

No.3

R I V E N I S

# DISKORDIA

TM



Feels  
Like Falling

*Rivenis*



# DISKORDIA™

## FEELS LIKE FALLING CHAPTER 3

Created & owned By  
Andrew Blackman | Rivenis Black

suggested for mature readers

“The beast looked up from the hole in  
its den and prayed for a sign of  
absolution from the night sky.  
It sent hurricanes”

Dedicated to Sedio Gregoire

Diskordia issue 3, 2012.

Published by Andrew Blackman 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. Diskordia® must not be sold at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover.

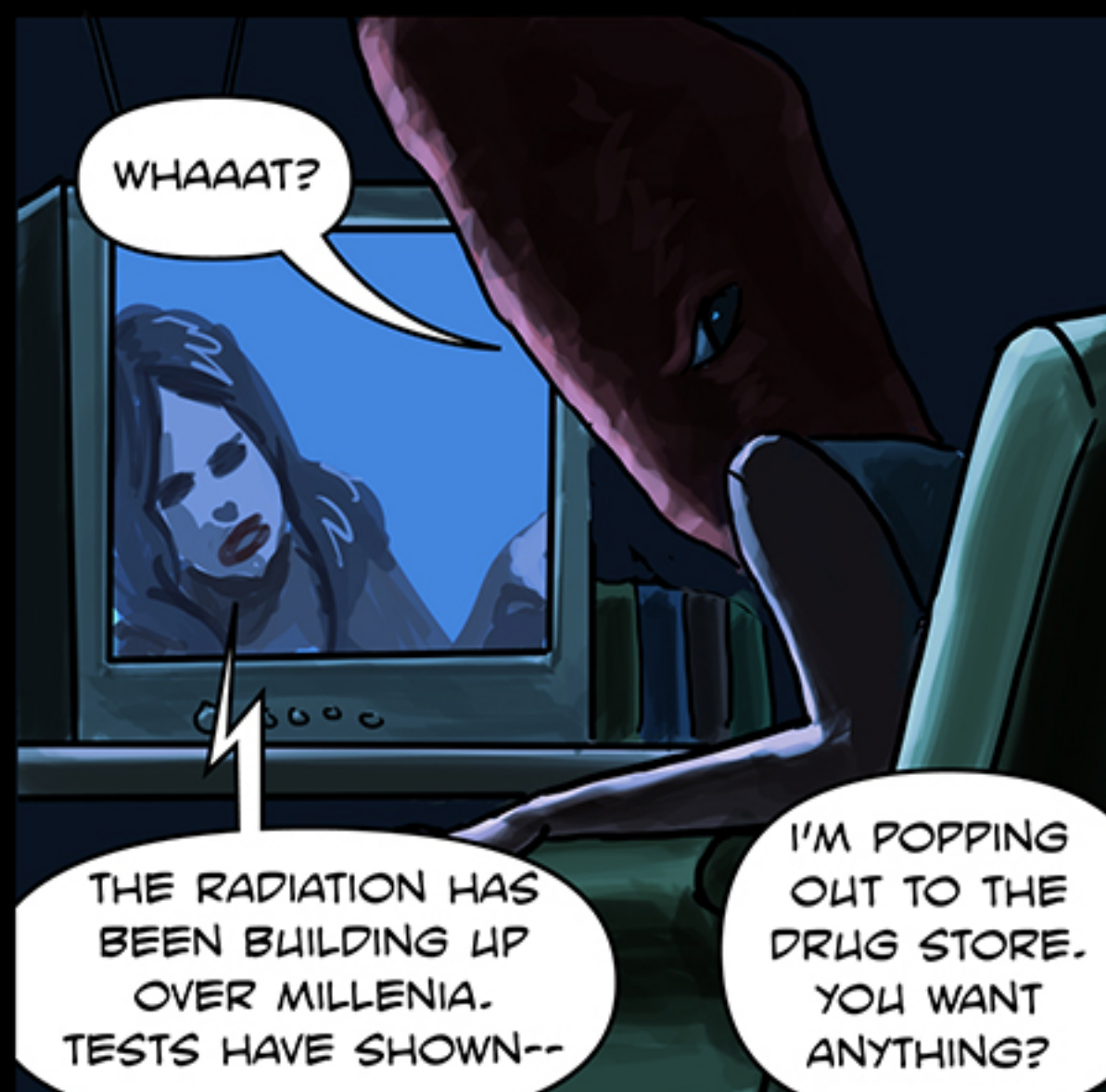
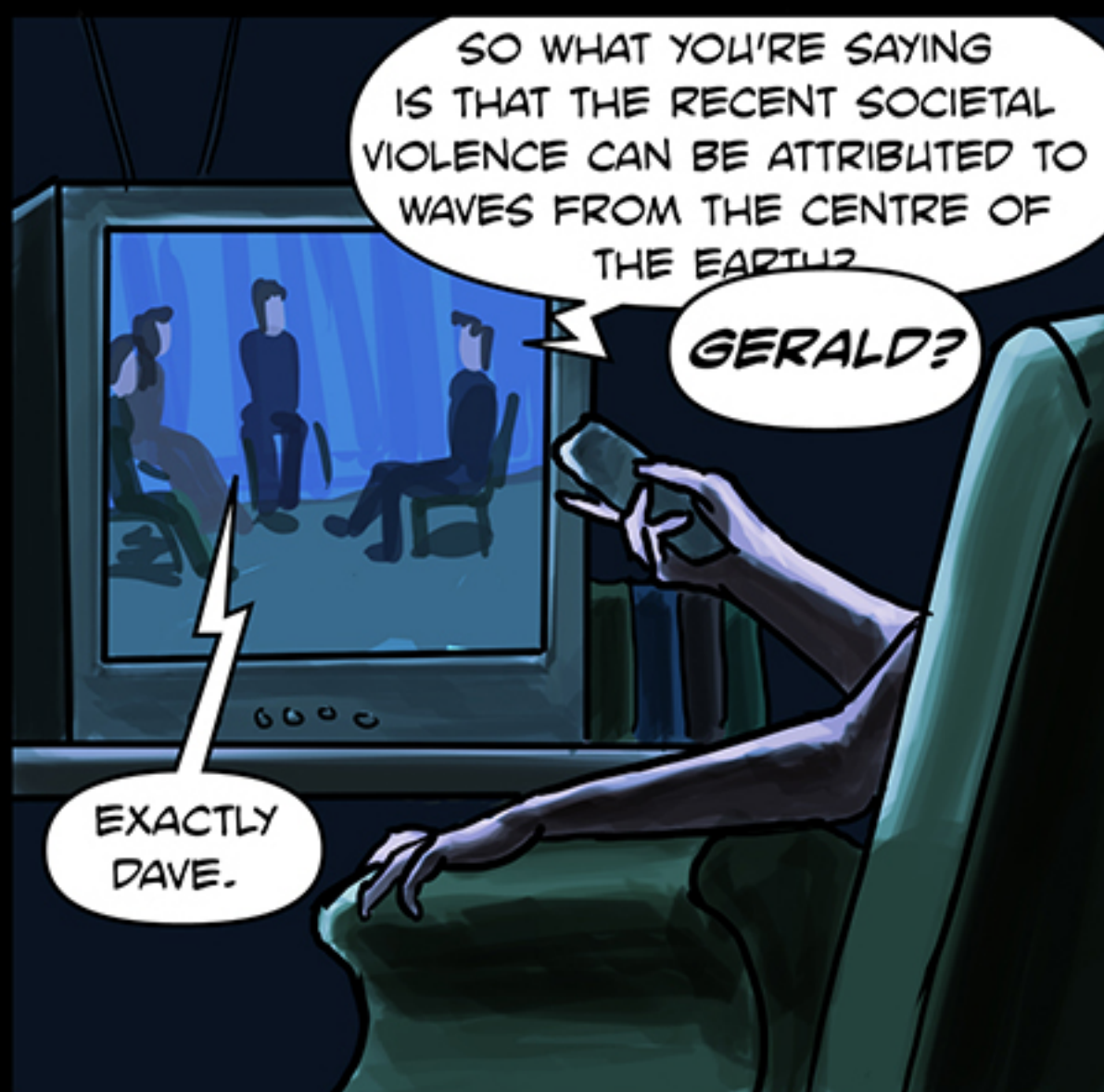
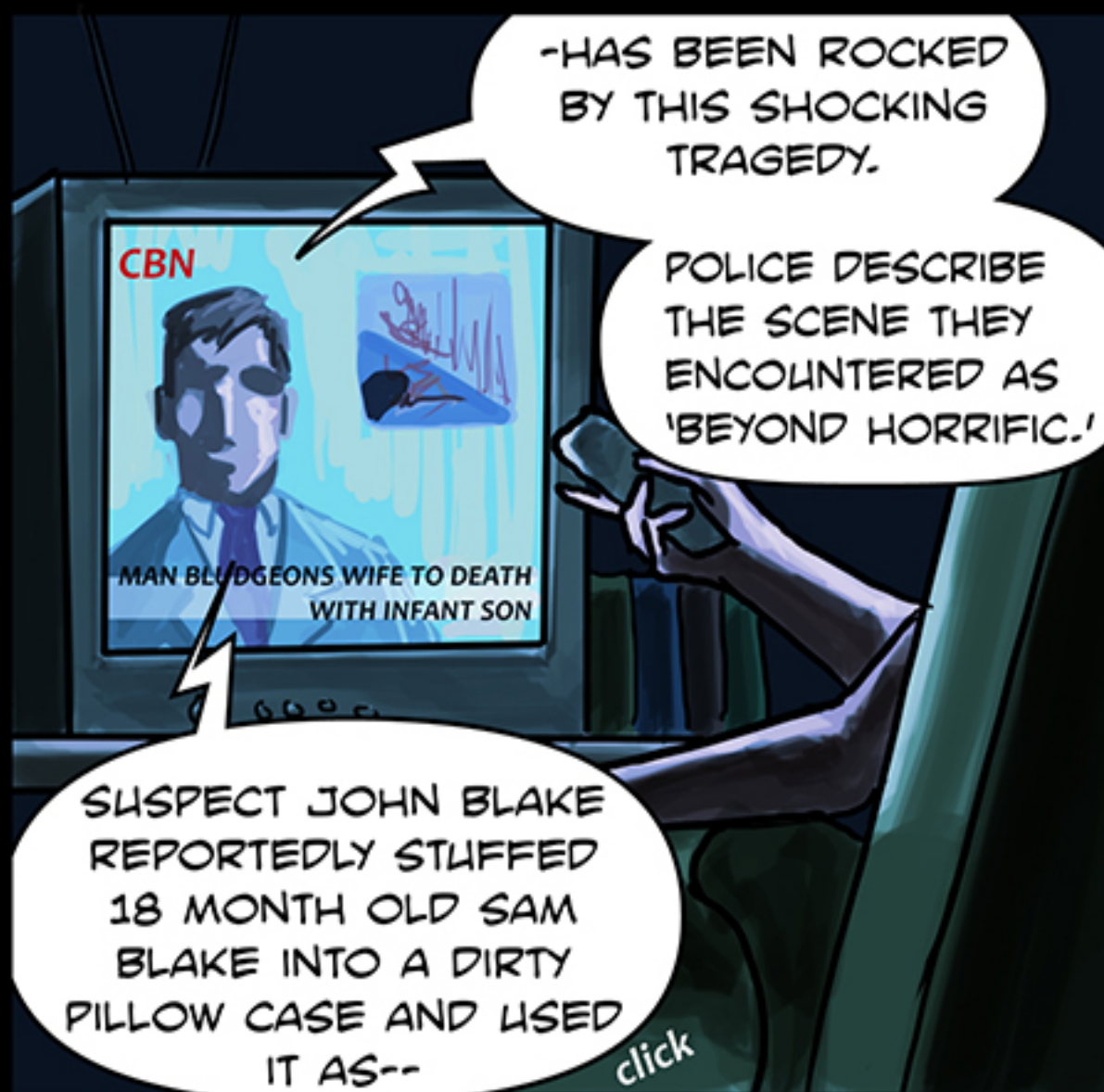
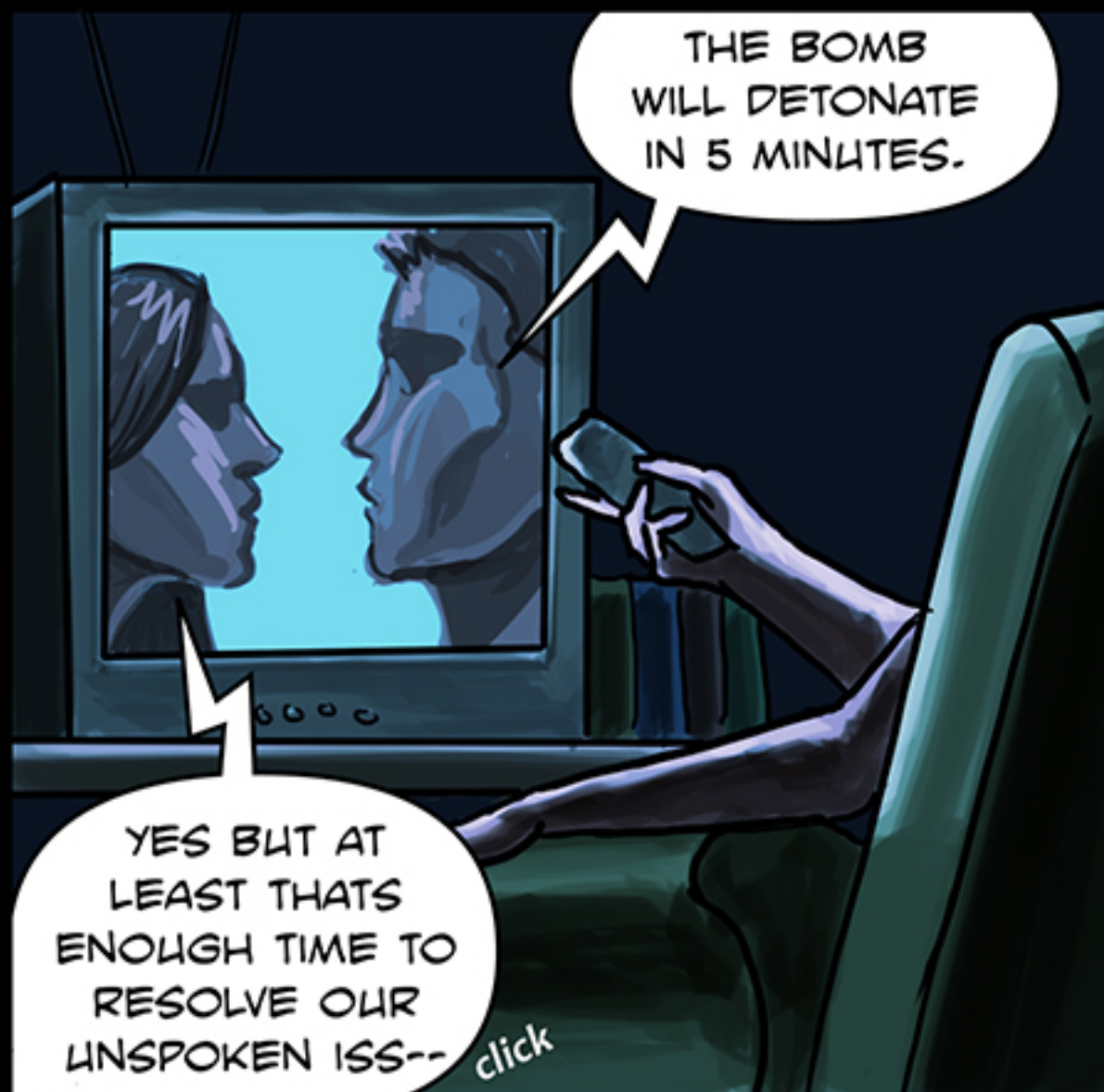
website: [diskordiacomic.blogspot.com](http://diskordiacomic.blogspot.com)

