

DISKORDIA™

S T R A N G E D A Y S

13

Quest
for the
Sky

Riveris

R I V E R I S

STRANGE DAYS

Recollection III

Quest for the Sky

Created by
Rivenis

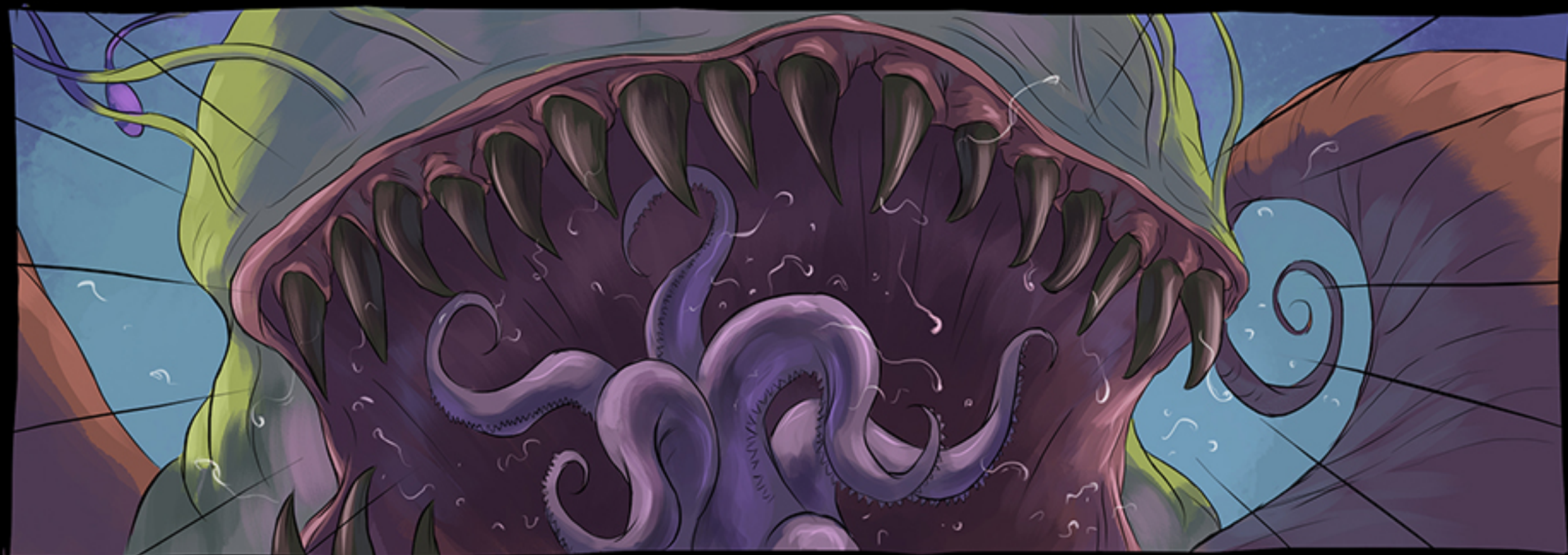
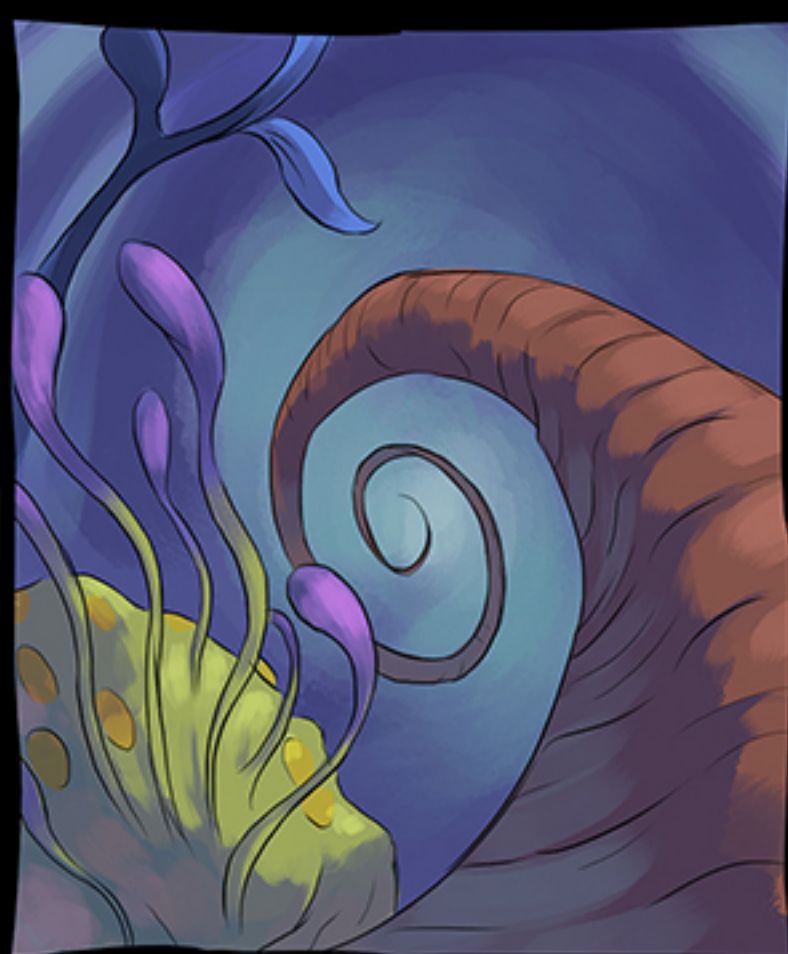
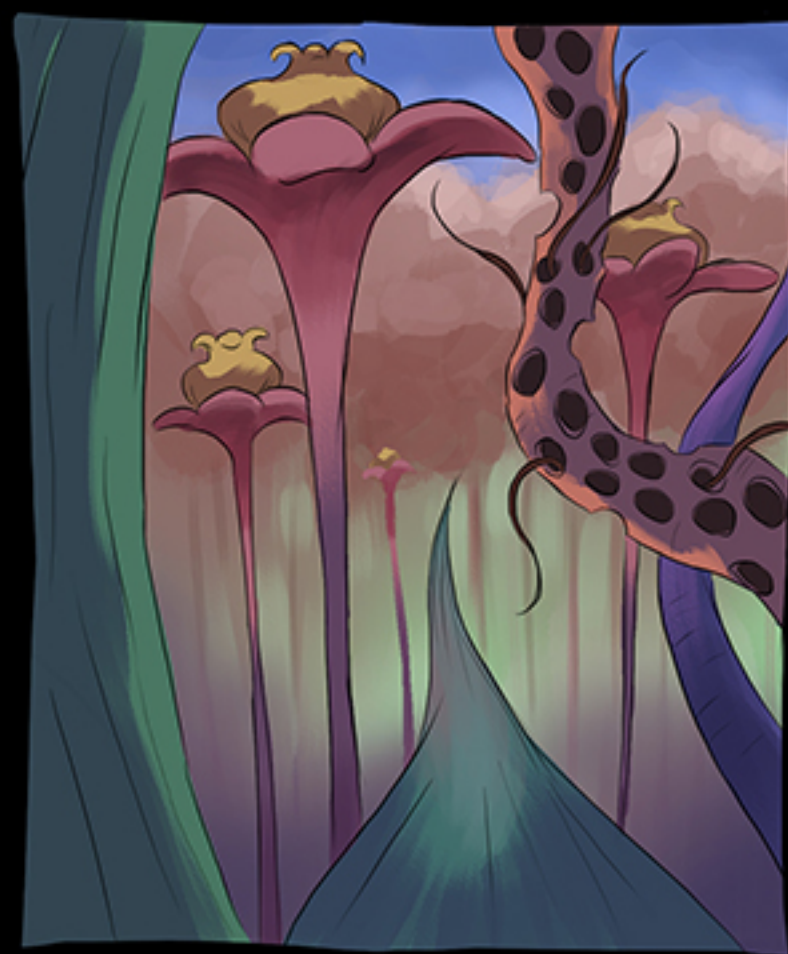
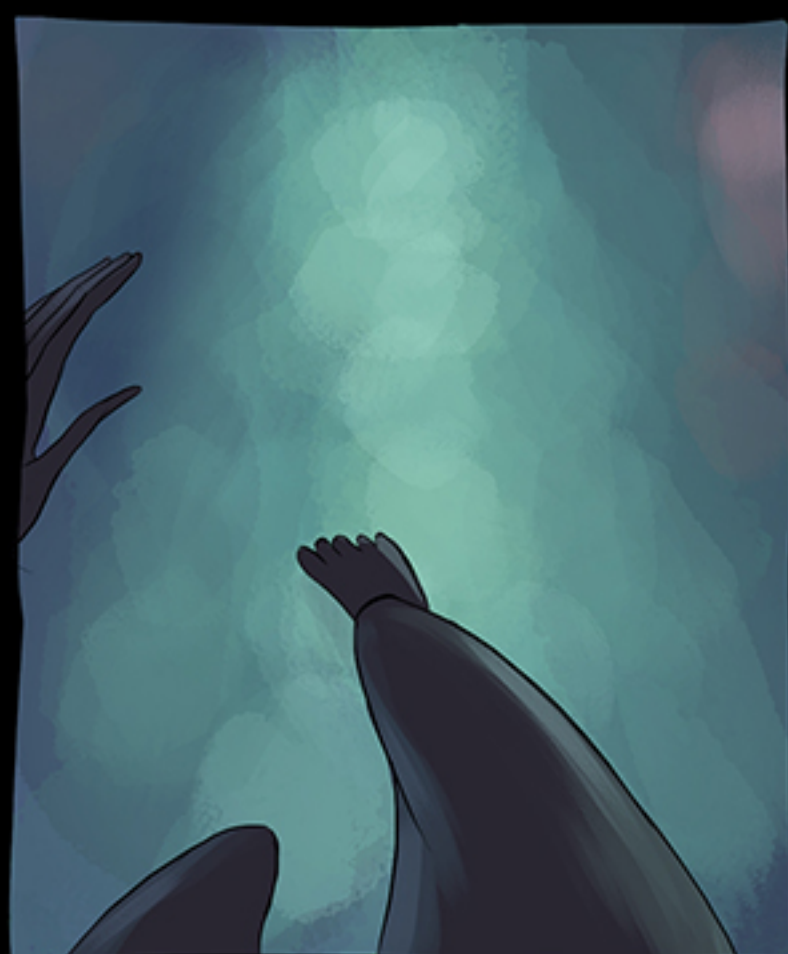
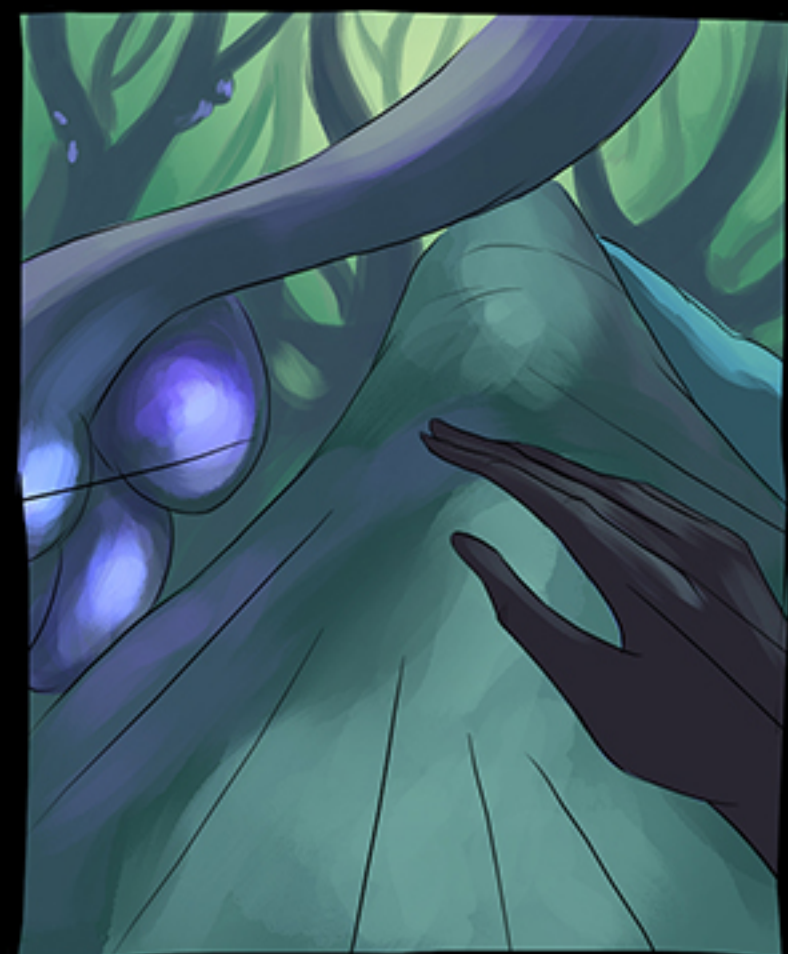
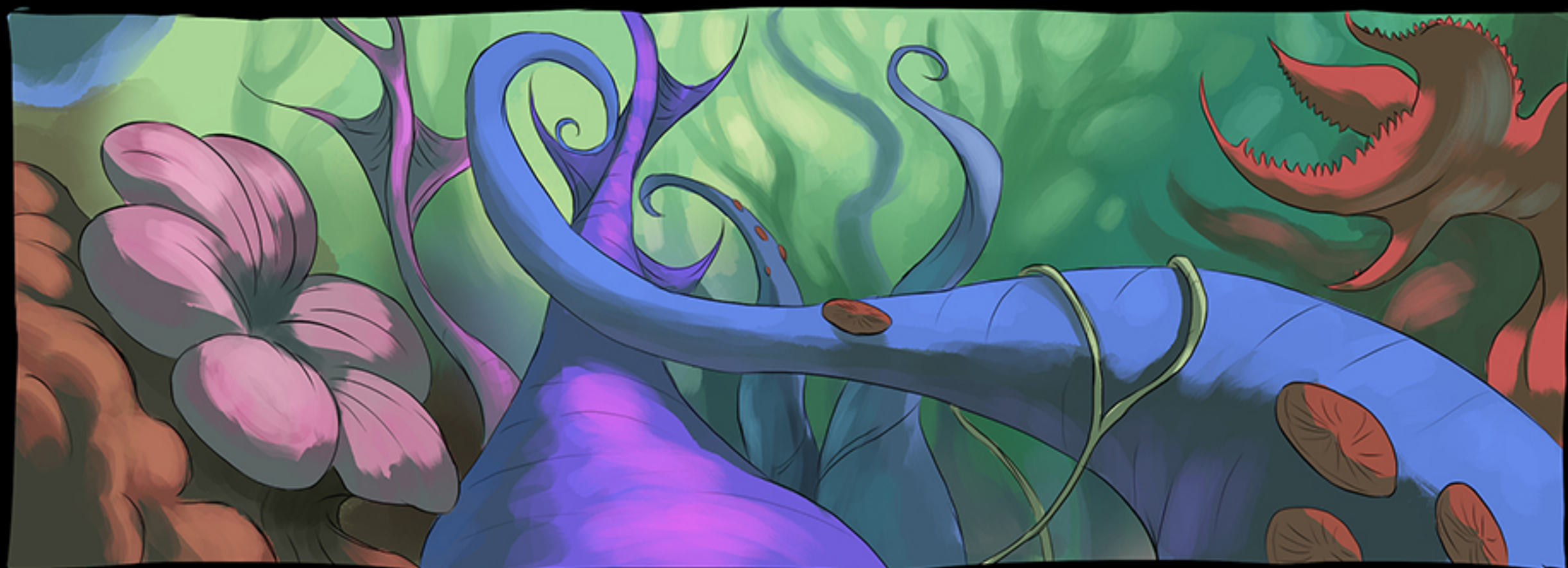
Dedicated to
Pinky Dadu &
Knicky Laurel

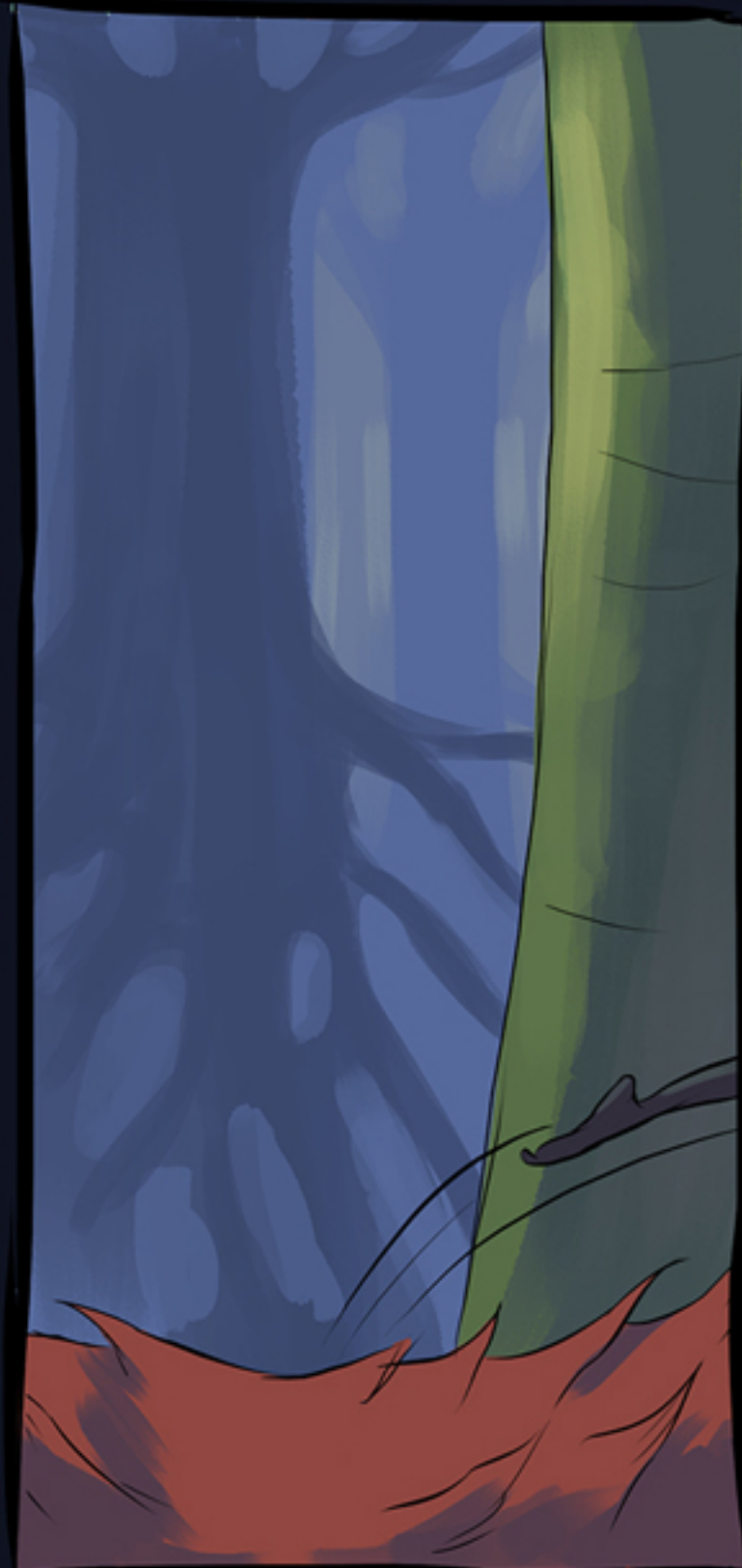
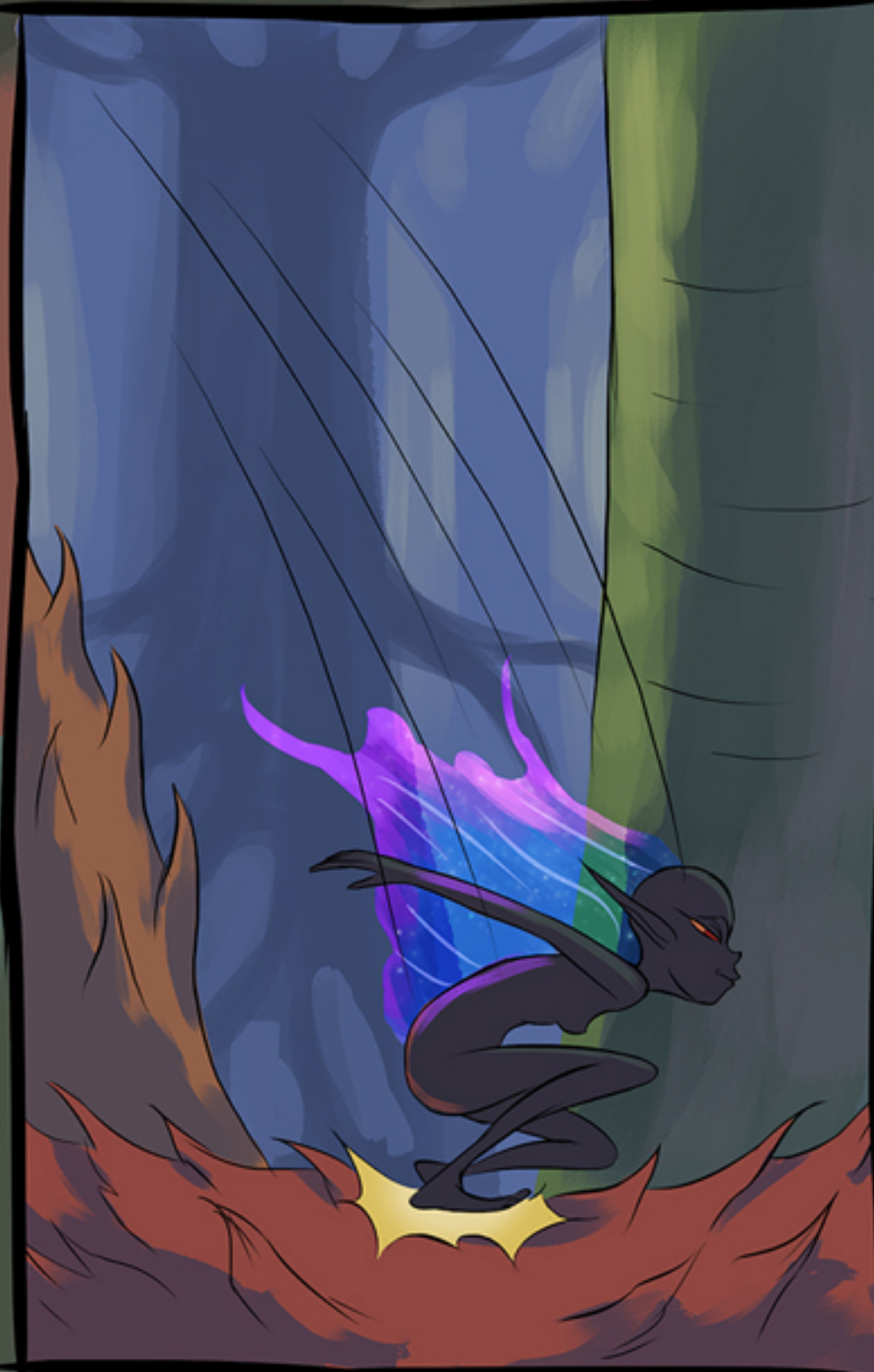
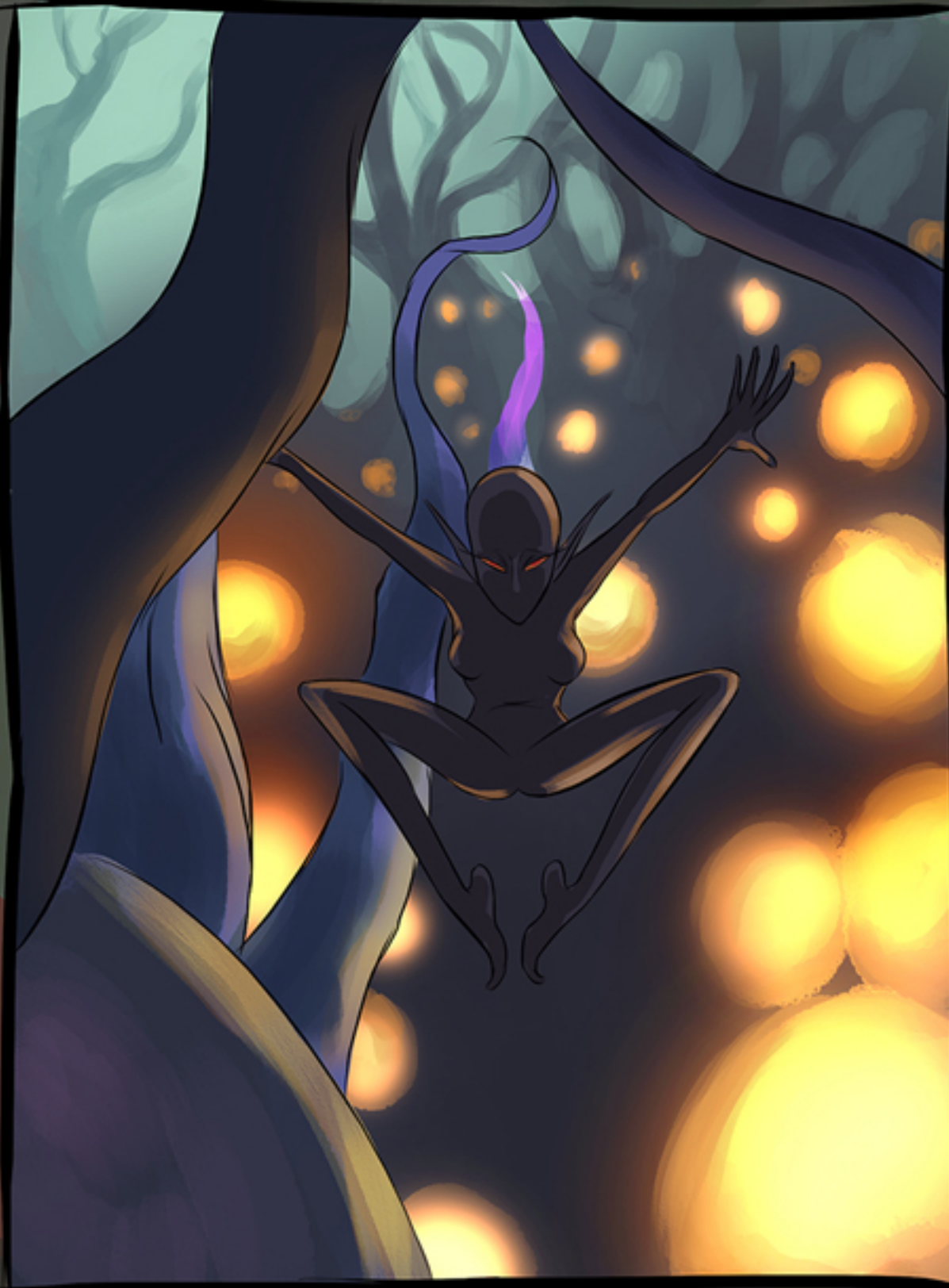
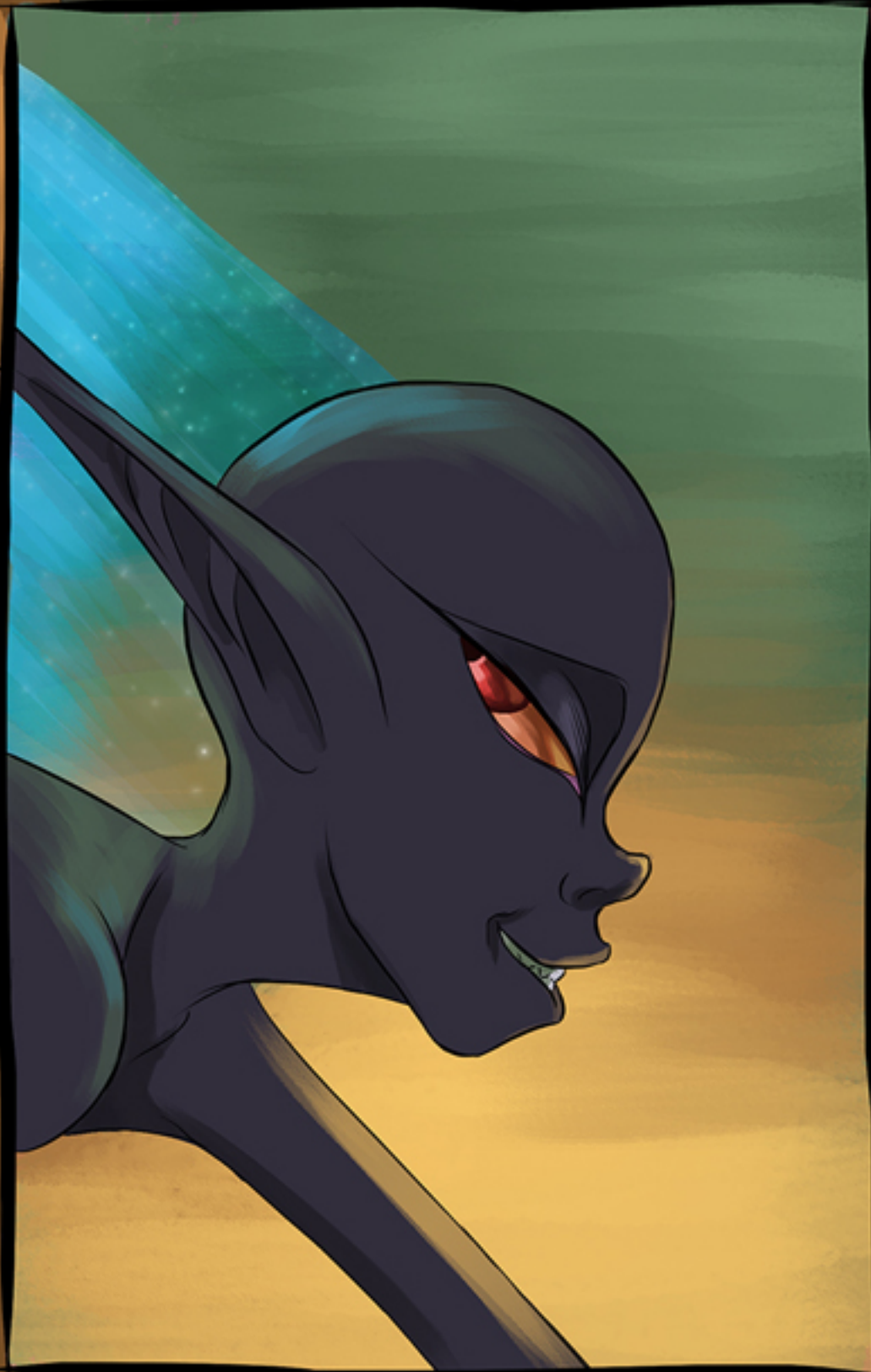
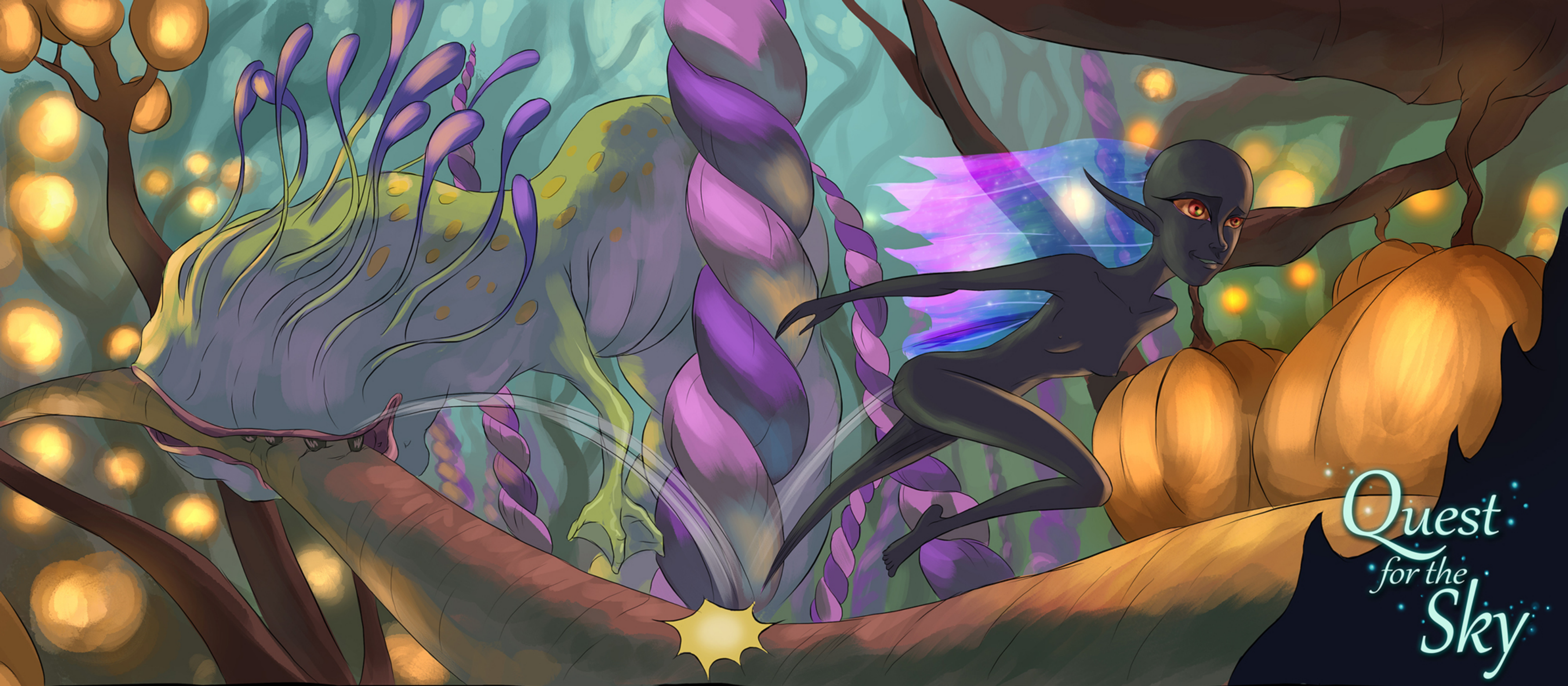
www.diskordiacomic.com

