

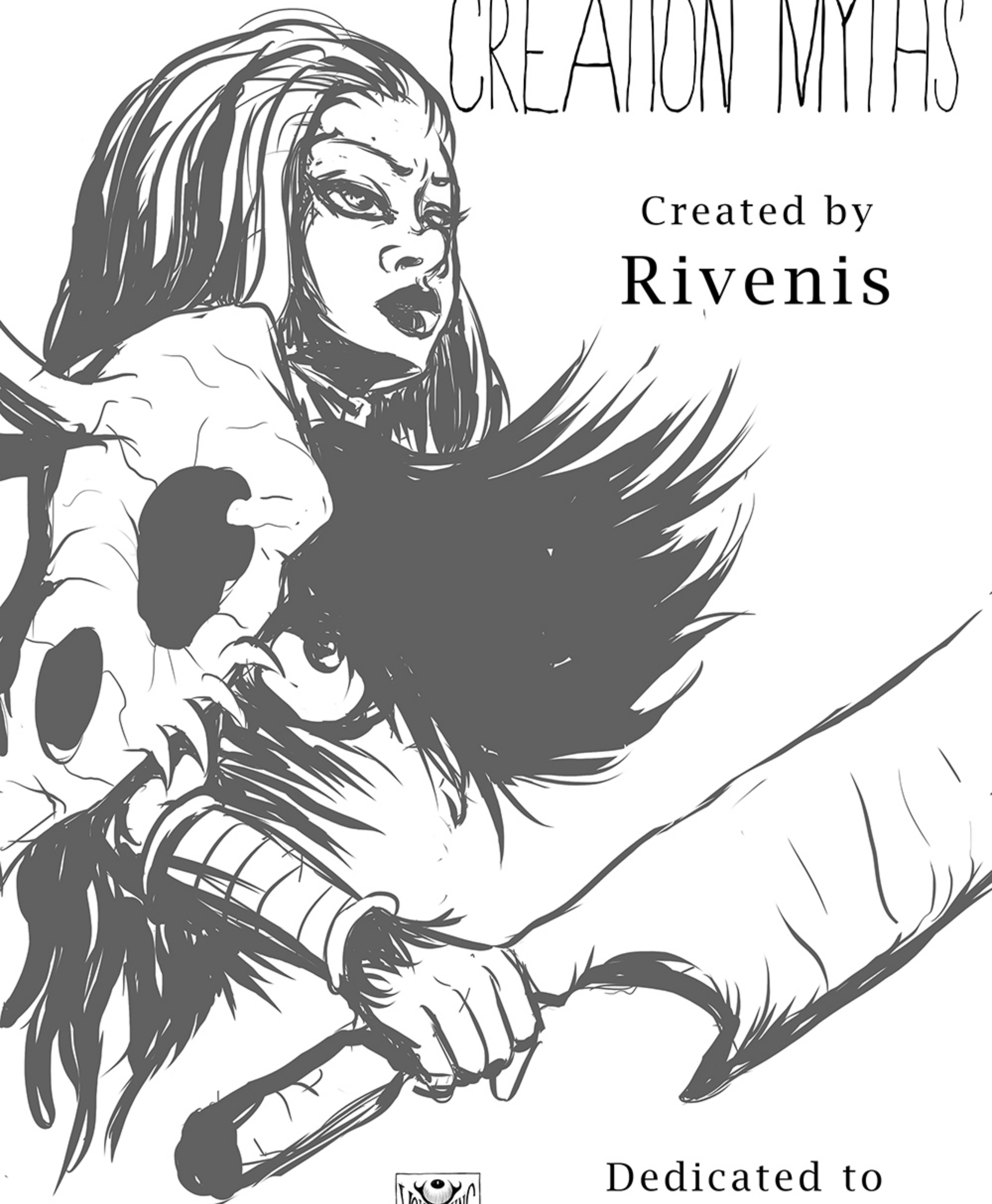
R I V E N I S
DISKORDIA™

17



CREATION MYTHS

Rivenis



CREATION MYTHS

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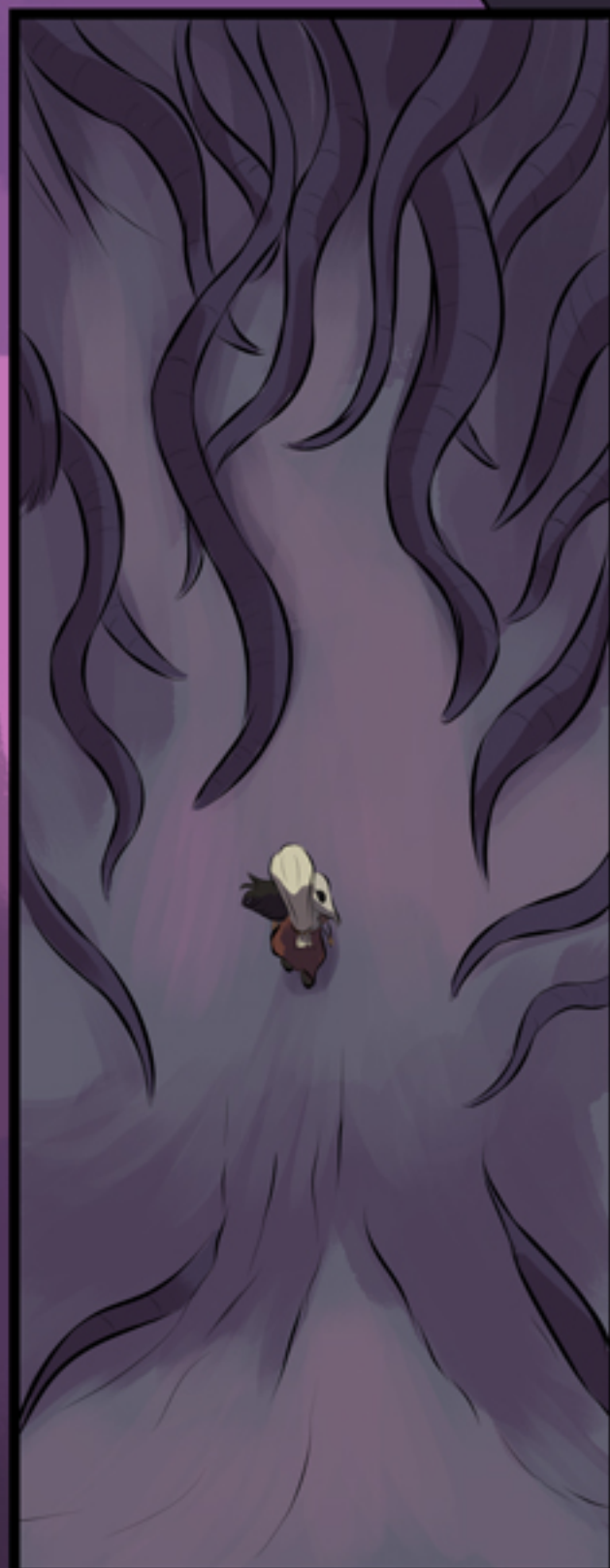
Dedicated to
Neil Gaiman

Diskordia issue 17 June 2017.

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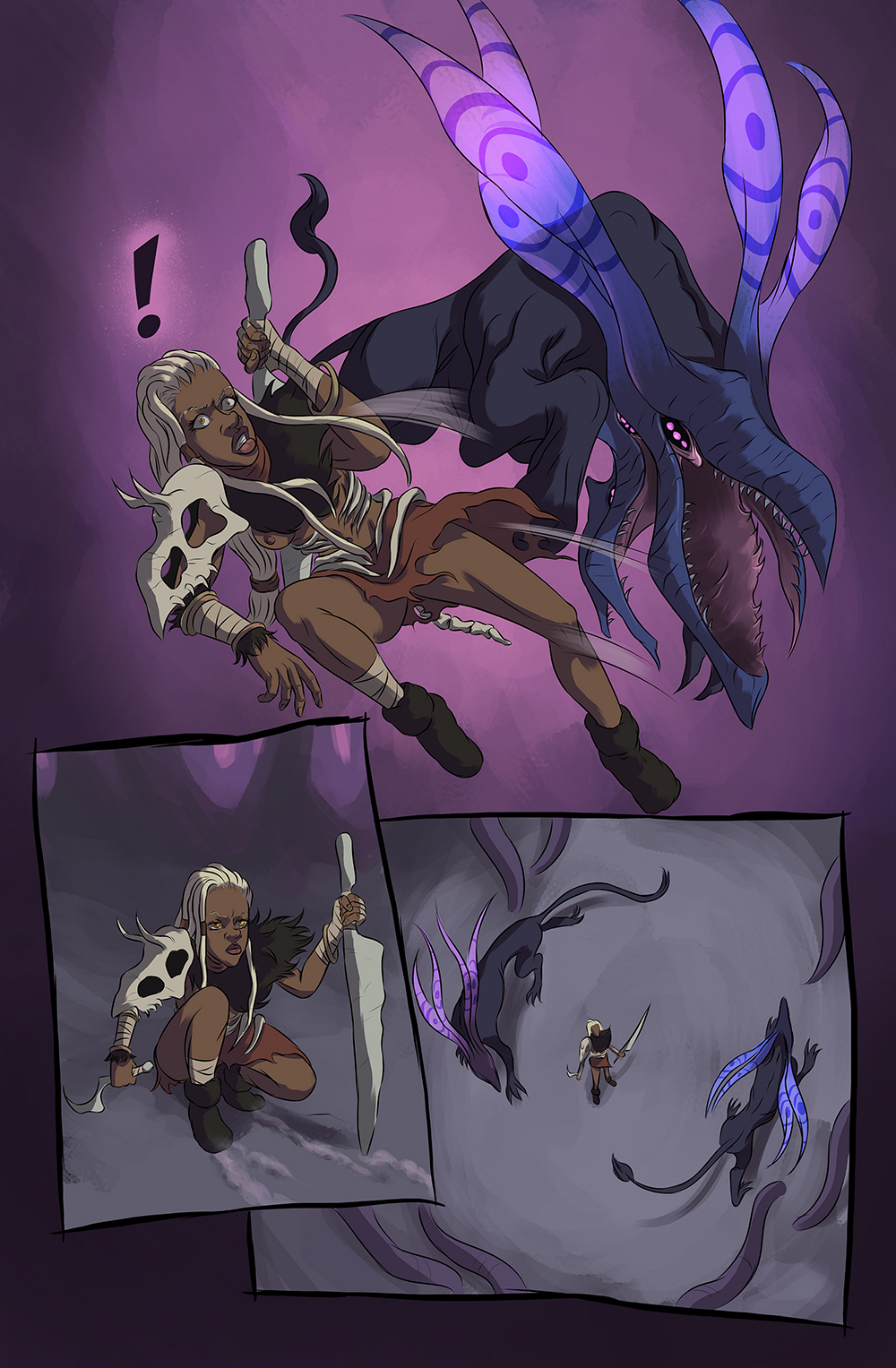


