

4

R I V E N I S

# DIAGNOSIS

TM

Feels  
Like Falling



*Rivenis*



# DISKORDIA™

## FEELS LIKE FALLING CHAPTER 4

Created & owned By  
Andrew Blackman | Rivenis

suggested for mature readers

The definition of Sanity:  
“The tacit agreement of a  
society to believe in the same  
delusions”  
-Unknown

Dedicated to Kesia Estwick  
special thanks to Cassandra Watson  
for giving a little girl a name.

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



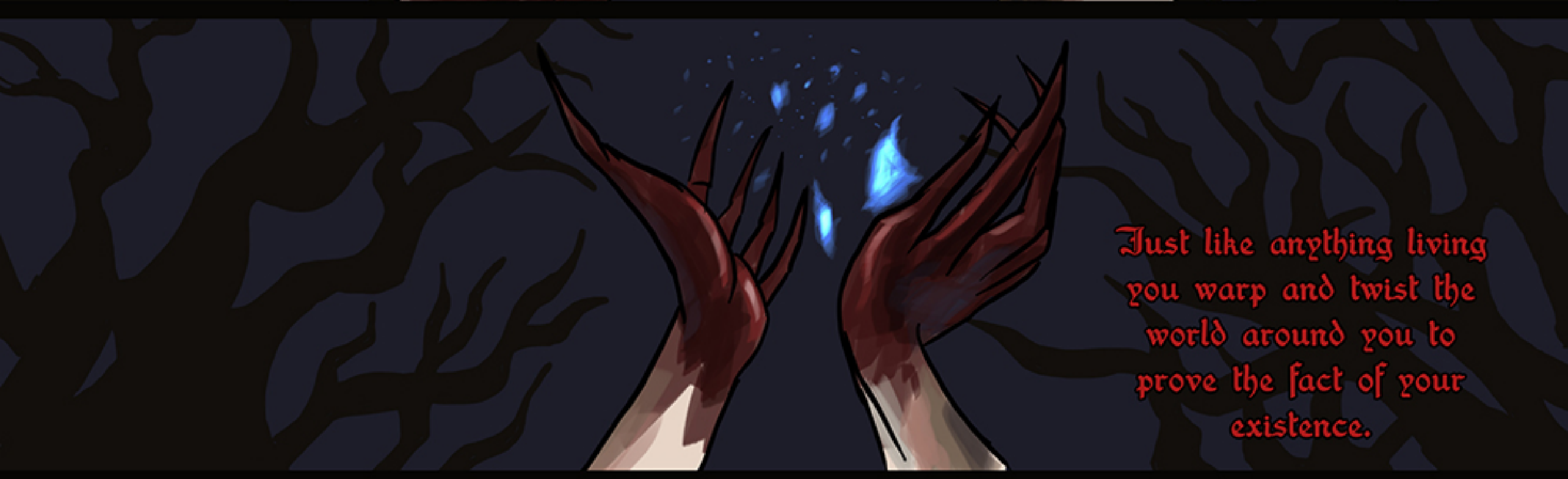


Little embers.

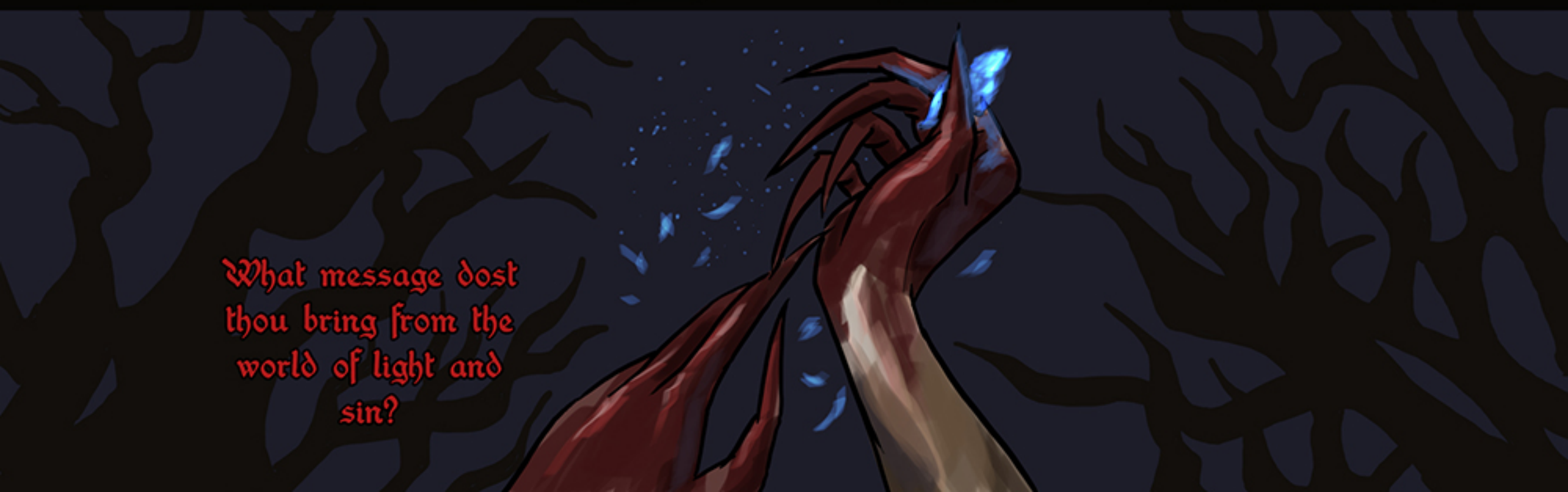


Dying slowly on the air  
like the cold heart of fire.

Oh How You Sting And  
Burn At The Ether.

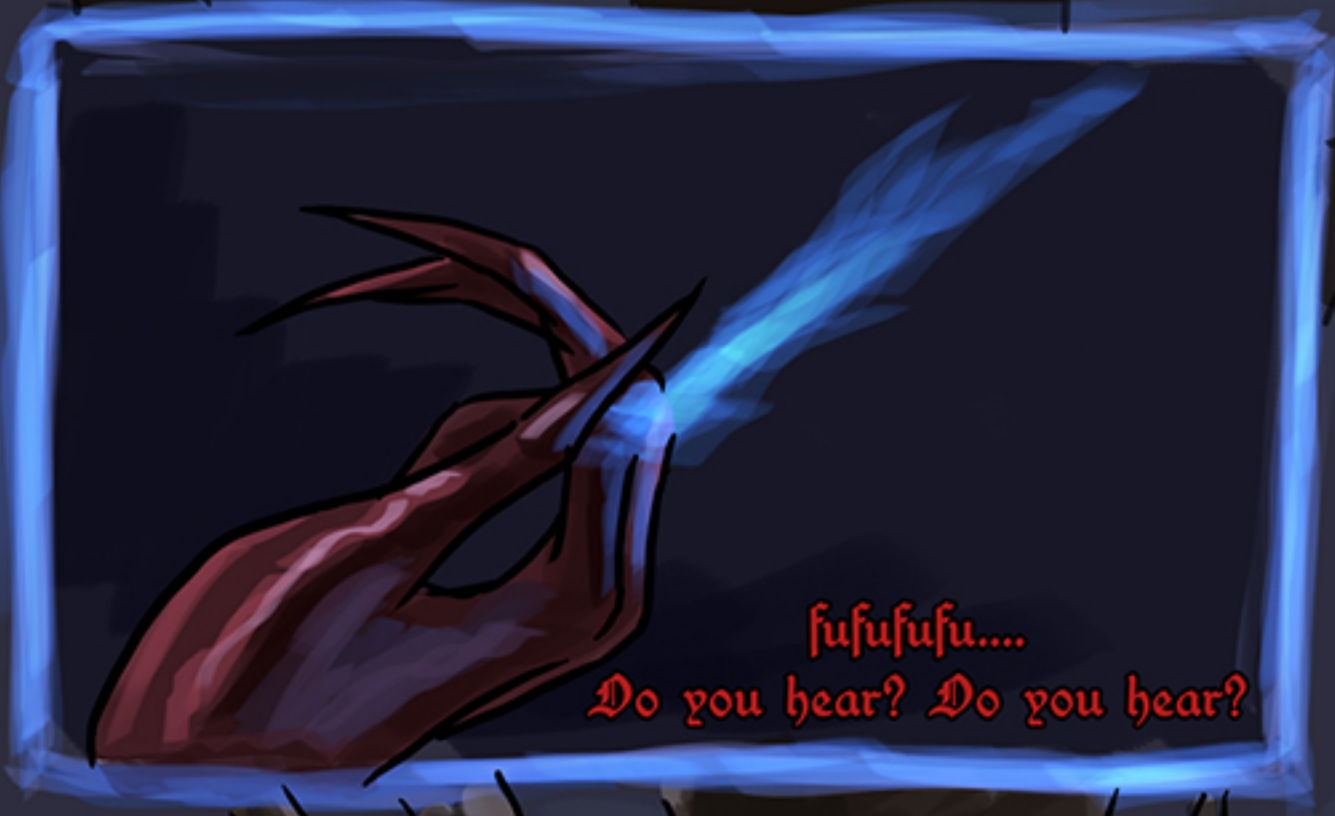


Just like anything living  
you warp and twist the  
world around you to  
prove the fact of your  
existence.



What message dost  
thou bring from the  
world of light and  
sin?





fufufufu....  
Do you hear? Do you hear?

Their kind cannot  
help but invite  
the chaos. How  
delicious they are.

They've torn the  
reality fabric like a  
woman's fragile  
labia.

Do you want  
to hear the  
next story?

They entertain  
me so.





The flame burns them  
in one furnace...

...so they hop  
into another.

All the while feeling pride at their ability  
to choose; their so-called free will.



The only real choice  
in this life little humans...



...is deciding which furnace  
to roast in.



Feels  
Like Falling

Chapter 4

# Time's Wake

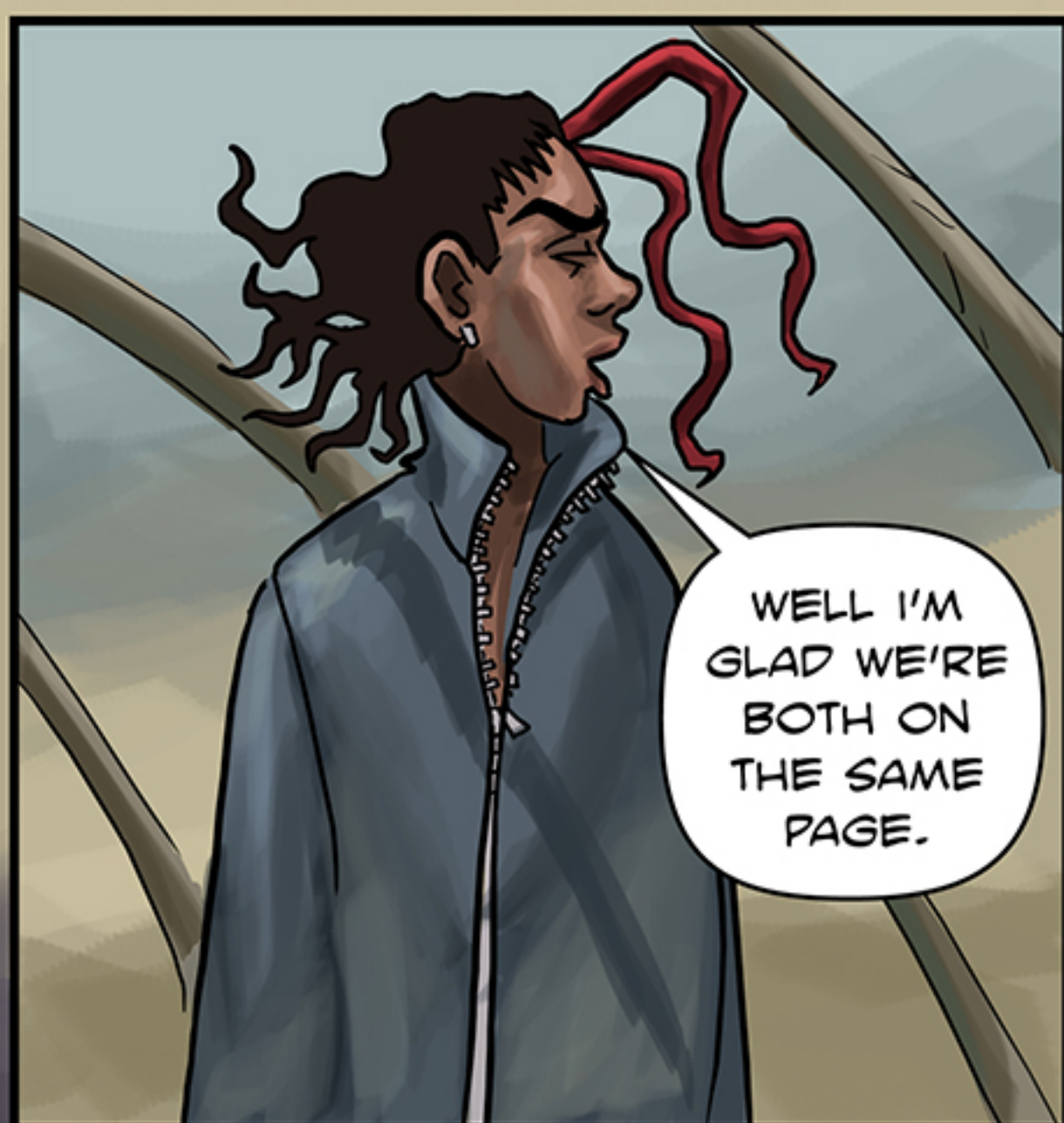
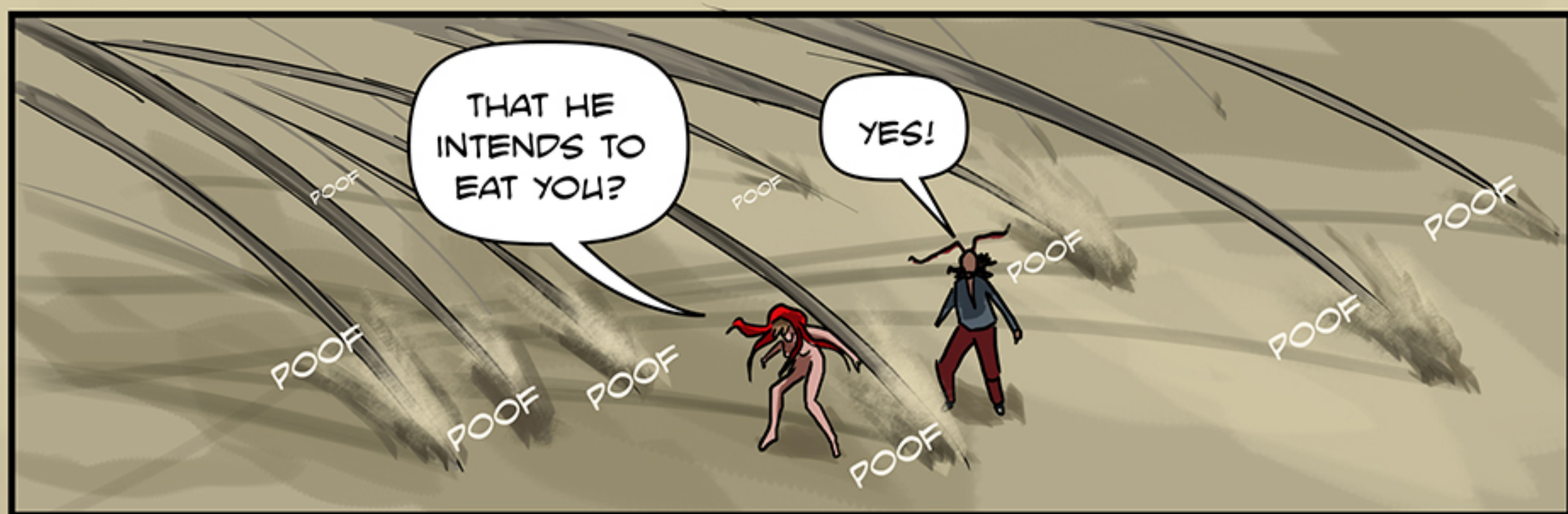
I CAN SMELL YOUR  
BONES, YOU CANNOT  
HIDE THEM UNDER  
THE COVER OF  
FLESH.

