

SOONER OR LATER, MOST EVERYONE GETS SOME "MORNING-AFTER REGRETS" LEFT UNDER THEIR PILLOW BY THE BOOZE FAIRY.

SHE VISITS ME MORE OFTEN THAN ME MUM OR EVEN THE JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES.

THIS LAST VISIT CAME WITH A BIT EXTRA: A MUTILATED BODY NAMED DOUG, AND AN EX-LOVER CONVINCED I'M RESPONSIBLE.

AND THAT'S WITHOUT MENTIONING THE KILLER NORDIC DWARVES.



LAST I HEARD FROM DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR MARGARET AMES SHE WAS HERE AT THE STATION INSPECTING THE BODY.



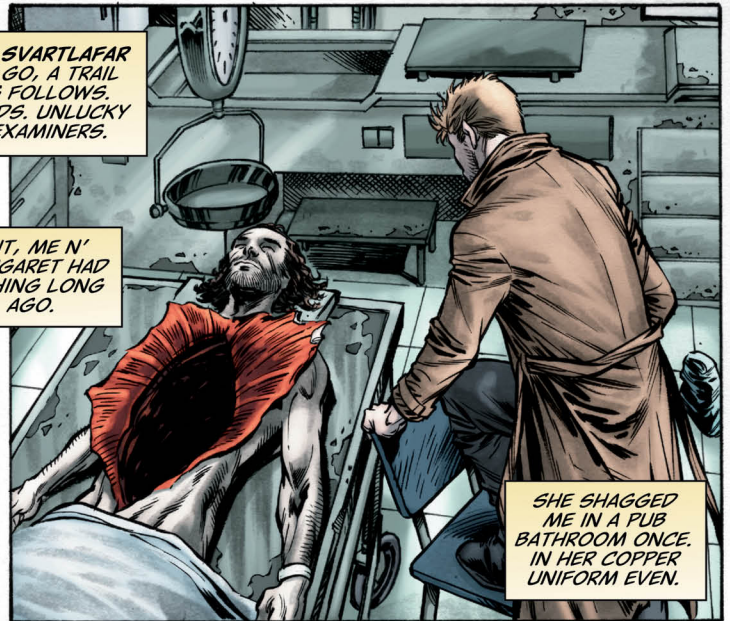
LAST I HEARD WERE SCREAMS.

I THOUGHT ABOUT RUNNING, I DID.

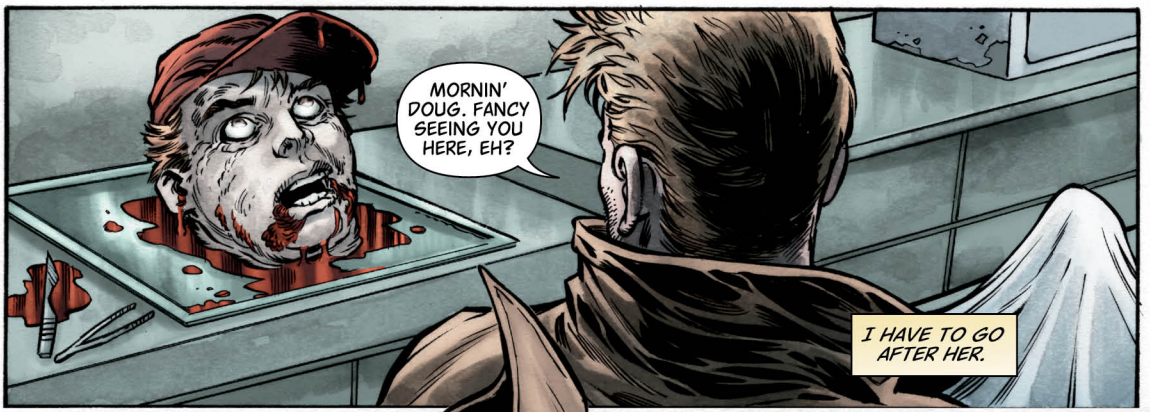


WHERE THE SVARTLAFAR BROTHERS GO, A TRAIL OF BODIES FOLLOWS. GIANTS. GODS. UNLUCKY MEDICAL EXAMINERS.

BUT, ME N' MARGARET HAD A THING LONG AGO.



