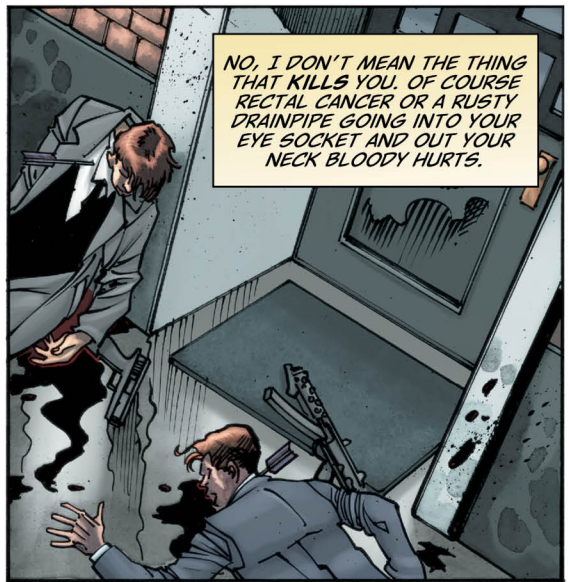
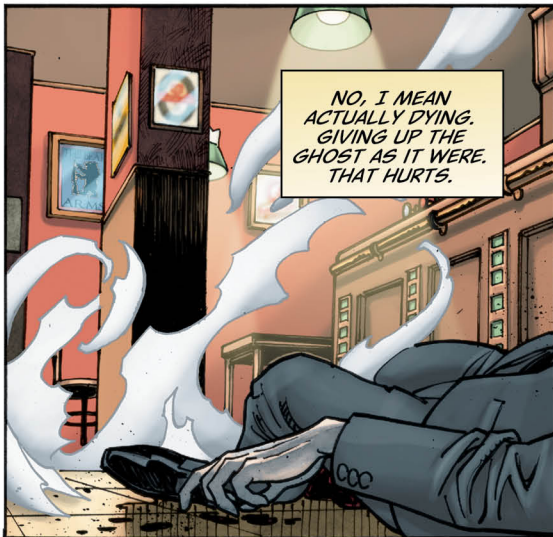




DYING HURTS.



NO, I DON'T MEAN THE THING THAT KILLS YOU. OF COURSE RECTAL CANCER OR A RUSTY DRAINPIPE GOING INTO YOUR EYE SOCKET AND OUT YOUR NECK BLOODY HURTS.



NO, I MEAN ACTUALLY DYING. GIVING UP THE GHOST AS IT WERE. THAT HURTS.

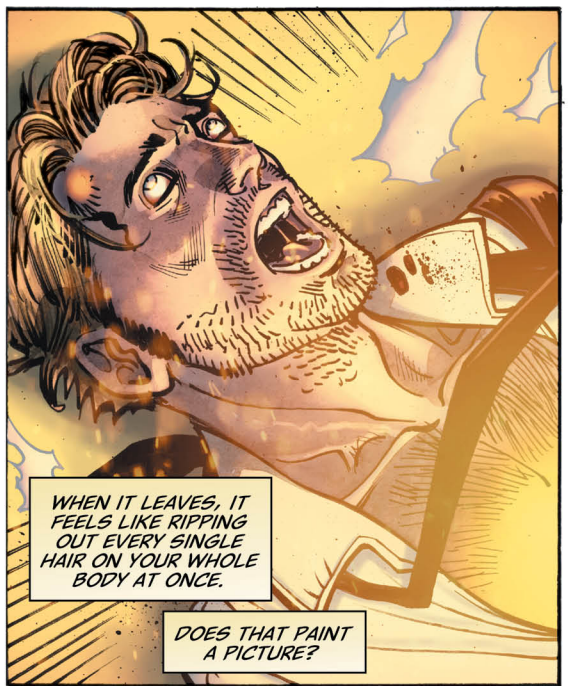


SEE, YOUR SOUL GETS QUITE ATTACHED TO YOUR BODY. SURE, THE GREAT FAITHS WILL TELL YOU THE DIRTY FLESH IS JUST A VESSEL FOR YOUR PURE SPIRIT...



BUT THE FACT IS, THE WEB OF ENERGY THAT IS YOU WEAVES ITSELF INTO YOUR SKIN AND GUTS SO IT CAN EXPERIENCE THE WORLD FULLY. EMBEDS ITSELF LIKE A TICK MADE OUT OF MEMORIES.

NNH.



WHEN IT LEAVES, IT FEELS LIKE RIPPING OUT EVERY SINGLE HAIR ON YOUR WHOLE BODY AT ONCE.

DOES THAT PAINT A PICTURE?

NOW, WHATEVER YOU'RE IMAGINING,  
DOUBLE IT. SINCE IN THIS CASE THE  
RIPPING IS BEING DONE BY SOMEONE  
MOST CERTAINLY UNCONCERNED  
WITH ME COMFORT.

