



VALIANT

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PETER MILLIGAN | ROBERT GILL

PUNK MAGNIBO



RD-13
MW



DAMN! WHAT KIND OF PERSON LIVES OUT HERE?

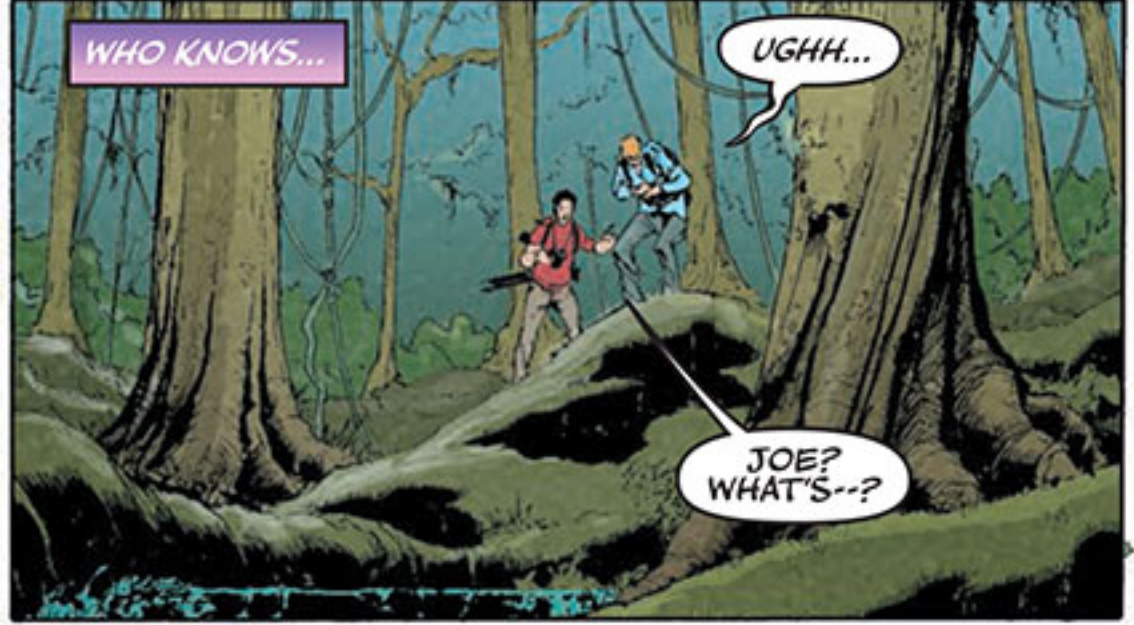
UH, A MAMBO WHO'S BRITISH AND PUNK?

NO WIFI, NO ROADS, JUST HUMIDITY AND BUGS. IT'S AWFUL, MAN.

IF SHE LIVED IN A NICE CONDO IN LAFAYETTE SHE WOULDN'T BE A PUNK MAMBO. AND WE WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN HER.



I MIGHT HAVE MET THE TWO GUYS FROM THE STUDENT MAGAZINE.



WHO KNOWS...

UGHH...

JOE? WHAT'S--?



I MIGHT EVEN HAVE TALKED TO THEM.

UHHH... HEAD... DON'T FEEL...



BUT THESE TWO DIDN'T DO THEIR RESEARCH.

WHOA...

J-JOE... I'M... I'M...

Y-YEAH...

IF YOU WANT TO
SEE ME, YOU
HAVE TO BRING
ME A GIFT.

SOMETHING
I CAN USE.

SOMETHING I
CAN BOIL DOWN.



IT HAS TO BE
HUMAN, MIND.

TWO JOKERS
FROM NEW YORK
TRIED PALMING
ME OFF WITH A
BLOODY PIG'S
HEAD A FEW
YEARS BACK.

THEY'RE STILL
WANDERING
AROUND OUT
THERE.

SCREAMING AT
TREES AND
SCARING THE
ALLIGATORS.



TONIGHT, I'M BOILING A REGULAR
GIFT FROM SOME LOCALS.

THEY LEAVE IT OUTSIDE
MY DOOR AND RUN,
HOPING IT'LL KEEP ME
AWAY FROM THEIR SONS.



BUT THOSE YOUNG BUCKS,
THEY COME LOOKING FOR ME.
THINK THE CRAZY BRITISH
MAMBO IN THE WOODS MIGHT
LEARN THEM A THING OR TWO.

WE'RE JUST
ABOUT READY
HERE.



SEVERAL MORE HOURS
FOR THE GLUE TO WORK.

IT TAKES HOURS,
SOMETIMES DAYS,
FOR THE HEAD TO
BOIL DOWN INTO
GLUE.



BUT WHEN IT WORKS WELL,
I CONVENE WITH MY
PERSONAL SPIRIT GUIDE.

SID VICIOUS, MY PUNK
VOODOO DJAB...

AND SOMETIMES
I SEE A GLUEY
VISION.

SEE THAT,
SID?

SEX PASTILLES

LIVE!

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 10 PM

THE CAMDEN CLASSIC

YEAH.
SEX PASTILLES.
SOUNDS LIKE...

SOME KIND OF...
TRIBUTE BAND?
OR MAYBE MORE.
MAYBE...MAYBE
MUCH MORE...

THEY'RE
PLAYING IN TWO WEEKS.
CAMDEN. LONDON.

OH, LONDON, SID.
WHERE I FOLLOWED
YOU.

HMMM...

DO YOU
THINK IT'S A SIGN,
SID?

DUNNO.

THANK YOU
FOR YOUR SAGE ADVICE,
OH WISE ONE.

I'VE BLOODY
WELL DECIDED.

IT IS
A SIGN.

PUNK MAMBO
IS LEAVING
THE BAYOU.





THE FLIGHT IS A BLUR, A DREAM. I WAS OUT OF MY HEAD THE WHOLE TIME.

FUNNY FOR SOMEONE WHO PRACTICES VOODOO, BUT I DON'T QUITE BELIEVE IN THE MAGIC OF FLIGHT.



THE CITY SEEMS DIFFERENT. LACKING SOMETHING.

OH, THERE ARE SOME PUNKS.



BUT THEY'VE BECOME TOURIST ATTRACTIONS.

THEY'VE BEEN NEUTERED. PACKAGED. THE PUNK EXPERIENCE.



PUNK USED TO BE SO DIFFERENT.

IT FELT REAL.



IT FELT DANGEROUS.

CONTINUED IN **PUNK MAMBO #0!**

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