

VERTIGO

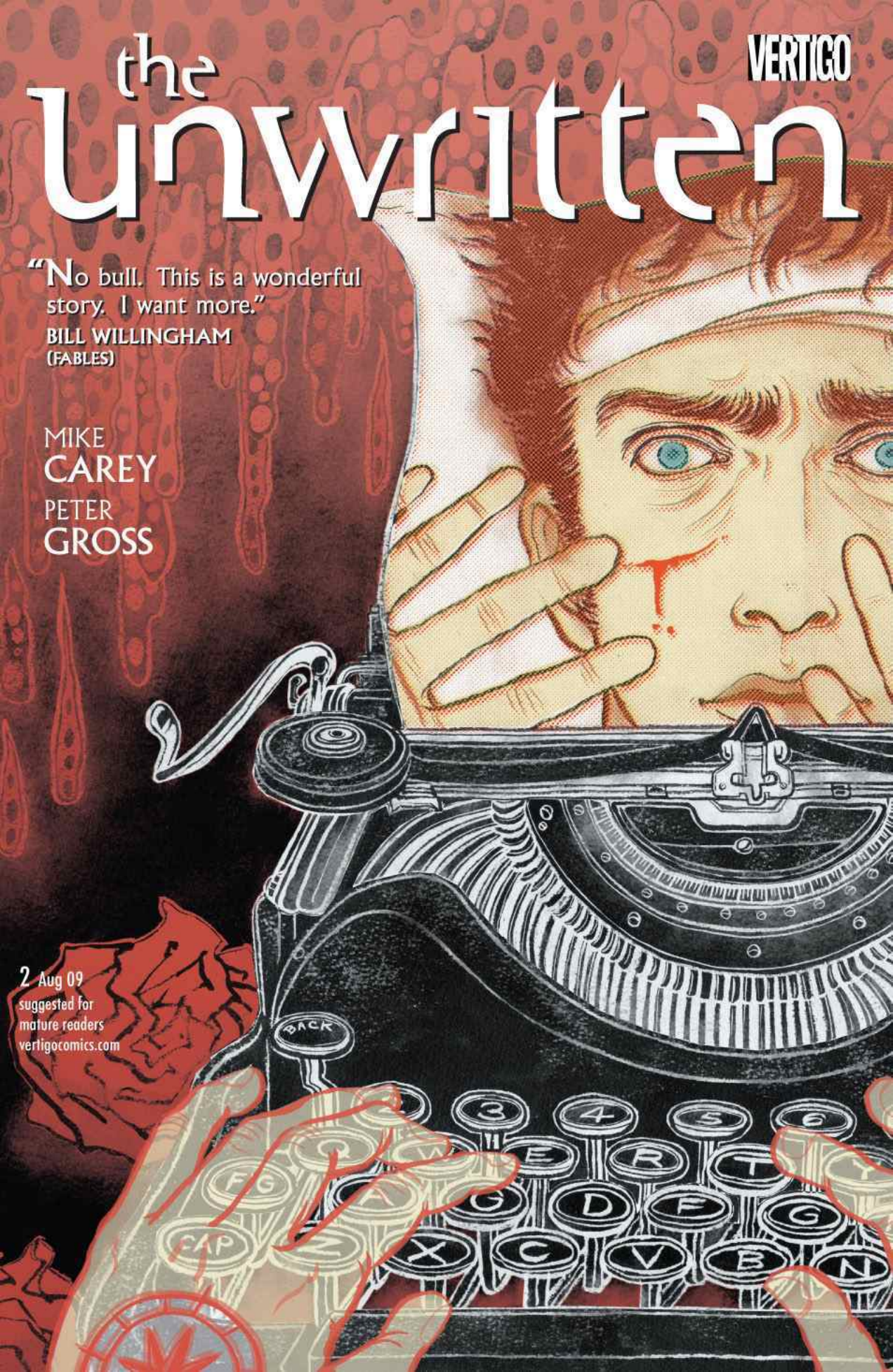
the Unwritten

"No bull. This is a wonderful story. I want more."

BILL WILLINGHAM
(FABLES)

MIKE
CAREY
PETER
GROSS

2 Aug 09
suggested for
mature readers
vertigocomics.com



Sue Sparrow found it very hard to take her eyes off the unicorn. Its eyes were so wise, its mane so luxuriant and wild.

You can stroke it if you like.

the magnificent beast said, as if it could read her thoughts. But the wheel tattoo on the back of Tommy's hand was itching wildly now, warning him that Ambrosio was near.

Let's keep our minds on the business at hand. We can admire each other's manes later.



The magic doorknob creates its own opportunities. Place it against a wall—any wall—and a door will appear.

It will take you wherever you want to go.



Tommy applied the doorknob to the solid rock, not sure what to expect. It moved in his hand like something alive.



