

No.2

R I V E N I S

# DISKORDIA™

Feels  
Like Falling

WITHIN:  
THE SECRETS  
OF THE UNIVERSE

*Rivenis*



# DISKORDIA™

## FEELS LIKE FALLING CHAPTER 2

Created & owned By  
Andrew Blackman | Rivenis Black

suggested for mature readers

“In the interest of fairness (and we must always be fair) it can be conceded that something resembling sunlight does actually come from his arsehole,”

The Clockwork Pigeon

Dedicated to Anyone who got the  
obscure Final Fantasy VII homage

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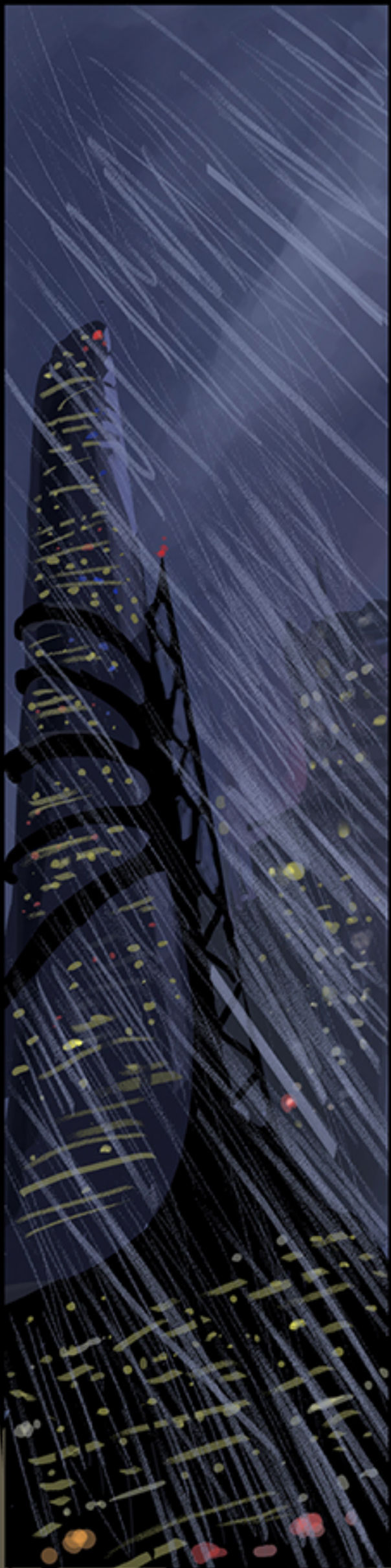
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T H E R E I S N O S T A T U S - Q U O



**AS** I step out of the rain and the sleek clear double doors close behind me it seems like I've entered another dimension. The almost deafening sound of the pounding thunderstorm upon the streets is completely gone. I resist the urge to look back to see if the world I'd left is still visible beyond the tinted glass and instead move forward, hardly believing my luck as I observe this place I have entered. My location is 7th Avenue, Ellysium Drive. I'm sure the significance of that address is not lost upon you.

Yes, I stand inside one of the most exclusive locations on the face of the planet: The Faust building. For decades its interior has remained a staunch secret from the world while at the same time it's Mecca for fashion and entertainment. This is the headquarters of the Mephys media group and its fashion imprint Naaj. Well enough of this exposition over details you surely already know. And on to the meeting I have scheduled. In my reporter fanboy joygasm at my incredible good fortune I fail to notice the rather large man standing before me. We are in the middle of the rather vast and demurely furnished lobby. He stares at me quite sternly. "um, I'm Vernon Cutter, here for the interview with Miss—" I manage to stammer out, thoroughly intimidated by the entire situation. Before I can finish, the man wordlessly ushers me to follow him. He's polite enough not to mention the copious amounts of rain water I'm dripping all over the obscenely priced carpet.







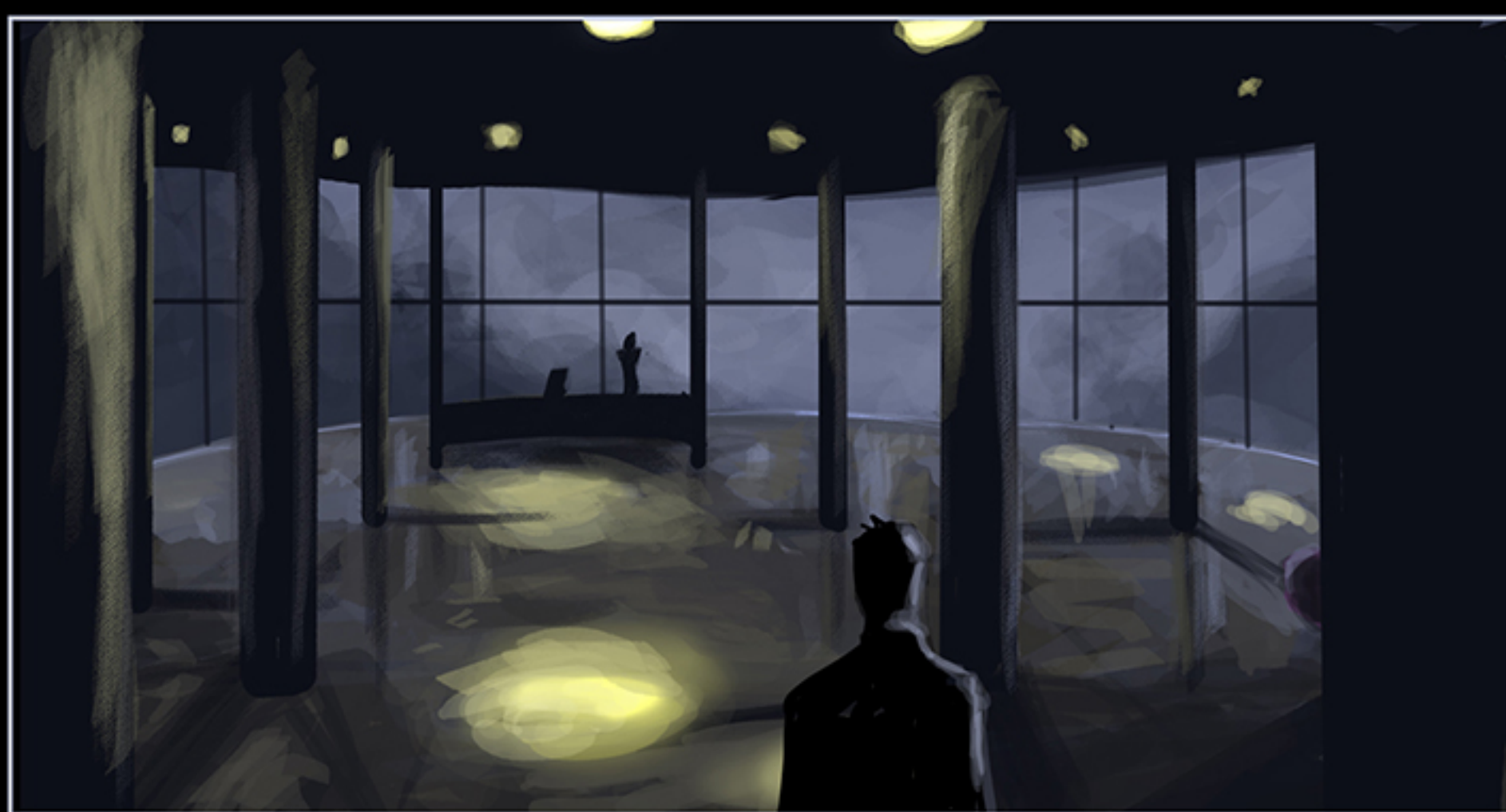
I'm thankful that the elevator is plexi glass and transparent. And that's not just because the man standing beside me looks as if he could kill me with the flick of the wrist. I gaze in awe at my incredible surroundings. Words are inadequate, but I hope to sneak some snapshots at some point. I dare not try it while in the company of Samson here; perhaps on the way out.

The ride up is long and silent. I'm on my way to the penthouse on the 77th floor, straight to the top, literally and figuratively. I catch a knot in my stomach at the thought of the impending meeting. The person I am here to interview is in some ways an even more enduring enigma than Faust itself. The elevator does not 'ding' when it reaches its destination. No, that would be far too plebian for this. The sounds can only be described as a low hum. Not the bee kind of hum, but something akin to a human voice, but much deeper, something in the mind of a deep Gregorian chorus. I don't have time to contemplate this before the elevator door opens. Beyond it lies another door; large and baroque. It is deep purple. I look behind me to see my escort. He has not stepped out of the elevator. Apparently he will escort me no further, and I'm almost sorry to see him go. I am alone as I enter the belly of the beast. I'm saved the embarrassment of having to knock upon those large intimidating doors, as they yield at my approach. I slowly and reverently enter.

