

R I V E N I S

DISKORDIA™

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10

THE KING OF CROWS

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THE KING OF CROWS

Created & owned By
Rivenis
suggested for mature readers

Dedicated to Pinky Dadu

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T H E R E I S N O S T A T U S - Q U O

I remember when
I first heard his
voice.



I swear it was
like a child's
laughter.



So sweet and
full of awkward
sincerity.



He gave me a new perspective.
He gave me confidence in my
thoughts when my own reserves
were almost depleted.



It was like a salve
to my mind; tired
as it was beyond its
years



Such wonder to
behold. Such splendor
and unmatched beauty.



He showed me that
together we could
raise our heads...

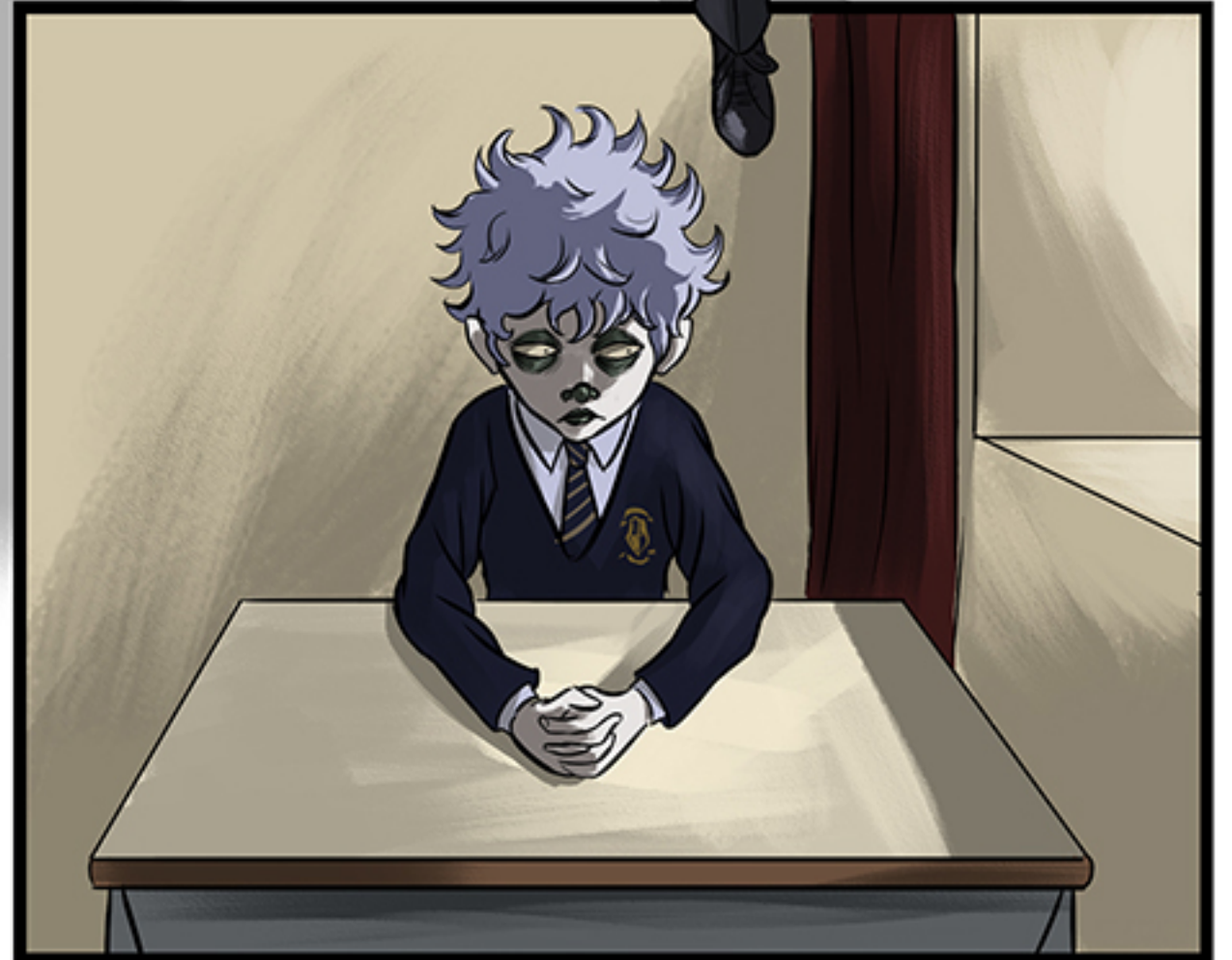
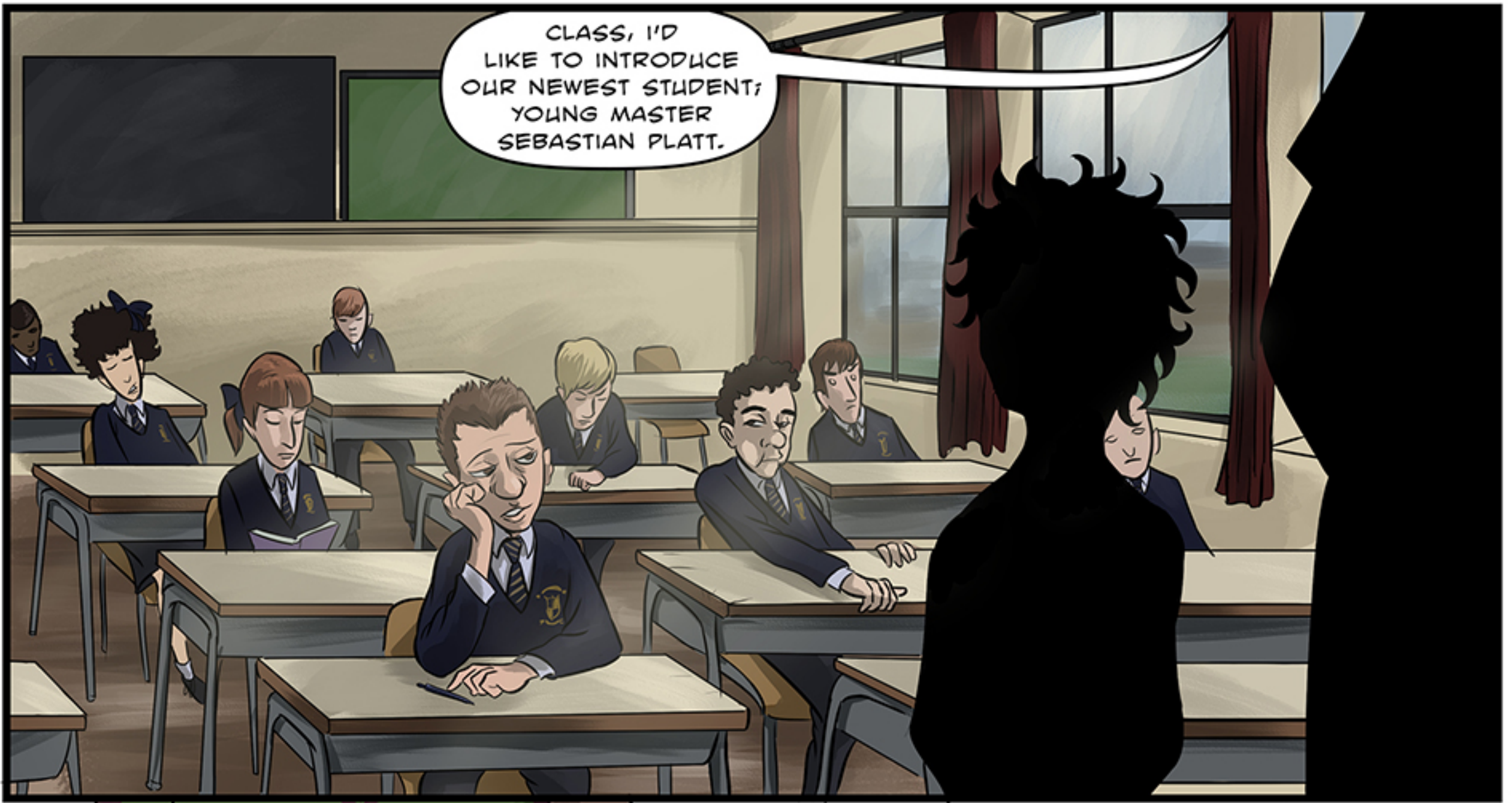


