

THE INSOMNIAC AND THE SHADOW



WRITTEN BY CASEY SOMA
ILLUSTRATED BY RAPHAEL ACHACHE

THE INSOMNIAC SITS ALONE IN
HIS ROOM, ENDLESSLY ALIVE
AND DISPLACED.

LOST IN TIME THE SUN INSIDE HIS
HEAD RADIATES OUTWARD.

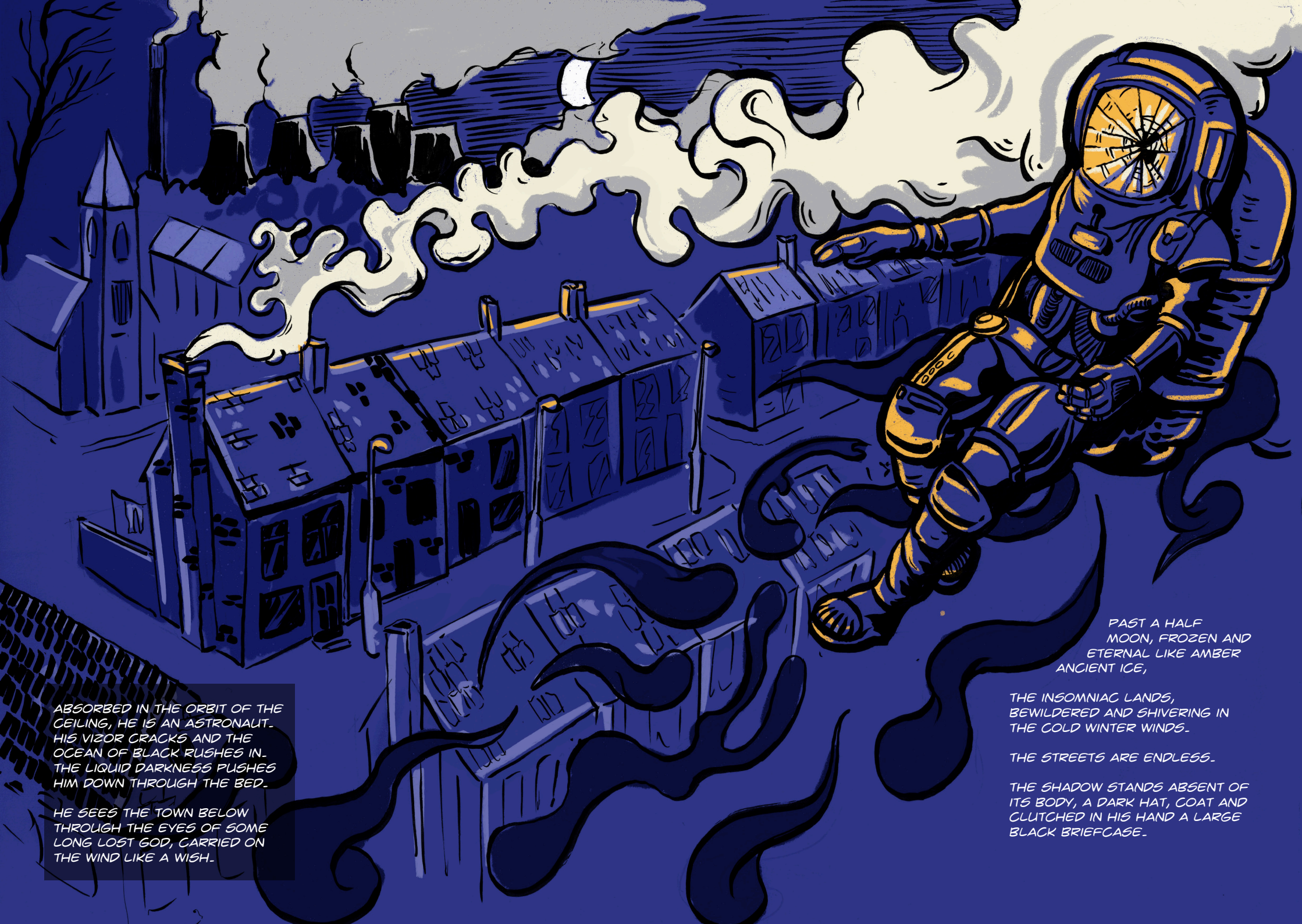
THE MOMENTS MELT AND MIX
LIKE WATERCOLOUR.



CALLING'S OUT, THE ECHOS COME AND GO LIKE THE PASSING OF SHIPS.

THE CLOCKS STOPPED HOURS AGO...

HE FALLS BACK ON THE BED.V



ABSORBED IN THE ORBIT OF THE
CEILING, HE IS AN ASTRONAUT.
HIS VIZOR CRACKS AND THE
OCEAN OF BLACK RUSHES IN.
THE LIQUID DARKNESS PUSHES
HIM DOWN THROUGH THE BED.

