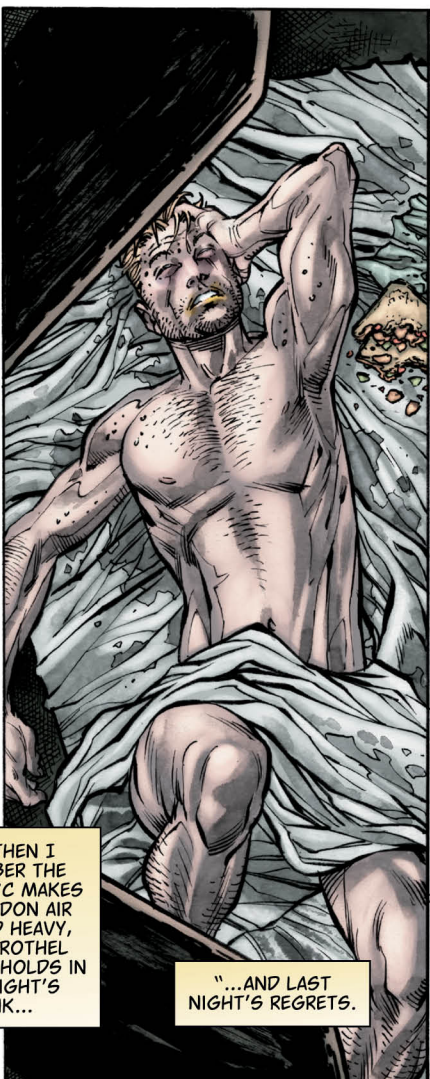


"FIRST THING I RECALL IS THE GOD-AWFUL CLATTER OF THE AIR VENT.

"LIKE A MEDIEVAL KNIGHT WENT ARSE OVER BLOODY TIT DOWN THE STAIRS.

"AND THEN I REMEMBER THE HEAT. 30°C MAKES THE LONDON AIR WET AND HEAVY, LIKE A BROTHEL SHEET. IT HOLDS IN LAST NIGHT'S STINK...

"...AND LAST NIGHT'S REGRETS.



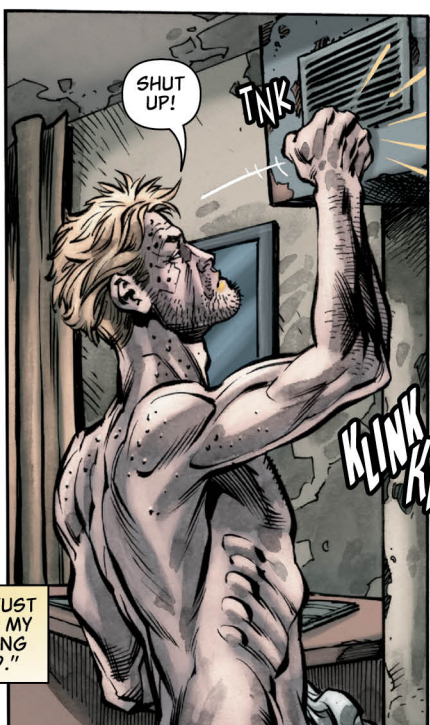
"AT THAT MOMENT I WAS A MAN WITHOUT A HISTORY OR A FUTURE.

"I WAS JUST A MISERABLE, SUFFERING COLLECTION OF HAIR AND FAT, LEAKING FLUID FROM EVERY CONCEIVABLE ORIFICE."



SHUT UP, YOU BASTARD!

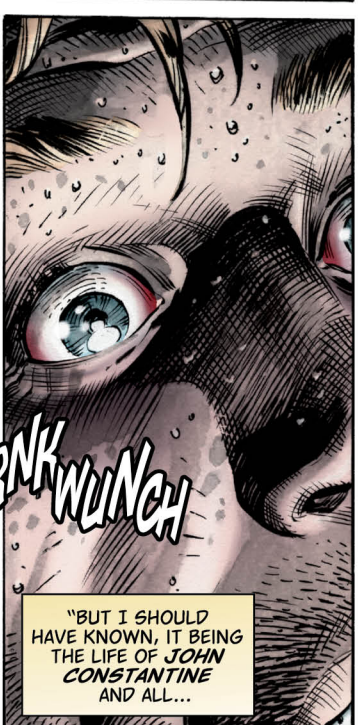
"AND I JUST WANTED MY SUFFERING TO END."



SHUT UP!

TNK

KLUNK
KRANK
WUNCH



"BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, IT BEING THE LIFE OF JOHN CONSTANTINE AND ALL..."

