

why am i



M. Meyers

falling?

AN EXPERIMENTAL FEAR COMIC

Crafted from images in the Public Domain

# why am i falling?

AN EXPERIMENTAL FEAR COMIC

M. Meyers

The images used in this publication were gathered from the public domain.  
As such, each individual image used in this collection is hereby not under copyright of the author.  
The full composition of images by page and spread is subject to copyright by the author.  
The narrative and text are subject to copyright by the author.

EVP PUBLISHING  
Sole Proprietorship of Mikayla Meyers

United States  
Frederick, Maryland

Copyright © 2020 by Mikayla Ellen Meyers  
ISBN 978-1-7347152-3-1

# Preface



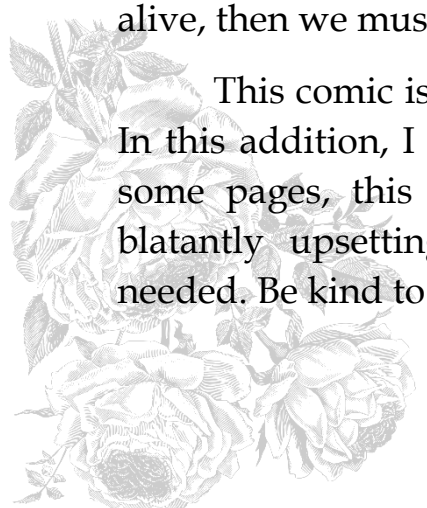
I have dabbled with an idea like this one for quite some time. I have always had a deep desire to be a comic artist, and while I consider myself able to draw, I do not consider myself quite at the “comic artist” level. That has always been the gatekeeper to becoming a comic artist—ability and resource. Thinking about this predicament, I wondered, could there be a way to create a comic without ever drawing at all? Then, spurred the idea. I would create a collage comic made of ripped up pages from magazines and newspapers! Perfect!

Incorrect.

Not perfect. You see, that idea neglects the concept of copyright. All the images used in those publications are bound to be protected in some way by copyright law. So, I thought harder. What, then, could I do? Suddenly, on a random day it seems, I remembered the public domain. In the public domain is a vast collection of unprotected, free to use, photos, text, stories, etc. Now, *that* was perfect. I set to work on this project using only photos labeled for reuse or as free to use under the public domain.

Each page in this comic was fully edited and crafted using these public domain photos. That is the beautiful thing about the public domain, isn't it? Through free and accessible art, we can create new art and continue our journey of self-discovery. If, as some say, art is alive, then we must let it evolve.

This comic is, as the cover entails, an *experimental fear comic*. In this addition, I explore my personal list of fears and terrors. On some pages, this journey dips from perplexing, to shocking, to blatantly upsetting. Continue with caution. Take breaks when needed. Be kind to yourself.



Thank you for going on this journey with me.



# TRIGGER WARNING

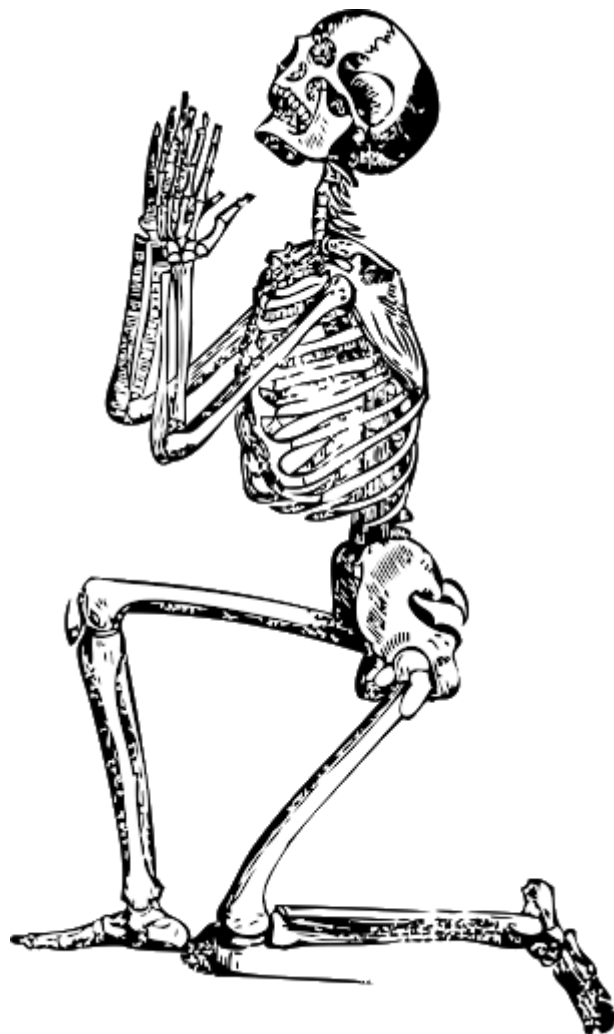
Implied Sexual Violence

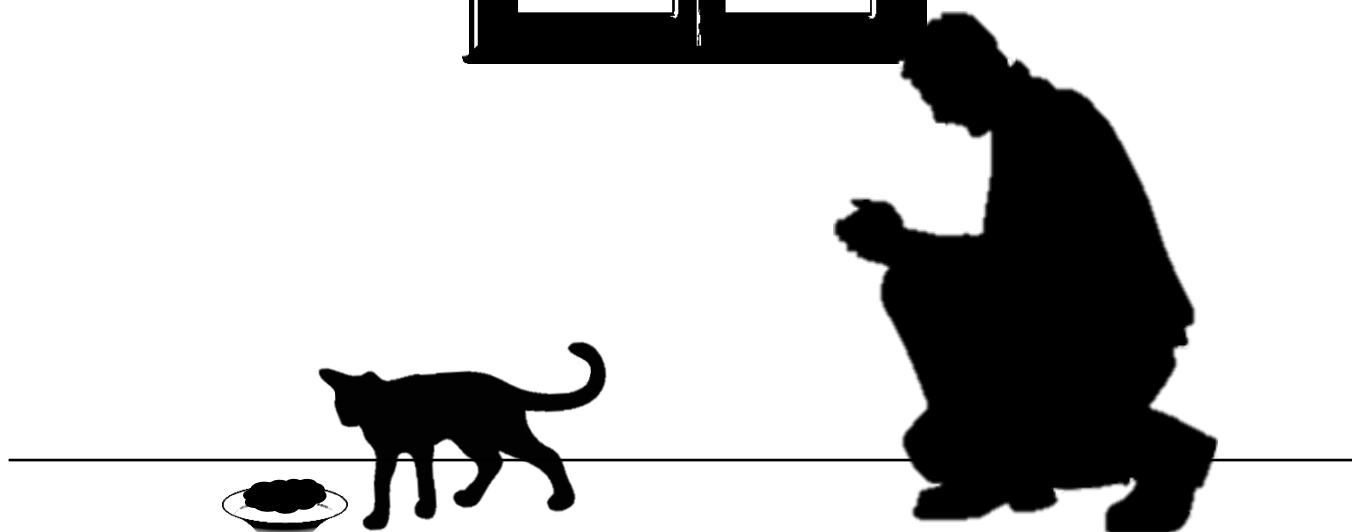
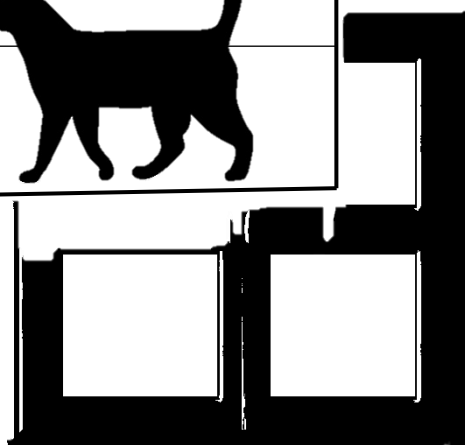
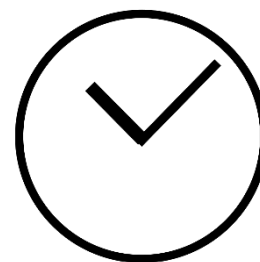
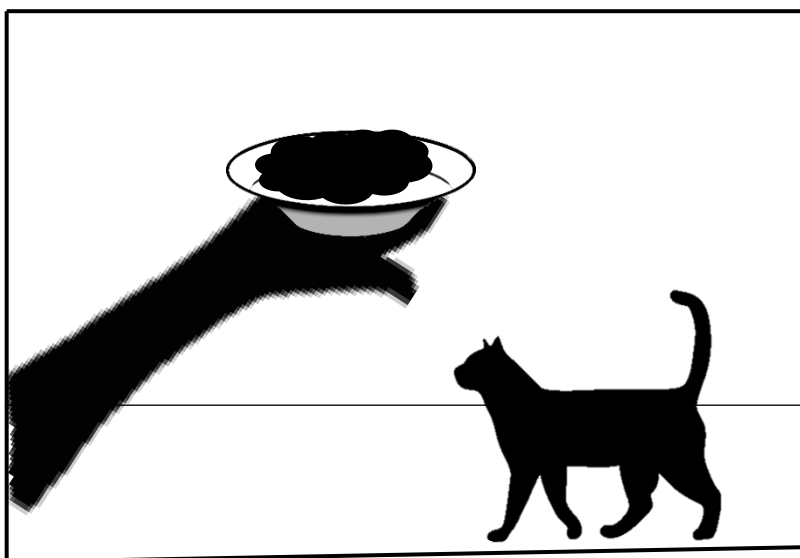
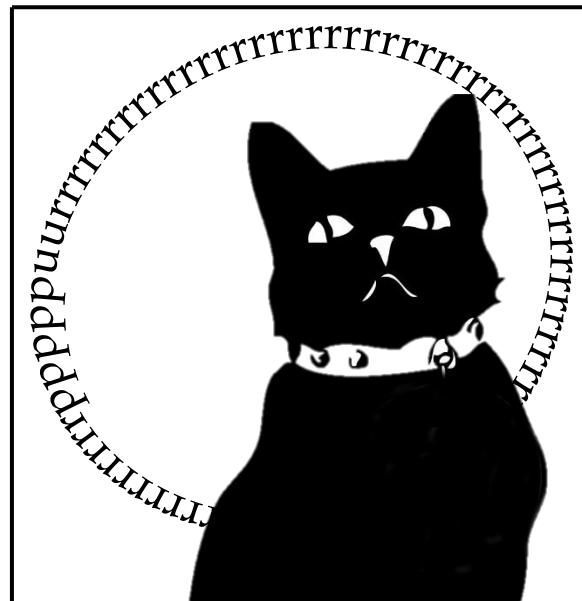
General Violence

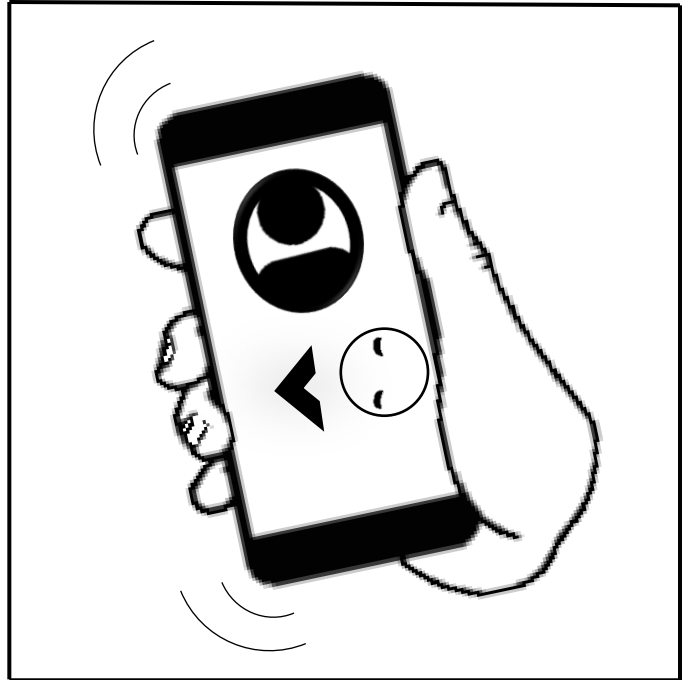
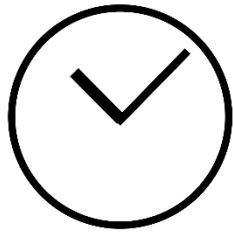
Gore



1.







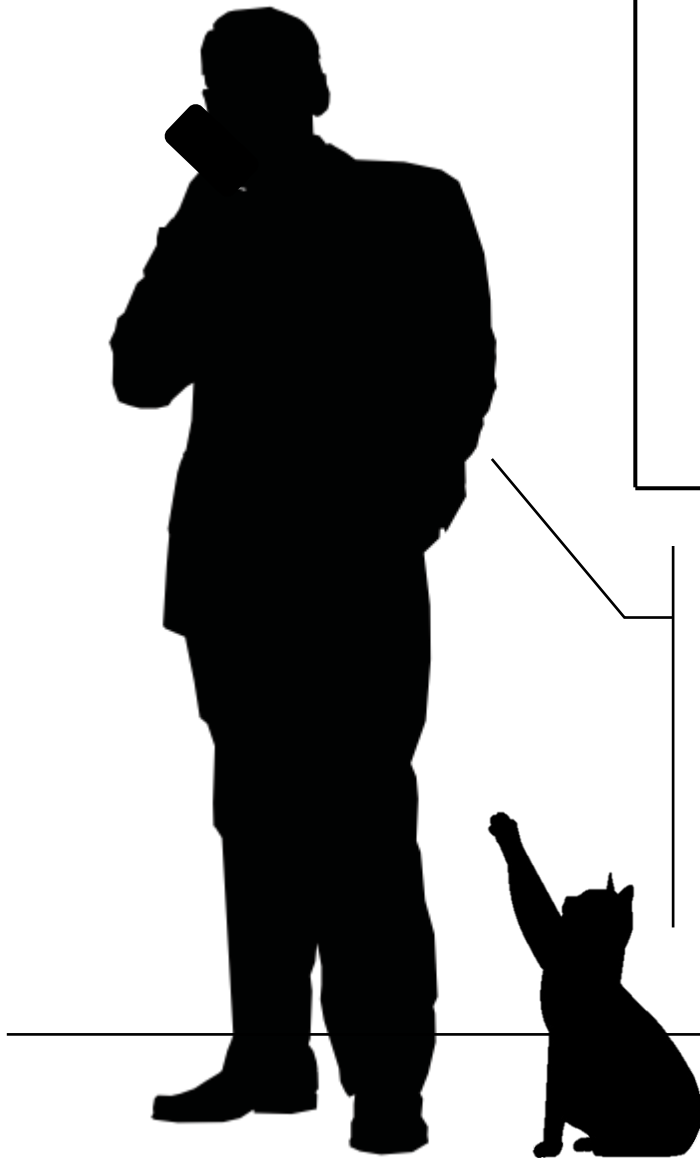
HEY, TRISTAN...

THERE'S...

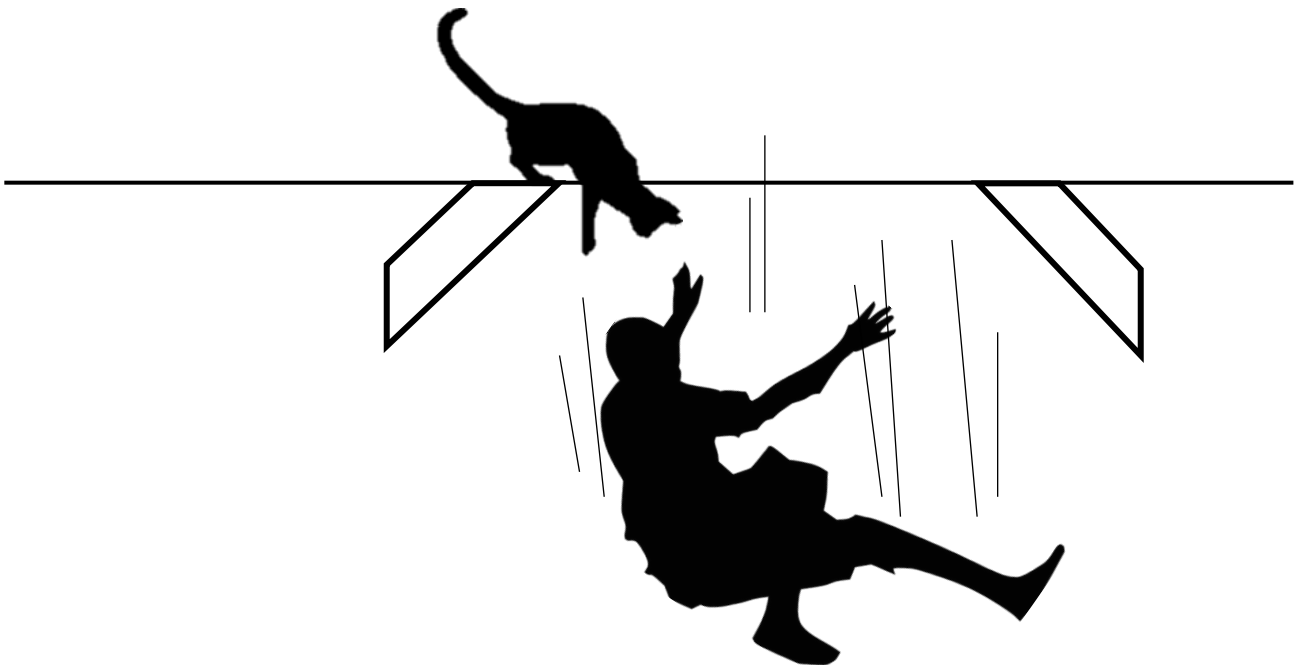
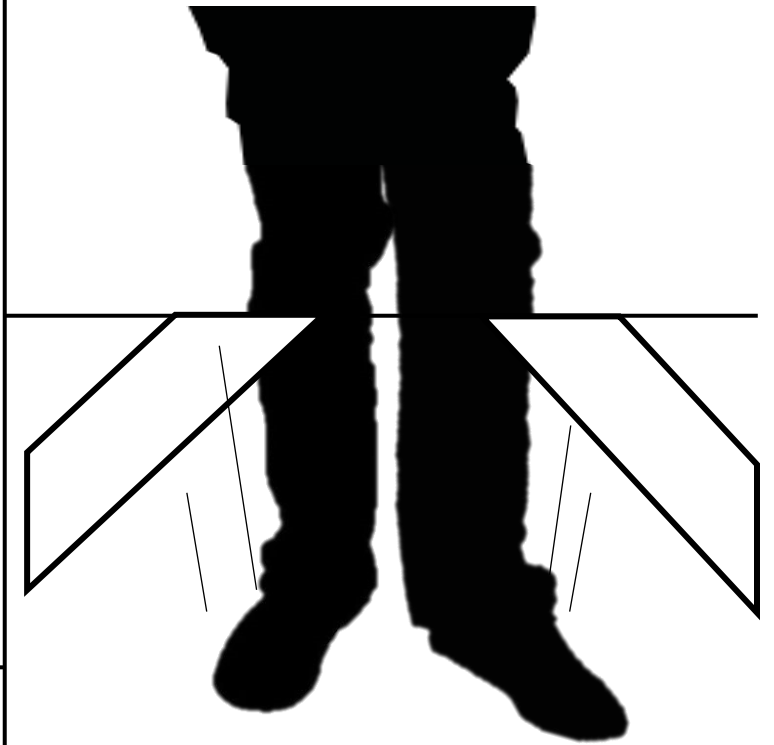
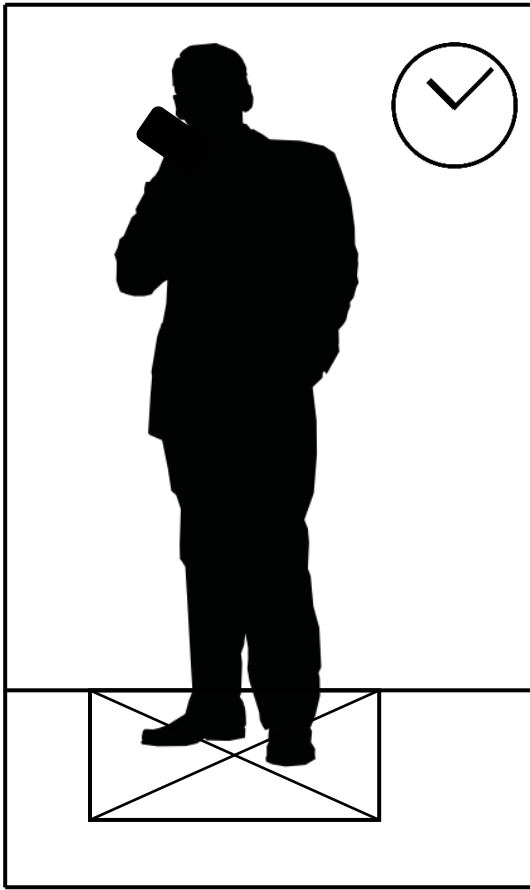
THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT...