facebook: diskordia

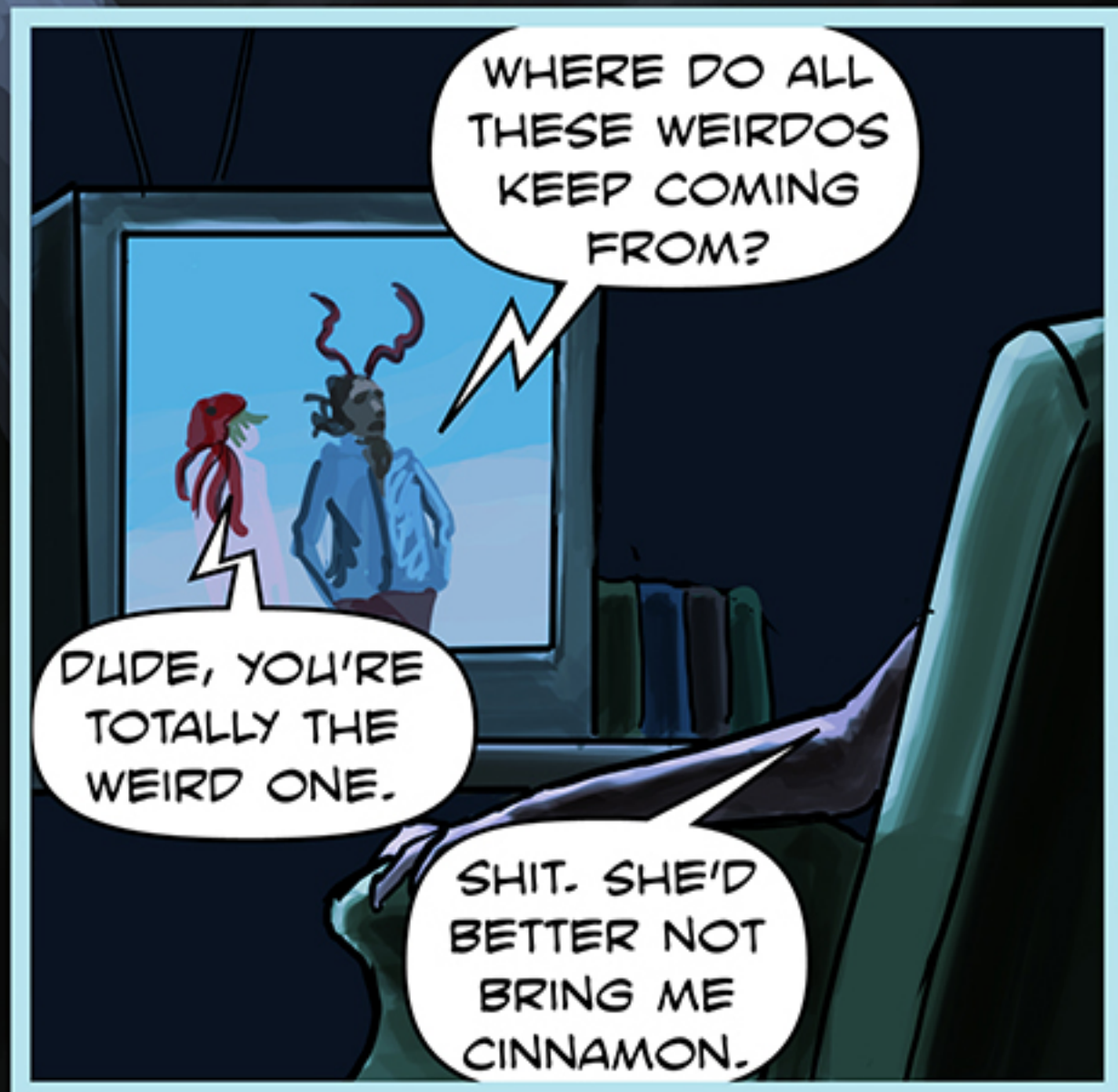
twitter: @rivenis

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













LEAST YOU'RE POLITE.  
WHICH IN NO WAY  
CAUSES ME TO DOUBT  
THAT YOU'RE LOOKING  
FOR AN OPPORTUNITY  
TO TEAR MY FACE OFF.

GREETINGS  
BEAUTIFUL  
TRAVELLERS.

YOU'RE AN  
EXTREMELY UNTRUSTING  
KID AREN'T YOU?

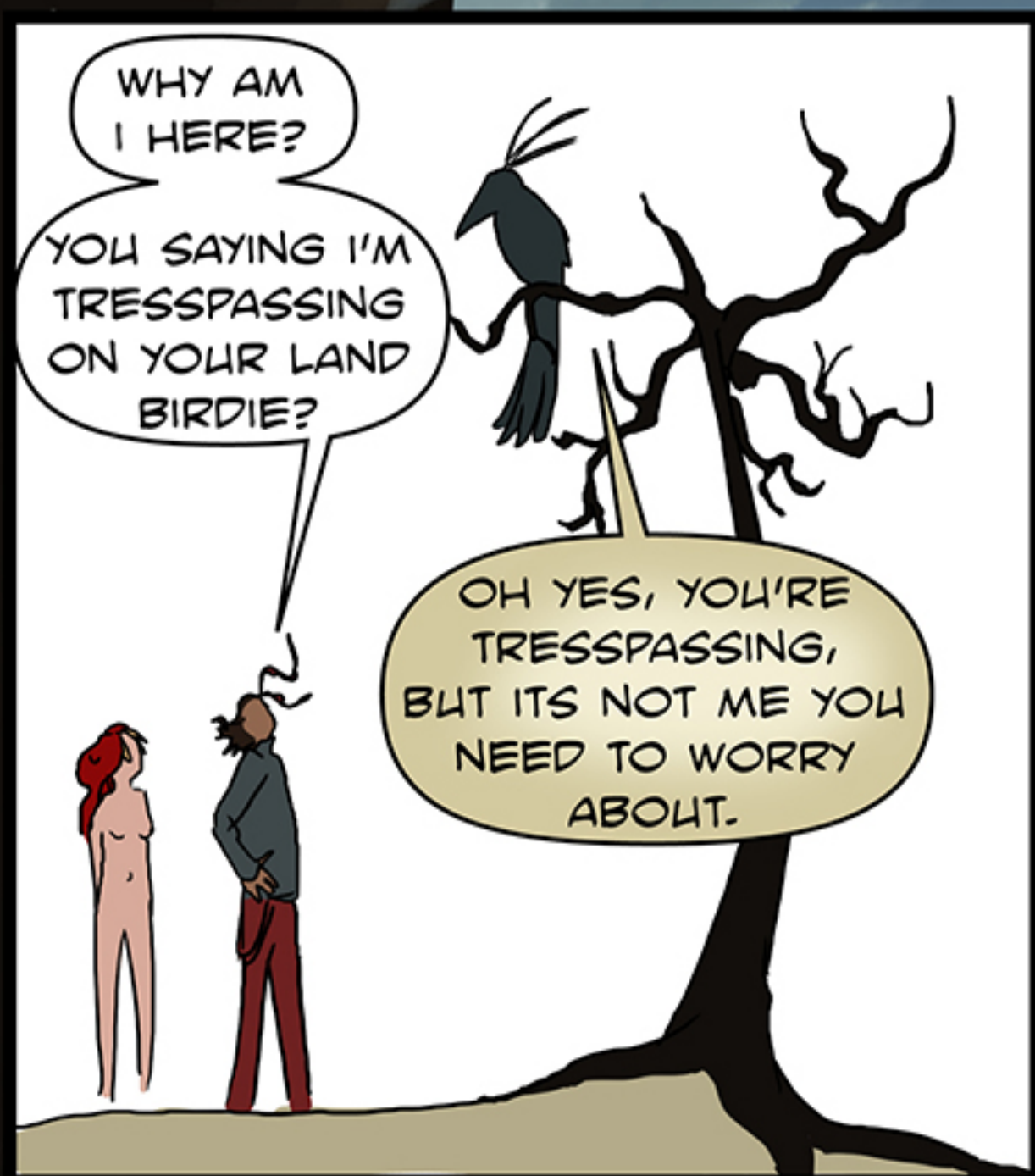
A NECESSITY FOR  
SURVIVAL, AND NOT  
GETTING CAUGHT  
HOLDING THE BAG.