YOU SHOULDN'T  
HIDE THEM.

IS HE SAYING  
WHAT I THINK  
HE'S SAYING?

or A LUCID NIGHTMARE









AAUUUHHH!!!  
SHIT!SHIT!!  
SHIT!!!!

BOOF

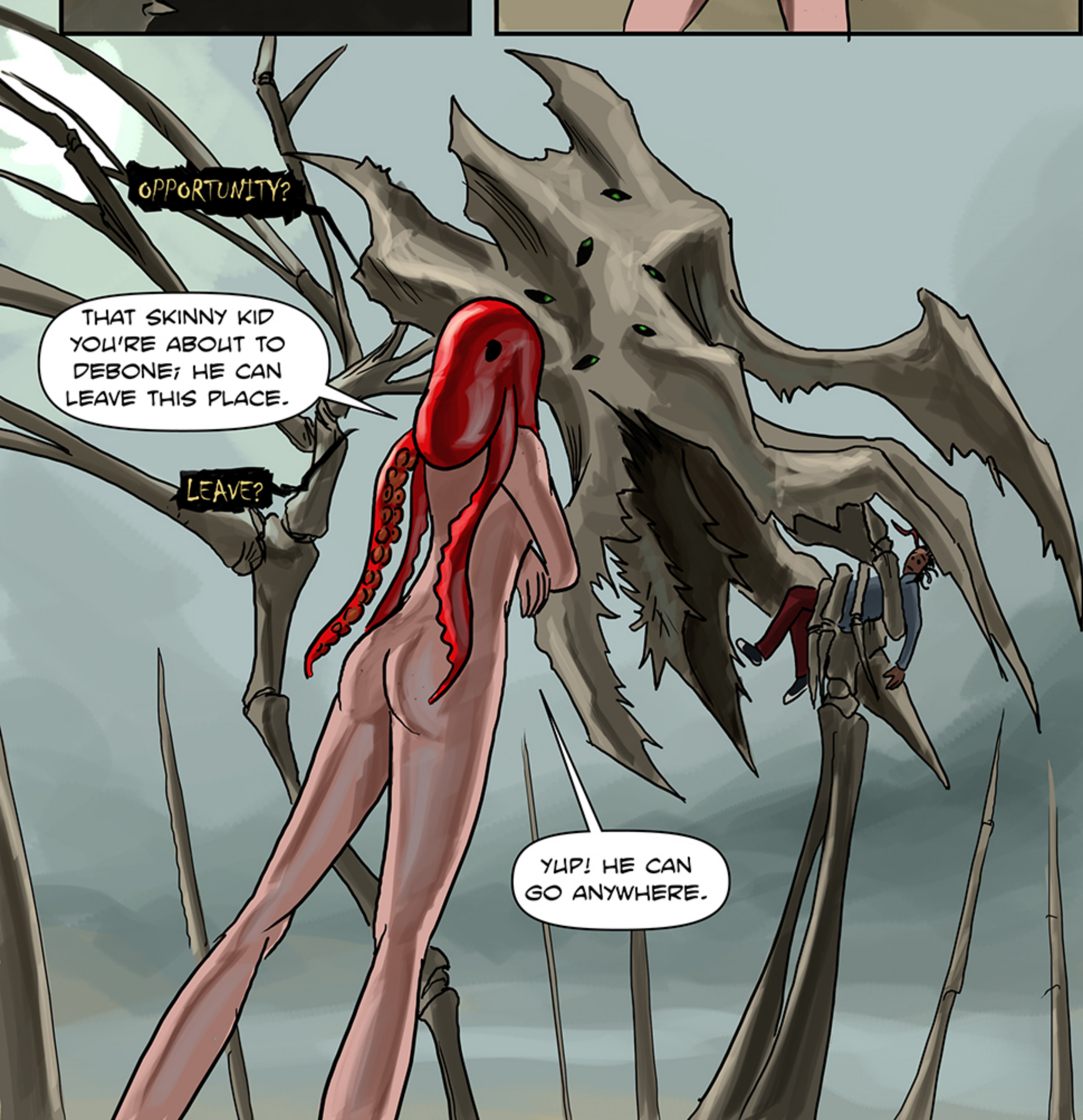




HEY!  
MR BONE  
DUDE.



NOT TO DISTURBS  
YOUR SHIT BUT I  
THINK YOU'RE  
ABOUT TO THROW  
AWAY A PRETTY  
RARE OPPOR-  
TUNITY.



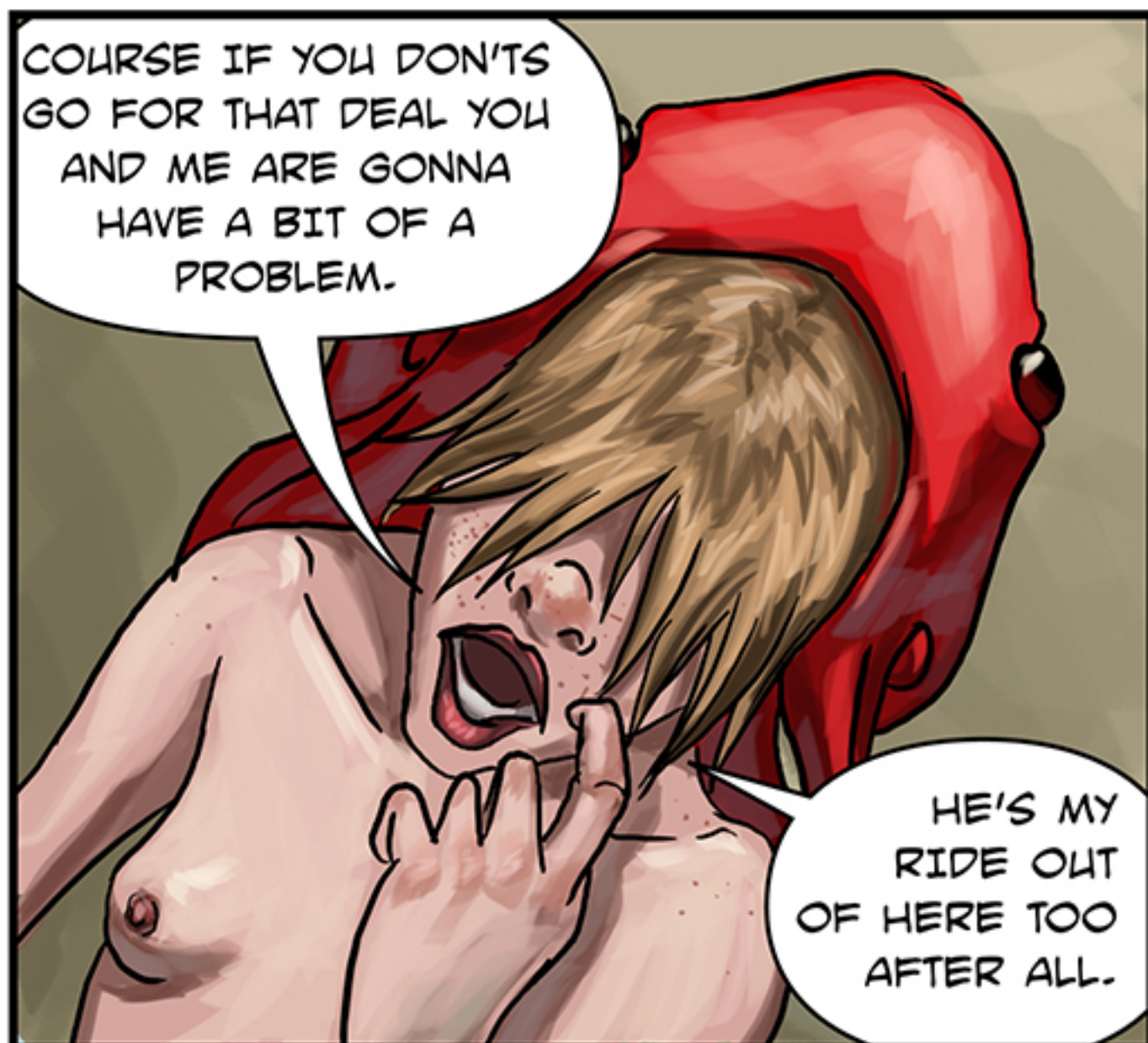
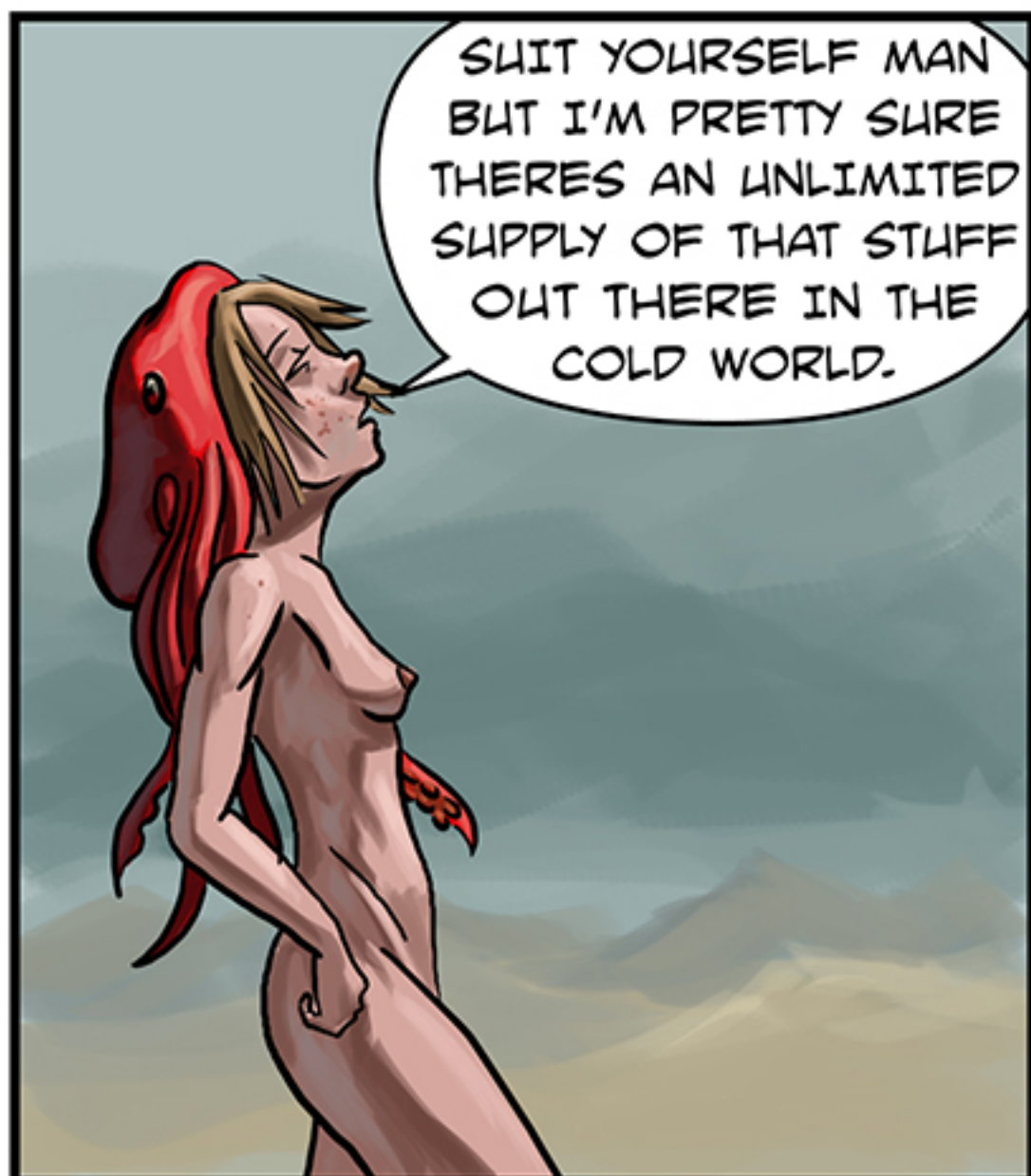
OPPORTUNITY?

THAT SKINNY KID  
YOU'RE ABOUT TO  
DEBONE; HE CAN  
LEAVE THIS PLACE.

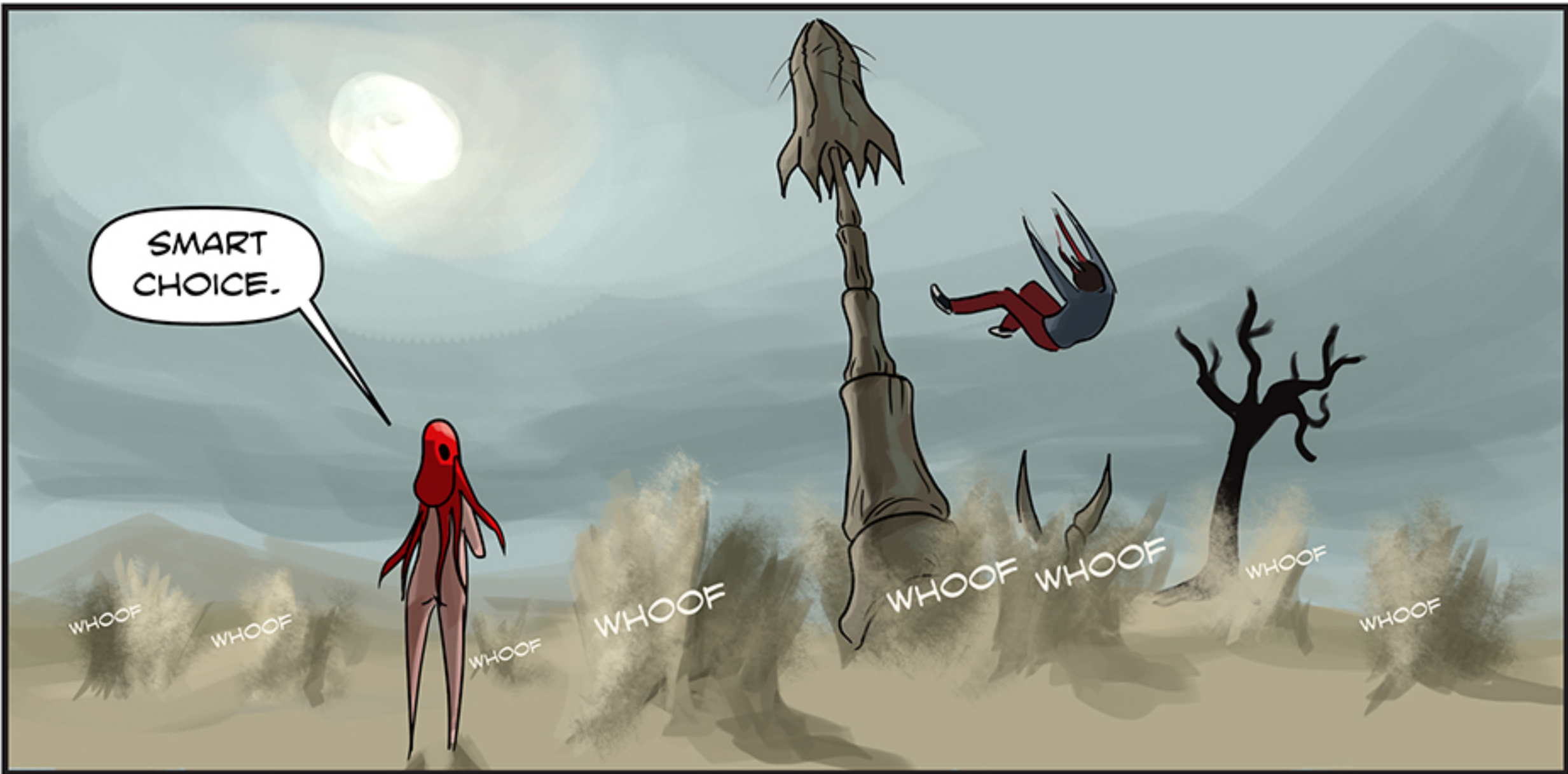
LEAVE?

