

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

PART 3

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COFF
COFF

DRED, MAN.
DRED.

FUH! CRAZY DOG COLLAR
DRAGGED ME DOWN A HOLE.
THEN THAT PO-PO SNITCH
BLEW UP THE DOOR. GOTTA
GET THE HELL OUT
OF IT...

STAY RIGHT
BLOODY THERE,
JOEY BRUV.

OR...OR
GOD HELP ME,
I WILL DROP YOU
WHERE YOU
STAND.

AW, C'MON,
BRUV. DON'T EVEN
PLAY. THIS IS A KIDNAPPIN',
NOT A HIT. YOU SAID YOU
NEEDED ME IN ONE PIECE.
WOULDN'T DO TO FILL ME
WITH BUCKSHOT,
BELIEVE.



YOU'RE JUST A CONVENIENCE. A SYMBOL OF HOW FAR THE WORLD HAS FALLEN. BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE YOU. ANY YOUNG PIECE OF VIOLENT, RAPIST, MURDERING TRASH WILL DO.

SO YOU BEST PUT THESE ON.



YOU DON'T KNOW THE THINGS I'VE DONE ALREADY... HOW FAR I'VE ALREADY GONE.

IF YOU GIVE ME ANY BLOODY TROUBLE, I WILL SHOOT YOU.



ALL RIGHT, FAM. ALL RIGHT. WHAT NOW?

WE FIND MY BROTHER.
BURKE!



YOUR BROTHER? I THINK YOU'RE CONFUSED, MATE. MAYBE GOT HIT ON THE HEAD WITH A BRICK. WHAT YOU CAME TO *THE ENDS* WITH DEFINITELY WEREN'T NO BROTHER.

SHUT UP.
BURKE!



BURKE?

>HNH
HH HH<

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? BE CAREFUL. THERE'S--



GLASS.

SHNH
HH HH



SICK.

BURKE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! STOP!

AH. WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT? I MADE A BIT OF A MESS, DIDN'T I?



WHEN YOU'VE SPENT THE BETTER PART OF THE LAST TWO DECADES TORTURED AND TORMENTED IN HELL, WELL...

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW? YOU START TO MISS IT.



BURKE. YOU BUILT THESE TUNNELS, REMEMBER? THEY WERE YOUR ESCAPE ROUTES IN AN EMERGENCY. WE NEED YOU TO LEAD US OUT OF HERE.



WE'VE GOT TO GET A MOVE ON, ESPECIALLY IF THE MAN COMING AFTER US IS AS DANGEROUS AS YOU SAY HE IS.

IT'S NOT ME, MATE. ASK MOST ANY DEVIL IN HELL AND HE'LL TELL YA...

"JOHN CONSTANTINE IS ONE HARD MOTHERFUCKER!"

I'M GETTIN' ME ARSE KICKED BY CHILDREN.



PAR FOR THE COURSE ON A DAY I FOUND OUT ME OLD GIRLFRIEND MARGARET'S BEEN POSSESSED BY AN UNDEAD GANGSTER FROM HELL, LEARNED A FORMER DEMON LOVER SOLD ME OUT TO THE HOLY SEE, AND GOT SHOT WITH A BLOODY CROSSBOW BY A VIOLENT, HOLIER-THAN-THOU UNDERWEAR-PERVERT WHO CALLS HERSELF THE HUNTRESS.



NOT BAD, MILES. HE'S OLD AND FRAIL, SO EVEN A YOUNGER LIKE YOU CAN GET IN A GOOD ONE.

KEEP IT UP, AND YOUR BALLS'LL DROP YET, FAM.



NOW
LOOK 'ERE,
GRANDAD.

»HMH«

YOU TELL US
WHERE THE COPPER
SNITCH AND THE
PENGUIN TOOK
JOEY BRUV...

OR WE'LL MAKE IT SO THERE'S ONE LESS
BATMEN IN THE WORLD, YEAH?

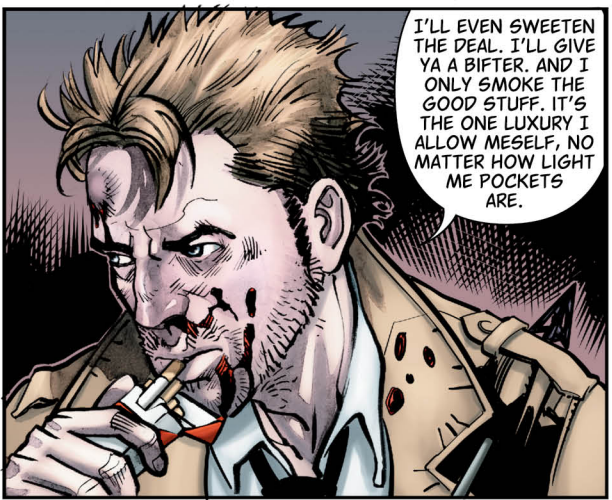


ALRIGHT, MATE. HAVEN'T GOT
MUCH LOVE FOR "BATMEN"
ME'SELF, BUT I'VE GOT A
GENERAL UNEASE ABOUT
GUN-WAVING IN THE
FACE OF LADIES.

SO, I'LL
MAKE YOU A
DEAL.



I'LL SING LIKE
A BIRDIE, AND GIVE YOU
ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW TO
GET YOUR BELOVED CAPTAIN
BACK. SINCE ME MATCHES
ARE SOAKED WITH BLOOD
AND NOT MUCH GOOD TO
ANYONE, ALL I ASK FOR
IS A LIGHT.



I'LL EVEN SWEETEN
THE DEAL. I'LL GIVE
YA A BIFTER. AND I
ONLY SMOKE THE
GOOD STUFF. IT'S
THE ONE LUXURY I
ALLOW MESELF, NO
MATTER HOW LIGHT
ME POCKETS
ARE.