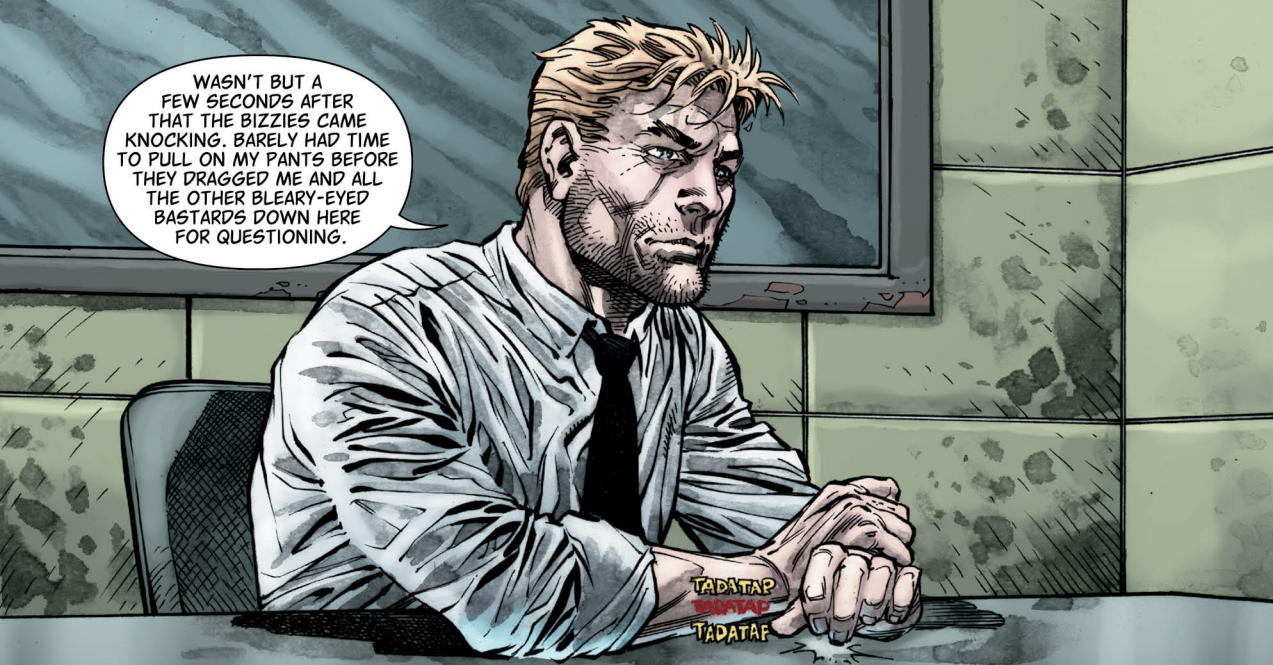
"...MY SUFFERING
WAS JUST
BEGINNING.

THE INSPIRATION GAME

PART I: THE SPIRIT HUNTER

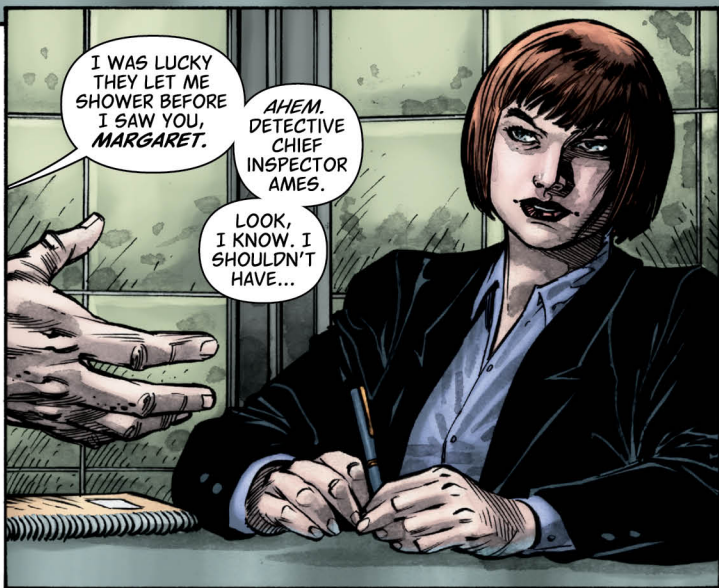


WRITER: TIM SEELEY
ARTIST: JESÚS MERINO
COLORIST: CARRIE STRACHAN
LETTERER: SAL CIPRIANO
COVER: TIM SEELEY
WITH CHRIS SOTOMAYOR
VARIANT COVER: YASMINE-PUTRI
EDITOR: KRISTY QUINN
GROUP EDITOR: JIM CHADWICK
JOHN CONSTANTINE CREATED BY
ALAN MOORE, STEVE BISSETTE,
JOHN TOTLEBEN AND
JAMIE DELANO & JOHN RIDGWAY



WASN'T BUT A FEW SECONDS AFTER THAT THE BIZZIES CAME KNOCKING. BARELY HAD TIME TO PULL ON MY PANTS BEFORE THEY DRAGGED ME AND ALL THE OTHER BLEARY-EYED BASTARDS DOWN HERE FOR QUESTIONING.

TADATAP
TADATAP
TADATAP



I WAS LUCKY THEY LET ME SHOWER BEFORE I SAW YOU, MARGARET.

AHEM. DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR AMES.