MARGARET AMES.  
FORMER GIRLFRIEND.  
CURRENT DAEMONIUM  
OSTIUM.

POSSESSED BY  
BURKE DAY.  
FORMER GANGSTER.  
CURRENT VENGEFUL  
GHOST PRAT  
FROM HELL.

WHY'S HE  
SO WORKED UP?  
WELL, I SPENT A  
PENNY ALL OVER HIS  
PLANS FOR LONDON  
DOMINATION.



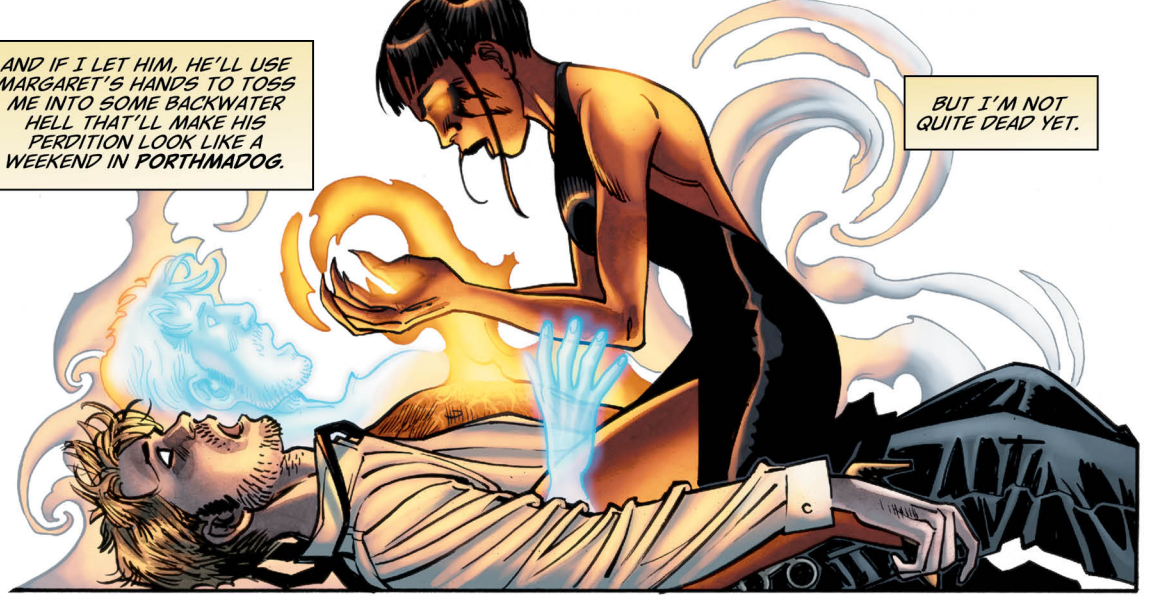
# THE GOOD OLD DAYS

## CONCLUSION

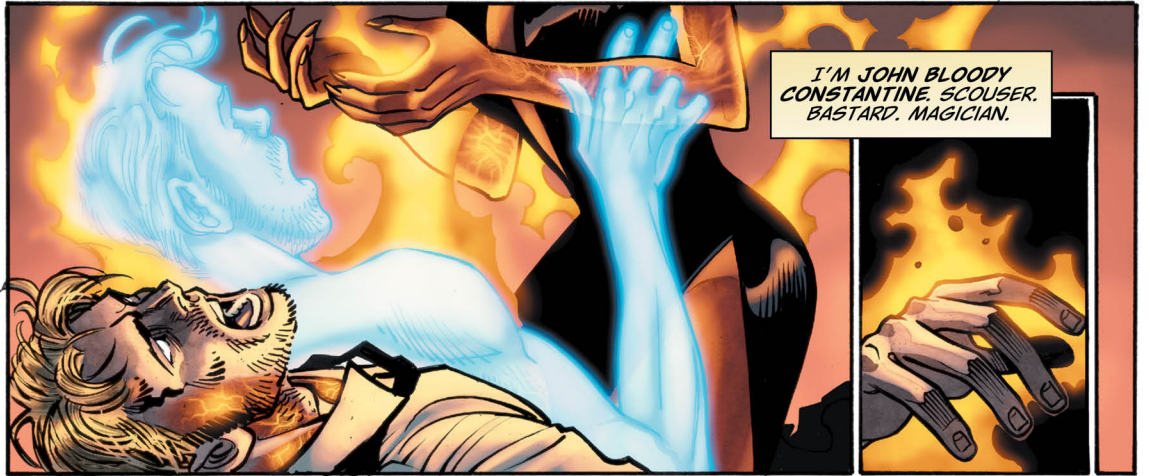
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INKER: CHRISTIAN DALLA VECCHIA  
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COVER ARTIST: TIM SEELEY WITH CHRIS SOTOMAYOR  
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JOHN CONSTANTINE (CREATED BY ALAN MOORE, STEVE BISSETTE,  
JOHN TOTTEBEN AND JAMIE DELANO & JOHN RIDGWAY)

AND IF I LET HIM, HE'LL USE MARGARET'S HANDS TO TOSS ME INTO SOME BACKWATER HELL THAT'LL MAKE HIS PERDITION LOOK LIKE A WEEKEND IN PORTHMADOG.