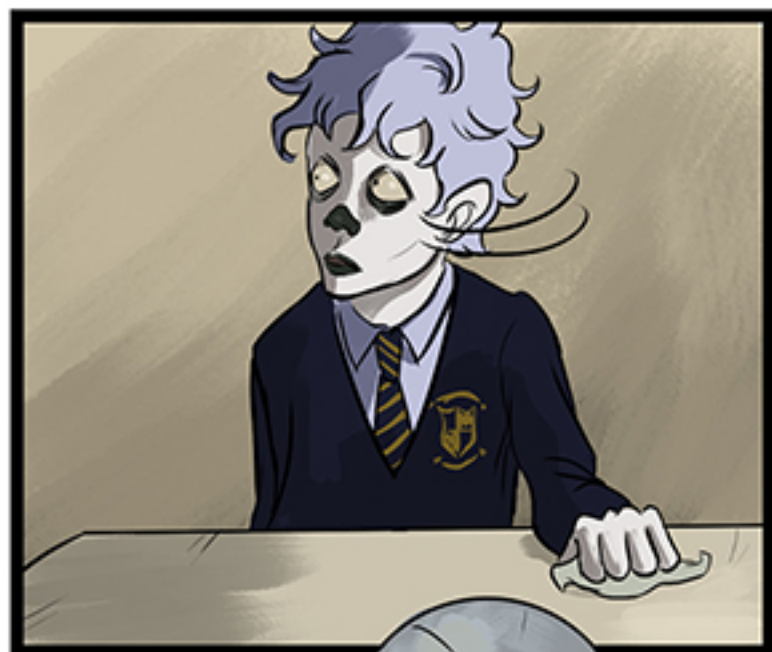
...above
the
clouds

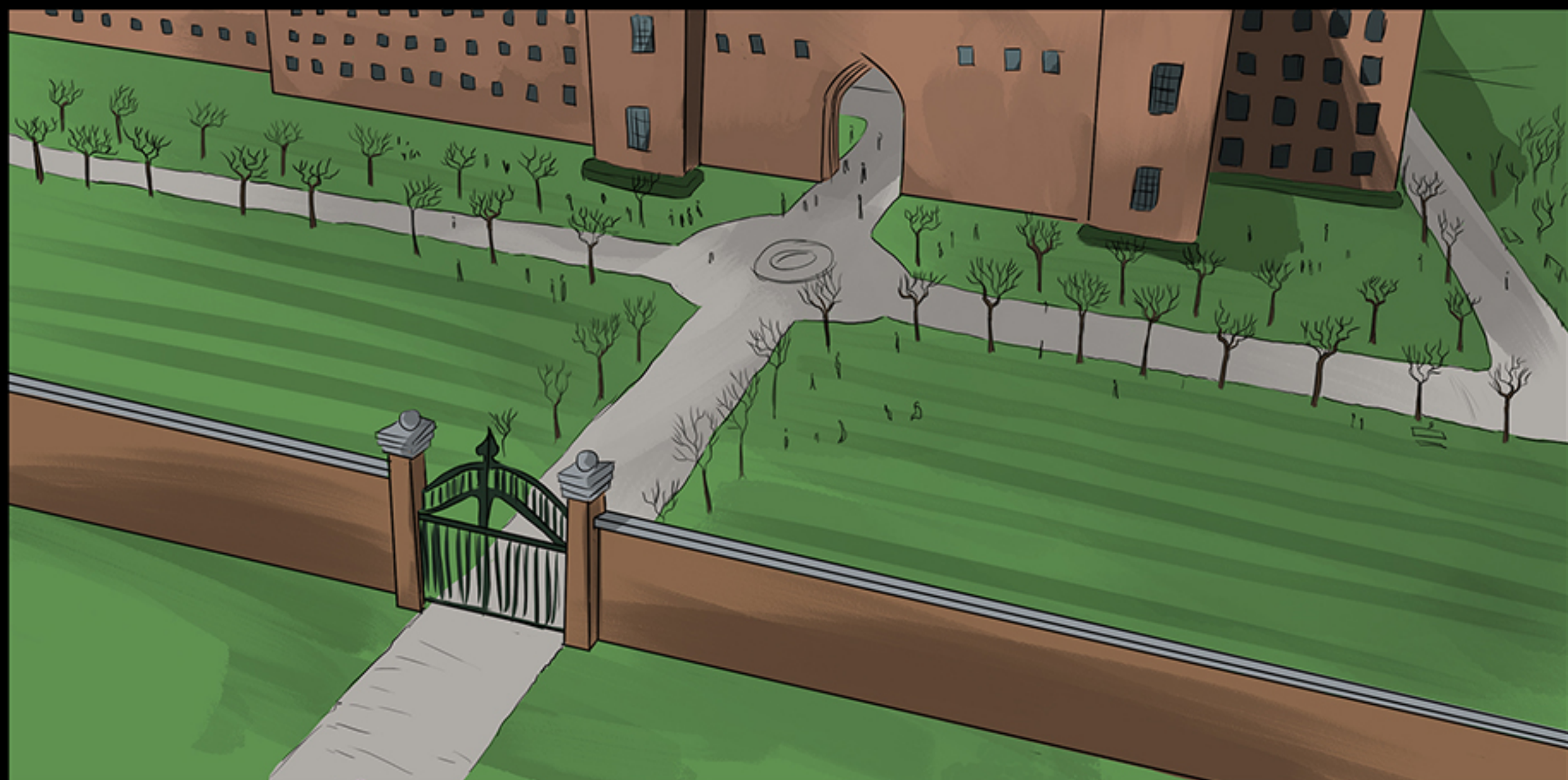


...Beyond
eternity









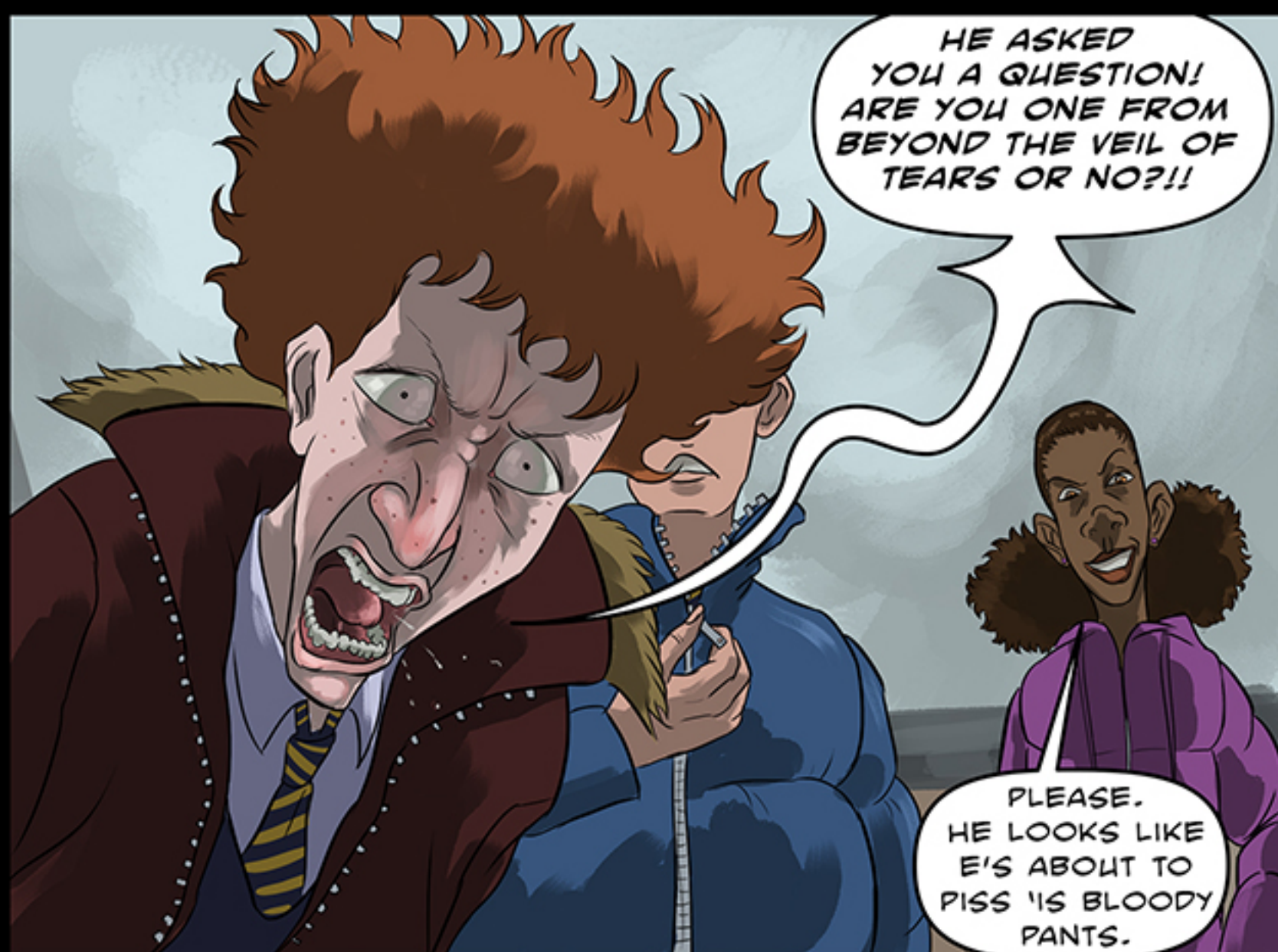




ARE YOU
A DISCIPLE?
ARE YOU ONE
OF HIS?



W-WHAT?



HE ASKED
YOU A QUESTION!
ARE YOU ONE FROM
BEYOND THE VEIL OF
TEARS OR NO?!!

PLEASE.
HE LOOKS LIKE
E'S ABOUT TO
PISS 'IS BLOODY
PANTS.



UM...
I DON'T KN--

**SPEAK
UP!**



M-MY NAME
IS SEBASTIAN
PLATT. THIS IS
MY FIRST DAY



...