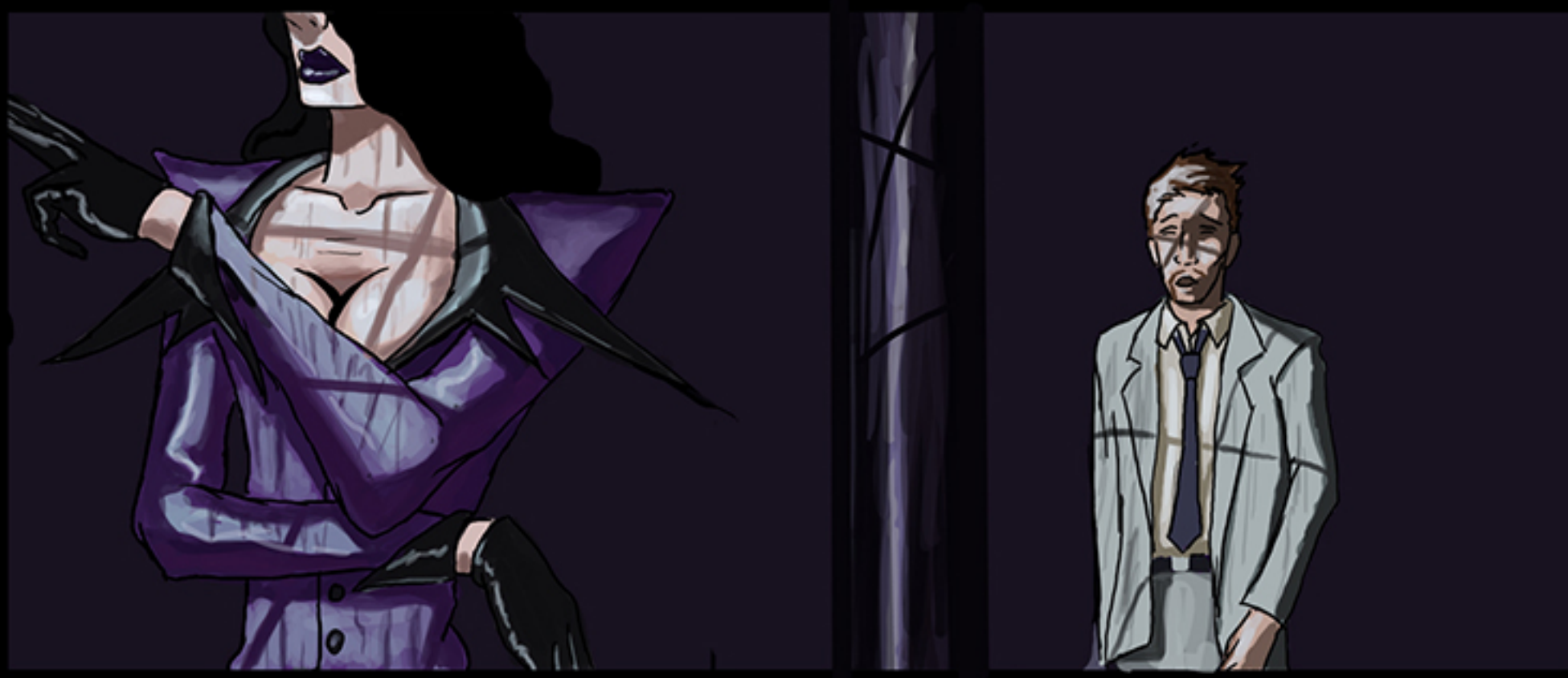


It is dark. So dark in fact that I must allow my pupils time to adjust. The first thing that attracts my eyes is the sky. It is angry and it is dark; unleashing an unrelenting torment upon its world. Up here so high it's almost mesmerizing to observe it through the large windows which completely encircle this room; this incredibly large room. I pick my jaw up from the ground in time to notice the figure standing so far away.

I can feel my hands trembling. I'm nervous, of course I am. I'm about to have a one on one with one of the most powerful people in the world; a monolithic figure who has not given an exclusive interview in over a decade. I slowly approach.







Her back is turned to me, and I'm not sure she's aware of my presence. She does not move, and the only thing convincing me that this is no statue is the column of elegantly snaking smoke coming from the cigarette she holds to her mouth. She seems to find the torrent upon her window as fascinating as I do, for

she watches it silently. I have yet to see her face. When you meet an icon in person, you expect the experience to be somewhat disillusioning in a way. After all, what human can live up to an image? With increasing conviction I'm believing this will be an exception. She is tall, just as tall as she appears on television, in all of the pictures which she never fails to look amazing. She pulls on the cigarette slowly and breathes a lazily caressing ring of smoke. As I observe I find myself thinking that right there is the best damn advertisement for smoking I've ever seen. She shifts her position as I take a few steps closer, trying to find my voice. There's something about the way she moves, how her lithe fingers seem to cut air that seems...improbable. This is something that can't be seen in a snapshot.



"Um, Miss D-Deskerna," I stammer awkwardly, feeling thoroughly insignificant in front of this otherworldly being. She inclines her head to me slightly and expectantly, as if daring me to repeat myself. "Lovely isn't it?" She asks, looking back at the dark angry sky. I could go on about her voice in all of its deeply elegant sexy richness, but instead I'll just say it's exactly what you'd expect as long as those expectations were stratospheric. Since she'd acknowledged my existence I felt bold enough to take a few more steps deeper into her lair. "It's a baptism," She continues as the rain continues like a symphonic chorus from the night sky. "All of the sins, all of the ugliness of the world can be washed away. At least I like to think so in my moments of whimsy." She turns to face me finally and to punctuate the moment the heavens send lightning. I smile at her weakly. She is beautiful, of course, but you all already knew that. And she is confident, but you knew that too. This woman for the last half of the century has been the C.E.O of the Faust media group as well as its majority shareholder. She is a woman whose name over the years has become synonymous with the darker yet sophisticated aesthetic of fashion. She is at the centre of more rumours than any other public figure I can think of. The truth is, no one knows much about her, which probably explains the feverish speculation over the years. "The lounge is over there," She purrs in her irresistible voice. We walk over to it and sit on either end. I force myself to shrug off my awe and act like a journalist as I look into her smoldering red eyes.

Put somewhat at ease by her half smile I unsheath my recorder; it's time to get to know this woman a little and separate myth from reality. And I can think of no better opener as an ice breaker than to question the veracity of the most enduring rumor about her...





Feels  
Like Falling

Chapter 2

*Is Iverna Deskerna  
The Devil?*



...or  
SquidGirl's  
Story





THATS NOT A QUESTION SO EASILY  
DEALT WITH BY A STRAIGHT ANSWER.  
NOT IF I WERE TO TRY ADDRESSING  
IT SERIOUSLY, NO?

INSTEAD I SHALL JUST PRESENT  
YOU WITH ALL THE FACTS  
THROUGHOUT THIS INTERVIEW  
AND ALLOW YOU TO DRAW YOUR  
OWN CONCLUSIONS.

TAP  
TAP  
TAP



UH, SO THEN,  
MOVING ONTO  
SOMETHING A LITTLE  
MORE PRACTICAL.

UNDER YOUR LEADERSHIP  
THE MEPHYS GROUP HAS  
EVOLVED INTO ONE OF THE  
MOST POWERFUL ENTITIES  
IN THE MEDIA TODAY.



COULD YOU TELL  
ME---

YOU KNOW HE'S  
RATHER OVERBLOWN  
THAT POOR SOUL.

WHO?



THE DEVIL. HE'S JUST A PERSON  
WITH A RATHER TIRESOME REPUTATION  
TO LIVE UP TO.

I'VE NEVER MET HIM IN THE FLESH  
MIND YOU; BUT FROM WHAT I HEAR  
HE'S FAR NICER THAN I AM.

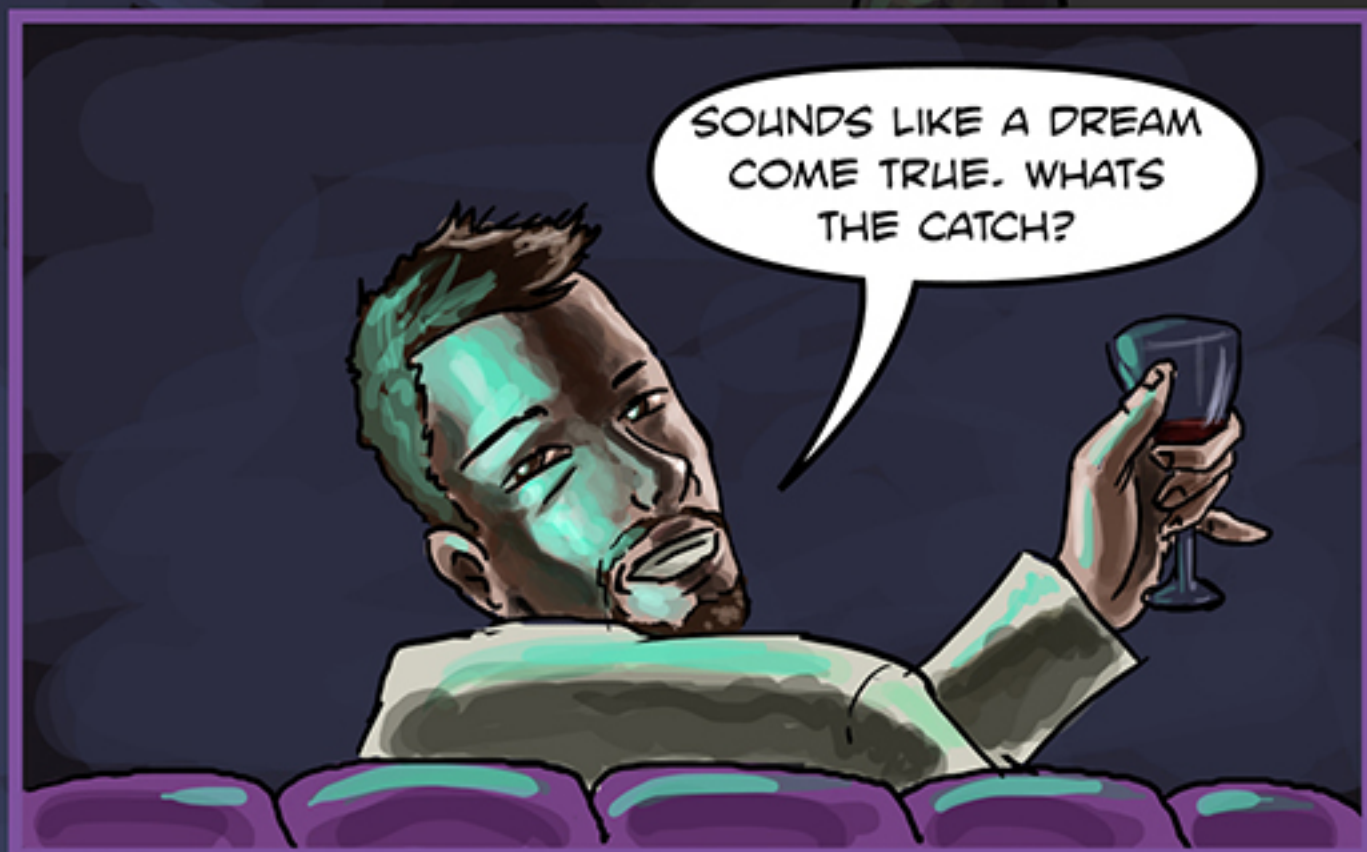


UH...