YUP! HE CAN  
GO ANYWHERE.

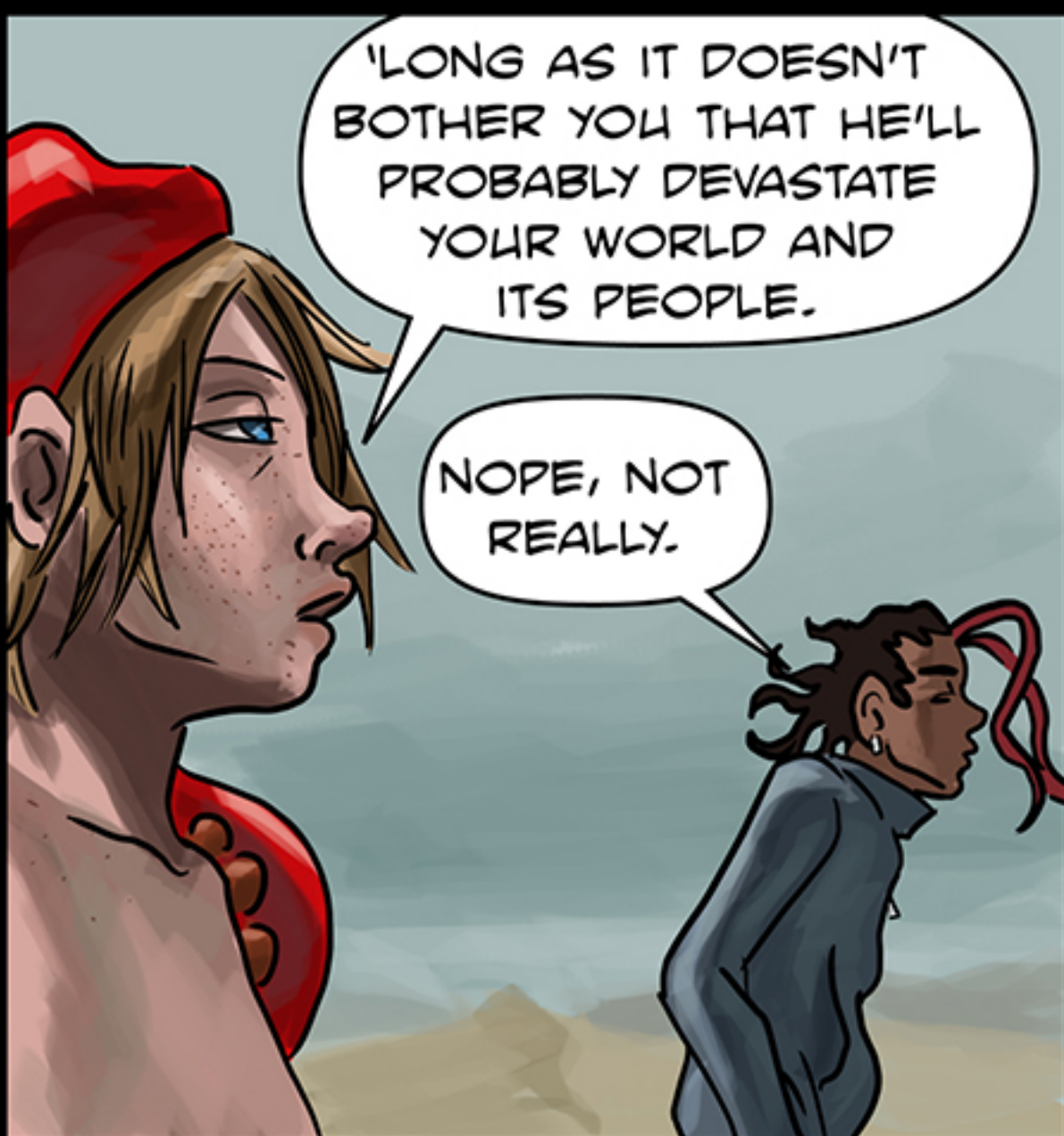
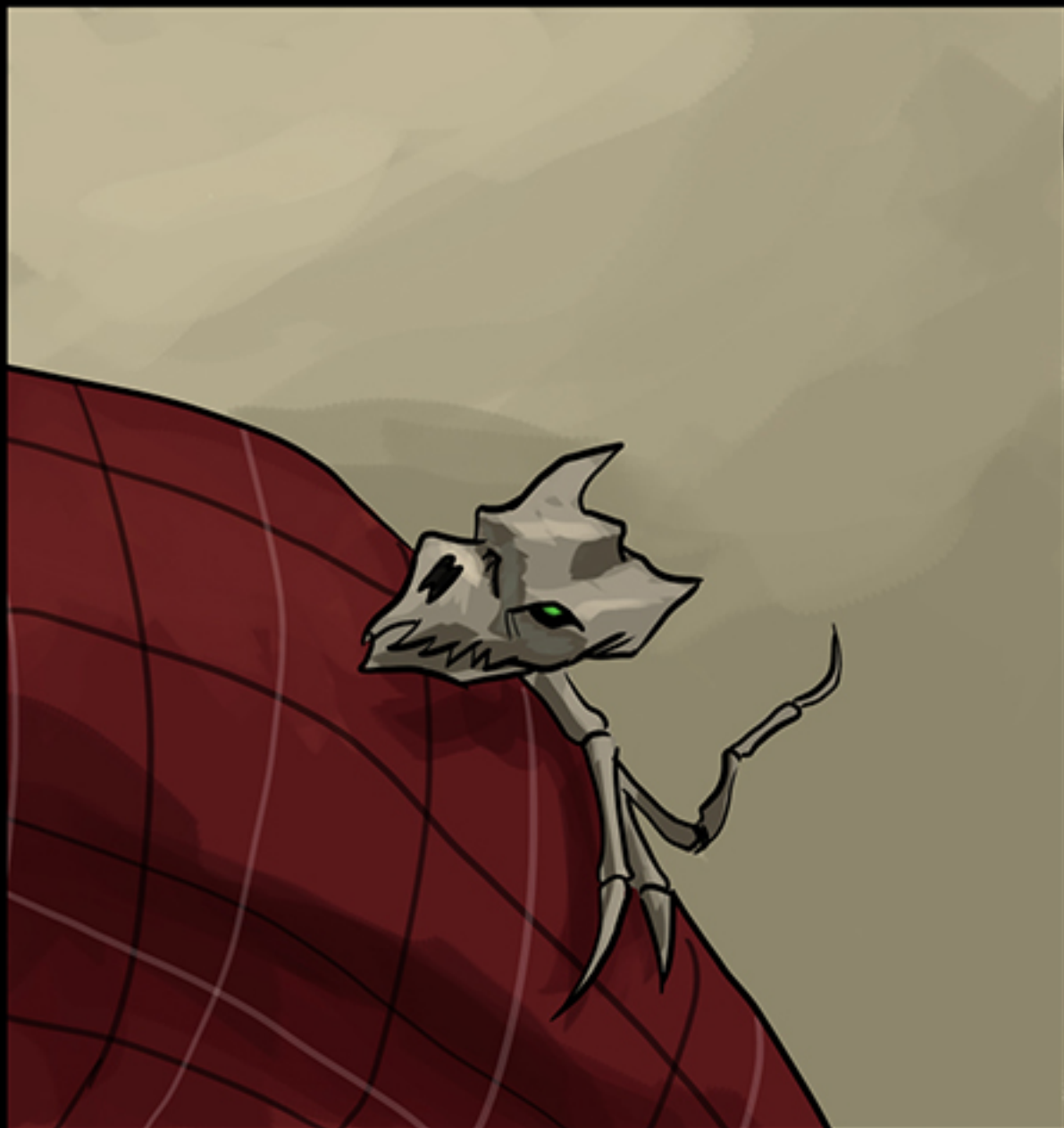




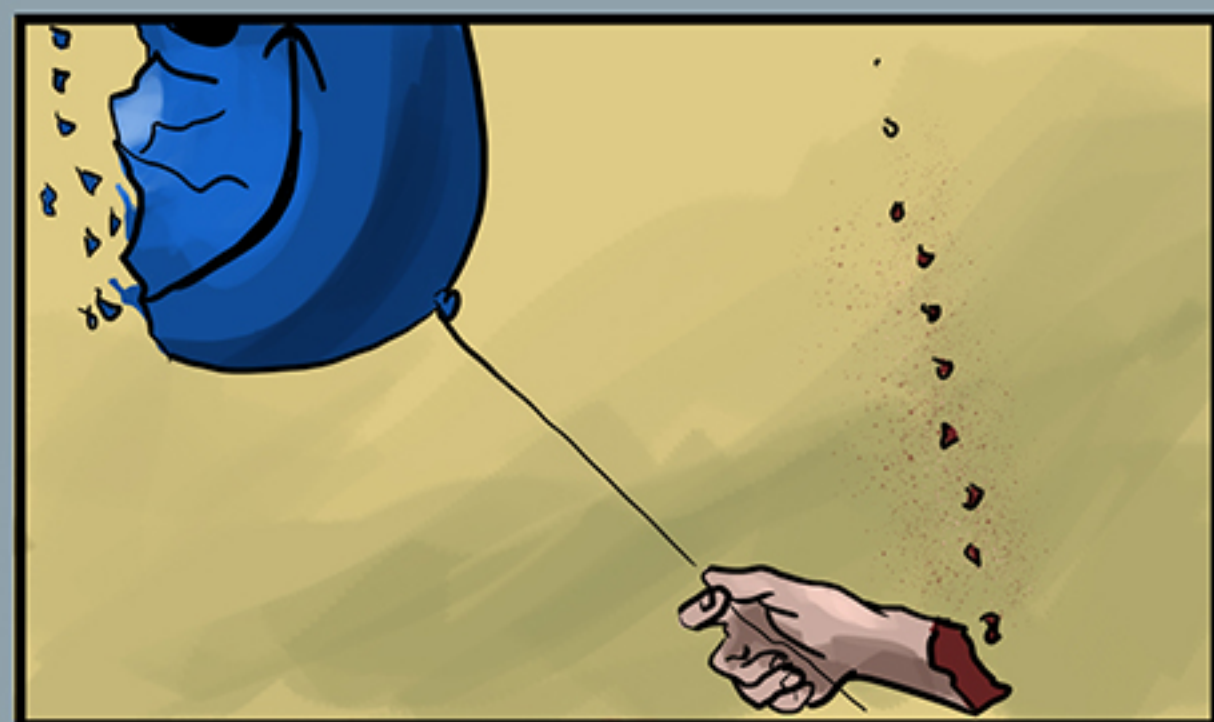
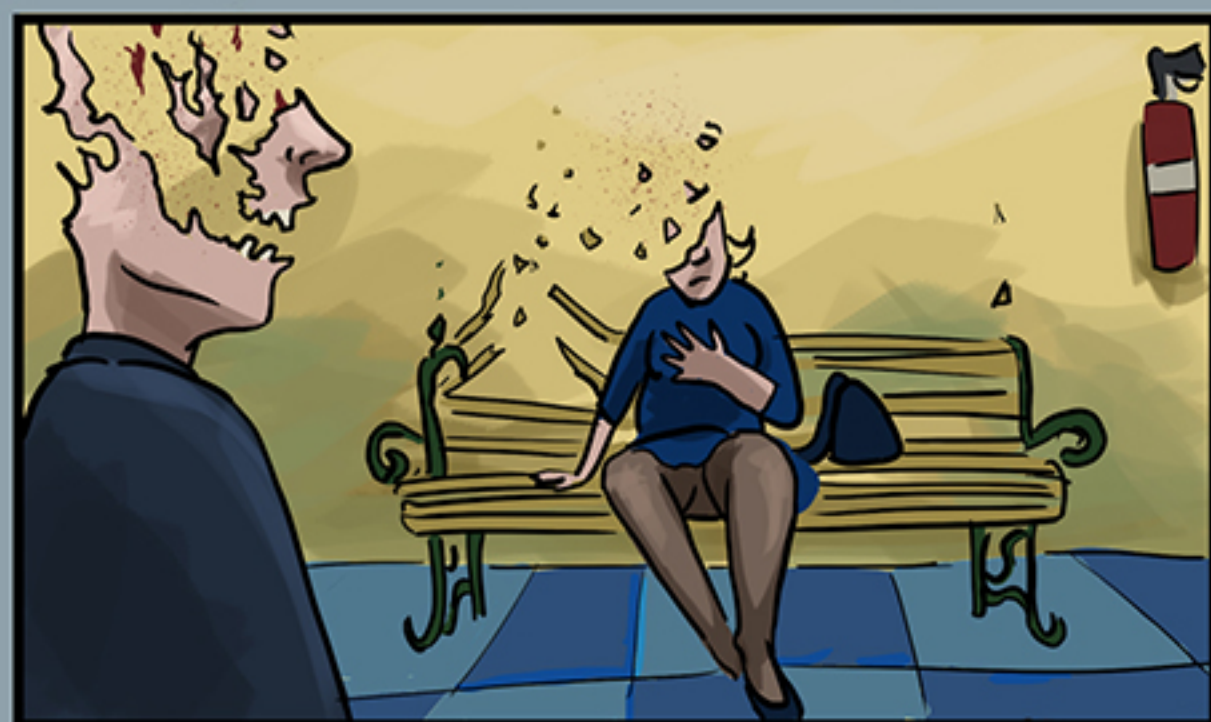














BY MY COUNT ITS BEEN  
47 MINUTES SINCE  
IVERNA DESKERN  
VANISHED THROUGH THE  
PORTAL OF BLUE LIGHT.