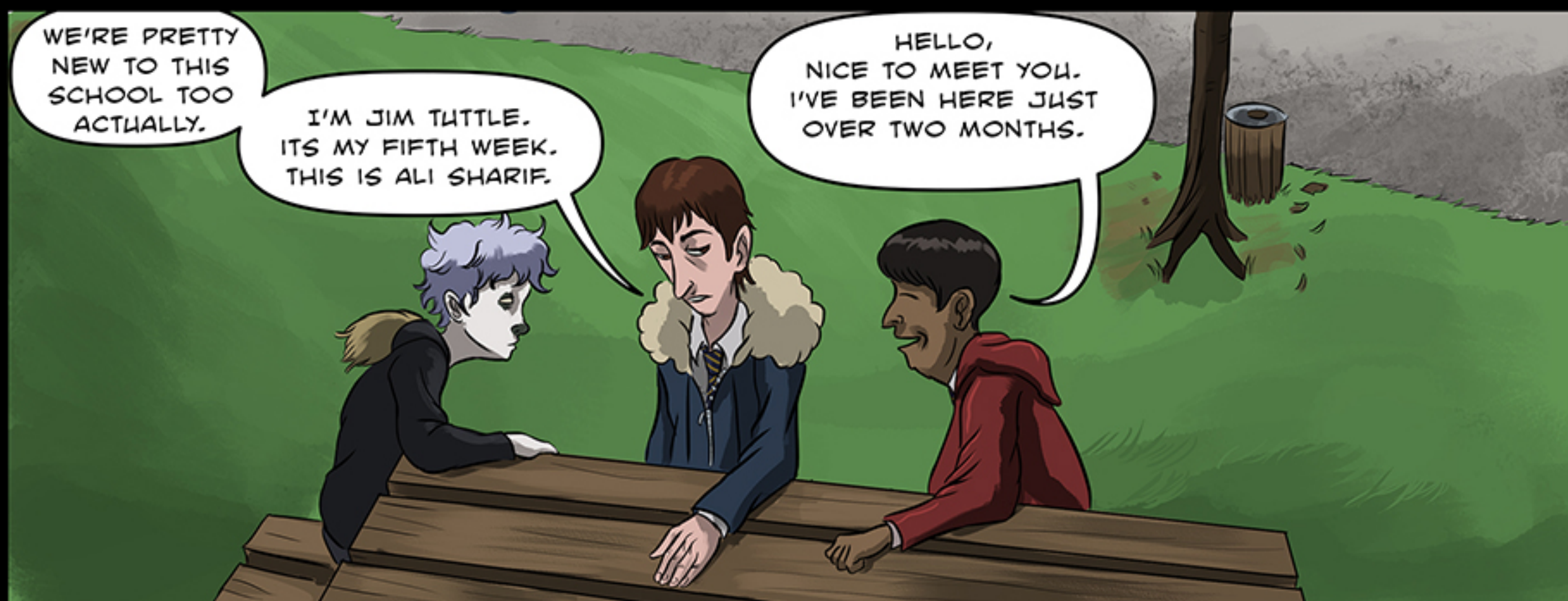


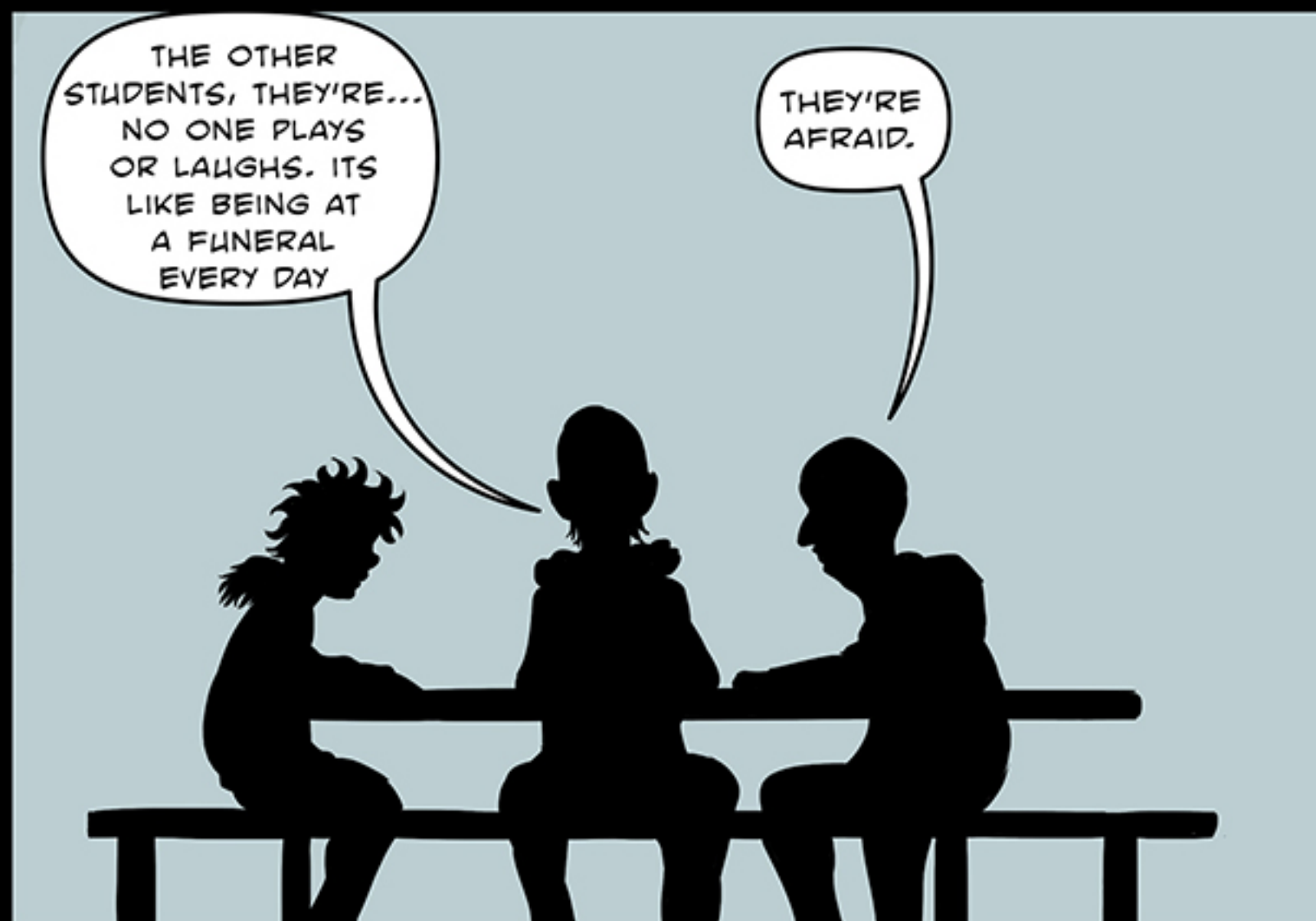
I WAS SO
SURE THIS
TIME.

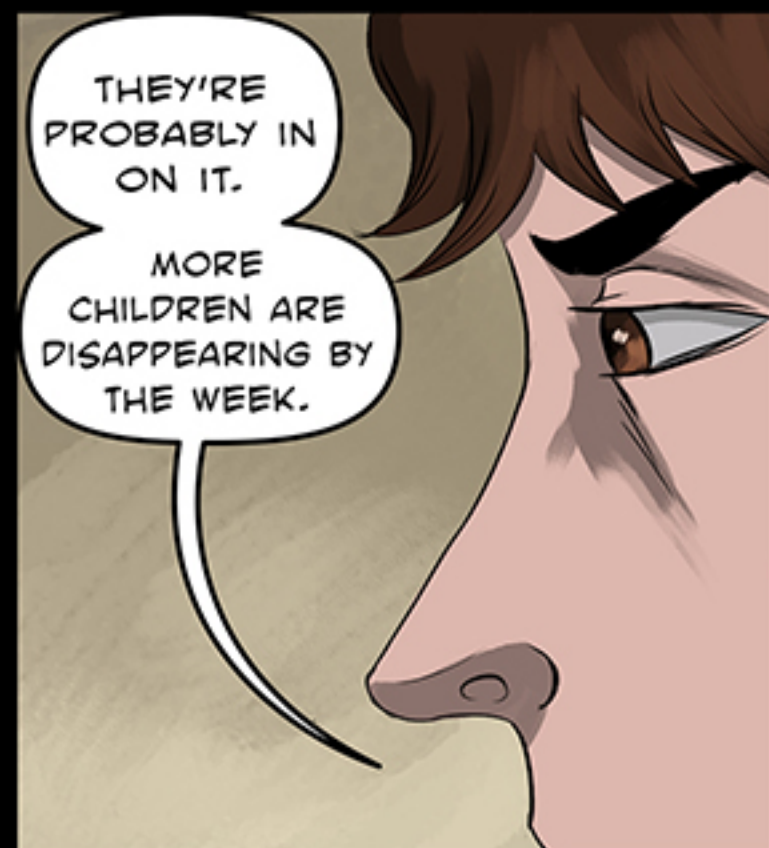
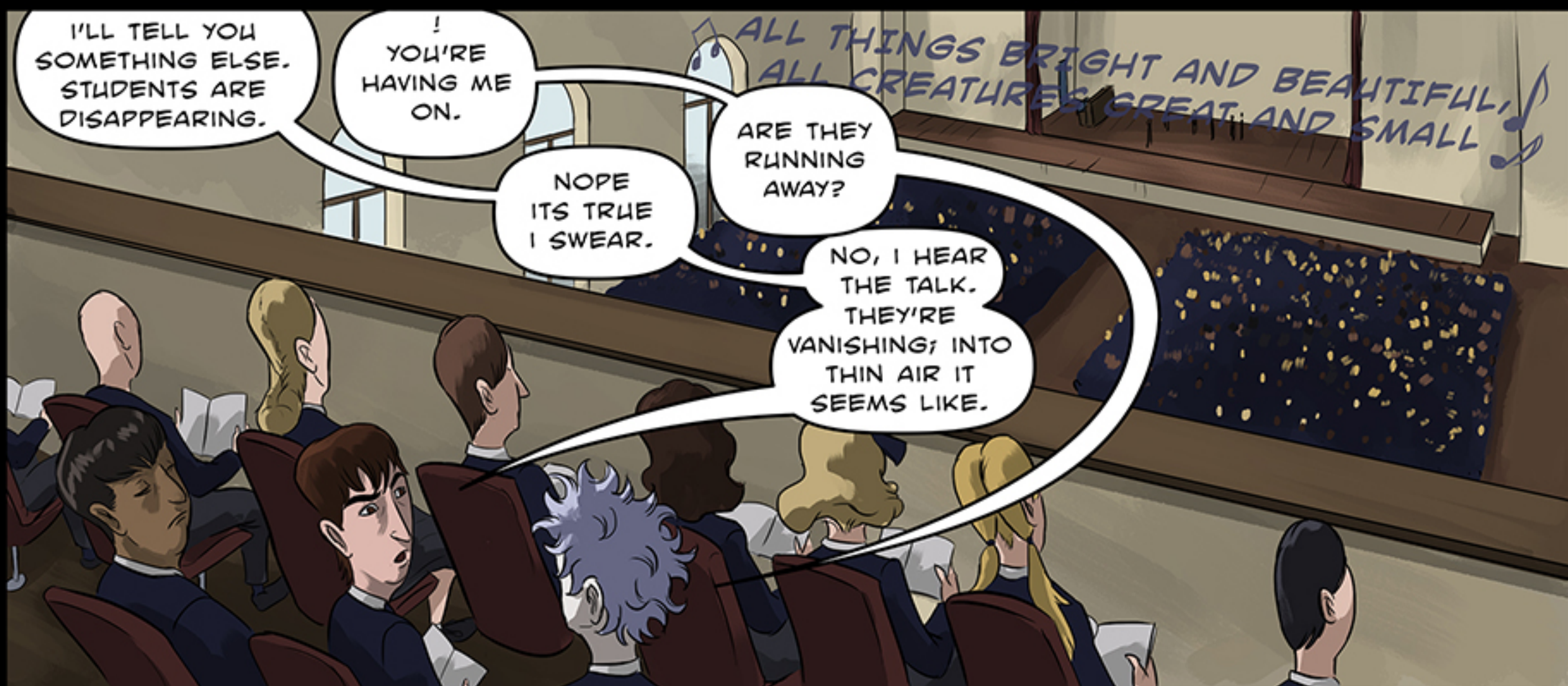
JUST BECAUSE
OF WHAT ADAM
SAID?

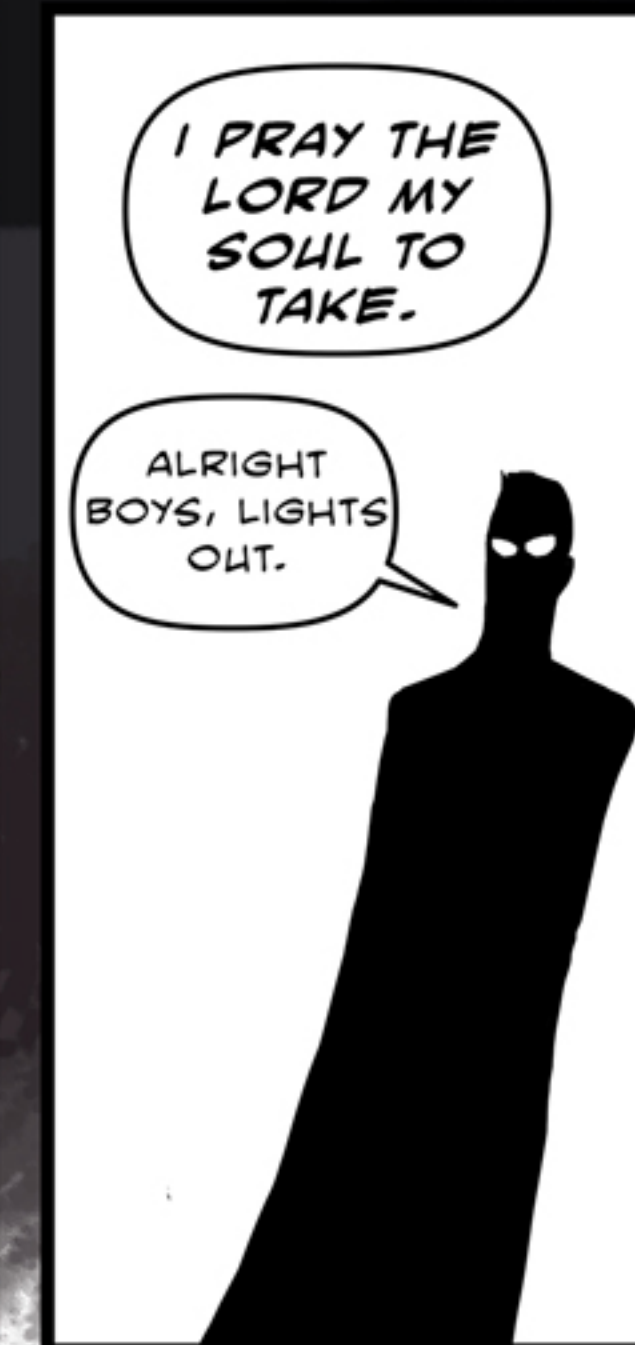
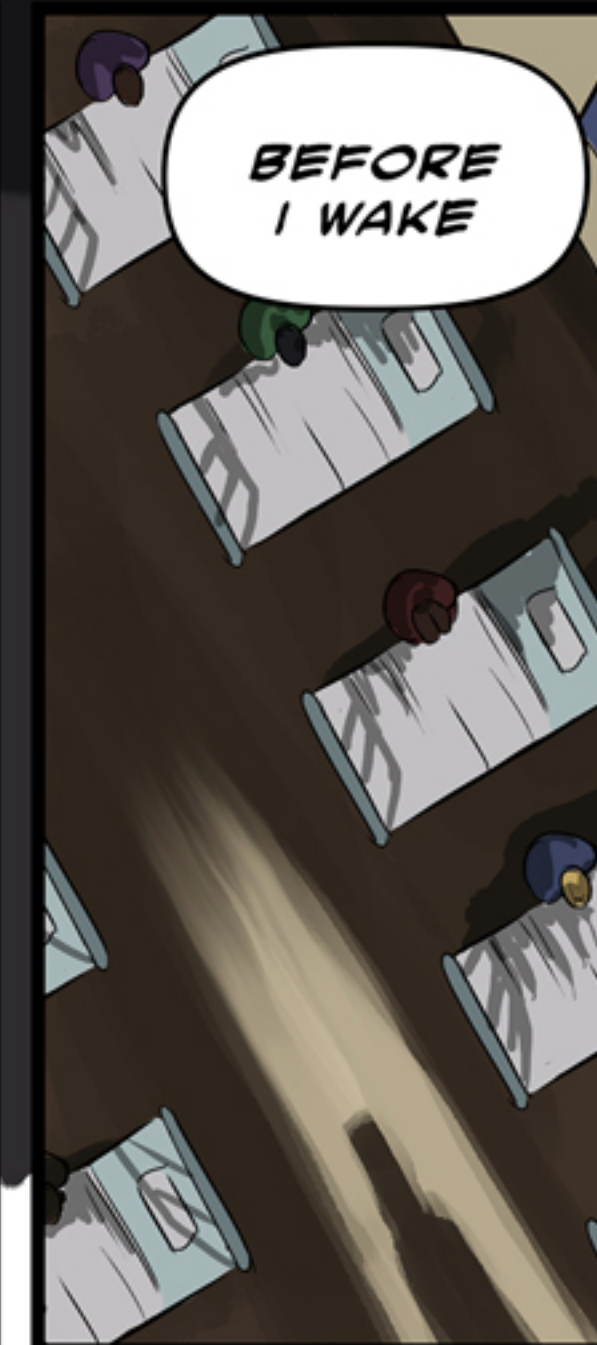
THATS
NONSENSE.