AHEM;  
SINCE YOU ASKED;  
I'M KNOWN AS  
THE DREAMCROW.

I DIDN'T AS--

WHY ARE YOU  
HERE YOUNG  
MAN?



WHY AM  
I HERE?

YOU SAYING I'M  
TRESSPASSING  
ON YOUR LAND  
BIRDIE?

OH YES, YOU'RE  
TRESSPASSING,  
BUT ITS NOT ME YOU  
NEED TO WORRY  
ABOUT.



# BONED !



OH? SO WHAT IS  
THIS PLACE THEN?




AT THIS MOMENT, THAT QUESTION HAS  
TWO ANSWERS. YOU ARE IN A PLACE KNOWN  
AS THE BONE DESERT. IT'S ALSO TRUE  
THAT YOU ARE IN THE DREAMTIME. AND  
THAT'S WHY YOU AND I ARE ABLE TO  
SPEAK TO EACH OTHER RIGHT NOW.

OR

Advice For Family Planning





SO WHICH IS IT?  
THE BONE DESERT  
OR THE DREAMTIME?

WHY BOTH.

LIKE WHAT? THE VILLAGE  
OF 'BONE DESERT' IN  
THE STATE OF 'DREAMTIME'?

YOUR WORDS  
CONFUSE ME.

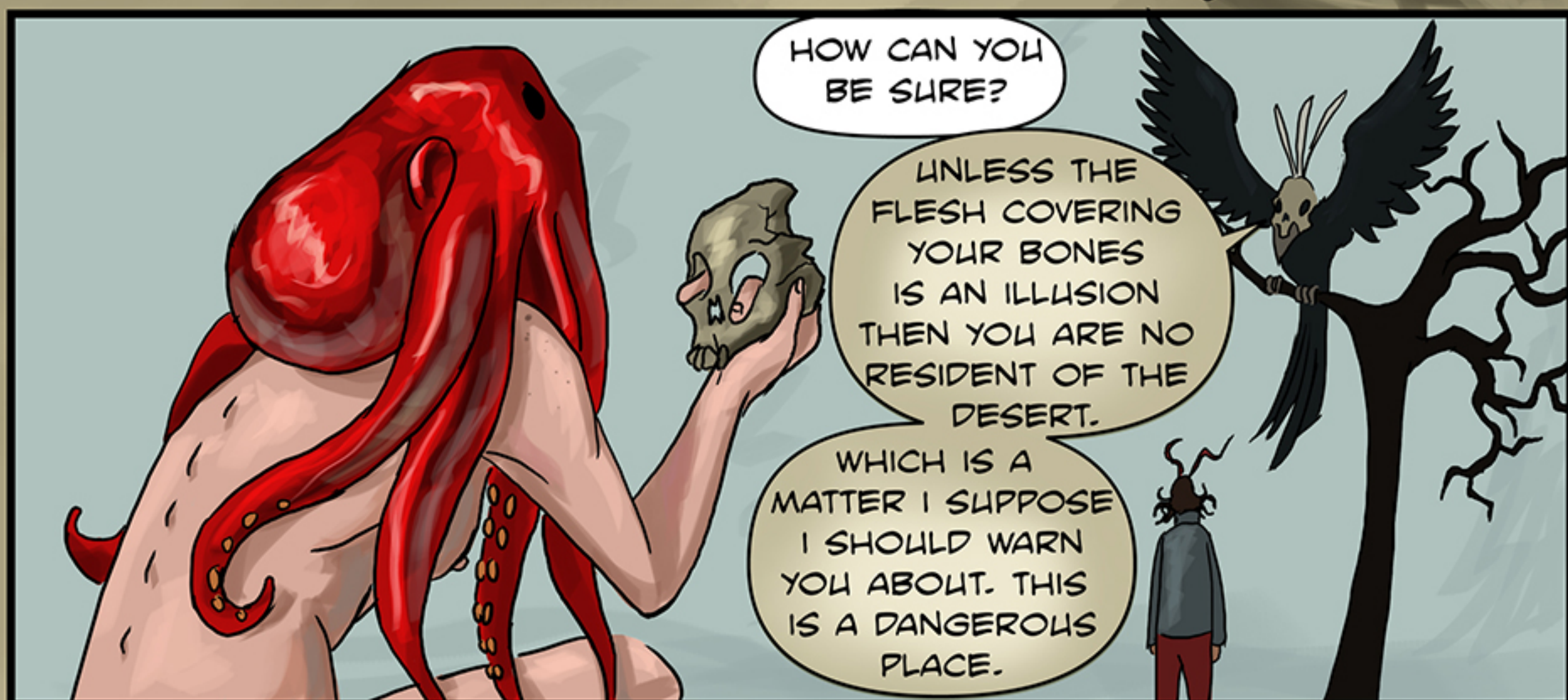
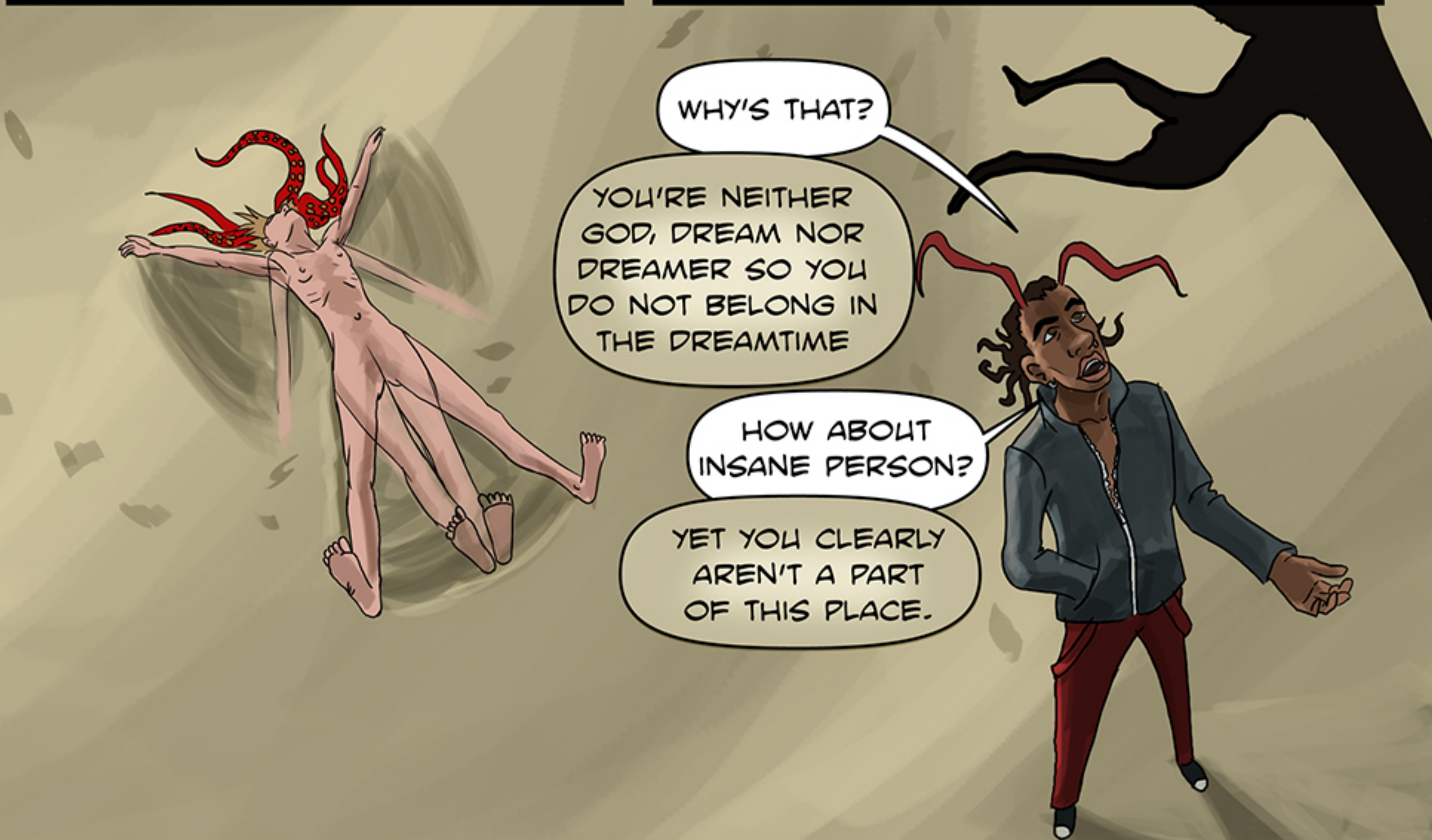
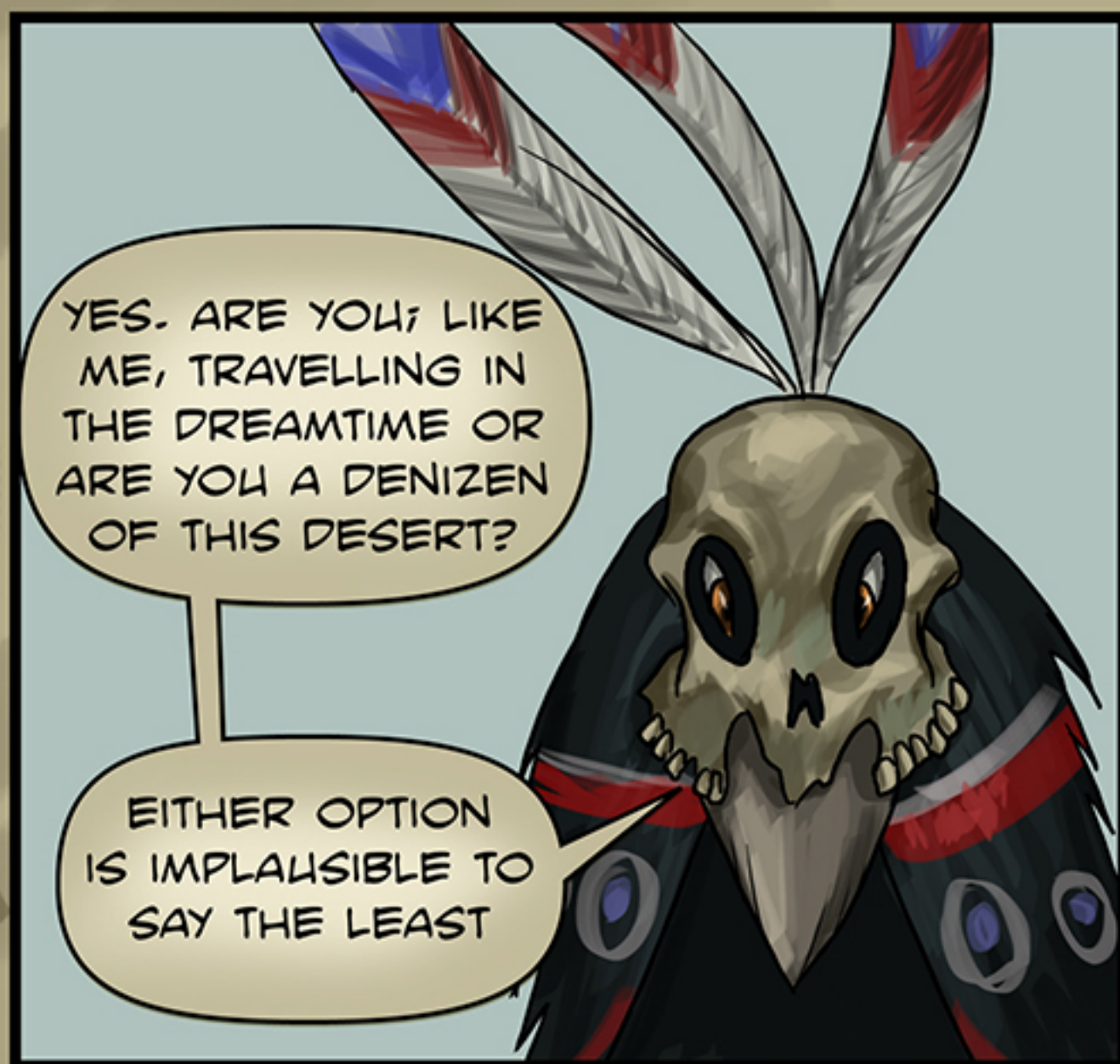
THEY'VE BEEN  
KNOWN TO DO  
THAT.