THEY TRIED TO TAKE HIM...

HE DIDN'T MAKE IT...













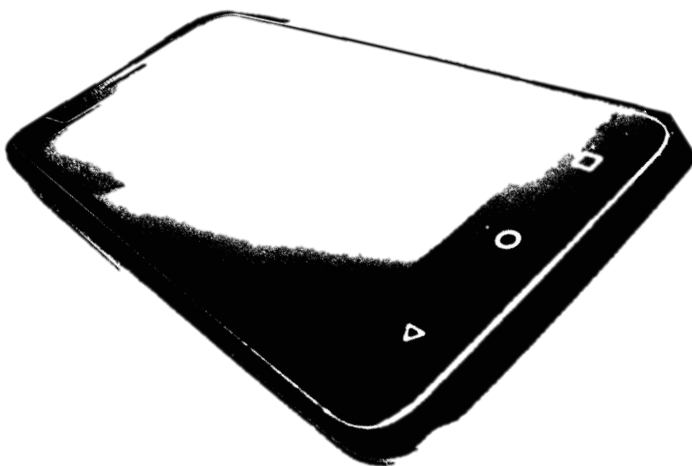


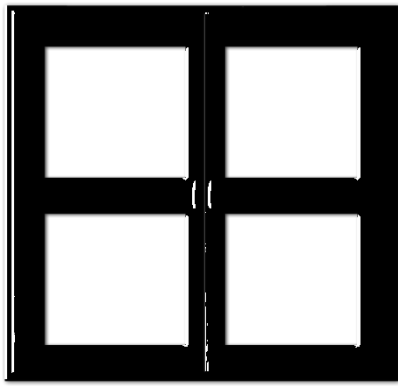




HEY, LISTEN, WE'RE ALL HERE FOR YOU.  
IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, WE'RE HERE.

ՄԵ՛ԼԼ Եթ իմՕՍԵԿ իմԵՍ.





how could i ever?



End.

you think me weird  
i pat my hand across you  
make a show of it  
smack my palm down  
study the curves of your chest  
the softness of your tummy  
a taught leg  
my hands reach to your face  
invade freely  
i touch with a lingering thought  
of the day your body will be too far  
and i will be left nailed to the floor  
on aching knees  
crying and crying until it feels like  
i have

away  
drained

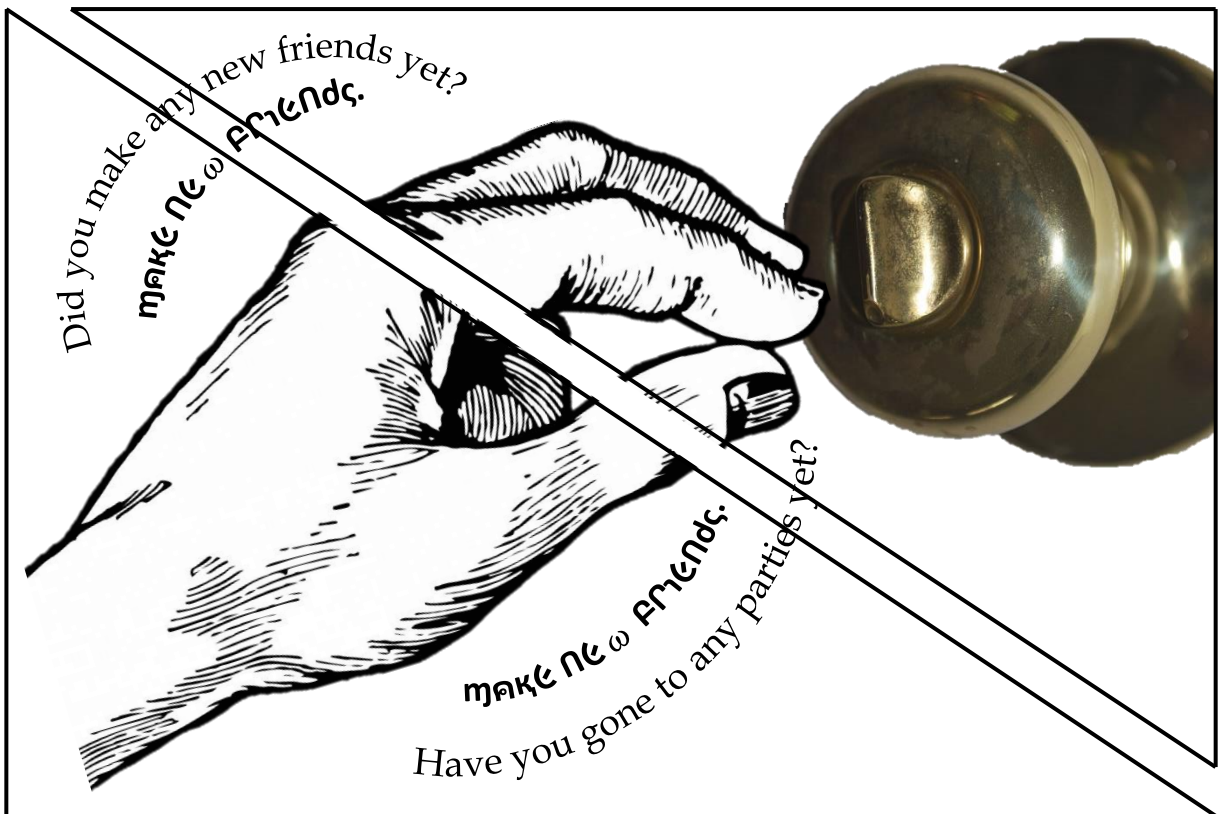
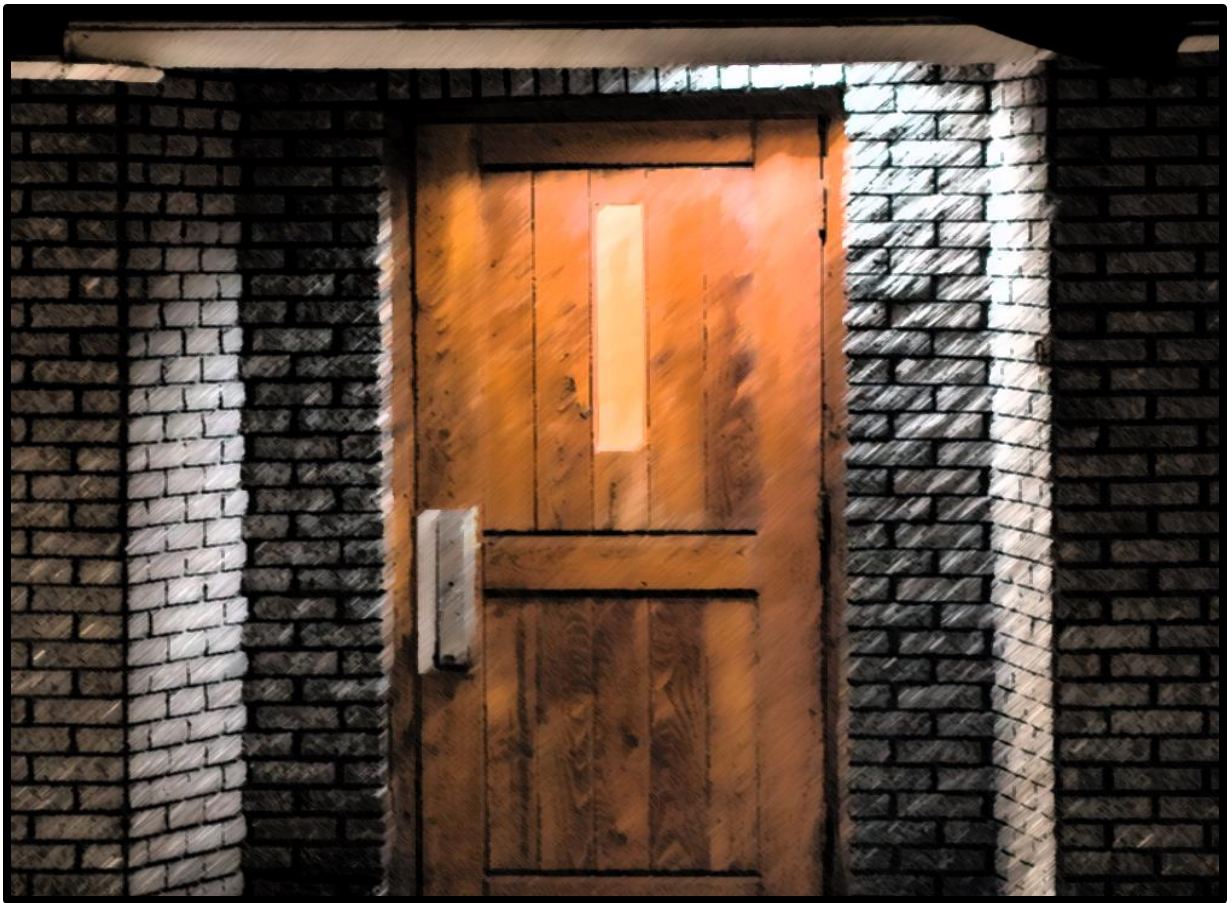




2.







# I SHOULD BE MAKING FRIENDS...

Hey, my name is Adalie.

Hi.


Don't you trust me? You know I wouldn't lie to you. I watched a man die once. He stared right at me as he choked on his own blood. I watched the light fade from his eyes. It's the truth.

You know, I have you figured out. You have issues with your dad, right? I can tell. Is that why you think you're gay?

Stop trying to dissect me. Why do you tell me these things?

Why does he always seem to be *everywhere*?





Do you  
want to  
see?

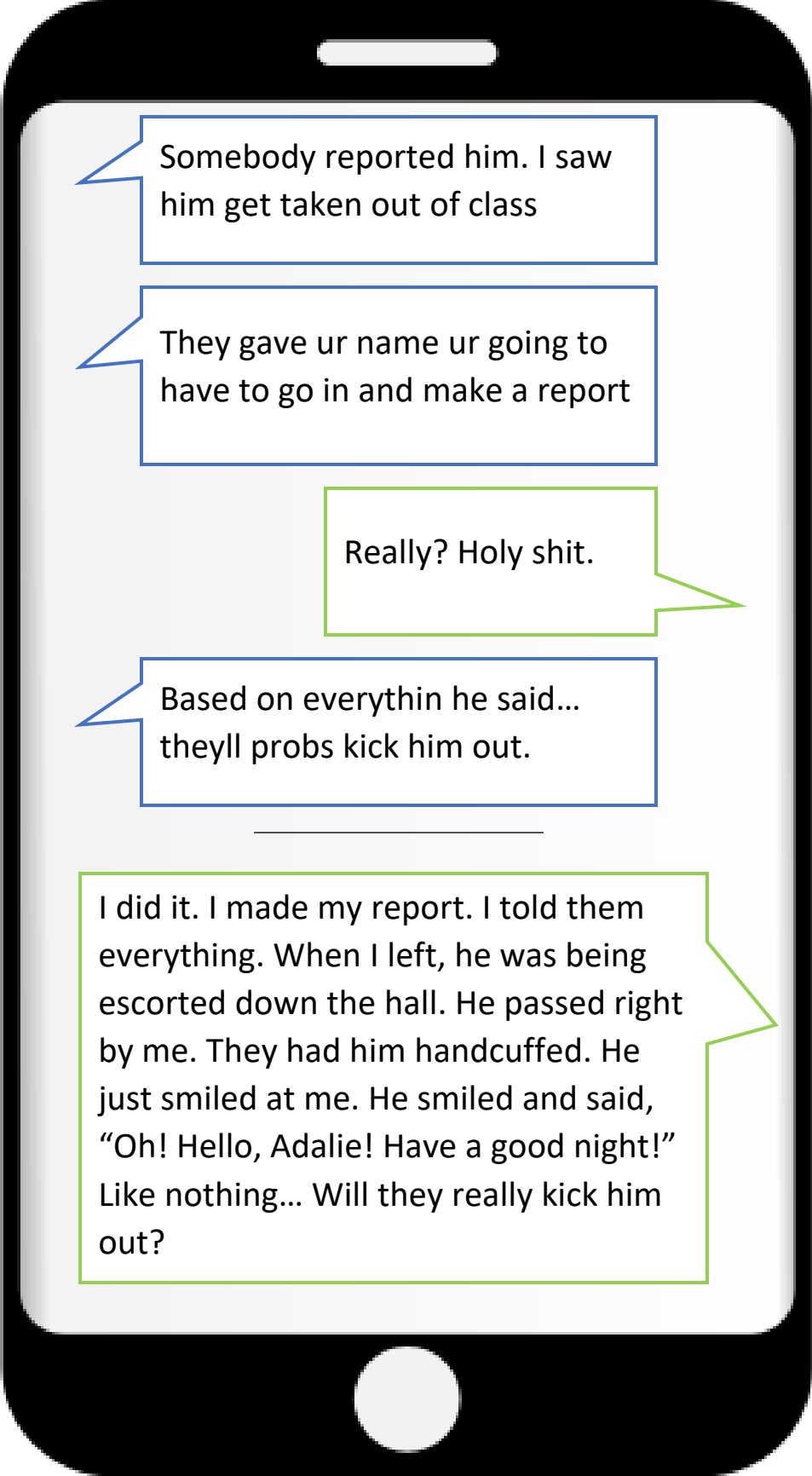
Why do you  
have these?

It's my collection. I  
checked you can  
have knives up to 3  
inches in length.

He's crossing a  
line. And he's  
freaking other girls  
out too. We need  
to report him.

He just doesn't fit in very  
well.  
He just needs a friend.  
He's just trying to fit in.  
He doesn't understand  
social cues, and that's okay.  
He needs somebody.  
He just,  
He just,  
He just,





Somebody reported him. I saw him get taken out of class

They gave ur name ur going to have to go in and make a report

Really? Holy shit.

Based on everythin he said... theyll probs kick him out.

---

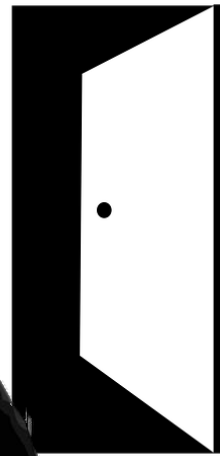
I did it. I made my report. I told them everything. When I left, he was being escorted down the hall. He passed right by me. They had him handcuffed. He just smiled at me. He smiled and said, "Oh! Hello, Adalie! Have a good night!" Like nothing... Will they really kick him out?



What if they kick  
him out?

What happens to  
him then?

How long will this  
*follow* him?



**YOU RUINED  
MY LIFE!**



Just a dream...

**GASP!**



End.

Lit•er•a•cy  
/'lidərəsē,'litrəsē/

*noun*

1. the ability to read and write.

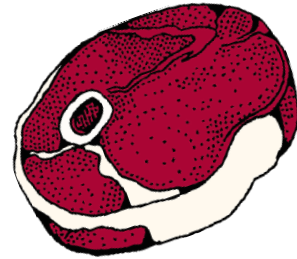
read,

read,

read,

can we of

the human mind?



