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NATIONAL BESTSELLER

NEIL GAIMAN

Author of the *New York Times* Bestseller *American Gods*

A Novel

Neverwhere

"Delightful... Incessantly horrific... [It] draws equally from George Lucas, *Moby-Dick*, *Dr. Who*, and John Milton... The chimerical stuff of nightmare and daydream." —*USA Today*
—*Guinness World Records*

Neverwhere

Neil Gaiman

 HarperCollins e-books

For Lenny Henry, friend and colleague, who made it happen all the way; and Merrilee Heifetz, friend and agent, who makes everything good.

I have never been to St. John's Wood. I dare not. I should be afraid of the innumerable night of fir trees, afraid to come upon a blood red cup and the beating of the wings of the Eagle.

—*The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, G. K. Chesterton

If ever thou gavest hosen or shoon
Then every night and all
Sit thou down and put them on
And Christ receive thy soul

*This aye night, this aye night
Every night and all
Fire and fleet and candlelight
And Christ receive they soul*

If ever thou gavest meat or drink
Then every night and all
The fire shall never make thee shrink
And Christ receive thy soul

—*The Lyke Wake Dirge* (traditional)

Contents

Epigraph

Prologue

The night before he went to London, Richard Mayhew was...

One

She had been running for four days now, a harum-scarum...

Two

He is some where deep beneath the ground: in a...

Three

On Sunday morning Richard took the Batmobile-shaped telephone he had...

Four

Mr. Croup and Mr. Vandemar had set up their home in the...

Five

People slipped and slid through the darkness about them, holding...

Six

Richard wrote a diary entry in his head.

Seven

There was straw scattered on the floor, over a layer...

Eight

It was early evening, and the cloudless sky was transmuting...

[Nine](#)

Jessica was under a little pressure. She was worried, and...

[Ten](#)

“Do you drink wine?” it asked.

[Eleven](#)

“So what are you after?” Richard asked Hunter. The...

[Twelve](#)

Richard Mayhew walked down the Underground platform. It was a District...

[Thirteen](#)

The Angel Islington was dreaming a dark and rushing dream.

[Fourteen](#)

HMS Belfast is a gunship of 11,000 tons, commissioned in...

[Fifteen](#)

They walked off the ship, down the long gangplank,...

[Sixteen](#)

They walked for hours in silence, following the winding stone...

[Seventeen](#)

Richard followed the path between the burning candles, which led...

[Eighteen](#)

The Lady Serpentine, who was, but for Olympia, the oldest...

[Nineteen](#)

For a moment, upon waking, he had no idea at...

[Twenty](#)

The world went dark, and a low roar filled Richard's...

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Other Books by Neil Gaiman](#)

[Credits](#)

[Copyright](#)

[About the Publisher](#)

Prologue

The night before he went to London, Richard Mayhew was not enjoying himself.

He had begun the evening by enjoying himself: he had enjoyed reading the good-bye cards, and receiving the hugs from several not entirely unattractive young ladies of his acquaintance; he had enjoyed the warnings about the evils and dangers of London, and the gift of the white umbrella with the map of the London Underground on it that his friends had chipped in money to buy; he had enjoyed the first few pints of ale; but then, with each successive pint he found that he was enjoying himself significantly less; until now he was sitting and shivering on the sidewalk outside the pub in a small Scottish town, weighing the relative merits of being sick and not being sick, and not enjoying himself at all.

Inside the pub, Richard's friends continued to celebrate his forthcoming departure with an enthusiasm that, to Richard, was beginning to border on the sinister. He sat on the sidewalk and held on tightly to the rolled-up umbrella, and wondered whether going south to London was really a good idea.

"You want to keep a eye out," said a cracked old voice. "They'll be moving you on before you can say Jack Robinson. Or taking you in, I wouldn't be surprised." Two sharp eyes stared out from a beaky, grimy face. "You all right?"

"Yes, thank you," said Richard. He was a fresh-faced, boyish young man, with dark, slightly curly hair and large hazel eyes; he had a rumped, just-woken-up look to him, which made him more attractive to the opposite sex than he would ever understand or believe.