

LONDON. SOME YEARS AGO.

IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE?

WITHOUT YOUR TRICKERY AND LIES, WHAT ARE YOU?

A PRETENDER?

A FAKE AND A FRAUD?

JUST ANOTHER MORTAL FLESHBAG OF BLOOD AND BONES, PLAYING MAGICIAN?

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR ETERNAL DAMNATION IN THE PLAINS OF EREBUS, JOHN CONSTANTINE--

DID YOU SAY "PLAINS OF EREBUS"?

YES, WHY?

WELL, IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT...



BECAUSE I IMAGINE, OVER THE YEARS, THAT'S WHERE YOU'VE DUMPED HUNDREDS OF POOR SOULS WHO'VE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO CROSS YOUR PATH.

THOUSANDS.



WELL, I STAND CORRECTED. BUT IT WOULD BE A RIGHT TURN-UP IF JUST A FEW OF THOSE SOULS WERE DOWN THERE TWIDDLING THEIR THUMBS WAITING FOR ME TO JOIN THEM. WOULDN'T IT?

IS THIS ANOTHER OF YOUR GAMES, JOHN CONSTANTINE?



MAYBE, BECAUSE WHAT ARE THE CHANCES A SCOUSE HOOLIGAN WANNABE LIKE ME WOULD BE PLAYING HADES' UNDISPUTED HEAVYWEIGHT SOUL COLLECTOR LIKE A CHEAP VIOLIN?

YOU LIE?



LIKE A 🧠🧠🧠 RUG, MATE.

BUT WHAT IF I'M NOT AND YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE--A LITTLE SEVENTH PLAIN OF HELL UPRISING--IS REALLY READY AND WAITING ON MY ARRIVAL?



YOU WANNA TAKE YOUR CHANCES? GO AHEAD AND PUNCH MY TICKET TO EREBUS--IT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL KNOW FOR SURE.



DAMN YOU, JOHN CONSTANTINE.

AND THAT, BOYS AND GIRLS...



...IS HOW MY LOST WEEKEND IN NYC CAME TO BE.

SAVED FROM EREBUS, AND BANISHED TO THE BIG APPLE...



NEW YORK, NEW YORK, LAND OF THE FREE, HOME OF THE SHAWARMA CART.

I LAUGHED, I CRIED, I EVEN BOUGHT THE MADE-IN-BANGLADESH T-SHIRT.



AND I LIKED IT THERE--THE DIVE BARS WERE DARK, THE MUSIC WAS LOUD AND...