**Similar to:**

- competence or knowledge in a specified area.

**Similar to:**

- when competence fails,

when mind sputters – it is just, it is only, it is just, it is only,

who is to say what is just?

the justness of a punishment.

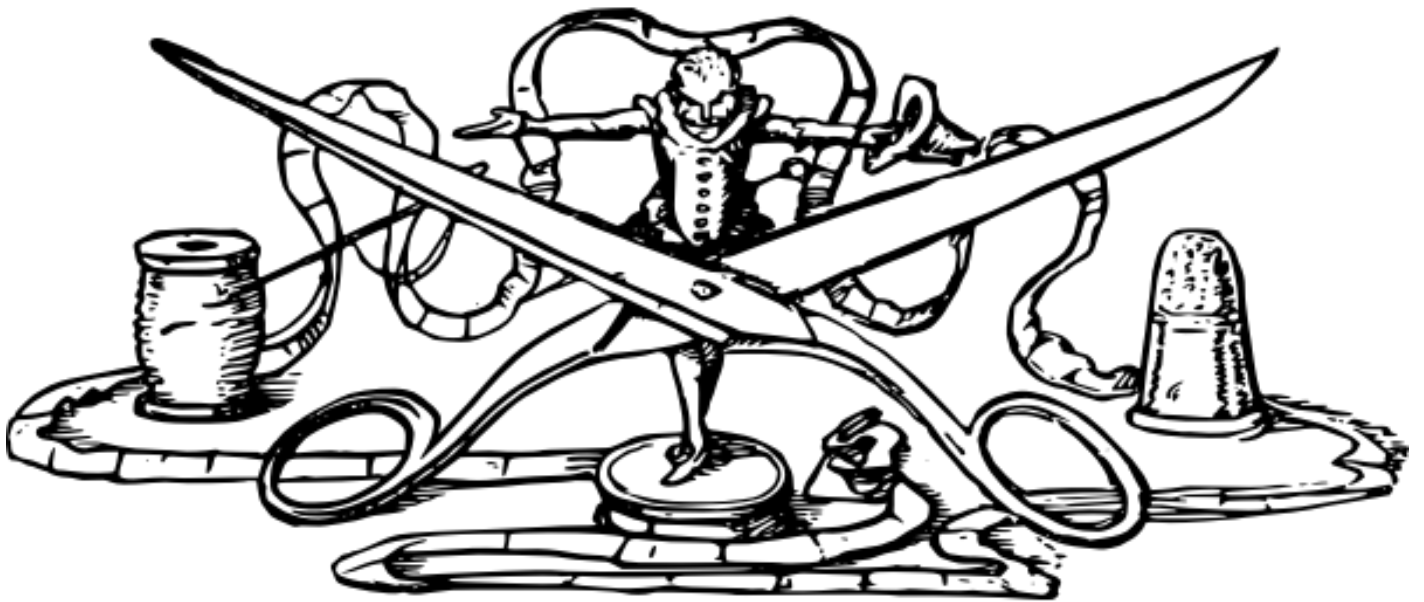
the justness of behavior.

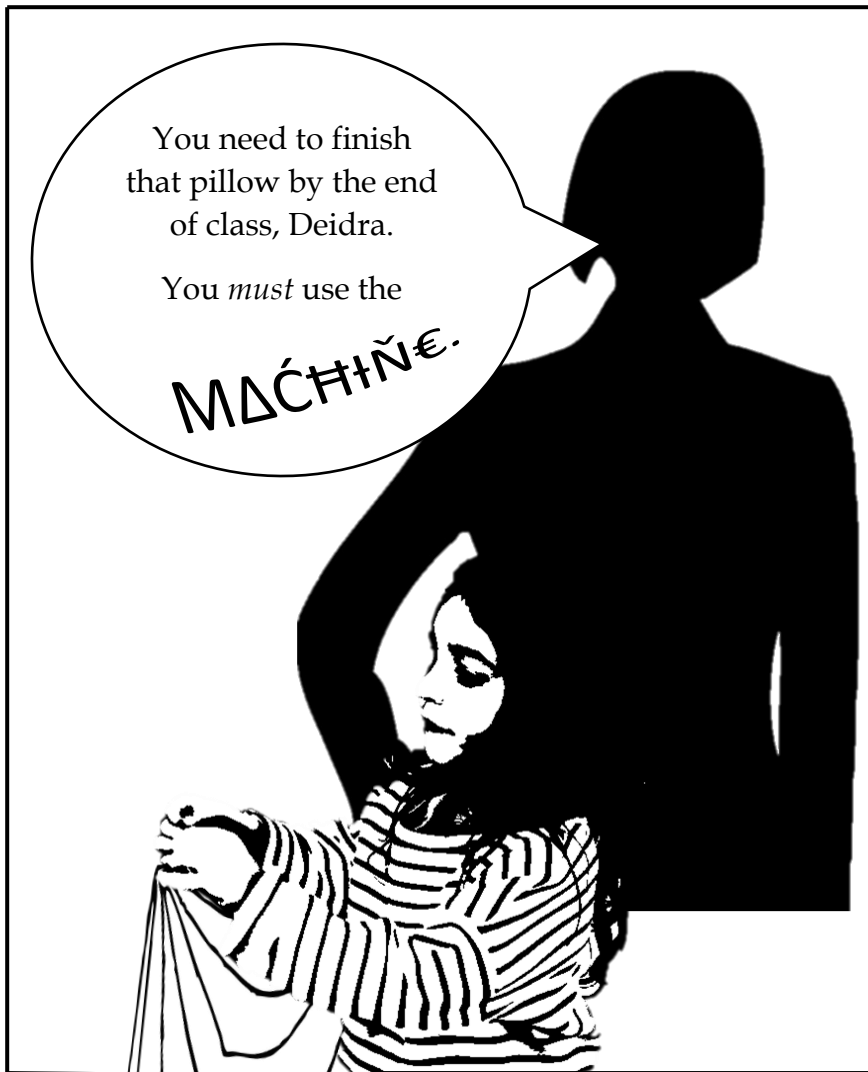
the justness of the reaction that follows.



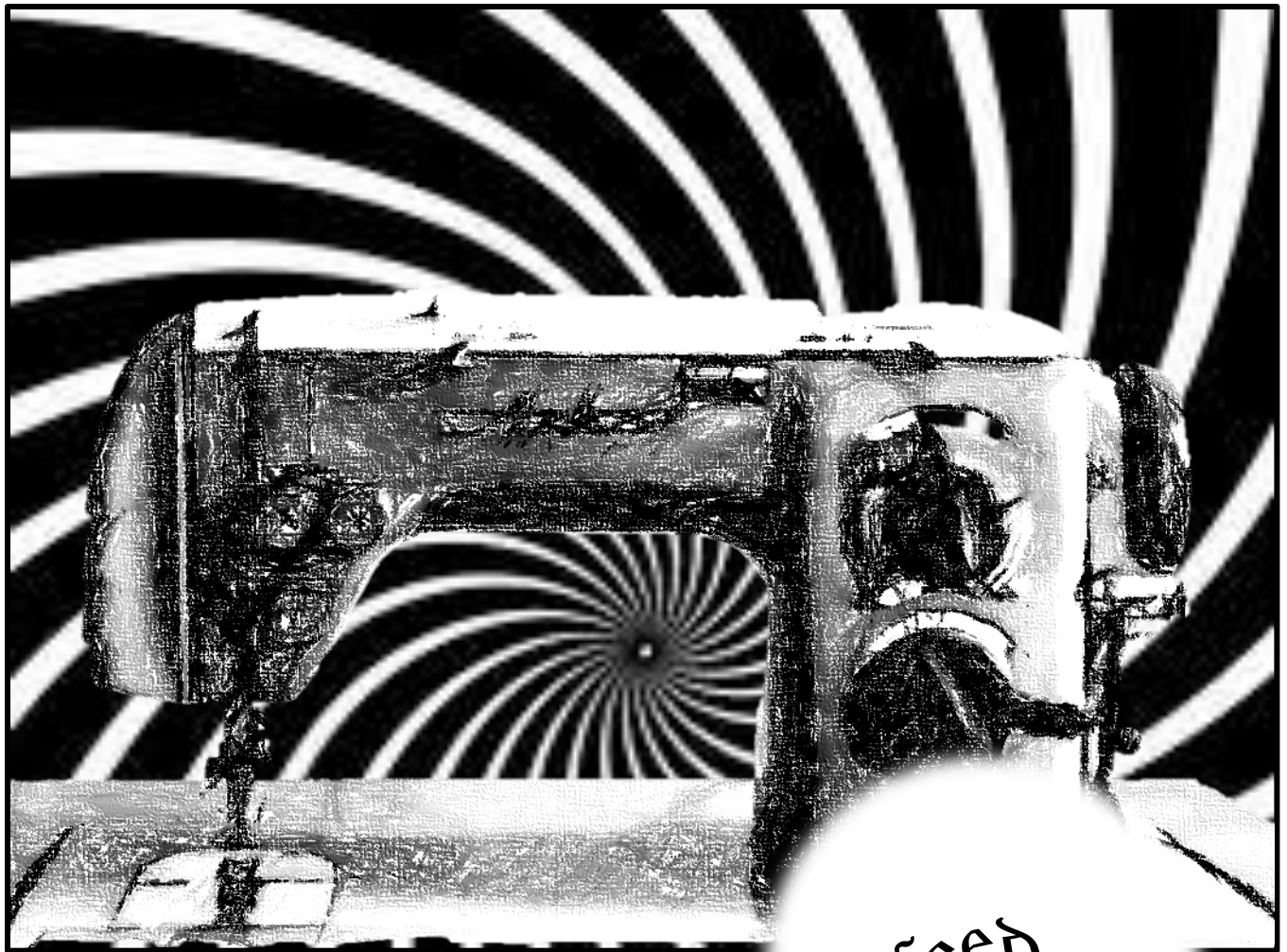
“No, I do not believe I am literate.”

3.

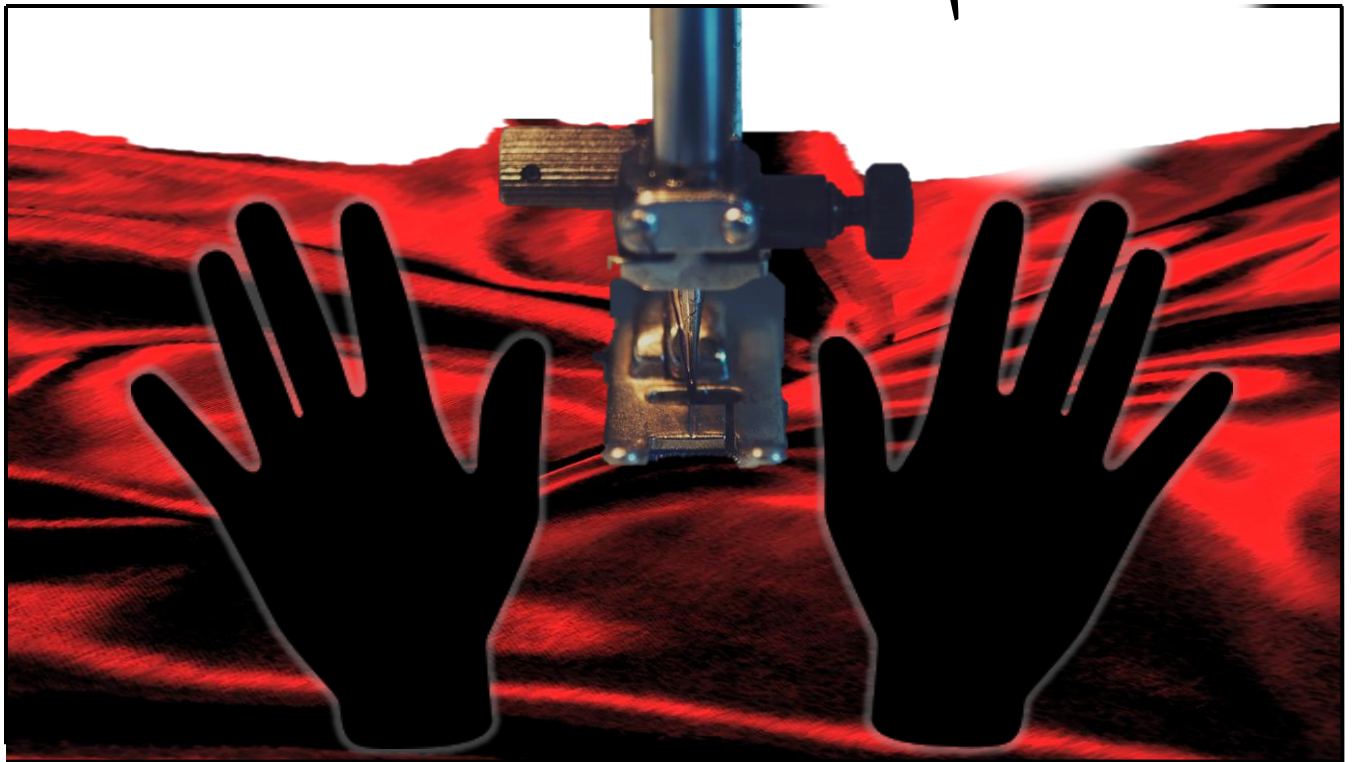




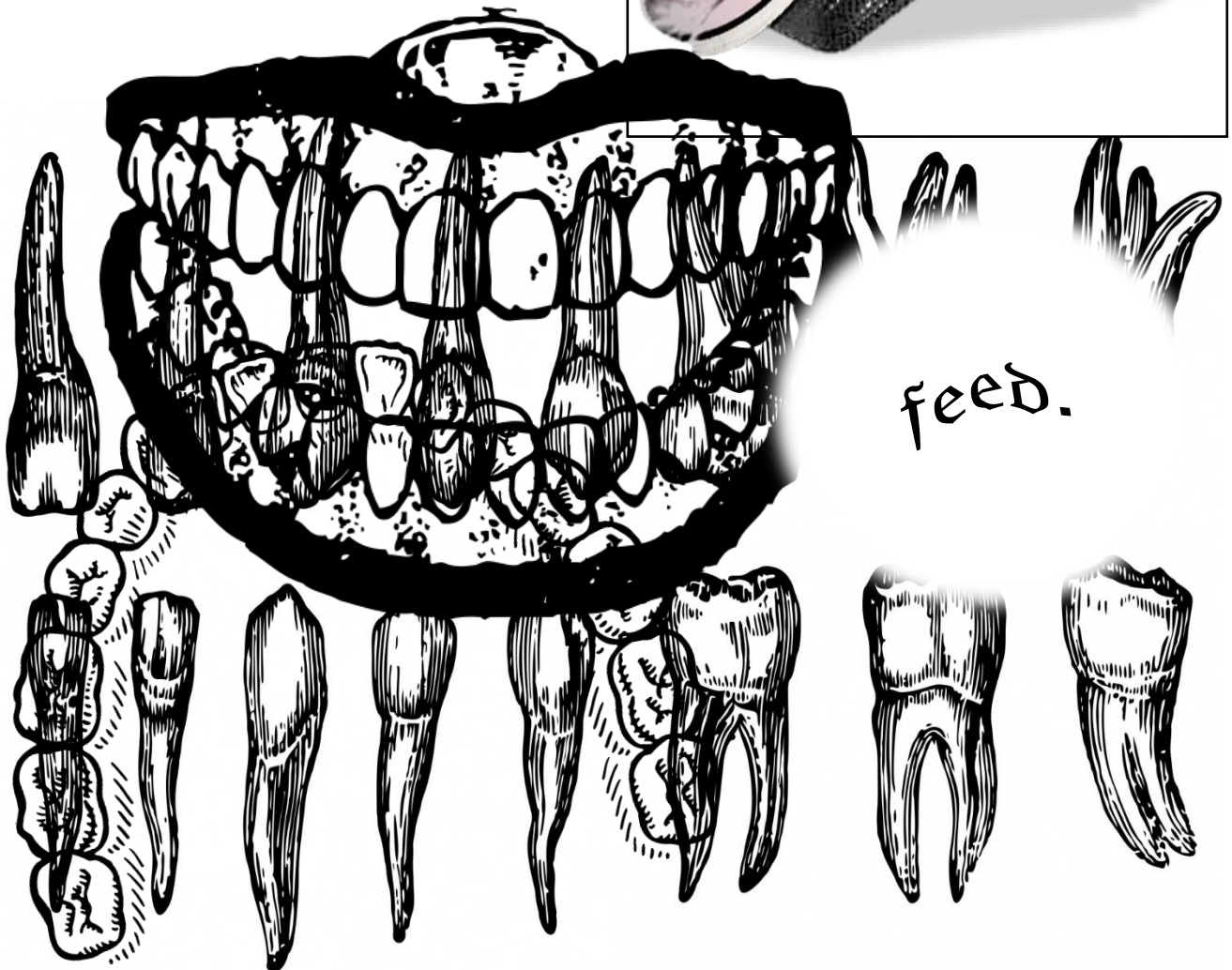
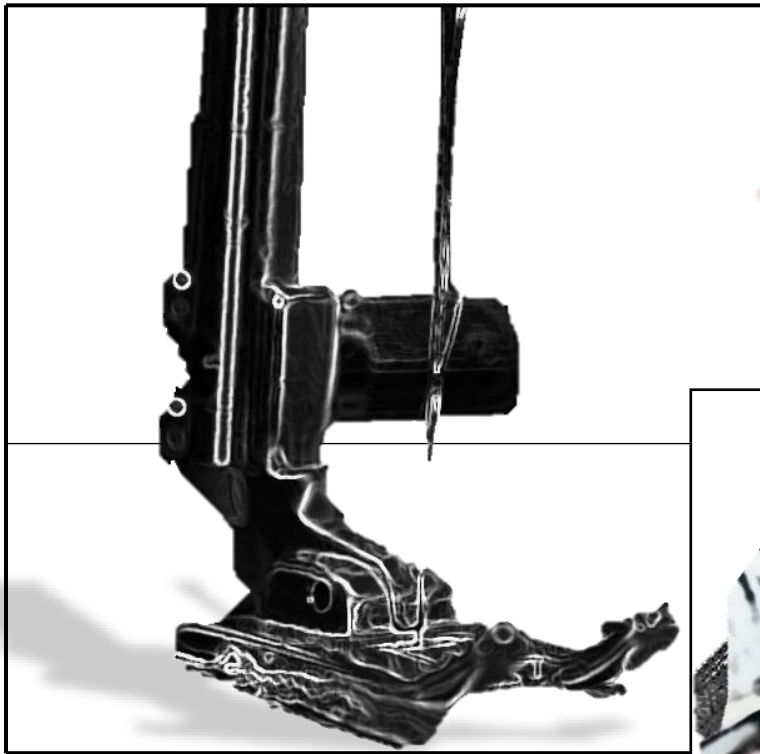




feed.