AM I CRAZY?
I MEAN,
LOOK AT
'IM.





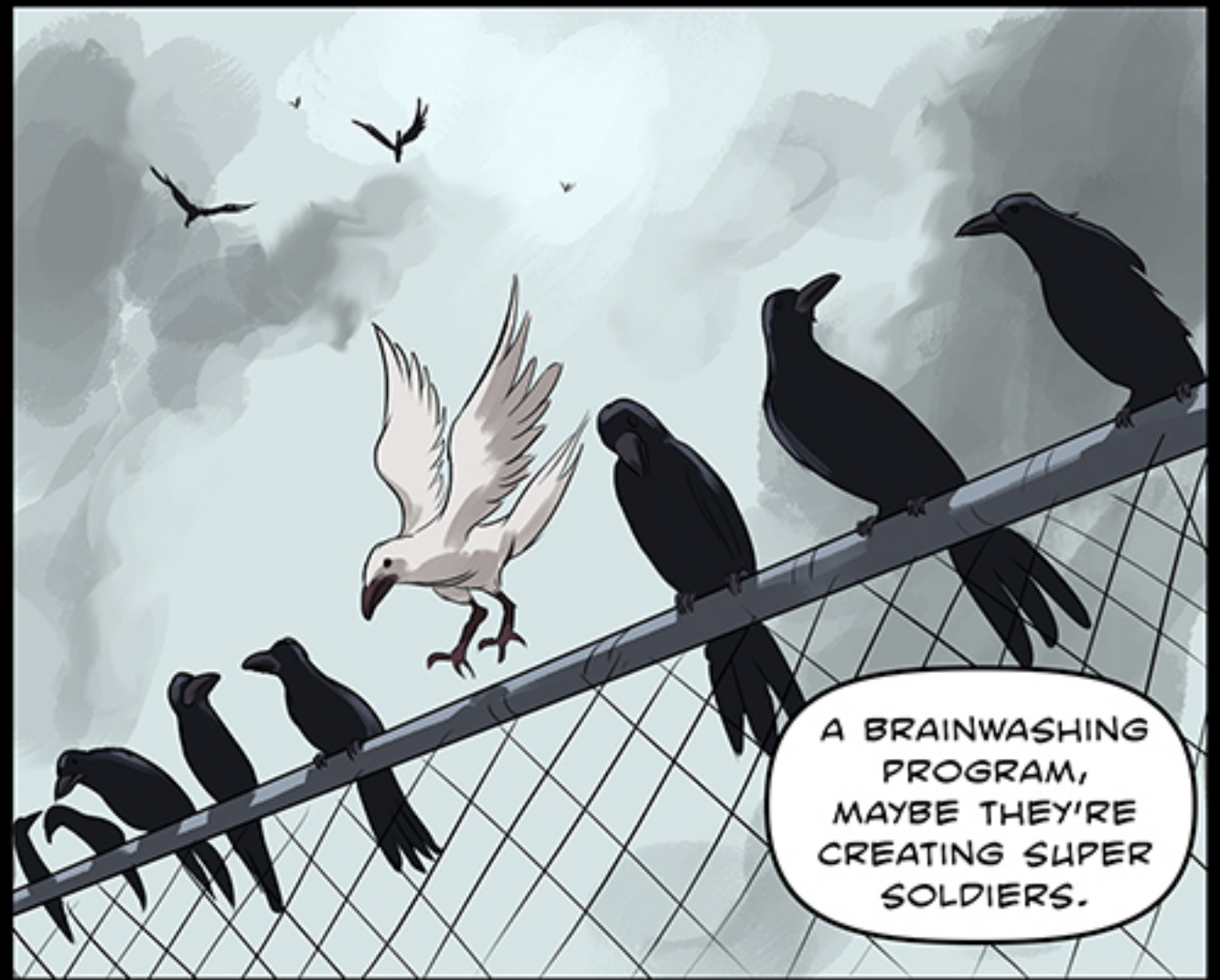


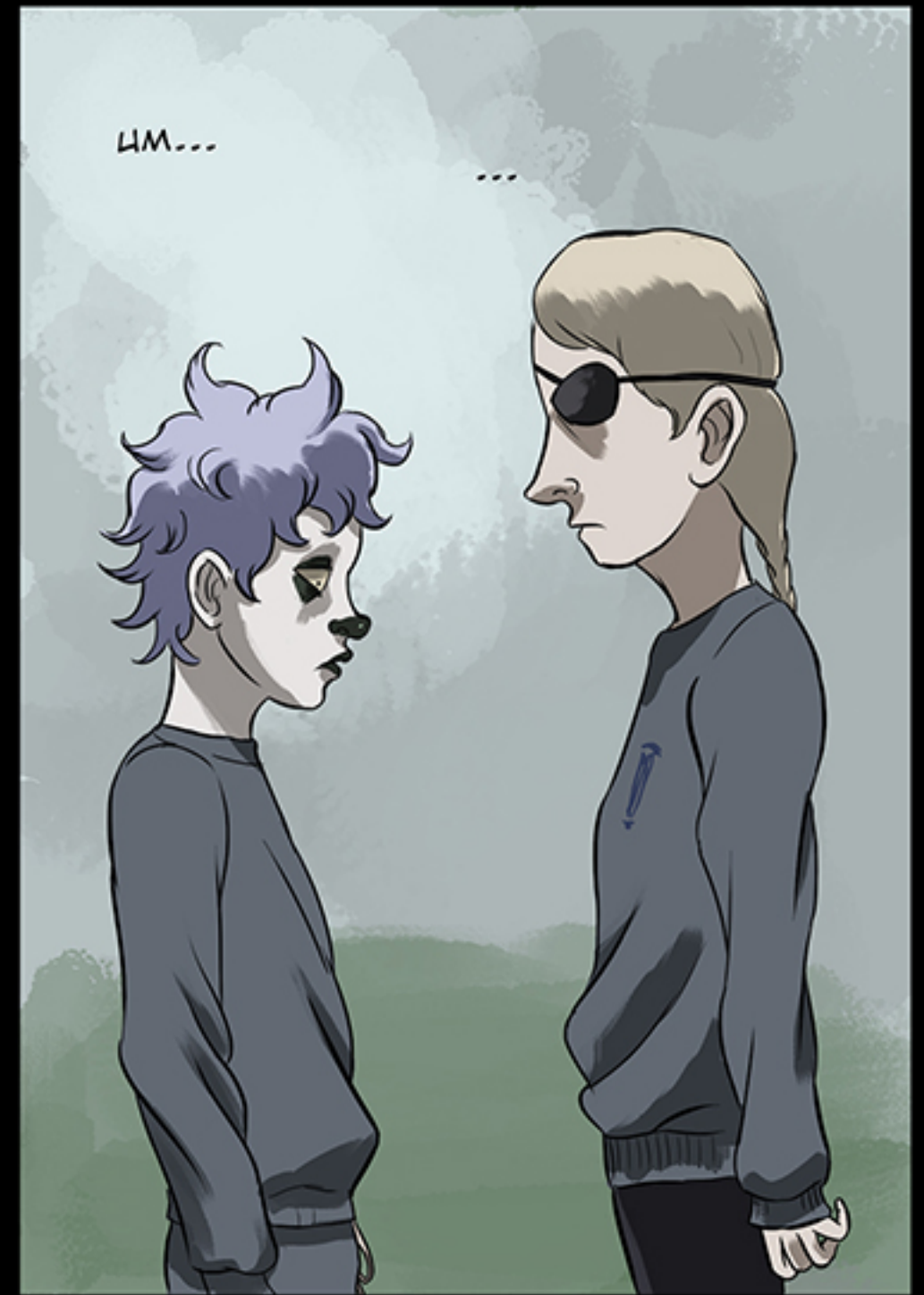
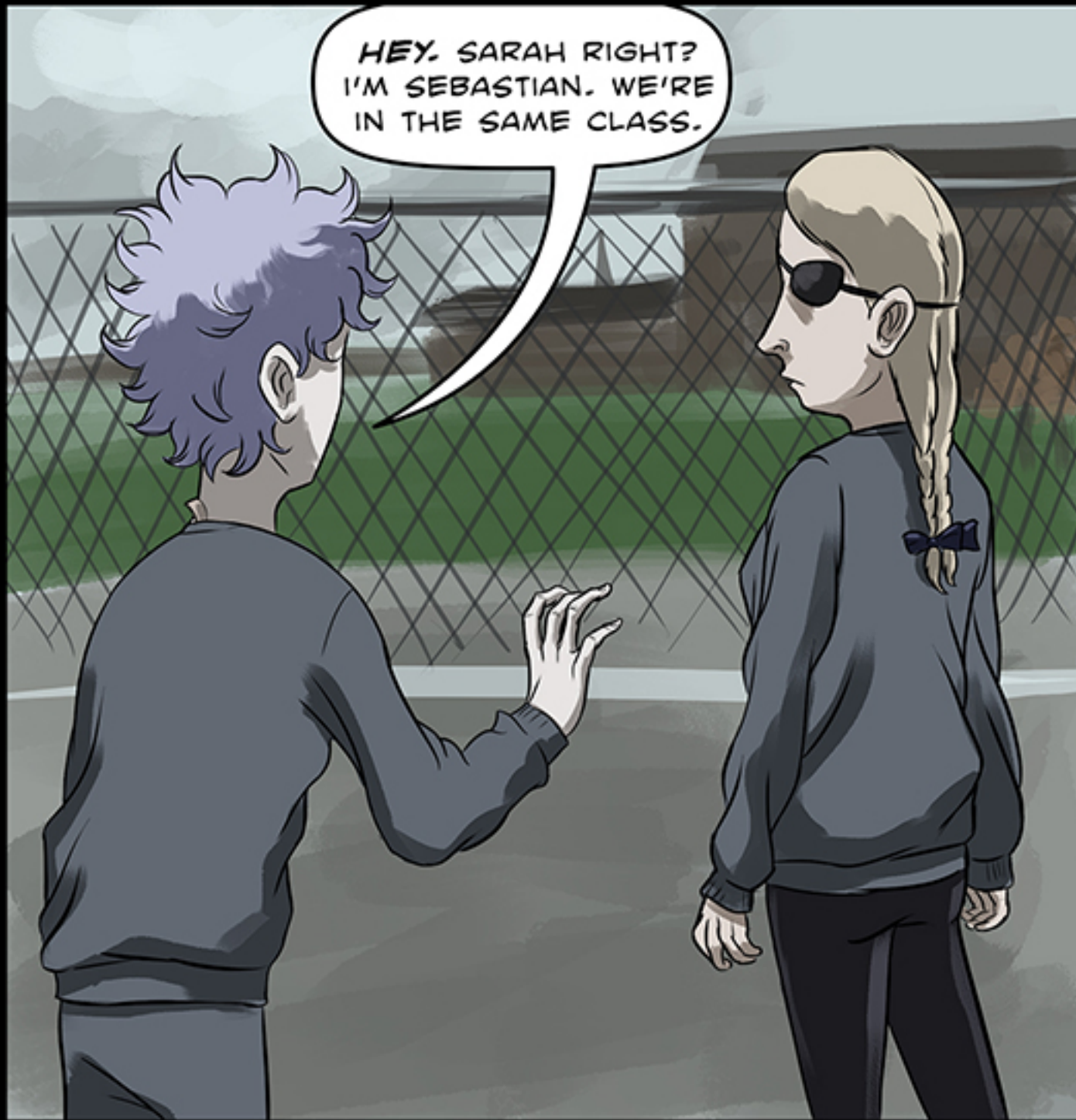


