



# CONSTANTINE



"RAY FAWKES CONTINUES TO BE THE STAR OF THE SHOW WITH THIS NEW SERIES."

—IGN

VOLUME 1 THE SPARK AND THE FLAME

RAY FAWKES JEFF LEMIRE  
RENATO GUEDES MARCELO MAIOLO







# CONSTANTINE

VOLUME 1 THE SPARK AND THE FLAME





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VOLUME 1  
THE SPARK AND  
THE FLAME

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CONSTANTINE VOLUME 1: THE SPARK AND THE FLAME

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THE SPARK AND THE FLAME PART 1: THE PRICE WE PAY

JEFF LEMIRE & RAY FAWKES writers RENATO GUEDES artist cover art by IVAN REIS, JOE PRADO & ROD REIS



IVAN REIS  
JOE PRADO  
ROD REIS

**NEW YORK CITY.**

THIS IS HOW THE WORLD IS SUPPOSED TO WORK: YOU GIVE AND YOU TAKE. CAUSE AND EFFECT.

HEY MYSTERY MAN. HEY, JOHN!

JOHN CONSTANTINE. PAPA'S LOOKING FOR YOU.

ALL RIGHT, VICKY.



HE SAYS YOU GETTIN' SUICIDAL. HE SAYS YOU STOLE SOMETHING FROM HIM.

DIDJA DO IT?

YEAH. I PROBABLY DID.

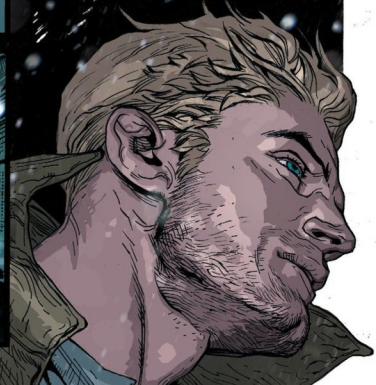
WE TRICK THE UNIVERSE INTO HANDING US EFFECTS WITHOUT THE CAUSE. THINGS WE DIDN'T EARN.


WE TWIST TIME AND SPACE. WARP MINDS. CREATE LIFE. FOR PEOPLE LIKE ME, THERE ARE NO RULES. THAT'S MAGIC. AND THAT MAKES PEOPLE LIKE ME VERY, VERY DANGEROUS.



ORDINARY PEOPLE, THEY OPERATE WITHIN A CERTAIN SET OF PARAMETERS, RIGHT? RULES. LIMITS.

THEN THERE'S BLOKES LIKE ME, YEAH? WE CHEAT.





DANGEROUS TO EVERYBODY, OURSELVES INCLUDED. YOU CHEAT THE SYSTEM, AND IT TRIES TO COMPENSATE. NOBODY REALLY UNDERSTANDS HOW OR WHY, BUT IT DOES.

MAGIC IS COSTLY. YOU TAKE WHAT YOU DIDN'T EARN, BUT YOU PAY FOR IT.

YOU WANT TO TRUST ME ON THAT.



'COURSE EVERYTHING'S CHANGING THESE DAYS. SEEMS LIKE YOU CAN'T THROW A ROCK NOW WITHOUT HITTING SOMEONE WHO'S FOUND A BLOODY ALIEN RING OR A BULLETPROOF CAPE.

YOU THINK THAT'S A GOOD THING? WELL, YOU'RE FREE TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU LIKE.



THE COSTUMES HAVE THEIR USES. BUT SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON NEEDS TO MAKE SURE NOBODY GOES TOO FAR WITH THE CHEAT.

MAYBE THAT'S ME.



PSST!  
JOHN!



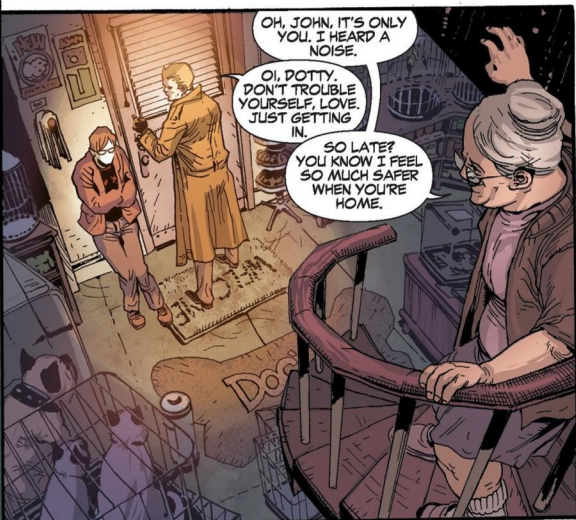
JOHN, IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN.

YOU TOLD ME TO COME TO YOU IF IT HAPPENED AGAIN, I'M SEEING THINGS.



BLOODY HELL, CHRIS. YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO SNEAK UP ON ME, MATE.

THIS WAY, QUICK.



OH, JOHN, IT'S ONLY YOU. I HEARD A NOISE.

OI, DOTTY, DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF, LOVE, JUST GETTING IN.

SO LATE? YOU KNOW I FEEL SO MUCH SAFER WHEN YOU'RE HOME.



DON'T FORGET TO LOCK UP AFTER YOURSELF.

OF COURSE. GO BACK TO SLEEP, YEAH? DON'T WORRY.

AW MAN, WHY DOWN HERE? THIS PLACE FREAKS ME OUT.



YOU KNOW WHY WE HAVE TO BE HERE. FIRST OFF, I LIVE HERE. SECOND, THIS IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE SAFEST PLACES IN NEW YORK.

N-NICE DOGGIES.

QUICK, NOW. DON'T HANG ABOUT.



ALL THE ANIMALS SCREW WITH DIVINATION MAGIC. SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR LITTLE ENERGY, IT INTERFERES WITH IT.

EXCEPT IN YOUR CASE, YEAH?

I'M NOT MAGIC.



NOT ON PURPOSE, YOU AREN'T.

HNNH! C'MON, MAN--THAT HURTS!



AW, CHRIS, I'M SORRY. I PROMISE I'LL FIND A WAY TO STOP THE PAIN, AND SOON. I ABSOLUTELY PROMISE, ALL RIGHT?

BUT RIGHT NOW--

NEARLY DESTROYED BY ITS TEMPTATIONS IN HIS YOUTH, JOHN CONSTANTINE KNOWS THE PRICE OF MAGIC'S CORRUPTING INFLUENCE ALL TOO WELL. NOW, HE FIGHTS THE BATTLE TO MAINTAIN BALANCE AND PREVENT ANYONE FROM BECOMING TOO POWERFUL....

DC COMICS PRESENTS

CONSTANTINE IN

The Spark and the Flame Part 1:

# The Price We Pay



--WE MAY AS WELL PUT YOU WHERE YOU CAN DO SOME GOOD.



HERE YOU GO. MARK IT ON THE ATLAS, ALL RIGHT? CHRIS? WRITE IT OUT OF YOU.



ON THE MAP, CHRIS. PUT IT ON THE MAP.



CROYDON'S COMPASS. THIS IS ONE OF THOSE THINGS. THIS IS ONE OF THOSE CHEATS, AND IF IT REALLY IS WHAT THEY SAY IT IS, EVERYONE'S GOING TO WANT IT. AND I CAN'T LET ANYONE GET THEIR HANDS ON IT.

A LEGENDARY INSTRUMENT, SAID TO BE ASSEMBLED IN THE DIRTY THIRTIES BY A RIGHT BASTARD NAMED ANGLUS CROYDON. A SADIST WIZARD WHO SQUANDERED MOST OF HIS POWER ON ARRANGING DEPRAVED ORGIES WITH THE CREAM OF ENGLAND'S GENTRY.



WHICH WOULD NORMALLY PUT HIM IN MY GOOD BOOKS, IF NOT FOR THE MURDER AND CANNIBALISM THAT HELPED FUEL HIM AND HIS DAMNED COMPASS.

THE COMPASS THAT, IN RETURN FOR ALL THAT BLOOD, HELPED HIM SLEW OUT EVERY MAGICAL RESOURCE HIS GREEDY HEART DESIRED.

WHOEVER GETS THEIR MITTS ON THIS, THEY'RE FIRST ON THE SCENE AT EVERY MYSTIC AWAKENING, EVERY OCCULT ARTIFACT'S DISCOVERY.

ALL RIGHT, CHRIS. YOU KNOW HOW IT WORKS. IF YOU SAW IT, SOMEONE ELSE SAW IT.

"LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TAKING A TRIP."



YOUR WHISKEY, SIR.

CHEERS.

DAMN.

THAT'S A SHAME.

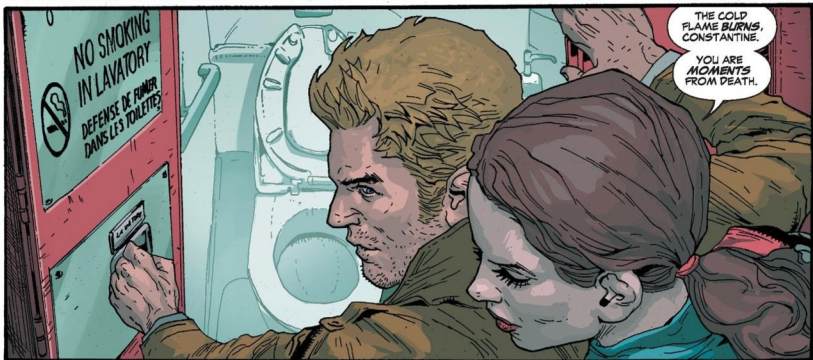
GROWING UP LIKE I DID, YOU LEARN TO SPOT TROUBLE A MILE AWAY. SO WHILE THIS STEWARDRESS HERE THINKS SHE'S PRETTY SLICK--

--AND I'LL GIVE HER THIS: SHE IS PRETTY SLICK--



I STILL CAUGHT IT WHEN SHE SLIPPED THE POISON INTO MY DRINK.







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**FUMF**



MAN, I  
FEEL LIKE  
CRAP.  
I COULD  
USE A  
DRINK.



I  
WOULDN'T  
IF I WERE  
YOU...

"...IT'D KNOCK YOU RIGHT OUT."

**NORWAY.**



"YOU MIGHT LEARN A THING OR TWO."

WHOA. THIS IS A HOTEL?

YEAH YEAH, IT'S GORGEOUS. PAY THE DRIVER, OKAY? I'LL GET THE RIPE BACK.



IT'S ALL ICE. HOW MUCH DOES THIS COST?

I DO LIKE THAT YOU ALWAYS ASK THE RIGHT QUESTIONS, CHRIS.

THE LONGITUDE AND LATITUDE YOU MARKED OFF ON THE MAP PUT US RIGHT HERE. THIS IS THE PLACE.

WE'LL FIND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR HERE. LET'S TRY THE CHAPEL.



LIKE HOW YOU USED MY NAME TO CHECK IN.

YOUR CREDIT'S BETTER THAN MINE.

"THE NEEDLE BURNS," YOU SAID, AND SOMETHING ABOUT PRAYER.

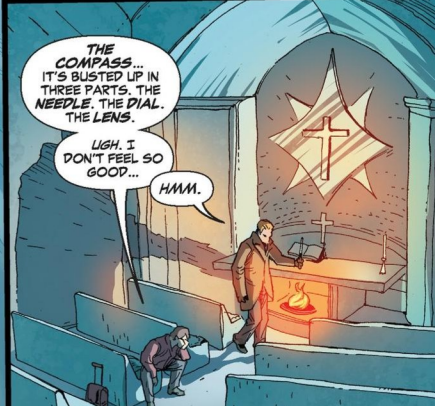
THINK BACK, CHRIS. CAN YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING ELSE?



THE COMPASS... IT'S BUSTED UP IN THREE PARTS. THE NEEDLE. THE DIAL. THE LENS.

LIGH. I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD...

HMM.





ANYTHING ELSE?

SOMETHING--

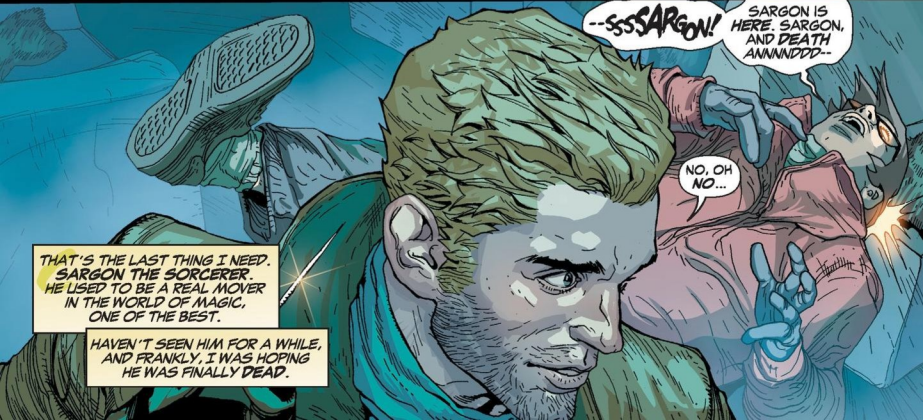


--SOMETHING'S HAPPENING.



AHA.

SSSSOMETHING--  
SSSAAA--



--SSSSARGON!

SARGON IS HERE. SARGON, AND DEATH ANNUNDD--

NO, OH NO...

THAT'S THE LAST THING I NEED. SARGON THE SORCERER. HE USED TO BE A REAL MOVER IN THE WORLD OF MAGIC, ONE OF THE BEST.

HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A WHILE, AND FRANKLY, I WAS HOPING HE WAS FINALLY DEAD.

COME ON, CHRIS, SNAP OUT OF IT. I'VE GOT WHAT WE NEED.

WE HAVE TO GO NOW. WE HAVE TO GO NOW. IF SARGON HAS--

LAST I HEARD, HE SET HIMSELF UP ALONG WITH A COUPLE OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DECADES AGO AS WOULD-BE GODS ON EARTH AND GATHERED A NICE LITTLE CULT ALL AROUND THEM--

--THAT'S CALLED THE COLD FLAME.

Zatara.

Mister E.

Tannarak.

Sargon.

IT'S THE OLD STORY, ISN'T IT? GOOD MAGICIANS CORRUPTED BY THE TEMPTATIONS OF MAGIC. NOWADAYS, I'VE BEEN HEARING MORE AND MORE ABOUT THEM.