THE POLITE THING TO  
DO WOULD BE TO LAUGH  
AT MY RATHER SACRILEGIOUS  
ATTEMPT AT HUMOUR  
MR CUTTER.

EXCEPT YOU'RE NOT  
AT ALL SURE I'M  
JOKING ARE YOU?









I THINK I'M  
UP TO IT.



LOOK UNDER  
YOUR FEET  
MR CUTTER.



W-WH-WHAT  
THE--  
WHAT IS THIS?!

AN ACQUISITION.  
SOMEWHAT IN THE  
WAY OF A GIFT FROM  
AN ADMIRER

SO REALISTIC.  
WHATS IT  
MADE OF?



ITS FLESH AND BLOOD,  
BILE AND BONE DARLING.  
AND FROM TIME TO TIME  
EVEN ALIVE.

BUT ENOUGH  
ABOUT THAT.  
LOOK HERE.

WHOA.  
WHATS ALL  
THIS?

THIS IS  
THE WORLD.





AND IN THIS WORLD THERE ARE NEARLY 200 COUNTRIES INHABITED BY OVER SIX BILLION PEOPLE.

SOME ARE STARVING, SOME ARE BEING KILLED BY CLOGGED ARTERIES. SOME FUCK TO FEEL CLOSER TO ANOTHER BEING. SOME FUCK TO MATTER. EVERY COLOUR, CREED AND DIRTY THOUGHT IMAGINABLE IS REPRESENTED BY THIS INFINITELY VARIOUS MACROCOSM OF LIFE.



INTERESTING TAKE...

AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY ALL HAVE IN COMMON?

WHAT, PRAY TELL?



FROM THE LOWEST URCHIN DYING DISEASED AND ALONE IN THE ALLEY, TO THE RICHEST, FATTEST POLITICIAN.

FROM THE MOST ADORED MEDIA ICON WHOSE COCK GETS WOODEN AT THE SIGHT OF HIS OWN PLASTIC SMILE. TO THE POOR, FRUSTRATED MOTHER READY TO COOK HER BABIES AS A CASSEROLE.

THEY ALL HAVE THIS IN COMMON...



THE CAPACITY TO FEEL.



UH..SURE. OF COURSE

WHAT IF I TOLD YOU THAT EMOTION ITSELF WAS A MARKETABLE RESOURCE MR CUTTER?

YOU MEAN, LIKE WE'RE ALL FOR SALE AND ARE UP FOR MANIPULATION BY THE CELEBRITIES AND IDOLS WE WORSHIP?

NO. I MEAN IN A VERY LITERAL SENSE





WHAT IF I WERE TO SAY  
THAT THERE WERE MEN IN  
THIS WORLD THAT HAVE  
MANAGED TO BOTTLE  
EMOTION IN ITS MOST  
CONCENTRATED FORM?

AND THESE MEN HAVE  
CONSTRUCTED A SYSTEM TO  
CONTROL THE FLOW OF THE  
EMOTIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS  
OF HUMANITY.



I'D SAY THAT SOUNDS...  
RATHER EXTRAORDINARY  
MS. DESKERNA

TEK  
TEK  
TEK  
TEK  
BEEP

PLEASE, CALL ME IVERNA.  
OR IVERNA D. THAT HAS A  
NICE RING TO IT.

COME MR CUTTER,  
THERE'S SOMETHING  
I'D LIKE TO SHOW  
YOU.





ELSEWHERE...

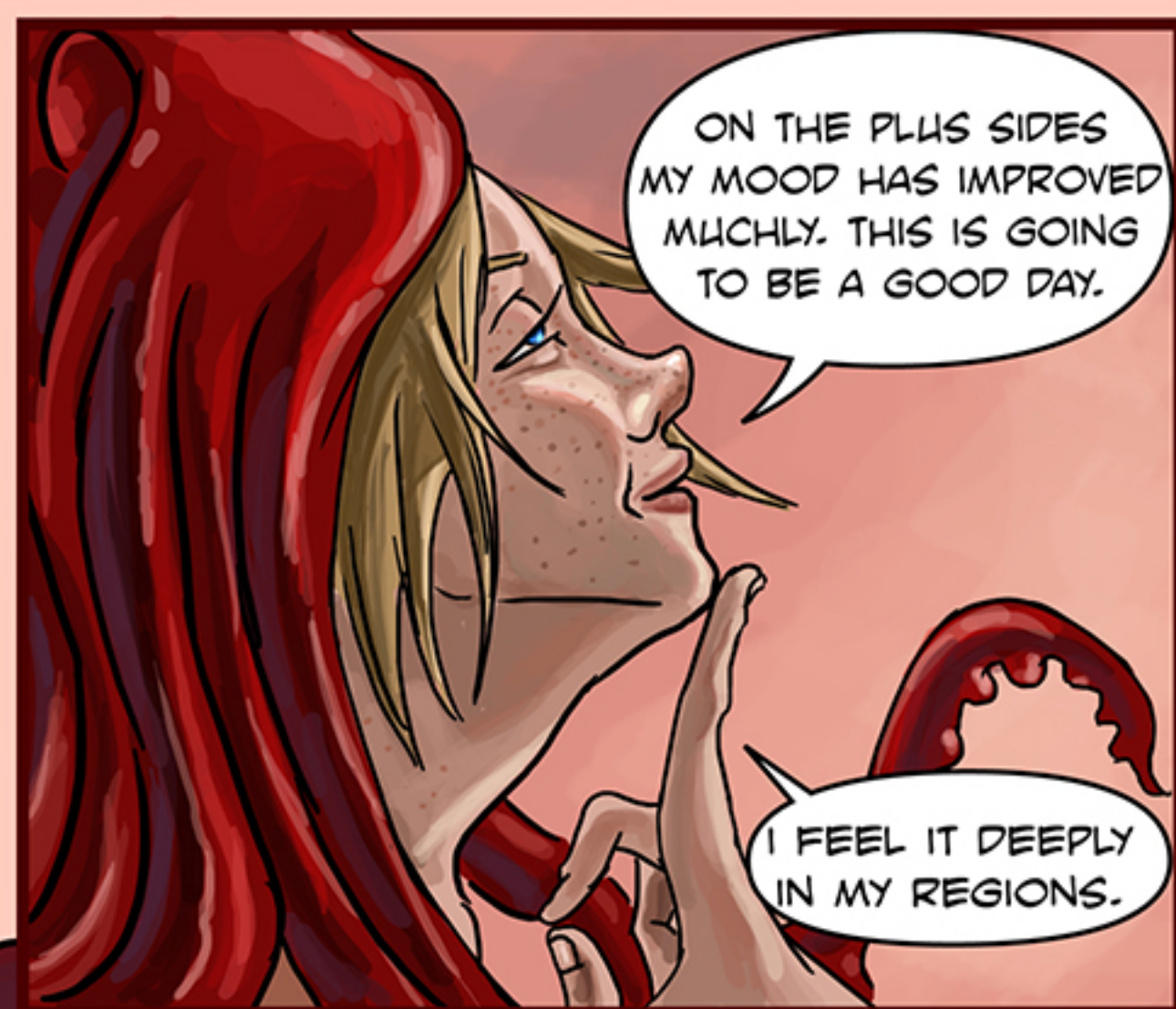
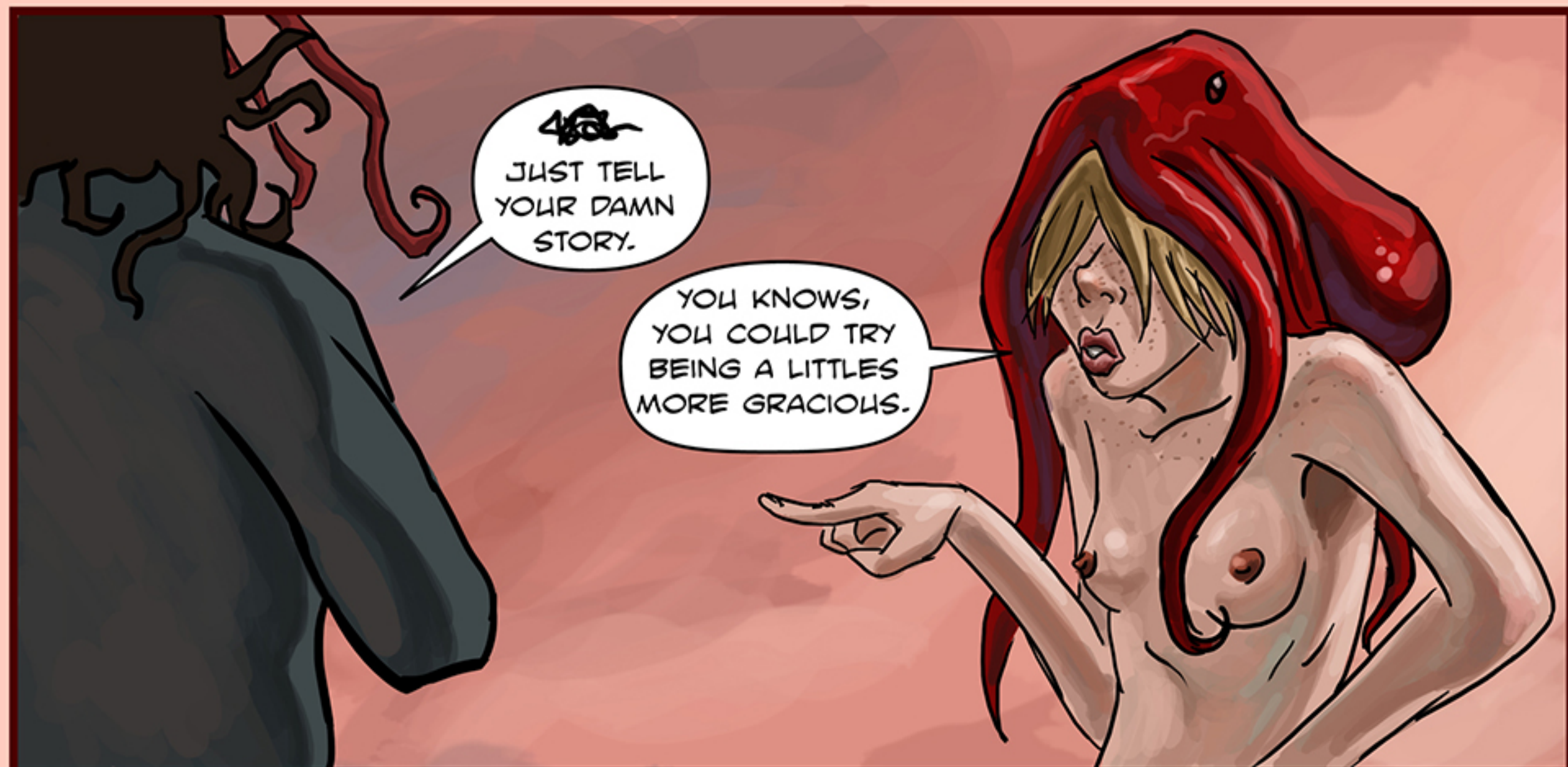