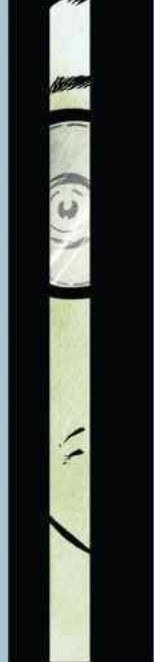
Peter and Sue drew in their breath in wonder. Tommy tried very hard not to: The unicorn had a high enough opinion of itself already.




He jiggled the doorknob. It didn't give to the left at all, but when he turned it to the right, the door sprang open a crack, making a sound like the creaking of dry wood.



Tommy peered in through the gap.





The world on the other side of the door was dark; dark enough so that it took him a moment or two to work out what it was he was seeing. Huge buildings, squat and featureless like mausoleums, hemmed in the horizon. Black smoke vomited from their chimneys, painting the sky in ragged gray streaks like the lines left by tears on a weary face. The air had a sour, chemical tang.

A wheeled vehicle roared by, screaming like a banshee and adding its own high notes to the pestilential stench.

Further off, women sat in their doorways and wept, and a man with a rigid, rictus smile sold knives and spiked clubs to small children outside the gates of a burned-out school. With each weapon, he gave away a small picture book containing instructions for its use.

SLAM!

That's *not* a place we need to visit.





...SAID TOM TAYLOR YESTERDAY, GIVING A FORTHRIGHT RESPONSE TO FANS WHO BELIEVE THEIR FAVORITE FICTIONAL CHARACTER IS NOT SO FICTIONAL ANY-MORE.



READY?

NO, SWOPE. I'M REALLY NOT. I'M SCARED SHIT-LESS.



YOU LAID A SMOKE SCREEN FOR THE PAPERAZZI, RIGHT?

THREE FAKE TOM TAYLORS DISCHARGED IN THE LAST TWELVE HOURS, BY LIMOUSINE, BIKE AND LAUNDRY VAN.



I'VE GOT THEM CHASING THEIR OWN TAILS.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE HOSPITAL STAFF KNOWS YOU'RE STILL HERE, AND SO DO THE OTHER PATIENTS.

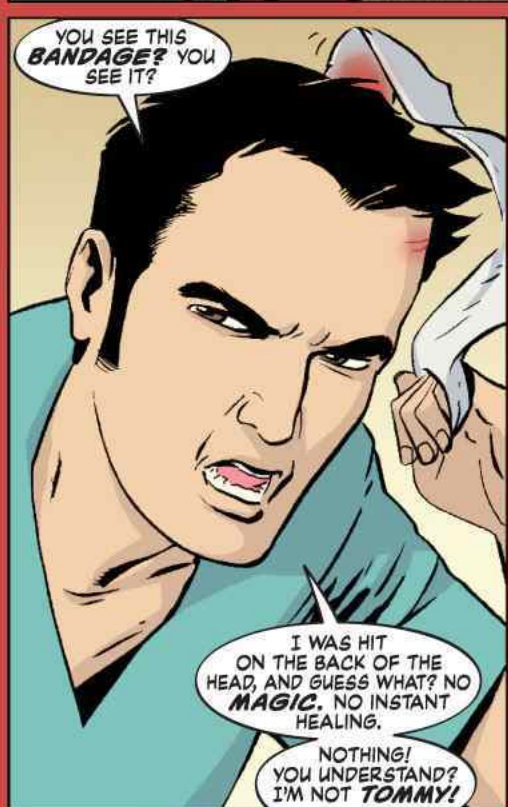
SO I'M AFRAID YOU'VE STILL GOT A SMALL GAUNTLET TO RUN. A GAUNTLET-ETTE.



THERE! THERE HE IS!

HE'S COMING!

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!





Cardinal Connell warns of "False Messiahs"

Cardinal Desmond Connell, senior prelate of the Irish Catholic Church, issued a blistering sermon last night in which he warned again of, "the false messiahs of the media age, and the snares they set for men's souls." The attack is thought to have been prompted by a sudden fall in the number of the faithful attending mass, which has reached

Tom Taylor footage "Doctored"

MaiadorNews - 6 minutes ago

Controversy continues to surround the live web-cam footage which seemed to show Tom Taylor, the real-life inspiration for the beloved fictional character, survive a nail bomb attack London's Globe Theatre. "Live is a debatable term in any case," said visual effects guru Malcolm Savage as he demonstrated seven ways in which...

[Related link](#) news source:

[all 3 news articles »](#)



The Great Wheel Turns

BMZiney.org - 3 hours ago

Hottest tattoo in all the bod-mod shops from Alaska to Zanzibar is the Tommy inscribed on the hand, where Tommy wears his, or on shoulder, chest, or even intimate...