USUALLY JUST BEFORE SOMEBODY TRIES TO KILL ME, OR JUST AFTER SOME OTHER MYSTIC DIES.

LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE STARTED UP AN EXTERMINATION AGENDA OF SOME KIND, AND THE MAGIC THEY'VE BEEN CALLING UP? I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT THAT ENDS UP COSTING THEM.

ZATARA IS DEAD. THAT LEAVES SARGON, TANNARAK, AND THE BLIND "MISTER E." NONE OF WHOM I'D EVER WANT TO MEET IN PERSON.

**FZZAM!**

**HGGG!**

TOO SLOW, JOHN, TOO BAD.

**SARGON  
THE SORCESS  
IS HERE.**







SURRENDER NOW, JOHN. YOU CAN'T HURT ME. YOU CAN'T ESCAPE. JUST GIVE ME WHAT I WANT. YOUR FRIEND IS DYING.

THE SPELL I'VE CAST IS CRUSHING HIS BODY. IF I ALLOW IT TO COMPLETE ITS WORK, HE WILL BE SNIPPED INTO PIECES.



I REMEMBER YOU, JAIMINI SARGENT. SARGON'S DAUGHTER. I HEAR YOUR DAD USED TO BE A GOOD MAN.

I THINK I CAN GUESS HOW YOU TOOK HIS NAME AND HIS POWER. DID YOU TAKE HIS CULT TOO?



IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE POWER I TOOK FROM HIM--MY POWER-- YOU'D KNOW THAT YOUR LITTLE TRICKS AND TRINKETS WILL BE USELESS HERE.

GIVE ME THE NEEDLE AND YOUNG CHRISTOPHER HERE CAN NAME YOU HIS SAVIOR.

EYAAAA



IT'S QUITE PAINFUL. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM.

YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS.



YOU DO LIVE UP  
TO YOUR REPUTATION,  
CONSTANTINE.

NO-NO,  
PLEASE--

--PLEASE--

**AARRGG--**

**SHHHHHH**





DON'T  
BOTHER RUNNING,  
CONSTANTINE! I WILL  
BRING THE WALLS OF  
THIS PLACE DOWN  
AROUND US!

I WILL  
COMMAND  
THE VERY ICE AND  
SNOW TO BRING  
YOU TO ME!

**CONSTANTINE!**



MAGIC.

TRICK THE UNIVERSE INTO HANDING US SOMETHING WE DIDN'T EARN. MAKE PEOPLE SEE WHAT WE WANT THEM TO SEE. TWIST TIME AND SPACE.



YOU THINK I CAN'T FIND THE NEEDLE? YOU THINK I CAN'T FIND YOU?

I WILL PULL IT FROM YOUR BURNING BONES!

TAKE IT TOO FAR, AND VERY BAD THINGS HAPPEN. THE SACRIFICES GET COSTLY.





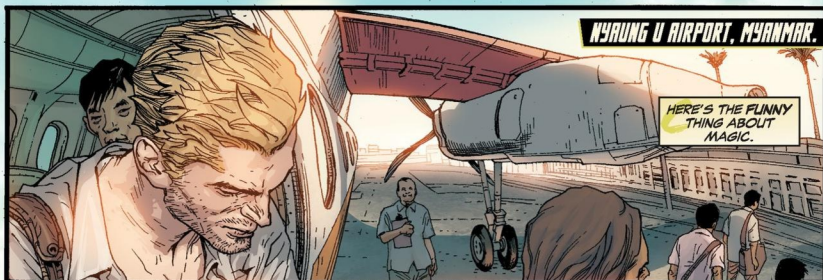


THE SPARK AND THE FLAME PART 2: THE BLIND MAN

JEFF LEMIRE & RAY FAWKES writers RENATO GUEDES artist cover art by JUAN JOSE RYP & BRETT SMITH



**NYAUNG U AIRPORT, MYANMAR.**



HERE'S THE FUNNY THING ABOUT MAGIC.

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU UNDERSTAND THE COST. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'VE BEEN BURNED BY IT AGAIN AND AGAIN. IF EVERYTHING YOU LOVE AND VALUE HAS BEEN SACRIFICED, BIT BY BIT.

IT FEELS FANTASTIC. IMAGINE THE RUSH. YOU'RE THE CLEVER BASTARD WHO GETS TO CUT IT THE UNIVERSE ITSELF. ALL THE GUILT AND REGRET IN THE WORLD CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO IT.



YOU JUST CAN'T GIVE IT UP.



OI, TAXI.

GET A TAXI. VERY, VERY CHEAP!

OVER HERE!

TAXI, MISTER? TAXI?



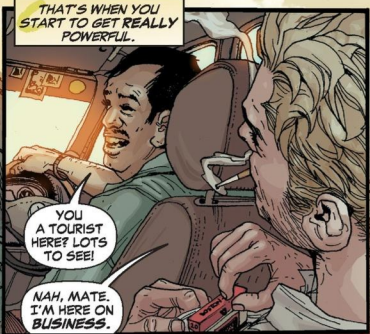
YOU MIND IF I SMOKE?

AND WHEN YOU'VE LOST EVERYONE YOU'VE EVER LOVED, AND EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER VALUED? WHEN YOU'VE TURNED BITTER AND TWISTED, ROTTING FROM THE HURT AND THE SHAME?

YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

OF COURSE, SIR, AS YOU WISH!

YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE WINDOW OPEN.



THAT'S WHEN YOU START TO GET REALLY POWERFUL.


YOU A TOURIST HERE? LOTS TO SEE!

NAH, MATE. I'M HERE ON BUSINESS.

TWO DAYS AGO I DISCOVERED THAT A UNIQUE AND WICKEDLY POWERFUL ARTIFACT CALLED CROYDON'S COMPASS HAD BEEN LOCATED. A DIVINATION TOOL WITH SUCH POTENTIAL FOR EVIL THAT NOBODY WHO KNOWS WHAT IT IS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO GET THEIR HANDS ON IT.

IT WAS SPLIT INTO THREE PIECES. THE FIRST PIECE, THE NEEDLE OF THE COMPASS, WAS HIDDEN IN NORWAY, AND I NICKED IT FROM UNDER THE NOSE OF A MURDERING WITCH WHO CALLS HERSELF SARGON THE SORCERESS.

ONLY HAD TO LOSE ONE OF THE LAST PEOPLE WHO TRULY TRUSTED ME IN THE PROCESS. A POOR, DOOMED KID NAMED CHRIS.



NOW I'M HERE IN THE STEAMING, BRICK-IN-THE-FACE HEAT OF MYANMAR TO PICK UP THE SECOND PIECE, THE DIAL, AND I WONDER WHO I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT FROM HERE.

BLOODY HELL, THAT'S A BIT CLOSE.

HAAH! THE DRIVERS HERE ARE VERY GOOD!

I'M THEIN! IF YOU NEED A DRIVER, JUST CALL!

YOU'RE THEIN?

OF COURSE, YES!

AND I WONDER WHAT I'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP FOR IT.

CHEERS.



WHOK

# The Blind Man



COURSE THAT ASSUMES I DON'T JUST DIE TRYING.



OUGH.



CHEERS.

COULDN'T JUST GET ME DRUNK, COULD YOU?



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. YOU SPEAK ENGLISH? ANYBODY HERE SPEAK ENGLISH? NO?



AW, MY CIGS.



ALL RIGHT.

I'M GUESSING NOBODY'S GOING TO TELL ME WHERE WE'RE GOING. BUT IF YOU HAVEN'T SHOT ME ALREADY, I'M ALSO GUESSING SOMEBODY WANTS ME ALIVE.

MIGHT AS WELL MAKE SOME ENTERTAINMENT, YEAH? STOP ME IF YOU'VE SEEN THIS ONE BEFORE. NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE...



MWAH!

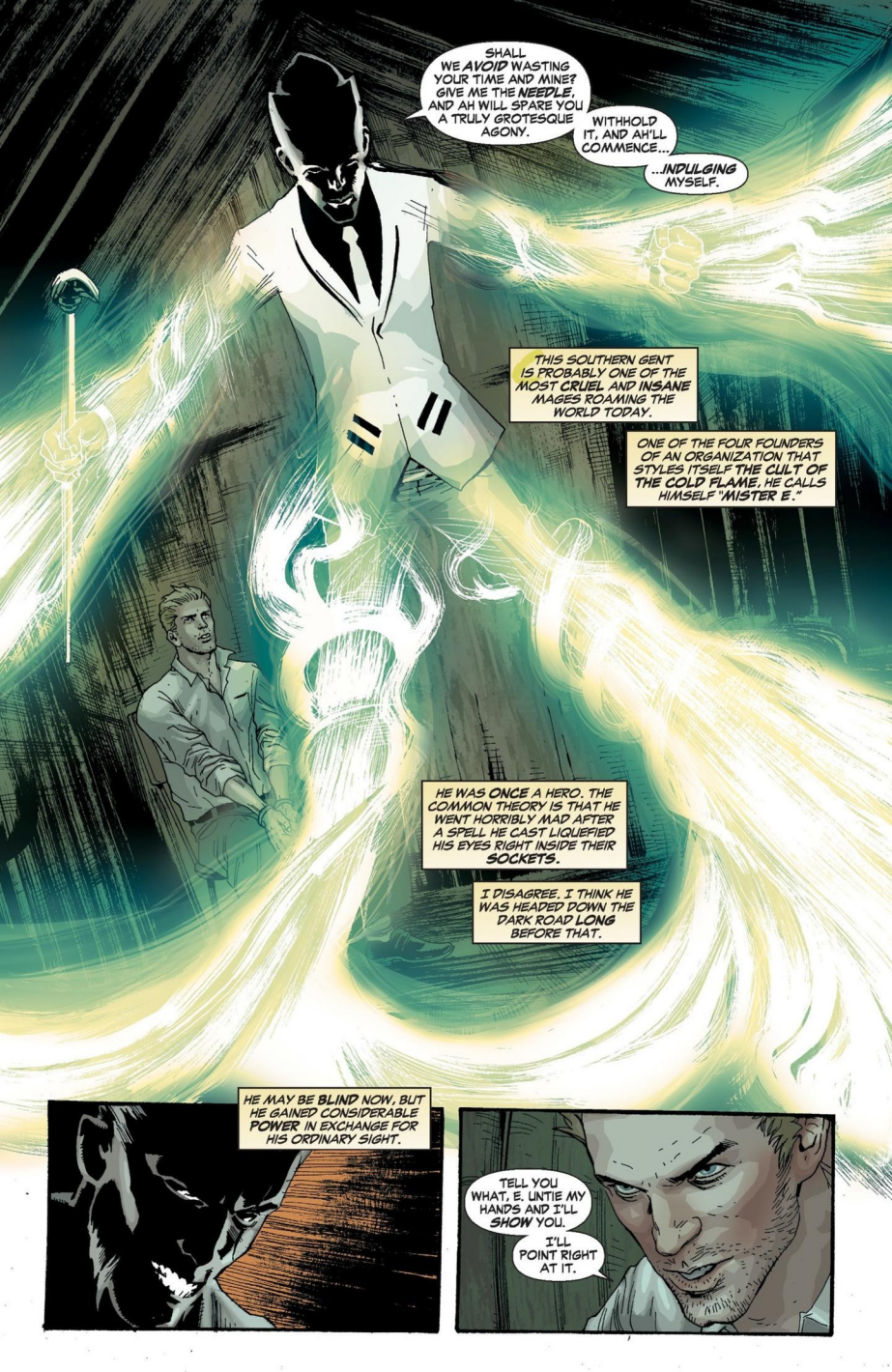
NOW LET'S SEE IF ANY OF YOU CAN GUESS WHOSE GUN THAT CAME OUT OF.

OR, WAIT. I'LL GUESS WHERE WE'RE GOING, YEAH?

"AND IF I GET IT  
RIGHT, YOU GIVE ME  
BACK MY SMOKES."

HA HA HA HA  
HA HA HA HA





SHALL WE AVOID WASTING YOUR TIME AND MINE? GIVE ME THE NEEDLE, AND AH WILL SPARE YOU A TRULY GROTESQUE AGONY.

WITHHOLD IT, AND AH'LL COMMENCE...

...INDULGING MYSELF.


THIS SOUTHERN GENT IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST CRUEL AND INSANE MAGES ROAMING THE WORLD TODAY.

ONE OF THE FOUR FOUNDERS OF AN ORGANIZATION THAT STYLES ITSELF THE CULT OF THE COLD FLAME, HE CALLS HIMSELF "MISTER E."

HE WAS ONCE A HERO. THE COMMON THEORY IS THAT HE WENT HORRIBLY MAD AFTER A SPELL HE CAST LIQUEFIED HIS EYES RIGHT INSIDE THEIR SOCKETS.

I DISAGREE. I THINK HE WAS HEADED DOWN THE DARK ROAD LONG BEFORE THAT.

HE MAY BE BLIND NOW, BUT HE GAINED CONSIDERABLE POWER IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS ORDINARY SIGHT.



TELL YOU WHAT, E. LINTIE MY HANDS AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

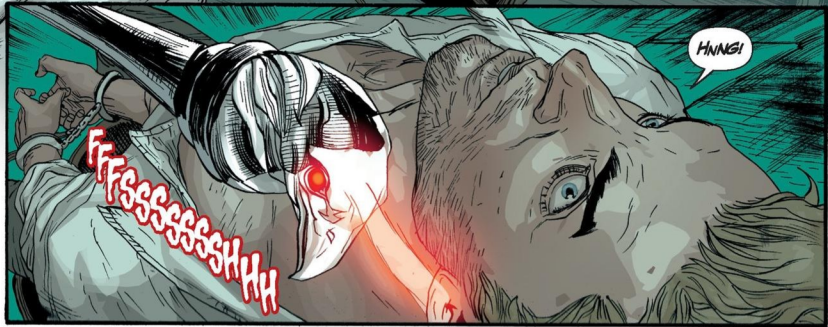


I'LL POINT RIGHT AT IT.



AN INSULT TO MAH INFIRMITY. YOU ARE AS TASTELESS AS YOU ARE MISGUIDED.

THAK



FFFFSSSSHHH

HNGI



DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS, CONSTANTINE?  
IT'S THE SILVER CORD THAT CONNECTS YOUR DEGENERATE BODY TO THE FILTHY MESS YOU CALL A SOUL.

EEEAARGH!