SO...?



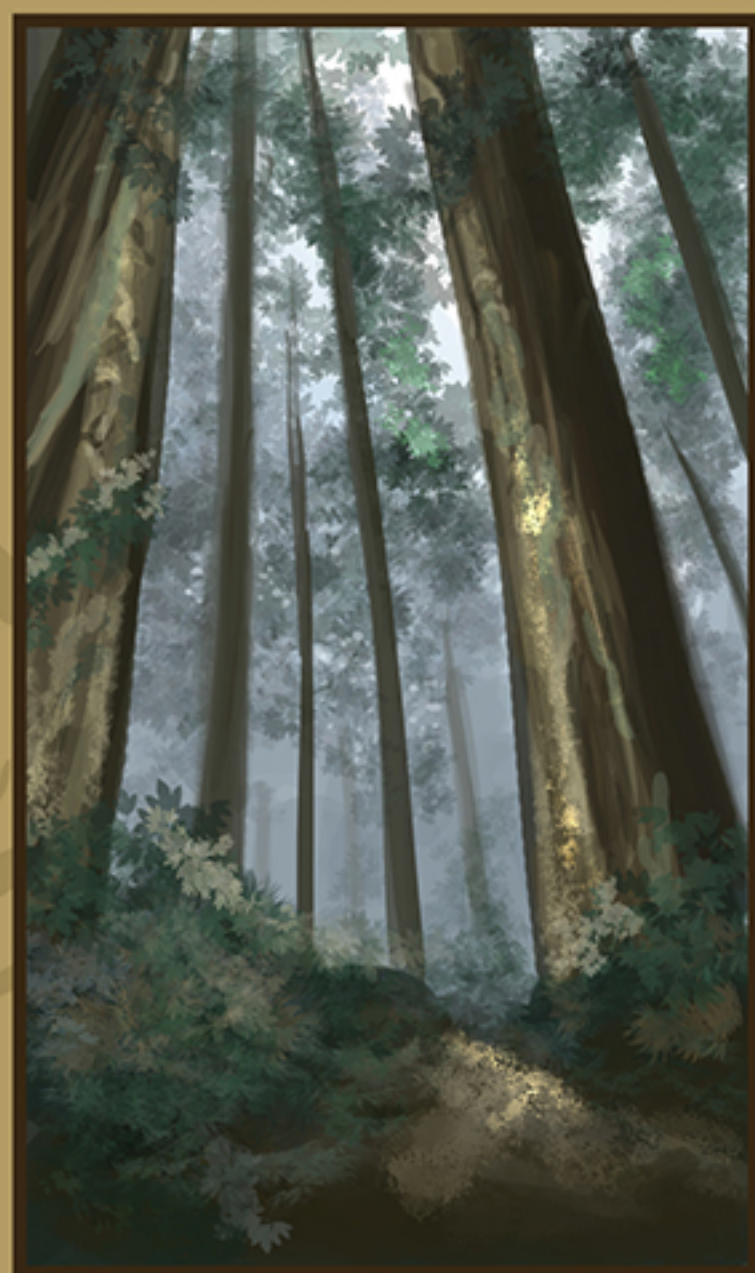
SO WE PAUSES FOR DRAMATIC IMPORT...







*There are places see? Many places in the world. They looks just like other places mostly. You may have even passed through them yourself without even knowing it. These places are old, even though they may look a lot like other places around. They're just a bit older, a bit more experienced. And as anyone knows, experience can teach you strange, funny things.*



*One such place is a forest; a very green and lush woodland located in one of the old countries. Its one of those rare places where if you were walking through it you would swear you're being watched. I's not talking about simple woodland creatures or even dangerous predators. The uneasiness you feel would go beyond that. What watches you pierces you. It rifles through your soul looking for answers, or understanding perhaps. It is a forest of curious eyes. It's in the very deepest and darkest parts of this forest that the eyes and ears are at their strongest.*



*Many, many thousands of years pass for the rest of the world, but time moves sorta differently in this place. It doesn't simply pass slower, or faster. It has a different quality altogether. It effects things progress. From time to time men have passed through here, some maybe lost, some explore as they're known to do. The forest finds these visitors curious no matter what fate may befall them. I think that accounts for the existence of the moss maidens.*



THE WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME.

WHAT THE SHII--?

SHATTAP AND  
MAYBE YOU'LL  
FINDS OUT.

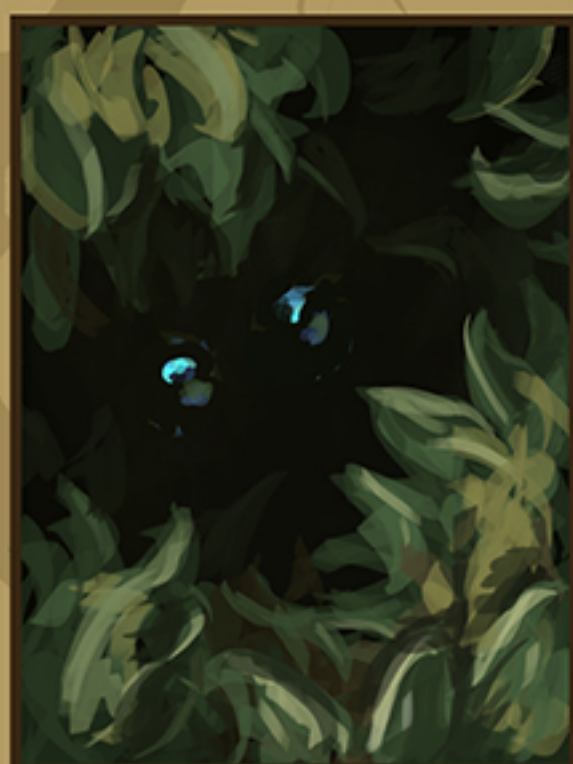
**T**here are many curious creatures in this old, old forest, but this tale is about the moss maidens. They are strange creatures formed from the forest itself; densely packed masses of moss and waste; the forest's attempt at copying the ones who walk through it perhaps. I couldn't tell you if they're alive or not, after all they're made from plant, dirt and animal droppings. Some say that they may be physical manifestations of the forest spirits, who's to say, the point is that they move as man does, creeping through the leaves and shadows of its green creator.

**T**hey are most plentiful after heavy rains, for as you might imagine the moisture from the crying skies creates the ideal conditions. At night when the moon is at its fullest in the sky they gather into groups. It may have to do with the fact that they are all female. (Well are patterned after females) I'm not sure why but no one has ever told of a male moss creature. The moss maidens prowl and creep through the forest for as long as their clumped together forms will last, until they are called back to the forest floor.





**T**here was one among their number that seemed a little different. Perhaps she had lived a little longer than her sisters or was special from the moment of her creation, but she seemed to possess a little 'something'. Something resembling consciousness I believe. For why else would she do what she did? Why would she wander beyond the reaches of the heart of the forest, beyond the darkness of her birth where no other maiden dared tread?



**A**s she crept and wandered, the quality of the forest changed, the brooding eyes thinned out and time became more fluid. Maybe she was just seeing what lay beyond or she was being drawn, but she soon found what she was looking for.





*I*t's difficult to say what was going through her thoughts when she first encountered him. I'm not even sure if a head full of mulch is capable of thought. What can be safely assumed is that a deep cloying desire was stirred within this creature. It was a longing to touch and feel; to truly exist beyond the limits of her creation.



*S*he continued to watch and observe what they had. She struggled to understand the thing that she longed for, and why she coveted it so.

