

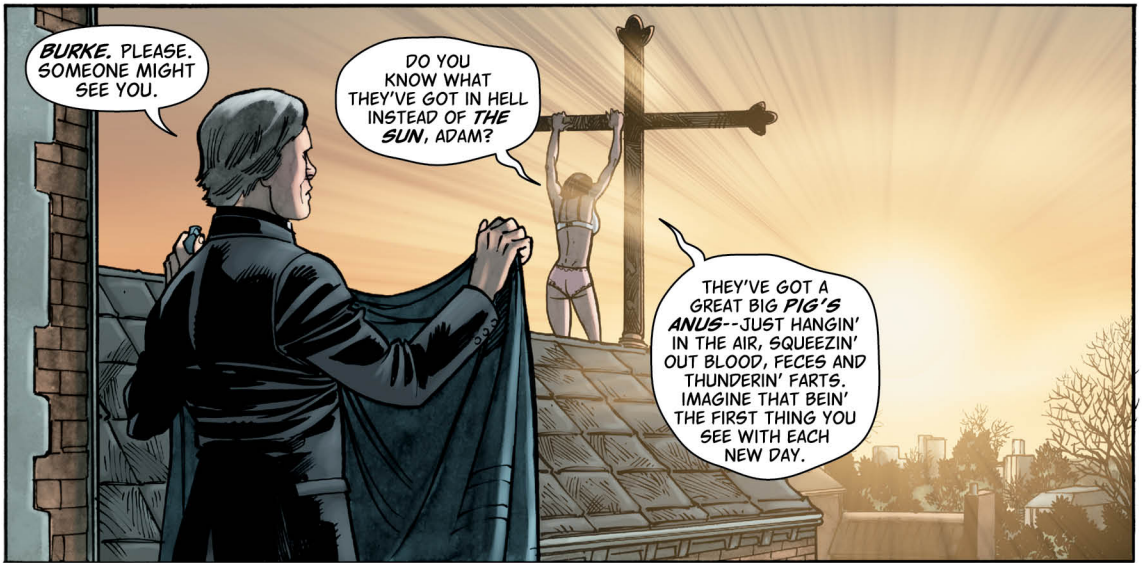
LONDON, ENGLAND.
ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

AH YES!
SHINE ON YOU
BLOODY
☹☹☹☹!

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

PART 2

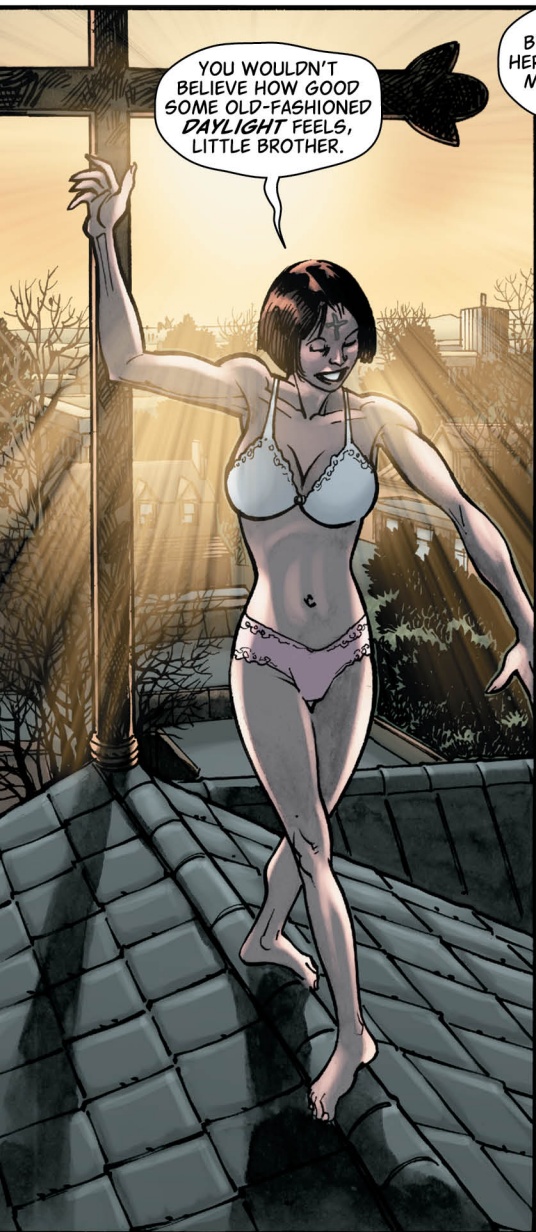
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BURKE, PLEASE. SOMEONE MIGHT SEE YOU.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'VE GOT IN HELL INSTEAD OF THE SUN, ADAM?

