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A SUPERHERO COMICBOOK

**AUTOMATIC
K A F K A**

+ joe CASEY + ash WOOD

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NANOTECHNOLOGY!
FINALLY, ALL YOUR ARTIFICIAL
INTELLIGENCE SYSTEMS CAN
GET THEIR BUZZ ON JUST
LIKE THE FLESHES DO!

FOR YEARS,
YOU'VE BEEN LYING A
LIE... THROWING BACK
THAT YODKA GINLET AND
PRETENDING THAT IT
WAS THE ALCOHOL
THAT LOWERED YOUR
INIBITIONS...

FOR LITTLE OR
NO MONEY DOWN,
YOU CAN FINALLY LOSE
YOURSELF IN THAT
DRUG-ADDLED HAZE
YOU'VE GOTTEN SO
GOOD AT FACING!

THIS IS A FINE ARTIFICIAL...!



THIS IS
THE REAL
DEAL!

WE'VE COMBINED THE OPIATE
STIMULATION AND CHEMICAL REACTION OF THE
FINEST STREET DRUGS WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART
NANOTECHNOLOGY... SELF-REPLICATING
ARTIFICIAL ORGANISMS THAT STICK TO YOUR
MECHANICAL INNAARDS LIKE STICK
ON SHIRT!

WAKE &
MIRACLES... DRUGS
ARE BAD, BRATY!
WAS SUPPOSED TO
JACK SHIT NOW!

NOT TO THIS
DRUG YA FLOATING
PUSSY! DON'T BE
SO GODDAMNED
CONSCIENTIOUS!

DUE...



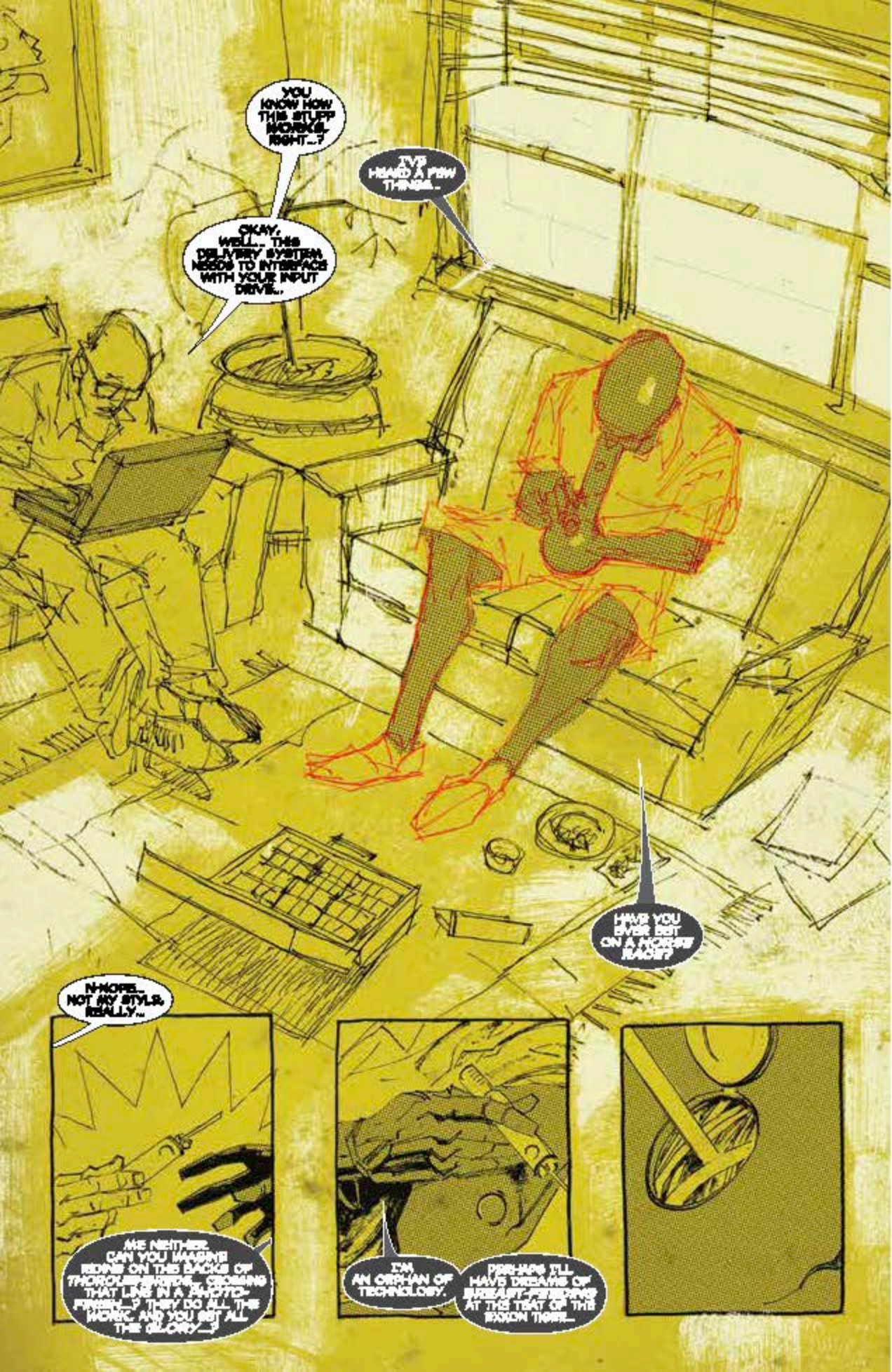
ARTIST'S REMINDER: NOT A REAL CELL.