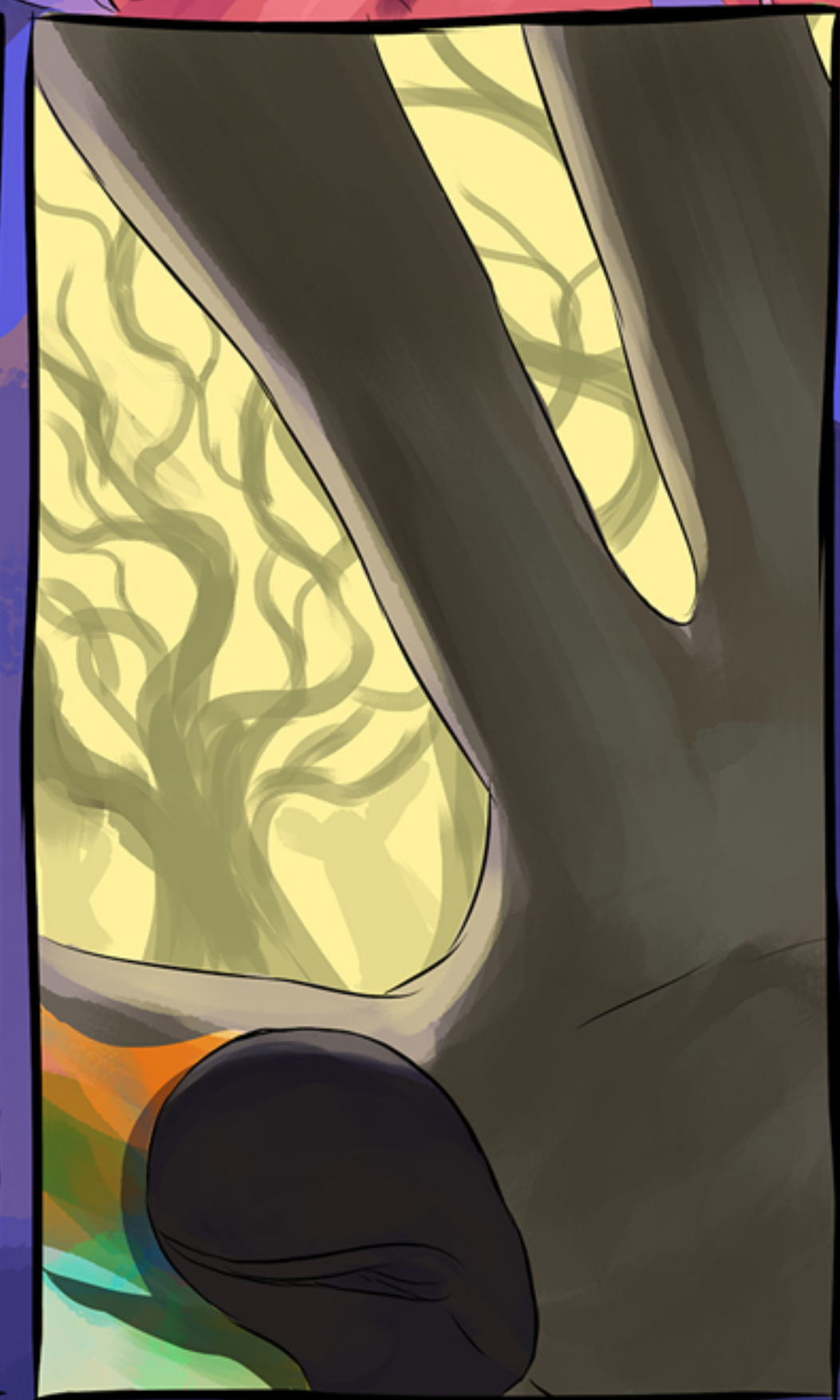
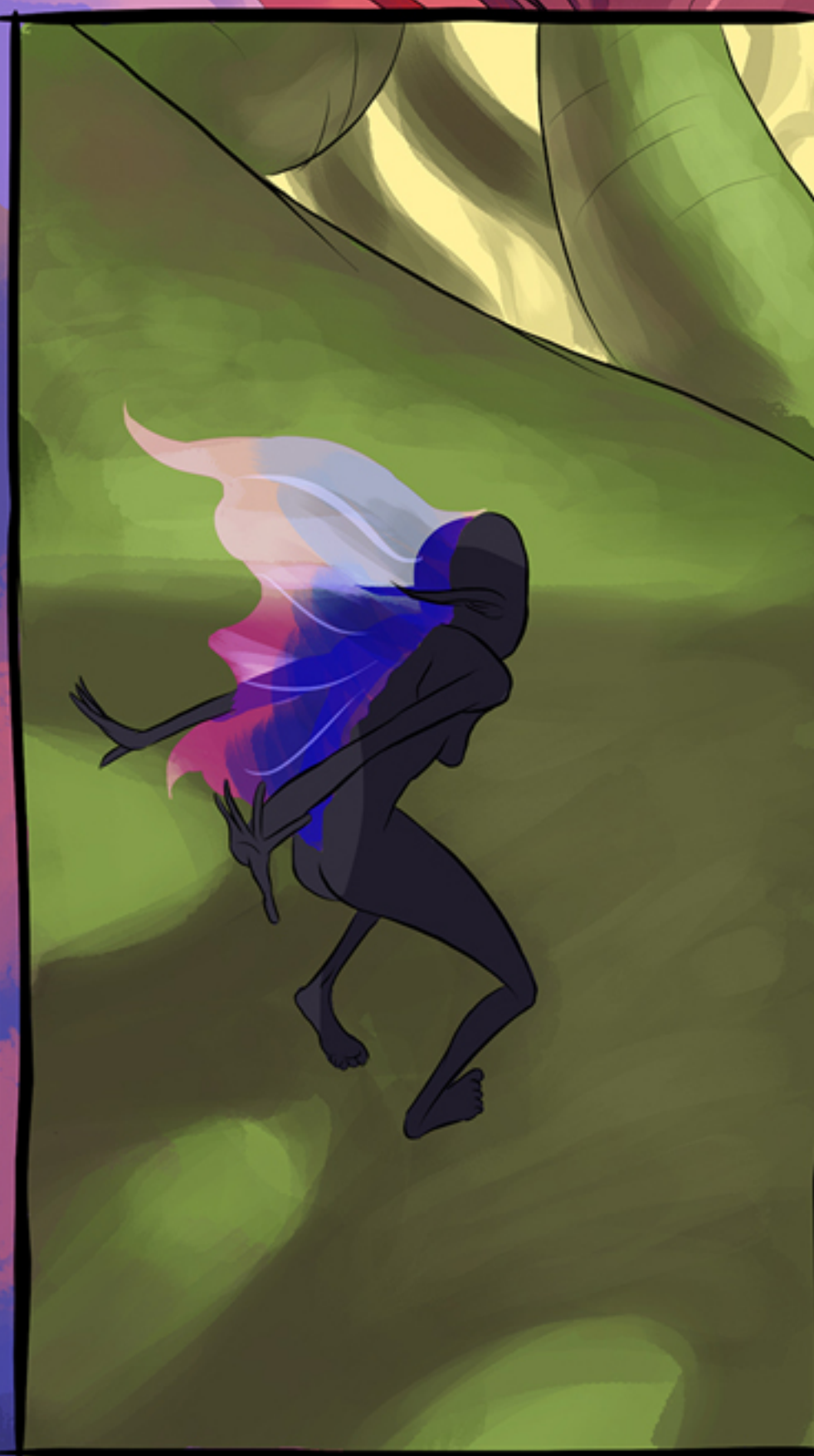
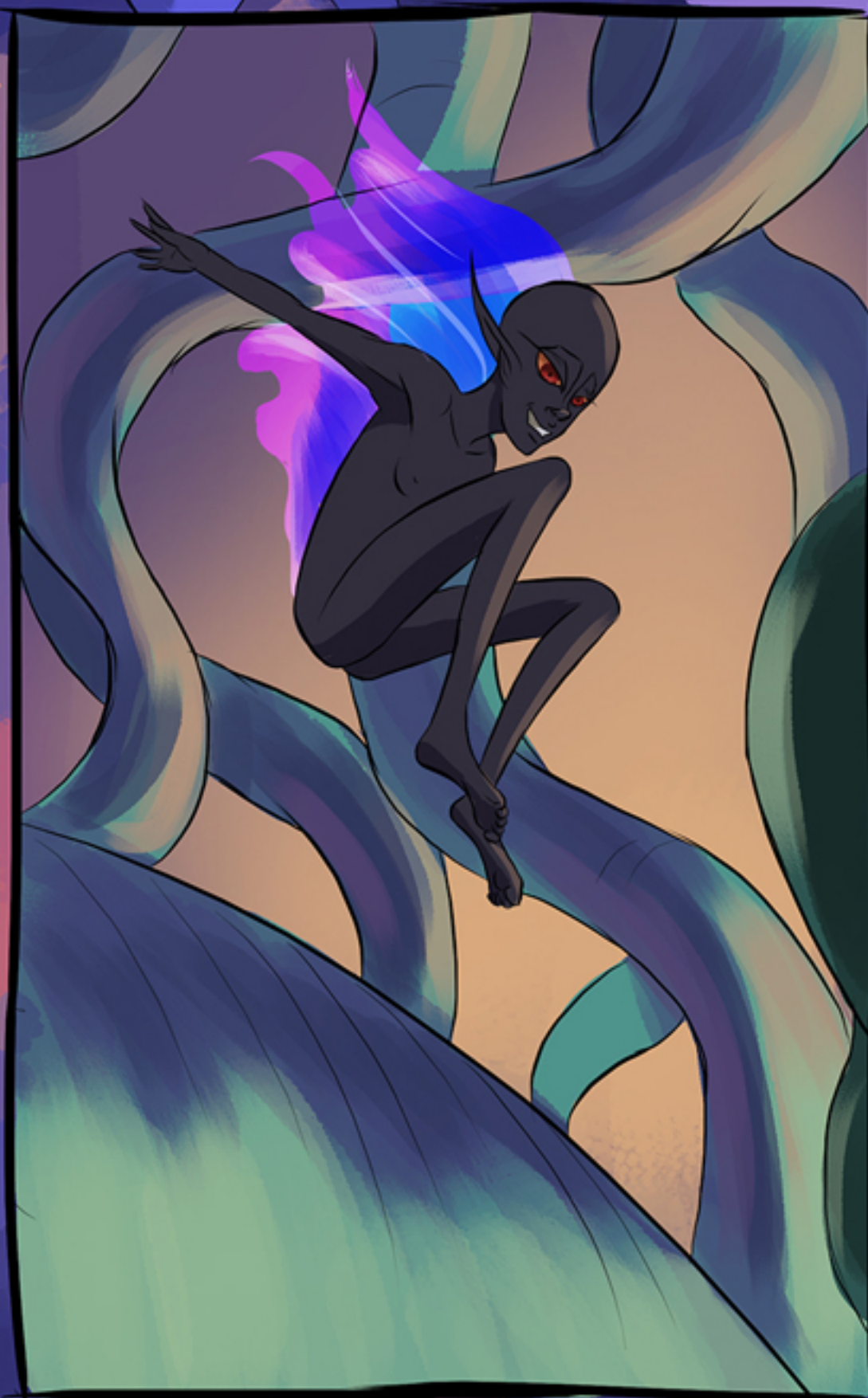
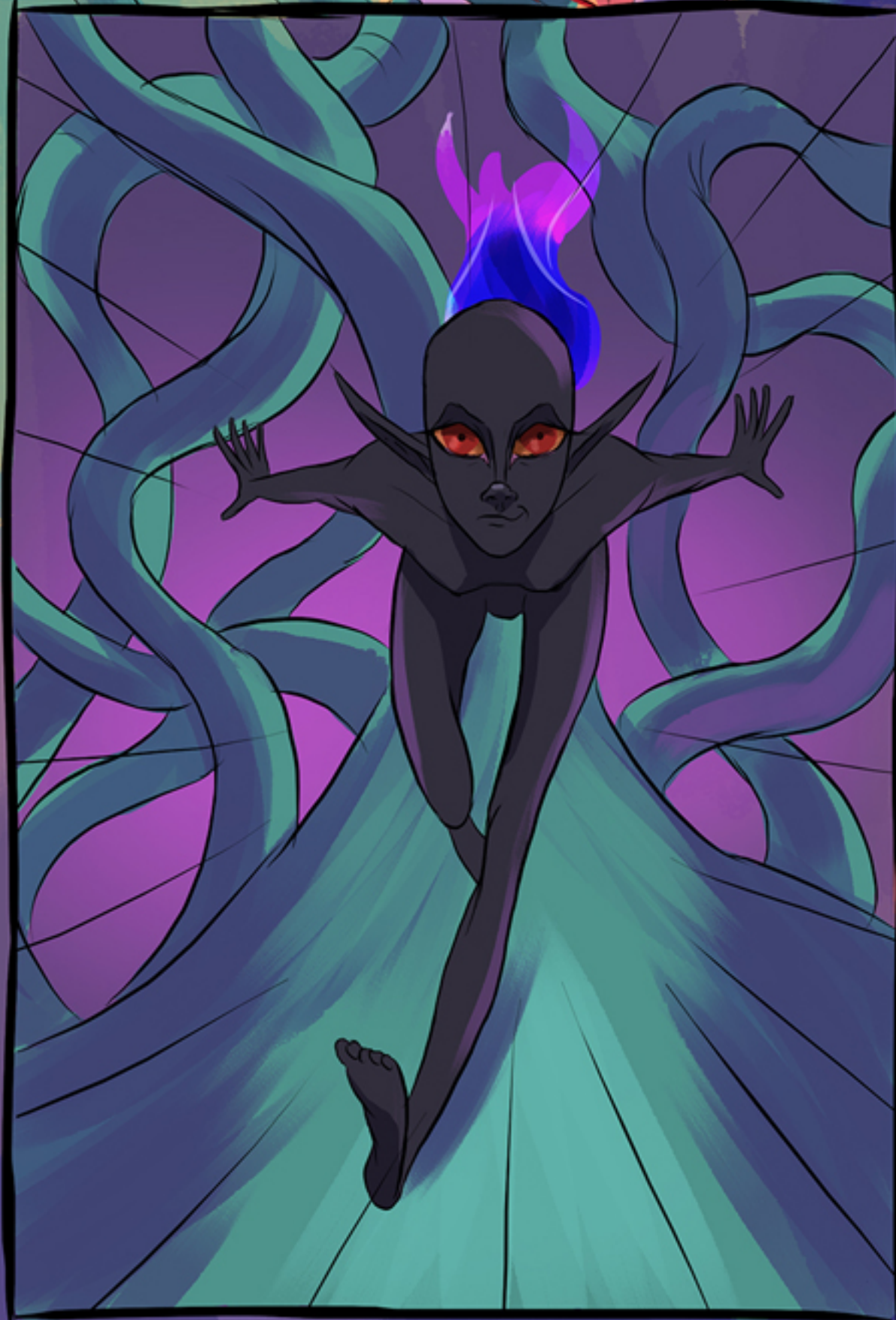
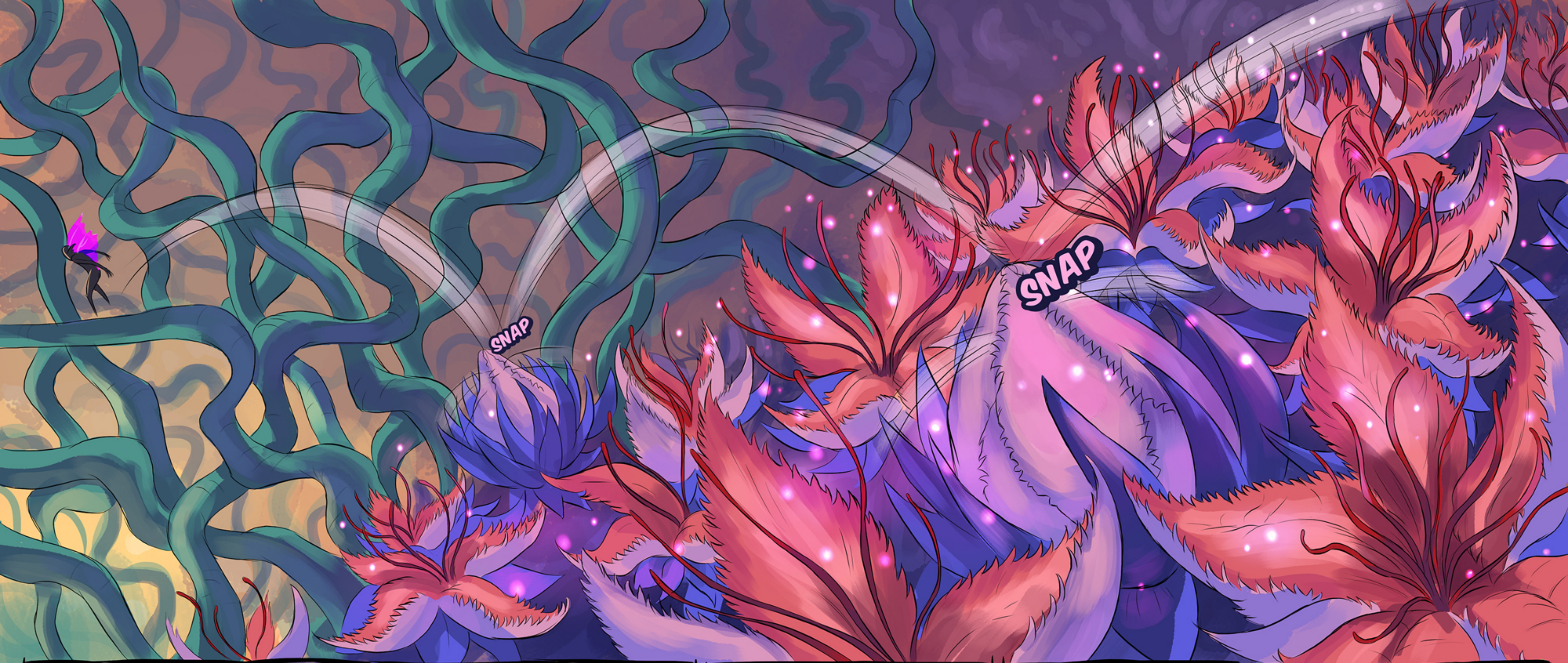
Diskordia issue 13, 2015.

Published by Andrew Blackman (Rivenis) Holders Hill, St James, Barbados, W.I.

All contents © 2010 Andrew Blackman unless otherwise stated. All rights reserved. Diskordia® is a registered trademark. Reproduction, storage in a retrieval system of transmission in any form or by any means in whole or part without prior permission of Andrew Blackman is strictly forbidden. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters, persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended (except for satirical purposes) and any such similarity is purely coincidental.

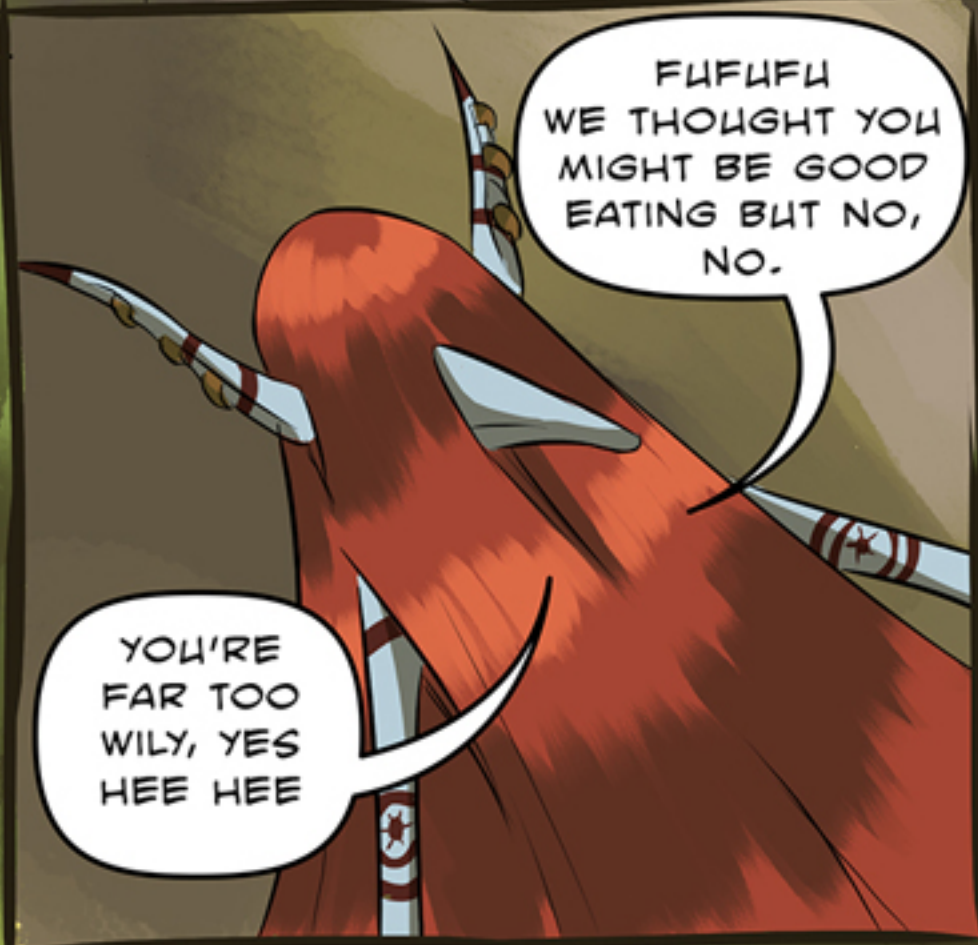








WHOOOMP



FUFUFU
WE THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT BE GOOD
EATING BUT NO,
NO.

YOU'RE
FAR TOO
WILY, YES
HEE HEE



FEAR US
NOT CHILD.

WE'VE
ABANDONED
THE IDEA OF
MAKING YOU
A MEAL.

They could
never catch
us anyway.



BUT MY
AREN'T YOU A
CURIOUS
THING.
WE
WONDER AT
THE TREE
THAT BIRTHED
YOU.



WELL WHAT
DO THEY CALL
YOU YOUNGLING?

DON'T JUST
STAND THERE
WITH EYES AND
MOUTH AGAPE.

COME
CLOSER AND
TALK WITH ME
AWHILE.



I am
Nila Nyx.

Who are
you? And why
do you think
me young?



WE ARE CALLED
MIM DEARIE. AND YOU
MOST CERTAINLY ARE
YOUNG.

YOU REEK OF
THE NEWNESS OF THE
LEAVES THE INSTANT
THEY TOUCH THE
GROUND.

YOUR EVERY
GESTURE BETRAYS
THAT FACT.



DO NOT
CONCERN YOURSELF
SO MUCH SWEETLING.

IT IS A
VIRTUE OF AUNTY
MIM'S NOSE TO
SMELL SUCH
THINGS.



NOW TELL
ME OF YOUR
BIRTH TREE.

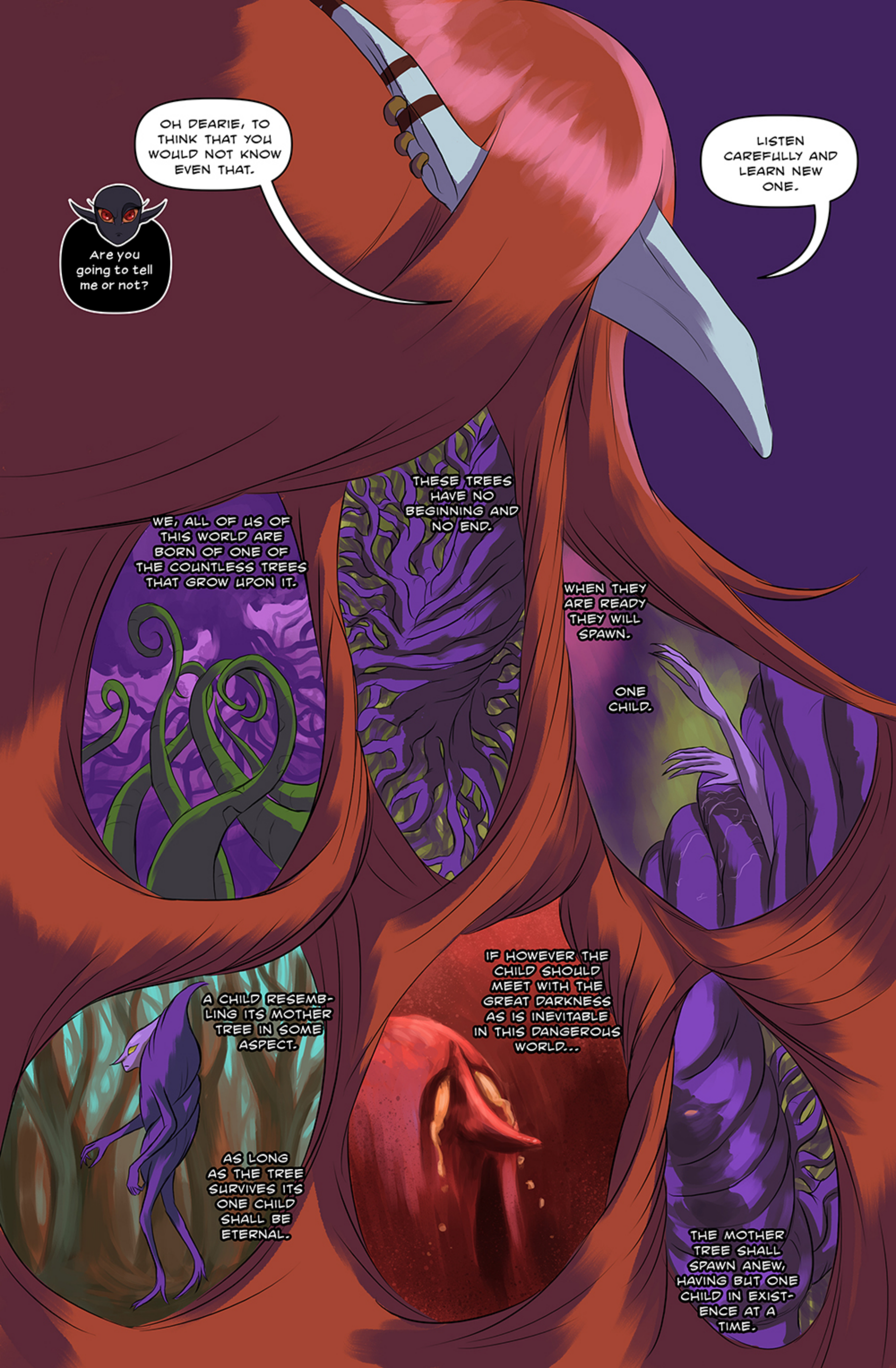
WHAT IS
SHE LIKE?



W-WHAT IS
A BIRTH TREE?




HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA



OH DEARIE, TO
THINK THAT YOU
WOULD NOT KNOW
EVEN THAT.

LISTEN
CAREFULLY AND
LEARN NEW
ONE.



Are you
going to tell
me or not?

WE, ALL OF US OF
THIS WORLD ARE
BORN OF ONE OF
THE COUNTLESS TREES
THAT GROW UPON IT.

THESE TREES
HAVE NO
BEGINNING AND
NO END.

WHEN THEY
ARE READY
THEY WILL
SPAWN.

ONE
CHILD.

A CHILD RESEMB-
LING ITS MOTHER
TREE IN SOME
ASPECT.

IF HOWEVER THE
CHILD SHOULD
MEET WITH THE
GREAT DARKNESS
AS IS INEVITABLE
IN THIS DANGEROUS
WORLD...

AS LONG
AS THE TREE
SURVIVES ITS
ONE CHILD
SHALL BE
ETERNAL.

THE MOTHER
TREE SHALL
SPAWN ANEW,
HAVING BUT ONE
CHILD IN EXIST-
ENCE AT A
TIME.

Is that how
we were born?

I have no
memory of
this.

NOT TO
WORRY CHILD.

NO ONE
REMEMBERS
THEIR FIRST
BREATH OF
LIFE.

To show us?

And what's
that?

