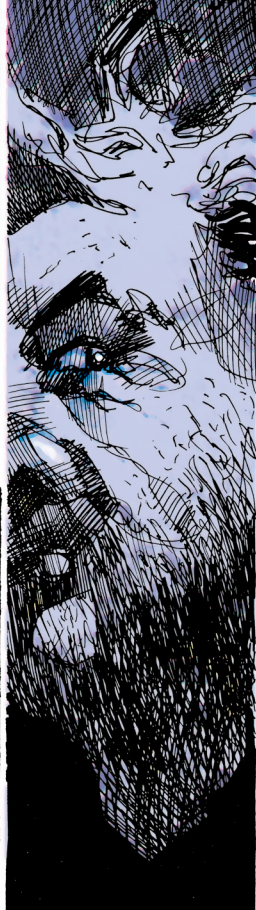


THEY SNUCK AROUND  
THE ESTATE LIKE SHABBY  
RATS, PASSING THE BOTTLE  
FROM HAND TO HAND.



THEY FOUND THEIR BOLT-HOLE  
ON THE FOURTH FLOOR. NO  
LIGHT OR POWER, NO FOOD;  
STILL, SOMEWHERE TO BE,  
SOMEWHERE TO HIDE UNTIL  
THINGS GOT WARMER.



IT WAS SO  
VERY COLD  
THAT SPRING.

# hold me

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FAT RONNIE AND SYLVIA FROM HULL RIPPED DOWN A CURTAIN, WRAPPED IT AROUND THEMSELVES, HELD EACH OTHER FOR WARMTH.

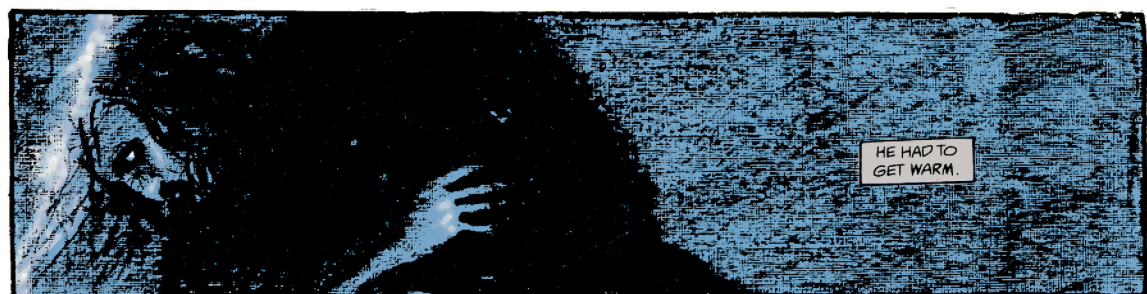


JACKO KNEW IT WAS TOO COLD EVEN FOR THAT, AND THERE WAS NO ONE TO HOLD JACKO ANYWAY.

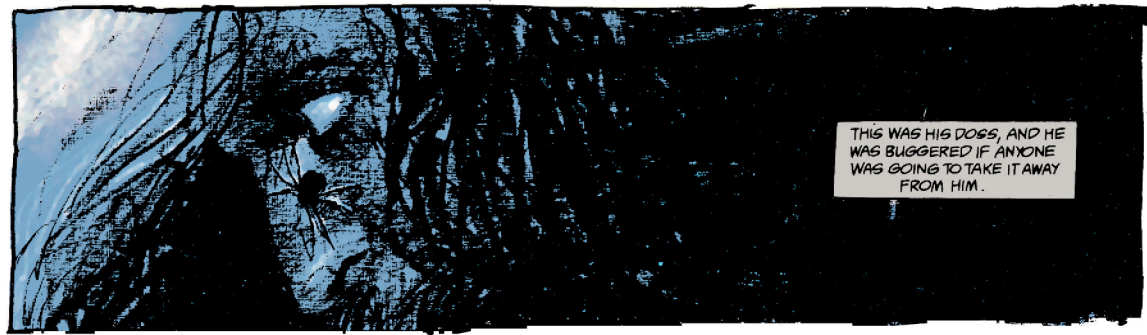
ICE-CRYSTALS GLITTERED ON THE WINDOW GLASS, AND THE LIGHTS OF LONDON BURNED CLEAR AND COLD IN THE DARKNESS.



HE HAD TO GET AWAY. HE HAD TO HIDE.

