
A woman dressed as a nun in a black and white habit is shown from the chest up. She is holding a lit cigar in her hands, with a plume of white smoke rising from it. The scene is set in a dark, gothic-style building at night. In the background, there is a glowing yellow neon sign with Arabic calligraphy. The lighting is dramatic, with a mix of dark shadows and highlights from the neon and the cigar.

Me. John Constantine.
A Bride of God?
Bullocks.

**SISTER
CONSTANTINE**



I THINK I MAY
HAVE A SPELL THAT
COULD SAVE YOU
FROM ETERNAL
DAMNATION. IT MIGHT
BE A LITTLE
UNCOMFORTABLE
FOR YOU.

IF YOU'RE
ABOUT TO ASK
ME TO QUIT
SMOKING AGAIN,
FORGET IT.
OTHERWISE, A LITTLE
DISCOMFORT NOW
VERSUS AN ETERNITY
IN HELL SOUNDS
LIKE A BARGAIN-
SURE. CAST
IT.



GOOD!
I JUST
NEEDED YOUR
CONSENT.

TSEHC SIH
NO SEIPPUP
YKREP

JUBBLIES?



ECAF
NEDIAM, ECIQV
NEDIAM

WHAT
ARE YOU-- MY
VOICE?

AARRRGH! MY
GUT'S ON FIRE!

EHS SI EH SA
,SPIH DNUOR EDIW
,EH SAH BMOW A
,NAM A EROM ON





BULLOCKS! HOW IS THIS SUPPOSED TO...

ENITNATSNOC
NHOJ ,ETAF RUOY
EGNHC I

BLOODY
HELL!

ENITNAT
SNOC RETSIS
ERA UOY NUN
A

POP!



NOW THAT
YOU'RE A BRIDE OF
GOD, YOU CAN WORK
ON YOUR
RELATIONSHIP WITH
WITH THE BIG GUY.
ALSO, QUIT
SMOKING.





**Sister
Constantine**