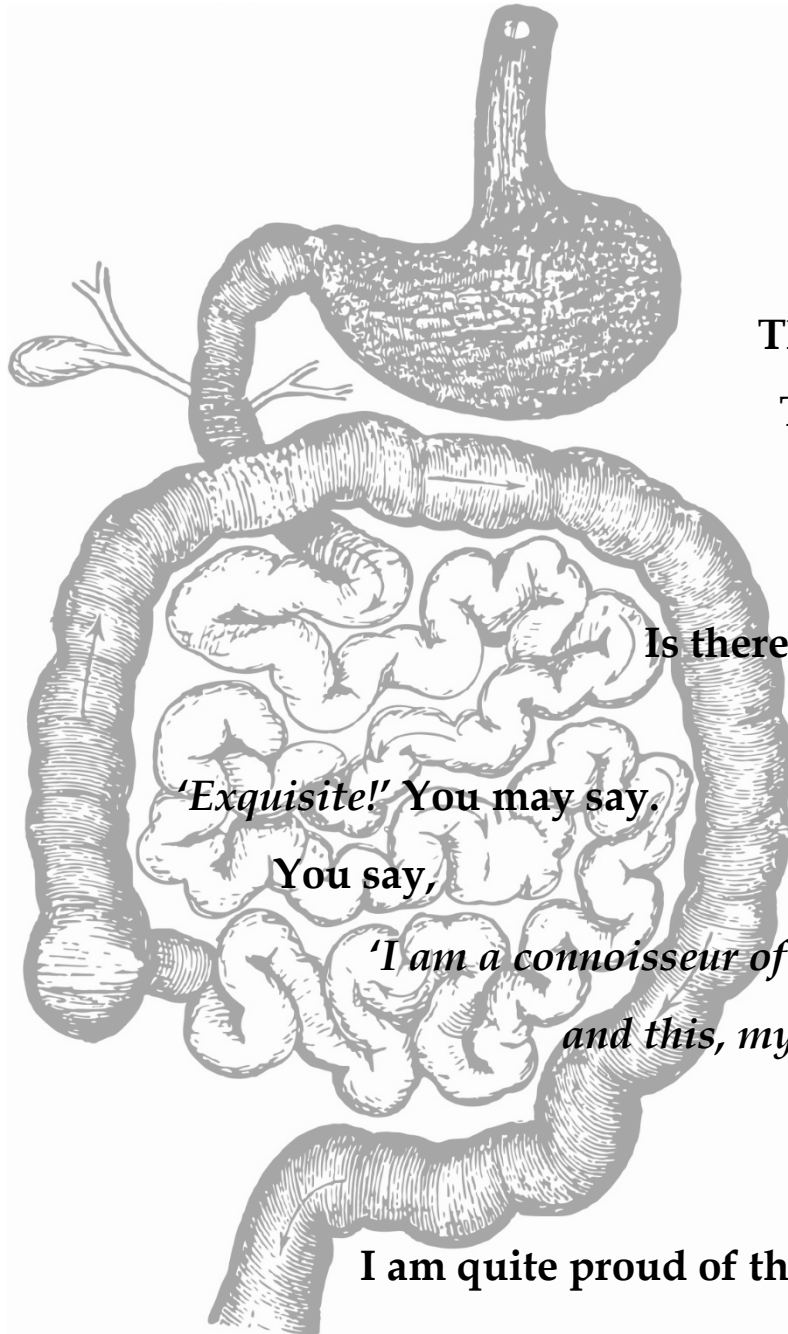


feed.





# "irrational."



"So, you say?

Then eat my stomach.

Taste how it curdles.

Swish my bile

in your cheeks.

Is there a delectable quality

to the churning?

*'Exquisite!' You may say.*

You say,

*'I am a connoisseur of finely aged ratiön,*

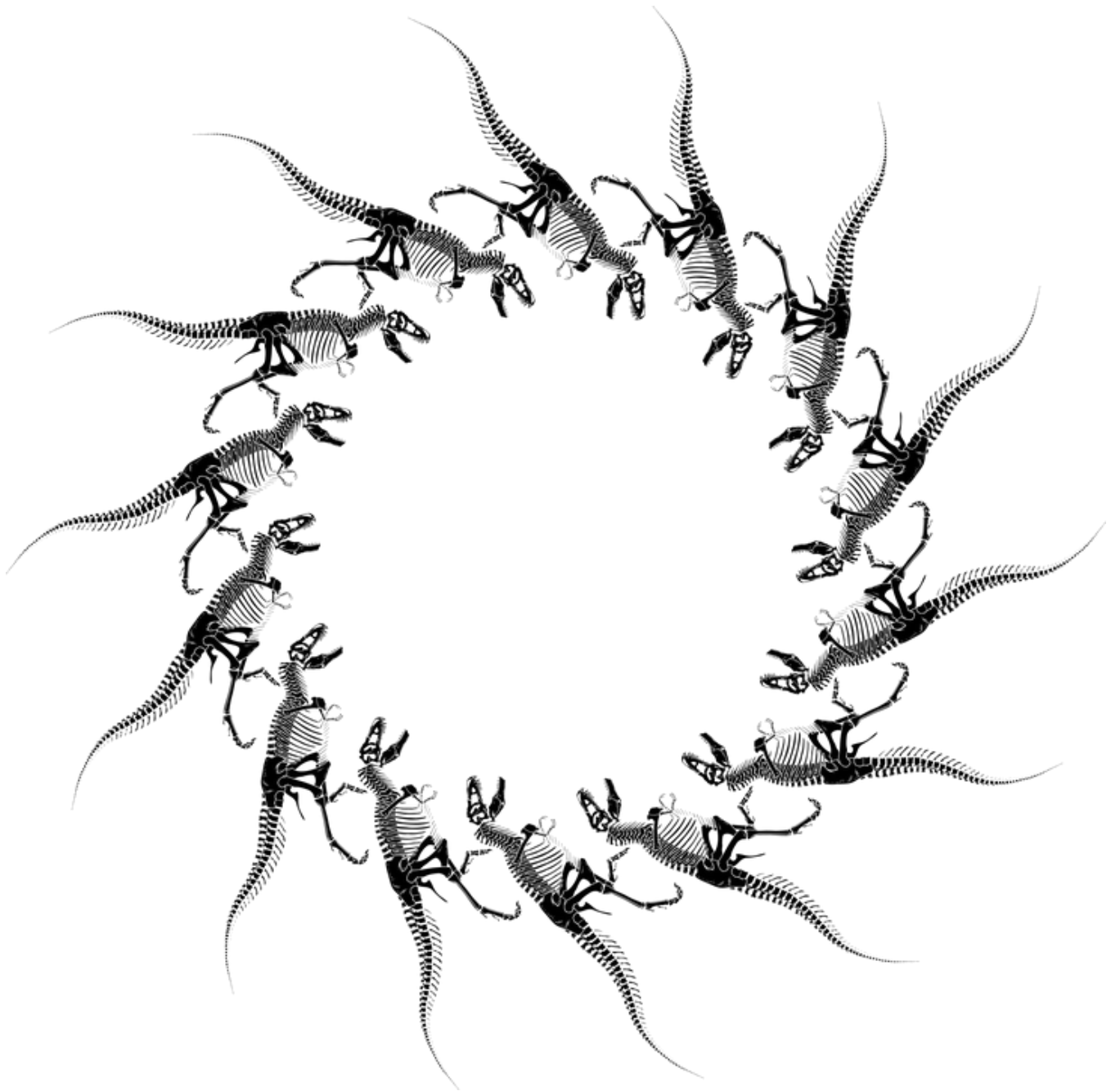
*and this, my friend, is madness!'*

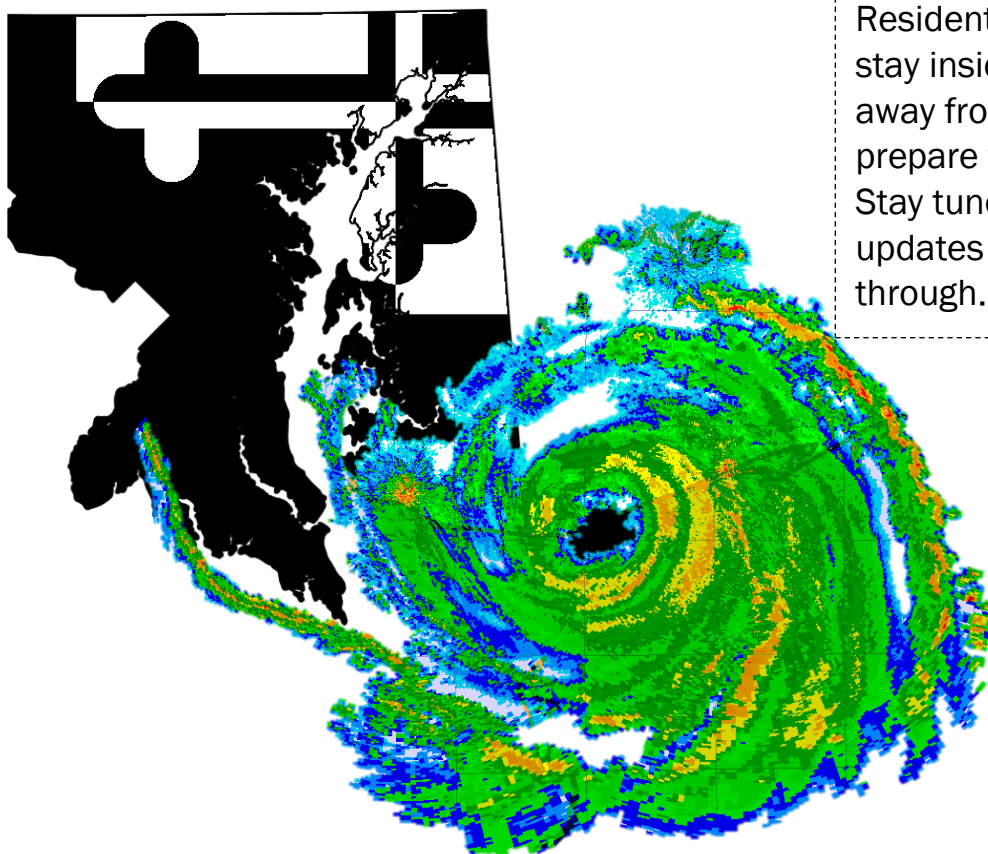
Yes, I reply.

I am quite proud of the festering process."

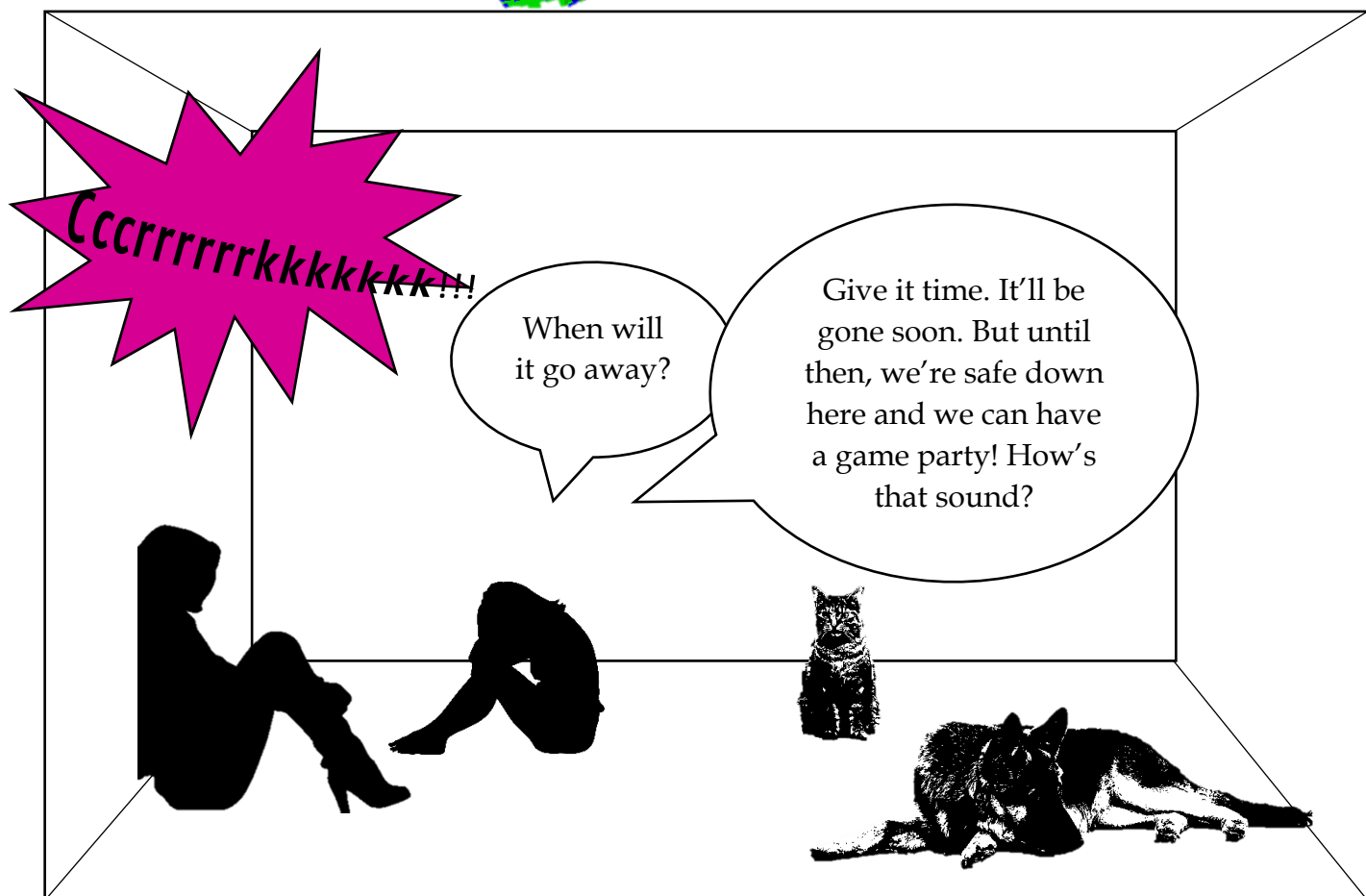


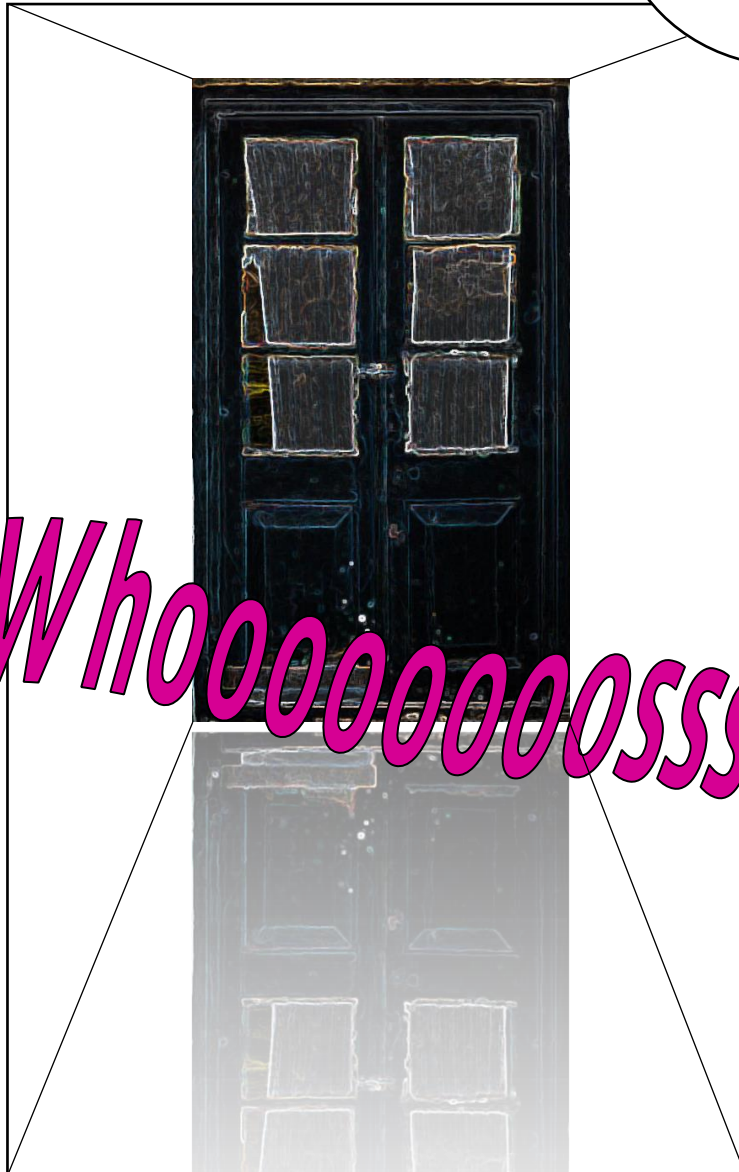
4.





Residents are advised to stay inside. If possible, stay away from windows and prepare for power outages. Stay tuned for more updates as *She* passes through...