SHE SHAGGED ME IN A PUB BATHROOM ONCE. IN HER COPPER UNIFORM EVEN.



MORNIN' DOUG. FANCY SEEING YOU HERE, EH?

I HAVE TO GO AFTER HER.



AND ME WITHOUT ME NOSE PLUGS.

THE INSPIRATION GAME

PART 3:
THE WAR
AGAINST
REALITY

WRITER: TIM SEELEY
ARTIST: JESÚS MERINO
COLORIST: CARRIE STRACHAN
LETTERER: SAL CIPRIANO
COVER: TIM SEELEY
WITH CHRIS SOTOMAYOR
VARIANT COVER: YASMINE PUTRI
EDITOR: KRISTY QUINN
GROUP EDITOR: JIM CHADWICK
JOHN CONSTANTINE CREATED BY
ALAN MOORE, STEVE BISSETTE,
JOHN TOTLEBEN AND
JAMIE DELANO & JOHN RIDGWAY
SUPERMAN CREATED BY
JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER.
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH
THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

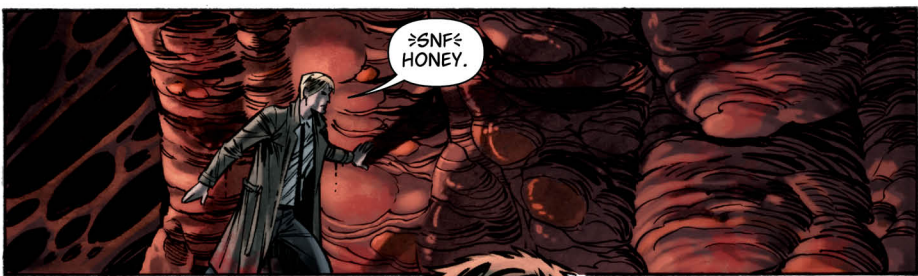
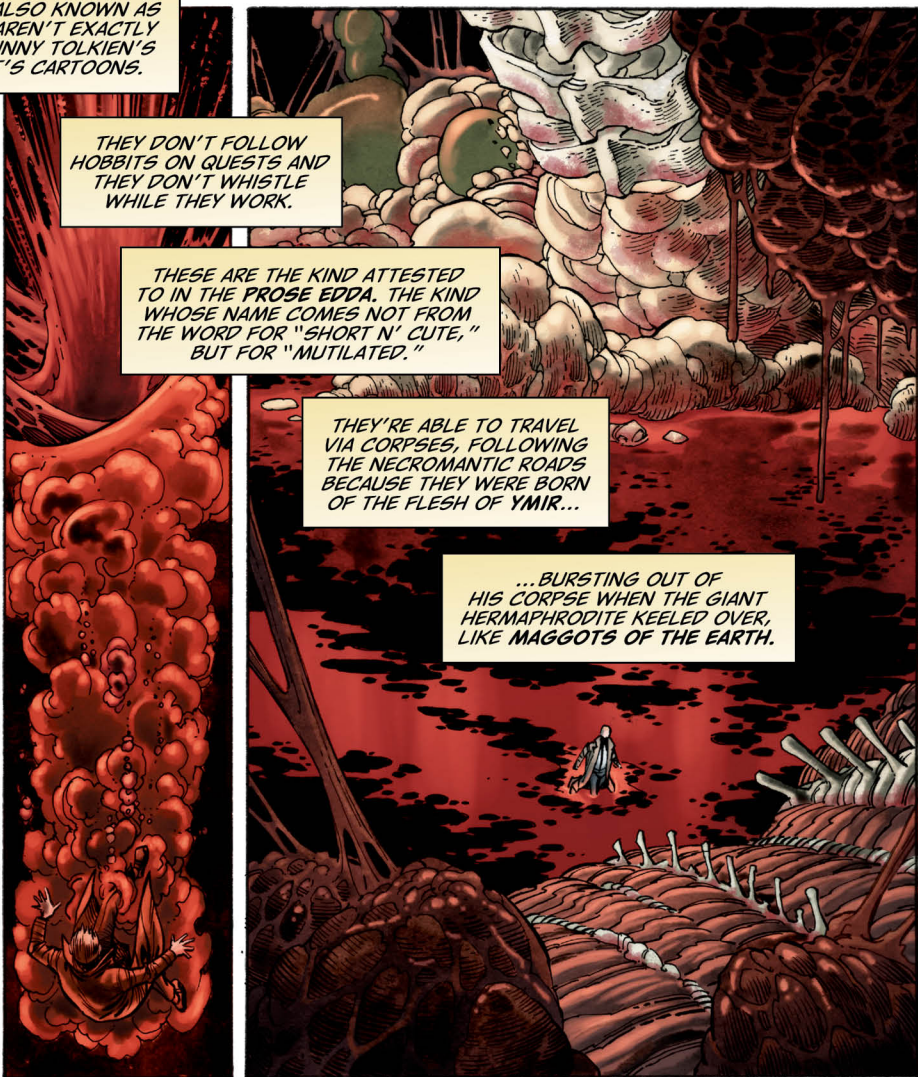
THE SVARTLAFAR ARE ALSO KNOWN AS DWARVES, BUT THEY AREN'T EXACTLY LIKE THE KIND IN JOHNNY TOLKIEN'S BOOKS OR OL' WALT'S CARTOONS.

