



**BLACK
CROWN**

punksnotdead

#4 cover A
may 2018

**BARNETT
SIMMONDS
BIDIKAR**

PUNKS



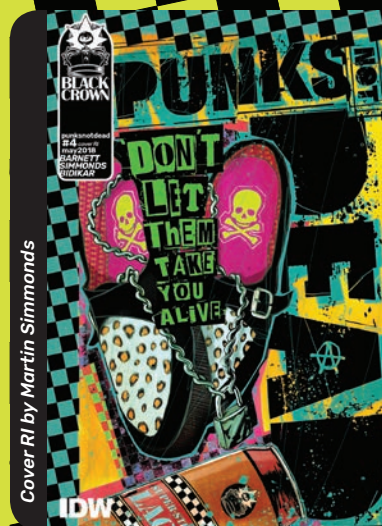
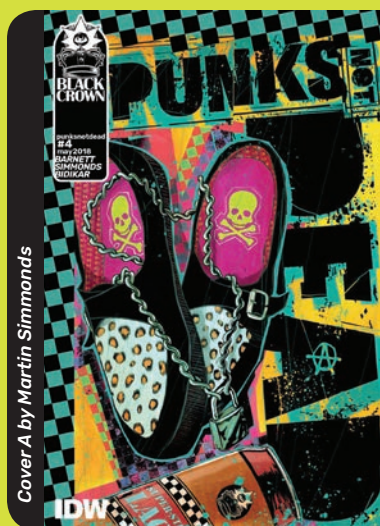
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THE STORY SO FAR...

Feargal "Fergie" Ferguson is a 15-year-old loner whose mum, Julie, has a very unorthodox approach to parenting. While they're both faking it for cash on a daytime TV show, Fergie has an unusual encounter in the toilets at London's Heathrow airport: he meets the ghost of a dead punk rocker called Sid, who only Fergie can see or hear. What's more, Sid's stuck to Fergie, and accompanies him home to the north of England. While both Fergie and Sid are coming to terms with the fact that where one goes, the other has to follow, back in London the quirky, covert, and highly deniable paranormal investigation arm of the MI5 security services, the Department for Extra-Usual Affairs, has just had its staffing levels doubled – to two. New recruit Asif Baig joins irascible department head

Dorothy Culpepper just as there appears to be a spike in paranormal activity. And why does it all appear to be related to music? More to the point, is this behind Fergie's sudden acquisition of uncontrollable psychic powers, or are Fergie's new abilities the cause of the mayhem? Seeking answers to both his unbreakable link with Sid and this frightening new energy which suffuses him, Fergie bunks off school to head to Wigan, where regulars of the late-lamented world-famous Northern Soul spot, Wigan Casino, are irresistibly drawn to the site of the old club. Unfortunately, it closed almost 40 years ago and the revelers are well past their sell-by dates. Can Fergie save the day, find out how to break his bond with Sid, and still get back to school before he gets detention?



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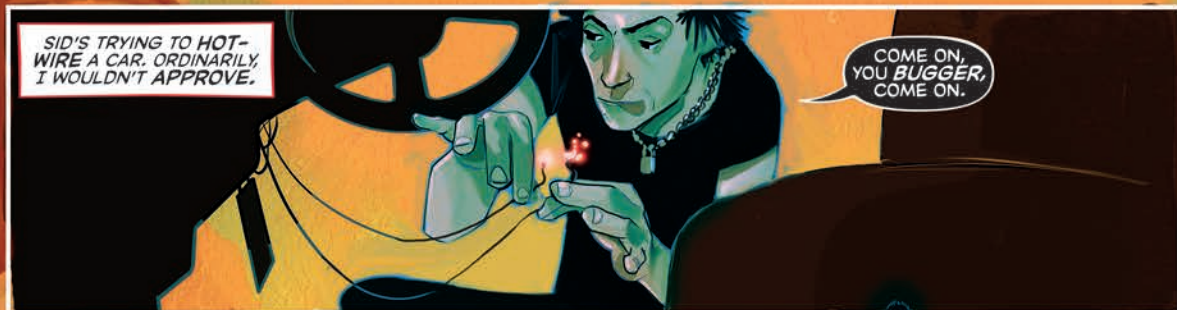
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SID'S TRYING TO HOT-WIRE A CAR. ORDINARILY, I WOULDN'T APPROVE.

COME ON, YOU **BUGGER**.
COME ON.



THIS IS
INSANE.

SO, WHAT
ELSE IS NEW?

O human race, born
to fly upward...



Wherefore, at a *little*
wind, dost thou fall?



IF THIS
GOES WRONG,
SORRY,
MUM.

AND
DAD, TOO. WISH
I'D **KNOWN** YOU.
WHOEVER YOU ARE.
WHEREVER
YOU ARE.



I **REALLY**
WISH THERE
WAS ANOTHER
WAY...



NOW, DO I
LOVE YOU?

Siiiiid!



KEEP THE FAITH TEENAGE KICKS

PART 4

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PUNKS NOT DEAD CREATED BY BARNETT AND SIMMONDS





One hour earlier...

BOSS! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL SOMEONE!

BUT BEFORE YOU DO...I HAVE QUESTIONS...

From: Asif Baig.
To: Peter Dale.

As requested, sir, the first of my reports from my attachment to the Department for Extra-Usual Affairs.

I wish you'd told me what this was all about.

BE STRAIGHT WITH ME...THIS IS ALL A TEST, RIGHT? TO SEE...I DUNNO, HOW GULLIBLE I AM?

THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT OF EXTRA-USUAL AFFAIRS THING...IT'S JUST A SETUP, ISN'T IT?

YOU SAW A GHOST YESTERDAY. WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT? A CHOIR OF ANGELS?

ELVIS RIDING THE LOCH NESS MONSTER UP THE FUCKING THAMES?

HEY! YOU CAN'T PARK THERE!

KNOB OFF, WOODENTOP. WE'RE THE FEDS.

AND COME ON, ASIF. YOU THINK WE'D GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE JUST TO SEE HOW CREDULOUS YOU ARE?

BUT...IT STILL FEELS LIKE... LIKE NONE OF THIS CAN REALLY BE HAPPENING...

And I wish you'd briefed me more fully about Dorothy Culpepper.

IF THAT'S MIS THEN GOD HELP US...

ARE YOU REALLY TELLING ME YOU'VE NEVER HAD A PARANORMAL EXPERIENCE IN YOUR ENTIRE LIFE?

She thinks it's funny to be racist and homophobic and downright offensive.

Even though I suspect she's just seeing how far she can push me.

She pries into my personal life.



MAMA!
PAPA! HELP!

She probes me for
irrelevant details.



NO. NOTHING.
I'VE NEVER
EXPERIENCED
ANYTHING.

HMM. WELL,
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL
TELL ME WHEN
YOU'RE READY.

She always seems
to know more than
she's letting on.



NOW LET'S DO
SOMETHING ABOUT
THIS **ONE FOOT** IN
THE RAVE MOB...

BLOODY
HELL. I DON'T
BELIEVE IT.
SID!

She talks in
riddles all
the time.



But I suppose I've a job to do and I'm going to do it.



So today she had us in a place called *Wigan*. You might have seen it on the news.

Dozens of *pensioners*, inexplicably dancing.



All to do with magic, apparently.

That's magic, sir. And ghosts, too.



As I say, and with all due respect...

...a more detailed briefing from you would not have gone amiss...