Tommy Taylor™ and the Secret Message

CCB.com, United Kingdom - 8 hours ago

Fueling internet controversy about the acrostic poem in the thirteenth Tommy Taylor novel codebreaking expert Marcus Walls claims to have found no fewer than 144 further messages in the novels, including a prediction about the end of the world. The British cryptographer is now...

Taylor™-Made!

Nylans.com - 20 hours ago

The biggest party in the world was still in full swing in London last night, as seventeen thousand people continued to sit through a spontaneous-and continuous-reenactment of the events of all thirteen **Tommy Taylor™** novels. "Anyone can join in," participant Leon Jess explained. "We haven't rehearsed this. We're not acting, we're channelling the characters from the..."

[Royals Notes](#) OurParty Central (press release)

[Photos](#) OurParty Central (press release)

[OurParty Central \(press release\)](#) - [OurParty Central \(press release\)](#)

[all 13 news articles »](#)

Where's Wilson?

News Source - 20 hours ago

Pick up your binoculars and get looking! Mysteriously missing novelist Wilson Taylor is still out there somewhere. Recent sightings and hottest clues are on Whereswilson.net, with a dedicated message board and our unique Instant Update map, which overlays your sighting data on live satellite images of...

[Related link](#) whereswilson.co.uk

[Re](#)

[Re](#)

[Re](#)

[St](#)

[M](#)

[S](#)

[M](#)

[N](#)

[S](#)

[chr](#)

[yun](#)

[M](#)

[S](#)

[M](#)

[N](#)

[S](#)

[chr](#)

[yun](#)

[M](#)

[S](#)

[M](#)

[N](#)

[S](#)

[chr](#)

[yun](#)

ANN - DRIFTER THOUGHT HE WAS VAMPIRE

ANN Amplified News Network

DRIFTER THOUGHT HE WAS VAMPIRE

(cont'd)

now been positively identified as Arnold Mott, a schizophrenic who has spent more than six years in mental hospitals in Bristol and London. Mott believed he was the fictional vampire Count Ambrosio, from the much-loved *Tommy Taylor™* novel sequence. According to relatives, it was an initially harmless obsession that became more sinister over time.

"It just consumed him," Mott's brother-in-law, Peter Beckwith, said yesterday. "We thought it was a game, at first, but in the end he couldn't distinguish between reality and fantasy."

Mott's obsession came to a head two weeks ago, when he attacked and kidnapped Tom Taylor, son of the famous novelist and inspiration for the fictional boy wizard *Tommy Taylor™*. Escaping with minor injuries, Taylor is recuperating in London's Royal Free Hospital, where his condition is said to be



View topic...ypse Now!

http://www.I3TOMMY.NET/Forums/T

Tay281

Posted: 3:16 am

Posts: 2278

Okay, but there are millions of prophecies in the Tommy Taylor books. They're all over the place. Which ones are you saying are going to come true?

[Back to top](#)

STANTHEMAN

Posted: 2008 3:52 am

Posts: 5081

I'm saying all the ones that are about Tommy are true. Wilson really had those dreams and really knew what the future was going to be. But he couldn't say it right out because people wouldn't have believed so he put it in a book.

[Back to top](#)

BunkMoreland

Posted: 4:36 am

Posts: 115

yeah, but there's lots of prophecies about Tommy, he's the creator and the destroyer, et cetera, and he's going to be like adam all over again, but he's also going to be more and less than man, and die without ending and end without dying or whatever that bit in the last book said. a lot of it doesn't make sense because Wilson was making it up as he went along.

[Back to top](#)

STANTHEMAN

Posted: 5:24 am

Posts: 5082

He was telling us his dreams. There've always been people who could dream the truth.

[Back to top](#)

Tay281

Posted: 9:17 am

Posts: 2279

You can't have your cake and eat it, though, can you? When was he dreaming the truth and when did he just have one too many vodkas? The prophecy bits in the books are all over the place.

[Back to top](#)

Seraphim

Posted: T11:16 am

Posts: 113

I think you just have to believe. It all makes sense if you believe.

[Back to top](#)



THE SAFE HOUSE IS IN KENSINGTON. I'VE RENTED A ROOM FOR YOU UNDER THE NAME OF **SANDERS**.

IN THE **HUNDRED ACRE WOOD**? FORGET IT, SWOPE. **SAFE** ISN'T WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR.

IT'S WHAT YOU **NEED**, THOMAS.



NO, WHAT I NEED IS THE **TRUTH**. WAS MY MOTHER REALLY MY MOTHER, OR DID MY DAD **BUY** ME FROM A ROMANIAN BABY-FARM?

EITHER WAY, I CAN LIVE WITH IT. BUT I'M DAMN WELL GOING TO GET SOME **ANSWERS**.