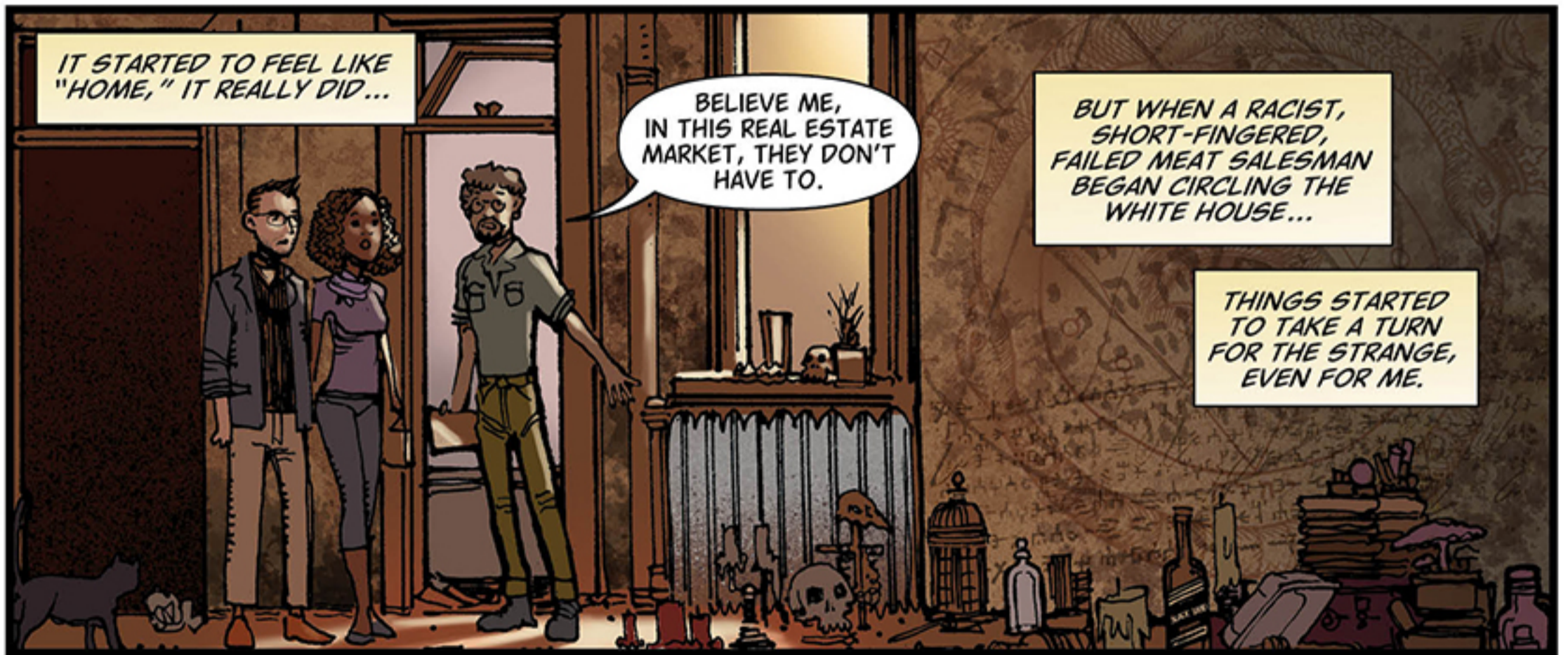
...AND AFTER A WHILE I EVEN GOT USED TO THE BEER.



I BELIEVE THAT WAS FROM THE PREVIOUS TENANT...

THEY AREN'T GOING TO CLEAN IT UP...?

MAYBE BURN SOME SAGE?



IT STARTED TO FEEL LIKE "HOME," IT REALLY DID...

BELIEVE ME, IN THIS REAL ESTATE MARKET, THEY DON'T HAVE TO.

BUT WHEN A RACIST, SHORT-FINGERED, FAILED MEAT SALESMAN BEGAN CIRCLING THE WHITE HOUSE...

THINGS STARTED TO TAKE A TURN FOR THE STRANGE, EVEN FOR ME.



SO, WHERE ARE YOU HEADING?

HOME...

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CHARLES CHANDLER,
BETTER KNOWN AS
"CHAS," EX-ROADIE,
CURRENT TAXI DRIVER
AND MY BEST MATE.

WELCOME TO LONDON
LAAAAANDAN MATE, LAAAAANDAAAAAN

VISIT OMAN

JOHN ☹☹☹☹
CONSTANTINE...

NOW THE POOR BUGGER
MIGHT NOT BE THE
SHARPEST--OR EVEN
SECOND-SHARPEST--
TOOL IN THE SHED...

...BUT ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, WHAT
HE DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT
HIM... AND THAT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY
REASON HE'S LASTED SO LONG.



IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?

YOU KNOW ME--I TRAVEL LIGHT. JOHNNIE W., 200 SILK CUT AND MY TRUSTY BATMAN TOOTHBRUSH.

HOW'S THE MISSUS? TELL HER YOU WERE COMING TO PICK ME UP?

NOT EXACTLY.

WITH CHAS'S OLD LADY, RENEE, I'LL BE ABOUT AS WELCOME AS A FART IN A SPACE SUIT. I'M NOT ONE TO TAKE THINGS TOO PERSONAL--AND SHE DOES HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHAT HAPPENS TO MOST OF MY MATES.

SO, JOHN, YOU BACK FOR GOOD, OR WHAT?