WITH THE EMPTY TIME  
I BEGIN TO WONDER.  
AM I BEING MADE A  
FOOL OF; STANDING  
HERE BREATHLESS AT  
A MAGIC SHOW THINK-  
ING IT ALL REAL?

DOES IT NORMALLY  
TAKE THIS LONG?

NORMALLY? HAH!  
AIN'T NOTHING 'NORMAL'  
ABOUT THIS.

I BEGIN TO FEEL  
FOOLISH FOR  
ALLOWING MYSELF  
TO BE DRAWN INTO  
SUCH AN ABSURD  
FARCE.

SURE IVY'S BEEN EXPLOR-  
ING BEFORE; MOSTLY  
JUST PEEKING AROUND,  
OVERTURNING ROCKS  
SO TO SPEAK.

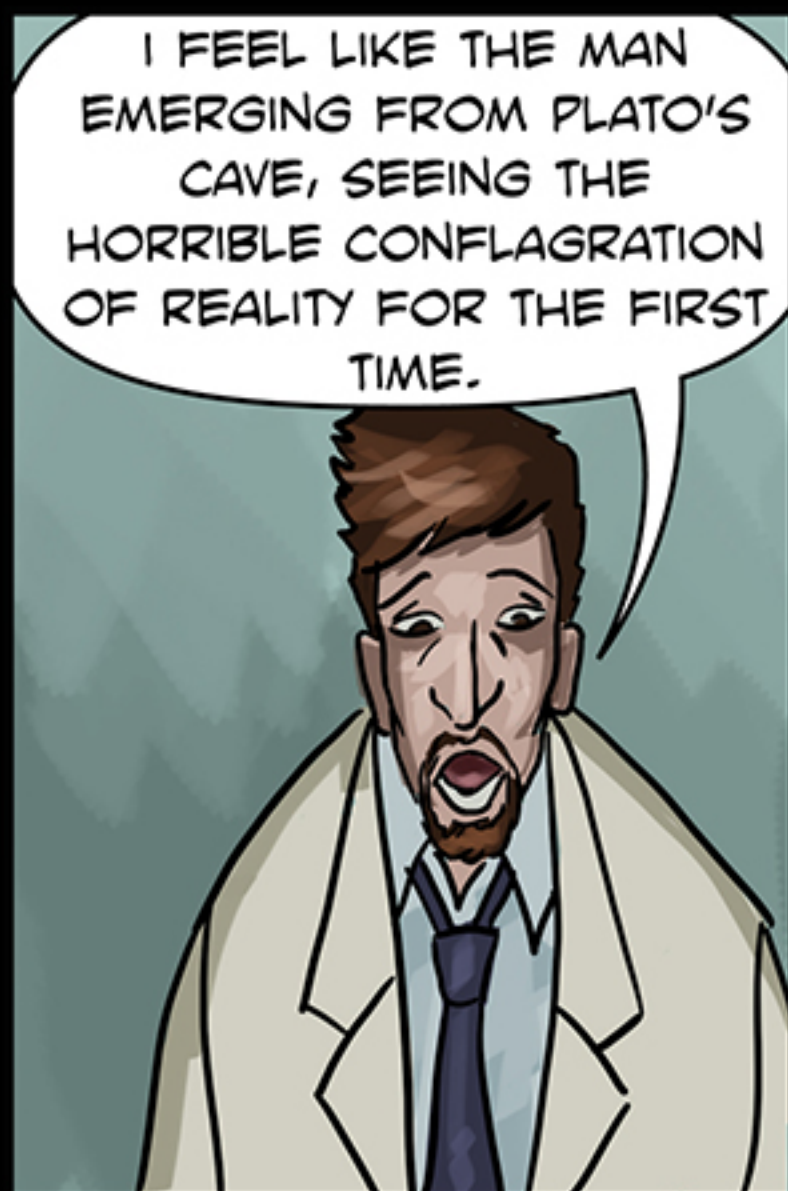
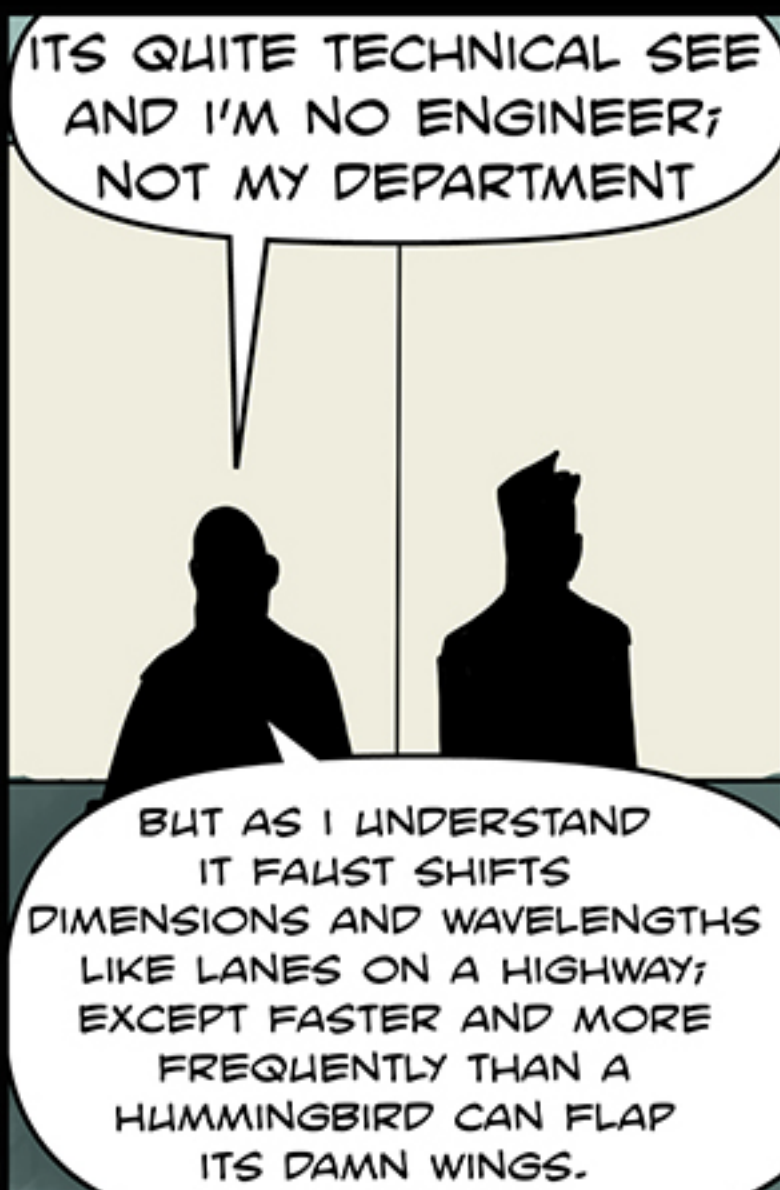
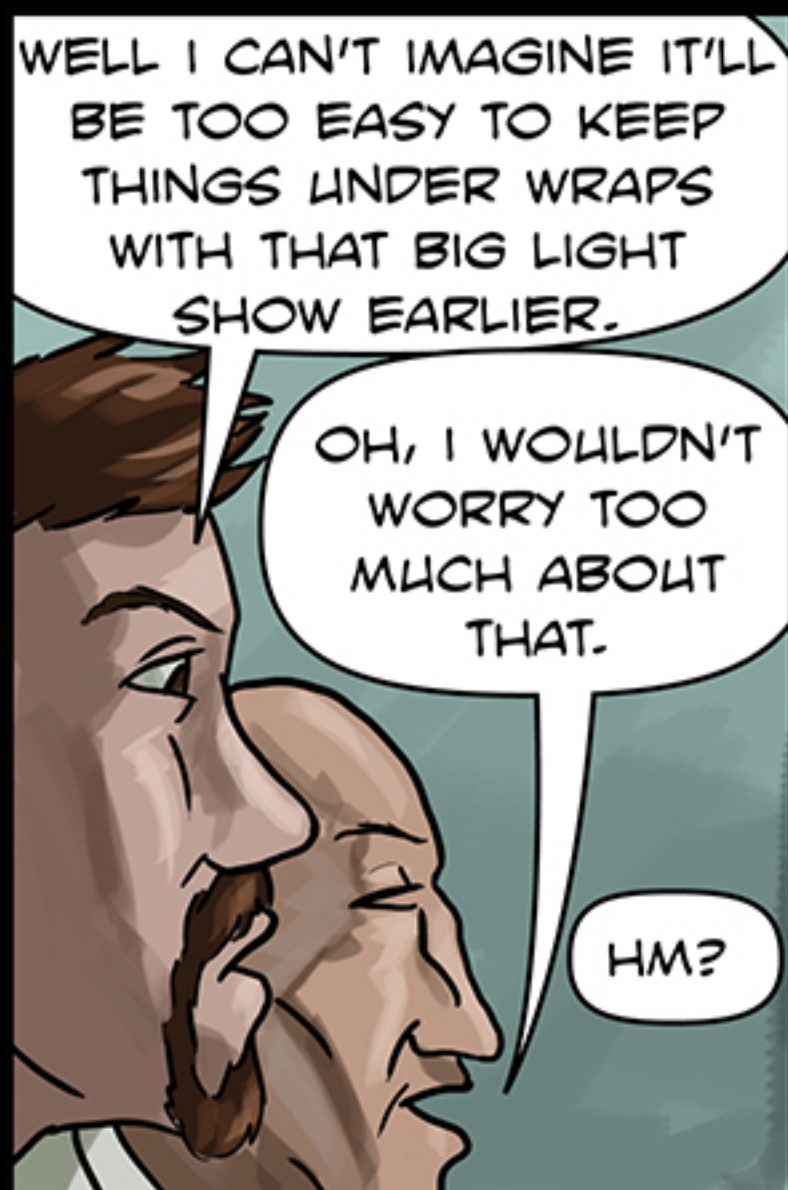
THIS IS COMPLETELY  
DIFFERENT.

I'M GOERGE TRILBY  
BY THE WAY,  
OPERATIONS MANAGER  
'ROUND THESE PARTS.


DIDN'T CATCH  
YOUR NAME  
SON...

OH FORGIVE ME.  
VERNON CUTTER.







A comic panel featuring a woman with long, straight red hair and bangs. She is shown in two states: at the top, her eyes are closed with a neutral expression; at the bottom, her eyes are open, revealing bright green irises, and she has a slight, knowing smile. She is wearing a long green sleeve. To her right is a small, yellow, ragged doll with a skull-like face marked with 'X's, wearing a pink tutu. The background is a dark, textured brown. Five speech bubbles contain the dialogue.

HEY! DO YOU  
REMEMBER YOUR  
NAME?


HEH HEH, OF  
COURSE I DO  
SILLY. WHO  
DOESN'T KNOW  
THEIR OWN  
NAME?

ITS ABIGAIL.  
ABIGAIL  
FRANKLIN.

WELL IT  
CERTAINLY  
DOESN'T  
HURT TO BE  
SURE.

ESPECIALLY  
WHEN YOU  
HAVE SUCH  
A STUPID  
LOOK ON  
YOUR  
FACE.






SO WHERE  
ARE WE  
PRAY TELL?



THE BODIES ARE  
RIGHT HERE  
THOUGH.

HMM, THESE HEADS  
ARE LOST. FAR, FAR  
AWAY FROM THEIR  
BODIES; REALITIES  
AWAY EVEN.



WELL THAT  
HARDLY MAKES  
ANY BLOODY  
SENSE.

MAYBE  
NOT...





BUT ITS STILL TRUE.

WHAT DO YOU SPOSE THEY'RE HERE FOR?

THEY'RE BEING USED. THEY DON'T HAVE A CHOICE.



AND IT MAKES  
THEM SO SAD,  
EVEN THOUGH  
THEY CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND THE  
EMOTION.



CRACKLE

CRACKLE

CRACKLE

CRACKLE



WHA-?!

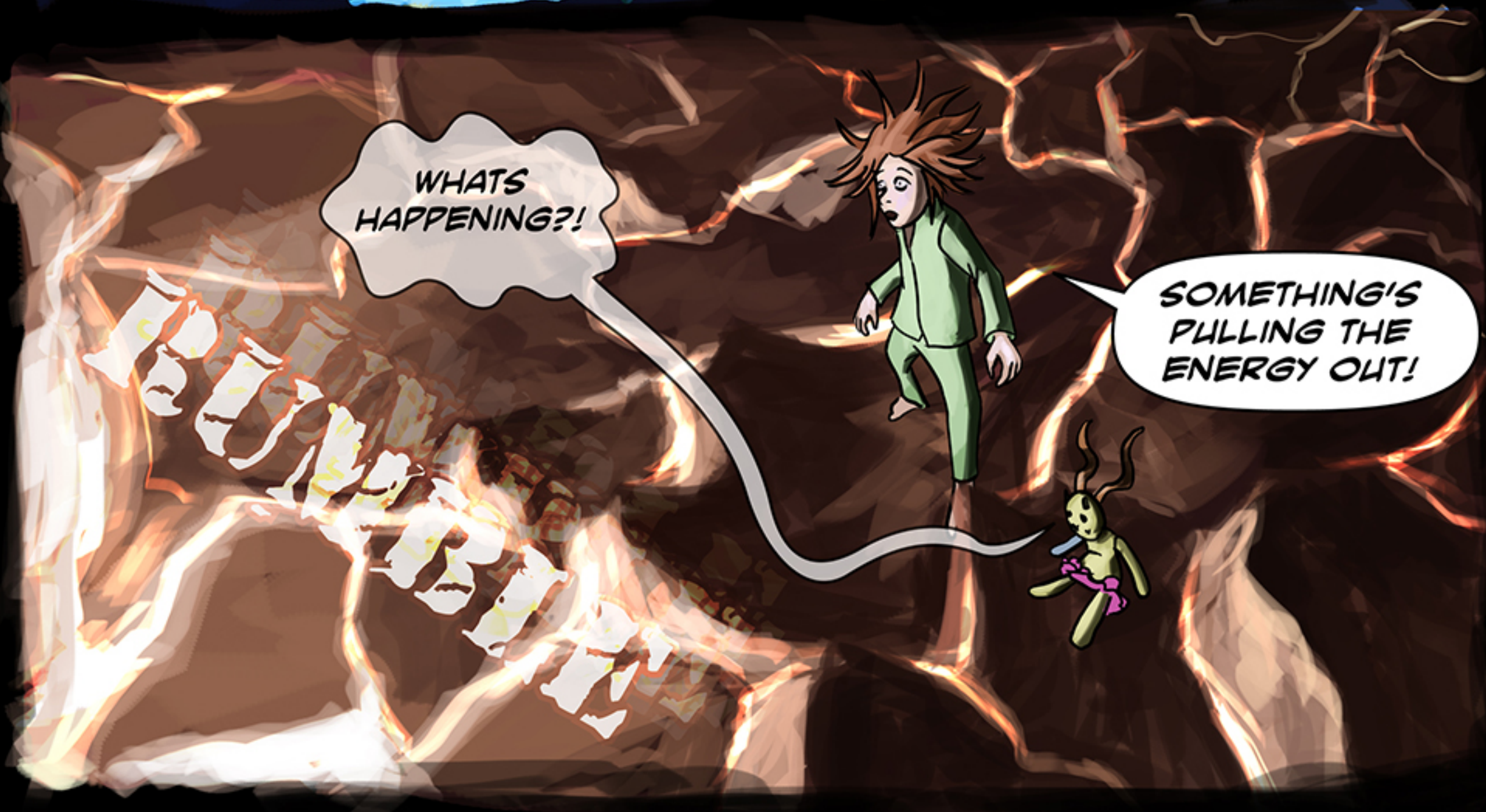


GET BACK  
ABBY ITS  
DANGEROUS!!