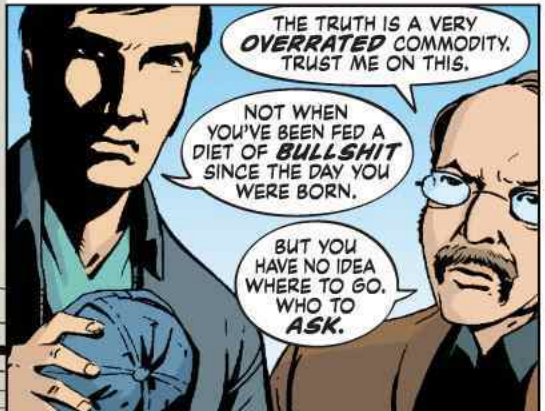
DROP ME OFF AT THE NEXT TUBE STATION.



BAKER STREET. HAH! VERY **APPROPRIATE**.

ALTHOUGH NUMBER 221B DIDN'T ACTUALLY **EXIST** WHEN CONAN DOYLE WROTE HIS FIRST--

NOT **NOW**, THOMAS. THERE'S A **GOOD** BOY.



THE TRUTH IS A VERY **OVERRATED** COMMODITY. TRUST ME ON THIS.

NOT WHEN YOU'VE BEEN FED A DIET OF **BULLSHIT** SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN.

BUT YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHERE TO GO. WHO TO **ASK**.



YEAH, I DO. I'M **SHERLOCK HOLMES**, REMEMBER?

WHEN YOU ELIMINATE THE **IMPOSSIBLE**, WHATEVER'S LEFT--

"...IS UNIVERSITY COLLEGE."



LIZZIE. LIZZIE **HEXAM**. LOOK, I MET HER TWICE. SHE SORT OF SAVED MY **LIFE**, ALTHOUGH SHE MESS'D IT UP A WHOLE LOT FIRST.

WE HAVE NO STUDENTS OF THAT **NAME**, SIR. NO **HEXAMS** AT ALL, IN FACT-- EXCEPT IN THE LIBRARY.

THE LIBRARY?



LIZZIE HEXAM IS THE **PROTAGONIST** OF DICKENS'S **OUR MUTUAL FRIEND**.

IF SOMEONE GAVE YOU THAT NAME, IT WAS PROBABLY A **PSEUDO-NYM**.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. LIMEHOUSE REACH. HOLLOWAY. CAVENDISH SQUARE.

OH, YOU'VE READ IT?

NOT A **WORD**. ALL I KNOW IS THE **GEOGRAPHY**.

THANKS. I GUESS I GOT THE NAME WRONG.



LIKE **HELL** I DID.

OKAY. LET'S TRY **PLAN B**.





TARGET ACQUIRED.

I COULD DO IT NOW. BE HOME IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST.

DON'T BE ABSURD, PULLMAN. WE DISCUSSED THIS.



WE NEED TO SQUASH THE RUMORS BEFORE WE SQUASH THE BOY.

DOESN'T KILLING HIM DO THAT ANYWAY? IT PROVES HE CAN DIE.

IT'S AN UNNECESSARY RISK. LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THE COUNT.



WE PROCEED AS PLANNED. DISARM. DISMANTLE. THEN DESTROY.

WHATEVER YOU SAY.

YES. WHATEVER WE SAY BECOMES THE TRUTH, BECAUSE WE SAID IT. SO DO NOT PISS US AROUND.