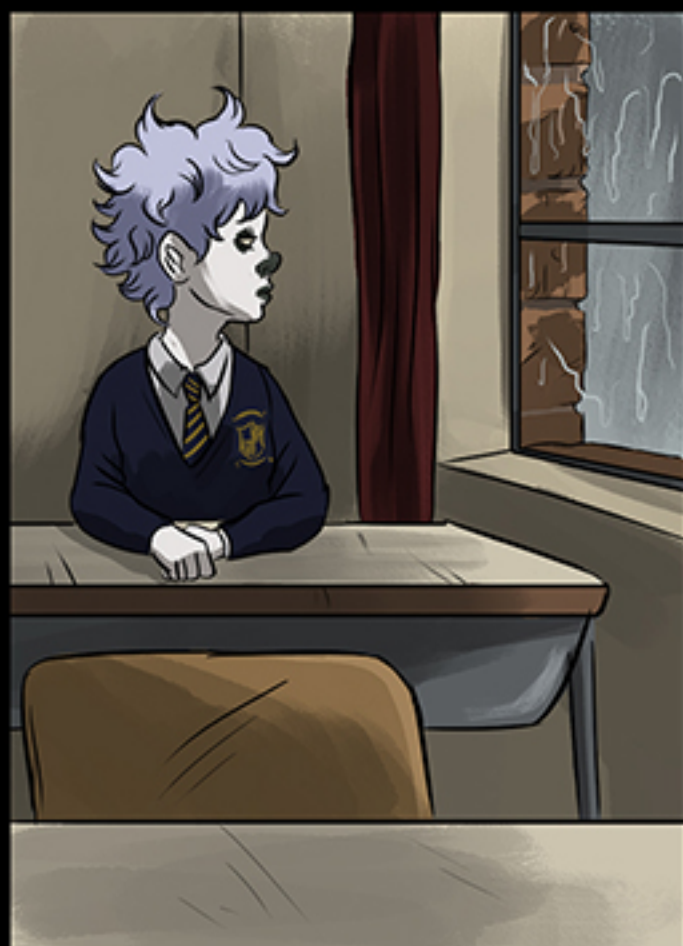


















I DON'T KNOW MUCH.
IT'S SOME KIND OF CULT I THINK.



THEY WORSHIP SOMETHING THEY CALL ZIPPERHEAD.
SOUNDS PRETTY IDIOTIC DOESN'T IT?



EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT IT'S IN EVERYONE'S HEADS.

IT'S LIKE A VIRUS.

YOU'VE ALL HAD THE DREAM RIGHT?

YOU FOUND ALL THIS OUT WHEN THEY TOOK YOU?



I HAVE...HAD AN OLDER BROTHER.

HE WAS FRIENDS WITH THOSE THREE. HE HAD A LOT OF FRIENDS. HE WAS POPULAR AND LIKEABLE LIKE THAT.



IT WAS GRADUAL AT FIRST, THE CHANGE THAT CAME OVER HIM.

HE WOULD GO ON ABOUT LOOKING INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE VOID AND FINDING SOMETHING OF BEAUTY THERE. THE OTHERS, THEY FOLLOWED HIM INTO HIS MADNESS.

HE TOLD ME THAT THAT LIMITLESS BEAUTY WAS BEYOND THE ABILITY OF HUMANS TO EVER REACH.

ZIPPERHEAD HAD TOLD HIM SO HE SAID.





HE SAID THAT ZIPPERHEAD WAS AN OLD GOD, ONE THAT HAD BEEN LIVING IN THE DARKNESS OF THIS SCHOOL FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

BY THE TIME I REALIZED HE WAS NO LONGER MY BROTHER IT WAS TOO LATE.



IT WAS A SACRIFICE OF LOVE. IT WAS SOMETHING ZIPPERHEAD NEEDED.

MY BROTHER TOLD ME THIS AS HE RIPPED MY EYE OUT OF THE SOCKET.



THAT WAS ALMOST A YEAR AGO. NOW WHATEVER IT IS IS SLOWLY EATING THIS SCHOOL AND EVERYONE IN IT.

WE'RE ALREADY HIS. WE KNOW IT IN OUR BONES. ITS JUST THE WAIT NOW.



N-NO! I WON'T ACCEPT THAT. MAYBE WE COULD GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO OUR PARENTS.

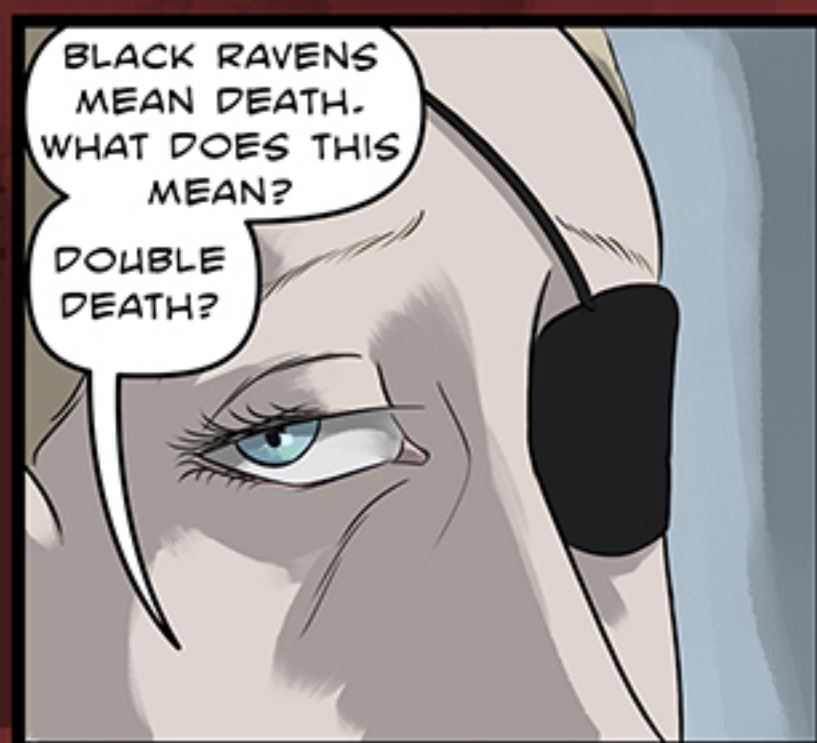
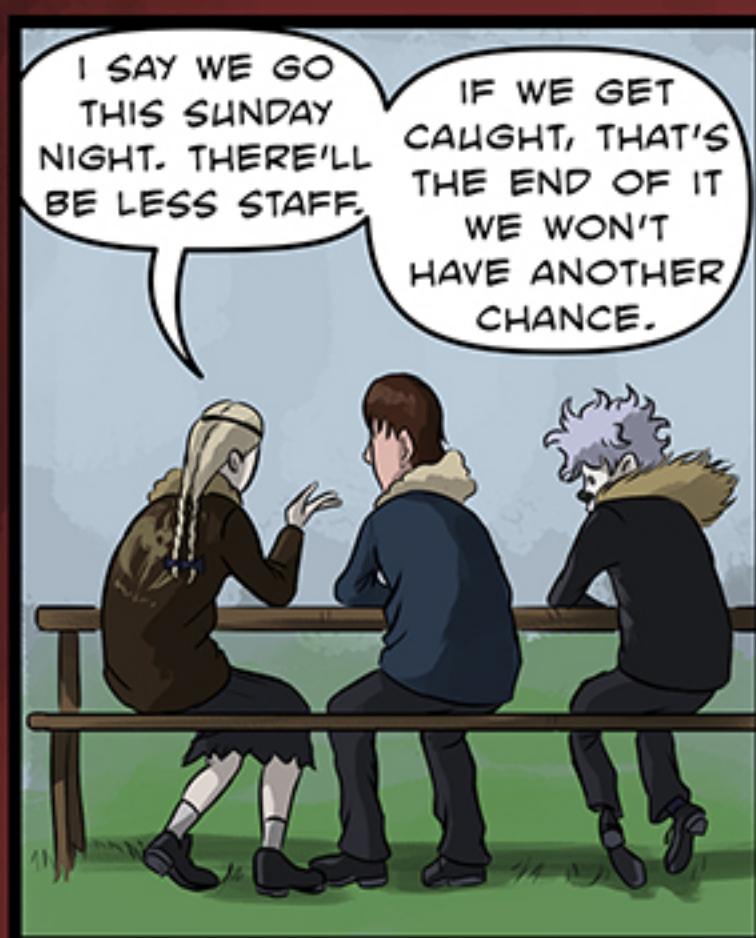
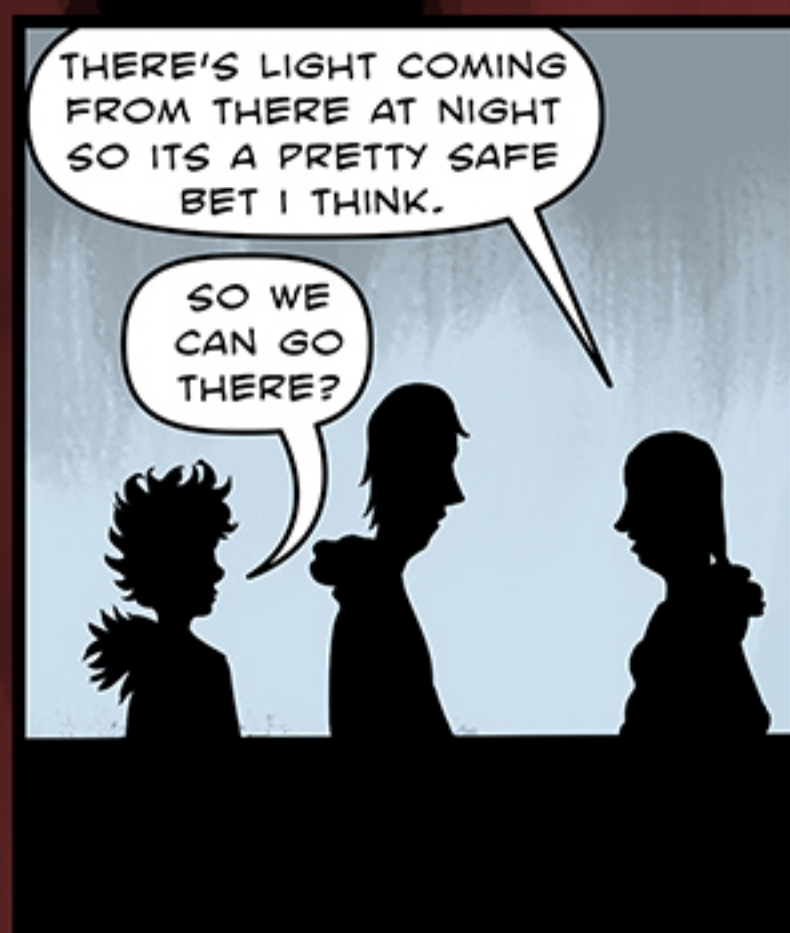
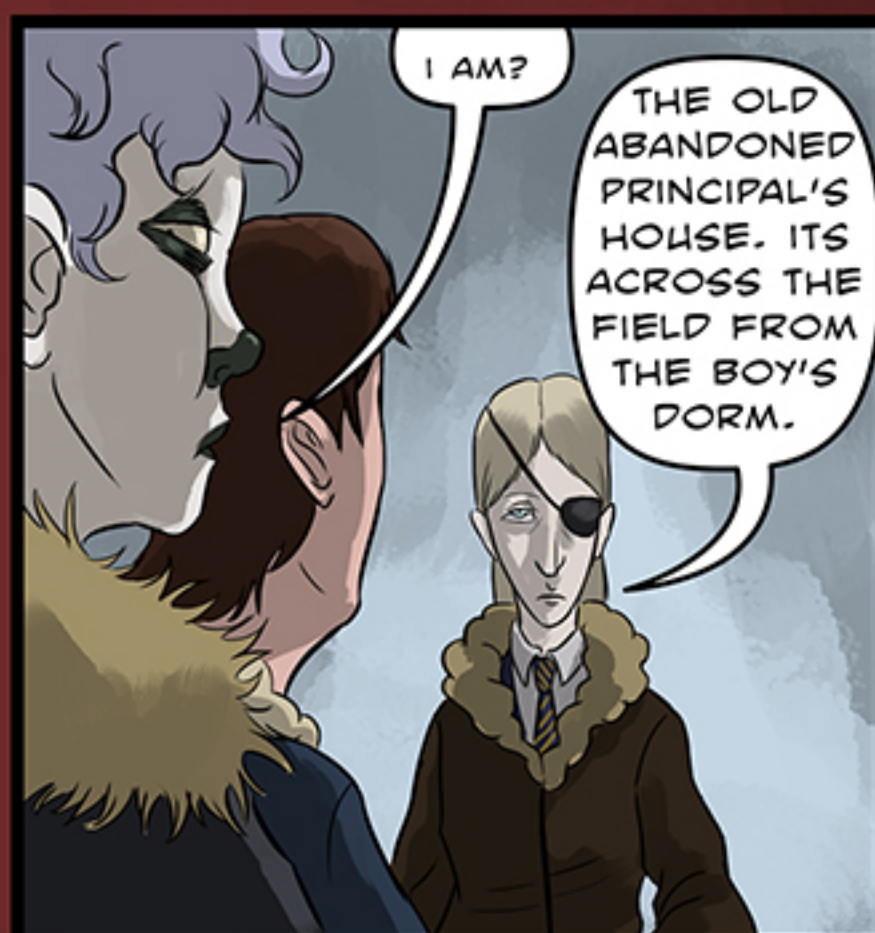
O-OR RUN AWAY. LETS JUST GO!