WHATS  
HAPPENING?!

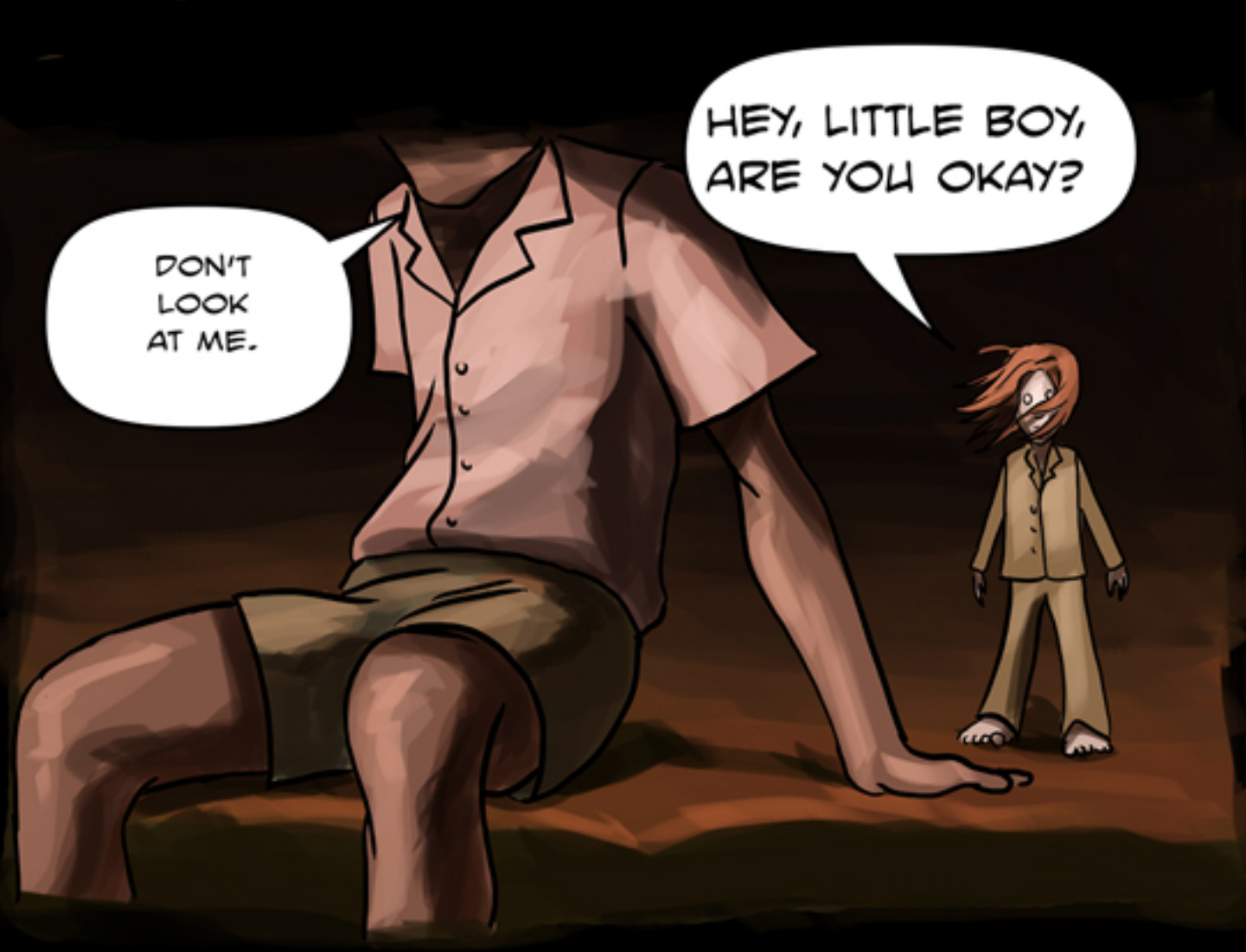
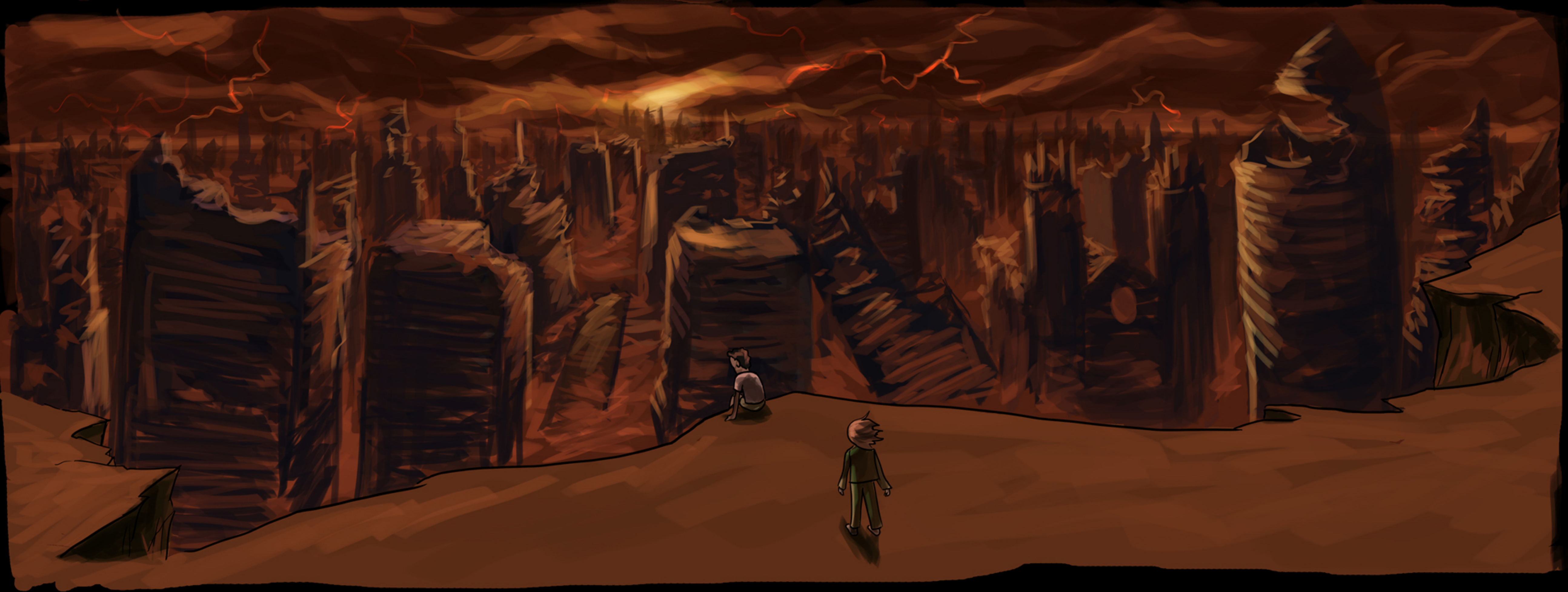
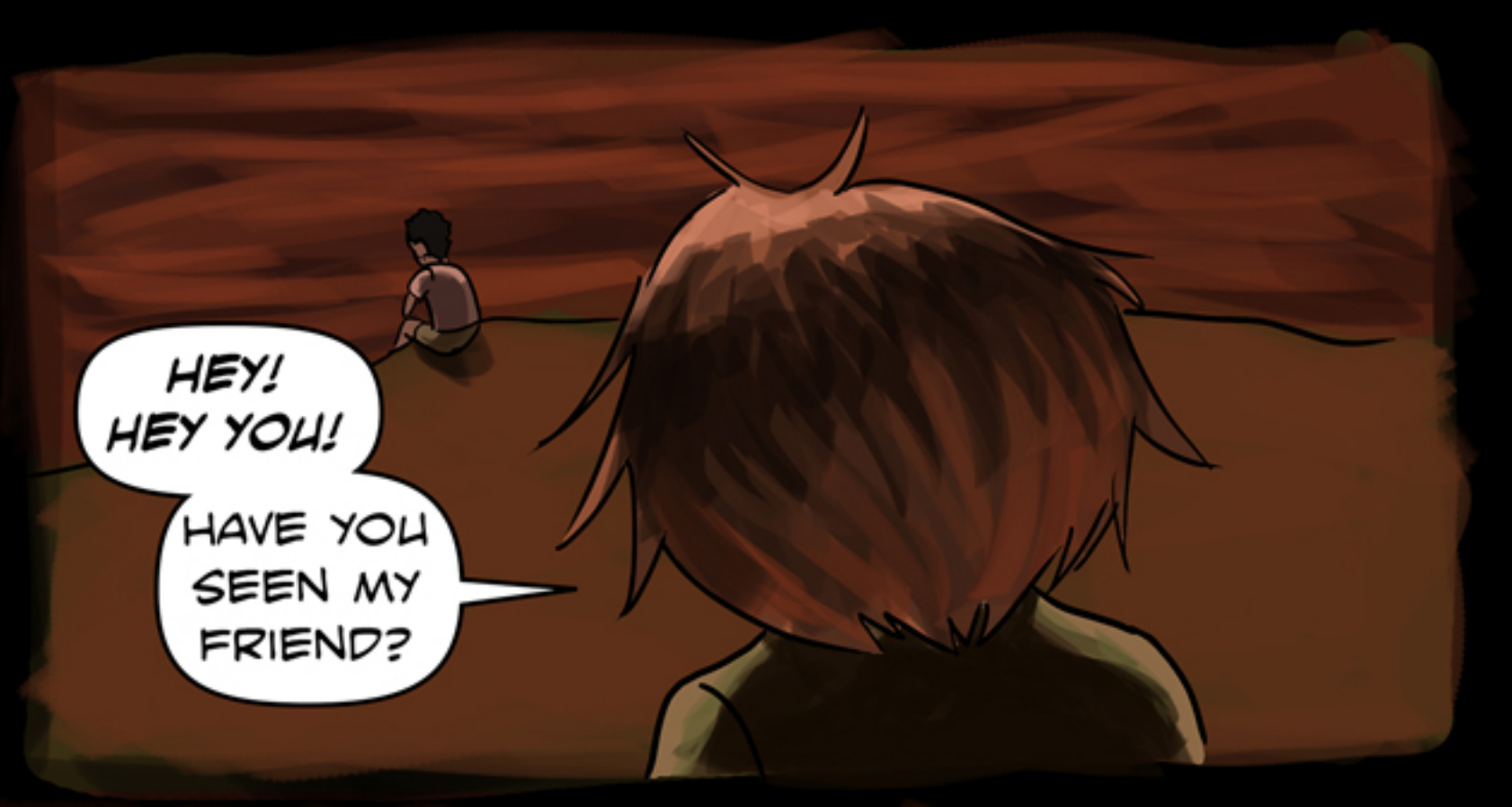
SOMETHING'S  
PULLING THE  
ENERGY OUT!
















That was very dangerous.

WOW...

You almost looked.

WHATS SO BAD ABOUT LOOKING?

WOULD I HAVE DROPPED DEAD OR SOMETHING?

Oh little one, much, much worse...

How did you find your way to such a perilous place?

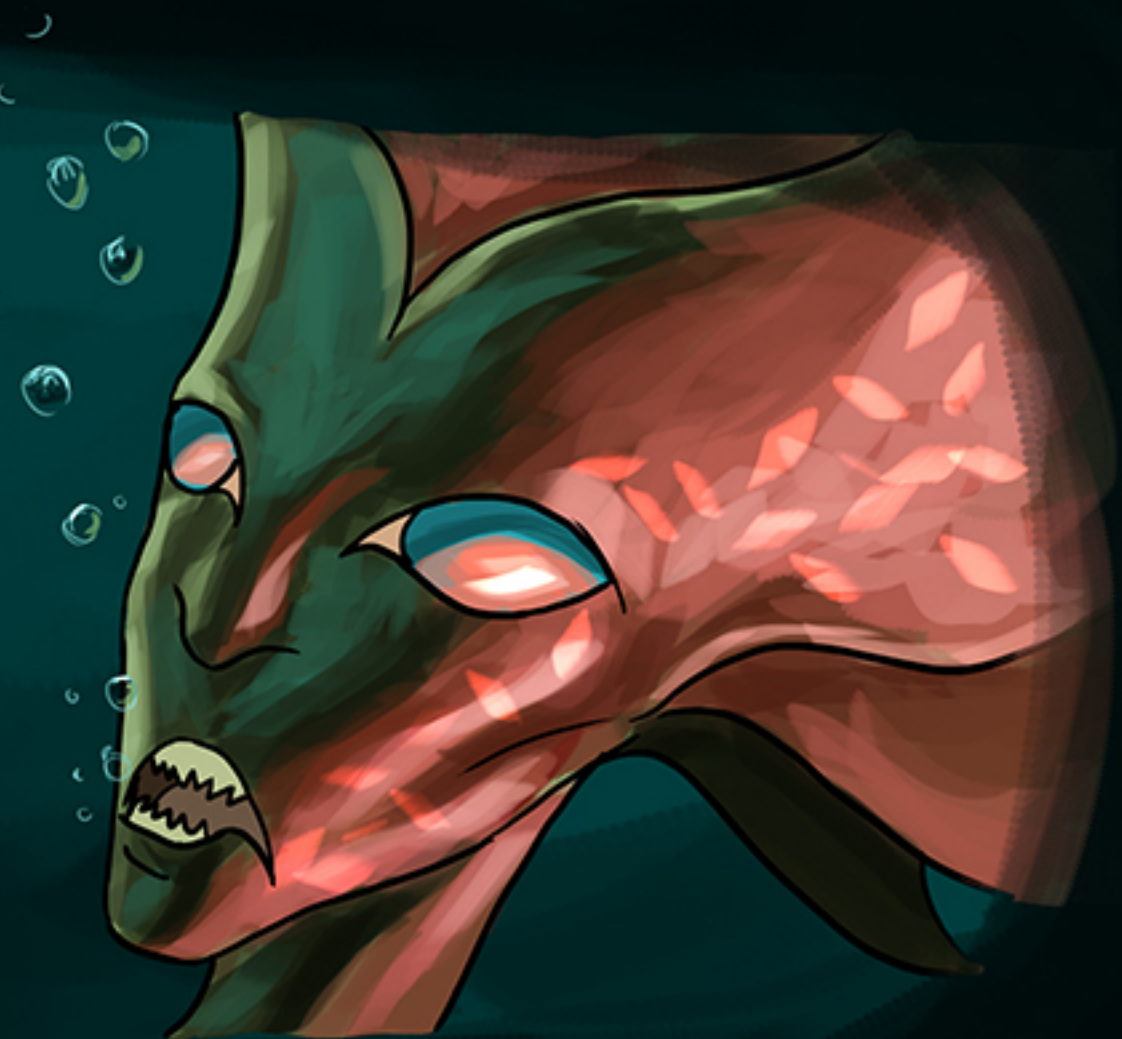
I FELL.







Only degre--  
Sweet Deis!!



!!!!

Flee.



You must  
awaken!









HEE HEE,  
I LOVE SCARING  
THE FISHIES.