ITS SIMPLE. I LIVE IN THE  
DREAMTIME WHICH IS  
EVERYWHERE AND EVERYWHEN.  
RIGHT NOW ITS HERE  
IN THIS DESERT LAND.

THE INTERESTING QUESTION  
IS; WHERE ARE YOU?

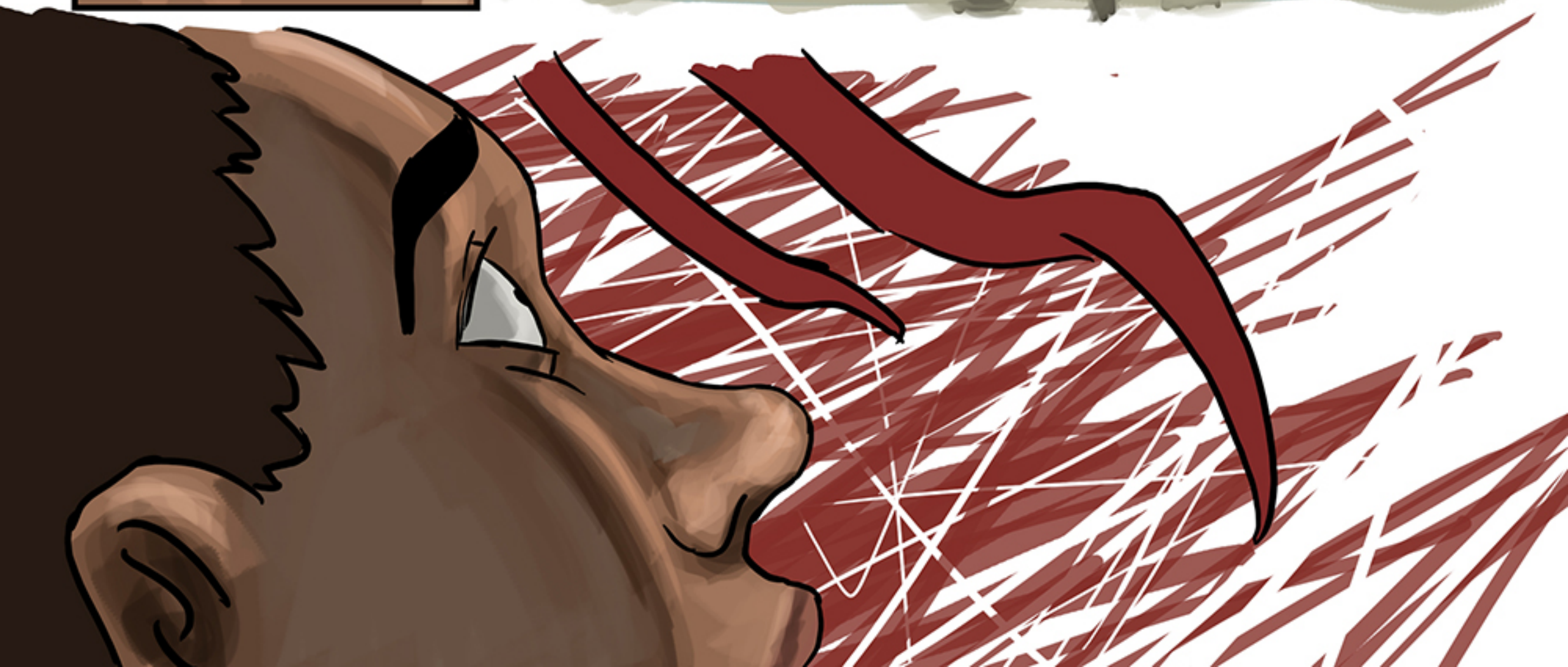




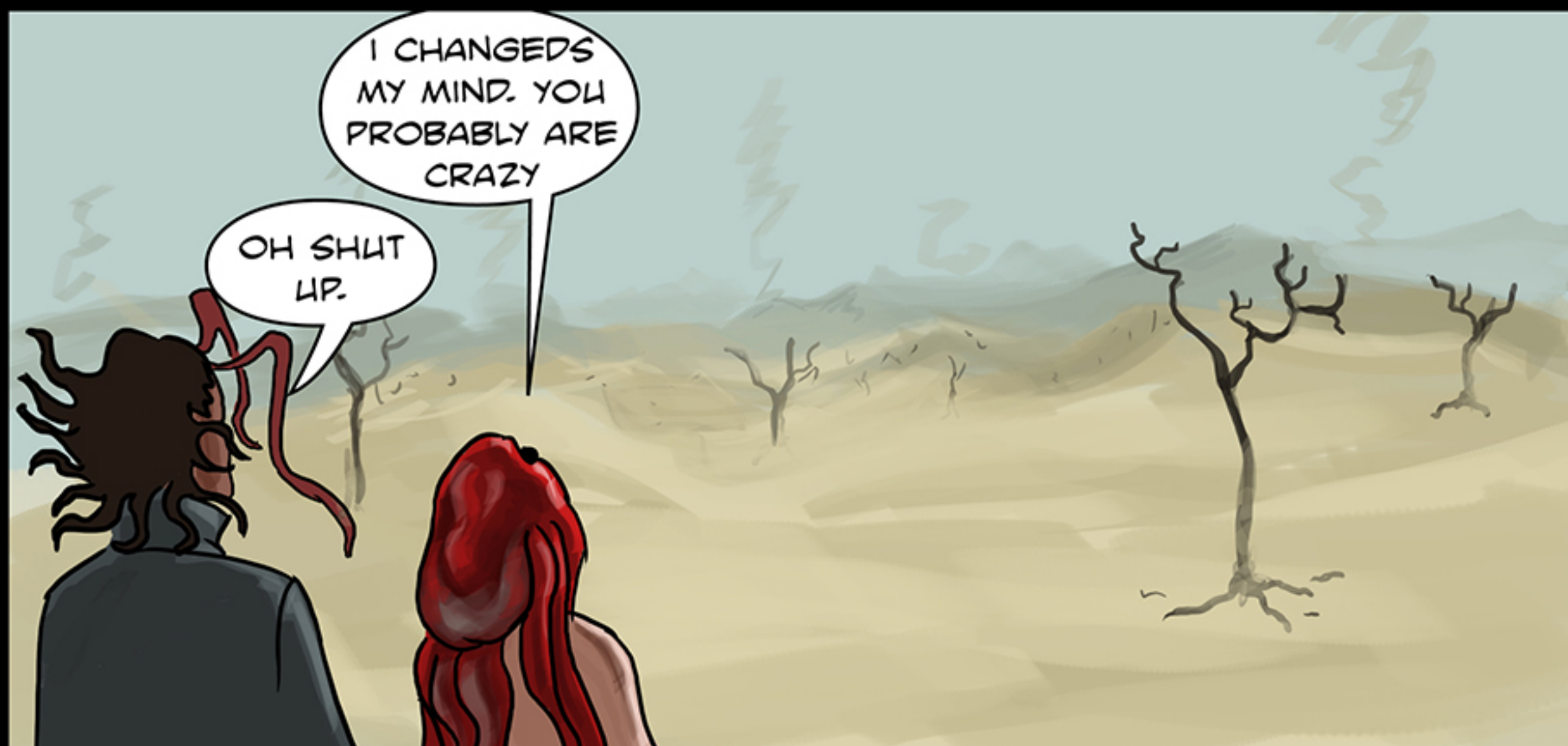














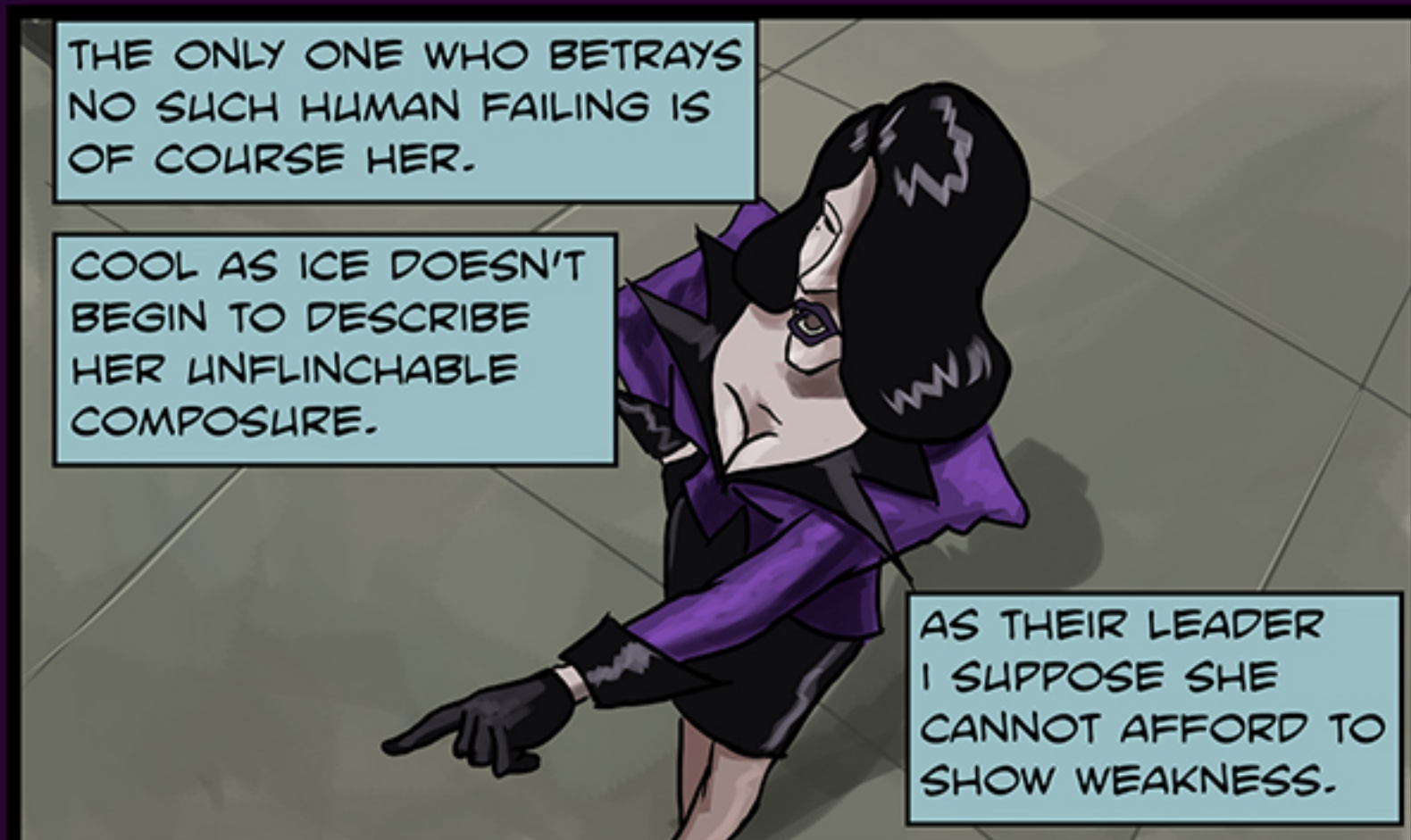
ITS LIKE THAT FEELING  
YOU GET WHEN YOU  
THINK THERE'S ONE  
MORE STEP ON THE  
STAIRS ONLY TO HAVE  
THE GROUND RUSH  
UP AND MEET YOU  
UNEXPECTEDLY.