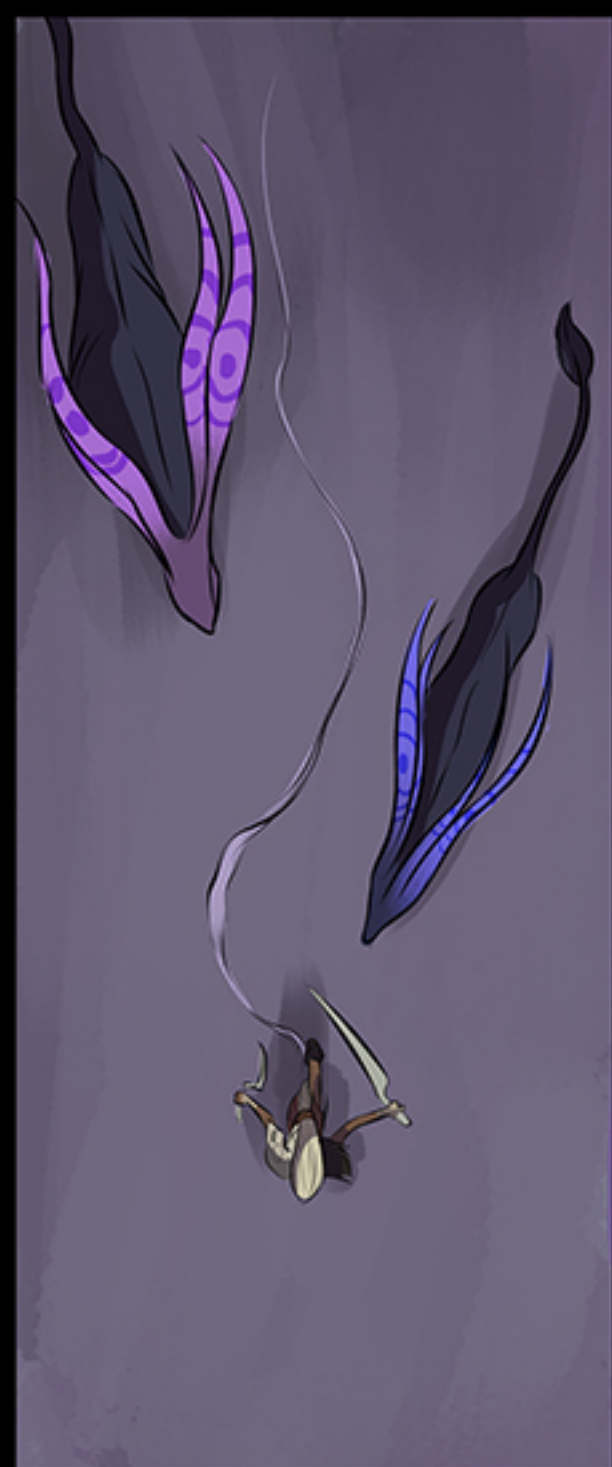


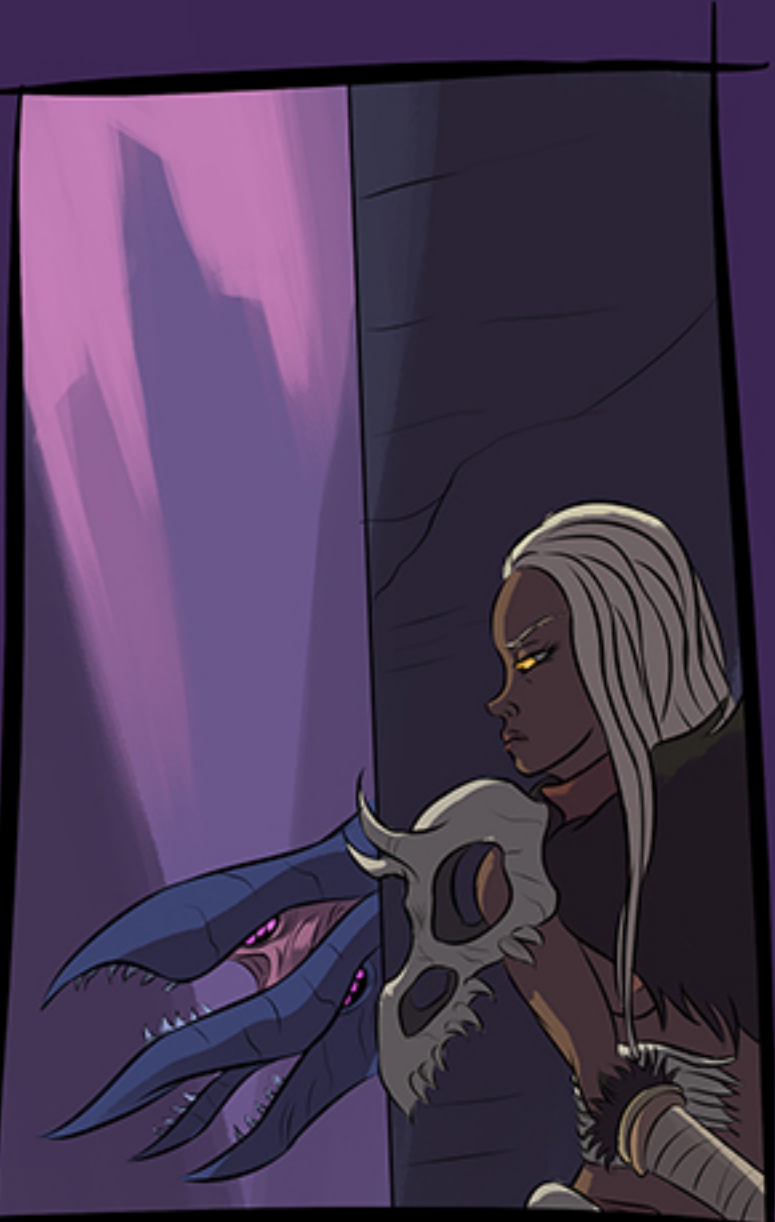
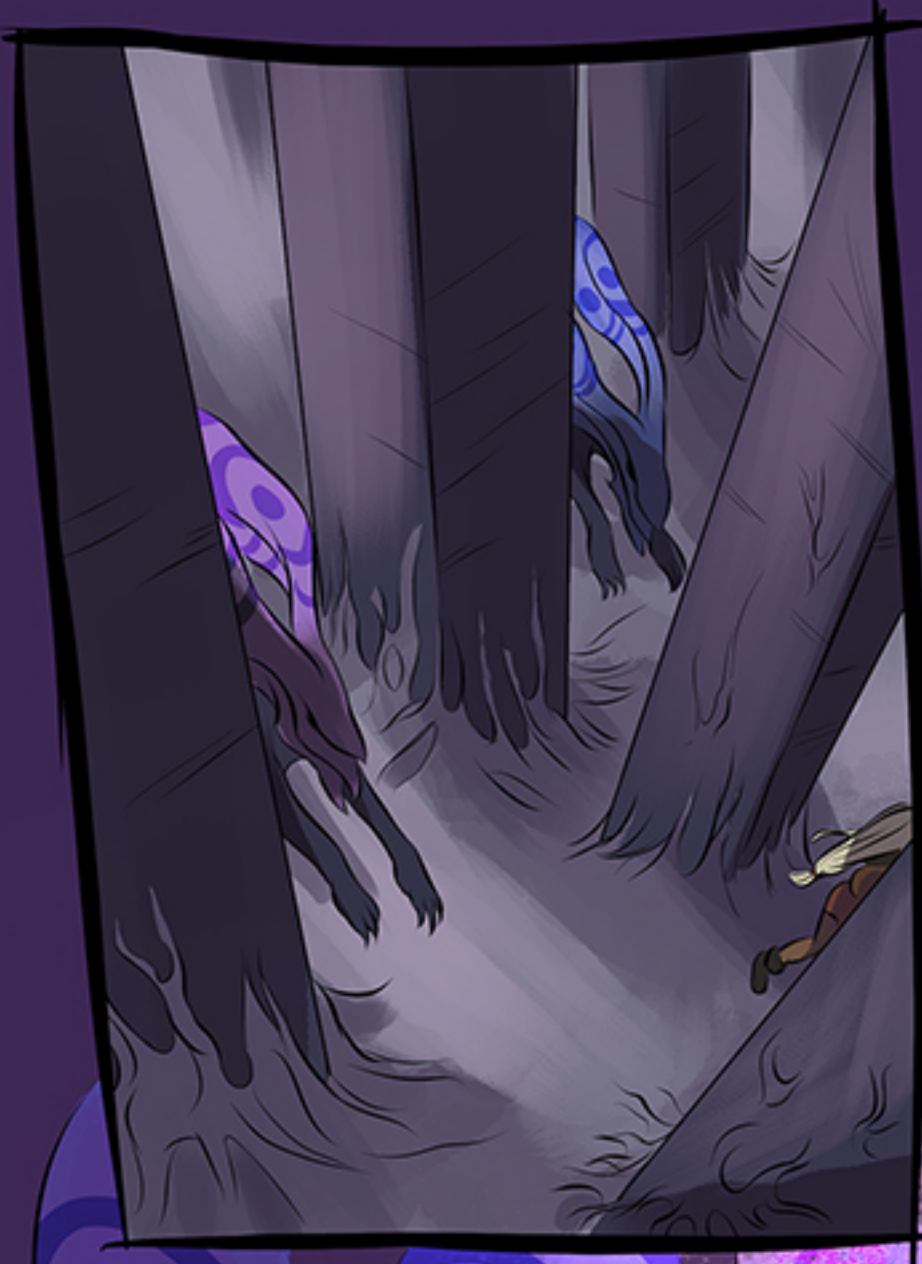
CREATION MYTHS

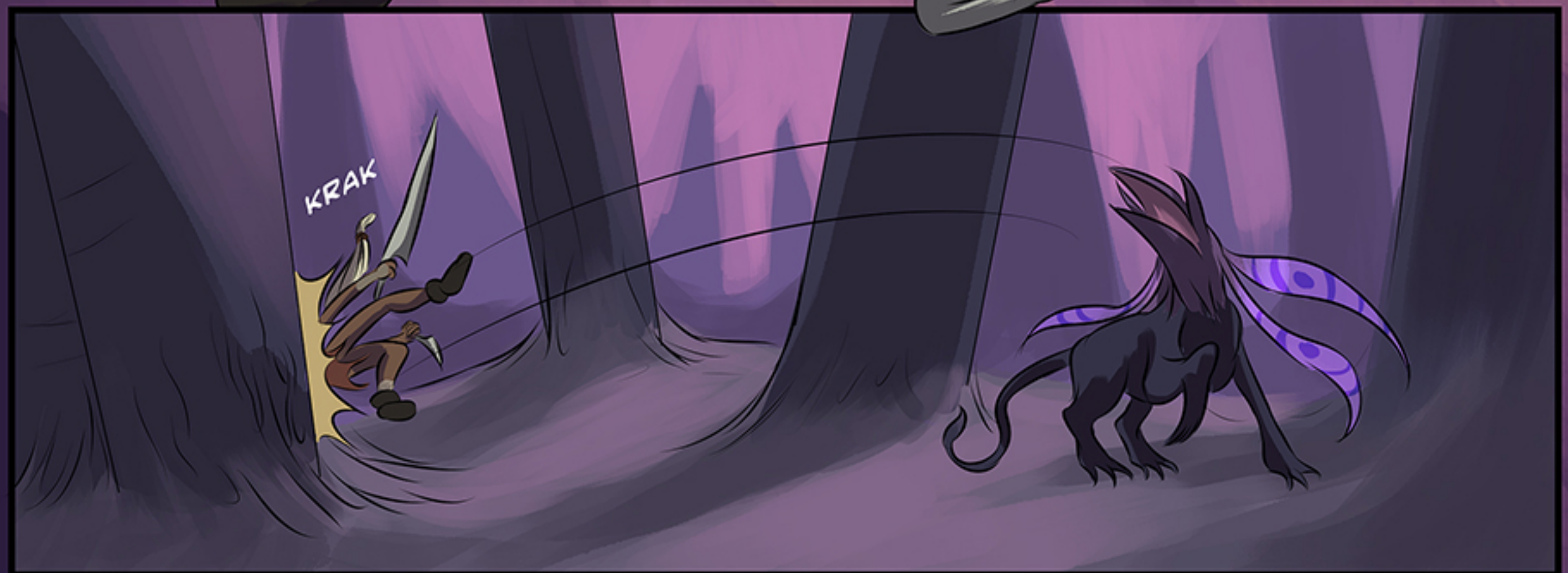
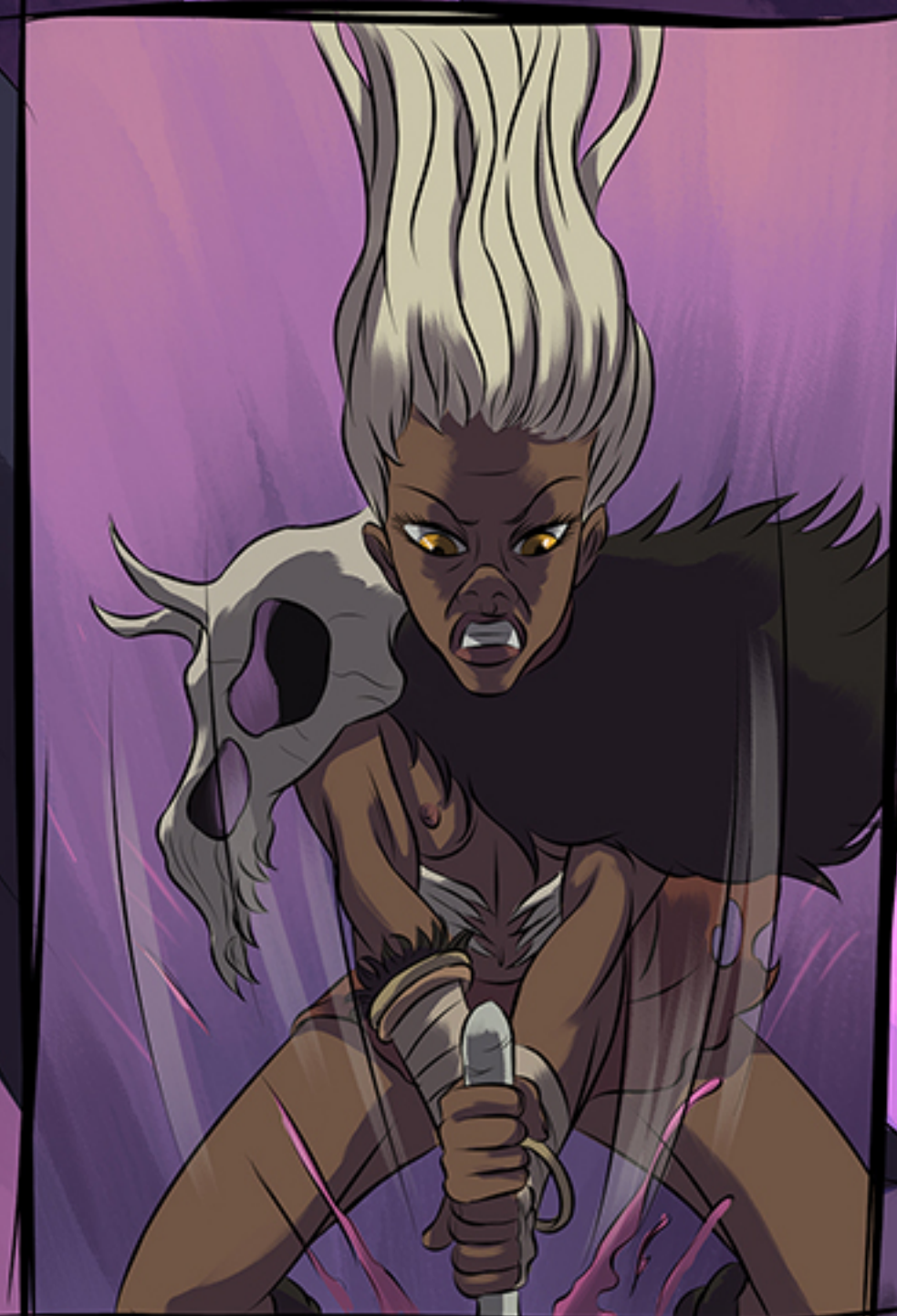