BUT I'M NOT QUITE DEAD YET.



I'M JOHN BLOODY CONSTANTINE. SCOUSER. BASTARD. MAGICIAN.



I'VE ALWAYS GOT A MARKED CARD IN ME POCKET.

I HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, JOHNNY.

YOU'RE A REAL BOGEYMAN WITH THE HORNS AND HOOF'S SET. BUT YOU ASK ME?



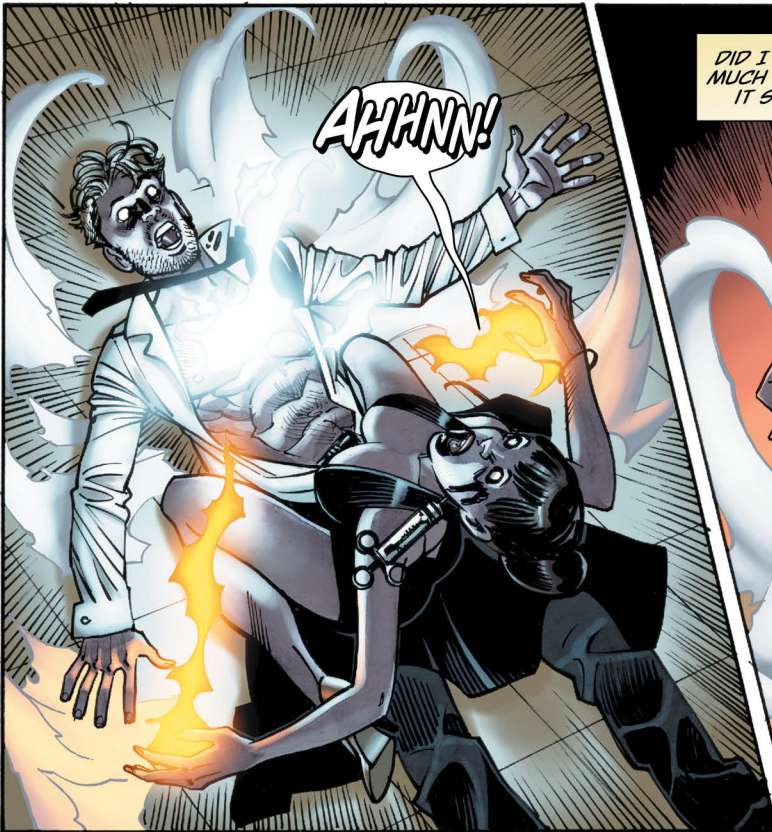
YOU'RE BLOODY OVER--

TOK





GHK

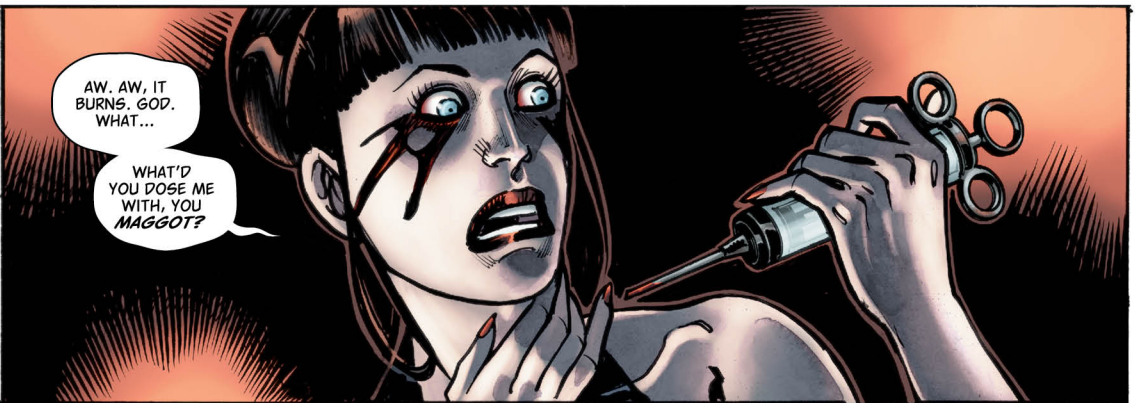


AHHNN!



DID I MENTION HOW MUCH IT HURTS WHEN IT SNAPS BACK?

HNGH!



AW. AW, IT BURNS. GOD. WHAT...

WHAT'D YOU DOSE ME WITH, YOU MAGGOT?