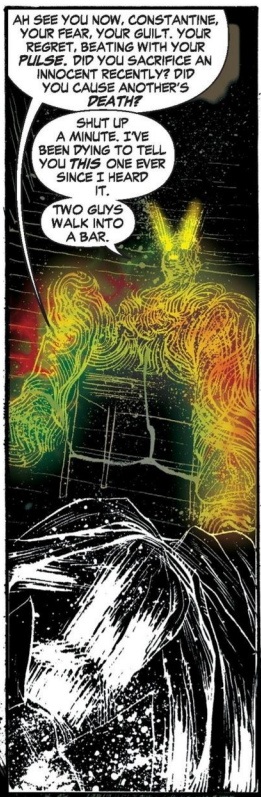
JUST A LITTLE TWIST FURTHER AND IT WILL BE TORN FREE, AND YOU WILL DIE. BUT IF I DON'T QUITE TAKE IT THERE, IF AH JUST PULL SLOWLY-- LIKE SO--

--IT HURTS LIKE NOTHING ELSE YOU'LL EVER EXPERIENCE.

AM AH RIGHT?

AAAAA!





AH SEE YOU NOW, CONSTANTINE, YOUR FEAR, YOUR GUILT, YOUR REGRET, BEATING WITH YOUR PULSE. DID YOU SACRIFICE AN INNOCENT RECENTLY? DID YOU CAUSE ANOTHER'S DEATH?

SHUT UP A MINUTE, I'VE BEEN DYING TO TELL YOU THIS ONE EVER SINCE I HEARD IT.

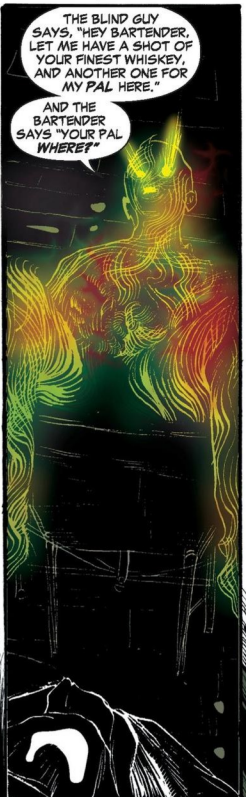
TWO GUYS WALK INTO A BAR.



GOD IN HEAVEN, CONSTANTINE, A JOKE? HAVE YOU NO SELF-RESPECT?

NO WAIT, YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE. YOU'LL BE THINKING ABOUT IT FOR WEEKS.

TWO GUYS. ONE OF THEM IS BLIND. THE OTHER ONE IS HIS BEST AND ONLY FRIEND.

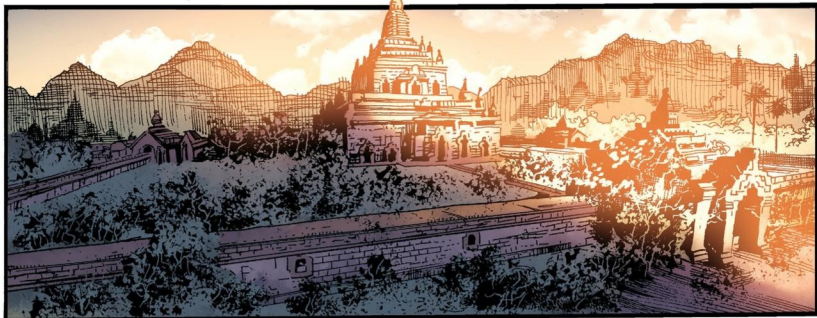


THE BLIND GUY SAYS, "HEY BARTENDER, LET ME HAVE A SHOT OF YOUR FINEST WHISKEY, AND ANOTHER ONE FOR MY PAL HERE."

AND THE BARTENDER SAYS "YOUR PAL WHERE?"



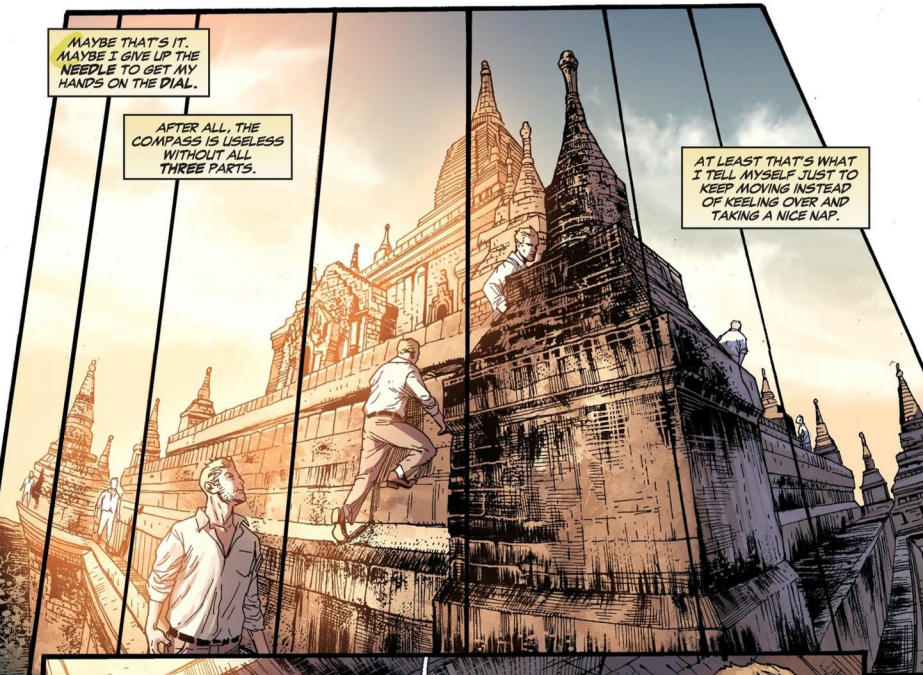
YES? AND?



MAYBE THAT'S IT.  
MAYBE I GIVE UP THE  
NEEDLE TO GET MY  
HANDS ON THE DIAL.

AFTER ALL, THE  
COMPASS IS USELESS  
WITHOUT ALL  
THREE PARTS.

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT  
I TELL MYSELF. JUST TO  
KEEP MOVING INSTEAD  
OF KEELING OVER AND  
TAKING A NICE NAP.



HEY.  
HEY YOU.





JOHN  
CONSTANTINE.

YOU ARE  
MARKED AS THE  
RIGHTFUL TARGET  
OF DIVINE  
VENGEANCE!

SO SAYS  
**THE SPECTRE.**

BLOODY HELL. I'VE HEARD OF THIS THING. EVERYBODY'S HEARD OF THIS THING. THE MAD, MURDEROUS SPIRIT THAT CALLS ITSELF THE SPECTRE. NOBODY ESCAPES IT.

HEARING ABOUT IT IS ONE THING. SEEING IT IS--WELL, IT'S BLOODY TERRIFYING. I'M SHIVERING IN THE STEAMING HEAT, I'M FIGHTING THE URGE TO DROP TO MY KNEES.

WAIT!  
WAIT, LISTEN  
TO ME!

LISTEN TO ME, CONSTANTINE. AND LOOK UPON THE SUFFERING YOU HAVE CAUSED. LOOK UPON THE SACRIFICES YOU HAVE MADE. YOU HAVE GONE UNPUNISHED FOR TOO LONG!

INNOCENTS AND ALTRUISTS, CUT DOWN IN YOUR FRENZIED QUEST AGAINST THE MAGES OF THIS WORLD. WHERE OTHERS PAY WITH THEIR OWN LIFE AND LIMB, YOU CAST THE ONES WHO WOULD BETRIEND YOU INTO THE FURNACE OF WAR.

CHRIS WAS A VALUED FRIEND TO THE MORTAL WHO HOSTS ME. HE CAME TO YOU FOR RELIEF. YOU LEFT HIM TO DIE.

CAN YOU DENY THAT YOU DESERVE THE COLD TOUCH OF MY WRATH?

YOU STAND NOW AT THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH. AT THE VERY INSTANT OF YOUR FINAL JUDGMENT.

CAN YOU POSSIBLY JUSTIFY THE MEANS WITH WHICH YOU PURCHASE YOUR ENDS?

UNBEARABLE SECONDS PASS. I SIT THERE, A GAWKING IDIOT, UNTIL I REALIZE EXACTLY WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE. HE'S ANGRY WITH ME.

HE'S EXPECTING AN ANSWER. HE'S JUDGING ME.

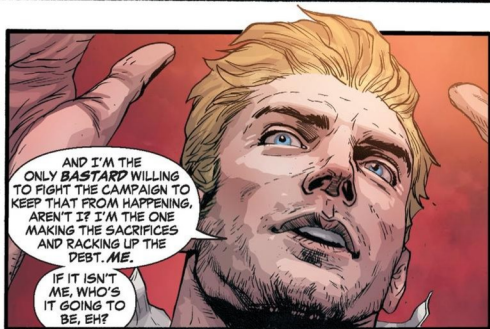


I DO DESERVE IT. I KNOW I DO.



AND I'M THE ONLY BASTARD WILLING TO FIGHT THE CAMPAIGN TO KEEP THAT FROM HAPPENING. AREN'T I? I'M THE ONE MAKING THE SACRIFICES AND RACKING UP THE DEBT. ME.

IF IT ISN'T ME, WHO'S IT GOING TO BE, EH?



BUT WAIT. WAIT!

THE PEOPLE I'M FIGHTING. THE WAR YOU MENTION, YEAH? THEY'RE PUTTING IT TOGETHER PIECE BY PIECE, AREN'T THEY?

AFTER ALL THE CENTURIES OF SECRETS UNCOVERED AND LAWS REWRITTEN, THEY'RE FINALLY ON THE ROAD TO ULTIMATE POWER, YEAH?

THE PEOPLE RUNNING THE COLD FLAME. GIVE THEM THE CHANCE, THEY'LL END UP REPLACING THE ONE WHO WRITES YOUR ORDERS. STEPPING INTO HIS SHOES.



YOU KNOW WHO I FACE. I CAN GIVE YOU THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES IF YOU LIKE.

BUT IF YOU KILL ME HERE, YOU BETTER BE READY TO FINISH THE JOB FOR ME.

SHOULD BE SIMPLE FOR SOMETHING LIKE YOU. ASSUMING THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL MAGES HAVEN'T ALREADY FIGURED OUT HOW TO NEUTRALIZE YOU, YEAH?





YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH.

FIGHT YOUR WAR, THEN, CONSTANTINE. WIN OR LOSE, I WILL BE THERE TO COLLECT YOU AT THE MOMENT OF YOUR DEATH.

TO ENSURE THAT YOU PAY DEARLY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE SO COOLLY TAKEN.



AND THEN HE'S GONE WITHOUT A TRACE, AND MY LEGS FINALLY GIVE OUT.

IT TAKES ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES FOR ME TO REMEMBER HOW TO STAND AGAIN.



IT TAKES ANOTHER FORTY BEFORE I ACTUALLY DO IT.

KNOWING THAT E AND HIS PEOPLE ARE ON THEIR WAY NOW, EVEN IF THEY WEREN'T BEFORE, KNOWING THAT I NEED TO GET TO WORK.

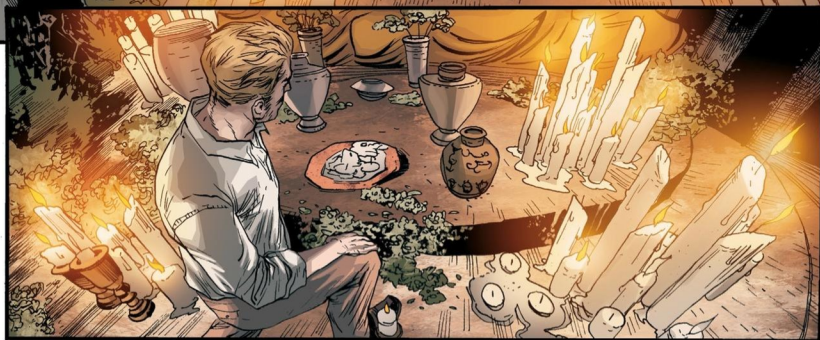






NO PROBLEM.  
A HIDDEN  
DIAL.

EASY  
AS PIE.

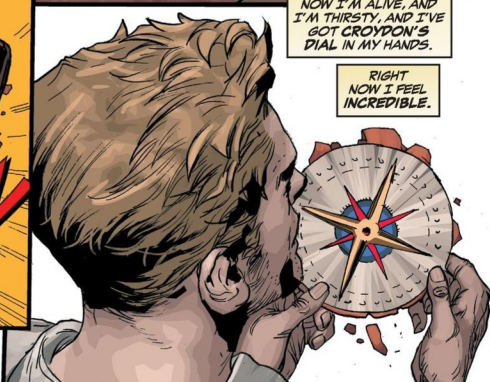


HMM.

ALL RIGHT. DOWN THE  
ROAD, ONE WAY OR  
ANOTHER, I'M GOING  
TO BURN, BUT RIGHT  
NOW I'M ALIVE, AND  
I'M THIRSTY, AND I'VE  
GOT CROYDON'S  
DIAL IN MY HANDS.



**KRAK**

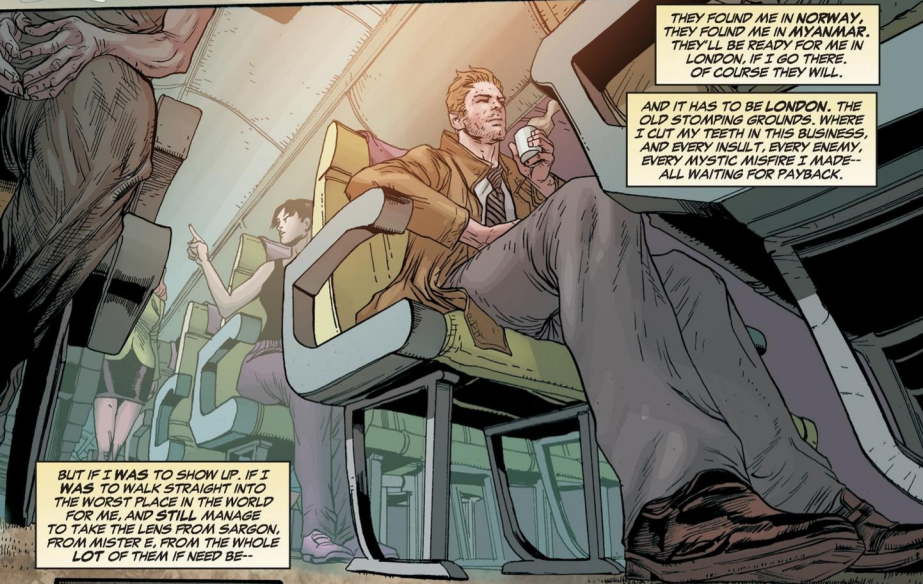


RIGHT  
NOW I FEEL  
INCREDIBLE.



