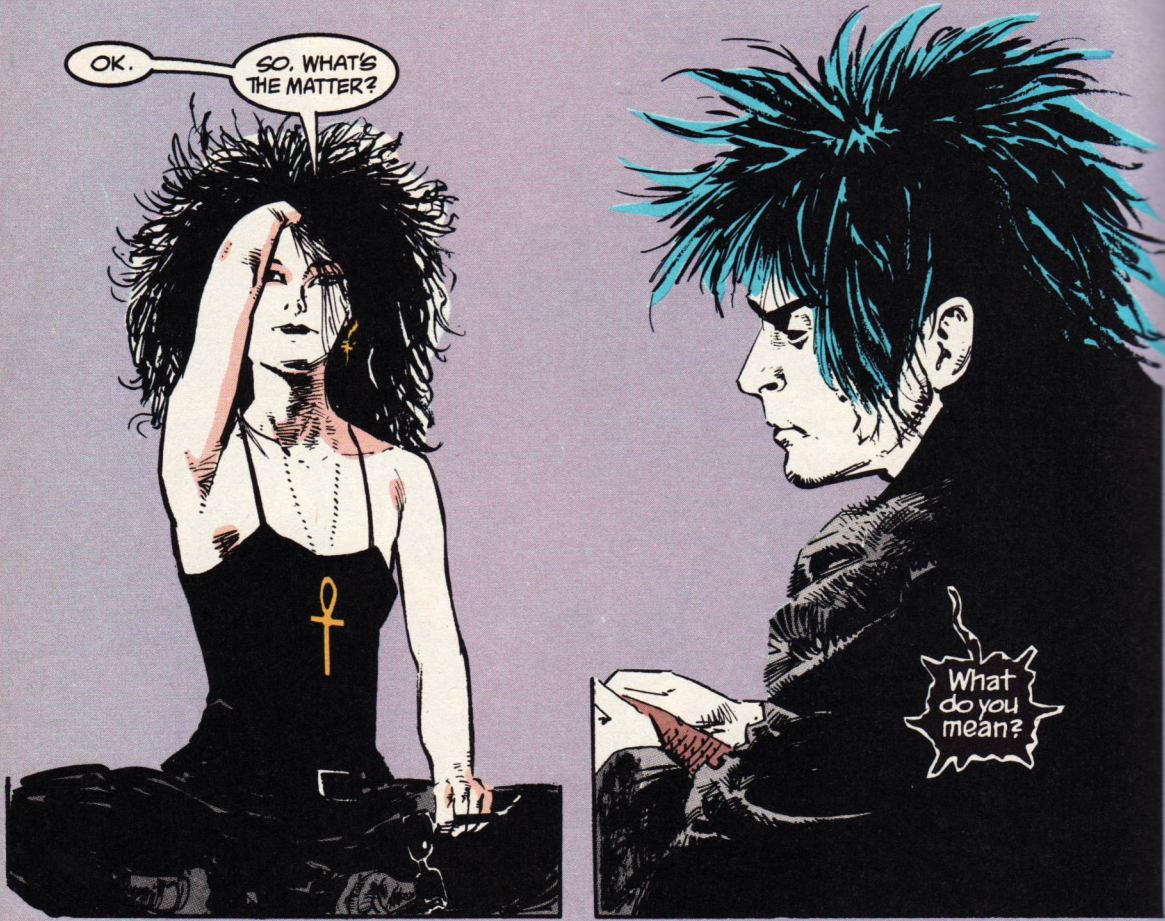
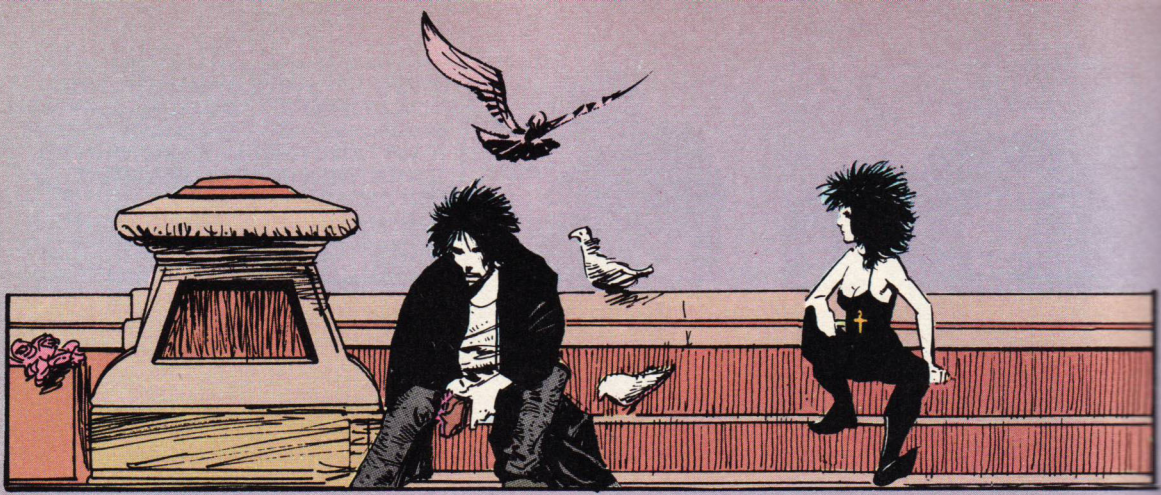
WUT
FLUT

It's a CUTE MOVIE.
MAYBE NOT EVERYBODY'S
THING, BUT, Y'KNOW...

Y'KNOW.
CUTE.

Ah.

DICK VAN DYKE'S
BRITISH ACCENT DEFIES
BELIEF. "HOH 'HITS A
JOLLY 'OLIEDYE WIN
YEW, MAIRÉE
PAWPINS!"



No... perhaps it isn't.

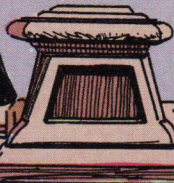
I don't know what's wrong. But you're right. Something is... the matter.



When they captured me, imprisoned in their box, I had just one thought: Revenge.