ITS THAT INSTANT OF  
SHEER TERROR AT  
HAVING YOUR  
EXPECTATIONS OF REALITY  
SO THROUGHLY BETRAY  
YOU EXTENDED INTO  
AN ETERNITY.

I'M FALLING.



I CAN SEE THE PANIC ON  
EVERYONE'S FACES. THIS IS  
NO ORDINARY DAY AT THE  
OFFICE, OF THAT I'M CERTAIN.



THE ONLY ONE WHO BETRAYS  
NO SUCH HUMAN FAILING IS  
OF COURSE HER.

COOL AS ICE DOESN'T  
BEGIN TO DESCRIBE  
HER UNFLINCHABLE  
COMPOSURE.

AS THEIR LEADER  
I SUPPOSE SHE  
CANNOT AFFORD TO  
SHOW WEAKNESS.

AS SHE TIRELESSLY BARKS  
OUT ORDERS THAT MIGHT  
AS WELL BE GIBBERISH FOR  
ALL I CAN MAKE OF IT I  
BECOME LESS SURE THAT  
SHE'S ACTUALLY HIDING ANY  
CRAVEN HUMAN WEAKNESS.



I BEGIN TO ENTERTAIN THE NOTION  
THAT SHE MIGHT EVEN BE ENJOYING  
HERSELF JUST A LITTLE.







WHICH UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES  
WOULD BE ABSOLUTE INSANITY.

THEY'RE EATING  
THROUGH THE  
BARRIER FASTER  
THAN WE  
ANTICIPATED

HOW LONG?

I-IT DEPENDS.  
THEY DON'T SEEM  
TO BE ORGANISED.

IT'D BE MUCH  
WORSE IF THEY  
DECIDED TO  
TARGET A SINGLE  
SPOT.

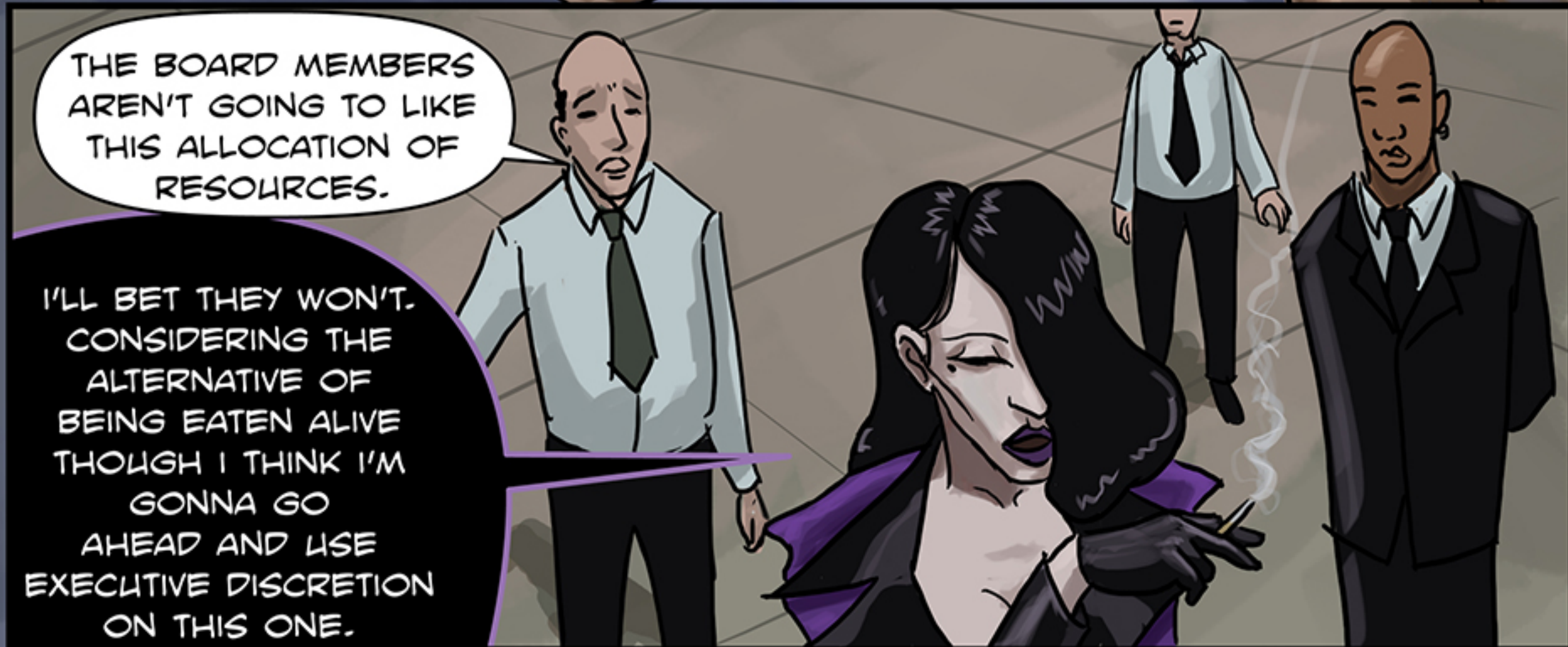
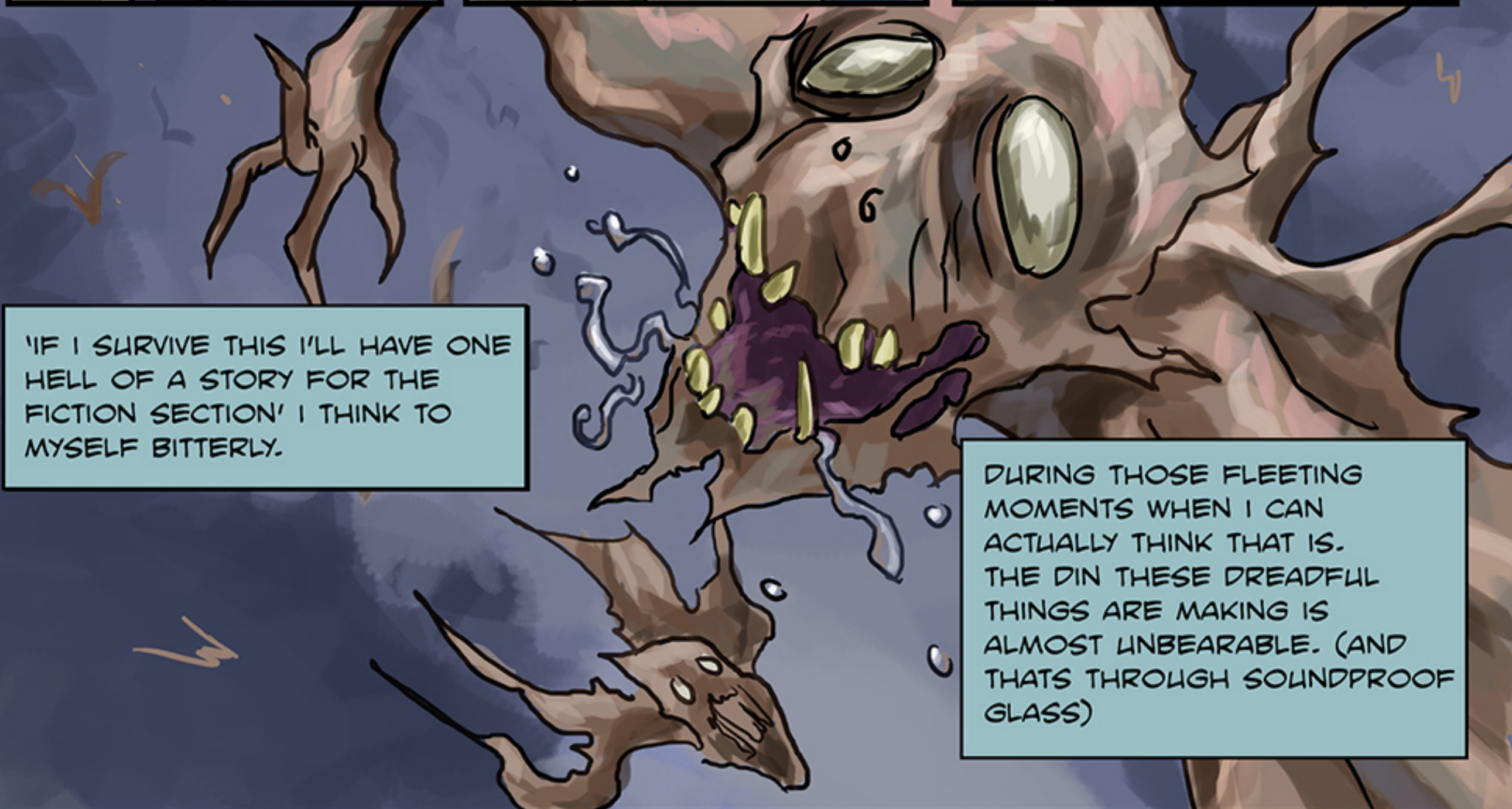
WELL THEN WE  
DON'T LET THEM GET  
ORGANISED.

USE A FLASH PATTERN  
WITH THE BUILDING  
ILLUMINATES. WE'LL LIGHT  
THIS PLACE UP LIKE A  
CHRISTMAS TREE. THAT  
SHOULD CONFUSE THEM.

EVEN WITH JUST RANDOM  
ATTACKS THE BARRIER  
WILL LOSE FUNCTIONAL  
INTEGRITY IN LESS THAN  
HALF AN HOUR.

WE NEED ONLY BUY  
ENOUGH TIME FOR  
THE ANGELS TO WARM  
UP.







THEY'RE READY!

ALRIGHT THEN,  
LET'S BRING DOWN  
THE HOUSE.


MR CUTTER,  
LOOK UP.

WHOA.