HE SEES THE TOWN BELOW
THROUGH THE EYES OF SOME
LONG LOST GOD, CARRIED ON
THE WIND LIKE A WISH.

PAST A HALF
MOON, FROZEN AND
ETERNAL LIKE AMBER
ANCIENT ICE,

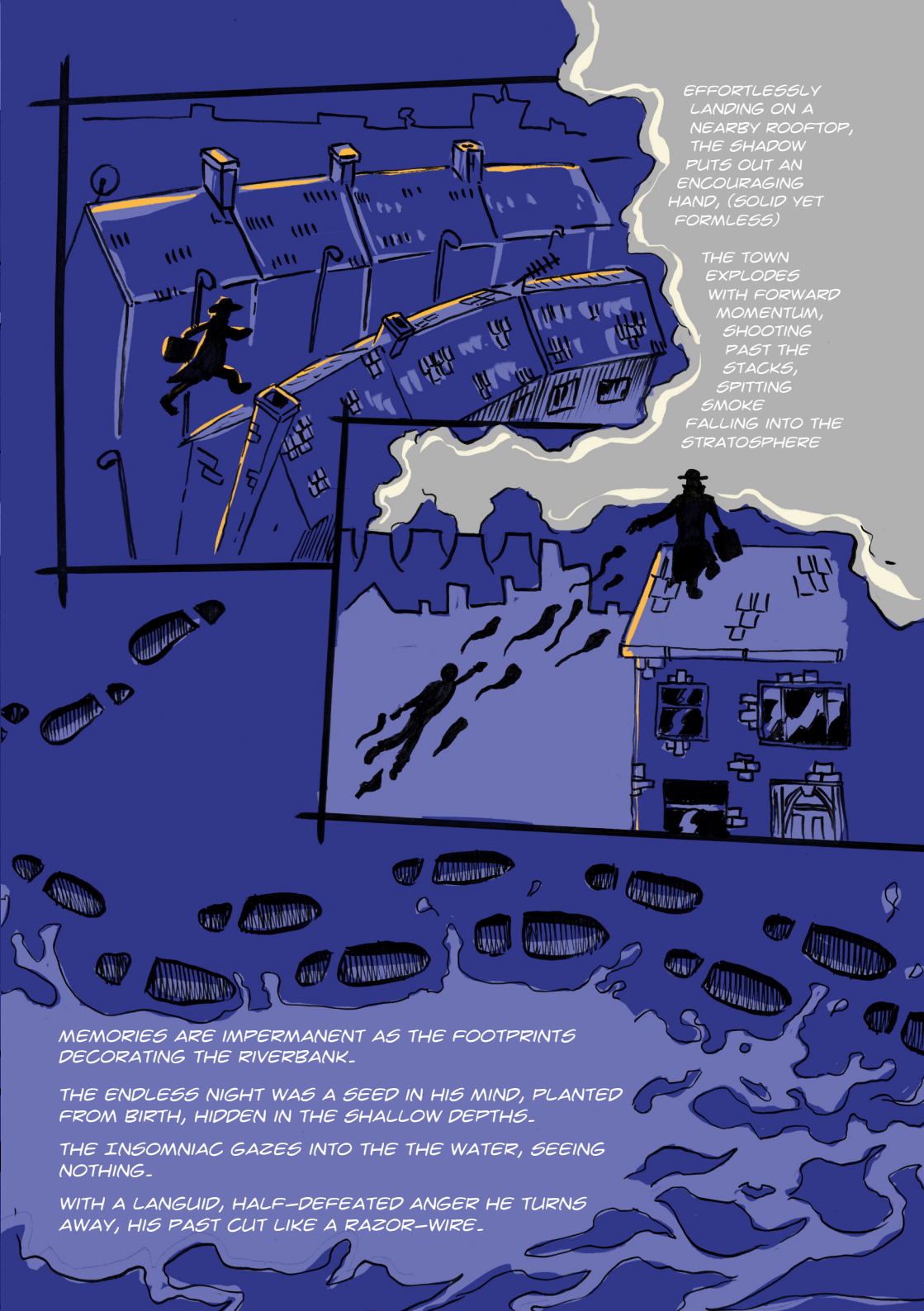
THE INSOMNIAC LANDS,
BEWILDERED AND SHIVERING IN
THE COLD WINTER WINDS.

THE STREETS ARE ENDLESS.

THE SHADOW STANDS ABSENT OF
ITS BODY, A DARK HAT, COAT AND
CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND A LARGE
BLACK BRIEFCASE.