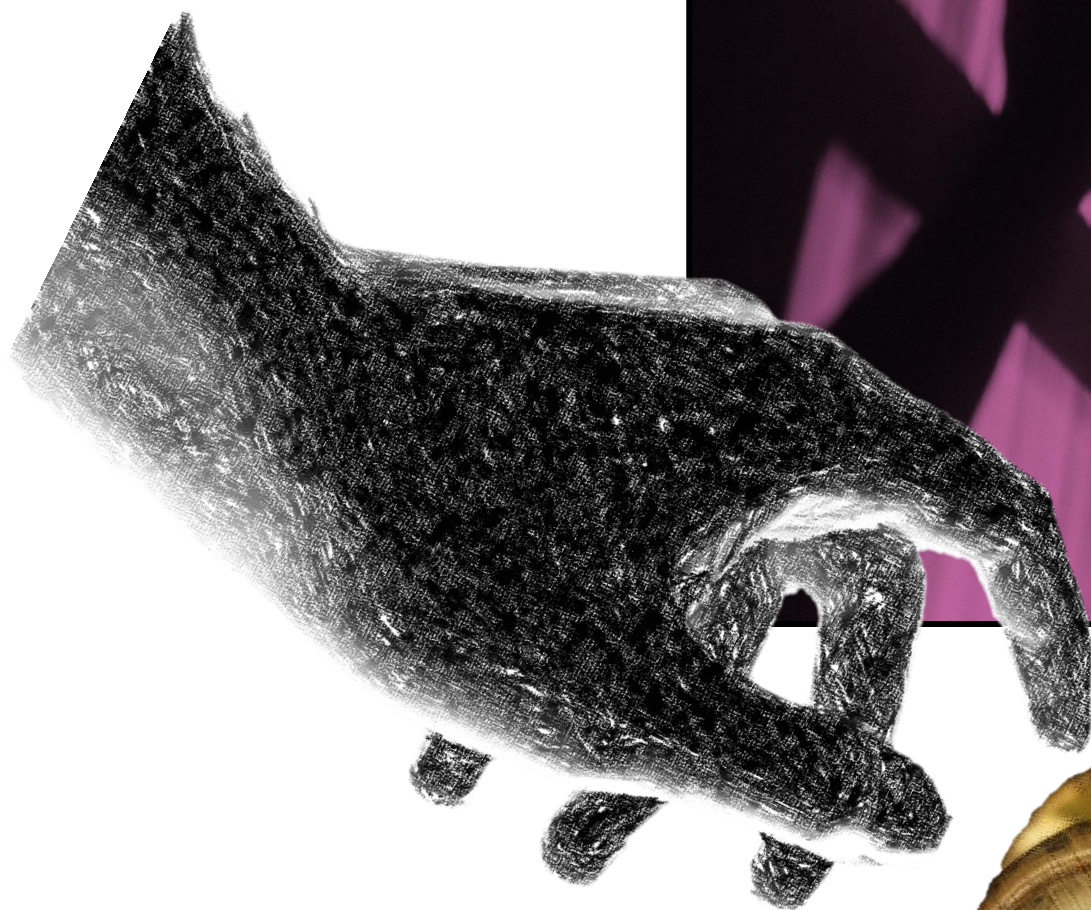
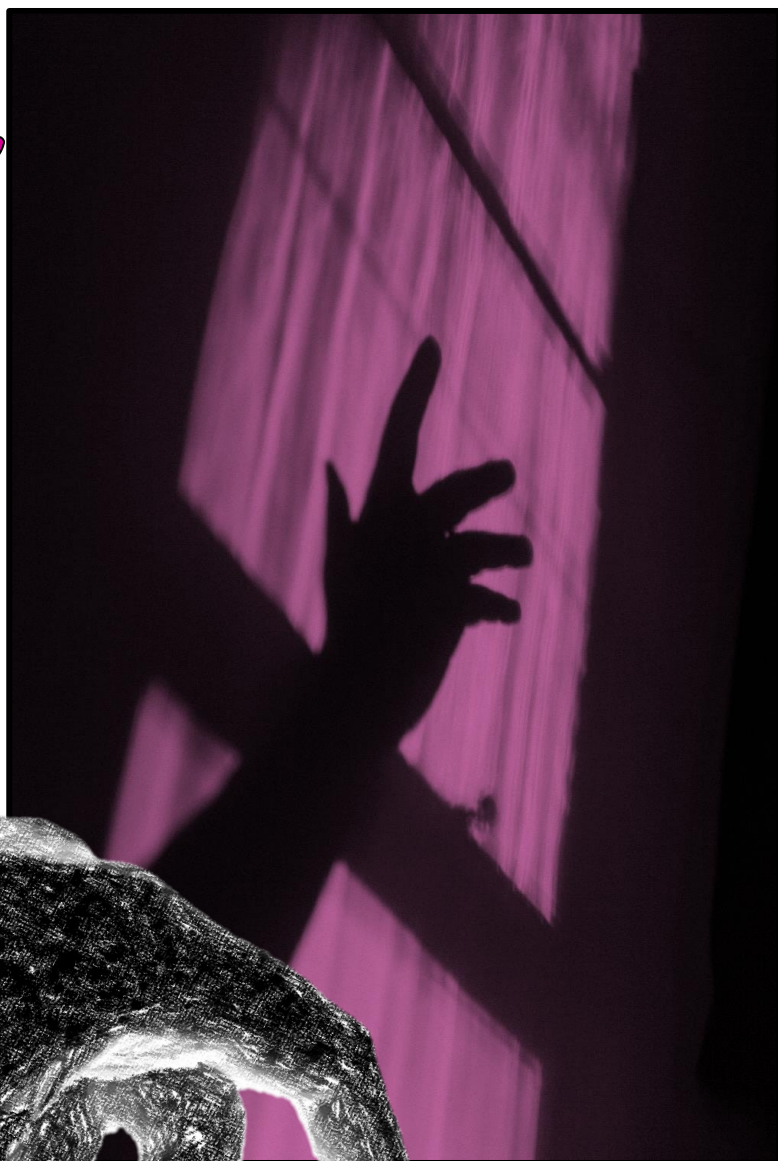


*Whoooooosssshhhhh*





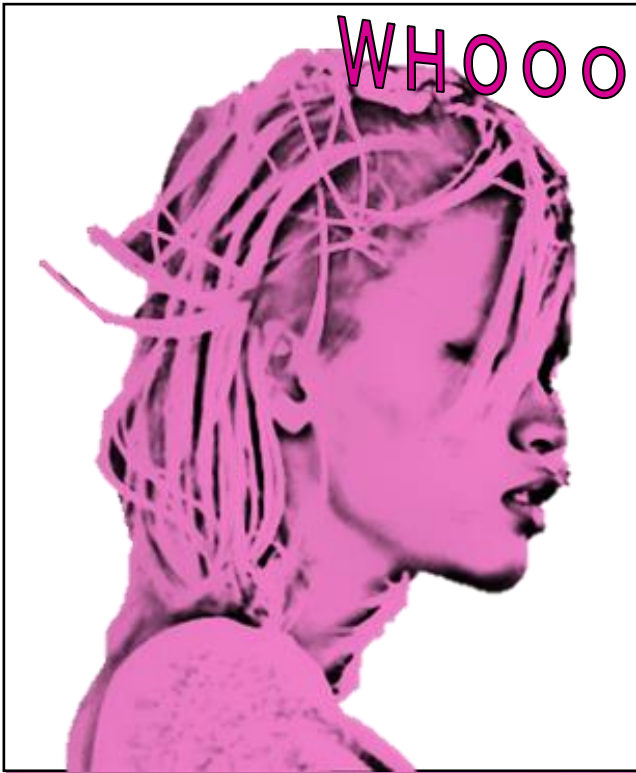
*Shhhhh...*



*crrreeaaakk...*

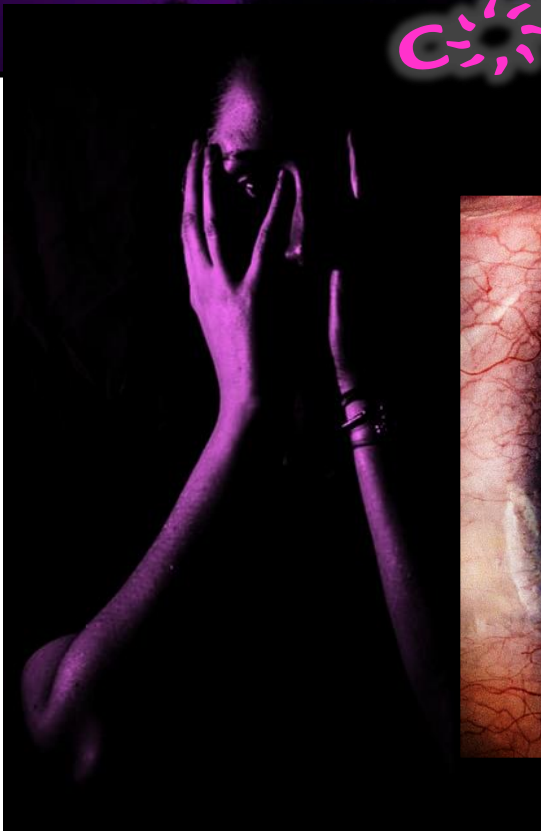




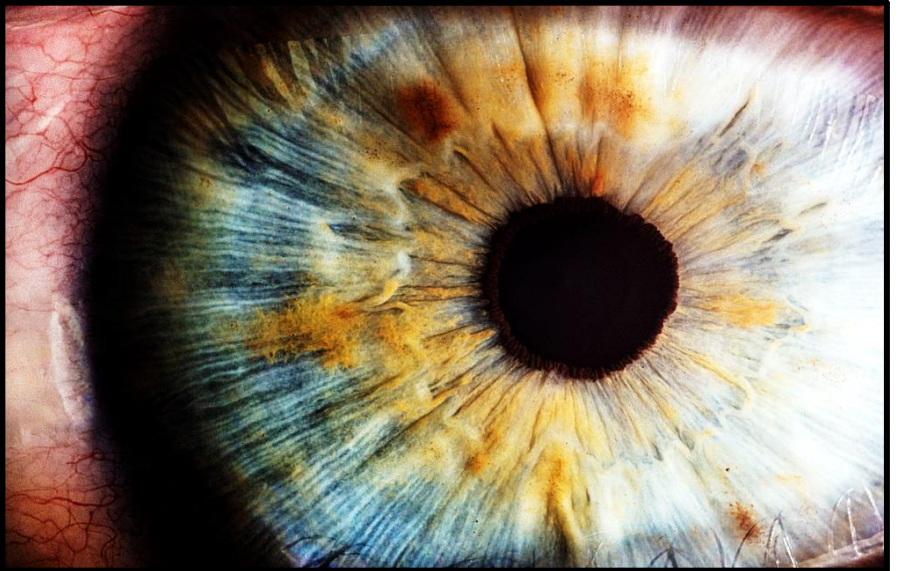


WHOOOSSSHHH





Gasp!







It's all falling apart...  
They're all gone...

End.

“Grandpa, you know how a meteor killed the dinosaurs?”

“Yeah?”

“What if a meteor comes for us? Can that happen to us?”

“Well... yeah, yes. I guess it can happen.

It could happen at any time.

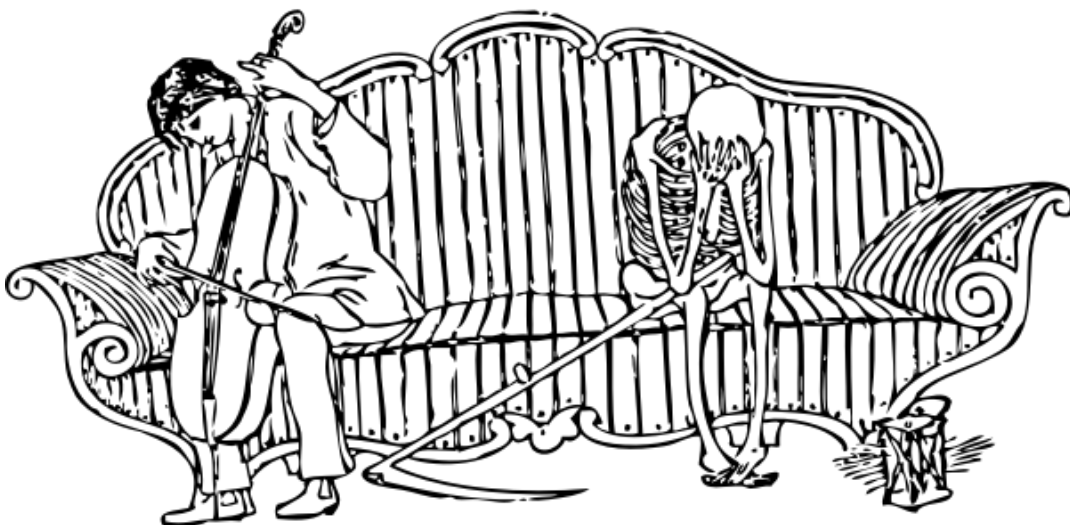
it  $\epsilon\omicron\mu\lambda\delta'$   $\eta\alpha\rho\rho\epsilon\eta$   $\alpha\tau$   $\alpha\eta\forall$   $\tau\iota\mu\epsilon$

We would never know.

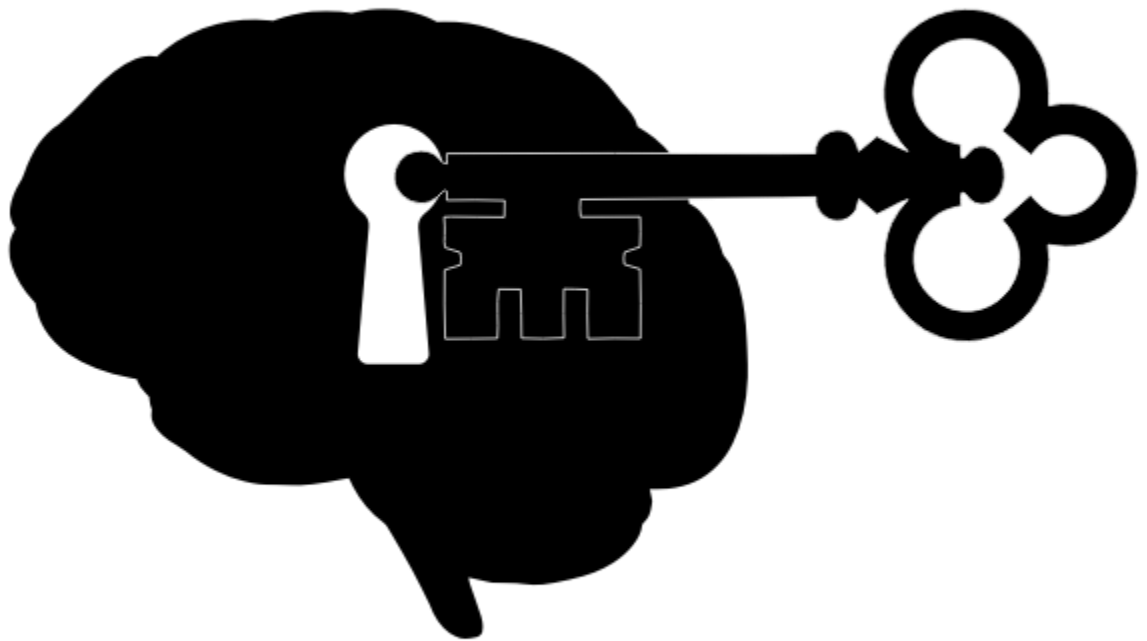
$\acute{\omega}\epsilon$   $\acute{\omega}\omicron\mu\lambda\delta'$   $\eta\epsilon\forall\epsilon\alpha$   $\acute{\kappa}\eta\omicron\acute{\omega}$ .”

it  $\epsilon\omicron\mu\lambda\delta'$   $\eta\alpha\rho\rho\epsilon\eta$   $\alpha\tau$   $\alpha\eta\forall$   $\tau\iota\mu\epsilon$

$\acute{\omega}\epsilon$   $\acute{\omega}\omicron\mu\lambda\delta'$   $\eta\epsilon\forall\epsilon\alpha$   $\acute{\kappa}\eta\omicron\acute{\omega}$



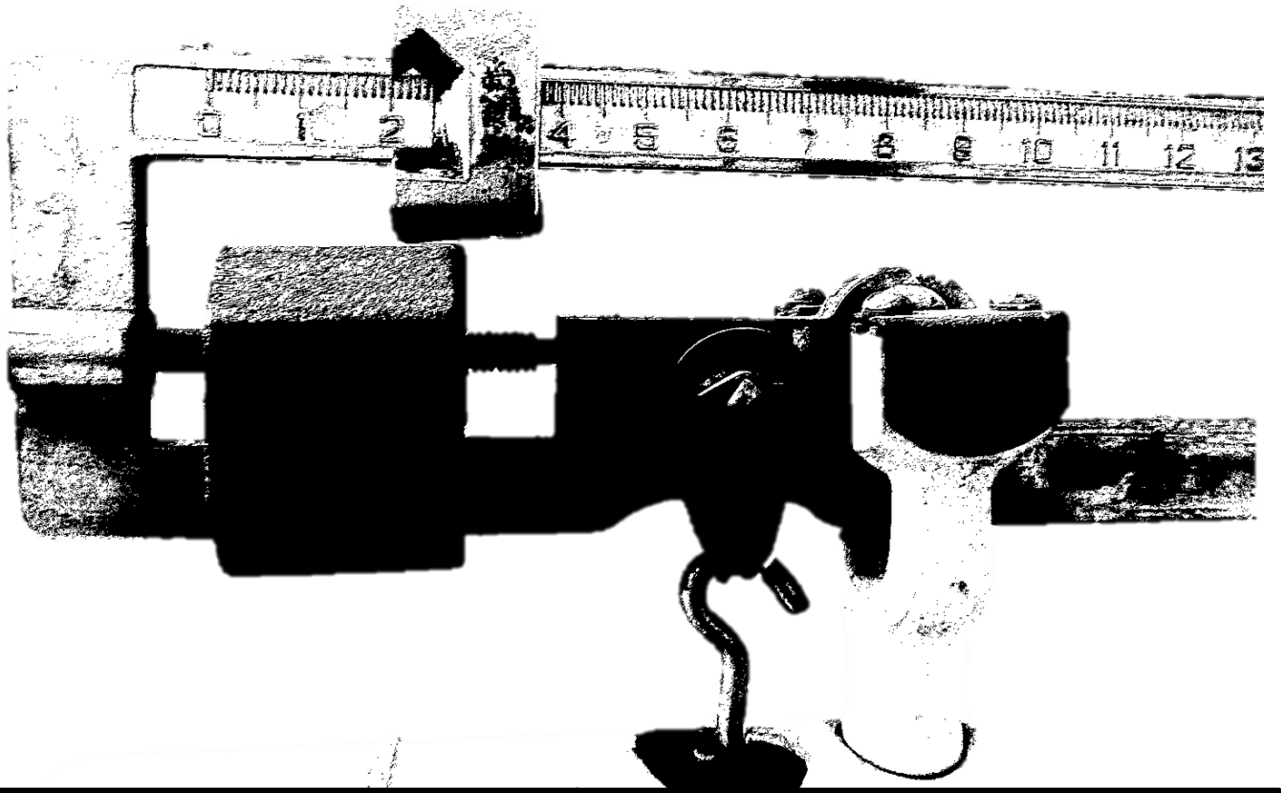
5.





