AND NOW IT'S 2:15 AM, APRIL 1ST, AND THE "FUNERAL MARCH FOR A MARIONETTE" TELLS US THAT ALFRED HITCHCOCK INTEIGNTS ANOTHER TWISTY TALE FOR ALL YOU LATE NIGHT GOTHAM VIEWERS...

GOOD EVENING, FELLOW TOURISTS!

I THINK THIS PROVES THAT IN SOME WAY THE AIRPLANE CAN NEVER REPLACE THE TRAIN.

HEHH
SURPRISE! IT'S ONLY ME!
NOW—DON'T TELL ANYBODY ELSE ABOUT THIS! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD HANGING TO SCARE PEOPLE WITLESS.

YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, AREN'T YOU? SOME PEOPLE ARE AFRAID OF DOCTORS! IT'S CALLED IATROPHOBIA. DR. DESTINY AREN'T YOU MEANT TO BE LOCKED UP DOWNSTAIRS?

Sssh! You mustn't tell anyone. I'm escaping. My mother died.

She gave me her amulet. It keeps people safe from things. She told me that she gave me my ruby too, but now she's dead.

Shh! I'll tell you what I'm going to do.

Tell me. Tell me.

I'm going to get the ruby back. The mat. The mat. The mat. It's all it. I'm done. And then, I'll make everybody in the whole world mad, and then they'll make me king.

It sounds scary. Have a nice time. And you must promise—when you get back—to tell me all about it.

Tell me. Tell me.

I'll stick out my tongue, and I'll be white as a sheet and they'll all look up at me and then I'll go APRIL FOOL!

FEAR OF PAIN IS ALGOPHOBIA. I don't know what fear of hanging is called.

You don't understand. I'm going to rule the world or destroy it.

But I'm doing my best. I left another next door.
see it.

KICK ME

YES I SEE IT. IT'S VERY FUNNY.

BYE BYE

HELLO, I'M GOING TO FIND MY MATR. MY RUBY YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE ME. I'LL TELL YOU WHERE TO STOP.

TRUST ME, I'M A DOCTOR.
Iprit past Greyborders, down the darkling road to Longshadows, I skirt the fire pits, and lose myself in the heart of the Armaghettio. It doesn’t matter where I go, all roads lead back to Granny.

Granny loves me, so she has them bind me in chains, encase my feet in concrete, rip out your heart for Granny.

I’ve been a bad little boy. I said a bad thing I left her.

And this is what they do to bad little boys, they put them in the Murder Machine.

She wraps me tight in her love and her voice ties me tight with steel and granite.

Happiness is the heart that’s Granny’s.

Granny loves you.
I leave the coffin behind me.

I sidestep the knives, leap through the flames.

The bomb explodes, but I am not where I was.

The floor vanishes, I do not fall into the acid pit.
REACH THE WOMB. THE EXIT. THE BOX.

IT'S THE LAST TRAP. SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT THE
LAST EXIT. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TYPE MY NAME (MY
REAL NAME: MY TRUE NAME) AND THE DOOR WILL OPEN
AND I WILL BE SCOT FREE.

WE WILL PUNISH THOSE WHO NEVER ESCAPED
THE ARMAGETTON. THE BLACK BLOOD
OF A BIGONE DECADE CRUSTED ON THEIR NECKS.

YOUR NAME, THEY SAY. TELL US YOUR NAME AND WE
LET YOU GO.

AURALTE NAMES THERE. SWEET AURALTE. MY FIRST
LOVE. HER FEET BURNED AWAY AND HER EYES CHURNING
WITH MAGGOTS: WHAT DO I CALL YOU? SHE ASKS ME
NOT SCOTT FREE. SCOTT FREE WAS JUST GRANNY'S Joke.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY LOVE?

I DON'T KNOW. I'M GOING TO DIE.
I open my eyes on a strange room and for a moment I don’t know where I am.

The disorientation passes a bedroom in the J.I.I. Embassy in Manhattan. A long way from Apokolips.

It was only a dream.

But if it was only a dream...

What are you doing here? And who are you?

You want a name, “Scott Free”? I am a friend. I have come to reclaim something of mine. A ring...

It’s over, child. You can wake up now.
Then left here.