THEY'VE GOT A GREAT BIG PIG'S ANUS--JUST HANGIN' IN THE AIR, SQUEEZIN' OUT BLOOD, FECES AND THUNDERIN' FARTS. IMAGINE THAT BEIN' THE FIRST THING YOU SEE WITH EACH NEW DAY.

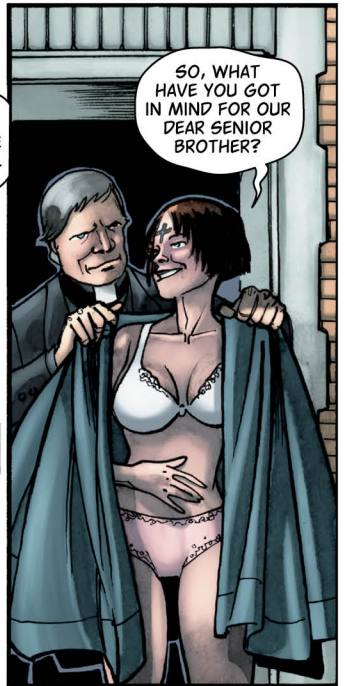


YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW GOOD SOME OLD-FASHIONED DAYLIGHT FEELS, LITTLE BROTHER.

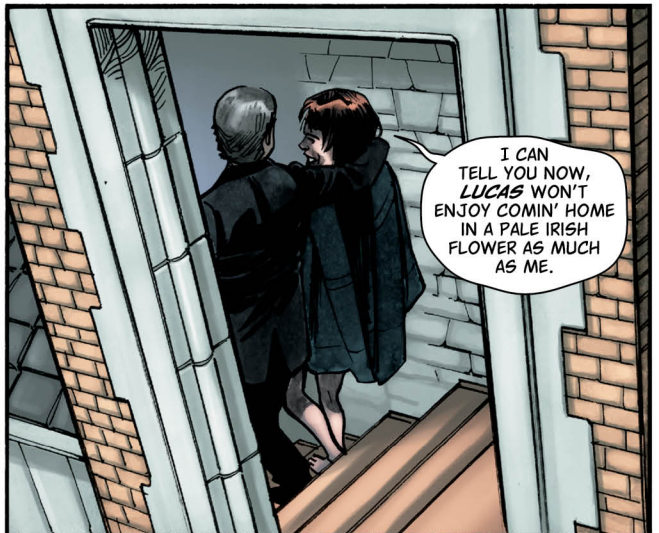


THOUGH, BY THE LOOKS OF HER, NEITHER WOULD MISS MARGARET AMES.