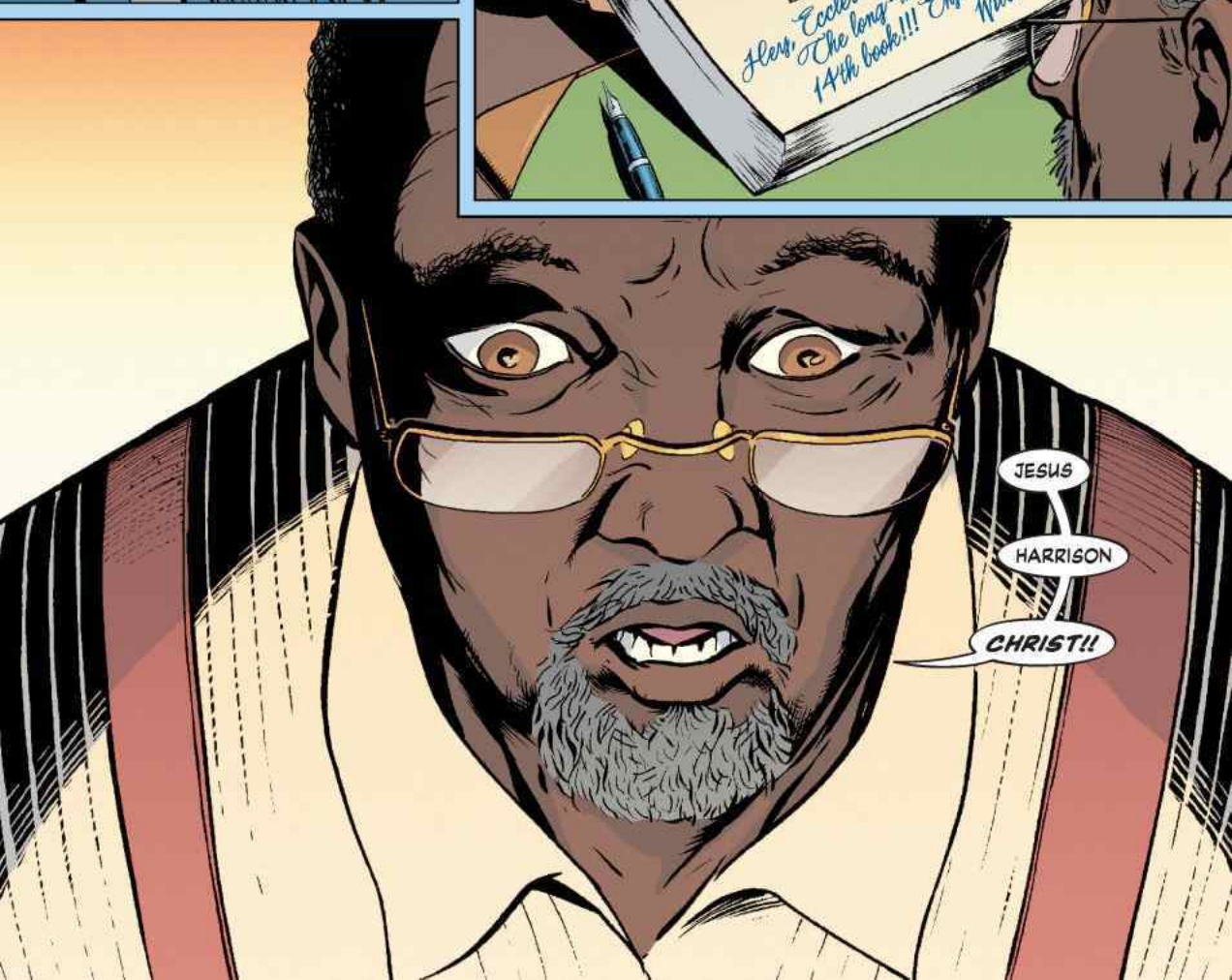
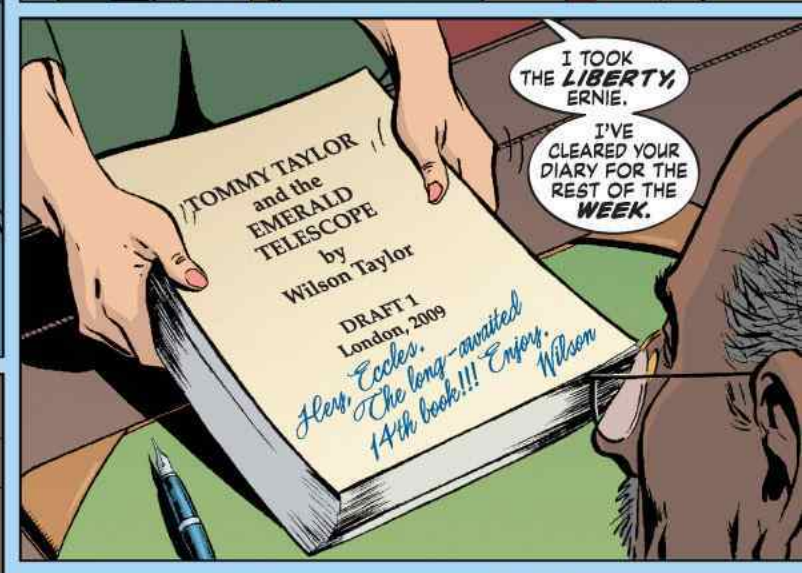
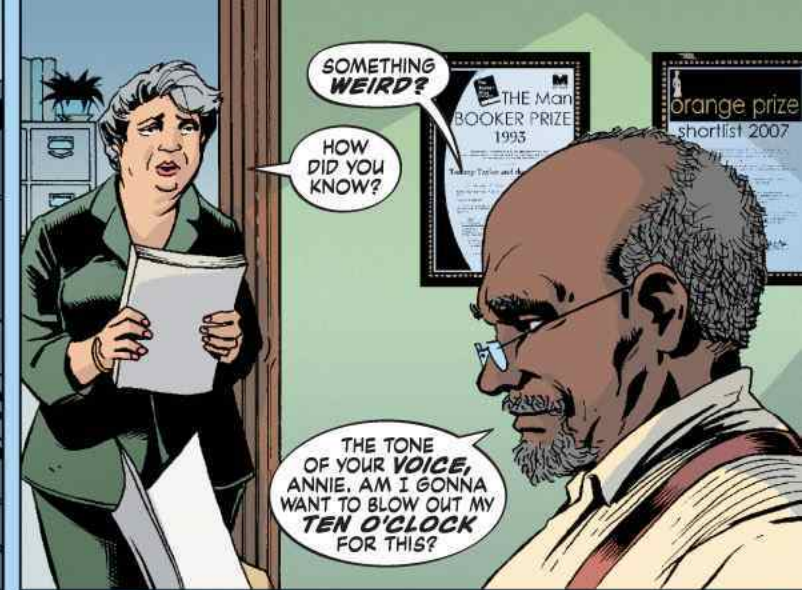
WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT. PULLMAN OUT.