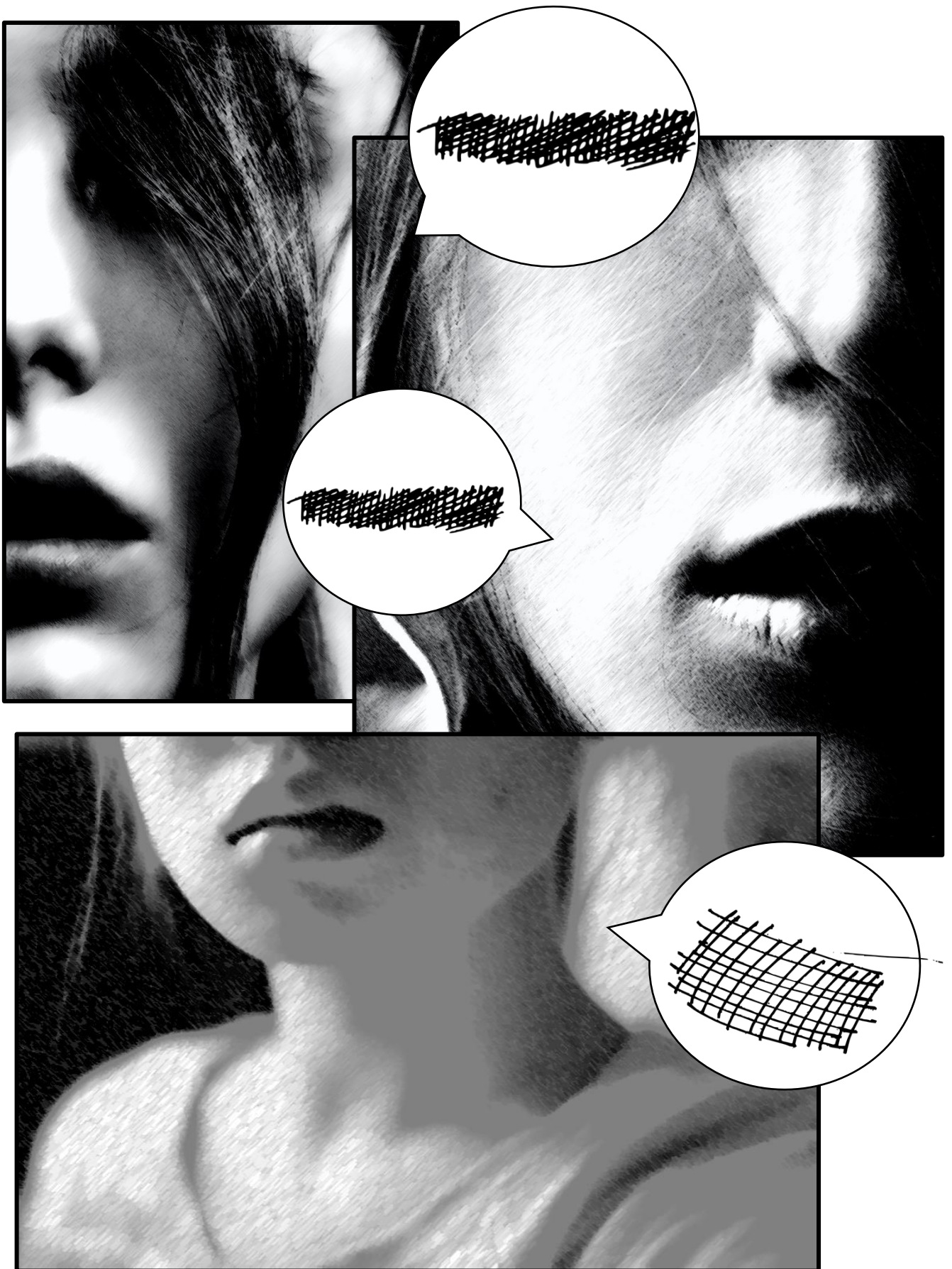






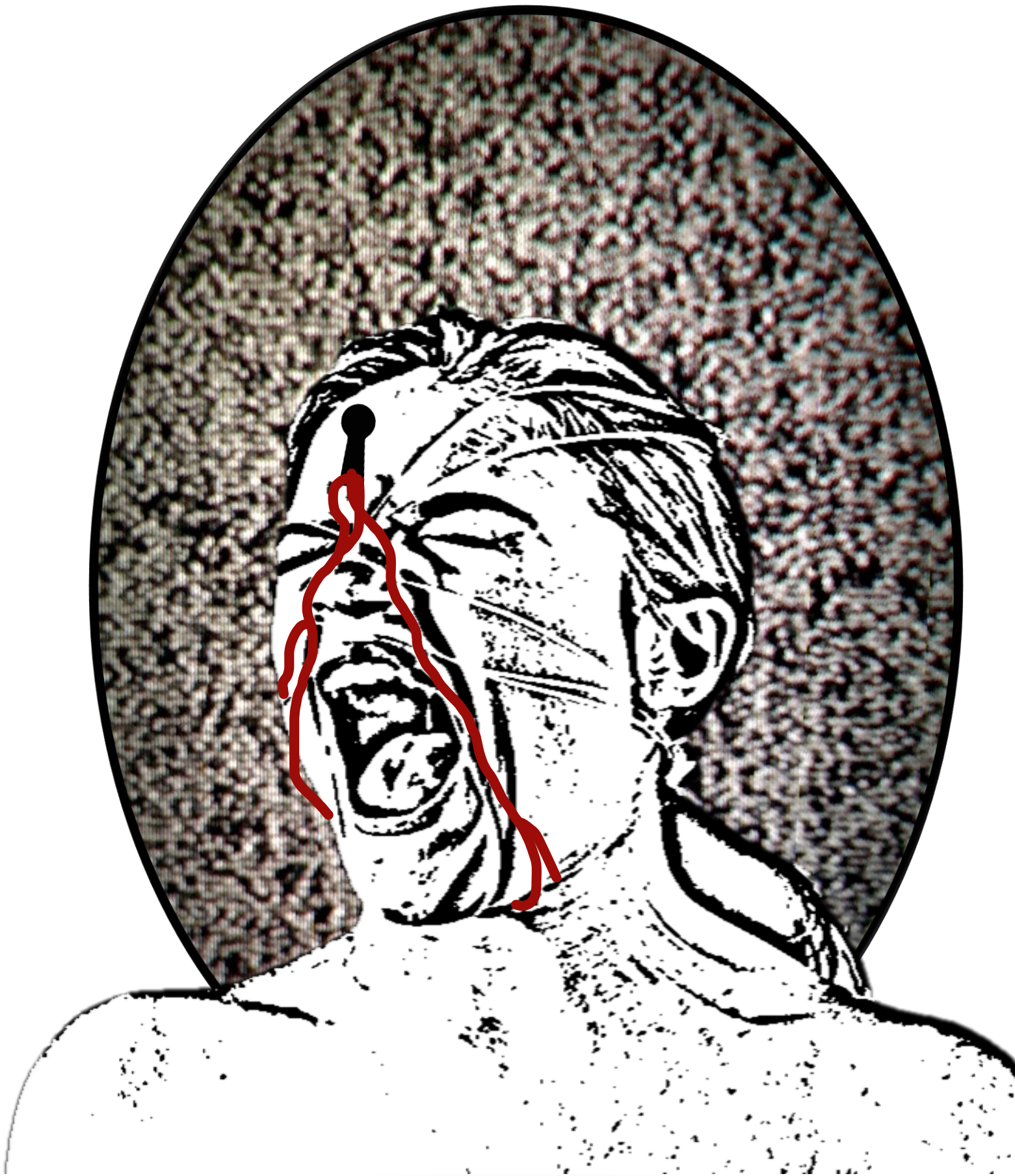






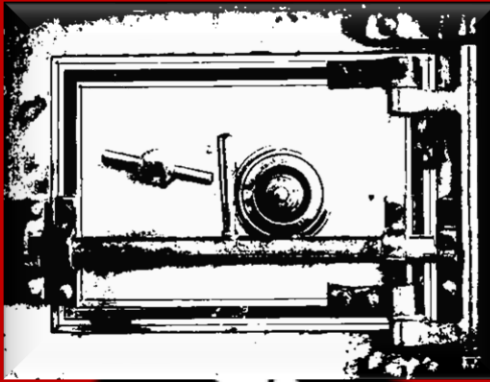








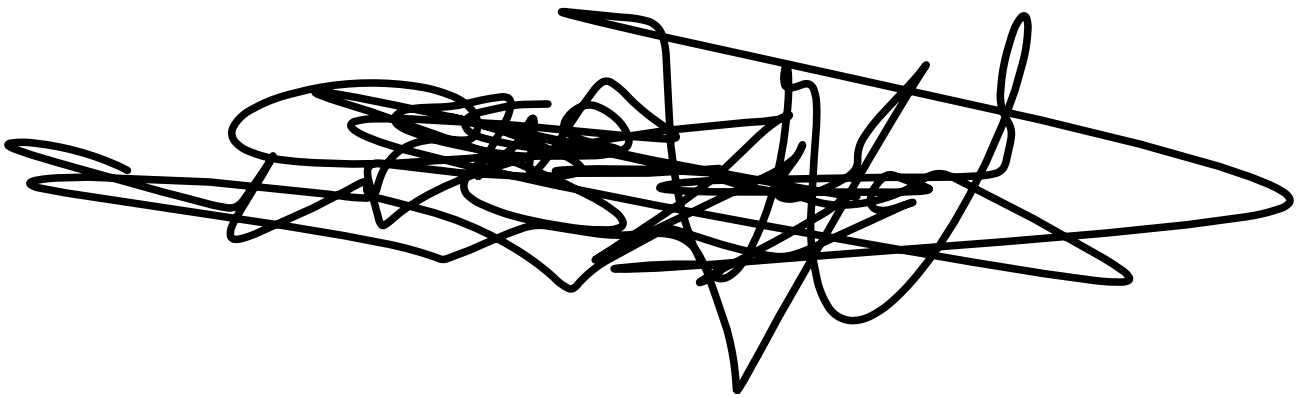




Do you solemnly  
swear that you  
will tell the truth,  
the whole truth,  
and nothing but  
the truth?



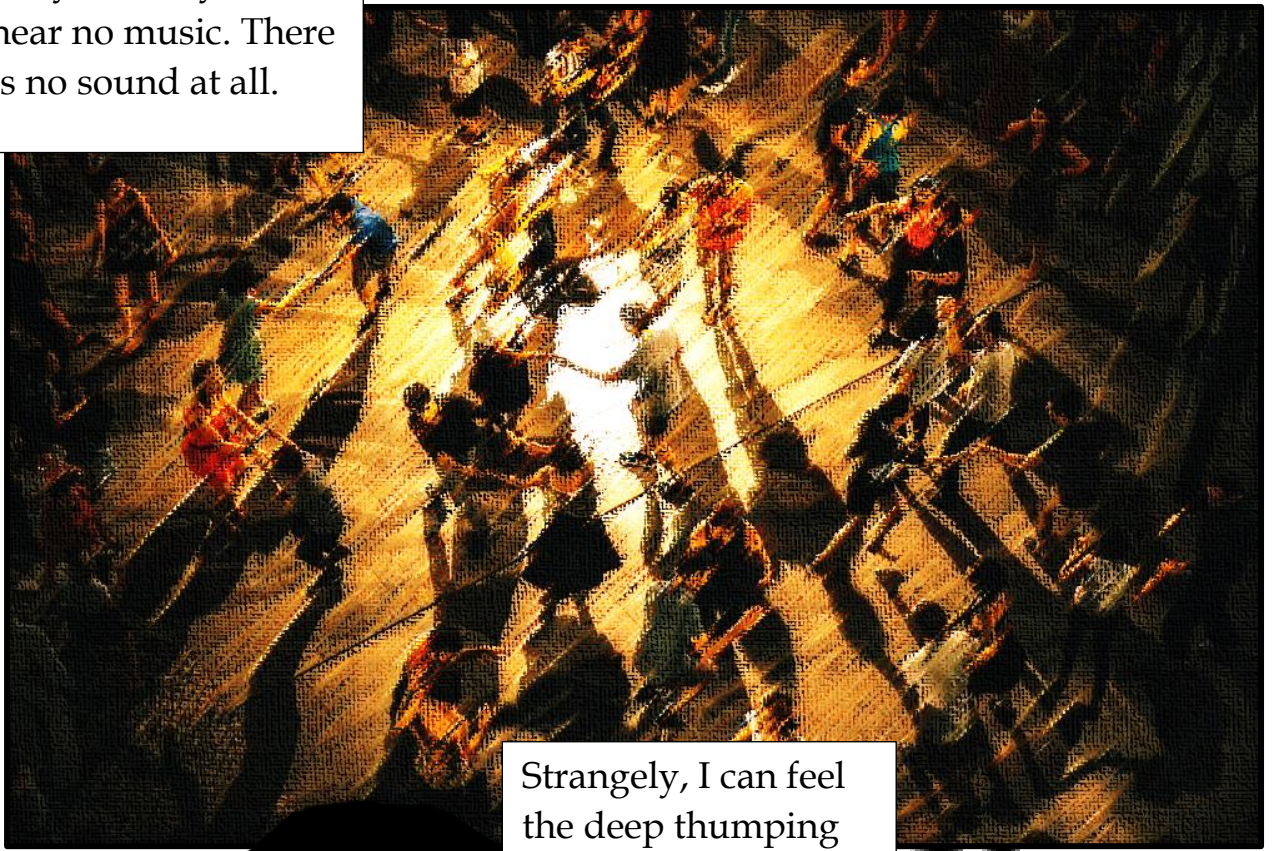
End.



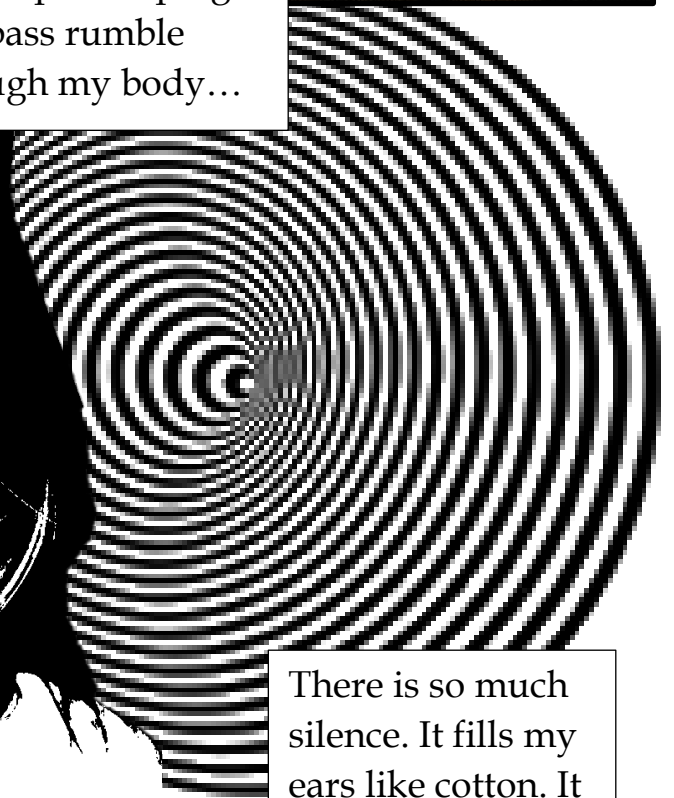
6.



They dance, yet I  
hear no music. There  
is no sound at all.

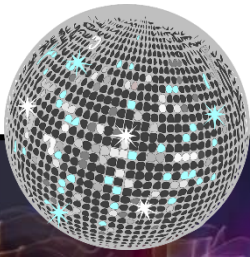


Strangely, I can feel  
the deep thumping  
of a bass rumble  
through my body...