By the time I freed myself, my original captor had gone the way of mortals, and I took my vengeance on his son.

It felt... fine, I suppose.



But it didn't feel as-- satisfying-- as I had expected.

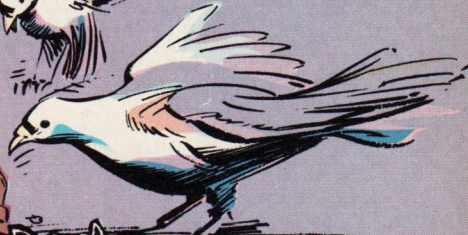
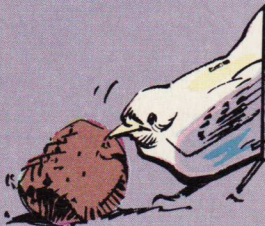
In the interim, my dreamworld had fallen apart. I needed my tools, long since stolen and scattered.



One by one I found them.



The pouch was relatively easy.



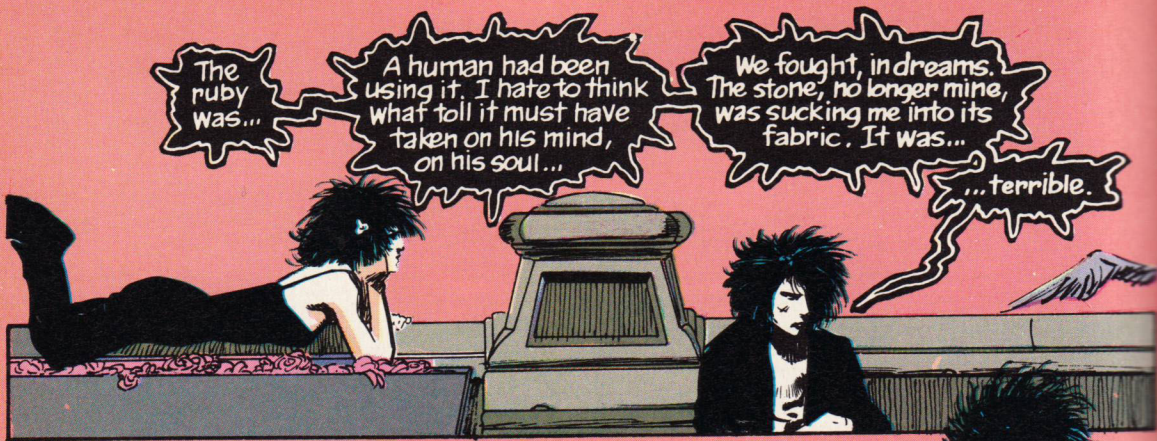
To regain the helmet I challenged a demon, dared the Hordes of Hell, faced down Lucifer himself.

Hahh.

That left only the ruby.



Eventually I found them.

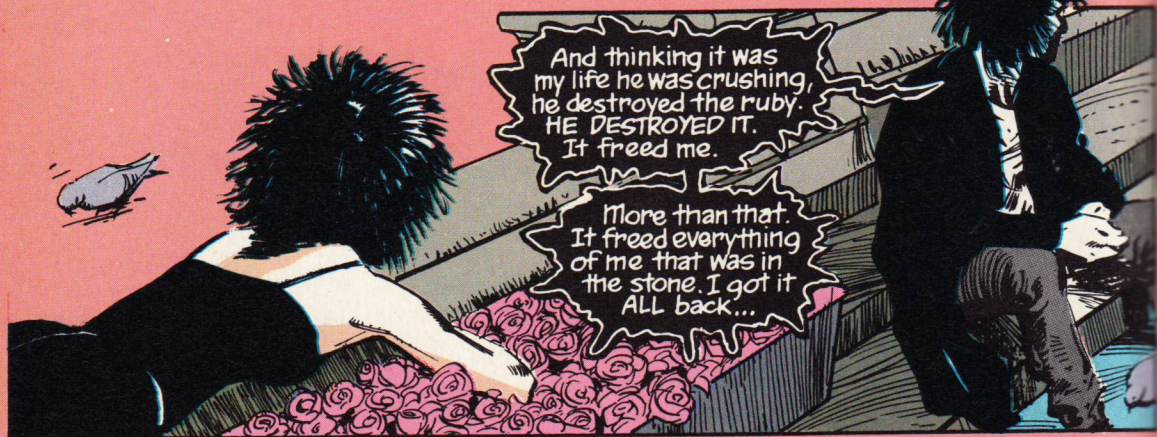


The
ruby
was...

A human had been
using it. I hate to think
what toll it must have
taken on his mind,
on his soul...

We fought, in dreams.
The stone, no longer mine,
was sucking me into its
fabric. It was...

...terrible.



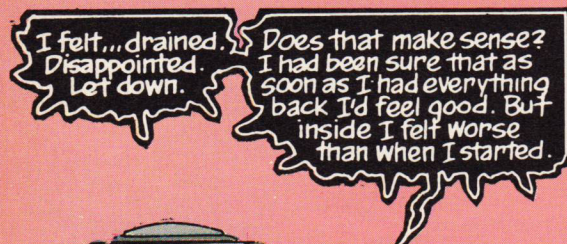
And thinking it was
my life he was crushing,
he destroyed the ruby.
HE DESTROYED IT.
It freed me.

More than that.
It freed everything
of me that was in
the stone. I got it
ALL back...



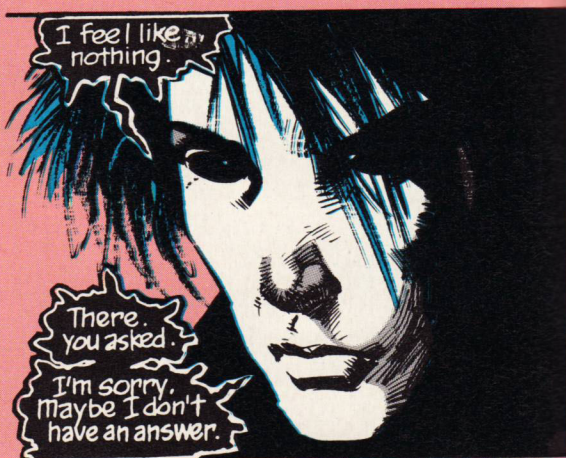
I was more
powerful than
I had been in
eons. I returned
the human to
the madhouse...