EVERYTHING I KNOW TELLS ME THAT WALKING AWAY FROM THIS AND HEADING BACK TO NEW YORK IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO NOW.

WITHOUT THE DIAL, THE COMPASS IS USELESS. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SQUIRREL IT AWAY IN THE VAULT WITH ALL THE OTHER BITS OF TROUBLE AND I CAN WASH MY HANDS OF THE WHOLE MESSY AFFAIR.



THEY FOUND ME IN NORWAY, THEY FOUND ME IN MYANMAR. THEY'LL BE READY FOR ME IN LONDON, IF I GO THERE. OF COURSE THEY WILL.

AND IT HAS TO BE LONDON. THE OLD STOMPING GROUNDS. WHERE I CUT MY TEETH IN THIS BUSINESS, AND EVERY INSULT, EVERY ENEMY, EVERY MYSTIC MISFIRE I MADE-- ALL WAITING FOR PAYBACK.

BUT IF I WAS TO SHOW UP. IF I WAS TO WALK STRAIGHT INTO THE WORST PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR ME, AND STILL MANAGE TO TAKE THE LENS FROM SARGON, FROM MISTER E, FROM THE WHOLE LOT OF THEM IF NEED BE--



FOR NO REASON BUT TO SHOW THEM I CAN--



JUST IMAGINE THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES.



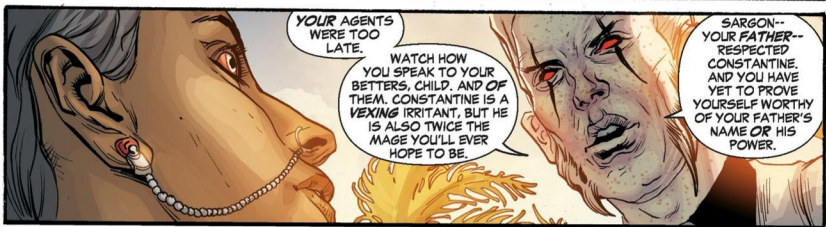
I ASK YOU--



—HOW CAN I RESIST?

AH HAVE THE NEEDLE.

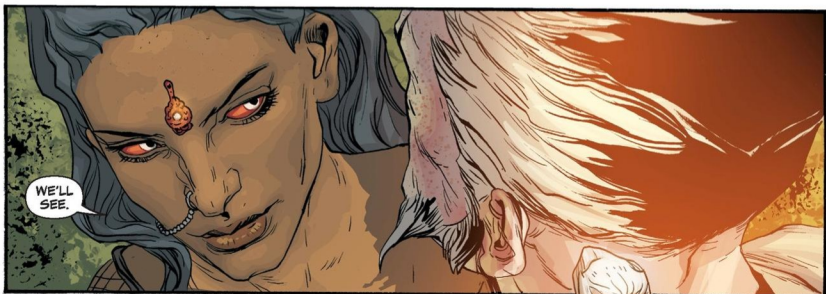
AND JOHN ESCAPED YOU WITH ELEMENTARY TRICKERY. NOW THE DIAL IS MISSING, AND OUR AGENTS ARRIVE TOO LATE.



YOUR AGENTS WERE TOO LATE.

WATCH HOW YOU SPEAK TO YOUR BETTERS, CHILD. AND OF THEM, CONSTANTINE IS A VEXING IRRITANT, BUT HE IS ALSO TWICE THE MAGE YOU'LL EVER HOPE TO BE.

SARGON-- YOUR FATHER-- RESPECTED CONSTANTINE. AND YOU HAVE YET TO PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY OF YOUR FATHER'S NAME OR HIS POWER.



WE'LL SEE.

HE WILL SEEK THE LENS IN LONDON. AND WE'LL BE READY FOR HIM THERE, YOU AND I TOGETHER. THEN, THE MOMENT WE PINPOINT ITS LOCATION, WE WILL CLAIM IT AND ASSEMBLE THE COMPASS.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU THINK CONSTANTINE IS A THOUSAND TIMES THE MAGE I AM.

MY FATHER SHOWED ME THE SECRET MEANS TO UNLEASH A STAGGERING HORROR IN THAT GREAT CITY.



"NOTHING CAN SURVIVE THE WELCOME I'VE ARRANGED."





THE SPARK AND THE FLAME PART 3: THE BIG SMOKE

JEFF LEMIRE & RAY FAWKES writers RENATO GUEDES artist cover art by JUAN JOSE RYP & BRETT SMITH



NOW HERE'S SOMETHING NOBODY LIKES TO TALK ABOUT.

THERE'S ONE DISTINGUISHING FEATURE THAT EVERY PRACTITIONER OF MAGIC SHARES. UNDERSTAND, I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE ONES WHO HAVE NO BLOODY CHOICE--THE CURSED HEIRS, THE GHOSTS, THE TRANSFORMED.

NO, I'M TALKING ABOUT THE ONES WHO SEEK IT OUT, WHO WANT TO MASTER IT, MYSELF INCLUDED, YEAH?


EVERY SINGLE ONE OF US IS STUPID ENOUGH TO THINK WE'RE SMARTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE. AND HOW'D YOU THINK THAT WORKS OUT FOR US? ON AVERAGE.

HAD ME A WONDERFUL FLIGHT. FIRST CLASS. THE MOMENT MY FEET TOUCH LONDON SOIL, I'M SICK AS A DOG. FEVER, CHILLS, MY GUTS IN A TUMBLE. HEAD'S POUNDING.

I'M RACING AGAINST SARON THE SORCERESS AND MISTER E, TWO WORLD-CLASS MAGES, IN THE QUEST TO PIECE TOGETHER A BRUTALLY POWERFUL ARTIFACT--A COMPASS THAT CAN INSTANTLY LOCATE EVERY MYSTIC RESOURCE IN THE WORLD.

IT'S IN THREE PARTS. NEEDLE, DIAL, LENS. THEY GOT THE FIRST PIECE, I GOT THE SECOND. LAST ONE'S RIGHT HERE IN LONDON. THEY WILL KILL ME WITHOUT HESITATION IF THEY THINK THAT'LL WIN THEM THE PRIZE. BUT THAT'S NOT MY REAL PROBLEM.

# The **BIG** Smoke



MY REAL PROBLEM IS THAT LONDON WILL KILL ME LONG BEFORE ANYONE ELSE GETS THE CHANCE. NOT THE PEOPLE. THE CITY.

I GIVE THIS BLOODY CURSE TEN MINUTES. TOPS. WHEN IT HAPPENS, MY DEATH IS GOING TO LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT. IT ALWAYS LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT.

LONDON.  
CHRIST.

# TERMINAL

JOHN!

JOHN  
CONSTANTINE,  
AS I LIVE AND  
BREATHE.

GOT YOUR  
CALL, BUT CAN'T SAY  
I REALLY BELIEVED I'D  
SEE YOU HERE AGAIN.  
NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED  
LAST TIME, EYE ME  
NIGHTMARES WAS HAVING  
NIGHTMARES AFTER  
ALL THAT.

ALL RIGHT,  
JULES? BEST  
GET A MOVE  
ON.

NONE OF THAT NOW,  
JOHN. YOU KNOW  
I'M MARRIED  
NOW.

RIGHT. SORRY.  
HOW IS THE  
FAMILY?

IT'S BEEN  
A WHILE,  
JULES.

FAMILY'S  
FINE. HOW ARE  
YOU?

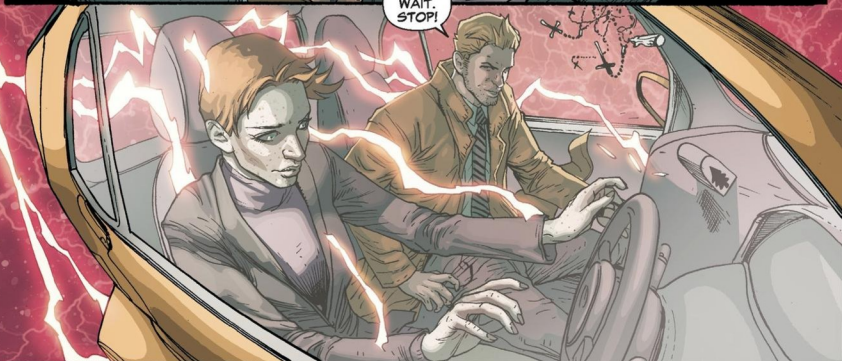
JULIA HERE IS THE ONE  
PERSON YOU WANT ON YOUR  
SIDE WHEN THINGS GET DICED.  
TOUGH AS NAILS AND WILLING  
TO GO TO THE WALL FOR  
HER FRIENDS.

IT'S NOT THAT SHE'S  
NOT AFRAID. IT'S THAT  
SHE KNOWS HOW TO  
USE HER FEAR.

THINK YOU  
AND I BOTH  
KNOW THERE'S NO  
TIME FOR SMALL  
TALK.

SO  
WHERE'RE WE  
HEADED?







CORNER SHOP  
&  
STATIONERS

NEWS  
AGENTS  
guardia  
The Classroom

the guardia



SHALL I TELL YOU THE BAD NEWS?



DON'T GO ANYWHERE JUST YET. WE'RE IN A SNARE, YEAH? TRAPPED AND SHUNTED INTO THIS-- IT'S NOT A PLACE, EXACTLY.

JOHN, THESE PEOPLE. DID THEY KILL THEMSELVES, OR--



LET'S NOT STICK AROUND TO FIND OUT.

THIS'LL TELL US WHICH WAY THE EXIT IS.



OR MAYBE NOT.

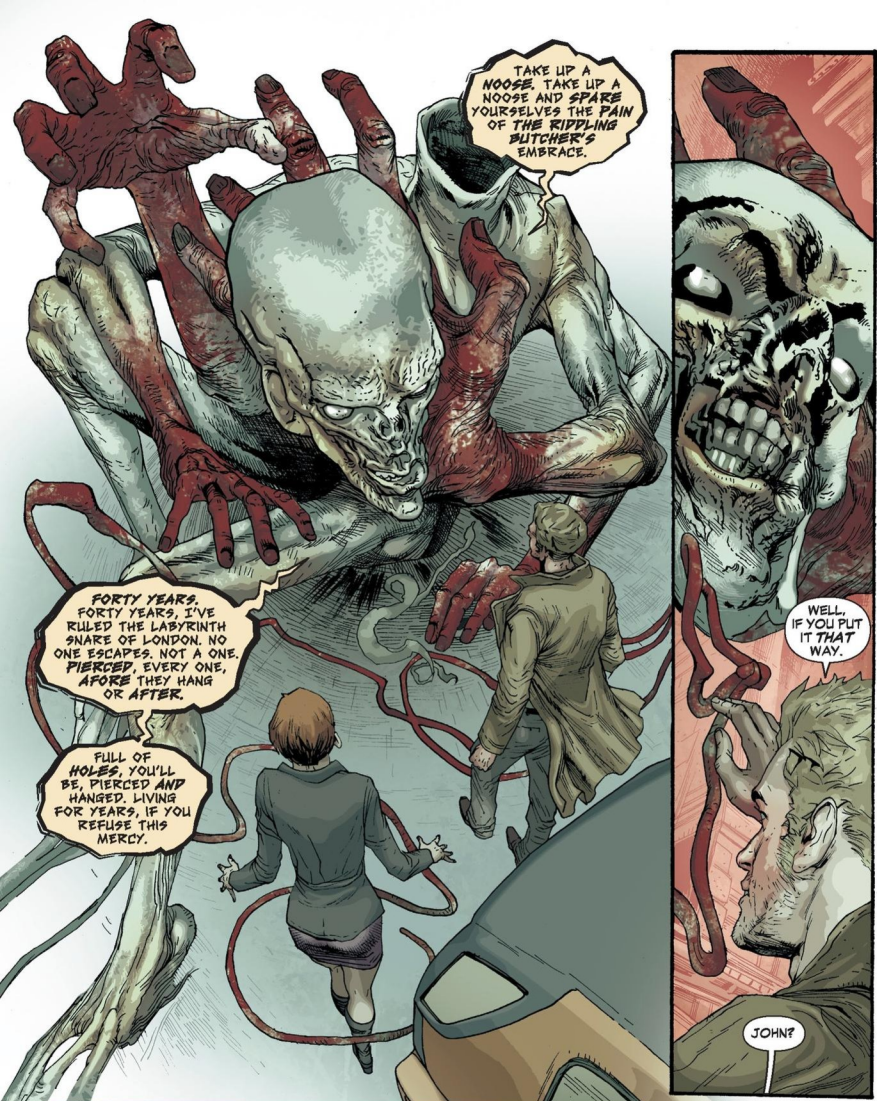
OKAY, LET ME THINK. THERE HAS TO BE A WAY. IF THIS IS WHAT I THINK IT IS, THERE ARE RULES.

THERE'S ONE OF THESE IN EVERY CITY, IF YOU KNOW HOW TO FIND IT. A SORT OF PSYCHIC LABYRINTH MADE OF NIGHTMARE OVERFLOW, YEAH? BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY IN, AND THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY OUT.



ONLY DEATH.

ONLY DEATH IS THE WAY.



TAKE UP A  
MOOSE. TAKE UP A  
MOOSE AND SPARE  
YOURSELVES THE PAIN  
OF THE RIDDLING  
BUTCHER'S  
EMBRACE.

FORTY YEARS.  
FORTY YEARS, I'VE  
RULED THE LABYRINTH  
SNARE OF LONDON. NO  
ONE ESCAPES. NOT A ONE.  
PIERCED, EVERY ONE,  
AFORE THEY HANG  
OR AFTER.

FULL OF  
HOLES, YOU'LL  
BE, PIERCED AND  
HANGED, LIVING  
FOR YEARS, IF YOU  
REFUSE THIS  
MERCY.