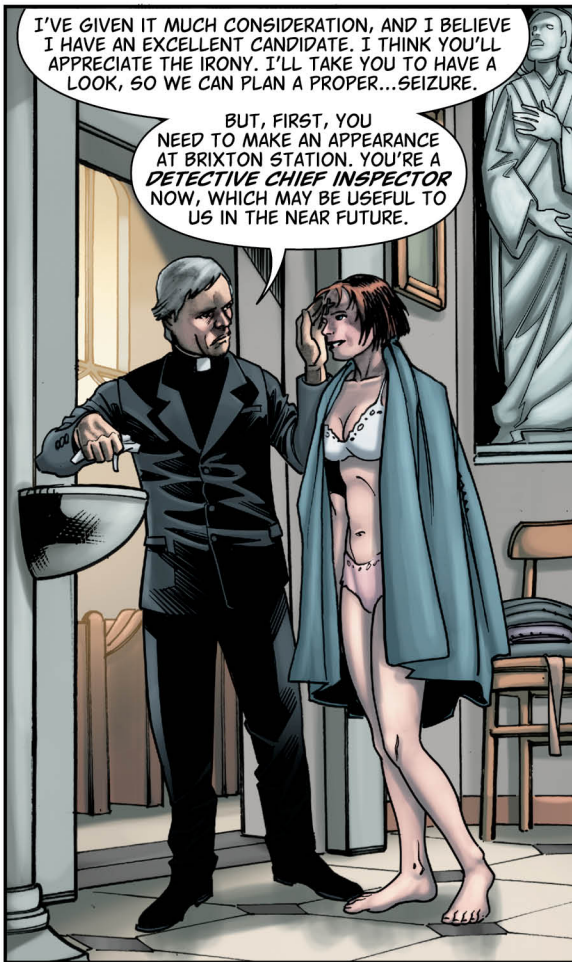
NOT A CREASE OR A WRINKLE ON 'ER. NO INDICATION OF ANY USE AT ALL! BURKE DAY'LL FIX THAT RIGHT UP!



SO, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN MIND FOR OUR DEAR SENIOR BROTHER?



I CAN TELL YOU NOW, LUCAS WON'T ENJOY COMIN' HOME IN A PALE IRISH FLOWER AS MUCH AS ME.

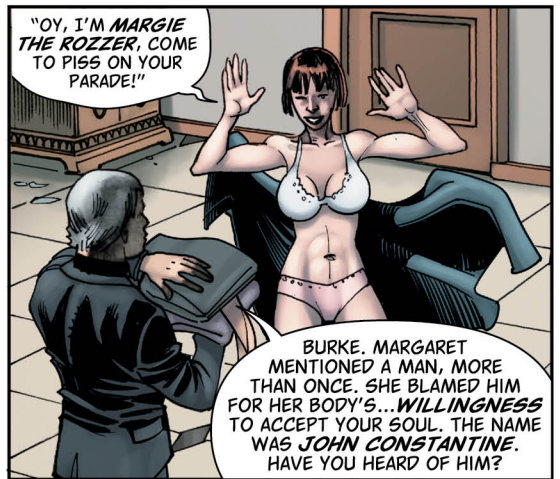


I'VE GIVEN IT MUCH CONSIDERATION, AND I BELIEVE I HAVE AN EXCELLENT CANDIDATE. I THINK YOU'LL APPRECIATE THE IRONY. I'LL TAKE YOU TO HAVE A LOOK, SO WE CAN PLAN A PROPER...SEIZURE.

BUT, FIRST, YOU NEED TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE AT BRIXTON STATION. YOU'RE A **DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR** NOW, WHICH MAY BE USEFUL TO US IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

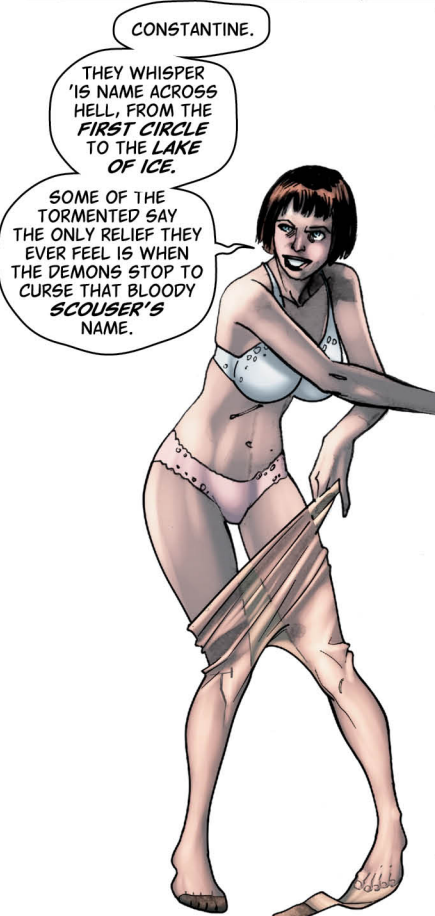


I GOT TO REMEMBER ALL THAT? SURE WE CAN'T JUST CALL 'EM WHAT WE USED TO CALL 'EM?



