

# DOCTOR SLEEPLESS

TESLA BOY GANGSTER



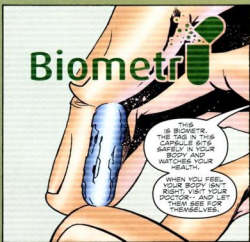
DON'T USE PIRATE LENSES  
PIRATING KILLS THE IM INDUSTRY



ISSUE 2 US \$3.99

 AVATAR

WARREN ELLIS  
IVAN RODRIGUEZ







SO I LEFT  
HEAVENSIDE IN  
SEARCH OF  
WISDOM, BECAUSE  
LUCK ONLY KNOWS  
THERE'S NONE  
HERE.

AND I  
WENT, LIKE SO  
MANY BEFORE ME,  
TO THE CLIMAXED  
RAIN FORESTS OF  
THE AMAZON  
BASIN...

BECAUSE, LIKE YOU,  
I'D READ ALL THE  
BOOKS, AND HEARD ALL  
THE LECTURES, AND I  
KNEW-- ~~AH, YES~~ MIND YOU--  
THAT MAGIC STILL  
DWELLED THERE.

HAVE YOU  
EVER NOTICED  
HOW MAGIC IS NEVER  
WHERE WE'RE AT?  
HOW WHEREVER WE  
LIVE ISN'T GOOD  
ENOUGH,  
SOMEHOW?



SO OFF  
I PLUCKED,  
TO FIND OUT  
HOW TO RECEIVE  
KNOWLEDGE FROM  
THE OTHER  
WORLD.



AHA, A  
PUNTER, AS  
THE ENGLISH  
SAY.



I AM DON BASTARDOS, AND I WELCOME YOU TO LA CHUPACABRA.



I... I THOUGHT THIS WAS LA CHORRERA.

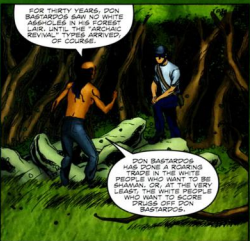
YOU WERE WRONG. YOU WILL UNLEARN EVERYTHING WITH DON BASTARDOS. YOU HAVE COME FOR THE AYAHUASCA, YES?

OF COURSE YOU HAVE. YOU ARE GREAT LANKY WHITE MAN. YOU WISH TO WORK WITH THE ANCESTORS. JOIN THE HEALING CIRCLE. ALL THAT.



THE AYAHUASCA, WHICH WHITE PEOPLE CALLED "TELEPATHINE" IN THE 1960S, BEFORE THEY LEARNED THAT WHITE MEN BEFORE THEM HAD TERMED THE ACTIVE INGREDIENT "HARMINE".

AND SO YOU ALL STOPPED COMING TO SEE DON BASTARDOS, FOR "HARMINE" DIDN'T SOUND HALF AS EXCITING. AND YOU ARE ALL BOUND BY THE MAGIC OF NAMING.



FOR THIRTY YEARS, DON BASTARDOS SAW NO WHITE ASSHOLES IN HIS FOREST LAIR, UNTIL THE "ARCHAIC REVIVAL" TYPES ARRIVED. OF COURSE.

DON BASTARDOS HAS DONE A ROARING TRADE IN THE WHITE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE SHAMAN. OR, AT THE VERY LEAST, THE WHITE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO SCORE DRUGS OFF DON BASTARDOS.



HAVE YOU COME TO LEARN AT MY FEET AND WATCH MY RITUALS?

WELL, YES. I WANT YOU TO TEACH ME.

YES. FOR DON BASTARDOS IS VERY CLEVER.



I BRING TRIBUTE. I'LL STAY AS LONG AS I HAVE TO, TO BE DEEMED WORTHY OF THE AYAHUASCA.

DON BASTARDOS CALLS BULLSHIT ON YOU.



DOES THIS LOOK LIKE SOME GURU TEMPLE TO YOU? YOU WANT TO GET OFF YOUR FACE ON JUNGLE DRUGS AND SEE VISIONS, DO NOT SHIT DON BASTARDOS.

DON BASTARDOS LIKES TO GET FUCKED UP ON AYAHUASCA AND TALK ABOUT OLD TELEVISION SHOWS. WHAT DID YOU THINK, SCRAWNY WHITE MANT?



WELL...

SPIT IT OUT, WHITEY.

I READ THAT YOU DO SHAMANIC WORK WITH THE AYAHUASCA. THAT YOU CONNECT SOMEHOW WITH OTHER MINDS.



HAI DON BASTARDOS READ THOSE BOOKS TOO.

WHAT? YOU THINK WE ARE HIPPIES OUT HERE? DON BASTARDOS HAS A BETTER CELLPHONE THAN YOU.



...THIS IS A SCAM.

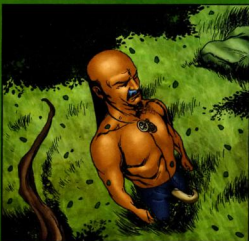


THIS IS NOT A SCAM, YOU ARE AN ASSHAT.

I'M NOT GIVING YOU A HIPPIE JUNGLE SHAMAN EXPERIENCE AND YOU CALL ME A SCAMMER?

THIS IS THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY. AT LEAST BY YOUR RECKONING, I'M NOT DANCING AROUND IN A COCK-SHEATH FOR YOU. I GET ANTIFIT LEVIS ON EBAY.















SHE OPENS HER PERFECT MOUTH AND THE SOUND OF A MODEM POURS OUT.



AND THEN ANOTHER. SHE OPENS HER MOUTH, AND THE ELECTRIC SCREAM BEATS UP INTO THE NIGHT.



ANOTHER TWO, THREE SIGNAL-SONGS HARMONISE. MORE.