THEY DON'T FOLLOW HOBBITS ON QUESTS AND THEY DON'T WHISTLE WHILE THEY WORK.

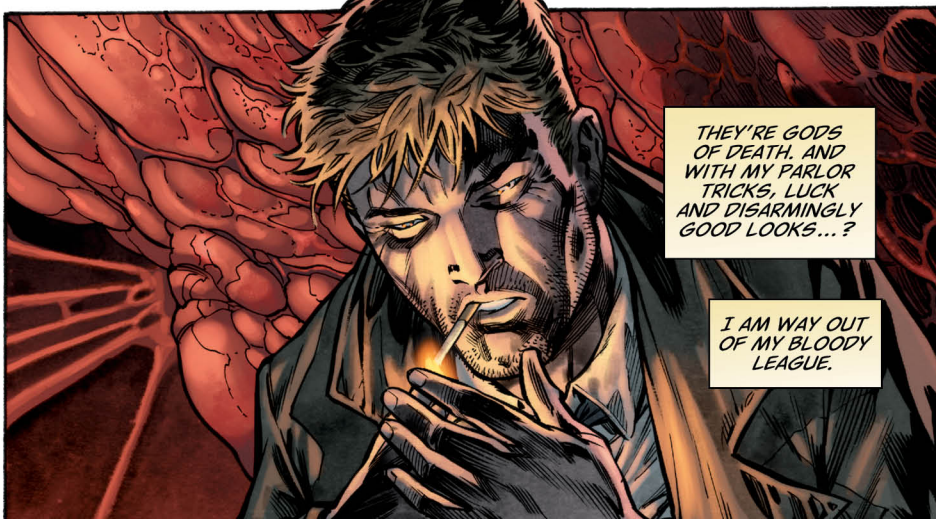
THESE ARE THE KIND ATTESTED TO IN THE PROSE EDDA. THE KIND WHOSE NAME COMES NOT FROM THE WORD FOR "SHORT N' CUTE," BUT FOR "MUTILATED."

THEY'RE ABLE TO TRAVEL VIA CORPSES, FOLLOWING THE NECROMANTIC ROADS BECAUSE THEY WERE BORN OF THE FLESH OF YMIR...

...BURSTING OUT OF HIS CORPSE WHEN THE GIANT HERMAPHRODITE KEELED OVER, LIKE MAGGOTS OF THE EARTH.