Listen. Jutte. I'm warning you. You'll lose a finger on my tail. Help me! You try anything. My husband is a mafioso. He'll kill you. Don't even think it. I don't...

Oh, god! Don't kill me.

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. It's just that...

Sorry.

Ah, Mm. You escaping from prison?

No. From Arkham. The madhouse.

Oh.

Jesus.
My mother died last week. She was old. That was when I knew I had to get away from that place.

SAY, WHY AREN'T YOU, I KNOW, WEARING ANYTHING?

Oh, I'm sorry.

They took my clothes away. They were scared. I would kill myself. Hang myself with a shirt, perhaps?

AREN'T YOU COLD?

Yes. Very cold.

They're an old coat of Harry's - my husband's. In the back. Why don't you put it on? You must be freezing.

A COAT? THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU. I'D LIKE TO WEAR A COAT.

Thank you.

There's an old coat of Harry's - my husband's. In the back. Why don't you put it on? You must be freezing.

A COAT? THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU. I'D LIKE TO WEAR A COAT.

Thank you.

PASSengers

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OK. I've searched the old Justice League of America files, and I think we've found it. Should be up on the screens any second.

There you go, taken from some psycho calling himself "Doctor Destiny." He was using it to affect people's dreams--make nightmares real, that kind of thing. It was kept in the trophy room on the satellite.

Could have been destroyed could have been moved to the Detroit fortress or the secret sanctuary or--

Yeah...is this kind of thing going to happen every time? I stay here overnight? Don't answer that...

Lemme see, Batman? Now, it's 3:30 A.M. He'll be at work...

Not a clue. Somebody must know.

Who else was in the old JLP?
Rosemary...

That's for remembering...

So, what should I call you?

I used to call myself Destiny Doctor Destiny.

It wasn't my name. My mother called me John.

Johnny boy dream boy.

I was a real doctor not a medical one.

Scientist one. Now I'm just Dr. tee dr.

John... tee...

What's your name?

Rosemary.

John... I've got some... sandwiches... in a lunch-pail. John? My seat. If you're hungry...?

Look, John. I'm a nurse. You can tell me. I won't freak. Is it the big A?

Big A?

AIDS. You know. The disease. Is that why you look like you do? Where have you been for the last five years?

No. No thank you. I'm never very hungry any more.

Night of the living dead.

AIDS.

Locked up in the darkness in a maximum security cell in the basement of Arkham.
OH, I SHOULD'VE...
SORRY.

THEY PUT ME THERE, AND THEY FORGOT ABOUT ME.

JOHN...? WHO'S THIS “THEY” YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT? THE POLICE?

DID YOU... DID YOU KILL ROYLE?

JOHN...? WHO'S THIS “THEY” YOU KEEP TALKING ABOUT? THE POLICE?

NO, I DID... FOOLISH THINGS... THINGS TO GRavity... TO IDENTITY. I TRADED THEIR FACES WITH THEIR ENEMIES. I PRETENDED I WAS OF THEIR NUMBER...

WHO, JOHN?

THE COSTUMES. THE HEROES. THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

YEAH, I REMEMBER THEM. THEY'VE CHANGED NOW. THEY'RE INTERNATIONAL. WITH Y'KNOW, EMBASSIES AND STUFF. NOW THEY'RE THE JLI.

AS YOU SAY, IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO...

SECRETARY...
KNOCK KNOCK

DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? I HOPE THIS IS IMPORTANT...

Yeah sorry I know it's nearly four, Jonn. But you're the only member of the old JLA who's still around. We've got a visitor.

YOU!

Lord L'Zoril, I greet you humbly. May you guard us in the darkness and on the pathway between waking hours, and protect us in dreams from the flame of your wrath.

A Martian? I thought your kind were gone.

I am the last of my race.
I seek a ruby, Last Martian. It was
known to your kind as
Dorlan, the Stone of
Binding. It was taken
from a human, kept
as a souvenir; where
is it now?

What happened
to the old JLA's
trophies, John?

That stuff's
in storage. I
thought it might be
kind of nice to put
it on display some
where, but it's
kind of hokey.

There is no need.
I thank you, Last
Martian. As you wish,
you may dream of the
City of Reflective
Mirrors...

I thank
you both. I hope
you find your
name, Scott.
Frey.
Goodnight.

Who
was
that?