FIVE, TEN SHRIEKY GIRLS, LOOKING UP AND DALLING IN.



INSIDE THE PLACE, THERE'S AN OZONE PRESSURE FROM THE MASS OF SHRIEKY GIRLS BEAMING INTERNET WHISPERS TO EACH OTHER.



SHRIEKY GIRLS DANCE SLOW CIRCLES ON THE FLOOR AS THE DJ PLAYS MOSCOW MINIMAL SPIKED WITH SHRIEKY MODEM-SOUND SAMPLES AND TRANQUILLISED BY SIBILANT FEMALE VOICES WHISPERING ABOUT SEX AND VODKA IN THE DARK.

SHREKY GIRLS LOCK US  
OUT OF THEIR WORLD.



THEIR SHARED GAZE PARTS  
AROUND THE ROOM IN  
FLOCK PATTERNS, HOMING IN  
ONE ON ONE GUY'S  
PIERCINGS, ONE WOMAN'S  
SHOULDERBLADE BRAND.

PEOPLE STILL FLINCH WHEN  
THEY SEE TWENTY, THIRTY  
GIRLS ALL TURN AROUND TO  
LOOK AT THEM AT EXACTLY  
THE SAME TIME.



A SHREKY GIRL'S LIPS  
PART, AND YOU EXPECT  
A SMILE, BUT YOU HEAR  
CONNECTION HISS.



ON THE FLOOR, TWENTY, THIRTY  
SHREKY GIRLS STOP DANCING,  
AND ALL THEIR BACKS ARCH IN  
EXACTLY THE SAME WAY,  
MOUTHS OPEN IN MODERN SIGH.



IT'S NOT THAT SHREKY GIRL WHO FINDS  
SOMEONE WORTH GOING HOME WITH.



BUT, WHEN MORNING FINALLY COMES,  
IT'S ALL OF THEM WHO SHARE THE  
MODERN SENSATION OF A WARM  
ARM CLOSED SOFTLY AROUND THEM.



IT'S ALL OF THEM WHO SEE HIM WAKE UP AND SMILE AT THEM AND LOOK AT THEM, AND SEE HIM KEEP LOOKING AND SMILING AT THEM EVEN THOUGH THE MAKE-UP'S HALF GONE AND THE HAIR'S BEEN SMASHED BY THE BED, BECAUSE IT WAS THEM HE WANTED TO BE WITH, NOT THE LOOK.



TWO, THREE HUNDRED SHRIEKY GIRLS SMILE JUST A LITTLE BIT AND HOLD AN INVISIBLE HAND FOR A WHILE.



SHRIEKY GIRLS ARE NEVER ALONE.

THEY LIVE IN AN INVISIBLE WEB OF CONSTANT SECRET CONVERSATION, TRANSMITTING RAW FEELINGS LIKE THEY WERE TEXTING NOTES.



AND I LOVE THEM.



TWENTY, THIRTY THOUSAND SHRIEKY GIRLS SMILE JUST A LITTLE BIT AND TURN AWAY TO DANCE.









ANSWER! IT'S NOT, REALLY. I CAN TEACH ANYONE WITH OPPOSABLE THUMBS HOW TO DO IT INSIDE AN HOUR.

THE TRICK IS IN HAVING THE IDEA, AND THE MONEY TO TEST IT OUT. AND EVEN THEN, Y'KNOW, THE OBTAINING OF MONEY IS AS MUCH AN ENGINEERING PROBLEM AS ANYTHING.



ANYWAY: THE SHRIEKY GIRL SYSTEM IS LITERALLY JUST HALF A DOZEN ABANDONED OBJECTS AND CHEAP ELECTRONIC RIGGING.

YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER, THE WORLD'S FULL OF THIS KIND OF CRAP. I CAN BUY A LANDFILL'S WORTH OF FAULTY OR OUTDATED BLUETOOTH EARPIECES OUT OF INDIA FOR A PENNY EACH.

SURE, THAT MIGHT MEAN I ACTUALLY NEED A COUPLE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. BUT IF I HAVE THAT...



AND THE WHOLE THING RUNS OVER CLATTER.

AND CLATTER IS, OF COURSE, FREE TO USE WHEREVER YOU FIND IT. NICE TO SEE NO-ONE FLOCKED WITH THAT WHILE I WAS AWAY.



CLATTER'S YOURS?

I BUILT CLATTER. I BUILT A LOT OF STUFF.



WHAT ARE THESE THINGS? I THOUGHT THEY WERE FOR PUBLIC UTILITIES OR SOMETHING, BUT...

AH, THE H-PLATES.

YEAH. PEOPLE THINK THEY'RE FOR THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, OR THE WATER COMPANY, OR EVEN THE POLICE.

THEY'RE NOT.











I'M GOING TO GET SICK OF YOUR EVIL GRINNING FUCKING FACE PRETTY FAST, AREN'T I?



YEP.

I'M THE REALIST VERSION OF ME THAT THERE IS RIGHT NOW.

REALIST MIGHT NOT BE A WORD, AND I MIGHT HAVE MEANT YOU AND NOT ME.



GOD, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN HAD A DRINK YET.

IS THIS HOW IT'S GOING TO BE? DRIVING MYSELF CRAZY JUST TO GET THIS DONE?



I'M THE ONLY VERSION OF YOU LEFT, JOHNNY BOY.

I MEAN, WHAT ELSE IS THERE? THE JOHN REINHARDT THAT DIED IN A HOTEL ROOM IN HAMBURG TWO YEARS AGO? THE ONE WHO NEVER ACTUALLY WENT TO THE AMAZON AT ALL?

THE ONE IN THE RUBBER ROOM RIGHT HERE IN HEAVENSIDE? NONE OF THEM ARE VIABLE.