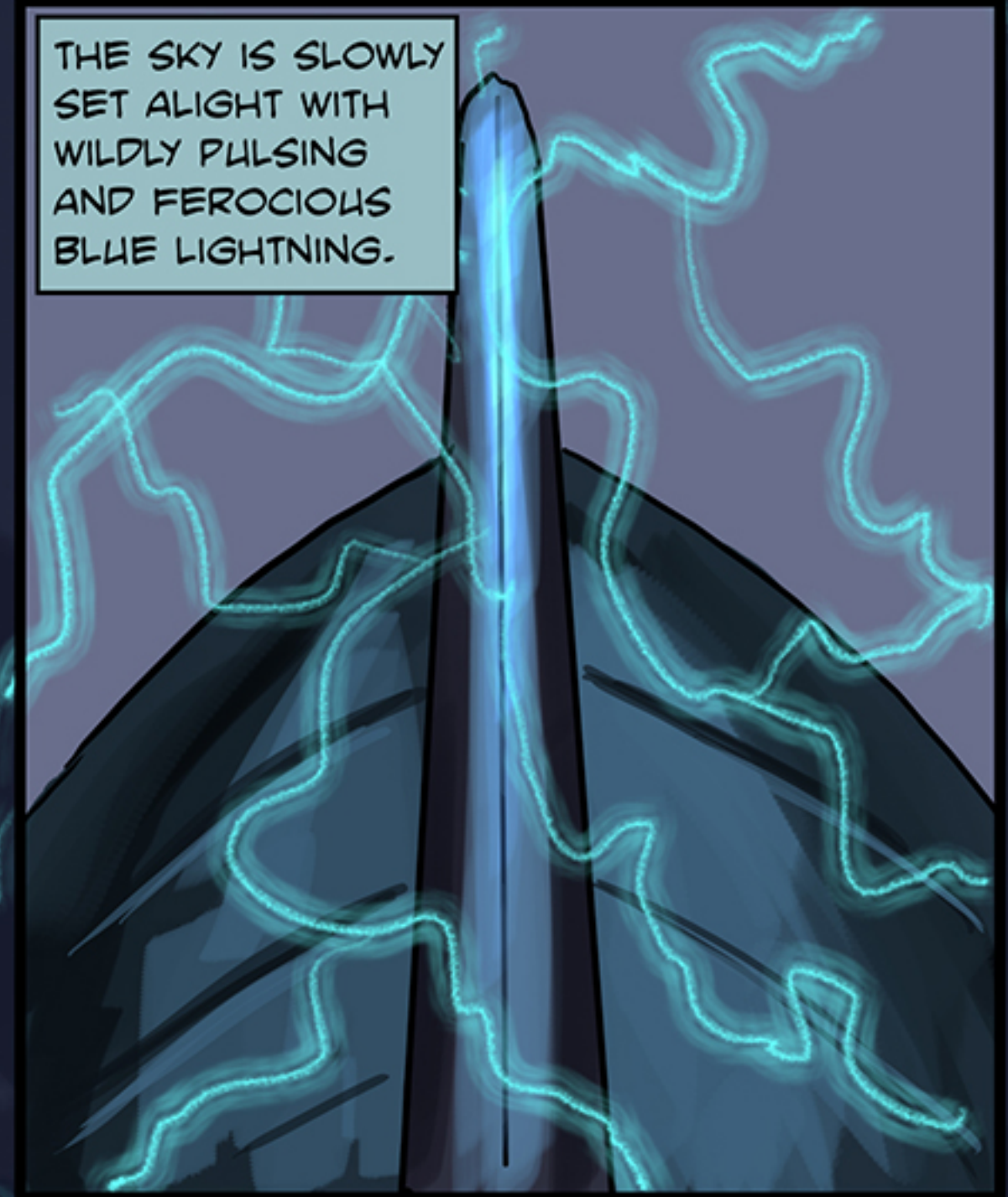
"OUT YOU GO"  
SAYS PANDORA.









I FIND IT DIFFICULT  
TO DESCRIBE WHAT I'M  
WITNESSING



THE SKY IS SLOWLY  
SET ALIGHT WITH  
WILDLY PULSING  
AND FEROCIOUS  
BLUE LIGHTNING.



AS SILLY AS IT MAY SOUND  
I SWEAR ITS TRUE: THE  
FAUST BUILDING HAS BECOME  
A GIANT BUG ZAPPER;



AND AN INCREDIBLY EFFECTIVE  
ONE AT THAT. IT DOESN'T TAKE  
LONG FOR THE SKY BLACKENED  
AND SUFFOCATED AS IT IS BY  
COUNTLESS DARK FLYING BODIES  
TO TRANSFORM INTO A LIGHT SHOW  
OF FLAMING METEORS PLUMMETING  
TO THE EARTH BELOW.



THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING  
VAGUELY BIBLICAL ABOUT THIS  
IMAGERY.






AFTER IT WAS OVER IVERNA IGNORED ME A BIT TO HAVE AN ACTIVE DISCUSSION WITH HER COLLEAGUES.

I FELT LIKE I WAS CLIMBING THE WALLS.

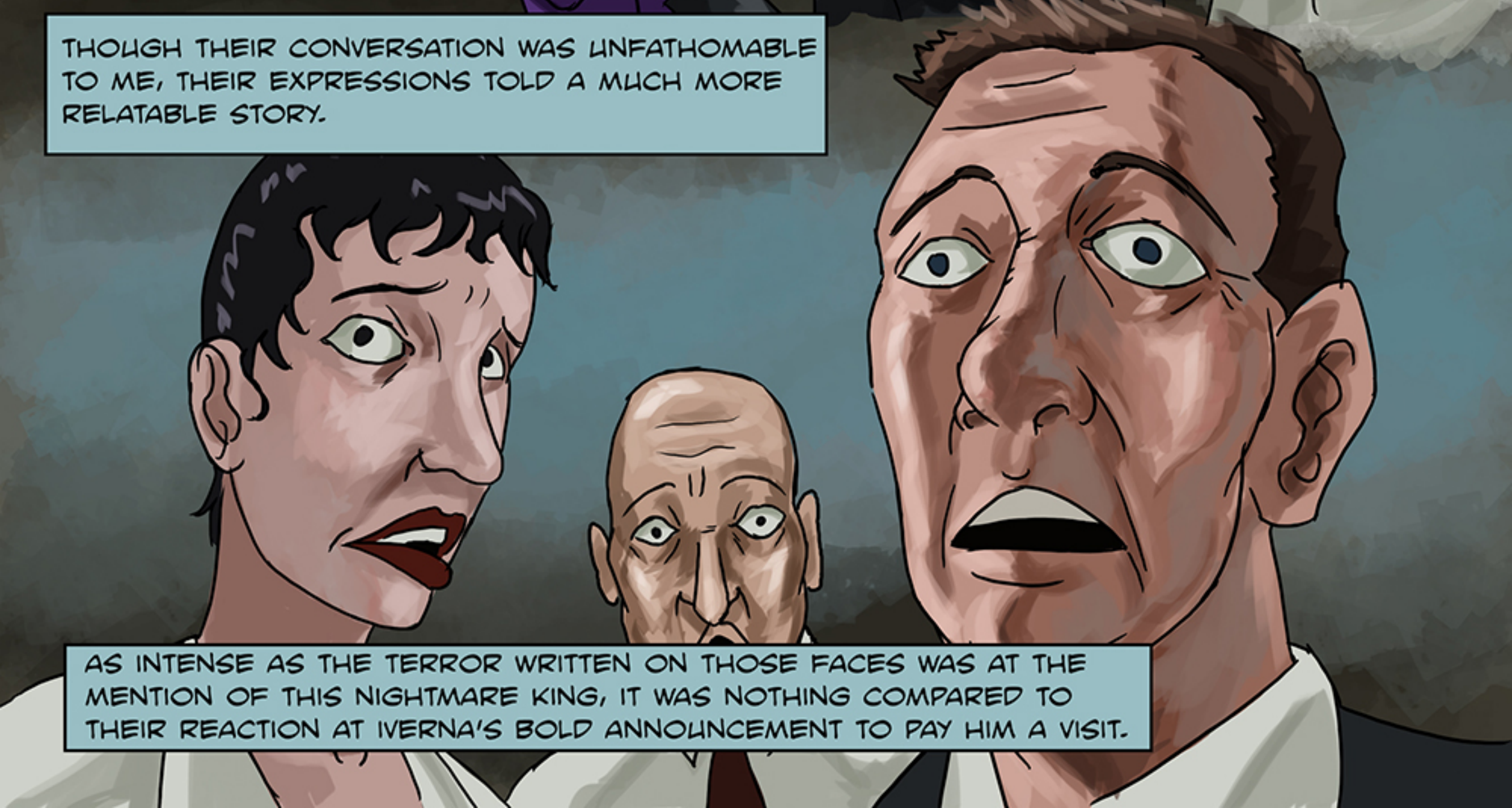
I WAS DYING TO KNOW JUST HOW THE HELL EVERYTHING I'D WITNESSED COULD BE EXPLAINED.

LISTENING TO THE SNIPPETS OF CONVERSATION THAT REACHED ME CERTAINLY DIDN'T HELP; WHAT PARTS DIDN'T SOUND LIKE DIALOGUE FROM STAR TREK CAME OFF AS FANTASY GIBBERISH.



IN THEIR TALKS I HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT A BARRIER STILL HOLDING, AN OBJECT OF ENTROPY AND SOME MENTION OF A NIGHTMARE KING.

THOUGH THEIR CONVERSATION WAS UNFATHOMABLE TO ME, THEIR EXPRESSIONS TOLD A MUCH MORE RELATABLE STORY.



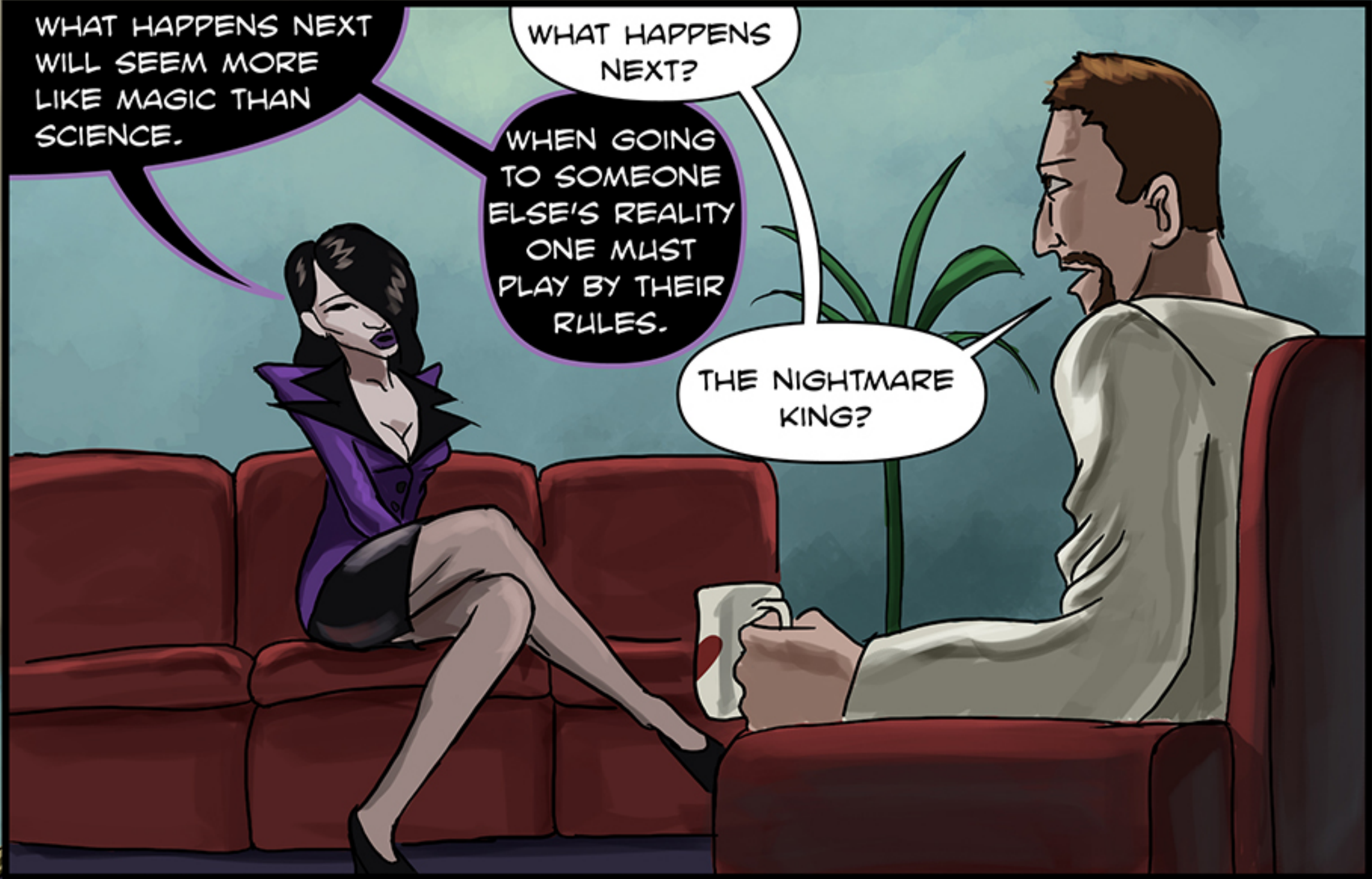
AS INTENSE AS THE TERROR WRITTEN ON THOSE FACES WAS AT THE MENTION OF THIS NIGHTMARE KING, IT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO THEIR REACTION AT IVERNA'S BOLD ANNOUNCEMENT TO PAY HIM A VISIT.