You see, until then I'd
been driven. I'd had a true
quest, a purpose beyond
my function--and then,
suddenly, the quest
was over.



I felt...drained.
Disappointed.
Let down.

Does that make sense?
I had been sure that as
soon as I had everything
back I'd feel good. But
inside I felt worse
than when I started.

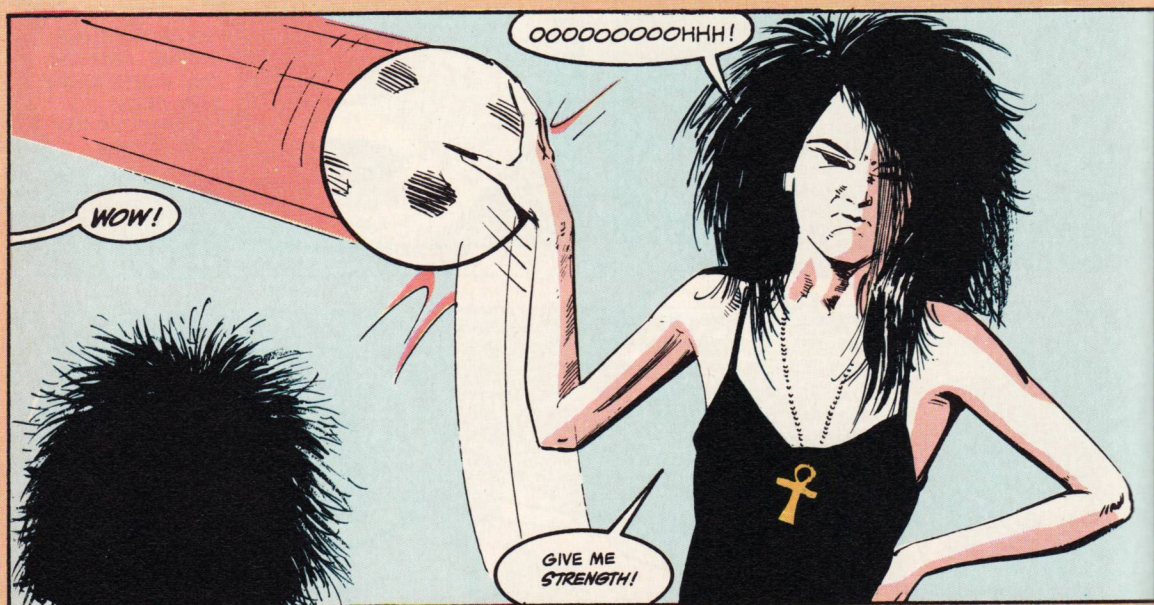


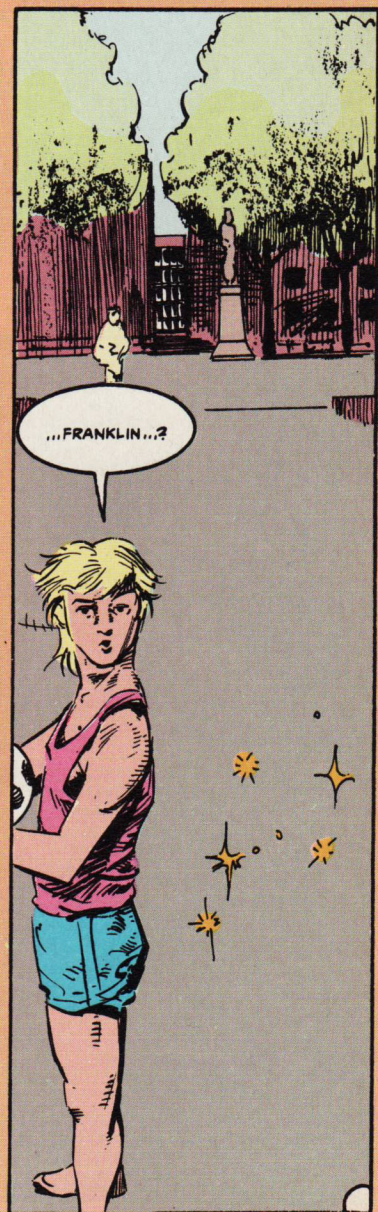
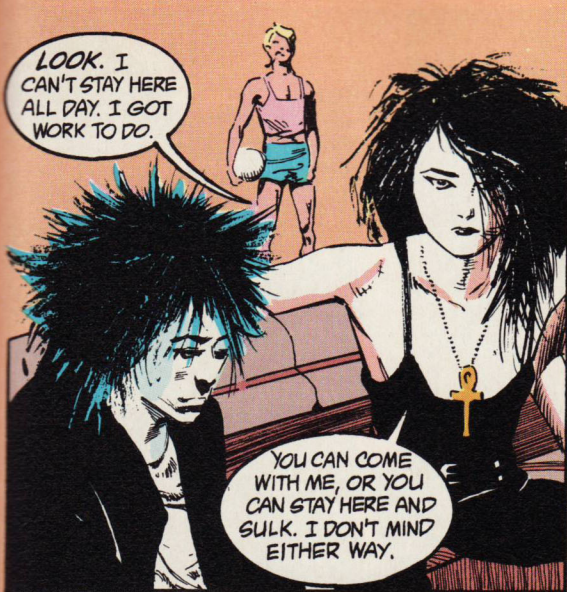
I feel like
nothing.

There.
You asked.

I'm sorry.
Maybe I don't
have an answer.