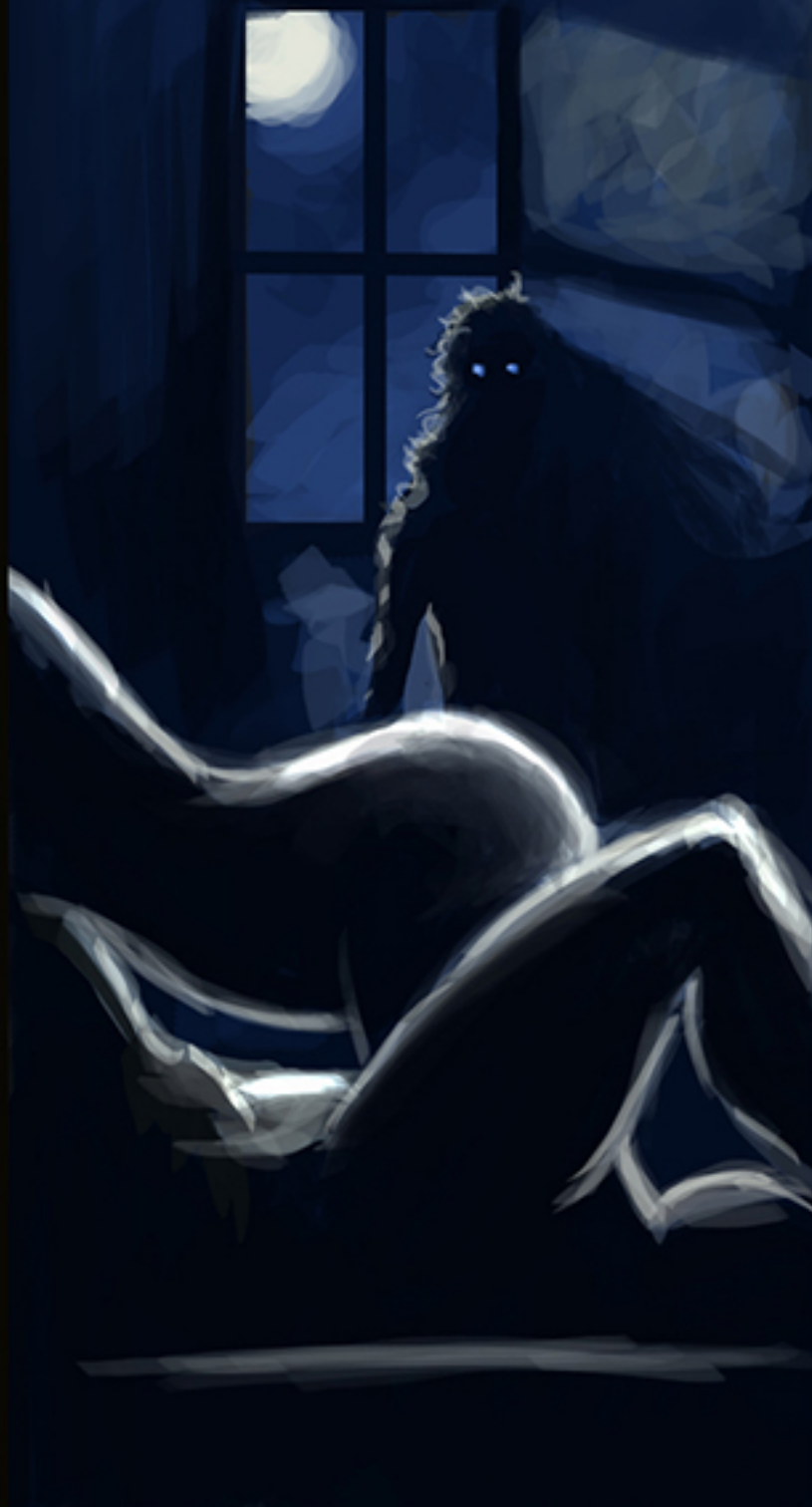




*For long days that shuffled into weeks the moss maiden would creep just out of sight, watching the couple with undying curiosity.*



*She would sneak into their cabin at night, soundless as she was and watch them sleep and other things.*



*Every aspect of their lives was a wonderful curiosity to her; a boundless new world to discover.*



*Eventually pretending wasn't enough. She knew that her existence was fleeting.*



*Her body was decaying and soon she would be called back to the green. She became desperate to hang on to her existence. She didn't want her wonderful new memories washed away with the coming rains.*



*...She had become an individual.*



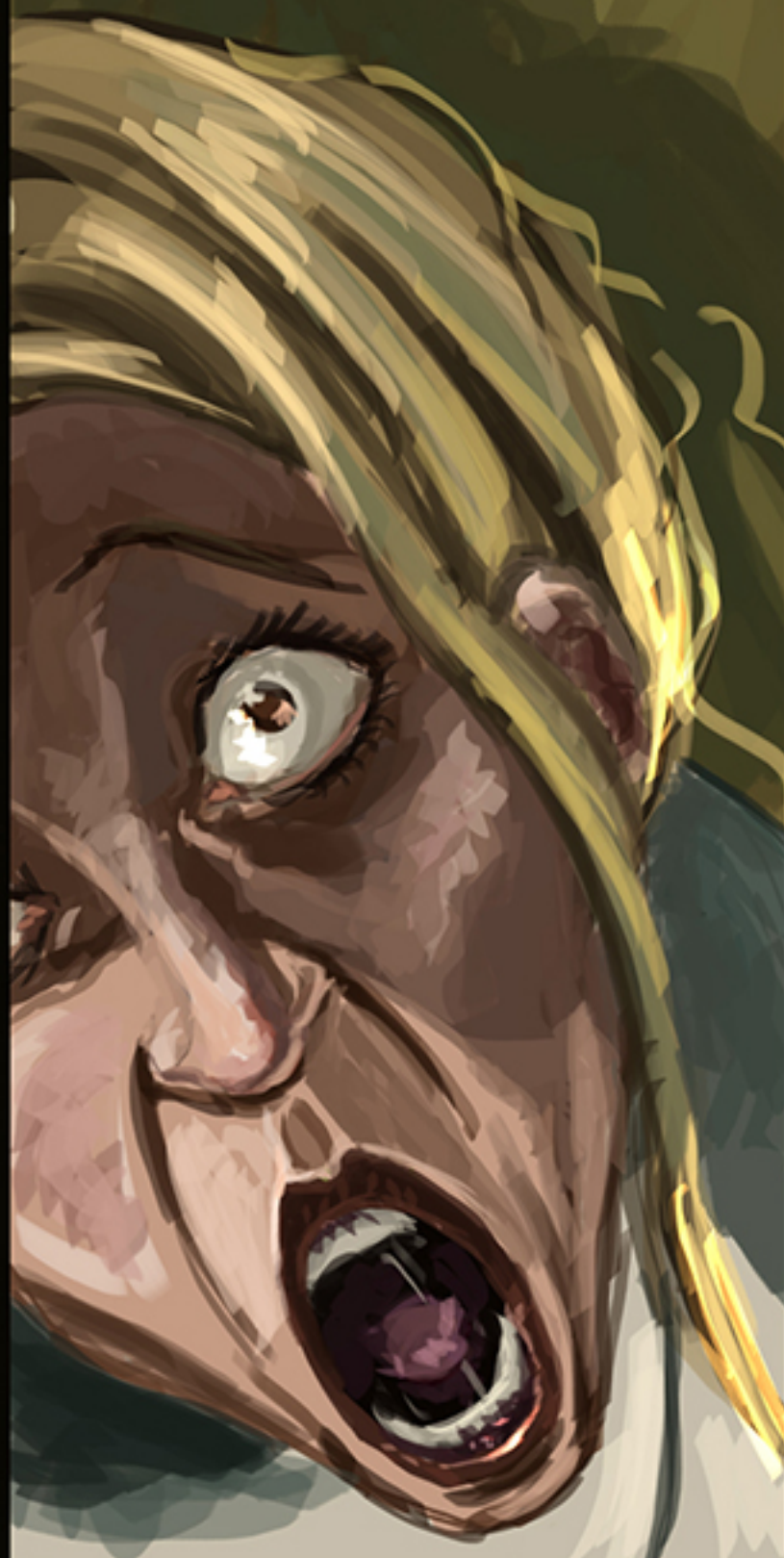
*Desperation has been known  
to make inventors of us all.  
So one day when the man  
left for town as he would  
sometimes do...*



*The moss maiden overcame  
her timidity...*



*...and made a bid for that  
which she desired.*



*As I said when one becomes  
desperate, one adapts with  
all the craftiness at one's  
disposal.*



*With skill and speed the  
maiden cleaned out the  
husk of the dead woman.*

*What she didn't use she  
carried out into the forest  
to be devoured by the wolves,  
careful was she to leave no  
evidence behind.*