WELL,  
IF YOU PUT  
IT THAT  
WAY.



JOHN?



JOHN, DON'T!

MSSSSS

JUST  
SLIP IT ON LIKE  
THIS? AND THEN IT  
WON'T HURT?



I CAN SEE THE TEMPTATION, REALLY I CAN.

FORTY YEARS IN A PLACE LIKE *THIS?* THAT'S A LONG TIME. AND I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T EXACTLY CHOOSE IT FOR YOURSELF, DID YOU? BET THIS WAS MORE OF AN INVOLUNTARY ARRANGEMENT.

NOW HERE YOU ARE, SOMEBODY ELSE'S GARBAGE DISPOSAL SYSTEM.



REJECT THE ROPES WILL YOU? SOON YOU'LL BEG FOR THEM! IN LEGENDARY TORTURE, YOU WILL CRY FOR RELEASE!

ULKI!

I'M SURE THE PAIN'LL STACK UP NICELY IN COMPARISON TO YOUR OWN. SOMETHING BUTCHER, DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

I HAVE A BETTER IDEA. WHY DON'T WE CUT A LITTLE DEAL, YOU AND I?



YOU HAVE NOTHING IN THIS PLACE. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER ME.

SHKK-KK-K



BUT YOU'LL BE VERY INTERESTED IN WHAT I CAN OFFER YOU ELSEWHERE.

LISTEN TO THIS. IF YOU LIKE WHAT YOU HEAR, MY FRIEND AND I ARE JUST GOING TO CLIMB THROUGH THAT EXIT IN YOUR NECK THERE AND GO ABOUT OUR BUSINESS. ALL RIGHT? AND YOU, YOU'LL GET-



--ARE YOU LISTENING CAREFULLY NOW?



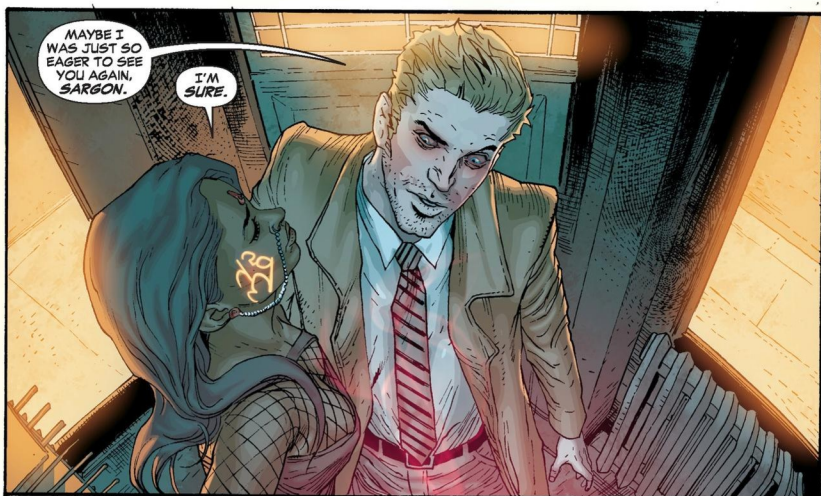


YOU SOMEHOW MANAGED TO SURVIVE GETTING HERE AND YOU EITHER EVADED OR ESCAPED MY FATHER'S SNARE--

--ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL IN EXISTENCE.



I'M FRANKLY SHOCKED TO SEE YOU STUCK IN A RUDIMENTARY CIRCLE TRAP. DID IT TAKE THAT MUCH OUT OF YOU, GETTING THIS FAR?



MAYBE I WAS JUST SO EAGER TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SARGON.

I'M SURE.



YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO BRING ME THE DIAL OF THE COMPASS, DID YOU?

IT WOULD BE SO, SO SWEET IF YOU DID.



IT'S IN MY POCKET.

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, MISTER EF TAKING GOOD CARE OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO RUNS THIS PLACE?

HNNH!  
HNNH!

AH ASSURE YOU, CONSTANTINE, HE HAS A CHANCE TO LIVE THROUGH THIS.



HE JUST HAS TO TELL US WHERE CROYDON'S LENS IS.

TELL US, SO THE PAIN CAN STOP.

AAAHHH!



I DON'T--  
THEY'RE ALL--  
HNNH!



HE DOESN'T KNOW, YOU FOOLS.  
BUT I DO.



CAREFUL, JOHN. IF THIS IS ANOTHER TRICK, WE'LL—

YOU KNOW, FOR A COUPLE OF GRADE-A WIZARDS, YOU REALLY CAN BE TOTAL IDIOTS.

YOU DIDN'T BOTHER RESEARCHING THIS SHOP AT ALL, DID YOU? YOU JUST CAME BARRELING IN WHEN YOU LEARNED THE LOCATION, AND FOUND YOURSELF IN A ROOM FULL OF LENSES.



STYMIED BY MUNDANE CAMOUFLAGE, YEAH? SO MISTER E HERE HAS A GIGGLE BECAUSE HE GETS TO START TORTURING SOMEONE, AND YOU STAND BY AND LET HIM.

"SARGON THE SORCERESS." YOUR FATHER WOULD BE ASHAMED.

AH'LL RIP THE ANSWER OUT OF YOUR SKULL, BOY!

WAIT.



ALL RIGHT, JOHN. YOU KNOW HOW TO FIND THE LENS AND WE DON'T.

BUT I'VE GOT YOU IN MY CIRCLE, AND YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT I CAN KILL YOU IF I WANT. TELL ME WHERE THE LENS IS, GIVE ME THE DIAL, AND I'LL LET YOU GO.

DON'T YOU MEAN "WE'LL LET YOU GO?" OR ARE YOU TRYING TO CATCH ME IN A LOOPHOLE?



I MEAN YOU'LL DO WHAT I TELL YOU TO, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

FIRST: TELL US HOW TO FIND THE LENS.



FAIR ENOUGH.

SO IN ALL YOUR HURRY, DID YOU BOTHER TO ASK THIS POOR SHOPKEEPER WHAT HIS NAME IS?

NO? WELL, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE PHILIP CROYDON, THE ONLY SON OF DEAR OLD ANGUS CROYDON, CRAFTER OF THE COMPASS.

BORN OF ONE OF HIS DAD'S SPECIAL PERVERT PARTIES WITH THE RICH AND NOBLE, YEAH? SO YOU'LL NEVER FIND HIS MOTHER'S NAME IN ANY RECORDS.

OUR MISTER CROYDON HERE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE THE LENS IS. HE'S LOOKED THROUGH IT COUNTLESS TIMES AND HAS NO IDEA WHAT IT IS.

OUT WITH IT, BOY. THE LENS. WE KNOW IT'S HERE IN THE SHOP--

**SPUT**

THAT IT IS, MISTER E. PUT IT IN FRONT OF THE NEEDLE AND THE COMPASS WILL ACTIVATE.

IT'S--

ELECTRICAL FIRE, RIGHT ON TIME, LONDON.

CAN'T YOU GUESS?

--IT'S THE SHOPKEEPER!

**HIS EYES ARE THE LENS!**

I MAKE THAT ABOUT TEN MINUTES.



SSSSSSSS  
AAAGH!

CRASSSHHHH

THE  
RIDDLING  
BUTCHER?!



NO!

HE'LL TAKE HIM!

NO, SARGON. HE CAN STAY.

MY EYES! MY--  
**GAHH!**



**SKUTCH**

IT'S JUST HIS EYES THAT HAVE TO GO.



FAIR PRICE FOR THE BUTCHER'S FREEDOM, YEAH?

SSSSARGON

NO!  
YOU.

YOU TAKE THE NAME OF THE ONE WHO BOUND ME TO THE LAYBRINTH. YOU ARE HIS BLOOD. FREE, I AM, FREE FROM THE MAZE OF YOUR BLOOD.

FREE TO EXACT MY VENGEANCE.



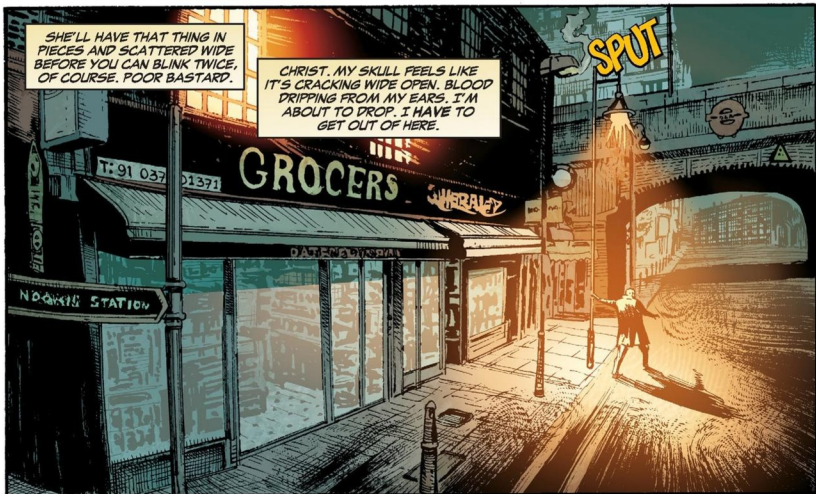
I DIDN'T WANT IT TO GO THIS WAY, BUT IF I CAN'T HAVE THE COMPASS, I BLOODY WELL WON'T LET YOU HAVE IT.

BESIDES, I DO OWE YOU ONE, DON'T I? FOR CHRIS. AND BY THE WAY--



"THERE ISN'T A CIRCLE  
IN THE WORLD THAT  
CAN HOLD ME."

AAAAAGGGGGHHH



SHE'LL HAVE THAT THING IN  
PIECES AND SCATTERED WIDE  
BEFORE YOU CAN BLINK TWICE,  
OF COURSE. POOR BASTARD.

CHRIST. MY SKULL FEELS LIKE  
IT'S CRACKING WIDE OPEN. BLOOD  
DRIPPING FROM MY EARS. I'M  
ABOUT TO DROP. I HAVE TO  
GET OUT OF HERE.

SPUT



IT'S A DAMN  
LUCKY THING SARGON  
ACCIDENTALLY SHOWED  
ME A SHORTCUT.

STRAIGHT INTO THE  
SNARE, FIND THE NEW  
EXIT, AND I'LL BE ON A  
PLANE AGAIN IN NO TIME.

SO THAT'S  
IT, THEN.

NEW YORK CITY.

ALL THAT TROUBLE AND THE  
COMPASS IS RUINED. NOBODY'LL  
BE TURNING IT TO THEIR ENDS,  
WHICH I SUPPOSE MEANS I WON  
THIS ROUND. LEAST THAT'S HOW  
I LIKE TO LOOK AT IT.

DON'T COUNT THIS ONE A  
TOTAL VICTORY. MIND, I  
LOST MY FRIEND CHRIS. DON'T  
KNOW IF IT WAS A MERCY, IN  
THE END, BUT HE HAD A GOOD  
HEART. I CAN'T JUST  
LEAVE THAT BE.

AND SARGON AND MISTER E  
HAVE BOTH HAD AT ME NOW,  
AND EVERY LITTLE THING A  
MAGE OBSERVES ABOUT YOU  
INEVITABLY BECOMES A WEAPON  
TO USE AGAINST YOU.

IT'S TRUE FOR  
ME, IT'S TRUE  
FOR THEM.

THEIR CULT OF THE COLD  
FLAME WAS ALREADY AFTER  
ME WHEN THIS BEGAN. NOW I'VE  
GIVEN TWO OF ITS LEADERS A  
BRUISE AND THEY'LL BE THAT  
MUCH ANGRIER.



PLUS IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT THE SPECTRE WAITING TO COLLECT MY SOUL. SOONER OR LATER HE'LL GET IMPATIENT WITH ME—OR SEE THE FLAW IN MY ARGUMENT—AND HE'LL COME KNOCKING.

JOHN, OLD SON, YOU'RE A PIECE OF WORK.

ALMOST ALL OF MY FRIENDS ARE DEAD. A TRAIL OF BODIES WHEREVER I GO. THE POWERS OF THE BLOODY UNIVERSE ARE SAYING I DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE.

CAN'T SLEEP, AND I'M WONDERING IF THAT'S PART OF MY PRICE. CAN'T HEAR PROPERLY OUT OF MY LEFT EAR NOW, THANKS TO LONDON.



LONDON. CAN'T GO HOME.

AND YET, HERE I AM. WHEN I SHOULD BE RESTING AND RECOVERING.



THINKING TO MYSELF: "WHAT'S NEXT?" THINKING THAT MY ENEMIES ARE REELING, AND I OUGHT TO BE PRESSING THE ADVANTAGE, KNOWING THAT THEY'LL BE FURIOUS, IRRATIONAL. THEY'LL GO FULL TILT IF I PUSH THEM RIGHT.



AND I REALLY, REALLY WANT TO REALLY THEM.

SO IT'S TIME TO GET TO WORK.



Stevens  
+  
Mc  
Fadden  
Red  
Rifio

ALL MY FRIENDS

JEFF LEMIRE & RAY FAWKES writers FABIANO NEVES artist cover art by EDDY BARROWS, EBER FERREIRA & ROD REIS



HERE WE GO. KNEW  
IT'D COME TO THIS  
SOONER OR LATER,  
DIDN'T I?

JOHN  
CONSTANTINE.

JOHN,  
JOHN...



All My  
Friends

THIS IS PAPA MIDNITE. HAITIAN VODOO SORCERER, SENSUALIST, AND SLAVER. MAKES A PLAYTHING OF THE DEAD. LEADS A BRUTALLY VIOLENT STREET GANG. STYLES HIMSELF THE MEANEST, BLOODIEST, MOST GRUESOME PLAYER IN ALL OF MANHATTAN.

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE IS.

WHEN YOU CAME TO NEW YORK FROM LONDON LAST YEAR, YOU PRESENTED YOURSELF TO ME WITH RESPECT. LIKE A PROPER MAGE.

DO YOU REMEMBER THAT?



I WAS IMPRESSED, JOHN. I SAID THAT YOU COULD LIVE IN MY TERRITORY, THAT YOU COULD PLY YOUR TRADE. NOW YOU HAVE STOLEN FROM ME, AND YOU MUST BE PUNISHED.