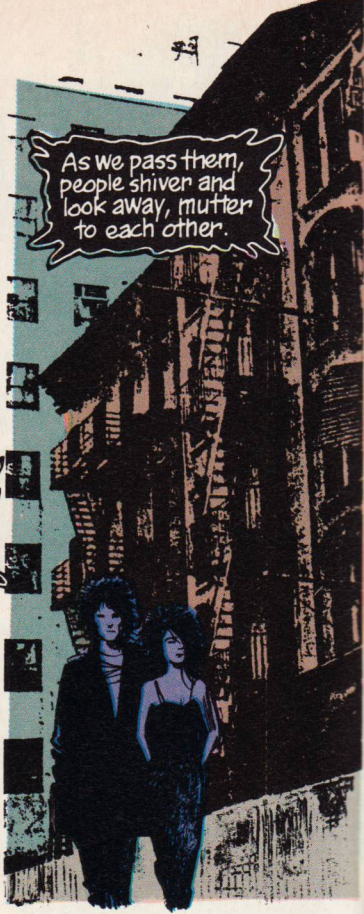


Soundless, we travel.
No heads turn to mark
our passing.

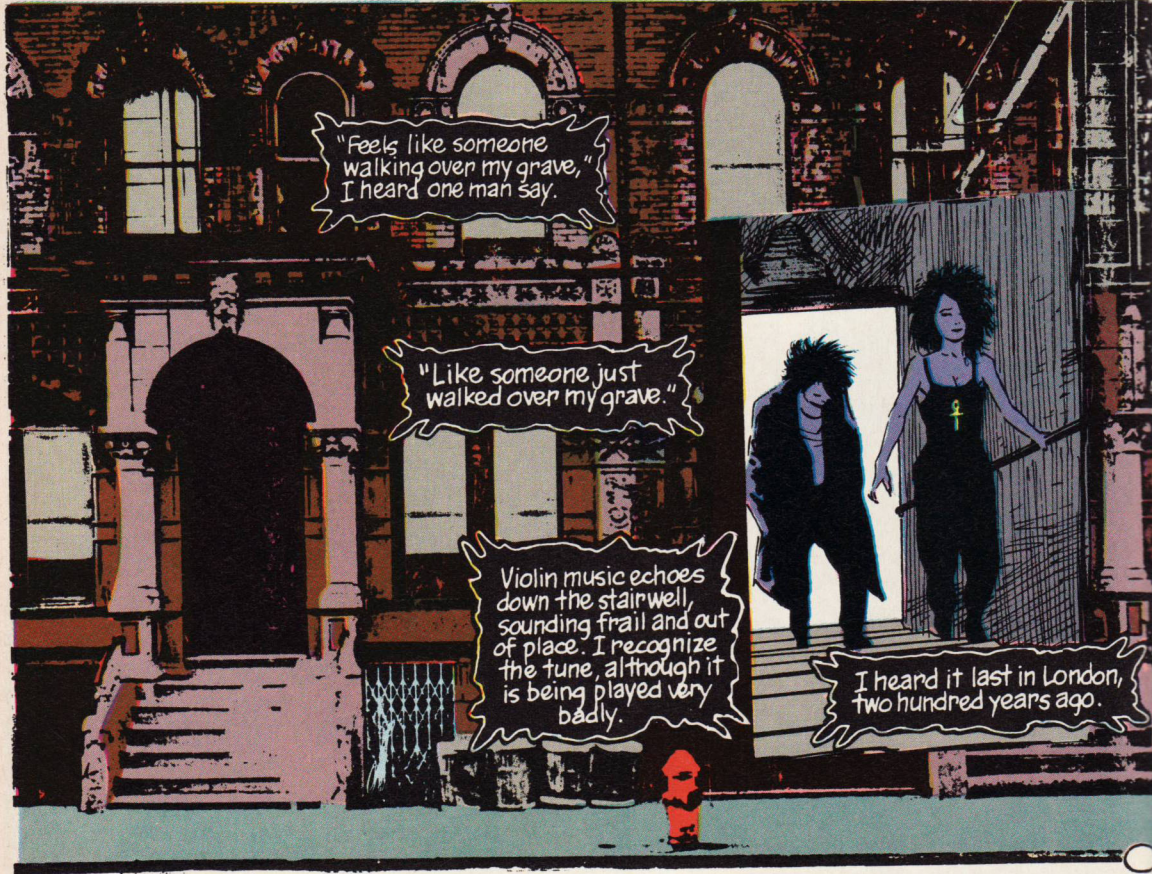


The churning crowd
parts as we walk
through it, looking
everywhere else,
but not at us.

In the world of the
waking, of the living,
we move silent as a
breath of cool wind.



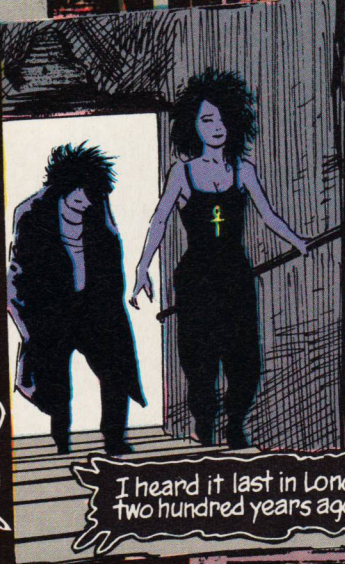
As we pass them,
people shiver and
look away, mutter
to each other.



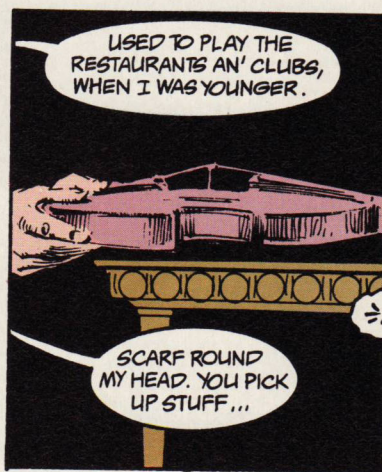
"Feels like someone
walking over my grave,"
I heard one man say.