"OY, I'M **MARGIE THE ROZZER**. COME TO PISS ON YOUR PARADE!"

BURKE, MARGARET MENTIONED A MAN, MORE THAN ONCE. SHE BLAMED HIM FOR HER BODY'S...**WILLINGNESS** TO ACCEPT YOUR SOUL. THE NAME WAS **JOHN CONSTANTINE**. HAVE YOU HEARD OF HIM?



CONSTANTINE.

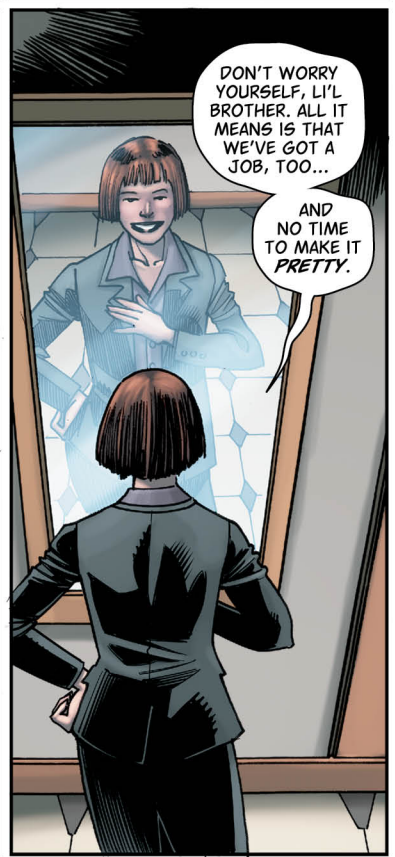
THEY WHISPER 'IS NAME ACROSS HELL, FROM THE **FIRST CIRCLE** TO THE LAKE OF ICE.

SOME OF THE TORMENTED SAY THE ONLY RELIEF THEY EVER FEEL IS WHEN THE DEMONS STOP TO CURSE THAT BLOODY **SCOUSER'S** NAME.



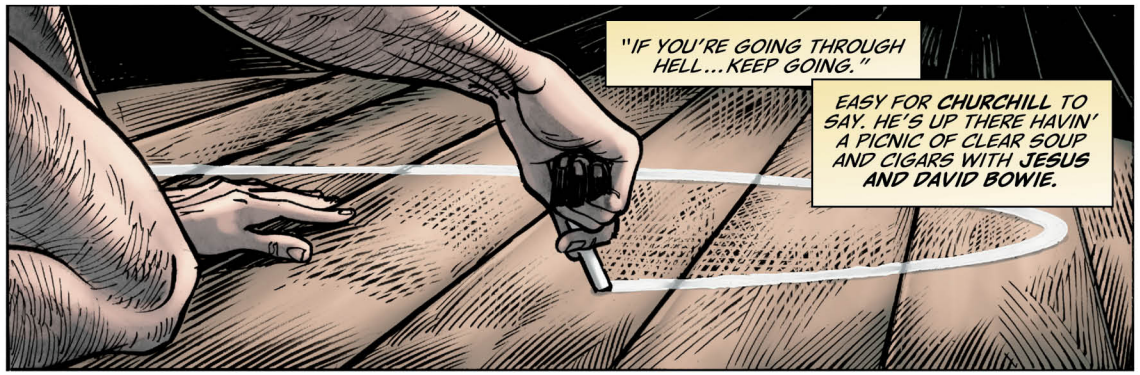
I KNOW OF HIM, LIKE I KNOW OF BOWEL CANCER.

WHAT... WHAT DOES THAT MEAN FOR US? FOR OUR PLAN?