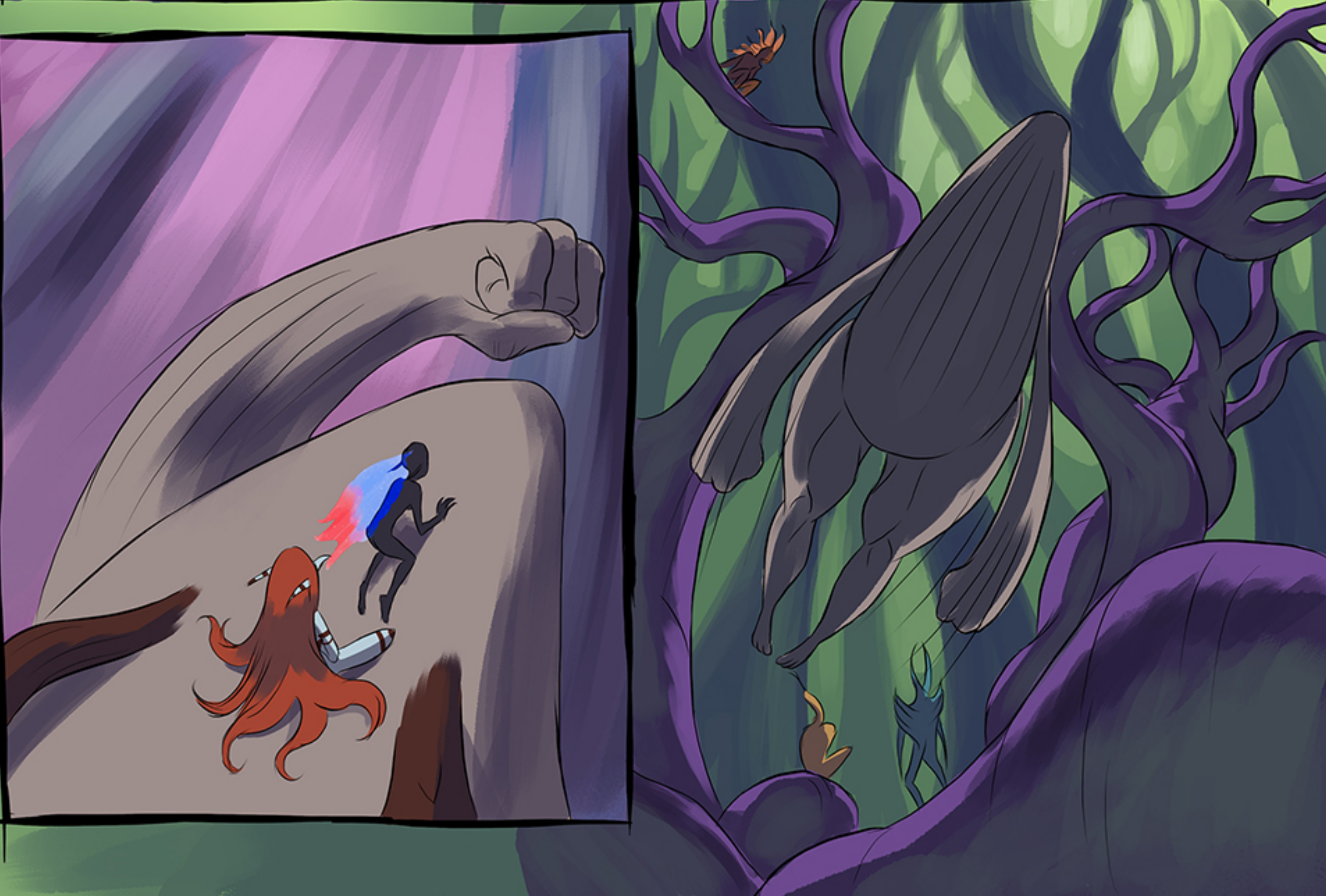
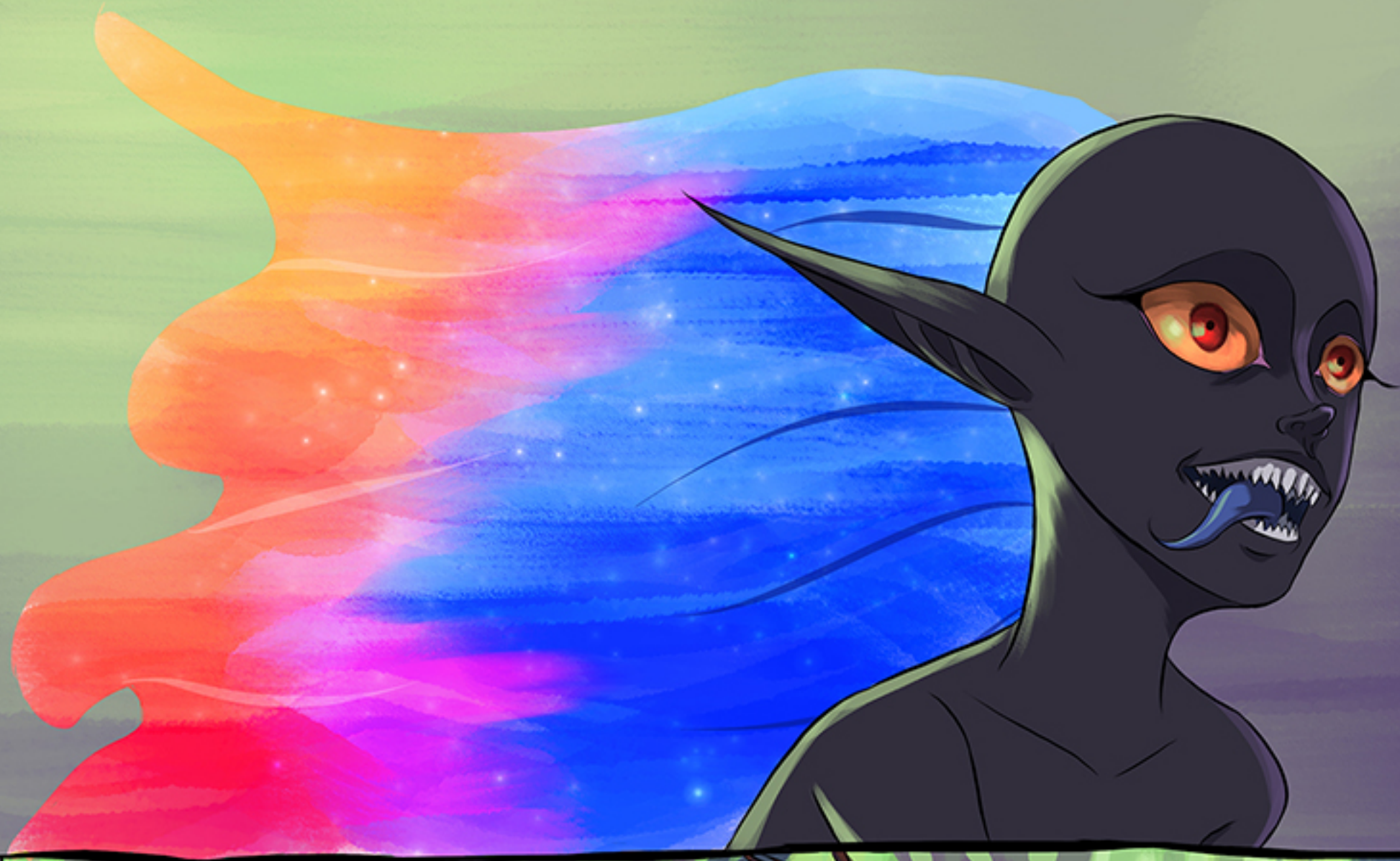
It was
an enlightening
tale.

I'll be
leaving
now.

IS THAT
THE EXTENT OF
YOUR CURIOSITY
NILA NYX?

IF NOT THEN
WE HAVE
SOMETHING TO
SHOW YOU.

RIDE
WITH
US.





WE'RE
HERE.



ooh,
who's this
you've brought
Aunty?

Is it
for
eating?



NO DEARIE,
SHE IS NOT
FOR EATING.



SHE IS
FOR STORIES.

SHE IS NEW
BUT VERY CLEVER.
SHE CAN SPEAK
FOR HERSELF
TOO, HEE HEE



Well go on
then. Tell us
yourself.

I am
Nila Nyx. I
travel.



hoo hoo
hoo
Nila Nila Nila
Nyx but we
ALL travel.



Through
the woods and
the veins of
the trees we
all go!



PETRA YOU
SILLY TIT. WILL
YOU SMOTHER
MIM'S GIFT WHILE
SHE IS STILL
FRESH?

HMM

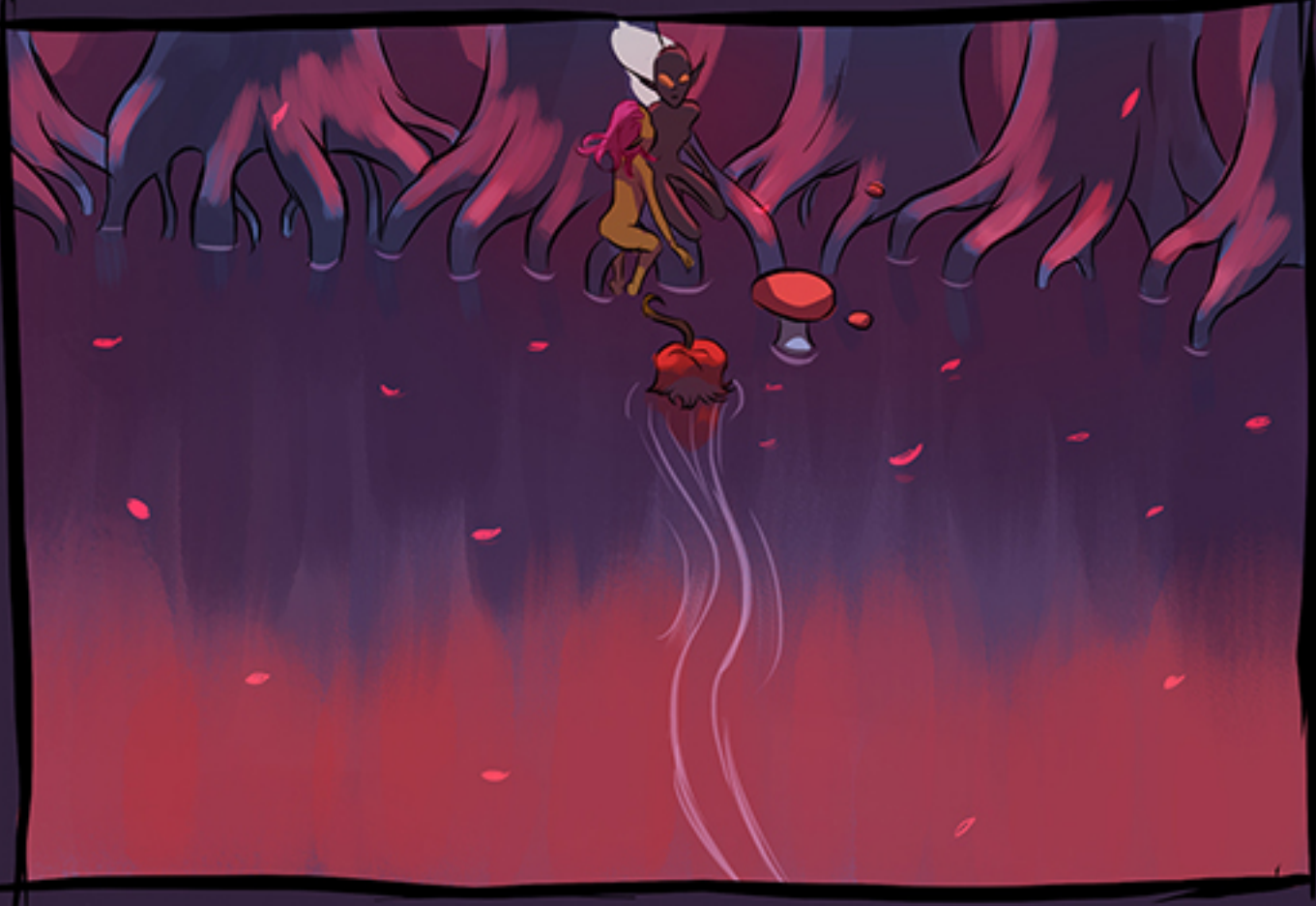


What of
YOUR travels
then?

Have you
seen the great
oaks of the
Tempestre?

or gone
cascading down
the floating
rays of
Everdune

or, or maybe
you've swam
in the drowning
gardens of the
Schwartz?!



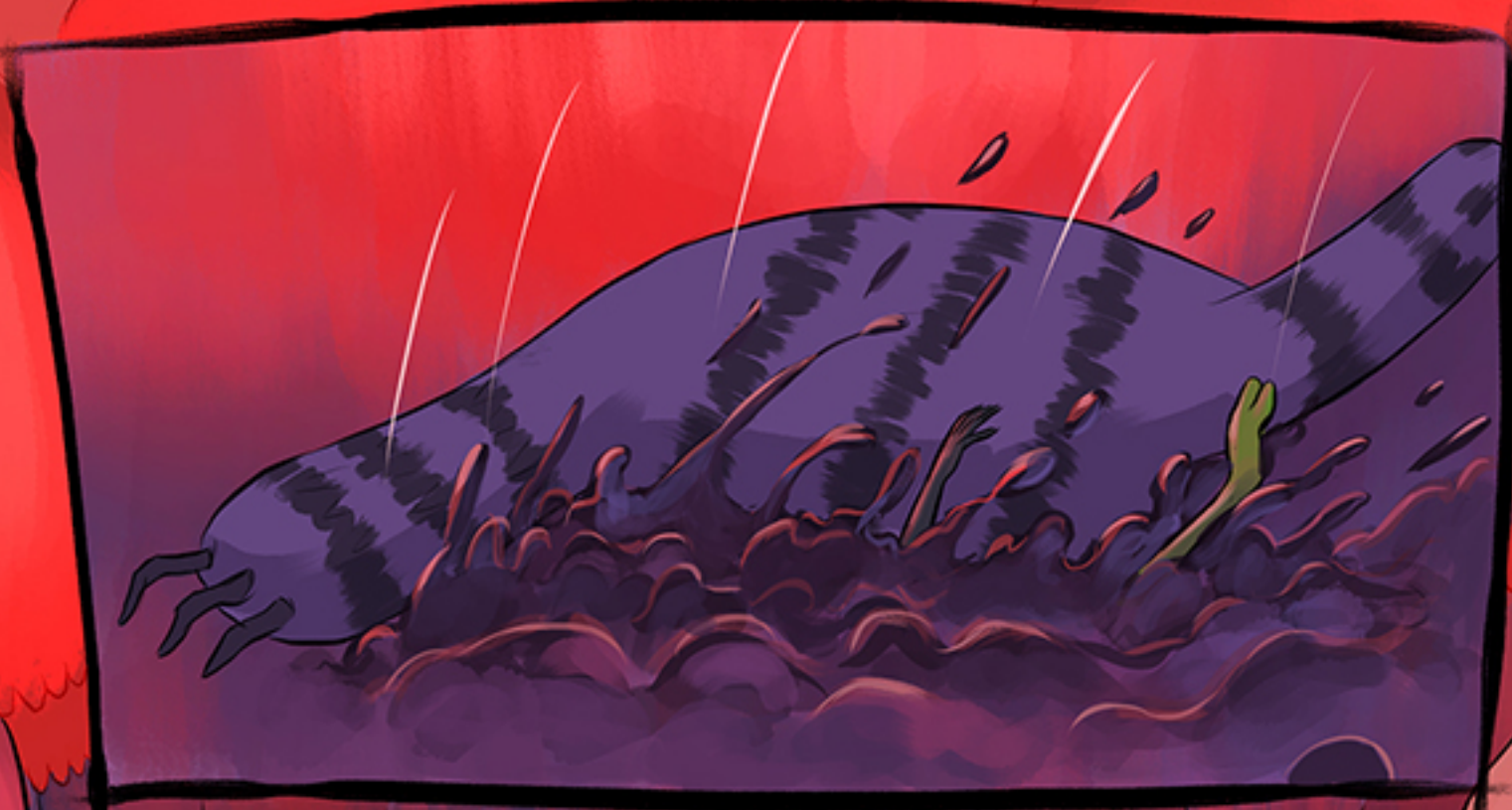
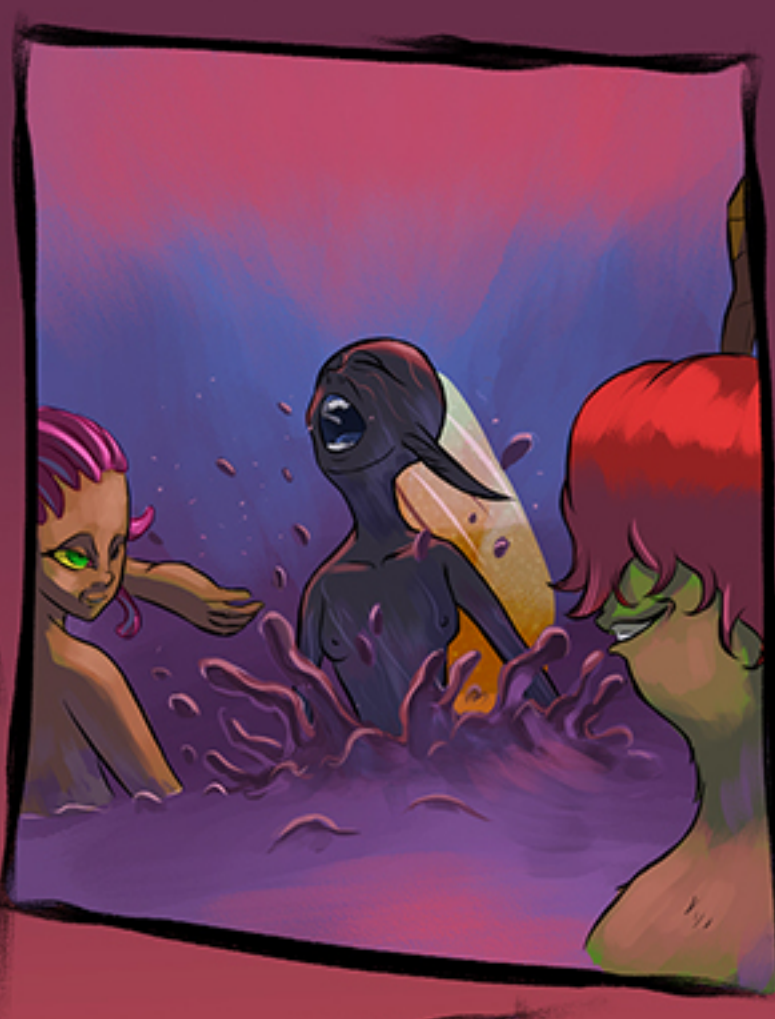
HAVE YE
NAE SEEN
MOOD
BEFOOR?



'Mood'?



SPLOOSH



Mud.

I like it.



TELL US
WHY YOU TRAVEL
NILA NYX.

WHY DO
YOU MOVE WITH
SUCH SPEED AND
PURPOSE?



Lights.



For the
lights.



I see them
sometimes.

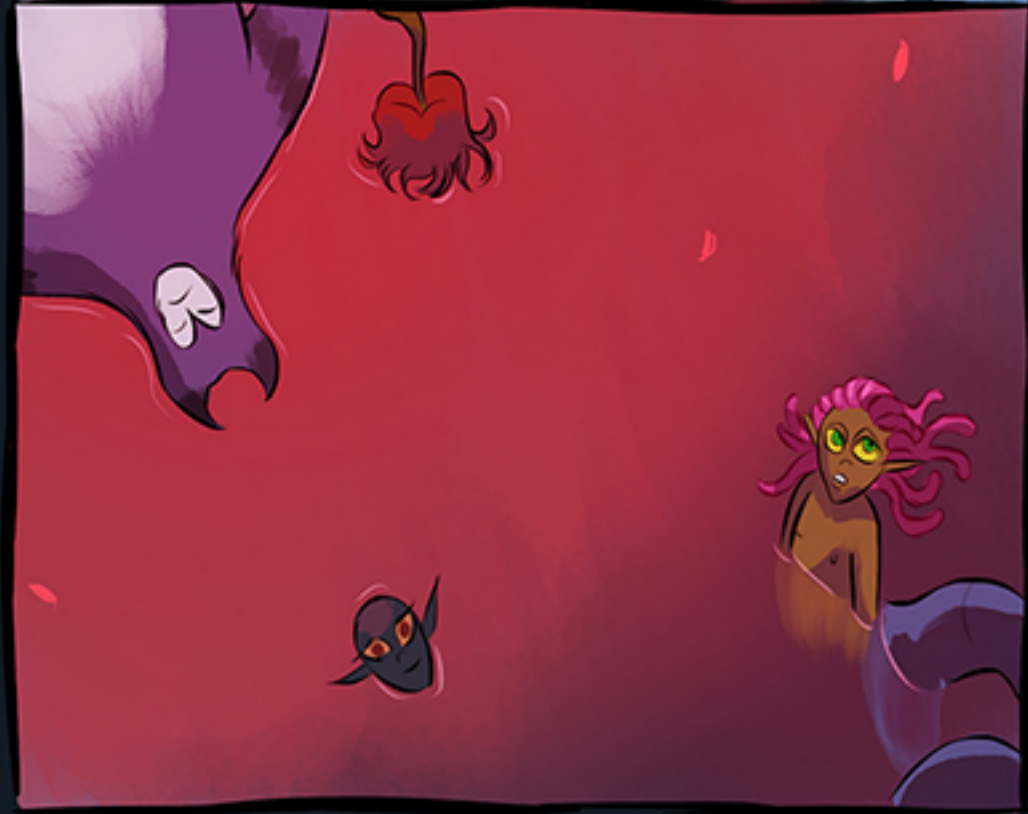
In fact it's the first
thing I can remember
seeing.

I wasn't even sure
if what I saw was
real at first. I might
catch a glimpse of
them in the distance
sometimes. Far, far
beyond the trees.

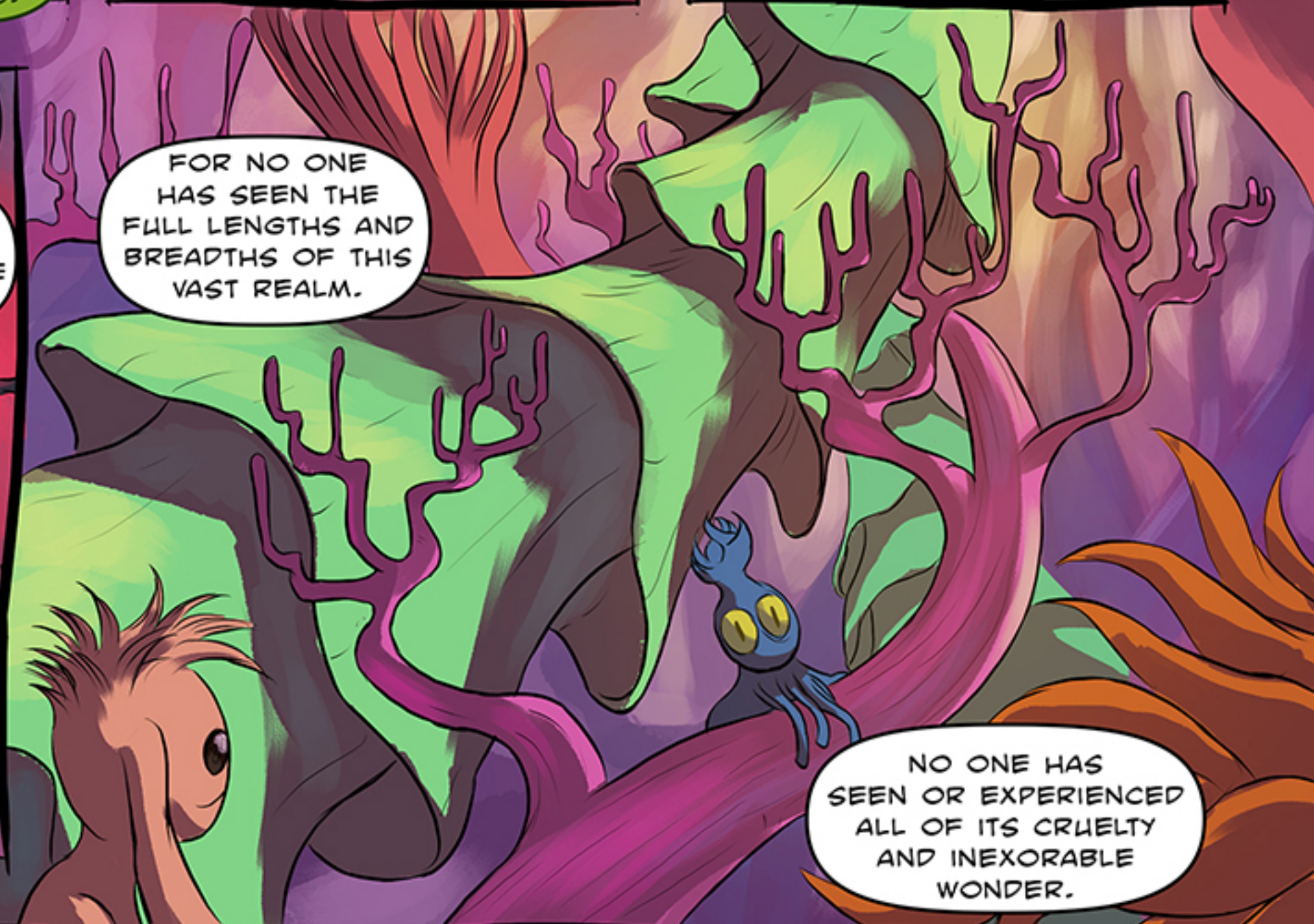
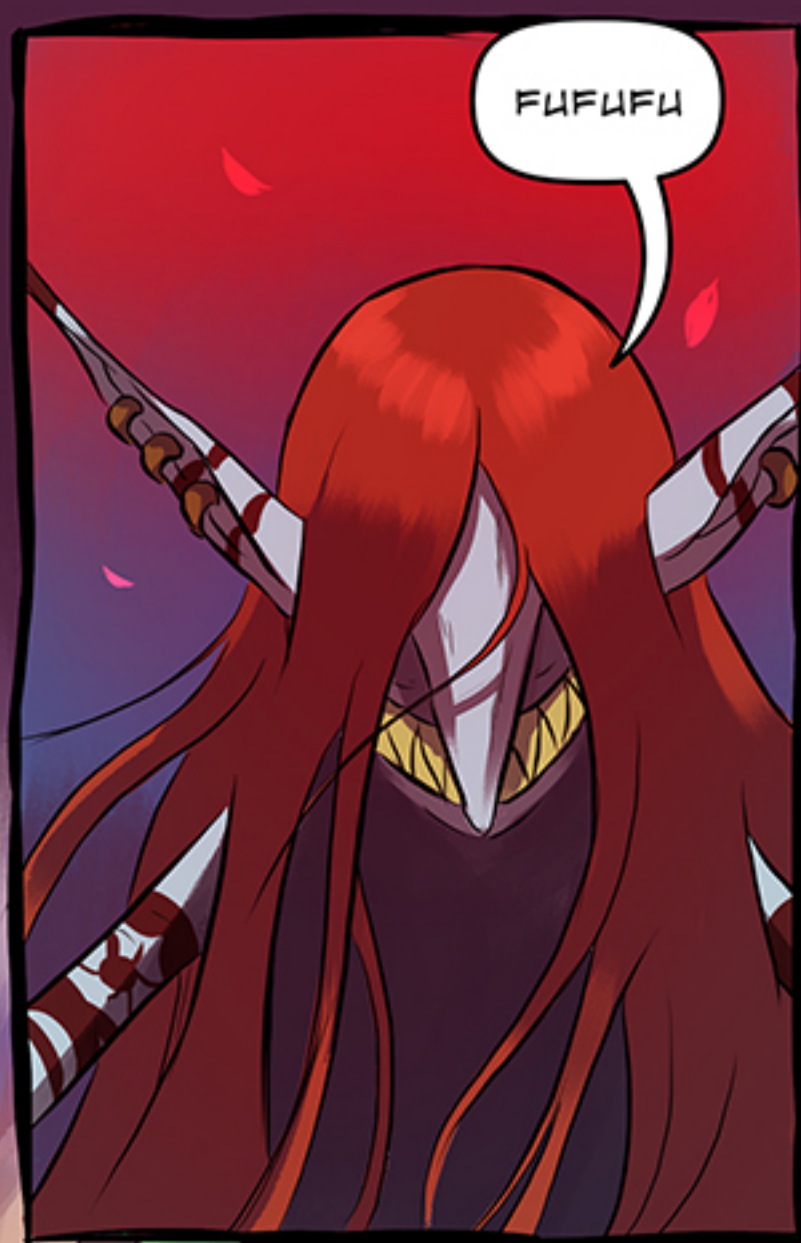
What are they?
Where do they
come from? Why
are they always
just out of reach?