NO BUTTS,
ASSHOLE! SLAM
THIS~!

OOOOOOO...
NICE!

THAT'S RIGHT!
TIME TO TEAR DOWN
OUR ICONOGRAPHY...
TIME TO TEAR DOWN
OURSELVES...





YOU
KNOW HOW
THIS STUFF
WORKS,
RIGHT...?

I'VE
HEARD A FEW
THINGS...

OKAY,
WELL... THIS
DELIVERY SYSTEM
NEEDS TO INTERFACE
WITH YOUR INPUT
DRIVE...

HAVE YOU
EVER BEEN
ON A HORSE
RACE?

N-NOPE...
NOT MY STYLE,
REALLY...



ARE NEITHER
CAN YOU IMAGINE
RACING ON THE BACKS OF
THOSE LITTLE HORSES, GRASping
THAT LIKE IN A SPLIT-
SECOND THEY DO ALL THE
WORKING AND YOU GET ALL
THE GLORY...



I'M
AN ORGAIN OF
TECHNOLOGY.

PERHAPS I'LL
HAVE DREAMS OF
BREAKFAST-PEPPERS
AT THE TRAIL OF THE
RACON THOSE...

Yes, this is the
feeling I've been searching for my entire
artificial life. This is absolutely organic.

I'm coming...

I'm coming...

I've never known
the touch of a
woman's hand. I
was built very nearly anatomically
correct, and yet I have pistons instead
of a penis.

I just wanted to be
human. I wanted what was
impossible. I want to feel the sunlight on my
face. I want to rich and I want to scratch. I want to
buy milk at the supermarket because I have a sudden
craving for cold dairy.

I've watched Monday
Night Football and I can't
join in the roar of the
crowd because I have
no idea what they're
getting so excited about. I can't laugh at sitcoms.

But I pretend
to laugh and I think I
have everybody fooled.
Except me, of course.
I always know the truth.
They think I'm more
human than human.

I'm much more than they
will ever be, but I'm not
human. It's my curse.
I'd much rather
dance than
dominate.

That's
one thing I
can do... dance.
Rhythm processors.
A drum machine
in my heart. I
can do the Tango
huckle like Travolta
in Fever. Where
is my Stephanie...?

crash