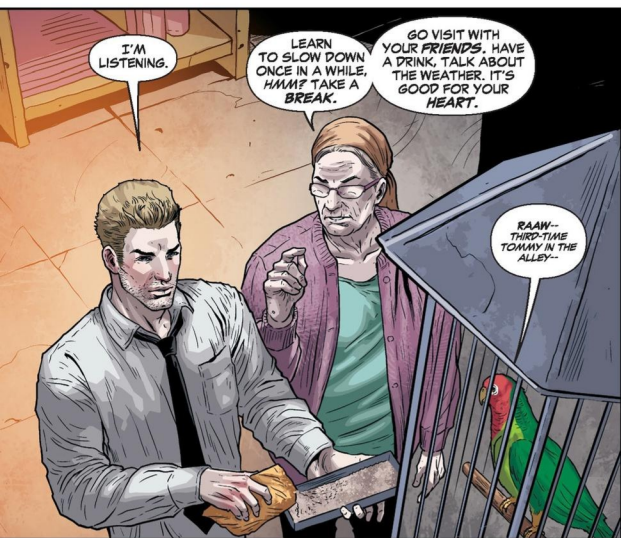
LOOKS LIKE I'M AT MIDNITE'S MERCY. ABOUT TO LOSE MY GOOD ARM FOR DARING TO STEAL FROM THE CITY'S MYSTIC GODFATHER.

BUT I DID KNOW IT'D COME TO THIS.

LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT IT.

THREE HOURS EARLIER.





I'M LISTENING.

LEARN TO SLOW DOWN ONCE IN A WHILE, *HMM?* TAKE A BREAK.

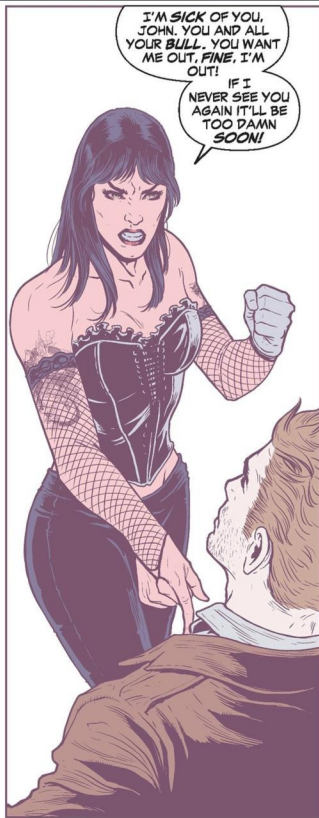
GO VISIT WITH YOUR FRIENDS. HAVE A DRINK, TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER. IT'S GOOD FOR YOUR HEART.

RAAW--  
THIRD-TIME  
TOMMY IN THE  
ALLEY--



MAYBE CALL UP ZATANNA. WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU SAW HER?

CLICK  
CLICK



I'M SICK OF YOU, JOHN. YOU AND ALL YOUR BULL. YOU WANT ME OUT, FINE, I'M OUT!

IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN IT'LL BE TOO DAMN SOON!



OR HAVE CHRIS OVER. HE'S A GOOD BOY.



SORRY, CHRIS.



GOOD FRIENDS, GOOD TIMES. DON'T FORGET TO HAVE THEM, JOHN.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

'COURSE I AM. TAKE TODAY. BEAUTIFUL DAY OUT THERE.



"EVEN YOUR TROUBLES TAKE THE DAY OFF IN WEATHER LIKE THIS, NO?"



NOT FIVE MINUTES OUT THE DOOR AND I SEE THIS GUY RUNNING A SHORT-COUNT GRIFT ON THE SHOP.

CLASSIC, LOW-GRADE CON. NINE DOLLARS PROFIT.



HELP YOU?

YEAH, I'LL TAKE A PACK OF SILK CUT. AND MATCHES.

NOT THAT IT'S ANY OF MY BUSINESS, BUT I DO HATE TO SEE A SLOPPY CON PAY OUT.



NEVER MIND THAT, JOHN, OLD SON. LISTEN TO DOTTY.

TAKE THE DAY OFF. GO SEE YOUR FRIENDS.



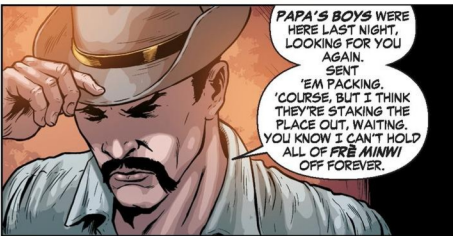
IF YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS LEFT.



HEY JOHN, YOU NEED A DRINK?

NAH, LLOYD, THANKS. IT'S A LITTLE EARLY. JUST STOPPING BY. STILL TRYING TO FIX THAT OLD THING, YEAH?

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL MACHINE, PAL.



PAPA'S BOYS WERE HERE LAST NIGHT, LOOKING FOR YOU AGAIN. SENT 'EM PACKING. 'COURSE, BUT I THINK THEY'RE STAKING THE PLACE OUT, WAITING. YOU KNOW I CAN'T HOLD ALL OF 'EM MINN! OFF FOREVER.



YEAH, THANKS FOR THAT.

TELL ME YOU DIDN'T DO SOMETHING STUPID. PLEASE, TELL ME YOU DIDN'T CROSS PAPA MIDNITE.

NAH, NAH. LOOK, IT'S ME YOU'RE TALKING TO, YEAH? OLD JOHN.

CHRIST, YOU DID, DIDN'T YOU?



**BAM**

JOHN CONSTANTINE!

NICE DAY OUT, EH, LLOYD? NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY.



YOU STAY.

HEY GUYS, COME ON.

JOHN. PAPA CALL FOR YOU. YOU DON'T HEAR SO GOOD, OR WHAT?



WELL, NICE CHATTING WITH YOU, LLOYD.

ME AND THE HAITIANS ARE OFF TO SEE MY FRIEND PAPA.

SURE, JOHN.



THUNK



JESUS! HE SAID HE'D GO WITH YOU!

RELAX! HE'S GONNA GO WITH US.

RIGHT, RINGOF YOU GONNA GO? YEAH.

NIGH



WELL? GOT NO SMARTASS JOKES FOR ME NOW?

PAPA SAYS HE GETS ONE HIT FOR EVERY DAY HE MADE US WAIT.

WHOK

AAGH!

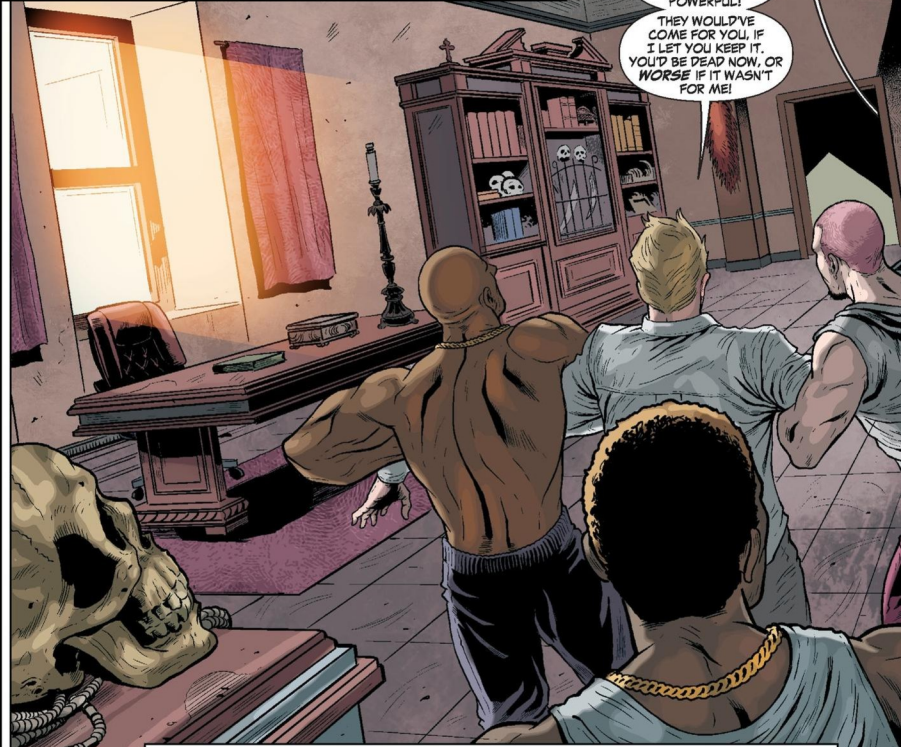


PAPA MUST WANT ME IN TALKING CONDITION.



BRING HIM HERE.

IT WAS A SOUNDING SKULL I TOOK, PAPA! THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE WHO CAN FEEL IT WHEN SOMEONE USES AN ITEM THAT POWERFUL! THEY WOULD'VE COME FOR YOU, IF I LET YOU KEEP IT. YOU'D BE DEAD NOW, OR WORSE IF IT WASN'T FOR ME!



AUGH!

YOU READY, RINGO? YOU GONNA LIKE THIS.

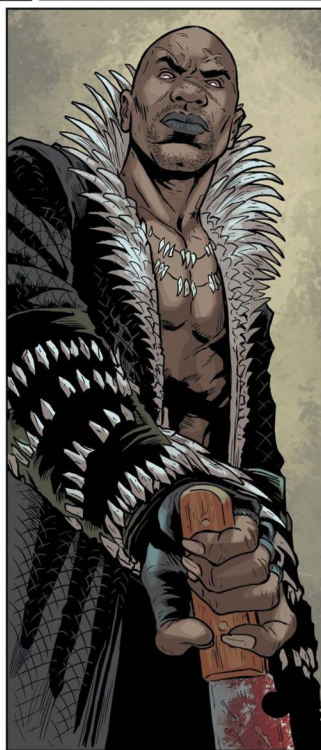


MOST THIEVES  
HAVE THE DECENCY  
TO BEG FORGIVENESS  
BEFORE I KILL THEM,  
JOHN. ONLY YOU WOULD  
CLAIM TO HAVE DONE  
ME A FAVOR.

THESE ARE  
THE PEOPLE YOU ARE  
TALKING ABOUT. AGENTS  
OF THE CULT OF THE  
COLD FLAME. THEY CAME  
FOR ME WEEKS AGO,  
HOURS AFTER I LAST  
USED THE SKULL.

PLEASSSE...  
RELEASSSE  
MEEE...

I CUT THE  
CLEVER ONE IN  
HALF BUT KEPT HIS  
SPIRIT HERE. AFTER  
THAT, BOTH OF THEM  
WERE EAGER TO  
ANSWER MY  
QUESTIONS.



WELL, AT LEAST HE KNOWS WHAT A TURNABOUT IS. HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO LOWER THE BLADE.

IT'S COMPLICATED AND QUITE PAINFUL TO PREPARE, BUT THE RESULT IS SIMPLE. ANY INJURY I SUFFER TODAY WILL RETURN TO THE PERSON WHO INFLICTED IT BEFORE SUNDOWN.



YOU DIDN'T SEARCH HIM FIRST?

LEFT FRONT POCKET, BOSS.

OF COURSE THE OTHERS ARE STILL GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS, THEY HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IT MEANS.



YOU DIDN'T SEARCH HIM?

GUESS I SHOULD HAVE WARNED YOU, EH, HAPPY?



NICE TIMING. WHAT WAS IT HE SAID? ONE SHOT FOR EACH DAY I MADE PAPA WAIT.

ONE, TWO--

THREE.

CAAGH

CRACK

I ALSO CAST A SHIVERING WARD ON MYSELF EARLIER. WOULD YOU LIKE TO FIND OUT HOW TO TRIGGER IT? IT'S A HELL OF A RIDE.

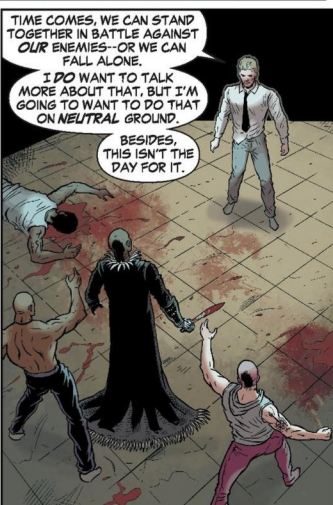
I STILL RESPECT YOU, PAPA. AND I WAS HELPING YOU BY TAKING THAT SKULL. BUT YOU'VE GONE AND BUGGERED THAT, HAVEN'T YOU? WITH YOUR BLOODY INTERROGATION ACT.

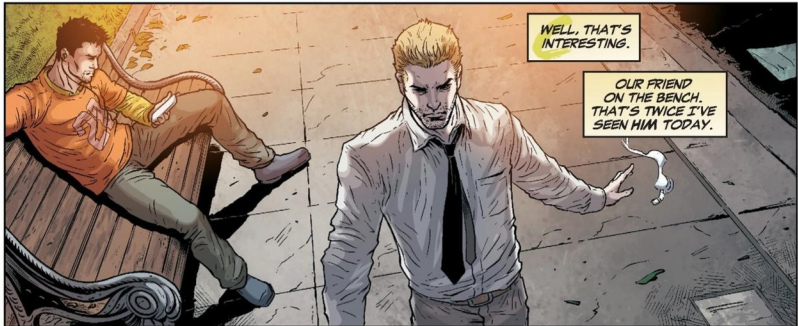


TIME COMES, WE CAN STAND TOGETHER IN BATTLE AGAINST OUR ENEMIES--OR WE CAN FALL ALONE.

I DO WANT TO TALK MORE ABOUT THAT, BUT I'M GOING TO WANT TO DO THAT ON NEUTRAL GROUND.

BESIDES, THIS ISN'T THE DAY FOR IT.







LATSYRC  
LAEBVER EHT  
ERUTUF.

YOU BETTER  
HAVE A DAMN GOOD  
REASON FOR COMING  
HERE UNINVITED.

AND I WANT  
MY KEY BACK. YOU'RE  
LUCKY I EXEMPTED YOU  
FROM MY PROTECTION  
WARDS, OR I'D BE SCRAPING  
YOU OFF THE CEILING  
RIGHT NOW.

ALL  
RIGHT, ZATANNA?  
NICE WEATHER  
WE'RE HAVING.



LET ME GUESS,  
SOMEBODY  
DIED.

SEE, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW THIS  
WORKS. SOMEBODY DIES ON ONE  
OF YOUR ADVENTURES, AND YOU  
COME OVER TO MY HOUSE  
LOOKING TERRIBLE.

AND YOU FEEL  
GUILTY AND ALONE  
AND I FEEL BAD FOR  
YOU, AND YOU CRAWL  
INTO MY BED.