LOOK, MUMMY. THERE'S LETTERS ON THE GROUND!

DON'T PICK THEM UP, SUKI.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY'VE BEEN.





WILSON TAYLOR
Novelist • Slept here
1987-1992

MAN, I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT STRAIGHT LINE WITH A SHITTY STICK.



BONG CLANG

BONG CLANG
BONG CLANG

BONG BONG BONG
CLANG CLANG CLANG

PISS OFF.

PISS OFF PISS OFF PISS OFF.



:SIGH:



THE SIGN BY THE DOOR SAYS NO UNSOLICITED CALLERS.

YEAH, I KNOW.

WELL, I DIDN'T BLOODY SOLICIT YOU, SO GO AWAY.



IT'S ME, SUE.

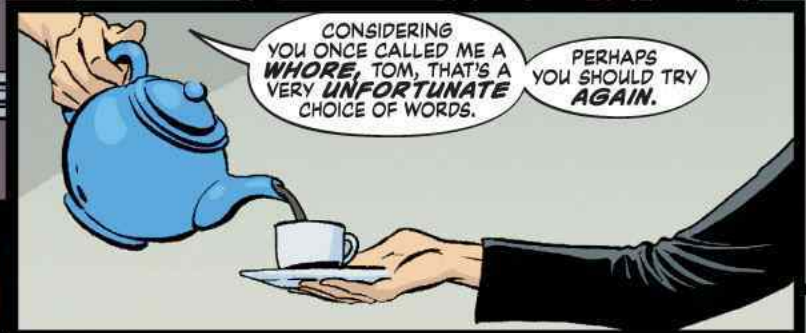


IT'S TOM TAYLOR.

OH MY GOD!



SO--
HOW'S--
YOU KNOW--
TRICKS?



CONSIDERING
YOU ONCE CALLED ME A
WHORE, TOM, THAT'S A
VERY **UNFORTUNATE**
CHOICE OF WORDS.

PERHAPS
YOU SHOULD TRY
AGAIN.



LOOK, YOU
KNOW WHY I SAID
THAT.

YES.

YOU
WERE HAVING
AN **AFFAIR**
WITH MY DAD
WHEN--

YES.



HE WASN'T
THERE WHEN YOU
WERE **BORN** BECAUSE
HE WAS DOING ME FROM
BEHIND IN A CHEAP
BUNK-UP IN **SAN
GIMIGNANO**.

DON'T
WORRY, TOM. WE
ALL GOT OUR TURN
AT BEING ABANDONED.



YOU HEARD
THE **STORIES**. ABOUT
THESE ROMANIANS. THE
DRASICS.

THE ONES WHO
SAY THEY'RE YOUR
PARENTS.

YEAH.
THEM.

HAVE YOU
MET THEM?
TALKED
TO THEM?





I'M NOT REALLY **READY** FOR THAT YET. LOOK, SUE, I BARELY **REMEMBER** MY MOTHER.

SHE DIED WHEN I WAS **FOUR**, SO ALL I'VE GOT IS A NAME, REALLY. AND NOW--YOU KNOW..

NOW YOU'RE WONDERING IF SHE EVEN **EXIST-ED**.