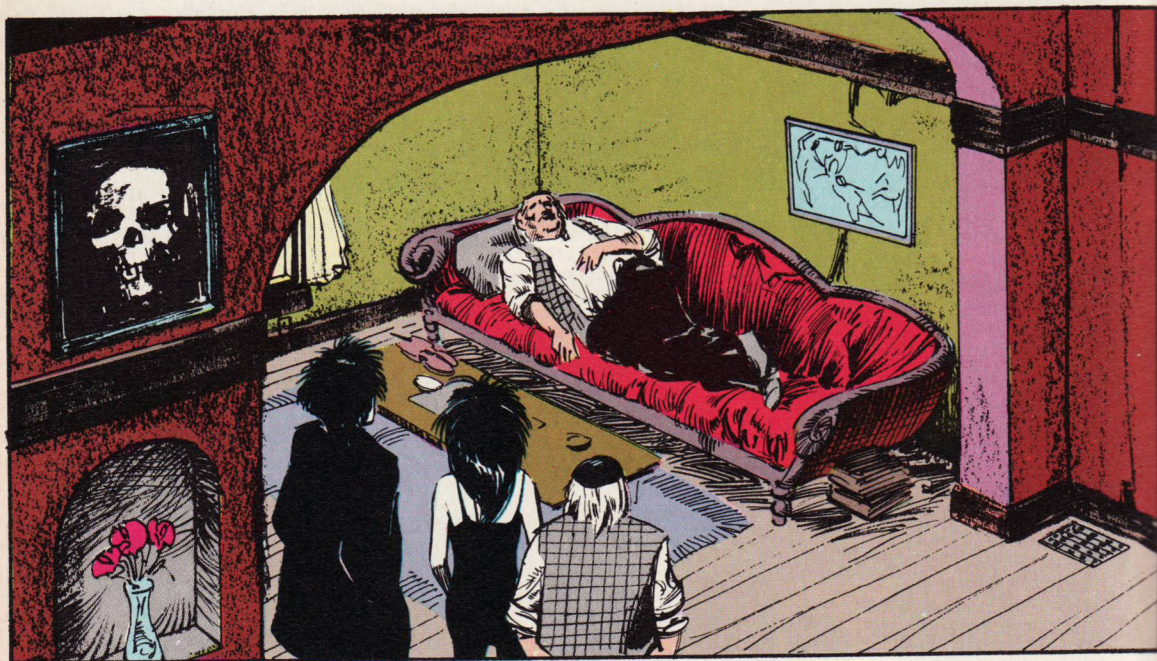
"Like someone just
walked over my grave."

Violin music echoes
down the stairwell,
sounding frail and out
of place. I recognize
the tune, although it
is being played very
badly.



I heard it last in London,
two hundred years ago.





She draws him close.

From the darkness I hear the
beating of mighty wings...



I THOUGHT
HE WAS SWEET.
DIDN'T YOU?



Sweet?
I do not know.
Perhaps.

My sister.
When I was
captured...

...it was not
ME they wanted.
It was you.

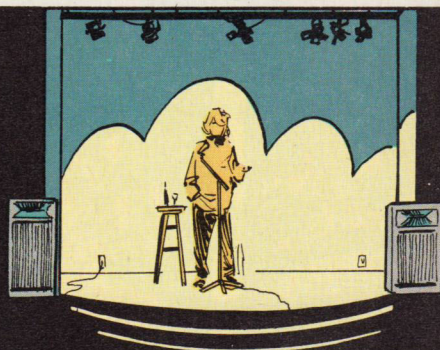


YEAH. I KNOW.

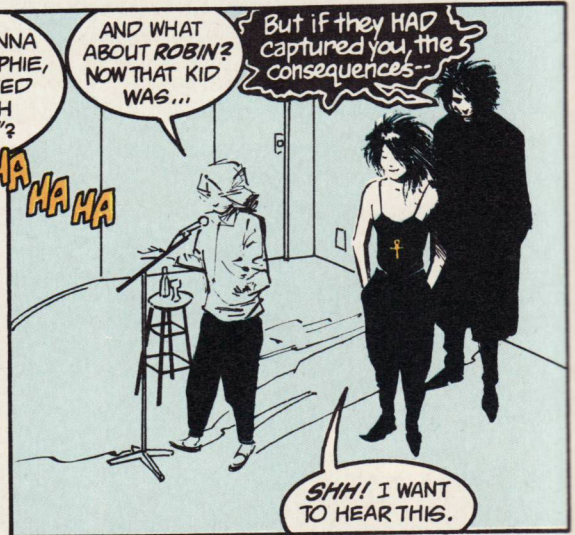
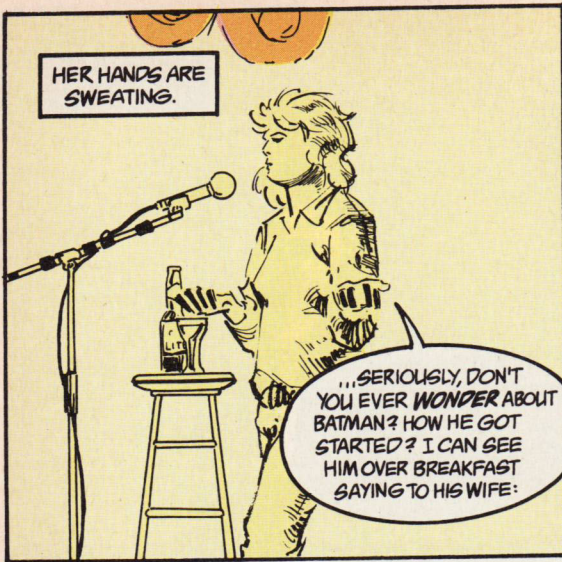
C'MON, I DON'T
WANT TO MISS THE
NEXT ONE.



AFTERNOON, NOBODY WANTS COMEDY. THEY WANT TO DRINK IN
PEACE, MAKE ASSIGNATIONS, DO THEIR DEALS. ESMÉ HAS TO
FIGHT FOR EVERY LAUGH SHE GETS.



IT BEATS WAITING TABLES.





THOSE ASSHOLES!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT--THAT
SCREWIN' MIKE WAS
LIVE! THOSE CHEAP,
NO GOOD...

WHO
ARE YOU?



I JUST
REALIZED. THAT'S EVERY
COMEDIAN'S NIGHTMARE,
HUH? DYING ON STAGE. HEHH..

I THOUGHT YOU WERE REALLY FUNNY.



NO. BUT I WOULD
HAVE BEEN...