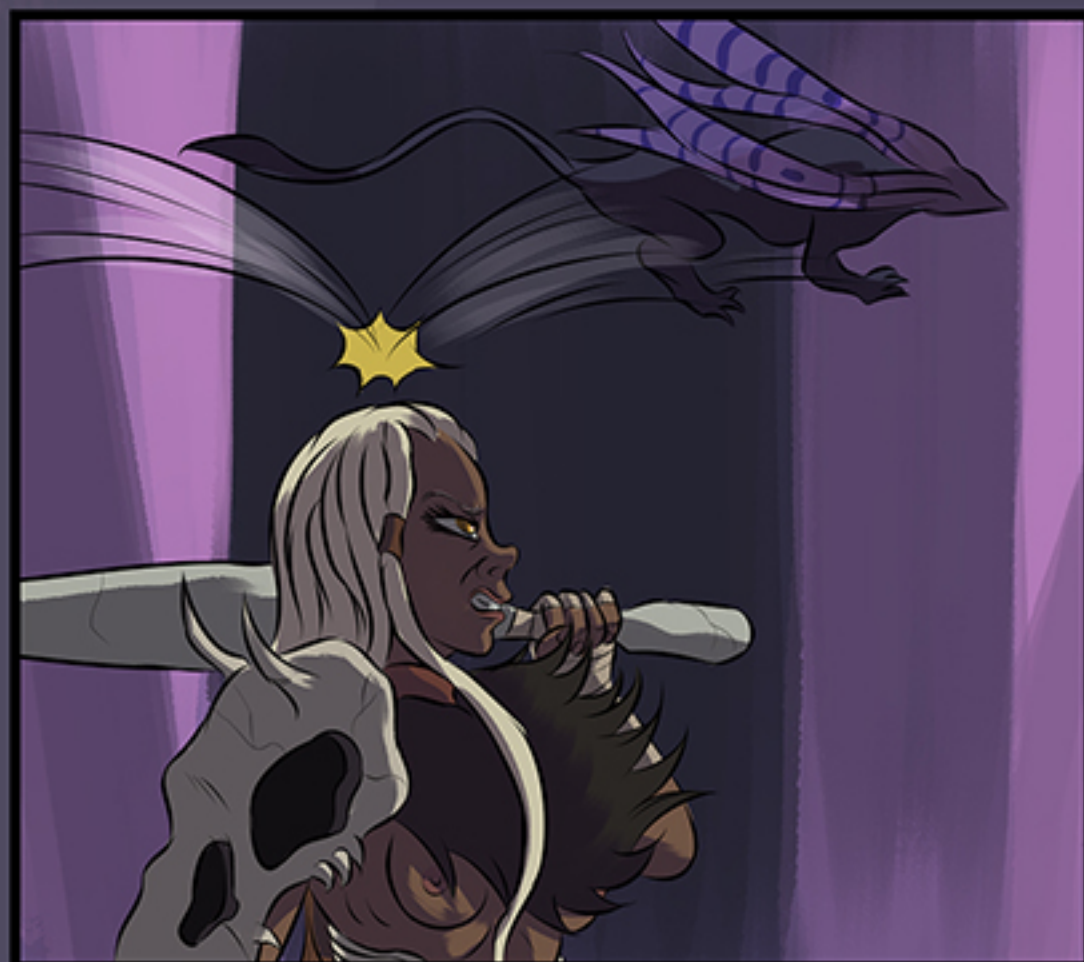


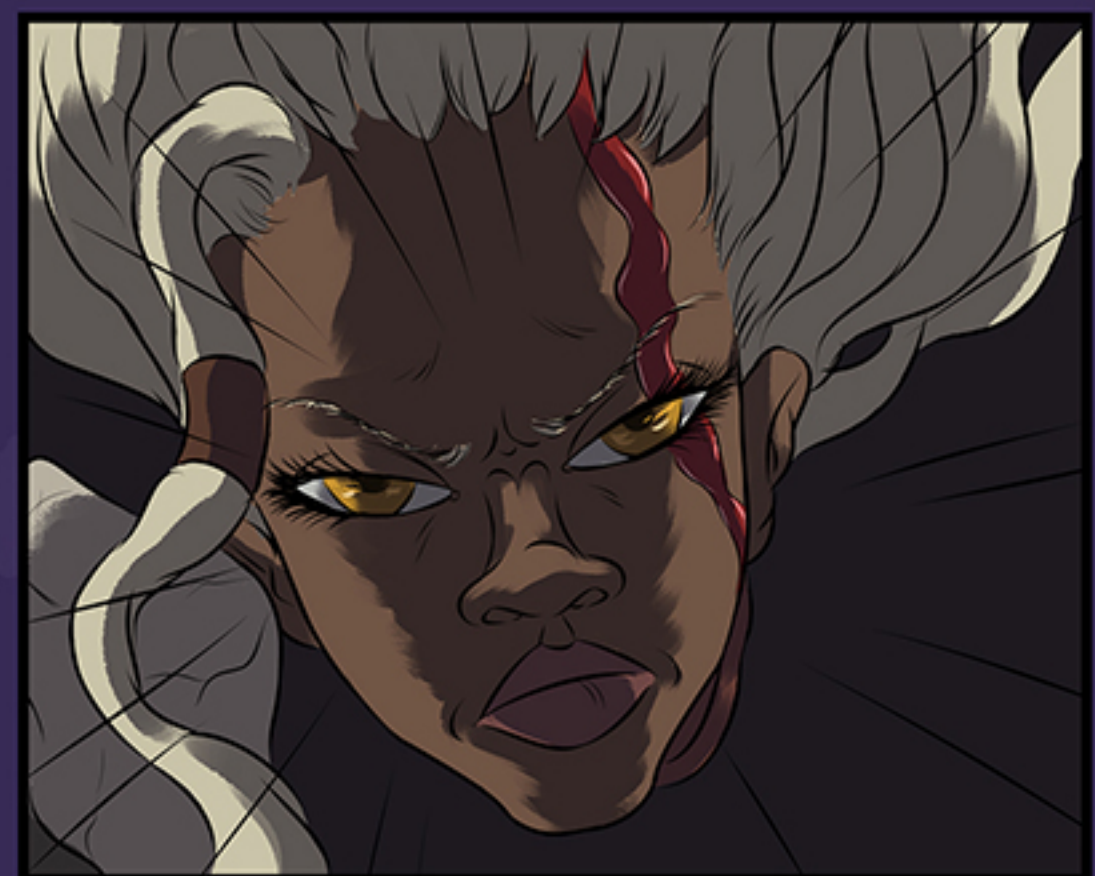
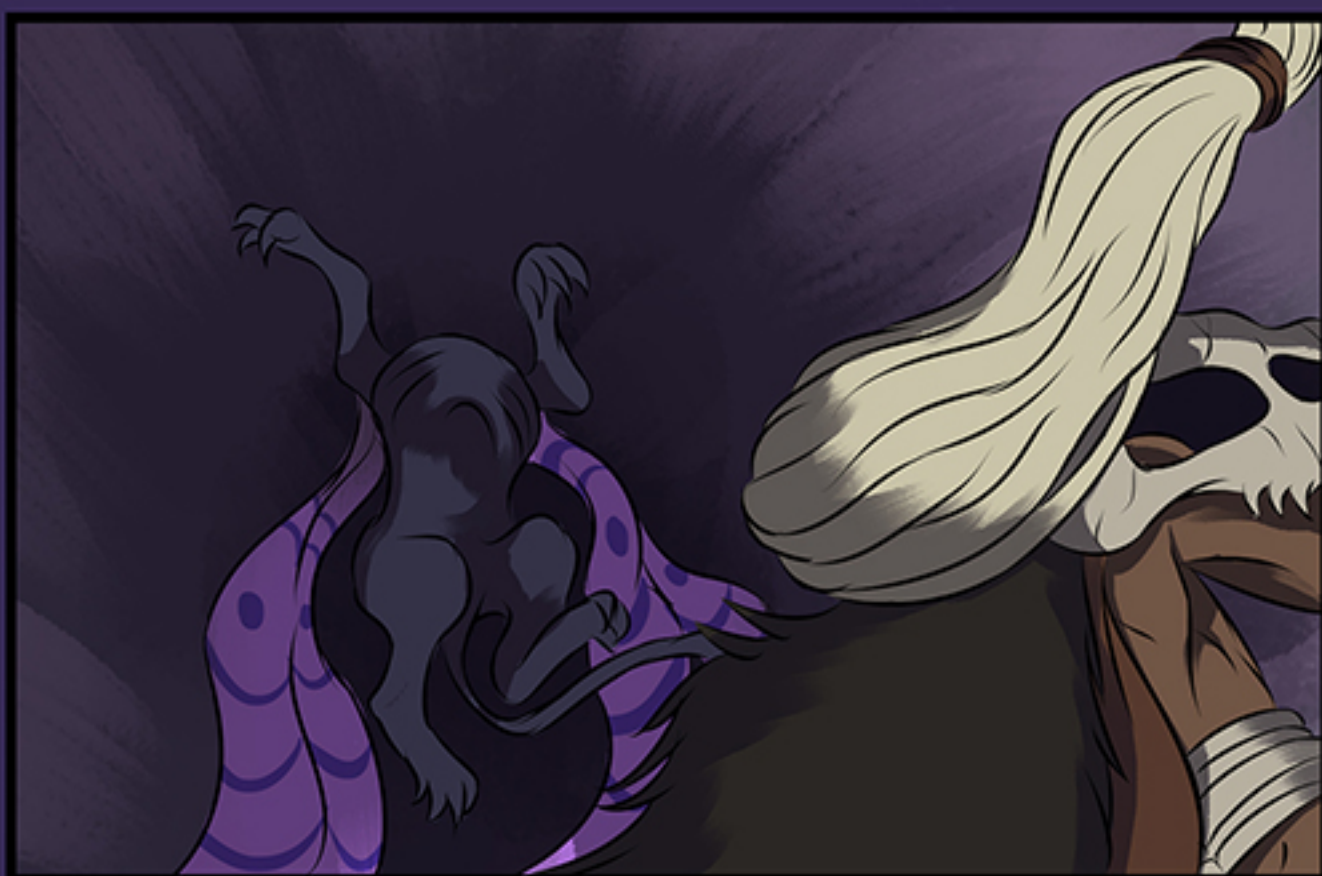
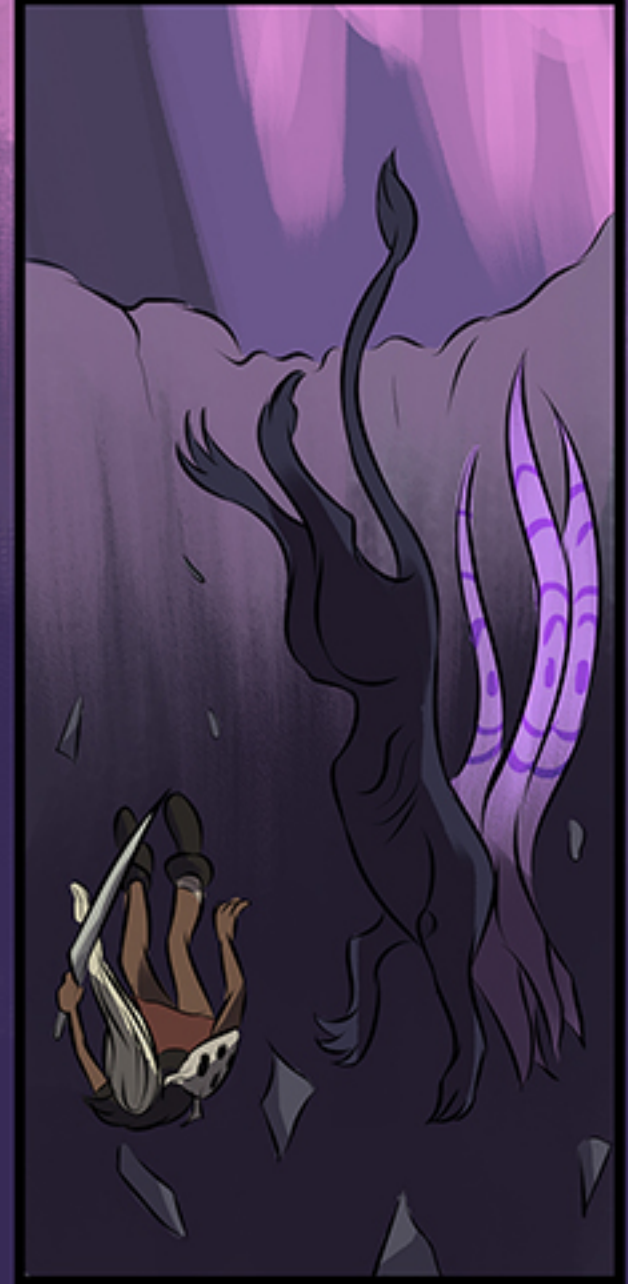