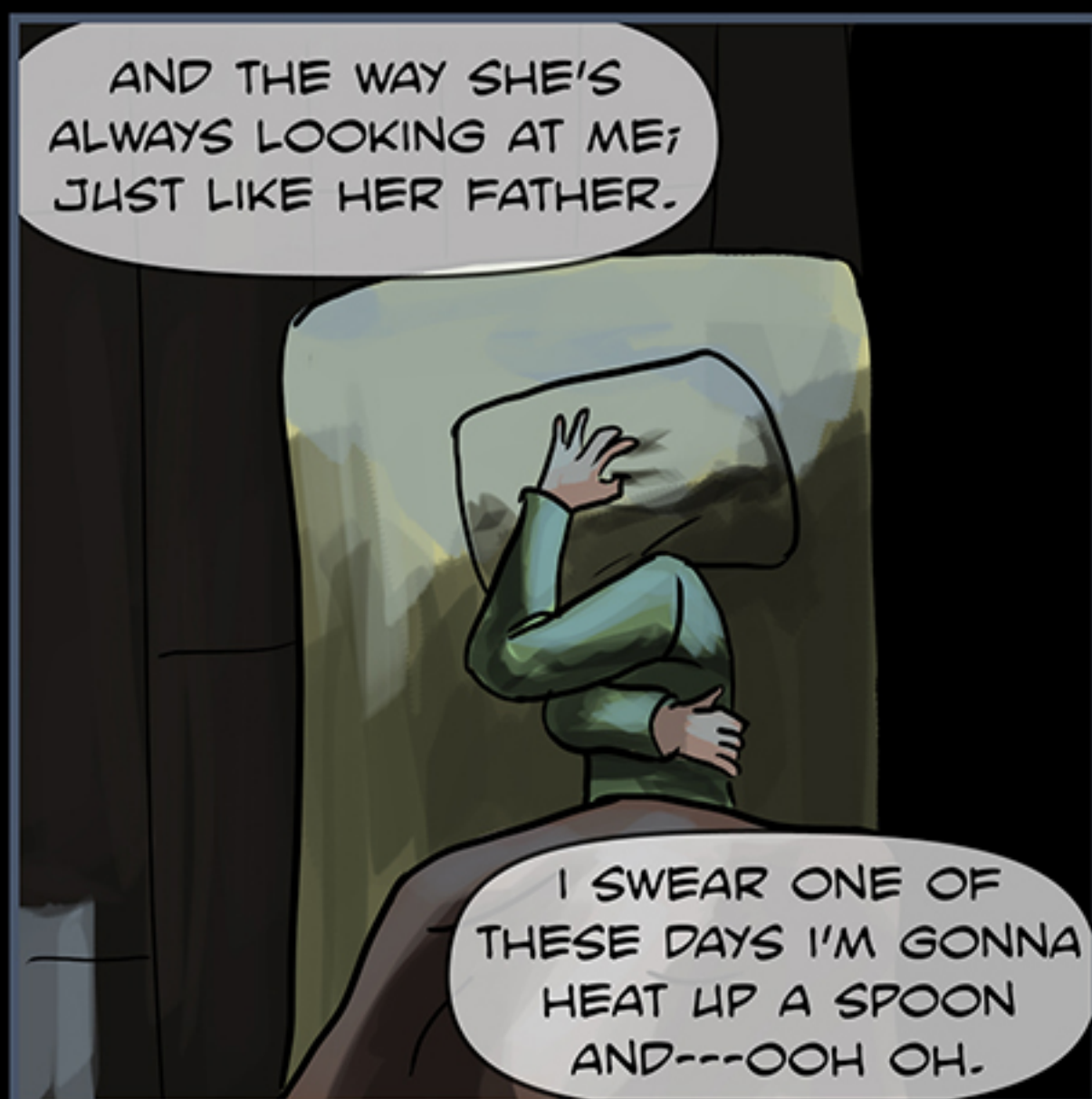
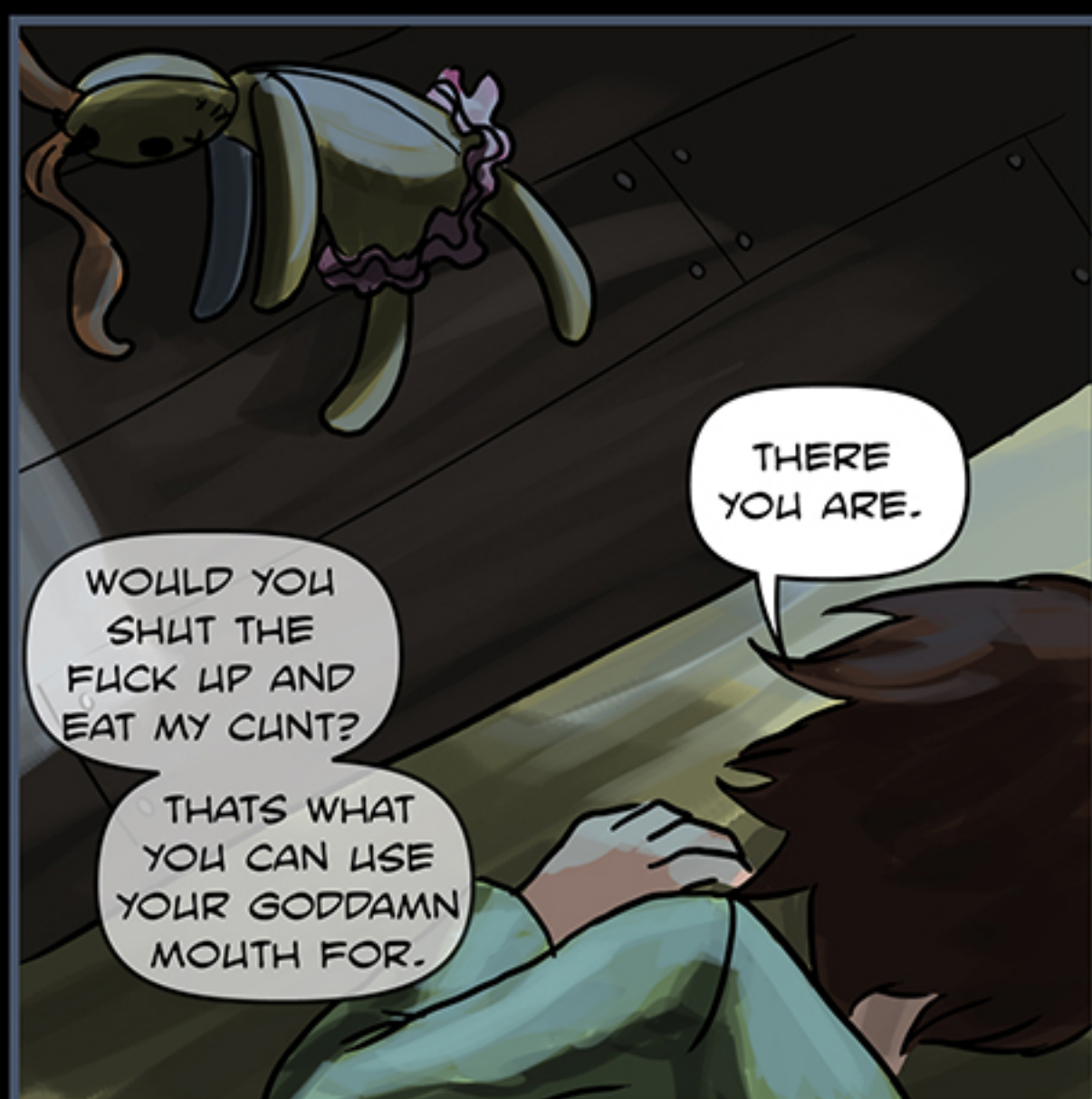
AAAAUUGH!!



PANT  
PANT  
PANT












DUDE, WHAT'D YOU DO TO YOUR HAIR?

ITS COOL. IT'LL MAKE ME STAND OUT FROM THE REST OF THESE LOSERS.


WELL NOW YOU CAN BE A LOSER IN A CLASS ALL YOUR OWN.



SHUT UP BITCH! YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS CUZ I'M DESTINED FOR GREATNESS AND YOU'RE DESTINED FOR BURGER KING.

NAH, SON. I TOLD YOU ALREADY I'M GONNA EAT IT AT 27 LIKE KOBAIN AND MORRISON.


GOD YOU'RE SUCH AN IDIOT. TELL ME WHY I'M DATING YOU AGAIN?




CUZ I GOT A REALLY BIG--

DON'T YOU FUCKING SAY IT.

--HEART. WHAT'D YOU THINK I WAS GONNA SAY?



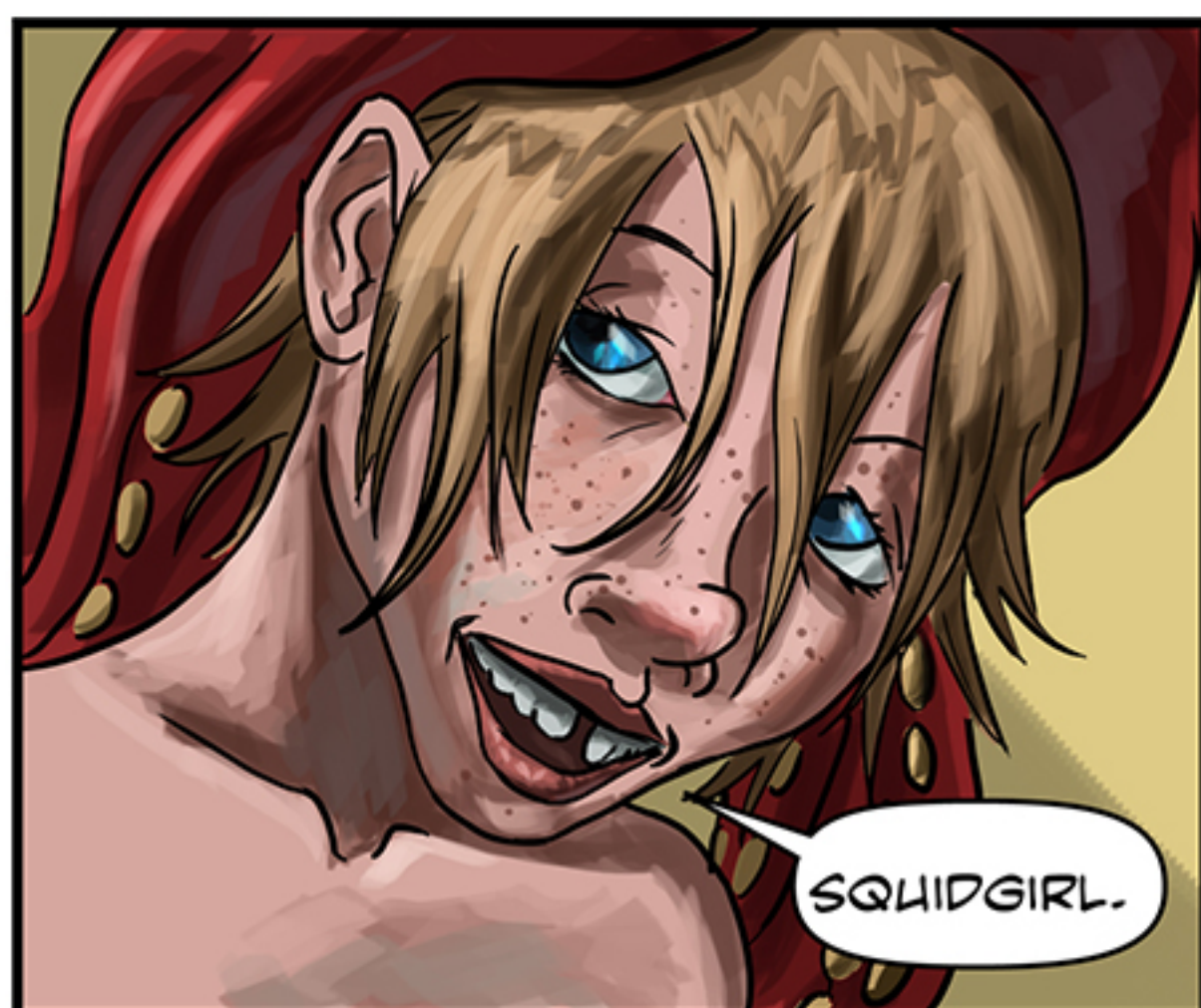
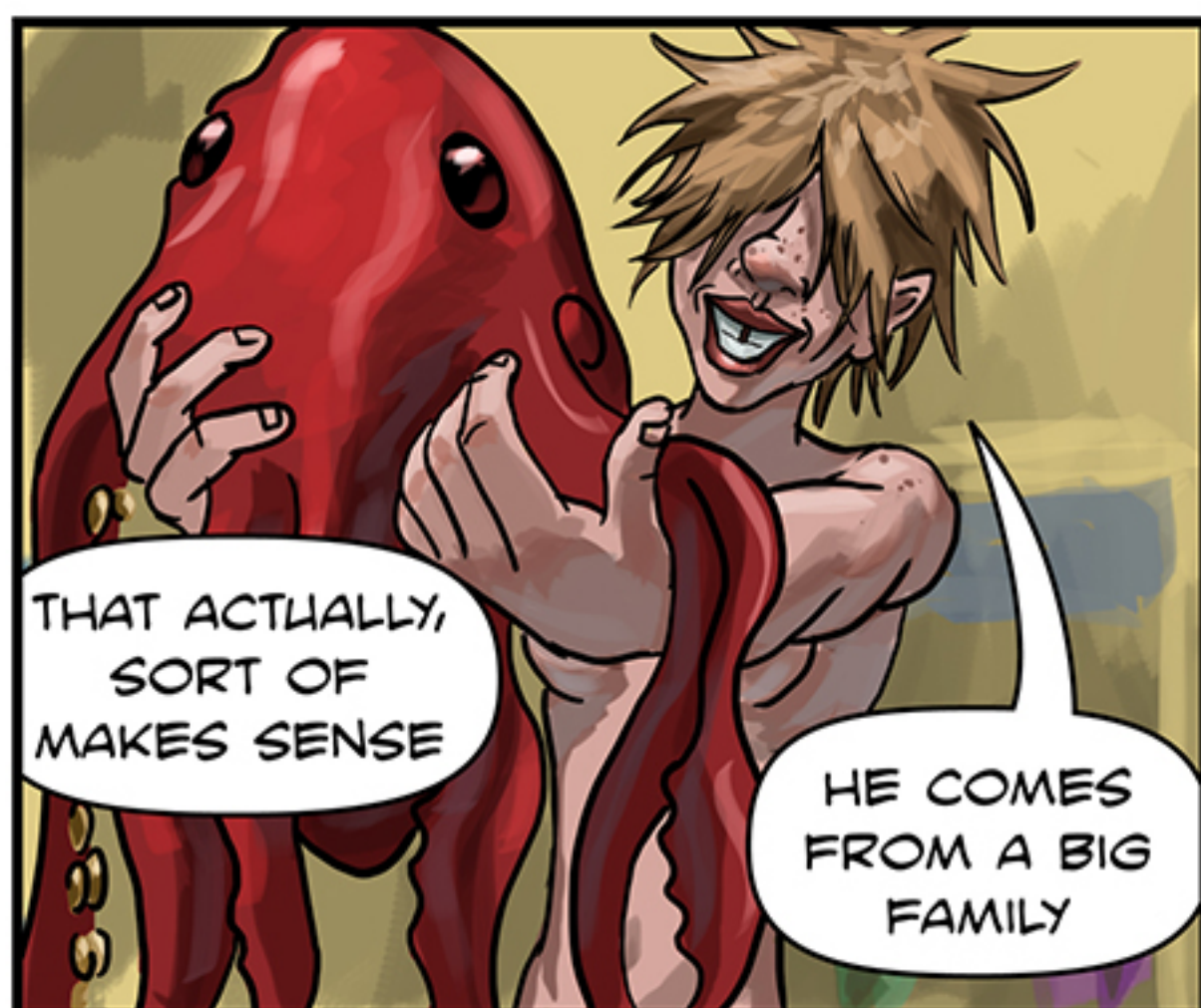
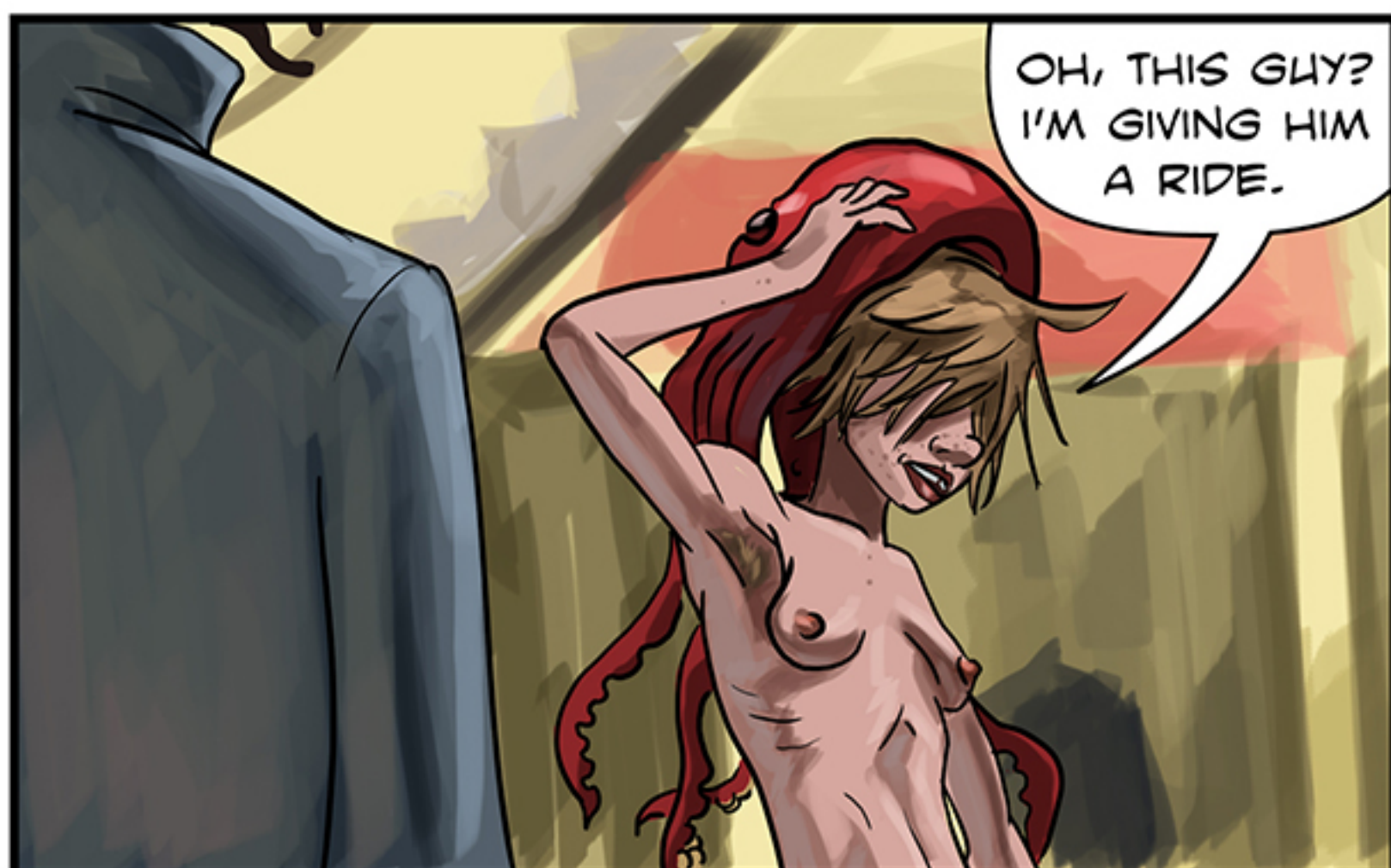
SERIOUSLY THOUGH JACKAL ITS BAD ENOUGH THAT YOUR EYES ARE TWO DIFFERENT COLOURS. ARE YOU REALLY THAT FOND OF GETTING YOUR ASS KICKED?