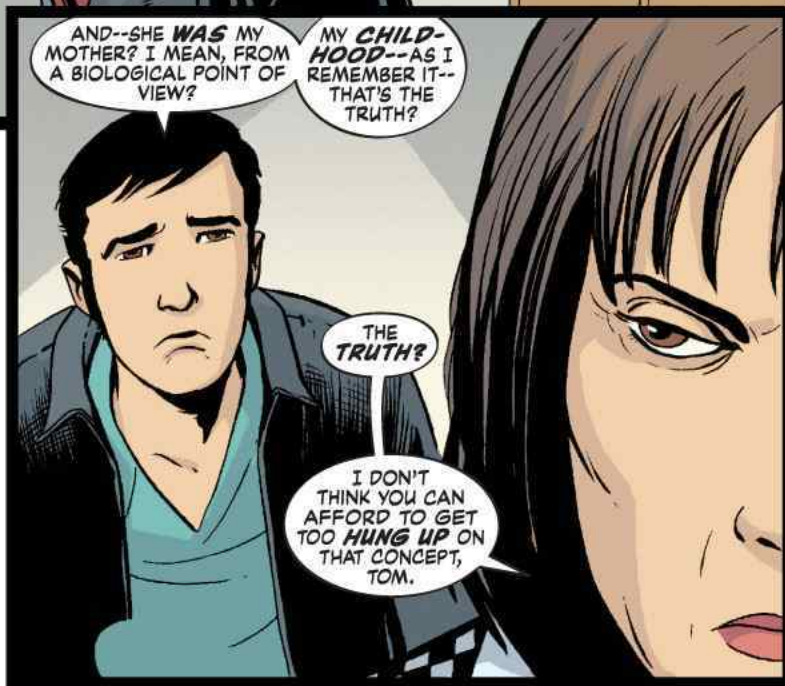


YEAH. SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

SHE WAS REAL. I KNEW **CALLY MADIGAN** VERY WELL. WE WERE NEVER FRIENDS--

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A BIG **ASK**, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

WELL, EXACTLY.



AND--SHE **WAS** MY MOTHER? I MEAN, FROM A BIOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW?

MY **CHILDHOOD**--AS I REMEMBER IT-- THAT'S THE TRUTH?

THE TRUTH?

I DON'T THINK YOU CAN AFFORD TO GET TOO **HUNG UP** ON THAT CONCEPT, TOM.



YOU KNOW THAT TRICK WHERE YOU PULL AWAY THE **TABLECLOTH** WITHOUT DISTURBING THE PLATES AND DISHES? THAT'S WHAT THE TRUTH IS.



WAIT. SO I WAS **LIED** TO? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?

NO. I'M SAYING YOU CAN MAKE THE WHOLE WORLD LOOK THE WRONG WAY WHILE YOU SWAP THINGS AROUND.

IT'S THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK.

IS IT? WHAT BOOK WOULD **THAT** BE?



PROBABLY ONE OF YOUR **FATHER'S**.

I'LL SHOW YOU. GO ON DOWN INTO MY **BASEMENT**, AND COUNT THE STEPS.

WHAT?



THE **STEPS**. TOM. IT'S NOT COMPLICATED.

GO ON DOWN AND **COUNT** THEM.



WHY?

TO PROVE A POINT. ARE YOU **AFRAID**?

OF COURSE NOT.

THEN **DO** IT.



THE **LIGHT BULB'S** GONE, BY THE WAY.

SO YOU'D BETTER WATCH WHERE YOU'RE **WALKING**.

**S
L
A
M**

ONE...
TWO...
THREE...

THIS IS
**RIDICU-
LOUS.**

"The world is a
ridiculous
place," the unicorn
said, "Hard to
measure, Hard to
hold. Here is there,
and there is
everywhere."

...TWENTY-
EIGHT...

...TWENTY-
NINE...

...THIRTY...

"I have to disagree,"
said Tommy sternly.
"Here is here, and
there is there. A
place for every-
where and every
place in its—
well, in its
place."

...A
HUNDRED
AND
THREE...

...A
HUNDRED AND
FOUR...

"That would be
nice," the unicorn
conceded
thoughtfully.

...TWO
HUNDRED AND...
NO.

NO.

NO.

NO.

"Practical, too,
in a lot of ways."

"But sadly—

"—it's not the way things actually work."

CLICK





SHFF!
SHFF!
SHFF!

OKAY, I **LIED** ABOUT THE LIGHT BULB. HOW MANY STEPS?

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT GOING DOWN. AND I DIDN'T TOUCH **BOTTOM**.

TWELVE COMING BACK UP.



YOU SEE WHAT I **MEAN** ABOUT THE TRUTH.

IT'S NOT ALWAYS THE SAME. YOU HAVE TO TAKE YOUR OWN **VECTOR** INTO ACCOUNT.

WHAT DID YOU PUT IN THAT **TEA**?

TEA LEAVES. YOU KNOW THE **VILLA DIODATI**, TOM?

OF COURSE I DO. MY **FATHER** WAS STAYING THERE RIGHT BEFORE HE DID HIS **DISAPPEARING** ACT.



THE **HOUSEKEEPER** AT THE VILLA WAS THE LAST PERSON TO SEE HIM. HE LEFT A LOT OF **DOCUMENTS** IN HER POSSESSION. OLD PHOTOS, LETTERS, THAT SORT OF THING.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ANYTHING DATING FROM THAT TIME, SHE'D BE THE ONE TO **ASK**.



SUE--

YOU'RE WELCOME. NOW LEAVE ME **ALONE**.