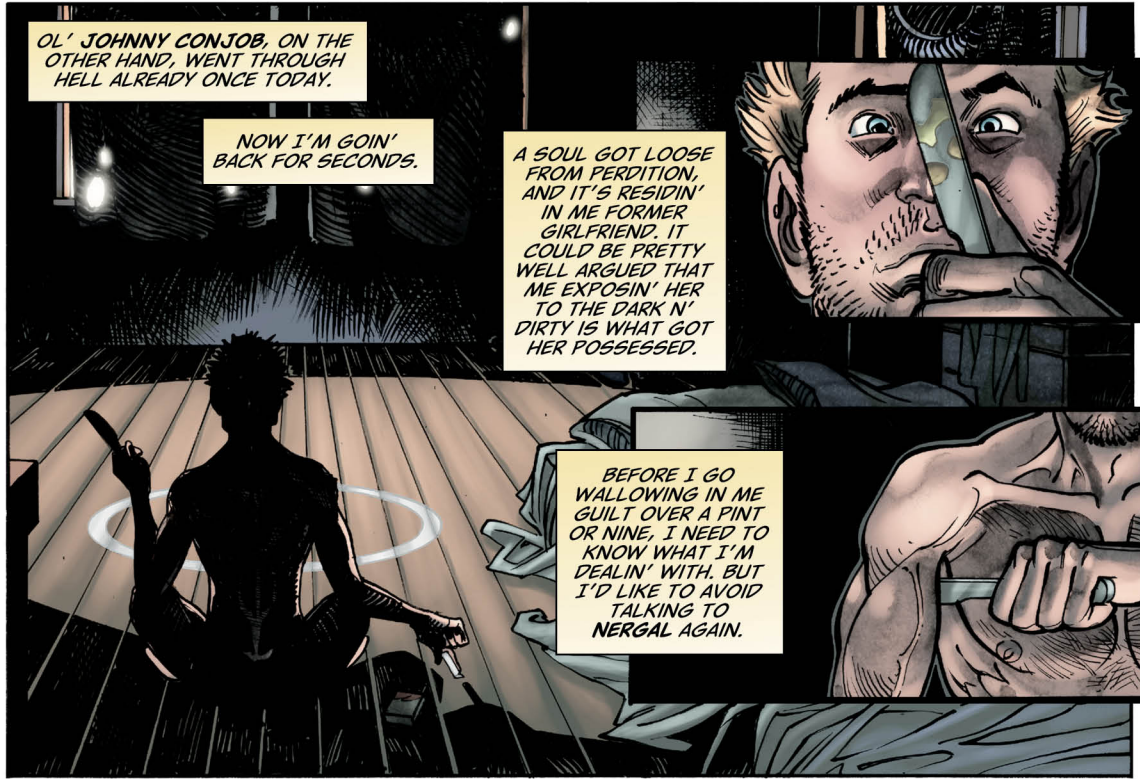
DON'T WORRY YOURSELF, LI'L BROTHER. ALL IT MEANS IS THAT WE'VE GOT A JOB, TOO...

AND NO TIME TO MAKE IT **Pretty**.



"IF YOU'RE GOING THROUGH HELL...KEEP GOING."

EASY FOR CHURCHILL TO SAY. HE'S UP THERE HAVIN' A PICNIC OF CLEAR SOUP AND CIGARS WITH JESUS AND DAVID BOWIE.

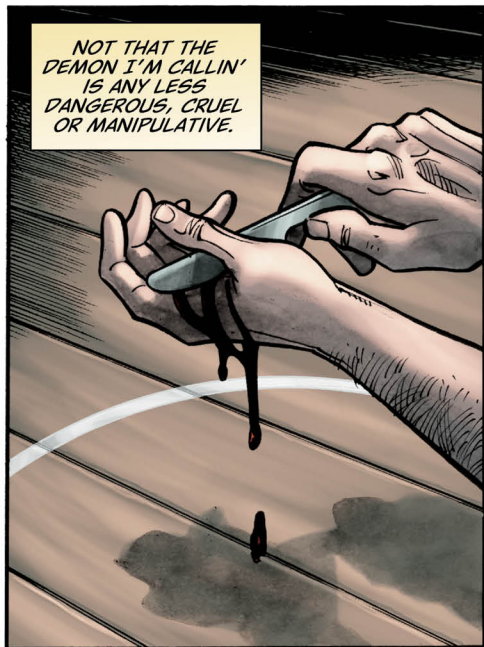


OL' JOHNNY CONJOB, ON THE OTHER HAND, WENT THROUGH HELL ALREADY ONCE TODAY.