ZEE, I--

FORGET IT,  
JOHN. I'M NOT  
YOUR GIRLFRIEND  
ANYMORE. YOU CAN  
TAKE YOUR WOUNDED  
STUP ROUTINE  
SOMEWHERE  
ELSE.

OR ARE  
YOU GOING TO  
TELL ME THERE'S  
SOME OTHER  
REASON YOU'RE  
HERE?



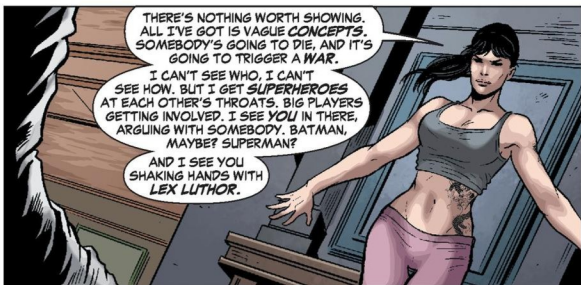
LOOKS  
LIKE YOU'RE  
DOING SOME HEAVY  
DIVINATION IN HERE.  
TROUBLE ON THE  
HORIZON?



YEAH. SOMETHING REALLY BAD IS COMING. FOR ALL OF US. CAN'T YOU FEEL IT?

I TRIED ONE OF MY BACKWARDS SPELLS, BUT THE IMAGES I GOT WERE ALL MESSED UP. HAZY.

SHOW ME.



THERE'S NOTHING WORTH SHOWING. ALL I'VE GOT IS VAGUE CONCEPTS. SOMEBODY'S GOING TO DIE, AND IT'S GOING TO TRIGGER A WAR.

I CAN'T SEE WHO, I CAN'T SEE HOW. BUT I GET SUPERHEROES AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS. BIG PLAYERS GETTING INVOLVED. I SEE YOU IN THERE, ARGUING WITH SOMEBODY. BATMAN. MAYBE? SUPERMAN?

AND I SEE YOU SHAKING HANDS WITH LEX LUTHOR.



DOUBT IT, LOVE. NEVER MET ANY OF THEM, AND I DON'T INTEND TO.

LISTEN, THOUGH. I DID COME HERE TO TELL YOU SOMETHING. I JUST RAN INTO JAIMINI SARGON THE OTHER DAY. SARGON'S DAUGHTER.

NO KIDDING! HOW IS SHE?



WELL, FINE, I SUPPOSE, EXCEPT SHE'S CALLING HERSELF SARGON NOW AND SHE'S GONE RIGHT ROUND THE BEND. KILLING PEOPLE AND SO ON.



LOOK, I KNOW THE TWO OF YOU USED TO BE CLOSE, BUT SHE'S--JUST BE CAREFUL IF SHE TRIES TO GET IN TOUCH. SHE MIGHT BE LOOKING TO HURT YOU.

DAMN IT. SO NOW. WHAT, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DUKE IT OUT? ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS GROWING UP?

WHY DOES THIS HAPPEN TO US, JOHN?



YOU KNOW WHY.

SAME REASON YOU DON'T ENJOY MUSIC ANYMORE. SAME REASON I CAN'T GO BACK TO LONDON. SAME REASON I WENT BLIND.



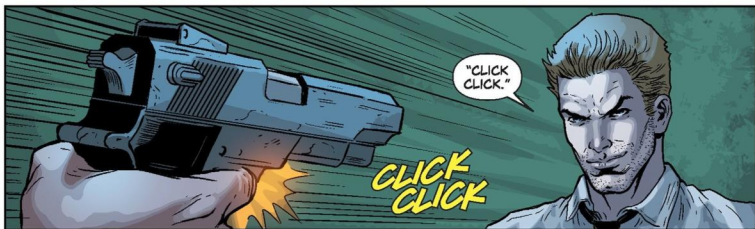
IT'S A TOUGH GAME, ZEE. NOT A LOT OF US SURVIVE, AND THE ONES WHO DO, OUR LIVES ARE WELL AND TRULY--

YOU WANT ME TO STAY? MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE OUT THOSE VISIONS.

NO. AND DON'T FORGET TO GIVE ME BACK MY KEY CARD.







"CLICK  
CLICK."

CLICK  
CLICK



I KNOW,  
I KNOW.

DID I DO  
SOMETHING TO  
THE GUN, OR DID  
I JUST KNOW  
IT'D JAM ON  
ITS OWN?



WHOK



OUGH...

I DON'T  
CARE WHO SENT  
YOU. I'M PRETTY  
SURE I ALREADY  
KNOW.

CONSIDER  
YOURSELF  
LUCKY. YOU'VE  
STILL GOT YOUR  
LEGS.



HEY!  
THAT'S MY  
WALLET!

YEAH? YOU  
CAN KEEP IT--  
I'LL JUST TAKE  
THE MONEY.

TELL  
SARGON THE  
TRUTH. I TURNED  
THIS AROUND ON YOU  
AND I ROBBED YOU.  
NOW GET OUT  
OF HERE.







STYD  
BARROWS  
+  
Eber  
Fonseca

STEALING THUNDER

RAY FAWKES writer RENATO GUEDES artist cover art by EDDY BARROWS, EBER FERREIRA and BRAD ANDERSON



NEW YORK CITY.

I KNEW TONIGHT WAS GOING TO BE A PAIN IN THE ASS.

The Joint bar

The Joint

LIKE, SOME NIGHTS JUST START OUT WRONG AND GET WORSE.

PUT CREAM IN MY COFFEE FIRST THING AND IT CAME OUT OF THE CARTON IN LUMPS. I SHOULD'A GONE RIGHT BACK TO BED.

COME ON, MOPMOP. I CLOSED UP HALF AN HOUR AGO, AND I GOT A REAL UGLY HEADACHE BREWIN' UP. TIME TO GO HOME.

CAN SLEEP HERE, PAPA MIDNITE'S GANG SLEEP WHERE THEY WANT!

EMPLOYERS ONLY


NO, NO YOU DON'T. I WORK HARD TO KEEP THIS PLACE RUNNING.

THIS IS MY BAR, YOU UNDERSTAND? NOT YOURS, NOT PAPA'S, NOT ANYBODY ELSE'S.

OI, LLOYD. LOCK IT UP.

GONNA NEED THE PLACE FOR A BIT.

EMPLOYERS ONLY



SO THERE I WAS, GOING ABOUT MY BUSINESS, GETTING READY TO STRIKE A BLOW AT THE CULT OF THE COLD FLAME, WHEN I GET THE CALL. TROUBLE WITH THE COSTUMES. OF COURSE I'M NOT PREPARED IN THE SLIGHTEST.

NOW I HAVE TO IMPROVISE.

ALL RIGHT, CONSTANTINE. YOU SAID YOU HAD SOMETHING I'D WANT TO SEE, SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY REAL FAMILY.

SO WHAT IS IT?

THE COSTUMES ARE LOSING IT. SUPERMAN'S ONLY GONE AND KILLED SOMEONE, AND NOW EVERYONE'S FALLING ABOUT LIKE BRIDESMAIDS AT A SHOWER GONE SOUR.



I'M GETTING TO IT, MATE.

THIS IS A DELICATE TIME, YEAH? AND YOU'RE A VERY IMPORTANT POWER. I'M GOING TO NEED TO KNOW THAT I CAN TRUST YOU, BATSON.

IF I'M RIGHT ABOUT HOW THIS IS ALL GOING TO GO, I NEED TO TAKE BILLY BATSON HERE OFF THE BOARD RIGHT QUICK. IT'S NOT GOING TO LOOK GOOD, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. BETTER TO BEG FORGIVENESS THAN ASK PERMISSION.



WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE POWER YOU WIELD?

MORE THAN YOU DO.

I ASK BECAUSE IT'S MYSTICAL IN NATURE, AND THE SHAZAM SPELL MAY BE CAUSING SERIOUS PROBLEMS.



YOU'LL WANT TO SHUT IT DOWN FOR A MOMENT.

TAKE OFF YOUR MAGIC NECKLACE OR HOWEVER THIS WORKS. I KNOW YOU HAVE ANOTHER FORM.

YEAH, RIGHT. WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH MY FAMILY?

WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU?



I'M THE WORLD'S EXPERT ON MAGIC, BOSS. I'M THE ONE WHO KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT. BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE NO SLOUCH YOURSELF. LET ME PUT IT TO YOU THIS WAY. I SENSED A HUGE MYSTIC BUILD-UP WHEN WE WERE BACK IN THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY-- SOME KIND OF WEAPON SPELL.

MAYBE A TRAP YOUR FRIEND BLACK ADAM SET UP.



IT'S HOMING IN ON YOU RIGHT NOW. I THINK I BOUGHT US ABOUT TWO MINUTES, COMING HERE. YOU KEEP THE POWER RUNNING, AND IT'LL FIND YOU, AND POSSIBLY KILL YOU.

YOU SWITCH YOUR POWER OFF, AND IT'LL HAVE NO WAY TO LOCATE YOU. THEN WE NEUTRALIZE IT, SET YOU BACK ON YOUR WAY--



--THEN I TELL THE JUSTICE LEAGUE HOW YOU SELFLESSLY DREW IT AWAY FROM THEM AND HOW THEY OWE YOU A HELL OF A DEBT.

SOMETIMES TRUSTING A FRIEND CAN MEAN AN ALL-AROUND WIN, YEAH? ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THE ALTERNATIVE.



**SHAZAM!**





**THE BERNESE ALPS.**  
SWITZERLAND.

**THE TEMPLE OF THE COLD FLAME.**

TELL ME  
AGAIN.

YOUR MAN  
CONSTANTINE'S AT  
THE JOINT RIGHT NOW--THE  
PLACE I TOLD YOU ABOUT.  
GUY YOU WANTED DEAD,  
RIGHT? STANDIN' IN THE  
WAY OF YOUR BIG  
PLANS.

GOT SOME  
KIND OF SUPERMAN  
FREAK WITH HIM, GUY  
WITH A BIG WHITE AND  
GOLD HOOD.

GOOD. VERY GOOD.  
WHEN CONSTANTINE  
FALLS, EVERY MAGE IN  
THE WORLD WILL BE  
CONQUERED.

NOW SON, AH'M  
GOING TO ASK YOU TO  
PROVE YOUR PEDIATION  
TO THE COLD FLAME, AS  
AH SAID AH WOULD. ARE  
YOU READY TO HEED  
THAT CALL?



YOU HESITATING, MOPMOP?

NAH, NAH, I'M READY.

THE COLD FLAME BURNS.



THAT IT DOES. EVERYONE IN THE PLACE MUST DIE, BUT KILL THE ENGLISHMAN FIRST. BRING ME HIS HEAD AND YOU SHALL HAVE A GREAT REWARD. NOW SAY YOUR MAGIC WORD. THE ONE I GAVE YOU.



УУУУУУ  
-УУУУУУ  
-УУУУУУ



HLK KKKK



AGHHH--

BOOM!!! RRR



DON'T WORRY, MATE. I'M NOT AFTER YOUR POWER FOR MYSELF. LAST THING I WANT IS TO SLAP ON YOUR ENCHANTED LONGJOHNS. SEEMS MUTUAL, TOO--I CAN FEEL IT TRYING TO GET OUT.

JOHN, CAN YOU DO THIS SOMEWHERE ELSE? YOU KNOW I HATE THIS PREAKY CRAP IN MY BAR.

I'LL JUST BOTTLE IT UP HERE, AND THEN YOU AND I ARE GOING TO TALK.

YOU ALL SOUNDING LIKE A CREEPY LITTLE BOY.

NO CHOICE, LLOYD. THIS KID HAS NO IDEA HOW DASTROUS IT COULD BE IF HE RUNS LOOSE WITH THIS MAGIC RIGHT NOW.

DOING THE WRONG THING FOR THE RIGHT REASON AND WE'RE ALL IN A WORLD OF PAIN AND DARKNESS.

BUT IT'S MY MAGIC. WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT TO DECIDE IF I CAN USE IT?

BOOM!

AAAH!

ROOOAAA

CRASH!

WHAT IS THAT THING?

GIVE ME THE POWER BACK, JERK-WAD! NOW!

HNNH!

YOU DEAD

YOU DEAD RRRINGOOO

MOPMOP?

WHOK

SH--

SHAZAM--



THE POWER...  
IS AGONY.



WON'T...BE ABLE  
TO CONTAIN IT...  
FOR LONG...



DON'T TOUCH,  
KID.  
I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO  
HIT YOU. JUST TAKE COVER.









THIS POWER...  
TEARING ME UP  
INSIDE...



NICE  
PLAY, KID.  
YOU  
GOT SOME  
BALLS.



NO,  
WAIT!

**SHAZAM!**



THAT'S BETTER.

THE CHANGE REALLY KNOCKS YOU OUT, HUH? IT MUST TOTALLY SUCK FOR AN OLD GUY.

HNGH!



YOU'RE LUCKY I'M NOT KICKING THE CRAP OUT OF YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID. LYING TO ME ABOUT MY FAMILY.

YEAH--

YEAH, YOU'RE A REAL SWEETHEART, BATSON.

THE OLD WIZARD TRUSTED ME WITH THIS POWER. I'M THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

I'M GONNA ASK YOU AGAIN. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO TAKE IT AWAY?



LISTEN TO ME.

YOU LISTEN. I OWE YOU ONE.

THE BOX. THE BOX THAT LOOKS LIKE A SKULL WITH THREE EYES.



THE ONE ALL THE COSTUMES ARE FIGHTING OVER. IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE. IT'S A GLOBAL BOMB. THE COUNCIL--THE WIZARDS WHOSE POWER YOU CARRY. THEY HAD NO IDEA.

LISTEN.







LLOYD.



LLOYD, SORRY ABOUT THE BAR.



DON'T TRY TO TALK. I'M GONNA CALL FOR HELP.

YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.



BLOODY HELL.

WELL, WELL, WELL...

...ERS ONLY

...LOOK WHO IT IS, GETTING ALL OUT-OF-BODY, LIGHT-AT-THE-END-OF-THE-TUNNEL.

HI, JOHN. REMEMBER ME? IT'S CHRIS, THE GUY YOU KILLED A COUPLE WEEKS AGO. GUESS WHAT?

IT'S TIME FOR PAYBACK.