THE SHADOW IS TALL, OBSCURE AND FEATURELESS. FASCINATED, THE INSOMNIAC WATCHES AS THE SHADOW RISES ABOVE THE STREETLIGHTS THAT STRETCH FOR MILES, GLOWING ACID YELLOW.



EFFORTLESSLY
LANDING ON A
NEARBY ROOFTOP,
THE SHADOW
PUTS OUT AN
ENCOURAGING
HAND, (SOLID YET
FORMLESS)

THE TOWN
EXPLODES
WITH FORWARD
MOMENTUM,
SHOOTING
PAST THE
STACKS,
SPITTING
SMOKE
FALLING INTO THE
STRATOSPHERE

MEMORIES ARE IMPERMANENT AS THE FOOTPRINTS
DECORATING THE RIVERBANK.

THE ENDLESS NIGHT WAS A SEED IN HIS MIND, PLANTED
FROM BIRTH, HIDDEN IN THE SHALLOW DEPTHS.

THE INSOMNIAC GAZES INTO THE THE WATER, SEEING
NOTHING.

WITH A LANGUID, HALF-DEFEATED ANGER HE TURNS
AWAY, HIS PAST CUT LIKE A RAZOR-WIRE.

THE INSOMNIAC WATCHES THE
SHADOW WITH THE BRIEFCASE, A
MOTIONLESS PHANTOM UNMOVED IN
THE GLOOM.

STANDING BENEATH THE
BEAMING STREETLIGHT,
THE LIGHT SUDDENLY
CRACKS AND BURSTS
OPEN.

A RAIN OF BROKEN
GLASS DESCENDS,

EVERY HOPE
AND DREAMS THAT
REMAINS YOUR OWN, KEEP CLOSE
TO YOUR CHEST.

THE POWER WITHIN STILL UNKNOWN.

THE NARROW LINES WE WALK BEND AND
SHIFT TILL ALL THAT'S LEFT IS SELF
DESTRUCTION.

LIFE IS READ TO YOU LIKE A PROPHECY.

YOU TRY TO CRY OUT BUT THE GUN JAMS
IN THE DARKNESS.

THE PICTURES, FRAMED AND
HANGING ON THE WALLS,
WON'T LET YOU
FORGET.

LACERATING LIKE A LIFE THAT'S GONE
TO WASTE.

THE DARK IN LIQUID AGAIN, BLEEDING
FROM HIS WOUNDS.

THE SOUNDS OF SHATTERED
GLASS SPILLS IN ALL
DIRECTIONS.

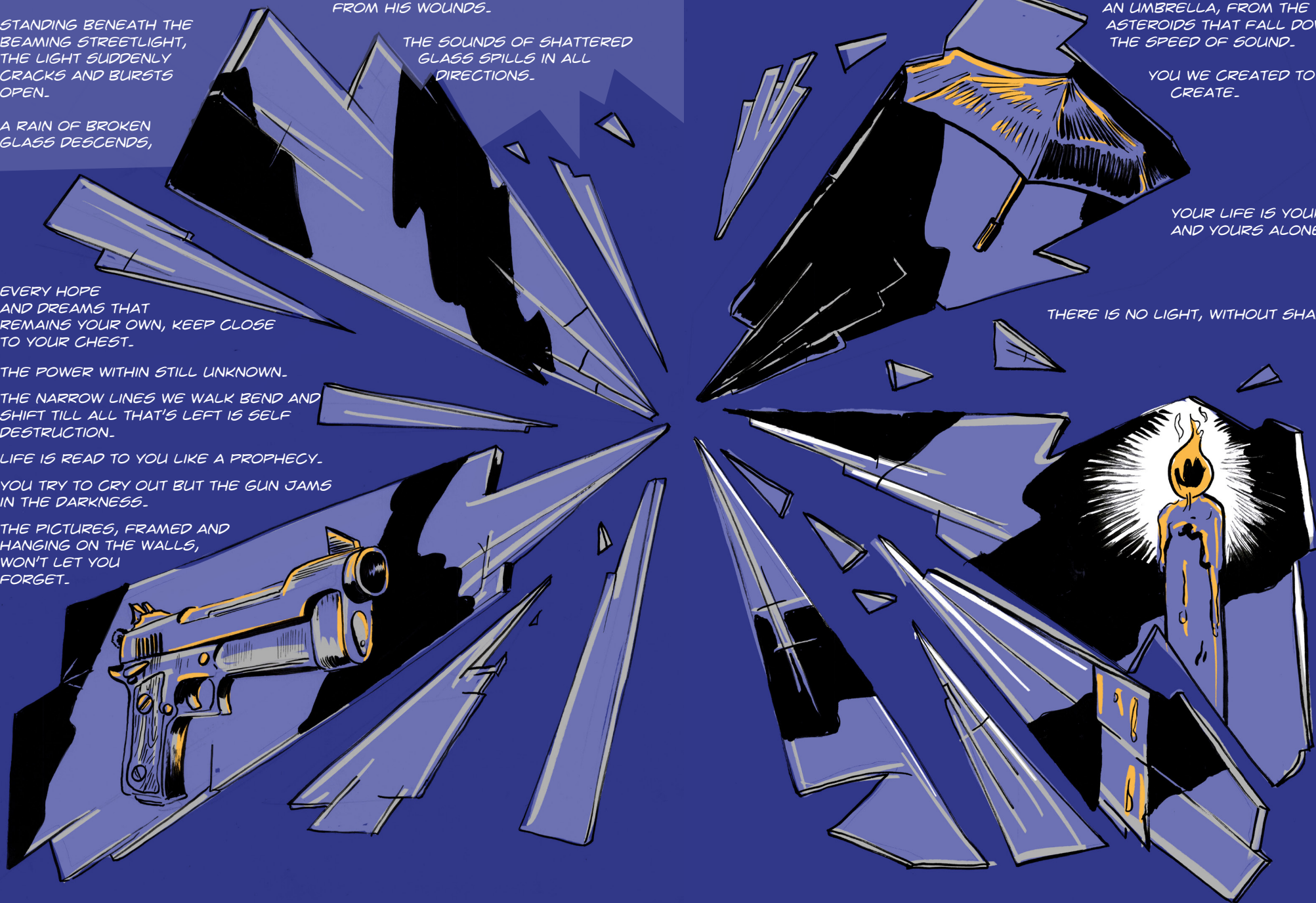
THEY MAKE THE STARS FALL FROM THE
SKY, ONE BY ONE CANDLES EXTINGUISH.