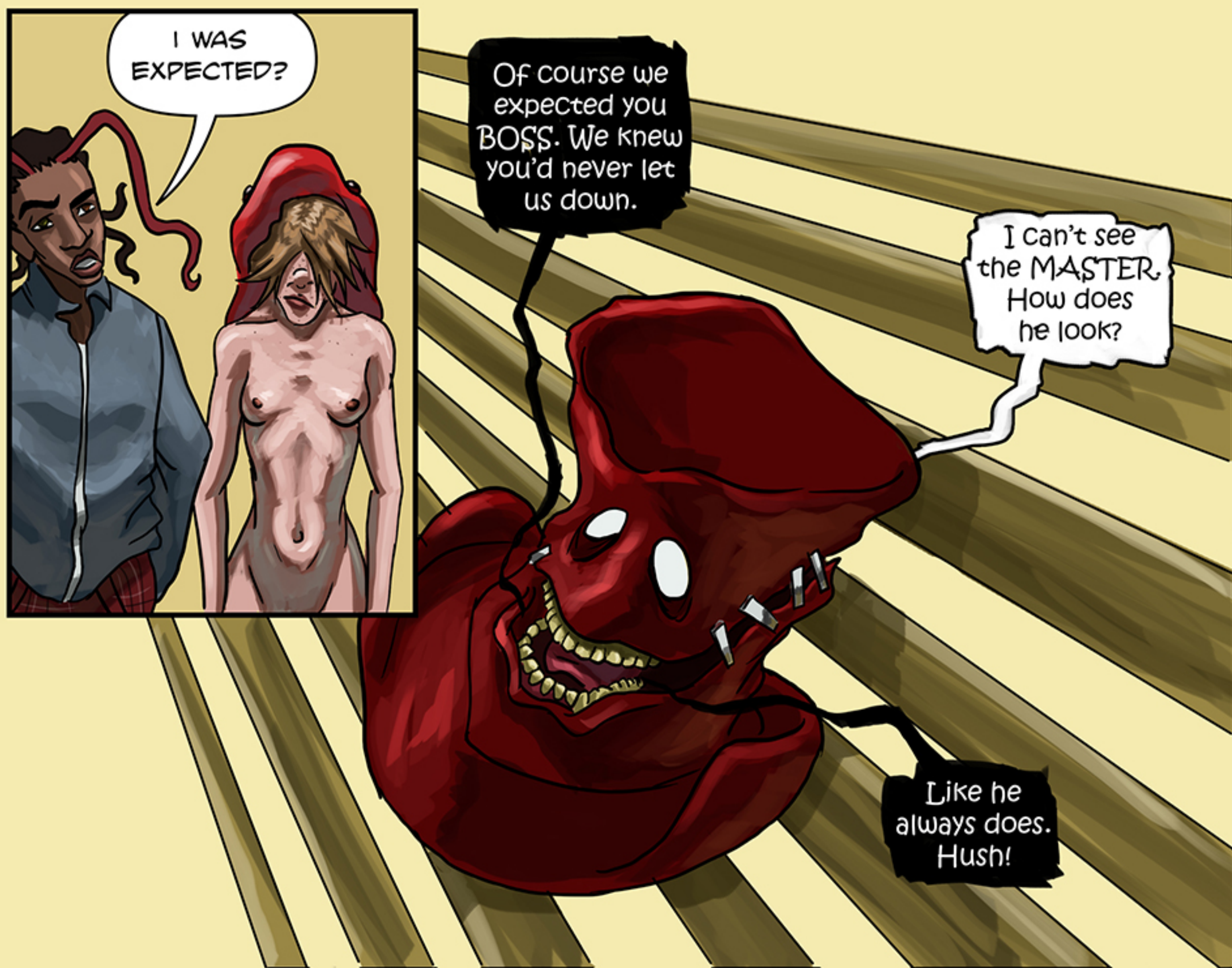
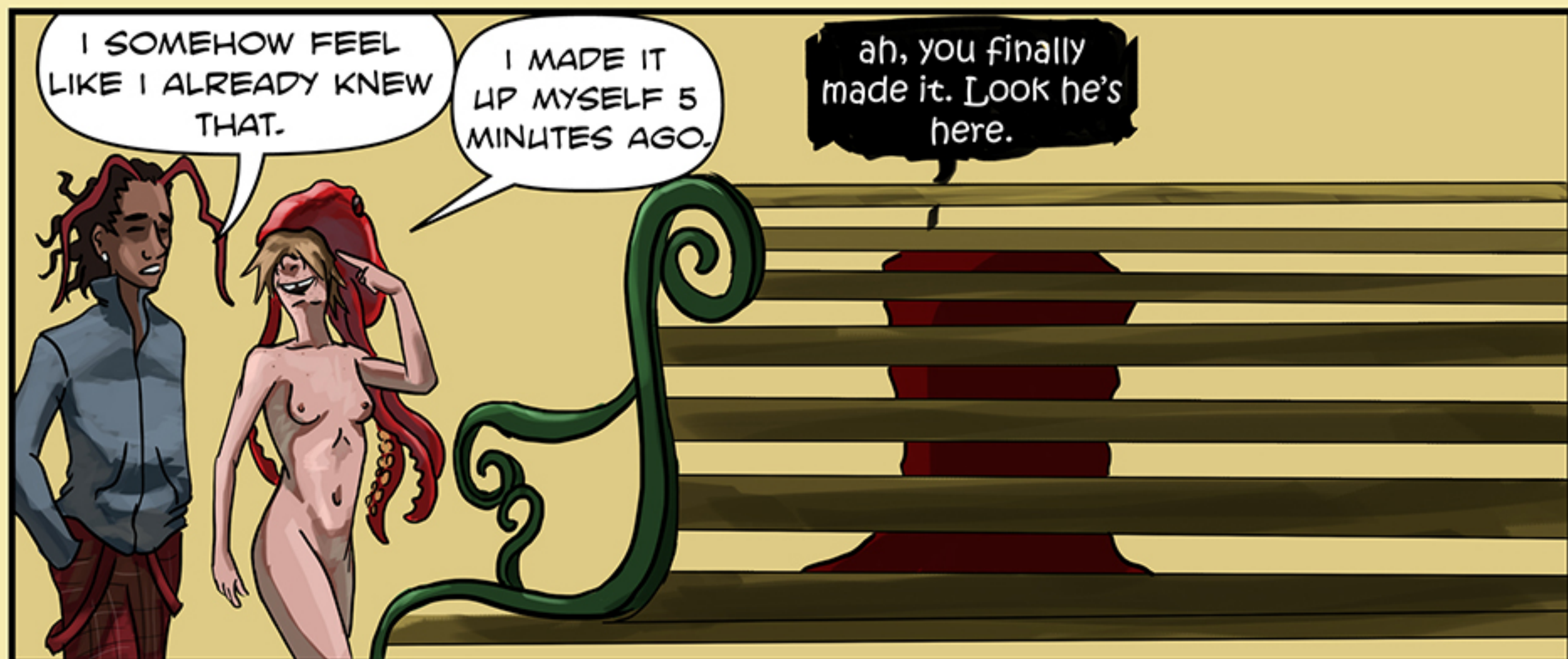
TCH, IT'LL BE WORTH IT. THE PEOPLE THAT MATTER NEVER LOOK NORMAL. YOU GOTTA STAND OUT.

WOULD YOU SHUT UP AND PASS THE JOINTS ALREADY?







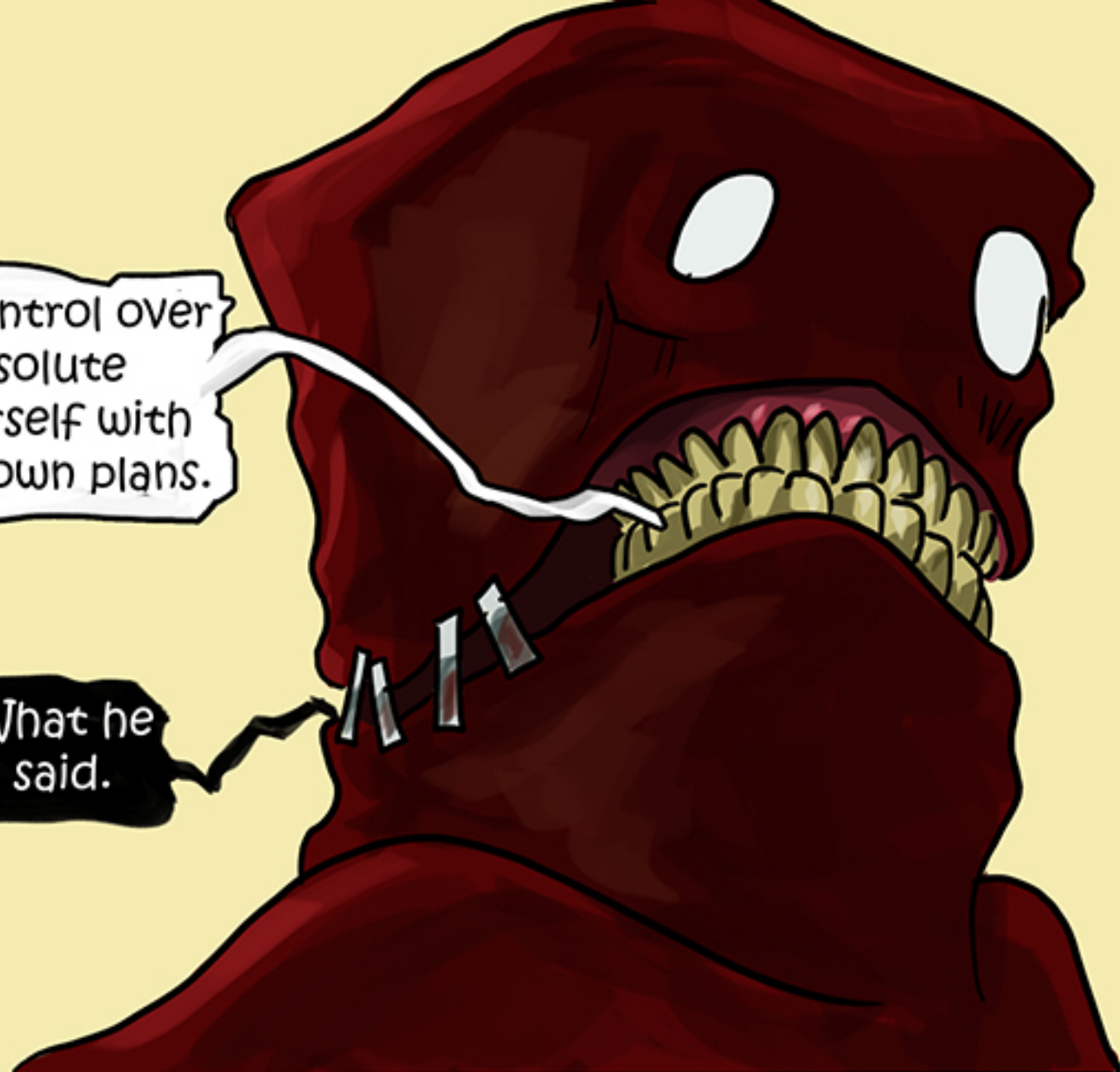




THATS RATHER CONFUSING  
CONSIDERING I DIDN'T EVEN  
KNOW I'D BE COMING HERE.

