

THAT'S RIGHT,
YOU BABYLONIAN BLERT.
CATCH ME IF YOU
BLOODY CAN.

OH I SHALL,
JOHN
CONSTANTINE.

AFTER ALL YOUR
ARROGANT MEDDLING,
NOTHING WILL SATISFY ME
MORE THAN TO CAST YOU
INTO THE DEEPEST PIT.

YOU ARE IN MY
TERRITORY NOW. YOU
ARE IN HELL--

TRESPASSER!

HE HAS
BROKEN
THE
FACT!

UPON
HIM MY
HOST!

THAT LIGHT.
THAT GHASTLY
LIGHT.

YEAH, THAT'S
RIGHT. GOT IT IN
ONE, YOU BASTARD.
YOUR CONE HEAD
WAS SO FAR UP YER
OWN ARSE...

...YE DIDN'T
EVEN NOTICE I'D
SNUCK US OUT
THROUGH A SIDE
DOOR, LIKE BOYS
AT BOARDING
SCHOOL.

EEEEHH!

ENJOYING
THE SHOW?



I-I...

BURKE DAY, THAT'S YOUR NAME. HE OF THE NOTORIOUS DAY CREW.



AYE. YES. THAT'S RIGHT. AND YOU'RE NERVAL. ONE OF THE GREAT LORDS.

WHERE THE HELL IS THIS THEN?

IT'S HEAVEN. HOME OF GOD, THE ANGELS AND THE RIGHTEOUS SOULS. BUT OF COURSE YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT, DAMNED AS YOU ARE.

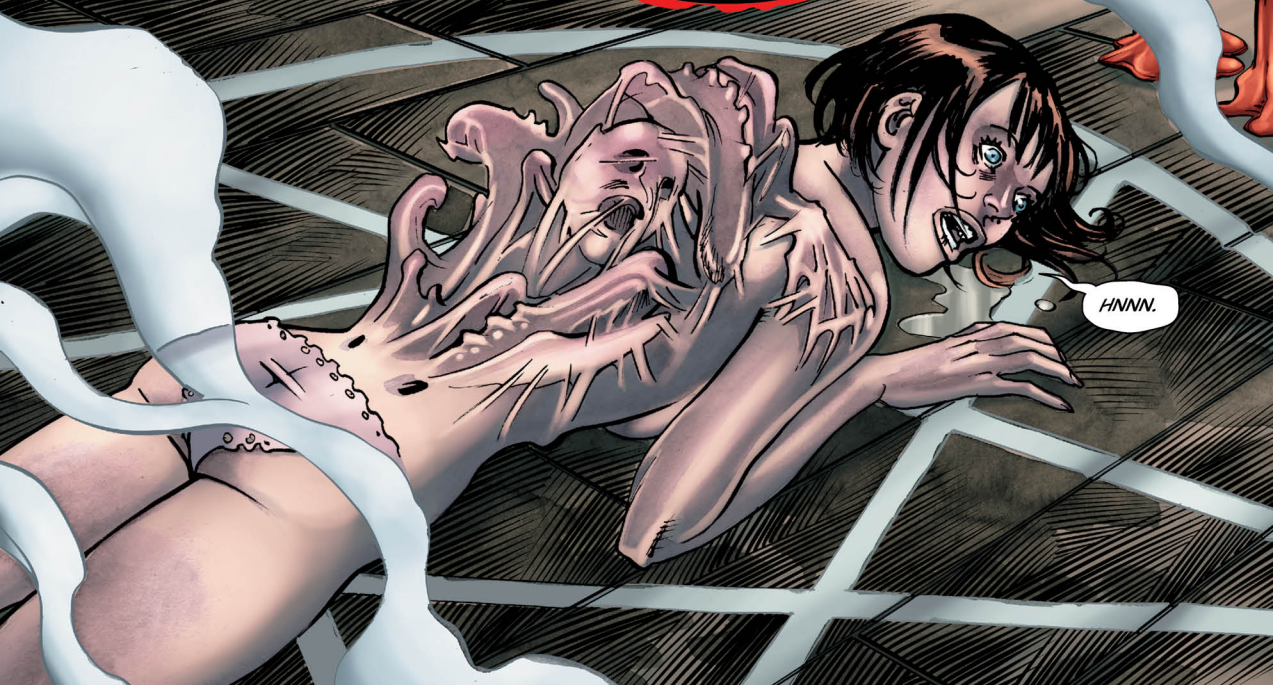


MORE SPECIFICALLY, IT'S MY OWN MEMORIES.



THEY'RE ALL MIXING UP NOW, YEARS OF HATE AND HORROR FROM MULTIPLE CURSED SOULS, AS WE ALL OCCUPY THE SAME HUMAN FLESH.

GOOD THING IT'S NOT YOUR BODY, EH, MR. DAY?



HNNN.

COME ON MARGIE, LOVE. DO US A FAVOR. JUST ONE MORE.

I CAME ALL THE WAY TO SOUTH LONDON AFTER ALL. TOOK A CROSSBOW BOLT IN THE SHOULDER, AND FOUGHT TOOTH AND NAIL TO GET INTO A BLOODY LAUNDRY.

MARGIE
MEMBRA

PUSH THROUGH ALL THAT DEMONIC NOISE.