**METAMORPHOSIS IN EXTREMIS**

RAY FAWKES writer RENATO GUEDES artist cover art by EDDY BARROWS, EBER FERREIRA & WIL QUINTANA



**NEW YORK CITY.**

WHEN I WAS NINETEEN, I STOLE THE PRICELESS DIARY OF A FIFTEENTH CENTURY QABBALIST WIZARD CALLING HIMSELF TENEBRUS. DEAD BORING READ.

the Joint bar

the Joint

THE PRETENTIOUS OLD SOD DID HAVE A COUPLE OF THINGS RIGHT, THOUGH. SAID, FOR INSTANCE, THAT EVERY TRUE WIZARD FACES A SPECIFIC TYPE OF LIFE-OR-DEATH CRISIS AT EACH STEP UP IN MYSTIC DEVELOPMENT.

HE SAID ABOUT ONE IN SEVEN SURVIVE THEIR FIRST ONE, AND ONE IN SEVEN OF THOSE SURVIVE THEIR SECOND, AND SO ON. HE WAS SPOT ON WITH THAT.

HEY, I'M NOT IN. I'LL CALL YOU BACK. SRETEKRAMLET ETELED SIHT REBMLN.

HE HAD A NAME FOR THESE CRISES. CALLED THEM "METAMORPHOSES IN EXTREMIS."

ZATANNA, THIS IS LLOYD AT THE JOINT. I HOPE TO HELL YOU'RE JUST SCREENING AND YOU PICK THIS UP.

CONSTANTINE ALWAYS TOLD ME THAT IF ANYTHING GOES SERIOUSLY WRONG, I CALL YOU INSTEAD OF 911.

I'VE COME BACK FROM TWO BEFORE TONIGHT. FIRST ONE WAS NEWCASTLE, SECOND WAS LONDON.

WELL, SOMETHING'S GONE SERIOUSLY DAMN WRONG.

IT'S JOHN.

LET'S SEE IF  
WE CAN MAKE  
IT THREE.

# METAMORPHOSIS EXTREMIS

I THINK  
HE'S  
ABOUT TO  
DIE.







"...AND THEN I'LL  
INTRODUCE YOU TO  
MY FRIENDS."

RAPHAEL  
BEFORE ME. THE  
COLD FLAME WILL HEAL  
THE WOUNDS INFLICTED  
ON THE EARTH BY  
THE WICKED.

RAPHAEL  
BEFORE ME.

**THE BERNESE ALPS, SWITZERLAND.**  
THE TEMPLE OF THE COLD FLAME.

GABRIEL  
BEHIND ME. THE  
COLD FLAME WILL  
ABOLISH TERROR AND  
IGNORANCE.

GABRIEL  
BEHIND ME.





URIEL ON MY LEFT. THE COLD FLAME WILL BRING THE GIFTS OF LIGHT AND PEACE TO ALL.

URIEL ON MY LEFT.



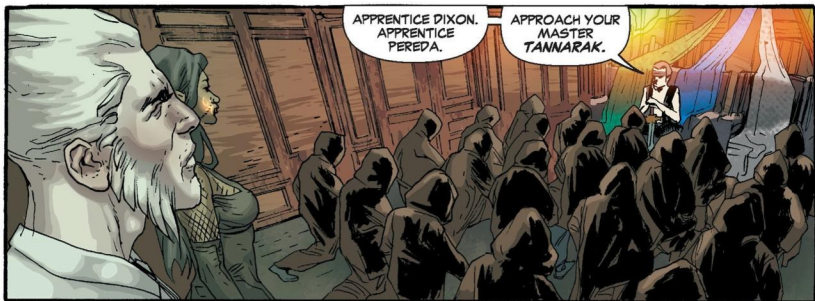
MICHAEL ON MY RIGHT SIDE. THE COLD FLAME WILL DESTROY THE SELF-SERVING ENEMIES OF HUMANITY.

MICHAEL ON MY RIGHT SIDE.



WITH THE POWER OF THE ARCHANGELS, I BLESS THIS GATHERING. I BESTOW THEIR INSIGHT AND THEIR STRENGTH.

I CONQUER YOUR FEARS AND CAST OUT YOUR DOUBTS.



APPRENTICE DIXON.  
APPRENTICE  
PEREDA.

APPROACH YOUR  
MASTER  
TANNARAK.



SARGON. MISTER E.  
YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO  
ATTEND MY RITUAL, BUT  
NOT TOO GOOD TO  
INTERRUPT IT.

WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?

IT'S CONSTANTINE.  
MISTER E'S ASSASSIN  
HAS STRUCK A MORTAL  
BLOW. HE HOVERS NOW  
AT THE EDGE OF  
DEATH.



I  
SEE.



YOUR HEART BEATS  
IN YOUR THOUGHTS,  
SARGON. YOU DON'T  
WANT HIM  
TO DIE.

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN  
CHARMED BY THE  
GUTTER MAGE,  
HAVE YOU?

IT WOULD  
BE A SHAME TO  
LOSE OUR CHANCE TO  
CLAIM HIM. THAT'S IT.



THE COLD  
FLAME BURNS.

THE COLD FLAME  
CLAIMS ALL, IN LIFE OR  
DEATH. IT TRANSFORMS.  
IT PURIFIES.

DOESN'T  
IT.



INDEED.



AFOOAAH!!!

AFOOAAH!!!



NEW YORK CITY.

MOMENTS LATER.



CRACK

I WILL LEAD  
OUR AGENTS IN  
NEW YORK. WHEN  
CONSTANTINE DIES,  
THEY WILL MARK HIS  
BODY WITH OUR RUNE  
AND BURN  
IT TO ASH.



FLY, MY  
FETCHES.

YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO  
DO.



THERE HE IS.  
I'LL MARK THE BODY.



I GOT THIS FUNNY FEELING YOU GUYS AREN'T ACTUALLY PARAMEDICS.

CLIK-CHAK



BLAM

BOOM!



HINGHI!  
RRRRR



BOOM!



WHAT, SERIOUSLY? YOU THINK YOU CAN MOVE FASTER THAN MY TRIGGER FINGER?

OH, I CAN.  
TRUST ME.



YOU THINK YOU'RE SO GREAT.

SMARTASS TRICKS WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD WHEN YOU SEE WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU!

WHOOOSH!

LISTEN, CHRIS, YOU'RE NOT THINKING STRAIGHT.

YOUR ANGER IS A WEAKNESS, AND THEY'RE EXPLOITING IT. TWISTING IT LIKE THEY'VE TWISTED UP YOUR SPIRIT.



IT'S TRUE THAT I LET YOU DOWN IN LIFE, BUT IF YOU CAN'T LET THAT GO, YOU'LL--

SHUT UP!  
SHUT UP!  
SHUT UP!

NO MORE TALKING!  
THERE'S NO WAY OUT!



THIS IS IT FOR YOU!

COULD BE, MATE.

YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE, THOUGH. REMEMBER THE DEEP MEDITATION I TAUGHT YOU?



FOUND.

GOT.

HEY, WHAT--



אֲנִי הֵינִי  
הַיְחָדָה

YES, FROM YOUR  
BLOOD. FROM YOUR  
BREATH. YOUR STEPS  
REVEAL THEMSELVES  
TO ME. CONSTANTINE.  
YOUR PASSAGE.

אֲנִי הֵינִי  
הַיְחָדָה

LET ME SEE  
WHERE YOU ARE  
AND WHERE YOU  
WERE. WHERE YOU  
SLEEP. WHERE  
YOU DREAM.



אֲנִי הֵינִי  
הַיְחָדָה

LET ME  
KNOW YOU.  
SCRAWL YOUR  
TRACKS ON THE  
FACE OF THIS  
CITY.

אֲנִי הֵינִי  
הַיְחָדָה



LET  
ME FIND  
YOU.



**NO!**  
LET ME GO!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU TAKING  
ME?

CHRIS! YOU  
CAN ESCAPE THIS!  
THESE THINGS ARE  
PRACTICALLY  
MINDLESS.

THEY'RE COLD  
FLAME ELIMINATORS,  
SCOURING THE SPIRIT  
REALM! IF YOU'RE IN  
LEAGUE WITH THEM,  
THEY CAN'T HURT  
YOU!

YOU JUST  
HAVE TO STAY  
CALM!



JOOOOO  
OOHHHHH  
MAMAMAMAM

CON. STAN.  
TINE.



HSSSS!

QUIET,  
YOU. YOU'RE  
NOTHING BUT  
A FETCH.

AND  
BIGGER GUNS  
THAN YOU  
WILL BE  
STOPPING BY  
AS SOON AS  
THIS CORD  
GOES.

IF IT  
GOES.





YOU PUMP THE NEXT ROUND INTO THAT GUN, YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU HEAR IT.



BATTLE'S  
OVER.

PAPA  
MIDNITE  
IS HERE.





MOPMOP.  
WHAT DID  
THEY DO TO  
MY BOY?

HE'S  
DEAD.  
CAN  
YOU HELP  
JOHN?



YES. I  
CAN HELP  
HIM.

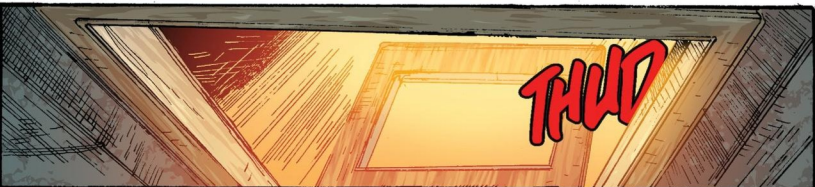


BUT WHY  
SHOULD I?

COME  
ON, MAN.  
ARE YOU  
SERIOUS?



ALL RIGHT,  
PAPA?  
I GUESS  
IT'S TIME TO  
START TALKING  
PROS AND  
CONS.





HE LISTENS, OF COURSE. SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT PAPA MIDNITE--HE'S NOT ONE TO LET PERSONAL FEELINGS GET IN THE WAY OF THE LONG VIEW.

HE HAS TO ADMIT IT: THE CULT OF THE GOLD FLAME IS MOVING FASTER AND FASTER, AND HE NEEDS ME ALIVE AND ON-SIDE IF HE WANTS TO STAY OUT OF THEIR REACH.

MIDNITE STARTS HIS CALL TO THE LOA AND WARNS LLOYD TO COVER HIS EYES SO THAT HIS SOUL DOESN'T FLEE AT THE SIGHT OF THE BONE PACT UNFOLDING.

SAVES HIM FROM THE INSTANT KILL. A BIT UNCHARACTERISTIC, TO BE HONEST. MAKES ME WONDER IF MIDNITE'S GOT PLANS FOR OUR LLOYD. FILE THAT AWAY WITH WONDERING WHY THE FETCHES TOOK CHRIS AND NOT ME.



THEN THERE'S A CRACKING SOUND AND A VOICE FROM EVERYWHERE STARTS TO ANSWER MIDNITE'S CHANT.



A TERRIBLE VOICE.

AND MY BONES RAM THEMSELVES BACK TOGETHER, AND MY BLOOD RIPS THROUGH MY HEART. MY SHREDDED LUNGS DRAW AGONIZING BREATH AND I'M ALIVE AGAIN, AND I SCREAM.

AND I CAN'T SEEM TO STOP.



AND ALL ALONG MIDNITE'S CHANT IS BURYING ITSELF IN MY FLESH...



...WHICH MEANS I'VE MADE IT THROUGH...



...AND MY PROBLEMS HAVE ONLY JUST BEGUN.



YES. YES.

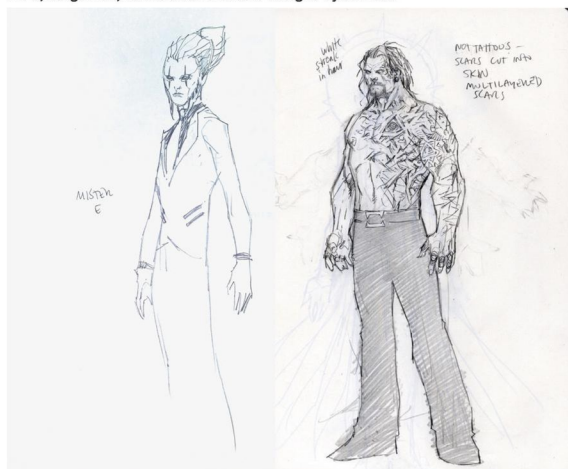
EVERYTHING YOU KEPT FROM US, CONSTANTINE. EVERY WEAPON, EVERY CHARM...

...ALL THEIR POWER...

...IS MINE.

# CONSTANTINE CHARACTER DESIGNS

Mr. E, Sargon Sr., Tannarak and Zatara designs by Jim Lee



Papa Midnite design by Brett Booth



# CONSTANTINE COVER SKETCHES

Issue #3 cover sketch by Juan Jose Ryp



CONSTANT INEQUITY WITHOUT COVER







"Vertigo's sensibilities and darkness in the grander, brighter DC Universe sandbox."

— COMIC BOOK RESOURCES

"Fawkes and Lemire do a great job of making this feel like the Constantine we know and love."

— NEWSARAMA

"This is one helluva way to start **CONSTANTINE**." — BLOODY DISGUSTING

## WHEN YOU CHEAT THE LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE, SOMEONE HAS TO PAY...

John Constantine is one of the world's most powerful mages. But that power comes at a cost. Nearly destroyed by its temptations in his youth, he knows the price of magic's corrupting influence all too well. Now, whether alone or as the reluctant leader of the Justice League Dark, Constantine fights the battle to maintain balance and prevent anyone from becoming too powerful.

That battle's about to become a war.

A deadly cabal of sorcerers is on the hunt for a mystical artifact that will allow them access to any magical resource on Earth. Now Constantine's in a race around the globe and against time to stop them. Along the way, he'll encounter supernatural forces even more dangerous than himself — from the wrath of the Spectre to the power of Shazam. Only Constantine can save the world from the cold flame of evil — but everyone he cares about may be lost in the process.

Eisner Award-nominated writers **JEFF LEMIRE (TRILLIUM)** and **RAY FAWKES (JUSTICE LEAGUE DARK)** and acclaimed artist **RENATO GUEDES (Wolverine)** conjure up the solo debut of one of comics' most legendary characters in **CONSTANTINE VOLUME 1: THE SPARK AND THE FLAME**. Collects **CONSTANTINE #1-6**.

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