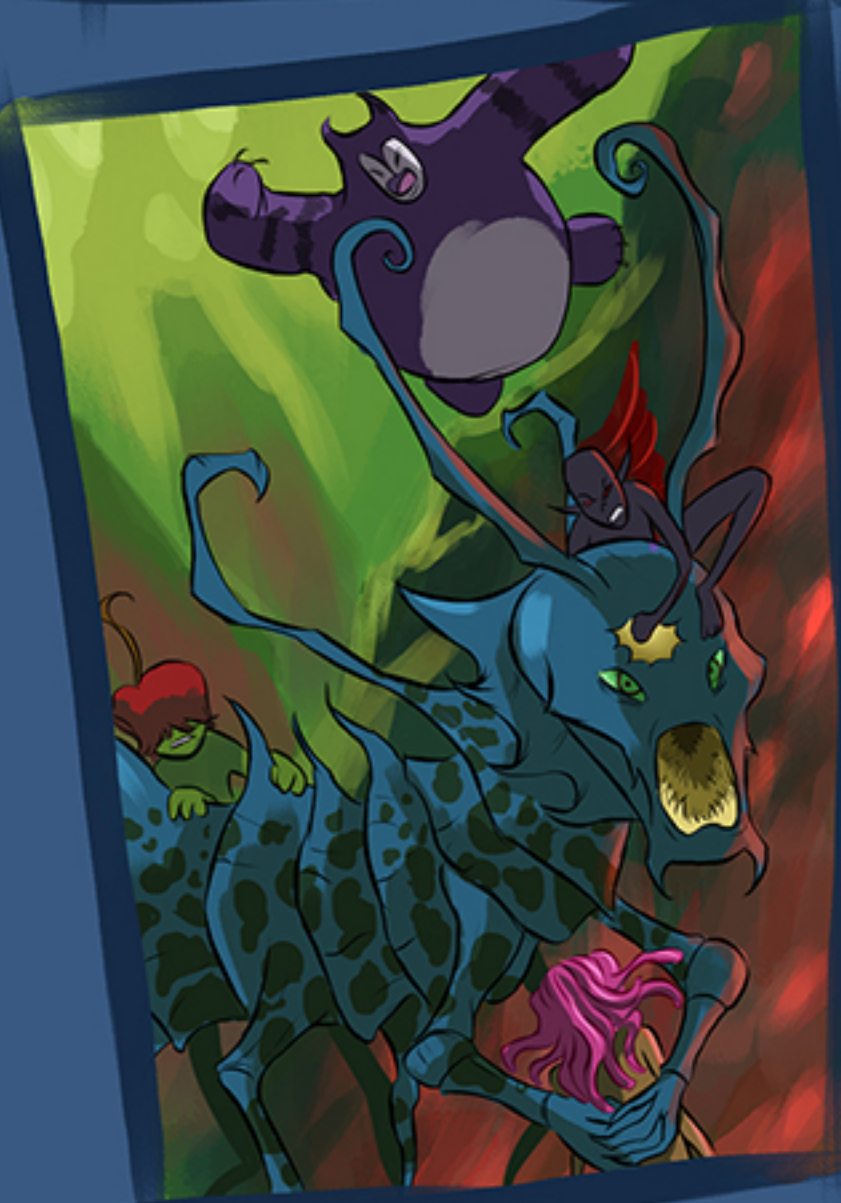
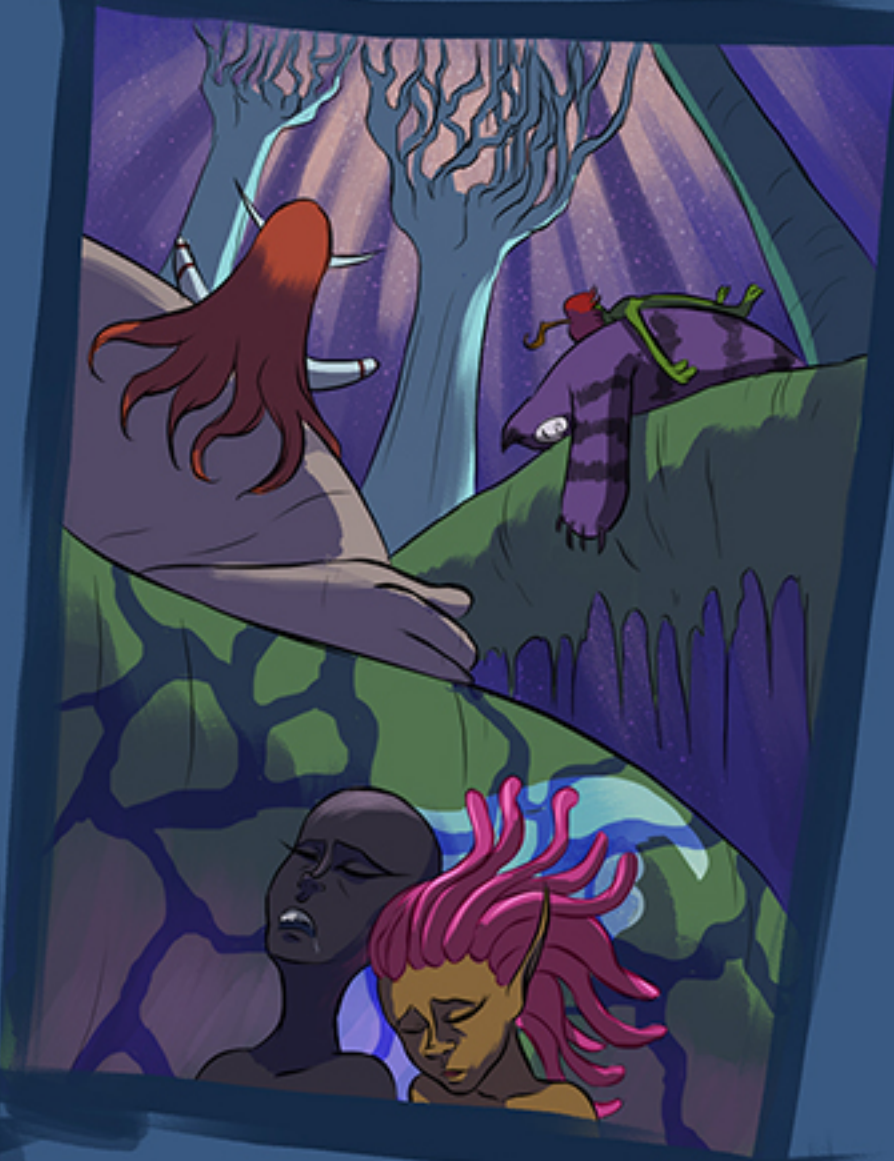
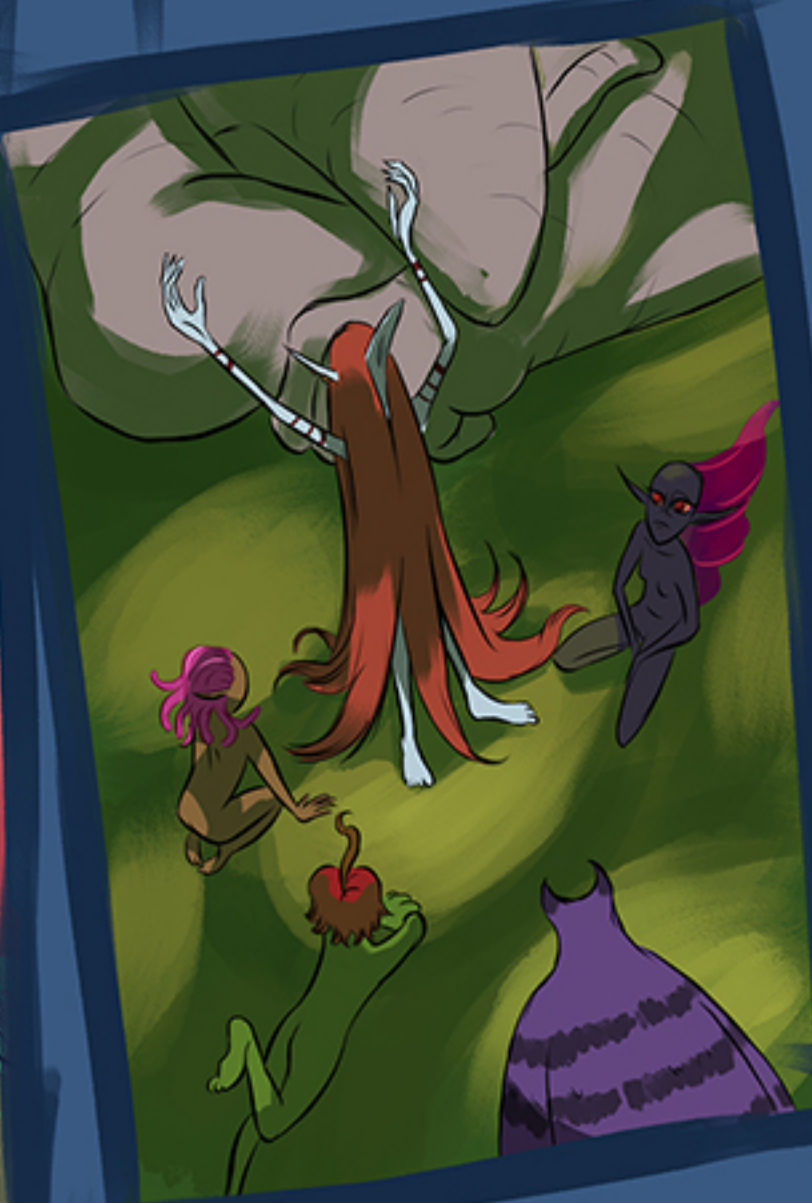
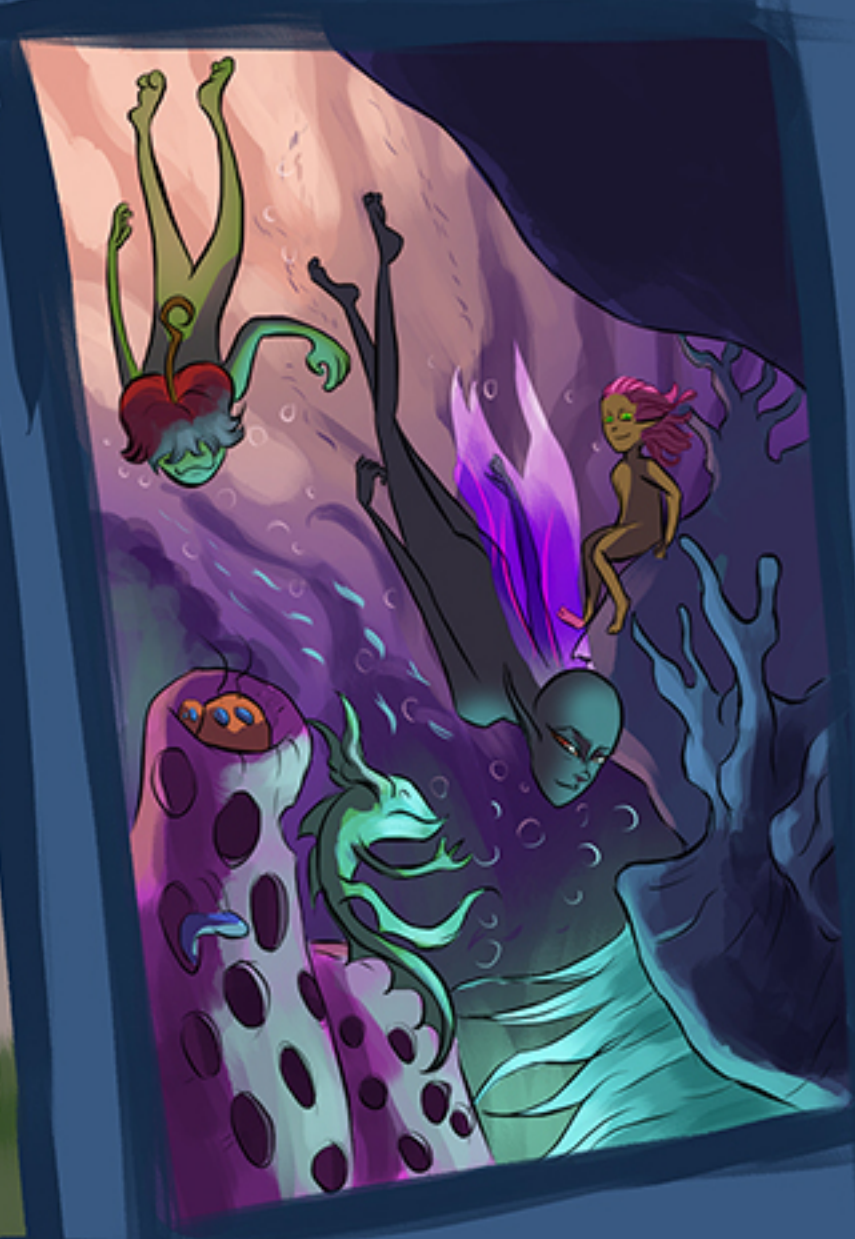
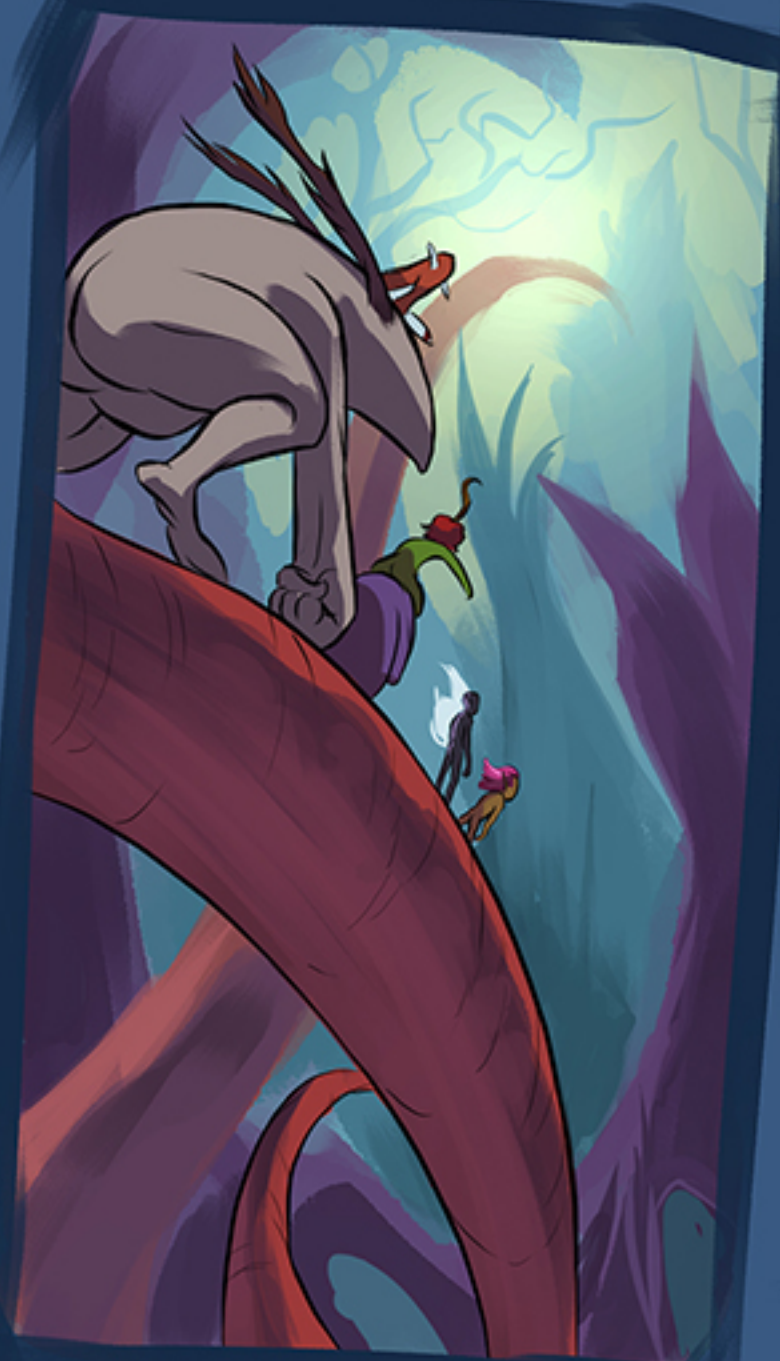
I want to go up
high to wherever
they are. I want
to touch them.

Like a vision in
the mist they've
been in my eyes
ever since.



I like
mud.





YOU CAN YET
DECIDE TO STAY
WITH US
YOU KNOW.

WE CAN TOGETHER
SEE THE SIGHTS
THE TREES SHOW US
AND THE SECRETS
THEY WHISPER.

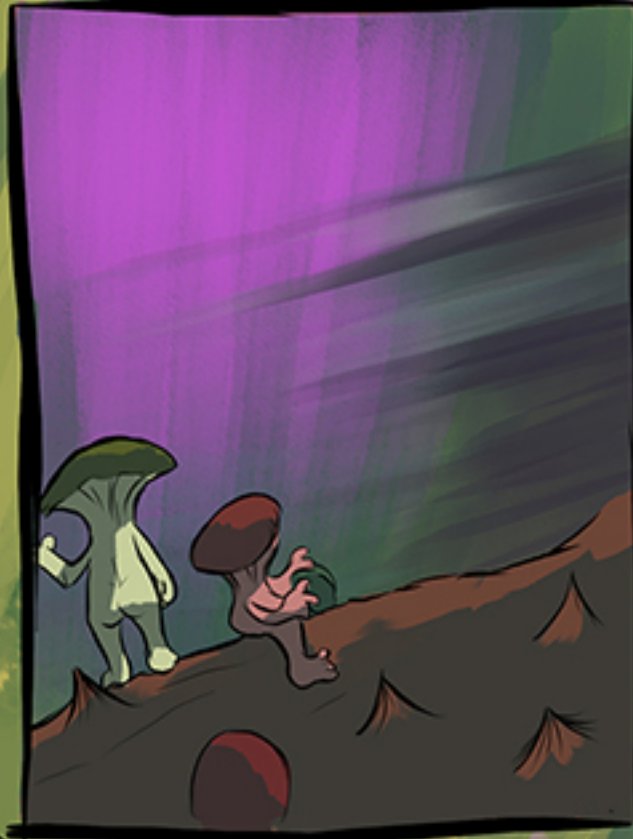
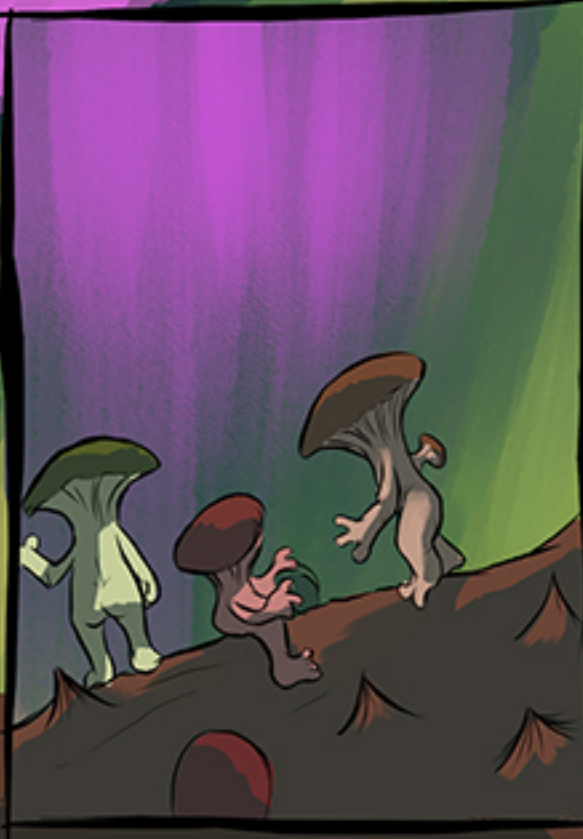
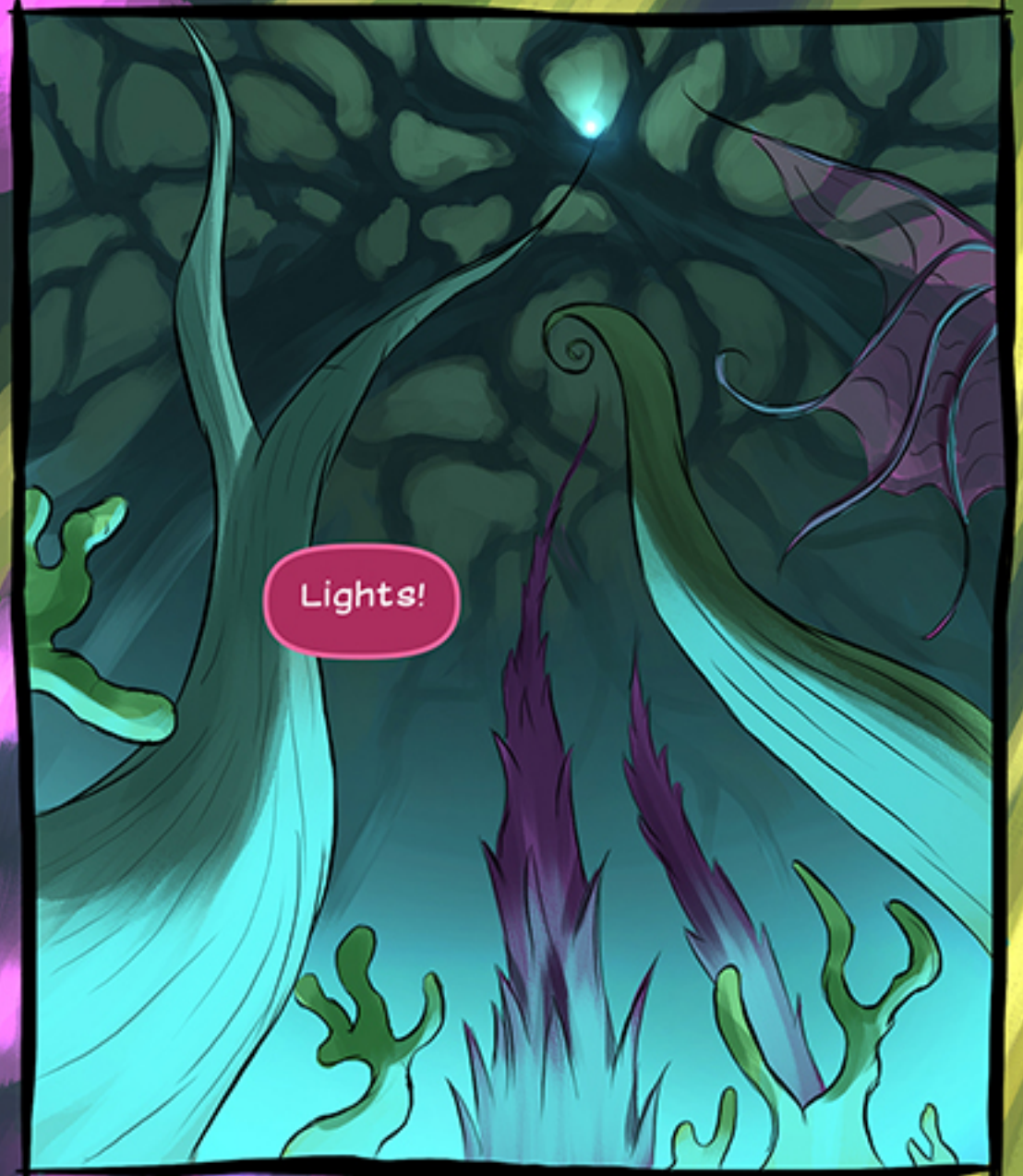
I'm sorry.
Our paths are
separate. Yours
lies about, mine
above.

THEN GOOD
FORTUNE TAE YE
NILA NYX.

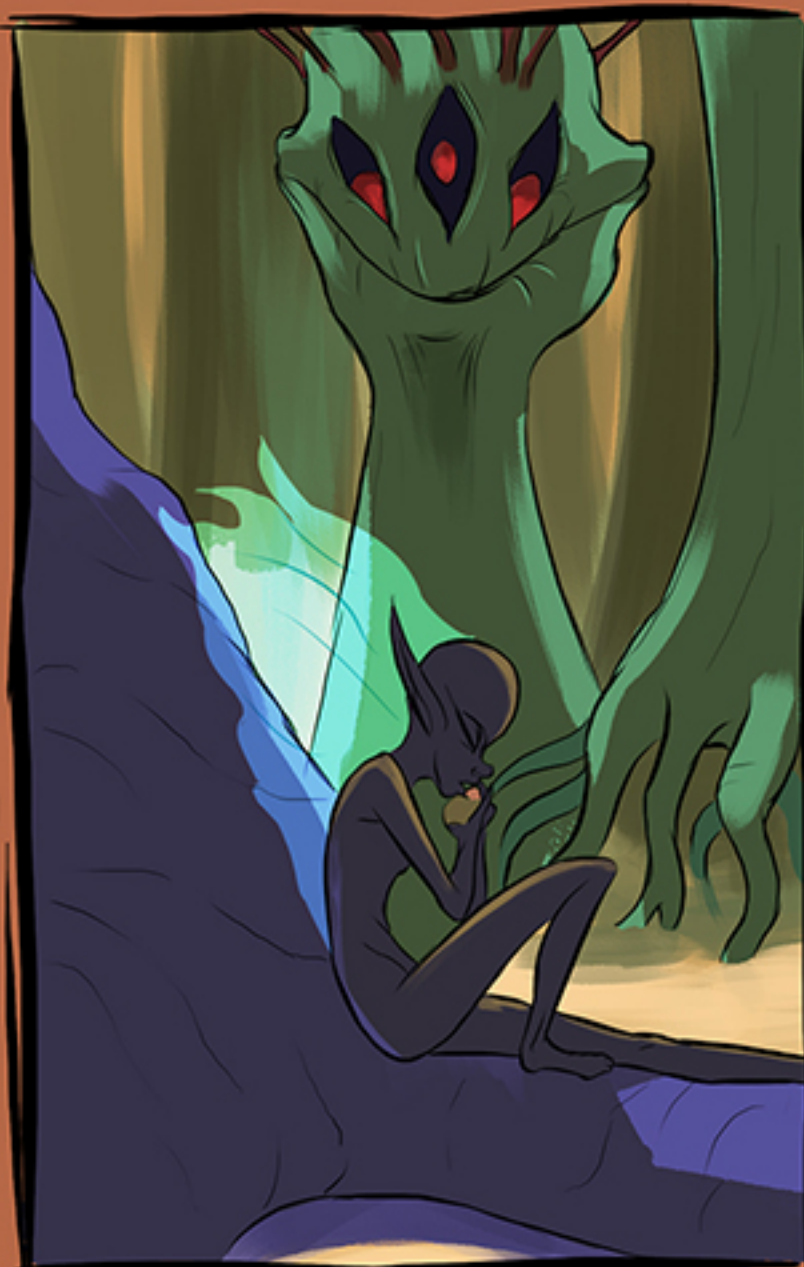
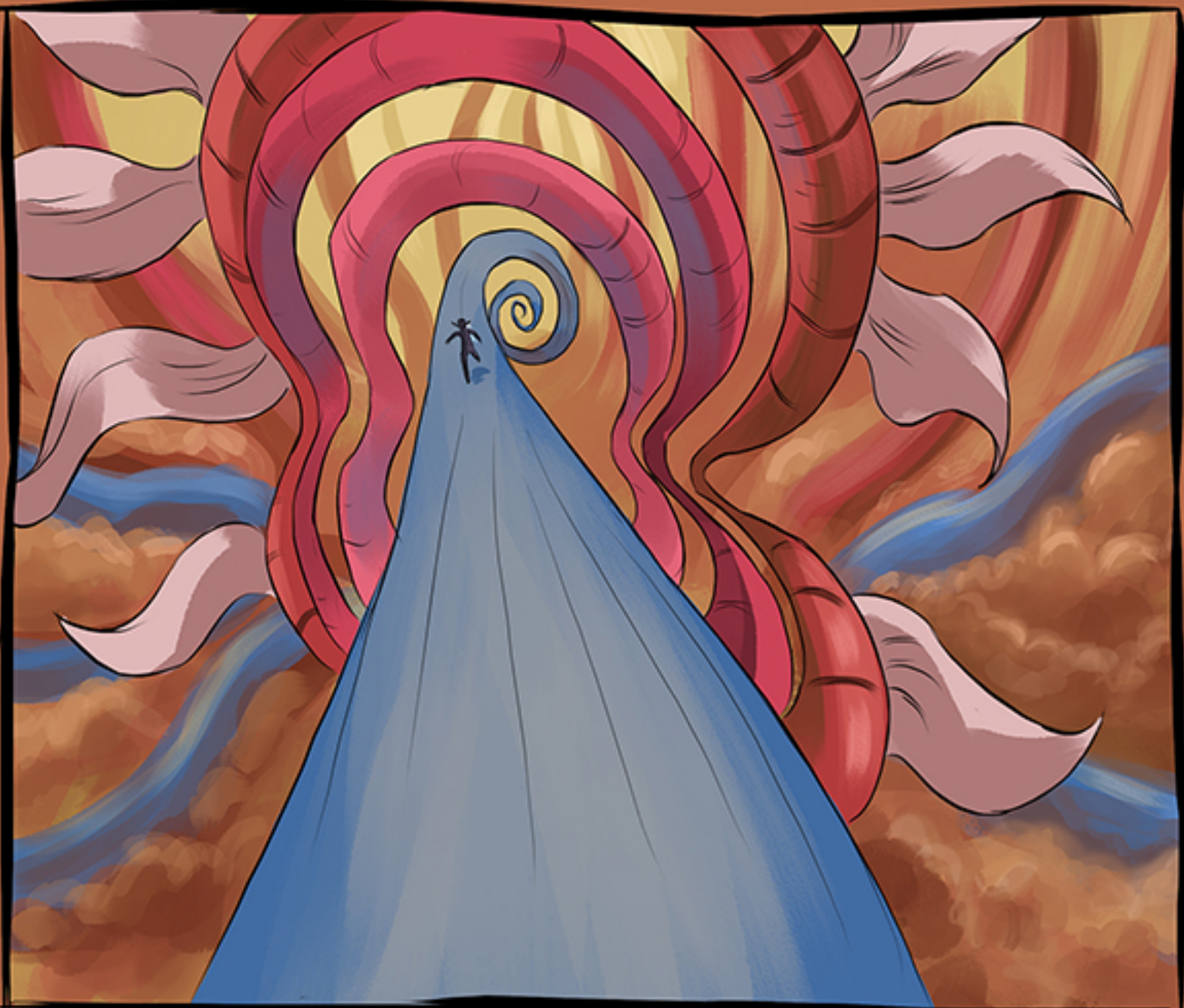
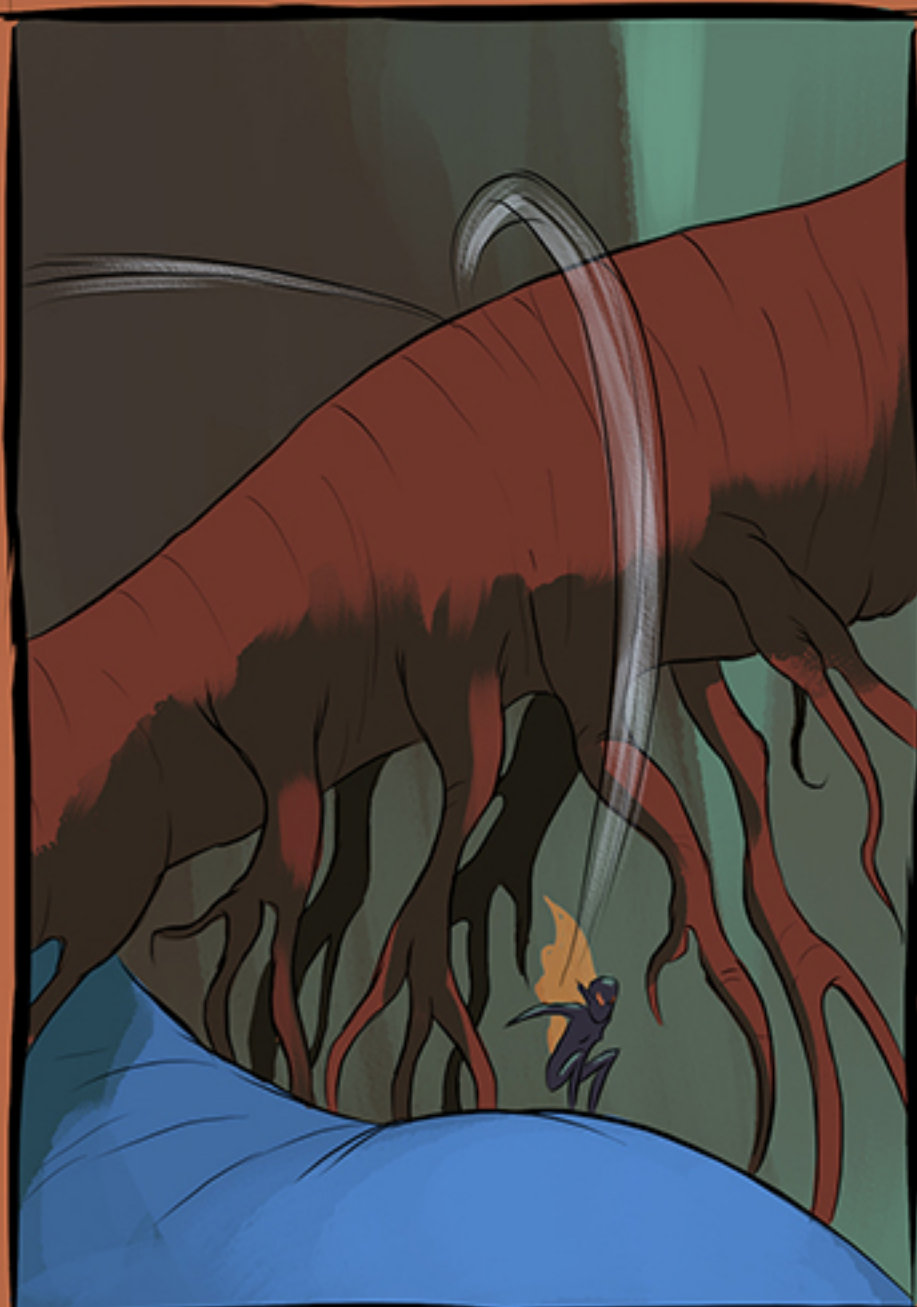
AND THAT FORTUNE
WISHED IS NOT LIGHTLY
DISCARDED FOR THERE
IS MUCH DANGER FOR
ONE TRAVELLING
ALONE.

