

SANTA CLARA,
CALIFORNIA.

I am *Lord Byron*,
lover of women and
hater of tyrants.

Maker of rhymes and
breaker of hearts.

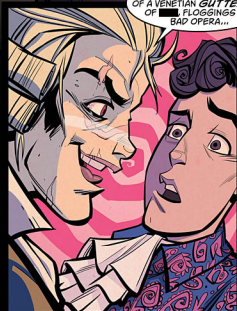
And tonight...it would
appear I'm on the menu.

DON'T LOOK SO
SHOCKED, POET. YOU,
TOO, MUST HAVE *FED* SINCE
YOU *AWOKE*? YOU MUST
NEED TO SLAKE YOUR
FAMOUS APPETITE.

AYE, B-BUT
I AM GENTLE...
A TENDER
LOVER...

WELL, I'M JUST A
POOR *BOY* DRAGGED OUT
OF A VENETIAN GUTTER FULL
OF *███*, FLOGGINGS AND
BAD OPERA...

...AND
I LIKE IT
ROUGH.



YES...I'M FEELING IT. FIRST UP...A CALAIS CHAMBERMAID. HINT OF GARLIC, UNDERNOTE OF LAPSED CATHOLICISM. PERFECT!

AND NOW...AH... NOW...SOME-THING MORE REFINED...

"...THE MOST GORGEOUS...LADY BLESSINGTON.

"AN ENGLISH ROSE...TO BE PLUCKED... AND ██████..."

"NOW, OH, THE PIGNACY OF THE FORBIDDEN. YOUR OWN BLOOD..."

"YOUR SISTER, AUGUSTA."

OH YES. VERY FORTIFYING. JUST A LITTLE MORE AND I WILL--

Peter Milligan
writer
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cover

NEW ROMANCER
DEAD POET'S SOCIETY: PART 3

DANGEROUS LIAISONS

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Shelly Bond
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New Romancer
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Milligan and
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WHAT
ARE THEY
DOING
TO YOU,
BYRON?

KRAK!

WH-WHAT
THE PUBLIC
HAVE
BEEN DOING
SINCE
THE PUBLICATION
OF CHILDE HAROLD,
MY SWEET.

ATTEMPTING
TO SUCK ME
DRY!

"I've been more
ravished myself
than anybody
since the Trojan
War..."
— Lord Byron

Bellefleur