A warehouse
upstate Gotham little
town called Maynew
I can get you the
exact address...

An old god,
A very old god.
Come. Scott Frey, let
us hit the kitchen. I
have a secret stash
of Oreo's of which
you are welcome
to partake.
'Mother, said if you are going to be a criminal, John, you are not going to bring shame on the family name. I had to change it. I called myself Destiny. Dee is for destiny.

Now Mother's dead. It doesn't matter any more. Now I can be Dee again. Dee is for lots of things. Death, dust, darkness, demons.

Yeah, well, speaking as a mother of two little girls, John, if either of them announced they wanted to be master criminals I'd tell them to change their names.

Make a change from telling Aimee and Jessie to tidy up their rooms, I suppose.

I'm not a black magician.

I didn't say you were, John.

I know what you are. The others' scientists. I'm an hermetic philosopher and a scientist, too. Truly.

If I wasn't a scientist I couldn't have done what I did to the ruby.

Do you know what dreams are made of, Rosemary Kelly?

Made of? They're just dreams...

No, they aren't people think. Dreams aren't real because they aren't made of matter. Of particles. Dreams are real but they are made of viewpoints of images, of memories, and puns, and lost hopes.
The Ruby seems to 'burn' them into matter. It forces them to translate themselves into forms we can recognize in this world.

It also controls dreams in their raw state. Your dreams, anybody’s dreams.

I don’t know where Mother got the Ruby from. She had a lucky charm as well. She wouldn’t give me that. Not while she lived.

I built machines that the Ruby powered. Then I built the machines in my dreams. But they stopped me dreaming so I had to use the Ruby directly.

I could circuitry into its clasp. I changed its resonance; I isolated it. I forced flaws, I isolated it from its original power source. Whatever... or whoever that was.

I made it more real. I changed it.

It isn’t a Ruby, really. It’s a solid dream. It’s the only dream I have. Nobody else can use it anymore. Nobody but me.

And we’re close to it; now I want to drink its light to drink the light of my Ruby.

MAYHEW 5 MILES
I am a passenger, moving through your dreams. I am hiding in your dreams.

I ride on dragonback from Manhattan, the dragon is made of mythed wool and wings of cotton candy.

I travel briefly by bus, in the back the dreamer copulates desperately, not noticing his autonomous passenger. I sit at the front and talk to the driver.

Approaching the state of Delaware, the dreamer had a small dog, dreaming inanity of a past life, long forgotten, when he sailed tall ships across uncharted.

The salt spray of the ocean stings my face.

I am moving through dreams, pulling toward Mayflower, seeking for the jewel.

Through your dreams, my sleeping children, you had a passenger and you never knew.
YES I'M SURE
THIS IS THE PLACE

OKAY, JOHN
LISTEN, I UH, I
HOPE IT ALL GOES
OKAY, YOU
KNOW?

JOHN—KEEP THE
COAT. HARRY WOULDN'T MIND
AND I'D HATE TO THINK
OF YOU WANDERING
AROUND, FREEZING
AND GETTING
SICK.

THANK YOU,
ROSEMARY.

ROSEMARY:
YOUR HUSBAND
HARRY IS HE ACTUALLY
A MAFIA HIT MAN?

HARRY:
GOD NO— IT WAS JUST
SOMETHING I SAID WHEN I WAS, YOU
KNOW, SCARED? YOU WERE A DANGEROUS
CRIMINAL OR SOMETHING?

HARRY'S A
HIGH SCHOOL
TEACHER.

OH.
DID A NAUGHTY MAN TRY TO USE MY BABY? HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU WERE MINE. THESE DRESS-ALL AWAY, EVERY GLINT AND FACET.

OH, BABY, YOU FEEL EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN BEFORE. WHERE DID THE EXTRA ENERGY COME FROM? HAVE YOU BEEN FICKLE? HAVE YOU BEEN WITH SOMEONE ELSE?

IT DOESN'T MATTER, DARLING. WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN. THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS.
So go my little love, touch the world. Eat their hearts and poison their dreams. Rip their nightmares into the daylight and scum their sleep with creeping fear.

Yes.

Sure, hon. That'll be fifty cents.

Uh... what are you waiting for?

Oh, you know the usual.

The end of the world.

Next: Waiting for the end of the world.

Hello, miss. I would like a cup of coffee while I wait.