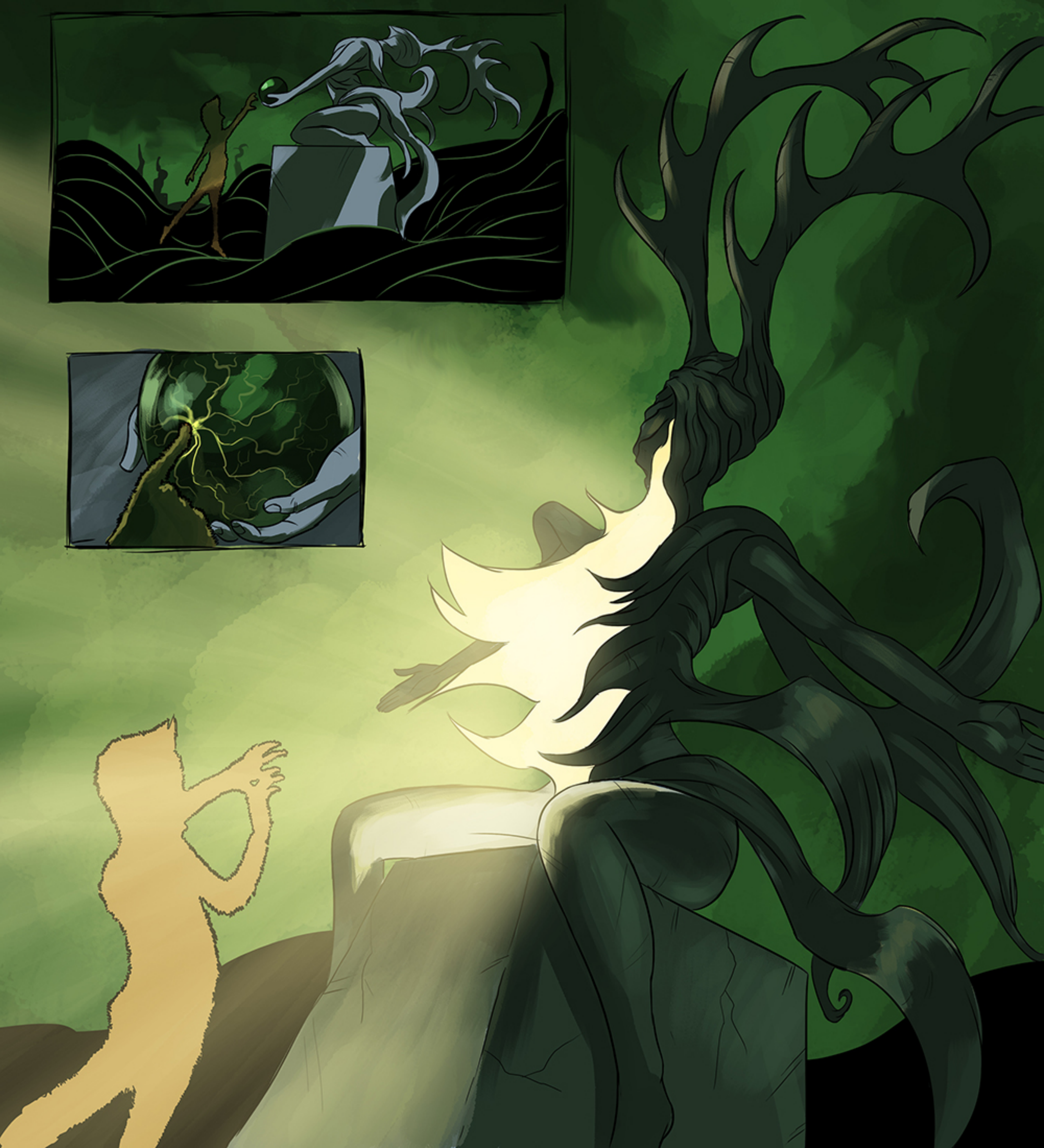
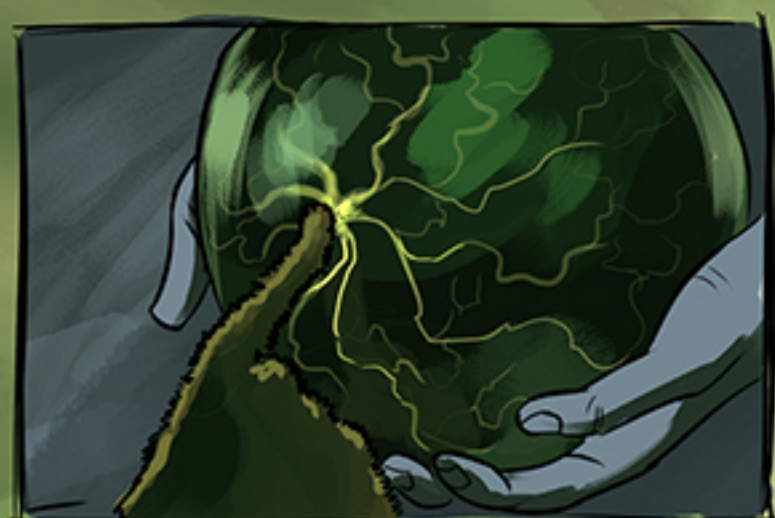


DUMMY. DON'T YOU FIND IT STRANGE THAT NO ONE CAN CALL HOME? OR THAT NO ONE NEW COMES BUT MORE KIDS?

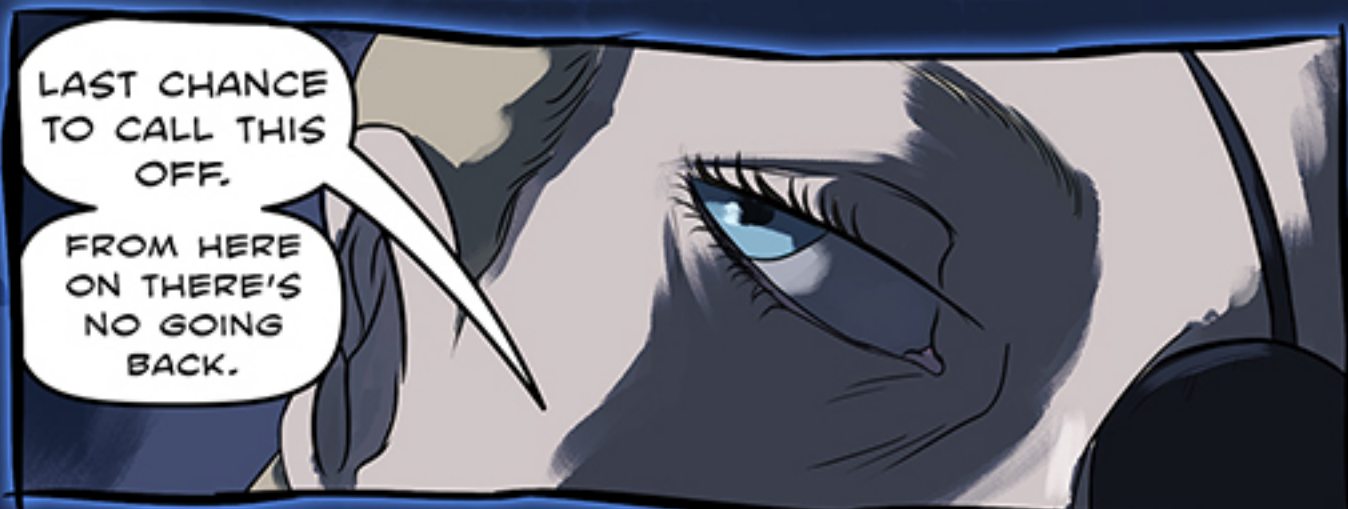
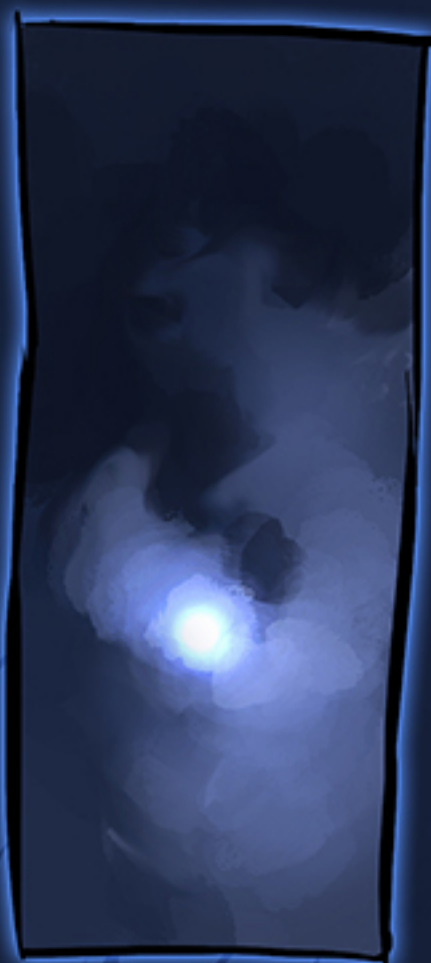
ITS THE SAME IF YOU TRY TO RUN. I HAVE. THIS PLACE PLAYS WITH YOUR SENSES; BENDS AND TWISTS TO MAKE YOU GO IN CIRCLES. WITCHING-WOOD IS LIKE A SEPARATE WORLD NOW.