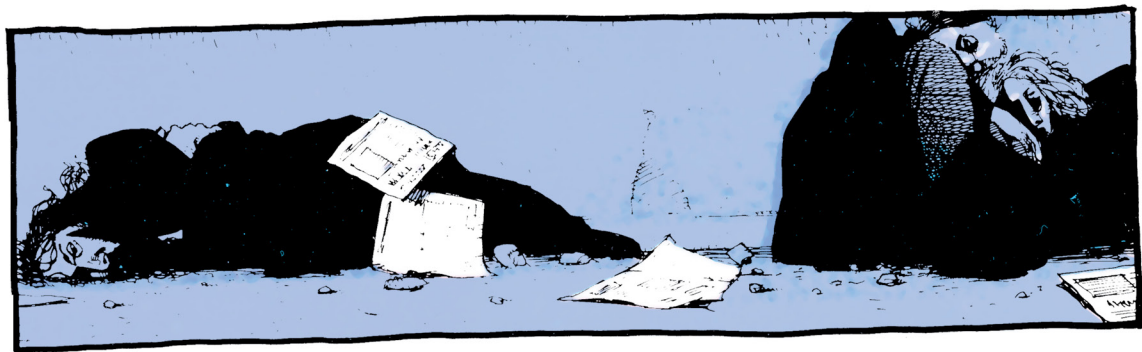


HE HAD TO GET WARM.



THIS WAS HIS DOGS, AND HE WAS BUGGERED IF ANYONE WAS GOING TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM HIM.









AUTUMN IN THE SMOKE.

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE IT TO DEATH?  
WHEN THE LEAVES START TO CRISP AND  
YELLOW, AND THE MISTS CRAWL IN OFF  
THE THAMES, AND ALL THE GOOD-  
LOOKING WOMEN VANISH.

I WAS CHATTING TO THIS CAB  
DRIVER THE OTHER DAY. HE SAID  
HE THOUGHT THE PRETTY ONES  
IN THE SUMMER DRESSES WERE  
LIKE BUTTERFLIES.

HE SAID WHEN IT GETS  
COLD THEY GO OFF AND  
HIBERNATE IN EMPTY  
ROOMS. S'POSE HE  
MUST HAVE BEEN A  
FRUSTRATED POET, OR  
A HORROR WRITER.

THIS ONE SEEMS TO BE  
A NATIONAL FRONT  
RECRUITER.

WELL, I MEAN,  
THEY'RE NOT LIKE US,  
ARE THEY? STANDS  
TO REASON.

THEY'RE  
CERTAINLY NOT  
LIKE YOU.

NAH, I MEAN, OLD  
ENOCH, HE HAD THE RIGHT  
IDEA. SHOULD HAVE SENT  
THEM ALL BACK TO BONGO-  
BONGO LAND. 'ERE, I  
HEARD THIS TRIFFIC WOG  
JOKE THE OTHER WEEK...

CHRIST!  
I CAN'T STAND  
ANY MORE OF  
THIS.

STOP THE  
TAXI...

BUT  
THIS ISN'T  
HAWTHORNE  
ROAD!

TOO RIGHT. BUT THE  
WALK'LL DO ME GOOD, EH?  
HERE YOU GO. TWO  
POUNDS THIRTY.





DON'T  
I GET A  
TIP?

SURE. IT'S  
THIS: GET A NEW  
MIND. THE ONE  
YOU'VE GOT NOW  
IS NARROW, AND  
FULL OF CRAP



HE SHOUTS OBSCENITIES AT  
ME AS HE DRIVES AWAY.

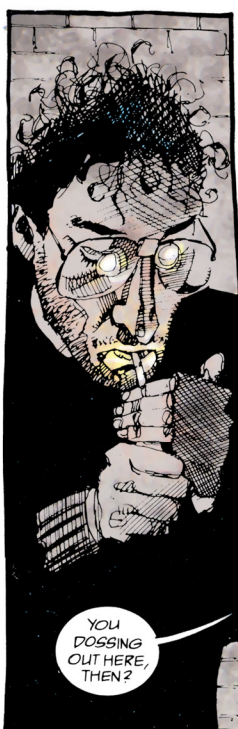
GOING TO A SMALL DO IN EAST  
LONDON: IT'S A YEAR SINCE RAY  
MONDE KICKED IT, AND SOME  
OF HIS MATES ARE GETTING  
TOGETHER TO PARTY IN HIS  
MEMORY.



HE ALWAYS LOVED A PARTY, DID RAY.

EXCUSE ME.  
COULD I, UH, I'M  
SORRY, COULD I  
POSSIBLY TROUBLE  
YOU FOR A  
CIGARETTE?

SURE.



YOU  
DOSSING  
OUT HERE,  
THEN?



MMM. THERE'S QUITE  
A FEW OF US ROUND HERE.  
IT WAS OKAY IN THE SUMMER,  
BUT I HATE THE COLD.

YEAH?

YES. AND DRUNK  
YUPPIES. COUPLE OF  
THEM WORKED ME  
OVER THE OTHER  
NIGHT.

I'M SORRY.

ME TOO.



SEEMS LIKE THERE  
DIDN'T USED TO BE  
SO MANY HOMELESS  
ON THE STREETS.

I GAVE HIM A QUID AND  
SOME CIGARETTES, AND HE  
SEEMED PATHETICALLY  
GRATEFUL.

BREAKS YOUR HEART, DUNNIT?