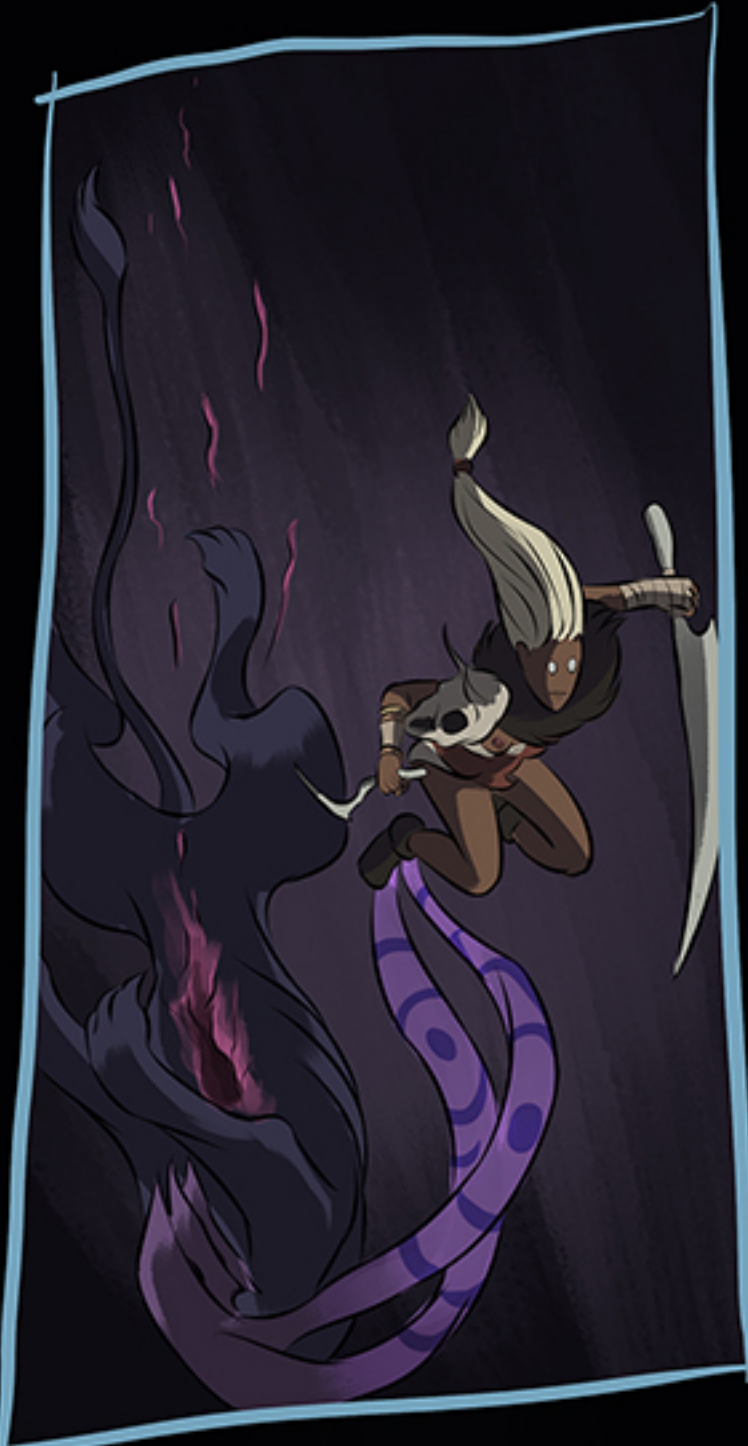








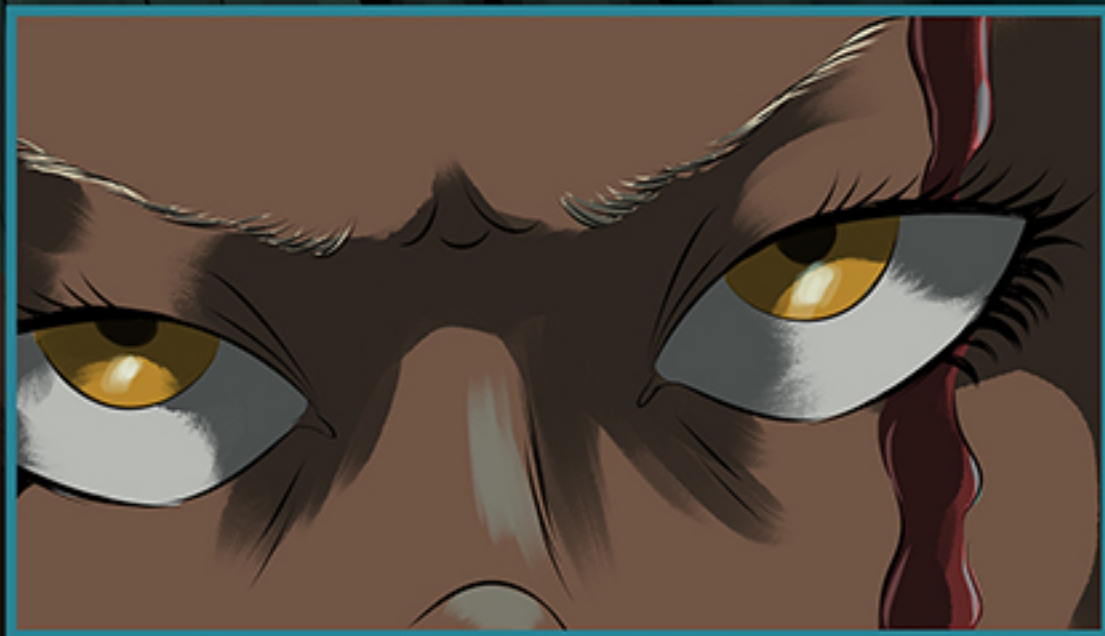
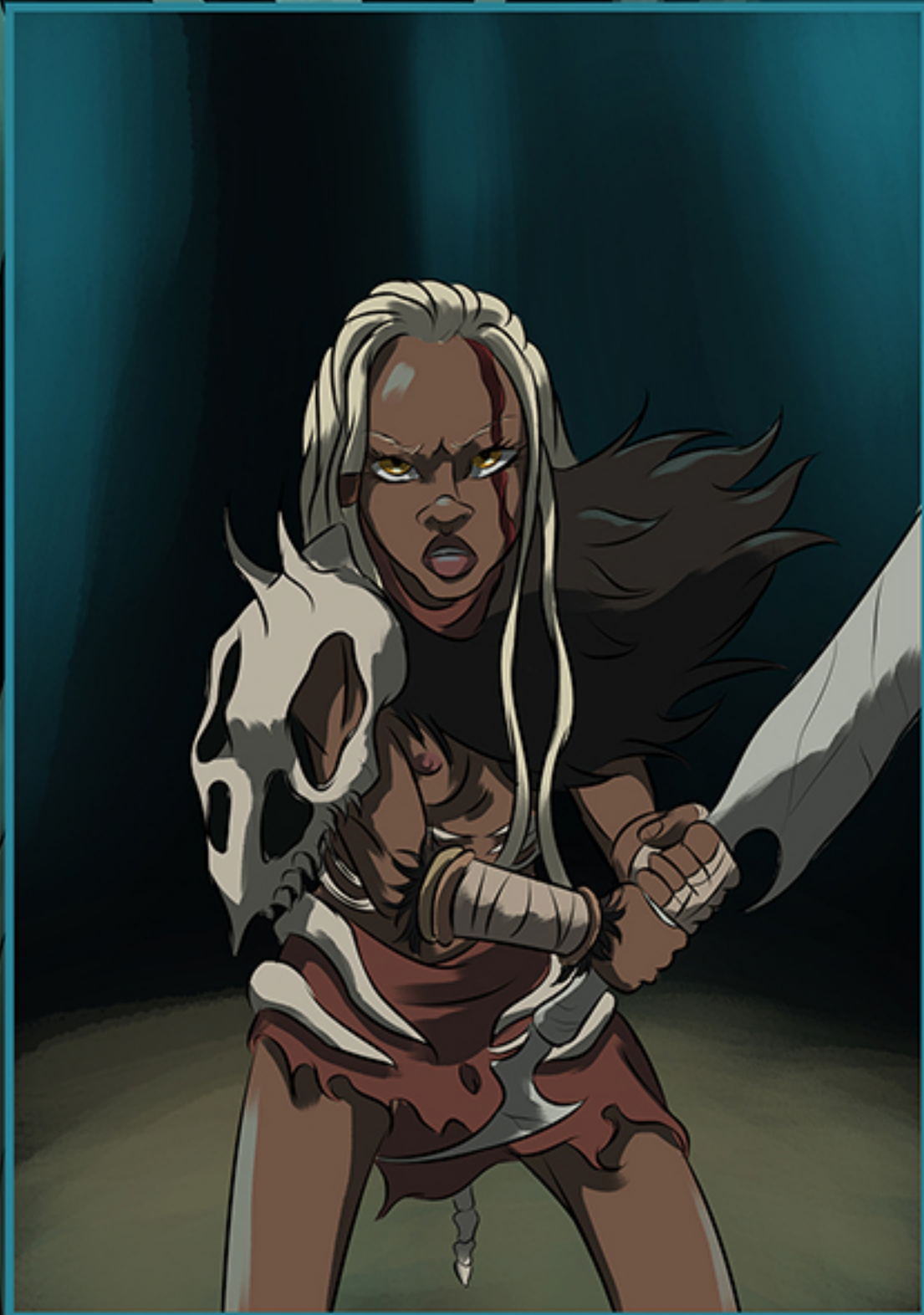








GREETINGS,
BEAUTIFUL
TRAVELLER.



zzzzzzzz

THAT'S
NOT TRUE!



OF COURSE
IT IS, SILLY!

NO! I HEARD
DIFFERENT!







A particularly interesting story I was told quite recently relates the primordial state of existence to a great, old tree.

A tree grown steadfast and stagnant in the void.

Its roots, longer and deeper than one could imagine; reaching down forever into the endless black.

Its branches, just as expansive; for there was no light, you see, no up, no down, only the void forever and ever.

Then came Adam.

*The story doesn't account
for his origins; where in
the vast, empty void he came
from but every good story deserves
a few allowances here and there.*

*Adam was a giant parasite
you see. And the fruit of the
old tree was to his liking.*

*Old Adam, he latched himself
to that tree like life itself.*

He feasted for millennia, eons.