WE'RE TRAPPED. TRAPPED IN HERE WITH IT.











SO WHAT NOW? WE WAIT TILL THE LIGHTS COME ON?

NO, WE CAN SNEAK IN THROUGH THE CELLAR.



THIS SHOULD BE OBVIOUS BUT WE NEED TO BE QUIET. NO TELLING WHAT WE'LL FIND IN THERE.



CREAK



HELLO LITTLE DANDY.

FINALLY HERE



COME ON OUT LITTLE DREAMER.



YOU'RE HOME.



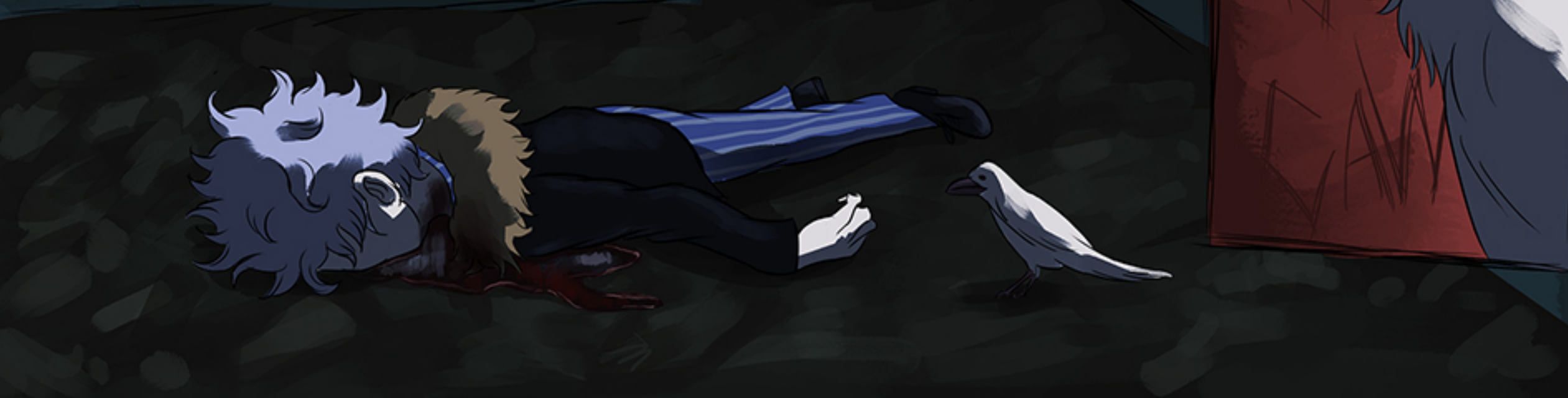
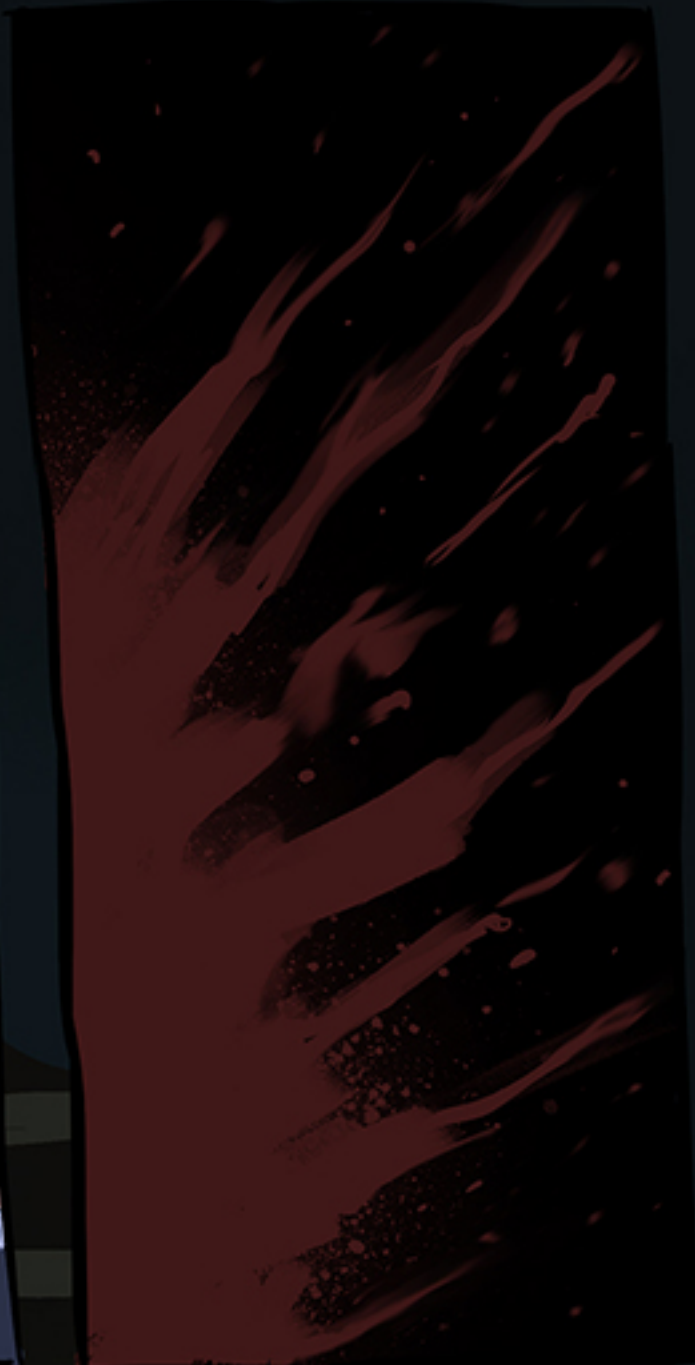
JIM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!



COME ON OUT LITTLE KIDDIES.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE HERE FOR.









ADAM?



HAVE YOU
COME TO WITNESS
A MIRACLE?



THIS-THIS
THING THAT'S
CONTROLLING YOU;
IT'S INFECTED THE
WHOLE SCHOOL,
EVERYTHING!



WHAT
DOES
ZIPPERHEAD
WANT?!
TELL ME!



HEE
HEE
HEE
HEE



HIS NAME
ISN'T REALLY
ZIPPERHEAD.
I'LL TELL YOU
THAT FOR
FREE.

WE WERE ALL
CHOSEN BY HIM.
CHOSEN FOR OUR
INNOCENCE, OUR
WIDE OPEN MINDS.

TOGETHER WE
CAN FIND THAT
WORLD.

THAT PLACE THAT
EVERY LIVING THING
YEARNs FOR FROM
THE BOTTOM OF
OUR HEARTS



! OH MY GOD!

HIS CHOIR IS ABOUT TO AWAKEN.



THEY'RE SEARCHING.

YOU SAW IT DIDN'T YOU? IN YOUR DREAMS HE DRAWS THOSE WHOSE MINDS ARE RIPE TOWARDS HIM



YOU ARE MOST BLESSED OF ALL.

IT WAS YOUR GIFT THAT ALLOWS HIM TO MANIFEST HERE LIKE THIS.

CHILD OF LIGHT

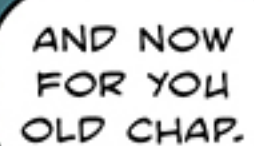
NOW HE
CAN HAVE
THE REST
OF YOU.

TOGETHER
WE SHALL
FIND
PARADISE

KRAKK







AND NOW
FOR YOU
OLD CHAP.




WHAAAAT
AAAARE--?



YOU HAD
YOURSELF HIDDEN
PRETTY WELL.

I WAS HOPING
I'D FIND SOMETHING
HERE; SOMETHING
OLD AND TASTY



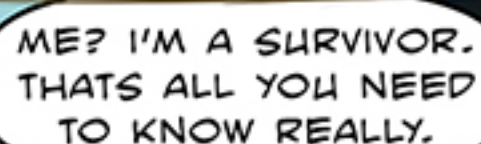
BUT MY
AREN'T YOU
A BRUTE; A
REMARKABLE
SPECIMEN.



YOU MUST
HAVE BEEN
GATHERING
POWER HERE
FOR CENTURIES
BEFORE TAKING
THAT BOY'S MIND.

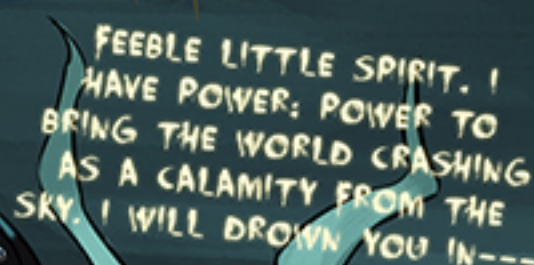


YOU ARREE...
WHAT AARRE...?

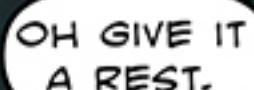


ME? I'M A SURVIVOR.
THATS ALL YOU NEED
TO KNOW REALLY.

YOUR STENCH
TO ME IS LIKE A
GOURMET
AROMA.



FEEBLE LITTLE SPIRIT. I
HAVE POWER. POWER TO
BRING THE WORLD CRASHING
AS A CALAMITY FROM THE
SKY. I WILL DROWN YOU IN---



OH GIVE IT
A REST.

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT
A THIRD RATE REFUGEE
FROM A DEAD DIMENSION
CLINGING TO EXISTENCE
LIKE A STARVING DOG
TO A BONE;




LOOKING
FOR AN
EASY MARK.



WELL I
AM NO EASY
MARK. AND
NEITHER IS
MY FRIEND

TH-THE WHITE
CROW!




YOU GUESSED IT.
YOU'RE SMARTER
THAN YOU LOOK.
THIS IS WHAT IS
REFERRED TO
AS 'CHECKMATE'

IT REALLY IS
TOO BAD I
COULDN'T SEE
THAT DREAM
EVERYONE IS ON
ABOUT. IT SOUNDS
RATHER
FASCINATING.



SO CLOSE...
SO CLOSE TO
THAT WORLD...



FOOL. YOU COULD
HARNESS EVERY FEEBLE
MIND IN CREATION AND STILL
YOU WOULD NEVER UNCOVER
THE WORLD OF **ELIM**. ITS
A MYTH. YOU'VE BEEN
WASTING YOUR TIME.



WHAAT WILL
YOU DO N--?



NOW? NOW I
DO WHAT I NEED DO TO SURVIVE.
I WASN'T BEING METAPHORICAL
BEFORE WHEN I SAID YOU
ARE LIKE A GOURMET TO ME.