DON'T LEAVE ME YET.

THERE. I'VE GOT THE SPELL'S BEACON BACK. SOME BIT OF ME DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR STILL EXISTS. ENOUGH...

ENOUGH TO POINT US TO THIS ESCAPE TUNNEL AT LEAST. COME ON NOW. YOU DRESS LIKE A NAUGHTY NUN, BUT YOU CALL YOURSELF THE HUNTRESS.

SO, LET'S HUNT.

YES. I HUNT. I TRACK. AND I SMELL SOMETHING FAMILIAR.

I SMELL BLOOD.

WHEEEZ...

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

PART 4

WRITER: TIM SEELEY PENCILLER: DAVIDE FABBRI
INKER: CHRISTIAN DALLA VECCHIA
COLORIST: CARRIE STRACHAN LETTERING: SAL CIPRIANO
COVER ARTIST: TIM SEELEY WITH CHRIS SOTOMAYOR
VARIANT COVER ARTIST: SEAN PHILLIPS
EDITOR: KRISTY QUINN GROUP EDITOR: JIM CHADWICK
JOHN CONSTANTINE CREATED BY ALAN MOORE, STEVE BISSETTE,
JOHN TOTLEBEN AND JAMIE DELAND & JOHN RIDGWAY



WHEEEZZ...

GOD.

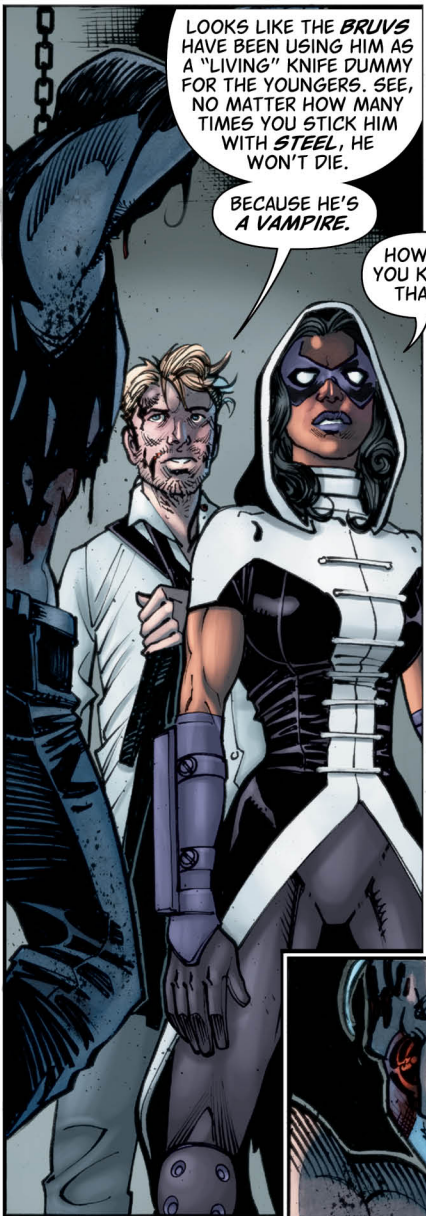
P-PLEASE.
NO. NO NEED TO
PROVE ANYTHING,
LITTLE MILES. YOU CAN
TELL THAT MEAN
CAMEL FELLA TO SOD
OFF, YEAH?



THIS POOR MAN.

WAIT. DON'T GET CLOSE TO HIM.

WHAT? WHY?



LOOKS LIKE THE *BRUVS* HAVE BEEN USING HIM AS A "LIVING" KNIFE DUMMY FOR THE YOUNGERS. SEE, NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU STICK HIM WITH *STEEL*, HE WON'T DIE.

BECAUSE HE'S A VAMPIRE.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?



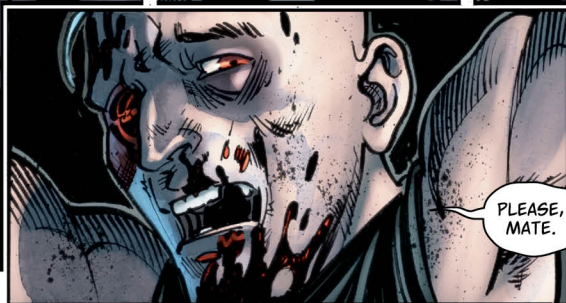
I LED HIM HERE. SEEMED LIKE THE BEST WAY TO SHAKE HIM OFF THE TRAIL OF A POTENTIAL VICTIM WAS TO SCRAPE HIM OFF ON SOME STAB-HAPPY, TERRITORIAL LITTLE PUNKS. FIGURED HE'D GET AWAY AFTER THEY GOT BORED.

DON'T KNOW HIS REAL NAME, BUT EVERYONE CALLS HIM *SIPS*.



JOHN. IS THAT YOU? P-PLEASE. IT HURTS, MATE. IT HURTS MORE THAN ANYTHING. WOUNDS WON'T HEAL. GOT NO BLOOD TO DRINK. ME STOMACH'D BE EATING ITSELF IF ANY OF IT WERE LEFT.

I--I DIDN'T NEVER WANT TO BE A VAMPIRE. TO BE...THIS.



PLEASE, MATE.

BLOODY END IT.