IN THIS WORLD
THERE ARE HAZARDS
BEYOND YOUR OR OUR
IMAGININGS; THINGS
THAT EVEN YOU MIGHTN'T
OUTRUN.

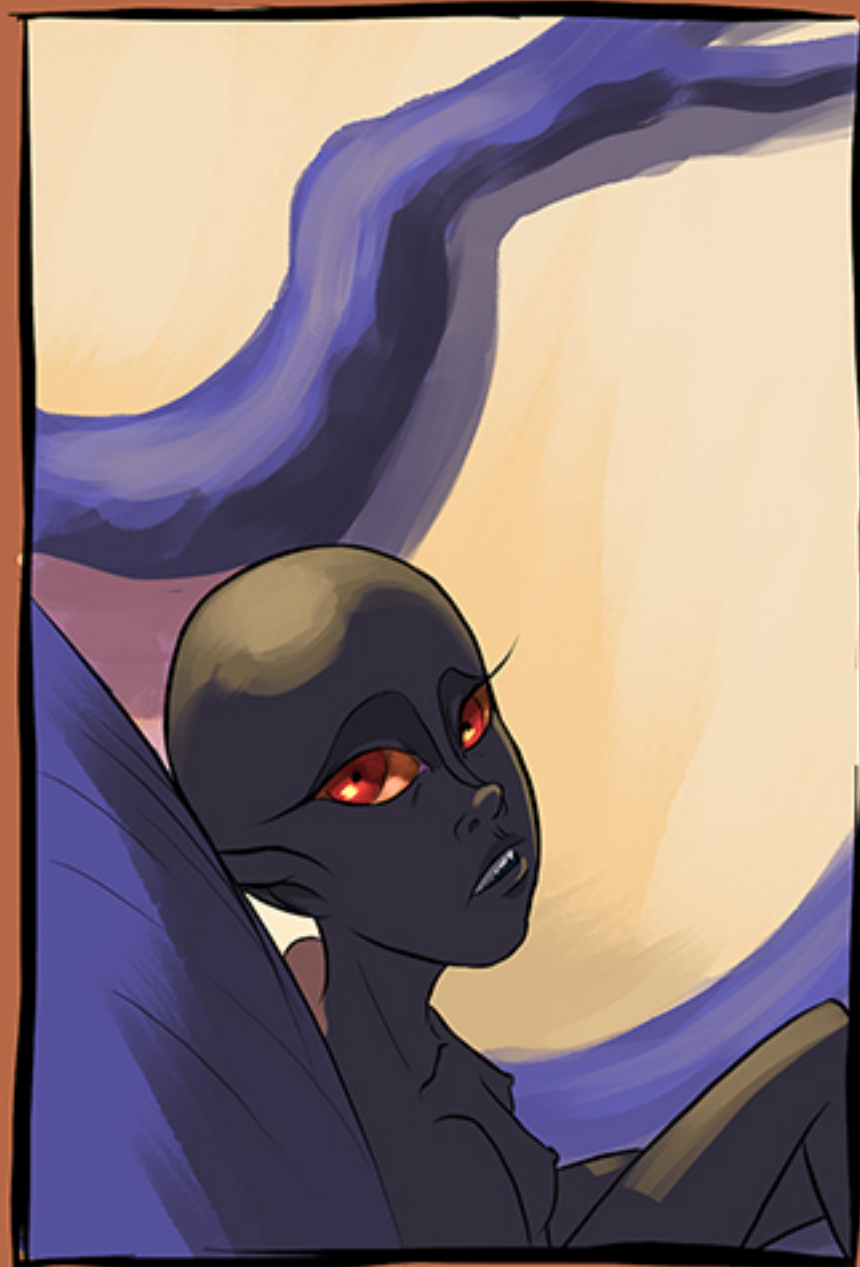
Peace and good
eatings be with
you all.

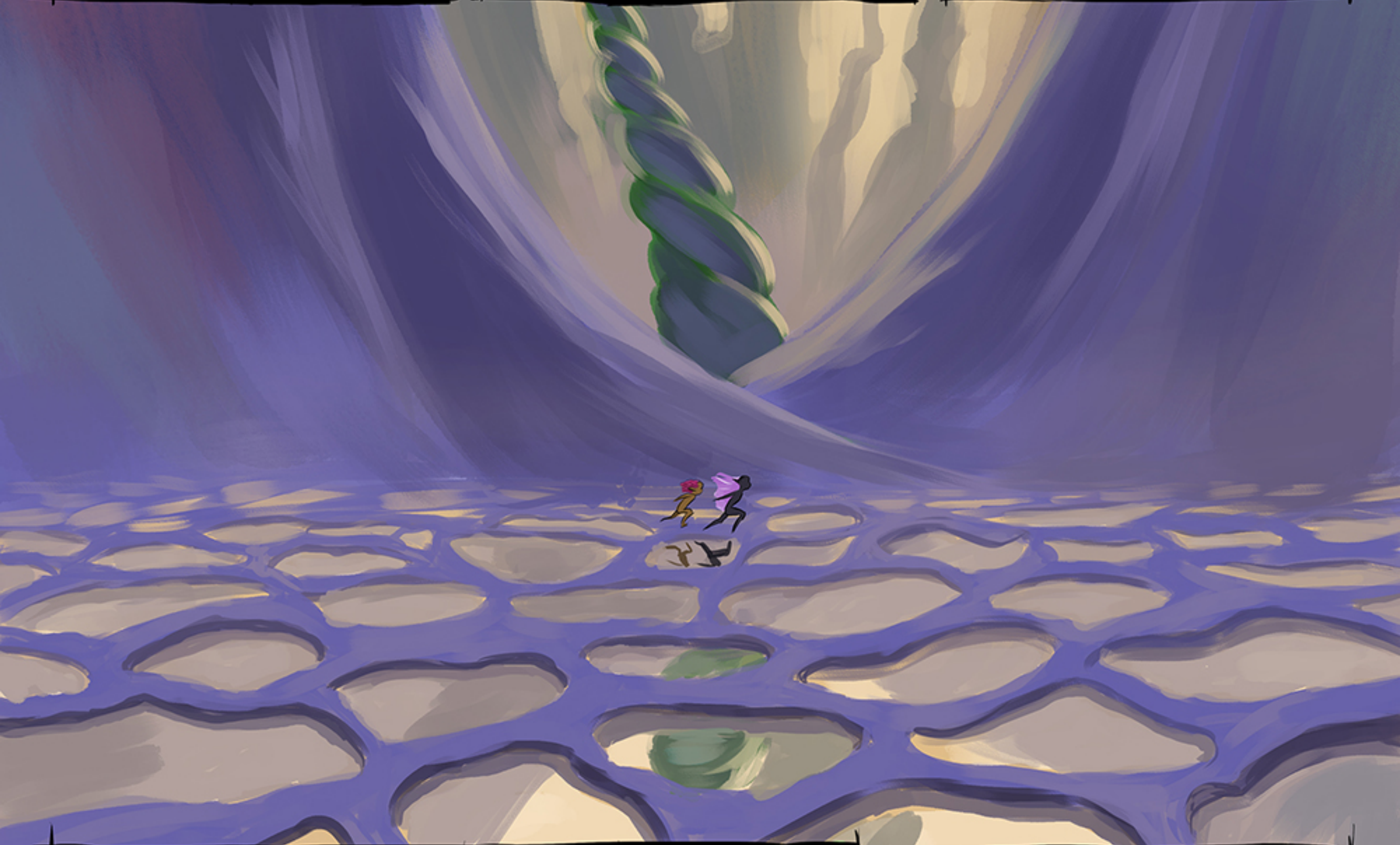
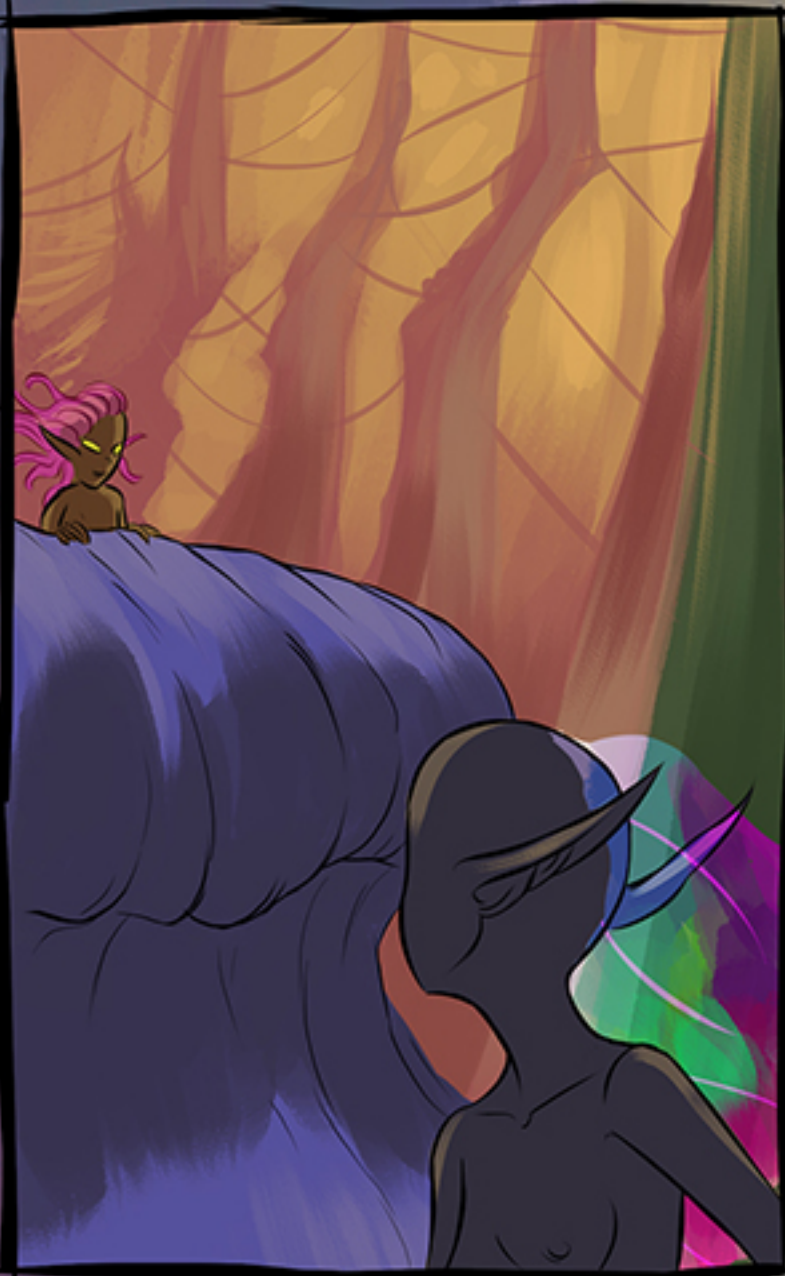


I can no
better sense
it than you.



RUSTLE
RUSTLE







Why are they like this?

They're dead.

It all feels so...so wrong.

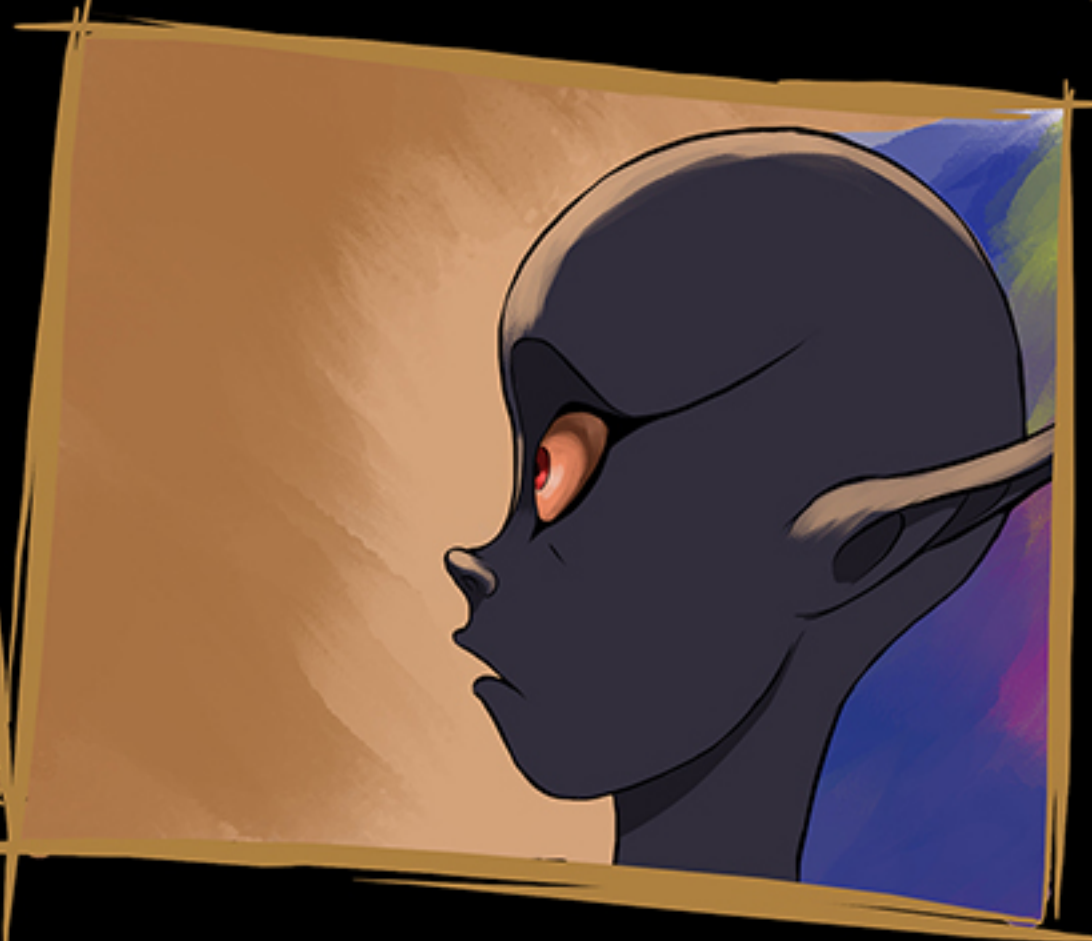
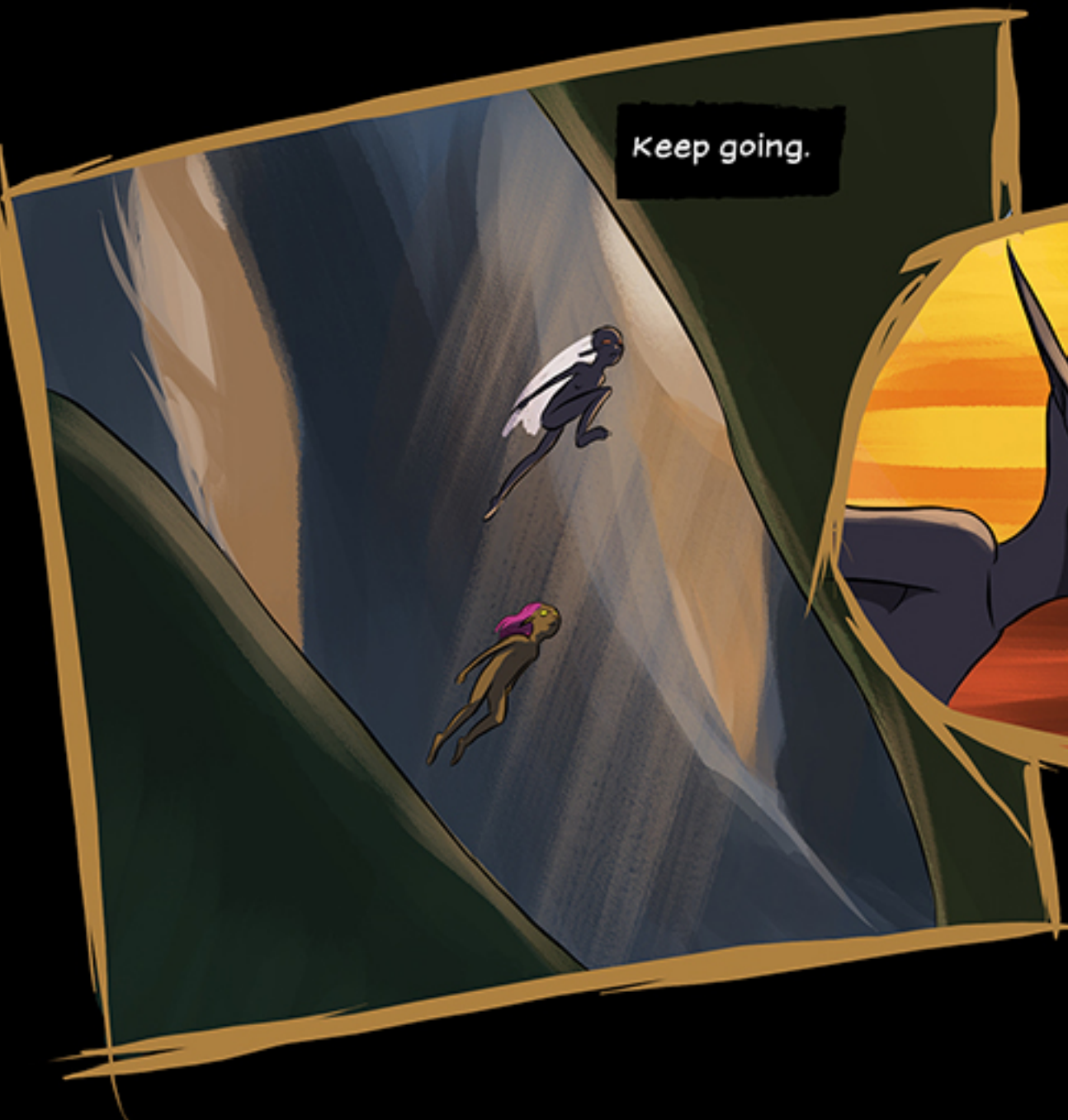
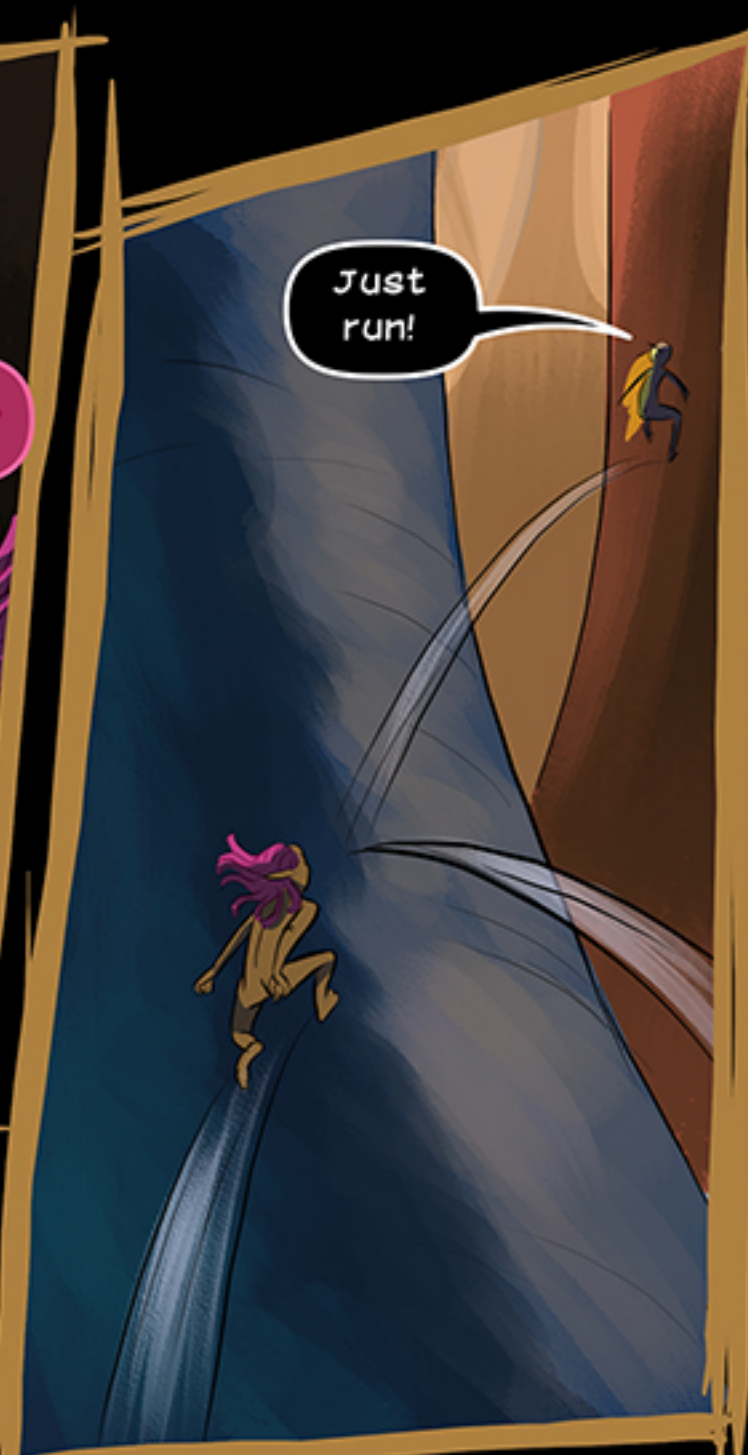
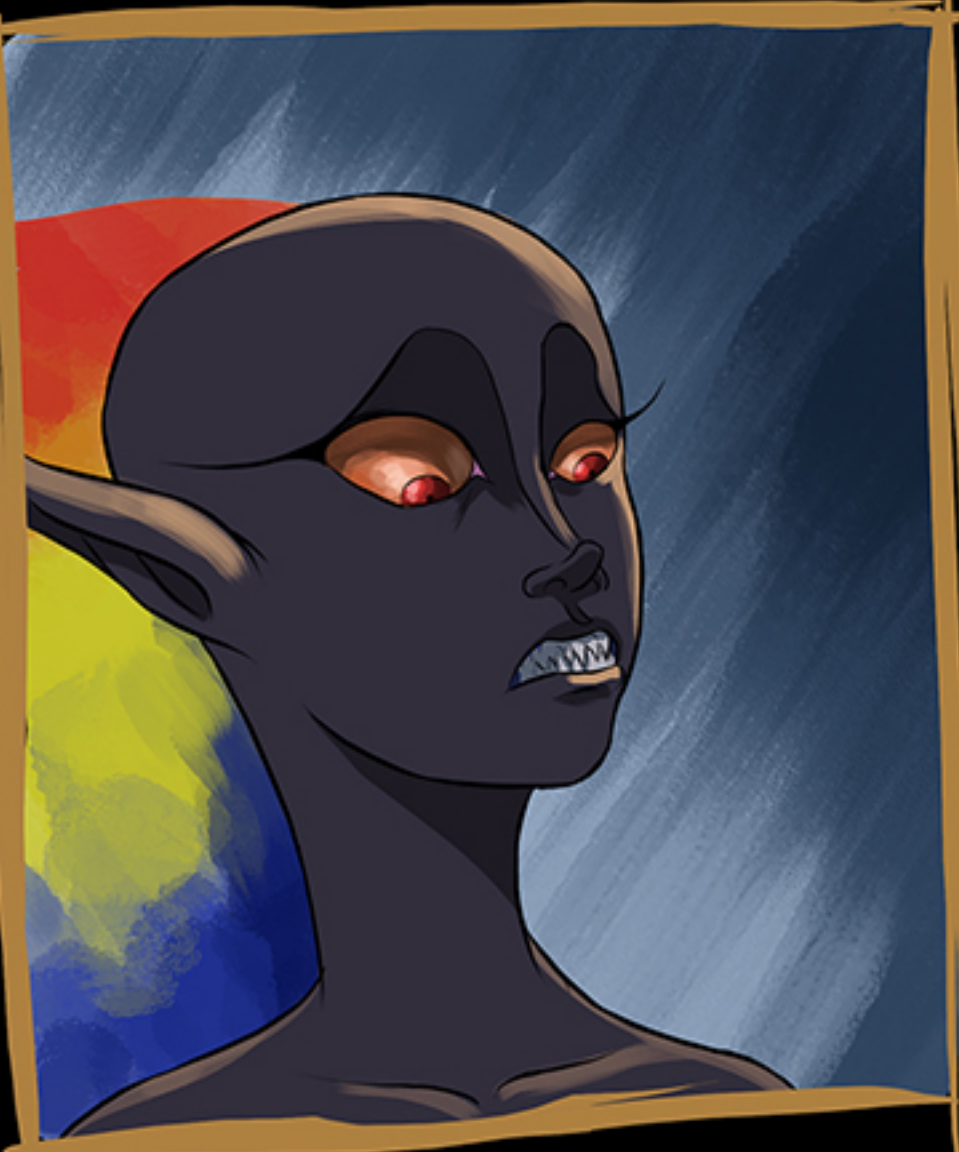
She's right. I can feel it too.

Something's down there.

Something unimaginable.

Horrifying.

watching.





WHAT NOISE
YOU'VE BEEN
MAKING.

WHERE ARE
YOU GOING IN
SUCH A
HURRY?

DON'T ASK
SUCH SILLY
QUESTIONS. IT'S
HERE TO PLAY
WITH US OF
COURSE.

Play and
play until
the trees
wilt.

I'm not
staying.
We're just
passing
through.

You're not
here to replace
my sister? And
what could be more
important a thing
than that?

THRENEDY WAS
ONE OF A KIND. HOW
COULD THIS ONE
POSSIBLY REPLACE
HER?

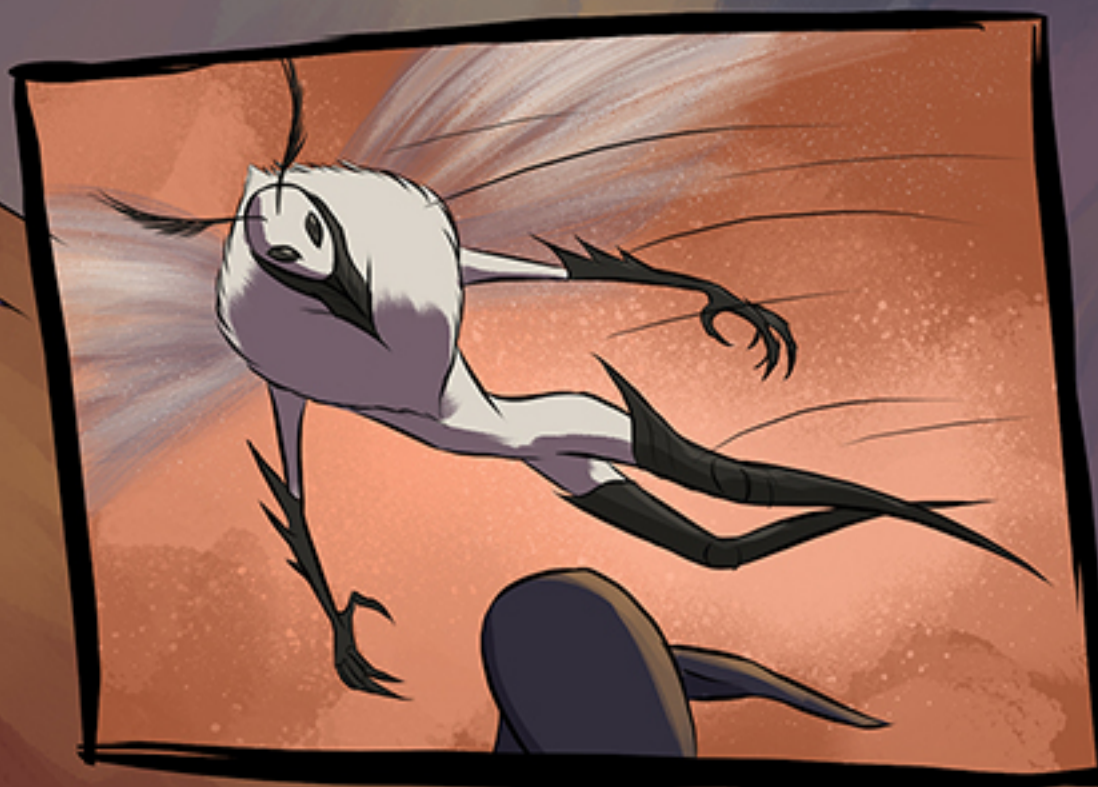
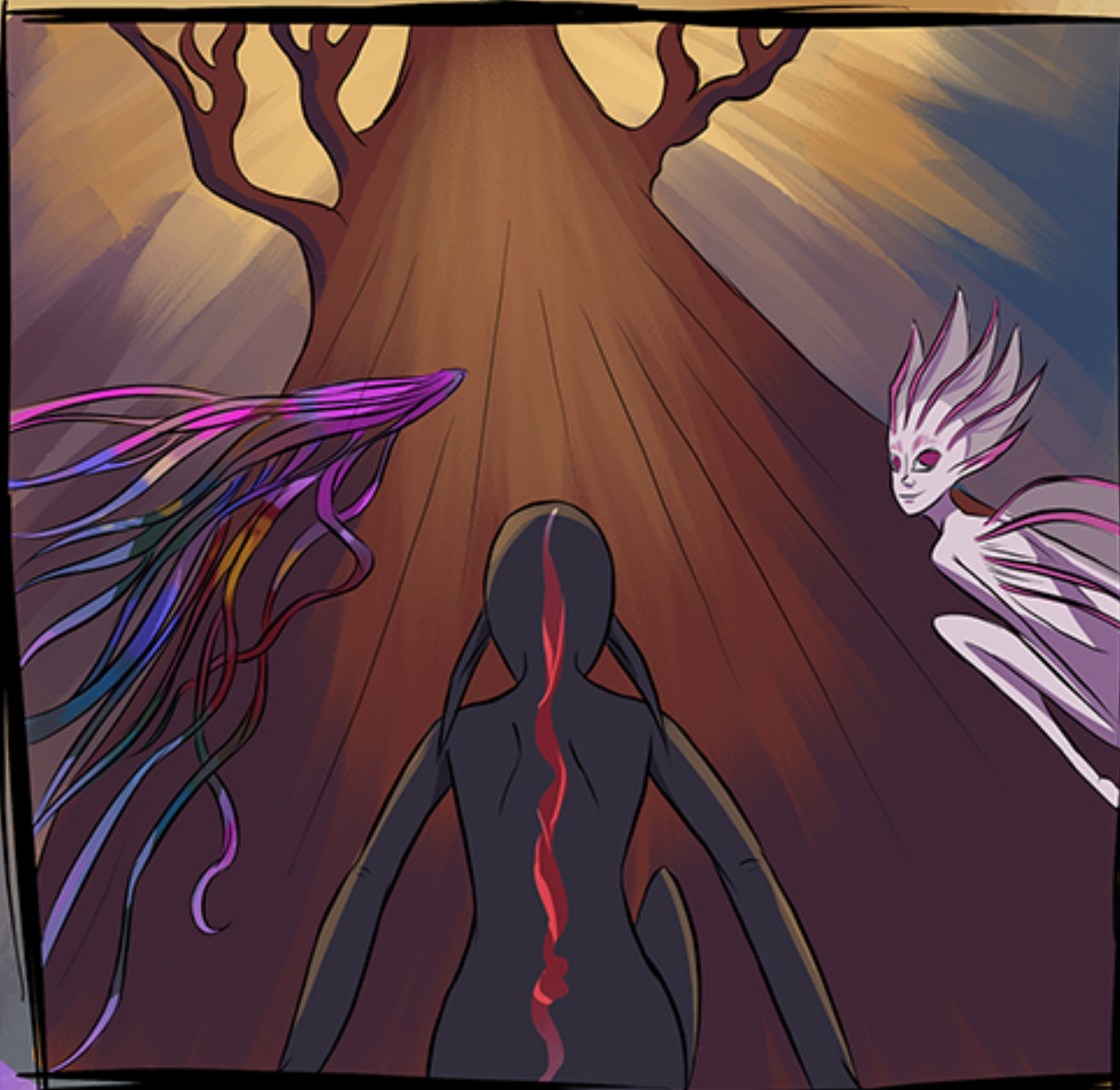
THRENEDY
ABANDONED US
REMEMBER?
WHY SHOULD
WE BE SO
PICKY?