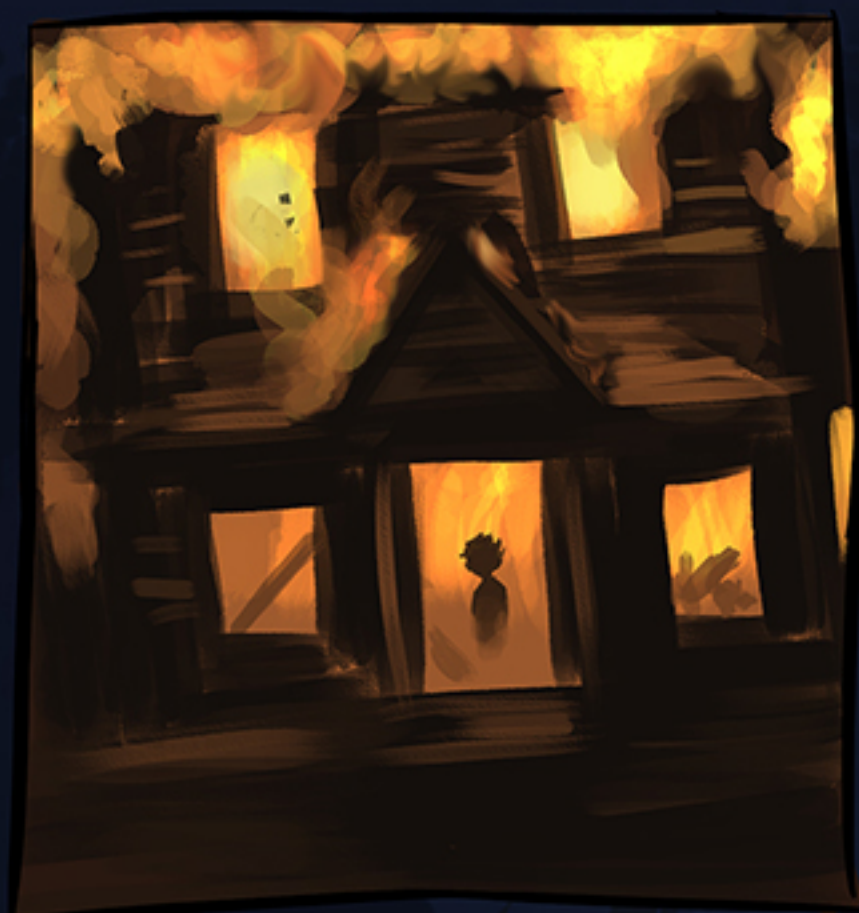


MY PALE PARTNER HERE
IS FEASTING ON YOUR
BOUNDLESS TERROR AS
I RAMBLE ON.



AS FOR ME?
WELL I REQUIRE
SOMETHING A
LITTLE LESS
ABSTRACT.







OH NO FRIEND,
I'M NOT INTERESTED
IN YOUR MEAL. ITS YOU
MY BUSINESS IS WITH.



IS THAT
SO?



INDEED.
HERE.



AND
THIS
IS?

TAKE
A LOOK.



A TIME AND
PLACE?

YOU WANT
ME TO SHOW
UP HERE?
WHY?



BECAUSE IF
YOU DO INTERESTING
THINGS WILL HAPPEN.
VERY INTERESTING
THINGS.

I KNOW
HOW BORED
YOU ARE.





STRANGE DAYS

Prologue

The woman, barely more than a child, stumbled dazedly through the darkened streets. The shadows creeping along the maze of alleyways she found herself lost in embraced her like a sinister lover.

She clutched at the ragged and ruined flesh of what was left of her face. The searing pain made rational thought almost impossible. All she could think of was the scratching, hateful voice of the man that had controlled her life; her pimp. He had done this to her; opened her face with a jagged fisherman's knife as callously as he had sliced her soul with his cruel words countless times before.

The loss of blood was making her unsteady on her feet now. She tripped over a carelessly placed bag of garbage and fell into a heap against the grimy wall. She didn't feel like getting back up. It was too hard to go on now; to keep struggling. All she had ever sought in her life was the love that she had always craved. Her reward for all her efforts was a slow death in a smelly, dark alley; alone and uncared for.

She mourned for herself then. She wept bitterly for the chances she would never have; the opportunities that life had seen fit never to grant her. She clenched her fists until her muscles began to shake and her knuckles turned white. The anger at the unfairness of her fate welled up inside her until she thought she would be consumed by its corrosive embrace. Her vision blurred as the crimson fires of wrath simmered to the black storm of hatred. She thought of the faces of all those that had dragged her down to the pit where she now festered; the ones who had looked down upon her and spat upon her; the ones with the smiling faces and the pretty words laced with prettier poisons. She thought of it all then and the hatred boiled over. It clawed at her insides as if it would tear its host apart to get out.

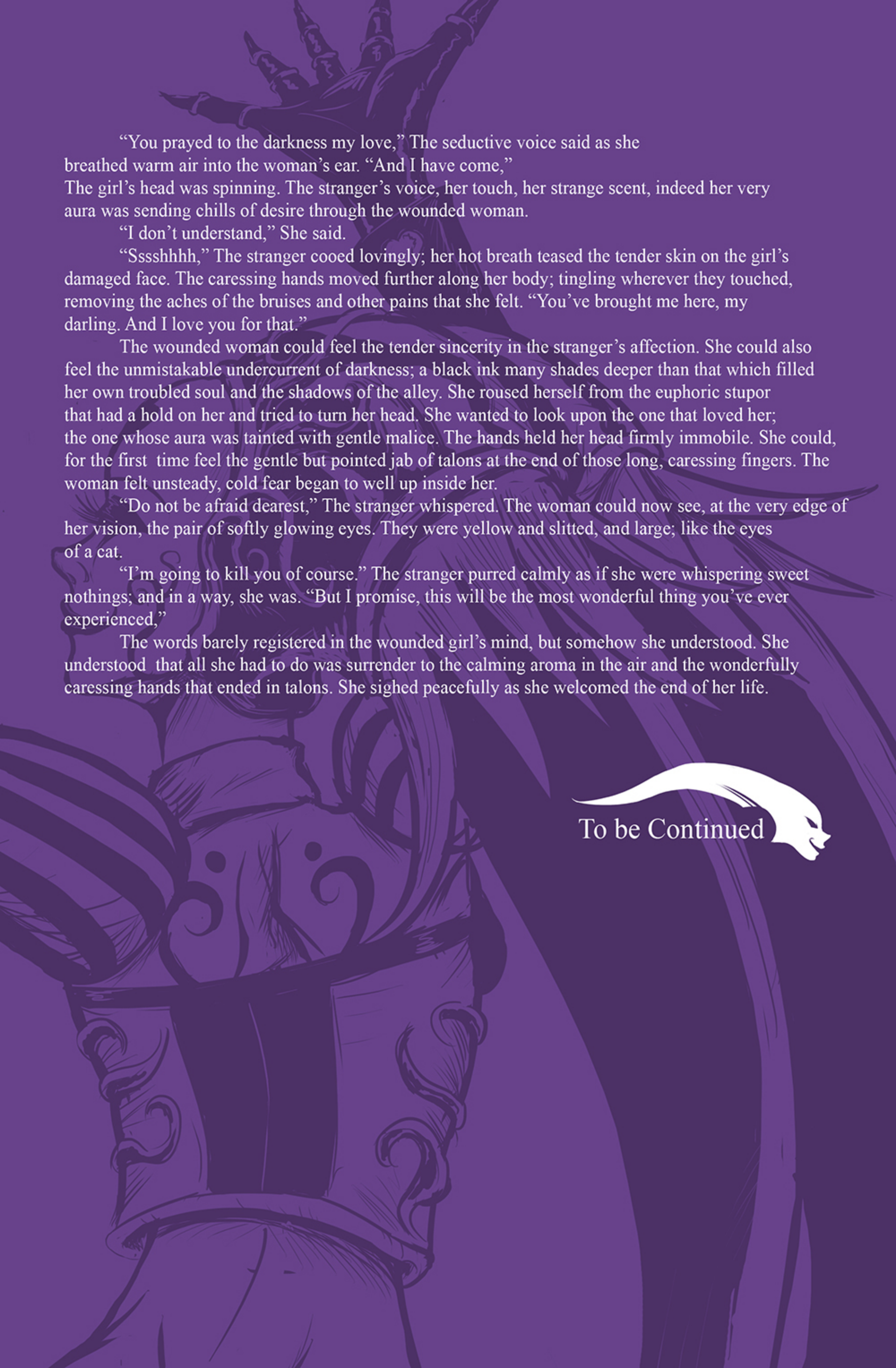
She released it all in the only way she could. The agonized scream that left her frail and trembling body echoed and resonated over the dark walls that loomed over her like disappointed parents judging her many failings. She screamed until her vocal cords stretched and frayed. Even long after she had gone hoarse and her voice was little more than a decaying whisper she still yelled her pain and hate into the uncaring darkness. It was her last chance to prove her existence to a world that had ignored her.

Her eyelids started to droop. She had no more strength left. She sank to the ground whimpering. Had the darkness heard her cries? Had it cared? Soon the woman could see nothing; blackness filled her vision. She wondered if she was losing consciousness when she heard footsteps in the blackness at her back. Her senses became alert as the steps came closer. Her trained ear told her that these were the unmistakeable footfalls of a stiletto heel.

She struggled to turn her unresponsive body around so that she could at least face this newcomer. A gentle, but firm pair of hands held her head immobile.

"Hello my love," The voice purred softly into her ear. It was a female voice, low and husky; full of tender seduction. The woman's heartbeat quickened.

"Wh-who are you?" She muttered in her hoarse and worn voice. A purple tinted mist began to fill the air at the edge of her vision. It formed tendrils that caressed the woman's body as the newcomer's hands caressed her face. They filled her nostrils with their pleasant, calming aroma.



“You prayed to the darkness my love,” The seductive voice said as she breathed warm air into the woman’s ear. “And I have come,” The girl’s head was spinning. The stranger’s voice, her touch, her strange scent, indeed her very aura was sending chills of desire through the wounded woman.

“I don’t understand,” She said.

“Sssshhhh,” The stranger cooed lovingly; her hot breath teased the tender skin on the girl’s damaged face. The caressing hands moved further along her body; tingling wherever they touched, removing the aches of the bruises and other pains that she felt. “You’ve brought me here, my darling. And I love you for that.”

The wounded woman could feel the tender sincerity in the stranger’s affection. She could also feel the unmistakable undercurrent of darkness; a black ink many shades deeper than that which filled her own troubled soul and the shadows of the alley. She roused herself from the euphoric stupor that had a hold on her and tried to turn her head. She wanted to look upon the one that loved her; the one whose aura was tainted with gentle malice. The hands held her head firmly immobile. She could, for the first time feel the gentle but pointed jab of talons at the end of those long, caressing fingers. The woman felt unsteady, cold fear began to well up inside her.

“Do not be afraid dearest,” The stranger whispered. The woman could now see, at the very edge of her vision, the pair of softly glowing eyes. They were yellow and slitted, and large; like the eyes of a cat.

“I’m going to kill you of course.” The stranger purred calmly as if she were whispering sweet nothings; and in a way, she was. “But I promise, this will be the most wonderful thing you’ve ever experienced,”

The words barely registered in the wounded girl’s mind, but somehow she understood. She understood that all she had to do was surrender to the calming aroma in the air and the wonderfully caressing hands that ended in talons. She sighed peacefully as she welcomed the end of her life.

To be Continued 