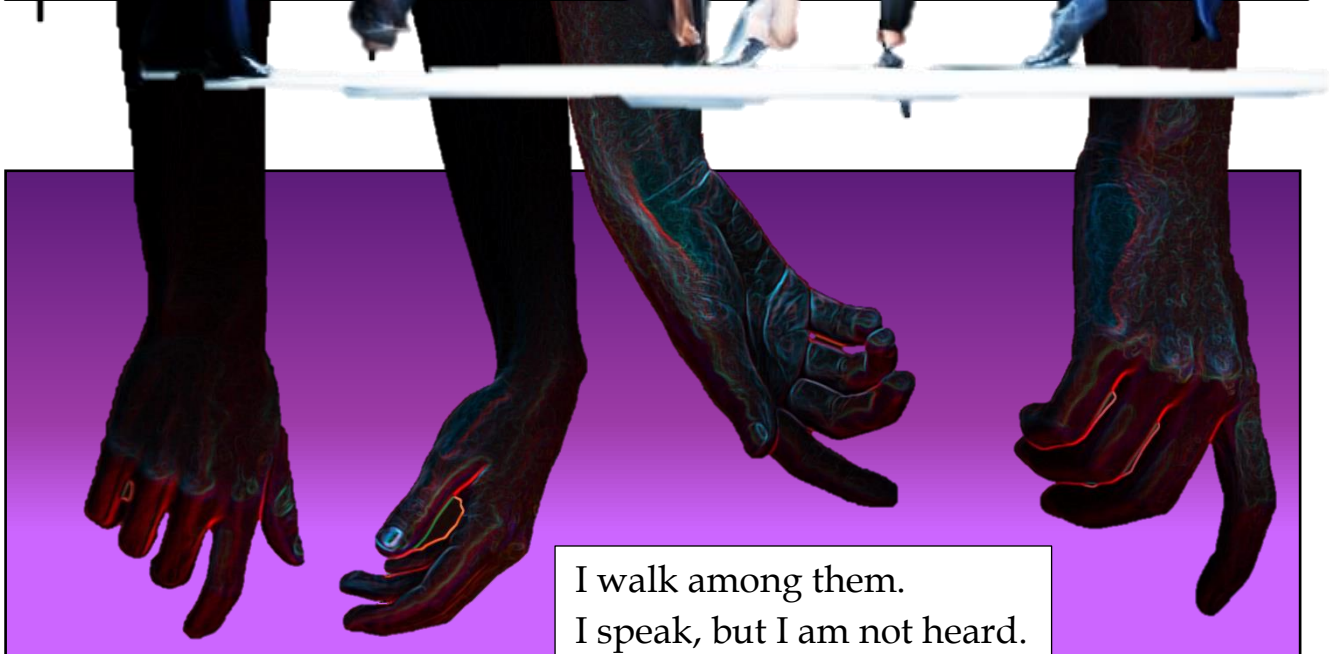


There is so much  
silence. It fills my  
ears like cotton. It  
makes my body  
feel wrapped like  
a tight package.





They dance,  
trance-like and *happy*.



I walk among them.  
I speak, but I am not heard.  
I reach, but I am not felt.

I cannot even  
hear myself.

I am *static* to them.

There is  
nothing left  
here for me.

Then I see it. I don't  
know why I move  
towards it. Maybe I  
am curious. Maybe if  
I continue, the others  
will notice I am gone.

It pulls me  
as if it has  
never  
known  
resistance.  
I am no  
longer in  
control...



A black and white collage of various masks. In the center is a large, detailed mask of a man's face with a mustache. Surrounding it are numerous other masks of different shapes and sizes, some resembling animals, some human faces, and some abstract designs. At the top, the text "THEY ARE ALL AROUND ME..." is written in a large, red, stylized font. At the bottom left, the words "all around all" are written in a red, cursive-like font, partially obscured by the masks.

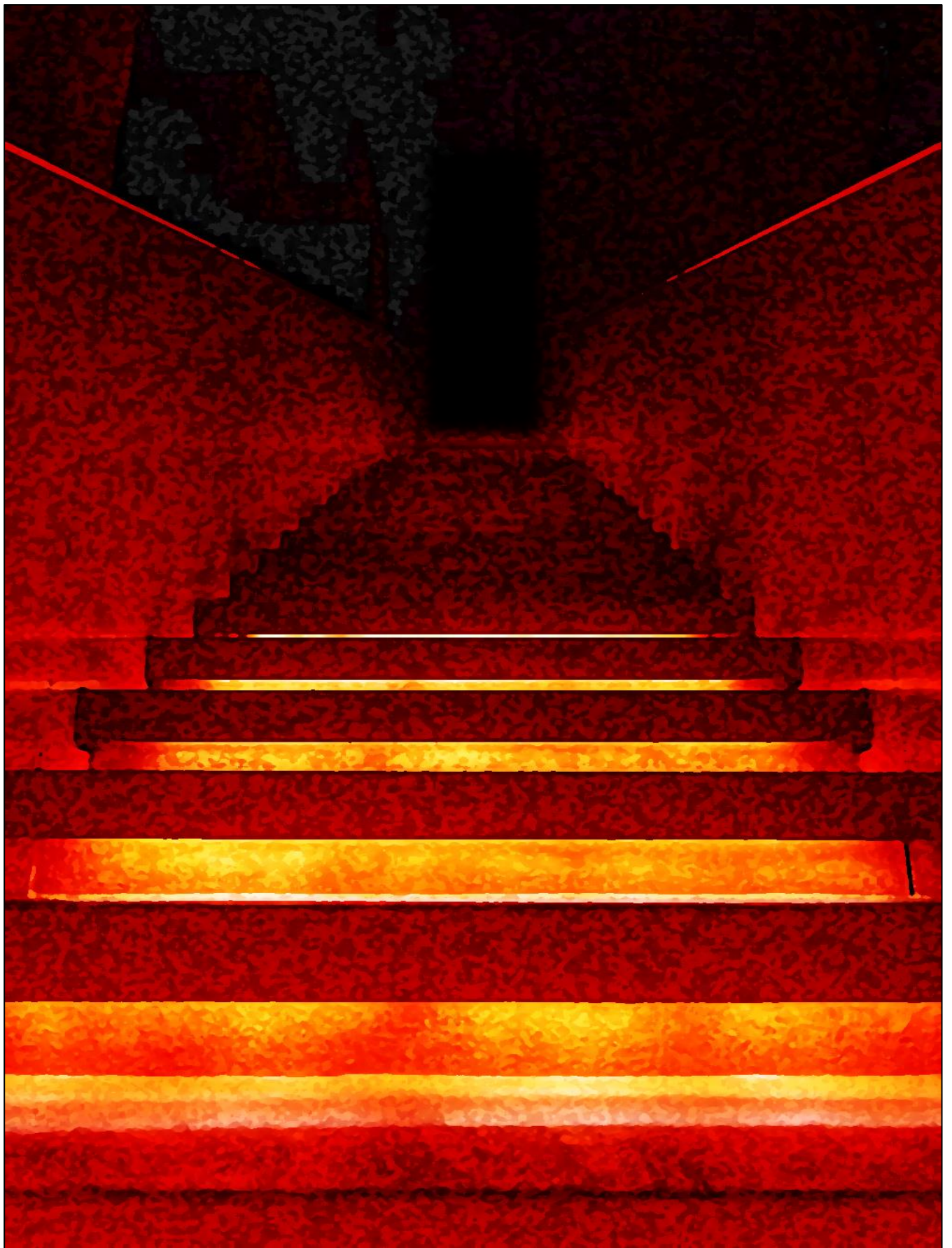






It's hungry.







End.

It wasn't just a dream. I don't believe it was.

I *felt* something at the top of the staircase.

The top was engulfed in darkness,  
still, I felt something there.

Something *evil*.

Go ahead and roll your eyes.

I know how it sounds.

But, it pulled me  
towards it.

I wanted to go,  
I wanted to ascend the steps.

Fear stopped me.  
Such overwhelming fear.  
No; dread, terror, really.


And I knew then,  
I had encountered a *demon*.





7.





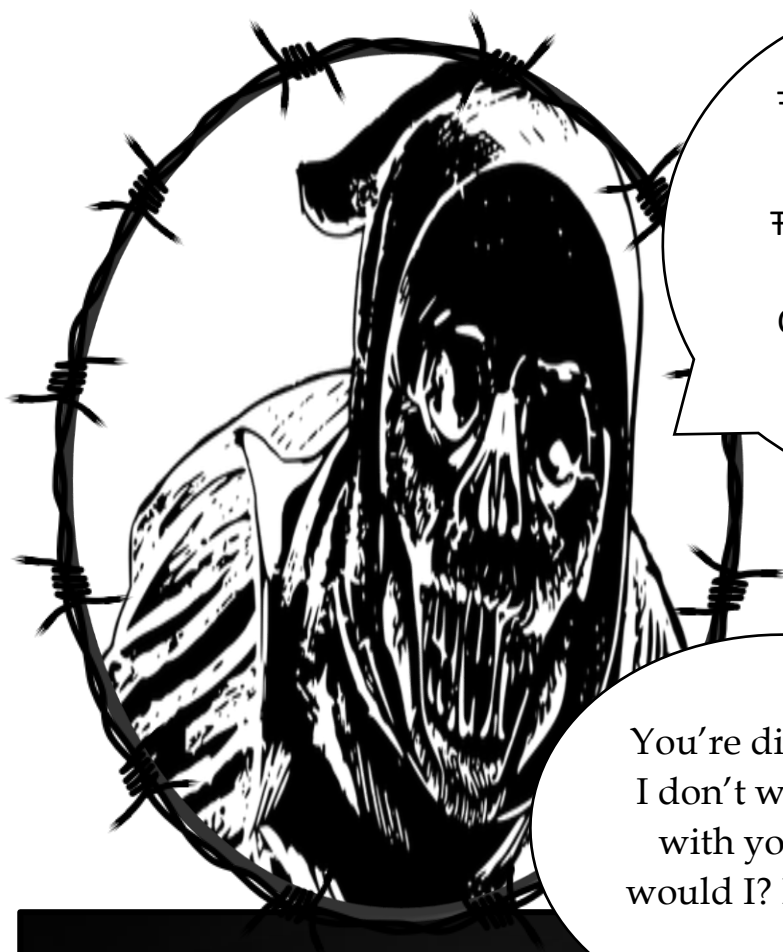
Hey, can I have a hug? I'm all messed up today from that dream I had last night.

Again? You know I wouldn't. I promise.

I know, I know... I know. It's just...



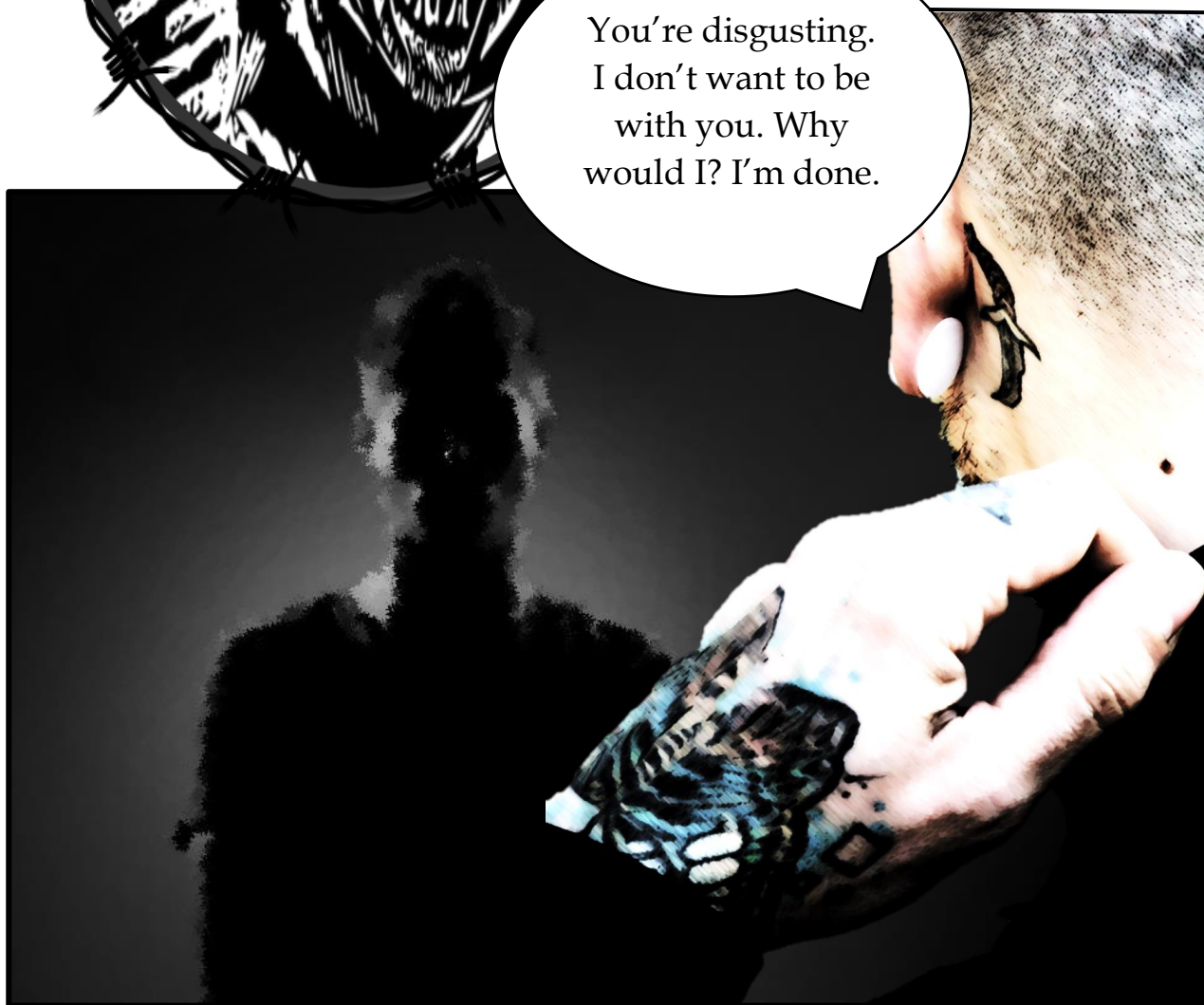




TIME FØŘ ΔÑØTHEŘ  
ŁĘŚŚØŃ!

THE FRŮTH IŞ, ŞŁŮG,  
HŮMAŃŞ ΔŘĖŃ'T  
ĆØMPŁĘK, THEŲ'ŘĖ  
VØŁΔFHŁŁ...

You're disgusting.  
I don't want to be  
with you. Why  
would I? I'm done.









...

MİŃĐŁĘŚŚ DŮMMİĘŚ.  
İMPŮŁŚİVE ŞŁŮĞŚ.

I would never.  
I can never say  
that enough.  
I'm here to  
stay.

I don't know what I did!  
I don't know what I did!  
Please!  
Don't go!  
I can fix it,  
don't go!

End.

I think I am what you find  
at the bottom of your unwashed pockets  
or possibly  
between the couch cushions  
or on the bedroom chair

I am always around and  
I like that.  
Reliable.  
but  
Love, please don't clean  
I'm begging you not to clean  
It is not enough that I am here  
I need  
I am here and I need

What am I if I need so terribly?

Dust, perhaps?

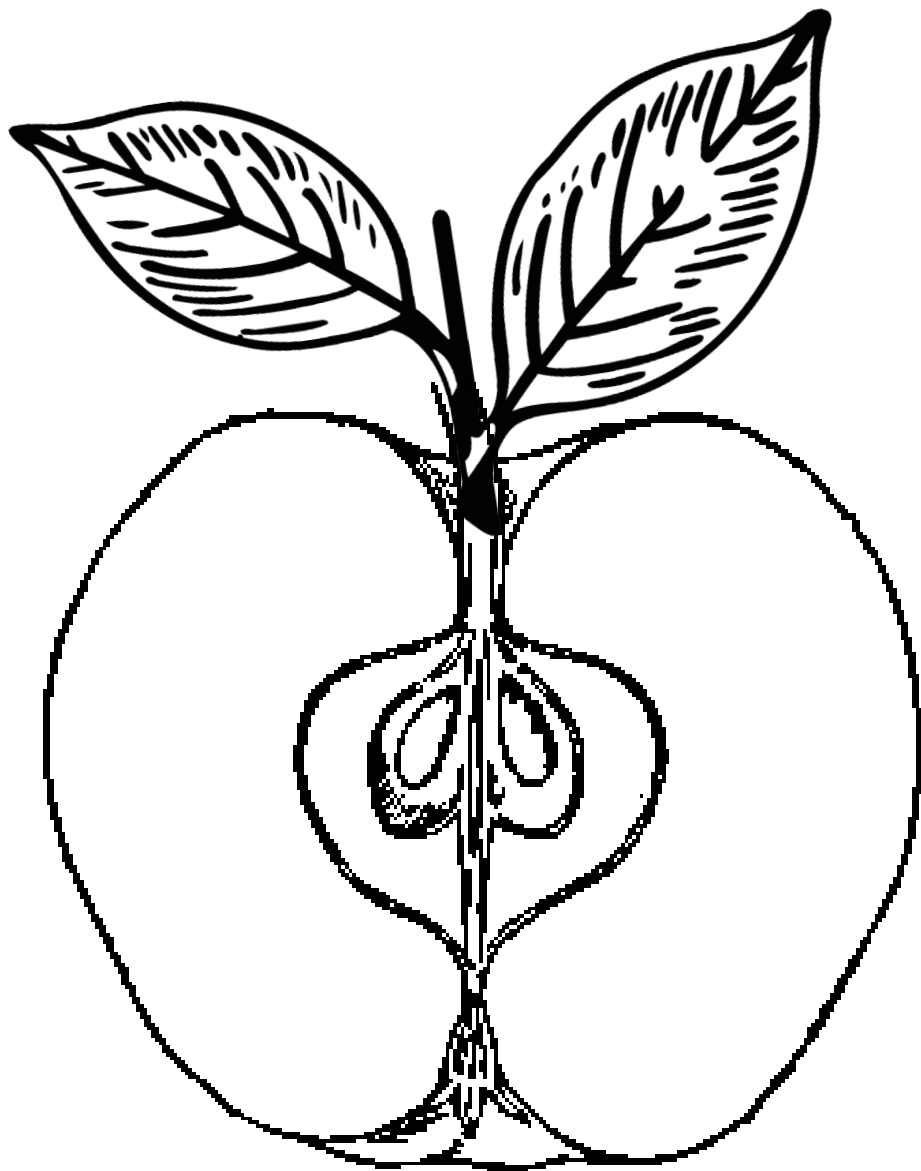
Please, say that thing to me again.

"I'm not going anywhere."

ŘЄΔŞŞŮŘЄ MЄ.



8.





Life will be different  
for you. Always listen;  
don't leave your ears  
filled. Learn to look —  
down, only down. But,  
down can tell you  
much if you know how  
to read shoes and  
stride.