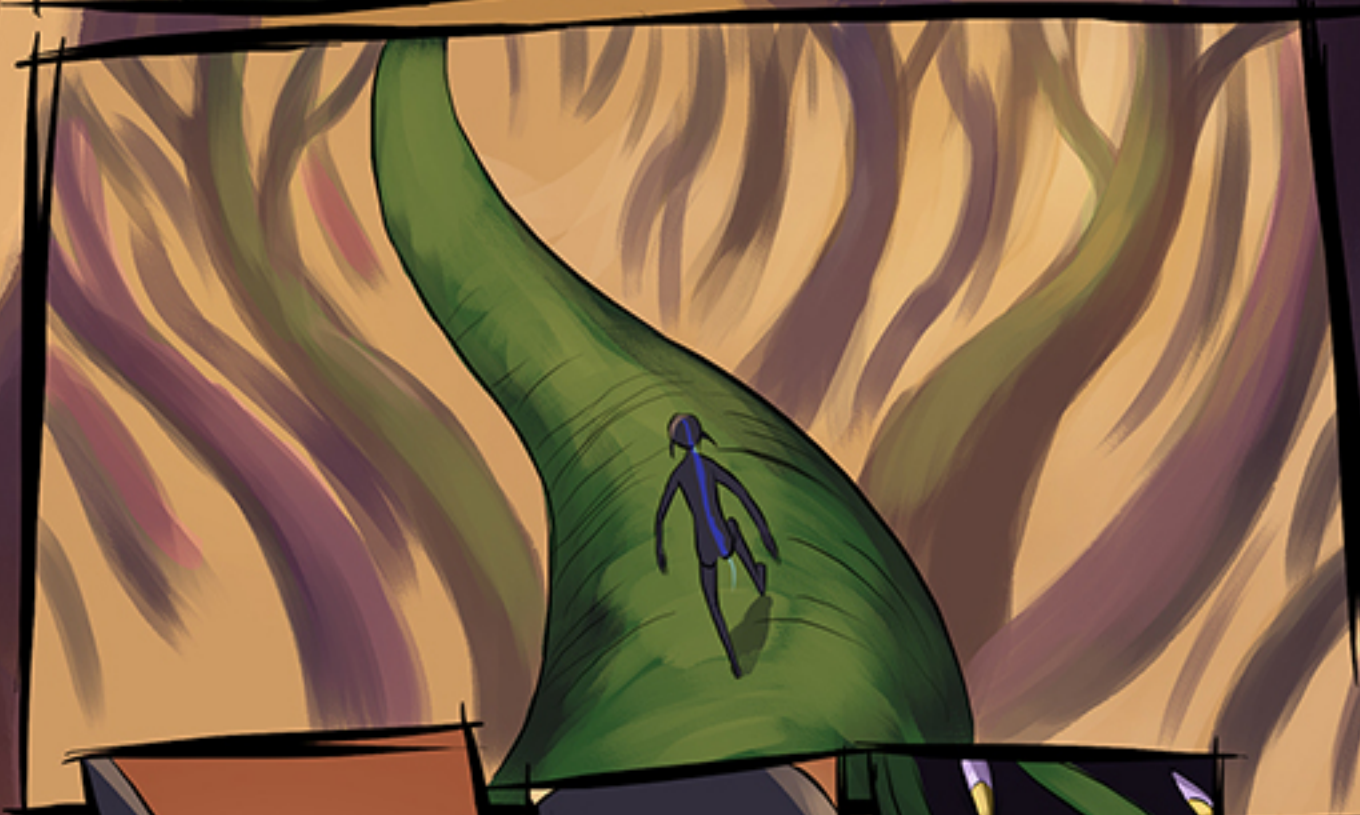
EAT THEM,
FUCK THEM,
CRUSH THEM...
JUST MAKE
UP YOUR
MINDS.

They'll have to catch us first.

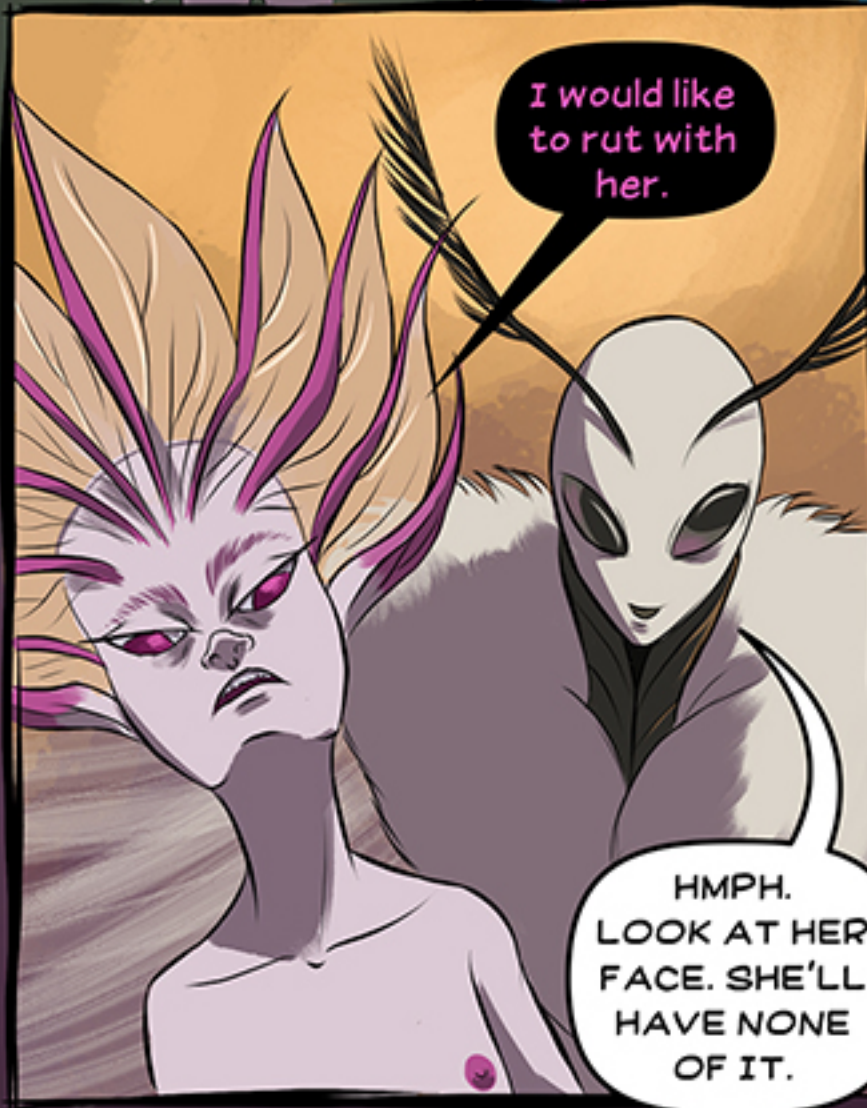


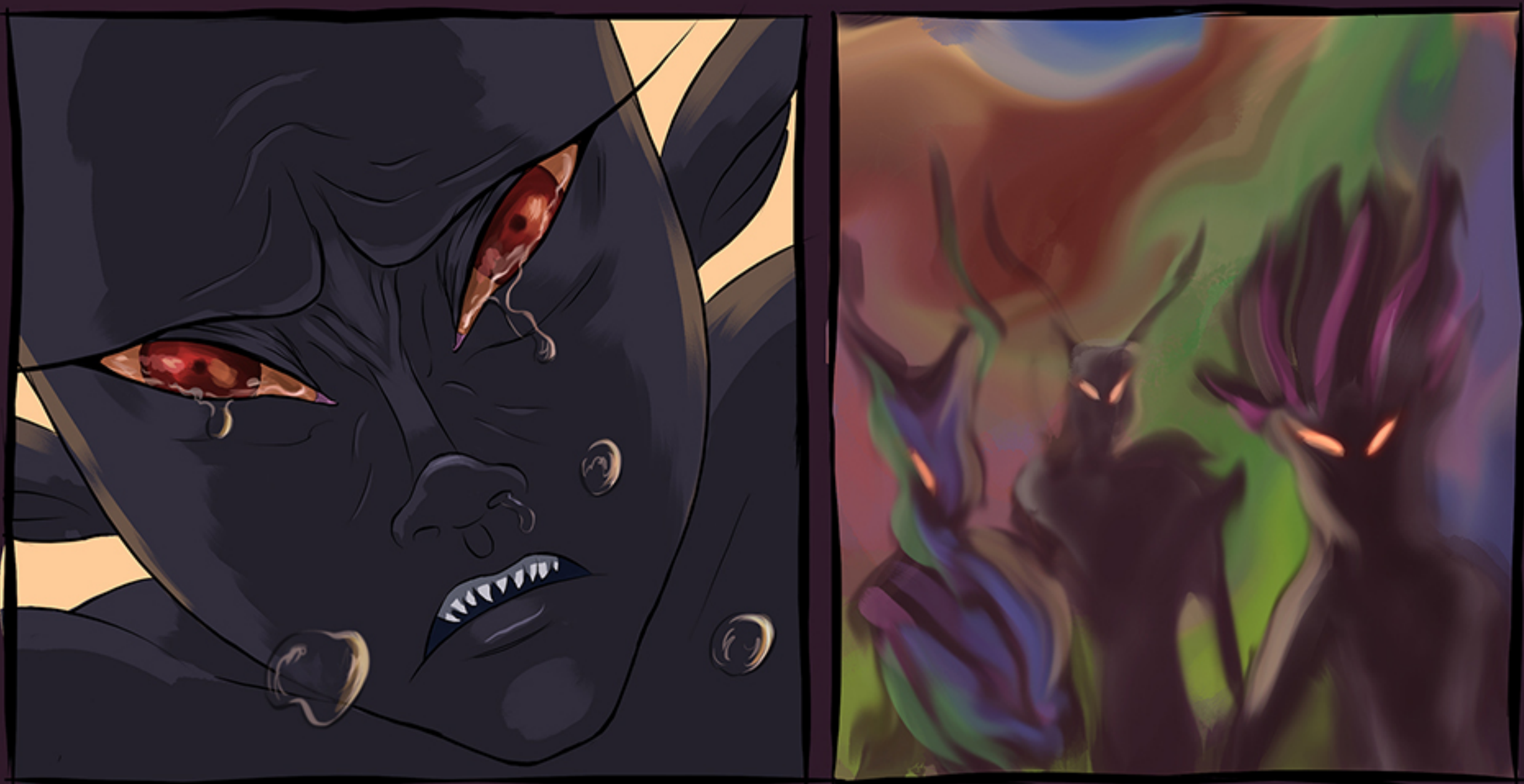
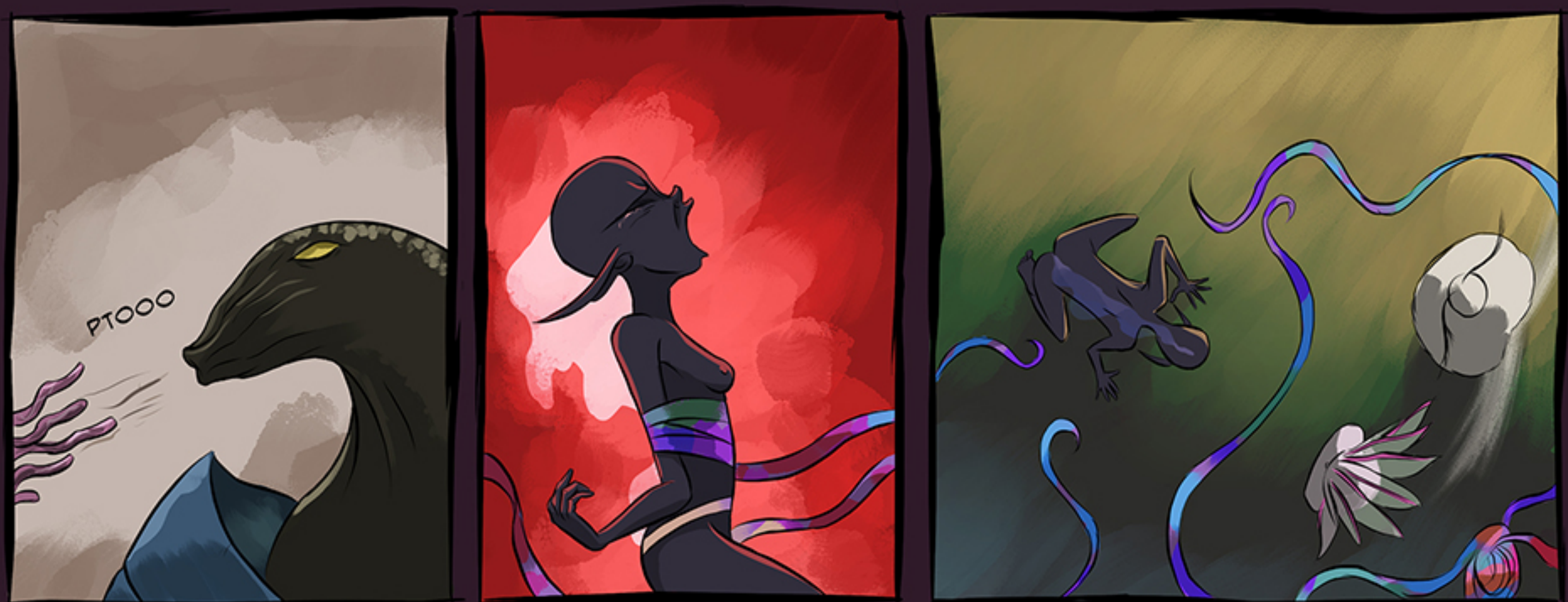
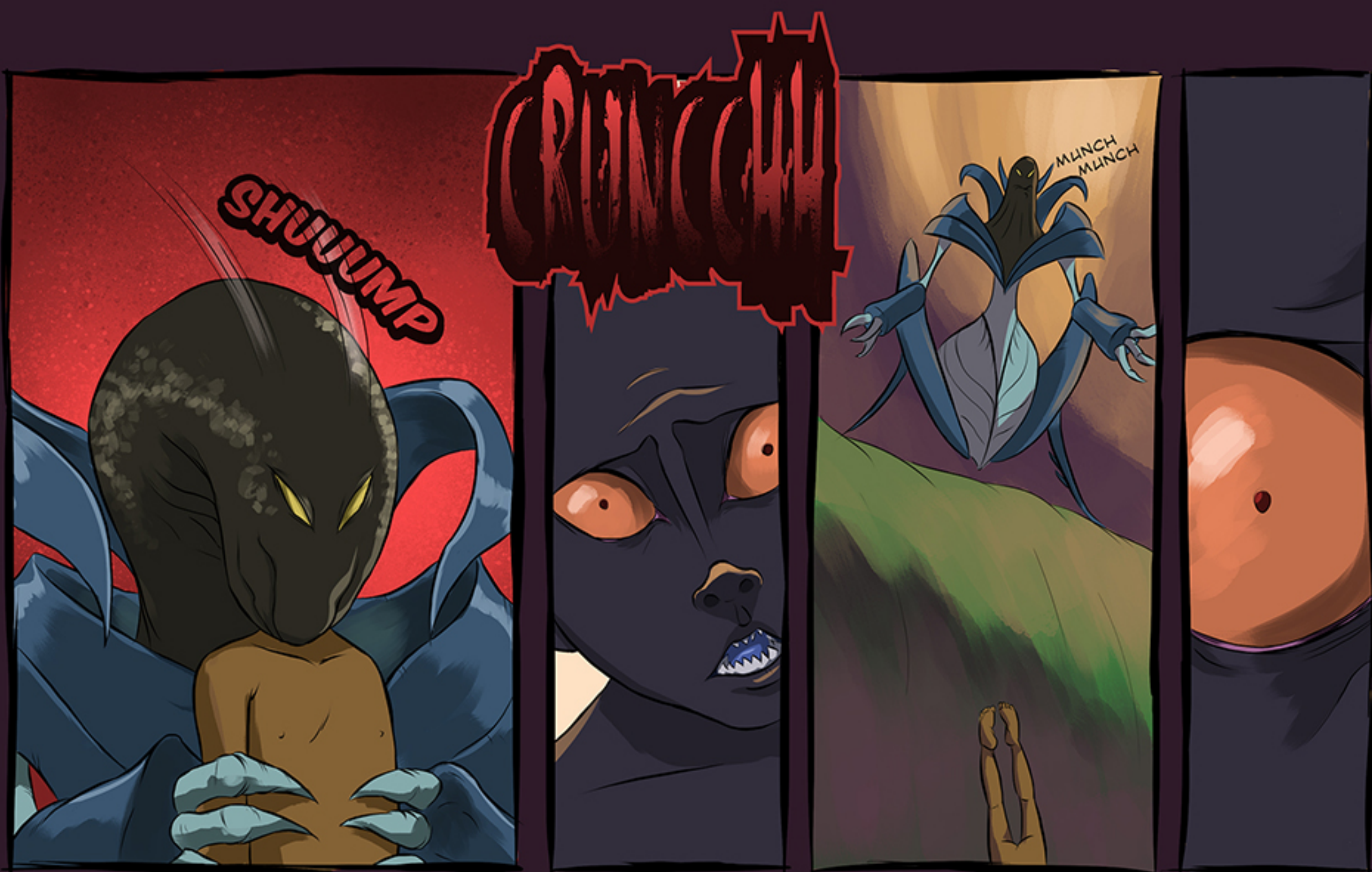
And nothing can catch us.

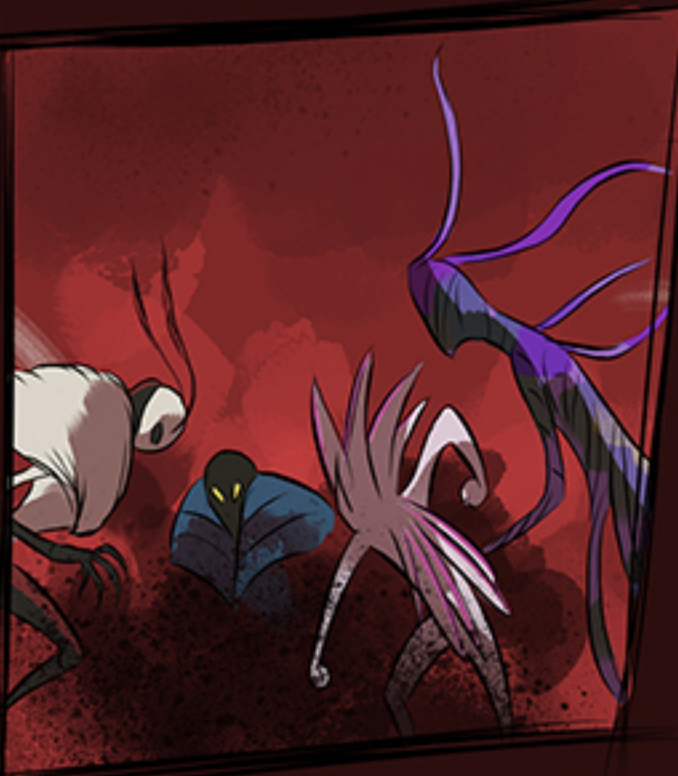




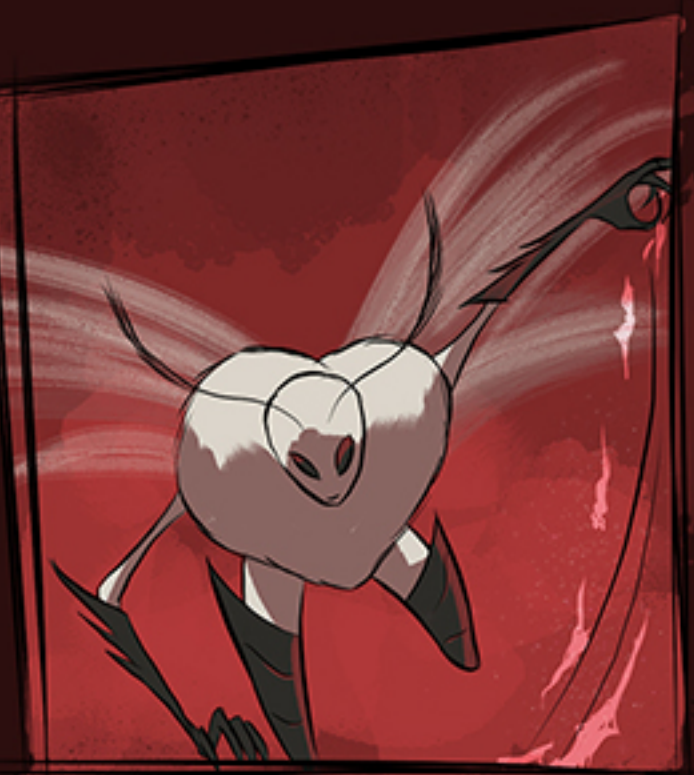
SPEED AND AGILITY COUNT FOR NOTHING IF YOU DON'T KNOW THE TERRAIN LITTLE ONE.



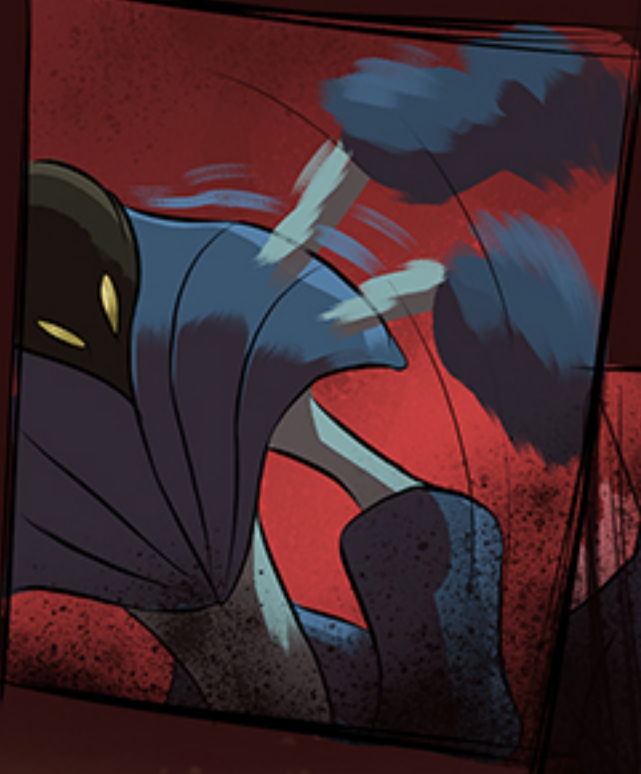




Nila please...



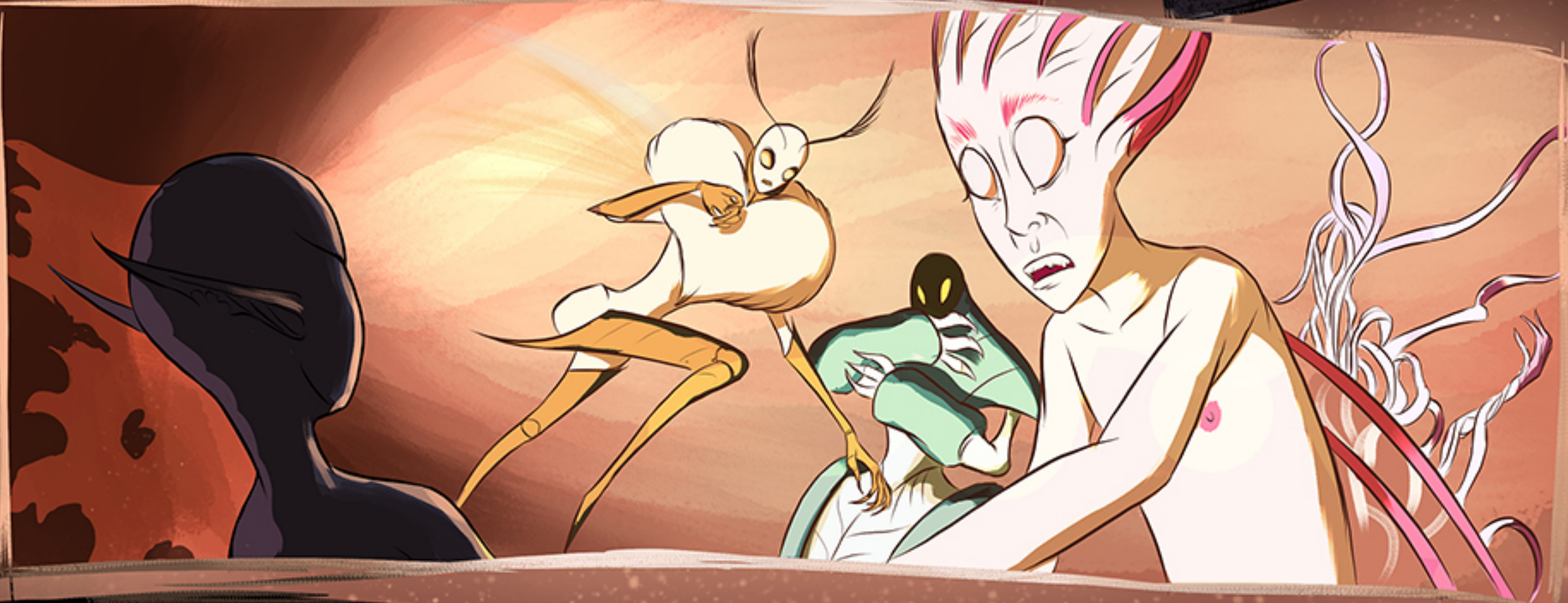
Nila...



Just close your eyes.



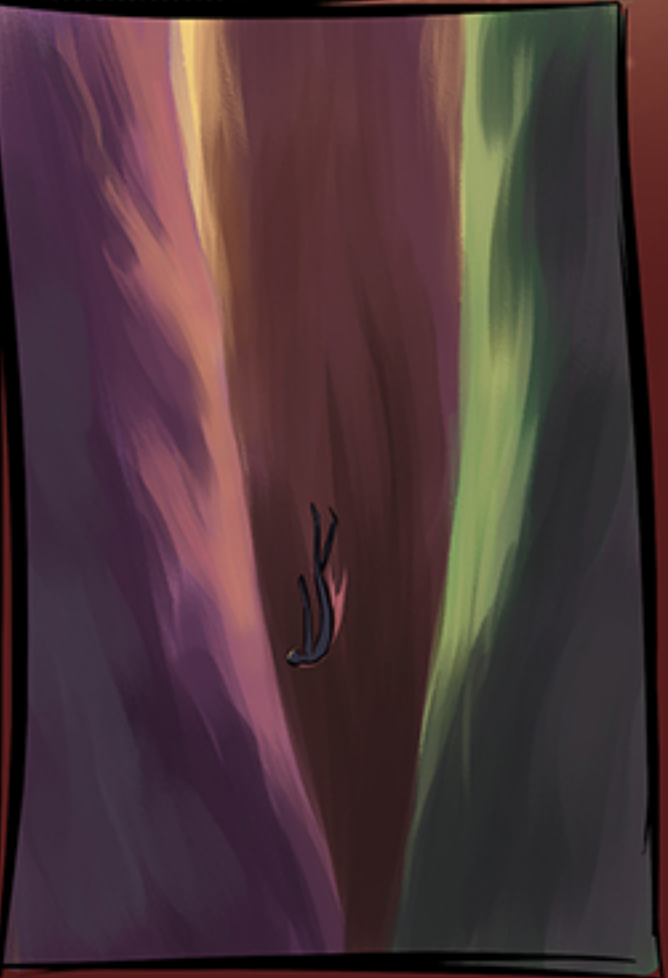
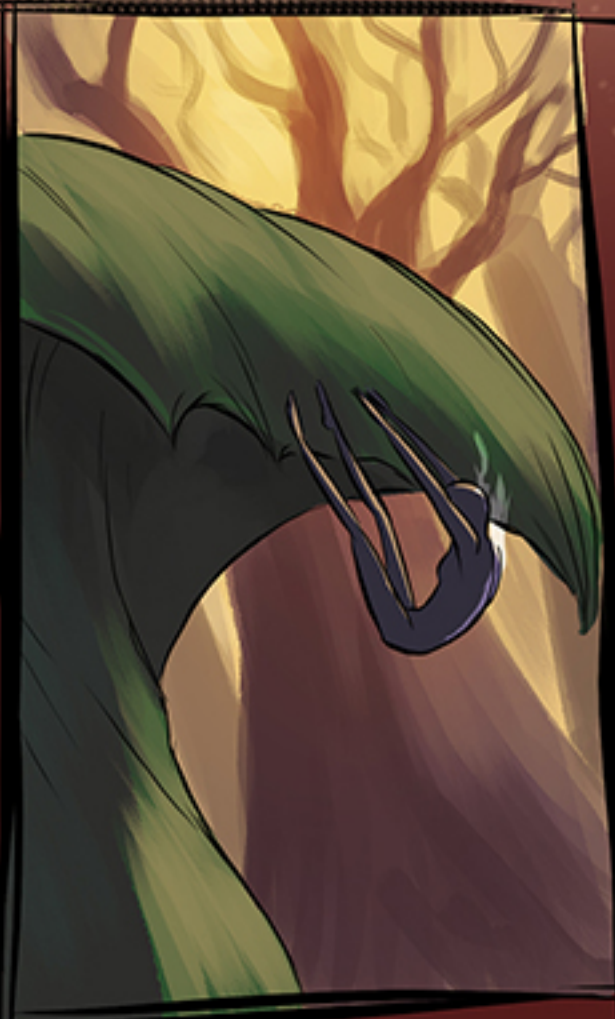
Shut them tight.