WHY COULDN'T I
HAVE HAD A FEW MORE
LOUSY YEARS? I
WOULD HAVE MADE IT
TO THE TOP. WHY?



I'M SORRY, ESMÉ.
YOUR TIME WAS UP.
COME HERE, HONEY.



I hear the sound
of her wings.

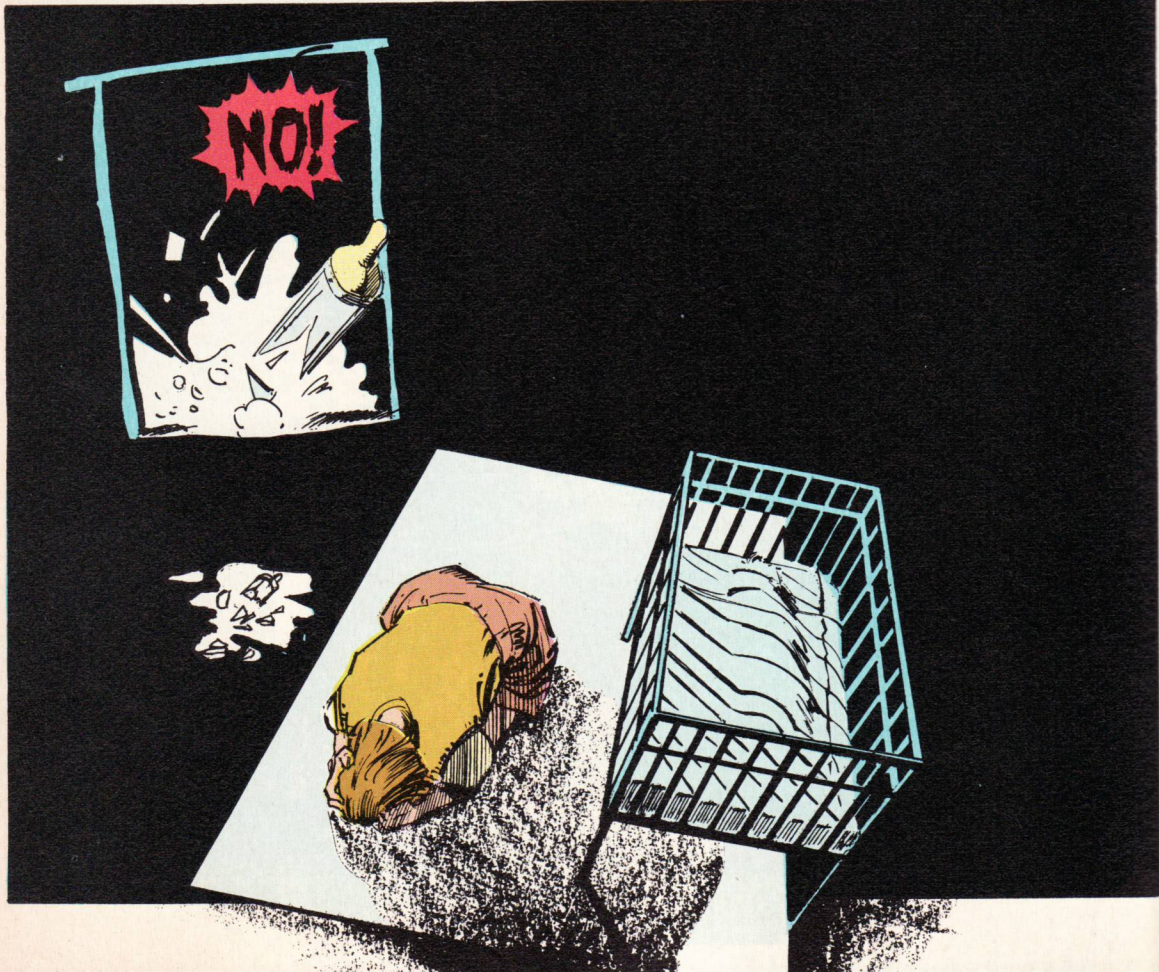
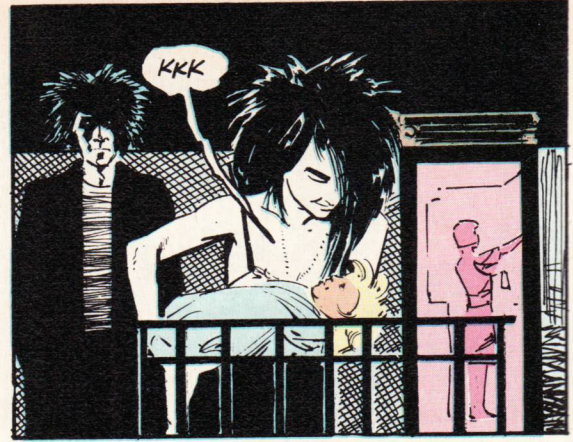



...GETS ME DOWN,
TOO. MOSTLY THEY AREN'T
TOO KEEN TO SEE ME. THEY
FEAR THE SUNLESS LANDS.
BUT THEY ENTER YOUR
REALM EACH NIGHT
WITHOUT FEAR.



NO ONE
HERE
GETS OUT
ALIVE!


And I am far more
terrible than you,
my sister.