And never, *ever*, accept  
food, or ever accept  
*drink*. Drink only from  
your own, and if your  
glass falls from sight,  
discard it.







Please,  
never wander off alone.









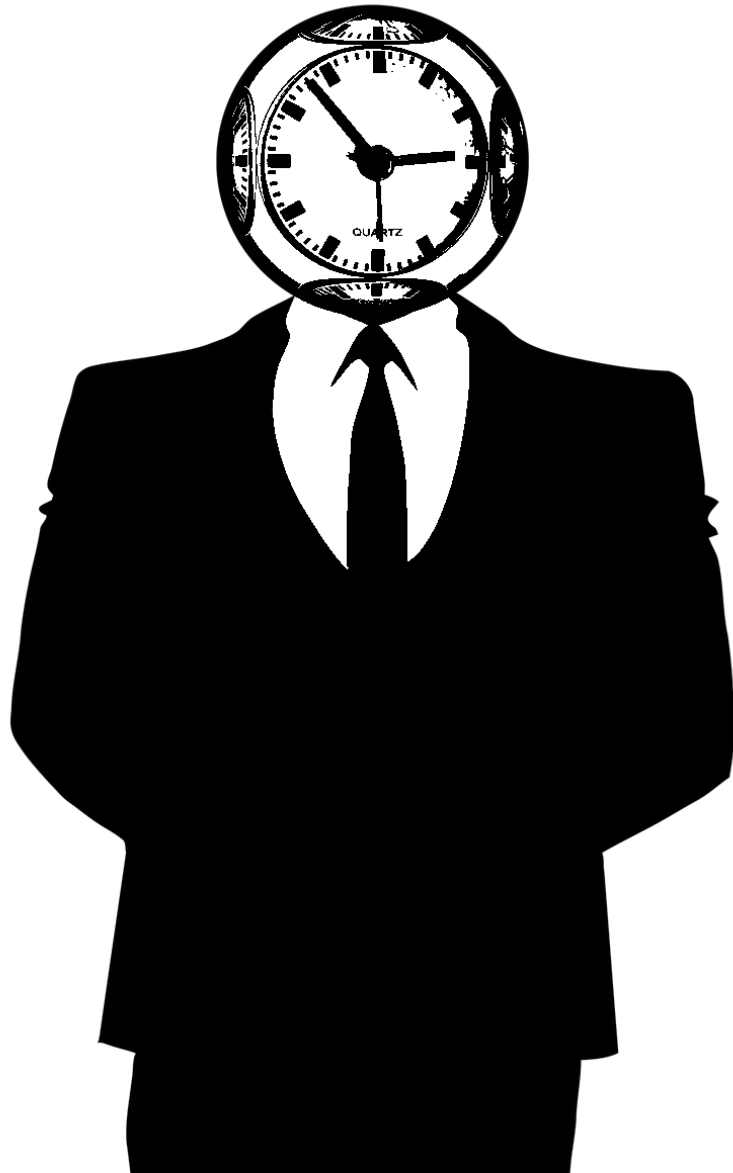




- On average, there are 433,648 victims (age 12 or older) of rape and sexual assault each year in the United States.
- Ages 12-34 are the highest risk years for rape and sexual assault.
- Women ages 18-24 who are college students are 3 times more likely than women in general to experience sexual violence. Females of the same age who are not enrolled in college are 4 times more likely.
- About 3% of American men—or 1 in 33—have experienced an attempted or completed rape in their lifetime.
- 1 out of every 10 rape victims are male.
- 21% of TGQN (transgender, genderqueer, nonconforming) college students have been sexually assaulted, compared to 18% of non-TGQN females, and 4% of non-TGQN males.
- American Indians are twice as likely to experience a rape/sexual assault compared to all races.
- 60% of all sexual violence against inmates is perpetrated by jail or prison staff.
- 14,900 military members experienced unwanted sexual contact in the fiscal year ending September, 2016.

Statistics Courtesy of **RAINN**

9.





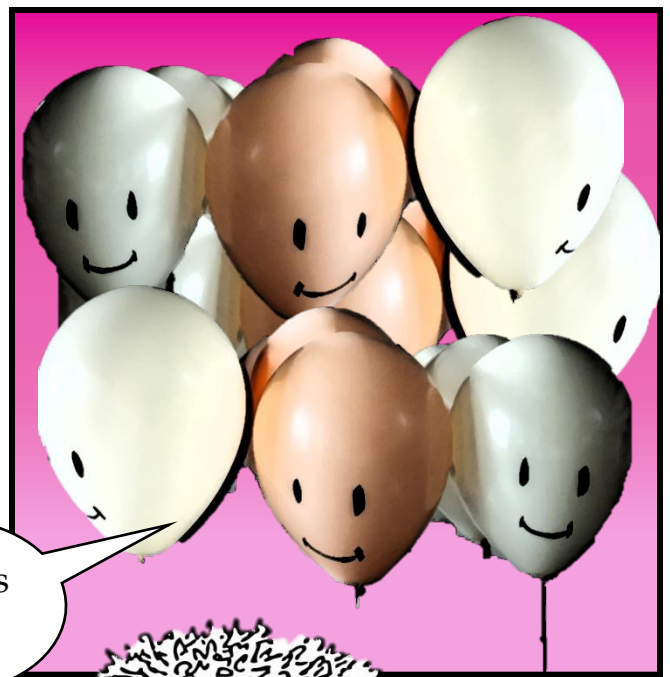








γο αHEAD  
αηδ TELE  
THEM...



What's  
next?



TIME IS  
TICKING...





Just keep reaching...



End.



I admit that celebrating the act of victory, no matter the size, has become a battle of its own. It is a small fear that many others feel in the same way. It is easy to forget; to smile for the moment before being swept away into the great big *what's next?* Because that is what victory is, isn't it? It is momentum. It is a brick on the gas pedal – you feel the speedbumps, but you keep driving, faster yet. You don't have time to breathe during victory because this act brings the future closer – quicker. Or, at least, we perceive it nearing much quicker than we had thought it moved before. This is because *what's next?* is a symptom of triumph and the question stares back until you become uncomfortable. You itch and fidget. You feel like you must *move* and **NOW** and so, you do not wait in the moment. There is no smooth, slow inhale of achievement or pride or self-satisfaction. There is only *movement*.

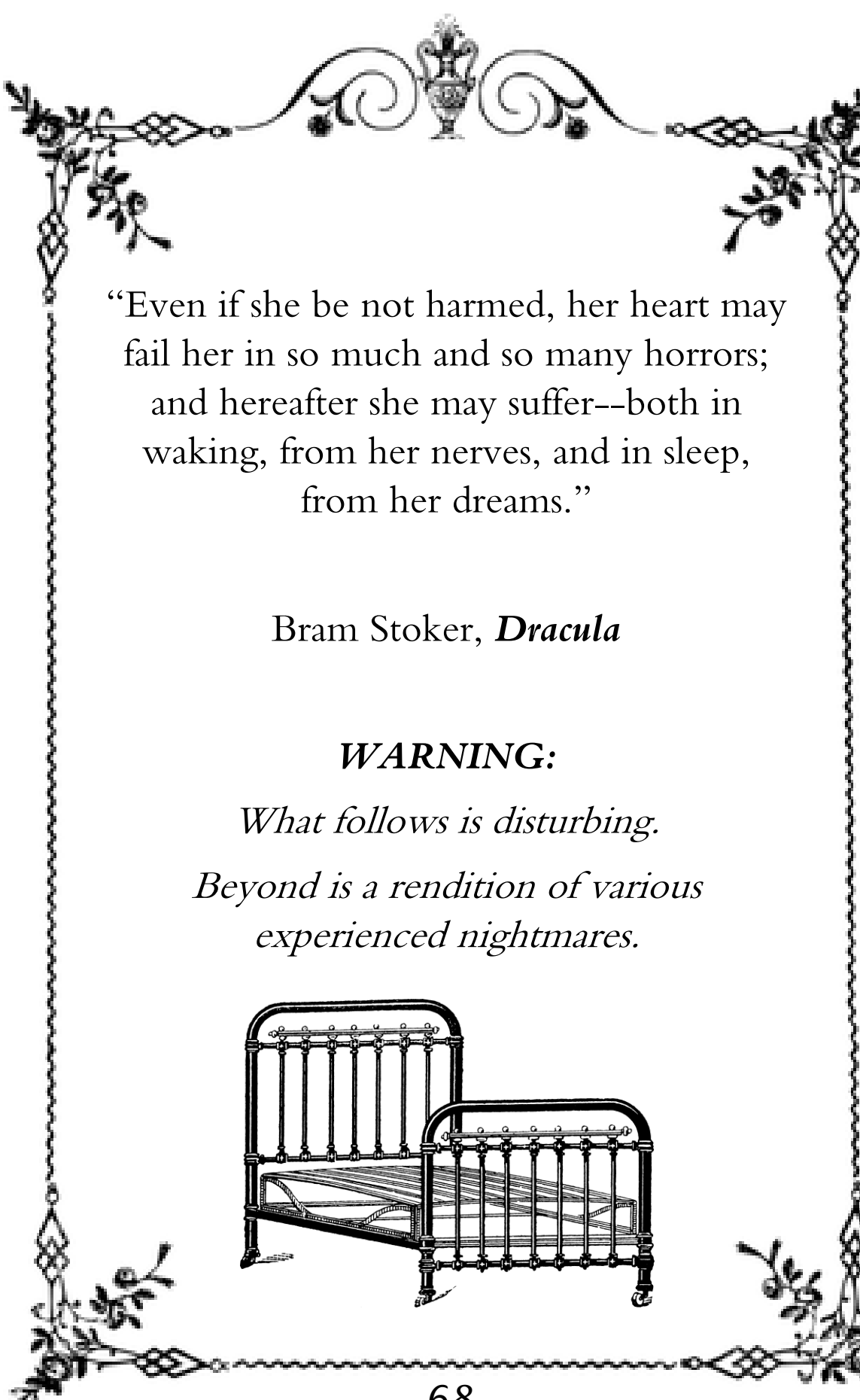
It is sad to think that too often it is easier to shrink something down, than to truly feel it. Sadder yet, that this rule applies to happy things too. Success is hard and pride is awkward to feel, especially when we are trained to compare one success to another, or one success to what could be an even bigger success in the future.

Then everything gets so small.



10.





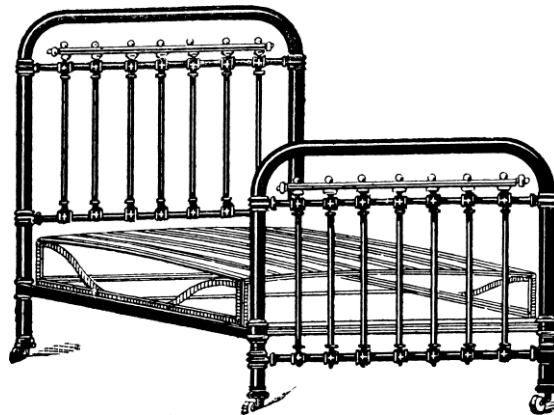
“Even if she be not harmed, her heart may fail her in so much and so many horrors; and hereafter she may suffer--both in waking, from her nerves, and in sleep, from her dreams.”

Bram Stoker, *Dracula*

**WARNING:**

*What follows is disturbing.*

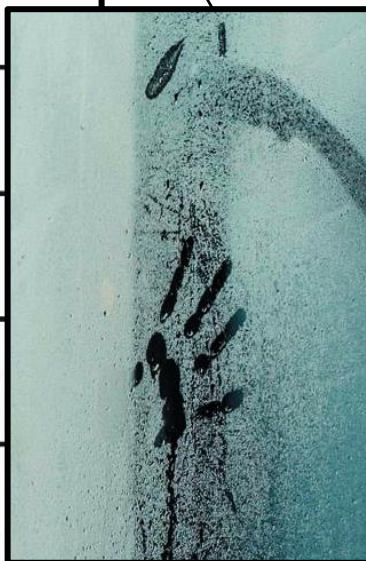
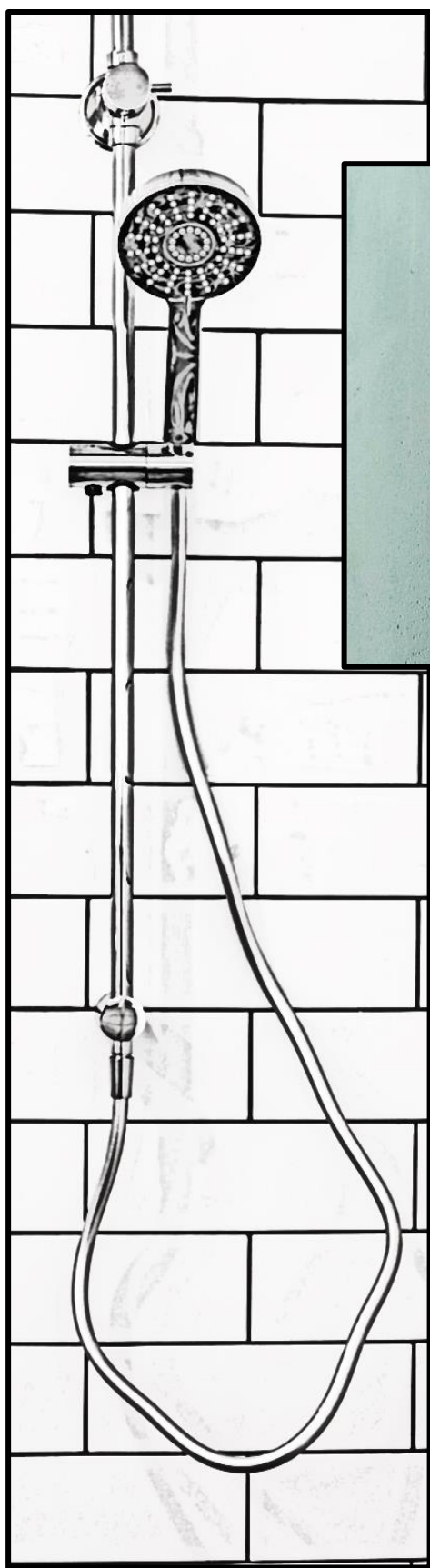
*Beyond is a rendition of various experienced nightmares.*



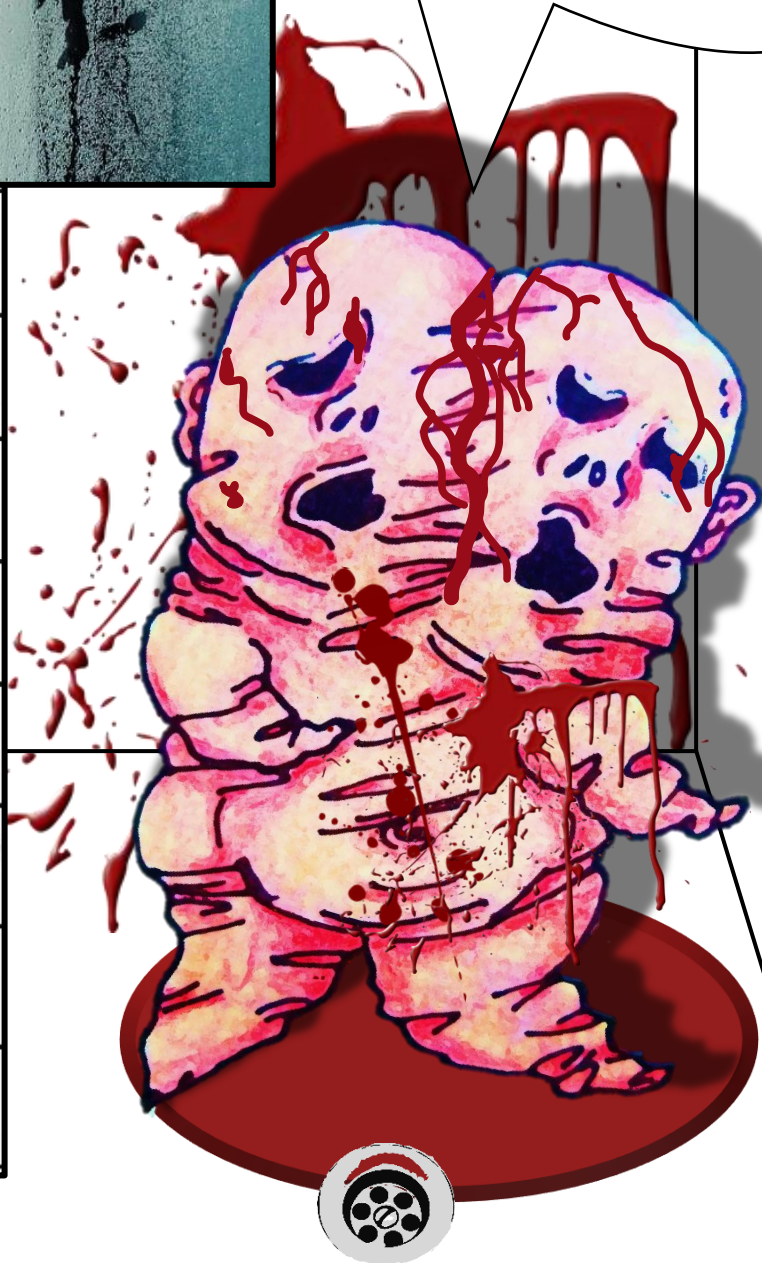








WhhhAAAAAAA!!!





Ժիսսսսս... Ի՞նչ  
փոքր զրույց  
լո՞ւկ է...





Follow the creator:

[authormmeyers.com](http://authormmeyers.com)

Instagram: @m.meyers\_writing

Twitter: @mikayla\_meyers

Other Works:

*Cold Spots* a novel (available on Amazon)

# Sources

Unsplash.com

*Labeled for Reuse* Google Images

"Victims of Sexual Violence: Statistics ." *RAINN*, RAINN, 2020,  
[www.rainn.org/statistics/victims-sexual-violence](http://www.rainn.org/statistics/victims-sexual-violence).