*All that remained was  
the woman's skin.*

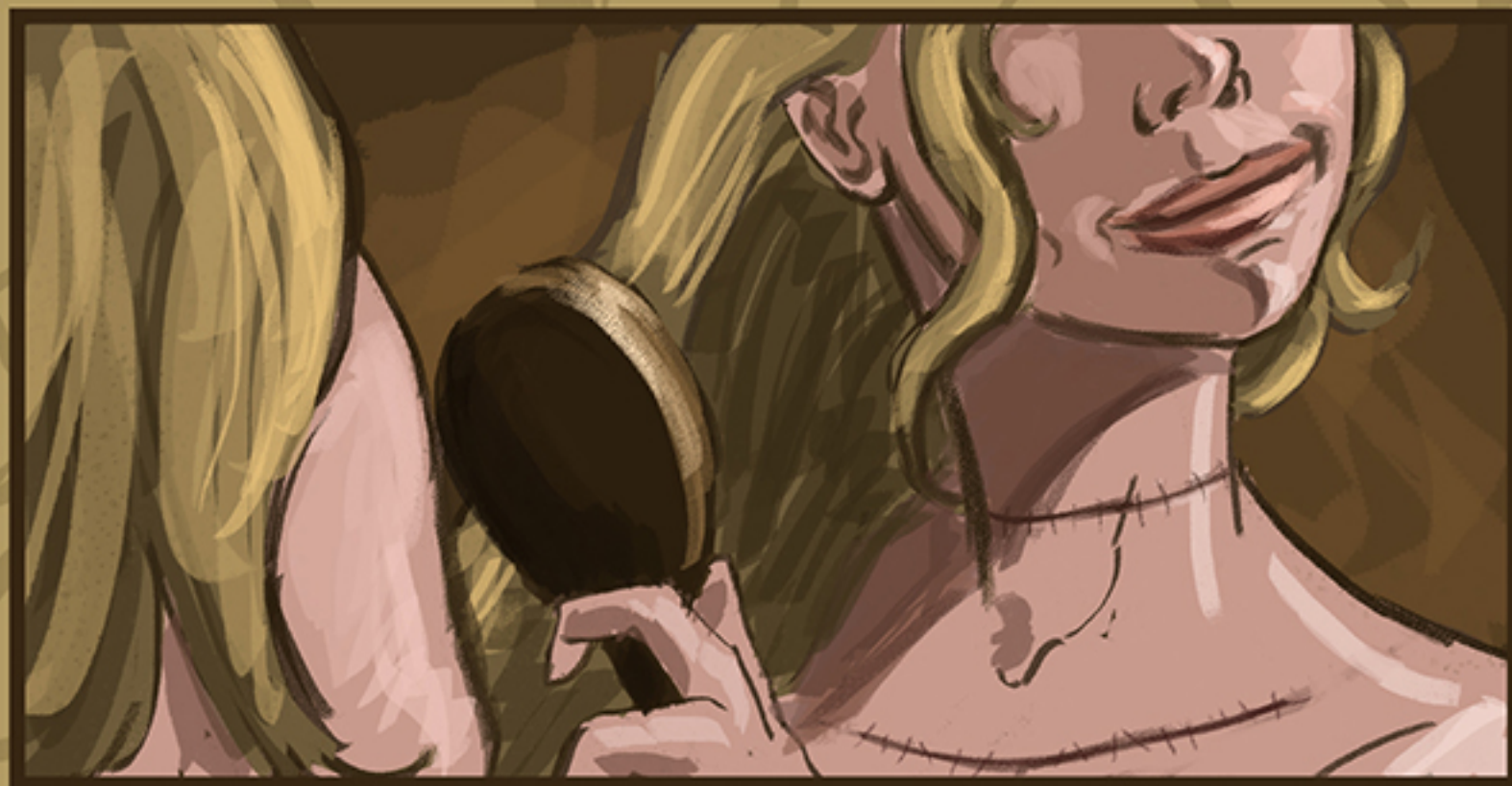
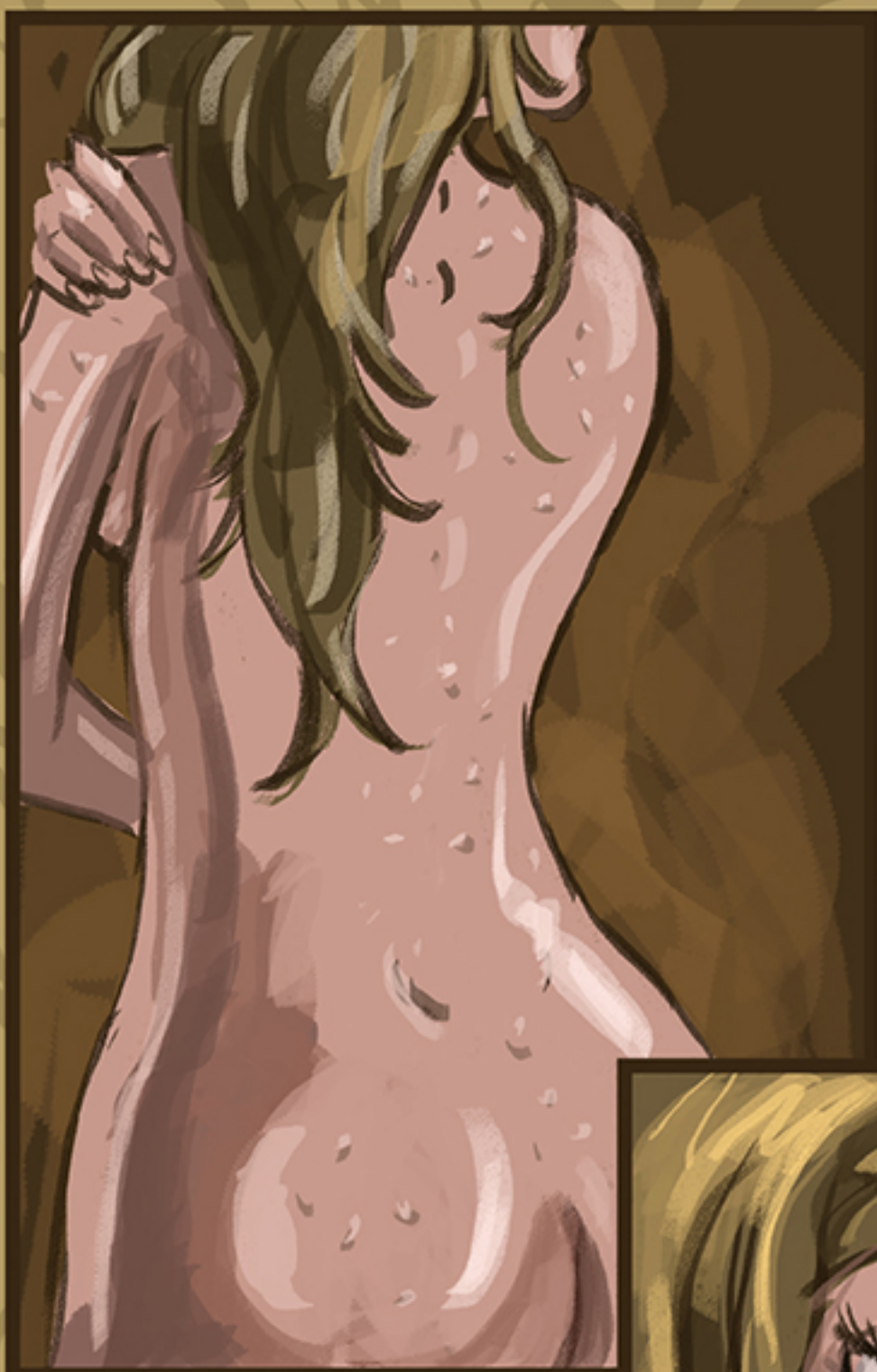
*With this she covered her  
own decaying form, sealing  
herself within the fleshy  
tomb and preserving herself  
in its mortality.*





*The man would be gone a few days. So that's all the time she would have to perfect her act.*