But thats all part of your power. Your control over  
the aspects of the universe are so absolute  
that of course you needn't concern yourself with  
actually being consciously aware of your own plans.

What he  
said.



HOW POST-MODERN  
OF ME.

AM I SOMEHOW  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
THIS CRUMBLING  
MARBLE GALLERY  
AS WELL?

Nah BOSS. This is  
just a good meeting  
place cuz its  
outside of time.

Yes.  
After  
all its  
quite hard  
to be late when  
time doesn't exist.

YAH, I'M PRETTY  
SURE I SAW TIME  
PASS US A  
WHILE BACK.

YOU SHOULD  
HAVE SAID  
'HI'.

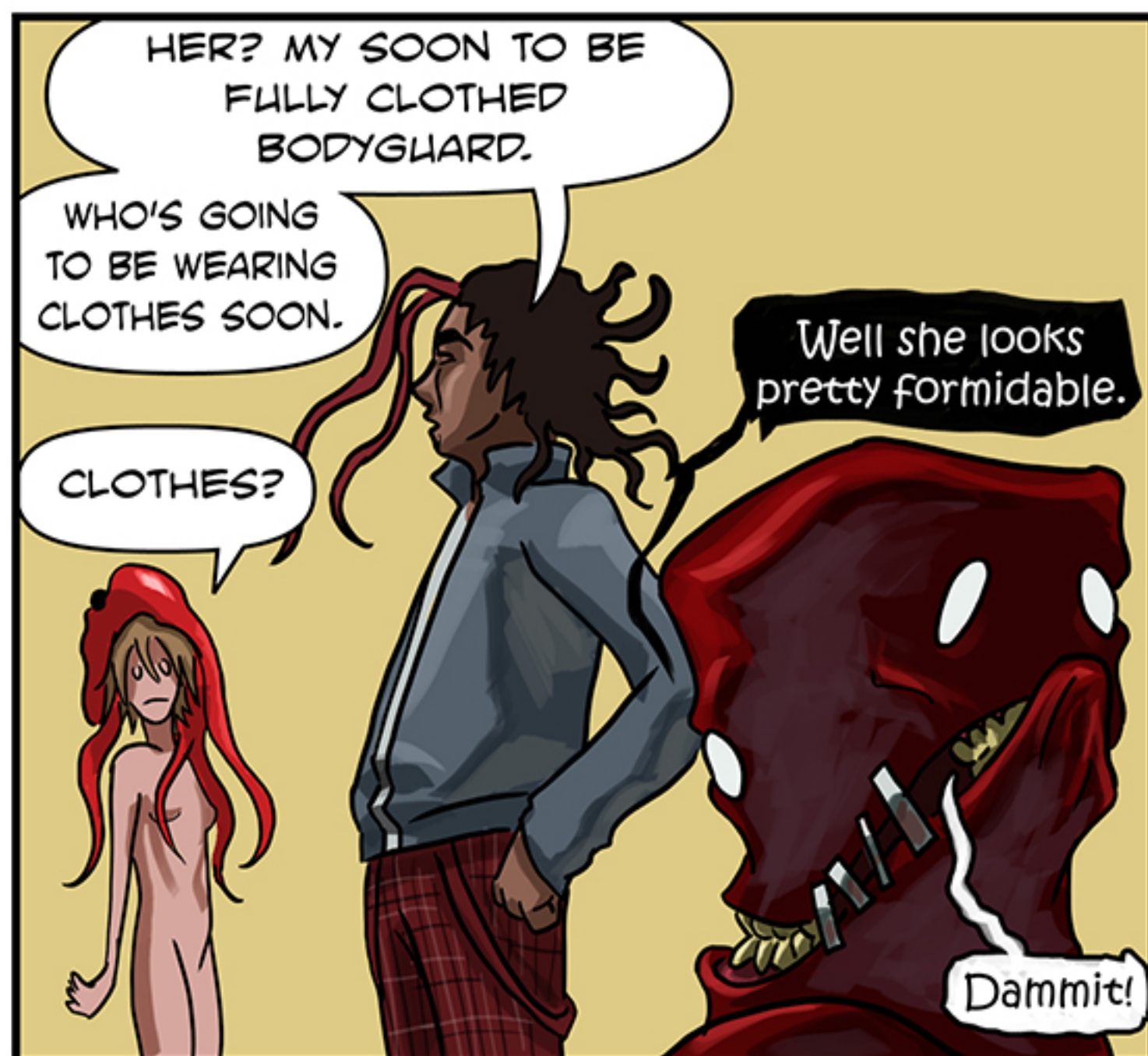
These poor bastards are being  
eaten up by oblivion.  
Well no big deal, it happens  
to everyone who lives inside  
the stream, countless  
times a day in fact.





Well putting aside such trivial matters. BOSS who's the cute lady with you?

I can't see.



HER? MY SOON TO BE FULLY CLOTHED BODYGUARD.

WHO'S GOING TO BE WEARING CLOTHES SOON.

CLOTHES?

Well she looks pretty formidable.

Dammit!



SO HOW COME I DON'T REMEMBER YOU GUYS? HM?

Well considering you have approximate knowledge of everything in the universe it would be impractical for you to keep it all straight at the same time.

you'd go stark raving bonkers quicker than a dime spin.



I DUNNO. I'M NOT EVEN A 'HAT' PERSON.

Don't joke BOSS we work hard.

And are very dedicated.



WELL IT ALL SOUNDS PRETTY SUSPECT BUT I'LL LET IT GO FOR NOW.

AT LEAST UNTIL AFTER I FIND THE MALL SHOWER.

YOU MIGHT NOT'VE THOUGHT, BUT THE KIND OF STUFF I'VE BEEN SOAKING IN DOESN'T REACT WELL TO ALL THIS HUMIDITY.



YOU'RE NOT SMELLING SO HOT THERE YOURSELF HONEY.

\*SNIFF SNIFF\* WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I SMELL PLENTY STRONG.





THE PANIC AGAIN. IT GRIPS THIS PLACE LIKE A LIVING BEAST. AND I'VE GROWN TO RECOGNIZE ITS STINK THESE LAST FEW HOURS.

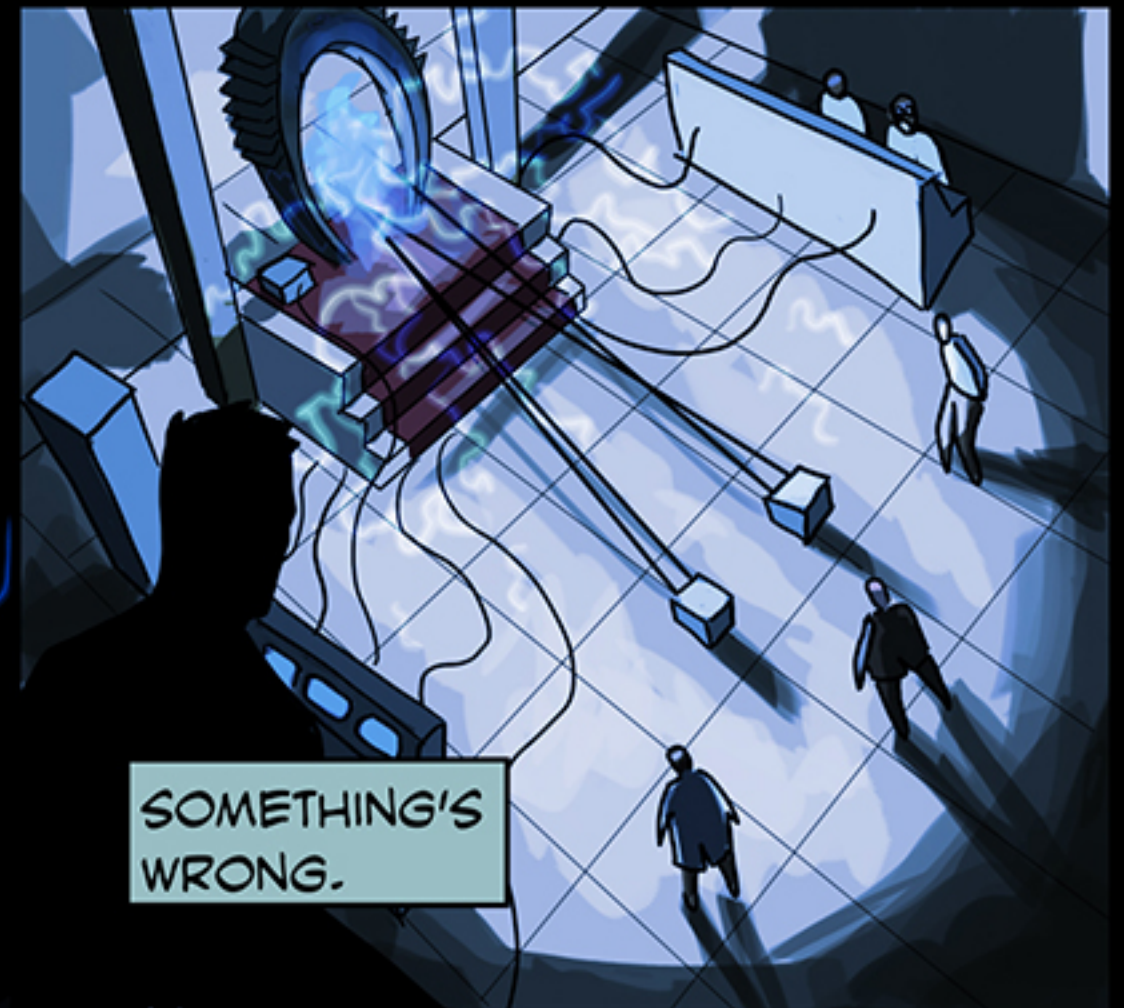


THIS TIME THOUGH, IT SEEMS SOMEHOW MORE URGENT, MORE PERSONAL.



I MAKE THE ONLY CONNECTION I HAVE THE CONTEXT TO MAKE.

IVERNA.



SOMETHING'S WRONG.

IT SEEMS I'M RIGHT AS I GLANCE ON.

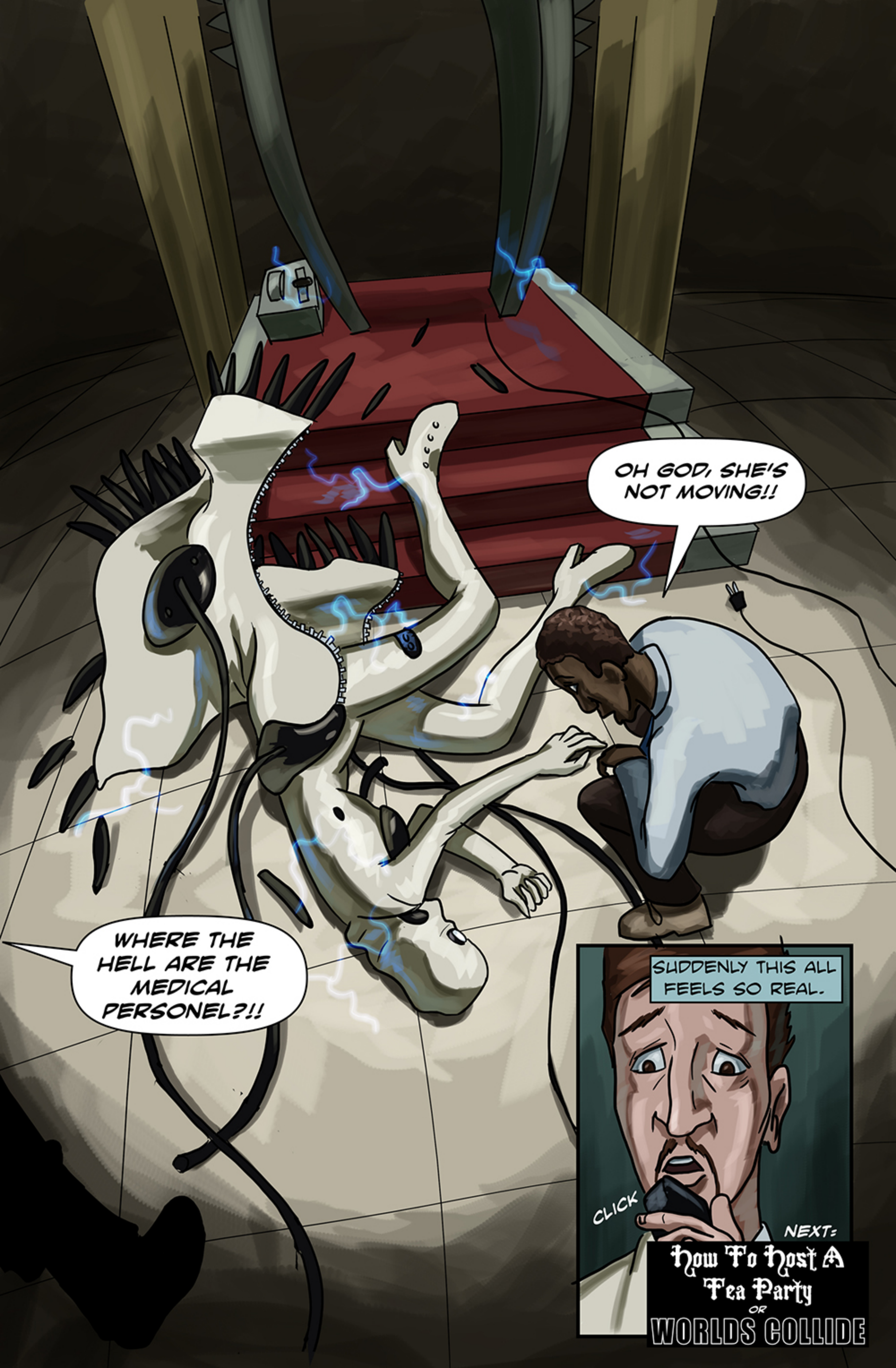
THE FIERY MOAR OF THE BEAST SEEMS UNWILLING TO GIVE UP ITS PRIZE.

THE SCIENTISTS FIGHT IT, AND IT RETALIATES LIKE THE TORMENTED OCEAN UNWILLING TO LET THE FISHERMEN HAVE THEIR CATCH.



BUT EVENTUALLY IT SEEMS EVEN THE SEA MUST TIRE.





OH GOD, SHE'S NOT MOVING!!

WHERE THE HELL ARE THE MEDICAL PERSONEL?!!

SUDDENLY THIS ALL FEELS SO REAL.

CLICK

NEXT:

How To Host A Tea Party  
OR  
WORLDS COLLIDE



# Contacts n' Shit

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