He swelled and grew

*He grew almost as
large as the tree itself.*

*He grew grew so large and
for so long that his body
eventually split in two.*

*The second body, full of life and
energy from the tree was called Eve.*

*Eve was life itself. And she
flew free from Adam and into
the void.*

*From her body she
spread herself, her
essence.*

*And in her
wake the world
was formed.*



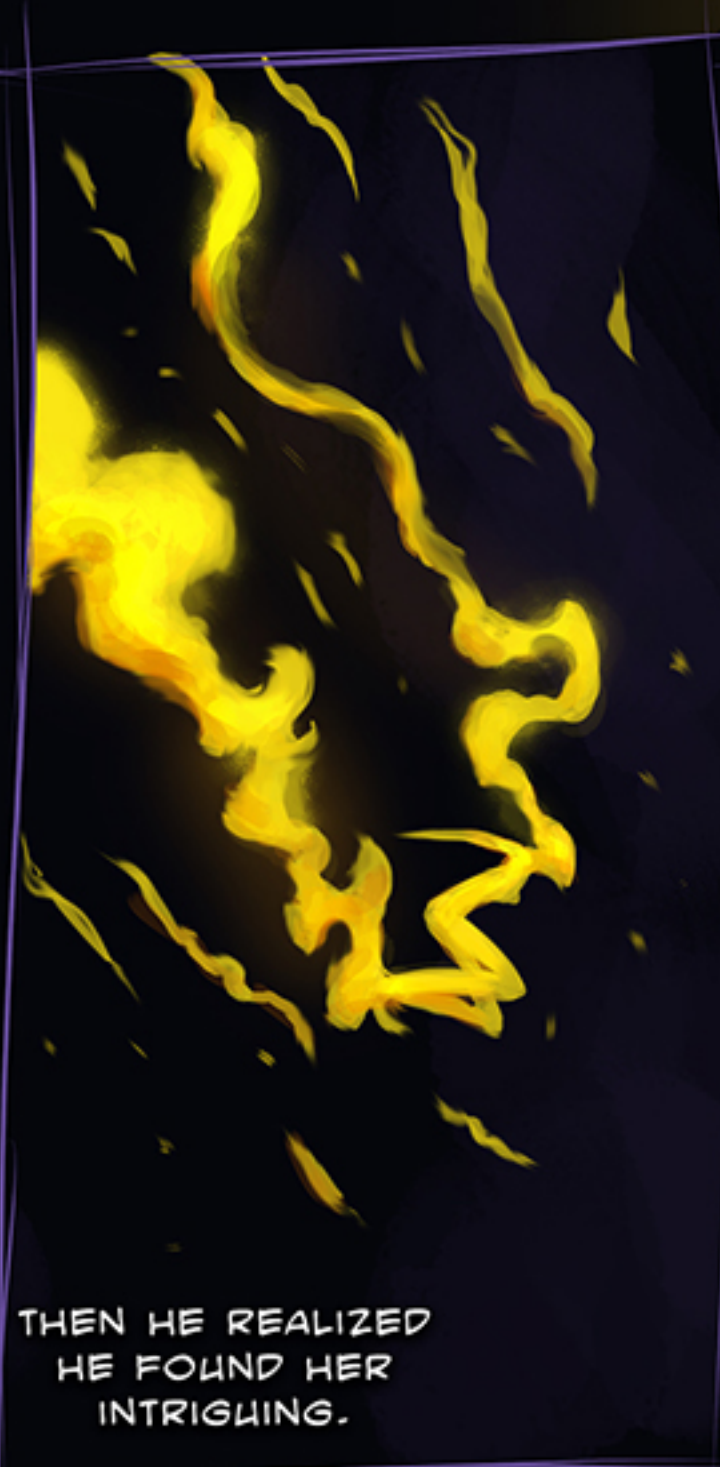


A yellow, smoke-like figure with a human-like form, appearing to be in a dark, swirling environment. The figure is positioned in the upper left panel.

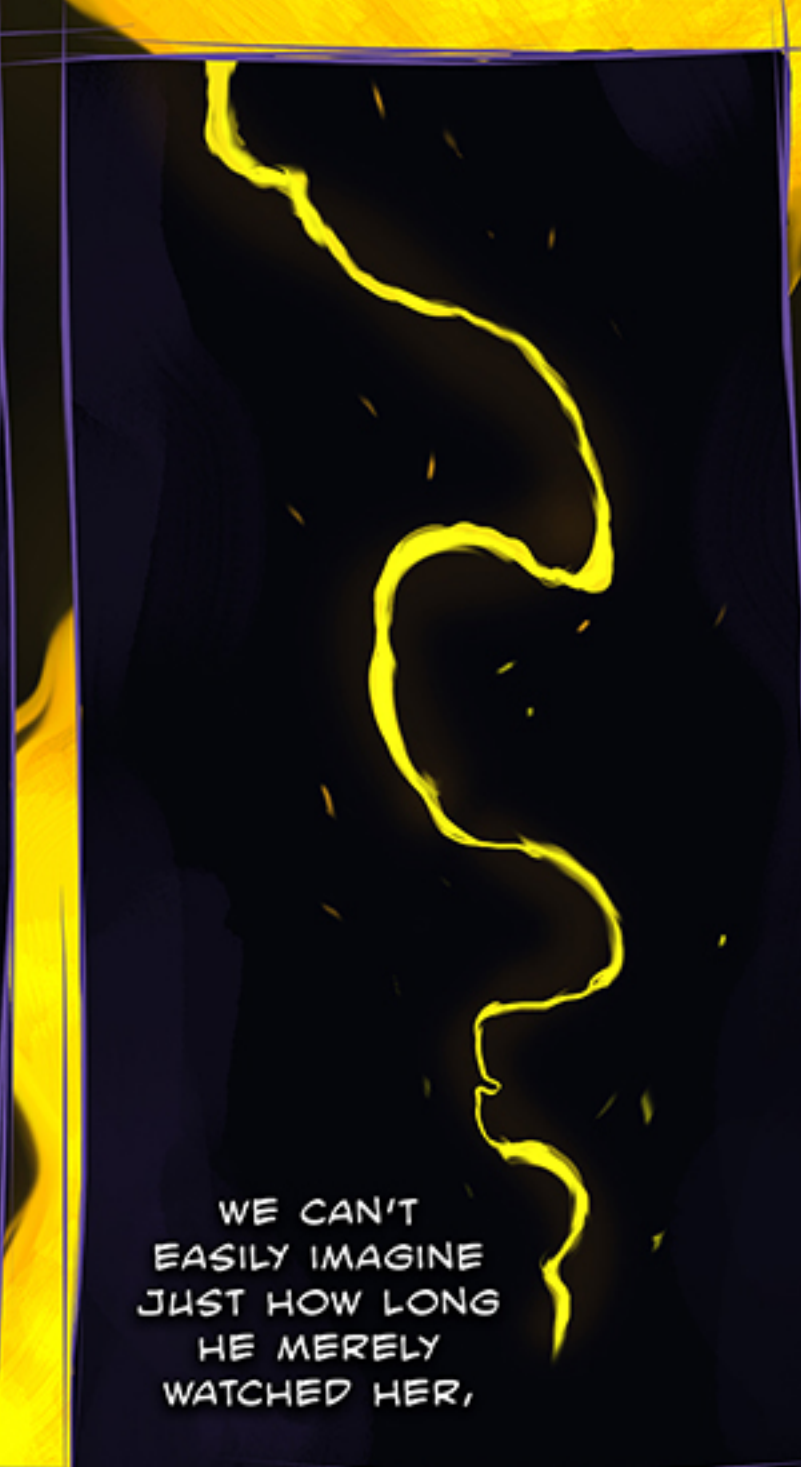
AT FIRST HE
FEARED HER,

THIS INTERLOPER
IN HIS DOMAIN.


HE HAD NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE HER BEFORE.

A yellow, smoke-like figure with a human-like form, appearing to be in a dark, swirling environment. The figure is positioned in the upper middle panel.


THEN HE REALIZED
HE FOUND HER
INTRIGUING.

A yellow, smoke-like figure with a human-like form, appearing to be in a dark, swirling environment. The figure is positioned in the upper right panel.


WE CAN'T
EASILY IMAGINE
JUST HOW LONG
HE MERELY
WATCHED HER,

A yellow, smoke-like figure with a human-like form, appearing to be in a dark, swirling environment. The figure is positioned in the middle left panel.


HOW LONG IT
TOOK FOR HIS
FASCINATION TO
EVOLVE INTO
SOMETHING
DEEPER.

A yellow, smoke-like figure with a human-like form, appearing to be in a dark, swirling environment. The figure is positioned in the middle middle panel.


BUT EVENTUALLY HE
COULD HIDE HIMSELF
NO LONGER.

A yellow, smoke-like figure with a human-like form, appearing to be in a dark, swirling environment. The figure is positioned in the lower left panel.

SHE KNEW
HIM DEEP IN
HER SOUL.

A yellow, smoke-like figure with a human-like form, appearing to be in a dark, swirling environment. The figure is positioned in the lower middle panel.

SHE HAD FELT
HIM ALL AROUND
HER FOR HE
WAS THE DARK
ITSELF.



THEIR PASSION
FLARED. THE
FIRST LOVE HAD
BEEN IGNITED.

BUT LIKE PASSION,
FIRE BURNS.

AND LIGHT
CONSUMES
DARK.

THEIR LOVE
HURT HIM.
IT SCALDED
HIS BEING.


SHE COULDN'T
ABIDE HIS PAIN.

SO SHE
FLED.

LOVE-CONSUMED
FOOL THAT HE WAS
HE COULDN'T LET
HER GO.

THERE WAS NO
ESCAPE FOR HER.

DARKNESS IS
EVERYWHERE.

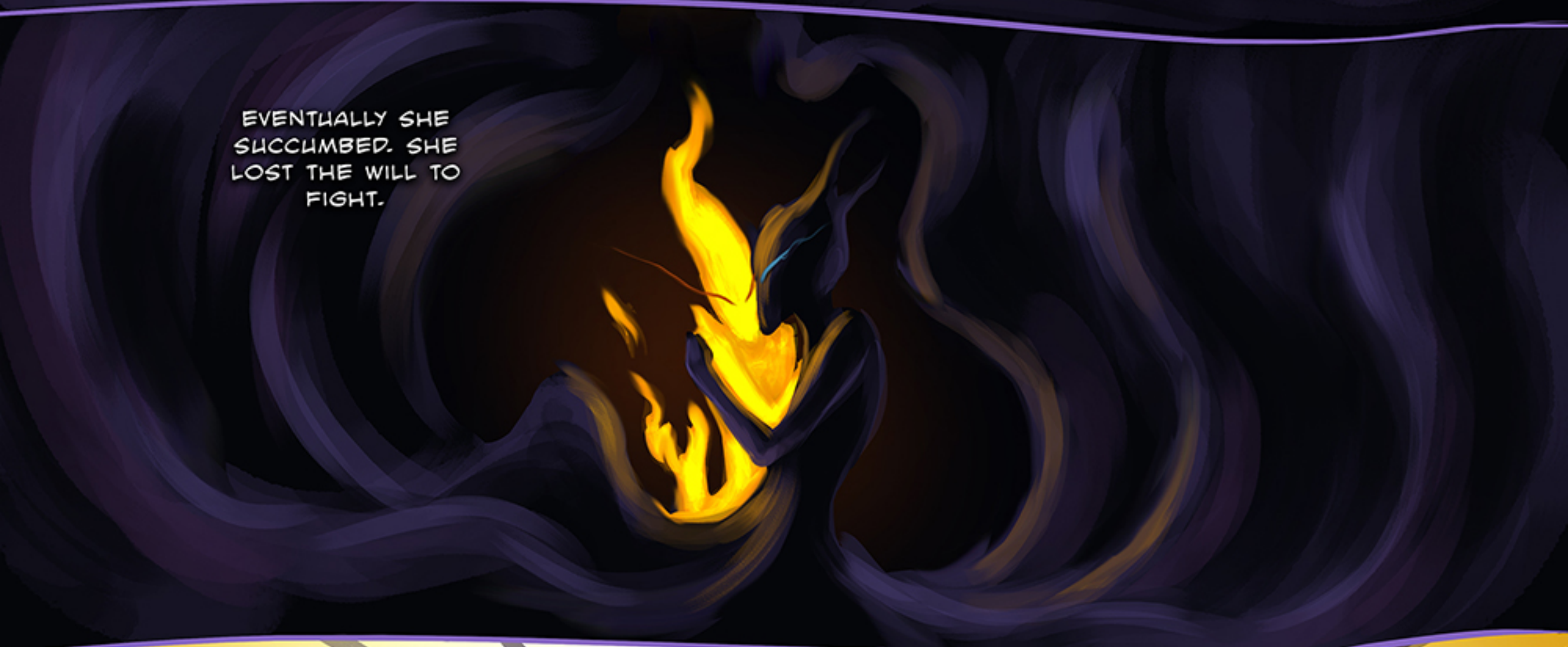
A figure composed of bright orange and yellow flames rises from a dark, swirling, purple and black abyss. The figure is humanoid in shape, with arms and legs, and appears to be reaching upwards. The background consists of deep, swirling patterns that create a sense of depth and mystery.

SHE PLEADED WITH
HIM. HIS PAIN BURNED
AT HER HEART.


BUT HE WOULD
HAVE NONE OF IT.

HIS LOVE FOR
HER HAD INVADED HIS
ENTIRE BEING AND
CONSUMED HIS
REASON.

HE WOULD HAVE
HER NO MATTER
WHAT.

A small, intense fire burns in the center of a dark, swirling, purple and black abyss. The fire is bright yellow and orange, contrasting sharply with the dark background. The swirling patterns around the fire suggest a powerful, chaotic force.

EVENTUALLY SHE
SUCCUMBED. SHE
LOST THE WILL TO
FIGHT.

A bright, explosive burst of light emanates from the center of the frame. The light is a brilliant white and yellow, with sharp, dark rays radiating outwards in all directions. The background is a solid, bright yellow, which makes the central burst of light stand out prominently.

THE ENERGY OF
THEIR LOVE-MAKING
RANG THROUGHOUT
THE HEAVENS.

SOON DARKNESS
WAS NO MORE.

HE HAD
BEEN COMPLETELY
CONSUMED.

LIGHT IS THE
BEGINNING OF
LIFE.

AND THE EXLOSION
OF LOVE CREATED
THE WORLD.

SHE HAD LOST HER
MATE BUT LIGHT WAS
NOT COMPLETELY
ALONE.

FROM HER WOMB
SPRANG THE NIGHT,
A REFLECTION OF
HIS FATHER.

BUT LIGHT KEPT HER
DISTANCE. SHE WATCHED
HER OFFSPRING FROM
AFAR.