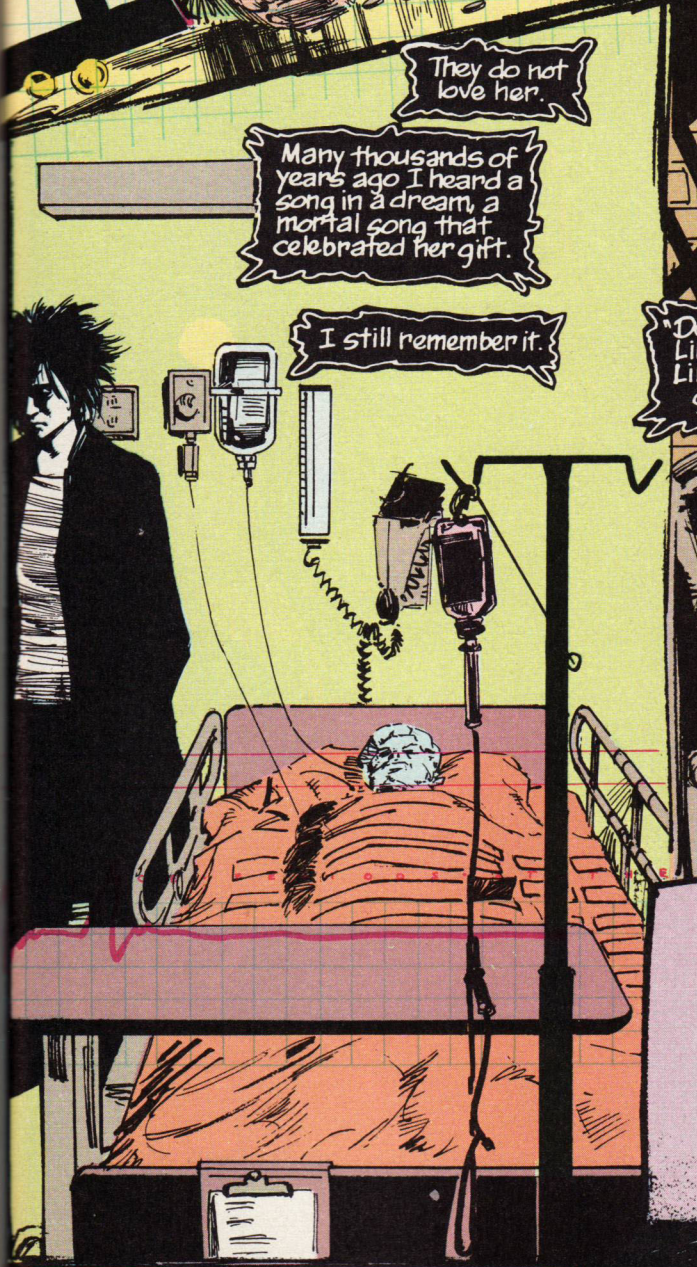
I find myself wondering about humanity. Their attitude to my sister's gift is so strange.

Why do they fear the sunless lands?



It is as natural to die as it is to be born.


But they fear her. Dread her. Feebly they attempt to placate her.



They do not love her.

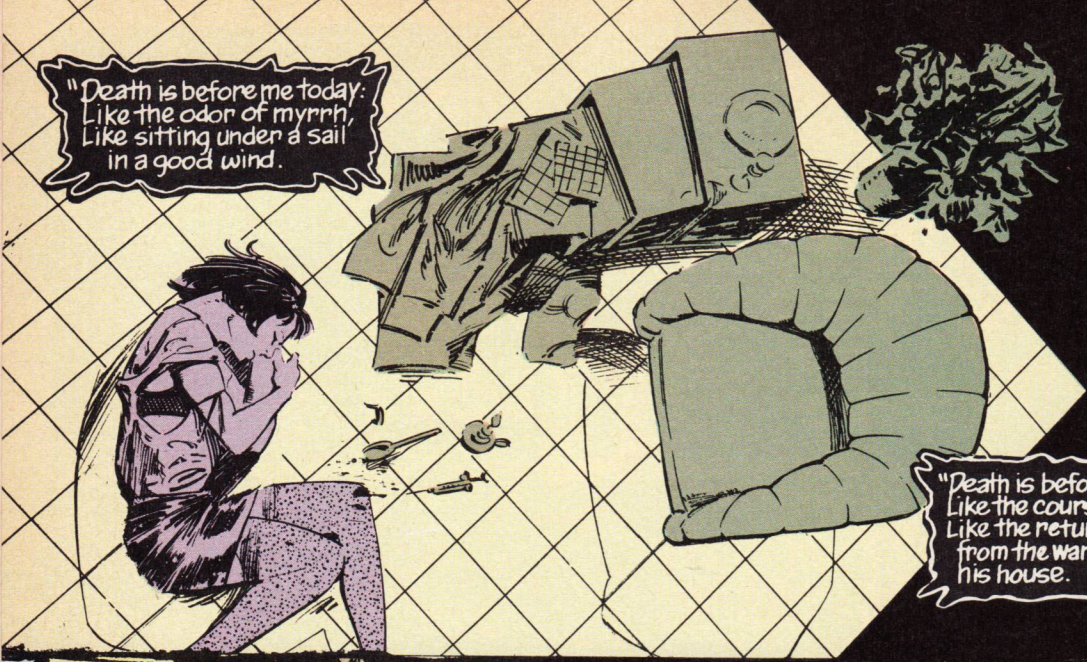
Many thousands of years ago I heard a song in a dream, a mortal song that celebrated her gift.

I still remember it.




Death is before me today:
Like the recovery of a sick man,
Like going forth into a garden after sickness."

DREAMS
MAKE NO
PROMISES



"Death is before me today:
Like the odor of myrrh,
Like sitting under a sail
in a good wind.

"Death is before me today:
Like the course of a stream,
Like the return of a man
from the war-galley to
his house.




"Death is before me today:
Like the home that a man longs to see,
After years spent as a captive."


That forgotten poet
understood her gifts.

My sister has a function to
perform, even as I do. The
Endless have their
responsibilities.

I have responsibilities.



I walk by her side, and
the darkness lifts from
my soul.



I walk with her, and I
hear the gentle beating
of mighty wings...



You have taught me something I had forgotten. I thank you, my sister.

TO ME, MAN! OVER HERE!

AW, THAT'S WHAT FAMILY'S ABOUT, LI'L BROTHER. LISTEN, I'VE GOT TO HEAD BACK SOON. IT WAS GOOD SEEING YOU.

JUST ONE LAST APPOINTMENT AND THEN I HAVE TO GO.

You have given me... much to think about...

YO! FRANKLIN!