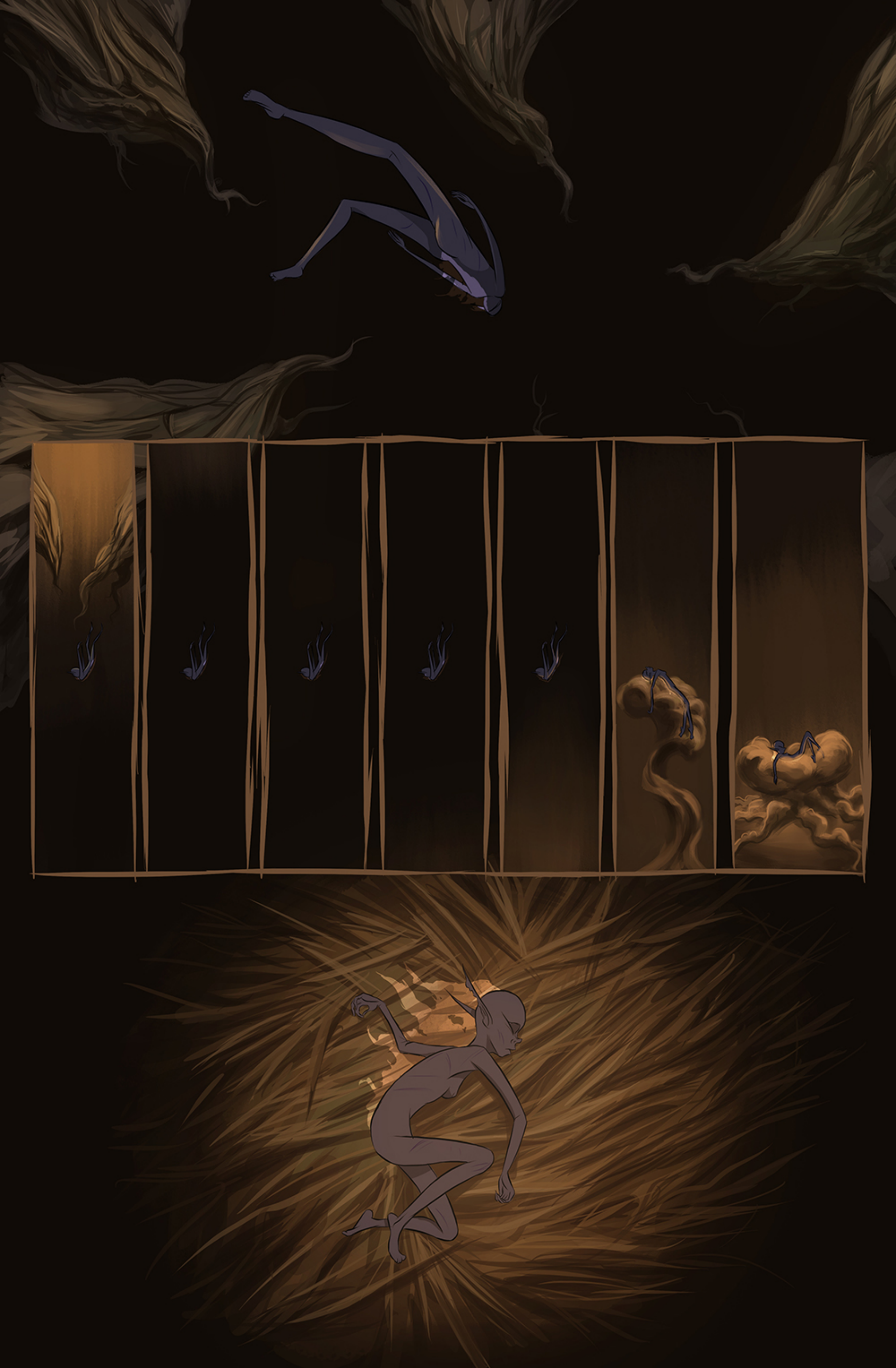


HISSS
My eyes!
I can't see!

WHERE'D
IT GO?! DON'T
LET IT GET
AWAY!

Get away!

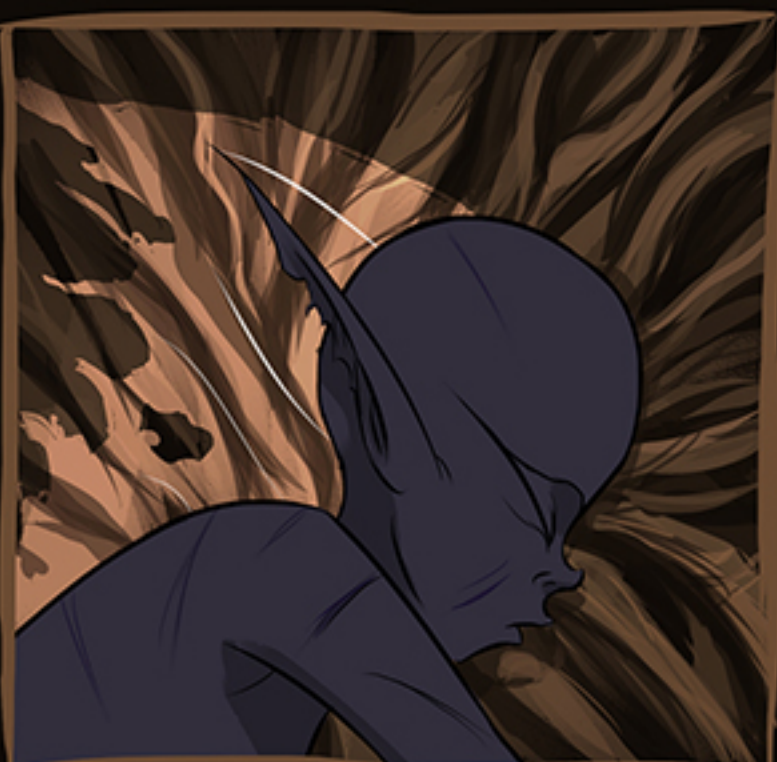




I can't
hear you
anymore.



This place is your grave

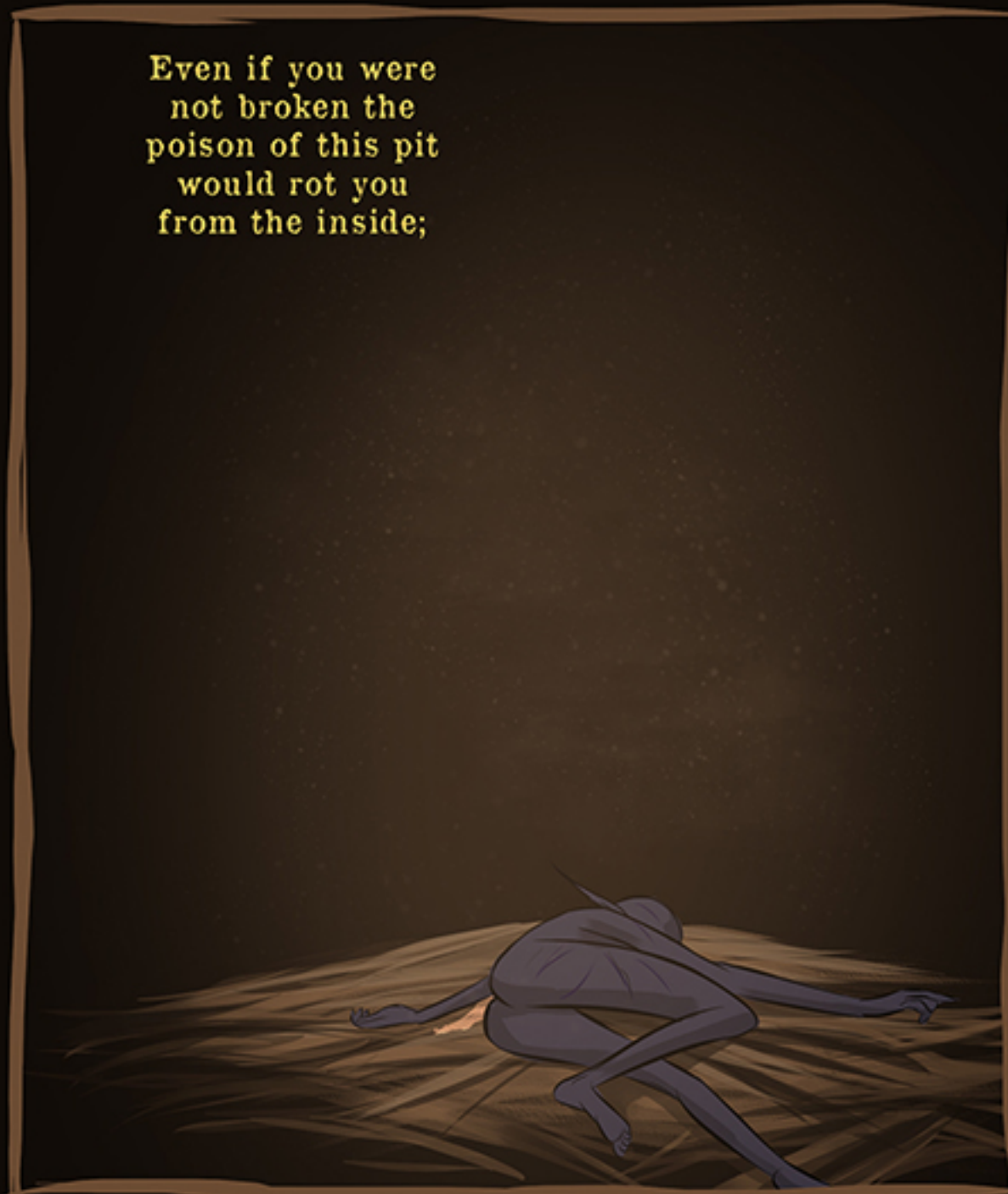


I-I won't
...die.

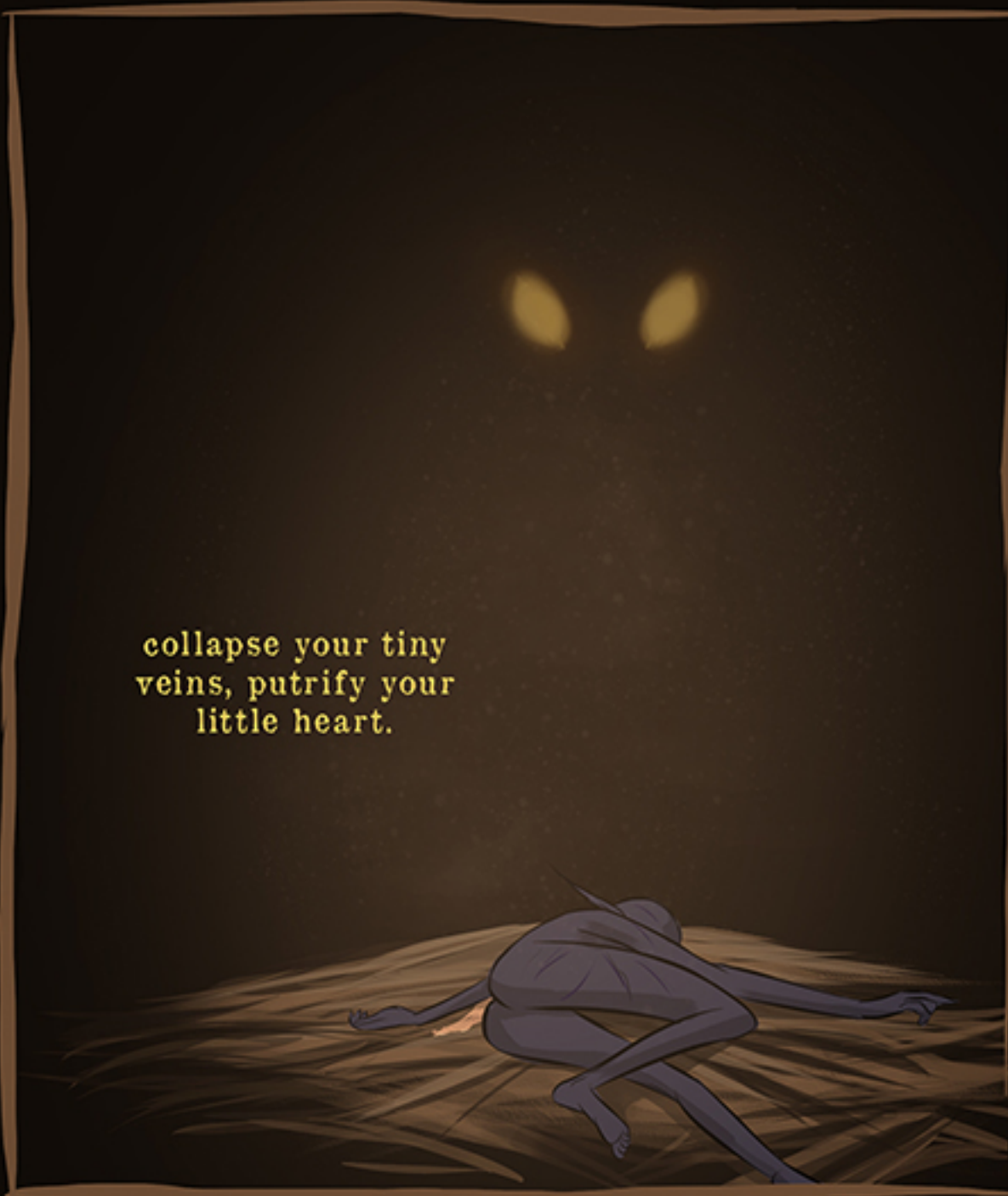


Pitiful...

Even if you were
not broken the
poison of this pit
would rot you
from the inside;



collapse your tiny
veins, putrify your
little heart.



Everything that exists
is merely death waiting
to happen.

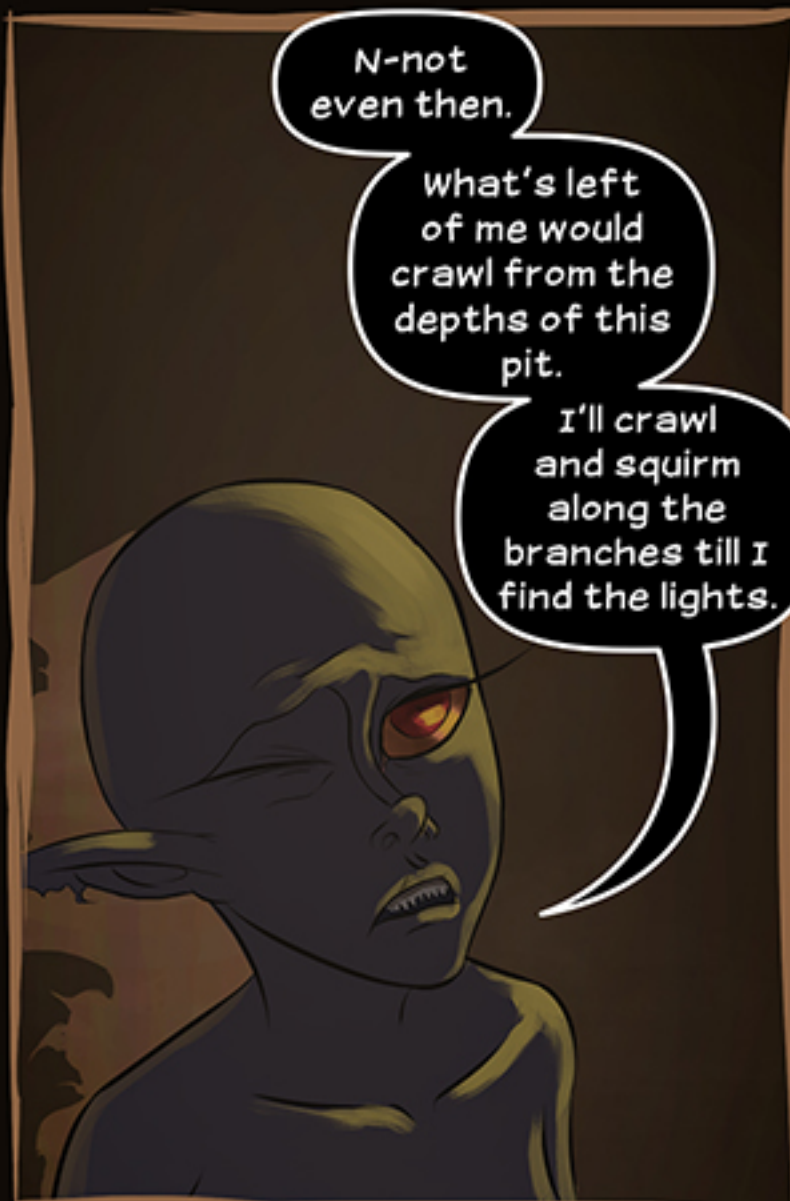
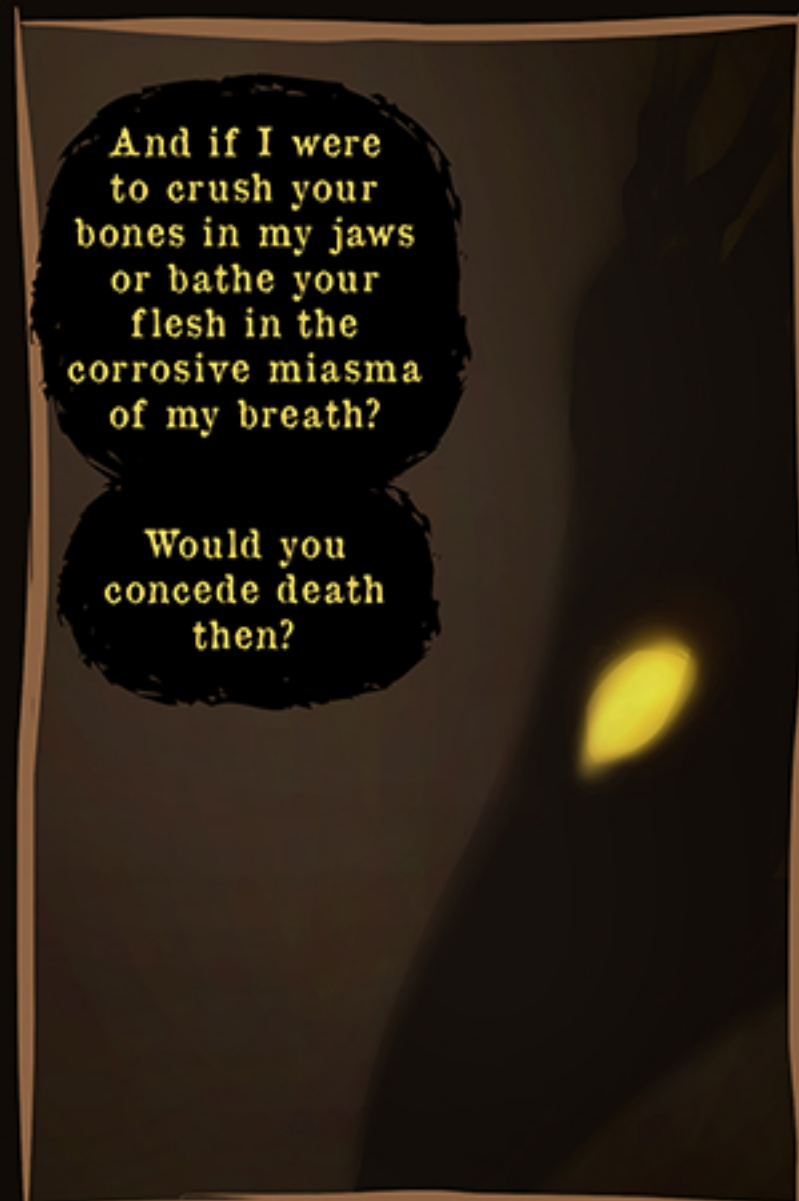
You seem...
to have trouble
understanding
me.

I told
you...I...

will...
not...

huff
huff
huff

...die.
I
won't.





The lights
are for him as
much as me.

A-and
Petra.

She's
lost to the
great darkness
because she
followed
me.

I've slept in the
darkness of this
world as I have
many others for
eons.



kaff
kaff



Hm hm hm

This realm is empty
and saturated in
purposelessness.

Death, rebirth, cruelty,
survival. It is an
endless self-propagating
cycle leading to nothing.

And in no other world
is it more blatantly
apparent than this
one.

Is the creator of
all this trying to
perfect a single
concept by repeating
it ad infinitum?

Or is this the
natural form
that chaos
manifests
itself as?



Everything
ends...

Show me your world.



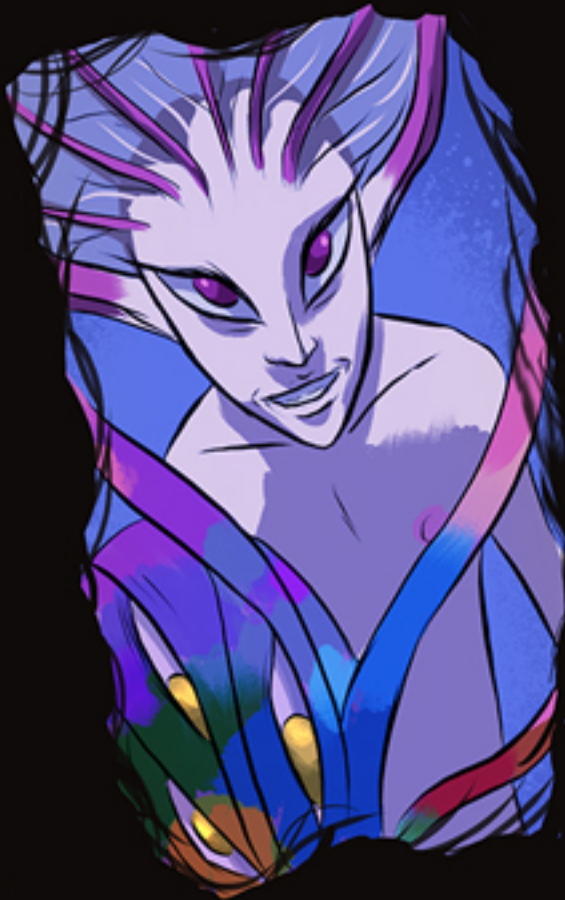
Love



Mentorship



Friendship



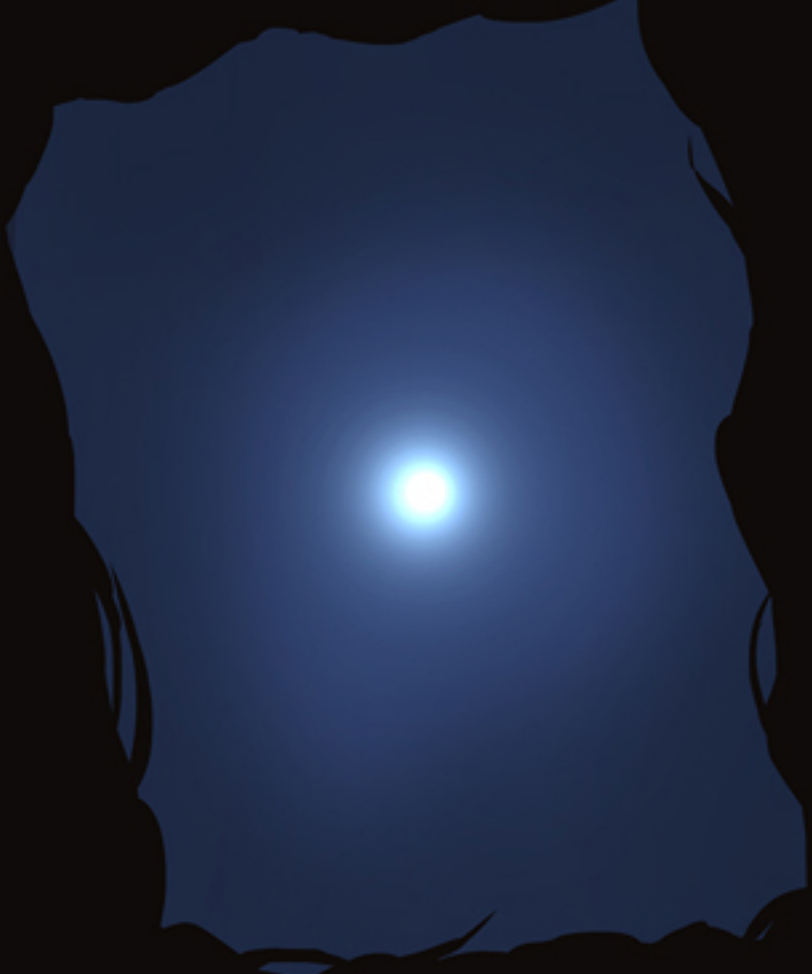
Resentment



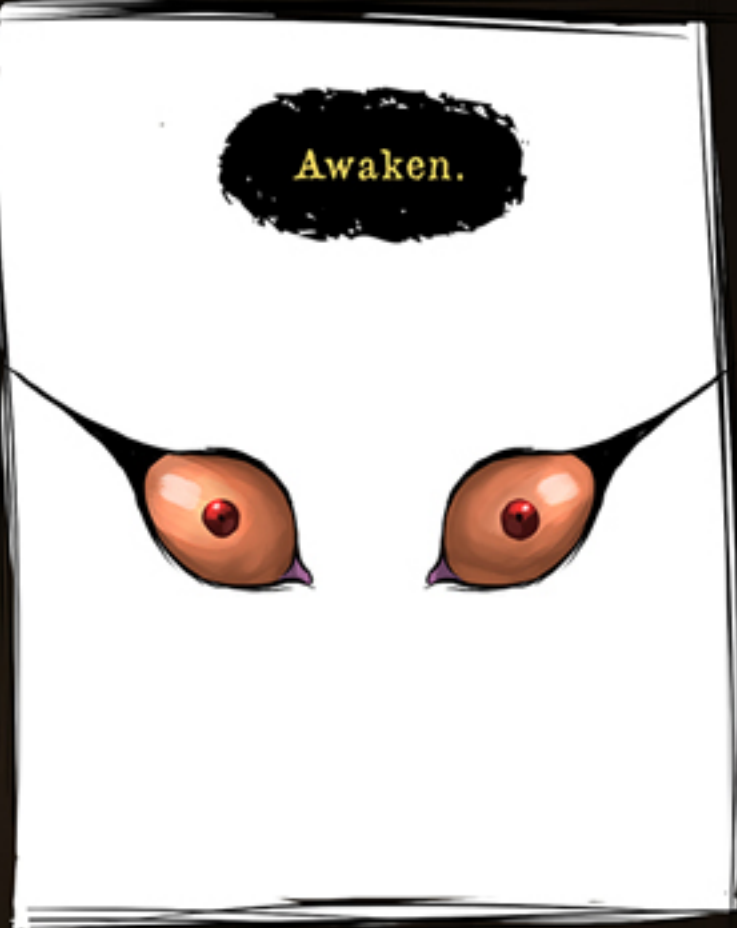
Hate



Dreams



...and Purpose





!

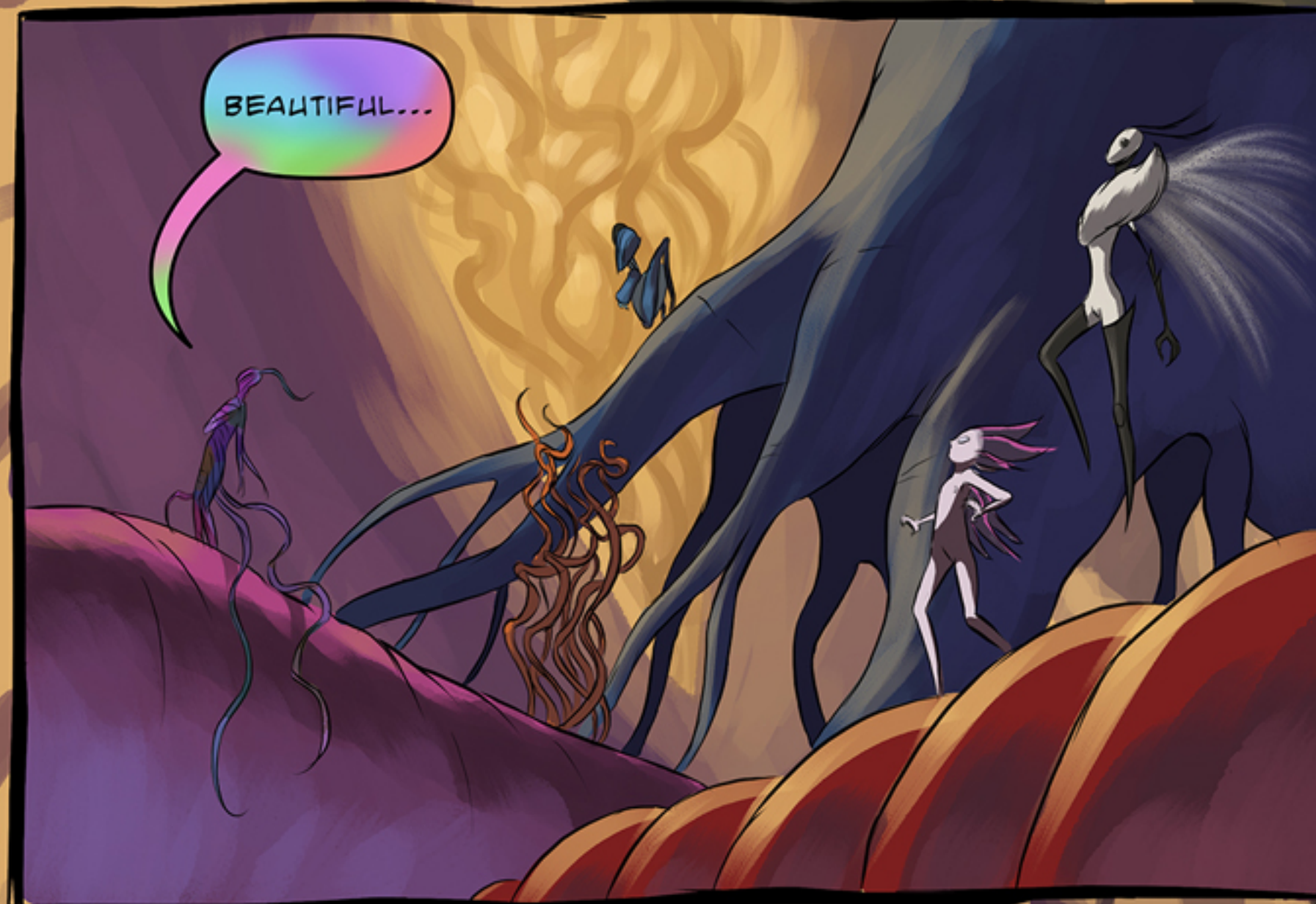
I am KHRYSIA,
The Great Wurm.