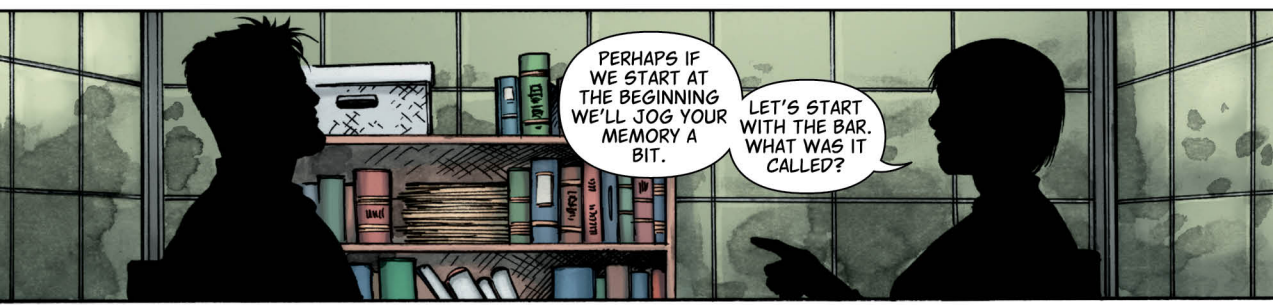
LOOK, I KNOW. I SHOULDN'T HAVE...



...I SHOULD HAVE JUST STAYED.



DON'T. THIS IS AN INQUIRY. PURE AND SIMPLE.



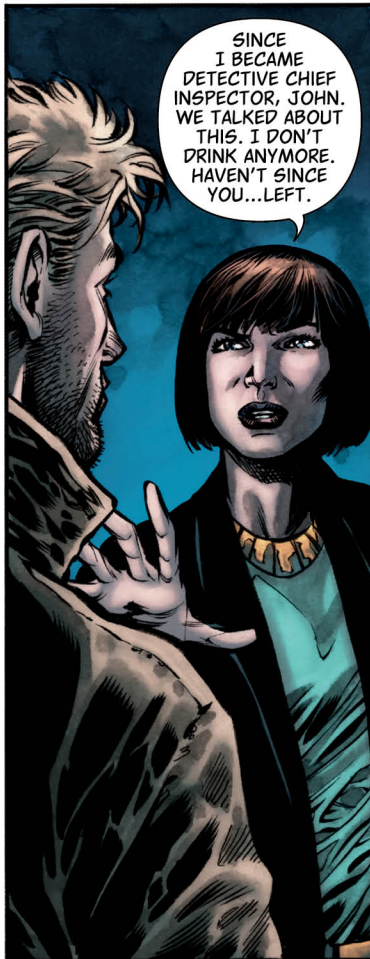
PERHAPS IF WE START AT THE BEGINNING WE'LL JOG YOUR MEMORY A BIT.

LET'S START WITH THE BAR. WHAT WAS IT CALLED?

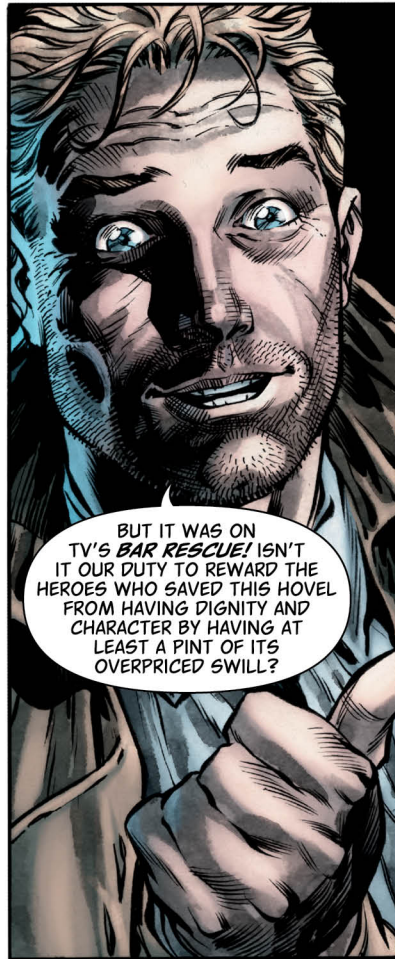


COME ON NOW, MARGARET! SINCE WHEN CAN YOU PASS UP A BRAND-NEW BAR WITH A CRAP NAME LIKE THAT?

LAST-NIGHT.



SINCE I BECAME DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR, JOHN. WE TALKED ABOUT THIS. I DON'T DRINK ANYMORE. HAVEN'T SINCE YOU...LEFT.



BUT IT WAS ON TV'S *BAR RESCUE!* ISN'T IT OUR DUTY TO REWARD THE HEROES WHO SAVED THIS HOVEL FROM HAVING DIGNITY AND CHARACTER BY HAVING AT LEAST A PINT OF ITS OVERPRICED SWILL?



C'MON, LOVE. WE SPENT THE LAST FEW DAYS TALKING ABOUT THE PAST. LET'S LIVE IN THE NOW. OR ARE YOU AFRAID YOU'LL BE AS FUN AS YOU WERE WHEN LAST I KNEW YOU?



YOU'RE A NASTY PIECE OF WORK, JOHN CONSTANTINE.

YEAH, EVERYBODY SAYS SO.

"MUCH AS I SEEM TO LIKE PUSHING PEOPLE AWAY, I DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO BE ALONE.