YOU PROTECT YOURSELF WITH
AN UMBRELLA, FROM THE
ASTEROIDS THAT FALL DOWN AT
THE SPEED OF SOUND.

YOU WE CREATED TO
CREATE.

YOUR LIFE IS YOURS
AND YOURS ALONE.

THERE IS NO LIGHT, WITHOUT SHADOW...



THE VOICE RISES HIGHER AND HIGHER IN THE WIND.

THE INSOMNIAC FOLLOWS THE LEAD OF THE SHADOW, UP THE HILL THEY PASS A VIGIL OF CANDLES ADORNED IN THE WINDOWS OF THE HOUSES.

FINALLY HE'S THOUGHT, SOME PURPOSE IN THE BARREN DARKNESS.

A PAIR OF PYLONS EMERGE AS THEY CONTINUE THEIR ASCENT.

AS THE SHADOW OPENS THE BRIEFCASE A SUDDEN FLOW OF ENERGY FORMS CREATING AN END-LESS STORM OF GOLDEN LIGHT.

A VISION OF PURE LIFE.

SHOWERING IS SYMBOLS, THE INSOMNIAC ASKS THE QUESTION, WHAT IS MY PLACE?

A PEN MATERIALISES IN HIS HAND.

TRANSFIXED IN THE GLOW, TIME BEGINS TO SLOWLY WRITE.

IN A COMMUNAL EXCHANGE WITH HEART AND HEAD, THE INSOMNIAC FINDS A PLACE BEYOND TIME AND SPACE.

THE BLACK SKIES THAT ONCE RULED HIS NIGHTS ARE NOW FILLED WITH ETERNAL LIGHT WITHIN HIS SOUL.

WHIRLING AND WHEELING THE MOMENT FINALLY ARRIVES.

LIKE CHANGE IT COMES FROM WITHIN.

PRAYER BELLS RESONATES...

HE BLINKS AND FINDS HIMSELF STANDING OPPOSITE THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE AT THE TIP OF THE PYLON.

MY LIFE
IS MINE
AND MINE
ALONE...



" THE LAST REFUGE OF THE
INSOMNIAC IS A SENSE OF
SUPERIORITY TO THE
SLEEPING WORLD "

-LEONARD COHEN

THE WORLD VIBRATES WITH A NEW FREQUENCY.
THE PATH ALWAYS LEADS INWARD,
RETURNING TO THE DAWN, DORMANT IN THE MIND.
ONLY TIME AND PAIN MAKE HIM BORN AGAIN
FOR THE INSOMNIAC WAKING LIFE WAS AN ENDLESS DEATH.
RETURNING TO DAWN, RETURNING TO THE BREATH.
EACH NEW DAY IS A GIFT BROUGHT BY A SHIFT TOWARDS TRUTH,
ALL HE NEEDED WAS PROOF.

THE INSOMNIAC HAD TO FALL ASLEEP TO
FINALLY WAKE UP.