THE REST OF THEIR DISCOURSE  
MADE PERFECT SENSE. THEY TRIED  
WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT AND REASON  
TO CHANGE HER MIND. WHETHER  
THEY WERE AFRAID FOR THEMSELVES  
OR IF SOMETHING GREATER WERE  
AT STAKE I COULDN'T SAY.



WHAT WAS PERFECTLY  
CLEAR WAS THAT  
IVERNA'S MIND  
WAS MADE UP.  
SHE COULD  
NOT BE  
SWAYED.







YOUR INSTINCTIVE REVULSION IS UNDERSTANDABLE. ITS NATURAL TO LOATHE WASTED AND ROTTEN THINGS.



W-WHAT IS IT?



IT WAS SOMETHING THAT WAS MEANT TO GROW AND BE NURTURED INSIDE THE WOMB OF ITS MOTHER.



BUT BEFORE NATURE WAS ALLOWED TO TAKE ITS COURSE IT WAS EJECTED IN SOME FASHION

WHETHER UNWANTED BY ITS MOTHER OR DUE TO NATURE'S OWN FALLIBILITY.

IN EITHER CASE THIS THING WITH NO LIFE OR TRUE BODY WAS TAKEN BY HIM; TAKEN AND REPURPOSED, THIS IS WHAT HE DOES; HE TAKES THINGS THAT SHOULD NOT BE; THINGS WITH POTENTIAL FOR HATRED AND DESPAIR AT THE SORROW OF THEIR OWN EXISTENCE, AND HE USES THEM.



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS IS?

WHAT?





THESE ARE THE HARVESTED  
CONTENTS OF THE TEAR  
DUCTS OF A FIVE YEAR  
OLD HUMAN MALE.

YOU'RE  
SHITTIN'  
ME...



OH NO, ITS QUITE  
AUTHENTIC. GRADE A  
QUALITY. REMEMBER  
WHAT I SAID BEFORE  
ABOUT RULES?

TH-THIS IS JUST  
TOO INSANE...  
I CAN'T..



WE CAN HALT THIS  
INTERVIEW AT ANY TIME  
MR CUTTER. I DID WARN  
YOU THAT IT MIGHT BE  
A BIT MUCH FOR YOU  
TO HANDLE.

NO! SO WHAT  
ARE YOU GONNA  
DO WITH IT?



I'M GOING TO  
ENTER THEM.

WHAT?!



YOU SEE MR CUTTER  
THATS WHERE HE LIVES:  
INSIDE THE TEARS  
OF CHILDREN.



C'MON. I KNOW YOU'RE  
TIRED BUT WE'RE SO  
CLOSE.  
TAKE IT AGAIN FROM THE  
FIFTH BAR.

WHAT WAS THAT?  
YOU'RE JUST GOING  
THROUGH THE MOTIONS  
NOW.

YOU THINK YOU'RE  
GONNA GET ANYWHERE  
WITH THAT KIND OF  
RESOLVE?  
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T  
WANT TO END UP A  
NOBODY. WAS THAT  
JUST BULLSHIT?

....

WELL?!

NO MA'AM.

THEN STOP ACTING  
LIKE A NOBODY

YOU CAN AFFORD NO  
WEAKNESS. YOU  
CANNOT GIVE IN  
TO PAIN.

BE MY  
TIRELESS,  
LITTLE  
MACHINE  
FOR THE  
NEXT  
TWENTY  
MINUTES.

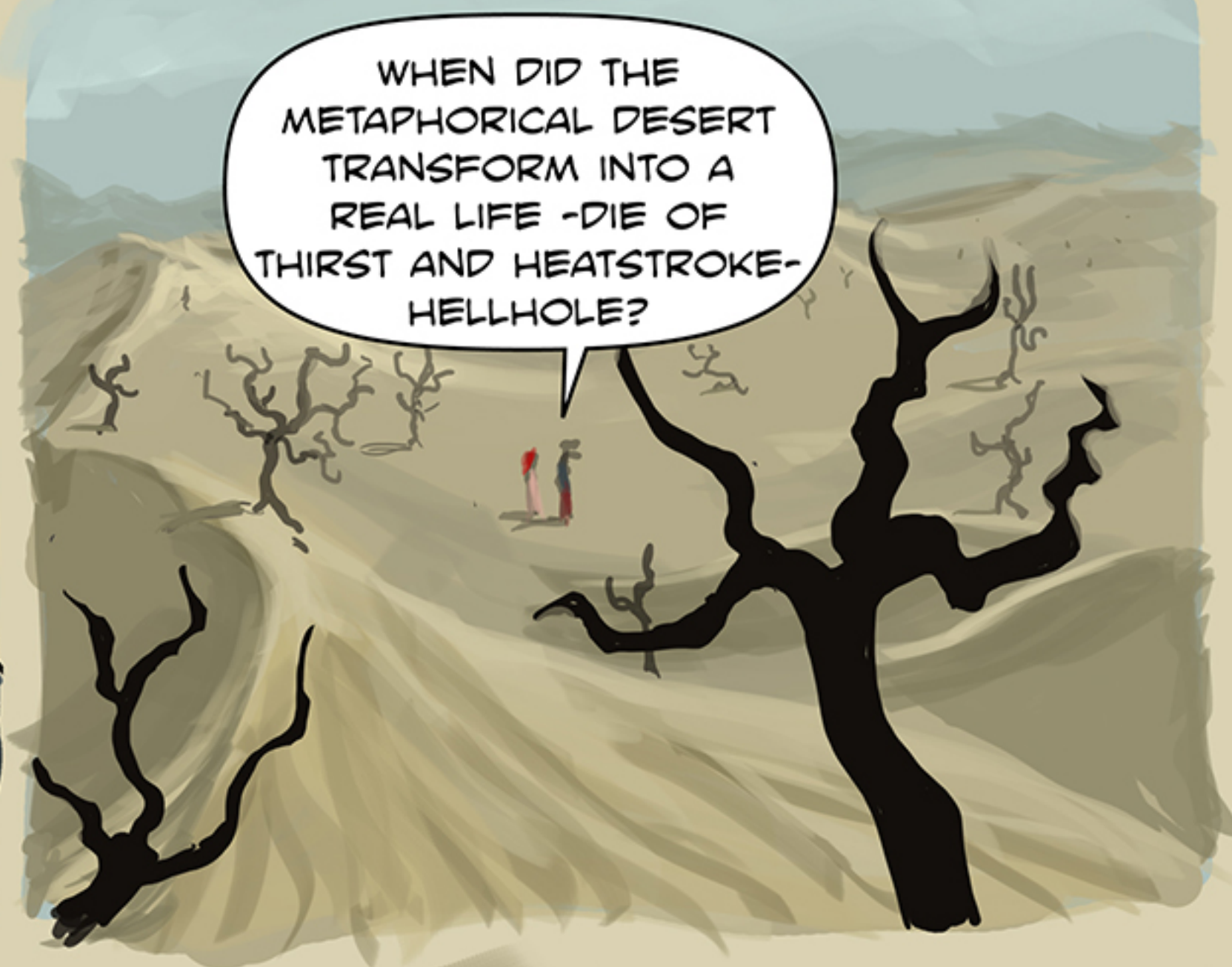
IF YOU CAN  
DO THAT...

...I'LL SHOW  
YOU A WORLD  
BEYOND YOUR  
DREAMS.





GODDAMMIT.



WHEN DID THE  
METAPHORICAL DESERT  
TRANSFORM INTO A  
REAL LIFE -DIE OF  
THIRST AND HEATSTROKE-  
HELLHOLE?



I DON'T  
FINDS  
IT HOT?

ARE YOU  
SAYING THAT  
JUST TO PISS  
ME OFF?

LM, NOPE.



FIGURES. ITS  
MY PERSONAL  
HELL I SUPPOSE.

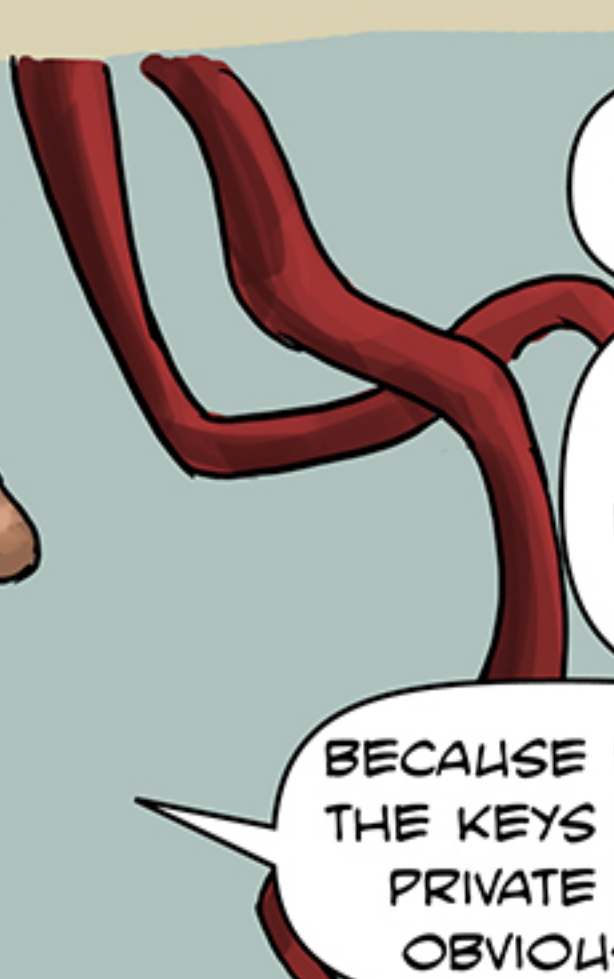


IN THAT CASE  
WHY NOT DECIDE  
TO NOT BE HOT  
AND THIRSTY.

AND ALSO  
NOT SO  
WHINY.



SHUT UP.  
AND YOU  
MAY HAVE  
A POINT.



I HAVE MANY  
POINTS, ALL OF  
THEM FINE.

BUT HOW  
COME WE'RE  
STILL IN THE  
DESERT IF YOU  
HATES IT SO  
MUCH?

BECAUSE I LOST  
THE KEYS TO MY  
PRIVATE JET  
OBVIOUSLY.

BUT YOU CAN  
TOTALLY GO  
ANYWHERE YOUS  
WANTS.











SOOOOOO,  
WHERE'S  
THIS THEN?

HMM, I RECOGNISE  
THE MALL SUCH AS  
IT IS...

...OH WELL,  
CLOTHES STORE  
BABY!





