

...AND WE'RE AT  
NEWMARKET FOR  
THE 3:30--

WHERE IT'S AND  
NECK AND NECK  
IN THE PACK!

CAMERON'S STUPID  
STUNT PULLING HALF  
A LENGTH AHEAD OF  
BORIS JOHNSON'S  
KNOB--

BUT FROM NOWHERE,  
HERE COMES FARAGE  
YOU DON'T TEARING UP  
THE INSIDE--

IT'S FARAGE  
YOU DON'T PASSING  
BORIS JOHNSON'S  
KNOB--

AND FARAGE  
YOU DON'T IS CLOSING  
IN ON CAMERON'S STUPID  
STUNT, WHAT A TERRIBLE  
MISCALCULATION ON  
HIS PART--

AS WE HEAD INTO THE  
HOME STRAIGHT, IT'S  
FARAGE YOU DON'T--

FARAGE  
YOU DON'T AND  
CAMERON'S STUPID,  
STUPID STUNT--

MAKING A LATE RUN, THE  
RIDICULOUSLY COIFFURED  
BUFFOON PASSES THE THINLY  
VEILED RACIST, THEN THE  
INBRED TORY PIG AFICIONDO,  
TO TAKE THE WIN AT THE  
LINE...

BUT FROM  
NOWHERE, HERE  
COMES BORIS  
JOHNSON'S  
KNOB--



HE'S 'ERE,  
GUV.

AND WHO EXACTLY  
MIGHT YOU BE FLAPPIN' YER GUMS  
ABOUT, LORD LUCAN OR BLOODY  
FATHER CHRISTMAS?

NO, THE CABBY,  
YOU KNOW, THE SAD  
TOSSER THAT COULDN'T  
PICK A WINNER IF HIS  
LIFE DEPENDED  
ON IT.

IT HAPPENS,  
EVEN TO THE  
WINDOW-LICKERS  
WE GET IN  
'ERE.



NOT AT 500 TO  
BLOODY ONE IT  
DOESN'T...

WHAT?!



CHAS  
CHANDLER... AS  
I LIVE AND  
BREATHE.

# THE POISON TRUTH

part 3

Writer: Simon Oliver

Artist: Montat

Colorists: Andre Szymanowicz  
and Montat

Lettering: Sal Cipriano

Cover Artist: Montat

Variant Cover Artist: John Cassaday  
with Paul Mounts

Associate Editor: Jessica Chen

Editor: Kristy Quinn

Group Editor: Jim Chadwick

John Constantine created by  
Alan Moore,

Steve Bissette,

John Totleben

and Jamie Delano

& John Ridgway

DOLPHINS...

YEAH, DOLPHINS...A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE DOGS, CATS, AND--FOR SOME REASON I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FATHOM--EVEN SNAKES AND TOADS.

BUT DOLPHINS? EVERYBODY, AND I MEAN EVERYBODY LOVES BLOODY DOLPHINS. DON'T THEY?

GOES WAY BACK, TO THE ANCIENT GREEKS, WHEN SHIPWRECKED SAILORS WOULD WASH UP ON BEACHES YAMMERING OUT CRAZY STORIES OF HOW THEY WAS STARING DOWN A WATERY GRAVE, WHEN OUT OF NOWHERE, FLIPPER SHOWS UP AND PUSHES THEM SAFELY BACK TO SHORE.

HEARTWARMING--AND SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT AQUATIC MAMMAL PUBLIC RELATIONS, BUT THAT WAS ONE INSPIRED MOVE, BECAUSE HERE WE ARE TWO THOUSAND YEARS LATER AND EVERYBODY STILL LOVES THEM BLOODY DOLPHINS.

WHAT YOU DON'T HEAR ARE THE OTHER STORIES, THE ONES WHERE FLIPPER'S WATCHING POOR ARTEMIDES DOGGY PADDLING AWAY AND INHALING THE WARM, SALTY WATERS OF THE ADRIATIC...

... AND FLIPPER THINKS, "YEAH, SURE I COULD SAVE HIM, BUT SOD THAT FOR A CAN OF SARDINES" AND INSTEAD OF PUSHING ARTEMIDES BACK TO SHORE, FLIPPER PUSHES THE POOR SOD OUT TO SEA... IN THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF SIR JOHNNY OF THE CASH, "JUST TO WATCH HIM DIE..."



SEE, MORAL IS, IF YOU'RE GONNA BE A BASTARD, BE LIKE A DOLPHIN--THINK BIG PICTURE, PROTECT YOUR IMAGE AND ABOVE ALL, LEAVE NO TRACE.