AND THIS IS WHY
NIGHT AND DAY
ARE FOREVER
SEPARATE.

IT'S JUST A
STUPID STORY
THOUGH.

IN THE END
MY PEOPLE KNEW
NOTHING.

SO
THEY
DIED.

PASSION?
LOVE?

AS GOOD
A REASON AS
ANY TO START
CREATION I
SUPPOSE.

IT'S YOUR
TURN SA'GAAN.

WHAT TALE
HAVE YOU
FOR US?

HMM.

WELL I COULD
TELL YOU OF
THE STORIES I
WAS RAISED
ON.

I COULD
TELL OF THE
DREAMING AND
THE RAINBOW
SNAKE.

BUT, NO.
I HAVE ANOTHER
TALE IN MIND.

SOMETHING
MORE FITTING
TO THIS MOOD.

THE STORY
OF THE CAT, THE
CROW AND THE
JACKAL.

Before this world there
was the great wasteland;
an endless expanse of gray

You couldn't tell
where the sky ended
and the land began.

This was all that
was left of the
world that had
come before.

Upon this dead land
walked Mama Shade.

She was the great mother
of the gray wilderness and
all its denizens.

But She was lonely.

She missed the
company of her
love Father Sky.

In times of old they would walk the breathless
expanse together.

But he was dead, claimed by the underworld
an age ago.

The rules were different back then though.
Things were less solid, less fixed in place.

Mama Shade might yet have her lover
returned to her.

She chose from among her children, the Animal Gods three talented
servants: Cat, Crow and Jackal



These three she thought most capable of completing the task ahead.



Crow was mobile and well-travelled.



Jackal was cunning and imaginative.



Cat was inquisitive and resourceful.

These three She charged with the task of retrieving the heart of the sky from the underworld.



The trio set out. Each filled with pride at being chosen for such an important mission.

Far too much pride in fact.



It wasn't long before each realized that the rewards would be greatest if credit was not shared.



They split up. Each vowing that they would be the one to succeed.



Mama Shade, though, is wise. She picked these three for a reason.

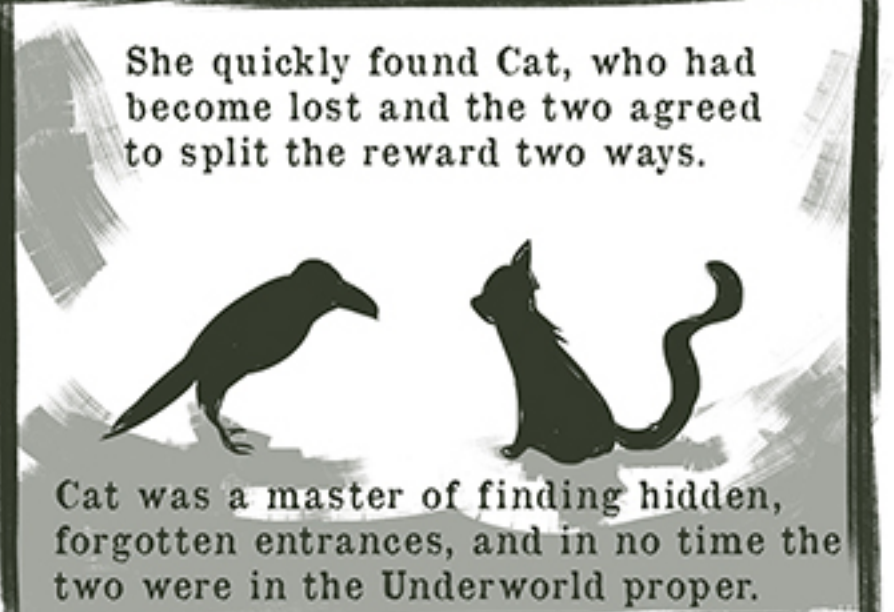
Crow, with her ability to cover great distances quickly found an entrance to the underworld.



But it was guarded by fearsome ogres. She could proceed no further.



Despite her stubbornness, she had to concede.



She quickly found Cat, who had become lost and the two agreed to split the reward two ways.

Cat was a master of finding hidden, forgotten entrances, and in no time the two were in the Underworld proper.



It was a treacherous place, but by sneaking the two came upon the imprisoned heart.



Try as they might, though, they couldn't manage to wrest the heart from its prison.

The two grudgingly realized that they would need Jackal's cunning. It couldn't be helped but the duo exited the underworld in search of their compatriot.



Fortunately they didn't have to look far for Jackal had been tracking them with his keen sense of smell.



They found him not far from the hidden entrance waiting, for he couldn't find a way in by himself.



The three quickly agreed to split the reward three ways as had been originally intended and made their way back into the bowels of the earth.



Upon relocating the imprisoned Heart of the Sky Jackal quickly surmised that they would never be able to free it on their own.

He wracked his brains and quickly came up with a plan.

The alarm sounded. Crow and Cat had been spotted flying out in the open.

When the Underworld King came out in a fury Jackal appeared before him.

"Cat and Crow are my partners," said he. "They've hatched a clever plan to steal the sky from you,"

"I tried to stop them but alas, they outnumber me so I thought I'd come to you instead,"



"WHY SHOULD I TRUST YOU?!" bellowed the vexed King in a thoroughly intimidating manner.



"I'll tell you a secret," whispered Jackal. "The miscreants have already succeeded in stealing the Heart. They've replaced it with a clever fake to beguile you,"



"HOW DO I PROVE IT'S A FAKE THAT SITS IN MY ANTE-CHAMBER?!"



"It's quite simple my lord. For one, Cat and Crow are making their escape. Would they do so empty-handed?"

"Also, there's a very easy way to test the Heart itself,"

The King leaned in curiously.
"HOW?" Queried he.

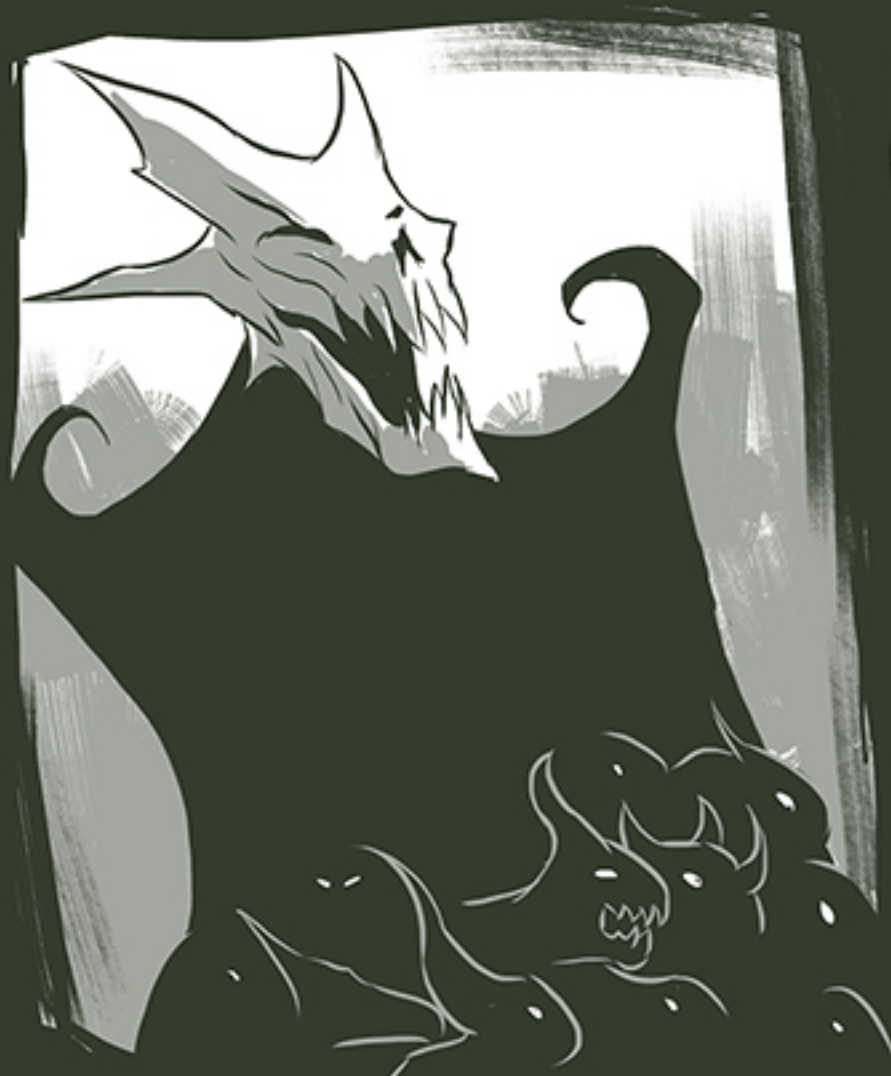
"Tis easy," Jackal began.

"The illusion has very little substance and will float when thrown into water. Then you'll know whether I speak true,"

The King was delighted to have such an easy way to settle the matter that he wasted no time in the releasing the Heart and throwing it into the watery chasm below.



The pool below into which the Heart flew was filled almost to overflowing with other hearts. Each identical at a glance. Jackal, not wasting a second immediately dove after the falling treasure.



Realizing he had been tricked the King swiftly called on his subjects to hunt for the absconded heart. Hundreds upon hundreds of them took up the task.

But sly old Jackal had foreseen this. The first step in his plan had been to spray his piss on the true Heart.



This allowed him to locate the treasure easily with his keen sense of smell.

When he reached the shore Cat and Crow were already waiting, for they had agreed on that meeting place.



With Cat guiding the way Crow flew his friends out of that Underworld while the poor King and his servants searched in vain.



The trio were jubilant at their great success and set about partying.

But old habits die hard. And with the trials so far behind them thoughts of pride and reward resurfaced.



As quick as a flash Crow snatched up the Heart and took to the skies. The reward would be hers alone.

Jackal had anticipated the treachery though.

Using himself as a catapult he launched Cat towards the fleeing bird.



The shock of the impact caused Crow to drop the Heart from her clutches.

Down it fell to shatter into countless pieces on the earth below.



Out from the ruin poured all the energy of the Sky.



And it was quickly consumed by the ravenous earth.

Mama Shade was furious but she could do nothing. The earth had already claimed the contents of the heart. Life would spring anew from the land.

As for the treacherous trio they were forced to hide from Mama's wrath for the rest of their days.

And even now these creatures hold a grudge. Each blaming the other for their misfortune rather than their own greed.



HEH HEH, I DO LIKE A STORY WITH A MORAL.

THAT KING WAS REALLY GULLIBLE THOUGH.

IT'S JUST A FABLE.



PSST.

YOU GUYS WANNA KNOW HOW THE WORLD WAS **REALLY** MADE?



ADRIEN!

YES, IT IS I!



NONE OF US ARE IN THE MOOD FOR YOUR TROUBLEMAKING **SKY-DANCER**.

FU FU FU



HEY, HEY DON'T BE SUCH A GRUMPLEPUSS, GRAMPS.

GIVING ME A BAD NAME IN FRONT O' THESE KIDDIES.

TELL US THE STORY ADRIEN. PLEEEASE.



WE CANNOT DENY A STORYTELLER HER CHANCE IN THE CIRCLE SA'GAAN.

COME DEAR. TELL US YOUR TALE.