FRESH BONES  
UNDER THE MEAT



YOU DON'T  
WANT THEM  
OBVIOUSLY

BECAUSE YOU'RE  
HIDING THEM  
BENEATH THE FLESH



CAST ASIDE  
THE MEMORY  
OF FLESH



MAKE US  
A CHARITABLE  
CONTRIBUTION



THEY GROW  
AND FUSE TO  
BECOME  
SOMETHING  
GREAT

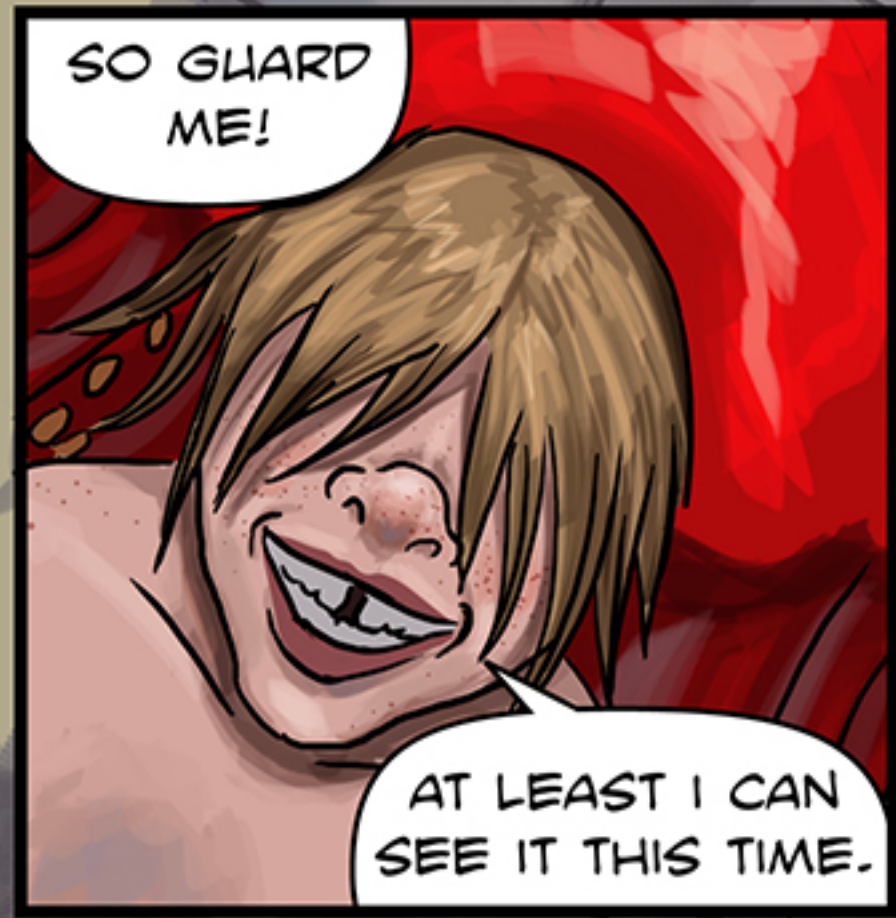
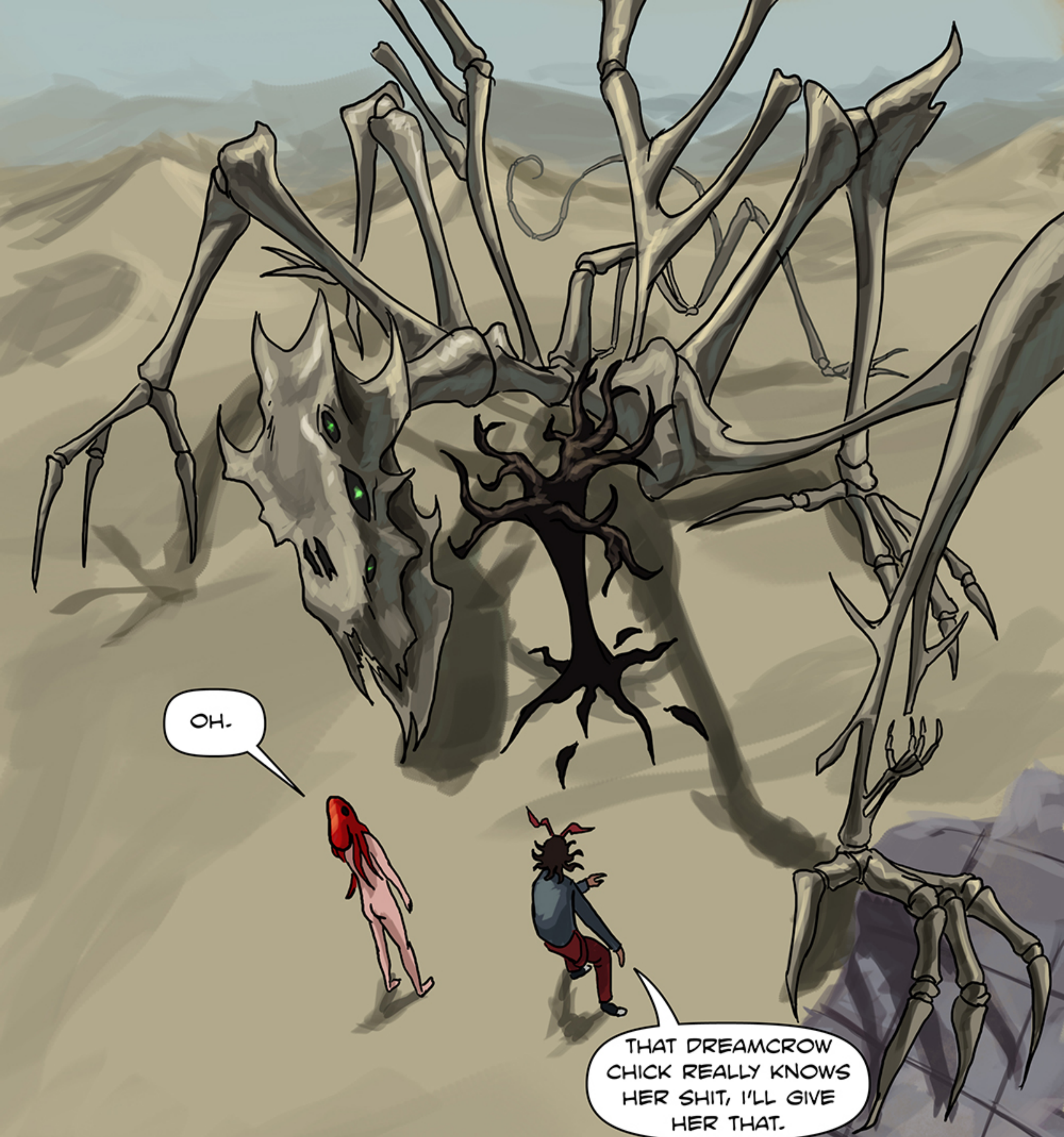
THE BONES  
THEY WON'T  
GO TO WASTE

SOMETHING  
WONDERFUL...



PISS IT ALL  
AWAY WITH  
THE MORNING  
NIGHTMARES







SHE DISAPPEARS FROM ME FOR CLOSE TO AN HOUR 'TO MAKE PREPARATIONS' SHE SAYS.



OF COURSE; I WOULDN'T IMAGINE STEPPING INTO DREAMLAND TO BE A SIMPLE ENDEAVOUR.

STILL, HER BEING GONE MAKES ME NERVOUS. AFTER ALL SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE MY ANCHOR THROUGH ALL OF THIS; MY PERSONAL CHESHIRE CAT TO MAKE SURE I DON'T WANDER OFF THE EDGE.

I'M GRIPPING THIS TAPE RECORDER RIGHT NOW LIKE A LIFE PRESERVER. I KNOW I'M DELUDING MYSELF BY THINKING IT BUT ITS MY ONLY LINK TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE THAT EXISTED ONLY A FEW SHORT HOURS AGO.

WE MARCH LIKE A FUNERAL PROCESSION TO ANOTHER DARK CORNER OF THIS ASYLUM. I PRESUME THIS IS WHERE THE 'TRIP' IS TO TAKE PLACE.

IVERNA EXPLAINS TO ME ALONG THE WAY THAT THE TEARS ARE PUT INTO SOME TRANS-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL THING TO FORM A TEMPORARY GATEWAY.

TALKING INTO IT PROVIDES ME COMFORT AND STOPS ME THINKING ABOUT THOSE ABORTED THINGS THEY KEEP WHEELING PAST ME.

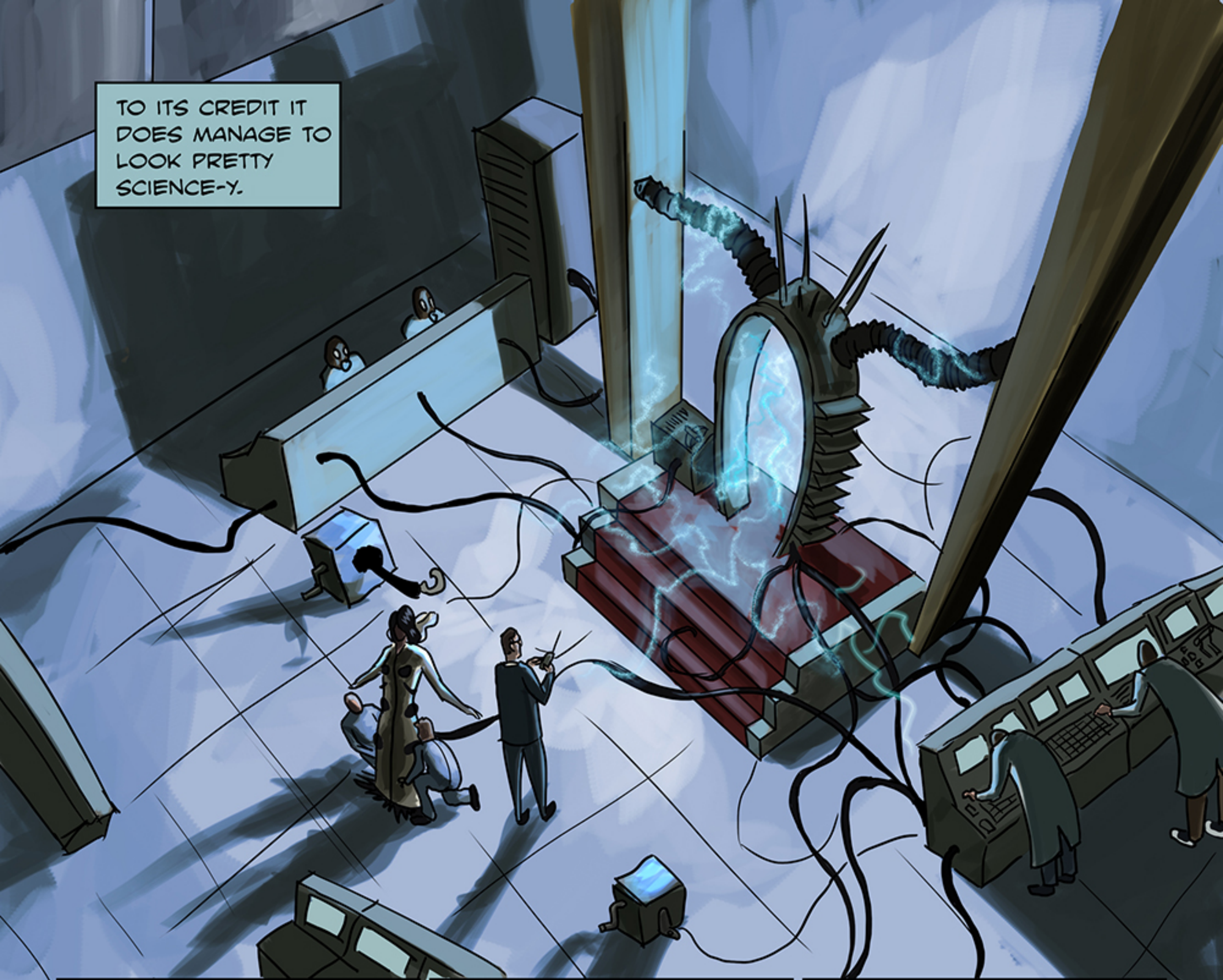
SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING. WE'RE READY TO COMMENCE.



THE ONLY IMAGERY IT CONJURES UP IS A CAULDRON SPITTING GREEN FLUORESCENT SMOKE AND FIRE.



TO ITS CREDIT IT DOES MANAGE TO LOOK PRETTY SCIENCE-Y.



REFRESHMENTS ARE IN THE NEXT ROOM.



I'LL BE RETURNING SHORTLY.



GOD, I HOPE SHE'S RIGHT.





TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE WORLD OF DISKORDIA  
OR TO CONTACT ITS ILLUSTRIOUS AND SLIGHTLY  
INSANE RECLUSE OF A CREATOR:

BLOG

[/DISKORDIACOMIC.BLOGSPOT.COM/](http://DISKORDIACOMIC.BLOGSPOT.COM/)

Facebook Fanpage

*DISKORDIA*

Tumblr

[/RIVENIS.TUMBLR.COM/](http://RIVENIS.TUMBLR.COM/)

Twitter

*@RIVENIS*

Deviant Art

[/RIVENIS.DEVIANTART.COM/](http://RIVENIS.DEVIANTART.COM/)

Email

*RIVENIS@HOTMAIL.COM*