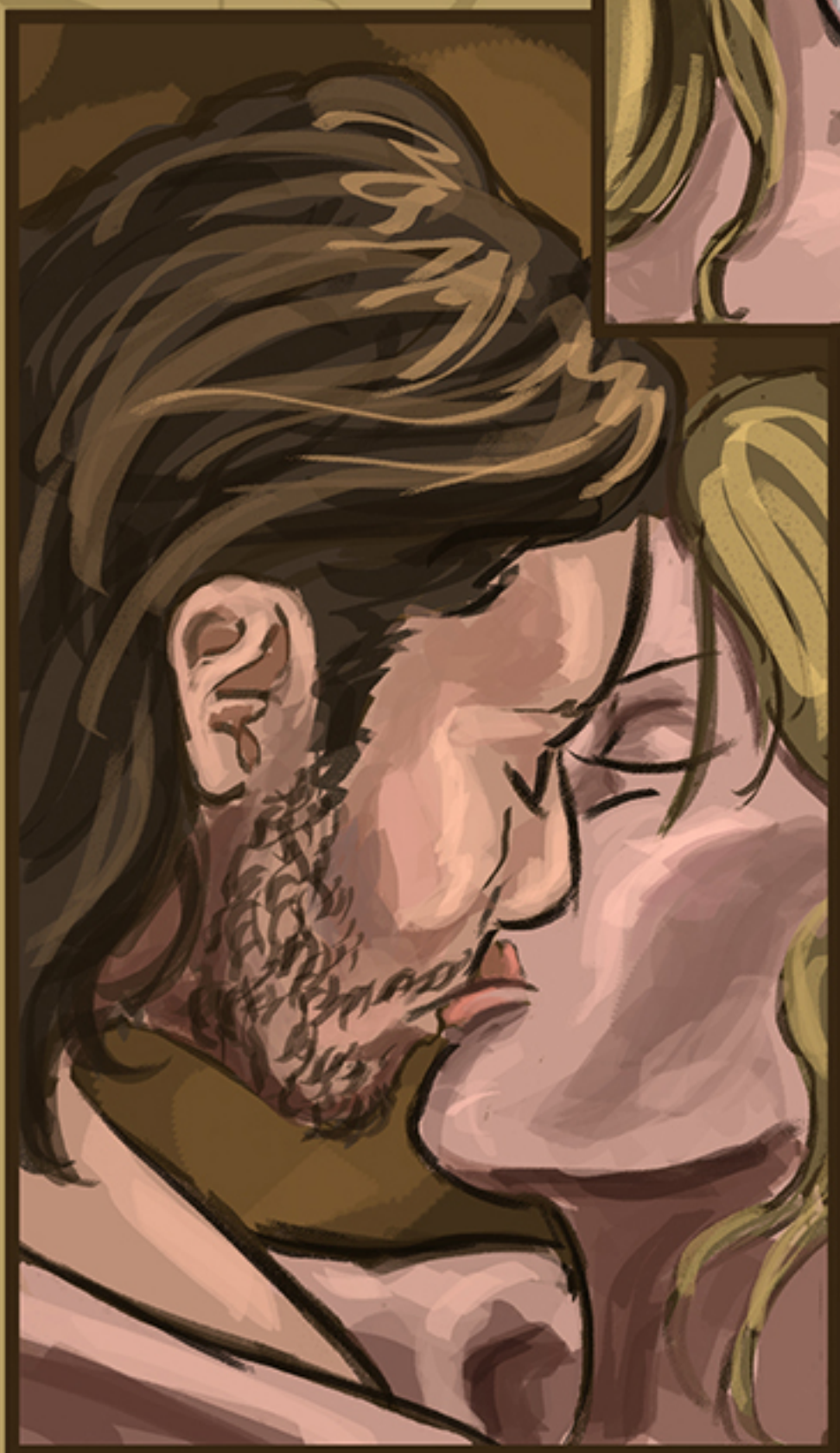
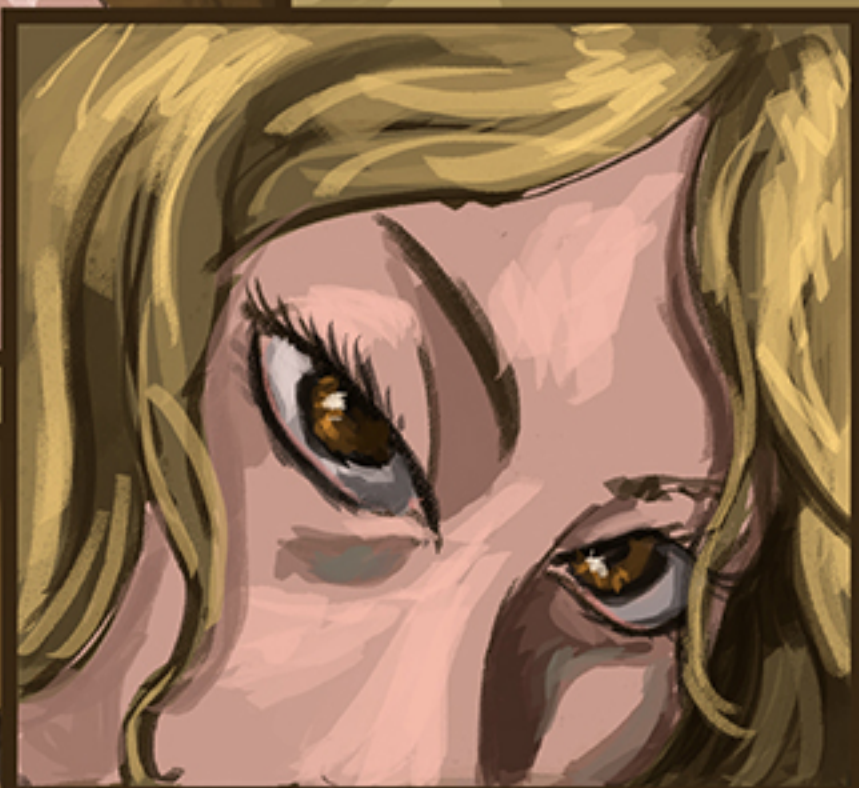
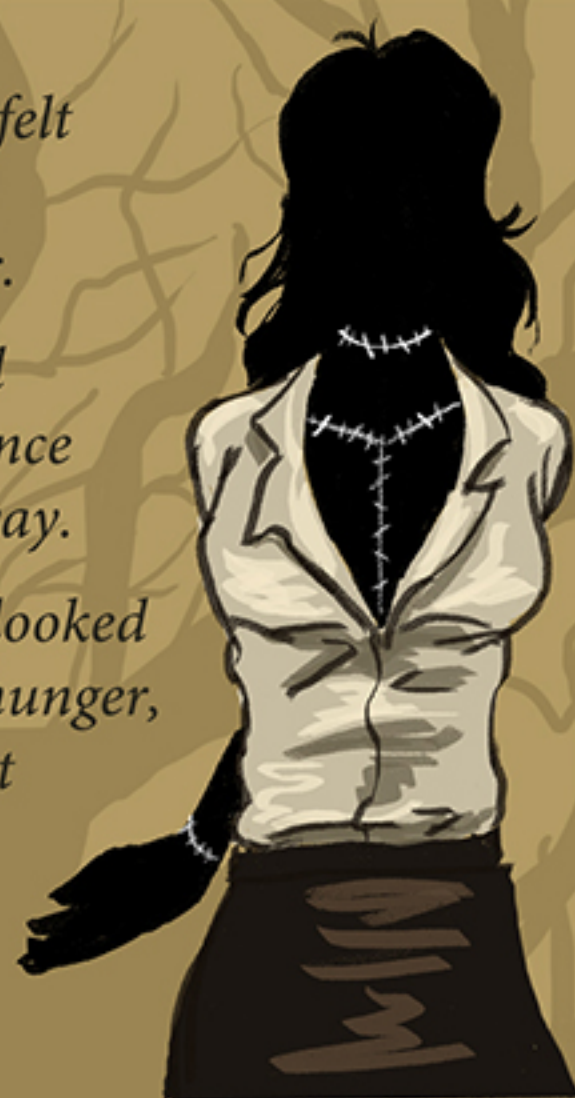
*She learned to talk with the woman's tongue and to emulate all of her bodily mannerisms that she'd been closely observing up to this point.*



*She marveled at the way the world felt with her new skin, all of the new sensations almost overwhelmed her.*

*When her husband finally returned home, he could sense nary a difference in his wife, not on the surface anyway.*

*It hardly mattered to him that she looked at him with a new and dangerous hunger, or that her passion seemed manifest as a completely separate entity.*



*If he noticed the rapidly fading scars on her skin that strangely resembled the stitch lines on his britches he never mentioned it.*

*After much time had passed I'd imagine that even she had forgotten that she had ever been anything other than human.*





## The End.

MAKES PERFECT SENSE;  
SHE LETS HIM DO ANAL  
SO HE'S GOOD. THEY  
LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.  
SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRLY  
STANDARD FAIRY TALE.

EXCEPT THAT ITS  
TRUE. ALL OF THE  
REALLY OLD STORIES  
ARE.

I ACTUALLY  
CAN'T THINK OF  
ANY REASON RIGHT  
NOW TO DOUBT  
YOU.

BUT I'M GETTING  
TIRED OF THIS  
PLACE.

SO....?

SO I'M LEAVING.

WHERE YA  
GONNA GO?

WHERE MY  
LEGS TAKE  
ME.

BACK INTO  
THE SEA?

MAYBE.

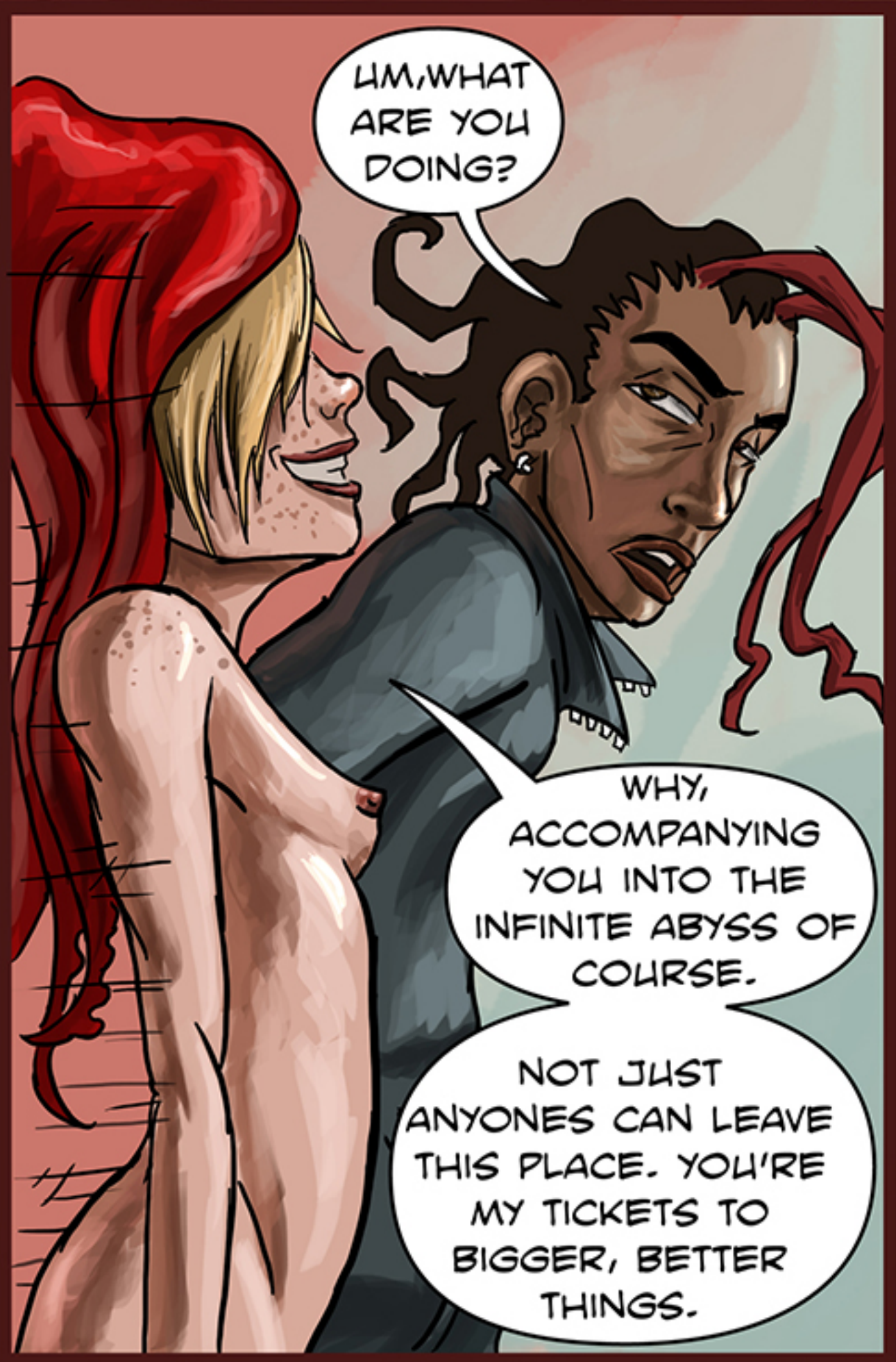




---MAYBE NOT.