SOME OF US HAVE TO **WORK** FOR A LIVING.



THINK YOU'RE VERY **CLEVER**, DON'T YOU, MISSY?

"MISSY"?
WHAT TONE IS THAT MEANT TO **CONVEY**, EXACTLY?



A **THREATENING** TONE. A TONE OF MENACE.

I STUCK TO THE **SCRIPT**. I SENT HIM WHERE YOU WANTED HIM SENT.

YEAH, BUT YOU DID YOUR **PARTY TRICK**, TOO. AND HIT HIM WITH ALL THAT FUCKA-DOODLE ABOUT **TRUTH**.



YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS IF I **TOUCH** YOU WITH THIS HAND?

YES. YOU WANT THAT?

NO.



THEN LET'S HOPE THIS IS LITTLE TOMMY TAYLOR'S **LAST** ADVENTURE. BECAUSE IF IT ISN'T--



--IT'S GOING TO TURN OUT TO BE **YOURS**.

SWITZER-
LAND?

YES.
GENEVA.

THOMAS,
YOU'RE NOT
HEADING FOR THE
**REICHENBACH
FALLS**, ARE
YOU?

NICE ONE,
SWOPE! BUT
THEY'RE AT
MEIRINGEN,
WHICH IS WAY
OVER NEXT
TO BERN.

I'M GOING TO MY DAD'S
OLD GOTHIC **CASTLE**--THE
VILLA DIODATI.

IT'S PROBABLY A
HOLIDAY RENTAL NOW,
MY DEAR BOY. YOU'LL JUST
EMBARRASS
YOURSELF.

IT'S STILL TIED TO MY
DAD'S **ESTATE**. I'M COMMITTED
NOW, SWOPE. I'M **HERE** ALREADY.

OH
DEAR.
WELL,
IF YOU
MUST.

"BUT STAY
IN **TOUCH**,
THOMAS.
PROMISE
ME THAT.

"I REALLY
DOUBT
THIS IS
GOING TO
GO WELL."

SO THE
LITERARY CONNECTIONS
OF THE VILLA ACTUALLY GO
ALL THE WAY BACK TO
JOHN MILTON.

*C'EST
SAISSANT.*

CHARLES
DIODATI WAS A
BIG **MATE** OF
MILTON'S. THICK
AS THIEVES.

EVERYONE
CREAMS THEIR JEANS
ABOUT THE **1816** STUFF.
FRANKENSTEIN. BYRON.
MONK LEWIS. THE BIG
GOTHIC **LOVE-IN**.

AND THEY
TOTALLY MISS THE
MILTON CONNECTION. HE
COULD HAVE DREAMED UP
PARADISE LOST
UNDER THAT
ROOF!

SO YOU
COULD SAY SATAN
AND FRANKENSTEIN
WERE BOTH BORN
IN THE SAME
HOUSE.

NOT TO
MENTION--YOU
KNOW--TOMMY
TAYLOR.





Y A PERSONNE, HEIN? **NOBODY**. WE COME AGAIN TOMORROW.

THERE'S MEANT TO BE A HOUSEKEEPER. MATHILDE VENNER.

YOU GO AHEAD.



I'M STICKING AROUND.



MAN, I KIND OF **REMEMBER** THIS.

THIS WINDOW ROUND HERE LOOKS INTO THE **MORNING ROOM**.



OH, OKAY. THE FRONT HALL.

WELL, I DIDN'T COME **BACK** HERE MUCH AFTER--





BASTARD!

BASTARD!

BASTARD!

SKUTCH
SKUTCH SKUTCH



...



GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM, TOM.

I'LL COME UP TO TUCK YOU IN SHORTLY.



YOUR ROOM, TOM. GO TO YOUR ROOM.

B-BUT-- HE--HE'S...



I SAID GO TO YOUR FUCKING ROOM!!



NUUUH!

YOU'RE RIGHT, JARDINE, THERE *IS* SOMEONE OUT HERE.

HEY, YOU! WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?



NOTHING, I--I USED TO LIVE HERE.

WHAT, LIKE TOMMY TAYLOR? THINK OF ANOTHER, MAN.

I...
UH...



IT'S ALL RIGHT, MISTER GROVE. I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM.

WHAT?



LIZZIE! LIZZIE HEXAM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I GET AROUND, TOM.



THAT'S IMPRESSIVE, BY THE WAY. BUT I'M KIND OF SURPRISED.



I HONESTLY DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE A FAN.

TOMMY TAYLOR and • CHAPTER TWO •
the BOGUS IDENTITY by Mike Carey and Peter Gross

Colors by Chris Chuckry & Jeanne McGee Letters by Todd Klein Cover by Yuko Shimizu Editor: Pornsak Pichetshote The Unwritten created by Gross and Carey To Be Continued...