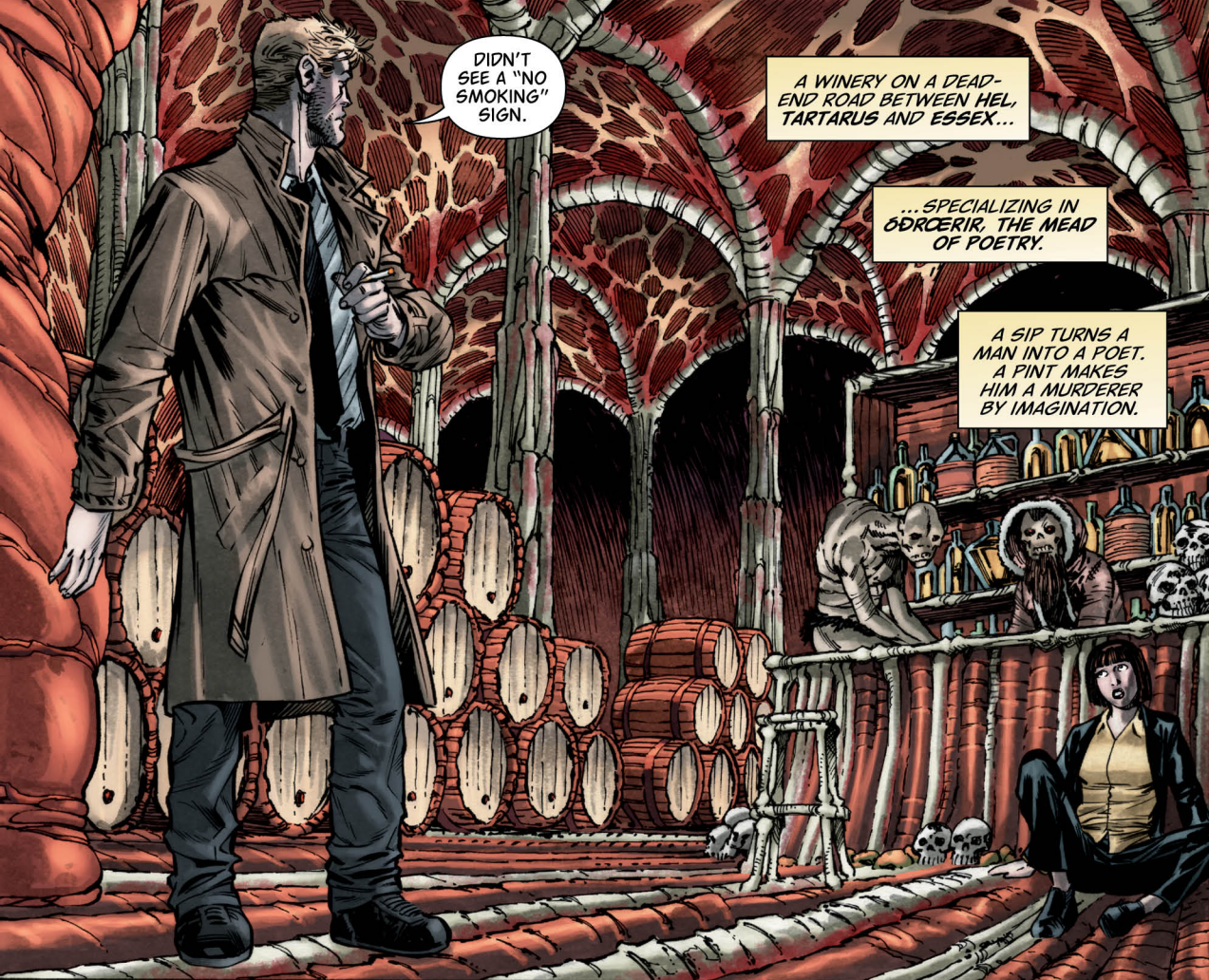
»SNF«
HONEY.



THEY'RE GODS OF DEATH, AND WITH MY PARLOR TRICKS, LUCK AND DISARMINGLY GOOD LOOKS...?

I AM WAY OUT OF MY BLOODY LEAGUE.





DIDN'T SEE A "NO SMOKING" SIGN.

A WINERY ON A DEAD-END ROAD BETWEEN HELL, TARTARUS AND ESSEX...

... SPECIALIZING IN *ÓDRÓEIR*, THE MEAD OF POETRY.

A SIP TURNS A MAN INTO A POET. A PINT MAKES HIM A MURDERER BY IMAGINATION.



J-JOHN.

AN IRISHMAN'S BREAKFAST UNLEASHES HIS WILL AS REALITY.



THESE TOOTHY LITTLE MUPPETS PLIED ME WITH THEIR WICKED GOD-PISS. THEY PLAYED WITH ME LIKE I WAS AN ACTION MAN DOLL.



LEAST THEY CAN DO IS LET ME HAVE A BIFTER.

WELL, GENTS, IT'S LIKE THIS...