OOOH!  
THATS NEW!



UM, WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

WHY,  
ACCOMPANYING  
YOU INTO THE  
INFINITE ABYSS OF  
COURSE.

NOT JUST  
ANYONES CAN LEAVE  
THIS PLACE. YOU'RE  
MY TICKETS TO  
BIGGER, BETTER  
THINGS.



YOU REALLY ARE CRAZY AREN'T YOU?  
ESPECIALLY IF YOU THINK I'M GOING  
ANYWHERE WITH YOU.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD  
OF THE TERM 'MODESTY'?  
OR LEAVING THINGS  
TO THE IMAGINATION?







ANOTHER PLACE...

MY  
GOD...

...A BIBLICAL  
EXPERIENCE.



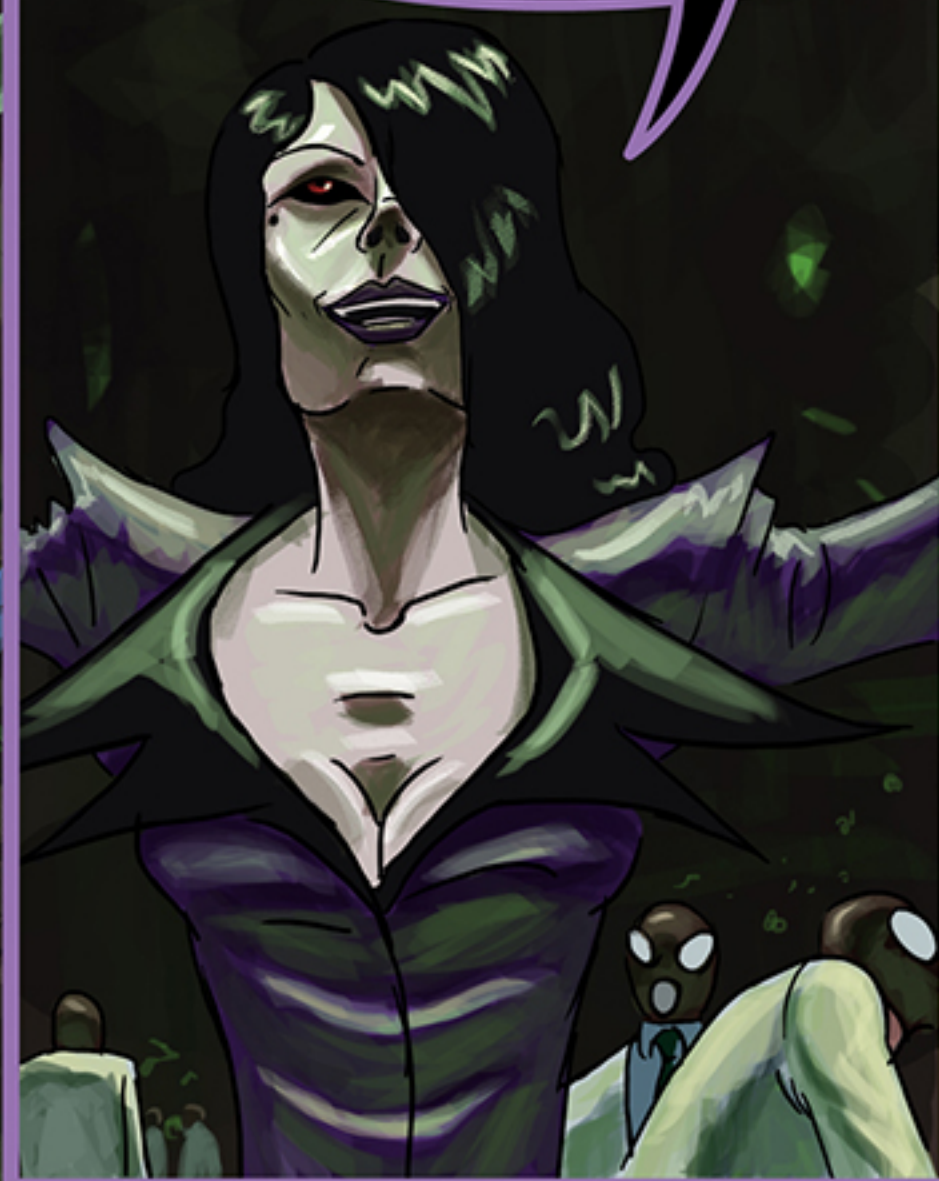
RATHER MAGNIFICENT  
ISN'T IT? THE TOWER'S  
COMPOSED OF A KIND  
OF SYNTHESIZED HUMAN.  
THEY ACT AS  
ANTENNAE.



OH CHRIST THEY'RE  
SQUIRMING. WHERE  
THE FUCK ARE THEIR  
HEADS?!!

MINDS WOULD  
JUST BE AN  
INTERFERENCE  
TO THE JOB THEY ARE  
SPECIALIZED FOR:  
THE ABILITY TO  
HARNESS 'THE  
PEOPLE'S WILL'

ISN'T SCIENCE  
JUST WONDERFUL?







OKAY, OKAY  
THIS IS A BIT  
MUCH TO TAKE  
IN.

TAKE  
YOUR  
TIME.



SO WHAT?  
THE GOVERNMENT  
AND EVERYTHING WE  
BELIEVE IS A SCAM?

OH DEAR.  
THATS THE  
VERY LEAST  
OF IT.



WHY,  
THEY'RE--

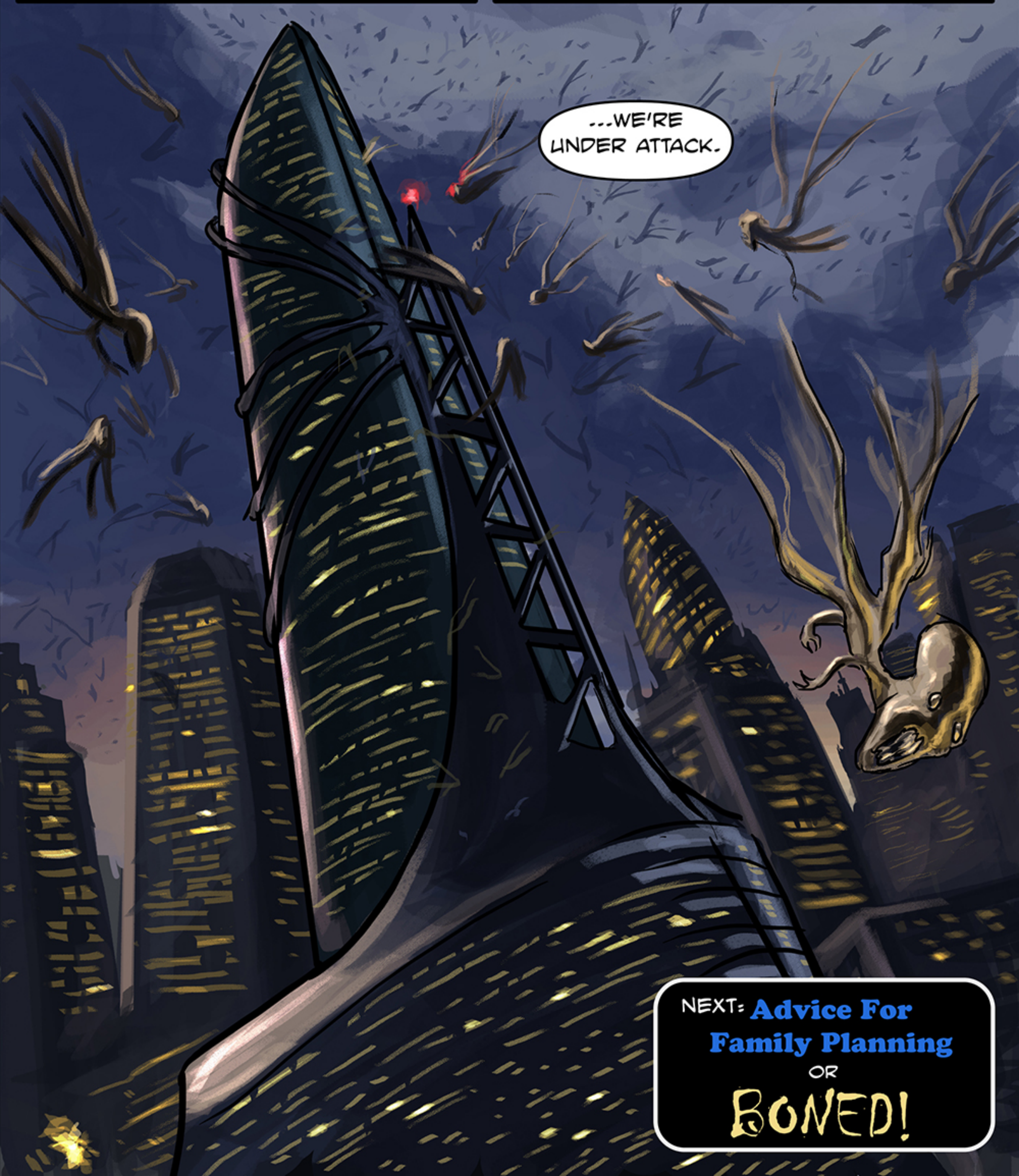
BRRRRRRRRRR



SEEMS THERE'S  
A BIT OF AN  
EMERGENCY.

WE MUST RETURN  
TO THE SURFACE  
I'M AFRAID.





NEXT: **Advice For  
Family Planning  
OR  
BONED!**



# DISKORDIA



*...She had become an individual.*



# DARK WORLD

TM