BECAUSE IN THE BLOODSHOT, BLEARY EYES OF THE WORLD, ONCE YOU'RE A BASTARD, YOU'RE ALWAYS A BASTARD.



I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

YOU 'AVE? WELL THANK GOD I AIN'T PREGNANT AND DON'T HAVE A BLOODY PACEMAKER. HOLD ON...



ARGHH I SWEAR ON MY MOTHER'S LIFE I AIN'T EATEN DICED CARROTS SINCE PRIMARY SCHOOL...



NOW I'VE FINISHED PEBBLE DASHING YOUR FLOOR WITH MY GUTS, MAP, YOU WANNA TELL ME JUST WHAT THE F\*CK WAS CHASING ME...?

**MEANWHILE, FAR FROM  
THE STENCH OF THE CITY...**

THERE ARE  
THREE FORCES OF  
LIFE, EACH WITH ITS  
OWN WORLD.

YOU ARE HERE  
AND OF THE RED,  
WHERE SENTIENT  
LIFE BLEEDS.

I AM OF THE  
GREEN, WHERE  
LIFE GROWS.

AND THE  
ROT?

THE ROT  
IS WHERE  
EVENTUALLY  
EVERYTHING MUST  
GO TO DIE, TO  
DECAY AND TO  
COMPLETE THE  
CYCLE, SO THAT  
LIFE MAY  
CONTINUE.

AND AS  
AVATAR OF THE ROT,  
ABBY IS DUTY BOUND  
TO KNOW WHERE  
I AM.

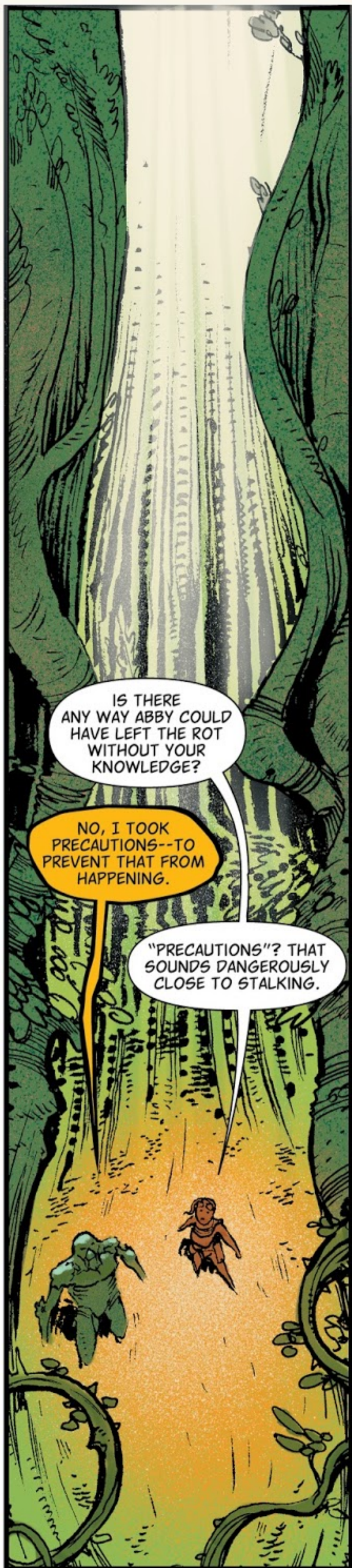
AND YOU, AS  
AVATAR OF THE  
GREEN...

...I AM LIKewise  
BOUND TO KNOW  
WHERE SHE IS.

SO YOU  
UNDERSTAND,  
WHAT I DID, IT  
WASN'T  
STALKING.

IT'S  
OKAY, I'M NOT  
CONSTANTINE. I'M  
HERE TO HELP, NOT  
TO JUDGE...





IS THERE ANY WAY ABBY COULD HAVE LEFT THE ROT WITHOUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE?

NO, I TOOK PRECAUTIONS--TO PREVENT THAT FROM HAPPENING.

"PRECAUTIONS"? THAT SOUNDS DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO STALKING.



SORRY, THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A JOKE.



BUT COULD THERE HAVE BEEN A WAY OUT? SOMETHING THAT YOU WEREN'T AWARE OF?

I DON'T THINK ABBY WOULD HAVE DONE THIS ALONE.



THEN WHO HELPED HER? AND WHY?

FROM WHAT CONSTANTINE HAS TOLD ME, I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT HAVE A BETTER IDEA WHAT CREATURES COULD HAVE POSSIBLY ENTERED AND LEFT THE ROT UNDETECTED...



YEAH WELL MAYBE, MAYBE NOT, BUT YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THAT CONSTANTINE LIKES THE SOUND OF HIS OWN VOICE.