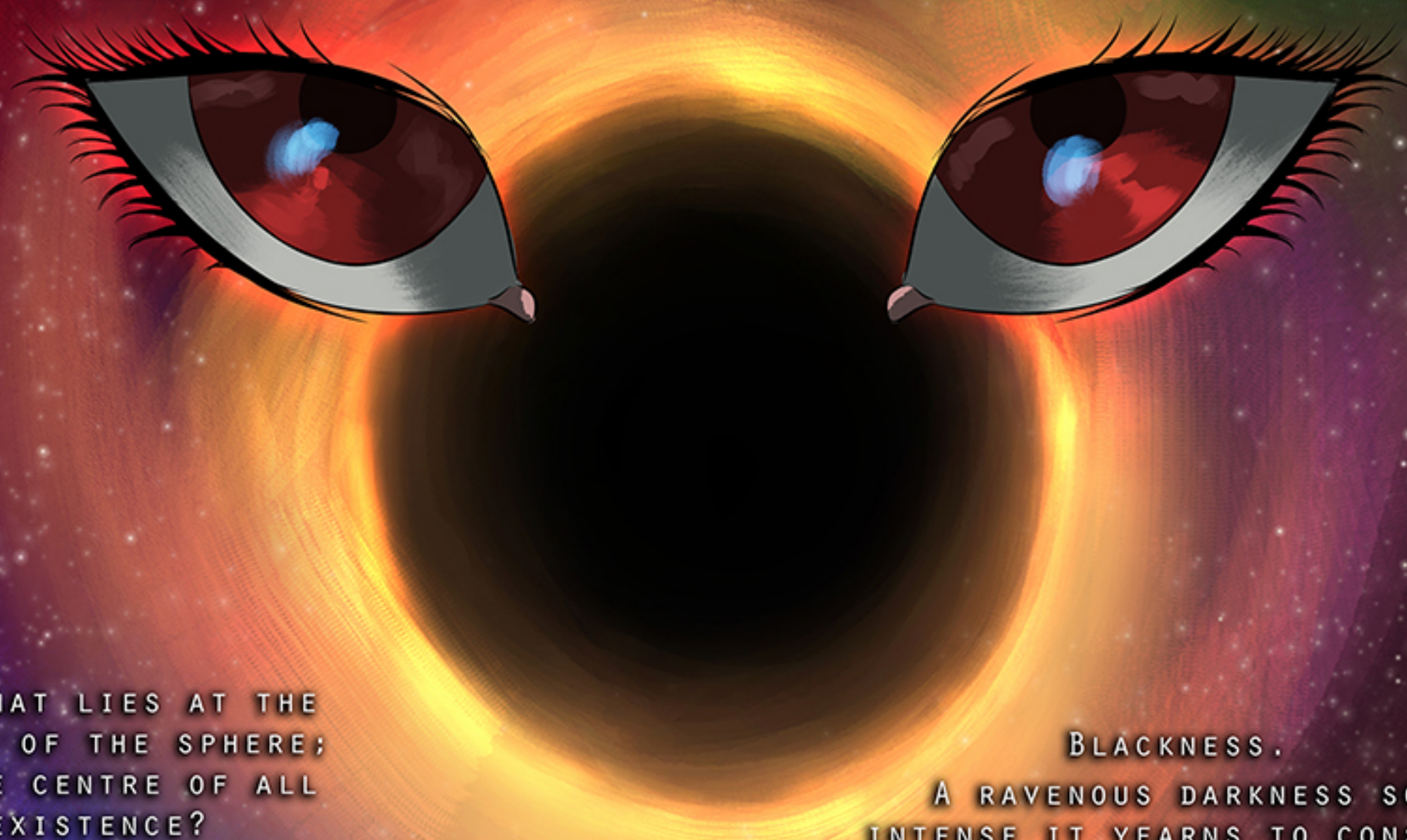
MHMM, MHMM. WELL IT GOES LIKE THIS:

THEY SAY LIFE, REALITY,
EVERYTHING BEGAN WITH
A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION OF
ENERGY.

EVERYTHING THAT EVER WAS,
IS, AND WILL BE WAS CREATED
IN AN INSTANT.

COUNTLESS WORLDS AND
LIVES EXISTING AND
PROPOGATING.

THINK OF IT LIKE A SPHERE
PULSING FOREVER OUTWARDS.



BUT WHAT LIES AT THE
CENTRE OF THE SPHERE;
AT THE CENTRE OF ALL
EXISTENCE?

WHAT IS AT THE CORE
OF THE UNIVERSE?
I'LL TELL YOU:

BLACKNESS.

A RAVENOUS DARKNESS SO
INTENSE IT YEARNs TO CONSUME
EVERYTHING.

AND ONE DAY IT WILL. ALL THAT IS,
WILL BE SUCKED IN AND CONSUMED
BY THE HUNGRY, HUNGRY DARK FROM
WHENCE IT CAME.





HA HA
JUST KIDDING
GUYS!

JUST KIDDING!

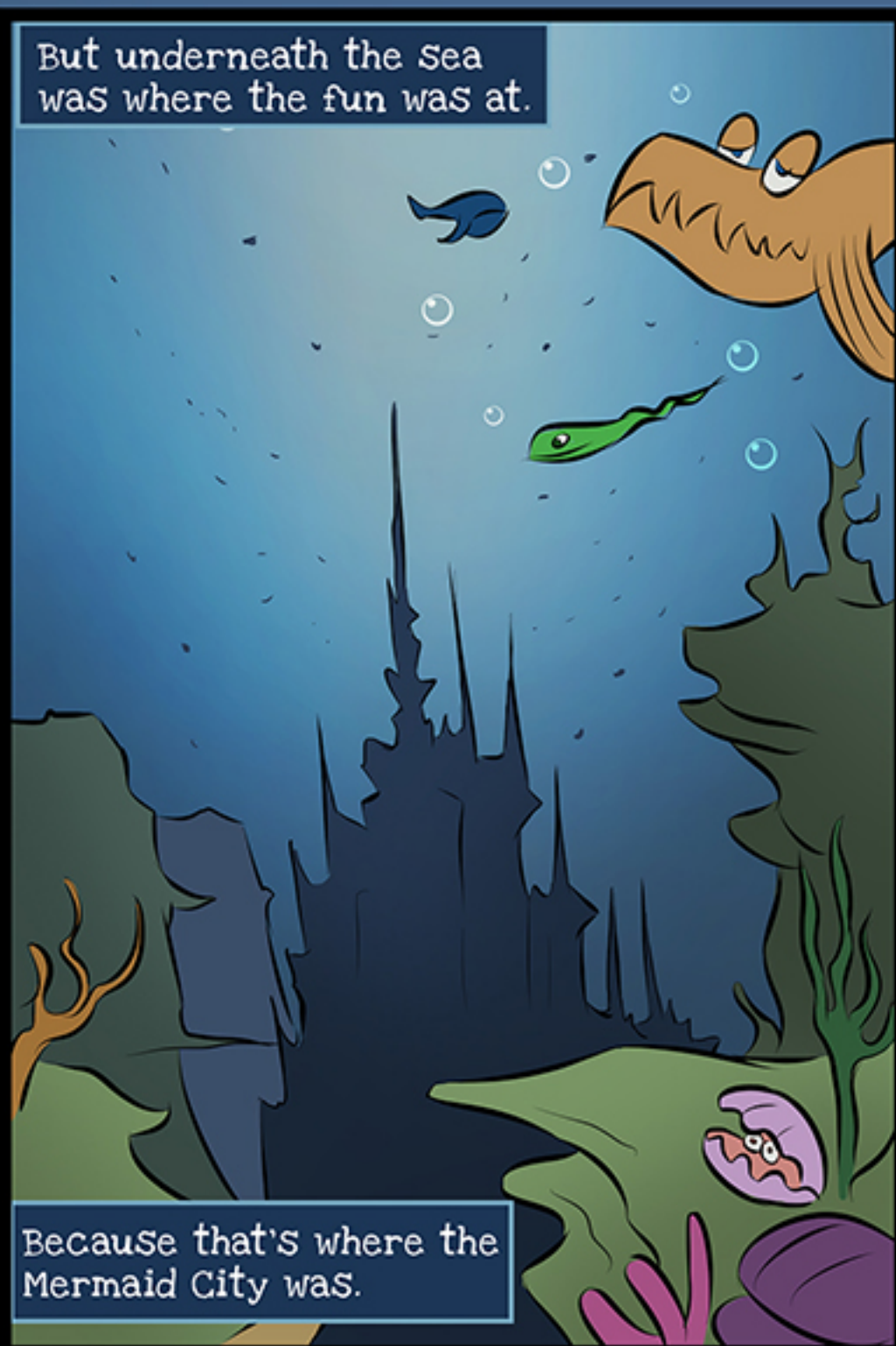
HERE'S HOW
THE WORLD
REALLY
HAPPENED:



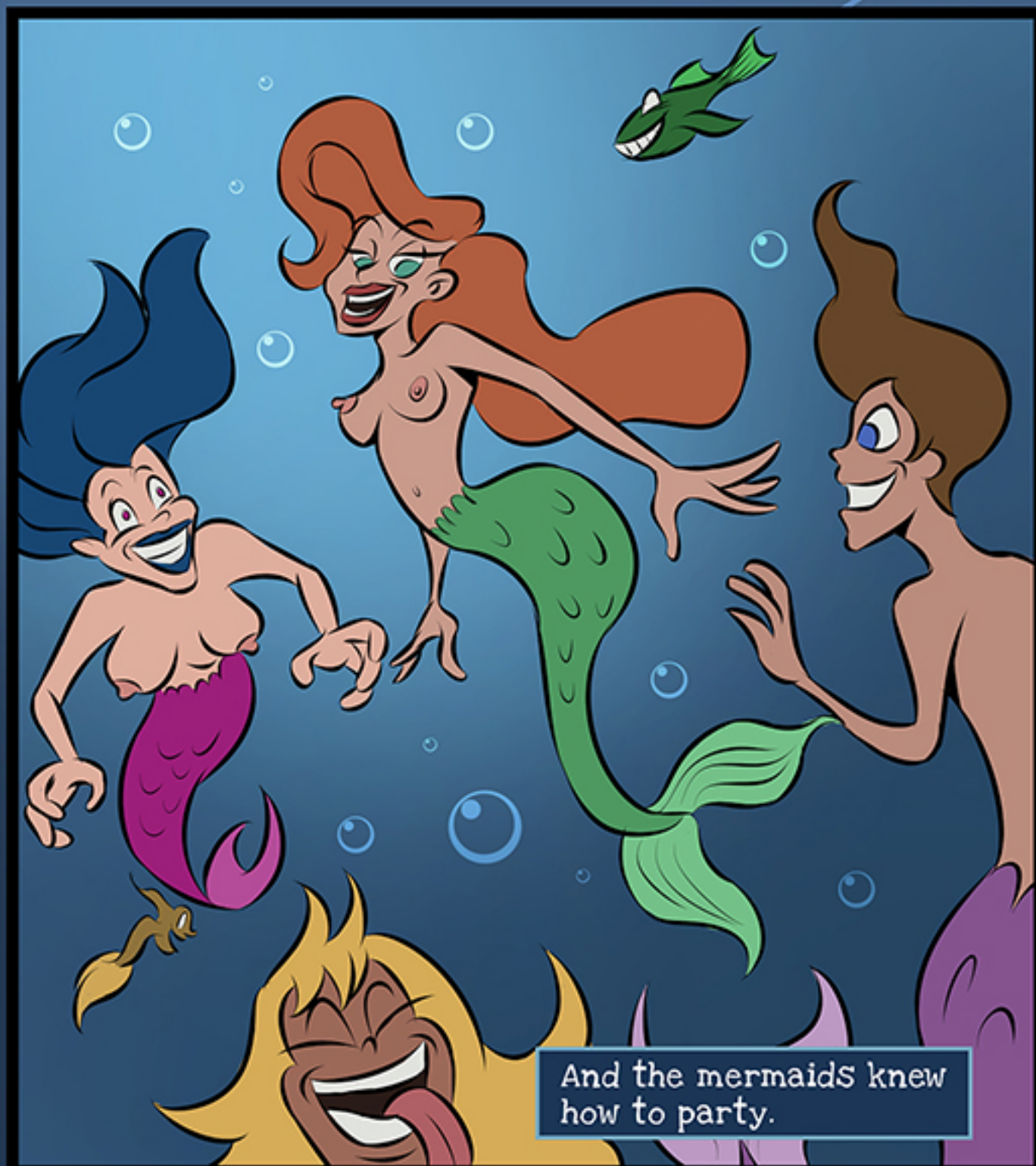
In the beginning there
was just the sea. Nothing
but blue.

The idea of anything else
hadn't even been thought
up yet.

But underneath the sea
was where the fun was at.



Because that's where the
Mermaid City was.



And the mermaids knew
how to party.

All day, every day they would frolick and play in the reeds and the rocks.

One among them stood out though.

Her name was MeSmilda the Gold-fish mermaid.

Maybe it was because she was flat-chested and strange, or maybe it was just her own stand-offishness brought on by social anxiety.

For whatever reason. She simply didn't fit in with her fellows.

She wasn't very popular.

And that was something she wanted; not just to fit in but to stand out, to be accepted as outstanding.

She would daydream about it for hours on end.

All she needed was opportunity.

An opportunity that would arrive on the day of the P.D.E.U Festival.

On this day every so often Lord Gargot would come to the Mermaid city to feast on their greatest confections.

No one knew where he came from, or how he became so big, for Gargot was the most massive thing there was, with an appetite to match.

If he was pleased and well fed by the meal he would depart in peace.

If not, well, P.D.E.U stands for 'Please Don't Eat Us'.

AS you can imagine this was a very stressful time for the mermaids.

Everyone began panicking and bustling in preparation for the visit.



Especially the cooks, for they had the job of making the food that Lord Gargot would consume.



Little MeSmilda finally saw her chance.



She was a passionate cook (even though she'd never had the courage to let anyone taste her dishes) and was sure her cooking could please ol' Gargot forever.

She busted her butt, using all her skills and taste to concoct the meal that would make her a hero.



Of course she knew she'd have to be clever. The other merfolk wouldn't simply allow this newbie the important job of feeding the frightful Gargot.



So, at the last moment after Gargot had feasted for hours and there were just a few dish presenters left she made her bold play.



Being Shrimpy and flat made her aerodynamic so she was super fast.



And before anyone could think to stop her, she had succeeded.



Gargot had eaten her meal.



Everyone gasped in surprise and fear. 'What had this reckless 'nobody' done?' They no doubt asked.



If Gargot was displeased there would be heck to pay. Had Mesmilda's brash actions doomed them all?



Her confidence was unwavering though. This was Mesmilda's time.

Gargot's expression for some time was unreadable.

Until he slowly opened his great mouth...



