



MISTER
CONSTANTINE...

PLEASE
BE HOME. I
NEED YOUR
HELP.

THE
THING IN THE
BASEMENT...
IT'S BACK.

Knock
Knock

GET A JOB
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HeEe's NOT HeeEEEErrrE!

Nooo one To SAVE YOU.

nooo one to HEAR YOU SCREAM.



MISTER GOBBLE WILL MUNCH YOU RIGHT UP!



THAT SO?

COME ON, MISTER GOBBLE, WE HAD A DEAL.

SET YOU UP WITH A PERFECTLY NICE POCKET DIMENSION BEHIND THE BOILER.



I HAD THE BUILDING MANAGEMENT GIVE YOU PLENTY OF FOOD. PLENTY OF WATER. PLENTY OF NIGHTMARES FOR YOU TO EAT.

Was a JOKE. ALL A JOKE, MISTER JOHN.



NO, IT WASN'T. SOMEBODY THOUGHT--
--"OH, MY DEAR OLD PAL JOHN DECIDED TO LEAVE THE CITY ON PERSONAL BUSINESS."

"PERFECT MOMENT TO EAT UP ALL HIS NEIGHBORS."

WELL, I'M BACK NOW.

I'm SORRY.

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE.



GUESS IT'S TIME TO EVICT.



WALTER, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WEARING?

Y-YOU ALWAYS HELP FASTER WHEN IT'S A NICE HUMAN KID.

YOU WERE AN ARCH-DUKE OF HELL, WALTER.



A TERRIFYING TRANSDIMENSIONAL GIANT WAS TRYING TO EAT ME, JOHN. DEMONS GET SCARED, TOO.

YOU'RE NOT UP TO ANY TROUBLE, ARE YOU?



THE CAT RESCUE IS GOING SWIMMINGLY! WE JUST PUT THIS ADORABLE SHORTHAIR INTO THE HANDS OF A LOVELY YOUNG COUPLE--

YOU ARE THE MOST BORING DEMON I HAVE EVER MET, WALTER.

KEEP IT UP.