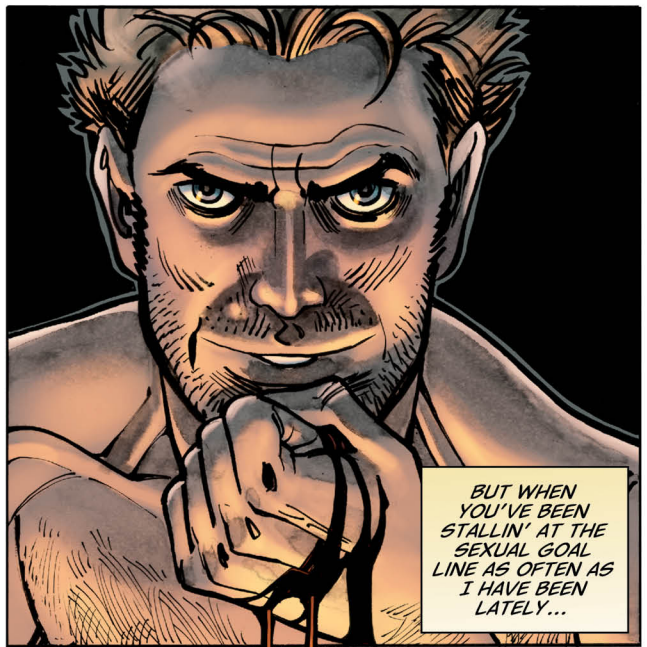
NOW I'M GOIN' BACK FOR SECONDS.

A SOUL GOT LOOSE FROM PERDITION, AND IT'S RESIDIN' IN ME FORMER GIRLFRIEND. IT COULD BE PRETTY WELL ARGUED THAT ME EXPOSIN' HER TO THE DARK N' DIRTY IS WHAT GOT HER POSSESSED.

BEFORE I GO WALLOWING IN ME GUILT OVER A PINT OR NINE, I NEED TO KNOW WHAT I'M DEALIN' WITH. BUT I'D LIKE TO AVOID TALKING TO NERGAL AGAIN.



NOT THAT THE DEMON I'M CALLIN' IS ANY LESS DANGEROUS, CRUEL OR MANIPULATIVE.



BUT WHEN YOU'VE BEEN STALLIN' AT THE SEXUAL GOAL LINE AS OFTEN AS I HAVE BEEN LATELY...

...IT'S NICE TO SEE AN OLD SCORE.

DARLING! IT'S BEEN TOO LONG.

HOPEFULLY NOT SO LONG THAT YOU FORGOT ALL THE GOOD TIMES WE HAD.



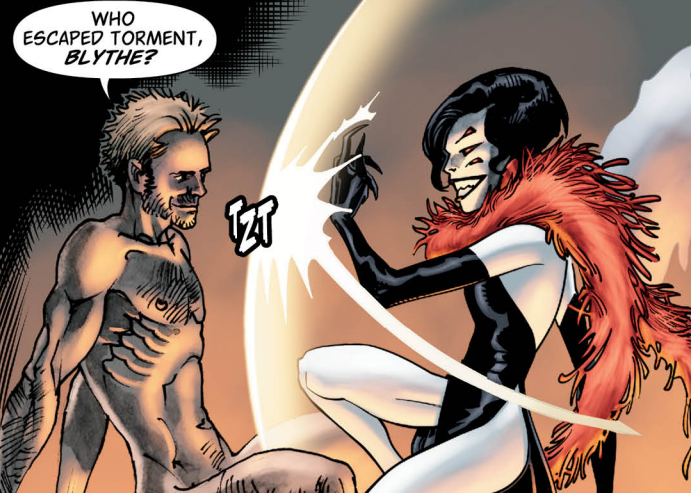
OR HOW MUCH I DESPISE YOU FOR BANISHING ME BACK TO THE WRETCHED PLACE.



OH, I REMEMBERED, LOVE, AND I REMEMBERED HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY COMIN' UP TOPSIDE.

IT'S NOT YOUR BELOVED NEW YORK, SURE, BUT I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL. YOU GET A FEW MINUTES OUT OF THE BOILING PITS, AND YOU GIVE ME A NAME.

WHO ESCAPED TORMENT, BLYTHE?



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