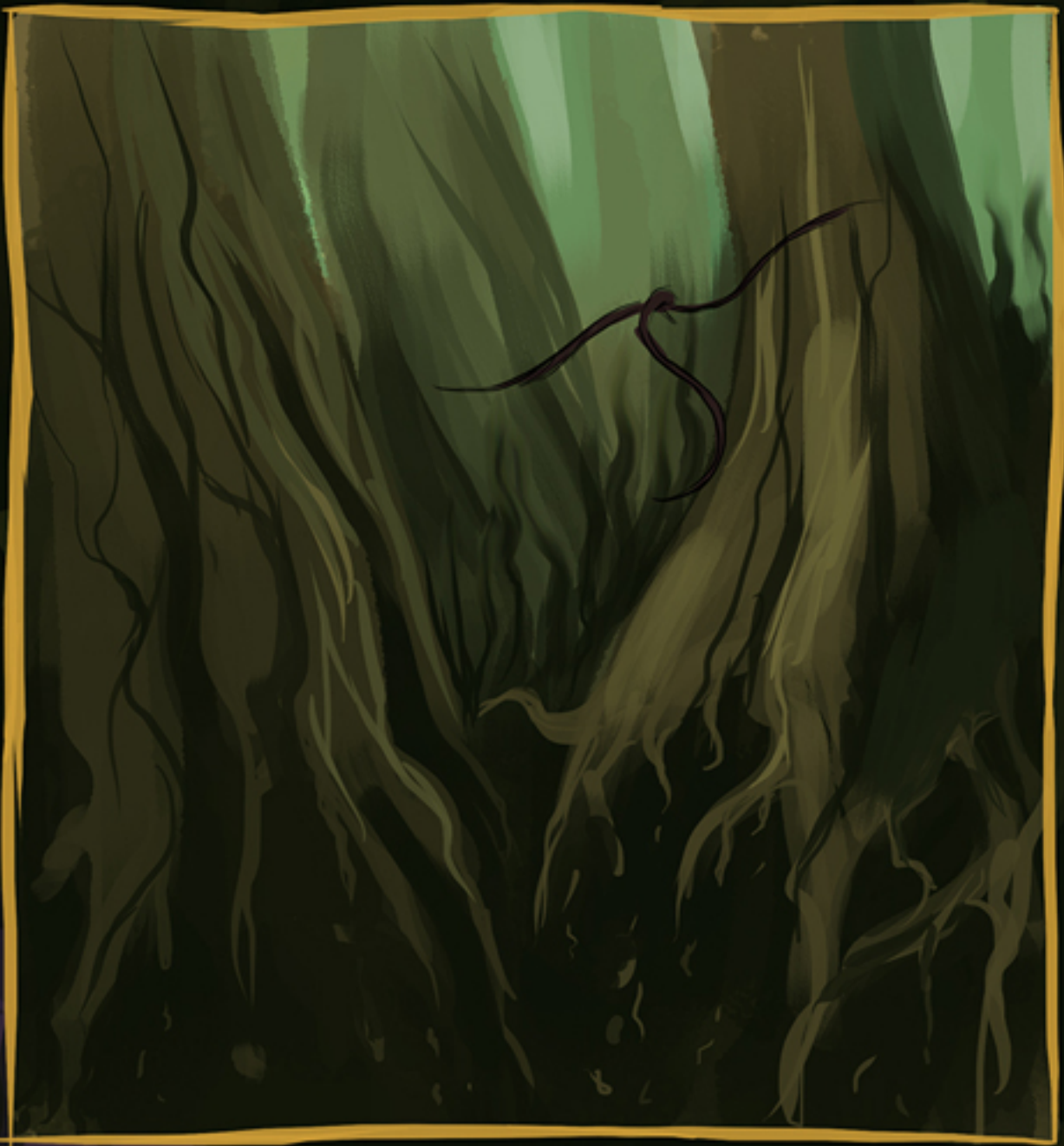
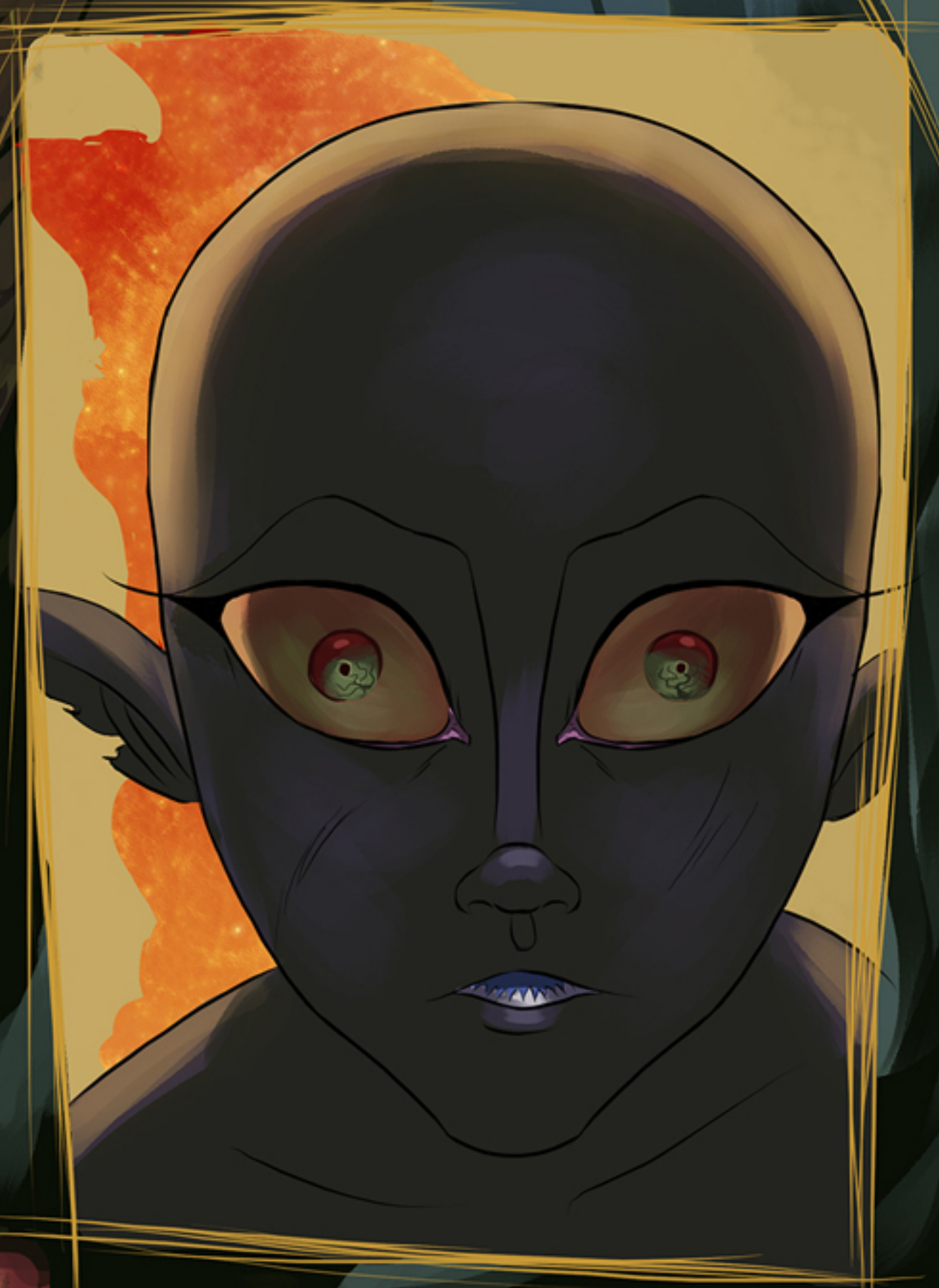


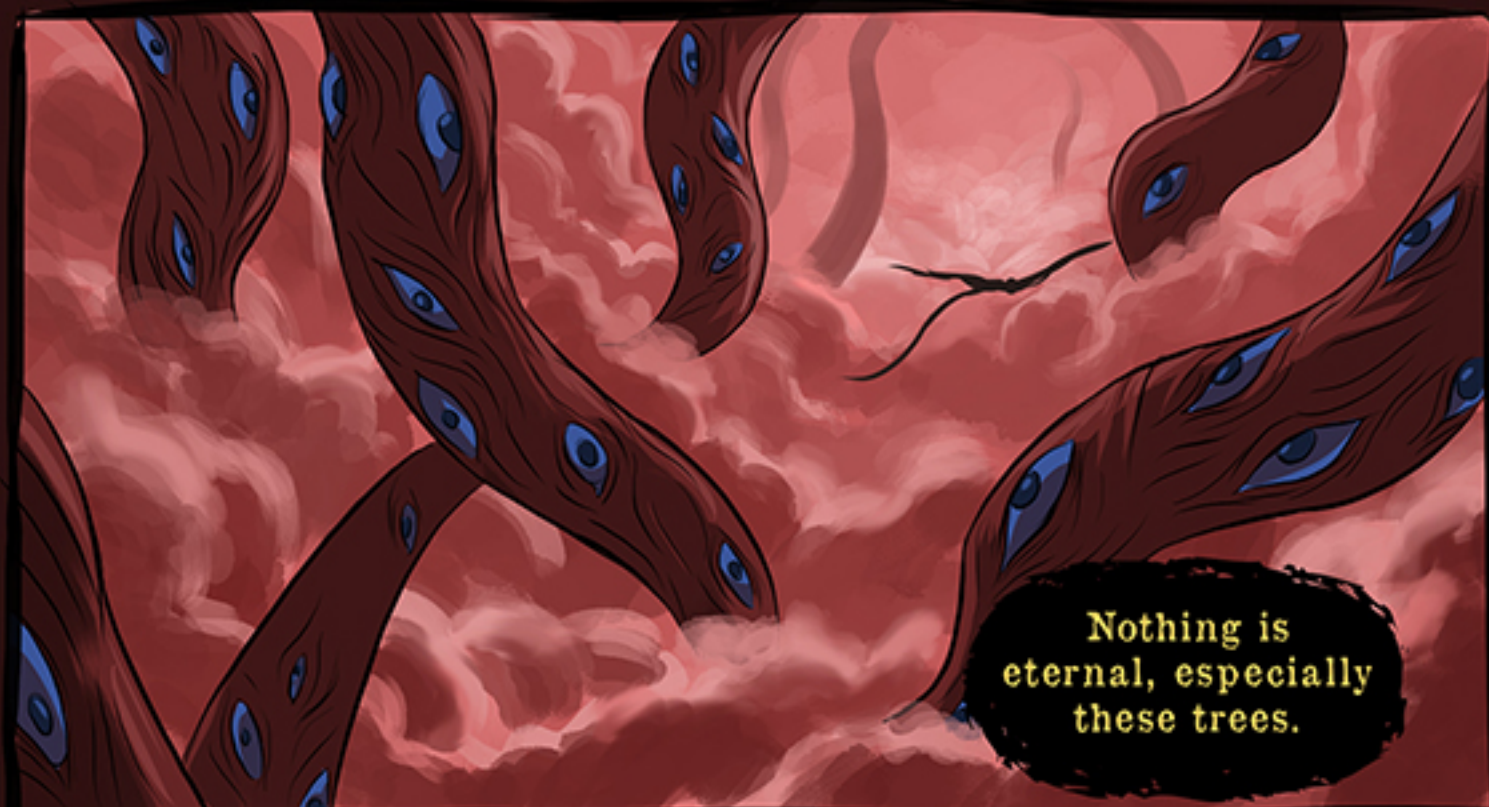
I will show
you your lights.



but
first...





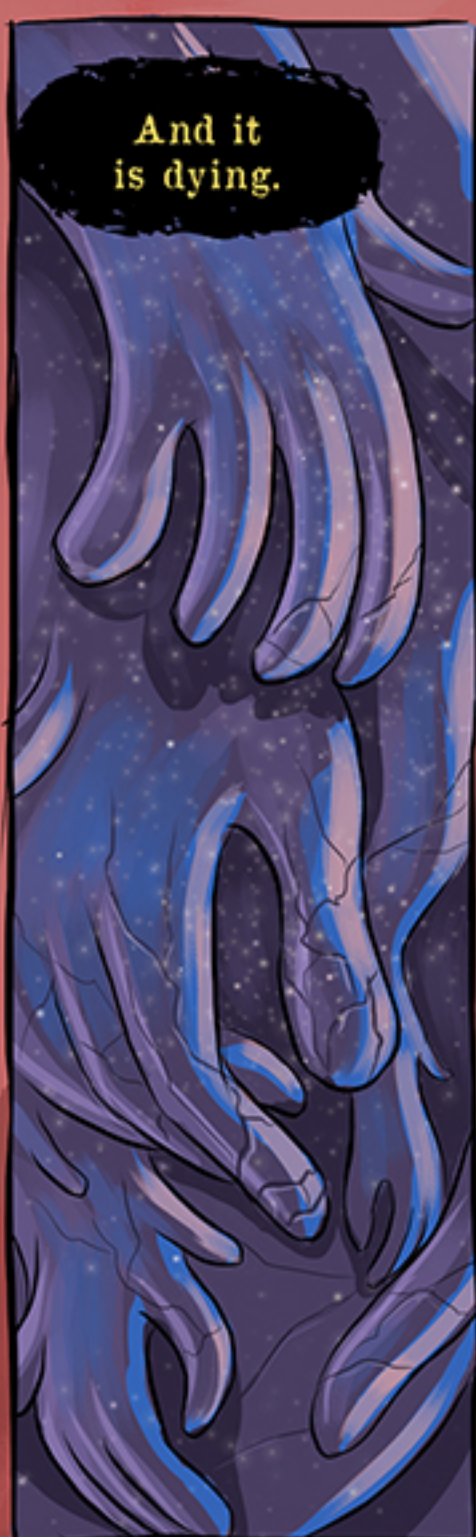




A world such as this
has many hearts.

They are the
source of all
life and energy.

This tree is one
of them.



And it
is dying.

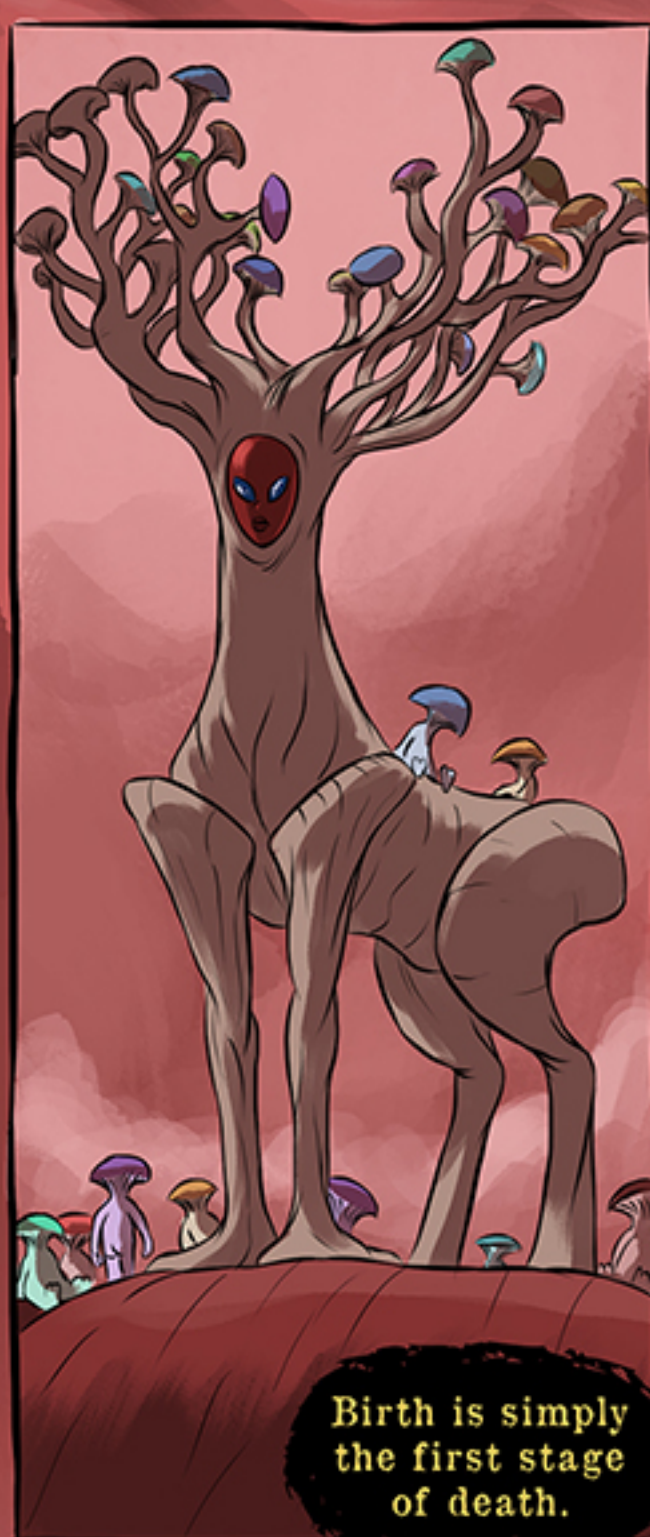


I know
you can
feel it.



This sphere
will soon
be no more.

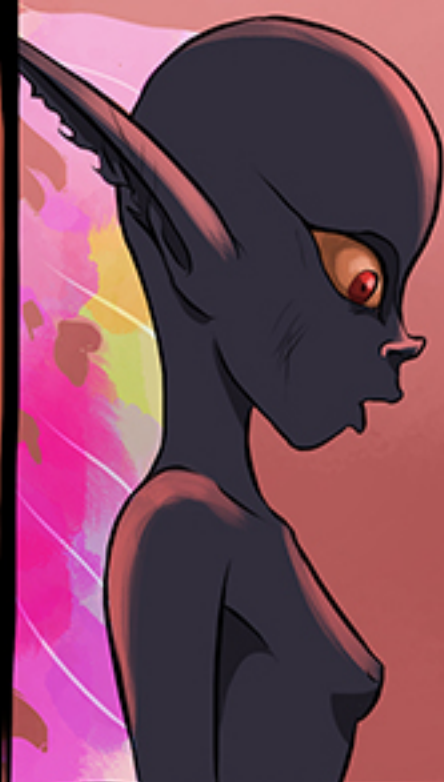
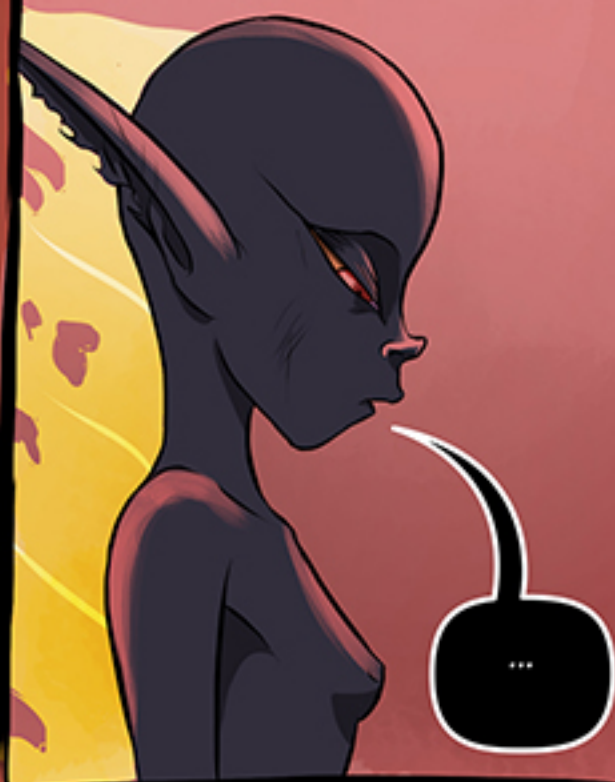
I couldn't
say what
causes this
decay but I
know that it is
inevitable.



Birth is simply
the first stage
of death.



And now
Nila Nyx, what
will you do with
this realization?

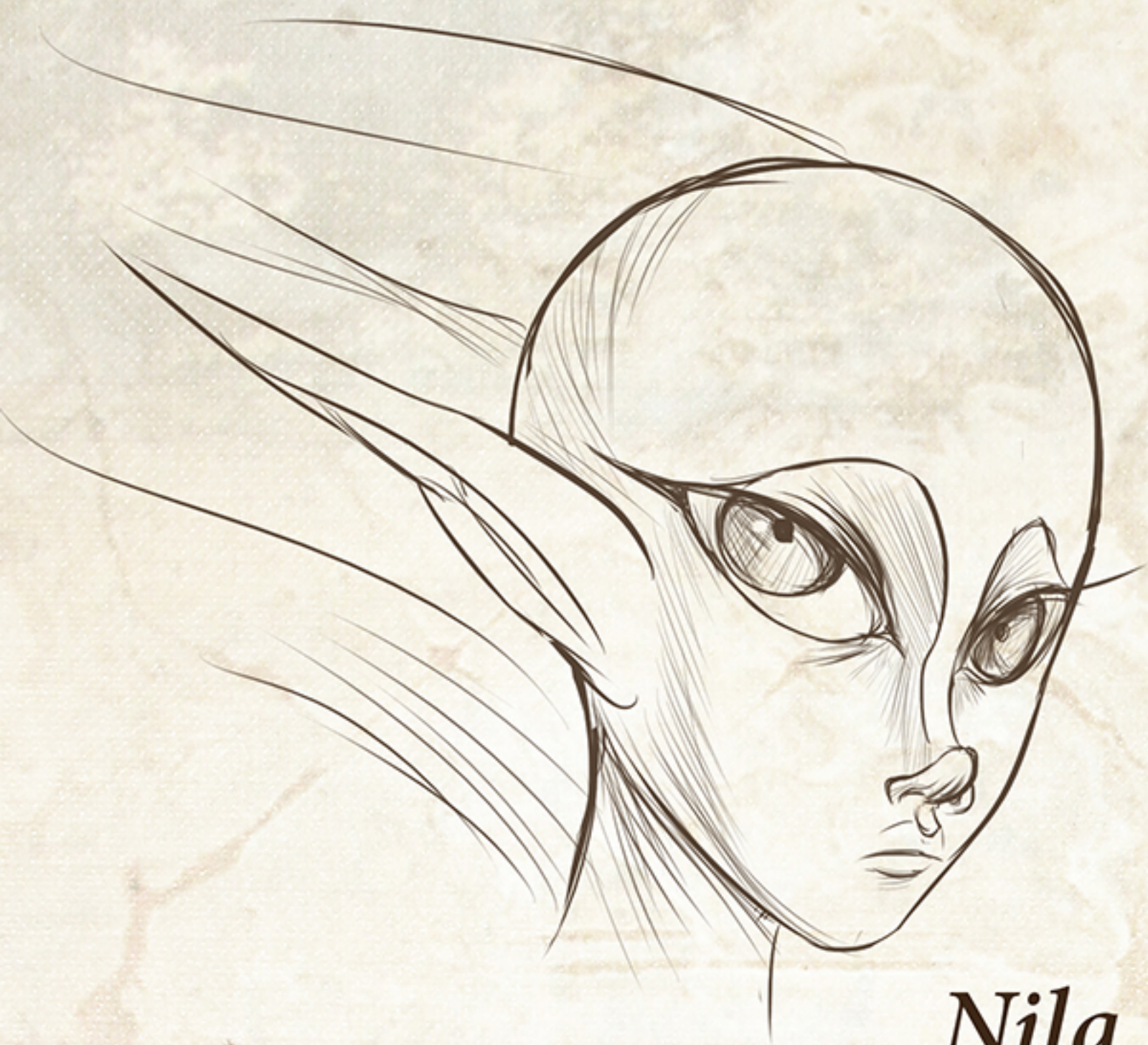


This is
Khrysia. He's
taking us
beyond the
trees.



Infinit

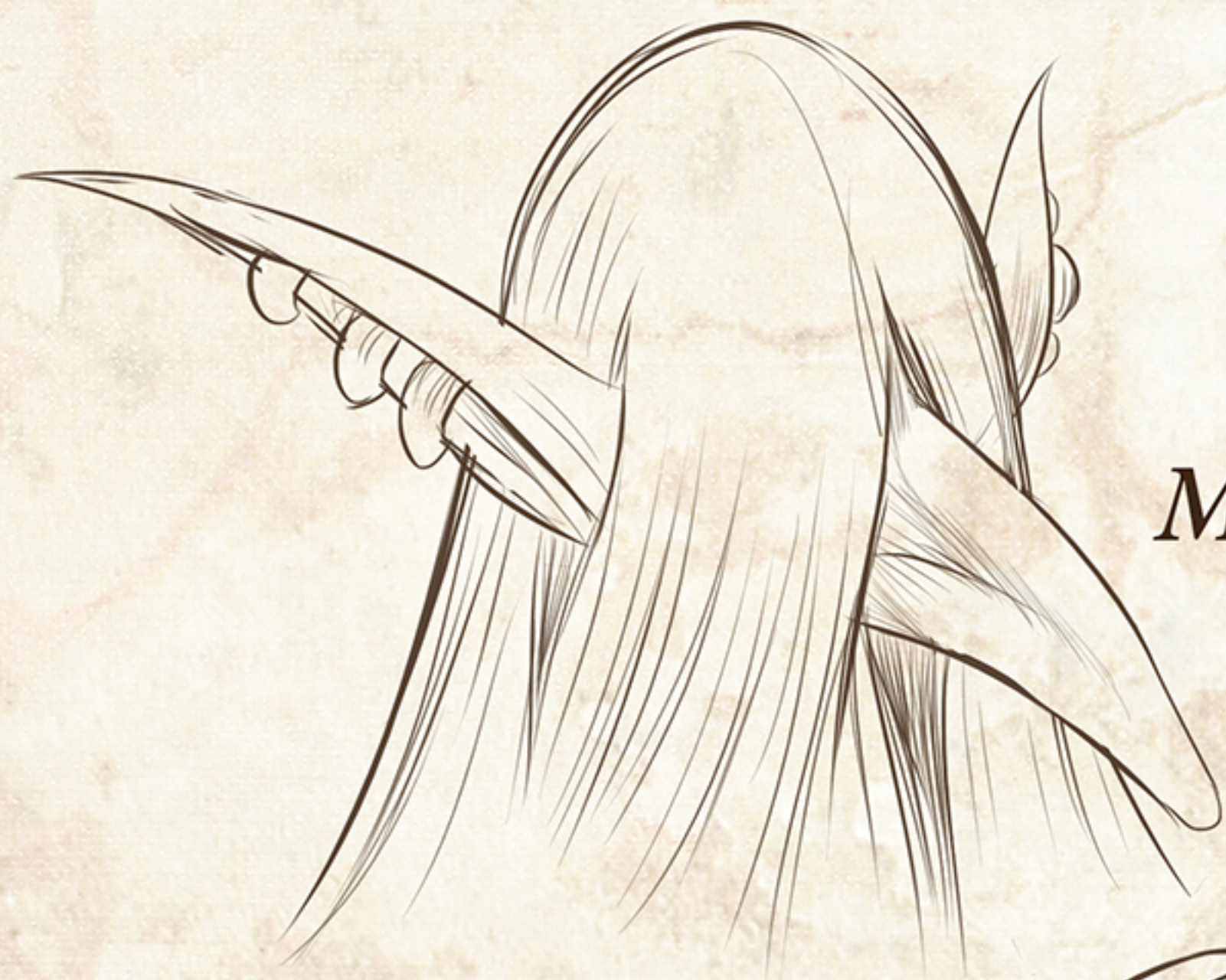




Nila



Nyx



Mim



Petra



Lagunia
(Lagoon-Ee-Ah)



Mim's Golem



Biks



Velotrix
(Vela-tricks)

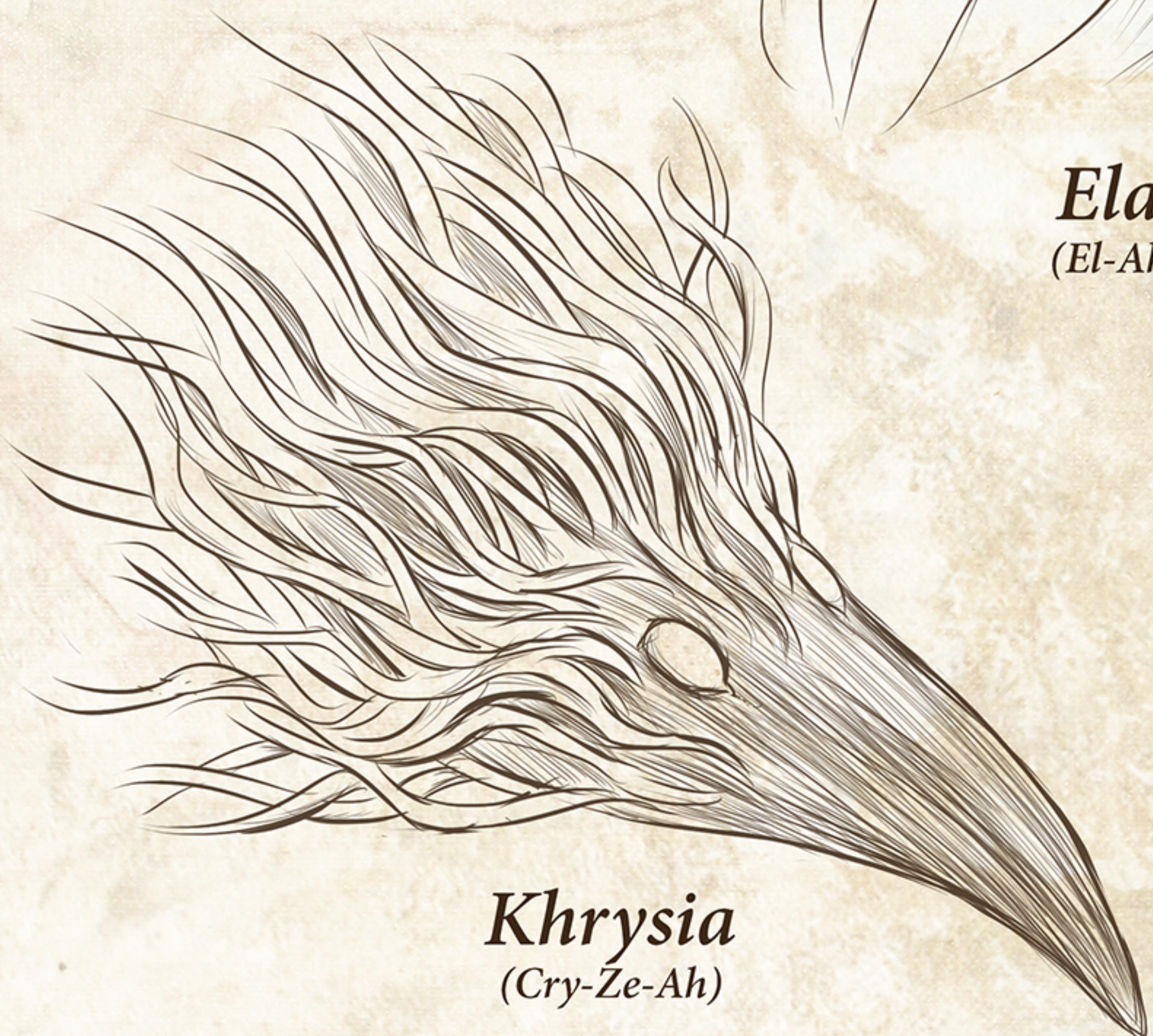


Uuni
(Oo-Nee)

Cildenus
(Sill-Dee-nes)



Eladon
(El-Ah-donn)



Khryisia
(Cry-Ze-Ah)

Special Thanks:

This issue was proudly supported by the generous Patreon pledges of these fine folks:

*Mariana Lopez
Knicky Laurel
Nicholas Hurley
Erica Mounsey
Paul Hyson
Solar Storm Studio*



diskordiacomic.com



patreon.com/diskordiacomic



facebook.com/diskordiacomic



Rivenis



Rivenis