WHY? YOU THINK RENEE WOULD LET ME STAY IN THE SPARE ROOM?

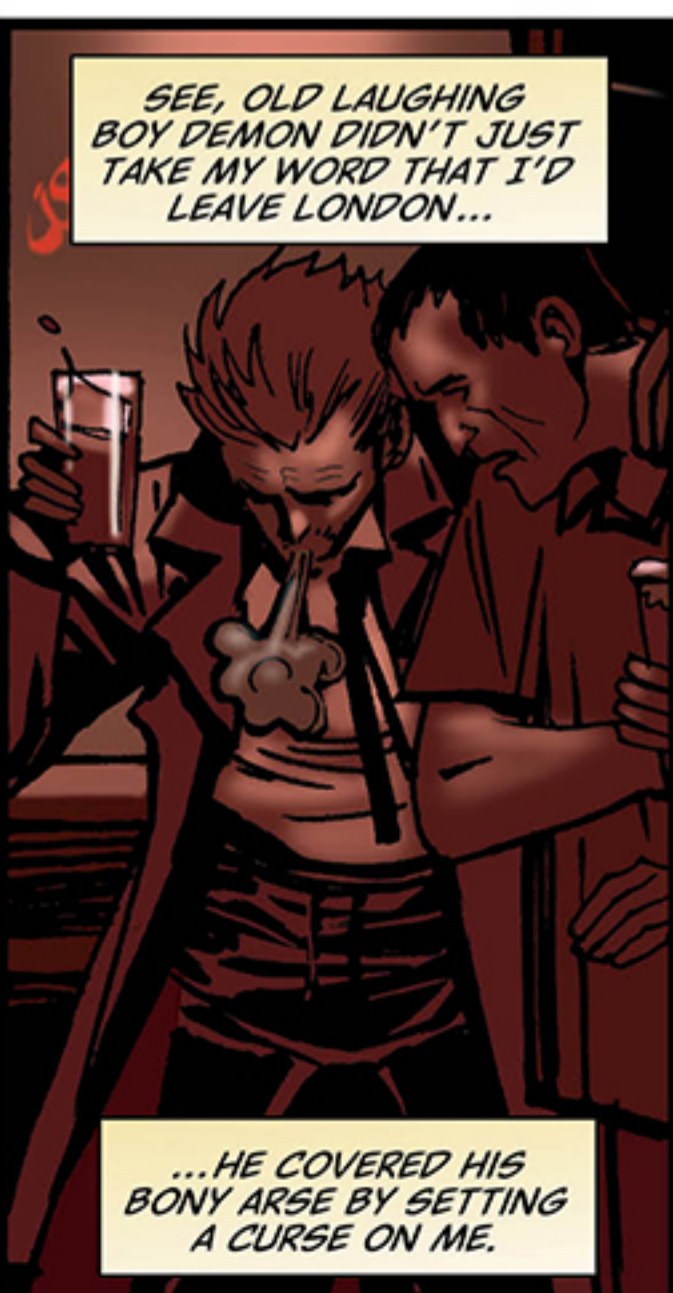


NAH, SHE'S DOING HER ZUMBA BOLLOCKS IN IT, INIT SHE.



"ZUMBA" WHAT?

NOT THAT WE DIDN'T MISS YA, JOHN...BUT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED, NONE OF US THOUGHT YOU WAS COMING BACK.



SEE, OLD LAUGHING BOY DEMON DIDN'T JUST TAKE MY WORD THAT I'D LEAVE LONDON...

... HE COVERED HIS BONY ARSE BY SETTING A CURSE ON ME.



FIRST IT FELT LIKE A BASTARD OF A COLD COMING ON...

AHHH-CHOO...

BLESS YA, CONJOB...



... THEN, AFTER A FEW HOURS, ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE.

AIRPORT, NOW, CHAS!

SEE, WHEN A SOUL LEAVES A DEAD BODY, IT'S PAINLESS, LIKE CUTTING A TOENAIL, BUT IF YOU'RE STILL ALIVE... WELL.