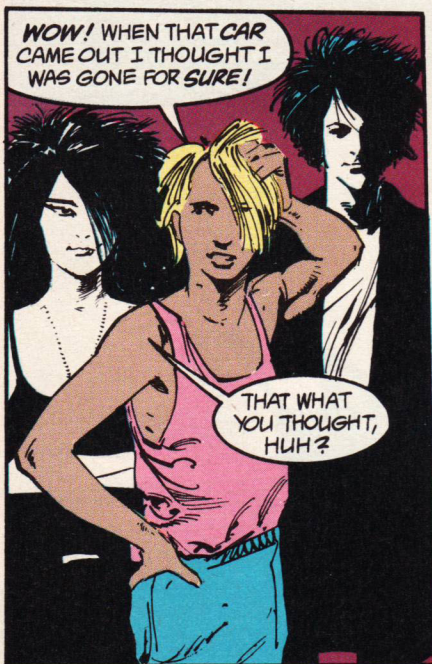
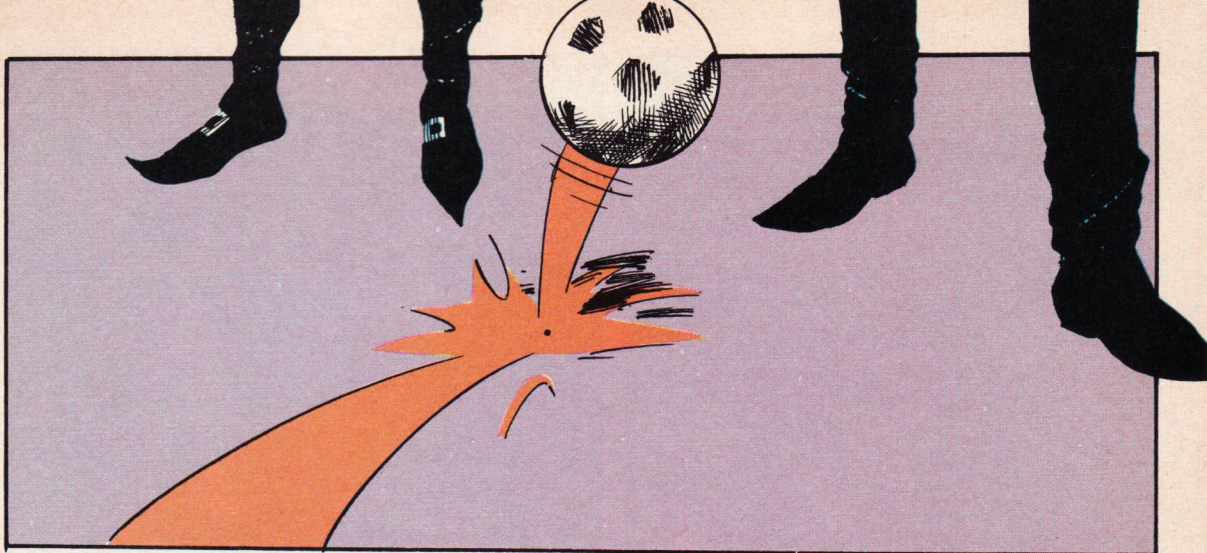
I'M TELLIN' YOU MAN,
SHE SAID SHE'D SEE ME
AGAIN SOON. AND SHE
KNEW MY NAME. THAT'S
ONE BAAAD LADY...

GET THE BALL,
BUGBRAIN!

SKREEEE

WHUMP

FRANKLIN!



WOW! WHEN THAT CAR
CAME OUT I THOUGHT I
WAS GONE FOR SURE!

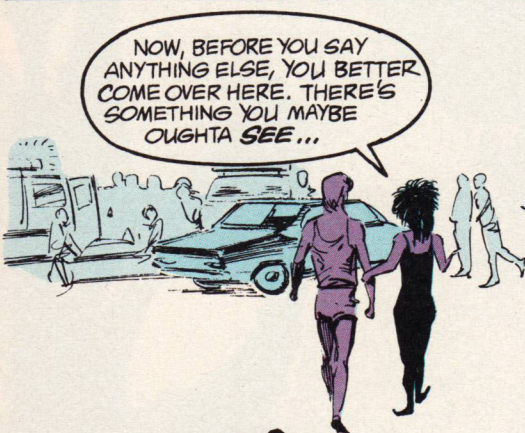
THAT WHAT
YOU THOUGHT,
HUH?



HEYYY! IT'S
YOU! WHEN YOU
SAID YOU'D SEE
ME AGAIN SOON,
I DIDN'T THINK
YOU MEANT
THIS SOON!

HOLD THAT THOUGHT,
FRANKLIN--

SEEYA, DREAM!
DON'T BE A STRANGER,
OKAY?



NOW, BEFORE YOU SAY
ANYTHING ELSE, YOU BETTER
COME OVER HERE. THERE'S
SOMETHING YOU MAYBE
OUGHTA SEE...

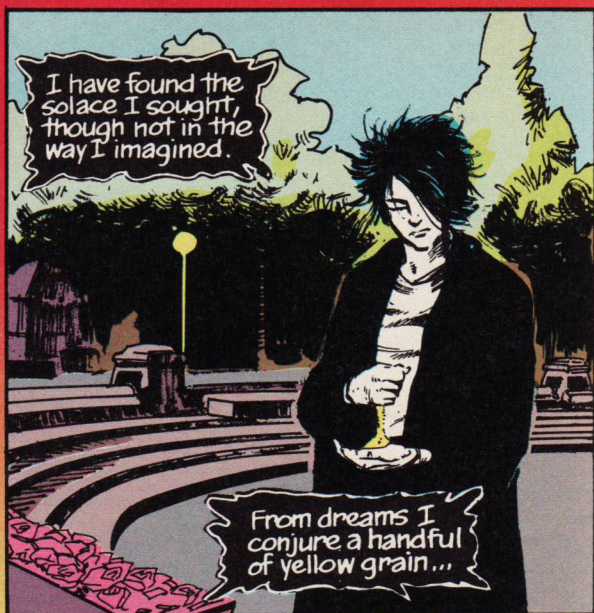
Goodbye,
sister.





There is much to do
in my kingdom. Much
to restore. Much
to create.

But that
can wait...



I have found the
solace I sought,
though not in the
way I imagined.

From dreams I
conjure a handful
of yellow grain...

I throw the grain
into the air.

And I hear it.

The sound
of wings...