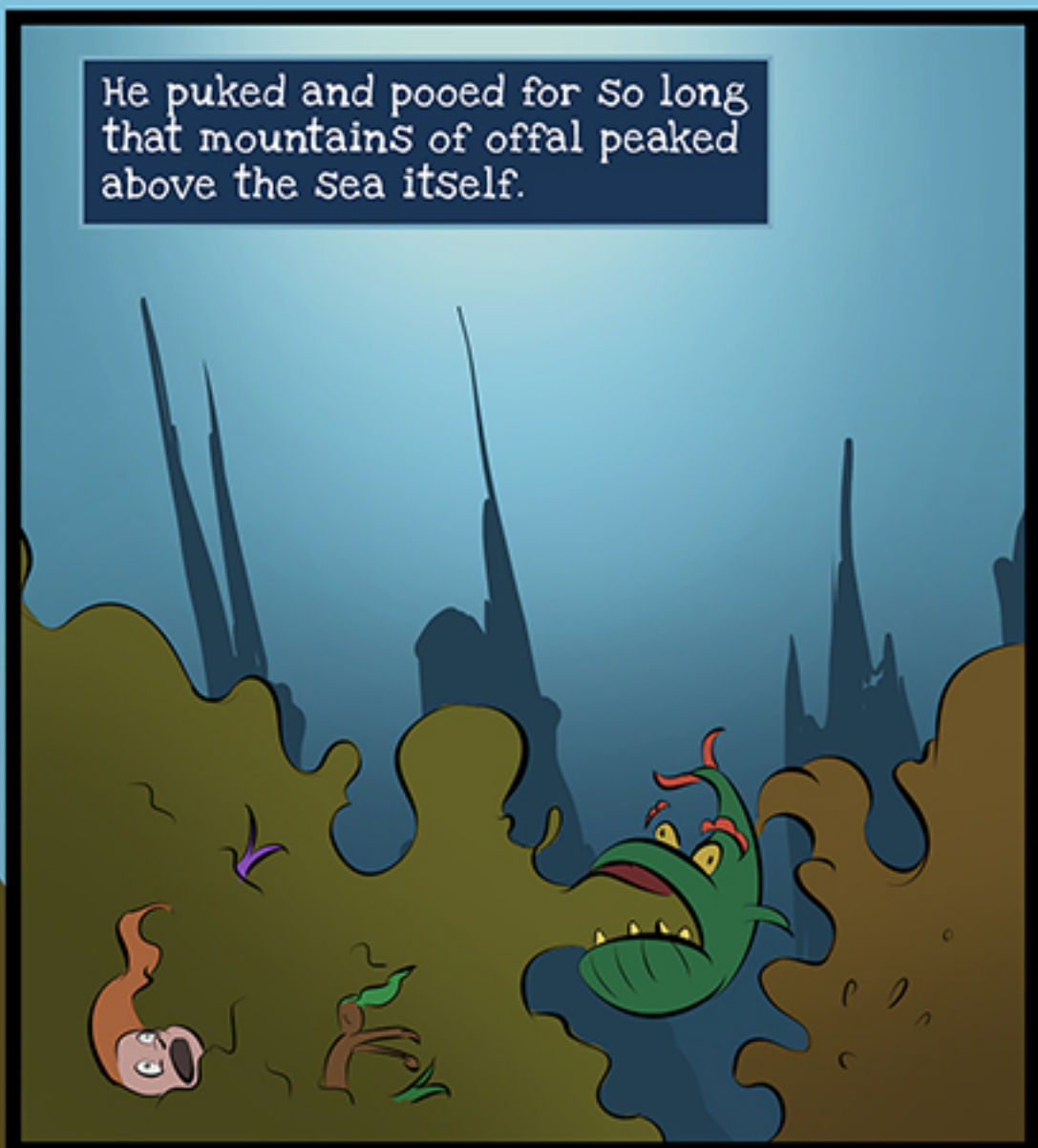
...And puked.



He puked and shot a torrent.

A torrent that swept through the mermaid city and everyone in it.

He puked and pooped for so long
that mountains of offal peaked
above the sea itself.



Eventually that ol' Gargot
expired from all the puke
and poo.



And all the mermaids were
stuck on mountains of
fecal matter.



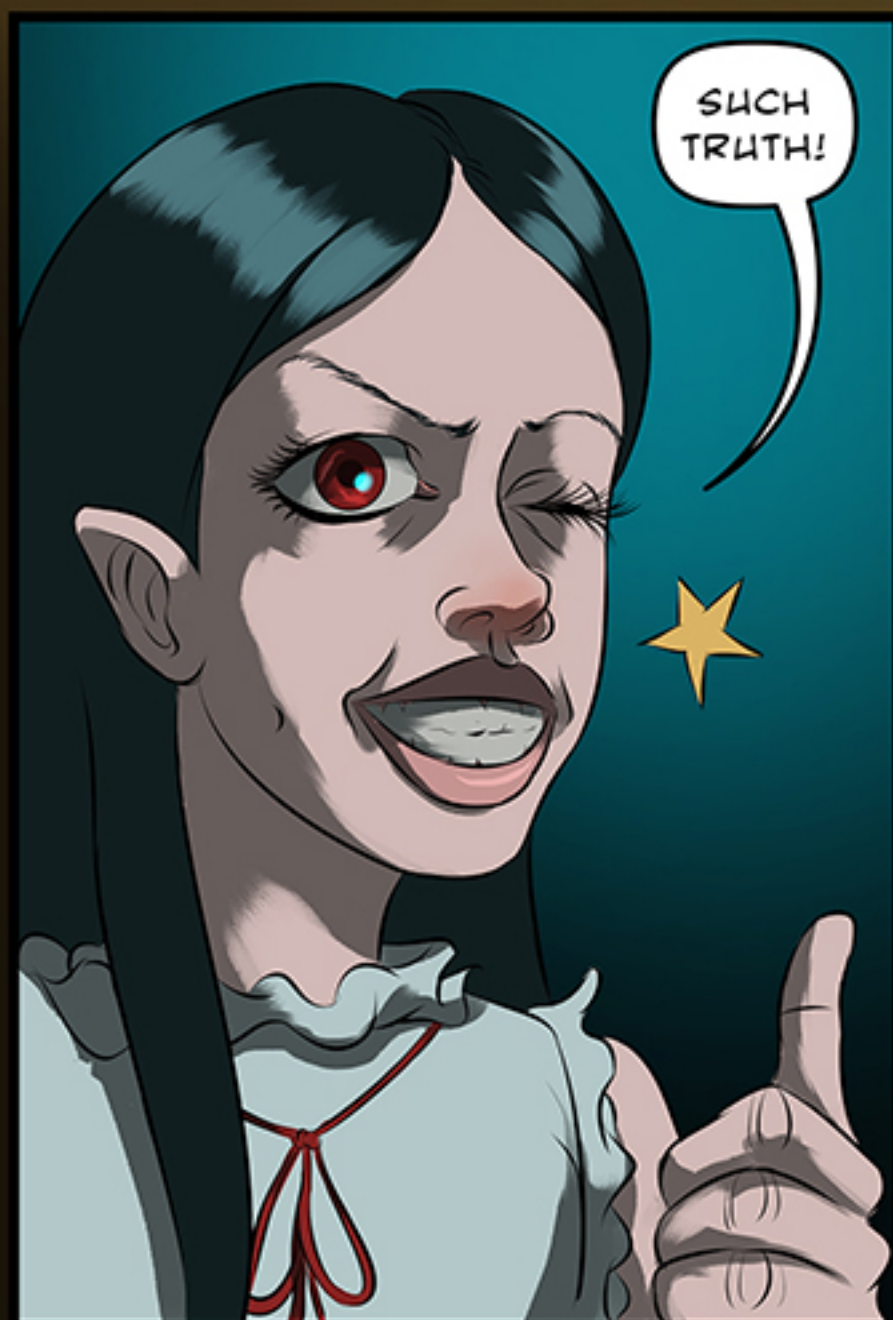
They couldn't decide whether
Mesmilda was a hero for rid-
ding them of Gargot or a
villain for causing them to
have to live on top of shit
for the rest of their lives



And that's how
animals came to
be on land.

A true story.

SUCH
TRUTH!



HAHAHA
SO STOOPID.

SOOO,
WHICH STORY
IS TRUE?

THAT'S
THE REAL
QUESTION
ISN'T IT?





EVERYTHING IS TRUE IN SOME SENSE, JUST AS EVERYTHING IS ILLUSION.

THE CHOICE OF WHICH ILLUSION TO ACCEPT AS TRUTH IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE.



THAT'S A PRETTY WAY OF SAYING YOU HAVE NO IDEA, RIGHT?



THE LUXURY OF OLD AGE MEANS THAT I NO LONGER HAVE TO LET MY IGNORANCE BOTHER ME.

THE WORLD IS VAST BEYOND COMPREHENSION. I'LL JUST TAKE WHAT COMES MY WAY.



WELL, THAT'S--
W-WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.
YOU'RE MERELY BEING CALLED BACK.

YOU'RE WAKING UP DEAR.



SHE REMINDS ME OF A YOUNG MAN I MET EARLIER TODAY.

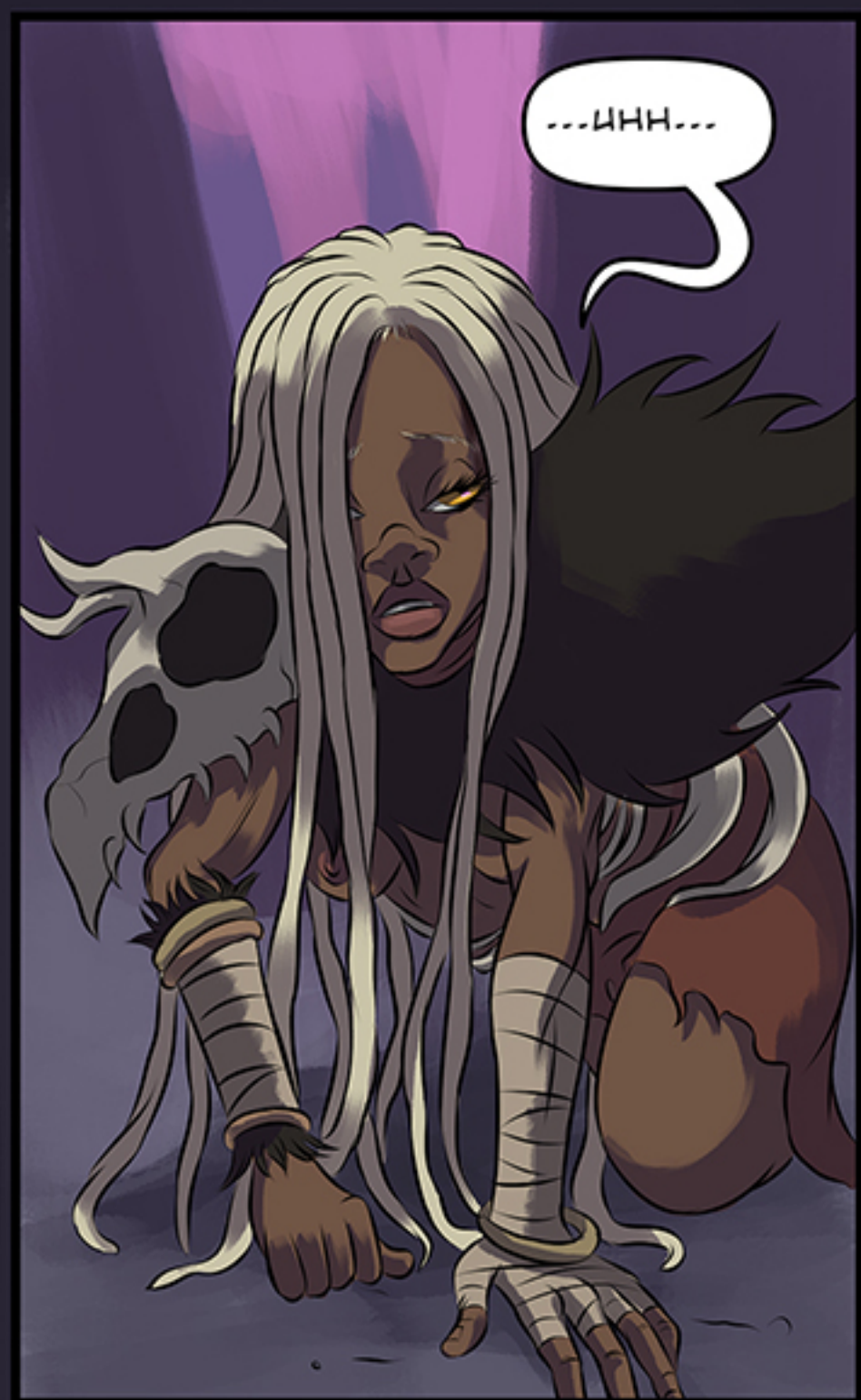
HE ALSO HAD THAT LOOK OF WONDER IN HIS EYE.

HIS WORDS WERE CONFUSING THOUGH.



HM HM HM





The End





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Coming Soon...



Riveris

